Arbor and Bird Day

Spring Holidays

April - May - June

"Go forth under the open sky
and list to Nature's teaching"

Colorado
1913

STATE OF COLORADO

SPRING HOLIDAY BOOK

1913

Arbor Day April 18	Fathers' Day May 16
Good Roads Day May 9	Peace Day May 18
Mothers' Day May 14	Memorial Day May 30
Flag Day June 14	

STATE PATRIOTISM

Issued by
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
MARY C. C. BRADFORD
State Superintendent of Public Instruction

THE SMITH-BROOKS PRESS

STATE OF COLORADO
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
DENVER

EXECUTIVE ORDER

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, The State of Colorado has established Arbor and Bird Day for a celebration in the public schools, designating the third Friday in April of each year as Arbor Day; and

WHEREAS, This holiday may be so observed as to quicken state patriotism by extending knowledge of the state's resources, intensifying appreciation of its beauty, and by instruction stimulating its future citizens to co-operate with the opulent activities of Nature in developing its splendid possibilities; now,

THEREFORE, I, Elias M. Ammons, Governor of the State of Colorado, in conformity with law and custom, designate Friday, the eighteenth day of April, Anno Domini 1913, as Arbor Day, and urge upon all teachers and school officials that it be observed by appropriate exercises.

The planting of trees and school gardens, as well as the general beautification of school property, should form a part of the day's program.

I also urge an Arbor Day celebration upon the various county and municipal authorities, believing that they should join in making this holiday one of helpful significance to all the citizens of Colorado.

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 twenty-sixth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen.

By the Governor:

Attest:

JAMES B. PEARCE,
Secretary of State.

ELIAS M. AMMONS,
Governor.

TO THE TEACHERS AND SCHOOL OFFICIALS OF COLORADO

GREETING:

It is with a profound sense of the value of such holiday observances as are recommended in this book that the Department of Public Instruction is asking the school people of Colorado to make as extensive a use as possible of this manual.

The selected matter has been culled from authoritative sources ranking high in the educational world, and material is provided for the observance of a much greater number of holidays than has been included generally in any of the publications of this department.

Another new feature is the prize contest established by the Denver Chamber of Commerce and the Greater Colorado Publicity League. Your attention is especially called to the five-dollar gold piece so generously offered by this organization.

The opportunity to take part in this contest should be welcomed by a great number of children, and the stimulus thus received result in increased knowledge of, and quickened love for, Colorado.

Many of Colorado's best-known writers, the majority of them being now, or having been at some previous time, connected with the schools, have contributed to the enrichment of this volume.

Such a large amount of original matter by men and women of letters adds to the permanent value of the book. It is sent on its way to superintendents' offices and to schoolhouses with the earnest hope that it may perform a friendly service to teachers and scholars, and draw the whole teaching force of the state into a deeper sense of state unity.

With cordial good wishes,

Mary C. C. Bradford.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

LETTER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

DEAR CHILDREN:

This spring we have many holidays to be happy about, and I hope that your school may keep them all.

I want to think of the boys and girls in every schoolhouse of Colorado having exercises that tell the meaning of Arbor and Bird Day, and planting trees and vines for use and beauty. It will make me very glad to know that you are all thinking, talking, and working for Good Roads Day, and that you are rejoicing in Mothers' and Fathers' Days, and learning about the beauty and duty of peace. Memorial Day, too, must teach you its lesson of love of country, and your love for your state should grow stronger from what you will learn about Colorado in the State Patriotism part of this book.

I hope that many of you, dear children, will contest for the prizes offered by the Denver Chamber of Commerce and the Greater Colorado Publicity League. It is true that all of you cannot win the five-dollar gold piece, but you may all win the prize of knowing that you have done your best, and have learned a great deal about the things that make Colorado a splendid place in which to make your home.

Please accept my thanks for all the good work that I know you will do in these holiday exercises, and believe you have a loving friend in the State Capitol who imagines that she sees all the school children of Colorado keeping these days, and so learning to be happier and wiser little people.

Always your friend,

Mary C. C. Bradford.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE GOVERNOR TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

There is no more beautiful sentiment expressed than the purpose of Arbor Day. This is notably true of Colorado. Over a large part of our state there is such a deficiency of rainfall, or uneven distribution of what there is, that a great scarcity of woodland results. Through centuries of aridity in the growing season the trees we found here have contracted a habit of slow growth. With the development of our irrigation system it has been found practicable to bring from countries of greater rainfall more useful and faster-growing trees and shrubs, as well as to improve those already here. In the plains and mesa districts there is nothing that adds more to the beauty of the landscape or the home surroundings than trees and shrubs and flowers, and their presence is necessary to make attractive and comfortable our towns and cities. Who plants a tree and makes it grow not only pleases himself, but confers a benefit upon the community in which he lives.

Nothing can add more to the value of our country property or its attractiveness than shady lanes, and there can be no greater asset in the growth of our towns and cities than a systematic parking of its streets. In the hottest days of summer, in Colorado, it is pleasant in the shade. Every citizen should take renewed interest in forestry, and the lesson of its importance should be taught in every school and impressed upon each child in the state.

ELIAS M. AMMONS,
Governor.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPRING HOLIDAYS

The days of school observance that occur in April, May, and the early part of June are increasing in number and deepening in the significance attached to their ceremonies.

The proclamation by the Governor setting apart April 18 of this year as Bird and Arbor Day is the primary cause for the issuance of this manual. The keeping of Good Roads Day, as was done last year, is also urged.

In addition to these two holidays brought to the attention of the school officials, teachers, and pupils of Colorado in previous years, the Department of Public Instruction is this spring including the message of Mothers' and Fathers' Days, Peace Day, Memorial Day, and Flag Day, as well as creating a special department of State Patriotism, in charge of the Denver Chamber of Commerce and the Greater Colorado Publicity League.

It is the hope of the department that the ideal embodied in each of these days of celebration may become so strongly a part of the life of each school child who is brought in contact with it that an improved individual and community environment may result.

The practical importance of Bird and Arbor Day has already asserted itself in the national and state consciousness of instructors, students, officials, and good citizens generally, who have for many years responded to the economic and æsthetic demands of Arbor Day work.

Bird Day adds its enthusiasm to the chorus of knowledge and joy that acclaims the Gospel of Beauty given in these two holidays.

Good Roads Day pre-eminently appeals to the state-building instinct, and the children should be taught to

help in every way possible in this great work of civilization. The Roman roads made the Roman Empire possible. Let the highways of this commonwealth be so well built, and connect so conveniently with the high roads of other states, that "all roads will lead to Colorado."

When war clouds are lowering on both hemispheres, it is well that our children should be taught the beauty of peace. Let Peace Day be observed with a reverence that will kindle joy in the knowledge that "of one blood hath He made all the nations of the earth."

It seems scarcely necessary to urge that Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day be placed high on the calendar of those holidays that are almost holy days. The radiance of mother-love is the best shield from life's temptations, and the strength and wisdom of the father's affection provides a weapon with which to fight life's battles. Surely it is but fitting that the great State of Colorado should summon all the little children within its borders to pay homage to Mother and Father on these days.

Memorial Day is commemorated with solemn joy by both North and South, and it is well that the public-school children should participate in an observance that will vivify the pages of history and interpret them in terms of present-day patriotism.

State patriotism, in all the different kinds of love that our state inspires—love for its beauty, its opportunities for advancement, the type of people it produces, and the kind of institutions it is developing—should make a universal appeal. When a generation of men and women shall have come upon the scene whose early years have been thrilled with this profound love of our mountain land, the world will indeed have an opportunity of studying types of men and women fit to live in such surroundings.

And Flag Day! In the white light of Peace Day and the rosy light of the days dedicated to Mother and Father; to the songs of birds and the whispering of trees

echoed from Bird and Arbor Day; in the light of the evening star that has risen over the battlefields remembered and forgiven in Memorial Day; to the time of the eager heart-beats of those who love our mother-state, and are working for its happiness and glory, let Flag Day be celebrated. Let us make it a flag of peace, not war; a banner, not of hate, but of love; a symbol of unity, hope, happiness, and service, under whose folds all people may find fulfillment of liberty, justice, and love.

Mary C. C. Bradford.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Ask your pupils to find out and report on the following topics for Arbor Day:

The trees on the farm.

What trees grow best in Colorado.

How many elm trees there are growing in the neighborhood.

Why are there more box-elders and cottonwoods than elms and oaks?

What kinds of trees grow best in dry places and what in wet.

How many kinds of trees in our neighborhood.

How many kinds of birds I have known to nest in the trees around here.

The birds that spend the winter in Colorado.

Tell all about the meadow lark and what it is good for.

The business of hawks and owls.

What do the game laws do for some birds?

What does the government do for birds in this state?

Topics for development for Arbor Day and all through the term: forestry; civic improvement; schoolhouse renovation; school grounds; birds; flowers; agriculture.

THIS IS ARBOR DAY

(Tune: "Lightly Row.")

Arbor Day, Arbor Day!
See, the fields are fresh and green;
All is bright—cheerful sight,
  After winter's night!
Birds are flying in the air;
All we see is fresh and fair;
Bowers green now are seen;
  Flowers peep between.

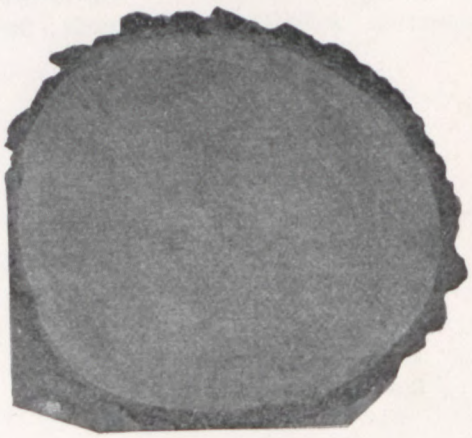
Swaying trees, swaying trees;
Rocking gently in the breeze,
Dressed so gay—fine array,
  For this is Arbor Day!
While we plant our tree so dear,
All the others list to hear
How we sing, in the spring,
  And our voices ring.

Here we stand, here we stand,
Round the tree, a royal band;
Music floats, cheering notes,
  Sweetly, gaily floats.
March along with heads so high
While our tree is standing nigh;
Step away, light and gay,
  On this Arbor Day!

—SELECTED.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF A TREE

The ordinary trees not only grow continuously in height, but their trunks and branches increase in diameter. As a rule, during each growing season a cylinder of new wood is laid down around the old wood. In a cross-section these cylinders appear as concentric rings, and therefore, by counting the rings, the approximate age of the tree is obtained.



THE TREE'S DREAM

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

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

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

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

—Elizabeth H. Thomas.

Adams County Schoolhouse

TREES

A TALK TO SCHOOL CHILDREN ABOUT OUR SCHOOL HOMES

One of those wonderful people who think in beautiful imagery and express it in what we call poetry, has said:

> Because we love the whole wide world,
> And every lovely thing,
> We'll plant, and bless, and keep the trees
> For all the good they bring.

Did you ever stop to think of all we owe the trees? Not alone for their use in the more practical things—such as lumber for our houses, furniture, fences, wagons, farm machinery, and many other useful things—but for their comfort, their beauty, and the delightful fruits and nuts that are so pleasant an addition to our food.

There is an endless variety of trees. Every country has its own peculiar kind, but those that are most useful or most beautiful have been planted in countries far removed from their homes.

In cold climates and on mountain-sides we find many kinds of pines. In the temperate climates we have a greater variety. Some of these are the strong oak; the walnut, out of whose wood most beautiful furniture is made; the many kinds of maple, from one kind of which we get the delicious syrup and the maple-sugar we all love; the locust tree, with its beautiful blossoms, white and pink, and their delicious fragrance; the beautiful poplar, so tall and straight; and so many, many others.

In the same climate we have a very large variety of fruit trees: the apple tree, so beautiful in the spring, when in blossom, and so handsome in summer and fall, when covered with the red apples; the plum, pear, cherry, and peach trees, equally dear for their blossoms and their fruits.

In warmer climates they have the orange and lemon trees, the olive and fig trees; and in very hot climates

there are some most wonderful trees, useful for their wonderful fruits and the beauty of the lumber that can be made from them. The piano in your parlor is made from the mahogany or rose-wood tree from warm climates. The palm tree is a very wonderful and useful tree. You have eaten the cocoanut, but perhaps you do not know all that is made from the tree and the nut. Your teacher will tell you all about it some afternoon.

Any kind of a tree is loved on a hot summer day for its cooling shade. All children delight to climb into a big tree, sit on some strong limb, watch the bright-eyed birds singing above their heads, and gently swing to and fro as the wind blows the branches back and forth.

In these treeless plains we need to take special pains to plant trees, water them through the hot, dry summer, and protect them from injury. Some trees live many hundreds of years, some over thousands of years, and when you plant a tree you are doing good to many others in years to come.

So let every boy and girl try to make their school home a pleasant place. Plant trees about your school yard, and flowering shrubs, and let the girls and boys each have a large flower-bed. Have a friendly rivalry to see who will make the finest display. Get the school directors and all the people to build a neat fence around your school yard, to keep wandering stock from injuring your young trees and trampling over your flower-bed.

Next winter you can get up some entertainments and raise money to help pay the expense of fitting up your schoolroom with pictures, nice shades and curtains. Perhaps you can buy an organ. When your schoolroom is fixed up so nicely, you will be very careful, of course, to keep it clean and looking nice. You will not carve your desks with your knife, or mark the walls.

Some day a picture of your schoolhouse, with its pleasant yard and the room that looks so nice, will be taken, and we will have it in our Arbor Day Book.

HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT.

SCRIPTURAL TEXTS

I will multiply the fruit of the tree.
I will call for the corn and increase it.
And the trees of the field shall yield their fruit.
And by the river shall grow all trees for meat.
It shall bring forth new fruit according to his months.
The tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine yield their strength.
As the tree which the Lord hath planted.
I made me gardens and orchards and planted trees in them.
All manner of trees for fruit.
Then they saw every high hill and all the thick trees.

Let the earth be glad.
Let the little hills sing for joy together.
Let the fields exalt and all that is therein.
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy.
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing.
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

PARABLE OF THE TREES

The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us.

But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the bramble said unto the trees, if in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.—JUDGES 9:8-15.

WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
  Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
  Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

(Selected by A. B. C.)

HOW TO PLANT TREES

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—Thorough preparation of the soil should precede the planting. Where blocks or belts are to be formed, the ground should be plowed and prepared as for a garden crop. Clay soils are best plowed the previous fall, in order that the ground may weather over winter. On such soil subsoiling is beneficial, and should precede the planting by at least one season. Just before planting time the ground should be pulverized with a roller or harrow. If the planting is to be done in rows, the ground should be marked off lengthwise and crosswise, and the trees set at the intersections. It is sometimes desirable to mark off the ground only one way and run furrows the other. In arid regions the furrows may be deepened into trenches, so that rain water which falls on the surrounding ground may be drained to the tree. On the other hand, in regions having copious rainfall it will frequently be necessary to plant the trees on a raised portion or mound of earth in order to keep the soil dry enough for them to thrive. The holes should be dug large enough to contain all the roots fully spread out, and deep enough to allow the tree to stand about three inches lower than it stood as a seedling.

TIME AND MANNER OF PLANTING.—South of the thirty-seventh parallel fall planting should be the rule, as fall-planted trees can scarcely develop sufficient roots to sustain themselves during the winter. The most successful nurserymen practice early planting for deciduous trees, beginning operations as soon as the ground ceases freezing. Evergreens are not planted until later; some even wait until the young growth is starting. If possible, planting should be done on a cool, cloudy day. Unless the day is very moist, the trees should be carried to the

planting site in a barrel half filled with water, or a thin mixture of earth and water, and lifted out only as they are wanted. Even a minute's exposure to dry air will injure the delicate roots—the feeders of the tree.

The roots should be extended in their natural positions and carefully packed in fine loam soil. It is a good practice to work the soil about each root separately and pack it solid with the foot. As the hole is filled, the earth should be compacted above the roots and around the stem, in order to hold the tree firmly in place. The last two inches of soil should be very fine, and should lie perfectly loose. It will serve as a mulch to retain the moisture.

Trees should be planted neither in very wet nor in very dry soil. If the soil is wet, it is better to wait until it is drier. On the other hand, if good cultivation has been maintained the year previous to planting, the soil is not likely to be so dry that trees will not start. Besides insuring a supply of moisture, such cultivation puts the ground in good physical condition for planting.

With this treatment watering will scarcely ever be necessary. If it is, the holes may be dug a few days beforehand and filled with water. They should be refilled as the water soaks away until the soil is fully moistened. A thorough irrigation, when that is possible, is still better. As soon as the soil becomes somewhat dry, the trees should be planted. While it is a common custom to water at the time of planting, those who do no watering are usually the most successful. Even in the semi-arid regions some successful growers apply no water, but keep up an excellent system of cultivation, thereby retaining the soil moisture.

The spacing of the trees is not so important in schoolground planting as in forest plantations, yet it is worth consideration. The trees should not stand so near together as to produce long, slender poles; on the contrary, short, thick trunks are desirable, to support large tops

and withstand heavy winds. From eight to twelve feet apart will be suitable spacing distance. Where large blocks are to be planted, the trees may be closer, but it is scarcely ever desirable to plant them closer than six by six feet.

DO APPLE SEEDS POINT UP OR DOWN?

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered round to see
What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.
"Now tell me," said the teacher to little Polly Brown,
"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?"
Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to look
(And that's the kind of question you can't find in a book);
And of the whole big apple class not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear, do you?

—Carolyn Wells, in *St. Nicholas.*

ARBOR DAY IN COLORADO

Oh, Arbor Day, what charm for me
In Colorado's borders free!
Thou bear'st a message in this clime,
Attuned in holiness to all time.

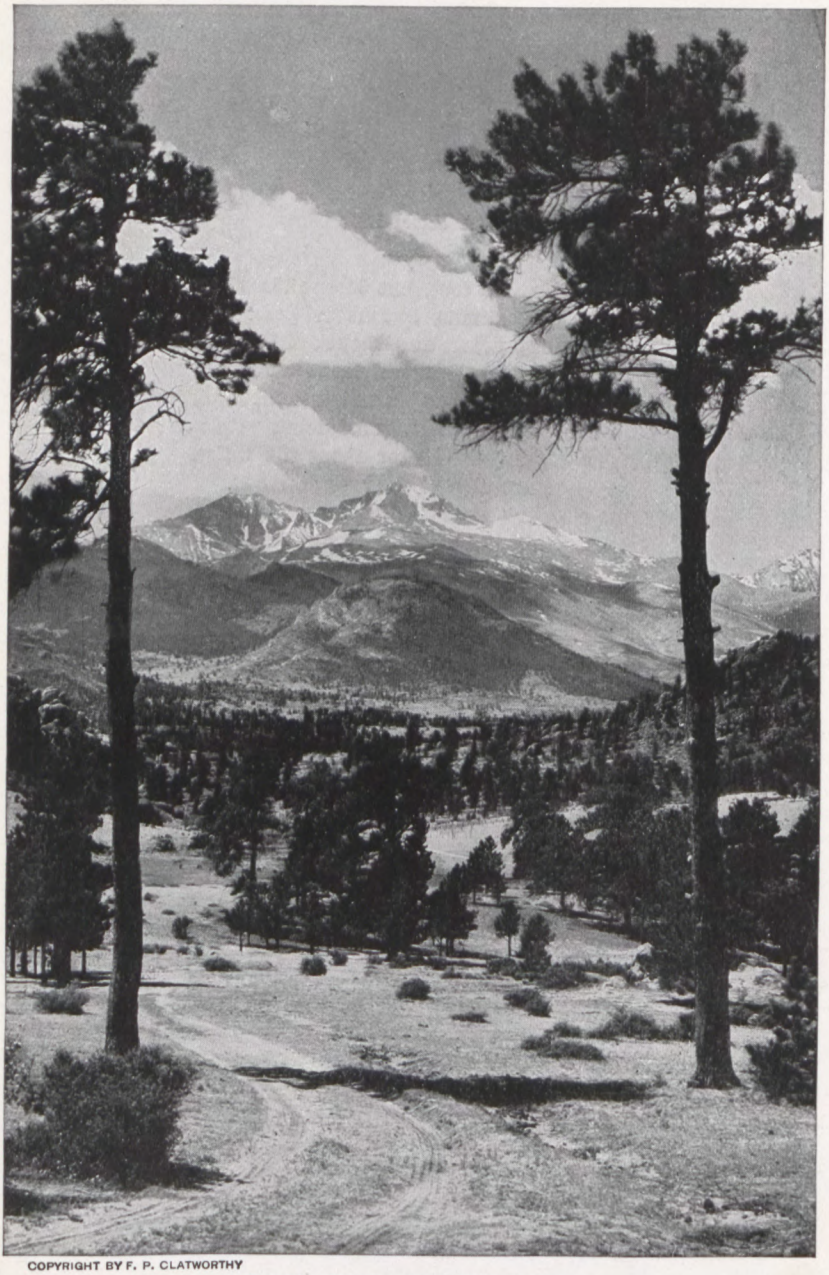
What land is there whose mountain pines
Tower so near to heaven?
That breathe in heights so far removed
From earth's enthralling serfdom?
What sayest thou, O Columbine,
Fair Colorado's emblem?
The trees with me for aye proclaim:
"Freedom!" Golden and silvery at heart.
"Not this alone for man we claim,
For here is woman's Mecca;
The blue sky mirrored in my frame
Bespeaks a truth celestial."

—E. A.

A RIDDLE

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



Long's Peak from Estes Park

Courtesy of Colorado & Southern Railway Co.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

Did you ever stop to think how much we owe to the birds for their care of our spreading shade trees, our fruitful orchards, and our verdant woods?

The bird is just as necessary to the tree as the tree is to the bird. The tree furnishes the bird with nesting places, shelter, and food. It bears buds, blossoms, and seeds which birds eat, and also furnishes food for insects and animals on which birds feed.

Birds guard all parts of the tree from the injurious attacks of its insect enemies. The young or larvæ of beetles and cicadas live in the ground where they feed on roots. Birds which feed much on the ground scratch or dig up such larvæ or grubs, or catch the beetles and cicadas when they come out of the ground to fly about and mate. These insects form a favorite food of very many birds. Other insects which feed on the tree bury themselves in the ground to undergo their transformations; others still hide among the dead leaves of the forest floor. Such insects are sought out by scratching birds, like the partridge and brown thrasher.

The grubs of boring insects are dug out of their hiding places by woodpeckers. These birds are of great service; for a borer will sometimes kill a tree, and a single woodpecker often destroys many borers in a day. Insects that hide in the crevices of the bark are sought by prying chickadees, creepers, and nuthatches. Insects that eat buds and leaves are hunted by warblers, vireos, thrushes, orioles, tanagers, cuckoos—a host of birds that feed much among the foliage of trees. Insects that reach the flight stage and fly about among the treetops are taken on the wing by warblers and flycatchers; those that escape all these and test their new-grown wings by longer flights

are chased by flycatchers; while those that reach the upper air are pursued by swallows, swifts, or nighthawks.

When we realize that the unchecked increase of one species of insect might easily be sufficient in a few seasons to enable it to destroy most of the trees of the woods, and when we consider that the birds restrain the increase of hundreds of species of insects, then we can appreciate the value of birds as protectors of trees. It is now well understood that the birds and other natural enemies of insects ordinarily keep most tree pests so well in check that they do no great or serious injury to trees.

But possibly the most useful bird to crops is the bob white, the common partridge. The agricultural reports of the southern states, especially Virginia, show that annually several hundred of pernicious weed seeds are destroyed by bob whites.

While we can do little to multiply those useful insects that feed upon other insects, we can protect useful birds, and so bring about their increase. An increase of birds always occurs where conditions are favorable. Tree-planting in the prairie states was followed by a multiplication of the numbers of insectivorous birds.

Even if our feathered friends were of no practical value, they would still be indispensable to the world's best happiness. As little messengers of good cheer; as exponents of grace, song, and living beauty; as examples of parental devotion, they help to brighten and uplift our lives. All that we can do to render their lives freer, safer, and happier should be done as a duty—as the willing payment of an obligation that we owe.

—Adapted from *Montana Arbor Day Manual.*

THE BIRD IS OUR BROTHER

The bird is not only our brother—he is far more. He is our benefactor, our preserver, for the simple reason that he alone is able to hold in check the most powerful race on earth—the insects. It is well known to scientific men that the insect tribes, unchecked, would control the earth. Innumerable, multiplying with a rapidity that defies figures and even comprehension, devouring everything that has, or has had, life, from the vegetable to man, and living but to eat, these myriads would soon, if left to themselves, reduce our plains to a barren wilderness, uninhabitable by man or beast. This fact is so well known that it is unnecessary to go into particulars.

With this power man cannot cope. Nothing that he can do, no engine of destruction that he has been able to devise, has had more than the slightest effect upon this marvelous life. This also is too well known to need proof. Birds, and birds alone, spending their lives in unceasing war upon insects, can secure our safety. Therefore, I repeat—and I say it in all seriousness—the bird is not only our brother—he is our benefactor, our preserver.

—Olive Thorne Miller.

NATIONAL FLOWERS

In the British coat-of-arms, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock are represented as growing from the same stalk, indicative of the united kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

France—Fleur-de-lis, or lily. Authorities are divided as to whether this celebrated emblem is derived from the white lily of the garden, or from the flag or iris.

Germany—Kaiserblume, or bluebottle. In Germany this is a dainty wild flower, but in America it is cultivated, and here is known as the bachelor's button, or bluebottle *(Centaurea cyanus)*.

Egypt—Lotus.

> "A flower delicious as the rose,
> And stately as the lily in her pride."

Japan—Cherry blossom. Chrysanthemum, wistaria, and others are favorites, but it is generally conceded that the cherry blossom is Japan's national emblem.

China—Tea. This useful plant is believed to be a native of China, and has been cultivated in that nation for more than fifteen hundred years. It is therefore a fit emblem of the nation.

India—Poppy. Among the ancients this plant was looked upon as sacred to the goddess of corn and harvests.

Persia—Tulip. The tulip was brought to Constantinople in 1559. It is also a great favorite in Holland.

Greece—Olive. Among the Greeks the olive was sacred to the goddess of wisdom, and from earliest times it was the emblem of peace.

Italy—Marguerite, or daisy. It may be that Italy chose this flower for her emblem as a compliment to Marguerite, queen of Italy, who was idolized by her subjects.

Spain — Orange, which was probably brought to Europe by the Moors.

Peru—Sunflower. This annual, common in our gardens, is a native of tropical America, where it sometimes attains a height of twenty feet.

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 the pride,
14. We have one when we talk with a friend by 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?

ARBOR DAY SONG

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

Again we come this day to greet,
  Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day!
With willing hands and nimble feet,
  Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day!
No sweeter theme our time can claim
No grander deed points us to fame,
No day more proud than this we name,
  Arbor Day, dear Arbor Day!

Bring forth the trees, prepare the earth,
For Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day!
With song we celebrate the birth
Of Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
And when our joyous task is done,
And we our meed of praise have won,
The glorious work's but just begun,
For Arbor day, dear Arbor Day.

BIRD TRADES

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

The woodpecker is hard at work;
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His house high up a tree.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the apple tree he weaves
A cozy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller;
A skillful workman he!
Of wool and threads he makes a nest
That you would like to see.

The bullfinch knows and practices
The basket-maker's trade;
See what a cradle for his young
The little thing has made.

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

The cuckoo laughs to see them work;
"Not so," he says, "we do.
My wife and I take others' nests,
And live at ease—cuckoo!"

—Anna B. Thomas.

A LITTLE SERMON TO BOYS

Do you know what you're doing, dear boys, with a sling,
  Or a gun, or a bow and arrow,
When you ruthlessly cripple the delicate wing
  Of even a little brown sparrow?

Do you know when you wound any dear little bird,
  Or take from its home-nest another,
That the cries of their anguish in heaven are heard,
  That God pities those birds and their mother?

Do you know the same God made the birds and the boys,
  And both for the very same reason:
That each life should be bright with its homes and its joys,
  For each in its measure and season?

Do you know, if you hark to the song in the air,
  So sweet in the freshness of morning,
That the birds seem to sing: "We will trust to your care
  To keep us from danger and mourning"?

—SELECTED.

ARBOR DAY

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
  Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
  Or plants a tree, is more than all.

—WHITTIER.

Tree-planting has now become a national institution. The second Friday in April, or some other Friday in April or May, is observed in many states as Arbor Day. Other countries, too, have adopted this fine custom.

How Arbor Day came to be is a story well worth retelling. The originator of Arbor Day was J. Sterling Morton, one of the pioneer settlers of Nebraska, who afterward achieved prominence as member of President Cleveland's cabinet.

On arriving in the plains country west of the Missouri, in 1855, Mr. Morton was struck by the forbidding aspect of that lonely waste then known as the "Great American Desert." Except a fringe of straggly cottonwoods and willows along the rivers, no trees were to be seen. The arid plains were supposed to be barren. Annual prairie fires destroyed the buffalo grass and other scanty herbage. It took a good deal of faith to believe that anything could be made to grow in that desolate region, yet the young man broke up the stubborn glebe and harvested a crop. He loved trees, and he sent to friends in the East for seeds and slips. These were forwarded to him, and in time trees were growing about him. He set out groves, and ere long he made an impression on his neighbors; for some of them followed his good example. Gradually others in the state came to appreciate the blessing of groves, which curbed the prairie fires and broke the force of the wintry blasts. The trees were needed, too, for fuel and lumber.

Morton's enthusiasm for trees was infectious. Time passed, and the once dreary landscape was dotted with homes. The habit of planting groves and orchards was encouraged by public men and by the press. Morton imported rare varieties for ornament as well as for use. He sought not only to teach his neighbors the value of trees—he interested members of the legislature in the subject.

Then came the inspiration for Arbor Day. The idea was favored by the State Board of Agriculture, a bill was drafted, and it was passed, setting aside one day for tree-planting in Nebraska, not only by school children, but by adults. The first Arbor Day was April 10, 1872, just forty years ago. A prize of one hundred dollars was offered by the State Board of Agriculture to the person who would set out the greatest number of trees on that day. Newspapers and teachers joined in the agitation; as a result, more than a million trees were planted in Nebraska that day. The practice was kept up, and other

commonwealths of the Union concluded that Arbor Day was a good thing. Thus the planting of trees became widespread. During the past four decades many billions of trees have been planted in the earth. The success of the movement far exceeded anything that J. S. Morton ever dreamed of.

The old saying that he is a benefactor who causes two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before is eminently true of the man who plants trees. Timber is one of the most valuable things in the world. Much of our wealth comes from our forests. Trees are useful for fruit, nuts, shelter, shade, fuel, ornament, and for the thousand and one purposes to which wood is put in modern life. Toothpicks play an important function in our civilization. An immense quantity of wood is required every day to supply paper for printing-presses. The daily consumption of matches is simply enormous. It is said that the civilized nations of the world strike three million matches every minute of the twenty-four hours. The daily consumption of matches in the United States exceeds twenty-five per capita; that is, more than two billions of matches are ignited every day. The making of matches is only one of many industries affected by the threatened shortage in the wood supply. The most suitable match timbers are pine, aspen, linden, willow, birch, poplar, and white cedar. It is desirable to plant these trees in increasing numbers every year.

There are other sides to the problem. The trees afford resting-places and nesting-places for our friends, the birds. They conserve moisture, which feeds the streams that water the fields and gardens of our land.

It is well that citizens and school children should realize the pressing necessity of restoring the forests, of increasing the area of woodland. If we would preserve our national greatness, we must conserve our natural resources. It is, therefore, a patriotic duty for boys and girls to engage in tree-planting on Arbor Day; thus they provide for the wants of those who will come after them,

and they gain a more accurate knowledge of a wonderful natural world. Says Henry Abbey in his suggestive poem, "Planting a Tree":

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

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

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

—Eugene Parsons.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING

There's a breath from the south where the winter wind whirled,
And the edge of the snow-drift is gracefully curled;
There's a touch of new life in the rays of the sun,
And the lifting of sap in the trees has begun.

—John Merwin Hull.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

(Answers to these questions may be prepared in advance, and given by the scholars as part of the opening exercises.)

ARBOR DAY

1. Why is Arbor Day celebrated at this season of the year?
2. Name ten kinds of shade trees commonly found in Colorado.
3. What kind of a tree was it under which William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of barbarians?
4. Name five trees from which material for building and furniture is obtained.
5. Name the tree with which you are most familiar, describing its trunk, branches, and leaves.

BIRD DAY

1. What is our national bird?
2. What national association has done a great work for the protection of birds?
3. How many kinds of birds are found in the United States?
4. How many kinds of birds are found in Colorado? Name ten of them.
5. What bird can fly the longest without resting?

HISTORIC TREES

(An exercise for seven pupils.)

I. CHARTER OAK

In history we often see
The record of a noted tree.
We'll now some history pages turn
And note what trees we there discern;
And foremost of this famous band
We think the Charter Oak should stand.

We love to read the story o'er
How Andrus came from England's shore
As governor in this new land,
And ruled it with a tyrant's hand;
How, when he came to Hartford town,
Demanding with a haughty frown
The charter of the people's rights,
All suddenly out went the lights;
And e'er again they reappeared,
The charter to their hearts endeared
Lay safely in this hollow tree,
Guard of the people's liberty.
All honor, then, to Wadsworth's name,
Who gave the Charter Oak its fame!

II. LIBERTY ELM

Another very famous tree
Was called the Elm of Liberty.
Beneath its shade the patriots bold
For tyranny their hatred told.
Upon its branches high and free
Were often hung in effigy
Such persons as the patriots thought
Opposed the freedom which they sought.
In wartime oft beneath this tree
The people prayed for victory;
And when at last the old tree fell,
There sadly rang each Boston bell.

III. WASHINGTON ELM

In Cambridge there is standing yet
A tree we never should forget;
For here, equipped with sword and gun,
There stood our honored Washington,
When of the little patriot band
For freedom's cause he took command.
Despite its age—three hundred years—
Its lofty head it still uprears;
Its mighty arms extending wide,
It stands our country's boasted pride.

IV. BURGOYNE'S ELM

When, in spite of pride, pomp, and boast,
Burgoyne surrendered with his host,
And then was brought to Albany,
A prisoner of war to be,

In gratitude for his defeat,
That day, upon the city street,
An elm was planted, which, they say,
Still stands in memory of that day.

V. THE TREATY ELM

Within the Quaker City's realm
There stood the famous Treaty Elm.
Here, with its sheltering boughs above,
Good William Penn, in peace and love,
The Indians met, and there agreed
Upon that treaty which we read
Was never broken, though no oath
Was taken—justice guiding both.
A monument now marks the ground
Where once this honored tree was found.

VI. TREE FROM NAPOLEON'S GRAVE

Within a city of the dead,
Near Bunker Hill, just at the head
Of Cotton Mather's grave, there stands
A weeping willow which fond hands
Brought from Napoleon's grave, they say,
In St. Helena, far away.

VII. THE CARY TREE

I'll tell you of a sycamore,
And how two poets' names it bore.
Upon Ohio's soil it stands;
'Twas placed there by the childish hands
Of sister-poets, and is known
As Alice and Phoebe Cary's own.
One day, when little girls, they found
A sapling lying on the ground;
They planted it with tenderest care
Beside this pleasant highway, where
It grew and thrived, and lived to be
To all around the Cary tree.

VIII. THE HAMILTON TREES

In New York City proudly stand
Thirteen monarchs, lofty, grand.
Their branches, tow'ring toward the sun,
Are monuments of Hamilton,

Who planted them in pride that we
Had won our cause and liberty—
A tribute, history relates,
To the original thirteen states.

IX. RECITATION BY THE SCHOOL

We reverence these famous trees.
What better monuments than these?
How fitting, on each Arbor Day,
That we a grateful tribute pay
To poet, statesman, author, friend;
To one whose deeds our hearts commend,
As lovingly we plant a tree
Held sacred to his memory;
A fresh memorial, as each year
New life and buds and leaves appear—
A living monumental tree,
True type of immortality.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

PINES

Like tall cathedral towers, these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits, tipped with cones.
The arch beneath them is not built with stones.
Not art, but nature, traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines.
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans;
No sepulcher conceals a martyr's bones;
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! The pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! The choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

—Longfellow.

PLANT A TREE

In a dooryard in a beautiful village in western New York stands a large chestnut tree, whose history is as follows:

In the year 1840 the son of the then owner of the place planted a chestnut, and in due time a little twig appeared, which eventually developed into a large, branching tree. It bore nuts in abundance for twenty years or more, and furnished most delightful shade in summer. Then the body began to decay, and the strong winter winds soon blew it down. But three vigorous saplings had come up from the roots of the parent tree, and the son, then a man, cut away two of them, allowing the strongest one to remain. It grew into a tree, closely resembling the parent tree in shape and size, and yielded many quarts of delicious chestnuts for its owner.

But the day came, in the eighties, when its trunk became weak and the wind razed it to the ground. Not to be overcome by the elements in its efforts to perpetuate itself, there sprang up from the old stump another sprout, even stronger than the former one, which grew and grew until it reached a size greater than that of either of its predecessors, and today is providing shade and furnishing chestnuts in abundance for its present owner.

Thus for more than three-quarters of a century the act of that young boy has given abundance of pleasure to both old and young; for many tales could those watchful trees unfold of picnics, quilting-bees, games of croquet, church socials, courtings, and even weddings held under their beautiful and protecting branches.

In such ways do we furnish both comfort and pleasure to those who come after us.

Fred Dick,
Former State Superintendent
of Public Instruction.

EVERGREENS OF COLORADO

Colorado's mountain forest, which is mostly evergreen, is but a very small portion of the 36,000 square miles of wooded land which the pioneers found when they came to this state. About 25,000 square miles have been burned, and much of what remains has been used, so that only one-seventh, or about 5,000 square miles of the original forest, remains. One-third of that remaining woodland is practically barren. Some of the treeless land has been resown by nature, but forest fires are each year doing much damage both to it and to the new trees planted by the foresters.

The Douglas squirrel, which man and forest fires seem determined to wipe out, is one of Colorado's most important foresters. This active little gray animal each year plants the cones from which a great many trees grow.

The beaver, also, now nearly extinct in Colorado, is an animal very valuable in the forest. The beaver cuts down trees, to be sure, but by so doing builds dams which store the water so necessary to the life of the trees. There is, however, another animal, claiming the shelter of the forest, that is one of the tree's worst enemies. It is the porcupine, which kills the tree by gnawing off the bark. It is like the human vandal who cuts down a tree, purely for the joy of seeing it fall to the ground.

The tree toad—or, more properly, frog—befriends the tree everywhere by keeping down the hordes of insects that live among the foliage and on the bark. In color it is so nearly like the bark upon which it sits that the insects never see it until they find themselves stuck to its tongue. The young of the tree frogs feed on the plant lice which often cover the leaves of certain trees.

All birds are friends of the tree, and do their best to protect it by eating the insects and worms which attack it. The woodpecker goes up and down the trunk of the tree, boring holes to find the grubs in the inside bark.

The creeper bird clings to the rough trunk, looking in every tiny crack for the little beetle that lays the eggs from which the grubs hatch. The phœbe bird, very demure in its coat of olive-green and brown, belongs to the family of flycatchers which catch and eat flying insects. Then there is the titmouse, that makes its home in the forest and helps to protect the trees by feeding upon caterpillars which eat into the bark.

Most of Colorado's forest is upon land at an altitude of from 7,000 to 11,000 feet above sea-level. Aspen trees are found over the entire area. Below 11,000 feet range pine, spruce, and arctic willow are found at timber-line, but only in stunted growth. From timber-line to an altitude of 10,000 feet the Engelmann spruce is nearly the only species found. It grows on the banks of the streams, on the coolest slopes of the mountains, in the swamps and ravines, and with the yellow and white pine is most used. Often more than 7,000 of the Engelmann spruce grow upon one acre of ground.

At 10,000 feet are found range and white pine and alpine fir. Just below are found the red spruce, which supplies excellent lumber for mining, and balsam fir, the latter growing tall and slender and throwing out a delightful fragrance.

Below 9,000 feet the yellow pine grows on dry, sunny slopes. It is stocky and strong, and withstands the forest fire longer than any other tree. From the yellow pine good lumber and pine knots are obtained.

The silver spruce, which is the most beautiful tree in Colorado's mountain forest, grows abundantly at 8,500 feet. It has a very graceful form, is light green, tipped with silver, and bears a great quantity of brown cones.

Besides these varieties of trees, there is the lodge-pole pine, which covers many miles of land on the eastern slope of the lower ranges. In the middle of the forest area, near the yellow pine, the red spruce is often found.

There are few large trees in the forests of Colorado —the largest not more than seven feet in diameter. Most evergreen trees grow very slowly, the Engelmann spruce requiring ten years to make one inch in girth. As soon as they begin to grow, evergreen trees save the water and help to prevent floods.

—From "Trees and Peaks," by Eva Bird Bosworth.

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 mem'ry dear—
Memories sweet for Arbor 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.

Flowers are blooming all around,
Are blooming on this day;
And the trees, with verdure clad,
Welcome the month of May,
Making earth a garden fair,
To hail the Arbor Day,
Clothing all nature with gladness.

—Ellen Beauchamp.

REMORSE

I killed a robin—the little thing,
With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there.
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie.
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree;

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking, every summer day,
How never, never can I repay
The little life that I took away.

—SYDNEY DAY.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON
(Born 1780; died 1851.)

(To be read by the teacher or an advanced pupil.)

The fourth day of May is the anniversary birthday of John James Audubon, the world's greatest naturalist and bird-lover. Although of French lineage, Audubon was born in Louisiana, but was educated in France, and at the age of eighteen years returned to America. He always had a passionate love for this country. In 1808 he had his residence in Louisville, Ky., and when he attended to his business, everything went well; but the

feathered choristers of the woods persistently called him, and his passion for wild life drew him frequently near to nature's great, throbbing heart.

Leaving Louisville, he went to Hendersonville, where he became involved in debt. Failing in business, he surrendered everything to his creditors except his gun. He made diligent efforts to strangle his wandering tendencies and earn a support for his family, but failed on account of his lack of business capacity. In the meanwhile he had been making original drawings of birds. In 1821 he accepted a position as tutor with a family near New Orleans; and in 1826 the proceeds from a dancing class, amounting to $2,000, enabled him to sail to England with his beloved drawings.

Audubon had never looked into an English grammar and had forgotten most of what he had learned in French and Spanish. He always felt shy in the presence of strangers. He was a man habituated to ramble alone with his thoughts, bent on the duties of nature. Imagine this man seated opposite Professor Brewton, of Edinburgh, and by his puny efforts trying to describe the habits of birds! His pictures were exhibited, and he was made a member of one of the leading scientific societies of England, and, best of all, his plans for publication had definite shape.

His book was published in 1838, consisting of four elegant folios, containing 1,065 life-size portraits of birds in their natural surroundings, which was called "The Birds of America."

THE COMING OF SPRING

I heard the bluebird singing
  To robin in the tree:
"Cold winter now is over,
  And spring has come," said he;
" 'Tis time for flowers to rouse from sleep,
And from their downy blankets peep.
  So wake, wake, little flowers!
Wake, for winter is o'er!
  Wake, wake, wake!
The spring has come once more!"

Said robin to the bluebird:
 "My nest I now must build,
And shortly you shall see it
  With pretty blue eggs filled.
Then let us join once more and sing:
  'So wake, wake, little flowers!'

That all the flowers may know 'tis spring.
'Wake, for winter is o'er!
  Wake, wake, wake!
The spring has come once more!'"

The robin and the bluebird
  Soon after flew away;
But, as they left the treetop,
  I think I heard them say:
"If birds and flowers have work to do,
Why, so have little children too;
  So work, work, little children!
Work, for winter is o'er!
  Work, work work!
The spring has come once more!"

—Helen C. Bacon.

LEGENDS OF THE EVERGREEN TREE

Why people worshiped trees in ancient times, and what they believed about trees is a long story; but, among other things, they thought that a tree-spirit lived in every forest, if not in every tree; that the spirit gave the country sunshine and rain, and caused the flocks and birds to multiply.

In summer the girls danced in the woods to the spirit among the trees. In winter the tree-spirits protected the seeds. But the origin of the Christmas tree may go back to the time of Adam and Eve; for December 24th is Adam and Eve Day, as well as the eve of the birth of the Christ Child.

However all that may be, the Christmas tree is always an evergreen, and there are many legends of that tree.

In the beginning, according to one legend, in the Garden of Eden, the pine tree was the tree of knowledge and bore the fateful fruit, the apple. Its leaves were then broad and glossy, and had no needles; but when Eve approached the tree and reached toward the apple, the

tree tried so hard to warn her that it changed its leaves to needles with which to prick her and keep her from picking the forbidden fruit. Afterward, at the birth of the Christ Child, the pine tree was restored once more to its high estate and was called the "Christmas tree," which bears the most wonderful fruit in the world.

The legend of the deciduous tree and the evergreen tree is interesting. It is said that when the soldiers went to the Garden of Gethsemane, a part of the trees sought to hide their Lord, but that the others were willing to give him up. The former, as a reward for their loyalty, achieved immortality and are evergreen. The latter stand naked to their enemies half the year, in penance for their betrayal of the Savior.

Enos A. Mills, who has spent his life studying the forests of Colorado, says:

"There were few burned spaces in the forest when the pioneers came. Indians were careful to prevent, and prompt to fight, forest fires. But the Indians have a tradition that there was a 'big fire' over the Rockies between three and four hundred years ago. They blame the Spaniards for the fire. But, leaving the tradition out, there are many evidences of a big fire about 350 years ago. Among these evidences are very old charred logs and stumps, the character and the age of much of the present forest. Let us hope that the Fire Age is over. Colorado's woodland is covered with charcoal mummies. People are feeling the 'Call of the Wild.' They want the wild, wild world beautiful. They want the temples of the gods, bits of the forest primeval, the pure and fern-fringed brooks. Above Colorado's purple forest there are alpine meadows bannered with rare blossoms, and crags and snow go up into the blue. Timber-line tells stirring stories of the forest frontier. It is doubtful if any one thing could be done that would be more generally beneficial to the people of Colorado than to cause upon the cleared and burned places once more to fall the shadow of the pines."

—From "Trees and Peaks," by Eva Bird Bosworth.

Courtesy of Colorado & Southern Railway Company.

THE LITTLE PINE

Away up on a high cliff, in a ledge of rock, the little pine pushed its soft, green head through a crack and looked around.

The mountain breeze ruffled its little topknot in a playful caress, and the mountain sun kissed it lovingly.

But, "Oh, dear!" mourned the little tree. "How can I ever grow here? If I could only be across the canon on that slope with all those spruce! How grand they look! So straight and tall!

"How happy they must be, with the birds nesting in their branches—woodpeckers, bluejays, and crossbills—and chipmunks whisking and chattering among them!"

The little pine stopped. From away down below came a faint murmuring.

"Oh!" it cried, stretching itself and trying to peer over the ledge. "It's a river! I can hear it leaping and tumbling over the rocks, gurgling and splashing with joy!

"How lovely to be near it! I would have moss growing around my roots, and columbines nodding and laughing in gay groups near me, and violets nestling at my feet. Oh, dear! the spruce always have the best places!" And the little pine sighed enviously.

"I'll just not try to grow up here by myself at all," it sulked.

But the sky was so blue, the sun shone so warm, the winds blowing down the canon were so life-giving, and the little tree kept stretching itself so eagerly to see all the wonders above and below, that it grew in spite of itself—until one day, plunk! came its head against a rock above. For it was growing away back in a recess of the ledge.

"Now I shall have to give up and die!" groaned the despondent little thing.

But the breeze came whispering into the recess with a message from the Mother Pine which grew on top of the cliff—near its edge, just above the little pine.

"Don't give up!" admonished the Mother Pine. "Send your roots down deep into the crack. Be sure they are good and strong. Bend over and push your head out clear over the ledge. Then you can grow straight up. You're only twenty feet below the top of the cliff. Soon you'll be tall enough to see over."

"But I shall be crooked!" wailed the little pine, "and what good is a crooked tree?"

"Every tree, even a crooked one," came back the wise voice of the Mother Pine, "has its own place in the world and its own work!"

So the little pine sent its roots down deep and strong into the crack; pushed its head out over the ledge, and then straightened itself, ready to grow up to the top of the cliff.

What a view it had now! It could see away up and down the canon! There was a road winding along the river, and the spruce were grander even than it had thought.

Every day the envious little pine gossiped about them to the lizard who sunned himself on the ledge beside it. The little gray reptile always hissed a softly, disdainful "pooh" to it all, blinking his wise little eyes, and darting out his tongue, like a little red streak of lightning, after unwary insects.

The unhappy tree used to bewail his fate, too, to its only other friend, the great bald eagle who rested a few moments each day on his long flights up the canon. Whatever the great bird of prey might say during the conversation, at its close it always circled once or twice above the little pine; then, rising with a fierce scream of exultation, sailed majestically away. For the "king of birds" envied no spruce trees tamely rooted by a river's bank, no matter how tall and grand.

One summer, after the pine had become quite a sturdy little tree, with deep-growing roots, and its crooked trunk had grown strong—one day, as it waved its branches out over the ledge, it noticed a boy walking along the road below. The lonesome little tree, always curious about the few people who chanced along the canon road, was immediately interested, especially as the boy carried a hammer, stopping every now and then to chip off pieces of rock from the huge boulders along the way. Or he seemed to be picking columbines and violets across the stream, pressing them in a large portfolio he carried strapped to his back. Sometimes the pine could see him climb a tall spruce, and it knew he was peering into some nest hidden under the flat green branches; but the tree from his high lookout could see that the boy never disturbed the delicate oval treasures within the nest. So it loved the boy, and watched him eagerly as he came one bright summer day after another for his rock and flower specimens.

One day, near the end of the summer, the delightful little tree heard the boy hammering on the top of the cliff above, near the Mother Pine, and it stretched itself eagerly to see.

What happened next was frightful! There was a sound of breaking stone and sliding gravel. A huge rock crashed through the branches of the straining tree. There was a cry, and a boy's body hurtled through the air.

The little pine braced itself, and leaned out as far as it could reach over the ledge, and caught the boy's jacket on a short, jagged branch, while the boy himself clung for his life to the crooked trunk.

For a few terrible seconds he hung there! Then, wrenching his jacket loose, he climbed slowly down to the ledge, leaning back sick and dizzy.

By and by the color came back to his face. Two boyish arms were flung around the twisted, gnarled trunk, while a boy's voice whispered tremulously: "Oh, you little pine! I shall never forget you!"

And the happy little tree waved its branches proudly over the ledge, as a boyish figure climbed back over the cliff.

The next day, after his usual visit to his crooked friend on the ledge, the gray lizard slid away, wondering why the little pine no longer seemed to envy the grand spruce across the canon.

The great bald eagle, too, poising on the ledge for a few moments' rest, as he rose circling and screaming to continue his lofty flight, was pondering why his dejected little friend had become so gay and grieved no more over his twisted trunk.

You see, no one but the Mother Pine, standing above ready to shake down seed-bearing cones for baby trees, knew the great joy that had come to her child—knew that the little pine had found its mission and was happy in its place on the ledge away up on the cliff.

And only the Mother Pine knew that, with every breeze which rustled the branches of the little tree and fluttered a fragment of gray jacket caught on a jagged branch, the little pine heard a boyish voice calling down from the top of the cliff: "Good bye, little tree! I shall never forget you!"

ANNIE RAGLAND RANDELL.

THE STORY OF THE BLUE BIRD

(Adapted from Maeterlinck's Fairy Play.)

Once upon a time, in a far country, there lived a little boy named Tyltyl and his sister Mytyl. On the night before Christmas, after Daddy Tyl and Mummy Tyl had gone to bed, these two had a visit from the Fairy Berylune. This Fairy wished them to go in search of the "Bluebird of Happiness" for her. Of course, the children couldn't go alone, so Bread, Water, Fire, Milk, and Sugar, all in the forms of interesting live people, went with them. Tylo, the dog, and Tylette, the cat, went along, too. Light, a

most beautiful woman, led the way. They took a cage with them to put the Bluebird in when they caught it.

To make the journey easier, the Fairy gave Tyltyl a cap with a most wonderful stone in it. Now, when Tyltyl turned the stone one way he could see the past; the other way, the future. You can see, children, that this cap would be a very great help to them!

Their first visit was to the Land of Memory, where they had a lovely hour with their dear Granny and Gaffer Tyl, and their little brothers and sisters, who lived in the beautiful land. Did you ever think, little people, that those who, as we say, are dead, really live whenever we think of them? At the door of Granny's cottage hung a

bird-cage with—yes, with a really Bluebird in it. The two children put it in their cage and went back to find the Fairy. When they thought of other things, these dear people faded away, and they found that the bird was not blue at all, but black!

But the children were not discouraged. Their next little trip was into the Land of the Past. Mytyl was so afraid, as they sat in the graveyard waiting for the clock to strike twelve, and for Tyltyl to turn the stone so that the spirits of the dead might rise and tell them where the "Bluebird of Happiness" was. The clock struck, Tyltyl

turned the stone, and on the graves grew beautiful white lilies; for, as Tyltyl said, "There are no dead."

And now for that journey to the Land of the Future—that land where the little children who were to come on this world lived. Father Time came for his boat-load. They all wished to go—all wished to be born and live in the world. But the mammas and papas weren't ready for them all, so they had to wait their turn. And each child the old Boatman took had to have some gift to give the world. When the boat-load left, the songs of the happy mothers waiting for the babies made our little adventurers feel that the Bluebird must be near.

But their search was not yet ended. There was still the Kingdom of Night to search—that dark kingdom where Queen Night kept all the terrors of darkness hidden. However, Tyltyl was not afraid and demanded the keys to all her secret places, because Light had told him to. Night was angry, for Man and Light had stolen all her secrets. And in one of these dark hiding-places were Bluebirds—Oh, so many of them! But, children, do you know they all died when the light of day fell on them? So, you see, they were not for real happiness, were they?

The bird-cage was still empty. But there was yet one more land—the Land of Happiness. There the children saw the seasons, the joys of being good and well, and that wonderful joy of Mother Love. This Fairy told them that "no mother is poor, no mother is old, no mother is ugly;" for "every childish kiss is a pearl in mother's garment, and every caress takes a year from her age."

Their journey was done, and no real Bluebird yet! But, children, do you think that real happiness is found by searching far away from home? The next morning the two woke up in their own little bed at home; for—yes, it had been a dream! And what do you suppose? The bird who sung to them and lived with them always in his cage was really blue! But it flew away from them. So they ask you, boys and girls, if you find their "Bluebird of Happiness," will you return it to them?

AGNES MCKENNA.

EVENING AT THE FARM

Over the hill the farm-boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand.
In the poplar tree, about the spring,
The katydid begins to sing.
  The early dews are falling.
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
  Cheerily calling:
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co'! Co'! Co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still:
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co'! Co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day.
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay's in the mow;
  The cooling dews are falling.
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat;
The pigs come grunting to his feet;
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
  His cattle calling:
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co'! Co'! Co'!"
While still the cowboy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray:
"Co', boss! Co', boss! Co'! Co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great.
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicksome yearlings frisk and jump,
  While the pleasant dews are falling.
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with a tranquil eye;

And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling:
"So, boss! So, boss! So! So! So!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying: "So! So, boss! So! So!"

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

RURAL RECREATION IN RELATION TO COUNTRY SCHOOLS

The same amount of emphasis has not been placed upon rural recreation as upon the recreation for the city. The country school must aim to be a co-operative force in the community and must work toward unity in family recreation.

If the school is a center from which pure fun and real interest radiate, it stands along with the church in giving inspiration and creating ideals. Expensive equipment is not necessary, but efficient leadership and organization are necessary. In planning for Arbor Day, athletics should occupy a large place on the program. Not the kind which will develop the few, but which will provide opportunities for all, thus bringing into existence group and team work, which is essential in fostering community recreation.

Folk-dancing, also, may be made a part of the program arranged for general field day, and music may be provided by means of the victrola.

The following is a typical program for a field day as an Arbor Day celebration, and could be easily carried through:

THE ASSEMBLY, 10:30 A. M.

Flag-raising, with marching, flag salute, and patriotic songs.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Flag salute: "We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country; one language, one flag."

"Red, White and Blue."

May-pole dances by different classes or in a group.

All little children are invited to take part in these games. Assistants will be at hand to teach the beginners.

Captain ball. (Easily learned; watch it!)

1. Running high jump (adults).
2. Running broad jump (115-pound class).
3. Baseball-throwing (girls).
4. Tug-of-war (adults).
5. Games for little children: (a) London bridge; (b) the jolly miller; (c) fishes swim.

Flag relay races for girls of the seventh and eighth grades.

Miscellaneous games, open to all: volley-ball, tether-ball, badminton, playground ball, quoits, ring toss, archery.

The program will be interspersed with folk-dances, given by groups of boys and girls in costume, wandering as bands of merrymakers about the grounds. If time permits, impromptu games of baseball will be arranged.

Athletic badges and banners will be awarded after the obstacle race.

Winners will assemble at the tennis court for this purpose.

Tree-planting may precede awards of badges.

ANNA LOUISE JOHNSON,
Supervisor of Denver School Playgrounds.

CRIPPLES

Poor little bird, with the broken wing!
  Has the world grown suddenly dark to you?
An hour ago I could hear you sing,
  As you winged your way thro' the boundless blue;
And now in a quivering heap you lie,
  Wondering why you should suffer so,
Calling the mate, with your plaintive cry,
  Who raced with you but an hour ago.

Poor little bird, with the broken wing,
  Imploring aid in a mournful strain!
You did not know what a grievous thing
  Life could be to a soul in pain;
You did not dream you could envied be,
  As, lying here, I was wondering why
The pain of life should be given *me*,
  To *you* the glory of earth and sky.

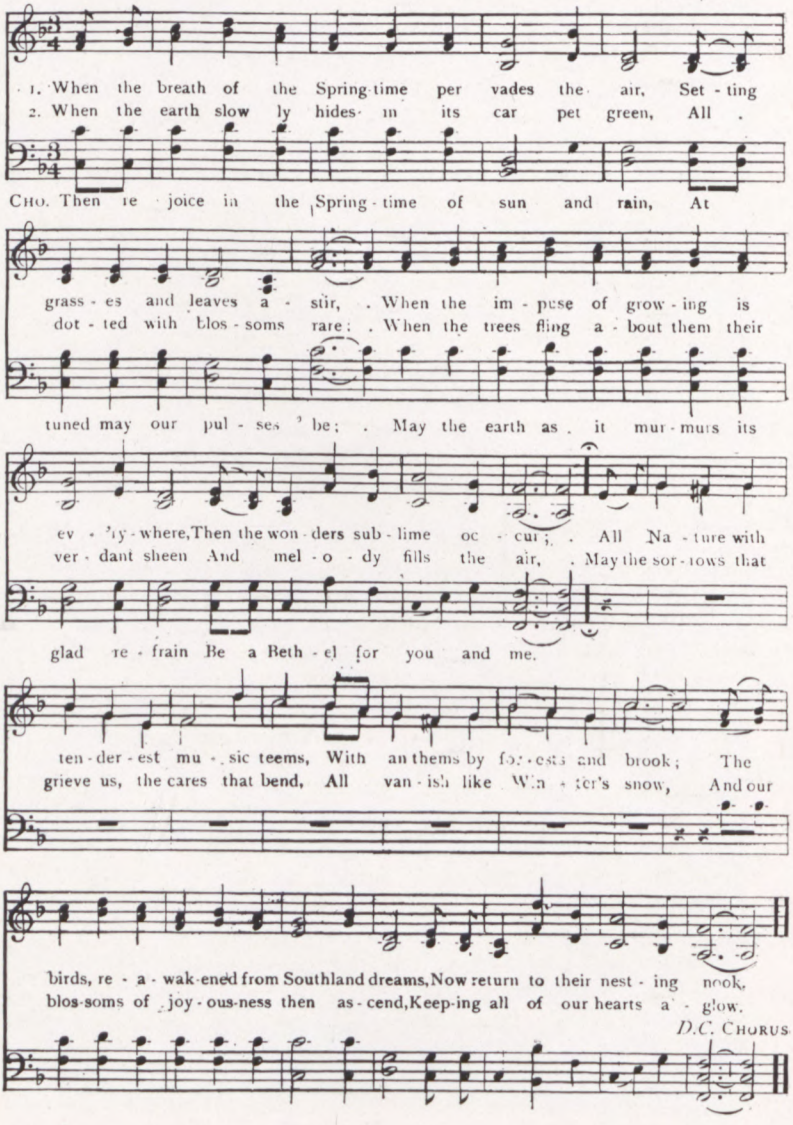
Poor little bird, with the broken wing!
  Tell your grief from low-hung bough,
And maybe the note of your suffering
  Will touch a heart that is hardened now!
Soon, little bird, you will fly once more—
  But never again in the old free way;
Never again, as you did before,
  Through the crimson heights of a new-born day!

Poor little bird, with the broken wing,
  Seeing life in a strange new light!
You'll find it isn't a pleasant thing
  To flutter and fall when you long for flight.
Very few may soar in the skies of blue,
  Or carol strains that the world shall hear.
But crippled birds have their mission, too,
  And humble songs hold a note of cheer.

—From "Rhymes of an Idle Hour," by
EMMA TOLMAN EAST,
Assistant Secretary Greater Colorado Bureau.

REJOICE IN THE SPRINGTIME

H. TUPPER



GOOD ROADS DAY

THE STORY OF OUR STATE

Once upon a time there was a beautiful country, where the sun shone every day and the clear streams danced their way across fertile plains.

Great mountain ranges crossed it and clasped high, rich plateaus in their arms, some of them having only a few hundred acres, and some of them as big as a whole state and so rich that the sagebrush—that hungry weed that will only grow where there is plenty of good soil—grew as close together as it could stand, and the wild flowers in the spring made a carpet along the banks of the streams.

And dotted over the plains and snuggled in amongst the mountains were hundreds of lakes that mirrored the flying clouds and drank the water from the winter snows. Here, too, the little streams were born, high up among the peaks and running north, south, east, west—every way except up—dashing across the rich parks, singing through happy little valleys, working their way down, down to the great rivers and to the sea.

It was a beautiful country, but only the birds and the beasts enjoyed it. No big, strong men planted grain on the fertile plains or climbed to the mountain-tops and looked out over hundreds of miles of wonderful world. No boys coaxed the speckled beauties from the clear streams; no women enjoyed the rare sunsets. Instead, the big brown bear ate the wild berries in the spring, the herds of buffalo roamed over the level plains, the gray wolf and the little coyote sent their mournful call from hill to hill.

And then one day a wandering tribe of Indians came that way and saw the beautiful land, and they fished in the streams and sent their sharp arrows into the herds of buffalo, and the squaws planted grain in the rich soil and made warm garments from the skins of animals.

And they said: "Here is a land made for the Indian. We will send messengers back to the other tribes, and all those who have sat with us in the Sacred Circle shall know of it and come to share it."

So their brightest young men lassoed their wild ponies and hurried away to tell the other tribes. And after a while they came too, and the valleys had their little villages, the peaks resounded with the shouts of the children, and the young men raced their ponies over the broad prairies or hunted the big game in the hills.

But sometimes it is not well to have too many blessings, and so after a time the Indians grew lazy and selfish, and at last they said: "We will send no more messengers to the other tribes. If they want a better place than they have, let them go out and hunt for it as we did." So no more couriers went away, and the rich lands lay waiting for someone to come and make them yield their wealth.

Then one day a white man wandered that way, and the Indians thought he was a God, and they showed him the wonders of their country, and how they washed the gold from the rivers and raised the grain for their bread, and where the bear and the elk and the deer had their haunts and the fish lurked in the deep pools.

And the white man hurried away and went back to his own people and told them of the wonderland where the rivers ran gold and the hills were red and white. So the white people came, and because the Indians had been selfish and were scattered far apart, the white people pushed and pushed until they took the country away from the Indians. And because of the red hills, the white people called the name of the new country "Colorado."

At first the white people sent messengers back to their old homes and told their friends of the beautiful country, so that all could have a chance in the new land; but after a while they became careless, as the Indians had done, and they said: "Oh, if people want to move, let them go out and look for a place; it is not any of our business."

And so the rich land lay waiting for the plow, and the cities cried for the grain that the valleys and fields should have sent them.

Then some wise people rose up and said: "This is our own fault! We have been careless, and we have not taken the pains to tell others about our lands. We have been so busy doing other things that we have forgotten to send the news out to other places."

So the people said: "Send messengers! We will be good, like the first Indians who came here, and send word to our friends in the East of the land that is here and how to use it."

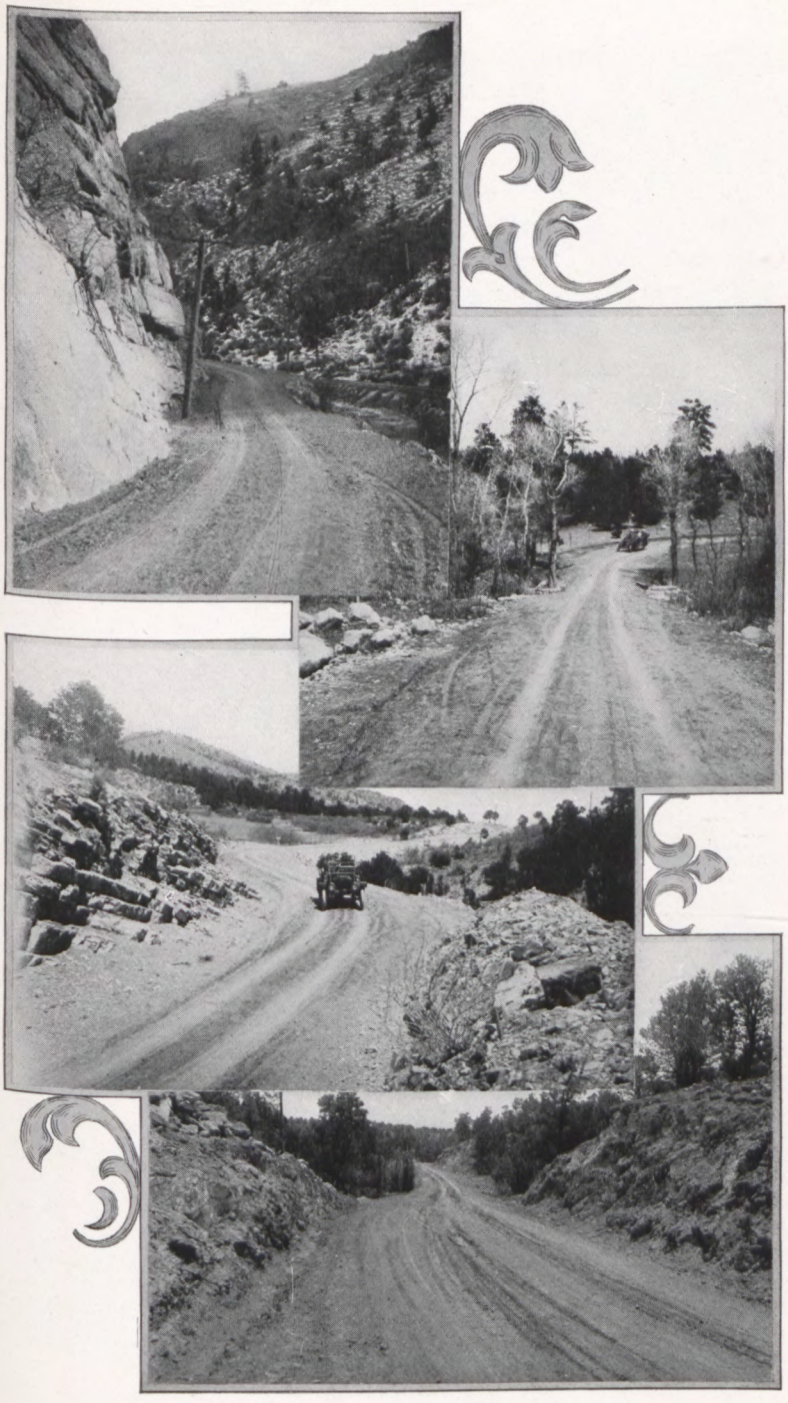
Then the messengers were sent, and new people came and filled the valleys with orchards and the plains with waving grain. And the people were so busy making homes, and selling their goods, and helping one another to build a great state, that they forgot that they had ever had any troubles.

Now, this is the story of Colorado. We are sending out an invitation to the people of other states. We want them to come here, and we want the boys and girls to write to other boys and girls and tell them about Colorado.

We want every boy and every girl to be a good Indian and send a messenger to friends back east. Not a fleet runner, not a swift pony-rider, not even an automobile to carry the news, but a speedy little postal card that the great mail trains will carry anywhere you say.

There are 25,000 school children in Denver. If each one sends a postal card tomorrow, it means that 25,000 messengers will spread their wings and fly out over the country like a flock of carrier pigeons bearing good news. So, please hold up hands! How many will promise to send one picture postal tomorrow, to tell someone about the wonderful State of Colorado?

Emma Tolman East,
Assistant Secretary, Greater Colorado
Publicity League.



THE CALL OF COLORADO

All ye nations! Come! Behold it!
Soon the whole wide world will tell
Of the White Man's western triumph,
And the Red Man's Grand Farewell.

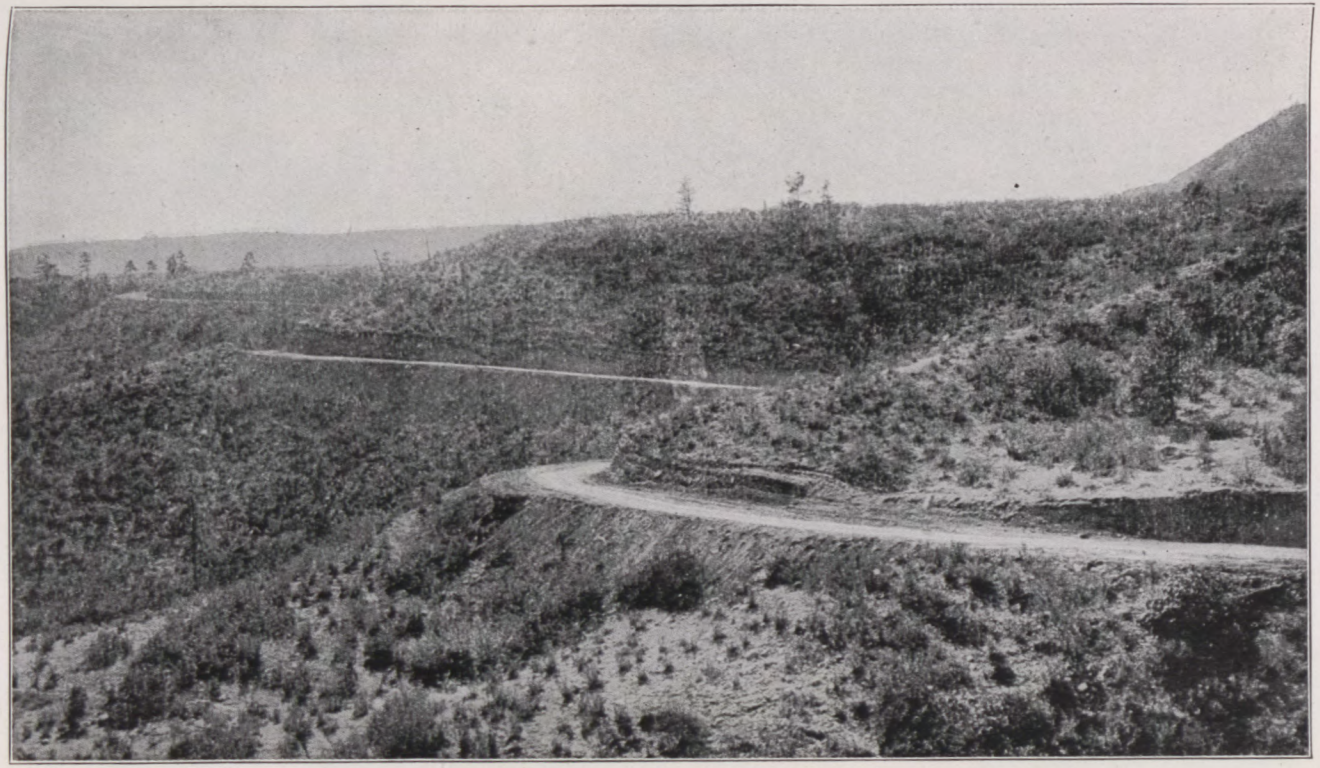
Here two races come in council—
One for memory, one for might!
Here the Red Man meets the White Man
In the land of Red and White.

All ye nations, come and wonder!
See an epoch disappear!
See the passing of the Heroes—
Indian and Pioneer.

Once and never more—this council!
Once and never more—this feast!
Never more this call of Plainsmen
To the cities of the East!

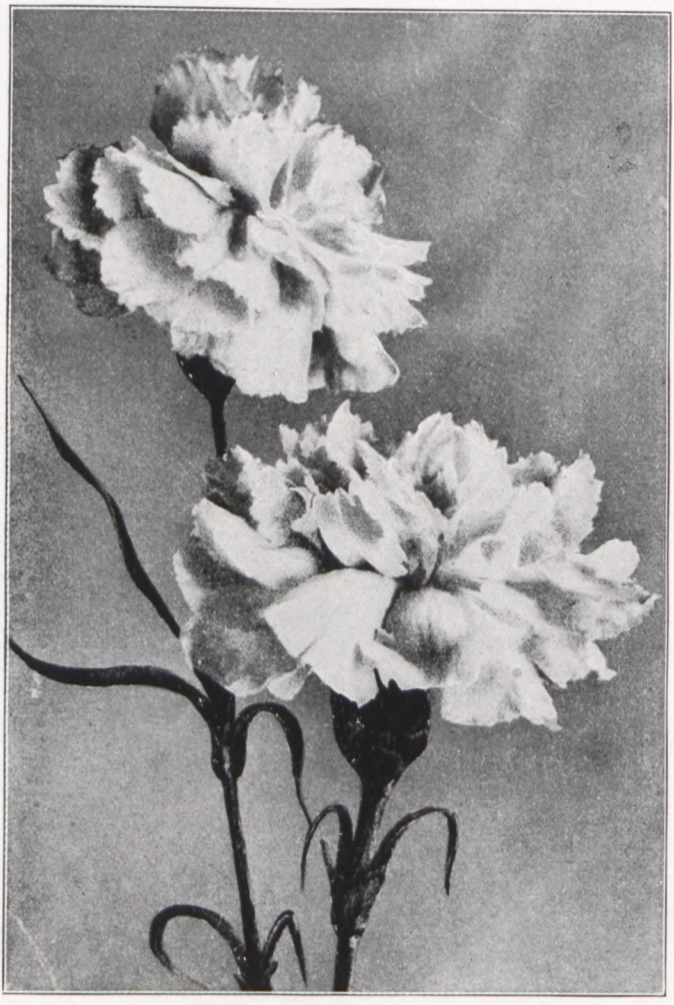
Come, ye nations, to the Red Rocks!
To the Playgrounds of the sky!
Come! Come up to Colorado!
Hear the Red Man say good-bye!

—From "The Last Grand Council of the North American Indian," by HERBERT N. CASSON.



The Roads That Wind Around and Over the Foothills Have a Charm All Their Own.

MOTHERS' DAY



MOTHERS' DAY

"To honor and uplift motherhood, and to give happiness to the best mother that ever lived"—your mother—by wearing a white carnation on the second Sunday in May, was first suggested by Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia. The ministers are requested to talk on the subject of motherhood, and the day is very generally observed as Mothers' Day. The Mothers' Congress has shown its appreciation of this beautiful tribute to motherhood, and have a blue button with a white carnation which they urge all fathers, mothers, and children to wear in honor of mother.

The aim of the Mothers' Congress is to elevate the standard of home life by improving conditions in and surrounding the home and school, that the children may develop naturally and freely into good citizens, and to bring about a hearty co-operation between the home and the school, the parent and the teacher, and thus unify the education of the child and relate it to his life. Any sentiment that stirs the emotions and rouses to action is much needed in our work-a-day world. Let us all wear a white carnation or a Mothers' Congress pin on Mothers' Day, and dedicate ourselves to a higher standard of morals, and a purer and more intelligent parenthood.

The following verses were written for the Mothers' Congress last year, and can be used in schools on Mothers' Day.

FLORENCE E. DICK,
President State Congress of Mothers.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troup,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

—SELECTED.

MOTHER'S DAY

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

(Air: "Annie Laurie.")

Today the white carnation,
The emblem of the pure,
Is worn by all our nation
In love that shall endure;
For this is Mother's Day,
And while we sing and pray,
Sweet memories hover 'round us
Of home and Mother's Day.

We thank God for the mothers;
For many precious years
They soothed our cares and sorrows,
Our childish griefs and fears;
For this is Mother's Day,
And while we sing and pray,
Sweet memories hover 'round us
Of home and Mother's Day.

For those who still are with us
To guide us in life's way;
For those who've gone before us,
Give thanks this Mother's Day;
For this is Mother's Day,
And while we sing and pray,
Sweet memories hover 'round us
Of home and Mother's Day.

And when our journey's ended,
When we are called away,
We'll join them in the Homeland
And still have Mother's Day;
For this is Mother's Day,
And while we sing and pray,
Sweet memories hover 'round us
Of home and Mother's Day.

MARGARET SYMON.

THE LITTLE BOY'S SUMMER PRAYER

Dear God, my Mamma's gone away
  A nice long ocean trip.
I wish't You'd keep Your sharpest eye
  On that partic'lar ship.
The sea is big, the boat is small,
  An' Mamma's careless as—
As if she wa'nt the only one
  A little feller has.

An' I'm her onl'est little boy.
  She as't me to be good,
An' pray to God for her an' me.
  O' course, I said I would.
So here I be, dear Lord o' Love,
  Right by my trundle-bed,
A-wishin' I could hol' Your hand
  An' hear the words You said.

Say, God, I think You need a trip
  The very worstest way.
If I was You, I'd cut it out,
  This workin' ever' day,
A-makin' such a lot o' folks,
  An' markin' sparrers fall,
An' countin' hairs of ever' head—
  The curly ones an' all;

A-stickin' in the stars an' moon,
  An' turnin' on the rain,
An' taggin' after all of us,
  An' tendin' to the grain.
'Twould rest You lots to quit a while
  From bein' quite so good,
An' be a lot more sociabler;
  I'd like it—if You could.

You'd like to ketch a speckled trout,
  An' swimmin's lots o' fun,
An' goin' to your Granma's house—
  But, pshaw! You ain't got none!
I'm awful sorry, God, fer You,
  'At ain't had any Ma
To love You hard as ever was,
  Ner yit a bully Pa.

As I was first a-sayin', Lord,
  Take care of Mamma's ship!
If You could shove October next
  To August by a slip,
My Ma would come a-sailin' home
  By guidin' of Your hand.
But please do keep a sharp lookout
  Till she is safe to land!

An' once I git her back to shore,
  You needn't bother so;
Fer me an' Pa will watch her close
  Wherever she do go.
An', say, if You should sometime think
  O' callin' folks away,
Call Jimmy Jones's Pa and Ma,
  An' let my home folks stay.

—S. Maria Talbot,
Selected from "Little Boy Philosophy."

MOTHERS' DAY

This is Mothers' Day and Mothers' Hour, and the thought is sweeping the land with a mighty power. It is only recently that the idea was born of the possibilities of a mother's progress in the educational world, in the financial world, in the political world.

A mother was long known as the household god; but no longer does she remain in the confines of domestic life, for she has entered every field of industry, every activity of life pertaining to the uplifting of humanity, and wields the greatest and most profound influence, not only in her domestic realm, but in public affairs.

This condition has been produced by the millions of women, grouped, regrouped, and federated in enlarging circles, who are consciously and actively working for the world's improvement. The Mothers' Congress consists today of large, earnest bodies of women, studying the structure and functions of society, parliamentary law,

household economics, domestic science, laws of health, education in all its branches, motherhood and childhood problems—representing a force that compels attention.

They have been instrumental in raising schools out of politics; they have supported reforms in methods and protected schools from evil influences, in creating sentiment for improving school premises and increasing school facilities, in supporting lecture courses, as well as manifesting an awakening interest in the great questions dominating the thought of the nation, such as the international peace problems and the treaties connected with them, thereby instigating "Peace Day."

This power toward the betterment of the youth of our land originates in the "mothers' meetings"—the place where the eloquence of pure, unselfish womanhood wakes an answering thrill in the hearts of those who listen; where the pulse-beat of motherhood is felt; where the voice of the timid commands courteous attention and kindly appreciation, without the depressing influence of adverse criticism;

"Where the lofty thoughts of others wake an echo in her own
And the best within her finds expression and is known;"

where knowledge begets knowledge through the commingling of ideas; where new thoughts germinate and are transplanted to the homes for the benefit of the family.

The teacher and mother should, and do, work with one accord for public interest in all matters pertaining to education; and, in order to accomplish the best results, organization is absolutely necessary. Therefore, let us with one accord follow the wise suggestion of the present Superintendent of Public Instruction, and declare a "Mothers' Day."

KATHERINE L. CRAIG,
Former State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

LITTLE MOTHER

Dark eyes with love a-light, brow crowned with reason bright,
Great heart of self bereft, my little Mother!
When Heaven this wonder lent, straightway the mold was rent,
That this green earth should see ne'er such another!

Great arms of motherhood, feeling the brotherhood
Taught by the Master dear, our Elder Brother;
Ne'er weakness sought in vain solace for sin or pain
From this rich-natured one, my little Mother!

Like as a little child in all the virtues mild,
Pure, sweet, and undefiled by life's fierce raging;
Valiant as armed knight, swift to defend the right;
Faith's star her beacon bright, while battle waging.

Words fail in painting her, though all my pulses stir,
Only remembering her strength and sweetness!
Dear Lord, my weakness bring once more 'neath Mother's wing,
Thrilling my happy life with love's completeness!

—Mary Talbot Campbell.

[The above beautiful expression of the love of a little daughter for her mother was written many years ago, during their first absence from each other. It is printed here in order that the school children of Colorado may voice their own child-love through these tender lines.—M. C. C. B.]

MOTHERS' DAY

Mothers' Day is in commemoration of mother-love, and mother-love is the well-spring of gentleness, courage, endurance, and perseverance. The constancy and purity of mother-love will remain inviolate throughout time and eternity, for both of these qualities are immortal.

Upon the altar of appreciation we offer the incense of gratitude and praise, not only for our own mothers and their loving sacrifices, but for every mother; from the Virgin Mother in the far-off century, listening with

an ear so attuned to spiritual harmonies that she caught the message of "Blessed art thou" and "pondered those things in her heart," down to the time of our own great and beloved President Lincoln, who gave all credit to his mother for his glorious career. But we need not look thus far away for examples of loyal motherhood. In the many thousands of homes dotting our state are the many thousands of mothers to whom we offer our homage, setting aside a day for that purpose.

The noblest men and women of all time, those who have accomplished great things in the world, have been those who have had the greatest respect for motherhood, and who realized what they owed to their mother's devotion.

No greater assurance could Isaiah give to the children of Israel than this promise from God: "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." It is to the mother we turn in times of distress, and find comfort; the true mother-heart always understands, and often there is nothing in this world we so long for as to be understood. It is a mother's particular province to be able to see the problems of life from the view-point of her child, and when she does this she is indeed a comforter.

In the mother we see that unselfish devotion that, after watching for days at a little bedside, forgets even to be tired when she sees the glow of health come back into her baby's face; and, strange as it may seem, her child, when in trouble, is always her "baby," even though he may have reached the measurements of manhood.

As we reverence and commemorate the ennobling qualities to be found in motherhood, we are establishing those qualities of character which will help to make of our beloved country the strongest, most enduring country in the world.

A wise man once wrote: "The pen is mightier than the sword;" which is true, yet—

> The mightiest pen would count for naught
> Without the power of the thought.

In observing Mothers' Day we are recognizing "the power of the thought;" for everything great and good and true, when held in thought, is sure to be lived in our lives and establishes the strength, success, and happiness of our homes and of our country.

And so we don the white carnation, its color symbolizing the purity of mother-love, its fragrance a symbol of the pervading sweetness of her sacrificial offering; and after the flower on the lapel has faded and been tossed aside, it still blooms as an "immortelle" in the heart of every loyal son and daughter.

> With a tear of tenderness and a smile of joy,
> We pledge the devotion of *her* girl and boy.

JOY E. R. ZINT.

THE LITTLE BOY WONDERS

I wonder how I go to sleep!
  It's mighty queer to me
'At I can't never stay awake
  Quite long enough to see.

What if a feller should wake up
  An' be some other chap,
A-cuddlin' an' a-rockin' in
  Some other mamma's lap!

It's lucky Pa an' Ma an' me
  Ain't never got us mixed—
We couldn't be more happier
  No ways it could be fixed.

—S. Maria Talbot,
Selected from "Little Boy Philosophy."

FATHERS' DAY

THE PRODIGAL SON

"Like as a Father pitieth His Children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

But when he came to himself he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.' "

And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet far off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be.

And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound." But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him.

But he answered and said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living, thou killest for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

—BIBLE.

CHARLES DICKENS' LETTER TO HIS SON

I write this note to you today because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think on now and then at quiet times.

I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of great determination; and I have never slacked any since.

Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Savior than that you

should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child, because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be known in the world. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities.

Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.

I hope you will always be able to say in after-life that you had a kind father. In no other way can you show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

Your loving father,

CHARLES DICKENS.

VICTOR HUGO TO HIS LITTLE SON

(There once lived in France a poet whose name was Victor Hugo. In his earlier years he wrote beautiful poems and wonderful plays, which won for him a place of honor among the greatest of French writers. Later in life he devoted himself mainly to fiction, and produced, among other works, the famous romance entitled "Les Miserables." In the year 1840 he visited the city of Mayence, Germany, and while there wrote the following charming letter to his little son, nicknamed Toto, who was at home in Paris with his mother. This letter was, of course, written in French; but it has been translated into English, so that you may read it.)

MAYENCE, October 1, 1840.

DEAR TOTO:

Here, my dear little Toto, is a sketch I have done for you. I am sending it directly after having read your nice, dear little letter. A month hence, my darling, you will see your father again, and that will be as happy a day for him as for you.

When this letter reaches you, your holidays will be nearly at an end. You and my Charlie will both be re-

turning to school, and, I trust, with renewed courage and fresh strength. All my hopes and all my happiness are centered in you, my dear ones.

Your dear mother tells me she is satisfied with all of you. Make her as happy as she deserves—she who loves you so much, and who, like me, thinks only of you and your happiness in this world.

The child is father to the man—never forget this, my little Toto. Be an industrious scholar, and I answer for it that you will one day be what is called a man, *vir*.

All the details you have given me of your gains in work have greatly interested me. When you have received this letter, write me a few lines, and tell me a great deal more about yourself, your brother, and your sisters, and everything at home. This enables me to share in your pleasures, your amusements, your daily life; and I imagine that I am among you all, my darling children.

I am delighted to hear that all the animals belonging to my little shepherdess Dede are quite well, and that you have finished your house of leaves and branches. Tell Dede that she must write me rather a longer letter than the first.

As for me, my Toto, you will see, if you read my letters to your mother, that I am working, and that even in my holidays I try not to waste my time.

I see beautiful countries; I study very novel and very curious things; but they are not worth your kisses and caresses, nor a couple of hours spent with you all at home.

So, my dear little Toto, go back to school bravely, work well, write to me, please your mother and your teachers, and remember I am hardly a moment without thinking of you. Nothing of what I see diverts my mind from you, my children. All that I am and all that I do in this world is for you.

I love you, I love you dearly, my little Toto.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE LITTLE BOY IS LOST

What has become of Billy?
  Our hearts are like to break,
A-missin' of the mischief
  An' noise he used to make.

His checkered blouse so tiny
  Hangs in the closet yet,
That mother fondly kisses,
  Because she can't forget.

When parents are a-callin'
  Their children in at night,
It makes us both feel choky,
  An' teardrops dim our sight.

Sometimes I write a letter
  To William Grey, D.D.,
An' I feel downright tickled
  When he writes one to me.

We're proud as can be of him,
  An' he ain't none to blame
Because we grieve for "Billy"
  An' mourn him jest the same.

—S. Maria Talbot,
Selected from "Little Boy Philosophy."

PEACE DAY

PEACE DAY—MAY 18

NOTE.—Since May 18 falls on Sunday, this anniversary will be celebrated in the schools on Friday afternoon, May 16, 1913.

On May 18, 1899, there assembled at The Hague, in accordance with the call of the czar of Russia, the First Hague Peace Conference. The primary purpose of this conference was to devise methods, through international agreement, for the reduction of armaments and war budgets. This purpose failed because national sentiment was not sufficiently ripe and crystallized. But the conference was a great success, not only in developing strong international sentiments of respect and desires for peace, but also in the agreement upon three conventions—improved rules for the conduct of war, extension of the Red Cross to naval warfare, and, greatest of all, the creation of a court for the settlement of international disputes, to which any two nations, each a party to the dispute, might, on agreement, submit the matter involved.

These conventions were ratified by all of the twenty-six nations represented at the conference, except China, Turkey, Persia, and Montenegro, and went into effect in accordance with agreement. No less than six different international controversies have already been submitted to this tribunal.

The Second Hague Conference assembled June 15, 1907, and is notable as the First Parliament of the World. All the independent nations of the globe, except Costa Rica, Honduras, Abyssinia, and Liberia, were represented, the latter two not being invited. This conference extended the work of the first conference and enacted various conventions, the most important of which probably is the privilege afforded any nation, party to a dispute, to refer the question to the international tribunal created by the First Conference.

The Third Hague Conference, which is to meet in 1915, should make it obligatory upon both parties to refer the matter in dispute to this international court.

While much has been accomplished thus far, much still remains to be accomplished. The average yearly budget for the army and navy of the United States for the eight years preceding the Spanish-American War was $51,000,000; for the eight years immediately following that war it averaged $185,000,000. The aggregate since that war exceeds the national debt, it is three times the cost of the Panama Canal, and it would give, at 4 per cent, a one-thousand-dollar income to more than 43,000 families.

The original cost of a large modern war vessel is approximately $12,000,000. This amount would eliminate tuberculosis. If to the original cost there is added $16,000,000 for the upkeep of the vessel during the twenty years of its active service, the aggregate amount would afford $500 per year to 14,000 young men for a college course.

It is a far call from a small rural school to the Hague Conference. But every child is a unit, and the only way in which the whole can be influenced and actuated is by influencing and actuating the units. The only way to remove the blight of war and secure the blessings of peace is by cultivating a peace sentiment in all groups of units. Therefore, whatever a teacher may do toward developing unity and harmony among the pupils will inure toward the amity and harmony of still larger groups. Children should be taught to respect the rights and feelings of others; to sacrific at times even their own rights or feelings, if such are in collision with the rights or feelings of others; to cultivate a generous and charitable spirit by service and sacrifice; to bear patiently with others; to yield cheerfully; to contribute to the common good, and to cultivate peace.

NATIONAL HYMN

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever-sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increased,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace!

—SELECTED.

AS BY THE SHORE AT BREAK OF DAY

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea.
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

—THOMAS MOORE.

I will treasure up the memory of the nation's dead, and on every suitable occasion, as long as life lasts, will present them anew to the youth of this country, as noble examples of heroism and patriotism.

—GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

RESPONSIVE READING

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace!

To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words,
Throughout all lands their glad tidings.

The eyes of those who see shall not be closed;
The ears of those who hear shall hearken;
The tongue of the stammerers shall speak plainly.

No more shall the fool be called noble,
Nor the knave any more be named gentle.

The noble deviseth noble things,
And in noble things will he continue.

He who walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly,
Who despiseth the gain of oppressions,
Who stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood,
And closeth his eyes from looking on evil—

Fastness of rocks shall be his stronghold;
He shall abide on impregnable heights.

Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him;
Fret not thyself because of the wicked who prospereth in his way.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be;
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be;
For the Lord loveth justice, and forsaketh not His saints.

Justice shall dwell in the wilderness,
And righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field;

And the work of righteousness shall be peace,
And the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever.

And God shall judge between the nations,
And arbitrate for many peoples;

He shall make their officers peace, and their rulers righteousness;

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning hooks;

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.

—BIBLE; selected by A. B. C.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

These things shall be! A loftier race
  Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
  And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong;
  Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
  On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every human heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mold,
  And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
  When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin nor shame,
  And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie;
For man shall be at one with God
  In bonds of firm necessity.

—SELECTED.

PEACE PRAISE BY GREAT MEN

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust.
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar—
A noise is in the morning's winds, but not the noise of war.
Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet! They come that publish peace!
Yea, Victory! fair Victory! our enemies', and ours;
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.
Ah! Still depressed and dim with dew; but yet a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

My first wish is to see the whole world at peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

All wars are follies—very expensive and very mischievous ones. In my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace. When will mankind be convinced and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in 1783.

I recoil with horror at the ferociousness of man. Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of differences than force? Are there no means of coercing injustice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of the blood of thousands and of the labor of millions of our fellow-creatures?

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

There are two ways of ending a dispute—discussion and force. The latter manner is simply that of the brute beasts; the former is proper to beings gifted with reason.

—CICERO.

If there is in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which it is proper to explode, and incumbent upon every man by every lawful means to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is, doubtless, war.

—Erasmus.

Our country is not the only thing to which we owe our allegiance. It is also owed to justice and to humanity. Patriotism consists, not in waving a flag, but in striving that our country shall be righteous as well as strong.

—James Bryce.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—James Russell Lowell.

Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet.

—Daniel Webster.

The more you reduce the burdens of the people in times of peace, the greater will be your strength when the hour of peril comes.

—Benjamin Disraeli.

OLD TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
  In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
  The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
  On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
  As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
  Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
  For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
  As he wrought by his roaring fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
  As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
  Till they shouted loud for glee;
And they gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
  And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
  Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
  And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
  Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
  For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
  Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
  In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that I ever made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
  Is to slay their fellow-man!"

—Charles Mackay.

PEACE

When earth, as on some evil dreams,
  Looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of Christ outstreams
  From the red disk of Mars,
His fame who led the stormy van
  Of battle well may cease;
But never that which crowns the man
  Whose victory is peace.

—WHITTIER.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

In 1900 Argentina and Chile were on the verge of war over territorial boundary disputes; but a revulsion of feeling, originating in the noble protest of an eloquent bishop in Argentina, led to an agreement to arbitrate their difficulties. Since the arbitration, which satisfied both countries, both have begun disarmament. Chile has turned an arsenal into a trade school, is teaching science more than military tactics to her cadets, and has already spent on good roads ten million dollars gained by reducing naval expenses. In March, 1904, upon a mountain pass on the lofty Andes boundary line, there was erected a colossal bronze statue of Christ, as a memorial of the compact of perpetual peace between these nations, and as a better guardian of the border than a cordon of fortresses.

—From "Patriotism and the New Internationalism," by LUCIA AMES MEAD.

ANGEL OF PEACE

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
  Spread thy wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song!
  Fly to our ark, like the storm-beaten dove—
  Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove!
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
  Crowned with thy olive-leaf garland of love!
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
  Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
  Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
  Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine.
  Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
  Hark! A new birthsong is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
  Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
  Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
  Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

—O. W. Holmes.

THE CAUSE OF PEACE

The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice. If peace is sought to be defended or preserved for the safety of the luxurious and the timid, it is a sham, and the peace will be base; war is better. If peace is to be maintained, it must be by brave men who have come up to the same height as the hero, but who have gone one step beyond the hero!

—Emerson.

HIGHER GROUND

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war, and think of war as the negative of peace, . . . then shall shine forth the higher soldiership of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its works shall seem to be but crude struggles after, and rehearsals for, that higher fight, the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience. . . . "The war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled." But it is not that the power of fight has perished; it is that the battle has gone up on to higher ground, and into higher light. The battle is above the clouds.

—Phillips Brooks.

Ah, lonely sentinel, let not thy vision,
Though now fulfilled, e'er cease!
Still point the nation to the fields Elysian,
Thy chosen watchword—Peace!

—W. K. W.

PEACE DAY IN THE SCHOOLS

The Eighteenth of May, 1899

In all world-history there is no more memorable date than this—none more worthy of an abiding place in the memory of every child. It marks the beginning of a world-wide movement to stop the waste of war and to usher in the day of universal good-will among all nations of the earth. In August of the preceding year the czar of Russia had startled the world by inviting the nations, having ministers at his court, to send delegates to a meeting, to consider what could be done to keep nations from

going to war with each other and from spending upon armies and navies the vast sums that were beginning to appall the peoples of the earth.

The young queen of the Netherlands, then a girl of eighteen, offered the hospitality of her capital; and a hundred delegates, representing twenty-six governments of Europe, Asia, and America, gathered at The Hague. Just outside the city is one of the noblest parks in Europe, and along avenues lined with ancient, stately beeches one drives to the historic summer palace of the royal family, known as the "House in the Woods." Here, on the May morning named above, in the great ballroom of the palace there came together a most distinguished body of men; for each nation had sent its most learned and its best. The walls and dome of this noble room are decorated with immense paintings of a previous century. One of them, over the main entrance, represents Peace descending from Heaven, and the president, referring to it in his opening address, expressed the hope that Peace, having entered there, would go forth to bless the whole world.

The conference divided into three great committees. One attacked the problem of diminishing armaments; the second, the formulating of more humane rules of war and the extension of the Red Cross to naval warfare; while the third discussed all questions pertaining to the submission of disputes between two nations to some other nation as a judge. But the greatest work of this last committee was the establishment of a permanent International Court of Arbitration, now sometimes known as the Hague Court of Arbitration.

So impressed was Andrew Carnegie with the results of this First Peace Conference that he determined to give this Court of the Nations a worthy home; and not far away, in another beautiful wood, there rises, through his generosity, the noble Palace of Peace, to the adornment and decoration of which all countries are contribut-

ing. On the first landing of the great staircase the United States will place a marble group entitled "Peace through Justice."

In the Second Peace Conference, held in 1907, nearly all the nations of the earth participated, and since then more than a hundred agreements have been made between nations to submit certain classes of disputes to arbitration. Many nations have used the court; and the United States is a party to twenty-five such treaties. The greatest result, however, of this Second Peace Conference was the determination that its meetings should be held regularly. The Third Peace Conference will probably convene in 1915.

In December, 1910, Mr. Carnegie gave $11,500,000 as a permanent fund for the promotion of peace by reaching the public opinion of the world and the rulers who are responsible for shaping it. In his deed of gift he says:

"The revenue is to be administered by you to hasten the abolition of international war—the foulest blot upon our civilization. Although we no longer eat our fellowmen, nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, killing their inhabitants, we still kill each other in war like barbarians. Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this, the twentieth century of the Christian era; for the crime of war is inherent, since it decides, not in favor of the right, but always of the strong. The nation is criminal that drives its adversary to a tribunal which knows nothing of righteous judgment."

Peace Day in our schools, now well established in twenty-eight states, should be celebrated in such fashion as to kindle feelings in the children that will some time demand a nobler civic use of their millions than lavish and wasteful use upon navies and armament.

William H. Smiley,
Superintendent of Denver Public Schools.

PEACE DAY

MAY 18

QUOTATIONS FOR ROLL CALL

Peace is the expression of that love which is the fulfilling of the law. —POPE INNOCENT III.

To conclude a universal peace pact between all nations is the next step in human development, and this step will be taken. —BARONESS VON SUTTNER.

War is the most futile and ferocious of human follies.
—JOHN HAY.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The rage and violence of public war, what is it but a suspension of justice among the warring parties?
—HUME.

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another. —WELLINGTON.

I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moon shine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot, nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell. —GENERAL SHERMAN.

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
  There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
  Than my Testyment fer that.

—LOWELL, "Bigelow Papers."

BIBLE READINGS

How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace.

The Lord loveth righteousness, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence forever.

And God shall judge between the nations and arbitrate for many peoples. He shall make their officers peace, and their rulers righteousness.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

—Selected by A. B. C.

A DAY OF PEACE

Do you know the peace of the dawn-light—the beauty and quiet there? Yet into the stillness there creeps the promise of the activity and opportunity of the day—the joy of doing, of serving. And the heart is filled with peace—the peace of the morning. "Even a morning without clouds."

Do you know the peace of the noon-tide—
The noon-tide—
Man in the midst of his toil?
Work! Ah, yes, a privilege!
But some are sad, see ye not?
What of that?
Is not the Comforter near?
And shall they not hear:
"My peace I give unto you"?
What of mistakes that are there?
Mistakes!

But man's effort to find his good—
And shall he not find it?
Oh, the glory of the sun-lit day,
The peace of the high noon-tide!
    The work to be done,
    The race to be run,
The joy, the peace, and the fun!

I love to be there, with others to share in the strife and the life that is there. We shall win, midst the din, with never the sense of a care. Are you there, brother mine? That's your place. Are you there, with the turn of your face toward the light of His grace, who says: "All I have give I thee"? His courage to do, His strength is ours too; we but call and it's true—it is ours. Oh, the wonder! Oh, the joy! Oh, the peace! The peace in the midst of the strife! Have you felt the peace of the day?

Do you know the peace of the twilight—
The restful hour of the twilight?
    Work well done,
    Rest well won—
The silent peace of the twilight?

Do you know the peace of the night—
The mystical peace of the night?
    The great curtain is drawn
    Upon day until dawn,
And we are alone with our God.
We look at the stars and we wonder;
We feel the still breath of the dark.
Our souls are enwrapt with the sense of it all—
    Of it all—
    And we call
To the One who is All;
    We call.
There is answer—sweet answer of peace.

It is yours,
It is ours.
We share in the rest as the toil,
We are one in the night as the day.
And over it all
Is the Heart of it all—
The Heart, the Heart of it all!

Do you know the great peace of the night?

NONA L. BROOKS,
Pastor First Divine Science Church.

MEMORIAL DAY

TAPS

Lights out! And darkness brooding deep around
Thee, soldier; not the trembling bugle's sound,
Nor volley thrice repeated o'er the mound,
Shall waken thee.
Lights out! Not where the flag of battle flies,
Nor here, where the sad, silent shadow lies,
Shall drum beat call or bugle bid thee rise;
But silently,
Thy duty done, thou sleepest. Rest thee well!
Nor any rude alarm shall strike and swell
To rouse thee—Glory stands thy sentinel.
Good night to thee!

—James W. Foley.

A TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT DEAD

The thirtieth of May each year is set apart as a holiday in the United States for the purpose of honoring the soldiers and sailors who died in Civil War, and the day originally known as Memorial Day is now generally called Decoration Day, from the ceremony of strewing flowers on the graves of the departed. The idea underlying such a custom is commendable from many points of view, for the observance satisfies some of the best instincts of our being. The dead are honored, not for any good it may do them, but for the benefit which, from such a practice, accrues to the living. It is a good thing for men to honor ideals, but ideals in the abstract leave us untouched. A treatise on virtue, no matter how forcibly written, never imparts the persuasion of a virtuous life, and the greater the spell of endearment about a name, the more compelling is the force of its example. Death is a mighty silencer of detraction, and its pallor is a medium through which virtue shines with intensified splendor; and when death is a sacrifice voluntarily undergone for a great cause, the memory of the martyr is held

in perpetual benediction and ever reverenced with unquestioning allegiance. Thus, what is noblest in our appreciation, what is strongest in our loyalty, what is most emulative in our patriotism, are appealed to in our celebration of Decoration Day.

Since the world began, since the first eternal spring of hope in the human breast, the fortunes of freedom were not so decisively tried as they were in our Civil War; and when liberty triumphed in the bloodshed of the sixties, the world recognized that it was no mere national issue that was decided, but that humanity itself had submitted to trial the practicability of one of its dearest aims. The man, therefore, who celebrates Decoration Day pays his tribute to the liberty which has been the aim of all the ages, recognizes the sacrifice which is essential to universal brotherhood, and abjures forever the tyranny that would stifle the best aspirations of the human heart.

And the day never passes without some hearts, whose motives have not struggled to perfect purity, being stimulated to nobler endeavor by the recognition given to valor and heroism. In the din of battle, the applause of posterity was often heard, and the way of the victor not infrequently consciously led to the goal of praise. What men will think of our deeds while we yet live, and what they will think of them when we are gone, will ever influence our actions. Thus, on Decoration Day, when we glorify our heroic dead, though they are beyond the reach or influence of human praise or blame, we feel the satisfaction of a debt discharged, and we encourage others to do those deeds that merit posthumous tribute.

Rev. Father David O'Dwyer,
Pastor St. Patrick's Church.

MEMORIAL DAY

Sleep, soldier, sleep! The clear notes of the bugle
Call thee no more to the heat of the fray.
Bright on thy resting-place, grave of the hero,
Bloom the fair wreaths of Memorial Day.
Under the sod which thy life-blood has hallowed,
Under the flag you so long fought to save,
Sleep, soldier, sleep! God watches thy slumber;
A nation pays homage today to the brave.

Soldier in Blue, who gave live for the Union;
Soldier of Southland, who fought in the Gray—
God has decided the right of your struggles;
Under one flag you are sleeping today.
Garlands of laurel and garlands of willow
Strew we today on the graves of our dead.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! For thy warfare is over;
Rest thee in peace in thy flower-strewn bed!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! O'er thy grave in the jungle
Love stands on guard through the lone hours of night;
Honor stands guard through the heat of the noonday—
You have died for your God and the right.
Millions will kneel in deep prayer for the hero
Giving his life for humanity's sake.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thou hast died for thy brother—
Sleep till God's reveille bids thee awake.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! The bright flag of the Union
Still proudly floats o'er the land and the sea;
Beacon of hope to the world's toiling peoples;
Banner of truth and the Flag of the Free.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! The flowers of springtime
Lay we today on thy low, narrow bed.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! For the hands of the living
Garland today all the nation's brave dead.

—Will M. Maupin.

QUOTATIONS

(To be given by the children, in turn, as they reach the Grand Army Memorial Tree and group themselves about it.)

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

—Sir Walter Scott.

They were American soldiers—so are we. They were fighting an American battle—so are we. They were climbing a height—so are we. Give us time and we, too, shall triumph. —George William Curtis.

Tears for the grief of a father;
For a mother's anguish, tears;
But for him that died for his country,
Glory and endless years.

—W. D. Howells.

Scatter your flowers alike today
Over the graves of the Blue and Gray.
Time has healed all the Nation's scars,
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars.
And North and South, East and West,
There beats but one heart in the Nation's breast.

—Mary N. Robinson.

Rest, comrades—rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

—Longfellow.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—Longfellow.

I, with uncovered head,
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who returned not.

—Lowell.

A debt we ne'er can repay,
To them is justly due.
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say:
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave.
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

Sleep, comrades! Sleep in calm repose
Upon Columbia's breast!
For thee with love her bosom glows.
Rest, ye brave heroes, rest!

—DWYER.

DECORATION DAY

(Written by Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., author of "America," in answer to a personal letter of George K. Hoover in 1893. The poem was suggested to Dr. Smith, the poet, as he saw about thirty young people preparing flowers for Decoration Day.)

Sweet in the innocence of youth,
Born of the brave and free,
They wove fair garlands while they sang,
"My country, 'tis of thee!"
How every bosom swelled with joy,
And thrilled with grateful pride,
As, fond, the whispering cadence breathes:
"Land where my fathers died."

WHAT CAN THE CHILDREN DO?

FIRST CHILD

What can the little children do,
When Decoration Day is here,
To show their love for soldiers brave
Who, fighting for their country, gave
The life that was to them so dear?

SECOND CHILD

We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
That in the fields and gardens grow,
And on the soldiers' graves today
Our garlands we will gladly lay,
Our loving thoughts of them to show.

THIRD CHILD

We'll raise aloft the "Stars and Stripes"
On this Memorial Day, to show
We honor those who for it bled.
Some now are living, many dead;
For this was many years ago.

FOURTH CHILD

We'll sing our patriotic songs;
We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
And to our country we'll be true,
And honor our "Red, White, and Blue,"
And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

—Laura F. Armitage.

THE "LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON"

I want the American people today to be animated by the same spirit as that of the men who went out in '61 and fought to keep every star untarnished on the field of azure in Old Glory. I have seen the badges of honor of the United States; I have looked upon the decorations of the nations of all the world; but I have never seen any badge that so sweeps the emotions as the little bronze button that rises and falls with the heartbeat of every member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

—Governor A. B. Cummins.

BY THE GRAVES OF HEROES

An hour, a flower, a memory, perchance a tear or two—
These give we from our life to them: Nation, what gave they you?

What of the silent partings, too solemn and sad for tears?
What of the homesick sighing which only the night-wind hears?

What of the waking picket, guarding the nation's sleep?
What of the cold and the hunger? What of the thirst and heat?

What of the midnight marching, where weary, footsore, drenched,
The pallid, weeping morning shows the enemy entrenched?

What of the shriek of the battle? What of the after-hours?
O men! In the name of God, can ye heal such wounds with flowers?

Look to your lilies, Columbia! Stainless they should be as snow,
To rest on hearts burned white in battle's furnace glow;

And your roses, red as the blood that flowed on fields of death,
Their fragrance full sweet to stifle the smell of battle's breath!

Alas! if our flowers were all that we laid on each nameless grave—
Alas! for us and for them and the sacrifice they gave.

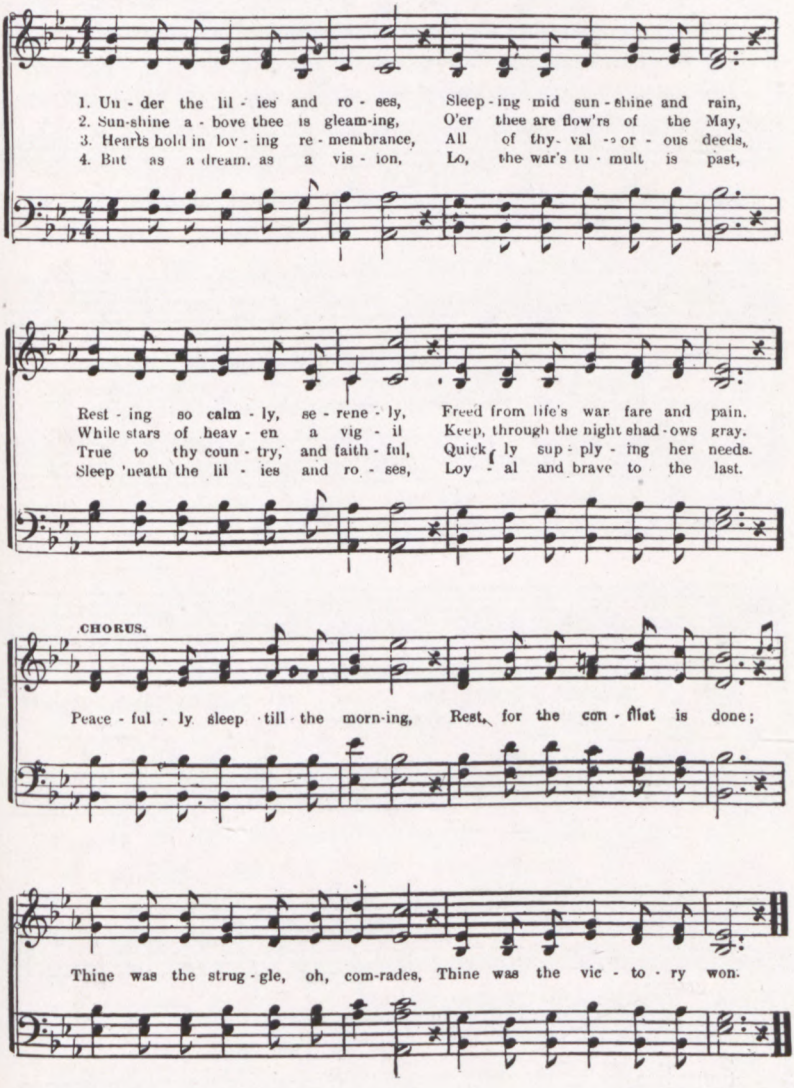
But over those lowly hillocks, as over the hills of God,
A glory breaks from the flower-cups withering on the sod.

For they are the pledge of the promise: "What you give to us we will keep"—
The oath of the nation's waking sons to her sons who are asleep.

—Frances Denoyer Ten Eyck.

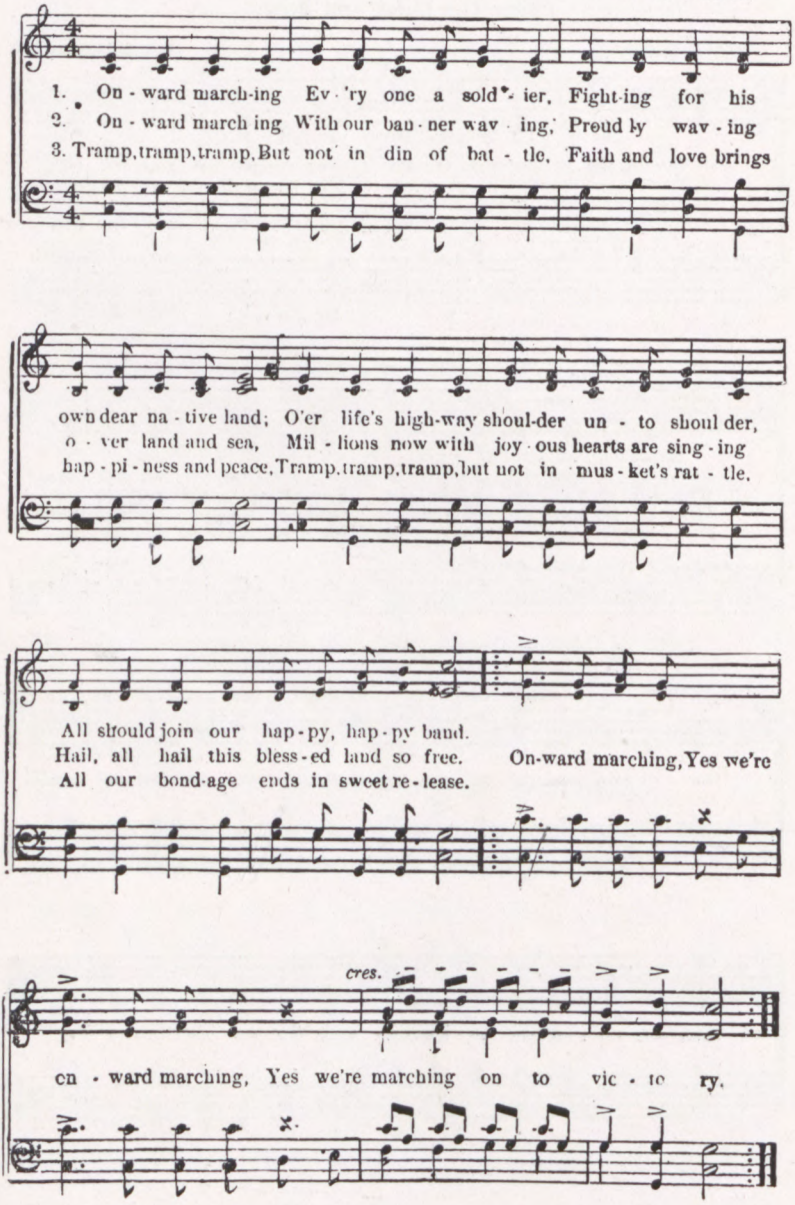
Under the Lilies and Roses.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. V. STRICKLAND.



Onward Marching

FLOE CAMPBELL. C. E. LESLIE.



MEMORIAL DAY

A DAY OF UNION FOR BLUE AND GRAY

It is a half-century since the women of the South, by an act of loving tribute, set the example from which has grown the annual observance of Memorial Day in the states of the Union. The war between North and South was still raging when these women, in devotion to the cause for which their fathers and brothers and husbands and lovers were fighting and dying, visited the burial places of Confederate soldiers and scattered flowers above their graves. In the South this act grew at once into a custom.

Three years after the close of the war, in imitation of this worthy example, General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, ordered the adoption of such an observance by that organization as an annual institution. Today Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, is a legal holiday in practically all the states of the Union.

The passing years, and many events of later history common to all the states, have helped to allay the bitterness aroused by those years of bloody war between North and South, and the return of Memorial Day no longer brings, as it once did, a revival of the cruel hatred of war. It was the southern women again, at Jackson, Mississippi, who first set the example of love for the reunited country by strewing flowers over the graves alike of the Blue and the Gray. The memory of the great-hearted Lincoln, who never forgot, as lesser men did, that he was President of one country—a country divided for a time only—has helped, far more than did the victory of northern arms, to make the country one indeed. It is told that one evening just at the close of the war, as the Marine Band was serenading the President at the White House, during a pause in the music Mr. Lincoln sent for

the leader of the band. "Have them play 'Dixie,'" said the President; "that's *our* song now."

Among the events of history that have helped to heal the wounds of war is the establishment of closer communication between the sections by railroad, telegraph, and telephone; men of the South have traveled to northern states and cities, and northern men who wore the Blue have taken up their homes in the South, found new interests there, and learned to know the men of the South and to think with them. So the country is more closely bound together in life and sympathy. The conditions in North and South are more nearly the same than they were before the war. Fifteen years ago, when war with Spain was declared, the same bugles called the sons of Federal and Confederate to stand shoulder to shoulder under one flag, which bore in its azure field the stars of Massachusetts and South Carolina, states of Webster and Haynes; the stars of Virginia and Illinois, states of Lee and Grant; and in the soil of Cuba and the far-off Philippines the best blood of North and South mingled together in a covenant of devotion to a reunited country.

Within a few months Woodrow Wilson, a man born upon Virginia soil and educated in a northern college, took the oath at the Capitol in Washington to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States; and in his inaugural procession marched Confederate and Union soldiers, each in their old uniforms of Gray and Blue, their hearts beating together with loyalty to one country and one flag. And so this Memorial Day, on which we pay tribute to the spirit of devotion to our country, there come back to us the words of Lincoln's inspired prophecy: "The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot grave to every heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when touched, as surely they will be, by the 'better angels of our nature.'"

HARRY H. BARRETT,
President Colorado Teachers' Association.

LIFE'S BUGLE CALL

1860-1913

(Inscribed to Charles A. Westcott, of the G. A. R.)

First—tramp, tramp, tramp of little feet,
  At play of soldiers brave;
Then—trudge, trudge, trudge, of martial tread,
  Our country's life to save.

Next—throb, throb, throb of tightened hearts,
  Which beat the tune of life,
Where pain-dimmed eyes of blue and gray
  Peer through the battle strife.

Then—sob, sob, sob of aching souls,
  Where banner-smiles are flung;
And muffled groans of manly grief,
  While warlike songs are sung.

Till—blue, blue, blue of gray-flecked sky
  Broods, mother-like, above
The cradling graves of North and South—
  All children of her love.

Like men, men, men we'll quit us, boys,
  Where shrills life's bugle call;
Defeated *victors*, though we fail,
  If mother-blessings fall.

Then tramp, tramp, tramp, my weary boys,
  Blue-coated, gray of dome;
For mother-love will light the way
  As we go trooping Home!

MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL.

FLAG DAY

STORY OF OUR FLAG

The first flag of the United Colonies was raised January 1, 1776. The design was thirteen stripes, red and white, to represent the thirteen colonies; the blue field crossed with the red cross of St. George and the white cross of St. Andrew.

The first recorded "legislative action" for the adoption of the Stars and Stripes was a resolution offered by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 14, 1777. The resolution was: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The committee appointed by Congress to design a national flag was General Washington, Colonel George Ross, and Robert Morris. Colonel Ross had a relative, Betsy Ross, who lived at 239 Arch Street, and who had previously made flags for the American army and navy. The committee called upon Mrs. Ross, stated their mission, and asked her if she would make such a flag as was ordered by Congress. "I do not know whether I can or not, but I'll try," was her reply. As the act of Congress did not specify the number of points of the stars or their arrangement, Mrs. Ross suggested that a star of five points would be more distinct, pleasing, and appropriate than a six-pointed star which the committee had designed. Folding a piece of white paper, she cut, with a single clip of her scissors, a five-pointed star, and, placing it on

a blue field, delighted the committee with her taste, ingenuity, and judgment. The committee decided that the stars, thirteen in number, should be arranged in a circle on a blue field, as the circle or ring is typical of eternity. So well pleased were the committee with the flag which Betsy Ross had made that they authorized her, in the name of Congress, to make the United States flags. On receiving commands from Congress, Betsy Ross began the making of American flags, and employed many hands to aid her; and soon the new flag with its stars and stripes became the national ensign and floated over the army, the navy, and public buildings.

And so it remained after its adoption in 1777 for about eighteen years, until January 15, 1794, when Congress enacted, "That from and after the 1st day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This change was made because of the new states being admitted into the Union.

This flag remained unchanged from May 1, 1795, to March 24, 1818, during which period occurred the War of 1812 with Great Britain. Then, as new states were admitted into the Union, the flag became too wide. Congress by a legislative act restored the flag to its original design.

—SELECTED.

THE BANNER BETSY MADE

(To be recited by a girl dressed in Quaker costume and carrying a large flag.)

We have nicknamed it "Old Glory,"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song, and story
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain, glen, and glade
With a fame that lives forever,
Streams the banner Betsy made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars;
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars,
And her fingers, swiftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsy made.

When at last her needle rested
And her cherished work was done,
Went the banner, love-invested,
To the camps of Washington;
And the glorious Continentals,
In the morning light arrayed,
Stood in ragged regimentals
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

How they cheered it and its maker—
They, the gallant sons of wars;
How they blessed the little Quaker,
And her flag of stripes and stars!
'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsy made.

Years have passed, but still in glory,
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deep'ning everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland,
Floats the banner Betsy made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers, flying,
With a heart to freedom true,
Mingled colors bright, undying—
Fashioned stars and field of blue.
It will lack for no defenders,
When the nation's foes invade;
For our country's close to splendor
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

—THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

THE STORY OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

In the War of 1812, during an attack upon Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key went out in a boat to get a friend released. He was kept a prisoner on board of a British ship during the bombardment. He and his friend remained on board all through the night watching the "rockets' red glare and the bombs bursting in air," and when morning came they were overjoyed to see the "Star-Spangled Banner" still waving to show that the attack had failed. The words of the song were written by Mr. Key as he walked the deck in darkness and suspense. In a very short time after the "Star-Spangled Banner" left the hands of the printer, it was joyfully received and at once took its place as one of our national pieces. An actor saw it, and, after whistling tune after tune upon the flute, he happened upon one called "Anacreon in Heaven," and, to the delight of thousands, the words were put to music. The actor sang it in public. It was sung around the campfires, whistled in the streets, and after the war was over it was still heard around the firesides.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG

In cities and in villages, in country districts scattered wide,
Above the schoolhouse door it floats—a thing of beauty and of pride.
The poorest child, the richest heir, 'tis theirs in common to adore;
For 'tis their flag that proudly floats—the flag above the schoolhouse door.

What does it mean, O careless boy, O thoughtless girl at happy play?
Red for the blood your fathers shed on some far-off eventful day;
White for the loyalty and faith of countless women who forbore
To mourn, but gave their all to save the flag above the schoolhouse door.

And blue—sweet hope's ethereal hue—the color of true loyalty;
Red, white, and blue united in one grand, harmonious trinity!
'Tis yours to love! 'Tis yours to serve! 'Tis yours to cherish evermore!
God keep it ever floating there—the flag above the schoolhouse door!

—HARRIET C. LEROY, in *Youth's Companion.*

OUR FLAG

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened on its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry;" and yet I know not if it has any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes, of alternate red and white, proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constella-

tion, which receives a new star with every new state. The two, together, signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all of our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

—Charles Sumner.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

This nation has a banner—the symbol of liberty. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty; and the galley slave, the poor, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there a banner that carried such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service.

—Adapted from address of Henry Ward Beecher.

THREE SOLDIER BOYS

(This short exercise may be given by three little boys with soldiers' caps and capes. Each bears a small flag. All march to drum beats, and stand in line.)

FIRST SOLDIER

An honest soldier I would be
And serve my country, grand and free.
I'll fight for truth, be good and great;
I'll bravely march and fear no fate.

ALL (WAVING FLAGS)

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the soldier who is true and brave!

SECOND SOLDIER

A loving soldier I would be,
And serve my country, grand and free.
Loving God and loving man,
I'll always do the best I can.

ALL

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for this country and our soldiers brave!

THIRD SOLDIER

A soldier brave I'll try to be,
And serve my country, grand and free;
In dangers I'll be brave and true;
This for my country I will do.

ALL

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the country and our soldiers brave!

TOAST TO THE FLAG

Your flag, and my flag!
  And how it flies today
In your land and my land,
  And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red,
  Its stripes forever gleam;
Soul-white and snow-white,
  The good forefathers' dream.
Sky-blue and true blue,
  With stars to gleam aright—
A glorious guidon in the day,
  A shelter through the night!

Your flag, and my flag!
  And oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land
  Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
  Beat quicker at the sight—
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
  The red and blue and white!
The one flag, the great flag,
  The flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside,
  The Red and White and Blue!

—W. B. Nesbit.

MUSTERED OUT

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription of an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea wave—
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout,
Shot down in skirmish or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown, here sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave—with secret shame
I feel my pulse beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hast—thy life, thy very name—
And I can give thee nothing in return!

—Longfellow.

THE BEST DECORATION

They've hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street,
And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet,
And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm—
It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm;
I hear the fife notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum;
I hear the yell of battle as the thund'rous hoofs thus come;
I see men's bodies falling, tho' their spirits never flag.
Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

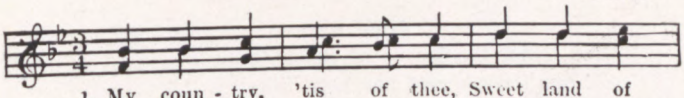
Look, look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun
Sets all its stripes a-glitter, while the ripples race and run!
The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white
Floods all my dusky desk room with a lingering, loving light;
I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell,
I doff my hat and wave it with a loud ecstatic yell.
I love that flag! I love it with a love 'twould dare and die.
God bless those glorious stars and stripes flung out against the sky!

I love it as did Francis Key, who penned the immortal song;
I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong;
I love it for the freedom it has given unto men;
I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness; and then
I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why,
But sheds hot tears whene'er those folds he sees athwart the sky.
I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag—
But most of all I love it just because it is our flag!

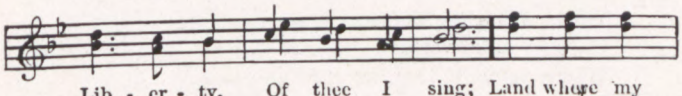
—Baltimore American.

AMERICA; OR, MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

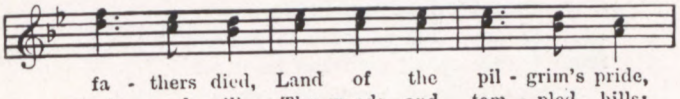
S. F. SMITH.



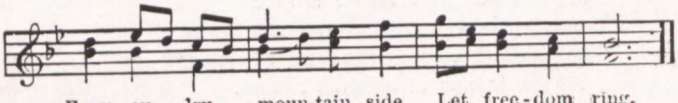
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of



Lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
all the trees Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal
Lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;



From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

Long as thine art shall love true love,
  Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
  Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
  Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
  Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

—SIDNEY LANIER.

MEANING OF THE COLORS

FIRST PUPIL

Red, from the leaves of the autumn woods
Of our frost-kissed northern hills;
Red, to show that patriot blood
Is beating now in a hurrying flood
  In the hearts of American men.

SECOND PUPIL

White, from the fields of stainless drift
On our wide western plains;
White, to show that, as pure as snow,
We believe the Christ light yet shall glow
  In the souls of American men.

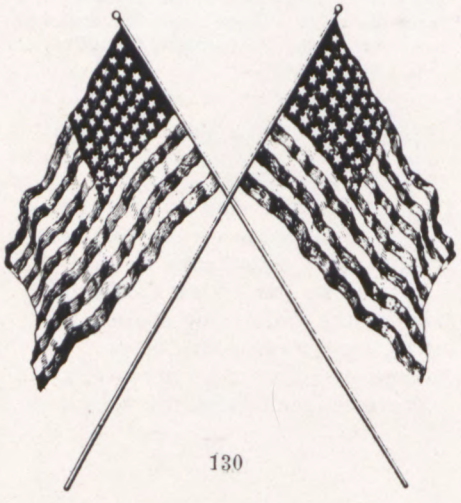
THIRD PUPIL

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky,
O'er our fatherland outspread;
Blue, to show that as wide as heaven
Shall justice to all mankind be given
  At the hands of American men.

ALL TOGETHER

Red, white, and blue, and the light of the stars,
Through our holy colors shine;
Love, truth, and justice—virtues three
That shall bloom in the land of liberty,
  In the homes of American men.

—SELECTED.



STATE PATRIOTISM

RAISING A STATE

Watching a state grow is much like watching the growth of any other living thing; for a state is alive, and has its childhood troubles as well as its cares and responsibilities.

A little child, learning to walk, sees its elders moving rapidly about, and wishes it could do more than totter slowly from place to place.

A young state, creeping from one problem to another, longs for the strength and speed of its elders.

A child is quite likely to burn its fingers, bump its head, or to be punished for disobedience.

So the infant state may get into trouble, pass foolish laws, or be smartly corrected by the national government for disregarding the national constitution or the rights of others.

But as the child grows and learns to walk, to work, to become one of a useful family, so do the young states gain wisdom and strength and become important factors in national life.

Colorado is still just a child-state—not in size, or in population, or in wealth, but because it is going to be a giant some day, and it is still small compared with what it will be when it has its full growth.

Down south, where they raise a great many hounds, they judge the size a dog will be by its feet when it is a puppy. "If that dawg grows to its feet," they say, "he'll suah be a whoppah!"

Now, Colorado has immense feet—we might call them Agriculture, Stock Raising, Mining, and Manufacturing.

These feet each have several toes, and so we feel that if Colorado "grows to its feet" it will be a big state, a rich and prosperous state, a wise and helpful state, a state that it is good to live in, a state we may be proud to have helped "raise."

And this is a work in which every boy and girl can help! Every tree that is made to grow where none grew before, every garden plot tended, every flower-bed brought to bloom, helps Colorado grow.

More than that—all the knowledge you can gain about the state and its resources, and about what it needs to make it "grow to its feet," is going to help it on its way. For some day, even before Colorado has its full growth, you who are in school today will be in charge of the state. Its welfare and its prosperity will depend on your knowledge and wisdom. You will soon be in the factories, stores, shops, pulpits, in the courts, in the offices, in the legislature making laws.

So, while *you* are growing you are helping Colorado grow, by the things you do, the words you speak, the letters you write.

The Greater Colorado Bureau has been organized to help you in this, and to give assistance to all who want to make the state a better place to live, and will answer any question you may wish to ask, or give you any information in its power.

E. J. Yetter,
President of the Greater Colorado
Bureau of the Denver Chamber
of Commerce.

CONTEST FOR STATE SCHOOLS

(Any school outside Denver)

The Denver Chamber of Commerce and the Greater Colorado Bureau offer TWENTY DOLLARS in prizes to the school children of the state outside of Denver, as follows:

FIVE DOLLARS to the pupil from the seventh or eighth grade writing the best letter descriptive of Colorado.

FIVE DOLLARS to the pupil from the fifth or sixth grade for the same.

FIVE DOLLARS to the pupil from the seventh or eighth grade for the best pencil drawing of a Colorado scene.

FIVE DOLLARS to the pupil from the fifth or sixth grade for the same.

HONORABLE MENTION will be given to the ten next best, in each class.

The PRIZE WINNERS and the FORTY HONORABLE MENTIONS will form an exhibit in the Denver Chamber of Commerce Exhibit Rooms, Chamber of Commerce Building, 1726 Champa Street.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Letters should be written and mailed to a friend or relative residing outside the state, and should not exceed 250 words.

An exact copy of the letter should then be submitted to the committee as directed.

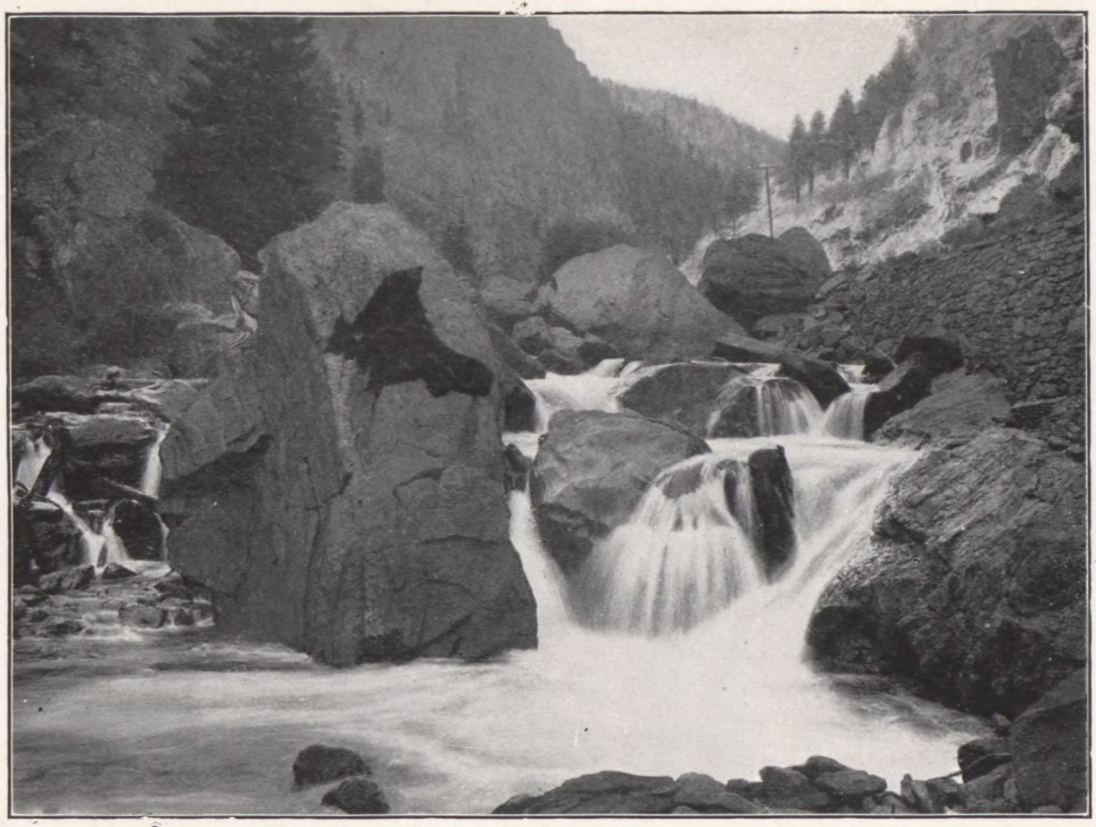
Drawings may represent any Colorado scene, and should not be smaller than 7 x 9 inches, nor larger than 12 x 15 inches.

All work must be *distinctly* signed with name, address, and *grade,* and sent to The Greater Colorado Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, Chamber of Commerce Building, Denver, before May 15.

A competent Educational Committee will have charge of all work submitted, and the results will be published.

THORNDIKE DELAND,
Secretary Chamber of Commerce.

NOTE.—As a special contest is being arranged for the pupils of the Denver schools, the above applies only to schools outside Denver.



CROCUS AND I

I

Creamy crocus, peeping
From your emerald sheath,
What is it you are keeping
Secret underneath?
What is it that is hidden
By the clinging loam?
Would you tell, if bidden,
The wonders of your home?
'Tis but just a season
Since you were cold and still—
Not a thing to reason,
Or bud and bloom at will;
Not a thing of beauty,
Shedding hope and cheer.
Was it Love or Duty
That transformed you, dear?

CROCUS

Who am I to answer
Questions such as these?
The Springtime signaled "Duty;"
Love's kiss was in the breeze.
I knew but one law potent—
I grew when Life impelled,
And breathed the glad, sweet sunshine
I everywhere beheld.

The mists of rain that swept me
Unlocked the frost-bound earth,
And I forgot the darkness,
In the radiance of birth;
I know not why I needed
Beneath the sod to lie;
I know not why I'm blooming now,
Or why I soon must die.

But the God who made the crocus,
  The Potent Law, and *you;*
Who sends the storms and sunshine,
  The sparkling mists and dew,
Holds all within His knowledge,
  And He will make it plain
Why we have lived and suffered
  When we shall bloom again.

—From "Rhymes of an Idle Hour,"
by EMMA TOLMAN EAST,
Assistant Secretary, Greater Colorado Bureau.

THE EXCUSE

'If the air were only softer,"
Said the Bird;
"If the air were only softer,
I could fly with grace and ease,
I could live above the trees—
If the air were only softer!"

"If the earth were only harder,"
Said the Ox;
"If the earth were only harder,
I could walk without a slip,
I could pull without a whip—
If the earth were only harder!"

"If the sea were only deeper,"
Said the Fish;
"If the sea were only deeper,
I could swim without a care,
I could dive beneath the air—
If the sea were only deeper!"

"If the world were only wiser,"
Said the Man;
"If the world were only wiser,
I could win and dare and do,
I could make my dreams come true—
If the world were only wiser!"

—Herbert N. Casson,
Agricultural Expert,
in *Outlook*, February 15.

Exhibit by Adams County School Children,
Denver Chamber of Commerce.