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Ohio, Dept. of education.

ARBOR DAY ANNUAL



ISSUED BY
THE STATE
COMMISSIONER
OF COMMON
SCHOOLS
OF OHIO.
1908



STATE OF OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

ARBOR DAY

SUGGESTIONS AND MATERIAL
FOR OBSERVANCE OF
THE DAY BY

OHIO'S SCHOOLS

ISSUED BY THE
STATE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS

1908

F. J. HEER, STATE PRINTER.
COLUMBUS, OHIO:



GOV. ANDREW L. HARRIS.

STATE OF OHIO.

Executive Department

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

Columbus

March 10, 1908.

ARBOR DAY PROCLAMATION.

In compliance with law, I designate Friday, April 17th, as
ARBOR DAY.

Those in charge of public schools and state educational institutions will, on that date, give instruction regarding the planting of trees, the protection of birds and kindred subjects in connection with the legal observance of the day.

It is urged that all citizens join their respective authorities in beautifying the streets and highways, the parks and school grounds and the surroundings of homes as well as in every possible encouragement for the cultivation of forestry.

The planting of trees will lessen the loss from floods and drouths, promote the productiveness of soils, moderate the extremes of temperature and modify the changes of climate and thus contribute to the material interests of all as well as to the "harmony with nature."

THEREFORE, I, Andrew L. Harris, Governor of the State of Ohio, do hereby designate Friday, the seventeenth day of April, nineteen hundred and eight, as

ARBOR DAY

and request that all the people of this state observe the day in the spirit and manner contemplated by the statute.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at Columbus, this tenth day of March A.D., 1908.



Andrew L. Harris

By the Governor:

Carrie Withington
Secretary of State.

COMMISSIONER'S LETTER.

OFFICE OF THE
STATE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS,
COLUMBUS, O., MARCH 7, 1908.

Friday, April 17th, has been designated as Arbor Day for Ohio by Governor Harris, and the schools throughout the state in city, village and township districts are urgently requested to observe the day by appropriate exercises and especially by the planting of trees.

The destruction of our forests that has been going on so thoughtlessly for many years and the constantly increasing demand for timber and wood products make the subject of tree planting and reforestation one of vital importance to the state and nation.

In his letter to the children of the United States last April President Roosevelt said: "It is well that you should celebrate your Arbor Day thoughtfully, for within your lifetimes the nation's need of trees will become serious. We of an older generation can get along with what we have, though with growing hardship; but in your full manhood and womanhood you will want what nature once so bountifully supplied and man so ruthlessly destroyed, and because of that want you will reproach us, not for what we have used, but for what we have wasted."

This manual has been prepared in accordance with the statute and for the purpose of awakening in the children a deeper interest in the preservation of our forests and the protection of the birds that contribute so much to our welfare and to our enjoyment of life.

Many of the selections can be used upon other occasions during the year. The interest in these subjects should not be confined to Arbor Day alone.

Remember that the most important feature of the program is the actual planting of trees and the improvement of the school grounds. With each succeeding year the number of treeless and unattractive school grounds should be rapidly diminished.

Let every effort be made to interest the patrons of the schools and all the citizens of the community in the proper celebration of this day to the end that its good influences may be manifest not only in connection with the schools but in all the thoroughfares and homes of the district.

The cover of this Annual was designed by Miss Lydia Morrow, teacher of drawing in the Mt. Gilead public schools.

We are under obligations to the publishers and authors who have so kindly granted us permission to use the various cuts and selections.

It is my earnest desire that this day, set apart by the Governor as Arbor Day, may be thoughtfully and appropriately observed by every school in Ohio. If this is done it will mean much for the future of our state.

EDMUND A. JONES,
State Commissioner of Common Schools.

LEGISLATION IN REFERENCE TO ARBOR DAY.

Teachers and pupils should be familiar with the provisions of the statute in reference to the preservation of trees and the protection of birds.

To this end all Ohio teachers should cause to be read on Arbor Day and at frequent intervals throughout the school year the following sections of the law of the state:

Sec. 6880. Whoever wrongfully, and without lawful authority, cuts down or destroys, or by girdling, or any other means, injures any vine, bush, shrub, sapling or tree, standing or growing upon land not his own, or severs from the land of another, or injures, or destroys, any product standing or growing thereon, or other thing attached thereto, shall be fined in any sum not more than one hundred and fifty dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both.

(409g) Sec. 12. No person shall at any time, catch, kill, injure, pursue, or have in his possession either dead or alive, or purchase or expose for sale, transport or ship within or without the state any turtle or mourning dove, sparrow, nuthatch, warbler, flicker, vireo, wren, American robin, catbird, tanager, bobolink, blue jay, oriole, grosbeck or red-bird, creeper, redstart, waxwing, woodpecker, humming bird, killdeer, swallow, bluebird, blackbird, meadow lark, bunting, starling, red-wing, purple martin, brown thrasher, American gold finch, chewink or ground robin, pewee or Phoebe bird, chickadee, flycatcher, gnat catcher, mousehawk, whip-poor-will, snowbird, titmouse, gull, eagle, or buzzard or any other wild bird other than a game bird, unless said bird was in captivity prior to May 6th, 1902. No part of the plumage, skin, or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale except as permitted in (409h) Sec. 13 of this act. No person shall at any time disturb, or destroy the eggs, or nests, or young, of any of the birds named in this section. Provided, that nothing in this section shall prohibit the killing of the chicken hawk, Cooper hawk, blue hawk, sharp skinned hawk, crow, great horned owl, or English sparrow, or the destroying of their nests. Provided, further, that nothing herein contained shall prohibit the owner or duly authorized agent only of any premises, from killing blackbirds at any time, except Sunday, when they are found to be a nuisance or are injuring grain or other property.

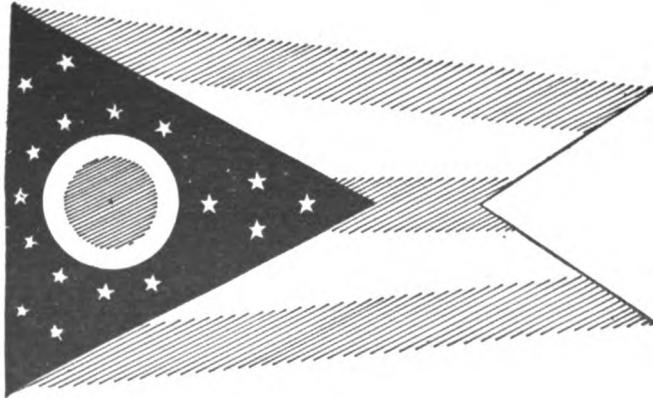
(409i) Sec. 14. It shall be the duty of the state commissioner of common schools to issue annually a manual for Arbor Day exercises, as soon as possible after the governor has set apart a date for said day,

as prescribed by the act of March 5, 1902, which manual, in addition to matters pertaining to forestry and the protection of birds, shall contain a copy of section 12 of this act. Said state commissioner of common schools and the commissioners of fish and game shall, annually transmit copies of said manual to the superintendent of city, village, special district, and township schools and clerks of boards of education, who shall cause the same to be distributed to the teachers of the schools under their charge. It shall be the duty of the teachers to cause to be read to the pupils of their respective schools, on the day fixed by the governor as Arbor Day, and also on such other days during the year as may be convenient and proper, said section 12 of this act, and to urge and encourage them to aid in the protection of the song and insectivorous birds named in that section.

OHIO'S STATE FLAG.

On April 1, 1902, W. S. McKinnon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, introduced a bill authorizing and describing the flag of Ohio. This became a law May 9th of the same year. The following is the essential text of the act:

The flag of the State of Ohio shall be pennant shaped. It shall have three red and two white horizontal stripes; the union of the flag shall be seventeen five-pointed stars, white, in a blue triangular field, the base



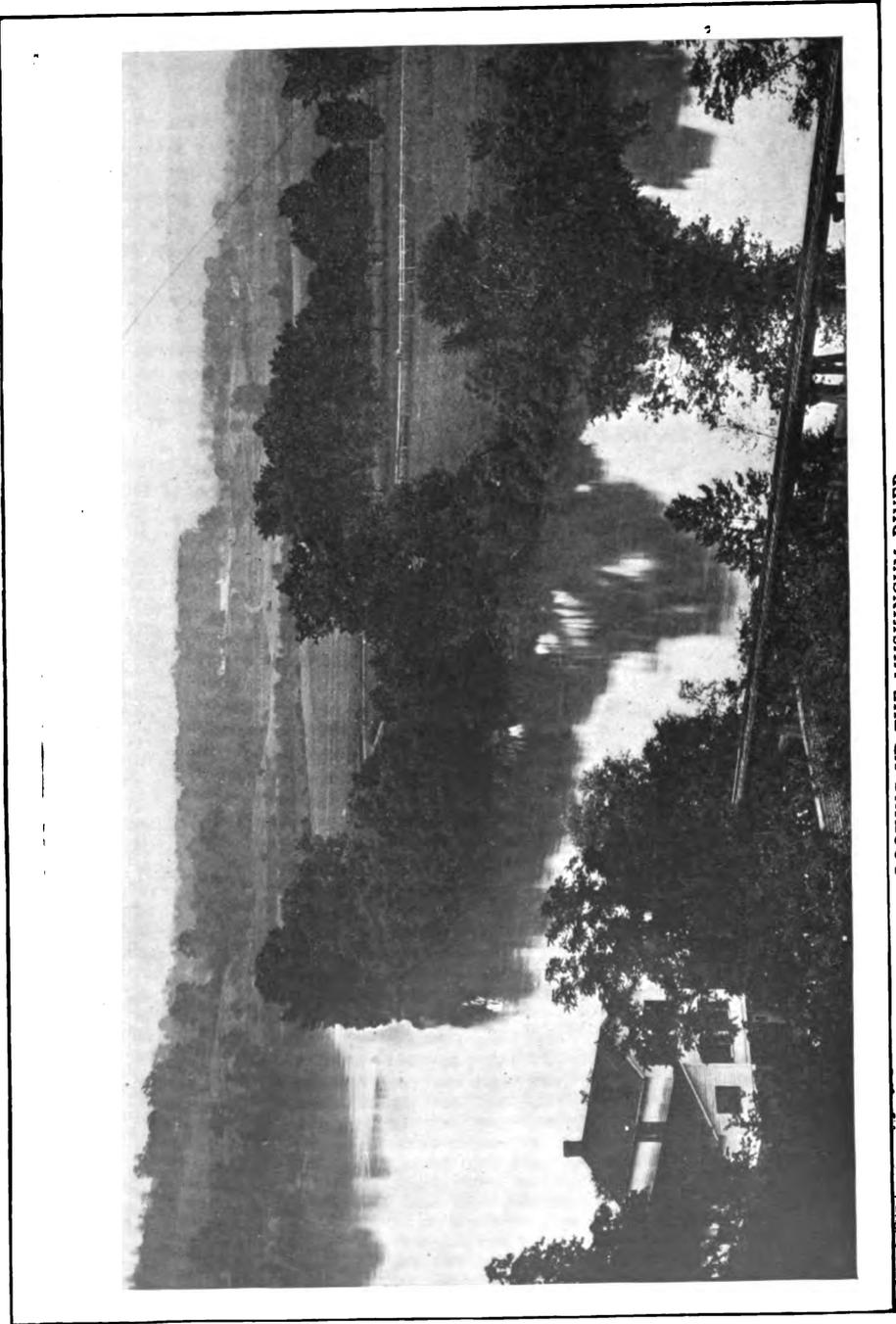
FLAG OF OHIO.

of which shall be the staff end or vertical edge of the flag, and the apex of which shall be the center of the middle red stripe. The stars shall be grouped around a red disc superimposed upon a white circular "O." * * * The proportional dimensions of the flag and of its various parts shall be according to the official design thereof on file in the office of the Secretary of State.

In the design placed on file in accordance with the above law, the dimensions are summarized as follows:

A rectangle that will include the flag is thirteen parts long and eight parts wide. In other words, it is one and five-eighths as long as it is wide. The red stripes are each one part in width. The two white stripes occupy equal portions of what is left of the flap. The blue triangular union measures eight parts from base to apex. The red disc is two parts in diameter; the width of the white ring about it is one-half part. The distance from the apex of the blue field to the apex of the triangular cut of the tail of the flag is two parts. The stars are grouped as in the cut of the flag.

The symbolism of the flag is in part somewhat fanciful and obscure. The designer has explained it substantially as follows: The triangles formed by the main lines of the flag represent the hills and valleys, as typified in the state seal, and the stripes the roads and waterways. The stars, indicating the thirteen original states of the Union, are grouped about the circle which represents the original Northwest Territory, and that Ohio was the seventeenth state admitted into the Union is shown by adding the four more stars. The white circle with its red center, not only represents the initial letter of Ohio, but is suggestive of its being the "Buckeye" State. — *Ohio State Library Bulletin*.



LOOKING UP THE MUSKINGUM RIVER.

Courtesy New England Magazine, Boston, Mass.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

O little flowers, you love me so,
 You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go,
 You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss, observed by few,
 That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you,
 When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side,
 You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
 Because you think I hear you;
O river, you shine clear and bright,
 To tempt me to look in you;
O water-lilies, pure and white,
 You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
 I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know,
 I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
 My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
 Don't talk so loud, my river.

And I will make a promise, dears,
 That will content you, maybe;
I'll love you through the happy years,
 Till I'm a nice old lady!
True love (like yours and mine) they say
 Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
 Keeps steadily increasing.

"A."—Wisconsin Arbor Day Annual.

A YOUNG PATRIOT.

I'm just a very little boy,
 I never fired a gun;
I never led an army,
 Like brave George Washington.
And though like him I may not fight
 To set a people free,
I'll try to be as brave and true,
 As kind and good as he.

—Alice Jean Cleator.

WHEN THE GREEN GETS BACK ON THE TREES.

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

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

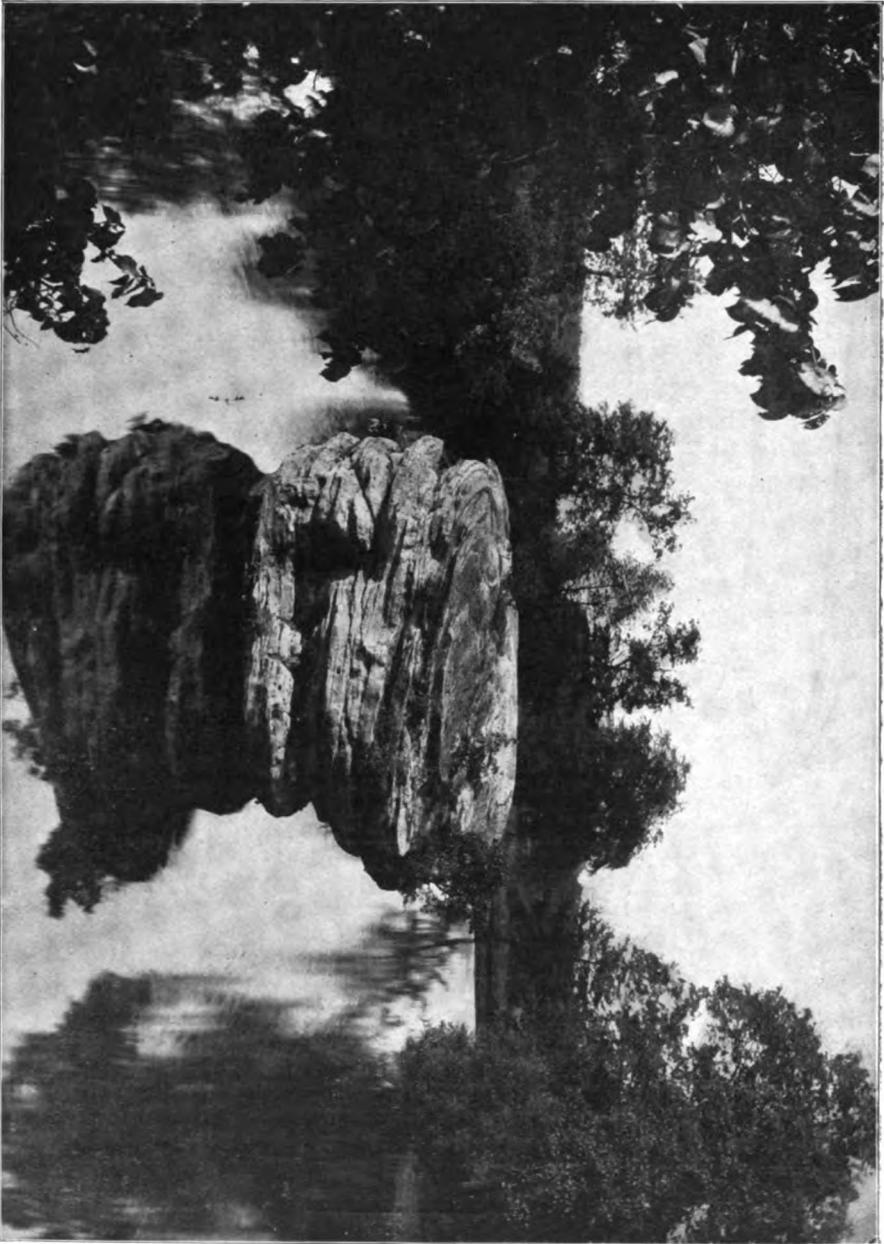
When the whole tail feathers o' winter time
Is pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forrerd, a-gitten' down
At the old spring on his knees —
I kind o' like jes' a loaferin' around,
When the green gits back in the trees —
Jes' a-potterin'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

—James Whitcomb Riley.

TREES grow, therefore wood is cheaper than metals. It is easily worked with tools into desired shapes and sizes. It is held securely by nails and by glue. It is practically permanent when protected by paint; under water or in the ground it outlasts metal. Its strength and lightness adapt it to various uses. Its lightness makes it easy to handle. It preserves the flavour of wines as no other material can do. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity. Many woods are marked by patterns of infinite variety and beauty, whose very irregularities constitute an abiding charm. To this is added a fine blending of colours and a lustre when polished that give woods a place in the decorative arts that can be taken by no other substance.—From "*The Tree Book*" by Julia Rogers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING SINGS.

Let me go wher'ere I will,
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.



STANDING ROCK, IN THE CUYAHOGA RIVER.

Courtesy Ohio Magazine, Columbus, O. o.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things
There's always, always something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;
But in the mud and scum of things
There's always, always something sings.

—Emerson.

To the School Children of the United States:

Arbor Day (which means simply "Tree Day") is now observed in every State in our Union—and mainly in the schools. At various times from January to December, but chiefly in this month of April, you give a day, or part of a day, to special exercises, and perhaps to actual tree-planting, in recognition of the importance of trees to us as a nation, and of what they yield in adornment, comfort, and useful products to the communities in which you live.

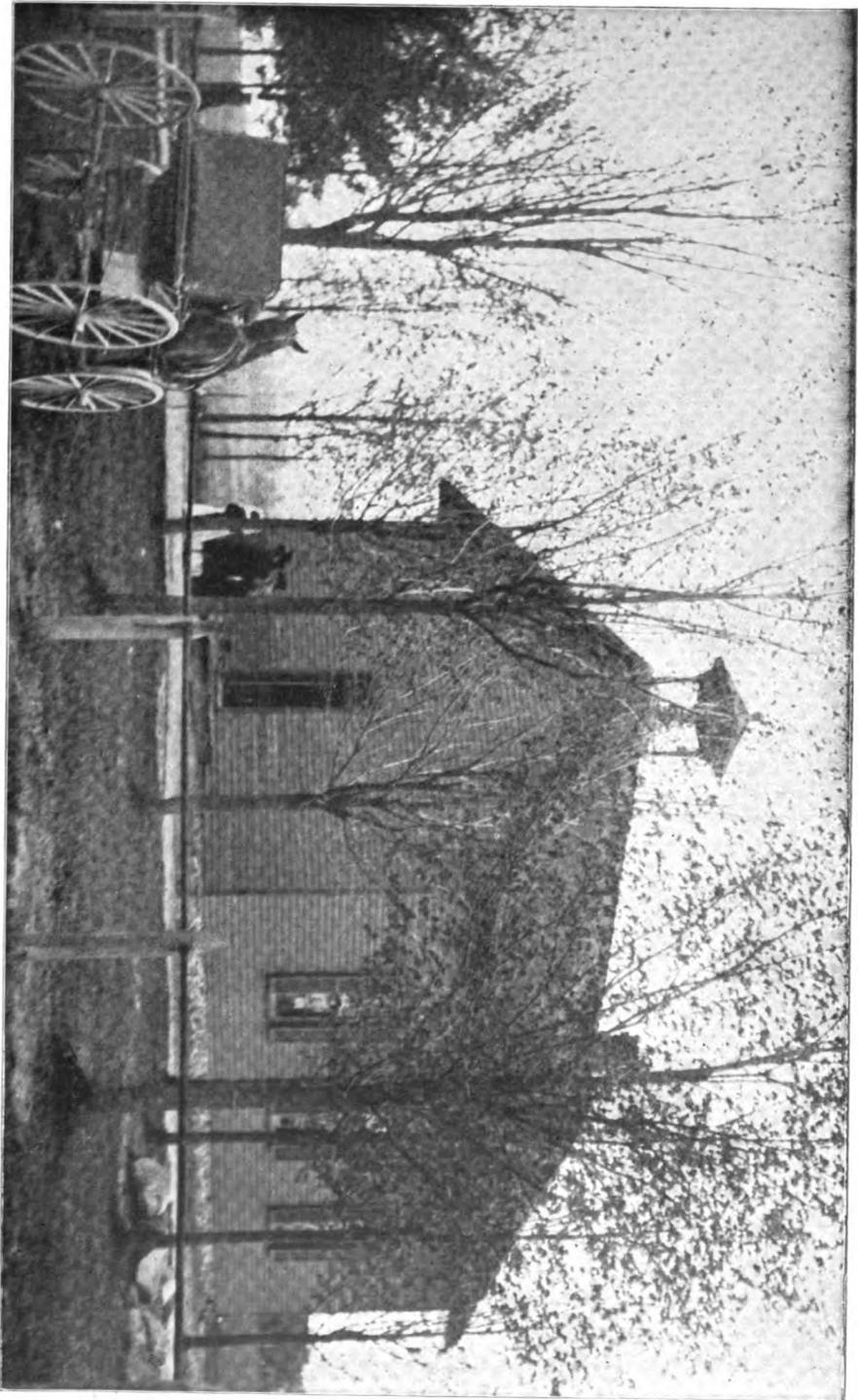
It is well that you should celebrate your Arbor Day thoughtfully, for within your lifetime the nation's need of trees will become serious. We of an older generation can get along with what we have, though with growing hardship; but in your full manhood and womanhood you will want what nature once so bountifully supplied and man so thoughtlessly destroyed, and because of that want you will reproach us, not for what we have used, but for what we have wasted.

For the nation, as for the man or woman and the boy or girl, the road to success is the right use of what we have and the improvement of present opportunity. If you neglect to prepare yourself now for the duties and responsibilities which will fall upon you later, if you do not learn the things which you will need to know when your schooldays are over, you will suffer the consequences. So any nation which in its youth lives only for the day, reaps without sowing, and consumes without husbanding, must expect the penalty of the prodigal, whose labor could with difficulty find him the bare means of life.

A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as hopeless; forests which are so used that they can not renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits. A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood, and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones you are acting the part of good citizens. The value of forestry deserves, therefore, to be taught in the schools, which aim to make good citizens of you. If your Arbor Day exercises help you to realize what benefits each one of you receives from the forests, and how by your assistance these benefits may continue, they will serve a good end.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO.

The orchard lands of long ago!
Ah, drowsy winds, awake and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me
And all the buds that used to be!



From Jamestown School Exhibit.

RURAL SCHOOL — CHAMPAIGN COUNTY.

Photographed by A. B. Graham.

Blow back again the grassy ways,
Oh, truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard lands of long ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In hazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much that any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds,
The lisp, the thrills and all the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so
In orchard lands of long ago!

Oh, memory, alight and sing
Where rosy bellied pippins cling
And golden russets glint and gleam
As in the old Arabian dream—
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Alladin robbed for me!
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard lands of long ago!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HOW TO PLANT A TREE.

I. Dig the Hole Wider and Deeper Than the Tree Requires.

The root tips are the feeders and they cover the periphery of the root system. They will reach out during the growing season, forming a new set of feeding roots. They should find only mellow, rich soil in all directions. If the tree just fits into the socket, its roots will meet a hard wall which the delicate tips cannot penetrate and hold fast to, nor feed in. The first year is the critical one.

II. Be Sure That the Surface Soil is Hoarded at One Side When the Hole is Dug: This soil is mellow and full of plant food. The under soil is more barren and harder. Some rich garden soil can well be brought over and used instead of this sub-soil.

III. Take Up as Large a Root System as Possible With the Tree You Dig. The smaller the ball of earth, the greater the loss of feeding roots and danger of starvation to the tree.

Prevent the Drying of the Exposed Roots. When root hairs once shrivel they never revive. This is the general rule. A tree may survive but be greatly debilitated by careless handling in this particular.

IV. Trim All Torn and Broken Roots With a Sharp Knife. A ragged wound, above or below ground, is slow and uncertain in healing. A clean, slanting cut heals soonest and surest.

V. Set the Tree on a Bed of Mellow Soil With All Its Roots Spread Naturally.

VI. Let the Level Be the Same as Before. The tree's roots must be planted, but not buried too deep to breathe. A stick laid across the hole at the ground level will indicate where the tree "collar" should be.

VII. Sift Rich Earth, Free from Clods, Among the Roots. Hold the tree erect and firm. Lift it a little to make sure the spaces are well filled underneath. Pack it well down with your foot.

VIII. If in the Growing Season, Pour in Water and Let It Settle Away. This establishes contact between root hairs and soil particles, and dissolves plant food for absorption. If the tree is dormant, do not water it.

IX. Fill the Hole With Dirt. Tramp it well as filling goes on. Heap it somewhat to allow for settling. If sub-soil is used, put it on last. Make the tree firm in its place.

X. Prune the Top to a Few Main Branches and Shorten These. This applies to a sapling of a few years whose head you are able to form. Older trees should also be pruned to balance the loss of roots. Otherwise transpiration of water from the foliage would be so great as to overtax the roots, not yet established in the new place. Many trees die from this abuse. People cannot bear to cut back the handsome top, though a handsomer one is soon supplied by following this reasonable rule.

XI. Water the Tree Frequently as It First Starts. A thorough soaking of all the roots, not a mere sprinkling of the surface soil, is needed. Continuous growth depends upon moisture in the soil. Drainage will remove the surplus water.

XII. Keep the Surface Soil Free from Cakes and Cracks. This prevents excessive evaporation. Do not stir the soil deep enough to disturb the roots. Keep out grass and weeds.

THE VIOLET'S COMPLAINT.

BY ZOA MAIN.

Down in a shady, sheltered nook,
A little Violet grew,
Protected from the tempest's wrath,
And fed by sun and dew.

Upon a knoll, not far away,
A mighty oak tree stood,
Its branches towering toward the sky—
A monarch of the wood.

The Violet, in her lowly home,
More discontented grew,
And, as she viewed her neighbor grand,
Tears dimmed her eyes of blue.

"Oh, Oak Tree," sighed the Violet,
"How happy you must be,
For God has made you great and tall,
While I—just look at me!"

The oak tree haughtily looked down,
Upon the Violet blue,
"Yes, you are very, very small,
I'd rather not be you."

"My boughs give shelter to the birds;
At eventide they come,
Securely here, beneath my leaves,
They find a quiet home."

"I face the storm king's mighty wrath,
And brave the lightning's power,
For ages past, upon this hill,
I've stood in sun and shower."

"I wish I were an oak tree, too,"
The Violet softly said,
Then, nodding in the evening breeze,
She drooped her sleepy head.

And while she slept the whole night through,
So safely in the vale,
The tempest shrieked adown the wind,
With terrifying wail.

At dawn of day the Violet
Awoke and looked around,
And lo! there lay the mighty oak,
All shattered on the ground.

"Poor foolish me," the Violet said,
"To wish that I were tall;
To be a humble little flower
Is better after all."

"Perhaps God wanted me to learn
To live in sweet content;
So, on the pinions of the storm,
This lesson He has sent."

BLESSINGS FOR THE TREE PLANTER.

O painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine.



THE COMING OF SPRING.

Courtesy New England Magazine, Boston, Mass.

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.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all who sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

Whittier.

THE meaning of trees in a landscape—the beauty value of them—is oftenest overlooked by those who have always seen them. When crossing such a monotonous stretch of treeless country as the plains of Arizona that wait for irrigation, the Easterner for the first time has a full appreciation of the beauty of his familiar wooded hillsides, and tree-lined streets. Out of homesickness for forest scenery, as well as the necessity for protection and wood supply, came the great tree-planting crusade that swept over the middle West and will yet dot every state with homes surrounded by groves.—From *"The Tree Book,"* by Julia Rogers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

CHIRPS the swallow, flying over,
Hums the bee among the clover,
Laughs the chipmunk, frisky rover,
"Life is very good to me."

True the song they sing, I ween,
But, my boy so sweet and clean,
This is what they really mean:
"Life is being good."

THE ROBIN.

The food of the robin consists of small animals, mainly insects and worms, and of wild fruits in about equal quantity. Cultivated fruits are eaten only as a makeshift and mainly in the months of June and July.

Spring robins reach Cleveland, Ohio, on the last days of February or the first days of March. In 1900, robins were heard or seen in different parts of Cleveland on the ninth of March, a mild, bright day, while but a week before the country was in the grip of one of the worst ice-storms ever known in this region. Every exposed object was encased in solid ice for days and birds fasted or starved.

In the choice of a nesting site the robin obeys no law. The apple tree, which from its mode of branching yields wide, open crotches and

safe horizontal supports, is generally chosen, but they also resort to the leafy elm, the evergreen, the dense and remote woods, or, like the Phoebe, accept the hospitality of barn, porch, or shed. Where the nest has already begun to crumble into ruins by the time the young fly, it is often abandoned and a new one built for the second brood, but whether a new nest shall be built or not depends more upon the strength of the building instinct or individual caprice than actual need. The old nest is sometimes repaired, or even occupied without change during the same season. On the other hand, three nests are sometimes built in line and under cover, where a single one, if put in good repair, would have answered the purpose. I once saw a robin's nest fixed to the end of a stick of wood that leaned against the side of a barn, and the stone-gray color of the background formed an excellent screen for its concealment.— *From "The Home Life of Wild Birds," by F. H. Herrick, G. W. Putnam's Sons.*



COCK ROBIN TAKING AIM.

From "The Home Life of Wild Birds." by Francis Herrick.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a little modest flower,
To friendship ever dear,
'Tis nourished in her humble bower,
And watered by her tear.

If hearts by fond affection tried,
Should chance to slip away,
This little flower will gently chide
The heart that thus would stray

All other flowers when once they fade
Are left alone to die,
But this e'en when it is decayed,
Will live in memory's sigh.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No Rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
And give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves on the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! Who would inhabit
This cold world alone?

LIFE.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its bows:
The door-mouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn;
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink—
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
 He passed again, and lo! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ! O font! O wold of love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last!

— *Charles Mackay.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUEBIRD.

Pretty little bluebird,
 Won't you tell me true,
 Why you wear a brown vest,
 With your suit of blue?

O little maiden, truly,
 While flying very low,
 I brushed against the brown earth
 Long, and long ago.

And once, my little maiden,
 While flying very high,
 My back and wings went brushing
 Against the summer sky.

Saucy little bluebird,
 Singing, off he flew,
 With his pretty brown vest
 And his suit of blue.

— *Selected.*

QUEER NEIGHBORS.

To the corner of our street came a newly-wedded pair;
She had feathers in her hat, he was gay and debonair.
Underneath the maple shade, where the shadows play and dance,
There they chose their bridal home (I was looking on by chance).

Peeping through the lowered blind, I was quiet as a mouse,
While I watched the cottage built—'twas a pretty rustic house.
Then I saw them moving in. First a carpet soft was spread;
Then—and this was all they had—just a downy feather bed.

Such an oddly-furnished house for the sunny month of June.
Not a change of raiment theirs; not a plate, or cup, or spoon,
Not a cupboard did they bring; not a table or a chair;
And I wondered much to see the contentment of the pair.

Though I never saw him read, yet he told her all the news;
Though she never stirred from home, yet she never had "the
blues;"
Though she never did a "wash," they were always trim and neat;
Though she never cooked a meal, they had always food to eat.

How they managed thus to live was a mystery to me.
Long I wondered, but at last I determined I would see;
So I ventured to their door, but they fled with fear intense;
For the *birds* are keeping house in a corner of the fence.

—Elizabeth Rosser, in "*Youth's Instructor*."

THE living tree breathes—inhalés oxygen and exhales carbonic acid gas. Because the leaves exercise the function of respiration they may properly be called the lungs of trees. For the respiration of animals differs in no essential from that of plants.

OHIO'S JEWELS.

At the northwest corner of the Capitol building, in Columbus, stands a group of bronze statues on a substantial and symmetrical pedestal of granite. The figures about the central shaft are statues of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Stanton, Garfield, Hayes and Chase. Surmounting the shaft is an effigy of Cornelia, the Roman matron, mother of the famous Gracchi. Near the top of the shaft are inscribed her words as handed down by the historians, "These are my jewels."

The story is so familiar that it need scarcely be repeated here. Cornelia lived in the early days of the Roman republic. She was famous for her culture, refinement, and devotion to her children. One day she was visited by a patrician lady friend, arrayed in costly raiment and decked with brilliant gems. After exhibiting the latter, the guest said:

"Cornelia, where are your jewels? I should like to see them."

"And I shall be delighted to show them to you," was the reply.



OHIO'S JEWELS.

A portrait monument erected in front of the Ohio building at the World's Fair at Chicago, 1893. It now stands at the northwest corner of the State Capitol building. The statues are those of Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield and Hayes; and war secretaries Stanton and Chase. The figures are from 7½ to 8 feet high. The height of the monument is 31 feet, its cost \$30,000.

With some pretext she beguiled her visitor until her two sons, fresh from school, entered the room. Then, her face beaming with motherly pride, she led forward the Gracchi boys and said, "These are my jewels."

The boys afterwards grew up to manhood and gave up their lives in the service of their country.

General Roeliff Brinkerhoff suggested this interesting group of statuary to represent Ohio at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893.

OHIO GOOD AND TRUE.

Brightly gleams a star of beauty
In "Old Glory's" field of blue,
There it shines a glowing emblem
Of Ohio, good and true.

Mark her jewels! Mark her heroes!
Office, shop, and field and glen,
Promptly send a hundred thousand
When the nation calls for men.

O, thou state of happy childhood,
Rippling brooks and fields of green,
All that Nature hath she gives thee —
Richest fruits and skies serene.

From thy hillsides, from thy valleys,
Loud the gladsome anthems ring —
Songs of birds, and songs of Nature;
Songs of joy and peace, we sing.

We'll be true to dear Ohio,
Stand for right against the wrong,
Help to keep her name unsullied;
Loyal, faithful, noble, strong.

Float on! float! thou flag eternal!
Still Ohio's star will shine,
For the Buckeye's fame and glory,
Are forever linked with thine.

Supt. J. A. Shaver, Columbus, Ohio.

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

Five very plump birds met one pleasant Spring day,
And seated themselves in a row on a rail.
The biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
The four of them merrily sang "Summer's coming,
And soon we shall have the bright honey bees humming
And see brightest sunshine. O, hey diddle, diddle."
"Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow and pink,"
Sang four in a chorus once more. "And the rill
Will give us the sweetest of waters to drink,
And grass will be plenty on field and hill.
And a lot of our kindred their way will be winging
Toward our home, all the news of the Sunny South bringing.
And we'll feast them on berries. O, hey diddle, diddle."
"Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "Don't be so cross," said the four coaxingly,
As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly dear,
There is not the least reason that glum you should be,
When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
Come, be happy and gay, and cease trouble to borrow,
Take good care of today, hope the best for to-morrow,
And join in our singing. O, hey diddle, diddle."
"I won't and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

— *Margaret Eytinge.*

MANY of the early flowering trees mature their seeds before the school year ends. The adaptations by which forest trees secure the distribution of their seeds are diverse. Some seeds, such as the nuts and hickories and chestnuts, are distributed by squirrels, foxes, bears, and coyotes, and by birds, others by the wind, and yet others by floods or running waters. Hedge-rows of locust trees commonly spring up where the seeds, after falling on the frozen snow, are driven by the winter gusts to lodge among the brush and roots along the fences. Rows of juniper and cherry are just as often grown from seeds dropped by birds. Willows are mainly found along streams and oozy ground, not because they always prefer so wet a soil, but because the fresh, fine mud beside the water gives the seed-bed most favorable to the germination of the seed.— *U. S. Forest Service Circular.*

A NEW FERN.

A Fairy has found a new fern!
A lovely surprise of the May!
She stamps her wee foot, looks uncommonly stern,
And keeps other fairies at bay.

She watches it flourish and grow—
What exquisite pleasure is hers!
She kisses it, strokes it and fondles it so—
I almost believe that she purrs!

Of all the most beautiful things,
None brighter than this I discern,
To be a young fairy, with glittering wings,
And then,—to discover a fern!

"A"—*Wisconsin Arbor Day Annual.*

BIRDS' NESTS.

A bird's main idea in depositing its eggs is that they shall be safe from enemies of all kinds and from unfavorable weather conditions. With these objects in view, it is interesting to note the different methods employed. The whip-poor-will builds no nest, but lays its eggs in a slight depression among the dead leaves. When the parent bird is sitting, her colour, which matches the leaves and the dead wood, saves her from observation. The eggs themselves are much like either stones or the under side of leaves, so they are difficult to find even when exposed. But



NEST OF BROWN THRASHER ON THE GROUND.

From "Bird Homes", by A. R. Dugmore.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

if they are discovered, the parent bird carries them away to a new hiding place. The quail and many other birds such as the meadow-lark and some of the sparrows often arch their homes over with either the growing vegetation surrounding the nest, or with dry material brought for the purpose, and in some cases they build covered paths or entrances. The woodpeckers hide their eggs in natural holes in trees, or in holes hollowed out after much tedious labor by the birds themselves; here the eggs are

fairly safe; squirrels, snakes, and human beings are about the only enemies to be feared.

The Baltimore oriole hangs his well-built nest, a masterpiece of bird architecture, on the extreme end of an overhanging branch where nothing but a winged enemy can reach it. To guard against these the nest is made so that it looks something like a hornet's nest—with which the jays, crows or hawks would not care to interfere. The ruby throated humming-bird saddles his tiny nest usually on a high branch, and covers it with lichen so that it resembles an excrescence on the branch. The nest of the tailor-bird is a good example of the skill displayed by birds in building and concealing their homes. They sew the edges of a large, growing leaf round the nest, so that it is absolutely hidden from view. The bower-birds use queer material such as bones, pieces of metal, shells, etc., but perhaps the greatest curiosity supplied by birds is the nest of the esculent swift, known commonly as the edible bird's-nest, so much appreciated by the Chinese as a table luxury. — *From "Bird Homes," by A. R. Dugmore, Doubleday, Page & Co.*

"A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?"

—*Hurdis.*

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 feeling. 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 of 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. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

MYTH and song have remembered and repeated the feelings of primitive races to whom trees gave shelter and raiment and food. The old Druids worshipping the oak expressed a veneration which we all inherit, whatever our race and line. Contact with trees is a purifying, uplifting experience. Work in the

woods develops a hardy, clean and intelligent race. When we lose our wonted strength of mind and body, let us go to the woods to find it.—*From "The Tree Book" by Julia Rogers, Doubleday, Page & Co.*

MY COUNTRY.

"Oh, Beautiful, my country!"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered;
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

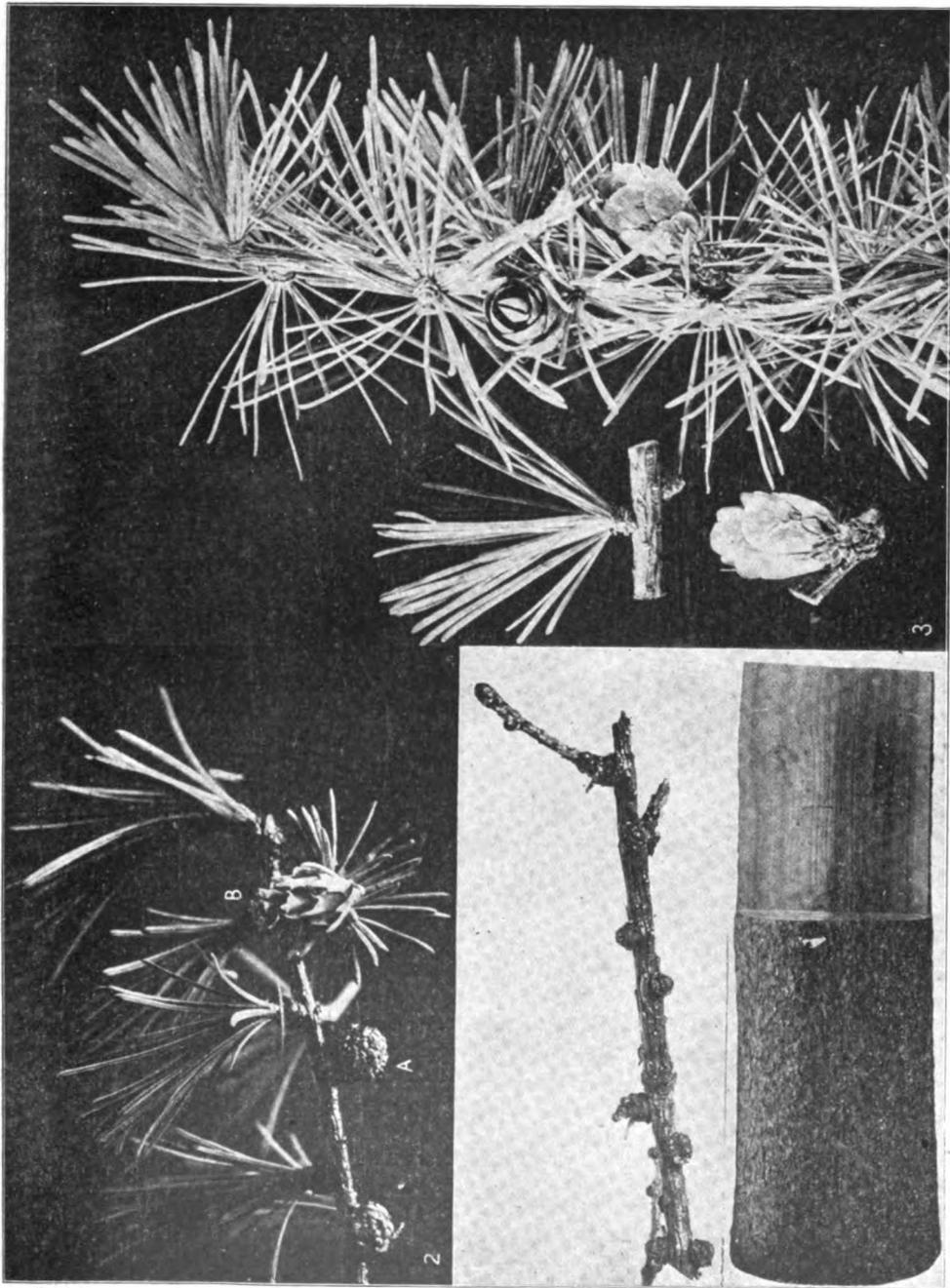
Oh, Beautiful, our country!
'Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter
That the water may not wet me."

—*Hiawatha.*

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,



From "The Tree Book", Julia E. Rogers.

THE AMERICAN LARCH.

1 Winter bud. 2 Flowering branch. A. Staminate flower; B. Pistillate flower. 3 Fruit and leaves.

Copyright 1905, Doubleday, Page & Co.

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?

— *Selected.*

Down the little drops patter,
 Making a musical clatter;
 Out of the woods they throng;
 Freshness of heaven they scatter
 Little dark rootlets among,
 "Coming to visit you, Posies!
 Open your hearts to us, Roses!"
 This is the Raindrops' song.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

WHAT child has not seen a muddy freshet? Yet this sight, so common in the spring, is full of suggestion for a forest lesson. The stream is discolored by the earth which it has gathered from the soil. This carries us back to the stream's source, in the forest springs. Again, it shows us with what force the water has rushed over the exposed ground where there was no forest to shield and bind it. In just this way the Mississippi tears down and flings into its bed, each summer, more soil than will be dredged with years of costly labor to make the Panama Canal. An experiment with fine and coarse soils stirred quickly in a tumbler of water and then allowed to settle explains how the stream continues muddy while it runs swiftly, and how it clears again as it slackens on mere level stretches, dropping the soil to the bottom. On any steep, plowed hillside, or on any railroad or trolley embankment, exposed soil may be seen washing with the rain. A forest on a mountain slope may be pictured by a cloth upon a tilted table; then if water be poured on the higher edge it will creep downward through the cloth and drip slowly from the lower edge, as would rain falling upon the forest. If now the cloth be plucked off, and the water still poured, we may observe at once what happens when such a forest is destroyed.

— *U. S. Forest Service Circular.*

AN ARBOR DAY TREE.

Dear little tree that we plant today,
 What will you be when we're old and gray?
 "The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
 For robin and wren an apartment house,
 The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,

The locust's and katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June
The schoolgirl's tent in the July moon,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

THE EARLY OWL.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of learning he did not know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an owl like that can afford to hoot.
And he hooted until, alas! one day,
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.



TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL, MELMORE, SENECA COUNTY, OHIO.

Photograph by A. B. Graham.

He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all her might,
"Hurray! hurray! for the early worm!"
"Dear me," said the owl, "what a singular term!
I would look it up if it weren't so late,
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise
Makes an owl healthy, and stealthy, and wise!"
So he slept like an honest owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light

To look for an early worm at night,
 He searched the country for a mile around,
 But the early worm was not to be found;
 So he went to bed in the dawning light
 And looked for the "worm" again next night.
 And again and again, and again and again,
 He sought and he sought, but all in vain,
 Till he must have looked for a year and a day
 For the early worm in the twilight gray.
 At last in despair he gave up the search,
 And was heard to remark as he sat on his perch
 By the side of his nest in the hollow tree:
 "The thing is as plain as night to me —
 Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
 There's no such thing as the early worm."

— *O. Herford, in "Birds."*

FAMOUS TREES.

NOTE TO TEACHERS. — We suggest to you to allow your pupils to secure information relating to the trees below mentioned, and then to write short descriptions of them for the information of all the pupils and their parents.

1. The Treaty Elm of Philadelphia.
2. The Charter Oak of Hartford, Connecticut.
3. The Liberty Elm of Boston.
4. Washington's Elm at Cambridge.
5. The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, New York.
6. Perry's Willow on the shore of Lake Erie.
7. The Hamilton Trees of New York.
8. The Carey Sycamore.
9. The Big Trees of California.
10. The Apple Tree of Appomattox.
11. The Tree from Napoleon's Grave.
12. Logan's Elm.
13. Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree.
14. The Baobab Tree of the Cape Verde Islands.
15. The Banyan Trees of India.
16. The Cedars of Mt. Lebanon.
17. DeSoto's Oak at Tampa, Florida.

— *Arbor Day Annual, Idaho.*

THE GREEN CARPET.

When Mother Nature's cleaning house
 She likes to have things fresh and clean,
 And so she lifts her carpet brown
 And puts a lovely new one down,
 Of softest, brightest green.

'Tis figured well with violets,
 The prettiest patterns ever seen;
 It spreads and reaches everywhere,
 And covers places poor and bare,
 This carpet made of green.

And oh, we children love to roll
Upon its surface soft and clean!
Better than rugs on polished floors,
Better than anything indoors,
The carpet made of green!
—*Marion Beattie, in Youth's Companion.*

THE LITTLE PLANT.

In my little garden bed
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

Shining down, the great round sun
Smiles upon it often;
Little raindrops pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften.

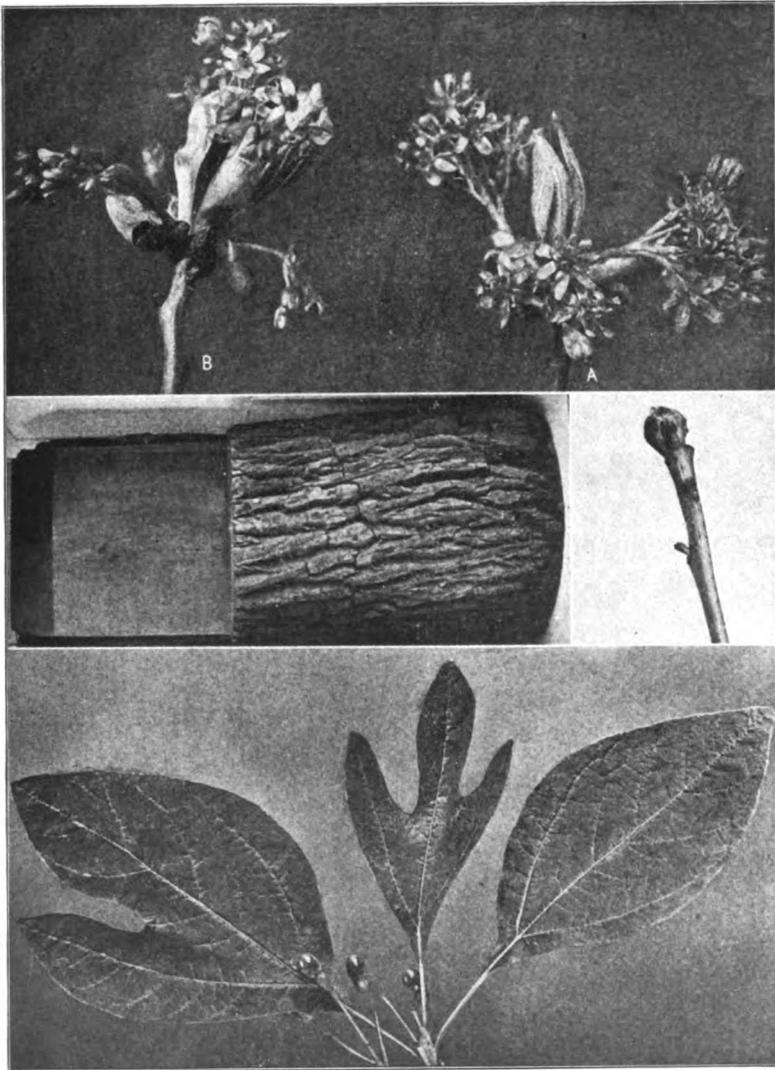
Then the little plant awakes!
Down the roots go creeping,
Up it lifts its little head
Through the brown mold peeping.

High and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

—*Selected.*

O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES!

"O dreamy, gloomy, friendly Trees,
I came along your narrow track
To bring my gifts unto your knees
And gifts did you give back;
For when I brought this heart that burns—
These thoughts that bitterly repine—
And laid them here among the ferns
And the hum of boughs divine,
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,
Shook down with slow and mighty poise
Your coolness on the human care,
Your wonder on its toys,
Your greenness on the heart's despair,
Your darkness on its noise."
—*From "New Poems," by Herbert Trench.*



B. Pistillate Flowers. A. Staminate Flowers.

THE SASSAFRAS.

From "The Tree Book", by Julia E. Rogers.

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FRAGRANCE OF APPLE BLOOM.

C. B. GALBREATH.

There is balm in the breath from groves of pine
And joy is wafted from meadows green;
There is life on the hills of the fruitful vine,
And bright are the waters between;
And tropic sweetness pervades the air
Where the proud palm waves his plume;
But there's naught so fragrant and naught so fair
As the orchard of apple bloom.

Oh, blue were the skies when she met me there,
Sweet Maud, with cheek like the buds aglow;
And bliss supernal was everywhere
As she answered, "I love you so;"
Oh, deep were the skies, and the stars were bright,
And the shadows knew no gloom,
As we drank the joy of the moonlit night
In the fragrance of apple bloom.

In ranks of white stand the orchard trees,
And flecked is the velvet green below;
There's a chorus of birds and a hum of bees,
And the twilight of long ago.
Oh, the evening star is fair to see
Where the hills in the distance loom,
For a sainted spirit comes back to me
With the fragrance of apple bloom.

HAVE you ever gone into the woods on an early spring day, a day when the wind was still cold, but in the south? One of those days when the smile of the sun and the soft noise of the wind make you know in some vague way that spring is coming? If you have not, try it. Go sit at the base of some old man of the woods whose sides are gray and green with clinging lichens and mosses and whose head shows the fight with winter storms and heavy sleets. Put your head against his side, there is no sound; drop your head to the ground, and yet no sound; but you know that he, too, has heard the summons to awake; that spring is coming. Somehow you feel as you see the tender green veiling the lightest twigs that the trees are vitally alive.

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

THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES.

Blossoms crimson, white or blue,
Purple, pink, and every hue,
From sunny skies to tintings drowned
In dusky drops of dew,
I praise you all, wherever found,
And love you through and through—
But, Blossoms on the Trees,
With your breath upon the breeze,
There's nothing all the world around
That's half as sweet as you!

THE MAPLE.

A song to these brave old maples,
As they wave in the air their leaves,
Long have they ruled this greenwood,
These lovely and graceful trees.

They have borne the wintry weather,
With the stormy northern gale,
And no matter what friends forsake,
These we know will never fail.

So today we plant our maple
That stands in his pride alone,
And we hope its flourishing future
For trees destroyed will atone.

Proud and stately our tree will grow,
Like those we have here about.
From its graceful branches, then
Bright green foliage will spring out.

And when the tree is growing old,
Youths and maidens here will find
From the sun's hot rays a rest,
For the weary heart and mind.

—Lila Ycasting.

I MET a little elf-man once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he did not grow.

He frowned at me, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I am as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

It should arouse a feeling of pride in Americans that our Republic has taken a foremost place among the nations that care for and protect birds. Much has already been accomplished in this country in the cause of bird protection, but much still remains to be done. So long as dead birds for hat gear are valued at a higher rate than living birds, and so long as game birds count for more in the way of sport and food than as active working friends of the farmer, so long will there be missionary work to do for such organizations as the Biological Survey and Audubon Societies.—*National Geographic Magazine.*

WITHOUT BIRDS SUCCESSFUL AGRICULTURE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.

Increased acreage and larger crops mean a vast increase of insect life as the result of a more constant and abundant supply of food. Even now, despite the incessant warfare waged against them, insects are not diminishing in numbers. On the contrary, in many localities they are increasing. Especially are new pests finding their way into the country, and as these usually are unaccompanied by the enemies which keep them in check at home, they frequently run riot in the new-found Paradise. Well-known instances are the cotton boll weevil and the gypsy and brown-tailed moths. It is estimated by entomologists that the annual loss of agricultural products from insect ravages in the United States is not less than \$500,000,000. To birds, then, we must look for allies in the continuous warfare against insect pests, and if they are to play even the same relative part in the future as they have in the past, they should not only be protected, but determined efforts should be made to increase their numbers and make their work more effective.

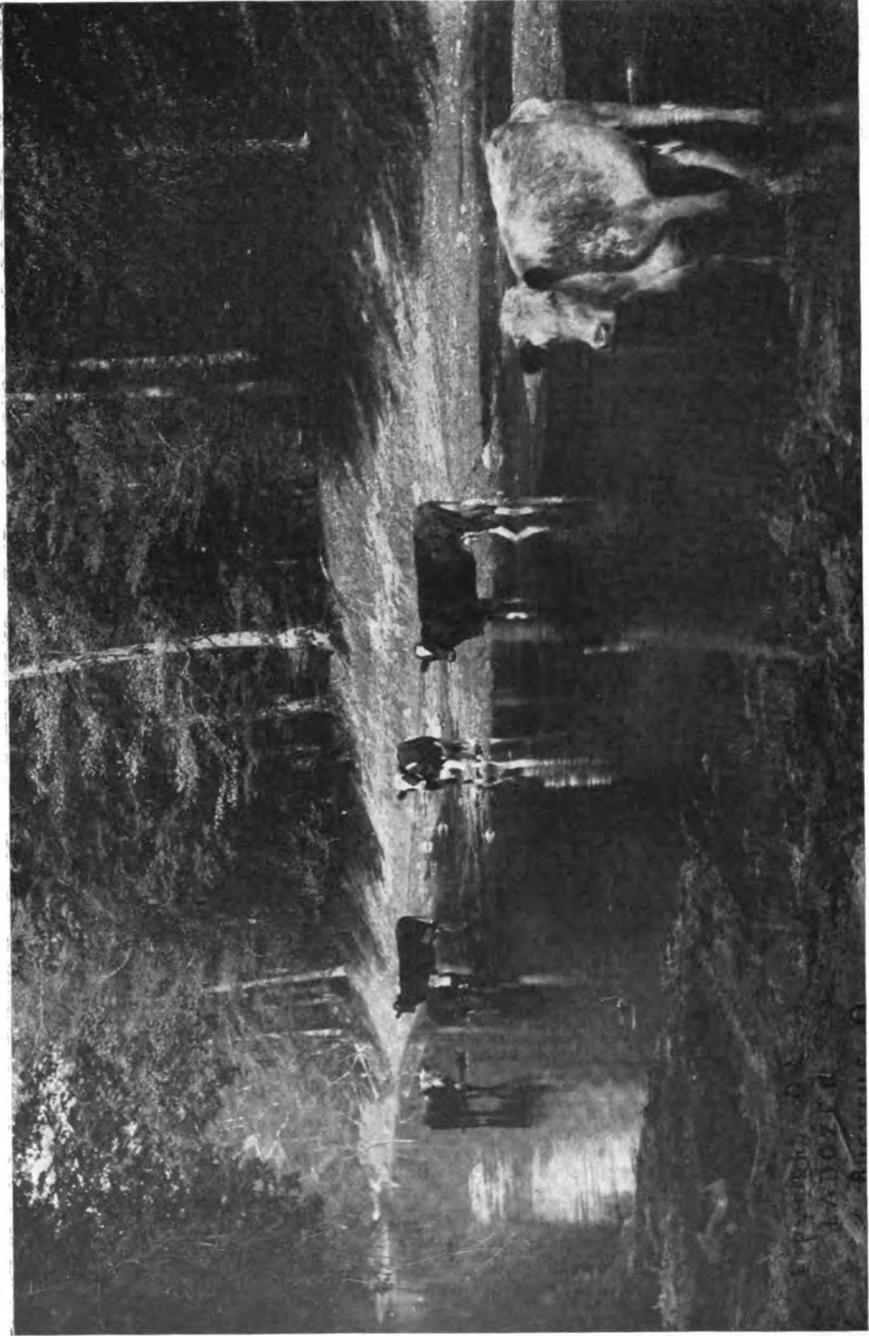
What would happen were birds exterminated no one can foretell with absolute certainty, but it is more than likely—nay, it is almost certain—that within a limited time not only would successful agriculture become impossible, but the destruction of the greater part of vegetation would follow. It is believed that a permanent reduction in the numbers of our birds, even if no species are actually exterminated, will inevitably be followed by disastrous consequences.—*National Geographic Magazine.*

BOUNCING Bet and Black-eyed Susan
Tried to squeeze Wild Rose's shoes on;
But each found 'twould pinch and nip her,
That dear little Lady's Slipper.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

EVERY-DAY BOTANY.

Who doubts there are classes
Of men like the grasses
And flowers, subdivided in many a way?
You've seen them, I've seen them.
These manifold specimens—day after day.



ON THE SANDUSKY RIVER NEAR BUCYRUS.

Courtesy The Ohio Magazine, Columbus, Ohio.

You've met nettles that sting you,
And roses that fling you
Their exquisite incense from warm, hidden hearts,
And bright morning-glories,
That tell their own stories,
With round honest faces rehearsing their parts.

Sometimes an old thistle
Will bluster and bristle,
When chance or necessity leads you his way;
But do not upbraid him—
He's just as God made him;
Perchance some small good he has done in his day.

The poppies think sleeping
Far better than weeping,
And never let worry usurp a good nod;
They'll laugh and grow fatter
O'er any grave matter,
When sensitive plants would sink under the sod.

Frail harebells will flourish
With little to nourish
Their delicate fibers but sunshine and rock;
But plant there a lily,
Or a daffydowndilly,
Or orchid, how soon would they feel their death-shock.

The hollyhocks greet you
Whenever they meet you,
With stiffest of bows, or a curt little phrase;
But never a mullein
Was haughty or sullen,
And warm are their hand-shakes, if awkward their ways.

Ah! never a flower,
Blooming wild or in bower,
But lives in Humanity's flora anew;
May I ask, in conclusion,
'Mid all this confusion,
What flower we shall find if we analyze you?

—*Katherine H. Perry, Oregon Arbor Day Annual.*

THE HUMMINGBIRD.

Hummingbirds are found only in America and on the islands near it. They are of many kinds but only one kind is ever seen in the Eastern United States; this is known as the ruby-throated hummingbird, because of a splendid red throat patch worn by the male. The ruby-throat spends the winter south of the United States. He arrives in Florida in March, but does not reach New England till near the middle of May.

The hummingbird's nest is built on a branch of a tree—saddled on it



NEST AND EGGS OF RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD.

From "Bird Homes", by A. R. Dugmore.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

—and is not very hard to find after you have once seen one, and so have learned precisely what to look for. Generally it is placed well out toward the end of the limb. I have found it on pitch-pines in the woods, on roadside maples—shade trees—and especially in apple and pear orchards. The mother bird is very apt to betray its whereabouts by buzzing about the head of anyone who comes near it.

The nest is a tiny thing, looking for size and shape like a cup out of a child's toy tea set. Its walls are thick, and on the outside are covered-shingled, we may say—with bits of gray lichen, which help to make the nest look like nothing more than a knot. Whether they are put on for that purpose, or by way of ornament, is more than I can tell. — *From "Everyday Birds," by Bradford Torrey, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like the keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snowflakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! can'st thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



FOUR BUCKEYES.

Courtesy The Ohio Magazine, Columbus, Ohio.

THE BIRD AND THE FOREST.

Between birds and forests there exist what may be termed primeval, economic relations. Certain forest trees have their natural insect foes to which they furnish food and shelter, and these insects, in turn, have their natural enemies among the birds to which the trees also give a home. Here, then, we have an undisturbed sea of economic relations: (1) the tree; (2) the insect that lives in the tree, preys upon it, and may assist in the fertilization of its blossoms; (3) the bird which also finds a home in the tree and, feeding upon the insects, prevents their undue increase. Hence, it follows that the existence of each of these forms of life is dependent upon the existence of the other. Birds are not only essential to the welfare of the tree, but the tree is necessary to the life of the bird. Consequently, there has been established what is termed "a balance of life," wherein there is a most delicate adjustment between the tree, the insect, the bird and the sum total of the conditions which go to make up their environment. The more trees, the greater the number of insects, and, hence, an increase not only in food supply for the birds, but an increase in the nesting sites. Destroy the trees and the insect finds new food in the crops of the farms, but the birds, although food is still abundant, lose their home when the tree falls, and, lacking the nesting sites and protection from their enemies once found in its spreading branches, they soon perish. — *Frank M. Chapman.*

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not —
These three bloomed in a garden spot;
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
 "Shine and shadow, summer and spring,
 O thou child with tangled hair
 And laughing eyes! we three shall bring
 Each an offering passing fair."
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gamboled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came bearing the sweetest dreams.
 Playing and dreaming — and that was all
 Till once a sleeper would not awake;
 Kissing the little face under the pall,
 We thought of the words the third flower spake;
And we found betimes in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of Forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
 Glinting with gold the hours of play;
 Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
 When the hands would fold and the eyes would close;
 And after it all—the play and the sleep
 Of a little life—what cometh then?
 To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep
 A new flower bringeth God's peace again.
 Each one serveth its tender lot—
 Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not.

—*Eugene Field.*

From With Trumpet and Drum. Copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONG—ARBOR DAY.

(*Air: "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 joyful task is done,
 And we our meed of praise have won,
 The glorious work's but just begun,
 For Arbor Day, dear Arbor Day.

—*Seymore S. Short.*

A MAGIC spell rests on the year,
 And time has stayed its flight;
 For long-lost springtides reappear
 In pageants of delight.
 A child once more, I wander o'er
 The meadow's starry maze,
 And life forgets its sharp regrets
 In dandelion days.

—*Julia E. Goodwin, in Springfield Republican.*

• THEY'VE CUT THE WOOD AWAY.

They've cut the wood away,
 The cool green wood,
 Wherein I used to play
 In happy mood.

The woodman's axe has cleft
Each noble tree,
And now, alas, is left
No shade for me.

The brooks that flow in May
Are dry before
The first hot summer day,
And flow no more.

The fields are brown and bare,
And parched with heat;
No more doth hover there
The pine scents sweet.

No more his note is heard
To blithely ring
Where erst the woodland bird
Would sit and sing.

No more the wood-flowers bloom
Where once they bloomed
Amid the emerald gloom
Of ferns entombed.

Fled, now, the woodland sights,
The scented air!
Fled, all the sweet de'ights
That once were there!

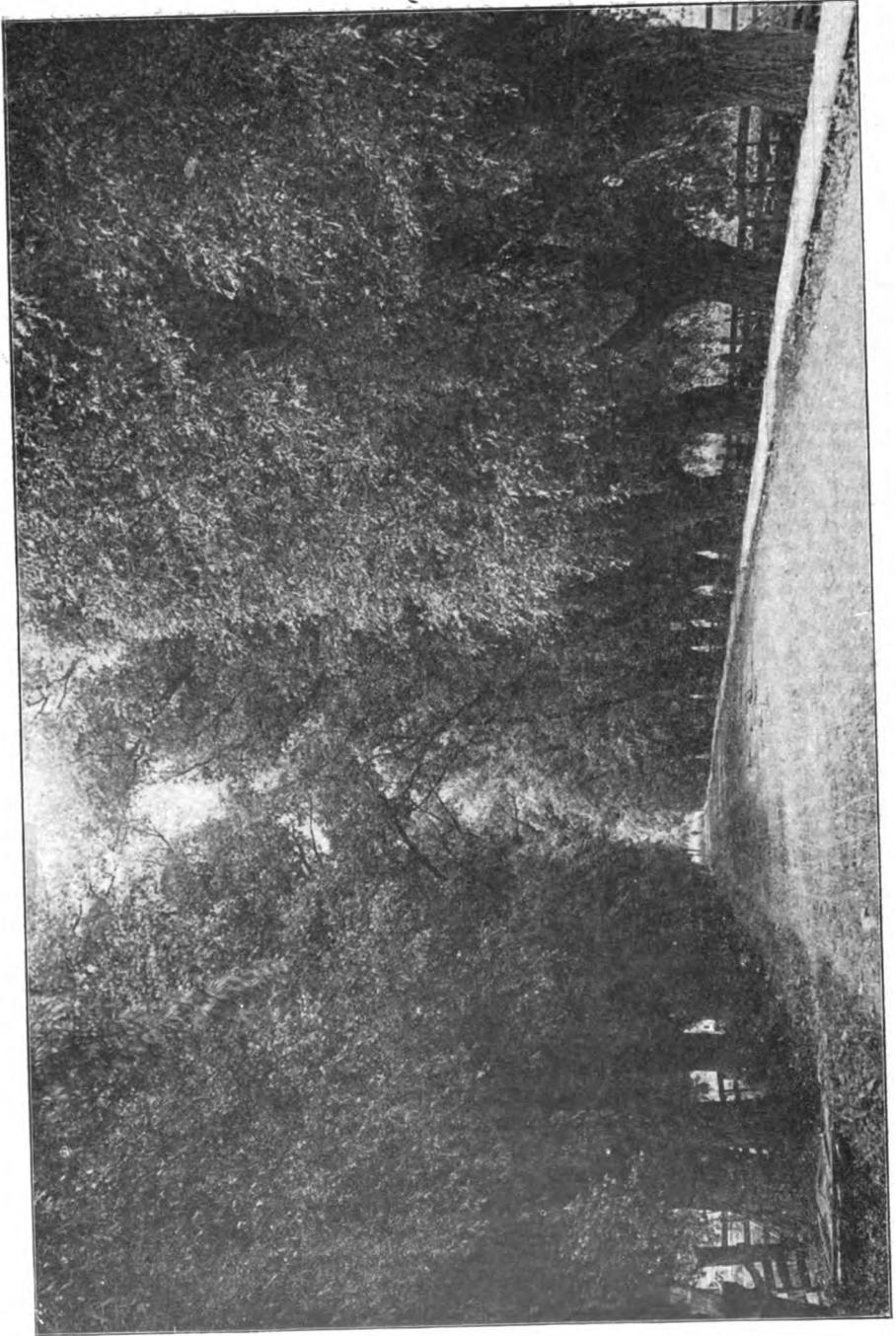
And fled the gracious mood
That came to me,
When to that quiet wood
I used to flee!

-- *Selected.*

SOME SMALL SWEET WAY.

"There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter.
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing flecter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

— *Illinois Arbor Day Annual.*



WILLOW DRIVE, NEAR URBANA, OHIO.

Courtesy of Ohio Magazine, Columbus, Ohio.

GOD BLESS OUR FATHERLAND.

God bless our fatherland,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own;
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend;
On all her realms descend;
Protect her throne.

Father, in loving care
Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all her ways;
Thine arm his shelter be
From harm by land and sea;
Bid storm and danger flee;
Prolong his days.

Lord, bid war's trumpet cease;
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings;
Make all Thy nations one
All hearts beneath Thy sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

— *O. W. Holmes.*

DANDELION tell me true,
Does my mamma need me?
If I blow your fuzzy hair
Thrice, and find your forehead bare,
Home the charm shall lead me.

— *Abbie Farwell Brown.*

THE ACORN.

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little it sipped the dew,
Little by little each day it grew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air springs a tiny shoot.

Day after day and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

— *Harper's Second Reader.*



Photograph by A. B. Graham.

THEORY AT SCHOOL — PRACTICE AT HOME.

From Jamstown School Exhibit.

"BLESS EVERYBODY."

A curly head bowed on my knee,
A little form all clad in white,
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently —
And God receives the last "Goodnight"!
No hour so solemn, none so sweet,
No scene of innocence so fair
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet
And know each other in a prayer.

Not blessings born of men she asks —
Petitions for herself alone —
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,
A harvest reaped, though nothing sown;
Not happiness nor length of days,
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea —
Not even for a mother's praise,
However sweet it seem to be.

For those she loves this little child
In tender accents intercedes,
As if our hearts were reconciled
To make contentment of our needs.
A blessing on each one of kin,
And then, — Love's banner all unfurl'd,
As if to take Creation in —
"Bless everybody in the world!"

Bless all the world? O gentle heart,
That throbs not with one selfish thrill,
That isolates no soul apart,
Forbodes no living creature ill;
The incense from thy altar place
High in the clouds is wreathed and curl'd,
To bear the message of thy grace
To "everybody in the world!"

— Webster P. Huntington.

OH for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the oriole's nest is hung;
How the robin feeds her young;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,

Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

— *Whittier.*

THE BUCKEYE TREE.

There's a lilting song in the air to-day,
Blithe and bonny and sweet and gay,
Afloat on the fragrant June-tide breeze,
From the deep, cool depths of the Buckeye Trees.



THE OHIO RIVER AT STEUBENVILLE.

Courtesy The Ohio Magazine, Columbus, Ohio.

From the shadowy green come the amorous notes,
Like the rippling, tender music of flutes
Kissed by the wind. 'Neath the nodding plumes
Is the whirring of wings 'mid the Buckeye blooms.

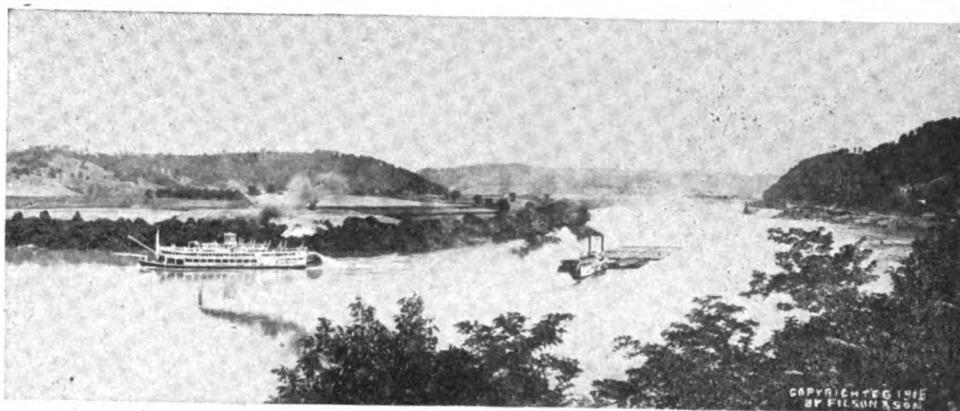
There are merry sounds from over the way,
The lightsome laughter of children at play —
Small gods of gladness tossing in glee
The soft, creamy blooms of the Buckeye Tree.

There's a melody low which the soft wind weaves,
And I list to the lure of murmuring leaves,
Crooning and singing, 'till memories flow,
Back to the childhood of long ago;

Where life was laughter and drift of song,
Where love shone pure and faith held strong,
To the State called "Beautiful," christened for thee—
Hail thee, guild-brother, O Buckeye Tree!

— *Karl Laurent in Ohio Magazine.*

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,

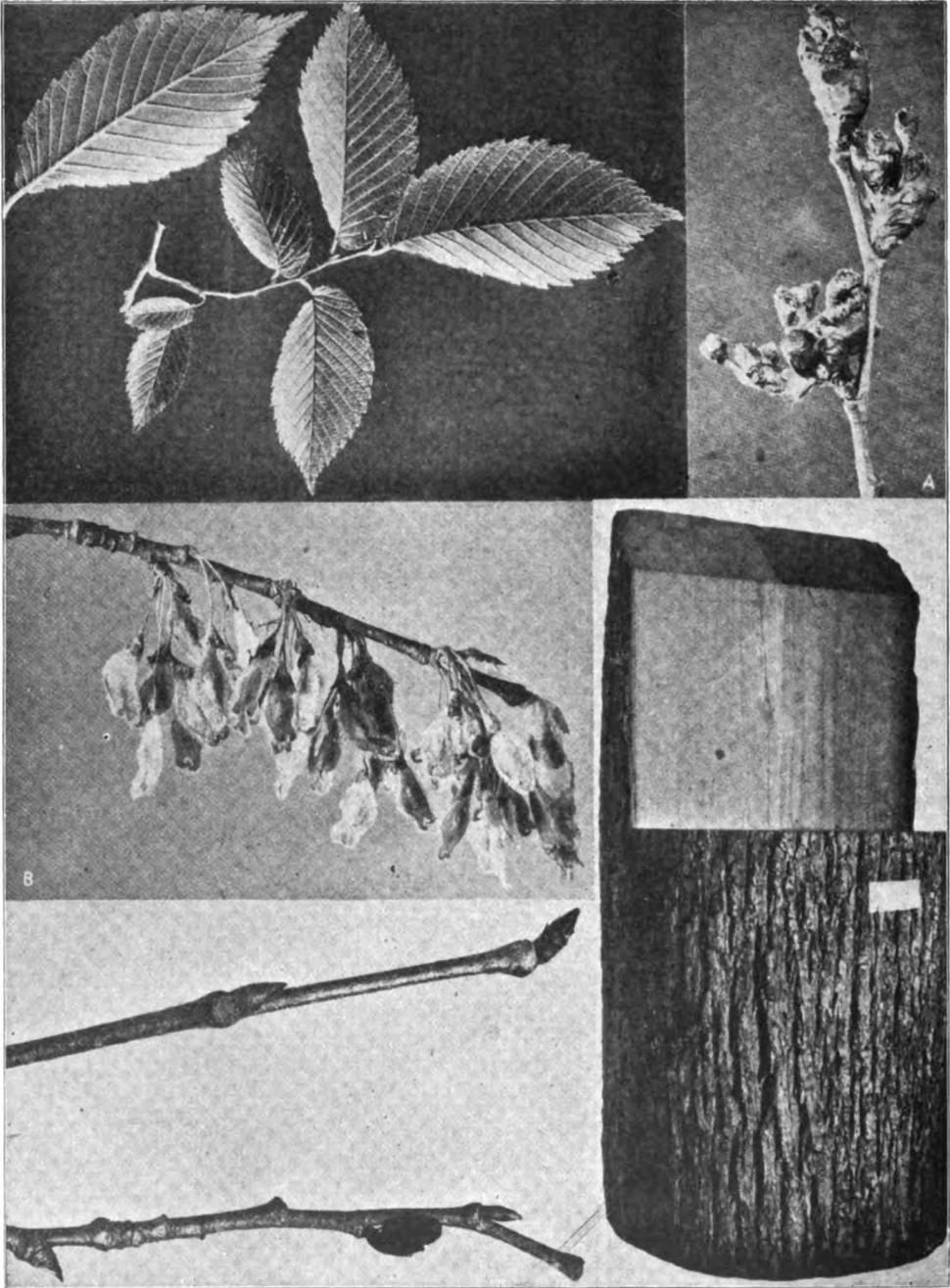


THE OHIO RIVER AT STEUBENVILLE.

Courtesy The Ohio Magazine Columbus Ohio.

Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

— *Whittier.*



1 Winter bud.

B. Fruit.

A. Flower not fully open.

THE AMERICAN ELM.

From "The Tree Book", by Julia E. Rogers.

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