

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Ohio Arbor Day 1913: Arbor and Bird Day Manual

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Ohio Arbor Day 1913: Arbor and Bird Day Manual

Compiler: Mrs. Grace R. Clifton

Release date: October 13, 2007 [eBook #23029]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Barbara Tozier, Bill Tozier and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OHIO ARBOR DAY 1913: ARBOR AND BIRD DAY MANUAL ***



**DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
STATE OF OHIO**

**In Accordance with Section 358 of the
General Code of Ohio this**

Arbor and Bird Day Manual

is Issued for the Benefit of the
SCHOOLS OF OUR STATE

Compiled by

MRS. GRACE R. CLIFTON

Issued by the
STATE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS

APRIL 1913

COLUMBUS, OHIO:
THE F. J. HEER PRINTING CO.
1913

Transcriber's Note.

Minor typographical errors have been corrected without note.
Dialect spellings, contractions and discrepancies have been retained.

STATE OF OHIO

Executive Department

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR.

PROCLAMATION.

By authority of the law of the State of Ohio, Friday, April 4th, 1913, is hereby named and set apart as

ARBOR DAY.

The statutes provide that those in charge of public schools and institutions of learning are required to devote at least two hours to giving information to the pupils and students concerning the value and interest of forestry and the duty of the public to protect the birds thereof and also for planting forest trees.

It is well that our people have come to a full appreciation of the commercial, as well as the sentimental value of these things. This appreciation was arrived at through the proper inculcation into the minds of the young of the importance of observing the matters of nature upon which we are all so dependent.

But let us not confine our observance of Arbor Day alone to the schools and institutions of learning. Let us at least carry the spirit of the day also into our homes as well. And above all, let us be mindful at this time of the great scheme of nature wherein the humblest plant and flower, as well as the lordliest of the animal creation, has its proper place.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at Columbus, this fifteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Thirteen.

By the Governor:



CHAS. H. GRAVES
Secretary of State.



James M. Cox

JAMES M. COX

SECTION 358. The state commissioner of common schools shall issue each year a manual for arbor day exercises. The manual shall contain matters relating to forestry and birds, including a copy of such laws relating to the protection of song and insectivorous birds as he deems proper. He shall transmit copies of the manual to the superintendents of city, village, special and township schools and to the clerks of boards of education, who shall cause them to be distributed among the teachers of the schools under their charge. On arbor day, and other days when convenient, the teachers shall cause such laws to be read to the scholars of their respective schools and shall encourage them to aid in the protection of such birds.

SECTION 7688. Not later than April the governor of the state shall appoint and set apart one day in the spring season of each year, as a day on which those in charge of the public schools and institutions of learning under state control, or state patronage, for at least two hours must give information to the pupils and students concerning the value and interest of forests, the duty of the public to protect the birds thereof, and also for planting forest trees. Such a day shall be known as Arbor Day.

SECTION 1409. No persons shall catch, kill, injure, pursue or have in his possession either dead or alive, or purchase, expose for sale, transport or ship to a port within or without the state a turtle or mourning dove, sparrow, nuthatch, warbler, flicker, vireo, wren, American robin, catbird, tanager, bobolink, blue jay, oriole, grosbeak or redbird, creeper, redstart, waxwing, woodpecker, humming bird, killdeer, swallow, blue bird, blackbird, meadow lark, bunting, starling, redwing, purple martin, brown thrasher, American goldfinch, chewink or ground robin, pewee or phoebe bird, chickadee, fly catcher, knat catcher, mouse hawk, whippoorwill, snow bird, titmouse, gull, eagle, buzzard, or any wild bird other than a game bird. No part of the plumage, skin or body of such bird shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

SECTION 1410. No person shall disturb or destroy the eggs, nests or young of a bird named in the preceding section; but nothing of the preceding section shall prohibit the killing of a chicken hawk, blue hawk, cooper hawk, sharp skinned hawk, crow,

great horned owl, or English sparrow, or the destroying of their nests, or prohibit the owner or duly authorized agent of the premises from killing blackbirds at any time, except on Sunday, when they are found to be a nuisance or are injuring grain or other property.

INTRODUCTION.

This Arbor and Bird Day Annual has been compiled and published for the benefit of the teachers of Ohio. It is our purpose to have this book used from the time it is received until the close of the school term. We find that but few books written about birds and their habits come into the hands of the boys and girls; therefore, we have attempted to include as much additional information as possible concerning the most common birds of Ohio. You will find that the articles about birds are but a continuation of bird study found in the 1912 Arbor and Bird Day Annual. We are under obligations to "Nature and Life", a publication of the Audubon Society, for their articles, for which credit is given after each selection. Johnny Appleseed is a character with whom all the boys and girls should become acquainted. C. L. Martzolf's article about this peculiar man should be read carefully. F. B. Pearson contributed a fine description and history of the "Logan Elm". Charles DeGarmo of Cornell University generously contributed two poems that have not appeared in print before this publication.

G. R. C.



"THE OLD BEECH TREE," OHIO UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, ATHENS, OHIO.

THE CLASS TREE.

(TUNE: AMERICA.)

Grow thou and flourish well
Ever the story tell,
 Of this glad day;
Long may thy branches raise
To heaven our grateful praise
Waft them on sunlight rays
 To God away.

Deep in the earth to-day,
Safely thy roots we lay,
 Tree of our love;
Grow thou and flourish long;
Ever our grateful song
Shall its glad notes prolong
 To God above.

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,"
 On this glad day:
Bless Thou each student band
O'er all our happy land;
Teach them Thy love's command.
 Great God, we pray.

—*Emma S. Thomas, Schoharie, N.Y., in Teacher's Magazine.*

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 trees 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.*



THIS SCHOOL BUILDING IS LOCATED AT PICKERINGTON, FAIRFIELD COUNTY. VIOLET TOWNSHIP HELPED TO BUILD THIS BUILDING, AND THE TOWN AND TOWNSHIP HAVE AMONG THE BEST OF THE CENTRALIZED SCHOOLS OF THE STATE.

WHY WE PLANT THE TREE.

FIRST PUPIL.

We plant the tree for the shade it gives;
For the shade of a leafy tree
On a hot summer's day when the hot sun shines,
Is pleasant for all to see.

SECOND PUPIL.

We plant the tree for the dear birds' sakes,
For they can take their rest,
While the mate sings of love and cheer
To the mother on her nest.

THIRD PUPIL.

We plant the tree to please the eye,
For who does not like to see,
Whether on hill or plain or dale,
The beauty of a tree?

FOURTH PUPIL.

We plant the tree for the wood to use
In winter to keep us warm,
And for hall and church and store and house,
To have shelter from the storm.

—Primary Education.

WHAT THE TREE TEACHES US.

FIRST PUPIL.

I am taught by the oak
To be rugged and strong
In defence of the right;
In defiance of wrong.

SECOND PUPIL.

I have learned from the maple,

That beauty, to win
The love all hearts,
Must have sweetness within.

THIRD PUPIL.

The beech with its branches
Widespreading and low,
Awakes in my heart
Hospitality's glow.

FOURTH PUPIL.

The pine tells of constancy,
In its sweet voice;
It whispers of hope,
Till sad mortals rejoice.

—*Selected.*

ARBOR DAY FETE.

BY GRACE A. LUSK, MILWAUKEE.

(Stage, if possible, represents scene out-of-doors; raised throne to right.)

Enter Chorus.

Every season hath its pleasures,
Which we sing in joyous measures;
In Summer's sunshine, rich and sweet,
Blossom flowers, ripens wheat;
Autumn puts the wood aflame,
Poets give her beauties fame;
Winter comes—a world of snow
And crisp, clear air make faces glow;
Spring awakens Nature dear,
Song birds chant 'neath skies so clear,
Every season hath its pleasures,
Which we sing with joyous measures.

Enter boy and girl (with flag and drum).

Boy:

In Summer comes the joyous Fourth,
I beat my drum for all I'm worth;

Girl:

Our crackers make a joyous noise,
For girls like fun as well as boys.

(The holidays, after speaking, step to left and right of throne.)

Enter girl (in Puritan dress).

After reaping harvest's gold
Thanks we render, for manifold
The blessings are each passing year,
Thanksgiving is a day of cheer.

Enter girl (in coat and furs, arms full of packages and holly).

On the night before Christmas
There came to our house,
A right jolly old elf, as still as a mouse;
He filled all the stockings,
Trimmed each Christmas tree,
Made our Christmas merry—a good saint is he!

Enter very small boy (carrying a big book under his arm with 1913 printed on it).

The wild bells rang across the snow,

The old year went—though loath to go;
The New Year came, while bells were ringing;
His days of joy and sorrow bringing.

Enter girl (in white trimmed with red hearts).

Mine is a day of piercing darts,
Flowers sweet, and big red hearts,
Cupids tender, verses fine,
I'm the happy valentine.

Enter two boys (carrying flags).

Together:

Birthdays of patriots, brave and true,
In February drear, make cheer for you.

First boy:

Lincoln so kind, was everyone's friend;

Second boy:

Washington did a young nation defend.

Chorus (to Holidays).

Once, each year, supreme you reign,
O'er the lads and lassies in your train,
Now comes our gentle springtime fay,
The gladsome, happy Arbor Day.

Enter Arbor Day (in white, crown of flowers, accompanied by two small maids with flowers, accompanist softly plays Mendelssohn's Spring Song).

Chorus continues.

Each holiday brings joy and gladness—
Makes us banish thoughts of sadness,
Arbor Day, your reign is brief,—
But every blossom, every leaf,
Every bird of wood or field
Its fullest homage now doth yield.
May you be a happy queen,
We, happy subjects are, I ween.

Arbor Day (while Chorus leads her to throne).

Thank you for your greeting hearty,
This will be a merry party.

Chorus.

Our friends, the children, in meadows at play,
Are coming to join our glad holiday.

School children (with baskets and bouquets of flowers pass to right of stage, salute in military fashion, saying):

Dear Arbor Day, your subjects loyal,
Give you greetings, hearty, royal.

Queen.

Thank you, friends, greeting sweeter,
Never yet a queen had greet her.

Enter ten girls (in white with flowers in hands and in their hair; they quickly and lightly run across stage and form in line; each courtesies as she says her lines).

First girl:

I'm the queen, for I'm the Rose,
The proudest, sweetest flower that blows.

Second girl:

I'm shy Violet, from the wood,

You know me by my purple hood.

Third girl:

I'm the Dandelion yellow,
Some call me a saucy fellow.

Fourth girl:

I'm Anemone, shy and tender,
On my stalk so tall and slender.

Fifth girl:

I'm Morning Glory that climbs the wall,
My trumpet flowers softly call.

Sixth girl:

I'm Buttercup with a chalice to hold
The rich warm sunshine's yellow gold.

Seventh girl:

I'm Apple-blossom, my pink dresses
The bee admires, so he confesses.

Eighth girl:

I'm Waterlily, my golden heart
Keeps the sunbeam's glancing dart.

Ninth girl:

I'm shy Crocus, the first to show
My pretty head from beneath the snow.

Tenth girl:

I'm sleepy Poppy, from my home in the wheat,
I've come with the others our new queen to greet.

All in unison:

Dear Arbor Day, your subjects loyal,
Give you greeting, hearty royal.

Arbor Day.

Thank you, blossoms, sweet and tender,
I your kindness shall remember.

Rose (turning to flowers and holidays).

Nature laughs in gleeful joy,
In songbirds trill, in flowerlets coy,
Shall we, also, voices raise,
Sing our gentle spring queen's praise?

(School children, Holidays and Flowers sing while Flowers join hands and dance about in circle.)

(Tune: Campbells are coming.)

Springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la,
Brooklets run clear, tra-la, tra-la,
Birds are winging, flowers springing,
For springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la.

(Alternate girls step inside circle, face outward, other circle about.)

The gentle May breeze, tra-la, tra-la,
Plays o'er the green leas, tra-la, tra-la,
Dandelions twinkle, violets sprinkle,
The sward 'neath the trees, tra-la, tra-la.

(Each girl in inner circle gives her right hand to left hand of girl in outer circle, thus in "wheel form" they circle singing.)

The garden flowers gay, tra-la, tra-la,

Are here to stay, tra-la, tra-la,
The rich red roses, and all pretty posies,
Say springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la.

(Dropping hands in single file they pass to back of stage singing.)

Springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la,
Brooklets run clear, tra-la, tra-la,
Birds are winging, flowers springing,
For springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la.

Arbor Day.

Thank you, friends, greeting sweeter,
Never yet a queen had greet her.
But who comes now in trim array
So straight and proud,—tell me, pray?

Trees enter (carrying budded boughs of trees; they march and countermarch in simple march figures, while piano plays "Campbells are coming," or "Narcissus." They form in line, each saluting queen as he speaks his line.)

First boy:

The Maple gives us grateful shade;

Second boy:

The Laurel's honors never fade;

Third boy:

The Chestnut's flowers are fine to see;

Fourth boy:

But the Apple's are better, thinks the bee;

Fifth boy:

The Fir tree softly seems to sigh;

Sixth boy:

The Spruce lifts up its head so high;

Seventh boy:

The Elm tree's beauty you'll remark;

Eighth boy:

The Birch is proud of its silver bark;

Ninth boy:

The Cedar tree is stately and tall,

Tenth boy:

But the hale old Oak is king of all.

Trees in unison:

Arbor Day, your subjects loyal,
Give you greetings; hearty, royal.

(March to music to back of stage behind Flowers.)

Arbor Day.

Thank you, trees, from lowland and hill,
I appreciate your hearty good will,
Are others still coming to our fete?
We welcome them, though they be late.

Enter ten small girls (run in on tiptoe lightly, waving arms while the others sing.)

The birds are flying, tra-la, tra-la,
Their strong wings a-trying, tra-la, tra-la,

From east and west, they come with the rest,
For Springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la.

First girl (courtesies):

The Robin has a pretty vest,

Second girl:

The Bluebird sweetly sings his best;

Third girl:

The Bob-o-Link trills in its meadow home,

Fourth girl:

The Bluejay calls in a shrill loud tone,

Fifth girl:

The Blackbird sings in the tall marsh rushes,

Sixth girl:

But sweeter, softer, call the Thrushes,

Seventh girl:

The Oriole whistles from its swinging nest,

Eighth girl:

But the Song Sparrow sings the sweetest and best.

Ninth girl:

The Meadow Lark chants his mad, merry glee,

Tenth girl:

Woodpecker just taps, so busy is he.

In Unison:

Dear Arbor Day, your subjects loyal,
Give you greeting, hearty, royal.

Arbor Day:

A queen whose welcomed by the birds,
Feels joy too deep for idle words.
Dear friends, my subjects, it is May;
Let us sing Spring's roundelay.

(Here may be introduced groups of the charming flower songs by Mrs. Gaynor, bird songs by Nevin, simple folk dances, and appropriate Spring poems, etc., as part of the May Day fete.)

Arbor Day.

This day has been so full of pleasure,
I cannot yet my sadness measure.
And scatter our joyousness far and wide.

(Exit, first the Birds, then the Trees, the flowers, the School children, the Holidays, then Arbor Day and Chorus, singing.)

The birds are trilling, tra-la, tra-la,
Their glad songs are filling, tra-la, tra-la,
The wood and dale, the meadow and vale,
The Springtime is come, tra-la, tra-la.
The gentle May breeze, tra-la, tra-la,
Plays o'er the green leas, tra-la, tra-la,
Dandelions twinkle, violets sprinkle,
The sward 'neath the trees, tra-la, tra-la.
The garden flowers gay, tra-la, tra-la,
Are here to stay, tra-la, tra-la,
The rich red rosies and all the posies,
Say Springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la.

Springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la,
Brooklets run clear, tra-la, tra-la,
Birds are winging, flowers springing,
For Springtime is here, tra-la, tra-la.

(Simple costumes make this more effective. All the girls wear white gowns—Chorus has a simple Greek dress. Arbor Day a crown of flowers and scepter, her maids baskets of flowers; the flower girls wear chaplets of blossoms, artificial ones are best; The Holidays can wear appropriate dress; the School-Children enter as if from play with their baskets, dolls, flowers, fishing rods, etc.)

A BROKEN WING.

In front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing in her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And the sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the colored pane shines a glory,
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor,
That painted the wing of that bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem,
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing,
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the preacher is gentle;
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet,
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—*Selected.*

HUNTING THE WILD.

One Christmas, over forty years ago, my grandfather sent to me from Colorado a real Indian bow and arrows. It was a beautiful bow with a sinew string and wrapped in the middle and at the ends with sinews. The arrow-heads were iron spikes, bound in place with wrapping of fine sinews. The eagle feathers' tips were also bound with sinews.

It was a beautiful, snow-clad Christmas morning, and I remember how I yearned to go with this bow and arrows into the cedar grove to shoot the birds feeding there. This yearning must have expressed itself in some way, for I distinctly remember how a man with my bow and arrows led the way, and I in restrained delight followed him to the cedar grove. I remember how he maneuvered among the trees, and with keen eyes watched for an opportunity to make a shot.

He stopped, whispered to me, pointed to a bird in the trunk of a cedar. Raising the bow, it bent taut under his firm, cautious pull. "Whiz," went the arrow, and there, pinned to the tree with the iron spike, fluttered a hairy woodpecker. To my wondering child-mind it was a great feat—my inherent instinct for hunting the wild approved and applauded.

That very phase of human nature is what we are now trying to eliminate from the present and coming generation.

—Eugene Swope.



"HUNGRY HOLLOW."

WREN NOTES.

FROM NATURE AND CULTURE.

We have grown to expect at least one wren's nest on our porch or elsewhere in our yard each year; so, as usual, we put our boxes this Spring with notices, figuratively: "For wrens only—no sparrows need apply."

Knowing Jenny's fastidious taste, we furnish several boxes, thus giving her a choice. There is but little we would not do to induce her to live in our neighborhood, and it would be a great disappointment to us if she would not accept one of our houses, rent free.

This year, 1912, she carried twigs to three different boxes before she settled down to business. When this occurred, to our amusement, she went to the other two boxes for twigs, bringing them to the chosen site, instead of getting them from the ground, which for obvious reasons would have been much easier. Mr. Wren is not so hard to suit. Anything is good enough, in his estimation, much to the disgust of his spouse.

One day he made bold to select a box and carried in a few twigs to lay the "cornerstone" of a structure. Soon Mrs. Wren came upon the scene and in unmistakable language told him what she thought of him. Still scolding, this Xantippe of birds threw out the material he had brought, and, meekly submitting, he accepted her choice of a new location.

We always have to reckon with the sparrows—"avian rats," as some one has aptly called them. We do our best in helping Jenny drive them away by emptying out the stuff they bring in, by shooting them away, and even by use of the air gun. When absent one day for several hours we found, upon our return, the following things in the box: a rusty nail, an old safety pin, a hairpin, an elastic fixture, besides the usual bits of grass, weeds, sticks, roots, etc.

After emptying this out, it gave Mrs. Wren her inning once more, and she improved the opportunity; for she built an unusually fine nest, which is not altogether apparent in this illustration. The box containing the nest was placed upon a ledge of the porch and so could be easily taken down for inspection.

The material first used in the nest was twigs found under a nearby plum tree. Then it was lined with grass, horse hair, a blue jay's feather, some hen's feathers, and some cottony material like lint. Jenny finally



WE ARE SEVEN.

completed her boudoir by festooning a snake skin about it. When the nestlings began to walk about over the nest, this skin broke up into bits; so does not show in the picture.

This nest was begun May 4, and the first egg was laid May 12. One more egg was added each day until eight were counted. They began to hatch the 30th, thus celebrating Memorial Day. Seven eggs hatched and the little ones kept the old birds more than busy, early and late, feeding them.

First the tiniest little spiders and bugs were brought. Then came larger ones, and finally beetles, crickets, large spiders, etc., were dropped into the yawning mouths. So fast they grew, one could almost see the progress from day to day. They posed for this picture June 17, leaving the nest the 18th, and on the 19th the parent birds began their second nest in another box on the same porch.

The first egg was laid the 23rd, thus taking but four days in the construction of this nest, while the first required eight. As a matter of fact it was not so carefully made. This time only five eggs were laid, and at the present moment Mr. Wren is singing encouragement and appreciation to his brooding mate; and, although the thermometer registers 98° in the shade, his notes joyously ripple out loud and clear, not only to Jenny's delight, but to ours as well.

A COMPARISON.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the bumble bees,
A-knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease—
Up thar in the city.

For I don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man,
In walking hot bricks and using a fan,
And enjoying himself as he says he can—
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe, you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day,
In this kinder easy careless way,
But an hour out here's better'n a day—
Up thar in the city.

As for that, just look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
And the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down;
You don't find sech things as these in town—
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, sech things as these—
The flowers, the birds, and the bumble bees,
And a-livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease and do 's you please—
Make it better'n in the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-being rough,
And I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
And 'tween you and me, 'taint as tough—

As livin' in the city.

—*Selected.*

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



A SOLITARY GIANT THAT WILL SOON DISAPPEAR.

DAME NATURE'S RECIPE (APRIL).

Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.

Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.

Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

—*Selected.*

THE GROUSE.

HATTIE WASHBURN, GOODWIN, S.D.

"The grouse is a very fine bird." The sentence leaped out of the conversation and caught my wandering attention. With a quick smile I looked toward our rather corpulent guest across the table. I love birds, and a word in their praise ever fills me with pleasure, not alone because one delights in the praise of whatever he cherishes, but because the expression of such a sentiment indicates that the speaker is one who will befriend the birds or at least leave them unmolested.

"Take them when they are properly prepared," our guest continued, and I lowered my eyes to my plate in disgust. He appreciated their value only as a palatable dish to feed his fat body or possibly as a target for his gun.

Such is the general attitude, it would seem, toward the grouse family, from the ruffled grouse of the wooded portions of the Eastern States to the prairie chicken of our vast plains, the dusky grouse of the mountain regions of the West and all their related species.

The drumming of the ruffled grouse so harmoniously breaking the stillness of the woodland is dear to the nature-lover; no sound is more characteristic of the prairies than the prairie chicken's melodious booking that echoes afar like the low notes of a vast organ; the dusky grouse's booming call, that may seem to come from a distance even when the bird is near by, has its place in the great symphony of nature, yet these musical sounds are being steadily and relentlessly silenced by the gun of the sportsman. By this silencing that costs the lives of countless hundreds of innocent and harmless birds, the agriculturist is being robbed of one of his most powerful allies in the endless battle against insects.

Nature has given the grouse tribe large, palatable bodies and characteristics which render them easy marks for the hunter, with only zest enough to the quest to make these birds what sportsmen call "good game." She has also endowed the grouse with food habits which should cause them to live and multiply under the protection of man. The former characteristics, however, seem most strongly to attract mankind in general, and the grouse is known as game rather than the insect-eating bird that it is.

Laws have been made for the protection of the pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, and others of their tribe. These laws have been enforced and have aided materially in the great work of bird-protection. They have also, it is regrettable to state, been violated and ignored. Too often the land owner is too lenient; being blinded to his own interests or being keenly alive to the need of protecting the grouse within his realm, is powerless to act because of lack of evidence.

The prairie hen nests upon the ground, choosing her own nesting site, performing the duties of incubation, and rearing her young unaided by the cock. There are few wooers in bird-life so ardent as the pinnated grouse, yet he that joins in the mating ceremony of booming morning after morning on some chosen booming-ground or fiercely contests with other males for the favor of the chosen one deserts her soon after the winning.

Thus the eggs and young, having only one protector, are unduly exposed. Since they are always on the ground until the young are able to fly their loss is great. It is estimated that half of the prairie hens' eggs are destroyed by fire, water and other causes. Wet seasons are very injurious to the prairie chicks, and at all times they are in danger from skunks and other prowlers, save through the cunning and courageous protection of their devoted mother.

These unavoidable dangers should appeal to the farmer to render the prairie chicken his kindness and protection whenever he can. He has few, if any, greater allies, for during the rearing of the young and throughout the summer the food of the prairie chicken consists principally of insects, chiefly of the destructive grasshopper. During the winter they feed upon weed-seed and scattered grain. Of course, at times the prairie chickens make slight inroads upon the crops, but these are many times repaid by the noxious weed-seeds they destroy.

The wild rose is one of the most beautiful flowers on the prairie. It is also one of the most troublesome weeds, in the destruction of which the prairie chicken has no superior, for one of their principal foods in winter is the wild rose fruit.

The beneficial characteristics of the prairie chicken, varied by environment and ensuing tendencies of the birds, hold true of the entire grouse family. Wherever found, the grouse are considered good game birds. Were their good works in the destruction of weeds and insects as well known as is their desirability for the table or for targets for the sportsmen, they would be regarded as one of the most valuable among the agriculturist's feathered friends.

BUNNY.



There was once a little bunny,
In a little wooden hutch;
He'd a happy little master,
And he loved him very much.

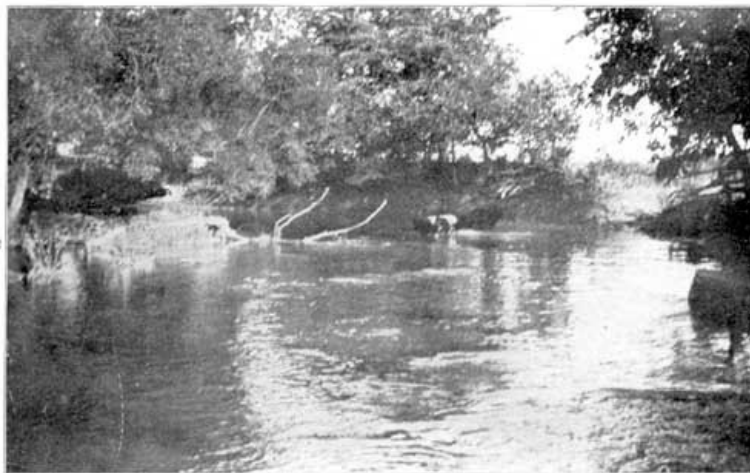
But that bunny wasn't happy,
Tho' he'd such a pleasant home,
For he thought 'twould be much nicer
In the world outside to roam.

So he asked the pretty ponies,
And both answered with a neigh,
"Don't be silly; we should miss you,
If you were to run away."

So that foolish little bunny
Whispered, "Thank you, very much,"
And went back again, contented,
To his little wooden hutch.



A SUMMER SCENE IN MERCER COUNTY.



A BRANCH OF THE MAUMEE.

OHIO'S PIONEER TREE-PLANTER.

By CLEMENT L. MARTZOLFF, OHIO UNIVERSITY, ATHENS, OHIO.

In the year 1806, a man living in Jefferson County, happened to look out upon the Ohio River one day when he saw floating down with the tide a strange looking craft. It consisted of two ordinary canoes lashed together. The crew was one very oddly-dressed man and the cargo comprised racks of appleseeds. This singular man was John Chapman, better known as "Johnny Appleseed," from his penchant for gathering apple-seeds at the cider-presses in western Pennsylvania, bringing them to Ohio, planting them at suitable places, so when the pioneer came he would find an abundance of young apple trees ready for planting.

This was the mission of "Johnny Appleseed" who conscientiously believed it had been heaven sent. He was deeply religious and his faith taught him he could live as complete a life in thus serving his fellow-men, as in perhaps some higher (?) sphere of usefulness. Certainly the result of his labors proved a great blessing to the Ohio pioneer.

Very little is known of Johnny Appleseed before he came to Ohio. He was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, in the opening of the Revolutionary War, 1775. As a boy he loved to roam the woods, searching for plants and flowers. He was a lover of nature in all its forms. He studied the birds as well as the flowers. He loved the song of the brook as he did that of the birds. At night he would lie upon his back and gaze into the sky and whether he studied flowers or stars, brooks or birds, he saw God's hand-writing in them all. It is thought he came westward with his half-brother about the year 1801, and located somewhere about Pittsburgh. His father, Nathaniel Chapman, shortly afterward became one of the residents of Marietta and later moved to Duck Creek, in Washington county, where he died. "Johnny" never spoke much about his previous life. It was said by some that he had been once disappointed in love and this accounted for his never marrying and for living the life he did. This is not probable. Such stories are told about every old bachelor and since they are so common, they lose their value.

What educational advantages our tree-planter enjoyed, we do not know, either. But it is certain he possessed a fair knowledge of the rudiments of learning. He was a great reader for one of his time and his mode of life, and moreover, he was a clear thinker.

There are some who would call "Johnny Appleseed" "queer;" others, "freakish;" again, "eccentric," etc. This peculiar, odd personage may be described by all these terms. But the ruling passion of his life was to plant apple-seeds, because he loved to see trees grow and because he loved his fellow-men. The world has often been made better because there was a man who possessed but one idea, and he worked it for all it was worth.

"Johnny's" methods were to keep up with the van of pioneerdom and move along with it to the westward. So we find him in the early years of the century in western Pennsylvania, then in Ohio, and after forty-five years of service to mankind, he dies and is buried near Ft. Wayne in Indiana.

His nurseries were usually located in the moist land along some stream. Here he would plant the seeds, surround the patch with a brush fence and wander off to plant another one elsewhere. Returning at intervals to prune and care for them, he would soon have thrifty trees growing all over the country.

He did not plant these trees for money, but the pioneer got them oftentimes for old clothes, although his usual price for each tree was "a fip-penny-bit."

The first nursery Johnny planted in Ohio was on George's Run in Jefferson county. Others he planted along the river front, when he moved into the interior of the state. For years he lived in a little rude hut in Richland county near the present town of Perrysville, from where he operated his nurseries in the counties of Richland, Ashland, Wayne, Knox, and Tuscarawas.

On his journeys across the country he usually camped in the woods, although the pioneer latch-string was always hanging out for "Apple-seed John." He carried his cooking utensils with him. His mush-pan serving him for a hat. When he would accept the hospitality of a friend, he preferred making his bed on the floor. He wore few clothes and went bare-footed the most of his time, even when the weather was quite cold. For a coat a coffee sack with holes cut for neck and arms was ample.

There were plenty of Indians in those days and they were troublesome, too, since several massacres occurred in that region. But they never did any harm to our hero. No doubt they thought he was quite a "Medicine Man." Once, during the War of 1812, when the red-men were at their depredations and all the people were flocking to the Mansfield block-house for protection, it was necessary to get a message to Mt.

Vernon, asking for the assistance of the militia. It was thirty miles away and the trip had to be made in the night. Johnny volunteered his services. Bare-footed and bare-headed he made his way along the forest trails, where wild animals and probably wild Indians were lurking. The next morning he had returned and with him was the needed help.

He loved everything that lived. He harmed no animal, and if he found any that were wounded or mis-treated, he would care for them as best he could. Once when a snake had bitten him, he instinctively killed it. He never quite forgave himself for this "ungodly passion."

He, as has already been stated, was deeply religious. He was a disciple of Emanuel Swedenborg, and he always carried some religious books about with him, in the bosom of his shirt. These books he would give away. Often he would divide a book into several pieces, so it would go farther. When he visited the pioneers, he would always hold worship and discuss religious subjects with them.

But Johnny was getting old. The first trees he planted had for years been bearing fruit. Still he kept planting and caring for new nurseries. Once in Ft. Wayne he heard that some cattle had broken into one of them and were destroying his trees. The distance was twenty miles. He started at once to protect his property. It was in the early spring of 1845. The weather was raw and the trip was too much for him. He sought shelter at a pioneer home, partook of a bowl of bread and milk for his supper, and before retiring for the night as usual held worship.

The family never forgot that evening. How the simple-minded old man read from the Book, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Then he prayed and as he spoke with God, he grew eloquent. His words made a deep impression on all who heard him.

In the morning he was found to have a high fever. Pneumonia had developed during the night. A physician was called, but the age of the man and the exposure to which he had subjected himself for so many years were against him. With the sunshine of joy and satisfaction upon his countenance as though his dying eyes were already looking into the new Jerusalem, "God's finger touched him and he slept."

So he kept traveling, far and wide,
'Till his old limbs failed him and he died.
He said, at last: "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done some good in the world, though not a great deal."

Weary travelers journeying West,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest,
And often they start with glad surprise
At the rosy fruit that around them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze?
The reply still comes as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by Appleseed John."

(From "Appleseed John" by Maria Child.)

Grandpa stopped, and from the grass at our feet,
Picked up an apple, large, juicy, and sweet;
Then took out his jack-knife, and, cutting a slice,
Said, as we ate it, "Isn't it nice
To have such apples to eat and enjoy?
Well, there weren't very many when I was a boy,
For the country was new—e'en food was scant;
We had hardly enough to keep us from want,
And this good man, as he rode around,
Oft eating and sleeping upon the ground,
Always carried and planted appleseeds—
Not for himself, but for others' needs.
The appleseeds grew, and we, to-day,
Eat of the fruit planted by the way.
While Johnny—bless him—is under the sod—
His body is—ah! he is with God;
For, child, though it seemed a trifling deed,
For a man just to plant an appleseed,

The apple-tree's shade, the flowers, the fruit,
Have proved a blessing to man and to brute.
Look at the orchards throughout the land,
All of them planted by old Johnny's hand.
He will forever remembered be;
I would wish to have all so think of me."

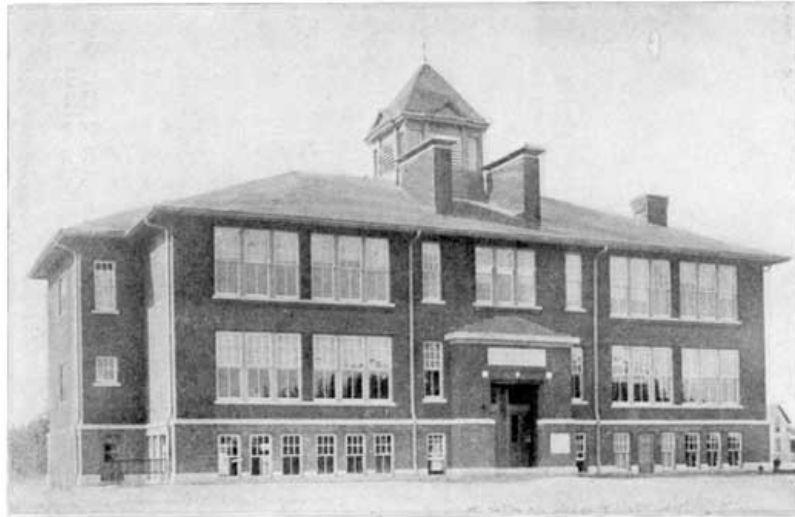
Bibliography of John Chapman.

Howe's History of Ohio, Vol. II, p. 484.

Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society Publications, Vol. VI, p. 290. Vol. IX, p. 301.

"Philip Seymour" or "Pioneer Life in Richland County" by Rev. James F. McGraw.

"The Quest of John Chapman" by Newell Dwight Hillis.



JACKSON TOWNSHIP, PICKAWAY COUNTY, CENTRALIZED SCHOOL BUILDING.

WHY STUDY BIRDS?

A Cincinnati teacher in one of the big intermediate schools recently discussed with her class the question of studying birds. She reminded them that they are city children living in a densely populated district, and that they could hardly expect to see the live birds unless they went into the country, but agreed to forming a bird-study class if the children could give good reasons for doing so.

One child called attention to the fact that they read and studied about many things all over the world that they never hoped to see, why not about birds also? One boy thought it just as necessary for city children to know what was to be seen in the country, as for country children to know what could be seen in the city. There were other reasons offered equally as good, but behind it all was a real live desire, a natural desire, that need give no reasons for its existence, to learn something about the wild birds. The teacher saw this, and being one who realizes that schools are maintained for the benefit of children rather than that children are born and reared to serve a school system, consented to the organization of a Junior Audubon Class.

Bird study in some measure should be given to every class in every school, city and country. Not just because it is new, not just because it is a branch of the now popular nature-study, not just because the children are eager for it, all of which are good reasons, but because of the great need of a national change of attitude toward the wild birds if we are to succeed in preserving this absolutely essential part of our

TROOP OF WINTER BIRDS LED BY CAPTAIN NUT-HATCH.

H. W. WEISGERBER.

From Nature and Culture.

How many of the boys that roam the winter woods appreciate the services of the white-breasted nut-hatch? He is the captain of the small troop of winter resident birds, and where his "yank", "yank", is heard there are the other birds also. Sometimes he is far in advance of the troop, but the small company of followers press on and go where he leads.

In the winter birds are not as common as during the summer, and the bird student sometimes tramps a long ways before he sees one of any kind. Then, all of a sudden he hears the call-note of the nut-hatch, and if he is wise, he will follow it up until he comes upon the company, which will not be far away from where the nut-hatch is heard.

Sometimes only three species are found, but generally four different kinds of birds make up the small company that road the woods together. These four are the white-breasted nuthatch, tufted titmouse, downy woodpecker, and the merry little chickadee. What a happy, contented quartet they are!

One cold and cloudy November morning I thought I had caught a pair of nuthatches that had betrayed their trust. I had followed an old rail fence that bordered a weedy cornfield next to an open woods, and the only birds seen were a few juncos and tree sparrows. After walking about thirty rods, a pair of nuthatches were found; the next ten minutes were spent listening and looking for the other birds that should have been about. None were seen or heard. I was about to make a note of the fact; but, it being a cold, windy morning, I deferred this part, and moved on in order to get warm. I paralleled my first walk by keeping in the woods along the fence, waiting for the troop to come. I had not gone many rods until a note was heard, then a titmouse came in sight, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by titmice, downy woodpeckers, chickadees, and a number of golden-crowned kinglets. Altogether there were twenty-five or more of the little fellows, and they moved so fast that I did not get to see them all, so I followed them to the place where I first saw the nuthatches. Here was where white-breasted was christened "Captain Nuthatch."

FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound;
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," said Farmer John,
 And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
And the old cow lows at the gate to greet him,
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.
 "Well, well, old Bay,
 Ha, ha, old Gray,
Do you get good food when I'm away?"

"You haven't a rib," says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
 We'll ween the calf in a week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off—

To call you again about the trough,
And watch you and pat you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think;"
 And he pats old Bay,
 And he slaps old Gray,
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

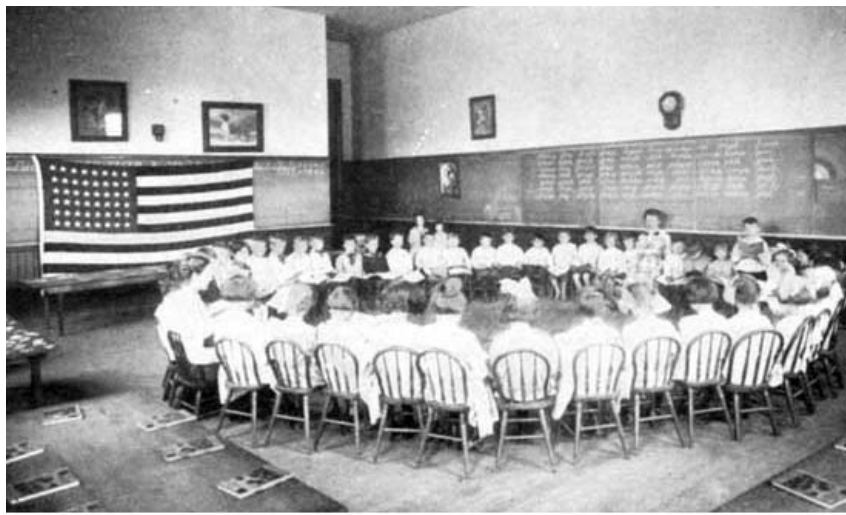
"For, after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home;
I've seen great sights but I would not give
This spot and the peaceful life I live
 For all their Paris and Rome;
These hills for the city's stifled air
And big hotels and bustle and glare;
Lands all houses, and roads all stone
That deafen your ears and batter your bones!
 Would you, old Bay?
 Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away."

"There Money is king," says Farmer John,
"And Fashion is queen, and it's very queer
To see how sometimes when the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
 The wife spends, every year,
Enough you would think for a score of wives
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chat," said Farmer John.
 "You see, old Bay,
 You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found this out," said Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgages, stocks and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes and noble ends,
Some land to till and a few good friends,
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John—
Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and pats their flanks;
The doves light round him and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too;
 And you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

—*Trowbridge.*



THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS FIRST GRADE CHILDREN ENJOYING THE BEST OF SCHOOL OPPORTUNITIES.



A SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

BIRD STUDY.

W. H. WISMAN, NEW PARIS, OHIO.

In order to carry on the work of bird study with any degree of success, experience has taught me that the subject must continually be kept before the pupils in all of its phases. This means actual work among the birds, with eyes sharpened for every movement and ears tuned to every sound.

The first essential, I think, is for the pupil to know the bird by sight—that is, at close range—and to be able to give a minute description, paying attention to details in markings, especially in cases where distinctive markings determine the species.

Our work in autumn consists in a sharp lookout for the warblers that are returning toward the Southland at the beginning of the school term. This requires careful observation, and pupils are encouraged to be watchful at this time and report any small bird they may be able to find on their way to or from school, or at home. A record is kept, and pupils are urged to compete for the longest list of different species.

Later in the season, when the leaves are well off the trees, we start a nest-hunting contest, the object being to see who can find the greatest number of nests in a specified time. Samples of nests are secured and put up in the school room.



When cold weather comes the question of food supply is considered. Shelters for the birds are constructed, and feeding places are prepared. One method is to place a feeding board outside a south window, and fastening a good-sized branch of a tree outside the window, upon which pieces of suet are fastened. The remains of the children's lunches, together with seeds, kernels of nuts, etc., are placed upon the board, and birds soon learn to come to the banquet prepared for them. The pupils are urged to go home and do likewise.

Monthly bird lists are kept, showing the kinds of birds that may be seen each month, and pupils are required to keep note-books in which anything of interest may be noted.

In the spring the question of housing the birds is considered, and pupils are taught to construct simple bird houses, and all are interested in placing these boxes about their homes.

In connection with this field work, attention is given to the literature upon this subject. Scrap-books are kept, and any article relating to birds found in papers or magazines is clipped and pasted in this book.

We have in the school room over one hundred and fifty pictures in colors of the birds to be found in this section of the State, and using these as a basis, I give frequent "lectures" on the habits or any other points of interest concerning these birds.

The pupils are very enthusiastic in the work, and the influence has not only extended throughout the entire district, but other teachers and pupils in the surrounding districts have caught the spirit and much is being done along this line throughout the township.

—Reprint from Nature and Culture.

THE WHITE BIRCH.

BY CHARLES DEGARMO.

Have you seen the white birch in the spring, in the Spring?
When the sunlight gleams upon her branches in the spring?
When her green leaves, young and tender,
Through their soft concealment render
Glimpses of her outlines slender in the spring.

Have you seen her wave her branches in the spring, in the
spring?

Wave those airy, milk-white branches in the spring?
As they glisten in the light
Of a day divinely bright
When to see them is delight, in the spring.

Have you seen the sunbeams glancing in the spring, in the
spring?
Glancing on her leaflets glossy in the spring?
When the wind sets them in motion,
Like the ripples on the ocean,
And they stir our fond devotion, in the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring, in the spring,
Half the beauty of the birches in the spring.
Past their tops of silver sheen
In the distance far are seen
Blue-tinged hills in living green, in the spring.

—After Wm. Martin.



NOTICE THE SPREADING BRANCHES OF THIS TREE.

v

BLUE.

BY CHARLES DEGARMO.

There's plentiful blue in the midst of the green;
For blue are the joys that chatter and preen;
The blue bells all nod and sway with the breeze;
Blue-tinged are the hills that border the scene,
And blue birds sing low of nests in the trees.

In the land of the North
When the bird's on the wing,
Then the blue in the woods
Is a charm of the spring.

On waters of blue where soft breezes blow,
With sunshine above and shadow below,
My boat sails the bay, with naught to annoy,
For two^[1] that I love sit close as we go,
And laughing blue eyes that mirror with joy.
Far away to the South,

Where the warm tropics lie,
There the blue of the sea
Is the blue of the sky.

—From the Author's forthcoming book, "An Aesthetic View of the World."

1

The Author's little granddaughters.

SUNRISE NEVER FAILS.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away,
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joys once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

—*Celia Thaxter.*



NEW WASHINGTON, CRAWFORD COUNTY, HIGH SCHOOL.

WHO—OO—

I wonder if you have ever heard

Of the queer, little, dismal Whiney-bird,
 As black as a crow, as glum as an owl—
 A most peculiar kind of a fowl?
 He is oftenest seen on rainy days,
 When children are barred from outdoor plays;
 When the weather is bright and the warm sun shines,
 Then he flies far away to the gloomy pines,
 Dreary-looking, indeed, is his old black cloak,
 And his whiney cry makes the whole house blue—
 "There's nothing to do—oo! there's nothing to do—oo!"
 Did you ever meet this doleful bird?
 He's found where the children are, I've heard,
 Now, who can he be? It can't be you.
 But who is the Whiney-bird? Who—oo? Who—oo?

—*Jean Halifax in St. Nicholas.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

BY MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.

The National Association of Audubon Societies Educational Leaflet No. 24.

Who dares write of the Bluebird, thinking to add a fresher tint to his plumage, a new tone to his melodious voice, or a word of praise to his gentle life, that is as much a part of our human heritage and blended with our memories as any other attribute of home?

Not I, surely, for I know him too well and each year feel myself more spellbound and mute by the memories he awakens. Yet I would repeat his brief biography, lest there be any who, being absorbed by living inward, have not yet looked outward and upward to this poet of the sky and earth and the fullness and goodness thereof.

The Bluebird's Country. For the Bluebird was the first of all poets,—even before man had blazed a trail in the wilderness or set up the sign of his habitation and tamed his thoughts to wear harness and travel to measure. And so he came to inherit the earth before man, and this, our country, is all The Bluebird's County, for at some time of the year he roves about it from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Mexico to Nova Scotia, though westward, after he passes the range of the Rocky Mountains, he wears a different dress and bears other longer names.

The Bluebird's Travels. In spite of the fact that our eastern Bluebird is a home-body, loving his nesting haunt and returning to it year after year, he is an adventurous traveler. Ranging all over the eastern United States at some time in the season, this bird has its nesting haunts at the very edge of the Gulf States and upward, as far north as Manitoba and Nova Scotia.

When the breeding season is over, the birds travel sometimes in family groups and sometimes in large flocks, moving southward little by little, according to season and food-supply, some journeying as far as Mexico, others lingering through the middle and southern states. The Bluebirds that live in our orchards in summer are very unlikely to be those that we see in the same place in winter days. Next to the breeding impulse, the migrating instinct seems to be the strongest factor of bird life. When the life of the home is over, Nature whispers, "To wing, up and on!" So a few of the Bluebirds who have nested in Massachusetts may be those who linger in New Jersey, while those whose breeding haunts were in Nova Scotia, drift downward to fill their places in Massachusetts. But the great mass of even those birds we call winter residents go to the more southern parts of their range every winter, those who do not being but a handful in comparison.

"What does this great downward journey of autumn mean?" you ask. What is the necessity for migration among a class of birds that are able to find food in fully half of the annual range? Why do birds seek extremes for nesting sites? This is a question about which the wise men have many theories, but they are still groping. One theory is that once the whole country had a more even climate and that many species of birds lived all the year in places that are now unsuitable for a permanent residence. Therefore, the home instinct being so strong, though they were driven from their

nesting sites by scarcity of food and stress of weather, their instinct led them back as soon as the return of spring made it possible.

Thus the hereditary love of the place where they were given life may underlie the great subject of migration in general and that of the Bluebird's home in particular.

The Bluebird at Home. Before more than the first notes of spring song have sounded in the distance, Bluebirds are to be seen by twos and threes about the edge of old orchards along open roads, where the skirting trees have crumbled or decaying knot-holes have left tempting nooks for the tree-trunk birds, with whom the Bluebird may be classed. For, though he takes kindly to a bird-box, or a convenient hole in a fencepost, telegraph pole or outbuilding, a tree hole must have been his first home and consequently he has a strong feeling in its favor.

As with many other species of migrant birds, the male is the first to arrive; and he does not seem to be particularly interested in house-hunting until the arrival of the female, when the courtship begins without delay, and the delicate purling song with the refrain, "Dear, dear, think of it, think of it," and the low, two-syllabled answer of the female is heard in every orchard. The building of the nest is not an important function,—merely gathering of a few wisps and straws, with some chance feathers for lining. It seems to be shared by both parents, as are the duties of hatching and feeding the young. The eggs vary in number, six being the maximum, and they are not especially attractive, being of so pale a blue that it is better to call them a bluish white. Two broods are usually raised each year, though three are said to be not uncommon; for Bluebirds are active during a long season, and, while the first nest is made before the middle of April, last year a brood left the box over my rose arbor September 12, though I do not know whether this was a belated or a prolonged family arrangement.

As parents the Bluebirds are tireless, both in supplying the nest with insect food and attending to its sanitation; the wastage being taken away and dropped at a distance from the nest at almost unbelievable short intervals, proving the wonderful rapidity of digestion and the immense amount of labor required to supply the mill inside the little speckled throats with grist.

The young Bluebirds are spotted thickly on throat and back, after the manner of the throat of their cousin, the Robin, or, rather, the back feathers are spotted, the breast feathers having dusky edges, giving a speckled effect.

The study of the graduations of plumage of almost any brightly colored male bird from its first clothing until the perfectly matured feather of its breeding season, is in itself, a science and a subject about which there are many theories and differences of opinion by equally distinguished men.

The Food of the Bluebird. The food of the nestling Bluebird is insectivorous, or, rather to be more exact, I should say animal; but the adult birds vary their diet at all seasons by eating berries and small fruits. In autumn and early winter, cedar and honeysuckle berries, the grape-like cluster of fruit of the poison ivy, bittersweet and catbrier berries are all consumed according to their needs.

Professor Beal, of the Department of Agriculture, writes, after a prolonged study, that 76 per cent. of the Bluebird's food "consists of insects and their allies, while the other 24 per cent. is made up of various vegetable substances, found mostly in stomachs taken in winter. Beetles constitute 28 per cent. of the whole food, grasshoppers 22, caterpillars 11, and various insects, including quite a number of spiders, comprise the remainder of the insect diet. All these are more or less harmful, except a few predaceous beetles, which amount to 8 per cent., but in view of the large consumption of grasshoppers and caterpillars, we can at least condone this offense, if such it may be called. The destruction of grasshoppers is very noticeable in the months of August and September, when these insects form more than 60 per cent. of the diet."

It is not easy to tempt Bluebirds to an artificial feeding-place, such as I keep supplied with food for Juncos, Chickadees, Woodpeckers, Nuthatches, Jays, etc.; though in winter they will eat dried currants and make their own selection from mill sweepings if scattered about the trees of their haunts. For, above all things, the Bluebird, though friendly and seeking the borderland between the wild and the tame, never becomes familiar, and never does he lose the half-remote individuality that is one of his great charms. Though he lives with us and gives no sign of pride of birth or race, he is not of us, as the Song Sparrow, Chippy or even the easily alarmed Robin. The poet's mantle envelopes him even as the apple blossoms throw a rosy mist about his doorway, and it is best so.

THE BLUEBIRDS.

1. EASTERN BLUEBIRD (*SIALIA SIALIS*)

Adult male.—Length 7 inches. Upper parts, wings and tail bright blue; breast and sides rusty, reddish brown, belly white. *Adult female*.—Similar to the male, but upper parts except the upper tail coverts, duller, gray or brownish blue, the breast and sides paler. *Nestling*.—Wings and tail essentially like those of adult, upper parts dark sooty brown, the back spotted with whitish; below, whitish, but the feathers of the breast and sides widely margined with brown, producing a spotted appearance. This plumage is soon followed by the fall or winter plumage, in which the blue feathers of the back are fringed with rusty, and young and old birds are then alike in color.

Range.—Eastern United States west to the Rocky Mountains; nests from the Gulf States to Manitoba and Nova Scotia; winters from southern New England southward.

1a. AZURE BLUEBIRD (*SIALIA SIALIS AZUREA*).

Similar to the Eastern Bluebird, but breast paler, upper parts lighter, more cerulean blue.

Range.—Mountains of eastern Mexico north to southern Arizona.

2. WESTERN BLUEBIRD (*SIALIA MEXICANA OCCIDENTALIS*).

Adult male.—Above deep blue, the foreback in part chestnut; throat blue, breast and sides chestnut, the belly bluish grayish.

Adult Female.—Above grayish blue, chestnut of back faintly indicated, throat grayish blue, breast rusty, paler than in male, belly grayish.

Range.—Pacific coast region from northern Lower California north to British Columbia, east to Nevada.

2a. CHESTNUT-BACKED BLUEBIRD (*SIALIA MEXICANA ANABELAE*).

Similar to the Western Bluebird, but foreback wholly chestnut.

Range.—Rocky Mountain region from Mexico north to Wyoming.

2b. SAN PEDRO BLUEBIRD (*SIALIA MEXICANA ANABELAE*).

Similar to the Western Bluebird, but back with less chestnut.

Range.—San Pedro Martir mountains, Lower California.

3. MOUNTAIN BLUEBIRD (*SIALIA ARCTICA*).

Adult male.—Almost wholly blue, above beautiful cerulean, below paler, belly whitish. *Adult female*.—Above brownish gray, upper tail coverts, wings and tail bluish below pale fawn, belly whitish.

Range.—Western United States from Rocky Mountains to Sierras, and from New Mexico north to the Great Slave Lake region.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sen'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

—Ben Johnson.



A TREE THAT STANDS IN THE OPEN COUNTRY HAS A HARD STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

DON'T FORGET THE TREE.

(A POEM FOR ARBOR DAY.)

How beautiful is the lordly tree
That scatters cooling shade!
The landscape, O how fair and free
By loving Nature made;
The birds that build in leafy bough
Hail each returning spring,
And in the emerald forests now
They make the Welkin ring.

The tree we plant in years becomes
A monarch old and gray,
And thousands from unbuilded homes
Will bless our Arbor Day;
We plant not for the present time,
But for the days in store.
And those who come from distant clime
Will bless us o'er and o'er.

Hail Arbor Day! With busy hands
With cheerful hearts and free
We come in Nature; loving hands
To plant the bush or tree;
Unto the wide extending plain,
Or to the sun scorched way
We bring the cooling shade again
With joy this Arbor Day.

DON'T FORGET THE TREE.

Where halts the pilgrim for an hour
Let some tree rear its head,
Our work can greet him with a flower,
Or luscious fruit instead;
Plant for the dawning years a tree,
'Twill not be labor lost;
You'll live to bless the day and see
How little was the cost.

Plant trees upon the barren hill
And in the village street,
And shade the little sunny rill
Whose song is rich and sweet;
Where there's a will there is a way.
So let the children come
And plant a tree this Arbor Day—
A tree that stands for Home.

Methinks the rose will fairer bloom
Upon the bush we set,
And softer be its perfume
Above its coronet;
Let every child in Freedom's land
Hail Arbor Day with glee,
And plant with every busy hand
A shrub, a bush or tree.

God made the many trees for shade,
So plant one on this day,
In field, in town, in glen and glade
They yield a gentle sway;
In troops let all the children come
With music, song and cheer;
For Arbor Day is near to Home,
And Home is always dear.

Go plant a tree where none is found,
Make bright some treeless spot,
And as the ceaseless years go round
You will not be forgot;
From hill to hill, from shore to shore,
Let hands forget their play,
And men will bless forevermore
Our sacred Arbor Day.

—T. C. Harbaugh.



ALONG THE MAUMEE.



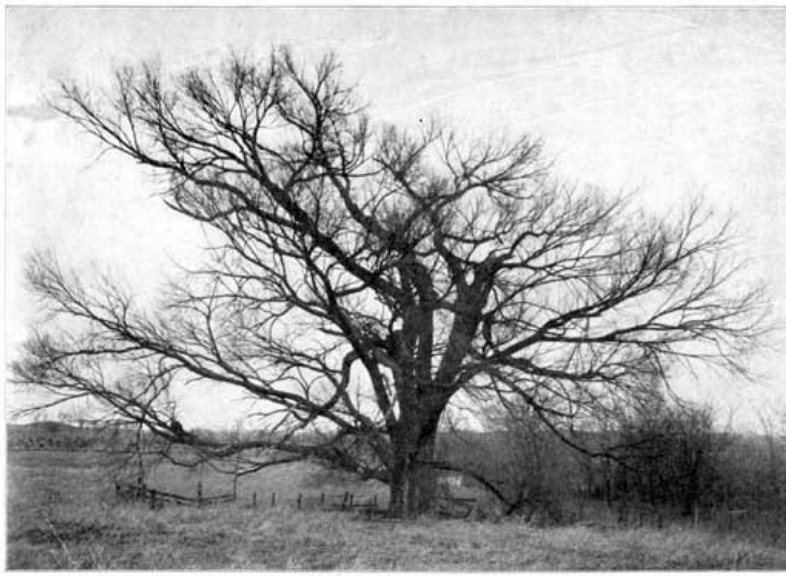
THE THOUGHTLESS LUMBER-MAN LEAVES AN UNCANNY WAKE.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Ere the latest snow of Springtime
Leaves the shelter of the woodlands;
While it still in every hollow
Waits with a wavering indecision,
Loath to vanish at the mandate
Of the swiftly conquering sunshine—
Then the Spirit of the Springtime
Comes with gentle exorcism.

'Tis the arbutus, frail beauty,
Pale with fright, yet blushing rosy
At the simple joy of living,
And before her modest presence
Harsh winds calm their fiercest bluster,
And the last resisting armies
Of the Snow-king quickly vanish.
Then she sends her sweetest fragrance
Upward, like a breath of incense,
To the sun, who cheers and thanks her
With his warmest, grateful kisses.

—*Mary Nowlan Wittwer, Adelphi, Ohio.*



MANY TIMES "THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN."

THE LOGAN ELM.

The Logan Elm, about six miles from Circleville, with five acres of park surrounding it, is now the property of the Ohio Historical and Archaeological Society, having been transferred to that organization by the Pickaway Historical Association on October 2, 1912. It is altogether proper that this historic tree and ground should become the property of Ohio so that every person in our commonwealth may feel a proprietary interest in this spot and all that it means.

We have traveled far on the pathway of civilization since the day when the Chief of the Mingoës made this spot memorable by his native eloquence, but we do well to look back, now and again, to these landmarks so as to catch a view of the road over which we have come. Such a view gives us courage and spirit for the journey that lies before us for we are made to feel that since we have done this much we shall be able to do even more and better.

In his historical collections Howe says of the speech of Logan: "It was repeated throughout the North American Colonies as a lesson of eloquence in the schools, and copied upon the pages of literary journals in Great Britain and the Continent. This brief effusion of mingled pride, courage and sorrow, elevated the character of the native American throughout the intelligent world; and the place where it was delivered can never be forgotten so long as touching eloquence is admired by men."

This being true, it is quite fitting that the schools shall place this speech in the category of eloquence and give the children to know that real eloquence is the expression of deep and sincere emotion. The Logan Elm remains to us the visible symbol of an example of this sort of eloquence and our celebration of Arbor Day will be all the more inspiring if all the children come to know the meaning of this tree and feel the real eloquence of the speech.

The version of the speech here given is found in Jefferson's Notes and is as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meats; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even any women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

LITTLE DOG TRAY.

When at the close of a wearisome day
Homeward disheartened, you moodily stray,
What would you take for your little dog Tray?
Take for the wag of his tail?

Sitting alone at the old picket gate,
Little dog Tray will patiently wait
Watching: No matter if early or late
Slow is the wag of his tail.

Look! see him start as a form comes in view!
What has the dog with that vision to do?
How does he tell that he knows it is you?
Just by the wag of his tail.

Oh, the wild glee in his rhythmical song
Sung in the motion that keeps him along!
Is it a love that he bears for the throng?
Judge by the wag of his tail.

Swift as the wind he has run to your side,
Eager and happy to show you his pride;
Bounding aloft, then ahead as your guide
Merrily wagging his tail.

No one may know why he loves you so well
Nor if your voice or your face weave the spell
But that he loves you his actions will tell,
Such as the wag of his tail.

Loves you and shares in your hunger and thirst
Riches and poverty, landed or cursed,
Always the same, for the best or the worst
Proved by the wag of his tail.

Love such as his will abide to the end,
Do what you will, distort your ways you may wend,
Hardships and knocks but insure him your friend
Shown by the wag of his tail.

Curse him—he lies at your feet to adore!
Strike him—he loves you the same as before!
Violent blows—snap your finger! Once more
There is the wag of his tail.

Watchful he sits at your side in repose
Loyal before you he stealthily goes
Eager to champion your cause with your foes
Told by the wag of his tail.

Friendship may fade and earth's love may grow cold
Chains such as these oft are flimsiest mold,
Love of the dog for his master will hold
Long as the wag of his tail.

Not as a peer, neither cringing like slave
One solemn boon, as the last he may crave,
Little dog Tray sits and moans on your grave
Sad is the way of his tail.

When at the close of a wearisome day
Homeward, disheartened, you moodily stray,
What would you take for your little dog Tray?
Take for the wag of his tail?



LADY BETTY.

A KIPLING TRIBUTE.

"Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie
Perfect passion and worship fed,
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head,
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumor, or fits,
And the "Vet's" unspoken presentation runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find, its your own affair
That — — — you've given your heart for a dog to tear."

—By Lee A. Dollinger.

"MAN'S BEST FRIEND."

Senator Vest had been retained as the Attorney of a man whose dog had been wantonly shot by a neighbor. The plaintiff demanded \$200.00.

When Vest finished speaking the jury awarded \$500.00 without leaving their seats. This is what he said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most.

"A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He will guard the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains.

"When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love, as the sun on its journey through the heavens. If misfortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

"There is but one drawback to a dog's friendship,
It does not last long enough."

—*Van Dyke.*

THE REDSTARTS.

CORDELIA J. STANWOOD, ELLSWORTH, ME.

Reprints from *Nature and Culture*.

The redstart is one of the most beautiful of the warblers. It flutters through the branches like the sunbeams through the dancing leaves; again, it suggests a darting flame or a gorgeous autumn-leaf tossed hither and thither by the wind.

The redstart winters in the tropics—Mexico, South America, and the West Indies—but nests in almost every part of North America east of the Rockies. The female models an exquisite statant, increment nest, well set down in the crotch of a tree, but the kind of a tree selected and the materials used vary in different localities.

The most beautiful nest I ever found was located sixteen feet from the ground, in the crotch of a white birch. The support was formed by the main trunk and several ascending, rudimentary branches. When I looked up into the tree a tiny, fluffy mass of white birch curls attracted my attention. On this cushion the nest was shaped of similar curls of white birch bark and partially decomposed inner bark, fiber; the rim, firm and well modeled, consisted of what looked like split culms of hay, but I decided that it must be the outside of decayed goldenrod stems. It was lined with horse hair, human hair, and the feathers of the female. A daintier, warmer, safer, little cradle no bird could desire.

Another nest, located in a maple five feet high from the ground, was placed on a foundation of dead leaves, coarse meadow grass, and white birch bark. The cup was constructed of fine cedar bark fiber; the outside was ornamented with the white egg cases of some insect. The nest had a beautifully turned brim of the same material as was used in the former nest. The lining, likewise, was of goldenrod fiber, and a few of the green and yellow feathers of the female. As usual, more or less spider's floss entered into the composition of this well-made structure. The dwelling strikingly corresponded in color with the gray maple crotch that supported it. Each house was well adapted to its surroundings.

The female builds the nest almost unassisted and appears, likewise to incubate and brood the young. The male, however, sings from his varied repertoire to cheer his mate at her task, and assists the female in feeding the young and cleansing the domicile, but when disturbed by an observer, the female is more assiduous than the male in her attentions to their offspring.



Usually when a person attempts to inspect a redstart's nest containing young, the female drops from the nest a dead weight and falls from branch to branch of any tree in the way, striking the ground with a dull thud. Her next move is to trail a helpless wing along the ground. At another time she flies from the nest and alights on the ground with spread wings and tail. The yellow markings on the wing and tail show conspicuously as the bird moves forward by the wings, as if her legs were too weak to sustain her weight. At the same time the bird twitters very softly, almost inaudibly; in other words, she feigns the helplessness of a young bird. These

pretty deceptions, the expression of the mother instinct, always appeal to me very strongly.

While studying a family of redstarts that lived in a gray birch some twelve feet above the ground, the hen and one nestling disappeared. Across the hayfield from the grove of the birds that I was observing was a bit of woodland to which both redstarts resorted frequently, presumably for feed. Here was the nest of a redstart containing four fresh eggs. That day I arranged with a care to lower the nest a number of feet. The birds deserted. On examining the nest I found that one egg has been cracked. Whether this nest belonged to the redstarts of the grove and the female left her young in the care of the cock while she constructed a third nest, I cannot say. Exactly what became of the mother remained a mystery.

It was with grave concern that I watched the gayly dressed little songster for an entire day to see if he would take upon himself the duties of the mother-bird. Nothing could have been more touching than to note the faithfulness with which he performed all the work of two birds save brooding the young. The following morning the nest was empty, but I found the father-bird in a coppice feeding the little family. Evidently he had undertaken the entire care of his small flock.

One nest of redstarts that I studied from the egg stage was on the wing on the tenth day. As the nest was but five feet from the ground, within reach, and as I called there nearly every day, it is not surprising that the old bird tolled the young from the nest as soon as they were able to fly. At this age redstart nestlings preen vigorously and fly short distances.

The nest of the redstarts, when vacated, was immaculate, save for the quill and pin feather cases that filled the interstices.



The bird seems to raise a second brood, at least some years, as nearly all the dates at which I have discovered the bird nesting are later than those I find recorded. Redstarts were completing a nest June 13, 1908; a male and female were feeding four young five or six days old July 13, 1907; a bird was ready to incubate four fresh eggs the same day, and still another redstart was incubating four eggs July 5, 1910; these were not hatched until nine days later.

If the birds feed two broods during the summer, then they are nearly twice as useful as they have been generally supposed to be. The redstart is the most active of the active warblers, and the number of gnats, flies, caterpillars, moths, other insects and their eggs that these birds consume or feed to their nestlings in one day is incredible. While it does splendid work in the woods it frequently comes to the orchard and is not unknown to paly its quest for food in the village streets. While we admire the redstart for its beauty and its charming little songs, we respect the bird for his utility. In this case the proverbial "fine feathers" do cover fine little bird.

THE OLD TREE.

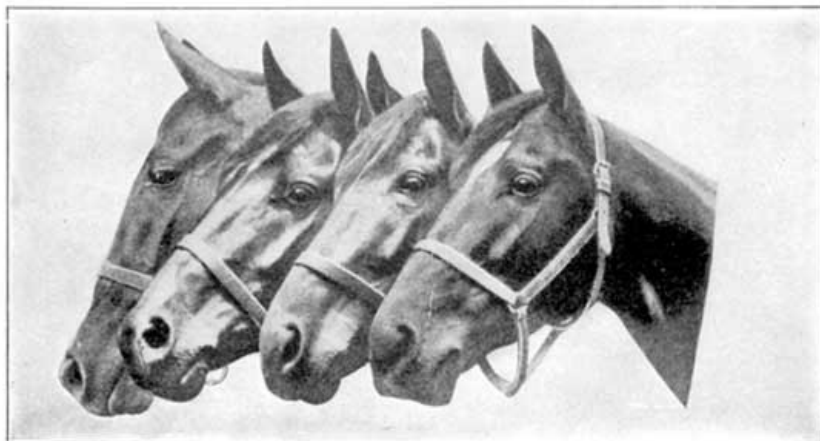
I.

The old beech tree, so green and gray!
How oft I've heard thee, whispering say,
With beckoning branches waving low,
"Rest here, where cooling breezes blow!"
And in thy shadows deep and dark,
How oft I've touched thy cool gray bark;
And still I bless thee, old beech tree,
For old sweet memories dear to me.
Repeat the stories yet half told
Of those who carved their names so bold!
In whispers tell of them today,
O venerable beech, so green and gray!

II.

The old beech tree, so green and gray,
The old-time welcome gives today,
With beckoning branches reaching down
To mother earth all garbed in brown.
Thy gnarled, bark-covered roots up-bend
A further welcome to extend.
Thy low-extending branches wave,
As though a green-robed prelate gave
A benediction, and had blessed
A people weary and oppressed.
And so I rest with thee today,
My old beech tree, so green and gray!

—Richard Nevin Pemberton.



THE HORSE'S PRAYER TO HIS MASTER.

To Thee, My master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders so that I cannot see behind me, as it was intended I should, I pray you to be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not fix my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean cool water often. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, and by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth. First warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

And finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some human brute, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you Here and Hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.



"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

1. It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.
2. She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

3. They sat in the yellow twilight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.
4. It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.
5. The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!
6. "You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.
7. "You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
But you're not quite right," said she.
8. "It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.
9. Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.
10. And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

—From *Poems of H. C. Bunner*;
copyrighted 1884, 1892, 1899 by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

BIRD-STUDY IN OHIO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

DR. EUGENE SWOPE.

Audubon Field Agent for Ohio, 4 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, O.

The national movement for the study and protection of our wild birds is as well understood and supported by the teachers of Ohio as of any other State. The number of Junior Audubon Classes formed in the schools of Ohio last year was second only to New Jersey. That little State took the lead. Ohio ought to take the lead this year. With our Commissioner F. W. Miller giving his approval and encouragement, and our Supervisors of Agriculture recommending bird study as a necessary feature of elementary agriculture, Ohio ought to be able to report a large number of Bird Classes by the middle of May.



BIRDS AT HOME.

It is a rare thing to find a Superintendent or principal actually unfriendly toward bird study, but a very large percent hesitate to admit it into their schools because it is new and untried.

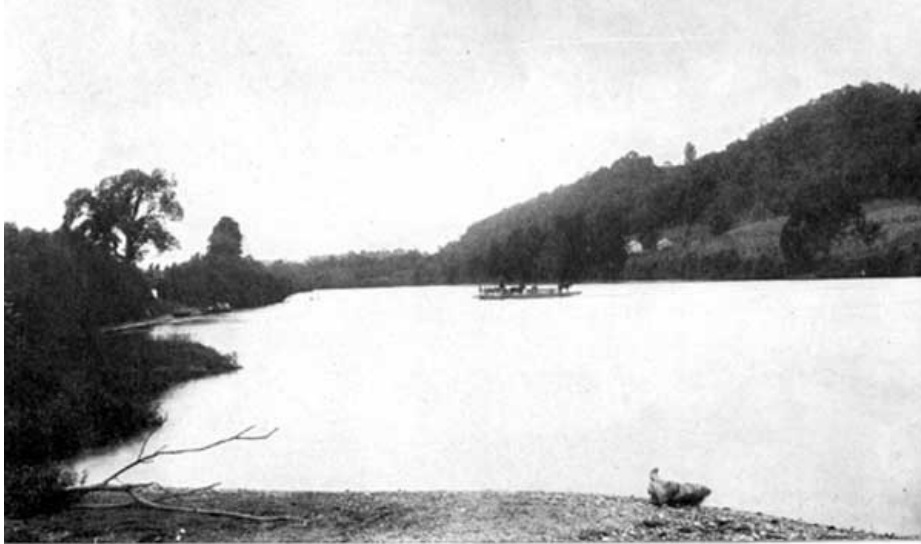
The claims of bird study upon Superintendents and principals is one that cannot much longer be overlooked. The National desire to know the wild birds and to save the remnant now left, is yearly becoming stronger. An ever-increasing number of homes are becoming active centers and parents are looking to the public schools for help, and children everywhere are eager for bird study.

There is no risk in introducing Junior Audubon Classes in a school. Some of our country's foremost educators have tried it with gratifying results, for they find that there is no better subject to develop the power of *attention* in children, there is no better subject to train children's *memories*, there is no better subject to awake *originality* of thought in young minds, and it is unquestionably the supreme subject for composition work. Any teacher who cares to give bird study a trial may correspond with me and receive gratis, the help now offered by the Ohio Audubon Society.

THE BOY WITH THE HOE.

"Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair?
Do you hoe it square?
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds as you ought to do?
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you garner depends on you,
Are you working it on the square?"

"Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gait,
Do you scatter all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two?
The road you hoe leads up a hill;
The harvest is up to you."

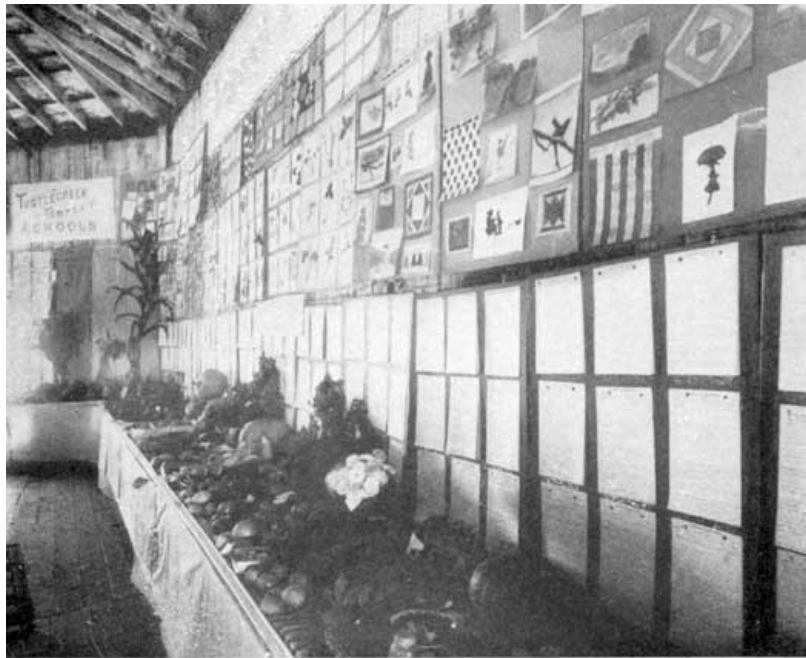


WHY DO BOYS LOVE SUCH A PLACE AS THIS?

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Trice twenty summers have I seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and pensive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breather upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;
As Love's own altar honor me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

—*Thomas Campbell.*



TURTLE CREEK TOWNSHIP SCHOOL EXHIBIT AT WARREN COUNTY FAIR.

THE CARDINAL.

By WILLIAM DUTCHER,

President of National Association of Audubon Societies. Educational Leaflet No. 18.

The Cardinal is one of the most brilliant of American birds; the name is derived from its color, which is a deep red, somewhat less vivid than scarlet. This color is supposed to be named from the vestments of a cardinal, an ecclesiastic of high rank in the Roman Church. The female bird, while not so conspicuous as her mate, is clad in a rich brown with just enough of red to light it up. They are indeed a striking pair, and wherever they are found soon become favorites. They are known as Cardinal Grosbeaks, Red-birds, Crested Red-birds, Virginia Nightingales, and lately James Lane Allen has made familiar Kentucky Cardinal. The illustration shows the Cardinal's most prominent features—a very large strong bill, a conspicuous crest, which can be erected or depressed at will, short rounded wings and a long tail. The length of the Cardinal is a little over eight inches from tip of bill to end of tail.

Once seen, the Cardinal can never be mistaken for any other bird, especially as its plumage virtually never changes but remains much the same at all seasons of the year. Cardinals are resident wherever they are found, and their center of abundance is in the southern portion of the United States. The northern limit of its range is approximately a line drawn from a point in the vicinity of New York City, westward to southeastern Nebraska; thence southward to Texas, where it is found in the greater part of the state. These lines are arbitrary, but are given in order that a teacher may show scholars in a general way where Cardinals can be found. Further, they give teachers and pupils who reside outside these limits an opportunity to extend the Cardinal's known range by proving that it lives in their locality.

There have been records of the Cardinal made as far north as Nova Scotia and Southern Ontario, but it is believed that these were escaped cage birds, the Cardinal, probably owing to its beauty of plumage and richness of song, having long been a favorite cage bird. Alexander Wilson, in *American Ornithology* (Vol. II, page 145), which was published in 1828, says, "This is one of our most common cage birds, and is very generally known, not only in North America, but even in Europe; numbers of them having been carried over both to France and England, in which last country they are usually called Virginia Nightingales."

Dr. Russ, the great German aviculturist, says, "Beloved in its home by both Americans and Germans, it is protected and caught only for the cage bird fancy. Had been bred in Holland a century and a half ago and later in England." It is true that until recently large numbers of Cardinals were caught or taken from the nest while

young, for shipment to foreign countries by bird dealers. Owing to the efforts of the National Association, this traffic is a thing of the past. The Model Law, which is in force in all the States where the Cardinal is found, prohibits all traffic in these birds and forbids their being shipped from the State.

The Cardinal is too beautiful and valuable a bird to be confined within the narrow limits of a cage, where its splendid spirit is soon broken by its unavailing attempts to escape. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, in one of her charming pictures of bird life, says of a captive Cardinal, that, "He is a cynic, morose and crusty." Such a character cannot be attributed to the Cardinal when it is at liberty. Its wild, free song, its restless activity and its boldness are the antithesis of a depressed cage captive. Even when it receives the best care from its human jailer it is still a prisoner confined in a space so small that it never has an opportunity to stretch its wings in flight, nor can it ever bathe in the bright sunshine or view the blue skies above it. The whispering of the winds through the sylvan shades is lost to the captive forever. Is it strange that the nature of this wild free spirit changes?

The writer has seen many hundreds of these beautiful birds in cages ready to be shipped, each one doomed to a short existence, a prisoner and an exile. Fortunately, this condition is now changed; and, had the National Association accomplished no other good, the stopping of the cage-bird traffic would be a sufficient reason for its organization.

In the South, where the Cardinal is one of the most abundant birds, it is a special favorite, rivaling the Mockingbird in the affections of the people. It is commonly found in the towns as well as the rural districts. The female bird builds the nest, which is loosely constructed of leaves, bark, twigs, shreds of grape-vine, and is lined with dry grasses. The nest is placed in bushes or vines from eight to ten feet from the ground. Three or four white eggs, speckled with brown, are laid, and it is probable that in the South two broods are raised each season. The home life of Cardinals is a pattern of domestic felicity, so true are the sexes to each other. Even in winter they seem to be paired, for a male and a female are always seen together. However, during the season of incubation the tender solicitude of the male for his mate is best shown. In fact, his extreme anxiety that the home and its inmates should not be discovered excites him so much that he actually leads the visitor to the nest in the attempt to mislead.

The song of the male Cardinal is loud and clear, with a melodious ring, "What cheer! What cheer! What cheer!" winding up with a peculiar long-drawn out e-e-e. Contrary to the usual custom in bird families, the female Cardinal is an excellent singer, although her notes are in an entirely different key from those of her gifted mate, being lower and to some ears more sweet and musical.

Audubon's "American Ornithological Biography" is so rare at the present day, being found only in the largest libraries, and is consequently so inaccessible to the ordinary reader, that his description of the song of the Cardinal is quoted in full.

"Its song is at first loud and clear, resembling the finest sounds produced by the flageolet, and gradually descends into more marked and continued cadences, until it dies away in the air around. During the love season the song is emitted with increased emphasis by this proud musician, who, as if aware of his powers, swells his throat, spreads his rosy tail, droops his wings, and leans alternately to the right and left, as if on the eve of expiring with delight at the delicious sounds of his own voice. Again and again are those melodies repeated, the bird resting only at intervals to breathe. They may be heard from long before the sun gilds the eastern horizon, to the period when the blazing orb pours down its noonday floods of heat and light, driving the birds to the coverts to seek repose for a while. Nature again invigorated, the musician recommences his song, when, as if he had never strained his throat before, he makes the whole neighborhood resound, nor ceases until the shades of evening close around him. Day after day the song of the Red-bird beguiles the weariness of his mate as she assiduously warmed her eggs; and at times she also assists with the modesty of her gentler sex. Few individuals of our own race refuse their homage and admiration to the sweet songster. How pleasing is it, when, by a clouded sky, the woods are rendered so dark that, were it not for an occasional glimpse of clearer light falling between the trees, you might imagine night at hand, while you are yet far distant from your home, how pleasing to have your ear suddenly saluted by the well-known notes of this favorite bird, assuring you of peace around, and of the full hour that still remains for you to pursue your walk in security! How often have I enjoyed this pleasure and how often, in due humbleness of hope, do I trust that I may enjoy it again."



A SCHOOL GROUND WORTH MANY TIMES WHAT IT COSTS.



BIRD HOUSES.

In addition to its great esthetic value of song and plumage, the Cardinal has another important character which should endear it to the husbandman. Its food is various, consisting of wild fruits such as grapes, berries, mulberries, cedar berries, seeds of grasses and of many species of weeds, also large numbers of adult beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, flies, ants and their larvae; it is especially fond of rose-bugs. The Cardinal is from every point of view a bird of great interest and value, and any person who makes its intimate acquaintance will form a life-long friendship.

—Reprinted from Bird-lore.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

While walking through a lonely wood
I heard a lovely voice:
A voice so fresh and true and good
It made my heart rejoice.

It sounded like a Sunday bell,
Rung softly in a town,
Or like a stream, that in a dell
Forever trickles down.

It seemed to me a voice of love,
That always had loved me,

So softly it rang out above—
So wild and wanderingly.

O Voice, were you a golden dove,
Or just a plain gray bird?
O Voice, you are my wandering love,
Lost, yet forever heard.

—*Arvia Mackaye, 9 years old.*

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.

My little Bo-Peep does not cry for lost sheep—
O no! She is sobbing for bread;
Her hands are so tired, so weary her feet,
That she sighs, "I wish I were dead."

My little Bo-Peep does not wander away
O'er meadows so grassy and green;
'Mid the factory din, face wan, white and thin,
My little Bo-Peep can be seen.

My little Bo-Peep does not dream of white sheep—
Her day's work reaches into the night;
On her pallet of straw, a few hours of rest—
For her task she is up with the light.

O let's find a day for my Bo-Peep to play—
Let's give her a breath of fresh air;
Somehow we'll feel better when giving our thanks
To God for our blessings in prayer.

Marion, Ohio.

—*Isabella Virginia Freeland.*



THE OAK TREE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Colorado Arbor and Bird Day.*

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are felled; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favorite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me their shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,

Where the hazel affords him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

To change both my heart and my fancy employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

—*Cowper.*

IN THE ORCHARD.

Far down in the orchard I found her,
Her earnest eyes gazing aloft.
A baby hand waved me a warning,
A baby voice called to me—soft.

"Hush, mamma, don't frighten the birdies;
They're busy at work, don't you see?
A-picking the worms from the blossoms
A-growing on God's apple-tree!"

Ah, child, when thy life work is given,
God may not have great things for thee.
Be content if He sets thee to guarding
The blossoms upon His fruit tree.

Adelphi, Ohio.

—*Mary Nowlan Wittwer.*

"THANK YOU" AND "AMEN".

When we were at Grandpa's house to dine,
He looked about with sober face;
Then clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says he's saying grace.

He says long words that I don't know;
I'm only six years old—but then
I know two words he always says,
And one is "thanks" and one's "Amen."

While walking in my grandpa's woods
We saw a squirrel, big and gray;
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away.

He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like grandpa's—then
I said, "O sister, keep real still,
He's saying "Thank you" and "Amen.""

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.



A COUNTRY SCHOOL BUILDING.



SOUTH SALEM SCHOOL WITH HOUSE FOR SUPERINTENDENT, RENT FREE.

SPRINGTIME.

AIR—"AULD LANG SYNE."

The Winter storms have passed away,
And Springtime now is here,
With sunshine smiling all around,
And heavens blue and clear.
The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
And Nature her garden gay;
They give a cheery greeting bright

On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing,
Each its melodious lay,
And music swells each little throat
On this, the Arbor Day.
The trees put forth their greenest leaves,
On this, the Arbor Day.
And welcome now the chosen tree
Which we shall plant today.

Ellen Beauchamp.

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.



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

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

—William H. Hayne.

THE JOLLY OLD CROW.

On the limb of a tree sat a jolly old crow,
And chattered away with glee, with glee,
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried: "It's all for me, for me—
Caw, caw, caw!"

I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such a regard for the crow, the crow,
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in a row, a row—
Caw, caw, caw!"

—*Selected.*

THEY'LL COME AGAIN.

They'll come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest;
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

A PLUMP LITTLE GIRL AND A THIN LITTLE BIRD.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather!"

"A nice little girl is that," piped he,
"But, oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She hasn't a single feather!"
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
"Although it is sunshiny weather!"

—*M. M. Dodge.*

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS.

How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm tree hole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, and to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow—
I'd like to know?

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him,
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that."
He said, as down on his tail he sat,
"Just listen to this: rrrr rat-rat-tat."

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?"

Do you, if you'd listen with soul and with heart,
You never would ruffle a feather
Of the dear little birds that make our glad world a part,
For all are God's children together?

THE BOY'S PROTEST.

When a fellow knows every bird's nest
In the fields for miles around,
Where the squirrels play in the sunshine,
Where the prettiest flowers are found;
When he knows a pair of robins
That will fly to his hands for crumbs,
He hates to be penned in a school-room,
And he's glad when Saturday comes.

There's a bee-tree on the hillside,
But I'll not tell any one where;
There's a school of trout in the mill-stream,
And I want to go fishing there.

I know where an oriole's building,
And a log where a partridge drums,
And I'm going to the woods to see them,
As soon as Saturday comes.

They shouldn't keep school in the springtime,
When the world is so fresh and bright,
When you want to be fishing and climbing,
And playing from morn till night.
It's a shame to be kept in the school-room,
Writing and working out sums;
All week it's like being in prison,
And I'm glad when Saturday comes.

—*New York Independent.*



AN ANTWERP SCENE.



THE ORIOLE'S SONG.

Tangled and green the orchard way,
Breath of blossoms, and waft of breeze;
Dew-wet vistas of breaking day,
Drifted snow on the drooping trees.

Through branching bloom, and mist of green,
Now here, now there, upon the wing,
Flame of oriole faintly seen—
Vision fair of the winsome spring.

A low-drawn cadence, thrilling, low,
A call, a charm unto the ear;
A forest brook in golden flow,
A love song to the waking year.

And all the gladness of a young May
Is touching with pathos at the strain;
The melting music of the lay
Our heart's deep secrets wakes again.

—*Sheila.*

THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.

By FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY.

The National Association of Audubon Societies Educational Leaflet No. 43.

The Woodpeckers are a band of foresters most of whom spend their lives saving trees. Many of them do their work hidden in the dark forests, but the Red-heads hunt largely out in plain sight of passers-by. Why? Because, while they devour enough enemies of the trees to deserve the name of foresters, they are particularly fond of vegetable foods and large beetles found in the open.

Watch one of the handsome Red-headed birds on a fence. Down he drops to pick up an ant or a grasshopper from the ground; then up he shoots to catch a wasp or beetle in the air. Nor does he stop with fly-catching. Nutting—beech-nutting—is one of his favorite pastimes; while berries, fruits and seeds are all to his taste. If, in his appreciation of the good things that man offers, the Red-head on rare occasions takes a bit more cultivated fruit or berries than his rightful share, his attention should be diverted by planting some of his favorite wild fruits, such as dogwood, mulberry, elderberry, chokecherry, or wild black cherry.

But, in judging of what is a bird's fair share of man's crops, many things should be considered. Food is bought for the Canary and other house pets; and many people who do not care for caged pets buy food for the wild birds summer and winter, to bring them to their houses. Flowers cost something, too. But without birds and flowers, what would the country be? Before raising his hand against a bird, a man should think of many things. A man who is unfair to a bird is unfair to himself.

Feeding Habits. It would be a stingy man, indeed, who would begrudge the Woodpeckers their acorns and beechnuts. While the leaves are still green on the trees, the Redheads discover the beechnuts and go to work. "It is a truly beautiful sight," Dr. Merriam says, "to watch these magnificent birds creeping about after the manner of Warblers, among the small branches and twigs, which bend low with their weight, while picking and husking the tender nuts."

The nuts are not always eaten on the spot, for, like their famous California cousins, the Redheads store up food for winter use. All sorts of odd nooks and crannies serve the Redheads for storehouses—knot-holes, pockets under patches of raised bark, cracks between shingles and fences, and even railroad ties. Sometimes, instead of nuts, grasshoppers and other eatables are put away in storage. The wise birds at times make real caches, concealing their stores by hammering down pieces of wood or bark over them.

Beechnuts are such a large part of the fall and winter food of the Redheads in some localities, that, like the gray squirrels, the birds are common in good beechnut winters and absent in others. Cold and snow do not trouble them, if they have plenty

to eat, for, as Major Bendire says, many of them "winter along our northern border, in certain years, when they can find an abundant supply of food." In fact, in the greater part of the eastern states the Redhead is "a rather regular resident," but in the western part of its range "It appears to migrate pretty regularly," so that it is rare to see one "North of latitude 40°, in winter." The western boundary of the Redhead's range is the Rocky Mountains, but east of the mountains it breeds from Manitoba and northern New York south to the Gulf of Mexico; though it is a rare bird in eastern New England.

In sections where this erratic Woodpecker migrates, it leaves its nesting-grounds early in October, and returns the latter part of April or the beginning of May. Before too much taken up with the serious business of life, the Redhead goes gaily about, as Major Bendire says, "frolicking and playing hide-and-peek with its mate, and when not so engaged, amusing itself by drumming on some resonant dead limb, or on the roof and sides of houses, barns, etc." For though, like other drummers, the Woodpeckers are not found in the front ranks of the orchestra, they beat a royal tattoo that may well express many fine feelings.

When the musical spring holiday is over and the birds have chosen a tree for the nest, they hew out a pocket in a trunk or branch, anywhere from eight to eighty feet from the ground. When the young hatch, there comes a happy day for the looker-on who, by kind intent and unobtrusive way, has earned the right to watch the lovely birds flying back and forth, caring for their brood.

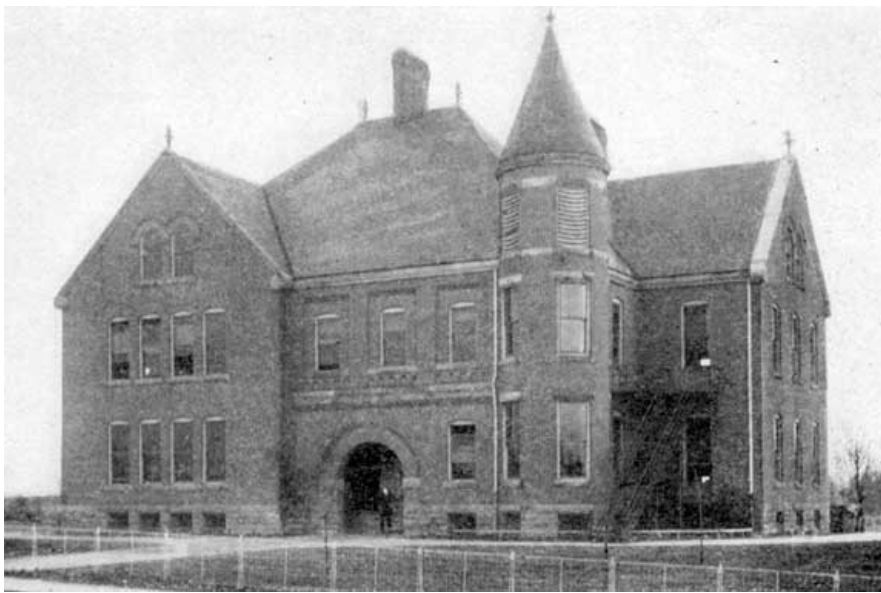
And then, at last, come the days when the gray-headed youngsters, from hanging out of the window, boldly open their wings and launch into the air. **Nest.** Anxious times these are for old birds,—times when the watcher's admiration may be roused by heroic deeds of parental love; for many a parent bird fairly flaunts in the face of the enemy, as if trying to say, "Kill me; spare my young!"

One family of Redheads once gave me a delightful three weeks. When the old birds were first discovered, one was on a stub in a meadow. When joined by its mate, as the farmer was coming with oxen and hayrack to take up the rows of haystacks that led down the field, the pair flew slowly ahead along a line of locusts, pecking quietly at the bark of each tree before flying on. At the foot of the meadow they flew over to a small grove in the adjoining pasture.

As it was July, it was easy to draw conclusions. And when I went to the grove to investigate, the pair were so much alarmed that they at once corroborated my conclusions. Did I mean harm? Why had I come? One of them leaned far down across a dead limb and inspected me, rattling and bowing nervously; the other stationed itself on the back of a branch over which it peered at me with one eye. Both of them cried krit-tar-rah every time I ventured to take a step. As they positively would not commit themselves as to which one of the many Woodpecker holes in sight belonged to them I had to make a tour of the grove.



A SCHOOL EXHIBIT.



WAYNE TOWNSHIP CENTRALIZED SCHOOL LOCATED AT LEES CREEK, CLINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

On its edge was a promising old stub with a number of big, round holes and, picking up a stick, I rapped on the trunk. Both birds were over my head in an instant, rattling and scolding till you would have thought I had come to chop down the tree and carry off the young before their eyes. I felt injured, but having found the nest could afford to watch from a distance.

It was not long before the old birds began feeding their young. They would fly to the stub and stand under the nest while rousing the brood by rattling into the hole, which had the odd effect of muffling their voices. When, as they flew back and forth a Yellow-hammer stopped in passing, they drove him off in a hurry. They wanted that grove to themselves.

On my next visits, if, in spite of many precautions, they discovered me, they flew to dead tree tops to watch me, or startled me by an angry quarr' quarr' quarr' over my head. When they found that I made no attempt to go near the nest, however, they finally put up with me and went about their business.

After being at the nest together they would often fly off in opposite directions, to hunt on different beats. If one hunted in the grove, the other would go out to the rail fence. A high maple was a favorite lookout and hunting-ground for the one who stayed in the grove, and cracks in the bark afforded good places to wedge insects into. The bird who hunted on the fence, if suspecting a grub in a rail, would stand motionless as a Robin on the grass, apparently listening; but when the right moment came would drill down rapidly and spear the grub. If an insect passed that way the Redhead would make a sally into the air for it, sometimes shooting straight up for fifteen or twenty feet and coming down almost as straight; at others flying out and back in an ellipse, horizontally or obliquely up in the air or down over the ground. But oftener than all, perhaps, it flew down onto the ground to pick up something which its sharp eyes had discovered there. Once it brought up some insect, hit it against the rail, gave a business-like hop and flew off to feed its young.

The young left the nest between my visits, but when, chancing to focus my glass on a passing Woodpecker I discovered that its head was gray instead of red, I knew for a certainty what had happened. The fledgling seemed already much at home on its wings. It flew out into the air, caught a white miller and went back to the tree with it, shaking it and then rapping it vigorously against a branch before venturing to swallow it. When the youngster flew, I followed rousing a Robin who made such an outcry that one of the old Redheads flew over in alarm. "Kik-a-rik, kik-a-rik," it cried as it hurried from tree to tree, trying to keep an eye on me while looking for the youngster. Neither of us could find it for some time, but after looking in vain over the west side of a big tree I rounded the trunk and found it calmly sitting on a branch on the east side—which goes to prove that it is never safe to say a Woodpecker isn't on a tree, till you have seen both sides!

The old Redhead found the lost fledgling about the time that I did and flew over to it with what looked like a big grub. At the delectable sight, the youngster dropped all its airs of independence, and with weak infantile cries turned and opened wide its bill!

Two days later I found two birds that may have been father and son, on the side of a gladpole, out in the big world together. The old bird's head glowed crimson in the strong sunlight, and it was fortunate indeed that only friends were by.

The striking tricolor makes the Redheads such good targets that they are in especial danger from human enemies and need loyal, valiant defenders wherever they live. And what a privilege it is to have birds of such interesting habits and beautiful plumage in your neighborhood! How the long country roads are enlivened, how the green fields are lit up, as one of the brilliant birds rises from a fence-post and flies over them! In the city, it is rare good luck, indeed, to have a pair nest in an oak where you can watch them and even a passing glimpse or an occasional visit is something to be thankful for.

"There's the Redhead!" you exclaim exultantly, when a loud tattoo beats on your city roof in spring. And "There's the Redhead!" you cry with delight, as a soft kikirik comes from a leafless oak you are passing in winter; and the city street, so dull and uninteresting before, is suddenly illumined by the sight.

—*Reprinted from Bird-lore.*

FOUR LEAF CLOVERS.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*

THE FLOWER FOLK.

Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

ARBOR DAY MARCH.

AIR—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

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

CHORUS.

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

ARBOR DAY SONG.

(AIR: HOLD THE FORT.)

Friends and parents gather with us,
In our school today,
Thoughts of grove and tangled wildwoods,
In our minds hold sway.

CHORUS.

Spare the trees, Oh thoughtless woodman,
Hew but what you need,
They give balm to vagrant breezes,
For their lives we plead.

Giant oaks in sunny pastures
Cast their pleasant shade
Maples clad in gold and crimson
Cheer the darkened glade.

Lofty firs and murmuring pine trees
Shading mountain's crest,
Are the growth of weary ages;
For them we protest.

Heralded in leafy banners,
Season's four we greet;
Every bough a sacred temple
For the song birds sweet.

—*Iowa Special Days.*

WE LOVE THE TREES.

(TUNE: "THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.")

We love the grand old trees,
With the Oak, their royal king,
And the Maple, forest queen,
We to her homage bring;
And the Elm, with stately form,
Long withstanding wind and storm,
Pine, low whispering to the breeze,
O, we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,
The Cedar, bright above the snow,
The Poplar, straight and tall,
And the Willow, weeping low,
Butternut and Walnut, too,
Hickory, so staunch and true,
Basswood, blooming for the bees,
O, we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,
The Tulip, branching broad and high,
The Beech, with shining robe,

And the Birch, so sweet and shy,
Aged Chestnuts, fair to see,
Holly, bright with Christmas glee,
Laurel, crown for victories,
O, we love the grand old trees!

—Ada S. Sherwood, in *Journal of Education*.

RECITATION.

Do you know the trees by name
When you see them growing
In the fields or in the woods?
They are well worth knowing.

Watch them in the early spring,
When their buds are swelling;
Watch each tiny little leaf
Leave its little dwelling.

Watch them later, when their leaves
Everywhere are showing;
Soon you'll know the different trees
When you see them growing.

—*Selected.*

GOIN' BAREFOOTED.

It's more fun goin' barefoot than anythin' I know,
There ain't a single 'nother thing that helps your feelin's so.
Some days I stay in muvver's room, a-gettin' in her way,
An' when I've bothered her so much, she sez, "Oh, run and play!"
I say, "Kin I go barefoot?" En she sez, "If y' choose."
Nen I alwuz wanter holler when I'm pullin' off my shoes!

It's fun a-going barefoot when yer playin' any game,
'Cause robbers would be noisy, an' Indians awful tame
Unless they had their shoes off when they crep' up in the night,
An' folks can't know they're comin' till they get right close in
sight.
An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when I get old,
An' haven't got a nurse to say I'll catch my death of cold.

An' if you're goin' barefoot, yer want to go outdoors;
Y' can't stretch out an' dig yer heels in stupid, hardwood floors,
Like you can dig 'em in th' dirt. An' where th' long grass grows,
Th' blades feel kinder tickley and cool between yer toes.
So when I'm pullin' off my shoes I'm mighty 'fraid I'll cough,
'Cause then I know Ma'd stop me 'fore I got my stockin's off.

If y' often go 'round barefoot there's lots o' things to know—
Of how to curl yer feet on stones, so they won't hurt y' so;
An' when th' grass is stickley, an' pricks y' at a touch,
Jes' plank yer feet down solid, an' it don't hurt half so much;
I lose my hat mos' every day—I wish I did my shoes;
Er else I wisht I was so poor I hadn't none to lose!

—Burgess Johnson, in "*Harper's Magazine*."

The year's at the spring,

And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-sides dew pearled:
The larks on the wing;
The snails on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—*Browning.*

In fact there is nothing that keeps its youth
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

There's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some creature's palace.

—*Lowell.*

TIME TO RISE.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill.
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

—*Beecher.*

The best verses I have printed are the trees I have planted.

—*Holmes.*

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

—*Emerson.*



OUR SHY NEIGHBOR.

THE WISEACRES OF THE FOREST.

From Nature and Culture.

So many have an idea that bird-life does not blossom out until the flowers do, and that our shy neighbors do not wake to life and joy and song until the warm breezes of spring have chased to the realm of memory winter's cold and snow. Several weeks of wandering through the woods during the months of January and February taught me that to him who has time to devote, and that amount of patience which enables a hunter to rise at three in the morning, crawl through wet, tangled swamp-grass in the cold and snow, and then sit shivering for hours in a "hide" awaiting the ducks, there will be shots, camera shots, replete with interest and full of instruction; revelations of a world's population little known because of their unobtrusive life. They who lead the "simple life" may not make as much stir in the world as some others we know: but never make the mistake of thinking the life one lacking in interest. These "little journeys" of mine were for the purpose of prying into the secrets of our friends "the owls." As far back as the uncovered picture-writing of the ancients, Mr. Owl has been the synonym for wisdom. Does he deserve the title?

As company lends interest, I was accompanied by a friend who took equal delight in these jaunts; and off we started one fourteenth of January. For some six miles we tramped along the Kaw Valley, in Kansas, ever on the lookout for trees with large hollow trunks or broken limbs. Now, if any one believes an owl is entirely a night-bird, let him follow in my footsteps, and he will learn a thing or two. These are some of the mysteries of "the wild." Entering a spot of the forest where the banks of the stream were lined thickly on both sides with trees, both large and small, we seated ourselves for a time to rest and to watch. Like Egyptian darkness, the quiet was of a kind to be felt, but it did not long remain this way. Suddenly the strange quiet was broken by a fierce, angry call of a crow. Now, where did he come from, and why this display of anger? Possibly at our intrusion; yet this could hardly be, as it was far too early in the season for the crow to be nesting. Before we had time to settle our question the stillness was further broken by several shrill answers, and into the branchy arena came other crows. These were followed by others, and still others. Surely we were not the cause of all this disturbance. Finally there were no less than two dozen crows flying around a large tree with a broken top, and making a clatter that would have put a boiler factory to shame. One could easily imagine it to be a congress of crows exorcised over an insurgency move and demanding the previous question. Then came the solution of the mystery. In dignified yet rapid flight a huge owl dropped from a limb on the other side of the stump, and with a flight as silent as the grave winged her way into the deeper woods followed by that rabble of noisy, cawing crows. It seemed strange that the owl did not turn upon her tormentors; she who had talons long, strong, and sharp; a beak that could easily make its impression upon a pine stick; but her reputed wisdom here led her to know that safety lay in flight, as her size would be her undoing; that the crow would find many points of attack ere she could turn around. Safety lay in flight and shelter where the crows could not reach her, and would finally caw themselves hoarse and tired, and at last

depart. Many times have I watched these actions on the part of the owls and crows, and always with the same results. Not alone the larger, but also the smaller owls adopt the same course of action to escape their tormentors. This leads me to believe that this partly accounts for their foraging at night.



NEST OF BARRED OWL.

We now turned our attention to the tree—truly a monarch of the "forest primeval"—a huge sycamore, about five feet in diameter at the base, with few limbs to aid in climbing. But we simply must get up to that hollow, and after much effort success was ours; and there, deep down in the hole, on a bed of warm chips and half-rotted punky wood, all nicely cuddled up, lay two little fluffy white baby owls—young hoot owls. As it takes about four weeks for incubation, and these babies were fully a week old, nesting must have begun at least in the middle of December. Much depends on the winter; this one having been very mild. In fact, I have noticed that birds are quite accurate weather prophets, were we only skilled enough to read their predictions. But it is always safe, I find, to be early in the field. And now came our first disappointment. It was impossible to secure a picture of the nest and baby owls, owing to the unfavorable position of the tree and nest; so, taking a farewell look at the place, we returned, hoping for better luck next time.



NEST AND EGGS OF SCREECH OWL.

The following week we were out and at it again, and were more fortunate in that we discovered the home of another owl, similar in shape, but smaller, and differently

marked. This was the barred owl, so called because of its markings. Here, again, the nest was up quite a ways, and difficult to get to. After much trouble we cut down a small tree and hoisted it into the larger tree so that it came near the hole where the nest was. This enabled me to get above the nest, so that I could swing down to the hole by a rope and get a view of the nest and contents. After many attempts I succeeded in snapping two or three negatives, one of which turned out fairly good and accompanies this article. Every move I made while taking the pictures was punctuated by hoots of anger and disgust by the mother owl, who had flown to a nearby tree, until she aroused the attention of some ever-observant crows; then she had all she could do taking care of herself and getting rid of her tormentors. If ever a free matinee in birdland was billed, it occurred that afternoon.

The weeks now slowly passed without further success. One must have patience, much patience, in birdland. It may take years to secure what will prove satisfactory views of some species. Many snaps, when taken, prove undesirable after development, and each week adds to the uncertainty of finding anything "at home" when next you come. While the percentage of successful incubation is fairly large, yet the numerous enemies of the feathered tribe make the uncertainty of life in birdland quite noticeable.



BABY SCREECH OWLS.

The time was now ripe for us to turn our attention to the little screech owls; a small but interesting and valuable species. Here I found a marked difference. Any small hole or cavity suits their fancy. Generally speaking, it must be small enough to exclude larger birds or animals that might prey upon them; but at times their boasted wisdom seemingly forsakes them, and they take up with any habitation. I have known them to nest in boxes in shade-trees and in bird-houses under the eaves of the barn. On this trip I found a fresh set of eggs in an old hollow stump formerly made by and used as the nesting-place of the yellow-shafted woodpecker. Mrs. Owl was at home, and very much disliked being disturbed. Unlike the larger owls, she refused to fly away, and I had to lift her repeatedly from the eggs that I might take the picture. As sometimes happens, the negative was a failure; and returning the next week to try for better luck, I found safely curled up within the cavity an opossum. The eggs and mother bird were not in evidence, and the "possum" told no tales. Similar experiences have often occurred to me when I have returned for better views or to follow up a certain line of study.

The next nest of this species I found in a large hollow limb, which in falling had lodged crosswise in a tree. It was rather a queer place for a screech owl, but, I presume, suited her fancy. However, it was favorably located, and if successful I could at least follow up the process of nature; and this is just what I did. The only change made was in bringing the eggs, and later the young, forward from the recess of the cavity to insure better light. I wished to also take the parent bird upon the nest; but in this case they were perverse, and refused to be taken. One of the birds decided that he did not wish to be taken, and after repeated trials I concluded he knew best, and gave over the attempt. I also took the most courageous one and posed him on the stump of the tree. The result is not altogether satisfactory, but is interesting.



NEST AND EGGS OF LONG-EARED OWL.

My next acquisition was the long-eared owl. With camera and tripod strapped upon the bicycle I started upon a ride of some fifteen miles, which brought me to an old nursery, abandoned, overgrown, and wild. Here, in a much-neglected fir grove I found the nests and eggs of this variety. The first taken was in a pine. Climbing an adjacent tree, I located myself about five feet from the nest, and after carefully securing and focussing the camera, secured the view. My second I found later in the day in an apple tree. The tree was in bloom, but not leaved out, and offered but scant hide or protection for the nest. Indeed I, at first, took it for an old crow's nest, and was about to pass on, when up over the rim of the nest bobbed two long ear-like tufts—whence the bird gets its name. Approaching the tree, the mother quietly left, and as long as I was in that vicinity I saw nothing further of her. The long-eared owl is not very particular in the choice of her nesting-place. They will often build in a communal manner, several pairs selecting a fir grove or other suitable place; and here you will find the nests quite near together. Again, they will be isolated in location; one here, and another quite a distance away, as the notion strikes them. The nest also seems to vary with their state of mind. At times they will build a very elaborate structure of their own; then, again, they take up with an old crow's nest or the summer nest of a squirrel, and with very little patching up make this answer their purpose. Because of this variability on their part, it is not an easy matter to locate an occupied nest.



ELABORATE NEST OF LONG-EARED OWL.

One more, and I am done with the owls. The securing of this was of great interest to me, not alone for the sake of the picture, but because it settled two questions on

which I had long been in doubt. At the time of which I now write I was living in an Indian school, and previous to this all my ideas of Indians and Indian life had been gathered from Cooper. Near the school was a large village of prairie dogs covering something like ten acres of ground. One day I saw a small species of owl flying around and lighting on the different mounds. I immediately knew it to be the burrowing owl; but where among all those thousand and more holes to dig for her was a question I could not answer. To assist me, I brought the supposed craft of the red man's children to bear; but of no avail. Not one of over two hundred could give me the least ray of light. Then I got down to principles and discovered that there were some mounds around which were scattered butterflies' and grasshoppers' legs and wings, parts of frogs and toads, and the little pellets usually ejected by owls in the process of digestion. I also found that these mounds were invariably covered by an animal compost gathered from the surrounding prairie. I resolved to put my theory to the test by digging into one of these holes. Here the Indian boy was a great help, as he thoroughly knew his verb "to dig." I followed the hole down through hardpan to a depth of three feet, and back for over ten feet, where at last I found Mrs. Owl sitting on her nest of fresh eggs. Here I took her picture while her large round eyes followed my every move as I focused and snapped her. It was while investigating this subject that I also exploded a somewhat common belief that prairie dogs, owls, and rattlesnakes live together in the same quarters in perfect amity. This is not the case. If they are ever found together it is either an accident unknown to one or the other party, or one of three has purposely crawled into the other's home for deeds dark and evil.

Altogether the experiences gained amply repaid me for the effort spent. These visits to the silent ones were payments ample enough in themselves, but my closer acquaintance with a very interesting family made them doubly so. I find that the owl is one of our best and most valuable friends, destroying during a season much of the troublesome animal population that injures the agricultural interests of the land. If careless boys and indifferent "others" could get this fact well grounded and use some other mark in target practice, all parties would be better off and much good gained. To take any life is ill, but to take good life is crime.



BURROWING OWL AND HER EGGS.

THE JAYS.

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

He has a nice nest

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

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

ADDRESS OF THE BIRDS.

AN EXERCISE FOR FIVE PUPILS.

The Robin—

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

The Blue Bird—

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

The Woodpecker—

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

The Lark—

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

The Nightingale—

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

In Concert—

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

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a threadlike root;
Up in the air sprung 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.

"Little by little," said the thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not misspending my time in play;
Whatever I do I will do it well.
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days, perhaps, will see
That the world will be the better for me."

—*Selected.*

A LITTLE POLLYWOG.

"A tiny little pollywog,
And little brothers three,
Lived in the water near a log,
As happy as could be.
A-swimming, swimming all the day,
A-sleeping all the night,
And trying, though they were so gay,
To do just what was right;
A-growing, growing all the while,
Because they did their best;
But I am afraid that you will smile
When I tell you the rest.

One morning, sitting on the log,
They looked in mute surprise;
Four legs had every pollywog,
Where two had met their eyes.
Their mother, letting fall a tear,
Said, "Oh, my pollywogs,
It can't be you that sitting here!"
For all of them were frogs.
And with their legs they've grown some lungs;
So you just wait and see.
In summer time their little tongues
Will sing 'Kachink' with glee."

—*School Education.*

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 school-boy's ladder in pleasant June,
The school-girl's tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily,
A tale of the children who planted me."

—*From The Intelligence.*

THE ROBIN AND THE FLOWER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Charles A. Myall.*

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.

—*Whittier.*

BIRD PUZZLE.

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow,
2. 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 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?
21. Which bird is an artisan, works at his trade?
22. And which is the stuff of which flags are made?
23. One, we're told by the poet, at Heaven's gate sings;
24. There's one which in Holland the new baby brings.
25. What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?
26. One, used for a fence, you can say without thinking.
27. What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?
28. Which one is too lazy to build her own nest?
29. From a high wind at evening one name is inferred.
30. Guess these, and you're wise as Minerva's own bird.

ANSWERS TO BIRD PUZZLE.

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

THE CATBIRD.

He sits on the branch of yon blossoming tree,
 This mad-cap cousin of Robin and Thrush,
 And sings without ceasing the whole morning long;

Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft gray, fluttering throat;
But oft he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
Drawls out: "Mi-eu, mi-ow!"

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.

He didn't know much music
When first he come along;
An' all the birds went wonderin'
Why he didn't sing a song.

They primed their feathers in the sun,
An' sung their sweetest notes;
An' music jest come on the run
From all their purty throats!

But still that bird was silent
In summer time an' fall;
He jest set still an' listened
An' he wouldn't sing at all!

But one night when them songsters
Was tired out an' still,
An' the wind sighed down the valley
An' went creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble
In the dreamin' fields o' blue,
An' the daisy in the darkness
Felt the fallin' o' the dew,—

There come a sound o' melody
No mortal ever heard,
An' all the birds seemed singin'
From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went playin'
In a land too fur to call;
Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
When one bird could sing fer all!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*



THE BUCKEYE STATE

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations

concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the

terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any

Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all

of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility:
www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.