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Arizona Special Days



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C. O. CASE
Superintendent of Public Instruction
STATE OF ARIZONA
1915

ARIZONA SPECIAL DAYS

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Issued by
C. O. CASE,
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Flag Day

(and other patriotic occasions).

Suggestive Program.

Chorus, The Star Spangled Banner; Recitation, "The Flag of Our Country;" Group Exercises; Drills; Essays, by Pupils; Dramatization; Song; Reading by the Teacher; Talks by Patrons; Chorus.

How to Give the Salute to the Flag.

Right hand lifted, palm downward, to a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus, all repeat together slowly:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands: One Nation indivisible with Liberty and Justice for all."

At the words, "to my Flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, toward the Flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately return to the side.

"THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY."

Excerpt from speech by United States Senator Henry F. Ashurst, of
Arizona.

It will generally be admitted that there is nothing more beautiful than the American Flag. Its rippling folds speak eloquently of liberty. Its bars of white represent its purity of purpose, its bars of red its blood-bought price, and its galaxy of stars in the field of blue, represents a promise of everlasting unity.

It represents the Nation, and then the question is presented, "What is a Nation?"

What is a Nation? Is a Nation land and water, law books and a treasury? Do government buildings, courts and congresses, armies and navies make a nation? These things, my friends, are but the garments, the decorations, the weapons of nationality. These trap-

pings do not touch the essence of nationhood, which, like the essence of manhood and womanhood, is a purely spiritual thing.

Is a man made or measured by his office, his contracts, his gold, his lands, or by the character that is his and the courage of his soul?

Soul and not goods is the test of the nationhood of a people. But what is the true measure of greatness? Is it a matter of acres? Was Greece small in the days of Pericles? Were the thirteen American Colonies small in the days of Washington, Jefferson, Ben Franklin, and Patrick Henry. Can you weigh a nation in terms of transportation or by tonnage tables? Were the Egyptians building the Pyramids as strong as the Israelites carrying the Mosaic law across the desert? Does a nation's power consist of battleships and soldiery? Was the sword of Caesar more powerful than the words of St. Paul? Is the accumulation of capital a security beyond the hour? Will John D. Rockefeller be remembered in history as long as John the Baptist? Was the rich Pharisee as truly justified as the poor Publican?

A nation is the composite soul of a people struggling to make itself immortal in the common good of all."

GIVE US STRONG MEN.

(For Seventh and Eighth Grade)

God, give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking;
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

—J. G. Holland

The public school is the nursery of patriotism. Its best fruits are true Americans, and its crowning glory the making of loyal and intelligent citizens.—A. N. Whitmarsh.

OUR NATION'S COLORS.

(Exercise by three little girls.)

All.

We wear today the colors,
To which our men were true;
Long may they wave above us,
The red, the white, the blue.

Red

Bright as the rays of morning,
When comes the dawn's first gleam,
Within our much-loved banner
The crimson bars are seen.

White.

Pure as the snowflakes falling,
Or early morning light,
Among the bars of crimson
Appear the bars of white.

Blue.

Bright as the sky at evening,
When gleam the stars of night,
The blue within our banner
Enfolds the stars of white.

TOAST TO THE FLAG.

(For Fifth and Sixth Grade.)

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

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

WE LOVE OUR FLAG.

(Little ones, with flags.)
 Tho' we are only children
 We love our native land,
 We love our flag, the stars and stripes,
 That waves from strand to strand.
 —Selected.

THE VETERANS.

Every year they're marching slower,
 Every year they're stooping lower,
 Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older men;
 Every year the flags above them
 Seem to bend and bless and love them
 As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again!

Every year with dwindling number,
 Loyal to those that slumber,
 Forth they march to where already many have found peace
 at last,
 And they place the fairest blossoms
 O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
 Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
 Tattered flag and faded color;
 Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do.
 And the eyes that only brightened
 When the blaze of battle lightened,
 Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and faded
 too.

Every year we see them massing,
 Every year we watch them passing,
 Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain;
 But the battle flags above them,
 Seem to bend and bless and love them,
 And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone of pain!
 —Denis A. McCarty, New York Sun.

—o—

Blow softest notes, ye bugles,
 Ye drums, keep solemn time,
 To a great nation's heart beats,
 Strong pulsing in its prime,
 As halting on its marching
 It bows the reverent head,
 To pay its mead of honor,
 To our Immortal Dead!

—Mrs. E. P. Wood.

—o—

A FLAG EXERCISE.

(For the smallest ones.)

Holding the Flag.

First Pupil.

This is our flag, and may it wave
 Wide over land and sea!
 Though others love a different flag,
 This is the flag for me.

Concert Recitation.

And that's the flag for all our land,
 We will revere no other;
 And he who loves the symbol fair,
 Shall be to us a brother.

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Second Pupil:

America's the land we love,
 Our broad fair land so free;
 And schoolmates, whereso'er I go,
 This is the flag for me.

(Repeat concert recitation.)

Third Pupil:

These glorious stars and radiant stripes,
 With youthful joy I see;
 May no rude hand its beauty mar!
 This is the flag for me.

(Repeat concert recitation.)

—The Intelligence.

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A FLAG.

One night upon the snow
 The red sun fell in bars,
 And in a square of sky above
 There shone some early stars.

I saw the pretty day
 Upon the hilltop lag,
 A-playing she was Betty Ross
 Just making us the flag!

—Selected.

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Par. 2843. Civil Code of Arizona, 1913. It shall be the duty of the school authorities of every public school in the several school districts of the State of Arizona to purchase a United States flag, flagstaff, and the necessary appliances therefor, and to display such flag upon or near the public school building during school hours, and at such other times as such school authorities may direct.

Thanksgiving Day

Suggestive Program.

Song, America; Reading the Governor's Proclamation; Recitation, "Thanksgiving With a T," Composition by a pupil; Recitation, "Thanksgiving Day," Song; Recitation, "Thankful, You Bet;" Recitation, "Thanksgiving;" Dialogue; Drill; Talks by Teachers and Patrons; Chorus.

Subjects for Compositions.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day, the First Thanksgiving; life of the New England Colonies; reasons for Being Thankful; Arizona Harvests; Indian Dances and Festivals.

EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS.

(For six pupils.)

1. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.
2. The first English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.
3. There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.
4. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633 when the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.
5. The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary War.
6. The first great American Thanksgiving was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

—From the Iowa Manual.

THANKSGIVING JOYS.

Cart loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,
Chickens and Turkeys and fat little pigs—
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and play-time begins;
 From office and schoolroom and hall,
 Fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts,
 Nieces and nephews, and all
 Speed away home, as they hear from afar
 The voice of the Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
 Cast every trouble away;
 Think of your blessings, remember your joys,
 Don't be afraid to be gay;
 None are too old and none are too young
 To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

—Youth's Companion.

—o—

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

The king and high-priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian summer came in, dreamy and calm and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance; and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday: “I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation.”

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

—o—

THANKSGIVING.

Thank God for rest, when none molest,
 And none can make afraid;
 For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
 Beneath the homestead shade!

Build up an altar to the Lord,
 O grateful hearts of ours!
 And shape it of the greenest sward
 That ever drank the showers!

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
 And then the orchard fruits!
 Bring golden grain from sun and air;
 From earth, her goodly roots!

Then let the common heart keep time
 To such an anthem sung
 As never rolled on poet's rhyme,
 Or thrilled on singer's tongue!

—Selected.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

Ride a Turkey Gobler
 All around the town,
 When the days are frosty
 And the leaves are brown.

Apple Pie and Pumpkin,
 Cranberry and, O!
 Mince Pies in the pantry
 In a smiling row.

Pantry's full of good things,
 Safely stowed away
 For a certain Thursday,
 Called Thanksgiving Day.

Everybody's waiting
 Man and Bird and Beast,
 Everybody's waiting for
 A great Thanksgiving Feast.

—E. W. Peckham.

From John Martin's Book, Nov. 1913.

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A THANKSGIVING "T."

'Tis "T" that stands for Thanksgiving,
 It's straight and tall, you know;
 Just like a little grenadier
 That standing at a show.

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And, oh! of all the funny things
 About the letter "T,"
 It stands for just the very day,
 'Tis Thursday, don't you see?

And then, dear me, I quite forgot,
 It stands for turkey, too;
 The bird that gobbles out so loud,
 I run from him, I do.

So, sing a song for Thanksgiving,
 That day so soon to be,
 For turkey, pie and cake, you know,
 Just suits me to a—"T."

 SIGNS.

Autumn has come! How do I know?
 The red-leaved maple told me so!
 The frost had warned the maple tree
 And when the maple whispered me;
 A wild-flower heard what had been said
 And sadly drooped her pretty head.
 —Belle L. Humphreys.

 GUESS!

There is a plant you often see
 In gardens and in fields;
 Its stalk is straight, its leaves are long,
 And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit, when young, is soft and white,
 And closely wrapped in green,
 And tassels hang from every ear,
 Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away
 The fruit is ripe and old;
 It peeps from out the wrapping dry,
 Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit, when young, we boil and roast,
 When old, we grind it well,
 Now, think of all the plants you know,
 And try its name to tell.

—Selected.

THANKFUL? YOU BET.

Oh, some of us have goods galore,
 And some of us may lack a lot;
 But I, for one, am thankful for
 The many things I haven't got;
 (A valet, hookworms, cotton "short,"
 And other troubles of the sort.)

Let me give thanks as I confess
 That I am not as others are,
 For truly I do not possess
 A tourabout or flying car.
 (I'm glad that I escape its cares,
 For I've no funds to pay repairs.)

Who will may own a castled court;
 I do not hold the slightest malice,
 But I am thankful to report
 I don't possess a single palace.
 (For if I did, I'm sore afraid
 We'd never find a palace-maid.)

Let me give thanks I lay no claim
 To any far-off, frozen pole;
 Let me give thanks I do not aim
 To pry another off the goal.
 (I'd rather do my little stunts
 Where I can show them right at once.)

But I've no space to tell it all;
 Yet once again I must insist,
 Among our blessings, great and small,
 Be thankful most for what we've missed:
 (Affinities, election spoils,
 Dyspepsia, sudden death, and boils.)
 —Edmund Vance Cooke.

AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
 O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
 Once more with harvest song and shout
 Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
 Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
 Her lap is full of goodly things,
 Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

—J. G. Whittier.

GIVING THANKS.

For the hay and the corn and what is reaped,
 For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
 For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,
 For the rose and the sone, and the harvest brought home—
 Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
 For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,
 For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
 For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
 Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the ones that with purest affection are blest,
 For the season of plenty and well deserved rest,
 For our country extending from sea to sea,
 The land that is known as "The Land of the Free,"—
 Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—Anon.

THE GAME THANKSGIVING DINNER.

One is chosen to tell the story. He gives each player the name of something to be eaten at a Thanksgiving dinner. All form a circle. The leader, in the center, begins a story about Thanksgiving Day. Whenever he mentions a name that has been given to one of the players, that player must turn around in his place. For instance, if the leader should say "The big turkey was put on the table," all who are named turkey must turn about. Whenever the words "Thanksgiving Dinner" are heard, all the players must turn.

—From Happyland.

Christmas

I'm
glad to
have upon
my boughs
good Christmas
gifts for you because
I know, dear little friends
that you've been kind and
true. Whene'er you smell my spicy
breath and see my twinkling light
recall to mind the little Child born that first
Christmas night. Like Him, shed happiness
around, spread all Good Will and Peace and every
year make glad the sad and Christmas cheer in-
crease. So shall your tree bear fruit of joy whenever
it is found and always bloom in sparkling light when
Christmas
rolls around.
But do not
cast me off,
dear friends,
when Christ-
mas has
slipped by
but plant
me in the
yard with
strings from
ground to tip-top
high. Up there let morning-glories climb and breathe
their bloom and shade. You'll find that, for your
summer-joys, a play-tent you have made.

C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S T-R-E-E.

—From John Martin's Book.

THE YULE LOG.

“Ule, Ule, Ule, Ule;
 Three puddings in a pule,
 Crack nuts and cry ‘Ule.’”

This was the Yule song our ancestors sang at the lighting of the Yule Log on Christmas eve in old England. Big, strong men hauled in the great log with pomp and ceremony, and the minstrels saluted it with a song. Such big gatherings as there used to be, around the great, roaring fire, in the big English halls of those olden days.

Like so many of the quaint and beautiful old customs, the origin of the Yule log was really, pagan, for the Saxons and Danes used it to show their rejoicing at the return of the winter solstice. For their feast of Yule, or “Juul,” is about the time of the winter solstice, or our Christmas, so that Christians of the early English days adopted it for their Christmas festival, and thought that the burning of the Yule log signified the burning out of old wrongs. In the warm, cherry glow lighting up the old halls no one could cherish any resentment, or hold any cold memory of a wrong.

A piece of each year’s log was carefully saved to start the next. That, too, was a pretty custom.

The days of the old Yule log have long passed away. We do not burn the log of Yule now, but we can bring its cheer to our Christmas. We do not keep the Yule log bit for the next year, but we can carry through the months a little of the Christmas spirit of kindness and good cheer to light the way for the Christmas of another year.

—From American Primary Teacher.

LITTLE SANTA CLAUS.

When Santa Claus was very small,
 A little boy like you and me,
 There were no Christmas trees at all,
 Or gifts to hang upon the tree.

He did not hang his stocking there
 Beside the fire to hold the toys;
 He never had a Teddy Bear
 To love, or drum to make a noise.

The Christmas tales that Grandma tells
 Had not been heard of then, they say;
 Small Santa never heard the bells
 That jingle on the reindeer sleigh;

And so he said, "When I'm a man,
 Just watch and see the things I'll do!"
 The tree and toys were all his plan:
 I'm glad he thought of them.—Aren't you?
 Woman's Home Companion.

—Charlton L. Edholm.

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.

The burning of the Yule log is an ancient Christmas ceremony handed down from the Scandinavians, who at their feast of Yull, at the time of the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god, Thor.

The bringing in and placing of the ponderous block (frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak) on the hearth of the wide chimney in the baronial hall was the most joyous of the ceremonies observed on Christmas Eve. It was drawn in triumph from its resting-place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passed; for he knew that it was full of good promises, and that its flame would burn out the old wrongs and heart-burnings.

On its entrance into the baronial hall, the minstrels hailed it with song and music; or, in the absence of the minstrels, we are told that each member of the family sat upon it in turn, sang a Yule song, and drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; after which they had, as part of their feast, Yule dough, or Yule cakes, on which were impressed the figures of the infant Jesus.

As an accompaniment to the Yule log, a candle of monstrous size, called the Yule candle, or Christmas candle, shed its light on the festive board during the evening.

—From "Christmas Tyde."

CANDLES ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

What do candles on Christmas trees mean?

Lighted candles were a feature of the ancient Jewish Feast of the Dedication or Feast of Lights. This was held about Christmas, and it is likely that lights were twinkling in every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Nazareth at the time of the birth of Christ. This

custom was probably merged into the Christian celebration of Christmas. Other authorities claim that the candles are a survival of the huge Yule candle used as a sign of the Light that came into the world as prophesied by John the Baptist.

—Selected.

—o—

The best of Christmas joy,
 Dear little girl or boy,
 That comes on that merry-making day,
 Is the happiness of giving
 To another child that's living
 Where Santa Claus has never found his way.
 —Youth's Companion.

—o—

'Tis the time of the year for the open hand,
 And the tender heart and true,
 When a rift of heaven has cleft the skies,
 And the saints are looking through.

The flame leaps high when the earth is drear,
 And sorrowful eyes look bright;
 For a message dear, that all may hear,
 Is borne on the Christmas light.
 —Margaret Sangster.

—o—

DECEMBER SPELLING LESSON.

ALL

The nicest word there is to spell
 Is just the one we mean to tell;
 The nicest day of all the year
 Is the one we will show you here.
 (Each in turn holding up letter.)

C

H

R

I

S

T

M

A

S

(All together)

Christmas!

—Bertha E. Bush.

WHY?

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.
—Eugene Field.

WHO IS IT?

Someone who is fat and jolly,
And a foe of melancholy,
Never fails to slide and slip
Thro' our chimney, every trip.
And he always on his back
Carries a tremendous sack;
Leaves for each a gift or two,
And then scampers up the flue.
Urchins, if his name you doubt,
Scan these lines and spell it out.
—Susie M. Best.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING.

Who gives to whom hath not been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed,
Is, as the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
As large as earth and rich as Heaven.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

QUAINT RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.

At Christmas time in the Russian provinces, as at Hallowe'en in other countries, popular superstition holds that it is very easy to read

the future. The girls read the future by breaking eggs in a glass of water and deducting their fate from the shape it takes, first leaving it before the shrine of some saint, or by pouring melted wax into cold water. The final test of fate is to put a ring of each guest into a large pan, covered with a cloth, being careful to place three bits of charcoal and small pieces of bread and salt at the psychic angles of the pan. The rings are all turned with a spoon while the girls sing songs. At the end of each song a ring is pulled out and the song that has been sung is known to fortell the future of the owner of the ring.

—Selected.

Lincoln's Birthday

Suggestive Program.

Song, "America;" Reading, "Gettysburg Speech;" Exercises, "A Lincoln Finger Play;" In Memoriam; Discussion, "The Relative Greatness of Lincoln and Washington;" Flag Exercise; Song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean;" Recitation "The Uncommon Commoner;" Talks by the teacher and patrons; Oration by pupil; Chorus.

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
 A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;
 A homely hero born of star and sod;
 A Peasant Prince; a Masterpiece of God.

—Walter Malone.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We have met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it cannot forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

A LINCOLN FINGER PLAY.

This (1) is the house where our Lincoln was born,
 Little and low, made of logs laid just so; (2)
 Here is the window (3) that gave the boy light,
 Curtained with only a skin, as you know,
 Here (4) is the ladder he climbed up at night,
 Up to his straw bed, spread in the loft.
 Heres' (5) his rough table, and here (6) his rude stool,
 Hewn out from logs, neither polished nor soft.
 So (7) the flames danced in the fireplace broad,
 Giving him light to study his book.
 This way (8) he wrote on his wooden spade slate,
 Figured and worked in his snug chimney nook,
 This way (9) he went when he swung his big axe,
 Splitting the rails. Oh, he worked like a man!
 I mean (10) to work and to study just so
 And be as like Lincoln as ever I can.

Motions.

1. Left hand held up for side wall. Fingers of right hand touching left finger tips, making sloping roof. The rest of the right hand and arm represent the other side wall.
2. Fingers held straight and interlaced like logs in a wall.
3. Make a window with two hands
4. One hand held out horizontally with fingers spread apart to form ladder.
5. One hand supported by finger-tips of the other to form table.
6. One hand doubled up and held to represent a stool without a back.
7. Fingers twinkled for flames.
8. Left hand held up for wooden shovel. Right forefinger makes figures on it.
9. Motion of chopping with axe.
10. Stand up tall, and look as determined as possible.

—Bertha E. Bush in Primary Education.

—o—

FLAG EXERCISE.

First child—

What flag is this?

Second child—

This is our country's flag
 This flag so fine.
 It is my father's flag
 And it is mine.

Third child—

What are its colors?

Fourth child—

White stars in a field of blue,
Stripes white and red.
See our Red, White and Blue,
Waving overhead.

Fifth child—

What do these colors mean?

Sixth child—

White means be always pure.
Red means be brave,
Blue means to be ever true,
Long may it wave.

Seventh child—

Why are the flags up today?

Eighth child—

All these United States, many in one,
Honor this glorious name
Abraham Lincoln.

All—(Tune, Auld Lang Syne).

We wave the flag, the bonny flag
Of red and white and blue,
This flag that floats o'er land and sea,
To it we'll be true.
Then hail the flag, this bonny flag,
We'll give it three times three,
God bless the land that owns this flag
The land of liberty.

—Alice Roache, Ironwood, Michigan.
In Michigan Special Days.

—o—

THE UNCOMMON COMMONER.

By Edmund Vance Cook, in *The Public*.

Whence did he come? From the rearmost rank
Of the humblest file. Was it some mad prank
Of God that the mountains were bare and blank
And the strong tree grew on the lowliest bank?
Not so! 'Tis the Law. The seed blows wide

And the flower may bloom as the garden's pride,
 Or spring from the ditch. Nor time, nor place,
 Condition nor caste, nor creed nor race
 May limit manhood. The proof is the case
 Of Lincoln.

How was he trained—this untaught sage,
 With nothing but want for his heritage?
 Set to work at the tender age
 Which should have been conning a primer page;
 His whole youth spent for the pitiful wage
 Of axman, boatman, farmer, clerk;
 For learned alone in the school of work
 Was Lincoln.

What was his power? Not kingly caste,
 Nor jingle of gold, howsoever amassed;
 Not Napoleon's force, with the world agast;
 Not weak persuasion or fierce duress,
 But strong with the Virtue of Homeliness
 Was Lincoln.

Homely in feature. An old style room,
 With its tall, quaint clock and its old quaint loom
 Has very much of his home-made air;
 Plain, but a plainness made to wear.
 Homely in character. Void of pretense;
 Homely in homeliest common sense.
 Homely in honesty, homespun stuff
 For every weather, mild or rough,
 Homely in humor, which bubbled up
 Like a forest spring in its earthen cup.
 Homely in justice. He knew the law,
 But often more than the letter he saw;
 And, sheathing the sword to its harmless hilt,
 Wrote "Pardon" over the blot of guilt,
 Homely in patience. His door stood wide,
 And carping and cavil from every side
 Dinned in his ears, but he went his way
 And did the strongest that in him lay.
 Homely in modesty. Never a claim
 Of credit he made, and he shirked no blame,
 Yet firm in his place as the hemisphere
 When principle said to him, "Stand thou here!"
 Homely in tenderness. Motherhood's breast,
 Where the new babe cradles its head to rest,
 Is not more tender than was his heart;
 Yet brave as a Bayard in every part
 Was Lincoln.

O, Uncommon Commoner! may your name
Forever lead like a living flame!
Unschool'd Scholar! how did you learn
The wisdom a lifetime cannot earn?
Unsainted Martyr! higher than saint!
You were a MAN with a man's constraint.
In the world, of the world, was your lot;
With it and for it the fight you fought,
And never till Time is itself forgot
And the heart of man is a pulseless clot,
Shall blood flow slow when we think the thought
Of Lincoln.

—o—

IN MEMORIAM.

—

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things —
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well.

—From Edwin Markham's Poem on Lincoln.

—o—

“You can fool part of the people all the time, you can fool all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.”—Lincoln.

Washington's Birthday

Suggestive Program.

Salute to the Flag; Music; Recitation, Which General; Little Hatchet Drill; Song; Ode to Washington; Recitation, Why? Dialogue, Washington; Address by local speaker; Chorus, America.

“First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

WHY?

The guns were banging in the street,
The drums were beating loud,
The crackers snapped, the cannon boomed,
Hurrahed the merry crowd.

“What’s this?” cried grandpa, looking glum
(Of course, ’twas all in fun).
“Has Fourth July got ’round again?
There goes another gun!”

He put his glasses on to look,
He held his ears to hear,
“What is this racket all about?
Just hear those youngsters cheer!”

The children laughed in merry glee:
“This is—now, don’t you know?—
The day that Washington was born
So many years ago.”

“And why,” asked grandpa, puzzled still,
Though he is seventy-nine,
Should you his birthday celebrate
With better cheer than mine?”

Then up spoke honest little Ted:
“Grandpa, I’ll tell you why:
Because—because in all his life
He never told a lie.”

—Anonymous.

ODE TO WASHINGTON.**(Air: America).**

Welcome, thou festal morn!
 Never be passed in scorn
 Thy rising sun,
 Thou day forever bright
 With freedom's holy light
 That gave the world the sight
 Of Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
 The foremost of the free,
 The victory won.
 In freedom's presence bow
 While sweetly smiling now
 She wreathes the spotless brow
 Of Washington.

—George Howland in "School and Home."

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

Pale is the February sky,
 And brief the midday's sunny hours,
 The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
 For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
 Not even when the summer broods
 O'er meadows in their fresh array,
 Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
 Brings in its annual round, the morn
 When, greatest of the sons of men,
 Our glorious Washington was born.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
 Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
 And years succeeding years shall give
 Increase of honors to his name.

—Wm. Cullen Bryant's last poem.

WASHINGTON.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add bright-

ness to fame, or glory to the name, of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.

—Abraham Lincoln.

—o—

LITTLE HATCHET DRILL.

(Dress the boys in paper cocked hats; red, white, or blue paper sashes, with bows at the knees to match. Carry imitation hatchets cut out of pasteboard or shingle wood. Boys enter with hatchets over shoulders and sing "tra-la," until all are in front of school).

(Adapted to tune—"Yankee Doodle.")

We're like George Washington of old,

We have our little hatchets;

(All hold up hatchets.)

Be we'll not hurt our papas' trees,

(All shake heads.)

Because we know we'd catch it.

(All give themselves a spank.)

CHORUS—

Chop, and chopper, oh ho ho.

(Motion.)

We'll cut the wood so handy

And make a pile about so high,

(Raise left hands.)

All fixed so neat and spandy.

If you have any wood to cut,

(Point to school)

We'd really like to do it.

(Nod heads.)

It would be so clean and nice

You surely could not rue it.

CHORUS—

But, now goodbye, we go to work,

We hear our mothers calling;

(Left hand behind ear)

And if you'll listen carefully

You may hear big trees falling.

(Lift hatchets high.)

CHORUS—

—Edith Cameron.

POINTS OF CONTRAST.

Washington was born in 1732, of aristocratic family—Lincoln in 1809, reared in poverty.

Washington was six feet, two inches tall, graceful—Lincoln was six feet, three inches, awkward.

Washington was not an orator, given to stage fright when speaking—Lincoln was an orator, and never disconcerted before an audience.

Washington had a good education under private tutors—Lincoln had a meager education, obtained in a country school and hard night study.

Washington did not tell humorous stories in making a point—Lincoln found an indescribable power in stories, and never saw a time too serious to use one in expressing his impressions.

Washington was a slaveholder—Lincoln brought freedom to slaves, and abolished the institution.

Washington was an expert horseman—Lincoln was awkward on a horse.

Washington had a hot temper, but mastered it on most occasions—Lincoln never displayed any temper, but was good-natured under all conditions.

Washington was not easy to approach; held himself aloof in formality—Lincoln denied himself to no one, and met strangers on a common level.

Washington among his intimates could talk earnestly, impressively and freely—Lincoln in conversation was original, fascinating, presenting a mixture of mirth and melancholy that kept the listener oscillating between laughter and tears.—Colorado Manual.

—o—

WASHINGTON'S HATCHET.

(Little girl recites. A number of small boys with pasteboard hatchets, in costume, if possible.)

(1) I'll tell you a very old story,

My teachers tell often to me.

Of a curly-haired boy, and a (2) hatchet

(3) That would cut, and a straight cherry tree.

This curly-haired boy with the hatchet

Was out in the garden, she said

(4) And cut down his father's tree, covered

With cherries, all juicy and red.

(5) When it lay on the grass there beside him,

(6) He was sorry,—this boy with the curls,—

We know how he felt,—(7) we've been naughty

And sorry; now haven't we, girls?

ARIZONA SPECIAL DAYS

His father came down, and said sternly,
 Who cut down my best cherry tree?
 "It was I," said the boy, "with my hatchet,
 (8) I'm sorry,"—as brave as could be.
 Then his father forgave him and loved him,
 His own little son with the curls,—
 Just the same as our fathers and mothers
 Forgive their own sad boys and girls,
 And there's not a bit more to the story.
 Now, listen, please, every one,—
 That curly-haired boy with the hatchet
 (9) Was,—really, George Washington.
 —From Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

Motions for the Above.

1. Touch hats.
2. Hold up hatchets.
3. Feel blades.
4. Motions of cutting.
5. Drop hatchet and bend over.
6. Cover faces with hands.
7. Take off hat, look down sorrowfully.
8. Look up bravely.
9. Hold hat on breast, bow low.

I wonder if George Washington,
 When he was nine years old,
 Turned out his toes and brushed his hair,
 And always shut the door with care,
 And did as he was told.
 I wonder if he ever said,
 "Oh dear!" when he was sent to bed.
 —Youth's Companion.

Arizona Arbor Day

With its wreath of Southern Roses

"TREE PLANTING ON OUR SCHOOL GROUNDS"

By J. J. Thornber, Botanist, University of Arizona

should have been included in our Arbor Day group of selections, but, through a regrettable mistake, it has been placed on the last pages of this pamphlet.

PROCLAMATION OF ARBOR DAY.

Executive Department,
State of Arizona.

Pursuant to the provisions of Paragraph 2837-2840 of the Revised Statutes of Arizona, 1913, I, Geo. W. P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona, do hereby designate and set apart the fifth day of February, A. D., 1915, as Arbor Day, to be observed in the Counties of Cochise, Gila, Graham, Greenlee, Maricopa, Pima, Pinal, Santa Cruz and Yuma; and, furthermore, I designate and set apart the second day of April, A. D., 1915, as Arbor Day, to be observed in the Counties of Apache, Coconino, Mohave, Navajo and Yavapai.

In recognition of the commendable national significance of Arbor Day as an occasion wherefrom the American people derive great benefit, it is recommended that the teachers and pupils of all public schools and higher institutions of learning shall hold appropriate exercises, and shall, by the transplanting of trees and shrubs, beautify, so far as possible, the grounds surrounding such places of instruction.

It is further recommended that the people of Arizona shall make Arbor Day of the present year an occasion for promoting among the youth of the State a greater interest in the adornment of public

Arizona Arbor Day

With its wreath of Southern Roses
And its spray of Northern Pine.

Dear Girls and Boys of Arizona:

Don't you think that Arbor Day is just about the best day that we have? It is as you know, a sort of an out-of-doors New Year's Day on which we get together in the open and shoulder our shovels and make our resolutions and say to ourselves, we are going to get down to better business and have more trees and flowers and singing birds for our roadways and our school yards.

And on Arbor Day this year as we are working hard and having lots of fun planting trees and making resolutions, it might be well to remember that if we only keep these resolutions from year to year, it may not be impossible for us to make the great big out-of-doors in Arizona the best place in the world.

Sincerely yours,

C. O. CASE,
Supt. of Public Instruction.

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places and in improving by the means, which Nature affords, all privately-owned domains, so that those generations, which succeed us in the manifold activities of life, may gratefully acknowledge our efforts to increase the beauty and value of their heritage.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the state to be affixed.

Done at Phoenix, the Capital, this nineteenth day of January, A. D., 1915.

GEO. W. P. HUNT,
Governor of Arizona.

Attest:

SIDNEY P. OSBORN,
Secretary of State.

— o —

NATURE'S HIRED MAN.

Diggin' in the earth,
Helpin' things to grow,
Foolin' with a rake,
Flirtin' with a hoe;

Waterin' the plants,
Pullin' up the weeds,
Gatherin' the stones,
Puttin' in the seeds;

On your face and hands
Pilin' up the tan—
That's the job for me,
Nature's hired man!

Wages best of all.
Better far than wealth.
Paid in good fresh air,
And a lot o' health.

Never any chance
Of you gettin' fired,
And when night comes on
Knowing' why you're tired.

Nature's hired man!
That's the job for me,
With the birds and flowers
For society.

Let the other feller
 For the dollar scratch
 I am quite contented
 With my garden-patch.
 —John Kendrick Bangs
 From Songs of Cheer.

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WHEN I AM A MAN.

I'm going to be a farmer
 And guide the shining plow.
 I'm going to have a garden,
 Some chickens and a cow.
 I'll have a lot of horses,
 Some pigs and honey bees,
 And yes, I'll have an orchard
 Of juicy apple trees.
 Then if you'll come to visit
 And stay perhaps a week,
 We'll both of us go fishing
 And swimming in the creek.
 —A. T. Eisenman.

WHY WE KEEP ARBOR DAY.

(For six children. As they take their places upon the stage, those in seats recite the first stanza.)

Trees of the fragrant forest,
 With the leaves of green unfurled,
 Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
 What do you do for our world?

First—

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
 That fall with soothing sound,
 Then drop them slowly, slowly down,
 'Tis better for the ground.

Second—

When rushing down the hillside,
 A mighty freshet forms,
 Our giant trunks and spreading roots
 Defend our happy homes.

Third—

From burning heat in summer,
 We offer cool retreat,
 Protect the land in winter's storm
 From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth—

Our falling leaves in autumn,
 By breezes turned and tossed,
 Will make a deep sponge carpet warm
 Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth—

We give you pulp for paper,
 Our fuel gives you heat,
 We furnish lumber for your homes,
 And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth—

With strong and graceful outline,
 With branches green and bare,
 We fill the land through all the year
 With beauty everywhere.

All—

So, listen, from the forest,
 Each one a message sends
 To children on this Arbor Day,
 "We trees are your best friends."
 —Primary Education.

—o—

ARBOR DAY MARCH.

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")
 Celebrate the Arbor Day
 With march and song and cheer;
 For this day it comes to us
 But once in every year.
 Should we not remember it
 And make its mem'ry dear—
 Memories sweet for this glad day?

CHORUS:

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

 NATURE'S SONG.

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
 As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
 There is no meter that's half so fine
 As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
 And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
 Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.
 Madison Cawein.

 A SONG FOR APRIL

It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining daffodils;
 In every dimpled drop I see
 Wild flowers on the hills.
 The clouds of gray engulf the day,
 And overwhelm the town;
 It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
 But fields of clover bloom,
 Where every bucaneeing bee
 May find a bed and room;
 A health unto the happy!
 A fig for him who frets!—
 It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.

 THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
 I fish without a pole;
 And I bag good game and catch such fish
 As suit a sportsman's soul.

For the choicest game that the forest holds,
 And the best fish of the brook
 Are never brought down by a rifle shot
 And are never caught with a hook.

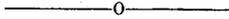
I bob for fish by the forest brook;
 I hunt for game in the trees;
 For bigger birds than wing the air
 Or fish that swim the seas.

A rodless Walton of the brooks,
 A bloodless sportsman I—
 I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods
 The dreams that haunt the sky.

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

There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
 And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
 And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
 Are as new and as old as the world.

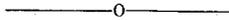
—Henry Kelman, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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 some times in full view,
 They have their thread of cobwebs
 And thimbles made of dew.

—William H. Hayne.



ABOUT THE FAIRIES.

Pray, where are the little bluebells gone,
 That lately bloomed in the wood?
 Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
 And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their garden, like trees.

And where are the great big bluebottles gone,
That buzzed in their busy pride?
Oh, fairies have caught them everyone,
And have broken them in, to ride.

And they've taken the glow-worms to light their halls,
And the cricket to sing them a song,
And the great red rose-leaves to paper their walls,
And they're feasting the whole night long.

But when spring comes back with its soft, mild ray,
And the ripple of gentle rain,
The fairies bring back what they've taken away,
And give it us all again.

—Selected.

Miscellaneous

EXTRACT FROM A LABOR DAY SPEECH
By United States Senator Henry F. Ashurst,
of Arizona.

“There is not in all this world nor in the broad-extended wings of imagination a subject of thought more ennobling, or a subject of speech more inspiring than an HONEST LABORING MAN, whether he follow the plow and tickle the earth until it laugh forth a golden harvest, whether he wield the miner’s pick in the hope of achieving fortune from the bounty of nature, or whether he be one of those dauntless spirits who transport us over the iron rails, and in behalf of the laboring man, Nature has filed her great decree in equity, for though he may not possess money, he experiences that noble contentment of soul and that honorable peace of mind which come and come only as the rich reward of rectitude, and which cannot be purchased even for all the gems that ever gleamed in Goleonda’s mines.

The honest workman does not seek wealth and power by hasty ways or fraudulent means, but he patiently waits and resolutely works through dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement.

He knows the thrills and ecstasies of love, when after a day of useful labor he returns at eventide to the partner of his bosom, to the home where during the day the busy housewife has plied HER daily toil, and his little children have trained the garden vines and played in peace.

He is the strength of the State. He constitutes the State. He struggles against an increasing expense account and a decreasing wage, he bears up against untold difficulties and labors for a subsistence for himself and his family with an industry, a gameness and a good nature which prove him to be the possessor of the choicest gifts that can be bestowed upon the children of men, and he shows by his silent but all-conquering courage that he is the haughtiest and most aspiring of mankind! The soul of the workman is never hidden behind the cowardly mask of policy or expediency,—deceive he cannot, for deception blooms only on the lips of men who are afraid.

He knows that “complete success alienates man from his fellows, but that suffering makes kinsmen of us all.” The same as his wealthy brother, he trusts in the Providence of God, whose mercy stills the clamorous Raven’s nest, and quiets the troubled waters.”

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same,
If you can bear to hear the word you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and brain and sinew
To serve their turn long after they are gone,
And so to hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the comon touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty second's worth of distance run—
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son.

—Rudyard Kipling

“WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.”

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
 Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins:
 Out where the sun is a little brighter,
 Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
 Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
 Out where the friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins:
 Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
 Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
 Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
 Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
 That's where the West begins:
 Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
 Where there's more of giving, and less of buying,
 And a man makes friends without half trying,—
 That's where the West begins.

—Arthur Chapman.

o

“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 Son.

—o—

THE TRAIL.

Where the roads of men are ended, where stands the last crude
 shack,
 Where the mountains raise their barriers and the tenderfoot turns
 back;
 Where there's nought ahead but Nature, and there's no such word
 as fail,

Where the well-worn ways are ended—'tis here that begins the trail.

And the man of the trail is the man of the wild, a creature unrecking and bold.

The trappers of fur, the hunters of game, or, perchance, the searchers of gold

Are the men who have starved and suffered, in the wilderness hewing away,

And the trail they trod but yesterday is an empire's path today.

—Stanley Washburn.

o

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.”

—Selected.

o

INDIAN SUMMER.

A silken curtain veils the skies,
 And half conceals from pensive eyes
 The bronzing tokens of the fall;
 A calmness broods upon the hills,
 And summer's parting dream distils
 A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
 Stand waiting through the tranquil day,
 Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
 The tribes that find a shelter there
 Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
 And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
 Of sunset passes down the West,
 I hear the whispering host returning;
 On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
 I see the lights, I smell the smoke—
 The Camp-fires of the Past are burning.

—Tertius and Henry van Dyke.

From poems of Henry van Dyke, copyright by Charles Scribners' Sons.

A NATION'S HOPE.

Who are the men of the morrow?
 Seek ye the boys of today;
 Follow the plow and the harrow,
 Look where they rake the hay.

Walk with the cows from the pasture;
 Seek 'mid the tassled corn;
 Try where you hear the thresher,
 Humming in the early morn.

Who are the men of the morrow?
 Look at your sturdy arm!
 A nation's hope for the future
 Lives in the boy on the farm.
 —American Agriculturist.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

Mary Hannah Krout.

They drive home the cows from the pasture
 Up through the long shady lane.
 Where the quails whistle loud in the wheat fields
 That are yellow with ripening grain.
 They find in the thick, waving grasses,
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
 They gather the earliest snowdrops
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
 They gather the elder-bloom white,
 They find where the dusky grapes purple
 In the soft-tinted October light.
 They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy wines,
 They know where the fruit hangs thickest
 On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweed,
 And build tiny castles of sand;
 They pick up the beautiful seashells,
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
 They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
 Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
 And at night time are folded to slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sing.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
 The humble and poor become great,
 And from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
 The pen of the author and scholar—
 The noble and wise of the land—
 The chisel, the sword, and the palette,
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—o—

MY CREED.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those who care;
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless
 I would be giving and forget the gift;
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
 I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.
 —Howard Arnold Walter.

—o—

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the
 ends of the earth!

—From "The Ballad of East and West," by Rudyard Kipling.

TREE PLANTING ON OUR SCHOOL GROUNDS.

No one understands or appreciates better than boys and girls the different trees, shrubs and flowers growing about us. They know the nut trees, trees that have berries or other fruits good to eat, and trees that are best for swings, shade and climbing. The writer recalls happily as a boy how trees and squirrels were regarded as boys' property, while girls had birds and flowers, and it is partly because of these pleasant memories that he writes this short article to the boys and girls of Arizona and assigns to them the noble duty of planting and caring for trees and flowers on our school grounds. One always wonders in planting a tree how long it will live, how large it will grow and what it will finally come to be. This feeling becomes deeper after seeing stately and historic trees in all their beauty, some of them much older than our country.

We have in Arizona the most diverse kinds of soil and climate and a large variety of native plants. Naturally, different trees are needed for these conditions, just as we find different trees growing in the mountains, foothills and valleys. So diverse is our climate that we have two Arbor Days, one for Southern Arizona, where the growing season begins early; and one for Northern Arizona, where the season is later. The selection of the right kind of trees for planting in different localities together with good care is very essential. This has been found out by long study and experiments at the University of Arizona. Most trees require deep soil, and if there is hardpan or "caliche" near the surface, holes should be dug or blasted five or six feet deep and as wide and filled with soil and a little manure or other organic matter. This will allow room for the roots to grow and provide more plant food. A basin about the tree several feet in diameter and a few inches deep helps in irrigation and collects some storm water. The ground should be heaped up somewhat around the trunk to prevent scalding in summer when watering.

For the average valley soil in the southern and western parts of the State, the Arizona ash, walnut and cottonwood, all hardy and native, together with the black locust, honey locust and umbrella are excellent trees. These drop their leaves in the late fall. The umbrella and cottonwood make more rapid growth than the others and have denser shade, but they require more irrigation and are shorter lived. Besides this, cottonwoods are subject to numerous insect pests. The ash, mulberry, walnut and locust are slower growing, but with care they will be fine trees when the cottonwood is dead. They strike their roots deeper into the ground and do not need to be watered so often. Most of us recall having seen large ash, walnut and cottonwood trees growing in our valleys and mountain canyons and white mulberry and locust trees growing on farms, and so we know how well these trees grow.

In the northern and eastern parts of the State and also in dry farming communities at 4,000 or 5,000 feet altitude where there is less irrigation but where the rainfall is heavier than in the valleys, the Russian oleaster, Chinese sumach, Arizona ash, white mulberry, and spineless honey locust will grow well. The Russian oleaster has silvery white leaves, smooth brownish trunks, and yellow flowers, so that it is a handsome tree, especially if trained to grow erect. Chinese sumach have leaves like walnuts, but larger, while honey locusts have finely divided leaves resembling those of acacias. Both are very hardy. With moderate irrigation, such other trees as the box elder, native sycamore, black locust, Carolina poplar, narrow leaf poplar and silver poplar will grow well in these same localities.

Any of the above varieties are suitable for planting on school grounds, and also about our homes, and with just reasonable care they will grow into splendid trees. If an evergreen is wanted, the Arizona cypress will certainly be the most desirable.

In alkaline soils the Russian oleaster, Chinese sumach, numerous tamarisks and even the mesquite will grow. Tamarisks may be grown readily from cuttings. For arid mesa soils where no water can be supplied after the trees are started, the mesquite, palo verde, bagote, ironwood and soapberry or wild chinaberry will grow with the least care, though naturally, their growth will be slow. However, it is a delight to see such trees as these growing in the midst of desert-like surroundings.

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