

Red Oak (Lulu).—I begin to feel my pride rising and hope White Oak will give me a chance to quote a poem written in honor of one of our family.

White Oak.—(Bows.)

Red Oak.—

"A glorious tree is the old gray oak;
He has stood for a thousand years—
Has stood and frowned,
On the trees around
Like a king among his peers;
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees around him stand, arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.

"He has stood like a tower,
And dared the winds to battle.
He has heard the hail,
And from plates of mail
From his own limbs, shaken, rattle;
He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops,
When the storm has roused his might,
Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
The heads of his foes in fight."

Scarlet Oak (Otto).—That poem which Red Oak quoted reminded me of an old saying of Dr. Holmes. He says: "I wonder if you ever thought of a single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity, the Oak defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell, and then stretches them out 50 or 60 feet so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find that in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the Weeping Willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the Poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At 90 degrees the Oak stops short, to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose, to bend downward weakness of organization."

Black Oak (Ruby).—What the Oak said sounds scientific. I want to tell you something that begins with "once upon a time." Once upon a time the devil agreed with a man that he should have the latter's soul at the time when the oak leaves fell; but when he came to look at the oak in the autumn he found it still in leaf, nor did it part with its old leaves till the new ones began to sprout. In his rage and disappointment he scratched the leaves so vehemently that they have been in consequence jagged ever since.

White Oak.—These are certainly good words for the Oak family. We will next listen to some music from the little birds—our very dear friends.

White Oak.—We shall next hear from the Maples, of which there are six in our State. They are cousins to the Buckeye, Bladdernut, and Box-elder, all of which belong to the Maple family.

Sugar Maple (Louise).—I am a favorite ornamental tree. Poets of all ages have sung about the oak. I am no Sweet Singer of Michigan, but I am possessed of sweetness. I claim to have made more boys and girls happy than any other tree. I have many changes in dress—wearing in spring the softest shade of every color; in the summer the purest emerald, and in the autumn the most brilliant yellow. My wood is used for furniture, floors, and for furnishing the interior of houses, and after the houses are finished few can warm them better than I.

Red Maple (Mary).—I am often called Soft Maple, a name also applied to one of my sisters. I beautify the country in spring with early red blossoms, and in autumn my leaves are streaked with scarlet.

Silver Red Maple (Jennie).—My sister Red Maple and myself are both called Soft Maple. I make a very rapid growth and am found by the side of streams. I am often planted as a shade tree, and in the far West many are planted for shelter belts and for timber.

Bass Wood (Maud).—I am a fine shade tree, my home a moist rich soil. My fragrant flowers furnish a great amount of excellent honey for the bees at a time when most other flowers have disappeared. My timber is soft, light and tough, and not apt to split, good for cabinet work, boxes, broom handles, etc.

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