day. Suppose you ate bread at that rate. How many loaves at one and one-half pounds to the loaf would that be?

This will help you to understand why we have to work so hard sometimes to save our crops.

Now, fortunately for us, there is a large class of creatures that feed as eagerly upon insects as the insects do upon plants. These are the birds. So we see, then, that the birds are our allies or helpers in our fight with the insects. Or we may think of the birds as a police force that takes upon itself the duty of guarding our crops.

You will all agree that the more we know about our enemies and their ways the better we shall be able to fight them. That is why some people are engaged in studying the habits of insects. You will also surely agree that it would be a very foolish thing indeed for us to fight or destroy our allies or injure them in any way. If, in the Great War, the British had amused themselves sometimes by shooting at their allies the French, or the French had begun plundering the homes of the Italians and killing their children, it would not be hard to guess who would have won the War. And yet, do you know that, until a few years ago, we were treating our allies, the birds, in just that way; and, I am afraid that there are still some uninformed people who are doing so.

Perhaps you are thinking, "How does anyone know that birds are doing any worth while work for us"? Did you ever watch the chickadees in winter going over the bare twigs of some tree, peering under a bit of loose bark here, or tearing open a brown rolled leaf there, only stopping occasionally to say "See me! See, See me"! They are hunting out the insects in their winter hiding places, or devouring by hundreds the eggs of other insects, which if left would hatch, every one into a hungry enemy next spring. Or have you watched the swallow skimming along just above the grass tops, making sudden turns this way and that, and swooping up into the air only to return and skim the grass again? Now if you walk through the grass and watch closely you will see dozens of insects fly up at your approach, and move ahead or off to one side. These are what the swallows were after. Think of the insects destroyed by just one pair of swallows feeding their young ones three hundred times in a day, (and this is not unusual), and bringing perhaps a dozen insects at each visit.

Scientific men have killed birds and examined their stomachs just to prove to people the good work that the birds were doing. Here are a few of the many facts that have been learned:

The remains of two hundred and fifty tent caterpillars were found in the stomach of one cuckoo.

A nighthawk's stomach contained sixty grasshoppers.

Another nighthawk's stomach held five hundred mosquitoes.

Any farmer would be interested to know that twenty-eight cutworms were found in one blackbird's stomach.

Pages of such examples could be given, but these will show you what great workers for us the birds are.

Nor is this the only useful kind of work that birds do. Some of our birds destroy as many seeds of troublesome weeds as others do insects. I wonder how many of you know the beautiful little Goldfinch, with its bright lemon colored coat and black cap, wings and tail. One of the best places to find him is perched on top of a thistle, making the down fly and feeding upon the ripe seeds. Or perhaps you will find him clearing out a whole head of dandelion seeds, and then fluttering over to the next. He is only one of many seed eaters. In the fall thousands of sparrows from the north visit us on their way farther south, and during their visit grow fat upon the weed seeds along the edges of our fields.

Not only do the birds destroy the seeds of troublesome plants but they help to scatter those of useful ones. Did you ever think why strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries and some others have their seeds embedded in such sweet juicy pulp? "So people will have something good to eat," I hear you say. Not at all. But so that the birds may be tempted to carry their seeds for them. The birds swallow the berries, and the fine hard seeds, which are indigestible, are dropped perhaps miles away from where the parent plant grew.

Later on I hope to tell you something of the usefulness of some of the larger birds as well, such as the hawks, owls, and gulls; but even if we should forget their use in helping us to fight our enemies, I am sure none of you would care to have a world without the twittering swallows beneath the eaves, the "Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up! cheer up!" of the Robin before the rain, the wheeling Gulls over the blue water, or even the knowing "Caw" of the old sentinel Crow on the tree top, as he sends his warning down to the comrades feeding in the field below.—*E. Chesley Allen, Halifax, N. S.*

TWO HOURS IN THE SOCIAL MOTIVE SCHOOL

Elsie J. Mills

The Social Motive School at 426 W. 114th street, New York City, is a small private school established four years ago by a former teacher of one of the experimental schools under the direction of Teachers College, Columbia University. This school includes the kindergarten, elementary and junior high school. The atmosphere of the room fully justifies the name, "Social Motive." It is indeed a place where the children have opportunity to live together in a social way, showing their interests, joys