

examine the Jewel-weed? What is the significance of the dark green fibres running vertically through the translucent watery stem? Read about *fibro-vascular bundles*. Cut off a Jewel-weed near the ground and put it in a bottle of water containing a small amount of red ink. After a few hours, examine the stem. What do you infer? [If you do not know the Jewel weed, possibly Balsam or Touch-me-not will be more familiar names to you.]

The irregular orange flowers with the long spur suggest the question of why flowers are ever irregular. Read something on the subject of cross-pollination and then *observe*. How many petals has the flower of the Jewel-weed? The spur is on the calyx. Since that is orange-color, why is it not called the corolla? Notice how the flower-stalk turns under the leaf. Does the flower-sac hang open-side up or down? How will the flower-position relative to leaves suit for rainy weather? Do blueberry blossoms keep the rain out of their bells in the same way that the Jewel-weed does? Why should the rain be kept out anyway? In this connection look at the blossom of Garden Phlox. Do you know the effect of rainy weather in apple-blossom time on the apple crop?

I have suggested topics rather than plants. Use any plant under as many headings as you can. There is a reason for its color, structure, relative size of parts, size of the plant as a whole, arrangement of parts, roughness or smoothness, and anything else we can observe about it. Start the children to observe. That is the important work.

How to Treat Flowers.

"Yes," said the lady, who had just handed a bunch of jonquils across the fence to the little boy who had begged for some "to take to teacher, please," "yes, most children love flowers, but most children treat them barbarically, and half of them keep on doing so when they grow up.

"Did you notice how that boy first clutched them as close as possible in a hot little fist, then fished a bit of twine out of his pocket and tied them almost tight enough to cut the stems in two? Well, when he gets them to teacher—I know her; I've visited her school—she'll stick them just as they are, string and all, into a fat vase with a thin neck where some wilted pink apple-blossoms and a sprig of scarlet geranium are already. They will all be squeezed together, wretched and unbeautiful, but nobody will notice anything wrong.

"Yet if someone who knew separated the in-harmonious colors; released the pinched stems; arranged the sweet things separately in anything, however simple, that was unpretentious and gave them room—plain tumblers would serve—and then pointed out the difference in effect, those children would see it in an instant.

"It is the Japanese who are truly civilized in their treatment of flowers. They make the arrangement of them a fine art in which people receive instruction as they would in music or painting. We smile at the idea, yet it is charming, and quite sensible and practical besides.

"People who won't give proper usage to the flowers they pick, ought never to pick flowers. Neither ought flowers to be picked haphazard for the mere sake of picking when people have no place to use them to advantage afterwards. That's floral ethics—elementary ethics, too—and beyond that there is room for any amount of taste, talent or genius in dealing with flowers.

"No one who ever saw Celia Thaxter's little parlor at the Isle of Shoals in its full glory of a score to a half-hundred vases of flowers, all exquisitely harmonious in grouping and arrangement, could doubt there was room for genius in this daintiest of all dainty arts; or that Mrs. Thaxter, gifted as she was in verse, was a greater poet in flowers. Few could hope either to attain or give time so fully to practice an art like hers. But we can all make beginnings.

"Often 'teacher' can point out the way. Occasionally she does so, but not so frequently as she might. It is worth remembering that the more understandingly children love the loveliness of flowers, the less likely they are to injure trees, pull overhanging shrubs, pilfer gardens or uproot and exterminate wild flowers.

"If we could import a Japanese flower instructor to teach once a week in our public schools and vacation classes I should hope for marked improvement in manners and morals as well as art."—*Sel.*

Every time you say, "I can't," you lessen your own power and weaken your confidence in your own ability. Every responsibility shirked, every right endeavor given up takes from the vigor of your manhood or womanhood. The "quitter" has no reputation with others, and soon loses standing with himself.