

HOME MAGAZINE
LIFE · LITERATURE & EDUCATION

BY "M. E. R."

All modern improvements, no rent we
demand,
But only request that you come back
each year,
To gladden our hearts with your sweet
songs of cheer.

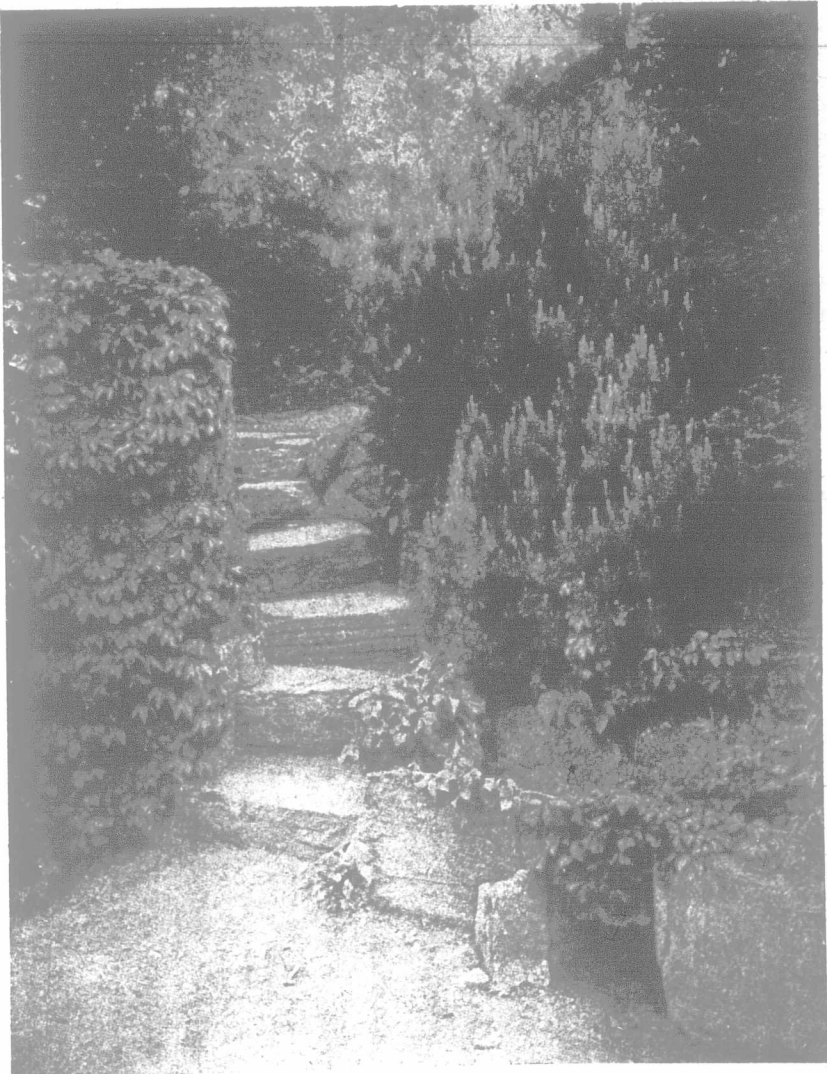
Trees are very necessary to the home like appearance of any home, but they must not be set in rows, orchard fashion. Indeed, the only place where a row is permissible is along the "road fence" and along each side of the driveway; but they should not be put in either of those positions if they interrupt a fine view. Usually a clump of them looks exceptionally well behind the house, forming a setting for it and screening off the barn. Also, in this position they may give a fine sky-line. Evergreens are, as a rule, excellent here; also a clump of Lombard

When you are planning the walks and drives be sure to have them run, if

ALMOST any day from early in March onward for several weeks the birds continue to arrive. "I heard a robin this morning!" is usually the true herald of spring.

But, where are the birds coming from every day of these fine spring days? All of a sudden they seem to appear, first thing in the morning, flitting about on the hunt for bugs in the most natural way in the world. Where have they been?

Most of our birds, however, do not go so far south in the fall. They winter in the Southern United States or in Mexico. Then as the time for spring in their far northern nesting places nears, the urge to move enters their little hearts. What sort of longing it is we cannot even conjecture. We only know that they set off on the long, long journey, flying usually by night and pausing to rest and feed during the day. On the way many of them fall; some are shot; others become prey to cats and other enemies, some are dashed to death against lighthouses, or other tall buildings or against cruel wires unseen in the darkness.—Truly it is a way of many perils and much weariness. But at last the remnants of the pilgrims arrive: the robin chirps his lovesong as cheerily as if he had not come so long and fearsome a way; the oriole trumpets from the apple-tree beyond; the little song-sparrow trills his "hymn of faith" from the fence; the meadow-lark reiterates his plaintive cadence from the grass-lands, and the bobolink gurgles his joyous outbursts of melody from the top of the tall old mullein stalk. All the woods birds, too, have their representation among the maples on the hill and the balsams and spruces of the marsh-lands; the white-throat, the veeey, the fly-catchers, the bluebirds, the warblers, the peewee the vireo, the "teacher-lird," the "whip-poor-will,"—but the name is "Legion."



"The Delightful Expectancy of What May Be About the Bend."