as well, an arrangement that we are heartily in favor of for country houses, where there is so much opportunity for the intimacy of genuine home life.

A corner of the kitchen space has been utilized for a stairway leading both upstairs and down cellar, and back of the kitchen is a roomy convenient pantry, fitted with sink and drainboard beneath a window. Entrance to the kitchen can also be gained by means of a back entry.

The bedrooms are a bit longer than our plan called for, and one of them has taken a great deal of space away from the porch, which Mr. Minnick has built almost square. The bathroom has been placed in the rear of the house, beside one of the bedrooms, and as it opens into the hall it is easy of access from bedrooms and, in fact, all the rooms in the house.

The recessed porch has been handled in very interesting manner. It has been partially enclosed by a cement parapet, against which the dark trelliswork has been laid, and it makes a most delightful outdoor dining room. From this point a charming view of a creek is commanded, which is greatly enjoyed by the members of the family. As the porch has also been screened in to hinder the onslaughts of insects, a pleasant lounging place has been added to the other comforts of the house.

The raising of the house to admit the construction of a cellar has been very cleverly done, and the only drawback it has entailed is the addition of steps leading to the pergola entrance. The house appears to have been built without a foundation, and seems only slightly higher than the usual bungalow construction; the unbroken line of cement links it securely to the ground on which it stands, quite as if it grew there.

All the windows in the house are casement, opening outward, and the use of large panes of glass in the lower part of the sash affords opportunity within the house for unbroken glimpses of outdoor beauty, while at the same time the placing of the small panes at the top adds a decorative touch to the exterior of the house. Mr. Minnick tells us that the cost of the completed structure was $3,500.

As the house has only been recently built, there has not been much opportunity for the planting of shrubs and vines to creep against it and clasp it more closely to the nature world of which it already seems so essentially a part.

THE OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY: AN OPEN LETTER TO BOYS AND GIRLS; BY ARTHUR D. DEAN

Was it your school that I visited the other day where not a tree or bush was planted on its grounds? It was a fine pile of bricks and mortar, but it had a very barren appearance.

"Do you ever observe Arbor Day?" I asked the teacher.

"Most certainly," she replied.

Corner of Clifford Ave., Rochester, before the schoolchildren went to work.

Being a bit curious as to the results of such an observance, I inquired what became of the tree that was planted.

Her reply was, "It never left out."

"Well! how about last year's tree?"

"I was not teaching here then," was the answer.

With an expression which seemed to say, Clifford Ave. after the children had planned and planted.

"It is none of my funeral," the teacher resumed her class teaching.

But school-visiting has its bright days.
AN OPEN LETTER TO SCHOOLCHILDREN

Another month took me to a worthwhile sort of school and I am going to tell you about it and I wish that you would repeat it to your principal or school trustees.

When this school was built a new section of the city had been opened up. The street had just been laid out and consequently there were no sidewalks or curbing; no school lawn or shrubbery. The few houses, still standing, of the old settlers, were sadly in need of paint and the new tenements were bare of grassy plots. In the midst of ugly surroundings this big, new schoolhouse stood like a stranger in a strange land. It wanted to be an educational leader in the community, to teach people to love the beautiful; to be in itself an example of all that was fine and true.

The school had two fine things in it besides bricks and mortar. It had a real live man for a principal and a lot of bright, active boys and girls who were ready to do things. No one could ask for more than this in any schoolhouse and no one ought to expect any less.

One day—it was a warm, sunshiny day when all the world of nature was bursting with activity—the principal said to his pupils: "Now you and I want to fix up our neighborhood. We have come into this beautiful new building, but somebody has forgotten to give us a frame to go with it. We want a frame of blue sky, of green grass, of beautiful flowering bushes. Don't we need a velvety lawn, some shapely trees, and a lot of flower-beds with bright coloring? Arbor Day is coming by and by and we want to observe it. Will you help?"

"Sure we will," shouted the children.

It was just like these boys and girls to say that. You young people would have said the same thing. What fun it was going to be to fix up things around the schoolhouse! So everybody got busy. Everybody helped. The nurserwoman gave some trees and bushes; the florist donated some plants; the superintendent of streets agreed to fill in some low spots with the street scrapings from his spring housecleaning.

But I am getting ahead of my story, for you see, there had to be some planning. So the boys measured and made a sketch of the school grounds. In the draughting room they laid out the walks and beds. The girls planned the color scheme for the arrangement of flowers, because, as you know, it would never do to have a flower-bed of inharmonious coloring. The arithmetic teacher became a bit envious. She wanted a hand in the work. She asked the principal what she could do to help.

His answer was, "Get the boys and girls to figure out the circumference and area of the flower-beds, work out the number of square feet in the walks, calculate the number of cubic yards of earth needed, estimate the required number of pounds of grass seed."

You will agree with me when I tell you that the boys and girls liked this sort of figuring. They even forgot it was arithmetic. They only thought of that new
school-yard, with its grass, trees and flowers which they were going to see next summer.

Of course, everybody in town heard about these new plans. The news traveled quickly to the city hall and the men of the city government were ashamed of themselves. They saw that they had made a mistake in making an expensive picture without providing the frame. They said, “It’s too bad to have these boys and girls doing all the work; they can’t do it alone, perhaps we can find a few dollars to help out.” They ordered the masons to come and build a concrete walk and the workmen found that they could not do better than to use the boys’ plans which had such an artistic layout of walks. Everyone agreed, when the job was finished, that those curves of the drafting room found their best expression when they were applied to some everyday use.

I wish you might see that neighborhood now. It is in the city of Rochester, New York. Up and down the street there is a line of shade trees set within a grass plot and surrounded by flowers. You see, the children were not satisfied with fixing up the school-yard alone. They wanted to have a bigger and a broader frame. They wanted to do more than fix up an oasis in the desert. So they went to work and cleaned up the desert itself.

I found when I went to this place a few months ago that not a tree or flower has been disturbed all these years.

“Why!” you say, “I thought every boy and girl would walk on the grass and pick flowers and break down trees when they had a chance.”

The answer is simple enough. You see, every boy and girl in that neighborhood are policemen, and make it their business to see that public property is respected. They had a share in placing these things and they do not purpose to have their work spoiled.

That reminds me. I once saw a sign in a public park which did not say “Keep off the grass.” Instead it read, “This is public property—Treat your own well.” What a lesson for all of us—old or young. How often we say “Humph! never mind about tying a horse to this tree on the street or tearing off a branch in the park; it belongs to the city.” We forget that we ourselves are the city and that we should treat our own property well.

What sport it was for the boys to gather the earth and sod for the grass plots between the trees. The principal gave a half-holiday and the boys borrowed push carts, wheelbarrows and shovels. Some boys rigged up boxes with long handles in which to carry the dirt. A vacant lot was drawn upon for sod, and the “dirt flew” just as it is doing now in Panama.

Have I said too much about what the boys did? I must not forget the girls, for they had their turn. You remember that they did most of the planning. It was a good idea to let them do this, for they are always clever at such things. When the flowers blossomed, the girls gathered them for the hospitals. Then there were the teachers’ desks to decorate and the draughting room needed fresh flowers every day. Girls are said to have more taste than boys. Some folks imply that they like pretty things more than we boys do. But a recent photograph from this school, where the boys are holding great bushel baskets of flowers, proves to me that the boys are as proud of those flowers as are the girls.

I saw one of the trees in the school-yard the other day. It now reaches to the eaves of the building. The street now has a curbing; the tenement dwellers caught the progressive spirit and planted flower-beds, vegetable gardens and shrubbery. Even the old houses have been painted. In fact, the community is alive and breathing. The strange thing is that it took only one man and several boys and girls to change a city desert into a flower-garden.

Do I hear you say, “But you are talking about a city school and ours is in the open country by the side of the road.”

That is fine. It couldn’t be better. I envy you, for it is just the place for a good school. Nature has already started a portion of the frame and the material for the rest of it is growing up all around you. No nurseryman is needed here. You have a shovel at hand, a knowledge of how to transplant, plenty of good soil, and everything is ready. Of course, you are going to use some system in planting. You will need to think of the classes to follow you, so you must not do everything the first year. You will call in the service of a wiser head than yours to help you plan the arrangement of trees and bushes. The boys will make some strong, substantial wooden protectors for the trees and will whittle out stakes to mark the bushes. This
sort of wood work will make the ideal kind of a manual-training course. Pupils will be delegated to water the newly planted growth. It will need loving care for several months after Arbor Day.

What a dreary sort of place is the average country schoolhouse! You remember how in *Alice’s* adventures in “Wonderland,” *Alice* inquires of the *Mock Turtle* what he studied in school, and how he says in reply, “Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.” The *Gryphon* then exclaims, “I never heard of uglifying.”

If you and I do not know what “uglifying” means, we can get our answer from the appearance of many a schoolhouse with its lack of walks, lawns, trees, playgrounds, and flower-beds.

For the best opportunity to observe Arbor Day, give me, after all, a country school with plenty of land around it, a lot of roads that need shade and a hundred old apple trees that require pruning and grafting. Then I will show you how to observe this national day which might mean so much to American wealth and beauty.

I remember an academy at which a farmers’ institute was held. The subject was, “Our Depleted Forests.” The older boys together with the principal attended the meeting. The grown-ups let the advice go in one ear and out the other. They were too old to learn. Not so with the boys. There were no short circuits in their brains. They caught the spirit of the lecturer and thought of that piece of very poor land which was back of the schoolhouse. They asked the institute conductor about it. He said that it would grow pine trees. So the boys cleaned it up and burned the bushes. A hundred trees were set out the first year. Now there are 6,000 young pines growing in that town set out by boys of that school.

Now, boys and girls, why not plant trees, prune trees, graft trees? Arbor Day was never intended to be a mere display of a lot of pretty sentiment. Has not much of our enthusiasm been of short duration, and have we not too soon forgotten the tree planted? For over twenty years on this special day, we have been talking and singing about trees. In 1890 the number of trees planted in New York State by school children on Arbor Day was 27,097. In 1911 the number had diminished to 12,885. Meanwhile we sing songs, recite poetry, and read essays with more vim than ever, but our will is taken for the deed, and the number of trees planted gradually lessens. The word “lessen” reminds me of another part of “Alice in Wonderland,” where *Alice* asks the *Mock Turtle*, “And how many hours a day did you do lessons?” “Ten hours the first day,” said the *Mock Turtle*, “nine the next, and so on.” “What a curious plan!” exclaimed *Alice*. “That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the *Gryphon* remarked, “because they lessen from day to day.”

Very likely our Arbor Day lesson will become the same sort of a “lesson.”

You know, some people have a wishbone where they should have a backbone. All of us wish that our States had more trees. Some of us are going to see that they do have them. Will you, my young friends, join us? An Arbor Day observance should be more than singing a song about “the beautiful tree” or reading a poem about “the spreading chestnut tree” or writing a composition on “the economic value of forests.” Such things are well enough in their way. But they will not grow trees or hold moisture in the ground or build houses.

When next you and your teacher have your Arbor Day exercises, please don’t simply pull up one poor little tree, stick it in the ground, stand around it and preach about the benefits of tree planting, and then go back into the schoolhouse and forget the poor thing and imagine that you have observed the day. Probably the poor tree will not grow and if it should happen to. I am quite sure that a hungry horse will nibble it next summer. Do a good job while you are about it and when you go by the schoolhouse ten years from now, point to one of a group of sturdy trees now reaching toward the heavens and say, “I planted that tree.”

The best way for the schools to explain the meaning of Arbor Day is doing something with it. You recall when *Alice* said to the *Dodo*, “What is a caucus-race?” that the *Dodo* said, “Why the best way to explain it is to do it.”

It is high time that we go ahead and “do it.” There is need of teaching respect for the tree and reverence for the forest. We should learn to protect the trees from injury and guard the forest from destruction. You need to learn that the value of a forest
A CURE FOR GROUND moles

is not so much in its timber as in its preservation. A region without forests is desolate. The value of a forest as a reservoir of water, as a regulator of water supply, as a protector against erosion, and as a source of timber supply should be facts of common knowledge to every mature youth.

These are lessons to be taught in school as well as the practical work in beautifying the school surroundings.

Before you are through with the spirit which is behind Arbor Day, you, my boys and girls, will see to it that every roadway has its line of trees, that every orchard is trimmed and bearing fruit, that every hillside not under cultivation is raising a crop of noble and useful trees for the coming generation. Don't stop your Arbor Day observance with only a spoken piece and a pretty song. Plant not only one tree, fix up not only your own school-yard, beautify not only the road from the school to the house, but best of all and most of all, take the spirit and the purpose of the day as you should all the lessons learned in school, directly to your own homes, gardens and fields.

HOW TO RIDE THE LAWN AND GARDEN OF MOLES, BUGS AND WORMS: BY JOSEPH H. SPERRY

HUMAN beings fight with each other and do beasts and birds, fishes and insects; but man alone contends with these others, as well as with his own kind and is expected to subdue and even to destroy, whenever necessary, various forms of life. Scarcely have the snows of winter been dissipated and the ground become free from frost, when the fight begins between the suburbanite or countryman, who is the happy possessor of a lawn or garden, and innumerable moles, worms and bugs.

First the mole, that unique little subterranean animal which is no respecter of persons, makes his gallery under the lawn, the cold frame and hot beds, through the borders and beds of hardy herbaceous plants and those of tender seedling vegetable plants; indeed anywhere, and everywhere, he pleases.

The ground mole is not by any means an unmitigated curse. He is a carnivorous animal, in other words a flesh eater, and is never, contrary to general belief, a vegetarian. The subterranean galleries which he digs are boulevards, avenues and streets through which he not only walks, but where he obtains also his meat in the form of countless worms, grubs and bugs, many of which are the enemies of plant life. Along these roadways, constructed most carefully, he afterward returns to his own particular castle, usually located under the roots of some shrub, tree or mound, slightly higher than the surrounding territory, always free from water and comparatively safe from the attacks of men, dogs and cats.

The harm done by the mole overbalances, in the opinion of many, his beneficial work as an insect destroyer. This harm consists in the injury which he unwittingly does to plants by disturbing their roots while he maintains his underground galleries; and by raising unsightly mounds on the lawn and in the garden during the process of forming these galleries.

For the crimes of disturbing plants and of raising ridges which clash with men's ideas of the aesthetic, the fiat has gone forth, whether wisely or not, that the ground mole (not the "blind mole;" as even Shakespeare, whose knowledge of everyday life was so wonderful, and many others have erroneously called him) must either be destroyed or driven away from the garden and lawn.

How can this sentence, which has been passed upon the mole, be best carried into effect? First there is, if one has the time to spare, the old-time gardener's method of destroying him. It is as follows: stamp down one of the largest mole mounds firmly for a stretch of 10 to 15 feet so that it will be level with the surrounding surface of the lawn or garden. With a garden hoe in hand wait quietly near this leveled molehill from about 11:30 o'clock to 12 at noon or from 5:30 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. When the mole is repairing his gallery as he passes along and raises the mound again, strike into it with the hoe, about six inches back of his course, never in front of him, and pull him out, and kill him, alas, ruthlessly. The reason for striking back of the mole, instead of in front of him is because with the first tremble of the earth, he turns backward, quick as a flash, in an attempt to reach his castle. His instinct of self-preservation is then met by the hoe.