an enormous territory dependent to a great extent upon irrigation and when the forests have been destroyed there is no water in the streams in the summer months when they need it more directly.

Mr. Griffith then spoke in behalf of the movement of setting aside the region around Devil’s Lake for a state park and forest reserve.

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A PROSE POEM OF THE FOREST.

ALLETTA F. DEAN, Ph. M.

A twilight hour—

A cloudless sky of opal tints, pink and green and blue; against it the lofty pines slowly and majestically swaying in the gentle western wind. Here below, the sun is set, and yet up there a hundred feet and more, its light surrounds the tree-tops with a dim and tender halo. In its rays the Norway pines show faintly yellow; the white pines richer, deeper red. Near by, a spruce, not aspiring so high, makes delicate faint tracery against the tender brightness; the cedars, lower yet, dark and solid in the twilight, fill in the backgrounds.

These lovely pines! These great, grand, glorious pines! With ever-changing expression each more beautiful than the last. Their shafts rise clear, clean, tapering, to the lowest branches, which are forty, fifty, even sixty feet from the ground; those branches clothed with soft feathery needles. The Norways are somewhat stiff and angular in branch and leaf, but the beauty of the mast-like trunk in its red-brown covering compensates for the angular top. Norway or white pine, the fitting crowns are the clusters of cones that, so far up, look like great amber beads.

You should see these trees at midnight when the full moon silvers them with its white radiance. You should see them at early morn after a night of “frost shower,” when the feathery snow has fallen so gently upon them from the cloudless sky, that not a flake has lost its bal-
Wild grape strangling a Scotch pine.  
University grounds, Madison.

Young white pine coming up on burned-over land.  
Illustrating "Forestry," by E. M. Griffith.
ance, but lies lightly in little soft fleecy balls
and mounds on every twig and cone.

And he whose ear is attuned, can catch the
music of these woods even when no breath of air
seems stirring. That low murmur seems like
the sound of quiet waves upon a sheltered shore.
Now comes a breath of wind; you hear the waves
rush fiercely up the sands. The wind increases.
Once more look at the trees. Great giants they
are now, chained down to earth. They strive
to break their bonds, and as they struggle, groan
and cry aloud!

Another twilight hour—

The massive clouds have all day long obscured
the sun; the dense and somber grayness has never
for a moment yielded. Now comes the sunset
hour, and suddenly yonder loftiest pine is tipped
with vivid crimson. All else bears the deep
gloom of twilight and dark clouds. Soon a
lower top catches the color—and then one after
another the tops of all the tallest trees blaze
forth in crimson glory. What is it? Are the
spirits of the woods dipping their great
torches in the sun’s sacred flame and holding
them aloft? No earthly fire could so color them.

Look toward the west—screened from us by the
dense cloud mass no light do we see, no sign of
the glory reflected so far above. Rise! Rise!
We are too near the earth! Only from the
heights can the source of that glory be seen!

Oh! the futility of words! Nature opens to
us her glories, then strikes us dumb that we may
not tell.

No poet could interpret, no artist could pic-
ture the beauty of the soul of these woods.

SOME THINGS ABOUT GRAPES.

C. H. True, Edgewood, Iowa.

Fortunately my topic does not require me to tell all about
grapes, but simply some things. Neither does it confine me
to any particular phase of the question to be considered; not-