

DADDY'S BED TIME BIRD STORIES

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MARY GRAHAM BONNER



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"MR. OWL AWAKENED THE FAIRIES AND TOLD THEM TO LISTEN TO HIS BOOK."
—Page 2

Daddy's Bedtime Bird Stories

By
Mary Graham Bonner

*With four illustrations in color by
Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis*



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TO
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*Many of the sketches in this volume are the work of Rebecca
McCann, creator of the "Cheerful Cherub," etc.*

OLD MR. OWL WRITES A BOOK



Old Mr. Owl Danced
with the Rest.

OLD Mr. Owl wanted to write a book and he asked the fairies how to set about doing it," commenced daddy.

" 'Well,' said the fairy queen, 'it makes a good deal of difference, old Mr. Owl, what you want to write about.'

" 'What nonsense!' he said. 'It's just that I want to know how to start off with my book. Just think what a marvelous book it will be—as for as long as folks can remember I've been called the Wise Bird—the bird who's awake at night and whose eyes are so very bright!'

" 'Before I started saying what a fine book it would be, if I were you, I'd write it and

give other people the chance to say so,' said the fairy queen.

"Mr. Owl began to write with his pen, made out of one of Mr. Turkey Gobbler's best feathers, on a large, flat stone, which he put in the hollow of his tree. Very late in the night, he awakened the fairies who had been sleeping, and told them to listen to his book. Then he called all the owls from the neighborhood with a loud hoot-hoot. But before he began to read, he said:

"'I've not enough light. I will hurt my eyes—my beautiful, wise, big eyes.'

"You see he had made a special arrangement to have his own lights, and when he said that he hadn't enough, from all over came countless little fireflies. They sparkled and gave the most beautiful light all over the woods, and Mr. Owl put his spectacles on his nose, and said:

"'Now I see to perfection—which means quite all right.' And Mr. Owl commenced reading his book.

"It told about the parties, balls, and picnics in fairyland, and of the wild adventures and happenings in the woods. The fairies were absolutely delighted that a

book had been written with so much about them in it.

“And the fairy queen was more than happy, for the last chapter was all about her.

“‘Well,’ said Mr. Owl, ‘you made me ashamed of myself for boasting about my book before I had written it, and so the only thing I could do was to write a wise chapter all about you.’

“And the fairy queen smiled with pleasure and also with amusement—for Mr. Owl had certainly thought he could write a wise book—though the next time, perhaps, he wouldn't say so before he had written it.

“The fireflies had been sparkling and flashing lights all this time, and finally they whispered:

“‘Have a dance, all of you; we'll give you the light and dance too. It is not well to read books all the time—you must dance.’

“So they all ended off with a fine dance, and old Mr. Owl, with his book under his wing, danced with the rest of the owls and fairies. But before the evening was over he presented to the fairy queen a copy of his book, which said on the cover, ‘A BOOK, by Wise Mr. Owl.’”

THE WOODPECKERS START A BIRD BAND

THE Woodpecker family were around on various trees drumming, drumming on the bark. Mr. Hairy Woodpecker, Mr. Downy Woodpecker, and Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker were hard at work.

“Let’s start a band,” suggested Mr. Hairy Woodpecker.

“What’s that you say?” asked Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker, who had been so busy at work that he had not heard what Mr. Hairy Woodpecker had been suggesting.

“A band,” repeated Mr. Hairy Woodpecker.

“What sort of a band?” asked Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker.

“In the first place,” continued Mr. Hairy Woodpecker, “our bills are not only fine tools for the work we have to do getting the insects from the trees, and burrowing for

our nests, but they would be splendid to use in beating the drums in a band."

"Where would we get the drums?" asked Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker.

"The trees, of course, you silly!" said Mr. Hairy Woodpecker.

"Oh yes, yes," agreed Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker.

And Mr. Downy Woodpecker said, "Of course, of course. The trees will be our drums."

"We'll get the other birds," said Mr. Hairy Woodpecker, "to help us. We need something in a band besides the drums. We will ask the goldfinches, the mocking-birds, the bobolinks, the phœbe and chickadee families, all of the warbler and vireo families, and the robins of course. Then I think we'll ask the orioles, the whippoorwills, the thrush family, and the song sparrows."

"Oh," said Mr. Downy Woodpecker, "that will make a perfect band. We'd better get started right away." And the woodpeckers began to practise. They made such a noise that the birds came from far and near to see what they were doing. Mr. Sapsucker,

Mr. Crested Woodpecker, and Mr. Flicker Woodpecker had all joined in beating the drums too!

"Why are you making so much noise?" asked the birds as they flew around to the nearby trees to talk to the woodpeckers.

"Oh," said Mr. Hairy Woodpecker, "we were just going to ask you all to join our band. We will beat the drums."

"And just what do you want us to do?" asked Mr. Robin Redbreast, who was always eager to help.

"You must all sing."

"But we all sing differently," chirped a song sparrow. "We know different tunes and different songs."

"Oh," said Mr. Hairy Woodpecker, "I never thought about that. But never mind, you can have little parts to sing alone, and other choruses where you will all sing together. I'm sure it will be a very fine band after we have practised." And they began pounding the drums again.

"Well," said Mr. Robin Redbreast, "if the bird band isn't to be the finest in the land, at least we'll make a cheerful noise!"

THE CARDINAL BIRD AND THE ROBIN

THE cardinal bird," said daddy, "is a very superior bird and will not come down to the ground. The lowest he will come is to a bush, but he never hops along the woods or lawns, no, not he!

"One day Robin Redbreast was walking on a green lawn. He stopped several times to pick up a worm from the ground, swallow it whole and then walk along. In a tree nearby he spied the cardinal bird.

"'Hello,' he said cheerily. 'Won't you come and have a worm with me? There are a number in this lawn, and the good rain we had last night has made the ground so nice and soft. Do join me,' he ended with a bright chirp.

"'No, thank you,' said the cardinal bird. 'I wouldn't soil my feet on that ground. I hate the ground, absolutely hate it.' And the cardinal bird looked very haughty and proud.

“‘Come now,’ said Robin Redbreast, ‘you won’t get your feet dirty. And if you do,’ he whispered knowingly, ‘I can lead you to the nicest brook where you can wash them off with fresh rain water. Do come!’

“‘I cannot,’ said the cardinal bird. ‘I do not like the earth. I want to be flying in the air, or sitting on the branches of trees. Sometimes I will perch for a little while on a laurel bush—but come any lower? Dear me, no, I couldn’t.’

“‘It’s a great shame,’ said Robin Redbreast. ‘Of course there is no accounting for taste.’

“‘Thank you for inviting me,’ added the cardinal bird politely. For he prided himself on his good manners.

“‘Pretty soon some people came along. At once they noticed the beautiful cardinal bird. He wore his best red suit which he wears all the time—except in the winter, when he adds gray to his wings. His collar and tie were of black and his feathers stuck up on top of his head so as to make him look very stylish and fine.

“‘Oh, what a wonderful bird!’ said the

people. Mr. Cardinal Bird knew they were admiring him, of course—and so did Robin Redbreast. No one had noticed *him*, but he didn't care, for he knew Mr. Cardinal Bird was by far the more beautiful, and a robin hasn't a mean disposition.

“Well, when the cardinal bird heard the praise he began to sing—a glorious high voice he had, and he sounded his clear notes over and over again. Then suddenly he stopped, cocked his head on one side, as though to say,

“‘And what do you think of me now?’

“From down on the ground Robin Redbreast had been listening. ‘Oh, that was wonderful, wonderful!’ he trilled.

“‘Listen to that dear little robin,’ said one of the people. ‘I must get him some bread crumbs.’

“When the bread crumbs were scattered over the ground, Robin Redbreast invited the cardinal bird down again thinking they were for him! But the beautiful, proud bird would not come down, and the people were saying, ‘After all there is nothing quite so nice as a dear little robin.’”

THE WINTER WRENS' DEW-DROP BATHS

THE winter wren is really with us during the summer too," said daddy. "But he is too shy to be near us. We can only hear him sing sometimes. When winter comes, though, he goes to people for protection and picks up the crumbs they give him.

"Yesterday he was sitting on a snow-berry bush with a tiny companion. The snow-berry bushes are full and leafy, and in the spring and summer are covered with very tiny pink blossoms. In the autumn and winter they are covered with little berries which look as if they had been made out of snow.

"'Oh, how I dread the winter!' said the tiny wren. 'Just imagine how dreadful it would be if no one put any bread crumbs out for us, or no dog left us some of his dinner on a back porch.'

"'Now,' said Mr. Brown Wren, 'you mustn't think of such sad thoughts. You al-

ways do! Someone will look after us. And maybe we'll find a few spiders now and then in the cracks, and then we'll have a regular feast.'

"The next day they were back again on the snow-berry bush, and the day was much warmer. Now the wrens love to bathe above all things! Even in the winter they will go through a little sheet of ice and get into the cold, cold water underneath. For they must get their baths! And in the spring, when the tiny wrens are brought forth from their mossy nests, the first lesson they have is of bathing in some nearby brook.

"But this day it was early in the morning, the snow-berry bush was covered with dew-drops and the wrens were delighted.

"'The sun will drive them away soon. Let's take them while we get the chance,' whispered Mr. Brown Wren.

"'Yes, yes,' said his small companion. 'We will soon have to bathe when it is so cold. Let us have a good warm bath first.'

"And then those two little brown wrens took the dew-drops in their beaks, and dropped each one in turn on their feathers.

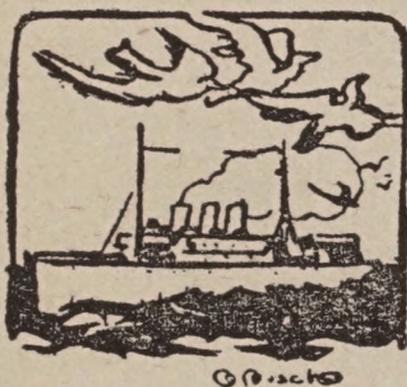
Then they got under some leaves full of dew-drops and shook them down over their little feathered bodies.

“After they were well covered with the dew-drops they began to shake all over just as every bird does when he takes a bath. And back they went to take another bath when this one was over. For they seemed to enjoy their last warm bath so much!

“Finally they had bathed enough, and the sun appeared strong as could be, and shining very hard. They perched still on the branches of the snow-berry bush and bathed now in the hot sun. Soon their little feathers were quite dry and they began to sing.

“And truly I think their song was one of gladness because of their dew-drop baths!”

THE SEAGULLS MOVE TO BLUEY COVE



Mr. and Mrs. Seagull
Flew Off with Bluey.

MMR. AND MRS. SEAGULL didn't really know what to do," said daddy. "They loved their home, which was in a big harbor, for they enjoyed seeing the boats pass and hearing the different whistles. All kinds of boats passed—ferryboats, sailboats, old fishing-boats, great big boats that went across the ocean, and little tugboats.

"The seagulls would fly overhead, and then they'd land on top of the water, but they never could stay there long, as the boats would come along, and they would have to fly off. Of late Mr. and Mrs. Seagull, although they were still as fond of their home as ever, became rather worried, for the little seagulls didn't seem to be able to get out of

the way of the boats as quickly as the old seagulls could. Mr. and Mrs. Seagull were afraid that one of them might get hurt by a boat.

“Of course the little seagulls were quite certain that nothing like that would ever happen, but one day it did.

“They were playing tag on the surface of the water and so interested in their game that they didn't notice until too late that a great huge boat was coming along. The captain of the boat had blown the whistle to scare the seagulls away. They hadn't heard it at all, so busy were they playing, and it hit poor little Bluey Seagull. One of the others called out:

“‘Oh, fly up quickly, Bluey!’ He was not badly hit, for the pilot of the boat had seen the seagulls and made the boat slow down.

“Bluey was frightened almost out of his wits, but with the encouragement of the other seagulls he managed to fly off.

“When Mr. and Mrs. Seagull saw what had happened to Bluey they were horrified and quickly flew off with him, all the other little seagulls following.

“They flew as far from the boats as they could, for, now that Bluey had been hit, they didn't think life in the harbor where the boats passed was so attractive. In fact, they decided they would never go back there again.

“They flew so far that they reached a little cove at the basin of the harbor, and when Mr. Seagull saw it he said:

“‘This will be our new home.’

“Mrs. Seagull said:

“‘We will never leave this home until all little seagulls are grown up, for then they will always be safe and can play all they want to without being afraid of getting hit by the big boats.’

“So it was decided, and the cove was named Bluey Cove because it had been on Bluey's account that they had moved there. And of all the seagulls he was the happiest and most relieved.”

HOW THE LITTLE REDBIRD BECAME RED



A Gray Bird Was
Flying Overhead.

JACK and Evelyn had been playing circus all day. Jack had been the big man who stands in the middle of the ring and cracks his whip, while Evelyn had turned somersaults and made pretty bows. They told daddy all about it when he came home that evening, so he said:

“As you’re so fond of circus performing I will certainly have to tell you about the circus the animals gave.

“Cub Bear got it all up, and every animal who went to it had to first agree to do something. And it really was a most marvelous circus. They all marched around in a parade, while the little bears beat the drums. The rabbits rode on the backs of the possums, and the monkeys rode on the backs of the elephants. The chipmunks drove chariots

which were drawn by the gray squirrels, and the clowns were the frogs. The rest of the animals caught hands and followed in the march. They laughed and shouted and enjoyed themselves immensely.

“Then all took their seats and one by one did some sort of an act. The monkeys won a great deal of applause by their trapeze acting. Cub Bear walked a rope and danced around on his hind legs. The bunnies rode bicycles, but that ended sadly, as one of them—a son of old Peter Rabbit, who was renowned for his bicycle riding—in trying to show off, fell and skinned his nose. All the other animals gathered around to see what they could do, while the bunny moaned and moaned.

“A gray bird flying over the tent heard the sound of moans and cries and flew in to see what the trouble was, for he was a very kind-hearted bird. He saw that the bunny was really more frightened than hurt, and with his wings he wiped off the blood from the rabbit's face. The blood-stain never got off the wings of the bird, so ever after he and his family became known as the redbirds.

"The bunny fully recovered and once more felt like himself; but, of course, after the accident, the animals didn't care to go on performing, so they all sat around the center of the tent and had a most glorious picnic. Refreshments of all kinds were passed around.

"They had pink lemonade, peanuts, popcorn, ice-cream cones, and water taffy. After they'd finished eating they sang all the old-time songs and frisked about, playing and dancing. Bunny Rabbit, who felt quite spry again, frisked about too, and the redbird flew overhead, flapping his wings with joy, for he was so glad everything had turned out so merrily.

"The circus proved such a success and the animals were in such high spirits that they then and there decided to have a circus every year."

POOR OLD MR. OWL'S TOOTHACHE



"I'm ready now,"
said Dr. Raven.

EVELYN had been eating a great deal of candy—so much that it had given her a very bad toothache—and when daddy came home he found her curled up on the bed looking very mournful. Jack

had been trying to comfort her, but he hadn't been able to help much. So when he heard daddy's step he called, "Come along, daddy, and tell a story especially for Evelyn to make her forget about her toothache."

"That is too bad," said daddy. "I'm sorry my little girl has a toothache. I'll see if I can't tell a good story so you'll feel better and will be able to sleep and have pleasant dreams. I think I'll tell you about old Mr. Owl, for he had the most terrible toothache one time. He had been eating a great many

sugar-plums and lots of candy, and before he knew it one of his teeth was aching so hard he could hardly stand it. 'Oh, dear,' he moaned; 'my tooth, my poor tooth! Whatever will I do?'

"It ached so badly for several days that he decided at last he'd go to the dentist. Dr. Raven was considered the very best dentist. So off went Mr. Owl to his office in the pine tree. When he arrived there he saw Dr. Raven busily fixing Mrs. Crow's teeth. She was leaning back on a stump of wood which Dr. Raven used as his dental chair. She had a rubber band over her mouth and looked very miserable. It quite frightened Mr. Owl, but he tried to be brave and sat down, put on his spectacles and began to read one of Dr. Raven's magazines. In a few moments Mrs. Crow got out of the chair, and Dr. Raven said, 'I'm ready for you now, Mr. Owl.' So Mr. Owl took off his spectacles, got into Dr. Raven's chair and leaned his head back. 'Open wide,' said Dr. Raven. Mr. Owl opened his mouth as wide as he could, and Dr. Raven looked inside. First he looked over his upper teeth, then over his

lower teeth, and finally he began to poke at one back tooth with such energy that Mr. Owl screamed, 'That's my sore tooth, and you're hurting it terribly!'

" 'Yes,' said Dr. Raven; 'the tooth is a wisdom tooth, and it is much inflamed, so I'll take it out right away.' He reached for his pinchers, but Mr. Owl said: 'If you take out my wisdom tooth I'll lose my wisdom, and I'm known all over the world for my wisdom. I simply won't have it.'

"And before Dr. Raven had a chance to speak Mr. Owl had jumped out of the chair and flown off. When he got home his tooth still hurt, but the next morning it felt much better, and the next day it was all well. 'I know what all the trouble was,' said Mr. Owl. 'I ate too much candy. I'll never eat too much again, for I cannot lose any of my wisdom teeth when I'm known as the wisest bird.' "

"Daddy," said Jack, "your story would be a very good one, only owls don't have teeth." Daddy smiled, and as the children laughingly went to bed, Evelyn said her toothache had gone.

THE SOLOIST OF THE BIRD CONCERT



He Sang His Song
Several Times.

THE birds had begun their early morning concerts. "I know why," said daddy. "It is because they have been practising for their opening concert of the season, which they gave this morning and which I am going to tell you about this evening. They have been practising hard every morning.

"The vireos, having such lovely voices and being devoted to music, got it up and made all the arrangements. Yesterday, the day before the concert, they scratched signs on the trees, which in the bird world read:

"'Concert in the village park to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. All those who are taking part will, of course, be present. Those who are not taking part will be invited to attend. Splendid music. Good seats. Fea-

ture of concert to be the soloist. The name of the soloist will not be made known until the concert.'

"All the birds were tremendously excited when they read that, for it was all a surprise arranged by the vireos. They were the only ones who knew who the soloist was to be. At the rehearsals even the soloist had not appeared.

"At last the time for the concert came. All the birds were up very early that morning, fussing to look their very best.

"Most of the birds sat around on the grass, but some of them had reserved boxes in the trees.

"The program for the concert was delightful. The robins sang in chorus, as did the chirping sparrows. The warblers sang quartets and duets. Several of the chickadees gave little solos. The thrushes and the vireos appeared many times on the program. They were encored again and again and were greatly pleased.

"The soloist was to appear the very last. A vireo came out and announced to the audience that the soloist, being slightly nervous,

would not stand before them and sing, but would sing from a very short distance.

"Then they heard from a neighboring tree the strange, lonely song of the whippoorwill. He sang his song several times over, and the applause was terrific. The birds were charmed, absolutely charmed.

"The whippoorwill was very modest and didn't see why they liked his solo at all. He had really been very shy about appearing at the concert. But he was encouraged by the vireos, who, as a rule, are nervous, too, when they appear in public.

"At the conclusion of the concert a vote of thanks was given the vireos for the crowning success of their concert and an additional vote of thanks for their splendid soloist."

THE ROBINS OPEN A SPRING SHOP



The Robins Agreed
It was a Good
Scheme.

THE robins, having left their warm winter home, had settled near a great, big, lovely park," said daddy. "Now, one of the robins happened to be a very practical old bird. He suggested that they shouldn't spend all their time singing, especially now, before the summer came. Then he thought it was all right to play and sing all day. But it would be nicer now, he thought, to do a little work.

"The old robin's idea was that certain robins every morning should start out and dig up worms, for then they could get more than they wanted and could help supply the flocks and flocks of newcomers. Then other robins could go into the woods and get the

new little berries that had just come up, and the rest of the robins would keep a shop in the biggest tree of the park. All the birds would do their shopping there in the most central place.

"All the robins agreed that it would be an excellent scheme and so much better than idling away all their time.

"As soon as a new flock of birds would come to the park the other birds would tell them about the shop of the robins, and off they would fly to it. And such good things as the robins all had in their shop! It kept them pretty busy hurrying around to get enough provisions to last for all of their customers as well as themselves. But they thoroughly enjoyed being so busy and decided that there was nothing in the world like work. At night they would feel so much better than if they'd been idle all day, and then they felt as if they had really been doing some good, for it was a great, great help to all of the other birds. You can imagine how they wouldn't be able to find things so quickly and they wouldn't know right away

where the softest earth was so as to dig for the worms.

“Of course some of the early bird families did arrive as early as the robins, but the robins were the thoughtful and unselfish ones who thought of the other birds.”

“Did they charge anything for the things they sold?” asked Jack.

“No,” said daddy; “the old robin said that birds should never charge each other anything, and, besides, they really felt that the work was doing them good and that then they’d enjoy the summer all the more.

“And the other birds certainly did appreciate what the robins were doing for them.

“The shop of the robins grew to be just like a daily party, for all the birds would fly there every day just about the same time, and after they had picked out the berries and the worms that struck their fancies they’d stay around and chirp and chat with the robins and each other.”

THE RACE BETWEEN THE SECRETARY BIRDS



Mongo Got Quite a
Bit Ahead.

THE secretary birds had planned to have some field races," began daddy, "and the afternoon of the races had come. You know, the secretary birds have very, very long thin legs. Their legs are so thin that you can hardly see how it is they can support such big bodies, for the secretary birds have really fat bodies.

"Well, on the afternoon of the races they all entered, and you never saw such running in all your life! They simply went like the wind, but the chief race of all was between one bird named Sandy and one named Mongo. They were considered the fastest runners of all. They had raced often and often before and had always come in a tie. But this time Mongo had been practising

very hard and had been very careful not to eat anything to hurt his wind. Sandy had been practising every day, too, but he thought it was absurd to give up things to eat. However, Mongo had always heard that all athletes were very careful of their eating, and, as he had never been able to beat Sandy yet, he was bound he would try everything he could so as to win.

"The prize was to be a fine, great, big snake which had been captured and killed a few days before the races were to take place."

"Do secretary birds eat snakes?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes," said daddy; "they practically live on them."

"I shouldn't think that would be nice food," added Evelyn.

"No, we don't think so," answered daddy, "but you know we eat bacon and like it, so probably the secretary birds think it is as funny for us to eat pigs as we do to hear of their eating snakes."

"No," said Evelyn thoughtfully, "I suppose not. They sound so horrid, though."

At that moment Jack, who was growing very impatient, not caring what the secretary birds ate, chimed in: "Daddy, please hurry and tell us who won the race. I can hardly wait to hear. I am sure Mongo did, though."

"No," said Evelyn; "I think Sandy did because he wasn't such an old fuss as Mongo."

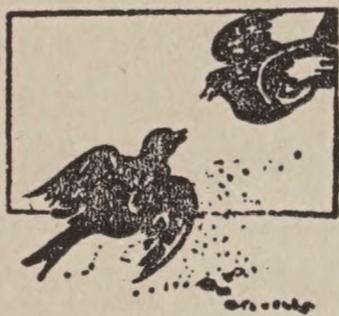
"Well," continued daddy, "during the race all the secretary birds shrieked in their cackling voices: 'Go it; go it! Win, Mongo! Win, Sandy!'"

"For a few moments Mongo got quite a bit ahead, but Sandy succeeded in catching up with him, and they passed by the goal side by side.

"It was a splendid race, but it showed that Mongo and Sandy were really absolutely evenly matched, so they gave a funny cackle, which meant a laugh, and each, taking an end of the prize, said, 'We'll all have a taste of the prize, as neither of us can win it.'

"So they all sat down to a very jolly supper party."

THE QUARREL BETWEEN NAUGHTY LITTLE SPARROWS



One Little Bird
Found a Crumb.

JACK and Evelyn had been feeding crumbs to the birds every day for some time.

“I fancy they enjoy them pretty well, don’t they?” said daddy.

“Yes; they love them,” replied Evelyn.

“Do they ever scrap over who shall get a crumb first?” added daddy.

“No,” said Jack; “they never seem to. They really are very cunning, and they seem to be very friendly and get along beautifully.”

“Well, you know,” said daddy, “the other day I saw some birds having an awful fight. One little sparrow had found a very big crumb and was trying to keep it all to himself.”

"Sparrows are supposed to be rather fond of fighting, aren't they, daddy?" asked Jack.

"They do seem to be considered crosser and to have more cranky natures than other birds. But perhaps it's because they're always around us, and they never have a quarrel that we don't see it. But really we ought to be very grateful to the sparrows, for we always have them with us."

"Yes; that's true," said Evelyn. "And they're plucky little creatures, too, never minding bad weather, not even the very worst. But do tell us more about the fight, daddy."

"Another little sparrow," continued daddy, "was furious when he saw the selfishness of the first sparrow. He completely lost his temper. He flew at the first little sparrow and hit him with his wings just as hard as ever he could.

"Then a number of sparrows came and joined in the fight. Some took the side of the first sparrow and some of the second sparrow.

"It really might have been quite a serious battle had not an old sparrow stepped in and

pitched his voice way up in the air. He simply shrieked at the sparrows.

“‘Stop; stop at once!’ he cried.

“All the sparrows stopped at once, for they were very much afraid of the old sparrow. He was quite their leader, and, though he was a very jolly old soul and would enter into all their sports, still he was quite strict.

“‘Aren’t you ashamed of yourselves, all of you,’ he continued—‘you, little first sparrow, for being so selfish, and you, little second one, for losing your temper, and the rest of you for joining in?’

“And all the little sparrows hung their heads in shame, and they then and there promised the old sparrow that they would never again be greedy and selfish nor would they fight.

“The old sparrow then looked very much relieved, for it always made him very unhappy when the sparrows were naughty.”

THE SUCCESSFUL CONCERT OF THE CHICKADEES



One Little Chickadee
Sang a Solo.

EV E L Y N was very fond of little chickadees, and she was so pleased when daddy said that he was going to tell them a story about them that evening.

“Y o u know,” commenced d a d d y, “the chickadees had a concert the other evening for the other birds. They sent out invitations on petals of flowers, and on the petals they made little holes with their beaks. They made six holes, meaning that the concert would begin at 6 o’clock. Exactly at 6 they all arrived.

“They were all invited to perch on the nearby apple tree and pear tree, and the chickadees hopped about on the grass below.

“Then the concert began. First one little

chickadee sang a very sweet little solo, which won a great deal of applause.

"The choruses were enjoyed tremendously, too, and the refrain of 'chickadee-dee-dee' was lovely, the other birds thought.

"But, as you can imagine, the chickadee knew that it was the fashion to have special features at concerts or at least one special feature.

"So as a surprise, just before the last number, which was a chorus of all the chickadees, a special feature was announced by the leader of the concert.

"'We are to have,' said the chickadee leader, 'a different number from any other on the program.'

"At this all the birds looked at one another with astonishment.

"'We are to have,' the chickadee leader continued, 'a ballet.'

"Now, the birds knew that in 'really real' grand opera there is usually a ballet, but to have one at their concert was wonderful.

"But before they had time to talk about it out came all the little chickadees, dancing and hopping and wearing little wreaths of

flowers about their necks. Each carried a little flower in his beak, and every flower was of a different color.

“For some time they danced in and out of a little circle which they made. They received constant applause.

“It was something new and different to have a ballet dance at the concert. The birds were very much impressed with the chickadees for being so up to date.

“The chickadees were delighted that their concert had been such a success, for, as a matter of fact, they had been rather nervous in getting up a concert when the other birds had given such beautiful ones during the spring. They knew that their voices were not at all lovely, but the birds had wanted to hear them, and now the chickadees were very, very happy.”

THE COLONY OF STARLINGS GIVE A BALL



They Took Little Flying Trips.

THE birds gave concerts early every morning and sometimes, too, they would give an extra one just after the sun went down in the afternoon. Jack and Evelyn loved to hear the birds sing, and they told daddy that they were really learning to know the various songs of the different birds.

“I have meant for some time,” said daddy, “to tell you a story about a ball the starlings gave some time ago. Now the starlings are not singers. They can only chirp and twitter, but they love music and enjoy hearing all the other birds. They are great friends with the robins, and when they suggested giving a ball the robins were at once ready to help them with it.”

"I don't believe we know what starlings are. We may have seen them and not have known what they were," said Jack.

"Starlings," continued daddy, "are about the same size as robins. They are black, or they appear to be black. In reality their feathers look different colors in different lights. But they usually appear black, as, of course, they don't come so very near to people. They are not nearly so tame as the robins. They have yellow beaks. And another thing about them is that they are very fond of their own kind. They travel always in huge flocks, for they love to be together.

"But to continue about the ball. The starlings said that they would like to give a party, and the robins thought it was an excellent plan.

"So invitations were sent out to all the other birds around. And they all accepted with great pleasure.

"Ever so many were invited. There were the chickadees, the song sparrows, the chipping sparrows, the orioles, the thrushes, and even the catbirds were asked.

"Of course, great preparations were made

for the ball. The robins said that they would give the music, for, of course, the starlings couldn't have a ball without music.

"And you should have seen the birds dancing. They danced until they were completely out of breath. The robins sang lovely waltzes and they whistled for the jigs.

"Then, when the starlings thought that their guests had had enough of the dancing, they suggested that they should all have some supper. They had their supper served in little moss cups for each bird, and it did taste so good out of such a dainty, pretty cup."

"I suppose they had little worms, didn't they?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes, indeed," said daddy, "but that is what they think is delicious."

ROBIN REDBREAST'S AND MISS ROBIN'S WEDDING



In a Few Minutes Mr. Robin Came.

LITTLE Miss Robin was preening her feathers and smoothing them down, for it was the 14th of February and she had received a valentine. Naturally she was very much excited, and she looked at her reflection as she stood over the brook.

“‘Yes,’ she said to herself, ‘I am looking well to-day. I do hope Mr. Robin Redbreast will think so too. My, what a fine bird he is! And, oh, how lucky I am to have received a valentine from him!’”

“Now Mr. Robin Redbreast for a long time had admired Miss Robin and thought she was the most beautiful bird he’d ever seen. And so he began to get his valentine

ready 'way back in the autumn when the trees had turned red. He would fly from tree to tree and spend hours each day looking for the most beautiful and perfect leaf, and he wanted it to be a real crimson color. At last he found it and put it away in his nest, very carefully covering it over with moss and straw to keep it well protected and so it wouldn't fade or shrivel up at the ends. Then a few days before Valentine's day he got a little stick which he stuck through the red leaf, which he had pecked off into the shape of a heart, and this was the valentine he sent to Miss Robin. Of course the stick was to mean that his heart had been pierced by love.

"Mr. Robin Redbreast sent his valentine by a messenger, and then he waited what seemed hours to him before he went to call on Miss Robin, and it seemed hours to Miss Robin, too, who had smoothed her feathers so many times.

"At last Miss Robin heard him singing the most beautiful song, with such high notes it seemed as if they almost reached the sky. And, oh, how proud Miss Robin was to feel

that such a beautiful singer was to be her mate!

"In a few moments Mr. Robin Redbreast came in sight and stood before her by the brook. Miss Robin was all of a flutter with joy and nervousness.

" 'I've come,' said Mr. Robin Redbreast, 'to ask you if you'll be my wife and come to my new nest in the apple tree.'

"And then he sang another little song.

" 'I would love to, I would love to!' chirped Miss Robin.

" 'We'll be married to-day, then,' said Mr. Robin Redbreast, 'for I've invited the guests.'

"Then he gave a long call. At that, from far and near, countless robins flew down and hovered around.

"Mr. Robin Redbreast and his bride flew to the branch of a nearby tree, and all the others perched about them singing such merry, happy songs.

"And then they all went back to Mr. Robin Redbreast's nest, where a banquet awaited them of fat, juicy worms."

THE TAME CANARY BIRD AND HIS MISTRESS



He Walked on
Her Hand.

DADDY had heard that afternoon the story of a very tame canary bird. The little girl who owned the bird, and who was a friend of Jack and Evelyn, had told daddy about her little pet. So when daddy got home in the evening he was ready at once to tell the story of the little bird.

“I am going to tell you about the little bird Elizabeth has. Her daddy gave him to her several weeks ago, and he is just as tame as tame can be,” said daddy. “She has named him Bubsie, and he knows his name too, for whenever she calls ‘Bubsie!’ he replies with a little ‘Peep, peep!’”

“Every morning, bright and early, he wakes up and begins to sing the most beautiful songs. He sings so steadily that Elizabeth

says it is a surprise to her that he doesn't burst his little throat.

"After Elizabeth gets up she always gives him a little piece of apple before she begins her breakfast. She puts it on her finger between two wires of the cage, and he hops right over on his little bar and takes it from her finger.

"The next thing is his bath, which he takes soon after breakfast. He loves that. He splatters the water about and has just the best time in the world. He acts as if it were the most wonderful game. After his bath he has a treat of delicious lettuce to eat, and then he sits in the sun and smoothes down his feathers.

"In his cage there is a swing, and he swings on it and hops from one perch to the other. In fact, he has a fine romp. He usually does this right after his bath, for then he feels so energetic.

"In the afternoons Elizabeth lets him out of his cage. Of course she sees first that there are no windows up or doors ajar before she opens the door of the cage. When the cage door is open Bubsie flies out and makes a



"IN THE AFTERNOONS ELIZABETH LETS HIM OUT OF HIS CAGE."—Page 44

tour of the room. How he does enjoy flying around and perching back of the different pictures and on the window-sill. The thing he likes more than anything else is to play with Elizabeth. He perches on her shoulder and walks around on her hand. And he loves to tease her too, for if there are any flowers in the room he will fly over to them, peck at them and begin munching at them. Then he won't let Elizabeth catch him. He thinks this a huge joke, and he always flies to some high spot in the room and begins to sing.

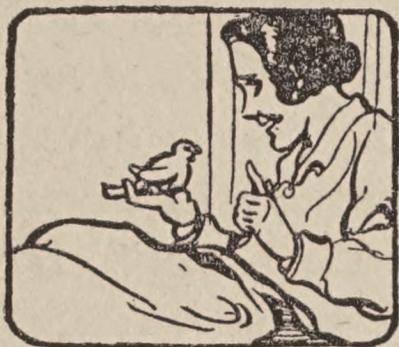
"Elizabeth told me any number of tales of the tricks that he does, but she told me to invite you two children to come and see her, and then she promises you that Bubsie will entertain you."

"Oh, that's fine!" said Evelyn. "Do you suppose we can go to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think so," said daddy, "for, as a matter of fact, I believe I told her to expect you both to-morrow."

"Hurrah!" shouted the children. "You always think of such nice things for us to do."

THE PET BIRD OF THE WARD



The Bird Sat on His Hand.

WELL," said daddy, "I suppose you are ready for your story, and this evening I am going to tell you about a little boy I saw as I passed by a ward in a hospital I was visiting to-day."

Jack and Evelyn sat up and listened eagerly, as they loved to hear about other little boys and girls.

"This little boy," daddy continued, "was in the bed nearest the door I passed, and I noticed him particularly because on a table near his bed was a large cage containing a small yellow canary bird. I asked the nurse if pets were allowed in the ward and why this little boy especially wanted a bird. She told me that the little boy was an orphan and had been brought into the hospital one

day, having been run over by a motorcycle. He was very much injured, and they expected he would die any minute. He was brave and scarcely moaned, but whenever the nurse would stop by his bed he would beg her to send for his bird, which was at the orphans' home. The nurse gently would explain that pets were not allowed in the hospital. One night his fever became very high, and in his rambling talk he begged for his canary. The doctor, who was a very kind-hearted man, told the nurse to send for the bird, as the little boy would not live more than a few days, and if the bird would give him such great happiness they might be able to break a rule in his case.

“So the bird was sent for, and instead of dying the little boy began to grow better each day, and the bird's singing entertained and gave pleasure to the other patients in the ward. The bird was very tame, and when the little boy opened the cage door he would hop out and over the bed-quilt and perch on the little boy's hand.

“The canary made friends with every one. He was not at all afraid of the grave doctors

who came in every little while to see how the sick people were getting along. Especially was he friendly with the little boy's nurse, who fed him lumps of sugar.

"I stepped inside the room and asked the little boy how long he had had the bird. 'Oh,' he said, 'a lady who came to visit the orphans' home gave him to me when I was ill in bed with mumps! That was six years ago, and he has been such a friend to me ever since. His name is Mumps, too, as I thought his chest looked as fat as my cheeks, and the name has always clung to him. He adores flowers, and whenever a patient has any, Mumps flies over and pulls off the petals and eats them.'"

"Oh," said Evelyn as daddy paused, "I wish I could have a canary!"

"Well, maybe I'll bring you one to-morrow," replied daddy.

"And I'll help you feed him," said Jack.

THE EAGLE'S PRIDE AS THE BIRD OF FREEDOM



The Eagle Was Flying
Overhead.

OF course, as you can imagine, Jack and Evelyn had been buying all sorts and all sizes of firecrackers.

“I think the Fourth of July is my favorite holiday of the whole year,” said Jack.

“Yes,” said Evelyn, “so do I, except possibly Christmas and our birthdays.”

“I suppose,” said daddy, “that you two children will be up bright and early to-morrow morning, and I have my very great suspicions that your clothes are all ready to be put on in the morning instead of having to waste any time in thinking what you will wear.

“I hardly think I had better tell a story to-night,” said daddy, “for you two ought to

get some sleep. I am afraid by the time I finish you may suggest that instead of it being the time for going to bed it is the time for getting up."

"Oh, no," said both the children. "Please tell us a little story."

"Yes," said daddy, "I don't believe I can let a single night go by without a story, not even the Fourth of July eve."

"Well, once upon a time—"

"Daddy," chimed in Jack, "I never heard you begin a story that way before."

"You see, this is a special occasion, so I am allowed these favors."

"But, to continue, there was once a great big eagle who was flying overhead on the Fourth of July, and when he saw all the fire-crackers going off and heard all the noise and saw the parade with the flags flying and the band playing, he said:

"To think that I belong to the family that is taken as the representative of all that. I mean freedom and liberty and all those wonderful things. My great-great-grandfathers may not have fought for freedom as the great-great-grandfathers of the little boys

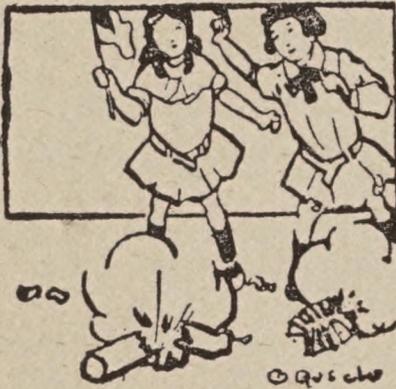
and girls who are to-day firing off firecrackers did, but they flew overhead and said to the winds, which whispered it to the soldiers:

“ “ “The eagles are free—you must be free.”
And the soldiers whispered back to the winds:

“ “ “Yes, as the eagles are free in the air above, so will we be free on this land below.” ’

“So, no wonder the eagle is more than proud of being the bird of freedom and the emblem of the United States.”

WHAT THE BIRDS THOUGHT OF THE FOURTH OF JULY



They Fired Them Off
Quickly.

IT was the day after the Fourth of July, and daddy told the children that he must surely tell them about the little birds and what they thought of the wonderful Independence Day.

“Didn’t they like it?”

asked Evelyn.

“No,” said daddy. “They were not so very happy yesterday, but I will tell you all about it, for it is quite a long story.

“You see, some of the older birds knew what the Fourth of July meant. They thought it was splendid to belong to such a fine, free country during all the other days of the year, but on the Fourth of July they did not feel so patriotic. They would have liked it very much if all the little boys and girls had sung

songs, but the noise of the firecrackers they thought was most disturbing.

"There were no places where they could go that they didn't find children with firecrackers. Even in front of the farm-houses the children seemed to have firecrackers enough to last them for years.

"The old birds decided that if they went way off in the woods for the day they might get away from all the noise, so they planned to start before dawn. They went, but at the first place they thought of stopping and giving a nice little bird concert, they found a picnic party of children. They waited for a moment until the children unpacked their baskets. But the goodies were not nearly so numerous as the firecrackers.

"So the birds moved on again, and again they found a picnic party and were at a loss what to do.

"The old birds were grumbling and making every one around feel just as 'grumbly' as they were, when a little song sparrow, who had been keeping very quiet during all the fuss, said:

" 'Now, look here, I think it is pretty mean

of us to grumble while all the little boys and girls are having such a good time. It is right for them to be patriotic, and we should not grumble about the noise they make one day in the year, when we are singing fit to burst our throats every morning just at sunrise. Besides, we should be more appreciative, for we love this free air, and we should feel proud that we can fly about and enjoy it. And, above everything else, think of the times in the spring when those little girls and boys threw crumbs to us when it was chilly, and how often in the hot days of summer we find little drinking-tins in the trees filled with cool water.'

"And all the birds suddenly thought how perfectly right the song sparrow was, and they gave their concert, pretending that the big cannon crackers were huge chords of music accompanying their solos and choruses."

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S NEW FRIEND MR. BLACKBIRD



"Nice old lady will
hear our voices."

I HEARD a story the other day," said daddy, "a quite true story. Mr. Nightingale had built too large a nest.

"After a while he thought of a visitor he would like to have all the time, and off he started on his travels.

"As he went along, flying as fast as he could, he kept thinking to himself how very lonely he had been of late.

"At last he reached the spot he had chosen for resting. It was in a blackbird's bay. There were many low bushes and shrubs and berry trees in this bay, and in the marshy water were quantities of pond-lilies.

"Soon a very fine bird—black as black could be, and very shiny, just as if he'd pol-

ished his wings with shoe-blackening—perched on a bush beside the one where Mr. Nightingale was resting.

“‘Did you come to hear us sing or talk or scream?’ asked the blackbird.

“Mr. Nightingale sang a little opening song and then began to talk to the blackbird.

“‘Mr. Blackbird,’ he said, ‘you’re a handsome fellow, and you’re very smart. I’ve heard a secret about your family. Many have done what you will do. You must try. That’s all.’ And again Mr. Nightingale sang a song.

“‘What do you mean, Mr. Nightingale? Your song is lovely, but your talk is very, very queer.’ And Mr. Blackbird shook his head sadly.

“Well, I mean you to come to my nest. It’s too big for me. It’s fitted out perfectly—all the latest improvements—fresh water to drink supplied by my water man, Mr. Showers, and new worms each day my children bring to my nest in plenty of time for breakfast—and our rooms are both shady and sunny. In fact, it’s a very superior home.

But in the house nearby lives a dear old lady and I want her to be given a treat. She has gone away on a visit and when she comes back I want you to be singing duets with me.'

" 'What?' shouted the blackbird. 'I'm to sing with you?'

" 'Most certainly. Many blackbirds have copied our voices so that you wouldn't be able to tell us apart if you couldn't see us. The nice old lady will hear our voices and think that there are two of me! When she sees that one is you, she'll think you're a smart bird—that's what she'll think. Besides, I want a companion and I like you.'

" 'Well, I never heard so many reasons in all my life,' said the blackbird. 'But I'll go just as soon as I get my suitcase packed. There are several little delicacies from the bay I'd like to bring along.' And Mr. Blackbird stopped to put some red berries and other goodies in his straw bag. Then off they went, and Mr. Blackbird really did learn to sing just like Mr. Nightingale."

MR. PLAIN SPARROW CALLS ON DUCKS



“Would you like to
join us?”

IT was such a hot day yesterday,” said daddy, “that Mr. Plain Sparrow simply could not get cool. You see he never goes away in the winter and so he gets used to really cold weather. On a day as hot as it was yesterday he simply doesn’t know what to do with himself. He called himself Mr. Plain Sparrow because that was exactly what he was. He was just a plain, ordinary sparrow, and he thought it such a wise thing to call himself that—and not put on any silly frills. He prided himself on being sensible.

“‘If there’s anything in this world I hate,’ he said, ‘it’s pretending to be what a creature is not.’ And so he called himself by the name of Mr. Plain Sparrow, and his wife was Mrs.

Plain Sparrow, and his children were the Plain Sparrow Children.

“‘I think,’ he said, ‘that I will take a walk or a fly to the duck pond in the park nearby. Yes, it seems to me that’s an excellent scheme. I would like to see those ducks, for they’re right smart creatures, and I like to hear their funny quack-quack talk.

“‘What are you up to, ducks?’ he called, as he flew over the pond, and then perched on a small bush that was at one side.

“‘We’re well,’ said the ducks. ‘We’re enjoying a cooling drink between swims. Would you like to join us? It’s just tea time.’

“‘Tea time, eh?’ said Mr. Plain Sparrow. ‘And would you give a fellow a good, fat worm in place of bread and butter and cake?’

“‘Quack-quack! ha, ha!’ laughed the ducks. ‘We don’t like bread and butter and cake. But we can’t get the worm for you just now, as we’re not very good at digging on such a hot day!’

“‘Well, then, how about my digging for a couple of them, and then joining all you nice ducks when you’re ready to have your tea?’

“ ‘Splendid idea,’ quacked the ducks. And off went Mr. Plain Sparrow to a soft place in the earth where he thought there would be some good worms.

“Pretty soon he came back with some fine ones, and he sat on his perch and ate them, while the ducks nibbled at their food, and had drinks of pond water, which they called tea. Mr. Plain Sparrow flew down and took sips of water by the side of the pond, and in one very shallow place he had some nice shower-baths while the ducks were having swims. And before he left he told the ducks what a good time he had had, and how nice and cool he felt.

“ ‘Well, you’re so friendly we’re glad you came,’ quacked the ducks once again.”

FARMER'S SCARECROW PROTECTS A CORN-FIELD



"It's a man."

TO-NIGHT," said daddy, "we are going to have the story of the meeting of the brownies, crows, and old Mr. Scarecrow. The crows had been giving feasts in a corn-field almost every morning bright and early before any of the big people who lived in the nearby farm-house were up. Such feasts as they did have! And one day they asked the brownies if they wouldn't come to their next one.

"'Caw-caw,' said the crows together.

"'Where are we going?' asked one of the brownies teasingly, for they had been going around and around in circles and hadn't reached any place.

“‘I don't quite know,’ said Black Crown Crow, ‘it's a question which is very hard to decide.’

“‘But we thought you had chosen a special spot,’ said one of the brownies.

“Black Crown Crow looked very sad, and his black wings seemed to droop. ‘It's that guest I never asked. He's causing all the trouble. How very rude it is of folks to come to a feast who aren't invited, and to arrive before us, too. It's very e-x-a-s-p-e-r-a-t-i-n-g!’

“‘Who is he?’ shouted the brownies, for every little while Black Crown Crow had gone ahead and then had come back. In these little trips he had seen right in the center of the corn-field a man—a real man, he thought, with a hat and a coat and trousers and boots—and carrying something which he couldn't quite make out. It was either a great huge stick—or worse still—it was a gun. He shivered whenever he thought of that awful word gun.

“‘Caw-caw,’ again shrieked Black Crown Crow, ‘it's a man and he has a gun—I'm sure it's a gun. Now the rudeness of him! As if

we wanted a man and a gun at our corn feast!

“ ‘Oh, it was to have been a corn feast, and now the man has stopped it,’ laughed one of the brownies. ‘Well, such a joke! But to show you how nice we’ll be when we’re here ready for a party which can’t take place, we’ll give a nice party ourselves.’

“And the brownies scampered about a little grove near the corn-field, and there they made a bonfire over which they cooked some corn-meal which they had carried with them in their bags. They knew all along, ever since they’d started, where the crows wanted them to go for the feast, and they also knew that the farmer had made that scarecrow in his corn-field to frighten off Black Crown Crow and his followers.

“The brownies made a fine feast, but how they did chuckle among themselves that the pole dressed up as a man had succeeded in saving the corn for the people of the farmhouse.”

THE BRAVE BROWN SPARROWS IN WINTER



One Bird Seemed to be
the Leader.

YOU know," said daddy, "I saw such a strange thing to-day in the city."

"Tell us about it," said Jack.

"What was it?" asked Evelyn, who was always interested in whatever daddy had to say.

"Well," continued daddy, "in a tree in the park lots and lots of little sparrows were roosting. It was, of course, a perfectly bare tree without a leaf on it, and they were huddled together, keeping each other warm.

"I watched them for quite a time. There was one sparrow who looked the leader. He did most of the chirping and was apparently telling all the others what they must do and giving all sorts of directions. He chirped almost constantly for ten minutes, and then

he flew down from the tree and hopped along the ground. He picked up crumb after crumb, and then when he had as many as he could carry in his beak he flew up in the tree again and left them on a branch where there was a kind of hole in which to put them. He was evidently showing all the other birds just what to do, for in a minute or two any number of them flew down to the ground and began to pick up crumbs.

"It was wonderful to see how many they could find, for I myself could hardly see any, and all the time he kept chirping to the others and telling them what to do.

"This kept up for some time, for the birds would fly back and forth, just picking up goodies and then putting them up in the tree. Meantime a lot of other birds who had stayed up in the tree were fixing them on the branch and dividing them all evenly."

"Didn't they eat any of them?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes. After quite awhile they all flew back to the tree again, and once more they huddled together and had the most marvelous meal. You see, it was their dinner

time, and they all had it together at the same time to make it more sociable. From all the cries of joy and the noise I fancy they were having a pretty good time of it and enjoying themselves immensely. In fact, I think they almost forgot how cold it was."

"I think it's wonderful," said Evelyn, "how well the birds can look after themselves, for it must be pretty hard sometimes, especially in the winter."

"Yes," said daddy, "it is, but these birds seemed so happy together and to be having such a good time. After dinner was over they all chased each other from one tree to another in the park and played tag and had a beautiful time. So I think really birds and animals are smart and brave to be able to look after themselves and their little ones so well."

WHAT THE RAINBOW THINKS OF THE WORLD



Smacked Their
Little Beaks.

THE fairies were giving a luncheon party for the birds, and they wanted to have a great, big surprise," said daddy. "The birds which were invited were the robins, the orioles, the bluejays, the humming-birds.

" 'Now, birdies,' said the fairy queen, 'I'm going to ask the king of the clouds to this luncheon, so we'll have plenty of delicious rain-water to drink.'

"Of course, the fairy queen had told the king of the clouds that she didn't want him to send his army of raindrops to the earth—for an army would make it pour too hard and they couldn't have any fun at the luncheon. She just wanted some of the big, big drops to come down and fill the little stones

she had at the places for the birds so that they could have delicious water at her party—but she didn't want to make it so wet they'd get their beautiful feathers drenched—just a nice little shower was what she wanted.

“The king of the clouds had promised, and he had told the raindrops just what to do and just how many could go down on the earth.

“The birds enjoyed the delicious luncheon the fairies gave them, and, of course, they loved their fresh drinks of water.

“‘Now for our surprise,’ shouted the fairies, after the luncheon was over. ‘We're to have two famous guests to-day. This is to be a really real day! And we're to have them both at the same time—and we're to have another treat, too. Guess, birds, what are we going to have? Guess, guess, guess!’ For the fairies were so excited they kept repeating themselves over and over again.

“But before the birds had time to do more than twitter and chirp among themselves as to what the great surprise was going to be, who should appear, right along with the raindrops, but Mr. Sun, and then over a hill came

the most beautiful rainbow with all the glorious colors the fairies admire so much.

“And then you should have heard the singing of the birds. Every one of them had a glorious voice, and the chorus was the loveliest the fairies had ever heard. As for Mr. Sun, he beamed and shone with might and main.

“‘Well, hello, raindrops,’ he said. ‘I’m mighty glad to see you. It’s not often we meet, but the fairy queen can make all of us friendly—even the sun and the rain.’

“And the raindrops came on down to the earth very gently, but without stopping, while back of it all the rainbow leaned down over the hill and whispered:

“‘Isn’t this a wonderful world? There are fairies, birds, the sun, fresh water to drink. I’m so glad I am here.’”

EAGLES AND RAVENS



He is Very Brave.

SOME white-tailed eagles were boasting one day of their bravery," commenced daddy. "They were also saying how fine they were in every way and that their very name meant something splendid and free and strong.

"As a matter of fact, though the white-tailed eagles won't admit it, they are less brave than any of the eagle families.

"The ravens are not kindly at all and they love to fight. They had often thought it would be great sport to have those 'silly white-tailed eagles,' as they called them, admit that they were not brave and have their leader beg for mercy from General Raven.

"And, as you can imagine, when Brother Black Raven heard the eagles boasting he

knew it was high time to begin and frighten them.

“So he called all the ravens together. Some of them were having their naps, but as soon as Brother Black Raven called them, up they got in a great hurry, spread their wings and drilled a little bit just like soldiers. Only instead of marching they flew.

“As General Raven came near the nest of the white-tailed eagles, he said in a very queer, croaking sort of voice:

“‘Good-morning!’ That was rather mean of him to say, for, of course, he didn’t really wish them a ‘Good-morning.’

“‘Do you want to fight?’ asked General Raven.

“Still not a sound from the eagles. There was a slight fluster and trembling, which the ravens could hear and which made them grin with delight, but the eagles never said a word. They didn’t even look at the ravens! For they were so frightened they didn’t dare look at them, and they kept thinking, ‘Oh, won’t those awful ravens and their ugly old general go away?’ The eagles, of course,

thought the ravens were very ugly because they were so afraid of them.

“‘For the last time, do you want to fight us, eh?’ asked General Raven. And still the eagles said not a word—nor made a sound. ‘Well, let me say then for all of us,’ said General Raven, ‘that we think you’re very cowardly, and we heard you talking before we came of your bravery. We wouldn’t fight you because you’re afraid of us, but you’ll have to admit it after this,’ and with a deep chuckle off went General Raven and his followers.

“The eagles did not go on boasting, but they were very contented that the ravens had gone away!”

THE EAGLES WHO WERE ALWAYS STILL



He Put the Book Before Him.

IN the house where Kenneth lived there was a chair which had always fascinated him. It was a very, very old chair, and Kenneth's mother and daddy were very proud of it," said daddy to Jack and Evelyn. "Kenneth's daddy had bought it at a sale of old and curious things. It was a Roman chair, and on either side were two heads of eagles. These four heads in all always made Kenneth wonder, for they looked so very life-like. He used to imagine that even little wooden eagles must get very tired of always being just the same.

"Really it often made Kenneth quite sad to watch them. One afternoon Kenneth went

to a party. A little school chum of his had given it. It had been a very nice party. But, oh, he did feel so tired, for they had played blind man's buff, bull in the ring, squat tag, and other games.

"When Kenneth came home from the party it was not quite his bedtime, but secretly in his heart he was hoping it would come soon, for he had made up his mind that he wasn't going to bed until his bedtime.

"He got a book from the library shelf. It was full of pictures of sailors and pirates and ships, because if anything would keep him awake that would. He sat down with it on the Roman chair.

"Strangely enough, though, after a moment or two, he didn't seem to see pirates, and the sea began to look very much more like the surface of a chair. Soon the pirates disappeared entirely, and the four eagles of the Roman chair were looking at him steadily.

"'You're terribly tired, aren't you?' said the first eagle.

"'Yes; I'm a little tired,' Kenneth admitted.



“WE’VE BEEN ON THIS CHAIR SO LONG,’ SAID THE FOURTH EAGLE.”
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“ ‘Well, you’re not as tired as we are,’ said the second eagle.

“ ‘No, indeed!’ said the third eagle. ‘You’re only tired because you’ve played so many games. We’re tired because we’re always still.’

“Kenneth listened eagerly, because he’d so often thought just what he was hearing. ‘Yes,’ said Kenneth very sympathetically; ‘I should think you would be very dull. I’ve often thought that. Have you been there a long time?’

“ ‘Oh, ages and ages!’ replied the fourth eagle, who up to this time hadn’t spoken. ‘We were very old before your daddy got us. We’ve been on this chair so long. We can’t remember how long. And what makes us feel so sad is that we are called eagles and should fly and yet are forever glued to this chair.’

“ ‘Kenneth, Kenneth,’ cried Kenneth’s mother, ‘it’s long past bedtime!’

“ ‘Oh, I am not so tired as the eagles are!’ said Kenneth. And Kenneth’s mother wondered if he was talking in his sleep.”

THE BOBOLINKS HAVE A TEA PARTY



Who Should Ar-
rive but Fairies.

THE other day," commenced daddy, "the bobolinks had an afternoon tea.

"The tea party was given for the meadow larks. The bobolinks are great friends of the meadow larks and they wanted to be the first this season to entertain them. Besides, most of the bobolinks had new summer homes and their colony was near a beautiful stream.

"You know the bobolinks always build their homes in the meadows—but they build very near a stream and their homes are always deep down in the long grass.

"They had all come to live in Waving Grassland for the summer—that is, all the bobolinks who always moved about together

in the summer and winter—and many of their friends, the meadow larks, were on hand to greet them. A number of others were going to arrive in a few days—before the tea party.

“Now Waving Grassland was very beautiful country. The meadows were very large and the grass was so beautiful and so long that it always waved in the soft breezes, so that the bobolinks named their new summer place Waving Grassland.

“And so the bobolinks made all their preparations for the tea party. The guests arrived dressed up in their best new summer plumage. The meadow larks came first, as they were the guests of honor.

“The red-breasted grosbeak family were all there looking too lovely for words. And the bluejays, downy woodpeckers, the orioles, the thrush family, the chipping sparrows, the robins, the indigo birds—and even the shy vireos ventured forth. Of course, usually they hate parties, but they loved the stream nearby and the beautiful country the bobolinks were living in, and they thought at least once a year they ought to be a little bit so-

ciable and friendly with their neighbors.

"After they had all chatted together—to us it would have sounded more like chirping—the bobolinks began to serve tea.

"They had spring water for their tea—the water from the cool stream which had a deep spring within it. And this tea they served in little moss-covered stones. That gave it the most delicious flavor, and all the birds asked the bobolinks where they had found such good tea. You know in birdland they don't ask each other where anything is bought, but where it is found! And the bobolinks told their secret.

"But as they were drinking cup after cup—or stoneful after stoneful—of tea, who should arrive but all the fairies!

"The birds greeted the fairies with their best songs—or their way of saying 'We're so glad to see you'—and the bobolinks trilled with joy because they had arranged this lovely surprise for their guests."

A HAPPY DAY IN BIRDLAND

THE birds," said daddy, "found a new room for breakfast. It was in a row of bushes—and the bushes were berry bushes.

"One day as they were having the best sort of a time eating, who should look down at them but the king of the clouds. He looked quite dark and solemn.

"'Te-wit,' said one little bird, and another said,

"'Tr-r-r-i-l-l.'

"'How about some water to drink?' asked the king of the clouds. 'Some nice, fresh water?'

"The birds began chirping for all they were worth. The grown-ups said, 'Listen to the noise the birds are making. It must be going to rain—they're crying for water.'

"And sure enough, they were begging the king of the clouds to send some of his army of raindrops down to the earth.

“‘Please, please, please, Cloud King, send us rain-water,’ chirped the birds.

“‘All right,’ roared the cloud king. ‘I will.’

“‘But we don’t want thunder,’ said the birds. ‘We want to stay out, and we’re afraid of thunder. Won’t you send us a good old-fashioned shower?’

“And the cloud king called, ‘Raindrops, raindrops, come and patter down to the earth. But gently, little raindrops. And when you see the beak of a little bird open, one small raindrop must walk inside.’

“Down came the raindrops very softly and gently to the earth.

“‘Children,’ called Mother Robin, ‘come for your baths in these hollow stones. They’re filled with water.’

“All around the mother birds were calling the little ones to their baths.

“‘Oh,’ said one little robin as he ducked his head into the water, and then shook all over and spattered it about, ‘how nice a bath does feel.’

“The cloud king looked so bright and happy, that the mother birds were afraid it

would stop raining. 'Don't stop, Cloud King,' they chirped.

"'I won't,' said the cloud king. And the birds twittered and sang and wet their little throats with the delicious rain-water.

"After the cloud king and his army of raindrops had been working for quite a long time, one of the birds noticed that the new breakfast room in the berry bushes was getting very wet.

"'It will spoil our berries for breakfast, I'm afraid,' he said.

"But the berries whispered back,

"'No; we like the rain too. We needed some water to drink. And more of us will come to-morrow. Your breakfast will be better than ever.'

"So all day long the rain kept up gently. When it was almost bedtime who should appear but old Mr. Sun.

"'Shall I dry your little feathers?' he said to the birds.

"And every little bird in birdland was warm and dry and happy when he tucked his head under his wing that night."

THE ROBINS' SPRING CONCERT



The Grand Opera
Chorus.

THE robins gave their spring concert the other morning for the fairies," said daddy. "They give one every year just after most of their family have arrived for the summer. It is one of the biggest events of the spring in fairyland, and they are so excited about it for days ahead that they can talk about nothing else. They've practised so hard and so long lately that the day has been quite far gone many a time, when some little robin has been trying over and over again some important trill which he was going to sing alone.

"But the concert was given just at dawn. Mr. Sun came out for it, looking as fine as any king with a very dazzling golden crown on his head. Then the dew-drops came and

had reserved seats on the little blades of grass. Some of the early butterflies were invited, and the little spring garden flowers opened their sleepy eyes and waved about, keeping time with the music.

“First of all was the grand opening chorus. Mr. Robin Redbreast had a little stick with which he beat time, and all the robins sang a fine song which he had made up himself.

“Then came the solos. Miss Robin Redbreast sang a beautiful song all by herself.

“Then two little brother robins sang a song together—they called it a ‘duet,’ which was very funny. They acted as they sang, and made all the fairies and the other guests at the concert laugh hard.

“But best of all was the band. It was a new band the robins had just started, and they were very proud of it. It was a great surprise to the fairies, for they didn't know the robins had a band. As you can guess, the robins had worked hard for a big surprise for the fairies. Ten little robins played the drums, which were tiny twigs from the apple tree. There were little spring leaves through which some of the others whistled

tunes, and the rest played on horn-shaped flowers.

“After the concert was finished and the fairies had clapped and clapped and waved their wands with delight, and the little robins had bowed and bowed—and fallen down, sometimes making too low bows—they all had breakfast. Such a breakfast! The most luscious of worms were given the little robins and a special dish was made for the fairies of spring porridge, which Grandmother Robin had made, and which the fairies called ‘Delicious.’ ”

THE CROWS AT THE FAIRIES' BALL



They Promised to
Wait on Guests.

THE fairies had one of their fine balls just two evenings ago," said daddy.

"Among their guests were the brownies, elves, gnomes, many of the birds, butterflies, humming-birds, red lizards, grasshoppers, and crickets. The crickets

had arranged to sing for the dancing and the humming-birds said they would hum the tunes all the time that the crickets sang. The robins sang some extra songs, and, of course, the other birds joined in the chorus.

"Then came supper time. The table was made of daisies and moss, and such delicacies! Well, it would have made your mouth water!

"They had the goodies that every guest would enjoy most. Not a guest was forgotten. There were even little worms for the

birds—and the other guests didn't mind at all, as they knew the robins and orioles and other bird guests loved little worms. They were given to the birds in special dishes made of grass.

“But just as all the guests sat down to supper the fairy queen said: ‘Come, all my fine waiters!’ And as she said this she waved her wand high in the air.

“Then from far and near the blackest of black crows flew down and alighted all around the table. They had promised the fairy queen to be just as good as good could be, and to wait on all the guests before they had anything at all to eat. They were quite willing to do this, for they had never been invited to a ball given by the fairies before and they were highly flattered.

“They all had had their black suits polished and brushed with the greatest care and they wore very fine aprons and hats made of green leaves. Every time a guest said ‘Thank you’ when anything was passed, a crow would say, ‘Caw-caw,’ which means ‘You’re welcome.’

“The crows always say ‘Caw-caw’ to al-

most everything, but it is just the tone they use that makes the 'Caw-caw' mean something quite different each time they want it to. At the end of the supper, after the crows had had a feast, too, the fairy queen asked them if they wouldn't sing the old, old song about blackbirds being baked in a pie.

"At first the crows looked a bit sad, but then they said: 'Why, of course, we'll be happy to sing it. It's lots of fun to sing about such things after we have had a feast and know quite well that the fairy queen wouldn't bake us in a pie.'

"How the guests did laugh to hear the crows singing about blackbirds being baked in a pie—and stopping every minute to shout out, 'Not us, though, oh, no!'—and the fairy queen was delighted."

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE SICK SNOWBIRD



The Bird Began to
Recover.

DADDY had been encouraging Jack and Evelyn to feed the little birds that came outside the window. So one evening when it was time for their story he told them about the Christmas a little snow-

bird had had the year before.

“He was a very self-willed little fellow,” commenced daddy, “and he thought no one knew so much about life as he did. During the autumn he had become very chummy with the sparrows. His daddy and mother didn’t like that much, as they were afraid he would become as rude and noisy as the sparrows were.

“When the cold weather came the snow-birds decided to leave, but the little wilful

snowbird was nowhere to be found. 'Where could he have gone?' asked Mother Snowbird, and daddy said, 'Oh, probably he left this morning with the robins and wrens, for I saw him playing with them!' That eased Mother Snowbird's fears, and off they started.

"When the little snowbird saw that his family had flown away he came out from his hiding-place. He really felt a little homesick and was sorry he hadn't gone, too; but, of course, he didn't dare admit it, for the sparrows had told him only stupid children were obedient. They admired his naughty disobedience and thought it was a great joke to worry his family.

"A few weeks went by, and the days became colder and colder. One night he felt so cold and so unhappy that he flew away from the sparrows, expecting to die any moment.

"The next morning he was found, half dead, by a little girl. She took him in her house, warmed his frozen feet and fed him bits of crumbs and drops of water. Slowly he began to recover.

"It was the day before Christmas, and he

was perched on the window-sill in the sun, when, to his huge joy, he saw Daddy and Mother Snowbird outside the window. He flew against the window-glass. The little girl came rushing into the room to see what the trouble was. She was sure from his joyous actions that the other two snowbirds were his daddy and mother, so she opened the window, and the little bird flew out.

“‘Oh, dear, we’ve been so frightened!’ said Mother Snowbird.

“‘Yes,’ said Daddy Snowbird; ‘we’ve been on ever so many trips looking for you, but now we’ll hurry down home and fly fast, so as not to get cold, and then we’ll be there in time for Christmas day. All the little birds will be there waiting for the Christmas party.’

“You may be quite sure the little snowbird never had a happier Christmas, and he realized that the older birds knew what was best for him.”

A SPARROW CALLS ON A HIPPOPOTAMUS



Mr. Hippopotamus
Was Having
His Bath.

THE hippopotamus who lived in the zoo had a very strange caller the other day," said daddy.

"Into the animal house flew a sparrow. The keeper called out to him:

"'Where are you going, sparrow?' But the sparrow did not answer. He flew right through the animal house until he reached Mr. Hippopotamus' cage. Mr. Hippopotamus was having

his bath, and he would not be interrupted.

"The sparrow was rather annoyed that Mr. Hippopotamus didn't want to come right out of the water to talk to him, and he scolded from his perch on the wire of the cage. There he sat scolding away, and the hippopotamus

kept on splashing and spluttering as he took his bath.

“Soon the hippopotamus came up from the water and sat in the corner of his cage, and the sparrow hopped over to a wire a little nearer.

“ ‘Mr. Sparrow, I am sorry to be late for your call,’ said the hippopotamus, ‘but the truth is I wanted to look my best.’ And his great, long, funny old face grinned, and he showed his big teeth.

“ ‘That’s all right,’ cheerfully chirped the sparrow. ‘I have plenty of time to-day. My family have gone a-shopping for bread crumbs which they find every day in a certain back-yard. And I have nothing to do. I’ve come to tell you the news of the world outside.’

“So the sparrow told Mr. Hippopotamus all about the wild scampers the sparrows had been having. He told about their quarrels and how they had made up again. And he bragged about their friends and relations, the song sparrows, who had been very friendly this year.

“When Mr. Sparrow began to be boastful, the old hippopotamus said:

“‘You think I’m finer than my cousins in that cage over there?’ And Mr. Hippopotamus pointed to some other members of his family. They were very much smaller and their coats looked just like chocolate. ‘And,’ he went on, ‘when the children see those silly cousins of mine they always say, “Why, they look just like tins of chocolate taffy left to cool.” They never can say anything quite so stupid about me.’

“‘Well,’ said Mr. Sparrow, ‘I must be off now, as it’s time the bread crumbs and the family were coming home.’ He spoke about the bread crumbs first, you notice. ‘But I’ll come and see you soon again, old hippo,’ and the little sparrow flew off.”

THE ROBINS COME TO THE RESCUE



Saving the Little Birds
from Danger.

THE honeysuckles were beginning to bud. Already the humming-birds were hovering near and had built a nest right in the heart of the vine. This vine was in a nice old-fashioned garden, but near by there was a vacant lot which was very swampy.

“You know the garden by the vacant lot?” began daddy.

“Yes,” replied both children, “are you going to tell us a story about that garden?”

“I am going to tell you,” said daddy, “about the mother humming-bird whose little ones were attacked by a cruel snake when they were rescued by the brave robins.

“The snake had come over from the vacant field and had crawled up the honeysuckle

vine as the mother humming-bird had gone off for some food. Some robins hovering near had seen the awful snake. They had cried out in terror and had flown over to the nest.

“The mother humming-bird heard the cries and hurried back, but the robins had frightened off the snake. The snake was not a very large one, and really he had been frightened by all the noise the robins had made, and when he saw so many birds flying toward him he got away very quickly.

“The mother humming-bird got back just as the snake was leaving the nest.

“She couldn't thank the robins enough for flying to the rescue and saving her beloved little ones, but the robins didn't want any thanks. They were thankful, too, that the dear little birds had been saved, for birds are very loyal to one another and will risk any danger to save each other.”

“I am so glad,” said Evelyn, “that the little humming-birds were saved, for I love to see them having such a good time in the honey-suckle vines, and the more there are of them the nicer it makes the summer seem.”

"It was brave of the robins to come to the rescue, though, wasn't it, daddy?"

"Indeed it was," said daddy; "but almost all animals and birds will do anything they can to help one another, and they seem to forget that there is such a thing as being afraid if they see any creature in danger or distress.

"After the mother humming-bird had recovered from the awful fright, and after the little ones had shown that they were perfectly well and strong, with no ill effects from their fright, the mother humming-bird invited the robins to partake of the delicious meal she had succeeded in getting before the cries came from the robins."



"THE MOTHER HUMMING-BIRD HURRIED BACK."—Page 95

MR. AND MRS. OWL'S STOREROOM



Waited on All
Who Came.

TWO owls," commenced daddy, "lived in a soft feathered nest in the big woods. After a time they got a little tired of talking and scolding and hunting and midnight parties, so Mrs. Owl, who was always saving odds and ends,

thought it would make them very rich and happy if they had a store.

" 'What,' said Mr. Owl, 'a store?'

" 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Owl, as she smoothed her feathers and polished her back with a bit of bark. 'It will be not only a store, but a supper-room.'

" 'Whatever do you mean?' said Mr. Owl.

" 'You know,' continued Mrs. Owl, 'that in the world where people live they have parties. There is nothing new about that. Don't we have parties? Yes.'

"Mrs. Owl always answered all her own questions when she had something most important to say, and when she did not want to have anyone interrupt her or disagree with her.

" 'And so, if we have parties in the woods, think what a great help it will be to all the wood animals and the fairies and brownies and gnomes if we have a supper-room attached to our store—where after the parties the wood creatures can come and have supper.'

"Mr. Owl sat up very straight and said, 'To-wit, to-who,' or it sounded very much like that. What he meant was that he thought it an excellent scheme. And he went on to tell Mrs. Owl that she could fix up all the dishes for the supper and decorate the tables—and he would go forth and hunt for the good things to eat.

"The store was started right away. The animals came to buy their things in the daytime—and as Mr. and Mrs. Owl were asleep they would simply take them away and not pay for them at the time.

"That didn't bother Mr. and Mrs. Owl

at all, though. They wanted to have such a fine store that all their things would be taken, and they left notes for the little animals saying:

“Take all you like. We must sleep and think up more wonderful things to do for you. As for pay—we don't want it. We're already to be envied for our knowledge. We don't even have to go to school—and are always cleverer than those who do go!”

“The animals were much amused at the conceit of Mr. and Mrs. Owl, but they had to admit that their store was a great success. And as for their supper-room—it was perfect!

“Every evening it was very gay, with the chatter of many of the wood animals and the fairies, after different parties and frolics. Mrs. Owl made the most delicious goodies, and always made the tables look very attractive with wild flowers.

“As for Mr. Owl, he put on a big white apron and a white hat and waited on all who came to the supper-room, and often he would make wise, wise speeches for the benefit of all around him.”

POLLY WAS THE HEROINE OF THE FIRE



Shrieked at the Top
of Her Lungs.

JACK and Evelyn had been to see a friend of theirs who owned a parrot. The parrot, whose name, of course, was Polly, had completely fascinated them. She could dance when a tune was whistled, she took sugar from her mistress's mouth, and she could talk. She could say: "Pretty Polly," "Polly, want a cracker?" "Polly hungry," "Polly, want a bite?"

So when daddy came home that evening, of course Jack and Evelyn told him all about the parrot, and later he told them a story about another parrot.

"In a small town," said daddy, "a little girl named Alice owned a pet parrot who was very clever. This parrot could talk a great deal and say ever so much more than just

'Polly, want a cracker?' This Polly could whistle, too, most beautifully, and could do a great, great many wonderful tricks. Of course, as you can imagine, Alice was very proud of her parrot, and Polly was devoted to Alice.

"One night when every one in the town was fast asleep a fire broke out in a deserted barn, and, as there was a high wind, it began to spread. The house nearest the fire was the one in which Alice lived, and Polly Parrot was the first to smell the smoke. She shrieked at the top of her lungs, 'Fire, fire!' and the whole household came rushing downstairs and found the library, where Polly was, full of smoke.

"They put on coats and, grabbing Polly's cage, rushed out of the house as quickly as they could, for the flames were beginning to break through on all sides. Alice's daddy rushed off to ring the fire bell, while Alice, carrying her Polly Parrot, and her mother followed along. Soon every one in the town was up and out in the street. The firemen managed to keep the fire from spreading, and

they saved all the valuable things in Alice's home.

"As everyone stood around watching the firemen throwing the water on the fire Polly kept calling out: 'It's pretty hot! It's pretty hot! I tell you it's pretty hot!' That amused everyone, so that it kept up their spirits during the awful fire.

"At last, however, the firemen succeeded in putting the fire out, and one of the neighbors invited Alice and her mother and daddy to stay at her house, and, of course, Polly Parrot went along too.

"Polly was now not only considered a very clever bird, but a real heroine, for she had awakened Alice and her family and saved their lives and also the lives of many others, for with such a wind many houses would have gone had not the firemen been called out just when they were.

"Instead of being vain about it, Polly Parrot acted as though her one pride was that Alice was more devoted to her than ever."

THE WINTER HOME FOR THE WREN FAMILY



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All the Little Boys
Helped.

A NUMBER of little boys living in a small town were very much interested in carpentry," said daddy. "They made boxes and chairs and tables and all sorts of things.

"They had a nice tool shop in an unused barn belonging to the daddy of one of the little boys.

"In the late autumn one of the little boys, who was very fond of birds and especially so of the house wren, suggested that they should build some little bird houses under the low roof of the barn.

"So all the little boys helped because they thought it was such a nice plan."

"What is a house wren?" inquired Evelyn.

"A house wren," said daddy, "shows his

difference from other wrens by having black and gray lines on his brown back. His tiny tail points upward and his breast is grayish white. He is very friendly and loves to keep the same home.

"Now, the boys had noticed that one family of wrens had built a nest on the side of this same barn two summers. They had flown away when the cold weather came each time.

"The boys built a fine little house with great care and watched to see if the wrens would go to it. And, sure enough, they did! Apparently they thought it was a beautiful house, although they, of course, wished to furnish it in their own way."

"How did they furnish it?" asked Jack.

"They filled it with twigs, and in the center of the house they put masses of dried grass and twigs.

"The boys were interested watching the wrens, and the wrens seemed perfectly happy. There were no sparrows near by. They saw that the boys were friendly, and they found the wooden house kept out the cold air.

"Week after week passed, and still the wrens didn't show any desire to move to a

warmer place. On the very coldest day they would come out, flit about, hop and bow, and be as energetic as possible.

"Of course the boys never touched the house after they'd built it, for the wrens then would have left, and the wrens made their front door so small that a sparrow couldn't possibly have gone inside and bothered the little ones.

"You can imagine how delighted the boys were; and to keep the wrens from feeling homesick for a warmer home, each day they'd scatter crumbs around near the wrens' home, then watch the wrens hop down and take them up to the nest, and the wrens seemed to be very happy when they saw the boys. They acted as if they knew and appreciated that the boys had built them such a fine home."

THE VAIN GOLDFINCH LEARNS A LESSON



He Hid His Face
in Shame.

MR. GOLDFINCH," said daddy, "was very conceited and proud of himself. To be sure, a goldfinch's voice is very much like a canary's—but it's not quite so lovely—and he can't do the wonderful trills a canary can without his voice cracking.

Of course, that isn't beautiful.

"So the fairy queen made plans. First of all, she asked the birds to give her a concert, and gladly they all said they would.

"And the next day, on a row along the fence of an old country road, near the woods, perched all the bullfinch family, the oriole family, the bluejay family, the indigo bird family, and the goldfinch family.

"First of all they all sang in a beautiful

chorus, and the fairy queen and all the fairies were delighted.

"Before long the elves happened along by the old fence, and they said:

"'What's up? A concert? May we stay?'

"'By all means,' said the fairy queen, and then she whispered to the elves her secret. The elves sat along the opposite fence and perched on the fence between some of the birds, too.

"When the birds had finished singing in the chorus and were not supposed to sing by themselves, they flew to the wings of the fairies and perched there.

"You can imagine how lovely the fairies did look, with their bright silver wings, and the beautiful birds with their bright colors perched everywhere on the wings.

"'Now,' said the fairy queen, 'remember what I've asked for.'

"At that Mr. Bullfinch came out and sang in his sweet little way. He didn't try to sing anything very big or hard, but he sang a little, simple song, in the very best way he could.

"Soon Mr. Goldfinch came out to sing his solo. At first his song was very fine and all

the other birds cried, 'Bravo,' 'Wonderful,' 'Gorgeous,' at the end of the first verse. And they all sang these words in their own little bird ways.

"But at the beginning of the second verse Mr. Goldfinch tried to sing a trill that was too hard for him.

"And what do you suppose happened? Mr. Goldfinch's voice cracked, and all the birds tittered and flew off the fence, chatting with each other.

"'Well, wasn't that a disgrace—and at the fairy queen's concert, too!'

"As for Mr. Goldfinch, he hid his head in shame and felt very wretched, but the fairy queen waved her wand, and said to every one: 'This concert was given so Mr. Goldfinch would learn to be natural and not try things beyond him. We all like you as you are, without silly, vain actions—sing us a simple song now, and we'll forgive you!'

"So Mr. Goldfinch learned he mustn't try to copy the canary."

THE BATS HAVE A JOLLIFICATION



How the Bats do
Love the Night!

THE bats are all so glad the summer has come," said daddy. "For a long, long time they have been staying in the caves and hiding away in the tops of the corners and crevices. But last night they had their first real jollification.

"One of the bats had said it was high time to go out into the world, but another bat had said it was still too chilly. Then a bat said:

"'Well, what have we wings for?' And after that it was decided that they should be off.

"They waited until it began to grow dark—and then some of the ones who hadn't been sleeping very well got up and flew about a little while.

"Then the others who had been sound

asleep woke up just as it became very, very dark. Oh, how the bats do love the night! They love it just as much as the birds love the daytime and the sun. For, though bats have wings, they are not at all like birds and they aren't in the least friendly with any of them.

"So off they started on the jollification. First they whizzed through the air practising their different ways of flying. And after they had all the strength back into their wings, they reached the garden of an old, deserted house, where they stopped for the rest of the night.

"There they told stories and chatted and chatted. For they had a great deal to say after their long sleep, and they ran races, and did tricks, and frightened people they saw coming along the road.

"They would get so near that each person would say:

" 'Oh, dear me, I must cover up my head or that bat will get caught in my hair.'

"The bats thought that was a great joke, as they had no intentions of caging themselves up in someone's hair when they could be at

the jollification. But they did enjoy playing pranks on the grownups.

“And soon, much too soon, daylight came.

“But what do you suppose happened? Such a wonderful ending to their jollification! Didn't those thoughtful little brownies, who had known all about the bats' jollification—and feeling rather sorry for the bats because they don't have such very good times—send some magic air-boats which picked up the sleepy bats as they flew along. Then they were carried back to their cold, hard beds in the crevices of the rocks—which they thought were so comfortable!

“And as they crept into bed, there were never so many happy bats and pleased bats as these were at having had air-boats bring them home from their jollification!”

THE REPENTANCE OF LITTLE JIM CROW



Jim Ducked Him in
the Brook.

LITTLE Jim Crow had been very naughty," began daddy. "He had been bullying Sammy Crow for some time past simply because Sammy was not so large and not so strong as he was. Jim Crow was quite a leader, too, in a very mean way, for he'd tried to influence a lot of other little crows to think it was smart to tease Sammy.

"Well, one day Jim got hold of Sammy and ducked his head into a brook of very cold water, where the ice had only recently melted.

"Poor Sammy was so frightened he almost cried his eyes out, while Jim stood by and laughed and laughed. But Sammy was far from being strong, and the cold water made his head throb and ache, while his bones felt

numb and his feathers lost their nice shiny look. He complained so much for several days of his head that his family sent for old Dr. Crow.

"Dr. Crow was a fine physician. He wore great big spectacles, and, oh, he was so kind! When he saw Sammy he became very much alarmed.

" 'Why didn't you tell me of this sooner?' said he.

" 'Oh, what's the matter?' asked Sammy's mother. 'Is he really very ill? We thought he had a little cold.'

"Dr. Crow took from his black medicine-bag a little thermometer and put it in Sammy's mouth and at the same time felt his pulse. Then he pulled the thermometer out. He looked very grave.

" 'Mrs. Crow,' said he to Sammy's mother, 'his temperature is very high, and he must be put right to bed. Put his feet in mustard and hot water and bathe his head every three hours with witch hazel, and I'll call around again this evening to see him.'

" 'Oh, you don't think he is going to die, doctor?'

“‘I think he'll live, but he is pretty sick and needs great care.’

“After Dr. Crow left Sammy he went to Jim Crow's mother and daddy. He was very angry at what had been done to Sammy. When Jim's mother and daddy saw Dr. Crow coming toward their nest they were afraid Jim had been doing something awfully naughty, for he had stayed home very little the past few days, and they suspected something had happened.

“At that moment Jim flew in boisterously, and the doctor told him how ill Sammy was and of what he had done.

“For some days Sammy lay at the point of death, but with Dr. Crow's skill he finally got well.

“And Jim Crow, who had felt like a murderer, became a good crow and realized it was very, very cruel to tease any one smaller and weaker than himself.”

THE RESCUE OF THE CANARY BIRD



She Watched the
Little Bird.

I AM going to tell you a really true story," said daddy, "something which happened to-day. I was walking along a rather poor part of the city when I saw a number of children gathered in a group in a little side yard of a tenement house. The children were screaming to one boy: 'Oh, catch him! Don't let the awful cat get him!'"

"Oh, was it a bird?" asked Jack eagerly.

"Yes," replied daddy; "it was a bird, but not just the usual kind of bird that is seen around city streets, for only the sparrows like the noise of a city. Most birds like the woods and the country, where they can have homes in the trees and can sing all day long.

"But this was a tame yellow canary who had flown out of an open window to pick up

some goodies he saw on the ground, and a cat was after him."

"Did they get him from the cat?" asked Evelyn eagerly, for she was devoted to animals and perhaps especially to birds.

"Yes," answered daddy; "the little boy succeeded in rescuing him, but the poor canary had been so frightened that his little heart was beating, oh, so fast, and the children were afraid he was not going to live.

"They all followed the little boy who had caught the canary just in time into the tenement house. The cat had knocked several feathers from the bird's tail.

"Another child told me the canary belonged to a little girl who lived in the tenement. He asked me to follow, too, for he said that the little girl had trouble with her back and had to lie flat all the time. She loved visitors, for so much of the time she was lonely. Her mother was poor and out all day sewing, so the little girl's only companion was the canary, who would sing for hours and hours. He seemed to know he must keep her cheered up.

"So along I went too. We climbed some

stairs until we came to a dingy room where on a cot by the window lay a little girl about eight years old. She had big dark eyes, and when I saw her her cheeks were bright red from all the excitement.

"All her friends had gathered around, each giving her a special description of how the bird had been rescued. She was smiling with joy and watching the bird, who was now busily engaged nibbling at a little piece of apple which had been given him. Before long he began to sing, oh, so joyously, for he knew he was once more back in his happy home, where he would take good care to stay in the future.

"I told the little girl of my Jack and Evelyn, and she said she wanted to see you both. Shall we all go to see her and her little bird some day?"

"We'd love to!" cried Jack and Evelyn delightedly.

SMALL FIRE DEPARTMENT RESCUES BIRDS



"We'll have our
hose ready."

THE salamanders," said daddy, "are little creatures very much like lizards in looks, except their skin is not scaly as a lizard's. They have four legs and a tail, and are very nice, kind and gentle.

"Well, these salamanders agreed that they would have a fire department, and the next thing was to arrange for the hose and ladder.

Finally it was decided that their salamander cousins should be chosen to run the hose and ladder.

"'We shall call ourselves the fire and water fire department,' said one of the fire salamanders. 'It will be our business to rush in and rescue the animals who are in danger

of being burned to death, and it will be your business to help them down to the brook, where we'll have our hose ready to sprinkle them with good, cool water.'

"But days and days went by, and still no fire broke out.

" 'I know what's the trouble,' said another one of the fire salamanders. 'We have no fire bell; there may have been fires that we knew nothing of; you never can tell.'

" 'Don't be gloomy,' said still another fire salamander. 'We'll have a fire bell. I know where a kind old cow left her bell from last year. We'll put it by the stump just at the edge of the brook and all the animals can be told to move it when there is a fire. Then we will all come out and stop the fire.'

"And soon notices were put up all over the woods and around the brook which read:

" 'To the Animals: Attention! In case of fire, ring the cow bell by the brook. The Fire and Water Fire Department of the Salamanders will PUT IT OUT.'

"These notices were read by all the animals, and the very next day the salamanders heard the cow bell.

“ ‘Where’s the fire?’ they all shouted.

“ ‘Over there,’ said Grandfather Frog, who was watching the fire department start off.

“They wiggled and crawled as quickly as they could to the spot where the fire was. It was the vireo family’s nest. You know the vireos are those beautiful, shy birds that live in the woods and have such lovely voices. The fire salamanders rushed right into the fire and pulled out of the nest the vireo children just in time before their little feathers got burnt. And, of course, the Mother and Daddy Vireo were able to fly out.

“When they all reached the brook at last, the Mother and Daddy Vireo sang the most wonderful song as a reward to the brave salamander fire department.”

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