

secuted my brothers, the English robins, and would not let them into their countries. Then of course the Englishmen, who love their robins, took up arms and began to fight the bad nations who were persecuting us."

Chummy laughed when he said this, but he was too sensible to argue with him. Black Gorget, Chummy's next best friend after me, was not so wise, and he said, "I suppose you forget that English robins are not any relation to your family."

Vox Clamanti looked thoughtful, then he said, "Well, if not brothers, then cousins. My cousins, the English robins—"

"They're not even cousins," said Bronze-Wing, the head grackle, "and the war is not about robins, but grackles."

Vox Clamanti said very rudely, "You are lying," and then the grackle gave a rough call in his squawky voice, and pulled out one of Vox Clamanti's tail feathers.

One would have thought the grackle had tried to murder him. Such a screeching and yelling ensued that every bird in the neighborhood came to see what the noise was about.

"What's the matter with that robin?" I asked