

of the twenty nests are within twenty feet of where we are working. They have come to us for protection, you have to believe that. They destroy large numbers of house flies. The ladies say—of course, the ladies never tell what is not true—that there is not more than one house fly now where there were five previous to the coming of these barn swallows, purple martins, and so on. Scientists tell us that the typhoid fly will carry that deathly disease, and if we preserve the swallow which destroys these flies, surely it will be well with us and we will prolong our days. We protected one nest; now one hundred swallows are raised in that shed every year.

### Rescuing a Robin.

Now, what good is the robin? Everybody knows the robin. A boy came along the road with a .22 rifle, saw a robin sitting on the fence, and killed it. I went over and picked the robin up. Two cutworms were squirming on the ground; the robin had had them in his beak. I held the bird up, and two more fell out of his mouth. Remember, one cutworm will cut down five tomato plants in a night. This fellow does his work and then hides under the soil; Mr. Robin comes hopping along, picks in there and pulls him out—and turns him into a robin. If anyone tells you that a robin will destroy one hundred cutworms in a day, take it from me that it is true. The morning after this boy promised me that he wouldn't shoot another robin, at the fir-tree by our house were two little robins dead under the nest and two in the nest just alive. We took them into the house—it is wonderful what an effect a little bird can have on our family. One bird will stop a whole plantation; I have known a wild duck to stop the whole brickyard. However, we took these two robins in, warmed them up, and made some custard for them—one egg, half a cup of milk, no sugar. They couldn't open their mouths, they were so nearly gone. We took one of them, pried its beak open and dropped in some custard, and the first thing we knew he came to, and in a minute or so began to squeak for more custard. The other little fellow was supposed to be dead, but he, too, soon began to look around, and these two robins became the sweetest birds we ever had on the premises.

You know how a door will slam once in a while in the house. Well, there was a good slam one morning, when someone had left the screen door open and Jasper's pet robin—Jasper is our son—had come in and was resting in what we call the cold storage—a room in the

front of the house which is sometimes called the parlor. Here he was on his mother's picture, and the broom was going smartly after him. Jasper came with a tin, the robin flew into the tin, and the boy carried friend robin out to safety. That is how we get enjoyment out of these things.

### Do Birds Come Back?

Do birds come back to their homes? How many times I have been asked that question. Oh, yes, they do come back. "Well, how do you know, Jack"? Then you would have to talk about the weather—switch the subject. But I will tell you the rest of the story.

I hatched four wild young mallards—well, I didn't hatch them; I stole the eggs. A domestic fowl eventually hatched out four little wild ducks, and there they were, under the old hen, wilder than park horses. However, the old hen's voice soon brought them out, and several little girls began to come out from under their step-mother and look around, and eventually they would take some of the custard right in my presence. These ducks soon were so tame that the tap of a tin would bring them to you. They got to be quite a size, and we named them, respectively, Polly, Delilah, Susan and Helen, and presented each one with an aluminum tag, on which was printed the words, "Box 48, Kingsville, Ont." When autumn came the four ducks migrated—that is, on or about Dec. 10th, 1912. Dr. Rutherford, of Chatham, shot one, Helen, at Mitchell's Bay, Lake St. Clair. How they got to the east of us I don't know, for they started south. I guess they had taken such a liking for me, that they started for Ohio, where I was born. On March 14, 1913, Polly came home. On March 18, Delilah came home, and on March 30, Susan, although wounded in the wing and foot, returned home. Is that not an answer to the question, do birds return to the place from whence they migrated? Well, I wanted to go down, hitch up the self-starter, and go to town, so that someone would ask me, "Do birds return home"?

### Delilah and Polly.

They migrated that autumn, and on March 14, 1914, Polly came home. On March 21 Delilah came home for the second time. The two girls raised families the next year—and, by the way, they brought a Yankee sweetheart with them; and it is interesting, when they are arriving, to see the ducks come down and try to coax their new mates down too.

Well, they migrated again for the third time. In the spring of 1915 Delilah got home first; she