

"What do I think?" he repeated slowly. "I think that birds and animals will never be perfectly happy till all human beings are happy. We are all mixed up together, Dicky-Dick, and I have heard that if all the birds in the world were to die, human beings would die too."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Because insects would devour all the plants and vegetables if there were no birds to check them. Then human beings would starve to death."

"Well, if that is so, Chummy," I said, "why don't men and women take better care of birds, and not let them be killed so much?"

"Give me time to think that over," said Chummy. "I will answer it some other day. Just now I must take this bread to Jennie," and he flew away.

That was some days ago, and Chummy has not answered my question yet. I can not wait for him to do so, for I must close my story. Summer days will soon be upon us, and the first duty of a canary to the world is to raise families and not concern himself too much with the affairs of other creatures.

Then something wonderful happened yes-