

"Dear Friends,

I am a little birdie,

And I don't know what kind of a bird I am.

I am just a bird.

I have a pretty head and bright eyes to see *you*.

I have a pair of wings that I like for myself.

For I love to fly up toward the blue sky;

Please don't take my wings and put them in your
hat.

And in summer don't let little boys shoot me.

"Yours truly,

"A LITTLE BIRD."

The ladies were so warm in praising her that she quite lost her little bird head and announced that her collection would be neither coppers nor silver, but paper money.

Her hearers were convulsed with laughter, and gave her what she asked for, though I noticed that they had to do some borrowing from each other, not having foreseen an appeal for money on their own veranda, though Red Cross workers are everywhere now.

Freddie came last with his ditty about the pony. He looked very smooth and very innocent with his good young eyes shining out of a headpiece of black hairy skin, which made him perspire quite freely.