

gain," said our Mary, holding out a scrap of bread to Chummy.

He fluttered to her, took it nicely, ate half, and saved the other half for Jennie, who was sitting on her nest on three eggs which would shortly be reduced to one.

"Chummy," I said, as he came back to the railing where I sat. "This is a pretty happy family, isn't it?"

"Very," he said thickly, on account of the bread in his beak.

"And a pretty happy street," I went on. "All the birds and animals are living nicely together."

"Yes, yes," he muttered.

"And Nella the monkey is frisking in the Zoo, and Squirrie is as contented as he ever could be, and perhaps a time is coming when the birds and animals all over the world will be as happy as we are on this pleasant street. What do you think about it?"

Chummy laid down his bread on the railing and covered it with his claw, lest I or Sister Susie might eat it in a moment of absent-mindedness.