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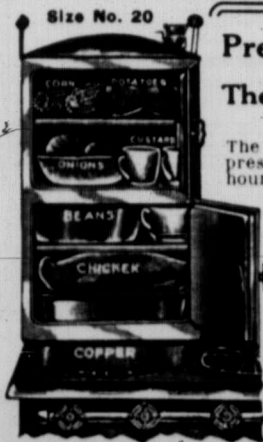
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# Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

## WHAT IS NATURE'S FAVORITE COLOR?

Not counting green, of course, she  
splashes it all over everywhere, what  
color does nature like best in making  
plants? Put down the names of all  
the wild flowers you know, or, better  
still, collect and press a sample of as  
many as are still to be had and put  
down the names of the rest, and see if  
you can come to any conclusion as to  
which color Mother Nature herself pre-  
fers above all others.

Let us see, to begin at the very be-  
ginning, there is the crocus, a pretty  
purplish blue, followed by the butter-  
cup which is yellow and the violet  
which is blue and the three-flowered  
aven which is red, and so on and on  
and on.

When you have found out, or think  
you have found out, which color is used  
most often, write and tell me about it,  
and I will publish the best of the let-  
ters and I should be glad also to see  
the flowers which you press, if you care  
to send them to me.

DIXIE PATTON

## ROBIN REDBREAST

You remember, my dears, what I told  
you about the wooing of Miss Rose Red-  
breast. Don't you? I know you haven't  
forgotten how Mr. Robin asked Miss  
Rose to leave her apple tree and help  
him build a nest in the big oak.

Of course you haven't forgotten. And  
now don't you want to hear how Rose  
and Robin built that nest? Would you  
like to have a story about the Red-  
breast babies?

You see, Rose and Robin were very  
industrious birds. Yes, "industrious"  
is a big word. It is just another way,  
however, of saying they worked hard  
and carefully.

And they did, too, from the very first.  
They were eager to get their nest built  
during the pleasant spring days before  
the hot summer began. So Robin and  
Miss Rose—I call her Mistress now  
because she is married—searched all  
over Molly's farm for little bits of  
twine and for pieces of straw to put  
into the nest.

You would have been so surprised to  
see how brave Mistress Rose grew after  
she was married. When Robin met her  
she was a shy little bird. But, dear me,  
now that she had a husband she grew  
almost bold. Sometimes, really, truly  
ladies act the same way after they are  
married.

I'm almost afraid you will think this  
isn't true, but honestly, one day Rose  
actually pecked at the hairs in the mane  
of old Bill, the plow horse. She knew  
that horse's hair makes nests strong  
and firm.

Old Bill felt the pulling at his mane.  
He turned his head quickly. Away flew  
Mistress Rose, but she had three long  
strands of hair in her mouth.

At last the nest was finished. Rose  
and Robin had made it round and cozy  
and had fastened it across the branch  
of the oak tree, in just the way your  
hammock swings. When the roses had  
just begun to blossom Robin found Mrs.  
Rose sitting very quietly on her nest.  
She said she didn't want to leave. After  
Robin had begged very hard, Mistress  
Rose flew a little distance away.

See, Robin," she said, "look in the  
nest and see what I have laid for you."

My gracious, what do you suppose  
was there? Three smooth little blue  
eggs!

Robin was delighted. He twittered  
and sang and flew about in circles. He  
was so happy he could not keep still.  
For days after the eggs were laid, Mis-  
tress Rose stayed at home. She said  
she wanted to sit on the eggs and keep  
them warm. If she left home, they  
would get cold and that would never do.

Robin missed his wife a great deal.  
But he didn't forget her. He used to  
bring her nice, fat worms, and bits of  
bread, and good seeds to eat.

As I told you, Mistress Rose had  
stayed quietly on her nest for days and  
days. So, of course, when Robin left  
her this particular morning to get the  
breakfast he had no idea that anything  
exciting would happen.

But, my dears, he had barely reached  
the cornfield, when Mistress Rose felt

the eggs moving about under her. Up  
she jumped. Well, of all things! The  
shells were cracking! Mistress Rose  
wasn't worried, tho. She went straight  
to the eggs and picked at the cracks.

Oh! One of the eggs popped wide  
open! And, my precious children, the  
most wonderful thing happened. Out  
crawled a cunning little baby Red-  
breast!

Soon the other two eggs burst. From  
each one there came a small bird. At  
first they were rather still. Poor little  
fellows, they were in a strange world.

It wasn't long before they began to  
open their mouths and ask for food.  
Robin, who was now in the potato patch  
eating bugs from the vines, heard their  
loud chirping, heard them call "Cheep,  
cheep." Quickly Robin flew up to his  
oak tree. There were his brand-new  
babies!

You would have expected a father to  
have been proud of three fine children.  
You would have expected Robin to sing  
joyfully when he first saw his babies.  
But, my dears, he didn't at all. He  
merely said:

"Humph, three more mouths to  
feed."

"Yes," said Mistress Rose, "they are  
a noisy crowd, too." She pecked at  
their beaks to make them hush.

Baby birds are not pretty at first.  
Do you think they are? Their bodies  
are so small and their heads and their  
mouths are so big. And what an appe-  
tite they always have!

Mistress Rose sat about getting her  
brood their meals. It kept her busy,  
too, finding enough for such a hungry  
family.

When they got a little older she be-  
gan to teach her children to fly. She  
would hop a few feet away from the  
nest and beg the babies to come out to  
her. Sometimes, if they were timid and  
afraid to try, she would hold a big,  
juicy worm in her beak and coaxingly  
say:

"Come, children. Spread your wings.  
Flap them like I do. Quick. The first  
one here can have this worm for lunch."

The little Redbreasts easily learned to  
fly. One at a time, Mistress Rose would  
guide them down from the oak tree to  
the grass. There she would show them  
how to poke their bills into the earth  
and find a bug or two. After a rain,  
there were many worms on the damp  
lawn.

You must be wondering what Robin  
was doing all this time. Robin, I am  
sorry to say, had almost forgotten his  
children. He let his wife take care of  
them. Robins are not very kind  
fathers.

Nor did Mistress Rose watch over her  
babies long. As soon as they could fly  
and dig for food and hurry off from  
bad boys and cats, she turned her chil-  
dren away from the home nest.

Don't think Mistress Rose didn't love  
her children. Oh, she did, heaps and  
heaps. She knew, tho, that there  
wasn't enough food for so many birds  
in one place.

"You must go away and make your  
own home," she told her birdies. The  
birdies didn't want to go, but Robin  
and Mistress Rose flapped their wings  
and scolded. The young Redbreasts  
were frightened. And away they flut-  
tered.

Now, the summer had passed. The  
weather began to grow chilly. The  
leaves on the trees changed from green  
to red and gold.

"I think we will have to be going  
South for the winter," said Mr. Robin,  
one blustery morning.

That afternoon Robin and Rose left  
the oak tree. When they were almost  
out of sight of their old home, they  
turned about to look once more at the  
nest where they had been so happy.

And away they flew to a lovely coun-  
try where the flowers bloom all the  
year, where the air is warm and the  
sunshine bright.

Do you suppose, children, you would  
like to hear about busy little Willie  
Woodpecker? Next month I shall tell  
you how he bored holes in the chestnut  
tree and made his nest way down in-  
side the bark.

By Helen K. Essary, in The Mother's  
Magazine.