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### BED-TIME STORY The Baby Robin

Once upon a time away up in a big tree there was a little round, brown nest. And who do you suppose lived in it? Yes, a mother bird, and father bird, and three little baby birds. The mother and father took such good care of their babies, keeping them warm and feeding them and teaching them to hop and to

fly.
One day mother bird said to father

bird: "Now, our birdies can hop, and can fly from branch to branch. Let's take them for a longofly over the field to that cherry-tree, so they can have some nice cherries to eat."

"All right," said father bird. "Peep, peep, come on, children! Spread your wings, and come flying with us over to the cherry-tree."

So they hopped out of the nest, on to the limb, then to the next limb, until finally they were out to the edge of the

"Now spread your wings and fly, fly!" said the mother bird. And two of them did fly right off after father, but the other said that he couldn't.

"Peep, peep, come on," called mother, and she flew back and round and round. But little Robin said that he couldn't, that his wings wouldn't work that morning. He was whining and crying, and mother knew that he could fly if he wanted to, but that he just wouldn't try. Mothers always know these things. Father bird and the others were calling, so mother said to Robin:

"Well, come back to the nest, and sit there. Don't try to hop or fly around, because you might fall to the ground. Peep, peep, good-bye." And off she flew to catch the others.

When Robin saw her leaving him, he called out that he would go now, but mother was flying too fast to hear him. Soon he began to think that he was tired of sitting still, and that he believed he would just hop out there on that branch. Mother had never taken them out there. He did not stop to think that maybe mother knew that something would happen to her babies out there. But away he hopped, hop, hippity, hop, till he was far away from the nest. He remembered that mother had told him to stay at home. He stopped to sing a little song now and then, and then to watch the ants crawling up the tree-trunk.

Hop, hop, Oh! The twig bent, and down, down went Robin all the way to the ground. Oh, how it did hurt to fall, and he had hurt one of his little wings, so that he could not get back up into the tree! He could hop, but he couldn't hop way up in a tree, could he? Oh! how scared he was, and how ugly it was down here where there were no leaves. My!

"Mother! peep, peep! come, come!" he called, as he hopped so fast to get away from kitty. But kitty came too. His eyes were so big, and shining. He was going to jump!

But just as he did, there flew down on his head something—it was the mother bird. She had heard her baby calling. She scratched and pecked and clawed that kitty till he ran and ran, but mother would not get off his head till he was far, far, away from her baby.

When she got back father bird had helped Robin back into the nest. And, oh! how glad he was to be back!

### Clerical Wit

In a small town in Virginia the Episcopal church has a high, pointed roof that sweeps far above the brick walls beneath it. The Presbyterian meeting-house, on the contrary, is large, square, and devoid of any kind of ornamentation.

In an exchange of pleasantries one day the Presbyterian clergyman remarked to his Episcopal brother, "You Episcopalians generally name your churches after saints. Why don't you re-christen yours Saint Rufus?

"I will if you will call yours Saint Barnabas," was the rector's immediate response.

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"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short," says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of Poultry

here where there were no leaves. My!
he did wish that he had stayed in the nest!

Suddenly he heard a little noise, and he looked around right into the two big green eyes of a kitty. Oh! that was the thing that mother said ate little birdies.

Success.

The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and will lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care. proper care.

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