

Chummy, as we sat side by side in our usual meeting place, a branch on the old elm opposite his tall brick house.

"He was very much spoiled by a university professor," said Chummy. "This old man, finding Vox Clamanti a weak and half dead young one, on the campus one day, brought him up by hand and named him Vox Clamanti which means something screechy. He praised the young robin too much, and told him he was the smartest bird in the city, and it made Vox put on airs. When the old professor died, and Vox flew outside, the robins never could down him, and they had to make him their head bird to keep him quiet, but he really has not as much brains as some of the other robins. See now, that fuss is all over, and he is looking about for a nesting site, before his mate Twitchtail comes. That tree that they had for a home last summer has been cut down."

I made no reply, and for some time Chummy and I sat quietly looking down at the street below.

"We've had some nice times on this tree, Chummy, haven't we?" I said.