

Lesson Sixteen: Story – The Oxen Talk With the Calves

It was a clear, cold winter morning, and the cattle stood in the barnyard where the great yellow straw-stacks were. They had nibbled away at the lower part of these stacks until there was a sheltered place underneath. The calves liked to stand on the sunshiny side with an over-hanging ledge of straw above their heads. The wind did not strike them here, and they could reach up and pull out wisps to eat when they had nothing else to do. Not that they were so fond of eating straw, but it was fun to pull it out. There was, however, usually something else to be done, for there was always their cud to chew.

Among all the farmyard people, there were none more particular about their food. They might eat in a hurry when time was short, or when the grass was fresh and green, but after they had swallowed it and filled the first of their four stomachs with partly chewed food, they would find some quiet and comfortable place where they could stand or lie easily and finish their eating. To do this, they had to bring the partly chewed food from the first stomach to the mouth again. They called this "unswallowing it," although they should have said "regurgitating."

After the food was back in their mouths again, it was spoken of as their cud, and the stout muscles in the sides of their faces pulled their lower jaws up and down and sideways, and the food was caught over and over again between the blunt grinding teeth in the back part of their mouths, and was crushed, squeezed, and turned until it was fine, soft, and ready to swallow into the second stomach.

Then the cattle do not have to think of it again, but while they are doing something quite different, and perhaps forgetting all about it, there are many nerves and muscles and fine red blood-drops as busy as can be, passing it into the third and fourth stomachs, and changing the strength of the food into the strength of the cattle. The cows and the oxen do not know this. They never heard of muscles and nerves, and perhaps you never did before, yet these are wonderful little helpers and good friends if one is kind to them. All that cattle know about eating is that they must have clean food, that they must eat because they are hungry and not just because it tastes good, and that they must chew it very carefully. And if they do these things as they should, they are quite sure to be well and comfortable.

The oxen were standing by the barn door, and the calves were talking about them. They liked their uncles, the oxen, very much, but like many other calves the world over, they thought them rather slow and old-fashioned. Now the colts had been saying the same thing, and so these half-dozen shaggy youngsters, who hadn't a sign of a horn, were telling what they would do if they were oxen.

Sometimes they spoke more loudly than they meant to, and the oxen heard them, but they did not know this.

"If I were an ox," said one, "I wouldn't stand still and let the farmer put that heavy yoke on my neck. I'd edge away and kick."

"Tell you what I'd do," said another. "I'd stand right still when he tried to make me go, and I wouldn't stir until I got ready."

"I wouldn't do that," said a third. "I'd run away and upset the stone in a ditch. I don't think it's fair to always make them pull the heavy loads while the Horses have all the fun of taking the farmer to town and drawing the binder and all the other wonderful machines."

"Isn't it too bad that you are not oxen?" said a deep voice behind them. The calves jumped, and there was the off ox close to them. He was so near that you could not have set a chicken coop between him and them, and he had heard every word. The calves did not know where to look or what to say, for they had not been speaking very politely. The one who had just spoken wanted to act easy and as though he did not care, so he raised one hind hoof to scratch his ear, and gave his brushy tail a toss over one flank. "Oh, I don't know," said he.

"I used to talk in just that way when I was a calf," said the off ox, with a twinkle in his large brown eyes. "All calves think they'll do wonders when they're grown."

"I know I thought so," said the nigh ox, who had followed his brother.

"Well, if you wanted to," asked the red calf, "why don't you do those things now?" The others wondered how he dared to ask such a question.

"It doesn't pay," said the nigh ox. "Do all your frisking in playtime. I like fun as well as anybody, yet when our yoke is taken from its peg, I say business is business and the closer we stick to it the better. I knew a sitting Hen once who wanted to see everything that happened. She was always running out to see somebody or other, and sometimes she stayed longer than she meant to. I told her she'd better stick to her nest, and she said she didn't believe in working all the time."

"How soon did her chickens hatch?" asked the calves all together.

"Never did hatch, of course," chuckled the nigh ox. "She fooled herself into thinking she was working, and she made a great fuss about her legs aching and her giving up society, but she couldn't fool that nestful of eggs. They had gotten cold and they knew it, and not one of them would hatch."

"Wasn't she ashamed then?" asked the calves.

"Didn't act so," snorted the nigh ox. "Went around talking about her great disappointment, and said she couldn't see why the other hens had so much better luck."

The off ox chuckled. "He told her that he guessed it might have been something besides bad luck, and that the next time she'd better stay on her nest more. Then she asked him how many broods of chickens he had hatched. Ho-ho-ho!"

Everybody laughed, and the calves wondered how the nigh ox could think of it without being angry. "It wouldn't pay to be angry," he said. "What's the use of wasting a fine great ox temper on a poor little hen rudeness?"

This made them think. They remembered how cross and hot and uncomfortable they often became over very small things that bothered them, and they began to think that perhaps even calf tempers were worth caring for.

At last the black calf, the prettiest one in the yard, said, "Do you like drawing that flat wagon which hasn't any wheels, and scrapes along in the dust?"

"The stone-boat?" asked the off ox. "We don't mind it. Never mind doing our kind of work. Wouldn't like to pull the binder with its shining knives and whirling arms, for whoever does that has to walk fast and make sudden turns and stops. Wouldn't like being hitched to the carriage to carry the farmer's family to town. Wouldn't like to take care of the sheep, like collie, or to grow feathers like the geese—but we can draw stone-boats and all sorts of heavy loads, if we do say it."

The red calf, who was always running and kicking up his heels, said, "Oh, it's such slow work! I should think you'd feel that you would never reach the end of your journey."

"We don't think about that," answered the nigh ox. "It doesn't pay. We used to, though. I remember the time when I wished myself a swallow, flying a mile a minute, instead of step-step-stepping my way through life. My mother was a sensible cow, and wore the bell in our herd. She cured me of that foolishness. She told me that swallows had to fly one wing-beat at a time, and that dinners had to be eaten one mouthful at a time, and that nothing really worth while could be done in a minute. She said that if we were forever thinking how much work we had to do and how tiresome it was, we'd never enjoy life, and we wouldn't live long either. Lazy oxen never do. That's another thing which doesn't pay."

The red calf and the white calf spoke together: "We will always be sensible. We will never lose our tempers. We will never be afraid to work. We will be fine and long-lived cattle."

"Might you not better say you will try to be sensible?" asked the nigh ox. "You know it is not always easy to do those things, and one has to begin over and over again."

"Oh, no," they answered. "We know what we can do."

"You might be mistaken," said the oxen gently.

"I am never mistaken," said the red calf.

"Neither am I," said the white calf.

"Well, good-morning," called the oxen, as they moved off. "We are going to talk with our sisters, the cows."

After they had gone, the pretty black calf spoke in her pleasant way: "It seems to me I shall be an old cow before I can learn to be good and sensible like them, but I am going to try."

"Pooh!" said the red calf. "It is easy enough to be sensible if you want to be—as easy as eating."

"Yes," said the white calf. "I shall never lose my temper again, now that I am sure it is foolish to do so."

"Dear me!" said the pretty black calf. "How strong and good you must be. I can only keep on trying."

"Pooh!" said the red calf again. Then he lowered his voice and spoke to her. "Move along," said he, "and let me stand beside you in the cubby while I chew my cud."

"Don't you do it," cried the white calf. "I want that place myself."

"I guess not!" exclaimed the red calf. "I'll bunt you first."

"Bunt away, then," said the white calf, "but I'll have that place."

"Oh, please don't fight!" exclaimed the black calf. "I'll let one of you have my corner."

"Don't you move," cried each of them. "I want to stand by you." Then they lowered their heads and looked into each other's eyes. Next, they put their hard foreheads together, and pushed and pushed and pushed. Sometimes the Red calf made the white calf go backward, and sometimes it was the other way. Once in a while they stood still and rested. Then they began pushing again.

While they were quarrelling in this way, getting warmer and more angry all the time, and losing those very tempers which they had said they would always keep, a young Jersey had stepped into the cubby beside the black calf, and they were having a pleasant visit. "What are those fellows fighting about?" he asked.

The black calf smiled a funny little smile. "They are fighting," said she, "to see which one shall stand in the cubby with me and chew his cud."

The Jersey calf was a shrewd young fellow of very good family. "Perhaps," said he, "I ought to stay and guard the place until it is decided who shall have it."

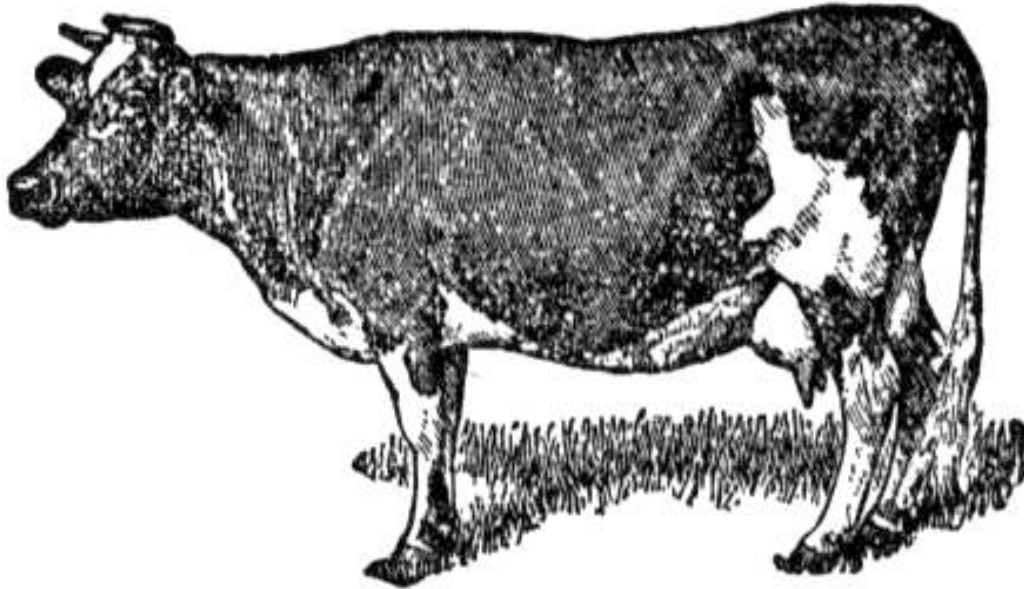
"I wish you would," said she.

And that was how it happened that the two calves who lost their tempers had a cross, tiresome, and uncomfortable day, while another had the very corner which they wanted. When night came, they grumbled because the Jersey calf had come out ahead of them, and they thought it very strange. But it was not strange, for the people who are quiet and good-natured always come out ahead in the end. And the people who are so very sure that it is easy to be good when they really want to, are just the very ones who sometimes do not want to when they should.

The black calf was right. The only way to be sensible and happy is to try and try and try, and it does pay.

Lesson Sixteen: Breeds of Cattle – Jersey

There are different types of cows, just as there are different breeds of dogs. This is a Jersey cow.



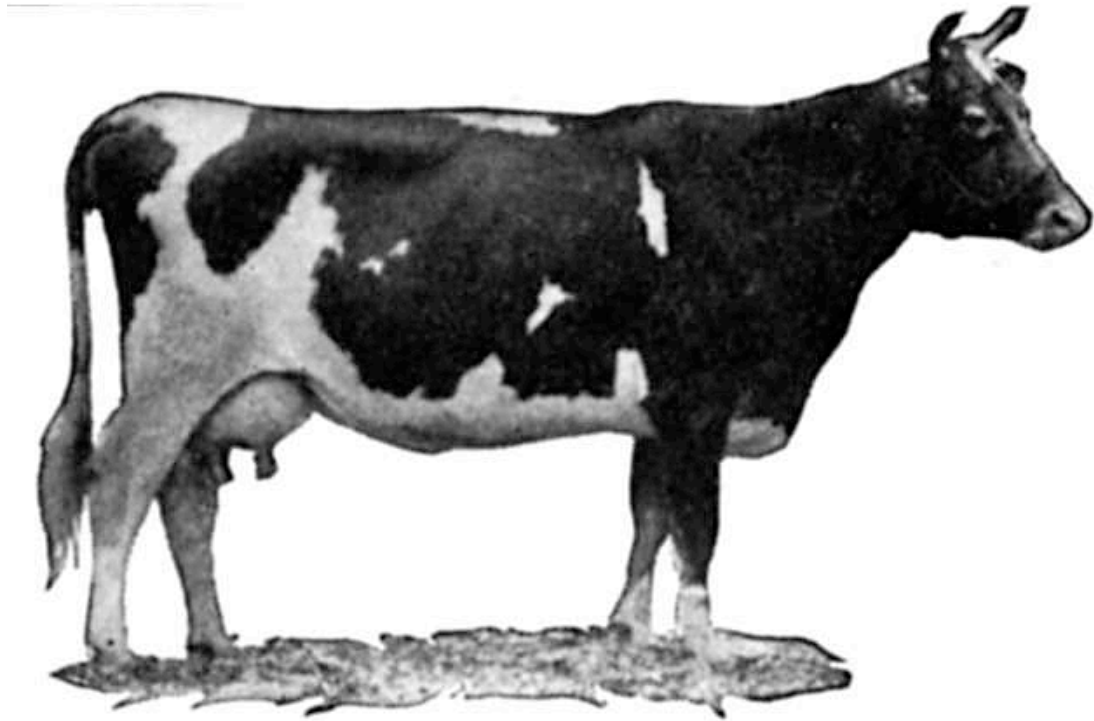
This breed of cow did not originally come from the state of New Jersey, but instead originated on the Island of Jersey, which is an island in the English Channel off the coast of France, and is part of Great Britain.

The Jersey cow is a dairy cow, and is known for its milk production, which is high in butterfat.

What are your favorite products which are made from milk or butter?

Lesson Sixteen: Breeds of Cattle – Guernsey

Another popular breed of dairy cow is the Guernsey. Like the Jersey cow, this breed originated on a small island in the English Channel, this one being called the Isle of Guernsey.

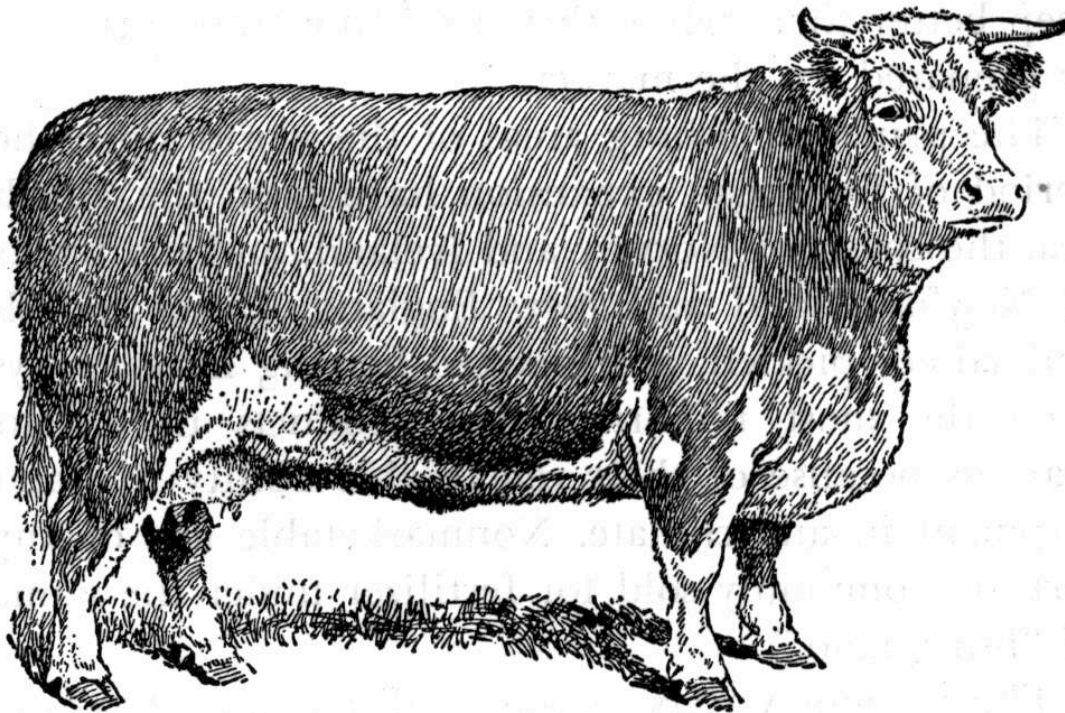


The Guernsey cow is also known for its milk, which is high in butterfat, protein, and betacarotene. Because the Guernsey cow is not as large as some dairy cow breeds, it requires about 1/3 less feed per pound of milk, making it a favorite among dairy farmers.

Guernsey cows are known for their gentleness, lack of difficulty in calving, and for being very good grazers, again cutting back on feed needed while still producing a goodly amount of milk.

Lesson Sixteen: Breeds of Cattle – Hereford

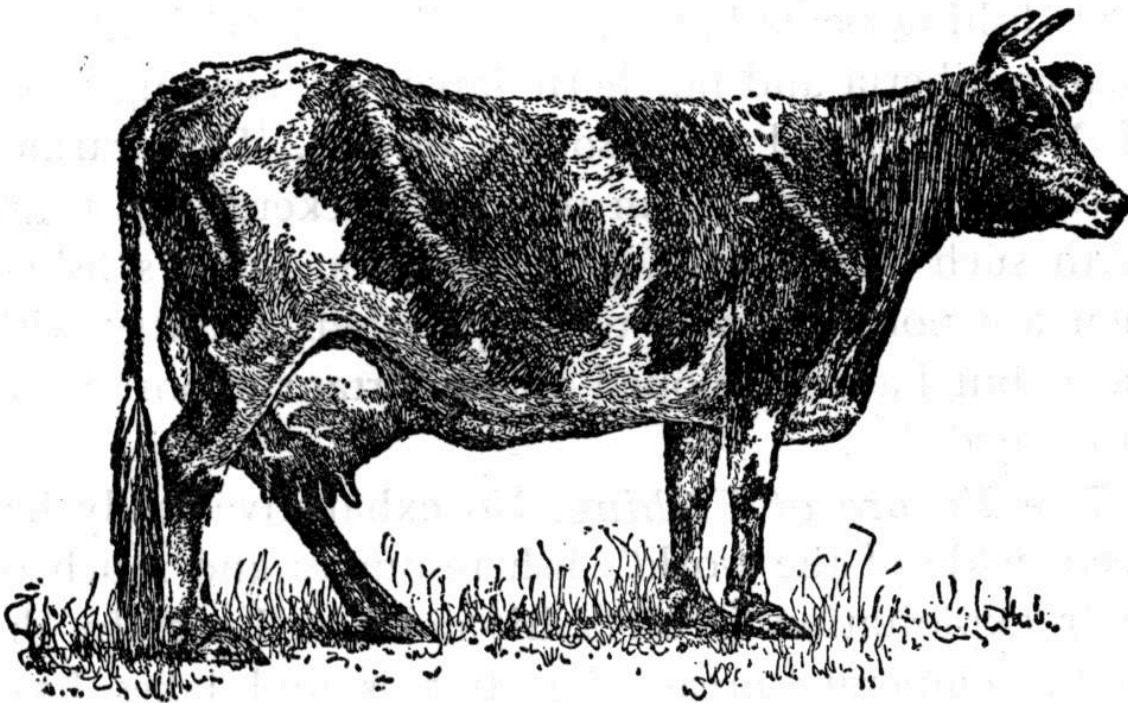
Another breed of cattle originating in England, the Hereford comes from the county of Herefordshire. Farmers here wanted to produce enough beef for the growing market created by the industrial revolution in Britain, and worked to develop this breed, beginning in 1742 by Benjamin Tomkins, who is credited with founding this breed.



Herefords are known for their ability to grow and produce good quantities of quality beef anywhere there is grass on which to graze. These qualities make the Hereford breed still a favorite with farmers today.

Lesson Sixteen: Breeds of Cattle – Holstein

Originating in Europe, the Holstein breed of cattle was developed to make the best use of grass, which grew abundantly in the area, and produce a high volume of milk.



Holstein cattle have distinctive black and white or red and white coloring, which makes them easy to recognize, and are known for their outstanding milk production.

They are larger in size than the intermediate size Guernsey cow, weighing about 1,500 pounds as an adult. An average Holstein calf weighs 90 or more pounds when it is born.

Lesson Seventeen: Story – Silvertip

A VERY small, wet, and hungry kitten pattered up and down a board walk one cold and rainy night. His fur was so soaked that it dripped water when he moved, and his poor little pink-cushioned paws splashed more water up from the puddly boards every time he stepped. His tail looked like a wet wisp of fur, and his little round face was very sad. “Meouw!” said he. “Meouw! Meouw!”

He heard somebody coming up the street. “I will follow that gentleman,” he thought, “and I will cry so that he will be sorry for me and give me a home.”

When this person came nearer he saw that it was not a gentleman at all, but a lady who could hardly keep from being blown away. He could not have seen her except that cat’s eyes can see in the dark. “Meouw!” said the kitten. “Meouw! Meouw!”

“Poor little kitty!” said a voice above him. “Poor little kitty! But you must not come with me.”

“Meouw!” answered he, and trotted right along after her. He was a kitten who was not easily discouraged. He rubbed up against her foot and made her stop for fear of stepping on him. Then he felt himself gently lifted up and put aside. He scrambled back and rubbed against her other foot. And so it was for more than two blocks. The lady, as he always called her afterward, kept pushing him gently to one side and he kept scrambling back. Sometimes she even had to stand quite still for fear of stepping on him.

“Meouw!” said the kitten, and he made up his mind that anybody who spoke so kindly to strange Kittens would be a good mistress. “I will stick to her,” he said to himself. “I don’t care how many times she pushes me away, I will scramble back.”

When they turned in at a gate he saw a big house ahead of him with many windows brightly lighted and another light on the porch. “I like that home,” he said to himself. “I will slip through the door when she opens it.”

But after she had turned the key in the door she pushed him back and closed the screen between them. Then he heard her say: “Poor little kitty! I want to take you in, but we have agreed not to adopt another cat.” Then she closed the door.

He wanted to explain that he was not really a cat, only a little kitten, but he had no chance to say anything, so he waited outside and thought and cried. He did not know that the Lady and her husband feared that cats would eat the many

birds who nested in the trees on the lawn. He thought it very hard luck for a tiny kitten to be left out in the cold rain while the lady was reading by a blazing grate fire. He did not know that as she sat by the fire she thought about him instead of her book, for she loved little kittens, and found it hard to leave any out in the street alone.

While he was thinking and crying, a tall gentleman with a black beard and twinkling brown eyes came striding up to the brightly lighted porch. "Well, Pussy-cat!" said the gentleman, and took a bunch of shining, jingling things out of his pocket and stuck one of them into a little hole in the door and turned it. Then the door swung open, and the gentleman, who was trying to close his umbrella and shake off the rain, called first to the lady and then to the kitten. "O Clara!" he cried. "Come to see this poor little kitten. Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! I know you want to see him. Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! I should have thought you would have heard him crying. Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!"

The lady came running out and was laughing. "Yes, John," she said, "I have had the pleasure of meeting him before. He was under my feet most of the way home from church tonight, and I could hardly bear to leave him outside. But you know what we promised each other, that we would not adopt another cat, on account of the birds."

The gentleman sat down upon the stairs and wiped the kitten off with his handkerchief. "Y-yes, I know," he said weakly, "but Clara, look at this poor little fellow. He couldn't catch a chipping sparrow."

"Not now," answered the Lady, "yet he will grow, if he is like most kittens, and you know what we said. If we don't stick to it we will soon have as many cats as we did a few years ago."

The kitten saw that if he wanted to stay in this home he must insist upon it and be very firm indeed with these people. So he kept on crying and stuck his sharp claws into the gentleman's sleeve. The gentleman said "Ouch!" and lifted him on to his coat lapel. There he clung and shook and cried.

"Well, I suppose we mustn't keep him then," said he; "but we will give him a warm supper anyway." So they got some milk and heated it, and set it in a shallow dish before the grate. How that kitten did eat! The lady sat on the floor beside him, and the gentleman drew his chair up close, and they said that it seemed hard to turn him out, but that they would have to do it because they had promised each other.

The kitten lapped up his milk with a soft click-clicking of his little pink tongue, and then turned his head this way and that until he had licked all the corners

clean. He was so full of warm milk that his sides bulged out, and his fur had begun to dry and stuck up in pointed wisps all over him. He pretended to lap milk long after it was gone. This was partly to show them how well he could wash dishes, and partly to put off the time when he should be thrust out of doors.

When he really could not make believe any longer, his tongue being so tired, he began to cry and rub against these two people. The gentleman was the first to speak. "I cannot stand this," he said. "If he has to go, I want to get it over." He picked up the kitten and took him to the door. As fast as he loosened one of the kitten's claws from his coat he stuck another one in, and at last the lady had to help get him free. "He is a regular Rough Rider," said the gentleman. "There is no shaking him off."

The kitten didn't understand what a Rough Rider was, but it did not sound like finding a home, so he cried some more. Then the door was shut behind him and he was alone in the porch. "Well," he said, "I like that house and those people, even if they did put me out. I think I will make them adopt me." So he cuddled down in a sheltered, dry corner, put his four feet all close together, and curled his tail, as far as it would go, around them. And there he stayed all night.

In the morning, when the rain had stopped and the sun was shining brightly, he trotted around the house and cried. He went up on to another porch, rubbed against the door and cried. The maid opened the door and put out some milk for him. He could see into the warm kitchen and smell the breakfast cooking on the range. When she came out to get the empty dish, he slipped in through the open door. She said "Whish!" and "Scat!" and "Shoo!" and tried to drive him out, but he pretended not to understand and cuddled quietly down in a corner where she could not easily reach him. Just then some food began to burn on the range and the maid let him alone. The kitten did not cry now. He had other work to do, and began licking himself all over and scratching his ears with his hind feet.

When he heard the gentleman and the lady talking in the dining-room, he watched his chance and slipped in. He decided to pay the most attention to the gentleman, for he had been the first to take him up. They were laughing and talking and saying how glad they were that the rain had stopped falling. "I believe, John," the lady said, "that if it had not been for me, you would really have kept that kitten last night."

"Oh, no," answered the gentleman. "We ought not to keep cats. I think that if it had not been for me you would have kept him."

Just at that minute the kitten began climbing up his trousers leg and crying. "Poor little kitty," said the gentleman. "Clara, can't we spare some of this cream?" He reached for the pitcher. The kitten began to feel more sure of a home.

"O John, not here?" began the lady, and the maid came in to explain how it all happened. The kitten stuck his claws into the gentleman's coat and would not let go. Then he cried some more and waved his tail. He had a very beautiful tail, marked just like that of a raccoon, and he turned it toward the lady. He had heard somewhere about putting the best foot forward, and thought that a tail might do just as well. While he was waving his tail at the lady he rubbed his head against the gentleman's black beard.

"If we should keep him, John," said the lady, "we ought to call him Silvertip, because he has such a pretty white tip to his tail." The kitten waved it again and began to purr.

"If you knew what a strong and fearless fellow he is, you would call him Teddy," answered the gentleman, turning over a paper which said in big black letters, "Our Teddy Wins."

"Call him Teddy Silvertip then," said the lady, as she reached for the bell. When the maid came in answer to her ring, she said, "Belle, please take our kitten into the kitchen and feed him." Then the kitten let go and was carried away happy, for he had found a home. He had also learned how to manage the lady and the gentleman, and he was always very firm with them after that.

Lesson Seventeen: A Kitten to Color

Color the kitten below in whatever realistic color combination you wish.



Lesson Seventeen: Habits of Cats and Kittens

Cats and kittens like to scratch on things. They do this for exercise, because it feels good to them, and also because it is a way of marking their territory. A cat's paws have scent glands which, when used to scratch on a piece of your favorite furniture or a scratching post, allow the cat to leave their unique "mark," or scent, on that part of their territory.

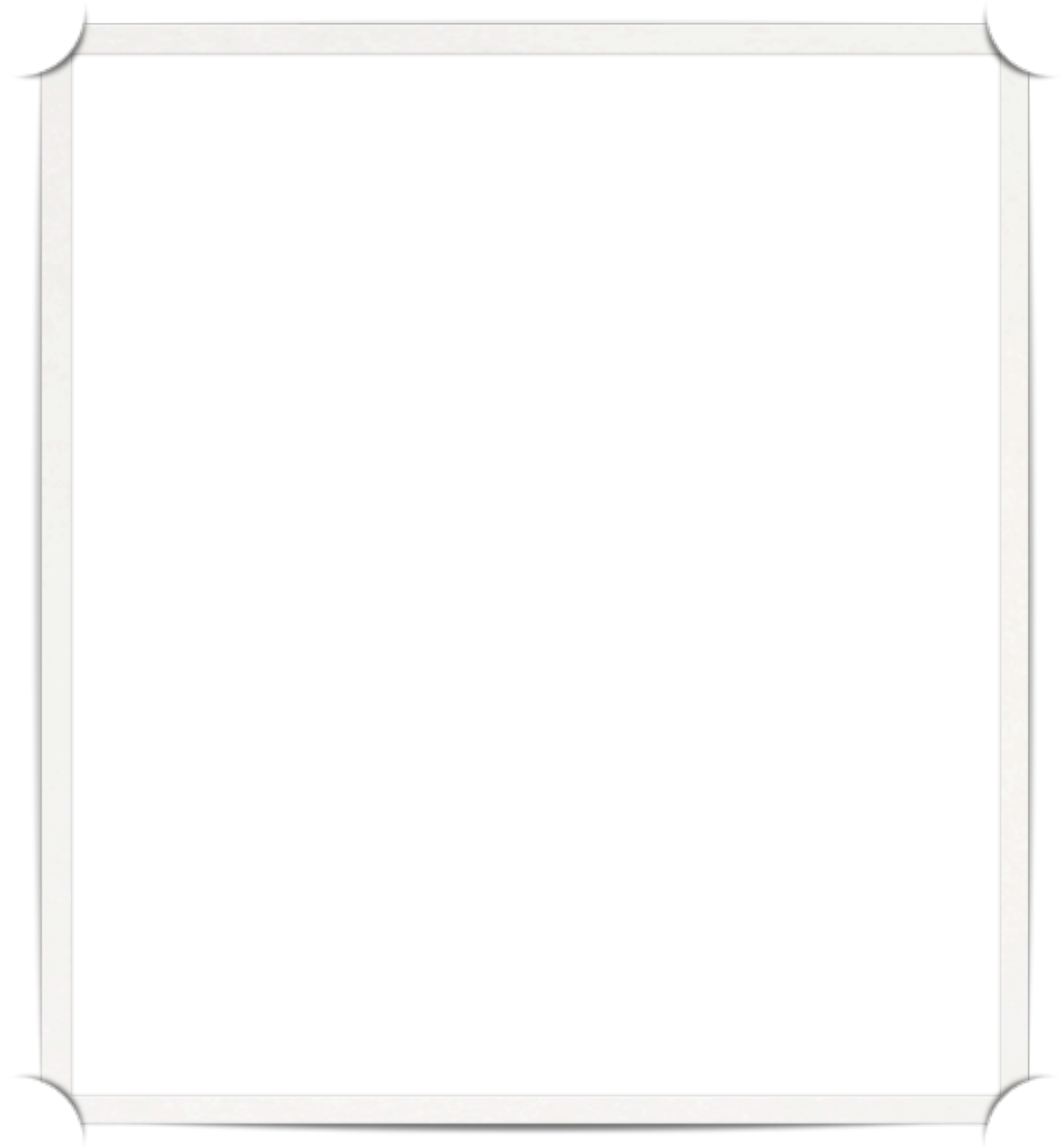
Draw something for this cat to scratch on:



Lesson Seventeen: Your Favorite Pet

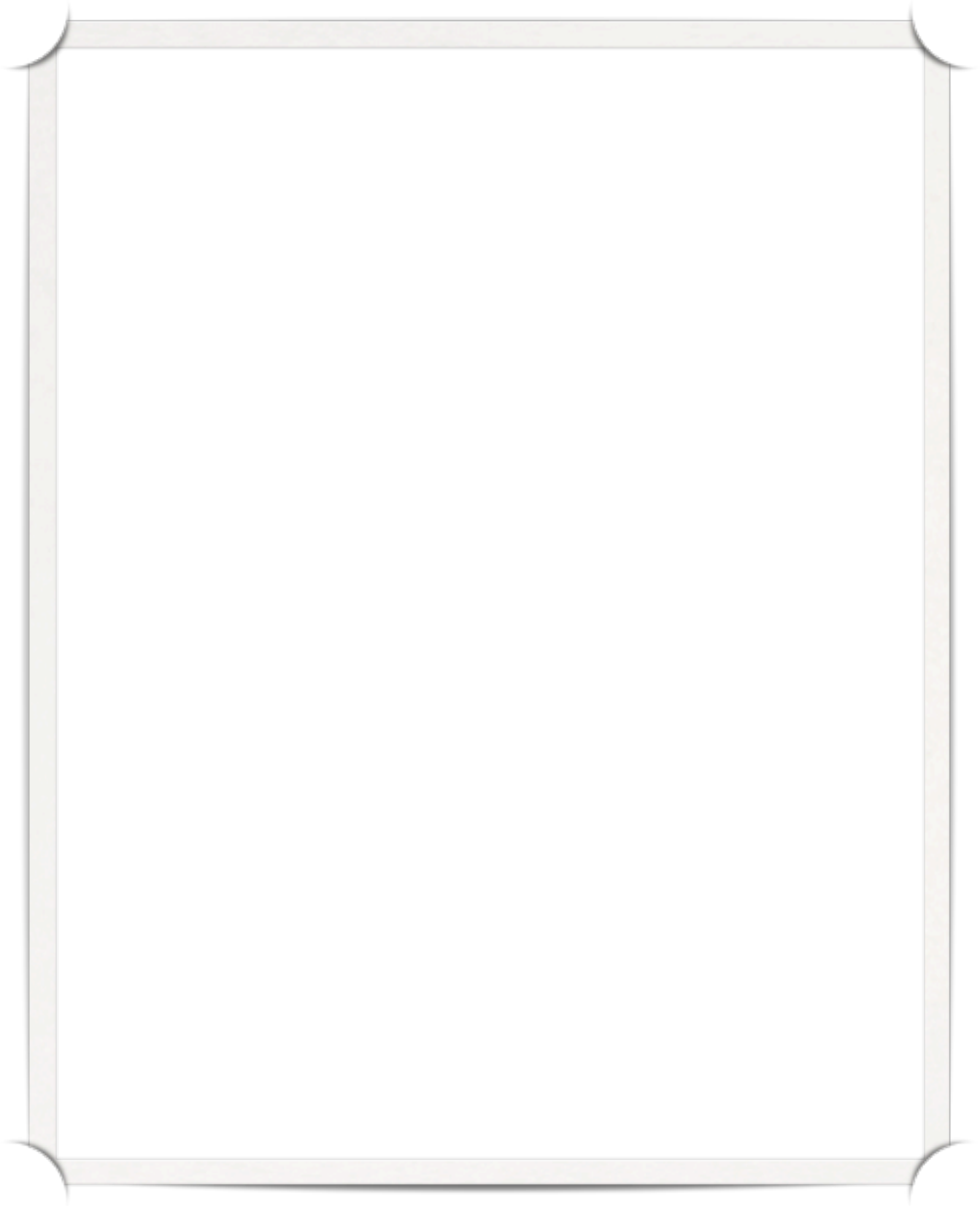
Some people claim to be “cat people,” and some claim to be “dog people,” meaning they prefer one or the other. Some people are simply “animal people,” and like all sorts of animals.

If you could have any type of animal for a pet, what would you choose? Draw a picture of your favorite type of pet below:



Lesson Seventeen: A Home for Your Favorite Pet

Draw a home for the favorite pet you chose yesterday:



Lesson Eighteen: Story – The Fight for the Birdhouse

Under the cornice of the tool-house was an old cigar-box with a tiny doorway cut in one end and a small board nailed in front of it for a porch. This had been put up for a bird-house, and year after year a pair of Wrens had nested there, until they began to think it really their own. When they left it in the fall to fly south, they always looked back lovingly at it, and talked over their plans for the next summer.

“I think we might better leave this nest inside all winter,” Mrs. Wren always said. “It will seem so much more home-like when we return, and it will not be much trouble to clear it out afterward.”

“An excellent plan, my dear,” her cheerful little husband would reply. “You remember we did so last season. Besides,” he always added, “that will show other birds that Wrens have lived here, and they will know that we are expecting to return, since that is the custom in our family.”

“And then do you think they will leave it for us?” Mrs. Wren would ask. “You know they might want it for themselves.”

“What if they did want it?” Mr. Wren had said. “They could go somewhere else, couldn’t they? Do you suppose I would ever steal another bird’s nesting-place if I knew it?”

“N-no,” said Mrs. Wren, “but not everybody is as unselfish as you.” And she looked at him tenderly.

The Wrens were a most devoted couple,—all in all, about the nicest birds on the place. And that was saying a great deal, for there were many nesting there and others who came to find food on the broad lawn. They were small birds, wearing dark brown feathers on the upper parts of their bodies and lighter grayish ones underneath. Even their bills were marked in the same way, with the upper half dark and the lower half light. Their wings were short and blunt, and they had a habit of holding their tails well up in the air.

People said that Mrs. Wren was very fussy, and perhaps it was true, but even then she was not a cross person. Besides, if she wished to do a thing over five times in order to make it suit her, she certainly had a perfect right to do so. It was she who always chose the nesting-place and settled all the plans for the family. Mr. Wren was quite content to have it so, since that was the custom among Wrens, and it saved him much work. Mr. Wren was not lazy. He simply wanted to save time for singing, which he considered his own particular business. Besides, he never forgot what had happened to a cousin of his, a

young fellow who found fault with his wife and insisted on changing to another nesting-place. It had ended in his going, and her staying there and marrying another Wren. So he had lost both his home and his wife by finding fault.

Now the April days had come, with their warm showers and green growing grass. A pair of English Sparrows, who had nested in the woodbine the summer before and raised several large broods of bad-mannered children, decided that they would like to try living in the bird-house. Having been on the place all winter, they began work early. The Blackbirds were already back, and one reminded them that it belonged to the Wrens.

“Guess not now,” said Mr. Sparrow, with a bad look in his eyes. “Nothing belongs to anybody else if I want it. Do you see?” Then he picked up and swallowed a fat grub which the Blackbird had uncovered for himself and left lying there until he should finish talking. One could hardly blame the Blackbird for being vexed about this, for everybody knows that English Sparrows really prefer seeds, and that this one ate the grub only to be mean. It did not make the Blackbird any happier to hear his relatives laugh at him in the evergreens above, and he made up his mind to get even with that Sparrow.

The Sparrows pitched all the old nest out of doors and began quarrelling with each other about building their own. They always quarrelled. Indeed, that was the way in which they had courted each other. Mrs. Sparrow had two lovers, and she married the one who would stand the worst pecking from her. “For,” she said, “what is the use of having a husband unless you can beat him when you fight with him?”

Now they stuffed the dainty little bird-house full of straws, sticks, feathers, and anything they could find, until there was hardly room left in which to turn around. They were just beginning to wonder if they must throw some out when they heard the happy song of Mr. Wren.

“Get inside!” cried Mr. Sparrow to his wife. “I will stand on the porch and fight them.”

Down flew Mr. and Mrs. Wren. “Oh, isn’t it pleasant to get home again?” she exclaimed. “But what is that Sparrow doing on our porch?”

“This is our home now,” said Mrs. Sparrow, “and we are very busy. Get out of my way.”

“Your home?” cried the Wrens. “How is that? You lived in the woodbine last season and knew that this was ours. You are surely not in earnest.”

Mr. Wren looked at his wife and she nodded. Then he flew at Mr. Sparrow and they fought back and forth on the grape trellis near by them, in the air, then on the ground. Mrs. Sparrow peeped out of the open door to see if her husband needed help. He was the larger of the two, but not so quick in darting and turning. Now they passed out of sight behind the tool-house and she forgot Mrs. Wren and flew down to see better. She was hardly off the tiny porch when Mrs. Wren darted in. Mrs. Sparrow saw when it was too late what a mistake she had made, and tried to get back. She reached the porch again just in time to have a lot of straws, twigs, and feathers poked into her face by the angry Mrs. Wren.

“I am cleaning house,” said Mrs. Wren. “My house, too! Get out of my way!” Then she pushed out more of the same sort of stuff. Mrs. Sparrow tried to get in, and every time she put her head through the doorway she was pecked by Mrs. Wren. And she deserved it. She called Mr. Sparrow, but he could not help her, and Mr. Wren was so pleased that he sat on top of the tool-house and sang and sang and sang. To look at him you would have thought he was trying to kill himself. He puffed up his throat and swelled up his body and sang so fast that he seemed to be saying about four words at a time.

“Good for you! Good for you! Good for you!” he sang. “Stick to it! Stick to it! Stick to it! I’m here! I’m here! I’m here, here, here!”

Mrs. Wren was too busy to say much, but she did a great deal. Every scrap of the nest was thrown out, and as she worked she decided to keep that house if she starved there.

This was in the middle of the morning and she could not get out to feed until late in the afternoon. Mr. Wren found some delicious insects on the grapevines, and tried to carry a few billfuls to his wife, but the Sparrows prevented him. He would have enjoyed his own dinner better if she could have eaten with him. When he asked how she was, she chirped back that she was hungry but would not give up. Mr. Wren spent most of his time walking around the roof of the tool-house in circles, dragging his wings on the shingles, and saying, “Tr-r-r-r-r-r!” He was so angry that sometimes he could not say anything else. The Sparrows sat on the grape trellis and said mean things.

They were still doing this late in the afternoon, while the tree shadows grew longer and longer on the lawn with the lowering of the sun. Suddenly a Blackbird alighted on the trellis. It was the same one whose fat grub Mr. Sparrow had stolen.

“This has gone far enough,” said he. “This house belongs to the Wrens and they are going to have it. I say so. If I catch either of you Sparrows around here

again, I will drive you off the place. I can do it, too. You may think it over until the next time that grapevine is blown against the tool-house. If you do not go then, there will be trouble." He ruffled up his feathers and glared with his yellow eyes. That was all he had to do. Before the grapevine swayed again, the Sparrows were far away.

The Wrens thanked him, even before Mrs. Wren ate her late dinner. "You are welcome," he said. "It was just fun for me. I cannot bear those Sparrows, and I hoped they would stay and give me a chance to fight them. How I wish they had stayed!" He looked sad and disappointed.

"I'll never have another such good chance," said he. And he never did. Perhaps it was just as well, although there are times when it is not wrong to fight, and the Wrens think this would have been one.

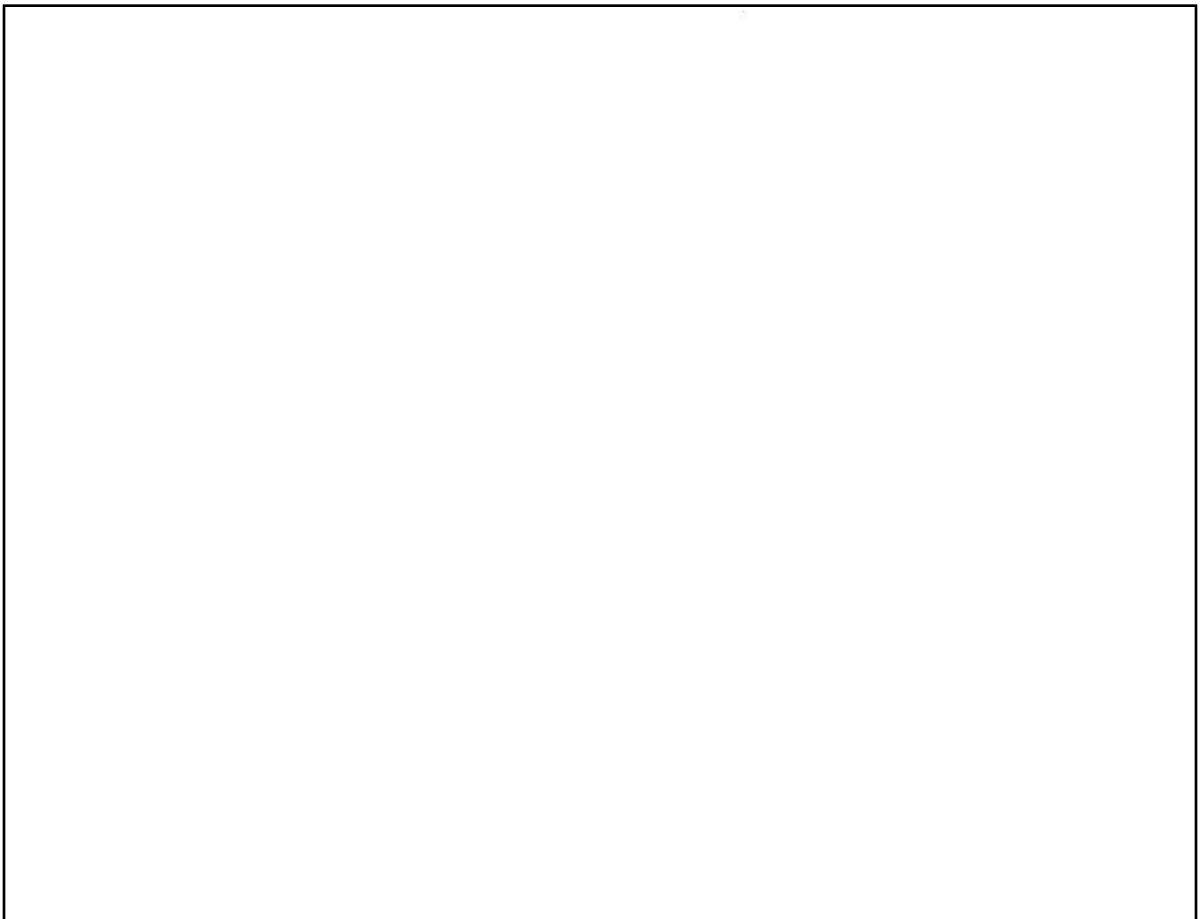
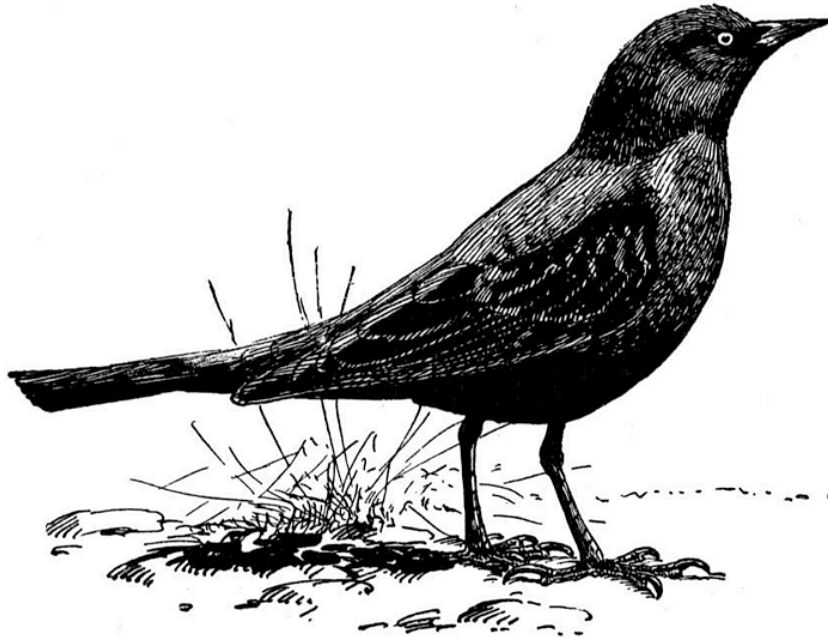
Lesson Eighteen: Wrens to Color

Color the picture of the wrens below realistically:



Lesson Eighteen: A Blackbird to Copy

Copy the picture of the blackbird in the box below:



Lesson Eighteen: A Sparrow to Color

Color the picture of the sparrow below realistically:



Lesson Eighteen: Nests of Different Birds

Look at the nests of some different birds. Discuss differences and similarities with your parent.

