

“Three Cousins Quite Unlike”
by Thornton Burgess

“Why so? Don’t I look like a Warbler?” asked Creeper.

“Yes,” said Peter slowly. “You look like one but you don’t act like one.”

“In what way don’t I act like one?” demanded Creeper.

“Well,” replied Peter, “all the rest of the Warblers are the uneasiest folks I know of. They can’t seem to keep still a minute. They are everlastingly flitting about this way and that way and the other way. I actually get tired watching them. But you are not a bit that way. Then the way you run up tree trunks and along the limbs isn’t a

bit Warbler-like. Why don't you flit and dart about as the others do?"

Creeper's bright eyes sparkled. "I don't have to," said he. "I'm going to let you into a little secret, Peter. The rest of them get their living from the leaves and twigs and in the air, but I've discovered an easier way. I've found out that there are lots of little worms and insects and eggs on the trunks and big limbs of the trees and that I can get the best kind of a living there without flitting about everlastingly. I don't have to share them with anybody but the Woodpeckers, Nuthatches, and Tommy the Chickadee."