

“Peter Gets a Lame Neck”
by Thornton Burgess

His wings were black and gray with two white bars. He was a little smaller than Fidget the Myrtle Warbler and quite as restless.

Peter fairly itched to ask Weechi where his nest was, but by this time he had learned a lesson, so wisely kept his tongue still.

“What were you fellows talking about?” asked Weechi.

“Nests,” replied Fidget. “I’ve just been telling Peter that while Cousin Sprite may like to build in that

hanging moss down there, it wouldn't suit me at all."

"Me Neither," declared Weechi. "I prefer to build a real nest just as you do. By the way, Fidget, I stopped to look at your nest this morning. I find we build a good deal alike and we like the same sort of a place to put it. I suppose you know that I am a rather near neighbor of yours?"

"Of course I know it," replied Fidget. "In fact I watched you start your nest. Don't you think you have it rather near the ground?"

"Not too near, Fidget; not too near. I am not as high-minded as some

people. I like to be within two or three feet of the ground.”

“I do myself,” replied Fidget.

Fidget and Weechi became so interested in discussing nests and the proper way of building them they quite forgot Peter Rabbit. Peter sat around for a while listening, but being more interested in seeing those nests than hearing about them, he finally stole away to look for them.

He looked and looked, but there were so many young hemlock-trees and they looked so much alike that finally Peter lost patience and gave it up as a bad job.