

“A New Friend and an Old One”
by Thornton Burgess

“Huh! You don’t need to envy him,” retorted Peter. “You are some imitator yourself. How about those new notes you got when you were in the South?”

Kitty’s face cleared, his throat swelled and he began to sing. It was a regular medley. It didn't seem as if so many notes could come from one throat. When it ended Peter had a question all ready.

“Are you going to build somewhere near here?” he asked.

“I certainly am,” replied Kitty.
“Mrs. Catbird was delayed a day or

two. I hope she'll get here today and then we'll get busy at once. I think we shall build in these bushes here somewhere. I'm glad Farmer Brown has sense enough to let them grow. They are just the kind of a place I like for a nest. They are near enough to Farmer Brown's garden, and the Old Orchard is right here. That's just the kind of a combination that suits me."

Peter looked somewhat uncertain. "Why do you want to be near Farmer Brown's garden?" he asked.

"Well, that is where I will get part of my living," Kitty responded promptly. "He ought to be glad to have me about. Once in a while I take a little fruit, but I pay for it ten times

over by the number of bugs and worms I get in his garden and the Old Orchard. I pride myself on being useful. There's nothing like being useful in this world, Peter.”

Peter nodded as if he quite agreed. Though, as you know and I know, Peter himself does very little except fill his own big stomach.