

“The Warblers Arrive”
by Thornton Burgess

If there is one family of feathered friends which perplexes Peter Rabbit more than another, it is the Warblers.

“So many of them come together and they move about so constantly that a fellow doesn’t have a chance to look at one long enough to recognize him,” complained Peter to Jenny Wren one morning when the Old Orchard was fairly alive with little birds no bigger than Jenny Wren herself. Such restless little folks as they were!

They were not still an instant, flitting from tree to tree, twig to twig, darting out into the air and all the

time keeping up an endless chattering mingled with little snatches of song. Peter would no sooner fix his eyes on one than another entirely different in appearance would take its place. On occasion he would see one whom he recognized, one who would stay for the nesting season. The majority of them would stop only for a day or two, being bound farther north to make their summer homes.

Apparently, Jenny Wren did not look upon them altogether with favor. Perhaps Jenny was a little bit envious, for compared with the bright colors of some of them Jenny was a very small and homely. Then, too, there were so many of them and they were so busy

catching all kinds of small insects that it may be Jenny was a little fearful they would not leave enough for her to get her own meals easily.

“I don’t see why they have to stop here,” scolded Jenny. “They could just as well go somewhere else where they would not be taking the food out of the mouths of honest folk who are here to stay all summer. Did you ever in your life see such uneasy people? They don’t keep still an instant. It makes me so tired just to watch them.”

Peter couldn’t help but chuckle for Jenny Wren is very restless and uneasy.