

“The Warblers Arrive” by Thornton Burgess

“Well,” said Sunshine, “she found our nest just after we had finished it and before Mrs. Sunshine had had a chance to lay an egg. Of course, you know what she did.”

“I can guess,” replied Peter. “She laid one of her own eggs in your nest.”

Sunshine stopped to pick a few more worms from the leaves. “Yes,” said he. “She did just that, the lazy good-for-nothing creature! It didn’t do her a bit of good, not a bit. That egg never hatched. We fooled her and that’s what we’ll do again if she repeats that trick this year.”

“What did you do, throw that egg out?” asked Peter.

“No,” replied Sunshine. “Our nest was too deep for us to get it out. We just made a second bottom in our nest right over that egg and built the sides of the nest a little higher. Then we took good care that she didn’t have a chance to lay another egg in there.”

“Did you have a regular two-story nest?” cried Peter, widening his eyes.

Sunshine nodded. “Yes, sir,” said he, “it was a mighty fine nest indeed. If there’s anything Mrs. Sunshine and I pride ourselves on, it is our nest. There are no babies who have a softer, cozier home than ours.”

“What do you make your nest of?”
asked Peter.

“Fine grasses and soft fibers from plants, some hair when we can find it, and a few feathers. We always use a lot of that nice soft fern-cotton. There is nothing softer or nicer that I know of.”