



BIRDS IN THEIR HOMES



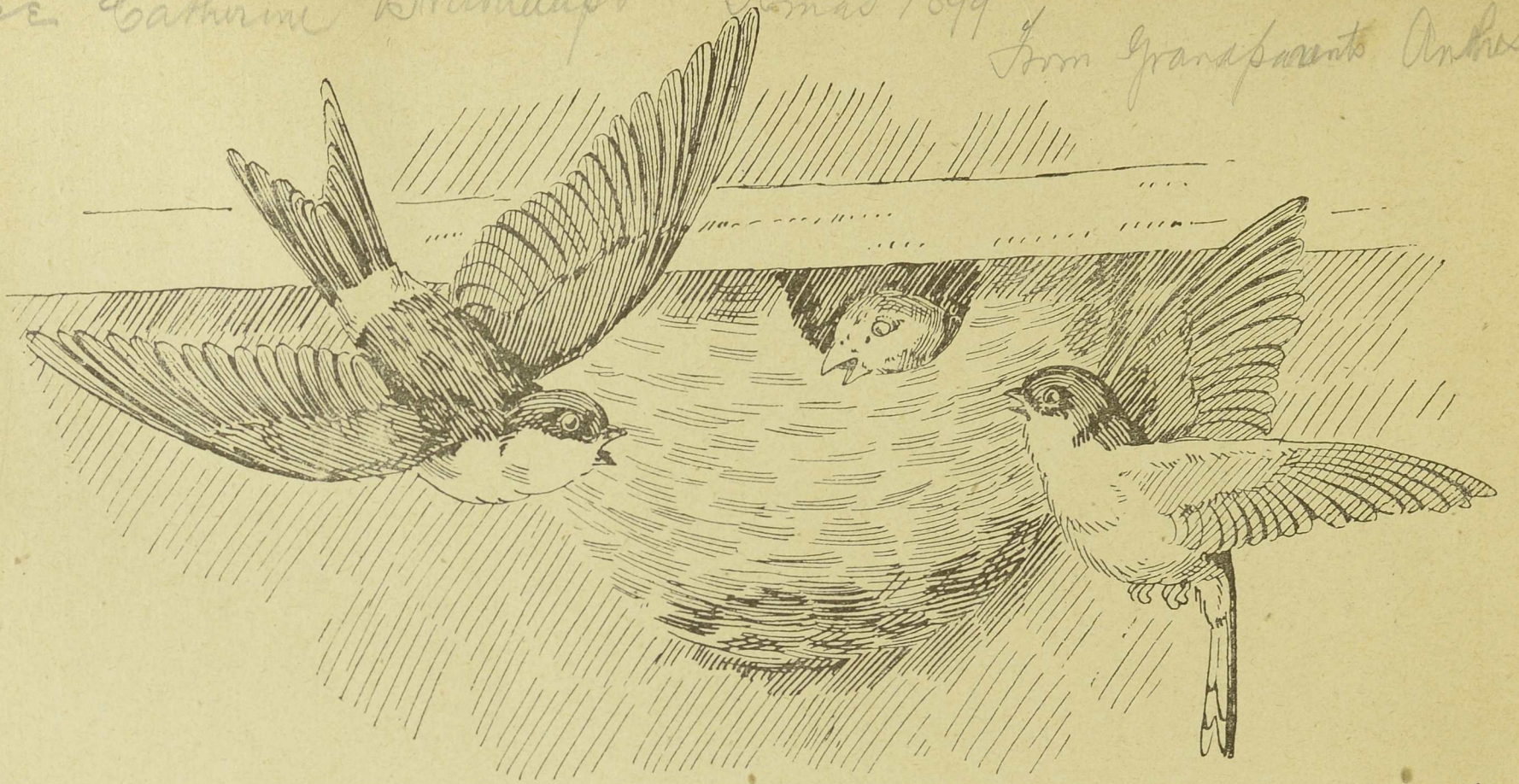
Father Tuck's
"NURSERY" Series.

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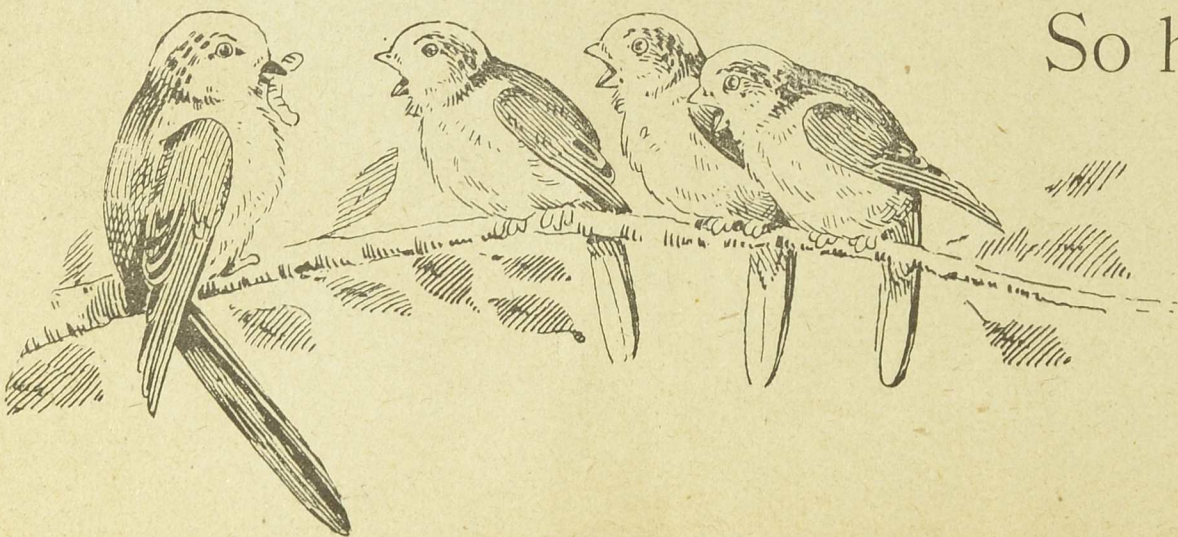
The Swallows.

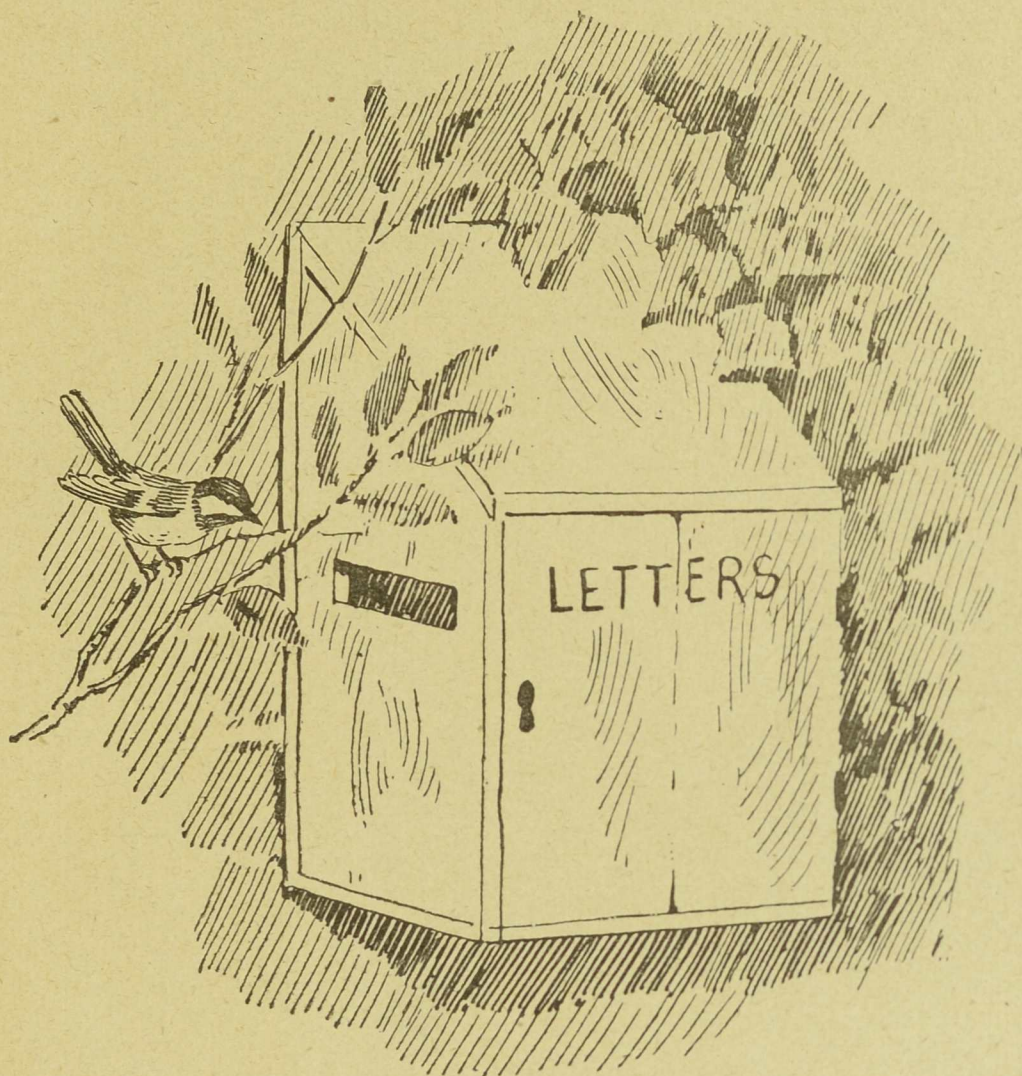
The Swallows who have just finished building their nest return home one day and find a sparrow in possession of their nice house. But they peck him so hard that he soon flies away.

Mr. Titmouse and Family.

Mr. Titmouse is giving his family a lesson in good manners. "One at a time" he cries. But they all open their beaks together.

So he eats the fat caterpillar himself and takes his children back to their nest.





A Snug Home.

"O what a snug house"
Said Mr. Cole Tit,

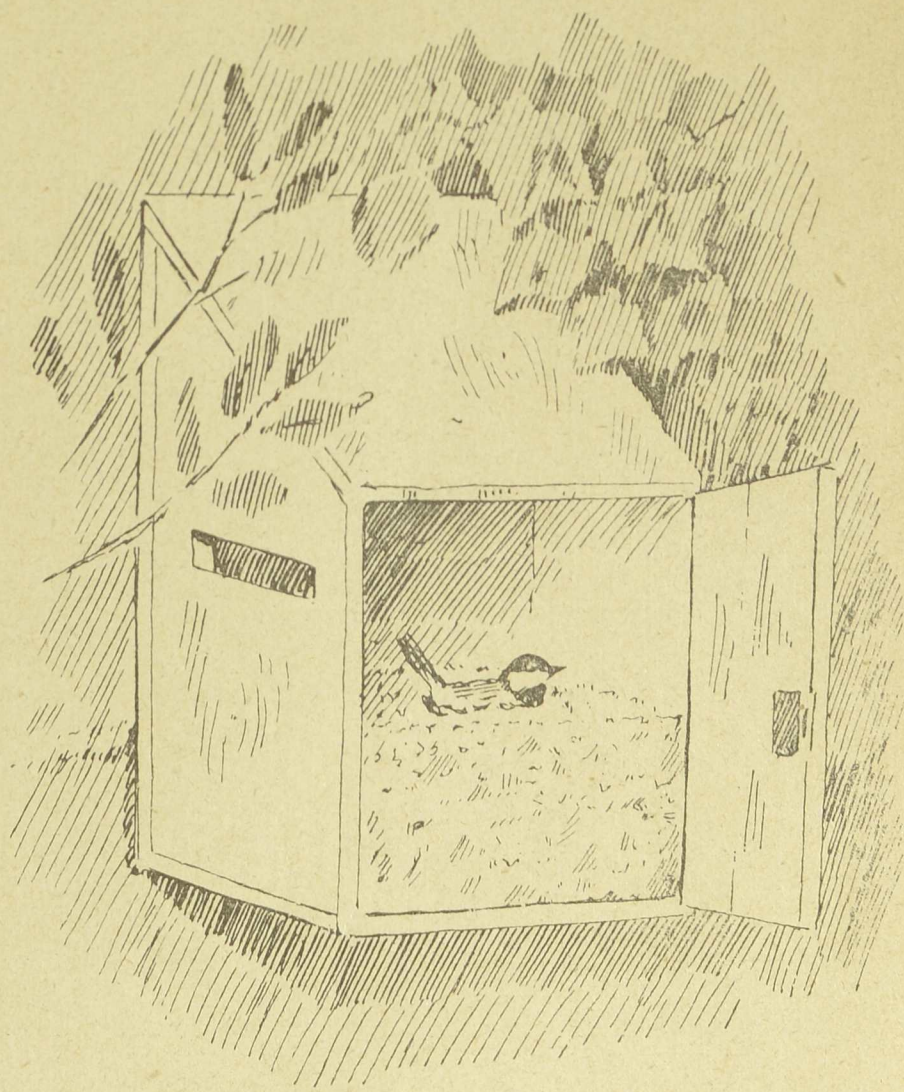
"So quiet and safe
For my dear
wife to sit."

Then chirping with joy
He flew to his wife

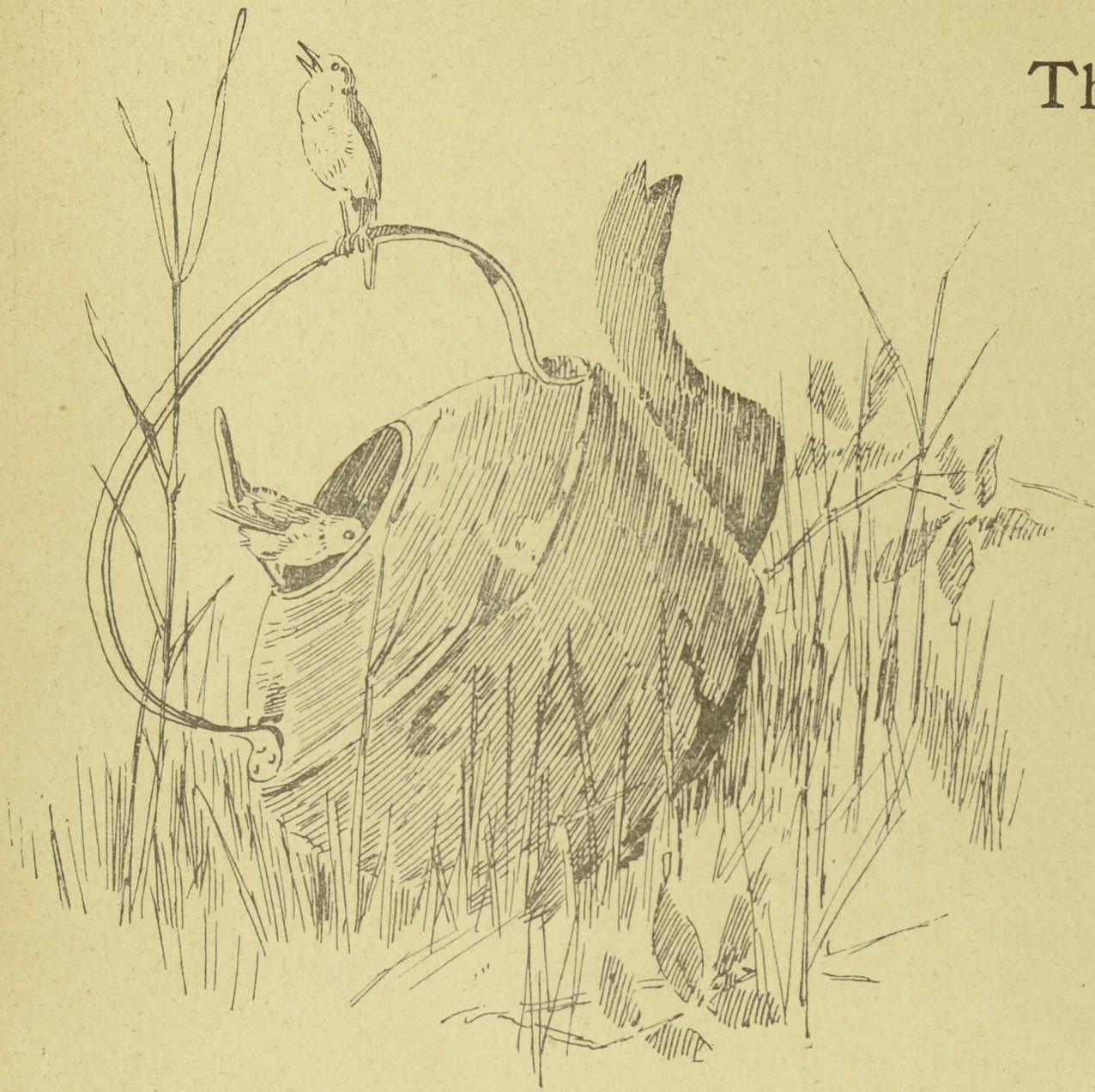
Who cried "My dear boy
We are settled for life."

So when the next postman
Unlocked the front door

He saw such a sight
As he'd ne'er
seen before.



The Robin's Home.



Mr. and Mrs.

Redbreast

Have this old
kettle found

And in it built
their pretty nest
So cosy,
snug and round.

With moss and feathers lined it,
To make it soft and warm,

And hope no one will find it
To do their nestlings harm.

While his good wife is sitting
Upon their eggs all day,

Her husband perches near her
To cheer her with his lay.

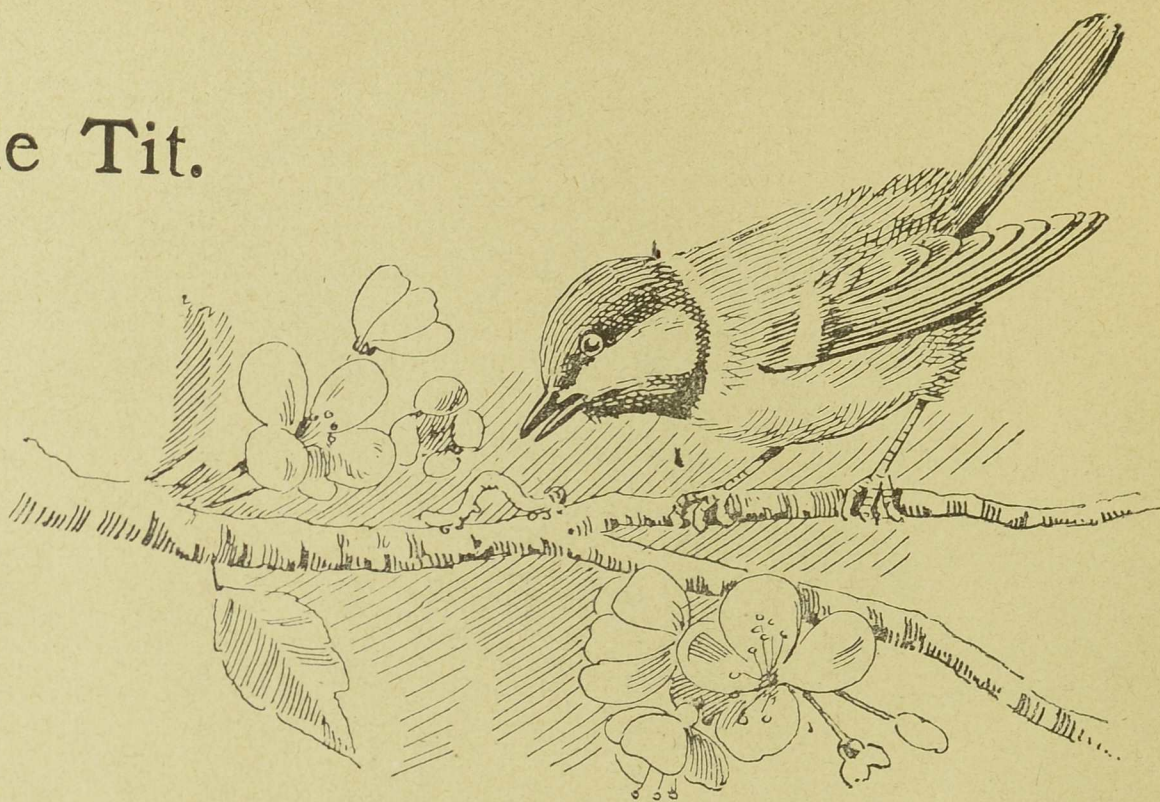


The Concert Season.

The Cole Tit.

"Here is a beautiful Caterpillar" cried a little Cole Tit alighting on a branch of apple blossom.

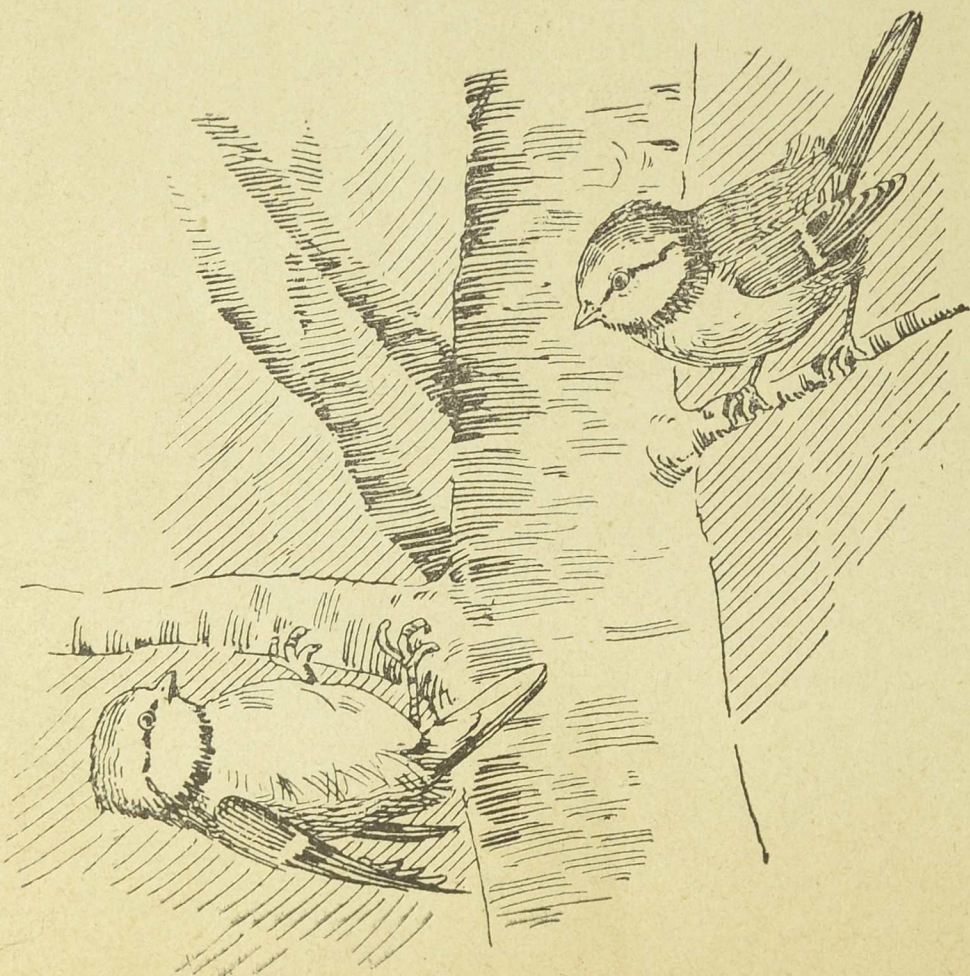
He did not eat it at once but kept picking all round it in a circle which is a habit Cole Tits have. Getting tired, he eat it up and fluttered away.

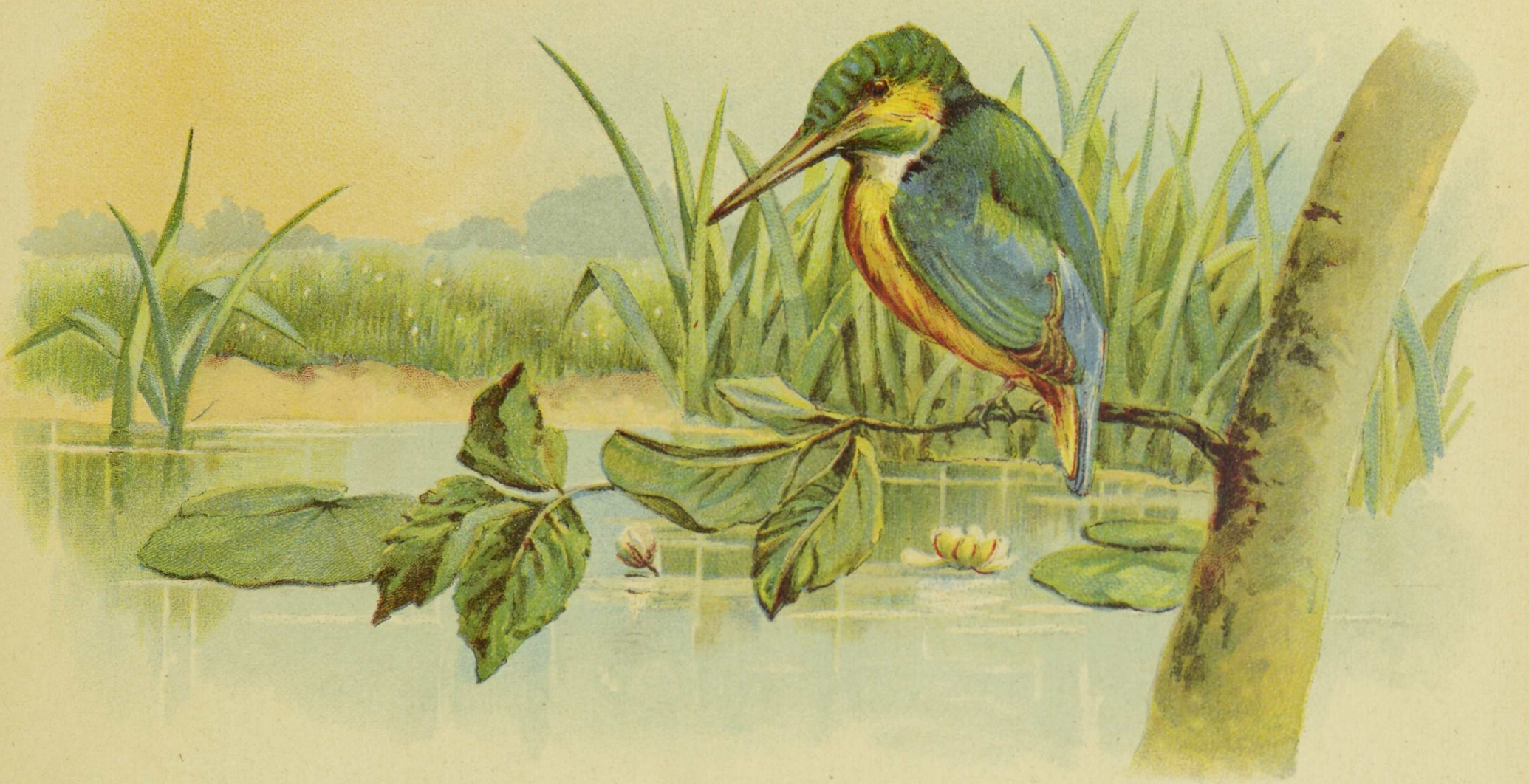


The Blue Tit.

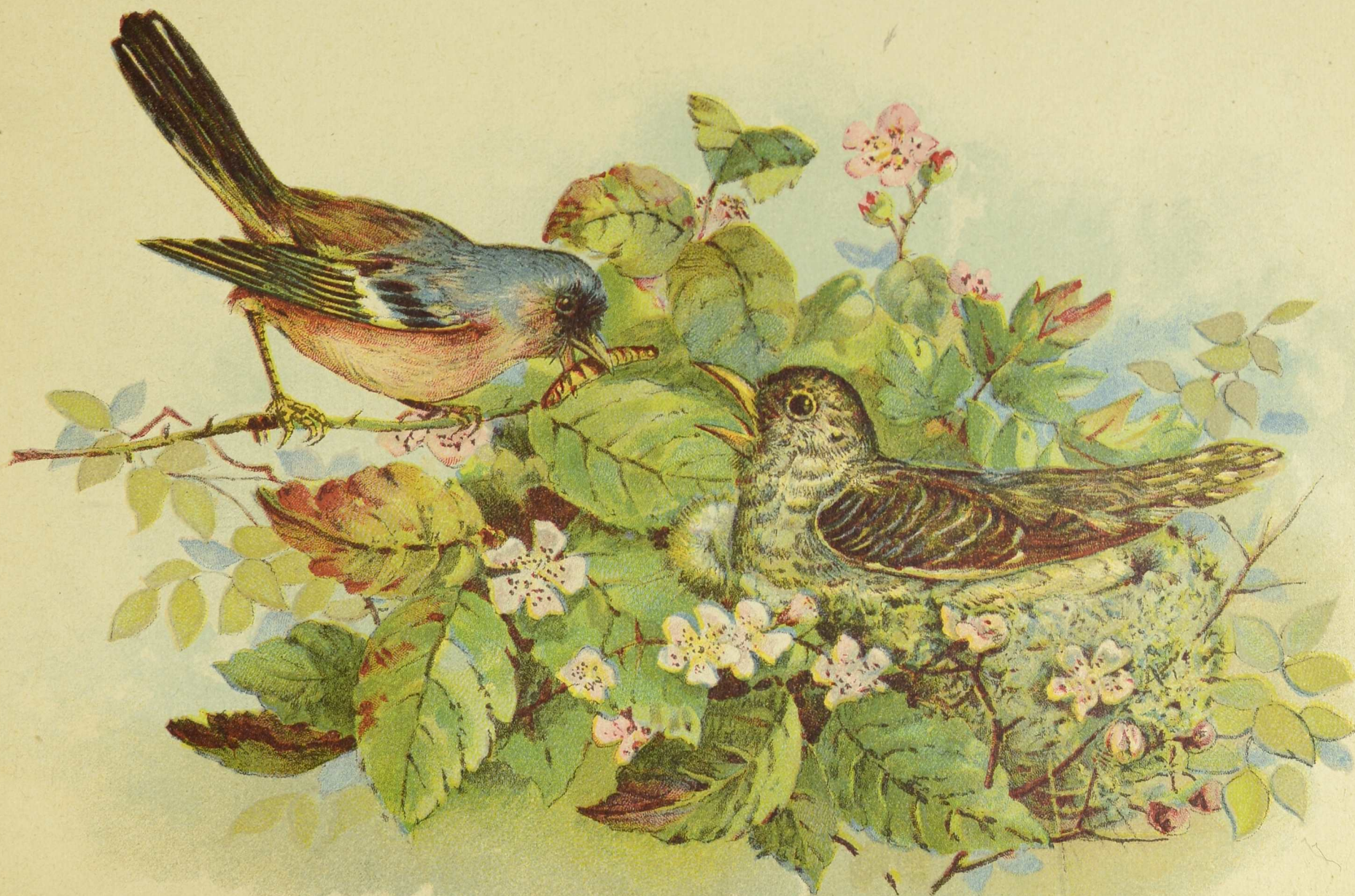
In the trunk of a decayed tree two beautiful little birds were building their nest, for the Blue

Tit prefers a hole in a tree to anywhere else, and when it was finished eight pinky eggs were to be seen, out of which came in time eight little birdies very like their mother.





Here's a King-Fisher as still as a stone
Wondering where all the nice fishes have gone.

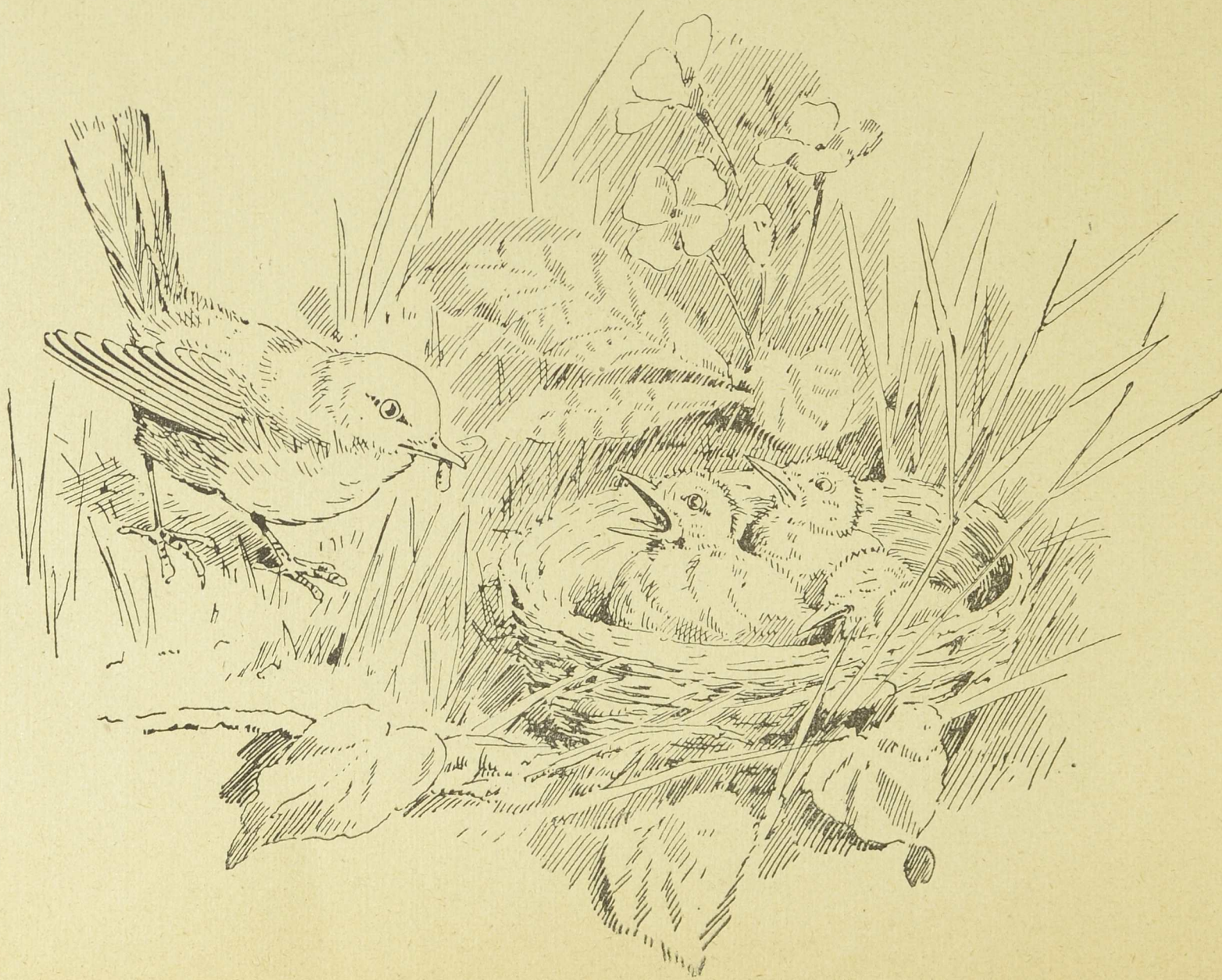


Master Cuckoo in the Chaffinche's Nest.

A Hungry Family.

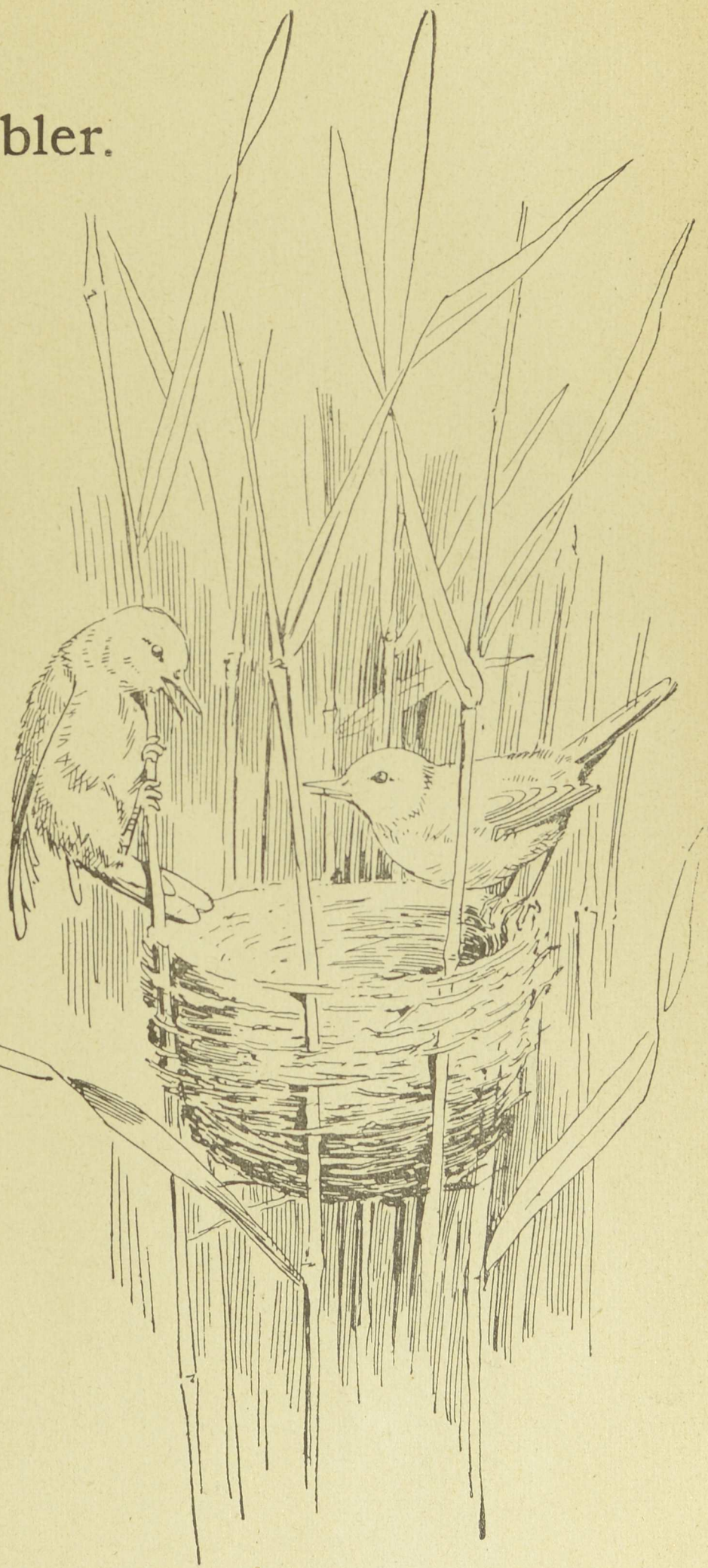
In a sheltered nook Mrs. Robin is bringing up her family of three. Their pretty nest among the primroses is made of dried leaves and grass and lined with the softest wool. Her children have not got bright red breasts like their Father's yet, but are covered with a fluffy greyish down and look very funny little things to everyone but their Mother.

It is all she can do to find food enough for her hungry brood, and all day she is hopping backwards and forwards with nice fat worms.



Mr. and Mrs. Reed Warbler.

The little Reed Warblers are running up and down the stems of the reeds which support their nest. They are very much excited for in the nest are five greenish-white spotted eggs, and they are both expecting to have five pretty little birdies as nimble in making their way among the reeds as they are themselves. "I hope there won't be a flood to wash away our home" says Mrs. Reed Warbler anxiously, but her husband assures her that there is no chance of such a sad accident, for the sky is without a cloud and the June sun is shining on the gleaming river.





Mr. and Mrs. Gold-Crested Wren.



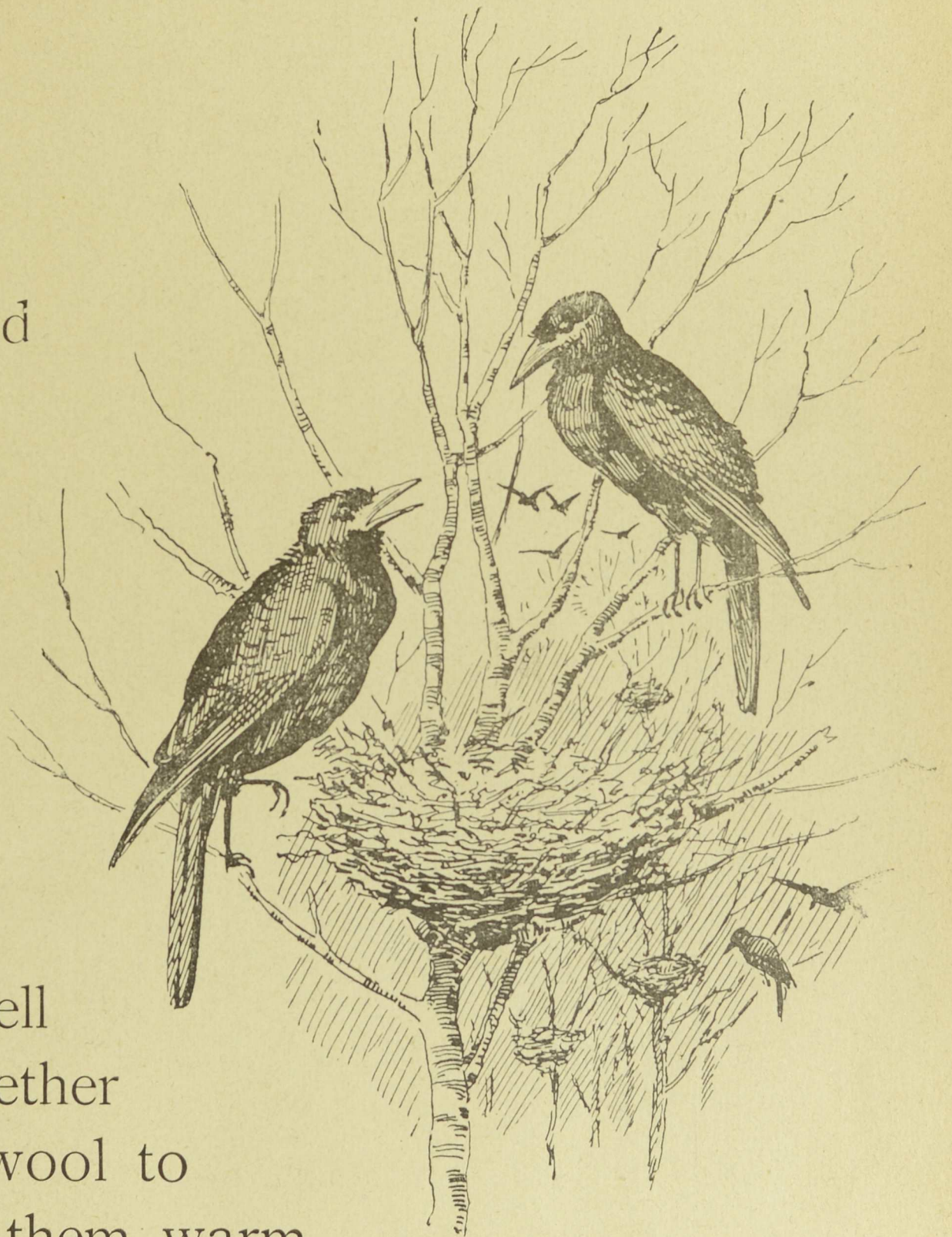
The Cherry Stealer-Mr. Blackbird.

The Rookery.

High in the air the
black rooks build
Year by year in the
same tall trees,
In spring all day
our ears are filled
By their "cawing"
floating
down the breeze.

Sticks and clay well
knit together
Lined with wool to
make them warm,
Their nests defy the roughest weather
And keep the pale green eggs from harm.

At break of day we hear them calling
As o'er the bare brown fields they roam,
But every Rook when night is falling
With joyful "cawing" hastens home.





Mr. Owl comes out in the Daytime
and is mobbed by the little Birds.

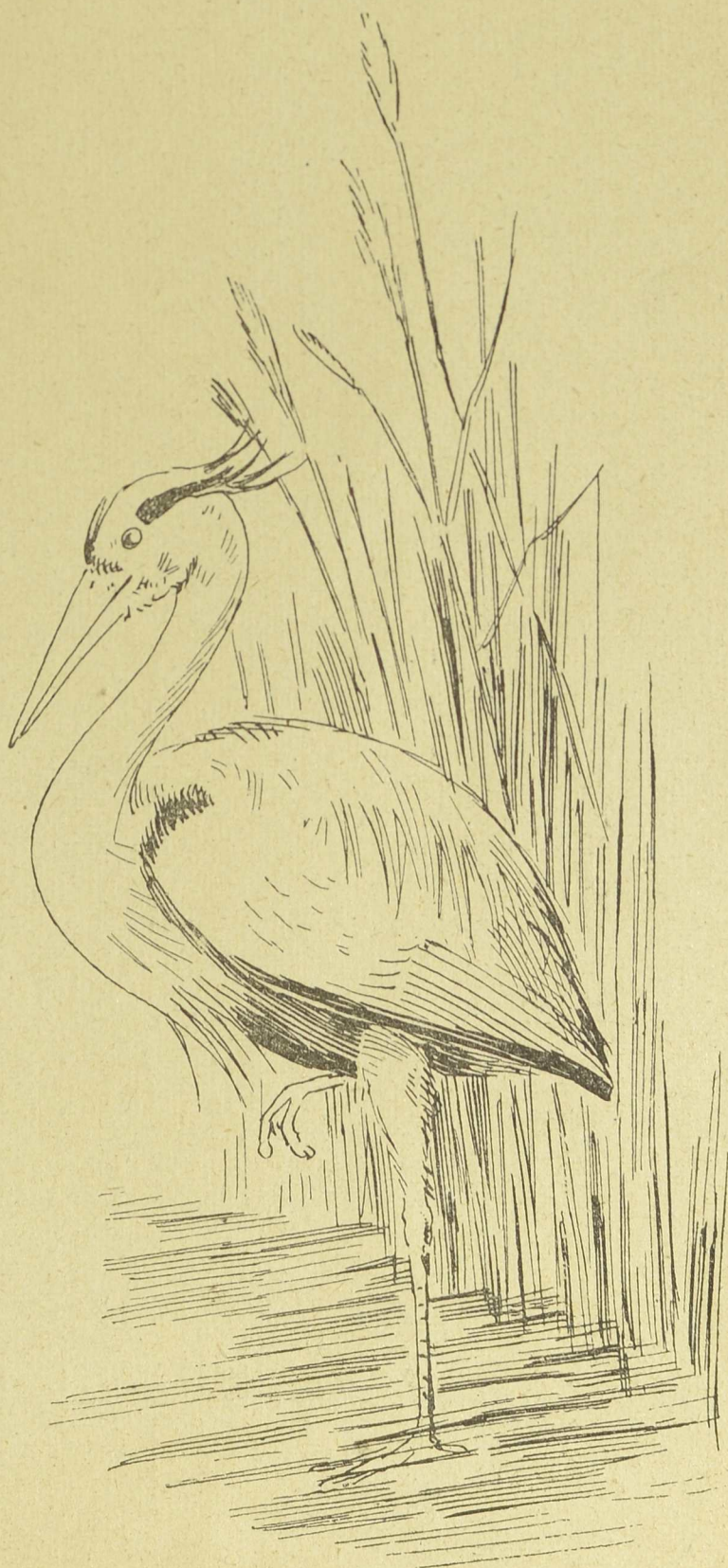
Poor Mr. Owl.

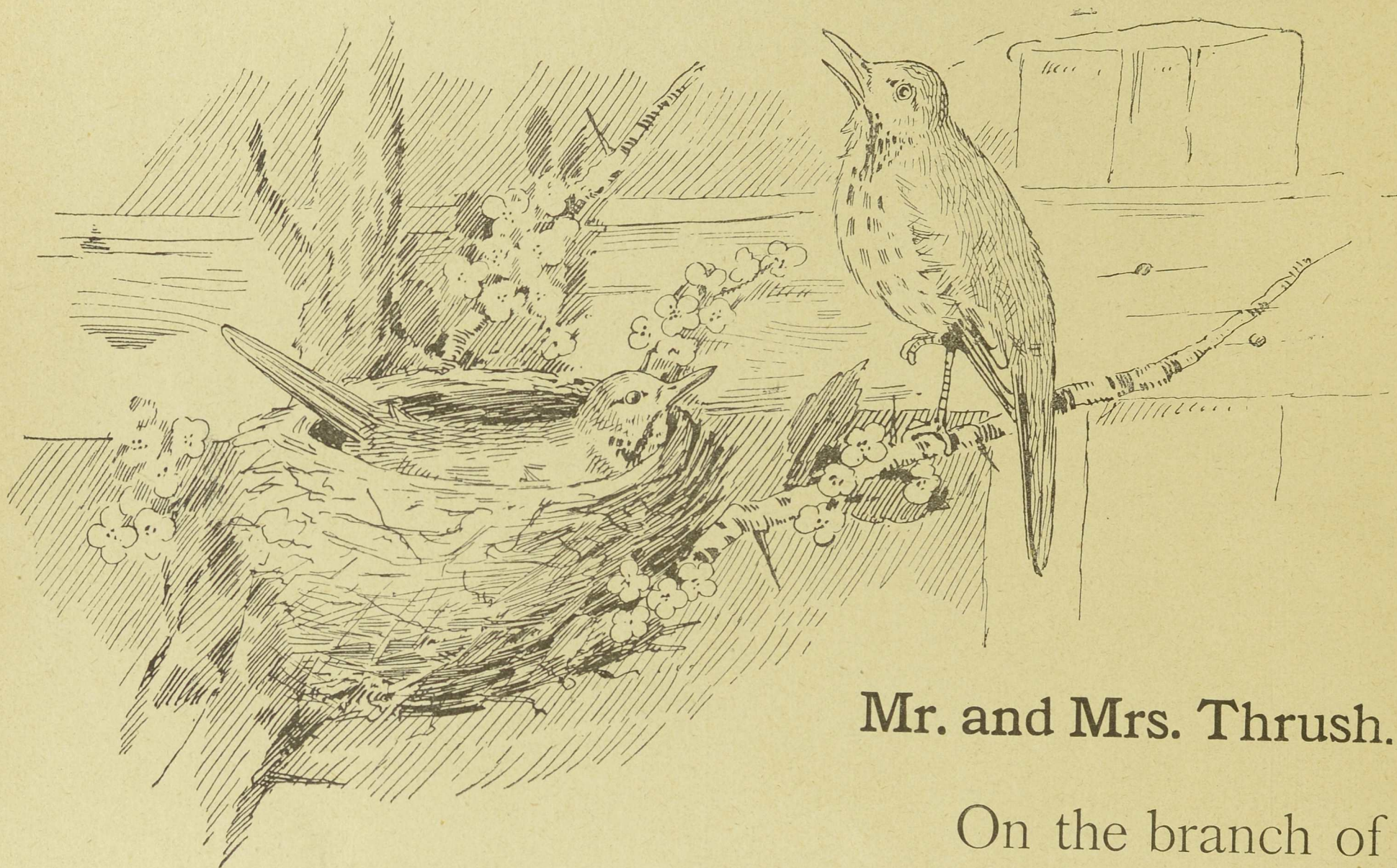
Mr. Owl driven from his home by mischievous boys has perched on a tree in the bright sunshine where he is immediately mobbed by a crowd of small birds. They all hate him, for at night he often eats a little sleepy bird for his supper.

The Heron.

Standing on one leg among the rushes the Heron is watching for any unfortunate little fish that may happen to swim past.

He used to be much more frequently seen than he is at present, and was the favourite game when Hawking was a royal sport in England, though the Heron often succeeded in killing his enemy by spitting the Hawk on his long sharp bill.





Mr. and Mrs. Thrush.

On the branch of
a beautiful may tree
Mrs. Thrush is patiently sitting
on four pretty greenish blue eggs.
She would be very dull not being able to fly about
but her husband is perched on the bough by her
side and sings all day to cheer her up.

Pretty little Mrs. Thrush is the best of mothers
and if disturbed will fly round the intruder with
ruffled feathers and outspread tail. A pair of Thrushes
have been known to build their beautiful nest of
moss, small twigs, and grass in two days.

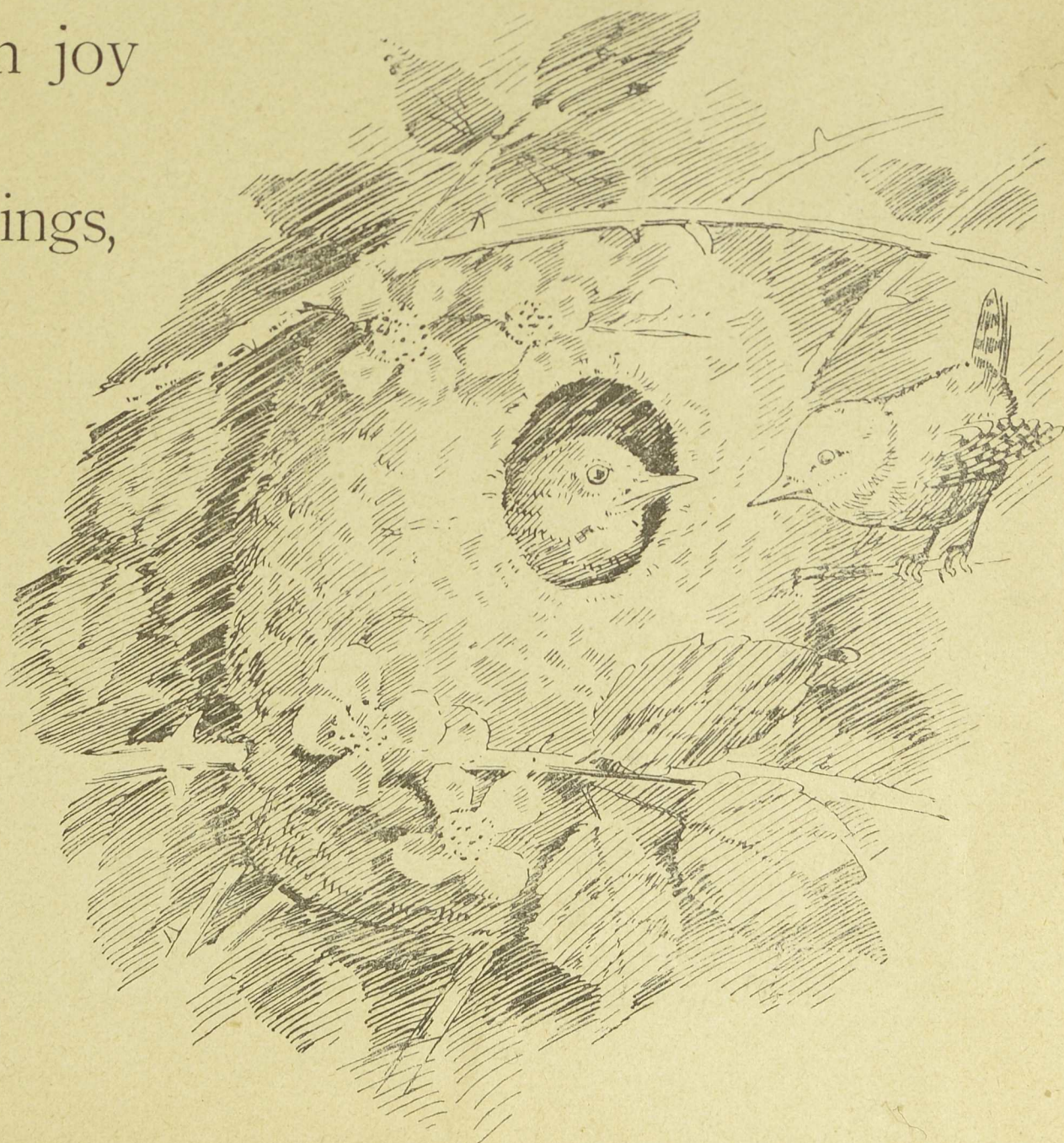
Jenny Wren at Home.

Jenny Wren's little nest
Is round like a ball,
Yet with eight pink eggs
She finds room for them all.

Her husband all day
Sings song after song,
And tells her their eggs
Will hatch before long.

Jenny listens with joy
To the love
songs he sings,
Till eight
little wrens
Nestle under
her wings.

Hope Myrtoun.





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