

occasionally I've seen him swallow the morsel himself, he then justified his conscience by appearing too timid to enter the door.

All this was only the prologue to the real play. The real drama of life came when the young tits were fluttering, full-grown, vigorous, impatient to get one glimpse of the great outside from where the mother and father came so often with morsels.

5 (*)

The time had come. We had watched and waited two weeks for this day. The minute one nestling took the idea into his head to get out into the sunshine, it spread like contagion among the whole household. They came not in singles but in battallions! If we'd had a dozen eyes, we couldn't have kept track of them. We put several back on a twig beside the nest where they sat fluffing in the warm sunshine and enjoying their first outing.

6 (*)

Each titmouse had a tiny tinkle for a voice that was almost as hard to hear as the whisper of the flowers. I had to strain my ears to catch it more than a few feet away. One nestling flew over in the deep ferns, but I might have search^{ed} until dooms-day in vain. The mother knew where he was the instant she returned. Another flew down into our camera-box and I shut the lid to see if the mother could find him. She lit right on the box with a billsome morsel.

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