

BILLY AND BOBBY.

(By LEO A. LUTTRINGER, JUNR., Harrisburg, Pa.)

Most any kind of wild creature can be tamed if one has the patience to attempt it. This is why Billy, the Broad-winged Hawk, and Bobby Bozo, the Robin, became fast friends, instead of Bobby finding his final resting-place within the confines of Billy's usually empty stomach. And why he didn't is still a mystery to me, especially when I think of the unusual conditions to which both birds were constantly subjected.

Billy, the Broad-wing, came into my household first, having been shot from a migrating flock which passed over our town. He was brought to me, as it is generally known that I am a lover of birds and have raised many kinds in captivity. Billy had a badly shattered wing, but I managed to get it into such shape that he could fly, at least a little. The bone mended just a wee bit crooked, however. My first few days' acquaintance with Billy were not so friendly and I was clawed considerably. But before the first week was over he was eating from my hand and soon came to look for me at meal-times, when he would fly to my arm and whimper for food. Billy's domain consisted of the entire cellar, where he was left to roam at random and where he selected the top of the coal-pile as his "throne," so to speak. Here he was the "boss" of all he surveyed.

Billy had no sooner got into fair shape than some "kind" friend, who thought I hadn't anything else to do, brought me two baby Robins, so young that they had to be fed nearly every minute. I wasn't much inclined to add to my miniature zoo but couldn't refuse the little creatures. Moreover, my position with our State Game Commission calls, in part, for this sort of work.

So I took charge of the young Robins and at once set about getting their "grub." In a few days I had the entire lot back of our home looking like a series of front-line trenches. I dug here, there, and everywhere in an effort to locate worms for two bottomless stomachs. They wouldn't eat anything but worms, while Billy, the Hawk, liked nothing better than his daily ration of beefsteak and an occasional mouse, when I could get hold of one.

I had been keeping the Robins in a basket in the kitchen, but their cries for food were so shrill and constant that my wife politely informed me they would "be missing" some day unless I found another place for them. I therefore transferred them to the cellar to determine whether all I have heard about the bad habits of our Hawks were true. Billy inspected them very carefully the day they entered his domain, but after that hardly ever