

A Tame Field Sparrow.— An unusual experience with a Field Sparrow (*Spizella pusilla*), had while in camp near Paul Smith's, N. Y., this spring, seems worthy of note. I will transcribe from my note-book the account of it made at the time.

"May 3, 1908.— Last night and early this morning there was a heavy fall of snow, covering the ground to a depth of 8 to 10 inches. The birds had a hard time of it and a number of Juncos and Chipping Sparrows took refuge in our tents during the night. In the morning there were fifteen or twenty birds — Juncos, Vesper, Chipping, and two Field Sparrows — searching for food about the tents, so, about ten o'clock, I scattered bread crumbs and some grass seed which we happened to have in camp. While doing this one of the Field Sparrows, a female, hopped right up to me, paying no heed to my presence or movements, hopped on to my feet when I stood still, allowed me to walk rapidly up to her, kneel down and stroke her with my hand, in fact permitted me to handle her quite roughly without showing the slightest sign of timidity. Once I pushed her away from the seed, but she would not go and instead actually forced her head under my fingers, raising them up in order to reach the seed beneath them. Another time she squeezed herself in between my knees while I was kneeling on the ground, and fed on some seed beneath me. The presence of other people did not frighten her, for four of my men came up to watch me and she permitted them also to touch her — all the time feeding as busily as she could.

"Her fearlessness was probably not due to hunger alone, for after having eaten all she wanted, she perched herself on a heap of straw under a tent-fly close by, tucked her head under her wing and went to sleep. Ten or fifteen minutes later I woke her up, whereupon, after preening herself for a minute or two, she flew over to me and resumed feeding from my hand. Swift and sudden movements on my part, such as casting seed, would not frighten her in the least, even though my hand might pass within a few inches of her. Several times pieces of bread or seed would strike her quite forcibly, but even that would not disturb her. The other birds were all comparatively shy, the other Field Sparrow, a male, particularly so, though a few would allow me to approach within eight or ten feet of them. The grass seed was invariably taken in preference to the bread crumbs." — E. SEYMOUR WOODRUFF, *State Forester, Albany, N. Y.*

Destruction of English Sparrows.— Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to reduce the numbers of these pests. Fire-arms cannot be used within the city limits, the bounty law proved a failure and the free use of poisoned grain, except in certain isolated sections, would include too many of our native species. The balance of nature's forces, however, sometimes weighs a little in our favor, though unfortunately such occurrences are too few and far between.

At 8:40 p. m. August 11, 1908, Chicago and vicinity were visited by a