

to have overlooked the matter. In view of the facts in this case it will apparently now be necessary to reinstate Baird's name *Heteroscelus* as as the generic designation of the Wandering Tattler. The two species of the genus will therefore stand as follows:

*Heteroscelus brevipes* (Vieillot).

*Heteroscelus incanus* (Gmelin).

HARRY C. OBERHOLSER, *Washington, D. C.*

**The Status of *Charadrius rubricollis* Gmelin.**—A good service has been performed by Mr. G. M. Mathews in the identification of *Charadrius rubricollis* Gmelin. Unfortunately, however, he neglects to employ this name for the species to which he has shown that it belongs (Birds of Australia, III, pt. 2, May 2, 1913, pp. 130-132). It was originally based by Gmelin (Syst. Nat., I, pt. 2, 1789, p. 687) on the "Red-necked Plover" of Latham, from Adventure Bay, Tasmania. As Mr. Mathews has proved, Latham's description (Syn. Birds, III, pt. 1, p. 212, No. 19) was taken from the Ellis drawings in the British Museum, and is found to fit the species currently called *Charadrius cucullatus* Vieillot, except for the statement that there is "on each side of the neck a large square chestnut spot, the size of a silver penny, almost meeting together at the back part," and "a little mixture of white about the bastard wing," which two characters evidently were taken by mistake from the drawing of *Steganopus tricolor*. This is, therefore, a case of two species confused under the same name; or of a species described with partly erroneous characters; or, in fact, of both, according to the point of view. If we consider only that the characters given have been taken from two species, the name *Charadrius rubricollis* must be used for one of the species involved if the name can be identified, and that it can, Mr. Mathews has shown. Such adoption is sanctioned by both the International and A. O. U. Codes of Nomenclature, and by common usage as well. The name, therefore, should apply to the species to which the greater or most pertinent part of the description refers, which in this case is, of course, *Charadrius cucullatus*. If, however, we take the view that it is erroneously described, neither current usage nor the commonly accepted codes of nomenclature allow its rejection because of indefinite or even erroneous characters, if the description can be positively determined as pertaining to a certain species. Thus, in any case, we should call the species ordinarily known as *Charadrius cucullatus* Vieillot by the name *Charadrius rubricollis* Gmelin. Its two forms will, therefore, stand as *Charadrius rubricollis rubricollis* Gmelin and *Charadrius rubricollis tregellasi* Mathews.—HARRY C. OBERHOLSER, *Washington, D. C.*

**A Self-tamed Ruffed Grouse.**—The following is an account of a tame Ruffed Grouse: the first statement is by Miss Torrey. In the spring of 1914, probably in April, as I was driving back and forth to the village to High School, I first noticed a rustling in the leaves and bushes by the

side of the road and watched until I found out that it was caused by a Partridge or Ruffed Grouse. After that I always let the horse walk past the spot, and the bird would walk under cover of the trees for about a hundred yards or more, but never would go any farther. I never tried to tame the bird, only keeping quiet as I liked to have it follow me. It seemed as if it was always watching for me night and morning.

My father first noticed the Partridge in May, when he was plowing, which was on the opposite side of the road, quite a distance from where the bird followed me. As my father is fond of all animals he quickly made a pet of this one and, if I remember rightly, fed it. The bird would follow him while he was plowing but never went with him to the barn.

I think this Partridge must have been left alone, as at that time there were no others about. I should say it was lonely and finding that I did not hurt it, it followed me, until it made friends with others. We never knew of anyone having a tame Partridge or being able to tame one before. The continuation of the account of this bird is by Miss Knight as follows: On returning to Deer Isle, Maine, my home town, to spend the summer of 1914, I heard the neighbors talking about a tame Partridge. They told me that Miss Torrey, as she drove through the woods during the latter part of the winter and early spring, had often seen a Partridge following the team.

My own experience with the bird began a few days later when we went into the woods after strawberries. As we walked along the road a Partridge followed us closely, possibly three or four rods away, in the edge of the wood. We crossed the road and went into the woods on the other side and I forgot all about the bird until suddenly he flew out from under my very feet. When I came home the Partridge walked down the wood road, flew across the highway road, and followed me fifteen or twenty rods on the side on which I had first seen him.

A few days after this, when father and I were driving to the village we saw the bird again following us for a few rods.

Accidentally we discovered that we could call him at any time we wished by going to the section of wood which he frequented, and whistling. After we had whistled a few minutes he always appeared, never on the wing but walking, coming from various directions but always on the same side of the road, although later if we crossed the road he crossed also. As the summer passed he became more and more friendly, often hopping up into our laps. As he strutted around us he frequently made a soft cooing sound in his throat. He never liked to be caught and held, but would allow himself to be petted. He would feed from our hands. He did not care for corn, but enjoyed berries, especially huckleberries. During the summer he shed out all his long tail feathers, as may be seen in some of the photographs, and we kept several of these feathers as souvenirs.

The bird seemed to have a fondness for the color blue, for he would hop up into the lap of anyone dressed in that color. One day I tested this several times as follows. I wore a blue skirt under a pink skirt. So long

as the pink skirt was prominent he would not come into my lap. As soon as I folded that back he came up onto the blue skirt.

Throughout the summer we showed the bird to many of our friends. In the fall, father talked of taking him home; but I, thinking that he might be unhappy if confined, urged that he be left in his natural surroundings. Late in the fall some workmen who did not know the story of the tame Partridge were driving through the woods and the bird flew on the horse's back and then down into the road. One of the workmen seized a tool from his kit and threw it, striking the bird and killing him."—RUTH M. TORREY AND MARTHA G. KNIGHT, *Deer Isle, Maine*.

**Unusual Contents of a Mourning Dove's Nest.**—On May 5, 1917 while passing a clump of thorns, a Mourning Dove flushed from her nest therein, and was almost immediately followed by a young bird, nearly full grown and able to fly fairly well, which awkwardly alighted near by. As it was rainy and cold, and had been so for a week past, I would have passed on without further disturbing them had I not noticed that another young bird remained in the nest and seemed to be very wet and apparently dead with head hanging over the rim. I determined to remove it, as the other bird might wish to return.

The bush was very thorny and I had trouble in forcing my head and shoulders up through the tangle for the few feet necessary. I found that the bird was alive but very wet and weak as though the old bird had not been able to protect both young through such a long stretch of bad weather. My surprise came, however, when I discovered that the nest also contained three eggs, which, held to the light, seemed well along in incubation. They could not have been placed there by boys as the nest situation was such that had it been tampered with, broken twigs would have told the story, for I had to break and force a passage through to the base of the tree as well as to break one for my head as I climbed up a few feet. Returning on May 8 I found the nest deserted, the young bird dead and one of the eggs broken. I have heard before of sets of three of the Mourning Dove, but never heard of them being laid before the first brood had left the nest.

This clump of thorn was on a river flat, several acres of which is thickly grown up with several varieties of haws, wild crab, and wild apples and is used by Robins, Cowbirds, Grackles and Mourning Doves as a roost. Some 2000 Robins use this roost, the males and non-breeders even resorting to it nightly during the nesting season. During the migrations and after the Blackbirds flock it is also used by about 1000 Bronzed Grackles and several hundred Cowbirds. The Mourning Doves use it not only as a roost, but also as a nesting place. Their numbers, however, are comparatively small; probably not over 150 after the breeding season is over. About ten days after finding the nest described in this note, I made a survey of the thicket and found twenty-two occupied nests of the Mourning Dove,—and one of them contained three eggs.—E. A. DOOLITTLE, *Painesville, Ohio*.