CEDAR WAXWING, *Ampelis cedrorum.*— Formerly irregular, it is now a common resident. It was decidedly common during the past summer, nesting in orchards and in towns.

WILSON'S THRUSH, *Turdus fuscescens.*—During the last two summers it has nested rather commonly. Our records show that it is variable in this respect.

In the foregoing enumeration I have purposely omitted all species about which there might be a question, because of the greater amount of field work which it has been possible to do in the last four years than formerly.

It is my hope that more careful attention may be given to the actual numbers of individuals of the different species that are more common and more familiar, with the idea of furnishing exact data for comparison in years to come. We need to learn the effects of our civilization upon our environment.

LYNDS JONES, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

AN AFTERNOON AMONGST OLD SCENES.

Tuesday, September 13th, finds us once more walking through those favorite fields of the collector, which bound the Mississippi below the C. B. & Q. R.R. bridge, opposite Burlington, in Illinois,—our destination being Ellison Slough. The day is all that can be desired—bright, yet pleasantly cool.

As we push through the timber we note numerous feathered friends,—the Woodpeckers being perhaps the most conspicuous since they insist upon making their presence known by their loud notes. Next in point of noise, or perhaps I should have placed him first, is our garrulous Blue Jay, who is ever willing to let us know his whereabouts by some appropriate remark. Little fellows are now and then seen flitting among the taller elms and the Warbling and Red-eyed Vireos seem not to have forgotten their sweet cry, for ever and anon we hear one babbling to himself, no doubt recounting the pleasures of the past season. Even the cheery little note and bright gleam of the Redstart do not arrest our step,—but we do stop, just for an instant, yet long enough to add a Golden-crowned Thrush to our study series.

On we tramp, pausing to add a Tufted Tit to our bag, before we cross the trestle which spans Running and Prairie Sloughs. Here we admire the new club house and wish we might enjoy its hospitality and comforts

for a while, but time will not permit, so we simply wave our hat at Mr. Runge and continue our march down the railroad track. A few Doves, enjoying a sunny sand bath ; a band of merry Chicadees ; a Fox Squirrel, which happens to cross the track ; a Water Trush, very likely Grinnell's ; and a few other warblers, who keep their distance and hence remain strangers ; a Flicker or two ; a Barred Owl and a few piping Downy Woodpeckers are about all we see until we reach Ellison Creek.

Ah ! where is my prairie ? Where my flocks of roving Bobolinks ? All gone ! A sea of tall moving corn greets my eyes ; I am disappointed. Yes, I admit I am not practical. I would prefer the prairie, with its Bobolinks, its Shorelarks, Doves and Upland Plovers, those long drawn notes I had hoped to hear again, a thousand times to the moving grain.

Why is it, that one longs to see old scenes appear, just as of old ? Why are we hurt, when we return and find that our favorite tree, "neath whose leafy arms we often sought repose," has been supplanted by some stately home ? Civilized vandalism is what we mumble as we pass on ; the place is estranged to us—we are no longer friends.

I confess I felt deeply hurt when I beheld my favorite piece of prairie turned into a prosaic, monotonous cornfield of enormous extent. Fortunately Ellison Creek has high banks and the plowman has left a broad skirting strip for a road, now all grown up in weeds, chiefly Bidens and Ambrosia. Slowly we work through this, now and then flushing a Field or Chipping Sparrow. At the hog-pen we find a host of noisy Jays in clamorous debate with Red-headed Woodpeckers, and a little further on we even flush a Savanna Sparrow who makes good his escape by a hasty retreat. No more birds are seen until we reach the little slough below the farm house. Here we add a Sora to our collection and admire the lazy flight of a Red-tail as he flaps off into the timber. Doves and Bronzed Grackles are quite plentiful.

After sampling a quart of milk apiece, at the farm house, we continue our journey to the Spring-heads. Here my friend, Mr. Poppe, flushes and brings to grief, with the auxillary, the first specimen of Yellow Rail which I have ever observed in this locality. It is useless to say that I took the Yellow Rail fever, a very severe malady when one is not attired in high water-proofs, and with combined efforts we managed to raise and drop two more.

White-bellied, Barn, Cliff, Bank and Rough-winged Swallows are coming in, to rest on the tops of the Iron-weeds for the night. For here we still have a bit of the old flora remaining, a reminder of olden times. A Long-billed Marsh Wren and a Dickcissel are conveyed to our satchel,

while a belated Maryland Yellow-throat complains of the disturbance.

As the sun sinks low behind the timber we merge from the marsh, tired, weary and dirty, but we forget all about this when a little bird jumps up under our feet and skulks off to a willow bush, where we send a No. 12 invitation from the .44 X. L. to which he graciously responds. Luck once more! It is my first Lincoln's Sparrow, a fitting climax to the day.

PAUL BARTSCH, *Washington, D. C.*

A FEW BELATED REMARKS UPON THE NESTING OF JUNCO.

Some time ago there appeared in the BULLETIN an appeal from the Editor for "light" upon the genus Junco. At the time I was quite busy, and though I wanted to give what little experience that I had had to my brother members, I failed at the time to get opportunity to do so, and not till now have I gotten the leisure, though the query still remains, and all along remained, in my thoughts.

Standing in my back yard, at my home in Lynchburg, Va., are three specimens of *Juniper virginica*. In the gloaming, I used to take frequent strolls out in the yard to drink in the perfumes of the southern roses, inhale the pure air, and look and wonder at those glorious sun bursts and cloud effects such as you see only in the quiet valleys of "Old Virginia," with the blue rim of the Alleghanies as a background, and the magnificent "Peaks of Otter," the highest of Virginia mountains, rising up in quiet dignity in the distance, with the lazy tinkling of home-ward bound cow-bells and the "slowly winding herds over the lea." It is on such an evening that I most enjoy myself. To be away from the mad rush and clamor of the city, and to lose myself in pleasant thoughts and reveries and to commue with "Nature in her visible forms" alone and undisturbed. It was at such times that I became familiar with the roosting places of Junco. In the dense foliage of *virginica* they would settle themselves. Often I have watched them flying into the trees, exposing their white rectrices and dodging hither and thither among the dense foliage. There was a box elder tree standing in the yard and frequently numbers would settle into this and spend the night, but not so numerously as in the cedars, the *Juniper virginica*. This was Junco *hyemalis* or perhaps some few were of the *carolinensis* sub-species. The season was late fall and the birds were there for the winter. They