

and fails to protect and encourage those about his premises, falls short of his duty ; and if his cabinet contains bird skins or egg shells which might just as well have remained where Nature placed them, he is inconsistent, demanding that others abstain that he may indulge.

For fear of starting an egg collecting craze, I have always been reluctant to open my egg cabinet to boys, well knowing my inability to explain to their entire satisfaction just why I should rob nests and they should not ; any more than certain well known ornithologists can clear themselves from the imputation of cruelty when destroying well-nigh exterminated species in the breeding season and leaving the young to rot in embryo or die a slow death by starvation.

In conclusion I would say that when an oologist constantly keeps in mind and acts under the assumption that the birds are his best friends and not his deadly enemies, he cannot go far wrong, and the means he employs will be justified in the light of subsequent study and research of data and specimens. If any of us fall short in this we have only ourselves to blame. Let us then collect with moderation and fewer eggs and more notes be the order of the day.

FRANK L. BURNS, *Berwyn, Penna.*

GENERAL NOTES.

NOTES FROM NEW AUBURN, MINN.—January 15, while walking along the shore of a lake and through two patches of woods, I saw eight Chickadees, six White-breasted Nuthatches, three Downy Woodpeckers, and about twenty-two Redpolls. The thermometer registered 41° above zero. From January 29 to February 12 the mercury was not above zero, and every morning found it from 12 to 32 degrees below. There was a flock of twelve to fifteen Snowflakes that fed regularly in one of the fields during that time. February 12 a flock of about 100 or 125 Snowflakes settled for a short time in a field and then moved on towards the south-west. The thermometer stood at 10° above at the time.

G. M. BURDICK, *New Auburn, Minn.*

BIRDS IN A SNOW-STORM.—During and after a recent snow-storm, when the ground was covered with several inches of soft snow, Robins, Meadowlarks and the blackbirds gleaned for food in the ditches and "dead furrows" in the fields where the water had melted the snow. They seemed to be as much at home in the shallow water as the true