

BOHEMIAN WAXWING IN NORTHEASTERN IOWA.—The monotony of bird interests this winter has been relieved by the visit of a small flock of Bohemian Waxwings; nine was the largest number seen at one time. Arriving in beautiful weather on December 29, they remained until January 17, experiencing some cold days when the mercury hovered around twenty-seven degrees below zero. The mild autumn had induced many Robins to stay late, and they had despoiled the two mountain-ash trees in the neighborhood that were loaded with berries. The Bohemian Waxwings found a meager larder, a few frozen apples, cedar and mountain-ash berries. When the last berry had been taken from the trees they ate those that had lain for weeks upon the ground, and when the supply was nearly exhausted one bird was seen feeding another.

*National, Ia.*

ALTHEA R. SHERMAN.

A LUNCH COUNTER.—A friend of the family became interested in a shelf I had arranged outside my window. When she ascertained its purpose—a feeding place for the birds—it brought up the fact that the editor is a personal friend of the family of which she is a member—Kimball.

This bird-shelf has been visited almost daily by Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers, Flickers, Blue Jays, Chickadees, White-breasted Nuthatches, and occasionally Brown Creepers, Goldfinch and Tree Sparrow. Not an unusual list for this vicinity, but I have been astonished at the amount of food they consume and carry away. In the colder weather the Chickadees and Nuthatches virtually stand in line all day for their opportunity to snatch a bite. Nuthatch is generally the earliest arrival and has right of way all day, but seldom eats at the board. He prefers to fly to some neighboring tree and give somebody else a chance. If a Chickadee stops to eat, Nuthatch often comes without warning and there is a clash of wings, Chickadee going to a nearby perch temporarily. Chickadees are a little more respectful of each other's rights and will await their turn, though scolding about it. I have not seen two birds feed there at once. Walnuts are the popular food; green or raw peanuts a close second. Suet as a last resort for these. Titmice, etc., Woodpeckers prefer suet.

*Madison, Lake Co., Ohio.*

CARL C. LAWSON.

REDPOLLS ONCE MORE (*Acanthis linaria*).—The Redpoll came over my ornithological horizon with New Year's, 1909: none of the previous invasions during my day seeming to have sent a delegation my way.

We had just reached the pineapple stage at dinner, which delicious fruit is in the words of Josiah Allen, "One of my favorite beverages,"—when glancing out I beheld a great flock of birds gy-

rating over the snow-flooded stubble west. Dinner for me ended right then and there. He is a poor ornithologist to whom a rare bird or new is not worth a dinner any day. Pineapple juice was no longer nectar. I had lost my appetite. Snatching my field glass I was in full chase after the already vanished flock and overhauled them in a piece of weedy corn stubble where they were feeding on ragweed and grass seed with nervous haste and industry.

There is a unifying will or impulse in most flocks of gregarious birds, as every observer has noted; but this mysterious instinct seemed to be almost wanting in this Redpoll flock which, by estimate, consisted of 250 or 300 birds. This will of the flock was at the mercy of every individual will. If one bird lifted it was sufficient to carry the whole body into the air. Thus it was set like a hair trigger ready to go off at half-cock; and the wavering flight of the individual—for it was wavering rather than undulating as in the Goldfinch—was magnified by the flock so that it went like a wind-blown streamer through the air, like a swirl of leaves or whirl of snow flakes—a carmagnole in feathers. The rush of beating primaries and swift transition of color as the light struck them at varying angles were a delight to eye and ear in the monotony of an unusually desolate winter.

The bulk of this flock proved to be females and immatures, with a sprinkling of males, and I fancied that I could pick out a few—three or four birds that by stronger coloring and slightly larger size might belong to the larger and rarer species; but specimens alone could lay the doubts in the case, and these I unfortunately failed to secure.

It would not be possible to find a more elegant picture than a cluster of males with their dark red caps and white breasts stained with the tint of peach blossoms asway on an old ragweed against the snowy landscape.

Since following the first flock it has been my privilege to battle for hours in the happy, joyous vernal activity of Redpoll life, following them for miles through difficult snows or over the moist sodden ground of January thaws. I saw one flock of a hundred or more divide into two equal bands, one going far west, the other east. Coming up with the latter I beheld it go to pieces utterly. And it is interesting to note in this connection that Redpolls have since been noted by 1's, 2's, 3's, or more, anywhere and everywhere, alone or in company with other birds as if they had really made themselves at home. Thus several came daily to our door-yard with the Tree Sparrow to feed. February 4 appeared our last record, but after the ice storm of February 15-16 two females were seen under our evergreens February 17. Not the severity of the storm but the shortage of food supply over a vast area had sent these and other visitors from the farther north to sojourn with us.

Mr. H. W. Weisgerber saw a flock near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, while Mr. Edward Jacob saw a flock near Canton, Stark county, Ohio, and Mr. Edward D. Kimer saw a flock of twenty-five on February 17.

They will probably be generally reported from northern and eastern Ohio.

ERNEST W. VICKERS.