

white had attained in the summer of 1908 in this locality may be formed from the fact, that on every day in July, and on all but five in August the cocks frequently were heard calling, often three or four of them at the same time. Upon the advance of winter some coveys came close about the farm-house, in one case the Bobwhites ate with the chickens and roosted at night under evergreen trees nearby; in another place they fed with the pigs in the barnyard. In that winter and the following one, heavy snow-falls were blown into deep drifts that sealed the fate of many a Bobwhite; even the semi-domesticated ones disappeared. So widespread was their destruction that in the whole year of 1910, I only once saw and heard a Bobwhite. The same thing was true of the year 1911. Rarely a few of the species have been reported by others. The birds were not hunted by gunners. It is possible that some disease was responsible for a portion of the deaths, but there has been no evidence that such was the case.

National, Iowa.

ALTHEA R. SHERMAN.

ROBIN (*Planesticus migratorius migratorius*).

Among the anomalies in bird history during the past winter has been the large number of Robins that have tarried in the Upper Mississippi Valley in spite of the unprecedented length and severity of the cold season. In northern Iowa the first six weeks of 1912 gave us twenty-six mornings of zero weather, or far below the zero mark. The mercury on two mornings fell to 30 and 36 degrees below zero, and on two others to 24 and 25 below, the average for the twenty-six mornings being 13 below. In the first sixteen days of January only once did the temperature rise above zero. This rigor of climate would seem sufficient to drive the Robins southward, but such was not the case. On December 28, with the mercury at 10 degrees below zero, a flock of two dozen or more were seen by the mail-carrier on Route No. 2 out of McGregor, Iowa, and on numerous days since then one or two of the species have been reported from different places in northern Iowa and south-western Wisconsin; while from a point but forty miles south of St. Paul in Northfield, Minnesota, a friend says she has had a Robin boarder all winter.

Somewhat similar has been the case of the Goldfinch, a species that very rarely is seen here in the winter. Tree Sparrows and Juncos have remained in some numbers with us, whereas they usually move farther south during the coldest months of winter. The unparalleled abundance of the ragweed crop last summer provided food everywhere for these seed-eaters. On the other hand

few of the northern visitors have been seen: Red-polls but two or three times, and two flocks of Bohemian Waxwings.

National, Iowa.

ALTHEA R. SHERMAN.

BIRD NOTES FROM SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

December 14th, 1910—A song sparrow at my window, on the breakfast-shelf. First visitor of this name ever observed at this date.

December 15th—A hermit thrush feeding under my window. Certainly a strange winter visitor.

December 18th—For three days an oven-bird has been back and forth by my window. Cold intense.

December 24th—The hermit thrush under my window again today.

January 31st—Several little brown creepers; first seen this year.

February 1st—A phoebe bird calling.

February 2nd—Two phoebe birds on the trumpet vine. Sleet is over everything; cold intense; the sound of the bird-voices is pathetic.

February 13th—A song sparrow on woodbine. Mr. W. DeWitt Miller reports evening grosbeaks at Plainfield, N. J.

February 25th—A robin.

February 27th—Song birds everywhere today. "Peter, Peter, Peter"; sounds from the trees, and song sparrows are filling the air with songs.

January 30th, 1912—Thermometer registers sixteen below zero, but phoebe is forcibly telling his name.

February 10th—Early morning; thermometer at ten below; phoebe telling that he is there.

February 19th—Miss C. B. Thompson, of L. H. Nature League, Asbury Park, N. J., reports a song sparrow, a white-throated sparrow, and a flock of red-polls and goldfinches seen during the recent cold days.

Summit, New Jersey.

GEORGIANNA KLINGLE HOLMES.

EGRETS AT HURON, OHIO.

On July 5, 1911, at 6:30 a. m., I was called to the telephone and informed that there was a white crane at the mouth of Old Woman Creek, three miles east of Huron, where the creek empties into Lake Erie. I caught the car and arrived there at 7 a. m., finding the bird standing at the edge of the marsh, knee deep in the water. It would walk around, at times darting its head beneath the surface as if feeding. From the pure light straw-yellow bill and black legs, I decided that it was an egret (*Herodias egretta*). It