

grounds, something we had never before heard in Oklahoma. The singing was continued for nearly a month. On the 27th we noticed two birds about the woodpile. Soon it was evident that the little house was the attraction; early in May the Wrens were seen examining it, popping in and out, twittering and singing. On May 11 I felt twigs inside; the next day Jennie was observed building assiduously while Jackie sang. May 16 was the last date on which we heard the song and May 21 was the last time we saw Jennie. Upon opening the box a few days later we found eight fresh eggs; these were finally collected when it was evident that the parents had disappeared. Could the birds have deserted their nest and migrated after all at the regular time? Or perhaps they fell victims to the neighbors' cat.

MARGARET M. NICE.
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THE CEDAR WAXWING IN TENNESSEE IN SUMMER

As a spring migrant the Cedar Waxwing occasionally lingers into the first week of June at Nashville. However, prior to the present (1924) season I had but one record later than June 7. This was the occurrence of two birds on June 16, 1922.

In 1924, on June 14, a flock of eight flew over my home. No more were seen until the 27th, when two birds appeared. These birds were also seen on June 30 and daily from July 8 to 11 inclusive. On the 13th, 15th and 17th lone birds were seen.

All these occurrences were in the immediate neighborhood of my home, situated in a suburb but thinly settled. It was thought worthwhile to keep a sharp lookout for any evidence of nesting, even though the locality is so far outside the normal range of the species. None was found and the birds themselves did not again appear, though daily watch was kept.

In behavior these stragglers were quite restless and although they remained for days in a restricted area yet they kept continually on the move throughout the day, passing from tree to tree in a manner that reminded one somewhat of migrating warblers. This is the way "singles" of this species act when seen in winter and it has always seemed to me that they were searching for a flock of their kindred.

HARRY C. MONK.

Nashville, Tenn., August 28, 1924.

THE BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER IN TENNESSEE IN WINTER

On December 3, 1923, while passing through Centennial Park near the boathouse, my attention was attracted by what I thought was the call note of the Brown Creeper. Failing to see the bird I turned to look it up and was considerably surprised to find a Black and White Warbler. The bird was busily gleaning the trunk and larger limbs of an elm tree and was so engrossed that I was able to approach to within six feet of it. It worked with all a warbler's energy and apparently found plenty to eat. The food was taken entirely from the bark (all trees were bare) and no visits were made to the "twiggy." The bird ap-