

Crested Flycatcher house this June and were delighted soon after to have a pair occupy it. I warned them to be on the lookout for wrens, but they said they thought there was no danger, as none were nesting in their yard or neighboring yards. They watched with the thrill of a new discovery, the building of the flycatcher's home, and the bringing and carrying in of the snake-skin, which just precedes the laying of the eggs. All was a novel sight to the boys, and the chatter and call of the male bird, "*What-what-what*," ending in notes humanly near to laughter, they enjoyed immensely. I did not see the boys for two or three weeks, then as I met them, I inquired about the flycatchers. "Oh," said one dejectedly, "a wren came along and tossed the eggs out. I was right there, and saw him do it and the flycatchers have gone." His eyes flashed: "And you bet there'll never be a wren around again if I can help it. I'm pretty good aim, and I shot this one. And I know now what broke the eggs and tore up the nest twice, when some Bewick's Wrens built in one of the martin houses—it was just a wren. We laid it to the English Sparrows, but wrens are worse than sparrows—the're just bullies, but wrens are murderers."

If the balance in Nature had not been destroyed, and valuable birds had not so alarmingly decreased, they might still hold their own against their enemies, but as matters are now, it is nothing less than cruelty to encourage and protect the House Wren.—ELIZA DANA WEIGLE, *Lafayette, Ind.*

**Some Observations Made in Florida and Enroute to Iowa.**—While in Florida in the spring and early summer of 1926, opportunity was afforded for only one long bird trip and a few short ones, but in spite of that we saw more American Egrets than we did in the same locality three years before. We also saw two Snowy Herons in flight one day, and the first pair of wild Wood Ducks of our experience. The most interesting sight, though, was a flock of about 200 White Ibis. A neighbor said that he believed that there were about 400 in the flock when he saw it.

While driving from Florida to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, later in the same summer I started to keep a record of the birds that I saw lying dead on the road, but the coat in the pocket of which I carried my note book was lost out of the car, so that nearly all my Florida records were lost, along with some other data. I recall, however, that dead birds were rare along the highway until we reached Illinois, when they became appallingly frequent, Red-headed Woodpeckers predominating and Flickers second in numbers. A Barred Owl, a Green Heron, and an American Bittern are three that I remember from Florida; there were perhaps as many more.

Another thing which interested me on the trip from Florida to Iowa was the fact that at every camping place that we saw or heard birds at all, the Tufted Titmouse was always one of the number and usually the most noisy one.—BERYL T. MOUNTS, *Macon, Ga.*

**The Re-use of Nesting Material by the Migrant Shrike.**—In looking over some back numbers of the WILSON BULLETIN I noticed an article in the March, 1926, number by John B. Lewis telling of the re-use of nesting material by the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher and by the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, and this brought to mind a record of a somewhat similar nature that I made early in 1923.

Almost every day of the week of May 10-17, 1923, I had been finding the head and sometimes part of the body of one or more Song or Chipping Sparrows