

birds for their own characteristics, we may learn the individual qualities belonging to them alone, and by which we may know them—their own “trade marks”. —MRS. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*

An Unusual Banding Experience.—The evening of December 24, 1934, was one of sleet, rain, and snow alternating. It was not very cold but was unusually disagreeable; consequently, wild life, as well as man, sought shelter early in the afternoon to avoid the battling elements. One section of my artificial shade, built for the purpose of protecting various native and medicinal plants, the shade proper being composed of brush and cornstalks, passes very close to my east study window. Ears of corn are often left attached to some of the stalks when placed on the frame-work and brush in the fall, and this furnishes considerable food each winter for five or six pairs of Eastern Cardinals (*Richmondena cardinalis cardinalis*) that are resident on the premises at all times. They appreciate this huge post-supported pile of “debris”, and, together with great numbers of Slate-colored Juncos (*Junco hyemalis*), utilize it as a roosting place throughout the winter months. This evening, however, the birds must have found their shelter insufficiently water-proof, for shortly after supper, as I sat reading at my desk, I was attracted by a bird fluttering against the window beside me. I opened it and a Slate-colored Junco fluttered in. I experienced little difficulty in capturing it, but, when preparing to band it, another sought admittance. This was granted and the two were banded. Shortly thereafter two more were taken in this manner, and both at about the same time, though one entered by the same route as the first two while the other was admitted through a window in an adjoining lighted room. Later in the evening another junco, the last, was taken in this room. Four of the five juncos were males.

After the last junco was taken I decided to try a little experiment. I placed lamps close to the opened windows and sent my brother-in-law, armed with an old broom, to disturb the birds’ slumbers, hoping thereby to entice more of them inside. However, we had not the success that chance could boast, for the rudely awakened juncos shot bewilderingly out of the brush, fluttered upward and away. But one bird, a female Cardinal, the only Cardinal seen, though others were heard, was captured. The birds were banded, caged for the night and released the next morning. Hereafter I shall be tempted to light all rooms and open all windows on stormy nights.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Route 6, Greensburg, Ind.*

Behavior of a Pet Robin.—One cold, wet morning in June we found an unhappy young Robin. He was taken into the house, warmed, and then fed upon earthworms, hard-boiled yolk of eggs, flies, and chopped raisins. He thrived very well on that diet, and soon grew to full size. In a short time he became very tame, and would allow us to pick him up, answer our calls, and alight on our hands—and also on our heads, which we did not enjoy so well. He became especially fond of the master of the house, and would fly to meet him when he came in. When the master sat down to read, the bird would often sit on the back of his chair and talk to him in a low tone, or play with his hair and glasses, or, sometimes, go to sleep. He learned other ways of playing. When the young lady would flirt a handkerchief at him he would snap at it. If she threw the handkerchief over his head, he would back out, then run toward her and snap his bill. When he became tired he would fly up and alight on her head.

In the mornings he often would fly upstairs and sing until someone opened a bedroom door. Then he would enter and amuse himself in various ways. Some-

times he would look at himself in the mirror. Again he would pull the pins out of the pin-cushion or throw the cuff buttons and collar buttons to the floor. At times he would play with a ball of string, much like a kitten.

After the Robin had been with us for about six weeks we found another orphan bird, apparently a kind of vireo. We were not having much success in feeding this young bird, when the Robin flew up with a fly in his beak. We lifted the vireo close to him, and he deftly inserted the fly into the vireo's throat. From that time on the job of feeding the young bird belonged to the Robin. When the vireo cried, as he did most of the time, the Robin would fly into the plant room and dig up a worm, pick it to pieces, and feed it to the nestling. This continued for three days, when the younger bird died.

But on that same day the Robin heard the call of the wild, flew out of the basement window, over the garden wall, and out of sight. Twice he returned to the garden, but seemed very shy. Once in a while he came to the porch to receive raisins, which I even put in his mouth, but he soon disappeared and did not return. If he returns in the spring we will recognize him, for we had an aluminum band placed on his leg before he departed.—MRS. ANGELA HARTE FAVELL, *Superior, Wis.*

A Clever Bird or Two.—One day I looked out of my window and saw a Red-breasted Nuthatch at my suet cafeteria, busily engaged in eating his lunch. But his meal was arrested by the swift flight of a Hairy Woodpecker, which suddenly appeared at the table, giving a sharp note as he descended upon the feast. The startled nuthatch disappeared quickly from the scene, but almost at once reappeared on the ground under the suet and looked up and waited expectantly for the crumbs which were starting to fall from the aforesaid woodpecker's table. As they fell, the clever little bird ate his fill of the crumbs which were already prepared for him in small bites. The woodpecker did not seem to notice that he was also feeding the nuthatch below, but ate till satisfied, as did the nuthatch on the ground below. Then each bird went his way.

At another time I saw a Downy Woodpecker feasting at the feeding table, paying no heed to a half-dozen English Sparrows on the ground under the suet, also getting their fill of suet crumbs as he let them fall. Another day I watched a Downy Woodpecker working at the suet on the tree, eating what he wanted and then filling every crack and crevice in the bark with food for future use. When he had finished, away he went, probably intending to return and feast again when hungry. But no sooner had he gone than an intruder appeared in the form of a nuthatch with similar intentions. The intruder crept over the tree, seeking out and collecting the hidden suet from the cracks and crevices of the bark as fast as he could work. Birds are very clever at such tricks, which Nature has taught them.—MRS. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*