

sufficient differences to make advisable their separation as a subspecies.—
ORA W. KNIGHT, *Bangor, Me.*

A Provident Nuthatch—Visiting Central Park on the morning of November 28, 1898, after a snowfall of $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, I carried a quantity of bread for the birds, and nuts for the squirrels. The squirrels did not appear until nearly noon, but the birds were quite ready for breakfast at 9.30 A. M. While crumbling bread for the White-throated Sparrows, who were exceedingly hungry and gave loud calls of delight, summoning their friends to the spot, a fine Fox Sparrow came and ate greedily.

In a few moments a White-breasted Nuthatch came and hopped about on a tree trunk, calling, *youh, youh, youh*, rapidly, as if greatly pleased, then he flew to the snow, seized as large a piece of bread as he could carry, and flew high up in a tree some distance away. I expected to see him eat it, although in all my experience with birds in bad weather I had never seen a Nuthatch eat bread, though they often eat bits of nuts thrown to them, and are very tame. This wise fellow hunted till he found a suitable cranny, then poked in his bread, and hammered it down several times with his bill. When he got it well stored, he went back to the tree near me, calling *youh, youh*, as if to say, "more please." Then I threw him a piece of pecan nut in the shell, and he took it at once, flew to another tree and looked till he found a hole, hammered it down as he did the bread, and returned for more. After the operation had been repeated many times, I was forced to walk and warm my feet, for the birds were so fascinating I had stood an hour in the snow.

Returning to the spot sometime afterward, the White-throats were singing, and the Fox Sparrow was tuning up too. As they were still feeding, I crumbled more bread, and soon the Nuthatch reappeared, and at intervals carried off pieces of nuts, storing each in a separate tree.

When my bread and pecans were distributed, I walked away and found some squirrels and gave them chestnuts. Mr. Nuthatch appeared again, and came low down on a vine, hanging his head off sideways, and calling loudly to attract attention. I threw him half a chestnut which he took immediately, and after a long search found a safe place in a cherry tree. He went off awhile, but later returned and took a whole chestnut and went so far I lost sight of him. I walked away and returned in a half-hour to the place. The Nuthatch came again and called, and took chestnuts several times and hid them.

Since writing the above the Nuthatch appeared on three consecutive days, and took bread and nuts many times and hid them. Unfortunately a friend and I saw a squirrel find his cache, and rob him twice.

Can any reader tell me if it is possible for Nuthatches to store their treasures where squirrels cannot get at them?—F. HUBERTA FOOTE,
New York City.