

Piapot, Sask., is 68 miles north of the U. S. boundary, and 40 miles east of the Alberta boundary. It is less than five miles south of Crane Lake. Rutland, Sask., is 174 miles farther north, and is twenty miles from the Alberta boundary.

It would be interesting, if the information is available, to know whether they have yet appeared in Montana.—JOHN SMITH DEXTER, *Saskatoon, Sask.*

**Early Nesting of the Mourning Dove.**—In the spring of 1921, Mourning Doves (*Zenaidura macroura carolinensis*) returned from the south unusually early. I saw one bird at Fairfield, Conn., on February 5. This may have been a wintering bird, but by March 12 several birds were seen or heard cooing, and the species seemed to be fully as abundant as in summer. On the first day of April, while crossing a dense grove of tall red cedars I saw a bird fly from a stick nest about ten feet up in a cedar. On climbing to the nest I found the usual two eggs, apparently quite fresh.

I visited this nest a number of times, and up to April 10 everything was all right, but on April 20, my next visit after that date, the nest was empty. The earliest previous date for nesting of this species in Connecticut is April 29, 1894 ('Birds of Connecticut,' p. 73) and dates of earliest nesting from other localities indicate that this nest was earlier than is normal with the species.—ARETAS A. SAUNDERS, *Fairfield, Conn.*

**On the Nesting of *Ectopistes migratorius***—The following letter from Mr. Charles Douglas, the veteran ornithologist of Waukegan, Illinois, is interesting from the fact that his observations can be absolutely relied on: "I was glad to learn today that you had taken up the nesting of the Passenger Pigeon, the number of eggs they laid, etc. From articles I have read from time to time, that Wild Pigeons laid two eggs or one egg is a question that puzzled me. In my time I have found and examined twelve to fifteen Wild Pigeons' nests on most of which the old bird was sitting, but never found in any of them more than one egg, and it always seemed strange to me that so many nests could be found without more than one, if they ever lay more.

"You know the nests in this locality were few and only one pair of birds to each nest. It may be possible that in big pigeon roosts, more than one bird laid in the same nest, where they were crowded, as was the case in northern Michigan. All the nests I found were in the same place each year, and in groups of three or four, not many rods apart, in the big pines near the Lake at Beach (a mile North of Waukegan), and in a small hard-wood grove about a mile west.

"In the spring the birds fed on the wild raspberries, and in the summer came into the garden and ate the cherries. At this time of the year we did not disturb them. All is changed now; a week ago, when I sat by a fire on one of the old decaying pine logs, one of the few left of the old

nesting places, my thoughts wandered back over the dear old times and companions of years ago. I often go to the favorite old places to live it all over again."—HENRY K. COALE, *Highland Park, Ill.*

**Notes on *Ectopistes migratorius*.**—Along in the sixties and early seventies, when millions of Passenger Pigeons made their yearly pilgrimage to their northern Michigan and Wisconsin breeding grounds, a man by the name of Tom Stagg made a business of supplying live Pigeons for trap shooting matches. He owned forty acres, a house and large barn at the north-west limits of Chicago (now Fullerton and Diversy Avenues).

The outside sheeting of the barn was removed and the sides latticed with laths, making the building one huge cage. With an assistant, Byron E. Clarke, who is still living at Hinsdale (a suburb of Chicago), he made regular trips to the Pigeon roosts near Muskegan, Michigan, and Portage, Wisconsin, to get live birds for the shooting matches.

The Pigeons were in such great flocks that they covered all the branches of the pine trees, and by going among them at night, they could be taken by hand from the lower branches by hundreds. They were dropped into bags, and transferred into crates and shipped. At times Mr. Stagg had as many as 5000 or more in his big cage. He provided watering troughs and feed before re-shipping to his customers, the average price being \$1.25 a dozen.

When the Pigeons were put into this huge cage they were so thirsty, that many drank themselves to death, or were killed in the mad scramble for water. In 1876 R. A. Turtle (now a taxidermist in Chicago) took 3500 Passenger Pigeons in crates to the annual live pigeon shoot in New York, which was run by Greene Smith, who was known to many of the older A. O. U. members, when he accumulated a large collection of birds at his home in Peterboro, N. Y. When this shipment reached its destination, most of the birds had worn the skin and feathers off the top of their heads from contact with the crates.

There was also the Abe Kleimann trap grounds near Chicago, where thousands of the Pigeons were shot. The writer, George Clingman and Joseph Hancock (still living) picked up dozens of wounded birds, which fell outside the fence. Mr. Clingman recently gave his fine collection of mounted birds to the Bryn Mawr High School of Chicago.—HENRY K. COALE, *Highland Park, Ill.*

**Economic Status of *Coragyps urubu* in British Guiana.**—When I was in Georgetown, during the winter of 1920–21, the Black Vulture was one of the commonest birds about the city. It was an everyday experience to see them sitting in rows on the roofs of houses, while the public abattoir, within the harbor, rarely had less than 30 or 40 about the buildings, apparently on the lookout for slaughter-house offal. Now one gets only a distant glimpse of occasional individuals flying high in air; at least nine-tenths of these municipal scavengers have disappeared, and I have not yet noticed a single bird roosting on a ridgepole.