

YOUNG CROW EDIBLE.

On the 22nd of April, in company with Russell Gray, I spent almost the entire day looking up the nests of my old friends, the Crows. One of the interesting finds of the trip was that of two young about two days old in a nest in the crotch of a leaning chestnut tree. The old birds preferring to keep their affairs secret, made no outcry; influenced doubtless by the noisy work of a near-by wood-chopper. As the nest must have been constructed as early as the last of March, it was thickly lined with cow hair. Now a strange tale had been but recently related to me from first hands, in which it is made to appear that the young are edible, and what is more, a dainty. Men and boys—as it runs—used to visit Reedy Island, at the head of Delaware Bay, where hundreds of Crows nested on the broken reeds, at the proper season for the purpose of securing the callow young, which brought good prices at the various markets and restaurants of Philadelphia, under the *non-de-plume* of "squabs." The above was strengthened by a remark made by an old lumberman and guide, formerly of Pike county, who said that the young of the Crow were much sought after in season by the lumbermen, by whom they are regarded as superior to young pigeons. Accordingly I secured this pair of young when they were about sixteen days old. The primaries, secondaries and tail feathers were just beginning to develop, the feathery tips just breaking out at the ends of the blue quills. Even when dressed, the long wings and very dark skin required some explanation before going into the frying pan. Nevertheless they finally reached the table under that all embracing term of "birds," and I literally "ate crow" for my breakfast. Subsequently one of the family remarked that the *pigeon* was rather tough, but the quality of the flesh was not impeached. In fact, it was superior to many birds I have eaten, and indeed, scarcely inferior to and tasting not unlike squab.

FRANK L. BURNS, *Berwyn, Penn.*

A MAY HORIZON.

The tenth day of May of this year (1897) was one to be remembered by local ornithologists for its wealth of transient bird life. The previous

day had been a sultry one and it had rained all night long, clearing again in the morning. The warm weather had stirred the southern loiterers mightily, and in a forenoon tramp Mr. Jones and I had our hands full checking off the newcomers.

On our walk we picked up the town birds as we passed, and gleaned across field some, but worked principally in the woodlands a mile or so out of town. One piece of woods in particular had a southern fringe of bush and swamp, and was for the most part second growth, uncleared. The trees here were of such a height as to accommodate Warbler habits to the limitations of human eyesight. It was preeminently Warbler Day! All the laggard host had come. At one time within the space of a minute I had four new arrivals, Warblers, under my glass. One does not see eighteen species of the Mniotiltidæ every day in the year, nor indeed every year in a life-time.

We count ourselves fairly fortunate here in northern Ohio as to variety of bird life, but I'll confess that to record a species every four minutes for five hours straight seemed rather a heady pace. Doubtless other W. O. C. brethren have been even more fortunate. The following list of seventy-six species, the *horizon* of that day, is given to afford some suggestion of the interest which may lie along the lines marked out for the Committee on Geographical Distribution in BULLETIN No. 14.

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| 1. Solitary Sandpiper. | 20. Phoebe. |
| 2. Spotted Sandpiper. | 21. Wood Pewee. |
| 3. Killdeer. | 22. Least Flycatcher. |
| 4. Bob-white. | 23. Prairie Horned Lark. |
| 5. Mourning Dove. | 24. Blue Jay. |
| 6. Red-shouldered Hawk. | 25. American Crow. |
| 7. Broad-winged Hawk. | 26. Bobolink. |
| 8. Sparrow Hawk. | 27. Cowbird. |
| 9. Yellow-billed Cuckoo. | 28. Red-winged Blackbird. |
| 10. Black-billed Cuckoo. | 29. Meadow Lark. |
| 11. Hairy Woodpecker. | 30. Baltimore Oriole. |
| 12. Downy Woodpecker. | 31. Bronzed Grackle. |
| 13. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker. | 32. American Goldfinch. |
| 14. Red-headed Woodpecker. | 33. Vesper Sparrow. |
| 15. Red-bellied Woodpecker. | 34. Grasshopper Sparrow. |
| 16. Flicker. | 35. White-crowned Sparrow. |
| 17. Chimney Swift. | 36. White-throated Sparrow. |
| 18. Kingbird. | 37. Chipping Sparrow. |
| 19. Crested Flycatcher. | 38. Field Sparrow. |

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| 39. Song Sparrow. | 58. Blackburnian Warbler. |
| 40. Towhee. | 59. Black-throated Green Warbler. |
| 41. Rose-breasted Grosbeak. | 60. Palm Warbler. |
| 42. Indigo Bunting. | 61. Oven-bird. |
| 43. Scarlet Tanager. | 62. Water Thrush. |
| 44. Purple Martin. | 63. Mourning Warbler. |
| 45. Barn Swallow. | 64. Maryland Yellow-throat. |
| 46. Cedar Waxwing. | 65. Yellow-breasted Chat. |
| 47. Loggerhead Shrike. | 66. Canadian Warbler. |
| 48. Red-eyed Vireo. | 67. American Redstart. |
| 49. Warbling Vireo. | 68. Catbird. |
| 50. Blue-winged Warbler. | 69. House Wren. |
| 51. Yellow Warbler. | 70. White-breasted Nuthatch. |
| 52. Black-throated Blue Warbler. | 71. Tufted Titmouse. |
| 53. Myrtle Warbler. | 72. Blue-gray Gnatcatcher. |
| 54. Cerulean Warbler. | 73. Wood Thrush. |
| 55. Chestnut-sided Warbler. | 74. Olive-backed Thrush. |
| 56. Bay-breasted Warbler. | 75. Robin. |
| 57. Black-poll Warbler. | 76. Bluebird. |

W. L. DAWSON, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

GENERAL NOTES.

NEST OF MOURNING DOVE, *Zenaidura macroura*, CONTAINING THREE EGGS.—An instance similar to that noted by Mr. A. S. Pearse in the last number of the BULLETIN, came under my observation last spring. On May 11, I flushed a Mourning Dove from her nest in the crotch of an apple tree in an orchard. Stepping under the tree, where I could see into the nest, I was surprised to find that it contained three eggs. Preparing to capture a "freak" set I produced my note book, but just then I heard a familiar "pip-pip" which told of finishing incubation. Two of the eggs were pipped, a young dove's beak protruding through the opening in the side of one of the eggs. The third was perfectly fresh, and to all appearances fertile. Two weeks later I was in the orchard and observed the two young Doves huddled close together on a branch of a neighboring tree.

J. WARREN JACOBS, *Waynesburg, Pa.*

SPARROW NOTES.—During the months of May and June, I took 123