

NOTES.

THE ROBIN'S RETURN—Much has been said of late concerning the intelligence of birds. It is evident that birds are more or less intelligent. Whether they act entirely by instinct or whether they have some mental faculties developed to a more or less degree we cannot say with certainty, but some of their actions show an amount of intelligence.

In the spring of 1903 a young lady, living in a suburb of Philadelphia, Pa., found a young Robin which had evidently fallen from a nest and was starving to death. She took it into the house and fed it and as it grew she became very much attached to it and it became very tame. After it was full grown it was allowed entire freedom. Every day it would go out and forage for itself but would always return at night to the house. A window was left open a few inches for it and every evening it would come into the house to roost, leaving again early in the morning.

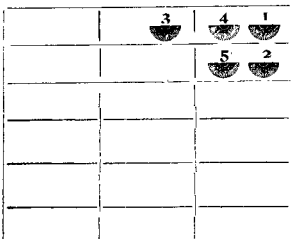
In the late fall when the Robins were migrating it too disappeared, presumably following its kin to their winter residence.

This spring (1904) the lady was attracted by a Robin chirping noisily in a tree near the house. She hardly thought it possible that her Robin had returned but she went into the yard and spoke to the bird in the tree. The bird at first seemed a little shy but would let her approach quite close to it. At last it seemed to get more confidence and finally flew to her outstretched hand and alighted upon it.

This summer it has again been roosting within the house every night and spending the day abroad.

This not only proves that the bird returned to its haunts of the preceding summer but it proves also that it was able to recognize a human face. It apparently knew its friend when it saw her after an absence of several months.—Chreswell J. Hunt.

TRANSPLANTING A ROBIN.—Happening to be in the foundry flask yard July 4, 1904, I noticed a large cope leaning against a pile of flasks, the baffle boards of which made a series of shelves upon which were several robin's nests; the arrangement being as in the subjoined sketch. Nests Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were complete; Nos.

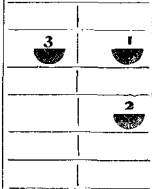


4 and 5 being merely foundations. Nos. 1 and 2 contained one egg each partly incubated I supposed. Visiting the nests July 6, two eggs were found in nest No. 1. I called the attention of the yard foreman to the nests and asked him if he would try to protect them from harm. He exclaimed, "Well, that is hard luck,

for we need that cope today." After talking it over a little, we

concluded to take another cope as nearly like the first as could be had, putting it in the same position as the first and moving the nests to the same relative positions and await results.

This plan was carried out excepting the arrangement of the nests; for on July 7, when I again visited the nests, they were placed as shown below—the foundations Nos. 4 and 5 not having been moved.



However, when I approached, Mrs. Robin was seen sitting on nest No. 1. On July 8, she was on nest No. 2, but on the 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 16th she was on No. 1. On July 20 two young birds were found and the nest was deserted on the 29th. Nest No. 3 was completed but did not seem to have been used.

Mrs. Robin will no doubt remember her hard trials but eventual triumph over difficulties, a long time and steer clear of the flask yard; but I felt abundantly repaid for the experiment. Another time I should put all the eggs in one nest.—FRANK BRUEN, Bristol, Conn., December, 1904.

MOVING A WREN'S HOME.—For the past two seasons a pair of House Wrens have built their nest in a crevice formed at the joint where brace and post meet on the veranda of the Bristol Golf Club Tea House. From May 11 to 27, this year (1904) the building was dismantled and moved to a new site about three-fourths of a mile distant. When the veranda was taken down the wren's nest came out and fell to the ground. The men employed noticed the birds at that time but do not remember whether they were about afterwards or not.

July 18, a pair of Wrens, presumably the same, were still using the crevice at the new location.

My chain of evidence I know is weak in the above, and I write this more to draw out the experience of other members of the club than for its scientific value.—FRANK BRUEN, Bristol, Conn., December, 1904.

BIRD BUILDERS AT FAULT.—Apropos to Mr. Bruen's "Transplanting a Robin." John Burroughs in *Bird Lore*, page 85, 1901, under the title of "A Bewildered Phoebe," gives an instance of a builder at fault. The bird confronted by new conditions, blunders, but through its great industry is not altogether baffled by the multiplicity of building sites. I have frequently observed the same trouble when the Robin or Pewee selected a place midway on a beam or plate partitioned by rafters into short stretches exactly alike, particularly where there was no resting perch in full view of the nesting site. Naturally, when a corner of the building is chosen in the beginning, there is no difficulty, for it may be easily distinguished. Less commonly the Bluebird, House Wren and Purple Martin err when building in a many-roomed box, also doubtless