

arated places, worthy of mention. Mr. George L. Fordyce found it on April 30 and May 1 about seven miles south of Youngstown. This is the first record for that locality. I found a single bird in a field about a mile northwest of Amherst on April 22, and at least half a dozen singing males in a field at what is known as Rye Beach, some three miles west of Huron and a half mile from Lake Erie, on April 29, and on each visit to that locality during the entire spring and breeding season. No nests were found in this field, but there could scarcely be any doubt about the fact of breeding. It is to be regretted that the region of Oberlin, where the birds were found on two former occasions, could not be carefully worked during their breeding season. This bird is both local and erratic in its breeding distribution, and should be watched for in meadows and low fields.

LYNDS JONES, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

FIELD NOTES FROM BERWYN, PENN.—The cold, wet and late spring of 1907 not only played havoc with our migration averages, but not unnaturally affected the periods of song and nesting. I noticed a male American Redstart as late as June 9th, fly down to our stable steps and from there to the water trough, and after a moment flash past me to the spruce hedge. This species, so far as I know, has never nested in the county, yet it was seen and heard up to the 17th of June, a pretty late date for a non-breeder, when it is taken into consideration that we look for its reappearance on its autumnal migration soon after the last of July.

I must mention a most curious incident occurring at the residence of Mr. John A. Brown, near Devon. On the north side of the house, facing a grove quite close to the rear, a large plate glass window reflects the woods so perfectly that a person would think he was looking into its cool depth, especially during those dull, cheerless days. This illusion frequently deceived the birds. Mr. McCarthy, who brought me for identification a Kentucky Warbler killed by flying against this glass, informed me that they picked up dead birds almost every day under the window, especially Oven-birds; also Cat-birds, Magnolia, and other migrating Warblers.

On the 6th day of July, while I was taking snapshots from a window at the wary House Sparrows visiting one of my bird boxes, I unintentionally killed a Robin in its flight to feed a brood of young located in this sparrow-infested box, twenty-five feet in the air. The upper portion of one side of an apartment had become detached, and, much to my surprise, utilized by this bird. I am glad to say that the mate proved faithful and brought up the young, which were a second brood. On August 5th a brood of young Flickers left the locust tree, and on the 9th the last brood of Swifts left the chimney

and the second family of House Wrens were able to fly from their home box.

The song period extended in many instances well into midsummer and even later, and the end of the first and beginning of the second period was not clearly defined. Up to and including July 2nd, the Vesper, Grasshopper, Chipping, Field, and Song Sparrows, Chewink, Indigo Bunting, Scarlet Tanager, Red-eyed and Warbling Vireos, Maryland Yellow-throat, Catbird, Wood Thrush, and Robin were in song during the middle of the day, as well as early morning and evening. The Worm-eating and Kentucky Warblers did not cease singing until after July 10th, and the Chat until three days later. The Robin was heard at 3 a. m. on the 16th and did not become entirely silent until after the 29th. August 2nd marked the last song of the Black and White Warbler, and the 5th of the Chipping Sparrow, Indigo Bunting, Scarlet Tanager, and Maryland Yellow-throat. On the 8th the Chewink sang its last, and I noted the Kentucky Warbler still chipping in the undergrowth. The Baltimore Oriole retired for the season as a musician August 22nd; Field Sparrow, 25th; Blue-winged Warbler, 26th; the Mourning Dove, Yellow-billed Cuckoo, Flicker, Red-eyed Vireo and Oven-bird on the 27th; Orchard Oriole, 28th; American Redstart, September 5th, and finally the Warbling Vireo on the 14th of September.

FRANK L. BURNS.

*Berwyn, Penn.*

A SCREECH OWL THAT PLAYED SANTA CLAUS.—One afternoon last February, on opening the door of my cabin in the woods near Pensauken, N. J., I was not a little surprised to find a Screech Owl within. The bird had entered the stove pipe and came down twelve feet of pipe and around two elbows and gotten into the stove, where its flapping about had displaced one of the stove lids, and hence it had flown into the room. When I attempted to catch it the bird snapped its bill fiercely and showed signs of fight, but when finally caught it gave up completely and appeared to feign death, that is, it allowed itself to lie in my hands limp and apparently lifeless. I placed it upon the table, where it lay upon its side without movement. I tried to get it to sit upon my finger, but it would allow itself to fall, and only when it found that it was actually falling would it attempt to cling to the finger and regain its balance. I tossed it into the air, thinking it would take wing, but it allowed itself to fall to the floor, after which it flew across the room and alighted on a shelf. The bird was of the rufus plumage and entirely unhurt, and this passive manner of allowing itself to be handled was new to me. Toward evening it became very restless and flew about the room, and as I would approach it would utter a single note—a sound entirely unknown to me in a Screech Owl—more like the squawk of a