

CORRECTIONS.

Anas rubripes tristis—Black Duck. Since publishing the first list I have spent considerably more time on the Great Piece Meadows and my observations have proven conclusively that this species was and is far more common than was formerly suspected. Nests were found during the spring of 1911, 1912 and 1913, and during the fall migrations of these years myriads of these birds were to be flushed wherever you pushed your boat. Not near as common during the vernal migrations as during the autumnal.

Ammodramus savannarum australis—Grasshopper Sparrow. Observations since 1910 have proven my former remarks quite inadequate and at the present time may be considered a common summer resident, nesting in numerous places about the county.

Sturnus vulgaris—Starling. Have increased wonderfully in the last three or four years and are now as abundant as the *Passer domesticus* and nearly as much of a nuisance. By far the worst opponent of our domestic species. Have driven the Bluebird, House Wren and Flicker away from my home grounds and have established themselves in every available nook and cranny.

Anthus rubescens—Pipit. My statements regarding this species in the former list are without doubt wholly wrong and observations since 1910 have proven this species a common transient migrant always more abundant during the vernal than during the autumnal migrations.

Baeolophus bicolor—Observations since the former list have proven this species to be a common winter resident in the northern parts of the county in the neighborhood of the Passaic River and Great Piece Meadows.

January 1, 1914.

A CAMP-FIRE GIRL'S TAME RED-BREASTED NUTHATCH.

BY HARRIET KINSLEY.

The winter of 1912 was very cold and we had many birds visiting our feeding table, including chickadees, downy, hairy and red-bellied woodpeckers, juncos, a pair of cardinals, blue jays and the white-breasted nuthatches.

One day my mother noticed another bird on the trunk of a tree in the yard. She had never seen one like it before.

A few days later she saw it again and pointed it out to me.

I noticed its colors, a bluish slate-colored back with black stripes running back above each eye and the breast tinged with rufous.

I looked this up in my bird book and found it to be a red-



Harriet Kinsley.

breasted nuthatch. He seemed to be alone, as we never saw any other with him.

Being a very cold winter we felt sorry for the little fellow. He seemed very tame, as we could get much closer to him than any of the other birds. His favorite food was nut meats, and fortunately we had gathered a quantity of nuts that fall. He even had a choice in the meats as he preferred butternuts.

One day he took a walnut by mistake, but dropped it before he had gone very far, and scolded us for tricking him.

He took it for granted that he was the sole owner of the feeding table and it took a great deal of his time trying to keep the other birds away. One day my mother thought she would put a nut meat on her hand and see how near he would come to it. He wanted the nut very much, but was a little shy about coming down to get it; he scolded, cocking his head first on one side and then on the other. The temptation was too great; he would risk his life; he made a swoop, lighting on her hand, and away he went with the nut. The next day we all tried the same thing and found he would take them after a great deal of scolding. We fed him every day and he gradually grew less timid.

We called him "Hatchie," and when we had a nut for him and he was not in sight we would call, "Come, Hatchie," several times and most always he would come, knowing what was in store for him.

He also got the habit of lighting on the top of a screen door, which was open, and in this way he could look in through the kitchen window; here he would sit and wait until we would feed him.

Sometimes when he had plenty to eat he would hide the nuts under the bark of trees.

He finally got so tame that he would come to any of the windows and wait patiently for a nut. We had to keep little piles of nuts by several of the windows so we would not have to go so far. Several times he perched on the window sill when we were upstairs.

We grew to think a great deal of the little fellow and were afraid he would leave us when it got warmer, and this was true. As the weather grew warm in the spring and the other winter birds went north, he left us. We missed him the first day of April. At first we thought it was an April fool trick, but it was not. He had left us for good, as we have never seen him since.

McGregor, Iowa.