

On May 17 the northern group omitted Mt. Riga and began at the Pine Plains, spending part of the afternoon south of Poughkeepsie, while the southern group covered about the same territory as on May 10. The net result was one hundred and twenty-three species, the only new bird to add to the combined censuses being the Coot.—MAUNSELL S. CROSBY, *Rhinebeck, N. Y.*

The Bittern and the Snake.—As I sat under a tree on a bank above Crystal Lake, Nebraska, I was, perhaps, eight feet above the water, which came nearly to the foot of the bank, leaving shallow pools and a few rushes between the bank and the edge of the water. Soon after seating myself, I heard a cry of distress from some animal only a few feet away, but out of sight. I was puzzled at first to tell what it was, but in a minute identified it as the cry I had heard once before when I had watched a snake swallow a frog. As the snake would swallow the hind parts of the frog, the frog would struggle desperately to escape, and would utter this cry of distress.

No sooner had I identified the cry than I discovered an American Bittern coming toward me, and I knew that it, too, had heard the cry. It dropped down behind a small bush growing on the side of the bank, about ten feet from me, and in a minute reappeared, and with it a snake which had swallowed the hind parts of a frog. The bittern held the frog by the neck and well back in its bill, and then the battle began.

The snake, I judged, was a garter snake about two and a half feet long, and, as it had already made good headway with its meal, it apparently had no intention of releasing the frog if it could help it. The bittern braced itself on its feet and pulled, and the snake writhed and coiled and twisted but could not gain an inch. The bittern did not move its feet more than an inch or so in all the struggle, but as the snake coiled in front of it, or straightened or threw itself into a coil at the side of the bittern, the latter only turned its head and kept its hold, pulling by throwing its head back and keeping the snake well in front of it.

I cannot be sure of the length of time that this battle lasted, but think it must have been more than five minutes, when, at last, a jerk of the bittern's head backwards and upwards released the snake's hold upon the frog. Without any further attempt to seize the frog, the snake slid quietly down into the shallow water.

Then came the preparation of the meal. The frog was, I think, a fully grown one, or at least it was not a small one. As the bittern pulled the frog from the snake's mouth it still held it by the neck, never changing its hold at any time during the battle by even a fraction of an inch. Without releasing the frog, although it must have been pretty well strangled, the bittern "soused" it up and down in a shallow pool of water, doing this at least twenty times, and then stepped back to another pool somewhat hidden from my sight by low rushes. I could see the bittern was still dipping the frog up and down, and when it returned to the first pool, the frog's head and also the upper part of the body with the front legs, had disappeared down the throat of the bittern, but the rest did not go down easily so it began the "sousing" process again, only this time more vigorously than before. I could see that the frog was getting longer and slimmer in the process, and, when it had been stretched out much longer than it was at first, it was finally swallowed.

It seemed rather a large meal for so slender a throat, and the bittern seemed to think so too, for, stretching its neck and head out as far as possible it held

them at an angle of 45 degrees to the body. It then moved back into the rushes where, for a few minutes more, I could see the neck and head in the same position, and then it disappeared altogether. I think that this is one of the most thrilling experiences I have ever had in the study of birds, and wish I might have shared it with others.—MARY L. BAILEY, *Sioux City, Iowa.*

Further Notes on the Food of the Loggerhead Shrike.—Since writing the note on the Loggerhead Shrike (*Lanius ludovicianus ludovicianus*) in the WILSON BULLETIN for December, 1923, several further instances of their eating other birds have been brought to my attention.

On February 4, 1924, a member of the Ballard Normal School faculty found a Carolina Chickadee impaled on a thorn tree—presumably placed there by a Loggerhead Shrike. On March 10, 1924, a Mercer University student showed me a kinglet which he had found in the same thorn tree as the Carolina Chickadee of February 4. The young man had seen a Loggerhead Shrike eating something hanging from a thorn, had driven the bird away in order to learn what it was eating, then allowed the shrike to return to its meal for a time, when he had driven the bird away a second time and secured the kinglet, the head of which was missing.

One Ballard Normal School student reported seeing a Loggerhead Shrike eating an English Sparrow. These are the only instances of which I know personally of a Loggerhead Shrike eating another bird, within two years. In the late winter and early spring of 1924 food was unusually scarce, owing to a very severe freeze in January. It might be interesting to add that on March 3, 1924, a lizard was found impaled in a bush where a Loggerhead Shrike had been seen a short while before.

During the milder winter of 1924-25, with grasshoppers and other insect food available, I have no evidence of the Loggerhead Shrike eating small birds. Another fact which makes me doubt that this shrike often eats other birds is that the birds never exhibit any fear of a Loggerhead Shrike, though I have frequently seen them near together.—BERYL T. MOUNTS, *Ballard Normal School, Macon, Ga.*

Some Experiences with Yellow Warblers.—In 1921, a pair of Yellow Warblers built a nest in a spiraea bush in our yard and raised their young successfully. The nest was unfortunately placed, being unshaded during the heat of the day. The mother bird shaded the young ones with her body and outspread wings when the heat was extreme.

The next year (1922) a pair of Yellow Warblers built in the same bush, but this time the nest was so placed that it was shaded. We suppose these birds were the same ones that built there the year before and that they had profited by their former experience.

Before the eggs hatched, the nest was raided, probably by a Blue Jay that we had seen near the nest. The warblers hunted all about the yard for another site, and finally decided to build among some raspberry canes. They pulled much material from the old nest to use in this second one. The nest was fastened to two separate canes, and was not so carefully nor strongly made as the first one. In due time four eggs were laid and incubation began.

Each day I visited the nest many times to see if it was unmolested. Upon one of these visits, I found that the nest had become unfastened from one of the