

times he would look at himself in the mirror. Again he would pull the pins out of the pin-cushion or throw the cuff buttons and collar buttons to the floor. At times he would play with a ball of string, much like a kitten.

After the Robin had been with us for about six weeks we found another orphan bird, apparently a kind of vireo. We were not having much success in feeding this young bird, when the Robin flew up with a fly in his beak. We lifted the vireo close to him, and he deftly inserted the fly into the vireo's throat. From that time on the job of feeding the young bird belonged to the Robin. When the vireo cried, as he did most of the time, the Robin would fly into the plant room and dig up a worm, pick it to pieces, and feed it to the nestling. This continued for three days, when the younger bird died.

But on that same day the Robin heard the call of the wild, flew out of the basement window, over the garden wall, and out of sight. Twice he returned to the garden, but seemed very shy. Once in a while he came to the porch to receive raisins, which I even put in his mouth, but he soon disappeared and did not return. If he returns in the spring we will recognize him, for we had an aluminum band placed on his leg before he departed.—MRS. ANGELA HARTE FAVELL, *Superior, Wis.*

A Clever Bird or Two.—One day I looked out of my window and saw a Red-breasted Nuthatch at my suet cafeteria, busily engaged in eating his lunch. But his meal was arrested by the swift flight of a Hairy Woodpecker, which suddenly appeared at the table, giving a sharp note as he descended upon the feast. The startled nuthatch disappeared quickly from the scene, but almost at once reappeared on the ground under the suet and looked up and waited expectantly for the crumbs which were starting to fall from the aforesaid woodpecker's table. As they fell, the clever little bird ate his fill of the crumbs which were already prepared for him in small bites. The woodpecker did not seem to notice that he was also feeding the nuthatch below, but ate till satisfied, as did the nuthatch on the ground below. Then each bird went his way.

At another time I saw a Downy Woodpecker feasting at the feeding table, paying no heed to a half-dozen English Sparrows on the ground under the suet, also getting their fill of suet crumbs as he let them fall. Another day I watched a Downy Woodpecker working at the suet on the tree, eating what he wanted and then filling every crack and crevice in the bark with food for future use. When he had finished, away he went, probably intending to return and feast again when hungry. But no sooner had he gone than an intruder appeared in the form of a nuthatch with similar intentions. The intruder crept over the tree, seeking out and collecting the hidden suet from the cracks and crevices of the bark as fast as he could work. Birds are very clever at such tricks, which Nature has taught them.—MRS. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*