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American Ornithology

For the Home and School.

EDITED BY CHESTER A. REED, B. S.

Vol. 5

WORCESTER, MASS.
CHAS. K. REED, PUBLISHER
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CHAS. K. REED, WORCESTER, MASS.

American Ornithology.

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VOL. V

JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 1

We start the new year and our fifth volume with the best wishes for all our readers and our friends the birds, and trust that we may become more intimately acquainted with our feathered friends during the coming twelve months. By the addition of more help in our other lines of work, the editor's duties will be lessened so that he can devote more time to the magazine work and correspondence. We will be more than pleased to have all our readers lend their assistance by reporting and unusual occurrences or observations concerning bird life and by contributing articles. It will be greatly appreciated by the editor and other subscribers.

We are preparing a series of colored drawing of birds to be reproduced by the three-color process. These will be given in every other issue. We hope to have them ready for the next number if not the first will be shown in March.

We shall have another photo competition this year, the particulars of which will be given in March. Very good pictures can now be made of winter birds by baiting with crumbs, suet, etc. Bear in mind that we consider a good photograph of a common bird to be more acceptable than a poor one of a rare bird or one difficult to photograph.



677 Kentucky Warbler.

679 Mourning Warbler.

682 Belding Yellow-throat.

681 Maryland Yellow-throat.

678 Connecticut Warbler

680 Macgillivray Warbler.

682 Belding Yellow-throat.

683 Rio Grande Yellow-throat.

(One-half Natural Size.)



VOL. V

JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 1

WARBLERS OF THE GENUS GEOTHLYPIS.

All the members of this group are ground-inhabiting birds and are usually found in the low underbush in swamps or marshy land. They all have olive-green backs and rounded tails, wholly devoid of markings, and their tarsi and toes are yellowish flesh color. They all nest on the ground or very close to it.

KENTUCKY WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 677.

(*Geothlypis formosa*).

RANGE.

Eastern United States, breeding from the Gulf, north in the Mississippi Valley to Michigan and on the coast to New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 5.5 inches. The plumage of the adults is very similar, differing only in the slightly brighter colors of the male. They are greenish on the back, wings, tail and flanks; the underparts are yellow, very bright on the throat and breast; a black cap more or less broken behind, covers the crown and a black triangular patch on the ears extends forward to the bill, being separated from the crown by a yellow superciliary line which curls behind the eye. The young birds differ from the adults in having less black than the female adult.

NEST AND EGGS.



The Kentucky Warbler builds a large nest of leaves, fibres and rootlets lined with horse hair and placed on the ground or not more than two feet above it. Usually it is found in a clump of weeds or tall grass

in swamps or beside brooks, with the bottom resting on the ground while the top is elevated several inches and not sunken in as are many of Sparrows and Warblers' nests. If the weather is favorable their nests are completed by the middle of May and by the latter part of the month the sets of four or five and rarely six eggs are laid. The eggs are white, specked and spotted with reddish brown and umber, heavily at the large end and usually in minute dots over the entire surface; size .72 x .56.

HABITS.

The center of abundance of this beautiful species is in the Lower Mississippi Valley; they are only locally abundant in some of the eastern states. Their haunts are similar to those frequented by Oven-birds but they are much more conspicuous in their actions than are the latter. Their songs are loud clear and attractive, being perhaps more so than any others of the Warblers. Their call note is a loud sharp whistle while their song is a varied musical succession of notes. They are very noisy during the breeding season and the male will sing for many minutes at a time to his mate who is quietly sitting in a shady nook on her white treasures. Especially is his song merry beside a running brook, the rippling and murmuring of which seems to incite him to melody. While their nests are bulky they are not easy to find as it is difficult to flush the bird from the immediate vicinity of the nest for she will run along for several feet beneath the low foliage before taking wing. When their home is approached their notes take the form of an excited chip, it usually being accompanied by a flirt of the tail for emphasis.

CONNECTICUT WARBLER.

A. O. U. 678.

(*Geothlypis agilis*).

RANGE.

Eastern North America breeding north of the United States and wintering at the equator.

DESCRIPTION

This and the two following species are very similar in many respects, and in some plumages are difficult to separate. The present species is always marked by a white or light ring completely encircling the eye. The adult male has the entire head, neck and upper breast bluish slate in high plumage becoming very bright and quite dark on the breast but never black as in the Mourning Warbler. The remainder of the upper parts, and the sides, are greenish, unmarked, and the underparts are yellowish. The female and young have the head, throat and breast an olive brown color of a shade not differing greatly from the back; the eye ring is distinct in all plumages and ages but not as white as in the old males.

NEST AND EGGS.

Nests of the Connecticut Warbler have only, as yet, been found in Manitoba and Ontario and eggs of this species are among the most rare of any of our North American birds. One of the nests found in Manitoba was in a swamp embedded in the moss; the nest was made of dried grass and the four eggs were white, sparingly sprinkled, chiefly about the large end with specks of brown and black. Size .80 x .56.

HABITS.

Connecticut Warblers are seen in the United States only as migrants and the route that they take in passing through our country seems to be subject to many variations; some Falls they are very abundant, that is you might see twenty or thirty of them in a day, while the next year they may not appear at all; at least this is the case in Worcester County and I understand that it is in other localities. I have never seen but three in the spring, they seeming to take an entirely different route in returning to their breeding ground from that taken on their journey south. They are met with in low wet land, just such as is frequented by the Maryland Yellow-throats, and attention is usually called to them by a sharp metallic chip. However they do not appear to like observation for if they are noticed they quickly slink out of sight among the weeds and underbrush.

MOURNING WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 679.

RANGE,

(Geothlypis philadelphia).

Eastern United States breeding from northern New England, New York and Illinois northward into Canada. Winters in northern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 5.2 inches. The adults of this species are alike in plumage and are both very similar to the last but lack the eye ring entirely, and always have some black feathers in the breast, and in full plumage have a large black patch sharply defined against the yellow underparts. Young birds are similar in plumage to the female and young of the Connecticut Warbler but can be distinguished by the shorter and more rounded wings, those of the preceding species being longer and more pointed.



NEST AND EGGS.

For the nesting habits of this handsome little bird we will quote from Mr. Wm. L. Kells, the veteran Canadian writer, he having studied their nesting habits for a great many years on his farm in Ontario.

The mourning warbler though not abundant in any district, is yet pretty widely distributed over the province of Ontario, as well as other divisions of eastern Canada, but it is among the last of the family to announce its vernal advent amid the wild scenery of its summer haunts. In March it begins its northward journey, but two months pass away before it reaches the terminus of its winged voyage in the regions of its northern range, and summer home, and here begins one of the chief objects of its migration movements *i. e.* the propagation of its species, and when the period in which this can only be done is over the impulses to return towards the south seem strong, and to yield to the impulses of nature in this matter is not long delayed; for by the middle of September, if not earlier, all this species and its genus have disappeared; though some individuals may linger longer amid the scenery of their summer haunts in the thicket and the swamp, than is now known.

The haunts and home of the mourning warbler, during the period of its residence in Canada, are generally on the margins of low-land woods, or second-growth swamps, where there is an intermingling of young underwood, fallen brush, and raspberry vines. It may also occasionally be found to frequent wooded ravines, the sides of brush-covered hills, and the margins of muddy creeks which meander their courses through what was called "beaver-meadows," where there are deep concealments; and here, amid the deep foliage, one strain of the song-notes of the male of this species, may often be heard, in the mid-summer days, while the little performer itself is invisible. At times he will rise to a considerable elevation, and after a pleasing performance of quite a different series of musical notes, in the ventilation of which he appears to take much pleasure and pride, and during which he makes a rain-bow like circuit, and takes a rapid descent into the thicket below, near where it is probable the female has a nesting place.

During the past twenty years a number of the nests of the mourning warbler have come under my observation, and the finding of these has been rather accidental than the results of continuous field and forest research; but the last of these noted up to the end of the season of 1902, is the first to which attention will here be directed. On the 8th of June, 1902, when strolling across a piece of recently cleared fallow, now over-grown with raspberry vines, on the northwest corner of

Wildwood Farm, a small bird flushed out from a thicket of vines within a few feet of where I was passing. A little research revealed a new-made nest, which I inferred belonged to a mourning warbler; though at the time I had got only a glimpse of the builder; yet, though all the members of this genus of the warbler family compose nests, and deposit eggs much alike, there is always some variation on the part of each species, by which the attentive student of bird architecture can distinguish the owner, even in most cases without seeing the bird, much less without resorting to the crime of murdering the mother, and in this section of country I know of no other member of the family except the Maryland yellow-throat that nests in a similar manner and situation; and even between these near relatives there is a distinguishing difference which will be noted hereafter. This nest was not sunk in the soil, nor yet in the herbage in which the builder evidently desired to conceal it; but its foundation rested on some dry vine stalks elevated a few inches above the ground; and the first strata was formed of dry leaves and vine stalks placed loosely over each other, and not pressed down in the centre, as is the manner of the *Marylander*. On the top of this mass of dead leaves and stalks, and partly supported by the growing vines, the nest proper was placed. This was quite compactly put together, as though the materials were damp with rain, or the morning dew, when used by the builder, and may have been further moistened by the saliva of the bird when engaged in placing the particles together. The materials used were mostly dry leaves, fine fibres of vine stalks, rootlets, and some cattle hair. The inside was about two inches in diameter; by one and a half deep, the top of the nest was quite open, there being no artificial attempt at concealment, as is the habit of the Maryland Yellow-throat. Six days after, I revisited this nest, the mother bird was at home and on flushing she did not rise on the wing, but ran off among the herbage in a mouse-like manner, for about 20 feet, when she rose and took a position on the top of a log, about two feet off the ground, and here she remained about a minute, twitching her wings and tail, a peculiarity of this species when excited. She flew off and disappeared in some under-wood; but on neither occasion did she utter a note that I could hear, but there was no doubt of her identity as a female mourning warbler; on parting the canes and viewing the nest I found it contained four beautiful fresh eggs; but I inferred that the set was complete and incubation begun. The general color of these eggs was white, with a rosy blush, but less dotted with reddish brown spots than have been other sets of the eggs of this species previously observed.



Photo from life by Jas. H. Miller.

YOUNG BANK SWALLOWS.

(Winner of 1st prize in our photo competition, Class II.)

MACGILLIVRAY WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 680.

(Geothlypis tolmei)

RANGE.

Western United States from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, breeding from southern United States north to the southern British Provinces. Winters in Central America and Mexico.

DESCRIPTION.

This species is very similar to the Mourning Warbler in plumage and size. It can be distinguished at any age and in any plumage by the presence of two white or whitish spots, one above and one below each eye. In the adult males the lores or feathers between the eyes and bill are black, and the breast has black feathers as does the Mourning Warbler but they are never concentrated in a solid patch as in that species. The female Macgillivray Warbler is much duller in color than the male but still retains the gray head and neck but of a very dull color, and the black loreal spots are wanting.

NEST AND EGGS.

These birds nest usually in small bushes at elevations of two or three feet from the ground, sometimes as high as six feet and again they have been found with the bottom resting on the leaves. The nests are made of dried grasses and lined with horse hair. Their eggs are usually laid during the latter part of May; they are white spotted and blotched handsomely with brown and gray; size .72x.52.



HABITS.

Differing but little in habits from its preceding eastern relatives, this species is found abundantly in moist woodlands and often by the roadside. They are very active and nervous creatures, always dancing about among the underbrush or on the ground and scolding if one is too inquisitive in regard to their family affairs.

MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681.

(Geothlypis trichas).

The Maryland Yellow-throats are divided into six sub-species from slight differences in their sizes, intensity of color and geographic distribution. It must be borne in mind that these differences are based upon examinations and measurements of a large series from different

localities and they cannot be applied to individuals regardless of the localities in which they are found. For instance the average of a large number of northern Yellow-throats has been found to be slightly larger than the southern one, but it is possible to find southern birds that are even larger than the northern variety; and the western Yellow-throat is said to be a richer yellow, still eastern birds are often found that are as bright in every respect as the western. We will give the chief differences as accepted by the American Ornithological Union and allow our readers to satisfy themselves as to which bird they are looking at according to the locality in which it is found.

The present species is found and breeds on the south Atlantic coast from the Carolinas to New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The male has the forehead and cheeks black bordered behind by ashy white; the back, wings, tail and sides are greenish; the throat and breast are yellow and the under parts are white washed with yellow. The female and young have the upper parts greenish, lack the black mask of the male, and are white below washed with yellow on the throat and breast.

WESTERN YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681a.

(*Geothlypis trichas occidentalis*.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

Western United States from the Plains to California and north to Montana and Washington. Similar to the eastern Yellow-throat but brighter, the yellow being richer and the border of the mask whiter.

FLORIDA YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681b.

(*Geothlypis trichas ignota*.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

South Atlantic and Gulf coasts from Virginia to Florida and along the Gulf coast to Texas. The yellow deeper and more extended on the underparts and the black mask wider.

PACIFIC YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681c.

(*Geothlypis trichas arizela*.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

Pacific coast from British Columbia to southern California. Similar to the western Yellow-throat but slightly smaller and duller.

NORTHERN YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681d.

(*Geothlypis trichas brachydaetyla*.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

United States from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic and from New Jersey north to Dakota and New Foundland. Similar to the southern Yellow-throat but slightly larger with the yellow brighter and more extended.

SALT MARSH YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681e.

(Geothlypis trichas sinuosa.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

Salt marshes of San Francisco Bay. Smaller than the Pacific Yellow-throat and darker.

All the Yellow-throats migrate south of the United States in winter, those of the east going to the Bahamas and the eastern coast of Mexico and Central America while the western birds are supposed to migrate to Lower California and the western coast of Mexico.



Photo by J. B. Parker.

NEST AND EGGS OF MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

NEST AND EGGS.

Yellow-throats nest on the ground or very near it usually in swampy localities. Most of the nests that I have found have been in tangled masses of weeds and have nearly all been built slightly above the ground and usually with the bottom of the nest touching the earth. I have found two that were built in tufts of swamp grass and completely arched over. They are made of dried grasses and rootlets skillfully woven

together and lined with hair. Some of these nests that I have come across have had leaves in their construction but the majority have been without. They lay four or five white eggs specked chiefly near the large end with black and reddish brown spots. Size .68x.50.



HABITS.

Few bird lovers are unacquainted with the Yellow-throats in one form or another for they are found throughout the United States and are usually abundant in all suitable places. While the birds are rather retiring, their notes are always in evidence, either in the form of a sharp scolding chirp, a long rattling trill or a lively "witchery, witchery, witchery," the latter song often uttered by the male during the breeding season. They are very inquisitive little birds and if you go to a swamp and quietly hide yourself you will soon have all the Yellow-throats in the place about you to see what you are doing, all scolding with all their might. Their nests are quite difficult to find as the birds are very sly when building and in entering or leaving the nest afterwards, and before they have commenced incubating they will be very apt to leave a nest if they know that it has been found. One day I saw a female with a grass in her bill and stopped to see where she would place it. She knew I was watching her and was very loath to continue her building operations, but, as I remained still, after her long and violent tongue-lashing had ended she went bravely into a clump of grass, from which she emerged a few seconds later minus the grass which she had carried in. As it was so close to me I moved farther away in order not to disturb her. She soon came with another bit of building material, but this she carried behind some broken alder stubs which I found later to be the true site. The next trip she went to the place where she had deposited her first load and carried the same bit of grass to the nearly completed nest beside the alder stubs. Whether this bit of deception was done purposely or not we cannot tell, but she showed that she was unusually bright later. Several times, after she commenced incubating, I tried to flush her from the nest but she always slunk slyly away in the underbrush before I came within sight of her home, making no outcry so that, had I not already known, I would never have suspected there was a nest in the neighborhood. These actions were very different from those of other Yellow-throats for, while they all leave the nest before you get too near, they will vigorously scold you as long as you are within the danger zone. The very acme of bird pleasure seems to be

expressed in the "witchery" song of the male when he launches himself into the air from the tip of some bush and mounts skyward for fifty or more feet, singing as he goes, and then descends either on gliding wings or with the utmost abandon, as suits his fancy.

BELDING YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 682.

(*Geothlypis beldingi*)

Range.—Lower California.

DESCRIPTION.

Similar to and as bright as the western Yellow-throat but with the black mask crossing the head diagonally on top and bordered behind by yellow instead of white. It also differs in being quite a little larger that being the chief difference between the females of the two species; length 5.7 inches whereas the common Yellow-throat is but 5.2 inches.

HABITS.

The habits of this peculiar species do not differ materially from those of the other Yellow-throats but from all that is known of them they appear to nest exclusively among reeds or cat-tails over water, as the Western Yellow-throat does frequently. The nests that have been found were from two to four feet above the water and were made of the cat-tail leaves lined with fibre and hairs. The eggs are like those of the preceding but slightly larger.

RIO GRANDE YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 682.1.

(*Geothlypis poliocephaea*).

RANGE.

Rio Grande Valley in Texas and south. This species is of the size of the last; it has only the lores and forehead black, the crown and cheeks being gray; otherwise it is colored like the common Maryland Yellow-throat. Its habits do not differ at all from the others of the genus. They are only locally abundant in Texas.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY.

By J. S. DIXON.

Tom, Dick and Harry were three Desert Sparrow hawks; (*Falco sparverius deserticolus*). Their first view of the world was from a hallow limb of a white oak, which was their home. This cavity was about 18 inches long by 6 inches in diameter, but it was large enough to shelter a happy family of six.

My attention was attracted to this tree one day in the last week in June 1902, by the mother bird swooping down at me as I was passing by. From her angry demonstrations I concluded there was a nest of young ones nearby. I climbed up to a favorable looking stub and looked in. I was greeted by a scream from the inmates which were four in number. Their cry brought both parents from a nearby tree



Photo by R. B. Rockwell.

DICK.

who swooped down at me uttering angry screams and chattering all the while.

I reached into the hole and caught three of the young ones, but the other one escaped and flew off down the canyon accompanied by its mother. I then put the birds into my hat and carried them to the cabin where I placed them in a box in the wagon and started for home some 20 miles distant.

Upon our arrival home the birds were placed in a large cage and here they remained for about three weeks. At first only the brightest one (Tom) would eat grasshoppers. The other two (Dick and Harry) would back up into a corner on my approach and present their beaks and talons to anything that came their way. They soon became quite tame and would take grasshoppers from my hand as fast as I could supply them. Their capacity for consuming grasshoppers was amazing. They never seemed to get enough.

Catching grasshoppers for them was too tedious so I shot birds and rabbits and caught lizards and mice for them. They seemed to be partial to mice and sometimes would not stop to tear them to pieces but would try to swallow them whole and consequently they often got choked. A cottontail would only last them one day; so I think they could consume their weight in meat in 24 hours. It was amusing to

watch two of them get hold of the same piece but though they tugged and pulled I never saw them quarrel or fight.

After they had had their fill they would retire to their perches, where standing on one foot they would go to sleep. After a nap they would put in most of their time trying to get out.

It was their delight on a hot day to sit and let me spray them with cool water. They would spread out their wings, shake their heads and tails and ruffle up their feathers. They seemed to enjoy it immensely. After a bath they would retire to their perches and arrange their feathers.

As they grew older and stronger they would fly about the cage and their untiring attempts to escape, combined with the fact that they could henceforth take care of themselves, lead me to give them their liberty. So one day I took Tom out of the cage. He perched on my finger for quite a while before he realized that he was free. He then gave me a farewell scream and fluttered off and I never saw him again.

The next day I opened the door of the cage but Dick and Harry did not leave at once and when they did it was only to fly up into the tree from which the cage was suspended. They seemed to not have much



Photo from life by F. R. Miller.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY.

confidence in their ability to fly at first, but in a day or two they sailed away very gracefully.

The next morning they were ready for breakfast and when I held up a bird they left their perch, which was the roof of an old house and came chattering to me. They took the bird from my hand and returned to the roof, where they tore it to pieces and devoured it.

They became so accustomed to being fed that they would come fifty yards to me if I whistled and called Dick! Harry! They grew more independent however and the day soon came when they no longer needed some one to feed them.

They remained about the ranch about a month after I gave them their liberty, and now sometimes as I go along the road I see a little falco perched on a telephone pole and when I whistle and call Dick! Dick! he will cock his head to one side and bob up and down just like he used to do.



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

BLACK GUILLEMOT ENTERING NEST.

(Note the kelp worm with which she is feeding her young.)

BLACK GUILLEMOT.

A. O. U. No. 27.

(Cepphus grylle)

RANGE.

Coasts of the North Atlantic breeding from Maine north to Greenland and wintering south to the coast of Massachusetts and casually farther.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 12 to 14 in. Eye brown; bill black; feet, mouth and tongue fiery red. Plumage an intense sooty black with a greenish lustre. Wing coverts white, forming a large white patch called a "mirror"; in this species the bases of the greater coverts are black, in some birds this color showing through the mirror and partly dividing it with a black line. Adults in winter and young,—Above gray marbled with white; below white mottled with gray.

MANDT GUILLEMOT.

A. O. U. No. 28.

(Cepphus mandtii)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

This species has a more northerly distribution than the Black Guillemot breeding in the Arctic regions and south to Labrador and Hudson Bay. It is like the preceding in all respects except that the greater coverts are white.

PIGEON GUILLEMOT.

A. O. U. No. 29.

(Cepphus columba)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

This Pacific coast species is found from southern California north to the Bering Strait, breeding throughout its range and also wintering in the same places except in the extreme north. In appearance it is like the Black Guillemot except that the under surfaces of the wings are sooty gray instead of white as in the two preceding species.





BLACK GUILLEMOT, (Summer and winter plumage.)

(Photographed from mounted specimens.)

BLACK GUILLEMOTS ON GREAT AND LITTLE DUCK ISLANDS, ME.

As our little launch sped along, her sharp prow cutting the dense fog, splashes were heard and occasionally dark forms were seen rapidly winging their way through the gray gloom. It was only when one individual perhaps confused by the noise of the engine, allowed the boat to nearly run him down that we were able to see the white patches on the wings and identify the birds.



GUILLEMOTS NESTED UNDER THE ROCKS NEAR THE TREES.

We found that a large colony, numbering several hundred birds, were securely entrenched on the northeastern side of Great Duck Island. Here the shore was very rugged and boulders and granite blocks were piled in confusion above the water line. We spent a day in watching and photographing the Guillemot here. Upon our approach they all left the rocks and lined up abreast about fifty yards out from shore, where they sat watching our movements with shrill wails of alarm.

We selected a rift in the rocks near the water, into which we crawled and covered the top with our tent cloth and seaweed. They soon seemed to forget our presence and those in the water swam ashore while others flew in and alighted on the slippery weed-covered rocks.

In some places a dozen or more would be sitting erect in a row, like black soldiers, while others would be reclining and still others were continually passing overhead on their way to and from their nests which were farther from the shore. The only notes that we heard any of them utter were while they were in the water; they were very high pitched, long-drawn whistles or wails, a sound which, while not loud would easily carry for a distance of perhaps three or four hundred yards. While they did not move about much on the rocks, their walk when they did so was not ungraceful. Their flight was very rapid and always performed at a low elevation above the water, I do not recall at any time during our stay, of seeing one more than twenty feet above the water and the majority were much closer than that.

One of the most noticeable facts observed was that practically every bird seen, except those that were flying out from the rocks after having been to the nest, had a long red kelp worm or clam worm in its beak.

Every few minutes each bird in the water would dip his head beneath the surface and we concluded that it was for the purpose of wetting these worms and keeping them alive, for we could see that those held in the beaks of birds on the rocks were still alive and squirming. Evidently young Guillemots like their food served fresh and while still alive.



The waves broke over the rock-weed covered rock upon which the Guillemots sit and sun themselves. The bird flying has a worm in his bill; others are lined up at a distance in the water.

These worms were held in the bill by the extreme end, allowing them to hang down to their full length, and in no instance did we see one of the birds holding them in any other way.

We watched the birds very closely when they went in shore to feed their young but it was afternoon before we could locate a single entrance where there was any likelihood of being successful with the camera. We could easily see where the bird went but nearly always

they would emerge from some other crevice, and as they could go for a long distance beneath the rocks we could not be positive just where any particular bird would light before going to her young. Finally we found one crevice where the same bird went four different times and each time emerged from the same place; so we selected this one for illustrative purposes. We concealed the camera as skillfully as we could on a rock about four feet distance from the entrance and worked the shutter with a long black thread which ran to our place of concealment. When we retired it was with very great doubts as to whether the bird would use the same entrance now that the surroundings had been added to, but fortunately she did not notice the change and we were enabled to secure several very satisfactory pictures,



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

GUILLEMOT LEAVING NEST.

Although we managed to move a great many of the boulders we were unable to find either the young or eggs, they being deeper down among the rocks where we were unable to penetrate. As so many of the birds were carrying food, evidently for their young it is very doubtful if any eggs could have been found at this date, July 21st. Not more than

twenty feet farther inland from where we made these pictures were several Petrel^s burrows; these birds we found to be very tardy in their incubating, for of a dozen nests examined, in none had a single egg hatched. In an^r old dead stump standing almost directly over the Guillemot^s nest^s was the nest of a pair of Tree Swallows and one or the other of the old birds was nearly always on guard on one of the smaller limbs. He was very tame and allowed us to stand directly under him about four feet away.

The next day we took a dory and rowed over to Little Duck Island a mile away. It was early in the morning and the fog had not lifted so we could see or be seen but a short distance. As we rowed with as little noise as possible, we surprised a number of the Guillemot in the water and were within a boat's length of them before they knew of our approach. They would leave the water with a noisy splash caused by their wings and feet striking the water at the same time and after two or three steps on the surface they would launch themselves safely in the air.

We found the number of these birds on the smaller island to be larger than on the Great Duck and it was no uncommon sight to see from a dozen to in one case nearly a hundred lined up in a row on the rocks. If we had had more time to devote to the Guillemots on this island it is probable that we could have unearthed a few nests for some of them undoubtedly nested under some of the scattering rocks back of the tangled mass at high water line.

A few of the birds already showed signs of moulting, some individuals having white feathers mixed in with the black while the wings were very worn and shabby, and in a few weeks more some of them would probably have been in their winter dress of gray and white.

By the latter part of October they begin to leave the vicinity of the nesting island and in flocks of a few individuals spend the winter roaming along the coast as far south as Long Island. Very few know them by their name of Guillemot and we were unable to find out if any were on the island by inquiring for them by that name but ask if there are any "Sea Pigeons" about and you will get the information that you wish. All three kinds of the Guillemots are known throughout their whole ranges by this same name. They all have the same nesting habits placing their eggs underneath or behind boulders or in crevices where they are more or less difficult to get at. A small number of Pigeon Guillemots breed on the Farallone Islands but they do not nest in any great number except north of the United States coast. They lay two or very rarely three eggs having a ground color varying from grayish white to greenish white, handsomely marked with brown and black.

MY CHOICE.

If I could choose the way
That I should like to sing,
I'd make a vow today
To sing upon the wing.

If I could choose the words
For every poet's song,
I'd borrow from the birds
That never sing of wrong.

If I could choose the strain
To play upon my lyre,
I'd ask their sweet refrain,
Nor ever faint nor tire.

If I could choose the day
On which for me to die,
I'd have it in the May,
When birds and bees are nigh.

C. LEON BRUMBAUGH.

THE WATER OUSEL IN THE KING'S CANYON.

This summer when I was in the King's River Canyon. I was much interested in watching the Water Ousel. They build their nests close to the water in some low tree or bush. Almost every morning or evening and sometimes in the middle of the day, you may see them ducking their heads into the water, under some fall. I sat one day on a flat rock and sat very still, till suddenly I heard the familiar sound of the Ousel. It came out into the water and seemed to sort of test it, then running back, returned with another large Ousel and several small ones. I think it must have been only the first or second time the babies have been under the water, for they behaved so strangely. They seemed half afraid and hung back as a naughty school-boy, Our guide suddenly came up and scaren them rway to their nest. I saw quantities of birds to this summer, but I think perhaps the Water Ousel is the most interesting.

LUCILLE KEYES,
Berkeley, Cal.



Address communications for this department to
 MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
 Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Dorothy and Harold have asked me to tell you about the Christmas tree which they trimmed for some little neighbors of theirs, and I am glad to do it, for perhaps some of you may like to decorate one too.

There was one morning during the past week when mother did not have to call you. Before it was fairly light we heard little feet scampering across the floor, to where the row of stockings hung, bulging most amazingly. Then what chattering and giggling, there was as treasures were pulled forth from their depths. Had you been in a certain town in Connecticut, that same morning, you might have seen a row of stockings so tiny, that they would fit only the foot of a fairy, and so full of holes that you might wonder if Santa Claus would dare attempt to fill them, but they were filled to the very top, not with candy and toys, but with bits of bread, cake, nuts and fruit, neither did they hang in a warm chimney corner, but swayed in the December winds from arbor and syringa bush in the door yard. You have already guessed who claimed the contents of these stockings.

Not far above the house, Dorothy and Harold had trimmed a little spruce tree for the Bird's Christmas. It was still growing and its green branches were filled with a motley array.

Festoons of red berries, sunflower seeds and pop-corn were looped from twig to twig on the top of the tree tips and on the trunk were fastened pieces of suet, with tiny bright red peppers for a relish; a marrow bone, some pumpkin seeds, some grapes and peanuts added variety and on the tip top of the tree was a great bunch of holly tied with one of Dorothy's red ribbon's.

It did not take long for the birds to discover the feast. All day long there was a jolly company there, Blue Jays, Chickadees, Creepers, Nut-

hatches, Woodpeckers and Tree sparrows, each in his own way made merry on this Christmas day and joined in a Bird's Christmas carol chirping a "thank you" to the two little folks who had prepared such a fruit tree, when a snowy blanket covered the ground.

We wish for the bird of our comer, a very happy new year and include in our greetings the many new comers who join us for the first time this month.

Cordially, your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

James H. Chase, Logansport, Ind.

ANSWER TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

Enigma No. 1.

White-breasted Nuthatch.

Enigma No. 2.

Summer Yellow-bird.

What Is My Name?

Screech Owl.

WHAT IS MY NAME?

"Say! Say! Say!" Boys and girls, do you know my name? I wear a fluffy bluish gray coat with a black velvet collar and a white crown and a vest of a delicate gray. I like pretty cold weather and so do not venture very far into the United States. I begin to build a nest for my babies in February, when there is still a soft white covering over the earth, I build it in a fir tree, of twigs and long strips of bark with a warm lining of moss and feathers. I am a very sociable bird, often taking my meals with the lumbermen and eating from their hands. Indeed, I do not always trouble them to feed me, for I can help myself to meat, butter or other dainties which they leave about.

They nickname me Whisky Jack, Meat Hawk and Moose-bird, I wonder why.

DIAMOND.

- O —A consonant.
 O O O —A pronoun.
 O O O O O —A wicked act.
 O O O O O O O —An insect.
 O O O O O O O O O —A winter friend.
 O O O O O O O —A conveyance.
 O O O O O —A prize.
 O O O —A number.
 O —A vowel.

RUSSELL ADAMS,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

ENIGMA.

Two 16-1-12-13-3-13 named 14-3-17-17-3 and 9-16-7-4-1 went out with their 6-1-2-3-4-7-12 to take a picture of a 10-15-17-16 which 10-1-8 1-9-4-11-13-13 a field 8-6-7-4 by, they stopped to pick some 6-10-3-12-13 from the brook near the deserted nest of an 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 Goldfinch. As they 4-7-8 through a 17-7-8-3 Miss 9-16-7-4-1 caught her 7-4-2 on a branch of a tree and fell and hurt her 8-11-13-3, this made her 9-10-11-12-13 but they went on and took a snap-shot of some ducks swimming in the old 2-5-16-17 pond.

PI.

The Winter Birds.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. T a n t h u c h. | 6. Cojun. |
| 2. Dorewopche. | 7. Kirshe. |
| 3. Yelbuja. | 8. Dickcheea. |
| 4. Rollbssic. | 9. Gawnixo. |
| 5. Owns-bitgunn. | 10. Netwir-newr. |

GLEANINGS.

Who has not listened to a mother quail calling her hunted family together when the snow and the night were falling? It is most sweetly, tenderly human, the little mother, standing upon the fence or in the snow of the silent fields, calling softly through the storm until the young ones answer and, one by one, come hurring to her out of the dusk, and murmuring. Some of them do not hear. They have been frightened far away. Louder now she whistles; *Whir-rl-le, whir-r-rl-le whir-r-rl-le!* But there is only the faint purr of the falling snow, only darkness and the silent ghostly fields.

DALLAS LORE SHARP,
(Roof—Meadow.)

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NO. 2



NEST AND EGGS OF OLIVE-SIDED FLYCATCHER.

The Great Gray Shrike.

When other birds have southward flown,
And winter winds so bleak and chill,
Through naked branches sadly moan,
The Great Gray Shrike is with us still.

He braves the danger of the plain,
'Mid the desolate wastes of snow
And in the woods the feathered slain
His deeds of cruel warfare show.

The tree-top is his turret high
Where he watches his thoughtless prey,
And sallies forth with practiced eye,
Relentless to pursue and slay.

The sparrow searching in the snow,
Cheerful over his frugal meal,
Gives one despairing note of woe
As he feels that fierce warriors steel.

No knight that ever harness wore,
And charged the foe with lance in rest,
What e'er the emblem that he bore,
Showed greater courage in his quest.

I fain would speak of him with praise,
Respect his courage and his skill,
But pity for the one he slays,
Has ever kept those praises still.

HATTIE WASHBURN.

IN THE MEADOW.

In a small quiet meadow at the back of a certain farm a pair of Meadow Larks, last summer, chose to make their home and rear their young.

A small stream, whose source was a spring in a neighboring field, ran lazily through the meadow. A few cows lived here feeding on the rank grass in the early morning and late evening and lolling in the shade of the trees or standing listlessly in the stream, during the heat of the day. Such was the scene that was to greet the eyes of the little Larks when they were old enough to sail above the grassy wilderness in which they found themselves when first they opened their eyes.

The nest was incidentally discovered May 18th, at which time it contained four helpless little Larks that looked as if they had just made their exit from the shell. I visited them frequently during the course of the next few days and noted with pleasure their rapid growth and how thrifty they looked. But on May 27th. when I went to see them it was a sad sight that met my eyes. After searching several minutes for the nest I was shocked to find in it's stead a cow track in the bottom of which there was a bloody mass of flesh and feathers. A sad fate for such a promising family.

I wasn't in this meadow again for nearly two weeks and then, knowing that birds are not easily discouraged even by such misfortunes as above, I concluded they would be well under way towards raising another brood, consequently the afternoon of June 9th, found me making my way down the lane to the meadow gate. When I reached it, having absorbed just about as much sunheat as I care to stand at one time, I stopped a few moments to cool off. A Dickcissel sitting on a fencepost bravely chirped away as if in open defiance to the sun.

From a weed thicket came the clear notes of the Maryland Yellowthroat while from somewhere in the distance came the ditty of the Indigo Bunting. But not a sight or sound did I get of the Meadow Larks- "Perhaps they are enjoying their siesta," was my thought and I turned towards a shade tree that grew on the banks of the stream intending to follow their example. As I neared the tree a Red-winged Blackbird which had been concealed in the foliage, darted out at me and hovered above my head uttering a loud "Chee-oo-o." His spouse hopped nervously about in the tree protesting my approach. In their efforts to protect their nest they only served to betray it's presence, for until I saw them I hadn't the least idea there was a Red-wing's nest in the meadow. In a clump of dogwood sprouts growing almost in the water and appearing as if they all sprung from one root I found

the nest. It was a bulky affair, firmly suspended between four of the sprouts, and contained three pale blue eggs curiously scrawled with black. The Red-wing's kept up such a clatter that I left their domains after making these observations, and it was just here that I heard what I had wished for, the loud sputtering call note of the Meadow Lark. I perceived her on the topmost bough of a nearby tree, with head erect, tail nervously twitching, her golden breast flashing in the sunshine. She sat there several minutes occasionally repeating her call note and then, leaving her perch, sailed out across the meadow, alighting on a weed that swayed to and fro under her weight. Assuming the same alert attitude as when in the tree she uttered her call note once and then dropped lightly into the grass below. I waited and watched for



Photo from life by N. W. Swayne.

BARN OWL.

twenty minutes and as she didn't appear again I decided to try to find her though I didn't much expect to find her nest for if she had one there it didn't seem probable that she would have approached it so openly, however, when I neared the spot where she disappeared she flew up with a loud flutter of wings that startled me even though I was expecting it. I drew the grass aside where she had been sitting, and



Photo by N. W. Swayne.

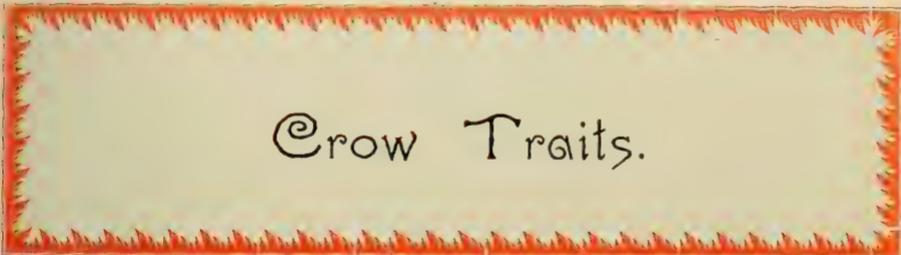
EGGS AND YOUNG OF BARN OWL.

The Barn Owl lays one egg every day or oftener every two days, so that a period of perhaps two weeks elapses between the laying of the first and the last. As she commences to incubate as soon as the first egg is laid, they hatch at different periods and the young show great variations in size.

beheld one of the finest specimens of bird architecture that it was ever my good fortune to see. Perhaps the Larks thought by concealing this nest well, they would avoid a repetition of the sad accident that happened to the first, anyhow this one was very carefully hidden and it would have been almost impossible for me to have found it if I hadn't had the builder to aid me. It was a veritable little bower extending back ten or twelve inches under the grass with only one doorway. At the back end there reposed five handsome pinkish white eggs freely speckled with reddish brown.

On June 18th, when I looked in the nest it contained four little birds and one egg. I didn't happen to be in this vicinity again till in July. As I neared the nest two half grown Meadow Larks flew awkwardly out of my path. I found the little bower in the first stages of decay. It still sheltered one soiled egg.

EDGAR BOYER.



Crow Traits.

Although our American Crow is black in color and by reputation, he will afford the bird lover many pleasant hours studying his traits and habits before he can feel that he is acquainted with Crow life. It seems as if the Crow was possessed of much the same kind of shrewdness and longing for mischief as the dirty, ragged urchin who makes his headquarters on some street corner. The most prominent characteristic of the Crow is his curiosity. Let a person do any work in woods or field and almost as soon as his back is turned, from one to a half-dozen crows will appear to inspect his work.

But for all of his inordinate curiosity the Crow's natural wariness usually keeps him from harm. First he will take a flight high in air over the suspicious place, if all appears safe he will take a flight near the ground and then alight in some open spot and inspect the surroundings. If, perchance a good shot brings one to an untimely end what precautions are then taken; if two or three are searching for food there is sure to be a sentinel post on the summit of some tall tree, dead stub or failing these, the tallest stake or fence post available, and any unual movement will send the whole flock into the air with loud caws. Generally if there are any large trees overlooking their late feeding ground and at a safe distance from it, they will take refuge in these and exchange audible remarks about the prospects, present and future.

By most farmers the Crow is condemned as a bird possessed of little good and almost unlimited powers of evil; often when the farmer's crops are coming up the Crows will proceed to render assistance by catching the visible part in their bills and carefully pulling the whole affair, stem, root and all, out of the ground. It is very rare that they make any use of these plants thus pulled up, dropping each in its turn and proceeding to the next. It is amusing to watch two or three Crows when at work; for several minutes they will work as lively as possible then one will raise his head and utter a kind of questioning *caw* as much as to say, "Have you fellows found anything," then he will fly a few rods and the work of inspection will go on as rapidly as before.

Their actions around their nests vary so much in different localities that one cannot be sure what they will do. In some localities they will never fly directly to the tree where their nest is located but will fly over the tree-tops to some other part of the woods and then, low down amongst the trees, will fly to their nest.

In some other places I have watched them for several days fly to a certain tree in a piece of woods, and, upon investigating found a nest therein. This freedom and openness I have never observed except in a few districts where several deserted farms adjoin and the Crows are left in undisputed possession from one year's end to another. When the time approaches for their autumnal migrations they will congregate in large flocks, sometimes as many as 100 to 200, and their movements have all of the appearance of a lot of school boys at play. Now they will start and follow this leader through a series of evolutions, then several will separate from the main body and go through various feats of speed and agility and at last after the games are all ended they will divide into squads of five or six and start off in search of food.

Altogether there is a certain fascination in watching the adroitness and *diablerie* of their movements that will be felt by every bird lover who comes in contact with them.

HARRY L. SMITH, Me.



Photo by N. W. Swayne.

YOUNG BARN OWLS.

*Before the hoods have commenced to develop or pinfeathers to appear.
Notice that the bird on the left is much the largest.*

BARN OWL.

A. O. U. No. 366.

(Strix pratineola.)

RANGE.

This species is found in a warmer portion of the United States from the Gulf north on the Atlantic coast to southern New England, on the Pacific to Oregon and in the interior to southern Minnesota. It is only casually or accidentally found north of these boundaries. They are slightly migratory throughout their range, that is the birds in the south go farther south while those from the north take their places.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 16 to 20 in. Eyes dark brown; a very pronounced and lengthened facial disc. Above finely mottled with gray, buff and white; below white, more or less washed with buff and specked with black. The young are more buffy below than are the adults. Facial disc white tinged with buff and bordered with blackish brown.

NEST AND EGGS.



Barn Owls are very indifferent as to their nesting sites. They are equally well satisfied with the cavity of a dead tree, holes in banks, deserted crows nests or even with a simple hollow on the ground. When the opportunity occurs they will probably choose the hollow tree. Many have also been found in barns and under sheds. In various sections of the country they may be found nesting from March to the end of June. Their eggs are white, equally rounded at each end and number from four to ten, usually about six or eight; size 1.75 x 1.30.

HABITS.

Owls of this genus are the oddest of the family; their queer faces and expressions have caused them to receive the name of Monkey-faced Owls. Their most noticeable difference from other Owls is in the small dark colored eyes, the distance from the eyes to the mouth, and the long legs. All the Owls are more or less nocturnal but this species is rather more so than the others; it is rarely seen moving about, in the



Photo from life by N. W. Swayne.

BARN OWL.

(winner of 4th prize in our photo contest.)

A characteristic pose of this species showing the long legs.

daytime unless disturbed from its resting place either by human beings or crows, the latter detesting the sight of any member of the Owl family.



Photo by N. W. Swayne.

YOUNG BARN OWLS.

The young have now assumed attitudes common to the adults, their hoods are well developed and the wings fully feathered, but the bodies are still covered with soft white down.

They are found most abundantly in low meadows and marshy ground where, soon after the sun has sunk behind the hills, they commence their hunting. The appetite of all Owls is something astonishing, but that of the Barn Owl is almost beyond belief. Only a few days ago a friend brought me a Screech Owl which he had caught the week before and kept in the stable. He said it had seemed perfectly well when caught and he had fed it a mouse every day and he could not understand why it did not live. The reason was very apparent for it was nothing but a skeleton and had died of starvation. Instead of a single mouse a day it should certainly have had a dozen and in its wild state probably it devoured more than that number in every twenty four hours. A

single Barn Owl has been known to eat eight mice, one after the other and then at the end of three hours to be ready for another meal. It has been found by examination that their food consists of, almost without exception, rodents which are harmful both to crops and trees, so that probably this bird is the most useful one, in the amount of good work done, of any that we have in this country. Besides rodents they catch insects and also eat some fish.

In Europe, Barn Owls breed most commonly in barns, church towers or ruins, while in this country they are most often found nesting in holes in trees or banks. Usually the bottom of the cavity is scantily lined with feathers but this is not always the case. The eggs require about three weeks in which to hatch and as the bird commences to sit before the set is complete the eggs do not hatch at the same time. Young birds several days old and eggs are often found in the nest together, and usually over a week elapses from the time of the hatching of the first egg to that of the last. The breeding season, especially after the young have hatched, is a very busy one for the adults, for their large family is always hungry and trips between the nest and the hunting grounds have to be made regularly and often.

The young are first covered with a soft white down; in about a week or ten days a few pinfeathers make their appearance and then their development is more rapid but it is several weeks before they can leave their nest and follow their parents across the marsh to take their first lessons in mouse-lore. The plumage of Barn Owls is soft even for that of an Owl and their flight, which is very easily performed, is entirely noiseless as they sweep in long curves just over the tops of the meadow grass. They have two distinct notes, one a shrill cry and the other a deep-toned, long-drawn grunt. They are more gregarious than the other Owls except the Burrowing, and are often found in colonies. In the day time they remain concealed under dense foliage or in hollow trees.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

BY WILLIAM GAYLORD TAYLOR.

I want to tell you what a great amount of pleasure I had last winter feeding the birds in my back yard. Fourteen varieties and 25 to 30 at a time, and all but one have readily eaten the food which I put out for them, and that one was the most beautiful and loving of them all,

the Bluebird. He seems to be satisfied with Nature's store. I began early in the fall and put out bones and suet for the Woodpecker, Nuthatch and Chicadee and for the two latter I cracked butternuts till I had used a half bushel of them and when they were gone I resorted to peanuts, which I fed raw, shelling and chopping them fine, and I used 15 quarts in all.

The wary crow even, has come to "pick the bones" in the apple tree, not more than 25 feet from my door, but he always came very early in the morning, just at daybreak, thinking there would be no one stirring. I have seen three at one time picking a scanty breakfast from the bones, but a face at the window was all that was necessary to cause them to take wing and with loud "cawing" hastily seek safer quarters. The sweet little Chicadee seemed the least suspicious of any of my flock and he readily took food from my hand and as long as I kept perfectly still, was contented to sit and eat, casting wondering side glances at me occasionally. Both he and the Nuthatch seemed to fear that their food supply would run out, for they carried away great quantities of the nuts and hid them underneath the bark of trees and in cracks in the shed, everywhere and anywhere they could find a place to tuck them away and here the little Brown Creeper, with curved and slender bill, finds an abundant food supply and I can imagine poor little "Dee's" disappointment when he goes to look for some of the dainty morsels he has so carefully tucked away. The Downy and Hairy Woodpecker have both been callers, the former constant but the latter only occasional, and last winter is the first time I have seen him in this locality and he seemed to heartily enjoy the suet which hung in a temporary cedar (one which adorned my parlor as a Christmas tree) and not 10 feet from my door, where I stuck it in a snow bank.

I was much surprised, late in December, to receive a call from a Cedar Waxwing. I first noticed him eating the dried grapes that hung to a vine on my back shed, so I threw out some seeded raisins which he seemed to enjoy greatly. He also fed on the berries of a honeysuckle, which covers a porch; his visit was short as I missed him after two or three days. My greatest surprise, however, was to see, one very cold day in January, a Song Sparrow nestled in the vine on the south side of our shed. He looked cold and forlorn so I at once set about making him comfortable. I arranged a shelf on the shed high up and partially hid it with cedar boughs and then scattered grass seed over it. He very soon got it and ate ravenously, but one very cold morning after a visit of only three or four days, I missed him and suspect he was frozen on his perch at night.



Photo. from life by C. A. REED.

TREE SWALLOW.

The Tree Sparrow finally found the seed, and from one lone bird the flock grew till there were 14. They were constant visitors all winter and were with me till March 12. Timothy and millet seed was their principal diet, although for a change and in way of dessert they ate peanuts and fat meat. They are an extremely happy set, full of life and fight, and I never tire of watching them, they readily drive the English Sparrow, and when one ventures to alight among them a sudden dash from a Tree Sparrow caused him to "light out." I greatly missed them when they left for their far northern home.

The Junco with his modest slate colored coat and white vest came to the number of two, but they did not seem to be welcome visitors among the sparrows, and came only occasionally. The Goldfinch did not find his food supply in the seed which I put out as I did not see him eating anything except the berries on the honeysuckle: One Sunday morning in February, I was overjoyed to receive a call from a Purple Finch the only specimen I have ever seen here. He came while I was watching the other birds, alighting on a clothesline directly in front and not five feet from my face, he then flew to the path and picked up a few seeds but his stay was very short, efforts to locate him later failed, much to my regret, as I should like to have had a better opportunity to study his plumage and general make-up.

As the warm spring days advanced I regretted to see my Tree Sparrow family making preparations to leave for their Northern home, but the migratory birds from the South have kept me busy thus far



through the spring and I have discovered some new varieties for this locality, among them being the European Starling. He is a handsome bird, a good songster and great worm and insect destroyer, consequently of great value to the farmer. He builds his nest in a hole in the trees. With all the pleasure I have had with the summer birds I look forward with greater pleasure to the coming of the bleak North winds and snow and a return of my Winter visitors.—[*The Newtown Bee.*]

IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.

(*Campephilus principalis.*)

A. O. U No. 392

RANGE.

Florida and the Gulf Coast to Texas north to Indian Territory and, rarely, to the South Atlantic States.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 20 in. Eyes yellow; bill ivory white. Male glossy blue-black and white, with a long pointed crest of scarlet. Female similar with a crest of black.

HABITS.

These are the largest and decidedly the most distinguished appearing of American Woodpeckers. Their glossy black plumage and gorgeous pointed crest impart a regal look which is not attained even by the Pileated Woodpecker.

Like that of all the members of the Woodpecker family, their flight is apparently laborious and performed with that undulatory motion so noticeable in the flight of the Flicker. Unless unduly alarmed they rarely fly for any considerable distance at a time. They are very shy and fully realize the folly of getting within range of a two legged animal with a gun. It is this wariness that has preserved them from extermination for so long, as man has been ever wont to kill them on sight just for vain glory.

They are most apt to be found in burned over pine barrens where insects thrive in the decaying wood and furnish a sumptuous repast for the Ivory-bills. They are usually silent birds but during the nesting season have a sharp trumpeting note frequently repeated and also the long rolling drumming sound performed with their bill upon a resonant limb. Careful observers believe that they remain mated for life. During February and March they retire to the depths of impenetrable swamps where they rear their young. Their nesting site is chosen in the top of a tall tree and the two birds take turns boring the excavation in the live wood. Usually it is located under the protection of a pro-

jecting limb which keeps out the rain. The entrance to the nest is usually oval in shape and varies in size from five to eight inches in width by eight to ten inches in length. The cavity is excavated to a depth of from a foot to two feet. With the cunning of the Flicker they carefully carry the chips away from the nesting tree, whereas when they are simply feeding chips will be found by the bushes around the base of the tree. They lay five or six glossy white eggs, measuring about 1.45 x 1.05. They are very industrious birds and hack great quantities of chips from trees in their search for grubs. They do not, however, to any great extent, except for nesting purposes, deface living trees.

KILLDEER.

A. O. U. No. 273.

(*Oxyechus vociferus*).

RANGE.

North America from the southern British Provinces southward. Rare on the Atlantic coast north of New Jersey. Winters in southern United States and south to South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 10 inches. Upper parts grayish brown; forehead, line over eye, throat neck, and underparts white; breast crossed by two black bands, the upper one being the widest; upper tail coverts and rump reddish brown. The downy young show evidences of the two breast marks as soon as they leave the shell.

NEST AND EGGS

Kildeers build no nest, unless the occasional scratching together of a few pebbles or bits of straw into a hollow can be called such, but lay their eggs in hollows in the ground in fields, marshes, or even on plowed ground, but usually in the immediate vicinity of water. Their three or four eggs are very handsomely marked, as indeed are nearly all the shore birds; they are very pointed, of a greenish buff color and heavily blotched and scrawled with blackish brown; size .55 x 1.10.

HABITS.

Like all of our true Plover, except the Black-bellied, the Killdeers have but three toes. In the greater part of the United States they are the most common shore bird, even outnumbering the Spotted Sandpiper, and their loud "kill-dee, kill-dee" is frequently uttered for their own amusement as well as for warning when they see anyone approaching. For this reason they often prove to be very useful birds, for they



KILLDEER.
[Photographed from a mounted specimen.]

warn other less suspicious birds of approaching danger and cause them to escape, to the disgust of the hunter. Their flight is usually quite straight or in gentle curves, except sometimes when suddenly startled they may resort to the zig-zag mode of flight adopted by many of the shore birds. They are very devoted parents and, were they able, would forcibly protect their young, but, being birds they have to resort to numerous artifices to draw intruders away, such as feigning broken wings, legs, etc. If these devices fail they will stand off at a safe distance and continually repeat their cry until danger is past.

They are very often found in cultivated fields, where they often lay their eggs. They run rapidly and gracefully along, in the furrows, catching insects which form a large part of their food. They often escape notice by standing perfectly still, their colors matching their surrounding perfectly. The downy young are especially adept in thus concealing themselves.

One Bird Day.

By Dr. C. S. MOODY.

The man who returns in after years to the haunts of his early boyhood realizes, if he be in touch with Nature, the great decay of bird life. It was my fortune to return once to the old homestead and wander among the wood paths and down the meadow brook that was of yore replete with feathered songsters. Alas, now you can hardly hear the sound of a happy bird voice. All day long I sought for the presence of my youthful friends, the Thrushes, Vireos and Sparrows and sought in vain. Nowhere in the deep blue of Heaven's vast vault could I see the circling form of sailing hawk. In the deep beech woods where once was the Partridge wont to beat his "throbbing drum" now was silence. I sought in my pilgrimage for the nest of the merry little Quail beneath the blackberry bush beside the old line fence and found it not. What, I ask myself, is the cause? The answer was found in a man with a basket and climbing irons wheeling along the high road upon nesting bent. Thousands upon thousands of birds are every year robbed of their homes to pander to the taste of men and women who are possessed by the idea that by collecting eggs they are

pursuing the study of birds. In a vast majority of instances this is not true. The average nest hunter is usually as ignorant of the actual home life of the birds he robs as we are of the condition of life on Mars.

I will plead guilty of this sin of commission myself. I have a collection of eggs gathered from various quarters of the globe and representing many families of our feathered friends. I cannot express with what degree of regret and shame I now look upon those mute evidences of the rapacity of man. I sigh when I contemplate the vast deal of harmony that has been stilled forever when those tiny treasures were clutched from beneath the little mother's breasts. Every day now I go forth and follow my inclinations for nest hunting but instead of being armed with drills and egg boxes and collecting pistol I have only my faithful camera. Its cyclopean eye looks momentarily into the nest and brings away a lasting impression of the contents and often before I am out of sight, the avian resident is back at home in undisturbed possession of her treasures. My delight in seeing the image impressed upon the glass is far greater than even in the old days, when I gloated over my stolen spoils.

Let me give you the result of one day's sojourn on lake shore and in forest in North Idaho. As the sun's rays were just gilding the mountain tops and the friendly robins were straining their throats in a matin of praise to the Giver of all Light, I strayed from the busy haunts of men armed as aforesaid. My path led me along the shore of the beautiful Lake Pend d'Oreille whose placid waters mirrored back the deep blue of the towering mountains. While picking my way around some drift wood I startled from her nest of softest down, a Mallard and before she had ceased circling around watching me with anxious eye I had set my machine and her olive eggs were glued to my dry plate with a flash of light. I passed on and she returned to her duties of incubation.

Donald, my Chesapeake dog, enjoys the hunting of birds in his doggish way, fully as much as his master, and to him belongs the honor of locating the next nest. We were tramping a burn of several acres in extent when he nosed up an Ashy Gnatcatcher from her brood of nestlings. Poor little mother when she saw that great red mouth opened over her defenseless darlings she was wild with grief and fear. Her frantic cries soon brought me to the spot and at my word of command the obedient animal lay down and watched my preparations for the photographing, with a great deal of interest. The little mother was an interested spectator as well, but I very much fear that her interest had a different motive. The youngsters, taking advantage of

the protective coloring that a wise Nature has provided them with, shrank down into the nest and keep becomingly quiet. I could not help thinking that they might serve as models for some children of other bipeds that I have attempted to photograph. The proper focus obtained, then a click of the shutter and I was off again. I can imagine that the parent birds (the father had made his appearance by this time) heaved a huge sigh of relief when they saw my retreating form lose itself in the woods beyond.

We have one of the thrushes occasionally nesting in this locality that the chronic egg hunter would give something to possess. My collection does not contain a set of the eggs and unless chance should throw me in the way of a deserted nest, it never will. The Varied Thrush is one of the most retiring of all our summer residents. Nesting deep in the tall firs, and selecting a leafy topped one for her home it is a difficult matter to find one of the nests. I seemed to be followed this day however, by the spirit of Good Fortune. As the morning grew on to mid-day and I was gradually drawing my circle nearer and nearer home and lunch, I was startled while traversing a coppice of deep woods by a bird note that was new to me. Crouching near the root of an immense cedar I waited. Before long a bird came spying out my hiding place. Silent as a ghost she came and flitted from limb to limb, looked me all over. It was a Varied Thrush and soon I had the satisfaction of seeing a nest some thirty feet up in one of the red firs. My climbing irons were some donned and I was prodding my way up the body of the tree. A nest and its four blue eggs was the reward of my efforts. I took the strap from the camera case and tied the camera to a limb some four feet from the nest and sitting upon another swaying branch focussed the lens upon the nest and its eggs. The result I give to you. The eggs I gave back to the silent mother that was watching me from a near by tree and never uttering a sound.

Right back of the house in the edge of the pine woods, where the ground is all strewn with the last years needles from the trees is a dainty little nest all made of dried grass and neatly lined with hair; within reposes two beautiful brown spotted eggs. This little domicile is presided over by Mrs. Merrill Song Sparrow. I have had difficult work keeping the ubiquitous small boy from destroying the home. When I called that evening to ask the madame for a sitting of her home she was not there but soon arrived and entered her protest. All to no avail however, for I plumped my one-eyed battery right down over her home and that night watched the shadowy representation of her embryo sparrows come into being under the dim light of a red lantern. Thus ended the first day with the camera. A day devoid of robbery of happy homes, yet to me, replete with all that goes to make the life of a bird lover one of pleasure.



OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

It must have been just such a day as this that one of our nature-writers wrote in his journal—"Another bright winter's day; to the woods to see what bird's nests are made of."

That is what Dorothy and I did yesterday, and we had such a nice time although we saw but few birds. Some Blue-jays, very charming in their brilliant blue and pure white gowns, scolded us in harsh voices—"go away! go away! away!" A flock of jovial chickadees welcomed us, for they knew that with the passing of a certain rosy-cheeked little girl, was found substantial good cheer at the foot of the great pine tree.

We watched an acrobat walking upside down along a tree-trunk calling "Yank, yank, yank!"

White vested juncos and tree-sparrows with bay crowns greeted us with soft trills, and a solitary song-sparrow gave promise of approaching spring. Here at our feet among the low bushes was a bulky nest which this self same little song sparrow may have occupied last summer.

Birdnests—we found dozens of them, where we had least thought when trees and shrubs were clothed in green, and we could now pull them apart and examine them to our hearts content without fear of disturbing the little builders. Right by our path swung a marvelous cup,

as good as new in spite of winter wind and storm. Here mamma vireo had fed four babies months ago. The flat rim of a peewee's nest was piled high with a feathery ring of snow. As we climbed the fence by the great elm, there swung to and fro in the wind, an oriole's closely woven gray pocket.

We have not time to tell you of the treasures we found, but I am sure you will agree with Dorothy and me that there is fun afield even on a midwinter day.

Cordially, your friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

What is my name? Canada Jay.

DIAMOND.

C
S H E
C R I M E
C R I C K E T
C H I C K A D E E
S T E A M E R
M E D A L
T E N
E

ENIGMA.

American Crossbill.

PL. TEN WINTER BIRDS.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Nuthatch. | 6. Junco. |
| 2. Woodpecker. | 7. Shrike. |
| 3. Bluejay. | 8. Chickadee. |
| 4. Crossbill. | 9. Waxwing. |
| 5. Snowbunting. | 10. Winter Wren. |

ROLL OF HONOR.

- Lillian M. Weeks, Marietta, Ohio.
- James H. Chase, Logansport, Indiana.
- Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
- Clifford S. Merrick, Curran, Ill.

LETTER SQUARE.

Find thirty-six birds.

R E D S T A R T R E K C I L F
 E E O U R R U K N I L O B O B
 D U D B C U M K N L E O I U A
 T R U B A K A G L E R T S E K
 H E R M I T T H R U S H Y A J
 R O R E A R A C O W T N A R B
 O V E N B I R D T I T I P I P
 A N I T H I R D T E L F F U R
 T R O U P I A L O N I D R E V
 E V E N I N G G R O S B E A K
 D U N L I N R S E V O D H N H
 L I N N E T A O L T K C O E W
 O W L E T E D A A W N T R R O
 O R I O L E E H A I L O E I R
 N U T H A T C H P R N N T A C

G. L. HARRINGTON, Langdon, Minn.

What birds are suggested in the following sentences?

1. I shall severely punish my son William.
2. John, bring a crowbar to move this stone.
3. With flushed cheeks he ran quickly from us toward the train, for the conductor had called "all aboard."
4. Ben painted the handles of his hatchet and hammer a light yellow.
5. Silently the flakes of snow floated through the air.
6. They crossed the brook on a rail from the fence.
7. He consulted a high official in the Roman Catholic church.
8. A large kettle swung from an iron arm in the old-fashioned fireplace.
9. King Edward caught a basket full of fish.
10. The Knight wrapped his mantle more closely about him, for the wind blew fiercely.

ENIGMA.

(A bird of eleven letters.)

Little 7-5-4-8 7-5-5 had a pet 1-5-4 which she called 6-2-9-8. Early in the spring this 1-5-4 made up its mind to set: So brother 4-5-6 placed some ducks eggs in the nest. These in course of time, changed into nine downy yellow balls. But very 11-2-2-4 trouble began for 6-2-9-8. These nine little ducklings *would* go to the pond in the 7-8-4-5. In vain the mother 1-5-4 clucked, coaxed and scolded, her babies would surely drown! Morning 4-2-2-4, and night would find the little family enjoying the pleasures of this watering place. In June they were left to follow their own sweet will on 7-8-4-6 or 11-5-8 for about 6-8-3-10 one afternoon, 7-5-2-4, 3-5-5-6 knocked at the 6-2-2-0. He had a basket in his 1-8-4-6 which he said held something for 7-5-4-8. When she raised the cover there were 11-5-5-4 cuddled in the lining of grass, ten tiny brown quails, which 7-5-2-4 had found in a field where the men had been mowing, the mother bird 1-8-6 been hidden by the tall grass, and been killed by the machine. The orphans were placed in 6-2-9-8-11 care and she became as proud of her adopted family as if they had been 1-5-3 own. It was a pretty sight during the rest of the summer, to see the ten little brown birds following their foster mother about the yard and they grew, and grew, and grew. But, 8-7-8-11, as they grew larger, they grew more independent, and 2-4-5 frosty September morning 6-2-9-8 was again in trouble. The ten little quails had disappeared as completely as if the ground 1-8-6 opened and swallowed them, 4-2-9 were they 11-5-5-4 again until a few weeks ago as 7-5-4-8, 7-2-2-10-5-6 toward the woods she saw what seemed like eight brown globules rolling down the snow crust upon the slope. As they came 4-5-8-9-5-9 she clapped her hands in delight, pressed by 11-2-3-5 hunger, her 6-5-8-9 little wanderers had returned.

She and 4-5-6 cleared the snow from around the lilac bushes, and the little flock were soon feasting on buckwheat and oats. The birds retreated to the woods again, but now come nearly every day for the grain scattered for them beneath the bushes, and 7-5-4-8 and 1-5-3 brother hope to coax some of the other birds to share in the goodies 5-9-5 the long winter months 8-3-5 gone.

GLEANINGS,

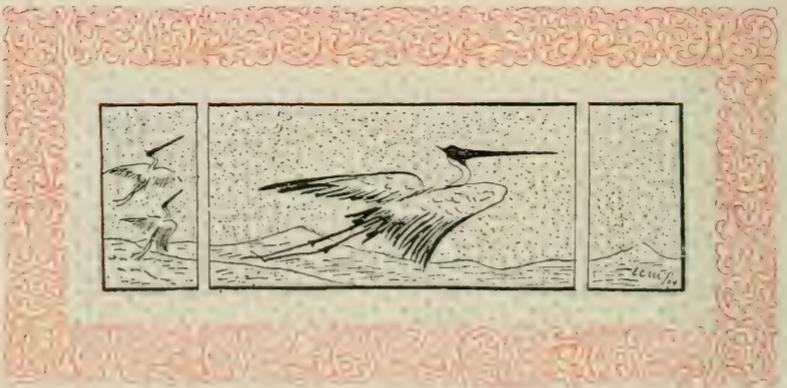
Where, twisted round the barren oak
 The summer vine in beauty clung,
 And summer winds the stillness broke,
 The crystal icicle is hung.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
 When birds sang out their mellow lay,
 And winds were soft, and woods were green,
 And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad;
 Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
 And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill air and wintry winds! my ear
 Has grown familiar with your song:
 I hear it in the opening year,
 I listen, and it cheers me long.

Longfellow.



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VOL. V

MARCH, 1905.

NO. 3



YOUNG KINGBIRDS.

Photo from life by J. M. Schreck



Photo from life by R. H. Beebe.
ADULT KINGBIRDS ON MULLEIN STALK.

A DRUMMER BOY.

My interest in the Partridge was roused by reading William Long's story of the "Ol' Beach Pa'tridge." This is the story of a bird, which roamed for years, over a certain tract of land, claiming it as his own, and from it, driving off every other cock Partridge that dared approach the region of his two favorite drumming logs. He was the target of many a hunter, and many a noble dog tried to hold him but in vain. As a last resort, a small boy set a trap for him, but through the curiosity of a Blue Jay, the 'Ol' Beech Pa'tridge's life was spared.

Due to the large number of devotees of the hunt, the woods in this region, have been largely depopulated of these birds. So it was to me



Photo from life by J. M. Schreck.

MOTHER KINGBIRD AND YOUNG.

a matter of joy and interest when an opportunity was presented of observing the Partridge.

Tired from a long bird walk, which had just led through an old wood lot, densely covered with a low growth of bushes and brambles, I sat down to rest. At my feet trickled a little brook, and opposite rose a

gentle slope covered with hickories, seemingly an ideal place for birds.

As I looked about, my eye rested on a stump, and standing on it, scarcely discernible on account of the blending of color, was a Partridge. The bird strutted about on the stump with drooping wings, his fine tail spread and ruff raised, apparently looking to see if he was observed. No one was looking, he concluded, and so he stood erect and preened himself. Then the woods resounded with his drumming. He seemed to produce the sound by striking his wings against the side of his body. This, he did very slowly at first, then after a short pause, he gradually increased the speed until the sound died out in a continuous whirr.

Ten consecutive times I saw this Partridge drum, and every time he went through the same preliminary movements.

After watching for a time, I made my presence known, by going nearer, only to see him hop from his stump and disappear in a great flurry. About fifteen minutes later, as I stood at the edge of the woods, some distance from this spot, I again heard the sound of his drumming, which seemed to come from a long distance.

All summer I thought of this persistent fellow, drumming on his stump to call a mate. Always there came the wish that the ruthless hunter would spare his life, and that he might secure a loving mate.

ELSIE SPACE JACKSON.

A MUNICIPAL BIRD TRAP.

BY BERTON MERCER.

A recent article in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" brings to the attention of the general public some very interesting facts concerning bird life and travel in this locality.

Probably few persons are aware that hundreds of migrating birds are ensnared annually in the heart of our city by one of the largest bird traps in the world. This trap is no less than the immense bronze figure of William Penn on the top of City Hall tower. The distance between the pavement and the statue is about 549 feet, and around the base of the figure is a circle of mammoth arc lights that burn throughout the night. This circle of light—the highest point for miles around—has been the destroyer of many birds during their nocturnal migration between their winter and summer homes. They become temporarily blinded by the strong light and fly against the statue, dropping in the balcony beneath either dead or maimed.

The lights were turned on for the first time on the night of the Fourth of July 1897, and the next morning the body of a young Sora Rail was found in the balcony. This Rail was the first bird to meet death in

the great trap. Since the above date, upwards of two thousand birds, representing 60 different species, have been killed at the top of the tower. Following is a list of the different birds which have been found in this lofty balcony.

LIST OF BIRDS COLLECTED FROM CITY HALL TOWER.

Horned Grebe	Magnolia Warbler
Ruddy Duck	Chestnut-sided Warbler
Sora Rail	Black-poll Warbler
Mourning Dove	Blackburnian Warbler
Sparrow Hawk	Black-throated Green Warbler
Yellow-billed Cuckoo	Palm Warbler
Black-billed Cuckoo	Yellow Palm Warbler
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker	Prairie Warbler
Flicker	Hooded Warbler
Phoebe	Tennessee Warbler
Wood Pewee	Water Thrush
Bobolink	Purple Finch
Savannah Sparrow	Pine Warbler
Grasshopper Sparrow	Bay-breasted Warbler
White-throated Sparrow	Cape May Warbler
Chipping Sparrow	Nashville Warbler
Field Sparrow	Connecticut Warbler
Slate-colored Junco	Oven Bird
Song Sparrow	Maryland Yellow-throat
Towhee	Yellow-breasted Chat
Indigo Bird	Redstart
Scarlet Tanager	Catbird
Cedar Bird	Brown Thrasher
Red-eye Vireo	House Wren
White-eye Vireo	Marsh Wren
Blue-headed Vireo	Brown Creeper
Black-and-white Creeper	Red-bellied Nuthatch
Parula Warbler	Golden-crowned Kinglet
Black-throated Blue Warbler	Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Myrtle Warbler	Wood Thrush

A prominent electrician, connected with the equipment corps, has taken a great interest in studying these birds, and has secured a collection of 130 handsome specimens which have been mounted and are on exhibition in his office. A large number are also turned over to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. This gentleman states that thousands of birds pass close to the lights, while comparatively few strike.

The majority of the birds found dead are young ones, which would seem to indicate that the old birds who have made the journey before,

have learned the fatal character of the lights and avoid them. It has also been noticed that no birds strike on moonlight nights, at least until towards morning when the moon sinks below the horizon and leaves the heavens darkened. The largest flight of birds takes place in the spring and fall months. The above report is valuable from the fact that it gives an accurate idea of the dates of migration, and of the different species which travel over this section.

Extracts from Philadelphia "Public Ledger," Jan. 31, 1904.

King Bird.

A. O. U. No. 444.

(*Tyrannus tyrannus.*)

RANGE.

Whole of temperate North America, but chiefly east of the Rocky Mountains as they are only rarely and locally found on the Pacific coast; their range extends north to the southern parts of British America; in winter they go beyond our borders to Cuba, Central America and northern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length about 8.5 inches. Upper parts slate color, blackest on the crown, wings and tail; the underparts are white, and there is a semi-concealed orange patch in the center of the crown; only the adult birds have this latter mark, the young having the crown solid blackish.

NEST AND EGGS.

King birds nest in open places either on the edge of woods or in orchards; their nests are placed at moderate distances from the ground; say four to fifteen feet. Nests may be found in a great many varieties of trees but by far the greater percentage are in apple or pear trees. Their nests are made of grasses, fibres, twigs, and especially in the neighborhood of houses, string; this structure is quite large and is usually lined with horse hair.



They lay three, four, five and sometimes even six eggs in a set, four

and five being the number most often found; they are creamy white handsomely speckled and spotted with reddish brown and blotched with lavender and gray. Size .95x.70.

HABITS.

Was ever a bird more aptly named, a king by name, by nature and, if we may consider the little orange patch on the head as a crown, in dress. To be sure their feathers are of a sombre hue, but any plainness in attire is more than offset by their vivacious manners, for they are very active and pugnacious and even more fitting than their common name is the scientific one of tyrannus. They are faithful allies to their friends—swift, sure and relentless pursuers of those who incur their displeasure. Without fear they will attack birds of many times their size and drive them away; Hawks, Crows and Jays flee from them in apparent terror. Their method of attack is always the same,—darting down at the enemy from above as if they were going to tear him to pieces. While it is very improbable that they ever do any injury to the larger birds that they attack, it is strange that none of them ever attempt to



NEST AND EGGS OF KINGBIRD.

offer the slightest resistance but appear to exert every muscle in an effort to escape. After chasing the object of his hate sometimes a mile away, this valiant little tyrant will proudly sale back to his lookout with excited cries of victory.

In this way they do good service for farmers by protecting his poultry from the depredations of birds of prey. While never at peace with birds that are in the habit of preying upon other birds or their eggs, King birds always seem to be on good terms with all other kinds and birds of other species are often found nesting in the same tree with them. Not only do they protect their own nests with great valor, but they will do their utmost to drive intruders away from the home of any of their neighbors in distress.

One pair of King birds that I began to feel as though I was acquainted with, returns to the same orchard year after year. They have taken upon themselves the duty of police, and try to look after the welfare of all their neighbors.

The first time I approached the place, this pair of birds came out to greet me, not with words of welcome, but with notes of alarm and warning; so vociferous were they that they soon had all the bird population in a panic, and Robins, Blue birds, Chipping and Song Sparrows, Orioles, House Wrens and a pair of Tree Swallows swarmed about me uttering their varied notes of alarm. It required only a few minutes of this din to bring forth the farmer to investigate.

I first made my peace with him and then tried it with the birds, which was a more difficult matter. All except the King birds soon quieted down but these would have nothing to do with me and it was only after I had visited them half a dozen times that they would omit their angry greeting. Finally, however, they did become reconciled to me and my photographic outfit.

Their food is almost wholly of insects, which are caught on the wing, and so keen is their vision that they will, from their lookout on a dead branch, see a favorite insect fifty or more yards away and immediately dash out in pursuit, and a snapping of the mandibles announces his success. While most of their food consists of obnoxious insects, they also eat bees, which causes them to be in ill-repute with bee keepers, who call these birds Bee birds or Martins. They arrive at their northern breeding ground early in May and remain until their food supply is getting scarce which occurs after the first frost of Autumn. Most farmers now realize the value of insect-eating birds and offer them what protection they can from human enemies and, at least in Massachusetts, I think that King birds have been increasing in numbers during the past few years.

What the Birds Said.

By CLARENCE HAWKES.

The birds were always a source of sweet delight to the children. It mattered not, whether it was early in the spring and the bluebird had just come with his sweet song, gay in his bright coat of blue and crimson; or whether it was late in the autumn and the last faint call of the robin was dying away as he flew southward to his winter home. The song was alike welcome.

The children could not always tell what the birds were saying in their low musical language, so their mother who was a bird lover and understood bird language made some pretty little jingles which told just what they were saying. Some of these rhymes I remember and you shall have them so you may know what the birds are saying when you hear them sing.

When Blue-bird sat upon the clothes post and the bright sunlight falls upon his rich coat, he would pour fourth his pure sweet song which was all the more welcome as none of the other birds had yet come north.

Cheery, cheery, low and clear,
I can charm the dullest ear,
Singing when the air is chill,
Calling for the daffodil.

The next one of the children's little feathered friends to arrive from the south was robin. Some mornings they would get up and look out of the window and there he was hopping about in the meadow, getting his breakfast. His breast was just as bright as when he flew away and he was the same pert fellow. When he had finished his morning meal he would fly up into the old elm tree, and swelling out his breast to its utmost, begin, his song.

Cheer up, cheer up, when the sun
Is rising in the east,
Cheery cheery when we've done
The work of man and beast.

Next after robin came phoebe, who was a quiet little fellow, with a sweet sad song. His coat like his song was very modest, but he was welcome nevertheless.

The children were apt to discover him flying about in the shed looking for some convenient beam upon which to build a nest for Mrs. Phoebe.

Phoebe, phoebe, all day long,
Just that plaintive little song,
If he knows another note,
It is hidden in his throat.

Next after the phoebe, came the swallow, flying along the meadows like the wind. He always wore the same brown coat, and was always the same noisy fellow. You might see him perched upon the top of the barn, or under the eaves, or he might be trying his wings over the corn stubble.

Chatter chatter in the air,
Chatter chatter 'neath the eaves,
Chatter chatter everywhere
'Till the falling of the leaves.

It was some time before the most beautiful song of all was heard, but like all good things, it came at last. May be you discovered him flying above the grass in the meadow, or perhaps he was perched upon the top most branch of a small tree or bush, but there was no mistaking the song.

Gurgle, ripple sweetest song,
Sparkle, bubble, all day long,
Merry music don't you think
From the wonderous bobolink.

Then there were oriole and song sparrow each with a wonderful song of his own, and a host of others that only chirped and twittered, but all did what they could to make the summer days glad.

Over in the beach woods was a very shy fellow. The children rarely saw him, and even when they did, it was not much of a sight, for his coat was a rusty brown, but he had a very peculiar song which you will never forget when you had heard it once.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, in the woods,
How he loves the solitudes,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, calling yet,
He is asking for more wet.

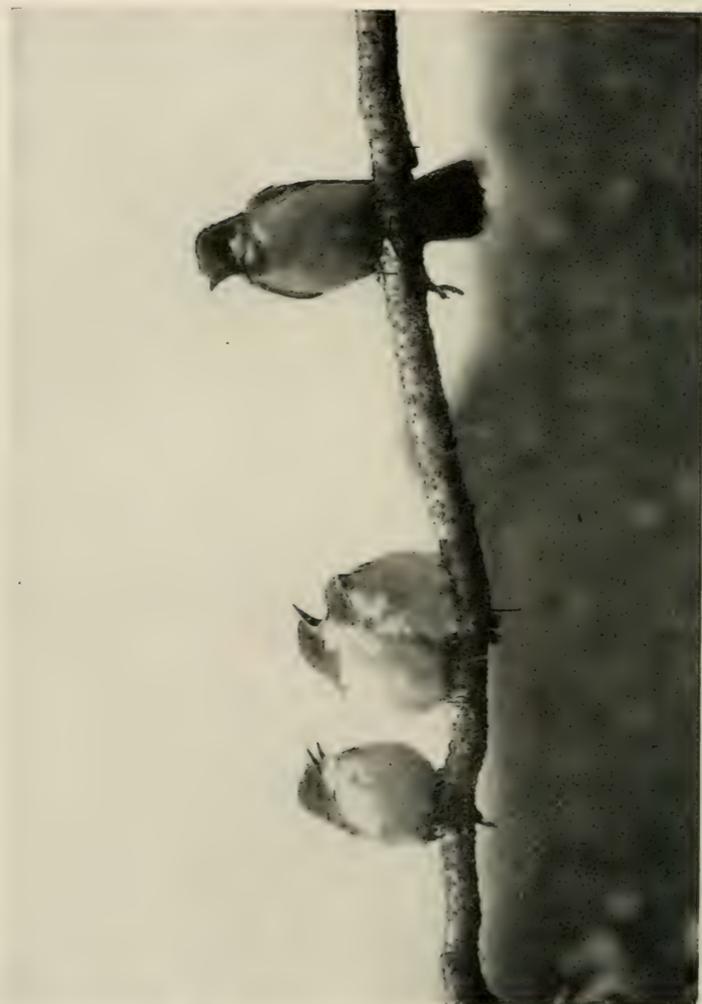


Photo from life by R. H. Beebe.

ADULT KINGBIRD AND YOUNG.

YELLOW-THROATED WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 663.

(Dendroica dominica)

RANGE.

The breeding range of these Warblers is in eastern United States, chiefly east of the Alleghenies, where it is found from southern Florida to Maryland and casually Pennsylvania. They winter in southern Florida, the Bahamas and the West Indies.

DESCRIPTION.

Length, 5 to 5.25 in. The adults of this species are very similar in color and markings, the female being only a trifle duller colored.

SYCAMORE WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 663a.

(Dendroica dominica atilora.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

The western form of the Yellow-throated Warbler is most abundant in the lower Ohio Valley, ranging from the Alleghenies in Virginia west to Nebraska and from Michigan and Wisconsin south to the Gulf. It differs from the eastern form in having the lores white or nearly white instead of yellow as in the preceding and in usually having the chin white also. The habits of the two very similar birds do not differ.

NEST AND EGGS.

The eastern Yellow-throated Warblers nest commonly in the South Atlantic States, building their homes upon the horizontal boughs of pines or oaks, or sometimes in pendant bunches of Spanish moss something after the style of the Parula Warbler; as a rule their nests are placed at quite an elevation from the ground, the distance varying from fifteen to forty feet. When placed on limbs the nests are made of fine twigs, grasses and shreds of bark and lined with feathers. They lay three or four, and rarely five, eggs of a pale greenish-white color, speckled or wreathed with brown and lavender. Size .70 x .50.



HABITS

These birds are one of the earliest of the Warbler migrants, due perhaps to the fact that many of them winter along the Gulf coast and in Florida. They arrive at their summer homes and commence breeding early in April, usually rear their families and commence to take their departure in the latter part of July or August. Their song is loud and

clear and with a faint suggestion of the Indigo-Bunting melody, it being an unusual song for a Warbler. Their habits are quite similar to those of the Black and White Warbler, being in fact, as much like those of a creeper as a Warbler. They are persistent gleaners and often give voice to their little song as they clamber about among the branches. It will be noticed that their bills are longer and more curved than those of the other Warbler.

GRACE WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 664.

(Dendroica graciae).

RANGE.

Western United States breeding in the mountains of Arizona and New Mexico, and wintering in the western part of Mexico.

DESCRIPTION AND HABITS.

This species averages about a quarter of an inch less in length than the last, to which it bears some resemblance although it has a typical warbler bill; the entire superciliary line is yellow, the sides of the



head are gray and the back is marked with black streaks or arrow heads. These birds are quite abundant in pine woods at high elevations in southern Arizona. Their nests are placed high up in coniferous trees usually in a bunch of needles at the end of a limb. They are therefore quite difficult to find and their eggs are scarce. The nests are made of grasses, bark, needles, etc., and are lined with hair and feathers; the eggs are white with reddish brown specks, chiefly on the larger end.

BLACK-THROATED GRAY WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 665.

(Dendroica nigrescens.)

RANGE.

Western United States, breeding from southern Arizona and southern California north to British Columbia and east to the middle of Colorado. They winter in the southern part of Mexico.

HABITS.

Black-throated Gray Warblers are easily identified by their black, white and gray colors and the small yellow spot on the lores. These birds return to our country from their winter quarters about the first



WARBLERS.

Yellow throated
Townsend

Black-throated Gray

Black-throated Green

Grace
Golden-cheeked

Hermit

week in April and reach the northern limit of their breeding area about the third week in that month. They are usually found on high dry areas, seeming to prefer tall coniferous trees within which to construct their nests, although these are sometimes found in bushes as well. The female does the greater part if not all the nest building, the male merely superintending the work. Their nests are placed at heights of from five to twenty or more feet from the ground and are usually situated in a small bunch of leaves which effectually conceals it from the view of prying eyes, whether of man or bird, for Crows, California and Steller Jays are common where these warblers nest and are always in search of a breakfast of eggs or young birds. Their nests are compactly made of dried grasses and lined with feathers or hair, or both. Four eggs usually constitutes a complete set, these being laid early in May. While quite common in the spring and fall, but few of them are seen during the summer as during the nesting period they are shy and retiring. The male bird frequently sings while the female is on the nest, but usually at some distance from it. Should any danger appear the female will quietly glide away through the underbrush and seek her mate, upon finding whom they will both return and scold the intruder. While they are naturally shy birds, they are not opposed to becoming friendly with anyone that they feel that they can trust, and so accurate is a bird's intuition that its confidence is rarely betrayed. Young birds in the fall show but few traces of black on the throat, the crown is grayish and the back is without streaks; the adult female is similar, but shows more black on the throat, the crown is mixed with black and the back is streaked with the same; as is usual among the Warblers, the male is the most beautiful, this species having an intense glossy black crown and throat, which requires the out-of-door light on the living bird to display its complete beauty.

GOLDEN-CHEEKED WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 666.

(*Dendroica chrysoparia*.)

RANGE.

This rare species is found in the United States only in Texas where it breeds in the south central portion; in the winter it migrates into Mexico and Central America.

HABITS.

These beautiful birds are, perhaps, the rarest of the North American Warblers. The male bears a strong resemblance to that of the Black-throated Green Warbler, but the back and crown are a jet black, the latter often with a nearly concealed spot of yellow in the center, and the sides of the head are a brighter yellow with a narrow black stripe

through the eye. The female is much brighter than the female of the Black-throated Green having a bright yellow throat mixed with black, and bright greenish-yellow upper parts with black streaks. The birds are found entirely where there is cedar timber, and they build their



nests in these trees, usually at low elevations, such as five or ten feet from the ground. The nests are handsome structures, compactly woven of grasses, mosses and cobwebs, and lined with hair and feathers. The four eggs that they lay are white, specked chiefly around the large end with cinnamon or reddish brown. They average about .75 x .55 inches. The birds first appear in Texas about the middle of March and may be found breeding during April and May.

BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLERS.

A. O. U. No. 667.

(*Dendroica virens*).

RANGE.

The United States and southern Canada east of the Great plains, breeding in the northern half of the United States and in the Alleghenies south to Georgia; in the fall they migrate through Texas and Mexico to Guatemala where most of them winter.

HABITS.

With the possible exception of the Pine Warbler, Black-throated Greens are most abundant of resident Warblers in eastern United States. During migration, Black-polls and Myrtle Warblers are also very abundant but they all pass on beyond our borders. During the summer these birds are found almost exclusively in coniferous trees but in the spring and fall, during migrations they may be met with anywhere; in the fall migration especially, they like to keep in the tops of tall trees in company with many other varieties and then they are very hard to identify as at that season they sing but very little. They appear in the United States about the first of April reaching their breeding grounds in the north after the first of May. By the end of the month they have all mated and retired to the pine covered hill-sides to breed. In extensively wooded districts, they nest in communities but in isolated pine trees in other woods a single pair may often be found nesting. As a rule they like low growths of pines but many may be found in very large trees; in either case the nests are usually placed well up towards the top and wholly concealed from below by the numerous needles. The birds are bright little fellows, ever on the watch to see

that no one is watching them while they are house-building or, later, when they are feeding their little ones. I have often known them to build decoy nests when they knew that they were observed, and have known them, too, to leave a nest when they were certain that it had been found. The only evidence of short-sightedness in their endeavors to keep their homes secret is the violent scolding to which they treat every intruder, thereby notifying him of the fact that they have a home near by.



Their nests are made of grasses, rootlets and fibres, lined with horse hair. They lay four, and sometimes five white eggs specked and spotted with brown and lavender; size .60x.50 inches. Their song is one of the most familiar and characteristic of the eastern Warblers. It is a spirited, high-keyed ditty, something like "zee-zee-ze-ze-zee-zee" with the first four notes high pitched, the fifth considerably lower and the sixth mid-way between the others. It is a very welcome song and one not to be mistaken for that of any other bird.

TOWNSEND WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 668.

(*Dendroica townsendi*.)

RANGE.

Western North America, breeding from southern California north to British Columbia and southern Alaska; east to western Colorado. Winters in southern Mexico and Guatemala.

HABITS.

These birds are very similar to, and almost might be called the western Black-throat Greens, differing only in the black ear patches and blackish crown. They are found in coniferous districts and are common in certain localities.

In the spring they first reach the United States from their winter quarters in Guatemala about the middle of April where they are quite common in the Huachuca Mountains of southern Arizona. They slowly work their way northward, bands dropping out to settle in certain regions, until they reach British Columbia and southern Alaska, which marks the northern limit of their distribution, about a month later. They at once commence house-keeping, building their nests in the same situations that the eastern Black-throated Greens do; their four eggs are very similar to, and usually cannot be distinguished from those of the preceding. They raise but one brood in a season and by

August first, at the latest, these are able to fly, and by the last of the month they commence to travel southward in preparation for another winter.

HERMIT WARBLER.

(*Dendroica occidentalis*).

A. O. U. No. 669.

RANGE.

This Warbler is found in the Pacific coast states from California and Arizona north to British Columbia. They reach the United States at about the same time in the spring as the last but are usually several weeks later in leaving.

HABITS.

These handsome Warblers are wholly different in plumage from any other American variety and can easily be recognized in any plumage by the evidences of the yellow head. They cannot be called common in any locality but may be met on any of the Pacific coast mountains usually being found at quite an elevation. Owing to their extreme westerly distribution they are frequently known as Western Warblers. They nest high up in pines, concealing their nests so that they are very difficult to find. The nests are made of fibres and rootlets, lined with shreds of bark and hair. The four eggs have a pale greenish white ground spotted and blotched with reddish brown and gray.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

At frequent intervals this summer I watched the Humming birds as from time to time they visited the canna-beds on the lawn. It is an instructive and delightful occupation for busy people as well as those who are leisurely inclined, to watch these beautiful creatures amid natural surroundings, and to know some of their habits and peculiarities from original investigation and observation. When first I knew them as the most diminutive of all feathered tribes, I occasionally swept my net over them—only to behold with one mighty regret their immediate and plausible disappearance. It is peculiar that such a charming bird—so diminutive that in fact its name a couple centuries ago was synonymous with mosquito, should be found in our own American gardens. Its gorgeous changing colors are peculiar to birds of tropical regions; but, after the migratory season, they are found everywhere east of the Mississippi, and are considered quite numerous by persons who are habitually and diligently observant. The statistics claim that 450 species are found on the American continent; but only ten or eleven of



Exposure three sec.

Photo from life by J. H. Miller,
FEMALE RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD ON NEST.

these venture into the states. One of these, the Ruby-throat, noticeable by a patch of color—"metallic in hue, but in the sun lights to a flame,"—is found in abundance and ought to be familiar to everybody.

Everyone knows the the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, or would do so, only that some people confuse him with the bright-colored long-tongued sphinx moths that are seen hovering, mostly in the early evening, over the flowers of the garden. The average person seldom notices one on a branch, they are so small and easily overlooked, and occasionally a person perceives not one under his very nose, except when guided by the gesticulations of some one else. Many persons, also, imagine this bird lives constantly on the wing, they never saw one otherwise, they say. Yet, if they observed attentively, they could often see them basking in the sun on some quiet twig. Recreation, to these plumed bipeds, is of considerable importance, and there they pass but a fraction of their time in aerial navigation.

It is curious and interesting to watch the male, who is more gorgeously attired than the female, glide upward to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and then descend like a bullet, instantly rebounding to the same height as before, as if he was suspended by a rubber band, the elasticity of which caused him to bound back and forth thru the air. In order to see this process of gymnastics, I had to "freeze," that is, standing as still as possible whenever his quick eye scanned the place for moving objects. This is necessary—all naturalists realize this—no matter how painful or ludicrous your position may be, as a single movement, visible to wild creatures in their natural state, will always consider you dangerous to them. Then, after he had fairly cut the air with his marvelous gyrations, he settled himself comfortably on the fence and yawned a little yawn, sick of the sickening honey and excitement of the day. I, also had ample time to notice his apparently useless ebony-black feet, which were subjected to strong muscular tension in its efforts to preserve equilibrium of a fat and supple body, weighing on the average only twenty-eight grains.

The plumage of this bird is of special interest, and its arrangement and color vary with the species. All the most magnificent and brilliant colors you can imagine are fairly showered upon them. The wings and tail of the Ruby-throat are a soft brown, and as its name signifies, it carries a patch of scarlet at its throat. Otherwise, the bird is of that bright color which alternates in green and gold. All Hummers have ten feathers in their tail, and their position differs widely with each variety. One certain kind carries all the glory of a peacock's tail in miniature, and another the correct fac-simile of a Lyre-bird's graceful plumes.

Their principal food is the nectar found at the bottom of tubular-shaped flowers, which they extract while on the wing by means of their long and slender bill. Their bill, by the way, is shaped according to the flower it feeds upon, and their long tongue is "bifid and filiform nearly to the base." This enables them to make short work of the beetles and winged insects which are captured within the carollas of flowers. It is a well known fact that a caged Hummer will droop and die if fed on exclusive honey diet. But in their rural state they vary their delightful diet with a "tender spider or a dainty ant." Last summer I grew quite familiar with one Hummer thru his frequent visitations to the cannas and late Easter lilies. Every morning and evening he fairly gobbled down the surplus honey-dew, slaying all the unwelcome intruders, and then this cannibal king feasted himself sick on all the delicacies within his domain.

Every year these emerald pygmies are guided by the migratory impulses, and are seen in this vicinity by the first day of June. In ten days nest building is in progress, but they remain and luxuriate throughout Indian summer until September, and again that strange instinct guides them, in all possibility, back to the West Indies. Yet, their manner is not affected by latitude, very quick and active as they dart in the sunlight and display their bright colors. The note usually heard from the Hummer is a squeak which seems to be an expression of nervousness or annoyance, and is uttered whenever an intruder approaches its nest. It will often hover around the head of the intruder, squeaking and fluttering, defiantly inviting battle, all for the sake of its young ones.

Their nest is generally found firmly attached to some dry limb of a tree. It is difficult to locate one, for they are so often mistaken for a small knot. The edge of the nest curves in, probably to prevent the contents from getting spilled out. Internally, it is lined with the softest vegetable fibers, and externally, whether put on purposely or for ornament, are chips of lichens and soft mosses, glued on with the bird's saliva. Ten days after the nest is built, two eggs are laid, about the size of peas, and are hatched after an interval of three weeks. Then the female is kept constantly busy feeding them, for the male absents himself as soon as incubation begins. I once saw the female probe the little ones in such a way that it sent a cold chill thru me. When the little Hummers grow, they also grow more pugnacious and quarrelsome among themselves, and the little black-capped Chickadee retreats before them without the slightest resistance, as if he had long ago acknowledged their superiority. A friendly duel is the "acme of Humming bird happiness," and then they come together with about as much noise

as two balls of yarn. I once saw a Yellow Warbler—by comparison a mammoth—pestered by a little Hummer. It could not learn that the midget was only a miniature bird, but regarded him as a creature greatly to be feared, and fled before him to the best of his clumsy ability. But the agile little Hummer followed him like a shadow, and pestered him exceedingly, by making feints at him or even giving playful jabs with his rapier-like bill. It ended with the Warbler making a deliberate retreat for life thru the thick bushes and briers.

M. R. Simonson, Wis.



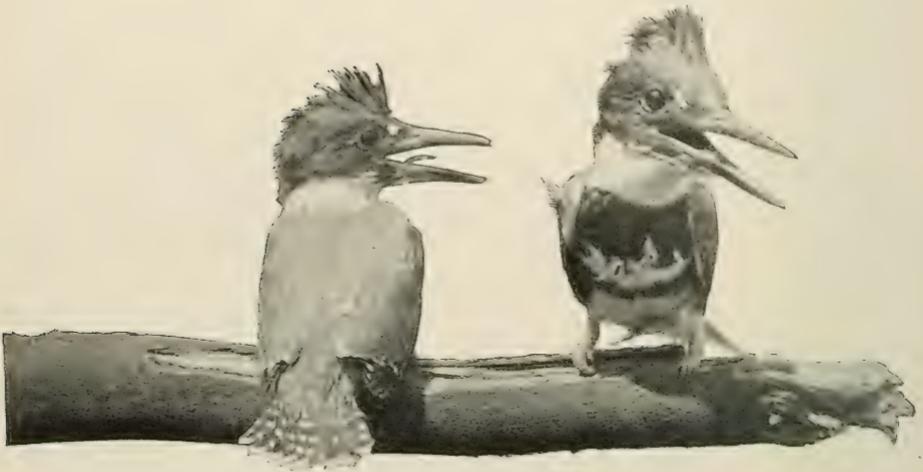
GLEANINGS.

THE SONG SPARROW.

Glimmers gay the leafless thicket
 Close beside my garden gate,
 Where, so light, from post to thicket,
 Hops the sparrow, blithe, sedate,
 Who with meekly folded wing,
 Comes to sun himself and sing.

It was there, perhaps, last year,
 That his little house he built,
 For he seems to perk and peer,
 And to twitter too, and tilt,
 The bare branches in between,
 With a fond, familiar mien.

LATHROP.



OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Once upon a time, (when I was a child) I saw in a little magazine a picture of an old man with birds flying all above, some eating from his hand, and some upon his head and shoulders, and the story told how he had tamed the birds by kindness so that they would come at his call. I thought it a charming sight, but classed it with my favorite fairy tales.

But many dreams of my childhood have come true, and during the past year I have known personally a half dozen people who have so tamed the little feathered folk that they come at their call and eat from the hand. I have in mind one busy man who never goes out without a supply of broken raw peanuts in his pockets with which to regale three or four chickadees that he usually meets as he goes to and from his place of business.

The chickadees seem to be the most easily tamed—what dear cheery little fellows they are—but time and patience will conquer many others, and it is a much more delightful sport than to hunt them with the gun. Probably there are few of our boys and girls who do not have some birds about their homes, (we always except English Sparrows). Coax them to be friendly by an abundance of food, and fresh water, protect them from cats, then get them used to seeing you, and knowing that you are harmless, and that your presence always means something good to eat—for the way to a bird's "heart is through his stomach"—and by slow degrees win their confidence, and with patience, *patience*, and more patience, by the end of the season you can each one

of you have at least one or two saucy chickadees come at your bidding.
Try it.

Cordially, your Friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1. Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
2. Russell S. Adams, St. Johnsburg, Vt.
3. Samuel D. Robbins, Belmont, Mass.
4. Frank B. Clark, Jr., Glastonburg, Ct.
5. James Chase, Logansport, Ind.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

Birds in Letter Square.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Redstart. | 19. Evening Grosbeak. |
| 2. Red-throated Loon. | 20. Dunlin. |
| 3. Red (bird). | 21. Linnet. |
| 4. Hermit Thrush. | 22. Owl. |
| 5. Oven (bird). | 23. Oriole. |
| 6. Am. | 24. Nuthatch. |
| 7. Hawk. | 25. Teal. |
| 8. Finch. | 26. Chat. |
| 9. Wren. | 27. Cat (bird). |
| 10. Crow. | 28. Knot. |
| 11. Heron. | 29. Ruff. |
| 12. Jay. | 30. Pipit. |
| 13. Kestrel. | 31. Brant. |
| 14. Bobolink. | 32. Reed (bird), |
| 15. Flicker. | 33. Auk. |
| 16. Ibis. | 34. King (bird). |
| 17. Coot. | 35. Skua. |
| 18. Tern. | 36. Duck. |

Suggested birds. 1. Whip-poor-will. 2. Turnstone. 3. Redstart.
4. Yellow-hammer. 5. Snowflake. 6. Rail. 7. Cardinal. 8. Crane.
9. King-fisher. 10. Nightingale.

Enigma. Hornen Larks.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

I have enjoyed feeding the birds this winter. The Red-breasted Nuthatch that ate from my hand last winter did not return this winter, and the female hairy woodpecker has been succeeded by a male, otherwise I have the same birds I had last year, some twenty in all. The

chickadees fed from my hand, while the white-breasted nuthatches, juncos, and brown creepers fed from a board restaurant that hangs from a wire out of harm's reach. The brown creepers and nuthatches are very awkward when they are not upon the tree, and the nuthatch is still more awkward when he tries to perch upon the wires near the restaurant. Many of the birds even come to my window-sill when I am very near. The woodpeckers enjoy suet with the above mentioned birds, and the blue-jays on a large nut tree near by. Strange to say, the English sparrows seldom, if ever, attempt to eat of the food I provide and I have never seen them drive away another bird.

SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS,
Belmont, Mass.

One day last summer when I was picking wild azalias, I saw a nice bush of it and ran there and began to pick the flowers. While I was doing so I spied a newly made nest in the center of the bush. I knew other people would come there to get the flowers and find the nest, so I picked off all the blossoms. Seeing no bird around to claim the nest I did not know what kind it was. I visited it a week after and found a brave little mother sitting on four eggs.

I found out that it was a Chestnut-sided Warbler. The next time I came there were four newly fledged birds. She did not mind if I came within a yard from her. The birds had all flown in a week, and I took the nest.

ALFRED BOYD, Waterbury, Conn.

ENIGMA.

My 1-9-18-13 is a metal.

My 2-8-5-17-9-6 is a state.

My 7-12-11-20 is a piece of money.

My 3-2-6-4-9-16 is a foreign city.

My 14-15 20-20-19-11 is a young animal.

My 7-8-9-10 is a black bird.

My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-12-16-17-18-19-20 is a small bird.

RUSSEL S. ADAMS, St. Johnsburg, Vt.

PI. TWELVE BIRDS WHICH WALK INSTEAD OF HOPPING.

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 1. Tailkrt | 7. squila |
| 2. sadpinsper | 8. clakb-dribs |
| 3. spines | 9. slow-slaw |
| 4. rovelsp | 10. deamow-ralks |
| 5. source | 11. skilbobon |
| 6. gonesip | 12. lono-ridbs |

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VOL. V

APRIL, 1905.

NO. 4

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

Our object in conducting these competitions is to increase interest in the study of living birds and especially their study with the camera. A good photograph of a live wild bird is valuable scientifically, is always a delight to the beholder, and brings back pleasant recollection, to the one that made it. Bird Photography is a sport that may be indulged in by everybody, and in any part of the country, with equal chances of success. Only forethought, patience and a camera are necessary. The new Screen Focus Kodak, advertised in this number, will overcome the chief objections to a film camera, and these compact instruments may now be used by the bird photographer. Anyone may send in as many photos as they wish, and the awards will be made upon the clearness and beauty of the picture, with due regard to the rarity or difficulty in obtaining. As in our last contest the pictures will be grouped in three classes. All desirable photos, which do not win prizes, we will pay for at the rate of fifty cents each.

CLASS I. *Live, wild birds.*

1st prize, *Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 3A*.....List, \$20 00
2nd prize, *pair Field Glasses*.....List, 5 00
3rd prize, *Color Key to North Am. Birds*.....List, 2 50

CLASS II. *Young birds.*

1st prize, *Al Vista Camera*.....List, \$20 00
2nd prize, *Pair Field Glasses*.....List, 5 00
3rd prize, *Color Key*.....List, 2 50

CLASS III. *Birds' Nests.*

1st prize, *Pair Field Glasses*
2nd prize, *North American Birds' Eggs*

The editor would like information as to the places on the South Atlantic Coast where the following birds can, to your own knowledge, be found breeding (in colonies preferred) and directions for reaching the same and the best time in which to find both eggs and young. Laughing Gull, Gull-billed, Royal or Least Terns, Skimmers, Anhingas, Cormorants, Pelicans, Herons, Oystercatchers. Any information that you can give concerning the above will be duly appreciated.

AN OSPREY'S NEST.

It was a beautiful June morning when I started to take a walk in the Maine woods. There could not be a more beautiful spot than Pemaquid Point, a narrow neck of land, with the blue ocean on either side, stretching out in all directions above the green fir trees that help so much toward making the point beautiful. I started along a narrow and dusty road that wound in and out among the fir trees which were so thick, that a human being could hardly penetrate them without the help of a hatchet. Now and then an old house came into view, having a clearing, a few fruit trees, a hen house and possibly an old barn beside it. Doubtless some old patriarch, who risked his life for his country in the Civil War, lives here, who would, if you happened to ask him, tell you stories about the fighting he did.

The birds were singing on both sides of me as I walked merrily on, and flowers of all kinds were waving in the gentle breeze at my feet. My intentions were to follow this road to New Harbor, and thence take another road to Pemequid Beech, but the time for my return was slowly approaching, much to my regret, so I decided to go back through the woods, thus avoiding the dusty road and the sun which was becoming rather hot. I found a place where the trees did not grow as closely together, so I decided to strike in there and feel my way homeward as best I could.

Although these woods were too thick for rapid walking, they were just what I liked. The wider the woods are, the more wood folk live there; so I walked along, hoping to make some new discovery of the ways of the wood folk. I was not sorry, however, to run upon a narrow path once in a while, that led me in the direction in which I was going. It was on one of these narrow paths that I discovered a very interesting bit of bird life. I heard some strange and alarming cries above my head, such as I had never heard before, and, glancing in the direction of the cries, I saw two Ospreys flying about high in the air, calling their cry that in osprey language must mean, "Danger is coming, be on the watch." Looking around, I saw that I was in a clearing that had been recently robbed of its trees by some woodcutters. Near the edge of this clearing were two tall hemlocks, both of which were dead at the top, and at the top of the lower of the two was a large pile of sticks, which I soon found to be the osprey's nest. The nest was made entirely of sticks, which were woven tightly together, being over three feet in diameter and about three feet deep. It projected far over the topmost branches of the tree.

While I gazed at the nest, the birds became more anxious and screamed much louder. The birds became still more terrified when I photographed the nest, and the female, who is larger and stronger than the male, swooped down suddenly, as if to take me in its terrible talons and carry me away, but luckily for me it turned out of my way a few feet from my head.

I noticed that the father bird was carrying a fish in his talons which he undoubtedly intended to give to his little ones, but as he did not care to let us see him give it to them, he told us as nearly as he could in osprey language to go off his grounds and very likely called us trespassers. Although his proper name is American Osprey, he is more frequently called fish hawk, for he makes his living by fishing and he is an expert fisherman too. The Osprey looks quite like the bald eagle, but can easily be distinguished by his different habits and his smaller size. The osprey is from 22 to 23 inches in length. The upper parts are of a brownish black and the nape and underparts are white. The wings are very large and powerful and enable the birds to sail for a long distance. This nest was about one quarter of a mile from the sea, where the birds could easily get all the fish they needed for themselves and their little ones. They never left their young exposed to danger; the mother stayed by the nest, while the father got fish enough for his whole family. Very few male birds feed both mate and young as the father osprey does.

Much delighted with my new discovery, I started homeward, resolving to go again in a few days, to see what more of interest I could learn about the Ospreys.

A few days later, I started bright and early to see how my friends the Ospreys were getting along. It was rather a cloudy day, but it did not look as though it would rain. I went slowly along, stopping to turn off the road now and then to go into the woods to see what strange birds I might find. I had not gone far beyond when I perceived it was beginning to rain, so I knocked at the door of the nearest farmhouse to see if I could gain admittance until the shower was over. The hostess gave me a cordial greeting and I got into the house just as it began to rain in torrents. It rained "cats and dogs" as some people say, but I could not find either cats nor dogs that had not been there before the shower. However, I never saw more cats and kittens than there were in that house and spent the whole of the fifteen minutes playing with the whole families of kittens and asking questions about them. It soon stopped raining, so I resumed my walk toward the nest, thinking nothing about how wet the grass and trees would be. As I proceeded, I saw plenty of chickadees, nuthatches, yellowthroats,



Photo from life by A. J. Myers.

OSPREY RETURNING TO ITS NEST.

crows, warblers, thrushes and the like, but no osprey. While I was hunting for the nest, one of the Ospreys spied me and gave his call of danger. With his help I finally found the nest, and the birds near by.

Soon I saw a violent thunder storm coming up, so I thought best to be starting back. I had not gone out of sight of the nest before it began to rain harder than I had seen it that day. It thundered and lightened also, so I stood under some thick hemlocks, thinking they would keep me dry until the shower was over. It did not, however, prove to be a shower, but a heavy storm. In ten minutes the trees began to let the water drip down my neck, so I decided to go home as fast as I could and risk a ducking. I risked my ducking and got it without any doubt. Like a spring, in the months when water is plenty, the water was running out of my boots every step I took all the way home. I shall always remember that funny walk home, with the water just running off of me.

My third visit found the mother Osprey on the nest, though the nest was so large and at such a height I could not see her. The mate was soaring around, uttering his danger calls, and telling me to go away from his treasures, but, as I would not go, he tried in vain to chase me away by making believe pounce upon me. This was an old trick of his so it did not bother me in the least. He would rise high in the air and remain still, flapping his wings as fast as he could make them go, while he screamed as loud as he could scream. He no doubt thought I must be a queer kind of thing not to be afraid of him when he was doing such alarming things.

When the father Osprey flew back of a hill where I was standing to rest, I crawled into some thick underbrush and concealed myself as best I could, hoping to see the Ospreys feed their nestlings. I knew he must have some little ones by the way he tried to frighten me away from his nest. I lay perfectly quiet to see what the Ospreys would do. The father Osprey did not hear me walking around, so he concluded I must have gone away, after circling around to see if he could see any traces of me, he gradually stopped his screaming, and sat down on the top of the hemlock tree near the nest to rest himself and guard his mate and little ones. He was a beautiful sight as he sat there so near me. All the time he stayed there he was uttering some quiet notes which I could not understand, but which his mate very likely did. Mr. Osprey had not been on the tree long, before a head peeked over the top of the nest. I thought it might be a young bird so kept very quiet, but as it slowly rose, Mrs. Osprey soon stood on the top of the nest. After looking around, she slowly flapped her wings and flew away. As I was anxious to know where she went and what she would

do when she came back, I waited quietly for over half an hour, but she did not return. Meanwhile the father stayed near the nest. I could not spare any more time that day, so I started for home. Mr. Osprey heard me at once and left his comfortable perch, calling his alarm cry. Immediately I heard a second cry of alarm and Mrs. Osprey came into sight. She must have wanted to stretch herself and so left the nest and flew to some perch just out of my sight, staying there until she heard her mate calling for help. Their danger call grew less and less as I left them.



EGG OF OSPREY, [NATURAL SIZE].

On my next visit I learned more about Ospreys than I had learned in all my other visits put together. I saw the mother bird on the edge of the nest, talking to the young birds, before she saw me. When I approached a few feet nearer a stick cracked under my feet and announced my arrival. Mrs. Osprey flew around giving the note of alarm, and Mr. Osprey came in a few minutes with a large fish in his talons. I sat down with my camera near the nest. The Ospreys knew they must give the fish to their hungry little ones, yet they did not want to let me see them do so. I don't see why they were so bashful. I had no objections to seeing them in the act of feeding their young. I had been near the nest fully an hour, and the fish had been cooking in the sun for the same length of time. The birds held a consultation and planned how they could deceive me. Mother Osprey secured a big stick, thinking I would suppose it to be a fish, for it did somewhat resemble one, and, holding it in her talons just as her mate held the fish, she circled around the nest for a few times, then alighted on the nest, stick and all. She soon flew off with the stick, and, after circling around again, went stick foremost into the nest out of sight. She stayed there until she had told her children the plan, then flew off back of the hill to where her mate was. They could see me but I could not

see them. As soon as they found out that I did not attempt to get the fish out of the nest as they had expected, Mr. Osprey came along with the fish, and, after circling around a few times, left the fish for his hungry children to eat. He then flew away triumphantly to tell his mate how they had deceived me.

I know of no birds that are trained as well as the young Ospreys. They did not utter a sound during the several hours that I watched them, nor did they show their heads above the top of the nest. What would a nest full of hungry Robins do if left for over an hour without food. Any passer by would hear the screaming and easily find the young robin's nest. The Ospreys must train their young to keep perfectly quiet and not make a sound, even if they are starving, while the danger call is heard. If all young birds were as obedient as the Osprey's how much better it would be for the parents.

I secured my best photographs this day beside learning the most about their habits. The day before they were much afraid of me, but today, after quietly watching them for over an hour, they found I was their friend, and went to and from their nest without minding me. I left them quiet and happy with the mother on the nest. It takes patience to prove to any bird that you will not harm it, but after it once finds you to be its friend, it is no longer afraid of you; then is the time to study and photograph your bird and get the best result. Patience is the one great thing necessary in studying birds.

On my last visit to the nest, I found the Ospreys in their usual position, Mrs. Osprey on the nest, and Mr. Osprey on the tree close by. I took several photographs of them this time. As I approached they were quieter than usual and seemed hardly to mind me. I found nearly a half dozen trees, all of which were dead at the top, thus affording perches for the Ospreys. I saw them use all of these. Thus the mystery was solved and I found out where the birds stayed when guarding the nest. The next day I was obliged to leave Pemaquid, but a week later a friend wrote me that the two young Ospreys were flying around with their parents, and that they were so large it was hard to tell them apart.

I shall always remember my pleasant experiences with these Ospreys, and if I ever am so fortunate as to go and visit Pemaquid again, I shall expect to see these or some other Ospreys occupying the same nest, for the nest is repaired and used by the owners every year until death, and then occupied by their descendents for many years.



Photo from life by R. H. Beebe.

A PAIR OF BLUEBIRDS AND THEIR NEST IN AN OLD FENCE POST.

THE COMING OF THE BLUEBIRD.

For months we have been snowbound, and our favorite woods, where, last summer, we trod the soft moss carpet amid ferns and green leaves and to the accompaniment of myriads of bird voices, have been buried under two feet of dazzling whiteness from which the tree trunks protrude like gaunt spectres. Everywhere is - - silence, broken only at intervals by the coarse cawing of Crows, the harsh scream of the Jay, and the plaintive calls of the few small birds that are brave enough to face the rigor of a New England winter, notable Chickadees, Kinglets, Crosshills, Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, and, occasionally a Robin, that in its devotion to its home-land, shows more courage than wisdom. It has always been a mystery how small birds could stand zero weather for days and weeks at a time, and, even though they are capable of withstanding such cold, why they should do it preference when they have the ability to go to a land of sunshine and plenty. Undoubtedly a large percentage of our resident birds perish every year from lack of food and severe cold and one, the Bob White, is almost exterminated from New England, notwithstanding the fact that thousands of western birds have been liberated in hopes of replenishing the depleted covers; while large numbers of these have met their end at the hands of gunners, most of them are victims of snow and ice storms and continued cold, during the winter, and wet weather during the nesting season.

Now comes the longed-for season—Spring. All eyes are strained to catch the first glimpse of blue; all ears alert for the first glad carol of the Bluebird, that forerunner of the myriads of birds soon to start northward. It is strange with what accuracy birds can reckon time; what should cause our Bluebird, basking in the sunny land of the Bermudas or the Antilles, to, on a certain day, start on his long journey northward? Some instinct, more subtle than we know prompts them, for they arrive in the land of their birth with remarkable regularity. In this county the earliest date that we have record of their positive arrival is February 14th., while the latest is March 10th.

The first few weeks they spend in renewing old acquaintances. Each bush and stone and tree is examined with the same enthusiasm that is displayed by a man visiting the scenes of his childhood, but probably from a different motive, for food is very scarce at this time of the year and they must thoroughly examine every crevice if they are to obtain their daily fare.

All birds are proud and our Bluebird is no exception. It is his delight to parade before his chosen mate and, with drooping and

trembling wings throwing off blue flashes as the sun strikes them, to coo sweet refrains to her. In choosing a nesting site, tastes of different birds vary greatly: One may build in a cavity of an apple tree barely two feet from the ground while another chooses a hollow limb in a chestnut forty feet above the earth; still others find suitable houses in fence posts, bird boxes, etc., and one pair, as shown in our illustrations has even resorted to the arm of a scare-crow.

Wherever we meet them they are the same gentle, confiding birds, very devoted to their off-spring, and it is little wonder that they have so endeared themselves to the hearts of all who know them.



Photo by A. R. Spaid

AN UNUSUAL NESTING PLACE.

This scare-crow was adopted as a nesting site by the pair of Bluebirds which are seen perching on it. The entrance to the nest is in the arm under the lower bird.



Photo from life by R. H. Beebe.
 BLUEBIRD ABOUT TO FEED YOUNG.
 [Winner of 4th Prize in Class 2.]

Magnolia Warbler.

A. O. U. No. 657.

(*Dendroica maculosa.*)

RANGE.

United States and Canada east of the Rocky Mountains, this species being casual or accidental on the Pacific Coast. The breeding range includes the whole of eastern Canada except the barren regions of the north; in the United States it is found in the northern parts, south to Massachusetts, northern New York and Michigan and in mountains south to Maryland. They pass the winter in southern Mexico and Central America, principally at high altitudes; the birds in eastern United States make the journey across the gulf while the western ones usually follow along the east coast of Mexico.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 5 inches. Can be identified in any plumage by the yellow

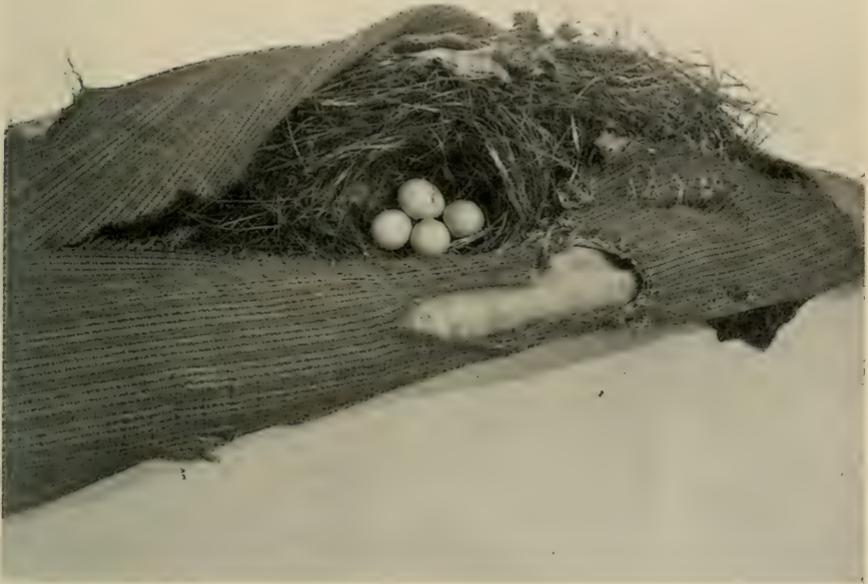


Photo by A. R. Spaid.

NEST OF BLUEBIRD IN ARM OF SCARE-CROW.

rump and white band across the *middle* of the tail, the spots being large, square and on inner webs of the feathers. The female is much duller in color than the male, having few if any prominent black markings. Winter adults and young birds are similar to the female but the back is more greenish and the yellow usually brighter beneath.

NESTING HABITS.

This species nests almost exclusively in coniferous trees at elevations of from three to forty feet from the ground. The nests are made of fine grasses and rootlets lined with fine black rootlets or hair. They lay from three to five eggs of a creamy white color wreathed about the large end and sparingly sprinkled with reddish brown and chestnut. Nests and eggs will usually be found the first of June.



HABITS.

Magnolia Warblers, or as many know them, Black and Yellow



NEST AND EGGS OF MAGNOLIA WARBLER.

Warblers are one of the most strikingly beautiful species of the family. In the spring they are very active and often seen flitting out among apple trees when the latter are in bloom, their brilliant black and yellow plumage contrasting beautifully with the delicate pink and white tints of the blossoms. Large numbers of them can also be observed in the underbrush of open woods or on hillsides. They show little fear of man, but are very curious to see all that is going on; they are usually noticed peering out from beneath the foliage with tail up, wren fashion, and expanded so as to show the prominent white band while the yellow rump is also much in evidence. They seem loath to leave your society and may be seen first on one side then on the other as you may make your way through the woods. Their notes are of the same character as those of the Yellow Warbler, Redstart and many others of the more familiar birds, a loud whistling "chee-chee - - -" usually uttered about six times. They chirp loudly and with great energy if any one approaches the vicinity of their nest, a fact that usually betrays that they have one, for they are skillfully concealed and their presence would not be suspected if kept a secret by the owners.

During the latter part of September great numbers of these birds, both old and young, pass through our land on their way to warmer climes in which to pass the coming winter.

CERULEAN WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 658

(*Dendroica rara*).

RANGE.

The breeding range of the Cerulean Warbler is in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys. They are rare east of the Allegheny Mountains but are occasionally found as far east as Connecticut and Rhode Island. In western New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia they are found as commonly as might be expected for a bird that is nowhere abundant, but the center of their abundance is in Ohio and Illinois. In winter they are found in northern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 5 inches. Above, a light blue or grayish blue with black streaks on the back; below white with a gray blue breast band and darker stripes on the sides. The adult female and young are a gray blue washed with greenish above, and white washed with yellow below. They also have a white superciliary line.

NESTING HABITS.

These birds are usually met with in the tree tops and they also build their nests at high elevations from the ground. Consequently they are quite difficult to locate and are not often seen in collections. The nests are placed on horizontal branches usually in a fork; They are small and compactly made of strips of bark and grasses lined with finer grass or horse hair. Their four eggs are white, sparingly speckled with reddish brown.



HABITS.

The little sky blue creatures are also known as Azure Warblers. From their habit of keeping in the tops of the trees, where they feed upon small insects, they are rarely known by the masses of even bird lovers in the localities where they are most abundant. Their song is a high-keyed and rather faint "zeep-zeep" repeated several times and coming from the tree tops is barely noticeable to an observer below. My personal experience with these beautiful creatures is limited to not more than three individuals that I observed in Rhode Island about ten miles below Providence. Here they were found in tall trees in the depths of a swamp and could not possibly have been identified without a gun or powerful field glasses. I have never found their nest, although as this was in July there is little doubt but what they were breeding there.

CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 659.

(Dendroica pensylvanica).

RANGE.

United States east of the Mississippi and in southern Canada. South of Pennsylvania they are found breeding only in the Alleghanies. Their winter range is in Central America from Mexico to the Isthmus.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 5 inches. Adults may always be recognized by the yellow crown and chestnut stripe on the sides. Young birds and adults in winter plumage are plain greenish yellow above and white below with no black or chestnut markings.

NESTING HABITS.



Chestnut-sides always nest at low elevations usually within three feet of the ground. Their favorite location is in the top of a small shrub where the nest is completely concealed from view by the cluster of leaves. I have found a great many nests in patches of sweet fern. They are made of fibres and grasses tightly woven together and lined with fine grasses and hair. They lay four or five creamy white eggs quite strongly marked with reddish brown and usually with obscure markings of gray or lilac.

HABITS.

In New England, New York and Pennsylvania these birds are very abundant, in some places even outnumbering the Yellow Warbler. They are commonly found on low hillsides and in pasture land wherever low brush is to be found. Their song is very similar to that of the Yellow Warbler and also the Redstart and only the most practised ear can identify the birds by their notes. The best way to find their nests is to stoop so that you can look up under the tops of the bushes and if the nest is within a few feet you will surely see it, whereas hunting them from above is very difficult. The birds are very tame when sitting on their nests and a number of times, by carefully parting the leaves over a nest, I have stroked the back of the sitting bird before she would leave. They can very readily be tamed so as to take insects from the hand when they are offered and especially easy to photograph. They moult during the latter part of July and August, and toward the end of this month and in September it is difficult to find an individual with any chestnut, black or yellow in the plumage.

BAY-BREASTED WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 660.

(Dendroica castanea.)

RANGE.

This species breeds in the southern parts of the British Provinces west to Manitoba. In the United States they breed only in northern New England and Michigan. Their routes of migration vary in different years so that they cannot be looked for with certainty in any locality. They winter in southern Central America and northern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 5.5 inches. Adults in spring and summer may readily be identified by the chestnut crown, throat and broad strip on the sides, the female differing from the male in being marked less conspicuously; young birds and winter adults are greenish gray above with black streaks on the back, grayish buff below and usually have a trace of chestnut on the flanks.

NESTING HABITS.



Nests of these Warblers are usually found in swampy woods at elevations of from ten to twenty feet. The usual location is in the crotch of some coniferous tree. The nests are made of fibres and grasses closely woven and lined with fine rootlets or shreds of bark. The four eggs are white, with a bluish tinge, spotted and blotched about the large end with brown and stone gray.

HABITS.

While these birds at times are abundant, as much is not known of their habits as might be desired because of the uncertainty of their appearance. I have not seen them in Worcester County since 1896 when there was a large flight of them, lasting several days. While individuals probably pass through here every year they do not appear in sufficient numbers to attract notice. I have always met them along the banks of streams or ponds usually at low elevation. Their notes are slight in volume but have good quality and are similar to those of any of the others of the family.

BLACK-POLL WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 661.

(Dendroica striata.)

RANGE.

The breeding range of the Black-poll Warbler is in Canada north to the limit of tree growth and in mountains of northern New England, New York and Michigan. Their migration route lies chiefly east of the Rocky Mountains and their winter home is in northern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length, 5.5 inches. The male in spring may be recognized by his streaked black and white plumage and solid black cap which easily

separates him from the somewhat similar marked black and white Warbler. The female is greenish gray above streaked with black but with no black crown. The underparts are less distinctly streaked with black. Winter adults and young are very dull colored birds, brownish gray above and buffy below with indistinct dusky streaks.

NESTING HABITS.



Nests of this species are usually placed at low elevation among the outer branches of spruces; they have been found at elevations of from five to ten feet usually in swampy localities. The nests are made of slender twigs, rootlets, mosses ect., and lined with fine grasses or black rootlets. The four eggs are dull white, usually blotched and speckled with various shades of brown.

HABITS.

Black-polls are one of the most abundant birds during migration and are met with in woods, orchard or swamp. They seem very slow motioned compared to the agility displayed by most of the family, and attention is usually attracted to them by their rather faint and jerky "zee-zee" slowly repeated about seven times; it is a song reminding one of an insect, most resembling that of the black and white Warbler but very much slower. In the fall when the adults return, re-enforced by their young, they are the most abundant bird that we have and are found in flocks everywhere. Owing to their very obscure plumage they are very hard to separate from several other species at this season.

BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 662.

(*Dendroica blackburniae*.)

RANGE.

These Warblers breed in the higher portions of northern United States and in southern Canada. They are known to nest as far south as central Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania and a few breed in the Alleghanies to the Carolinas. Their winter quarters are chiefly in northern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length, 5.5 inches. Being the only North American warbler except the Redstart to have any amount of orange in its plumage the male of



WARBLERS.

Magnolia.
Chestnut-sided.
Black-poll.

Cerulean.
Bay-breasted.
Black burnian.



Photo from life by L. S. Horton.

CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER ON HER NEST.

this species is readily distinguished. Both the female and the young possess the same markings but the orange is replaced by a more or less bright yellow while all the black parts of the male are a greenish brown.

NESTING HABITS.

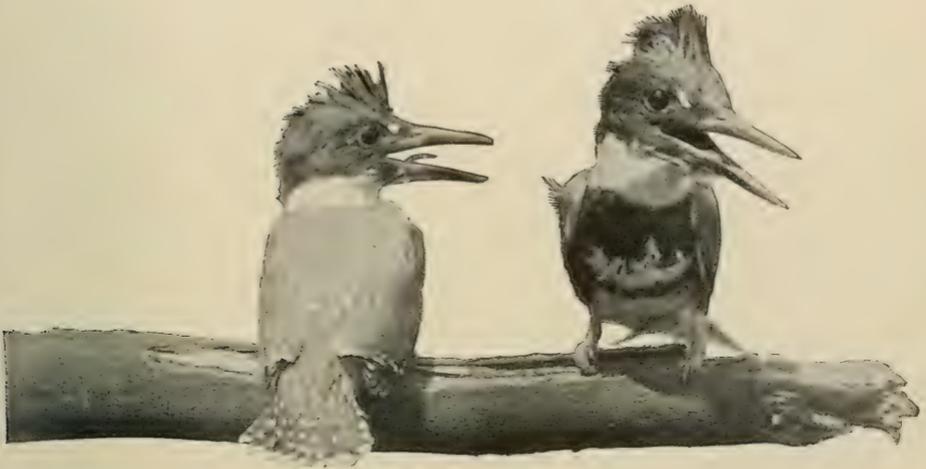
Nests of these warblers are found in coniferous trees usually well out towards the end of the limb and ten to thirty feet from the ground. The nests are made of grasses and rootlets lined with hair and closely resemble those of the Chipping Sparrow. The four eggs have a bluish green ground, specked, spotted and blotched with several shades of brown and gray.



HABITS.

Without doubt this is the most exquisite of North American warblers and is the one most eagerly sought in the spring by all bird lovers. A more beautiful combination cannot be imagined than that of the black, white and intense orange plumage of these birds when set off by the green leaves and pink and white blossoms of an apple tree for they always reach here when the latter trees are in bloom. Some years they are especially abundant and I have seen as many as two dozen in sight at once. One of the prettiest sights that I recall is that of several of this species in a freshly plowed field together with a few Magnolia Warblers, several Tanagers and numerous sparrows. Their brilliant plumage stood out like gems in the midst of the dirt.





OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Address communications to MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville St., Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

We are all rejoicing in the swelling buds, the fresh sweet odors of spring, and the return of the birds.

The severe cold and storms of the winter brought some unusual visitors to some parts of the Atlantic seaboard. Flocks of Snow-buntings—fittingly called Snowflakes—with fluffy white breasts and cheeks with rufous trimmings, the feathers on the back of a soft chinchilla, and white banded wings and tail, walked over the snow, now diving into a snow-bank for a choice bit, coming fearlessly so close to the windows that the admirers within could have reached out a hand and touched them.

They seemed very plump, and as downy as little chickens. I know you would have wanted to cuddle them in your hands, though they were nearly as large as robins. The markings varied greatly. Some had bright rufous necklaces, cheeks and sides, others were entirely without these markings.

It was a pretty sight to see the flocks containing hundreds of these birds rising together into the air, as at a signal, then floating like flakes of snow to the earth with soft rippling notes.

Contrary to the traditions of bird historians, they often alighted in the tops of some nearby maple trees. They ate a water pail full of cracked corn daily, yet were ready each morning for a fresh portion.

With the Buntings were quiet Lapland longspurs, in winter dress of white, tipped black feathers and pure white throats. They too, had yellow bills and black feet, with a long hind claw. They seemed to have a single thought to eat the greatest possible amount in the shortest possible time.

They had still other companions, also walkers, wearing a black crescent upon their light breasts, and upon their heads two horn-like tufts, now you have guessed their names—perhaps you know the Horned Larks in their pretty pinkish grey summer suits.

More shy were the Red-poll Linnets, crimson tinged, swaying upon snow-powdered sprays. All of these little visitors had an added charm, because they came to us when all was so cold and bleak that nothing seemed alive but the ever cheerful chickadees and nuthatches.

Cannot some of you tell us something of these birds as you have met them in their summer haunts?

Cordially, your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Russell Adams. St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Huldah Chace Smith. Providence, R. I.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

Enigma—Golden Crowned Kinglet.

PL.

Titlark.	Quails.
Sandpipers.	Blackbirds.
Snipes.	Swallows.
Plovers.	Meadow-larks.
Grouse.	Bobolinks.
Pigeons.	Oven-birds.

A CUCKOO FAMILY.

Seeing Cuckoos so many times in a lot above our house led me to believe they nested there. One day while I was near there I saw a Cuckoo fly into a thicket of briars and shrubs. I made up my mind to find out where it went to. After I had looked around for quite a while, it flew up right in front of me. I looked at the place where it flew from and spied its nest. It was not so neat a nest as many other birds build. It consisted of quite a number of twigs laid in the center of

five or six limbs branching out of a small dead tree. In the center of the twigs it was lined with grasses. The hollow of the nest was about one inch deep, just enough to keep the three blue-green eggs that were in it from rolling out.

About three days had elapsed before I went there again. This time I found three little black birds with a number of white feathers, and large mouths like all young birds. Thinking they would not fly for some time, I did not go there till a week after. I found but one bird in the nest and it was dead, having been killed in a late storm.

ALFRED BOYD,
Waterbury, Conn.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

My 1st is in cold but not in hot.
My 2nd is in shoot also in shot,
My 3d is in light but not in dark,
My 4th is in flicker but not in spark,
My 5th is in hawk but not in owl,
My 6th is in rag but not in towel,
My 7th is in dumb but not in talk,
My 8th is in saunter but not in walk,
My 9th is found in the short word me,
My whole is a bird you are glad to see.

CLARENCE C. ABBOTT,
New York City, N. Y.

ENIGMA NO. 2

My 1-2-3-4 is a planet.
My 6-7-3-4-5 is severe.
My 4-2-8 is a carpenters tool.
My 1-7-3-4-6 is a swamp.
My 8-2-4-5 is to cleanse.
My 4-5-7-3-9 is a large fish.
My whole is a field bird of 9 letters.

CHARLES C. LEWIS,
Philadelphia, Penn.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

The initials of these words are the initials of a bird described by the words.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Cherries Wanted. | 5. Sweet Singer. |
| 2. Prettily Flushed. | 6. Diligent Worker. |
| 3. Summer's Torch. | 7. Constantly Social. |
| 4. Ever Supplanting. | 8. Brilliant Wanderer. |

QUERIES.

1. What birds walk head downward?
2. What birds have no crop?
3. What birds *sew* leaves together for a nest?
4. What birds' nests are good for food?
5. What bird carries its young as a cat carries her kittens?
6. What birds do not raise the head to swallow?
7. What bird has three toes but no hind toe?
8. What bird has two toes but no hind toe?
9. What bird courtesies when any one passes its home?
10. What bird builds no nest?

GLEANINGS.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
 Some blooms that make the season suit the mind,
 An' seem to match the doubtin' bluebirds' notes,—
 Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
 Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you on curl,
 Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl.—
 But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
 The rebel frosts 'll try to drive 'em in.
 Though I own up, I like our back'ard Springs,
 That kind o' haggie with their greens and things,
 An' when you 'most give up, without more words.
 Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves an' birds
 Thet's Northern natur' slow and apt to doubt,
 But when it *does* git stirred, ther's no gin-out.



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VOL. V

MAY, 1905.

NO. 5

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

Our object in conducting these competitions is to increase interest in the study of living birds and especially their study with the camera. A good photograph of a live wild bird is valuable scientifically, is always a delight to the beholder, and brings back pleasant recollection, to the one that made it. Bird Photography is a sport that may be indulged in by everybody, and in any part of the country, with equal chances of success. Only forethought, patience and a camera are necessary. The new Screen Focus Kodak, advertised in this number, will overcome the chief objections to a film camera, and these compact instruments may now be used by the bird photographer. Anyone may send in as many photos as they wish, and the awards will be made upon the clearness and beauty of the picture, with due regard to the rarity or difficulty in obtaining. As in our last contest the pictures will be grouped in three classes. All desirable photos, which do not win prizes, we will pay for at the rate of fifty cents each.

CLASS I. Live, wild birds.

1st prize, Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 3A.....List, \$20 00

2nd prize, pair Field Glasses.....List, 5 00

3rd prize, Color Key to North Am. Birds.....List, 2 50

CLASS II. Young birds.

1st prize, Al Vista Camera.....List, \$20 00

2nd prize, Pair Field Glasses.....List, 5 00

3rd prize, Color Key.....List, 2 50

CLASS III. Birds' Nests.

1st prize, Pair Field Glasses List, \$ 5 00

2nd prize, North American Birds' Eggs List, 2 50

The editor would like information as to the places on the South Atlantic Coast where the following birds can, to your own knowledge, be found breeding (in colonies preferred) and directions for reaching the same and the best time in which to find both eggs and young. Laughing Gull, Gull-billed, Royal or Least Terns, Skimmers, Anhingas, Cormorants, Pelicans, Herons, Oyster-catchers. Any information that you can give concerning the above will be duly appreciated.

OUR BIRDS WILL YET RETURN.

Hattie Washburn, Goodwin, S. D.

Why moan the winds so sadly
Amid the naked trees?

Why rush the leaves so madly
Before the chilly breeze?

Why are the skies so dreary
In somber robes of gray,
And flowers with life grown weary
Have sadly passed away.

Why are the birds all winging
Their weary southward flight?
No more we hear them singing
Their songs of pure delight.

The stern Frost King is sailing
Across his frozen sea
And Nature sad is wailing
To see her minstrels flee.

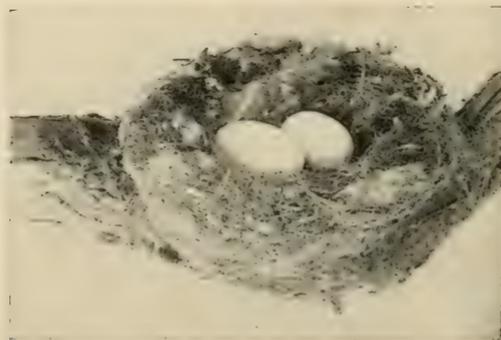
But the sun follows the rain,
Each night a day shall know,
There's a balm for ev'ry pain,
An end to ev'ry woe.

So the Spring will shine once more,
Our hearts will cease to yearn,
With songs joyous as before
Our birds will yet return.

COSTA HUMMINGBIRD IN THE VICINITY OF SANTA MONICA,
CAL.

W. LEE CHAMBERS.

This beautiful little hummer was named by M. Bourcier in honor of Mlle Marquis Costa de Beauregard and is one of the three hummers which nest in this vicinity, and is the rarest of the three, the other two being Anna and Black-chinned. It arrives in Southern California about the first of April after spending its winters in Lower California and Western Mexico.



NEST AND EGGS OF COSTA HUMMINGBIRD.

The above cut is from "North American Birds Eggs." In making up, two plates in some way became shifted so that this nest is erroneously ascribed as the Allen Hummer. Mr. Chambers kindly called my attention to the fact.] ED.

The breeding season of *Calypte Costæ* extends from about the middle of May to the first week of July, and so far as I have found the birds invariably choose as a nesting ground some barren dry wash far from water or else a barren hillside. They seem to be quite sociable and like to build their homes somewhere in the vicinity of their friends, for I have found as many as eight nests within a hundred yards of each other along one dry wash and going a few hundred yards farther up the wash would find none. I have also noticed this among the eucalyptus groves, they seem to colonize. In some particular grove where one will find a dozen pair, maybe the following year they will desert this grove and select another. As far as I have investigated I can find no reason why this hummer should go so far from water to rear its young. I will not put this down as always the case for once in a while a nest will be found in some rocky canyon over a stream of running water.

Nests of Costa Hummingbird are typical and when one has been described you practically have finished as far as the composition of the

nest is concerned. They are composed of vegetable down, small strips of dull colored bark, small leaves, seed pods, dull gray lichens and tiny downy feathers held together by spider web. I have yet to see my first nest of this species which has any decorations, although most of the hummers do. I do find however, that quite often the nest will contain one or two small soft feathers as a lining and I have one set in my collection where the feathers are so plentiful that the eggs are scarcely visible in their downy bed.

For a nesting site, the birds of course adapt themselves to surroundings. If it is a narrow dry wash, one will generally find the nest on a bush or small tree overhanging the bed of the wash, but sometimes, you may find it on a sage bush on the rocky side of the wash, on some small cliff or clearing. Very often the bird will choose a cactus plant or a seed pod of the *Yucca* should any happen to be in the vicinity. Should you find a colony in a eucalyptus or gum, as we commonly call them, look about waist high among the dead leaves of the lower branches and you will locate it nine times out of ten.

About the first of October we find our pretty little summer visitor has departed for his winter home and we will see no more of him until the winter is gone and spring is once more with us.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

By HARRY H. DUNN.

Ordinarily the bush-tit is one of the shyest of all of California's birds except when met with in its breeding resorts in the oak groves of the hills, but I had an experience with a pair of these interesting little fellows some months ago which is quite different from anything which I had heard of them before and which I believe, illustrates a new trait in their character.

At the home of my father-in-law, in the heart of a populous residence section of Los Angeles—a city, by the way, of more than 150,000 souls—there is an old garden, covering a space equal to two average city lots and grown up to stately palms, ivy-screened pines and rose trees of varying ages. Here always is bud and blossom and all things green; and here, too, as might be imagined, come many of the city dwellers among the birds. The linnets, miserable yet amusing pests that they are, are always here, nesting in every available corner of tree and house cornice. The English sparrows have not come yet, but when they do I look for trouble for the house finches in short order. Some strange power has held the dreaded sparrows north of the Tehachepi mountains on this coast, but they are in San Francis-

co in myriads, and should the migrating spirit lay hold upon the hordes of the northern city, there is no preventing them from overrunning "our Italy" as well.

The grackles, great, bronzed, saucy fellows, called Brewer's black-birps out here by way of courtesy, fill this yard with their chatter throughout the winter, and an occasional redwing, bound to the seaside marshes of the southern end of the state, flutes his silvery note from the top of a tall walnut. But all these and many more, such as the goldfinches and humming birds, are more or less acquainted with and accustomed to the sight and presence of people moving about their nesting places, so my curiosity was aroused when, one day last summer, my wife called me into the garden to see the nest of a "new bird."

Sure enough, there in the heart of a rosebush some twelve feet in height was the swinging home of a bush-tit, while from a nearby oleander came the contented "twit, twit," of its owner as she diligently searched the gray trunk for that pest of the California rancher—black scale. The nest seemed fully complete, and presently another bird joined the one in the flowering tree, seemingly as intent on its work as though we had been out of sight and out of mind. Investigation with one long fore-finger showed that no eggs had been laid, though the pair came as anxiously about the little home when we approached it as if there had been a nestful of pearly eggs in its downy bottom. How long they had been occupied in making this home, nobody about the place seemed to know; in fact no one noticed them until we came, though children played through the old yard almost every hour of the day, and some one or more of the family usually spent some time in pruning and training the various plants. On account of this the birds must have been very quiet, doing most of their work in silence—a condition of affairs quite contrary to their own habits when among the oak groves where they are very noisy. This will seem to show, then, that they had adapted themselves to the circumstances which they found round about—but, first of all, I would like to know what brought the little gray coats to the city in the beginning. There were no heavy winds which might have blown them in off the hills, in fact no storms of any kind, so it may well have been merely curiosity that set them down in what doubtless seemed to them very like some of the wildwood thickets they had known in previous nesting seasons.

Unfortunately, I was permitted to see the end of this charming little domestic drama, for some miscreant of a boy took nest and limb away with him one night, and the birds deserted the old garden for all time. They had laid no eggs, for which I was glad because the boy would find none when he opened the home he so ruthlessly destroyed. This is the only time I have ever heard of this bird leaving the borders of the woodland, and if there is any one who has known of such an instance I should be very glad to hear from them concerning it.



Photo by A. R. Spaid.

NEST AND EGGS OF KILLDEER.

WINTER BIRDS SEEN FROM A WINDOW.

It may be of interest to readers of American Ornithology, especially to beginners in bird lore, to learn that many of our common winter birds, perhaps most of them, can be seen in one's dooryard or from one's window, if only a little pains be taken to allure them. A back door, where a few crumbs, cracked nuts, or a little grain can be scattered, is a good place for this purpose, and one which lies within reach of almost every one. A piazza roof, or that of a bay window is a still better place.

The birds about to be described, numbering eleven were, with a single exception, seen by the writer, from one window, in the village of Brooklyn, Connecticut, between the dates of December first 1903 and January tenth, 1904. The one exception was the Pine Grosbeak. On January ninth a flock of these birds appeared in a larch tree on our lawn. They seemed to be feasting on the tender buds formed for next summer's foliage. In this flock of from twenty to thirty birds, I noted only one or two adult males, these having carmine-red on head, rump and breast, while the females and young males were clad in sober livery of ashy-gray, tinged with greenish-yellow or reddish-brown on those parts.

The window from which the other birds were seen opens upon a bay-window roof. A pear tree stands near by, some of whose branches come almost in contact with this roof. The first winter bird which I saw here, was the Golden-crowned Kinglet, which came into this tree one morning early in December. My attention was at first called to it by its low, sharp, piping note, which it constantly uttered as it darted about from limb to limb, sometimes head downward after the manner of the Chickadee, thus frequently exposing the golden feathers of its crown. The next visitor was a Brown Creeper. So nearly the color of the tree was he, that, had he not been in motion, he might have remained unnoticed. his greyish-brown coat, varied with white, dark brown and dusky, closely resembling the bark of the tree with its crevices. Not infrequently Downy Woodpeckers, in their unchangeable dress of black and white, visit this tree, the bright red spot on the heads of the males distinguishing them from the females. These birds are sometimes enticed to take a meal from a piece of meat fastened to a tree, those previously mentioned having foraged for themselves, seeming neither to expect nor need the human assistance, which many other birds so gladly accept. The Chickadees, with their black crowns, white cheeks and ash-colored backs; the White-breasted Nuthatches, with upper part of head and neck black, glossed with blue; and the slate-colored Junco or Snowbird, whose under parts are white,

are too well known in this section to need detailed description as to their markings. The tiny Chickadee is such a bold, courageous little creature, that he never seems to fear any larger birds, neither will he be driven away to any distance by them. He is however so unobtrusive, that I have often seen him, when not allowed to approach the dish where another bird was feasting, retire a very short distance away, or perhaps hang upon the window blind, and there patiently wait until the place was vacated. This vacancy he would instantly fill, and as quickly vacate again, after having secured his "nut in the half shell" which he firmly held with his tiny claws, resting it upon the branch of a tree, while he eagerly devoured its contents. Then he would suddenly drop the empty shell and repeat the process. I have noticed that the Blue Jay adopts this same method of holding his food between his feet while eating. Although very shy at first, this handsome bird is now a regular visitor, and his appetite seems insatiable. The Tree Sparrows are such well-disposed, tastefully attired little birds, that they deserve special mention. Their distinguishing mark is the obscure, blackish dot in the center of the breast, which one writer has appropriately called the bird's breast-pin. Now a word in favor of the much abused English Sparrow, I once shared the almost universal prejudice against him, but after having witnessed his humility, and his courtesy toward the Tree Sparrow, which he brings as an occasional guest I am in a great measure dispossessed of that prejudice. This bird is not responsible for his foreign nationality, neither did he seek transportation to this country. An involuntary immigrant, why should he be denied a living? The allegation that he drives away other birds is contrary to my observation. I have seen fifteen or twenty of these sparrows sitting patiently upon the limb of a tree, awaiting their turn for food, while Snowbirds and others were enjoying their repast. If one or two of these sparrows a little bolder than the rest, ventured to approach, upon being turned upon by the other birds and thus warned that they were intruders, they would immediately and humbly retire to their former positions, as if conscious that they were rightful owners neither of the soil nor its products. Only one more bird remains to be mentioned, the Song Sparrow. Although not strictly a winter bird, one of these little songsters appeared on my roof a few days ago, in company with the Snowbirds. The sight of this little friend, on that cold, wintry morning, filled me with a longing to hear his beautiful song, which with us is considered a never failing harbinger of Spring.

I feel confident that if those who take the slightest interest in the study of birds, were to try the simple allurements I have mentioned, an increased interest would be the result, and a great amount of

pleasure would be derived, with the expenditure of only a little trouble.

(After the above was written, a tragedy occurred under my window. A Northern Shrike or Butcher bird killed a dear little Chickadee, impaled it upon a shrub, then proceeded to devour it, beginning with its head. Upon being shot at, it flew away, returning soon to continue its gruesome meal. Frightened away again by another shot, it returned a second time, seized its victim and bore it off where pursuit through the deep drifted snow was impossible. This adds one more to the number of birds seen from my window, twelve in all.)

C. H. PALMER.

OUR SUMMER BIRDS.

The past summer was made very pleasant and interesting by the large number of birds singing and nesting about our home.

One pair of Robins built their nest on the front porch and became so tame as to eat bread from my hand, but resented any attempt to handle the young ones.

One day we noticed a pair of Yellow Warblers swinging on the bell rope, picking the fluffy ends and carrying it to the upright honeysuckle just a few feet from the kitchen door, so taking a piece of cheese cloth for they will use white material only in the construction of their dainty cradles, we tossed the ravellings about on the shrubs, the birds taking it almost as fast as given, they seemed in such haste, but the next day they tore the nest apart, and upon investigating we found the egg of the Cowbird in the little matted cup remaining.

Our old tenants, the Barn Swallows with their merry chatter and graceful flight are a constant pleasure.

Bobolinks were unusually numerous and as the hay fields extended right up to the lawn, we had their delightful melody all about us, the notes dropping in a silvery shower as the birds flew from field to field, reminding us of Lowell's bobolink whose song, "Runs down a brook of laughter in the air."

Our Maryland Yellow-throat built his odd nest in a tangle of black berry vines near the barn well and the Indigo Bird a nest in bushes near by.

Seeing the Baltimore Orioles carrying material to the tallest apple tree on the west lawn, we hung a quantity of bright colored strings on the clothes line and surely no baby orioles were ever reared in a more gorgeous home than this.

The King Bird made his home in the Pound Sweet tree, and came



YOUNG KINGFISHERS.

[Winner of 2nd Prize in Photo Contest.]

Photo by J. M. Shreck.

[This picture shows a characteristic habit of these interesting and amusing birds; that of heading in one direction, lined up like soldiers on parade. Their minds seem to work alike for they usually move in unison, marching either forward or backward in close file and perfect step.].

daily to the row of bee hives for his dinner, but perhaps it was only make believe, and he didn't like them after all. I think this tyrant calls "King" plainly as he flies.

The little Grasshopper Sparrow under and the Chippy among the branches of a spruce made a lively corner very early in the morning and my sleepest time.

Late in the afternoon the Brown Thrasher would give us a splendid concert from the topmost branch of the old apple tree on the front lawn and continued singing almost to mid-summer which I think is unusual.

The lovely Cedar Waxwing came to the croquet arches (wound about with white cotton) for material and moved it into the nest found in the pippin tree later.

The Field Sparrow comes singing up the orchard a wild sweet song, that recalls to your mind the cool depths of the green forest, at this hot noon hour, when he loves to sing his best.

While lying quietly reading in the hammock stretched between two cherry trees and over-arched by an elm, I aroused the curiosity of our Catbird who come peeping and scolding and making a great demonstration among the branches and at last came down on the foot of the hammock intent on seeing just what I was doing, then satisfied, moved off and gave me one of his incomparable "performances"

One morning while busy in the garden I was very much startled by the loud rapidly uttered notes of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo, who had came in his silent way, into the grape trellis almost over my head.

The Mourning Dove, the Vesper and Song Sparrows, Orchard Oriole and the Bluebird have their home in a group of old Johnny Appleseed trees standing in a wild tangle of briars and locust; indeed most of our common birds find their way to this spot, the notes of the Cardinal Grosbeak, the Pewee, the Yellow-throated Vireo, Woodpeckers and even the Yellow-breasted Chat, can be heard here during the summer.

The clear echoing notes of the Veery come floating up from the woods, in the long twilight hours and with the Vesper's hymn near by close the delightful summer days.

Of all our birds we could least afford to miss the sweet notes of the Meadowlark, and the cheery whistle of the Quail, the birds we loved long before our trees and shrubs grew up to shelter the host that followed, and how little did we dream when planting them, of the wonderful fruit they would bear in the years to come.

A SONG AT EVENTIDE.

It was on the eve of May 4th. I was sitting near a small stream alone with Nature. I had sat there an hour watching the outdoor world go to sleep. As the sun neared the western horizon, the birds had dropped out of their choir one by one. A pair of chats that were so boisterous a moment ago had now sought out their retreats for the night; a cardinal, from the top of stately sycamore had whistled his last "what cheer;" an indigo bunting mounted laboriously into the air chanting his little ditty and then dropped abruptly into the thicket, even the dickcissel that is ever ready to display his dry parched voice, did not offer to break the stillness which now reigned supreme. Once a rabbit, made bold by the silence, ventured from cover. Spying me he sat up and regarded me long and silently with his great bulging eyes; seemingly satisfied he dropped on all fours, nibbled mincingly at the tender grass, then, without any apparent reason, darted into the under-brush.

The pink and yellow glow of the western sky was fast dying out. The air—it seemed as though there was none—it was so still.

Just then a voice broke the silence; low and clear—inexpressible in its sweetness—inimitable in its simplicity. It seemed as if Nature murmured in her sleep. As it had begun, the little song ceased suddenly in a confused jumble of notes. As I glanced around the singer, a Harris sparrow, flitted from it's perch, the topmost bough of a brush-heap, and disappeared in the gloaming.

EDGAR BOYER.

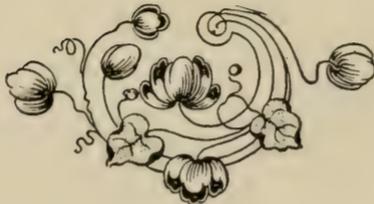




Photo from life by Isaac E. Hess.

MOTHER ROBINS CARES.

You can see from her thoughtful pose that she has just been conversing with them. You can readily ascertain from the size of the photo, that I was quite near when I pressed the bulb, near enough in fact to hear (?) her recital of her hard mornings work. Seriously, I don't think she was complaining, merely the natural result of a work-weary matron who could not help noticing that the master of the household was shirking his share of the task. Happily I was well hidden behind a box and was able to catch (by shorthand) a few of her sentences.(?)

You have Mrs. Robin's and my permission to reproduce the picture and immortalize her words in your excellent Bird Magazine.

I. E. H.

MOTHER ROBIN'S CARES.

By ISAAC E. HESS.

Oh dear! dear! my children,
Are you hungry still?
I've been earnestly hoping
You'd gotten your fill.

I declare I've been working
Since just after dawn
And have made a full hundred
Long trips to the lawn.

Each time I have brought you
A long fat earth-worm;
You've no idea the trouble
I've hearing them squirm.

I must listen so closely
My ear to the ground,
To catch (while they're working)
The least little sound.

I cannot just fly there
And find them at will;
I must pull each one out of
The sod with my bill.

I've cleaned all the spiders
And bugs from the vine;
The small ones, I brought you—
The large ones were mine.

Your too small for cherries,
And now I'm perplexed
My babies, to know what
To get for you next.

MEMORIES.

I became vaguely aware of a breeze fanning my face—a breeze fragrant with a perfume indescribably sweet. Awakening with a start, I glanced through the open window to see the apple trees laden with their delicately pink-tinted blossoms. I was out under the trees in a moment, literally drinking in the fresh scented air. And there were others too who enjoyed the society of the apple blossoms, for busily moving about among them were numerous little golden yellow sprites, veritable little sunbeams, who in very ecstasy, exclaimed “sweet, sweet, sweet, aint they sweet!” and I agreed heartily. These little birds were the Yellow Warblers fresh from long sojourn in the South, each little individual bringing with him a portion of that far away land’s sunshine. Small though they were they scattered it generously everywhere, and the supply seemed in no danger of becoming exhausted. And so it was all the balmy days of spring. Wherever we went we found them, busy as ever, and ever singing their little song, “Sweet, sweet, sweet, oh so sweet!”

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon, I walked down the hill road stopping at the bridge. Surrounding it were weeds, bushes, and shrubbery, a regular haven for birds. And birds there were, galore. Thrashers, Cardinals, Chats, Phœbes, Yellowthroats, Dickcissels, Catbirds, Vireos and Indigos were all to be found there. I could not see the singer, but ever and anon, I heard a familiar little song. “Sweet, sweet, sweet, oh so sweet.” Near me was a clump of densely leaved dogwoods.

Suddenly a Blue-jay dropped apparently from the clouds, and disappeared hastily within them. Instantly there was a commotion. There issued from the clump numerous short sharp commanding “Tsips,” and now and then I caught a glimpse of yellow, and I knew the Jay was trespassing on forbidden ground for that clump of dogwoods sheltered the nest of the Yellow Warblers. And they didn’t trust him. No bird ever does. He is branded a murderer in all birddom and where ever he goes he is met with angry potests. And he has earned his reputation, for though in the autumn and spring he is the handsomest, boldest, loudest bird we have. When the nesting season comes around, he assumes a hangdog sneaking air, rarely appearing in the open when he can keep under cover, and never uttering a sound. He is the sneak thief and scoundrel of the bird world, ever ready to strike when his victim’s back is turned, but never caring to meet him face to face.

And such was the visitor our tiny Warblers had. Probably he had no idea he was trespassing when he entered the clump, but the War-

blers soon made the fact evident, and he left, swiftly, silently as he had come. And with his departure came relief to the Warblers, and to me. The sun had set. It was becoming dusky. The many sounds and voices of the day were becoming fewer and more subdued—the world was going to sleep. From over the hills came the low, far-away but distinct “Hoo-o, hoo, hoo,” of the great horned owl. Our day was done, we must retire and make room for him. Next day I visited the clump of dogwoods. As I entered I glanced up and there, just above my head as I had known it would be, was the little woolly nest, fastened firmly in a crotch. Drawing myself up, I could look down into the little home. Inside were five little eggs, white, speckled with brown.

* * * * *

Glancing down across the bleak fields into the valley, I saw, skimming along just above the little stream, following its every crook and turn, a flock of wild ducks. Suddenly, as if by one accord they all dropped down between the banks of the stream. Hastily but cautiously going down the hill road, I reached the bridge, and crept in under a clump of leafless dogwoods. The ducks, a band of five Greenwing Teal, came on down passing me and going out of sight around a bend below. As they moved along they probed in the mud with their bills, or strained the cold water through them as only a duck can. They passed within a few feet of me and never suspected my presence. After they had gone, I rose from my cramped position, and as I did so, spied just above my head a little woolly, weather-beaten nest. Drawing myself up I glanced in. It was empty, save for a single tiny faded yellow feather. Carefully I cut away the bough that supported it and brought it home. And sitting with it before me, I dream of the time when the joyous little cries, “Sweet, sweet, sweet, oh how sweet.” coming through my open window on the perfumed air of an early May morning, shall once again waken me to the world and to the joy of living.

EDGAR BOYER.





PAINTED BUNTING OR NONPARIEL.

A BIRD TRAGEDY.

Spring time in the country! Why those poets of the old Smoky-city class-room were not so flightily unreal after all. Spring is a wondrous, glorious panorama; and we who—many years ago—more than half believed in the wonderful Genius of Aladdin's Lamp; stand to-day in awe before the wondrous transformations wrought by an unseen hand. Yon trees but yesterday bleak, black, leafless—laugh now in leaves of tenderest green or in blossoms pink or white: the air is redolent of blossom and vocal with the song of birds.

Previous to this my first experience of Spring time in the country, bird-life was quite unknown to me. I admit, too, a feeling somewhat of irritation at the frequent allusions to birds made by poets, prose-writers, spring-enthusiasts etc. But, as so frequently happens that which one condemns in another comes sooner or later to dominate over him—and I found myself to-day fairly fascinated by the birds. Bird Magazines, Ornithological treatises, Audubon and even bird-poets are eagerly sought and now, for the first time, understood.

Shelley's "Sky Lark" unfolded a whole world of meaning as I read it whilst listening to the vesper strain of the little Song Sparrow. I too echoed:

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy heart must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow

That the world would listen then as I am listening now."

O the birds!—they fill my field vision now—happy, amorous, all-natural little life-mechanisms, yet, containing in themselves and enacting before the eyes of the patient observer, all the passionate loves and hates of the old human drama.

The other day I watched a duel unto death between two Chipping Sparrows. For some time the issue seemed doubtful and either might have sought safety in flight; but the Spartan-mother war cry—Return with your shield or upon it—was evidently the spirit actuating the combatants.

A dexterous peck at the eye gave advantage to the stronger; the injured bird fell to the ground: the ensuing scene was simply murder. O the joy of triumph—satiated revenge! Why—the spirit of Marius seemed palpitating in that little hate-embodiment as he pecked and pecked and chirped and pecked and dragged his victim and shook him and even chirped and pecked and pecked long after life had, apparently, departed from the poor tortured little form.

Another bird which from a neighboring tree had evidently watched the fight now fluttered down to the scene. He or she—more probably the latter—perched on a stone near by and intently watched the struggle whether with looks expressive of admiration for victor or of secret lament over victim I could not tell. Perhaps my own feelings protruding themselves through my field-glass perceived in her the latter; certain it is she did not join the triumph song—but just as certain it is that she flew away under the voluble protection of her triumphant Lord and Master.

And there lay the dead chippy, his chestnut head dyed crimson now, and his poor bleeding eyes closed forever; and there—right before my eyes, on this glorious Spring day—had been enacting just another expression of that tragedy old as the world.

A very demure robin has her nest in a locust tree near my window. She is evidently a staid old matron secure in a nest that proved faithful last year and kindly tolerant of all the chatter and fuss of the inexperienced young nest-builders about her.

The Red-headed Woodpecker may be seen flashing in crimson and white amid the foliage and performing acrobatic feats apparently for the amusement of his admiring mate.

The Baltimore Oriole known colloquially as the Fire Bird or Golden Robin; has made his appearance; he is in richest color-glory just now a most beautiful Oriole alights upon a nearby tree upon which hangs a last year's Oriole nest. Perhaps he grows reminiscent for his pure whistling melody modulates into full pathetic cadences as he suddenly flies away.

Another bird not often seen though frequently heard is the Turtle Dove; its plaintive "Coo, coo" or its more prolonged call "Achg coo, coo, coo" breaks sadly upon the country stillness. Its note is that of warning nay of rebuke to the chattering, quarrelling, carolling, rollicking young Warblers around it. Yet if—Cassandra-like—it tells of storms, and cats, and bad boys, and grape-shot, and telegraph wires, and all the thousand natural ills that bird-flesh is heir to, it is—also Cassandra-like—heard but not heeded. The morning concert wakens hopeful as ever, nature-demands have as joyous fulfilment, and no to-morrow shadows darken the happy to-day of our wise little brothers in Bird-land.

A GOOD MEAL.

Who does not love that large majestic bird, who haunts our inland lakes, the Herring Gull? He comes to us in the spring, as the ice begins to break up and spends whole days with many of his companions enjoying a free ride on the floating ice cakes. He not only enjoys it, but very unselfishly he tells all of us how very pleasant it is. I have watched these Gulls, sometimes as many as 40 or 50, through the opera glass and felt well repaid. I have also watched them, as they soared aloft and passed with graceful flight over the lake, showing to good advantage, their beautiful wings tipped with black.

I love the lake shore walk especially in the early spring. It is on this walk, I receive some of my greatest discouragements in trying to identify the ducks and it is here that I see some most interesting sights.

On the 21st of March the ice in the lake had not broken up, only near the shore, but there was sufficient open water to entice the ducks and gulls. At least it had enticed one gull, for there he stood on the edge of the ice not more than 40 feet away. What a beauty he was as he stood there in his rich, pearly mantle and how gracefully he carried himself! Quite an aristocrat! He was so near me that without opera glass, I could easily observe him to my heart's content, for he was interested in the one thing he was doing. He was having a most sumptuous feast with no one near with whom to share it unless perhaps with his spectator. He had got from the lake a small fish which looked like a horned pout. His manner of eating a morsel of fish reminded me somewhat of a robin's manner of eating an earth worm. He gave the fish a good many hard shakings then ate some of it, he put his foot on it and pulled to get a good, big bite, then walked very proudly about it, watching lest it should disappear. He continued this for some time and when he had finished, there was not much left of the fish.

I was just as willing, if not a little more so, that the gull should have this fish as that some sportsman, later on, should add him to his string. I was also grateful to the gull for choosing a place to fish on this side of the lake instead of the other.

SOME STRANGE BIRD NOTES.

A MYSTERY.

By EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

The second week in June 1903, while living in a cabin on the banks of the Musketaquid, I heard one morning a succession of strange notes coming from a tree in the woods immediately behind the cabin. The bird that uttered them was concealed by the foliage; but after the performance was finished a Black-billed Cuckoo peered out from among the leaves and gave a few rattling call-notes. I was unable to find, in the vicinity, any other bird to which the notes could possibly be attributed; therefore I set down the Cuckoo as the possible author of the sounds and determined to investigate the matter further at the first opportunity.

On June 27th I heard the same notes again coming, this time from the pines on the top of the hills behind the cabin. By creeping carefully along I succeeded in getting directly beneath the tree on which the strange performer sat. There were, in the tall pines on the hill-top, three Crows, one of which could be plainly seen as he engaged in this vocal performance. From my notes made at the time I take the following 'extract: "The Crow says, *Kep! kep! kep! woo! woo!* and many other original things, some harsh, some very pleasing; but many of them are much more like the hooting of an owl or the cooing of a dove than the notes of a Crow."

This Crow remained about the hill all summer and frequently indulged in the most varied and peculiar music. Some of it had a singular melody.

One day in the fall, while concealed near the river bank, I heard a noise much like the whining of a young puppy. A little later three Crows that had been hidden by underbrush on the shore, rose into the alders and I saw one of them open its beak as the melodious whining sound again fell on the ear. They soon saw me and flew off to the meadow whence I presently heard the sound again.

Through the summer of 1904, I listened in vain for the crow-song, hearing a faint attempt at it occasionally, but no such varied outpouring as in the previous year. Crows were not so common as usual this season, owing perhaps, to the hard winter of 1903-1904 which killed many of them. Possibly the cooing Crow of 1904 was a young bird that had taken a few lessons from the star performer of the year before.

These notes regarding the strange crow music have been mentioned not so much because of their unusual nature (for Crows have fine vocal organs which are capable of producing varied and musical tones) but because of some closely related sounds which were heard later from a

bird probably belonging to a different order. I take the following from my note book. It was written on September 24, 1904.

Last Sunday night as I paddled by some maple and willows on the meadow shore, a voice came from among them, giving plainly the "wakeup" of the Flicker but in a softer and more pleasing tone and ended in a series of flute-like calls. I wondered what could be responsible for these.

To-night as I opened the cabin door, similar notes came from the margin of the river near by.

Then there ensued a most unique musical performance. It is impossible to render much of it in words except the wakeup or wickeup. There ways in it something of the same quality that was heard last year in the tones of the gifted Crow. While seeking to identify the notes, the only other birds that were suggested to my mind were the Screech Owl, the Whippoorwill, the Bobwhite and the Sora Rail. I never have heard any other bird than these and the Crow give similar sounds and I never before have heard any bird produce them all.

The bird, if it was a bird, was evidently in the pickerel weed which grew in the water and its voice moved along the shore from place to place. I heard, in the still night the splash and gurgle of the water as if the creature were wading and sometimes swimming. It moved along some four or five rods during the five or six minutes it continued the first serenade. I was able, by whistling, to imitate closely much of its melody, but cannot remember and repeat it, for it was long, wild and varied.

I fancied at first that a young Whippoorwill just learning to sing might compass some such sounds as the beginning of the melody, but it soon transcended all Whippoorwill music in sweetness and variety, though not in volume. Then came some tones in imitation of the Screech Owl's note: not the ordinary tremulous whine but the rarer sliding tones that run up the scale, like a siren whistle.

When I had begun to think the bird might be an Owl, it struck into a whistling imitation of the whine of a puppy, much like that given by the Crow, but far sweeter.

That non-plussed me. There were given later, however, many notes that seemed to have the quality of those of the Sora Rail. It was as if the bird had been startled into song by my opening the door; for it was plainly complaining at first, though in the most dulcet and millifluous tones imaginable."

At last, after perhaps ten minutes of this most delightful performance, it stopped short.

It was a glorious night, clear and still. Not a ripple marred the

surface of the river in which the great fair moon, well risen, was now reflected from the depths. In the moonlight I tried in vain to find or see the creature that was stirring the gurgling water.

Soon its wild sweet music poured forth again. I quote from the note-book. "I am able to translate some of it into English, Bobwhite, Bobwhite, it says; but it belies itself, for no Bobwhite would be whistling there at this hour, 'Wickiup, wickiup;'" but probably this bird has never seen an Indian wickiup or wigwam. 'Whew! whew! (Well, the night is growing cold). And so it goes, but as I take a boat to find the bird, the music ceases and I listen in vain.

A Night Heron croaks harshly: A Snipe flies wheezing down the meadow and a Great Horned Owl hoots from the swamp. These honest creatures are unmusical but intelligible: not so my invisible serenader.

Again the strange notes burst forth. The voice seems to have the quality of ventriloquism. Now close at hand; now up the shore; now down; now far in air. Now comes the sound of the rushing wings of a bird in flight high over the stream, but probably they are those of some night-bird flying by."

The serenade was continued with intermissions for about two hours. I heard it last after eleven o'clock; but briefly and rather petulantly and lessvaried than before as if the bird were sleepy, and ready to retire for the night.

The next morning, I was out bright and early. Soon the same note came up from the shore, but somewhat subdued and chastened as if the bird were abashed by the glare of day. Cautiously I crept to the spot and was soon listening to the dulcet sounds as they came from the water-brush a rod away. I searched every inch of the thicket with my glass and scanned the pickerel weed and lily pads; but could see nothing, though I heard faint plashing now and then. Finally I raised my head slowly to look over a leaning tree-trunk. There was a sudden splash as of some heavy body plunging into the stream, some circling widening ripples—and that was all, I never saw the bird nor heard it again.

It looked like a case of suicide for fear of discovery.

I have described the notes to Mr. William Brewster, whose experience is much more extended than mine, and he cannot suggest an explanation of them.

By elimination, we may arrive at the conclusion that the sounds were produced by some kind of a rail, but I have listened to rail notes north, south, east and west and have never heard anything like this.

What was it that I heard that moon-light night on the banks of the Musketaquid?



Photo by A. R. Spaid.

NEST AND EGGS OF YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO.



BIRD CHATS WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Address communications to MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville St., Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

There is a plump robin looking in at my window. He seems to say, "Quick! quick! quick! Please write for me a message to the lads and lasses who read your magazine. Tell them that a host of my relatives have come to spend the summer here and we hope to make the world brighter and happier for them, and ask very little in return. If they will let us alone, we ask nothing more. We wish to protest against those boys who are studying about us, that is what they call it, and some of the mothers are so pleased that their boys are interested in Nature Study.

Let me tell you how they do it. They gather for their *collections*, our *eggs*, our *feathers*, our *nests*, and even our *bodies*, besides nearly frightening us out of our wits. You may be surprised that this so called study is going on today, but only yesterday three boys passed me, one had a camera, but each boy also had some kind of weapon to destroy life.

Will not the boys who are gaining bird lore in the right way do their best to interest these young folks in a better way of becoming familiar with the birds?"

Here Mr. Robin bowed a farewell, and with a chirped "Thanks! Thanks!" flew down upon the lawn, where he now hops about, busily destroying the one hundred and one angle worms which have come to the surface for a drink of fresh rain drops.

I am glad to pass on this suggestion of Sir Robin's to our young folks, knowing you will be ready to advance the better ways of bird study.

In the walking bird's *pi*, in the March Bird Chats, number 12 should read *veno* instead of *lono*, making *oven*-birds instead of loon birds. In the February word square the 5th letter on the second line should be K, and the 9th letter in last line should be F. The answer to number 6 should be *ani* instead of *am*.

These mistakes may be the fault of the printer's devil, or due to my poor penmanship. I prefer to lay the blame to the former.

Cordially, your friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Harry E. White. Lisbon, Ohio.
 Huldah Chace Smith. Providence R. I.
 J. Howard Binns. Adena, Ohio.
 Katherine Stilwell. Phoenix, Arizona.
 Charles C. Lewis. Philadelphia, Penn.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

Enigma Number 1.—Chickadee.
 Enigma Number 2.—Marsh Hawk.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Cedar Waxwings. | 5. Song Sparrow. |
| 2. Purple Finch. | 6. Downy Woodpecker. |
| 3. Scarlet Tanager. | 7. Chipping Sparrow. |
| 4. English Sparrow. | 8. Blackburnian Warbler. |

1. Nuthatches walk head downward.
 2. Birds like ducks, gulls, puffins, rails, etc., which find their food in abundance and take it in small quantities at short intervals, possess no crops and the food passes directly into the stomach, also all the insectivorous birds (which include many of our common song birds) have no crop.

3. The tailor-birds of India sew leaves together to hold their nests using fiber for a thread and their bills for a needle.

4. The nests of a variety of swallows which build in caves in China and are composed of a gelatinous substance, are esteemed a delicacy by epicures.

5. The Whippoorwill carries its young from place by the back of the neck as a cat carries its kittens.
6. Pigeons do not raise the head to swallow, as other birds do, but keep the bill immersed until through drinking.
7. The Kildeer has three toes, all fore toes, no hind toes.
8. The Ostrich has two toes in front, no hind toes.
9. The Burrowing-owl courtesies when anyone passes its nest, so is sometimes called the "How-do-you-do owl."
10. The Cow-bird lays its egg in the nest of some other smaller bird, and the European Cuckoo shirks its duties in the same manner.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

SOME MARSH BIRDS.

One afternoon in June (1904) I put on my rubber boots and went to a marsh, of which I knew in a neighboring village. It is not very large but it is the home of numerous marsh birds.

As I approached the place I heard the rollicking song of the long-billed Marsh Wren and heard the merry "okalee" of the red-winged Black-bird. My real object was to find the nests of these birds, especially the Marsh Wrens'. I began to examine every clump of cat-tails to see if I could find one.

Ah, yes, there was one, but to my great disappointment it contained nothing. I found three nests but all of them were empty. I have heard of long-billed Marsh Wrens building sham nests to attract the attention away from the real nest, and it must have been one of these that I found. Pretty soon, however, I found the real gamie article containing one egg. The bird had probably just begun to lay. I also found a red-winged Black-bird's nest just ready for eggs.

While I was wading around among the cat-tails I frightened an American bittern, which flew slowly down the marsh, its long legs dangling out behind it.

I was listening to the Marsh Wren's singing so joyfully, when I heard a noise like the grunt of a small pig. The noise seemed to come from about ten feet ahead of me. I followed it around and around the marsh but I could not see anything, for the cat-tails were three or four feet high. Pretty soon I came to an open space and found that I was following a bird that I had never seen before. I wrote down its description in a note-book, which I always carry with me, and when I got home I looked it up in a book and found that it was a Virginia Rail.

CLARENCE C. ABBOTT,
New York City.

FRIENDLY BIRDS.

My sister, brother and I are interested in the study of birds. We have a bird-shelf and the birds are so tame since we killed all our cats.

Fourteen different kinds of birds have eaten off of our bird-shelf, the Chickadees, Tomtits, Winter Wren, Tree Sparrow, Song Sparrow, White-throated and White-crowned Sparrows, Carolina Wren, Bewick's Wren, Lark, Finch, Red-bellied Woodpecker, Junco, Blue Jay and White-breasted Nuthatch. The Tomtits, Chickadees and Carolina Wrens eat out of our hands, one Red-bellied Woodpecker ate out of my sister's hand' and one Winter Wren out of mine.

We carry a can of nuts for the Tomtits, and when we see them even in the woods they ate out of our hands. Three Tomtits came in the house last winter.

I have seen 92 different kinds of birds.

There is a Bluebird nesting in the garden and a Carolina Wren has a nest in an old store room.

Last summer a Mocking-bird built in a honeysuckle close to the house, a Blue-jay built in the rafters of our barn, a Cardinal built in our garden, a summer Tanager built in our back yard, the little ones were so tame they would perch on our fingers, and a Carolina Wren built in the buggy-house and we could sit in the buggy and watch it feed the little ones; when they were learning to fly they would light on our heads and crawl upon our necks. A Bewick's Wren built under an old straw shed, a Maryland Yellow Throat built in our plum orchard, and a Mourning Dove and Bob White built in our orchard.

MARY BARRY, (12 years old)

Columbus, Kentucky.

Some Pi, made by J. Howard Binns of Adena, Ohio.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. g i e n u p n. | 6. l u g s l. |
| 2. d r i e e - u k c d. | 7. m s f g a l n o i e. |
| 3. b s t a r l o s a. | 8. s u d k c. |
| 4. n e p a i c l. | 9. e s e g e. |
| 5. t r p l e e, | 10. w a n s. |

QUERIES.

1. What bird eats and sleeps upon the waves, scarcely coming to land but to nest?
2. What bird hangs his food upon thorns for future use?
3. What bird carries its young in its bill from its nest in a hollow tree to the water?

4. What is the largest bird's egg in the world?
5. What is the smallest bird's in the world?

ENIGMA.

My 3-2-4 is a small animal.
 My 1-2-5-4 is not the whole.
 My 3-6-7-8-9 is an elevation.
 My 1-6-4 is a large hole in the ground.
 My whole is the name of a game bird.

CHARLES C. LEWIS,
 Philadelphia, Penn.

GLEANINGS.

THE FIRST WOOD THRUSHES.

Was it a richer robin? The cherry's snow
 Waved signal: wandering with enchanted feet
 In columbine bells and violets dewy sweet
 I walked into the springs of long ago.
 No robin: for the dim ravine below
 Echoed with voices in a golden trance,
 Welled with the pure deliberate jubillance
 Of flutes that none but Wood Thrushes could blow,
 So, they shall rise up at the voice of a bird,
 The buried years; the unmemorial years;
 All hope, all love, all memory long deferred
 Flooded my heart and eyes with happy tears.
 The golden-throated thrushes in the May!
 Spring, the sweet spring, and my love far away!

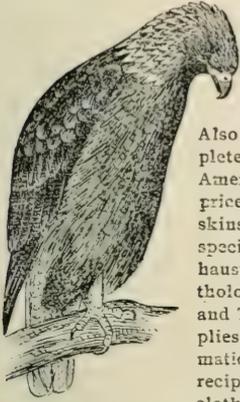


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NO. 6

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

Our object in conducting these competitions is to increase interest in the study of living birds and especially their study with the camera. A good photograph of a live wild bird is valuable scientifically, is always a delight to the beholder, and brings back pleasant recollection, to the one that made it. Bird Photography is a sport that may be indulged in by everybody, and in any part of the country, with equal chances of success. Only forethought, patience and a camera are necessary. Anyone may send in as many photos as they wish, and the awards will be made upon the clearness and beauty of the picture, with due regard to the rarity or difficulty in obtaining. As in our last contest the pictures will be grouped in three classes. All desirable photos, which do not win prizes, we will pay for at the rate of fifty cents each.

CLASS I. *Live, wild birds.*

1st prize, *Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 3A*.....List, \$20 00
2nd prize, *pair Field Glasses*.....List, 5 00
3rd prize, *Color Key to North Am. Birds*.....List, 2 50

CLASS II. *Young birds.*

1st prize, *Al Vista Camera*.....List, \$20 00
2nd prize, *Pair Field Glasses*.....List, 5 00
3rd prize, *Color Key*.....List, 2 50

CLASS III. *Birds' Nests.*

1st prize, *Pair Field Glasses*.....List, \$ 5 00
2nd prize, *North American Birds' Eggs*.....List, 2 50

A VISIT TO A REDTAILED HAWK'S NEST.

High up in a towering hemlock which stood one-third of its length above the other trees of the forest, a pair of redtailed hawks had built their nest. Year after year it grew as the birds returned and repaired it; and year after year it was the home of a happy family. High above the cares and troubles of the world; unmolested, save by the sun and shadows, it cradled its restless brood in summer, sheltered the squirrels in autumn and rocked the little owls in winter. Deep in the roomy crevices many a brown nut was hidden by deft little paws, and over the openings spiders spun their webs, like sentinels to guard the stores within.

One sunny morning, just as the crows were nesting and the leaf buds bursting in the soft air of early spring, I happened to be near this tree, glass in hand, watching the newly-arrived warblers and the growing insect life about me. Little spiders were hanging their first webs in the sun, newly-matured flies sported on crisp new wings, and the black ants in a dead tree nearby kept dropping down little bits of decayed wood. Chipmunks raced and chattered on the dry leaves and gazed curiously from vantage-points on stumps and rocks. The crow cawed and called from the spicy pine tops back of me; and the broody call of the female on her nest seemed to take in, from the air and sunlight, a sound of dreamy softness. Everything was peaceful and happy. All of a sudden the loud, quick scream of a hawk came from over head. It sent the warblers helter-skelter and the chipmunks to their holes. Soon it was repeated, and from away off in the distance an answer came floating back as though born of the wind. A swift moving shadow shot past and I saw a hawk alight in the tall hemlock; and soon it was followed by another, which settled in the same tree. I listened and waited. It seemed as though the sunlight would betray me or the soft breeze of springtime would carry tidings of my presence to that lone treetop and its tenants would be gone. But no, for soon I heard the loud voice of the male bird calling and crooning a love-song, so wild and weird, and fantastic that it seemed as though the winds and wilderness had lent their voices to it and made it like themselves. For fully an hour I listened to it, but without seeing much. Then both birds left and I ventured out. Great was my satisfaction when I saw the nest, and for the next few days I watched it closely. Though I tried to keep out of sight as much as possible, the hawks, in some mysterious way seemed

always to be aware of my presence and they never let me see them in or near the nest. When ten days had passed and I still saw no sign of the birds. I determined to climb the tree and get, if possible, a picture of the nest and eggs. And right here, let me add, my troubles began. The tree was three feet and a half through at the ground and the branches were few and far between for some distance up. Besides this, my camera and all the accessories made a burden that didn't help me any.



Though I approached the tree with the utmost caution, the mother bird heard me and slipped off the nest and away before I was hardly in sight. After much trouble with the camera I reached the live limbs above the lower dead ones and from there the way was easier. When I was within twenty feet of the nest, a crow, one of that noisy crowd that was nesting in the pines nearby, saw me and began to caw with all his might. Soon it was joined by another and soon the woods and air seemed full of crows,—indeed I began to think that the crows had some claim on the nest above after all and that the hawks were fooling us. Even now I cannot understand why the crows were so interested,—it surely was not because the hawk is a particular friend of the crows, for they take delight in tormenting him whenever they can. But as I neared the nest the crows began to disappear and soon there was not one in sight. The size of the nest surprised me, indeed I could get around it on one side only, the side on which the trunk of the tree stood. Some of the sticks were fully a yard long, and of a weight that seemed incredible. Almost half a cartload of sticks and leaves were gathered there, and 'tis well for the owners that the branches under it were strong, else the whole would long ago have fallen to the ground. You may be sure that I was eager to look over its rim and see what was in it, for I had always longed to see a real, live hawk's nest. And I saw one this time surely. Two large dirty white eggs rested there as peacefully as

though their mother was a domestic fowl, and not a wild hunter of the wilderness. The sun played upon them and danced with the shadows over the nest, and naught was in sight to show that this was the home of a warrior, a hunter whose very existence depended upon killing. Little bits of white down from the birds' breasts clung to the nest and to the nearby branches like flakes of snow in winter. The bark of some of the larger branches about the nest bore little scratches and furrows as fine as those from an engraver's point, which were made by the birds' talons in alighting.

I was about to take a picture, which was no easy task so high above ground, when a scream from the treetops nearby told me that one of the hawks had returned, and I wondered if it meant ill or good for me. Soon I heard another scream, far away and faint in the distance. I looked up and far above me in the silent ether, a black speck appeared which rapidly grew larger, and I knew that the mate was returning. Dropping down like a comet out of a clear sky, the large bird alighted with a thud on a large oak limb, not forty feet from my head. Writhing and twisting in its heavy yellow talons was a black and yellow snake over three feet long. The bird was entirely unaware of my presence, for it quietly began to smooth the glossy feathers on its broad back with its bill; all the time, however, keeping an iron grip on its feebly struggling prey. For fully a minute I watched it in the greatest admiration and delight, and then I moved, ever so slightly and the spell was broken. Those restless yellow eyes, trained to catch the slightest motion met mine so quickly that they startled me, and the whole appearance of the bird changed like a flash. The snake dropped unnoticed to the ground, where, though its spine was broken, it squirmed as though alive. The bird crouched low on its perch, as a cat does before it springs; its glossy coat ruffled and its yellow eyes glaring defiance. It flew directly toward my head and brought its wings together just above me with a snap that made me dodge. Several times it wheeled and snapped above me, so quickly that I could not turn my head rapidly enough to follow its movements. The last time it bumped into a bough which was almost touching my shoulder, and its black tipped yellow talons came much too near my face for comfort. Then for a while it circled madly about, now and then swooping down, but never coming so near as before. Soon it was joined by its mate, which had been out of sight in the dense tree tops nearby all the while, and gradually they circled off into the clear blue sky; farther and farther away until their voices died in the distance. And as they circled away, sick at heart though they must have been, no majesty was lacking in

those broad, even sweeps; and as they rose higher one would never have surmised that they left, for aught they knew, all hope behind.

When they were gone, I ascended the tree somewhat above the nest and took some pictures. When about to expose the first plate, and when I was just steadying the camera for the picture, the shadow of a crow skimmed past like a shot, and I involuntarily dodged it, thinking, in the short time I had to think, that the Hawks had returned. My hand pressed the bulb, upon which it was already tightening, and the result was a photograph of just half of the nest, so nearly half, indeed, that it showed but one egg, and the eggs were touching each other too.

When my pictures were taken I hung the camera upon a branch and begun to look about me. It seemed as though I were in another world, high up in the wavy, leafy tree tops. All was peaceful and quiet. Far away, like a dim picture, the distant rivers and meadows basked in the soft sunlight, and here and there, patches of snow still lingered in the deepest hollows. In the wood below I could hear the slightest sound with a distinctness which surprised me and I understood, as I listened, how the hawks, with their more acute senses of hearing had so soon become aware of my presence at all times. A Warbler calling in the



thicket below, or a chipmunk scampering over the dry leaves, could be heard with the greatest clearness, and, as I heard them I realized their disadvantage when stalked by an enemy from on high.

The breeze swayed the lofty tree top gently and imparted to it a dreamy restful motion; and I surmise that the joy of bursting spring set me to thinking. Here beside me was the home of a bandit, a highwayman whose very appearance lent terror, and yet it was quiet and happy. Whatever the owners' lives were abroad, they were gentle and loving at home. However merciless the Hawks were when hunting, they had a home, which, for quietness and repose, all of us might envy. The sun and wind played upon it as softly as they ever would on the Yellowthroat's nest in the thicket below, and yet in one they caressed a family of marauders; in the other a type of gentleness. And so it seems that ones home, like his life is what he makes it. The same love that lived in the Yellowthroat's breast and nursed her wee eggs into life, soothed the fiery spirits and cruel natures of these unquiet warriors and made their home an ideal of devotion and happiness.

Before descending the tree, I dropped a weighted line to the ground to ascertain how high it was. It was just sixty-five feet to where the eggs rested and of course the camera was considerable above that. I intended to return to the nest after the eggs were hatched and get a picture of the young birds, but business that interrupter of our pleasures, hindered me and I was obliged to leave home before I again had an opportunity of climbing the tree.

But I trust that the nest still rests there in that massive hemlock, as it did that morning when I left, just as the crows were nesting and the leaf buds bursting into the soft air of spring time.

WALTER E. BURNHAM.

BIRD FOUNTAINS IN THE SCHOOL YARDS.

BY C. F. HODGE, CLARK UNIVERSITY.

For several years past the most interesting thing about my place during the summer months has been the bird fountain in the garden. I have snap shots showing as many as eight robins bathing, drinking, or waiting their turns. The way they make the water fly is delightful to see and their evident enjoyment is infectious.

A good deal of attention is being devoted to feeding the birds in winter and, valuable as this is, I do not think it compares in either importance or in the delight to both giver and recipient that attends a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple. We often see the birds panting about the arid streets with their bills open, or drinking and bathing in the filthy pools of the gutters; and it is little wonder that they leave



BIRD FOUNTAIN IN A SCHOOL YARD.

our towns and cities to their insect fates as soon as their early broods are able to fly. If a constant and safe supply of water is provided they will remain to rear a second or even a third brood. At any rate the birds' nests about my place have increased almost six fold in the last five years, and I think the main reason for this increase is to be found in my bird fountain.

I shall reserve the description of my own bird fountain for another occasion. For this time we have the much more interesting case of a fountain built especially for the use of the birds by the efforts of the children and teachers in a public school. As far as I am aware the honor of erecting the first bird fountain in the yard of a public school must be awarded to the Downing St. school, of Worcester.

This fountain is built of rough stones laid in Portland cement, to resemble as much as possible a woodland spring, and the children have brought in ferns, mosses and wild flowers and planted all about it and in the shelves and chinks of the rocks. At the top is a small pool into which the water runs (piped from the building) and from this it trickles down into a larger pool among the rocks below. At the base on one

side is a still larger and deeper pool in which to hatch frogs' and toads' eggs and rear aquatic animals and plants.

The fountain was dedicated to the birds by appropriate exercises on the morning of May 12th, and the littlest girl in the building turned on the water. Remarks were made by Miss Smith, Principal of the building, Dr. Overlock, member of the school committee, superintendent Lewis, and Mr. Kuma, of Tokio, Japan, and the writer. A bird song was rendered by a group of the girls and the exercises were closed by a song by Mr. Rice, supervisor of music for the city schools. As an encore Mr. Rice proposed three hearty cheers for Miss Smith, to whose efforts the success of the undertaking was largely due; and after giving these, as happy a school as could be found anywhere filed back to their rooms.

Picture the combination—rocks and ferns, wild flowers and mosses, flowing water and birds. What better could we have to stimulate nature study in a public school? I hope all the children will enjoy their bird fountain as much as I have mine.



DEDICATING THE FOUNTAIN.



Photo by H. B. Stough.

NEST AND EGGS OF MOURNING DOVE.

THE MOURNING DOVE.

By VIOLA McCOLM.

Who has not heard at twilight the desolate call of the Mourning Dove. At any time of day it may be heard, but it is under a gloomy sky or at dusk we are apt to notice it. And ever from a distance the sad notes seem wafted,—we feel that the bird is so entirely alone in her sorrow. It is to me the saddest of all bird calls; yet it is in reality the love coo of the male.

Although appropriately named Mourning Dove, the bird—in this locality at least—is more commonly called Turtle Dove. While it is classed as only a summer resident of this portion of Kansas, yet some remain with us all the winter.

One of the best known characteristics of the Dove is her habit of feigning a broken wing to lure one away from her treasures in the nest. If followed she will continue the deception until she has led her pursuer many rods from the nest.

Upon seeing a nest of a Turtle Dove it recalls the legend related by

Mary Merrill in regard to nest building. She tells that "once upon a time the Oriole was appointed by somebody or something high in authority to teach the art of nest building to her brothers, sisters and cousins." The birds assembled and the lesson began. "First of all," said the teacher, "always be extremely careful to select proper building material." We already know that," came the reply in concert. And the author relating the legend here inserts this appropriate comment: "I have always suspected that the Turtle Dove left at this point. For her nest remains to this day nothing more than a collection of nest material piled together promiscuously." The legend goes on to tell how the Oriole made two attempts to impart further knowledge, and was each time interrupted by the chorus exclaiming, "We know that." So although she proceeded no farther in her instruction than telling them as to the best building site, she gave up in disgust and ended by indignantly crying: "Why do you come to me to learn if you know all that I know? Build your nests where you choose and how you choose." So the Oriole remains to this day the master architect of nest building.



NEST AND EGGS OF MOURNING DOVE.

While the Turtle Dove is too lazy or too careless to expend much energy in making a nest, yet you find some that are much better than others.

While passing under a peach tree about the first of July, a sudden whistle of wings led me to believe that a Dove's nest was just over my head. Glancing upward I saw the nest that had just been vacated. But surely, I thought, it does not belong to a dove. Although resting on the branches yet it was of good depth and quite substantially built.



YOUNG MOURNING DOVES.

Drawing the limb down I found the nest was composed of weeds, weather-beaten corn-husks and grass; and the pepper grass and grass were so arranged as to form a good lining. But dove's nest it was. It contained two beautiful eggs which were of a very faint pink hue. In a few days, however, they were of the regulation white color.

Doves are not particular as to the kind of material for the nest. They perhaps more often pile loosely together a few small twigs or sticks, and on top of these place a few fine weeds. But you may come upon one made entirely of a tough sort of vine that twines over the weeds

binding them together; or you may find one composed entirely of several kinds of weeds.

Although more often found upon the spreading branches of a tree from which they are easily blown off in a storm, yet they are sometimes built in a crotch at the trunk. Among the fresh green grass of a closely burnt prairie a Dove's nest is sometimes found,—there in a little depression on the bare earth the eggs are laid.

In the green field many doves fly up just ahead of the reaper, leaving nests that are little better than the bare earth. You will notice that such a nest does not even have a lining—only a few straws being scattered over the depression. And since the food of Doves consists largely of seeds and grain, these birds are more plentiful in the great wheat belt than elsewhere.

One morning last June I chanced to notice a new Cat-bird nest containing one Cat-bird egg. That afternoon as I passed the place I noticed a Dove perched across the nest, and later I found a white egg beside the other one. But the next morning I found that Mrs. Cat-bird would not tolerate trespassers—the egg had been promptly thrown out.

The nesting period of the Doves continues about all through the summer; but a set of eggs consists of only two.



YOUNG MOURNING DOVES.

The young are easily distinguished from those of other birds. You at once notice the dark skin and dark bill. At the end of the upper piece of the bill is a small triangle of ivory white, and from near the tip of the lower one a tiny barb of the same color slants downward and toward the rear. These patches of ivory color are retained until after the bird has left the nest, but the adult does not possess them. When the doves are but a few days old they are sparingly covered with tufts of filaments about the color of unbleached muslin. Later it is seen that these were really the feathers just coming through.

When on the wing its sober color seems only relieved with a little white; but when closely approached it is found that for beauty of plumage the dove has few equals. The modest shades of its satiny coat, which seem never ruffled, blend so beautifully, and in harmony with the black bill are a few black markings. Even the legs which are lake-red, seem in harmony with the red tints in the beautiful bronzing about the throat and below.

Last summer I spent much time in an effort to obtain a photo of a dove on her nest. Several different nests were subjected to the eye of the camera—a string device having been arranged to use in making the exposure—but with no success. In one instance the camera was fastened to a step-ladder and directed at a nest and left about all day without the dove returning. So the camera was removed and a similar bundle with the same covering was left in its place. Although reluctant to do so the dove ventured under this and hovered her bird. After this had been left several days the camera was substituted for the bundle, but the bird immediately detected the difference, and although the camera was left about all day she would not even perch upon the nest. Yet her mother love and wise precaution were beautifully shown by her alighting upon a limb just below and back of the nest so that the young bird was but a few inches from her and in plain view. After her remaining patiently in that position for about an hour—just beyond the plane of good focus—I decided to remove the cause of her anxiety and worry her no more. But it was worth all the bother just to witness the display of the Dove's noble traits.





Photo from Life.

A MERRY BROWN THRASHER.

BY DR. J. HOLBROOK SHAW.

A Harporhynchus rufus
Sat in a quircus tree,
And as he closed one optic
Said, in song of course, to me ;

“In assuming the prerogative
Of a highly cultured race
To apply succinct appellatives,
And assign to each his place,

You can scarcely call it delicate
To refer directly to
My romanesque probosis
And my Titian tinted hue.”

LEAST BITTERN,

A. O. U. No. 191.

(Ardetta exilis.)

RANGE.

Common in suitable localities throughout the United States and southern Canada. Winters in southern United States.

NEST AND EGGS.

Least Bitterns nest in the rush-grown marshes where they are usually found. The nest is a platform of rushes sometimes rudely thrown together and again woven with some skill, and placed on the ground, in low bushes or attached to the growing rushes, sometimes over the water. Their first set of eggs is laid about the middle or latter part of May and sometimes, especially in the south, another set is laid the last of July. The eggs number four or five and are a pale bluish white in color; size 1.20x.92.



HABITS

Wherever you find a pond, lake or stream bordered with reeds or rushes you will be apt to meet with this smallest representative of the heron family. They are very abundant in the south, but in northern United States and southern Canada they are only found in certain localities. As they are so quiet and secluded in the habits they often dwell in places where their presence is little suspected. They are very rarely seen in flight during the day time, confining their journeys to walking about among the rushes; where these grow in the water they progress by stepping from one stalk to the other, which they do with great agility and rapidity, balancing themselves with far greater ease and grace than the most skilful gymnast. Their song seems to be limited to a few cooing notes; clucks of alarm are heard in the day time and calls of "qua" frequently issue from the marshes at night. If, perchance, they are surprised in the daytime, so that flight is necessary, they go but a few yards before dropping into the protecting rushes.

Like all the herons, these little fellows depend upon their protective coloration to escape observation. This ruse is often very successful because of the peculiar actions of the birds; when standing among the

rushes, they will extend their long neck and small head in a straight line pointing towards the zenith in an attempt to imitate their surroundings, and when standing among the brown colored dead reeds, the markings of their breast harmonize beautifully. So perfect is their belief in their invisibility that they will allow themselves to be almost touched before they will take flight, either by wing or on foot.

Very few birds display the courage in the defence of their homes that the Least Bitterns do; the female will often stand on guard and savagely peck at the hand that attempts to molest her nest, and a thrust from the long, pointed beak of one of these birds is not a matter to trifle with.

Several years ago I found a pair of these birds at the lower end of Lake Quinsigamond in Worcester; it was in July and undoubtedly they were breeding but I made no search for the nest. For years I have been through this same place but have not seen them, either before or since, although probably one or two pairs are there each year. Equally elusive and inhabiting the same places, are the Sora or Carolina Rails which I occasionally find in this same spot.

Their food consists chiefly of aquatic insects, small fish, shell fish and frogs, the latter being their favorite. While these birds have little or no real economic value, I wish that we in the north might meet with them oftener and in the numbers that some of our southern friends for they are very interesting birds to study.

CORY LEAST BITTERN.

A. O. U. No. 191.1.

(*Ardetta neoxena*.)

This peculiarly colored Least Bittern is found in eastern United States and Ontario. About seventeen specimens are known, most of them being taken in the Everglades of Florida and in Ontario, Canada. Individuals have been taken in several other states and one is recorded from Massachusetts. These were formerly considered by many, and probably a few still do, to be simply a color phase of the common Least Bittern, but nearly everyone now concedes it to be a distinct species. Very little is known of their habits, for all who have observed them have been naturalists whose only desire was to add them as specimens to their collection. They are found in the same places, and, as far as is known, their habits do not differ at all from those of the common kind.

Mr. C. W. Crandall has a set of five eggs which are supposed to belong to this species. They were taken on the Caloosahatchee River in Florida. They do not differ in size or coloration from many of those of the common Least Bittern. The nest was made of grass and rushes placed in the cane, two feet above the water.



FEMALE.

LEAST BITTERN.

MALE.

CORY LEAST BITTERN.

NEW YEARS WITH THE BIRDS.

By NORMAN O. FOERSTER.

Stern winter has once more settled into the dreary succession of blizzards, heavy snowfalls, thaws, and cloudless zero weather. To the ordinary observer, nature never seemed so barren. Yet the country in the season of short days is by no means deserted. There are many birds here yet, more than in the hot days of August when they were moulting.

Even in the city, bird life other than of the English Sparrow still exists. We need but listen acutely at a weed-grown lot or house site to hear the "chip, chip" of the Song Sparrow, generally a contented chatter; but, if we intrude this is augmented to a highly excited protest. In late winter, sometime in February, although the season may show no sign of relentance, his broken spring song will come through the cold mist.

Often in intimate companionship with this Sparrow of the splashed breast, are the social Juncos, more commonly known as slate-colored Snowbirds. They came with the waning autumn, from the pine woods of Canada and the higher parts of the Appalachian chain and will stay with us until balmy breezes and protracted thaws warn them of the approach of spring. Their note is an insignificant "tsit," constantly uttered, even when feeding. In April, a plain, yet very happy little ditty—a mere trill indeed—marks the height of their musical ability.

A third Sparrow that sometimes frequents the opener parts of the city is the Tree Sparrow, another Canadian visitor, but somewhat more brief in his stay. Yet the shortness of his presence is more than recompensed by his geniality as long as he does remain with us. There is something suggestively scintillant in his clear, silvery notes. We can scarcely call it a song, yet it makes up in sweetness what it lacks in form. The birds gather in congenial flocks of twenty to a hundred in some immaculate field pierced by brown weeds. Their distinct foot-prints fairly perforate the snow, and here and there are evidences where some bird has spread his wings over the surface, leaving a perfect imprint.

An unrelenting enemy of these defenseless little Sparrows is that ogre, the Sparrow Hawk. When seemingly intent on the seed breakfast shaken from the weeds by the last wind, they are ever alert for the wavering, hesitating flight of their arch-enemy. But if seeking his quarry, he does not announce himself boldly. Silently rather, he perches on a terminal tree branch from which he may sally and swoop down. He varies his diet with mice, but on the whole is hard-pressed to subsist during the winter months. His elation is great, therefore, after a



YOUNG RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS.

tasty meal of bird-flesh, and he vents it in a triumphant "killy, killy" that is a surer indication of a safety to his feathered prey than his absence would be. With renewed life and vigor he braces himself against the wind, hovering motionless for a seemingly endless time.

Two Woodpeckers stay with us throughout the year, the Downy and Hairy. The one is the prototype of the other, for at field range they are marked indentially, and the only difference is in the size, the Hairy being about three inches longer than his congener. Their notes are very similar also, both calling a steely "peek," the larger bird with the greater force and emphasis.

From the north in the fall comes another little feathered friend—a friend from an economic standpoint; but scarcely intimate with the bird student. For his feeding on the smaller grubs and insects that infest the bark of trees is of great value, yet he very positively declines to receive our advances in return for his good services. He will escape any but the keenly observant eye, being but an ounce or two of brown feathers, flitting leaf-like from branch to branch or trunk to trunk, pausing it is true, as no leaf will pause, and, contrary to the earthward trend of the leaf, climbing to the tree trunk in a spiral course. His call is faint, scarcely audible, a distant lisp. This is the Brown Creeper. Far more jolly, naively so, are the gay Chickadee, puffy, big-headed, black-capped, little fellows, who meander about the winter woods in search

of insect eggs and their progeny. They are tame, rashly tame, but no true heart can resist the jocular "day, day, day, day—chick, chickadee, dee, dee, dee" with which they greet us. They are curious but all beings have their faults and we often love them the more for possessing them. And in all nature what sound is purer, sweeter, and so fraught with religious fervor as the exquisite "phe-be" call of the Chickadee?

A less lovable relation of the volatile Chickadee is the Tufted Titmouse, clothed in fatigue uniform with a military crest. In habits he resembles his cousin, but is less lively, less gymnastic, and with no note to correspond to the heavenly "phe-be" call of the Chickadee. His "day-day-day" is hoarser, as of a Chickadee who has taken cold.

The coquettish Carolina Wren is the only one of her family that remains here in the winter. The smaller, chunky House Wren is many leagues away. I have called our permanent Wren "coquettish," which word no one will deny as applicable who has observed her actions. Perhaps we came upon her feeding on a hillside, rustling the sere leaves noisily, oblivious of the whole world. She takes no notice of our nearer approach but continues to be deeply absorbed in satisfying the cravings of nature. With a sharp little "chip" she puffs up in alarming dis-habile, as if to exhibit her primness by contrast. Then, spruced up once more, she cocks her head about, tosses it from side to side, and adjusts her tail a dozen times. Then by flying from numberless perches, with countless "chips," she manages to get up the hillside. At a safe distance she pauses a moment, then with a parting flirt, slips into the brush to resume feeding.

Garrulous denizens of field and forest during the winter months are the much abused Crows. A half-mile away perhaps, their noisy "caws" like the pompous blasts of the trombone, sound loud and clear. By far the greater part of the Crow community has migrated, but in the dead of winter we may still see a dozen or more in the course of a day's walk. Generally in pairs they occupy a certain domain, assuming supreme power, and woe betide the unlucky Hawk or Owl who ventures into their territory.

The fact that the Cardinal Grosbeak, or Redbird, spends the winter with us is very little credited by the public. The reason is obvious enough. He then frequents wooded glens where few persons penetrate in the season of snow, and moreover is not in song as in spring and summer. Mr. Abbott, if I mistake not, would have us believe that in winter they sing most constantly and joyously, but, although that may be true in astern Pennsylvania it certainly is not here. They often gather in parties of from ten to twenty, restlessly flying about a certain valley, with their sharp, metallic "pict."



Photo by P. B. Peabody.
NEST AND EGGS OF AMERICAN BITTERN.

THE AMERICAN BITTERN,

Just after the sun has dropped behind the horizon and left the world lighted by the yellow afterglow, the Bittern leaves his little swamp in the deep woods and flies slowly to the big open swamp where he will be likely to find a mate.

Flying just high enough to clear the willows at the edge he travels towards the center of the swamp where the grass tussocks stick up above the mud and water.

When he reaches a tussock that suits him he lights and lies close to it listening, then up comes his long neck and he stands rigid looking more like a dead branch than a living creature.

He stands as if frozen, so still is he. Let us take a good look at him while we have so good a chance.

He seems to be mostly neck and legs, that runs in his family; his bill is long and sharp and he can hit a powerful blow with it.

The general color of the feathers is brown, while his long legs and bill are yellow.

When his look around has satisfied him that there is no immediate danger he draws his head back between his shoulders and sends his hollow "boom-ah-boom" across the swamp. After calling he sticks his head up again and seems to be listening intently.

He calls this way three or four times with intervals of listening.

Then he begins a series of antics; he struts around his tussock, gives little jumps and side steps and seems to be trying to see how foolish he can act.

But those antics are not foolish to him, he is making love to some Miss Bittern who stands like a stick near by, and he does his best because he never heard of flirting and means business from the start.

Not until our gay, but clumsy, wooer leaves the swamp does the female relax her rigid position and seems to be more than a dead branch sticking in the bog.

After two or three evenings of this acting the birds will be seen together, but now the female stays close to the ground while the male raises his head when there is any disturbance.

A little later they will build a big, clumsy nest in some thick clump of cat-tails in the wettest part of the swamp where there is the least danger from four-footed enemies.

This nest is just a pile of reeds and swamp grasses, with the top hollowed a little to keep the four brown eggs from rolling out.

Early in July the young break their chocolate colored cells and then we find the nest full of balls of fuzzy, yellow down. The old birds guard these youngsters very carefully and have been known to stand by their nest to fight even man. As soon as the young have the strength they climb all over the nest and the reeds close to it, they will even leave the immediate neighborhood of the nest if the reeds offer a safe roadway. As soon as they get to climbing they grow very fast and are soon able to shift for themselves. Early in September they start South, flying at night.

CHARLES WILLIAM GROSS.



Photo by P. B. Peabody.

NEST AND EGGS OF COMMON TERN.



BIRD CHATS WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Address communications to MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville St., Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Your vacation good times are almost here, but this is the season when the birds are busy from morning to night finding food for the hungry nestlings.

If any of you have ever tried to feed a young captive Robin, you have a faint idea of the task of mother and father Robins in caring for several broods during the summer. The mouths always seem to be stretched for more, *more*.

I saw a Robin carrying worms to little ones the third week in April, and wondered how many families he would raise in his dobe house. He must have begun plastering before—"chinks in April's windy dome let through a day in June," and before May came doubtless he was April fooled."

A little later in the branches above Robin's nest, two Brown Thrashers sang a rollicking duet, for hours, with heads up, tails drooping, not two feet apart, each trying, so it seemed, to out do the other.

Now, the favored listener will hear but the soft love song by the nest—the sweetest song of all.

However, there are a few birds who sing merrily on through the summer's heat, who among you will tell me their names?

We would again remind you to send the replies also with puzzles you wish to have printed in our corner.

Cordially, your friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.
 Carl Ph. Dowell, Port Richmond, N. Y.
 J. Howard Binns, Adena, Ohio.
 Russell Adams, St. Johnsbury, Vt;
 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

PI.

1. Penguin. 2. Eiderduck. 3. Albatross. 4. Pelican. 5. Petrel.
 6. Gulls. 7. Flamingoes. 8. Ducks.

QUERIES.

1. The Petrel.
2. Northern Shrike.
3. Wood-duck.
4. The largest egg in the world is that of the *acpyornis*, an extinct bird. The egg measures thirteen and one-half inches in length.
5. The smallest egg is that of a South American hummingbird and is only about one half inch long.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

Some friends which I met last winter.

I do wish you could sit here by the window and watch my pets. In boxes outside of the window sill I have nuts, bread, cracker and potato, and upon a rose bush close by I have tied bones and suet. Put your face down close to the glass and wait—one, two, three—seven Chickadees in the bunch, five, six tree sparrows. Here they come, two nuthatches; by and by two downy Woodpeckers. But wait, a row in camp! Two tree sparrows come, one in each box and look up in your face: two or three more come and want to eat, and the other two are standing, mouth wide open and wings outspread, screaming at the top of their voices. There! Here at last comes Bobby, who's Bobby? Well, one of the tree sparrows met with an accident, and in some way lost all of his tail feathers so we called him Bobby. He was very cold.

One little Blackcap looks in at the window and calls chip! chip! chick! I go to the window and put my fingers out towards the little fellow and he jumps to the glass and pecks it as hard as he can to get



Copyrighted 1904 by J. B. Parker.

“AN ENTOMOLOGIST”

[Female Red-winged Blackbird feeding a Dragon Fly to her young].

my fingers, and then I put up the window and hold my hand out to him. One, two, three, four, into my hand they come, then fly off to hide a walnut or a crumb, and back again after more. I have found they have the five calls,—“Pewee! pewee!” to call together; a fretful call when hunting for food, seeing a cat, or mad at each other, and their happy call, “Chickadee-dee!” and their soft murmuring song.

They are so tame that if one of them sees a bit he thinks he would like better than that in my hand, he will get in the box and crawl under my hand to get it. I had one purple finch come during the first snow storm.

Mrs. Downy Woodpecker is as nice and dainty as she can be, standing close by the window while I put my face to the glass and talk to her, while she looks up and winks and blinks like a dove. She is within a foot of the glass, I raise the window and she stays still and watches me, but Mr. Downy raises his red crest in anger when he sees her there, and if he gets near, she runs backward down the stick on which suet is tied and gets away from him in a hurry.

One would be surprised at the amount of stuff these little birds eat. One quart of hazel-nuts, nearly three quarts of walnuts, one quart of peanuts, crackers, bread and suet, and still they are hungry.

I have three cats, which sleep in the same room with my four canaries, and know better than to even look at them. Now I have taught them that window-birds also, birds in the yard, on the ground, (Blue Jays and even English Sparrows,) are not to be caught either.

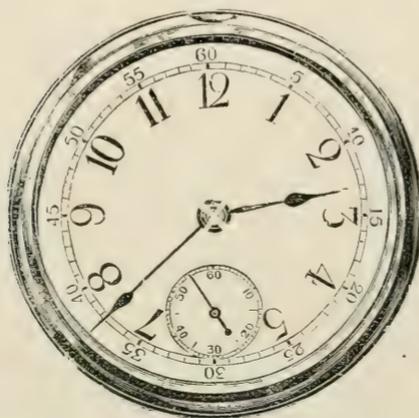
M. L. S. HADDAM, Conn.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The letters from A to C and from D to B spell the name of a handsome Woodpecker.

- D
- 1 A consonant.
- 1 2 3 A bird.
- 1 2 3 4 5 An animal of South America.
- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 To be successful.
- A 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 C An April bird.
- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 To flutter.
- 1 2 3 4 5 A sign.
- 1 2 3 A beverage.
- 1 A consonant.
- B

RUSSELL ADAMS,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.



From 1 to x, A common tiny brown bird.

From 2 to x, A wading bird.

From 3 to x, A long billed water bird of tropical countries.

From 4 to x, A shore-bird.

From 5 to x, A bird which frequents our barns.

From 6 to x, A bird of prey which catches fish.

From 7 to x, A bright colored bird which builds a hanging nest.

From 8 to x, A black bird larger than a crow.

From 9 to x, A bird that has each wing tipped red.

From 10 to x, A bird supposed to cure jaundice.

From 11 to x, A sweet singer having a long straight claw.

From 12 to x, A small European singing bird.

The initials, (beginning with 1,) spell the name of a bird which sings at night.

J. HOWARD BINNS,
Adena, Ohio.

QUERIES.

1. Which of the seven birds named in the letter above, remain with us all summer?
2. Which ones change their winter coats for summer gowns of a different color?
3. Which ones have blue in their plumage?
4. Which ones have red in their plumage?
5. Which ones have white in their plumage?
6. Which ones have black in their plumage?
7. Which are nicknamed "tree-mice"?
8. Which nest in holes in trees?

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

GLEANINGS.

A Japanese Lullaby.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
Silvery star with a twinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and twinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

EUGENE FIELD.



Bird-Lore

EDITED BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Reduced facsimile of ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S drawing of the Northern Shrike. Presented to every subscriber to Vol. VII, 1905, of BIRD-LORE. The original is nearly life-size.



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JULY, 1905.

NO. 7

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

Our object in conducting these competitions is to increase interest in the study of living birds and especially their study with the camera. A good photograph of a live wild bird is valuable scientifically, is always a delight to the beholder, and brings back pleasant recollection, to the one that made it. Bird Photography is a sport that may be indulged in by everybody, and in any part of the country, with equal chances of success. Only forethought, patience and a camera are necessary. Anyone may send in as many photos as they wish, and the awards will be made upon the clearness and beauty of the picture, with due regard to the rarity or difficulty in obtaining. As in our last contest the pictures will be grouped in three classes. All desirable photos, which do not win prizes, we will pay for at the rate of fifty cents each.

CLOSES OCTOBER 1, 1905

CLASS I. *Live, wild birds.*

1st prize, <i>Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 3A</i>	\$20 00
2nd prize, <i>pair Field Glasses</i>	5 00
3rd prize, <i>Color Key to North Am. Birds</i>	2 50

CLASS II. *Young birds.*

1st prize, <i>Al Vista Camera</i>	\$20 00
2nd prize, <i>Pair Field Glasses</i>	5 00
3rd prize, <i>Color Key</i>	2 50

CLASS III. *Birds' Nests.*

1st prize, <i>Pair Field Glasses</i>	\$ 5 00
2nd prize, <i>North American Birds' Eggs</i>	2 50



Photo by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG LOGGERHEAD SHRIKES.

THE KENTUCKY WARBLER.

BY ISAAC E. HESS.

Of all the summer-resident Warblers of central Illinois, only one (the Prothonotary) may be considered more attractive than the beautiful Kentucky. Both of these yellow charmers are lovers of the deep, damp woods, and although the former penetrates farther northward, their tastes are so similar that in localities where one is found, you may usually hope to see the other.

During migration it is not unusual to note both of these golden beauties gleaning in the maples and box-elders of the towns and villages, but only for a few days at most, and if a closer acquaintance is desired, you must follow them to their haunts in the wild swampy woodland.

About us we have three types of timber-land, but only in the lower woods in close proximity to a creek have I been able to find the Kentucky Warbler during the nesting season. In upland Lynn Grove—an ideal bit of bird-land where I have located the nests of sixty-one species—the persistent nesting song of the Kentucky is never heard. Only four miles distant from this point, where Salt Creek winds its way through the willows and oaks and giant sycamores, the May and June woods ring with his loud cheery song. He is not an early arrival from the south—in fact he is one of the very last to come and April has lengthened almost into May when he returns.

Unlike the Robin and Bluebird whose impatience brings them weary weeks of waiting for the balmy days they love so well, the Kentucky bides his time and when at last we hear his voice, we know the woods are perfect and summer is here. Quietly slipping into the woods at this season we may catch him at his love song when he sits on his sapling perch and pours out his heart's happiness by the hour.

His song is bright and attractive and as Mr. Ridgway says recalls the song of the Cardinal. It reminds me however, more of the song of the Carolina Wren and at first I had considerable difficulty in separating them. I was especially troubled by the fact that both birds favor the same local surroundings.

Quite often one may see two males in rapid flight—one chasing the other out of the territory into which he has intruded. In this trait one is reminded of the Prothonotary and when the chase so often ends with painful cries and a loss of feathers, the observer is forced to admit that he has witnessed a fight and not merely an over-exuberant spirit of playfulness.

Yet I am loathe to believe the Kentucky Warbler a quarrelsome bird. He merely exercises his right to enforce the "Kentucky law" relating to intrusion upon lawful domains. That they have some such

rule and that it is rigidly enforced might be regarded as evident when we recall the fact that we never find two pairs nesting as near neighbors.

Finding the nest of the Kentucky is most fascinating to the bird-student and camera fiend and if results on a plate are desired, one must be both, for all the experience of the former and patience of the latter must be exercised to be successful. A nature lover who first looks into the superbly made nest of this bird, knows a feeling akin to that of a correspondent who has just made his first "scoop."

All the allurements and deceptions and strategic accomplishments inherited by birds, seem to have been mastered by the Kentucky Warbler in its skill in hiding its nest and keeping its whereabouts secret.

The Kentuckys are ground Warblers and artfully conceal their nests in the dense vegetation. The usual site is in the center of a weed clump or at the foot of a small stump or growth of sprouts. Here a deep cup-shaped nest, beautifully rounded, is formed of dry grasses and stems. The outside walls are composed of leaves firmly matted together. Wet leaves are used and when dry they form a compact wall. The lining is generally of horse-hair and when in place, the inner nest is round as a ball. Only a fortnight after the arrival of the Kentucky Warbler, the usual complement of five eggs is ready for incubation. By May 15th the earlier pairs are nesting and from that date until June 7th, nests with eggs may be found.

The common note is a sharp metallic "Chip." It is very penetrating and can be easily heard a distance of two or three hundred yards in thick timber. When familiar with the note, it can be distinguished above all the wood medley and the vicinity of the nesting sites of each pair of birds thereby located. The master of the household is seldom to be caught napping and at your approach you will be greeted with his alarm note. The little mate for whom it is intended instantly leaves her ground nest and its concealed treasures. Running along the undergrowth, she does not appear until quite a distance has been traversed. When she joins her lord, you may see "whither she goes" but from "whence she comes" you may not know. With a ventriloquent effect, the alarm notes of the male seem to come from different points in the mass of vegetation. You are surprised when you finally locate him—not on the ground where you think—but perched in plain view on a lower branch of a tree or sapling.

As the female joins him the "chips" are doubled in volume—both birds plainly showing alarm for the safety of the nest. You now feel quite sure of the nearness of the nest and settle yourself to watch for developments.



Photo by I. E. Hess.

NEST AND EGGS OF KENTUCKY WARBLER.

At this point your first real trouble begins for it is no easy task I assure you to assume a statue-like pose while mosquitos of various sizes are doing their best toward emptying your veins of your life-blood. For a full half-hour perhaps, you may listen to the monotonous "chips" with scarcely a change in the position of either bird. When finally convinced that you mean to stay it out, a change of tactics is decided upon by Mr. and Mrs. Kentucky. After a short consultation the female begins to edge toward the ground, each slight descent being followed by a stop and more chirping, all the while keeping her eye constantly fixed upon you.

As she disappears in the heavy growth, the chirps grow fainter and fainter until at last they cease altogether and you are convinced she has returned to the nest. Before investigating, you wait a few minutes to make sure and meanwhile the male who has suddenly grown indifferent, shakes his feathers and leaves for a distant part of the woods. It is evident that the "statue" has at last been dubbed quite harmless and with a sigh of relief for aching joints you rise to your feet. With high hopes of a rewarded patience you advance toward the point of the last "chip."

Cautiously advancing, step by step you finally peep around a stump and see Mrs. Kentucky sitting on a twig near the ground. She is unconcernedly preening her feathers and at once you feel like one who had been deceived.

As your thoughts return to Mr. Kentucky, there steals upon you a suspicion (and it is generally a correct one) that he has executed a broad circle and a side approach and is now quietly keeping the eggs warm in the nest that you have not discovered. This is but one of the tricks practised by these wily birds during the nesting season, and your admiration for the Kentucky Warbler grows with each experience in which you are the victim of their clever deceptions. I have so learned to respect their accomplishments, as to feel that each discovery of their nest with eggs is (rather than through any talent possessed by me for out-witting them), to be considered in the nature of an accident. After the young have appeared, this extreme caution is overruled by mother-love. The nest may then, with a little be patience located, for the mother will not remain long from her babies.

By observing a queer action on the part of a male and taking instant advantage of a suspicion, the nest and eggs of the accompanying photograph were revealed to me. As a like incident may never be repeated in my experience, I would hesitate in pronouncing it a habit of so eccentric a bird as the Kentucky Warbler, but it may be one.

I followed a male at his feeding until he became alarmed and flew in

a bee-line for another part of the grove. Under a sudden impulse, I started after him on a run. About seventy-five yards on his course, he suddenly dipped to the ground and rising continued his flight. Fixing my eyes on the tree in which he disappeared, I kept the straight line and increased my speed.

The female flew up from directly in my path and I stopped instantly to find the nest and five eggs at my feet. At the point where the male dipped to the ground in his flight was the nest of the illustration,

A TRUE STORY OF A BLUEBIRD.

I had read many times of the success of bird-lovers with wild birds in cages and I had resolved to try what I could do in that line whenever I found the opportunity.

One beautiful day in May I discovered a Bluebird's nest in an old pump nearby. I watched it with zealous care and when the wee birdlings were hatched the first day of June I redoubled my attentions. The days crept on and the fledglings grew. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth day passed. The fifteenth day at noon the birds were snugly sleeping in their cozy nook and I saw no signs of leaving.

Imagine my consternation a little after four o'clock that afternoon to see the nest empty! Everywhere I might look I could find no trace of the young birds. I searched as long as I could that night and renewed my quest early the next morning. I was sure the birds could not be very far off for the nearest trees were some rods away. At last in the wet grass I found one bedraggled bird and still later the half-eaten body of another. The fate of the third blue baby I never knew. The one I captured I took home with me feeding it often with egg and potato and giving at each meal a few drops of water. This was Friday.

Saturday I continued to feed it every hour and oftener if it called and in the late afternoon the birdling first helped itself to food. That ended my service as nurse. Henceforth I studied the diet and disposition of my bird and sought to keep it healthy and happy. I read that grated carrot was nice food and I took pains to bring in a fresh carrot from the garden every morning. Sand I furnished daily and my Bluebird grew and thrived. It soon began to trill a little song, sweet and low, but very musical.

Flies and spiders are its special relish. Fearing a time when I could not get such luxuries for it I one day scraped a little beefsteak and gave to the bird. This was even better than the insect dainties. Berries, lettuce, cherries, sweetcorn, oatmeal, crackers and celery vary the bill of fare, but the yolk of egg and grated carrot are its staple food. I do

not know the gender of my pet but certain dainty ways make me think of it and speak of it as Ladybird.

Is the bird happy? Yes, if her daily song and her affection for her friends tell anything of her frame of mind. She is a source of constant pleasure and study to us at home and we delight in trying to interpret her different notes. For instance a long shrill note sounding much like "come here, come here" tells us she is lonesome and wants someone to talk to her, sit near her or take her out for recreation. She has another call for food while her alarm note of "Quit, Quit, Quit" will bring the whole household to her relief. This is invariably her call if the cat approaches her cage but of the dog she has no fear. Often when out of the cage she will alight on his head or back.

See knows every member of the family and is perfectly fearless with us. Sometimes I will put my hand into the cage and ask her if she wants to come out. Nearly always she will hop into it and nestle there till out of the cage. Then she is ready for any division and she seems to expect to be entertained as a visitor too, manifesting impatience, sometimes scolding if she is not satisfied with the attention given her.

She answers readily to her name going from one friend to another as she is called. She will perch on the finger of one and preen her pretty feathers, fly to another and pause long enough to sing her Bluebird song, then alighting on my desk she will make a queer medley of the pens, pencils, etc. She examines every new thing and if it does not please the little midget's fancy she will charge at it with rumped feathers and snapping bill. She has her playthings too. Toothpicks, a gaily colored marble and a tiny bell are her familiar toys.

She is quite vain and will stand many minutes before a glass admiring herself in different poses. She is shy of strangers and will protest loudly if we attempt to take her from the cage when anyone strange to her is in the room.

Here cage is her home and she objects to a change of quarters. Put her in another cage and she will lament continuously till put back to her accustomed place.

BERTIE M. PHILLIPS
Oxford, Maine.



A LETTER FROM MISSOURI.

In our minds, as well as in literature, birds are invariable associated with the spring time and the flowers and the warm summer days. Only the bird lover finds them in the winter. These little sparrows and other modestly dressed birds are never noticed by any one else. But, though most of our bright plumaged birds disappear at the first signs of approaching cold, yet we have some whose beauty is unsurpassed. The Cardinal, for instance, and the Blue Jay and the Bluebird. All winter we find the Cardinal abundant along the streams, and wherever there is scrubby growth. He is silent most of the winter, but by the middle or latter part of February, the hills and woodlands are ringing with his whistle.

The Blue Jay is at his best now. There are no nests for him to rob, so the other birds leave him in peace. And there is no bird note so pleasing as his "jay, jay, jay," echoing and reechoing through the leafless woods, where the handsome fellow, in his search for mast has discovered a Screech Owl, and ever ready for mischief, immediately begins to call to his comrades to acquaint them with his find. And poor little Owl, it is little of sleep he will get that day, unless he seeks a new hiding place.

Another winter bird is the Crow. No winter landscape is complete without one or more of these big black fellows flapping their way across the gray sky, or perched in some lonely tree. They gather in hundreds and thousands along the river at this season, in search of food. On the margin of the river and along the edges of the sandbars where the waters are likely to cast up anything edible, they may be seen in numbers. And they may be seen riding the cakes of ice that come down the river after a thaw. They roost in the trees along the banks, and from before sunset, far into the night, the din of their cawing can be heard. They sleep off the night, and with the first signs of dawn, they all awake and resume their deafening cries, continuing till it is light enough to see, when they disperse and go a breakfasting.

Yesterday I visited a neighbor, and while there sat by a back window that looks out on the garden. A few feet from the window is a fence along which grow briars and weeds, and there is a peach tree whose branches almost brush the window. While I sat there, a Crested Titmouse alighting on a limb three feet away, peered at me fearlessly. I think he is the same one that has visited me before when I was there.

A pair of Carolina Wrens came along the fence, examining the posts, and the bases of the briars and weeds for something good. A few minutes later, I heard the clear sweet notes of the male, and saw he and



Photo from life by R. H. Bebee.
RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.

his mate sitting in the top of an old elm tree, where they got the benefit of the warm sun.

Juncos and Tree Sparrows came up under the window too. I frequently see little flocks of Goldfinches. One can find them by hundreds in the vicinity of hemp fields. He is fond of hemp seeds. He is not the bright plumaged, sweet voiced little bird we saw in the summer, however. Once I read a pretty little poem about him. The last verse of which, if I remember rightly, runs thus:

“His song went back to its sacred source,
 When the winter’s chill drew nigh;
 And no eye followed it in its course,
 But many a sweet wished sigh.
 His summer frock, on the golden rod,
 He hung in a fleecy roll;
 He left his cloak on the mullen stalk,
 And his message in my soul.”

In the thickets along the streams we find Song and Fox Sparrows. Sometimes they delight us with snatches of their spring songs. They are very shy, though, and if one wants to hear them he must keep very still.

One day I went into an old orchard. It had been allowed to grow up in weeds so thick, that, but for their brittleness, I would never have made my way through them. Here and there were old brush heaps and there were some briars. I found the place literally alive with Juncos and Tree Sparrows. All the latter seemed to be singing, and though their little song is simple, yet, all together, and in their rich Canary voices, they produced some of the sweetest bird music I ever heard. Once in a while I caught the whispered warble of a Junco.

We Missourians have the little Chichadee, too; and the Woodpeckers. Of the latter, at least four species winter with us—the Downy, Hairy, Red-bellied and Flicker. And I have heard that the Redheaded stays with us, but personally, can’t say he does. He must stay hidden deep down in the heart of the woods. Every day I hear the croak of the Red-bellied, and occasionally the “wicker, wicker, wicker,” of the Flicker. Downys and Hairys are common, and may be seen in the trees of the yard when the thermometer registers 15 and 18 degrees below zero which is the coldest weather we have. Once in a while we see White-breasted Nuthatches and Brown Creepers, but they are not with us regularly, throughout the winter.

And the same may be said of Bluebirds and Robins. I saw a flock of Bluebirds last week. Their “thoroughwert” sounds as mellow as in the spring time. And the Cedar Waxwing is only occasionally seen.

During the latter part of February they begin to come regularly to our cedar trees.

Horned Larks are abundant. They fly over the country in flocks, usually flying high, and uttering a note that sounds like "p-t-t-two," that is as near as I can spell it. They roam about as if they had no special destination. We may see flock after flock pass over, all going southeastward. Last winter as I came through a meadow, just at dusk, a flock in which there must have been several thousand settled down near me. I presume they spent the night there.

The Bobwhite is often heard, but rarely seen. They are hunted so much it is a wonder they show themselves at all in the day time. They are not as abundant as in days gone by, but I think there need be no fears of their extermination, at least not for years to come. Now and then a flock of Mourning Doves stay with us through the cold weather. They subsist on grain gleaned from the straw stacks, and from cornpens. Whenever the hunter discovers their resort, woe be to them, for he usually exterminates the flock.

Of our birds of prey, the Marsh Hawk is to me the most interesting. I never tire of watching him as he quarters the meadow and stubble fields, ever on the lookout for moles. Frequently we see him strike. Sometimes, owing to the dense grass and weeds under which the mouse escapes, he fails to get his prey, but when a mouse does find himself in the clutches of this Hawk, he may as well say goodbye to this world. Another of our hawks is the American Roughleg. From my observation, I gather that they do not seek their prey after the manner of the Marsh Hawk, but rather perch on the top of some isolated tree, in or near a meadow. From this point they keep a sharp eye on all the surrounding country. I have seen him fly nearly two hundred yards and pounce upon a mouse he had in all probability seen before leaving his perch.

On moonlight nights we hear the "hoo-o, hoo, hoo," of the great Horned Owl. If it sounds so great and menacing to us, what shudders of apprehension it must send through the hearts of the little wild people. I should think this great bird would be the most feared of all the birds of prey. One evening just after sunset, I was in the orchard and heard his cry. It sounded so near I looked in the trees over my head to see the bird. Finally, I located him in the top of a tall cottonwood, a hundred and fifty yards away, sharply silhouetted against the dying glow of the western sky. He sat there quite a while uttering over and over his characteristic cry, which was always answered by another Owl down in the field. Though his cry was low, it seemed so near, and so full of volume, that the earth and every thing seemed to tremble with it.

Everybody knows the Screech Owl. He lives in the trees of the Orchard, and sometimes is very noisy. Sometimes he roosts in the cedar trees, and I find on the ground, pellets that are composed for the most part of mouse fur and bones. But I have found them to consist of feathers that look suspiciously like the English Sparrow wears.

Every man that is fond of shooting, notes the approach of fall and winter with evident satisfaction. He pictures to himself long V-shaped columns of slowly moving noisy-mouthed wild geese, and swift, silent flocks of wild ducks. Yesterday; I saw in a shute far out in the river and surrounded by ice a number of Canada Geese. They are, since the extermination of the wild Turkey, king of our game birds. And like the Turkey they too might have been exterminated, were it not for their unceasing vigilance. It is indeed a lucky gunner that brings one of them to earth. Those who have hunted them tell me that at night, when a flock has settled down on a sandbar a number of pickets are stationed out so they can observe the approach of any enemy, in time to warn the sleeping flock. It is almost impossible to approach them, even on the darkest night. The method usually employed in hunting them is as follows: The hunter, on locating a flock, pulls his boat far around them till he is above them so the current will carry his boat down on them. He lies down in the boat, trusting to the current to do its work, and never showing himself above the rim of the boat. If he is fortunate enough to float down among them, unsuspected, he will probably get one or two. Two sixteen year old boys of my acquaintance secured a couple in this way recently, but since then I have seen the strategy fail. Before the boat had floated within three hundred yards of the birds they showed their suspicion by craning their necks, and a moment later all took wing and were off.

Wild ducks are another favorite game bird. They may be seen on the river any day. Mallards, Sprigs (Pintails), Greenwings and Black-jacks (Scaups) are probably most common during the winter.

Jan. 3, '05.

EDGAR BOYER





NASHVILLE WARBLER.
[Natural Size.]

NASHVILLE WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 645.

(*Helminthophila rubricapilla.*)

RANGE.

The United States and southern Canada east of the Rocky Mountains. Winters in the tropics and breeds throughout its summer home.

DESCRIPTION.

Length about 4.5 in. There is little difference between the sexes of this species but the female is a trifle duller in color and has less and sometimes no chestnut on the crown. That on the crown of the male is usually quite strongly tipped with gray so that the patch is partially concealed. Young birds are still duller in plumage and the head is a brownish gray rather than the clear gray of the adults, and the chestnut patch is entirely lacking.

NEST AND EGGS.

Nashville Warblers build their homes on the ground, usually sinking the nest in a small hollow flush with the surface of the ground and under an overhanging tussock of grass so that it is very effectively concealed. I have always found these to be one of the most difficult nests to locate although the birds are quite common here in summer. They commence building their nests by the latter part of May and fresh eggs may be found until the end of June. The eggs vary in number from three to five and are white, usually with a creamy tint, wreathed and specked with light reddish brown; size .65x.45.

HABITS.

The little birds seem to be very irregularly distributed but are common locally throughout the northern parts of the United States and southern Canada. In New England they are very common and in favorable localities their song is heard persistently throughout the day. They are usually met with on stony hillsides especially those covered with numerous patches of small brushes or growth of pines.

The song of these Warblers is very characteristic, being wholly unlike that of any other Warbler with which I am acquainted. It resembles "twee-twee-twee-twee-tre-e-e-e, the first syllable repeated either four or five times and ending in a short trill. Sometimes I have heard them leave off the distinguishing trill and the song then might be mistaken for either that of the Chestnut-sided or Yellow Warbler.

Unlike most of the Warblers, these are quite shy and often manage to keep just beyond your vision so as to be an aggravating mystery to those unacquainted with their song. I have often followed one of

these birds the entire length of a piece of scrubby woodland, without once catching sight of him although his voice always seemed to come from the top of the next tree.

Their nests are one of the most difficult to discover of all our Warblers; they are very small, deeply imbedded in the short grass or moss of a hillside and the adult birds exercise great care not to disclose its hiding place. Although they breed quite common in Massachusetts I have never found but one of their nests, and that was entirely accidental for I was hurrying down hill, homewards, late one afternoon, when a small bird left the ground, at my feet, and with a loud flutter sped away through the trees. Several minutes search disclosed a handsome little cup woven of grass, bark and rootlets, snugly tucked away in the moss at the base of a rock. While I could not identify the bird by the hasty glance that I had of her, the five eggs that were in the nest, I concluded were those of this bird and the next day my suspicions were verified.



ALTER EGO.

C. L. BRUMBAUGH.

If the bluebird helps its kind
In a struggle 'gainst a foe,
Should I not take time to find
Some relief for human woe?

If the thrush attempt defense
Of another's threatened brood,
Surely I without offense
Proffer help in generous mood.

If the snow the new buds keep
From the icy breath of Frost,
With a warm glow I may steep
Hearts so cold and evil-crossed.

If a song be such magician
As to drive out carking care,
May I, too, be sweet musician,
Free some heart from grim despair.



Photo from life by Ester A. Dixon.
AN ATTRACTIVE SUMMER COTTAGE.
[Occupied by House Wrens.]

"WHERE DO THE LITTLE BIRDS GO?"

A few days ago a lady was telling me about the large number of birds that nested about her house, "But," she added "where do they go to when they leave the nest. There are very few birds around here now and I should think there would be a great many more since the young have hatched?" While she was talking she was fondling an old tom-cat, the pet of the household. It may have been imagination, but I could almost see the cat wink at me as she was talking. I have no doubt whatever about his knowing where the greater part of the little birds went to.

A friend of mine who lives in the country, is very fond of birds and of course enjoys having them around the house. To the great delight of the whole family, a Robin nest was found under the barn; it was only about four feet from the ground on the body of an old wagon. It was an ideal location in some respects, protected from sun, wind and storm, and very unlikely to be disturbed by any feathered enemies. There was just one point in which the judgment of this pair of birds erred; they took into consideration the hospitality of man but they did not reckon on the hostility of all felines. The five eggs which were laid were faithfully tended by Mrs. Robin, and in due course of time five little Robins graced their home. Two more weeks went peacefully by and the little ones were nearly large enough to try their wings. All this time the cat, a large tiger and the pet of the family, was watched carefully and apparently took no interest in the nest or did not even know of its existence. When it was expected that the little birds might leave the nest, the cat was kept in the house. For two days he was kept indoors but on the evening of the second day he commenced mew-ing so piteously that someone opened the door and let him out. Later investigation showed that inside an hour after puss was let out, he had torn down the nest and secured all the birds. There seems to be no doubt but what he knew where they were all the time, and that he was but waiting until they had grown large enough to make a full meal, and that his anxiety on the night in question was probably occasioned from fear that they would be large enough to fly before he could get them.

And so the little birds go! This cat was no exception, just a handsome well bred fellow, an excellent ratter, a household pet; he would not look at the chickens, never watched the canary and was on friendly terms with the dogs (if they kept their distance). None of the family would have believed their pet capable of such work and would have known nothing about it had they not been especially interested in this

particular nest. A few days later a young Robin from another nest made his first flight and landed in the drive-way only to find itself in the grasp of Tommy, who paused to look up and see if there were not more coming. During this pause the little bird was rescued but it was too badly injured to survive.

Now the cat was not to blame; it was its nature, as it is that of every other cat. A cat is a carnivorous animal endowed with the strength, skill and agility to secure its own prey, and no matter how much they may be trained, when the opportunity occurs they will jump at it. I am not condemning cats; they make very congenial pets, and it is not because I do not like them that I do not own one. But until a clawless and toothless breed of cats are introduced they will not mix with birds, that is, and still have the birds alive. It is little short of luring birds to their death to put up houses for them and still keep our feline friends.

TAMING OF A YOUNG COW-BIRD,

The more one studies bird life in the field and learns how individual birds will at times depart from the habits of their families, the more fascinating the study becomes.

When I heard of the taming of a young Cow-bird I must confess to some doubts on the subject until I had seen it several times and knew its history. About June first while Mr. Saunders was feeding some small chickens, a chipping sparrow followed by a fluttering, crying Cow-bird, which had plainly taken the place of the rightful inmates of the sparrow's nest, flew into the yard and began to feed with the chickens.

After coming together for a few days at feeding time, the Cow-bird, evidently deserted by his foster mother, came alone and finally made his home between the chicken's yard and the back door steps.

The bird; which Mr. Saunders named "Dick," would follow him or Baby Helen about the place. and it was a pretty sight to see Helen toddling after the bird, which would keep just out of reach, or if she turned, to see the bird following close at her heels. When "Dick" first came to the yard he would chase flies and mosquitoes, but soon showed a preference for meal and bread crumbs, which he ate greedily, becoming a decided vegetarian in his tastes.

After the chicken food was mixed, "Dick" in his eagerness would get into the pan, and I have often seen him feeding from one side of



Photo by Wilbur Smith.

COWBIRD.

the pan while Baby Helen was playing in the meal on the opposite side.

Often when Mr. Saunders would put some meal into a spoon "Dick" would step into it and allow himself to be carried about the yard, contentedly feeding the while, or he would walk into Mr. Saunder's hand for his food, or take it from his fingers.

After the first few days "Dick" did not utter a note and most of the time bore little resemblance to a Cow-bird. He would sit upon the ground, with feathers ruffled and head drawn back upon his shoulders, and instead of walking, would run with short, quick steps; but when startled his feathers would lie slick and close, and with head thrust forward, he would walk about,—a credit to his family. "Dick" showed no fear, even of strangers, and if he wandered away would come quietly at Mr. Saunder's call.

He became so tame in time that he made frequent excursions into the house, going from one room to another.

Everyone became much attached to him and wondered if he would leave in the Fall and if he would return in the Spring; but all predictions failed as he came to an untimely end on the fifth of July, when a fox-terrier pounced upon him and before help could come to his rescue "Dick's" life-story had been told. We mourned his loss and buried him with far more tenderness than we were wont to accord to his vagrant relatives.



Photo from life by Jas. H. Miller.
FLICKER AT NEST HOLE.

THE DAUGHTERLESS FLICKERS.

EUGENIA CHAPMAN GILLETTE.

I wonder if all the Flicker babies of last season were boys! Of all the families that came under my observation, not one could boast a girl baby. Does that indicate a war in peckerdom?

I was watching three families closely and caught casual glimpses of a good many others. These three families consisted of four, five and six children respectively,—with the regulation two parents per nest. And of these twenty-one birds, the three mothers were the only ones without the black mustachios. And all the Flicker school children I met by the way were boys.

The family that was blessed with six sons lived in a tall oak tree by the lake. Had they but opened their door in the right direction, they would have commanded a magnificent view of the rarest gem of a lake. But that door, round as Giotta's O, opened diametrically opposite to the point where it should, the whole bole of the tree intervening, and affording shelter from the wind and driving rains from the lake, as effectually as it shut off the view.

These six sons had a dinner horn apiece, and their clamor was appalling when their frequent luncheon hour arrived.

The serving process was agonizing to look upon, as Flicker parents feed their young by regurgitation. It certainly looked like strangulation and murderation, and one found it hard to understand how the children could clamor for their turms, instead of striving to escape the awful ordeal.

The family of five sons dwelt in an old willow tree on the bank of the mill race, where the baby faces were reflected in the still waters when the baby heads were thrust forth to greet the parental return.

The family of the male quartet was reared in Library Park, though I did not discover them until they had left the nest.

The sons could not well be instantly distinguished from their sire, though the black French knots on their white vests were not quite so large and richly black, and their collars were a little lighter, more yellowish red. But after a few moments watching, the children invariably did something unmistakably childish, that left no question.

One day the faucet, in which the lawn hose was attached at sprinkling time, was left dripping, and Flicker pater, tired and thirsty from much foraging for apples and ants, decided upon a drink of city water. He flew up, clung to the projecting boards of the veranda floor, and opened his mouth, letting the water drops fall in.

Flicker filis was on the ground nearby, watching intently, and talking baby talk to himself about it, and when dad flew to the ground satisfied, the baby proceeded immediately to try it himself.

Apparently he did it just as daddy did, but only about one out of five of these unaccomodating drops would fall into the open mouth. The poor little fellow got it in the eye, and up the nose until his patience was utterly exhausted and his temper up. With an angry shake of the head he flounced off across the lawn, at the most convulsingly awkward lop-sided gallop, demanding consolation from daddy dear.

Daddy rubbed cheeks with him lovingly, and calling mater and the children, who quickly appeared from various qurrters. he treated the whole crowd to apple jack, on tap in a particularly fine large russet, early fallen to the ground.

They made a charming group indeed, but I could not help wondering if the Flicker mamma did not in her heart of hearts yearn for just one little daughter. I'm sure I would.



Photo by Jas. H. Miller.

FLICKER LEAVING NEST.



BIRD CHATS WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Address communications to MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville St.,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Will you write me about the nesting birds which you watched during June and July; the length of time from the building of the nest to the appearance of the little birds; the material, and situation of the nest; which young birds emerge from the shell dressed, and which undressed, and whether the male bird shirks his part of the care? We shall be glad to hear from you about these or any other facts of interest you may notice during the nesting period.

A father Robin takes his turn in sitting upon the eggs in a nest not far from here, and above the rim of another nest—built of twigs—gleams a dash of red as a Rose-breasted Grosbeak covers the eggs while madam takes an outing.

Cordially, your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I., Frank M. Walling, Spartansburg, Penn., Katherine Stilwell, Phoenix, Arizona.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE.

Clock Puzzle.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

1 to x.-Wren	7 to x.-Oriole
2 " -Heron	8 " -Raven
3 " -Ibis	9 " -Waxwing
4 " -Plover	10 " -Icteria
5 " -Pigeon	11 " -Lark
6 " -Osprey	12 " -Linnett

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
 D A W
 T A P I R
 P R O S P E R
 S A P S U C K E R
 F L I C K E R
 T O K E N
 T E A
 R

QUERIES.

1. Chickadees, Nuthatches, Woodpeckers, Purple Finches, Blue Jays, English Sparrows.
2. Purple Finches.
3. Blue Jays, Nuthatches.
4. Woodpeckers.
5. Nuthatches, Chickadees, Blue Jays, Woodpeckers, English Sparrows, Tree Sparrows.
6. Nuthatches, Chickadees, Blue Jays, Woodpeckers, English Sparrows.
7. Nuthatches.
8. Nuthatches, Chickadees, Woodpeckers.

A MESSAGE TO THE BOYS.

Just as the sun peeped above the eastern hilltops yesterday morning, you might have heard a great commotion in the tree-tops in a grove in a Massachussets town which overlooks the Connecticut river. Here

were collected a multitude of birds, of all sorts, sizes and colors, all talking at once. Here were Vireos, Wrens and Flycatchers, Owls, Finches, Sparrows and Meadow Larks, Chewicks, Catbirds, Grosbeaks and Warblers in great variety, and a bevy of Swallows and Sandpipers from the river bank.

Presently a Brown Thrasher from the highest branch called the assembly to order, a dignified black-billed Cuckoo was appointed as chairman, and little Jenny Wren as secretary, partly, I mistrust, to keep her quiet.

The Hon. James Crow, in a long address gave the *cause* of the gathering, which in brief, was this:—to learn what action the birds would take in regard to various reports which had been brought as to the treatment of birds in different parts of the country.

Then, boys, your ears must have burned, as witness after witness told of the good or ill they had received from your hands.

Bob White mounted an old fence rail, and told how he and his family, of over twenty, were kept from death through the cold and snows of the last two winters, by grain and crumbs which thoughtful boys had placed in sheltered places for them. The Nuthatches, Woodpeckers and Brown Creepers told of similar care. Wrens, Martins, and Bluebirds described the many boxes which had been built them for homes. Robins told of the drinking and bathing dishes which gave comfort to many birds through the heat of summer, while Chickadee had made such friends among the boys that he came at their call, and fed from their hands and lips. A gentle Wood Thrush said that this very morning, her nest with its treasures of four downy babies had been visited by a boy whom she had so learned to trust, that she stood fearlessly upon the brim of the nest and allowed him to see her nestful of darlings.

Thus far, all had been delightful, and you would have been glad and proud had you heard them singing your praises.

But, alas, as another Wood Thrush took the stand, a darker side was presented. It was a sad tale of a beautiful nest which she had fashioned with great skill, searching far and near for twigs for frame work, and soft grasses for lining, but ere the four blue eggs were hatched, the nest was ruthlessly torn down, the eggs confiscated for a "*collection*," and she herself fled for her life.

Madam Redstart darted about, nervously opening and closing her feather fan,—“Oh! Oh! Hear me! Why did they shoot my mate with their air rifles, was it because his orange and black coat was so handsome? They shot him and he lay torn and bleeding for hours till death ended his sufferings.”

Other Warblers lisped of the terror in the air, and a dainty Magnolia Warbler testified of his daily fear, as boys had thrown stones into a flock of his mates who were gathering insects from some shrubbery.

Some brown birds—Mrs. Blue Bunting, Mrs. Song Sparrow and Mrs. Grosbeak—told of suffering among their relatives, caused by boys who “only shot English Sparrows,” and in soft twitterings some bank Swallow told how their roofs had crumbled down beneath rough feet above them.

There were many similar harrowing tales and I think that then and there the birds would have voted to remove far from the haunts of men, leaving our homes birdless, had not a bustling Chickadee flown forward; all paused to hear what counsel this cheery sprite had brought.

Shaking his head, Chickadee said, “You are too severe upon the boys, they are not such brutal and unjust animals as this mass of testimony would indicate. They are simply thoughtless, if the matter is but put before them in its true light they will treat us with fairness. Show them the good times they can have by making friends instead of frightening us; show them the immense number of insects, worms and grubs we destroy; show them how we brighten the earth by our songs and beauty, what marvelous weavers, masons, carpenters and other artisans there are among us, and you will surely find these boys have common sense and warm hearts, and would become our *protectors* instead of *persecutors*.”

“Nay! Nay!” croaked a cross Blue Jay, “It is easy enough for Sir Chickadee to talk for no boy would ever harm a *Chickadee*. Had he suffered what *we* had, he would lose his faith in boys.”

The Chickadee breathed a soft sigh, and whispered, “Not many weeks ago, my wife was killed by a stone thrown by a heedless boy, yet in spite of this, I believe they do not intend to be cruel, and I move, Mr. Chairman, that a report of this meeting be sent to Meg Merrythought, that it may be read by the boys and give them a chance to put themselves on a right footing in Bird Land.”

The birds with one accord agreed that this was but fair play, and with a great flapping of wings, the motion was unanimously carried, and a Tanager in livery of scarlet and black, was commissioned to carry an account of the convention for “Bird Chats.”

As the factory whistles blew, I met the courier, and have written down his message for you as best I could.

If you have any doubt as to the truth of this account, come to Waterbury within the next two months and I will show you the identical Scarlet Tanager who will speak for himself, and I pray you, all fairminded youth, heed his message.

PI.

Birds which build covered or arched nests on the ground.

1. Moodawe karl.
 2. noveltrib.
 3. passhoergep-waspror.
- Sometimes {
4. kilbinboo.
 5. Marylard-wethaytollro
 6. Aiqui.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Mary made some 5-6-7-8-4 and 4-2-5 them in the pantry window to cool. A 7-6-8 peeped out from a hole in the wall, ran across the shelf and 5-6-4-5-2-3 of the crust. He thought it a great 8-7-2-5-5. He 6-5-2 off a large piece. When he heard Helen opening the door, he quickly 4-5-6-7-8-2-3 back home. When the little girl saw what he had done, the 8-2-6-7-4 came into her eyes. Just then she saw a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 in the oak just outside of the window, as he 3-6-7-1-5-2-3 away she ran and told her mother that a 3-2-6-7 little yellow and black bird had been tasting her 5-6-7-8-4.

GLEANINGS.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad
 When our mother nature laughs around;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground.
 There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky,
 The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

BRYANT.



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VOL. V

AUGUST, 1905.

NO. 8

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

Our object in conducting these competitions is to increase interest in the study of living birds and especially their study with the camera. A good photograph of a live wild bird is valuable scientifically, is always a delight to the beholder, and brings back pleasant recollection, to the one that made it. Bird Photography is a sport that may be indulged in by everybody, and in any part of the country, with equal chances of success. Only forethought, patience and a camera are necessary. Anyone may send in as many photos as they wish, and the awards will be made upon the clearness and beauty of the picture, with due regard to the rarity or difficulty in obtaining. As in our last contest the pictures will be grouped in three classes. All desirable photos, which do not win prizes, we will pay for at the rate of fifty cents each.

CLOSES OCTOBER 1, 1905

<i>CLASS I. Live, wild birds.</i>	
1st prize, Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 3A.....	\$20 00
2nd prize, pair Field Glasses.....	5 00
3rd prize, Color Key to North Am. Birds.....	2 50
<i>CLASS II. Young birds.</i>	
1st prize, Al Vista Camera.....	\$20 00
2nd prize, Pair Field Glasses.....	5 00
3rd prize, Color Key.....	2 50
<i>CLASS III. Birds' Nests.</i>	
1st prize, Pair Field Glasses	\$15 00
2nd prize, North American Birds' Eggs	2 50

THE PURPLE MARTIN'S RETURN.

O aerial minstrel with harp ever ringing!
Thou voice of the sky! We have watched for thee long;
But now on this morn when all nature is springing,
We catch from the breezes thy jovial song!

Intently our eyes through the azure are straining;
No trace of the singer as yet we descry;
But soon, as the volume of music is gaining,
We notice a speck in the depths of the sky.

There, truly, he comes, ever nearer and clearer—
Down, down, like a meteor from heaven, he falls;
And alights on the house, in the garden that's dearer,
To him, than the south with its palm shaded halls.

For he, who has glanced through the bowers of myrtle,
And soared o'er the forests of olive and palm,
Returns to this land of the pine and the maple,
The summer to spend in his northern home.

And here through the summer, from morn until even,
The mate that he loves he will cheer with his lay.—
O! welcome, thrice welcome, thou minstrel of heaven,
Our land is so lonely when thou art away!

J. M. L.

NOTES ON A FAMILY OF ROBINS.

By CARL L. KAPP.

They had been looking for a nesting site for some time, but it was not until the latter part of April that a pair of Robins concluded to locate almost under the eaves on the east side of our front porch.

However this proved to be a bad location. During the period of incubation the heat of the sun was not very great, and the female did not suffer much, even though exposed to the full glare of the morning sun every day. But after the young birds had broken the shell, the weather became very warm; it was then that the faithful little mother suffered intensely.

Had not the winter of which the last traces had disappeared only a few weeks before, been such a severe one, all would have been well. For a peach tree, which had died on account of the severity of the weather, would have afforded them abundance of shelter. I think the birds had counted upon this tree for shelter, or they would hardly have built in such an out of the way place.

During the entire period of incubation, a little more than two weeks, I never once saw the male bird upon the nest. Several times I saw his mate leave the nest for about a half-hour at a time, but he never relieved her.

However, every day, always in the evening, I saw him alight in the middle of the lawn with something in his bill. At once his mate flew to him, took whatever it was, swallowed it; and after preening her feathers a bit, flew back to the nest.

One morning, on the ninth day of May, there were two, and the next four little naked crouches that opened wide their bills in the expectation of food upon the slightest noise near the nest.

During the time the young birds stayed in the nest, which was just two weeks, the parent birds were kept pretty busy feeding them. The amount of food which a nestful of young Robins consume is incredible. The food upon which they were chiefly fed was fish-worms.

It was also during these two weeks that the mother bird suffered severely from the heat. Few people credit the wild things with much paternal devotion to their young. But if they had seen the way in which this bird protected her nestlings day after day from the hot rays of the sun, they would change their ideas, I think.

Day after day I went out at noon and found her half sitting, half standing over them; her wings spread, and the muscles in her throat working fast. But for her constant faithfulness, the young birds must have perished.



Photo by L. B. Gilmore.

YOUNG ROBIN.

Even before the first brood was ready to leave the nest, the parent birds had commenced the foundations of another nest in a tree not sixty feet from the first one.

It is a popular idea that birds and mammals perform everything through a mechanical instinct. That however I do not believe.

When the pair of Robins of which I am speaking, built their first nest under the eaves of the porch, they used almost a superabundance of mud and literally plastered the nest in place. But I noticed that in building the second nest, which was placed in the branches of a tree, not more than half the mud was used, it not being necessary.

All this goes to show that birds must use some reason in the construction of their homes.

It is said that Robins sometimes raise three broods of young birds a year. This pair did not. After the second brood had acquired the ability to hunt their own living, I was surprised to see that both broods, together with the parent birds, stayed around our yard all the rest of that summer and late into the fall.

It was a bright day in April when the parent birds came, and it was a bright day late in September, when together with their two families, they joined a roving flock of their kind and started on their journey toward the land where the sun always shines. And I was sorry to see them go.



Photo by I. S. Horton.
MOTHER ROBIN AND YOUNG.

THE NEST IN THE MEADOW.

By BERTHA CURRIER PORTER.

"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Oh, how pretty you are," sang little father Song Sparrow to his mate in the grass. He was swinging on the top-most twig of the apple tree, and she was very busy down on the ground below. The apple tree stood near the shore of the lake, in a big meadow, through which ran a tiny brook. A long plank walk led down to the lake from the farm house up on the road, and just where the walk crossed the brook, mother Song Sparrow was building her nest. It was in the grass, on the sloping bank, and was completely covered by a little blackberry bush that grew there. It was so well hidden that even the big girls, who scoured the fields for birds' nests, had failed to find it, though they came down the plank walk half a dozen times a day.

"See! see! see! Oh, how stupid they are," father Song Sparrow would sing scornfully, as they went by again and again and never suspected what the blackberry bush was hiding. But at last the little mother made a sad mistake, there were five brown speckled eggs in the nest now, and she was so anxious about her babies. The big girls were coming down the plank walk, and as she heard their steps nearer and nearer she became panic-stricken, flew right off the nest and up into the apple tree, where she sat and scolded violently; "Go away, go away!" she said, but the big girls did not go away, for now they knew there must be a nest not far off. So down on their knees they went, and hunted carefully for a long time till at last one gave a shriek of joy, "Oh! I see it! Look! Look! Isn't it lovely?" They held the blackberry bush back and looked at the dear little straw cradle with the five spotted brown eggs. At last they went away, and mother Song Sparrow came back to cuddle her babies and keep them warm.

After this she was very timid. When she heard footsteps coming down the plank walk she would fly off the nest in a great hurry. Never straight to the apple tree now. No indeed, once was enough for that! Right under the plank walk she went, and when she came out it was many feet farther up on the other side. Then she flew along in the grass, across the walk and back to the apple tree. One day she was taken by surprise and forgot herself, so that instead of flying under the walk she fluttered right on to it and hopped along in front of the big girls for ever so far.

The awful small boy was the only one who knew of the nest besides the big girls and the mighty man. He was a good man, because, one day when the awful boy had discovered the five speckled eggs and was rejoicing in wicked glee, the mighty man told him "he'd shake the

stuffing out of him if he touched that nest," Father Song Sparrow heard this and flew down to tell the little mother. So, after that, when the mighty man went by, she sat calmly on the eggs and never moved a feather.

One day mother Song Sparrow left the nest for a few minutes, and when she came back one of the tiny brown eggs was gone. She hunted all over the bank and in the brook to see if it could have rolled out, but she could not find it. She looked up the plank walk, and there was the awful small boy running away as fast as he could. The mighty man was up in the field getting sods, and the small boy had at last found his opportunity to steal one of the eggs. After that mother Song Sparrow stayed close to the nest, only going down the bank to the brook to drink. For now there were suspicious movements in the little brown eggs which made her more careful than ever.

One morning she found three tiny birds, and only one egg left. Then they were four, and such wee little babies as they were! They had no feathers, only a bit of brown fuzz here and there. Their eyes were not open but their mouths were, and they were very great mouths for such very little birds. Father Song Sparrow did not have so much time to swing in the apple tree now, he was busy hunting food for the babies, and mother Song Sparrow was even busier. It took a great deal of food to fill those four gaping little mouths, and when the babies finally went to sleep at night it was a tired little mother that brooded over them and a weary little father that tucked his head under his wing and slept in the apple tree.

The babies grew fast and soon the feathers began to show. But you would never have suspected they were feathers, for each one was done up in a long round sheath so that the little birds looked as if they were covered with tiny quills. At last these burst, and there were the four babies all dressed in brown like father and mother. Their mouths did not look quite so big now, but it took even more food to fill them. Mother Song Sparrow was a very proud little mother indeed, and as for father Song Sparrow, he flew all over the neighborhood telling of the fine family under the blackberry bush in the meadow. It would have been better if he had not told so many people, but he never dreamed of danger, nor did he know that one day as he sat singing to the Indigo bird, old mother skunk and her three babies were listening, safe hidden away where no one could find them,

"Come! Come! Come! See how pretty they are! There! There! There! Down by the old plank walk! Safe! Safe! Safe! Under the blackberry bush!" sang little father Song Sparrow, swelling his throat and swaying back and forth on the tree, while old mother skunk listened

and listened and thought, "We'll see how pretty they are! Safe, are they? Wait and see, wait and see!"

That night, after all the day birds had gone to sleep, and only the Whippoorwill was singing in the swamp, old mother skunk called her three children around her and said, "Come, we will go and get some supper now. I know where there are nice little birds that will taste good to my dears. And it is time you were learning to hunt for yourselves." So down the meadow they went, creeping slowly along in the grass under the plank walk, mother skunk leading the way, and the little ones following almost in her very footprints, quivering with excitement. When they came near the nest mother skunk turned and whispered, "Slowly, now—carefully—don't wake them!"

Father Song Sparrow flew straight up in the air when he was roused by the terrified cries of mother Song Sparrow and the babies. Down he dashed at old mother skunk and fluttered wildly around her, but she paid no more attention to him than as if he were a feather floating in the air. By and by she went away, and the three children with her. Father Song Sparrow came down from the apple tree and called, at first softly and cautiously, then louder and louder. But no one answered him. One little baby lay dead on the bank and there were a few tail quills floating on the water. The Whippoorwill had stopped singing. Father Song Sparrow went back to the apple tree and waited till morning.

Very early the mighty man came down the plank walk to hoe the beans. Father Song Sparrow remembered what he had said to the awful small boy. When the mighty man came near the nest he found a frantic little bird hopping on the walk, fluttering up the bank, flying up into the tree, and all the time crying, "Look! Look! Look! See how wicked she was! See! See! See! All my babies are gone! Oh! Oh! Oh! She's killed them every one! Look! Look! Look! Mother and babies and all!" The mighty man stopped, pushed aside the black-berry bush and looked into the nest. Then he looked on the bank. Then he said just one word—"Skunks"—and went tramping up through the field. Father Song Sparrow followed, flying from tree to tree and crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! What are you going to do?" At last the mighty man stopped and looked around very carefully. The next minute Father Song Sparrow saw him step quickly to one side and strike something hard with the hoe, once—twice—three times. Then he picked up a heavy stone and threw it at something. Father Song Sparrow flew up very close to see what was going on. There in the grass lay old mother skunk and three children, all dead.

The mighty man went back to hoe the beans. Father Song Sparrow flew to his perch in the apple tree. As the sun came up over the mountain, he swung and sung triumphantly, "Dead! Dead! Dead! The mighty man killed them all!" Over and over he sang it. Suddenly he paused, looked down at the grassy home under the blackberry bush, and sang once more, very soft and low, "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Oh, how pretty you were!" and flew away.

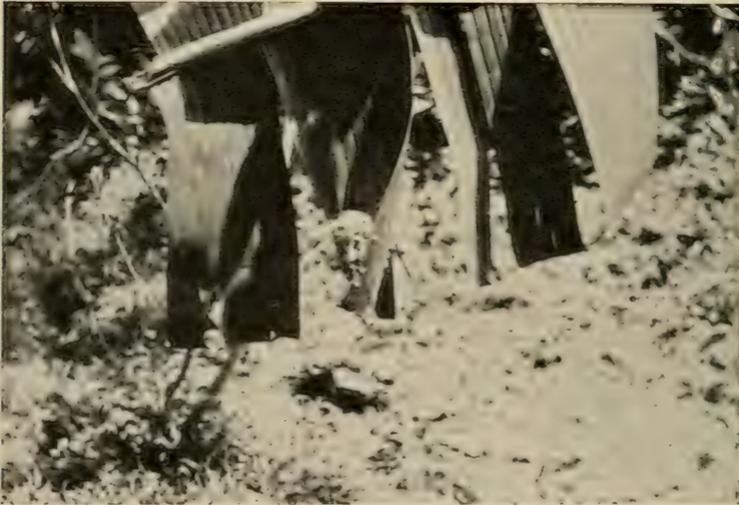


Fig. No. 1.

NEST OF TAILOR-BIRD.

ASIATIC TAILOR-BIRD.

The little Tailor-bird, supposed to be about the smallest bird in this part of Southern Asia, is a very common resident of Foochow and vicinity. While other species are migrating with the changing seasons this little friend remains throughout the entire year in its chosen home.

DESCRIPTION.

The Tailor-bird is about 3 3-4 to 4 1-4 inches in length. It is a uniform light olive-green on entire upper parts. The forehead is a deli-

cate shade of brown. Entire under parts pearl gray. The beak is straight and pointed, and is used very dexterously for piercing leaves in nest building. Male and female almost identical, except that the male bird often has tail quills extended slightly, giving the appearance of pins.

NEST AND EGGS.

The picture books of our boyhood days but very poorly give an idea of the nest and nesting habits of this ever busy little friend. The habits of the bird are very much like those of the Carolina Wren of the homeland. One naturally feels that he has met some member of the Wren family upon first forming an acquaintance with the little Tailor-bird, and as the nesting season approaches he begins to follow the little fellow among the flower pots of the door yard, hoping to see him disappear inside the door of a Wren's home. The bird is very seldom seen at any very great height from the ground, so it is but natural that we should expect to find the nest among the flowers of the garden as this is the most favorite resort of the bird.

The nest is a very compact structure, composed of only the very softest vegetable fiber, webs and plant down. There is a slight framework of grasses which seems to be used for no other purpose than to give form and strength to the nest. This little nest is firmly riveted to a folded leaf, or as the case may be, to one or more leaves which have been made to constitute the walls of the little residence.

The bird very skillfully draws the leaves together and pierces them with her beak. Through these holes webs and hempen fiber is threaded in such a way as to form a rivet which cannot be withdrawn through the same hole. These threads are shortened and interwoven in such a way as to draw the leaf, or leaves, forming the exterior wall of the nest into a cup-shape. Within the confines of these walls the compact structure is skillfully formed into a little home.

Figure No. 1, shows the nest of the Tailor-bird in a large banana leaf. This nest was about eighteen feet from the ground and contained four eggs. Figure No. 2, shows a nest constructed by the same pair of birds. This nest was constructed within three days from the time nest No. 1 was taken. This nest was placed in the leaf of a canna, and only eleven inches from the ground.

Both of these photos will serve to correct the idea that the Tailor-bird sews its nest up in a leaf in the criss-cross fashion as portrayed in our picture books.

Figure No. 3 shows a nest placed between two or more leaves, and



Fig. 2.

Photo by H. R. Caldwell.

NEST OF TAILOR-BIRD.

gives a fair idea of the method with which the bird rivets its nest to the leaves. This nest was located almost twenty feet from the ground. Another nest was being built in a wisteria vine about six feet from the ground. The faithful little pair labored nearly a week trying to form this mass of material into a home. The leaves of the wisteria were not strong enough to sustain the weight of the nest so it was necessary for the birds to select a more suitable nesting site. This was accomplished in the selection of nesting site as shown in figure No 3.

The eggs of the Tailor-bird generally number four, and are of a clear white, or white slightly tinted with green, ground color, marked and spotted with red and brown. The average size of the egg is about that of the Blue-gray Gnat-catcher, though slightly longer and of a more oval shape.

HABITS.

This little wren-like bird is one of the most common residents of this



Fig 3.

NEST OF TAILOR-BIRD.

immediate part of southern China. It lives in close proximity to the ground, and is seldom seen in trees, except while passing from one feeding ground to another. The flight of the bird is very noticeable. It passes from tree to tree with the seeming effort of a wounded bird, or one that has been drenched with the pouring rain. The little pair seem to be very devoted to each other, and are just as inseparable during the winter months as during the breeding season.

Often while busy in search of food, the little pair become separated and one of the birds mounts some pinnacle and utter a clear loud note which brings a low response from the mate from the nearby bush, and soon the happy pair are at work side by side peering into every crevice and among the dead leaves for miller or larva which makes up the daily diet.

The notes of the bird, like its actions, very much resemble those of the Carolina Wren. You have all heard the Wren from some fence post call its mate *Eugena*, *eu-ge-na*, *eu-ge-na*, and in like manner do we often hear the little Tailor-bird call *Tu-dok*, *tu-dok*, *tu-dok*, which happens to be the name of many little Chinese boys.

There is a common proverb among the Chinese to the effect, "The Tailor-bird lays Goose eggs," which metaphor means, "A small thing accomplishing much." This would indicate that the Tailor-bird is considered by the natives to be about the smallest bird in China. So far as my observation goes I should say that it is.

HARRY R. CALDWELL, Foochow.



SAMMY?

In 1897 while driving through the town of Andover, Maine on my way to the Rangely Lakes, my driver told me that a farmer in the town had captured a young eagle. I made him drive me to the house. Of course I thought it was a Bald Eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) but I was surprised and delighted to find a young Golden (*Aquila chrysaetos*).

The man found the bird as he was coming from the lakes. He saw a curious looking object lying on the ground in a field. He took a rope and caught the bird, bound him and brought him home in his wagon. He had fed the bird on fish alone for a month—a most unusual diet for a Golden Eagle.

I bought the bird and gave him all the meat he could eat, then boxed him up and sent him to my home (Lancaster, Mass.)

Since that time we always considered the bird a male and he has always been called "Sammy". Imagine my surprise when on April 8, 1905 I found "Sammy" had laid an egg.

On comparing it with several sets I found it was about the average size.

I have heard of Bald Eagles laying in captivity but not a Golden Eagle.

JOHN E. THAYER.

THE SLEEPING QUARTERS OF THE PRAIRIE HORNED LARK.

W. W. JR., MICH.

It has always been a mystery to me as to where the Horned Larks are able to roost during the cold winter months, with snow on the ground and the thermometer frequently below the zero mark. Often have I watched these birds late in afternoon, intending to trace them to their roosting place, but all the satisfaction I could get was to see the birds fly high in the air and soon disappear. However, I accidentally caught a small colony going to roost as follows: Late one afternoon while passing a large sand bank, I noticed five of these birds coming swiftly to the earth and in another instant they alighted within a few yards of me, but did not appear to notice me at all and I could easily observe their movements. After running up and down for some time, they retired, each one selecting some crevice that would offer ample protection against the wind and snow. The next day they returned again and have often been seen since. Both Prairie and Horned Larks are rare during January, but the second week in February generally shows an abundance of them.

I should like to call the attention of Eugenia Chapman Gillette, who writes in the July AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY under the head of "The Daughterless Flicker," to the fact that immature female Flickers have dark mustaches which they lose on coming of age. (See Florence Merriam Bailey's "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States", edition of 1902, page 220.)

Yours truly,

CHARLES H. ROGERS,
New Jersey.

AMERICAN SONGSTERS.

MRS. IRVING KNIGHT.

Song birds endear themselves to us more from association and suggestion than from excellence of their musical qualities. The song that is the simplest will appeal infinitely more to the heart according to the coloring of its back ground. It should be a rare pleasure and one of the joys of living to cultivate a love and knowledge of the little feathered songsters. It is they who furnish nature's music and to vibrate with her harmony one must learn to listen to her music. The plaintive note of the Blue-bird, the Song Sparrow ditty or the Robin's bright carol, sets many an American heart throbbing with the touch of treasured memories. The song birds may educate us in the holiest emotions of life and in the finer spiritual perceptions if we will but listen.

Let us go into the realm of bird life and learn how each and all sing their various songs. It is a fairy-land filled with the sound of grand bird choruses in warbles, chants, musical calls, trills and squeaks.

Among the American birds the best songsters are probably the Mocking-bird, Wood Thrush, House Wren, Winter Wren, Song Sparrow, Fox Sparrow, Maryland Yellow-throat, Vesper Sparrow, Purple Finch, Indigo bird and Hermit Thrush.

The Mocking-bird's natural haunt is the southland. Its song probably surpasses that of any bird in the world, in point of compass, variety and execution. It is the only night singer in America. Other songsters, among which are the Cuckoo, and the Kingbird send occasional bursts of song startlingly out into the night air, but it sounds more like the fitful outbursts of disturbed sleep.

Birds are very likely to be attracted to pleasant meadow lands, sprinkled with wild flowers, trees and bushes, with bits of wooded land near about. I have been in the midst of such a landscape in early spring and heard grand bird choruses, made up of from fifteen to twenty different kinds of bird voices. The beauty of this melody, with Nature as Director, sent waves of joyous feeling coursing over me. There was a medley of both big and little songs in all keys, coming forth from the trees, bushes, grass—everywhere.

From some bushes in the background came the shrill, supple, rather feminine song of the Cat-bird, and from the top of a near by oak tree I heard the louder, richer and more audacious song of the Brown Thrasher. The Cat-bird and the Brown Thrasher are related to the Mocking-bird. Their songs are a series of vocal feats, corresponding to the cultivated human voice. They even give their songs at times a ventriloquial touch.

From the border of the woods on my left came the golden voice of the Wood Thrush. It was a song serene and liquid, with a transparent quality. Not in the least confusing were the silvery tinkling notes of the Bobolink in the tall meadow grass.

In the medley I could distinguish in the direction of a clump of alders the notes of the Red-shouldered Blackbird. The strong cry of the Great-Fly-catcher lent a harsh note to the refrain but did not mar it.

The brilliant song of the Indigo bird, the strong, bright warble of the Scarlet Tanager, the innocent, contented warble of the Red-eyed Vireo. All chimed in harmoniously. The three last named birds are the only songsters that can be heard with any regularity after the meridian of summer is past.

The Linnet, or Purple Finch possesses great compass and melody of voice. He pours forth a strain, vicacious, rapid, and circling. He is the most noted songster in the Finch family.

Of the Wrens, the House Wren is a good singer, and the Winter Wren's song is surpassed by but few singers in point of mellowness and execution. In summer time the Winter Wren haunts the cool northern woods where his music is lost in primitive solitude. The Golden-crown Kinglet's rich prolonged warble is noticed in the evergreens of the northern states, for one or two weeks in May, when the bird pauses to feed on its way to Canada.

There are a number of lesser songsters whose cheerful, honest songs in the summer trees would be greatly missed. The Vireos are among these and they contribute an important element to the music of grove and wood. The Red-eyed Vireo sings his cheerful way through all the day long, and through all the summer. The Warbling Vireo comes in with a bit stronger strain, and not quite so sweet, while the Solitary Vireo, as his name implies, keeps much to himself. His song is heard only in the deep woods. The White-eyed Vireo is found only in wet, bushy places and its vehement song is sure to catch the dullest ear.

There are an army of small Wood Warblers, about forty species. Most of them are merely faint chatterers.

The Water Wagtail, and the Wood Wagtail are the most brilliant warblers, with the exception of the Kinglets, which are northern birds in summer, and also the Kentucky Warbler, which is a southern bird.

The Water Wagtail utters brilliant snatches of song from dim aisles along some wild brook, but it is a very evasive bird and chary of its music. If its song were prolonged it could be compared to the English Nightingale.

The Veery and the Hermit Thrush also belong to the wood songsters.

The Chimney Swallow chatters silvery, rattling notes that aim at making music.

The birds that have only musical call notes are the Blue-bird, Sand-piper, Swallow, Red-shouldered Starling, Pewee and "High-hole."

The common Sand-piper is not a loquacious bird and utters only occasional call-notes. Though it is not a songster, its note is very pleasing as it flits up and down summer streams or runs along in pebbly shallows. During its spring migrations its calling and piping can be heard in the night.

The Wood Pewee's pathetic, silvery note, the Yellow-throat's "wichey, wichey," the Orioles strong whistle, the loud call of the High-hole, the Gold Finch's animated strain, the rich melodious song of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Chewink's brief emphatic song, and the piercing call of the Meadow-lark, all contribute to the lesser strains.

The pretty Cedar-bird has the least voice of all the American birds, while the Bobolink excels in simple lingual excellence.

The bird choir is rich in Sparrow voices. The ditty of the Song Sparrow rises from the garden fence, and from the roadside early in March. It is prophetic and touching with many variations and trills. On the other hand the notes of the Savannah Sparrow are shrill and and harsh. The Vesper Sparrow with its reposeful song tells of quiet lanes, and the softly ringing notes of the Bush Sparrow delights the ear. The Canada Sparrows sing only in the spring and fall, and the Fox Sparrow can sometimes be heard in April, singing the richest and and most moving of all sparrow songs.

Now let us consider one of the most beloved of American birds—Robin Redbreast. This pretty bird sings his greatest carol surrounded by deep silence. His song is then at its truest harmony with nature. He should be heard on a clear early spring day, just as the sun is setting. He then carols steadily for ten or fifteen minutes from the top of some tree. At such a time there is hardly any other sound. Patches of snow linger here and there. The trees are naked. The earth is cold and dead. Then this contented hopeful strain is poured forth so freely and deliberately that it fills the void with the very breath and presence of spring. Yet it is a simple strain, unaffected by long fancy trills. It is honest and direct and slightly plaintive. It goes straight to the heart and cheers like the sunbeams that glide and glance among the dark boughs.

There are great bursts of bird song in America during May and at times till mid-summer. Many bird voices join in the general outburst but it is fitful and more confined to certain hours of the day. There is

much bird music lost "upon the desert air" in the wild forest and wood solitudes, and much of it is hushed by the heat of the midsummer sun. The birds are not domestic and do not become intimately associated with man. Their songs have an illusive, plaintive strain, as if they had not been touched by civilization, and because they do stand so much apart, the ear must be attuned to their songs to apprehend and appreciate them in the confused murmur of nature.

Dallas, Texas.



Photo by L. B. Gilmore.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN JAY.



NEST AND EGGS OF CANADA JAY.

CANADA JAY.

A. O. U. No. 484.

(Perisoreus canadensis)

RANGE.

Northern United States including northern New England, New York, Michigan and west to the eastern base of the Rockies, and the whole of southeastern Canada.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 11.5 in. back, wings and tail smoky gray, throat white, shading in gray on the under parts; forehead buffy white shading into blackish on the hindhead, the latter color reaching to the eyes.

The habits, nesting habits, nest and eggs of the following sub-species and species are indistinguishable or identical with those of the Canada Jay and they will be considered together.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN JAY.

No. 484a.

(P. c. capitalis)

RANGE.

The Rocky Mountains from the southern to the northern boundaries of the United States.



Photo from life by L. B. Gilmore.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN JAY.

[Winner of 2nd Prize in 1904 Photo contest.]

DESCRIPTION.

Like the last except that the white covers the whole top of the head, the dark being confined to the extreme hindhead and being of a more grayish shade.

ALASKAN JAY,

No. 484b.

(P. c. fumifrons)

RANGE.

This sub-species which is found, as the name implies, in Alaska, differs from the Canada Jay chiefly in having the forehead of a more yellowish buff color.

LABRADOR JAY,

No. 484c.

(P. c. nigricapillus)

RANGE.

This bird is confined to Labrador; it is distinguished from the Canada Jay by a greater abundance of black on the back of the head, it reaching to the front of the eyes and forming a circle around them. The black is also more intense than in any other of this species.

OREGON JAY.

No. 485.

(Perisoreus obscurus)

RANGE.

Pacific coast of the United States from northern California to southern British Columbia.

This species is quite similar to the Canada but has less white on the forehead and the entire under parts are nearly pure white.

GRAY JAY.

No. 485a.

(P. c. griseus)

RANGE.

This variety is found in the interior of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. It is said to be larger and grayer than the latter.



NEST AND EGGS.

These birds build their nests usually in coniferous trees, and at altitudes varying from six to forty feet from the ground, the Oregon Jays appearing as a rule to nest higher above the earth than the others. Their nests are all large and bulky, and while rather clumsily made form warm shelters for the little ones. The exterior of the nests is

usually composed of twigs plentifully sprinkled with moss, bark and catkins; it is usually lined with fine fibres and downy feathers and often larger feathers are worked in the outside perhaps for ornament. In March or April they lay three or four grayish eggs spotted with brown and gray; size 1.15 x .80.

HABITS.

From the name by which this bird is commonly known, such as "Whisky Jack," "Moose Bird," "Camp Robber" and scores of others, the character of these Jays can well be imagined. They have all the bad traits common to our well known Blue Jay, and, like him, have no redeeming virtues except their beauty, vivacity, audacity and sense of humor. I believe no bird has the sense of humor so keenly developed as the Jay or his relative, the Crow. They like to play tricks on anybody or anything, and will cackle with glee when anything particularly pleases them, but when the joke is on them they usually show their appreciation in squawks of anger. Living as they do, in sparsely settled regions, the Canada Jays are very tame as compared to ours; consequently their actions are more often noted and commented upon.

They are thieves of the first order, and their knavery is not confined to the theft of eatables but they will take anything that they can lay their hands, or rather their bill upon. If there is anything in sight that is especially valuable to mankind and absolutely worthless to them, they will exercise their wits to acquire it. They are the constant companions of hunters, trappers and lumbermen in the northern woodland and watching them at their antics is one of the chief sources of amusement of these men. They will enter a camp, go right inside the tents and carry off everything, edible or not, and what is too large they will tear to pieces and carry off in sections. They will work like beavers carrying articles away and storing them in crevices under the bark of trees or even under leaves, and, from my observations of Jays, I think they remember the location of everything they conceal and dig it up at some future date. They eat carcasses, pelts and skins frequently annoy trappers by taking the bait from their traps or damaging the skins of animals that they have caught. Their food consists largely of flesh when it can be obtained and, like the Blue Jay, they rob the nests of other birds of their young and eggs. At other seasons of the year they eat berries, acorns, buds and seeds of all kinds. They are practically resident wherever they are found and usually commence nesting long before the snow is off the ground. The nest shown in our illustration was found in March when the mercury registered thirty-two degrees below zero. It is a typical nest and is plentifully adorned with grouse feathers.



ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT

156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Can you tell why we find so few sign of bird-life in our August rambles?

The Goldfinches are still busy with family cares, for they waited for the thistles to ripen for the silken lining of down for the cup which holds their babies.

The Red-eyed Vireo still preaches among the treetops, and the Indigo Bunting—a delight to the eye—merrily warbles from the highest branch all through the sultry August days. But many of the other birds seem to shun the haunts of men, hiding quietly in retired places. Now they are changing their coats for the second time this year, putting on the more sober colors which serve as a protection from danger; perhaps they are ashamed of their raggeddy gowns, and then, too, the tattered plumage makes flying long distances difficult.

You are doubtless having good times this long vacation, and will write to this corner about that part of it which you spend with the birds.

Cordially, Your Friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Carl Ph Dowell, Port Richmond, N. Y., Huldah Chase Smith, Providence, R. I.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

- Pi. Birds which build arched or covered nests on the ground.
1. Meadow Lark.
 2. Ovenbird.
 3. Grasshopper Sparrow (sometimes).
 4. Bobolink.
 5. Maryland Yellow-throat.
 6. Quail.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Redstart.

WHAT ARE THE NAMES OF THESE TWO WARBLERS?

Upon a fair May day as a quartette of bird lovers rested by a brook which rippled softly down the hillside among rocks and trees, a sharp "tut, tut" warned them that they were trespassers. The notes of alarm came from a pair of olive birds no larger than an English Sparrows. They walked along the opposite side of the brook, then flew from stone to stone in its midst, and darted about the heads of the intruders, scolding heartily meanwhile, and constantly swinging their tail from side to side like a young lady very conscious of her first trained gown.

The under parts of the bird were of a soft creamy white, streaked on the sides with black and a long white line passed over the eye. They resembled Thrushes, but they were not Thrushes. What were they?

Perhaps there was a nest in one of the mossy caves in the over hanging banks, but it was so cunningly hid len that not one of the quartette could find it.

While they were still watching these birds, another bird flew up from a bathing place in the brook, and alighting upon a branch by the side of a great boulder, began preening its feathers. This, at first glance seemed like a small Red-eyed Vireo, but a more careful survey showed a black line through the eye, and that the lines which marked the eye-brow of the Vireo were lacking. Its back was a clear olive green, its under parts a yellowish white, the top and sides of its head were slate color. As he flew away a bit of white showed in his tail feathers.

He resembled a Vireo, but he was not a Vireo. What was he?

QUERIES.

1. What four birds are called Thrushes, which are really Warblers?
2. What bird is often wrongly called a Thrush, which belongs to the same family as the Catbird and Wren?

3. Which of our most common birds are Thrushes, though they are called by another name?

4. What birds are wrongly accused of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, from the fact that its English cousins of the same name have this habit?

5. What birds have been imported from England which sing a sweet song while soaring in the heavens?

6r What birds have been imported from England which are thickly spotted above and beneath, with yellowish white spots?

7. What birds imported from England have become such a pest that we should be glad to see them all transported far beyond the northern sea?

8. What birds will give chase to other birds more than twice their sizes?

9. What two birds have been associated with the crucifixion by legends?

10. What birds, residents of northern New England, northern New York and north to Arctic regions, build their nests early in March, when the ground is still covered with deep snow?

CHARADE NO. 1.

My 1st is found in great quantities in the desert.

My 2nd is higher than the surrounding country.

My 3rd is used in raising heavy weights.

My whole is a bird with a very long neck and long legs.

CHARADE NO. 2.

My 1st is a nickname for a boy.

My 2nd is a vowel.

My 3d is a part of a chain.

My whole is a bird which sings on the wing, and which has been mentioned by many poets.

CHARADE NO. 3.

My first is the action of a dog in drinking.

My 2nd is what Columbus was glad to see.

My 3d is what the journeys are which are taken by the American Ornithology each month to reach its subscribers.

My 4th was a part of a knight's equipment when he rode away upon a long journey.

My whole is a bird whose hind toe-nail is longer than the toe.

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VOL. V

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

NO. 9

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION. THE LAST MONTH.

Our object in conducting these competitions is to increase interest in the study of living birds and especially their study with the camera. A good photograph of a live wild bird is valuable scientifically, is always a delight to the beholder, and brings back pleasant recollection, to the one that made it. Bird Photography is a sport that may be indulged in by everybody, and in any part of the country, with equal chances of success. Only forethought, patience and a camera are necessary. Anyone may send in as many photos as they wish, and the awards will be made upon the clearness and beauty of the picture, with due regard to the rarity or difficulty in obtaining. As in our last contest the pictures will be grouped in three classes. All desirable photos, which do not win prizes, we will pay for at the rate of fifty cents each.

CLOSES OCTOBER 1, 1905

CLASS I. *Live, wild birds.*

1st prize, <i>Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 3A</i>	\$20 00
2nd prize, <i>pair Field Glasses</i>	5 00
3rd prize, <i>Color Key to North Am. Birds</i>	2 50

CLASS II. *Young birds.*

1st prize, <i>Al Vista Camera</i>	\$20 00
2nd prize, <i>Pair Field Glasses</i>	5 00
3rd prize, <i>Color Key</i>	2 50

CLASS III. *Birds' Nests.*

1st prize, <i>Pair Field Glasses</i>	\$ 5 00
2nd prize, <i>North American Birds' Eggs</i>	2 50

MOTHER NATURE'S INVITATION.

BY BERTHA A. JOSLIN, MASS.

'Tis the voice of Mother Nature,
What does the old dame say?
She is calling to the children
In her ever winsome way,
"O! leave your books and studies
And come with me and play,"
Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"They have told you of me, children,
In the schoolrooms broad and fair,
From whose widely swinging portals
You are swarming everywhere,
And I hear your merry voices
Floating to me on the air,"
Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"Come noisy boys and chatt'ring girls,
I'll give you of my best,
Come bring the little children
And I'll rock them on my breast;
I'll show each day new treasures
Till the sun sets in the west,"
Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"I've hung my trees with little homes,
I've gemmed my boughs with birds,
If you listen very closely
You may understand their words,
And I've filled my lakes with fishes,
And my pastures teem with herds,"
Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"I have frescoed all my mountains,
Till they flash with rills and flowers,
Where the dryads dance and frolic
With the winged-footed hours,
And the berries hang in clusters,
And the wild grape weaves its bowers,"
Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"And I've painted all my ocean,
 'Tis a bright, abounding blue,
 And the white sea-gulls float over,
 And they only float for you,
 O! I've done my spring housecleaning,
 And the world's as fresh as new,"
 Says Nature, Mother Nature.

"So I'm waiting for you, children,
 On the sea and on the land,
 You will find me if you wander,
 You will find me close at hand,
 O! Fairyland stands ready
 And I'll wave my magic wand,
 Only come!" Says Mother Nature.

THE JUNGLES, SANTAWAE CREEK.

BY J. LAMPTON ROSS.

My favorite hunting grounds are in a deep valley through which a shallow listless brook slowly meanders, impeded at every step by the dense underbrush which grows in and along its sides. At this particular point it might properly be called a swamp, but after emerging from this tangled mass of cane, ferns, moss and skunk cabbage, it sallies forth, quite a cupestable stream. This is Santawae Creek, and here in this lonely spot, concealed from the world without and the birds within, I take my stand, armed with a double barreled field glass and a camera.

What is that little brown body, whisking and shuffling about among the ferns and moss and screened from view by the endless canopies of skunk cabbage? In an instant I discharge a volley from my glass right into his strong hold. He doesn't mind it a bit but kicks up his legs and flits about like the trained donkey in the circus. But I've caught him for an instant; a quick examination reveals a brown back and grey breast heavily marked with dark heart shaped spots. Is it the wood thrush? Now he has risen to the tree above me, and is singing merrily away, "Wee-o-tee-ee, Wee-o-tee-ee." Being a neophyte in the business, there are many interesting things that particularly attract my attention.

The harmless garter snake with its two parallel red lines running down its back, as it sinuously glides out of my way. The great trees which, cover the shores of Santawae Creek, and the fallen ones resting at angles. Here a great King of the forest lies groveling in the mire,

half buried amid the wildest confusion of brambles and ferns, and effectually disguised by the moss and creeping vines which encompass it. The brook now gurgles and babbles into the meadow beyond, glad to be released from the swamp growths which hindered its progress. The birds are about all here that are due and I will mention a few as I pass along.

The omniscient Catbird slinking and snarling, the Oriole that welcome visitant from the tropics is now arrived. Thrushes and Thrashers are here in abundance. Towhees in their happy security under the skunk cabbage leaves, with their little grey shirt fronts and rufous colored waistcoats. The Warblers and Woodpeckers and Kingbirds hovering in the air or darting from a limb after an unsuspecting insect, returning with his capture to the identical perch. Here immediately before us we start a bevy of quail, and you are startled as they whirr off in a bee line to a more secluded cover among the evergreens. A little beyond the Flicker is flickering about showing his white rump and golden wings to good advantage in the sunshine.

A lazy Song Sparrow is taking advantage of a snug little hole in the turf on the slanting bank, near the water's edge, and is rounding it out for a nest, preparatory to laying the eggs. These are but a few items of what I call "observing things" and in my case is not to be dignified by the name of study.

MAINE BIRD NOTES.

MYRTLE F. SMART.

The following "Bird Notes" were taken in the spring and summer of 1903. Most of my observations were made on farms in the towns of LaGrange, Maxfield and Howland, Penobscot county, Maine.

The farms are situated on a hardwood ridge, five miles west of the mouth of Piscataquis River. My home farm consists of about fifteen acres of field and orchard and eighty-five of rough pasture and woodland.

Not far from the house is a maple orchard of two or three hundred trees and also some groves of spruce and fir, these latter being a favorite nesting place for crows. A large Martin house of twelve rooms and a box in which a pair of Tree Swallows nest are near by. Several Barn Swallows' nests are in the barn and over fifty in one on an adjoining farm.

1903 was a bad year for birds in my locality as the red squirrels were very plentiful and robbed nearly every nest, one squirrel being shot in the act of throwing young birds from the Martin house.



Photo by A. R. Spaid.

NEST AND EGGS OF VESPER SPARROW.

The list of bird arrivals in the spring was headed by the Crows who came March 9th.

March 12th I saw and heard a Bluebird.

March 13th Robin Redbreast appeared, followed on the 14th by a flock of Crow Blackbirds.

On March 20th, a flock of about one hundred Robins were seen in the field. I think I saw a Sparrow the same day.

March 28th I found a small bird, partly eaten, spitted on a bush, probably by a Shrike.

April 19th I saw a Tree Swallow. The 20th I think I saw a Barn Swallow, but did not stop to identify it.

April 27th the first Robin's nest of the season was found. It was in a spruce tree and contained one egg. The nest was near a path over which people were passing daily, and was deserted by the Robins after three eggs were laid.

May 3rd, I discovered a Robin's nest in a hole in a birch tree, it contained four eggs. When I called on the 16th the eggs had hatched. May 21st, when I next visited the nest I found the young birds dead. There were blood stains on the nest but the young birds seemed to have no external injury. Probably a squirrel had killed the mother and they had died of cold as they had no feathers.

May 4th I observed a pair of Flickers or Golden-winged Woodpeckers. The next day (May 5th) I saw their hole in an old apple tree.

Later when I visited the tree I could hear the young birds but the hole was too deep for me to see them.

May 17th I saw three Eave Swallows and heard a Bob-o'link. On the 24th I observed a Kingbird.

May 25th another Robin's nest was found, on the 26th it contained one egg. Ten days later it had been robbed.

May 30th I spent some time afield. I saw a flock of Cedar Birds and one of Gold Finches. I found a Robin's egg lying on the grass in a pasture, no nest being near. While going through the orchard I saw a female Ruby-throated Humming Bird. Later I was out in the old orchard and observed a small hole in a limb of a dead tree. I tried to climb the tree to see if there was a nest in the hole but the tree was too much decayed. I rapped on the limb and as nothing came out I, supposing the hole to be empty, pulled the limb off. On looking into the hole I was greatly surprised to see two young birds; they had fallen from the nest and lay just within the opening. As they did not have their eyes open and were covered only with gray down I could not tell to what species they belonged. I replaced the limb as well as I could and sat down near by to await the return of the parent birds.

They soon came, a pair of Bluebirds, the female carrying a small worm. The branch containing the nest was not in exactly the right place; this puzzled them. They flew about and after a great deal of chirping and singing, the male ventured to take a worm into the hole. The young birds did not seem to care for it, and he brought it out only to carry it in the second time, but he could not get them to eat it. Then I left them fearing that the fall had killed the young birds. But in the afternoon when I rapped on the limb the mother bird flew out and the next day the parents were feeding the little ones as if nothing had happened. May 31st, two Chippies' nests were discovered. June 3d each contained an egg, but a few days later one had disappeared entirely the other had been robbed.

June 2nd I found a Robin's nest.

June 8th I found a Kingbird's nest. A few days later it contained four eggs and I think that the nest was one of the few that season which escaped robbing.

June 8th while walking through the woods I heard a bird singing, as I looked around for it a young Towhee ran out from under my feet. I tried to catch it but although it could not fly, it escaped among the trees.

June 25th when I was walking through the same piece of woods a Partridge or Ruffed Grouse ran across the path, squealing and pretending that she could not fly. On turning around I saw a flock of young Partridges fly into a tree.

July 3rd while in a maple orchard a young Woodcock was handed to me.

July 8th a Chippies nest was found in the old orchard. A few days later that and a nest containing young Robins were robbed.

For July 8th I find the following entry in my notebook. "A few days ago I found a Cedar Bird's nest in an apple tree, it was empty. Yesterday it had three eggs. Last night a chippies nest was found.

July 13th and 14th while on Moosehead Lake I saw several Gulls and a Loon.

Of the many nests which I observed in 1903 I know of only three in which the young birds remained unmolested until old enough to fly away, excepting Martins, Swallows and Swifts. As there were no children who rob birds nests near and we kept no cat I think it was the work of red squirrels. Generally nearly all the birds of that region raise their young in peace.

At present I am in a city and can make few observations but I intend soon returning to the country and my study of wild things.



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

YELLOW-THROAT ENTERING NEST.

MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

A. O. U. No. 681.

(G. t. *trichas*.)

RANGE AND DESCRIPTION.

Atlantic coast from southern New Jersey south to Georgia. This race is said to be slightly smaller than the Northern Yellow-throat.

WESTERN YELLOW-THROAT.

No. 681a.

(G. t. *occidentalis*.)

Found west of the Plains in arid regions from northern United States southwards. A variety having a more intense yellow coloration and the border of the black mask whiter and broader.

FLORIDA YELLOW-THROAT.

No. 681b.

(G. t. *ignota*.)

South Atlantic and Gulf coasts from the Carolinas to eastern Texas. This race is said to be deeper yellow below and browner above than the common Yellow-throat.

PACIFIC YELLOW-THROAT.

No. 681c.

(G. t. *arizela*.)

Along the Pacific coast from British Columbia southward. Slightly smaller and less brightly colored than the Western Yellow-throat.

NORTHERN YELLOW-THROAT.

No. 681d.

(G. t. *brachidaetyla*.)

United States from the Plains to the Atlantic and from New Jersey to Newfoundland: winters in the Bahamas, Mexico and Central America. This is the variety illustrated; it is said to be slightly larger than the southern kind.

SALT MARSH YELLOW-THROAT.

No. 681e.

(G. t. *sinuosa*.)

Salt Marshes about San Francisco Bay. Smaller and slightly darker than the Pacific variety.

NEST AND EGGS.



Yellowthroats build their nests on the ground in swampy or moist woods or underbrush. Usually the nest is placed between the stalks of a clump of weeds, with the bottom just resting on the ground, but sometimes it is sunk in the ground and partly roofed over. It is quite deep and rather large for this small bird. Strips of barks and grasses are skillfully woven around the outside of the structure and it is lined with finer shreds of bark and fibres, the inside being deeply cupped.

As the nests are nearly always placed where the underbrush is the thickest, they are quite difficult to find. In the latter part of May, June or July, they lay four white or creamy white eggs, specked chiefly around the large end with reddish brown and umber. Size .68 x .50.

HABITS.

Rarely do we find swamp or low woodland untenanted, in season, by these charming and active warblers. Although small in size they are bright little bodies and act as watchmen for their community. They regard man as an enemy until he has proved himself otherwise and give the alarm to all their neighbors when they see anyone approaching. Their note expressive of anger or fear is a sharp, deep "chip," while at times they utter a long roll or chatter which is likened to a watchman's rattle. It is a sound that I have never heard any other bird resemble. As you stroll by their stronghold they closely follow you with their cries of anger and entreaty, often attracting the entire bird population in the neighborhood to see what the trouble is. They are not always in this mood, however, for they have a pretty and distinctive song which they give at frequent intervals; usually from the top of a bush the male sings his "witchity, witchity, witchity" in a tone so loud as to cause astonishment. During the mating season he sometimes has fits of mental aberration and takes flights straight up in the air, and then, apparently abandoning himself to the mercy of gravity, falls undignifiedly earthward singing his witchity song. However much his mind may appear to be wandering at such times, he always recovers himself before reaching the ground and retreats into the depths of the thicket in his usual manner. I have never seen the female Yellowthroat give either the witchity song or the watchman's rattle but she can scold as vigorously or even more so than he can.

For more than a half hour, the little Yellowthroat shown in our photographic illustrations heaped upon my head all manner of bird epithets before cooling down sufficiently to allow me to take her portrait. This nest was discovered by accidentally flushing the bird followed by a long search among the weeds. It was partially suspended among the stalks so that the bottom just cleared the ground. It contained four dainty eggs which were nearly ready to hatch when the photo was made.



Female.

Male.

MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

[Natural size.]

HUMMINGBIRDS.

BY J. L. NICHOLS.

One pleasant day about the middle of August while sitting on a steep side hill watching a family of Indigo Buntings my attention was attracted some distance away to what seemed to be a large wasp or beetle. Immediately it lighted on a small tree. I then raised my glass and saw that it was a hummingbird. While I was watching it another came to the same tree. They soon left the tree, but returned in a few minutes; and after resting a short time left as before. I then concluded the tree was a favorite one in which they rested, and quietly made my way down the bank to within twenty-five feet of it and awaited their return. Soon one of them returned; but it had been on the tree but a short time before it became aware of my presence. After eyeing me carefully for some time, it flew straight toward me. It seemed as if it intended to strike me fair in the face, for it kept its course direct until within two or three feet, when suddenly it stopped, and, remaining suspended in the air by the rapid vibrations of its wings, viewed me over, evidently wondering who I was and what I wanted. It then flew over my head determined to examine me from every point of vantage possible. After satisfying itself that I meant it no harm it flew down to some wild flowers near my feet where it took a sip from a number and then lighted on a branch of another tree near me. I then took my glass and examined it more closely without even disturbing it; for it had completely lost all fear of me. At last I approached their favorite tree to within ten feet and watched them as they came to rest. There must have been four or more in all, and they were perhaps young ones, as I saw no ruby throats.

In the meantime the buntings had left, so I came away very much pleased with my walk that day.

A UNLUCKY NESTING SITE.

BY MILO LYNCH.

One morning last spring while crossing a bridge on my way to school a Quail limped out of the weeds and down the road ahead of me. After she had gone several rods, she took wing and flew into a small grove of scrub oaks. The next morning she did the same thing again and I began to think that she was lame, but when I told Uncle Jerry Rogers, an old gentleman, who had spent the best part of his life on the plains and in the forests of the west, he laughed at me and told me that was the Quail's way of getting a dangerous enemy away from her nest.

The next day being Saturday a friend and I went to the bridge to hunt for the nest; when we were just about half way across the bridge the mother Quail hopped out of the weeds and limped down the road as usual. When she had limped out of sight we looked carefully over the ground near the bridge but we found no sign of the nest. When we returned to the top of the bridge once more my friend leaned against the guard rail while we talked about the habits of Quail.



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

YELLOW-THROAT ON NEST.

[Note the deeply cupped interior of the nest, the bird being entirely below the rim of the nest.]

When we were ready to go home my friend gave one of the posts that he'd up the guard rail a kick to get some of the mud off his shoes and like a flash the mother Quail flushed from almost under his feet. We looked along the top of the foundation for some distance from these and found a place in the wall where a stone had become loose and fallen out. Weeds and grass had grown here. In this vacant spot the Quail had

built her nest. The nest contained seven eggs when we found it and before she began to set she laid six more which made thirteen in all.

My friend and I had heard of a Kingbird which built its nest in the gutter to a house and of an Owl which built its nest in a hollow hitching post and Uncle Jerry told us of a Mourning Dove which built its nest on the ledge of an upstairs window behind the blinds, but we had never heard of a Quail building her nest in such a public locality and where it was so easy for skunks and other vermin to get at it. As the time for the eggs to hatch drew near my friend and I grew more and more fearful that some cat or skunk would discover the nest and make a meal of either the old bird or the nearly hatched eggs.

We were just beginning to think that they would escape, but sometimes when the sky appears the clearest the storm is nearest. The very next day when we went to school we looked into, to see how Mrs. Quail was getting along as usual, to see if all was well with her, but a skunk had visited the nest during the night. He ate the eggs and killed the mother Quail. I suppose the eggs made a much daintier meal than grasshoppers or grubs. This skunk did not eat the old Quail but killed her for fun.

WHEN ELM BUDS OPEN.

BY JAS. S. COMPTON.

The first ripple of the great flood of chirping, flying life rolls over the Illinois hills just as the red maple begins to hang out its flags of rejoicing that Winter's reign is over. In this first ripple have come the cedar birds, the blue birds and the robins; then as March moves on with restless and uneven gait, loth to give up his hold upon the fast awakening world, other waves roll in each bearing tokens of the expanding forces of nature, each mounting a little higher than its predecessor before laying down its precious burden. The fox sparrow stops for a day to try the flavor of our seeds and buds, but is borne irresistibly onward to the shady forests of the dominion. The Cheewink, Meadow Lark and Song Sparrow are often left stranded upon our hospital coasts to sing and chirp and attend to the duties of the happy nesting time till the ebb of the fall migration shall sweep them back to the sunny borders of the Gulf.

April passes with its constantly augmenting horde of visitors. May comes and elm buds begin to swell. The tide of life that has been steadily rising since the first of March now reaches its flood. The maple marked its beginning, the elm shows us its culmination, the wild rose will soon tell of its ending. This spring migration is not so mysterious, so capricious as its seems at first glance. The coming of

the birds that form these successive tides is largely regulated by the character and quantity of the food supply. The fox sparrow, robin and meadow lark with their big hard bills can make use of any kind of food that Mother Nature happens to have in her lands; but the Vireos and Warblers with their smaller softer bills must wait till the soft bodied insects and tender buds of the new season are ready before they venture forth from the perpetual summer of the tropics.

The attractions of the May woods in central Illinois are irresistible. There are no flaunting or glaring masses of color, little to compel, much to suggest. The mounting sun only hints at what he will do after a while when "he gets his hand in." Slender twigs and swelling tree buds filter his rays. Heat and glare are taken out, warmth and subtle content come through to us prone upon the blue grass sod below. The woody odors too are balm. The smell of sprouting grass, of resinous budcasings and early flowers all tell the same story of the expanding force of the new season.



NEST AND EGGS OF MD. YELLOW-THROAT.

If men do not appreciate the out door life for the first two weeks in May, the birds surely do. One need not go far at such a time to hunt them, give them half a chance and they will show themselves. Pick

out a few thick topped elms, select a comfortable seat somewhere near, then if your neck is seasoned to the twisting and turning and tilting it must undergo—the aches in the muscles which anatomists dignify by the names Trapezius and Stemo-cleido-mastoideus won't last long anyway—you may look for the richest display of the season. A beautiful scene it is, little sprites in black and white, in neutral olives and greens, in dazzling orange and vermilion hunt for a breakfast or play a jolly game of hide and seek among the opening buds.

In the course of a morning's ramble during the first week of May in an area less than an acre covered with heavy walnut and elm timber I was rewarded with glimpses of more than forty species of birds, many of them our rarest and most brilliantly tinted warblers. Indeed it seems to me that these little forest covered oases, such as this was, set down amid the vast expanse of prairie present superior attractions to the wood loving birds. At any rate in a given area they are present in larger numbers than in any wooded part of the Mississippi valley I ever visited from the tamarack swamps of Michigan to the pine forests that fringe the Gulf.

My glass was a good one and the first elm I selected very tall so I retreated a few steps and sat down upon the narrow sidewalk in order to drink in the details of the scene with more comfort. Here were the Magnolia Warblers in striped vest of orange, black and white, jerky redstarts in jet and salmon, the black-capped Wilson's Warbler with coat of green and vest of yellow, the common Chestnut Sided and the rarer Bay Breasted, the Black Poll with his funeral nightcap quite out of harmony with his cheerful ways and sprightly actions, the business-like Black and White Creeping Warbler that never stoops to vanity or gayety, and the quiet Cape May with his black cap and rufous ear patch. The last named warbler is quite rare so when he left the tree I rose and followed him to make a better study. He stopped on a low bough and gave me an opportunity to stare at him to my heart's content. Black crown patch, white on the wings, yellow-rump, and rufous ear patch make the recognition of this bird quite easy.

Black-throated Green Warblers were especially numerous and lively that morning. The name is a happy combination of those features of the bird's plumage which make identification simple and possible. Wilson's, the Cape May and the Tennessee Warblers are not so appropriately nor suggestively named. There is no suggestion or hint of the bird's appearance in the name to prepare the mind for readier recognition of the little fellows when the introduction comes.

The prince of the Warbler tribe for rich tropical coloring is the Blackburnian. After my chase of the Cape May I returned to the big elm

and was soon delighted by the appearance of a pair of these beautiful little creatures way up among the topmost branches. In rambles along the Manmee, the Emory and the Big Black, I had seen many Warblers but none quite so splendid as this. Tints of head or wings or breast make little impression upon the retina, the patch of dazzling flame color on the throat holds the attention till Mr. Blackburnian and wife have gone.

Beside the Warblers there were other birds of more than ordinary beauty of song and plumage, the Yellow-throated and Red-eyed Vireos, the White-throated Sparrow with his plaintive whistle, the Dickcissel with his monotonous but cheerful song, the Indigo Bunting, and, last, but not least among the notables, the prairie beauty for excellence, the Rose-breasted Grosbeak resplendent in white, rose and black. Woodpeckers, House Wrens, Bluebirds, Blue Jays and Robins mixed with the horde and formed a background of good respectable mediocrity to show off the fine points of the beauties. If the use of the superlative degree is ever justified, early May in Central Illinois and its bird display will furnish that justification.



Photo from life by H. R. Caldwell.

TUFTED TITMOUSE ON NEST.

[The bird was hiding its head in the feathers composing the side of the nest.]

TUFTED TITMOUSE.

(*Parus bicolor.*)

Geog- range:—The Tufted Titmouse is pretty generally distributed throughout Eastern United States to the Plains, and as far north as Southern New England and is a resident throughout its entire range.

The Tufted Titmouse is an abundant resident throughout the more southern part of its range, breeding in abundance in the deep woods, or more open orchards where a suitable nesting site may be found. No member of the *parus* family is more common, or better known, than this species. The loud, clear note *wher-da, wher-da, wher-da* may commonly be heard in sunny days in winter, as the little feathered friend busies itself all day long among the branches of trees, or around the doorstep in search of food. It is especially fond of hickory nuts that have been cracked, or suet that has been allowed to freeze without the door. This bird is most congenial, showing no disposition to quarrel with its own kind, or to be unkind to its companions of the bleak wintry day.

In early spring the Tufted Titmouse becomes more spirited, and seem to be more abundant on account of making its presence known. Mounting the upper branches of the yet leafless tree, the loud, clear mating call is sent forth in March, and by the beginning of April the happy pair of mouse colored friends have chosen the site for a summer home. The female is busy during the period of home building, the male bird seldom, if ever, offering other assistance than his presence while the work is being done. Material is generally carried from a distance in great mouthfulls which almost blind the mother bird in her homeward flight. The male bird is a close companion, making every trip for nesting material with his little wife, and pouring forth his best song from the top of a nearby tree or post while the "bricks" are being laid. The nest is placed in the natural cavity of trees in deep woods at any distance from the ground, or in posts or bird boxes in the open, and is composed almost entirely of moss and hair. I have seen the female Tufted Titmouse alight upon the back of a crow and take out a mouthful of hair which she would place upon a nail in a nearby post, and repeat this operation until she had gathered all she could carry, and then hurry away to her nest, soon to return for another load.

The historic ground included in the battle field of the Campaign of Chickamauga and Chattanooga seems to be a favorite range for this specie. Before the breaking of the buds in spring the cheery notes are heard from the tops of the cannon-torn tree, or the blasted oak

marking the site of a battery now silent in the death of a lost cause. In early April these newly mated pairs may be seen examining every cavity, knot-hole, or even the cannon mouth of the batteries marking the position of the blue, or gray, of the struggle of '61-'65, selecting a suitable site for a summer home.



Photo by H. R. Caldwell.

NEST AND EGGS OF TUFTED TITMOUSE.

[The entrance was a small knot hole about fifteen inches above the eggs. The tree has been cut away to show the interior.

The bird is especially bold in defence of its home, refusing often to leave the nest under any provocation. Upon approach to the nest the female bird prepares for a stubborn defense of her home. She threatens the intruder with hisses, and flogs, that might easily be mistaken for those of a goose. If these threats do not avail, the little mother will bury her head in her mossy nest there to await the destruction that seems hanging over her home.

The two photos herewith were taken in April, 1905. The nest was placed in a knot-hole near the butt of a large oak at the foot of Missionary Ridge near the historic city of Chattanooga, Tennessee. The nest was typical, and was placed at a depth of about fifteen inches from the small knot-hole which served as a door. I attacked the tree with hatchet and saw, hoping to be able to remove enough of the body

of the tree to permit a time exposure of the nest and eggs. The bird defended her nest boldly, refusing to effect an escape after the whole side of the tree had been chopped away. After removing the chips from off the mother bird a number of times, and offering her every opportunity to escape, I decided to use more care, hoping to be able to remove enough of the tree to permit an exposure of the bird upon her nest. This was successfully done, after which I removed the bird with my hands and photographed the nest containing five partly incubated eggs.

The eggs of this species number from 5 to 8, and are white, or light creamy ground color, profusely speckled with reddish brown. Average size about 77. x55, inch.

NESTING OF BLACK-CROWNED NIGHT HERONS ON THE GROUND,

By DELOS HATCH, Wisc.

When I first began collecting, I inquired of hunters and trappers for the breeding ground of these Herons, but none of them could remember having seen any large nests in woods or pine groves, with the exception of a few Hawks. Later a friend told me that he thought he had found some new nests as they were neither Duck nor Mud-hen (Coots or Gallinules).

In June, 1880 we took a boat and went about five miles south from the landing. When nearing the shore of a large tract of wet meadow, Herons began flying, in large numbers from the ground. Pushing our boat up among the grass and floating bogs, we found the nests. They were built of flags and reeds and were on the ground, some being partly in the water.

The nests were usually in burnt holes grown up with cat tails, each hole containing from one to three nests. These holes varied in size from one to four or more rods across. I visited the grounds the next year but they were not nesting there then.

In 1890 my friend found them nesting in a grove of willows. At that time we found that there were about four hundred occupied nests at heights varying from five to ten feet from the ground. Often there were three or four nests in a single small tree. They remained here until 1893 when a large fire destroyed the grove and they left, and I did not attempt to locate them again until 1902. In that year I went down to the marsh where I had first found them. The water was high so we could push the boat into the marsh and through the canes. We

found that the Herons were there and the nests extended back in the marsh for a distance of more than a mile. They were from three feet to several rods apart. In one place I saw four nests all within a ten foot circle, but generally we could not see more than two at a time, from the boat, because the grass and cane were so tall. Most of the nests were made of coarse swamp grass while some had a foundation of sticks, but they must have been brought from a distance of about three miles as there was no brush of any kind within less than that distance. There must have been fully a thousand nests, most of them containing four or five eggs while a few had young.

In this marsh we also found breeding Ducks, Coots, Gallinules, Bitterns, Least Bitterns, Pied-billed Grebes, Phalaropes, Blackbirds and Marsh Wrens.



Photo by Delos Hatch.

NEST AND EGGS OF NIGHT HERON.

[This shows an unusual nesting site on the ground. Thousands of birds were nesting in the same marsh. They usually nest in trees.]



BIRD CHATS
WITH

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT

156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

One of our friends has painted for us two beautiful birds in water color. These are to be given to the two among our boys and girls, who send me the most interesting letter on birds before October first. If you wish to enter this contest read the following conditions carefully.

1st. Your letter must contain not more than two hundred and fifty words.

2nd. It must contain gleanings from your own observation or experiences.

3d. The letters are to be addressed to Meg Merrythought, and not to the Worcester office.

4th. Unless return postage accompanies the letters, they will not be returned, but may be published later at our own discretion.

5th. The names of the two who are successful will be given in the November magazine.

Even though the majority of our boys and girls cannot receive the pictures, you will enjoy, I am sure, the interchange of bird adventures. You must have had many good times with the birds during the summer vacation. Let us swap stories.

Cordially, Your Friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Russel S. Adams, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Harry E. White, Libson, Ohio,
Charles C. Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa., Carl Dowell, Port Richmond, N.
Y., Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

What were their names?

Louisiana Water Thrush, Tennessee Warbler.

QUERIES.

1. Louisiana Water Thrush, Northern Water Thrush, Grinnell's
Water Thrush, Golden-crowned Thrush, (Oven-bird).
2. Brown Thrasher.
3. Robin, Bluebird.
4. Cuckoos,
5. Skylark.
6. Starling.
- 7- English Sparrow.
8. Kingbird.
9. Crossbill or Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
10. Canada Jay.

CHARADE NO. 1.

Sandhill Crane.

CHARADE NO. 2.

Bobolink.

CHARADA NO. 3.

Lapland Longspur.

WHAT BIRDS WERE THESE?

In a certain Woodland path, fringed with sweet scented ferns, and
guarded on either side by stately chestnut and oak trees, were discovered
four of the pensile nests of the . They were skillfully woven
cups of fine grasses and fibers, with dainty hangings of white filmy

webs and bits of paper and were securely fastened to the forked twigs of some graceful saplings with green awnings of oak leaves to shelter them from sun and rain.

When we passed, the owners of the nests were absent, though we heard a resonant calling in the tree tops, "Here I am! Hear me, see, see?" Within three of the nests were four white eggs, spotted at the larger end with brown. The fourth nest contained, in addition to the four white eggs, a much larger dull white egg thickly covered with brown spots. Shall I tell you what we did then? We robbed the nest! We took the larger egg from its soft bed, and ruthlessly crushed it upon the ground. Can you tell why? It seems strange that such wise little birds do not in some way remove the egg, or at least, refuse to own the usurper which emerges from the shell.

Upon our return at twilight, four little matrons were on guard, with the tiny eggs warmly cuddled beneath the feathers of their breasts. We did not venture near enough to cause them any uneasiness, but could see from the pathway the dainty raised heads, with slender bills pointing directly upward, and sharp eyes watching against any harm which might assail their little homes. Who will name these birds, and who will explain the presence of the larger egg in the nest?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 6-2-3-12-15 is a color.

My 4-13-14-5-16-17 is a bird.

My 1-7-2-9 is part of a bird.

My 8-10-3-11 is a useful mineral.

My whole is the name of a useful bird composed of 17 letters.

RUSSELL S. ADAMS,

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

My 11-14-2-5-14-15 is what you are.

My 5-6-3 is what two boys often make.

My 6-11-14-3-14 is a girl's name.

My 12-6-13-13 is a boy's nickname.

My 1-3-3-4-5-7 is a British province.

My 6-8-5-6-7-8 is a race which is disappearing.

My 8-10-6-13 you have upon your right hand—five of them.

My 1-2-8-5-13-14 gives light at night.

My 9-14-14-5 grows in our garden.

My 12-14-7-3 also grows in the garden.

My 12-11-14-4-5 is good for food.

My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15 is a bird which wears a necklace upon its yellow breast.

GLEANINGS.

Ilk happy bird, wee helpless thing,
 That in the weary months o' spring
 Delighted me to hear thee sing.
 What's come o' thee?
 Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing
 And close thy e'e?

—BURNS.

 A FEW OF THE BIRD FAMILY.

The old bob-white, and chipbird,
 The flicker and chewink,
 And little hopty-skip bird
 Along the river brink.

The blackbird and snowbird,
 The chicken-hawk and crane,
 The glossy old black crow-bird,
 And buzzard, down the lane.

The yellowbird and red bird,
 The tom-tit and the cat,
 The thrush and that redhead bird
 The rest's all pickin' at!

The jay-bird and the bluebird,
 The sapsucker and the wren,
 The cockadoodle-doo bird,
 And our old settin' hen!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



Bird-Lore

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Photo by J. H. Miller.

NEST AND EGGS OF RUFFED GROUSE.
[Winner of 2nd Prize in our 1904 competition.]

THE MONTEZUMA QUETZAL.

By HARRY H. DUNN.

Explorers, cutting away the tangled vines which overrun the ruins of Mexico's dead past, are surprised to come upon whole blocks of stone, many feet in each dimension and containing nothing but carvings of beautiful long-tailed birds in every conceivable position. Hundreds upon hundreds of years ago, the race of beings who hewed these massive slabs and raised these stupendous temples, laid down their instruments for their last long sleep; but today a shimmering, azure-tinted bird calls from the Mexican tops "Teu, Teu" and his voice rings with the same bell-like sweetness as in the olden days above Montezuma's festal halls. Little does he know or care that his form is perpetuated in imperishable stone from Mexico to Peru and from the Caribbean to the white surges of the Pacific. Buried under the accumulated vegetation of the years, his image rests, mute mockery to the hopes of a race, while above he, himself, the imperishable, whistles away the happy hours.

Little does he care that his ancestors furnished the royal coats for the lordly Incas or that today these same coats are scattered in the museums of the world, things of priceless value. The Mexicans, believing that the spirit of some long-dead monarch is resident in one of these, refuse to kill them, and the birds seem almost to know of their immunity, for, while they avoid white travelers, they show little or no anxiety concerning the presence of natives.

The bird really belongs to the trogon family and is a relative to the Kingfisher, Woodpeckers, Rollers, etc., yet is in a way quite different from any of these. It is more beautiful than any humming bird, and is, of course, much larger, the male bird being usually about four feet in length, the female considerably less. The color of the male bird is a rich golden green above, including a graceful rounded crest, which may be raised and lowered at pleasure. The long, soft plumes of this head-dress fall like a shower of golden sunbeams over the neck, shoulders and back of the bird, finally merging into the bronze-blue of the lower back and tail. The plumes of the latter are usually about three feet in length, and are black, barred and shaded with white. The short strong feathers of the tail proper underly these plumes and are quite plain, seeming to serve no purpose other than that of supporters for this wonderful train. It was these plumes which were so valued by the ancient Incas and Montezumas for their royal robes. No one but immediate members of the King's family were permitted to wear even the lesser feathers of the bird, the noble plumes being reserved



Photo by G. E. Moulthropé.

WHIP-FOOR-WILL ON NEST.

Whip-poor-wills are of a dead leaf color, so that they are difficult to see when on the ground. If approached they remain perfectly still trusting entirely to protective coloration to escape observation.

for the ruler himself. The female is scarcely so beautiful as the male and lacks the crest and plumes of her lord. Still she is very graceful, and evidently, in his eyes, the most glorious creature in the world. Young trogans (or quetzals, as these birds are called by the natives) of both sexes, resemble the female in dress and markings until after the first year, when the male puts on the more gorgeous dress of his male parent. Both the females and young birds are very quiet, but the males, especially during the mating season, are noisy fellows, sending their calls through the silent forest with an uncanny clearness of tone which the superstitious natives ascribe to the supposed supernatural powers of the birds. The call is, however, rather pleasing to the ears of an American traveler, and resembles, more than anything else, a long-drawn flute or piccolo note. There is a bird found in Southern California and known as the Phainopepla, which has a very similar, though weaker call.

It is a species of fly catcher and is abundant among our hills and sand-washes just at this season of the year.

But, to return to our quetzals, of all the multi-colored birds of the tropic air there is no one which excites such universal admiration as does this. There is one skin of this bird which has been in the British museum, exposed to the strongest light, for more than half a century, yet which retains its pristine beauties of coloration and markings. Farther to the south, there is another trogan, known as the golden-headed, which was to the Incas of Peru what the quetzal was to the Montezumas of Lake Tenochtitlan and the Royal Isles. It has the same power of walking either up or down vertical surfaces as have the woodpeckers of North America. In a manner not unlike that of the owls, which regurgitate the skin and bones of their prey, this trogan throws out the stones and seeds of the various fruits upon which it feeds.

In making the coats of the royal Astics, the whole skin of the bird was not taken—it being far too tender for that—but one feather was plucked at a time, all feathers of one color being laid together until a sufficient number of feathers had been collected to complete the desired garment. Then a fine skin of the jaguar, or Mexican lion, was taken, and having been scraped to the desired thinness, a coat fashioned from it. To this, one at a time, the beautiful feathers of the quetzal were fastened, either by means of a glue obtained from certain Mexican trees or by sewing with threads obtained from some one of the many fibrous plants found in Central Mexico. At the time of the Spanish conquest, the reigning Montezuma was particularly rich in these rare and valuable garments, so that the conquistadores sent several back to Spain. As it happened, one or two of these were preserved

and have wandered into the British Museum. I believe there is also a representative of this unique class of garment in our own National Museum. If so, it was doubtless unearthed in some very old tomb, beneath whose protecting walls it had been preserved from the grasping hand of the conquerors. No reasonable amount of money could purchase one of these royal jackets today, while probably no offer could tempt the Mexican government to part with the two perfect specimens preserved in old Chapultepec.

Of the jackets themselves, little need be said, save that they were not unlike the box jackets—or automobile coats—affected by the ladies of today, excepting that they have no sleeves. They were laced with thongs of rawhide in front and fitted the wearer but loosely, being intended as a mark of highest royalty, rather than as a garment of comfort. They were thrown on over other robes of office, and seldom, if ever, worn outside the palace gates. Only the very best and most gaudy feathers were used for the coat of the Montezuma. Inferior and less desirable garments were made for other members of the royal household from the remaining feathers of the trogan. So delicate were the skins of these precious birds that they had to be trapped rather than shot, lest the resulting fall from the tree tops should ruin the feathers.

Like the Woodpeckers, the quetzals (and, in fact, all the trogans) nest in hollow trees, laying their four or five pure white eggs in the bottom of some cavity, natural or otherwise. These nests are very hard to find; consequently their eggs are as valuable as their skins.

SOME CURIOUS NESTS.

BY NELLIE MOORE MASON.

One day in June I was out in the field near a deserted house. It was an ideal spot for the feathered songsters.

Near an old fence was a row of graceful willows, a little distance from those a clump of bushes, then a small orchard of apple trees, and by the roadside a row of stately elms and rock maples, with lilac and other bushes galore.

Scarcely was I prepared to listen when I heard a sharp note of alarm and saw a bird about as large as a robin fly to a tree. With awakened zeal I walked toward the bird who kept repeating his note of alarm, inquiry or anger, or whatever one might call it; then I saw a bird with crest up, a sulphur-yellow breast, gray throat, rufous coloring on his tail and primaries of wings and I knew at last that I had seen the Great Crested Flycatcher.

But why is he so anxious? Surely there must be a home near. If I can only find it what joy will be mine.

Lo, here is a tree, the trunk of which is nearly dead, and about ten feet from the ground there is a home of a Woodpecker, a Bluebird or a Flycatcher. It must be the latter for both birds are loud in their demonstrations, flying into the tree and darting around in a most excited manner. But how am I going to reach the nest? My girlhood days for climbing trees are over and I shall have to gain my knowledge second hand.

As the minister is considerably taller than his wife and far more agile he scales the tree and by making the opening a little larger is able to insert his hand. He finds the nest and birds but is unable to see them. There were three at least only a few days old.

My first question, "Is there a snake skin in the nest?" has to go unanswered till a couple of weeks later when I visit the nest again. The birds have flown and I consider it no robbery to gain possession of the coveted nest. The stump is broken off and the prize secured. Is my curiosity to be satisfied? No, the proverbial snake skin is not in it, but what do I find? Some hair and porcupine quills.

A nest made of grasses and leaves, lined with a barred feather of some barnyard fowl and the hair and even quills of the porcupine. Did the birds think this combination would answer in place of a snake skin? Who can say?

On the same day I also found another nest while not so unique in its construction was something of a curiosity for its location. In a deserted house a wooden pail was hanging on a nail, and through the broken windows some eave swallows had found entrance to the room and built their nest attached to the side and also outside of the pail. Indications seemed to show that the little family had been safely raised and made their entrance successfully into the outside world.

In regard to unusual nesting sites I would say that there is a robin that has built her nest on one of the cross braces of the wooden trestle of the Hudson Valley Railway Co., over the Hudson River at this place. The nest is directly under the rail, and only about one foot below the top of it, and cars pass over it every twenty minutes. The bridge is also used by a number of pedestrians, and, although it is not planked, but entirely open, the robin remains on the nest while they are passing on the ties, the tops of which are only eight inches above her. I have not noted whether she remains on while the cars are passing over, or not. A robin built in practically the same location last year, but did not hatch the eggs, as she was disturbed for a number of days by workmen repairing the bridge.

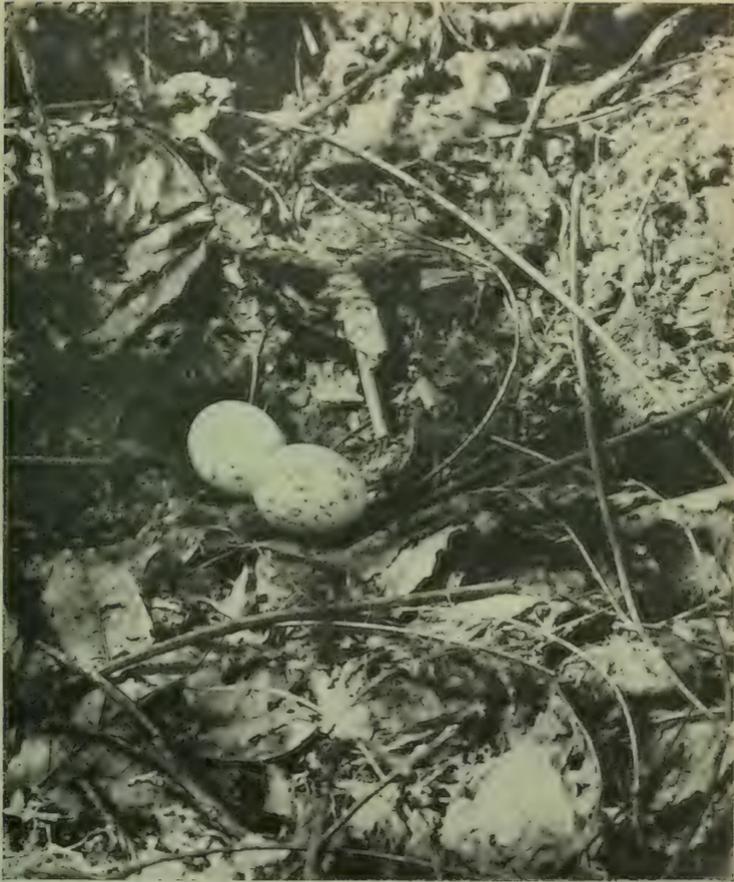


Photo by G. E. Moulthropé.

EGGS OF WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Their eggs are pearly white, beautifully splashed and blotched with grays and purplish brown.

NORTH AMERICAN GOATSUCKERS.

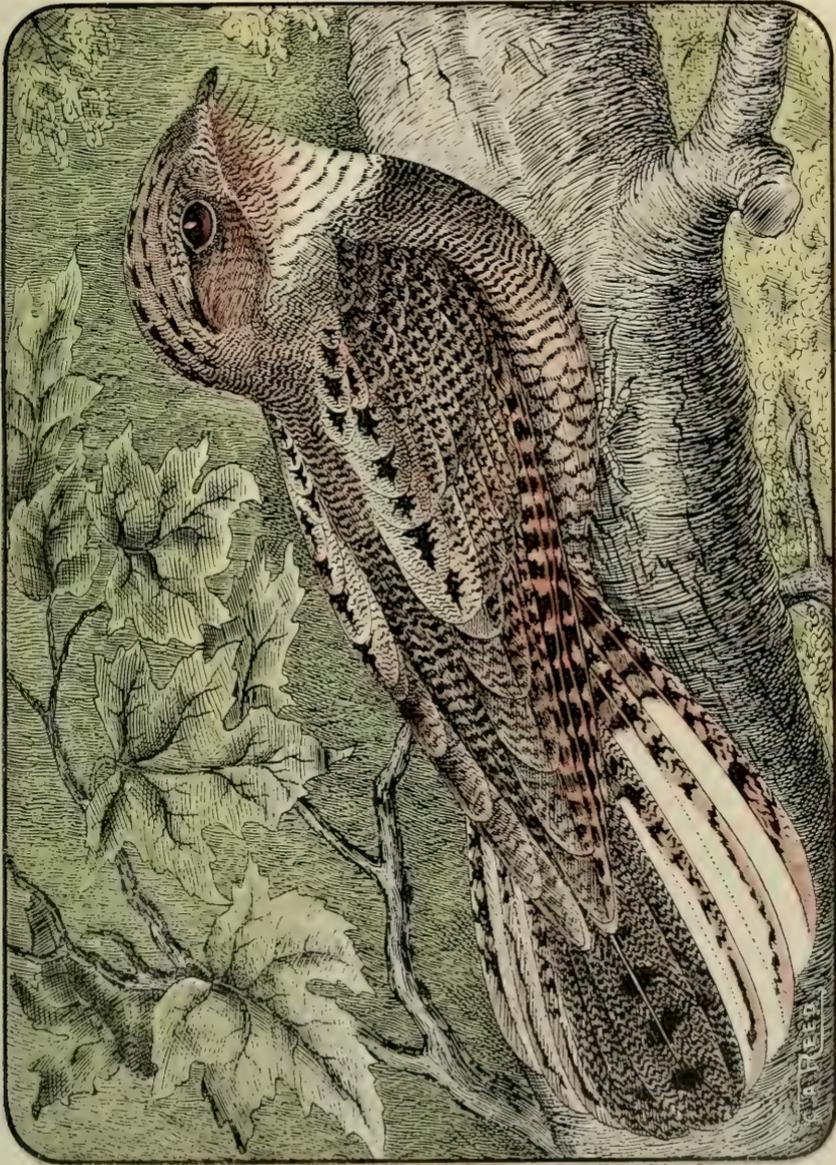
Together with the Swifts and Hummingbirds, the Goatsuckers are classed under the Order of *Macrochires*, which name certainly is no misnomer, for it means odd ones and surely the differences between the members of this order are sufficiently great to call it an odd one.

The Goatsuckers (*Caprimulgidae*) or Night Jars, as they are often called, constitute a very remarkable family. They first got their name from traditional superstitions of European peasants. They are often seen hovering about cattle (hence the mistaken notion of their sucking goats), feeding upon the flies and other insects that molest them.

Externally they bear some resemblance to the Swallows and Swifts, as they have slender bodies and long, pointed wings similar to those birds. The colors and markings of their plumage is strikingly similar to that of some of the Owls and, on this account, they are sometimes known as Owl Swallows and Fern Owls. There are about one hundred species of Goatsuckers distributed throughout the temperate parts of the globe; in the United States we get six species and as many subspecies. Some of these are larger than the Crow while others are nearly as small as a Sparrow. Their bodies, wings and tails are long, their neck short, and their heads broad and flat; their eyes are very large and prominent, and the bills very short and broad; the opening extending back of the eye so that the gape is enormous, making a fly-trap which, for efficiency cannot be equalled by any made by man. Their feet are very short and small, very poorly adapted for perching on limbs so the birds of this family usually sit lengthwise along limbs; the middle toe-nail is pectinate, that is one edge is serrated like the teeth of a comb. Their plumage is very soft and owl-like, usually rather dark, and mottled and delicately marked with grays and wood browns so as to render the birds very inconspicuous when in their natural environments. The colors of the different species are such as to harmonize to the best advantage with their surroundings; those that are found in dry desert regions are mottled with gray and white to match the stones, while those inhabiting dense woods have a great deal of reddish brown in their plumage. All of the species that are found in northern countries migrate southward in the winter, but those inhabiting tropical regions do not migrate, but at certain seasons leave their usual forests and skim over the surrounding country.

All of the Goatsuckers have ten feathers in their tails, but the shapes of that member vary greatly, some having certain of the feathers greatly lengthened; others have certain of the wing feathers lengthened.

The development of the tail feathers is the greatest in the Lyre-tail-



CHUCK-WILL'S-WIDOW [MALE] 12 INCHES LONG.

The female of this species has no white or large buff patches on the tail feathers, the outer ones being like the middle ones.

ed Night Jar of South America. While the body of this species is but seven inches in length, the outer tail feathers on the male bird attain a length of more than twenty-five inches. The Streamer-bearing Night Jar of South Africa shows the greatest development in the wing feathers; the bird is but six inches long, but two of the feathers in each wing of the male often attain the length of twenty inches. Another species has the shaft of a single feather in each wing lengthened to about seventeen inches and terminating in a broad web or spatula.

CHUCK-WILL'S WIDOW.

No. 416.

Antrostomus carolinensis.

These birds are found in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, and north to Virginia and Illinois and west to Kansas. They winter in Southern Florida, Mexico and Central America.

These are the largest of the family that are found in the United States. They move northward from their winter quarters about the last of March and by the end of April have all reached the places where they are to abide for the summer. They are wholly nocturnal in their habits, and when seen on the wing in daytime, have been disturbed from their slumbers and taken refuge in flight. At such times they appear dazed and bewildered by the strong light and their flight is very weak and erratic.

As soon as dusk approaches they appear like new birds; they are alert, their eyes are wide open and they are ready to take wing upon the slightest disturbance. They leave the roosting places on limbs or the ground beside logs, where they have been concealed all day, and commence coursing the neighborhood for their supper. Their flight is graceful and noiseless as they skim close to the ground with their cavernous mouth open to its widest, to catch any insect that may chance in their path; occasionally they will suddenly deviate from their course to pursue some large moth, or drop to the ground to pick up a beetle. After they have satiated their appetites they perch upon posts or dead limbs and commence to sing. Their song is one of the most mournful, doleful and peculiar efforts made by any bird. It is a rapid repetition of their name, as plainly as it can be uttered in a deep-toned sonorous whistle. During the mating season, the male often utters this note for several minutes with such rapidity that he has to stop for lack of breath. For several hours nightly, on pleasant evenings, this serenade is heard at intervals, and again, just before daybreak, they make their final efforts before retiring to peaceful slumber for the day.

Often on rainy days. they will be found sleeping in hollow logs and if surprised in such a location they ruffle their feathers and hiss like a snake, with the evident intention of frightening an intruder away.



They lay their two eggs among the leaves, under underbrush in woods, making no nest. These eggs are of a buffy white color, blotched with soft shades of gray, brown and lilac; they are quite similar to those of the Whip-poor-will but larger. The female dozes while sitting upon her eggs in the day time; if any one approaches her she only sits the closer, trusting to the color of her plumage to escape notice. If their eggs are discovered, it is said that they will often convey them to a new place, carrying them one at a time in their capacious mouth.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

No. 417.

Antrostomus vociferus.

These birds are not uncommon in suitable localities throughout the eastern parts of the United States and southern Canada. They winter south of the United States except possibly a few that may remain in southern Florida.

Like the last species, they do not, of their own accord, fly about in daylight, which time they pass in the seclusion of woods, perched lengthwise along limbs of trees, or on or under logs or rocks that are well screened from view by underbrush. At dusk they may be seen flitting about like shadows, their flight being the embodiment of grace and accomplished without the slightest sound. As darkness settles over the earth and objects are but dimly seen, Whip-poor-wills go sweeping in graceful curves over the meadows and along the edges of the woods, gorging themselves with the myriads of dusk flying insects and crawling beetles. Sometimes they will alight on the ground and awkwardly hop about after the beetles, and again they will hover around the trunk of a tree feeding upon moths and insects in the crevices of the bark.

Like the Chuck-will's-widow, they get their name from their call, and a weird note it is, especially on a still clear night when they are partic-



Photo by G. E. Moulthrop.

WHIP-POOR-WILL AND YOUNG.

ularly noisy. Often when I have been camping, have they kept us awake for hours with their *whip-poor-wills*, coming from first one side of the tent, then the other and sounding startlingly loud and clear. We would often sit outside the tent watching for them but, while their voices would be continually changing their location, we would only occasionally catch a glimpse of one when he flitted by within a few feet of us or against the sky directly overhead. Quite often they will swoop down close to you and so quiet is their passage that you will feel rather than see or hear them, although at times, they will utter a guttural cluck as they pass. On account of their mournful and uncanny cries, they are often regarded by the superstitious as birds of ill omen, and are consequently disliked by many; they are, however, one of our most useful birds; fortunately their habits of seclusion during the day time, and their protective coloration makes them so inconspicuous that few of them are killed.



Like the Chuck-will's-widows they lay their two eggs upon the leaves with no attempt at nest building, in fact it is this absence of a nest that renders both the eggs and the young so difficult to find, for they each resemble the ground so closely that they can hardly be seen ten feet away. The mother bird hangs very closely to her charges and often ruffles her feathers up and hisses at an intruder. When they have young, they usually feign lameness in order to draw attention to themselves. The young are covered with a soft white down and a few days after hatching follow their parents about on the ground; the adults waddle or hop awkwardly, but the young are quite nimble.

Although Whip-poor-wills are quite common, they are, of course, much oftener heard than seen and a great many persons, seeing Nighthawks, call them these birds; we frequently meet with individuals that refuse to believe there is any difference between the two birds, although the differences are very marked and apparent as may be seen from the drawings.

NIGHTHAWK.

No. 420.

Chordeiles virginianus.

Nighthawks have the widest range of any of the Goatsuckers, being represented by its sub-species from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, and from the Gulf to Labrador and Alaska. They winter south of the United States to northern South America.

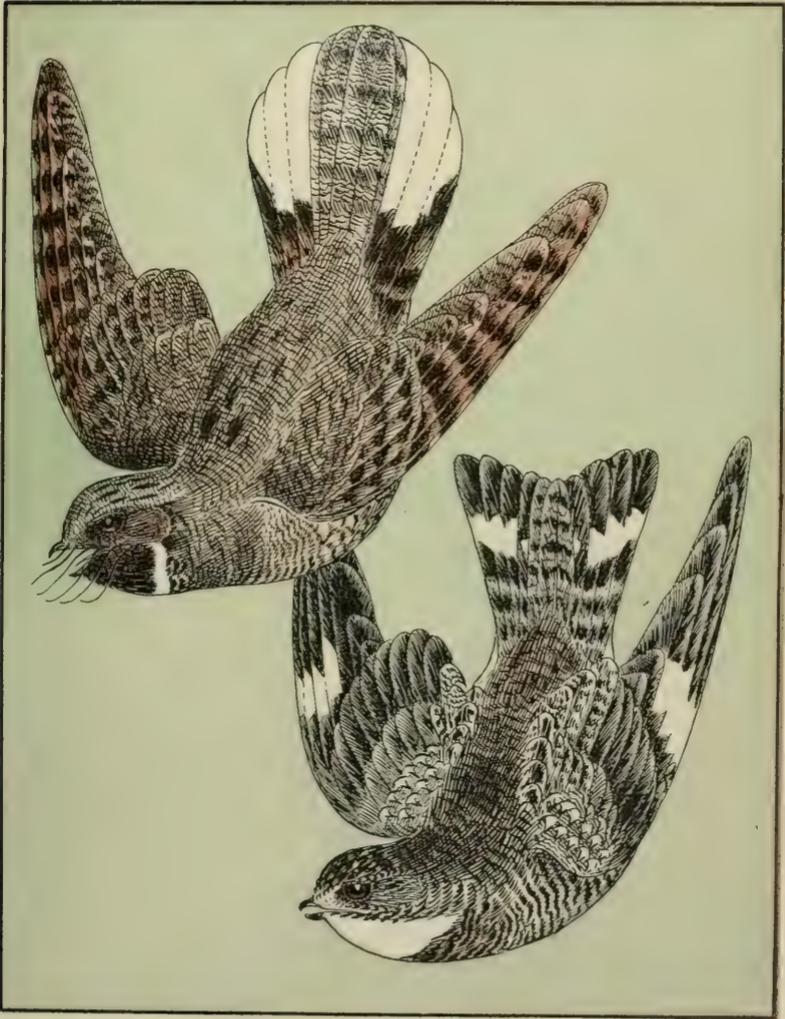
These birds are very abundant and are more often seen on the wing during daylight than any of the other members of this family. These are the birds that we see skimming about over cities. Their flight is very easy and graceful, their numerous evolutions in mid air being excelled by no other bird. They swoop over the house tops with the speed of a hurricane, now sailing on set wings, and again with rapidly moving pinions following a devious course and the one along which the insects are the most plenty, for most of their evolutions are inspired by a large appetite. At times they are very playful and may be seen chasing one another, or the male may rise in the air, sometimes until invisible, and then swoop earthward with frightful velocity ending in an abrupt but graceful curve upward, accompanied by a faint hollow booming sound.

While hunting they are very sociable birds and large numbers of them are frequently seen coursing over meadows and hillsides, while hundreds at a time may be in sight as twilight approaches in some of the larger cities. Their identity is established beyond the shadow of a doubt by the frequently uttered nasal *peenk*, and by the white band across the primaries, which is present on both sexes and is very prominent whether the bird is in flight or perching.



They nest upon the ground in much more open and exposed places than do the Whip-poor-wills, often in the corners of cornfields, in rocky pastures or upon the gravel roofs of city blocks. The two eggs are grayish, strongly mottled with darker shades of the same so that they resemble very closely the surroundings amid which they are placed. When discovered, the female will not leave her eggs until nearly stepped upon, and then will flutter helplessly away with wings trailing and apparently badly wounded: This ruse often succeeds in drawing an enemy away from her treasures.

Nighthawks can, apparently, see very well in the bright daylight for they show none of the uncertainty of flight that the last species does when they are startled from their roosting places. In the daytime they may be found sitting lengthwise on branches, logs or fence rails, or upon rocks, stonewalls or gravel roofs.



WHIP-POOR-WILL (UPPER) 10 INCHES LONG

NIGHTHAWK (LOWER) 10 INCHES LONG.

Note the outer wing feathers of the Whip-poor-will are barred black and brown; those of the Nighthawk are plain blackish with a large white patch. The tail of the former is round while that of the latter is forked.

TO THE VULTURE.

BY ISAAC S. HESS

Great silent bird—
 E'en the wing-beats from thy strong pinions
 Art seldom heard.
 Gifted with no voice, thou can'st not sing—
 And yet thou art the peer of all—on wing.
 Thy great broad circles as thou sweep'st the sky
 Ravish and delight the eye—
 And thou art envied by
 A multitude of creatures, who on earth
 Must needs to walk and crawl.

Thou'rt Nature's child
 And hath chosen for thy home her forest wild;
 Thy dwelling place—so far from city's mart
 Is in the oak-tree's heart,
 Thou dost accept the architect's unaltered plan;
 True wisdom—for of Nature's hand
 Is all the fashioning.
 Without—may storm and tempest roar—
 Thou art secure.

We call thee bird—
 Yet so curious thou art—it seems
 A metamorphic word.
 Truly thou art a bird—a beauteous sight
 When circling o'er in thy majestic flight;
 But when we see thee dine
 On loathsome foods
 And witness thy voracious appetite,
 Thou seem'st to be—not bird, but ravenous animal.

Yet cruel thou art not:
 Thy kindly disposition hath revealed
 No jot—of enmity or strife.
 O meek—O mighty bird—type of humility—
 No insect, e'en—nor worm, nor bird, nor bee
 Hath lost its life
 Through thee.

Content to wait thou art
 O patient bird—
 Until thou see'st the last life-breath depart;
 Then faithfully dost thou perform the part
 Assigned to thee.

Philo, Illinois.



Photo by I. E. Hess.

NESTING-TREE OF VULTURE.

"Thy dwelling place—so far from city's mart
Is in the oak-trees heart."

PUNKATUNK, THE BITTERN.

By E. C. ALLEN.

In the west of Nova Scotia, the Chebogue River, leaving its birth-place, a tiny woodland lake, wanders south and after many a twist and turn through its extensive salt marshes, finally enters the Atlantic.

Half way up the river; a high wooded point breaks from the highlands on the west, and extends out into the marsh to within a few rods of the water. On the lower side of this point is a little cove, overgrown with sedges, and bordered by a fringe of stunted spruce and bayberry. For five years this cove has been the summer home of Punkatunk the Bittern. He has always arrived about the first of April and been joined a few days later by his mate; and when in the Autumn the Bitterns have left the cove for the far south, there have always been more than two.

Very near the first of last May, there was one of those calm spring mornings when the carrying power of every sound seems to be magnified at least three fold. The sun was just breaking through the river haze, and brightening the yet dark winter foliage of the spruces on the point. A flock of crows whose favorite roosting place was in these spruces and who for the last half hour had been making the air resound with their regular morning medley, had flown down to the marsh to feed. From the farms on the western shore, the sweet trilling of song sparrows floated over the marshes, while from a clump of alders near, a black-bird gave utterance to his sharp "per-a-chee." Presently from out the cove came a deep measured "punk, a- tunk;" five times repeated, and after a pause of two or three minutes, again repeated five times.

If one could have seen the performer, he would have seen a large bird, with bill pointed straight heavenward, mottled brown back and streaked buff and brown breast blending with the dead sedges as only the wearing apparel of God's birds can blend with its surroundings, and a golden-ringed eye that seemed ever scanning the horizon.

The haze had lifted. In the air far down the river a dark speck became visible, it grew larger; and presently the keen eye in the cove could detect the same peculiar beating of the wings that his own knew.

With a joyful cry Punkatunk rose from the cove and flapped eagerly down the river to meet the new comer. They met, circled round and round each other for a moment, then both returned to the cove and began as diligently to search for food among the roots of the weeds, as if they had never been parted.

On the last day of May, a hummock in the middle of the cove

contained a rough appearing, but comfortable nest, in which were four unspotted light brown eggs; and that morning the silent vigil of the patient would-be mother began.

But on that same morning there came over the hill towards the cove, two of the greatest enemies known to the feathered folk; boys who with guns tramp the woods and marshes at any and every season, slaughtering anything wild that comes within distance.

They came swiftly down the hill and through the bushes that edged the cove. The brown bird upon the nest had watched their approach over the hill, and had sunk her body deeper into the sedges; but when they appeared on the very edge of the cove, with a hoarse cry she arose.

Instantly there was a flash and a report and with one wing hanging limp and the other only serving to turn her round and round, the poor creature sank helplessly into the bushes on the farther side of the cove.

Knowing her helplessness, she crept far up into the bushes and lay still. In the search which followed she was passed and repassed; but so well did her mottled brown back blend with the dead leaves that the searchers were compelled to give up the quest.

An hour later, a well hidden observer might have seen a slowly moving bird, with one helpless wing painfully making her way to the nest on the hummock.

That afternoon, Punkatunk, who had been feeding far down the river, returned and settled near the nest. Something in the position of the bird thereon aroused his curiosity. He thrust his long bill under the head that lay on the edge of the nest and raised it. The eyes did not open and the head fell heavily back. The birds are not slow to understand such signs. Silently Punkatank rose from the swamp and disappeared down the river.

That night, a prowling raccoon attracted by the odor of fresh blood, approached the hummock and found a tempting morsel, but the booming of Punkatunk was heard no more in the cove that spring.

Will we hear him next year, or will he remember and leave the cove deserted until another pair of Bitterns shall select it as their nesting site?

THE PUMPING OF THE BITTERN.

Yesterday while working in a field near by a small stream, not marked on any map, and in the marsh at the mouth of which Bitterns annually breed, my attention was attracted by the strange notes of a

Bittern (pumping). This was no unusual sound but the direction from which it came and the nearness of the sound indicated that a close observance ought to disclose the performer.

In a few seconds the sounds were repeated and suddenly his form loomed up before me; there he stood in plain sight on the bank of the road that crossed the above mentioned stream about twenty feet from the bridge.

Being not far from the house I ran for my field glasses and when I returned and got them focused on him he was just starting his rude performance. Standing motionless in the middle of the road, his bill pointing at about 145° ; suddenly his head was thrown forward and downward, this was repeated three times and then twice during which a snapping sound followed each move. The click was not unlike the sound of a pair of shears or huge mandibles, at the sixth move of the head the breast was inflated and moved convulsively, followed by the regular booming sound; this was repeated three or four times and then the performance would be over for a few minutes.

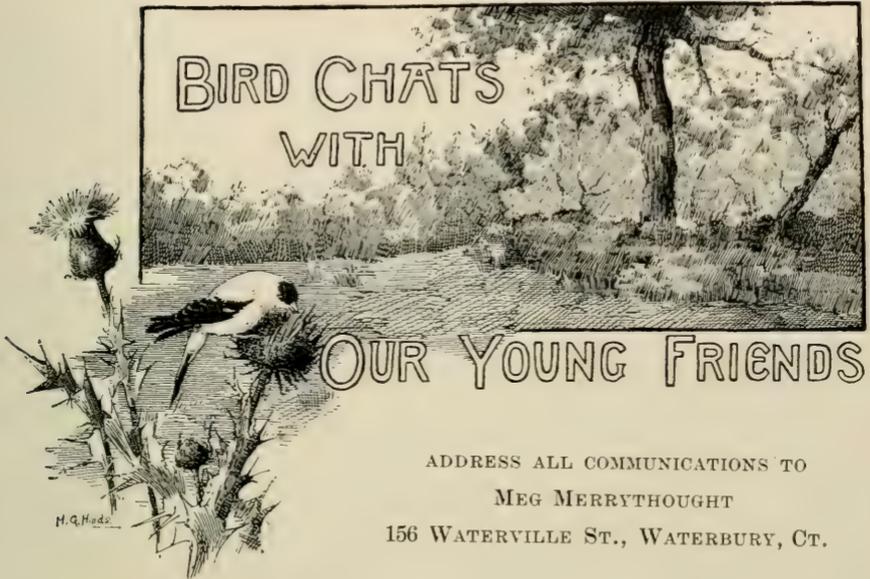
Taking all in all it was a most painful appearing operation, but the Bittern did not seem to mind it for he kept right at it for over two hours during which time he did no more moving than to walk back forth upon the road stopping every few minutes to sing. I watched this strange performance a few years ago though not under as favorable circumstances as yesterday. The birds are breeding here now June 5th and the mate to this one is hatching her eggs in the marsh one half mile below.

EDWIN TROUP, Jordan, Ont.

SUNSET IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

C. E. GORDON.

Beautiful is every hill and meadow
In the glowing colors of October.
Jays are screaming, nuts are dropping,
Crows are cawing to each other;
Gently blowing zephyrs sway the tree tops;
Shadows, dark and gloomy from the hemlocks,
Cross the lonely, forest pathway,
Twilight deepens, sombre darkness hides the landscape;
Hill and meadow vanish.
Now and then a Screech Owl's weird and solemn note is heard to
Linger in an echo from the hillside
Yonder, while anon the omnipresent
Crickets add their plaintive voices
To the dying echoes of the twilight hour.



ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
 MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
 156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Not long ago a bird lover was telling of a happy family which took possession of his veranda last summer to the great delight of the members of the household.

A pair of Wrens built in one of the small alcoves formed by the decorations around the edge of the veranda roof, and raised a brood of seven brown babies. In course of time, they built a second nest in an adjoining alcove, and ere long five more gaping mouths were clamoring to be filled.

Then father and mother disappeared. They had spent weeks hustling about for food for the children who had outgrown the next room, and perhaps thought that they had earned a vacation. At all events, they flew away, and the young birds of the first family, faithfully brought daily supplies of worms and grubs to the brothers and sisters of brood number two, until they too were able to pick up a living for themselves.

This rare instance of brotherly love and helpfulness, was watched with great interest, and beguiled many weary hours for an invalid inmate of the home.

Many charming accounts of out door visits with the birds have been received from our boys and girls, and next month we shall be able to tell you who received the picture promised.

Cordially, Your Friend,
 MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
James Butler, Detroit, Mich.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER MAGAZINE.

What birds are these?

- 1- Red-eyed Vireos.
2. The Cow-bird lays its eggs in the nests of smaller birds.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

- No. 1. Blackbilled Cuckoo.
No. 2. Canadian Warbler.

MAILBAG EXTRACTS.

The bird who came for the rafia which I placed outside of my window on the roof, took a piece of white, and ran along till he spied a bit of colored rafia, then he dropped the white piece and siezed the colored piece and flew away. Can birds distinguish colors and do they like bright colors better than others?

H. B. A.

When it is very warm the Linnets come around about half past six or seven in the morning, and sit on a tree just outside of my bedroom window and wake me by their shrill little song.

There is one of the most peculiar birds I have seen anywhere, here in our fruit orchard; it is a Butcher bird. Now, a Butcher-bird is not such a peculiar bird, but this one is also a mocking bird. I have never seen nor heard of any like it.

It mocks all the birds around here and also birds that never come here. It does not give the whole song of the bird, but just part of it.

It has a nest with four small birds in it. In the morning it will go for food and then fly to the top of the windmill, and sit there and sing. There are some other Butcher birds around here, but they do not mock like this one. I have found lizards, frogs and bugs that it has caught and hooked on to sharp points of the tree that it nests in. It seems to be very happy. I have been very close to this bird and I know that it must be the Butcher bird.

One day when I was out riding I saw a very sad sight. A Meadow-lark had killed itself. It must have been sitting on a barbed wire fence,

and when it had started to fly it had caught its foot in the wire, and there it hung till death came.

WILLIAM K. D. REYNOLDS,
Elmira, California.

PI.

Some birds to be seen in California.

1. Acianofrli Lugl.
2. Onfaeswlk.
3. Onrehtnr Rhseik.
4. Lubrdieb.
5. Muoestti.
6. Ohtnhcat.
7. Etglink.
8. Ithubts.
9. Eichedakc.
10. Okcrrnew.
11. Rahthres.
12. Atgwila.

WM. K. D. REYNOLDS.
Elmira, Cal.

SOME BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. SUPPLY THE VOWELS.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Gl-d- | 11. Q--l |
| 2. A-wk | 12. R-v-n |
| 3. H-r-n | 13. Sp-rr-w |
| 4. K-t- | 14. St-rk |
| 5. -ss-fr-g- | 15. Sw-ll-w |
| 6. -str-ch | 16. Sw-n |
| 7. -wl | 17. B-tt-rn |
| 8. P-rtr-dg- | 18. C-rm-r-nt |
| 9. P--c-ck | 19. Cr-n. |
| 10. P-l-c-n | 20. C-ck-- |

What birds are given in the Revised Version of the Bible in place of the following?

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Swan | 4. Cormorant |
| 2. Eagle | 5. Bittern |
| 3. Gier Eagle | 6. Ossifrage |

GLEANINGS.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Forth into the forest straightway,
All alone walked Hiawatha,
Proudly with his bow and arrows:
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the Robin, the Opechee,
Sang the Bluebird, the Owaissa
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Longfellow.



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Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass.

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VOL. V

NOVEMBER, 1905.

NO. 11

We are pleased to announce the publication of a new bird book, BIRD GUIDE, which will be found advertised on another page. We have put our best efforts into this book to make it complete, reliable and comprehensive, and the results have exceeded our expectations. It is just the book that any bird-lover would like to receive for a Christmas gift and it costs only fifty cents.

Commencing with this issue, we will publish supplements of birds to be colored. These should be of great interest to both teachers and school children and we hope they will be the means of making many new friends for the birds.

RESULTS OF 1905 PHOTO CONTEST.

- Class 1. 1st. "Blue Jay brooding young," Wilbur Smith, So. Norwalk, Conn.
2nd. "Ruffed Grouse on nest," J. H. Miller, Lowville, N. Y.
3rd. "Loggerhead Shrike," I. E. Hess, Philo, Ill.
- Class 2. 1st. "Young Kingbirds," R. H. Beebe, Arcade, N. Y.
2nd. "Young Screech Owls," F. R. Miller, Toledo, Ohio.
3rd. "Young Waxwings," N. F. Stone, Shrewsbury, Mass.
- Class 3. 1st. "Shrike Nest," J. M. Schreck, Buffalo, N. Y.,
2nd. "Sandpiper nest and eggs," H. G. Phister, Vernon, N. Y.



By R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG KINGBIRDS

[Winner of first prize in Class 2.]

NATURAL HISTORY CAMP.

Wigwam Hill, Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass.

Snugly tucked away on the west shore of beautiful Lake Quinsigamond, this summer, was a novel camp for teachers and students of nature, conducted by the Worcester Natural History Society. For years, the society has owned a beautiful tract of about forty acres of land for all living wild creatures, and it is on this or adjoining land that the editor has done most of his study and photography of our common birds.

The camp is located beside a wide boulevard that encircles the lake, but is three quarters of a mile distant from the main highway, near enough to be easily accessible to those interested and sufficiently remote to prevent its being over run by the large crowds that frequent the two popular parks that also front on the lake. Those who did not wish to make the trip a-foot could go in the launch that made hourly runs from the cars to the camp landing. During the height of the season the camp presented a very cosy and attractive appearance to visitors; rows of tents skirted the base of the hill; enthusiastic campers were showing their friends about the grounds, the greatest interest centering in the large aquarium which stood near the model bird fountain. Early in the morning most of the campers adjourned to the bathing beach for an hours sport, and many of them received their first instructions in this too often neglected art. The remainder of the mornings was devoted to short expeditions after flowers, insects, aquaria material or for bird observation. At a stated hour each afternoon, was an hours talk on one or the other of the subjects of interest; the public was invited to all these talks, and came a-foot, in carriages, automobiles or by boat; the conditions of the weather and the size of the crowds determined whether the lecture should be in the indoor pavilion or on the outdoor lecture platform. As is usual with such gatherings, the evenings were most often spent around a rousing campfire, where stories were exchanged.

While rather in the nature of an experiment, the first season of this undertaking has been satisfactory in nearly all respects and preparations are under way to very much increase the scope and magnitude of the work next year. Certainly all those who participated in it had a valuable and an enjoyable vacation and its influences will be far reaching. It is with the hope that other similar camps may be established in other parts of the country, that these facts are given. It certainly would be a blessing for humanity if we could all spend a month each year in such

delightful environments as were enjoyed at this camp. The following letters from the president of the society, some of the campers and lecturers will show what was done and how it was enjoyed:

BY W. H. RAYMENTON, M. D.
President of Worcester Natural History Society.

Twenty years ago, in 1885, the Worcester Natural History Society organized the Natural History Camp for boys, which proved to be the pioneer of many similar camps since established throughout the country. In 1887 it organized a camp for families and in 1890 a camp for girls.

In the line of evolution in 1905 it established a Summer Camp for teachers and nature students at Natural History Park, Lake Quinsigamond, and we will state briefly something of the work carried on.

The success of all these camps and especially the one this summer has been very largely due to the material assistance and wise counsel of Thomas H. Dodge, Esq., of Worcester.

The chief aim of the Society in this Summer Camp is to assist teachers to a better preparation for the handling of Nature Study subjects and for this purpose, there are organized classes in elementary biology, botany, entomology, ornithology and mineralogy, with both field and laboratory work. As an example of the method of study, the work in biology, in part, centers around the construction and maintainance of aquaria and vivaria. A series of lectures are given, and informal talks to individuals daily upon topics of a more or less systematic character for the general culture of the student.

Special topics, such as the aquarium, its uses, its construction, its stocking and the maintainance of a biological and physiological balance within it, are considered, together with the study of the flora and fauna of a pond from the standpoint of their usefulness in preserving a balance of life.

The uses of the snail, the fresh water mussel, the tadpole, the newt, the fish and the water plant in preserving this balance are demonstrated.

In the laboratory the students are enabled, at small cost, to make their own aquarium under the guidance of a competent instructor. Thus, at the end of the season, any teacher so minded can go home to his or her school, not only with a well stocked aquarium, but also with such an acquaintance with the life within it that she will be enabled to use it as the basis for the Nature Study work in her schoolroom.

In a similar manner, entomology is taken up. Material is at hand for mounting and preserving specimens, showing the life cycles of butterflies, moths, beetles, dragon-flies, etc. Daily walks are taken to collect insects, and provision is made for rearing and carrying them through

the different stages of their development. Special attention is accorded to a few important types; with a study of their habits and their places in nature's economy, rather than to a cursory acquaintance with a large number of unrelated forms.

Thus, in every department, the aim of each instructor is to help the teacher to that intimate relation with Nature which she feels she needs, in order to teach more acceptably the courses laid out for her in Nature Study. The work of the regular instructor is supplemented by occasional talks by competent and well known specialists.

There is a dark room, for those interested in photography, this is so planned that several students may occupy it at once, and be isolated from one another by means of stalls, each provided with separate light and sink. Separate rooms are fitted up for biological work, taxidermy and general natural history work.

An abundance of pure water is to be had in Camp.

The Camp is well lighted at night.

Croquet grounds, Lawn Tennis Court, Dancing Pavilion. Local and long distance telephone in Camp.

There are also evening gatherings around the camp fire, when each one is invited to contribute to the general entertainment. Every week more elaborate evening entertainments are gotten up with music and literary exercises. Illuminations and fireworks are sometimes included in the programme.

The Dodge Pavilion furnishes a place for social meetings, and is also used as an evening lecture room or hall, and on Sunday as a place for devotional exercises.

LOCATION.

The Camp is beautifully situated on the west shore of Lake Quinsigamond, about one mile north of the causeway, on the old camping and fishing grounds of the Nipmuck Indians. It occupies the forty acre park owned by the Worcester Natural History Society. The tract includes hills, forest and open land. The location is all that could be desired from a sanitary point of view. The Camp ground is well shaded by large forest trees of various kinds; the tents are pitched on dry, gravelly soil at the foot of Wigwam Hill. The wooded hill side shades the Camp from the afternoon sun. The whole region is a "haunt and nesting place for birds," a tract of wooded hills and upland pastures, clear streams and lakes, which offers every variety of occupation to those who love out-door life. In strong contrast to the spot usually chosen for the Summer School, is the Camp at the Lake, where, in exchange for the hotel, the hot lecture room, the noise, dust and crowd



BIRD FOUNTAIN AT NATURAL HISTORY CAMP.

of a city street, you are offered the ideal summer life of the country; where the pleasures though varied, are the simple, natural interests of the fields and woods, and the occupations those which lead to a knowledge of the outdoor world. The Camp season extends from July 5th to August 9th.

ARABELLA H. TUCKER.

Teacher of Botany, Normal School, Worcester, Mass.

To spend a month at Natural History Camp is to have an outing in a quiet spot of great natural beauty, where the complex harness of civilization may be loosened or cast aside and where life may return for a little, to simpler, freer conditions. To sleep in a tent, to bathe in the lake, to eat under the trees,—these experiences bring us nearer to the life of primitive man from which the city dweller is too widely separated. And in this favored spot, land and water combine to furnish opportunity for a great variety of wholesome outdoor recreations. Such a month could hardly fail to be of benefit, physically and spiritually, to anybody whose daily occupation keeps him indoors.

But a month at the Camp as conducted last summer by the Natural History Society means all this and much more. It means a gathering of people with a common interest in the study of Nature. In addition to the beauty of its situation the Camp offers such manifold advantages for this study that even a solitary sojourn there could not fail to be both profitable and enjoyable. But when, to improve these facilities, there come together a group of persons all interested in the same subject there result not only the stimulus of companionship in study but many opportunities for social enjoyment. Such a company would get much profit from a single day together out-of-doors, but with a single field day repeated thirty times, there should be not only thirty times the amount of enjoyment and profit but the cumulative result of observations and perhaps experiments, continued from day to day, that cannot be so easily reckoned.

This is the ideal that the Society has striven to realize. The ideal and the real are often so widely different in this world that the question may naturally be asked how near they approached in last summer's Camp. As in every new undertaking there was an experimental character to the management, but the experience of the first season will no doubt serve as a basis for plans for the next. I do not see, however, how the broad lines on which this undertaking was formulated can be changed or improved.

Speaking for myself only, I can say that the month was for me much more than a pleasant vacation outing. I found it a distinct inspiration

and help, and I should look forward with much pleasure to the prospect of repeating it. I believe every individual who enjoyed the privileges of the Camp is hoping to be again a member of the interested and congenial circle that gathered at the foot of Wigwam Hill last summer.

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

Ornithologist, Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture,

The school for teachers and nature students at Wigwam Hill has all the elements of success.

The situation is perfect.

Under the crag of Wigwam, on the old Indian camping ground, fronting a lake seven miles in length, it is retired but accessible. The environment of wood, lake, brook, meadow, field and hill is all that could be desired for nature study.

Add to these natural advantages an able manager full of enthusiasm for the work and alive to the altruistic tendencies of the age, and we have a combination which insures success. Such a man the Worcester Natural History Society has in its president.

Regarding my own specialty, ornithology, he has chosen the right path in advocating the study of the living birds and the means for attracting and protecting them about the farm and the home, preserving and increasing the numbers.

There is now a crying need of this kind of work, for already many birds have decreased much in numbers and some have been exterminated by man's persecution.

There is no better place to begin this instruction than among those whose work and mission is to teach the children. The children of our race should be taught to feed and protect birds, to put up bird houses and nesting boxes and to plant food plants and trees to attract the birds about our homes.

If the American people fail to protect birds from their own children and the host of bird killing foreigners that are landing on our shores, they will one day have cause bitterly to regret the neglect of this plain duty.

The Natural History Camp for teachers and nature students is unique in this respect among others that it is to be a pioneer in this excellent work for humanity and the birds.

DELIA M. HALE.

Teacher, Upsala Street School, Worcester, Mass.

"To go, or not to go. That was the question," but should a like opportunity be offered for next summer there would be not the slightest hesitation "to go," by all means.

I expected to gain pleasure and profit from the outing and surely the days spent at Natural History Camp were filled to overflowing with both.

If I were asked what one thing was most enjoyable I should be at a loss to reply because the entire regime of Camp life was so satisfying and delightful.

The talks given on the various nature subjects were not forced upon us but were so attractively presented we were always glad to be interested listeners.

Whatever the attraction for the hour might be, whether one of the much coveted walks with Miss Tucker, or exploring the beauties of the lake, or the camp fire at night, each and all had a peculiar charm which should be experienced to be appreciated.

As a most enthusiastic ex-camper I have nothing but praise for the days at Wigwam Hill and all they have brought to me.

C. ALLAN LYFORD, S. B.
Fellow in Biology in Clark University.

The past summer one of the most interesting and valuable phases of work at Natural History Camp was the preparation of aquaria of various sizes. These were prepared in part by the students themselves. The students were able to carry these away ready for use in their schools this fall, for about one-tenth their cost if they had been purchased through the regular dealers. Also systematic work upon the biology of the aquarium was taken up, and each student became familiar with the theory lying behind the management of a useful acquisition in nature study work. These aquaria have gone into schools in various parts of Worcester county and will serve as good advertisements of the work of the Camp, and will doubtless become centers about which many young people will some day have their first interests in nature study awakened.

Next summer it is proposed in addition to similar work with aquaria and vivaria, to start a greater interest in nature photography.

If there are many discouraging things in the present day attitude toward nature, there is at least one encouraging thing standing out very apparent, and that is the growing feeling among people against the use of the rifle and the shot-gun as weapons of destruction against bird and beast. To be sure, there are at present, perhaps, as many "game-hogs" and as many rational sportsmen as there ever were, but there is, to offset this, a constantly growing number of men and women who are interested, not in preserving the skins of birds in show-cases, but who spend their vacation times and much of their week-day recreation in perpetu-

ating the habits and appearance of Nature's population through the aid of the camera. Fancy the man who will kill 20 or 30 rare birds, that he may sometime realize large sums from the skins of a rapidly diminishing variety of fowl; and then contrast him with the person who, camera and plates in hand, will travel miles of country and climb cliffs and trees in order to study wild creatures at short range, and who brings home as proof of his prowess, photographs taken under conditions far more trying and at times far more exciting than those under which a buck was ever shot by a rifle, or a bear was ever trapped by a deadfall.



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

CHICKADEE WITH A CHOICE MORSEL FOR HIS YOUNG.

The one has as selfish trophies mere dried kindling; the other has quite realizations of wild life, of dynamical interest to all who behold them. To the man who hunts with a camera there is no temptation to hoard up anything but pictures of his game, and this, far from doing

harm to any one or anything, is doing a great deal of good in the world.

Twenty years ago the only way to study natural history seemed to be getting a permit, and then shooting a pair of every kind of bird, getting their nests and eggs, and mounting them in cases for future reference. This kind of work has had its use, and immense use at that, but it has all got to change now.

That was the way of the world in those days, and it is only a sign of evolution that we want and find better methods gradually superceding the old. The modern botanist no longer lays too great stress on completing his herbarium to cover every inch of ground in a kingdom. He now thinks much more of photography as tributative to his science. The biologist studies from a much more lifelike viewpoint than formerly. All is a moving cycle of living phenomena. This plant has a living relation to the rest of the world because of the manner of obtaining its food; that animal is of great interest not only because of its interesting manner of "biting," but because it is a carrier of disease germs.

In keeping with this new view of life, our methods of recording its phenomena have changed. Our magazines are now appearing every month with articles upon various phases of nature study, and the only thing which makes them so generally read is the appearance of fascinating reproductions of all sorts of living things. Photographers who have never taken anything but landscapes and portraits now catch the contagious idea and, next we know, our friends are taking pictures of birds and their nests, and their young, and of birds at dinner, and in bathing. Because of the very natural feeling that one likes to know about what he is doing, our friend "reads up" about his bird and soon becomes an authority; an authority, not because he has "read up," but because he has been doing some telling observation. He has found out more about a robin in one day than he would have learned in all his life had he not been waiting to get a snap-shot of the bird feeding its young.

There are many people who now realize the insanity of the "old natural history" methods (if indefinitely continued), and they are setting forth the new ideals in numerous magazine and nature journal articles richly illustrated with photographs. It has become almost an axiom that a student of nature, or a scientific biologist must be also a photographer. It remains for the school teacher to instill into the growing youth such instincts as will lead to a quiet and refined future life in contact with the rest of nature. The camera cannot fail in its mission, and Natural History Camp is going to try and awaken a new interest among the teachers of the youth in this most useful of accomplishments.

MISS CLARA BARTON.

President of the National First Aid Association of America.

Extract made from address at Natural History Camp, Aug. 13, 1905.

"The study, skill, research, the up-to-date information developed and imparted here exceeds anything of the kind I have ever known. At the usual summer gatherings for the discussion and interchange of ideas, one is accustomed to hear volumes of abstract themes, both possible and impossible advanced, speculated upon and threshed out until the brain is so confused and muddled that only forgetfulness of the entire subject can ever clear up and settle it. But here all is tangible, something to be seen, felt, handled, lived among, sensible, practical, useful, and so far from striving to forget, one lies awake at night to fix it in memory, lest some fact escape. I believe it was only the high regard I felt for the work that is being accomplished here that gave me courage to come and say the few words I am requested to say upon the subject of "First Aid to the Injured."

ANNABEL C. ROE.

Teacher, Worcester, Mass.

When the idea of making the Natural History Camp a part of my vacation first suggested itself, I was a little skeptical about enjoying a campout within ten minute's walk of frivolous Lincoln Park and the White City and within five cent's worth of home; but the idea vanished in the experience, and I think now one could pitch a tent in the backyard and forget all about civilization.

Somehow I had never realized before how beautiful the lake region was and how much undiscovered country lay in my native district. The walk by the lake path with the unexpected finding of the crested shield fern, the tramp on the Shrewsbury side with the sight of the rare buckthorn and the old tree in its rock bed, the stroll up Coal Mine Brook on the lookout for bugs with the Forbes boys will always be among my pleasant memories. Then too the lectures often opened the frontier region of the mind and mapped in one corner clam anatomy, another summer posies or caterpillar history. The talk on stars in fact made such an impression that I immediately purchased "Astronomy with an "Opera Glass" and I am now finding the walk home from evening school the more enjoyable from this new interest.

Added to these of course were the delights of just living in a tent, the half picnic suppers from tin cups, and the sociability of the place with its song and dance, shadow pantomime and chatter. We were fortunate in experiencing both sunny and rainy weather as I think every one should who wants an all-round good time. It was a picnic from first to last, of a sort worth living again.

TURSNTONE.

A. O. U. No. 283

(Arenaria interpres).

This is the Old World Turnstone. It is occasionally found in Greenland and in Alaska. It is slightly larger than our common bird and the back is chiefly blackish with mottling of rusty; otherwise it does not differ from our bird.

RUDDY TURNSTONE.

A. O. U. No. 283.1.

(Arenaria morinella).

In full spring plumage, the Ruddy Turnstone is a beautiful bird, much prettier than the European. They vary in plumage from the nearly uniform rich reddish brown of old males down to the mixed black and brownish of the young birds and winter adults.

Turnstones are very widely distributed, being found in all four quarters of the globe. They breed only in the Arctic regions and migrate southward in America, to Patagonia.

They do not often go in large flocks, and rarely are more than twenty seen together, and much more frequently they are found in bands of three or four, individuals. They seem to like the company of other Sandpipers as well as those of their own species and single birds are often found in flocks of other Plover or Sandpipers.

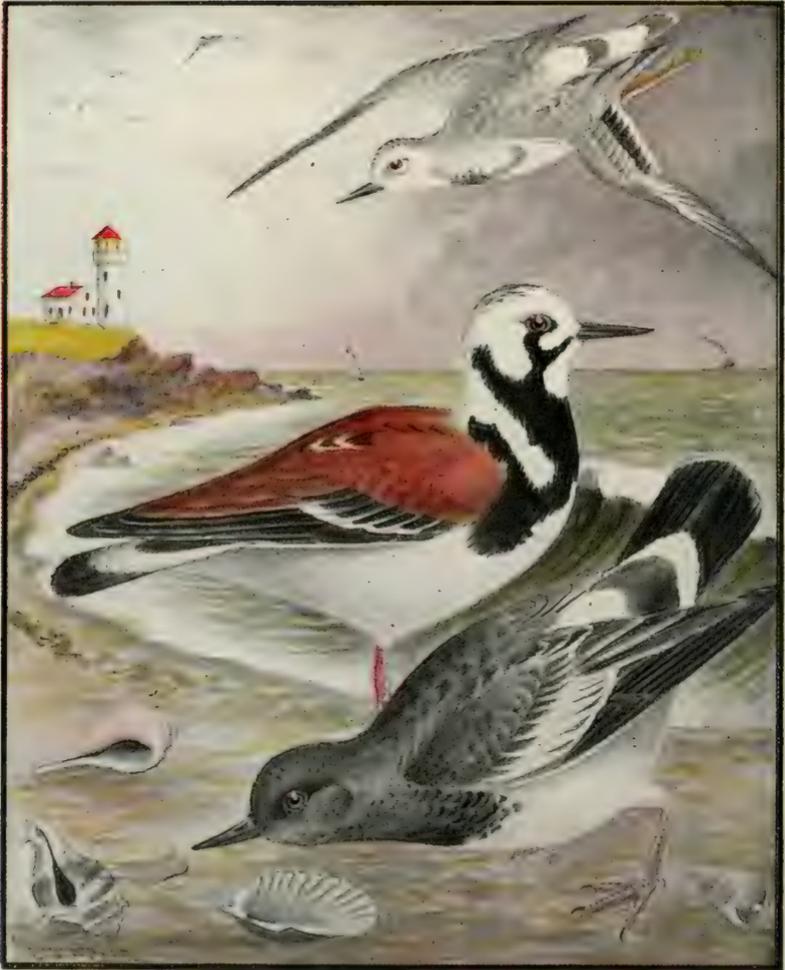
Turnstones are found, apparently with little preference, on sandy, pebbly or rocky shores. They are extremely active birds and can run with great speed; I have seen them on the beach, perhaps two hundred yards in advance, and made a detour behind the sand bluffs and dunes in order to come abreast of him, only to find that he was just as far ahead. While they are sociable with other birds, they are timid in the presence of man and rarely allow anyone to openly approach within gunshot. Their flight is very rapid and is usually performed close to the land or water, and they often progress by sailing. Like all the Plover they are easily called to decoys and many of them are killed by gunners, to whom they are known as "Calico Birds" owing to their variegated plumage.

They are very interesting birds to watch, especially when feeding,

for, in some ways, they are unique in that particular. Like all shore birds they are often seen at the water's edge, chasing down the beach after each receding wave, rapidly gathering up the marine insects that are left by it, and quickly retreating as the next breaker rolls in. They have also learned that a great many insects or small crustacea may be found under pebbles, stones, driftwood, etc., and they use their peculiar shaped bills for turning these over so that they can get them. They insert their bill under the edge of small stones, and using it as a lever manage to move them from their places. Often they will push against larger pieces of driftwood with their breast in their endeavor to see what is beneath. Whether this manner of procuring food is a result of the shape of the bill or whether the bill has become modified because of continued use as a lever, is somewhat of a mystery, but it is probably the latter as it is the accepted line of evolution.



They are very common in the far north and have been found breeding as far as man has been. When their nesting ground is invaded, they rise in the air and circle about the intruder with shrill calls of alarm. In this respect they differ from the shore birds with which we are most familiar, for the latter usually leave the nest and slip away with as little disturbance as possible, thereby often avoiding discovery. Like those of all other plovers, their young are hatched with a covering of down and are able to leave the nest within a few hours and follow their parents. Turnstones make no nest, but lay their three or four eggs in slight hollows in the sand, often under the shelter of rocks or concealed by grass. The eggs are buffy, handsome blotched with brown, black and lavender. The young are hatched about the middle of July and by the end of August are ready to accompany their parents on their long journey.



RUDDY TURNSTONE—Length $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Adult in spring and young (flying)

BLACK TURNSTONE (in foreground).

BLACK TURNSTONE.

A. O. U. No. 284.

(Arenaria melanocephala).

This species is found only on our western coast. They are quite abundant in Alaska but the majority of them must migrate through Japan as they are not very common on the western coast of the United States. Their habits are just like those of the common Turnstone and they are often seen in company with them. They procure their food in the same manner and are just as excited when their breeding grounds are trespassed upon. Their eggs are very similar and often indistinguishable.



BIRD LIFE IN THE PINES.

BY C. EDWIN HOPKINS.

During the winter, early spring and late autumn, evergreen trees, especially pines are great gathering places for birds of almost every species. On days when there seems to be "nothing doing" in bird life, I have always found an interesting group in the pines. There is at least one reason for this and possibly two. In the first place evergreens offer much shelter during the cold weather, and because coniferous trees are warmer, insects which seek shelter beneath the bark, seem not to bury themselves as deep as they would in other trees and hence may be more easily reached by the birds. I have frequently seen Downy Woodpeckers, Brown Creepers, Cardinals, Blue Jays, Juncos and Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers and our other winter visitants from the far north creeping up the trees, even on the coldest days, seemingly enjoying a delicious meal of grubs which they found under the bark.

As spring advances, the pines shelter many migrants during the chilly days of that season and the life in the pines will become more interesting. As soon as the sap begins to creep up through the trees, the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker and the Downy Woodpecker begin to bore into the bark of the pines so that they may secure the insects which are beginning to stir. Occasionally one may see the Downy, cock his head to one side and place his ear to the tree, as a doctor examining his patient. Then if he hears any sounds of life within he bores a hole and secures the grub.

The Yellow-bellied Woodpecker or Sapsucker, as he is called, does not deserve the latter name. Instead of sucking the sap from the tree, as to all outward appearances seems to be the fact, he is merely boring for the grubs,—injurious to the trees—lying dormant within the bark. I acknowledge that the trees do lose some sap by this process, but the end justifies the means. Among the trees which will be found honey-combed by their borings, the pine is the chief, for as I have said before this seems to be on account of the comparative warmth and shelter which they afford the insects.

Toward the end of March the blackbirds and crows take possession of the pine tops and these peculiar birds will be found to be very interesting. Place an owl, either a living or a stuffed one, in their midst and a more excited group of birds cannot be found anywhere.

As the days grow warmer the number and variety of the birds in the pines become less, but just as soon as the first frost visits us in the autumn the pines will again become a center of bird life. The bird student should give particular attention to the neighborhood of pines for the bird life it contains will always be found of great interest.

A SONG FROM THE NEST,

N. A. JACKSON, Keuka Park, N. Y.

To hear a bird sing, always gives me great pleasure; I will walk a long distance to hear the Veery or any other songster. But, when I hear a song, I always like to locate the performer. The song of the Red-eyed Vireo, or Preacher bird has a special attraction for me; it seems so full of honest endeavor and the little songster is so very much in earnest about it. I once had a pleasant experience trying to locate one of these little singers, whose song had drawn me to a small, isolated hickory tree by the roadside. As I approached the tree, the song ceased and I supposed that the bird had flown. I at once discovered the nest and sat down on the grass to watch developments. Soon I was surprised to hear the song again, but no bird could I see. The song seemed to come from the nest, but I hardly thought that possible, nevertheless I riveted my eyes on the nest and soon the trim, little, slate capped head appeared above the edge of the nest and there poured forth in full ecstasy of happiness, the richest Vireo's song I ever heard or ever expect to hear.

I could not believe my eyes and ears, but there it certainly was, a true, living bird so brimful of pure happiness and good will that she could not help but give her voice to her feelings, while on the nest. Several times was the song repeated, then I went on my way, a better and happier man.

OUR PURPLE MARTINS.

BY F. D. F.

This colony was started at my home in Marion, O., by myself about 20 years ago, by simply placing a small box on a high pole, scarcely 10 feet above the grounds; a year later a more substantial house of four rooms was erected which served for a number of years and about 7 years ago I made a very large house of 8 rooms and two hallways extending from one side to the other on both floors, the rooms being separated from the halls by screen wire, which gives constant ventilation. I regret I have not kept closer record of these birds as regards numbers and time of arrival and departure but will say that it has varied greatly in the history of the colony, this year has broken all records in the way of numbers and number of young raised to maturity, 36 young having been raised this season. In a number of former years they



Photo by C. A. Reed.

CHICKADEE ON EDGE OF NEST HOLE.

have all been gone by the 1st of August, but this season at the middle of August finds them still here in large numbers. The young present a

grand sight, lined upon a telephone wire, 20 to 25 in a row and sometimes nearly an equal distance apart. In the spring at nesting time these birds will not tolerate an English Sparrow but at this season after the young have flown they seem to pay no attention to them. Our Martin's "as we call them" pay no attention to a gun as I have often shot an intruding sparrow right by the side of a Martin without disturbing the Martin in the least. The principal food of these birds seems to be dragon flies, with which I have seen them so large that they could not get into the house with them. As regards number of eggs in a set will say I have found as high as twelve eggs in one nest. The present home of our colony was originally placed on a telegraph pole purchased of the local company, but this was found too high for good observation as it was about 35 feet from the ground, accordingly the height was reduced to about 18 feet making observations quite easy.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

We were wending our way along a narrow country lane, hedged in on either side by stone walls and bushes, when the clearly whistled "phe-be" of a Chickadee attracted our attention. A few yards farther on the song ceased and changed to a series of "dee-dee-dee's" uttered as rapidly as they could be uttered from the throat of an angry bird. It was very evident that we were uncomfortable near her home but in which direction it was we did not know, and had she been wise and remained silent, we never would have known. She came down very close to us and we then saw that she had her beak filled with small plant lice. How she could retain her grip upon them and dee dee so vigorously was a mystery, but the sound poured forth as rapidly and with as much force through her closed mandibles as it did later after she had fed her young.

With Mrs. Chickadee to help us, we soon found the nest in a small dead tree standing beside the wall. Violent as had been her protestations when we first found her, she soon became quite reconciled to our presence and in a short time was one of the tamest birds with which I have had to deal, coming to feed her children when we were standing within arm's reach of the tree. For the next three or four hours we camped out, with our cameras, beside the tree and readily made a dozen negatives of her and her mate in a number of interesting attitudes. Had we visited them several days in succession we could, without doubt, have readily succeeded in having them feed from the hand.

After they had become accustomed to our presence they fed their

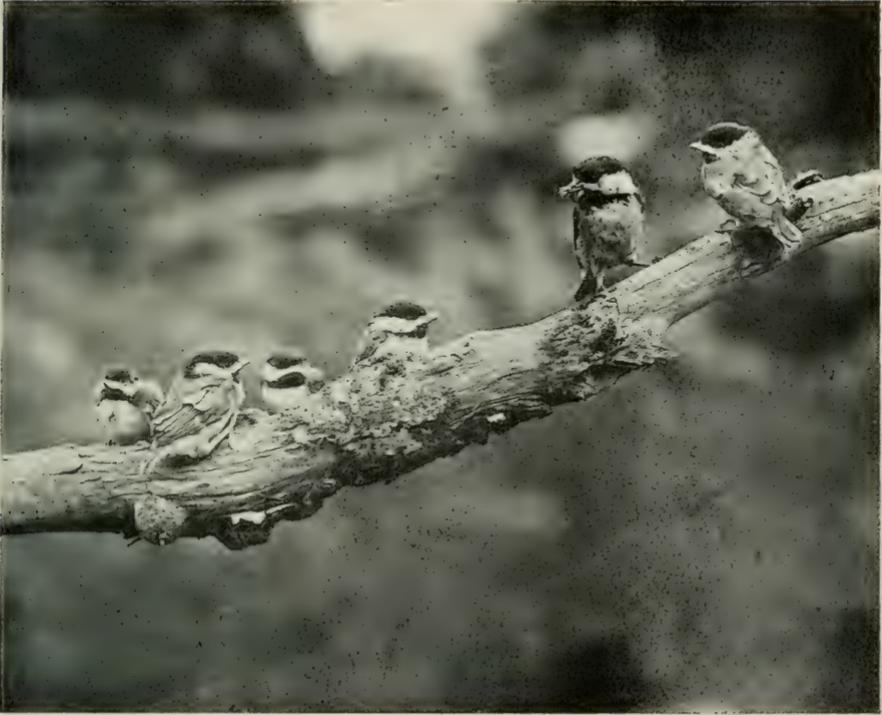


Photo by C. A. Reed.

MALE CHICKADEE AND HIS FAMILY.

little ones on an average of about once in four minutes, the birds planning their visits so that one of them was present the greater part of the time. During the time that we were there, they fed them nothing except very small insects or plant lice, and small white worms; the lice they would bring in large clusters but the worms were brought singly. As nearly as we could make out most of the worms were brought by the male bird, so we concluded that he was inclined to be lazy or else was something of a philosopher.

After we had made several pictures of the birds entering and leaving the nesting hole, we enlarged the opening so that we could see the little Chickadees. We found they were not so very little after all, for with the exception of one, they were fully large enough to leave the nest and, but for their short tails, might pass for adult birds. One of them escaped through our fingers and flew away over the tops of the bushes until lost to view; several of the others made shorter flights and were brought back again to sit with their brothers and sisters. There were six in the nest when we opened it, but as one of these escaped we had

but five to deal with, and a lively time we had with the four that could fly. At first the old birds would flutter about us and call to their children to fly to them, and I will give them the credit for obeying beautifully. When, as frequently happened, all four would fly at once, and in as many different directions, we had our hands full. Finally the old birds seemed to comprehend what we wanted and to realize that we would not harm their birdlings, for they ceased their calling and the little ones perched as contentedly on the branch as if they had always been accustomed to do so.



ABOUT TO FEED HER YOUNG.

Photo by C. A. Ree .

The little black-capped lady bird was not as timid as her mate. She would come with her bill filled to overflowing with insect delicacies alight on the side of the branch nearest to us and without haste or fear look critically at her little ones to see which was the hungriest, and then feed one, two or three, depending upon how far the rations that she had brought would go; the male Chickadee, on the other hand, would come with a rush, alight on the farther side of the branch, quickly thrust his single worm down the throat of the nearest youngster and hurriedly leave; this was soon after we had placed the young on the branch. Within half an hour he, too, was quite tame, but he always kept as far from us and the camera as he could stand and still tend to the wants of his young.



ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
 MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
 156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

I wish it were possible for each one of you to enjoy the charming water colors prepared by M. G. Hinds, which this mail carries to two of your number, representing the dainty Blue Bunting, and the sunny Goldfinch. The successful contestants are Naomi E. Voris, Crawfordville, Ind., and Samuel D. Robbins, Belmont, Mass. One of the letters is printed in this number, the other will be printed later, as well as some of the other interesting letters which have been received.

As Jack Frost has come to stay with us, there may be some of our young folks who need to be reminded to spread the feast of crumbs, suet, nuts, berries and other good things for flying folk, in open work bags and shelves out of reach of prowling cats.

The number of those who feed the birds and enjoy them, is growing every year, and who knows but the time may come when we shall make *loafers* of them, as they find their needs so easily supplied. Do you think there is any danger of that?

Cordially, Your Friend,
 MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Carl Ph Dowell, Port Richmond, N. Y.
 C. P. Alexander, Gloversville, N. Y.
 Russell S. Adams, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
 James Howard Binns, Adena, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

Pi of California birds.

- 1 California Gull. 2 Snowflake. 3 Northern Shrike. 4 Bluebird.
5 Titmouse. 6 Nuthatch. 7 Kinglet. 8 Bushtit. 9 Chickadee.
10 Rock Wren. 11 Thrasher. 12 Wagtail.

SOME BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Glide. | 11. Quail. |
| 2. Hawk. | 12. Raven. |
| 3. Heron. | 13. Sparrow. |
| 4. Kite. | 14. Stork. |
| 5. Ossifrage. | 15. Swallow. |
| 6. Ostrich. | 16. Swan. |
| 7. Owl. | 17. Bittern. |
| 8. Partridge. | 18. Cormorant. |
| 9. Peacock. | 19. Crane. |
| 10. Pelican. | 20. Cuckoo. |

Birds translated differently in Revised Version.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Swan—Horned Owl. | 4. Cormorant—Pelican. |
| 2. Eagle—Griffon. | 5. Bittern—Porcupine. |
| 3. Gier Eagle—Egypt Vulture. | 6. Ossifrage—Vulture. |

BROWN PELICANS.

Mamma and I had spent last winter in St. Petersburg, Fla., though a small place it is very interesting on account of the many birds.

About nine a. m. we would walk along the beach and see numbers of the pretty Snowy and Little Blue Herons walking around in the shallow water picking up any little morsel that might suit their taste.

Walking out on the longest pier, we saw many Brown Pelicans, they are not molested and hence are very tame.

If you have caught a fish and are taking it off the hook, you must be careful or they will grab it out of your hands. Sometimes when men throw their line in, a Pelican grabs their floater, but the men get them away from the Pelicans. Often they try to get it many times, before the fisherman can drive them away. They say they are a *nuisance*. They seem to think that everything that is thrown into the bay is fish for them. Often I saw thirty by one fish house.

One gloomy morning I was attracted to a tree by the twittering of many birds. It was a flock of Cedar Waxwings feeding on berries. It

seemed as if the bird kingdom was transformed into Waxwings, there were so many.

Toward evening the notes of the Killdeer are heard as they fly along the shore, we also spent many happy hours watching other birds.

NAOMI E. VORIS,
Crawfordsville, Ind.

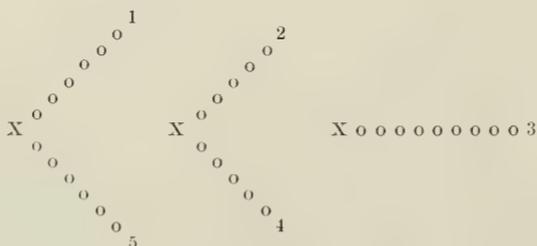
QUERIES.

The Robin.

1. What parts of the bird are black?
2. " " " " " " spotted?
3. " " " " " " slaty brown?
4. " " " " " " rufus?
5. " " " " " " white?
6. What is its length in inches?
7. How does the plumage of the female differ?
8. What is the plumage of the nestling?
9. In what parts of our country is it found?
10. What are its nesting materials?
11. What is the color and number of its eggs?
12. Does it walk or hop?
13. What are some of the wild fruits it eats?
14. What insects does it eat?

(See how many of these queries about this common bird you can answer before looking into a book.)

LEAF PUZZLE.



From 1 to x a bird deriving its name from its song.

From 2 to x a large black bird.

From 3 to x a large sea bird.

From 4 to x a sea fowl.

From 5 to x a very large bird.

The initials 1-2-3-4-5 spell the name of a wading bird.

JAMES HOWARD BINNS.

Adena, Ohio.

EVENING.

Dim grows the wood; the amber evening tints
Merge into opal skies and stars just seen:
Down vistas gloomed and winding there are hints
Of elves and gnomes along the mosses green.

MIDNIGHT.

A holy song the thrush has distant sung;
The tree-tops murmur like some dreaming sea:
Hark! far away a silvern bell has rung
Twelve strokes, slow tolled, that faint and fade from me.

MORNING.

A shaft of gold upon my upturned face
As fleeting and as shy as any fawn;
Sweet odors, stirring winds and forms of grace;
Now tell me, is this heaven or is it dawn?

RICHARD BURTON.



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Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass.

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VOL. V

DECEMBER, 1905.

NO. 12

This issue completes our fifth volume, and with it we send our thanks to all our subscribers for the support they have given us in our work. We trust that it has been merited and that we may receive a continuance of the same. The power and appearance of a magazine depends almost entirely upon its circulation. We shall do the best that we can, but the larger circulation we get the better we can make the magazine. Will not each one of you call the American Bird Magazine to the attention of your friends, and send us a list of all that you think are, or might be, interested in birds. We shall be glad to send them a sample copy. We want you all to feel at liberty to make any suggestions that you think will help to improve the value or appearance of the magazine, and invite you to use it as a medium of exchange for your ideas and experiences. We have some fine illustrations and excellent articles in store for the coming year. **Look for the beautiful Colored Picture of the rare Carolina Parquet in the January Number.**

The advance sale of BIRD GUIDE and the many compliments upon the appearance of its sample pages, leads us to believe that its sale will be very large. It should have, for nothing like it has ever been on the market. It is of pocket size, has colored pictures of all the birds, is complete in all respects and the price is only 50 cts. Place your order at once if you wish it for Christmas, Until the 1st of Jan. we will send BIRD GUIDE with a year's subscription to American Ornithology for \$1.25; if your subscription does not expire now we will extend it one year from when it does.



Photo from life by C. A. Smith.

THE OWL,

By MARY LAVERNA HARVEY.

In sunless woods,
Where prowlers prowl,
There dwells a solemn visaged fowl
Which men are pleased to call,
The Owl.

And, when you pass his woodland through,
With round dim eyes he stares at you,
Inquiring boldly,
"Who?"

Though oft you tell him what's your name,
He ask his question just the same—
He frights and chills you through and through,
Inquiring boldly,
"Who?"



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.
SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

She sat on the eggs, with her feathers relaxed and wings drooped, while the head was drawn well down on the shoulders.

THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

A. O. U. No. 263.

(Actitis macularia).

Spotted Sandpipers are found throughout North America, breeding from our southern border north to Hudson Bay, and spending the winter along the Gulf, and in the West Indies. Unlike most of the other Sandpipers, they are rarely seen in flocks of any considerable size, and rarely associate with other members of the family.

They arrive in northern United States early in May. They will first be seen along the shores of rivers or ponds, running up and down the water's edge or standing on a half submerged stone, and nearly always with their heads and tails alternately bowing or jerking. Nearly all shore birds indulge in grotesque motions indicative of fear, curiosity or sociability, but the Spotted Sandpiper carries his emotions to the extreme, and is, therefore, known by many local names, most of which refer to his actions, such as Tip-up and Teeter-tail.

They seem to be very evenly distributed in the interior or along the coasts. A single pair, or sometimes two or three pairs, will settle down for the season in the neighborhood of any small pond, stream or lake. In whatever light they are considered, they are one of our most welcome birds. Their piping notes are very pleasing to the ear, their manners are very attractive, and their food habits make them of great value economically. Their food is almost wholly insectivorous and, especially during the breeding season and while bringing up their young, they will be found most abundantly in cultivated fields, running along the ploughed furrows after small grasshoppers and other insects. It seems a pity that such useful and attractive birds cannot enjoy protection from the attacks of gunners at all seasons of the year, but after the middle of July, in most states, all shore birds have to take their lives in their hand and keep out of the way of all two-legged animals. Although a great many of these birds are shot off each fall, I do not think that they are getting any scarcer, which is accounted for by the skill with which they conceal their nests, and the tact that they display in leading folks away from its neighborhood. Most of the shore birds nest in colonies and lay their eggs in rather conspicuous places near or on the beach but, while some of the Spotted Sandpipers nest near the water's edge, the majority of nests will be found in the tall grass of fields bordering ponds or cultivated land. Frequently they will be found several hundred yards from water.

At least three pairs of Sandpipers nest every year in a certain locality that I often frequent but, until this year, I have never made any effort to locate them. This place has always appeared to me to be unusually

attractive and it is to birds too, for quantities of various kinds nest there. It is in a small hollow separated from a large lake by a small pine covered ridge; in this hollow is a small pond hole, surrounded on two sides by cultivated fields, on the third by a meadow carpeted with tall grass, and on the fourth by scrub pines which extend down from the ridge.



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

Sometimes she would rise and carefully tread her eggs about until all were turned over.

These birds first appear here the first week in May, and for the succeeding two weeks the air resounds with their fife-like notes as they chase each other about or call from the lake side. They skim over the surface of the pond with that peculiar tremulous flutter of the down-curved wings, peculiar to Sandpipers, and sometimes chase one another over the fields with a flight very similar to that of the swallows.

Before the end of May they are mated and have selected the spot for their home. Their nest building is a very simple task, for having found a small hollow that suites their taste, the female has but to sit in it and turn about a few times, to make the dried grass conform to the shape



Photo H. G. Phister.

NEST AND EGGS OF SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

[Winner of 2nd prize in Class 3.]

of her body, and the home is completed. I have found their nests in small clumps of grass on sandy beaches where they were quite conspicuous; under bushes or blackberry vines near the edge of the water; and on dry hill tops a long distance from water.



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

She sat there as contentedly as though I was not in existence, and watched the small birds flitting through the pines or flying overhead.

The first part of last June I spent two mornings looking for the eggs of one of these Sandpipers but without success. The next morning as I was crossing the ridge on my way to continue the search, a bird fluttered from nearly under my feet and ran off down the hill with her wings trailing as though broken; it was one of the Sandpipers and I found that I had nearly trod upon her four eggs that were in a hollow in the short grass. It was in a small clearing near the edge of the scrub pines, far from where I had been looking for them. The eggs were beautifully marked, as is usual with this species, and were arranged in the usual manner, that is with all the small ends together at the center of the nest. They had little to conceal them from view except their coloration, but this was so effectual that, when ten feet away, it was very difficult to pick the eggs out from their surrounding, and anyone not knowing the exact location could not have seen them even at a

closer distance. As I said, this nest was in a clearing where there was not a particle of shelter, not even a spear of grass to keep the sun's rays off at any time during the day. As I spent a great many pleasant hours watching this bird, I used often to think of her on exceedingly warm days, sitting there, panting but faithful to her charges. Four days of the heaviest rainfall that we have ever had also occurred at this time, and I was very doubtful about her being able to stand it, but when the sun appeared on the morning of the fifth day, she slipped away from the nest upon my approach, apparently none the worse for the drenching. Only one who has been caught in the fields or woods far from shelter in a driving rain can appreciate what the birds have to undergo at such times. I wonder how much sleep this bird could get on these two nights with the rain coming in torrents, while she had to sit in one spot without a bit of shelter.

My first photograph of her sitting on the nest was made by operating the camera shutter with a thread from a distance of about fifty yards. I was concealed under a bush but her bright eyes discovered me and she was very shy about going to the nest. While I was making the camera ready she was standing on a stone a short distance away, on the edge of a cornfield, and with many "teeterings" and calls, which were answered by her mate from the edge of the pond, watched me at my work for a few minutes, and then flew down to the pond too. Soon after I had concealed myself I heard a low musical "peet" of an entirely different tone from the usual "peet-weet" that they utter. This was repeated at intervals of three or four seconds, and soon I saw her running up the hill towards me. She would run a few feet, then stand and bow a few times, and by repeating this performance soon reached the nest

Not the slightest regard was paid to the camera and she would run in and out between the tripod legs as though they had always been there. For some reason, however, she seemed to be afraid to settle on the eggs. This, from her subsequent actions, I attributed to the fact that she knew where I was. She walked entirely around the nest several times, and then carefully stepped up and felt of the eggs with her bill, acting as though she thought there was some trap to catch her. Finally she ran right across the nest and then turned around quickly to see if anything had happened. At each attempt she gained confidence and finally was sitting on her eggs contentedly as though I had never disturbed her. I made but one picture of her at this time, but on succeeding days made about a dozen more, being concealed in a blind that I constructed within a few feet of the nest. As she could not see me she came and went indifferently, acting just as she would, had I not

been about. As she walked about my hiding place, I could often have reached out and touched her; it seemed strange to be so near an unrestrained, wild bird; I could even see the changing expressions in her eyes.

Invariably, when returning to the nest, she would feel of all the eggs with her bill, then carefully step on or between them, spread her feathers and settle down to her task. When sitting, her wings were drooped so as to rest on the ground, and her head was usually drawn well down on the shoulders. She seemed to be interested in all that transpired about her, watching the small birds as they flitted through the pines, and twisting her head way around to see every bird that flew overhead. Twice I had an opportunity to watch her when some one was approaching. She saw a man coming through the trees even before I heard him; her feathers drew closer to her sides and she became as motionless as the stone beside her, in fact she resembled this stone so much that there was little danger of her being discovered. When the man had come to within about twenty yards she very carefully slipped from the eggs and ran, or rather sneaked through the grass, to a distance of perhaps thirty feet from the nest, and hid behind a larger stone. The man passed within a few feet of me but did not notice anything and was soon lost to view. The Sandpiper came leisurely back, stopping several times to pick up insects. The next time we were disturbed we did not escape so easily. A man approached from the rear so that Mrs. Sandpiper could not see him and stayed on the nest; on he came, lumbering over all the bushes in the way, turning out for nothing, and I was forced to rise up and stop him as he was about to clamber through my ambush. He started back as though he had seen a ghost, with a "Wall I swan! I never seed yer!" Of course I was obliged to explain that I was making photographs, but I did not tell him what of, and he did not see the nest or the bird which, being frightened, was running away with a "broken" leg and wing, and piping loudly.

About every fifteen minutes, while I was watching her, she would half rise and tread with her feet until she had turned every egg over; she always turned them over, also, after having been away feeding for a short time.

Quite often she would answer the male birds as they called to each other or to their mates, from down at the pond. It sounded alarmingly loud and clear to hear her call, at such a short distance. Always when returning to the nest, she would utter low sweet whistles in varying but very clear tones. Just once I heard her, while she was on the nest, give a series of whistles or warbles. She was undoubtedly so happy



Photo from life by C. A. Reed.
SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

Reaching down to fowdle her eggs with her bill. Her back is blurred by the "teetering" motion in which they always indulge when standing or walking.

that she was singing to herself, and she never knew that she had an appreciative audience.

Even while she was sitting, she often teetered her head or tail, and, when standing or just coming to the nest, her movements were so continuous and violent as to defy the speed of the camera shutter. I made, on different days, six negatives of her as she was about to step on the nest and every one shows the jerky movement of either the head or tail, even though some of them were made in one five hundredth part of a second.

Several times the male bird came up to the edge of the pines and conversed with her in low "pipings," but he never came to the nest, and I do not think that he ever sat upon the eggs; at least, the bird that I always saw seemed to be the same one.

One morning I found but two small pieces of egg shell beside the nest; the little ones were following their mother in the cornfield, but I never saw them before they were able to fly. When hatched they are

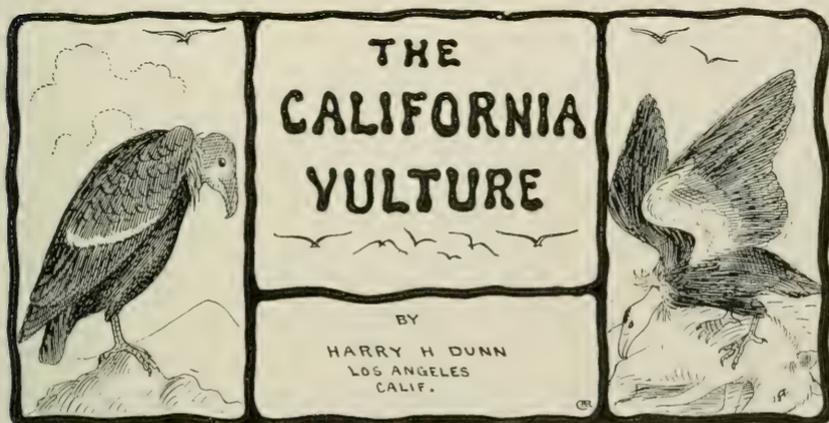


Young Sandpipers are hatched covered with down and follow their parents about within a few hours after leaving the egg.

covered with gray and white down, and marked with several narrow black stripes, one being through the eye; they leave the nest within an hour or two after coming from the egg, and follow their parents, picking up the food that they show them.

When their flight feathers have fully grown, their upper parts are clothed much the same as their parents, but without the black shaft lines to the feathers, and they are entirely white below. When they return the next spring they all, males and females, have spotted breasts.

C. A. REED.



Spreading a wing expanse of from nine to eleven feet, with a body of the weight of a swan upborne between these Roc-like pinions, living all its life in the most inaccessible portion of the westernmost ranges of the New World, there is every reason that the eyes of ornithologists the world over should turn with marked interest to the life and habits of the California Condor. Fifty years and less ago these giant birds were comparatively plentiful among the hills and vales of the lower slopes of the Pacific coast where roamed countless herds of cattle, and where the vaqueros realized the value of the vultures as scavengers and so seldom molested them as they did the eagles and other predatory birds, at that time even more plentiful than the condors. But half a century ago is not today, and the most one can hope to have, even after a long residence among the higher mountains of the westland is an occasional glimpse of one of these birds as he perches on the stub of a dead pine back among the highest hills or a distant view of one more bold than the rest as he feeds on some bit of carrion surrounded by a band of turkey vultures that seem dwarfed beside this monster of the upper air.

Time was when the range of the condor extended from the Columbia River southward, possibly into Lower California; now they are seldom if ever found north of Mt. Shasta nor south of the Mexican line. Along the eastern side of the great San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, in the heart of the cliffs and crags of the high sierras that line both of these valleys, running back almost to the boundary line of the state is the center of abundance of these birds. From out these hills the big birds can come down into the lowlands where there are yet quite a few cattle and sheep, and, mingling with the lesser birds of prey, pass practically unnoticed by the average person. On the desert side of the mountains there is little for them to get in the way of food, and, though I have seen several of the big birds on the coast side, I never saw one on either the Mojave or the Colorado deserts in a stay of several months in each. A hundred miles, more or less, is of little count to birds of the wing power of these and they frequently cover great distances in the search for food, yet they are much addicted to the use of one cliff for a roosting place at night and one cave for a home wherein to rear their solitary young. They never band together as do the turkey vultures, notwithstanding reports to the contrary occasionally given out by old hunters and prospectors who would not know a condor from a golden eagle in a crowd. In fact, so far as I have been able to learn in several years past, there are not enough condors in the entire state of California to make a respectable band should they all get together at once. I do not mean by this that the condor is on the rapid road to extinction for they have learned the lesson which the Great Auk was unable to grasp and have moved out of man's way before it is forever too late. The gradual disappearance of the California Vulture from the haunts that once knew it so well has always been something of a puzzle to me; of all birds it had the least to fear from man, being gifted with acute senses of smell and sight to warn it of danger and powerful wings to bear it to safety when that danger became real. The auk that once filled Funk Island with its cries could not escape, the Labrador Duck passed into oblivion probably before men had become abundant enough on this continent to notice it as different from other ducks, but why did the Condor go?

In Ventura and Los Angeles and Orange and San Diego counties there are yet a few, very few, condors, and they are but rarely to be seen. The two homes of the bird that I have had the pleasure of visiting were in Orange and Los Angeles counties; both were very much alike in point of general situation and both were found by the previous knowledge that the birds inhabited a certain canyon which was followed up until it ended in the cliff wherein was situated the cave

containing the egg. There are few cliffs in southern California containing caves such as are found in the northern sierras, and I have heard of an egg of this vulture which was taken from a small hole in the sloping side of one of the low hills known as the Santa Monica mountains in Los Angeles county. The party who found this egg *walked to the nest hole without any trouble*, the only instance of the kind of which I ever heard and one probably unparalleled since ornithologists have been especially interested in the California birds. The nests which I visited were both in such inaccessible cliffs that at first I despaired of ever reaching them and in fact, would not have succeeded at all but for the help of the men who went with me and some hundred and fifty feet of good Manila hemp. In general the birds seemed to care little about "the stranger within their gates," and we were in no danger from them, notwithstanding their great size, at any time. Each nest contained one egg and the old tale hereinafter quoted is probably no more reliable than the usual run of bird observations made by the average sightseer. The egg is of the size of a swan's egg, pea-green in color and pitted over the entire surface like the egg of an ostrich. When compared with a turkey "buzzard's" egg it appears much larger though nothing near so large as it has been made out by many newspaper and other stories. It seems about the size of two of the lesser vulture's eggs welded into one and is not nearly so pretty an egg, save from a commercial standpoint, as that of the latter.

In Cooper's work on the land birds of California the author quotes Douglas's remarks as given by Audubon as follows:

"Food, carrion, dead fish or other dead animal matter. In no instance will they attack any living animal unless wounded and unable to walk. Their senses of smelling and seeing are very acute. In searching for prey they soar to a very great altitude, and when they discover a wounded deer or other animal they follow its track, and when it sinks precipitately descend on their object. Although only one is seen at first occupying the carcass, few minutes elapse before the prey is surrounded by great numbers, and it is then devoured to a skeleton within an hour, even though it be one of the larger animals, as the elk or horse. Their voracity is almost insatiable and they are extremely ungenerous, suffering no other animal to approach them while feeding. Except after eating, or while protecting their nest, they are so excessively wary that the hunter can scarcely approach sufficiently near even for buckshot to take effect upon them, the fullness of their plumage affording them a double chance of escaping uninjured. Their flight is slow, steady and particularly graceful; gliding along with scarcely any apparent motion of the wings, the tips of which are curved upwards in flying."

Much of this is of course untrustworthy in the light of later and more accurate observations but it is valuable in the way of showing what was known of one of America's rarest birds in the great naturalist's time. Further on Dr. Cooper (whose work, by the way, is invaluable to the California bird student) quotes a Mr. Taylor in Hutch-

ings's California Magazine of the issue of 1859 as saying that they lay their single egg in a hollow tree, though he admits that there is a wide divergence in the reports of those who have paid attention to the nidification of this bird. Some six or seven pages of interesting matter concerning this great vulture is given by Dr. Cooper in his work as well as some excellent cuts, but much of the experience in the way of nest finding and the habits of the birds is widely different from mine on the same subject.

THE ROBIN AND THE READY-BUILT NEST.

It ever was a speculation with me, what a bird would do when confronted with an unexpected affair, where something akin to reasoning would be necessary, and a choice would have to be made to solve the matter, though I am sure they gain skill in nest making, from what I have noted in the buildings constructed from year to year by the colony of Orioles, that for a decade have nest in the big elm by the house, and the nests each year added to my nest collection, for they have shown all grades from a most crude affair, to a most elaborate one built entirely out of long horse hairs, in which the highest type of skill in felting the hair was exhibited. The incident I started to tell of happened in May of this year. I have a wren box fastened to the carriage house on the side near the gable peak. I noticed that a robin had just commenced to carry mud and grass and was starting to build on its flat top. Knowing where there was a perfect last years robin's nest I quickly brought it, put a plaster of mud on the box, and placed the nest down into it, and was gone ladder and all, before the bird returned, with her next load of building material. The outcome was interesting. The bird sailed up and just as she reached the nest, she stopped in her flight, hovered about the nest, and finally settled on the edge dropping her material; she inspected the nest, got down into it, tried the "fit" in every way, then flew away, quickly came back with her mate, and for an hour continued to examine the nest, try it, bring mud and put on the edge, again try its proportions, chirp and wonder if she had really built the nest and had forgotten it, and how it came about any way. The next day I saw nothing of the robins and had concluded that my help had been discarded, but the third day, the bird brought fine grass, lined up the nest and in due time put four eggs into it, and hatched her brood and brought them off without incident or loss, and yesterday I saw her again fixing up the nest with the evident intention of bringing off another brood, no doubt thinking it was the cheapest summer home she ever domiciled in, and is perhaps wondering if robins have reached a period, when ready made homes are to be provided for them on their arrival from the Gulf swamps.

JOHN GOULD.

OUR ILLINOIS SCREECH OWLS.

BY ISAAC E. HESS, PHILD. III.

As if resenting the prying eyes of the seeker of bird secrets, several of our most interesting birds are of nocturnal habits. Appearing only at dusk, they reverse in practice the old adage presented to precocious children, that they "should be seen and not heard." It meets not with their approval and since the day their kind were liberated from the ancient ark they have persistently followed their own ideas of proper manners. It is theirs to be heard and not seen.

Included in the list of the lovers of darkness is the little Screech Owl (*megascops asio*). Unless roughly routed from his hiding place he is never seen in the glare of the noon day sun. In reality a woodland bird, he is quite as much at home in the old apple orchards and maple groves on the farm. And, oddly enough for a timber representative, he is not averse to living a city life.

In most of our smaller cities and towns the Screech Owl is a common and constant resident. Taking possession of deserted Woodpecker excavations in the maple stubs, they rear their young as contentedly and securely as do their brethren in the depths of the forest.

Although seldom seen, little megascops is instantly recognized, especially by the children, and is a marked favorite. It would seem unnatural not to be interested in a bird possessing so many originalities in his make-up.

One of his interesting personalities is his all-the-year-round song. How often a sweet bird song is not properly appreciated because in the season of bird melodies, the singer is outclassed by superior performers. In this the wise little Owl verifies his claim to wisdom. He reserves his best efforts for the long wintry nights when our real songsters are leagues away. Then he plays his part in the "choir invisible" and is satisfied in knowing that his weird tremulous whistle will be heard and appreciated.

The Screech Owl is not gregarious in habit and you will seldom find more than a single pair in an immediate vicinity. This would seem sufficient cause for associating with him, a quarrelsome disposition, but I would much rather attribute this habit of seclusion to an instinct of self-preservation. Owing to the nature and limitation to his food, he must of necessity provide his own particular foraging grounds. Nature does not always yield him an abundant harvest and as the condition of his larder must depend entirely upon his own resources with an element of chance to be considered, I am afraid megascops must often go hungry. He is very particular as to fresh meat for his diet and English Sparrows are delicate morsels under his tongue. For this we love him.

Field mice and small birds form the principal part of his food, though occasionally he is known to enter the chicken-house after darkness has fallen and tear the throats of nice fat hens. Of course depredations of this nature are resorted to, only when he is desperately hungry.

He is held in special contempt by his feathered neighbors and when



For he is a pleasing bird with his great intelligent eyes of almost human expression."

ruthlessly driven from his hiding place, in the depths of a hollow tree, his life is made a burden. His appearance in public is a signal for a disturbance, and bird society is immediately in a high state of excitement. Blue Jays congregate in flocks and Sparrows in armies for the sole purpose of making life miserable for one poor little Screech Owl. They dash at him viciously, flinging in his ears their choicest epithets. You listen to a veritable bedlam of chirps, chatters and angry vituperations, but you notice the attacking forces are careful not to approach within striking distance of the sharp claws and snapping beak of little megascops. While in no particular danger of bodily harm, his feelings are ruffled and he disgustedly but slowly wings his way back to his hiding-place. There he stops through the day, blinking his big innocent eyes and rehearsing his real and fancied wrongs.

When dusk has fairly fallen, back he goes to the scene of his mornings' discomfiture. Huddled in rows on a limb of a pine tree and soundly asleep, are his tormentors. Does he remember his late persecutions, or is it but a feeling of hunger that prompts his actions? In noiseless flight he singles his victim. A flutter of tiny wings—a slight chirp—the sound of a small skull crushing and we may record one of the daily tragedies of bird life. Megascops is avenged.

The call of the Screech Owl seldom varies and may be successfully imitated by a good whistler. The only variations I have heard were from a captured female which I had separated from her mate. When placed in a cage she uttered such mournful heart-broken cries, accompanied by actions human-like in her distress, that I had not the heart to keep her longer and returned her to the old home in a maple stub. The call is heard only after nightfall (except on dark winter days) and is usually answered by another near by. It is this call that has caused the little Owl to be associated in stories from time immemorial with hobgoblins, ghosts and grave yards. While there is nothing irritating in the sound, there is a mournful something about it that is apt to give one the shivers.

Surely it cannot be his appearance that has given him such unwholesome names as he is forced to bear, for he is a pleasing bird with his great intelligent eyes of almost human expression. And there is nothing in his neat general outline or soft-tinted plumage suggestive of a reason for his being called a "bird of ill omen."

The plumage of the Screech Owl furnishes one of the unsolved puzzles of Ornithology. It appears in two distinct phases and no color rule will determine the sex of this bird. In this particular locality I have found the browns and grays equally divided, the slight preponderance being in favor of the browns. Of twenty-nine mated pairs noted

in the three last seasons, eighteen pairs were of the opposite colorings. Of the remaining eleven pairs, seven were of the brown and four of the gray phase. I took no notes of Owls seen singly or young Owls.

The male and female are very much attached to each other and remain mated during the entire year. They feed and sleep in the same



"A slight contraction of the claws is sometimes noticed, which is rather uncomfortable for the disturber's fingers."

hollow-tree apartment and during the long arduous task of incubation, the male is a constant and faithful companion of his little mate. Little mother megascops is of meek disposition when called upon at her residence. She makes no disturbance and offers little resistance when lifted from the nest. A slight contraction of the claws is sometimes noticed, which is rather uncomfortable for the disturber's fingers.

It is very effective in bringing out the hostess, however, for upon a quick withdrawal of the arm, megascop comes with it.

The nests are placed in natural cavities of trees or in old excavations hewn out by Woodpeckers. The material used I have never been able to identify other than trash. A cozy retreat at the time the eggs are deposited, it is rather an untidy place at the completion of incubation, and becomes very filthy before the young are able to leave the nest.

The nests are seldom far from the ground, generally ranging from five to fifteen feet. The entrance of one nest noted was only two feet above the ground, and the heart of the tree being hollow, the eggs were necessarily resting upon the ground.

An occupied home, especially when the small entrance of a Flicker's excavation is chosen, may nearly always be determined by the fuzzy feathers loosened from the Owl in its passage, sticking to the sides of the entrance. Occasionally when both Owls are home, the male may be reluctantly flushed by tapping on the tree, but a setting female will seldom leave unless pulled out.

From four to six white eggs—globular and very large in proportion to the size of the Owl—are deposited and incubation begins from the day of the first egg.

In nearly all cases one or two eggs prove infertile, probably owing to the damp surroundings and foul conditions of the nest.

A family of young Owls out for an airing and lined up in a row is a common and interesting sight. They soon learn their most important lesson—that of eating Owl fashion—and their first attempts to bolt their food whole while balancing their unsteady bodies on a small limb, are comical performances.

Birds, with mice and other small rodents, while not swallowed in their entirety, disappear with surprising rapidity. All fur, fine feathers, small bones and other indigestible portions swallowed are expelled from the mouth in the form of small pellets.

The Screech Owl is instrumental in keeping down the numbers of prolific small animals generally termed nuisances, and is thereby a valuable auxiliary to the farmer. Altogether he is a very useful bird and should be encouraged and protected.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE BIRDS.

BY O. WARREN SMITH.

It was nearly two o'clock when I left the house with bird-glass, note book and pencil, so I "made tracks" for the woods stopping only long enough to admire that well known and much admired inhabitant of our meadows, the Bobolink. How sweet his song. He sings as though he enjoyed singing. As he mounts upward he seems beating time with his wings. I could have listened and admired all the afternoon but the distant trees invited me, so I hastened on.

As I entered the wood I could not help being impressed by the abundant flowers. Columbine, crane's bill, butter cups, phlox, shepherd's purse, and others, pressed me upon all sides. But I was not out after flowers and a low "Uoli-a-e-o-li-noli-noe-aeolee-lee!" from a nearby thicket of willows caused me to forget the flowers. I knew the bird by his song even before I saw him. No wonder Nuttall calls the Wood Thrush the "solitary and retiring songster." I must have hunted all of twenty minutes before I discovered the little brown bird, and when I did discover him he sat upon a limb right before me. Often have I looked all over a tree for some feathered songster only to find him, in the end, within a few feet of me and in plain sight too. But fortune favored me. I discovered the half completed nest of my friend in a near by willow. I sat down upon a moss covered log to watch. The birds seemed to know that I was harmless and went on with their house building. Birch bark seemed to be the favorite building material, and it was wonderful to see a bird flying to the nest with a piece of bark larger than itself. Standing upon the edge of the nest the bird would tear the bark into long narrow strips, using its feet to hold the bark while it tore it with its bill.

While I sat watching the Wood Thrush a new note came to me from a nearby poplar grove. Marking the nest so that I could find it again I followed the new voice. I cautiously advanced until the music was above me, then peered into the trembling leaves. A branch, bent aside by the wind, revealed for an instant a bit of scarlet. "A Tanager," I exclaimed under my breath. Changing my position so that I could get a good view of the bird I leveled the glasses and proceeded to examine it. My "find" proved to be the Summer Tanager, or Red-bird. The first, by the way, I ever saw. Perched high up on a swaying branch, the bright scarlet of its feathers showing well against the silvery green of the poplar, it was a sight to remember. Its song reminded me of the Oriole, but was sweeter and richer. Perhaps the bird saw me, or perhaps its mate demanded attention, anyway it flew—a flash of color, and was gone.

The drumming of a Grouse next attracted my attention. From early boyhood I have longed to see a Grouse drum. I have crawled through swamps upon my hands and knees. I have concealed myself near a "drumming log." In fact I have done everything but I never have been able to surprise the Grouse drumming. Upon the day in question I saw the bird upon the log, but unfortunately he saw me at the same time and stepped down and walked away. Not in haste, oh, no, there was no unseemingly haste, but slowly and with dignity.

If any of the readers of American Ornithology, have seen Grouse in the act of drumming their stories would be interesting. I for one, would like to know how they succeeded.

The declining sun warned me that it was time to turn my steps homeward so I left the woods.

Just before I reached the road I noticed a bird upon a limb of a tree, which I took for a Whip-poor-will, but upon closer examination I thought it was a Night-hawk. Unable to decide I threw a stick and drove it from its perch. Flying, two white spots were observable upon its wings, so I knew it for the latter.

So ended a very pleasant afternoon.

A FAMILY OF CHICKADEES.

BY A. C. DIKE.

To all who have become interested in the feathered residents about their homes, nothing seems to afford greater pleasure and more interesting experiences than experiments with them that show the amount of confidence which they sometimes manifest in man. Considerable has been written during the past few years concerning the methods of attracting the more familiar species of birds to our homes and those who have intelligently undertaken this work have met with very gratifying results. Occasionally individuals of certain species such as the Chipping Sparrow, Bluebird, Robin, Nuthatch and Chickadee, have become so confiding in man as to approach very near or even alight upon his hand.

In taming the birds about our homes it is necessary that we do only those things that assure them and make them feel that we are their friends. Among such acts by which we are able to give this assurance the proffer of food is the most effective. The saying that the "only way to a bird's heart is thru his crop," is a fact that has been verified by every one who has attempted the taming of wild birds. Another fact which should be borne in mind in taming a bird, is, that it is a

timid, defenseless creature whose life for ages has depended chiefly upon ability to fly. Surrounded by enemies a bird naturally interprets any quick movements as a hostile act. Any careless or hostile act may make the bird, which would otherwise seek us, "wild" for life. Therefore, in taming birds two things are absolutely necessary. First, we



must offer them tempting food. Second, we must approach them in a careful and apparently unconcerned manner. Do not hastily pursue them or make quick movements with the hands or arms. When you seek to tame a bird first encourage it, if possible, by offering food, to frequent some place which may be easily approached and then visit the place alone and as quietly as possible until you are able to offer it food from your hand. By thus approaching a bird you offer the best inducements for gaining its confidence.

But all birds can not be tamed. Only certain individuals of a few species have been known to alight upon and take food from the hand. Such birds can only be found by careful experiment and much patience.

During the month of October 1903, I noticed that a family of three Chickadees came several times each day to inspect the fruit trees about

my home for food. They were usually seen together and I soon learned that I could approach very near to them. They seemed to be more confiding in me each day and would come and alight upon the veranda posts and window frames. I fastened some small sun flowers to the posts of the veranda until they became accustomed to coming there frequently for food. They soon showed no fear and would alight very near me. One morning as I was bringing them their usual supply of seeds one of them met me and with apparently no fear or hesitation alighted upon my hand, took a seed and flew away. I remained as quiet as possible and he came to my hand several times for seeds. It was interesting to watch him perch upon my finger, snatch a seed from my hand and fly to a branch near by where he would hold it beneath his toes and hammer it with his little bill, Blue Jay fashion, until he could get the meat. I soon made arrangements for photographing these birds. When the necessary arrangements had been made I removed the sun flower seeds from the places in which they had been accustomed to find them and seated myself near by holding some of the seeds in my hand. At first they flew around me apparently somewhat disappointed from finding the seeds removed. Finally one came quite near to me and soon alighted upon my cap. He soon left my



cap and flew to my knee where he immediately began searching for seeds as he climbed toward my hands turning his head and looking at me with an inquiring expression in his bright little eyes and seeming to say, Where are those Seeds?

While each of the three Chickadees were quite tame only one of them could be depended upon to alight upon the hand. The other two have taken food from my hand occasionally when prevented by inclement weather from obtaining their natural food. The tamest one of these birds comes quite regularly each day to the window and calls to me with a series of chick-a-dees, liquid gurgles, and strange chuckling notes until I bring him food, when he will come to my hand as soon as I open the door. Once after eating from a piece of suet which I held in my hand he flew to a branch near by, when I placed the meat in my pocket and held out my empty hand to him. He soon perched upon it and evidently taking my finger for a piece of suet he hammered it with his sharp little bill until he nearly drew blood. I endured the treatment until I felt that I had been sufficiently punished for deceiving the little fellow when much to his disappointment I carefully withdrew my hand. He seems to recognize me wherever we meet about my home and usually when not far away he will come to me when I imitate his *phoe-be* call to which he often replies.

SOME MID-WINTER GLIMPSES OF NATURE FROM MY KITCHEN WINDOWS.

For several years I have been interested in watching the birds about my home, learning the names, songs and habits of some of them.

During the severe winter of 1904, when the food supply of the birds was cut off by snow and ice, I began putting out scraps of meat, bones and crumbs from the table. Just back of the house, stood a barrel, nearly filled with snow and ice, into which I put bones of all kinds.

Watching from my kitchen window I soon saw a blue-jay come and begin to feast on the good things he had found. After awhile other jays came, but number one would never allow them in the barrel with himself. They had to be content to perch on a bush near by and watch with curious eyes until number one flew away when another would seize the opportunity to get a taste.

I became quite attached to them, for they are handsome fellows in spite of their bad habits and harsh voices.

Their voices are not always harsh however, for the peculiar whistle they sometimes make is quite melodious. I saw one in the act of whistling one day as he stood perched on the edge of my barrel, and was surprised to see him make a bow when he whistled, while he held his head up when he screamed. After this I watched to see if it was

always the same, and found that he always made a most polite bow when he whistled.

The jays were not the only visitors to my barrel, for a number of chickadees found it too. After these dear little fellows came I tied pieces of suet to some low bushes near by so as to even things up better. These pieces of meat disappeared so fast, that I mistrusted robbers were about, and watched from my window for the thief.

It proved to be a red squirrel, who very easily cut the twine with his sharp teeth and carried the meat away, sometimes to an old woodshed, and again to a tall pine tree.

One day he attempted to climb a steep bank covered with snow, and dropped his prize, which rolled to the bottom and was buried in the snow. Perhaps Mr. Squirrel was as hungry as the birds but I thought him too piggish and was quite glad to see the meat slip away from him.

After this I used wire in place of the twine so Mr. Squirrel found it difficult to get large pieces. The chickadees became so tame that they would stay quite close to my hand while I tied the meat to the tree. One morning I saw one of these jaunty little birds on my back walk. He looked up so bright in spite of the cold, and with his head cocked on one side said in a very emphatic way, chick-a-dee-dee, as if he were bidding me good morning. I felt happier all day for his morning greeting.

Very close to one of my kitchen windows is a large white oak; to the trunk of this tree I nailed pieces of fat meat and every day just at noon a chickadee came for his dinner.

I threw crumbs on the ground under the tree and looking out one day I saw a large gray squirrel, sitting as squirrels do, eating johnny-cake. About two feet away a beautiful downy woodpecker in his black and white coat and red cap was eating the same kind of food. I crossed the room and saw from the other window a hairy woodpecker on a tree near by. The brown creepers frequented the trees in my yard but I never saw one eat any of the food I put out.

The white-breasted nuthatches are great favorites of mine, and I never fail to stop my work and watch them when the opportunity offers.

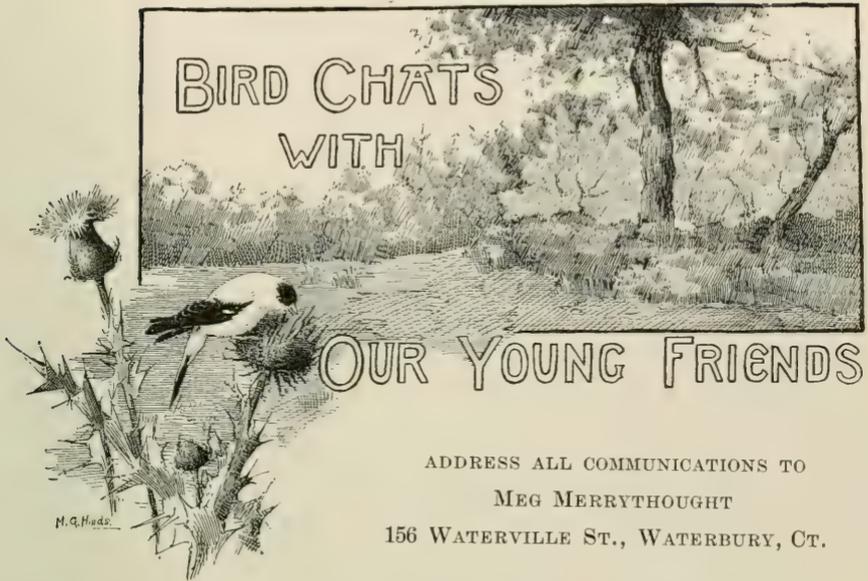
Having read that these birds always feed with the head down, I was interested to see what would happen when one started up the oak with a crumb of bread in his bill.

Sure enough he had to stand on his head before he could take even a bite, and then he did another queer thing. Instead of eating the bread all up he hid it in one of the crevices of the rough bark, poking it way in out of sight with his sharp bill, then he flew away. I watched to see if he would come back for the crumb. In a little while back he flew, and going directly to the hiding place, pulled out the crumb, and flew to another tree. I was unable to see from my windows whether he hid it again or not.



Photo by F. R. Miller.

YOUNG SCREECH OWLS.
[Winner of 2nd Prize, Class 2, 1905 competition.]



ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT

156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

How many of you have been coaxing the Chickadees this winter, and gotten them to come at your call to feast upon raw peanuts? Hold up your hands.

I had such a delightful visit with a tiny king with a golden crown the other morning, he was a beauty, and he knew it and seemed to try to convince me of it too. As his golden crown shone in the sunlight, I was reminded of a bird which I saw last summer who also bore upon his crown a circle of gold. He sat placidly eating the wooly worms contained in the silken tent which was spread among the branches of a wild cherry tree, but a few yards from where I sat. The back of the bird was of iridescent olive greys burnished with brown, his belly was of the softest white, his bill long, powerful and slightly curved, his tail was long, and his brown eyes looked as if they had been fastened in with buttonhole stitch. Can you tell me his name?

As he turned his head I had many good views of a bright yellow spot upon his crown about a quarter of an inch in diameter. I have never noticed this feather in any other Cuckoo, nor have I seen it mentioned by a writer on birds. Was this a king of his tribe, or is this a common mark of these birds? Have any of our boys or girls seen a *golden-crowned* Cuckoo? If so please report to

Your Friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Carl Dowell, Port Richmond, N. J.
 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.

MAIL BAG EXTRACTS.

SOME YOUNG OWLS.

One day my cousin found a baby Owl on the ground and put it in a hollow apple tree. When I went to see the little owl, I found a companion had joined it; two white fluffy baby owls lay side by side in their new nest, fast asleep.

The next day I attempted to photograph them, but they were too young to stand without help. At the same time I found a third baby owl upon the ground a hundred feet from the tree. This owl was stronger than the others and could stand alone. A few days later the three owls could stand without help for a few moments, so I succeeded in getting some good photographs of them.

One night I thought it would be interesting to see the little owls being fed, so I stood near the tree; but I did not stay there long, for one of the old owls flew silently from behind me and struck me in the head.

A few days later a fourth owl was found on a tree and I placed it with the others. The next night the poor little owls were stolen and probably all died in captivity.

I found a fifth owl the next night and had the pleasant experience of feeding it. I pulled some feathers out of a pillow and wrapped them around small pieces of meat, which the bird took from my fingers.

SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS,
 Belmont, Mass.

 THE CATBIRD.

The Catbird is a bluish gray bird with long tail feathers, and a long bill.

He is a fine singer when he wishes to be. I have listened to him for half an hour singing all the other birds songs. The nests are made of sticks, paper and perforated leaves, lined with fine roots. The eggs are a greenish blue. The young have very short tails. I have got within a foot of a young catbird.

MARJORIE INMAN,
 Worcester, Mass.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

- C. uckoo.
 R. aven.
 A. lbatross.
 N. oddy.
 E. agle.

 DESCRIPTIVE ADJECTIVES.

- Purple Martin.
 Demure Cedar Waxwing.
 Brilliant Scarlet Tanager.
 Preaching Red-eyed Vireo.
 Lazy Cowbird.
 Social Chipping Sparrow.
 Cheery Confiding Chickadee.
 Pensive Pewee.
 Saucy Blue Jay.
 Pestiferous English Sparrow.

 ROBIN'S DESCRIPTION.

1. Head, sides of throat and tail.
2. Center of throat.
3. Upper parts.
- 4 and 5. Underparts except lower abdomen, and under tail coverts which are white.
6. Ten to eleven inches.
7. Entire plumage of female is lighter.
8. Nestlings streaked above with buff, and heavily spotted above and below with black.
9. In North America east of Rocky Mts. the Western Robin is found west of the Mountains.
10. Coarse grass, leaves and roots, plastered with mud.
11. 3 to 5 eggs light greenish blue.
12. It hops.
13. Berries of many sorts.
14. Beetles, flies, grasshoppers, crickets, moths, etc.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

One day 9-10-1 looked up the 13-6-5-4-2-6 and saw a 1-10-10-5 feeding on the 6-7-9-8-4-5 grass by the roadside, 6-7-9 minutes later it bounded away out of sight. 9-10-1 told 6-7-8 what he had 13-4-7-9 but 6-7-8 smiled, and 13-9-7-7-5-2-1 at his story, 7-5-7 night. 6-7-8 also saw the 1-10-10-5 and he did not 5-4-3-12 until he had asked 9-10-1-3 pardon for doubting his word. He gave him two 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 9-10-11-12-13 which he found hanging on a 6-5-4-2 by his house.

WHAT BIRD IS THIS?

We come to you in a time of cold, floating down in great flocks as if we came from the snow clouds. Our plumage at this season, is of the softest browns and whites. Our outer tail feathers are white, our wings are banded with white. We wear chestnut necklaces across our white bosoms, and have buffy crowns and sides. We resemble fluffy chickens as we *walk* about on the ground.

GLEANINGS.

THE KITTIWAKES.

Like white feathers blown about the rocks,
 Like soft snowflakes wavering in the air,
 Wheel the Kittiwakes in scattered flocks,
 Crying, floating, fluttering everywhere.

Shapes of snow and cloud, they soar and whirl,
 Downy breasts that shine like lilies white;
 Delicate vaporous tints of gray and pearl,
 Laid upon their arching wings so white.

CELIA THAXTER.



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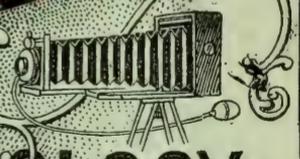
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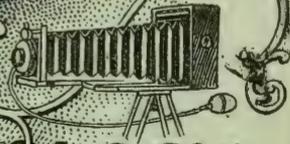
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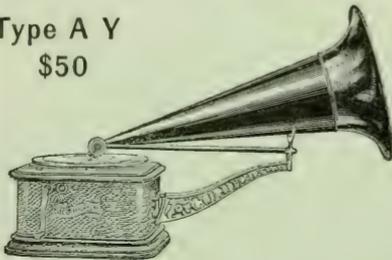


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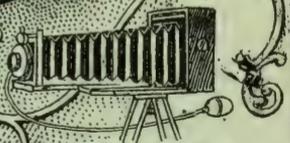


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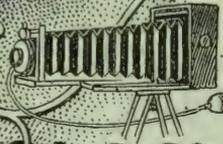
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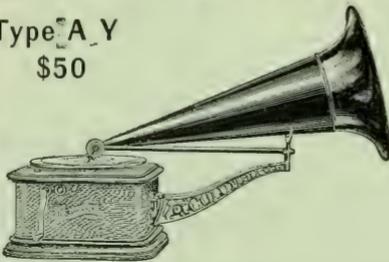
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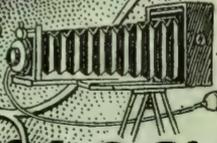
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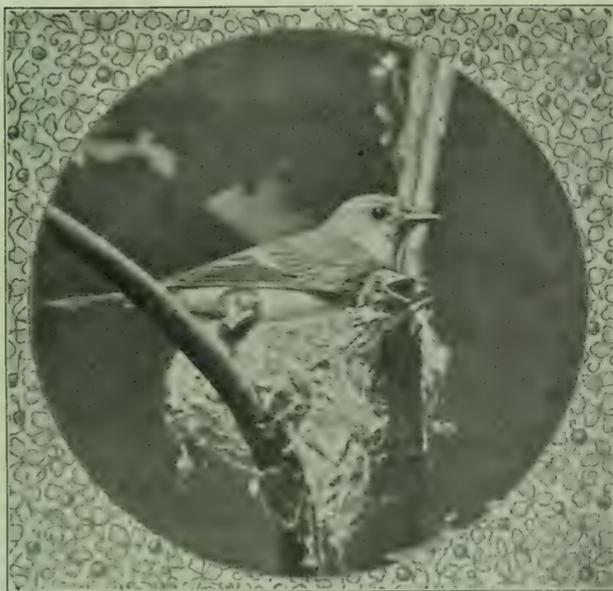
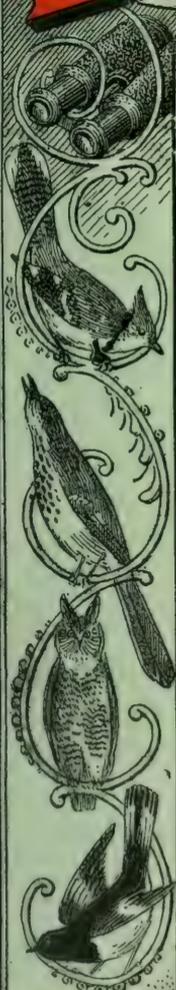
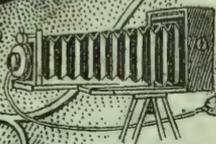
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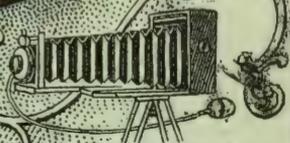


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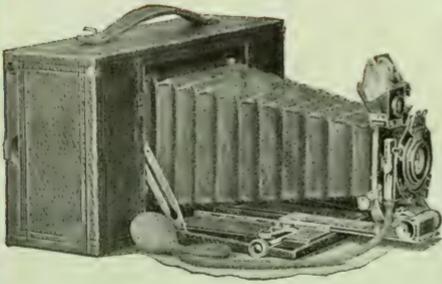
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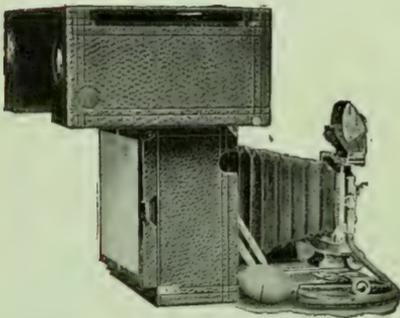
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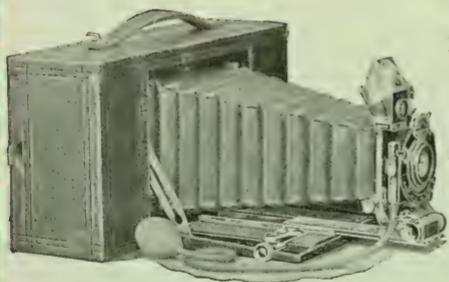
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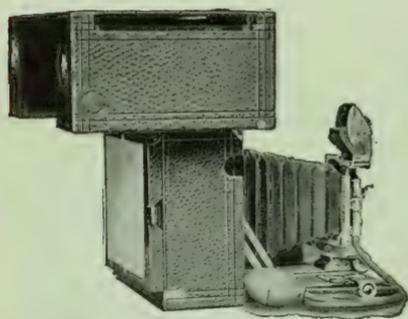
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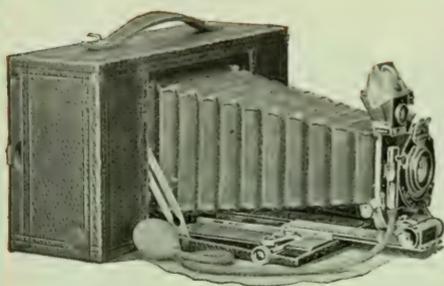
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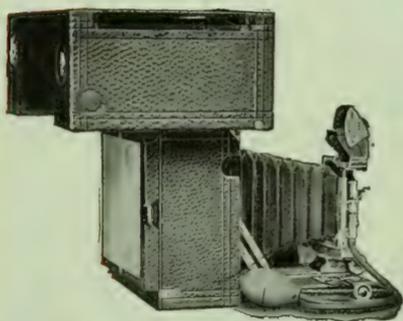
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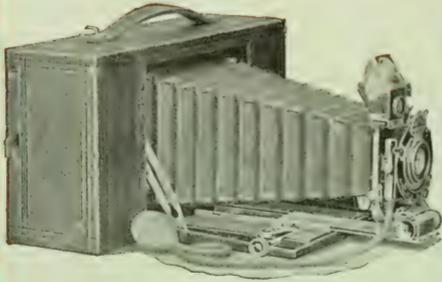
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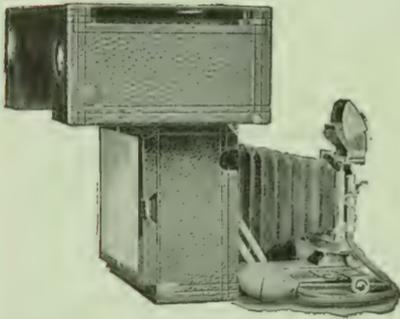
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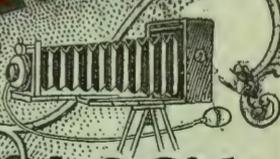
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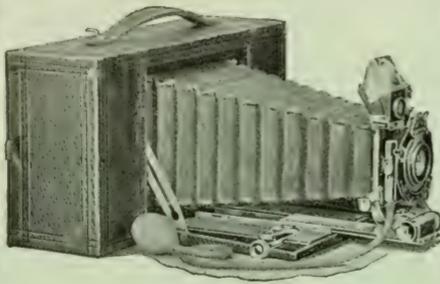
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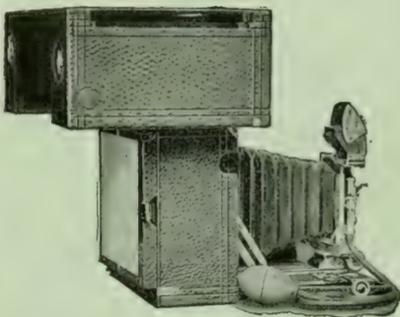


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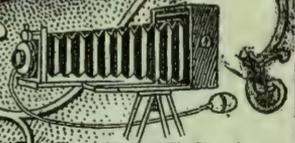
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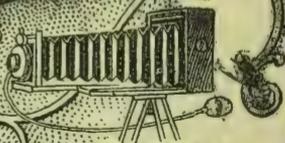
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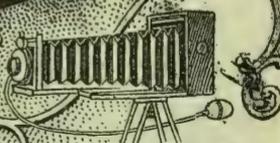
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