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THE OOLOGIST
FOR THE
STUDENT OF BIRDS
THEIR NESTS AND EGGS

VOLUME XXXIV

ALBION, N. Y. and LACON, ILL.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY

VOL. XXXIV. No. 1.

ALBION, N. Y., JAN. 15, 1917.

WHOLE No. 354

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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1917

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FOR SALE—A Stevens collecting gun with shells, loading tools, etc.; 15 inch barrel, 44 caliber, but slightly used. Good as new. Price \$12.00. F. T. PEMBER, Granville, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912 of The Oologist published monthly at Lacon, Illinois, for October, 1916.

Editor, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.; Managing Editor, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.; Business Manager, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.; Publisher, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Owner, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

R. M. BARNES,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of November, 1916.

(Seal)

ERNA THIEDOHR,

Notary Public

My commission expires Mar. 11th, 1919.

THE OOLOGIST is the very best advertising medium in the United States to dispose of or secure Bird books and magazines. Try it and see.

If you want to buy or sell any natural history implements, cases, Indian relics, butterflies, etc., try our columns. They will produce satisfactory results.

Frank H. Lattin

An envelope bearing this return card—"Assembly Chamber State of New York, Albany, Frank H. Lattin, Albion, N. Y." reaches our desk and we wonder whether or not our old friend Lattin has been elected, selected or condemned to serve as a member of the New York Legislature. If so, he should have advised his old bird friends long ago, that they might condole with him upon the great misfortune of falling from the high estate of a bird's egg collector into the commonplace position of a legislator for the Empire State of New York.

Albino Robin

F. A. W. Dean of Alliance, Ohio, reports collecting a nearly white Robin with a spotted breast and white head, the back being black, the wings white. This would make a very nice specimen to mount.

OUR FRIENDS

Here is what just a few of our readers think of THE OOLOGIST. We have on file hundreds and hundreds of similar letters. Send us Fifty Cents now and before the end of 1917 you will write us a similar letter, we are sure.

Dec. 11, 1915.

"I like your paper very much."

S. A. Douglas.

Dec. 13, 1915.

"I have taken the Oologist only one year, but now I could not get along without it. It is certainly a fine bird publication at a very low price.

Rollin Buchanan.

Dec. 14, 1915.

"The paper improves every year."

E. W. Kelly.

Dec. 16, 1915.

"I find much of interest in your little magazine and I hope it a very successful year."

Wm. L. G. Edson.

Dec. 16, 1915.

"I enjoy reading your magazine very much indeed.

Chester S. Day.

Jan. 24, 1916.

"It would be hard to do without the Oologist."

George D. Peck.

Jan. 31, 1916.

"I have taken it a good many years and do not want to miss a single number.

O. S. Biggs,

Jan. 30, 1916.

"Your valuable publication helps to keep me interested in my old hobby."

A. M. Ingersoll.

Jan. 4, 1916.

"Let me thank you for your devotion to all the brotherhood of Oologists and ornithologists, in giving your time so cheerfully to the publication of our little journal."

Paul C. Hawes.

April 30, 1916.

"I find your paper one of the most interesting publications on the subject of Oology."

Alfred Cookman.

March 2, 1916.

"I wish to say that the March number is the very best Oologist that has been issued.

Horace O. Green.

March 27, 1916.

"You are to be greatly congratulated on the way you have increased the value of the paper and certainly we egg cranks owe you our best support."

A. E. Price.

Dec. 30, 1915.

"Your delightful little magazine is good, very good, interesting and a fount of instruction, and the "Supplement" of July 1915, "A Bibliography, etc," by Mr. Frank L. Burns is as unique as it is interesting and useful, which I sincerely appreciate and heartily thank Mr. Burn for such a useful reference."

Alfred L. Marshall.

Dec. 15, 1915.

"Congratulations on the paper issued during the past year."

M. C. Badger.

Jan. 5, 1916.

"The Oologist is certainly a fine magazine."

Paul Harrington.

Jan. 5, 1916.

"Your magazine is improving every month."

Caspar G. Burn.

THE OÖLOGIST.

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ALBION, N. Y., JAN. 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 354

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Burnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

1917

It is a pleasure to wish all of the subscribers and readers of THE OÖLOGIST a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We propose to continue the publication of THE OÖLOGIST during the ensuing year along the same lines that it has been published during the past years.

We make no promises but one, and that is, we will do the best we can. Whether we publish a good Oologist or a poor one will depend very largely upon our subscribers and contributors. As The Oologist is not a commercial publication, we must rely upon voluntary contributions of those interested in bird life, and likewise interested in the upkeep and betterment of The Oologist. All contributions of copy will be properly credited and we are

sure will be appreciated by our readers.

Notice is hereby given that with this issue of The Oologist all subscribers whose subscription expired with the December, 1915, issue of this magazine and whose subscription ticket and envelope in which their Oologist is mailed is numbered 341, or with any number preceding that, are dropped. The Federal Post Office regulations prohibit the mailing of a publication of this kind to any person who is more than one year in arrears in subscription. We assume the great majority of those who will be thus dropped will desire to renew their subscription. In order to be assured of a complete file of this Oologist this renewal should be made at once..

From One Generation to the Next

Pot hunters and some folk who call themselves sportsmen are in an organized effort to defeat the purposes of the federal migratory bird law. St. Louis is a center of this activity because in and near St. Louis are many men with shot guns who want spring shooting. Spring duck hunting is in favor in the waters of Missouri and southern Illinois.

The act is in the Supreme court, where it may find that a good intent does not protect a bad method, but true sportsmen and real friends of the nation are hoping that the method of protection is as good as the purpose.

Opponents of the law are not relying wholly upon the legal issue. If the law remains a law they want to prevent its enforcement. One way of doing this is by persuading congress to withhold an appropriation for enforcement.

What the opposition wants is spring shooting of game birds. The spring migration is towards the breeding and nesting grounds. The bird the shot-gun gets in the spring is the one which ceases to be a factor in the continuation of the breed. Very obvious, and it might seem just as obvious that if the breed be worth while which it is, it would be worth while for it to be given a chance to continue.

The issue is one of present-day selfishness against future good, and it is a much larger and more generous issue than the simple one of whether there shall be malards, wood duck, etc., twenty years from now.

The question is whether the land is going to be passed on in any such rich, interesting, and beautiful fashion as it was received. Upon reflection it will seem a very sordid, ugly sort of nastiness for a generation which received a great deal to leave nothing.

There are other forms of selfishness

which can be respected, but this form is in effect a crime against children. It reveals a human in a naked sort of soullessness which is highly unpleasant to behold or consider. The whole issue of conservation is one committing on one side a high order of intelligent unselfishness and on the other a particularly ugly sort of selfishness. The protection of migratory birds is only a part of the scheme, but it is a sound and important part.

The decorations of life cannot be ignored with wisdom any more than the purely material interests can be. This generation which begins to see the waste of natural resources and natural beauties must be governed by self-restraint if the next generation is to find the land as well worth living in as we have found it.

It would seem to be only an elementary sort of decency so to leave it.

Forty Years Ago and Now

I am in receipt of a letter from a gentleman in New Jersey saying that forty years ago he found the Carolina Paroquet plentiful in Florida and breeding freely and that he would like to secure a few clutches of their eggs. Now there are but three of these birds known to be in Florida and as they have been in the same locality for a number of years and have not increased, they are supposed to be all of one sex.

Forty years I was just twenty and looking forward to the future, now I am looking back over the past. Forty years ago I saw the woods alive with what we called the "Wild Pigeon," now extinct. Forty years ago I shot Wild Turkey in Georgia, none there now. Forty years ago the Ivory-billed Woodpecker was plentiful in Florida, as late as twenty years ago I counted twelve of these birds in a small patch of dead pine trees; the last one I saw



Giant Petrel and Young at South Orkney Ids., Feb., 1915. The white spots are icebergs. —Photo by A. G. Bennett

was ten years ago. Forty years ago there were islands here known as Pink Curlew rookeries, (Roseate Spoonbill) then it was common to see hundreds of these beautiful birds in one colony, now it is rare to see half a dozen. If they decrease in the next five years as rapidly as they have in the last five, they will be classed with the Ivory-billed Woodpecker, Carolina Paroquet, etc.

The Florida Wild Turkey is nothing like as plentiful as it was ten years ago, neither is the Swallow-tailed Kite or Everglade Kite; the latter is diminishing rapidly as the draining of the Everglade progresses. As late as five years ago I saw possibly ten thousand or more white Ibis in one colony, now five hundred of these birds is considered a large colony. Ten years ago it was common to see hundreds of Vultures around a pile of skinned alligators, now twenty is a large number.

The migratory birds do not pass here in nothing like the number they did ten years ago. At this rate of decrease what will be the status of our feathered friends at the end of the next forty years? Many of them will be classed with the Great Auk and Passenger Pigeon. If any reader knows of the Carolina Paroquet breeding in any place, I would like to hear from him.

The decrease in the birds is not caused by taking their eggs, as all the birds except the Bald Eagle that nest here, will lay the second clutch of eggs if the first is taken and many of the birds will continue to lay clutches until August or raise a brood.

J. B. Ellis.

Chokoloskee, Florida.

Height at Which Birds Fly

Undoubtedly there is much variation in the height above the earth at

which birds make their migratory flights. That the flight is often low anyone can demonstrate to his own satisfaction by listening to the bird-calls, which can be heard overhead upon favorable nights during the migrating season. Often these appear to be so near, it would seem that the birds must be little higher than the tree-tops. Indeed, the writer once saw two large white gulls flying low enough to be recognized by the light of an electric street lamp. This was at an inland point, fully one hundred miles away from a body of water of any size. Hunters are familiar with the height at which ducks and geese are often seen flying but it remains for John Burroughs to give testimony to the extreme height at which he once observed a flock of swans. Swans are large birds, but they were flying so high overhead as to have been almost invisible to Mr. Burroughs' unaided eye. He estimates that they must have been at a height of at least three miles.—The Classmate.—W. A. Strong, San Jose, Cal.

Paul G. Howes

The well-known naturalist of Stamford, Conn., has just returned from an extended visit in South America, most of the time being spent at the Observation Station of the New York Zoological Society maintained by it in British Guinea. During the time spent there, not the least interesting of the discoveries made was the breeding place of the Hoatzin, which is the only surviving link connecting the dim and distant past with the present so far as the birds and reptiles are concerned; it being the only one remaining on earth which still has fingers on the wings which it uses in climbing.

A very complete review of the life history of this rare and curious bird

is published in the September 1916 Zoological Society Bulletin published by the New York Zoological Society, the same being written by William Beebe and illustrated by a most remarkable series of photographs taken by Mr. Beebe and Mr. Howes.

Many other curious zoological specimens were brought back and much new information discovered, not the least being the nesting of the Black-necked Aracari Toucan, the nidification of which was entirely unknown before this trip.

Mr. Howes kindly forwards the Editor a personally taken set of one egg of the Hoatzin, which, owing to its extreme rarity, is much prized and will surely have an honored place in our cabinet.

The New York Zoological Society is to be congratulated upon being able to connect with it a man like Howes. A long time ago the Editor of this magazine visited Mr. Howes while then a boy at Stamford, Connecticut, and was more than favorably impressed with the prospects of a coming naturalist. The productions we have frequently made in *The Oologist* regarding his future standing will without doubt be fully realized; failing health along will prevent the same.

Some Nesting Birds of the Judith Basin, Montana.

P. M. Silloway.

In reviewing my Montana notebooks, I find that I have a series of notes yet unpublished, which include descriptions of forty nests representative of the writer's spring observations during the last season of his residence in Montana, the summer being spent in the Flathead region with the University of Montana biological station. These notes pertain to the Judith Basin, Fergus County,

and since ecological conditions have not materially changed in the interim, the notes are herewith presented as a contribution to the avi-faunal knowledge of that interesting locality.

The Judith Basin is a large area, much too large to be dealt with comprehensively in an ornithological journal. It is the valley of the Judith River, and occupies about the western third of Fergus County, say at least 1,500 square miles. The principal sources of the Judith are in the Belt Mountains and in the Big Snowies. Along the eastern side of the Basin are the two groups of Moccasin Mountains. In the Judith Gap, between the Belts and the Snowies, one recognized head of the Judith is very near the head of the Musselshell river, the latter flowing eastward to meet the Yellowstone while the Judith flows northward to meet the Missouri river. The altitude of Judith Gap is 4,650 feet, and the elevation of the Basin decreases from that to about 3,000 feet at the Missouri river.

There are two aspects of the Judith Basin worth mention, the dry prairies and the creek bottoms, for we shall regard the mountains as external to the Basin itself. The prairies are the dominant features of the basin, and the creek bottoms are secondary; both prairies and bottoms, however, have their characteristic phases of diversity, which can not be here described at length. The sides of the Basin, as it extends north and south, are intersected by deep ravines or coulees, formed by small water-courses from the mountains on their way to join the Judith, and these ravines support thickets of haw, willow, buffalo-berry, and choke-cherry; while the lower stream-beds are fringed by willow and cotton woods. The prairies form a series of benches or terraces rising gradually from the main water-

courses; they are bare of trees or bushes, but in the spring they are a-glow with lupine, lark-spur, harebell, wild flax, and other plants, besides balsamorhiza, wild geranium, and others. In the foothills there are dwarf aspens and small conifers, merging into thick virgin coniferous forests on the mountain slopes. With this brief introduction, necessary to a fair understanding of the environment, we proceed with the observations about the nesting birds of the Basin.

Nest No. 1, April 16. Desert Horned Lark. *Otocoris alpestris leucolaema* (Coues). It seems peculiar that having grown up in Illinois among the horned larks of the prairie, and while watching their habits in that state, I was never able to find their nests then; the nests that I then observed and studied were always pointed out to me by a friend who could find them easily. Just before I left Illinois to make my home in Montana, this friend explained to me how to find the nests, and thereafter I had no trouble in this respect. His advice was something like this: "When you are in a bare pasture where you think the larks are nesting, look around and notice where birds are feeding in sight, but pay no attention to them, they are not the ones you are after. Then walk ahead, where no birds are in sight, scrutinizing the ground ahead for forty to fifty feet. Presently a bird appears in view, feeding aimlessly and walking away carelessly, she is probably a female that heard you coming and stepped from her nest to avoid being detected on it nearer at hand. Search the ground around where she appeared in view, and you will likely find a nest. If you don't find it then, go away and come back to the place, scanning the ground ahead as before, after giving the bird time to go into her nest; if

she again appears, you are certain a nest is there, so hunt until you find it."

This nest No. 1 was on one of the many benches rising from Big Spring creek, near Lewiston, along the old stage road leading to Great Falls. The nest was found as usual by observing the female leave the nest at my approach, less than twenty feet ahead of me. Unlike most of the nests of this species I have examined, this nest had a northern exposure, and was backed up by a slight tuft of grass. On the front it was banked up with coarse particles of dried cow chips, a very common method of nest construction with this species. The nest was made of coarse gray grass, and it had a bedding of soft pistils. This nest contained three eggs, and when visited again two days later, the nest complement had not been increased.

Nest No. 2. April 29. American Magpie. *Pica pica hudsonia*. The magpie became one of my most intimate friends in my Judith Basin experience. He was always reliable, for I knew just about how many nests were to be examined in the vicinity of Lewistown, and I always set apart the last Saturday of April for my magpie-nest hunting. A magpie outing in Montana is like a crow outing in Illinois, except that one does not have to climb so high for the magpie's nests and he generally carries home more eggs of this western resident. This nest No. 2 was in a grove of small willows near Big Spring creek. It was about twelve feet from the ground, in upright forks of a tuft of slender willows. Nobody was at home when I rapped in question of my welcome, but I had become accustomed to western ways so I proceeded to make myself at home in the owner's absence. In a few moments, however,

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even before I began to climb upward, both birds were flying nervously about overhead or sitting momentarily nearby, chattering and scolding in magpie dialect. I somehow always liked to hear that magpie talk, it sounds rather human, and I have no doubt it is very expressive of magpie impulses and feelings. Since I could not understand magpie talk, however, I went about my business of examining that nest and its contents. It was made in the usual magpie manner, with a bowl or basement of mud and clay, this part being six inches across the top inside, and four and one-half inches deep; and it was lined with dark rootlets and a scanty amount of horse-hair. Above and around this was a lattice-work of rough twigs and slender sticks, extending for about two feet vertically, a nice roomy, well-ventilated protection to Mrs. Magpie when sitting in her mud basement. There were no special openings for ingress or egress, and it is apparent that the owner can slip through the twigs most anywhere to get into the nest. At the time of my visit this nest held eight eggs, which constitutes a fair complement, as I have found all the way from seven to thirteen eggs in full complements of this species, though eight and nine are more common than the other numbers.

Nest No. 2 A. American Magpie. On this particular day nests of the magpie had become an old story, so I took the trouble to look in only one more. This was in a haw tree in a thicket of these thorny trees, well hidden from view from the outside, and hard to get at except by squirming through the closely-set stems and branches. When I saw the male flying about on the outskirts of the thicket, however, I decided to push in and see what could be found. The

nest was twelve feet from the ground, in an upright crotch of haw, and I had to take several punctures in various portions of my anatomy before I could get my hand into the magpie structure. This nest had a bowl of clayey mud, dried and firm-set as usual, six and one-half inches across the cavity at the top, and five inches deep,—a typical nest in this respect. It had a large strong canopy or lattice-work made in approved magpie fashion. I have often wondered what this open-formation canopy was for, anyway; it will certainly not shelter from the rain, but it will generally keep out snow, and Mrs. Magpie can expect at least one snow storm while she is sitting on her eggs and feeding the young in the nest. In this instance there were nine eggs, a full complement.

Nest No. 3. April 30. American Magpie. Most of the nests of the magpie in this locality are found in the ravines or coulees, or in the willow and haw thickets of the lower creeks; many nests, however, are in the large yellow pines scattered along the upper parts of the ravines, where the benches merge into the foothills. In such locations the nests are placed on horizontal branches, out from the main trunk, and thus situated they are more difficult to reach. Nest No. 3 was in one of the many little coulees opening into the Spring Creek valley. It was located in a haw tree, about twelve feet from the ground, among oblique upward forks. The basement of dried mud was six inches across the top of the cavity, and five inches deep. There was an inner nest of dark rootlets. This nest had a very bulky canopy of interwoven sticks, and only slight arrangements for so-called entrances; that is, several places were left where the birds could slip through, any one of which might

be denominated an entrance or doorway though no one opening was more noticeable than any other. The nest complement in this instance was eight eggs.

Nest No. 4. April 30. American Magpie. This nest was in the same coulee as Nest No. 3, and it is noted because of its unusual size. In fact, its large and massive appearance suggested to me that it certainly belonged to a pair which expected a numerous progeny and they had planned their house accordingly, but how easily we are misled by exterior indications, it held only seven eggs. The basement bowl of this nest measured ten inches across the cavity at the top, and six inches deep. There was the customary inner lining of dark rootlets and horse-hair, and the imposing super-structure of sticks was so regularly made that it had no special places for entrance.

Nest No. 5. May 7. American Magpie. This nest was in a willow thicket in an overflowed place near Spring Creek. It was made on very oblique branches of willow saplings, about eight feet from the water below. The mud bowl was six inches across and four inches deep. The inner nest or lining was made of dark rootlets and many black horse-hairs. The canopy was merely typical. In the case the birds were on an outing when I arrived, but both soon came near when they found that the peace of their home was threatened. There were nine eggs in this nest.

Nest No. 6, May 1, American Magpie. This nest was in a haw tree of a thicket near Big Spring creek. It was ten feet from the ground, in an upright crotch. This structure was peculiar in having the canopy on one side, not around and above as usual, but rather as if it had fallen partially over, exposing the other side. The

adobe basement was typical in size and structure, as also the inner nest or lining. There were nine eggs in this complement.

Nest No. 7. May 7. American Magpie. This nest was in an upright fork of a haw, ten feet from the ground, in a thicket. Adobe basement, inner nest, and canopy, all were typical, but it contained thirteen eggs, all evenly marked and evenly incubated, clearly deposited by one bird. This was a record-breaker among nest complements of this species, for in an experience of twelve years with the magpie the writer never before met with a set of this number, and only once with a set of twelve. And then I wondered why the set of seven happened to be in the unusually large nest, and the set of thirteen in a nest of merely typical size.

Nest No. 8. Desert Horned Lark. This nest was found on May 9, on one of the benches near Lewistown. I was strolling over the bench in a ramble toward the close of the day, with an eye open ahead for any nesting lark that might step into view, and soon the expected happened. If the eggs are well incubated the female will sit longer, not stepping out of the nest until the intruder is within ten to twenty feet. I have never known an instance where a sitting horned lark permitted herself to sit so close that she had to flutter from the nest, as many of the ground nesting birds do when their nests are approached. This particular nest was made beside a tuft of spare grass, and partially sunken into the base of the insignificant grass-stem. It was constructed of dried grass, soft pistils, and small feathers. There were four eggs in this nest.

Another nest of Desert Horned Lark was found the same day on this same bench. The female was started from



Gulls at Datona, Florida.

—Photo by S. V. Wharram.

the nest, and upon my standing without further advancing, at about ten feet away, she returned in an aimless manner and resumed her place upon the nest. Then I advanced another short step or two, she again left her charge; and as I stood still as before, she once more returned while I was about eight feet from the nest, and quietly took her place in the nest. There were four eggs in this instance, and I presume they were advanced in incubation, judging from the owner's desire to remain with them.

This completes the writer's observations upon the Desert Horned Lark and the American Magpie for the season.

The Owls of Northern Central Iowa.

American Long-eared Owl. This can be classed as a rare breeder as I have taken but five sets in 15 years of collecting. These sets were all in old flattened crow' nests and were all taken in the second growth timber in the hills back from the river. I have never seen an Owl of this species in the river bottom lands.

The sets ran in numbers from four to six eggs and were taken from April 2nd to April 18th.

Short-eared Owl, a slightly more abundant breeder and resident than the Long-eared species. I can generally find one or two sets each year, by diligent search in the large weedy hay fields to the south of here. The number of eggs are usually five or six and the nest just a few weed stems, grasses and feathers or may be a hollow in an old rotted hay stack is used. I usually keep on the look out for nests of this Owl about corn planting time, May 10th.

Barred Owl. A rare bird with us here in Kossuth County. I have a record of but one nest in fifteen years of active collecting. This nest was in

a hollow limb of a big soft maple, twenty feet up; taken March 28th, 1908. The tree was in a deep ravine near the river and the three eggs were slightly incubated. I have hunted long and patiently ever since for a nest but without results.

Screech Owl. An abundant resident, nesting in all manner of hollow trees, usually in natural cavities, high up or low down. Eggs, three to seven and the busiest time from April 10th to the 20th.

Great Horned Owl. Another abundant resident. Nesting from February 29th to March 31st The sets here, are always of two or three eggs and an old nest of Krider's Hawk is usually selected. Occasionally in the bottoms a tree with a trough like cavity or an old crow's nest is used and always when awake the crows are on their trail.

Snowy Owl. A rather rare winter visitor in Iowa and I doubt if a hunter could average one bird a year. I have but one record of a bird taken. This was on April 18th, 1900, while duck shooting near Galbraith, possibly a cripple, although of strong flight. From the lateness of it lingering something looks wrong.

Burrowing Owl. Another rare Owl and I believe the rarest. I secured one bird, a male, either on June 8th or 9th in 1904, two miles south of the Minnesota line and this is the only bird I have seen of this species in Iowa.

W. H. Brigaman.

Cats

London, Ont.—Mrs. Sarah Calvary, 60, is dying in Victoria hospital from terrible injuries inflicted by her cat.

The animal was sitting in an open window and when Mrs. Calvary closed the sash it caught the cat's tail.

Infuriated, the cat sprang at her, biting and clawing her face. An art-

ery was severed in her forehead and Mrs. Calvary lost so much blood before beating the cat off and making her way to neighbors that doctors have no hope of her recovery.—American Home Weekly.—W. A. Strong, San Jose, Cal.

Eagles in Pennsylvania

In the July issue there is a photo showing the nest of a Bald Eagle on the Susquehanna River, Penn., which reminds me that on April 25, 1916, I saw a pair of Eagles fly across this river at Liverpool, Penn.

My attention was called to them by the excited cries of a Hawk which was following them. They flew slow and steady and didn't give the Hawk any notice, although he went up close and kept up his sort of squealing-whistling noise right behind them. The Hawk turned back when he got over the river and the Eagles disappeared over to the other side and among the hills north of the town.

I had a pretty good view of these birds and as neither of them had the white head of a mature Bald Eagle, I take it that they were either young birds or Golden Eagles.

I walked a short way down the railroad tracks and a Fish Hawk flew up from the edge of the river as I turned a bend.

M. J. Hofman.

Taxidermist Supplies and the War.

The European war has sent up the prices of many articles a taxidermist uses especially tow, sheet lead, arsenic, felt and glass shades.

Supply dealers say they see no prospect of a decline while the war lasts but probably still further advances, and that there are few articles which can be sold at former catalogue prices, into which metal, glass, chemicals, drugs or dye-stuffs enter.

Most dealers mail circulars to their customers advising them of the advance but some do not and it causes delay before the balance is remitted and sometimes bad feeling. It is fortunate the increase in material when figured per specimen is very small or he would be forced to raise the price for mounting.

M. J. Hofman.

December Dreams.

December is a poor month for the active Oologist to indulge in his hobby over the greater part of these United States, even in so favored a locality as Southern California where a few ambitious individuals of certain bird groups start housekeeping before the advent of the New Year. Such instances, however, are too rare and uncertain to be counted upon.

But there is a charm in retrospection in looking backward to triumphs (and incidentally the disappointments of the past season) and in planning trips for the next year. Now comes the time for rearranging our cabinets; for making exchanges; for renewing acquaintances with old correspondents and forming acquaintance with new ones; for filling in and completing our data-books and records; and let me earnestly urge that this last be not neglected, for sending in as "copy" whatever items from our store of experience in the ornithological line may seem of general interest.

Let not our Editor's cry for notes go unheeded, for after all its we readers that need this little journal, and it behooves each and all of us to put our shoulders to the wheel and do our part. Of what value are our experiences and discoveries unless they are properly recorded so as to be available for reference and study by those unfortunately prevented from making similar notes at first hand?

But I guess from the subject which the title of this article would indicate. As I sit at my study window listening to the clear notes of a Meadowlark in the rain-drenched grass of an adjoining field, I am carried back in fancy to a certain sunny morning of spring:

Today we shall go afield—but where? To the east the mountain peaks seem to beacon to us to come and explore their well clothed flanks. But no, the day promises to be a warm one, and scaling mountain peaks under a broiling sun is not pure unallowed pleasure. Let us turn rather to the willow-bottoms, where the going is not so difficult. We shall probably find only common birds there, but this will be made up for by their abundance, both as to varieties and as to individuals.

A short car ride, and we stride along at a brisk pace down the pass toward the river. The latter at that time of the year is but a shallow stream, three or four feet deep and scarce twenty feet wide, fringed with willows and tule-clumps and sometimes a few tall cottonwoods and poplars. To the south rise the foothills, a thousand feet or so in elevation, sloping down to the river in a series of brush covered ridges. The line between willows and sage-brush is marked by a belt of giant live oaks.

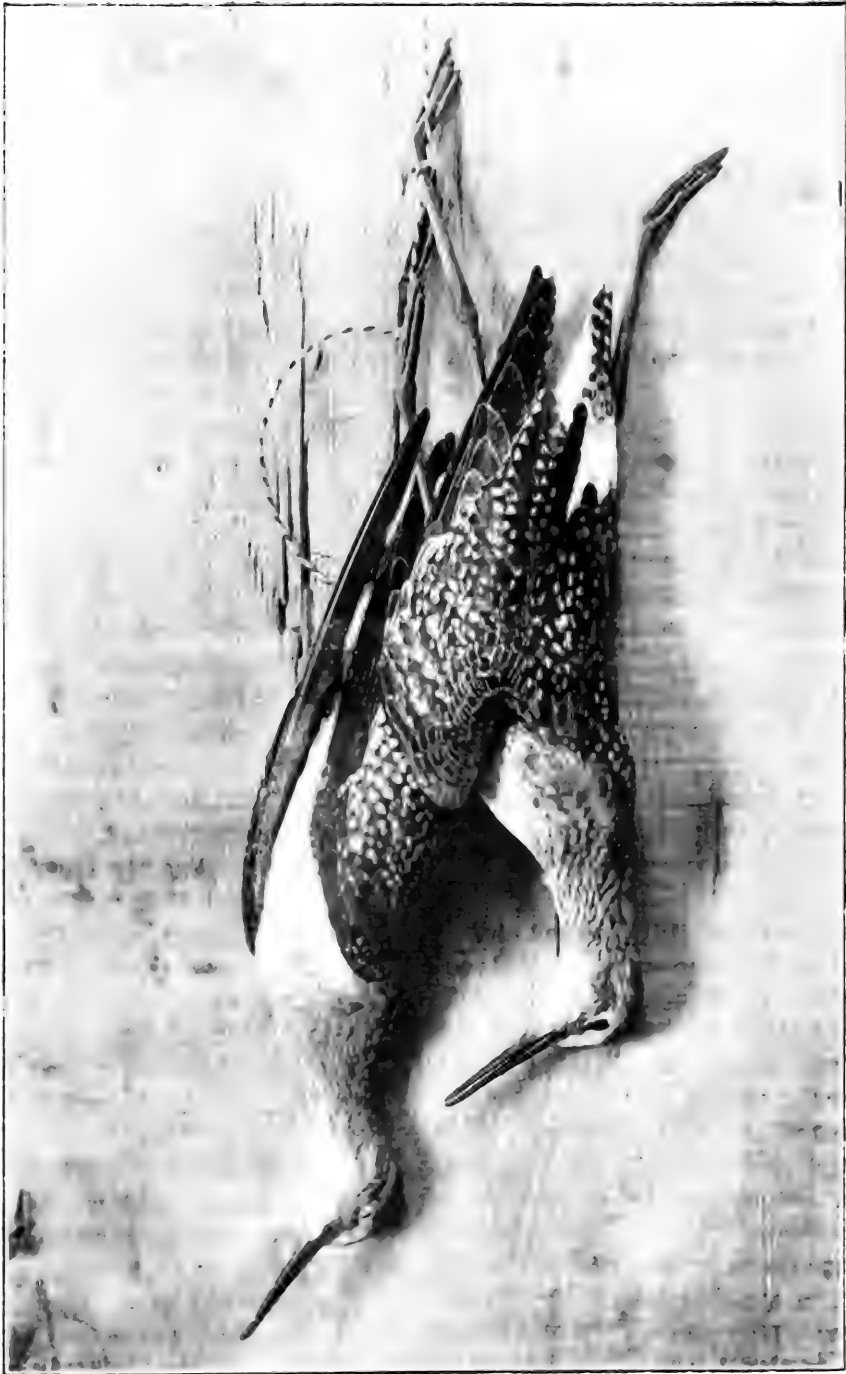
Just before we reach the willows the road forks. As we stand in momentary indecision the sudden whirr of a startled Hummingbird sounds nearby. We turn about, and soon spy the nest saddled on a low sage branch, formed of the softest down and feathers. The two small eggs are quite dark and we know that incubation is advanced, so make no move to disturb them. The little mother is nervously darting about, and finally gets up enough courage to settle down in the nest before we go.

A little farther down the road stands a hugh live-oak, dividing into two forks a few feet from the ground. In one of these we know there is a large cavity that has yielded many a set in past two years. We scramble up and peer into the openings. Mrs. Barn Owl hisses in our face and snaps her beak in a most terrifying manner. In voluntarily we duck down, and she flaps out clumsily, disclosing to view a nice set of six large white eggs, somewhat stained and discolored, but withal very welcome. This is a good start, and we pack up our plunder with roseate visions of more good things to come.

The last oak before the bridge would have passed up had not a tell-tale feather protruding from that knot hole caught our eye. We clamber out along the branch underneath, and arise to insert a cautious finger in the orifice. A sharp peck causes us to withdraw said digit hurriedly. No less hurried is the exit of mamma House-Wren, followed in rapid succession by a family of fluffy youngsters; one-two-three-four-five-six we lose count. Surely the whole tree is hollow and full of young wrens. We regain the ground and watch for a few moments the awkward efforts of the little fellows. But we must be getting on.

As we reach the clear "O-ka-lee" of the Red-wing sounds from a tule patch. The water is but knee-deep, and we wade from clump to clump examining the swaying baskets of dried weeds, each with its quota of three or four scrawled blue eggs. One set interests us particularly, it contains a runt no larger than a Wren's egg, and it goes into our box in spite of the rightful owner's strong-voiced protest.

We climb up the opposite bank, and a silent figue slips from a bunch of



Pair of Yellowlegs taken at Freeport, L. I., Aug. 19, 1916 by M. J. Hoffman and photographed by himself.

nettles. We find what was expected, a Song-Sparrow's nest, and as the eggs are of the usual type, we pass them up.

We are forced to go slowly through the heavy growth of willow, for there are many half-buried stumps and tough creepers to catch the feet of the unwary and haste is met with a stinging rebuke from tall nettles and sharp-thorned vines.

A suspicious bulkiness between the trunk of that old willow snag and its attendant vines attracts us. A little closer and we can make out a dark tail projecting over the side of a fair-sized nest. The occupant spies us at the same time and flies away to summon her mate with angry outcries. Our eyes are soon gladdened by the sight of four handsome greenish eggs lying on a background of interlaced rootlets. The California Jay is a better nest-builder than the exterior of his home would indicate, for the lining is often a model of skillful basketry. Jays are common here, but the eggs are not so much so. We have a friend in mind who will welcome this set, so into our box it goes while we jot down necessary details for the data.

We are rudely interrupted by a smarting pain at the wrists and down our backs, which coupled with a strong smell of formic acid, notified us of the attack of those large red wood ants over half an inch in length that infested the rotted punky stubs. It required some contortionistic effort, aided by sulphurous language to dislodge the pests.

But these minor troubles are soon forgotten in the riot of discoveries we make now. Hanging on a level without eyes is the long intricately constructed pouch of a Bush-tit, adorned with a myriad of tiny yellow blossoms, and from beneath a nearby log bursts

a Valley Quail, gamest of our game birds, disclosing a whole nest full of treasures. But hands off, quail's eggs are forbidden except by special permit and we have no need of the Bush-tit's, so we turn away. Our forbearance is soon rewarded by the finding of another Hummingbird's nest, a Black-chinned this time.

It is placed some twenty feet up at the end of a long slim cottonwood branch, and will require some skill to secure. From a point well up the trunk, we are able to see its contents, two small eggs with pinkish glow that is assurance of their freshness. With a length of rope we tie the limb securely to the one above it, and set to work with one hand to saw, steadying the limb with the other. The job is soon finished, and throwing down the saw we pull in the limb ever so carefully. The nest is almost within our reach when the branch gets out of balance, turning over in spite of our efforts and dashing the frail shells to the ground. We roundly upbraid ourselves for such carelessness, and then descend to gaze ruefully at the ruin we have created.

The sun directly overhead now warns us that it is noon, so we pick out a shady spot near the river and spread out our lunch. Three Swallows, handsome white-bellied fellows with steel-blue backs, skim over the surface of the water; and dozens of other species drink and bathe at its edge.

The drumming of a Flicker arouses us from revery, and we pause in the midst of a bite of sandwich to locate him. There he is, halfway up a slanting cottonwood stub, pounding away right merrily. There are others that do not appreciate his efforts. From a hitherto unnoticed orifice in the trunk a smaller woodpecker, identified by his barred back and dingy forehead

as a Nuttall's dashes forth to drive away his large relative. Lunch is abandoned,— we make haste to pry into the secrets of the stub. A few minutes of vigorous chopping bring to light four white glossy eggs with a tinge of beautiful translucent pink. We fish them out of their retreat and pack them with our trophies.

Lunch completed, we abandon the willows and start through the oak belt on the homeward road, pausing now and then to drink in the beauty of some particularly striking scene or to identify our avian friends.

Overhead soars a Turkey Vulture, sweeping round in ever-widening circles. A straggling Heron flaps away slowly from a clump of sycamores. From the nearby hill-side comes a medley of voices, among which we distinguish the chatter of Jays, the bell-like trill of Wren-tits, the lisping call of Luzuli Buntings, the "pit-pit" of Towhees, and notes of other brush-loving species.

A handsome black-capped Pileated Warbler causes us to waste some time in search of his nest in a tangle of blackberry vines, but without success. We do, however, find a blackheaded Grosbeak at home, her shabby bunch of rootlets flung in a scrub-oak crotch. She sits so close that we are forced to poke her off the nest. The next instant we regret the action, for she flies into a perfect frenzy of rage, making the hill ring with her outcries in which she is aided by a dozen others.

Fingers in ears we flee the scene and make for the car-line. Just before we reach the station we glimpse a small bird leaving a hole in a lone stub, not four feet from the ground. A few moments work with the hatchet and we are gladdened by the sight of five eggs of the Plain Tit lying in a cozy bed of rabbit hair. This is only

the second set of this species we ever found, and naturally we are elated.

Reluctantly we leave for the city, speeded by the mocking laughter of quail in the arroyos. But we are well content, storing away in our minds the day's event against a time when more inelement weather shall keep us indoors.

D. I. Shepardson.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dreaming Over a Book.

Have just been reading a volume by John Burroughs entitled "The Ways of Nature" in which the caption of Mimicry, he makes two assertions that do not agree with two little incidents that have recently come under my notice.

First. He says as follows, "But if the two Hawks look alike, would not the birds come to regard them both as bird-eaters, since one of them does eat birds?" And a little later this: "Birds are instinctively afraid of all hawk kind."

On October 15, 1916, I was watching a small flock of ducks on a little open pond at the edge of a large marsh. The company consisted of five Baldpate and one male Wood Duck. A Marsh Hawk was atop of a button-bush a few rods away. Suddenly he made a swoop at the ducks almost brushing them then up and to his lookout again. They dodged a trifle and as soon as the hawk was by, raised up and flopped their wings. This little play the part of the hawk was indulged in at least half a dozen times. Only once the dodging of their heads and the rising up and flapping of the wings afterwards as tho in relief. The Hawk was in pure play. The question is, did not the ducks know the Marsh Hawk harmless, and dodged only in unconscious self-preservation because of the swoop and afterwards relieved their

nerves a little by flapping their wings? I think so because their action would have been entirely different had it been a Duck Hawk or a Goshawk.

Second. Mr. Burroughs also says "Our Shrike, at times, murders little birds and it is not the form or the color of the eye of a bird of prey, and probably deceives its victims."

Here is an incident that shows birds do recognize the Shrike as an enemy and can distinguish one from a Blue Jay, whose color pattern is somewhat similar. On February 9, 1915, was walking along a roadway that led thru a bushy weedy tract of land. I had noticed five or six Blue Jays in the top of a small tree by the edge of the road and was aware that some had flown as I neared the tree, but thought nothing of the matter. A road beyond the tree was a bush, leafless of course, and near its top sat a male Cardinal. I wondered why it neither flew nor moved and at a distance of from six to eight feet I stopped. Had never seen quite such a tame Cardinal before. The bird seemed turned to stone and even his eye was set. I actually began to think one of my bird student friends had put a mounted specimen there for my benefit, for I visited this place almost daily. Finally I became aware that the topmost Blue Jay had not flown with the rest and raised my glass to discover it to be a Northern Shrike. Finding himself watched, the Shrike flew, and instantly helter skelter, went my frozen Cardinal in the other direction and also a Song Sparrow from the same bush but lower down. The Sparrow had been so immovable I hadn't even noticed it. This shows that at least two birds know a Shrike from a Blue Jay even better than I and that they know him to be far greater to be feared than man. And also that their chances of escape lies more in immovability than by try-

ing to fly on snow covered ground and their natural covers leafless.

Two little birds by plays that were amusing. Was walking beach of Lake Erie this fall looking for shore birds and keeping a weather eye on the Gulls and Terns that passed, in hopes of picking up a new or rare species when sure enough I saw one coming. Could tell it was something different by the flight. A gull, a tern of some sort, no doubt. I put up my glass and endeavored to follow the erratic flight, which swiftly turned and twisted, now up and then down to the waves, now making a circle in the air and then as suddenly making a "right angle turn to the left." I watched in amazement but as the bird passed I recognized an old friend, a Bonapartes Gull, but about a foot in advance was a wild eyed Cicada trying to escape and the Gull was only following the exact course of the insect. The chase led out on the lake and I know not which was the victor. While I have Bonapartes Gull on the brain, I am going to make a statement that may not be believed. I saw one fly backwards this fall. Not very far though, much in the same manner that a Hummingbird does before a flower. The bird was flying low over the water and saw something eatable on the crest of an incoming wave. He poised almost motionless for a second then moved backwards in the air some eight inches I should judge and then dipped and picked up his morsel. Has any other observer noticed this backward flight in other than a Hummingbird? I cannot remember of ever reading of the fact.

My other amusing incident concerns a Cape May Warbler. While watching her with a glass she lighted not ten feet away on a horizontal willow twig, and while observing her she pointed bill upwards and began moving her head about so that the top of bill

seemed to be making imaginary circles in the air. Then she would step sidewise along the limb and do the same thing again and then sidewise again in the other direction and repeat. I finally discovered the cause to be a slow moving insect about an inch long that was lazily buzzing around some inches above and of which she was evidently a little afraid, but female curiosity partly counteracted the fear. The sidestepping along the limb depended upon which side of her head the bug approached too closely.

I also saw a Cape May Warbler on October 28th of this year, (a late day for a Cape May by the way), taking her morning bath in an unusual manner. There had been a heavy frost the night before and the morning sun striking the tops of the trees first soon put them in a wet and dripping condition. The Warbler was seen to nestle and flutter about in a cluster of cherry leaves, then to another and another and so on through all the top of the tree. Becoming sufficiently wet she flew to a dry twig and dried herself in the usual way.

Painesville, Ohio. . A. Doolittle.

Now Swat The English Sparrow.

We are told that it is the part of wisdom, for the poultry keeper to "swat the rooster" after the breeding season is past, unless the bird be a very valuable one. Now comes the California Fish and Game Commission, and declares its intention to swat the pestiferous little English Sparrow. In this it should have the hearty cooperation of every poultry breeder in the state. The only thing about the sparrow that counts in its favor is its never-say-die quality, and against this it has a multitude of evil things set at its door. In the poultry yard, and around the home, it is an unmitigated dirty little nuisance. It is a prolific breeder of its kind, and wherever

its twitter is heard the songsters which we like to hear and see, and which it would be a crime to kill, lose no time in vacating the neighborhood, giving it upto the hordes of sparrows who rob even the little chickens of their food, and are afraid of nothing that walks, flies, or swims. Recently the State Commission issued the following announcement, which, as we have said, should be welcomed by every poultry breeder in the state:

The Fish and Game Commission, to which is delegated the function of protecting and preserving the wild life of the state, and has declared war on the English Sparrow. Throughout the United States this bird has proved to be a pest and many eastern cities have waged war against it for many years past. Here in California, as elsewhere, the English Sparrow is not only filthy in its habits and destructive to crops, but in addition drives out the insectivorous and song birds which are beneficial to man's interests. The campaign to be instituted by the Commission will probably constitute the first united effort toward this end to be made by any state in the Union. A leaflet giving methods of identifying English Sparrows and means of destroying them will soon be issued. In addition a statewide campaign of publicity will be undertaken to encourage a united effort to rid California of this bird pest. A week will be set aside during which everyone will be asked to co-operate in the destruction of sparrows and all of the deputies of the Fish and Game Commission will be set to work killing sparrows and directing others in the work. California Fish and Game Commission.—Pacific Fanciers Monthly. W. A. Strong. San Jose, Cal.

The best way to destroy the English Sparrow is to trap it. Continual and consistent trapping will ultimately re-

sult in a decrease in the numbers of this pest in any given locality. By shooting, large numbers can be destroyed, but they soon become as wild and as cute as a crow and hard to get. Poisoning is a dangerous process and we doubt if it could be successfully used in the warmer parts of the country. Of course, in the cold northern parts of the country during the winter season when the birds are hungry and flock together, this method is very efficacious.—Ed.

heads back and forth as if in deep mourning.

Moffat's arms were scratched all over but he had his game and was satisfied. We photographed them in several poses and after Moffat took a complete data, notes and measurements he was through with them. One of them seemed to be stunned and set on a limb close by, so we got a natural photo of him and left that part of the lake.

R. Graham.

Fishing for Barn Owls in Lake Worth.

While Mr. Earl Moffat and I were on a trip in the northern part of the lake, we saw a dead tree away out in the water, so over we went. It had a fine hollow in it. Mr. Moffat had to investigate. The hollow was not far up so he stood on the hood of the boat and peeped in. Down went his hand and out it came with a Barn Owl clinging to it. With the other hand he put his hat over the hole. We tied the Owl's feet and Moffat made a stab for the other one but could not reach it. I said "what in thunder do you want with them?" He said, "I won't detain them long; I need them for a few minutes study."

I happened to look at his arm and it was scratched and bleeding. I told him that was what he got for fooling with them. He said "Bug house, I have the other one and I can't reach him." I took a fishing pole and tied a hook on one end and handed it to Moffat. He was happy, saying Ha! Ha! fishing for Barn Owls is some sport. He took his hat out of the hollow and down went the fishing pole. He finally hooked her in the wing and out she came. Of all the noise I ever heard, she made it. She sounded like a hundred pigs squealing and kept it up until we had her feet tied and the hook released. They both swung their

Owling in Champaign and Piatt Counties, Ill., in 1916.

By Walter A. Goelitz.

Early in the winter of 1915-16 I made out a list of birds the nests of which I was going to find during the 1916 season, if possible. In this list the owls were the dominant group. I had never found an owl nest, consequently I was anxious to change this blank in my notes. The results of the season were so satisfactory that I am now prompted to put my discoveries in print.

The first nest was that of the Barred Owl, found Feb. 27, 1916, in heavy timber along the Sangaman River in Piatt County. It contained five eggs. This find has already been described (Oologist) Vol. 33, No. 6, Page 104).

The second nest held five fresh eggs of the Screech Owl. It was found April 2nd in a thin patch of wood near the Salt Fork and flushing the female, which was of the gray plumage. The entrance hole was ten feet up in a stub two and one half feet in diameter. From the entrance a small cavity extended toward the right and in this was found one egg. Another passage extended toward the other side of the tree and in examining for owl pellets I ran my hand thru this passage into a larger chamber, in which I felt four more warm eggs. The eggs lay on the rotted wood of an unlined hollow,

The next set was also a bumper set. This time it was a Barn Owl nest containing seven eggs, incubation slight. It was located in a 20-acre patch of wood about two miles from Urbana in Champaign County. While walking thru this wood on the 4th of April I noticed a stub in the top of a large white oak tree that looked distinctly owly. As I started climbing the tree an owl flew out and settled in a tree a few hundred feet distant. On arriving at the stub, fifty-one feet up, I found it to be merely a shell, open at the top, and with a two inch layer of pellets on the bottom of the cavity. The seven eggs lay imbedded in these pellets so that the tops of the eggs and pellets were level. After lowering the eggs and myself to the ground I located the owl again and made sure of its identity. The eggs were very uniform in size and shape, and were subsequently blown thru the smallest sized drill-hole. I might add that the pellets were also collected and were dissected by a student of the University of Illinois at Urbana.

The fourth nest was owned by a Screech Owl. It was found with four eggs on 6th of April. This nest was located in the hollow limb of a maple tree over the sidewalk in front of the University of Ill. Gymnasium. The height above the walk was sixteen feet and the cavity was fifteen inches deep. The eggs were covered with a thick coating of excreta. The female, of the red phase, was lifted from the eggs with a stick.

The next nest was that of the Barred Owl. It was found in some heavy timber along Camp Creek in Piatt County on April 9th. This nest, which contained only one egg, was peculiar in that it was located in the same tree and just five feet away from a Red-shouldered Hawk nest with four eggs. (Nests described Wilson Bull-*etin* Vol. 28, No. 3, page 15-106).

The sixth was another Screech Owl nest found the 25th of April when it contained five downy young. This nest was twenty-five feet up in a cavity of an ash tree on the outskirts of Urbana. Last year a pair of Sparrow Hawks nested in the same cavity and this year the hawks were again present but did not go near their old nesting stub.

The next was an altogether new nest, being that of the Long-eared Owl. This was one located on May 1st in the forestry belonging to the University. This small patch of timber is within the city limits of Urbana, and has houses surrounding it on two sides, a road on the third, and horticultural plots on the remaining side. All last winter it harbored a pair of Long-eared Owls and one Saw-whet Owl. The present nest was made of sticks and leaves, placed thirty feet up in a straggly tree. The sitting bird did not flush until I was within a few feet of the nest, and then she and the male, which flew from some neighboring pines, flew about my head and snapped their beaks in a threatening manner. The nest contained four newly hatched young and one egg in the process of hatching.

Another pair of these birds probably nested in a large cemetery about one half mile from the forestry, for later in May a pair of old birds accompanied by three young were noticed several times in the pines in the cemetery. These evergreens afforded shelter to four Short-eared, two Long-eared, and Several Screech Owls during the last few winters.

The last owl nestt found this season in the two counties was that of a Screech Owl containing five bad eggs. These were found on May 5th. I think squirrels caused this abandonment, for a pad of leaves and a few acorns covered the eggs. Five feet above

the owl cavity was a Hairy Woodpecker nest and four young.

The results of the season, so far as owls were concerned were far above my expectations. The total numbers were: two Barred Owl, one Barn Owl, one Long-eared Owl, and four Screech Owl nests.

Ravina. Ill., Dec. 1916.

1916 Nesting Record.

Following are the nests found by me during the nesting season of 1916:

- 191. Least Bittern 2.
- 201. Green Heron 2.
- 202. Black Crowned Night Heron 2.
- 316. Mourning Dove 1.
- 339. Red Shouldered Hawk 1.
- 360. Sparrow Hawk 1.
- 373. Screech Owl 2.
- 388. Black Bellied Cuckoo 1.
- 390. Belted Kingfisher 1.
- 412. Flicker 2.
- 444. Kingbird 4.
- 456. Phoebe 8, one nest had 6 eggs.
- 467. Least Flycatcher 1.
- 477. Blue Jay 1.
- 488. Crow 2.
- 493. Starling, abundant, did not keep record of them.
- 495. Cowbird, eggs found in 4 nests in all.
- 498. Red Winged Blackbird, abundant.
- 501. Meadowlark 1.
- 511. Purple Grackle 14.
- 560. Chipping Sparrow 2.
- 563. Field Sparrow 4.
- 581. Song Sparrow 1.
- 587. Towhee 1.
- 595. Rose Breasted Grosbeak 1.
- 617. Rough Winged Swallow 1.
- 562. Yellow Warbler 2.
- 659. Chestnut Sided Warbler 1.
- 681. Maryland Yellow Throat 1.
- 683. Yellow Breasted Chat 2.
- 687. Redstart 1.
- 704. Catbird 2,

- 705. Brown Thrasher 2.
- 721. House Wren 4.
- 725. Long Billed Wren 25.
- 756. Veery 1.
- 761. Robin, abundant.
- 766. Bluebird 2, 40 species, 107 nests.

Cowbird eggs found in nest of the Field Sparrow.

Chestnut Sided Warbler.

Yellow Warbler.

Yellow Breasted Chat.

Not so bad considering I have only Sundays and holidays to go out.

Nelson E. Wilmot.

West Haven, Conn.

The Phoebe.

The Phoebe is a common bird in this locality. They arrive about the time of the King Bird, or the last of March or the first of April.

I found ten nests last **spring** and summer (1915), under bridges, culverts, rock ledges and barn eaves; the nests were composed of rootlets, grass and feathers cemented together with mud. I have found four, five and even six pink-white eggs, bloched with a few brown spots on the larger end, in the nests.

One day, toward the last of April, I was out looking for possible nesting sites and I did not fail to notice that under bridge that spans the intake of the Lake of the woods would be a fine place for Sayornis Phoebe, and so one week later found me in that locality again. Sure enough, as I came near, a pair of Phoebes flew out. "Ah ha" says I "Here's where I take a look at your fine nest, my hearties," but no nest could I find high or low and all the time these birds sat on a small bush close by, occasionally uttering a shrill twitter. I did not understand it and so two days later I was back there again; the birds were there as usual but I met with no better suc-

cess this time. I thought to myself "You have no eyes or else they are 'snoofing' you."

Three days later my brother Clyde came to me and told me of finding a phoebe's nest under that bridge. I went back with him and there it was; if it had ben a snake, etc. A strip of bark hung down from the logs that held the bridge, in a rather steep incline, and on this the nest hung, containing four eggs, resembling nothing so much as drift collected there.

I thought these birds deserved to be let alone, so I did not procure the eggs, and watched that all would be well with them.

I have the nest now in my collection.

Ralph Donahue, Taxidermist,
Bonner Springs, Kansas.

A Few Nests.

To give the readers of THE OOLOGIST an idea of what can be found in a few afternoon rambles around the suburbs of Boston, Mass., during the breeding season. I give a list of occupied nests found by Mr. E. S. Coombs or by myself during 1916. The number before each species indicates the number of nests of that species which we found and does not refer to the number of eggs found in any nest.

4. Green Heron.
1. Red-shouldered Hawk.
1. Cooper's Hawk.
1. Sparrow Hawk.
2. Ring-necked Pheasant.
3. Crow.
5. English Sparrow.
4. Flicker.
3. Bluebird.
1. Chickadee.
5. Song Sparrow.
1. Oven Bird.
11. Robin.
4. Chipping Sparrow.

1. Brown Thrasher.
2. Yellow Warbler.
1. Golden-wing Warbler.
3. Maryland Yellow-throat.
1. Wood Thrush.
2. Catbird.
1. Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
1. Kingbird.
1. Redstart.
- 1 Phoebe.

Wakefield, Mass. H. O. Green,

The Oriole.

We regret the information contained in the last issue of this splendid little publication to the effect that that issue is the last. That owing to a lack of support on the part of the bird students of the country, the Oriole will suspend publication. It is too bad that deserving journals of this character must cease to be because of a lack of support. We do not believe this grew out of a want of interest on the part of the bird students, but is largely a matter of neglect and carelessness.

We find in our own subscription list that many subscribers lose their publication simply through oversight and failure to attend to the same at the proper time.

The Oriole during the time of its existence was a credit to its creators and management. It was wholesome, clean, newsy and bright, and no publication devoted to ornithology presented a better mechanical appearance.

However, the Oriole has gone to join the very large number of bird publications that have preceded it, and has gone for the same reason. THE OOLOGIST extends its sympathy and begs to say that we would be pleased to receive copy from members of the Somerset Bird Club for publication in these columns at any time.

Jan. 16, 1915.

"I think the little magazine very good."

A. Sidney Hyde.

Jan. 12, 1916.

"I can only reiterate my former sentiments regarding your publication as to its merits both as an advertising medium and a naturalists' guide and companion. During the past year there has been a wonderful improvement both as regards volume and wealth of excellent contributions by authoritative writers and I trust and sincerely hope the coming year will see The Oologist still greater and better. I can assure you I will endeavor to aid wherever possible."

Louis S. Kohler.

Jan. 19, 1916.

"I might go without a meal but I cannot miss an Oologist."

Alvin Baer.

Jan. 22, 1916.

"Bird study is my hobby. I have been taking your magazine for two years and I find it very helpful and entertaining."

Noble Field.

Sept. 16, 1916.

"I am enclosing a little check for \$1.50 to be applied on my Oologist account. How I love the monthly advent of this little periodical. Twenty two magazines find their way to my desk each month but no wrapper comes off so hurriedly and with such an exhibition of impatience as the envelope encasing the Oologist. I enjoy its every line. Each month I feel ashamed that I do not take a fuller part in keeping it going but my thanks are with the ones who do."

Isaac E. Hess.

July 22, 1916.

"I may say that I thoroughly enjoy reading it. It is always interesting and informative."

H. K. Henderson.

June 16, 1916.

"I must congratulate you on the illustrations used from time to time in The Oologist. They show some fine work."

W. F. Nicholson.

Sept. 11, 1916.

"For eight months I have been a reader of the Oologist and certainly enjoy it."

Ben J. Blincoe.

Oct. 20, 1916.

"Permit me to extend congratulations on the excellent standard attained by the October Oologist. You are making a real magazine of it and if you keep the pace, especially as to illustrations, there should be no question as to its securing adequate support."

B. S. Bowdish.

Demarest, N. J.

Nov. 27, 1916.

"We cannot be without this little magazine."

Pahrman Brothers,

La Porte, Ind.

Jan. 20, 1916.

"I sent you an extra subscription last year also and hope many more friends of the Oologist will help by doing likewise. Each number of the Oologist when it arrives, I read from beginning to end, ads and all, before I do anything else. I like the stories, notes, etc. coming as I judge from unpaid writers better than I would from the professional paid space fillers."

Roscoe I. Giles.

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LOUIS S. KOHLER.

January 3, 1916.

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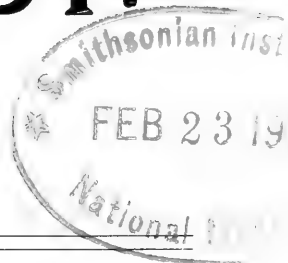
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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY



VOL. XXXIV. No. 2.

ALBION, N. Y., FEB. 15, 1917.

WHOLE No. 355

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 354 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A few pair of Ring Necked Pheasant; also 1 Wild Mallard Drake. L. A. PARRE, Batavia, Ill.

Large imported French Carnaux's for squab breeder; grand performing parlor Tumblers; fancy pigeons for sale cheap or exchange for sets, skins, relics, mounted specimens, etc. F. A. W. DEAN, Alliance, Ohio.

Birds and Mammal skins from the Ozark Mt. Region for exchange. Wanted Candon Vol. XIV to XVIII inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Exchange desired for the following Bird Skins, No. 36, 37, 38, 59, 74, 79, 80, 184, 186, 218, 483 and 514. D. V. HEMBREE, Roswell, Ga. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird and Mammal skins from this the Ozark Mt. Region. Wanted: Condors, Vols. Fourteen to Eighteen inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

I want birds or skins for mounting Boat and Great-tailed Grackle, Cardinal, Painted Bunting, Scissor-tailed Fly-catcher, California Valley and Gambel's Partridges, Magpies, etc. Can offer eggs, Natural History Magazines and other magazines and books. DELOS HATCH, Oakfield, Wis. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Mounted Vermont deer heads, mounted deer horns, birds of Eastern North America, Chapman's Color Key, Snapping Turtle 1-41. Want A-1 sets, raw fur, guns, rifles, revolvers, old time arms and cash. JAMES O. JOHNSON, 310 N. Main St., Souhinton, Conn.

EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

FOR DISPOSAL—A large collection of choice cabinet sets with full and accurate data. European sets for sale very cheap for cash. Send 2c stamp for complete lists. Satisfaction guaranteed. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Georgia.

I am always wanting lists of entire collections of North American Birds' Eggs which the owners desire to dispose of. None are too large and none are too small if they contain any material that I need. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

Oologist Tools and Supplies. Books and Magazines of every description. Fishing Rods and Tackle. Lists, quotations promptly sent. BENJAMIN HOAG, Garfield, N. Y.

The first five Volumes American Ornithology. Copies of Recreation, North American Journal and other bulletins and other books, electric battery. Some eggs to offer for eggs. C. B. VANDERCOOK, Odin, Ill.

WANTED.—Choice sets of the following. Nos. 10, 18, 20, 124, 150, 167, 204, 205, 215, 330, 352a, 379, 379a, and many others. Offer a large list, including 327, 349, 351, 354 and 356 and others. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Southern choice cabinet sets and sets with nests Nos. 65, 74, 80, 126, 197, 258, 286, 325, 326, 352, 364, 416, 452, 466, 513, 397, 610, 637, 638, 673, 684 and many others. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 2c stamp for complete lists. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Will exchange for birds' eggs, nests and skins, particularly want eggs of sea birds, birds of prey and Hummers and skins of Game birds. Offer Spectroscope in case; three 4x5 Blair Plate Holders, double; Siebert Compound Microscope in case, 2 eye pieces, 3 objectives, 3 Condensers, diaphragm and reducers, cost \$86.00; sea and land shells, corals, minerals, butterflies; a few Indian relics, curios and eggs in sets. Medical and Nat. History, books and excerpts rebound, mounted birds and mammals. ERNEST H. SHORT, Rochester, N. Y., Box 173.

I have the following fine sets to dispose of, both in series and single sets.—393, 394c, 409, 423, 465, 456, 511b, 546, 590, 563, 575a, 581, 587, 593, 598, 617, 619, 636, 642, 639, 652, 658, 674, 676, 677, 683, 686, 704, 718, 719, 727, 736, 751, 755, 761, 766, 816, 289, 63, 201. S. S. DICKY, Waynesburg, Pa.

If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—No. 12 Vol. XIV of The Oologist, Dec. 1897; for which I will pay 50c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demarest, N. J.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

TO EXCHANGE—I have all numbers of "The Oologist" since January, 1911. Want eggs in exchange. What have you to offer. J. R. McLEOD, 229 Tecumseh Ave., London, Ont., Canada.

FOR SALE.—Bird Lore Vols. I to XII inclusive complete with indexes in original covers \$30.00. Birds of North and Middle America (Ridgway) Parts IV and V and new telescope (French glass 20 diameters) for sale or exchange for suitable bird books. T. M. McCONNELL, 1813 Huey St. McKeesport, Pa.

I have 180 different numbers of The Oologist covering 32 years, some very rare. Will sell for cash, or trade for books, birds or mammal skins. Make me an offer for what ones you need. A. B. HOWELL, Covina, Cal.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

BIRD LORES WANTED—For cash or exchange. I need these Bird Lores. Vol. 1-2 and 3 complete volumes or odd numbers. Also need Vol. 4 Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 7, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-4-5-6, Vol. 10, Nos. 1-2-3-4-5-6, Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5. For these I will exchange other issues of Bird Lore or Oologist or other bird magazines or will pay cash. I also want The Auk Vol. 1 to 13; The Condor, 1 to 4 inc. I have many bird books and bird magazines for sale or exchange. If interested quote what you have to offer. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 2

ALBION, N. Y., FEB. 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 355

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.



Boy Scouts as Students of Natural History

THE BOY SCOUTS AS STUDENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

By Alfred Cookman, A. B.

Naturalist, Boy Scout Movement in
Los Angeles, Cal.

A new office has recently been introduced into the Boy Scout movement in Los Angeles, California. Mr. D. W. Pollard, Scout Executive for the Los Angeles Division, has complied with the request from the boys for the privilege of studying the birds, insects, flowers and larger mammals, and has appointed the writer "Head of the Department of Nature Study for the Boy Scout Movement of Los Angeles." The photograph, which was taken in our laboratory of research and investigation, pictures my staff of Boy Scouts engaged in Nature Study.

There is a great deal of enthusiasm being aroused in the many troops throughout this great city over the spirit of Nature Study. We are pleased to report that the lads are "alive" and doing something that will speak for itself in the lives and actions of the Boy Scouts of Los Angeles. Nature Study clubs have been formed and "hikes" are planned and carried out, the purpose of which is to study and learn all that they can concerning Natural Phenomena. They are learning to recognize many of our feathered friends from the mountains to the sea. They are curious and very anxious to know the secret of the mysterious habits and development of our insects, fishes and other strange creatures of God's creation.

By living in this atmosphere, the writer feels that the Boy Scouts are bringing themselves into close touch and sympathy with Nature and are adding new zest to live—a zest, be it noted, which enriches without harm to any creature.

On August 7th, the writer is going to take the Boy Scouts of Troop 9, about 25 lads, into the mountains north of Mt. Wilson, where they will locate a permanent camp and enjoy living out for a week among the pines, sycamores and gigantic boulders by a running stream, and the result of our trip, we will submit for publication in *THE OÖLOGIST* at a later date, believing that such a movement as the Boy Scouts is of general interest to all true American citizens.

AMERICAN MIGRANTS IN GUIANA.

The following meagre list of eastern U. S. birds noted on the Mazaruni River in British Guiana during the present year (1916) is interesting in comparison with my list of twenty-six species recorded from Columbia, S. A., in 1913. *Oologist*, Vo. XXXII, No. 3, Page 50-53.

It gives some idea of how much more our eastern migrants prefer the western side of the southern continent for their winter home. Twenty-six species from Colombia, against five from Guiana.

It is interesting to note that the barn swallow was noted continually from March until late in July, possibly the late individuals were very old birds or ones that had been disabled. Besides the Barn swallow, the other four species were: Yellow-legs, February 24; Purple martin, March 1; Wood thrush, March 1; Yellow warbler February 10 and March 1.

PAUL G. HOWES.

NOTICE.

From and after this date a person by the name of Joseph F. Honaker, who travels under the title of "U. S. Ornithologist," will not be permitted to use the columns of *The Oologist* for any purpose, either for advertising or for anything else.

AN OCTOBER TRIP.

Having received a very cordial invitation to join a hunting party about to start for Cape Cod, I packed up my gun and equipment during the evening of October 10, 1916, and took it down to Greenwood, where it was safely stowed away in an automobile, together with the belongings of the other members of the party, Mr. Dinsmore Green, his son Harry and H. A. Jones.

The following day Jones and I met the auto as it was passing through Boston, and we were soon comfortably settled in it and started on our one hundred and twenty-five mile ride to North Eastham, Mass., nearly to the end of Cape Cod, and within about twenty miles of Provincetown.

There is a good road all the way from Boston and the trip was a very pleasant one. We finally left the main road and followed a sandy cart path for about a quarter of a mile and stopped at the home of a typical Cape fisherman. Here the auto was left in a barn and our luggage transferred to a wagon in which it was taken a short distance through the sand hills, and finally we reached the camp, a new one which my friends had built the year before, and a very comfortable one, as previous experience in this line had taught them just what was necessary and just what to avoid. Here we made our headquarters until Sunday night, October 15th. Although we did not obtain any specimens which were new to our collections, we had a very enjoyable time and perhaps some of our observations on the bird life there may be worth recording.

The country around North Eastham is naturally divided into three parts—first of which comes the rolling sandy uplands, in places thickly wooded, but for the most part open country,

sparsely settled, and covered with wiry grass, grass moss and patches of green bushes not over a foot high, a favorite cover for the Bob-white. Next comes the salt marsh, which begins within ten feet of the camp and stretches for a mile to the right or left, but a five minutes walk directly across it will take you to the beach, which I found to be the most interesting place of the three at low tide, but at high tide it is completely submerged.

The night of our arrival, after supper had been disposed of and the camp settled, we put on long wading boots and walked out across the salt marsh to an island, where we stood and listened to the Black Ducks which were quacking in all directions in the sedges, as they gradually swam in with the rising tide. We were far enough from civilization so that no sound came to our ears except the ripple of the rising tide and the calls of the wild fowl, and as we slowly returned to camp, the moonlight falling upon the marsh and showing the clear-cut outlines of my companions with their long, wet wading boots glistening like silver, made a picture which I shall never forget.

The next morning, October 12th, Jones and I started early and spent a very busy day exploring the surrounding country, as it was the first time I had ever been there and I wished to get the lay of the land. The tide was low at daybreak, so first we went on the beach, which is on the inner or bay side of the Cape. The beach is all sand, no mud visible anywhere, and when the tide is low many square miles of sand, are exposed which naturally provides a grand feeding ground for shore birds, gulls and ducks.

It was rather late in the year for shore birds, but we saw about fifty-

Red-backed Sandpipers and fifteen winter Yellow-legs. We also saw about a hundred Black Ducks and many Herring Gulls. In a fresh water meadow just back of the marsh we saw one Virginia Rail. Later we tried the upland country, and we saw a couple of Mourning Doves, a Marsh Hawk, two Blue Jays, some Robins and Slate-colored Juncos, two Meadow larks and a flock of seven Bob-whites. We killed a pair of the Bob-whites and I saved their skins for my collection, but they were in very poor plumage, and we concluded it was too early in the season to make it worth while to spend much time looking for them, although they are rather abundant there. We crossed the Cape, which is only a few miles wide at this point, and went on the beach on the outer side facing the Atlantic Ocean. Here we found a narrow beach from which high sand bluffs rose almost perpendicularly on the side next the woods. The beach at the water's edge sloped at a rather sharp angle and the water looked very deep a few feet off shore. At frequent intervals we found the timbers of wrecked vessels partly buried in the ever shifting sand. Tracks in the sand showed that four deer had preceded us along the beach but a short time before. We saw four Gannets flying over the waves quite a distance off shore. No birds of any kind except a few sparrows were visible on the beach, although we followed along the water's edge for a few miles until we saw the towers of the wireless station at Wellfleet directly ahead of us, and after giving one last look at the broad Atlantic, we turned westward and recrossed the Cape.

As we reached camp the pedometer swinging on my belt had registered twenty-one miles for the day, and we both felt as though we had had all

the exercise we needed. But just before dark we all went out on the salt marsh, and Harry Green found a flock of Black-breasted Plover, from which he collected a bird in very good fall plumage, and just at dusk Jones got a Black Duck as the flocks began to come in on the marshes to feed. During that evening and the succeeding ones spent in camp we were visited by some of the fishermen of the place, a hardy, rugged class of men, who proved to be good-natured and highly entertaining with their quaint humor and stories of the sea coast.

The next day we spent mostly on the beach, where we saw many Black Ducks, while Winter Yellow-legs had evidently arrived during the night, as we saw fully double the number which we had found the first day. We saw about forty Black-breasted Plover scattered along feeding on the sand, and one Ring-necked Plover and one Pectoral Sandpiper on the marsh. Dinsmore Green had wooden duck decoys in a salt pond right in front of the camp and shore bird decoys in a shallow puddle of water nearby. Black-breasted Plover and winter Yellow-legs were feeding on the marsh in plain sight from the camp windows a good deal of the time, and they frequently dropped in among the decoys, where we killed what birds we needed to cook in camp. I saw one Winter Yellow-legs which actually tried to alight on the back of one of the floating duck decoys, but finally decided to take a more firm footing on the shore of the salt pond.

The two following days were much like the ones already described. We found about fifty Black-crowned Night Herons, most of them in good adult plumage, living in a very small swamp back some distance from the coast. On a small wooded island on the marsh in front of the camp Jones showed

me several nests of the Green Heron where he had taken photographs of the eggs during the past summer.

Lying about on the salt marsh were the decaying remains of many Blackfish, some of them fifteen feet or more in length, and the odor from them was highly disagreeable at times when the wind brought it toward us. Black Ducks could be seen at almost any time during the day, but they were very shy. I think one flock which we saw standing on a sand bar contained fully two hundred of them.

Black-breasted Plover and Winter Yellow-legs continued to be common and furnished good shooting whenever any of us cared to try for them. Oysters could be picked up on the beach at low tide, and clams were fairly plentiful in some places.

Sunday morning I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Alfred Swan, who collected the specimens of Eskimo Curlew now in D. Green's collection. Mr. Swan described in detail the circumstances under which he killed the bird nearly thirty years ago, and he proved to be a very interesting acquaintance, as he had hunted shore birds in that vicinity nearly every season for many years.

The Eskimo Curlew was taken not a great distance from the present site of the camp, and Mr. Swan told us that this past summer (1916) he saw four Long-billed Curlews there, although they are now quite rare on the Cape. Sunday afternoon we started for home. Just before leaving, Jones showed me a small swamp, right beside the main road constantly used by automobiles, where the Black-crowned Night Herons breed every year, and I could see some of the

nests from the auto as we passed the swamp.

Our trip was without incident, and thus ended a very pleasant outing.

HORACE O. GREEN,
Wakefield, Mass.

F. C. WILLARD.

F. C. Willard, the well known naturalist of Tombstone, Arizona, has recently removed to Farmingdale, Long Island, New York, and by such removal the Southwest loses one of its leading and best known oologists, and a naturalist, than whom there are but few, if any superiors, all of which Long Island will gain. From arid Arizona with its cactus and desert fauna to the shores of Long Island with its wealth of marine bird life, is certainly some change.

LONG ISLAND GAME.

Ducks are reported more plentiful on Great South Bay this season than usual and gunners report good bags. Broadbills are more plentiful than any others, although Black Ducks are numerous. Quail are quite plentiful and Pheasants were started up in places further westward on Long Island than they usually come, where the natives have not seen them in a number of years.

THE STARLING ON LONG ISLAND.

Starlings are becoming very plentiful about the city and can be seen sitting on house tops and whistling in the morning and evening. In the suburbs they perch on the chimneys or in trees in yards. They can't seem to sit quiet long, but keep flying from one place to another with a constant whistling.

M. J. HOFMAN.

SCISSOR-TAIL FLYCATCHER.

While during my stay in Corsicana, Texas, from August the 10th to Octo-



Nest and eggs of Scissor-tailed Flycatcher at Austin, Texas
—Photo by E. Perry

ber the 4th, and staying out in the country, gave me a good opportunity to study the bird life of that part of the state. Quite a few birds came under my observations, particularly the Scissor-tail Flycatcher.

Speaking about the male bird in general, range in size from $10\frac{1}{4}$ to 15 inches in length, and its long tail goes to make up half of the birds length. Which in other words the bird is half body, the other tail.

Now about the color of these beautiful "Texas Bird of Paradise" as they are generally known among the people of Texas. The neck and head is gray, also under the throat, fading to a light ash color on down the breast and about half way back under its belly, and from this point back it is a very rich salmon color, fading to a light salmon on past the under tail coverts and back under the main tail feathers for about half way, then from this point to the end of the tail it is a rich black. The sides are also a rich salmon. The wings, rump and upper tail coverts are black with the Secondaries and Tertiaries edged with whitish brown.

The most striking feature to me outside of its long scissor shaped tail is, the bright vermilion patches that adorns the bird's shoulders and shows up conspicuously. There is also another vermilion patch which is concealed in the crown, but does not show up as much as those on the shoulders.

The Scissor Tail is quite a tame bird, or it seems that way to me compared with other birds. As for instance I saw a few of these birds on different occasions sitting on the low telephone wires in the up-town district over the main thoroughfare singing and keeping a close watchout for insects, and was unconcerned as to the noise that was going on down in the street, being made by the street cars, Interurban cars, automobiles and wagons.

One thing especially I noticed about these birds I couldn't figure out was, that early in the morning great flocks would be seen flying very high in a south-westernly direction high over the city. They would be so high in the air that they seemed to be mere specks up in the clouds. It would take them about thirty minutes to pass a given place. When first observed in the morning making this flight it would be about six thirty, then as the last ones passed it would be about seven o'clock. But before the last ones were out of sight, the first part of the (same flock?) would be returning, flying in the same direction they came from or in other words they flew south west, turned around and came back, flying to the north east. This time on their return trip, they would be flying very low down, just over the tree tops, some would light on the telephone wires, some dropped down in the tree tops, while others would fly around in the air in the act of catching insects, which comprises their daily bill of fare, and at the same time quarrelling and fussing at each other, in the same manner as do the King birds.

The note of the Scissor Tail is similar to that of a Robin, which is a chirping sound.

They fly slowly and in a direct line, that is when they are flying from one place to another. But when they are in search of food, they fly zig zag, around in a circle, dart down towards the ground or fly straight up. They may be seen flying along like a Blue Jay flies, then suddenly he will check his speed, his tail will open up like a pair of scissors in operation, which means that one more unfortunate insect has gone to the far beyond.

Earl E. Moffat.
Marshall, Texas.

SOME OWLS AND OTHERS.

The Holidays will soon be here, and after them,—the Owls. True, there is an appreciable lapse of time between the last of warmed over turkey and the first set of Owl's eggs, but that signifies nothing to the mind on birds-nesting bent. It is a dull and dreary season to be passed over and forgotten as soon as possible.

As we all know, Owls are among the very earliest breeders of the bird world. In the East they are at it while the snow is still on the ground, and in Southern California the winds and rains of February and raw March assist at the debut of many a shivering owlet.

This vicinity is singularly blessed with a variety of these nocturnal raptors. Let us call the roll. We have Barn Owl, Long-eared Owl, Spotted Owl, California and Flamulated Screech Owls, Pacific Horned Owl, Burrowing Owl and Pygmy Owl, all permanent residents, with short-eared Owl for a winter visitor and Elf Owl a near neighbor just over the mountains.

The Pacific Horned is our largest Owl and is fairly common in suitable localities, being strictly nocturnal and keeping to out-of-the-way places, he manages to hold his own pretty well, although not protected by law as are all his relatives.

The Horned Owl of Southern California nests as a rule either in an old Hawk's nest or in some rock crevice, more commonly the latter, and usually fairly safe from intrusion. I had the pleasure of being with our editor a couple of years ago when he found his first set of this species, and he will bear me witness that the site was well chosen. The date was Washington's Birthday, and if my memory serves me well, the eggs were found well incubated when taken a couple of days afterward by the aid of a long fishing pole.

Not quite a month later I was down in San Diego County after a Red-bellied Hawk. A large nest fifty feet up in a Sycamore looked as if it might bear investigation, although there were no birds about. It was an easy climb—branches growing so close together that it was like going up a flight of stairs. Instead of Hawk's eggs there were three of the Horned Owl. And then I discovered that I had forgotten a collecting box. However, I made the nest of a bad business and took the eggs down in my shirt bosom, spending an anxious half hour in descending what had taken but five minutes to come up.

The following year when I visited this same nest for another set of Owls, I found three plain eggs of the Western Red-tail, to my mind not worth the fuss that their owners made over them.

That most bizarre and un-owl-like cosmopolite, the Barn Owl, is also common here, altho woefully persecuted. They are fond of old barns, church belfreys and the like. Consequently they come more into contact with men than do other Owls, and more often fall victim to the "fool with a gun." And every Barn Owl is worth at least twenty dollars a year to the State on account of the mice and gophers he destroys.

Beside old buildings the Barn Owl to June, laying from four to eight eggs. favors hollow trees and holes in banks or cliffs. Here they nest from March to June, laying from four to eight eggs.

The first and only time that the writer ever fell afoul to the law was because of a Barn Owl's nest when but a boy of twelve or thirteen, I lived in a small town near San Diego. One Sunday morning several of us climbed up into a church tower after Owl's eggs. It happened that we came too late,—the birds had hatched, and they retreated along a ridge pole when we

put in our appearance. We, of course, gave chase, pursuing them with pieces of slate stripped from the church roof, and all heedless of the gathering congregation until summoned down by the town Marshall and taken away to the lockup, which as usual was vacant.

We were left there all forenoon, "to give 'em a good scare" as our jailor remarked, in the midst of what would have been a paradise to an entomologist but which did not appeal strongly to us.

Our Spotted Owl is the equivalent of the Eastern Barn Owl, but is very rare. Less than a dozen authentic sets of Spotted Owls have been taken, and the bird itself is but seldom met with. Personally, I have only identified this species twice, both times in tall fir trees in deep shady canyons. All of the sets collected have been taken from holes in cliffs.

The Long Eared Owl occupies old crow and Hawks nests, also sometimes the platform of the wood rat. They are rapidly becoming scarce, and it gets more difficult every year to find them here. I do not know what the habits of this species are in other parts of the country, but here they seem to nest in colonies of from two to seven or eight pairs, a custom that is shared by the Barn and Burrowing Owls.

Elsewhere in the Oologist I have written of the Burrowing Owl, so can add but little here. I have dug up a great many of their burrows, more perhaps than was necessary, but with a definite object in view. I wanted to take a set of ten if possible. Several years ago I was with another collector when he took a clutch of that number, and then and there made up my mind that I would duplicate the achievement. It took a long time, during which I dug enough trenches to parallel a European battle line, but I finally succeeded. Since then I have been content to rest on my laurels.

Screech Owls are Screech Owls the country over, and our two varieties are not different in habits from others. The Flammulated lives in the high mountains, the California in the foothills and valleys. The latter is the commonest of our Owls, likely to be found anywhere, but especially partial to oak groves and willow bottoms. One peculiarity about my relations with the Screech Owl is that I can never find a nest when I set out to look for one. But let me be peering into suitable nooks in search of Woodpeckers, or Wrens or Sparrow Hawks, and I am pretty certain to rout out one of these funny little fellows.

Every season it is a point of interest to me to see what will be the first nest found. One year it was a meadow lark, once a thrasher, once a shrike, and several times a Hummingbird, but usually the honor falls to the Owls. They are found early and for that reason are doubly welcome.

D. I. Shepardson,
Los Angeles, Calif.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.

Every year a pair of Loons breed on a large pond in this town. This year there was another pair that stayed around a somewhat smaller pond until the last of July, and probably nested there.

The American Woodcock is a rather rare breeder here. June 25, 1914, I collected a badly incubated set of three from a nest on a little hummock of earth in an old orchard which was grown up with brush.

The winter of 1915-16 was especially enriched by the presence of Evening Grosbeaks. From one to seven individuals were seen at various times between the dates of February 28 and April 21.

On April 15, 1916 I saw a flock of over a hundred Snow Geese, undoubt-

edly bould for their breeding grounds in the far north.

A pair of Northern Pileated Woodpeckers has nested for several years in a certain dead tree near the edge of some woods. In one of the winter gales the tree was blown over. The birds returned as usual to their old nesting site, but they soon left, probably to seek another suitable tree.

Yours truly,
Stuart T. Danforth.
East Jaffrey, N. H.

BALD EAGLES.

Ten Bald Eagles passed down the Caddo River (Northeast) on January 3, 1917. I never saw so many eagles together before, three white-headed ones, the rest being dark. The Caddo River passes through the northwest corner of Pike County, Arkansas. . .

Walter G. Savage.

SOME FACTS ABOUT KING EAGLE.

For some hundreds of years the eagle has been called the king of birds, doubtless due to a certain royal appearance, a fierce, haughty spirit and the indisputable mastery of the air. Since the days of the early Romans he has been the emblem of nations. He is the emblem of freedom in our own beloved country. In three of the nations now fighting in the terrible war, on the other side of the ocean, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, he appears upon their standards. On the coat-of-arms of that other war-torn nation, Mexico, the eagle appears.

Here we have two distinct species, the bald eagle and the golden eagle. The latter is rarely seen east of the Mississippi River, but the former ranges throughout the continent. It gets its name from the snowy white head which it acquires when four years old. The tail also becomes white at that time. The golden eagle

has its legs feathered clear to the feet, while the bald eagle has not. The golden eagle is so called because of the golden-brown hue of the head feathers of the adults. The latter builds on lonely cliffs, rarely in a tree, while the Baldy usually chooses the latter for his home.

Eagles mate for life, and, if undisturbed, use the same nest year after year, adding fresh material to it until it becomes immense. Rarely are more than two eggs laid, and the young are two months old before they can fly. The bald eagle prefers to be near water, and is a great lover of fish. Not being a natural fisherman himself, he exercises the royal privilege of exacting tribute, watching until a fish hawk has made a successful plunge, and then robbing him. He also feeds on rabbits, hares and birds.

On the ground he is very awkward and clumsy, because of his great curved claws, but in the air he is majestic and wonderful, as becomes a king. He will soar up on his broad wings until he is lost from view in the clouds. His eyesight is little short of marvelous. Each pair of birds has a recognized hunting ground on which none other may intrude. The female is slightly larger than the male. They live to a great age.—The Young People's Weekly.—W. A. Strong, San Jose, Cal.

WIRELESS DRIVES AWAY PELICANS.

A curious effect of the immense United States naval wireless station on Point Loma, California, has been to drive away all the pelicans that once frequented the Point and San Diego Bay.

The birds are amply protected by law. No one is allowed to shoot, trap, or disturb their nests, but the pelican is passing. One may stand on Sunset

Rocks for hours at a time and fail to see a single one of the huge birds that once sailed over the bay by hundreds.

As the disappearance of the pelicans and the construction of the wireless occurred at about the same time, it is supposed that the powerful electric vibrations were the cause of the pelican emigration.—The Classmate.—W. A. Strong, San Jose, Cal.

**MORE OFFICIALLY
SEEN "WILD PIGEONS"**

Medina, Pa., Jan. 12.—While passing through Springfield township, Deputy Sheriff William M. Mathues, master hunter of this county, declares he saw a flock of 30 or more wild pigeons feeding in a meadow.

Mathues declares that he had not seen a wild pigeon in this county since 1876, and it has been generally believed that they were extinct in this section.

**MY SET OF NINE BARRED OWL'S
EGGS.**

I feel like I should offer a few remarks on the set of nine eggs of the Barred Owl which I wrote about having in my possession last March. (See Vol. XXXIII, Pg. 42-3).

Well, to begin, I had quite an unpleasant job getting them cleaned, as they were nearly all dried up, only three containing any liquid matter. The others were dried hard and stuck to the shell, or rather the lining. I filled each egg with water and placed them in a gallon earthen jar and put in enough water to keep them entirely submerged, which, by the way, was some job. They would get air some way and come to the top, and I had to put in more water every few days to keep them down. Occasionally I would remove part of the water and give the eggs a thorough shaking, then

remove whatever would come out and again refill them with water and set them back to soak some more. I kept up this method until I succeeded in getting them all cleaned, which was nine months. But now that I was fortunate enough to be able to save them, I do not mind the work and bad smell, which, by the way, was the worst. By having to soak them so long, nearly all of the dirty stains on the outside came off and left them looking fine.

Since getting them cleaned and thoroughly dried, they do look like Barred Owl eggs all right, but I am convinced they are not. In the first place the shell is considerably thicker, and a great deal harder, as I mentioned before, and the shell is perfectly smooth. All the Barred Owl eggs I have ever handled had from one to a dozen warts or bumpy places on the shell; some are very small while others are larger than the owls. They are 2.11x1.76, but by picking out extra large eggs and placing these with them, it is a very hard matter to notice any difference. Whether by their being in water so long has changed the color, I, of course, cannot say.

Mr. Walter Raine, of Toronto, Canada, advises me he thinks more than likely they are Hooded Merganser. He says they are extremely hard to drill, are about the same size, and look like Barred Owl eggs. Mr. T. H. Jackson, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, also suggests they are Hooded Mergansers. I questioned the men who found them about the nest. They claimed the eggs were settled down in the rotten wood so that only about one-third was visible, and some were completely covered up. They say there were no feathers or grass noticeable, but the tree was a water oak snag about twenty-five feet high, and was about forty yards from White Lake in the Kaskaska River bottom

about three and one-half miles north of Hervey, Illinois. I have questioned our local sportsmen who frequent that territory, and I learn they do some times see a straggling Duck during the summer months, and one party says he knows where there was a pair of small ducks nested two years ago, and has volunteered to pilot me to it so I am intending to give him a chance.

After considering everything, I am led to believe our friends, Raine and Jackson, are about right in their opinion, and had I waited until I got them cleaned I do not think I should have called them Barred Owl. While it is a fact they will never be positively identified, I think they would be more readily accepted for Mergansers than so large a set of owls.

MOCKING BIRD AND

GREEN SNAKE.

While I was taking a set of four Bell's Vireo eggs I heard two Mockingbirds fighting in a small bush just in front of me. I went over and a large green snake was in the tree with a young Mockingbird half swallowed. I killed the snake and the birds sang his funeral march.

Ramon Graham.

Large Sets of the Barn Owl.

I am fully aware that in the West the Barn Owl, which is there an abundant species, often lays sets of eight or even more eggs. In Pennsylvania, however, out of a number of nests examined the sets will not average more than five eggs, with four often a complete set.

On March 26, 1908, I found a nest of this bird on the Tincum meadows, to the south of Philadelphia, consisting of eight eggs, incubation rather uneven. It was a trifle over twenty-three feet from the ground in a large

oak, standing alone in the middle of the meadows, where they had bred for generations. A friend of the older school passed this tree on to me, telling me he had taken sets there as early as 1888, twenty years ago, and when I left Philadelphia, I passed it on to a friend, and he tells me they are still breeding there. I have taken four sets from this tree, of eight, seven, five and five eggs, respectively. On several occasions, I have found eggs spoiled by freezing, which had been laid as early as February at least. Several other pairs inhabited this region formerly, but they seem to be getting scarcer here, though spreading more commonly in surrounding counties. Their decline in numbers in this locality is not due to egg collectors, as they succeed in turning out a brood each season (all they would do under normal conditions), but to the cutting down of these nest trees and the settling of the meadows by foreigners who kill everything in sight, and whose gastronomic organs balk at nothing—not even Barn Owl or Turkey Buzzard.

Richard C. Harlow.
State College, Pa.

A Bird Tragedy in Winter.

A number of years ago when I was at my home in the country, I saw a Loggerhead Shrike pursue and kill a Cardinal.

It was a dark, blustering, snowy day, such a day as makes one glad to be within doors. From my window I saw the Shrike pursuing the Cardinal about the cedars in the yard. The Redbird was plainly becoming winded, and was all the time uttering a despairing cry. I rushed from the house to try and save it, but when I was out of doors the Shrike had choked it to death beneath the trees—its bright plumage a stain in the soft new-fallen snow.

C. W.



Nest and eggs of Western Lark Sparrow at Austin, Texas
—Photo by E. Perry

The following is a list of birds observed at York, Pa., in the order in which they were seen.

White-throated Sparrow, common.
 Cardinal two.
 Golden-crowned Kinglet, common.
 American Crow, very common.
 Downy Woodpecker, two.
 Blue Jay, few.
 American Goldfinch, common.
 Tree Sparrow, common.
 Mallard, common.
 Black Duck, common.
 Song Sparrow, common.
 Red-tailed Hawk, one.
 Horned Grebe, two.
 Belted Kingfisher, one.
 American Golden-eye, few.
 Meadowlark, one.

Arthur Farauhar.

Purple Finches.

In the December number of The Oologist, Mr. H. W. Flint has an article on the Purple Finch, and ends up by asking who has seen them and where. In answer, will say that on May 14, 1916, while spending the day at a farm in Litchfield, Connecticut, I saw ten Purple Finches, six males and four females, feeding on dry burdocks near a creek back of the barn.

Then again on November 3, 1916, while looking for birds at Baldwins, on the Housatonie River, I saw five Purple Finch, three male and two female. I believe these are the only Purple Finches I have seen in at least ten years.

Nelson E. Wilmot,
 West Haven, Conn.

The Purple Finch at Hatley, Stanstead County, Quebec.

In answer to Mr. H. W. Flint's query in the December number of The Oologist, as to who sees the Purple Finch now and where? The following is the status of the bird at Hatley for the past few years:

Carpodacus purpureus purpureus (Gmelin) Purple Finch. Fairly common summer visitant; April 19th to October 25th (November 28th). Average date of arrival (for four years) May 10th; of departure (for four years) October 19th. This is quite a common bird at migration times, but during the summer months its numbers are very limited, and I have not yet been able to locate a nest, although two or three old ones found in the fall would seem to belong to this species, judging from their situation and construction. The late date in November, 1915, is for a single female only which was in the company of a large flock of Goldfinch.

During the past summer (1916) I have had the pleasure of seeing three or four of the birds almost daily in my garden during the month of June and July quite frequently in August, but was never able to locate where they were nesting. Contrary to Mr. Flint's experience, the birds, I am glad to say, are increasing in numbers here rather than decreasing.

H. Mousley, Hatley.

The Purple Finch in the Ozarks.

Answering Mr. H. W. Flint's inquiry regarding the above species in the December, 1916, Oologist, page 209, I wish to say that although Mr. Arthur H. Howell in his "Birds of Arkansas" Biological Survey Bulletin 38, page 60, reports as common winter visitors between November and April in various parts of the State, I myself have observed them only during one season out of four since my coming to the State.

On March 12, 1916, while out driving in company with a gentleman we observed one lone male feeding in a tree near the roadside. No other birds were observed during our drive east of the city of Fayetteville on that day.

Two miles west from where the above was seen a flock of about 25 was observed on the University Campus, where they remained for several days.

On March 20, of the same year, a pair—male and female—was observed some ten miles west of the University.

At this writing, January 12, 1917, no Purple Finches have been seen or reported to me this winter. I will, however, pay closer attention and be on the lookout for them in the future and will report to the readers of *The Oologist* if any appear.

Albert Lano,
Fayetteville, Ark.

Bumble Bees and Wrens Nests.

While looking for Least Bittern nests at Great Island, Lyme, Connecticut, the cattails being full of Marsh Wrens' nests, of course I tried a few, and as I was about to stick my finger in another nest, there was a great buzzing and out came a bumble bee. I tore the nest open and found the bee had started to make a comb.

Now, in most all of the dummy nests, and a few other nests, there are bees. I opened a few of the nests which were made to raise a brood in, and found that the eggs were broken; some had two and others three.

Now, the question is, did the bees break the eggs, or did the Wrens break them trying to drive out the bees? Has any one ever had the same experience?

N. E. WILMOT,
West Haven, Conn.

Life Saved by a Robin.

While out collecting once I was foolish enough to cross a railroad trestle and when half way across a train approaching from the other direction thundered past and frightened a Robin from off its nest. I turned around to

see what the bird was and saw about one hundred yards in back of me on the same track I was on an express coming at about ninety miles an hour. It is needless to say I made the water fifteen feet below in one jump, if I did go up to my waist.

T. E. McMullen.

Mareca Penelope in Virginia.

I wish to record another specimen of the European Widgeon, a fine male, shot by T. E. Williams on Back Bay, Virginia, December 27, 1916. This is now the third specimen of this duck in my collection taken in this section.

Harold H. Bailey,
Newport News, Va.

F. H. LATTIN.

The following from Mr. A. M. Eddy, of Albion, New York, who prints and mails *The Oologist* for us, is prompted by the note in last month's issue relative to our old friend, Dr. Frank H. Lattin:

He, in his time, and perhaps even today, is the best known bird eggs man in the United States. The tally sheet forwarded with the communication gives the figures of Dr. Lattin's election, by which it appears that out of 7,767 votes he received 4,582, certainly an indorsement from his neighbors which he may well feel proud. Though everybody knows that all other considerations being equal, an *Oologist* is superior and preferable for all purposes and at all times to any other member of that family of animals known in science as featherless bipeds.

We congratulate Dr. Frank H. Lattin and trust that he will make as pronounced a success in his new business as he did in his old business of birds' eggs.

The Editor.

"I notice your remarks in this issue

regarding our old friend Frank Lattin. Yes, Dr. Frank H. Lattin is our Member of Assembly. He proved himself irresistible. He had been asked to consent to run for Member and the Republican "machine" had been approached, etc., but the machine had their own candidate and refused to book him for the primaries. So Lattin bucked the machine and got the nomination from the Republicans and then got the Progressives. Then he started out to get the real vote. You see, the Doctor runs about as well as a bird flying toward the homeland.

A. M. Eddy."

We are advised that our friend Lattin has been appointed on the following committees as per the following clipping from an Albion (N. Y.) paper:

Dr. Frank H. Lattin, Member of Assembly from the Orleans district, has been appointed to a place on the Committee of Agriculture and also on the Committee of Public Health.—Editor.

HAWKS' NESTS.

Although during the season of 1916 I was unable to locate any nests of the Red-shouldered Hawks which usually breed on my old hunting grounds at Stoneham, Mass., I discovered the nests of two other species of the Raptors, which well repaid me for the time I had spent in the woods.

On April 30th, while making a careful search along my usual route through the scattered groves on the outskirts of the town, I noticed a female Sparrow Hawk which appeared very tame and rather unwilling to leave the part of the woods where I first saw her, although I followed her from tree to tree for several minutes as she changed her position to avoid me. I then began to look around for a suitable nesting site, and almost at once I noticed the dead and broken

trunk of what had once undoubtedly been a tall elm tree, although it is now broken off about twenty feet from the ground. At a height of perhaps ten feet the main trunk separated into two equal branches, each of which contains old Flicker holes.

A rap on the base of the stub started a Flicker out of a hole in one branch and a male Sparrow Hawk out of a hole in the opposite branch.

As it was out of the question to reach the nest hole without the aid of climbing irons, I continued my walk, determined to return at a later date. On Sunday morning, May 14th, I again visited the nest. This time I was accompanied by my old friend, H. A. Jones, of Greenwood, Mass., who is a few years younger and of a decidedly more athletic build than the present writer; so quite naturally I appeal to him when a particularly difficult situation arises. Jones brought his climbing irons, two cameras and a very complete array of handy accessories, such as delight the heart of any enthusiastic nature photographer. The female was on the nest when we arrived. Jones quickly found that five eggs, rather pale colored for this species, were lying on a bed of chips about twelve inches below the entrance hole. No nest lining was visible, except the chips. The entrance hole was near the top of the stub, just below where the tree had broken off, and in a difficult place to take pictures. However, one of the cameras was fastened to a small branch of the only available tree nearby and, although the light was unfavorable for photography, several exposures were made as the bird kept returning and clinging to the entrance hole, curious to see if her treasures were still there. I found that if Jones hid in the underbrush and I walked away from the nest, taking a course where the trees

were rather open so that the Hawk could not see me leave, she would immediately return to the entrance to the nest and remain there until the click of the camera frightened her away again. This maneuver was repeated until Jones had taken as many snapshots as he wished. Then, after the camera and equipment was packed up, we began to look around for a chance to take some more pictures of nests. After wandering through the woods and fields I finally found a nest of twigs placed on some horizontal branches right against the trunk of a rather small white pine tree which stood in the center of a small grove bordering on a meadow near a river. Over the edge of the nest, which was only about thirty-five feet from the ground, I could see the tail feathers of what proved to be a Sharp-shinned Hawk. A sharp rap on the tree trunk frightened her from the nest but she remained near and uttered a shrill cry frequently repeated, and soon her mate joined her.

Jones climbed up the tree and found four very handsome eggs, which I afterwards discovered were quite fresh. As the tree was not a difficult one to climb, I went up also, and both of us remained in the tree for about a half hour, while Jones used up all his remaining plates in both cameras, taking pictures of the nest and eggs from different positions in the tree, in order to make sure of satisfactory results.

Both kept near us, crying shrilly at times, and frequently darting up within fifteen or twenty feet of us as long as we remained in the tree. But whenever either of the Hawks decided to rest a moment they would alight on a branch of some near pine at a distance, which made it impossible to focus the camera for a good picture of the birds themselves.

After Jones had finished with the camera I packed the eggs in my collecting box, and then, after looking the nest over carefully we descended from the tree and started for home. This was my first and only set of the Sharp-shinned Hawk, and I do not need to remark that I was very well satisfied with the morning's work. The nest was made of twigs, no other material being used, although the twigs used as a lining were much smaller and finer than those of the exterior. No downy white feathers such as we frequently find clinging to the sticks of a Red-shoulder's nest were visible on this Sharp-shin's nest. I hunted around that locality a couple of weeks later to see if the Hawks would have a second set in this same nest, or anywhere in the same vicinity, but found no trace of the birds on this last trip. However, I will be there again next year.

The photographs of this nest and set of eggs came out very fine and Jones kindly gave me a full series of them, but as I think he intends to publish his own notes sooner or later and use his photos as illustrations, I do not feel at liberty to submit them for publication now.

My friend, Edward S. Coombs, reports an interesting, although aggravating experience, with Hawks' eggs this same season. On May 13th he found a Red-shoulder's nest from which he collected a set of three eggs rather heavily incubated. Later in the same day, he found an occupied nest of the Cooper's Hawk, which he was unable to reach without climbers. So he went back a couple of days later with an acquaintance, a linesman named Murphy, who was thoroughly at home on the telegraph poles, but not accustomed to oological work. Mr. Coombs handed his collecting box to Murphy, who easily climbed up and

got a nice set of eggs, which he packed in the box with the greatest care. Then, instead of coming down immediately with them, Murphy thought he would like to show how much at home he felt in the swaying tree top, so he lighted a cigarette and began leisurely surveying the surrounding country. A minute later Mr. Coombs saw a swiftly dropping object, which narrowly missed hitting his head as it passed and struck the ground at his feet. Stooping over he picked up his collecting box, which contained four slightly incubated eggs, most thoroughly smashed to pieces. Although this was the only nest of Cooper's Hawk which he had found during the season, Mr. Coombs always takes such mishaps good-naturedly, and he merely remarked to the rather crestfallen hero that he would save the pieces and exhibit them in his collection as a sample of Murphy's work as a naturalist. It was lucky for the Irishman's peace of mind that he was not collecting for me, however.

Wakefield, Mass. Horace O. Green,

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J. W. PRESTON.

Our mail brings the following communication from Mrs. Preston, giving an account of the death of her husband:

"I am writing you to tell you of Mr. Preston's death, which occurred January 10th. As you perhaps know, his health failed more than a year ago. He was afflicted with typhoid fever in September, as were three of our children (due to bad water). Mr. Preston never recovered from this and a week before his death developed pneumonia. His last week was hard. The end came peacefully and without a struggle. His calm, peaceful face showed that for him "life's battles were over," and the care and pain gone.

"But for me and his four dear little children the loneliness and heartache are only begun.

"I am taking the liberty to ask your advice as to the disposal of his collection. I would like to keep it, but it was his wish and intention to dispose of at least a part of it.

"You probably know of his financial reverses. We have not purchased a home since coming to Cheney. It was our plan to apply the money from the collection in this way.

"Cheney is a good school town, and we will probably carry out his plans.

"Thanking you in advance for any suggestions you may offer,

Mrs. Mabel S. Preston."

Mr. Preston was one of the real well known collectors' of birds' eggs in the United States. He amassed one of the finest private collections that it has ever been our privilege to examine, most of which now rests in the cabinet of The Editor. He was a tireless field ornithologist and one unusually well read in the books. His experience was wide and varied in different parts of the country, beginning in Northern Iowa at a time when the Wild Pigeon, Trumpeter Swan and Whooping Crane nested in that territory.

One of the eggs of the latter bird taken by Mr. Preston in our collection was accompanied by data showing that he had traveled in the neighborhood of twenty miles on foot, found this nest just at dusk, took the egg after flushing the bird at very short range, carried it with him clear home, and on the way stumbled over a stump in the dark and damaged it. This incident is referred to simply to show the tireless energy of the young man.

In his earlier life he had the assistance of his father and other relatives, who were much interested in collecting eggs. Many of the speci-



Nest of Brewer's Blackbird on the ground at Mailno, Ore.
—Photo by Alex Walker

mens we have from him are referred to as having been taken by these members of his family.

In later life he removed into the far Northwest and was for a time connected with the U. S. Biological investigations in that territory and became very familiar with the rare and unusual birds of that neighborhood, such as Crossbill, Clark's Nutcracker and other similarly rare varieties, specimens of the eggs of which came to us from him.

It is really a sorrow to see these old-time naturalists dropping out one at a time, and one wonders what youngster now coming up is to take their place.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Preston and the four little children, and we hope that some oologist who desires to add to his collection will correspond with Mrs. Preston relative to acquiring the residue of the specimens still in her possession, and referred to in her letter. These are of the more common varieties, and it is our recollection, include about three hundred varieties.

R. M. Barnes.

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"The Oldest Reader."

On page 5 of the January number I notice that one by the name of Ben J. Blincoe has been a reader of the Oologist for eight years. Think I can go Ben one better, as I have read and reread every page of the Oologist since it started as the Young Oologist in May, 1884—nearly thirty-three years ago.

Philip Laurent,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Boy Scouts and The Oologist.

It is increasingly evident that the Boy Scout movement is spreading rapidly over the country, and no movement promises better for the future of the younger generation. Every mail brings to THE OOLOGIST a large number of applications for sample

increasing interest on the part of the Boy Scouts in the study of outdoor natural history.

The Boy Scout movement is along proper lines, taking the boys as it does, from the crowded cities and the dull country towns and cross roads villages into the open woods and fields, and training them in manly ways and woodcraft. Teaching them to observe as they travel, to consider as they observe and to know what they see. Every hour spent in the woods in this way with a capable Scout Master is, in the judgment of the Editor, of as much value to the boy as an hour spent in the school room. We believe he will learn as much, and we are sure that what he learns will be beneficial to him in future years.

One great thing lacking in the lives of most people is the knowledge of something out of doors in which they have a lively interest, and of which they have an intimate knowledge. The study of ornithology, mamology, entomology, geology, botany, or in fact any other natural science prosecuted first hand in a communion with nature and in her own great outdoor church, cannot fail to broaden and develop and help the student.

Few, if any, outdoor natural sciences are as attractive as ornithology, requiring as it does, physical effort and exercise, an acute woodsmanship, a quick eye and a discerning mentality.

It will be a pleasure to THE OOLOGIST to further an interest in ornithology on the part of the Boy Scouts, and we will gladly give space to such deserving observations and communications as they may see fit to forward for publication.—The Editor.

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"I sent you an extra subscription last year also and hope many more friends of the Oologist will help by doing likewise. Each number of the Oologist when it arrives, I read from beginning to end, ads and all, before I do anything else. I like the stories, notes, etc. coming as I judge from unpaid writers better than I would from the professional paid space fillers."

Roscoe I. Giles.

ADVERTISERS

THE OOLOGIST is by far the best advertising medium in America for all who have things to dispose of which interest those who make any branch of Natural History either a profession or a hobby, Field glasses, cameras, cabinets, natural history books, and specimens of all kinds are in constant use by its readers. As a medium of exchange between those having specimens it is without a peer. Place your 1917 contract NOW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Folding Canvas Boat in good condition for best cash or exchange offer. B. S. BOWDISH, Demerest, N. J.

FOR SALE—A Stevens collecting gun with shells, loading tools, etc.; 15 inch barrel, 44 caliber, but slightly used. Good as new. Price \$12.00. F. T. PEMBER, Granville, N. Y.

Hundreds of named species of North American Lepi optera offered in exchange for first-class bird skins. No skins wanted without locality and date when bird was collected. PHILIP LAURENT, 31 E. Mt. Airy Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

Oct. 20, 1916.

“Permit me to extend congratulations on the excellent standard attained by the October Oologist. You are making a real magazine of it and if you keep the pace, especially as to illustrations, there should be no question as to its securing adequate support.”

B. S. Bowdish.
Demarest, N. J.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERM Y

VOL. XXXIV. No. 3. ALBION, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1917. WHOLE NO. 356

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 356 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A few pair of Ring Necked Pheasant; also 1 Wild Mallard Drake. L. A. PARRE, Batavia, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird skins and eggs. Send list of what you can use; also list of exchanges. JESSE T. CRAVEN, Tacy Montana.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

WANTED—A copy of Kirkwood's "Birds of Maryland" in original covers. Will give good exchange in ornithological magazines, eggs in sets or cash. RALPH W. JACKSON, Cambridge, Md. Route No. 1.

Birds and Mammal skins from the Ozark Mt. Region for exchange. Wanted Candon Vol. XIV to XVIII inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Exchange desired for the following Bird Skins, No. 36, 37, 38, 59, 74, 79, 80, 184, 186, 218, 483 and 514. D. V. HEMBREE, Roswell, Ga. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird and Mammal skins from this the Ozark Mt. Region. Wanted: Condors, Vols. Fourteen to Eighteen inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

I want birds or skins for mounting Boat and Great-tailed Grackle, Cardinal, Painted Bunting, Scissor-tailed Fly-catcher, California Valley and Gambel's Partridges, Magpies, etc. Can offer eggs, Natural History Magazines and other magazines and books. DELOS HATCH, Oakfield, Wis. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Mounted Vermont deer heads, mounted deer horns, birds of Eastern North America, Chapman's Color Key, Snapping Turtle 1-41. Want A-1 sets, raw fur, guns, rifles, revolvers, old time arms and cash. JAMES O. JOHNSON, 310 N. Main St., Soughinton, Conn.

EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

FOR DISPOSAL—A large collection of choice cabinet sets with full and accurate data. European sets for sale very cheap for cash. Send 2c stamp for complete lists. Satisfaction guaranteed. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Georgia.

I am always wanting lists of entire collections of North American Birds' Eggs which the owners desire to dispose of. None are too large and none are too small if they contain any material that I need. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

The first five Volumes American Ornithology. Copies of Recreation, North American Journal and other bulletins and other books, electric battery. Some eggs to offer for eggs. C. B. VANDERCOOK, Odin, Ill.

WANTED.—Choice sets of the following, Nos. 10, 18, 20, 124, 150, 167, 204, 205, 215, 330, 352a, 379, 379a, and many others. Offer a large list, including 327, 349, 351, 354 and 356 and others. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Southern choice cabinet sets and sets with nests Nos. 65, 74, 80, 126, 197, 258, 286, 325, 326, 352, 364, 416, 452, 466, 513, 397, 610, 637, 638, 673, 684 and many others. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 2c stamp for complete lists. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Will exchange for birds' eggs, nests and skins, particularly want eggs of sea birds, birds of prey and Hummers and skins of Game birds. Offer Spectroscope in case; three 4x5 Blair Plate Holders, double; Siebert Compound Microscope in case, 2 eye pieces, 3 objectives, 3 Condensers, diaphragm and reducers, cost \$86.00; sea and land shells, corals, minerals, butterflies; a few Indian relics, curios and eggs in sets. Medical and Nat. History, books and excerpts rebound, mounted birds and mammals. ERNEST H. SHORT, Rochester, N. Y., Box 173.

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If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—No. 12 Vol. XIV of The Oologist, Dec. 1897; for which I will pay 50c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demarest, N. J.

Oologist Tools and Supplies. Books and Magazines of every description, Fishing Rods and Tackle, Lists, quotations promptly sent. BENJAMIN HOAG, Garfield, N. Y.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED—Bound volumes in red half morocco of Bird and Nature, 5 and 6, 7 and 8, 9 and 10, 11 and 12. Give sets in case. W. H. OVER, Vermillion, S. D.

FOREXCHANGE—Pamphlets, magazines, U. S. Bulletins, Books, Reports, Excerpts, circulars and periodicals relating to Ornithology. Also sets from Texas. I want in exchange only common sets. Send for my large list first EARL E. MOFFAT, Marshall, Texas.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

TO EXCHANGE—I have all numbers of "The Oologist" since January, 1911. Want eggs in exchange. What have you to offer. J. R. McLEOD, 229 Tecumseh Ave., London, Ont., Canada.

I have 180 different numbers of The Oologist covering 32 years, some very rare. Will sell for cash, or trade for books, birds or mammal skins. Make me an offer for what ones you need. A. B. HOWELL, Covina, Cal.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

BIRD LORES WANTED—For cash or exchange. I need these Bird Lores. Vol. 1-2 and 3 complete volumes or odd numbers. Also need Vol. 4 Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 7, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-4-5-6, Vol. 10, Nos. 1-2-3-4-5-6, Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5. For these I will exchange other issues of Bird Lore or Oologist or other bird magazines or will pay cash. I also want The Auk Vol. 1 to 13; The Condor, 1 to 4 inc. I have many bird books and bird magazines for sale or exchange. If interested quote what you have to offer. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 3 ALBION, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1917. WHOLE NO. 356

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

"SEND IT IN"

If you have a bit of news,
Or a thing that will enthuse,
Send it in.

A story that is true,
An article that's new,
We want to hear from you!
Send it in.

But a story's only half,
Send along a photograph,
Send it in.

Never mind about your style,
If the story's worth the while,
And will boost or cause a smile,
Send it in.

From "The Sporting Goods Sales
Journal," of New York.

**SOME NESTING BIRDS OF THE
JUDITH BASIN, MONTANA, No. 2.**

P. M. Silloway

Nest No. 9. May 25. Bartramian Sandpiper.—This is another of the Illinois birds whose nesting was a mystery to me in the days when I studied their interesting ways on the farms of Central Illinois. I remember some of the many occasions when I watched the movements of a pair of these prairie dwellers, hoping to locate a home of theirs in a tuft of meadow verdure, but in my Illinois experiences a-field I was doomed to disappointment in this respect. This sandpiper is not numerous on the benches of the Judith Basin, for each season I located not more than two or three pairs in the vicinity of Lewistown; it was with real pleasure, therefore, that I heard the mellow whistle apprising me of their presence, and I felt certain that since the pairs were few I could gratify my desire to find a nest. On the day in question I was on the trail of a nest of Long-billed Curlew, and in the portion of open prairie I was searching, I decided that a pair of Bartramian Sandpipers must be nesting for their activities seemed to center in that locality. To some who know these two species, it may seem strange that I deserted the quest of the Long-billed Curlew's nest and turned my energies for the day in the discovery of the Sandpiper's home. I felt certain of locating the Curlew's nest at a later time, however, and since I had never gazed upon a Sandpiper's domicile, curiosity overcame cupidity and I paid no further attention to the male Curlew's angry demonstrations at my proceedings.

For a while I tramped up and down and across and back over the little bench where the nest seemed to be. In fact, the ground was nearly bare, except for the short tufts of lupine,

and at length I concluded that I was again deluded regarding a nest. My time was getting limited; and as I was then making a collection of bird-skins for a local institution, I decided to pick up something to work on upon my return, for which purpose I carried a small collecting gun. A McCown's Longspur happened to be a suitable victim at hand, but when I fired at it there fluttered out from a sparse tuft of lupine near me the Mrs. Bartramian Sandpiper for whom I was searching. She had sat close on her nest until the report of the little gun proved too great a shock for her nerves, and thus she had revealed the secret. Indeed, her nervousness was apparent as she flew off low and alighted, for she stood teetering, and waving her wings up and down, wondering what had happened. The nest was a thin bedding of dried grass, and the tuft she had selected was scarcely large enough to cover her, the depression being four and one-half inches across and one and one-half inches deep. There were four eggs in the nest, placed with the small ends together in the middle of the depression.

Nest No. 10. May 25. McCown's Longspur.—This Longspur is generally quite numerous on the benches of the Judith Basin. They can be heard everywhere late in May over the prairies, uttering their jingle of chattering, warbling medley as they flutter upward in capricious, aimless flight, to return to the ground with outspread unmoving wings, like miniature parachutes. They nest numerous on the benches, and in trailing down a nest of the Long-billed Curlew I frequently ran upon a half dozen nests of the Longspur as incidental finds. Unlike the Horned Lark, McCown's Longspur sits until it is startled from the nest, and then flutters

up and away instead of keeping to the ground. The nest in question was found while I was searching for the Curlew's and Sandpiper's nests. It was in an open situation, quite exposed, with nothing to mark the site. It was made flush with the surroundings, of grayish dried grass. The cavity was two and one-fourth inches across the top, and one and one-half inches deep. In general appearance this Longspur's nest greatly resembled the work of a Horned Lark. There were three eggs, and as the female sat until I was within ten feet of the nest, it seemed they were well incubated. Three eggs is a very common complement, four being found less frequently than three.

Nest No. 11. May 28. Long-billed Curlew.—Of all the pleasures of the northwestern prairies, give me the quest of the Curlew's nest. Montana has plenty of big game, but for me the very gamiest of them all is the Long-billed Curlew; not gamy from the sportsman's viewpoint, for I never killed one as game. To the uninitiated the premeditated finding of a Curlew's nest is an achievement unworthy of mention, but to one who knows, it is the acme of outdoor craft; if you can't accept this statement, try the feat for yourself. To sit at dusk at some secluded watering-place, wait until the deer comes to drink and then bowl him over may be a doing worth while to the gamehunter; but go out on the open prairie, locate a pair of Curlews, and find the nest, not stumble on it accidentally,—then you are a sportsman worthy of the name, for in doing it you will learn more of bird-craft than the books have ever told. And yet, it is simple enough when you have once learned how, and thereafter the day when you can go a-field for Curlew's eggs becomes a pleasant anticipation, and the results thenceforth

serve as the brightest of memories.

Let me see—where was I? Oh, yes, I was beginning to tell about this nest of Long-billed Curlew. It was on a broad expanse of bench, say two miles wide and three miles long, certainly plenty of territory for investigation. Now, there are two ways of hunting the Curlew's nest, one of which is to tramp forth and back, here and there over the area, trusting to luck to lead you onto a nest. I used to do that, and I never found any nests. Suppose we divide up this two miles by three miles into strips sixty yards wide, and travel up one strip and back on the next, searching each strip,—we have traveled one hundred seventy-six miles and then haven't found any Curlews' eggs. That way doesn't pay, for no sitting Curlew will rise from her nest with the observer sixty yards away and she can't be seen on the nest at that distance. The other of hunting the nest,—well, if you will look over the back files of your OOLOGIST you will find detailed directions I once divulged on this subject. How did I happen to learn the secret? I must confess that I found my first Curlew's nest quite by chance, though I knew it was on a certain quarter-section of the prairie, for a friend had told me it was there. Meanwhile I had searched the benches three years without results, and when I ultimately found this first nest, through the suggestions of a friend who didn't know how to find one himself, I left the eggs in the nest intact and made a study of the owners' actions. I approached the spot from almost every point of the compass, time after time and day after day, until I knew precisely how the male would act in every instance of my approach; the female would remain sitting until I was within fifty feet of her, sometimes waiting for me to get as near

as fifteen feet from her before she half-ran, half-flew from the nest.

To get back to the subject—this Curlew's nest. I started the operations at a shallow water-hole, from which the prairie sloped upward on all sides almost imperceptibly, with a half dozen Curlews feeding scattered within sight. After sundry movements around the depression to get any of the feeding birds interested, at length one of them showed the desired interest. As I afterward guessed, he was one hundred fifty yards from the nest when he began his demonstrations, and just an hour from that time I was at the nest, while three other males were assisting the owner in cackling at me overhead. The nest was about two hundred yards from the water-hole and near an abandoned road across the bench. The female sat close during the hubbub, undisturbed by the commotion, for you must remember that the male as a rule makes his demonstrations on the opposite side of the disturber from the nest, and this is the secret of finding the sitting female. This nest was made of coarse dried grass scantily surrounded by a few upright blades of grass, beside some lumps of dried manure. There were four eggs, large, handsomely spotted products, arranged with the small end toward the middle of the nest. I never found less than four eggs in a full complement, among dozens of nests of this Curlew I have examined, and I can not agree with any statements that make less than four as completed sets. The last week of May is the right time to find full sets in the Judith Basin, and most of the eggs found after the first of June are likely to be too badly incubated to make nice specimens.

Nest No. 12. May 30. Bartramian Sandpiper.—The date shows that this was a holiday, and it found me out on

an expanse of prairie hunting for eggs. It was Curlew time, but incidentally there were other desiderata on the open benches. I couldn't get any Curlews to manifest interest in my proceedings, but at length I ran across a male Bartramian Sandpiper feeding in a likely looking corner of a pasture. I began to quarter over the corner, and without great loss of time the female ran from a tuft of grass about fifteen feet ahead of me, while the male gleaned quietly about a hundred feet from the nest site. Neither of the birds made any outcry, and the female soon began to feed quietly from the sparse herbage. This nest was made with no lining except a few blades of grass which had been trampled down in the tuft, the blades of enclosing material being from six to eight inches high. There were four eggs, three of which lay with their small ends together in the middle, while the fourth egg was lying crosswise of the radius of the nest.

Nest No. 13. May 30. Chestnut-collared Longspur.—This same Decoration day turned off showery in the afternoon, the Curlews were contrary and disappointed me, and I started home out of sorts. Out on the bench I was crossing, however, I made a find which put me in better humor, the nest of a Chestnut-colored Longspur. This species is generally not represented numerously on the benches of Judith Basin, though it could not be termed rare, as it breeds sparingly. I was paying little attention to the birds around me, for I had decided to go home without interruption, but when little Mrs. C. C. Longspur dashed out from the base of a small grass tuft which I was just about to brush with my foot from pure force of habit, I immediately saw that she was worth looking after. She fluttered low ahead of me, quite differ-

ent from the manner of McCown's, which starts up and away when startled from the nest. Soon this Longspur was joined by the male, whose markings were unmistakable, a motley suit he wore indeed; and both of the pair fluttered around me from time to time while I examined the nest to my satisfaction. It was in a small round depression beside the base of a trifling tuft of dried grass, being made flush with the ground, of grayish dried grass, the back part of the nest formed by the base of the tuft so that the nest material was lacking at that part; in fact, there was no nest architecture, the material merely lining the depression. This nest contained five eggs.

Nest 13, a. June 1. Western Meadowlark.—This species on the benches of the northwest is a counterpart of the Meadowlark on the Illinois farm lands. It is associated more with the bottom ranches than with the high bench pastures. In all respects it is like the eastern species, except the variations in its singing, and its occurrence in the agricultural sections of the Judith Basin is in about the same ratio as its relative on the farms of central Illinois. The finding of a nest of the Western Meadowlark in the Judith Basin is an event of little importance except to the student of birdlife, but this particular nest is worth mentioning. The female was sitting close, as I was investigating the weeds at the edge of a small irrigating ditch, and my foot was pressing the edge of the nest when she flew out, though the male was chirping anxiously on a nearby fence, no doubt fearing what was coming. The nest was under a tuft of long dried grass, opening sun-ward, nicely rounded, and domed with the fallen grass. Upon looking into the snug structure, I was at first undecided what I had found, for there were only two eggs of the

Meadowlark with five eggs of the Cowbird, a most unusual combination. In fact, it was the first time I had ever found the parasite's eggs in a nest of this species, though later I discovered that the Cowbird frequently imposes upon the Meadowlark in the northwest.

◆

THOMAS G. HAWLEY.

Thomas G. Hawley, one of those princes of Ornithologists reports the following from Bridgeport, Conn.:

A set of Spotted Robin's eggs, a set of 6 Robin's eggs, a set of 6 Green Herring's eggs and a set of White Blue Bird's eggs, all the result of "poking his nose into every nest he finds"; a mighty good habit to get into, regardless of whether the nest is that of a common species or a rarity, therein rests one of the real lures of the game; a possibility of discovering the unexpected and desirable at any time and in any nest.—Editor.

◆

CLEANING BIRD EGGS.

I have just found out what to use to clean eggs. I guess many have used this method but it may be of some use to others. I received a set of quail eggs, they were badly stained and dirty so I took some gasoline then a small rag and wrapped it around my finger. First I dipped the rag in the gas then rubbed the egg where the stain was. Well this took some of the stain off, but it did not satisfy me so I wet the rag again and then dipped it in plaster paris and then rubbed the egg shell and I was surprised at the effect it had on the shell. I did not succeed in taking all the stain off, but made the shell much clearer and white. I also used this method on some eggs that had been poorly marked with ink and indelible pencil. I had fairly good luck with this, when, if I had tried to wash them with soap and water I

think I would still be washing. I hope this will be of some use to some one.

R. Graham.

Forth Worth, Texas.

EARLY NOTES.

Edgar M. Parker of Montgomery City, Missouri, reports the following early arrivals:

January 25th, Mockingbird.

January 28th, Kingfisher.

February 15th, Robin.

February 16th, Bluebird.

A Robin was seen here on January 11, 1917, which is very unusual in this locality.

C. F. Pahrman.

DELOS HATCH.

Delos Hatch, one of the oldest and best known Oologists and Ornithologists of Wisconsin, is the subject of this sketch. Settling as he did a great many years ago on the edge of a great Horrican Marsh he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for familiarizing himself with the life histories of the winter birds.

This vast expanse of semi-submerged territory was in the earlier day one of the best known wild fowl resorts in all North America; Swans, ducks, geese, grebes, herons, rails, phalaropes and many waders visited its depths and shores annually. Sportsmen from almost all parts of the United States made pilgrimages to help harvest its annual crop of birds.

Mr. Hatch has spent many years of his life roaming through this vast morass and collected thousands of specimens. His data is being found in practically all the collections in the United States. A large number of specimens rest in our cabinet and when you see the name of Delos Hatch signed as certifying to certain facts on data, you may rest assured that said facts are truly and correctly reported.

He became familiar with many rareties as the result of this exceptional opportunity which he enjoyed and ultimately constructed a small museum of his own.

Mr. Hatch sends us photographs we publish in this issue with the statement that he has not been at the marsh for about ten years. We opine that when he makes a visit, which he proposes to do this summer, he will be pained and surprised at the change.

He is a collector known practically throughout the world, a taxidermist of high degree and at one time his museum contained upwards of a thousand mounted birds, great numbers of eggs, insects, shells and general curios.

KILL THE CATS.

Cats Ruthless Destroyers of Birds.

That cats are a menace to the nation's birds has been proved so many times over by ornithologists that the bill to license these animals should have great weight with legislators, says a press reporter of Albany, N. Y. What sportsmen hope to do is to license the domestic cat and by that means kill off the rovers, the "barrel" cats and those that hunt birds. Those interested feel that no one will object to a 25-cent license as a means of protection.

C. H. Wilson, who has taken up the fight against the cat inaugurated by the New York State Forest, Fish and Game League, says: "There can be no argument that the cat, next to man, is the greatest enemy to bird life. To give emphasis to all that has been said touching the question of the protection of birds from cats, here is an analysis made of Dr. Forbush's report, which comprises 1,268 individual reports, naming 107 species of birds killed by cats. A few of the most important species are as follows:

Bluebird, 75; Robin, 272; Thrush,



Delos Hatch and Ellen Hatch, his wife, on the Horricon Marsh, Wis.

24; Swallow, 56; Grossbeaks, 10; Warbler, 24; Chickadees, 24; House Wren, 16; Catbird, 52; Vireos, 11; *Sparrow, 167; Goldfinch, 14; Baltimore Oriole, 14; Meadow Lark, 15; Bluejay, 25; Humming Bird, 10; Nighthawk, 3; Northern Flicker, 24; Woodpeckers, 15; Ruffed Grouse, 46; Ringnecked Pheasant, 11; Bobwhite, 44; Woodcock, 11. *Not including English Sparrow.

"All of these birds and many others spoken of are friends of the farmer, consuming quantities of insect pests and noxious weed seeds. Owners of cats have rights, of course. So do neighbors who love the birds. The owner of the cat that kills birds and who balks his neighbor who is striving to conserve bird life places himself in an untenable position. He has no more right to keep a bird killing cat than to keep a savage dog, each to go abroad a menace to the neighbor, himself and his birds.

"Of the many reports received concerning efforts made to license the cat, one of the most striking comes from the Rockaway Bird Club, Far Rockaway, L. I.: 'It is safe to say,' writes Miss Margaret S. Green, secretary, 'that dozens and perhaps hundreds of cats are left to starve and prey upon our native birds when their careless or cruel owners remove from our locality in the fall.'—Sportsmen's Review.

A HYBRID.

While attending the annual meeting on the Alberta National History Society at Red Deer, Alberta, on Nov. 29, 1916, I had the pleasure of seeing a very curious and interesting hybrid male Mallard and Pintail, the characters of each evenly defined. Such a cross in the wild state certainly must be rare. Think of seeing a Pintail with a green head!

This bird was shot at Red Deer, Alberta, in the fall of 1916, and I think is a record for the district. It is the first specimen of its kind to come under my notice, and I thought it worthy of mention here to see if any of our older bird students have met with anything like it.

George L. Cook.

Bashaw, Alta.

A COLLECTING TRIP IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Starting from Escondido, which is situated in a fertile valley of that name which lies in the central part of San Diego County, on the afternoon of the sixth of April, we drove for many miles through a rolling country adapted for the most part to grain and cattle raising and containing but little of interest to the oologist except an occasional pair of California Horned Larks and a few pair of Burrowing Owls which were setting up housekeeping in squirrel holes by the roadside.

After traveling about twelve miles we entered the fertile San Luis Rey valley and passed close by the famous old mission of that name. In a clump of willows not far from the old mission a pair of Desert Sparrow Hawks were nesting in a hollow in one of the trees. The nest was in a large cavity about 10 feet from the ground and about 30 inches from the entrance and at this date contained an incomplete set of two eggs. Neither bird was incubating as both birds flew from the top of a dead tree as we were passing. Here also was a pond of about ten acres in extent and on it around its edges were noted several different water birds, among which were several migratory waders which were unidentified. Hunting around and over this little lake we noted a pair of Eagles which undoubtedly had a nest with young not far away as they



Horricon Marsh; Night Herons flying over
Breeding Grounds on Horricon Marsh, Wis.

were hunting together and as long as we were in sight could be seen circulating around and making attempts to pick up some unsuspecting ground squirrel.

Crossing the valley we soon entered the Santa Margarita ranch which is over 120,000 acres in extent and is one of the largest ranches in this end of the state. Here all that was to be seen for many miles was green rolling hills and grazing cattle and horses.

Crossing a low mountain range we soon entered the Santa Margarita valley. Crossing the river on a newly installed bridge which countless hundreds of Cliff Swallows were inspecting for nesting sites, we found ourselves at the end of the day's journey at the base of a series of cliffs which extended for about a quarter of a mile along the bank of the river. Soon after we arrived and were still sitting in our buggy a Raven flew over our heads and alighted upon the cliff. Upon looking closely we could see that it had something in its bill. After resting for a few moments it flew on around the cliff and disappeared for a moment in a depression in the face of the cliff which we could not see from where we were. Upon driving further along we could see the nest placed well back in a pot hole in the face of the cliff about midway up the face. Leaving this for further preference, we proceeded along a short distance to an old nest of the Western Red-tailed Hawk, from which we collected a set of Duck Hawk last season. Stopping underneath this old nest, we shot three times in rapid succession and were agreeably surprised to see a male Duck Hawk flush from a ledge on the face of the cliff about a hundred feet from their last year's home. Making camp under some nearby trees for the night we shouldered our coil of rope and baskets and started

for the top of the cliff. After a difficult climb through brush and cactus we at last reached the top and started after the Raven nest. Locating the nest, the rope was soon fastened to a scrubby bush which grew at the top of the cliff, and with out difficulty the nest was reached and found to contain four eggs which were on the verge of hatching, one of the four being pipped. The nest was a very well made affair. The outside structure being dead sycamore twigs which must have been carried some distance and inwardly lined with cow hair and wool and was made with a very deep depression. Both birds flew around the cliff close by and kept up a continual croaking and seemed to be very anxious for the welfare of their nest, more so perhaps on account of the advanced stage of the incubation in the eggs. Close by and about fifty feet above the Raven nest a pair of Barn Owls had a nest in a pot hole in the face of the cliff which contained six slightly incubated eggs. The nest depression was nicely lined with fur and deeply hollowed in the sandy soil which was uncommon in the nesting habits of this bird with us as any old place seems to suit them as a rule. Leaving this portion of the cliff we were soon trying to locate ourselves over the nest of the Duck Hawk but failed on first casting the rope over the cliff to throw it in the correct place and found that we would have to drive a stake to tie our rope to. Upon looking around awhile we located a dead willow stake which some other party had apparently prepared for the very purpose to which we were about to use it, but had failed to use it, as its condition showed. Locating a large cobble stone close by we soon had the rope safely anchored and after some difficulty in reaching the nest because of the cliff overhanging directly over the nest,

the nest was found to contain four eggs, but these, like the Raven's, were just coming to life as one was pipped and the lusty youngsters could be heard to squeal in the others. The nest was a mere depression in the sandy surface of the floor of the ledge which was about two feet wide and five or six feet long. Both birds flew noisily about, often diving down toward the collectors head, but always turning upward when about ten or fifteen feet away. Leaving this cliff in disgust, we were wending our way down one of the numerous cattle trails of the vicinity toward the river below us when we stumbled upon a large steel trap lying in the middle of the trail with the toe of a coyote firmly held in its jaws silently testifying to a surgical operation, performed sometime in the past, by Dr. Coyote in order that he might live and pursue tame chickens no more!

Reaching camp with only a set of six Barn Owl to show for the half day's work we silently resolved to come earlier next time and to stay longer, if necessary. We soon had our supper by the camp fire and were rolled in our blankets by our camp fire and I wish I could say, softly fell asleep, but such was not the case, as between the prowling stock which insisted upon helping our horse to devour her hay and grain and the howling of coyotes and an unquenchable thirst for a drink of water, which caused a trip to the river bank some distance away, I can testify that at least one member of our party did not secure very much sleep.

Breaking camp at five o'clock the next morning we soon cooked our breakfast and hit the road for further prospects at six o'clock. Retracing our route of the day before to the San Luis Rey valley we were soon in the river bottom and the home of the Red

Bellied Hawk. In a large grove of sycamores were seen a pair of Swainson Hawk making a nest and close by in a large tree we located a nest of the Red Bellied Hawk which, by the number of downy feathers hanging around and on the nest, showed that it was inhabited. One of the birds flushed from the nest and upon climbing to the nest, which was 45 feet from the ground, it was found to contain four heavily marked eggs, which proved to be about one-half incubated at this date. The nest was made chiefly of green sprigs from the willow and was softly lined with dead bark of the cottonwood.

Leaving the river bottom here for a ways to get onto the main road, we crossed a hill upon which were growing several stunted pepper trees and in one of these trees about four feet from the ground a Roadrunner had placed her nest, which contained four eggs. We secured a photograph of the nest with the eggs, but the old bird was too wary to secure a picture of her on the nest.

Following the river for several miles the next nest to be located was another nest of the Red Bellied Hawk about 60 feet up in a sycamore in a dense grove close by the river's bank. This was a very old nest and had apparently been used for many years and was finely lined with bark and green leaves. The nest contained a typical set of three eggs of the Red Bellied hawk, which were well incubated. After traveling for some time we came in sight of our destination for the day; a large cliff on the face of a big boulder-strewn mountain which rose abruptly from the river's edge to an elevation of perhaps 2,500 feet. At the base of the mountain we made our stop for noon and while one of us was getting dinner ready the other was out looking up a hawk nest

which we had reason to believe existed in a grove close by. After searching for a few minutes a nest was located in the grape vines hanging from a tall slender sycamore. The nest had apparently fallen from a crotch in the tree above its present situation but had been nicely lined with bark and green willow sprigs and contained four very heavily marked eggs. After considerable time spent in climbing up the tree through the vines which grew all over and through it we managed to secure several photographs of the nest and eggs.

After eating our dinner we struck out for the cliffs on the mountain side from which we hoped to secure a set of Duck Hawk. When part way up the hill one of the Duck Hawks was seen to fly from an adjacent cliff and alight on one of its former nesting sites. After climbing right up close to the cliff we made considerable noise and the brooding bird hopped out on the edge of the ledge and took a peek down at us to see what was coming her way. In a short time we had reached the nest and found it to contain three well incubated eggs which were lying at the back part of a large ledge on the sandy floor of the ledge. Both birds were very angry, showing much fight and often coming so close to the collector in their swoops as to make a loud whistling noise with their wings as they changed the course of flight when within a very few feet of the collector. After taking several photographs we went back down to our buggy and struck out for home. In crossing the river bottom we dropped in to see an old acquaintance of ours of the previous year and found her at home on top of the same old wood rat's nest in a willow tree. She seemed very sociable and we had rather hard work enticing her to leave the nest, having to pat her on the

back a few times with a stick to secure the desired results. In the nest were several young Long-eared Owls about one-quarter grown. As it was after five o'clock and we had over twenty miles to travel to reach home, we started and arrived shortly before midnight, very tired but well satisfied with our trip.

J. B. Dixon.

Escondido, California.

[For half tones illustrating this article, see the following: Duck Hawk Photos, Vol. XXXII, Pg. 63-65; XXXII, 178-181-183. Road Runner, Vol. XXXII, Pg. 115. Red Shouldered Hawk, XXXII, Pg. 26-28-30-32.]

A PLEA FOR BETTER DATAS.

Now that the collecting season is again at hand, it may not be amiss to say a word or two regarding datas.

We all have out data blanks; some elaborate; some less so; but all of them designed for the purpose of presenting certain facts concisely and accurately. This is as it should be; but I have a plaint to make that I believe will be echoed by many others; and it bears: "Not on the lack of detail supplied by the printed data; but on the lack of written detail; which is usually conspicuous by its absence."

I have now in my private collection sets of eggs taken by a great many of our well known collectors, both east and west; and yet, I venture the assertion that not more than one-tenth of them (and you, friend reader, may be among them) ever put down anything upon their data blanks outside of the barest statement of date, numbers, incubation and locality. Now there are none of us who would care to plead aethetic consideration alone in defense of our hobby; but we are all agreed on the subject of science and study; granted that this is so; I ask you as a friend more than as a critic:



Nest of Thick-billed Grebe on Horricon Marsh, Wis.

"Are we playing fair to our fellow collectors when we send out our sets, labeled: taken by so and so, on such a date, etc., and leave many a square inch of good blank paper go begging (and paper high priced at that), not for lack of good solid information to put upon it, but (and here I am forced to be candid,) from pure carelessness, if not indifference.

I grant that the identity is paramount, and the date and locality next so; but to say that the eggs were taken on May 1st and were heavily incubated, means little to the man thousands of miles away, unless he knows the ordinary and usual date of nesting. Only then will he be able to

make comparison and say, "This is an early set, or vice versa." You may answer in rebuttal, "Read the books," but think how much more interesting, and personal, is your first hand information, and how much more opportunity is given for comparative work, when a set from one section gives the date, and in addition the earliest and latest dates for that locality.

Only a short while ago I received a small series of eggs of the various species of albatross', king penguin, giant fulmar, and etc. These eggs came from places, whose very names spell romance and adventure. They conjure up visions of wild storm-bound coasts and islands; great continents,

whose farthest leagues are ribbed with ice, and bounded by vast stretches of turbulent storm-racked waters. The Straits of Magellan, the distant Falklands, and the Kerguelen and other islands of the antarctic seas. And yet not one little scrap of knowledge do we gain of the bird life of these wild and distant lands, beyond the fact that the eggs were taken on such a date, and were fresh or otherwise, and the name of the collector, (perhaps?) who probably considered that he had fulfilled all of his obligations to science when he collected the eggs.

I turn over the datas and nice, clean backs stare mutely up at me: no lines to tell of the abundance of the birds; nothing to indicate that these eggs were usual or unusual in size, shape, or marking; nothing to tell me if others of their species nested nearby or not; nothing in fact, that my soul craves for, from the hand of my fellowman.

I need not preach further about this subject, but in conclusion only ask, "Not for my sake, but for your own, please let no space go to waste that might impart useful knowledge, but teach others what you can, for so shall we find fruit." H. Arden Edwards Claremont, California.

[We endorse every word of the above. We have datas in our collection ranging from 1x2 inches to 5x8 inches in size. Datas should be of a size to just fit without folding, into a No. 6 envelope, and be printed on very heavy paper.—Editor.]

Dear Mr. Barnes:

Your Warbler number is one of the intensely interesting ones. The current number is worth dollars in field experience.—Isaac E. Hess.

An Experience With Nuthatches.

Charles F. Moore.

The following will serve to show my feeling for the birds. On April 9, 1913, I found a Brown-headed Nuthatcher's nest. When I found this nest I could not reach it on account of the rottenness of the pine snag containing it. So I broke off the snag about a foot above the ground and let it down to examine the contents. I counted six young, a few days old. Then I placed the snag in an upright position again, leaning it against the broken part still in the ground, and bracing it with a stick. The next day the wind began to blow, and by the late afternoon a storm was brewing from the west, straight down the river. I began at once to think of the broken snag containing the Nuthatch nest, that it would probably blow down and destroy the nest full of young. About 6:30 in the evening I armed myself with a shovel and a lantern and with a friend rowed up the river about a mile to the nest, notwithstanding the wind and rain. The snag was still standing when we reached the nesting site, and we dug a hole, placed the snag in it so that it could not fall, and returned home wet but contented.

Mocking Bird and Green Snake.

While I was taking a set of four Bell's Vireo eggs I heard two Mockingbirds fighting in a small bush just in front of me. I went over and a large green snake was in the tree with a young Mockingbird half swallowed. I killed the snake and the birds sang his funeral march.

Ramon Graham.

NESTS.

July 8, 1915, found Meadow Lark nest in corn field about one hundred yards from fence; nest built of fine dead grass placed on ground, close

with both birds at nest. The first and there were still only four eggs, nest with young birds I believe was quite early for some cause or other.

April 9, 1916.—Found Mourning Dove nest in small tree. Bird was on nest and had two fresh eggs. Is this not early for them to nest?.

On June 25, 1916 I found a Towhee nest which had one Cowbird egg and one egg of the Towhee. Nest was placed in branches of small Red Haw tree, two feet from ground. Mrs. Towhee was at home and scolded quite a bit upon being driven from her nest. In a minute after she left the nest the male bird came to her and both of them kept up a continuous scolding and was very restless all the time I was at the nest. Nest was built of fine dead grass and root stems, lined with fine flat strips of bark. I took the Cowbird egg from the nest and threw it away and looked on the ground under the nest to see if I could find eggs of the Towhee that had been thrown out by the Cowbird. I did not find any but evidently they were destroyed. One week later I went back to the nest and found the mother bird sitting on the nest and it held one young bird. The average nest of the Towhee is four eggs. I think that three eggs of the Towhee were destroyed by the Cowbird.

Guy W. Day.

Sidney, Ill.

FROM GEORGIA.

My home is near the Capitol City in a woodland where I observe the birds at all seasons. A large variety stay here throughout the year, but in the winter we have tourist birds. Some spend a few days, even a rest over night then go on to Florida or Cuba (I suppose.) I was very much interested in a small flock of purple finch that went to roost near our home, but

later disappeared. They do not live here. Several times I have seen the Cedar birds. But most interesting of all are the birds I watch from our sitting room window. Once I saw a Red-headed Woodpecker hiding his store here and there in bits of hollow and crevices in the trees. I then went out and pried into his stores. He had hidden these small sweet(?) acorns and packed bits of stone and coal on top, then put on a piece of bark, so you could hardly find the door.

One cold day a hungry old Yellow Hammer began knocking on the store tree; he looked it over very carefully and stopped where the best room was and opened the door and began throwing away the rubbish just as if he were "on the ropes." When I saw he had found it I ran out and chased him away. Then I built their lunch table and it has given my younger brother and me a lot of fun to watch them. Some of them are like folks,—greedy as dogs, others modest and considerate enough. The dear little Wrens certainly pay for all they get with their songs. Papa was home Christmas and he heard one singing and said, "Listen, Lynn, he sings that song as slick as if his throat were greased."

Lynn Taylor.

College Park, Ga.

PATIENCE AT LAST REWARDED.

Patience will be awarded in the end we are told. Perhaps it will, but sometimes we grow too tired being patient to care for the reward. For five years I had tried in vain to procure a set of Red Bellied Woodpecker's eggs in the Ozarks of Northwest Arkansas and at the beginning of 1916 patience was ceasing to be a virtue. I had often looked for these nests, but it was not until 1913 that I found a nest. It was in a dead sycamore about thirty-five

feet from the ground, but as the tree was shaky and leaned over the Spavinau river, on an angle of about twenty degrees, I was not very ambitious about tackling it. I stood and regarded it for some little time wondering whether the set was worth the danger when the female bird flew up to the hole with something in her mouth and was greeted by about five lusty youngsters, so near grown that they were able to crane their heads out of the nesting hole. Seeing this, I turned away resolving to try a little earlier next year.

In 1914, early in April, I found a female Red-bellied digging out a hole in a dead black jack in the woods and waiting two weeks I returned to see what she had for me. I found the nest deserted, however. Then I started to search through the woods for another nest. Finally I found it, but the nest was quite inaccessible. It was within an inch of the top of a dead black jack nearly forty feet up. I climbed up about two-thirds of the way but the tree shook so that I gave up trying to go further. This tree leaned over a gulch on an angle of about fifteen degrees, which naturally made things much worse. I was loathed to give the nest up, however, as I felt sure it had eggs. Finally I hit upon a scheme of lowering the tree with ropes after cutting it down. At first it seemed preposterous to anyone who hears of it, but it came very nearly working out just right. With the help of Mr. J. A. Burekle. I climbed the tree and tied a heavy inch rope around the top two limbs about six feet below the nest. Then we wound the other end of the rope around a young maple on the hill above, and with a few blows of the axe cut the tree nearly down. Then Burekle pushed the tree slightly and I let the rope loose little by little,

and the tree began to fall, so slowly and gently that there was little danger of the eggs even becoming dented. By slow degrees we lowered the tree within six feet of the ground. We were elated; the tree was falling so gently there could be no danger and the scheme seemed a success. But then suddenly something happened; the tree instead of continuing to lower by degrees, swung around to the right and struck the ground with a crash. We had no guide ropes on either side as we would have had, and the tree instead of dropping straight downward as expected, lunged to one side and turned over. It broke in three pieces and we found the wreck of four eggs. So near to success and yet so far away!

The next year I tried again, but found a nest just too late. It had young half grown.

Late in April, 1916, I saw a nice hole in the underside of a leaning hickory stub about twenty feet from the ground. I rapped on the tree and the female came out and flew to a nearby tree. A week later I came back and climbed up to the hole. It was too small to admit my hand so I just cut a hole in the other side with my hatchet. It was hard chopping but at last I got the eggs,—four lovely white ones perfectly fresh. The female was very much interested in the destruction of her home and actually flew to the nesting hole and entered while I was at work two feet below it.

William Plank.

Decatur, Arkansas.

BULLETIN OF PUBLIC LECTURES.

Department of Education of the City of New York, Borough of Queens, announce the following public lectures to be given in that city. Nature lovers will do well to attend all of these.

Monday, March 26th.—Prof. Silas A.

Lotridge, "Wild Life near Home." The habits of wild animals that frequent the haunts of civilized man. Illustrated by stereopticon views.

Monday, April 2d.—Edward F. Bigelow, Ph.D., "Roadsides, Fields and Forests." Recreation in country scenery; plant and animal life on dry upland ground. Illustrated by stereopticon views. The first of a course of three lectures on "Nature Study."

Monday, April 9th.—Mr. John J. Schoonhoven, "The Sea Beach at Low Tide." Interesting forms of plant and animal life to be found at the water's edge. Illustrated by stereopticon views.

Monday, April 16th.—Edward F. Bigelow, Ph.D., "Travels in a Swamp." Plant and animal life in meadows and swamps, and nearby ravines, brooks and ponds. Illustrated by stereopticon views.

Monday, April 23d.—Subject and lecturer to be announced.

Monday, April 30th.—Edward F. Bigelow, Ph.D., "Haunts of Nature." Important facts regarding many of nature's most wonderful productions. Illustrated by stereopticon views.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Birds of Wyoming; With an Explanation of Recent Changes in their Distribution; Economic Aspects also Considered. By B. H. Graves and Ernest B. Walker, published June 1, 1913, by the University of Wyoming.

This is a small pamphlet of 136 pages, reviewing all of the birds found in that state; pp. 23-pp. 86, prefaced with an introductory statement and a bibliography which refers largely to the publications of the Agricultural and Biological departments. Not the least interesting is a series of thirteen local lists contributed by various publishers in different parts of the state.

The whole is a well gotten up contribution to the subject and mechanically splendidly put together.

SMALL HOLES.

I read with interest yours concerning small holes. Candidly I believe every advanced up-to-date Oologist can drill eggs with just as small holes,—if they wish,—as the one you wish us all to take our hats off to. As I have several sets with holes 1-64 inch or less taken by different collectors and personally taken, I have several sets of Osprey, personally taken; holes in none of them over 1-32 inch. This drill I always use and is obtainable from any Dental Mfg. Company, or from Dentists, and is sufficiently small for eggs of this size. Is an egg perfectly prepared if drilled 1-64 inch? I doubt it, because it is next to impossible to tell if the entire contents have been thoroughly removed from some eggs,—especially the dark colored or heavily marked ones with holes 1-64 inch or less. The white eggs of course can be held up to the light and contents noticed if not entirely removed. I was at one time a "nut" on small holes and many a set I have lost by trying to remove contents through holes too small (sometimes merely sticking a needle in the side) by eggs exploding or breaking around the edge of hole.

Now here is an experience I had with a set of Broad-winged Hawk. When I found this nest it contained one egg so I returned at correct time to secure complete set when fresh. I drilled these eggs with holes slightly less than 1-64 inch, or to be more exact, .010 of an inch, and was 1 1-2 hours on each egg. I syringed eggs out with water after contents were fully removed and the water oozed through the pores of the shell showing plainly that the pressure neces-

sary to remove contents through such a small hole was so great as to open the pores of the shell and so weaken the eggs. So I have concluded not to drill any more eggs less than 1-32 inch, not because I can't do it, but as this is only five thicknesses of newspaper over 1-64 inch, I have never had any kick concerning my work. A set of eggs to be perfectly prepared must be first drilled with small holes never over 1-16 inch; thoroughly syringe out out; all stains removed by washing, but this is not always advisable with such eggs as Ospreys, Hawks and other heavily spotted eggs, for if you are not careful the spots will wash off; thoroughly dry by shaking over candle, lamp or gas jet with hole down; mark with A. O. U. set mark and year taken in small and neat figures and near the hole; by having data accurately and neatly made out, by signing data with your name in writing, in other words your signature.

T. E. McMullen.

GROUND NESTING OF RED SHOULDERED HAWK.

This summer (1916) while out harvesting in Western Kansas I was much surprised to find a nest of the Red Shouldered Hawk containing four eggs on the ground. The eggs were in the last stages of incubation, in fact as much so that one of them, which we had rescued from the destruction by the "bull" wheel of the Header and placed in a safe place on the barge hatched. The little, almost naked creature was given to our employer's daughter for safe keeping and feeding. It lived but a short time because perhaps of improper food.

The nest was composed of old straw taken from a nearby straw stack and placed in a shallow depression in the wheat field. Of course, there being no big trees in that part of the state, these birds have to build somewhere

else, but I would think the numerous old straw stacks would be a far better nesting site than on the ground.

This is the first instance I have ever heard about or seen of this Hawk nesting on the ground.

Ralph Donahue.

Bonner Springs, Kansas.

TUFTED TITMOUSE FOUND AT NIGHT.

We were camped on a tributary of the Trinity River in the north western part of Tarrant Co. Texas. In April, 1915. After collecting all day we would return to camps, have lunch, take a rest and then go fishing.

Leaving camps about eight p. m. and going down the trail to the river. I decided to light my pipe, after striking a match on a small tree, I heard a hissing sound like a snake. Upon investigating we found a hole five feet up; by a match light I could see two black eyes. All at once the black eyes hit the match and out it went and the black eyes fell back into the hole. I decided it was a flying squirrel. After sticking a limb in the hole, we went on to the river. Next morning found us at the hole. We pulled the limb out expecting to see the flying squirrel, but to our surprise, out came a Tufted Titmouse. There was one egg in the nest, which was eight inches down in the hole. There were parts of snake skin in the hole. We left the egg, but Mrs. Titmouse never returned again.

R Graham.

This is a Good Oologist.

This issue of THE OOLOGIST we regard as the very best that has ever been published since No. 1 of Volume I of the Young Oologist. The character of contributions being so unusual and covering such remote portions of the earth's surface and being accompanied by the grade of illustrations, we are proud of it.

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EGG COLLECTORS



During the season of 1917 I want to secure the following specimens. If you have now on hand, or take any of them during this season that you are willing to let go, please let me know. All sets must be first class and accompanied by reliable data.

R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

One Set of 5, 7, 10, 11Am., 26, 35, 51, 54, 55, 90, 92, 103, 123a, 129, 135½, 139, 140, 141.1, 167, 171, 179, 191 1-5, 192, 211, 227, 228, 258, 286, 300a, 305, 310, 310B, 310c, 319, 343 1-2, 349 1-3, 352, 359, 368 1-4, 373B, 373cc, 377, 383, 385, 421, 461, 462, 475, 476, 505, 540a, 542b, 573, 591c, 608, 648, 758a.

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Four Sets of 13Eup, 25, 28, 42.1, 52, 85, 89, 105, 111, 112, 131.1, 134a, 153, 157, 204, 205, 211a, 272, 277, 292, 300B, 301Am., 308B, 318, 358, 370a, 377a, 387a, 405, 481B, 517, 540B, 570, 578, 581P, 583, 597, 597a, 639, 642, 656, 658.

I also want sets of the following:

5, 11Enf, 7, 20, 31, 32, 36, 39, 41, 48, 63, 66, 70, 76, 79, 82.1, 84, 92.1, 96, 101, 105.1, 106.1, 108, 113, 120b, 162, 186, 201a, 201b, 215, 216, 216.1, 231, 235, 239, 243a, 253, 255, 256a, 263, 269.1, 272a, 286.1, 287, 288, 296, 312, 314, 320, 322, 322.1, 327, 328, 330, 332, 337a, 337B, 339a, 339B, 340, 341, 343, 353, 354, 354a, 360, 368a, 368B, 369, 369a, 71, 372, 372a, 373d, 373e, 373f, 375, 375B, 375c, 375e, 380, 389, 391, 393a, 394a, 395, 398, 402, 402a, 403, 403a, 404, 405a, 407a, 408, 411, 413a, 414a, 317a, 418, 420a, 420B, 420c, 424, 425, 426, 427, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 445, 446, 448, 450, 453a, 455, 459, 460, 468, 469, 474, 474f, 474g, 474h, 477, 478a, 479, 485a, 498f, 498g, 501a, 501c, 503, 504, 509, 511a, 517a, 518, 519b, 519c, 527, 527a, 528, 529a, 536a, 537, 539, 542c, 543, 545, 546, 548, 549.1, 550d, 554a, 558, 563a, 566, 567a, 567b, 567c, 567.1, 569, 573a, 575, 575a, 580, 581a, 581b, 581d, 581g, 587 5-4, 588, 586c, 588d, 591a, 592.1, 593a, 593h, 593d, 594, 594a, 601, 607, 609, 610, 610a, 611a, 621, 622, 626, 628, 629, 629a, 629b, 629c, 630, 631, 631c, 632, 632a, 634, 638, 643, 645, 645a, 646, 646a, 646b, 654, 654a, 661, 633, 665, 666, 667, 670, 675, 75a, 79, 81b, 881c, 685a, 686, 688, 694, 696, 697, 699, 709, 709a, 711, 711a, 717a, 717b, 718b, 719a, 719b, 722, 722a, 724, 725c, 725d, 726c, 727a, 727c, 728, 730, 731a, 732, 734, 735a, 735b, 738, 740, 741a, 742, 742a, 743, 748, 748a, 48a, 749, 753, 754, 756a, 757, 759a, 759c, 760, 763, 764, 765, 765a.

EGGS—Continued

FOR EXCHANGE—406, 412, 474b, 506, 617, 552, 622b, for 6, 51, 77, 214, 385, 497, 743 and others equally common. WILL PLANK, Decatur, Arkansas.

FOR EXCHANGE—Eggs in sets for Butterflies. Specimens from North, South and West especially wanted. DR. T. W. RICHARDS, U. S. NAVY, 1207-19th st., N. W. Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Sets of 332, 347, 337a, 405, 417, 419, 428n-2, 459, 486, 489, 490, 495a, 528, 542a, 547, 550, 554, 558, 578 and 585. EDWARD S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—List of collections of choice sets that collectors wish to dispose of. Also have some choice sets to offer for guns, etc. W. H. BINGAMAN, Algona, Iowa.

Small collection Japanese eggs. 25 species, 42 sets, 160 specimens, all carefully prepared, beautiful. Free by parcel post for \$15.00 or would exchange for handsome set of A. O. U. 364 List sent. Address COLLECTOR, 15 Beaufort, West, Bath, England.

I have the following fine sets, some in series, some in single sets, to dispose of: Canadian Worm-eater, Kentucky and other Warblers, Bewick's Wren, Carolina Chickadee, Blue-grey Gnatacatcher and many other more common species. All are personally taken, accompanied by full data, and in perfect condition. S. S. DICKEY, Waynesburg, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Folding Canvas Boat in good condition for best cash or exchange offer. B. S. BOWDISH, Demerest, N. J.

FOR SALE—A Stevens collecting gun with shells, loading tools, etc.; 15 inch barrel, 44 caliber, but slightly used. Good as new. Price \$12.00. F. T. PEMBER, Granville, N. Y.

Hundreds of named species of North American Lepi optera offered in exchange for first-class bird skins. No skins wanted without locality and date when bird was collected. PHILIP LAURENT, 31 E. Mt. Airy Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

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A Fox "Sterlingworth" double barrel 20 guage hammerless shotgun, to one barrel of which I have fitted a 38 cal. auxillary making the best all round collectors gun obtainable. \$32.50 prepaid. Wholly new. I want to sell it before it becomes second hand. F. M. DILLIE, 2927 West 28 Avenue, Denver, Colo.

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R. B. F. Regal.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERM Y

VOL. XXXIV. No. 4. ALBION, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1917. WHOLE No. 357

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 357 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A few pair of Ring Necked Pheasant; also 1 Wild Mallard Drake. L. A. PARRE, Batavia, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird skins and eggs. Send list of what you can use; also list of exchanges. JESSE T. CRAVEN, Tacy Montana.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

I want finely mounted drakes in full plumage or skins that will mount up nicely, of the following: European Widgeon, Surf, and American Scoter and all the Eiders. GERARD ALAN ABBOTT, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

Birds and Mammal skins from the Ozark Mt. Region for exchange. Wanted Candon Vol. XIV to XVIII inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Exchange desired for the following Bird Skins, No. 36, 37, 38, 59, 74, 79, 80, 184, 186, 218, 483 and 514. D. V. HEMBREE, Roswell, Ga. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird and Mammal skins from this the Ozark Mt. Region. Wanted: Condors, Vols. Fourteen to Eighteen inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

I want birds or skins for mounting Boat and Great-tailed Grackle, Cardinal, Painted Bunting, Scissor-tailed Fly-catcher, California Valley and Gambel's Partridges, Magpies, etc. Can offer eggs, Natural History Magazines and other magazines and books. DELOS HATCH, Oakfield, Wis. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Mounted Vermont deer heads, mounted deer horns, birds of Eastern North America, Chapman's Color Key, Snapping Turtle 1-41. Want A-1 sets, raw fur, guns, rifles, revolvers, old time arms and cash. JAMES O. JOHNSON, 310 N. Main St., Southington, Conn.

EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

FOR DISPOSAL—A large collection of choice cabinet sets with full and accurate data. European sets for sale very cheap for cash. Send 2c stamp for complete lists. Satisfaction guaranteed. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Georgia.

I am always wanting lists of entire collections of North American Birds' Eggs which the owners desire to dispose of. None are too large and none are too small if they contain any material that I need. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

The first five Volumes American Ornithology. Copies of Recreation, North American Journal and other bulletins and other books, electric battery. Some eggs to offer for eggs. C. B. VANDERCOOK, Odin, Ill.

WANTED.—Choice sets of the following, Nos. 10, 18, 20, 124, 150, 167, 204, 205, 215, 330, 352a, 379, 379a, and many others. Offer a large list, including 327, 349, 351, 354 and 356 and others. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Southern choice cabinet sets and sets with nests Nos. 65, 74, 80, 126, 197, 258, 286, 325, 326, 352, 364, 416, 452, 466, 513, 397, 610, 637, 638, 673, 684 and many others. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 2c stamp for complete lists. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Will exchange for birds' eggs, nests and skins, particularly want eggs of sea birds, birds of prey and Hummers and skins of Game birds. Offer Spectroscope in case; three 4x5 Blair Plate Holders, double; Siebert Compound Microscope in case, 2 eye pieces, 3 objectives, 3 Condensers, diaphragm and reducers, cost \$86.00; sea and land shells, corals, minerals, butterflies; a few Indian relics, curios and eggs in sets. Medical and Nat. History, books and excerpts rebound, mounted birds and mammals. ERNEST H. SHORT, Rochester, N. Y., Box 173.

I have the following fine sets to dispose of, both in series and single sets.—393, 394c, 409, 423, 465, 456, 511b, 546, 560, 563, 575a, 581, 587, 593, 598, 617, 619, 636, 642, 639, 652, 658, 674, 676, 677, 683, 686, 704, 718, 719, 727, 736, 751, 755, 761, 766, 316, 289, 63, 201. S. S. DICKY, Waynesburg, Pa.

If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—No. 12 Vol. XIV of The Oologist, Dec. 1897; for which I will pay 50c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demarest, N. J.

Oologist Tools and Supplies. Books and Magazines of every description, Fishing Rods and Tackle. Lists, quotations promptly sent. BENJAMIN HOAG, Garfield, N. Y.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED—Bound volumes in red half morocco of Bird and Nature, 5 and 6, 7 and 8, 9 and 10, 11 and 12. Give sets in cash. W. H. OVER, Vermillion, S. D.

FOREXCHANGE—Pamphlets, magazines, U. S. Bulletins, Books, Reports, Excerpts circulars and periodicals relating to Ornithology. Also sets from Texas. I want in exchange only common sets. Send for my large list first EARL E. MOFFAT, Marshall, Texas.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection Can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Vols. 10, 11 and 12, Journal Maine Ornithology 1903, 1904, 1905 and 1906. Guide to Nature Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Also cocoons of the Cecropia, Io, Cynthia, Prometheus, Luna, Polypemus and Eagles Moths. Also numerous Devonian fossils. LOUIS S. KOHLER, 98 Watsessing Ave. Bloomfield, N. J.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

BIRD LORES WANTED—For cash or exchange. I need these Bird Lores. Vol. 1-2 and 3 complete volumes or odd numbers. Also need Vol. 4 Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 7, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-4-5-6, Vol. 10, Nos. 1-2-3-4-5-6, Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5. For these I will exchange other issues of Bird Lore or Oologist or other bird magazines or will pay cash. I also want The Auk Vol. 1 to 13; The Condor, 1 to 4 inc. I have many bird books and bird magazines for sale or exchange. If interested quote what you have to offer. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 4

ALBION, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 357

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

THE LARKS

Hark! hark!—the claims upward gaze
Of vision, to the vault of blue;
Behold there, 'mid the shimmering haze,
Two larks that drink in heavenly dew,—
Like feathered daisies poised in view;—
Two dots upon the vault of blue.

The flow of thrilling music thence,
Seems purimal gush of bliss from heaven;
The charmed soul fills with raptured sense
Of beauteous joyance, to earth given;
Now yearning for the source whence riven;
Greets gush of primal bliss from heaven.

With folded wings for earthward flight,
The world is hushed!—larks lost to view!
Vain search for heaven's minstrels bright—
Till they are found, with heaven's dew,
Amid the daisies, whence songs anew,
Will spring again from vault of blue!

L. Lodian.

Manhattan, N. Y.

DISGRACEFULLY.

The manner of enforcement or lack of enforcement of the Federal Migratory Bird Law in the Illinois Valley this season has been a disgrace to the administration as well as the Government. It has been violated, publicly, openly, notoriously, and continuously, with impunity. Men have come from all parts of the country on the trains, bringing with them openly, all manner of hunting paraphernalia, have gone into the towns and hired rowers and pushers and boats, and decoys without let or hindrance, and have slaughtered the wild fowl by the thousands. Many have been so proud of their success at this murderous poaching that their scores have been published in the local papers as though they had accomplished something beneficial as well as truly wonderful.

In the vicinity of the home of The Oologist in the mornings, the whole valley would echo for miles with the bombardment being carried on along the river against the ducks. All of which tends to bring the government, the administration and all law into public disrepute. Better by far that we have no law on the subject than that it be administered in the manner in which it is at present, because it has been the observation of the Editor that the violation of one law with impunity leads some malefactors frequently to violate other laws, sometimes with far more serious and dangerous results.

The Gun Clubs, game butchers and law violaters are alive every day in the year in their efforts to repeal, emasculate or violate this statute, and it behooves those of our population who desire to prevent the wild fowl of the North American continent from following the Buffalo, Wild Pigeon and Paraquet into extinction; to do something to impress upon the vio-

lators of this Statute that the Statute really means what it says or else we should abandon our pretensions, and publicly confess the impotency of the government in this respect.

So far as the Editor is advised, there has not been a single conviction, prosecution or even effort at enforcement in this territory during the present season, save one. Men of apparent respectability and standing as well as common river rats have slaughtered game without let or hindrance in the face of the Federal Act, and so far as numbers are concerned, in defiance of the State law; and have sold it openly with impunity. All of which we respectively submit is a disgrace.

R. M. Barnes.

THE BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.

Reading several times in the Oologist of the case with which the Black-billed Cuckoo abandons its nest caused me some surprise during the late summer of 1916. On the 2nd of August I flushed a Black-bill from her nest and within the city limits of Ravinia in two eggs in a patch of oak brush Lake Co., Illinois. I picked up an egg to examine and in doing so a twig snapped it from between my fingers. This was disastrous to my temper, for I was in need of a set of these eggs. Although I knew the nest would be deserted I left the remaining egg and visited the nest again on the 7th, when to my surprise the female was found to be covering a nice set of four eggs.

The foregoing was in direct contrast to a nest of the Black-billed Cuckoo I found on July 31, 1916. In this case the nest was discovered when it contained four eggs, but as I wasn't positive whether they belonged to the black or yellow-billed variety I left them with the idea of coming back the next day and catching the owner on the nest. Accordingly I re-

visited the nest and to my disgust found three of the eggs broken.

Ravinia, Ill. Walter A. Goelitz.

NEST AND EGGS OF THE MARSH HAWK.

(Circus Hudsonius)

By Ernest Waters Vickers

Photographs by Author

There is one hawk at least to get pictures of whose nest the photographer-ornithologist does not have to shin a tree, run the risk of his precious neck and other bones and his whole camera outfit. So, when a local farmer sent word that he had found a strange hawk's nest on the ground, inviting me to come and see and photo and name it if I could, I may be credited when I say that the invitation was accepted immediately. Evidently he thought his discovery a poser for me for, as I found later, he supposed a hawk's nest on the ground was unheard of, and moreover the pair were of two kinds of birds, the one brown, the other blue (!). But having all this in his mind's eye at first intimation the writer diagnosed the case at once as Marsh Hawks, and no doubt his running fire of questions and answers surprised the farmer and set the former up a peg or two in the latter's opinion. So much does a very little "larnin" do in the right place. But while I was amused at his ignorant inquisitiveness, he no doubt, in turn was struck with my state of comparatively worthless learning and enthusiasm and so matters were evened up. I am running a little ahead of the incidents, however, but must pause to lament that there are still people in this bright old world, who, having eyes see not, and ears, use them not, but go plodding along in ruts so deep that the light of day and the sunshine of truth cannot shine upon them there.

Well, I knew in advance that I

should find a Marsh Hawk's nest and eggs and as my slowly growing collection of photographs of the nests and eggs of the birds of Mahoning County, Ohio, lacked this species, I hastily threw together my kit and stepped briskly forth on the morning of May 18, 1913. The farmer had got my postcard and was evidently awaiting my arrival with some impatience. He told how the nest contained six eggs on May 5th when found, and the seventh egg was laid that week and another the week following, the bird seeming to set meantime. This habit of laying and incubating, I find is not unusual according to oological works, that "the old bird" had allowed man-although eight is rather an unusual number. My informant assured me kind to draw very near on their pilgrimage to see her eight wonders ere she took wing; this lead me to hope that I might be able to "snap" her on nest but she took wing while we were probably 200 feet distant, and soon joined her mate who circled high in a glorious sky. No doubt she "sensed" something new in the wind, concluding to make good her escape while there was yet time. So far as the man with the camera was concerned he meant no harm, trusting this was but the beginning of a series of good negatives showing the nesting and family affairs of this elegant and very useful hawk. But the best laid plans of mice and men, or of mice eaters and bird-men, to make the quotation pat both went awry, through the ignorant prejudice of the farmer, who declared that as soon as I was done he would smash the eggs and destroy the nest. Consequently, again, as in so many similar cases, my story ends with the introduction and opening of the first chapter. Three fine negatives, only the beginning of the proposed series and the eight shells of

this rather unique set in his collection and a sigh for what might have been. not only for the study and series but what is even more, eight young hawks mousing over our fields quartering and beating like enthusiastic young hunting dogs who, while they so nobly go about their mousing lend charm and animation to our landscapes. He, the farmer, had sixty little chicks, the apple of his eye; and while he had never known them to molest or offer to molest his flock big or little, still they might and he did not propose to take any further risks. He was settled in his ratty prejudice beyond per-adventure of dislodgment that was seen at once and argument were not wasted.

A description of the nest and I am done. Located in the midst of an irregular bit of rush-marsh built on a tussock of the same within less than an eighth of a mile of a public road. This marsh, a *Juncus*, one of the commonest found in wet places has round pale green stems or culms filled with pith. The particular clump was mashed down so as to be as flat and hard as a board and like a stump or block of wood sustained the nest itself a very bulky compact gathering of stuff. Its outside measurements were 23 inches both ways, 8 inches across the cavity both ways and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. It was composed of dead weeds plucked up by the roots—yarrow was much in evidence with its old fruit heads, dead willow switches almost 3 feet long; lined with grass, being as before said, very flat, shallow and compact. It was a surprise to see this flat tray of eggs laying right out there in the open dry marsh not 400 feet from the barn, exposed to all creation as if the birrds had got close to man for protection (and he betrayed them). I was affected as if this were some half-wild hen's nest, which she had stolen. There they lay revealed

to the sun and the open sky and I had little doubt but the piercing eyes of the pair on high could see them lying so frankly revealed.

For plates illustrating this article see Vol. XXVII, pages 92-94-97.—Editor

PEALE'S FALCON.

By T. H. Jackson and R. P. Sharples.

Among the rarest eggs in North American Oological collections may be mentioned sets of the Peale Falcon, a northern sub-species of the Duck Hawk. On another page we have reproduced the photo of two sets of these eggs, collected by Mr. Geo. Willett, and now in the cabinets of the writers. These are wonderfully fine sets.

A close examination will show that three of the eggs are heavily ringed around the smaller end. Otherwise the eggs are very similar to those of the Duck Hawk.

In writing up the history of these sets, Mr. Willett says that they were taken on Forrester Island, off the coast of Alaska. Several pairs of the birds were nesting there. One nest examined on June 13, 1915, contained two young about two weeks old. Most of the young were flying by July 20th, and hunting for themselves by the 25th.

This Hawk appears to feed entirely on other birds, which were very abundant, though they were confined apparently to a few species, mostly Puffins, Auklets and Murrelets.

The parent Falcons were collected and forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution where they were identified as typical specimens.

MAY DAY WITH THE SPARROW HAWKS.

Richard C. Harlow.

The morning of May 1, 1913, dawned bright and clear, so I decided to put the day in throughout the open, rolling



T. H. Jackson & R. P. Sharples. Two sets of Peal's Falcon; from Forrister Island, Alaska. Taken by George Willett.

farm lands of the valley, rather than in the more distant, more difficult mountains. Leaving town with a lunch in my pocket, I struck out to the South, the notes of migrating and newly arrived summer residents meeting me on every side.

About a mile south of the College, I came to a big elm tree standing along the border of a stream in an open pasture where I had located a pair of Sparrow Hawks, sometime previously. A sharp rap on the trunk produced no results, but a shot from a small rifle into the limb caused the handsome little Falcon to dart out into the open where she flew about uttering her defiant cries. The nest was forty feet up in an old Flicker's hole in a dead limb, the cavity facing East and being about fourteen inches in depth where the five eggs lay upon the dry chips of wood.

Leaving the tree, a walk of about a mile brought us to an orchard on the edge of which a White-breasted Nuthatch was seen. My attention was immediately transferred to him, and after trailing him for almost an hour he was seen to fly to a small knot hole in an apple tree and feed the female. As I tapped on the limb the female flew out and stayed about, while the hole was being chopped out and the seven half incubated eggs secured. The nest was back a foot in the knot hole which was ten feet up on the southern side of the tree. It was warmly built of bark shreds, plant fibres, wool, rabbit's fur and feathers. The situation however, could not be considered typical in this locality, as it was far to low.

Across the fields I saw a Sparrow Hawk circling over a dead stump and started toward it. Two shots in the limb failed to produce any results, but I started up as the hole looked suspicious, and I knew this to be a good

locality. Looking in the hole I saw a few feathers at the entrance and down about four feet, saw the Hawk sitting. The whole limb was hollow, so I split a large piece out and lifted the Falcon from the eggs. She made no outcry as I tossed her into the air. There was a well defined nest of grass and a few feathers, and in the cavity lay five poorly marked eggs. My experience with this bird has been that the markings on the eggs wear off very easily, and that fresh sets are almost invariably far handsomer than those which have been sat on even for a few days.

In a clump of spruce trees at a large spring, a Bronzed Grackle's nest was found with three eggs, thirty-five feet up and twelve feet out on the limb. Nearby, but five feet higher, another nest held five eggs apparently well incubated. Both nests were built of mud, weed stalks, and lined with fine grasses.

Several nests of the Robin were also found in typical situations and with sets of from two to four eggs. In this locality the average set is three, though probably ten per cent of the first broods contain four; but complete sets of two are almost as common as four. I have never yet found a nest with over four eggs, though my friend, Richard F. Miller, has found several.

Returning to the vicinity of the college, I went up to the Strawberry beds where some boys had described the peculiar actions of a bird to me. I soon saw the bird, a Killdeer, and after watching her from a distance for a little depression among the pebbles at the base of a mustard plant between the strawberry rows.

Richard C. Harlow,
State College, Pa

AT REST.

B. W. Griffiths, of 536 S. 48th St., Philadelphia, departed this life December 6, 1916. During his life time Mr. Griffiths was an ardent lover and student of the birds, and a loyal reader and friend of *The Oologist*.

THE PIGEON HAWK IN COLORADO

The Pigeon Hawk, *Falco columbianus*, is said to be rather rare in Colorado, and I think it is, for I have failed almost to see it. For my small bird collection I have taken but a single specimen. One day in September a few years ago I was by a small pond getting a few specimens of the Northern Phalarope. The Phalarope feed on the water, moving about like miniature ducks. I had just shot three or four and was standing on the shore of the pond, delaying a little before picking them up, when a Pigeon Hawk, which I had not seen, swooped down and caught up one of my birds from the water and was making away with it. That is the way this specimen came to be in my collection.

Geo. E. Osterhout.

A NOTE CONCERNING THE MIGRATION OF THE LARK BUNTING

It is said that the Sparrows migrate mostly by night, but concerning this I do not have direct information. The Lark Bunting is quite regular in its arrival in north-eastern Colorado, getting here from the 12th to the 15th of May. Sometimes I have seen small flocks of male birds feeding along the way and working northward, evidently having just arrived. But the incident I speak of occurred on the forenoon of May 17th, 1913. I saw three flocks following each other at short intervals, and moving north-westward. There were 75 or more birds in each flock, male and female, the males singing, tho' I should say not in full

song; and they were flying rapidly in long waves of an undulating flight, and not more than 75 feet above the ground. Evidently they were not going to stop in this immediate vicinity.

Geo. E. Osterhout.

Windsor, Colo.

MY IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.

The two rarest birds in my collection are a pair of Ivory-billed Woodpeckers (*Campephilus principalis*). Some twenty years ago a good skin of this bird could be purchased for about eighteen dollars, while to-day it would take about five dollars—a sure sign that the bird is becoming scarcer as the years go by. In 1886 I made my first ornithological collecting trip to Florida, locating in Gulf Hammock, Levy County. I found that most of the people living in the Hammock were acquainted with the Ivory-bill, and the majority of the deer and turkey hunters had shot one or more of the birds. An old hunter that had been living back in the Hammock for fifteen years, informed me that he had shot several Ivory-bills, but that he had found them rather poor eating. Think of it! A "Florida Cracker" varying his daily diet of hog (sow belly) and hominy with broiled Ivory-billed Woodpeckers. However, it was not until the next year that I secured my pair of Ivory-bills. On my arrival in 1887 I was shown the wings and heads of three birds that had been shot during my absence. I offered the guides and hunters five dollars for a male bird and two dollars and a half for a female—not necessary to offer them more, for what I offered was enough to induce them to keep their eyes open. On March 16th, a guide by the name of Williams, while out after deer, saw a male bird high up on a cypress tree. Knowing that if he was to shoot the bird with his



Nest and Eggs of Cedar Waxwing.

—Photo by T. H. Jackson.

heavy rifle he would ruin it—the bird not the rifle—he placed his “44” on the ground and hikes the five miles back to his cabin and secured his shot gun. Returning to the swamp, he secreted himself within shooting distance of where he had seen the Ivory-bill, and within ten minutes along came the male bird, which he shot. In about an hour along came the female which he also gathered in. That evening I done one of the most foolish things I ever done in my life. Anyone acquainted with the sluggish streams in Florida is aware of the fact that these streams contain numerous turtles, alligators, garfish, etc. The female Ivory-bill although not badly shot, was smeared with blood much of it being dry. Attaching a cord to the legs of the bird I fastened it to a stone, and then sunk it in the stream back of the house, intending to leave it there until the next morning. About 2:30 A. M. I awoke with a start and thought of what I had done. With my heart in my throat and trousers to cover my legs, I hastened down to the stream, to find my bird all O. K., and every trace of blood gone. Never again, never again I repeated to myself as I slowly walked back to the house. The two skins, in as fine a shape and condition as when I prepared them, are resting in the same cabinet where I placed them thirty years ago. Before preparing a bird skin I always take three measurements that cannot be accurately obtained from a dry skin. Length, from tip of bill to end of longest tail feather; extent, from tip to tip of outstretched wings, and length of wing from shoulder to tip of longest primary. My birds measured as follows: Male, length, eighteen and a half inches. Extent, thirty-one and a half inches. Wing, ten and a quarter inches. Female, length, seventeen

and three quarter inches. Extent, thirty-one inches. Wing, ten inches. I have made seven trips to Gulf Hammock, Florida, between the years 1886 and 1916, and from what I have seen and heard, I doubt if there has been an Ivory-billed Woodpecker shot in that part of Florida in twenty-five years.

Philip Laurent.

Philadelphia, Pa.

“A NOTE OR SO FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER.

“Real Texas Birds”

At present I am situated in one of the largest expanses in the southern United States, that has not, as yet, been “Birded.” The Big Bend District off south-western Texas is the large area of country, (I refrain from saying land, for it isn't), lying between Del Rio and Fort Hancock, following the jagged course of the Rio Grande and northern Chihauhau on the south, and extending to and beyond the Southern Pacific Railroad on the north. Some times, when blue, I dwell on the saying that the railroad and not the river, is the southern boundry of Texas and the limit of the white man's civilization. The country consists, principally of hills, ranging from two hundred to seven thousand feet, and alkali or salt grass flats, affording a little nourishment to the limited vegetation. However, in the fertile valleys, lying along the Rio Grande, plant and bird life fairly radiates.

In all the years that I have been in Texas, I have seldom had the pleasure of seeing any of our birds that carry name of Texas. But here, about 500 miles from my home, at Ft. Worth, nearly all of the birds that have the privilege, are Texas in all respects.

It was at Boquillas, the scene of several Mexican raids, that while

watching a Vermillion Flycatcher do a stunt or so, that a strange bird came into my vision. But remembering some skins I had seen in the past, I quickly recognized the Texas Cardinal, and a male. In about a minute he was joined by Mrs. and soon after they left.

It was the next day that, when climbing a small hill, I grasped a limb of a small mesquite, immediately there was a brilliant flash and a Cardinal alighted on a tree about one hundred feet away. It might have been my friend of the day before, for she had a nice family of three, which I judged were about eight or ten days old, right in the mesquite, and only about ten inches above where I had first laid my hand.

The other came rapidly, the Texas Sparrow, Texas Kingfisher, which I observed at both Lajitas, and Boquillas. A Texas barred Owl was killed by a fellow at Hot Wells; and I firmly believe that I observed a Texas Night-hawk at the same place. But the Meadowlark remains neutral, as yet I have found none that carry the handle of Texas.

"A RATHER LATE NESTING DATE"

In spite of the warm weather, when we arrived upon the border on June 1st, nearly all the birds had completed nesting. In fact 98% of all the "current" nests had been raised in, and the few sets that we found, were in most cases very badly incubated. This was all very surprising to me, as I had expected an almost constant season. It may be that the birds had gotten the spirit from the Mexicans, and did not work any more than they could help, of course making great promises for the next year.

But it was at Lajitas, a purely Mexican town, right on the banks of the Rio Grande, that I had the pleasure of obtaining a real "late" set.

The First Sergeant took the Company on a "hike" or a "tactical walk," as some would say. The First Sergeant, being in charge instead of an officer, of course things were less formal and stiff, so I made the best of opportunity, and was snapping everything in sight with my hand camera.

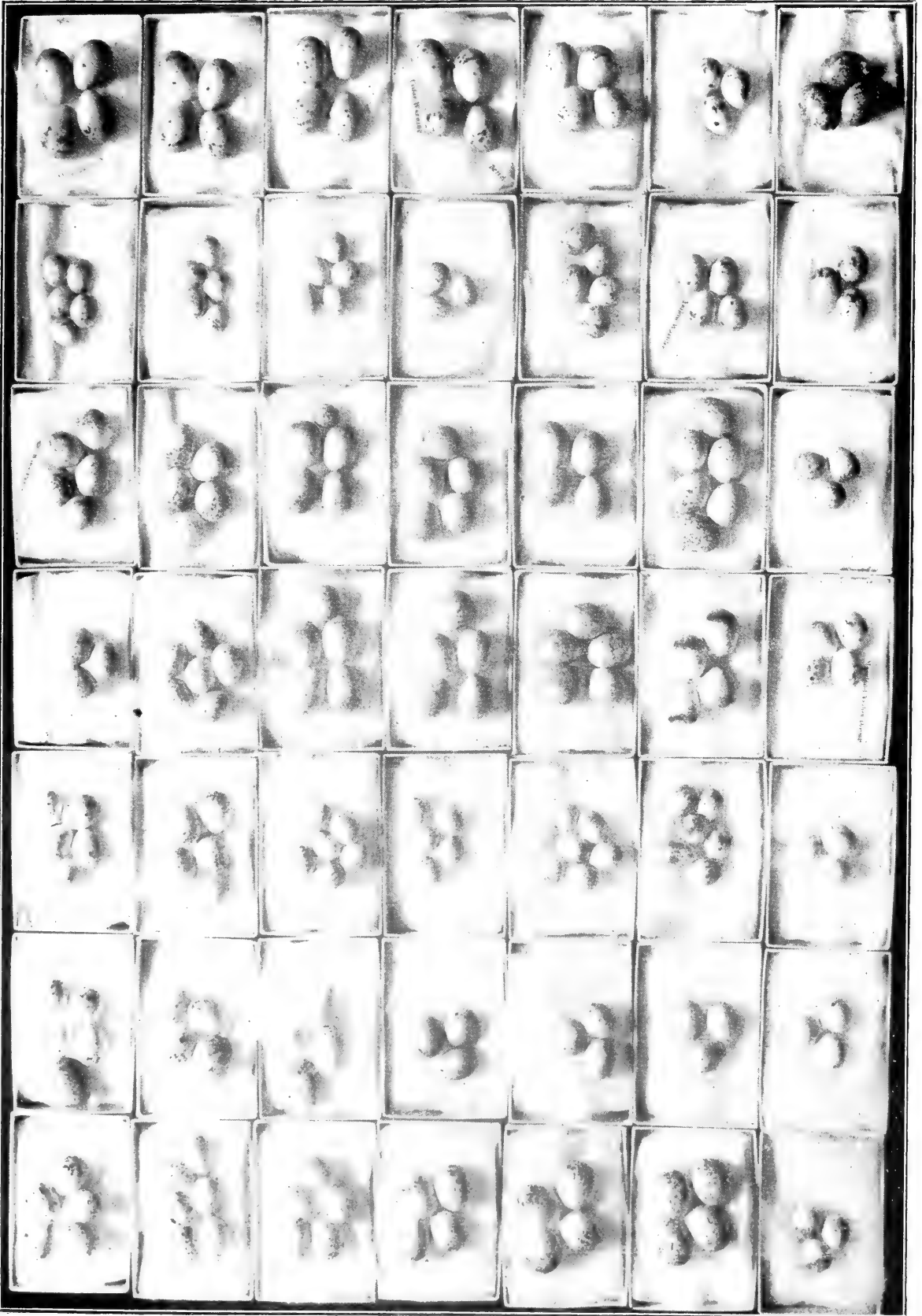
Coming upon an extra large Sotol plant, I had the company line up in both sides of it. Naturally, as it was a pose, the First Sergeant, as became his dignity, stood beside the plant. As naturally became him, he being a "bird boy," he lifted the leaves around in true egg-hunting fashion. Suddenly he shouted out, "Come here, Mack, darned if there aint some shappersals." And he drew his arm out as if he was bringing out a snake, but instead he had four as pretty eggs of the Road Runner as ever were collected. I took the picture and still hold it as evidence that four nearly fresh eggs of *Geococcyx californianus*, were collected about one fourth mile from Lajitas, Texas, on October the tenth, A. D., 1916.

I traded the Top two bachelor buttons for the set and after carefully blowing them with a shingle nail and a syringe, mailed them home in a cigar can and oatmeal,

If any of you fellows don't think that this is late, I'm willing to argue it over.

"A EGGING' ON THE BORDER."

Of course one of the first things that came to my mind as the train pulled into Hot Wells, Texas, the train that bore a hundred as action eager soldiers as e'er reached the border, was the eternal question, "I wonder what kind of hunting and birds there are here." And after the "long" bore-some stay of twenty days at the Mustering Camp at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, we had at last reached the



Drawer of Kentucky Worm-eating and Golden-winged Warblers' Eggs, etc.,
in collection of James B. Carter, Waynesburg, Pa.

border. I said to the Top Sergeant who is a pal of mine, "Gee! guy, I'll bet there's eagles and hawks and wrens all over the mountains, and about a thousand kind of sparrows in the grass and trees and about a million kind of birds that I never saw before," and the Top shot back, "Yep, bet there is too, wonder if they have any of those Mexican Parrots down there." So we journeyed on as eager as the rest.

And after the routine of making camp was over, the Top and I were ready to go out among them. And so we did. Hot Wells consisted principally (and entirely,) of one Adobe Hotel, one small store, two adobe and one cross tie dwellings, and a small wooden bath-house, and lay on a broad valley formed by two ranges of hills or mountains, ranging from one hundred to a thousand feet. The word valley usually brings to mind different things than sand and then more sand, sparsely covered with cactus, cats claw, mesquite, shapperal, terantulas, and rattlesnakes. Yes! we lived in a nice little valley. So Top and I took to the hills.

At only about a hundred yards from camp we were rewarded in seeing a pair of Black Throated Sparrows, but could locate no nest. This bird proved fairly common.

As we approached the foot hills, the mesquite and yuccas became more common, the yuccas predominating. As we came up to our first large yucca, yellow streaks scattered in all directions an oven bird left her nest in the higher leaves; this plant resembles a palm, the leaves branching out from the trunk are long and dagger-like, and as the lower ones die, they form a sort of thick, fibrous mat. The Oven Bird nest yielded six fresh eggs, the only fresh ones we collected, and a close examination of the matted

dead leaves yielded three nests, which accounted for the yellow streaks, nests of the Hooded Oriole. The average of all nests of the Hooded Oriole were three eggs, about half incubated, and nearly all the yuccas of any size had at least one nest.

The Oven Birds were every where, all they asked was an excuse to lay their nests, in yuccas or in mesquite, just anywhere that would hold them. But the first one was the only one that held eggs. And believe me it was no easy job, examining each and every one, most of the time from Top's shoulder as the leaves of the yucca are too sharp and long to risk climbing, and it takes about a yard of arm to run up their long tunnel. Occasionally we would see a Varied Bunting or a Verdin, here and there a Black Throated or Texas Sparrow, over there a Sparrow Hawk, maybe a Road Runner's nest in this mesquite thicket and the old bird legging it over the hill, and about a million Scaled Patridges and Jack Rabbits everywhere. A raven could be seen winging his laborious way, and a giant Hawk preening his feathers on a far off yucca, but nothing but orioles and oven birds in the hand.

Suddenly Top let out a yell and seemed to be trying to say about six things at once. But the cause was evident; a raven had just left the yucca besides which he was standing and the top sheltered a big bulky nest, and the Top was going into convulsions below. Well, I knew I was the fall guy so I climbed on his shoulders and up I went; and I had to let him feel the heel once to keep from pushing some of those leaves through me. Well, I managed to get down five of as pretty eggs of Mrs. White Neck as I ever saw and the Top was tickled so much that we mailed them to some champion to blow,

So we gave the Orioles and the rest a high nose and beat it back to camp, just in time to stand Retreat.

G. E. Maxon.

1st Texas Sargt. N. G.

THE TOWN POLICEMAN.

Lucia Lee Buchanan.

One bright summer morning a little girl sat on a low brick wall in a grove of trees. She had almost fallen asleep, but was startled out of her drowsiness by hearing a voice close at hand, saying, "I think so too! If ever there was an overbearing fellow, its Jim Crow, even if he is the town policeman!"

The little girl looked up quickly, and saw that it was Robin Red Breast speaking. With him sat Miss Wren, who answered pertly, "That certainly is the truth. Just yesterday he accused poor little Bob Sparrow of ruining Mr. Winchester's grain, and—"

"I dare say he was there himself," put in Robin, "in Winchester's field, having the time of his life, until Bob came, and then, of course, he tried to get him, even tried to take him to jail!"

"Well, they couldn't do it; Bob was too quick for him. You know Jim is always threatening to get us if we eat Mr. Smith's cherries," continued Miss Wren, "yet just yesterday I saw Jim himself in Mr. Jones' garden eating corn!"

"Oh well!" said Robin cheerfully, "it's too bad to have such town officials, but at the next election, you and I will try to have some other policeman."

"We surely shall! I must be going, for I left my youngest brother eating Mr. Smith's cherries, and if he eats any more, he will be so drunk on cherry juice he can't stand up." called Miss Wren.

"Drunk on cherry juice," echoed Robin chuckling, "drunk on cherry juice!" And he went his way.

FINDING OF A WILSON THRUSH NEST.

My friend "Bud" Kaus and myself were traveling on June 25th, 1916, upstream by launch on the Red Lake River in Northern Minnesota in a rather wild district heavily timbered with deciduous trees (no coniferous trees growing in this section). The stream is somewhat swampy where we were traveling due to the back water from a large dam below. We noticed an American Bittern on the edge of one of these sloughs and steared our boat his way to investigate. We landed on a thickly wooded shore where the underbrush and entanglements were so thick we could hardly make our way. Scarcely had we got up on the bank when we flushed a Wilson Thrush.

Her nest was about a foot off the ground in a thicket and was loosely constructed of strips of bark. The remarkable thing to us was that it contained four cowbirds' eggs and two of her own greenish blue eggs. The cowbirds' eggs were all somewhat large and of the same shade and were evidently laid by the same cowbird. (Rather peculiar haunts for a cowbird to our minds.) The Thrush is plenty large to keep the Cowbird out and it seemed strange to us to find them there. It doubtless was a full clutch of the Cowbird's eggs and makes a fine specimen for our collection.

Following are a few days of the appearance of local birds or transients as noted by us last Spring. Those marked with a "T" do not remain with us but pass farther north to spend the winter.

Wilson Thrush, May 7, 1916.

Blue Bird (T), May 14, 1916.

Robin, April 3, 1916.

Wilson Warbler (T), May 14, 1916.

Black Throated Warbler, May 14, 1916.

Green Warbler (T), May 14, 1916.
 Myrtle Warbler (T), May 1, 1916.
 Black and White Warbler (T), May 14, 1916.
 Red Eyed Vireo, June 2, 1916.
 Cedar Waxwing, June 3, 1916.
 Scarlet Tanager, May 27, 1916.
 Yellow Bellied Sapsucker, June 8, 1916.
 Lark Bunting (T), May 20, 1916.
 Swamp Sparrow, May 20, 1916.
 Towhee (T), May 21, 1916.
 Harris Sparrow (T), May 18, 1916.
 White Crowned Sparrow (T), May 18, 1916.
 White Throated Sparrow (T), May 1, 1916.
 Lark Sparrow (T), May 19, 1916.
 Gold Finch, May 28, 1916.
 Purple Grackle, May 29, 1916.
 Bobolink, May 20, 1916.
 Prairie Horned Lark, March 4, 1916.
 Least Flycatcher, May 21, 1916.
 Red Headed Woodpecker, May 26, 1916.

L. E. Healey.

Red Lake Falls, Minn.

NEWS PAPER ORNITHOLOGY.

Hen, Hatches, Woodpecker.

Federalburg, Md., July 14.—It is unusual for a hen to hatch out a woodpecker, but an instance is reported by Ira Cordrey, a farmer living near here. The hen had been missing for some time. When found she was mothering 11 baby chicks and one tiny woodpecker, which appeared perfectly happy to let the hen scratch worms for it, and the hen is paying just as much attention to the woodpecker as to her natural brood.

The supposition is that a woodpecker laid an egg in the hen's nest while the hen was looking for food.—American Home Weekly.
 San Jose, Cal.

W. A. Strong.

A DAY AND NIGHT ON BUCK HUMMOCK.

By Troup D. Perry., Savannah, Ga.

Buck Hummock is one of the many islands that dot our South Atlantic Coast. It is about two miles south of Tybee Island, and contains about 75 acres of good solid land, covered with thick woods and a fair beach.

In the years gone by I have had some good collecting and pleasant days amongst the cool woods, but as time changes all things, so it has this place; the storms that have passed through its woods, and the tides have washed away the beach, and left ruin in their wake, but enough still remains to make it a good collecting ground. The woods are thick and a good growth of timber is spread over the hummock, such as Live Oak, Scrub Oak, Pine, Bay, Holly, Wild Olive, Palmetto and thick vines; the beach is fringed with Wild Oats, Yuca (Spanish Bayonet), Switch Grass and running vines. Two sides of the hummock are marsh.

One afternoon in June, 1911, I left Savannah on the train for Tybee; got a boat and pulled down to the hummock, made my camp for the night and then took a ramble to see what bird life I could find, and the following came under my observation during my stay:

Great Blue, Little Blue, Green and Louisiana Heron, Wilson's Plover, Willete, Brown Pelican, Royal Tern, Oyster Catcher, Black Skimmer, Bald Eagle, Wayne's Clapper Rail, Fish Crow, Warhington's Marsh Wren, Red Winged Blackbird, Boat-tailed Crackle, Black Vulture, Painted Bunting, Chuck-Wills-Widow, Red-headed Woodpecker, King Bird, Cardinal, Brown Thrasher, Carolina Wren, Tufted Titmouse, Blue-gray, Gnat Catcher, Ground Dove, Florida Yellow Throat, Crested Fly-catcher, White-eyed Vireo,



Black Guillemot, Two Bush Island, Me. —Photo by Roscoe I. Giles.

White-eyed Towhee, Parula Warbler and Southern Downy Woodpecker. As it was getting late, I made my way back to camp, lighted the fire, made coffee, fried some bacon (which is always good on such a trip), ate supper, filled my old Calabash, sat out on the edge of the woods and felt at peace with all the world. Soon growing drowsy, I mads up my bed; my satchel for a pillow; some fans from the Palmetto for my bed, covered with the sky, dotted with thousands of stars, and was soon in slumberland. Some time during the night I was aroused from my sleep; the moon was up in all its glory, and looking seaward as far as the eye could reach. the water was one sheet of silvery moonlight. Overhead the Chuck-Wills-Widow were calling to one another in their melancholy way, trying all the time to keep time with the surf as it rolled in on the beach. I listened some time to the music and dropped off to sleep, and did not awaken again until good day-light. After a hearty breakfast, I made my way to the beach where I found a few Wilson's Plover eggs. In a small slip of marsh, I found a small colony of Boat-tailed Crackle; a set of Wayne's Clapper Rail; two sets of Warthington's Marsh Wren and a few sets of Red-winged Blackbird.

As there was nothing else of interest, I started back through the grass and flushed a Willete off four eggs, and after hunting through the woods, I made my way back to camp, well pleased with my day and night on Buck Hummock.

This same place back in the '80's and as late as 1890, was a great breeding ground of the Least Tern, but alas, they have all gone from their old haunts, and I have never been able to locate them again, and the memories of the old days and a few sets of their eggs, are all that is left.

SPOTTED BLUE GROSBEAK'S EGGS.

Although I have examined a large number of the nests and eggs of this species during the past six years I have found only one nest that contained spotted eggs. Usually the eggs are a pale light blue resembling some what those of the Bluebird, but in a nest I found July 20th, 1912, one of the eggs is distinctly spotted with small brown dots about the size of a pin point. The other two eggs are pale blue unspotted. The nest was on a horizontal limb of a peach tree well hidden. As usual with these species the nest is very compact, built and had a piece of snake's skin conspicuously woven into the side of the nest. The birds are very timid and if their nest is found before the eggs are deposited, or before it is entirely finished, it is straight way deserted. Usually the nest is in a fork of a small sprout in the midst of a bunch of bushes. Often the nest is placed in a peach tree if well concealed.

After consulting my bird books, I find no report of the eggs occasionally speckled and would like to inquire if other collectors find this as rare as I have.

Decatur, Ark.

William Plank.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WILD LIFE.

One of the best papers that we have seen on this subject is by H. P. Atwater of Houston, Texas, and published in Volume I No. 3 of the Bulletin of the Scientific Society of San Antonio. It is a splendidly prepared contribution on this subject covering fourteen closely printed pages, and were it possible, we would like to reproduce it in The Oologist, but space prohibits.

BIRD PICTURES.

At the headquarters of the Massachusetts Audubon Society at 66 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., some very nice pictures from Eaton's "Birds of New York" are on sale.

They are from paintings by Mr. L. A. Fuertes, and a set contains one hundred and six separate pictures illustrating in colors all the birds of New York State. Each set is contained in a neat cloth-bound portfolio. The size of the pictures is about six by nine inches. No text accompanies them except an index. I believe the price was originally fifty cents a portfolio but it has been gradually advanced because of the demand for them and was recently one dollar and fifty cents.

As most of the birds found in New York are also found in the neighboring states, these pictures are valuable to bird students all over the north-eastern part of the United States.

Two or three different plumages of a species are shown where there is a difference due to age, sex or season, and the pictures are remarkably good.

In order to illustrate the birds of the state within the space available it was necessary to make the figures of the species much smaller than is really desirable, but nevertheless, it is a note-worthy work, as the figures are very true to life in form, color, attitude and expression, and the general effect is very artistic, as is always the case with Mr. Fuertes' paintings. I understand that the supply of these portfolios is rather limited but I hope another edition will be forthcoming after this one is exhausted. I have not seen them on sale in any book store and I doubt if it is commonly known that they are for sale in this form.

As an aid to the identification of our birds this portfolio of pictures is one

of the most valuable contributors to ornithology ever published at a moderate price. Mr. Fuertes deserves to be congratulated for the well merited success which has attended his efforts to give us accurate bird pictures.

Horace O. Green.

Wakefield, Mass.

**MAY 1916 ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.
NOTES.**

On May 21, 1916—A number of Blackburnian Warblers were noted in Mr. Hill's apple orchard, all trees in bloom.

On May 24, 1916—Found Yellow Warbler's nest just completed on small bush on bank of pond.

On May 24, 1916—Went to Fishers Cove found common Wren's nest nearly completed in dead stub.

On May 28, 1916—Flushed a Marsh Hawk from nest in cut grass in swamp south of here. Nest contained six eggs incubation half advanced.

On May 30, 1916—Out of seven nests of Black Birds examined, five contained punctured eggs. The Grackles certainly were very thorough in this section.

On June 5, 1916—Found nest of Phoebe containing six fresh eggs, on rafter in cellar of old mill. Eggs were all speckled.

On June 15, 1916—Purple Martins nesting under eaves of three story building on Main Street. About twenty-five pair in this Colony.

On June 18, 1916—Visited Bank Swallow colony at sand pits. Found about twenty pair nesting. Examined nest and set of five eggs of Rough Wing Swallow in same pit. Nest composed of grass, weed stems and feathers, about two and one half feet in Burrow.

Found nest and three eggs of Cat-bird in thick brush about five feet from ground. Bulky mass of twigs,

rootlets, grass stems and lined with finer grasses.

Found abandoned nest and two eggs of Indigo Bunting and one of Cowbird, one egg punctured and one cracked.

NESTING OF THE BUFFLE-HEAD.

It was late in May that I found my first nest of the Buffle-head Duck. The place Central Saskatchewan, on the shores of a small lake, not named on the maps, but locally known as Island Lake. It was about two p. m. on the 26th day of May, 1905. I was on business of a more serious nature than the mere search for eggs,—hiking to the store at Mistiwasis after bacon, tea, salt, etc. My companion and I were out of grub—we had plenty of ducks and fish, but nothing to fry them with, and boiled duck and fish had commenced to pall on the appetite. It was like the expression I once heard a grafter make at a street fair, “Wife and babies at home starving to death and nothing to eat but pie.” It was an eighteen mile walk but I was hungry enough for season food to eat the nails out of a salt barrel. I almost passed this line stump too. With only a few miles to travel I made a short cut through a tamarac swamp and on the edge of the lake about fifty yards from the shore a dead Aspen was standing among the small bushes, 20 feet up was a larger cavity of the Flicker. I rapped mechanically on the trunk and out went the swiftest flying machine I had ever seen move. A duck, but what species I could not say. A hurried climb and a buffy egg was brought into view. It appeared fresh and nine more could be felt among the down 12 inches below the opening. I had no gun with me, so borrowed one from the owner of the store and returned a few hours later, but although I had a clear shot and believe I had a good gun, I registered a good miss.

I returned to the nest two days later on the 28th of May with my own gun, and with a second shot tumbled over Mrs. Buffle-head. No more eggs had been laid and the ten proved but slightly incubated and were certainly a beautiful set when cleaned and blown.

Among the mass of light colored down a few flicker feathers were mingled, likely from some brood of former years. The second set of this species was taken one hundred miles northeast of Mistawasis near Montreal Lake on June 10th. This nest was also in a dead Aspen or Poplar nest the shore of a small pond. This tree was standing in the most treacherous ground, I have ever been on. Up to my hips in mud. In just such a place as the plate “Taking a set of Buffled-head Duck’s eggs, Alberta, June, 1906,” in the May, 1909 OOLOGIST suggests. The cavity was also the work of a Flicker fifteen feet up and two feet from the broken off top. It also contained ten eggs about one-half incubated laying among the down ten inches below the opening. It was unnecessary to shoot the female this time, as I was commencing to be an old hand at the game. The sets have passed out of my hands and are in two different collections in old England.

As to swiftness on the wing this Duck is second to none and for beauty, it has the Wood Duck backed off the boards, and the books say it is unexcelled by any other duck on the water and in diving, so that this species, I believe, should have first place among the ducks. These two nests were the only evidence of this Duck’s breeding that I found, although I ran across a number of male Buffle-heads, silently fishing in the sheltered coves of different lakes. Likely the females were dutifully incubating their eggs not far away.

W. H. Bingaman,

ADVANCE OFFERING.

NOW IN PRESS

**THE FUNDUS OCULI OF BIRDS
ESPECIALLY AS VIEWED BY THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE**

A Study in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology

By

CASEY ALBERT WOOD, M. D.

Head Professor of Ophthalmology, University of Illinois;
Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science;
Fellow of the London Zoological Society.

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EGG COLLECTORS



During the season of 1917 I want to secure the following specimens. If you have now on hand, or take any of them during this season that you are willing to let go, please let me know. All sets must be first class and accompanied by reliable data.

R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

One Set of 5, 7, 10, 11Am., 26, 35, 51, 54, 55, 90, 92, 103, 123a, 129, 135½, 139, 140, 141.1, 167, 171, 179, 191 1-5, 192, 211, 227, 228, 258, 286, 300a, 305, 310, 310B, 310c, 319, 343 1-2, 349 1-3, 352, 359, 368 1-4, 373B, 373cc, 377, 383, 385, 421, 461, 462, 475, 476, 505, 540a, 542b, 573, 591c, 608, 648, 758a.

Two Sets of 12, 27, 67, 131, 145, 164, 165, 196, 289a, 295, 302Enp, 308, 333 2-6, 345, 3551-4-1-5, 387 2-5., 457, 467, 478b, 489, 506, 542a, 552, 588B, 591, 615, 622E 2-7, 736, 744, 751a.

Three Sets of 8, 30, 40a, 115, 123, 134, 163, 169, 169a, 171.1, 173, 176, 177, 183, 193, 198, 213, 230, 261, 264, 276, 281, 283, 293, 302am, 308a, 310a, 313, 321, 343 3-3, 348 3-2, 349 3-2, 362 3-2, 373g, 393, 466a, 424c, 474e, 483, 488a, 493Am., 503, 534, 536, 538, 549, 554, 574, 584, 591B, 612a, 622a, 633, 681a, 741, 759b.

Four Sets of 13Eup, 25, 28, 42.1, 52, 85, 89, 105, 111, 112, 131.1, 134a, 153, 157, 204, 205, 211a, 272, 277, 292, 300B, 301Am., 308B, 318, 358, 370a, 377a 387a, 405, 481B, 517, 540B, 570, 578, 581P, 583, 597, 597a, 639, 642, 656, 658.

I also want sets of the following:

5, 11Enf, 7, 20, 31, 32, 36, 39, 41, 48, 63, 66, 70, 76, 79, 82.1, 84, 92.1, 96, 101, 105.1, 106.1, 108, 113, 120b, 162, 186, 201a, 201b, 215, 216, 216.1, 231, 235, 239, 243a, 253, 255, 256a, 263, 269.1, 272a, 286.1, 287, 288, 296, 312, 314, 320, 322, 322.1, 327, 328, 330, 332, 337a, 337B, 339a, 339B, 340, 341, 343, 353, 354, 354a, 360, 368a, 368B, 369, 369a, 71, 372, 372a, 373d, 373e, 373f, 375, 375B, 375c, 375e, 380, 389, 391, 393a, 394a, 395, 398, 402, 402a, 403, 403a, 404, 405a, 407a, 408, 411, 413a, 414a, 317a, 418, 420a, 420B, 420c, 424, 425, 426, 427, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 445, 446, 448, 450, 453a, 455, 459, 460, 468, 469, 474, 474f, 474g, 474h, 477, 478a, 479, 485a, 498f, 498g, 501a, 501c, 503, 504, 509, 511a, 517a, 518, 519b, 519c, 527, 527a, 528, 529a, 536a, 537, 539, 542c, 543, 545, 546, 548, 549.1, 550d, 554a, 558, 563a, 566, 567a, 567b, 567c, 567.1, 569, 573a, 575, 575a, 580, 581a, 581b, 581d, 581g, 587 5-4, 588, 586c, 588d, 591a, 592.1, 593a, 593h, 593d, 594, 594a, 601, 607, 609, 610, 610a, 611a, 621, 622, 626, 628, 629, 629a, 629b, 629c, 630, 631, 631c, 632, 632a, 634, 638, 643, 645, 645a, 646, 646a, 646b, 654, 654a, 661, 633, 665, 666, 667, 670, 675, 75a, 79, 81b, 881c, 685a, 686, 688, 694, 696, 697, 699, 709, 709a, 711, 711a, 717a, 717b, 718b, 719a, 719b, 722, 722a, 724, 725c, 725d, 726c, 727a, 727c, 728, 730, 731a, 732, 734, 735a, 735b, 738, 740, 741a, 742, 742a, 743, 748, 748a, 48a, 749, 753, 754, 756a, 757, 759a, 759c. 760, 763, 764, 765, 765a.

I have 180 different numbers of The Oologist covering 32 years, some very rare. Will sell for cash, or trade for books, birds or mammal skins. Make me an offer for what ones you need. A. B. HOWELL, Covina, Cal.

EGGS—Continued

FOR EXCHANGE—406, 412, 474b, 506, 617-552, 622b, for 6, 51, 77, 214, 385, 497, 743 and others equally common. WILL PLANK, Decatur, Arkansas.

FOR EXCHANGE—Eggs in sets for Butterflies, Specimens from North, South and West especially wanted. DR. T. W. RICHARDS, U. S. NAVY, 1207-19th st., N. W. Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Sets of 332, 347, 337a 405, 417, 419, 428n-2, 459, 486, 489, 490, 495a, 528, 542a, 547, 550, 554, 558, 578 and 585. EDWARD S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—List of collections of choice sets that collectors wish to dispose of. Also have some choice sets to offer for guns, etc. W. H. BINGAMAN, Algona, Iowa.

Small collection Japanese eggs. 25 species, 42 sets, 160 specimens, all carefully prepared, beautiful. Free by parcel post for \$15.00 or would exchange for handsome set of A. O. U. 364 List sent. Address COLLECTOR, 15 Beaufort, West, Bath, England.

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WANTED—Prices for printing labels for skins. J. A. MUNRO, Okanagan Landing, B. C. Canada.

WANTED—I will pay 50c cash for Volume I No. 6 (June 1890) of The American Osprey, published by Paul B. Haskell, R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY

VOL. XXXIV. No. 5.

ALBION, N. Y., MAY 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 358

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

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Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

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FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird skins and eggs. Send list of what you can use; also list of exchanges. JESSET. CRAVEN, Tacy Montana.

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EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

Butterflies of So. Calif. in exchange for birds' eggs. These flies are both spread and in papers. Coloptra also in exchange. G. L. FIELD, 1859 Julian Ave., San Diego, Calif.

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FOR SALE—Vols. 10, 11 and 12, Journal Maine Ornithology 1903, 1904, 1905 and 1906. Guide to Nature Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Also cocoons of the Cecropia, Io, Cynthia, Prometheus, Luna, Polypemus and Eagles Moths. Also numerous Devonian fossils. LOUIS S. KOHLER, 98 Watsessing Ave. Bloomfield, N. J.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

BIRD LORES WANTED—For cash or exchange. I need these Bird Lores. Vol. 1-2 and 3 complete volumes or odd numbers. Also need Vol. 4 Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 7, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-4-5-6, Vol. 10, Nos. 1-2-3-4-5-6, Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5. For these I will exchange other issues of Bird Lore or Oologist or other bird magazines or will pay cash. I also want The Auk Vol. 1 to 13; The Condor, 1 to 4 inc. I have many bird books and bird magazines for sale or exchange. If interested quote what you have to offer. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

I am always wanting lists of entire collections of North American Birds' Eggs which the owners desire to dispose of. None are too large and none are too small if they contain any material that I need. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

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I have a well preserved copy of Gentry's "Nests and Eggs of N. A. Birds" with colored plates, that I wish to exchange for eggs. Send list. A. S. PETERS, Lake Wilson, Minn.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Grey-falcons left. Snow and Grey Owls, Swordfish head, Cocoons and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centepedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Ibises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 5

ALBION, N. Y., MAY 15, 1917.

WHOLE No. 358

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.



J. W. PRESTON.

Born in the State of Ohio in 1856, died at Cheney, Washington, January 5th, 1917. For obituary see Vol. 34, page 39 of The Oologist.

WHITE-TAILED HAWK.

(*Buteo albicandus*)

It has been my pleasure to study the habits and collect the eggs of many of our birds of prey. As I begin this article, my mind reverts to some of my earlier experiences when, in company with the present Editor of the Oologist, we scoured the heavily timbered bluffs and ravines along the Illinois river in quest first of the nests of the early *Bubo*, then of the Redtail, and a little later those of the Red-shouldered Hawk. Many of those nests were in mighty monarchs of the forest far above the surface of mother earth, but we always went prepared, and, if anything of special value was to be obtained, we never let the record "inaccessible" be inscribed in our notebooks.

Since that time I have been privileged to collect in other fields, and it may be of interest to the readers of this journal to learn something about a buteo which I consider the most attractive of this genus. The White-tailed Hawk is known in southern Texas as the prairie hawk and the White-breasted Hawk. It is plentifully distributed over the lowlands wherever it is open or sparsely covered with bushes and stunted trees, but does not frequent the rough, hilly portions nor the timbered river bottoms. It is said to be found also in western Texas on the high, level areas which have a scant growth of vegetation and it is a characteristic species westward and south into Mexico in localities similar to those that I have just described. Generally it is shy, not allowing a near approach, but other times I have found it sluggish and in several instances I have been able to get within easy gunshot of it. In the country between the Neuces and the Rio Grande rivers, where I have observed it, it is resident, and

yet it appears more numerous in the nesting season. It is a quiet, inoffensive hawk and is never known to raid the poultry yard. When perched high enough to show its form it is by far the most graceful in the curves of its outline of any of the buteos, and when suspended in mid-air on its broad and motionless wings the beauty of the symmetrical outline of its body is difficult to describe.

During a period of several years I found and collected thirty sets of eggs of this bird. The nests are easily found and the collector need have no fear of breaking his neck in getting to them, for the average height of the top of the nest is about seven and one-half feet from the ground. In one instance the extreme height was fourteen feet and another nest was only one and one half feet from the ground, the top of the nest measuring just three feet up. Mosts of the nests are built in the tops of thick clumps of thorny bushes commonly known as the black bush. Two of these nests were placed in the tops of thick clumps of the catclaw, and it is almost as much of a feat to secure the eggs from such nests as it would be to vanquish the angry feline with no weapon of defense in hand. All of the higher nests were placed in small trees, and the mesquite, huisache and hackberry being used.

Some of the nests are quite bulky, as much so as large nests of the common Red-tail. They are firmly placed in the fork of the tree or on the flat clump of bushes. About the time these birds begin to nest the wind begins to blow constantly and with great force from the Gulf and if the nests are firmly anchored they are apt to be tilted to one side. On one of my collecting trips I discovered a large nest in the distance and found upon reaching it that the nest was

thus tilted. On the ground under it I picked up an egg that had fallen a distance of more than six feet and yet it was not injured in the least. I then inspected the nest and found that the strong wind then blowing and which had continued for two or three days had turned the nest more than half way over. I was about ready to leave when I was surprised to see another egg which had fallen from the nest and lodged among the coarse sticks that composed the base of the nest, and this too was a perfect specimen. Of course the bird had left the nest and I did not observe them anywhere in the vicinity. The nesting season of this hawk begins in March. My dates of collecting range from March 6th to May 10th, the set taken on the latter date probably being a second set. The majority of fresh sets are taken in March, and I believe that only one set is laid unless the first set is destroyed, but even in that southern climate there is more variation in the time of nesting than is found in the North among our buteos; for instance, in 1895 I did not collect a single set until April 6th, and the sets were all fresh at that date.

The nests of the White-tailed Hawk are composed of coarse sticks at the base with finer sticks in its upper structure, fairly well depressed and lined with small tufts of dry bunch-grass pulled from the ground. The latter nests I have found to be similarly constructed, but the lining in them will consist in part or wholly of green leaves from the mesquite and from the huisache trees. Like the other buteos this hawk will use the same nest year after year, adding to it each year until it becomes quite bulky. Sometimes the Western Horned Owl will appropriate the old nest of this bird, but you will find her at home in a newly constructed nest somewhere

in the locality, for like the other buteos they cling to the old nesting ground with much tenacity.

In searching for the nests of this hawk I was accustomed to mount a Texas pony and drive out into the great pastures. One of my favorite collecting grounds was in a pasture consisting of ninety-eight thousand acres of land in a body, and I can assure the reader that it afforded ample ground for a collecting field. I knew just where to go for I was well acquainted with every part of it. Heading the pony in a certain direction, I would let him pick his way while I kept an eye open to the horizon ahead of me. The country is an undulating coast plain, and at some point on the top of a ridge or on the side slope, at a point commanding a view of the surrounding country for some distance, the nest was to be found. The bird will always leave the nest while the intruder is quite a distance away, often at a distance of a quarter of a mile, for as I said above the nest commands a broad expanse and the bird is always on the watch. When the female leaves the nest, the male bird usually joins her at once and the two often disappear and do not come in sight while the nest is being examined; at other times they mount high in the air, far above the reach of a shotgun and directly above the nest, where they will often stand poised in one spot for several minutes at a time coolly watching development below. At such a time the birds always face the strong sea breeze which blows so steadily and strong that it is possible for them to appear perfectly motionless and stand suspended in mid-air.

The White-tailed Hawk is a quiet, inoffensive bird. I have never heard it utter a cry at any time except in rare instances when incubation was advanced or when there were young

in the nest. The note is peculiar, somewhat like that of Cooper's Hawk when disturbed at the nest, but in a much higher key and with a tinkling, musical sound. It consists of the syllables ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke repeated many times. Most collectors are familiar with some form of the Red-tailed Hawk and know how easily it is identified as it wheels about erratically by the rusty red on the top of the tail feathers. Just so with the White-tailed Hawk, it can be told at once from the fact that the upper surface of the tail and its coverts, all except the very tips, appear snowy white as it tips to one side and gives a view of its upper surface. The young of this species when in the down are mouse color, differing in this respect from most other hawks. This I presume, is a protective coloration, for the nests are seldom protected in the least by branches or foliage above it. This species feeds upon rabbits and wood rats, in fact I have found that its diet is largely confined to rabbits which are found in immense numbers in that section. If the nest contains young birds it is sure to show that they are amply provided for by the amount of fur and the number of rabbits' feet found in and about the nest. Hence, we see that they live a charmed life. I have never found any evidence that they feed at any time upon other birds.

The number of eggs laid by this bird is said to be two or three. Of the thirty sets that I have collected three nests contained one egg each, and the sets were complete as shown by the state of incubation; twenty-six sets contained two eggs each; one set contained three eggs. In case of the sets containing a single egg it is likely that an egg was accidentally broken by the bird. In wet weather the breast feathers of birds are apt to become

thoroughly drenched at the tips, especially if the bird spends some time on the ground as this bird does. Freshly laid eggs of some birds are covered with white mucus, and the wet feathers drying on the egg will stick to the egg sufficiently to draw it from the nest if the bird leaves suddenly. The eggs of this hawk, when fresh, I have found to be heavily coated with this mucus and this may account for the disappearance of an egg now and then.

The egg of this hawk average about the size of those of the common Red-tail. I have three sets of their eggs that are immaculate and when taken they were fresh and not soiled in the least. They were of a velvety white, but with age have lost some of their delicate appearance. An unmarked set from this bird is apt to be nest-stained and it is difficult to make a desirable set of it. Most sets are spotted but never heavily marked. In some the eggs are evenly sprinkled with very fine light brown or reddish brown dots, in other the spots are larger but not so numerous; in one set there are a few irregular bars and lines scattered over each egg; in another set the shells are as rough as a piece of fine sandpaper, and one egg has a spot of light brown that is about an inch in length and about a quarter of an inch wide at one place. This is an unusual set and quite different from any of the rest. A number of years ago I exchanged a set of these eggs, and the one who received them complained that they were not as well marked as he wished they were. The set mentioned was an excellent one and well marked as they run, and it was necessary for me to explain that if they were heavily marked it would be an indication that they were the eggs of some other species. I have often thought that some of our collectors may have heavily marked sets of

what they suppose to be eggs of the White-tailed Hawk. In that case they are more likely those of Swainson's Hawk which is common all over the Texas range of the White-tailed Hawk. I found Swainson's nesting on Padre Island and in the valley of the lower Rio Grande and elsewhere to the Nueces River. They nest often in the same localities that the White-tail does, but they lay three eggs more often. Reed, in his North American Birds Eggs, says that the eggs of the White-tailed Hawk are generally immaculate, but I have found that ninety per cent of the sets have one or both eggs marked.

D. B. Burrows.

Lacon, Illinois.

CORRECTION.

Phillip Laurent has called our attention to the fact that in the publication of his article on page 65 of the last Oologist, we make him say that a good skin of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker could now be bought for about Five Dollars. This should have been Seventy-five Dollars.

MOCKING BIRD IN WEST HAVEN.

A Mocking Bird has spent the winter near the center of West Haven. It arrived November 8th and is still present at this writing. This is an unusual occurrence and we are now wondering, 'will he or she find a mate and nest here in Connecticut.'

N. E. Wilmot.

West Haven, Conn.

RARE SPECIES.

The Snowy Owl is quite plentiful in and about Spokane. I have also seen the Cardinal Grosbeak lately and several large flocks of the Waxwings.

Fred E. English.

Spokane, Wash.

The Cardinal Grosbeak is surely an

unusual bird for this territory. Are you sure of the identification.—Editor

THE OOLOGIST.

That, once a reader of The Oologist, always such, is demonstrated by a letter just received from Earl R. Smith, which in part says:

"Many years ago when a lad on a farm, I and my brother were constant subscribers to The Oologist, but time changed the course of our lives and with that change we lost the address of the paper. My brother and I are now separated the width of the United States, but we still own our oological collection and add new specimens every year."

Mr. Smith again renewed his subscription for himself and brother to The Oologist after having lost track of it as he says for many, many years.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH THE ORCHARD ORIOLE.

(A. O. U. 506 *Icterus spurius*)

The Orchard Oriole is a common nesting bird in the vicinity of Bardstown, Kentucky, arriving in the spring about April 23rd. At least one pair annually nests at the home of the writer, generally selecting the top of a peach tree as a nesting site.

On the morning of May 23rd, 1916, while at work in the garden, a female Orchard Oriole was observed to alight in a patch of blue-grass, and in a few seconds flew away to a peach tree with a piece of grass in her bill. Approaching the tree the oriole could be seen weaving the grass into a nest near the top of the tree, and a male bird could be heard singing in the trees nearby.

On the 30th day of May, I climbed to the nest. The female was on and did not leave the nest until I was within three feet of it. Standing in a fork and pulling the limb with the nest



Black Skimmer. Typical Nest Showing Full Clutch and all Eggs Perfectly Marked. Photo by Stanley Clisby Arthur.

slightly toward me, two eggs could be seen, one of which was slightly larger than the other. A few days later on visiting the nest there were only two eggs and the birds were still about the orchard, but I did not notice the female fly off the nest as on the occasion of the first climb. A few days before this the male bird was seen and he was of the greenish plumage, much resembling the female. No mature males were seen about the place since early in May so this certainly must have been the mate of the bird who built the nest.

It was not my intention to collect this set but as there were only two eggs at my last visit, I again climbed to the nest expecting to find several eggs, but to my surprise found no eggs at all. The nest was in good condition but what happened to the eggs was a mystery to me. About this time (unfortunately I did not record

the date), I found another nest, to all appearances a Orchard Oriole's nest, but in another tree. I am sure it had been there only a few days as I kept a watch out for nests nearly every day, and as it was not high up it was readily observed. This same pair of Orioles,—the immature male and his mate were yet frequenting the orchard and as this was the only paid about the place they evidently built this second nest which was far out on a limb out of my reach. But it surely was an Orchard Oriole nest being made of frest green grass. As to the contents of it, I could only guess, but if my surmise was correct, there never were any eggs in it, for about this time the Orioles deserted the orchard. The first nest is now in my collection and is a beautiful piece of bird architecture worthy of preservation.

Ben J. Blincoe,
Bardstown, Ky.



Black Skimmer. Incomplete Nest with One Egg Showing Albanistic Tendencies. The Absolutely Black Spots of the Typical Eggs, all that Shows. Photo by Stanley Clisby Arthur

PHOEBE AND KINGBIRD

In a recent number of *The Oologist*, some interesting notes by a Kansas observer reads as follows: "The Phoebe is a common bird in this locality. They arrive about the time of the Kingbird, or the last of March or the first of April." In this locality (Central Kentucky), there is usually more than a months difference between the arrivals of these two birds. Occasionally a Phoebe winters here, for I once saw one on the 7th day of February and C. W. Beckham has observed them in all the winter months. But usually I see no Phoebes until early March and they are here in full numbers by the 15th or 20th of the month. As to the Kingbird, I have never seen it earlier than April 22nd,

but Beckham states that it arrives April 20th.

I have seen Kingbirds in flocks of six or eight individuals as late as May 2nd, which is evidence that the migration of this species is still on. It will be seen from the above notes that there is a big difference between the arrival of the Phoebe and Kingbird in Kansas and Kentucky; that is, if my notes and the Kansas observer's notes are both correct. Kansas and Kentucky are both in about the same latitude, but perhaps the Kingbird arrives earlier in the West.

Let some of your observers, both eastern and western, give us your notes on the time of arrival of these birds.

Ben J. Blincoe.
Bardstown, Ky.

PLUMBEOYS CHICKADEES ARE NOT AFRAID.

While fishing March 15, 1917, I decided to make a scout up a little canyon near by, in search of chickadees. I found a hole in a rotten tree about five feet up. A chickadee flew away from the tree. I thought it was a little early for a full set, so I did not fool with it and went on. A few minutes later I came back by and the chickadee was on the nest. I could not make her leave, so I tore the wood away carefully. I had to take her from the nest. There was no eggs. I placed the wood back as I found it and tied a string around the tree to hold the wood in place. This left the nest in as good a shape as it was at first. The next day I went up to see if she had deserted the nest. She was not at home but an egg was in the nest showing that she had returned after I had pulled her from the nest.

Ramon Graham,

Ft. Worth, Texas.

Taxidermist.

TEMPERATURES AND EGGS.

I had read so many times that the Grebes did not sit on their eggs but depended on the fermentation of the mass of vegetation the nest is composed of and the heat of the sun to hatch the eggs. I thought I would try and find out the truth, so when I went to the Marsh June 4th, 1890, I took a dairy thermometer with me.

We took a boat and started out on the water. The first nest found was a Pied Bill Grebe with six eggs. It was near a floating log with a few rushes growing around the nest. It was a cloudy day and the temperature of the air was 77. The temperature of the nest just under the eggs was 88; of the water 76 and the temperature of the nest was 72. If the Grebe had left the nest about one minute before we got to the nest about the time it would

take us to run the ten to twenty rods, the nest would be cooled off a little from one hundred, the temperature necessary for a good hatch. Then we passed a nest of Terns with three eggs. The temperature of the first nest just under the eggs 84, water 78, six inches deep in the nest was 74, air 77; no signs of heating in the nest. Next nest seen was a Coots with five eggs, next Coots one with three eggs, one with five and one with seven. Next nest was Grebes five eggs, Coots seven eggs, another Grebes five eggs. I was satisfied that the Grebes hatched their own eggs.

We were running along near the grass when my boatman raised his paddle to hit something. I stopped him and looked and a Grebe was just leaving her nest. She dove off the nest under the water just as a turtle would, scarcely making a ripple covering her eggs as she slid off. The Grebes will sometimes come to the surface when she gets out of gun shot, other times no bird will be seen near the nest.

Delos Hatch.

Oakfield, Wis.

SOME NESTING BIRDS OF THE JUDITH BASIN, MONTANA.

No. 3.

F. M. Silloway.

Nest No. 14. June 1. Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse. This Grouse is fairly common in the bottom agricultural lands and on the adjacent cultivated benches. It does not appear to resort much to the high dry prairies, for there its food is more restricted; it prefers the borders of the timber fringing the water-courses, and the patches of low shrubbery in the meanders of streams and irrigating ditches. Wherever there are ranches with grain and meadow the Sharp-

tailed Grouse is common in the Judith Basin.

Most of the nests of the Sharp-tailed Grouse which I have examined were in the vicinity of irrigating ditches of small water-courses. There is generally a narrow fringe of weeds at the edge of an irrigating ditch, and the Grouse frequently chooses a site in such a covert. Sometimes there is a narrow zone of weeds at the edge of a small area of grain or meadow, where low rose-bushes or lark-spur or lupine forms a desirable shelter; there the Grouse is likely to secrete its nest.

This nest of June 1 was on the margin of a strip of open grass between clumps of timber in the meanders of Big Spring Creek, within sight of Lewistown. The site was among a few upright stems of rose and choke-cherry about knee high. I was looking for a nest of the grouse, and the spot appeared as likely to yield favorable results. Sure enough, the sitting bird fluttered out of the sparse growth almost as I was about to tread upon her. She flew away low and with little trepidation, not making the characteristic whoof of wing that invariably gives me the heart-flutters when I flush these many prairie birds. This Grouse is a close sitter, and I have frequently pushed a female from the nest; it is common with sitting females to remain with the eggs until the disturber kicks against the weeds enveloping the nest or else until he bends over the site and detects the mother bird closely hovering her treasures. There were 14 eggs in the nest.

Nest No. 15. June 2. Brewer's Blackbird. The Blackbird is the common one of the northwest, living in the agricultural regions as does the Crow Blackbird of the east. In general, its traits are quite similar to those of the Purple and Bronzed

Grackles, though in its nesting habits it is more retiring, not resorting to the neighborhood of buildings as much as the eastern birds. It scarcely ever nests in trees, though there are frequent exceptions even to this rule. In fact, I have found its nest in a tree cavity in a grove, even as the Bronzed Grackle can be found nesting in like manner under certain conditions. It is customary for Brewer's Blackbirds to appear in the spring in the patches of shrubbery in the bends of irrigating ditches and the small streams, and there they nest in sites varying from the ground to location in small trees. Most of the nests are in the tops of bushes about breast high.

The nest I am describing was in a low haw shrub, in an upright crotch three and one-half feet from the ground, a frequent but not the commonest site. The nest was made of coarse twigs and weed stems, lined with fine grasses and horse-hair. The cavity measured four inches across at the top, and was two and one-half inches deep. This nest contained six eggs of the owner, and one of the cow-bird.

Nest No. 16. June 6. Western Meadowlark. This nest was first found on June 3, with four eggs, which were left undisturbed; on June 6 it contained six eggs. The nest was made in a tuft of green grass among short sprouts. The material was fine dried grass, partially rounded above and covered with a wisp of coarse dried grass naturally caught among the green blades. The nest was found by flushing the sitting female, and as usual the male was chirping anxiously at a respectful distance.

Nest No. 17. June 6. Western Vesper Sparrow. This is a very common summer bird in the northwest, associated mostly with the ranches and

agricultural districts, and not appearing to resort much to the high uncultivated benches. It is commonest on the meadows and prairies in the vicinity of the streams and irrigating ditches.

This nest was found in the cemetery in the present site of Lewistown. The location was near the fence, and the site was a depression at the base of a lupine bush. The brim of the nest was somewhat elevated above the ground, so that the structure was not sunken completely. It was made in the characteristic way, of coarse weed stems, with a scanty lining of horsehair. There were four eggs in the nest.

Nest No. 18. June 7. Red-naped Sapsucker. This Sapsucker is common in the groves bordering the water courses in the vicinity of Lewistown, and can generally be seen along the course of Big Spring Creek. Its harsh, impatient cry always announces its presence, and it is noisy even in the neighborhood of the nest location.

This nest was in a small grove of aspens bordering Spring Creek. The female was out of the nest when I drew near the place, and her impatient scolding at the nest betrayed its location to me. I imagined she was scolding her better half for loafing on his job instead of supplying her with necessary victuals, for the male is a sort of Rip Van Winkle fellow and the female must needs get out and rustle for herself at times when her undutiful husband gets attached to a nice sap-hole and becomes half topsy on the contents, when he should be hurrying home with his mouthful of goodies for his confined dame.

These sapsuckers had chosen a site in a living aspen, though the inner wood was partially decayed. The cavity was about twelve feet from the ground, near the lowest limbs, and it

appeared that the cavity had been made in a former season. The entrance was quite small, as is characteristic with the home of this Sapsucker. The hollow was seven inches deep and about four inches in diameter at the bottom. No nest material was used, the eggs being laid on the soft particles of wood at the bottom of the cavity. Six eggs constituted this set.

Nest No. 19. June 8. Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse. This nest was in a characteristic location, in a patch of sprouts at the margin of a meadow along Big Casino Creek. The female was sitting closely, so that in scrambling out she displaced two of the eggs; she flew away low and quietly, leaving the nest only when I parted the sprouts around her and exposed her home, which as usual was open at the top. The nest was among sparse sprouts about knee high, the apology of a nest being a scant measure of dried grass and a few feathers. There were twelve eggs, which I judged to be far advanced in incubation, as the actions of the female and the appearance of the eggs seemed to indicate.

Nest No. 20. June 13. Western Vesper Sparrow. The Vesper Sparrow seems quite inambitious in the art of nest-building, as its main purpose appears to be to provide something that will merely hold its eggs and young. The material is loosely woven together, and there is very little variety in the composition. This nest was made at the base of several sport sprouts, in which a small wisp of coarse grass had become entangled, affording a dome-like protection for the rude structure. The nest was a flimsy affair of fine grass-stems, lined with other fine grasses. There were three fresh eggs in this nest, evidently an incomplete set.

Nest No. 21. June 13. Western Vesper Sparrow. Why is it that one

species of bird will construct a nest so finely woven together and with such a variety of materials that the result is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, ever exciting our admiration as a piece of bird architecture, while another species will fling together a few materials in so careless a manner that the whole affair will fall apart when removed from the site which contains it. Yes, why is it? Now don't all speak out at once. Strange, isn't it? This nest of Vesper Sparrow was on the side of a sharp slope, at the base of sprouts among weeds projecting above the other grasses. The structure was made of fine grass stems, with lining of similar materials. The nest was a mere lining to the depression which held it, having no definite form of itself, but rather conforming to the hollow selected to serve the builder's purpose. This nest held four fresh eggs, the usual complement.

Note: The present address of the writer is 404 Fredonia St., Peoria, Illinois.

1916 LIST OF ILLINOIS NESTS.

Seeing Mr. McMullen's list of New Jersey nests in the September (1916) issue of the Oologist caused me to go over my notes for this season. I found 425 nests among which were seventy-two species. These were found in four counties; Champaign and Piatt Counties in Central and Cook and Lake Counties in northeastern Illinois.

The list is as follows: (Black Tern, Least Bittern, Green Heron, King Rail, Virginia Rail, Florida Gallinule, Woodcock, Bartramian Sandpiper, Prairie Hen, Mourning Dove, Cooper's, Red-tailed, Red-shouldered and Sparrow Hawks, Long-eared, Barred, Screech, Gt. Horned and Barn Owls, Yellow and Black-billed Cuckoos, Belted Kingfisher, Hairy, Downy, Red-headed and Red-bellied Woodpeckers, Flicker,

Chimney Swift, Ruby-throated Hummer, Kingbird, Phoebe, Wood Pewee, Green-crested Flycatcher, Blue Jay, Am. Crow, Bobolink, Cowbird, Yellow-headed and Red-winged Blackbirds, Meadowlark, Bronzed Grackle, Goldfinch, English Sparrow, Vesper, Chipping, Field and Song Sparrows, Towhee, Cardinal, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Indigo Bunting, Dicksissel, Cliff, Barn and Rough-winged Swallows, Cedar Waxwing, Migrant Shrike, Red-eyed Vireo, Prothonatory and Yellow Warblers, Am. Redstart, Catbird, Thrasher, Carolina, House and Long-billed Marsh Wrens, White-breasted Nuthatch, Tufted Titmouse, Carolina Chickadee, Wood Thrush, Robin, and Bluebird.

Walter A. Goelitz,
Ravinia, Ill.

BIRD NOTES FROM MATINICUS, MAINE.

In lower Penobscot Bay, twenty-five miles out from the mainland, to be nearly exact, lies a wooded island, called Matinicus. Rising just up out of the rough old ocean, its altitude above sea level can hardly be over a hundred feet, it looks like a fine little piece of the mainland transplanted out in the briny deep. It is the summer home of certain song and insectivorous birds, but of none of the so-called sea birds.

In area, this island is about two miles long by a mile wide and is known as a plantation.

The inhabitants are nearly all fishermen, and number about one hundred eighty.

Although the soil is intermixed with a great many small stones, there are some very fine grass grown fields. On the eastern end, a large marsh where thousands of the common blue flags grow, presents a pretty scene. In much of the wooded section, the



Black Skimmer. Incomplete Nest with One Egg Absolutely Glossy White. When Drilled at the State Museum Embryo Chick was Found Proving the Albanistic Egg to be Fertile Despite Lack of Spots. Photo by Stanley Clisby Arthur.

spruce grow so close together that it is very difficult to follow up all the small birds that flit about in them so quickly, and for this reason do not claim the following list to comprise all the bird residents of the island. Intend this for those who would like to get some idea of what may be found there.

Of the well known birds, Eave and Barn Swallows were quite numerous, four pair of the latter had nests in one old barn. Several pair of American Redstarts were noted, usually nesting in the alders. Song Sparrows were common everywhere. One nest of Black-billed Cuckoo and one of a Rose-breasted Grosbeak located in the alders. Crows could always be seen or heard, and had nests in the taller trees.

While walking through a thick rank

growth of moss, a little Yellow-bellied Flycatcher flushed from nearly under my feet. Its nest was imbedded in the moss. The exterior was composed wholly of the same sort of moss and interior lined with fine rootlets. Nest contained four eggs, cream white, with fine dots of brown cinnamon. Another nest was found, at another place, at the base of a small spruce growing in similar kind of moss. The notes of this flycatcher seem to be short and quiet. In breeding time, at least, the Yellow-bellied shows a decided preference for the underbrush. The finding of its nest is a rather difficult or accidental feat.

Quite opposite in notes and breeding sites is the Olive-sided Flycatcher. Its peculiar loud notes helped me to partially locate a nest, and its habit, very similar to our common Kingbird

of hovering over its nest at times, completed the finding of it. It was in a tall spruce, about thirty feet up, and out some three feet on a limb, and from the ground looked like one of those bunches that either grow or accumulate in those evergreen sort of trees. Exterior of nest was usnea, with a number of spruce twigs worked in, and was lined with small rootlets. The three eggs in nest were very similar to large sized eggs of the Wood Pewee. Sets of three seem to be the average, and the Olive-sided has the smallest set of any of our New England Flycatchers.

Many of the large spruce have that peculiar stringy looking moss, known as usnea, growing on their branches. Some of it grows quite long and thick, and when you see usnea here you are apt to find the Northern Parula Warbler nesting. Parulas seem to like to keep together, so when one nest is found you may be quite sure others are nearby as was the case here. The nest is made by bunching up the ends into a sort of ball. The inside, shaped by the birds and strengthened by adding more of the moss, is lined with the same material. The entrance is from a hole in the side. They are one of the prettiest nests made by any of our New England Warblers. Sometimes as many as seven, but usually five eggs, is the complete set. Eggs, white with very fine reddish dots about larger end.

Standing here on the higher part of the island, among the homes of the Parula, one feels compelled to admire the beauty of the surroundings. You see that odd, irregular growing moss, usnea, hanging from many of the trees swaying in the ever blowing sea breezes, inhale the strong odor of the fragrant spruce, through the trees you see the restless ocean that encircles

you on all sides; swat a mosquito. Unfortunately they are numerous on the island, are quite tame, about the forty-two centimeter size of their race, and work on three eight hour shifts.

Working your way through the small spruce, where every twig seems to want to give you a dig or scratch, you forget all your troubles when you flush a Myrtle Warbler from her nest in a low spruce. Nests are also found on the lower out-spreading branches of the larger ones. Nests are made of small twigs, vegetable fibre and grass with a lining of feathers. Sets contain four eggs as a rule, and vary considerable in markings.

After hard tussle with these low spruce, one day, had just seaeted myself on a wind blown over tree when I noticed a little Winter Wren leave the rooted end. Quickly searching about in the roots, I found the nest; quite a bulky affair of moss and twigs, lined with feathers. It held nine fresh eggs, white with very fine reddish brown dots. It was probably the second set, as first sets are due the middle of May, and this was late in June. This was the only pair noted. This completes the list of birds I found on Matinicus. It is very pretty along the coast, a mass of huge granite boulders. One can find a fine variety of pretty shaped ones in the smaller sizes. Most of them take on the spherical form due to the ceaseless rolling about by the tides. From an inch upward these spherical shaped ones and others of equal beauty appealed to me, and only knew when to stop picking them up, when their weight suggested it.

One soon notices how obliging and agreeable the people are, on this and other islands of Maine. Oftentimes on a winter night, I think of the different ones I have met and wonder, with



Willett. Photo by E. P. Willard, Wellington, N. C.

the birds gone and the flowers dead, what they find to do through the long cold winter.

Roscoe I. Giles.

Marlboro, Mass.

HORNED OWLS NOT COLLECTED.

A big cottonwood tree stands out in the water near my camps, at Lake Worth. The horned owls are there and I have tried every possible way to collect them. The tree has a few limbs on it but the first one is 50 feet up. The tree is too large to coon up. And the wood is too rotten to spike. So the only way to get them is to go up in a balloon or areoplane. I can climb a small tree about 100 feet from it and see the owl setting on the eggs. Also the other owl is setting in a shallow hollow near by. He looks at me and shakes his head as if to say, I

got you bested this year. I will own up to it, he has me this year. But if he and his wife attempts to raise again this year I will get me a gun and stick a rope in it and shoot it over the first limb. Then climb the rope. I have tried to throw a rope over the first limb but have had no success. This set of eggs is like the old saying, "Water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink." But this time it's owl eggs in sight but I can't get one. Come on, brothers, with your hard luck stories.

Ramon Graham.

Ft. Worth, Texas.

BIRDS SEEN ON A TRAMP FROM DEVON TO TURKEY HILL.

On March 18th, Mr. T. E. Vaughan and myself took the train to Devon and then a seven mile tramp along the



Clapper Rail. Photo by E. P. Willard, Wellington, N. C.

railroad tracks which follow the Housatome River and the following birds were seen: Herring Gulls could be seen at any time flying over the river; also a flock of seven ducks too far away to tell what kind. Then as we left the track and was about to cross a plowed field, we flushed a Solitary Sandpiper. Now the birds of Connecticut gives the earliest record as April 27th, so this is five weeks earlier than any previous record. A little later as we were crossing a field that was thick with weed stalks up flew four

Mourning Doves. The birds of Connecticut gives March 18th, the same as my record. We looked up and a Red Shouldered Hawk was seen sailing around and around; also a Sharpshinned was seen perched on the cross arm of a telephone pole. Crows were abundant at all times. Starlings were quite plentiful and as they flew over they looked like black diamonds. Their tails being rather short and their wings quite long gives them that appearance.

We followed along the tracks and

the sweet call of the Meadow Lark came to our ears and we looked and there on the top of a small apple tree there were two. Soon we came to a sandy piece of waste land covered with small weed stalks and feeding there were Redpolls, Tree Sparrows and Slate-colored Juncos. The sweet song of the Song Sparrow was also heard from a nearby bush which says spring is coming.

As we were now about to leave the tracks to the road that would take us to the trolley for New Haven, we observed four Blue Birds perched on a telegraph wire, the first seen this season. It being somewhat muddy, we washed our shoes and returned home having spent a very pleasant day with the birds.

N. W. Wilmot.

New Haven, Conn.

RESOURCEFUL ROBIN.

In the course of my field work I have chanced upon many unusual nesting sites; but I think the one I am about to describe is especially characterized by its oddness.

One day last summer (May 28, 1916) while walking over a railway trestle which spans the Annapolis River at a point some 50 miles from Wolfville, I was surprised to see a robin fly out from under my feet. Glancing down between the sleepers (I was then half way across the bridge), I saw a nest containing four eggs. It was placed on a beam within two or three feet of the steel rails, over which several times daily there thundered the heavy trains of the Halifax & Southwestern Railway.

I was at a loss to account for the selection of this noisy and nerve-racking building site; about the last place a careful mother would choose for a nursery. Crossing the bridge I stumbled upon what I have always believed to be the explanation.

A few yards from the track in a spruce bush I saw another robin's nest with the lining ripped up, the work of some marauding Jay or Crow. My theory is that this was the former home of the family beneath the bridge, who to avoid a repetition of the disaster which had overtaken them in the spruce had decided to take their second chance in the unique location just described.

Robie W. Tufts.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

April 11, 1917.

COPY.

To all those to whom this notice shall come: GREETING:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the copy box of *The Oologist* runneth low and you are therefore hereby directed, ordered and commanded to forthwith replenish the same if you would assist as you should in keeping up this magazine to its present high standard.

Editor.

NESTING OF THE BACHMAN'S SPARROW IN SOUTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

I have added to my collection the nest and five eggs of Bachman's Sparrow. This addition came as a Christmas remembrance from the collector, Prof. S. S. Dickey, who took the set and parent birds near Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, on May 20, 1916.

This is probably the first authentic set of *Peucaea aestivalis bachmani* taken within the limits of Pennsylvania.

The nest was situated on a hillside at the edge of an open grove of white, red and black oaks, and was composed of dry grass and weed stalks, lined with dry grass blades and horse hair. The writer found a similarly situated nest, which no doubt belonged to the Bachman's Sparrow, on May 16, 1909.

This nest contained one egg and was deserted before identification was complete.

In view of the fact that the birds have been heard singing on different occasions during the nesting season, together with the above records, leads to the conclusion that the Bachman's Sparrow although rare, is a regular breeder in the southern part of Pennsylvania.

James B. Carter.

SHUFELDT'S JUNCO.

This Junco is one of our familiar birds. I have found them near the California line. They never seem to be numerous anywhere. I generally find one nest a year.

If you do not see the bird building the nest you have a small chance of finding it. You may see the male bird, but he is too wise to let you know where the nest is. The nest is a neat structure placed under a bunch of ferns or dry grass, and is nearly even with the top of the ground. The eggs are from three to five, but there are generally four in every nest.

I think they have a second brood, but am not sure. They bring their young near the house, and I have a good chance to see the change of plumage. Sometime in August they disappear, and when I see them again they are in a flock of about fifteen. It is a mystery to me how they sort themselves out when they get in a flock of Oregon Juncoes.

I am feeding a small flock now. They come regularly for their food. I well remember the Slate-colored Junco in the Berkshire Hills. They nested on the mountain there, but I never found a nest. If I had, I would not have dared to take the eggs, for in those days it was a deadly sin to take a bird's nest. What a time the Editor of *The Oologist* will have getting

through the Pearly Gates with his collection.

George D. Peck.

Salem, Ore.

Robins and Bluebirds.

Charles F. Moore.

The condition of Robins and Bluebirds in Rutherford County, N. C., is becoming alarming. Since 1910 these birds have decreased steadily. Whereas in the winter of 1910-11 these species were here in great numbers. Now they are very scarce.

In the winter named there were thousands of Robins in this locality. They were in the town of Cliffside in flocks of hundreds, and in many instances became quite tame. Now there are no robins in town and, in fact, I have not seen a single Robin this fall and winter.

With the Bluebirds it is slightly better than with the Robins. On the 7th of this month (January) I saw a flock of about fifty Bluebirds. This is the first time I have seen so many in over a year. I found one nest last season, in a pine snag in the water, about six feet up. I spent considerable time in the vicinity of this nest, as it was the only one I found. The Bluebird is one of my favorite birds, and I regret that there may be none here in a few years more.

A SET OF FIVE OF THE WESTERN RED-TAIL.

Perhaps some of *THE OOLOGIST* readers might be interested in hearing of the taking of a clutch of "Western Chicken Hawk Eggs." Out here very few people call them by their right name of Western Red-Tail.

Having noticed the activity of a pair of these birds in the vicinity of an old nest quite frequently, I decided to investigate the nest as I only possessed a very inferior clutch of these eggs.

I selected the third of April, 1914, for the attempt. As the nest was on an island in the river and the river being rather high, I put on my boots, dropped an egg box in the pocket of my coat and my 32 Colts automatic in my hip pocket and started out.

Passing across the stream that lay between myself and the island, I approached the nest as quietly as I could.

When within about one hundred yards of the nest Mrs. Red-tail left it and sailed away in ever-widening circles.

I made haste to climb the tree, which was a cotton-wood and the nest was about thirty feet up. The upper half of the tree was dead. On reaching the nest I took care not to disturb it and looked over the edge to where the eggs lay. To my surprise instead of the usual two or three there were five of the beauties. Four of the clutch were about the same size and with little or no variation in color. The fifth was just a shade smaller and a dull white with no markings of any kind on it. I imagined that it was the last egg of the clutch to be laid.

After carefully packing them away I descended the tree and went on my way. They are now among my cherished possessions. Do you think that this clutch is unusually large or not?

John B. Hurley.

North Yakima, Wash.

[Yes, sets of five of this bird are very unusual indeed. This is the first set of this size that we know of.—Editor.]

EAGLES.

Eagles must be holding their own in Oklahoma state. Lately I have received two fine specimens of the Golden Eagle from there. One sent by Mr. W. M. Mesley at Hickory, Okla., had been shot with a Winchester. It measured six feet from tip of

one wing to the other. The other bird was much larger and in better shape. It was found dead on L. Crawford's farm near Grand, Okla., and sent here by parcels post. It was a mystery how it met its death, but I soon found out that it was shot with to a hill. Just across the fence one hundred yards was a fine field of clover. Why did she not nest in the clover field?

April 2, 1916, found Barn Owl nest in cavity of large Sycamore tree; nest held two young birds just hatched and seven eggs in different stages of incubation. Both parent birds were in the cavity when I climbed to the nest.

March 26, 1916—Found Barn Owl in cavity of Sycamore tree, upon the bottom of the cavity lay six dead field mice. I went back to this tree every eight or ten days to watch for a set of eggs. On April 9th four eggs were in the nest. I did not take them but went back to the nest on April 16th a 22 through the back. Now, brothers, what do you think of any one that would shoot such a graceful bird as our national emblem, the eagle, and leave it lying to rot. Of course some collector might of shot it and it flew off and died. But I will bet a dollar to a dough nut that some bonehead shot this bird just to see him fall and to say that he had slayed a monster eagle. Every one will not agree with me but I think that the Eagles ought to be protected by all means. Some people ask me why I say protect the eagles that destroy useful animals, when I would collect the eggs. One fellow said I know why you want them protected, it's because you do not want the eggs to play out. No, brother, it's not that at all. If we can have a law to protect the eagles, the eggs must be also protected.

Ramon Graham.

Ft. Worth, Texas.

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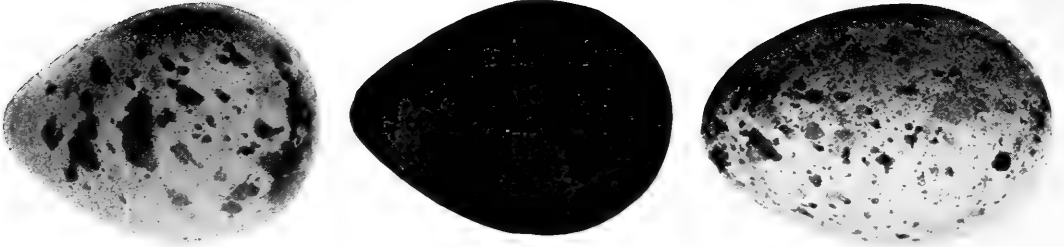
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R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

One set of 5, 7, 10, 11Am., 26, 35, 54, 55, 92, 103, 123a, 129, 135 1-12, 140, 141.1, 167, 171, 179, 192, 211, 211a, 227, 228, 258, 286, 293, 300a, 305, 310, 310b, 310c, 319, 343 1-2, 359, 368 1-4, 373b, 373c, 377, 383, 385, 421, 457, 474f, 467, 475, 505, 506, 540a, 540b, 542a, 573, 591c, 608, 648, 658, 674, 751a, 741, 758a.

Two sets of 12, 27, 67, 131, 145, 164, 165, 196, 198, 289a, 295, 303Eup, 308, 333, 206, 345, 355 1-4, 387 2-5, 474c, 478b, 489, 534, 552, 591, 591b, 615, 622E 2-7, 736, 744.

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TAXIDERMY

VOL. XXXIV. No. 6.

ALBION, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1917.

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Many uncatalogued items on hand.

JOHN D. SHERMAN, JR.,

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Bird Collecting in Eastern Colombia

By Paul G. Howes

The Columbian expedition of 1913 sent out by the American Museum of Natural History consisted of six members. Mr. Frank M. Chapman, Louis A. Furetes, George K. Cherrie, T. M. Ring, G. M. O'Connell and the writer. Its purpose was to make a survey of the ornithological fauna of the Bogota region, from whence hundreds of skins of birds had been collected in the past by native collectors. These skins arrived at the museums of the country bearing very inaccurate data. The locality "Bogota" meaning anywhere within several hundred miles of that place to the native collectors, it may be readily seen how valueless these specimens really were. Birds from the river valley, birds from the hills, and birds from the higher altitudes were all labeled Bogota regardless of the exact localities from which they were collected. To straighten out some of the ranges and other ornithological questions of the region was the true purpose of this, and several other expeditions which have been sent into the jungles and mountain ranges of Colombia.

Collecting was begun in the Magdalena valley and pursued at a number of stations across the eastern Andes through Bogota to Villavicencio at their eastern base. Some 2300 specimens were secured representing over 500 species, a number indicating the

remarkable richness of the avifauna of the region.

The following notes are presented just as they were written from day to day in the authors note books and, it is hoped, will prove of interest to the readers of the Oologist.

The expedition sailed from New York on January 8th via the United Fruit Line steamship Zacapa. By the second day out the weather became so warm that we were able to sit out all day upon the deck with no hats or coats; a most agreeable change from the damp, foggy January weather so characteristic of the eastern states. The presence of the gulf stream was marked by large masses of vivid yellow seaweed, sometimes in big rounded patches, but more often extending in long narrow lines across the steamers bow. Fishing some up with a grapple from the bow, I found that it contained numerous little crabs, protectively colored, together with numerous other forms of sea life, which formed little isolated worlds floating in the sea.

On January eleventh, the weather became very warm, even hot towards noon and large numbers of flying fish were noted sailing over the waves for a few yards and then dropping back into the water. One of them, caught by the wind landed upon the deck and an examination showed that the tail was much longer on the lower side than on the upper. This extension is



AT REST

HARRY W. FLINT

Born July 19, 1857. Died at New Haven, Conn., April 5, 1917

apparently used to give a powerful shove as the fish leaves the water, after it spreads its delicate planes and sails through the air.

Not a single gull has been noted since leaving the colder Atlantic, but today (Jan. 11) a Man-O-War bird was noted in Lat. 25 deg. 54 N or about 108 miles north of San Salvador. This is unusually far north to see this bird and as they never light in the water it must have traveled a considerable distance. A shearwater was also noted today. At 8:30 p. m. we passed San Salvador light.

January 11th. Sighted Cuba about 2 p. m. and soon the steamer approached near enough to afford a splendid view of this wonderful island. The cliffs in some places rise almost perpendicularly from the water to a height of five or six hundred feet. They are covered with beautiful tropical vegetation. The rock is, I should say, coralline lime stone, and is formed in curious ledges containing many caves, the whole resembling a sponge of huge proportions. At the base of the cliffs there is a natural sea wall about ten feet high against which the waves break. There is great variation in the scenery and the general impression is one of peace and beauty of a certain rugged type. When we first approached the Island, a bluish haze hung over the hills, and this contrasting with the green vegetation and vivid blue water in the foreground made a scene that I will never forget. I noted several more specimens of the Man-o-war bird and also many tropic birds that were doubtless nesting in the cliffs.

January 13th. Arrived at Kingston, Jamaica. Jamaica is a very mountainous Island thickly grown with tropical vegetation and a population of quaint negroes that one cannot help loving. Walking about the Island we noted

many interesting birds including the Todus, a tiny kingfisher with flycatching habits and native only to the West Indians, none having ever been found on the South American mainland. Hundreds of beautiful lizards and butterflies were also seen. Among the birds of interest were such familiar fellows as yellow-throat, redstart, black and white, parula, palm and prairie warblers. Also several pelicans, Royal Tern, Man-o-war bird, tropic birds, groove-billed anis, mocking bird, several flycatchers, grass quits mango, and long-tailed humming birds, ground doves, grackles, cercebas, red-headed vulture, swifts, and white-winged doves.

January 15th. Arrived at Colon about 2 p. m. after a short but interesting voyage along the coast which is mountainous and much like the coast of Cuba in appearance. About an hour from the harbor of Colon we passed a typical bird rock. This is perhaps one hundred feet high and is, of course, an Island, being at least a mile from shore. The rock was white with the excrement of hundreds of boobies which could be seen sitting in every nook and cranny in the rock. A few sooty terns were also present. A pair of martins flew abroad before we reached Colon and became greatly excited over a hole in the forward mast.

In the city the same evening I noted many tiny bats abroad, flying so fast that it was very difficult to follow their movements.

January 16th. Made a trip to Culebra to see the great canal operations and incidentally noted a great many birds along the rail-way course which travels right through the swamps and half flooded jungles which are being gradually killed by the rise of the water back of the great dam.

Young little blue herons were abundant, contrasting sharply in their white

plumage with the vegetation. Sparrow the tip of Cape Cod. I noticed that row hawks were numerous as were unusually large flocks of Ducks and also anis, flycatchers, grass quits, pelicans, doves and vultures. Mergansers were common. While on this trip I saw large numbers of Meadowlarks and some made up flocks of from 20 to 50. I estimated that I observed about 350 individuals. A flock of eight Cowbirds were observed near Truro, Mass., Nov. 25, 1916. These birds seem to stay around here during the winter late years. I have seen several flocks during the winter, and they were reported at Dighton, Mass., last winter. Some of them came to a feed stand there regularly. To make sure that they were not Starlings I had a pair collected for me and they are now in my collection.

January 18th. Arrived for a short stop at Cartahena at 5 p. m. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow and the country very dry and barren compared to the other places visited. At the entrance to the harbor stands an old fort dating back to the days of the spanish occupation. There is also a large leper colony close by. The town of Cartahena is a wonderfully interesting old place, reminding one of certain parts of Italy. The houses are low and attractive in architecture clumped together in a maze of little cobbled streets. We drove about the town that evening visiting the "joints" much to the amusement of the natives. No birds of interest were noted as we left early in the morning for Puerto Colombia, our destination, from whence we were to start our journey into the heart of the Andes.

(To be continued)

Massachusetts Fall Migration

The largest flock of Canada Geese that I have observed for years passed over Taunton, Mass., December 2, 1916. It surely contained over 100 individuals. As I was going to a train I could not stop to make a count as I would like to have done. Flock was in three parts when seen and these parts came together while in view, making one large V. Possibly it was the consolidation of three flocks. In the past I have seldom seen over 25 in a flock and as a rule less than 25. The members of this large flock were honking more or less and were flying southwest at a safe height, probably 800 feet.

Ducks and Geese have probably increased owing to the protection they now enjoy. I recently made a trip to

C. L. Phillips,
Taunton, Mass.

An Apartment Post

Early last spring while building fence, I found an old cottonwood post that had rotted off and fallen down. I found that it contained several excavations. One was where a blue-bird had built for several seasons. Not having a set of blue-bird eggs in my collection I had figured on collecting a set here. So I took the post and re-set it in the fence. On returning a few days later I was surprised to find a chickadee building a nest in one of the excavations down near the ground. A few days later when I passed it I stopped to watch for some signs of the home builder and this time I saw a flicker poke her head out of an excavation in the same post only up near the top, and then I was pleased to see the chickadee coming from the creek to her home. But my greatest pleasure was when I again viewed the post and its occupants to find that my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blue-bird, had returned to their home in the post. And their ownership being disputed

by the flicker they were putting up a great but successful fight for their rights. I watched this fight and wondered what the thoughts of this pair of blue-birds would be when they again became sole possessors of the post. A few days later I found Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird happily building their nest. There I suffered them to raise their brood of four young undisturbed by myself for I thought that they had had trouble enough to retain their home.

Mr. Elmer Ufford,
Oberlin, Kansas.

Lakewood, Ohio Cats Are to Wear Bells and Tags

Cats are being registered in Lakewood.

All must be registered and licenses obtained by owners by July 2 under a new ordinance.

Female cat licenses will cost \$1; male licenses, 50 cents.

Owners must provide their cats with collar, bell and license tags.

Birds Very Plentiful

While out in the woods yesterday (January 28th) looking for perches to mount some birds on, and while cutting one, I paused for a few minutes to wipe perspiration from my face, and upon looging up I could count the following species of birds singing over head. I would like to have given the readers an accurate count of individuals but owing to the fact that my time was limited, I was compelled to leave without counting them.

The following species were observed without moving out of my foot tracks. viz: American Goldfinch, American Robin, Bob-white Quail, Carolina Wrens, Blue Jays, Downy Woodpeckers, Pink-sided Juncos, Golden-crowned Kinglets, Myrtle Warblers, White

Breasted Nuthatch, Red shouldered Hawk.

The birds this year around Marshall are unusually plentiful, about two and one half more this year than last year. The purple Finches are more plentiful now than I ever saw them, also the Gold Finches.

Earl E. Moffat,
Marshall, Texas.

Phalaroidae

Phalaroes

All of the Phalaroes have been observed in this part of the State, namely the Red, North and Wilson Phalaropes. They have very dense plumage and lobate feet, and are exceedingly good swimmers, and according to Chapman, the noted ornithologist, while feeding, whirling about in the shallow water to stir up the minute insects from the bottom, and seizing them as they are swept about in the little whirlpool thus created.

The females are larger and more brightly colored than the males. They do the courting and turn over the duties of incubation to the male.—In this instance they reverse the usual order.

To our knowledge the Red Phalarope has in our locality been seen by James Savage October 1892, October 1896, November 1897 and September 1904.

The Northern or Rednecked Phalarope breeds in high latitudes and migrates southward in winter to temperate and tropical regions. It is our commonest Phalarope and has been observed by James Savage in October 1889 and September 1894.

The Wilson Phalarope has been mentioned as being very rare near Buffalo by De Kay in 1844 and by Rev. J. Hibbert Langille in "Our Birds and Their Haunts" in 1884.

All the Phalaropes have beautiful



Phalaropes

bright plumage, and are contrary to the habits of the Snipe family, expert swimmers on account of their lobed feet.

The nest is a slight hollow in the ground lined with grass and mosses. Eggs from three to four, greenish or yellowish-ashy, thickly blotched with varying shades of brown; sizes range from 1.10 to 1.30 long by .75 to .82 broad, but there is a great variation in size, shape and color.

I have in my collection the eggs of all three species, but only the eggs of the Northern and Red Phalarope from Iceland.

Ottomar Reinecke.

H. W. FLINT

Harry W. Flint, one of the real princes of North American ornithology departed this life at his home in New Haven, Connecticut April 5, 1917.

Mr. Flint was one of the most widely known collectors of North American birds eggs, and had one of the most desirable accumulations of choice specimens of North American birds eggs in existence. In his earlier life he traveled widely and collected in the remote regions of the Northwest, and during his entire life was a close, accurate observer, a conscientious student and a leader in ornithology.

While his published observations were limited, yet few showed more discernment in observation, perspicuity in expression or general interest to the reader.

In the loss of Mr. Flint, the oologists of North America have seen the passing of one of their real leaders, and a man beloved of all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Flint was engaged in the banking business in his home town, New Haven, and in all of his natural history pursuits, carried into that branch, the accurate preciseness of a banker.

We have hundreds of sets in our collection which rests on Mr. Flint's dates and truly there never was any question by anyone anywhere with relation to any specimens behind which was the data bearing the name of H. W. Flint.

To Be Congratulated

With this issue of *The Oologist* we commence the publication of a series of articles by one of the best friends that *The Oologist* has ever had, Paul G. Howes. These articles are of unusual interest, written as they are by a recognized scientist and referring as they do, to that little known part of the world, the Northwestern corner of South America.

We believe the readers of *The Oologist* are to be congratulated upon the generosity of Mr. Howes in making this contribution to *The Oologist*.

Partially Albino Cat Bird

On the afternoon of May 22, Miss Mary Shuler and I were studying birds along a small stream in the suburbs of the city of Austin, Texas. We were following a gray cheeked thrush among some fallen willows when we flushed a catbird with one white wing. It attracted my attention when it flew to some brush some forty yards distance. We had splendid opportunities for observing it at distances of thirty and forty yards and thoroughly satisfied ourselves of its identity. But as if to make things doubly sure the strangely marked songster proceeded to give the well known call that entitles him to his name. He gave the call several times while we were following him.

Seemingly about two thirds of the left wing was white. When he was flying it seemed that most of the wing was white; and when he was perched on the twigs it made a great white

stripe across the left side. He was otherwise colored like the rest of his tribe. Has such bird been here before, and if so, where? I trust that the readers of the Oologist will report if they see him. I should like to know where he goes. His markings are such that he will be easily recognized when seen, and if seen something of the travels of the catbird can be made a record.

Catbirds have been very numerous here during the migration period this season. On May 8, Miss Shuler and I observed about twenty on the same branch and not far from where the white winged was seen. On several occasions I have seen seven or eight in a small thicket not far from the University. However, they are all gone now, or at least I have not seen any since the 24th of May.

The migration seemed to be at its height about the middle of May. On May 13, we observed 54 species, and again on May 15, 48 species were seen. Many of these were resident species, but many were migrating and will be seen here no more until fall, perhaps not then.

W. H. Warren,
Austin, Texas.

The Sycamore Warbler

In the early eighties, when the writer was starting his first serious oological collection, the Sycamore Warbler (*Dendroica dominica albilora*) was a fairly common summer resident of Eastern Texas, and on favorable days in May its clear ventrilequial song could be heard in almost any grove of damp woods, the tall gums and sycamores of creek bottoms being its favorite haunts.

But like many of our other birds, this handsome warbler has passed with the years, and is now rather rare in this section. This probably due in

most part to the fact that many of the creek bottoms have been cleared and are now under the plow; in many sections where the giant sweet gums once towered high in the air and the snow white trunks of sycamores glistened in the sunlight which found its way through rifts in the dense foliage, cotton and corn now sways in the gentle southern breezes.

The nest of the Sycamore Warbler is usually composed of thin bark strips and fine rootlets, lined with hair, situated most often on horizontal limbs of sweet gums, cottonwoods and sycamores, rarely in pendant bunches of moss, often at quite a height from the ground. The eggs are usually four in number and are very handsome.

The writer has spent many days, almost every season, searching for nests of this species, with a net result of less than a dozen nests and eggs collected in over twenty-five years. Last season, on May 5th, we had the good fortune to take an unusually handsome set of five, the eggs being very boldly marked with brown and lavender, especially on the larger ends. Average measurements 71 x 52. The nest situated on a large horizontal limb of a giant sweet gum, fully 70 feet from the ground and was reached only after a good deal of dangerous maneuvering. The birds built a second nest in an almost exactly similar situation in another large gum, about 300 feet from the first site. This nest was not disturbed, and about twenty days later the parent birds were observed feeding a promising pair of youngsters perched on the low limb of a small gum near the last nesting site. The young received food with a good deal of noise, and it was due to this fact that they were located.

E. F. Pope.

Purple Finch

Mr. H. W. Flint asks what has become of the Purple Finch. If he were here in Oregon he would think they were rather numerous, but ours is the California Purple Finch. I was out yesterday and saw more than one hundred, the first seen this winter. Every year this bird seems to be more common. When cherries are in bloom the great flight comes. I have seen the blossoms fall like a miniature snow storm from a cherry tree. If they would cut the blossoms from every tree, they would do much damage, but the damage is slight.

As Mr. Flint says they are a beautiful bird and I for one am glad to have them here. They breed in my fir trees near the house and I see them carrying nesting material, but I have found only one nest and that contained young. Not more than one in twenty is in the red plumage, but the young males sing just as fine as if they were in the red plumage.

I have taken Cassin's Purple Finch at Grants Pass but I do not think they come much north of there.

George D. Peck,
Salem, Ore.

The Prairie Warbler

The Prairie Warbler in the vicinity of Bardstown, Nelson County, Kentucky, is a fairly common summer resident. It arrives in the spring about April 22nd and is easily located by its song which is entirely different from any other warbler found in this locality. It is not a bird of the woods, but sometimes frequents the edge of large pieces of woodland. Its favorite haunts are bush-grown cleared lands with scattered trees and in bushes and briars at the edge of thickets.

Mr. C. W. Beckham in his "Birds of Nelson County," published in 1885, states in regard to the Prairie War-

bler, as follows: "Common in the spring. So far as my observations have extended, this warbler is transient here, but for reasons too lengthy to mention now, I feel quite sure that a few of them breed."

On the morning of May 28th, 1916, I found my first Prairie Warbler's nest. It was about sixteen inches from the ground in a bush just at the edge of a cedar thicket. Five eggs were in the nest when it was found and several days later on visiting the nest none had been added to the set. A male bird was heard singing on each visit to the nest but he never put in an appearance.

The Prairie Warblers are here again this season and I hope to find and learn more of the eggs and nest of this interesting Mniotiltidae.

Ben J. Blincoe,
Bardstown, Ky.

At Last

The many friends of A. C. Bent of Taunton, Mass., who has been selected by the Government to complete the publication on Life Histories of North American birds commenced by Captain Bendire, will be glad to learn that he has forsaken the ranks of the bachelors. While this news is more than a year old, it is very new to us and what is still more interesting we learn that our ornithological friend has been blessed by the arrival of a baby at his home. May it grow up and show as much interest in ornithology as Mr. Bent. While it may be late, we extend double congratulations.

The Nesting of the Louisiana Water Thrush in Harrison County, Texas

Although I have read much and seen many pictures of the beautiful nests of the Louisiana Water Thrush, I have never seen one of their nests or even one of the birds until April

22, 1916. This was Sunday and as it was rather late for most of the birds, I was out mainly to take some bird notes and collecting eggs if I should find any fresh sets. A negro, who knew that I collected eggs, met me and told me that he knew where there was a nest that had four spotted eggs in it. Thinking that he had found a wren's nest I went with him to the place.

He took me to a very dark, shady pine woods; in this woods there was a deep gully that had been cut by the winter rains but now had only a very small stream of water running in it. On the edge of this gully there was a large pine tree which had the dirt washed from under its roots on one side forming a shelter both from wind and rain. Under the roots of this tree was the nest of the Louisiana Water Thrush.

For a long time I was unable to see the sitting bird although I was within a few feet of her, until she was pointed out to me. On approaching closer to the nest she left it and fluttered along the ground, very much like the Chuck-Will's-Widow, trying to decoy me away from the nest.

The nest was one of the most beautiful pieces of bird architecture that I had ever seen. The foundation was made of oak leaves stuck together with mud. This foundation was about six inches thick. On top of this was the nest proper made entirely of yellow grass from the surrounding fields. On further investigation I found that the nest contained four eggs but they were so badly incubated that I was unable to blow them.

This was the first and the only record that I have of the nesting of the Louisiana Water Thrush.

DeLoach Martin.

Breeding of the Kentucky Warbler in Delaware

Next to the Osprey and Fish Crow, the Kentucky Warbler is probably Delaware's most common breeder.

It commences to nest about the 20th of May and sometimes earlier, but as a rule they begin about the 20th.

The nest is made of leaves first, placed in the shape of a cone at the foot of small bushes or trees and usually in damp woodland. Next a layer of rootlets which are also usually black.

In making the nest, the bird takes from four to six days, but five is a safe average with one day for each egg, which from my experience I should say was laid about 9:00 to 11:00 a. m.

Full sets of Kentucky Warbler vary from three to five, and very often contain a Cowbird's egg, which sometimes does and sometimes does not seem to hinder them from laying five eggs. The eggs have a ground color of white or a light cream with a wreath of brown or reddish brown spot.

I do not think I need describe this Warbler, but for the sake of quick classification in the field, I might say that to me the most distinguishing marks are the yellow line above and in back of the eye, and the black face and sides of the neck. The song is a less distinct "Teacher" than the Ovenbird's and is longer, starting rather low and continuing higher, seeming to fill the whole woods.

The following extracts from dates give some idea of the variation of their breeding.

May 30, n-4, incubation fresh.

May 31, n-4 and one Cowbird; incubation fresh.

June 4, n-4, incubation commenced.

June 15, n-4, incubation fresh.

May 27, n-5, incubation fresh.



Nest and Eggs of Western Horned Owl, Mar. 27, 1913, Alberta, Canada
—Photo by A. D. Henderson

June 4, n-5, incubation commenced.

June 1, n-4, incubation fresh.

June 2, n-5, incubation advanced.

May 24, n-5, incubation fresh.

May 28, n-3, incubation advanced.

June 7, n-3 and 1 Cowbird; incubation commenced.

June 6, n-4, incubation commenced.

The last extract, June 6, n-4, was collected by Mr. Darlington in 1915 and is the last set he ever collected. It rests in my cabinet.

E. M. Kenworthy.

Warblers in Northeast Ohio

As a general thing the Yellow Warbler is the first member of the family to arrive in Ashtabula County, but this season he was preceded several days by both the Myrtle and Creeping Warblers.

They usually come about April 25th but in 1915 did not come until May 2nd and in 1916 on May 1st. The Yellow Warbler usually begins nest building about May 20th making a very neat nest of plant fiber and, down which requires about eight days to complete, and are placed from four to twenty feet up. (At present time I have one in the yard at that height.) Other Warblers I have found nesting in this county are Hooded Golden Wing, (rare), Maryland Yellow Throat, Tennessee (rare), and Blue Winged; also Redstart, Yellow Breast-Chat, Water Thrush, Louisiana Water Thrush and Ovenbird.

In June 1914 I found the nest of the Blue Winged Warbler containing five young, situated on the ground at the foot of a small thornbush, nest composed of dry leaves with the stems up. Several species of Warblers pass through here during migration. In the Spring 1915, I identified Blue Wing Throated Blue, Black Throated Green, Myrtle, Magnolia, Chestnut sided, Bay Breasted, Black Poll, Blackburnian,

Pine, Yellow Palm, Prairie, Kentucky, Maryland, Yellow Throat, Yellow Breasted, Chat, Hooded, Wilson, Redstart and Canada.

In 1916 I failed to see the Prothonotary but added Northern Parula, Cerulean and Kirkland's Warbler which I think is the rarest of the family to be found in this part of Ohio.

S. V. Wharram.

Minnesota Birding

On July 2, 1916, following plans long made and talked of, we left Red Lake Falls, a small town in North western Minnesota for a day in among the sloughs to the Northwest, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Our auto had all the necessary paraphernalia well packed in the night before, including of course a couple of good lunches and camping outfit, as we didn't intend to leave the grounds until dark. I will say that our town is located on two rivers and amongst a growth of deciduous timber. We are not in the pines, but have a considerable prairie. But we are after the aquatic fowl and reed birds. They do not build along our streams as the water is too swift to attract them.

After arriving at our camping grounds in a very unsettled community where the prairie extends for a few miles as level as a house floor, we pitched camp and set out on a section line due west; (there was no roads for this point) where I knew there was a good slough for water birds some two miles distant. On our way we tried to acquaint ourselves with the many field sparrows which kept up a constant flood of song, leading us astray from where the mate might be building its nest; for it was just that time of year when all birds of the field were busy.

The Bob-o-links too, flew high in the air, singing as they went, while the

mates crawled away amongst the weeds and grass before offering flight. We tied strings on many weeds where we thought there might be nests, but could at the time find nothing, for we intended to return this way and more cautiously approach these places.

Upon arriving at the slough the first sound to greet our ears was that of the Marsh Wren, and although we had never before heard its song, yet we knew from its rattling nature resembling somewhat that of the House Wren of which we have plenty in town. We next found its nest and experienced the joy that only lovers of nature experience and those who study birds. We saw it hung in the bull rushes some distance ahead. We were disappointed however not to find eggs. We know whether this was a short-billed or a long-billed Marsh Wren, and had no way of telling except by the eggs as the reeds stood up about us too high, and the little fellows wouldn't sit anywhere long enough to get our glasses focused on them.

As an architect the Marsh Wren has them all beat to our minds. We studied the nest a long time. First a complete knot is tied about three or four rushes with long grasses and the ends are left to hang down and are woven into the nest. This gives the structure some support while it is being built. In the building, the grasses are woven about several of the other rushes or reeds within three or four inches from the first main support. While the weaving of grasses is going on, dry string-like moss which grows among peat bogs in wet places is woven in, forming the walls, floor and roof of the nest. The whole, when completed, has a cone-like shape with the point down, for in most cases they fill up the space beneath the main ball of the nest with folded and twisted

rushes. There is a hole about the size of one's thumb left at the side, and near the top of the nest, through which the little creature enters his downy apartments. The whole of the inside is thickly covered and below with cat-tail down and the bed which is thus prepared for the young was never better prepared by any human for their offspring.

As we continued our wading, for we came prepared to wade as deep as necessary all over the slough, we discovered seven wrens' nests in all, but none of them had eggs. We found two or three which were woven among the tall coarse grass and not among the rushes, and these did not have the filling below the ball of the nest; but rather had the appearance of a ball of grass hanging from the knot tied about the few grasses as stated. This knot is two or three inches above the body of the nest. We concluded that perchance these grass nests were one kind of Marsh Wren while the rush nests would be the other. We were destined however never to substantiate our views. We tied a small strip of white rag near each nest for we intended to return a week or ten days later. All the nests seemed to be complete at the time of finding.

We did return on July 12, 1916. The first nest we had found and returned to had five chocolate brown eggs in it, thus proving it to be a Long-billed Marsh Wren's nest. It was made among the rushes but to our surprise we found all of the other nests empty and we heard fewer wrens. Could it be that our visit scared them away, or was it our small white rags, or did they build the nests for the fun of building them? We found other nests this time too, but all empty. We thought the birds were so proud of their work that they built

for the fun and practise of it. We never got back a third time to examine the nests .

I might say that these nests were all above water and about two and one-half feet to three and one-half feet from the water, and two-thirds of the way to the top of the reeds and grass on which they were hung.

As we progressed about the slough we found several yellow-headed Blackbirds' nests. They almost always choose a clump of cattails to build in, and weave their nests out of broad dry cat tail leaves in true basket weaver's style. They are closer to the water, being about a foot above on the average, and their nests are lined with coarse grasses. We found a couple which were woven in a clump of bull rushes and a clump of grass where they did not stand too thick. They appear to like the more open part of the slough. Some were woven all of grass, but one could tell a yellow-headed Blackbird's nest from that of his neighbor, the Red-wing, because he uses very coarse grass and makes a thick nest. It is also somewhat larger in the opening. They build in colonies and rarely if ever alone. Only one of these nests had eggs in, and this one had a full clutch of five pale bluish green eggs heavily specked, and evenly too, with not dark brown specks, with a spatter or two, if any on the big end, of black.

We next stumbled onto an American Coot's nest. We did not flush the bird. Neither did we see anything of her, and at the time of finding, we knew not what kind of a nest we had found. There were seven rather large pale brown eggs in it, rather well along in incubation, with very dark brown, almost black, fine spots all over them. Our egg book soon proved what kind of a nest we had found. The nest was a mat of rushes

about eighteen inches across with the edges built somewhat higher than the rest of the nest. It was made entirely of old bullrushes and lined with the same, which were flattened out considerably, with short bits of dead grass between.

After leaving this slough we returned to our auto and dinner, stopping carefully at our flags for Bob-O-links and Sparrows but we were unsuccessful in finding any. After lunch we journeyed northward five miles, bound for Stony Lake. Not a lake at all, but a large slough on the prairie, and one a person might easily drive within two blocks of and not know there was a slough there at all. On our way, we saw a pair of Sandhill Cranes and had a good look at the pair with the glasses. We got out of the car and were within two blocks of them before they flew. They seemed quite tame, but our search for a nest revealed nothing. Upon Consulting our book we learned that they nest preferably on a clump of ground surrounded by boggy wet land. As these flew in the direction of Stony Lake, we had hopes, but were not fortunate enough to find their home.

We began a detour of Stony as we had "Marsh Wren Slough" as we rightfully named the other. There were very few Marsh Wrens in evidence and still less Yellowheads; but the noise and screeching of the Black Terns was "something fierce" to put it in the vernacular of the day. We little wondered that other birds would come here to stay. We searched in vain for their nests which are usually built on floating bunches of rushes. etc. The terns at times would strike us, so fierce were they in their attack. At such a time we would stop and look the surrounding territory over with greatest care. After several such stops we discovered close by

each time, a similar bunch of new rushes about six inches across, rushes which had been recently torn and piled and we concluded that these were the platforms upon which they intended later to build their nests. Here we heard the occasional holler of the Sora Rail, but we caught sight of but one, and that was one we flushed as we were leaving the lake, fairly well disappointed, for we had not made a single find. But here in front of us was a nest of a Sora Rail woven thickly with grasses which held the clump of grass together in which the nest was built. They are not excellent weavers, but the nest sits low down where the grass stumps are stiffer and support the structure. We took the nest home with us after cutting the clump of short grass below the nest, but really after we had it home, it resembled more a bunch of old hay twisted in a knot. But in the nest were seven light brown eggs, sparsely dotted with rather large dots of dark brown and lilac. Examination proved them to be well along in incubation, but we considered our find too rare to leave.

It was now late and we were a long way from home. After a quick repast, we set out and to gain time, we attempted to cross the prairie. We got into very rough uneven land and our car got several sudden jolts, hard enough to break our eggs, we thought, and we had to stop to pack them more securely. I tell this incident merely because of the bearing it has upon what follows. Our arrival home, although long after dark, was safe.

We did not have time to attend to the blowing of our eggs the next day, nor the evening of that day; but after I had crawled into bed that night, I was aroused by the ring of the telephone about 10:30. My friend Bud had news worth the calling. One of our Sora

Rail eggs had hatched, and a strong, black, hairy, rather well feathered creature was struggling to get untangled from the cotton and out onto the floor. He brought it right over and we gave it water and a fly. It was able to walk and, with its red comb, looked rather proud, as much as to say, "You can't prevent me from seeing the light of day." After all the jolting we gave those eggs in the auto, after a night and a day and a part of the next night away from its nest and the warmth of the parent rail, this young Sora picked his way out of his shell, not to the light of way, but to a 40 watt tungsten. It lived a day and a night, but the next day it died. We didn't prove to be good mothers.

Thus ended our experience among the sloughs and aquatic fowl and water birds.

L. E. Healy.

The Birds Observed on a City Lot.

This lot is located in Bethany, a suburb of the east side of Lincoln, Nebraska. The country here is high, open, and slightly rolling. The homes are scattered; about two-thirds of the lots being vacant. There is quite a growth of trees which have been planted for shade with here and there a small grove. The nearest water is a creek, two or three miles away, and a small branch, about a mile distant, which is usually dry and represented by an occasional mud hole. There are no public fountains and the quest for drink must be a serious question for our feathered friends.

The hardy little English sparrow, now so common throughout the middle west, is with us all the year round, and although troublesome at times and despised by many, is a constant representative of the inhabitants of the air; and its little note of gladness over stray crumbs or calls of concern

at an approaching blizzard truly touch a responsive cord.

With the warm south winds of March, the robin, the blue bird, and the blue jay return and are gladly welcomed. They are the leaders of the joyful train of visitors that come to pass the summer with us. In April the meadow lark, the flicker, and the wren come, and in May a great happy throng arrives, namely: the thrush, the bee martin, the song sparrow, the red headed woodpecker, the sap sucker, the heart bird, the chickadee, the oriole, the whippoorwill, and the humming bird. Later, in June, the cat bird and the summer yellow bird also make their appearance.

Being alone much of the time one's attention is attracted by the peculiar behavior of birds and scenes such as follow may be observed:

This year a pair of wrens came to the old apple tree in the trunk of which the flickers lived last year and the year preceding. They found a hollow through a knot hole on a branch at some distance above the old flicker home. At once they started housekeeping and were well established when the flicker pair arrived. After a series of battles between the two families the flickers took possession of their hollow trunk. They gave it a thorough housecleaning, removing all loose fragments and dirt, and were once more at home on the first floor of the apple tree in a perfectly clean and comfortable nest which soon contained three beautiful white eggs. Meanwhile a robin and his mate occupied a snug nest in the third story among the swaying green branches. That surely must have been a happy apple tree.

The low dense plum tree suited the sweet voiced brown thrushes best and their brood was safely sheltered there.

A small cavity in a telephone post made a home for the blue bird.

The song sparrows built in the cluster of virgin's bower vine on the west porch and soon four small pearly white eggs lay in the pretty nest.

The sparrows, blue jays, thrushes, orioles, heart birds, cat birds, robins, and others came to pick crumbs or drink water near the door. They became very tame, more so, it seemed, than is common. Often as many as ten birds, representing several species, were grouped about the water dish, due no doubt, to the scarcity of drinking places.

One day the thrushes chased a squirrel along the telephone cable which was near their nest in the plum tree.

A motorcycle carrying two persons, a lady and a gentleman, stopped under a large tree near a house across the street. The lady remained in the machine while the gentleman went to the door. A pair of blue jays had their nest on one of the upper branches of the tree, and seeing the scarlet painted machine, and doubtless terrified by the unusual noise, seemed to think it their duty to rid themselves of this monster, and darted violently and unmercifully at the lady in the machine. Although the lady at first smilingly waved off their approach the birds continued the attack with increased violence which caused a speedy return of the gentleman and a timely departure of the intruders.

M. L. Fitzpatrick.

Bethany, Nebr.

Reply to Mr. Blincoe.

In the May Oologist, 1917, Mr. Blincoe called to attention the fact that I had written of the Phoebe arriving here about the same time as the Kingbird. What I should have said was Kingfisher instead of Kingbird.

The Kingbird and Phoebe arrive in these parts very much the same time as he says they do in Central Kentucky. My record of bird arrivals shows the Phoebe to have been first noted during the last three years on March 31, March 19 and March 25th. The Kingbird to have arrived during the last four years May 8th, May 2d, April 29th and May 13th.

I noticed the error of my statements directly after reading them over, but thought it of too little importance to bother by sending the correction.

Ralph Donahue.

Personal.

Delos Martin, who has frequently contributed observations for the columns of *The Oologist*, graduates this month from the Marshall, Texas, High School, and is to be congratulated upon reaching that goal for which all young persons should strive.

***Sturnus Vulgaris* in Virginia.**

During the extreme cold weather in Virginia this winter, a flock of European Starling, numbering about fifteen, was noted on February 17th, and a single bird on February 26th, 1917. All were in Warwick County. I have recorded this bird in Virginia in previous years, but they do not remain long, returning northward as soon as the weather moderates.

H. H. Bailey.

New Port News, Va.

The Belled Buzzard.

Camp Graham, Lake Worth,
May 7, 1917.

A turkey Vulture with a small bell around its neck has been observed flying over and around the lake for several days. This is a new one on me, a Belled buzzard. Every now and then you can hear a tingle, then look up and there goes the Belled Buzzard. Many birds have been observed this

season. Pelicans, ducks, coots and gulls are plentiful.

Ramon Graham.

Ft. Worth, Texas.

Attacked by a Sparrow Hawk.

While climbing to a nest of Sparrow Hawk twenty-five feet in an old Buttonwood tree, the female flew out of the nest, circled around for awhile and then dove at my head, knocking my hat off, which, landing within six inches of a brook, I came near losing. Not being satisfied, she came back and dove at my head again, but I hit at her and she did not try it again. I have had Ospreys fly within a foot of my head, but was never actually hit by one.

T. E. McMullen.

Camden, N. J.

Sets of Five Western Red-Tail.

March 26, 1914, I took my first set of five Western Red-tail eggs in Aliseo Canyon, Santa Paula, California. The eggs were a trifle larger than the average Red-tail eggs and fairly well marked. This set is now in the collection of Mr. George Willett, Los Angeles, California.

Set number 2 was taken in the same locality and about 200 yards from the first nest, March 26, 1916. The eggs were very much the same as first set in size and marking. Both nests were placed in an oak tree.

N. C. Badger.

Santa Paula, Calif.

**The Heart of a Bird Student is Tender
And True.**

The following letter is so full of sentiment that it touches the chord of sympathy and we cannot refrain from publishing it. More successful students in natural history lines have been sustained by a mother's assistance, sympathy and interest than by

all other things in the world combined.

Dear Editor:

This year started me out with the loss of my mother. She passed away December 30, 1916, aged 76 years.

It is the saddest blow of my life, as I am left all alone in the home where we lived together for many years.

Mother always took so much interest in my collection and gave me many little bird notes from observation around the home. How dearly she loved the robins and how anxiously she waited for the first one to come; and when my exchanges came in, it was Mother that helped unpack the boxes of bird skins and together we would look them over and praise and criticise together the contents of the box.

But she is gone to the Dear Lord that I gave her. I was so heartbroken that I wrote my correspondents that I hardly thought I would ever exchange again, as I did not wish to increase my collection, not knowing what possibly would become of it, should I ever decide to break up the home. Then I received letters in answer that were beautiful in sympathy and that showed the tender hearts of these bird men, men that I had never met, but were at that time to me as brothers. God bless them; the heart of the true bird man is tender and true.

As time passed by I slowly came back to an interest again in my birds, so I have taken up a little of the bird work, but I feel so alone at it.

Last Wednesday, May 9th, I had occasion to go over in Clayton County and measure up three hundred cords of wood I had sold to a Dubuque Company for the manufacture of excelsior and while passing by a large spring I flushed a Woodcock. This is the

first one I have seen in this vicinity in 23 years, and neither have I heard of any being taken. And while I was sure this one had a nest, I failed to find it, although I did not have as much time to look for the nest as I desired. I should like very much to return and try again, but business will not permit it.

Trusting your little magazine receives the support it so justly deserves, I remain always its friend,

O. M. Greenwood.

Manchester, Ia.

Birds of a Back Yard.

This spring, 1917, has brought a wonderful variety of birds. I have noted more varieties in my sixty foot back yard this spring than many years previous.

I have two apple, one peach, one cherry, one lilac, two plum and many more bushes which have had an abundance of migrators this year. A family of wrens, catbird, Warbling Vireo, Yellow Warbler, and Chipping Sparrow are now nesting in same.

My records show Cardinal, Downy, Hairy and Red-headed Woodpecker, Blue Jay, Yellow-breasted Sapsucker, two Nuthatch, Chickadee, Baltimore and Orchard Oriole, Robin, White-throated and White-crowned Sparrows, Catbird, Bronzed Grackle, Cuckoo, Brown Thrush, Warbling Vireo, Red-eyed Vireo, Yellow Black-burnian, Parula and Chestnut sided Warbler, Mourning Dove and two Hummingbirds and not able to identify Barnswallow and Purple Martin.

I feed birds at all times and have families of wrens, catbird, and chipping sparrows every year. A flock of White-breasted Sparrows were here for over a week.

F. A. W. Dean.

Alliance, Ohio.

Preliminary List of the Birds of Tennessee.

By A. F. Gainer, Curator Tennessee Ornithological Society.

This is a twenty-eight page publication, compiled under the direction of the Tennessee Ornithological Society accompanied by a topographical map of that state dividing it into the western, middle and eastern divisions which are referred to as each species is enumerative as residents, summer residents, winter residents, winter visitor, migrant or accidental. The arrangement of this list is quite different from that of any other local list we have seen and ample space is left for pencil notations opposite each species and it is a very desirable publication to be possessed by one in a position to make notes on the birds of that state. Two hundred and seventy species being the number listed.

War in the Air.

Last summer I witnessed an aerial dual between a Red-headed Woodpecker and a Hummingbird. They fought for about three minutes. I first thought the red-head would pick a hole in the little humming bird, but the little fellow seemed to have the situation well in hand and kept above the woodpecker as much as possible. The Hummingbird finally resorted to strategy by dashing into the thick foliage of a nearby tree and instantly emerging from the other side. This incident impressed me with the fact that the red-head must have a ferocious nature, for I cannot see how a Hummingbird could interfere with a Red-headed Woodpecker's business.

I was within fifty or sixty feet of the birds as they fought, so am sure of their identity. I would like to read in *The Oologist* of similar attacks of

the birds of a different specie, upon another.

Noble W. Field.

Bement, Ill.

Speed Cop Shoots Bald Eagle and is Arrested.

Portland, Ore.—State Biologist W. L. Finley swore out a warrant for the arrest of County Motorcycle Officer George Lockwood, who recently shot and killed a great bald eagle that was circling over Crown Point on the Columbia River highway. After the shooting, Lockwood caused himself to be photographed holding the dead bird, and pictures were printed in the Portland papers. The bald eagle, which feeds upon dead salmon and is protected by the Oregon Game Law, has been almost exterminated among the cliffs of the Columbia gorge.—San Jose Mercury.

W. A. Strong.

San Jose, Cal.

Notes.

Fifteen thousand birds have been trapped and tagged with metal markers. These birds represent two hundred and seventy-six species. Only two hundred and twenty-five have been caught a second time. This experiment is of great value in determining routes of migration and other matters of bird life.—*The Classmate*.

W. A. Strong.

San Jose, Cal.

The natives of Hawaii eat immense numbers of albatross eggs, which are gathered in the island of Layson, near the Hawaiian group. The eggs are so abundant there that they are gathered in wheelbarrows and carried to the shore in boxes and loaded on a small industrial railroad—*The Classmate*.

W. A. Strong.

San Jose, Cal.

EGG COLLECTORS



During the season of 1917 I want to secure the following specimens. If you have now on hand, or take any of them during this season that you are willing to let go, please let me know. All sets must be first class and accompanied by reliable data.

R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

One set of 5, 7, 10, 11Am., 26, 35, 54, 55, 92, 103, 123a, 129, 135 1-12, 140, 141.1, 167, 171, 179, 192, 211, 211a, 227, 228, 258, 286, 293, 300a, 305, 310, 310b, 310c, 319, 343 1-2, 359, 368 1-4, 373b, 373c, 377, 383, 385, 421, 457, 474f, 467, 475, 505, 506, 540a, 540b, 542a, 573, 591c, 608, 648, 658, 674, 751a, 741, 758a.

Two sets of 12, 27, 67, 131, 145, 164, 165, 196, 198, 289a, 295, 303Eup, 308, 333, 206, 345, 355 1-4, 387 2-5, 474c, 478b, 489, 534, 552, 591, 591b, 615, 622E 2-7, 736, 744.

Three sets of 8, 30, 40a, 115, 123, 134, 163, 169, 160, 169a, 171.1, 173, 176, 177, 183, 213, 230, 261, 264, 276, 281, 283, 302Am., 308a, 310a, 313, 321, 343 3-3, 348 3-2, 362 3-2, 393, 466a, 474e, 483, 488a, 493Am., 50, 536, 538, 549, 554, 574, 583, 584, 612a, 622a, 633, 639, 759b.

Four sets of 13Eup, 28, 42.1, 52, 85, 89, 105, 111, 112, 131.1, 134a, 153, 157, 204, 205, 272, 277, 292, 300b, 301Am., 308B, 318, 358, 370a, 377a, 387a, 405, 481b, 517, 570, 578, 581P, 597a, 642, 656.

I also want sets of the following:

5, 11Enf, 7, 20, 31, 32, 36, 39, 41, 48, 63, 66, 70, 76, 79, 82.1, 84, 92.1, 96, 101, 105.1, 106.1, 108, 113, 120b, 162, 186, 201a, 201b, 215, 216, 216.1, 231, 235, 239, 243a, 253, 255, 256a, 263, 269.1, 272a, 286.1, 287, 288, 296, 312, 314, 320, 322, 322.1, 327, 328, 330, 332, 337a, 337B, 339a, 339B, 340, 341, 343, 353, 354, 354a, 360, 368a, 368B, 369, 369a, 71, 372, 372a, 373d, 373e, 373f, 375, 375B, 375c, 375e, 380, 389, 391, 393a, 394a, 395, 398, 402, 402a, 403, 403a, 404, 405a, 407a, 408, 411, 413a, 414a, 317a, 418, 420a, 420B, 420c, 424, 425, 426, 427, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 445, 446, 448, 450, 453a, 455, 459, 460, 468, 469, 474, 474f, 474g, 474h, 477, 478a, 479, 485a, 498f, 498g, 501a, 501c, 503, 504, 509, 511a, 517a, 518, 519b, 519c, 527, 527a, 528, 529a, 536a, 537, 539, 542c, 543, 545, 546, 548, 549.1, 550d, 554a, 558, 563a, 566, 567a, 567b, 567c, 567.1, 569, 573a, 575, 575a, 580, 581a, 581b, 581d, 581g, 587 5-4, 588, 586c, 588d, 591a, 592.1, 593a, 593h, 593d, 594, 594a, 601, 607, 609, 610, 610a, 611a, 621, 622, 626, 628, 629, 629a, 629b, 629c, 630, 631, 631c, 632, 632a, 634, 638, 643, 645, 645a, 646, 646a, 646b, 654, 654a, 661, 633, 665, 666, 667, 670, 675, 75a, 79, 81b, 881c, 685a, 686, 688, 694, 696, 697, 699, 709, 709a, 711, 711a, 717a, 717b, 718b, 719a, 719b, 722, 722a, 724, 725c, 725d, 726c, 727a, 727c, 728, 730, 731a, 732, 734, 735a, 735b, 738, 740, 741a, 742, 742a, 743, 748, 748a, 48a, 749, 753, 754, 756a, 757, 759a, 759c, 760, 763, 764, 765, 765a.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Folding Canvas Boat in good condition for best cash or exchange offer. B. S. BOWDISH, Demerest, N. J.

Butterflies of So. Calif. in exchange for birds' eggs. These flies are both spread and in papers. Coloptra also in exchange. G. L. FIELD, 1859 Julian Ave., San Diego, Calif.

WANTED—Colored bird slides. Also first class lantern for cash or exchange for bird or mammal skins. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

WANTED—Skins and skulls of N. A. Mammals, skins of Ravens, Hawks, Owls, Grouse, etc. A. H. HLEME, Miller Place, N. Y.

TAXIDERMIST WORK to order. Specimens mounted in life-like positions. Shipping tags and price list on request. M. J. HOFMAN, 1818 Bleecker ST., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—To exchange lepidoptera with collectors in every part of the world. Send your list of offers. Please write. THEODORE R. GREER, Aledo, Illinois.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—No. 12 Vol. XIV of The Oologist, Dec, 1897; for which I will pay 50c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demarest, N. J.

Oologist Tools and Supplies, Books and Magazines of every description, Fishing Rods and Tackle, Lists, quotations promptly sent. BENJAMIN HOAG, Garfield, N. Y.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

FOREXCHANGE—Pamphlets, magazines U. S. Bulletins, Books, Reports, Excerpts, circulars and periodicals relating to Ornithology. Also sets from Texas. I want in exchange only common sets. Send for my large list first EARL E. MOFFAT, Marshall, Texas.

I have 180 different numbers of The Oologist covering 32 years, some very rare. Will sell for cash, or trade for books, birds or mammal skins. Make me an offer for what ones you need. A. B. HOWELL, Covina, Cal.

WANTED—Hearst's Magazine for August, September, October, 1916. Will pay reasonable cash price. EARLE R. FORREST, 261 Locust Ave., Washington, Penn.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

The first five Volumes American Ornithology. Copies of Recreation, North American Journal and other bulletins and other books, electric battery. Some eggs to offer for eggs. C. B. VANDERCOOK, Odin, Ill.

FOR SALE—Odd numbers of Nidiologists, Bay State Oologist, American Ornithology, Atlantic Slops Naturalist, etc. Wilson American Ornithology, Davies Nests and Eggs. If interested write E. J. FHEELER, 177 Pequot Ave., New London, Conn.

I have a well preserved copy of Gentry's "Nests and Eggs of N. A. Birds" with colored plates, that I wish to exchange for eggs. Send list. A. S. PETERS, Lake Wilson, Minn.

WANTED—Bound volumes in red half morocco of Bird and Nature, 5 and 6, 7 and 8, 9 and 10, 11 and 12. Give sets in cash. W. H. OVER, Vermillion, S. D.

FOR SALE—Vols. 10, 11 and 12, Journal Maine Ornithology 1903, 1904, 1905 and 1906. Guide to Nature Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Also cocoons of the Cecropia, Io, Cynthia, Prometheus, Luna, Polypemus and Eagles Moths. Also numerous Devonian fossils. LOUIS S. KOHLER, 98 Watsessing Ave. Bloomfield, N. J.

Birds and Books and all sorts of Nature Books and Magazines for sale. Catalogues issued. Largest stock of the kind in America. I want Vols. 1, 2, 3 and 7 of Ridgway's Birds N. A., have Vol. 5 to exchange. Midland Naturalist Vol 3, Nos. 1 to 3 inclusive. FRANKLIN SHOP, S. N. Rhoads, 920 Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

BIRD LORES WANTED—For cash or exchange. I need these Bird Lores. Vol. 1-2 and 3 complete volumes or odd numbers. Also need Vol. 4 Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 7, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-4-5-6, Vol. 10, Nos. 1-2-3-4-5-6, Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5. For these I will exchange other issues of Bird Lore or Oologist or other bird magazines or will pay cash. I also want The Auk Vol. 1 to 13; The Condor, 1 to 4 inc. I have many bird books and bird magazines for sale or exchange. If interested quote what you have to offer. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Greyfalcons left. Snow and Grey Owls. Swordfish head, Cocoons and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centepedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Jbises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY

VOL. XXXIV. No. 7. ALBION, N. Y., JULY 15, 1917. WHOLE No. 360

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

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Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 360 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird skins and eggs. Send list of what you can use; also list of exchanges. JESSET. CRAVEN, Tacy Montana.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

I want finely mounted drakes in full plumage or skins that will mount up nicely, of the following: European Widgeon, Surf. and American Scoter and all the Eiders. GERARD ALAN ABBOTT, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

Birds and Mammal skins from the Ozark Mt. Region for exchange. Wanted Candon Vol. XIV to XVIII inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Exchange desired for the following Bird Skins, No. 36, 37, 38, 59, 74, 79, 80, 184, 186, 218, 483 and 514. D. V. HEMBREE, Roswell, Ga. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird and Mammal skins from this the Ozark Mt. Region. Wanted: Condors, Vols. Fourteen to Eighteen inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

I want birds or skins for mounting Boat and Great-tailed Grackle, Cardinal, Painted Bunting, Scissor-tailed Fly-catcher, California Valley and Gambel's Partridges, Magpies, etc. Can offer eggs, Natural History Magazines and other magazines and books. DELOS HATCH, Oakfield, Wis. (1-p)

FOR EXCHANGE.—Mounted Vermont deer heads, mounted deer horns, birds of Eastern North America, Chapman's Color Key, Snapping Turtle 1-41. Want A-1 sets, raw fur, guns, rifles, revolvers, old time arms and cash. JAMES O. JOHNSON, 310 N. Main St., Southington, Conn.

EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection. Can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Several sets 1/2-1/1 Mississippi Kite. All eggs first class with complete data. Personally collected. H. S. SOWERS, Brownell, Ks.

EGGS FOR SALE—Two Emu, 2 Ostrich, 2 Rea 20-1, Calif. Murre. Many others. Full data. J. M. BENEDICT, Jr., Centralia, Wash.

TO EXCHANGE—Single copies or Vols. of the Oologist of 1910-1911-1912-1913. Bird Neighbors by Blanchan, Collection of stamps. Desire sets of eggs. L. R. WOLFE, 3232 Waverly, East St. Louis, Ill.

A-1 SETS of Xantes Murrelet, Black Vented Shearwater, Fraier Oystercatcher, Black Oystercatcher, Hurmans Gull, Elegant Tern, Duck Hawk, Am. Raven, Farallone Rail and others. E. E. SECHRIST, San Diego, Calif.

FOR EXCHANGE—Sets of 30 1-1, 201 1-5, 191 5-4, 202 10-3, 6-4, 263 1-3, 333 1-3 3-4, 335 1-4, 339 5-2, 488 2-3 4-4 3-5, 498 1-3, 540 1-4, 563 1-4, 581 1-4, 584 5-3 1-4, 593 1-2 3-3, 598 1-3, 624 1-3 2-4, 705 3-4, 725 1-5. Ostrich and Emen, one egg each. Full data. RICHARD F. MILLER, 2069 East Tioga St., Philadelphia, Penn.

WANTED—Entire collections of eggs, also eggs of Rare North American Birds. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

FOR EXCHANGE—406, 412, 474b, 506, 617, 552, 622b, for 6, 51, 77, 214, 385, 497, 743 and others equally common. WILL PLANK, Decatur, Arkansas.

FOR EXCHANGE—Eggs in sets for Butterflies. Specimens from North, South and West especially wanted. DR. T. W. RICHARDS, U. S. NAVY, 1207-19th st., N. W. Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Complete perfect Vols. Condor, Nidologist and The Warbler. Can offer full choice sets of 77 1-3, 139 n-10, 140 n-11, 190 1-5, 261 1-4, 273 3-4, 224 1-4, 278 1-3, 300 1-12, 390 1-7, 416 2-2, 417 1-2, 473 B1-4, 475 1-7, 467 1-4, 480 1-5, 481 1-4 1-5, 490 2-5, 492 -5, 533 n-4, 510 2-5, 561 11-4, 587 1-4, 595 2-4, 604 1-4, 614 1-6, 617 1-5, 619 2-5, 657 n-4, 676 2n-5, 677 2n-5, 702 1-4, 755 1-4, etc. etc. W. H. BINGAMAN, Algona, Iowa.

EGGS—Continued

WANTED—Sets of 332, 347, 337a 405, 417, 419; 428n-2, 459, 486, 489, 490, 495a, 528, 542a, 547, 550, 551, 558, 578 and 585. EDWARD S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—List of collections of choice sets that collectors wish to dispose of. Also have some choice sets to offer for guns, etc. W. H. BINGAMAN, Algona, Iowa.

Small collection Japanese eggs. 25 species, 42 sets, 160 specimens, all carefully prepared, beautiful. Free by parcel post for \$15.00 or would exchange for handsome set of A. O. U. 364 List sent. Address COLLECTOR, 15 Beaufort, West, Bath, England.

EXCHANGE—Extraordinary choice cabinet sets and sets with nests with full and accurate data for sets and large rare singles. Send 2 cent stamp for list. Send list in full. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

WANTED—Singles or broken sets in quantities, or small lots; also books on Taxidermy, curios, etc. J. E. HARRIS, 259 Maple St., Dayton, Ohio.

SWAINSON'S WARBLER sets with or without nests and many other varieties in exchange for sets and large rare singles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for list. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

FOR EXCHANGE—295 1-10, 310c 1-12, 325 1-2, 326 1-2, 329 1-1, 333 1-4, 334a 1-3, 335 1-4, 337a 1-3, 341 1-2, 342 1-3, 345 1-2, 346 1-2, 360 1-4, 368b 1-2, 373b 1-3, 416 1-2, 417a 1-2, 421 1-2, 487 1-5, 594 1-8, 394a 1-3, 718b N-6, 726a 1-5, 729 1-6, 734 1-5, 736a N-6 and others, all first class, personally collected, full data. E. F. POPE, Colmesneil, Texas.

BIRD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

COMPLETE SETS

Auk; Nuttall Bulletin.
Wilson Bulletin.
Biological Survey Bulletins.
N. A. Fauna.
Ridgways Birds, Bulletin 5, Parts 1-7.
Proceedings U. S. National Museum.
Coues Bibliography.
Birds and Nature.

Also

Bendire's Life Histories, 2 vols.
Dawson's Birds of Ohio.
Dawson's Birds of Washington.
Wilson's American Ornithology.
(Ord Edition, with or without plates).
Bonaparte's American Ornithology, Vols. 1-3. (Also Vol. 1, separately).

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JOHN D. SHERMAN, JR.,
24 Claremont Avenue
Mount Vernon, New York

THE OÖLOGIST.

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WHOLE No. 360

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A Blunder, Its Punishment and a Correction

In the last issue of THE OÖLOGIST pages 118-119 appears one of those peculiar mix-ups which result from an attempt at publishing a magazine five hundred miles from home, and yet it is not altogether the printer's fault.

Our friend Reinecke, than whom nobody stands any higher as an ornithologist, contributed the printed article on the subject of the Phalaropes. In some manner a reproduction of Audubon's famous drawing representing two (cross-eyed) Great-horned Owls was printed with this article, as a picture of the Phalaropes. How such a mistake could occur is beyond imagination, and we would suppose that even a printer could tell the difference. But our friend Eddy, who has printed the magazine since its first issue, writes us that he is just preparing to go away for his summer vacation, and we know from experiences that whenever a printer sees the prospect of a vacation in sight, he not only wouldn't know the difference between a Phalarope and a Horned Owl, but he wouldn't know the difference between a vacation and a two dollar bill so we will forgive Eddy if Reinecke will forgive us.

In fact Reinecke has to forgive us. He is too far away to reach us, and we have already received our punishment; because but a few days after the publication of this most extra-

ordinary blunder, ye Editor fell in his conservatory at home and now carries a broken left arm in a cast, after having graduated from one of the Chicago hospitals. We think this punishment enough and of course we believe that Reinecke will agree with us.

The Editor.

Bird Collecting In Eastern Colombia Paul G. Howes

II

We arrived at Puerto Colombia late in the afternoon of January 19th and were taken over a long pier in a ridiculously small railway train, from the steamer to the little town. Here indeed is a speck of a town worthy of its Spanish name, a place where the people live their lives in peace, unmolested and unspoiled by the foreign element. The town in all consists of a single street, lined on either side by little bleached houses whose roofs of palm leaves lend to it an almost uncivilized atmosphere. Here and there a watchful vulture may be seen sunning itself upon the roof of a hut; little donks travel up and down the street laden with varied human quota and their wares; and even the minute puffing locomotives are so quaint that they rather add to the interest of the town.

For the night, which was our first upon Colombian soil, we were quartered in one of these thatched huts

with several other travelers, together with the rightful owners, a Colombian, his wife, two mules, a dog, several cats, a goat and any number of chickens. After an uncomfortable night and somewhat flea bitten, we partook of a very fair breakfast of cocoa and eggs and thence proceeded to the railway for a two hours ride to Barranquilla.

Barranquilla is a city of forty-five thousand people, situated near the mouth of the Magdalena river. It is the terminal of old wood burning stern wheelers which ply to and fro, for some four hundred miles of the river. It is a clean city of low houses, calcimined in shades of blue, pink, yellow and white. The buildings are neat, but there is always the fearful glare of a merciless tropical sun. The streets are sandy and dusty and the sidewalks of cement or large soft native bricks. Most of the roofs are of slate or spanish tile, but here and there one sees roofing paper and even shingles. The windows are barred, and the doors are high affairs with hideous scroll-work ventilators at their tops. As I write, I am sitting on the balcony of the highest room in the city. It is three stories up and continually fanned by the trade winds from the sea. As I look from the balcony I see layer after layer of glary roofs and painted walls. The streets blend with the houses in their dreariness. There is no one braving the sunlight, save an occasional black man or a groaning hack pulled by two weary underfed horses. Even the churches, and there are three in sight, are monotonous, and I should think they would repel rather than attract the flock to their soul-lifting and bat smelling interiors. I can see a few trees shabby palms and dust smothered ceibas struggling for existence as is every living thing in this baking river country near the coast. There

are no welcome hills to fill the background of all these depressing scenes, nothing but flat baking fields where only lizards thrive. There are buzzards of course, but few other birds are seen or heard. In fact there is not even a cloud to beautify the pale sultry sky. It reminds me of the aftermath of summer, when birds have ceased to sing, flowers are blackening and everything is dusty and faded. This is the city by day.

By night it is a transfigured place. The streets are well filled with gaily dressed inhabitants, automobiles and hacks go busily by. In the public square the cafes are filled with life of all descriptions. Two movie shows find it difficult to seat their patrons and in the square the band is playing characteristic Spanish music to the delight of young and old alike. Overhead the sky is brilliant with tropical stars and indeed it is hard to realize that this cool, wide awake city is the same sleeping Barranquilla of a few hours before. It is an owls life that its people live, hiding away from the light and heat of day, and emerging only after the sun has dropped below the horizon and the trade winds have cooled the streets and houses. From my balcony in the evening I can hear a faint murmuring caused by the life astir in the city. Claxon horns and the whirl of motors remind one of home yet these familiar sounds are mingled with the strains of Spanish music and the perfume of tropical blossoms.

Our stay at Barranquilla was short as we were in a hurry to get to work and after being fairly pushed through the custom house by very nice officials who respected our scientific calling, we boarded one of the old stern wheel river steamers just before nightfall. An hour after leaving the dock we stuck in the mud and it was neces-

sary to wait twelve hours for the wind to abate before proceeding up stream, against a heavy current.

On the morning of January 21st we stopped to take on wood for fuel at a little thatched village near Calama. Here we all piled ashore with our guns and did our first collecting, taking twenty-five birds of various species. I shall never forget this first trip ashore in Colombia. It was my first experience with tropical collecting and one that I shall always look back upon as a great day in my life. The heat, until one becomes accustomed to it, is intense, yet it is dry, and does not give one the great discomfort expected. I did not mind it. In fact I enjoyed it, although the sweat poured off me in torrents.

In every tree and bush there were birds. One could not help shooting them! Beautiful green jacamas, orange colored finches, grassquits, hummers and flycatchers galore. The ground was alive with beautifully colored lizards, striped in blue and green and brown. Along the river bank were alligators sunning themselves below the tunnels of swallows and kingfishers! It was like a dream, and I shall never forget these first few moments of collecting in Colombia.

We spent the afternoon skinning our specimens on the boat as we steamed up the river in sight of the Santa Marta mountains. The captain of our steamer proved to be a very amiable man and ordered the dining room to be used as our skinning bench. The natives on the boat were greatly interested in the operation of making a bird skin and soon we became the center of interest to all on board. Their surprise was very comical when they saw what gorgeous birds could be found in a few moments

on shore, and later our daily hunt in the bush while taking fuel, became the chief event of the day. Even the captain showed his growing interest in our work by giving an extra warning whistle to call us back to the steamer when enough wood had been placed aboard.

In the evening we drew up to the town of Calama where Fuertes shot a large fruit bat and Chapman secured a fine specimen of night hawk.

January 22nd. Still at Calama. Went out about 5 a. m. and secured eight good specimens before breakfast. The character of the land here is a curious mixture, just between tropical jungle and desert. Cactus of various species flourish in the sandy soil, while in swamps near by, one finds palms and jungle tangles. At this date a terrible pest of locusts is consuming every green thing that exists. Upon shooting into a tree this morning I stirred up a great hoard of these insects. They were so thick that it appeared as though all the leaves were flying off the tree in every direction. Everywhere there were thousands of the insects, indeed it was impossible to walk with comfort or move without crunching their bodies underfoot. They banged one in the face, crawled over ones clothes and made life miserable. Late in the afternoon, after leaving Calama, we passed a great cloud of these locusts which actually darkened the sky much as a snow storm does. Many huge alligators were noticed sleeping upon the river banks with their mouths stretched wide open as though waiting for some unwary creature to swim in. We also saw two Capabaras on the river bank. These are huge rodents, much like a Guinea pig, but half the size of a bear. The birds taken yesterday and today totaled

eighty-five specimens, including, fly-catchers, ground doves, Black grass quit, several bright yellow finches, wrens, verios and a young specimen of our eastern yellow warbler.

About 6 p. m. the steamer stopped at the village of Tenerife, which stands upon a small hill overlooking the Magdalena. It consists of an old church and a single street, lined with thatched huts. When Colombia was fighting for her freedom, a battle occurred at this little town on the hill.

The next morning we landed at Algodonal about 5 a. m. We went collecting before breakfast and secured many very fine specimens. Here the true tropical forest was more in evidence palms and other huge trees being abundant. Much rank undergrowth was also growing at the bases of the trees which was so heavy that I was nearly an hour in cutting my way to a large Ani which I felled in the bushes. This specimen proved to be a beautiful male *Crotophaga major*, the first taken by the expedition Ring brought in a fine red and blue makaw. Later in the morning we heard the deep roaring of howling monkeys, a sound familiar to all who have hunted in the South American jungles. To date we have 135 skins representing the river valley fauna. I succeeded in securing a bird new to the expedition today (*Thamnophilus cirrhatus*).

A huge oriole, (*Ostinops*) was also taken by O'Connel from a colony nesting in a tall tree in the forest. These birds construct tough swinging nests of palm fiber which are suspended from the tips of the highest and most inaccessible branches. The nests are sometimes four feet in length. (Since writing these notes I have secured nests of this species in British Guiana and found the eggs to

be bluish white, scrawled and blotched with brown and black.)

Chapman took two specimens of a species of Motmot.

After lunch, we spent the remainder of the day skinning and preparing our specimens, although we stopped for a while at Magangué where we took several cows on board for food. These were forced to swim from shore to the steamer where they were hauled on board by means of a block and tackle placed about their horns. At 6 p. m. we stopped again for wood at a tiny village but as all were tired after a hard day, nobody went ashore and all hands turned in about nine o'clock to be ready for the morrow.

(To be continued)

An Ohio Sparrow-Rat Club

The inclosed clipping from our local paper explains itself. They have been very successful with their club. The losing side pays for the supper but all share in the proceeds of sales of refreshments. W. B. Fulton.

This clipping describes a sparrow-rat club which recently celebrated its 10th anniversary:

The club was founded by the farmers and farmer boys of the southern part of Orange township for the purpose of ridding the community of such pests as rats, sparrows, hawks and weasels. As an incentive to work the club gives an ice cream social on the second Saturday evening of July each year and the proceeds go to the different winners.

The records show that in five years the club has killed 9,296 sparrows 5,879 rats, 78 weasels and 129 hawks. The total count for the five years is 46,349. The year 1908 was best for catching English sparrows. In that year 2,267 sparrows met death. 1912 was the banner year for the rat hunt-

ers, who caught 1,617. In that year the largest number of hawks were caught, 56.—From "The Rural New Yorker."

A Splendid Donation

The New York State Museum has received from Mr. Benjamin W. Arnold his great collection of birds' eggs and nests, in which are represented a thousand species from North America alone.—From "The Guide to Nature." March 1917.

Odd Nesting Site of a Robin

Peculiar nesting location, selected by a pair of Robins, for the last three years the Robins built their nest on the telephone wire protection in the rear of a two story house adjoining my lot and were not disturbed but reared their young, a full set, twice each year. This spring they selected another similar place, about one hundred feet from the farmer, on the telephone wire protection, next to my house about twenty-five feet up. I discovered their nest one morning, April 20th, and was pleased with the new neighbors; seen the male bird take up food to the mate and supposed she was already sitting on her eggs, but the next morning I found the nest on the lawn; my neighbor, perhaps not a friend of birds, had pulled it down, called it a nuisance and would not have it on his house.

The second morning after the destruction of the nest the birds again had their nest almost completed on the very same spot, this was again destroyed. Also a third attempt to build, always when the nest was almost completed, but, to my surprise, these birds seemed bound to locate on that very place, although there is a similar telephone protection on most every house in this neighborhood. On April 30th, the Robins again had their fourth

nest on the same place almost completed, but it was again destroyed, same as the three former nests, very cruel I think. But after all the disturbance in building their nest, the same pair of Robins built their fifth nest in a big tree, about thirty-five feet from the former location. It seems they are bound to stay in this neighborhood, very brave birds) and I think they will not again be disturbed, from their present location, unless the Bronzed Grackle will steal and devour the contents of their eggs, a very common occurrence here, since the Bronzed Grackle (a bird nuisance) are multiplying here so rapidly something ought to be done to diminish their multiplying. I know Robins will build their nest almost anywhere. I have seen one under a moving freight car, and many other strange locations, but was not aware they would build for the fourth time on the very same spot, after three attempts and destruction of every one of the nests. Maybe others have observed similar occurrences.

Frank Zesch.

Buffalo, N. Y.

The foregoing comes to us from one of the first subscribers that the Oologist ever had; a man who is at present past seventy-seven years of age and still maintains his interest in his private collection of eggs and insects.

Truly this hobby must have furnished him with many pleasant experiences and hours in his long life; and his association with Ottomar Reinecke as a partner and a friend as well as a fellow student in natural history must have added to this pleasure.

Hawks In Maine

In a recent communication from a party in Maine located near Bangor, he says in regard to Hawks; the com-



Nest and Eggs of Mallard Duck, Branchport, N. Y. May 28, 1916. Photo by Verdi Burtch

monest Hawks there all year around are Broad Winged and Red-shouldered, and in the fall there are Sharp-shinned and some Marsh Hawks. In the winter Goss Hawks are quite plentiful, but are not there at any other time. Pigeon Hawks are occasionally seen but are scarce. Red-tailed Hawks are not found there at all. Barred Owls and Great Horned Owls are very plentiful. Snow Owls are taken occasionally.

M. J. Hofman.

Nesting of Mallard Duck at Branchport, N. Y.

The prohibiting of spring shooting seems to have encouraged the ducks to stay longer with us each spring and occasionally a pair or two of Mallards and Black Ducks remain to nest now. Last year a Mallard had her nest in a bunch of Royal Ferns in a narrow strip of alders. It was first found May 14th when she flew up directly from the nest revealing eleven eggs in a nice ring of down. It was the 29th before the nest was again visited and then it contained only ten eggs, one having disappeared since my first visit. After this I visited the nest nearly every day and approaching very carefully I tried to get a photo of the female on the nest but although I could get near enough to see her she always left just before I got within camera range.

The afternoon of June 4th found the eggs hatching, six young out and four eggs with the shell breaking. The female sat close until I was within twelve feet then fluttered away and rose into the air circling around few times then dropped into a nearby field. Several times she came and flew around the nest while I was there. The young were not yet dry but one of them managed to scramble out of the nest into the water and I had to

catch and hold them into the nest several times before they would be still so I could get a picture. When wet the young gave off a rather offensive odor.

The female was circling around as I left and when after about fifteen minutes I went quietly back she was on the nest with her young about her coddling them with her bill.

Next morning I found the nest empty with a dead duckling in the water just over the edge. A thorough search of the entire growth of alders failed to reveal either the mother duck or the young and I was unable to locate them during the summer. However a female Mallard and family were seen in the inlet several times in August and September and I have no doubt that they were this same family.

Many times before the nest was found I saw a Mallard Duck and Drake together but never once did I see the drake after the nest was found.

Verdi Burtch.

California Towhee

The Californian Towhee, commonly called Bush Robin, is found throughout most of California west of the Sierra Nevada.

Like the familiar American Robin of the east the California Towhee is one of the most domestic birds of California. If unmolested it builds its nest near the house and in consequence is always on the lookout for its enemy, the house cat and in this locality the small boy with an air-gun is more to be dreaded than the cat. I have found their nests in vine covered bushes and small trees in thickets up to fifteen feet from the ground. One pair nested in our vine-covered wind-mill fifteen feet from the house and raised four young but the small boy with the air-gun was in



Young Mallard Ducklings Less Than One Hour Old, Branchport, N. Y. June 4, 1916. Photo by Verdi Burtch

evidence and they never returned. These Towhees are most devoted parents, resembling the Catbird in their piteous protests against any molesting of their treasures. Early and late they scratch under the dead leaves or in the rich garden soil for insects, or pick up scattered grain in the barnyard, or crumbs at the door.

The nest is bulky, made of twigs, bark, and grass; lined with rootlets. Eggs three or four; bluish, marked with various shades of dark and light purple and black.

W. A. Strong,
San Jose, Cal.

A Letter

The following excerpts from a letter received from Captain F. B. Eastman, now located at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and a most enthusiastic bird man, of unusually wide field experience, will be read with interest, we are sure.

"Shortly after I last wrote you from San Antonio, I was sent to the Rio Grande Valley. At that time of the year (June 15, 1916) it was exceeding hot and the country a vast desert, except for the stunted mesquite; that is, in the vicinity of my station, Eagle Pass. For several months our relations were very strained with the Mexicans, and all our spare moments were spent assisting the Militia organizations, etc.

Later in the fall, I was able to take an afternoon off occasionally to hunt or fish, and I found the country was not quite so devoid of interest as it at first appeared. All the land seemed to belong to one of several ranches. One of these had forty miles of river front, and another was said to contain 145,000 acres. In going to the first we traveled by fairly good road 23 miles without seeing a single habitation till we came to the home of

the superintendent. Here we found a large country residence, fine barns and about a dozen outbuildings. The trip to the second was just the same, only in a different direction, but about the same distance from my camp. They raise only live stock which feed on the mesquite and cactus. Scattered over these ranches are very attractive watering places called "Tanks," where the water is collected and dammed up for the cattle.

Some of these cover several hundred acres and are from ten to twenty feet deep and stocked with bass. In the fall and winter they are full of ducks, snipe and curlew. The most common were Gadwall, Pintail, Mallard, Greenwing Teal, Canvasback Shoveller, Widgeon, Scaup and Ruddy. Where they were not molested, they were very tame. The surrounding country was full of rattle-snakes, road-runners, quail and doves, and rabbits. All these made nice food for birds of prey.

I was just getting a line on those when ordered away. Caracara, Rough-legged and Goshawk were common everywhere; also some smaller ones that I did not know, and some Horned Owls.

On the ranch last mentioned, some twenty-five miles east of my camp there were a great number of Hawks' nests in trees from 10 to 30 feet from the ground. They were about the size of the average Red-tail's, or perhaps a little larger. In one place I counted sixteen from a three mile stretch of road between two tanks, and enough hawks and owls in the same area to occupy every one of them. I had three privately owned motorcycles in my company and intended to make some raids on them when they commenced to breed. One nest not far from camp was occupied by a pair of Owls about



White-throated Sparrow. Photo by Albert D. McGrew

February 15th, but I left before they laid any eggs."

F. B. Eastman,
Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

A Very Unusual Find

On June 3rd of the present year, I took a set of six Sharp-shinned Hawks' eggs. They were all nicely marked and perfectly fresh. I would like to have you inform me through the Oologist whether or not you consider this a very unusual set. It is my first and only set of six and I have taken several sets during my collecting.

The nest was only twenty feet up in a stunted hemlock tree at the very top of a precipitous hill that was grown to small patches or groves of hemlock. It was a very bulky nest, although the depression that held the eggs was slight and the bird could plainly be seen on the nest from the ground. It was constructed of hemlock twigs, lined with flat chips of hemlock bark and had been built on the top of an old nest that was partly fallen from the branches.

I have been unable this season to find any other than the above described nest, but am well pleased with this unusual find.

C. Hart,
East Berlin, Conn.

Nests of the White-throated Sparrow.

One of the most common summer residents of Hessel, Mackinaw County, Michigan, is the White-throated Sparrow. If one happens to be taking a walk in the early morning he is quite certain to hear this sweet singer whistling his plaintive song from some tree or bush. However, they are rather shy and the rambler does not often see them except in the vicinity of their nests. One reason for this may be on account of the thick under brush and the tall grass that covers the old lumber trails. The

woods are mostly second growth of cedar, spruce, and balsam; so thick that it is a very difficult task to get through in most places.

For the past three summers I have found the nests of the White-throated Sparrows in that delightful country. All three of them have been far from any habitation whatever. The closest one was about a mile from the nearest house.

The first nest I found was in July, 1913. It contained three dead young ones. I think some fate overcame the old bird as the little ones showed no signs of having been killed by anything. They had evidently been dead only a short while for neither ants nor maggots had as yet found them. The nest was at the foot of a small sapling in a place that was overgrown with little trees and bushes.

The second year, the 22nd of July, 1914, the nest was found close to a trout stream where I was fishing. The brush along this stream was about as thick as it could possibly get. In some places I would have to make a detour of a quarter of a mile before being able to get to the stream. It was one of these detours that I found the nest in a clump of grass. The three eggs in it were comparatively fresh. The old bird staid close by all the while I was there and showed no signs of excitement or fear.

The third nest, July 24, 1915, was on a one-time trail but what was now left of it was so overgrown with brushes and small trees that it was next to impossible to know whether you were really on or off the path. Just about ten feet from where this shadow of a path crossed a stream I found the nest. It is the one whose picture is printed.

The picture of the Cedar-Waxwing I secured the same day I got that of the White-throated Sparrow.

Albert D. McGrew.



Cedar Waxwing. Photo by Albert D. McGrew

Illinois Notes

The following notes include nests found from March 13th to May 28th, 1917.

On March 13th one set of Crow eggs from small post, oak tree, eggs six in number, slightly incubated.

April 30th, set of Brown Thrush from crab apple tree; nest of small oak twigs and leaves; eggs four in number, fresh;

May 6th. set of three Brown Thrush from brush pile; nest of white oak twigs; eggs fresh.

May 6th, set of whip-poor-will; nest in hollow depression on ground; eggs slightly incubated.

May 7th, set of Blue Jay in oak tree; nest of oak twigs, straw and paper; 4 eggs; slightly incubated.

May 7th, one set of 4 eggs, name of bird unknown.

May 20, two sets of Meadowlark in meadow, one set of four eggs and one set of 5 eggs; fresh.

May 21, 1 set of Mourning Dove, nesting on ground; eggs heavily incubated.

May 26, 1 set of Cardinal Grosbeak in blackberry patch; eggs 3 in number, 1 egg is larger than the other two, almost a third larger but with all cardinal markings; incubated.

Earl Harlow,
Texico, Ill.

Nesting of the White-throated Swift.

Last Sunday, May 20th, my brother Sidney, Martin Badger of Santa Paula, Mr. J. P. Herring of the California Academy of Science, San Francisco, and myself started for the nesting ground of Swifts. Herring and I in his "flier" and Sid and Badger in Badger's "Haynes Six."

We carried two coils of heavy rope and Badger's machine pooled a twenty-two foot ladder. On arriving at the mouth of the canyon where the swifts

nested, Sid and Badger carried the ladder and one coil of rope to the foot of the slope and sat down to watch the birds while Herring and I went on about a mile and a half farther to collect a pair of two weeks old Turkey Vultures which Herring wanted for a mounted group.

The Buzzards' nest was in a hole on the face of a sandstone cliff and was about twenty-five feet from the top and fifty feet from the bottom. The hole ran back in the cliff about twelve feet and the nest was at the back end of it so I had taken a stiff piece of wire, bent it like a sheperd's crook and tied it on the end of a pole to fish the young ones out with. Mr. Herring let me down with the other coil of rope till I was even with the hole, then I pulled the young ones out, killed them by pinching them back of the wings, placed them in a sack I carried, then Mr. Herring let me on down to the bottom of the cliff.

When we got back to the Swift canyon Sid and Badger had located a nest and had placed the ladder preparatory to going up. The nest was about twelve inches back in a crevice and about twenty feet from the bottom of the cliff. The crevice was just wide enough to admit one's hand edgewise and the eggs had to be lifted out with the tips of the fingers. Believe me, it was a ticklish job. The nest contained four fresh eggs and is now in the collection of Mr. Badger.

Nest number two was about seventy-five feet to the left of the first nest and in practically the same kind of a location. This nest contained three fresh eggs and is now in the possession of the California Academy of Science, San Francisco, California.

Nest number three was about a hundred and fifty feet to the right of the first nest. It was about twenty-seven feet from the bottom of the cliff and

took fifteen minutes work with the hammer and chisel to get into it but it was empty.

We saw birds going into several other crevices and tried to get to some of them, but they were inaccessible. These cliffs are all soft shale formation and very dangerous to work on. One never knows when a chunk will fall on his head.

It might be interesting to add that the birds nest in the same crevices year after year. We have taken eggs from these same crevices three different years. The nests are made from the same material, fine grass, stems and plant down, lined with feathers and all cemented together with saliva.

Lawrence Peyton,
Sespe, Calif.

Odd Notes

A Gallinule was brought to me lately to be mounted which met its death by flying through a skylight window and fell dead in the hall below.

While on a hunting trip in Sullivan County, New York, last fall, a farmer's son related how he had caught nine of those big Red-tailed Hawks. He spoke of it as though they were so much vermin.

It seems that most of the farmers won't listen to any good words for a hawk. I should think that magazines and papers devoted to farming and agriculture would do more to make the usefulness of these birds known.

M. J. Hofman.

"Seeing Things"

In re-reading the March number I am reminded by Mr. Hawley's notes on "seeing things" of some I have seen in the long ago. I never saw a set of six Robin's eggs, but I have seen several of five and one set decidedly spotted. I have a set of five white Blue-bird eggs as pure a white as any

Woodpecker. I watched the nest while the bird laid, then as she left on my approach, I looked in and saw the new egg; this on three of the five eggs, so I know what they are. In 1867 I took a set of Mocking bird eggs in Litchfield County, Conn., the only mockers I ever saw there.

Last year I got a set of Herring Gull eggs, one was very long; about normal length but only about the diameter of an Artic Tern egg. One was about the size of an Artic Tern Egg, both marked about normal, but the other egg, normal in size had practically no marking. This set is now owned by R. C. Martin, Jr. of Albermarle, La. I also have a Razor-billed Auk egg only about one third normal size.

I recall one thing of interest now. In 1867 I secured from a friend in Pennsylvania, six sets of Passenger Pigeons eggs. All were one-half. The price had been ten cents an egg, but he wrote me "in future I shall have to have fifty cents an egg as they are becoming quite rare." I never got more of them. I know where some of these went a bit later and I am trying to trace out a set or two. I used to have a Flicker egg shaped like an hour-glass or two small eggs joined by a neck of one-fourth inch diameter. I blew it, both ends out of one small hole.

I quite agree agree with R. Graham, Fort Worth, Texas, on cleaning eggs; be careful on heavily spotted eggs or the heavier surface spots will wash off, or be much fainter. I never tried the gasoline treatment but believe it would work fine. I do wish every collector would use only common lead pencil to mark eggs. I have declined many otherwise very desirable eggs just because marked with ink. It kills all beauty in an egg to me.

F. M. Carryl,
Maplewood, N. J.

**Bird Life Around Lake Hayes,
Louisiana, June 7th and 8th, 1917**

Lake Hayes, Louisiana, is an artificial lake on the Texas & Pacific Railroad in Caddo Parish, between the cities of Marshall, Texas and Shreveport, Louisiana; and ten miles west of Shreveport.

The land about the lake is rolling and open, the nearest woods being about a mile; however there is a margin of button Willows and Willow trees around the lake, and the bird life around the grassy, bushy edges is plentiful.

During the two days that I was here I saw many birds and found a good many of their nests. The Red-Winged Black Birds were the most abundant and many of their nests were found which usually contained either well incubated eggs or young birds; the nests were as usual made of the broad leaves of the marsh grass, woven tightly together and placed about three or four feet above the water in a Button Willow of other bush.

King birds were also found in abundance and were very noisy, however only one of their nests was found which was in a Button Willow tree about three feet above the water. This, rather bulky nest, contained two fresh eggs and the bird was on the nest when it was found.

Near this nest was a nest of the Orchard Oriole that contained four warm eggs but the birds were not seen or heard.

Other birds seen around the lake while on this trip were Black Crowned Night Herons, Turkey and Black Vultures, Yellow-Breasted Chats, Maryland Yellow-Throats, Cardinals, and White and red-eyed Vireos.

DeLoach Martin.

While at Honolulu last winter and going through the Museum which

seemed to be up to date in every respect, I was surprised in looking over the collection of birds' eggs to find that the ones on exhibition were blown with two holes through the center.

R. B. Overington,
San Francisco, Cal.

**Breeding of the Black Crowned Night
Hérons In 1880 and 1881**

We first found the Herons nesting on the ground on Horrcon Marsh. We visited the grounds on June 4th, 1881 and took a boat and went five or six miles in open water to the nesting place. The nests then were generally built in burnt holes where the fire had burned the sod out some previous dry season and partly filled up. They occupied a strip of marsh about twenty rods wide and about a half mile long. The nests were usually built of cat tail, some coarse grass and a few had a foundation of sticks. We did not try to count them but I guess two hundred pair were nesting there then. I was told by the trapers that the Herons had left their old nesting ground and were probably west of the island.

On June 3rd, 1881 we took a boat and crossed the open water about a mile and then had to walk on a floating rod and went west a mile or two to some groves of willow and poplar and found them nesting there. The nests were built of sticks from six to twelve feet from the ground and from one to three nests in a tree or bush. We examined a hundred nests. Two nests contained six eggs, seven had five. Thirty-seven had four, thirty-six had three, twelve had two and seven had one. Under a good many of the nests were one or two eggs or shells.

The nests were in two groves of three or four acres. We made an estimate of the nests by counting part of them and found about two hundred

nests in each grove. They nest there until a fire burnt them all out.

In 1903 we took a boat and started out to find them again. We went south six or seven miles, part of the time in open water and narrow channels when the Herons began to fly out of the grass ahead of us a few rods from open water. The water was high and we could push the boat through the grass. We soon came to the nests. They were generally made of coarse grass called blue joint, a few sticks in the bottom. We examined about two hundred nests and they averaged larger sets than usual, four, five and six were fairly common; two or three of seven seen. It is hard telling what is an average set. They usually begin setting on first egg laid and I doubt if they lay every day as there was a good deal of difference in the size of the young. There was generally four or five young in a nest.

I failed to get good pictures of the young. When all the young were hatched, the oldest would be big enough to sun in the water. We estimated the number breeding there then at one thousand pair. They occupied a strip of marsh forty rods wide and about a mile or more long. Some of the nests were so low and small that the eggs laid in the water; others were as large as a bushel basket and a foot high. The nests were all the way from three feet to two or three rods apart. Once I counted eleven from the boat, another time seven. In one place was four nests and a ten foot pole would touch all of them, but it was seldom that we could see more than three or four nests at one time and seldom that we could see a nest more than two or three rods from the boat. Up to that time the Herons had been increasing fast.

Least Bitterns were holding their own or gaining, but Coots and Gali-

nules were decreasing fast, probably owing to the hunters shooting and eating them.

Black Terns and Grebes were about as common as ever. All the Rails appeared to be about as common as usual. Ducks very few breeding there.

The next two or three days we had very heavy rains and I tried to get to the island but the water was two or three feet deep over the road and it was not until June 25th that I could get there. I wanted to see what effect the heavy rains had on the birds nesting there. We took the boat and went south through a pasture where cattle were feeding in water two or three feet deep and where we never went before with a boat.

First nest seen was Pied-Bill Grebe with seven fresh eggs; next nest had twelve fresh eggs. I had learned that to tell fresh eggs was to dip them in water and fresh eggs will sink. Then we passed several new nests of Coots and Galinules without eggs. A couple of nests, probably ducks, no eggs; next nest was Least Bittern, three fresh eggs and a Galinule with seven fresh eggs. Then we took to the open water and went five or six miles to the place where the Herons were nesting but found only a few there. The first eight nests had four and five eggs all containing at least one fresh egg.

In all we saw twenty-nine nests, all on logs that had been raised by the water.

Another nest of the Least Bittern was found and contained five eggs and also found two nests of Terns. We concluded that the high water had made nearly a clean sweep of the nests as all the nests examined were fresh. During the trip we saw one flock of young Grebes, one of young Galinules and two young Terns ready to fly.

In the distance traveled that day be-

fore the high water we would have passed twenty-five or fifty nests of Coots, Galinules, Grebes, etc. without counting the Herons. I brought home a very odd nest. (I left it in the barn and my horse got loose and destroyed it). It was quite large, built of stalks of coarse grass called here cane break growing six to eight feet high, and all around the eggs or outside of the nest were pieces of this grass stuck in the nest and some straight up from one to two feet high.

A few years ago they began dredging and I hear hundreds of acres have been plowed. I have not been there for several years.

Delos Hatch,
Oakfield, Wis.

GREAT AUK'S EGG

Valued at \$3500 is Found Near Oakland

Oakland,—One of only 60 eggs of the great auk known to be in existence has been discovered in the little town livery stable of Newark, a suburb of Oakland. The livery stable is worth perhaps a few hundred dollars. The rare egg it houses is worth \$3500 at a conservative estimate.

The museum committee of the Oakland chamber of commerce made the discovery. While seeking out rarities for a great museum in which to display \$1,000,000 of Egyptian antiquities which Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has offered to Oakland, the committee stumbled on the egg collection of H. A. Snow, the town liveryman of Newark. Besides the great auk egg it was found that he had three California condor eggs, also much sought after by collectors, and other eggs valued at about \$30,000.

Great auk eggs are few and far between. The Thayer collection of Boston boasts of ten. Most of these recently were imported from England, where the pinch of war has compelled

many collectors to part with their most prized specimens. The British museum also has a number of great auk eggs.

The Snow egg is not for sale. Neither is the collection. The liveryman, who has spent most of his life in robbing birds' nests all over the world, says emphatically that it shall go only to the Oakland museum.—San Jose Mercury.—W. A. Strong, San Jose, Cal.

The foregoing newspaper clipping sent us by friend Strong seems to base the value of eggs largely, if not entirely on a money basis, which is not the proper measure of value, and often plays little part in fixing the real value, which of course in the end is a scientific value based upon the rarity of the specimen and the authenticity of the data and the standing and rank of the collector. Great Auk's eggs known to exist in the world number 87 and not 60 as stated. Their value depends upon preparation, preservation, coloration, etc. and ranges right around \$1200 to \$1500 each; not \$3500 as stated.

The Editor.

THE SALT LAKERS.

Professional business took the Editor of The Oologist to Ogden, Utah on the 23d of March. Being unavoidably held over Sunday the 25th, he took the Ogden & Salt Lake Electric Company cars for the latter named city in pursuance of his regular habit of hunting up all bird men that he knows of in places he visits.

He met Dr. B. Moore Lindsey in the famous Utah Hotel which is his home. Spent a very pleasant forenoon in his company, listening with much interest to his detailing experiences in many of the unfrequented portions of the earth's surface. The doctor is one of the most widely travelled men with

whom we have come in contact for many years, is a typical Englishman in appearance and mannerisms, showing a cultured and refined personality and the effect of having been well born. He is one of the most enthusiastic naturalists we have come in contact with for many years, and it was with more than ordinary pleasure that we examined such specimens of his collection (most of it being packed away) as he had in his rooms. The most interesting item of which was a set of eight personally taken eggs of the long-billed Curlew, of course these were the product of two birds.

In the afternoon we visited the home of A. O. Treganza and met Mrs. Antonette Treganza, his wife, who is almost as well known in the bird world as her famous husband. Mr. Treganza is an architect by profession and lives in cozy quarters of his own planning and building which were full to the brim with material dear to the heart of an ornithologist.

His collection is extensive and comes from wide boundaries, containing many foreign eggs, and an unusual lot of the rare American specimens, accompanied by the nests; the preparation of which, both as to nests and eggs is unexcelled in any collection we have ever examined. Mr. Treganza was especially proud of a series of thirty-six or thirty-seven sets of the Long-billed Curlew, as well he may be, containing as it does one set of eight, many peculiarly marked specimens, some malformed eggs and a set of four Western Willett with one Long-billed Curlew egg. Almost the entire afternoon was spent at Mr. Treganza's home, and a more enjoyable afternoon has seldom fallen to the lot of the Editor. The Treganza collection, in which his wife has as lively an interest as her husband, and concerning which she is as fully informed, is an

accumulation of which any advanced ornithologist might well be proud.

Not the least interesting specimen there, in the eyes of the Editor, was the two-months old, young Treganza, who we hope will grow up and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious scientific sire.

Monday, owing to disarrangement of train schedules, by storm, we spent a couple of hours at the home of J. W. Sugden, than whom there are but few better known collectors in the West. Mr. Sugden is a 220 pound Americanized Englishman, and one of the best natured persons we have ever met. His collection of eggs was not as large as those of some other collectors whose collections we have examined, but is a splendid accumulation; first place in which of course, was occupied by a fine series of personally taken Long-billed Curlew.

However, Mr. Sugden gives more of his time to the collection of insects than he does to the collecting of eggs, with the result that his collection of insects is one of the best personal collections we have ever seen. It is exceedingly extensive, and so far as local varieties are concerned, is almost complete. Its preparation and care is as good as any we have ever seen, and the housing of which of course is A-1, because Mr. Sugden is a pattern maker by trade and makes his own cases.

A GULL TRADEGY.

Methaul's Lake, Kings County, Nova Scotia, has long been favored as a breeding ground for the Great Black-backed Gull, commonly known as the "Saddle-back."

The lake, about two miles in length, is studded with boulders and small islands, and is surrounded by a dense wilderness of almost impenetrable swamps and heavy forest. The lo-

cality is one seldom visited in summer, as the lake affords no fishing,

One day in spring, May 19, 1913, to be exact, started out to visit this remote region; and after a fifteen mile journey, the last four miles of which was made in the company of several million of black flies, finally arrived at the shore of the lake.

About twenty or more gulls were flying overhead, sweeping about in wide circles. The rocks chosen as nesting sites were, naturally, far from shore; so the first necessity was to build some form of raft, a contingency which I had anticipated. After much strenuous labor in the hot sun, I at last evolved something which resembled a raft, until I board it, when with disconcerting suddenness it immediately took on the characteristics of a submarine. Upon this perilous craft, however, I embarked, armed with a twenty foot pole; and soon, more by good luck than good seamanship, I touched at several boulders, each of which contained a nest with eggs, two or three in number. By this time the Gulls had begun to gather in large numbers, and soon nearly a hundred were flying about high above me.

As I headed for one of the small islands, about two hundred yards from shore, I was surprised to see what appeared to be a lone Gull perched on the shore, which did not fly or give any other sign of alarm as I approached. Knowing the exceeding wariness of this bird at all times, I at once knew that something was wrong; and drawing nearer to shore, I saw that it was dead.

I was puzzled to account for this tragedy occurring as it had, in such an unfrequented spot. I discovered that it had been dead some weeks, and also that one leg was missing, having been severed first below the feathers. The next moment, however,

the mystery was explained, all too clearly. A few feet from the bird's body, fastened to a long stout pole, was an otter trap and in its serrated jaws was the missing member, broken off by the bird in its agonized efforts to escape. Evidently it had been too much exhausted by the struggle to be able to fly, even after its liberty had been so dearly gained. Close at hand was a deserted nest, containing three broken eggs.

Indignant at the thoughtlessness which had left this menace for the unsuspecting spring arrivals, I lost no time in flinging the trap into the lake. But this was not the worst. A few yards further on I spied another trap, also sprung; and in the jaws of this one I was shocked to discover the beak of a Gull which had been cut off close to the head. The fate of this poor sufferer I could only imagine,—a lingering death from starvation, no doubt. No trace of it was to be seen. This trap joined its predecessor in the lake and my mental reflections as to the perpetrator of these crimes could scarcely be set down in cold print.

After visiting several other nesting sites I steered back to my landing place. Altogether, I visited about twenty nests, the sets from five of which I collected. I tried, but without success, to discover the identity of the trapper responsible for this outrage; but I like to think that the early breaking up of the lake ice had forced him to leave them there.

Robie W. Tufts.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Relaxing Dry Bird Skins.

In relaxing dry bird skins for mounting, I have found that instead of using a box lined with plaster-of-paris, or wet sawdust, etc., as recommended in books on Taxidermy, that the following method will be found much

easier and probably more satisfactory as it can be done without getting a drop of water on the bird's plumage. Whereas the other methods I have known, this has always been more or less the case and incurred extra work to bring back the fluffiness to the feathers; if it can be done at that.

Instead of wrapping the feet in wet cotton, use a can or a glass of water, and set the bird on top letting its feet hang in the water, down far enough to reach the lowest feathers on the legs. When this is done the tail will be over the outside edge on one side and the head and breast on the other. The legs usually require the longest relaxing so I usually put them in the water in the afternoon and in the evening take it out and remove the cotton from inside the skin then and pour water through the opening, and hold the bird downward so that it runs out of the mouth and at the same time turning the bird in all positions so that the water will get all over the inside. Then take wet cotton and put it inside especially in the neck and on the leg bones as the position of these will be the most changed in shaping the specimens up afterward. Then set it with its feet in the water again, its head sloping down and then the tail will be up in the air. So that the water in the cotton will gradually soak downward towards the head and neck so it will relax that well. And then put some wet cotton in the eyeholes so that the eyelids will thoroughly relax. Let it stay that way over night and the next morning after removing the wet cotton and cutting away any fat or meat, that may have been left to dry at the base of the tail, and with large birds, thoroughly scraping the fat, etc., off the inside of the skin, it is ready to mount. Also work the joints of the legs and the toes back and forth and with large birds like

Hawks and Owls, drill a hole up the back of the foot with an awl to run the wire up through.

In making stands the use of green smalts makes a very neat thing and is done by simply painting the ground green and sprinkling the green smalts over it. If the stand is given a coat of white lead or any other paint first the paint will not soak into the board so quick and the smalt will hold better. For shore birds and waterfowl a nest stand can be made by cutting a stand irregular in shape and thin at the edges and high in the center; this is then given a coat of glue and covered with the white sand from the beach. After it is dry by adding a few large pebbles or small shells, quite an attractive stand can be made. To fasten a hardwood branch to the base of a stand use screws as sometimes a nail can be driven through. On stands for small birds, to fasten moss, etc., gun arabic will hold well. In fastening pine cones, acorns, etc., a thin brad will hold better than anything else. This is driven in the back where it is unseen.

Milton J. Hofmann.

AMERICAN OSPREY.

A fine specimen of the Osprey or fish hawk was taken near Holy Cross, Marion County, Kentucky, on the 25th day of May, 1916. It measured twenty three inches in length. The party who had it mounted thought it was a Bald Eagle, but it was easily identified, by its feet which are entirely different from any other raptores. This is my first record for the Osprey, and it was not taken near water I think that its occurrence at this season of the year is rather unusual.

Ben. J. Blincoe.

Bardstown, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Folding Canvas Boat in good condition for best cash or exchange offer. B. S. BOWDISH, Demerest, N. J.

FOR SALE—4 x 5 Graflex Camera with magazine holder and extra double plate holder. Long focus lens adapted to bird work. Exactly as new, cost \$225. Sell \$150. C. F. STONE, Branchport, N. Y.

WANTED—Colored bird slides. Also first class lantern for cash or exchange for bird or mammal skins. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

WANTED—Skins and skulls of N. A. Mammals, skins of Ravens, Hawks, Owls, Grouse, etc. A. H. HLEME, Miller Place, N. Y.

TAXIDERMIST WORK to order. Specimens mounted in life-like positions. Shipping tags and price list on request. M. J. HOFMAN, 1818 Bleeker ST., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—To exchange lepidoptera with collectors in every part of the world. Send your list of offers. Please write. THEODORE R. GREER, Aledo, Illinois.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—No. 12 Vol. XIV of The Oologist, Dec. 1897, for which I will pay 50c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demerest, N. J.

Oologist Tools and Supplies. Books and Magazines of every description. Fishing Rods and Tackle, Lists, quotations promptly sent. BENJAMIN HOAG, Garfield, N. Y.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE—Pamphlets, magazines U. S. Bulletins, Books, Reports, Excerpts, circulars and periodicals relating to Ornithology. Also sets from Texas. I want in exchange only common sets. Send for my largest list first EARLE MOFFAT, Marshall, Texas.

I have 180 different numbers of The Oologist covering 32 years, some very rare. Will sell for cash, or trade for books, birds or mammal skins. Make me an offer for what ones you need. A. B. HOWELL, Covina, Cal.

WANTED—Hearst's Magazine for August, September, October, 1916. Will pay reasonable cash price. EARLE R. FORREST, 261 Locust Ave., Washington, Penn.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

The first five Volumes American Ornithology. Copies of Recreation, North American Journal and other bulletins and other books, electric battery. Some eggs to offer for eggs. C. B. VANDERCOOK, Odin, Ill.

FOR SALE—Odd numbers of Nidiologists, Bay State Oologist, American Ornithology, Atlantic Slops Naturalist, etc. Wilson American Ornithology, Davies Nests and Eggs. If interested write E. J. FHEELER, 177 Pequot Ave., New London, Conn.

I have Bird Lores Vols. IV to XVIII inclusive—15 complete volumes with all plates and indexes; also many odd numbers and full volumes, to exchange for cash or good ornithological reading. A. H. VILAS, 124 S. East Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

FOR EXCHANGE—Two Volumes of Auk some five numbers of Geographic magazines and other kinds to exchange for Indian relics or eggs. C. G. HART, East Berlin, Conn. Box 47.

FOR SALE—Vols. 10, 11 and 12, Journal Maine Ornithology 1903, 1904, 1905 and 1906. Guide to Nature Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Also cocoons of the Cecropia, Io, Cynthia, Prometheus, Luna, Polypemus and Eagles Moths. Also numerous Devonian fossils. LOUIS S. KOHLER, 98 Watsessing Ave. Bloomfield, N. J.

Bird Books and all sorts of Nature Books and Magazines for sale. Catalogues issued. Largest stock of the kind in America. I want Vols. 1, 2, 3 and 7 of Ridgway's Birds N. A., have Vol. 5 to exchange. Midland Naturalist Vol 3, Nos. 1 to 3 inclusive. FRANKLIN BOOK SHOP, S. N. Rhoads, 920 Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderata sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

BIRD LORES WANTED—For cash or exchange. I need these Bird Lores. Vol. 1-2 and 3 complete volumes or odd numbers. Also need Vol. 4 Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 7, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-4-5-6, Vol. 10, Nos. 1-2-3-4-5-6, Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5. For these I will exchange other issues of Bird Lore or Oologist or other bird magazines or will pay cash. I also want The Auk Vol. 1 to 13; The Condor, 1 to 4 inc. I have many bird books and bird magazines for sale or exchange. If interested quote what you have to offer. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Grey-falcons left. Snow and Grey Owls, Swordfish head, Cocoons and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centepedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Ibises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY



VOL. XXXIV. No. 8.

ALBION, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 361

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 361 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist." and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

WANTED—Skin of Razorbill Auk and Auhipa, offer Brandts Cormorant, etc., in exchange. Offer either cash or exchange in Indian and African Big Game horns, for skin of Penguin Apteryx, Owl Parrot, Kea, or other foreign bird skins that I can use. Send list. WM. J. HACKMEIER, 645 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

I want finely mounted drakes in full plumage or skins that will mount up nicely, of the following: European Widgeon, Surf, and American Scoter and all the Eiders. GERARD ALAN ABBOTT, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

Birds and Mammal skins from the Ozark Mt. Region for exchange. Wanted Candon Vol. XIV to XVIII inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird and Mammal skins from this the Ozark Mt. Region. Wanted: Condors, Vols. Fourteen to Eighteen inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

I want birds or skins for mounting Boat and Great-tailed Grackle, Cardinal, Painted Bunting, Scissor-tailed Fly-catcher, California Valley and Gambel's Partridges, Magpies, etc. Can offer eggs, Natural History Magazines and other magazines and books. DELOS HATCH, Oakfield, Wis. (1-p)

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EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

WANTED—Entire collections of eggs, also eggs of Rare North American Birds. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection. Can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Several sets 1/2-1/1 Mississippi Kite. All eggs first class with complete data. Personally collected. H. S. SOWERS, Brownell, Ks.

EGGS FOR SALE—Two Emu, 2 Ostrich, 2 Rea 20-1, Calif. Murre. Many others. Full data. J. M. BENEDICT, Jr., Centralia, Wash.

TO EXCHANGE—Single copies or Vols. of the Oologist of 1910-1911-1912-1913. Bird Neighbors by Blanchan, Collection of stamps. Desire sets of eggs. L. R. WOLFE, 3232 Waverly, East St. Louis, Ill.

A-1 SETS of Xantes Murrelet, Black Vented Shearwater, Fraier Oystercatcher, Black Oystercatcher, Hurmans Gull, Elegant Tern, Duck Hawk, Am. Raven, Farallone Rail and others. E. E. SECHRIST, San Diego, Calif.

FOR EXCHANGE—Sets of 30 1-1, 201 1-5, 191 5-4, 202 10-3, 6-4, 263 1-3, 333 1-3 3-4, 335 1-4, 339 5-2, 488 2-3 4-4 3-5, 498 1-3, 540 1-4, 563 1-4, 581 1-4, 584 5-3 1-4, 593 1-2 3-3, 598 1-3, 624 1-3 2-4, 705 3-4, 725 1-5. Ostrich and Emen, one egg each. Full data. RICHARD F. MILLER, 2069 East Tioga St., Philadelphia, Penn.

If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

FOR EXCHANGE—406, 412, 474b, 506, 617, 652, 622b, for 6, 51, 77, 214, 385, 497, 743 and others equally common. WILL PLANK, Decatur, Arkansas.

FOR EXCHANGE—Eggs in sets for Butterflies. Specimens from North, South and West especially wanted. DR. T. W. RICHARDS, U. S. NAVY, 1207-19th st., N. W. Washington, D. C.

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EGGS—Continued

PASSENGER PIGEONS: Have one mounted bird in fair condition to exchange for best offer in rare sets. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pennsylvania.

Can offer fine U. S. or Foreign stamps for eggs not in my collection. Must be full sets with complete data. L. W. HUDSON, Selma, Calif.

WANTED—Collections of first-class sets and sets with nests and large rare singles. Send list. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Will be glad to hear from reliable collectors and to receive their lists. Have good list to offer including some rare species. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pa.

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WANTED—Sets of 113.1, 249, 252, 260, 298, 332, 344, 393c, 399, 463, 521, 573, 583, 685, etc. J. H. BOWLES, The Woodstock, Tacoma, Wash.

WANTED—Lists of choice sets from reliable collections. I can offer Sandhill Crane, Swallow-tail Kite, Bald and Golden Eagle, Duck Hawk, Snowy Owl and many others. All answered. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

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WANTED—Singles or broken sets in quantities, or small lots; also books on Taxidermy, curios, etc. J. E. HARRIS, 259 Maple St., Dayton, Ohio.

FOR EXCHANGE—295 1-10, 310c 1-12, 325 1-2, 326 1-2, 329 1-1, 333 1-4, 334a 1-3, 335 1-4, 337a 1-3, 341 1-2, 342 1-3, 345 1-2, 346 1-2, 360 1-4, 368b 1-2, 373b 1-3, 416 1-2, 417a 1-2, 421 1-2, 487 1-5, 594 1-8, 394a 1-3, 718b N-6, 726a 1-5, 729 1-6, 734 1-5, 736a N-6 and others, all first class, personally collected, full data. E. F. POPE, Colmesneil, Texas.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 8

ALBION, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1917.

WHOLE No. 361

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

"OOLOGY OF ILLINOIS"

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. N. Candell, to whom was bequeathed by the author a copy of this rare and unusual publication, we have had the pleasure to examine one of the two known copies of this most interesting item.

The title page is as follows: "Oology of Illinois; By an Amateur Naturalist; Printed by D. W. Coquillett; Woodstock, Illinois; 1876.

The author, Mr. Coquillett in his Preface states "In the following pages the author has endeavored to describe the nests and eggs of some of the birds of Northern Illinois. Everything printed therein can be relied upon as being true. This work will give you a slight insight into the study of ornithology, a study in which every farmer ought to be well versed. He ought to be able to distinguish beneficial from injurious birds, that he may protect the former and destroy the latter. His knowledge of Natural History ought not to be confined to the study of birds; he ought to be able to distinguish injurious insects, quadrupeds, etc. from those that are beneficial and worthy of his protection. Some birds rear only one, some two, and others three broods in one season. The second litter of eggs is laid about 40 days after the first. The greatest number

of birds build their nests in the vicinity of cultivated farms; a few however, build their nests and rear their young in the deep forest. - - - Oology is that branch of Ornithology which treats of the eggs of birds."

Then follows a review of the Kingbird, Pewee, Robin, Bluebird, Scarlet Tanager, Barn Swallow, Martin, Catbird, Brown Thrush, Red-winged Blackbird, Meadowlark, Bluejay, Dove, Killdeer, and Plover in which the general habits of these birds as to nesting and a description of their eggs, together with measurements are given, occupying pp. 5-17.

Next is a table "Classification of birds" occupying pp. 18-32.

Then under the heading "Re-appearance of birds" pp. 33-36 is a table giving the dates for the years 1873-4-5 on which the birds appear from their southern migration and on which the nests of the bird were found, presumably the dates of first arrival and first discovery of nests. This table includes 'Blackbirds, Duck, Meadowlark, Bluebird, Killdeer, Robin, Dove, Pewee, Oatbird, Shrike, Highholers, Martin, Plover, Kingfisher, Heron, Red-headed Woodpecker, Greek Bird, Barn Swallow, Brown Thrush, Golden Robin, Whip-poor-will, Kingbird, Bobo-link, Nighthawk, Catbird and Bluejay."

Taken all in all, this little pamph-

let $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches containing 36 pages is a most interesting ornithological relic of 40 years ago and bears evidence of having been compiled not only by a Amateur Naturalist, but by one who had an interest in and insight into the habits of the birds of the period.

**BIRD COLLECTING IN EASTERN
COLOMBIA**

Paul G. Howes

Part III

January 24th. We landed at 6 a. m. at a small town whose name I was unable to ascertain. The collecting here was not very good, owing to the great tangles of vines and lianas, which made going next to impossible, without the aid of a knife. I did not get any specimens, although I shot a large species of Kingfisher which landed in the river and was swept away before I could go after it. O'Connell took a fine large red squirrel.

Later in the day, the steamer stopped at Banco, which is a very interesting town. The houses are of the usual thatched character, but there is a very ancient church here, painted red and blue. The interior is very dingy, with hued, wooden benches placed in rows upon the tile floor. An aged organist, more dead than alive, sat in one corner picking out mournful hymns, to a chorus of some thousands of bats which lined the eaves, littered the seats below with filth and produced the vilest stench I have ever known.

The scenery along the river is growing more and more beautiful as the days go by. The land has become much more hilly and the vegetation much richer, especially along the banks of the stream. At 3 p. m. we stopped for wood and had a chance to collect for a while. Fuertes ran in

to a troupe of Howling monkeys but did not succeed in securing any as he had nothing larger than No. five shot in his bag. I secured a jacana and two paraquets of minute size. Ring discovered the nest of a South American Goatsucker containing one egg well marked with brown and lavender. The nest was on the ground among some leaves in the heavy woods. I flushed a Chima Chima hawk from her nest in a tall forest tree, but did not have time to secure the eggs, as the whistle of the steamer had already blown twice for me.

Towards evening the scenery was very beautiful. A crimson and gold sunset over the purple hills and the great Andean mountains, hazy blue in the distance, the whole reflecting in the winding river, made a scene that will always remain bright in my memory. We passed two small sand bars which were thickly populated with terns, crocodiles, herons, snake birds and cormorants. At dusk we passed a marsh over which hundreds of least terns were hovering. One huge silvery colored bat was seen and also two flocks of smaller brown ones flying and hunting together like so many birds, over the water. One of these flocks must have contained at least fifty individuals. Many Roseate spoonbills were flying about and numerous other birds which I could not identify. In the mornings, the woods ring with strange bird voices. It is like learning all over again, to know the birds. With that same first thrill that follows the beginner, I hunt each day for new treasures!

January 25th. Collected for an hour and a half at Remolina, a fuel station. The forest back from the river at this point is very heavy. Huge Ceiba trees and palms are abundant and a thick growth of briars and tangled



Bird Collection in Eastern Colombia. Navarro Bridge at Honda, Colombia, over the Magdalena River, over which we passed on the journey into the High Andes.
—Photo by P. G. Howes.

vegetation covers the lower area. I found several foot paths made by the native wood cutters, splendidly built black men who spend their lives gathering wood to supply the passing steamers. These paths were alive with brown lizards striped along the back with yellow and black. Many Iguanas were also seen, some of them two feet in length.

I secured a new woodpecker in the deep forest and a fine large squirrel, much darker than the one taken by O'Connell. Also found a hanging nest of some small bird, some thirty feet up, but did not have time to go after it. Late in the afternoon while all were busy making skins on deck, we passed a bar on which many terns and skimmers were breeding.

The steamer which we are on, is a flat bottom scow, built up with ungainly cabins which make it appear top-heavy. On the lower deck, which is open, the engines are situated, together with the boilers, and kitchen which is a square cage of wire. Dirt of every description reaches the food, which is cooked in open pots and freely handled by negro cooks. It is not uncommon to find cinders and dirt in the food and occasionally the maggots of blow flies. Meals consist of various native dishes; quantities of rice, cocoa, coffee, coarse bread and brown sugar. Meat is served daily, but is stringy and tough owing to the fact that it is slaughtered on deck in the morning and cooked before the animal heat has had time to leave it.

The second deck consists of an open space at either end; eight cabins amidship with a dining hall between them, open at each end, and a covered shower bath which supplies tepid river water to the would-be bather. There is a third deck, which is entirely open, except for the captain's

cabin and wheel house, and upon this deck we often slept when the cabin below became unbearable. With an air-mattress and mosquito net, one could sleep here in peace, providing that the wind did not shift, bringing with it a shower of glowing claders from the roaring funnel. This did not often happen, however, and all soon became accustomed to sleeping and eating as heartily as though we were at home.

January 27th. This morning the steamer struck on a sand bar. We lost five hours, and a chance to go collecting, before the sand shifted enough for us to proceed. The next morning we stopped at Apon. Here in the heavy jungle I succeeded in taking ten good birds. The most interesting one in the lot was an Acadian flycatcher which was in company with two others of the same species. Ring and O'Connell came in with two large casiques, and a pair of yellow and blue trogons.

January 28th. Stopped about 4 p. m. at San Botholeme. Here I shot a species of squirrel new to the expedition and also a species of querula, (Cotingae). Also saw a galictus, a large weasel like animal, a few feet up in a forest tree. Noted several colonies of nesting casiques, one containing thirty seven hanging nests. We have had heavy rains for the last few evenings and they have made the jungle much cooler and easier to work in, in the morning hours. Found another nest of the Chima Chima seventy feet up in a Ceiba tree. An interesting and very common sight in the jungle are the paper nests of a very small species of social hymenoptera, or wasp. The nests are pear-shaped and suspend from trees and bushes two or three feet from the ground. Fortunately the insects are of a peaceful nature as one frequent-



Bird Collection in Eastern Colombia. In the Andes between Bogota and Villavicencio. Note the trail, like a white serpent hanging upon the face of the cliffs.

Photo by P. G. Howes.

ly runs into the nests unintentionally.

Mosquitoes have been very bad lately, especially in the evenings and we are using a preparation of cinchonella and carbolic acid to keep them from our hands and faces.

January 29th. Arrived early in the morning at Puerto Berrio which is quite a large town with a railroad which runs to the gold mining district of Medellin. It is a narrow gauge road with old wood burning locomotives, such as we used fifty years ago in the States. Directly after landing we all went collecting into the swamps back from the river, returning at noon with fifty birds, many of them new to the trip. I secured a fine pair of woodpeckers, the male being the same golden hue as our flicker, with red crest and heavy spotting on the breast. O'Connell found the egg of a large goatsucker (*Nyctibius*) deposited upon a stump in a clearing close to heavy woods. The first Toucans of the trip were also taken today, together with a new Marmosette monkey. At this locality I found every kind of cover, from open hillsides along the railroads cuts, to treacherous swamps and heavy jungle. Many strange swallows were found burrowing in the sandy banks by the railroad. Macaws and paraquets are numerous and I took three of the latter which were tiny vivid green and blue birds new to the expedition. The afternoon was spent skinning and preparing our specimens.

January 30th. Still at Puerto Berrio. We collected fifty more birds today which makes a total of 300 birds since we left Barranquilla. This result of our river journey has proved highly pleasing to Chapman, who did not contemplate active work until after we left the steamer. One bird that I secured today, possessed a song very similar to that of a Robin,

but upon bringing it down I was surprised to find it a near relative of the flycatcher tribe, with wide flat handibles and bristles around the nostrils.

Chapman took an apparently new sub-species of yellow-throat. It is similar to ours, but very much larger and gray-crowned. Cherrie took a nice set of two *Nictrodromus albicollis* which he turned over to me to prepare.

January 31st. Left Puerto Berrio this morning at 3 a. m. after an interesting time spent in company with several natives who showed us the sights of their town. We stopped for fuel just before noon. Cherrie and Fuertes went ashore and secured a few specimens. Later, in the afternoon, we stopped again at Puerto Nino. Here we took four beautiful blue and yellow makaws, two large doves and a trogon.

February 1st. Arrived at La Dorada at 8 a. m. There is nothing here save for the railroad which runs to Honda, the town from whence we are to start our Andean journey. At 1 p. m. we left the steamer and took the railroad for Honda, reaching our destination at 2:30. This is another narrow gauge road with wood burning engines of the old type with great flaring funnels. They are well cared for, however, and the roadbed is in good condition.

The scenery along the route is quite varied and different from that which we have been seeing from the steamer. Within a few minutes after leaving La Dorada, one gets into the foot hills of the Andes. They are covered in places with rich vegetation, yet in others they are quite bare, or covered with short, vivid green grasses. At their base, the river rushes along, like a great yellow serpent, towards the sea. These hills range from three hundred, to a thousand



Bird Collection in Eastern Colombia. At 10,000 feet in the heart of the Andes. The writer and T. M. Ring at the left of the trail.
—Photo by G. K. Cherrie.

feet in height and during the morning hours are covered with clouds, which lift towards noon. We rushed along through miles of these varied hills, enchanted by the change of scenery, and almost before we knew it, we had reached Honda, found the very clean little "Hotel American," with good food, a billiard table and bar.

To be continued.

MINNESOTA NOTES

Elmer Langevin of Crookston, Minnesota, writes that there are an unusual number of ducks nesting in his vicinity this year, but notes the scarcity of teal among nesting birds.

He also writes "I had the pleasure of finding a Sandhill Crane's nest and two young about a week ago. They are out of the nest but from all appearances they sleep in the nest each evening. It is no easy matter to approach them as the old ones show fight."

He also notes the first blue goose that is ever seen in that territory of but a few days ago and winds up with the statement that the Prairie Chicken were gradually being terminated.

SLAUGHTER OF BIRDS A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE

Col. Shields, Noted Authority on Bird Life, Delivers Lecture at Scranton Casino.

PART I

That he slaughter of birds is a grievous error and that the people of this country are paying dearly for the sport of the gunners was the keynote of the lecture delivered recently at the Casino in Scranton, Pa., by Colonel J. O. Shields, organizer and president of the League of American Sportsmen and publisher of Shield's Magazine. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Bird Club and

was largely attended. It was illustrated by lantern slides showing animals and birds in their natural state. Colonel Shields made a spirited attack on hunters of the south, whom he charged with killing robins by the thousands, upon foreigners, whom he stated killed everything in sight, upon some hunters of the north and upon the small boy and his flobert rifle. He was introduced by Mrs. Frank Coffin, president of the club. His lecture, in part, follows:

Scientists have determined by careful computation, study and investigation "that the farmers and fruit growers of this country are losing more than \$1,000,000,000 a year by reason of the reckless and senseless destruction of birds during the past 30 years.

The cotton growers of the south are suffering a loss of \$1,000,000,000 a year by reason of the ravage of the boll weevil, an insect that bores into the cotton stalk and kills it. Why? Because the quails, the prairie chickens, the meadowlarks, and other birds which were formerly there in millions have been swept away by thoughtless, reckless men and boys. Scientific men announce that there is no way on earth by which these insects can be destroyed except by the people to stop the killing of birds, absolutely and at all times, and let them come back and take care of the insects.

The grain growers are losing over \$100,000,000 a year on account of the cinch bug. They are losing another \$200,000,000 a year on account of the work of the hessian fly. Both of these are very small insects, almost microscopic in size. It takes 24,000 cinch bugs to weigh an ounce, and nearly 50,000 hessian flies to weigh an ounce. A quail killed in a wheat field in Ohio, and examined by an expert, had in its craw the remains of

over 1,200 cinch bugs that it had eaten that day. Another quail killed in a wheat field in Kansas and examined by another government expert had in its craw the remains of over 2,000 hessian flies that it had eaten that day.

The farmers of the northern states are paying out \$16,000,000 to \$17,000,000 a year for paris green to put on their potato vines, and if they do not do it they could not raise a potato fit to eat.

A quail killed in a potato field in Pennsylvania and examined by a government entomologist had in its stomach the remains of 127 potato bugs.

Quails Instead of Poison.

If the quails were here in their normal numbers, as there were 30 or 40 years ago, there would be no need of using a pound of paris green, anywhere in the country.

Each of the great apple producing states is paying out \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year for spraying its apple trees and all because the robins, the thrushes, the orioles, the tanagers and other birds that eat the codling moth have been slaughtered to such an extent there are not enough of them left to take care of this bug, or any of the others that attack the farmer's crops.

The quail is one of the most valuable insect-eating birds of its size in the world, and yet there are so-called sportsmen, all over the land, thousands of them, who insist on having legal authority to kill every quail they can find, during at least three months of the year. Then there is a whole army of game hogs who go out and kill them when they are half grown, and when there is no game warden in sight.

Miss Margaret M. Nice, of the faculty of the Massachusetts state uni-

versity, has studied the quail diligently in domestication for years past. She has had it in that time, under wire, over 300 of these birds. She has kept each one separate from the others. She has numbered each bird and kept a book account of it. She has counted out and weighed out its food to it and has arrived at the conclusion that each adult quail in this country eats each summer over 75,000 bugs and worms, and over 6,000,000 weed seeds each winter, seeds of noxious weeds that the farmer has to fight all winter.

The experts in the biological survey have figured that each adult quail is worth \$25 a year to the farmer on whose land it lives. If we could only get the farmers to read the bulletin that the bureau sends out, free, they would know the value of this bird, and not one of them would ever allow another quail killed on his land.

The prairie chicken is another voracious bug eater, and consumes about four times as many insects each day as the quail does, because it is about four times as large. A prairie chicken killed in a cotton field in Texas and examined by one of these same government employees had in its stomach the remains of 356 cotton boll weevils. Another killed on a farm in Nebraska and examined by Professor Lawrence Bruner of the department of biology, in the state university, had in its stomach the remains of over 1,000 grass-hoppers, an insect that is eating millions of dollars worth of farm products every year.

People Paying the Freight

I speak from personal knowledge when I say that there were countless millions of these birds in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Kansas 25 years ago; but now you may hunt over a whole county in any of

these states without finding a single one. In other counties you may find one or two coveys, where a few years ago you would have found thousands. The farmers are paying the penalty. We are all helping to pay it in the way of higher prices for the farm produce than we would have to pay if the birds were here to do their share of the yeoman's work.

It is an appalling fact, agreed to by all ornithologists in the land, that at least 90 per cent of the normal bird life of this country has been destroyed in the past 30 years by so-called civilized men and boys.

Great scientists tell us that if all insect eating birds were destroyed, the whole continent would within three years become absolutely uninhabitable because of the myriads of insects that would spring up and devour every living thing. And we are face to face with that possibility today. Ninety per cent of the birds are gone; only 10 per cent more to go, and a whole army of men and boys after them with guns.

Four Great Killing Forces.

Some of you may be wondering who is doing all this killing. You may not have seen much of it yourselves; but it is going on all the same, all over the land, though in some districts to a greater extent than in others. There are four great forces engaged in it, and I will tell you about them as briefly as possible.

The first and greatest problem we have to contend with in our efforts to save a few of our birds is this army of foreigners who come here every year with exaggerated ideas of the freedom they are going to enjoy when they get here.

So, thousands of them, when they land here, go to the nearest gun store, buy a cheap barrel shotgun that they get for two or three dollars. Then

they buy a supply of cartridges for it. Then the next thing is to look for work. They all have to work six days in the week, but Sunday is their day off, and so out of every great city in the land there goes forth every Sunday morning, during eight months of each year when the birds are with us, a whole army of these people. They scour the country for miles around, they kill everything that flies that they can get in reach of, from a humming bird to a crow, and they take them all home, put them in the pot, cook them up together and eat them. I am not exaggerating in the least. I know exactly what I am talking about. I am a game warden at home and have been for ten years; but without salary. I never get a dollar of pay for it, and I have spent the greater part of my Sundays during these ten years, from April to November, hunting these bird hunters. I have arrested 38 of them; have convicted 36 of them in the courts. One party of five that we caught within the city limits of Greater New York, within a mile of Bronx park, had in their possession 47 of our beautiful song birds that they had killed that Sunday morning. Among these were three robins, four meadowlarks, two Baltimore orioles, three scarlet tanagers, four little bluebirds and a dozen or more little warblers, the body of which is not larger than the end of my finger. They were going to take these birds all home, put them in the pot and stew them up and have a feast on them that Sunday night.

They kill gulls and bitterns and herons, and innocent hawks and owls, and they all go into the dinner pot. Everything is game that comes their way.

PART II.

Then the second corps in this great army of destruction is our

southern neighbors; and I hate to have to say a word against them, because they are, in many ways, delightful people. But all the same they are heathens in attitude toward our birds. As you know, nearly all our song and insect-eating birds go south at the approach of winter to escape the cold weather. As soon as they cross the Ohio river, they are all considered game, everything from a bluebird to a robin and a meadowlark; and every man and boy, white or black, that can get hold of a gun goes after them. And this we estimate is about 98 per cent of the male population of the south. Here in the north the proportion is about the other way; only about 2 per cent of the men and boys own guns and shoot, but down there they nearly all do.

The robin, the bird that you know best and love most, is the favorite game bird in the south. Why? Because he is the easiest mark of all. Let me give you two instances of robin hunting in the south. A so-called prominent sportsman in a southern city, the clerk of the county court, went out in November on a hunting expedition. He went to a cedar grove five miles out of town, where the robins had packed in literally in thousands and were eating the berries. He killed 640 of them that afternoon. Loaded his buggy with them as long as she would lay on, then filled two gunny sacks and put them on top. He took these birds to town, gave away a lot of them to his friends, and sent a dozen of them to the editor of a local paper, in order to get himself written up as a "mighty Nimrod."

Slaughter in Tennessee

Another hunting party was made up in the little village in Tennessee and drove out just before sundown to another cedar grove. They took

along guns, pitchforks and poles; they provided themselves with lanterns and torch materials. When the darkness came on they lighted their torches and their lanterns. They even built fires under the trees to blind the poor birds still farther. They raked them down with their guns, their pitchforks, their poles and their clubs until they killed over two thousand of them; loaded a farm wagon with them, drove them into town, gave away what they could to the few families in the village and what they could not give away the farmer fed to the hogs. And these are only two instances among hundreds I could tell you of if I had time. It is safe to say that of the millions of birds that go south every fall never more than 10 per cent can live to get back.

Any of you who have had the pleasure of traveling in the south in winter, in recent years, if you have gone into the big markets in the cities and looked about you have doubtless seen hanging there great strings of our beautiful song birds, everything from a bluebird to a robin, tagged for sale at 10 to 30 cents a dozen. The society women of the south send their servants to the market to buy great baskets of these birds, have them dressed and made up into potpies and invite their friends in to help eat them. Possibly some of your ladies may have had such invitations when in the south.

A bird potpie is considered one of the greatest luxuries of the entire winter season, in nearly all of the southern cities.

Yes, we hope to stop all this killing of birds in the south under the action of the migratory bird law passed by congress two years ago.

Sportsmen of the North.

Then the bird corps of this great

army of destruction is the so-called sportsman here in the north. Not the loyal, law-abiding real sportsman, who kills only game birds, and these only in the open season, and stops when he gets the bag limit. I am talking of the other kind, the pot hunter, the game hogs. The men who go out when the birds are half grown and pot whole coveys of quail on the ground. And who, when they do not find enough of these to make good shooting, and that is nearly always nowadays, for there is very little game left anywhere, kill everything that comes in reach of them, robins, meadowlarks, blackbirds, bluejays, thrushes and even smaller birds. Such of these as are edible they take home and eat. The others, such as herons, biterns, gulls, hawks, owls, etc., they throw away.

Small Boy Also Busy.

The fourth corps in this army of destruction is the small boy with his 22-caliber rifle, or his little single barrel shotgun, or his air rifle. There are hundreds of thousands of these three types of weapons in use in the country and they annually slaughter millions of birds.

I wonder if it ever occurred to any person in this audience to inquire how many shotguns there are in use in this country. Well, I made a careful computation of that subject a year ago and I found that beyond all question, there are over 10,000,000 shotguns at work in this country today. A small percentage of these are in the hands of loyal, law-abiding sportsmen, who never kill song birds; but it safe to say that 75 to 80 per cent of them are in the hands of vandals, men and boys who kill every bird they can get in reach of, no matter what it is, or what its value is to the farmer and the fruit grower.

You know all about the ravages be-

ing committed on the forests, the fruit trees, the shade trees and the shrubbery in New England by the gypsy moth, the brown-tailed moth, the leopard moth, the elm-leaf beetle and other insects. There are 30,000 acres of second growth oak forest in one body, in the hills of Massachusetts, every tree in which has been killed by insects. And many smaller bodies of timber have been totally wiped out by them.

It is the most natural thing in the world for a boy, as soon as he gets to be eight or ten years old, or for a man either, to want to get out and kill something. And I don't blame anyone for having this instinct. We have all inherited from our ancestors the love of killing things. They were all hunters, from necessity. They had to live largely on the game of the fields and the forests, and we have inherited from them the love of the chase, to put it politely; in other words the blood lust that is in our hearts today.

Must Banish Blood Lust

Fortunately, this love of slaughter has been educated out many of us, and the time has come when it must be banished from the others if we are to leave any birds or animals for posterity to even look at; or any birds to protect the forests, the fruit trees, the shrubbery and the farm crops for the next generation.

Now what I have been leading up to is this:

That the time has come when we must absolutely stop all shooting, everywhere and at all times of the year, if we are to leave any birds for posterity even to look at, or to preserve the trees and the farm crops.

Abolish the Game Laws

We have tried game laws and game wardens for nearly 50 years. You have had good game laws in

Pennsylvania for over 40 years, though they have been doctored and tinkered more or less nearly every year. You have had a game warden system for something like 25 years and you have paid out nearly a million dollars for salaries for game commissioners and game wardens. And what have you got to show for it? You have but a pitiable remnant of the wild life that was here when the pioneers came and the indications are that if matters go as they have been going, you will not have a single bird left in the state, or in the United States for that matter, at the end of ten years more.

Now I claim that it is time to dispense with game laws. It is time to stop the issuance of hunting licenses. It is time to abolish the game commissions entirely and to require the sportsmen to lay away their guns, at least for a long term of years. They have had their innings for 40 years past, and the birds have gradually dwindled, and dwindled and dwindled, until today there are scarcely 100 left in any county.

The remedy is simply and solely this:

That the farmers and land owners everywhere, must post their lands, prohibit all shooting thereon, and protect the remaining few birds under the law of eminent domain.

In recommending this drastic process I am opposing my own tastes and inclinations, as well of those of thousands of other men. I was for 40 years an ardent sportsman. I almost grew up with a gun in my hands, and no man on earth is today more fond of seeing a good dog work in the field than I am. No man is more fond of making a good shot, or a good double shot on the wing than I am. No man is more fond of a hot bird and a cold bottle of buttermilk on his table than

I am.

But I reformed years ago. I have not killed a bird in 30 years, and shall never kill another. I quit all shooting because I had learned that birds are too valuable to be killed for food or for fun. So, when I laid aside my gun I took up the camera and have been doing my hunting with that ever since; and I have had more fun with it in one day than I ever had with a gun in a whole month.—San Jose Mercury.—W. A. Strong, San Jose, Cal.

MY VACATION OF 1914.

The sun was just coming over the Eastern mountains when the train pulled in to the station called Cisco, elevation 6,900 feet, in the midst of the great snowsheds along the Southern Pacific Railroad over the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Descending a steep incline I reached the hotel which was to be my field for observations for following two weeks; only one of the workmen was about at this hour and the fire which he had built surely felt good to me, for at this altitude even tho it was June, the early morning air had a tinge of frost in it which was quite different from down in the valleys. I soon learned that breakfast was served at 6:30 so I attempted no field work but contented myself by gathering what information I could about the country from the hotel employee.

Promptly after breakfast I started afield and as I went down a canyon leading from the hotel to the river some three-fourths miles away I heard many familiar bird notes, perhaps the most common being that of the famous songster, the Thick-billed Sparrow which seemed to come from all sections of the surrounding country. At this time of year the male bird mounts to the top of some small tree

or bush and pours forth a very beautiful song, perhaps to its sitting mate somewhere nearby.

Along the river was a space on each side that was quite level country and in some portions the trees grew to great heights and from same came many bird notes, all of which I was familiar with, for I had spent several seasons in other sections of the Sierras, hearing a "buzz" of a Hummer I was all attention and soon located its nest about twenty feet from the ground in an open pine. climbing to the nest I found it to contain young about one half grown, thus I became acquainted with nesting of the Calliope Hummer, that mid-geet of the bird world.

I remained about the nest for several minutes and could see no difference in actions of this bird than its larger cousin, Anna Hummer of the valleys, the nest was also very similar and quite as large though the bird is very much smaller.

As I crossed a small meadow, from under a log in a dry ditch bed a bird flushed which I recognized as Thurburs Junco (*Junco thurberi*) and in a slight hollow under the log was its nest and four fresh eggs. For variation in markings of eggs I believe this bird has all others on the run, so this set was collected but the nest was such a poor affair that I could not save it, in fact few nests of the Junco are well made, usually just some dry grass with lining of some finer grass and in some cases I have seen just a rim of grass about a hollow in the ground and again when the ground was covered with snow I found a nest in the end of a box and it was a substantial affair, well built of a quantity of grass and well lined with fine grass and some hair. Occasionally a pair will build in a tree and then it constructs a well built nest.

Western Tanagers, Cassins Purple Finches, Olive-sided Flycatchers, Ruby-crowned Kinglets and black-throated Gray Warblers sang from the higher trees while in lower trees and bushes came notes of Audubons, Tolmie and Golden Pileolated Warblers, Trails, Flycatchers and others, and from the hillsides came that loud call of the Mountain Chickadee and the plaintive note of the Western Wood Pewee came from various sections of the woods.

In some vines close to the river I located a nest and four eggs of the Tolmie Warbler but as eggs seemed to be badly incubated I left them in the loosely constructed nest of grass and bark strips where they rested on lining of fine grass and roots, about ten feet away where the limbs grew out from the body of a large tree a nest and large young of Audubons was located, on visiting this place later the young Audubons were found dead under the tree and eggs of the Tolmie were gone.

Seeing a Red-breasted Nuthatch enter a cavity about twelve feet up in a dead cottonwood I climbed to same and opened to see its contents and noted several small young and as I saw the parents feeding these many times afterwards, I am quite sure that this brood was safely brought to maturity.

As evening came on I wandered back towards the hotel and reached same just before a heavy thunder storm came on, I had put in over eight hours afield after a sleepless night and my enthusiasm about the locality was not over high.

June 15th. Having heard a number of Kinglets along the river in the high trees I determined to locate a nest today and accordingly spent much of the day watching the birds and succeed in locating one building a nest

about thirty feet from the ground at the end of a long limb of a fir tree. Marking this for future observations I wandered on and located two nests of Mt. Chickadee and watched parents carrying food to the young which they contained, high up in the top of a dead stub Red-breasted Nuthatches were feeding young and a few feet away a Red-shafted Flicker was seen to enter its home. Along a roaring mountain stream several Water Ouzels were noted and as they were carrying food for the young I did not try and locate the nests. Returning to the hotel in the evening I saw a fine male Western Evening Grosbeak feeding about the kitchen door and as this was the object of my trip I spent some time watching this bird till it was lost in the darkness.

June 15th. Outside of the tracts along the river most of the country about here is hilly and some of the hills are but rock piles so today I worked in the hills and though I saw a pair of the Grosbeaks I could see no signs of nesting as yet.

Green-tailed Towhees were fairly common in the hills and a few White-crowned Sparrows were noted and under a large weed a bird was flushed from its nest and one fresh egg and though I did not touch this nest or egg it was deserted.

Some forty feet high in a large stub of tree a pair of Mountain Bluebirds were feeding their young and I watched them for some time as they hawked about in the air after insects, about twenty feet away a Red-shafted Flicker had its nest in a newly dug cavity in a dead stub. I did not chop into this cavity but wandered on to where I heard a Sierra Grouse hooting and a careful search of the limbs of a large tree revealed the bird sitting close to the body of a tree on a large limb. I threw several stones

at the bird and as one hit it, it walked out to end of limb and hopped to a higher place and continuing this was lost in high branches of the tree, though it continued to "hoot."

On my way back a pair of Grosbeaks were seen; the female feeding on the ground in a wet place, while the male was in a tree nearby, calling occasionally. I watched this pair till the female joined the male in the tree and both flew across the river where I could not follow.

June 17th. My objective point today was a large lake seven miles from the hotel. Nothing unusual occurred on my way over but as I neared the upper end of the lake I saw and watched for some time that king of Western Woodpeckers, the Pileated. Like many mountain lakes there was no vegetation on this and as result no water birds were seen, under the high trees in an old bed of a stream a Thurbers Junco was flushed and it took me some time to locate the nest it was exceptionally well concealed under a rock leaving but a small place to enter, it had four fresh eggs. Several Sierra Grouse were seen on my way back but search as I could no nests were noticed and on visiting the place later no birds were noted.

The day was clear and warm, Pacific Nighthawks were flying about up to eleven o'clock. Young Audubons, Warblers, Thick-billed Sparrows and Thurbers Juncos were seen out of nests.

On many of my trips Plumed Quail were seen or heard and as I knew it ought to be their nesting time I decided that I must locate a nest so when a bird flushed about twenty feet away from a bunch of low growing manzanita bushes I commenced a systematic search for its nest, working on all sides from the bunch of bushes I covered some twenty feet

or more and returned to rest at foot of very large tree and as I was standing looking at the tree I saw a Quail on its nest and so well did it blend with surroundings that I had overlooked it at first and I had hit the bushes about this same tree it had clung to its nest and did not leave till I had put my hand within a few inches of it and on flushing bird I found nest to contain nineteen slightly incubated eggs, and later on I found another nest of this bird under some dry brush and I hit the brush several times, the bird did not flush; there are, no doubt, many nests passed by the collector.

Along about 4 p. m. dark clouds appeared and frequent peals of thunder were heard, followed by flashes of lightning and heavy hailstorm, many of the hailstones were over three inches in circumference (actual measurements) and were hard, not breaking at they hit the ground, under cottonwoods was covered with broken twigs and leaves though I saw no broken eggs or killed birds.

June 18th. Being informed that that country up the river was not so steep and rocky, I walked up same for about six miles and reached a fair sized meadow where I found Audubons Warbler with young, also Sierra Woodpecker and on way back I located a nest of Dipper and spent some time watching the bird as it flew under the water fall with food for the young. Under a fallen tree a Thick-billed Sparrow was flushed from a nest and two eggs which later was found empty, in fact this was the usual thing with nests that I found incomplete.

June 19th. Rained most of night and well through the day. In hills back of hotel I saw a pair of West. Eve. Grosbeaks and spent over an

hour with them and though it was raining lightly at no time did I lose sight of both birds so feel sure that they did not have a nest, male kept in tree while female fed on the ground, she often moving some distance, he following but not feeding on ground at all.

These Grosbeaks often fed at the kitchen door with Cassins Purple Finches and several were caught in box traps and in one instance one was caught in a butterfly net.

June 20th. While working up a small canon I located at the foot of a large tree a nest of Sierra Grouse from which the young had just left, many of shells still being in nest, twenty feet away was a nest of Plumed Quail with one egg, both nests very much alike and in same kind of place, at foot of big tree in low manzanita bushes.

In a bunch of wild cherry vines at foot of large rock, I flushed a Green-tailed Towhee from a nest of four fresh eggs and though I waited for three-fourths of an hour the bird did not return to nest or vicinity while a parent from a nest and three eggs found later kept close to nest uttering its cat-like call quite often.

Grosbeaks were noted again today, and the rest of my stay, but at no time did I note anything that would lead me to think they were nesting, and I often saw several birds together.

A Red-breasted Sapsucker had rilled it's nest in a live cottonwood tree and on chopping it out I found but three eggs, later on the eggs were gone as was likewise two eggs from a nest of Tolmie Warbler nearby.

Just what got so many eggs I am at a loss to say as but few Jays were found here and not many chipmunks or squirrels but it seemed to return to an incomplete set and find it to have full set.

June 22nd. Nearly all day after the Grosbeaks with usual luck, several birds seen but nothing indicating nesting, from the limb of a fir about thirty feet up I collected a set and four fresh eggs of the Western Tanager, one egg unusually large and other a runt. Several Juncoes containing incubated eggs were noted but left alone.

June 23rd. Worked along the river and located a Cal. Yellow Warbler with incomplete set and heard many Trails Flycatchers; in an open pine I located another nest of Callippe Hummer with small young. While watching a Ruby-crowned Kinglet building in a fir about fifty feet high, I saw a Calliope Hummer go to a nest that was built somewhat different from others seen. It was on lowest limb of a very large pine and about twelve feet from body of tree and twenty feet from the ground, this was a very hard nest to secure but as I had no eggs of this bird I determined to get this one, by cutting down a small tree I managed to get to first limb and started out for the nest but as the limb began to crack I climbed back and hunted up some wire and lashed limb to one above and out I went and though it continued to crack I got that nest and returned safely to the ground.

As stated before, the nest and eggs are very similar to the Anna Hummer and just as large. Much time was spent after Olive-sided Flycatchers and I was rewarded with a fine set of n-4 from fir tree about twenty feet from the ground. Also got today a nest and three eggs of Trails Flycatcher from some vines on river, located Russet-backed Thrush with incomplete set.

June 24th. Rained all night and showers all day, so I kept well along

roads as I was not desirous of getting wet owing to the fact that I expected to sleep out at night. Two sets n-3 of Western Wood Pewee were collected from the low Aspen trees along the road and a fine set n-4 Thick-billed Sparrow from the Derr Brush.

June 25th. Fully sixty feet from the ground in the top of a large cottonwood tree a Cooper Hawk had a nest and the limbs were few and far between. I must see what was in that nest and gathering some large spikes from the railroad sheds and about forty feet of rope I managed by spiking and roping to get to the nest and found two small young and two piped eggs, the bird made one swoop at me and she then flew from tree to tree uttering that familiar cak-cak-cak. As I had rope I decided to take the Kinglet's nest previously found and got it with eight fresh eggs, getting Kinglet's nest is rather a trying feat, one has to climb the tree well above the nest and then tie a rope and then crawl down and tie the rope to some other tree and slide down rope after the nest. While packing a Hummer flew past me and went to a nest in open pine, which on climbing I found to contain two young just out of eggs. Two nests of Pileolated Warbler were found with small young, nests were sunk even with ground under bushes.

June 26th. This was my last chance at Grosbeaks and as I left the hotel five birds, four males and one female were eating at the kitchen door, as they flushed I noted direction they went and worked up after them but never saw a sign of birds during rest of day. From a rocky hillside a female Nighthawk was flushed from a set of two eggs placed in a gravelled place in rocks, found several nests of West. Warbling Vireo and found them with from one to three eggs, incubation far

advanced which indicated that my nest robbing animal was after these birds also.

Another nest and four eggs of Green-tailed Towhee was collected from a bush about three feet from ground and in bushes along river, Mountain Song Sparrow had nest with two eggs, in a little stream a pair of Townsend's Solitaires were noted and rest of time afield was spent in unsuccessfully trying to locate their nest. Disappointment after disappointment was met with on this trip but I was not discouraged and hope to some day return and see how I missed the nest of the Grosbeaks and Grouse and to find out what took so many of my incomplete sets.

H. W. CARRIGER,
Oakland, Calif.

BLACK CAPPED CHICKADEE

On the twenty-sixth day of April, 1917, I noticed a Black-capped Chickadee standing in the entrance of a hole, three feet above the ground, in an old peach tree stump. I thought the date too early for this bird to begin nest building, and supposed it to be only prospecting for a possible nesting site.

I might say that the spring has been unusually late and all birds are late in the construction of their nests; as it was a surprise to me to see, three days later, the chickadee again fly to the hole, this time with the lava of some butterfly in its beak. I went near quietly and heard tiny voices from within. I tapped the stump lightly and the parent bird flew out and lit on a nearby twig. The hole was nearly ten inches deep, and in the nest below was seen three, nearly feathered chicks.

After the young had flown, which was shortly afterward, I examined the nest and found it to be made mostly

of what looked like rabbit's fur and fibers of tree bark.

I think the date early and the nesting site low, but Reed says there is no set elevation, but usually low.

RALPH DONAHUE,
Bonner Springs, Ks.

A Suggestion in Regard to Datas.

Do other collectors think that it would be a good idea to keep an account on the back of the datas. Telling the hands that this data has passed through. Say for example, I received a data from another collector. Then on the back I write (Added to Collection of Ramon Graham, Ft. Worth, Texas, March 1, 1917. Data number 1,000). Let the data number denote the number of datas that has passed through your hands. In my collection I have some datas with the names of the collectors that the datas has belonged to and it is interesting to see the route that the data has taken before it was received by me. I also suggest a standard data, one that will slip in an envelope, and have plenty room on the back for the above information. If others think this is a good or bad plan, please let us hear from you through *The Oologist*. Giving your reason why it is a good or bad plan. I would like Mr. Barnes to give us advice on the subject.

Ramon Graham, Taxidermist.
Ft. Worth, Texas.

[The editor always endorses each data received with the data of its receipt and the name of the collector from whom it is received.—Editor.]

BIRD ACCIDENTS.

During the last year my bird collection has been greatly enriched by certain accidents to birds of this county. It seems that more birds are killed by striking overhead wires than any other way.

Last September I found the bruised body of a Sora Rail on the south side of a tall flag pole. Some time later a Red-headed Woodpecker got mixed up in some high voltage wires and was instantly killed. I was near and heard the crackling sound, and saw the bird drop groundward. I have a Robin and a Baltimore Oriole that struck against ordinary telephone wire and killed themselves.

Last Month, April, 1917, a friend of mine brought to me for mounting, a Loon of beautiful plumage. He told me that he found this bird alive but paralyzed under some wires of high tension, near the Lake of the Woods. Evidently it too, like the Woodpecker, had become electrocuted. (I would like to ask someone who knows, if this bird was out of its regular boundaries; it never being noted in this part of the state by me or any one that I have spoken to concerning the same.)

Sometime ago, a Bob-white flew up ahead of me and dashed against a wire of a barb wire fence with such force that its neck was broken and its skull broken in.

Observations show that bird accidents are on the increase rather than decline.

Ralph Donahue.

Bonner Springs, Kans.

Double Crested Cormorant.

A. O. U. 120.

Members of the Steganapodes seem to be rather rare visitors in Nelson County. I have but one reliable record of any bird of this order being taken here. On the 30th day of September, 1916, a Double-crested Cormorant was taken near Samuels in this county. The collector stated that he saw seven of these birds on the water, and with a double-barrel shot gun fired at them but missed. A second shot brought

down an immature bird. It measured thirty and one-half inches in length, tail with 12 feathers, back brownish with black margins to feathers; under parts brown and breast white or buff.

This Cormorant winters in Southern United States north to Illinois and Virginia, but likely these birds would have passed farther south for the winter. A veteran hunter of Bardstown told me of a Cormorant that he had seen here, that was of a bluish color and smaller than the Double-crested Cormorant. It undoubtedly was a Mexican Cormorant (A.O.U. 121) as that species is said to wander north casually to Illinois. As I did not see this Cormorant, I cannot be positive of its identity.

Ben J. Blincoe.
Bardstown, Ky.

A Runt.

Last spring I took a set of chipping sparrow eggs, three of which were the normal size, and one a decided runt. This set measured .87x.51, .86x.50, .86x.48 and .54x.52.

These eggs as a rule have very little variation either in color or size. Out of about a hundred nests of these birds that I have examined in the last three years this is the first runt that I have found.

A. D. Martin.

Unusual Bird Incidents.

Abnormally wet May and June have seriously interfered with visits to our woods birds during the nesting season. Busy people who reserve Sundays to commune with Nature must needs this year to sit in the chimney corner and listen to the patter of the gentle rain drops converting the roads to the timber country into paste unpalatable for the "Flivers."

As I write this Monday morning I hear the voices of three Woods Birds entering my typewriter window (The voices, I mean are entering).

A Crested Flycatcher is screaming his challenges. A Cardinal is whistling his "Whoit, whoit, whoit" and a Wood Pewee sounding his mournful lays. These three "Back-wooders" are nesting in the village and a review of my boyhood days does not recall a single instance when either of the three ever more than passed through the village during nesting season.

Verily times are changing for the bird lover. The forests are being destroyed and new homes must be found in the tree lined streets of the villages and larger towns.

May 29th—Mowing the grass in the village cemetery revealed a Prairie Hen nest with a complement of eight eggs.

May 28th—Two miles north of Philo I saw a Prairie Hen's nest into which the prolific female had deposited 19 eggs—quite the largest set I have ever noted. The nest was along roadside within eight feet of passing autos.

Same date—An Upland Plover was covering four eggs only five feet from passing vehicles along a country road.

May 10—A Meadowlark discovered in a plowed field with nest and five eggs. It was a strange sight. Not a spear of grass or weed near but nest sheltered under a furrow. First experience of this nature.

June 10th—A pair of Orchard Orioles have completed a nest in a small ash tree at side of Bank building only 50 feet from main street. The sapling stands directly over a Gasoline serving station with the exhaust from a dynamo engine popping off only thirty feet away.

Guy Day of our neighboring village of Sidney, showed me nest of Chipping Sparrow. Quite a find. The last one I saw was in 1896. Why is it no one has seemed to note the scarcity of this bird? Or is central Illinois the only

vicinity deserted by *Spizella socialis*?

On Sunday, June 4th, I located the nest of a Coot. When first found it contained 4 eggs. If I could have collected the full set it would have made No. 95 in my collection of nests and eggs in my ten-mile radius. Coot adds another name, however, to my list of birds found nesting in my circle, making number 109. The set, I missed, for continued rains washed away all traces of the nesting site.

Isaac E. Hess.

Philo, Ills.

MARRIED

Announcement is received from Capt. John William Carey of the marriage of his daughter, Florence Lillian, to Paul G. Howes, at Brooklyn, New York, Monday, June 18th, 1917.

Mr. Howes is one of the best friends the Oologist ever had and we are pleased to know that he is now a full fledged benedict.

Mr. and Mrs. Howes will be at home to their friends at 91 Hope Street, Stamford, Connecticut. We congratulate Mr. Howes upon joining the branch of the benedicts and certainly congratulate his wife on having secured one of the best fellows for a husband that we have ever met.

Please

During 1917 whenever you write to The Oologist on business. Try and enclose a short bird note, no matter how short, if only a line or referring to some interesting thing you have noticed in Birddom. It will help make a better Oologist.

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WANTED—Skins and skulls of N. A. Mammals, skins of Ravens, Hawks, Owls, Grouse, etc. A. H. HLEME, Miller Place, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Grandfathers Clock, Edison Home Phonograph with records, Snapping Turtle eggs in sets 1-27, 1-33, 1-46 first class, good data. Want eggs in sets and good grade double gun. JAMES O. JOHNSON, 310 N. Main, Southington, Conn.

FOR SALE—Two handsome Virginia Red Cedar cabinets suitable for eggs or skins. Also one smaller Walnut Cabinet, cheap. WHARTON HUBER, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

WANTED—To exchange lepidoptera with collectors in every part of the world. Send your list of offers. Please write. THEODORE R. GREER, Aledo, Illinois.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demerest, N. J.

Oologist Tools and Supplies. Books and Magazines of every description, Fishing Rods and Tackle. Lists, quotations promptly sent. BENJAMIN HOAG, Garfield, N. Y.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

I have 180 different numbers of The Oologist covering 32 years, some very rare. Will sell for cash, or trade for books, birds or mammal skins. Make me an offer for what ones you need. A. B. HOWELL, Covina, Cal.

WANTED—Hearst's Magazine for August, September, October, 1916. Will pay reasonable cash price. EARLE R. FORREST, 261 Locust Ave., Washington, Penn.

FOR EXCHANGE—Two Volumes of Auk, some fine numbers of Geographic magazines and other kinds to exchange for Indian relics or eggs. C. G. HART, East Berlin, Conn., Box 47.

I have Bird Lore's Vols. IV to XVIII inclusive—15 complete volumes with all plates and indexes; also many odd numbers and full volumes to exchange for cash or good ornithological reading. A. H. VILAS, 124 S. East Ave., Oak Park, Illinois.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

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WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Greyfalcons left. Snow and Grey Owls, Swordfish head, Cocoons and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centepedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Jbises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

TO EXCHANGE—For best offers, Oologist, 05, 1911, Birds of Michigan (paper Cook, '93) Chap. East. Birds '01. Several hundred eastern. WM. WILKOWSKI, 225 E. Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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WANTED—Complete volumes of the Oologist. State prices in first letter. DeLOACH MARTIN, Marshall, Texas.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY

VOL. XXXIV. No. 9.

ALBION, N. Y., SEPT. 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 362

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 362 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

WANTED—Skin of Razorbill Auk and Auhinga, offer Brandts Cormorant, etc., in exchange. Offer either cash or exchange in Indian and African Big Game horns, for skin of Penquin Apterix, Owl Parrot, Kea, or other foreign bird skins that I can use. Send list. WM. J. HACKMEIER, 645 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

I want finely mounted drakes in full plumage or skins that will mount up nicely, of the following: European Widgeon, Surf, and American Scoter and all the Eiders. GERARD ALAN ABBOTT, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

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FOR EXCHANGE.—Bird and Mammal skins from this the Ozark Mt. Region. Wanted: Condors, Vols. Fourteen to Eighteen inclusive. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

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EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

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If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

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SPECIAL OFFER—Send for sample of my data with your name printed on them, 500 for \$1.00 postpaid. EDW. S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass

WANTED—For exchange, a set with nest of MacGillivray's Sea-side Sparrow, Sparrows, Warblers, Vireos, Finches, Orioles, Flycatchers, Hummingbirds, Buntings Tanagers, Sets of Loons, Murrelets, Gulls, Albatross, Petrels, Phalaropes, Sandpipers, Plovers, Kites, Hawks, Owls and Woodpeckers. Send lists in full. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

PASSENGER PIGEONS: Have one mounted bird in fair condition to exchange for best offer in rare sets. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pennsylvania.

Can offer fine U. S. or Foreign stamps for eggs not in my collection. Must be full sets with complete data. L. W. HUDSON, Selma, Calif.

WANTED—Collections of first-class sets and sets with nests and large rare singles. Send list. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Will be glad to hear from reliable collectors and to receive their lists. Have good list to offer including some rare species. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pa.

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WANTED—Singles or broken sets in quantities, or small lots; also books on Taxidermy, curios, etc. J. E. HARRIS, 259 Maple St., Dayton, Ohio.

Having recently purchased the large private collection of the late J. W. Preston, of Cheney, Wash. I have a magnificent exchange list to offer. I especially desire waders, grouse and warblers, but can use many others. B. R. BALES, M. D., Circleville, Ohio.

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THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 9

ALBION, N. Y., SEPT. 15, 1917.

WHOLE NO. 362

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N.Y., and Lacon, Ill.



Grizzly bear killed by one of the Editor's collector's assistants and the Mountain West of Battle River, Alberta, Canada, Spring 1917.

From the Far Northwest

A collector of the Oologist located on the Peace River, Northwest Alberta Province, Canada, writes among things:

"I did practically nothing in egg collecting this Spring, taking only one set of Canada Goose which contained the usual number of seven eggs, and one of the Night Hawk. The Spring was so late and snow held on so long that I gave up the Hay River trip and went bear hunting on the Third branch of Battle River instead. We had only fair success, getting five black bear, two browns and a grizzly. I saw many hawks' nests, but the few that were occupied were Redtails and I did not bother with them.

I think the lack of Hawks and Owls breeding is to be attributed to the same cause as the scarcity of fur animals, and that is a lack of rabbits. In this country at intervals of about seven years, rabbits became so numerous that they simply swarm over the country and fur bearing animals which feed on them are plentiful, and also different birds of prey, as Hawks, Raven, Owls and Eagles. The rabbits remain plentiful for about three seasons and then they die out almost completely, and the animals and birds which subsist on them disappear also.

We are in such a lean season now and it would be several years before they are abundant again.

I note what you say about Northern Shrike, Bohemian Waxwing and Evening Grosbeak and I have always been on the lookout for such sets, but have never yet seen many of these birds here except in winter and early spring. In regard to the Bufflehead Duck, it is a common breeder on the lakes and sloughs, but I have never been fortunate enough to find a nest; and the same is true of the Yellowlegs and also the Solitary Sandpiper.

Here there is very little water in the shape of lakes and sloughs, and if any rare birds, I think most likely they will be principally among the Sparrows and Warblers, etc. To the North about a hundred miles is Hay Lake, which I am informed simply swarms with all kinds of water fowl, and I intend to see it the first opportunity; probably next Spring. Very few white men have ever seen this lake, and it ought to be good.

I expect to contribute something to The Oologist this winter as I will have my note books and plenty of leisure in the long winter evenings. I am now pretty well established and expect to make a good hunt every spring, and will always keep an eye open for anything rare in the egg line.

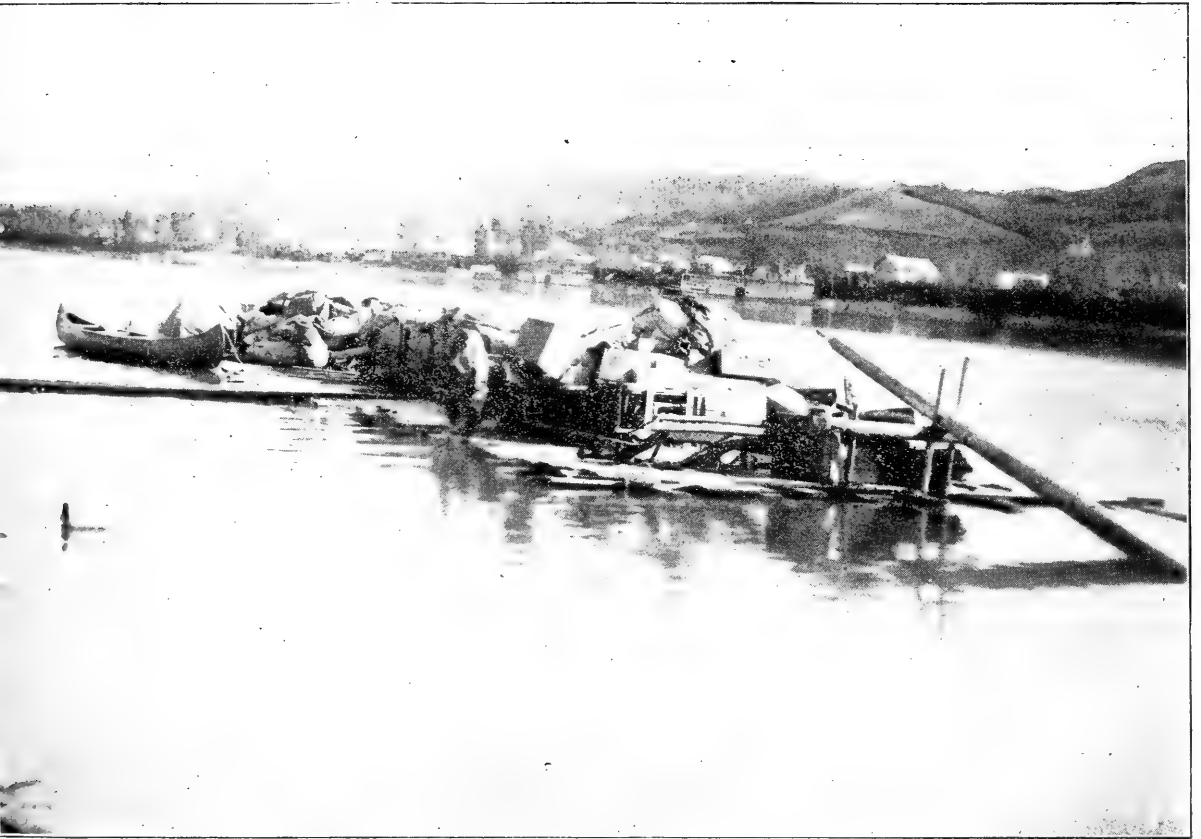
Some Interesting Birds of the Judith Basin, Montana.

No. 4

P. M. Silloway

Nest No. 22. June 13. Western Yellow Warbler. The Yellow Warbler in the Judith Basin of Montana is practically limited to the bottom timber of the water-courses. It frequents the patches of willow and haw thickets in the meanders of the streams and irrigated regions, and its hurried ripple of song is closely timed with the bursting of the tree-buds into foliage and flower. The nests are constructed during the first two weeks of June, while the males are in full song, and full sets of eggs are ready about the middle of that month.

June 13 found me visiting the willow groves along Spring Creek in the neighborhood of Lewiston, for the melody of the spring songsters was an invitation not to be ignored, and I imagined that the snugly built nests of the Yellow Warblers were waiting for the inspection of some eager



One of the Editor's collectors starting for Peace River landing to his new home on Battle River, Alberta, Canada, Spring 1917.

ologist. True, there were nests for the finding. The Warbler frequently chooses a location in the rose bushes which fringe the thickets of willow and haw, and in such a place I found the nest I am describing. It was in a rose sprout, made against a triple fork two feet from the ground. The exterior portions of the structure were made of striplings of weed stems, and within it was smoothly finished with gossamer and white materials, scantily lined with horse-hair, a beautiful nest. There were five fresh eggs in this nest.

Nest No. 23. Yellow Warbler. The second nest of this Warbler on June 13 was in a place similar to that just described. It was made in a cherry bush, in a triple crotch eighteen inches from the ground. It will be noticed that the sites of the nests of this Warbler are not generally in high locations, the preference seeming to be in the bushes which fringe the dwarf trees rather than in the trees themselves. The female of this pair sat close upon her nest and manifested no fear, so that I was tempted to try a picture with her on the nest. After many minutes of waiting and trial I finally made a fair exposure with an ordinary Premo lens and shutter, but as my time was limited the result was not satisfactory as a work of art though it showed that with careful arrangements a fine picture might be made of her peering out of the nest. The little structure was covered outside with a large amount of white cottony material, the main walls being of weed-bark and stripings, lined with finer materials and horse-hair. Five fresh eggs constituted the nest complement. It seems that there is considerable variation in the beginning of the nesting period of this Warbler, for on this same day, June 13, I found a nest in a rose bush

with young hatched out and stretching up their necks with mouths gaping for food.

Nest No. 24. June 14. Bobolink. The Bobolink in the Judith Basin of Montana is confined to the agricultural districts, its preference being the little patches of meadow in the meanders of the creek bottoms. By the middle of June the males are in the height of their rollicking songs, and it appears that their outbursts of merry jingles are uttered most frequently in the vicinity of the nest. I have read much in the ornithological descriptions about the skill with which the female enters and leaves her nest in order to conceal the location of her grassy cot, but my experience with the Bobolink in the Judith Basin gives me a different notion of the actions of this species. If a male can be noticed singing in a particular neighborhood of limited area, frequenting the same locality day after day, the nest can generally be located not far from the center of his loudest outbursts. And if a female can be observed to alight or come or go from a marked place in the meadow, the nest can generally be found without great difficulty. This nest No. 24 was found by watching the actions of the owners. The male was sitting on a fence post, and presently the female flew directly from the grass in which the nest was located. I fixed the place in mind, and walked straight to the nest, which was in the base of a tuft of green grass, the site being a slight depression among the stems. The structure was entirely of dried grass, the lining being of finer materials than the outer wall. The cavity was two and three-fourths inches across at the brim, and two inches deep. There were three eggs of the Bobolink and two of the Cowbird, all fresh.

Nest No. 25. June 14. Black-headed Grosbeak. This Grosbeak is a regular summer resident of the bottom groves of the Judith Basin, but occurs rather sparsely, as I never found more than one or two nests each season. West of the mountains, in the Flathead region, it is one of the common songsters of summer, but in Fergus County it does not occur so as to be listed as common. In the nest under consideration, the female was sitting on her eggs, a circumstance worth mentioning for it is well-known that the male sits more regularly than the female. The nest was only four feet from the ground, in an oblique fork of a willow bush in the edge of a willow thicket. As usual, the structure was a loose framework of coarse stems and rootlets, and the eggs could be seen through the fabrication from below. Here again we find a peculiar instance of the variations in nest-construction among the birds, for this avian builder leaves plenty of ventilation in the bottom of the nest, while most of the other builders are careful to make the nest almost air-tight in its flooring. This nest held three eggs of the Cowbird, all fresh.

Nest No. 26. June 14. Yellow Warblers were everywhere in evidence in the willow groves, uttering their ringing snatches of song. It is seldom that they choose nesting sites in the trees. This nest was in a rose stem, two and a half feet from the ground, at a place here four twigs forked apart forming an admirable site. The nest was made as usual of weed-bark shavings, and lined with cotony materials and horsehair. The complement was four eggs partially incubated.

June 14. McCown Longspur. My rambles today led me from the rose-patches and willow thickets of the

bottom lands out upon the high dry bench lands adjoining the valley of Big Spring Creek. It was too late for the nesting of the Long-billed Curlews, for the youngsters were leaving the nests and lurking beside the grass tufts. The little Curlews are as hard to find as the nests, for their earliest instincts prompt them to skulk and hide when the elders give the alarm by their harsh scolding overhead, but at length I found an infant Curlew lurking at the base of a small lupine bush. It was while hunting for this baby Curlew that I chanced upon the nest of McCown Longspur. The sitting female was flushed from her nest almost under my foot, and as usual she mounted into the air by the characteristic stair-like flight of this species. Here also we see manifested a strange variation of action among birds of near relationship. This Longspur usually leaves its nest by mounting directly into the air, while the Chestnut-collared species flits away from the nest in irregular horizontal course. These little differences of behavior frequently serve as a guide to the identification of the bird, and aid the field ornithologist in his studies where sacrifice of the living bird is not desirable or necessary. This Longspur nest was on the high dry prairie, at the base of a tuft of lupine. It was made of soft dried grasses rounded into a depression, having no definite shape of its own when removed from the containing space. There were four eggs apparently advanced in incubation.

Nest No. 27. June 14. McCown Longspur. This nest was near the one last described. The female was flushed from the nest, and the male was singing on a nearby tuft of grass. The site was at the base of a tuft of tansy, and like most nests of this species, the brim was on a level

with the surrounding earth. The structure was made of dried grasses, bedded with soft pistils, and the materials were merely laid in to line the depression. There were three eggs partially incubated in this set.

Nest No. 28. June 14. McCown Longspur. This appeared to be Longspur day with me, for my last find was a nest of the McCown's. As in the other instances, the nest was found by flushing the female accidentally from the grass at my feet. The site was the base of a tuft of sparse lupine, and the nest was made of soft dried grasses to line the depression. There were four eggs in this set, and one of them was a runt of unusually small size. At my first glance into the nest, glimpsing the runt specimen, I thought of my old friend, J. Warren Jacobs, whom I knew to be interested in runt eggs of all species, and I decided I had made a find for him. When I prepared the set, I sent them to Mr. Jacobs and later received his acknowledgements of the remembrance, so it appears that Mrs. Longspur laid better than she knew when she squeezed out that little runt egg.

A Day's Outing

On the twentieth of June we started early for a large swamp lying some ten miles away from home. Leaving the inevitable Ford in a farmyard, we soon began to hear a swamp Sparrow a few rods off. After searching carefully in the tussocks of grass I came upon the nest, concealed in the thick covering of a clump. The nest was constructed entirely of dried swamp grass and contained four nicely marked, slightly incubated eggs. We then entered a thick, swampy underbrush, abounding in tall snags, the former home of a pair of Red-headed Woodpeckers, where we saw a female

Downy fly from her home in the top of a dead tree. Unfortunately we had forgotten the climbers and the stump was devoid of convenient limbs so the nest remained unexamined.

White-eyed Vireos were common in the oak saplings, but, although we hunted hard, we were unable to find a single nest. The sight of a Crested Titmouse, rare in this part of New Jersey, raised our hopes again and we watched them eagerly. Soon the mate appeared and my companion saw the first bird fly to a cavity, five feet up in a dead stump. The nest contained five newly hatched young birds which we soon left to the care of the anxious parents.

The next discovery, a Night Heron's nest, we found while following an elusive Redstart. A platform of twigs, twelve feet up, the nest held five downy young Herons who watched our approach with the greatest interest. We looked at the little fellows for a few minutes, then started back towards the car.

After a good meal we entered an old barn where we counted nine occupied Barn Swallows' nests. In a small marsh near the farm were two Redwing nests, one held eggs and young and the other three incubated eggs. Half a dozen yards away was a tussock with five fresh Song Sparrow eggs.

Leaving the farm we crossed the road and headed for the woods across the open fields. I had hardly walked thirty yards when a Meadowlark shot up at my feet, on looking down I saw the eggs, carefully hidden in their arched-over nest, which was sunken into the ground. Walking through the woods we heard many White-eyed Vireos, but when it came to finding their eggs our failure of the morning was repeated. I did however, make one discovery, for, while looking into

an alder, I found a neat nest of dried grasses, lined with a few hairs, placed three feet up and containing three pinkish-white eggs spotted around the larger end with black. On account of the size of the eggs and the situation of the nest, my first thought was that I had found a nest of the Alder Fly-catcher, but as there was no bird in sight we decided to come back later.

Half a mile further on we came to the open swamp and soon heard the song of the Marsh Wrens out in the tall cattails, a rail scurried also at my feet and soon I saw a fine male Sora. The female was chattering in the reeds but it took me some time to find the nest, hidden under a bush. To my disappointment it only held one "pipped" egg. Not far from here I came across a Long-billed Marsh Wren's globular house with a nice set of five slightly incubated eggs. The usual full set of Wren's eggs around here seems to be four or five, rarely six, though most authors give from five to nine in a clutch. We found several dummy nests and my friend saw 2 freshly lined nests, apparently ready for eggs, and I found a nest containing five heavily incubated ones.

We then entered the woods and sat down near a Crow's nest with two almost fledged young, but, in spite of the fact that we waited some time, neither of the old birds put in an appearance. On the way back through the swamp we found two Swamp Sparrow's nest, one held four incubated eggs and the other the same number of young birds.

When we came to the nest which we had failed to identify my companion went ahead with the glasses and saw the female fly from the nest and light on a nearby bush; it was unmistakably a Maryland Yellowthroat. This is the first time I have

ever heard of this bird nesting so high up.

By now it was beginning to get pretty late so we headed for the Ford, well satisfied with the day's work.

I. D. Campbell.

Bernardsville, N. J.

The Passing of the Passenger Pigeon (Ectopistes Migratorious)

There was a time when the Passenger Pigeon was the most common bird in this country; they were so plentiful that would would darken the sky during their migration and would often pass over in unbroken ranks for days. This condition existed as late as the middle of the nineteenth century and during the memory of many of our older inhabitants.

During the Civil War when meat was so scarce in the Southern army this bird was one of their principal foods. Late in the evenings the commanding general would detail a whole company of soldiers to get "meat" for the next days rations. This company would send out "spotters" to locate the roosts which were always in low thickets of trees usually pines. After dark the soldiers armed with sticks and clubs would go to these roosts, which would often cover acres, and would beat the bushes furiously with the sticks until they were worn out and until all the birds had been killed or had flown away. Then they would bring wagons to haul off their "kill" which would often be many hundreds of pounds and would take several wagons to haul them to camp. This is probably the main cause for their rapid decrease but the "Pigeon Traps" also played their part.

This seems impossible when in 1914 there was only one of these birds living. A \$1,000.00 reward was offered to anybody who would find this female a mate, but none was found.

This lone bird was kept in captivity in the hope of finding her a mate until she died which was on September 1st, 1914 at 1 p. m.

With this bird, which was the last representative of such a great species, the once plentiful Passenger Pigeon disappeared from the face of the earth forever .

A. M. Martin.

The information for this article was gotten from the old inhabitants of Texas and from veterans of the Civil War.

A. D. M.

NOTES

A Rare Visitant

In our earlier boyhood days the American Egret was one of the most common birds to be found along this part of the Illinois River. It nested in this county by the hundred, having at least two very large colonies; one of which contained several hundred nests, and in the fall it migrated South along the valley for months by the thousand. Every dead tree and stump was decorated by one of these beautiful pure white birds and the shallow lagoons along the river at times held great droves of them, but they are all gone now. The last Egret nesting in this territory was in 1897, about eleven miles north of Lacon. A small colony of a few which was shut out by a merciless plume hunter.

During the August just past, one lone bird of this variety has been living in the swamps about a mile or south of Lacon. Needless to say, it is attracting a great deal of attention and up to the time of writing, no one has disturbed it.—Editor

Some Rare Birds of Eastern Kansas.

During the winter of 1915-16, a Townsend's Solitaire of the Western United States, was present in this immediate vicinity. Again, last winter,

one was seen. Then on January 4th, a second one showed up. On December 1st, the first one pleased us by a very beautiful warble. They didn't stay around so long as the first one did the year before. They were not seen much after the middle of January; most likely they were mates as they were never far from each other. This bird is rare this far East.

Last summer a Lazuli Bunting was seen at cloes range, singing a song very much like his indigo cousins. He seems to have been a mere freak straggler and had not been heard nor seen before, nor was he after. This was the first of July. As far as can be ascertained, he is a new one for this region.

This spring, at close range, I studied a Black-throated Green Warbler for quite a while, about the middle of May. He sang a very funny little song. This is the second or third specimen reported from Kansas.

A. Sidney Hyde.

Nesting of the Prairie Horned Lark.

As I can find no published record of the actual finding of a nest of the Prairie Horned Lark (*Otocoris alpestris praticola*) in my own locality, the following notes may be of interest.

A friend of mine, Mr. Percival Wardwell, told me that that Prairie Horned Larks had nested on a hill pasture in front of his house at Stoneham, Mass., in 1915, and again in 1916. He did not keep a note of the date he found the nest in 1915, but last year, 1916, he found a nest containing three eggs on April 19th. On April 24th the nest contained young. May 2nd the nest was empty.

On March 25, 1917, I visited the pasture and saw one of the Larks feeding there. On April 1st, I saw a pair of the birds and they were very tame. They kept near a low rock

which seemed a favorite perch for them, as the top of it was well covered with white droppings.

April 8th I made a careful search for the nest and finally found it about twenty feet from the rock before mentioned. It was a rather deep hollow in the sod, lined with grass, a piece of string, a couple of feathers and a small piece of cotton batting. It contained three eggs, which appeared normal in size and color for this sub-species. Small cakes of mud, evidently dug out of the nest hole by the birds and dried from exposure to the sun, were scattered around the edge of the nest. Otherwise than this, there was nothing to mark the site of the nest from the surrounding sods, covered at that time with dry remains of last year's scanty growth of grass and moss. No green sprouts of any kind were visible on the pasture at this early date.

The following day, April 9th, nine inches of snow fell, drifting to a much greater depth in some places. Two days later the snow melted and the ground was once more bare, and eggs were safe after the storm, but I was very much disappointed to find the nest empty.

Mr. Wardwell says that in a previous season when snow covered the nest, the birds managed to clear it away enough so that they kept on incubating eggs. Possibly they cleared it away this time and thus attracted the attention of a crow or some predatory animal to the nest and its contents, as the ground all around it must have been an unbroken white expanse immediately after the storm.

While crossing the pasture about a week later Mr. Wardwell found two of the missing eggs lying on the ground about fifteen feet from the nest. One was broken and looked as though some bird might have pecked

it open. The other was in perfect condition, but proved to be fairly heavily incubated. About seventy-five yards from the spot where this early nest was disturbed, the same pair of birds, built a new nest, and on April 29th, it contained four young ones about two days old.

About a mile from this pasture is another bare rounded hill top of quite similar character situated within the limits of the next town, Wakefield, Mass. On April 8th Mr. Wardwell and I visited this hill in Wakefield and there we soon located another pair of Prairie Horned Larks, which were feeding near the summit.

April 14th, Mr. E. S. Coombs and I found this same pair of birds on the same part of the hill and we vainly searched for their nest. April 21st, I again made a thorough search and finally found the nest, which contained four eggs. This nest and nesting site was almost identical with the ones found at Stoneham.

Both of these pastures where the larks are breeding are on the rounded summits of the highest hills in this section and the surface of the ground is even and unbroken, except where an occasional low rock crops out perhaps a foot or two high. The only vegetation is a scanty growth of grass and moss and these hill-tops are the most bleak and storm swept places around here.

No other birds were seen on them early in April, and probably no one would expect to find birds there at that season unless looking especially for larks.

Mr. C. W. Townsend in this "Birds of Essex County, Mass." gives the Prairie Horned Lark as a probable breeder in Essex County on the strength of birds in juvenile plumage being shot in that county in the middle of August, 1903,

Mr. William Brewster in his "Birds of the Cambridge Region" includes it as a probable breeder in his district because birds in juvenile plumage have been taken there also.

The hills where I found these larks breeding are in Middlesex County and are directly between Essex County and the region of which Mr. Brewster writes, but are not included within the limits described in either book.

I think this is the first time that a nest of this sub-species has been actually found in this county. The action of the birds were quite similar around both the nests which contained eggs. The female would always leave the nest before I got near enough to see her, and my first glimpse of her would be while she was walking away slowly and apparently feeding.

Usually the male bird would soon join her and they would walk ahead of me until they reached the edge of the pasture and then they would fly back within a short distance of the nest and begin to run around and feed once more.

On April 21st, after spending much time in a vain search for the nest in Wakefield, I finally drove the birds to the edge of the pasture and then watched the female as she flew back toward the center once more and alighted on a rock. I kept out of sight as much as possible and waited to see what she would do. After a few minutes hesitation, she walked down off the rock and went straight to the nest and resumed incubating.

When we found the young birds in the nest at Stoneham, on April 29th, the parents were quite tame and remained close by as we looked at the young ones.

I believe this sub-species is a comparatively recent addition to the avifauna of eastern Massachusetts, but possibly a careful search might prove

them to be more common than we expect. This is my first experience with them in nearly twenty years of active field work.

The Boston Society of Natural History has on exhibition a set of eggs of these birds which were taken in Norfolk County by Mr. F. S. Kennard, and it is very evident that they are gradually extending their breeding range.

Horace O. Green,
Wakefield, Mass.

Books Received

In the "Haunts of the Swanson's Warbler" by M. T. Cleggley, this little pamphlet containing a title page, a page of introductory matter and three pages of descriptive matter and four half tones as the title indicates, gives the experiences of the writer in collecting eggs of this rare species in the vicinity of Augusta, Georgia, in which he makes the statement that he has collected seventy-three sets, truly a splendid series.

* * *

"From Tasmania,"—few of the many publications reaching our desk are perused with more interest than the annual description of the Tasmanian Field Naturalist Club annual camp-outs, 1916 and '17 reports of which has just reached us. In 1916 thirty-five members of the club camped at a point on the island of Tasmania called Eagle Hawk neck and in 1917 thirty-three members of the club camped at Wedge Bay, Tasmania. Each of these reports are illustrated by a considerable number of well gotten up half tones and each are divided in first, a general history of the expedition; second, Botanical notes; third, Zoological report; fourth, Entomological report and fifth, Ornithological report. The latter, of course, being to the writer the most interesting.

A large number of birds are referred to in which one of these reports and to read the report would give the ordinary ornithologist a serious attack of the wonderlist, and it is no wonder that the average collector would like to visit the territory of the Wedge Tail Eagle, Scarlet Breasted, Flame-breasted and Dusky Robin, Gray-tail Whistler, Whistling Shrike Thrush, Blue Wren and Honey eaters, etc. Our friends in Tasmania are certainly to be congratulated upon the getting up of these reports as well as upon the contents and upon the opportunities afforded by such objects.

* * *

Frank L. Burns favors us with a Miss Lawson's recollections of Ornithology published in the Auk XXXIV Number 3 which we had already read with more than ordinary pleasure. Anything that comes from the pen of Mr. Burns is worthy of perusal by any bird student.

Early Nesting of the Solitary Vireo In Pennsylvania.

On May 24th, 1913, Mr. Samuel Dickey and the writer were working down a steep ravine in Huntington County looking for nests of the Hooded Warbler when I heard a note which instantly brought back Pike County associations of this bird. Looking about, I came upon a nest placed seven feet up in a deciduous bush near a log road, and which held at this date four full fledged young. Both birds sang about the nest and fed the young with absolute unconcern at our presence. The average time for fresh sets of this species is about May 28th, though it is an irregular breeder, as I have found nests with eggs as late as July 15th, but this pair beats by a full month, all my previous records.

The average Vireo period of incu-

bation is twelve days, while the young were probably ten days old at the least, so that the set must have been completed by May 2d, and the nest must have been started by April 25th.

This year I hope to look into the matter still further, and take a few specimens from this locality for it is a question in my mind as to whether these birds from the southern mountains of Pennsylvania may not tend toward the southern form of the Solitary Vireo,—the Mountain Solitary.

Richard C. Harlow,
State College, Pa.

New Hampshire Notes.

This year more northern birds stayed with us than usual. Juncos, always abundant on the higher elevations, have been common on the lower lands. Until this year I never chanced to find a Junco's nest. This year, however, I stumbled on four, three of which were still in the course of construction when discovered. One was discovered by seeing a large garter snake just finishing devouring the half-grown young. White-throated Sparrows have also stayed with us in a larger number than usual. One pair of Tree Sparrows stayed here to breed.

Several pairs of Black Ducks raised their young near the Contocook River. One female layed seven eggs, and then deserted her nest. I hatched one egg under a hen and raised the duckling to maturity.

Spotted Sandpipers have bred in larger numbers than in recent years.

The pair of Northern Pileated Woodpeckers mentioned in the February number raised a nestful of young to maturity in a tree about two miles distant from their former nesting tree, which was blown over.

Stuart T. Danforth,
East Jaffrey, N. H.

Bendire's Crossbill In Kansas.

To have a flock of birds come suddenly swooping down from the north in fall, winter here, and have a pair raise a brood of young before returning north in the spring, sounds like the wildest of legends but it isn't. Such a thing happened here last winter when a flock on September 11th ranged the vicinity during the winter, and returned north in the spring (rather late), leaving an ambitious pair who feared not the early season in which to rear a brood.

The nest was discovered on March 22nd. It was about twenty feet up in a dying cedar, well placed amongst up-right twigs. The female stayed on the nest until I was surprisingly near to it. The nest was rather scraggly from the outside, but a firm little hollow it was on the inside. The outside was made of cedar twigs, while the inside was lined with rootlets and feathers. It, as a whole, was rather bulky for so small a bird. The contents were one pale, very pale blue egg blotched with blackish. I was pleased to see the female return to the nest after my descent.

At a later date there were three eggs, which hatched into youngsters who flew for the north with their parents not until June.

This is the first time Bendire's or any other, as far as I know, Crossbill has been known to nest in the State.

A. S. Hyde,
Topeka, Kan.

Woodpeckers and Flying Squirrels.

Last season, 1916, while out collecting I located a Flicker's nest in the trunk of a dead tree in a creek bed. On climbing to the nest hole, several flying squirrels flew from the top of the tree. The Flicker's hole held young and eggs.

On returning to the tree this year, the Flicker had young in the same

hole, which had been much enlarged at the entrance to admit my hand. A red-headed Woodpecker had taken up his abode about two feet above the Flicker's home and at this time held highly incubated eggs, while the usual large family of squirrels occupied the remaining top of the tree which did not extend more than eight feet above the Woodpecker's hole and consisted of but a few broken up limbs. Five squirrels flew from the tree and one at least remained in the hollow top. There appeared to be no dissention in this curious family, all occupying the same tree top in harmony.

Albert J. Kirn.

The Egret in New Jersey

The occurrence of any "White" Herons beyond their habitat is of like interest to the layman and ornithologist. Like the appearance of an eagle, everybody gets a gun to slay the bird or birds whenever any appears and the hand of man is the cause of their disappearance in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

I have twice seen the Egret (*Herodias egretta*) near Philadelphia, in New Jersey. On August 11, 1913, I observed one on the river flats at Palmyra, near the Pensanken Creek, near Fork's Landing.

The Egret is of rare occurrence nowadays in this part of New Jersey which is within six miles of Philadelphia, as very few straggle any more beyond their breeding grounds, although in former years they occurred annually on the Delaware River and Tributaries in small numbers.

Richard F. Miller.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

FOR EXCHANGE—Eastern and Western bird skins for species, sexes and plumage not in my collection. C. L. PHILLIPS, 5 W. Weir St., Taunton, Mass.

The following skins with measurements and full data to exchange for good full sets—Crow, 1 male; Roadrunner, 1 female; Coot, 1 female, Hermit Thrush, 1 male, 1 female; Scissortail Flycatcher, 1 male; Grey-tailed Cardinal 1 male, 1 female; White-crowned Sparrow, 1 male, 1 female; Vesper Sparrow, 2 males; Western Lark Sparrow, 2 males; Myrtle Warbler, 1 male, 1 female; 1 Chipping Sparrow, 1 female, Field Sparrow, 1 male, Bell Vireo, 1 male. ELTON PERRY, 610 Baylor St., Austin Texas.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

WANTED—Entire collections of eggs, also eggs of Rare North American Birds. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection. Can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Several sets 1/2-1/1 Mississippi Kite. All eggs first class with complete data. Personally collected. H. S. SOWERS, Brownell, Ks.

EGGS FOR SALE—Two Emu, 2 Ostrich, 2 Rea 20-1, Calif. Murre. Many others. Full data. J. M. BENEDICT, Jr., Centralia, Wash.

A-1 SETS of Xantes Murrelet, Black Vented Shearwater, Fraier Oystercatcher, Black Oystercatcher, Hurmans Gull, Elegant Tern, Duck Hawk, Am. Raven, Farallone Rail and others. E. E. SECHRIST, San Diego, Calif.

FOR EXCHANGE—Sets of 30 1-1, 201 1-5, 191 5-4, 202 10-3, 6-4, 263 1-3, 333 1-3 3-4, 335 1-4, 339 5-2, 488 2-3 4-4 3-5, 498 1-3, 540 1-4, 563 1-4, 581 1-4, 584 5-3 1-4, 593 1-2 3-3, 598 1-3, 624 1-3 2-4, 705 3-4, 725 1-5. Ostrich and Emen, one egg each. Full data. RICHARD F. MILLER, 2069 East Tioga St., Philadelphia, Penn.

If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

FOR EXCHANGE—406, 412, 474b, 506, 617, 552, 622b, for 6, 51, 77, 214, 385, 497, 743 and others equally common. WILL PLANK, Decatur, Arkansas.

WANTED—Complete perfect Vols. Condor, Nidologist and The Warbler. Can offer full choice sets of 77 1-3, 139 n-10, 140 n-11, 190 1-5, 261 1-4, 273 3-4, 224 1-4, 278 1-3, 300 1-12, 390 1-7, 416 2-2, 417 1-2, 473 B1-4, 475 1-7, 467 1-4, 480 1-5, 481 1-4 1-5, 490 2-5, 492-5, 533 n-4, 510 2-5, 561 11-4, 587 1-4, 595 2-4, 604 1-4, 614 1-6, 617 1-5, 619 2-5, 657 n-4, 676 2n-5, 677 2n-5, 702 1-4, 755 1-4, etc. etc. W. H. BINGAMAN, Algona, Iowa.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send for sample of my data with your name printed on them, 500 for \$1.00 postpaid. EDW. S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—For exchange, a set with nest of MacGillivray's Sea-side Sparrow, Sparrows, Warblers, Vireos, Finches, Orioles, Flycatchers, Hummingbirds, Buntings Tanagers, Sets of Loons, Murrelets, Gulls, Albatross, Petrels, Phalaropes, Sandpipers, Plovers, Kites, Hawks, Owls and Woodpeckers. Send lists in full. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

Will be glad to hear from reliable collectors and to receive their lists. Have good list to offer including some rare species. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pa.

A1 Sets Swallow-tailed Kite, Gray Kingbird and common birds for collecting gun and camera. J. B. ELLIS, Chokoloskee, Fla.

Can offer U. S. or Foreign stamps for eggs. Also single eggs with hole in end for exchange. Will buy eggs not in my collection. GEO. E. ARNOLD, Whitten, Iowa.

WANTED—To correspond with collector^s having perfect sets of Murrelets, Anklets, Tropic birds, Mex. Jacana, Limpkin, Turnstone, Bartram's Piper and No. Phalarope. Can offer Loons, Albatross's, Hawks, Owls and Mourning and Cerulean Warblers, etc. All answered. HAROLD MEYERS, Medina, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE: For best offers. Birds of Michigan (Cook '93) Birds of E. A. Chapman, '01, 80 Oologist 200 first-class skins, drills, scalpel, etc. WM. WILKOWSKI, Kalamazoo, Mich. Care Gen. Delvy.

WANTED—Sets of 113.1, 249, 252, 260, 298, 332, 344, 393c, 399, 463, 521, 573, 583, 685, etc. J. H. BOWLES, The Woodstock, Tacoma, Wash.

WANTED—Lists of choice sets from reliable collections. I can offer Sandhill Crane, Swallow-tail Kite, Bald and Golden Eagle, Duck Hawk, Snowy Owl and many others. All answered. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

EXCHANGE—Extraordinary choice cabinet sets and sets with nests with full and accurate data for sets and large rare singles. Send 2 cent stamp for list. Send list in full. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

WANTED—Singles or broken sets in quantities, or small lots; also books on Taxidermy, curios, etc. J. E. HARRIS, 259 Maple St., Dayton, Ohio.

Having recently purchased the large private collection of the late J. W. Preston, of Cheney, Wash. I have a magnificent exchange list to offer. I especially desire waders, grouse and warblers, but can use many others. B. R. BALES, M. D., Circleville, Ohio.

FOR EXCHANGE—295 1-10, 310c 1-12, 325 1-2, 326 1-2, 329 1-1, 333 1-4, 334a 1-3, 335 1-4, 337a 1-3, 341 1-2, 342 1-3, 345 1-2, 346 1-2, 360 1-4, 368b 1-2, 373b 1-3, 416 1-2, 417a 1-2, 421 1-2, 487 1-5, 594 1-8, 394a 1-3, 718b N-6, 726a 1-5, 729 1-6, 734 1-5, 736a N-6 and others. all first class, personally collected, full data. E. F. POPE, Colmesneil, Texas.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Grey-falcons left. Snow and Grey Owls, Swordfish head, Coccoons and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centipedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Jbises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

THE OÖLOGIST.



VOL. XXXIV. No. 10

ALBION, N. Y., OCT. 15, 1917.

WHOLE No. 363

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

FOR CHRISTMAS

THE OÖLOGIST will issue a specially attractive number for the December, 1917, Christmas issue. We have on hand an article by that prince of scientists Dr. R. W. Schufeldt on the subject of "Interesting nests and eggs of some Western Birds," illustrated by four photographs of beautifully preserved nests, taken by the author himself. Some of these photographs are large. The largest being 7 1-2 x 8 1-2 inches and would make a beautiful subject for framing.

Owing to the size of these photographs, it will be necessary that they be inserted in the magazine as separates and they can be used for framing advantageously.

Any of our subscribers who desire to place an order for extra copies of this Christmas issue for themselves or to be sent to their friends, should place these orders early. The photographs themselves are unusually perfect and the plates are as good as money can buy and science produce.

R. M. BARNES.

A Fraud

Joseph F. Honacker, "U. S. Ornithologist," Spokane, Wash.

Once in a while it becomes the duty for *The Oologist* to warn reputable egg collectors against the fraudulent practices of some person who seeks to impose upon the fraternity. This is not a pleasant duty. However, it is one that must be performed if the science is to be kept free from this class of parasites.

The man whose name is at the head of this column at present located in Spokane, is one of this class.

October 13, 1916, this man wrote the Editor that he could let us have a set of three eggs of the rare Harpy Eagle, and also "some Passenger Pigeons' eggs." We arranged to secure this set of Harpy Eagle's eggs upon an exchange basis of \$60 in specimens.

October 24, 1916, he wrote us that a party in San Francisco had offered \$75 for these eggs.

November 2d he wrote us selecting the specimens that he wanted for the Harpy Eagle's eggs. These specimens were forwarded.

Later, November 13th he wrote again that in examining a 1905 Lat-tin's catalogue "on the second cover page I see that there is a discount of 25 per cent on orders amounting to \$10 or over, and as my order amounts to \$60 I am entitled to the \$15 discount." Of course we declined to allow this discount. The discount is based on a cash transaction and is never based on an exchange.

The data accompanying the Harpy Eagle's eggs was a typewritten data and was signed by Honacker and of course was not satisfactory.

We again wrote November 27th, "Please send to me at your early convenience data in German, a transcript of which you sent me typewritten, which accompanies the set of 1-3

Harpy Eagle, as I would like to have the original data," he having written us that the data was a letter written in German by the alleged collector. Later he wrote that this letter had been lost, and then again wrote us that it had been inadvertently burned.

An examination of this set of Harpy Eagle's eggs convinced us that we had been swindled. The eggs of all birds of prey of this family when held to the light after being blown, will show the interior to be lined with a greenish colored lining. This set showed nothing of the kind. It is our opinion that they are three eggs of the common Peafowl artificially colored on the outside.

However, later we took the matter of these eggs up through various sources and we learned that eggs of this bird had been offered by Honacker to Walter Raine of Kew Beach, Toronto, Canada, who is perhaps one of the best experts on North American Birds eggs in existence, and who immediately pronounced them fraudulent and returned them to Honacker. That he had likewise sold a set to Ward's Natural Science Establishment, who afterwards re-sold them to Mrs. Jane E. Childers of Clarksville, Tennessee. All the time he was claiming these eggs to have been taken near Bogata in South America.

An investigation carried on by us in that territory disclosed the fact that no eggs are known to have been taken there by anybody. That the man whom Honacker alleges to have been there and taken these eggs was never heard of in that territory by anyone whom those connected with the American Embassy there could find. And finally Honacker himself in a letter, sends us the data which he says is the data for this set of Harpy Eagle's eggs with which he has swindled us, a facsimile reproduction

of the letter and of the data appearing on the following pages of this issue of *The Oologist*.

During all of this time (this transaction commenced July 27, 1916) Honacker has signed all communication, "Jos. F. Honacker, U. S. Ornithologist." A letter from E. W. Nelson, Chief U. S. Biological Survey, under date of January 22, 1917, with reference to Honacker's using this title, says, "It appears that his using the title named above has no official sanction."

So it appears that this man is not only disposing of fraudulent specimens of eggs, but he is likewise using a fictitious title in furthering his nefarious ends.

He has also endeavored to trick A. C. Price of Grant Park, Illinois, with his so-called Passenger Pigeon eggs, but Price was not easy enough to be caught.

Likewise of late he has been publishing alleged observations wherein he is supposed to have discovered and observed rare and unusual birds in the vicinity of Spokane, which as a matter of fact, never appear in that territory.

How on earth a man of this record could become connected with a public Museum unless he has defrauded the Museum with his alleged title "U. S. Ornithologist" in securing his appointment, passeth understanding. If the Spokane Public Museum desires to continue as a recognized institution having scientific rank and standing, the sooner it disposes of "Jos. F. Honacker, U. S. Ornithologist" and Curator, the better. His letter and the data herewith reproduced show him to be both a fool and a knave. We wonder how many others he has defrauded with "Passenger Pigeon and Harpy Eagle eggs."

R. M. Barnes.

RECOLLECTIONS

On an ice cold morning, October 22nd, 1911, one of my grandsons, Ottomar Schwartz, at Niagara Falls, took his gun and with a companion started out to the western side of Navy Island, the second island above Niagara Falls, in their boat. At the head of Navy Island they saw a large bird drop into the ice cold water. I was so far from them that my grandson aimed a foot above and by doing so hit the bird. He sent his companion back to get the boat, but at the same time saw that the bird recovered. In order not to lose it, he threw off his clothes and plunged into the cold water. When he finally came to the bird, he tucked the struggling bird under his arm and swam back to the shore.

In the evening, I received a telegram from him to come down to Niagara Falls, said he had a large bird and that I could have the skin, but that he wanted the body for a feast. I done as he advised, and found to my surprise that it was a fat male Canada Goose. I brought it to Buffalo and had it mounted by our Taxidermist, Mr. H. Grieb. It now occupies a good place in my collection.

Ottomar Reinecke,
Buffalo, N. Y.

From a Boy Bird Lover

I am a 17 year old boy and have been studying birds for nine years and my list now numbers 154 species of which 16 have been identified this summer, so this shows I don't know it all yet.

One thing about the Ozark Mountain bird life is that although I have never been able to find a nest, we have Snowy Egrets here on the rivers all summer. I keep a daily diary and feed the birds in winter. My winters are always full of birds on several feeding stations. I have up several

Spokane Wash. Sep. 26-17

About a year ago you requested
me to send you the data of the
Harvey Eagle eggs. You will find it
inclosed, and hope it will be
of value to you.

Yours truly

Jos. F. Honecker

Curator Spokane Public Museum

Letter from Joseph F. Honecker, glorying in having distributed fraudulent eggs.

Oological collection of JOS. F. HONECKER, Curator,

A. O. U. No. 350 Name *Harpy Eagle*
 Collector *Man in the Moon* Date *Oct. 11, 56 B.C.*
 Locality *Somewhere in South America*
 No. of eggs in set *3* Identity *Certain*
 Set mark *none* Incubation *Began before the eggs were laid*
 Nest *Of cotton lined with fishing rods*
 and *oak logs, 2342 ft above the sea*

SPOKANE PUBLIC MUSEUM, Spokane, Washington.

Data issued by Joseph F. Honecker for fraudulent set of Harpy Eagles egg,
 seeking to make a joke of his dishonesty.

bird boxes which are always well filled.

Also we are "death on cats." Our family has killed about 12 strays in the last year.

Johnson Neff,
Marionville, Mo.

Bird Collecting in Eastern Colombia
Paul G. Howes

IV

Our quarters at the Hotel American consist of two large rooms opening upon a small courtyard filled with tropical vegetation. The rooms are high-ceilinged and airy, with windows strongly barred like those of a jail. The floors are of big cement blocks and the walls painted a delicate green which makes everything seem cool despite the climate. Our windows open directly upon the Main street of the town and as all the houses are one story affairs, we have a full view of all that goes on without. A passageway leads from the rooms to a second court, more elaborately planted with flowering shrubs, palms and sweet scented blossoms. There is a tiny pond in the center, and under the covered patio which surrounds it, our meals are served.

Our first repast was the evening meal or 'Comida.' We dined upon native dishes, deliciously cooked and seasoned and served to the music of two native artists with their guitars. What a contrast to the dingy river steamer with its vile food! It seems strange indeed to find such comforts some four hundred miles inland, but we are still in touch with civilization and all are making the most of it before our journey into the mountains begins.

The old town of Honda is remarkably interesting. It is typically Spanish with barred windows in all the houses where the *Senoritas* may sit

each scented evening to gaze upon the passers by. The streets are of cobble stones and the houses painted in pale shades of red, blue and gray with red tile roofs. Large trees with beautiful thick foliage are abundant in the places and courtyards and here and there, higher up in the hills, an old church gleams white against the foot hills in the background.

The market place is a ruined church. In the cubby holes formed by the fallen stones native merchants display their wares to advantage. One may purchase food, clothes, scarfs, pottery of various sorts and household goods, such as the poor Colombian uses in his daily life. I learned that the ruined church was the scene of a most bloody slaughter during a former revolution. Several hundred of the uprisers were trapped within its walls and hacked to pieces by their opponents. The church was then raised and had been left ever since in a ruined condition.

There are one or two drawbacks to Honda, chief among them being the presence of many lepers and numerous individuals with frightful cases of goitre and running sores. Some of them that I saw in the streets of the town could scarcely walk from the condition of their legs which were terribly swollen, raw, and often clustered with flies and dirt. This condition undoubtedly comes from the dreaded chiger, an insect that burrows under the toe-nails and if not removed and properly treated, leads to the condition described above.

On February 2nd and 3d, we all went collecting back of Honda, taking about fifty birds in all. The valleys between the surrounding hills proved excellent collecting grounds and we found fine quail shooting in the fields of knee-high grass near the river. Cherrie found a nest of a motmot in



Bird Collecting in Eastern Colombia. Steamer on the Magdalena river on which the expedition traveled.

—Photo by P. G. Howes.

a sand bank and also took the first thrush that has been seen on the expedition. It is a very light colored Planesticus, similar in size to our own robin. I shot a summer tanager in changing plumage and many native forms, but nothing of unusual interest.

On the morning of February 4th, after securing several pack animals, Chapman, Fuertes and I started for a point about four thousand feet in the hills from whence the great snow-covered peaks of the central Andes are visible. Our object in this journey was to make sketches and paintings to be used in painting the background for a huge new group of Colombian bird life, to be installed in the American Museum of Natural History, upon our return. We left Honda at 2 p. m. and arrived at a tiny house in the hills, named 'Consuelo,' at 7:30. The trip was a very beautiful one up through a torturous trail in the ridges which was difficult, even for our trained and hard-muscled animals. I flushed a small finch from her nest and four eggs which was placed in a natural cavity in the rocks at the side of the trail, just flush with my knees when in the saddle. The eggs were white, spotted with grey, and the nest made of rootlets.

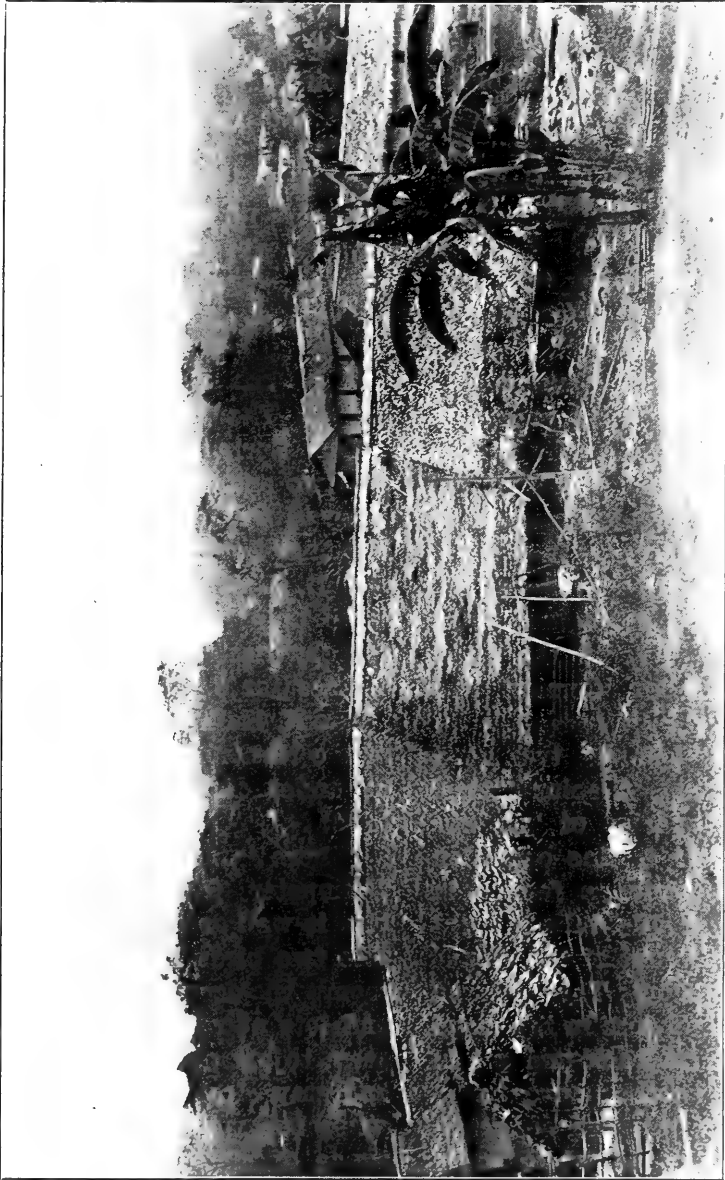
The Senorita at Consuelo, was a very pretty woman and an excellent cook. She was very glad to see us and gave us a fine supper which tasted mighty good after our long ride in the mountain air. When we arrived at Consuelo, the great valley below us was filled with clouds, there were no mountains in sight and we appeared to be looking down upon a great white sea.

At five o'clock the next morning, just as the sun was filling the east with that wonderful glow, found only in the mountains and after an eye opener of delicious black coffee, we

piled out to look at the scenery before breakfast. What a sight it was! Never shall I forget that which was spread before me, upon leaving my bed that morning. The mist of the previous night had entirely vanished. Almost from the porch of the little house, the great valley dropped away for three thousand feet. Below, and flung far out in front, in every imaginable direction, were the deep green foothills, range after range of them. Miles in the distance, the Magdalena river twisted in and out among them like a slim silvery snake. Beyond this came more foot hills, then bigger hills, then mountains and finally three great snow-covered peaks, Tolima, an extinct volcano, Ruiz and Isabel reaching to an altitude of eighteen thousand feet.

As the sun rose, great purple shadows played about the hills, a veil of madder tinted the far away glaciers, and from the depths of the valley came the faint chirps and whistles of Andean bird life astir in the morning.

Fuertes and I started painting at once, but by 8 a. m. the peaks were again covered with clouds, so we had to stop for the day. We went collecting in the beautiful forest back of Consuelo and secured many good birds. Later I set out a line of eighteen traps for small mammals, placing them along a stream. For bait I used the bodies of skinned birds, bits of corn cob and plantain. There is a very interesting robin here. It is very much like our eastern form in song and general size, but its color is dark olive brown on the breast and very light brown on the back. The temperature here is delightful after the hot days on the river. At noon today, February 5th, the thermometer registered 84, and tonight at 7:30, seventy-six with cool breezes blowing February 6th. We were out at five



Bird Collecting in Eastern Colombia. On the other side of the Andes. The little town of Villavicencio where the expedition did much valuable collecting. —Photo by P. G. Howes.

this morning in order to paint and visit the traps. Only two were sprung, one being empty and the other contained a badly broken land crab! On the way to the traps I saw a fine grey fox. After breakfast at six, we returned to our painting and I finished my first pannel of the great valley. Later we went up the ridge about three hundred feet to the cloud forest. Here I shot nine birds every one new to the trip. Chapman and Fuertes brought in many more including some gorgeous humming birds. Various species of Callistes and Dacnus were common at this altitude.

In the cloud forest every twig and branch is covered with thick beautiful moss. Several times this morning I became completely surrounded by thick clouds from open places in the woods I could see them far below, over the valley. Found a nest of the little Todorostum flycatcher near the house in a bush. The nest is a hanging ball of grass with a sheltered entrance on one side. No eggs. After skinning my birds, I re-set the traps and then returned for 'Comida' and bed.

In the morning I found two good catches in my traps. A spiny-backed pouch rat and a species of 'possum. The rat was a male in fine condition and the other specimen a female in equally good shape. We did not paint this morning on account of the clouds which filled the valley. They cleared away later while we were in the cloud forest, so we hurried back and got in some more work on the canvases.

About fifteen birds were collected, including our black and white warbler and Golden-winged warbler. Rose-breasted grosbeak is quite common wintering here.

February 8th. Nothing in my traps. Resumed work and finished the paint-

ings and sketches. Then we packed up, loaded the animals and started back to Honda to join the others, where we arrived about 4 o'clock.

February 9th. The other members arrived from El Triunpho, a ranch outside of Honda, this morning, bringing about 90 birds and several animals which O'Connel trapped. The remainder of the day was spent in packing up and making arrangements for our journey to Bogota, the inland capitol of Colombia. We are going to ride all the way and our pack train consists of eleven animals and two drivers. Bogota is situated at an altitude of 8800 feet and all are looking forward to the journey over the first range of the Andes.

To be continued.

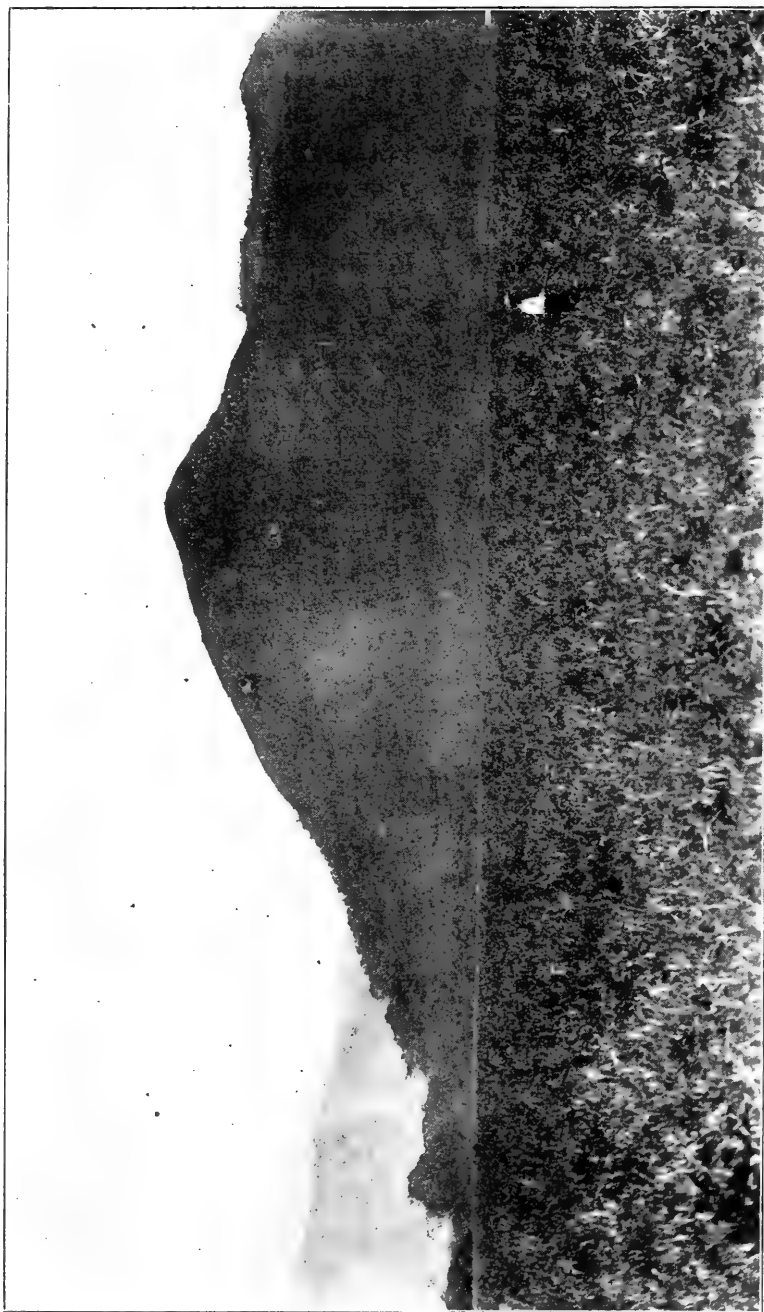
The Trumpeter Swan

Last Spring the Editor sent one of the two specimens of the male Trumpeter Swan owned by him to the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C. with the hope that it might mate up with the female there, and thereby assist in rescuing this rare species for exxtinction.

Mr. N. Hollister, the Superintendent of the National Zoological Park writes us under date of August 23d as follows:

"There is nothing to report on the Trumpeter Swan except that your bird is well and in excellent condition. The two birds have an ideal place, a roomy enclosure with plenty of water and lots of retired land space. They seem to get along splendidly together and stay close to one another all the time, but we have observed no evidence of mating. I think they were placed together too late in the spring for nesting this year, and they both moulted very early.

"They do well together and are so contented that I hope you will agree



Bird Collecting in Eastern Colombia. George K. Cherric, the veteran tropical explorer, collecting the quail in the Savannahs back of Honda.
—Photo by P. G. Howes.

to leave your bird over, with the hopes that they will nest in the Spring. It does seem as if we ought to give them that chance, and it would seem as if they must mate and nest another year, placed together so late, and I hope we can try them again.

"If you will leave your bird here we will keep them together all winter and arrange their affairs for nesting very early in the Spring."

It is needless to say that our bird will remain as requested in the National Park all winter.

Books Received

NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF GRAND PRE REGION, KINGS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, by Robie W. Tufts, September, 1917.

This separate, pp. 154-199 from the Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Science is a descriptive resume of the birds of the region treated, and is a most interesting contribution, that lives up thoroughly to the reputation that the author has made as a painstaking, conscientious naturalist, than whom there are none that stand higher in the estimation of North American oologists. 103 species are listed as breeding. A careful examination of this paper will disclose many surprises to the student of birds, particularly with reference to the absence of birds that he would expect to find in that territory, the same being either totally absent or rare and unusual visitants.

FOSSIL REMAINS OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PASSERINE BIRD FROM THE FLORISSANT SHALES OF COLORADO, by R. W. Shufeldt.

This separate, pp. 453-455 from the Proceedings of the United States National Museum, Vol. 53, is descriptive of this ancient inhabitant of North America, and is accompanied by two plates. It is an interesting find.

GENERIC NAMES APPLIES TO

BIRDS DURING THE YEARS 1906 to 1915 INCLUSIVE, WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO WATERHOUSE'S INDEX, GENERUM AVIUM, by Chas. W. Richmond, Assistant Curator of Birds, U. S. National Museum, August 1917.

This separate, pp. 565-636 is what its title indicates and gives evidence of a wonderfully careful and painstaking examination into the subject treated. It will be a very valuable addition to the library of all systematists.

Early Nesting of Anna Hummer

February 15th, 1917, I found a nest containing fresh eggs of Anna Hummingbird. This is my earliest record for this species altho common in this locality they usually nest in the middle of March until late in June.

M. C. Badger,
Santa Paula, Calif.

List of Duet Calls by LANIARIUS GUTTURALIS, called by Dutch: BAKMIKIRT OR BOBMAKIRI.

1. WUK WUK pirrrhou tcheai.
2. IHI whrrh.
3. WHIT WHIT WHIT WHIT WHIT WHIT WHIT heewhouv heewhouv.
4. BOBOTEAR whickle whickle whickle.
5. TEEWOOH wuk wuk wuk wuk.
6. BOBOTEAR whit whit.
7. WHRRH WHRRH chip chip (quickly).
8. TETERRIT TETERRIT whik-a whik-a whik.
9. WHIK WHIK uh uh uh (very quickly).
10. DJ DJ cirrolo cirrolo.
11. WUB WUB WUB WUB widdaree widdaree.
12. PEEPEEPEEPEE rrrrrrrrrrh.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—New or second-hand, hammerless shot-gun. 12, 16, or 20 guage. Must be in good condition. Will exchange for first-class sets of NOVA SCOTIA birds eggs. R. W. TUFTS, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

FOR SALE—4 x 5 Graflex Camera with magazine holder and extra double plate holder. Long focus lens adapted to bird work. Exactly as new, cost \$225. Sell \$150. C. F. STONE, Branchport, N. Y.

WANTED—Colored bird slides. Also first class lantern for cash or exchange for bird or mammal skins. ALBERT LANO, Fayetteville, Ark.

WANTED—Skins and skulls of N. A. Mammals, skins of Ravens, Hawks, Owls, Grouse, etc. A. H. HLEME, Miller Place, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Grandfathers Clock, Edison Home Phonograph with records, Snapping Turtle eggs in sets 1-27, 1-33, 1-46 first class, good data. Want eggs in sets and good grade double gun. JAMES O. JOHNSON, 310 N. Main, Southington, Conn.

FOR SALE—Two handsome Virginia Red Cedar cabinets suitable for eggs or skins. Also one smaller Walnut Cabinet, cheap. WHARTON HUBER, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

WANTED—To exchange lepidoptera with collectors in every part of the world. Send your list of offers. Please write. THEODORE R. GREER, Aledo, Illinois.

WANTED—The Oologist from May, 1909, through December 1914 and several Ornithological books to exchange or sell. I want various Biological Survey publications. HAROLD M. HOLLAND, 320 S. Gramercy Pl. Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—No. 3 Bulls eye Eastman Kodak, new and in good condition. Ask \$5.00, cost \$9.00. Send offers of exchange. JOHNSON NEFF, Marionville, Mo.

FOR SALE—Stevens collecting gun with shells, loading tools, etc. Price \$80.00. W. N. PECK, 19 Elm Pl., Quincy, Mass.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

FOR SALE—Back numbers complete last four years of Auk, Oologist, Bird Lore, also complete set of The Warbler. Offers requested. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

FOR EXCHANGE—Two Volumes of Auk some five numbers of Geographic magazines and other kinds to exchange for Indian relics or eggs. C. G. HART, East Berlin, Conn. Box 47.

TO EXCHANGE—For best offers, Oologist, 05, 1911, Birds of Michigan (paper Cook, '93) Chap. East. Birds '01. Several hundred eastern. WM. WILKOWSKI, 225 E. Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

WANTED—To correspond with anybody having back numbers of bird magazines for sale. DeLOACH MARTIN, Marshall, Texas.

TO EXCHANGE—First class sets and Ornithological magazines for Ornith. Magazines. N. A. Funa's Biological Sur. Bulletin, Sept. Bulletins, etc. CHAS. W. TINDALL, Independence, Mo.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demarest, N. J.

Ozark Lepidoptera; Catalaue for exchange or sale, correspondence wanted with insect collector in the Southeastern Gulf, and Western states. EDMOND BROWER, Willard, Mo., R No. 2.

WANTED—A good copy of "Structural and Systematic Conchology; and Introduction to the Study of Mollusca. By Geo. W. Tryon, Jr. Three volumes in one, or unbound if in good condition. Pub by the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, 1882-1884. CHARLES K. REED, 11 State St., Worcester, Mass.

WANTED—A copy of Kirkwood's "Birds of Maryland" in good condition. Will pay cash. H. N. HARRISON, Cambridge, Md.

FOR SALE—Bird Lore Vols. 15, 16, 17, 18 Four Dollars; Oologist Vols. 30, 31, 32, 33 Two Dollars. H. MOUSLEY, Hatley, Quebec.

FOR SALE—Fishers Hawks and Owls; The Oologist 1905-1914 complete. The Auk 1909-1913 complete; American Ornithology 1901-1904; Bird Lore 1910-1913; Holdens Canary and Cage Birds O. and O. Bound Vol. 9, 1884; other Bird books and magazines for sale at a sacrifice. W. M. PECK, 19 Elm Pl., Quincy, Mass.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

I want the following Bird Lore: Vol. 1, Nos. 2-6; Vol. 2, No. 2; Vol. 3, No. 2; Vol. 4, Nos. 1-2; Vol. 5, No. 1; Vol. 6, No. 6; Vol. 7, No. 1; Vol. 8, No. 3; Vol. 9, Nos. 3-6; Vol. 10, No. 4; Vol. 11, Nos. 1-5; Vol. 12, No. 4; Vol. 14, Nos. 1-2. For any of these I will pay cash or for the issue I desire in any volume I will give any other issue in the same volume in exchange. For example—I desire Vol. 3 No. 2 for which I will give in exchange any other issue in Vol. 2. I will also exchange any issue of Vol. 15, 16, 17 or 18 if desired. Here may be a chance to complete some volumes for both of us. I also want The Auk Vols. 1 to 13 inc. W. H. BROOMHALL, Stockport, Ohio.

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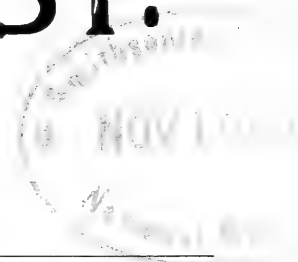
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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY



VOL. XXXIV. No. 11. ALBION, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1917. WHOLE No. 364

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 364 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

WANTED—Skin of Razorbill Auk and Auhinga, offer Brandts Cormorant, etc., in exchange. Offer either cash or exchange in Indian and African Big Game horns, for skin of Penquin Apterix, Owl Parrot, Kea, or other foreign bird skins that I can use. Send list. WM. J. HACKMEIER, 645 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

I want finely mounted drakes in full plumage or skins that will mount up nicely, of the following: European Widgeon, Surf and American Scoter and all the Eiders. GERARD ALAN ABBOTT, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

I have a large number of bird skins mounted birds and mammals. Want mountable skins or properly mounted specimens of full plumaged adult male birds, none larger than Bob White. Send me your exchange and I will send mine. KARL W. KAHMANN, 2513 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—A few pair of Ring necked Pheasants. L. A. PARRE, Batavia, Ill.

PASSENGER PIGEONS: Have one mounted bird in fair condition to exchange for best offer in rare sets. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pennsylvania.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

The following skins with measurements and full data to exchange for good full sets—Crow, 1 male; Roadrunner, 1 female; Coot, 1 female, Hermit Thrush, 1 male, 1 female; Scissortail Flycatcher, 1 male; Grey-tailed Cardinal 1 male, 1 female; White-crowned Sparrow, 1 male, 1 female; Vesper Sparrow, 2 males; Western Lark Sparrow, 2 males; Myrtle Warbler, 1 male, 1 female; 1 Chipping Sparrow, 1 female, Field Sparrow, 1 male, Bell Vireo, 1 male. ELTON PERRY, 610 Baylor St., Austin Texas.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

EGGS.

In sending in your exchange notices for nests, skins and eggs, we would appreciate it if you would arrange the numerals in your exchange notice in their numerical order, and not tumble them together hit and miss, as some of our readers are complaining, and we think justly so.

WANTED—Entire collections of eggs, also eggs of Rare North American Birds. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE—Several sets 1/2-1/1 Mississippi Kite. All eggs first class with complete data. Personally collected. H. S. SOWERS, Brownell, Ks.

EGGS FOR SALE—Two Emu, 2 Ostrich, 2 Rea 20-1, Calif. Murre. Many others. Full data. J. M. BENEDICT, Jr., Centralia, Wash.

FOR EXCHANGE—Sets of 30 1-1, 201 1-5, 191 5-4, 202 10-3, 6-4, 263 1-3, 333 1-3 3-4, 335 1-4, 339 5-2, 488 2-3 4-4 3-5, 498 1-3, 540 1-4, 563 1-4, 581 1-4, 584 5-3 1-4, 593 1-2 3-3, 598 1-3, 624 1-3 2-4, 705 3-4, 725 1-5. Ostrich and Emen, one egg each. Full data. RICHARD F. MILLER, 2069 East Tioga St., Philadelphia, Penn.

If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

FOR EXCHANGE—406, 412, 474b, 506, 617, 552, 622b, for 6, 51, 77, 214, 385, 497, 743 and others equally common. WILL PLANK, Decatur, Arkansas.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send for sample of my data with your name printed on them, 500 for \$1.00 postpaid. EDW. S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Choice sets of 123, 180, 181, 204, 206, 309, 327, 330, 332, 337a, 343 and 359. Also rare and unique crystals and minerals. **OFFERED**—Many fine U. S. and Foreign Postage Stamps, land and fresh water shells and cash. REV. H. E. WHEELER, Conway, Arkansas.

Will exchange collection of United States Stamps, many rare, for sets and bird skins. California Bird Photos for sale or exchange. WRIGHT M. PIERCE, Claremont, Calif.

EGG CABINET FOR SALE—New quartered oak cabinet containing 15 drawers 3x2 with depth of drawers running from 4 in. to 2 in. This cabinet has folding doors and may be locked. If interested write JAMES B. CARTER, Waynesburg, Pa.

FOR EXCHANGE—The following well prepared sets 316 2-2, 321 1-2, 443 1-5 1-4, 471a 1-4 1-3 2-2, 474c 1-3, 498 3-5 5-4 4-3, 506 4-4, 513a 3-4 4-3, 552a 3-4, 593c 1-4 5-3, 612a 6 5 6-4, 633 3-4, 638 1-4, 703a 3-4, 719c 3-7 5-6 3-5, 732a 1-6 1-5, 761 1-4. Texas Chickadee 1-4 \$1.00 per egg. Has bronck Screech Owl or \$1.00 per egg, one egg cracked. Howell Nighthawk 6-2 or \$1.00 per egg. Select your wants and send list. ELTON PERRY, 610 Baylor St., Austin, Texas.

Will be glad to hear from reliable collectors and to receive their lists. Have good list to offer including some rare species. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pa.

A1 Sets Swallow-tailed Kite, Gray Kingbird and common birds for collecting gun and camera. J. B. ELLIS, Chokoloskee, Fla.

Can offer U. S. or Foreign stamps for eggs. Also single eggs with hole in end for exchange. Will buy eggs not in my collection. GEO. E. ARNOLD, Whitten, Iowa.

WANTED—To correspond with collectors having perfect sets of Murrelets, Anklets, Tropic birds, Mex. Jacana, Limpkin, Turnstone, Bartram's Piper and No. Phalarope. Can offer Loons, Albatross's, Hawks, Owls and Mourning and Cerulean Warblers, etc. All answered. HAROLD MEYERS, Medina, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE: For best offers. Birds of Michigan (Cook '93) Birds of E. A. Chapman, '01, 80 Oologist 200 first-class skins, drills, scalpel, etc. WM. WILKOWSKI, Kalamazoo, Mich. Care Gen. Delvy.

WANTED—Sets of 113.1, 249, 252, 260, 298, 332, 344, 393c, 399, 463, 521, 573, 583, 685, etc. J. H. BOWLES, The Woodstock, Tacoma, Wash.

WANTED—Lists of choice sets from reliable collections. I can offer Sandhill Crane, Swallow-tail Kite, Bald and Golden Eagle, Duck Hawk, Snowy Owl and many others. All answered. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

EXCHANGE—Extraordinary choice cabinet sets and sets with nests with full and accurate data for sets and large rare singles. Send 2 cent stamp for list. Send list in full. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

WANTED—Singles or broken sets in quantities, or small lots; also books on Taxidermy, curios, etc. J. E. HARRIS, 259 Maple St., Dayton, Ohio.

Having recently purchased the large private collection of the late J. W. Preston, of Cheney, Wash. I have a magnificent exchange list to offer. I especially desire waders, grouse and warblers, but can use many others. B. R. BALES, M. D., Circleville, Ohio.

FOR EXCHANGE—295 1-10, 310c 1-12, 325 1-2, 326 1-2, 329 1-1, 333 1-4, 334a 1-3, 335 1-4, 337a 1-3, 341 1-2, 342 1-3, 345 1-2, 346 1-2, 360 1-4, 368b 1-2, 373b 1-3, 416 1-2, 417a 1-2, 421 1-2, 487 1-5, 594 1-8, 394a 1-3, 718b N-6, 726a 1-5, 729 1-6, 734 1-5, 736a N-6 and others. all first class, personally collected, full data. E. F. POPE, Colmesneil, Texas.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Grey-falcons left. Snow and Grey Owls, Swordfish head, Cocoon and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centepedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Jbises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 11 ALBION, N. Y., NOV. 15, 1917. WHOLE No. 364

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

ATTENTION!

This is the time of year when subscriptions begin to expire. We would be very glad to have all those who are interested in THE OÖLOGIST bestir themselves; to add new subscribers to our books with the coming year. We will be very glad to forward THE OÖLOGIST from now until January 1, 1919, which will include our Special Christmas Number, to all new subscribers at the regular rate for one year. We will also appreciate it if each one of you will send us the name of a bird loving friend or student who you think might be interested in the magazine, and we will mail to him without expense, a sample copy.

We trust that each and all of our readers are interested enough in this little magazine to make at least this much of an effort in its behalf.

It might not be out of the way also to call attention of our readers to the fact that this issue just about exhausts our supply of available copy, and we would appreciate it if some of you would get busy and help fill up the copy box.—EDITOR.

Bird Collecting In Eastern Colombia

Paul G. Howes

V

February 10th. We left Honda this morning with eleven burros and horses, two mule drivers and ourselves, making in all, quite a cavalcade. We arrived once more at Consuelo at 3:30 where we had lunch. The Senorita was over-joyed to see us back so soon and all regretted that we had to leave directly after lunch. In the afternoon the scenery was very wonderful and we could still get an occasional glimpse of snow-crowned Tolima and Ruiz. In the evening we came down into a valley in which is situated a little town named Guaduas, at 3300 feet altitude. Here we obtained supper, consisting of bread and chicken with its well swollen ovaries served separately as a delicacy. We spent the night in an old posada and left at seven the next morning after a good nights rest, despite the hard boards and dirt.

From here the trail led constantly upward until we reached an altitude of six thousand feet. At 5000 feet we entered the edge of the cloud forest and heard the Andean White-throated sparrow singing. At the higher altitude we saw several *Planesticus gigas*, a huge robin, in an oak forest. Early in the afternoon we came down again into Billete at 3000 feet where we put up for the night, wherever they would take us in. We had several hours to look over the town which is a quaint old place with a large square and church. In the center of the square, stands the largest Ceiba tree that I have ever seen, probably six hundred years old.

The next morning we were off at daylight for a thirty mile ride up over the steeper ridges. The scenery was very beautiful especially in the early morning hours. All day long we

climbed one ridge after another until we finally made the top-most one at 8800 feet. Then as if by magic the hills faded away and we found ourselves at last upon the great historic Chibcha plain of Bogota. It is a huge fertile, level and cultivated valley, once the bed of a lake, but now the farming district of Colombia.

At this point I was suddenly taken with a violent attack of intermittant fever which nearly caused my collapse. The last hour of that ride to the railroad, seemed like years of agony, yet I shall never forget the wonderful sight of Bogota, this most hidden of Capitols so many hundreds of miles from the sea. We loaded our packs on the train at Facatativa and an hour later rolled into the city. Flat and gleaming white, with the great cathedral standing up above all the other buildings, the whole backed up by cloud reaching purple hills, ten thousand feet high with their guarding monasteries, made a sight worth traveling around the globe to see.

February 18th. O'Connell and Ring went out from the city today to the plain, where they succeeded in taking twenty good birds including a little species of horned lark and also several meadow larks much like ours, which we noted coming over the mountains from Honda. A fine caracara, several species of porzana, yellow warblers and small finches made up the rest of their bags. I was too sick to leave my bed so they skinned birds in my room to keep me company.

We are staying at the best hotel in town, the Europa, which is comparable to a third rate house at home, yet Bogota has a population of 100,000.

February 21st. Chapman, Cherrie and O'Connell went on into the field today. Fuertes and Ring went col-

lecting and secured several birds, mostly rail and bittern although they had two female yellow-headed black-birds.

February 27th. Just over my second attack of fever. This sickness which is due in my case to the bite of an insect, is accompanied with terrible pains and backache which make any movement agony and sleep out of the question for days at a time. The insect laid eggs in my leg and several maggots had many a square meal before I discovered their presence. The rest of the expedition went on into the mountains on the 23d and I shall make the journey alone after I gather some strength.

There is a museum here at Bogota, founded by a fine old priest at the Catholic school. He has brought together a wonderful amount of material for one man. It is extremely valuable owing to his accuracy and ability to secure so much local material. The man himself is a delightful priest of French decent. He took me all through his museum and school talking in broken English and occasionally breaking into pure French or Spanish.

During my illness, Mr. DuBois, the American Minister of Colombia, has been very kind to me. He sent me a box of saltine crackers, a pot of smoked beef and a bottle of Sauterns, together with all the American newspapers and magazines from the legation. He has invited me to dinner tomorrow.

March 1st. Today I met Lord Murray of the British Legation. He was equally kind to me and sent his secretary with several tins of peaches, cocoa tongue and sardines. These I shall keep and take over the mountains to the rest of the crowd when I leave next week.

March 5th. I expected to leave to-

day, but could not secure a horse, so spent the day packing up the odds and ends to be left here until our return. I am going to travel very light on this trip, carrying only my air-mattress, one change of under-clothes, sweater, hunting coat, gun and knife, and my note book which I always carry wherever I go. Received my first letter from home today, just two months after leaving.

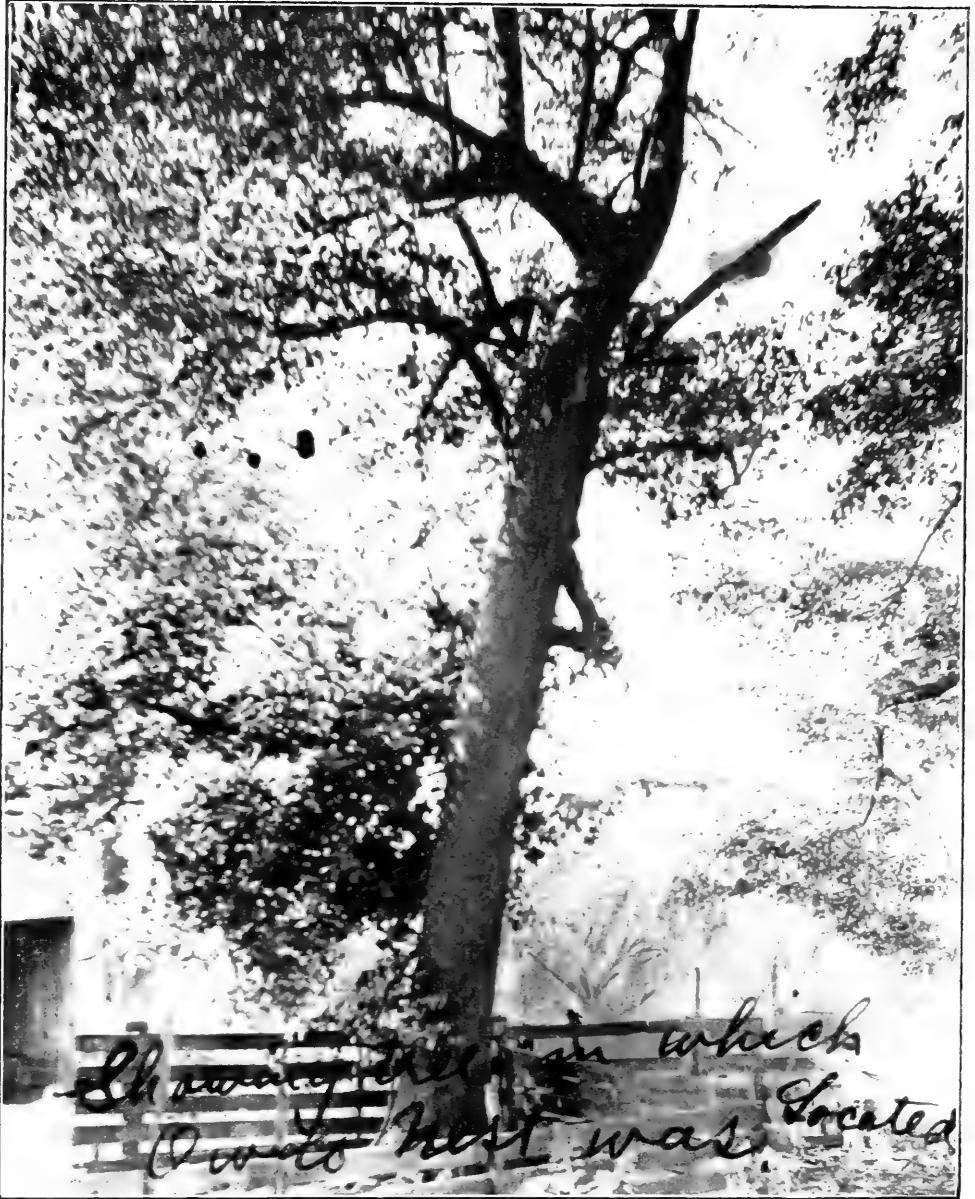
March 6th. Noted a pair of Andean White-throated sparrows building a nest in the courtyard of the hotel. The nest is situated in a pine tree about thirty feet up and placed in the center of a horizontal limb. The birds were gathering moss from the orchid plants in the garden. Dr. Montoya, my Colombian friend called today and pronounced me well, after giving me my eleventh injection of arsenic. I bought several interesting wood carvings today, also two wax figures and several exquisite feather ornaments and scenes made by the natives.

March 7th. At last I succeeded in securing a horse for the journey over the big range to the east. I have packed up all my clothes and am waiting in my field rig impatiently for the morning when I can start once more into the field to join the others, somewhere in those beautiful mountains.

To be continued.

Late Ruby-crowned Kinglets in Pennsylvania.

On December 14, 1916, I saw a male Ruby-crowned Kinglet at Cheltenham, Montgomery County, Pa., with a flock of five Golden-crowned Kinglets, in a tree in edge of a wood by the roadside. It is my first December and only winter record of its occurrence in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It was well seen and uttered its characteristic chatter and flitted its wings



Nesting cavity of Barn Owl, showing tree in which nest was located
—Photo by C. F. Pahrman

as if it enjoyed the weather which was the coldest of the winter up to that time. It fed upon poison ivy vine berries.

Winter records of the Ruby-crowned Kinglets are rare for the vicinity of Philadelphia, nearly all the birds are gone by the first week of November and they are rarely seen after the middle of this month. In the spring they come from early in April to the 25th, the time of their arrival depending upon the weather.

The Ruby-crowned Kinglet is rarely seen after May 15 in the vicinity of Philadelphia, hence I was astonished to see one on June 2, 1917, at South Sterling, Waynes County, Pa., in the Pocono Mountains. It was also seen by Thomas D. Burleigh and Albert D. McGrew, my companions, who were equally as surprised as myself to see the bird at this season when it should have been "at home" in New Brunswick or some other part of Canada. It was seen in a small cemetery in a grove of white pines, and kept well up in the trees. It assuredly was a late immigrant.

Richard F. Miller.

About Bird Slaughter in the South.

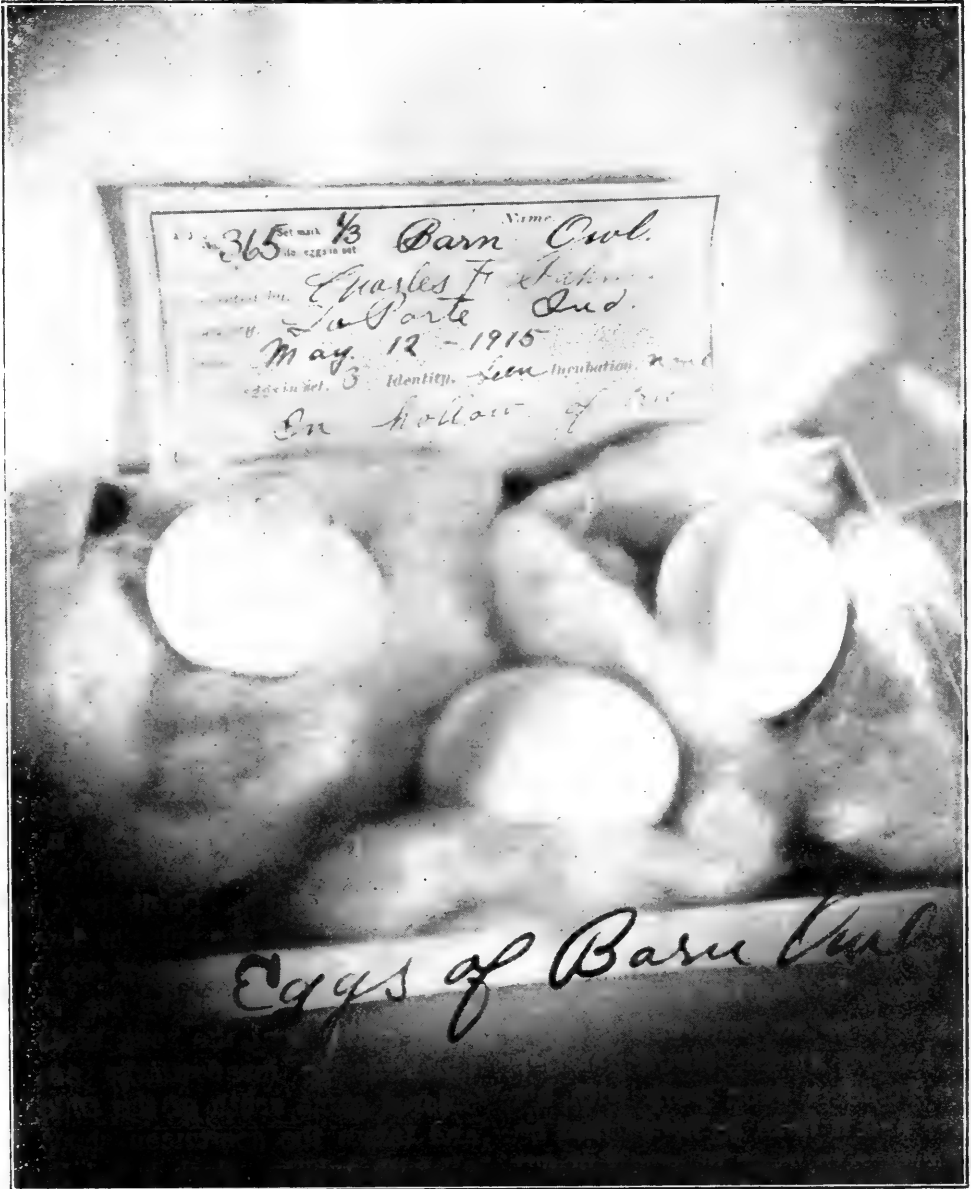
Having just perused in the August Oologist the account of a lecture given by G. O. Shields on the slaughter of birds, I cannot refrain from making a reply to some of the statements he has made. No doubt Col. Shields is doing good work with his lectures and it is to be hoped that he will continue to labor in behalf of our feathered friends. Twentyfive years ago when I first subscribed to his "Recreation" magazine, he was doing good exposing work exposing "game hogs" and it is remarkable to note what ignorance he exhibits in regard to conditions existing in the South today.

Mr. Shields makes the remarkable

statement that strings of some birds priced at 1 to 3 cents a dozen may be found exhibited in the markets of all our southern cities, and that society women send their servants to buy baskets of them to make pot pies. A caluminous statement to say the least, and one in which there is no truth. All of our southern states have game laws and have Departments of Fish and Game or Conservation Commissions to see that they are enforced. It is not possible to buy or sell even bob-whites in most of the Southern states.

There was a time, a good many years ago, when Robins were killed for pies and if the northern states had had the influx of millions of these fat plump birds, that we experience all through February, no doubt there would be as many guilty of killing there as here. During February and March the Robins are in Tennessee in great abundance and there are immense roosts about every twenty-five miles. It is universally known here throughout the country that killing Robins is illegal and when a roost is occasionally raided by irresponsible people, it is done in the spirit in which our darkeys raid the "White folks" chicken roost. Publicity means prosecution and the culprits demeanor is quite opposite to that of the "boasting nimrad" pictured by Mr. Shields.

He states that the song birds from bluebirds to meadowlarks are considered game south of the Ohio river and infers the sportsmen shoot them all with avidity. Such is not the case and mature gunners shoot no birds except duck, snipe, bob-white and dove, unless it is an occasional bittern, rail, hawk or large owl. Quite true it is, the country over, that the boy in his teens will fill his bag with flickers, robins, and meadowlarks, if he can hit the latter, and if the lark tarried in our northern states during



Eggs of Barn Owl

—Photo by C. F. Fahrman

the winter no doubt he would meet the same fate.

On the gulf coast, especially in New Orleans, there are many people of foreign extraction and especially Italians. The traffic in small birds held out there longer than elsewhere and reedbirds (redbirds and bob-o-links), robins, waxwings, meadowlarks and flickers, together with shore birds were exposed for sale and, among the classes mentioned, were in demand. This has been stopped years ago and it is hardly fair to incriminate all the people south of the Ohio river for a practice which was never general and which has been abolished where it did prevail. If Mr. Shields will journey south and show me a city where song birds are sold as he states, I shall be glad to pay his expenses for the trip. While here I should like to have him absorb the fact that there are twice as many bird houses per capita in the gulf states as there are on his native heath. The south was the pioneer in the bird box business and in many sections no hut is complete without its Martin box.

The Meadowlark, bob-white and prairie chicken, says Mr. Shields have been "swept away" by our gunners, but this statement is merely another gross exaggeration. The Meadowlark is one of the most abundant birds to be found between the Gulf and the Ohio. The prairie chicken was never found in the south east of the Mississippi river, save for a few in western Kentucky. May I ask the Colonel if our southern hunters exterminated the vast number that formerly occurred in the north? The bob-white was formerly common in the north as well as in the south. There are so few left in the north now that nearly all the national field trials for hunting dogs are held in the

south where the birds are still plentiful.

The startling statement that only ten per cent of the birds which migrate south of the Ohio river return in the spring, is not borne out by my field notes. I am much afield during migration season and my spring lists usually double those of the autumn. Of course, I am aware of the fact that no increase has taken place meanwhile but the observation tends to refute the calumny. Those that do not return have not become the ingredients of "pot pies" since that "southern dish" passed about the time the people of the northern states wiped out the last breeding colony of wild pigeons.

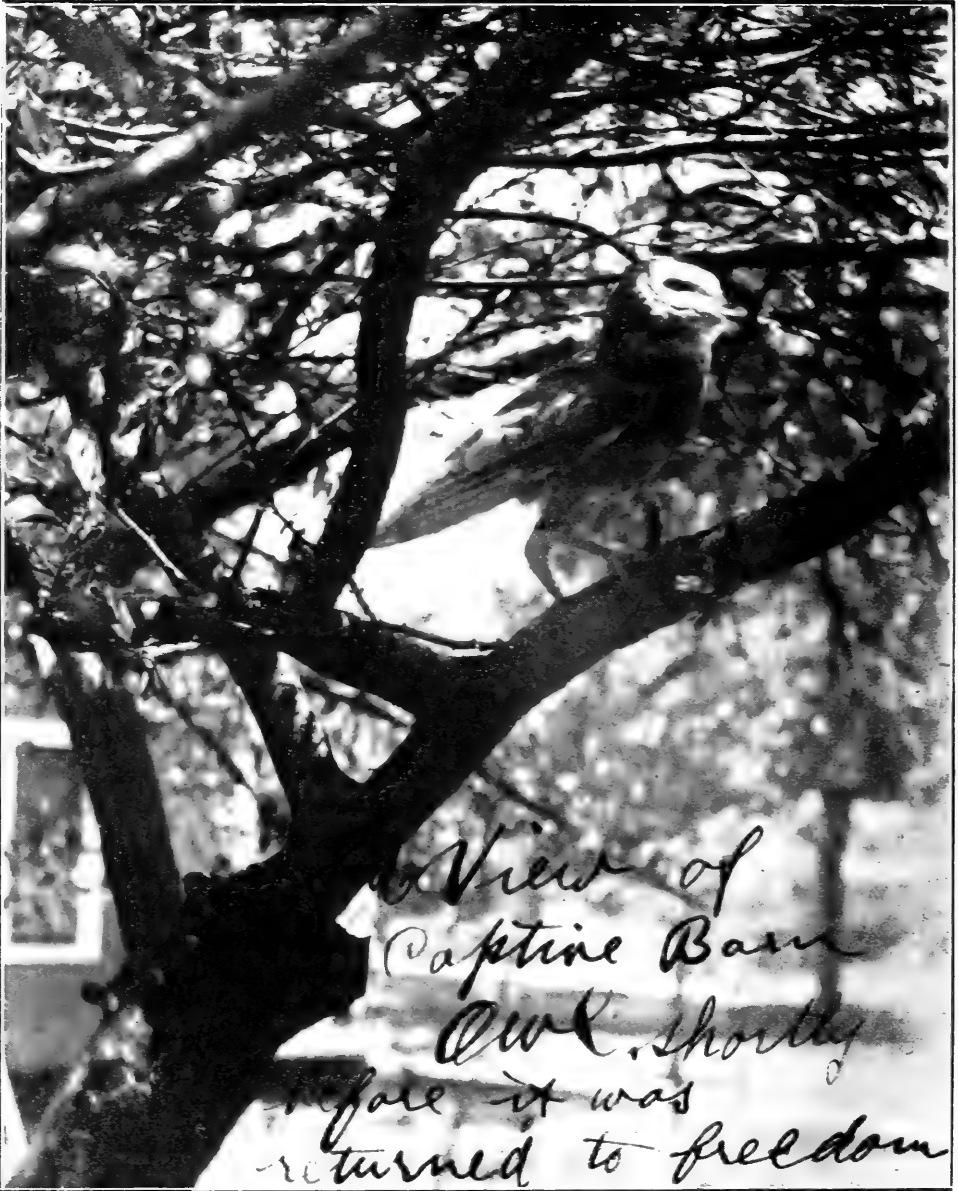
Mr. Shields is enumerating the "four great killing forces" adverse to an increase in bird life has left out the greatest, viz: natural enemies.

The three greatest natural enemies of our song birds are the grackle, the jay and the cat. Our birds are attracted by the farm yards and villages and here to we tolerate these great natural enemies. In Nashville, Tenn. I find that the Bronzed Grackle breaks up more nests than any other natural enemy and woe to the vireo or wood pewee that builds within earshot of a jay. The cat gets in its deadly work just after the young have left the nest. These three great natural enemies cause the loss of probably twice as many birds as the four enumerated by Mr. Shields.

The South is admittedly behind in Audubon work and in nature study, but it's people are of a kindly nature and are possessed of no greater desire to slaughter than those of any other section in our realm. Mr. Shields' statements are therefore born either of his narrowness or his lack of experience in the South.

Nashville, Tenn.

A. F. Ganier.



Side View of captive Barn Owl shortly after it was returned to freedom
—Photo by C. F. Fahrman

We endorse both the spirit and language of the above. The publication of Col. Shield's lecture was made in the Oologist without due consideration or thought. Shields is one of the best bluffers who spends very large portion of his time endeavoring to exterminate the living wild fowl and wild animals of the earth and in his later days has undergone a radical reformation. It has been our observation that the newer the convert, the more noisy his protestation of faith. However, we must disagree with the statement that our friend Ganier makes of the natural enemies of the birds. We would put the common house cat away ahead of both the Jay and Grackle put together.

Editor.

Boy Bird Killers

I have read the article by W. A. Strong on the slaughter of birds in last Oologist and want to say that here in my experience that the small boy and the air gun is far more destructive than all other human agencies.

Some seasons there will be a craze for air guns and I guess there will be fifty boys with air guns and they claim to hunt sparrows. Every year there are more or less small birds brought to me to be identified or mounted that are picked up along the sidewalks, etc., probably shot with air guns.

Another cause of scarcity of birds is lack of shelter. Forty years ago very few farms but what had more or less brush along the fences and road side and waste places. Today most of the woods are pastured, waste places cleaned up and cultivated road side cleaned up.

Storms destroy some. We had a storm in May that blew down wind mills, silos and barns. There was a robin sitting across the street, another

in my hen-yard, one in my garden and one with large young on the farm and all were destroyed and I did not see one around the house after the storm.

Where there was five to ten before, I have only seen one young robin this summer. Several Warblers were brought to me after the storm.

Delos Hatch.

Oakfield, Wis.

NOTES FROM CAMP GRAHAM, FT. WORTH, TEXAS

The Lucky Humming Bird

My mother and I were out in front of our camp when we heard a Humming Bird making a fuss as if in distress. Looking up in a sycamore tree near by I saw her fighting a large snake. The snake was making for her nest which was out near the end of the limb. I got a long fishing pole and with the help of another fellow we knocked the snake out of the tree and killed it. The nest held two half grown young. If the mother bird had not given the alarm when she did the young would have been swallowed alive by the snake as he was within two feet of the nest when we knocked him down.

Green Heron Nesting in Tarrant Co., Texas.

The only notes that I have for Green Herons was migration data. But now I have them nesting in the county. A set of four was collected by Mr. Gentry and wife while they were camped with me on Lake Worth in May. This is the first set ever collected in the county as far as I know.

The Brave Wren.

A wren had the braverw to build in my grub box this summer. She built in a coffee can that was in one corner of the box. The lid of this box formed a table which we ate on.

She raised five young and would be



View of both Dead and Crippled Owls

—Photo by C. F. Pahrman

feeding them while we were eating. She showed no worry about them. And did not pay any attention to us. This is the only bird that has raised right in camp. But birds were raised in bird boxes and tin cans all around camp.

R. Graham.

Ft. Worth, Texas.

A Trip to Auacapa Island, Ventura County, Calif.

On the morning of May 26th, 1917, S. B. Peyton, M. Stirling and myself left Ventura aboard Capt. B. Webster's launch, bound for Auacapa Island. This island is about twenty miles off the coast of Ventura. It is about five miles long and four hundred yards across in the widest place. For the most part it is very rocky and rough.

After a hasty lunch (our time was limited) in Webster's cabin, we set out for a cave at the west end of the island in search of Guillemots. We entered using a flash light to aid us, as this cave run some two hundred feet back. About half way we found four nests of Pigeon Guillemot. Three nests contained two young each and the other held one egg. Further search resulted in two sets of eggs each and the other held one egg. Further search resulted in two sets of eggs each, badly incubated. The nests were merely small pebbles and broke shells on the floor of the cave.

After leaving there we rode to the south of the island to an outlying rock known as Cat Rock. After a short search we were rewarded with two fine sets of Zantus Murrelet of two eggs each, and a set of two Black Oystercatcher. We also found a third set of Murrelet but left this as incubation was too far advanced. The Murrelets nest in burrows and back in among rocks. The birds in all in-

stances were taken off the eggs and then let go. The nest of Black Oystercatcher was merely a slight depression in the ground lined with small stones.

The next morning we visited a colony of Western Gull and Brandt Cormorant. The Gull eggs were all badly incubated and most of the Cormorant were hatched.

The young California Brown Pelicans had all left the nests and were taking lessons in fishing at this time.

W. C. Badger.

Santa Paula, Cal.

Bird Slaughter by Foreigners

As against the gloomy but true picture of bird slaughter, there is in spots at least, a bright side. I live quite near what we call South Mountain Reservation, really the south end of Orange mountain, and a park of hundreds of acres. I really never saw birds more plentiful and I have been a bird man since 1867 when I collected my first sets. I never saw so many Robins anywhere as here; sometimes two nests in a tree, something I never knew Robins to do before. In only about ten minutes looking out of my window I saw about twenty Robins, twenty-five or more Starlings, two Blue Jays, one Crow, twelve or more Chimney Swifts, four or five Barn Swallows, twelve or more Eave Swallows, one Kingfisher, three Chipping Sparrows, two English Sparrows, two Baltimore Orioles, one Brown Thrasher, two Crown Blackbirds, one Indigo bird, one Red-headed Woodpecker, one Bluebird, and a number of others too far away to identify. The result is all trees in perfect foliage. No "worm nests," our fruit unsprayed is as good as sprayed fruit twenty miles away.

Foreigners are very far the worst element in bird slaughter. The small



View of Dead Barn Owl; the place where it fell after being shot
—Photo by C. F. Pahrman

boy is not so bad as he is painted and a little talk with them in the right way, and they are as keen against bird killing. As far as I have seen personally, conditions are worse in New England. There I have seen whole sections and large sections, entirely bare of leaves. I have not killed a bird in many years, and not at any time, except that many years ago covering a full year. I shot and carefully examined the interior in each case of 1100 English Sparrows for Prof. Baird then head of the Smithsonian at Washington, D. C. I learned a lot as to their claims for a quiet life. I know from dear experience what a real game hog is. Many of them will tear down the posting signs then if called to account, swear they saw no signs and ask you to show them. To stop all bird shooting, for some years would be ideal, but can it be done? Can we really stop the hogs? I visited the spot last spring some ten miles from here that used to be alive with birds. I could not find even a sparrow.

F. M. Carryl.

19 Burnett St., Maplewood, N. J.

Anna Hummingbird.

While the Anna Hummingbirds have been carefully studied by many ornithologists, even a casual observer is sure to see something new and interesting in the daily life of this wonderful and elusive pygmy of the bird world.

It might seem that the blossoms of true lavender and white-leaf sage contain nectar in quantities too small for very large insects, yet the hummingbirds work these plants most industriously. When working on the climbing pentstemon (penstemon cordifolius) they would poise like nectar loving moths, wasps or flies and work with the energy of bees but with more grace and proportionally less bluster.

On the large abutilon megapotamicum, a tropicay plant with deep dangling bellflowers suspended by thread-like stems, the hummingbird would poise in under the flower and hang by her feet like an acrobat.

In one instance a hummingbird wanted to work in a flower of tochroma tubularsa but found that a bumble bee was working in the bottom of the flower. With characteristic tact and valor the bumblebee was driven out of the flower and then to make the route really complete the hummingbird chased the bumble bee entirely out of the garden. As the bumble bee was rather heavy in his flight the hummingbird would cut all around him and occasionally hurry up matters with a stroke of her bill.

R. A. Sell.

Berkeley, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. C. Price

During the last week in August the Editor enjoyed a visit from A. E. Price of Grant Park, Illinois, one of the best known oologists in the United States. Mr. Price brought his wife and two very promising young sons with him, driving from Grant Park over in a day and returning from the next day. We had the pleasure of displaying to him the contents of many of our cabinets and enjoying a visit such as comes only to those interested in a mutual hobby. It is to be hoped that this interchange of personal visits between oologists will grow. We all see too little of one another. The latch string at the Editor's home is always out to ornithologists and we only wish that more of them would drift our way.

In the Army

The bird men seem to be doing their full share in army enlistments.

The latest to join the service are Ridley Holleman of San Antonio, Texas, who goes into the Aviation Branch, and Thomas D. Burleigh of Pittsburg, Pa. who is in the Young Men's Christian Association, Army and Navy Association and is probably in France by the time this is published.

Colin Campbell Sanborn, one of the Oologist's clan, a member of Battery C. 149th U. S. Artillery, is just leaving Fort Sheridan for the East and will without doubt be sent to France. He promises the Oologist notes on the birds that he may observe during his service and we appreciate his offer and are sure the Oologists generally will be interested.

Collection Changes

We are advised that J. B. Carter of Waynesburg, Pa., has transferred his collection of eggs to Dr. R. B. Bales of Circleville, Ohio.

B. W. Arnold of Albany, New York, has presented his extensive collection of birds' eggs to the New York State Museum at Albany, and has been appointed Honorary Curator of Ornithology of that institution.

Charles F. Carr, publisher of the New London, (Wis.) Press, has given to the city for the establishment of a museum in connection with the public library, his collection of mounted birds, bird skins, bird eggs, minerals fossils, land, bush water and marine shells and other marine specimens. Mr. Carr has been an enthusiastic collector for over forty years and his specimens on display fill eight glass cabinets 3x7x10 feet; in addition there are several cabinets of drawers.

He retains his ornithological library, the finest in the state.

The sad news comes to our desk that Evan Davis, one of California's earlier and well known oologists

passed away at his home in Orange, California, July 16, 1917.

Mr. Davis was an oologist well known, accurate and reliable and one who was a close observer and who desecrated a great deal of personal pleasure in the pursuit of his science. The first set of white-tailed Kite ever received by the Editor, and at that time a great rarity, in his collection, is a set of four which we received from Mr. Davis many years ago. It is needless to say it still rests in our cabinet.

We express our sympathy for his family.

Books Received

A STUDY OF THE RACES OF THE WHITE FRONTED GOOSE (*Anser albifrons*) OCCURRING IN CALIFORNIA, by Harry S. Swarth and Harold C. Bryant. University of California Publications in Zoology, Vol. 17 No. 11.

This publication describes what purports to be a new sub-species of white-fronted geese and purports to divide birds of this species visiting California into two varieties; the one here described, "Tule Goose" and the other the common American White-fronted Goose. The differences pointed out which distinguish the Tule Goose from the common variety appear to be a yellow ring around the edge of the eye lid, and an alleged difference in size, and the fact that the Tule Goose is supposed to have two more feathers in the tail than the other variety; and contains among other things, this startling statement:

"A large Tule Goose may be compared with the Canada Goose, which it closely approximates in bulk"

If a bird as large as the Canada Goose has escaped the fine-combed search of our systematists for sub-species of geographic races until the

present time, it is literally true that this fact approaches a miracle.

The Editor having kept European and American White-fronted Geese in confinement on his home place for years, as well as all of the three different varieties of the Canada Goose group, will be more than pleased to add to his collection, living specimens of a White-fronted Goose that "may be compared with the Canada Goose—in bulk."

However, we are still from Missouri on this subject, never having seen any White-fronted goose of that size, and many of our living specimens came from California.

However, the half tone plates accompanying this paper certainly bear out the claim made in this contribution of the existence of two forms of White-fronted geese. We would appreciate it very much if some of our California correspondence could secure for us three or four living specimens of this supposedly newly discovered race.

A REVIEW OF THE SUBSPECIES OF THE LEACH PETREL by Harry C. Oberhouser (Separate pp. 165-72, Vol. 54, Proceedings of the National Museum).

This is a technical paper covering the subject of its title which is treated with the usual thoroughness of Mr. Oberhouser. While it is well known that the Editor of this publication is not in sympathy with the apparent trend of modern ornithologists toward the diversion, re-division and re-sub-division of the species until they must be described "as similar to, but slightly different from" something else, yet with all Mr. Oberhouser's work goes an element of scientific accuracy, which is not likely to be disregarded.

He now divides this species into

three sub-species, as follows:

Oceanodroma leucorhoa leucorhoa, from the French Coast.

Oceanodroma leucorhoa Beali, from the Coast Region of Northwest North America.

Oceanodroma leucorhoa kaedingi, from the Pacific Coast region of Lower California.

Which is far less in number than the ordinary layman would naturally expect.

Golden Eagle in Rutherford, County, N. C.

On September 13, a Golden Eagle was shot by a negro near the town of Cliffside, N. C. He says that he saw the bird the day before but was unable to get a shot at it. When shot it was sitting on a fence at the slaughter house a short distance from the town. It is a splendid specimen and was purchased at once by G. C. Haynes of this place for mounting purposes. I saw and identified the bird as the Golden Eagle. This is the first instance I have on record of the appearance of this bird in this locality. It measured seven feet spread, and was evidently not a very old bird.

Chas. F. Moore.

Cliffside, N. C.

Strange Nesting Site of the Wood Pewee

On a recent ramble, an acquaintance and myself discovered a nest of the Wood Pewee, but unlike other nests, this one was suspended from the boughs of a walnut about five feet from the ground.

The nest consisted of the usual material of plant fibers and grasses with quite an amount of lichen, but instead of being saddled astride a lamb, they choose to place the nest in a rude structure of coarse grasses, much resembling a Vireo's nest. I am positive

it was the Wood Pewee nest but am at a loss to understand why they chose this site

The nest contained one young and four Cow Bird eggs.

Theodore R. Green.

Aledo, Ill.

NOTES FROM MARSHALL, TEXAS

The Wood Ducks, which have for a long time been very scarce, are becoming more plentiful. This is due to the untiring labor of our Assistant Game Warden, Mr. Bun Roe, who has been very vigilant and fearless in seeing that the National and State laws were enforced in regard to their preservation.

Meadow Larks

(Harrison County)

The once common Meadow Lark seems to be rapidly decreasing. The only excuse for this that I can see is the young hunter, who usually takes great pleasure in shooting these useful birds, because they make such good targets while on the wing.

There is a law in this state protecting these beneficial birds but it is not properly enforced in this county.

As a result of the dry spring that we had this year the number of Bob-White has increased very much in this county. Large coveys of young birds have been noticed this summer all over the county. The other day I flushed a covey of young birds that had thirty birds in it.

This summer and spring I have been noticing the Ruby-Throated Humming Birds very closely in the hope to find their nests. Although this was unsuccessful I made some interesting observations of this bird; one was the scarcity of male birds. Only a very few of them were seen throughout the entire summer, the

ratio seemed to be about one to twenty.

I was told by a reliable farmer that he found a number of nests of the Killdeer in an open corn field. Although this is in the range of the Killdeer he is a very rare nester here in Harrison County.

In November last I noticed a male Yellow-headed Black Bird feeding in a lot near here. He was alone and stayed around for nearly a week and then flew away with a drove of Red-winged Black Birds and Grackles. This is the first bird of this kind that I have ever noticed in this county and I think it very unusual.

The Purple Martins arrived very late this spring and they were not as plentiful as they were last year. This is probably due to the late spring that we had this year which caused many of them to nest farther northward.

A great many Ruby-crowned Kinglets and Cedar Waxwings wintered in the pine and cedar woods around here.

The Wood Thrush which is one of our most beautiful songsters were almost lacking this year. Very few birds were seen and no nests were seen.

Pied-billed Grebes and Coots were plentiful this year, arriving in the fall about October 1st, and many of them wintering on our small artificial lakes.

DeLoach Martin.

Owls

Anyone that has never found an Owls nest has surely missed a goodly portion of oology. Up to the year 1917, I had never found an Owl's nest, and although I found three nests during the 1917 season, I got nothing more than some experience.

On March 2nd, I left home about

four o'clock a. m. and made my way to a small woods where I had seen three young Horned Owls the previous season. I was expecting to find the nest in a hollow tree and was very much surprised when upon hitting a large maple, which contained an old nest to see a Horned Owl quickly leave the nest and fly away. At last there was an owl's nest, and putting on my climbers I soon was viewing the interior of it.

The nest contained two eggs and was situated about seventy-five feet from the ground in a crotch formed by three limbs. As I stood there on a small limb congratulating myself on my luck, I heard a dull peep, and upon looking closer saw that one of the eggs was pipped. And then to cap the climax the limb which I was standing on broke off, leaving me suspended in the air. Fortunately my hand was grasping a limb above me when the accident happened and I pulled myself to safety I tried to burn one of the eggs out with caustic potash, but to no avail.

The second nest I found was a deserted one of the Barred Owl. By the looks of the nest it had been used that year, and when the nest was discovered a Barred Owl was sitting beneath it.

On April 14th, I found my last Owl's nest. It was in a beech tree about eighty feet up. My only hope was to find a rotten egg, for I could see a fuzzy youngster in the nest. The old birds did not show up until I commenced to pull away one side of the nest that hindered me from looking over the rim. Then the female flew in with a hoot and lit on a limb close by. I kept at my work, until—Bang! I thought an avalanche had struck me for I was nearly knocked from the tree by a blow on the side of my head. My hat was gone, face all scratched up

and ear bleeding. I hastily examined the nest and made my descent while the female owl was telling her mate how brave she was with many a hoot and howl. The young owl looked like a Buff Cochin bantam. A rabbit about half eaten constituted the contents of the nest.

This ends my notes on owls, and now I am waiting and imagining what next season will bring in the way of owls' nests.

Lyle D. Miller.

E. Claridon, Ohio.

Rare Specimens

The Editor has recently added to his collection sets and in some cases series of eggs taken this year of the Yellow-billed, Black-throated and Red-throated Loon, Parasite and Long-tailed Jaeger, Pacific Kitowit, Old Squaw and Pacific Eider, White-cheeked and Cackling Goose, Black Brandt, Little Brown Crane, Red and Northern Phalarope, Pectoral, Baird, Least and Pacific Red-backed Sandpiper, Lesser Yellow-legs, Black and Ruddy Turnstone, Hoary Redpoll, Alaskan Longspur, and last but not least two sets of eggs and the skins of the parents of the very rare Knot (*Tringa canutus*); of which there are but four authentic sets known, all of these specimens coming from one collector and most of them being accompanied by the nests of the birds as well as the skins of the parent and in some cases by a series of skins and the downy young.

Another collector writes that he has forwarded 8 sets of the Loon, 5 sets of Wilson Snipe, 2 sets of Western Goshawk, 11 sets of Sharp-shinned, 5 sets Great Grey Owl, 1 set Richardson's Owl, 3 sets of American Hawk Owl and 1 set of Sam White Owl. And yet another correspondent sends a set of Long-billed Curlew, 2 sets of mountain Plover and a set of Sage Grouse.

accompanied by the skins of the birds. These are valuable and desirable additions to our cabinet.

Later we will probably have more to say on the subject of some of these specimens.

MAGAZINES WANTED

I want the following back numbers of magazines named, for which I will pay the highest market price. In any case where any number of a magazine is listed as wanted, if I cannot get the special numbers desired, I am willing to purchase either the entire volume or the entire file complete. This is an unusual opportunity which those having old magazines named in the following list to dispose of the same at unusual prices. Please check up what you have on hand and write me.

R. M. BARNES.

Agassiz Bulletin, W. A. Crooks, Publisher, Gilman, Ill., 1890.

Vol. I, Nos. 2-3-5-6.

Agassiz Companion, W. H. Plank, 1886, etc., Wyandotte, Ks.

Vol. I, all but No. 2; Vol. II, all but Nos. 3-5-6; Vol. III, all but Nos. 1-10-11-12.

Agassiz Journal, Wm. E. Skinner, Lynn, Mass., 1885.

Vol. I, No. 1-2 and all after No. 9.

Agassiz Record, Frank E. Wetherell, Oskaloosa, Ia., 1888.

All except Vol. I, No. 4.

American Magazine of Natural History, F. R. Stearns & Co., Sac City, Ia., Des Moines, Ia., 1892-3.

Vol. I, all; Vol. II, all but No. 4.

American Magazine of Natural Science, Fred R. Stearns & Co., Sac City, Ia., 1892-3.

Vol. I, all ex. Nos. 1-2; Vol. II, all ex. Nos. 1-2-3-11-12.

Amateur Naturalist, Chas. D. Pandell, Ashland, Me., 1893-6

Vol. I-II-III, all except No. 4 of Vol. III.

American Ornithologists Exchange, C. A. Morris, Pawpaw, Ill., 1891.

All after Vol. I, No. 1.

American Osprey, Paul B. Haskell, Ashland, Ky., 1890.

All published except Nos. 3-6-8-10 of Vol. I.

Bear Hill Adviser, Frank E. Parks, Stoneham, Mass., 1903.

All published except No. 4, Vol. I.

Bird News, San Francisco, Cal., 1909.

Vol. I, Nos. 5-6.

Buckeye State Collector, E. J. Smith, F. R. Rome, Portsmouth, O., 1888.

All published after Vol. I, No. 6.

Bulletin Oologists Association, Isadore S. Trostler, Omaha, Neb., 1897.

All published except No. 1.

California Art & Nature, Art & Nature Co., San Diego, Cal., 1901.

Vol. I, Nos. 5-6-7-10-11 and all published after No. 12, Vol. I.

California Traveller & Scientist Traveller & Naturalist Co., San Jose, Calif., 1891-2.

Vol. I, all except No. 5; Vol. II, all except No. 3 and other numbers issued.

The Collector, The Collector Co., West Chester, Pa., 1901.

Vol. II; all Vol. II except Nos. 1-2-3.

The Collector, Chas. & Jos. Keys, Des Moines, Ia., 1882.

All of Vol. II except Nos. 6-7-8.

Collector's Advocate, Chas. Farvin, Cincinnati, O., 1888.

All except Vol. I, No. 1.

The Collector's Illustrated Magazine, E. M. Haight, Riverside, Cal., 1888.

All except. No. 1-2 of Vol. I.

Collector's Journal, Frank Hammond, Fayetteville, Ia., 1901.

Collector's Monthly, Frank Hammond, Fayetteville, Ia., 1901.

All. except Nos. 2-3-4 of Vol. I.

Collector's Star, Star Publishing Co., Pawnee City, Neb. 1888.

All except, No. 2 of Vol. I.

- The Curio Collector**, Corrine B. Wolverton, Osage, Ia., 1912.
All published ex. Vol. III, No. 1.
- The Curio Exchange**, Frank Gingerich, New Kamilche, Wash., 1900-1.
All ex. I, No. 2-6; Vol. II No. 1.
- Empire State Exchange**, U. R. Perrine, Water Valley, N. Y., 1889.
All except Vol I Nos. 1-5-10; Vol. II, Nos. 1-2; Vol. III Nos. 2-3; Vol. IV Nos. 1-2-3-4.
- The Exchange**, Bunker & Park, Mendota, Ill., 1889.
All ex. Vol. I Nos. 2-3.
- The Exchange**, C. R. Burr, Adrian, Mich., 1885.
All ex. Vol. I Nos. 1-2-4-5-11.
- Exchange & Collector**, Union Exchange Agency, Canajohane, N. Y., 1885.
All ex. Vol. I No. 1.
- The Exchanger's Monthly**, Chas. Chamberlain, Jr., Jersey City, N. Y. 1888.
All ex. Vol. II Nos. 1-8; Vol. III No. 6; Vol. IV No. 4.
- Forest & Feld**, Wm. Pope, L. J. Kellogg, Gilbertsville, N. Y., 1892.
All ex. Vol. I, No. 1-5.
- Golden State Scientist**, E. A. Haight, Riverside, Cal., 1886.
All ex. Vol. I, No. 1.
- Guide to Nature Study and Literature**, Agassiz Assn. of America, Stamford, Conn., Edw. F. Bigelow.
All ex. Vol. I No. 1.
- The Hummer**, J. B. Brownwell, Nebraska City, Neb., 1899-1900.
Vol. I, No. 3-4; and all published after No. 9.
- The Iowa Naturalist**, T. J. Fitzpatrick, Iowa City, Ia., 1905-11.
All after Vol. III No. 1.
- Hoosier Naturalist**, R. B. Trouslot, Val Paraiso, Ind., 1886-8.
Vol. I Nos. 1-2-3-4-5.
- Iowa Ornithologist**, Iowa Ornithologist Society, Salem, Ia., 1895-7.
Vol. IV No. 3.
- Kansas City Naturalist**, K. C. Assn of Science, 1886-91.
Vol. V Nos. 3-6-8-10-11 and all following.
- Kansas City Naturalist**, C. L. Prebble, Topeka, Kan., 1902.
All except Vol. II No. 1.
- The Loon**,———1889.
All ex. Vol. I No. 6-7-8-9-10.
- Maine Oologist & Ornithologist**, H. Stanton Sawyer, Garland, Me., 1890-1.
Vol. I, No. 5-6-7-8-9-12; Vol. II No. 1.
- Mohawk Standard**, Smith & Klock, Delta, N. Y., 1887-8.
All ex. Vol. II No. 11.
- The Naturalist**, Naturalist Publishing Co., Des Moines, Ia., 1893.
All ex. Vol. I No. 1.
- The Naturalist**, R. B. Trouslot, Kansas City, Mo., 1890.
All ex. Vol. IV Nos. 6-8-10.
- The Natural History Collectors Monthly**, J. B. Peck, Newberg, N. Y. 1893.
All ex. Vol. I Nos. 1-2-3-4.
- The Naturalist Companion**, Chas. P. Guelf, Brockport, N. Y., 1895.
All ex. Vol. I, No. 1-3-7-11 and Vol. II Nos. 2-4-5.
- The Naturalists Quarterly**, Salem, Mass., 1880.
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- The Naturalists Review**, Shrieves & Durland, Boston, Mass., 1885.
All ex. Vol. I No. 1.
- Natural Science Review**.
All issues before No. 5; also Nos. 46-58-59-60-61-62-72-74 and all later.
- The Naturalist & Collector**, P. Wilbur Schupp, Abingdon, Ill., 1895.
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- Nature and Art**.
All except Vol. I No. 1.
- The Observer**, E. F. Bigelow, 1889.
Vol. I all except No. 1-6; Vol. II all except No. 3; Vol. III complete Vol. IV all except No. 2-3; Vol. V No. 6 and all after

- No. 7; Vol. VI No. 2-7-10-12;
Vol. VII No. 1-2-3-5-10-11-12;
Vol. VIII al except No. 4.
- The Ohio Naturalist**, Biological Club,
Ohio University, 1899-1905.
All published except No. 1 Vol. IV.
- The Old Curiosity Shop**, E. M. Haight,
Riverside & San Diego, Cal.
Vol. I to V inclusive, complete;
Vol. VI al except No. 33; Vol.
VIII all except No. 8-11-12; and
all following No. 1 Vol IX.
- The Oologists Advertiser**, .C. .H.
Prince, Danielsville, Ct. 1899-1890.
All except Vol. I No. 1.
- The Oologists Journal**, Fred W. Stack
and Stack & Peck, 1891-2.
Vol. I No. 4; Vol. II No. 4-5-6.
- Oregon Naturalist**, Aurelius Todd,
Eugene, Ore., 1891.
All following Vol. II No. 7.
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ford, Des Moines, Ia., 1892.
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- The Owl**, H. Paul Peck and Ed. R.
Wait, Glenn Falls, N. Y., 1885-6.
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Vol. II and No. 2 Vol. III.
- Random Notes on Natural History**,
Southwick & Jenks, Providence, R.
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Nos. 3-5-6-7-8-10-12; Vol. III all
except Nos. 2-3-4.
- The Stormy Petrel**, Smith & Co. Men-
dota, Ill., 1890.
Vol. I Nos. 2-6 and all later.
- The Weekly Oologist & Philatelist**,
Lebanon, Ore., F. T. Corless.
Vol. I No. 2; Vol. II No. 2.
- The Taxidermist**, F. B. Webster, Hyde
Park, Mass.
Vol. II No. 6 and all following
Vol. II No. 7.
- The Valley Naturalist**, Henry Skear,
St. Louis, Mo.
All except Vol. I No. 1.
- West American Scientist**, C. R. Or-
cutt, San Diego, Calif., 1885-92.
All except Nos. 9-11 Vol. I, Vol. II
all except Nos. 15-21; Vol. III all
except Nos. 27-31; Vol. IV Nos.
43-47-53 Vol. VI No. 61; Vol.
VIII No. 66 to 73 inclusive; Vol.
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98-99-100; Vol. XII No. 107; Vol.
XIII Nos. 121-130 inclusive and
all published following No. 132
except Nos. 137-138.
- The Western Naturalist**, C. L. Preb-
ble, Topeka, Kan.
All except Vol. I No. 1.
- Western Naturalist**, Frank A. Carr,
Madison, Wis. 1887-8.
Vol. I No. 1; Vol. I all following
No. 6; Vol. II No. No. 1 and all
following No. 4.
- Western Oologist**, F. M. Sherrin, Mil-
waukee, Wis. 1885.
All published except No. 2-3 Vol.
I.
- Western Reserve Naturalist**, F. C.
Hubbard, Geneva, O., 1893.
All except Vol. I No. 1.
- The Wisconsin Naturalist**, The Nat-
uralist Pub Co. Zola B. Rohr &
Frank Woerdhoff, Milwaukee,
Wis. 1897, etc.
All except No. 5-6 of Vol. I and
No. 1 of Vol. VI and Nos. 77-78-79-81-
82-87-88-89-90.
- The Wolverine Naturalist**, Morris
Gibbs, Kalamazoo, Mich., 1890.
All except Vol. I Nos. 1-2.
- The Young Collector**, Chas & Jos.
Keyes, Des Moines, Ia., 1881-2.
All except No. 1-2-3 of Vol. II.
- The Young Naturalist**, Chas. F. Get-
teny, Galesburg, Ill.
All except No. 4-5 of Vol. I.
- The Young Ornithologist**, Arthur A.
Child, Boston, Mass., 1885.
All except Vol. I No. 1-3-7-9.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLYPHEMUS COCOONS for sale at 2c each, or exchange for insects or cocoons particularly west, south or foreign. KENT SCIENTIFIC MUSEUM, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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WANTED—New or second-hand, hammerless shot-gun. 12, 16, or 20 guage. Must be in good condition. Will exchange for first-class sets of NOVA SCOTIA birds eggs. R. W. TUFTS, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

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WANTED—To exchange lepidoptera with collectors in every part of the world. Send your list of offers. Please write. THEODORE R. GREER, Aledo, Illinois.

WANTED:—The Oologist from May, 1909, through December 1914 and several Ornithological books to exchange or sell. I want various Biological Survey publications. HAROLD M. HOLLAND, 320 S. Gramercy Pl. Los Angeles, Calif.

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FOR SALE—Stevens collecting gun with shells, loading tools, etc. Price \$80.00 W. N. PECK, 19 Elm Pl., Quincy, Mass.

BOOKS.

FOR SALE.—The Auk Vol. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in the original cover. ERNEST RIECKER, 900 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—Last five years of the Auk. Offer in exchange, large list of ornithological publications; N. A. Fauna Series; rare Alaskan bird skins or cash if necessary. GEO. G. CANTWELL, Puyallup, Wash.

Frank L. Burns' Bibliography of scarce or out of print North American Amateur and Trade Publications in existence. Price 25c. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

WANTED—Back numbers of many amateur bird publications. List of desiderate sent to anyone having anything in this line for sale or exchange. Also have many numbers of Auk, Condor, Bird Lore, O. & O., Oologist, Bull. Cooper Club, etc. to exchange. A. C. BENT, Taunton, Mass.

WANTED FOR CASH—The Condor Vols 1-9 incl., Bird Lore Vols. 1 and 2 incl., Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. 3; No. 1 of Vol. 7; The Oologist of Utica, N. Y. Vols 1-5 inc. and its continuation. The Ornithologist and Oologist Vols. 6-8 incl. B. F. BOLT, 1421 Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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FOR EXCHANGE—Two Volumes of Auk some five numbers of Geographic magazines and other kinds to exchange for Indian relics or eggs. C. G. HART, East Berlin, Conn. Box 47.

TO EXCHANGE—For best offers, Oologist, 05, 1911, Birds of Michigan (paper Cook, '93) Chap. East. Birds '01. Several hundred eastern. WM. WILKOWSKI, 225 E. Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

WANTED—To correspond with anybody having back numbers of bird magazines for sale. DeLOACH MARTIN, Marshall, Texas.

TO EXCHANGE—First class sets and Ornithological magazines for Ornith. Magazines. N. A. Funa's Biological Sur. Bulletin, Sept. Bulletins, etc. CHAS. W. TINDALL, Independence, Mo.

WANTED—Exchange or sale lists of books or magazines on birds and general natural history. B. S. BOWDISH, Demarest, N. J.

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WANTED—A copy of Kirkwood's "Birds of Maryland" in good condition. Will pay cash. H. N. HARRISON, Cambridge, Md.

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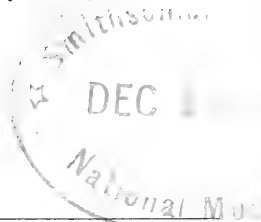
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THE OÖLOGIST.

BIRDS--NESTS--EGGS

TAXIDERMY



VOL. XXXIV. No. 12. ALBION, N. Y., DEC. 15, 1917. WHOLE No. 365

BRIEF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted, Exchange, For Sale, Etc., inserted in this department at 25 cents for each 25 words for one issue; each additional word 1 cent. No notice inserted for less than 25 cents.

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SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

Examine the number on the wrapper of your Oologist. It denotes the time your subscription expires. Remember we must be notified if you wish it discontinued and all arrearages must be paid. 365 your subscription expires with this issue. 341 your subscription expired with December issue 1915. Other expirations can be computed by intermediate numbers at the rate of one number per month.

Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1903, at the post office at Albion, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

In answering advertisements in these columns mention "The Oologist," and thereby help us, as well as the advertiser and yourself.

We will not advertise the skins, nests, eggs, or mounted specimens of North American Birds for sale. These columns are for the use of those desiring to make bona fide exchanges of such specimens for scientific collecting purposes only.—EDITOR.

BIRDS

WANTED—Skin of Razorbill Auk and Auhinga, offer Brandts Cormorant, etc., in exchange. Offer either cash or exchange in Indian and African Big Game horns, for skin of Penquin Apterix, Owl Parrot, Kea, or other foreign bird skins that I can use. Send list. WM. J. HACKMEIER, 645 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—A pair of living Sand Hill Cranes A. O. U. No. 306, taken north of the center of the U. S. If the birds are only slightly wingtipped this will not matter. For them I will pay a good price. R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Ill.

I want finely mounted drakes in full plumage or skins that will mount up nicely, of the following: European Widgeon, Surf, and American Scoter and all the Eiders. GERARD ALAN ABBOTT, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

I have a large number of bird skins mounted birds and mammals. Want mountable skins or properly mounted specimens of full plumaged adult male birds, none larger than Bob White. Send me your exchange and I will send mine. KARL W. KAHMANN, 2513 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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PASSENGER PIGEONS: Have one mounted bird in fair condition to exchange for best offer in rare sets. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pennsylvania.

EXCHANGE.—Any one desiring to exchange mainland bird skins for Hawaiian bird skins, kindly drop me a card. J. A. NUNES, JR., Box 1387, Honolulu.

The following skins with measurements and full data to exchange for good full sets—Crow, 1 male; Roadrunner, 1 female; Coot, 1 female, Hermit Thrush, 1 male, 1 female; Scissortail Flycatcher, 1 male; Grey-tailed Cardinal 1 male, 1 female; White-crowned Sparrow, 1 male, 1 female; Vesper Sparrow, 2 males; Western Lark Sparrow, 2 males; Myrtle Warbler, 1 male, 1 female; 1 Chipping Sparrow, 1 female, Field Sparrow, 1 male, Bell Vireo, 1 male. ELTON PERRY, 610 Baylor St., Austin Texas.

Exchange desired for the following Bird skins Nos. 683, 640, 644, 649, 653, 654a, 663a, 664, 666, 678, 679; 669. O. C. HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

EGGS.

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WANTED—Entire collections of eggs, also eggs of Rare North American Birds. R. M. BARNES, Lacon, Ill.

Eggs in sets for exchange for my collection Can use many common sets. MEARL B. WHEELER, E. Randolph, N. Y.

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If you want to increase your collection of birds eggs or to dispose of the same advertise in THE OOLOGIST. It will produce results as it reaches almost every person in North America who is a collector of Oological specimens and a great many who are not but who wish they were. We give one free ad. with every subscription.

FOR EXCHANGE—A large list of No. American species in exchange for species needed in my collection. Kindly exchange lists. C. W. CHAMBERLAIN, 36 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

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FOR EXCHANGE—About three hundred sets of eggs for North American bird skins not in my collection. Some rare sets with nests. STANLEY G. JEWETT, PENDLETON, OREGON.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send for sample of my data with your name printed on them, 500 for \$1.00 postpaid. EDW. S. COOMBS, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Choice sets of 128, 180, 181, 204 206, 309, 327, 330, 332, 337a, 343 and 359. Also rare and unique crystals and minerals. OFFERED—Many fine U. S. and Foreign Postage Stamps, land and fresh water shells and cash. REV. H. E. WHEELER, Conway, Arkansas.

Will exchange collection of United States Stamps, many rare, for sets and bird skins. California Bird Photos for sale or exchange. WRIGHT M. PIERCE, Claremont, Calif.

EGG CABINET FOR SALE—New quartered oak cabinet containing 15 drawers 3x2 with depth of drawers running from 4 in. to 2 in. This cabinet has folding doors and may be locked. If interested write JAMES B. CARTER, Waynesburg, Pa.

FOR EXCHANGE The following well prepared sets 316 2-2, 321 1-2, 443 1-5 1-4, 471a 1-4 1-3 2-2, 474c 1-3, 498 3-5 5-4 43, 506 4-4, 513a 3-4 4-3, 552a 3-4, 593c 1-4 5-3, 612a 6-5 64, 633 3-4, 638 1-4, 703a 3-4, 719c 3-7 5-6 3-5, 732a 1-6 1-5, 761 1-4. Texas Chickadee 1-4 \$1.00 per egg. Has bronck Sereech Owl or \$1.00 per egg, one egg cracked. Howell Nighthawk 6-2 or \$1.00 per egg. Select your wants and send list. ELTON PERRY, 610 Baylor St., Austin, Texas.

Will be glad to hear from reliable collectors and to receive their lists. Have good list to offer including some rare species. RICHARD C. HARLOW, State College, Pa.

All Sets Swallow-tailed Kite, Gray King-bird and common birds for collecting gun and camera. J. B. ELLIS, Chokoloskee, Fla.

Can offer U. S. or Foreign stamps for eggs. Also single eggs with hole in end for exchange. Will buy eggs not in my collection. GEO. E. ARNOLD, Whitten, Iowa.

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WANTED—Sets of 113.1, 249, 252, 260, 298, 332, 344, 393c, 399, 463, 521, 573, 583, 685, etc. J. H. BOWLES, The Woodstock, Tacoma, Wash.

WANTED—Lists of choice sets from reliable collections. I can offer Sandhill Crane, Swallow-tail Kite, Bald and Golden Eagle, Duck Hawk, Snowy Owl and many others. All answered. A. E. PRICE, Grant Park, Ill.

EXCHANGE—Extraordinary choice cabinet sets and sets with nests with full and accurate data for sets and large rare singles. Send 2 cent stamp for list. Send list in full. DR. M. T. CLECKLEY, 457 Green St., Augusta, Ga.

WANTED—Singles or broken sets in quantities, or small lots; also books on Taxidermy, curios, etc. J. E. HARRIS, 259 Maple St., Dayton, Ohio.

Having recently purchased the large private collection of the late J. W. Preston, of Cheney, Wash. I have a magnificent exchange list to offer. I especially desire waders, grouse and warblers, but can use many others. B. R. BALES, M. D., Circleville, Ohio.

FOR EXCHANGE—295 1-10, 310c 1-12, 325 1-2, 326 1-2, 329 1-1, 333 1-4, 334a 1-3, 335 1-4, 337a 1-3, 341 1-2, 342 1-3, 345 1-2, 346 1-2, 360 1-4, 368b 1-2, 373b 1-3, 416 1-2, 417a 1-2, 421 1-2, 487 1-5, 594 1-8, 394a 1-3, 718b N-6, 726a 1-5, 729 1-6, 734 1-5, 736a N-6 and others. all first class, personally collected, full data. E. F. POPE, Colmesneil, Texas.

EXCHANGE—Lepidoptera & Coleoptera. Bird skins native, & foreign. One Passenger Pigeon and 2 species Grey-falcons left. Snow and Grey Owls, Swordfish head, Cocoons and Chrysalides. Moths and Butterflies, Tarantulas, Centepedes, Ringtail cat, Civil Cat, Prairie Dog, Curlews, Avocets, Stilt, Jbises, Rails. OLIVER TRAFFORD, Naturalist, St. Eugene, Ontario, Canada.

THE OÖLOGIST.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 12

ALBION, N. Y., DEC. 15, 1917.

WHOLE No. 365

Owned and Published Monthly, by R. M. Barnes, Albion, N. Y., and Lacon, Ill.

A Choice Thing For a Christmas Present



“Audubon, the Naturalist.” A history of his life and home by Francis Hobart Herick, Ph.D. Sc. D. Prof. of Biology in the Western Reserve University, Author of the “Home Life of Birds,” etc., in 2 volumes, Illustrative. D. Appleton & Company, New York-London, 1917. Price \$7.50 net.

By special arrangement with the publishers of this magnificent work, we are enabled to furnish this work complete at the published price, \$7.50, carriage free, to all who place their order therefor through us. We cannot recommend it too highly and for all orders accompanied by cash sent to The Oologist, the books will be forwarded free of expense. Address the undersigned at Lacon, Illinois.

R. M. BARNES.

VOLUME 34


With this issue of the Oologist, we complete Volume 34. While it has not been all that we have wished it, yet we believe, those who have been readers of this journal will agree with us that it has shown a substantial improvement over preceding volumes. It is our purpose that each succeeding volume of the Oologist shall be better than the one preceding it. This gradual betterment can be attained only with the assistance of our friends who are interested in the success of our little publication.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to those who have stood so loyally by us and by the Oologist in years past and it is more than a pleasure to acknowledge the same, but we desire to do more and pray a continuance of this support. No publication of this character, which is not carried on for financial gain and which circulates among a limited and selected clientele can succeed without the earnest personal support and interest of its friends.

It will in the future be the policy of the Oologist to further the interest of scientific oology and ornithology in America and to expose fraud whenever it is brought to our notice and to in all other things reserve the best interest for whom it is published. We desire specially that every collector and subscriber should regard this little publication as at least in part his own and to be and feel at all times free to favor us with suggestions regarding the same.

We expect to continue the publication of the Oologist during the ensuing year along the same lines that it has been published in the past. Of course, this cannot be done and keep it up to its present standard without an effort on the part of its friends, not only to furnish copy, but also to fur-

nish subscribers and advertisers. We have repeatedly appealed to the readers of the Oologist who had its welfare at heart to each one of them secure at least one other individual subscriber for an extra copy to be sent to a friend. If you will do this in the year of 1918 you will have a bigger and better Oologist.

 Better renew your subscription and provide for this extra subscription now while it is fresh in your mind.

We wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

The Editor.

Bird Collecting In Eastern Colombia.

Paul G. Howes.

VI.

March 8th. I started this morning at 9 a. m., from the hotel, amid a crowd of curious onlookers, and much speculation as to my purpose. Leaving a city with a population as large as Bogota, roughly dressed and thoroughly armed might cause interest even in our own country, yet I was allowed to proceed through the streets out into the country, unquestioned even by the police. Much relieved to be away from Bogota I took my first long breath in many a day.

The trail led steadily upward through paramo growth of century plants and low bushes resembling mountain laurel. Quantities of deep red, and white foxglove grew in among the other vegetation together with many other flowering plants that I did not recognize.

At 11 a. m. the cloud forest was entered and here the trees and rocks were covered with beautiful mosses and lichens of every description. As I neared the pass over the first ridge at 10,700 feet, around one o'clock, fierce winds sprang up and it became almost impossible to see for the clouds which swept the crest. The tempera-



Nest and eggs of Coue's Flycatcher, taken in Ramsey Canyon, Huachuca, Ariz.,
June 5, 1913, by F. C. Willard.

ture dropped way down chilling me thoroughly and soaking my clothes so that I emerged dripping on the other side.

In the pass itself, were quantities of tiny wooden crosses made from twigs and bits of wood. They lined both sides of the trail in hundreds where they had been placed by the superstitious pack drivers and native travellers when starting over the more dangerous trails which I was yet to encounter.

On both sides of the pass I noted numbers of humming birds, one a species of lesbia, with a tail five inches long and beautiful topaz throat. There were also many Andean White-throated sparrows, big dusky robins and a species of finch or sparrow new to me.

Descending to 9000 feet I found myself in Chipaque, a tiny town set in a huge valley. Here signs of prosperity were in evidence. Great numbers of cultivated fields and vegetable gardens marked the landscape. I reached the town at 2 p. m. and put up for the night in a very dirty house, but the best I could find. My room was very dirty and stuffy and the matting over the earthen floor sheltered numerous fleas which jumped merrily upon my legs as I entered. I spent the afternoon sleeping and turned in for the night about seven o'clock after a coarse meal and a chat with my hospitable but filthy hosts.

March 9th. After a better night than I had anticipated and a breakfast of scrambled eggs and coffee, I hit the trail again at eight o'clock. At first the trail led off into a fine hill country, consisting of rolling fields of emerald vegetation, each marked off by a well built stone wall. There were brooks lined with delicate green willows, and here and there a stony pasture dotted with large willows, re-

mind me of a New England landscape. I soon left this country however and found myself in an arid land of gigantic hills and valleys. Here the vegetation changed also. Great numbers of century plants and cacti were growing all along the trail and on the hill-sides were big round-leaved trees bearing deep red, bell-shaped blossoms which proved attractive to countless numbers of humming birds and butterflies.

My little horse has proved himself a fine companion with a good comfortable gait and amiable disposition. Yesterday's ride started a bad sore under the saddle so that I had to grease it well with resinol and place a pad over the wound. This the little animal seemed to recognize as a kindly act, as he is in fine spirits today and ever ready to gallop and give me the full joy of horseback riding in this wonderful country.

About eleven in the morning I came into the quaint little town of Cacueza at about 6000 feet. Here I met two very pretty Colombian maidens with flowing hair and big dark eyes, who soon had me eating a very good meal at their posada. I must admit that I was loathe to leave, but nevertheless I was soon on the trail again in order to join the others as soon as possible. In half an hour's time I came into the most inspiring country that I have ever seen. The trail led along the very edge of tremendous cliffs which dropped almost perpendicularly for two thousand feet to the valley, where the Reo Negro churned to a white foam rushes on to join the Orinoco. In places the trail was less than four feet wide with a sheer drop on one side and a sheer rise on the other of a thousand feet each. It was an arid country, almost bare of vegetation with hills made up of clays varying through all shades of orange and yel-



Nest and eggs of the Thick billed Fox Sparrow, taken by A. M. Ingersoll, in Butt County, California, June 22, 1914.

low. I met one or two pack trains going towards Bogota and as it is the custom of the country to pass on the left side, I was often forced within an inch of the edge. Far below I could see the tumbling river. The slightest mistep of the horse or a crack in the edge of the trail would mean certain death yet one forgets the danger always, in the joy of living and traveling over this trail.

Sometimes I was within a stone's throw of the river, sometimes three thousand feet above it. The trail crossed and recrossed the valley all day long, but my general course was south-east. At 3:30 p. m. I reached Esmeralda's small posada by the trail. Here they assured I should stay for the night but I decided to go on and take a chance on reaching another before dark, as the country was far too inspiring to quit so early in the day. Esmeralda is quite low in the valley, but the trail rises rapidly again for many hundred feet directly after leaving it. In half an hour I was up again on a very exciting trail. Several rain storms were encountered when the clouds would come low on the hills but none of these lasted very long in such an arid land. I cannot tell of this particular trail. It must be experienced to be understood, so grand is the scenery and the excitement of traveling it.

There was a noticeable scarcity of birds all day, with the exception of hummers which were ever abundant. I noted a few anis, several beautifully colored jays, goldfinches, meadow-larks, white-throats and vultures. The walls of the cliffs along the trail were thickly tenated with a species of paper wasp, (*Polistes*) and I collected several good specimens of their nests.

By 5 p. m. the sun had gone down behind the great hills and long shadows crept up the valley, darkening it

as though a thunder storm were creeping up. Soon it began to rain and by half past five I was thoroughly soaked below my hunting coat, and vivid flashes told of an approaching storm, with no shelter in sight. I set my horse at a gallop and with only each other for company we raced through the dusk and the most awful thunder I have ever heard. Just at dark the storm let up. Far below, in the valley I could hear the roaring river Negro and the faint song of the Andean robin. Around another turn in the trail and a welcome light greeted my eyes. In a few minutes I was safely at the little posada of Monteradondo in the very heart of the Andes. As I rode up to the tie rail and dismounted, a fair little Colombian lady greeted me by name, for Chapman and Cherrie had told her that sooner or later I would arrive. Likewise Fuertes had sent a letter back to me in Bogota, warning me of her smile.

Having ridden ten and a half hours I had intended to turn in early in order to be rested for the morning, but diversions at Monteradondo were many. Here situated among the great hills of the Negro valley, under the brilliant southern stars and surrounded by countless glow worms and the perfume of wild lilies, I sat far into the night smoking, with this far away *Senorita* and listening to her guitar.

At seven in the morning, after a very good breakfast, cooked and served by the *Senorita*, I left Monteradondo, going steadily upward for some time. By nine o'clock the hills across the valley became beautifully forested and in half an hour more, my side was also beautifully humid. The country was much like that in the cloud forest above Consuelo. Many waterfalls of fine cold mountain water poured down the hills and over the trail, passing in and out among curi-

ously carved boulders. Two small rivers were forded late in the morning. First it was up in the mountains, then down in cool canons filled with mosses, luxurious plants and dew-drenched ferns. In two instances I passed places where severe land slides from above had nearly obliterated the trail and one was marked by a sinister little cross, where some poor wanderer had been pushed over to his death in the valley below.

I noted the pale species of *Planesticus* as seen at Consuelo and numbers of big blue *Morpho* butterflies gave me the impression that I was at an altitude around 5000 feet. At 11 a. m. I had some breakfast at a little hut by the trail and here I noticed many trains of leaf-cutting ants. They were traveling in great numbers across the trail and generations of their kind had worn a path as far as the eye could reach, as well marked as the trail which I had been following. These ants cut bits of leaves and grass many times their own size and carry them underground, where they are rotted for the mould which they grow and which forms the insects' main diet.

Many wild begonias and closed gentians were growing along the road. The birds noticed were, white-throated swifts, warblers and many tropical forms, owing to the change in the vegetation, which by noon, was regular humid forest.

In the afternoon I saw two yellow wood rats fighting in the middle of the trail. I rode within a few inches of them but they continued their scrap quite undisturbed. At 2:30 I came in sight of the Llanos, far below to the east. The Llanos are the plains which reach from the eastern base of the Andes clear to the upper drainage of the Orinoco River. When one sights them, the mountains are behind, and one realizes how far, far away is home

and the civilization that we know so well.

An hour later I reached Buena Vista, where I found O'Connell working a trap line at 4000 feet. I did not want to stay here however, so started out once more. The trail descended rapidly now and soon I was in a hot climate like the valley of the Magdalena. Thousands of locusts were singing in the tall trees along the road and various birds of the lower altitudes were abundant. In an hour I sighted the town of Villavicencio with its mud and thatched huts and a little later I rode right into the room where Cherrie, Ring and all the gang were skinning the morning bag of birds. A great reunion followed and I was certainly overjoyed to be with them again. That evening I distributed my collection of canned goods to me by the American and British Ministers before leaving Bogota. A feast followed, then as a final surprise, I brought out my saddle bag containing twenty-five letters from home.

To be continued)

New Bird Books

We cannot recommend too highly special publications, advertisements that appear in this issue of the *Oologist*.

"The Birds and Mammals of America" is certainly one of the best publications of its kind that has ever come under the observation of the Editor. It is illustrated so profusely with reproductions, photographs and color plates that practically all species described are shown. The range of the bird and its breeding home is given as well as a technical description, followed by copious popular notes descriptive of the species under consideration. This is a book that should be in the library of every bird lover.

"Audubon, the Naturalist," a Hist-

ory of His Life and Time," by Francis Hobart Herick, 2 volumes illustrated. D. Appleton & Company, New York & London, 1917." This is a most significant compilation of Audubonia. It takes up the life of Audubon, and likewise of his earlier ancestors, and follows his career through its entirety, giving the reader an insight into the life and doings of America's best known naturalists. It is illustrated by a wealth of photographic reproductions of many of Audubon's drawings, a large number which are colored plated; others are hitherto unpublished drawings made by Audubon in his lifetime. Included in it is a vast number of letters, documents, accounts, contracts and other matter relating to the personal life of this great bird man. All in all it is the most exhaustive and thorough publication of the subject of this title which has come under our observation.

The Editor.

Killing the Swans

It is a well known fact that the Trumpeter Swan, the most magnificent water bird native to the North American Continent, is on the verge of extinction; also that the Whistling Swan is rapidly approaching the same condition. Why anyone should want to destroy these splendid specimens is beyond the comprehension of an ordinary person. Yet in the face of both the Federal and State laws, the murder of Swans goes merrily on, and so far as we know, no effort is made either by the state or national government to enforce the laws against this or to give any of the much needed protection to these fast disappearing birds, which are destined shortly to follow the Labrador duck and Caroline parakeet out of existence.

Only a few days ago a beautiful specimen of one of the varieties of wild

Swan was killed by a fool hunter only a few miles north of Lacon, Illinois.

A short time following that, another one was killed near Peoria by a hunter there who had the affrontery to celebrate the event by giving a dinner to some of his friends at which this rare bird was served.

Informaion comes to the Oologist that Swans are being killed in considerable numbers on the lake near Mondida, Montana. The only consolation to this state of affairs is; first, the fact that we are paying a lot of high priced game wardens to sit around with their feet on mahogany tables and smoke choice cigars at the expense of the people. This probably is pleasant for them. And second, the fact that these birds are so nearly extinct that it will be but a short time that they will vanish entirely from the face of the earth and then we may enjoy the pleasure of sitting about the grate fire, and regretting that we did not in time take the obviously necessary steps to prevent this sad condition of affairs. We can then wail over the fate of the swans to our heart's content as we are want to do over the disappearance of other species formerly inhabiting this continent. The whole condition is sickening and the lack of interest, energy and effectiveness of our game departments is astonishing.

The Editor.

A Belated Cuckoo Brood

On the morning of September 10th, 1917, I was walking along a small stream shaded by birches and willows; open space occurred at several places and it was at one of these I found my nest. Vines and stalks of touch-me-nots covered the ground, near the center of a clearing stood a stunted willow, completely covered by vines. As we approached we could see the

head of Cuckoo, and when we had come within several feet of the nest, we could plainly see the yellow lower mandible. Then with a short and silent flight, she flew to cover; she uttered no notes during our inspection of the nest and its contents, nor was the male seen in the vicinity. Then only seven feet up I reached my hand into a nest made of small sticks and lined with several catkins; and drew out two plate greenish blue eggs averaging 1.2 x .90 in size. The first egg hatched September 12th and the other, the following day.

Chas. S. Weiser,
York, Penn.

Turkey Vultures in Northern Minnesota

I have just returned from a few days fishing up in the Cass Lake country which is about 150 miles east of here and while there I saw a bird which I had never seen before and was unable to recognize.

We left Crookston early in the morning and expected to land at Cass Lake early in the evening as we intended taking it easy and occupying the day just going up.

Cass Lake is situated in what we call a cut over country, there having been a lot of timber there years ago, but now is covered with a weed growth, which will average probably 20 feet in height, such a paradise for birds and especially birds of prey, and water birds; the country is literally covered with small and large lakes, rivers, creeks, etc., but such a country to hunt in. There are sand ridges and then bogs, and believe me, its some job to cross one of these swamps. You may be knee deep in water or you may be up to your neck, but as I said before it is a perfect paradise for especially birds of prey.

On our way out we came upon a

Golden Eagle which had evidently killed a wood chuck and was feeding on it, he got up just about 50 feet ahead of the car as we came around a sharp turn. I immediately stopped the car, and flew low over the woods out of sight. Just about as I was to start again my wife said, "Here he comes back." He flew over us again and disappeared only to show up again in a minute. I got out of the car to see what made that bird so anxious for this place and there found the wood chuck.

This bird is not common here but this is the third one I've seen, having collected one four years ago, while on a duck hunt. I was sitting in the blind with decoys right out, when all of a sudden this enormous bird swooped down within 4 or 5 feet of my decoys. I blazed away and in the water went Mr. Eagle. I had only broken a wing and now to get him in the boat. I stuck and oar out to him which he caught and stuck to until I lifted him in. I strangled him with my boot lace and took him home to mount. He measured from tip to tip 7 feet, 10 inches, and weighed 11 pounds, 8 ounces. I am positively sure that he took my decoys for the real thing and intended getting one of them for his afternoon lunch.

Well we got to Cass Lake without any trouble and the next morning I beat it across the lake where the water was still and intended getting a pike or two for breakfast. Just as I reached shore I heard a noise and there was what I thought to be another eagle just raising up through the small willows along the shore and settled upon a dry limb a little ways off. He lit in the very puich of the limb, such a small perch that he had to continually keep himself balanced by flapping his wings. Not 100 feet from where he got up were three more

of the same kind in a small tree right at the water's edge and not more than 10 feet up. Well I thought if I'd row right up to them they would fly off so I started trolling back and forth, each time getting closer and closer. I couldn't make out what they were. Finally I got to within 200 feet of them and knew them, that they weren't eagles I was going to get within 100 feet of them and was just nearing my goal when all of a sudden, bizz went my reel, the rod jumping out from under my feet and I after it. I made an awful noise, I know, but when I got through reeling in the line I found an eight pound Northern Pike at the other end of it, but the birds were gone.

I came back to camp and met "Fisherman Charley," a native of the country and immediately started quizzing him about the birds. He told me they were Buzzards and that if I'd go up to Ketchie Lake about three miles off, I'd see dozens of them all along the shore. He said that the first he had ever seen of them was about 12 years ago when they would at times see one or two, but that each year they have increased in number until now there are at least 100 or more. Upon being asked if he had ever found their nests he replied "Yes" and that they built on the ground and laid two eggs. He said the best way to find the nest was to use your nose more than you eyes. "Why," he says "You can smell them 100 feet away." There are hundreds of dead fish washed up on the shores of most of these lakes and no doubt they are the main food of these birds, because besides this, I don't see what in earth they could live on.

An Indian told me later that they were Vultures, and that they were getting more numerous each year and especially in the vicinity of Ketchie

Lake, where he says this year, 1917, there must have been 30 to 50 pair nesting along the lake.

I am going to take a trip there next spring during nesting time and find out more about them. This colony should increase in number steadily as there isn't anything there to disturb them. The Indians are their best friends and absolutely will not disturb them. Who knows but in a few years there may be a thousand birds in the colony?

Elmer Langwin
Crookston, Minn.

Late Departure of the Tree and Barn Swallow

On October 13th in company with two of my friends went to the Susquehanna River on a bird trip. We had hardly gotten to the river when we saw several swallows skimming over the water. They proved to be Tree and Barn Swallows. We could easily see that the ones we called the Tree Swallows were the Tree Swallows by the bright greenish reflection on the back which was plainly visible when the birds' backs were turned towards the sun. The Barn Swallows were easily told by the bluish back and forked tail. I believe these are very late records, especially for the Barn Swallow as the last fall record of Barn Swallow for Washington, D. C. (about 90 miles south of York) is September 17th and October 14th for the Tree Swallow.

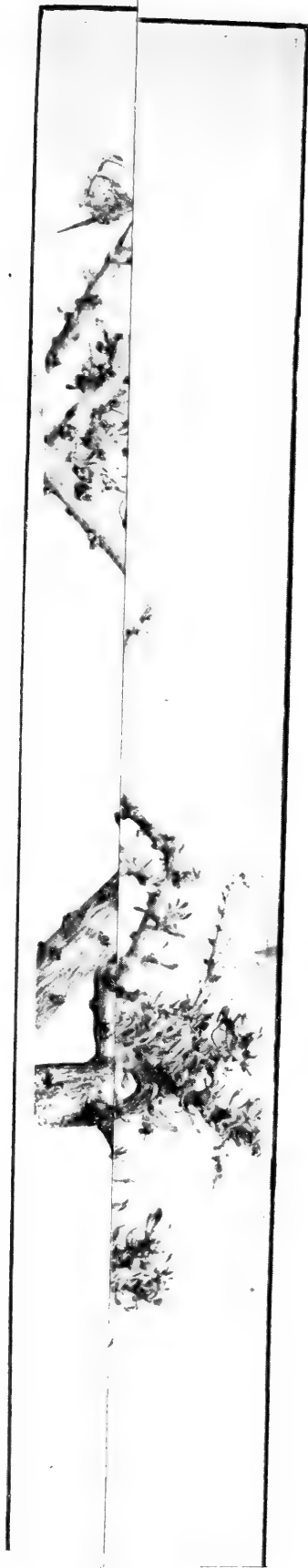
A week later on October 20th, we visited the same place and saw a single Barn Swallow, but no Tree Swallows.

Arthur Farquhar,
York, Penn.

OLD



lido, California by N. K. Carpenter, June 13, 1915





Nest and eggs of the Phainopepla, taken in Escondido, California by N. K. Carpenter, June 13, 1915



Nest and eggs of the Plumbous Flycatcher, taken in Tombstone, Ariz., April 11, 1916, by E. C. Williard

Interesting Nests and Eggs of Some Western Birds

By R. W. Shufeldt

With four photographs by the author

Mr. Edward J. Court, of Washington, D. C., has very recently received, from collectors in California and Arizona, an elegant series of nests and eggs of a variety of species of western birds, and, with his purposes of photography and description. After carefully going over this material, I chose the following, with the view of preparing the present article about them:

1. Nest and eggs of Coues's Flycatcher (*Myiochanes pertinax pallidiventris*).
2. Nest and eggs of Thick-billed Fox Sparrow (*Passerella i megarhyncha*).
3. Nest and eggs of Phainopepla (*Phainopepla nitens*).
4. Nest and eggs of Plumbeous Gnatcatcher (*Polioptila plumbea*).

Early in December (1916) I photographed the four nests and the eggs each contained, making my negatives exactly natural size. The first two in the above list could be accommodated upon a 5 by 8 plate, while the remaining two required an 8 by 10, in order to avoid any reduction in size.

Fig. 1. 1. *Myiochanes pertinax pallidiventris* Coues's Flycatcher.

Contopus p. pallidiventris (Chapman), Auk, XIV., July, 1897, 319. (Pima County, Arizona.)

Range.—Mountains of Central Arizona south through Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango to Tepic; accidental in Colorado.

Mr. F. C. Willard collected the nest and four eggs of the bird here to be

described on the fifth of June, 1913. He was positive of the identification, as the flushed the female from the nest, and the four eggs were perfectly fresh. The nesting site was in a as he flushed the female from the ground, and the locality Ramsay Canyon, Huachuca Mountains, Arizona, which has an altitude of 6500 feet at the point where the nest was discovered. Mr. Willard observed that the birds were building on the 27th of May, or rather more than a week before he collected the nest and eggs. No additional field notes were made, and both nest and eggs are before me at this writing.

When the bird commenced to build in the maple tree where the nest was found, it selected a strong fork, with a small lateral fork to support the nest on the right hand side. The limb from which the main was given off had an average diameter of three centimeters; and from all appearances the tree was in fine condition. The nest is saddled on to the upper side of the fork, and carried inwards on to the main limb for a distance of fully three centimeters.

For a Flycatcher, the nest is rather a tidy affair, quite compactly woven, and firmly attached to the limb through an extension on all sides of the common, overlying lichens that cover the greater part of the structure. Mingled with these lichens, there is interwoven a sparse lot of cobwebby-looking vegetable hair or fiber of a very delicate kind, which material assists in having the nest maintain its form. The lining is all of one kind, being a medium tan-colored, fine grass, skillfully woven to form a rather shallow concavity, the free margin of which is all in the same plane.

In form, this nest is nearly circular, having an average diameter of ten

centimeters (Fig. 1). At its center, it has a depth of two and a half centimeters, and a width at the circumference averaging six and a half centimeters.

It is hardly necessary to state that neither Wilson nor Audubon ever heard of this flycatcher; and the descriptions of the nest vary considerably as given us by recent descriptive ornithologists, who have enjoyed the opportunity to examine the material first hand. For example, Coues states, in the fifth edition of his "Key" (p. 525): "common in mountainous pineries, where it nests in June, both on coniferous and deciduous trees, withdrawing southward in September. I took the first specimen known within our limits at Fort Whipple, Ariz., Aug. 20, 1864. Nest like that of the common Wood Pewee, but larger, 4.00-5.00 in diam. outside by 2.00 deep, cupped 2.00-3.00 by about 1.00, composed mostly of grasses, with some leaves, catkins, mosses, lichens, cobwebs, etc."

Another authority, Chester A. Reed, says, on page 220 of his "North American birds' Eggs," that "This Flycatcher builds one of the most artistic nests created to that of the next species [Wood Pewee, (*Contopus virgens*)], but is much more firmly made, and the walls are usually higher making a very deeply cupped interior. The outside of the nest is made of fibres, catkins, etc., firmly felted together, and ornamented with green lichens to match the limb upon which it is saddled. The interior is heavily lined with dried, yellowish grasses, making a very strong contrast to the exterior."

Be it noted that Reed says that the nest of this species has "a very deeply cupped interior," which is not the case with the specimen before me at this writing. However, it is quite possible that a nest may become some-

what flattened out through the nature of the packing that some collectors resort to, in order to transport their specimens to distant points. In regard to this, it will not be altogether out of place to say here that, in filling the interior of a nest for shipment, a firm cotton or oakum wad should be made that has the exact form of the interior of the nest, and so compact that no ordinary pressure would flatten it, or otherwise alter its shape. Then it is a good plan to take the exact measurements of the nest in situ, and to send on those measurements as part of the field data.

Passing to the description of the full set of eggs of this species, it will be noted that the clutch consists of four (4), whereas both Coues and Reed state that this Flycatcher lays but three eggs to the set. Thus Coues says: "Eggs 3, about 0.83 X 0.63, creamy buff, spotted with lighter and darker reddish-brown and lilac, the marking sparse and tending to wreath about the large end" (loc. cit., p. 525); and Reed: "They lay three eggs of a rich creamy color, spotted and blotched, chiefly about the larger end, with reddish brown and lilac gray. Size .85 x .61" (loc. cit., p. 220). The form of any one of the eggs of this flycatcher before me is quite different from the figure given us by Reed of the species. Any one of the four is very broadly ovate,—that is, inclined to be pointed at the apex, broadly rounded at the but, with the long diameter shortish; this can be appreciated by studying the set in Figure 1 of this article. They are of a creamy white color, sparsely spotted, wreath-fashion, about the greater end, the spots being of a deep, earth-brown rusty brown and lilac. The apical half of the egg is almost immaculate, only a few, very minute spots passing over the middle of the egg toward the



Bird Collecting in Eastern Colombia.—The type of hnts in which the expedition lived during the trips through the higher Andes.

—Photo by G. K. Cherrie.

apex in any one of the specimens. Size 20 x 17 mm., one of the eggs being perceptibly smaller than the other three, measuring 19 x 15.5 mm. The figure of the egg of this species given us Reed has almost a subellipsoidal form, while the marketing is about the same.

Fig. 2. 2. *Passerella iliaca megarhyncha*.

Thick-billed Fox Sparrow.
Passerella megarhynchus
Baird, Rep. Expl. & Surv.
R. R. Pac., IX., 1858, 925.
(Fort Tejon, California.).
Range.—Mountains of California. Breeds in Transition Zone on both slopes of the Sierra Nevada from Mt. Shasta to Mt. Whitney; winters in southwestern California; casual in Marin County. (A. O. U. Check-List, p. 277.)

Here we have a fine nest and three eggs of this species, collected by Mr. A. M. Ingersoll at Butte Meadows, Butte County, California, on the 22d of June, 1914. (Set mark 2333.) When taken, incubation was advanced the nesting site being "about two feet above rocks in a matted down clump of deer brush. A nest with three young was found at a distance of less than 200 feet. on same date."

Neither Dr. Coues nor Chester Reed gives any description whatever of the nest and eggs of this subspecies of Fox Sparrow.

The exterior of the nest at hand is composed of a great quantity of coarse twigs and sticks of various plants, shrubs and vines, mixed with one or two pieces of some dark-brown, coarse bark of a vine. They are loosely woven together, in an elongo-ovate outline when viewed from above (Fig. 2), the twigs extending much further

in one direction than in the opposite one, while the opposite sides are about flush with the inner part of the nest at its external limits. This inner portion is composed of rather soft, brownish grass and of some fine vegetable fibers and roots, the whole weave being somewhat firm and compact, the finest material having been used internally, and becomes gradually coarser as we proceed toward the coarse sticks of the external part.

Internally, this nest has a depth of some two centimeters, with an average width of five centimeters. Roughly calculated, its longest external diameter equals about twenty centimeters, and the transverse one, measured across the middle of the nest, about ten centimeters. Its concavity is nearly hemispherical in form, while the rough outer portion appears to have been built to accommodate the finer part, or to sustain it in the cleft in which the birds built the structure as a whole. In other words, the outer part is a mere platform of coarse twigs and sticks, upon which the true nest has been skillfully modeled and incorporated with, as shown in the reproduction of my photograph of the specimen.

The three eggs composing this clutch have each as ground color a shade of rather dull olive blue—more on the blue than on the olive. They are densely speckled all over with minute spots and dashes, and with other very fine markings of a rusty brown shade, being decidedly coarser and denser at the butt than any other part of the egg. On one of these eggs the markings are exceptionally fine, to become appreciably coarser in the two remaining specimens. On the average they have a measurement of 2.2 x 1.7 cms., and they vary scarcely at all in their size and form for the clutch.

Fig. 3. 3. *Phainopepla nitens*.*Phainopepla*.*Ptilogonys nitens* Swainson, Anim. in Menag., 1838, 285. (Mexico.)*Phainopepla* Baird, Rep. Expl. & Surv. R. R. Pac., IX., 1859, 923. Type by orig. desig., *Ptilogonys nitens* Swainson.

Range.—Lower Sonoran Zone from central California, southern Utah, and southwestern Texas south to Cape San Lucas, Vera Cruz, Puebla, and Valley of Mexico; winters from southern California southward; casual in central Nevada and northern California.

Personally, I do not recall any good figure or illustration of the nest and eggs of this singular species of bird. Only once in my life have I seen it alive in nature, and that was near Zuni, in Arizona, and I did not collect the specimen.

The material at hand, consisting of a beautiful nest and two eggs, was taken by Mr. N. K. Carpenter, of Escondido, California. (Set mark 23; Eggs in set 2), on the 13th of June, 1915. (No. 2538.) Mr. Carpenter says that the nest was built in an upright fork in the top of an oak sapling (live oak?), nine feet above the ground. The female was on the nest and the male close by at the time the specimen was taken. Apparently, Escondido was the place of collection, which is in San Diego County.

This nest appears to be made of sage leaves and oak blossoms, without any definition between an inner and an outer part. (Fig. 3.) Outside measurement 8 centimeters by 8, and the inside 5.7 x 5 cms. Its cavity is shallow, and the entire structure is a

somewhat carelessly constructed affair, as may be appreciated by a study of Figure 3 to the present article.

Reed says that these birds "make loosely constructed nests of twigs, mosses, plant fibres, etc., placed on branches of trees, usually below 20 feet from the ground, in thickets or open woods near water; the eggs are two or three, in number, light grey spotted sharply with black; size .88 x .65" (loc. cit., p. 283).

Coues's account is somewhat at variance with this, for he says: "Nest a slight shallow structure, about 4.00 in diameter by 2.50 high, with a cavity about 2.00 deep, saddled on a bough, loosely fabricated of twigs, plant-fibres, and down; eggs 2-5 (rarely single), averaging 0.93 x 0.65, greenish-white, distinctly and profusely speckled, with blackish or dark brown" (loc. cit., p. 361).

The two eggs at hand are of a pale greenish gray, profusely, and uniformly, and very sharply speckled all over with the very finest speckling of blackish-brown. Each measures 2.4 x 1.6 centimeters.

Fig. 4. 4. *Polioptila plumbea* (Baird).

Plumbeous Gnatcatcher.

Culicivora plumbea Baird, Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci. Phila., VII., 1854, 118 (Bill Williams Fork [Big Sandy River, Lat. 34 deg. 32 sec. N., Long. 113 deg. 30 min. W.], Arizona).

Range.—Lower Sonoran Zone from southeastern California, southern Nevada, central Arizona, west central New Mexico, and the Rio Grande Valley south to Cape San Lucas, Lucas, Sonora, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas.

This is an exceptionally beautiful specimen of the nest and eggs of this species, it having been collected by Mr. F. C. Willard on the 11th of April, 1916, at Tombstone, Arizona. Identification was certain, as the bird was flushed from the nest, and the eggs were found to be far along in incubation. As will be seen from my photograph (Fig. 4), this nest is situated in the fork of a very thorny bush, apparently some species of Sage Brush (*Artemesia*) that I am at this writing unable to name with certainty. The nest was but three feet from the ground, and the bush grew on the edge of a gulch. A note on Mr. Willard's data card says: "Male on nest at 6:30 a. m. flushed as I put my hand close to him. Both birds present." This specimen was found at an altitude of 4400 feet. (Set mark 1074-4.)

Reed says that this species "saddle their nests upon the branches of trees or in upright forks, usually at an elevation of ten feet or more from the ground, and with little, if any, ornamental lichens on the exterior. Their eggs are pale greenish blue, spotted with reddish brown, and vary from three to five in number. Size .54 x .44" (loc. cit., p. 327). His figure does not quite agree with those at my hand, in that the speckling does not seem to be gathered chiefly at the butt end, as it does in the eggs of the Willard set.

Turning to Coues, we read "Black-capped Gnat-catcher (adult). Plumbeous Gnat-catcher (young)," with an account running "Nest high in a tree, saddled on a limb, small, neat, compact, with contracted brim, composed of various downy substances and cobwebs; size outside about 2.50 in diam. x 1.75 deep, with a cavity of 1.75 x 1.25; eggs about 4, 0.58 x 0.45, bluish-white, speckled with reddish-brown.

umber, and lilac; laid in March and April" (loc. cit., p. 265).

The nest before me is a subglobular in form, with its rounded margin thickened, and in a plane perpendicular to the long axis of the structure. It has an average transverse diameter of 5.5 cms. (outside), and an inner one of 3.0 cms. What is most extraordinary is that it has a depth of nearly 4.0 cms., the cavity being almost cylindrical in form; so that it is quite remarkable how a bird can sit comfortably on the eggs or even manage to cover them at all.

Very little external lichen ornamentation is to be found on this nest, while for the most part it is composed of a grayish plant fibre, mixed with a very little silky plant stuff, something after the order of the silk of some of the milkweeds or cotton-wood tree. In its entirety this specimen is a most artistic and exquisite object, speaking a whole lot for the taste of the pair of tiny feathered creatures that were the selectors of the site where it was built, and for the architecture of the structure as a whole.

The four eggs exhibit some little difference in form, but not much in color or markings; the largest one measures 1.5 x 1.15 cms., and the smallest 1.35 x 1.1 cms. Their ground-color is a fine pale blue, and they are finely speckled with a rusty-red and lilac, most thickly and heavily at the larger or butt ends.

Mr. Court has many more rare nests and eggs of western birds in his very unique collection; and if my time permits, I may describe and figure others of them in the future.

Legends

(All natural size and photographs direct from the specimens.)

Fig. 1. Nest and eggs of *Myiochanes p. pallidiventris*.

Fig. 2. Nest and eggs of *Passerella imegarhyncha*.

Fig. 3. Nest and eggs of *Phainopepla nitens*.

Fig. 4. Nest and eggs of *Pouioptila plumbea*.

Woodpeckers

Few, if any of our native birds, are more easily identified than the woodpeckers, and when one has had a little experience with them they are readily recognized by their notes as well as by sight. With few exceptions, they are non-migratory and being found on the same range throughout the year, they are an important family to the field student, being highly insectivorous. They are still more important as destroyers of noxious insects, especially wood borers. But the majority of people do not appreciate their services. The average boy with a rifle had rather kill a woodpecker than shoot at a target for a week. It is a great pity that the economic value of these birds is not better understood.

The following is a list of the species which occur near Bardstown, Nelson County, Kentucky.

A. O. U. 393, Harry Woodpecker. A fairly common resident, generally a bird of the woods but in winter frequents the open.

A. O. U. 394C, Northern Downy Woodpecker. A common resident more noticeable in the winter.

A. O. U. 402. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker. A common transient generally wintering in small numbers. Arrives from the north in September and departs in April.

A. O. U. 406. Red-head Woodpecker. A common summer resident. Sometimes winters. Beckham in his "Birds of Nelson County" gave this species as a permanent resident, for nearly six years I have not seen one

from October to April.

A. O. U. 412A. Northern Flicker. A very common resident. Very numerous during migrations. All of the above mentioned species have been observed here by C. W. Beckham and recorded in his "Birds of Nelson County," published in 1885 by the Kentucky Geological Survey.

The Pileated Woodpecker was noted by Beckham as being an uncommon permanent resident in heavily wooded portions of the county. I have never seen this bird here but perhaps it is still to be found in the Knobs in western and southern Nelson County.

Ben J. Blincoe.

Bardtown, Ky.

From Cape Town, Africa.

There is a very interesting bird here of the Shrike species (*Lanarius Gutturialis*) known to the Dutch as the "Bakmakiri" or ("Bobmakiri" as they generally call it.) It is a fine bird of a dark and light green color. It appears perpetually to remain with its mate all the year round and sometimes they are seen in threes and they always call in ducks, the notes uttered by one being instantly answered by another (which is about ten yards off); the reply comes the very second the initial call ceases and is as regular as clock-work and is always the same call by each bird while that particular duck is in process, but the ducks are hardly all the same.

They are all frightfully timid birds and are off the moment one shows up. I wonder why it is that in a country of ostrich eggs like this one, that they all always blow so execrably. I had often seen the eggs in England and also in India for sale in Curio Shops and always with these ungainly holes and here it is just the same (sometimes one hole, but generally one at each end) and averaging one-half inch

in diameter and with no pretence at being round, but looking just as if the fellow had pushed his finger in. I thought I would have a try at one and bought one for 6 (?) (pretty cheap considering that they are supposed to be equal to 24 hens eggs and all excellent for making cake, etc., and also for omelets, producing enough for ten or twelve people). I chose the largest one in the shop and had great difficulty in holding the string during the operation. It took 3 minutes to make the first puncture in the outside glossy shell, after that another four and one-half minutes to penetrate right inside and cut the lining and a further eleven minutes to empty the contents and then wash it out several times and it is now absolutely clean and a very perfect specimen. The hole was bored by the smallest of that set of cut-the-lining drills and is 3-32 of an inch. I sent it down to a dealer here who sells feathers and eggs and he said he couldn't have believed it possible.

I hope to send some descriptions of the nesting habits, etc., of the South African birds if they will be of any interest.

O. C. C. Niccols, Major, R.G.A.

50 Years

The mail brings us a request to attend the Fiftieth Anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Delos Hatch at Oakfield, Wisconsin. Nothing would give the Editor more pleasure than to assist our friend Hatch and his good wife in celebrating this milestone in their journey through life. But few are vouchsafed the privilege of having such an anniversary. However, distance and time prevents our accepting this invitation.

Noise Has No Terrors

Karl Schwartz of Salt Lake, Utah, reports the nest of a Bluebird (Mountain) in a box within thirteen

feet of the tracks of the electric railroad leading from Salt Lake to Ogden, where the cars pass every thirty minutes, and a continual stream of automobiles runs as close to the box as does the railroad. A tame bird for sure.

Five Killdeer Eggs—Large Set

May 30th, 1917. Saw a pair of Killdeer active as if they intended nesting among a pile of cinders on a sandy plot of ground.

June 3d. Was at same place and flushed bird from cinders on a sandy plot of ground.

June 3d. Was at same place and flushed bird from cinders; after a careful search found nest which contained two eggs; decided to return later.

June 9th. Returned to nest and nest contained 5 eggs; nest measured 2 in. x 4 in.; among a large pile of small cinders; lined with few small pieces of short dried grass and small cinders.

T. E. McMillen,
Camden, N. J.

A Vulture Cardinal

During the summer of 1913 I took a collecting trip about 80 miles south of Fort Worth, to Aquilla, Texas, a small town, seated in wild, heavily wooded country

One morning I saw what seemed to be a gray headed cardinal in dense grape vine thicket. Naturally this was a new thing to me, and I wanted the specimen. After a rather difficult chase I succeeded in getting him, and soon discovered the cause of his gray headed appearance.

All the head feathers were gone, and it looked as though there had never been any. The skin was a deep ash gray in color, and was very tough

and wrinkled. It was natural that I thought of a vulture. The feathers in perfectly normal condition and arrangement, began about half way down his neck, and although they were slightly worn, they presented a rather neat appearance.

It has always been a puzzle to me what caused this, and I should be glad to hear of any similar experiences among the bird-men.

Was it a skin disease, or simply some exceptionally narrow escape, which left the bird without even the smallest feather on its head? The bird otherwise was a perfectly normal cardinal, and his actions were as true to type as they could have been. His eyesight too, as far as I could tell, seemed perfect.

George Miksch Sutton.

June 29.

"Business Is Dull."

The Editor is in receipt of a letter from one of the best known Ornithologists of the East which contains among other things the following illuminatory information as to the condition of science in his part of the country:

"As far as Ornithology is concerned, it seems to me all that are left are opera glass friends and sub species hair splitters possessing microscopic eyes. Why not a sub-species for every county in the United States and simplify it, so all necessary to know is in what county the bird was taken and later extend it to towns.

It is very evident, we are all dead in the Northeast as far as advancement is concerned for any new song sparrows or Juncos in competition with California where a new sub-species issues every week when business is good."

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by The Act of Congress of Aug. 24, 1912.

Of The Oologist, published monthly, at Lacon, Illinois, for October 1, 1917. STATE OF ILLINOIS,

County of Marshall—ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. M. Barnes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and owner of The Oologist and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Illinois; Editor, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Illinois; Managing Editor, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Illinois; Business Manager, R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Illinois.

2. That the owners are: R. M. Barnes, Lacon, Illinois.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affidavit's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other persons, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 750.

R. MAGOON BARNES:

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of October, 1917.

Erna Thiedohr.

(My commission expires Mar 11, 1919.)

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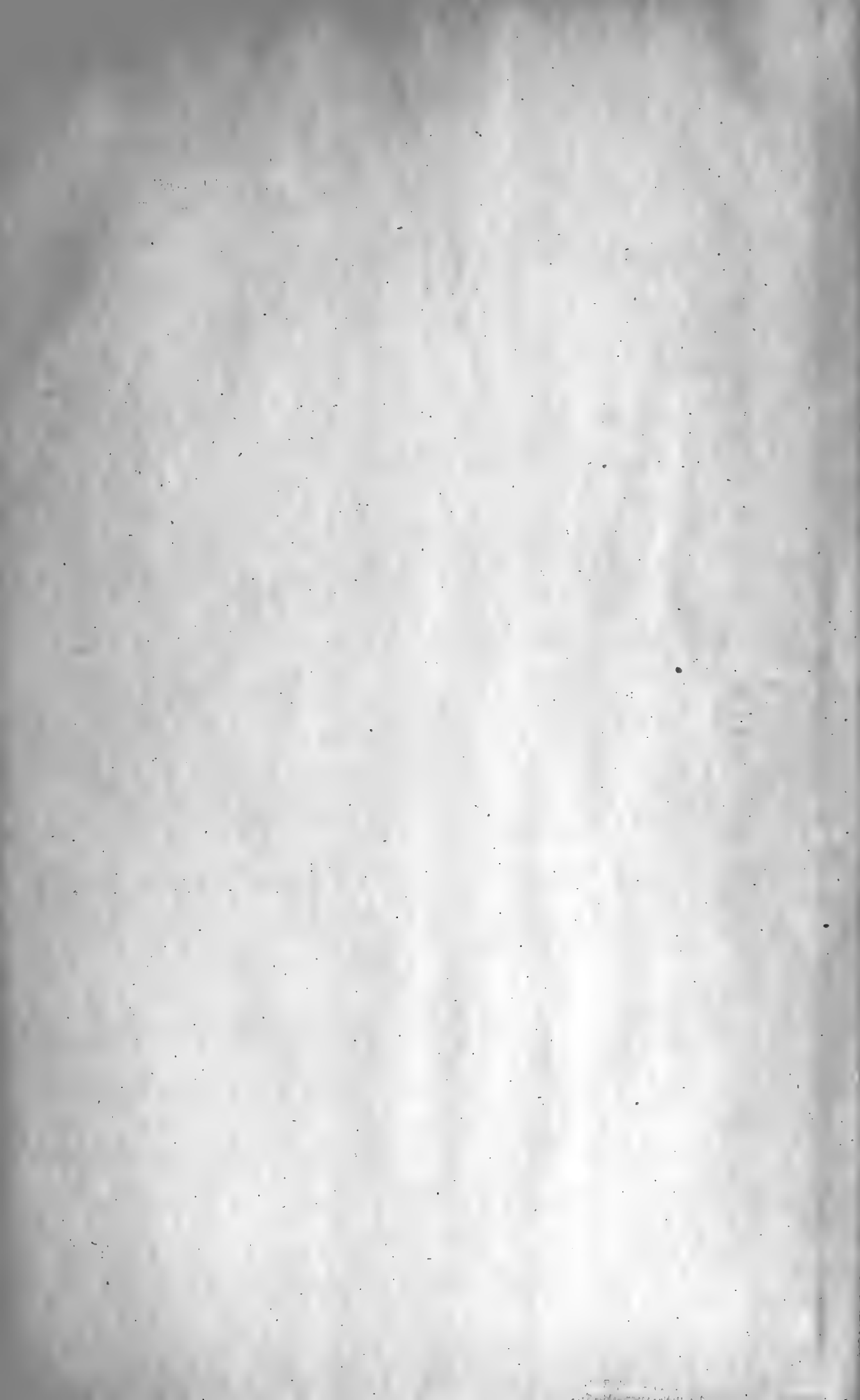
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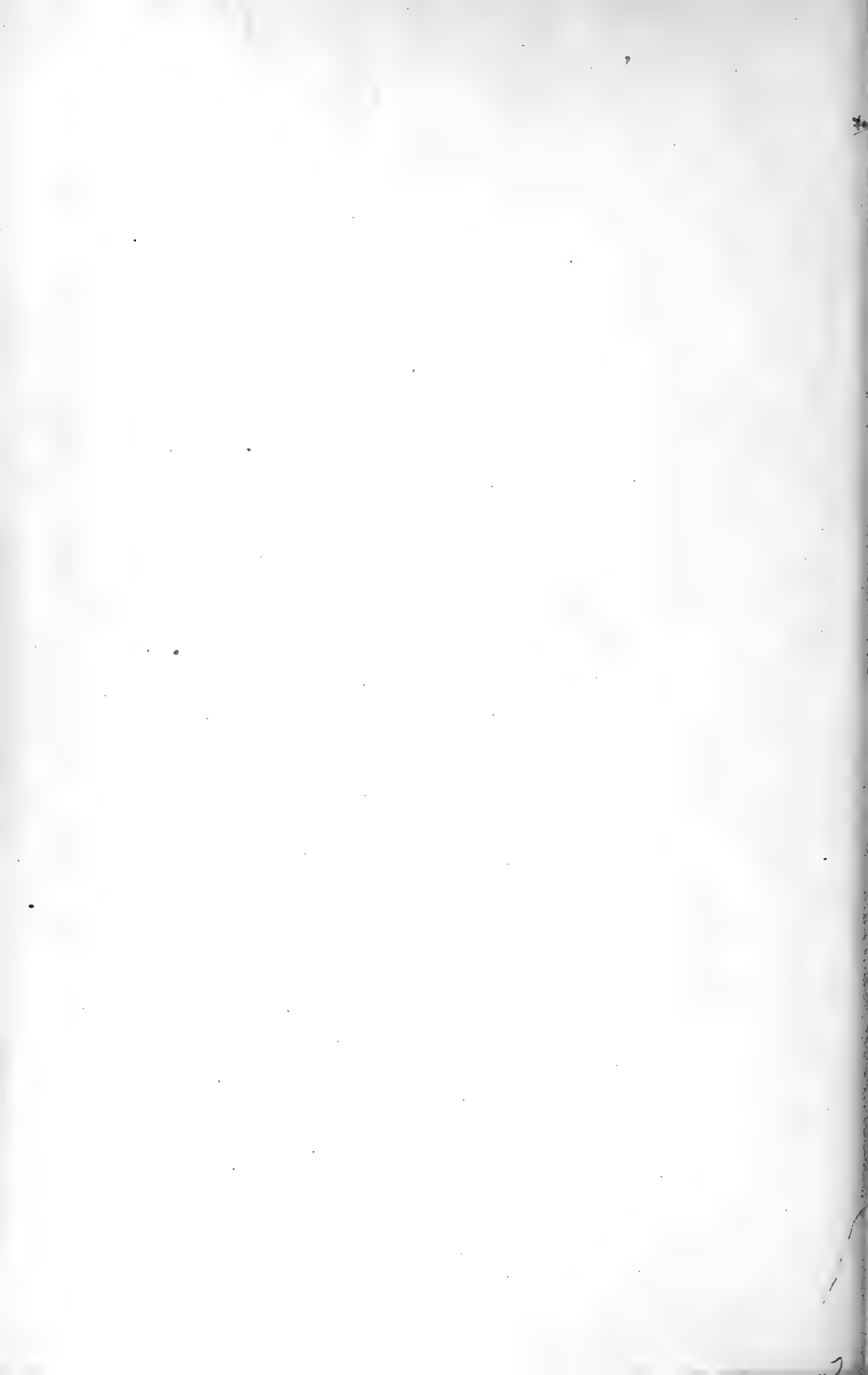
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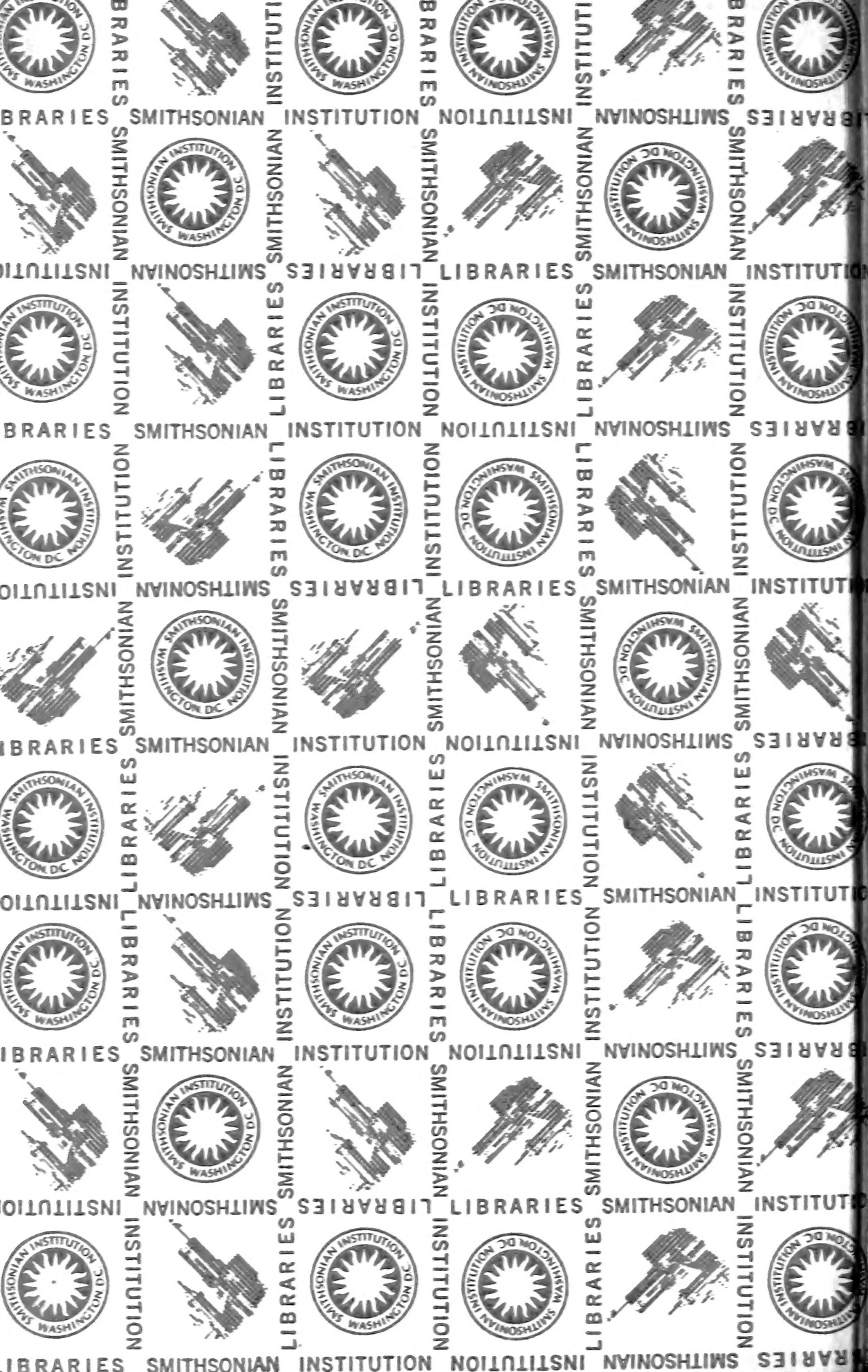
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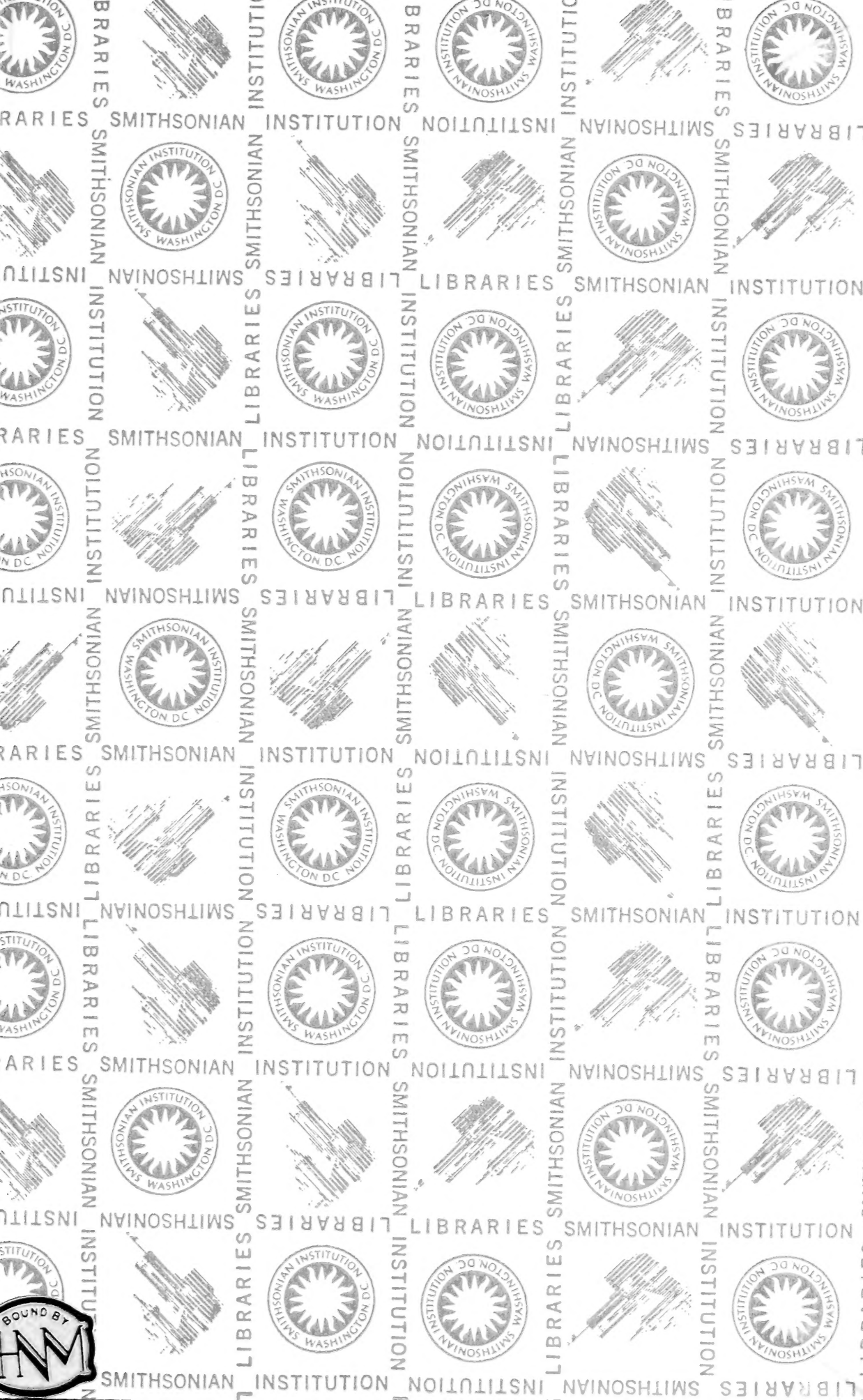
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