

going at intervals to peck at the apples, but spending the greater part of the time upon the trunks of the trees. The vigorous way in which he threw off great flakes of bark was amusing, and quite a quantity of bark accumulated on the snow under the trees. Who shall say that this work on the trees was not beneficial? One pretty habit which may be worth noting is that while pecking at the apples he would often cling with his feet to the apple he was eating and hang, head downward, as chickadees so often do.

On January 3, he was here the greater part of the forenoon, but about noon there was a great commotion and we rushed to the window only to see an impending tragedy. A Northern Shrike was chasing our Sapsucker. Nearly two weeks elapsed during which time I grieved over the untimely fate of the little feathered friend I was watching with so much interest,—two weeks of extreme cold and of severe storms. On the afternoon of January 16, however, he returned to his old haunts, eating apples and hunting on the tree trunks alternately. He did not seem quite as strong and active as before, owing, perhaps, to the severe weather of the previous fortnight, the mercury having ranged from 28° to 32° below zero.

It was interesting to me to notice on this occasion the perfection of his protective coloring. The trunks of the trees were quite snowy with the rather damp snow clinging to the bark and as the bird remained almost motionless for some time on the trunk of an apple tree his spotted back and the longitudinal stripes on his wings simulated the bark of the tree with the snow upon it so as to almost defy detection. I could locate him only with difficulty even though I knew just where to look. The next day he came again and seemed as sprightly as ever and we also saw him January 19–22, 24 and 31, February 2, 6 and 9, and March 1, 3, 5, 10, 12 and 20. He was also present April 2 and 5, after which date I surmise that he went farther north.

Since that year I have seen the Sapsucker only occasionally during the migrations, the dates being approximately as previously given, in April and October.—HARRIET A. NYE, *Fairfield Center, Me.*

A Crested Flycatcher injured by Swallowing a Grasshopper.—At Royal Palm Hammock, Dade County, Florida, January 24, 1918, I noticed a Crested Flycatcher (*Myiarchus crinitus*) fluttering along the road through the jungle, unable to fly. I caught it in my hand and found it weak and much emaciated. Closer examination and dissection showed a grasshopper's femur about an inch long in the abdominal cavity, the larger end protruding for a distance of a quarter of an inch, but not having punctured the skin. This leg had apparently been swallowed by the bird and had worked through the wall of the stomach into the abdomen.

I am indebted to Mr. Alexander Wetmore, of the Biological Survey, for the following notes on the injury to the stomach:

“Examination of the stomach showed a hole through the wall at the extreme lower end of the ventriculus, slightly to one side, where the stomach

wall was thin. This opening was nearly a millimeter across and was evidently of old standing, as the corneous hardened gizzard lining extended through to the outer surface, completely sheathing the walls of the opening. There was a slight depression on the outer surface of the stomach, evidently made by the projecting leg. This depression was lined with a thickened, skin-like deposit. The stomach lining had been shed recently as part of the old inner surface still adhered at one side near the wound.

The stomach was full, containing berries, Pentatomid remains, tibia of a locustid, etc."—ARTHUR H. HOWELL, *Washington, D.C.*

An Attempt to Breed the Pine Grosbeak in Captivity.—The last week in January, 1917, I heard of a small flock of Pine Grosbeaks or "Canada Robins" as they are called locally, in a grove of red cedars about a mile and a half from my home. The morning of January 28 with bright sunshine and thermometer hovering around zero, I took a bamboo fish pole about eight feet long with a short stout piece of string and slip knot that would hold open three or four inches and went fishing for them. I found a flock of at least twenty-five Pine Grosbeaks *all* in the gray plumage and about the same number of Evening Grosbeaks, the first ever noted here. It was a beautiful sight to see half a dozen of each kind feeding on cedar berries from the same branch. The Pine Grosbeaks were very tame, as is usual when in this latitude, but I could only approach within about thirty feet of the Evening Grosbeaks when they would go off in a startled whirl like a bunch of English Sparrows.

I soon secured three of the Pine Grosbeaks, one of which was much darker than the other two and I judged it to be a female. Returning home I put them in a cage 24 x 18 x 12 inches which I placed in the living room. The birds quickly became contented and in a few days would take hemp seed from my hand or mouth. The second week in February the two brighter colored birds began to sing a low sweet warbling song and at other times kept up a pleasing conversation.

Wishing to keep a pair, male and female, I sent one of the singing birds to the Bronx Zoo where it died in a week or two and was dissected and found to be a male. About the middle of June my singer dropped dead from the perch one morning, and dissection proved it a female. The remaining bird appeared lonesome and for about a week often made the whistling call. The cage was then hung outside the kitchen window over which a grapevine was growing, with a wide board over the top to keep off the rain and within a few days the bird began singing with even more vigor and vim than the others had shown. The first week in July I noticed her hopping about the cage with bits of grass in her beak trying to fasten them somewhere so I placed a wire bowl in an upper corner and put in nesting material—shredded bark, sticks, grass and a few feathers, with which she at once began to fill the bowl and within a week had formed a very good nest. In this on July 9 she deposited an egg and by July 15 she had completed the clutch of four perfectly typical eggs. Being infertile I had to add them to my collection.