

At the foot of the Meadowdale-Indian Ladder road a mile from the above colony is another colony of many pairs, in fields of the same nature, rolling, barren, weedy, uncultivated waste-land. Bush clover is absent here, the fields being mainly covered with cinquefoil and Goldenrod.

The birds are very shy, yet allow an approach to within thirty feet. They stop singing about 7 a. m. and do not start again until evening. One male, however, sang every five seconds "*flee-sic*" for at least 24 hours during a rain spell on July 26, 1925, that is, all night as well as all day. "*Flee-sic*" seems to be sung normally at the rate of sixteen times a minute. A person acquainted with the song cannot overlook these species.

"*Flee-sic*" is a song, not a call note. The male seeks a spray of weeds and with drooping tail lifts his bill straight up, to violently jerk out its chebec-like song. If suddenly frightened from the ground it gives the faint "*flee-sic*."

The bird has also a full, long, song, almost identical with that of the Grasshopper Sparrows without the two starting notes: just a low crescendo buzz—like an insect's call. The only other call is a sharp "dzit" or "psit" given in alarm by male and female.

The songs are just as loud three hundred yards away, and the bird will usually sing until you are very close, then he dives with a fluttering, pumping, flight into the grass to lie quiet until one almost steps on him. If persistently stalked they usually fly into a shrub and "freeze."—EDGAR BEDELL, *Schenectady, N. Y.*

English Sparrows and Robins.—During the latter half of May, 1925 a pair of Robins built a nest in a locust tree in front of my house. Four eggs were laid and in due season four young appeared. The parent birds have since been busy feeding the young. A pair of English Sparrows discovered the Robin's nest and saw the process of feeding. Now for about two weeks the Sparrows have been watching the Robins closely, and whenever one of them flies down on the lawn in search of food for the young the Sparrows will follow it. As soon as the Robin captures a grasshopper or a worm and flies to the nest, the Sparrows will follow and alight on the rim opposite the Robin. As soon as the Robin has placed the food in the open bill of one of the youngsters, one of the Sparrows reaches over and pulls the food out and flies away to a quiet place to devour it.

The young Robins do not seem to suffer from lack of food, so I imagine the parents may have to work harder to offset the robberies of the Sparrows.—J. K. JENSEN, *Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

Yellow Throated Warbler (*Dendroica dominica dominica*) on Quaker Ridge, Mamaroneck, N. Y.—On May 18, 1925, I was attracted, early in the day by a song, at once familiar yet unfamiliar to me; a song suggesting a combination of an enthusiastic Indigo Bunting and a subdued Water Thrush (*Seiurus motocilla*) which seemed to come from a close twenty year stand of Norway spruce (*Picea excelsa* Link) on the