

in July, and one immature male and two immature females from Clipperton Island in November.

We are indebted to Mr. R. C. McGregor for the loan of an immature male of *Micranous hawaiiensis*, and to Mr. Wm. Alauson Bryan for an adult male of the same species from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Honolulu.

MEASUREMENTS OF *Micranous diamesus*.

L. S. J. U. Mus. No.	Sex	Length	Wing	Tail	Culmen	Depth of Bill at Base	Mrxilla from Nostril	Gonys	Tarsus	Middle Toe	Locality
5079	ad ♂	388	224	130	45.3	8.7	33	30	21.5	28.3	Cocos Island
5015	" ♀	360	241	131	43.	8.3	32	28	21.	26.5	"
5205	" ♀	372	233	130	43.5	9.	31	28	20.	26.7	"
5111	" ♀	356	223	121	43.	8.7	31.5	29	21.	25.7	"
5026	" ♀	370	231	129	43.5	8.	32.	30	21.	26.5	"
Averages		369	230	128	43.6	8.4	32.	29	21.	26.9	"
5249	im ♀		233	123	43.5	9.	31.	28	21.	27.	"
5036	" ♀		230	120	45.5	8.3	31.5	30	21.	29.5	"
3825	" ♀	360	223	121	44.	8.7	31.5	28	20.5	27.	Clipperton Id
3819	" ♀	368	225	121	43.5	8.5	32.	30	21.	27.	"

MEASUREMENTS OF *Micranous hawaiiensis*.

ad ♂	382	225	125	38.5	8.	28.	28	21.5	24.	Hawaiian Ids
im ♂		210	118	38.	7.5	25.	25	20.	24.	"



Two Years With Mexican Birds. II. In the Haunts of the Trogon.

BY E. H. SKINNER.

EARLY one morning I took a heavy machete and a revolver, the machete to cut my way through the heavy underbrush and tangled hanging vines, and the revolver because a gun is carried with difficulty in the woods where one has to do as much crawling as walking. Collecting in the tropics is not exactly easy, taking mosquitos, temperature and a few other pleasant things into consideration.

Well, I started out; the morning was lovely, a trifle warm to be sure for there was not a cloud in sight and not a breath of air stirring. The way to the woods lay through the cafetal where Gray's Robin (*Merula grayi*), the most beautiful of Mexican songsters, was everywhere present, filling the air with its merry song, and Giraud's Flycatcher (*Myiozetetes texensis*) were squabbling in different parts of the plantation.

We are soon in the woods, however, where the birds are more sedate. Toucans, motmots and trogons are the interesting birds, on account of their plum-

age I suppose, for they do little but sit in the shade and meditate. The trogon family, including several species, are the loveliest birds to be found in Central America. They are graceful in form, retiring in habits, and for diversity and brightness of plumage are not equalled by any other birds of their range.

Trogons are found over all the country but more particularly in the highlands where their pleasant note can be heard at any time in the woods, and where they usually remain, rarely venturing into the open because their slow flight would make them an easy prey to the raptores. *Trogon caligatus*, the commonest variety in the vicinity of the plantation, is a model representative of his genus, with his bright changeable colors. The remarkable point about him is the smallness and weakness of his tarsi and toes, which would scarcely answer for a sparrow.

I had not taken any eggs of this species up to the time of the present trip and knew practically nothing of

their nesting habits, so I nearly wrecked my first set which I came upon by chance. We were walking along slowly and upon passing a decayed stump I struck idly at a rough opening in the side with my machete. It was a rude hole which looked as if it might have served a woodpecker sometime in the remote past, so my surprise may be imagined. The whole front of the excavation crumbled away under the blow revealing the two pearly white eggs on the verge of the nest.

The bird had not been seen to leave the nest, so I replaced the eggs carefully and fitted back the pieces which had been struck from the front of the nest, holding them in place by a piece of vine which I wrapped about the stump several times. A few days later by approaching the nest cautiously the bird flushed, proving to be *Trogon caligatus*. She had again settled down in her wrecked home as though nothing had happened. This was April 25, 1898; eggs fresh.

Another set of two eggs was found May 29, 1898 with embryos begun, near the edge of the woods in a decayed stump fifteen feet up. Another set of two eggs on May 12, 1899, incubation fresh; opening to nest, eight feet up. The nest is always a rough hollow in the most decayed or crumbling, punky stumps. The hollow is usually six or eight inches in diameter and is but a few inches lower than the opening, with no lining.

The Mexican name of the trogon is *Cabo*, which sounds a little like his call, consisting of two notes, the first a little higher than the second. It may be imitated by a low whistle, and sounds but little lower when one is 150 yards from the bird than when under the tree from which the sound proceeds.

When one is near to the bird, the sound seems to come first from one direction and then another, and the bird may readily be thought to be fifty feet away instead of at hand. The trogon's nest was the last find of the day, and at

about 2 o'clock the inevitable thunderstorm came up, sending us back to the plantation, a water-soaked party of collectors.



Song of *Zonotrichia coronata*.

IN REPLY to Mr. Lyman Belding's query in THE CONDOR (Vol. 3, No. 2.), I can state positively that the Golden-crowned Sparrow (*Zonotrichia coronata*) is not an altogether silent bird in this neighborhood during its winter residence. Its song, if it may be dignified by such a title, consists of three notes given in a descending scale with intervals of thirds, or to express it differently *sol, mi, do*. The sound is that of a very high whistle, in fact so high that in imitating the bird it is necessary for me to make it with the tongue against the roof of the mouth, the lips apart. The notes are given very softly and yet are penetrating.

I have been accustomed to hearing this song since my boyhood, and yet until quite recently ascribed it to Gambel's Sparrow (*Z. leucophrys gambeli*). One evening at the California Academy of Sciences Mr. Chas. A. Keeler imitated this song and claimed that it was that of *Z. coronata*. A discussion on this point led me to observe these two species very closely during the past winter, and I now acknowledge that Mr. Keeler was right and I wrong.

The song is given when the bird is either on the top of a low bush or within the bush near the outside. As the two species invariably flock together during their residence in this neighborhood, and as it very difficult to distinguish the immature *gambeli* from *coronata* at any distance, when both kinds are banded together, especially when partially hidden by foliage, a great deal of watching was necessary to enable me to establish the identity of the songster. Many an attempt failed through my not being able even to discover which individual of the flock was