

found dead on the ground under the tree, having beyond a doubt been suffocated during the previous week while the grove was being fumigated, as were a considerable number of other birds.—A. B. HOWELL.

**Notes from the San Joaquin Valley.**—Egret (*Herodias egretta*). In the latter part of October and along until about the middle of November of this past fall (1911) a flock of Egrets (*Herodias egretta*), consisting of some thirty individuals, took up its abode on the Rancho Dos Rios, near the mouth of the Tuolumne River, Stanislaus County, California. The receding flood waters of the summer had left several shallow ponds in the lowlands, and the Egrets would stand in these for hours, feeding, probably, on what few small fish were unable to escape. At other times they would retire to a plowed field and stand around in that for long periods, or perhaps perch on some dead water oaks near this field, giving a beautiful effect of a snow covered tree in summer against a dark green background.

When the water in these ponds evaporated to almost nothing, or perhaps because all the minnows were caught, the Egrets wended their way elsewhere, and but one or two have been in evidence since. This is the largest flock I have ever seen, and it is to be hoped is a sign of the species being on the increase.

Lincoln and Forbush Sparrows (*Melospiza lincolni lincolni* and *M. l. striata*). One hardly associates these sparrows with the idea of flocks, but during the last days of December, 1911, and through January, 1912, a sufficient number of these birds to call a "flock" have congregated in a small area on the Rancho Dos Rios. Usually they are only met with singly or in pairs, but in this particular spot one or two flush out of the tall grass at every step or two. The grass is very rank and three or four feet long, partially fallen, full of seed and damp underneath, being on land that is overflowed every summer at high water.

It is very difficult to get more than a glimpse of the birds in such a place; but four specimens were taken without moving more than twenty feet, as some of them flew into the branches of some scrubby willows and hesitated a moment too long before hiding.—JOSEPH MAILLIARD.

**The Evening Grosbeak in Humboldt County, California.**—It was on May 7, 1911, early in the forenoon; the day was dark and cloudy, with occasional heavy showers to break the monotony. I was passing through a spruce grove on the very edge of the bay, some six miles east of Eureka. While listening to the scratching of a towhee, my attention was called to the unmistakable call note of the Evening Grosbeak. It was faint, owing to the distance and the rustling of branches.

Traveling in the direction of the call, I soon came under several tall pines, in which were a number of the Evening Grosbeaks. Such a busy lot I had never before seen. They were first hanging to a cone, then hidden in a sort of mistletoe, from which they invariably flew to a nearby branch. There they paused a second and again resumed a position on the cone or within reaching distance of it. This seemed to be their chief attraction.

One flew out in the open air, then circled and lit on a branch not over twenty feet from where I was standing. He seemed to be looking at me, and sat very still for a few moments, then got busy as any of the others, seemingly satisfied with what he had seen. There were upwards of twenty feeding in the tops of the nearby trees.

I secured two specimens, a male and female. They proved to be the Western Evening Grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina montana*).—C. I. CLAY.

**The Anthony Vireo (*Vireo huttoni obscurus*).**—About four or five years ago while passing over a wooded ravine, I heard an unfamiliar "tchweet, tchweet." At a distance the sound is not unlike "sweet, sweet." On nearer approach it grows more liquid. The bird eluded all my efforts to obtain a description of it, save that the song came from a tiny throat.

Each succeeding spring I followed day after day for weeks my "tchweet, tchweet." I learned that if I once located the song, I might expect it daily in the same vicinity for many weeks. I also learned that if the bird gave its full succession of notes, I might not hear it again for many minutes. The interval might be prolonged into an hour, but the song was sure to come. In the height of the home building season, Anthony may repeat his "tchweet, tchweet," nearly 200 times in succession. Ordinarily twenty or less will satisfy him.

My singer was so tiny and the woods he loved so dense that it was easy for him to elude close investigation, so I came to call him my little "sweet, sweet, sweet." The school children frequently said: "Miss Getty, what bird says, 'sweet, sweet, sweet'?" So I redoubled my efforts to satisfy them and me.

As the land birds of this region, one after another, became familiar to me, by the process of exclusion I concluded that "sweet, sweet, sweet" must be the Anthony Vireo, but I hesitated to give my convictions to others until last summer.

I was making a bird excursion in company with Mr. D. E. Brown, an ornithologist of Tacoma, in the vicinity of that city, when he found the most artistic nest I have ever seen. The dainty bird was upon the nest, and it contained but one egg. This was the 5th of June, 1910. On the 7th, Mr. Brown collected it with three eggs, raising the record by one egg. Up to this time, there had been but one nesting record for this bird—the one described by Mr. Bowles in *Birds of Washington* and in *Hand-Book of Birds of the Western United States*. The nest owned by Mr. Bowles contained but two eggs.

I had been detailed by Mr. Brown to watch a Hermit Warbler's nest for a couple of hours. In this interval, little Anthony came singing several times; so when Mr. Brown found the nest in the vicinity, the secret of "sweet" was truly out.

Another woodland song was just as exasperating in its solution. "Chip, chip, chip", came from the tree tops of the thickets. It usually came to my ears later in the season. That is, I heard it as a summer song. It did not appear to be a call note of the half grown birds, but rather a part of the general mature joy of the woods. So clear and strong was the note that I concluded it must come from the throat of a finch, whose language I had not yet learned.

This summer, while crossing Anthony's haunts, I heard the familiar "chip, chip, chip". Upon the top of a second growth fir sat Anthony repeating over and over "chip", when suddenly he changed to "tchweet". The following day I heard him alternate "tchweet" with "chip," or give two notes of one to one of the other, according to his fancy. He has another sweet note which he sometimes gives when in distress.

On the 23rd of June, 1910, while following a pair of Blackheaded Grosbeaks into a fir thicket of Kirkland, a suburb of Seattle, I came upon an Anthony Vireo nest with the male bird upon it. It contained four eggs, thus raising the record to where it now stands. On the 23rd of June of this year I found another nest about a mile from last year's. It contained four eggs.

In addition to these, I found several nests either unoccupied or just building. The female is exceedingly sensitive. Her peevish "ank, ank, ank", from the thickets may mean one of several things, namely, she may be hunting a home site, building, incubating, or feeding young in the trees. She reminds me of an adolescent school girl who screams upon any and all occasions for the mere pleasure of being actively protected. At her cry of alarm, the male is almost certain to appear. Sometimes he sings to quiet and reassure her. Again he comes almost to the bird-lover, looks him earnestly in the eye as though he would determine the intruder's mission there. A nest found before it contains eggs is likely to be deserted.

Although the Anthony Vireo still deserves the title of "Sphinx of the Forest" given it by Mr. Dawson, we have data enough to arrive at certain conclusions. This year in early June, I saw a pair defending young as large as themselves. At the same time other pairs were building or incubating. This would indicate a late April set, or, two sets a season.

While not limited botanically, the birds appear to favor second growth fir. Of the seven nests seen by me *in situ*, five were attached to fir branches from six to fifteen feet high and from one-eighth to one-half mile from a lake. The nest is most artistically constructed of lichens, usually some species of *usnea*. The lining is made of grass stems. The nest hangs from forking twigs.

Little Anthony is a resident here. His song season is unusually long. The bird clans are gathering preparatory to making their yearly social assemblages or their migrations. While most of them today, August 13, *chatted* sweetly with one another, Anthony *sang* "tchweet, tchweet" or "chip, chip!"—JENNIE V. GETTY.

**The Costa Hummingbird.**—This bright-colored little bird is, with the exception of the Black-chinned Hummingbird, our most common member of this family in this part of San Diego County. Individuals are first to be noticed in the spring in the forepart of the month of April, and are most often found on the brushy hillsides where there are plenty