

water, and a thorough bath was often indulged in. Among the Purple Finches and Sparrows with which he associated while feeding, he feathered about, neither pugnacious nor timid, but holding his ground well. He appeared very capable and resourceful always, finding his way into traps by various doors, on the level of the ground and through the top, with readiness. He often ran for a distance of several feet with great speed. His alarm-note was a single rather rich and loud call, but low-pitched for a Warbler. His weight was 15 grams.—HELEN GRANGER WHITTLE, Peterboro, N. H., September 7, 1926.

Banded Hummingbird's Return.—To Window-side Banding Station, which opened June 22nd for its fourth season. The good news must have been broadcast all over the Island, for at once birds came flocking in. Three rare Warblers flying by stopped for a few moments—a Canadian, a Cape May, and a Black-throated Blue Warbler. But the great event of the season occurred on August 1st, the very day the celebration began in honor of the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, when a Ruby-throated Hummingbird waked me very early, buzzing on my ceiling. Though sighing, I got up to catch and band it, only to find when I gathered it in my hand that it was already banded July 29, 1925, on the right leg, a female, I think, one of the four I clasped the tiniest aluminum bracelets on last summer that I could possibly manage, less than a sixteenth of an inch in width. I thought that would be about right, but it was too narrow to carry numbers unfortunately. Perhaps some one can think of a way to mark them. The bands I put on in 1924 female, I think, sailed in, banded on August 15, 1925, on the left leg, were too wide; none came back. On August 15th another Hummer, a making returns of fifty per cent of the Hummers banded in 1925! The bait I used to attract them is sugar-and-water syrup in pill-bottles covered with scarlet sunfast. Four new ones have been banded this year to date. One, a young male, repeated the next day. He was angry and squeaked lustily both times when caught. Banded Hummers have been no unusual sight here this summer, and once or twice there were two perching at the same time. ELEANORA S. MORGAN, September 1, 1926.

The Barred Owls at Rock.—Every year since I came to Rock in 1920 I have heard Barred Owls (*Strix varia varia*) calling in the woods below the house, but until recently I have been unable to locate their nest.

This year (1926) my boy, eight years old, told me two Sundays in succession that while going down through the woods an Owl had flown over his head at Black Brook bridge. I went down to investigate, as I knew of a "bee" tree which had been opened near there. From a place where I could view the tree without being seen I saw a Barred Owl sitting in the tree, which flew as soon as I showed myself.

A few days later, my sister, Mrs. George E. Burbank, of Sandwich, a bander, stopped at the house. I took her down so she might see the Owl, but when we looked at the hole, it contained two Owls instead of one, which did not fly when I stepped into view or even when I struck the tree with a stick. "Young Owls," said I to my sister; "I'll band them." So the following day, June 12th, I took my boy, camera, and bands down to the tree. Perched on a ladder eighteen feet from the ground, I took a picture of the Owls at home. Then I took them down and banded them. Nos.