

sons who would not in any event use names accurately. We have never been quite able to understand why a paper which states at the outset that the names used in it conform strictly to the latest A. O. U. list, but in which its author chooses to use the English instead of the classical names, of that list, should be stamped at once as unscientific and unquotable. Why isn't one set of names as accurate as the other? In the long run it has proved true that the vernacular names of the A. O. U. list have been more stable than the classical names. Scientific accuracy is, of course, absolutely necessary in any event, but are the arbitrary rules which have been laid down to measure the degree of accuracy wholly tenable?

During the absence of the editor, from July 28 to September 12, the indulgence of correspondents is asked. Letters addressed to Oberlin or to Birmingham will receive attention, probably after some little delay in many cases.

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## Field Notes

A HOUSE WREN DRIVEN FROM ITS NEST BY SPIDERS.—On the morning of June 12, 1910, I was greeted in my garden by the song of a House Wren. At first I thought it must be a straggling bird that had dropped in to glean a breakfast among my trees, but on the following morning it was singing as usual, and close by a Downy Woodpecker's stub that I had cut down and fastened in a tree, thinking thus to attract some bird to it as a nesting site. I soon discovered the female busily looking the trees over, and now and then inspecting the stub.

The next day I saw Mrs. House Wren carrying sticks into the hole and I felt quite satisfied in having a pair of House Wrens for tenants, this being the first pair that had ever nested in my place. About a week after I missed the delightful song, so started to investigate. Rapping on the stub no bird appeared, and I soon saw that the edges of the hole were alive with small spiders. I took the stub down and opened it, and found the nest swarming with these spiders. The birds in building the nest had used small twigs entirely and had thickly stuccoed them with the white egg sacs of a species of spider, that had hatched before the Wren had deposited her own eggs, and instead of making a home for her young, she had unwittingly gathered together a fine family of spiders and provided them with a well sheltered retreat.

*South Auburn, Rhode Island.*

HARRY S. HATHAWAY.