

through the smoke and gas arising from the stack, and, when the first few attempted to descend, they were of course immediately driven back by the upward current and the lack of air. Others tried, but none could descend, and soon agitation and uncertainty was plainly diffused through the whole flock. The twittering was loud and incessant, and the birds bunched together, passing over the stack so that their wings could be plainly heard striking together. The ellipse became a dense mass of struggling birds, but none could stay in the stack. The flock wheeled away from the building, only to return in the gathering twilight, uncertain where to go. Finally, a solitary bird returned from the west, with loud calls, and a considerable portion of the flock joined it, and passed westward out of sight. The remaining birds desperately circled the stack for some minutes longer, but soon broke up and also disappeared, when it was almost dark. The next evening a few again appeared over the stack, but could not enter for the smoke, and after that the great flock was seen no more.—T. H. WHITNEY, *Atlantic, Iowa.*

The Prothonotary Warbler at North Bristol, Trumbull County, Ohio.—On May 12, 1925, a pair of the Prothonotary Warbler (*Protonotaria citrea*) began a four days' visit about our yard, this being the first appearance of the species in this locality. Our yard is the upper slope on Norton's ravine—an open, sunny, swampy ravine through which flows a brook fed by springs. The male warbler seemed very much taken with this environment, and, singing madly, he explored over and over again every nook and corner of the place, even flying onto the screen door and also examining the porch lighting fixture. He finally singled out a tin can hanging against the house near the back door, and began, on the second day to carry into it small quantities of dead leaves and rootlets, some of which he picked up on the lawn within ten feet of my chair. At times he stood on the can and sang vigorously, then flew into the can and sang again.

Early on the morning of the second day, the male bird dashed down to the brook for a hasty bath. At this moment the female warbler made her first appearance. Interrupting her mate's toilet, she led him away in a merry chase. The female was very shy about the house, appearing only as an occasional gleaner among the apple blossoms, and keeping well up in the tops of the trees. She showed no such enthusiasm for her surroundings as did her mate, and if she approached his tin can I failed to see her.

The male warbler was extremely tame at first, paying almost no attention to us as we trailed him about the place, only stopping occasionally to give us a sharp scrutinizing look, much after the manner of the Maryland Yellowthroat. On the third day, he wandered a block away to the center of the village, and was identified by Hilda Robinson. He still returned at intervals to his tin can and carried in a little more material, but it was easy to see that his ardor had cooled. My last sight of the pair was towards the evening of the fourth day, when both of the warblers were observed on the ground near the back door confronted by a House Wren. Upon my approach they made their final departure.

The wrens had resented the presence of the warblers and had attempted to chase the male on several occasions, but the chief clerk held his ground. However, some of the nesting material disappeared from the can, and after the departure of the warblers I saw the wren enter the can and throw out some of the material. Can it be that the loss of such interesting tenants was due to the infringements of the wren?—MARCIA B. CLAY, *North Bristol, Ohio.*