

to go with me. We arrived there quite early and saw a flock of about twenty of the birds I was after; they were feeding on the rice in company with Bobolinks and Red-winged Blackbirds. We found them very wild and it was impossible to get a shot. The men who mind the rice told me they sometimes killed a few and they saw some every year in these fields. I went to the house of a negro who had killed some the day before, to see if I could get any, but found they had all been used for food. I saw, however, the heads, wings and feathers of several specimens and think undoubtedly that the birds are the same as the one brought me by John Goffney on May 17 of last year, that is, it is an Oriole I do not know.

"On showing the specimen killed on June 3, 1893, to Mr. Allen Mehle on the 14th of the same month, he told me that a flock of about two hundred of these birds came to his place at Mississippi City, Miss., in July, 1892, and remained there for some time. Numbers of them were killed and several were sent to a taxidermist in New Orleans, but he did not know his name. He is positive it is the same bird, and as no one knew what they were, he had some mounted."

In his letter of Sept. 12, 1893, Mr. McIlhenny writes me also as follows: "I showed the skin, before I sent it to you, to Captain Jim Hare of the Trinity Shoal lightship, and he told me that two birds of exactly the same appearance had struck the light and had been killed this spring in April. His ship is sixty miles out to sea and due south of here. Capt. Hare tells me that he often sees large flocks of small birds flying high in the air during their migrations."

From the foregoing it will be seen that this Oriole cannot be regarded as simply a straggler, and it is only surprising that it has been overlooked so long.—CHARLES E. BENDIRE, *Washington, D. C.*

Behavior of a Summer Tanager.—I send the following item which my friend, Rev. Boniface Verheyen, of St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, communicated to me a short time ago.

". . . I want to tell you about the peculiar conduct of a Summer Tanager (*Piranga rubra*) which a number of the professors witnessed daily for several weeks. It was during the last week of May that the bird first began to attract attention. He would be seen to fly from window to window on the north side of the west wing of the College, or perch on the sill, facing inward, as if peering through the window. Every few moments he would make an attack on the pane with his bill, as if he were trying to get at something or force his way through. When driven from one window he would fly to another. His attacks were at times quite vicious: he would fly from a neighboring tree directly for the window and strike the pane with a whack. Time and again he attracted my attention in my room, though the door was shut. Several times I took my stand directly in front of the closed window within a few feet of him and watched him closely at his seeming mad effort to peck holes through the pane. He did not seem to care much whether I stood there or not. I opened one of the windows on several occasions to see if he would come in, but he did

not take kindly to my invitation, for he would give the open window a wide berth. One of the junior professors, M. Stein, of your town, had better success in this particular than I had. He happened along the lower corridor, when he found the bird hammering away at the window. He watched a few moments and opened the window. Without further ado the bird flew through and lighted on the window stool; and what is singular, the bird allowed M. Stein to approach and take him into his hand. The bird was set at liberty soon after. The strange conduct of the bird excited general comment in our end of the house, and as many as six or eight professors watched his pranks at a time. It was quite a sight to watch him, so intent he was in his work, and the feathers of his neck fairly on end with the nervous tension.

"The solution of the bird's strange conduct was found one morning while we were at breakfast, when he was again laying one of his periodic sieges to the windows. From the situation of the dining room in the north wing of the building, the eye sweeps across the open court to the west wing, the north windows of which were the *point d'attraction* for the bird. It was then noticed that the light was reflected from the glass, and objects out in the court were plainly mirrored in the panes and the image of the Tanager was quite well defined. The mirror-like reflection was particularly strong and sharp in those windows from which the storm windows had not yet been removed and where the corridor received light only from one side. Not long after the storm windows were removed, and the windows were left open most of the time, when the bird disappeared, having spent quite an amount of time, for about two weeks, in the manner described above. As you are aware, there are eight maple trees standing in the open court, three of them within twenty-five feet of the windows; to these he would withdraw at intervals, to catch his second wind, as it were, before returning to the charge. I tried to ascertain whether he had a nest in the adjoining trees, but failed to discover one. It is likely though that he is domiciled near by, and that his vicious attacks on his image in the glass were meant for an imaginary foe, who might endanger his little household."

So far my correspondent. I might add that during my sojourn at the college, a Summer Tanager was a constant visitor to the grove on the College Campus, and nested there for a number of years

Here is another little item in connection with bird lore that may be of interest. On one of my visits to the college, three years ago, I was informed that a certain bird had often been seen in the students' chapel. As the chapel is skirted on two sides by trees, and the windows are usually open during the summer, it is not a rare occurrence to find a stray bird fluttering about on the inside. But here was said to be a case of a frequent visitor to the sacred enclosure—a bird with a religious turn of mind, so to speak. I examined into the matter, and, sure enough, there was my bird, a female Yellow-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus*). She was not flying about, but stood on the floor, on which she had laid an egg, and to all appearances was standing guard over it. I secured the egg, which is now preserved in the college museum.—PIRMINE M. KOUMLY, *Seneca, Kansas.*