

White Warblers (*Mniotilta varia*) by the actions of the old birds. A short time after taking up my position a female Cowbird (*Molothrus ater*) came flying through the trees and lit but a short distance away. From time to time I glanced at her to see what she was up to but was unable to see that she had moved a muscle for some twenty minutes, for which time she remained hunched up as if asleep. Then she flew straight to the nest of a Red-eyed Vireo (*Vireosylva olivacea*) which though but ten feet from my hiding place, was so well concealed that it had escaped my attention. After remaining on the nest about two minutes she flew out of sight among the trees. Upon investigation I found the nest to contain two eggs of the rightful owner and one of the Cowbird.— A. BRAZIER HOWELL, *Covina, Cal.*

Evening Grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina vespertina*) **at Boston, Mass.**— On December 29, 1913, while going through the Arnold Arboretum looking for birds, a friend and I saw one which we took to be a female Evening Grosbeak, although we failed to get a good view of it. The next day I went alone to the same spot and found the bird feeding on the ground near a hop-hornbeam tree. I approached slowly within two rods of it and watched it for nearly half an hour. The markings were very distinct in the bright sunshine and there was no doubt about its identity. I could not make out whether it was feeding on grass and weed seeds or something else. At length on the approach of a man from the opposite direction it flew up into the hornbeam and from there to the big oak, where I left it. I saw it again on January 1 and 2 and was told that it was seen in the same spot December 31. That makes in all five successive days and would seem to indicate that it intended to stay there for some time.— EDWARD H. ATHERTON, *Roxbury, Mass.*

The White-winged Crossbill (*Loxia leucoptera*) **in the District of Columbia.**— Within the close of the rectory of Trinity Episcopal Church at Takoma Park, D. C., are three scrub pines, *Pinus virginiana*, of medium size, densely laden with cones. Two of these, one on each side of the walk leading to the steps, extend their branches within ten feet of the front porch where, alone, I was quietly sitting in a rocking chair about 3 P. M. October 23, 1913, literally basking in the hospitable rays of the sun rapidly declining after a bright, but rather brisk, wintry day. I had been on the porch but a few minutes when I discovered several birds assiduously searching the cones in the further one of these two trees. Their movements strangely suggested paroquets and were accentuated by plaintive notes constantly emitted. They were White-winged Crossbills, eight in number. They gradually worked their way to the tree directly in front of which I was sitting, and ultimately reached the very ends of the branches within ten feet of me. I followed their every movement for upwards of fifteen minutes. They left the tree precipitately in a body. About three quarters of an hour later I saw and heard them in a grove of larger pines two squares distant.