

was attracted by some object fluttering in the air over the middle of the street. A casual glance towards it to assure myself whether it was a *Cecropia* or a *Luna* moth became an interested gaze when I discovered that it was neither but a House Sparrow, busily chasing a large Mayfly (*Ephemeridae*) which it eventually captured. It then flew back to the front of the theatre and after resting a few seconds on the arch over the doorway it flew underneath to its nest in the scrollwork over the ticket-box where its noisy reception indicated the presence of a nearly full grown brood of young. To assure myself that the occurrence was not accidental and the result of the bird having been disturbed I watched its operations for some time and was amused to see the facility with which it picked off the moths and May-flies as they appeared either in proximity to the lights on either side of the facade over the arch or within the radius of the lights below it. As the nearest grass-plots are fully two blocks from the nest and the streets offer but few opportunities to obtain food, the presence of the insects at the lights must indeed be providential, though it would be a far fetched theory to assume that the building of the nest in that particular situation was influenced thereby.

I have not previously seen Sparrows feed under these conditions though I have many times observed Pigeons in Chicago flying and feeding in front of moving picture houses on State street and Michigan Avenue.—
J. R. MALLOCH, *U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey.*

Occurrence of the Prothonotary Warbler (*Protonotaria citrea*) at Dyke, Virginia.—Dyke receives its name from the narrow embankment that extends out for hundreds of yards into the Potomac River. It has a very narrow path down its entire middle, and this, for the most part, supports, upon either side, various trees and shrubs—with an undergrowth of sedge and plants found in such situations. This is one of my favorite places for collecting, and while there on the 15th of July, 1922, with Marten Benson Rowe of Washington, I undertook to "squeak up" the birds in the neighborhood. Among the species that were deceived by the call were two Prothonotary Warblers—both males—and in unusually fine plumage—considering the time of year. They afforded me a shot when they were close together on the same twig, but proved to be a little too far off for a .22 cartridge loaded with No. 13 shot. A few down feathers floated by, but that was all, and the birds made off into the thick undergrowth of the marsh close at hand. Forty years and more ago I collected this warbler in the swampy bayous around New Orleans.—R. W. SHUFELDT, *Washington, D. C.*

The Cerulean Warbler at Washington, D. C.—On May 20, 1922, while with a party of the District of Columbia Audubon Society near Chevy Chase Lake, Maryland, about a mile and a half beyond the District limits, my attention was called to a bluish bird playing hide and seek in the leaves about twenty feet from the ground. Automatically raising my