

found dead on the ground under the tree, having beyond a doubt been suffocated during the previous week while the grove was being fumigated, as were a considerable number of other birds.—A. B. HOWELL.

Notes from the San Joaquin Valley.—Egret (*Herodias egretta*). In the latter part of October and along until about the middle of November of this past fall (1911) a flock of Egrets (*Herodias egretta*), consisting of some thirty individuals, took up its abode on the Rancho Dos Rios, near the mouth of the Tuolumne River, Stanislaus County, California. The receding flood waters of the summer had left several shallow ponds in the lowlands, and the Egrets would stand in these for hours, feeding, probably, on what few small fish were unable to escape. At other times they would retire to a plowed field and stand around in that for long periods, or perhaps perch on some dead water oaks near this field, giving a beautiful effect of a snow covered tree in summer against a dark green background.

When the water in these ponds evaporated to almost nothing, or perhaps because all the minnows were caught, the Egrets wended their way elsewhere, and but one or two have been in evidence since. This is the largest flock I have ever seen, and it is to be hoped is a sign of the species being on the increase.

Lincoln and Forbush Sparrows (*Melospiza lincolni lincolni* and *M. l. striata*). One hardly associates these sparrows with the idea of flocks, but during the last days of December, 1911, and through January, 1912, a sufficient number of these birds to call a "flock" have congregated in a small area on the Rancho Dos Rios. Usually they are only met with singly or in pairs, but in this particular spot one or two flush out of the tall grass at every step or two. The grass is very rank and three or four feet long, partially fallen, full of seed and damp underneath, being on land that is overflowed every summer at high water.

It is very difficult to get more than a glimpse of the birds in such a place; but four specimens were taken without moving more than twenty feet, as some of them flew into the branches of some scrubby willows and hesitated a moment too long before hiding.—JOSEPH MAILLIARD.

The Evening Grosbeak in Humboldt County, California.—It was on May 7, 1911, early in the forenoon; the day was dark and cloudy, with occasional heavy showers to break the monotony. I was passing through a spruce grove on the very edge of the bay, some six miles east of Eureka. While listening to the scratching of a towhee, my attention was called to the unmistakable call note of the Evening Grosbeak. It was faint, owing to the distance and the rustling of branches.

Traveling in the direction of the call, I soon came under several tall pines, in which were a number of the Evening Grosbeaks. Such a busy lot I had never before seen. They were first hanging to a cone, then hidden in a sort of mistletoe, from which they invariably flew to a nearby branch. There they paused a second and again resumed a position on the cone or within reaching distance of it. This seemed to be their chief attraction.

One flew out in the open air, then circled and lit on a branch not over twenty feet from where I was standing. He seemed to be looking at me, and sat very still for a few moments, then got busy as any of the others, seemingly satisfied with what he had seen. There were upwards of twenty feeding in the tops of the nearby trees.

I secured two specimens, a male and female. They proved to be the Western Evening Grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina montana*).—C. I. CLAY.

The Anthony Vireo (*Vireo huttoni obscurus*).—About four or five years ago while passing over a wooded ravine, I heard an unfamiliar "tchweet, tchweet." At a distance the sound is not unlike "sweet, sweet." On nearer approach it grows more liquid. The bird eluded all my efforts to obtain a description of it, save that the song came from a tiny throat.

Each succeeding spring I followed day after day for weeks my "tchweet, tchweet." I learned that if I once located the song, I might expect it daily in the same vicinity for many weeks. I also learned that if the bird gave its full succession of notes, I might not hear it again for many minutes. The interval might be prolonged into an hour, but the song was sure to come. In the height of the home building season, Anthony may repeat his "tchweet, tchweet," nearly 200 times in succession. Ordinarily twenty or less will satisfy him.