

characteristic chestnut patch on the head had the feathers slightly tipped with gray. The bird was evidently a migrant. So far as I am aware, this is the first record of the occurrence of *Vermivora rubricapilla gutturalis* in the Yellowstone Park and the first in this part of the Rocky Mountain region. The nearest records hitherto published, are those from Idaho and Wyoming. Dr. Merrill (*Auk*, 1898, p. 18) found this warbler breeding at Fort Sherman, Idaho; and Knight (*Birds of Wyoming*, 1902, p. 145), reports four specimens from southeastern Wyoming but refers them to the eastern form *V. rubricapilla rubricapilla*.—T. S. PALMER.

**White Pelican at Bellingham Bay, Washington.**—The appearance of White Pelicans (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*) in this vicinity is perhaps sufficiently out of the ordinary to be worthy of record. On September 5, 1912, a flock of twenty or twenty-five of this species was seen near the mouth of the Nooksack River, at the head of Bellingham Bay. A resident of the neighborhood who went in pursuit shot three of the birds, and an Indian of the Lummi Reservation, across the river, shot two more. I visited the scene on the following day and inspected the dead birds. One appeared to be an adult, and the four others I judged to be immature. Some of these specimens have since been mounted. There is but one other record of this species in the Bellingham Bay region. That occurrence was about twenty-five years ago.—J. M. EBSON.

**"Popular" Ornithology.**—During a recent visit to Los Angeles I attended a moving picture show exhibiting at one of the leading play-houses. It purported to represent the Carnegie Museum Alaska-Siberian Expedition in action, and the pictures were explained by a gentleman in evening dress who was no less a person than "Professor . . . . ., M. A., Ph. D.," who had taken the pictures. The pictures were really wonderful, of moose, seals, walruses, polar bears, and Eskimos in life, not to mention bird colonies, which were our particular interest. No one would begrudge good fortune to the doughty captain, F. E. Kleinschmidt, who under the guise of leader of a scientific expedition, is cleaning up a 'cool' half million from this moving picture rights this season. Rarely has the public received more entertainment and profitable instruction for its money than from this show. The "spiel," too, was pretty fair—until it came to the birds. But when pictures of a colony of Red-faced Cormorants were shown upon the screen, and the "Professor" gravely introduced them as Spoon-billed Sandpipers, I gasped. The lecturer proceeded airily to tell a cock-and-bull story about the Spoon-billed Sandpiper, how the female laid only one egg which the male henceforth guarded in terror of his life; and he raised a laugh over the shocking example set by these militant suffragets of the north (unoffending shags!). Next we were taken to view a magnificent colony of Pallas Murres, tens of thousands of them, and these were presented to us as "Red-faced Cormorants." We learned that the females of this species lay two eggs which they carry in the folds of the naked skin (having meanwhile plucked their breasts entirely bare), in order that they might not come in contact with the icy rock, etc., etc. And this Doctor of Philosophy (also Master of Arts, think of it!) did actually take the pictures—no doubt of that—although he seems not to have profited mightily from his "scientific" associations.

Preceded by a professional card, the writer ventured to take the histrionic professor mildly to task after the show. He capitulated at once. "I know I get all balled up on those birds, but what's the odds? *The public don't know the difference.*" And I guess he was right, for this was the fourth week of the engagement.—W. LEON DAWSON.

**The Wood Duck at Santa Barbara, California.**—On February 18, 1912, I was so fortunate as to come upon a pair of the beautiful Wood Ducks (*Aix sponsa*) in a rather heavily wooded section of Mission Creek, a small stream running along the outskirts of the town of Santa Barbara. I was lucky enough to see them swimming in the stream some distance below me and, by careful stalking, was able to crawl within twenty feet of them, thus enabling me to watch them for half an hour without awakening a suspicion on their part. A week later, on February 25, I once more found them close to the original location, seemingly very much at home, as the male swam and paraded himself to his, and my, heart's content, although his mate seemed too busy eating to pay him much attention.

I left Santa Barbara for the north on February 27, and consequently was unable to finish the study, but I feel that there was a very strong possibility of their remaining to nest. There was a large flow of water in the stream, and a number of most satisfactory hollow limbs in the immediate vicinity; thus it would have been impossible to find more suitable conditions.—J. H. BOWLES.