

**Experiences in Banding Rose-breasted Grosbeaks.**—I was fortunate enough in 1926 to band seventeen Rose-breasted Grosbeaks (*Zamelodia ludoviciana*). These were captured in a pull-string trap 13" x 8" x 7" placed on a feeding-shelf at a second-story window.

Winter birds had been feeding at the shelf for several years before I began banding. A good number of Purple Finches, Goldfinches, Pine Siskins, and Chickadees were frequent visitors when the Grosbeaks first arrived in May. Their favorite food was sunflower seeds. Before leaving the shelf they would often peck at the suet a little and then finish with a drink of water.

Of the seventeen Grosbeaks banded five were adult males, three were adult females, seven were young birds, and the last two were probably young also. On July 19 and 20 I banded a brood of five young and the father bird, which were brought to the shelf by the banded mother. Two of the young were unmistakably males and possibly also a third one. The mother bird was not seen after the first day, but the father came to feed with the young for several days, when he too disappeared, the young continuing to come until the last week of August. There were often two or three feeding at the same time, the others waiting their turn in a nearby birch tree. On the second day the father was busily eating sunflower seeds, while one of the young was enjoying peanut-hearts. Occasionally a father bird would pick up a hemp seed, crack it, and feed it to his offspring, then each would continue to feed himself. After four or five days the young were able to crack even sunflower seeds for themselves. They appeared very hungry, ate heartily like growing children, and were extremely tame.

Other young birds were banded during August. After July 24th the old birds were not seen, and August 25th was the last day the young came to the shelf. By that time they had become very nervous and their stay at the shelf was very brief. ELIZABETH M. DEXHAM, Wellesley, Mass.

**Water-Thrushes (*Scirurus boreboracensis*) at Banding Stations.** On occasions during the last four summers, we have captured Water-Thrushes at our stations. There have been four in all, the dates being July 7, 1923, Cohasset, Mass.; and July 2, 1923, August 1, 1924, and August 21, 1926, Peterboro, New Hampshire. All these birds were conspicuously tinged with yellow on the under parts. The tint was pale sulphur-yellow to sulphur-yellow. The superciliary line was similar in tone, but somewhat less vivid. It is an interesting question why these single birds were moving about on these dates, especially so early as July 2d and 7th. The matters of the age and sex of the birds are also of interest, but thus far undetermined. The fresh-appearing plumage, in each case, indicated a bird-of-the-year.

The first three of the Water-Thrushes taken appeared at the stations but once. Two came early in the morning, attracted, no doubt, by the presence of other birds feeding in the traps, entering themselves through curiosity or accident. The third was found entangled in a cobweb in a barn by a neighbor, and brought to the station. The fourth and last, taken August 21st this year, was captured in a water trap. Three quarters of an hour after banding, it returned to the station, and continued a frequent visitor into the fourth day, the great attraction being fine cracker-crumbs, which had been put out especially for Chipping Sparrows. The Water-Thrush was devoted to these crumbs, returning as often as twice an hour or even oftener during some of his stay. His frequent meals were usually interrupted by several trips to a nearby bath for long draughts of

water, and a thorough bath was often indulged in. Among the Purple Finches and Sparrows with which he associated while feeding, he feathered about, neither pugnacious nor timid, but holding his ground well. He appeared very capable and resourceful always, finding his way into traps by various doors, on the level of the ground and through the top, with readiness. He often ran for a distance of several feet with great speed. His alarm-note was a single rather rich and loud call, but low-pitched for a Warbler. His weight was 15 grams.—HELEN GRANGER WHITTLE, Peterboro, N. H., September 7, 1926.

**Banded Hummingbird's Return.**—To Window-side Banding Station, which opened June 22nd for its fourth season. The good news must have been broadcast all over the Island, for at once birds came flocking in. Three rare Warblers flying by stopped for a few moments—a Canadian, a Cape May, and a Black-throated Blue Warbler. But the great event of the season occurred on August 1st, the very day the celebration began in honor of the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, when a Ruby-throated Hummingbird waked me very early, buzzing on my ceiling. Though sighing, I got up to catch and band it, only to find when I gathered it in my hand that it was already banded July 29, 1925, on the right leg, a female, I think, one of the four I clasped the tiniest aluminum bracelets on last summer that I could possibly manage, less than a sixteenth of an inch in width. I thought that would be about right, but it was too narrow to carry numbers unfortunately. Perhaps some one can think of a way to mark them. The bands I put on in 1924 female, I think, sailed in, banded on August 15, 1925, on the left leg, were too wide; none came back. On August 15th another Hummer, a making returns of fifty per cent of the Hummers banded in 1925! The bait I used to attract them is sugar-and-water syrup in pill-bottles covered with scarlet sunfast. Four new ones have been banded this year to date. One, a young male, repeated the next day. He was angry and squeaked lustily both times when caught. Banded Hummers have been no unusual sight here this summer, and once or twice there were two perching at the same time. ELEANORA S. MORGAN, September 1, 1926.

**The Barred Owls at Rock.**—Every year since I came to Rock in 1920 I have heard Barred Owls (*Strix varia varia*) calling in the woods below the house, but until recently I have been unable to locate their nest.

This year (1926) my boy, eight years old, told me two Sundays in succession that while going down through the woods an Owl had flown over his head at Black Brook bridge. I went down to investigate, as I knew of a "bee" tree which had been opened near there. From a place where I could view the tree without being seen I saw a Barred Owl sitting in the tree, which flew as soon as I showed myself.

A few days later, my sister, Mrs. George E. Burbank, of Sandwich, a bander, stopped at the house. I took her down so she might see the Owl, but when we looked at the hole, it contained two Owls instead of one, which did not fly when I stepped into view or even when I struck the tree with a stick. "Young Owls," said I to my sister; "I'll band them." So the following day, June 12th, I took my boy, camera, and bands down to the tree. Perched on a ladder eighteen feet from the ground, I took a picture of the Owls at home. Then I took them down and banded them. Nos.