

THE FIRST DAY OF MAY WITH THE BIRDS.

The day was spent in my fruit-garden of some eighteen acres about ten miles from Washington, in Montgomery county, Maryland, and about three miles from the north-east corner of the District of Columbia. The locality is about 500 feet above the city, and though I am only a half-mile from the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. and from two electric roads into Washington, I am surrounded on three sides by extensive primitive forests of oak, hickory, chestnut, tulip and peperage, with dog-wood as an underbrush. It is an admirable place for the native forest birds, and fortunately the English Sparrow, though all around me, has never put in his appearance on my premises.

When I awoke at the dawn of the first day of May I did not hear the Robin, as we do so commonly in the north, for while a few spend the summer here we seldom hear them sing. The most noticable song was that of the Scarlet Tanager, several pairs of which spend the summer in the grove of forest trees around my house. There was also the cheerful whistle of the Cardinal, the tender and suggestive melody of the Wood Thrush, the chant of the Accentor, which also favored me a little after sunset with his spirited song in flight. By the way, that sky-lark performance of song in flight far above the tree-tops, is very common here in the evening twilight, also occasionally during cloudy days, and I have heard it nearly every hour of the night. The monotonous song of the Chewink, the half-talking half-singing performance of the Brown Thrasher, the twitter of the Chipping Sparrow, the plaintive melody of the Field Sparrow—one of the most common bird melodies here—the strongly differentiated songs of the Prairie Warbler, the Maryland Yellow-throat and the Black-and-white Creeper, the spirited call of the Great Crested Flycatcher and the pretty syllables of the Red-eyed and Yellow-throated Vireos were among the bird melodies of the day. To-day, May 3rd, we have the Yellow-breasted Chat, which may be regarded among the latest arrivals of the season. I must not omit the Tufted Titmouse, the White-breasted Nuthatch and the Carolina Chickadee, which are among the common birds here. Of course the ever-present Crow was heard, and at night we could hear the ditty of the Whippoorwill. All the above species spend the summer here. These are the birds which made the greatest impression on us, on the first day of May. Many others might have been present in other localities in the neighborhood, for the above is by no means a complete list of the birds in my part of Maryland. I have simply given the impressions of the day, for one busy on his prem-

ises, not that of the observer hidden away in the woods or swamps in search of queer things.

J. H. LANGILLE.

A CHICAGO PARK HORIZON.

April 11, with field-glass and Chapman's Handbook carried in the hope of seeing a stranger, I reached Washington Park a little before 6 A. M., and took an hour for crossing it, on the lookout for birds. The morning was cloudy, cold and windy. This is my list: Before reaching the park one Red-headed Woodpecker, four Juncos and a flock of Canada Geese flying west-north-west (to go straight north would be to cross the business part of the city). In the park: Robins calling and singing, too numerous to count; three Blue Jays; three flocks of Fox Sparrows of ten, twelve and five respectively; ten Flickers; three Downy Woodpeckers; two Song Sparrows, one with a straw in his beak which he continued to hold while we surveyed each other; one Hermit Thrush. Not much of a list, but we are thankful for small favors in the bird line in a city of this size.

Three miles further on, in the stock yards district, I saw one more Downy Woodpecker being mercilessly "pegged" by half a dozen young hoodlums. I scraped a hasty acquaintance with them, telling them what the bird was, something about woodpeckers, and showing them pictures in Chapman's, meanwhile anxiously hoping the bird would have sense enough to fly, but he did not. While I was talking one little villain edged off and threw a clod into the tree. "Aw, quit yer peggin'," called the biggest boy, in virtuous indignation, unconscious of the piece of brick in his own dirty fist which he had just picked up when I made his acquaintance. Whether his change of heart was permanent or not I don't know. I had to hurry on to my work and leave the poor bird to their tender mercies. But they did not "peg 'im" until I turned the corner anyway. Has any ornithologist discovered why a bird will stay and be tormented, perhaps killed, when he could spread his wings and rise out of danger? This bird only flew from one branch to another of the same tree.

The hoped for stranger I saw this morning in the park was a Solitary Vireo. Two of them in fact. I could hardly believe my eyes and Chapman, but Ridgway gives this bird as passing thru Illinois, so I am happy to add this little beauty to my list of acquaintances.

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