Dendroica æstiva. Yellow Warbler.—Common.

Zamelodia melanocephala. Black-headed Grosbeak.

Chordeiles acutipennis texensis. Texas Nighthawk.—Common.

Cyanospiza amœna. Lazuli Bunting.—Common in Puente Hills.

Myiarchus cinerascens. Ash-throated Flycatcher.—Common.

Trochilus alexandri. Black-chinned Hummingbird.—Most common hummer in summer.

Icterus cucullatus nelsoni. Arizona Hooded Oriole.—A common town bird, nesting on the under side of palm leaves.

Wilsonia pusilla chryseola. Golden Pileolated Warbler.—Common among scrubby willows.

Empidonax difficilis. Western Flycatcher.—Recorded on May day.

Icteria virens longicadus. Long-tailed Chat.—Singing among willows on May first.

Empidonax traillii. Traill's Flycatcher.—Common in canyon trees.

Hylocichla ustulatus. Russet-backed Thrush.—One May record.

Transients.

Chen hyperborea. Lesser Snow Goose.—Migrating in February.

Hylocichla ustulatus audubeni. Audubon's Hermit Thrush.—Two records in the spring migration.

Ceryle alcyon. Belted Kingfisher.—One record on the beach.

Oxyechus vocifera. Killdeer.—A flock of fifteen recorded in November.

Ampelis cedrorum. Cedar Waxwing.—Two records: One flock of twenty in the live oaks on the first of January, and a flock of five in Whittier Park in March.

Selasphorus rufus. Rufus Hummingbird.—Common in the spring migrations after March 31.

Chætura vauxi. Vaux's Swift.—Commonly seen during April and May.

Piranga ludoviciana. Louisiana Tanager.—Two records in May.

A PURPLE MARTIN ROOST.

BY P. A. TAVERNER.

The Purple Martin is a strange bird and one that my experience points out as a slowly vanishing race. Outside of the late cases in the east where their local extinction was clearly due to the inclement weather, they seem to be on the downward path. Old established colonies are being reported deserted without, as far as I can discern, any adequate increase in other

quarters. A record of all the Martin communities in Michigan State with an estimate of the numbers reported every few years would be a valuable acquisition to our ornithological data.

The birds are, however, far from being extinct or even uncommon but very local in their distribution. They are never seen in the country except during the migrations or in established colonies about certain human habitations. Indeed they are peculiarly haunters of civilization and are about the business sections of our cities, where the flat gravel roofs and overhanging cornices are tenanted by these birds together with House Sparrows and Nighthawks. Toward the middle of August, however, the outlying colonies are deserted and the birds gather in large flocks preliminary to the southern migration. At these times they are generally to be found roosting at night in great numbers in the long grass and reeds of the swamps and marshes.

In 1903, the middle of August, I saw a large flock about the Field-Columbian Museum, Jackson Park, Chicago. The nearest marshes of any extent are some miles away from this point and our little circle of bird men were much interested in discovering where they passed the night. Every evening about five o'clock they gathered about the great dome of the museum perching in long rows, like beads on a thread, on the guy wires of the smokestack. One evening I counted one hundred on one wire. There were three other lines equally well filled, making four hundred birds. Besides, there were, I should judge, nearly half as many more flying around in their aerial acrobats; so an estimate of six hundred birds would not be far from their true numbers.

The spacing of the individuals upon the wires was exceedingly regular and even—about twelve inches on centers in each case—and I do not think the largest space between exceeded the smallest by more than two inches. This is a phenomenon that can also be noticed among Swallows when they perch upon the telegraph wires in numbers. The cause of it used to puzzle me a little until I watched these Martins on the guys of the museum stack. Being long-winged birds, they require a certain space in which to fold their wings on alighting and it is

this wing spread that governs their relative positions on a line or perch like a wire where they have to sit side by side in the same plane.

The air as well as the wires was filled with their wheeling forms, and the soft chattering of their numbers formed a continuous soft monotone very pleasing and quieting to the senses and conducive to musing and meditation. Indiviluals were continually forsaking their perches and hurling themselves into the giddy evolutions of their comrades on the wing and their places were shortly taken by others that had been but waiting for a vacancy. Starting from the highest point of the wire one of the rest-seekers would gradually flutter down its length emitting half-angry warnings, answered in a like manner from the seated ones, until a space was found that had been deserted by its occupant when the new comer would settle down just about a foot from the neighbor on either hand; perhaps I should say wing.

Thus it continued each evening. As evening advanced the birds became more restless and uneasy and the occupants of the wires kept continually changing until just about sundown, when up they all flew, circled a few times overhead and then away to the westward—straight up the Midway and so vanished in the distance. They were followed a couple of evenings on a bicycle but that they soon left far behind and we were as ignorant as ever of their destination. At last, on August 21st, Mr. J. L. De Vine ran them down. Stationed at the far end of the Midway, he watched for their coming. True to their usual hour they came straight up the broad Midway. Flying swiftly they passed directly over the observer's head and dashed into the trees in the corner of Washington Park just across Cottage Grove Ave., joining others of their kind already there; and the problem was solved. The next evening found the three of us, Mr. De Vine, Professor Ned. Dearburn and the writer there waiting. The spot chosen for the night roost was peculiar and worth a passing mention. In all Chicago I know of no spot that would seem more unlikely to be used for such a purpose. Cottage Grove Ave, runs north and south, bounding Washington Park on the east. It is bi-sected by 60th street, and in the

angle thus formed, lies the southeastern corner of the park. On the avenue is a double line of noisy, clanging, banging cable cars, running a three-minute service. Diagonally across there were a number of pop-corn stands, gypsy fortune tellers with their array of gasoline jacks and the usual quota of loafers.

Automobiles, delivery wagons, trucks, and all manner of vehicles are continually passing, and the street is generally well filled evenings, with a throng of saunterers, sightseers and loafers. Directly across 60th street is San Soucci, a large beer garden, redolent of vaudeville sights and sounds. Arc lights sputter and sizzle, gasoline jacks flare and wave, and above all the sounds of the street and crowd rise the noises of the brass band and the roar of the "shoot the shoots," continuing from seven o'clock in the evening until nearly twelve at night. Yet right there midst all this noise and confusion was where these strange and unaccountable birds had chosen to take their night's rest, unmindful of the acres and acres of quite lofty shade that stretched away to the north and west in the quietness of the great park.

When we arrived there were already quite a number of Martins flying about and dotting the telegraph wires in the immediate vicinity. Soon a flock was seen coming in from the north, then one from the west, until shortly, to whatever point of the compass we turned, we saw numbers of them hastening to the rendezvous. As they gathered, and as it grew later, they forsook the telegraph wires and circled round and round the small clump of trees in the very corner of the park, almost overhanging the noisy avenue and looking directly into the blare and glare of the garden. The museum delegation came at their appointed time, and their numbers were lost in the great flock that wheeled about this spot. By degrees, bunch after bunch settled down in descending spirals and sought places in the small, three corner trees, until most of the flock had vanished therein.

It was getting dark now, when, with a flutter of wings and a deafening clatter from a multitude of tiny throats, they all rose again into the air in an agitated, boiling mass, and coincidently, the half-drowned screams of a couple of Blue Jays were

heard coming from the deserted foliage. As they rose and joined those few that were still in the air, they fairly darkened the sky. Their numbers could not be estimated. There may have been one thousand, there may have been twenty. They formed a solid ring, I should judge, two hundred feet in diameter, a short way above the topmost branches, and whirled round and round in a dizzy circle. To look at them made the eyes ache and the head reel.

Again and again they attempted to re-settle in the branches of the trees, only to burst up again as the protesting noise of the Jays was heard. They broke away from the attractive spot now and again, and made a wide detour of the park, only to return and resume their mazy, wheeling flight. By and by the Jays were heard in another quarter, and by degrees the Martins all settled in the desired trees. The three little trees spoken of before seemed to be the coveted positions, but were soon filled to overflowing. A bunch would dash into the covering, and, failing to find foot-room among the densely packed branches, would, in their efforts, knock dozens off their perches, and a mass of fluttering, scolding birds would burst out again. Some would regain their lost perches, and the remaining unsuccessful ones would be forced to seek places in the trees adjoining. In no case did any birds alight in these neighboring trees of second choice until the futility of finding places in the desired three corner ones was proved by actual experience.

Slowly darkness settled down and slowly all were accommodated in the lofty cover and the noise of the combined twitterings grew less and less insistant until quietness covered all, except when a belated delegation from some probably distant part of the city dashed into the crowded branches and raised a momentary uproar once more. These outbreaks grew less and less frequent until, by the time the noises of the street and San Soucci were at their height, the Martins were silent.

Then, approaching the little patch of bush, we looked up through the dark branches against the sky, illuminated by the thousands of electric lights of the city. Every branchlet and twig had its burden of little fluffy feather balls, each with its

head tucked between the joint of its ample wings, and covered with the spread of shining scapular feathers.

A policeman on night duty in the park was the only one in the crowd that seemed at all aware of the interesting occurrence that happened nightly at this spot. He told us the birds remained quiet until about four o'clock in the morning, when the noisy clattering recommenced in full force, continued for half an hour or so, and then the assembled host gradually broke up, each division departing separately and spreading out over the city, sought their day time haunts. It would have been interesting to learn how many more such roosts there were in and about the city, and to know how large an area was nightly drained of its Martins to supply each roost; but this was too great a task for a few observers to do in one season. A week or so more and all the Martins had left for the winter. I left this city the following spring and so did not see this sight again.

However, I hear from Mr. De Vine, that the same scene saw the recurrence of the roost the next summer of 1904 and again in the same season of 1905. Without doubt, unless some radical change has taken place in the locality or status of the species, as I pen these lines, the Martins are once again in possession of the three little trees in the southeast corner of Washington Park, and are daily re-enacting what I have attempted herein to describe.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BIRDS OF SECOND LAKE, COOS COUNTY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY CHARLES H. ROGERS.

Coös is the most northern county of New Hampshire and occupies most of that state north of the White Mountains. Pittsburg township, in its turn, covers the northern end of Coös county, an end twenty-four miles long. The Connecticut lakes are nominally four. Fourth Lake, a tiny pond and the source of the Connecticut River, lies in northernmost Pittsburg township next door to Canada. The infant river flows thence to Third Lake a little below, next six miles through the forest