

were seen or the tinkling of their calls was heard from the fields or from the air as they flew over the valley from field to field. It has never been my lot to see as numerous a host of these birds. They associated with Vesper and English Sparrows, and with Cowbirds, and were more numerous than all of them together. Some of the young were molting, but all of the adults had completed the molt before the beginning of my observations at the camp.

Sallies into the woods and fields from the camp brought to light forty-seven species for the ten days, of which twenty-seven might be said to be singing birds, and of this number fifteen were in full voice, at some time during the day. It should be remarked, however, that the singing individuals seemed to form a small minority of the individuals of the species, except in the case of the Goldfinches, Carolina Wrens and Cardinals.

I was unable to find a single migrating bird. This was somewhat of a disappointment, since migrating individuals of certain species had been reported from Detroit before the 10th of the month. If southward migrations occur in this part of the state they must be represented by very few individuals or there would be some records made. Possibly we are so far out of the line of southward movement that it is only at flood tide that the migrants reach us.

To the doubting Thomases I am glad to be able to say that bird study in August is both pleasant and feasible. The terrors of heat and insect are more in the imagination than reality. I say this not after a single experience, but after a trial of several years in regions which insects infest in numbers, and under conditions of high temperatures. The profit in the study is great.

TWO DAYS WITH THE BEACH BIRDS AND BOTANISTS.

BY CHRESWELL HUNT.

When asked to accompany the Philadelphia Botanical Club on a field trip to Stone Harbor, N. J., on September 3d and 4th, I gladly accepted the invitation. To be sure it was not an or-

nithological expedition, but the bird student should know at least a little botany and entomology, each overlapping the other. We find a bird's nest in some bush and right away we ask, "What kind of a bush is this?" We catch a bird dining upon some insect and again we want to know what species of insect it is. I recently heard a bird student remark that he did not know a chestnut tree from an oak. How much pleasure he must miss when afield! The trees are the best of companions when one is on speaking terms with them and especially are they the friends of the bird student: for are they not the very homes of the birds?

And what bird-lover is there but knows how the wild flowers fill in the little gaps in a day spent afield? Especially is this true during the long summer noons when bird-life is so quiet—all save the warble of the Red-eyed Vireo and the occasional long-drawn note from a Wood Pewee. All the birds seem to be taking a mid-day nap. Perhaps we have been on the bird quest since early morning and now we begin to realize how hot the day is. The vireo's warble grows monotonous and we think of turning homeward. But instead let us turn to the wild flowers and who knows but that while stooping to examine some plant we may unexpectedly flush a bird from her nest? How many an ornithological treasure would have remained hidden had not some flower's bright color lured me thither!

The New Jersey coast is cut up by inlets and sounds. These sounds are separated from the ocean by stretches of salt marsh and sandy beaches. Stone Hollow is situated at the southern end of what is known as Seven Mile Beach in Cape May County. It is the terminus of a little branch railroad which runs south from Sea Isle City and, as one of the Botanists expressed it, "is the only place yet wild." Here we have the natural beach (unbroken by unsightly board walks) with the sand dunes stretching away behind it, and behind them the salt marshes.

September 2d was a rainy day and when we arrived at Stone Harbor we found there were only four in the party. We went to sleep that night with a southeast gale blowing in from the ocean and the waves thundering along the beach. The following morning the wind continued southeast with a cloudy sky

and occasional showers. We explored the salt marsh and the sand dunes. Birds were not very plentiful. Although there should have been and possibly were Seaside and Sharp-tailed Sparrows in the marshes, where they breed, I failed to find any.

Song Sparrows were not uncommon among the sand dunes and thickets of Bay bushes. The marshes were studded all over with the handsome flowers of the Seaside Pink and stately Mallows waved among the grasses. It did one good to watch the enthusiastic botanist who would wade knee-deep into the treacherous "salt holes" to procure some coveted specimen.

An Osprey was almost always in sight either headed out to sea or returning with a fish in his talons.

We came upon an open space—a sort of amphitheater as it were—surrounded by sand dunes upon which waved the clumps of grass. In this open space were congregated thousands of Tree Swallows, some flitting about, others resting upon the sand. When we reached the spot we found that the sand was dotted all over with their excrement, which seemed to be entirely composed of the seeds of the Bay berries. These birds had undoubtedly roosted here upon the sand all night where they were protected from the strong southeast wind. Later we saw the swallows in the bay bushes feeding upon the berries. These berries are covered with a thick coating of wax and this wax coating seems to be the only digestible portion, as the excreta showed the rest of the berry entire.

The mosquitoes at last became unbearable and we retreated to the beach. One of the greatest tests of patience I ever witnessed was to try to place a specimen nicely in the plant press while a myriad of these attentive insects settled upon one's face and neck. To say the least it was not calculated to economize one's vocabulary.

There were quite a number of gulls along the beach, all that I could identify with certainty being Herring Gulls.

Barn Swallows flew to and fro, barely skimming the sand and apparently having to hustle for what food they secured. I wondered why they did not cross the dunes to the marshes where the mosquitoes were so plentiful, but perhaps a mosquito diet was not desirable. Small flocks of Sanderlings and

Piping Plovers ran along the beach at the water's edge probing into the sand with their bills. It was amusing to watch them. They would run out after the receding surf only to rush back again at the incoming wave's approach and barely escaping it. Occasionally they would be overtaken and then they would reluctantly take wing to drop again behind the receding surf.

WANTED.

In attempting to determine the forms of certain of our birds which represent the species in northern Ohio, I find myself greatly hampered by the lack of specimens from neighboring localities. I desire to examine specimens of the *Empidonax traillii* or *alorum* forms which have been collected in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, and Kentucky. If readers of this notice have such specimens (skins) which they are willing to loan for a few days I will gladly pay transportation both ways and guarantee safe return. I also wish skins of *Telmatodytes* from the same regions. The range of these forms has not yet been accurately determined. Any aid in establishing their range will be greatly appreciated.

Readers are also advised to scrutinize carefully their specimens of *Agelaius phœniceus* and *A. p. fortis*. There seems to be some confusion about these two forms which may be eliminated by careful study.

Address information or specimens to Lynds Jones, Oberlin, Ohio.