

ahead. I started toward it, and as I neared the tree a Barred Owl flew from an adjoining tree. The heron took after the owl, squawking, and followed it across a small opening in the woods. When the owl had disappeared the heron returned and alighted at the edge of the stream, quite contented. Was this heron actually trying to attract my attention to the hiding place of the owl? It seemed that way to me, for I had been in the vicinity of this woods for a long time before this happened and up to that time the heron had made no commotion or I should have noticed it.—F. W. RAPP, *Vicksburg, Mich.*

Some Bird Notes from Central Illinois.—Blue Goose (*Chen caerulescens*). Three Blue Geese were seen March 19, 1933, three miles southwest of Manito, at the edge of a small pond, by W. C. Van Deventer and the author.

Osprey (*Pandion haliaetus carolinensis*). On April 6, 1935, W. Kannapal and the author saw an Osprey near Spring Lake. The bird was noted several times. The last date of observation was May 12, 1935.

Florida Gallinule (*Gallinula chloropus cachinnans*). A crippled male bird was found in Peoria, July 22, 1934. The bird died within a few days, refusing to take food of any kind. The skull was saved.

Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker (*Picoides arcticus*). V. H. Chase saw two of these birds at close range January 11, 1925, in the city of Peoria. The observation followed a severe sleet storm.

Evening Grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina vespertina*). Dr. W. Packard reports having seen six Evening Grosbeaks in early April of 1934, near Banner. The birds remained in the vicinity for about three weeks.—WILLIAM C. STARRETT, *Peoria, Ill.*

The Cruising Speed of the Golden Plover.—While on a business trip across the fertile Hornick Bottoms south of Sioux City, Iowa, on October 1, 1935, the writer had a splendid opportunity to determine the speed of the Golden Plover (*Charadrius dominicus dominicus*). A flock of about thirty of these birds was first noticed flying parallel to the highway and just inside of the fence line. The speed of the car at this time was an even sixty miles per hour. The birds were, however, pulling away from the car at this speed, but by increasing the speed of the car to seventy miles per hour I was able to keep even with the plovers. This pace was kept up for nearly a mile until the birds swerved out over a field and were soon out of sight. I think that this speed is not unusual for the Golden Plover and had danger threatened in the form of one of the large falcons, this speed probably could have been increased quite a bit more, for a short distance.—WM. YOUNGWORTH, *Sioux City, Iowa.*

Bird Notes from Anderson, Indiana.—This spring (1933) we had the honor of a call from a Woodcock. It came to our back yard, but disappeared with a whirl of wings as a member of the family almost stepped upon it. We live but four blocks from the center of the city, yet our yard is a small wilderness which many birds of unusual varieties visit, owing to its many attractions for birds of almost every kind. The back of the lot is entirely filled with dense shrubs, suitable for birds, with a hidden rockery and bird bath and leaves left as they fall, thus attracting many birds of the wilderness. We have room for only a flagstone walk through the place, and in the hot summer weather birds collect in this cool spot, where water and shelter attracts them and bird enemies are few.

Last spring (1932) the Whip-poor-will came to this place. It was the second bird of the kind that I have seen in this part of the state since 1900. The other was about five miles away in a wild woods. I had a close up of the bird for some time, as it stayed about the place most of the day on or near the ground. Another Whip-poor-will was seen later in the spring near this city in an open woods.

For two years the Prothonotary Warbler has visited this neighborhood, coming both times to the yard back of us—an old-fashioned place with dense shrubbery of all kinds. In 1932 this bird lingered about the place for several weeks, singing his loud, clear, ringing song time and again as I imitated him. He was seen repeatedly creeping in and out of a water spout that was broken loose at the eaves of the upper story of the house next door to this one. We might have believed that he nested there only we saw no female during this time. His song of "sweet" or "tweeet", repeated several times, reminded me of those of the Connecticut Warbler and the Kentucky Warbler, which are similar, to me. Neither of the two last-named birds are common in this vicinity, but I have seen both occasionally, and heard the former sing once. The Kentucky Warbler is in Mounds State Park, and was noted twice this spring. I also saw it in the cemetery here. It generally is near the ground and about running water. At the Mounds once this spring, it was seen singing in a tree.

The Connecticut Warbler and the Blue Grosbeak, both most rare birds in this part of the country, appeared as if by magic within a few feet of me as I sat on a stump watching for thrills one spring morning in a wild cut-over woods east of the city. I have seen the Blue Grosbeak three times in all, twice in Indiana and once at Chicago. At this place I heard a strange song in one of the Chicago forest preserves, and watched for the bird only to see a young male in his mottled blue and brown immature plumage rise from the ground and perch in a small tree or shrub and warble his melody right in front of me. That is a bird experience I shall not soon forget.

One day this summer when I was away on a bird trip the Golden-winged Warbler came to my back yard and took a bath in the shallow pool. The boy next door, a young ornithologist, could hardly wait to report this find, as this bird is most rare in Indiana. It was identified by his brother, another bird student. Both boys are very careful to be correct in their identifications. The Pine Warbler also visited my lawn, and peered at me from a short distance away near the back porch shrubbery. All five of the thrushes came each spring—the Wood, the Wilson, the Gray-checked, the Olive-backed, and the Hermit (which comes first). The Cardinal, which has been here for three years, winter and summer, has nested here twice and is building the second nest now, on June 23. This time it is in the *Aralia spinosa*, where the thorns hold it securely in place. The tragedy of bird life is appalling, the whole brood many times being lost to the Blue Jays or cats which accidentally get by the "standing army" in the house. I seldom have to resort to violent means with birds, but one must choose between bird friends and enemies, and the Blue Jay is a greater criminal than most persons believe. Such persons want him saved because he is beautiful, and some folks try to tell us that "their cat" does not catch birds.

The Rose-breasted Grosbeak during the first year is quite unlike the adult male bird. The black areas are dull brown with a small amount of white dotted through the plumage. There is no decided rose color on the throat and breast.

but a faint pink, barely hinting at the beautiful rose color that comes later on. A bird of this kind sang in my yard this spring (1933), but his song was not as full and confident as that of the adult male. The latter seemed to sing sweetly, "*Pretty Carrie, pretty Carrie, pretty pretty Carrie*". Sometimes he varied it somewhat and added a few other complimentary adjectives, and repeated his notes, making quite a long warble, but mostly his song was as above, composed of twelve or fourteen notes as a rule. One male bird kept up a continuous warble for a minute or two before he stopped singing. There were six of these birds in an elm tree at the same time, and they lingered about the place off and on for about ten days or two weeks on their way north. The young male birds as a rule sing a more choppy song than that of the adult male bird. Perhaps it is because their voices are changing.

I once saw an immature male Redstart in mottled plumage. He was in a woods in the spring. His song was so amateurish that I did not recognize it until I saw him. His coat was blotched red, yellow, and black, making a most peculiar appearance, for he was changing from the gray and yellow of the first plumage, like the female, to the orange-red and black of the male at the spring of the next year. I also saw a young male Scarlet Tanager in adolescent plumage. He was beautiful in his splashed and blotched red and brassy-yellow coat, but his song was not up to his coloring. These changing males of various kinds are uncommon, and I know of few who have seen them. The dress of the young male Baltimore and Orchard Orioles as they change to the adult male attire are also most interesting. It is a most fascinating study to watch these odd birds.—
Mrs. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*