

tunk, Punk! ker-tunk," may be heard from the swamps. The cry somewhat resembles the sound made by working a wooden brake pump, or, when so far away that only one note of each cry can be heard, it sounds very much like someone driving stakes into the swamp with a wooden mallet. Hence the name "stake driver," which is sometimes applied to the bird.

There is another sound heard near low ground, usually after sunset, which many are familiar with, yet of which few seem to know the source. From up in the air, at intervals of a few seconds, one will hear a whistling sound evidently produced by the rapid beating of wings, beginning low, and rising in pitch, until entirely lost. If not too dark, careful watching will reveal one or more birds circling about in mid-air, and at intervals dashing downward, each downward plunge ending in an upward curve and accompanied by the whistling sound above described. Occasionally a bird will zig-zag down into the grass, uttering a sharp "kip, kip, kip," as it alights. In the breeding season this is the nightly performance of the "English snipe," as it is sometimes called, or more properly Wilson's snipe, (*Gallinago delicata*). When flushed during the day, this snipe flies in a zig-zag course for a short distance and alights again. As regards colour it is mottled brown, black and buff above, and has a buffy breast and white belly.

The American woodcock (*Philohela minor*), resembles the Wilson's snipe both in colouring and habits. But in flight it can be distinguished from the latter by its larger size, heavier and more stocky appearance, the great amount of buff on the belly, and by the distinct whistling of its wings. During the breeding season its aerial performances, too, are quite different from those of the snipe. In the evening, when rocks, stumps, and thickets seem only masses of shadow, and the only distinct outlines are those against the western sky, one will catch above the choruses of the toads and frogs, the harsh insect-like "zeet, zeet," of the woodcock down in the sedges. Suddenly the bird will spring from its hiding place, and with loud whistling wings, begin a spiral ascent, up, up, up, until its form is lost in the deep blue and one can only hear the far away whistling of its wings. Then with a sharp "chipper chipper, chipper," down he comes in a zig-zag course, and with what seems fatal swiftness, catches himself just before reaching the ground, settles lightly in his former position, and resumes his "zeet, zeet, zeet," previous to another ascent.

The willet (*Symphemia semipalmata*), the

"white-wing" of the gunners, and the "pee-weet" of the school boys, breeds about the uplands bordering our salt marshes. In the spring and early summer its shrill "pee-wee-weet," "pee-wee-weet," can be heard ringing across the intervals. Its body is larger than that of the woodcock, and it is of a far different shape, having a long neck and long legs. In colour it is streaked with brownish-gray and black above, has white rump and belly, and large white patches in the otherwise dark wings. In size and colour it resembles the greater yellow-legs (*Tatanus melanoleucus*), a northern breeding species, which is commonly seen here during the spring and fall migrations; but it can always be distinguished from that bird by the showy white wing patches, which the yellow-legs lack; or, if a closer view is obtainable, by its dark gray instead of yellow legs.

The spotted sandpiper (*Actitis macularia*), is that little snipe-like bird, between a sparrow and robin in size, which we find so common about the pebbly edges of ponds and lakes and along our brooks, during the summer months. It is mottled black and brown above, white, much spotted with black below, and has dark wings which show white bars when the bird is in flight. It should not be confused with any other bird, as it is our only summer sandpiper.

In the enjoyable "Joy of Living" papers appearing in *The Delineator*, Lillie Hamilton French, in the September number, writes on unconscious expression in childhood, and speaking of the necessity of implanting precepts of courtesy and hospitality while the child is young, gives this apt and amusing illustration: "There is an old story told of a lady of rank who married her footman. She managed to train him into the semblance of a gentleman, and his appearance in the drawing-room was not bad. He behaved well, and with propriety—except when he heard a bell ring! Then he started. To jump when bells were rung had been a second nature with him as a footman. It is always the training in early and impressionable years that makes the second nature of the mature. The full-grown man or woman can, of course, begin a self-training, as this lady of rank began a training of her husband. The task is more difficult. Even the cells of the brain get into ways of responding to certain impressions, and although a thought held to will transform the very nature of man, there ought to be no need of a transformation in our manners. They should be formed in the early, pliant, receptive days of childhood."