

throughout the summer, sometimes until October. The warbling vireo is less common, while the solitary and Philadelphia are rare visitors. I have only one record for the latter—August 11 (1918). It is a beautiful little bird, much smaller than the red-eyed vireo, and with a great deal of greenish-yellow in its make-up. I watched it glide along the elm twigs until it seemed a part of the foliage and melted from view. The pursuit of its prey—the small hairless caterpillars, lying inactive in the curled-up elm leaves—called for a smooth, unhurried progress. These caterpillars are very attractive to other vireos and especially to the Baltimore oriole.

Flycatchers act much like vireos toward the bath. The wood peewee takes an occasional bath, but more often simply flies from perch to perch, back and forth through the spray. It is loath to remain long away from its beloved perch. Dabbling in a bath gives opportunity neither to flip its tail nor snap up passing insects.

Another speedy bather is the ruby-throated hummingbird. I have never seen it do more than dive through the spray at the usual rapid gait. The ruby-throat is a color specialist. I have not known it to nest in the garden, but it often visits us during August and September—even as late as Sept. 14; it is generally found about flowers of a reddish hue. Sometimes late flowering scarlet runners are its objective; again the orange lily is chosen.

This brings us well into September. The yellow warbler has gone entirely. It disappears suddenly and very regularly about the end of August or during the first few days of September. As we are near the northern limit of this warbler's range in the east, there are few arrivals from the north to take the place of departing local birds.

The Maryland Yellow-throat is liable to visit the shrubbery at any time in September, but that is as far as it gets. I have never seen one bathe. Although August (in the garden) is essentially a warbler month, there are a few of them that I generally fail to see before September—such as the black-throated blue, black-throated green, and yellow palm warblers. They stay here quite late but the myrtle outcrops and outstays them all.

If August is a warbler month, then September might be called a sparrow and thrush month. Besides the robin and bluebird I have seen four of the true thrushes in my garden—Wilson's, olive-backed, gray-checked, and hermit—and all but the gray-checked bathed. The robin and the olive-backed thrush are especially fond of a bath and they bathe very thoroughly. The true thrushes are mild-mannered, but the robin finds the bath all too small to permit of mixed bathing, and generally chases

other birds away. Some of them are discouraged for a time, but not so with the song sparrow. I have often watched this persistent little fellow dodging in and out, looking for an opening, until the larger birds finally vacated the bath.

The robin has a far northern range, which is indicated by repeated influxes during September and October. One may fail to see them for a time and then some morning the lawn will be dotted with them. The lawn is the robin's market-place. I watched an amusing incident one day. A robin had just pulled a worm from its retreat and landed it safely on the ground when another robin darted up and seized it. It was amusing to see the wild chase that followed.

The white-crowned sparrow usually arrives about Sept. 18, and can often be heard singing a low-voiced song. Never a boisterous singer, its fall song is especially subdued. Most of the sparrows are now in the midst of a song revival, but the songs are usually incomplete and faintly uttered; sometimes a mere whisper of the spring song, and at other times quite different from it. As the weather becomes cooler the song often changes in volume and quality until frequently the full spring song is uttered.

Many birds sing but a portion of the mating song. The Tennessee warbler, for instance, gives only about half of its full song, but it can always be recognized by the piercing insistence of the climax note. Little appears to be known as to what proportion of these unfinished songs is the product of mature and immature birds. Much might be learned in regard to subspecific relations from a study of immature birds' songs.

About the time of the white-crown's arrival there is an influx of chipping sparrows from the north, and the purple finch is liable to visit the garden at any time in September. Both of these birds are fond of a bath. Red-breasted nuthatches are seen about Sept. 16, closely followed by the brown creeper, ruby-crowned kinglet, and an occasional winter wren. I have only once seen the winter wren bathe and it scolded all of the time. The creeper is the busiest bird I have ever seen. It is incessantly on the hunt for its daily bread and must consume an immense amount of insect eggs and larvae. Up to the top of one tree and away to the foot of another, there is always another tree and never time for a bath. It does not relax even to sing; it is noted for its lack of song. I have heard it but once, curiously enough not in the depths of its woodland home, but in a garden on the main street of St. Lambert, during a drizzling rain—a very sweet song that took me some time to locate, owing to the ventriloquial qual-