

On returning several times at intervals of ten minutes we had opportunities of observing the female on the nest, her bright red eyes being the most prominent feature. On each occasion when leaving the eggs, she darted from the nest into the surrounding grass, never taking wing, and with such celerity that it was impossible to observe her movements, the action resembling more that of a mouse than a bird.

Eventually she was seen and caught in the hand while moving through some shorter grass. Mr. J. Fletcher Street secured some excellent photographs of the bird while thus held. On being released, the bird again disappeared into the grass by a similar dart as before, never at any time showing the slightest indication of wing power. The first bird, flushed some ten yards from the site of the nest, was doubtless the male, forced to fly because of insufficient cover when surprised.—GEORGE H. STUART, 3rd, Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia.

Maggots in the Ears of Nestling Cooper's Hawks (*Accipiter cooperi*).—On July 8, 1913, when examining three Cooper's Hawks seventeen days old, I found maggots in their ears and took a maggot from each ear of the three birds. In one ear of one of the birds there was another maggot which I could not get as it went far back into the ear. Possibly these maggots were the larvae of the Screw-worm Fly (*Campsomylia macellaria*). I visited these birds again July 20, when their ears appeared to be quite normal.—VERDI BURTCHE, Branchport, N. Y.

Age Attained by the Hyacinth Macaw.—A venerable specimen of the Hyacinth Macaw (*Anodorhynchus hyacinthus*) well known to the visitors to the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, died on February 28, 1920. The records of the Zoological Society show that the bird was received on July 22, 1893, so that it had been on exhibition in the bird house for over twenty-six years. How long the bird had lived before it was captured it is of course impossible to say. At the time of its death it was still in perfect plumage.—WITMER STONE, *Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Curious Habits of the Whip-poor-will.—Mr. Moritz Boehm, a neighbor of mine, has a very beautiful place surrounded on two sides by a deep ravine. Each year for the past six or seven seasons a pair of Whip-poor-wills have spent the summer on his grounds, and have become quite tame. The male has certain stands around the house, and comes up from the depths of the ravine at night and calls, first from one perch, then another, until he has gone around the house several times, usually answered by Mr. Boehm. On different occasions, while the male was calling, he saw the female going through some peculiar antics, but in the dusk could not make out just what she was doing. One evening, when he was sitting