

It has always aroused my wonder that the ever present danger of being seized from below by some predatory fish or other animal, has not developed in ducks and other sea birds a nervous apprehension which would be passed on to future generations. In point of fact, however, such nervousness seems to be entirely lacking. In this case the duck had paid with its life the price of negligence, the fish that of gluttony.—LANGDON GIBSON, *Schenectady, N. Y.*

Whooping Crane in Nebraska.—I recently received a letter from Mr. F. G. Caldwell of Lincoln, Neb., who says: "I have just returned from a hunting trip in the sand hills. Saw a Whooping Crane on Red Deer Lake, in fact it stayed there all the time I was there. I was within 50 feet of it one day. It still had its brown feathers." Mr. Caldwell is sending me an adult in the flesh which was killed five years ago and which has been frozen up in his ice cream plant ever since. He knows the bird well and this, in the face of the fancied extermination of the species, seems to make the occurrence worth recording.—LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES, *Ithaca, N. Y.*

Yellow-crowned Night Heron in Pennsylvania.—Early in the morning on the 23rd of April 1922, while rambling through the woods along a quiet creek near my home in Delaware County, Pa, a good-sized bird flew up in front of me and after flying a short distance lit in the branches of a large beech. At first glance I took it for a Green Heron, but upon closer scrutiny I saw that it was quite different and was about the size and shape of the Black-crowned Night Heron, though not so sturdy. It was grayish blue in color with the head and part of the neck black, the crown and cheek patches white. Rather short plumes were also in evidence. It was evidently the Yellow-crowned Night Heron, a species which has occurred in Pennsylvania on one or two previous occasions but always in August so far as I can ascertain. This bird was not breeding, as it was always alone on all of the occasions on which I saw it up to May 28, when it was seen for the last time.

At my request Mr. Julian K. Potter, secretary of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, came out to Glenolden to see the bird, but as luck would have it, it could not be found on that day. On a later visit, however, the bird appeared and Mr. Potter confirmed my identification.

It spent the month or more that it was with us feeding on small fish along the stream and never resented my presence, simply flying to a nearby tree if I approached too closely.—JOHN A. GILLESPIE, *Glenolden, Delaware Co., Pa.*

An Interesting Adaptation.—During the first week of October, 1922, a lady, coming into the Boston Society of Natural History, stated that she had just seen a bird of snipe-like character standing on the stone rim of the Boston Public Garden pond, from which it would occasionally *div*e for fish.

This appeared strange indeed to me, and a trip through the bird room revealed the Little Green Heron (*Butorides v. virescens*, which seemed to fit nearest a very sketchy description.

At my first opportunity I sought that part of the pond where this strange bird had been seen. There on the stone rim *was* a Little Green Heron walking stealthily along, its attention concentrated on the water at its side, and quite oblivious to the afternoon gathering of adults, children, and dogs on leashes, that, under an unusually hot sun for the season, walked close by.

For some time I watched the bird. After a while it turned cautiously until facing the water, toes at the rim of the stone, its neck stretched out at full length, and suddenly, as a swimmer in a race plunges from the marble rim of a tank, it plunged into the water, completely submerged; came to the surface with a goldfish which it immediately swallowed, and, raising its wings, flew back, only a matter of two wing-strokes, to the stone border.

Twice I watched it do this, and I had solved the mystery of the snipe-like bird that dove for fish.

The sojourn of this Heron at the Public Garden pond was about six weeks, according to a rather observing man who navigates one of the "swan boats."—W. SPRAGUE BROOKS, *Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass.*

Natal Plumage of *Belonopterus cayannensis*.—As far as I know the natal plumage of this interesting species has not been described. On July 29 1922, a young specimen was brought to me, alive, which could not have been more than twenty-four hours old, as it was not able to run properly. This is a very early date as this Lapwing hardly ever breeds before September. As it was impossible for me to keep the bird alive I killed and prepared it. Its bill was black, the lower mandible at the mouth a horn color. The feet were dark plumbeous and the iris, which is pink in the adult, was of a plumbeous gray hue. The top of head is buff, dotted with black, which forms a band on the occiput and also one extending on each side of the neck faintly indicated at first but ending in a solid patch of black on the upper breast. Rest of lower parts also throat white. Neck white, rest of upper parts buff with numerous black dots and spots except wing, which has a buffish tip, but is white from the carpal angle to the tip. Tail feathers black with buffy tips. There is no trace of the head-crest nor of the wing-spurs, both so conspicuous in the adults. This bird is called "quero-quero" ("I will—I will") by the natives. The young in natal plumage is a trifle larger than a young Killdeer.—W. F. HENNINGER, *Cachoeira, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil.*

Golden Plover in Cape May County, New Jersey.—Authentic records for the Golden Plover (*Pluvialis dominicus dominicus*) on the New Jersey coast are so few that it may be of interest to publish the dates of two specimens I have in my collection. On September 28, 1900, while