

77. *Poocetes gramineus confinis*. WESTERN VESPER SPARROW.— A few seen in August.
78. *Passerculus sandwichensis alaudinus*. WESTERN SAVANNAH SPARROW.— Common on prairie.
79. *Ammodramus savannarum bimaculatus*. WESTERN GRASS-HOPPER SPARROW.— Quite common in long grass.
80. *Zonotrichia leucophrys leucophrys*. WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW.— Several seen Sept. 5.
81. *Spizella monticola ochracea*. WESTERN TREE SPARROW.— Common during first part of October.
82. *Progne subis subis*. PURPLE MARTIN.— Quite a number seen flying over Birch Lake on Aug. 25.
83. *Iridoprocne bicolor*. TREE SWALLOW.— A large number seen with the Purple Martins on Aug. 25.
84. *Bombycilla cedorum*. CEDAR WAXWING.— Three observed Aug. 30.
85. *Lanius borealis*. NORTHERN SHRIKE.— Two seen Oct. 5.
86. *Anthus spraguei*. SPRAGUE'S PIPIT.— Abundant.
87. *Penthestes atricapillus septentrionalis*. LONG-TAILED CHICKADEE.— First seen Oct. 4; common for a few days after this.
88. *Planesticus migratorius propinquus*. WESTERN ROBIN.— Two seen Aug. 30.
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## A NOTE ON THE NESTING OF THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY A. DAWES DU BOIS.

THE following notes were made in connection with two nests of the Whip-poor-will (*Antrostomus vociferus*) near the village of Bradford, in Sangamon County, Illinois. The first nest was found on May 16, 1908, in a strip of woods of medium size trees, thickly undergrown, on a high bank of the Sangamon River. The ground was well carpeted with dried oak leaves. Our first intimation of Whip-poor-wills in this place was the sudden appearance of an adult bird fluttering along the ground in front of us, apparently with a broken wing. We stopped at once and while my companion stood to mark the place, I followed the bird a short distance. She fluttered along noiselessly, feigning serious

injury and leading me away from the nest as rapidly as I could be induced to follow.

A search revealed the nest within a pace of the spot we had marked. It contained one egg and the broken shell of another which gave evidence of having hatched. Although I stooped to examine the broken shell I did not see the bird that had hatched from it until my companion called my attention to it. The little fellow was crouched, motionless, upon the brown leaves not six inches from the broken egg-shell. It was thickly clothed with extremely soft, fluffy down, of uniform yellowish brown which harmonized with the dead oak leaves all about it. A more complete protective coloration would be difficult to imagine. The tubular nostrils have, in the young bird, an exaggerated prominence, and this is perhaps its most striking characteristic.

Although the young nestling was absolutely motionless when discovered, it exhibited no fear upon being taken in hand, and even scrambled toward the source of sound when the writer held it near his face and made a faint clucking noise with his mouth.

There was no indication that the leaves had been arranged by the parent to form a nest; they were merely flattened down somewhat where the brooding bird had been sitting. The nest was situated among a few saplings, with an occasional may-apple growing about the spot, but there seemed to be no special attempt at secreting it. The unhatched egg had the appearance of being fresh but it proved to be infertile.

Having marked the spot we left the woods, curious to know whether or not the parents would remove their young to another place on account of our intrusion. We returned next day and found the parent bird brooding her little offspring not more than three feet from the original nest. She fluttered from the spot as she had done the previous day, but this time uttering a very low hissing or "soughing" sound. It was upon this second day that photographs of the young bird and of the parent were taken. The adult was afraid of the camera and did not return to her young for more than an hour after the camera had been placed. She kept vigilant watch, however, at a short distance, moving about near the ground with a remarkably noiseless flight but uttering a "chip" or "whit" similar to that of a domestic chick. She finally perched

on a dead branch a few feet from the young bird and sat there a long time watching the camera. Her calling to the young resulted in its moving several feet toward her, so that the camera had to be re-focused. This was done quietly and as quickly as possible without changing the position of the tripod, and then I left the vicinity entirely. Upon returning some time later to the end of the operating thread, I found the old bird in position for her photograph. It was impossible to distinguish her from her surroundings, at a distance of forty or fifty feet, without the aid of the field glass.

Only one parent was observed during these investigations. Later in the day three other Whip-poor-wills were flushed in the same woods but a search failed to reveal any evidence that they were nesting.

Again on June 15, a Whip-poor-will was flushed in another woods a few miles further south. She feigned injury in the same manner as previously described; I stopped immediately, and upon looking down found two eggs six feet from where I stood. They were deposited on the dead oak leaves as before and were not concealed by underbrush or otherwise. This nest, like the previous one, was on high ground and in dense woods.

I desired to test this bird to see if she would remove the eggs after they had been disturbed and it occurred to me to test the bird's discrimination, at the same time, by substituting a pair of Mourning Dove's eggs for her own. Having found a dove's nest earlier in the day, I secured the eggs and left them in place of the Whip-poor-will's. They were practically the same size,—somewhat smaller,—but the difference in coloration was quite pronounced—the dove's eggs being pure white and the Whip-poor-will's richly marked in their characteristic manner.

Upon returning next day, I stopped thirty feet from the spot at which the eggs had been left. Nothing but leaves could be seen with the unaided eye, and my first thought was that the eggs had been removed, but a look through the field-glass revealed the Whip-poor-will sitting contentedly on the Mourning Dove's eggs, exactly where I had left them the previous day.