

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.