

## CYPHODERRIS MONSTROSA.

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Some time ago, I read a very interesting article, by Dr. S. H. Scudder, in the CANADIAN ENTOMOLOGIST, on *Cyphoderris monstrosa*. The rarity of the insect, as set forth by Dr. Scudder's article, has led me to write the observations, of myself and others in this section, on an Orthopteran identified by Professor Aldrich and Professor Bruner as the above-named insect.

In June of 1899, while walking through a pasture near Moscow, at dusk one evening, I heard a great many short, intermittent chirps, similar to the song of *Oecanthus fasciatus*; but more subdued and ventriloquial, and with longer pauses between the measures. I supposed them to be the songs of crickets, but never before having heard songs like them, I decided to make an acquaintance with their authors.

Carefully I followed first one and then another to its seeming source, when, will-o'-the-wisp like, it would be somewhere else. I began to think that perhaps they were birds, and that when I came too near they would run elsewhere, for, once having ceased, no more sound came from that spot, even though I moved away and remained quiet for some time. But at last I traced one which continued to sing, although I was but a foot or two from it. I looked cautiously and carefully about, but noticed only what appeared to be the empty capsule of a fleur-de-lis of last year. The song continued. I listened. Yes, that was the place. There was no mistake. It was only a foot or so from my ear. Seized by a burning curiosity to know this spirit songster, I quickly struck a match. At the appearance of the light, the supposed capsule began slowly to move down the dry stem. I could not make out just what it was. It did not appear like a cricket; besides, a cricket would have hopped instead of slowly crawling. But what else sang that way but an Orthopteran? However, there was no time to lose, he was almost to the grass. I had nothing to put him in, but could not afford to allow him to escape, so grasped him.

He took his capture as a matter of course, making no struggle to free himself. Elated by my success, I decided to push my conquest farther, and, after waiting and listening for about half an hour, I captured another. They lay perfectly still in my hand. I took them to my room, put them in a tumbler and lighted a lamp. They did not seem to like