

undergrowth being kept cleared out, so that outside of a few specimens of *Carabidæ* I got nothing there for my pains.

A little further on beneath a very old log my patience was rewarded by three specimens of *Lucanus cervus* var. *capra*—the variety with the short mandibles in the male. I later took the typical form, *L. cervus* Linné flying at dusk in the outskirts of Paris. Both of these latter I took at the same place exactly, the female one evening and the male the following evening. Both were on the wing, and I was attracted by their buzzing flight.

But to continue my history of this my first day in a new field, I proceeded on until mid-afternoon finding many old friends in a live condition more interesting than they had been in my collection. Everywhere on the deciduous trees were to be found swarms of *Melolontha vulgaris* and an unknown little weevil which also defoliated. I was just putting a pair of *Clivinia fossor* Linné into my vial when I noticed that the sun was low, and as I had to be on duty again at seven that evening it behooved me to hurry a little and return.

Thus closed my first experience in a strange land, and how I gloated over them when I packed them away that evening.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF HOMING INSTINCT. (HYMEN.)*

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August 31, 1919, was hot, dry, dusty and windy in Mandan, North Dakota, where the writer was spending the day. The wind was from the west, gusty, and at times almost reached the velocity of a gale.

Late in the afternoon as the writer was returning from a stroll, a flash of green from the grass beside the walk attracted his attention. A brief investigation disclosed the fact that a lady *Sphex* (or *Ammophila*)* had secured a green lepidopterous larva more bulky than herself and was trundling along with her prey swung beneath her body, one end of the larva being held in a firm grip by her jaws, the other supported in some manner by her legs. Its weight was clearly greater than that of the wasp herself, but she was evidently fresh and moved quite briskly at first.

She came out almost at once upon the cement walk that was being swept by the wind. When she felt its force she adopted the policy of least resistance and drifted before it for at least twenty feet eastward, running, walking and hopping in an effort to maintain her balance. For the time she was helpless. Finally she hove to and headed directly into the wind, going due west. Her progress was of course slow, but she persisted and managed to struggle along for a distance of about fifty feet, with occasional pauses for rest.

During this journey her prey must have shown signs of returning animation for at one point she stopped, adjusted her burden and, arching her slender waist, aimed her ridiculous little bulb of an abdomen directly downward. A few swift stings reduced her helpless victim to absolute submission, and during the remainder of the performance she had no more trouble of this sort.

After moving nearly fifty feet directly into the wind she seemed to realize

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**Determined by Dr. H. T. Fernald, of Amherst, Mass., as *Sphex vulgaris*.