

## The Foamy Cicadella

pery? Can she be drawing on certain vessels whose sap, not yet elaborated, has not acquired its final virulence? The delicate vegetable anatomy is helpless in the presence of the tiny creature's pump. I give up the problem.

When the Cicadella is exploring the spurge, as frequently happens, she has a serious reason for not admitting to her fountain all that would be yielded by simple bleeding, such as my needle would produce. The milky juice of the plant would be fatal to her.

I gather a drop or two of the liquid that trickles from a cut stalk and instal a Cicadella in it. The insect is not comfortable: I can see this by its efforts to escape. My hair-pencil pushes the fugitive back into the pool of milk, rich in dissolved rubber. Soon this rubber settles into clots similar to crumbs of cheese; the insect's legs become clad in gaiters that seem made of casein; a coating of gum obstructs the breathing-valves; possibly also the extremely delicate skin is hurt by the blistering qualities of the milky sap. If kept for some time in that environment, the Cicadella dies.

Even so would she die if her gimlet, working simply as a needle, brought the milk of