

extinction of the native forests will have much to do with this, but their natural enemies, especially the English sparrow, are having a much more fatal effect.

In 1885, in Indiana, I first saw the English sparrow come in contact with the Periodical Cicada. In the city of Lafayette the insect appeared in considerable abundance, and for a few days there was no lack of the well-known notes of the male, but suddenly there was a decided falling off, and by listening carefully one would occasionally detect a note suddenly cut short at its very height, and close watching revealed the fact that the sparrows had come to recognize the note as well as the form of the musician, and as a result, within a few days, though there were myriads in the woods, not a single one could be found in the city, the abundance of wings upon the pavements showing too well the tragedies that had been enacted there.

With these observations in mind, I watched for the coming of brood XV. in Ohio with considerable interest. On the morning of May 28th a full complement of wings was found on the pavement under a shade tree, and during the following days these detached wings became more numerous, but not a Cicada note was heard. Going out into the residential portion of the town at dusk, I would observe pupæ emerging from the lawns and making their way to the shade trees across the pavement bordering the street, but not one could be found the next morning, though the pavement was littered with detached wings. While back in the woods a half mile away there were great numbers of them, creating almost a continual din during the day; in town during the whole season I only saw a single living adult and heard not a single note.

In southern Ohio I one day watched the Cicadas attempting to make their way across a clearing, from a bit of woods to an orchard situated some distance away and below the woods, which was on a bluff. The afternoon sun shone directly across the clearing, thus enabling me to witness every attempt of the insects to fly from woods to orchard. The sparrows were in the latter, and the moment a Cicada appeared its silvery wings would glisten in the sunlight for a few moments, when a sparrow or sometimes two of them would make a dash for it, and if the prey was missed, as was sometimes the case, the bird would turn suddenly and try again, generally with better success. I watched the actions of birds and insects for a couple of hours, but did not see a single Cicada cross the clearing. Though there were numbers of *Pieris rapæ* and some other