

BE A SPORT.

You may call yourself dull in a fit of despair. Or drop all your pep, and say you don't care; But I'll tell you, my friend, that's a habit to break. In planning this world not a single mistake was made in the building. So when you complain Take some of yourself. You're the chap that's to blame. Just right about face; it may hurt some, it's true; But that's just the way any good sport would do. When you wake in the morning don't look for a cloud; You know what's behind it. Just swing in the crowd. Be one of them, cheerfully singing along. You may get a bump, but don't stop your song. Perhaps one will hear it who needs just a bit Of encouragement now. Your song may be it. What matter if yesterday's failures were big? Today is your day, so get in and dig. If you meet any trouble, why just change its name. And call it a ladder. They oft lead to fame. But whatever you do, be quick and begin it; You never can tell just how much there is in it.

—By Jane Bates.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is the story of the famous Cardigan case that stood New York by the ears some eight years ago. It is not the story which those of you read as you ran devoured with an after-math of mental indigestion. It is not the story that bulged the columns of the dailies. It is not the story that gave some editorial writers subject matter for sermons anent the slime of the social select. It is the story of a butterfly's soul. Now you may claim that butterflies have no soul, or that if they have, it is as gossamer as the gauze of their wings. But in that you are wrong. They have no consciousness of any. They skim fluttering over the tangle and underbrush of life and light happily on the flower whose scent is sweetest. And then in an hour unguarded, unforseen, they are caught—But that is my story. The butterfly of the Cardigan case had masses of blonde hair with flashes of red in it and gray eyes that looked at you as if they knew something about you which she might reveal if you weren't careful. They made her particularly fascinating—you were a man. They stimulated an eagerness to know her better. But few did. She gave them no time to. She fitted from one flirtation to another with a provocative smile flung back over a dainty white shoulder, and society shrugged its own and remarked that Babs was at it again—Barbara van Buren, charming, reckless and shallow, always poised for flight into new adventure. The van Buren sisters had been featured in big luminous type on the social screen. Both had possessed the rather arresting personality that unconsciously features itself. Both were vivid, impulsive and popular. Constance, the elder by three years, with hair a little more red and mouth a little more serious had married at twenty-one, Judge Evans Grant, whose eyes warmed only when they looked at her and who in his forty-two years had never loved another woman. Barbara spent her summers with them at their place on Long Island, but the old Grant house in Washington Square where they wintered, gave her the shudders, so with calm disregard of convention, she had taken a little apartment in the fifties and lived alone. The two girls had only each other for a long that Barbara laughed at the suggestion of a chaperon. "Don't worry about Babs, dear," Constance told her husband. "She can take care of herself." In spite of which the Judge did worry. He worried about the wild set his sister-in-law flew around with during her summers on Long Island. He worried about the hours she kept and flung away, coming in at four in the morning and staying in until four in the afternoon. But most of all, he worried about the visits to the house of Dean Cardigan, whose reputation for recklessness was worse than her own. Both the Dean family and the Cardigans had contributed to the fire in the blood that raced through young Cardigan's veins. There was not a first rate row at college in which Dean had not participated. With eyes aflame, he stamped any fustle that happened to be on hand and usually came out victor. Big and intense and dogged, with muscles hard as stone, with face sharp-hewn as an Arab's, Dean at thirty was the same reckless boy he had been at twenty, with no concern for tomorrow, but wringing today dry of possibilities. Women adored him because he inspired in them the same reckless disregard of consequences, and men kept their womenfolk, or tried to keep them, at a distance for like reason. Babs was looked upon as the only girl to whom he had not at one time or another made love, the reason being, it was generally conceded, that they were too much alike. All of which might seem rather the beginning of a prescribed hammock love story than a rehash of the famous Cardigan affair. But even men and women who figure in hair-raising and hair-splitting murder trials are apt to be just plain folks until the law and the newspapers make them Exhibits A and B. At five a. m. on a day when the countryside glistened with fragrant dew that degenerated into sticky humidity as it met the heat of New York, one Colby Dickinson, distinguished and avoided in every club from fifth to Park Avenues for his wit

at cards and obtaining correspondence not addressed to him, was found in the arway of his bachelor apartment with very little left of his skull. Mr. Dickinson's life, which had been useful to himself than to anyone else, had departed completely. For a time it was assumed that in the haze of early morning he had miscalculated the step of the old-fashioned reconstructed house, had fallen, head first, against the iron door of the basement. The police were content to let it go at that but an enterprising young reporter discovered faint blue marks at either side of the neck that had so often stretched into other people's intimate affairs and his sheet instantly blazed big murder headlines. The world to whom Colby Dickinson, alive, had meant nothing, promptly found Colby Dickinson, dead, a most interesting person. The world which had known, avoided, and frequently feared him buzzed with rumor, supposition and anxious query. A few faint blue marks made Colby Dickinson suddenly a hero in the eyes of a public as rapacious for the thrill of a sensational murder trial as a small boy gobbling detective stories. Human beings with hearts and souls became names tossed from mouth to mouth as late Mr. Dickinson's very crowded past was searched for clues. More than one skeleton was dragged unnecessarily from closets long considered sealed. More than one woman took an unpremeditated trip to Canada. More than one man searched hastily through old letters, to be sure certain ones were safe, then promptly destroyed them. Every unsavory possibility was mulled over in the hope of placing responsibility for the taking of a life everybody knew to be useless. And gradually like a trail of blue smoke from smoldering flames, the name of Dean Cardigan drifted into the affair. He had met Dickinson at the Brook Club the afternoon before the latter's demise. The two had dined together and from snatches of conversation overheard, quite accidentally in mind you, by the waiter, Cardigan had told his companion in words not minced, precisely where he might be more useful than on mortal soil. Dickinson had responded with nothing more than a quiet and contented smile and as that smile broadened, Cardigan's fury lashed itself against stone. His two fists clenched until the muscles stood up, and leaning across the table he had announced to Dickinson in a low voice, but not so low for the waiter's accidental ears: "I'll get what I'm after if I have to lay you flat to do it!" Whereupon Dickinson had risen without another word and strolled out, leaving Dean to sign the check. Dean sat biting his lips for a moment, frowning evidently over the fact that his temper, breaking control, had availed him nothing, then flung down napkin and pencil and strode out of the room. He had held up Dickinson just as that gentleman was stepping into a taxi, and without waiting for permission had plunged in after him. Stimulated by the information that brought a hitherto obscure club steward smash into the public eye like a golf ball gone wrong, the janitress of the apartment house suddenly recalled a man's angry voice issuing from Mr. Dickinson's rooms quite late that same evening. From her basement window she had seen the two gentlemen go in together. But angry voices came from Mr. Dickinson's apartment on the first floor so often that she paid little attention to this one. Some times she thought the ceiling would come down from the stamping round—she did! The enterprising young reporter jubilantly began constructing a substantial iron net on the frail foundation of circumstantial evidence and that net began to close as tight as the Iron Lady of Nuremberg round Dean Cardigan. His reputation for recklessness, his prompt use of fists on any occasion when they might prove more convincing argument, his fury expressed without reserve, and finally, the discovery in Dickinson's fireplace of a torn envelope addressed to Dean Cardigan in handwriting unmistakably a woman's, all served as links which were welded together by the aforesaid reporter who has since, deservedly, become one of the highest priced scenario writers. And all the while, a young woman on Long Island, scanning the papers each day, grew a little whiter. Her laugh went a little higher when she did laugh. Her head tossed a little more carelessly when people spoke ominously of the mess Cardigan had got himself into this time. But in the shelter of her own room in the big house, with blinds drawn and hair rather wild where no woman's fingers had gone through it, she walked the floor instead of sleeping nights. And when the sun streaked through those blinds so that she could no longer deny herself to the penetrating light of day, she flung her little body with arms drooping like tired wings into the white bed that must look as though it had been slept in. Judge Grant, fortunately, had been north on a fishing trip since the beginning of the summer, or his sharp eyes might have questioned the ones that only half opened as they looked up from the paper at breakfast. But since half opening was their habit, perhaps he would not have noticed the troubled depths of them, at that. His wife didn't appear to when the sisters met on the veranda toward noon. But then she, too, was absorbed in the papers, as was all of a certain set in the smart section of Long Island. Once or twice, her lovely eyes did travel over the sheet to rest on the figure swinging back and forth in the porch hammock. The blonde head, flecked with red was always bent, buried in fact, in her own printed page. On one occasion, as if feeling her sister's troubled gaze, she looked over the newspaper with a thrust of impatience. "It's beastly!" came without preamble. "Why don't they drop the thing! Nobody cared about Dickinson. He was just a crawling worm. What does it matter if somebody did squash him?" "We haven't the right to squash even worms." The lovely eyes probed hers.

"Well, why don't they let Dean alone, anyway? It's a crime—hounding him like this. He's the sort who fights in the open when there's a good fight going—not under cover of the dark." "Do you think he might have quarreled with Dickinson and knocked him down without knowing he had killed him?" "No," came emphatically. "But that's what they believe, don't they?" "How can you tell what they believe from the newspapers?" "He hasn't attempted to defend himself, has he?" "Why should he?" Babs' head reared defiantly. "They'll never actually pin the thing to him. They can't! She sprang up, went over to her sister. "Can they?" "The latter was silent. "Can they, Connie?" Babs repeated feverishly. "I don't know." "But there's nothing definite. It's all supposition. Dare they risk a man's life—for that?" "They dare anything." The butterfly fluttered back to the hammock and turned her face away. "Connie," came after a moment, "if—if they find the woman who addressed that envelope, could—could she help him?" "That do you mean?" "Could her testimony clear him?" Connie's eyes probed once more, the head turned from her. "I'm afraid not. It might only make matters worse for him. If he did go after letters and those letters were ever produced, they might prove the most damaging evidence against him." "I see." It was spoken very low. "But gradually like a trail of blue smoke from smoldering flames, the name of Dean Cardigan drifted into the affair. He had met Dickinson at the Brook Club the afternoon before the latter's demise. The two had dined together and from snatches of conversation overheard, quite accidentally in mind you, by the waiter, Cardigan had told his companion in words not minced, precisely where he might be more useful than on mortal soil. 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every word almost that he speaks—"Everything but what he thinks," Babs interpolated. "Do you know that?" he came back at her. "No. I wish I did. I'd like to know what he thinks of all of us down here who've taken care to forget that he's one of us." "He's never been one of us," Judge Grant dwelt on the last word, "so far as I'm concerned. I've never approved of him." "Well, you've never approved of me, either," Babs retorted, "but you love me just the same. And we all do stupid, foolish things we regret afterward, even the best of us." "Killing a man in a fit of passion can scarcely be classed as merely stupid or foolish." "I don't believe he did it. I don't—I don't." "That remains to be proven." "But nobody's waiting for it to be proven. Just because Dean had a row with that beast and they think there's a woman mixed up in it, they're judging him in advance, the public and the papers. And everybody who knows him well enough to stand by him is shutting up tight or running away. It isn't fair, I tell you!" Her face had gone white as paper but standing with her back to the afternoon sun, the judge saw only the shadows crossing his pallor. "Babs, you're not going to do anything ridiculous? You're not going to try to communicate with him?" he reiterated. With a sort of desperation he looked again toward Connie. "Don't worry, dearest," but her own voice was trembling, "for our sakes, Babs will be cautious." Babs paused and her eyes opened wide for the flicker of a second. "No, don't worry from him, it's not for you—or you. It's because I think it's best for him. Gee, but it's tough, though—not even to have anybody brave enough to say 'hello' to you!" Her voice broke on the last words and she was on the veranda and out of sight. A week later they arrested Dean Cardigan charged with murder in the first degree. The enterprising young reporter had constructed his network so that it fitted lock for lock. Dean had forced himself upon his quarry—"quarry" was the word the reporter used—accompanied him to his rooms, there demanded a compromising letter—or letters—which Dickinson had in his possession, and on the latter's refusal, had carried out his threat to "lay him flat." The blows had proved fatal for Cardigan after searching for and securing the letter—or letters—had burned it—or them—lowered the body from a window to the area way so that it would appear Dickson had been killed outside the house, and in the early hours of the morning had made his escape. The janitress, now experiencing with the club steward the thrill of becoming a debutante in the public eye, incorporated considerably her original story. She distinctly recalled a thud outside her basement window at about three in the morning—she did! She identified Dean absolutely as the man she had seen going into the house with Dickinson and affirmed very positively that although the evening being warm, she was at her window most of it, she had not seen him leave. And so on the spoken word of two servants and the written word of a torn envelope, Dean Cardigan was brought to trial. At that, he might have got off without too much trouble, except for the fact that from the very beginning he maintained absolute silence. The quarrel he acknowledged, also the visit to Dickinson's rooms. But beyond protesting that he had left Dickinson at ten-thirty, he refused to go. And beyond the plea of "Not guilty," they could gather from him no information that might be called definite—or defensive.

In a narrow room of the Criminal Courts Building, a man strode back and forth, hair rumpled, eyes tired, hands clutching the pockets into which they were thrust. Across his face shifted the quick and varying expressions of anxiety, pleading, irritation, and finally temper. "For God's sake, Dean," and he pounded the table, "get an angle on this thing, will you? It's a matter of life and death—your life—your death! Open your mouth, man! Say something—give us something to go on! If you don't, I wash my hands of it, I tell you!" The man addressed spoke very quietly. "No you won't Cochran. You're no quitter. You'll fight for me to the end—whatever it's going to be." "Why should I—the way you're handicapping me? By what right do you demand it?" "Friendship—and your ability." "That's it—my ability! You ask me to help you. You call on me to plead your case. And then you expect me to risk my standing as a member of the bar by refusing absolutely to co-operate with me. Do you want to die, man?" "God knows I don't!" "Then speak up. You didn't kill Dickinson, did you?" "I've said a thousand times I did not!" "Then help me establish the fact. The bare assertion isn't enough." "I—I'm waiting for some one else to speak." "Some one else?" The attorney stopped short. Who?" "If I told you that, I could tell the rest." "Then do it. For the love of your own life—do it! I've claimed that you left Dickinson at ten-thirty, that you left him—alive. The autopsy showed that when found, at five o'clock in the morning Dickinson had been dead not more than two hours. That's as far as I can go. It's up to you to establish your alibi, to prove you were not with the man between ten-thirty and three." "I could have been in my rooms, couldn't I?" "Establish it, then. Produce some one who saw you in some one with whom you communicated in the meantime." "Afraid I can't do that." "Why not?" "Well—if I simply went to my rooms and to bed, it's not likely anybody else would know it."

"If? But did you? Where did you go, Dean, old man? Talk straight to me, won't you? It's the one thing you can depend on now." He laid a hand on the dark head that dropped suddenly as if some one had slashed a whip across the back of the neck. "Out with it, boy! Give me the straight goods." Dean Cardigan sat still a few moments and but for the shaking of the hands he raised to his face, one would have said he sat with no sign of emotion. But the man whose fingers rested on his forehead, felt the temples under a cool moisture, sensed the hopeless fear the other man had never so expressed by so much as look or word. "Dean!" he commanded. The other raised his eyes. Cochran's voice grew husky at the look of them. "Dean, my boy, don't give up. Fight! Help me win for you. Sacrifice anybody, anything, to save your life, lad. If you've got to pull some one else into the mud, it's got to be done, that's all. Chivalry has no place here." Dean's hands locked and unlocked and his mouth worked. He got up finally, began walking back and forth with a measured tread that had something hopeless in the very sound of it. Ten, perhaps fifteen, minutes the steady wish of his soles against the bare boards told on the nerves of the other man like the grating of steel on stone. At last he turned. Suddenly the strain of weeks fell upon him with hammer stroke. His well-set head fell to his chest. His back curved. His eyes closed. Youth, torn from him by the claws of despair, lay in shreds at his feet. He looked an old man. Then his teeth cut into the flesh of the twitching lips and his hands clenched. "No use! I can't do it! I can't do it!" (Concluded next week.)

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

"Love me little, love me long"— That is not my style of song. Riches may be very sweet, But for love they are not meet. Bring no maiden unto me Who is out for £ s. d. Rather bless me with the sort That will love me when I'm short. —John Kendrick Bangs, in Smart Set.

There are always times when each and every one wishes she could remove that disfiguring spot. The following are some simple suggestions for treating all sorts of stains:

First of all comes the advice. Try the remedy on a small piece of the goods first. Every amateur cleaner ought to do this. Butter Spots.—These are dissolved by the application of gasoline. Soap and water will remove butter from white woollens.

Egg Stains.—Plain water will remove these from woollens. Benzine will dissolve them from silks, if you clean them afterwards with a good solution of soap and water, rubbing carefully with the same colored silk as the garment you are working on. Dry it quickly with a blotter.

Fruit Stains.—On wool, fruit stains are usually dissolved by warm water and soap. On silks that are of a fast color use a little gasoline, then sponge with cold water to which just a little soap has been added, using acetic acid on the stains. This should always accomplish their removal.

Grass Stains.—Steaming will often remove them from wool or flannel. A gold paint remover has a splendid effect. Or you might try rubbing butter on the spot and placing the garment in the sunlight to dry. In this case rinse with gasoline.

Grease Stains.—If the stain is fresh sponge at once with gasoline. Otherwise dry cleaning is required to remove them altogether. Scorch.—Sulphuric acid sponged over the burn, on tans and grays, and the garments placed in the sunlight in a good way. Repeat this several times and dry between each operation. Or wash with cold water and dry in the sunlight. The application of hydrogen peroxide repeatedly will remove the very worst of scorches.

Tobacco Stains.—Good hot soap and water to which has been added a little ammonia will remove these. Tea Stains.—Soap and water will generally remove these. Should this fail try alcohol.

Kitchen shoes are an important—often neglected—detail. Many women work in positively crippling shoes, and yet they complain that housework flags them so! No wonder! You just can't do housework in shoes that cramp and inflame your feet and perch you up on two inch heels.

Shoes for kitchen wear should have moderately stout soles—nothing tires the foot so quickly as a thin, "papery" sole—and they should fit easily. That is, they should be loose enough for the foot to lie down comfortably in them, but they should not be sloppy enough to slip. And they should be made either of stout fabric—preferably canvas, because velvet is so hot—or of soft glue kid.

To keep one's hair in order the nicest thing is a Dutch cap, of either voile or muslin. They are perfectly easy to make, and take very little stuff, and they don't do an enormous amount of hair washing, and expense. Voile and muslin are better than more substantial fabrics, because they keep the dust off the hair quite efficiently and yet allow the air to reach it. If they are drawn in by an elastic at the back they are so comfortable that one doesn't know they are there.

Care is necessary to make a good salad. Dressing must be thoroughly mixed, icy cold, and the ingredients of the salad itself should be daintily prepared.

In making either mayonnaise or French dressing have everything cold. Chill the bowl with ice water and in hot weather mix in a larger bowl of cracked ice, or if that be not convenient, at least sit in the cellar while making mayonnaise; otherwise it will be apt to curdle.

Always keep the eggs in the ice box for at least an hour before making dressing and see that they are so carefully separated that not a particle of the white remains.

Patience is the one secret of successful mayonnaise. If the drop by drop principle is not rigidly adhered to until the dressing takes on substance that makes going back improbable, dire will be the result.

Should the dressing curdle, begin over again with a fresh egg, mixing in the curdled part after the new dressing is well stiffened.

In making a quantity of mayonnaise it is better to thin with pieces of cracked ice rather than with lemon or vinegar, as, otherwise, it may be too acid.

Even though the dressing looks all right and has been set away for several hours in the refrigerator be careful not to stir it before putting on the salad; otherwise you may be horrified to have it go back when just ready to be served. This is not an infrequent occurrence, but is usually caused by too rapid mixing.

If too late to start over again with the fresh egg, the only thing to do is not to delay the dinner is to hastily mix a good French dressing, consoling yourself that it is more healthful after a big dinner than the heavier mayonnaise.

Rub a bit of garlic or onion on the salad bowl in making any dressing and the flavor will be much improved. A tablespoonful or two of rich cream added just at the last to mayonnaise makes it lighter and richer. To be sure, the main purpose of your bath is cleanliness. But your bath if taken rightly, can be more than just a lathery route to a clean skin, says a writer in the Milwaukee Journal. It can restore your vitality after a strenuous day in the office or in home work. It can hasten the coming of slumber when your nerves are ragged. It can be the stimulus you need for the ordeal you are about to face.

GROWING WHEAT SUCCESSFULLY NEAR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

The Alaska Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture have demonstrated that it is possible to raise locally a large part of the wheat needed by those who have settled in the Territory. A recent report from the agronomist in charge of the five Alaska stations states that in the summer of 1921 a crop of 3,500 bushels of spring wheat was produced in the vicinity of the Fairbanks Station. Most of this wheat is being ground into flour in a small mill recently installed at Fairbanks. The quantity available will supply the 1,500 people living at or near Fairbanks. This wheat is the product of a selection made from a small sample of grain received from Siberia in 1914. The grain is hard and the flour of excellent quality. About 1,000 bushels of wheat were produced in the Matanuska Valley in 1921. One field of wheat at the Matanuska Station yielded 40 bushels per acre. At the Rampart Station the varieties of wheat developed from Siberian stock and most of the barley hybrids and oat selections ripened, mature. Farmers in Tanana Valley produced 3,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of oats, and nearly 1,000 bushels of barley. Oats and barley, in addition to wheat, are being grown in very considerable quantities every year in the interior valleys from seed developed at the Rampart and Fairfield Stations. The aid of Alaskan agriculture is chiefly to increase local food supplies. The main sources of income for Alaska are mining, fishing and timber. It has long been the belief of those in charge of Alaska experiment station work that it is entirely possible to grow food in sufficient amount to supply those engaged in all industrial occupations in the Territory.

ADVOCATES CARP PONDS.

Hundreds of acres of marsh and waste land in Pennsylvania could be converted into profitable investments if the farmers who own them would convert them into carp ponds, in the opinion of Daniel N. Kern, an Allentown naturalist. A half dozen acres of land, Mr. Kern declares, would return greater profits than 30 acres of soil devoted to agriculture. The carp, now a more or less despised variety of fish in this country, the Allentown man asserts, can be made a ready source of income for farmers who are getting no return from land which, because of its marshiness, is unfitted for crops. Basing his opinion on his own experience with scale carp and on experiments with the mirror and leather varieties, he declares that outside of the labor involved there is slight expense. Ponds, he explained, should be constructed to prevent a rapid rise or fall of water, should be of uniform depth and should be supplied with creek water rather than spring water, through a broad narrow ditch. Feeding is not necessary, as, he pointed out, from 600 to 700 carp to an acre will thrive without feeding. The flesh of the fish is the best from October to April. They spawn in May, the eggs adhering to grass, weeds, brush and other articles in the pond and hatching within a week when they are in shallow, well-warmed water. The ponds should be supplied with plenty of aquatic plants to provide food and natural places of deposit for the eggs. The best method of killing the fish for food is said to be bleeding it to death.—Ex.

Study Road Construction.

More inquiries for enrollment in the new highway instruction course for home study have been received by The Pennsylvania State College engineering extension department than for any other course ever introduced by the college to working men of the State. The course was announced only a few weeks ago and already hundreds of men interested in highway construction have written to the State College extension department asking for details of enrollment. The course, which can be studied at home, gives detailed instruction on all phases of road building.