

taken or planned during the last five years I do not recall one that was successful. During three years of editorship I have received probably a thousand letters of which a sample is: "I have sixteen *cecropia* cocoons, two *Luna*; three *Promethea*, and one *Polyphemus*. What can I get for them?" What can one reply when he gives away each year several bushels of them for school study?

Even the practice of "exchanging" seems to be in decay. One reason for this is, no doubt, due to the lack of idea of fairness in giving value for value. Another is that the Lepidoptera have been so well distributed that there is little left to exchange. A while ago a selection of four hundred names was taken from the Naturalists' Directory, all marked as desiring to exchange in some province. All these were written to. A dozen replies were received, mostly to say that no more interest was taken. Not one was inclined to start exchanges on any basis whatever. In a Pacific Coast city, where Natural History has lately received a great impetus, there are sixty lads frequenting a newly established Museum, who have written broadcast, wanting to give their local butterflies in exchange for those of any other part of North America, I doubt if between them all they have received ten letters of encouragement.

Is there no pleasant side to the story? Do not some make money? Yes, many. A farmer in California allows the Dutchman's Pipe to grow in some of his fence corners. He takes enough chrysalids of *Papilio philenor* to pay the annual taxes on the whole farm. An assistant janitor of a big building in Brooklyn loves his Sunday afternoon walk in the country. One day he gathered 50,000 hibernating squashbugs (*Anasa tristis*) and sold them. He cleared \$90 in twenty walks and had lots of fun besides. One day a party of us were on Rockaway Beach when *Anosia plexippus* was swarming on the way south. They were numb with cold and easy to pick as blackberries. A day's work would have included less than, say, 20,000 of them, and they found a ready market at a cent and a half. Not a bad day for some of our collectors, whose pay envelope contains perhaps \$12 per week. A Newark collector has walked under the electric lights every warm evening for many years. He has thus aided his health,