

Bellefonte, Pa., April 23, 1926.

Pirate Perch Turns

Sunfish Out of Nest

Sunfish are troubled with what may be called a marine cuckoo—the pirate perch. This fish, which is either too lazy or else incapable of making a nest of its own, waits until the sunfish have completed their nest and then turns them out, installing itself in their place. Its eggs are frequently laid among those of the original occupants. These, however, are not disturbed and hatch out in due course says the Vancouver Province.

Perhaps the most interesting nest found under water is that of the black-nosed dace. The fish clears a space about two feet in diameter and the female deposits a layer of eggs. Then a layer of stones is gradually placed over the eggs, the stones being brought to the nest in the mouth of the dace. On these another layer of eggs is placed and then comes another layer of stones. These alternate layers of eggs and stones are slowly built up until the pile reaches a height of eight inches or so.

The black goby forms a home for its eggs like a ball. This is constructed of pieces of weed interwoven and bound together, the eggs being placed inside. As is often the case, the male builds the nest and, after the eggs have been deposited, takes it in turn to guard it.

Hardly Draw Breath

During Winter Sleep

The mild weather sometimes observed during winter occasionally wakes before their time animals which have been spending the winter buried in the ground or in trees. While these creatures are asleep, often for months, respiration seems to be totally suspended.

A hedgehog was recently immersed in a pail of cold water, and though the ducking was continued for thirty minutes the animal was taken out unhurt. So slight was its breathing that practically no water entered its lungs.

Marmots and bats have been placed in glass chambers filled with carbon dioxide. In their normal state they have expired almost immediately; but in their winter sleep they have survived after four hours in the gas chambers.

Extreme cold will sometimes kill six months' slumberers, but there have been notable exceptions in the case of animals with cold blood. Occasionally fish have been brought to life when taken from solid blocks of ice; frogs have been known to recover after ice has formed in their blood.

Tribute to Franklin

For 63 years Benjamin Franklin served his country and mankind, and history affirms the judgment of his contemporaries, expressed most notably in the tribute adopted by the national assembly of France upon announcement of his death. Offering the resolution, which was seconded by Rochefoucauld and Lafayette, Mirabeau declared:

"The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held without doubt exalted rank in the human race. Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty."

Horses "Inside Out"

According to a French technical publication devoted to the horse breeding industry, a Chinese visitor was recently taking notes at a prize stock farm in France. When he reached the stable where 20 fine horses were standing in their stalls, the celestial turned to the owner.

"I cannot understand," said he, "why you Europeans always put your animals in their stalls inside out."

"Inside out!" exclaimed the breeder. "Exactly. You stable them with their noses to the wall. They cannot see anything, are easily frightened and are apt to kick. In my country we turn them around so that they can see what is going on and who is approaching them. You wisemen always start at the wrong end of things."—From La Bulgaria, Sofia. (Translated for the Kansas City Star.)

Churches in Business

An old Jewish synagogue in Maiden Lane, London, is now used as a theater for rehearsals, and a Methodist chapel in Southwark, where Wesley preached, is used as a paper warehouse.

The famous Surrey chapel, where Rowland Hill preached, is today the great boxing rendezvous known as the Ring. At Willesden an old chapel has been converted into a draper's establishment, the pulpit being used as the cash desk; another, in the Hampstead road, has been turned into a picture palace.

The Union Jack club, opposite Waterloo station, stands on the site of a Methodist chapel which had lost its worshippers, while St. Andrew's, Tavistock place, was once a fashionable church, but has been in turn a cycle store and a club.—London Answers.

PRISCILLA IN SPITE OF HERSELF.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 5.)

"Yes, I know," Larry's voice was soothing, he tightened his hold upon the hand he held. Through his mind drifted a vagrant memory of a nervous horse he had once owned and eased over hurdles. There were moments when he hated this thing he was doing; but what chance did the child have here at home? Society had gone rotten. In the crowd she trained with, there wasn't one chance in a thousand of normal life, of any real happiness. He could give her love and the clean, free, decent life of the big, primitive, unspoiled places. What was she giving up? Jazz and sensation-mad friends and a home that seemed to be more of a luxurious lodging-house for her than a real home.

The old people would take it hard; but youth had a right to its own life. Old people hadn't made such a success of running the world, with their laws and traditions. He could make Jean happy, teach her meaning of life. The devil could take any laws that broken every day, right there among the folk her family called nice people, and their social world winked. It was a decent thing to take one's happiness openly.

He tightened his grip on her hand, painfully, but she liked it. Some way or other, most of the world seemed to be loosening its hold upon her. She was glad to have something hold fast.

Chimes, somewhere, were sounding half past two as Jean slipped her latch-key into her front door. A memory of the battle she had had with her mother and father over that latch-key when she had first demanded it came to her mind. There were hosts of memories afloat that night.

She stole up the stairs to her room. A rose-shaded light was burning on the bedside table, the bedcovers were turned down, a vacuum jug of hot cocoa stood beside the night-light. Her mother had been sending it up lately, since the unruly daughter had been looking fagged but wouldn't see a doctor.

The unruly daughter stood in the middle of the room and looked about her. Such a pretty room! She had never before realized how pretty and comfortable it was.

She could reach the low book-shelves without getting up. Not that she had much time for reading. The things one had to read if one didn't want to be a back number weren't very amusing—stuff like Freud and D. H. Lawrence and free verse. She hadn't understood much of the high-brow patter and hadn't liked much of the fiction or poetry. Of course it was old-fashioned, but she liked poetry that sang itself in her ears—poetry about dusk and amethyst mists and summer rain and wind and love and pain. There was a shabby volume of Tennyson on the lowest shelf; but she'd have died rather than admit it to any of the crowd.

She shook her shoulders as though shaking off a hand, and went over to her dressing-table. There were the painted ivory boxes dad bought her in Paris. Horribly extravagant, but he had been such a duck about her, prising her with them. She handled them a moment, and laid them down. Her bags were full and reminders would be heavy excess weight on the road she was taking; but she would take the picture of Granny, in the old silver frame. It had been a birthday present. Granny'd be hurt if she left it. Granny'd be hurt! Oh, yes; Granny was going to be badly hurt. The picture might as well be left. A little more or a little less wouldn't mean much, in the hurt Granny was going to have. She pulled her dressing-case and bag from the closet, opened them, put in some toilet articles, a trinket or two. The clock on the mantel said a quarter to three. She must hurry.

She stripped off her evening frock and hung it in the closet. How good that closet smelled. It had always smelled like that—all the hangers and covers sprayed with lavender-water once a week. Horribly old-fashioned. The girls all made fun of her; but there was something so clean and fresh about just the merest whiff of lavender. Granny had taught her that when she was a little girl. Granny's things always smelled of lavender.

Hurriedly she shut the closet door, got into a dark frock and hat, closed her dressing-case. Five minutes of three! Larry had said it would take a half-hour to drive to the boat and the gang-plank would go up at half-past three. She turned out the rose-shaded light and drew the window-curtains aside. There, far away against the sky, was the Metropolitan tower. How often she had looked at it as she opened her windows for the night. She needn't leave the windows open tonight.

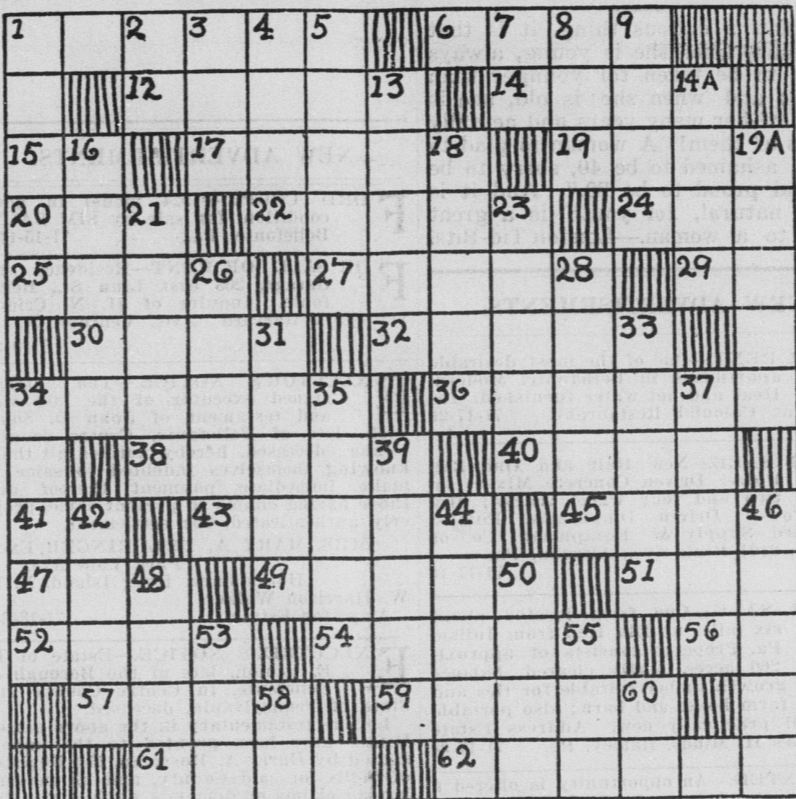
The big, bare maple-tree, in the little yard across the street, was etching queer shadows on the moonlit ground. She had always liked those shadows. One could see almost anything in them. She wondered what the trees in Africa would be like. Queer, tropical things probably. No maples. No; not any maples. She was sure of that. And, suddenly, she felt that she needed maples in her life, that she couldn't go on living without the familiar comforting shade and shadows of maple-trees.

Three o'clock rang the relentless chimes. The girl turned from the window. The moonlight was flooding into the room, silencing all the familiar little things that had been a part of the old life, blanching the sheets of the waiting bed, throwing high lights on the jug of cocoa, gleaming on the frame of Granny's picture—Granny's picture!

There was no time to think, to regret—she must go. She picked up the bag and dressing-case. They were heavy, unbelievably heavy, or was it that she was very tired? Without a backward look, she went out through the door, closed it gently behind her and stood in the shadowy hall, looking down at the night-

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 3.



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| <p>Horizontal.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1—Boat 6—Vessel 12—Native of Iowa 14—Roasting stake 15—Italian river 17—Started 19—Mounds of earth 21—Eggs 22—To send in 24—Juice of a tree 25—Nevada city 27—To sever again 29—Mother 30—Arrests 32—Torn off piece 34—Capital goods 36—Flag 38—Mistake 40—Heavenly body 41—Boy's name 43—Affected with pain 45—Thick plate or slice 47—Uncooked 49—Assumes a position 51—Man's title of address 52—Horse's pace 54—Place in a wall for a statue 56—Negative 57—Journey 59—Slip knot 61—Flesh 62—Cast iron (Eng.) | <p>Vertical.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1—Steam 2—Note of scale 3—To cry 4—Pitcher 5—Kind of beer 7—Bone 8—Fit 9—Blinds 13—Cognomens 14—Pair 16—Part of stove for baking (pl.) 18—Same as 54 horizontal 19A—European country 21—Plant of celery family 23—Rotates 26—Drama with music 28—Tries 31—Narrow piece 33—Clock faces 34—To avoid 35—Ancient Roman senator 37—Cereal 39—Boson 42—Small arrow 44—Imitation duck used in hunting 46—A secondary color 48—Fish bait 50—Footwear 53—To bind 55—Set up (abbr.) 58—Father 60—Diminutive of "ix" |
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Solution will appear in next issue.

light burning beside the front door. The brass lock of the door shone brilliantly.

Jean thought of the night-key, in her purse the night-key for which she had fought so furiously. She should have left it in her room—still, it didn't matter. All of the family had night-keys except Granny. Granny didn't need one. Funny that one could come to a time when one wouldn't want a night-key—when one could sit and remember. All the more reason why one should live while one could—and yet, to have to live with oneself, when the time came—Of course, Granny had her children and grandchildren—children and grandchildren!

Outside a car honked cautiously. With a stifled cry, the girl dropped her bags and fled down the dark hall to where a dim light showed through a transom. She opened the door, slipped through it, ran across the room to the bed, where an old lady lay sleeping, her wrinkled face serene against the pillow.

The horn sounded again, louder, more insistent this time. Jean dropped on her knees beside the bed.

"Granny!" she sobbed, "Granny! For God's sake, wake up and show me how to pray!"

Dawn was stealing in at the windows when Jean moved from Granny's arms, where she had laid, close held, unquestioned, sobbing her heart out. She managed a twisted, tremulous smile as she looked with her swollen eyes into the old, wise, loving eyes of the woman who had crossed all of her own Rubicons save one.

"Well, old Ezra was too much for me," said Granny's granddaughter. —From the Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Solution to Cross-word Puzzle No. 3.



into the fabric. For the benefit of the motorist who likes to do his own tinkering in so far as possible, it might be added that a satisfactory compound for coating both the inside and the outside of the shoes can be made by stirring five pounds of whitening into a quart of gasoline, and after a thorough mixing has been effected, adding a quart of rubber cement. The cold patch cement sold by nearly every tire company will do. This latter is the rubber part of the mixture. Once thoroughly mixed, the compound is applied with a brush like any other paint, and due to the elasticity imparted by the rubber cement, the paint will not crack after it is applied to the shoe.

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