

WHY BUNNIES BRING EASTER EGGS.

There was once a naughty bunny who was always being funny and kept the land about him in a constant state of awe.

On one morning bright and early, when the cops were getting surly, he started to discover what sad mischief he could do.

Soon he saw a blackbird's nest, and he could not eat or rest until he'd dyed the eggs therein a lovely dark sea blue.

He was so pleased at his joking that he said, "I'll go round poking and ask my little bunny friends to help me gather more."

So they stole bird eggs galore and put them by in store, till all the nests were empty and the birds were threatening gore.

Then a burly bunny "copper" said he'd quickly put a stopper to such dire depredations as were never heard before.

So, much rather than get caught, these bold robbers straightway sought a man who took the eggs to town and sold them in a store.

Now, this raised an awful clatter, all their kin began to chatter, and said to steal such pretty eggs a great and mighty sin.

But the bandits made it seem there was money in the scheme, so for wealth and sordid profit all rabbits now join in.

So all this explains the habit why eggs are brought by a rabbit and given little boys and girls on Easter every year.

And the lesson seems to show it was all a case of "dough," yet eggs and little bunnies white have found their proper sphere.

—New York Herald.

PARTNERS OF THE AIR.

One hundred miles to San Antonio: one hour's travel for the big aeroplane he was piloting, Lieut. Dave Shaw nodded in a satisfied manner while his gaze lifted from the map case and involuntarily ran over the instrument board in front, checking the behavior of the motor that was drawing the plane like an immense projectile through the air.

Shaw looked back at his mechanic, who with a confidence in his pilot that was superb was stretched out in the rear cockpit, sound asleep, for the flight from El Paso had been long and tiresome. The pilot's gaze traveled back past the tail to the aeroplane that was trailing him.

The second machine rode to the side, slightly above and perhaps fifty feet behind him, seeming to hang stationary in the leaden sky, yet keeping its effortless, hundred-mile gait. As Shaw watched, the rear plane suddenly dropped two hundred feet. His own machine jerked, and he involuntarily corrected for the air current.

When he next looked back the other plane was far above him. The sudden shifts of position occurred frequently, for the planes were flying at an altitude of two thousand feet just beneath some frowning storm clouds, and the air was choppy. On either side and to the rear the black clouds seemed to stretch immense fingers down to the Texas landscape that spread, barren, mesquite-covered and desolate, in all directions. Those fingers, some of them several miles in depth, were showers that were soaking the regions they covered. One suddenly appeared a short distance in front of the speeding aeroplane.

Shaw raised his arm vertically above his head. The pilot of the following plane acknowledged the signal in a similar manner and accompanied it with a friendly grin that at the distance was little more to Shaw than a gleam of even teeth. Shaw banked his machine, and the other followed obediently. The planes began to circle the edge of the shower. There were a few volleys of stinging raindrops, the heavy, wet smell of water-charged air, and then they were clear.

After checking his progress by the map again, Shaw looked at the clock on the instrument board. It was late afternoon, and already the illuminated figures and hands of the instrument were beginning to gleam. Dusk was near—the early dusk of autumn; in the half gloom of the storm its approach had been unaltered. Shaw opened the throttle a bit more. It would not do to let darkness find two planes still in the air. That was bad business. The leading machine drew ahead, but kept its increased lead only for an instant, for the pilot of the following plane had noticed the maneuver and increased his speed.

In a way the actions of the two aeroplanes in teaming so well together were characteristic of the spirit that existed between the pilots. Whenever they were mentioned in the Air Service, Lieutenant Shaw and Lieutenant Burke, the pilot of the second machine, were linked together. Young in years, both of them, but old in the ways of the air, they had met over the German lines. With a crippled plane Shaw was gamely trying to beat off two Fokkers. He was virtually helpless, but was fighting to make his end as inconspicuous as possible for his antagonists when like a blot a Spad from another American squadron had dropped from a higher altitude and with a hail of machine-gun bullets neatly put one Fokker out of the running. There had been a flash of wings in the sun, a swift turn and the missiles from the newcomer had caught the second Fokker squarely in spite of its brilliant reversal. Shaw had then limped back over the lines escorted by Burke's Spad.

That was their introduction. It had occurred four years before, and since then Shaw and Burke had been inseparable. It was the most natural thing in the world for the two to be chosen for the mission they were now performing: ferrying in to the repair depot at San Antonio two planes that had seen hard service in the maneuvers along the border. They had left El Paso seven hours before and the next day were to return, flying two new planes for the use of the squadron there, of which they were members.

Shaw looked back again and noticed that Burke's plane was some distance below and farther behind than usual. Then his body stiffened. The propeller of Burke's plane, which had been an almost invisible blur, was now revolving so slowly as to be easily discernible. Then the nose of the plane dropped, and it banked quickly and headed for a clearing in the mesquite a short distance to the rear—the only spot in several miles where an aeroplane could safely land.

Shaw knew as he banked his machine and followed that Burke's motor had failed, forcing a landing, for Burke had plenty of gasoline. Motor trouble was to be expected, perhaps, for the planes had had hard usage through the summer.

Shaw dove for the ground with his motor half open and reached the level end of the mesquite some distance ahead of Burke. He skimmed low over the clearing, picking the best spot for a landing so that Burke could see by the course of Shaw's machine the best way to land and would not have to worry about the fitness of the ground.

As Shaw opened the throttle wide and made a swift upward turn at the end of the clearing he feared that Burke would be unable to glide to the landing place because of insufficient altitude. His premonition was correct. Even as he looked he saw the plane crash into the low mesquite trees some distance behind the cleared space. He could not hear the sound of the impact because of the roar of his motor, but he could imagine it.

The wings of Shaw's machine swept to the vertical, and centrifugal force glued him to the seat as he banked and turned into the clearing apace again. He snapped the throttle back. The landing was easy. The big trees of the machine did not mire in the storm-beaten ground. The mechanic, who had awakened when Shaw first banked the plane and who had witnessed the wreck, leaped to the ground before the pilot and had the tool kit out, extracting a pair of cutting pliers. Leaving the motor running, the two sprinted down the clearing.

"I was thrown clear when we hit," explained the mechanic hurriedly. "I am just scratched and bumped. I'm afraid he's got it bad. Cut those wires so we can get at him!"

The three men worked in silence. They cut the tangled bracing wires that kept Burke a prisoner and lifted the wreckage carefully away. Soon they were able to move the pilot, who was unconscious. A hasty examination assured Shaw that his friend was alive and had sustained no broken bones, but he was ably cut about the upper part of his head and face.

With material from the first aid packet that every army aeroplane carries, Shaw bandaged Burke as well as he could. Meanwhile his mechanic helped Burke to bandage his face. Then the three tried to bring Burke back to consciousness. When he finally opened his eyes and looked dazedly around, the storm-covered world was in semi-darkness. Burke's return to consciousness was short; he mumbled something incoherently and then weakly closed his eyes again.

Shaw turned to the mechanic. "I guess you fellows know what's to be done as well as I do," he said. "We'll have to get Lieutenant Burke to a hospital. He is hurt worse than we suppose. We are a long way from a house here and farther from a doctor. I can make San Antonio all right, so we had better lift him into the rear seat of my plane so that I can take him to the hospital at the field. There is some sort of house a few miles back that you fellows can reach, and I'll try to start a car back for you tonight or in the morning early. I hate to leave you, but—"

"Never mind about that, sir," the mechanic cut in suddenly. "How had we best carry him to the plane?"

Although a great deal had happened, the amount of time that had elapsed between the moment that Shaw had landed and the moment that Burke had taken off with the cockpit-pit was short. The storm had closed down rapidly in the interval, however, and occasional flashes of lightning cut the gloom. Shaw's jaw tightened as he headed for San Antonio. He could not dodge the storm; he should have to fly through the heart of it.

Before long the aeroplane was in the semi-darkness of the clouds. The rain drops, beaten into a fine spray by the propeller and hurled back with tremendous speed in the air blast, struck Shaw's face with stinging force. It was like braving a bombardment of needles. He dared not duck down in the shelter of the cockpit to avoid them; he had to keep a constant watch and exercise all his skill to keep his course. Burke's head and eyes were protected with the helmet and goggles of one of the mechanics.

The air was bumpy, rougher than a churned-up sea. The big aeroplane whipped round like a cork. Sometimes it would suddenly jerk from the level to a vertical bank. Again it would seem to strike a vacuum and drop with a suddenness that would cause Shaw temporarily to leave his seat. Or it would be as if some gigantic hand had clutched the plane and flung it upward or from side to

side. The controls, usually so sensitive, required all his strength to move; they were like the reins of a runaway horse. But Shaw grimly kept on, for he was soaked to the skin, but his exertions made him uncomfortably warm.

And through it all was the lightning that cut the storm like swords. The crash of thunder close at hand drowned the full-throated roar of the motor and struck painfully on Shaw's eardrums. Twilight changed to night, and the thick darkness gathered. Shaw was flying into a stinging black pit that was now and again dazlingly illuminated by the lightning, which only accentuated the wet blackness that followed.

He was flying at five hundred feet now, trusting to his compass in the periods that the plane settled from the whirling occasioned by each flash of lightning. The plane shot into a rift of the storm—a zone of comparative quiet in which the ground was visible. Shaw made out a cluster of lights shining dimly below. From the formation he concluded correctly that it was Hoytsville, and that he was within twenty miles of San Antonio and— he sighed with relief—exactly on his course. His flying sense was serving him well.

Then Shaw became conscious of something else. It was just the slightest quiver of the plane that informed him, and he turned his head in time to see Burke moving restlessly in the rear cockpit. The rush of cool air and the stinging raindrops had revived the injured officer. Shaw twisted and leaned as far back as he could. Because the two cockpits were so close together he could bring his face within a few inches of Burke's. Just then the lightning flashed, and Shaw saw that his passenger's lips were moving, and that Burke had not recognized him. The lightning flashed again, and Shaw saw Burke's eyes. They were staring unseeing—the eyes of a delirious man. That was a result of the wreck and exposure that Shaw had not foreseen.

Thankful that his destination was not less than twenty miles away, Shaw bent to the business of flying and of making the best speed possible. A moment later the plane mired off the course slightly, and Shaw's toe involuntarily gave the rudder a gentle pressure to correct the error. Instead of moving the rudder bar held firm against his foot. Shaw tried to move the control stick—and could not.

What a broken steering gear is to an automobile driver on a mountain road jammed controls are to an aviator. A moment before Shaw had been warm from his exertions. Now he was cold with the realization of his danger and his anxiety over Burke. Shaw's mind seemed to spin as he sought the reason for the behavior of his plane. Against his resistance the machine swung from the course not as uncontrolled aeroplanes will, however, but steadily and surely, as if it were guided. That gave Shaw the solution. Leaving the controls, he unsnapped the safety belt and whirled in his seat.

It was as he expected. Burke in his delirium had found the extra control stick, which was stowed away in clips on the side of the cockpit for the use of the observer in emergencies. He had fitted it into place and was now flying the plane by means of the controls in the rear seat. Possibly he did not realize that the front seat was being wrested from him by Burke. It was impossible. Then he closed the throttle, intending to shout to Burke to release the controls, but by means of the throttle lever in the rear cockpit Burke speeded up the motor and continued to turn. Shaw whirled in his seat again and tried to shake Burke's shoulder, but his hand was rudely struck off. The other seemed to have the strength of three men.

A flash of lightning revealed Burke with drawn face; his lips were still moving. Below the bandages, which came to his goggles, his eyes were gleaming, and in them showed no trace of recognition of Shaw, his most intimate friend. Burke's whole being was concentrated on flying the aeroplane—where Shaw did not know, and he doubted whether Burke himself knew.

When the injured man started to turn the machine, San Antonio had been less than ten miles ahead—little more than five minutes of flying. Burke's condition told Shaw that he must have medical attention at once; that was certain. There was no opportunity to coax or plead with him. Struggling with him in the plane was impossible, and it was impossible to continue flying aimlessly in a storm at night with a half-crazed man at the controls. Shaw gritted his teeth and took the only course open to him. He hated it worse than anything in the world.

Facing Burke he waited for a flash of lightning. When it came it revealed Burke's face turned away; he was leaning over the side of the cockpit. At that instant Shaw, who was kneeling in the seat and facing back, struck. He had picked the spot carefully; his fist took Burke on the chin, the uninjured part of his face, and slightly to one side. He collapsed limply.

The impact of his fist on Burke's chin went through Shaw as if he had struck himself. He flew the remaining distance to the field in agony. He never knew just when he picked up the glow of lights that was San Antonio or how he found the long line of lights in front of the hangars at the big field. He landed as in a dream and "taxied" up as near the hospital as he could. He was lifting Burke out when help arrived.

It was noon of the next day when the surgeon nodded to Shaw, who rose wearily but eagerly from a chair near the door of a private room of the post hospital. That marked the finish of a long vigil for Shaw. He had been there since Burke was brought in the night before.

"He's out of it at last," the surgeon, who knew Shaw's story, said to the aviator. "You can go in and see him now. He wants you. And by the way don't let that jolt on the jaw you gave him worry you. It was a mean thing

to do and all that, but it doesn't count when you accomplished the main thing; you saved his life. Go right in."

Shaw mustered a grin somehow as he stood at the bedside and looked at what he could see of Burke's face. It was white and haggard, but Burke's eyes were steady and held the old, friendly gleam again.

"Well, old-timer," Shaw greeted him. Burke's eyes clouded. "Say," he spoke without preamble, "they tell me I've been raving ever since you brought me in—and fighting everybody in the hospital. Seems to me I was flying—having lots of trouble—and it was too real to be a dream."

He passed a hand over his eyes. "I can remember parts of it. Shaw, did I pull anything dumb when I was in your plane? I've been worrying," he finished anxiously. "That's the worst crime a man can commit, you know, to fool with another fellow's plane, even if he is out of his head from a jolt. Did I interfere, Dave?"

Shaw nodded and smiled as he replied. "You did about everything. Between the storm and you flying the plane to Mexico City I had my hands full. Finally I soaked you on the jaw to win the argument."

"No?" said Burke incredulously. "Fact. But, like the fond parent, it hurt me more than it did you, my son."

"H'm," Burke smiled ruefully. "Between you and the ether they gave me awhile ago I've tried about everything there is in the way of anaesthetics. But say, next time spread myself over the mesquite!" Burke gently rubbed his jaw and paused—"have some ether handy. I think I like that better."

"OK," said Shaw, laughing. "And now I'm going to get some sleep." "Dave," Burke called as Shaw left the room, "bring me a cribbage board when you get that sleeping tended to. I've got to even matters up some way."

"OK, old-timer," Shaw answered and broke the rules of the hospital by whistling merrily as he went down the corridor.

Real Estate Transfers. Silas S. Strunk to Robert N. Hamilton, tract in Halfmoon Twp.; \$5,000. Duke Copelan to John A. Erb, tract in Philipsburg; \$1.

Elizabeth M. Chapman, et bar, to Trustees of Christian Missionary Alliance Church of South Philipsburg, tract in South Philipsburg; \$1,000. Nora F. Fink to R. R. Fink, tract in Taylor Twp.; \$1,000. Eva M. Cranston, et al to John W. Foster, tract in Haines Twp.; \$1.

John W. Foster to Andrew S. Musser, et ux, tract in Haines Twp.; \$1. Andrew S. Musser, et ux, to Harry F. Snaveley, et ux, tract in Haines Twp.; \$5,600. Emma Sholl, et bar, to William S. Williams, tract in Belleville; \$4,000. C. C. Lucas, et ux, to A. D. Smeltzer, tract in Spring Twp.; \$500.

Sarah E. Auman, et bar, to Mrs. Gertrude M. Kerstetter, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$600. William Arnold, et ux, to Andrew Flicke, tract in Rush Twp.; \$1. Thomas B. Weaver, et ux, to Homer D. Decker, tract in Spring Twp.; \$1.

Tau Co. of Delta Tau Delta to Eugene H. Lederer, tract in State College; \$30,000. Charles F. Weaver, et al, to Chauncey J. Weaver, tract in Liberty Twp.; \$650. W. H. Miller, et ux, to Harry L. Zimmerman, et ux, tract in Belleville; \$6,500. H. E. Dunlap, sheriff, to Eugene H. Lederer, tract in State College, \$1,000.

John DeVinney, et al to Charles E. Heaton, et ux, tract in Walker Twp.; \$5,500. Willard Kyler, to Andy Maruschak, et ux, tract in Philipsburg; \$400.

Nature Outdone by Man-made Lightning. Artificial lightning of 3,600,000 volts—the highest ever obtained by man—has been produced in the entire laboratory of the General Electric company, and stored in artificial "clouds."

Lightning flashes, greater in intensity than nature's own product, produced by this immense voltage last but one-tenth-millionth of a second, yet their rise, fall or wave shape is accurately measured by an instrument known as the cathode ray oscillograph, says the Pennsylvania Public Service Information committee.

The purpose of this experimental investigation is to secure scientific data on the nature of electricity and to further engineering information on the protection of life and property against lightning, which is one of the greatest foes to electrical apparatus.

Penn State Issues New Illustrated Catalogue. An illustrated catalogue has just been issued by the Penn'a State College as a preliminary announcement for the year 1928-1929. It is the first time that the college has published a catalogue devoted almost entirely to pictures of campus, class-room and students activities. It contains information relative to entrance requirements, expenses, activities, and outlines each of the 39 curricular offerings by the college and what kind of work the graduate may expect to do following graduation. Also there is some pertinent advice given on the selection of the college course best suited to the needs of the prospective student. The announcement is sent free to high school seniors requesting it of the College Registrar. Principals of all four-year high schools in Pennsylvania are to receive copies this week.

—The Watchman gives all the news while it is news.

A NEW HOSPITAL FOR U. S. VETERANS.

On the summit of a rolling, wooded hill near Northport, L. I., a quadrangle of stately brick Colonial buildings has just been completed. Driving up the long slope to the main terrace, one has a gradually widening panorama of the whole countryside, and from the top the view extends across the Sound to the hazy villages on the Connecticut shore. Neither in the buildings nor in the situation is there that dreary look of the old-fashioned social institution. And that is one of the outstanding triumphs achieved in the creation of this newest United States Veterans' hospital, which marks an advance in the care of medical cases.

The group of buildings is large enough to constitute a village, and when the full population of 1,000 patients or more and some 600 or 700 administrators and attendants are in residence it will not be unlike one. According to M. E. Head, who is the Director's representative for the eastern States, fifty patients a week will be transferred there after April 1 until capacity is reached.

At present the builders are putting the finishing touches to the building, and the interior decorators are installing furniture and equipment of the newest design for the treatment of patients. These mechanisms for the alleviation and cure of mental disorders form the more novel features of the hospital.

Every aspect of the hospital's activities is correlated to insure convenience and efficiency in operation. The patient, on arriving, is reported in at the main administration building, thence he is transferred to the receiving ward in the nearest adjoining structure. From this ward he will go to the observation ward on the same floor of the same wing. Both these wards are on the same floor of the main infirmary building. So are the various clinics.

The buildings grouped in a closed quadrangle, are spaced, but between them run connecting corridors whose upper half is above ground and actually enclose the central area. That, Mr. Head pointed out, will allow the hospital administrators to give the patients every benefit of out-door air and recreation, and to maintain control of them without an appearance of exercising restraint.

Nearly all the large ward rooms have natural light and ventilation on three sides. There are wide porches at the end of every wing. The night electric lighting system also embodies some new features. The lights, placed in the baseboards of the rooms, are so arranged that an attendant or doctor may light them from the glass port outside. Then, through the glass port, hole in the door, he can observe the patient without disturbing his sleep.

Oil is used for fuel. It is delivered from the railroad by gravity. In one wing of the infirmary building where it would be expedient to have radiators because patients who are irresponsible might somehow harm themselves, heating will be accomplished by the distribution of air previously heated by passing through steam coils in the basement.

Sound deadening is considered vital to the treatment of some mental cases. Therefore, in parts of the main infirmary building and of the building for acutely disturbed cases, special sound insulating material has been incorporated in the ceilings. Those rooms are echoless. The halls and corridors and rooms are carpeted with heavy linoleum, quieting the sound of footsteps. One whole building is given over to recreation. In the main hall there will be shows and lectures and movies later on.

On the 540 acres of ground surrounding the buildings, farming will be offered to those patients in need of outdoor work. There will be craft shops, painting and so on, for those whose bent lies that way.

To the layman visiting the hospital perhaps the most interesting of the treatment facilities is that for hydrotherapy. There are long bathtubs in which the patient may sit while a continuous flow of water passes around him, soothing his nerves. The temperature and flow of the water are regulated by a delicately adjusted control valve, under an attendant's supervision. But the attendant is turned checked up. In a case on the wall there is a recording thermometer that governs the automatic notation of a chart which furnishes irrefutable record of each bath administered.

When one leaves the group of buildings one sees that it actually constitutes a complete village, including a fire department. Beyond the main quadrangle are other buildings of colonial design, small and large, where live the staff, the nurses and attendants. Dr. E. O. Crossman, the doctor in general charge, will have a house of his own. The necessary service buildings are there—kitchens, with gas and electric appliances, prepared to make a slice of toast or hundreds of gallons of ice cream with equal facility. The laundry, which takes a shirt in at one end, has it washed and ironed at the other almost as soon as you can walk there.

Jerusalem Does Not Permit Liquor to Be Sold Across the Bar. In an effort to keep the Holy city as good as its name the authorities are not permitting bars in Palestine. Prohibition on alcoholic beverages does not exist but the thirsty must go to hotels or restaurants for their drinks.

The familiar bars found everywhere in the middle and near east with the too familiar lady dancing partners are not allowed anywhere in Palestine. The absence of drunkenness in Palestine was commented on at the last session of the Permanent Mandates Commission where it was pointed out that the Moslems are supposed not to drink on religious grounds, the Jews although not laboring under any such prohibition are habitually non-alcoholic, and the rather small number of Christians are as abstaining as their neighbors.

Prune Shrubs and Trees Only After Flowering. Now that spring is here, pruning shears of various shapes and makes are located and again brought into the light of day for the purpose of making them serve their annual duty.

If the growth of a tree or a shrub were similar to the growth of the hair on our heads then there would be very little objection to their "bobbing," but as the plant growth differs greatly from hair growth we should govern pruning of both accordingly.

The first question that should come to mind when the pruner approaches a tree or a shrub with a saw or a pair of pruning shears in hand is "What is the particular purpose of that particular tree or shrub?" The second question is "why prune it?" If the answer to the first question is that the tree or shrub is grown for flowers, this important fact should be remembered in pruning. Pruning only for two reasons: (1) to produce more blooms or, to reduce the size of the plants answers the second question.

Will merely cutting the top of the plant or "bobbing" it result when the answers to these questions are clearly in the mind before tackling the plants to be pruned? Or will the parts of the plant which should be removed in order to serve the purpose for which it is being grown be selected more carefully?

There are two general groups of flowering ornamental trees as well as shrubs: spring flowering and late summer or fall flowering. Common sense indicates that these plants require different times of the year in which to be pruned. If they are to serve their purpose. The spring flowering plants form their flowering buds during the previous season so that they will be ready to burst into flower with the first few warm days in the spring. Naturally these plants should not be pruned until they have done their duty.

The rule, therefore, for pruning any flowering tree or shrub is very simple and can be expressed in a very few words. Do not prune until the plant has flowered. The prevailing idea that plants must be pruned before they come into leaf can be disregarded as its effect upon the plants is, so small that it is negligible.

The Easter Bunny.

Just how the hare came to be connected with Easter customs we do not know, but we do know that among some nations the hare is a type of the moon. In fact, the Chinese represent the moon as a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar, while Hindu and Japanese artists paint the hare across the face of the moon. As the time of the Easter festival is governed by the phases of the moon this may be an explanation of their connection.

The mythical natural history of the Hindus tells us that hares live on the shores of the lake of the moon. In Swabia the children are not allowed to make shadow pictures of rabbits on the wall, because it is considered a sin against the moon.

The colored folk of the southern States have a strong belief in the power of the "left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit" killed in the dark of the moon.

In County Warwick, England, if the young men of the town can catch a hare and bring it to the parish on the morning he must give them a calf's head, one hundred eggs for their breakfast and a goat in money.

Nowadays the Easter bunny has become so confused with the Easter egg custom that the hares are supposed to lay the many colored eggs the children find on Easter morning.

Some Easter Symbols of Olden Times. The Greeks, Persians and Egyptians looked upon the egg as a symbol of hope and resurrection, and they see how it came to be associated with the Christian festival of joy, Easter, when nature once more awakens from her sleep and everything seems reborn.

The first was always regarded by early races as a symbol of the coming Savior of mankind, and so, naturally, the first Christians adopted it as a sign of their faith.

The hare had a place in the very earliest mythology, and the Goddess of Dawn, Ostera, is said to have possessed a sacred hare. This animal is said to have laid colored eggs, thus explaining the origin of the custom, which still survives, of painting eggs at Eastertide. This is done in many countries throughout the world.

Sport of Egg-Rolling Popular in England. Egg-rolling is still a popular Easter-pastime in parts of northern England, notably at Preston. The eggs used are boiled very hard and are artificially colored. Thousands of factory workers gather on the hillsides on Easter Monday and roll their eggs down the slopes.

The object of the competitors is to break as many as possible of their rivals' eggs, the winner being the one whose egg remains intact the longest. At the end of the day the slopes are literally buried beneath eggshells, for as soon as an egg cracks it is eaten by its owner. To avoid disputes the name of the owner is generally written on his egg.

Trapped by Dyed Gasoline. Motorists who are partial to anti-knock gasoline are familiar with the tints used both to give it a distinctive marking and to warn of the poisonous varieties that must not be handled carelessly; but it remained for authorities of the Panama Canal zone to discover a new use for dyed gasoline in the tracking of governmental joy riders. When they found that their stores of gasoline were being depleted by employees on unofficial missions, they added one gallon of green dye to every 1,500 gallons of gasoline.—Popular Science Monthly.

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