

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 21, 1913.

THE MAN OF NAZARETH.

Whatever we think of his light divine,
For we differ now as then,
This heart's confession is yours and mine:
"He loved his fellow men."

The sweep of centuries cannot dim
The light of his steadfast love.
Through all the ages the life of him
Shall shine as the stars above.

A guide to follow in worldly things
Through the clamorous throngs of greed,
The thought for the fellow man that sings
Of love as the only creed.

And the selfish life in the busy mart
Of the struggling world's demerit
Will pause and study the perfect heart
Of the lowly Nazarene.

Will pause and study and learn this truth
In the race for power and pelf:
There's something better in age and youth
Than the single thought of self.

The wealth that thins your earthly aim,
The honor that seems so fair,
For you, my brother, and me the same,
In the end will not be there.

The end must come with the parting
Breath,
And neither power nor gold
In the long, deep solitude of death
Can the frozen hand unfold.

Whatever we think of his light divine,
Since ever the world began,
This heart's confession is yours and mine—
That he was the perfect man.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Easter Egg.

Its Origin and Many Pretty Legends and Folk Tales.

THE origin of the Easter egg seems to be a good deal of a puzzle. Archaeologists have traced it back to ancient Egypt, where the egg was regarded as an emblem of creation. The Hebrews adopted it to symbolize the idea of their emergence from bondage, and the Christians later on took it up as an emblem of the resurrection. The egg appears to have been regarded anciently also as emblematic of the world, which, according to very old tradition, was hatched out or created at Easter. The druids used it in their ceremonies, and the Persians of old gave eggs to each other at the feast of the vernal equinox in honor of the springtime renewal of all things. All these notions run together—the egg standing for the beginning of all things, for the origin of life and for reproduction. It represents fecundity and abundance, and when one friend presents an egg to another it is supposed to contain and carry with it all blessings.

Easter is the festival of springtime rejuvenescence. It goes far back into pagan mythology and has merely been adopted by the moderns in a fresh guise. The ancient Roman year began at Easter, and gifts were then exchanged to celebrate the season of promise and fair commencement. Indeed, even in those days, long before the birth of Christ, the Romans gave each other eggs, and they held games at which eggs were bestowed as prizes.

An ancient tradition of the Finns refers the origin of the Easter egg to a mystic bird, which laid an egg in the lap of the Creation goddess. She hatched it in her bosom, but let it fall into the water, when it broke, the lower part of the shell becoming the earth, the upper part the sky, the liquid white portion the sun, the yolk the moon and the fragments of broken shell the stars in the heavens. In Russia at the pres-



THE LITTLE GERMAN BOY HUNTING FOR RABBIT'S EGGS.

ent time millions on millions of eggs are used as gifts at this season of the year, friends exchanging them and servants presenting them to their masters and mistresses, who bestow money or articles of value upon them in return. An entry in the list of the household expenses of Edward I. of England is for 18 pence for the purchase of 400 eggs for Easter gifts—surely not a very high price if they were good ones.

Three centuries ago in Europe Pasch eggs, as they were called, were given at the churches to the priests on Easter Sunday, when, after being sprinkled with holy water, they were blessed. To ornament such eggs with rich designs and figures of saints became an important branch of art among the monks of those days, and there are still extant a number of choice old engravings of these gorgeous eggs, which, after they had been blessed, were eaten with great ceremony on Easter day.

Some of them were sawed in two very delicately and lined with gold leaf. In Venice gentlemen presented eggs to ladies at the festive season with their portraits painted on them, while in Germany eggshells were etched with curious and elaborate figures by means of acids.

In the more remote districts of France the priests at Easter time go to each house in turn, bestowing a blessing and receiving eggs. At Smyrna the traveler is pestered by boys offering strings of eggs dyed in gaudy colors.

There is no end to the folklore relating to eggs and Easter. In Germany the children are taught to believe that eggs are laid at Easter time by rabbits, and grown folks hide eggs at that season in odd corners for the young ones to find. The connection of the hare with Easter and Easter eggs, however, is so obscure that nobody yet has made it out satisfactorily.—St. Louis Republic.

STRANGE EASTER CUSTOM.

How Filipino Penitents Torture Themselves During Holy Week.

One of the many curious customs practiced by some persons in the Philippine Islands is the way in which they observe the week before Easter. For the Thursday, Friday and Saturday before Easter the streets or roads on the outskirts of some villages and sometimes the principal streets of the town itself are filled with crowds who have come to see the natives inflict self-torture.

The willing victims are stripped to the waist, their faces are covered with a thick cloth, and around one hand is a heavy hemp rope with a cluster of from fifteen to twenty smaller hompen cords. To each of these is fastened a small piece of hard wood. The whole thing is just long enough so that when flung over the shoulder it will not quite reach to the waist.

When the penitents are ready to start out a Filipino who has been appointed as a sort of overseer takes the flesh of the back between his thumb and first finger and cuts the skin with a long bolo. This is done all over the back. He then cries, "Alla, sidie" ("Go ahead"). Then the penitent begins to beat his back by lashing his cluster of little pieces of wood and cords first over one shoulder, then over the other, until the back is so lacerated that it somewhat resembles raw beef. All the while the onlookers and victims also are singing, or, rather, chanting, a most dismal, unearthly, funeral chant.—New York Tribune.

RESURRECTION EMBLEMS.

Egg, Chrysalis and Kernels of Grain Used as Symbols.

With the egg and the chrysalis all are familiar, but in olden times kernels of grain were also used. In England a tiny cross, together with grains of barley and wheat, has been found in the center block of oaken mantelpieces. The custom had long been forgotten when it was recalled by the discovery of three such emblems in the mantel of the room in which Shakespeare was born.

The house was being restored, and one of the commissioners in charge took a block of the old wood for a souvenir. He gave it to a friend, a Shakespearean scholar, who, wishing to share it with another, tried to split it and found it hollow. It contained a cross, three grains of barley and a piece of tow. To his honor, he said, he restored the relic to the house at Stratford on Avon, where it is now on exhibition.

A great sculptor once said of the three processes used in making a statue. "The clay is this life, the plaster is death, but the marble is the glorious resurrection."

NOVEL EASTER FAVORS.

Rabbits and Chickens Easily Made Out of Peanuts.

Do you want to make peanut rabbits or chicks for Easter greetings? If so it is very easily done.

For the rabbit's ears and tail use little pointed bits of paper, which can be glued on. Sometimes you will find the rabbit already has a tail and you will not need to supply one. The rabbit will stand up very easily after you have given him his feet, because there are four of them. The feet and the eyes are made from matches or tooth-picks.

The little chicks need only feet and eyes, but as they have only two feet they will not stand as easily as the rabbits. To make them stand easily take a piece of a visiting card an inch or less square and when you give the chick his feet push them up first through the card. This will give him a firm foundation to stand upon, and you can either send him this way or, if you wish, you can paste this piece of card to a larger piece or to the bottom of the box you send him in. If you are careful you can put him inside of an eggshell.

Shelter of Safety.

"Let us go into this department store until the shower is over."
"I prefer this harness shop," said her husband. "You won't see so many things you want."—Pittsburgh Post.

Not Necessary.

Wife—What do you mean by telling me Mrs. Crewso's husband you never ask my advice about anything? Husband—Well, my dear, I don't. You don't want to be asked.

Grief hallows hearts even while it ages heads.—Bailey.

The Descent from the Cross

An Easter Poem by JAMES A. EDGERTON

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A CROSS the ages shines the piteous scene
That stirs the sorrow of humanity,
Caught and reflected on the canvas screen
By Art, which is the glass of history.
But lo, the grief is stilled! for once again
This form divine, deprived of mortal breath,
Shall rise resplendent and proclaim to men
The triumph over death.

Artemesia's Easter.

By **CLARISSA MACKIE.**
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SPRING was everywhere except in the heart of Artemesia Lee. In her sunny garden crocuses and daffodils were pushing green blades through the brown earth. The air was softer, the waters of the bay had lost the cold steely gray and showed the color of a bluebird's wing, and the bluebird himself was singing amid the swelling buds of the cherry tree.

Artemesia looked drearily across the bay. It all seemed bleak and cold to her—typical of her life.

"Well, Artemesia Lee, don't it seem good to smell the springtime a-coming along?" demanded a cheery voice beyond the fence.

Artemesia turned and surveyed the dumpy figure and rosy cheeks of her nearest neighbor, Hanna Ford.

"I s'pose some folks can enjoy the springtime, but it always seems so sort of lonesome," she murmured.

"It's because you live all alone and keep your shutters closed tight," Mrs. Ford laughed mirthfully. "If you'd open the shutters of your heart and your house, Artemesia, you'd let the sunshine in, and then you'd be happy."

"Pshaw!" murmured Artemesia, half resentfully. "Opening my shutters won't make me young again."

"Of course it will! Why, don't you understand, Artie, that's what Easter means in one sense? We sort of rise up out of our old selves—just as if our old selves were dead, you know—and each year we can begin life new and young in heart."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Artemesia in a startled tone. Her religion had been of a cold, dreary outlook on life, and this creed that Hanna was preaching was new to her, but it sounded inviting.

Hanna was still speaking.

"If you could forget yourself for one day, Artemesia, you would be happier. There, there; don't get stiff. As if I didn't know that you stayed single to please your pa and ma, and everybody knows how you sacrificed and slaved for them till they died, and now you're alone you've got to thinking and thinking till you've grown hard hearted and

resentful and—Merry me, is that the old man? I must run, for Josephine's that feather braided she won't think to!" And Mrs. Ford's words were lost as she trotted down the road toward her own gate.

Artemesia stood there, paling and flushing by turns. Hanna's words had been a shock to her. It was true that Artemesia had remained single for her parents' sake. There was no one to look out for the old people, and her lover wanted to carry his bride to the new home which he had prepared in the west.

Jack Young—that was his name—was Hanna Ford's brother, and through Hanna she had heard scant news of him during the past twenty years.

A sudden rare smile curved Artemesia's faded lips, and she looked almost pretty. "Opening the shutter sounds inviting," she thought as she moved toward the house. "I do believe I'll try it!"

First the lower floor blinked in the unaccustomed flood of sunshine.

Artemesia hardly knew the rooms, so accustomed had she become to their peculiar half light. The gloomy old parlor became a cheerful apartment, and when Artemesia saw dust on the ancient square piano she dusted vigorously around and banished it.

Upstairs the sunshine and fresh air revealed a new house to Artemesia.

"I declare, I believe I can smell spring now! It's the first time I could since!" She stopped, and a cloud came over her face.

It had ceased to be spring that day when Jack Young went away without her.

"It's wicked to keep shutters closed tight. I can't do it again," she breathed suddenly, and another line disappeared from her forehead.

After that day Artemesia Lee kept the shutters of her house wide open. Passersby saw it and marveled and said that Artemesia Lee was getting some sense, after all. Hanna Ford noticed it, too, and a queer little smile curled the corners of her pleasant mouth.

One day Josephine Ford ventured into Artemesia's parlor and played popular tunes upon the tinkling piano.

"Seems good to hear it once more," sighed Artemesia, who had not played for many years.

"Why don't you play some, Artemesia?" asked pretty Josephine. "Ma

says you used to be a grand player."

Artemesia flushed prettily. "I believe I will have the piano tuned and practice," she said, and a new pleasure came back into her life.

"Next Sunday's Easter, and I haven't got a new thing to wear," half panted Josephine, swinging around on the piano stool. "Pa says he can't afford a thing this year, but I would like a new hat and a pair of gloves."

"Let me see, Josie," mused Artemesia. "I think I've got some lovely lace braid in the garret, and by getting a frame down at Dolan's I believe we can make you a hat, and I've got feathers and flowers."

Josephine hugged her delightedly, and together they set off to choose a hat frame. Artemesia forgot her own troubles and the latent discontent that had gnawed at her life.

She grew merry over the secrecy of the shopping, for this was to be a surprise to Josephine's mother.

Artemesia presented Josephine with a pair of new gloves, and the young girl's delight was very sweet to the older woman. Artemesia Lee forgot herself while she sewed on the new hat, which turned out so successful that she made one for herself, a shabby brown affair that matched her soft eyes.

The days before Easter were crowded with sunshine and happiness for Artemesia. She threw open the shutters of her heart and let the sunshine of a new spring wake it into new life. "Flowers from her plants and spring blossoms from her garden went to carry the new message of awakened life to the sick and needy. Each day she grew younger, prettier, happier.

"Oh, Hanna," she said on Easter morning, "it is true that one can be born over again; I am so happy. Is it wrong to apply the story of resurrection that way?" she ended timidly.

Hanna shook her head vigorously. "It's not wrong, of course; Religion means more than just words and creeds, Artemesia. Every symbol means a whole lot of things!"

"I'm glad of that," murmured Artemesia. "I feel born over again in every way."

There was a very sweet smile on Hanna's face, just as if she knew some secret that would add still more to the beauty of the Eastertide.

"It means beginning over again—in lots of ways," she managed to whisper in Artemesia's ear as they entered the church.

When they reached Hanna's pew two men arose to let them pass. One was Timothy Ford, and the other one was Jack Young, bigger, older, browner, stouter, but with the same smile and the same dizzy look when his eyes met Artemesia's. Side by side they stood, and his hand clasped tightly over hers as they held the hymn book together.

Josephine in her pretty finery stared wonderingly at Artemesia's glorified face.

"Ma," she whispered, "is Uncle Jack going to marry Artemesia?"

Mrs. Ford nodded vigorously.

"If Artie will have him, and I guess she will, for her heart shutters are open to stay!"

FACTS ABOUT EASTER.

Many Customs Are Ancient and Come From the East.

The custom of putting on new clothes for Easter is very ancient and is common to the great festivals of all religions. On the central feast of the Moslem year it is considered absolutely necessary for every man and woman to wear new clothes.

The "Easter dress" and the "Easter hat" of modern times, so widely advertised by our city merchants are therefore not in any way an incongruity, but emphasize the spirit of the day quite as much as the "Easter egg," which is supposed to typify the germ of a resurrection of life.

So that as all nature is renewed and regenerated in the spring it is fitting that mankind should follow. Unable to renew the body, man does the next best thing and dons new garb.

The name Easter according to the Venerable Bede, is heathen in its origin, so called after the Saxon goddess Eostre, who was worshiped with peculiar ceremonies in the month of April. In the eastern church it is called Pascha or the holy Pasch, which will be observed in the Russian and Greek churches this year on April 14, the Jewish Passover falling on April 22.

In the second century there was a great dispute between the Asiatic and Latin churches regarding the proper date for the celebration of the resurrection of Christ. As far as the Latin church was concerned, it was settled once and for all at the council of Nicea in the year 325. The fact that the ancient British church, when Augustine landed, observed Easter according to the Eastern custom is urged as a reason for believing that Great Britain received her Christianity from the east and not from the west, from St. John rather than from St. Peter, from Antioch and not from Rome.

The early Christian emperors celebrated the day by setting prisoners free and by scattering gifts. It was "Dominica Gaudii"—the day of joy for all people. The popular Easter hymns are from Latin sources. "Welcome, Happy Morn, Age to Age Shall Say," was written by Fortunatus for the East's worship of the abbey of St. Croix. "He is Risen" is an old Ambrosian hymn which has been sung in the Milan cathedral for many centuries.

"Jesus Christ is Risen Today" is of unknown origin, although probably from a Latin source. It appeared first in English in the collection by Tate and Brady. As in the case of Christmas, we are indebted to Charles Wesley for a good Easter hymn, the one beginning "Christ the Lord is Risen Today."

THE ZERO MARK.

Origin of the Mathematical Symbol That Stands For Nothing.

It is the peculiar triumph of the mathematicians who constructed the Hindu Arabic numerals that they were led to invent a symbol for "nothing." The invention arose out of the difficulty which was encountered when calculations were transferred from the ancient abacus board and became a written operation.

On the abacus board, which may perhaps be seen still in infants' schools, the rows of beads or counters represented the numerals 1 to 9, but each counter or bead in the row above represented ten times as great a value as in the row below. Thus 50 could be transferred from abacus board to paper without difficulty, but 5 (0) 1 taken from the abacus might be 51, since the vacant place was no longer indicated.

Accordingly mathematicians were led to invent a character for the vacant place. The invention of this symbol for "nothing" with the crowning, transcendental achievement in the perfection of the decimal system and lay at the base of all subsequent arithmetical progress. Among the Hindus the symbol was at first a dot, but it was soon superseded by a circle. O Its symbol, says Professor E. R. Turner in a magazine article on the numerals, has varied greatly, and its name has a pedigree of its own. The Hindus called it sunya—void. In Arabic this became sifr.

In 1202 Leonardo Fibonacci translated it zephirim. In 1330 Maximus Planudes called it iziphira. During the fourteenth century Italian writers shortened it to zenero and cenro, which became zero, now in general use. Meanwhile it has passed more nearly in Arabic form into French as chiffre and into English as cipher, taking on new significations.

WILLING TO GIVE CREDIT.

Jefferson's Admirer Was Mixed, but He Rose to the Occasion.

Jefferson was the most delightful story teller I have ever met, writes Mary Shaw in the Century, describing "The Human Side of Joseph Jefferson." His varied life and experiences were wonderfully interesting. Once we were in Terre Haute, Ind., and the theater was near a hotel. We got out of the cab and were strolling through the hotel corridor when a very pompous man came up to Mr. Jefferson, as persons frequently did, and, extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Jefferson, you do not know me, but I know you very well, and, sir, I am very glad to see you in our city. You are a great actor. I have seen you ever since I was a little boy"—he looked fully as old as Mr. Jefferson—"and I have always looked forward to your visit to this place."

He went on praising Mr. Jefferson, who presently said:

"I thank you very much. You are very kind."

Upon which the old gentleman went on:

"I tell you everywhere in this town people are glad to see old Josh Whitcomb."

There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Jefferson said:

"I think you are mistaken. I play Rip Van Winkle. You must mean Mr. Thompson. He plays Josh Whitcomb."

The effusive gentleman paused long enough to collect his wits and then said cheerfully:

"Oh, yes! So you are the old fellow who played Rip Van Winkle? Well, you're good too."

The Famous Portland Vase.

The material of the famous Portland vase is glass, with cameo engraving. The vase is composed of two layers of glass, white over dark blue. The white was ground away by hand so as to leave the design in white upon the blue background. It is one of the treasures of the British museum that this priceless treasure was smashed to pieces by an insane visitor. It has, however, been repaired with great skill and is now guarded with extra care.

This beautiful specimen of Greek art is ten inches in height, with a diameter at its broadest part of seven inches. Its present name comes from the fact that it was once owned by the Duke of Portland, who loaned it to the British museum in 1810.—Exchange.

Custard.

Concerning custard, or "custad," as it was formerly called, it was a common joke at civic feasts in England in the olden time to place an enormous custard in the middle of the table, into which at some stage of the proceedings the clown unexpectedly jumped. Ben Jonson uses the term "custard leap jack" of one who "in tail of a sheriff's dinner" took "his almain leap into a custard" to "make my lady mayoress and her sisters laugh all their heads over their shoulders."

Wanted No Jealousy.

Little Lola had received a doll and a kitten among her birthday presents.

"Which do you like best, your kitten or your doll?" asked her mother. Lola went over and whispered in her mother's ear. "I like dollie best, but please don't tell Kitty."—Chicago News.

Insidious.

"My valet gives me a bawth every morning," said Cholle.

"Ah," said Slickers, "he's a sort of vacuum cleaner, I suppose."—Harper's.

Look beneath the surface. Let not the quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee.—Marcus Aurelius.