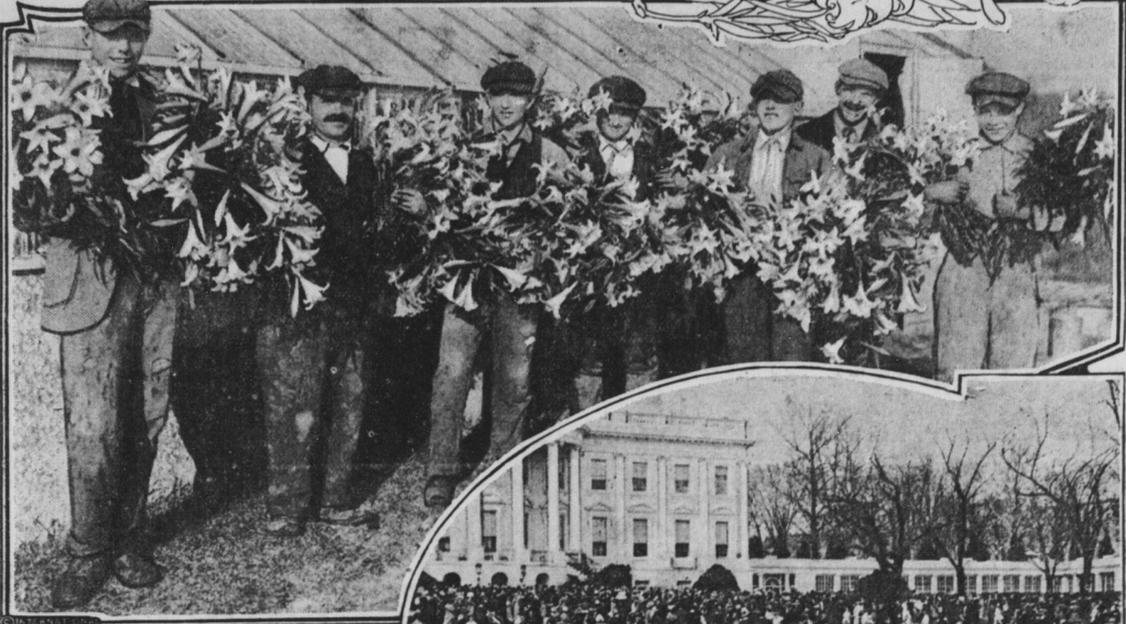


Message of Easter



HERE'S YOUR EASTER LILY

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

EASTER SUNDAY this year falls on April 17. Last year it was April 4 and the year before, it was April 12. Next year it will fall on April 8. As everybody knows it is a variable date, sometimes falling in March and sometimes in April, but under the present method of reckoning the Easter Sunday date, it cannot come earlier than March 22 nor later than April 25. For the reason that Easter Sunday is a variable date, it therefore does not have the significance as a red-letter date on American calendars that other dates, such as New Year's day, Christmas day, Independence day, Washington's birthday and Lincoln's birthday, have. In this relation it is more like Thanksgiving day or Labor day in being always a certain day of the week, but varying, as to the day of the month.

More important, of course, than its significance as a red-letter day on our calendars is the inherent significance of the day itself. To the Christian world it is the anniversary of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But that does not mean that the essential spirit of Easter means something to one part of humanity, set off from the rest by a religious classification, and means nothing to the rest of the human race. For Easter has a significance to all humankind and the keynote of that significance is the one word "resurrection." Look at the word itself—Easter. It is derived from the word East, and East is one of the four cardinal points. It is also the cardinal point which has always been most important in all religious ceremonies of all races and creeds. This is because it is the part of the heavens where the sun is seen to rise—the sun, bringer of light and heat, the very giver of life itself! The most primitive intelligence of the most primitive man recognized the fact that the sun and life were inseparably associated and it was only natural that when he came to worship the thing which was greater than he, he should turn to the East whence came that greater and higher thing which he recognized as being the life-giving power.

So each day was to him a cycle of a whole lifetime. In the morning as the sun came up, life came into being. As the sun mounted in the heavens life grew in its lusty youth and increased in power. At its zenith, life, too, was at its highest point. As the sun declined, so life declined into old age, into weakness, until there came darkness, the synonym for death. After a period of darkness, life came again. There was a resurrection and once more, the cycle of a life-time compressed into 24 hours, there was life!

And that, stripped of all the tradition, myth, legend, custom and social practice that has attached itself to Easter, is the spirit and the message of Easter, all concentrated in the one word "resurrection." So Easter has a significance that no other red-letter day on our calendars has and that significance is the significance of one of the fundamental and inevitable facts of existence. It is conceivable that all other red-letter days may be abolished from our calendars, that the calendar itself may be done away with. But, no matter what may happen, so long as human life exists on this earth, the spirit of Easter will survive. When it ends, then ends all hope for mankind, all reason for mankind's struggle to exist.

If "resurrection" is the spirit and the message of Easter, then the inmost essence of that spirit can be summed up in the one word "immortality." If man can find an answer to the old, old question that has troubled him through the ages, the question "Does death end all?" he can find it in the message of Easter. It is resurrection that the struggle to live is worth while and that he does not face a hopeless task. Even if he did not have the comfort of his religion to help him arrive at that belief, he finds it in the mere fact of living. Each day, each year and each lifetime he sees the cycle repeated. The sun comes up in the morning and goes down into darkness at night. But he knows that it will come up again the next morning. Each 24 hours he sees the miracle of resurrection. New life is manifest in the animal and vegetable kingdoms with each recurring spring. It ripens in the heat of summertime and mellows into maturity in the autumn, only to die in the cold of winter. But he knows that life will begin against next spring. Each 12 months he sees the miracle of resurrection. A baby is born, passes through childhood, grows into youth, reaches man's estate and then declines into old age. What if the darkness of death is only a matter of a few years away? He has seen the recurring miracle of resurrection every 24 hours and every 12 months. Why should not man, reasoning logically from this evidence of which he is aware every day of his life, believe



CHILDREN ROLLING EGGS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN



SECRETARY DAVIS AND FAMILY HAVE A SHARE IN THE FUN

that the cycle of a lifetime includes a resurrection just as does the daily cycle and the yearly cycle? He does so believe and from that belief comes his belief in the life everlasting, in immortality.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say he chooses to believe. For few men, if any, have ever solved the riddle of life to their utter satisfaction. They constantly grope for the truth, seeking, always seeking, the answer to the unsolved problems of life. They have the never-ending longing in their hearts for everlasting life and they choose to believe, and take comfort from the belief, that they shall have it.

So whether he be primitive man or modern, civilized man, whether he be Christian or heathen, the essential spirit of Easter, the message of Easter is the same—it is a message of hope, a message of joy and a promise and a fulfillment in one. That message is delivered to man in many forms. It comes to him in the riot of bird songs which greet the sun on every morning in spring. It comes to him in the greenness of the grass, in the swelling buds on the trees, in the flowers which push their way up through the earth when the warming touch of the sun is laid upon it. It comes to him in the softness of the blue sky, in the fleecy clouds floating above him and in the gentle caress of the breezes that touch his face as he goes forth to start each day's work. It comes to him, too, as he watches young animal life about him—lambs, calves and colts waddling about unsteadily at first and then, as they gain strength, running around in those funny, awkward, stiff-legged little jumps which are always so fascinating to watch.

It comes to him every minute of the day as Nature, in all her forms, cries out exultingly "Spring has come! Spring has come!" Even if she did not tell him in those words, he would know it himself—in the surge of new strength in his own body, in the quickening of his blood after its winter sluggishness. As he hears the call of spring and the message of Easter he feels the desire to pass the message along. He passes it along in as many ways as it comes to him—in the happy note in his voice as he greets his friends, in the little snatches of song which he finds himself singing and in the effort which he makes constantly to put that message into words.

One of those efforts takes the form of writing poetry. Even though the spring poet is a subject for many of our stock jokes, the fact remains that the urge to write poetry is a part of man's effort to pass along the message of spring. For all spring poetry is fundamentally an effort to express the feeling of resurrected life. And Easter, which represents the crystallized spirit of spring, probably brings forth more attempts at poetic expression—and perhaps more real poetry—than any other day on our calendar.

Though the theme of all the Easter poems may vary, through them all runs the thread of rejoicing, rejoicing in the return of new life to the fields and woods, rejoicing in the new hope that springs up in human hearts at the coming of the springtime and more especially at the thought that Easter means the promise of life everlasting. These poems illustrate those joyous thoughts:

At Easter Time

Easter lilies, daffodils,
All the world their perfume fills,
While down the dim aisles ringing
Hallelujahs. Hark the singing,
Echoed in the far-off hills.

Waiting time is o'er at last;
Finished all the prayer and fast;
Woodland songs are echoing,
Woodland bowers beckoning;
All the waiting time is past.

Hail the glad, sweet Easter Day!
Lifted is the veil of gray;
Christ is risen in His glory;
It is finished now, the story;
Clouds of gloom have rolled away.

Hallelujah! Joyous sound:
What was sought at last is found,
Through the dim aisles hear it ringing,
All through woodlands hear the singing,
Echoing the world around.—Anon.

Easter Day

Words cannot utter
Christ, His returning;
Mankind, keep jubilee,
Strip off your mourning,
Crown you with garlands,
Set your lamps burning.

Speech is left speechless:
Set you to singing,
Fling your hearts open wide,
Set your bells ringing;
Christ the Chief Reaper
Comes, His sheaf bringing.

Earth wakes her song-birds,
Fits out her flowers,
Leads out her lambskins,
Builds up her bowers:
This is man's spousal day,
Christ's day and ours.
—Christina Rossetti.

Corpus Christi

Haste, flaming torches of advancing dawn,
Unto the Tomb, confirm its vacancy.
That every eye in certain day can see
It is no dream of worn cantation,
Nor any parable of Gentile lore,
That Christ hath risen and goeth on before
His very mourners into Galilee.

Passing mid lilies redolent with prayer—
White as the wings which seraphim unfold
In grace above their coronets of gold,
Or as the robes triumphant saints will wear—
He blesteth by his presence in the way
Each creature waking to eternal day;
Ere this God's purposes were but half told.

His flesh was rent apart on Calvary,
Those veins which opened at the spear's mad thrust
Gave priceless blood unto the very dust:
Yet not all hell could change the prophecy
That not a bone of him should mortals break
Nor worldly kings from him his portion take
While high above earth's darkness reigned the Just!

And so, though torn by many a man-made creed
The garments of our faith still seem to be,
The firm foundation of our hope is He,
Bruised, but surviving every foe, the seed
Sown by His Word in stanch and fertile ground
Will bloom till all its flowers of Love abound;
For what shall vanquish Immortality?
—Edna M. LeNart.

Just a Little Smile



SHE COULDN'T BE FOOLED

A recent bride on one of her first shopping trips determined to have it out with the butcher.
"That was a terrible hamburger I bought here yesterday!" she said.
"Is that so? I'm sorry to hear that. Here is some we made today. Try it. I'm sure you'll find it very good."
"No, indeed," she said. "You don't fool me again; just give me two pounds of ham and I'll make my own hamburger."—Forbes' Magazine.

NO ENCUMBRANCE



He—And your dad owns this estate with no encumbrances on it, you say?
She—None but ma and myself.

Poor Feet

"My poor feet! My poor feet!" groaned Alice, the lace clerk, as she prepared to turn in at 3 a. m.
"Smatter with your feet?" yawned her roommate at the boarding house.
"I was on them all day at the store and my boy friend was on them all evening at the dance," she moaned.

Before the Steward

"One of the club members says you spoke to him without being summoned."
"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "His coat-tails were on fire."
"As for myself, I think you were justified. However, if he makes a point of it, you will have to go."

Incurable

"So my wife has an idea that she must go to Palm Beach for her health. Isn't there some other remedy for her illness, doctor?"
"Yes; I can cure her illness, but I can't cure her of the idea."

Why It's There

Customer—The bread you sold me had sand in it.
Grocer—Yes, ma'am, that was to keep the butter from slipping off!—The Progressive Grocer.

IMPROVING BUSINESS



"Her business is improving all the time."
"What's her business?"
"Beauty doctoring."

Playing Safe

Jean—Ted's always first to put his hands in his pockets when money is needed.
Dora—Yes, and he keeps them there until the danger's over.

One on the Prince

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," mused Hamlet.
"Don't you fool yourself," returned the faithful Horatio. "I'll bet the whole trouble is with your receiving set."

Wound Up

Millionaire—Yes, every time my watch ticks I'm just \$265 richer.
Thousandaire—I'll bet you're always careful to keep it wound tightly.
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

In Style

Daughter—Father, can you let me have a little money? I haven't a skirt fit to wear.
Father—Well, what of it? If any of the girls have these days, they're not wearing 'em.

We Get You, Jimmy

Teacher—And what are ancestors, Jimmy?
Urchin—Ancestors is old folks that couldn't be here now if you hadn't and 'em.

Are You Nervous? Sleepless?

Lynchburg, Va.—"I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is worthy of all the praise I can give it. I suffered a general decline in health, grew very thin and weak, my nerves were in bad shape, I could not sleep, had no appetite, and a lot of distress in my back. My husband got five bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and by the time I had taken them I had completely regained my health and strength, I could eat and sleep, gained in weight and felt better than I had for months."—Mrs. S. P. Ashwell, 2101 8th St.
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Ivory Auction Draws Dealers to London

Every three months London holds a great ivory auction in Mincing lane. Tusks of elephant, hippo and wild boar are put on view and cover several acres, popularly known as "the ivory floor." The walrus and narwhal also contribute. At an auction held recently some forty tons of this valuable article of commerce resulted in brisk bidding.

The ivory handled in this London market arrives from various parts of Africa. It is said that elephants, living in herds, elect when possible to die in a community cemetery.

People who know an elephant's tusks only as they appear on the living animals are invariably surprised at the great length of the tusks displayed for sale. It is explained that nearly half of the tusk is carried inside.

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Seek New Methods to Conserve Coal

Experts in all parts of the world are tackling the problem of how to use coal to the best advantage.

Professor Bergius of Heidelberg has reduced coal to a paste and combined it with hydrogen at a very high temperature and pressure. The resulting fluid has all the properties of crude petroleum and can be treated in the same way to produce petrol and other oils.

Another scientist reduces coal to a gaseous form and then liquefies the gases. He has produced methanol which seems to have all the properties of wood alcohol; synthol, equivalent to a high-grade petrol; and a substitute for benzine.

General Patart, a Frenchman, has been experimenting with coal-produced synthetic alcohol, which shows a saving of 15 per cent in calories over petrol. The temperature of the radiator in which it is used was considerably lower than in cars using petrol.

Marigolds

Marigolds are old-fashioned flowers, but none the less satisfactory in small gardens. They are exceedingly easy to grow and begin to flower in a few weeks from the time the seed is planted. Moreover, they will thrive in rather poor soil, having a tendency to make heavy foliage but to throw few flowers when the ground is rich. The odor of the marigold is not very pleasing, it is true, and they are not to be recommended for house decorations. As bedding plants, however, they are extremely useful.

If the world will be gulled, let it be gulled.—Burton.