

EASTER MORN HE IS RISEN



ONE OF THE MOST NOTED PICTURES OF THE RESURRECTION.
From the painting by Plöckhorst.

White Lot their Mecca How Little Washingtonians Disport Themselves on Easter Monday.

Of all the days in the year there is none more dear to the hearts of the children of Washington City than the day after Easter. For days before it comes there are joyful anticipations and many conferences among friends, as well as hopes and fear regarding the weather. Usually there is not much to be feared from inclement weather, as at that season the little ones have their hearts' desire, the "weather man" seemingly being on their side. There are venturesome ones who would go anyway, and these are easy in their minds, but the ones who would have to stay at home were the weather unfavorable eagerly scan the sky at night and ask many times what the probabilities are for the morrow.

When the auspicious morning dawns sparkling eyes are wide open to greet its first appearance, and then there is hardly-repressed impatience until the time comes to start for their Mecca—the "White Lot." As in the olden time it was said that "All roads led to Rome," so at this time it can be truly said that all streets, avenues and cars lead to the "White Lot."

From early morning until the shadows of declining day warn all that night is near there is a constant stream of men, women and children, of all shades, and all conditions in life, with their happy faces set in one direction. All are happy, and all are equal on this one day at least. There are no poor at this time—every child has a mine of wealth untold in the basket or box he carries. No matter what his circumstances at other times, now he has what every other child has—dyed eggs to roll over the velvety slopes of the President's back yard.

IN THE PRESIDENT'S BACK YARD
It is an ideal spot where the annual festival is held. In the days when the south side of the Executive

ECCE HOMO.



By J. Beraud.

Mansion was the front this was the lawn over which rolled stately carriages, or where men mighty in the affairs of the Nation took a stroll if they chose. Now that the entrance is on the opposite side, this lawn is seldom used, except in the summer, when the concerts are given by the Marine Band.

It is just the place for egg-rolling. There are lovely grassy knolls, close-



EGG ROLLING ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN.

ly mown green slopes, giant old oaks, rearing their stately heads far above the surrounding piles of brick and stone; spashing fountains, over the rims of which the light-hearted children look at their mirrored faces, and flowers in abundance everywhere.

To the south, like a huge silver-coated monster, with its shimmering, sinuous folds, gliding between the green-clad hills of Maryland and the fertile fields of Virginia, is the beautiful and historic Potomac.

Nearer, rises, stately and white, with its glistening capstone almost in

the clouds, the magnificent monument erected to the memory of him for whom the capital city was named.

On either side are substantial buildings of the Government, while beyond, and surrounding them, is the busy, bustling city, all life and activity.

HOW THE CHILDREN ENJOY THE SPORT.

One who has never witnessed the sport of egg-rolling cannot realize how much enjoyment there is to be had from it. Local historians do not say when the time-honored custom began, but it is remembered by many when the Capitol grounds were used for it. There were long, grassy terraces and the school children gathered upon them, set the gaudy objects to rolling, then gathered themselves into a ball and followed themselves, to the detriment not only of their clothes, but of the grass.

Some hard-hearted person or persons stopped this, and after a while one who will ever hold a sacred place in the hearts of the children suggested and obtained the "White Lot" for the annual sport.

The children sit or stand in squads, as suits their convenience, and the gayly-colored eggs are started on their downward course, turning over and over and gaining momentum with each revolution, until they reach the bottom in safety, or, having struck another in its downward flight, is broken or dashed to pieces.

The children rush away to recover the spoils, and when the egg is restored to its rightful owner the feast begins, and preparation is made for next day's headache—but no matter about that; all are happy for this day at least.

Over on the west side, opposite the War, State and Navy building, there is a study in brown—or, rather in black and white—for there are gathered all shades of the most rollicking, happiest, laughing, chattering members of humanity to be found in all the world. They come and go on the lawn in small groups or singly, but the majority seem to have sought out this long, shady slope, and appropriated it as their own, and here they play unmolested.

It is an orderly crowd, and this is to be wondered at when it is taken into consideration that not less than fifteen thousand children spend the day together.

Policemen find that there is nothing to do but watch the sport. It is seldom that a tiny tot is lost. Sometimes one strays away, but he is soon restored to his anxious guardian. Parents and nurses accompany the majority of the little ones, and they, too, enter into the pleasures of the day with a vim, and get out of them much enjoyment.

THE CROWNING JOY.

The crowning joy is when the Marine Band, dressed in scarlet coats,

the Nation has come out on the portico to watch the children. He is usually accompanied by his wife and a number of his official family. The children are made happy by nods, smiles and friendly recognition with a wave of the hand.

At last "The Star Spangled Banner" is struck up, and the children know that their happy day is at an end, for that is the last number played, and is the signal to disperse.

AN EASTER LAY.

AN Easter lay, low, sweet and clear,
Falls softly on the raptured ear,
Flows ope their petals, bright with dew,
To greet its dulcet notes anew—
The earth awakes to spring's glad cheer.

The gayest herald of the year,
When April sheds her silver tear,
Borne to the skies' cerulean blue—
An Easter lay.

Mirth reigns; for Lenten days so drear
Are gone. The clamorous chanting-cleer,
With stately mien, appears in view,
And, joyous, joins the revels, too.

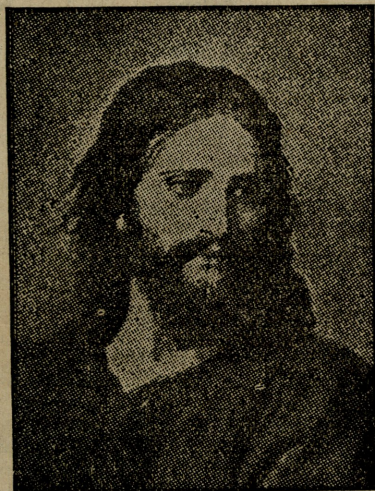
Lo! good Dame Parlett brings us here,
An Easter lay.

EUGENE CLARY.

The Establishment of Easter.

"The festival of Easter is to be celebrated on the Sunday following the first full moon after the beginning of spring."

Therefore, if the moon becomes full upon the day on which spring begins, the Sunday after the next full moon is, of course, indicated by the directions of the council as Easter day. And if the moon becomes full on a Sunday, the next Sunday, similarly, must be Easter Sunday.



The history of this controversy respecting the date of Easter which the Nicæan council happily settled, includes a number of diverting anecdotes based upon the disinclination of different people to accept even the council's ruling.

A story is told of a European of prominence who celebrated Easter every year on the very same day on which his wife celebrated Palm Sunday. Another story is told of a devout old couple in Germany who refused to abide by a new church decree relative to Easter. The decree altered the date, and on the day on which they had always attended the Easter services the old people walked from their home to the church. They found the church closed and no Easter service in progress. The old gentleman beat upon the door with his stout stick, and demanded admittance, and when there was no response from the uninhabited church the old people retraced their steps to celebrate Easter at home.

Naturally the most magnificent and imposing celebration of Easter is that which takes place in St. Peter's at Rome.—Gerald Austen, in the Pilgrim.

In Papal Rome.

In Rome before the days of disagreement between Church and State the ceremonies marking the Easter festival were elaborate in the extreme. Travelers of all religions flocked to Rome. The Pope was borne from the Vatican to St. Peter's on a litter supported on the shoulders of men, his vestments ablaze with jewels and gold, with his triple crown on his head and attendants waving great fans of peacock and ostrich feathers.

The vast basilica, which during Holy Week had been shrouded in gloom, was ablaze with lights and gorgeous with decorations. After the celebration of Mass in the church, which was crowded with people, His Holiness stepped out on a balcony to bless the crowd filling the portico. As he raised his hands in blessing the vast concourse fell upon its knees, and at the end of the benediction a great murmur arose, cannon were fired and bells rung. In the evening the great dome of St. Peter's was illuminated with strings of lanterns, the task of hanging which was exceedingly perilous and frequently resulted in the loss of life.



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Women Hunters.

It is hard to say how far Roosevelt's African hunting trip and the notoriety that has surrounded it are responsible, but big game hunting in Africa seems to be enjoying a boom, and women as well as men have fallen under the spell. Mrs. Malvina Drummond, formerly Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, is one of the most recent recruits to the jungle. Her husband is rated one of the wealthiest of all the South African millionaires, and in former seasons Mrs. Drummond's beautiful residence in Carlton House Terrace has been a center of the season's gayeties. But now Mrs. Drummond has turned her back on the drawing rooms and the ball rooms and set her face toward the veldt, and already she is on her way to South Africa. She and her husband will start in from the south, trekking from Rhodesia up to the Victoria falls and thence, if all goes well, pushing forward through country almost unexplored until they reach British Central Africa and Uganda, the hunting grounds of Roosevelt.—New York Press.

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Separation of the Sexes.

The separation of the sexes seems to have been formerly by no means an uncommon practice in the Church of England. In fact, Edward VI.'s prayer book specially mentions that at the communion service "the men shall tarry on one side and the women on the other." The papers of a church in Westmoreland includes elaborate directions for the division of the sexes at its services. All wedded men were to be placed first before any of the young men, and all young wives were to "forbear and come not at their mother-in-law's forms"—this was presumably before the days of the pew—"as long as their mother-in-law lives."—London Chronicle.

WHAT'S THE USE

Sticking to a Habit When It Means Discomfort?

Old King Coffee knocks subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what did it. A Mich. woman gives her experience:

"I used to have liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would be suddenly doubled up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could suffer any more and live.

"Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die, but I felt I could not give it up.

"However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked it very much.

"Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition, and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and taking Postum.

"A short time ago I tasted some coffee and found, to my astonishment, that I did not care anything about it. I never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will use this letter for the benefit of those suffering from the poisonous effects of coffee."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.