



EASTER

Christ the Lord is risen today
Sons of men and angels say
Raise your joys and triumphs high
Sing ye heavens and earth reply

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven
Praise to Thee by both be given
Thee we greet triumphant now
Hail the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss
Everlasting life is this
Thee to know Thy power to prove
Thus to sing and thus to love!

Charles Wesley

admits the Orient morning. You are watching, breathlessly, in the gallery on the north side. Below you is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, divided into two parts: the Sepulchre and the "Stone of Angels." It is a forest of white tapers. On its north side is the round aperture from which the Holy Fire is to stream for the great Greek Church. On the south side, the fire outlet for the Armenians, who will light the Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian tapers. This Chapel of the Sepulchre seems to soar, verily, above the packed-in mass of pilgrims around it. Behind this long line gleams the Turkish soldiery—to keep order. Directly behind their scarlet fez another circle, wedged-in of pilgrims.

For fully two hours there is a very awful silence. You hear only the sigh of expectation from the great, gaunt throng around the sacred chapel. Suddenly, the circles reel and sway. A tangled group within the inner zone starts to run in a frenzy of long-sustained suspense. The delirium is communicated. Twenty, thirty, fifty, one hundred men are tossing one another up; they are leaping up to each other's shoulders. The cry, "This is the Tomb of Jesus Christ!" is taken up, voice after voice, by the whole throng, till the swaying, reeling belts of beings begin a torrent, a storm, a whirl around the whole great rotunda. It is a maelstrom of men. It swirls a huge vortex around the Chapel of the Sepulchre. That chapel is in awful silence still; but presently to be the great central syllable of all. Yonder, from out the Greek Church, streams an embroidered procession. Its solemn chant and cadences that have echoed from the Caesars to the Tiber, that have thundered from the throne of Constantine to the Battle of Navarino, mingle with the yelling of the voices of the pilgrim-mob. This mob drives the Turkish soldiers from the church. Its on-seething rush bears the Greek Patriarch Damianos from within the procession toward that still silent Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. And its door is shut.

JESUS APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE.



From the painting by Burnand.

"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils."

have raged around the most sacred of all the "Holy Places" in Jerusalem, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the heart that dictates, not the head that disputes, as you stand within its enclosure and witness the grip of the actual wide world upon a great idea, and the grasp of the soul upon a great ideal. For, since the third century of the Christian era, this pavement has been worn by the feet of passionate pilgrims, of stately kings and of calm browed philosophers. The twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre rise in majestic grandeur above the buried city of Jerusalem. Between these domes, a Turkish shikhah was, centuries ago, established by Saladin to mount guard over the pilgrim throng within the building. Underneath the domes is the portal of the Crusaders, a Christian facade strangely at variance with the mental imagery around it. In front is the large open court, thronged with relic mongers, who are offering their sacred wares that will soon be borne to every part of the known world. Above the courtyard—bridges, walls, stairs lead in and out to galleries and chambers within the church. The great building is all an odd tattered mass, but faced together with the sigh of all the centuries for Light!

At one side is the ultimate splendor of the Greek Church that triumphs in its possession of Constantine's basilica and of the rock of Calvary. Yonder in that deep corner is the aqualid poverty of the two Coptic and Syrian chapels. Across these shrines, across the jeweled geometry of the Greek glitter, threading through the great syllables that were first slivered by the voice of Homer, breaks the melodious and dulcet chanting of the Latin Church. Stand still and listen to history in these varied voices that are supplicating the Father of All. It is Easter even. Above the great rotunda of the nave soars the dome of the Holy Sepulchre. The sky is seen through the opening in the centre which, like the Parthenon of Pericles,



FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

Deception in Draft Horses.
Draft horses are getting so high in price that lots of the big three-year-olds are finding their way to the cities as four-year-olds, after having a few of their colt teeth knocked out. I know one instance where a horse two years and six months old is on a city dray. He is a big fellow, it is true, but not old enough to stand the service.—Epitomist.

Mutton Breeds Pay.
Farmers who keep mutton breeds of sheep do not complain that sheep do not pay. It is the farmer who makes a specialty of wool, and who sends to market sheep no larger than lambs, who does not find profit in sheep. Young lambs alone give good profits, and often bring more in the market than matured sheep and its wool, but such lambs are of the quick-maturing and excellent mutton breeds.—Epitomist.

Grading Cream.
Some of the centralizing creamery plants are now grading cream that they receive from the farmers, and paying for it according to quality, and the results have been very satisfactory. Many who were shippers of poor cream are now furnishing cream of good quality; others have dropped out. This enables the manufacturers to turn out a better class of butter and make it possible for them to pay the farmers a better price. This is a move in the right direction. Those who do not grade their cream, but pay the same price for all grades, but quite naturally catch the shippers of poor cream. The result is that those who do not grade are getting all the trouble, while those who grade it are reaping the profits.

The best price is paid for the cream that arrives sweet and with no bad flavor. The second grade is sour cream that aside from this fault has the characteristics of first class cream. The third grade is sour cream with off flavors, ropey, in unclean cans, or bearing evidence of neglect.

A manufacturing concern cannot long stand that ignores quality; and the manufacture of butter is no exception.—Weekly Witness.

Intensive Live Stock Farming.

Writing of his observations of Japan farming, Professor King, of Wisconsin, says:
"According to official statistics published in 1908, Japan has in its main islands, exclusive of Formosa and Karafuto, a population of 48,542,736, and the area of its cultivated fields is 21,321 square miles. This is 2277 people to the square mile, and besides these there are also maintained 2,600,000 cattle and horses, nearly all of which are laboring animals, giving a population of 142 people and seven horses and cattle to each forty acres of cultivated field, a condition sufficiently different from our most fully occupied forty-acre farm to make the business men among us stop and do some thinking. The old farmer who permitted me to hold his plow told my interpreter that there were twelve in his family, and that he owned and was cultivating fifteen mow of land, which is two and one-half acres, and that besides his team—a cow and a small donkey—he usually fed two pigs. This is at the rate of 192 people, sixteen cows, sixteen donkeys and thirty-two pigs on a forty-acre farm, and a population density of 3072 people, 250 cows, 256 donkeys, 512 swine per square mile."

Number of Cows for a Silo.

A question that is quite commonly asked is: "Would it pay to build a silo for eight or ten cows?" One man writes that he has only twenty-three acres of land and is thinking of putting up a silo for five cows. Another that he has forty acres of land, and that he must do very good farming to grow the necessary feed thereon for ten cows, besides the feed that must be grown for the span of horses which he keeps to do the work.

Ten cows is a rather small number to go to the expense of putting up a silo for—five is even worse. It would perhaps be advisable only where the cows are extra good and very high prices are received for the product, unless the principal coarse feed is corn fodder. Then one would find it profitable to put up a silo for this number. However, on this same amount of land it would be possible to keep many more cows with the use of the silo. Ten acres of good corn fodder will furnish fifteen cows the principal part of their roughage for six months, or during the heavy feeding season, and there would be enough left over to give them all the silage they would need during the balance of the year, which would make it possible to keep them on a very small pasture. If ten cows are carried on a forty-acre farm without a silo it is safe to presume that fifteen can easily be carried on the same amount of land by its use.—Practical Farmer.

Floors of Poultry Houses.

The floor of a poultry house is a subject that is very interesting to all poultry raisers and is also one that is attracting more attention now than formerly, says American Poultry Advocate.
Your variety of floor depends wholly upon the location of your building. U. E. Fishel says: "Every house on 'fishion' is provided with pine flooring. Cement floors are a failure, while earth floors are a nuisance. Nothing can equal the pine floor covered with straw for the birds to work in." Mr. Fishel's idea of poultry house floors is based entirely on the conditions surrounding his houses.

How to Manage the Horse.

I see by the different methods that people use in familiarizing their horses with interurban cars, automobiles and other road "boogers," that many of them very much underestimate the intelligence of the horse. I saw a man about seventy years old drive his horse up to a telephone pole and jump out and get a hitch rein and the horse as quick as if he intended to head off a jack rabbit. I wondered what he was going to do so suddenly. Just then a car came by, the horse started at it a little. He unhitched it and went on. That was a new way to me, but it was better than getting on the side away from the car and trying to hold him by the rein between you and the car.
I saw a young man and his girl driving a nice rig along by the track, and as they met the car the horse shied and nearly threw the buggy over and the young man drew the whip and gave him a cut or two with it, before the horse knew whether it was the car hit him or the boy. Then I thought the next one he meets the horse ought to throw him out. I was standing on the road talking to a man nearly eighty years old. He was in a two-horse wagon with his team. He looked up and saw a car coming and said to me: "Stand between my team and the car. You needn't take hold of them, but just stand between them and the car." I did so, and they scarcely noticed the car. He had no doubt noticed that horses were not nearly so afraid of things that you yourself didn't seem to be afraid of. Horses seem often to scare and be afraid of things to scare their drivers. By all means never scare your horse by scaring at your horse. If you have confidence in your horse and can make him see you are not afraid of the thing he is scaring at, few of them will scare. A horse is a good "bluffer." He will often scare at things he is not afraid of. They can tell by the tone of your voice whether you are scared or not, and if you humer their whims they will never learn. Teach them to not be afraid by not hurting them when they are, but by showing them there is no danger.—John G. Holt, in the Indiana Farmer.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

Not a Woman Drunk.
In the whole of her American tour, said Mrs. Philip Snowden, in an address at the King's Weigh House Church, Duke street, London, she never saw a drunken woman or a woman in a drinking saloon.

Boston Shocked at Countess.
A very charming, pretty young woman, who registered at the Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass., as the Countess de Swirsky, St. Petersburg, created a sensation in the cafe of that exclusive house when, after dining, she coolly lighted a cigarette and puffed away with evident pleasure and unconcern. Lorgnettes were leveled in her direction and a murmur ran over the room which attracted the attention of the manager. He requested the countess to throw away her smoke and for his pains received a rapid fire of Russian invectives. The countess then addressed the diners in general with mingled English and Russian.

Fire Heroines at Phones.
When fire destroyed the big Ohio building at Gary, Ind., involving a loss of \$50,000, two telephone operators, Harriet Stevens and Charlotte Chesnes, became heroines, by staying at their posts near by until they were driven away by suffocation and heat. The two girls were alone in the

times to our view. We rejoice with these happy women. We are glad to be allowed to walk with them in the radiance of their joy. About these women there is no doubt that love has come and intends to stay.
But in our circle of friends there is, perhaps, a lovable woman who walks on in single blessedness. She has executive ability in affairs of the household, and we picture her as a successful manager of a home, but for some reason she never has her own fireside. We think of this friend as a true and loving wife, but she does not marry. The divine spark never seems to strike her. We bemoan the loss to our little world, and some of us protest against the barriers which wall in her heart, but there she is, smiling—and immune.
Love does not come to her. We cannot explain why her heart is not touched; we wonder at the silence when one or two adorners offer their hearts, which are promptly refused. With a potentiality for loving, she lives through her years and then passes out of our knowledge.
What is the reason? Can it be that there really exists somewhere in this world a man who can awaken the soul of the loveless one? Is it possible that in her youth she formed ideals beyond the power of man to approximate, and the first murmur of the grand passion is drowned by the loud demands of these high ideals? Or

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in four scrap-books.
Welsh Rarebit.—While this is a favorite preparation for the chafing dish, it can be prepared just as well in an ordinary saucepan or a double boiler. Melt one tablespoonful of butter. Stir into it a teaspoonful of cornstarch, and when they are thoroughly blended stir in slowly one-half of a cupful of thin cream. Cook two minutes after the cream is all in; then add half a pound of mild cheese, which has been cut in small pieces. Season with salt, paprika and mustard. Serve as soon as the cheese is melted, on rounds of toasted bread, or crisp small crackers.—Emilie Fox.

building and their presence was necessary to summon help, and during the hours of fire-fighting they stayed, until at last relieved by Manager L. H. Myers, who assisted them to fresh air and took their places himself, although the smoke was so dense he could not see the plug lights in his switchboard. The young women suffered seriously from the fumes.

Happy Homes.

Homes would be happier if Married people were as agreeable as in the days of their courting.

Each tried to be a real support and comfort to the other.

Household expenses were under and not over the sum given for them.

Married people remembered they were married for worse as well as better.

People were as polite to each other in private as they are in public; and

Husbands and wives did not make the fatal mistake of drifting into humdrum machines.—Home Notes.

Clothing Terms.

The English word "frock," denoting a kind of coat for men, was borrowed from us by the Germans in the form of "frack," and afterward became French "frac." But whereas in English it means a frock coat, on the continent it means a dress coat, which is quite another thing. In the "N. E. D.," where quotations are given for all senses, there is no trace of its meaning a dress coat in English. This application of the term must therefore have been "made in Germany," whence it penetrated to all the continental languages, including Lithuanian "frakas" and Finnish "prakki," the Finns having no "f." The term is well known in the Slavonic dialects, always in the sense "dress coat," and the Russians have even coined the admirable word "fratchnik" to describe an habitual wearer of evening dress—a "toff," in fact.

While they use "frac" for a dress coat, the French designate a frock coat by another English loan word, "redingote," which was originally "riding coat." In Spanish "frac" is dress coat, and frock coat is "leviata," i. e., levitical coat. The Young Turks greatly affect the frock, and I have heard it called by them "stamboulis," i. e., Constantinopolitan coat.

"Frock" is not the only clothing term misused by foreigners. "Smoking" (i. e., smoking jacket) is used in French, German, Russian and other tongues to signify a dinner jacket, which in New York is called a "tuxedo," from the village of that name. "Buckskin," which in English has a very limited currency, seems extremely popular in what some one has called "the gross garbles of Prussia and Holland," which use it indiscriminately for any breeches material or for the garment itself.—Notes and Queries.

Does Love Come?

In matters of love it is strikingly noticeable how reckless and extravagant Cupid is in some cases, and how slightly he treats other deserving women. All of us know three or four women of different ages whose lives are made supremely happy by the power of a great love. The mystic art that strengthens the weak and cripples the strong has a wonderful effect of presenting smiling vic-



FRILLS FASHION

Pompadour silk makes a charming tea gown.
Russian blouse coats increase in popularity.
Pleating is seen in many of the new skirts.
The pin-striped serge are particularly smart.
Handbags of black velvet are wonderfully smart.
Jewelry is now made especially for daylight wear.
Plain princess dresses in velvet are very popular.
Many of the new leghorns are faced in black velvet.
Great knots of black or white lace trim large hats.
Wide leather belts will be worn with linen dresses.
Some deep cuffs on handsome waists have been seen.
The kid and suede gloves show a wide variety in colors.
Everything that is offered in Irish lace is now popular.
Linen serges and linen diagonals will be worn this season.
Linen for the coming season are soft, heavy and pliable.
Ribbons in silver and gold, also in copper, are at hand.
Heavy Russian lace of linen is to be much used for trimming.
Scarfs are as popular as ever, and their kinds are numberless.
Chiffon is used most lavishly for afternoon and evening blouses.
Sleeves with puffs at the elbow, below the elbow, and others with no puffs at all, will be used.
Ruffles down the left side of otherwise tailored blouses—a dainty and feminine touch—are seen.
Hats with gigantic jeweled heads and advertised as the "latest idea from Paris," are all the rage.
The cottonball fringe, sometimes elaborately knotted, is being much used as a finish to covers, as well as to bed spreads and for window drapery.
Checked opaline taffetas, which reflect the colors of a shattered rainbow, are liked for afternoon wear, veiled discreetly with neutral-tinted mousselines.