

# Easter Morning



## CHRIST AS A CHILD SHOWN IN HOFMANN'S CELEBRATED PAINTING

Of all modern painters of New Testament themes perhaps the most popular is Hofmann of the German school. Hofmann has many wonderful pictures of Jesus in his ministry. "Christ and the Rich



"Young Man" being among the most famous. But in none has he excelled the child Jesus taken from his "Crib" in the Temple. This represents the Master at the age of twelve, when he disputed with the doctors and astounded them with his wisdom.

**Recipe for Easter Salad.**  
Cook the tough stalks of celery in one quart of clear soup stock and when tender remove them. Add to the liquor two tablespoonfuls arragon vinegar, one-half teaspoonful piquant sauce and two tablespoonfuls of gelatin softened in cold water. Stir slowly until the gelatin is dissolved, then turn into a border mold and set on ice to become firm, says the House-keeper. In the meantime boil six eggs for twenty minutes, let them become cold and then cut in two crosswise. Remove the yolks, mash them fine and add one sweet red pepper for every five eggs. These peppers can be purchased in cans. Add six stoned olives and run all through the meat mincer. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten, then refill the cavities in the whites, press two together and set small end up inside the ring of jelly, which has been slipped out of its mold. Immerse in hot water. Wash with crisp lettuce or celery.

## EASTER GAMES

The people of Holland are not much given to change, and if you should chance to visit some of the eastern provinces about Easter time you would find the children of the country following some of the old customs that have been in practice for hundreds of years.

One is called the "Palm Paschen," which really means Palm Sunday, and for a whole week before Easter the boys and girls go from house to house begging for eggs.

They sing as they walk and carry the palm paschen, a long stick with a green wreath on the end, in their hands. These are the words of their song:

Palm, Palm Sunday!  
Hoi koolt!  
Soon it will be Easter.  
And we shall have an egg—  
One egg, two eggs.  
The third egg is the Easter egg.

They knock at every farmhouse and are very seldom sent away empty handed.

When they have collected as many eggs as they wish they boil them hard, stain them brown with coffee or red with beet root juice, and when Easter day comes they carry these eggs to the meadows and play what they call the "Eiertikken."

This game consists of sitting on the grass in a circle, each child knocking his egg against that of the child next to him or her. It is usually done so that only one egg is broken, and the owner of the whole egg is winner of the broken one.

The game ends when there are no more eggs to break.

Another Easter game played in the Netherlands on Easter Monday is called the "Eiergader." For this the keeper provides the eggs. He, with all the people, go to the village green, where the eggs—perhaps twenty-five in number—are placed at equal distances along the road. The distance between each is about twelve feet.

In the middle of the road is a tub of water, in which floats the largest apple to be found. Two men are chosen. One with his arms tied behind his back must eat the floating apple to the last bit before the other picks up, while running, all the eggs and arranging them in a basket.

The one who finishes his task first is the winner and has the eggs for a prize.

You can imagine the fun they have with the man who tries to eat the apple.

The egg dance is a pretty custom which may still be seen in some parts of rural Switzerland.

A number of eggs, perhaps a hundred, are scattered over a level space and covered with sand. Then a couple, taking hands, dance over them, and if they can finish the measure without breaking an egg they are believed to be blessed for the year. If they do break an egg, the most odd rate parent can separate them.

## WHEN EASTER COMES.

By MARGARET E. SANISTER.

When Easter comes the violets  
The shyly hooded faces  
White like the frosted snows  
adrift  
Heaped high the woodland spaces  
When Easter comes the "stubeam's"  
dance  
On green leaves all aquiver,  
And grasses rally, spear and lance.  
By rippling brook and river.

When Easter comes the lilies haunts  
What like the bells are ringing  
To bring their perfumes, pure and  
chaste,  
From hallowed censars swinging.  
And many another darling  
Shines dim church aisles on Easter-  
day  
Beneath their torrid whiteness,  
And happy children kneel and pray  
Amid the lilies' brightness.

When Easter comes a merry train,  
The robin, wren and starling,  
With song and wing are here again,  
And many another darling  
The bluetit and the wren,  
The martin and the swallow,  
"Away," they chant, "with grief  
and dole!  
Here's spring, and summer 'll fol-  
low!"

When Easter comes, when Easter  
comes  
Then winter's spell is over!  
Ere long we'll hear the elfin drums  
Where bees are deep in clover.  
After we catch the swaying lilies  
Of wings among the daisies  
And see the rose cup's sweetness  
split  
Among the garden mazes.

When Easter comes—ah, happy  
day!  
E'en tears like dewdrops glisten,  
And songs climb up the heavenward  
way  
While angels bend to listen,  
For love and life and joy untold  
Are in the age long story  
That spells itself on harps of gold  
And thrills with endless glory.

## Easter Table Decoration.

Place rabbit in center of table, the big bow around his neck and have narrow ribbon fastened around his



paws. At the end of each ribbon tie an Easter egg for each guest with the name put on in gilt paint.

**Easter Lilies.**  
O Hiss, pure and splendid;  
O Hiss, bold and white,  
Grow with a Christian's virtues,  
Your blossoms of love and light!

## The Mahogany Dresser

The Story of the Other Bidder  
By GLADYS HADGE

Mrs. Ames read the advertisement with eagerness.  
"For sale—solid mahogany dresser, French plate mirror, almost new, sacrifice for cash."  
Then followed an address in Fourth avenue.

"Tom, dear, that's the very thing we want. Why, I've been looking everywhere for a bargain in dressers for the spare room. Suppose I meet you in town tomorrow and go and see the thing together."  
"Couldn't possibly tomorrow, Susan, returned her husband, with decision. "Besides, one can usually buy these things as cheap in the furniture store, and get 'em brand new too."  
"But, Tom, one really can get splendid bargains in furniture," persisted Susan tearfully. "Mrs. Smith bought that lovely Shaker chair for only \$15 and when it was all done over it was like new."  
"Hush!" observed Mr. Ames absently as he consulted a memorandum book.

"Tom Ames, I don't believe you heard a word I said!" cried Susan.  
"M-m-m-h-m!" mumbled Tom, glancing doubtfully at the penciled figures he was creating in the book. "I've had to go and telephone to Jones. There's some mistake about this contract. And he hurried from the room, and a minute later his aggrieved wife heard him talking vigorously to his partner.

"I know what I will do!" she declared suddenly. "There's that \$25 that Uncle Bob sent me on my birthday—horrid custom for him to send me a dollar for every year of my life. He ought to forget it—the less I mean, and not the more."  
"Perhaps" was the answer. "You would suffer most if deprived of a well made bed."  
The two confederates, with a loutish bought over a servant to their designs. She was not, it was agreed, to make his bed for that night.

Least slept badly and the next morning simply said, "You have forgotten to make my bed."  
For two days following she neglected making the bed, and on the third day the maestro simply said:  
"I see that you have decided not to make my bed. Well, let it alone. I have come to accustom myself to it."  
Ori de Paris.

**Artist and Counterfeiter.**  
These used to be an old German counterfeiter in this country who was a veritable wonder with the brush and pen. This man literally painted pictures of twenty dollar notes which were works of art. He used to take except his pens and brushes, and it took him a week to do the portrait of a banknote. He figured that his handicap was worth about \$3 a day and worked under the idea that the world owned him a fair living, and should not object if his talent led him toward portrait painting with twenty dollar bills for models. Even his terms failed to impress him, however, when his wife said: "A counterfeiter of banknotes is a man of his station, and you are a man of the vulgar of some other world, and to be even greater so, marvelous was the delicacy of his brush work."

**Miscellaneous Tidbits of Talk.**  
"Mascally" improved "Mascally improved" Sydney Smith remarked one day. "I have observed in him of late flashes of intelligence." The "honorable vivandity" of this enormous talker nettled Smith, who found it impossible often to voice his own wit and wisdom. "I wish I could write poetry like you," he complained to a friend. "I would write an 'inferno,' and I would put 'Mascally' among a number of devils and 'me' in 'him!'"  
Another contemporary described a day as "topping all over on every subject and standing in the slope."

**Followed the Example of Cato.**  
In the first year of the last century London affected great admiration for Cato's suicide, the feeling being aroused by Addison's play. A gentleman named Budgett, after witnessing its performance, threw himself into the Thames on his way home. His body was recovered, and on it was found a scrap of paper with these words: "What Cato did and Addison approved must needs be right."

**Everybody Has Trouble.**  
"I can't get a new hat because the children need shoes."  
"I'm in the same boat."  
"Why, you have no children."  
"True, but I can't get a new dress because the auto needs tires."—Pittsburgh Post.

**Accomplished.**  
"She's a clever conversationalist."  
"Very. She can even make a man who is talking about himself stop to listen."—Detroit Free Press.

**Followed the Prescription.**  
"My doctor said I needed a change."  
"And did you act on his advice?"  
"Yes. I employed another doctor."—Boston Transcript.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Jobert.

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