

Life Reigns Supreme

by A. Watson Watson



It is the joyous Easter morn.
When life from seeming death is born.
When loosened waters of the lake
Listen to bird calls in the brake.
And winds from out the perfumed south
Rise fragrance to the lily's mouth.

Christ rose from earth on this glad day
And left above His tomb a ray
To banish Doubt—there Hope beams
Bright.
And Faith holds in her hand a light.
While "Joy, Joy, Joy," the church-bells
ring.
"Love conquered Death, and Life to King!"

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 hid lost the cold steely gray and showed the color of a bluebird's wing.



"SEEMS GOOD TO HEAR IT AGAIN," SMOILED ARTEMESIA. and the bluebird himself was singing among the swelling buds of the cherry tree. Artemesia looked drearily across the bay. If all seemed bleak and cold to her—typical of her life "Well, Artemesia Lee, don't it seem good to smell the springtime air-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 suppose 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 merrily. "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." "Fahaw!" murmured Artemesia, half respectfully. "Opening my shutters won't make me young again." "Of course it will! Why don't you understand, Arty, 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 relation had been of a cold, dreary outlook on life, and this creed that flung new preaching was new to her, but it sounded edifying. 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 pe 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— Mercy me, is that the oil 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 patting 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 him she had heard some 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 accustomed 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. Passerby 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 blarney games upon the thinking piano.

"Seems good to hear it once more," dighed Artemesia, who had not played for many years. "Why don't you play some 'vintage du'?" asked pretty Josephine. "Ah, 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 lease of life 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 bridle 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



MIS HAND CLASPED TIGHTLY OVER HER—as THEY HELD THE HYMN BOOK. 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. It is wrong to apply the story of resurrection that way," she ended timidly. Hanna shook her head vigorously. "It's not 'wring' 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 Easter tide. "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, brown, stouter, but with the same smile and the same dizzy look when his eyes met Artemesia's. She by side they stood, and his hand clasped tightly over hers as they held the hymn book together. Josephine in her pretty finery stared wondering at Artemesia's glorified face. "Ma," she whispered, "is Uncle Jack going to marry Artemesia?" Mrs. Ford nodded vigorously. "If Arty will have him, and I guess she will, for her heart shutters are open to stay."

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's very easy 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 sent him in. If you are careful you can put him inside of an eggshell.

HOT + BUNS

Here is a tested recipe for the hot cross buns for Easter. To one cupful of scalded milk add one-fourth cupful of sugar, two tablespoonsful of butter and one half teaspoonful of salt. When it is cooled enough not to hurt the yeast cake—that is, about lukewarm—add one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water. Also add three-fourths of a teaspoonful of cinnamon and three cupfuls of flour and one egg well beaten. Mix these well before adding a half cupful of raisins and currants mixed. The raisins should be cut up and stoned, of course. Let it rise carefully covered like any buns or rolls overnight for breakfast. In the morning shape the buns like large biscuits, leaving a space of an inch for them to spread, and let them rise well. Brush them over with beaten egg and bake about twenty minutes. When cool make a frosting into the form of a cross on the top of each or else cut a cross in each just before baking and scatter sugar on when serving them. A glaze of milk and melted butter can also be used wiped over with a bit of soft cotton cloth when they are just ready to take from the oven.

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 re-created 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 Estre, who was worshipped 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 Gaudi"—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 Easter 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."

RESURRECTION EMBLEMS.

Egg, Chrysalis and Kernels of Grain Used as Symbols. With the egg and the chrysalis all are familiar, but in older 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 market places. 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."

Perpetual Youth

A Case in Which It Would Not Work Well. By F. A. MITCHEL.

"I see by the newspapers," said Reinhard, "that these institute fellows who have been substituting knee joints in the legs of human beings and otherwise repairing the human body claim that they are on the way to cut out substances which lead to decay or aging on old age and when they succeed we shall always be able to remain young." "Hm!" granted Von Buest contemptuously. "You seem to doubt the possibility of such a result." "Doubt it? It has been done long ago." "Been done long ago? What do you mean, professor?" Professor Von Buest took his pipe out of his mouth; he was always smoking—and looking the other in the eye, said. "Reinhard, the consent of this age is intolerable. Most of our discoveries are accidental, though I will admit that nowadays our scientists are drawing out nature's secrets by scientific experiment. Why shouldn't what has been accidentally discovered today have been accidentally discovered before?" "Because such discoveries electrify the world, and we all know of them." "Some of them do now, that knowledge is so widely diffused that you who are German know that there still remain in the fatherland those who investigate for the love of science and, despising the world, do not always give out their discoveries, and when they do it is because they will benefit mankind." "What do you mean by saying that the elixir of life has been discovered?" "I did not say that. Listen to me and I will impart a secret." Pasture did not begin our present methods of microbe investigation. Jenner began it a century ago. Why should the idea be dormant from the time of Jenner's suggestion till Pasture took it up and developed it? It did not lie dormant. Many scientists thought about it, and some made experiments based on the idea of vaccination which Jenner propounded. "It is needless to tell you how I became a scientist. You know all about it. I was born a scientist. When I was a little boy I was wondering what held the clouds in position, why objects were reflected in soap-bubbles, how animals walked. When I was six years old I killed my pet kitten to see its works, which I supposed to be similar to those of a clock. That may seem shocking to you, but it was the beginning of investigations which led to prolong life." "At eighteen I left the university. I had found the professors a stupid lot, handing down what they considered knowledge from one generation to another. Some of it was knowledge, but the most of it was error. The first president of this republic, Washington, was killed by just such men, who, following an ancient theory of letting blood in case of fever, bled the Father of His Country to death. I came into my estate soon after leaving the university, a landed property in Pomerania on the Baltic sea. There, rid of the false knowledge that flooded the world, I established my laboratory." "I followed up the killing of my kitten by an onslaught upon such inferior animals as would give me the secrets of nature. I worked twenty years, at the end of which time I discovered an antitoxin for the decay that accompanies age." "Why, professor?" interrupted Reinhard. "You are seventy and you look seventy. If you discovered this antitoxin, why did you not arrest the effects of age in yourself?" "Not so fast, my friend. At the time I made the discovery I was forty years old. I could not bring back my youth, and the beginning of disease is the time to arrest it. There is another reason. I did not hunt for my antitoxin because I wished to live forever, since I knew this would bring me intolerable misery. I experimented to satisfy my thirst for knowledge. And now I can explain to you why the world never got my secret. I did not wish to cause my fellow men to suffer. At my present age I have lived too long. Had I the physical strength of youth the mental ennui of age would be with me. And what would this ennui be in an other seventy or twice seventy years?" "In the lonely region in which I lived I had one congenial friend—Welsbard. His tastes were not my tastes or he should have hated him. In his world I found something different, something to freshen me. To him alone I confided my secret. I had cause to regret my confidence. He had a daughter fifteen years old, a lovely, beautiful girl. 'Could you keep her as she is today,' he said to me, 'the rest of my life would be supremely happy.'" "I sighed, for I knew that a desire to preserve his daughter's youth would master him and he would pursue me till I consented to give her perpetual youth. I paid no attention to this first broad hint, but it came again and again, and finally took the form of a definite request. "For a year I resisted, fearing Welsbard that if I consented the day

would come when his daughter, Wilhelmine, would long for age, it not for death. Her associates would grow old while she would remain young. She would have experience which is in compatible with youth. She would belong neither to her own generation nor the one next below her. Having no proper position, being identified with no particular age, she would be a worse enemy to herself than the microbe that produces the decay of old age. All in vain. The opportunity to preserve his daughter's youth and beauty was too tempting for him. He gave me no peace till I consented. "When I began to give Wilhelmine the antitoxin she was sixteen years old. Hers was my first case and my only one in practicing upon a human being after having satisfied myself of the efficacy of my remedy, and naturally my efforts were not at once successful. I did not completely arrest Wilhelmine's natural decay till she was midway between seventeen and eighteen." Von Buest paused and resumed his pipe. "Well, professor," said Reinhard impatiently, "go on." "In what way? In the case of Wilhelmine Welsbard there are many stories. What would you prefer to know about her?" Reinhard thought a few minutes, then asked his friend to tell him if the girl gained or lost by remaining young and why. "What you ask to know," replied the professor, "lies in itself many branches. I will confine myself to one—Wilhelmine's relations to her husband. She married Max Menzel. She was then twenty, he thirty. He grew old, his wife remained young. Her father one day came to me with a cloud upon his brow and told me that his son-in-law, who was getting gray and otherwise showing signs of age, was making his wife miserable by his jealous behavior. She was still young and beautiful and attracted younger men than himself. "From time to time Welsbard came to me to tell me that matters between his son-in-law and daughter were going from bad to worse. At last he confessed that he regretted having argued me to give the latter perpetual youth." "I have given her perpetual youth," I replied, "only so long as it may be desired." "Her face lighted with pleasure. 'Can you re-establish the ordinary process of growing old?' he asked. "There is nothing to re-establish. Let your daughter stop taking the antitoxin and the natural decay will be resumed." "I did not see Welsbard for a week, at the end of which time he looked more lugubrious than ever. I asked him what troubled him. He told me that he had proposed to his daughter to cease taking my antitoxin and she had flatly refused. Welsbard had never wisely told his son-in-law that his wife could resume the process of following him to old age if she chose, and he had urged her to do so. She was obstinate, and a quarrel had ensued between the two that had far surpassed their happiness for-what is, all that was left of it. "And here, my friend, comes an instance of the unity of nature. A unity that is best for us always. As you know there are numerous instances in which we believe her decrease and deterioration should grow old. And just those old fellows like Ebenezer Howard, who continually seeking for the secret of life, a man may be satisfied with growing old, a woman may be satisfied with having perpetual youth. They are in harmony with the rest of the universe." "At first it seemed that remaining young with her children would be a boon to her. It did not turn out so. A melancholy phase of life is that we cannot be of the next generation beneath us. Even a young body will not bridge that gulf. "Every year after this the husband grew older, while the wife remained young and beautiful, and every year the gulf between them grew wider. After awhile it became a case of December and May. The older Frau Menzel grew in years the more pleased she was with the attention of young men. They, while pleased with her beauty, found in her an experience which did not accord with their own exuberance. This led to a continued disappointment in her that soured her disposition. The couple's bickerings wore on Welsbard, who reproached himself for being the cause of their troubles. "And yet there was one thing that would have undone, partly at least, all the mischief. All that was needed was for Wilhelmine to stop taking the antitoxin." "That could scarcely be expected," remarked Reinhard. "How did the matter end?" "When Frau Menzel was fifty years old—she reached that age a year ago—she was a very singular compound, having a youthful body and an old mind. One evening, having forced her husband, who was now sixty, to take her to a ball, she insisted on dancing the turkey trot, which was just appearing in fashionable society. When the pair reached home there was a violent quarrel, the result of which was never known, but the couple were never seen together again. Soon after this the husband died, and the wife discovered that the antitoxin ceased to affect her. Her youth and beauty suddenly collapsed. In a night she had grown old and ugly." "What was the matter with the antitoxin?" asked Reinhard. "I was making it for her, and after she quarrelled with her husband about the thing I ceased to put in the proper ingredients."