

RESURRECTION

AN EASTER POEM
By LAMME HAYNES MARTIN

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A SEPULCHER of sodden earth, a pall of cold gray sky;
A dreadful silence, save the dirge of the walling wind's last sigh;
A dreary void, all colorless; no vibrant life doth thrill
Across the widening wilderness—the far dim stars are still
Beneath the bare, entombing earth a germ of life is pent
In graveclothes, till an inward thrill, and cerements are rent,
And groping roots reach out to grasp the bosom of the world,
And upward springs a budding plant with leaves like wings unfurled,
Upon its head a coronal of glittering rainbow hue,
Like saint with fabled aureole—a lily-crowned with dew.



THE heart's a tomb, all pulseless, cold,
Long hid beneath the silent mold
Of Doubt and Vanity and Hate,
And yet beneath this mountain weight
A spark divine with power untold.
When from the tomb the stone is rolled
From unseen roots of Faith there spring
The leaves of Hope, fast blossoming,
And then a wondrous flower in bloom—
The flower of Love—and from the tomb
The soul has risen. Thus reborn,
Dost doubt the resurrection morn?

CURIOS EASTER CUSTOM.
A curious Easter custom has been observed for many centuries in the western Alps. One hundred eggs are distributed over a level space covered with sand, and the young men and women perform a dance around them. If a couple are fortunate enough to finish the dance without breaking an egg it is taken as a token of the compatibility of their temperaments, and they are betrothed, and that is perhaps as good a method of making marriages as any yet discovered.

Ruffin's Friend

An Easter Story

By JEANNETTE E. WALWORTH

TO Ruffin, shifting restlessly from one dirty little bare foot to the other, the fastidious deliberation of the gentleman who was selecting an Easter lily from Mrs. Moser's stock was not only exasperating; it was "tommynot." One lily was just like another.
Ruffin stepped boldly between buyer and seller. He lifted a small, freckled face, made bright by a pair of winning blue eyes. "Mister, I'm lookin' for a job. I'll carry your lily home for you."
The gentleman looked Ruffin over critically. Mrs. Moser indored the boy. "Oh, you can trust Ruffin, sir."
The gentleman put his hand into his pocket. "All right, Chipmunk. Adime, lan't it?"
Ruffin shook his head. "Not yet. Wait till the goods is delivered. I want a stop over privilege."
The gentleman laughed. "He found Ruffin delightful. "All right, Chipmunk."
"Well, it's this way, sir. I got a friend. She's my friend all right, but she's heap closer to kin to the angels than she is to me. She bo'ds at the house where I jobs. I clean the steps and take out trash and such. She don't belong there, but I reck'n she's down on her luck. I was rattlin' out her stove one day last week, and I heard her sort of say to herself, 'Oh, if I only could smell the lilies once again, it would mak' me well.' She do look mighty peaked, mister. And I ups and says, pointin' to a big book she had



"THE GARRY TOUR LILY FOR YOU."

open in her lap, 'Is them lilies, Miss Gertrude?' And she says: 'Ascension lilies, Ruffin. You know what they stand for?' And I had to own up I didn't, and then she talked to me like a angel might 'a' talked and told me more about the Bible and Jesus than I bet any of the preachers know. And I thought if she was sick for the smell of the lilies I might help Miss Withers to get well. Is it a go, mister?"
"It is a go, Chipmunk. But," he handed Ruffin a card, "I will be at that address before 3 o'clock, and if you fall to show up what trust I do about my lily?"
Ruffin grinned confidently. "Send the chief of police to Mrs. Blisland's bo'din' house on east Forty-six street and tell him to ask for James Ruffin Clark." And he was off.
At the street and number engraved on the card a Morris chair was pushed up to a front window by the lily buyer. A quarter to 3 by his watch—would the Chipmunk show up? The doorbell rang.
He called to the white capped maid as she passed to open it. "If it is a boy with a lily, bring him in here."
Enter Ruffin, crimson from rattle walking, but with the light of triumph in his eyes. "The big clock out yonder's jus' strikin' 3, Mr. Marchalk."
"Well, Chipmunk, did your lady friend take a smell of it? Put the flower there on that stand in the window. And did it make her well?"
"I don't know about it makin' her well, sir, but she said it made her glad, and then she bust out cryin'." When I'm glad, I grin. Don't you?"
"Invariably, Ruffin."
Ruffin drew a crumpled envelope from the bosom of his faded blouse. "And you asked me her name, sir. They'd just emptied the waste paper baskets into the trash barrel in the area, and this was on top." Marchalk glanced at the envelope, but declined it as a possession—Miss Gertrude Withers. "All right, Chipmunk. Now let's talk about James Ruffin Clark."
"Oh, he don't count for nuthin, sir," said Ruffin with an easy laugh, which sobered into an avestruck expression as an elegant lady with big black eyes and snowy white hair entered.
Marchalk rose to his feet. "Hello, mister; this young gentleman brought out your Easter lily."
"It was at the thimble-trick-table that Marchalk's mother gave him a message: 'Lloyd, Cornelia sent you word that she wanted you to be sure to come to church tomorrow. You know

she is directing the music this year. They have secured a wonderful soloist, and your sister wants your opinion of the girl's voice. I think Mr. Davenport, our organist, is trying to interest your sister in this young woman. She is a fine musician and, having been thrown on her own resources, has conceived that it is easy to get pupils in New York. At any rate, Miss Withers is boarding in the same house as Mr. Davenport. Cornelia is quite stirred up about her."
Marchalk passed his cap. "It seems," Mrs. Marchalk pursued, "that this girl was joint heir and owner of a very fine cotton plantation near Chattanooga with an older brother. The older brother must have been a scamp of the first water. He came on to New York, leaving her living on the plantation, where she had always lived. It appears he went it at a pace. Before three years were over he had got this poor girl to give him powers of attorney, and it was only after he had the decency to dispose of himself that she found out he had mortgaged the plantation for more than it was worth, and the mortgage was foreclosed, leaving her penniless."
"You did not happen to bear the brother's name, mother?" Marchalk asked in a queer voice.
"No, nor the name of the man into whose pocket her home passed."
Marchalk was in his mother's pew on that Easter Sunday. He listened with a pleasure that verged upon pain to the rich young voice that swelled above the grand organ notes in "Consider the Lilies." The voice was divine. And her name was Withers!
Marchalk's mind traveled swiftly backward to the time when Eugene Withers stood before him, a wild, disheveled boy, almost pleading for help. Withers had been his roommate and chum at Harvard—a wild, reckless, unbalanced boy. He got the help he asked for—got it time and again until, with patience exhausted, Marchalk had mildly suggested some sort of guarantee of security for the large sum. It was then that the mortgage was given and accepted. A little while longer and Withers had shuffled off responsibility with the mortal coil.
It was perhaps a week after bearing that wonderful voice in church that Marchalk called on his sister Cornelia. "Well, what progress in the matter of pupils making in the matter of pupils?" he asked with a nervous laugh.
"Poor girl, I pity her!"
"Oh, you would indeed. Lloyd, if you could only see her—the gentlest, prettiest, most patient little thing. Oh, I wish you could see her!"
He did see her. He saw her again and again. Months had passed when Marchalk, going up the now familiar steps, met Ruffin coming down them. They stood together on Mrs. Blisland's stoop. Marchalk extracted a ten dollar bill from his pocketbook and held it out to Ruffin.
"What's that for, boss?"
"For you to get a new suit."
"What for, boss?"
"Because you need it, Ruffin, and because in a way you were instrumental in making me know your friend, Miss Gertrude. She and I are to be married next month, Ruffin, and I don't want you to disgrace her in church."

THE FIRST EASTER DAY.
Never so sweet a hush
In all Judean nights,
Never so fair a sun
Rose o'er Judah heights,
Never so hovering dove
Did all of heaven lean,
As when approached the tomb
The weeping Mary Magdalene.
What marvel greets her eyes!
Too late bedimmed are they!
Behold no portal barred—
The stone is rolled away!
Vacant the sheltering depth
Where he was laid to rest:
Vacant the narrow space
Whereon his body rest.
Only the cerements white
Where he, the Son, had lain;
Only at head and foot
The guardian angels twain—
The standing angels twain,
Of gentle mien and grave
To speak of word fulfilled
Of him who died to save.
How spread the mighty truth!
How all the earth divin'd
What glorious promise kept
The Saviour of mankind!
And so the world is glad,
And men, rejoicing, pray,
As did his servants when
Came the first Easter day.
—Stanley Waterloo.

TRUTH THAT EASTER TELLS.
IF you look into the face of humanity on Easter day and listen to its accents and watch its movements wherever the message of Easter has been spoken you know that it is joyful news, good tidings. The pealing bells, the jubilate songs, the churches and the homes bright with the flowers of spring, the festive garments, the whole costume and utterance of Christianity show that the word has been spoken as a word of cheer, a word of hope, a summons to rejoicing. Is not this in itself a great achievement? To fill the heart of the world with a great hope and an unselfish joy—is not that a great good? That Jesus the Christ has done all this for the world no man can deny.
There is reason in this rejoicing. It is the truth that Easter tells that makes the whole earth glad—What is this truth? It is the truth that there is life beyond the grave. To the perfect man there is no death and in every man there is a spiritual principle over which death has no power. This has been the unquenchable hope of mankind in all the ages, and the resurrection of Christ gives to this hope a great confirmation.—Dr. Washington Gladden in Woman's Home Companion.

An Easter Blossom



Easter Day In the Churches

Easter day is pre-eminently a day for church-going. Three hundred million people, it is estimated, throng the churches throughout the world on Easter, bending the knee in homage before the King of kings.

The Easter festival is one of the most beautiful in the church calendar, a festival in which flowers and exquisite music play important parts.

Easter is the harbinger of spring, the glorious season of hope, of revived life, presaging the immortality of which man in his philosophic moments has a vague perception.

Let this Easter day bring you into communion with that great church which God established for the redemption of the world.

Go to church on Easter and hear in anthem and sermon that marvelous story of the resurrection. Who knows? By that very act of attending the house of worship you may resurrect in your own soul the latent God hunger which, when it fills one's life, transforms him into a man of wondrous power.

Go to church on Easter day and behold the flower laden chancels, the gorgeous varicolored blooms of spring, so beautiful to the human vision after the sterile winter.

Go listen to the exquisite music, the sacred compositions of many of the world's masters of harmony, which the choirs will render for your edification.

Easter day in church will appeal to all that is noblest and best in you. Go to church and partake of that spiritual uplift for which your soul yearns.

FLOWERS.
For groups of beautiful growing plants in the church at Easter more for color are richer than the amaryllis in bloom and the Lilium auratum, that royal old lily that is so delicate as an outdoor plant. Sometimes it grows and blossoms wonderfully, and again it declines cultivation, yet as a pot plant it rarely fails. It is a magnificent addition to an Easter collection, with its stately air and its golden band, the emblem of its royalty.

EASTER EVE.
I saw two women weeping by the tomb
Of one now buried in a fair green place
Bowered with shrubs. The eve retained
No trace
Of aught that day performed, but the
Faint gloom
Of dying day was spread upon the sky;
The moon was broad and bright above the
wood.
The distance sounded of a multitude;
Music and shout and mingled revelry.
At length came gleaming through the
thicket shade
Hedrae and caryops, and a steel-arched
band
Watched round the sepulcher in solemn
stand:
The night word passed, from man to man
conveyed,
And I could see those women rise and go,
Under the dark trees moving sad and slow.
—Henry Alford in Kansas City Star.

The ardent admirer of Mrs. Fankhurst who prophesied that she'll have a monument in Westminster abbey forgets that if England doesn't soon come across there won't be no abbey.

Now some misguided reformer has had it put in the paper, right where the ambitious young men of the neighborhood can't help seeing it, that playing on the organ in a new way to be reviving the litany.

"Why does this hen refuse to associate with the other hens?"
"Oh, that hen is descended from one of the original Plymouth ducks."
—Kansas City Journal.

NEWS AND NOTES

Denver, August 10.—The Faculty of the University of Denver, which has been organized for many years ago, when the university was first founded, has been reorganized. The new organization is known as the Faculty of the University of Denver. It is composed of the following members: President, J. H. ...

Short Stories

A fellow who was making an alarm clock with his own hands, and was so impatient as to make it in a hurry, was told by a friend that it was more than 100 times as accurate as any other alarm clock in the world.

Current Comment

Peace in the International Peace Conference—Baltimore Star.
Now is the best opportunity to place the city of Chicago in the Chicago Year.
The constant need for money throughout the country is everybody that comes to the price of humanity—Chicago News.

Foreign News

Yet they call Great Britain a Kingdom—Baltimore Star.
In remembrance of the day when the three men were crucified, a last year's game—Chicago Dealer.
A secret society, known as the Order of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, has been organized in Chicago. It is a secret society, and its members are known as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. It is a secret society, and its members are known as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

Town Topics

The fire trap, St. Louis to be a not a feature of the House of Representatives—St. Louis Republic.
A dollar a word is offered in Cleveland, and it's almost a dollar in Cleveland—New York Herald.
Chicago ought to have a warning that will get a second hand it gets all its contemplated business in—Chicago News.

Wireless Whispers

British North Borneo is now in wireless communication with the Philippines.
Condemned as useless but a few years ago, the wireless tower has made Paris the center of the wireless world.
One of the greatest disasters ever which a wireless message is said to have been sent in from Berlin to a vessel voyaging between Hamburg and Africa—distance of over 4,000 miles.
To accomplish this feat the wireless waves had to travel over the Alps and the Algerian tableland.

English Etchings

There are nine killed regiments in the British army.
It is estimated that football costs England £7,000,000 annually.
Practically all the English manufacturers of sheet iron have formed an association in place of that dissolved several years ago.
Almost the only thing in the world the life of the English workingman has not got into is the car.