

EASTER DRY CLEANSING



The Cleanser's Art is a necessity for every good dresser. Garments will become soiled, regardless of all precautions, and the cleansing imperative.

Delicate chiffons, choice laces, costly silks, velvets, and any importation of the Modiste's art is cleansed successfully by our New Process. Our effort to maintain high standard work is strengthened every day by our continual increase of highly pleased patrons.

Have your suit in readiness for the bright Spring days. Our Cleansing Process will meet every expectation toward cleansing your suit and other wearing apparel to your entire satisfaction.

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Their Graceful Heads the Easter Lilies Rear



Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

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

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

—Charles Wesley.

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THE INFLUENCE OF EASTER.

Everybody Needs the Message, "Rise to Newness of Life."

No one may account himself free from the spiritual teaching of Easter. He who may consider the resurrection truth concerning it romantic, allegorical, or mythical, is not practical. Some truth is needed that everybody needs the message of Easter, "Rise to Newness of Life."

Is he in all respects the noble being who would have his friends consider his influence always on the basis of that which is high and true? If that is only that which God shows him to be, there is not room for improvement in every one's life? Self-examination and honest, sober thought will surely teach every one of us that there are nobler aims, purer motives, higher attainments than any which we have ever heretofore known. The exhortation has to do not only with private, personal character, but with domestic conduct, social relations, business associations and the duties of a citizen. Let us cast away the clouds of darkness and put upon us the armor of light, laying aside much that now fills our life and mars our conduct and rising to newness of life with heads erect in the consciousness of breathing a purer atmosphere and dwelling in the glorious sunshine of God's favor.



If Christ Be Not Risen.

If Christ be not risen, then death has absolute power in the world. If the cross of mankind kills so that there can be no future making alive, then Christ himself becomes the greatest witness to this fact, the wisest and most powerful and purest of men having no defense against death and no power afterward of returning into life.

Easter

O white robed angel, speak to me,
Ere dawns the morning fair;
Roll now away the stone of grief,
Of gloom, of dread despair!

O white robed angel, bending low,
I hearken to thy word—
This resurrection morn with hope
Hath all my pulses stirred!

O white robed guardian of a grave,
Where once the Master lay,
The resurrection and the life
Shall be my joy today!

O white robed angel, point the way
Till I my Savior see:
Till willing feet shall follow him
To his loved Galilee!
—Helen Elizabeth Coolidge in The Living Church.

GOOD FRIDAY.

I was a little child who walked beside the beaten way
The air was hung with flower scents, and in the meadows lay
I heard the song birds murmuring and children at their play
I walked until I saw a bill, and there, against the sky,
I saw three crosses raised aloft and on them, plumed high,
I knew a holy man, our Lord, was just about to die.

I saw the gleaming sun go down, I saw the flowers fade,
I saw the fire from above as on His face it shined,
And then I heard a woman scream, and lo, I was afraid!

I was a little child who walked beside the beaten way
I could not understand or guess—I knew not what to say—
And yet, with untaught heart, I knelt beside the road to pray!
—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in New York Times.

Behold the Lilies



On Easter Morn
O N Easter morn
The softened winds to every quickened ear
Breathe music sweet, telling the time of year.
All nature sings, and in glad antiphon,
Blent with the organ's tone,
The voice of man in praise to heaven is borne.

With April's fairest offerings we adorn
Our altars, emblemizing eternal spring
O'er winter triumphing,
And good o'er evil, joyous-ness o'er gloom—
Yea, life o'er death, Christ risen from the tomb
On Easter morn.

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Springtime's Spirit

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