

**THE DONOGHUE IMPORTING CO.'S
EASTER SUGGESTIONS**

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Quality throbs in every drop of these select vintages. Quality that builds up. Quality that adds zest to your meals. Quality that your friends grow enthusiastic about—that's Sinclair Wine. Your choice of



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What Easter Should Mean

DOES Easter mean to you only the wearing of a new hat, a new frock and the studying of fashions as worn by others? Do you let it bring to your little ones only the rabbit's nest of colored eggs or the fluffs of yellow chicks? Does it strike no higher chord in your being than the fact that spring is at hand and you must have light and becoming apparel? Easter is more than all these. It is the force in nature that brings the leaf, the bud and at last the glowing blossom from the clod. It is the resurrection of the life of those things we call inanimate because they cannot talk to us; how much more than the springing into being of the good that may be dormant in our hearts.

What the little ones should be told this Easter morning is that the life of the world itself is new; that the grave cannot hold within its confines the mighty spirit of growing things. So I beg of you to not dwell too largely upon the sadness of the cross and the crown of thorns, but rather upon the glorious truth that those were but small in comparison with the glory of Christ's rising.

If the remembrance of the freeing from the tomb means anything in teaching Christianity it means the beauty of the resurrection; it means that the very spirit of "Christ risen from the dead" is to be carried out in real life; that joy and fresh, glowing happiness are to be taught and believed in. Gloom has no place on Easter day. What is past is past; troubles that have come are gone; pain that has been suffered and cured is to be forgotten, and this is the meaning that Easter should bring into every mother's morning greeting to her little ones. "You were ill yesterday, but you are well today." You are to live as if the sun was newly born, the skies newly washed in their sunny blue, the stars but just freshly placed to shine to give you pleasure, the moon sailing like a beautiful round globe for your eyes to see. All these mean a keener enjoyment, a better understanding, and you will find response in each small body and loving heart if the practice be the teaching of the Golden Rule, not only today, but all the year.—Emma Irene McLagan in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Queer Palm Sunday Custom.
 In Lincolnshire, England, there is a singular ceremony on Palm Sunday in a village church. A deputy from Broughton brings in a very large whip, with large thongs of strong white leather. During the early part of the service in the church a man named for the purpose comes to the door and cracks the whip three times, then, with much ceremony, wraps the thong around the stock of the whip, puts some rods of mountain ash upon it and binds the whole together with a whipcord. Then he ties to the top of the whip stock a purse containing 2 shillings (about 60 cents), then takes the whole and marches into the church, where he stands silently until the first lesson of the service is finished. He then goes up nearer, waves the purse over the clergyman's head, kneels down on a cushion and there waits, with the purse suspended, until the lesson is ended. After the service is over he carries the curious whip to the next hamlet.

Easter Song.
 How shall I know the swallow's wing
 Will cleave once more the air of spring,
 And the rattle crescent bud again,
 Shoot upward in the April rain
 Until it bursts to blossoming?
 How shall I know the violet moss,
 Frost unnumbered, will renew its gloss,
 The thick-tipped hidden thrush rehearsal
 The music of its vesper verse,
 And joyance follow after loss?

Through all the darkness and the dol,
 Like some transcendent aureole,
 Like some fair pharos on a height
 Flung its beams athwart the night,
 Faith shall reveal the way, O soul!
 —Clinton Scollard in Denver Republican.

Leftover Sandwiches.
 Sometimes after a party there are sandwiches left over. Here is an excellent way of using them up: Make a batter exactly like you use for pancakes and add to it either sugar or salt, according to whether the sandwiches are sweet or savory. Then each sandwich is dipped in the batter and fried till a golden brown in fat from which a faint bluish smoke is rising. No matter how dry they are they are delicious done in this way.

Talltale Tommy.
 Tommy—Do you go to bed very early.
 Mrs. Peck?—Yes, Tommy; sometimes when I feel tired.
 "You wouldn't go so early if you were married to my father, would you?"
 "Oh, Tommy, you funny boy! Why not?"
 "Cause my father told mother that if he were your husband he'd make you sit up!"—Exchange.

Guard Your Habits.
 We are creatures of habit. We succeed or fail as we acquire good habits or bad ones, and we acquire good habits as easily as bad ones. That is a fact. Most people don't believe this. Only those who find it out succeed in life.—Herbert Spencer.

Sound Advice.
 "Is there no way of stopping these cyclones?" asked a man of the traveler who was recounting his experiences in far countries.
 "No," replied the narrator. "The best way is to go right along with 'em."—Exchange.

Whenever you can look at yourself and be satisfied you should begin to suspect yourself of moral blindness.

Happy Easter Thoughts



Easter Morning

WHAT tidings of reverent gladness are voiced by the bells that ring?
 A summons to men to gather today in the courts of Christ the King!
 We come to our dear Lord's altar.
 What brightness greets us there!
 The gloom of the winter has vanished, and beauty is everywhere.
 Oh, beautiful, beautiful lilies, what truths you typify!
 You seemed to die in the autumn, and yet you did not die.
 "Alleluia!" the choir is chanting, with joyous, jubilant voices.
 "The Lord is risen, is risen! Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!"
 "He is risen!" Oh, glorious message! "He lives who once was dead!"
 And hearts that were heavy, with sorrow hear and are comforted.
 From the censers cups of the lilies rise scents of myrrh and balm,
 And the soul, like a lark, soars upward, winged with the Easter psalm.
 And on this Easter morning, while joyful voices sing,
 You repeat to all the lessons of the miracle of spring.

From the tomb in which men laid him the stone is rolled away,
 And, lo, the Christ they sing of is here in our midst today!
 —Eben E. Rexford in Christian Herald.

The Lily
 THE lily, whose purity and beauty have become the symbol of the Christian Easter, is, according to the flower genealogists, Chinese, though it appeared as long as 3,000 years before the Christian era as a theme of decoration on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments.
 "The original lily," says the Southern Workman, "is believed to be the oldest of all plants," and it observes that it is the only one that has none but regal relatives. The kinkof of the rose are very poor. The chrysanthemum has been brought out of almost the weed state, but the lily is an aristocrat that seems to have been so divinely molded that man has been unable to change it materially. Even the Japanese are content almost to worship it as it is. Little Japanese toys never look so charming as when they are admiring this thing which brings the divine beauty of the wonderful world into even the most menial surroundings. Often this queen is found standing majestic and adored in a simple vase or bottle in the workshops, even in blacksmith shops.
 On this side of the world Bermuda is the great lily storehouse. Those who visit the islands in the month of April can ride for miles over the finest natural roads in the world—those in Barbados alone excepted—among fields of pure white flowers, growing in such profusion that the ground is not visible.
 Nothing is to be seen but masses of white and green. There are over 200 such farms, some from thirty to forty acres in extent, devoted exclusively to lily growing. The heavy perfume can often be discerned a mile or more away. The fragrance of a bunch of lilies delicately scenting a room or a porch is very different from the overpowering fragrance exhaled from an immense farm. The natives, however, are quite resigned to the heavy perfume, knowing that a acre for every growing lily is three or four times as profitable as the other products of the islands. Lily bulbs were first brought to the islands from Japan.

HER NEW OFFICE.

First Time in the History of Politics a Woman's Bureau.

MRS. BASS ALSO SUFFRAGIST.

Wife of a Retired Chicago Lawyer Will Head Permanent Adjunct of the Democratic National Committee. Was Also a Prominent Clubwoman.

For the first time in the history of American politics a woman's bureau is to be established as a permanent adjunct of the national committee of one of the big political parties.
 On March 6 Mrs. George Bass of Chicago was selected by the Democrat-



MRS. GEORGE BASS.

A national committee chairman of the woman's bureau and will have her headquarters with the rest of the committee in Washington.
 Mrs. Bass is the wife of a retired lawyer of Chicago. During the recent presidential campaign Democratic leaders accorded Mrs. Bass the lion's share of credit for having carried ten of the twelve strange states of the west and middle west for Mr. Wilson.
 One of her devices was to have circulated throughout these states copies of the handsome photograph obtainable of Mr. Wilson.

BACON FLAVORS.

How to Cook it in the Episcopus's Way and Season With It.

There's a world of difference between bacon well cooked and bacon badly cooked, and yet the task of cooking bacon seems so simple. Any new cook would look at you in blank surprise if you questioned her as to her ability to cook bacon, and yet not one cook in a hundred can cook it to a turn.

In the first place, bacon needs constant watching during the cooking process. It also needs to be served almost immediately on cooking. This makes it difficult for the one cook who must have charge of the preparation of an entire meal. If our kitchen regimes were large enough to provide for a special bacon cook we might solve the question quite simply.

Besides needing constant watching bacon needs to be cooked over a low flame. If you use gas for cooking it is a good idea to use a wire frame over the flame to diffuse the heat and subdue it. When the bacon is put into the griddle the fire should be low, so that the fat will be extracted enough to grease the frying pan before the bacon begins to fry vigorously. As the fat increases pour it off, leaving only enough in the griddle to keep the bacon from burning. Most persons like bacon well cooked, and it is very much more healthful when prepared in this way. Therefore, see that it is thoroughly done before allowing it to brown. Have a soft paper on a dish in the oven, and as the pieces of bacon are ready place them on paper to drain and dry a few minutes before serving. But do not permit the bacon to remain standing long before serving, as this robs it of much of its delicate flavor.

If very crisp bacon is desired it can be fried in deep fat. Or, better still, bacon drippings already saved can be poured on the griddle and heated and the bacon cooked by allowing it to fry in that deep fat for a short time at a rather high temperature. Remove it from the fat before it has begun to cool.

A delicious bacon dressing that may be served with lettuce, endive or dandelion is made by heating five tablespoonfuls of bacon fat and cooking in it two tablespoonfuls of flour and a dash of paprika. Add five tablespoonfuls of vinegar and half a cupful of water. Stir till smooth and boiling and then add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Do not let this boil after the eggs have been added.

Hats for the South.
 An interesting feature of the millinery market has been the introduction of new hats for the southern season, these showing medium and wide brims and being trimmed with a great deal of hand embroidery and ornaments made of very narrow velvet ribbons. The shapes are largely of Panama and coconut straws. Quillings is another feature, especially of hats with the newest sets of hats and scarfs include long mittens with gausheen shaped wrist portion.

**THE LORD IS RISEN
INDEED!
AN EASTER POEM
BY CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON**

COME, listen to the anthem that we sing!

Listen, and let your doubts take wing, take wing.

Listen, and let your hearts be comforted, for Christ, your Lord, is risen from the dead.

That tomb of stone no longer is his prison. The door is open, and your Lord is risen.

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