



This Miracle Rebirth

When Winter's icy breath
Muttered the cold word "Death,"
Far seemed the dream of Spring—
A half forgotten thing.
But, lo! as in an hour,
The sky opens like a flower,
Rosy and blue with dawn,
Its chilly mists withdrawn;
And where bare boughs were seen
Hover soft clouds of green.
Spurning the withered leaves,
The flowers start in sheaves,
And o'er old Winter's tomb
Break into wondrous bloom
While birds with joyous cries
Wing to the shining skies
This miracle, re-birth,
Thrills once again the earth,
By resurrection stirred,
Roused by the holy word:
I will arise!

The Holy Week in the Eternal City



There is always a large crowd at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, and as early as eight o'clock the people begin to assemble. The ceremonial itself lasts about three hours and in order to see it many visitors stand for five or six hours. Ladies alone are favored with seats, and only then if they are in dark dresses and with black veils over their heads, instead of hats and bonnets. One of the papal regiments is always on duty within the sacred precincts to be replaced by the "mole-guard" of the pope when the latter enters the church. During the service the chief sacristan brings forth an armful of so-called palms and places them on the high altar. These are stalks about three feet long resembling a walking cane dressed up with strips of yellow straw. In reality they are stalks to which artificial palm leaves have been glued.

His holiness the pope, who dresses plainly for the occasion on account of the fact that the church is still in mourning during the Lenten season, enters the church in his chair of state. He advances up the nave; he gives his blessing to the assembled multitude until he finally reaches the throne at the further end of the church.

Blessing the Palms.
After some thought the pope proceeds to bless the palms which are brought to him from the altar. The blessing is effected by reading certain prayers and the incensing of the palms three times. An embroidered apron is now placed upon the pope's knee and the cardinals advance to his holiness, receive a palm from him, kissing his right hand, his knee and the palm. The mitred abbots, who are next to receive the palms, kiss the pope's foot instead of his knee. There is some more music and then low mass is said, after which the pope is carried back with the same gravity to the small chapel whence he came, which connects by a passage with the Vatican.

The great event in Rome on Wednesday in holy week, is the singing of the Miserere in the Sistine chapel. The service which is also called Tenebrae from the darkness in which it is held begins at half-past four. The whole office is a finely finished musical composition which is performed by the organ and sung by voices of what is probably the finest choir in the world. During the singing of the service all the candles on the altar are extinguished one by one, with the exception of the topmost candle which is concealed behind the high altar, a symbol of deaths of all the prophets before the coming of the Savior and of the resurrection of the Christ.

The Sacred Oils.
On Thursday, the ceremony of blessing the oils takes place in St. Peter's during mass. There are three varieties of oils to be blessed and the ritual surrounding benediction is somewhat complex. The first is the oil of the catechumens used in baptisms, churches or ordaining priests and in blessing and crowning sovereigns. The second is the oil used in extreme unction administered to those who are dying, while the third or sacred chrism composed of oil of the balm of Gilead is used in confirmation. In the consecration of bishops and in the blessing of bells. The bishop is attended by at least twelve priests with seven deacons and seven subdeacons all robed in white, and the ceremony is most impressive to members of the Catholic church. The bells in Rome are rung from the morning of Thursday morning until evening and such is the custom that in many of the churches the bells are employed to mark the hours of the day and even the hours of the night.

school bells are mute. On Thursday also the pope attends at St. Peter's for the ceremonial washing of 13 bishops. The pope is dressed very plainly in white with a small white biretta and a red cape. He divests himself of his cape before the ceremonial and at the close presents each of the bishops with a towel and a few flowers, a gold medal being afterwards sent to them by an official of the Vatican.

Ceremonial of the Supper.
After this there is the ceremonial celebration of the Supper, in which the 13 bishops hand plates to the pope, who pours out wine and water for them to drink. On this day the altars are all stripped and there is set up in the nave of St. Peter's the grand pentecost where a cardinal sits to give absolution for mortal sins which are beyond the sphere of ordinary confession.

In the streets on the evening of Thursday the shops of sausage-makers, candle-makers, and pork dealers are decorated and illuminated in a most fantastic way. The most prominent object in each is a statue of the Virgin and Child enshrined amidst candles and flowers. On Good Friday the air of gloom is accentuated in the churches. The pope is robed in red but he neither wears his ring nor gives his blessing. The soldiers' arms are reversed and all decorations possible are stripped from the altars. Yet notwithstanding the peculiar solemnity of the religious services of the day the shops, public houses and places of business, also the palaces, where pictures are shown, remain open as usual—the only indication of the religious character of the day outside of the churches being the muteness of the church bells. This disregard of Good Friday in Rome particularly strikes the Protestant visitors who come from countries where the day is observed reverently and quietly.

Rejoicings Are Loud.
On Saturday evening on the reading of a particular passage in the Sistine chapel the bells of St. Peter's are rung, the guns of St. Angelo are fired and all the bells of the city immediately break forth. At St. Peter's there is the blessing of the paschal fire and the paschal candle is lighted. As might be expected Easter Sunday is celebrated in Rome with elaborate ceremonials, the pope himself officiating at high mass at St. Peter's with the most gorgeous ritual. The magnificent basilica is decorated and myriads of lights blaze from the altars and round the tomb of St. Peter. Seated in his official chair and robed in vestments which scintillate with gold and precious stones and wearing on his head a magnificent tiara the pope enters the crowded church. Beside him are borne two large fans of ostrich feathers and over him is a richly embroidered canopy. After officiating, the pope leaves the church to appear a few moments later surrounded by high officials of the church in the central balcony from where he extends his blessing. In the evening the dome and the entire church are a blaze of candles and artificial lights.

"Alive Unto God."
Not the future state of the soul, but its present condition is the vital thing. Men are bliden not to be anxious about the morrow—unless it may include the eternal morrow—since "the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." And all will be well with man, as with the "fowls of the air" and "the lilies of the field," if he, as they do, performs the functions ordained for him, and is loyal to the true law of his being. Human souls are to "be dead indeed unto sin" in order that they may be "alive unto God." If they are thus alive their immortality is assured. "There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this."—Exchange.

Promise of the Spring.
Today people are not so much concerned with the date of duration of the Easter feast—unless it be the makers and sellers of fashions, who would like to see it come as early as possible, the better to dispose of their wares. Today men and women accept the feast of gladness thankfully whenever it comes, not bothering about ecclesiastical disputes or thinking of the joy of the spring and the promise of the spring.

FAD TRACED TO DUTCHMAN

Diplomat of Holland Said to Have First Worn Monocle at the Congress of Vienna.

Several explanations have been given as to why the monocle was first worn by a Dutchman. Sir Horace Rumbold wrote that the fashion of wearing it was introduced at the congress of Vienna—a congress which remade the map of Europe back in the last century. He told that it was a Dutch "exquisite"—which is the diplomatic language for "dude"—one Jonkheer Breche, who was the first man to wear a monocle, and he showed this brand new fad to the diplomats and their followers assembled at Vienna. After that introduction the fad spread to all parts of Europe, but took its strongest grip on England.

Toward the end of the first quarter of the Nineteenth century the fad of wearing a monocle had become so popular that a writer of a book on the care of the eyes and the preservation of the vision inveighed against it. The name of the writer was Dr. Kitchiner, and in 1823 he published this book, the title of which was "Economy of the Eyes." Referring to monocle he wrote: "A single glass, set in a smart ring, is often used by trinket fanciers for fashion's sake. These folks have not the least defect in their sight and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such irritation."

PRIZE MOST EAGERLY SOUGHT

"Grand Prix de Rome" One of the Most Coveted Awards in World of Music and Art.

The grand prix de Rome is a prize awarded by the French government yearly for the best work in sculpture, painting, music and architecture. The competition is confined to French subjects over 15 and under 30 years of age, and consists of four years of art study, three of which are spent at the Villa Medici at Rome, and the fourth in traveling through Italy and Greece, all expenses paid by the government. Candidates are selected by competitive examinations conducted by the Ecole des Beaux Arts, under the direction of the minister of fine arts.

Those who pass the entrance examinations are placed "en loge" for a period of several weeks, explains the Detroit News. This means that the student is locked up in a private studio, during which time he is not permitted to see any one, or even talk to the servant. The only recreation given to a half-hour walk daily in the grounds. During this time he is expected to prepare something finally to be passed upon by the authorities.

Wild Turkey Stupid Bird.

A pen built on logs and inclosed on every side and roofed, the only entrance being an opening beneath the bottom log on one side, is all that is necessary to entrap the otherwise wary and watchful wild turkey. The birds, eagerly following a luring train of corn, are led along the pen and up through the opening under the log and into the pen. The instant a turkey finds itself in the pen it knows it has got itself into a scrape and seeks to escape, but it pays no attention to the opening in the log by which it entered, and persistently dashes around the pen its head in the air, looking upward for a place to get out.

The old-time pen-trapping turkey hunter never had any anxiety about his game escaping from the trap, and he had only to wait a sufficient time to find it filled with the foolish birds. All with their necks stretched full length, looking for a place in the roof through which to take wing and ignoring the big opening under the log that let them in.

Mayor Elected in a Belfry.

Brightlingsea, a pretty little town on the coast of Sussex, England, not to be confused with Brightlingstone, now known as Brighton, is a law unto itself in the election of a mayor. Other cities and towns may choose their chief magistrate on November 9; Brightlingsea prefers December 5, and carries out the old-time ceremony in the belfry of the parish church. The mayor of Brightlingsea is no ordinary mayor, he is a deputy of the Cinque Ports (just as the lord mayor of London is admiral of the port of London) and he has six assistants, each of whom cheerfully pays a "fine" of 4s. for the privilege of "aiding the liberty of Brightlingsea," and possibly in collecting the 10s. which Brightlingsea has paid to Sandwich every year these last five centuries. Some day a very courageous mayor of Brightlingsea, elected in the belfry, will announce by bob major that he intends to get rid of the debt by payment of a lump sum.

Valuable Eucalyptus.

The extraordinary usefulness of the eucalyptus has probably done more than its beauty to bring about its rapidly increasing cultivation. Used as fuel, the wood burns very rapidly but with a bright, clear flame throwing out much heat because of the large amount of oil it contains. The hundred or more species of the tree provide a wide variety of timbers, some of which are already extensively used for furniture making, house construction and even shipbuilding. The great strength and durability of the wood is more remarkable when one considers its lightness and its rapidity of growth. Even in tanning and paper-making it has been found useful. We may expect, then, that the small plantations now to be seen everywhere in Southern California will rapidly increase in size and number.

THE INTERVIEW

By AGNES GRAHAM BROGAN

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Geraldine Humphreys May had been interested and remarkably helpful in promoting child welfare, instituting leagues and working tirelessly herself in the lower parts of great cities. But her name did not become famous until she had, understandingly, written personal stories of various small foreign subjects. There was about Geraldine May's stories the charm of sincerity. One could almost see the pleading eyes of Pauline Trivski as one read the tragic story of the child's life, and one could laugh over the escapades of Tiny Tony Magneno.

Geraldine Humphreys May was entitled to her fame. But newspaper men found her a difficult person in the matter of interviews. Club women all over the country were clamoring to hear this clever woman's views on certain vital questions, anxious to "see her picture, to know something of her personality. In vain Miss May declined to be published in magazines, determined she refused all ambitious newspaper reporters.

And because of this the Daily Herald was more than anxious to make that conquest, so it was decided to send Bill Hampton out for the Geraldine May story.

He just went after his interview and got it. Everybody liked Bill. "The High Brow," as the office force jestingly referred to the difficult lady, was known to be stopping at a secluded inn on the Hudson. When Bill reached the adjoining village he learned that Miss May and her niece occupied an apartment at the rear of the beautiful summer lodge, and that Miss Geraldine May might be seen every morning walking in the rear gardens, while her niece camped on a high garden wall and watched for invaders.

Upon the approach of a stranger, the niece referred to as "Gerry," would slip down from the wall to give her aunt warning to retire.

Bill intended to waylay the niece herself upon one of her afternoon walks and endeavor to win her over to intercede for him. Miss Gerry May usually spent her afternoons with book on sewing on a bench-tree set back from the road. So Bill Hampton found her. As he was always frank in his methods, he presented to her his card with explanation.

But she shook her head at him. "It's no use," she said. "Miss May could not be persuaded to see you. She will not talk for publication. She is busy most of the time now with her new book of stories. I don't blame her for not wanting to be bothered."

"But you see," explained Billy dolefully—he had seated himself at Miss Gerry's side—"this thing would mean a big scoop for me. And I'm after fame too, by way of advancement in my business. I sure do work hard for that. And if your aunt refuses to see me, couldn't you act as a sort of interpreter, get her to tell you her views and all that?"

Gerry laid down her sewing and considered the eager yet humble young man before her. "Why," she asked slowly, "would it be, as you say, a great scoop for you? Would it really help you out in your profession?"

Bill seized his advantage. "Your aunt has always been charitably inclined," he suggested. "I am sure the old lady has a kind heart. And while I am not exactly on the lowest step of the newspaper ladder," Bill paused, then his eyes lightened in anticipation. "It certainly would be a big thing for me," he said. "Well, go on with your questions," she invited. "I'll take a chance on answering."

His glance was grateful but disappointed. He hated to hurt the feelings of this obliging little creature, but Gerry's interpretation of her cultured aunt's views would, he realized, scarcely measure up to the reputation of that unusual woman.

"Couldn't you," he stammered, "get her to write out the statement for you—a statement ready for publication?" The niece's eyes met his, brown eyes, sadly reproachful, then suddenly laughing, eyes with golden lights in their depths. Bill's heart fluttered and the fluttering was not at all unpleasant. The girl laughed and then Bill laughed too; a laugh of pure enjoyment in life and his surroundings, a happy laugh in the companionship of this witching girl, whose fathomless eyes held and thrilled him strangely.

"No," the girl answered his question. "I could not get Miss May to write out a statement for publication, for you see, it's much easier to talk, I myself, happen to be that hunted down writer. And as you kindly suggest, being also a charitably inclined and kind-hearted old lady, I will help you with your scoop."

Bill Hampton stared. "But," he began, then halted incredulously. "Aunt Geraldine Humphreys May for whom I am named," Gerry patiently explained, "chaperones me about wherever I go; and I can talk intelligently upon the subject of child welfare," she added, "being vitally interested."

So Bill confusedly got out his pen. "Did you get the high brow?" the boys at the office asked him, but he did not hear their question. He was wondering how he would be able to get his work out of the way tomorrow in order to catch the 1.30 out to Hudson View Inn.

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