

SPIRIT OF EASTER



Easter Lore the World Over



On Easter morning and eat an apple. Meantime she will say:

As Eve in her thirst for knowledge ate, So I, too, wish to know my fate.

If the seeds are even, we will prove faithful; if there is an odd number, alas!

The usage of interchanging eggs at Easter has also been referred to its origin to the egg games of the Romans, which they celebrated at the time of our Easter, when they ran races in an egg-shaped rings, and the victor received eggs as a prize. These games were instituted in honor of Castor and Pollux, who came forth from an egg, deposited by Leda, after Jupiter had visited her in the shape of a swan.

The one who gets a golden egg Will surely have a never beg. The one who gets an egg of blue Will find a sweetheart fond and true. The one who gets an egg of green Will jealous be and not serene. The one who gets an egg of black Bad luck and troubles never will lack. The one who gets an egg of white In life shall find supreme delight. The one who gets an egg of red Will many tears of sorrow shed. Who gets an egg of purple shade Will die a bachelor or maid. A silver egg will bring much joy And happiness without alloy. A lucky one the egg of pink. The owner never saw danger's brink. The one who gets an egg of brown Will have an establishment in town. The one who speckled egg obtains Will go through life by country lanes. A striped egg bodes care and strife, A sullen man or scolding wife. The one who gets an egg of plaid, His heart is good but luck is bad.

GATHER FOR JUDGMENT DAY

Moravians Visit Burial Ground Easter Sunday to Welcome the Dead, Should They Arise.

The Moravian churches of this country have their Passion week, with somewhat peculiar rites. They settled in Pennsylvania and North Carolina. At Bethlehem and other places in Pennsylvania they are the predominant religious sect. At Salem, N. C. they established a very interesting and unique colony in 1753. There they have a strong church and one of the finest colleges in the country. Religious service is a daily occurrence in the church during Passion week. The sacrament is administered and many of the younger set are confirmed. On Saturday, the closing day, they have the love feast and break bread together as one happy family. The juvenile pleasures are not overlooked. Late in the afternoon of Saturday the children are to be seen busily engaged about the hedges and fences constructing rabbit nests in which they expect rabbits to lay eggs during the night, and they are never disappointed; they always find the nests bountifully supplied with various colored eggs on Easter morning.

The church congregation is up before the dawn of Easter day. They assemble at the church and proceed to the burying ground to welcome the dead should they rise. They are led by a brass band and church choir. The concourse passes up the broad graveled walk, which runs between rows of ancient cedars, to the center of the cemetery, which is odd, quaint and beautiful. There they pause and sing hymns, in which all the people join. The singing stops as the sunlight comes over the rugged eastern hills. All is silent and solemn while the clergyman reads out the names of those who have been placed to rest in the burying ground since the previous Easter.

Easter and the Passover. Although the date of Easter had been settled with the particular intention of preventing it from ever occurring on the same day as the Jewish Passover, the Mosaic decree failed to prevent this entirely. Since 1800 Easter and the Passover have been observed together on April 12 in 1805, 1825 and 1846. Also they will occur together on April 1, 1925; April 17, 1927, and April 9, 1951. However, the Passover usually falls on the week before Easter. It never comes before March 23 nor later than April 26.

Popular French Belief. An Easter superstition of French origin says that the young girl who wishes to live long, marry the man of her choice, and prosper, must never eat any other food than the Jonquill which she has picked. These only

she is to eat. She is to know if she has chosen the right man early

WHY? DO WE SPEAK OF A PORTERHOUSE STEAK?

MANY authorities have attempted to trace the origin of this name for the succulent cut of beef to a man named Porter who is supposed to have maintained a restaurant in the lower part of New York city. But the real reason for the term was because, in the early part of the last century, there existed in New York a number of public houses where ale and porter were the favorite beverages ordered. These taverns or saloons came to be known as "porter-houses." The proprietor of one of these establishments, receiving a hurry call for a particularly tender and appetizing steak, made the experiment of cutting the top off a roast which had been sent in for his personal use. The customer was so pleased that he called back a day or two later and demanded another of those steaks, adding that he had never tasted one before he came to this particular porter-house. The fame of the tavern and its steak soon spread and it was not long before epicures throughout the city were asking for a "porter-house steak" and butchers, learning the secret of the cut, adopted the term themselves. (Copyright.)

KIDDIES SIX By Will M. Maupin

THE FLAT OWNER'S FATE

A RICH man built a row of flats. All modern and complete; A velvet lawn stretched out in front Along the noisy street. And then he tacked a sign up high Above the passing crowd: "These handsome, modern flats for rent— No children are allowed."

He garnered rents in golden store And riches high he piled. The while the echoes never rang With laughter of a child. No childish feet went pitter-pat Adown the marble halls. The gloomy corridors never rang With children's happy calls.

The rich man died, as all men must, And neared St. Peter's gate. And over the golden arch he saw The words that sealed his fate. The words he saw were writ in flame, And seared his hard heart well: "This place is full of little ones— You'll have to go below." (Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

With our sharp weapons we shall the fray, And take the castle that thou'ldst in; We shall thee flay out of thy foul skin, And a dish, with onions and pepper, We shall thee dress with strong vinegar— Spenser.

WHAT TO EAT

A VERY nourishing dish is onion powder. Cook two cupsful of minced onion in three-eighths of a cup of butter for thirty minutes or until the onion is soft. Add eight potatoes, pared and sliced, one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of mixed herbs (such as sage, marjoram, sweet basil, and one quart of water. Cook until the potatoes are tender, then add three cupsful of milk and one cupful of cream. Let come to the boiling point and serve with pilot crackers.

Corn Flake Macaroons. Take the whites of two eggs, beat until stiff, adding a pinch of salt and one cupful of sugar very gradually, then fold in one cupful of corn flakes and one cupful of ground nutsmeats, or a mixture of coconut and ground nutsmeats, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Plain Salad Dressing. Mix with one-half cupful of granulated sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of milk and one-half cupful of vinegar. Mix the dry ingredients, then add the milk and vinegar; cook in a double boiler until thick. When ready to use thin with cream. (Copyright.)

Nellie Maxwell

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

It doesn't do to work too hard— So soon we hear the final call When I consider that I think It doesn't do to work at all.



Man who speaks contemptuously of "friends" never had real ones. When a man gets something by luck he is sure that he has brains.

Uncommon Sense By JOHN BLAKE

DON'T MEDDLE

THERE may be somewhere in the world a man who can run his neighbor's business as well as his own, but we doubt if you ever met him.

There may be a woman who can successfully raise her own children and keep her own house, and at the same time be profoundly interested in the way her next-door neighbor raises her children and keeps her house, but if there is such a woman she has managed to keep herself pretty well hidden.

Your neighbor's affairs are interesting, of course. Their mistakes, which are very many, are deplorable. The way they treat their children, the way they let their dog bark all night, the reckless manner in which they drive their car are all things which ought to be bettered.

You could better them, of course. But the moment you begin to better them, your affairs will be neglected.

You will find, as you go through this world, many men and many women and many methods that you do not approve of.

You probably won't like the girl your neighbor's son is going to marry and will feel that you ought to talk to him about her.

Don't do it. He will misunderstand you, and may thank you for it.

You doubtless think your neighbor is to blame because all the servants leave her as fast as they are hired. Probably she is to blame. But you won't get any gratitude for showing her why she is to blame. People are "unreasonable" about things like that.

Your neighbor may get down to work too late in the morning and get home too early at night. You may feel that he is neglecting his work, and is in a fair way to get fired because of it.

But it would be a mistake to tell him so. Perhaps he can afford to keep easy hours. Perhaps he makes them up by working at night. You don't always have all the facts on which to base your opinion of him.

Your neighbors, you will find, will get along about as they have been doing whether you help them or not. And they won't be at all pleased at your assistance.

Furthermore, you will be so busy giving this assistance that your own affairs will get in a mess. And when they do, you will be insulted if your neighbors tell you you ought to have spent more time attending to them. (Copyright.)

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

CAN YOU—?

THERE are certain things that every one who wishes to be well bred should learn how to do—certain things that one should master in order to establish smooth sailing on the sea of social intercourse.

Can you, for instance, glibly and without embarrassment introduce two strangers? Do you know how to introduce a business friend to your wife, your wife to the wife of a business friend, your son to your employer, your mother to the mother of a friend? None of these introductions should be worded the same, each calls for slight modification.

Can you, for instance, offer your seat to a woman in a crowded car in the proper way? Do you know the rules for good form when walking with a woman acquaintance in the crowded street of a city?

Can you word a letter asking a young woman to go with you to a dance, or, if you are a young woman, can you word a letter politely accepting or declining an invitation from a young man to a dance?

Now, all these seem like simple things to do, but they are things that sometimes baffle even persons who have had an opportunity to observe social usages. Stop and ask yourself if you can do them. They are the sort of thing that failure to understand sometimes causes no end of embarrassment when the time comes. (Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE OLD DAYS

I WONDER if the Old Days came again. As oftentimes we mortals pray they may. We'd live them as we lived before, for pain Or joy, according to the special day?

For me the good that lay in olden days. Lost in the hurry of the onward flight. I still may find, I'm sure, in coming ways That lie beyond the curtains of Tonight.

And for their ill, the lessons that they taught Will shield my path from many a lurking sorrow— And if of Old Days my New Days be wrought I'll find them born again in my Tomorrow. (Copyright.)

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