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An Easter Dinner
by
Katherine Edelman



Billy Carlson picked up the phone rather nervously and called his wife. After a few moments of aimless conversation he gulped a little and brought it out: "Vera, I've just had a wire from mother; she and dad are coming to spend Easter with us."

Vera Carlson did not answer for a moment, then her voice came through the wire cold and cutting: "You know, Billy, we just can't have them now; you will have to wire them to come some other time. With the Gordons coming to dinner, you know that it would be just impossible to have them—you know how they are—why, it would just spoil everything."

Billy swallowed hard as he listened, but he tried to keep his voice cool as he answered: "Vera, it's not like you to talk that way. Mother and father are all right—a bit old-fashioned, I'll confess, but as lovable as they can be. They would be heartbroken if I wired them not to come—I just can't do it, even for you. Let's wait and talk things over when I come home."

Billy knew that Vera had set her whole heart on making a success of their Easter dinner. She had asked the Gordons, who were considered the best and smartest people in Lonsdale, and had been more than flattered at their acceptance. For the past week she had talked about it so much only last night she had told him she felt everything was going to be lovely.

He fretted all day at the office and dreaded facing Vera after her outburst of the morning, but even this did not prepare him for the storm of tears and protests that met him when he went home. He had never seen Vera like this before—it amazed and shocked him—he had always felt that



A Mound of Easter Lilies Graced the Center.

she really liked his parents. Surely even people like the Gordons would understand that old folks that had always lived in the country would be different. Little by little he convinced her that he could not stop his parents coming, but he could not convince her in the least that their coming would not spoil her dinner party.

She met them, however, in her customary friendly way, for which he was grateful, but he could see that she was extremely nervous, especially so when the Gordons arrived next day. They all sat down in the lovely sunlit dining room, which Vera had made so attractive for this occasion. A beautiful mound of Easter lilies graced the center of the table and the gleaming glass and silver sparkled under the spring sunlight that came through the big windows. Billy was more than nervous as the meal began; he watched Vera and his mother and father at intervals, looking for something to happen. But nothing did. Apparently their other guests knew nothing of the undercurrent of nervousness that was there, for they were talking and laughing as if they were enjoying themselves thoroughly. And as the meal progressed Vera looked at them wonderingly several times as they leaned close toward Billy's father and mother as if in fear that they would miss a word. After all, it seemed as if the very thing that she had said would cause the failure of her party was making it a success.

That evening, after all the guests had departed, Vera came to Billy's side, tears shining in her eyes. Humbly she asked his forgiveness, telling him that she had learned a lesson that she would not soon forget: "I have been so small, so little," she sobbed. "I know I don't deserve your forgiveness, Billy, but I am so sorry for the way I acted. Why, the Gordons could not stop telling me before they left how much they had enjoyed your father and mother. And to think I tried to make you stop them from coming!"

"Billy forgave her, of course, and in his heart he rejoiced because she had learned a much-needed lesson."

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HIS PRESENCE

The Risen Christ still lives. He meets you every day in the workshop and office and on the street. He is found in homes, in hospitals, and in institutions ministering to misfortune. He lives in men and women who radiate love and helpfulness.—Grit.



Easter lilies freshly bloom
O'er the open, conquered tomb,
Cups of incense, pure and fair,
Pour oblation on the air
Easter glory sudden flows
Through the portal none may close;
Death and darkness flee away,
Christ the Lord is risen today!

Shining forms are sitting by
Where the folded garments lie,
Loving Mary knows no fear,
While the waiting angels hear
"They have taken my Lord away,
Know ye where He lies today?"
Sweet their answer to her cry,
As their pinions pass her by

See the Master stand to greet
Her that weepeth at His feet
"Mary!" At the tender word
Well she knows her risen Lord!
All her love and passion breaks
In the single word she speaks—
Hear the sweet "Rabboni!" tell
All her woman-heart so well!

Quickly go, and tell it out
Unto others around about,
Thou hast been forgiven much,
Tell it, Mary, unto such
By thy love within thy heart,
This My word to them impart,
Death shall touch thy soul no more,
"Christ thy Lord hath gone before!"
—MARIE MASON

Easter Tribal Dances of the Yaqui Indians

A description of last year's Easter dance by the Yaqui tribesmen is interesting at this time. The dance begins April 10:

"Lines of weird-looking Yaqui tribesmen, gathered at the ancient village of Pasqua, began their sacred Easter tribal dances at dawn in a desert stillness broken only by their mystic chanting and the rhythmic beat of rattles and tom-toms. Until Easter the dance goes on, exhaustion being the only cause for a redskin to drop from the dancing columns, twisting to the strains of semibarbaric music.

"Odd shaped headdresses are worn by the dancers and rattles adorn their ankles. Feathered batons flaunt from the hands of the whirling group. Squaws and young braves joined the dance with the tribesmen—many of them from Mexico and the others from various parts of Arizona.

"The dance, observed annually by the Yaquis, is a picturesque mingling of pagan and Christian rites, portraying the passion of Christ in an Indian version. Christ's betrayal, the trial before Pilate and the road to Calvary, all are pictured in the dance, according to the Yaqui version. With these ceremonies is mingled the customs of their pagan fathers which have been observed for 300 years.

"Many visitors will watch the dance—for the whites are not barred. The odd belief of the Indians against picture-taking, however, still persists, and cameramen, as usual, will not be permitted to picture the dances."



LILY AMERICANIZED

The Easter lily is being Americanized. This means American horticulturists have demonstrated that Easter lilies may be grown from American lily seeds. Hitherto, American growers imported the bulbs from Japan or Bermuda. Approximately \$250,000 is expended by importers each year for Easter lily bulbs. This money may now stay in the United States. And, what



Perfect Easter Lilies, is better, the American Easter lily will be the child of American Easter lilies, not of Japanese or of Bermuda parentage.

EASTER DUTIES

God expects from men something more at such times, and it were much to be wished for the credit of their religion as well as the satisfaction of their conscience that their Easter devotions would in some measure come up to the Easter dress.—Robert South.

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