

"Is It Nothing to You?"

THERE is a seething mob in the narrow streets. Hooting, yelling, jeering and sniggering taunts. Breast-plates of Roman soldiers glitter in the morning sunshine. A rattle of arms. A sudden move to protect the prisoner in the center. For a vile beggar from the gutters tries to break through the cordon to spit on the passive face. A snarl from the centurion, applause from the mob, hisses, flouting and mocking gibes. There is a short halt, a wooden cross is brought from a carpenter shop. It is placed on the prisoner's shoulder. Then the march is resumed, a squirreling, seething column of passion-heated human beings. Out over the road of sorrows to a hill in the distance. That is Jerusalem 2,000 years ago, Pierre Van Paessens writes, in the Atlanta Constitution. The prisoner is Jesus Christ, son of Mary of Nazareth, a dreamer. One who called himself a king. There He goes to be nailed to the cross.

He hangs on the cross. The mid-day sun is beating down on the bare hill. His hands are torn with the weight of His own body on the nails. Blood streams over His face. For there is a crown of thorns on His head. But from the tortured man's lips come gentle words for His mother, who stands at His feet. Overwhelming faith lies in the promise to the thief at his side: "Verily, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." The sky darkens suddenly. The cross assumes huge proportions in the spreading gloom. It rises out of the earth as a terrible fantastic shape. The face of the sufferer cannot be seen any longer, but His voice is heard again. Not in Hebrew, nor in Latin, but in the tongue of His mother, the speech from the land of Galilee. For it is in the hour of greatest agony that man returns to his mother's tongue. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Not yet is the end. Other words must be spoken. At last they come. "It is finished. Father, in Thy hands I commend My Spirit." That is voluntary death. So speaketh One who commands death. So dieth not a mere human. So died Jesus Christ, Son of God.

Down at the foot of the cross stands the captain of troops. He has warred in Spain and Germania. He has borne the eagles of Rome in far-off Gaul, he has seen cruelties and atrocities. He has seen men die by the thousands. But never saw he such a scene. Astonished he cast his eyes from the darkening sky to the figure in the center of the three crosses. What supernatural mystery is here? The earth trembles. There is a panic among the spectators. The Roman stoic beats his breast. "Verily this man was the Son of God."

In the marble palace of the pro-consul a silent man walks up and down. His hands are folded across his breast. His white toga is draped around his shoulders. He is Pontius Pilate. Romans has come to him after the condemnation. Mature reflection has convinced him that he has shed innocent blood. To the messengers from Calvary who come with a request he thunders in blazing anger. He will not change the inscription over the cross. "Go ye hence. What I have written, I have written." That is the last we hear of Pilate, the Roman jurist, the representative of Caesar, who prides himself on justice and right. Remorseful, bitter, disillusioned and cynical he passes into history, and his place knows him no more.

Joy Among His Enemies.

Preparations for Easter are going on in the palatial residence of the high priest. The candles are burning and the meats and viands for the holidays spread a delicious aroma. Calphas is in a joyful mood. He has with him as guest his father-in-law, Annas. They discuss the crucifixion. Their eyes are

told him that the Nazarene has given up the ghost on Golgotha. He sighs with relief. No longer will that specter of John the Baptist disturb his GOD'S HAND AND MAN'S

BEHOLD His mercy! This humble God
Smitteth the earth with the rod
Of the lily, and scourgeth her
With gentle rain, while He smiles
Upon the hills and weeps upon the valleys.
Behold, would He veil His eyes
With mists, and cover Earth's wounds
With verdure His is a hand of mercy,
And man's one of destruction
—Patience Worth.

sleep. For he had an idea that Jesus was the Baptist risen from the dead. And it was Herod who ordered John executed. But now his mind is set at rest. He orders more wine, he commands the orchestra leader to strike up the latest melody from fashionable Rome, and he drinks himself into a senseless stupor.

The Faithful Few.
Out in the slums of Jerusalem there is a little gathering. In a backroom, upstairs. At the foot of the stairs a man stands on guard. In the bare room there is sorrow, overwhelming grief, intense affliction. A man walks up and down, silently. That is Andrew, the brother of Peter. In a corner sits a woman. She cannot speak. Her grief is too great for words. That is Mary, mother of Jesus. Some one lays a hand on her shoulder as if to comfort her. That is John the beloved disciple. Suddenly the door bursts open. A man enters, his eyes stare wildly before him. His chest is bare and covered with blood. He is beating himself with a stone in oriental fashion. That is Peter, who betrayed his Master. He runs to Mary and buries his head on her neck. That is Mary's hand strokes his head. That is forgiveness. The most sublime instance of mother love in all the ages.

The moon is chasing high in the cloudy sky. Dogs are snarling below in the valley. They are fighting over bones. Human bones. The bones of Judas Iscariot. He who sold his Master and in terrible agony of self-acquiescence hanged himself, fell down ward from a cliff when the cord around his neck snapped in twain. **City Gripped by Fear.**

Rumors pass through the bazaars of the city. There is a hint that the veil in front of the Holy of Holies has been rent in twain. That darkness at three o'clock? That earthquake? Can it have anything to do with the death of the Man from Nazareth? Conjectures, opinions, bolsterous bravado, yet secret anxiety. The people are worried about their own words before Pilate in the morning: "His blood be on us and upon our children." It's a dark hour in the world's history.

Soldiers are gambling by torchlight in front of the tomb. In that tomb lies the body, wrapped in fine linen and spices, last tribute of secret friends. The festivities for Easter have begun. But the priests are worried and ask that the tomb be sealed. Out in the garden sleeps Jesus, waiting the Resurrection morn.

Journalist Scored

Anatole France said that actors have the vanity and brains of peacocks. From which it follows that they are not adept at repartee. A journalist and an actor become involved in an argument as to the intelligence of the stage craft. To support his case, the journalist quoted the statement by France. The discussion was long and heated the actor finally accusing the journalist of lack of intelligence because the latter denied possession of brains to actors. He said: "Now I know what it means to have a peacock brain." To this the journalist retorted: "Then you must have learned through introspection."

Milk Products Old

Butter was known for at least 2,000 years before the Christian era. It was not used as food, however, but mostly as a medicine and ointment, and in some parts was employed as an illuminant for lamps. The butter was churned crudely in skin bags or pouches, and was a very inferior article. Cheese has been known since the earliest times, the oldest mention of it occurring in 1400 B. C. It was used as an article of food before butter.

Difference in Law Terms

The Pathfinder Magazine thus defines the difference between adjective and substantive law: Substantive law consists of the general and fundamental principles of law. Adjective law consists of certain rules and regulations governing court procedure and the administration of the substantive law. In other words, adjective law is a set of rules by which the substantive law is executed.

An Ancient Chinese Code

In China, where a vast system of waterways serve to connect different sections of the country, in ancient times it was the custom to send signals along the water by holding a huge metal gong close to the surface and pounding out code messages. These gongs were known by different names and were used in war to summon troops or tell of enemy movements. There are but four or five of those ancient primitive telegraph instruments now in existence, according to the information I have. One such gong was sold some few years ago by a collector of Chinese antiques living in Chicago to a wealthy collector in London.—Mr. Woodward in Adventure Magazine.

When They Cut the Cards

By H. IRVING KING

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NANCY BLODGETT was a haughty beauty and moved in the very best social circles. Don't shy at her "front" name—Nancy, Betty, Polly and Peggy are fashionable names now. Just as they were in the days of your great-grandmother. Everybody expected Nancy Blodgett and Bert Chalmers to marry each other. Nancy and Bert had expected the same thing—for a while—and then, to both of them, had come a feeling that these expectations were not as rosy as they had been at first. They had been much thrown together in society, and had "sort of" drifted into the position in which they found themselves. They liked each other well enough, as far as that went, but—! The fact was that each had met the "other one," the "only one," how to get out of the situation gracefully was the question. Nancy did not want people going around saying that she had heartlessly jilted Bert, and Bert did not want all the gossips declaring that his conduct in throwing over Nancy was "shameful."

There is a game played by children. If it can be called a game—known as "letting the old cut die." A child in a swing causes motivating the oscillation of the said swing until it slowly comes to a dead stop. If Nancy and Bert had been endowed with sufficient courage and frankness they might have "fessed up" to each other and contrived some quiet and unostentatious way of letting the old cut die with regard to their personal relations. But they did not have such courage and frankness and the situation, after all, really was an awkward one. Who Bert's other and only one was Nancy could only guess. She rather suspected that it was that slinky, sporty Betty Harrington. Betty was what the knowing called a "dead game sport." She could do the most daring and unconventional things and get away with it. Bert was well assured who Nancy's other one was. The way Tom Leonard looked at Nancy, and the cold manner in which he treated Bert betrayed the secret. Several times Nancy was on the point of speaking to Bert regarding the situation, but it was such a difficult subject to introduce. And Bert felt just that way about speaking to Nancy.

Nancy went so far at last as to confide in Alice Wonderleigh, everybody confided in Alice sooner or later; she was such a sweet, mild, quiet little thing, she simply compelled confidence. "Now what would you do?" asked Nancy.

"Oh dear, I don't know," replied Alice, in a distressed manner. "I think I think I should tell him. But perhaps, oh dear, I really can't advise you only—"

"Only the situation has got to be cleared up some way," put in Nancy.

"Yes," faltered Alice. The next day there was a bridge at the Brownsons'. "Everybody" was there. They had paused in their bridge playing for a brief interval of eating and talking, when Betty Harrington came rumping up to Nancy with "Hello, Nancy! Got your nerve with you today?"

"A moderate amount," replied Nancy, curious as to what was coming. "Then well gamble," said Betty. "Don't look so shocked. I know you are dead set against gambling, which, as you old gammers say, is infecting society." But this ain't serious. We'll gamble for nothing we can't afford to lose. What do you say? See this bracelet? I won it on a bet from Tom Leonard, and I'll stake it against Bert Chalmers. I don't want the bracelet—and you don't want Bert. So come on—where's your sporting blood? We'll cut cards—best two out of three."

"So," thought Nancy, "my suspicions were correct—it is Betty Bert wants." She glanced at the bracelet which glistened on Betty's muscular but shapely wrist. That had come from Tom Leonard, had it? Possessed by a sudden impulse, Nancy leaned over and cut a pack of cards which was lying on a table beside the two girls. "Ace!" cried Betty. "Beginner's luck." Then Betty cut, and cut a ten-spot. Nancy cut and showed a five-spot, while Betty's luck gave her a king. The third cut resulted in Betty cutting a seven-spot and Nancy a two-spot. "I've won," cried Betty, and called across the room: "Bert, come here!"

"Oh, I was only joking; please, please," pleaded Nancy. "Joking nothing!" retorted Betty, and as Bert came up Nancy, as she said afterwards, "feeling as if she should sink through the floor," the hoyden went on: "Here, Bert, I've just won you from Nancy. You are mine now, and I'm going to give you away."

Bert frowned and looked around anxiously to see if anyone was watching this mad prank of Betty's. But she, the irrepressible, seized his hand and leading him to where Alice Wonderleigh sat alone, silent and pensive, placed his hand in Alice's saying, "I've just won him at cards from Nancy. Take him if you want him. Lord knows I don't. Nancy, you go and talk to Tom Leonard. He's standing over in that corner making eyes at you."

Later in the day Bert and Nancy had a very satisfactory and friendly talk together. The story got out, of course, but was forgotten inside of two weeks.

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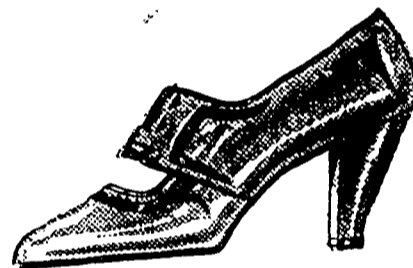
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St. Mark's Story of the Resurrection

"**A**ND when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought spices, that they might come and anoint Him. And very early the first day of the week they came to the tomb when the sun was risen. And they were saying among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb? And, looking up, they saw that the stone was rolled back. And entering into the tomb they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed. And he said unto them, Be ye not amazed; ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, who hath been crucified; He is risen, He is not here."

brilliant with fanatic passion. Their hatred for the cursed Galilean distorts their noble patrician faces. But there is satisfaction. The heretic is dead. Word has just been brought from Calvary's hill. He who called himself a king, who went about undermining the authority of the Torah. It is a good day. Easter will be a splendid feast. Supple oriental dancing girls are awaiting to and fro. Slaves carry trays with food and golden wine vessels. Incense and exotic perfumes pervade the atmosphere. There is the irresistible rhythm of sweet, intoxicating music. On a gilt throne languishes Herod, king in name. A load has fallen from his shoulders. A messenger has just