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Easter at the Vatican
On Easter morning the pope holds a private mass in the consistory, and only a few are invited, while at St. Peter's one of the cardinals officiates. The crowd that jams about the tall obelisk and its flanking fountains in the plaza before St. Peter's is an interesting one. Many strangers are in it—monks in cowls of red, black, and purple; white-hooded sisters of mercy; pilgrims with caps and staff, who ask you for an alms; mountaineers and gisettes, and soldiers, and the omnipresent tourists.

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Easter Sees Flowers at Their Best

By KATHERINE EDELMAN
There's something very human about flowers. Not only do they grow and blossom and even fade and die but their beautiful fragrances are so human, too. They do so love to look their best, and if you don't believe this, go to a greenhouse around Easter time and see for yourselves. They're smiling with superb flowering radiance over their loveliness and their glory. So it was at the greenhouse which I visited.

Among other things was a cross of lilies in the "show room" of the greenhouse. In this cross were about three hundred and fifty lilies—pure white. Their yellow centers had been removed, only their white purity was permitted to remain. Their yellow streaks—even the pure lilies are human enough not to be perfect—had to be discarded.

There was a cross, too, made of pansies. Sweet, wise, human little pansies!

But the cross of lilies was so magnificently simple and its symbolism was so apparent that one gazed upon it with a kind of reverence. The cross of lilies is significant of the cross of suffering, but it also is significant of the Resurrection. And flowers, perhaps, are the very best of nature's mediums in which to express the Resurrection.

The flowers, shrubs, plants and bushes are always all decked in their very finest array for Easter. Not only do humans feel the urge of the spring, the ever new fresh awakening of the springtime as it embodied in Easter, and so wear their very best finery, but the flowers, too, are dressed in their Easter best. And proud of it they seem to be! Yet their beauty has not spoiled them. Still are they as sweet and fragrant as ever, giving forth their sweetness to all who come to them—as though they almost understood better than humans the actual meaning of democracy.

I saw hyacinths of all colors; purple and lavender and pink and white and some of the palest yellow. How entrancingly lovely they are!

There are the bright yellow ginkgo shrubs, true shrubs of the sun and of the springtime. And the magnificent rhododendron bushes add their different colored blossoms to the scene, as do the vivid azalea plants. Of course the tulips and the jonquills and the daffodils do their part, too. The spring couldn't get along so well without these flowers. The tulips of pink and white and of red and of yellow so flamingly and dazzlingly tell that spring with nature in her loveliest garb is here. And yet for all their startling dress they are always so eminently refined and so delicate.

Of course, too, there are always the geraniums and the quaint, sweet mignonettes and every other plant you can think of. And to every flower and every plant you feel almost like exclaiming:

"Your Easter costume was never more beautiful—even though you follow the same styles year after year there is something about the way you look this year that seems prettier than ever."

I saw flowers of noble family names, mighty inheritances, such as the cyclamen flowers. They are cup-shaped and though their blossoms stand up they are looking down at the same time. Unassuming I'd call them, wouldn't you?

I passed some paper whites and hydrangias and then came to the butterfly flowers, or poor man's orchid. I was told these flowers were called schizanthus. You may, or may not, as you wish. Their other names seem better, for you can see at once a family resemblance to the orchid, and the flowers do look like butterflies.

I met the metrosideros shrubs. But the chummy name for them is bottle brush. They're red with gilt edges.



This pretty view was made at the greenhouse in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, of 5,000 Easter-lilies in the form of a cross.

and though they are shaped just so they'd come in most beautifully for cleaning milk bottles, one would never dare have the effrontery to suggest such a humble domestic task to "no regal a set of flowers.

A tall shrub—a tree, it would more fittingly be called—stood in the corner of the show room of the greenhouse. *Pieroma lasandra* is its family name. It has a sweet scent. Its blossoms are purple at first but they become white with age and on the tree I could see both white and purple blossoms, for there are newly opened flowers on the shrub at the same time as the flowers possessing some degree of age. It seems strange to think of a flower becoming white as it grows older. I couldn't help wondering if at the first sign of white it felt sad as it realized that age had crept upon it.

I saw a primula—it's a higher form of primrose—perhaps it could be called a primrose which had made the most of life's opportunities.

There were daisies and ferns and mosses. All abound, too, for Easter were the rose cactus plants and the euphorbia or crown of thorns, which were covered with their crimson flowers. You could tell the crown of thorns at once. There is no mistaking it and it seems almost a nature wonder that on such a sharp, pointed, thorny plant such gay bright little flowers have blossomed. The tropical house made one feel as though one were stepping into another country.

A visit to an Easter greenhouse is not only worth your while. It is something which if missed will mean that you have let an hour of beauty and of sweetness and of nature's Easter message of Resurrection pass you by.

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