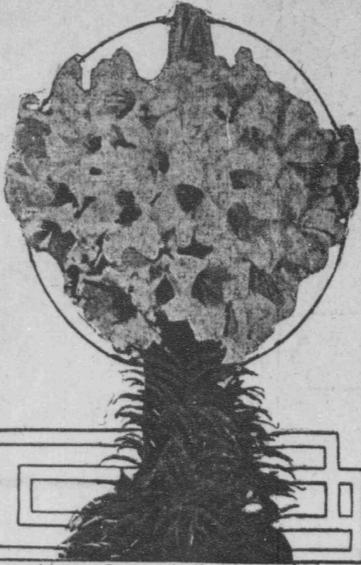


THE BLOOM THAT IS KILLED BY ITS SINGLE TRIUMPH



Seventy-Two Bermuda Lilies on one Stalk

The Easter Lily Flowers Throughout the Entire Year, but It Is Popular Only for One Day.

PERHAPS it is because a new generation, to the manner born, has grown up since the Easter lily came into its queenly sway; perhaps it is because the traditional joyousness of the day lends itself more graciously to the whim of fashion than do other occasions of the year; perhaps it is simply that spring—the perennial, delightful, irresistibly pagan time of delight in life—must have compelled some exaltation of the flowers; but the fact is apparent that Eastertide brings with its festival bloom no tinge of sadness, no sense of unfitness.

A whole nation responds to the quickening life of spring—finds in the inimitably beautiful resurrection of the flowers the sweetest, most fit symbol of the resurrection of the Saviour, whose emergence from the tomb typified the new birth of the human soul.

The story of the immaculate lily and of its sister blossom is the story of one remarkable change that has become noteworthy in our national life, a fe so varied, so heterogeneous, that, even at this age, the soothsayers and the prophets are at one only in the positiveness of their auguries—these, that we shall emerge into a racial homogeneity as marked as that of the ancient Jew, those that we shall diffuse to cosmopolitanism more omnipresent than that of the ancient Roman.

It all underlies the Easter buds and flowers—the gay, sweet fancies of the present, the profound, momentous mystery of the ages to come.

RAPID GROWTH OF THE PRETTY SENTIMENT.

A thought of Love immortal blends
With dear remembrances of friends,
And in these earth-born flowers,
With Eden's lingering fragrance sweet,
The heavenly and the human meet,
The heart of Christ and ours—Whittier.

Some ten years have elapsed since, in the estimation of an American town or city, the wearing or carrying of a sprig of boxwood or a spray of palm ceased to stamp one as a devout pietist or as the votary of foreign superstition.

That was about the time when the churches themselves on Palm Sunday strained their resources a little to give the faithful real palm instead of the cheaper and more humble box. One church after another made the palm spray the vehicle for bringing home the story of man's ready fickleness toward his God.

Palm Sunday, within a few years, has been changed in the popular esteem to a considerable extent from its proper place in the penitential season to the occasion for a floral festival, when house windows green with palms as though in rejoicing, and a city thoroughfare seems more truly like the jubilant, deceptive way than any since the



Fairest Blossoms of the Spring

palms waved and drooped in the unstable homage of nineteen centuries ago.

It is good to come hastily on to Easter, when there is no afterthought of chagrin to mar the perfect fitness of the festival.

Man's Saviour has arisen; man should, indeed, rejoice. The very flower, the lily, which typifies the splendor and the promise of the Resurrection, is wholly admirable in the fidelity with which the history of its bloom depicts the life eternal preserved within the sepulcher.

Only a score of years have passed since William Harris, a Philadelphia florist, received from some friends in Bermuda samples of the Bermuda lily, whose white and beautiful blooms were a delight to his astonished eye.

He put them forward in his native city as an Easter flower. Their popularity was instant. Churches in general, which still looked at Palm Sunday decorations as part of a ritual to which they might not accede, found at Eastertide an outlet for the human craving for beauty which they were glad to welcome.

The tall, white flower year by year won its way from city to city, so that it became known by the name of its American patron, as lillium Harris. Everywhere it was in demand, and Bermuda began to reap huge harvests of lily bulbs.

While most of the Bermuda lilies are brought here in the form of bulbs, a large import trade in the blooms themselves has grown up within the last few years. In one shipment which arrived in New York the other day were something like 10,000 boxes of the beautiful white blossoms.

These blooms are cut in Bermuda at the latest possible date, and are packed in boxes for shipment. A large percentage cannot survive the trip and are worthless when received, but a surprisingly large number are in fit condition for use on Easter Sunday. They are purchased principally for the decoration of churches.

A city of the first class to-day, like Chicago, Boston, or Philadelphia, will receive from 200,000 to 250,000 bulbs during the months of July and August. They come from their native island packed in pure shore sand, 300 bulbs to the package, each bulb measuring from seven to nine inches in circumference. The ports of entry are chiefly New York and Philadelphia, where, on arrival, the usual price is about \$85 a thousand.

A florist in a large way of business will take from 10,000 to 15,000 bulbs. He plants them at once, their stately, magnificent life interred like the body containing some hidden loveliness of the soul; and, like the grave into which humanity must descend, theirs is cold and dismal. The temperature must be kept where the root growth only will start, and it is not until the chill of October

that they are taken to the greenhouse, where a warmth no higher than 55 or 60 degrees is allowed them.

Within a few weeks of Easter the plants are permitted to hasten their bloom, and, if they appear to be at all backward, 70 or 75 degrees of heat are given them in order that they shall be in their full loveliness by the destined day.

It takes a month to bring the Easter lily to its bloom, and it takes no more than three weeks to exhaust the pure splendor which has been the outgrowth of all these months of care and preparation. Its destruction is coeval with its triumph. Neither now, nor at any time later—except for some few smaller flowers which growers have recently put out for Christmas—shall the queenly lily reappear until next Easter lets its sisters bloom again.

"What's in a name?" was never answered so emphatically as by the Easter lily, for the name by which it is popularly identified has doomed to the apothecosis of a single day a flower which nature intended for many months of the year. Its very popularity for Easter dooms it for the rest of the year.

More than that, the rage which demanded Easter lilies innumerable for churches, for entertainments, for homes—has made man's greed slay man's latest, most beautiful handmaid of the eye.

The Bermuda lily bulb ordinarily affords from five to seven flowers, although some exceptional plants, measuring from nine to eleven inches in the bulb, and costing then as high as \$25 a hundred, provide as many as a dozen of the finest in a rich one; and the profit of the Bermudians since their native bulb became the Easter flower has been proportionate.

The Bermudians, like those others in the fable, craved too many golden eggs. They learned to force their natural productive capacity, and the Bermuda lily bulbs began to develop diseases that made them sterile. In some consignments there was a proportion as high as 50 per cent of bulbs that failed to bloom.

The astute Japanese a few years ago described in the

Christian festival and in Bermudian avarice the opportunity which is Japan's watchword. For some time now Americans have been celebrating their Easter, all unknowingly, with a lily from far-away Japan, the only difference noted being that lilies nowadays seem to be growing leaves narrower and longer and flowers not quite so large as we used to see when we were boys and girls.

And already Japan has overreached herself. This great, lavish, luxury-loving America, whose women will spend for a plant at a parlor window enough money to keep an Oriental family a week, has been continually growing, continually demanding more such extravaganzas, a little in the name of religion, and a great deal in the name of style. Japan would not be Japan if she could have resisted the temptation.

So the new and hardy Japanese lily is already sick of its sharp-eyed master's avarice. For two years and more the Japanese have been turning and twisting to discover some means to retain their hold upon this immense trade in lily bulbs; and they have found it in the wild, beautiful, savage island of Formosa, to which they are still sending their armies of subjugation while they are telling the world beyond that the land breathes a heavenly peace.

All is not peace in Formosa. But enough peace is there to let the indefatigable conquerors industriously build up business back of the fighting line; and the Formosa lily longiflorum is already with us, prepared to edify Christian piety at Easter so long as fashion admires the lily's paler and so long as Japanese compliance with the demand fails to create the canker that breaks the lily's heart.

The new Formosa lily grows tall, from three to three and one-half feet, with a foliage exceptionally fine in its greenness and very well shaped. There are three bulb sizes, those measuring from six to eight inches in circumference giving three or four blooms, those from seven to nine inches giving from four to six, and those between nine and ten inches furnishing from six to eight.

These bulbs are worth from \$40 to \$100 a thousand, and they can arrive as late as August 20, which permits of potting early and allows the grower to refrain from extreme forcing for the Easter season.

It may be that some time the Easter lily will relinquish its sovereignty to some other herald of the joyous spring. How they aspire to dispute the lily's title—the azaleas that come from Holland and sell at prices ranging

from \$1 to \$10; the rhododendrons, that bring from \$2 to \$10 in the fullness of their delicately shaded charm; the spiræas, from 50 cents to \$1.50, with their large, feathery panicles of flowers, pink and white.

But thus far all of them—adorable azaleas, as well as prim and pretty tulip—have achieved no dignity higher than that of flowers-in-waiting upon the lily, their queen. Before the altar, where the soul of man is hidden to repose in that it, too, shall arise and live beyond the tomb; in the home, where the intimate, unseen roots of the virtues which are man's salvation feed and grow and twine—everywhere to-day the lily blooms, typifying the beneficence, pure and unalloyed, of Him who is the resurrection and the life.

Spring Fashions in Marbles.

There is no surer harbinger of the arrival of ethereal mildness, commonly denominated "spring," than the appearance of the local small boy and his marble games, blocking the sidewalks and stairways with his petty gambling devices. From the large number of children engaged, it is evident that a considerable number of the rising generation are inclined to be sporty.

It is, however, not so much the marbles at stake as the pride of winning, of which the marbles are the outward and visible form, that makes their acquisition so prime a necessity to boyhood happiness.

The game of "Chase" is one of the most popular marble games. It may be played by two or more. The first player tosses his "shooter," which is larger than the ordinary marble, a short distance away. The second player tosses his "shooter" at the first "shooter," and if he hits it he gets a marble, but if he does not hit it the first boy leaves the "shooter" where it lands, ready for the next one to toss. If only two are playing, the first player tosses his "shooter" at the second player's "shooter," and so on until one of them hits the other's "shooter" out again.

"Odd and Even" is another gambling game which is played with marbles. One boy holds in his hand as many marbles as he likes. Another guesses whether it is odd or even. If it is odd and he guesses odd, he wins all the marbles in the hand. If he says "even" and it is odd, he forfeits a marble. The players take turns in holding out.

Another game to play this marble is to give as many marbles when you guess wrong as the player holds out. One incident witnessed was of a boy holding out his entire sack of marbles, 150 in all. The other player guessed "even," which it was, and so he gained all the marbles.

"Bump Out" is a marble game by two players. One of the players puts a marble about two feet from some wall. He bounds another marble against the wall and ground. If it hits, the game where the marble, otherwise, he leaves it on the ground where it stops. The other player tries the same thing, and so on until all the marbles are out of the ring. The one that hits gets all the marbles on the ground.

"In a Ring" is a game that is played with as many as you like. It is best to select a place that is level so that the marbles will not roll away. Some boys make a ring and in it they place three marbles apiece. You stand a short distance away, knuckle down to the ground, and shoot at the marbles in the ring with a "shooter." If you knock a marble out of the ring you get a marble and have another shot. If you don't hit any you have to leave your "shooter" where it goes.

The next player either shoots at the marbles or the other fellow's "shooter." If he is shooting at the "shooter" and hits it, he gets a marble, which he takes out of the ring. He then gets another turn. The next player does the same, and so on until all the marbles are out of the ring. Then they put more marbles in and continue the game.

"Keeps" is still another marble game. An ordinary box is required, which has a hole in the top about one and one-half inches square. The owner of the box places it on the ground and another boy tries to drop a marble into the hole from his waist line. If the marble goes in the hole, the dropper gets it and one extra. If it doesn't, the owner of the box gets the marble. "Pig in the Pen" is one of the favored games with marbles. It is played with a piece of board about two feet long, which has notches along the lower side. The notches are numbered up to ten. The board is held across the walk or some other convenient place, but a sidewalk is best. If the marble that is rolled goes into No. 10, the player gets ten marbles and the one he rolled in. If he rolls a marble into No. 3, he gets four marbles. All the marbles that do not roll into the pen the owner of the board gets.

A "shooter" is larger than an ordinary marble. There are many different kinds of marbles. Among them clay, glass, crockie, and iron. You can buy two crockies for a cent. Others cost more. You can also buy twenty clay marbles for a cent.

WHY CUPID MUST WORK A LITTLE SLOWER AFTER TO-DAY

AS, poor Cupid! With wings clipped, thistle seeds sown in his rosy way, and all sorts of obstacles placed before him, what will the fair god do?

Never, perhaps, has he had to face such difficulties at one time as he must confront to-day.

Church and state have come to the conclusion that he has been having a too easy time; the result, they say, has been too many divorces and untold cases of marital unhappiness. Cupid went, shooting his arrows indiscriminately, rejoicing on his way, while the stricken mortals, without taking time for consideration, leaped before they looked—into matrimony.

To-day the new laws of the Catholic Church concerning marriage go into effect. In New York additional bars have been put up this year, and in other places discouragements are placed in the way of a too hasty flight to the altar.

Most important of the new regulations concerning marriage is the decree issued by the Catholic Church, with the authority of Pope Pius X, which goes into effect to-day. The new requirements are of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics, because of frequent unions between persons of different creeds.

Affecting the arrangements of marriage in all parts of the world, they are of particular importance to the United States. Here the "divorce evil" has reached a crucial point, in the opinion of all churchmen. Besides this, the new regulations settle decisively many questions which have occasioned complications.

Heretofore the marriage regulations promulgated by the Council of Trent have been mandatory only in certain sections of the country. Thus the decrees were obligatory in the portions of the country covered by the



Louisiana purchase and lands ceded the United States by Spain and Mexico. So rules in New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and other places were different.

or cases of "lifetime misery"—evils for which sociologists and churchmen have discussed remedies in vain. Each year shows an increased number of divorces in the United States.

In England one court has the power to grant divorces; in this country there are 292. In Germany the courts authorized to dissolve marriage number twenty-eight; in France, seventy-nine.

The new decrees of the Catholic Church, it is declared, are issued because the church regards marriage as a sacrament, and that its sanctity and validity should be safeguarded.

EVILS OF HASTY MARRIAGE.

Much evil, the church believes, comes from impulsive engagements and hasty marriages. So, after to-day, Catholics wishing to marry must enter into a formal written engagement, signed before a bishop or pastor of the parish, or before two witnesses. Unless duly attested the church will regard these contracts as null and void.

Think of the privileges of the past: A bench, moonlight sifting through trees, the odor of blossoms in the air. A couple holding hands—pretty tight. His arms encircle her waist; she sighs and lets her head rest on his shoulder. Cupid is nearby with bow and arrow. He fixes the dart, draws the string. Whirl! Two pairs of lips meet. "You will be mine?" he asks. "Yes," she murmurs, as if dreaming.

Now it must be done this way: We, the undersigned, being of sound mind and possessing sufficient knowledge of the obligations to be assumed, do hereby, freely and uncoercedly, mutually promise to enter into holy matrimony before the day of _____. In testimony whereof we affix our signatures on this, the ____ day of _____, 1908. JAMES M. SMITH, of _____ MARY B. KING, of _____ Witnesses: Richard M. Phillips, James M. Burns.

cesso or a priest outside the limits of his parish cannot marry his own or other subjects without due authorization. So a runaway couple would find it rather difficult to elude a pursuing parent, and, besides this, to be valid, there must be two witnesses to the marriage—one will not suffice.

For the lawful celebration of the ceremony one of the contracting parties should live for a month in the parish where the marriage is to be performed. This is not essential to validity, however. Marriages of persons without fixed abodes, according to the regulations, should be referred to the bishop before the ceremony. All this will make the hasty marriage well nigh impossible to Catholics.

The new rules of the Catholic Church, however, are not the only bars placed in the way of Cupid. On the first of the year a law became effective in New York State making it necessary to secure a license, after certain questions have been asked and recorded.

New York State has been a Mecca of runaway lovers, and the Little Church Around the Corner, in the metropolis, has been the scene of very many quick tyings of the nuptial knot.

But all this, too, is of the past. The rector of the Little Church Around the Corner, the Rev. Dr. Houghton, recently decided that double-quick marriages were often have the banns published and to present the proper licenses. Of course, there has been a falling off of marriages at the church. It is no longer a leading Gretta Green for the United States.

Naturally, all this must be discouraging to Master Cupid. What will he do? He still directs his loving couples to places that have long held high rank in his favor, like St. Joseph, near Chicago; Wilmington, Del.; Bristol, Va., and other noted "marrying cities," but he has lost much of his former enthusiasm.

Of course, it will be admitted that there have been far too many impetuous marriages, and that the new regulations will result in more lasting and happier unions. But the year 1908, so far, has been a serious one for this little god.