

Easter's Message of Hope

THREE days have passed since the death of Jesus on Calvary. "Gray dawn is streaking the sky as they who so lovingly watched him to his burying are making their lonely way to the rock-hewn tomb in the garden." All is still as their sandaled feet sweep through the dew-wet grass, the sweet spices in their arms perfuming the chill air. As they go they say one to the other: "Who shall roll the stone from the sepulcher?"

That question many hearts in every age since have asked. Sooner or later we all make the pilgrimage these loving women made to the place where rests all that is mortal of our loved ones, and there arise in our hearts the great questions about what is beyond the tomb. These questions lie like heavy stones between us and our departed dear ones, and we say: "Who shall roll away the stone?"

The message of Easter is an answer. The inspiration of Easter is that we, too, find the stone rolled away. We are often told that we err to sorrow for our loved ones gone, but this is not true. Jesus sorrowed greatly with those who had met such losses as ours. He would not have us sorrow as those who have no hope, but he recognized that it would be unnatural not to grieve, and un-

derstand ourselves that Jesus would not have us put away all signs of those gone out of sight; that he would not have us live as though they had never been with us. "They are not dead; they are just away." This is one stone rolled away from our sepulchers.

Here we desire to do many things which the limitations of the flesh prevent. But when the fleshly limitation is removed our love, our memory, our aspiration, our results of rich experience, all those real qualities which make us ourselves, are free to do and to be. One of the highest inducements to a spiritual life now is this fact that we are making here our status there. Death is the commencement of greater effectiveness for life. That stone is rolled away from our sepulchers.

It is also true that Christ gave ground for believing that our loved ones are still with us. He told his disciples that where they were, there he would be in the midst of them. He spoke of a home he had gone to prepare and of coming to take them to it. Enframe this as one may, the picture is the same—reunion with the loved ones gone. You come home from a trip abroad. As you draw near the pier the hands of loved ones wave to you, the steamer ties up to her wharf and you are again in the arms of those so dear. So it is at death. You have been long away from those at home, but the vessel that has carried you—your body—ties up some day to the little green wharf on some quiet hillside and you again are with your dear ones.

There rolls the last stone away.
Rev. John Brittan Clark.

NIGHT OF HORROR IN THE TRENCHES

Vivid Description of His Experience Penned by a French Lieutenant.

MEN'S NERVES SHATTERED

Quiet of Day Is Broken by Terrific Bombardment That Makes the Earth Rock Like Ship in a Storm.

Paris.—The Paris Journal prints a most graphic account written by a French lieutenant, in simple but vivid language, of his experience during a heavy bombardment of the French lines recently by the Germans: "The day was quiet," writes this officer.

"Towards evening we received a broadside of rifle fire, which dislodged a few sandbags. Then everything was quiet again.

"At nine o'clock I went below to my dugout for something to eat. Our little table was already set, and the steaming coffee was just placed before me when suddenly there was an explosion that shook the earth beneath our feet and scattered pieces of rock and clay in our midst.

"It's no use," said one of the men. "I see we are not going to be permitted to eat."

"I climbed back into the trench, and not a sound was heard.

"Where was the explosion?"

"To the right," answered a voice in the dark. "Be careful; they are sending us those 150-millimeter shells. There's one coming now."

"I crouched down against the wall and in a twinkling fifty meters of the trench were ground to dust. Sparks flew and dark, gaseous fumes eclipsed the blackness of the night. Then came another shell on its murderous mission, tearing up the earth and accompanied by deafening thunder.

"Things began to look serious. Someone shouted:

"Lieutenant, there is no sense in your standing there and risking your life!"

"The man was right. I returned to the dugout. The bombardment continued like one continuous roll of thunder. A heavy rock, loosened by the detonations, fell at my feet.

"And yet we hear," says one of my men, "that they are short of ammunition."

"I was getting tired of this. We had to answer those fellows. I asked the telephone operator to connect me with the commander.

"There is no answer," said the operator. "The wire has probably been shot away."

"I scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to one of my young men.

"The telephone is disconnected, my friend. See that you get this to the commander. Have a little brandy?"

"If you please."

"He smiled, saluted and was off. Fifty meters off he fell with a shot in his neck.

"The bombardment grew more intense. Oh, what a night! Our trenches seemed to sway to and fro, like the deck of a ship in a storm. The air was full of sulphur fumes and breathing became difficult. Death surrounded us. I wondered how many of my men were still alive! And would we be able to withstand the foe if he made a charge on our trenches? I nerved myself to remain calm. How I would have liked to lay down and sleep! Strange, that the roaring of shells through the air always produces drowsiness. I fought against this weakness. Courage returned when the bombardment seemed to slacken for a moment. However, we only deluded ourselves, for the shells were coming faster and faster and thicker and thicker. I tried to figure out the caliber of the shells, but was unable to think. Every man was hugging the wall of the trench. If we could only sleep and not wake up again, so as to be out of this hell!

"Be careful, my friends. Now that

the bombardment has ceased we can expect the enemy. A few of the men arose with an effort. They looked at me bewildered and did not seem to understand. Their faces were the color of the earth.

"Ah, what was that? A few meters off, at the entrance of the trench, I saw soldiers like so many ants digging in the earth. They had thrown their guns aside and their only aim now was to save their comrades, who were buried under the earth by the collapse of the walls of the trench. I saw Lieutenant Baudies there giving orders.

"Eight poor fellows are lying under there for almost two hours now," he shouts. "Only by a miracle was I saved from being there too. It seems impossible for us to reach the men. What a terrible night this has been!"

"And with a sort of tired laugh, he added:

"And to think that such an awful experience as this has been is never even mentioned in the reports."

ROMANCE OF COAT BUTTON

Left With a Note Where It Was Found Button Brings a Wedding.

Gardner, Kan.—When James H. Newton, a banker of Williamstown, Utah, punctured a tire on his motor car he was forced to lay over two days in Edgerton, near here. While walking along the road Newton found a button of a woman's coat. He wrote this note and hung it and the button on the fence post:

The owner of this button has found a place in my heart.

Laura Ellsworth, a schoolteacher, the owner of the button, found it and the note. She took the button and left this message:

Tomorrow this button will be worn over my heart.

Newton found the second note. He was introduced to Miss Ellsworth. He proposed, was accepted and married. He is now on his way to San Francisco on his honeymoon, driving overland in his car.

PROPOSE A MARRIAGE TRUST

Justices of the Peace in Indiana Who May Get Together Upon Ceremonies.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Some of the six justices of the peace of Jefferson, who fight among themselves for "marriage couples," are proposing a combination whereby all six would establish central marrying parlors and would pool and divide equally all their earnings. The chief benefit would be the elimination of the "runners," with whom the justices now split their fees, which only in exceptional cases amount to more than \$2. One result of the competition has been the cutting of fees. Many eloping couples now get married for \$1. Secret weddings generally cost the elopers a little more, and a \$25 fee shows up once in a while.

LIGHTED MATCHES ON FEET

Wild Man of Northwest Has Horny Calluses on His Pedal Extremities.

Hiawatha, Kan.—Because he allowed young men to come to his dugout and gamble, Guy Williams, the wild man of northwest Kansas, has been placed in the Brown county almshouse. Williams is sixty-four years old and for the past six years has been living in a hole dug out of the side of a hill along Roysa creek, about ten miles northeast of town. He went almost without clothes and seldom wore shoes, even in the coldest weather. His feet had become so calloused that it was a common sight to see him scratch matches on the soles of his bare feet. He had refused all offers of help and insisted on living a solitary life in the hole which he had dug for himself.

ACTIVE IN CLUB WORK



Mrs. John Kerfoot Haywood, wife of a well-known Washington physician, is actively identified with the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage and with various peace movements. She is prominent in club work and in resident Washington society.

TOSSES 29 HOURS ON ADRIATIC SEA

Young American Airman Adds to Long List of Perilous Adventures.

RESCUED BY TORPEDO BOAT

Searching for Submarines of Italy's Foe, Hydroplane Goes Wrong and Drops Doherty to Water—Seeks Further Adventure.

Milan, Italy.—William Ellwood Doherty, a young American whose career as an airman has abounded in perilous adventure, has just added to his list a fight for life lasting more than twenty-nine hours in the wintry waters of the Adriatic. Once before he had been stranded in the same sea in midsummer and collapsed from thirst and heat. This time he had the other extreme of weather, battling with a northern gale, and was rescued when on the verge of exhaustion.

Austrian submarines were infesting the Adriatic while the Italians were sending troop ships across to Albania. Doherty set out in a Curtiss hydroplane to patrol the passage and give warning of danger. He left Taranto at two o'clock in the afternoon with an Italian helper. As daylight was falling the motor broke down, and the hydroplane dropped to the water.

Italian vessels were in sight, but did not see Doherty's signals for help. With darkness the wind rose and waves broke over the tiny craft. Doherty tore away the drip pan of the machine. The two cold, hungry, water-soaked men used it to ball with. By working one at a time without stopping they were able to keep afloat, although every high wave gave them a fresh drenching.

They had lost their scant provisions in the descent to the water, and in the tossing of the hydroplane their cigarettes and matches went overboard.

The weather became intensely cold. In the respite from bailing the airman who was free kept lookout for a ship. One came in sight several hours after dark, but passed on, not seeing the smoke bombs with which the aviators tried to hail it. Throughout the night and all the next morning the men relieved each other with the drip pan balter.

Finally, too tired to work longer and despairing of rescue, Doherty curled up in the end of the craft. Sleep overcame him, but he had nightmare and was roused when a lurch of the plane nearly spilled him into the sea. Again he took his turn at bailing.

The specter of death was before the eyes of both men when night fell once more. Then a torpedo boat headed toward them appeared on the horizon. They exploded more smoke bombs and wildly waved their signal flags. This time they were seen. The torpedo boat approached, lowered a small boat and rescued men and wreck twenty miles from shore.

Italian craft had been looking for Doherty and his companion ever since the machine failed them. Allowance had not been made for the wind, which blew the unfortunates seaward, and the search was confined to an area comparatively near shore until the torpedo boat struck out into the open.

Naval commanders who had engaged in the early search reported the first night that Doherty and his companion probably were lost. Their return to shore was hailed as little short of miraculous.

Doherty recovered within a day from the effects of his exposure. Substitutes had taken over his patrol duty in the Adriatic, however, and he decided to shift his field of activity. He has gone to Paris and London in search of further adventure.

No Animal Heads in Mails.

Reno, Nev.—Coyote and wild cat heads by parcel post proved too much for the patience of Fred L. White, postmaster of Reno, and he took the question of the right to make such shipments by mail up with the postmaster general. He has just received information that such articles are not mailable and cannot be delivered if mailed. The heads have been coming in lately in large quantities from different parts of the state. They are sent in to the state university for examination for rabies.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery
Their Care and Cultivation



Fine for Shade or Ornamentation.

ORCHIDS EASY TO GROW

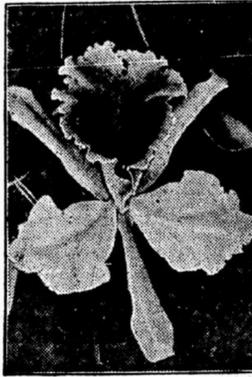
By L. M. BENNINGTON. Contrary to the general opinion orchids are by no means difficult to grow to their fullest perfection. An-

air, but must not be exposed to the full sun; the proper shading of the orchid house in summer is very essential.

No other flower so persistently appeals to the refined sense of those to whom orchids have become a passion, the exquisite perfume varying from the faint, delicate fragrance of some of the dendrobiums to the delicious and almost overpowering odor of the aerides and epidendrums.

Orchids can be grown in pots, pans and baskets in fibrous peat, with proper drainage. While they require shading in the summer, dark houses should be avoided, and air should be admitted whenever possible.

Cypripedium is one of the most interesting branches of the orchid family and offers a bountiful field of enjoyment to the amateur. It is composed of many varieties and an almost unlimited number of hybrids of bewildering variation in form and color. They are of the easiest culture and



Cattleya Dowiana—One of the Rarest Orchids.

Other prevalent error is that the orchid is exclusively a "rich man's flower." This is by no means true. Many of the varieties are relatively inexpensive, and it is possible by the expenditure of a very limited amount of money to have a collection of superlative beauty.

They require the proper kind of a house, the correct materials in which to grow them, care in watering and temperature and the same attention that must be given to every growing thing, but given these, the orchid will reward the grower most abundantly.

Orchids require plenty of light and

Odontoglossum Grandi—"The Baby Orchid." The Plant Has Yellow and Brown Blossoms.

bloom in the greatest profusion. This class is extremely low in price and offers untold enjoyment to the orchid lover of limited means.

The odontoglossums are the most extensively grown of all orchids and require an even, cool moist temperature throughout the year. They are among the most easily cultivated, and will reward the grower bountifully.

The flowers are fairly bewildering in their beauty and their unlimited variety of color and markings. Many of them are very low priced, making it possible to have a very extensive collection.



Cattleya Edwardi—A New Hybrid Orchid.

GERANIUMS ORNAMENTAL

Beds of geraniums are exceedingly ornamental, provided they are kept in tidy condition. This can be done by keeping all flower trusses picked off. If the faded flowers are allowed to remain I know of no plant that can take on a more unsightly, slovenly look.

Of course all the buds in a truss do not develop at the same time, and one does not like to destroy undeveloped flowers, but the clusters can be made to look clean and attractive by pulling away from them all flowers that have passed their prime and taken on that draggled look which so detracts from the slightly appearance of everything else in the bed.

Unless one has a great number of plants this can be done in a short time.

It will be found much easier than going over the bed and cutting out all the faded flowers as is sometimes advised.

STORING MANURE FOR GARDEN

By LIMA R. ROSE. A common practice is to manure the garden every year, late in the fall or before planting in the spring, no further attention being given. This practice, however, is not the best.

The manure for the garden should be kept in a large box with a lid or so screened that flies cannot enter it. Manure heaps are the natural breeding places of these pests and if they are allowed to remain near the house, uncovered, will prove a great nuisance.

A good plan is to use a very close wire screen nailed to a frame with hinges for the top. The manure should be spaded often on the inside that the

KEEP SOIL LOOSE ON TOP

By G. GEOFFRY. Never allow the soil to become hard and baked; stir it frequently and as deeply as possible without disturbing the roots.

This will increase its capacity to hold moisture, which is very necessary to the welfare of the plant.

Soil around leaf crops must be kept loose to cause them to grow rapidly, which will make them tender.

GROW ORNAMENTAL GRASSES

When planning flower beds and borders do not overlook the claims to beauty of the ornamental grasses. They are easy to grow, beautiful and graceful during the summer, and they can be cut when in "bloom" for decorating the house in the winter.

Give them well-drained soil and plenty of water.

What better ornament can a man have than a tree he has planted?

EASTER

VOICE of Mankind, sing over land and sea— Sing, in this glorious morn! The long, long night is gone from Calvary— The cross, the thorn and thorn: The sealed tomb yields up its saintly guest, No longer to be burdened and oppressed.

HEART of Mankind, thrill answer to his own. So human, yet divine! For earthly love he left his heavenly throne— For love like thine and mine— For love of us, as one might kiss a bride, His lifted lips touched death's, all satisfied.

SOUL of Mankind, He wakes— He lives once more! O soul, with heart and voice Sing! sing!— the stone rolls chor'us from the door— Our Lord stands forth— Rejoice! Rejoice O garden-land of song and flowers; Our King returns to us, forever ours!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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The Eastertide.

WHEN this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—for when the Christ, nailed to the Cross on that far distant day, turning to the thief beside him, cried: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise," he was opening the door of heaven to all the wide, storm-tossed world; and as the angel of God came and rolled away the stone on that Easter morning of long ago, so he comes to every worn, bodily casket and sets the soul free to find glory, perfect life, perfect happiness in some fair haven of God.

And we vex our souls with wondering where that haven may be. We reach out eager hands and cry: "What is immortal life?"

We are living in eternity today—you and I. We are so close to heaven that at times faint echoes of its music reach us—faint, far-off, wafted by some close, sweet vibration between our heart and the heart of the eternal God—faint, but sure! And we still our souls in wonder and in awe, for we understand with a knowledge born of God that we have caught a tune from the heavenly choir, and have for a holy instant, verily felt the touch of God. And as the lily, pure and spotless, pushes its way from the dark earth and unfolds into glorious life, so one day, from out all these earth environments, shall the soul unfold itself into broader life.

"For the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone"—rolled it back, friend, for you—me—that light might burst from the darkness which holds us, pointing the way to a clearer vision and a truer faith; and the music that started in heaven and in earth when Christ came forth—victor over sin, death and the grave—has never ceased, and will never cease, but go rolling on, grandly triumphant, as long as earth shall last.

L. D. Stearns.

Message of Easter.

EASTER again proclaims its message to the world. Nature lends her enchantment to the day, and makes all things bright with her unfolding promise of the resurrection. The wooded hills, the mystic canyons, the flowered meadows, the home-building birds, the sparkling dewdrops on grass and flower awaken, under the warming rays of the rising sun, into a world beautiful, made sweeter by the presence of him who is risen from the dead. And man, looking up from his work, rejoices.

Therefore, however wild and steep your path may be; however mighty the sweep of sinful propensities and habits; however dark and threatening the clouds that cross your path, take heart and press on! Easter's message is for the world. It puts a song in the individual heart. So as nature responds to the touch of spring, may mankind everywhere enter into the spirit of Easter.

Albert M. Ewert.

MUST BATTLE FOR THE SOUL

Task That Has Been Given Every Man and Woman Until the End of the World.

It was a clear and definite issue that was fought out in the forty days in the wilderness; it has been fought out every day since; it is the one fundamental issue in history. It is often concealed by other and more obvious issues; there are those who deny that there is any such issue; what is called civilization seems at times to have disproved its existence until civilization suddenly gives way and men find themselves standing on the edges of appalling abysses, and realize that under the fairest landscape there sleep today, as there slept a thousand years ago, the forces that rend and wreck in thirty seconds the work of thirty centuries.

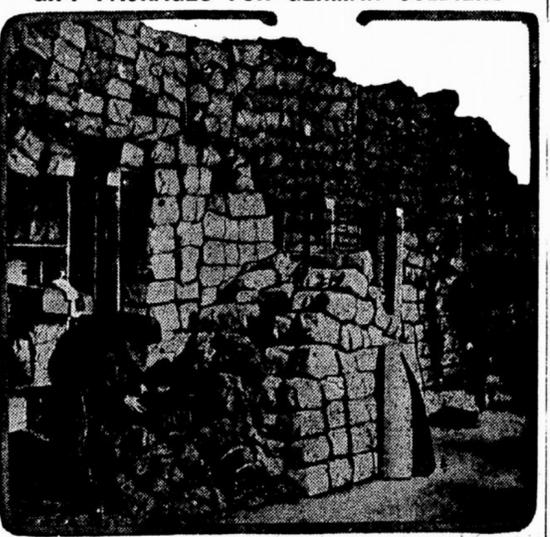
Time and wealth and beauty and the growth of order have changed the form of the age-old and unending battle which all men must fight to keep their souls alive. It is a beautiful world; it is crowded with absorbing

interest; it is a better world than it used to be because more men and women are fighting the battle for their souls; in the future it will help them through wiser laws and more whole some conditions to make the fight. But to the end of the world every man and woman must fight for the soul. No change in institutions and laws, no refinement of ways of living, no loveliness which art can bring to humanity, will ever win the battle once for all. Every age must fight for its soul as this age is fighting today, and every man and woman must pass through that struggle. It is inherent in the very nature of a stage of life which, through temptation and struggle, offers us the strength and purity which alone make God and heaven credible and real.—From the Outlook.

The Man Worth.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what, in given circumstances, is to be done, and does it.—Hasselt.

GIFT PACKAGES FOR GERMAN SOLDIERS



Thousands of gift packages lying in one of the distributing centers of the German Red Cross. These parcels are being sorted preparatory to being sent to the fighting men in the trenches.

CABINET SPLITS ON SMOKING

President Wilson, Who Does Not Smoke, Could Cast the Deciding Vote.

Washington.—The addition of Mayor Baker of Cleveland as secretary of war splits the cabinet evenly on the subject of smoking, giving President Wilson the deciding vote. Secretary Baker is a pipe smoker. Prior to Baker's arrival the cabinet antismokers had control by a vote of 6 to 4. As the

president does not smoke, and as he holds the balance of power, there is no smoking at cabinet meetings even now. Baker, Lansing, Secretary Wilson, Lane and Houston, smoke. The nonsmokers are Redfield, Daniels, McAdoo, Burleson and Gregory. There has been no smoking at a cabinet meeting during the terms of the last three presidents, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, all nonsmokers.

If salt is used for sweeping carpets, it will keep out moths.