

# PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN



## 'Twas Not Her Easter Hat

By BELLE TRIMBLE MATTSON.  
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"Oh, mamma, you're not going to wear that hat, are you?" Mildred had tragedy in her voice.

"I am."

"What! Mother, dear," cried Dorothy, running in for glove thread, "that awful hat?"

"Exactly."

"On Easter Monday!" they chimed.

"Now, see here," said their mother, "whose hat is this?"

"Oh, it's not mine," said Mildred. "I'll not dispute ownership."

"Don't you want grammy to see your lovely new Easter hat with the flowers and the plumes?" coaxed Dorothy.

"I don't care to spoil the plumes, and it looks like rain. There's a dripping fog now."

"I think it'll clear," said Mildred hopefully as she plinned on a big plummy hat of her own—gray-blue, like her eyes.

"I can't see why you girls care so much about this hat today. In the first place, it's an all right hat; in the next place, it will be howlingly stylish for grammy's metropolis; in the third place, we shall see no one we know except grammy, whose affection is not dependent on hats; in the fourth place," she added after a silent moment spent in adjusting her veil, "I'm going to wear it, so you may as well save your splutters."

In the ferryboat they found a seat for her, but had to stand themselves.

"I can't see," murmured Mildred, "why mother will wear that beast of a hat."

"She looks precisely like the head of the biological department," responded Dorothy under cover of mournful sounds from the fog bell.

"Something's got to happen to it," returned Mildred with spirit. "But today! You can't think, Dot, how perfectly elegant he is. I think 'elegant' is a rather cheap word, but I can't think of a single other one that will describe him. Oh, yes, I can, too—thoroughbred, that's what he is."

"Well, of all elegant, thoroughbred ways to meet a girl's mother!"

"He just couldn't get away from his aunt a day sooner—you know the whole party up there was for him—and he said he just couldn't wait a day longer, so at last I told him we were going away, but if I happened to see him in the station I'd present him. And now she has on that hat!"

"Humph!" said Dorothy. "You'd better spend a little time thinking what sort of an impression he'll make on the 'little mother.'"

"I've been lying awake nights over that, never fear," responded Mildred. The boat thumped up into the slip, and they joined their mother in the push to the front.

They found themselves a few minutes early, and as they stood waiting for the gates to open a tall young man rushed by to Mildred and seized her hand enthusiastically.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Frank Shipley, Mrs. Mason's nephew, you know. I think I spoke of him after her house party."

The mind of Mildred's mother quickly reviewed all her daughter had said about this most eligible nephew of her own old friend.

"I think you did," she said as she gave him her hand. "Are you going to the country, too, for the Easter holidays?"

"I'm running down to Salem—a bit of business."

"Oh, you're taking our train, then?"

"Am I? How jolly!"

The gates opened then, and he possessed himself of a wrap and an umbrella she was carrying, helped them all on, located her, found a seat for the girls and then dropped down beside Mrs. Bronson a few seats behind her daughters. And if he watched every turn of Mildred's brown head it did not prevent devoted attention to her mother. He kept up a lively chatter until the train had left Woodbury. She led him to talk of himself. She heard of his life in the west, of his college in the east, of his two years abroad, of his plans to go west again almost at once and go on with the work his father's dying hand had laid down a year before and which he felt was waiting for him. "Mrs. Bronson," he said suddenly, "I want to ask you something."

She looked at him keenly.

"I want Mildred to marry me. I

want to take her back with me. I feel as if my life was just beginning, and I want her to begin it with me. May I ask her?"

"You haven't already done it?"

"She knows I care a lot," he flushed guiltily, but he gazed honestly back into her eyes. "The house party did it. It seems a short time—a week—but when you live right in the house with a girl and see her day and night for that time it's long enough."

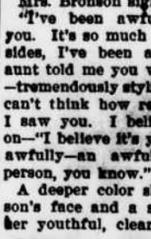
Mrs. Bronson sighed.

"I've been awfully afraid to ask you. It's so much to ask for, and, besides, I've been afraid of you. My aunt told me you were quite imposing—tremendously stylish, and so on. You can't think how relieved I was when I saw you. I believe," he blundered on—"I believe it's your hat. You're an awfully—an awfully homey looking person, you know."

A deeper color shone in Mrs. Bronson's face and a swift gleam lighted her youthful, clear brown eyes. She leaned forward and called softly. Mildred rose and came back to her.

"Send Dorothy here to me," said her mother, "and take your young man away. I'll have no such stalwart looking man say I look motherly to him. And he is making remarks about my hat. Maybe you can persuade him to go to Salem another day and get off at the Farms for dinner with us. But take him away, do."

The girls never knew how it happened that the Salvation Army so soon fell heir to the runaway hat, but after the wedding, as Frank and Mildred were speeding toward their new home in the west, Frank suddenly burst out, "No, sir, I don't see how I should ever have had the courage if it hadn't been for that hat!"



"SEND DOROTHY HERE TO ME."

AN EASTER SONG.

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

Hang not today with silent tongues!  
Ring out, ye steeple bells,  
And echo from your brazen throats  
In glad, triumphant, tuneful notes  
The joy that in us dwells.  
Sound on this happy Easter day,  
And to the throngs below you say:  
"Behold, the stone is rolled away.  
Hope lies not in the grave!"

Drop not your petals, blossoms fair,  
Your spotless leaves unfold  
And come this blessed Easter morn  
God's holy altar to adorn.  
There show your hearts of gold.  
The world gave Christ the thorny crown,  
The nails, the spear, the curse, the frown.  
Come, lilies, shower your incense down  
In recompense today!

Song, be not silent this glad day,  
But lift your notes on high.  
Send up the sweet and fervent strain—  
A grateful, thankful, glad refrain,  
With heaven's songs to vie.  
Shout praises to his holy name  
Who from his home in glory came  
To bear our sorrow, sin and shame  
That we might live for aye!

Hearts, be not dumb, but gratitude  
Four out unto our King.  
He gave his all that we might live.  
Have we no offering to give,  
No sacrifice to bring?  
At least our homage let us pay  
And sincere thanks extend today  
That angels rolled the stone away—  
Hope lies not in the grave!

Some Foreign Easter Customs.

On Easter Russian children receive presents as our children do on Christmas. On Easter Monday people go about kissing relatives, friends and acquaintances and exchanging eggs. These are sometimes very beautiful ones of glass and porcelain and are filled with sugar plums and presents.

In Ireland children play a game called "bun-hing eggs." This is played with a pan filled with sand or sawdust, which is set on a table, around which the children stand, each supplied with eggs. The eggs of each player are all of one color and are unlike those of the other players. The object of the game is for each player to so place the eggs standing upright in the sand as to bring five in a row touching each other. In turn each player pulls down an egg, sometimes filling out a row for herself, at others cutting off the line of an opponent. The one who first succeeds in obtaining the desired row calls out:

"The raven, chough and crow  
Lie five in a row."

The Early Easter.

[And the bard's dilemma.]

When Easter dawns across the lawns,  
With bright effulgence flooding  
The plain, the slope, it brings us hope  
Of blossoms freshly budding.

When Easter comes, no more benumbs  
Our hearts the winter icy.  
For there's a hint of summer in't  
And springtime odors spicy.

When Easter wakes the sleepy lakes  
With music's glad appealing  
We think no more of winter hoar  
And waterways congealing.

When Easter—well, 'twill do to tell,  
But when it comes so early  
How can we sing the signs of spring  
And still be truthful—nearly?  
T. SAPP.

## The Story of The Resurrection

IN the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: And for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy: and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.



## EASTER OPTIMISM

By ROBERT DONNELL

I BELIEVE that with every Easter dawn a fuller effulgence of spiritual light illuminates the earth. Easter spells optimism. The optimist is the only naturalized citizen of the universe. He is, indeed, a universal denizen, owner of the sphere he treads and inheritor of stars.

Optimism means belief in the eternal goodness, acceptance of so called evil in the full confidence that the evolutionary processes of divine nature are working with absolute certainty toward ultimate perfection.

In my view the person who does not believe in the preponderance of the good over the evil upon this earth has no right to call himself a Christian. He does not believe in Christ, who believed in humanity and loved even those who persecuted him. He does not believe in God, for God is the immanent essence of good residing in all things.

Easter is both pagan and Christian. Centuries before the Nazarene proclaimed good will to men the pagan optimists celebrated the return of spring as the awakening, the rebirth, the resurrection of life out of apparent death.

Every day's dawn is an Easter morning to the optimist. The spirit of aspiration shakes off its lethargy of the night as a useless garment and goes forth each new day to higher altitudes of endeavor.

There was a period in the past century when a movement called transcendentalism stirred the souls of thinking men. Ralph Waldo Emerson was its high priest. Emerson was the transcendental optimist. He acknowledged no evil in the universe. He knew only that which was good and held fast thereto.

We cannot all be Emersonian in intellect, but we can transcend our environment. Many of us are down amid the muck and the muck, but we can look up into the light and by hitching our wagons to the stars be drawn upward into liberty. Grief bludgeons our heads, but it need not bow them. Sorrow pierces our hearts, but it need not break them. If we believe in the justice of the Infinite, these little temporal lives will become to us only as incidents in the irresistible upward leading of the eternal.

Life is the supreme fact. Easter exemplifies the triumph of life. Let us believe only in life, refusing to be dominated by the unsubstantial wraith called death, refusing to be diverted thereby from "the upward looking and the light." Then will Easter be to us the most significant, the most inspiring, the most uplifting of all the days that dawn.

## Mrs. Johnson's Easter Opening

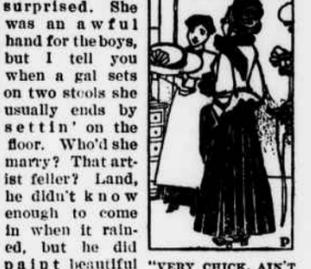
By KATHLEEN DOUGLAS.  
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HERE! Everything's ready at last. Land o' Goshen, these Easter openin's almost take my life! I'm as tired as a dog. Here comes ole Mis' Williams. She'll nose everything over, like as not, and then not buy anything—ole fool!

"How do, Mis' Williams? Anything in particular I can show you today? Just want to look around a little? Do! Here's one of the latest models—the festive matron—very chick, ain't it? Would you like to try it on? Too big, do you think? Well, you know most of the hats this year are like at-armable tires.

"Walk right in, Mis' Simpson. Tired? Set right down on that top. Here, Johnny, take this stool, and Lotty can hev this hassock (hope she won't get everything stuck up with that candy). Johnny came near bein' drowned last month—took an hour to rusticate him? Land sakes alive! Well, I've always said children was a sartin care, but an unsartin blessin'. You want somethin' plain and dark? How do you like this? No; that ain't a cat with a fuchsia in its mouth; it's an owl with a rosebud.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Goodrich. Yes, a beautiful day. How well you're lookin'! My, but you're renewed your age this spring! There's nothin' like workin' in the garden. Sally Tucker married! You don't say! Well, I am surprised. She was an awful hand for the boys, but I tell you when a gal sets on two stools she usually ends by settin' on the floor. Who'd she marry? That artist feller? Land, he didn't know enough to come in when it rained, but he did paint beautiful hens, though I never did care much for hens, they're such awful fools, and you know the Bible says we mustn't have nothin' to do with fools. I never thought he'd marry, neither; he was so awful in love with himself it must 'a' seemed most like perpetratin' bigamy. Well, a man doesn't come off fool's hill till he's twenty-five or so, and then sometimes he has to be knocked off. Did you know that Ebenezer Cook had married again? They say he and his wife used to quarrel somethin' terrible. One day he riz up and said, 'We'll divide the house.' 'All right,' says she; 'we will. You can hev the outside, and I'll take the inside.'



"That hat looks awful handsom' on you, Mis' Allen. I thought of you when I saw the model in Noo York. Ain't that rooster's tail beautiful? So lifelike! And the cherries at the back is fairly temptin'. You want to wear it home? Certainly. Charge it? Oh, very well! Goodby.

"My, I'd hate to be married to her husband. He's so stingy he'd speak in a whisper if it would save his voice. But religious! They say whenever an evangelist comes to town ole Allen wears out the knees of his pants gettin' religion; but, puckerwoolie, I guess he wears out the seats of 'em backslidin' before the year's out. He come in here one night and set down and begun groanin' like. You know he wears his hair way down on to his shoulders. What's his idee in havin' it long that way, I wonder? Perhaps he thinks what'll keep the cold out will keep the heat in, but if I was his wife I'd take a pair of shears and cut it all off some night. Well, he kept on moanin', and sez I, 'What's the matter?' 'I don't know,' sez he, 'leantin' his head on his two hands. 'I feel awful bad. Sometimes I think it's religion,' sez he. 'Ain't that rooster's tail beautiful?' I think it's worms. 'Better take a big dose of thoroughwort when you get home,' sez I, 'and find out.' I ain't got no patience with a man like that. He's the kind Amanda Tompkins says hain't got one redeemin' vice. Goin', Mis' Williams? Looks a little like rain, but it's clear overhand. What say? You ain't goin' that way? He-he! Goodby, My, but she's awful funny! Did you ever hear how she come over the border from Canerdy with an alarm clock tied up in her bustle? Just as the custom house officer come along the alarm went off to beat the band."

## Real Easter Lilies



### "Call Me Early."

If you're waking call me early; call me early, mother dear.  
For tomorrow will be Easter—let us hope it may be clear—  
And you know how long it takes me ere I finish my complexion and can get completely dressed.  
There are many jealous women who will stare when I appear.  
So, if you're waking, call me—call me early, mother dear.

My hat cost fourteen dollars, marked from twenty, as you know.  
It had been a little damaged. They will never guess it, though.  
They will think I paid the twenty, not a single penny less.  
And their eyes will do some bulging when they see me come, I guess.  
The weather man has promised that it shall be warm and clear.  
Therefore, if you're waking, call me—call me early, mother dear.

The Old Story.  
I know not why it is, but every year  
The story seems more wondrous strange  
and new.  
I bend above my lily buds to hear  
Them whisper softly what I know is true—  
That winter's past;  
That spring comes fast;  
That life and joy are here at last!



"MAMMA, THIS IS MR. SHIPLEY."