

Spring.

Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.
No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,

river and fountain, brook and rill,
Despangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way.
All in their new apparel vie,
For Time hath laid his mantle by

Charles of Orleans.

HOME OF THE EASTER LILY

Flower Was Introduced Into the Islands of Bermuda by an American.



There is only one monument in the whole British colony of the Bermudas—and it is erected to the memory of an American. This fact may seem a bit strange until one has heard the story, which is really a story of the Bermuda lily, and of the man who made it possible.

Many years ago—during President Hayes' administration, in fact—Gen. Russell Hastings, who had made for himself a brilliant record during the civil war, was married in the White House at Washington. He and his bride went to Bermuda on their wedding trip, and were so charmed with the beauty of the place that they resolved then and there to return, and, if possible, to make it their permanent abode. The climate, too, appealed to them. (The general had been seriously wounded in the war, and was far from well.)

A little later the two came again. Not as tourists this time, but as home-seekers. In those days the now-existing law that none but English citizens can own land in English colonies was not in force. So General Hastings had no difficulty in acquiring a large estate. He chose a picturesque site in the little city of Hamilton, surrounding a land-locked bay. Here he built his home, "Boncl," which stands to-day among tropical trees and luxuriant flowers.

Not only did General Hastings at once become deeply interested in the place, and in the possibilities for its development, but he was genuinely distressed at the poverty of the islanders, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Setting about to improve matters, he studied the climatic conditions, experimented again and again, and at length his efforts were crowned with success. It was found that our present-day Easter lily, originally a native of Japan, would attain in Bermuda to a perfection of loveliness hitherto unknown. The islanders were soon pressed into service, and since about 1876 the culture of lilies has been not only their chief pride, but their chief means of livelihood as well. Imagine a tiny group of islands, far out in the Atlantic—the largest of

them about 15 miles long and not wider, at most, than a mile and a half—set beneath the bluest of blue skies, and seeming to rest on water whose transparency and brilliancy of color are unequalled anywhere. This is Bermuda, the home of the Easter lily.

As the incoming boat skirts the shore, the lily fields look from a distance like white summer clouds dropped down from the sky upon the green islands. Lily fragrance fills the air and is blown by the wind far out over the water. Coming nearer you see the fields more clearly—rows upon rows of blossoms, tall, stately and snowy white. It is very beautiful.

It was not until the early '80's that the Bermuda lily became well known in the United States. It is said that a Philadelphia woman, returning from the islands, brought home a plant to bloom. This came to the attention of W. K. Harris, an enterprising florist of the Quaker city, who purchased a lot of the bulbs, from which he succeeded in raising hundreds of plants. Introducing them under the name Lilium Harrisii. Thus the Easter lily industry spread to America, and to other countries as well. But nowhere do the flowers grow so perfect and beautiful as under the quickening warmth of the tropical sun of Bermuda.

Ordinarily only bulbs are exported, but at the rush season whole boat loads of cut buds and of thickly-budded plants are packed and shipped away, carrying the sweet message of the Easter lily into countless homes and churches.

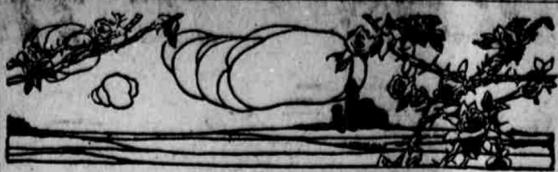
General Hastings is dead. In spite of his long residence in Bermuda, he remained a devotedly loyal American citizen and from time to time concerned himself with public affairs, holding various positions of responsibility and honor. The islanders remember him as their friend and benefactor, and that they and those that come after them may not be unmindful of the debt of gratitude they owe, a beautiful monument has been recently erected in Hamilton in his memory.



An Easter Lay.
Behold! What light in yonder sky?
The angels echo in reply.
It is the Easter Dawn.
Let carols sweet ring through the air,
And flowers distill their perfume rare,
This Resurrection morn'.

For Christ has risen, as He said,
Blissful Saviour of the quick and dead.
Chant loud the glad refrain,
For angels rolled the stone away,
And Christ arose ere broke the day,
And evermore shall reign.

Chinese Idea of Creation.
By the Chinese it is believed that the world was formed of two parts of a great egg. From the yolk, man came forth; then he washed his hand and the upper half of the shell went upward and became the concave heavens; the lower half reversed, making the convex earth, and the white albumen became the seas.



AN EASTER SONG

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart;
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart!



Symbol of Glad Easter

All Nations and All Peoples Have Connected the Egg with the Creation or Renewal of Life.



OR days the shop windows have spoken eloquently though mutely of the advent of the great spring festival which in some form or other the classes and masses of the people are observing. Easter lilies and tulips, violets and hyacinths all have spoken of the birth of a new year, of the springing forth of buds and blossoms, of the thrilling of bird songs, of the breaking of ice-bound waters, of the passing of winter, and of the return of the sun, bringing with it seedtime, and the birth of new hopes and desires, symbolized in the celebration of Easter.

And everywhere the egg, symbolic of the universe and of life, of the springing forth from the germ of new forces and powers, has been in evidence.

The Egyptians, the Jews, the Persians and Hindus, the Syrians, the Chinese, the Greeks, the Australians, the Hawaiians—all have connected the egg with the creation or renewal of life.

The fire worshippers of Persia, worshipping Zoroaster as a prophet, believed in a first great spirit from whom came two brothers, Ormuzd and Ahriman. Ahriman, showing jealousy of his brother, Ormuzd, was condemned to darkness for thousands of years. Angered, he longed for revenge, and when Ormuzd made an egg containing good genie Ahriman made another full of evil spirits, and broke the two together, so that from the beginning good and evil were mixed. In memory of this legend of creation, the Persians at the festival of the solar new year, held in March, exchanged colored eggs as gifts.

The Chinese have a story that the first man, Poo Koo Wong, came from an egg, and that having been born he used the upper part of the shell to make the heavens, while the lower part became the earth.

The Burmese tell that the first man and woman, their Adam and Eve, were hatched from a single egg.

The Syrians say that their gods from whom they were descended were hatched from eggs.

The Australians believe the earth was darkened space until one of their race threw up an egg, which exploded and became the sun.

Hawaii, the islanders declare, was a great egg which some mammoth bird dropped as it passed over the seas.

The Egyptians regarded the egg as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the flood, and the Jews used it as a type of their departure from the land of the Egyptians, and with the Paschal lamb it was a part of the Passover feast.

The early Christians were, of course, Jewish, and when they began to observe Easter as a Christian feast gave to the egg as a part of the ceremonial of the season a new significance, that of the resurrection from the dead. Eggs were forbidden during Lent, and so naturally accumulated, as the hens did not stop laying. Eating them on Easter day signified that fasting time was over and feasting begun, so they were connected with joy just as were the bells which, hushed during the period preceding Easter day, broke into joyous pealing at its dawn.

The name for Easter in the romance languages—pasques in French, pasqua in Italian, and pasqua in Spanish—comes through the Latin pascha, from the Chaldee form of the Hebrew name for the Passover festival. Hence the eggs are pasc, pasche, paschal, or pasque eggs, as well as Easter eggs.

When the early Christians began to observe Easter as a Christian festival a controversy as to the time of its observance, known as the Paschal controversy, and extending from the second to the fourth centuries, arose. The Eastern churches kept it at the same time as the Jewish Passover, the 14th day of the Jewish lunar month of Nisan, which most often corresponds to our month of April,



Accompanying this article are pictures of four Easter eggs. No. 1 shows the pretty effect of a cabbage rose. This is obtained by painting the surface of the egg to represent the close-folled petals of a rich red rose and fastening about its lower end a bunch of green tissue paper leaves, the long points being wired to hold them in place about the egg. Such eggs are unique and pretty to adorn the breakfast table Easter morning, placing one on the folded white napkin at each plate. No. 2 shows an egg representing our idea of a "cranky" Aunt Nan, long-faced and of sour mien. A bit of white lawn, closely folded to fit the egg, forms her cap. A large potato may be cut to answer for a shoulder block, into which the lower end of the egg fits. This potato foundation must also be covered with white lawn. The features are drawn in, first, very carefully with the pencil, then painted with water color.

No. 3 is the head of a jolly "chappie," whose hat may be of straw or made of plaited tissue paper. The collar is cut from ordinary white note-paper and a bit of black or gray ribbon forms the necktie. This style of Easter egg may be made most laughable by painting the nose—at the end—very red, the lips a bright pink, the cheeks a trifle paler than the lips, the eyes a twinkling black and the hair a color usually known as "sandy."

No. 4 gives the Easter egg in the form of a very fat baby's face looking from the full ruff of a hood. The egg is turned small end up, so as to give all the roundness to the double chin and fat cheeks. Paint with water colors the eyes—wide open—a baby blue, the cheeks and chin delicate pink and the hair flaxen. Pick out thin lashes about the wide-open eyes with a black lead pencil. This style of Easter egg has evolved into a most interesting thing, sometimes quite artistic and again most ludicrous. If the eggs are to be kept any length of time it is advisable to blow the contents from the shells, although hard-boiled eggs keep for several months.

There are for sale in the shops all sorts of china, wooden and glass eggs for Easter, but these never give the satisfaction to the little ones that "real, sure-enough eggs" do. Turkey and duck eggs are in much demand for Easter, owing to their enormous size. The writer recently saw

a fine turkey egg that had painted on its shell an Easter picture containing a church, with steeple and bell, a number of pretty children in white frocks, adults in more sober apparel in the foreground and a restful village in the background. This work of art was done by a little girl of 12, who had an eye for color and a clever hand to execute. A duck's egg was made, by the same girl, to resemble the head of a rabbit, with its long ears of white paper softly tinted with water colors.

A most unique Easter egg greeting was planned by a little boy, who,

gave a ragged, broken effect to the edge of the paper. When these photos were carefully pasted on the shell the effect was that of a child coming forth from the shell, the torn edges of the picture gave the impression of the egg shell being roughly broken away by the laughing boy in the picture, who was coming forth. Beneath the photo the characteristic and boyish greeting (in red ink): "Hello!" was the inscription.

These "Easter egg greetings," as the little fellow was wont to call them, were daintily wrapped in pretty tissue papers, tied with bits of bright ribbons and placed in white pasteboard boxes, to be sent on Easter eve to his many friends, who, you may be sure, were delighted to receive them.

A German housemaid, being very fond of her mistress' little children and wishing to add a bit of homely cheer to their Easter tide, decided to follow a quaint and pretty custom observed in many provinces of Germany. Early on Easter morning—before one of the family was astir—she stole out on the lawn and hid little nests (which she had secretly made during her spare hours) under shrubs, trees, behind vines and flower pots and in every conceivable corner of the yard.

In these nests, fashioned of straw, twigs and twine, she placed the freshest of eggs, which were to be cooked for Easter breakfast. And the cooking was done out of doors in a kettle placed over a rude camp fire for the purpose.

When the family came down stairs the German maid told them that the Easter rabbits had been in the grounds the previous night and that if the children would hunt about the yard they would find fresh eggs for breakfast left there for them by the snow-white rabbits.

Eagerly the little ones, accompanied by their parents, who were as full of happy anticipation as the children, ran into the grounds about the house hunting for the eggs the rabbits had brought. Screams of delight and joyous laughter followed the finding of the nests, which were quickly robbed of their contents. Then to the steaming hot kettle they all hurried, carrying their eggs in hats and aprons, and the German maid—no less happy than the children—superintended the boiling of the eggs, which were taken piping hot to the dining-room, where the rest of the breakfast awaited the family. And a most delightful Easter breakfast was enjoyed by all, each declaring that he or she had never before tasted such deliciously flavored eggs as had been brought to them by the snow-white Easter rabbits on Easter Eve night.

EASTER WITHIN MEN'S HEARTS.
Great Festival Part of the Nature of Mankind.

Once more with the revolving year comes back Easter festival celebration throughout earlier ages of the triumph of spring, with its genial sunshine, its flowers, its mating birds, over winter with its chill arrest of life, of color, of perfume, of music. To-day, however, it returns, no longer as mere literal, but symbolic festival season—radiant garment of a deeper spiritual content. Man must have his glorious realm of symbols, in which mind, heart and imagination live and move and have their being—shrine of incarnation in which tabernacle his tenderest yearnings, instinctive impulses of faith, seemingly divine intimations.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky!"
So cried Wordsworth in transport of spirit. Yes, and so, thank God, in like transport, cry we, all of us, in answering chorus. Is not this because of the universal, leaping, bounding and exulting impulse that is an essential part element of our own nature as much as of his; as indestructible a property of our very fiber of being as is elasticity in that of a rubber ball; the harder the throw to the flinty earth, the higher and more resilient the rebound. Indeed, is it not we ourselves who, as vital portion of eternal creative spirit, call out through our own dower of high-wrought emotion the whole diapason of the rainbow's glory? The sun that transfigures the else mere dank and dripping raindrops into ineffable bow of promise, are not we that sun! and but for the inner transfiguration thus evoked, were it not vain to concentrate an endless duration of so-called rainbows on the eye, with no result but a dreary, monstrous world of mist-drip to dwell in?

The Resurrection.
In dreary rain the bulbs were laid in earth,
And in a day the raindrops turned to snow,
And fell upon the mound, where, lying low,
The hea-vens were waiting for their birth;
A little time, a touch of sun—the mirth
Of flowers, which in color, to and fro
Rippled and leaped until the world
Aglow
With daffodil and crocus learned the worth
Of gold that knew no spending—Mystery
Of resurrection from the dead that slept
Yet could not rest until the darkened part
Was joined to light, and free among the free—
So thou, loved body, long from light be-
reft,
Shalt yet be joined to soul, as soul and heart.
—Maurice Francis Egan.

The Better Life Beyond.
The observance of Easter as the festival of life renewed is not likely to fade away. It typifies a hope unquenchable in the human breast of a better life beyond, and it teaches that just as the vigorous young forest springs from the decayed trunks of ancestral fallen trees and pushes aspiring shoots into the sunlight, every human life, feeding upon the past, transforming even its own discarded and buried evil into wholesome sustenance, may expand and grow upward into regions of the soul, where the shadows never fall.

Derivation of "Easter."
Like many another term in Christian nomenclature, the word "Easter" is derived from pagan sources. The Saxon goddess of light, "Eastre," was honored with annual festival at the vernal equinox. The Jewish Passover was also regulated by the March moon and the resurrection of Jesus occurred at this season. In later centuries the great Christian festival came to bear the pagan name "Easter" and to be celebrated at a time coincident with the Jewish feast.

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I know my face is surely sealed,
For once, while passing near,
I touched her lips and said to me,
"You'll be my breakfast, dear."