

FLORAL OFFERINGS FOR EASTER TIME

By KATHERINE BLADES.

I is hard to see why any holiday except Christmas should be observed by sending presents to

friends, yet we seem to be generally falling into that custom, whether the day be New Year's, St. Valentine's, St. Patrick's or Easter. If the fashion spreads no doubt ere long we shall feel constrained to include the Fourth of July and election day in the list of gift sending occasions. Even good things may be run into the ground.

except just a little child, are always there for us. They never weary us. Daffodils, lilles, snowdrops, white azaleas, costly or small in price, may be sent as remembrances to our dearest year by year, and they will not be bored therewith. Indeed, the same variety of flower from the same person to the same year after year becomes a badge of unfailing remembrance and significance.



COME of the old Easter customs are curiously barbaric, and even at the present time the observance of this particular is surrounded with more or

Easter

Incorrigible Rose's

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E did not know what to do with Rose-had not known for a long time. She was incorrigible-an incorrigible

giver. She would give away anything. from her slippers to the plume on her hat.

She did that very thing once-took an eighteen inch ostrich plume from her hat and gave it to a girl book agent. And when chided by my sister she merely opened wide her lovely gray eyes and exclaimed:

"Why, Mary Ennis, that girl had never had an ostrich plume in her life, and she looked so tired and discouraged. I just could not buy her bookit was about the horrors of something or other. But you ought to have seen the light in her face when I gave her that beautiful plume."

Perhaps it would have been good to see the light in the girl's face, but the light in Rose's was enough to disarm Sister Mary, It always ended that way. Dozens of Rose's friends had undertaken to scold her roundly for her foolish generosity, but always when she had explained one felt that only a brute could have done different-

Rose had just begun to have some success with her drawings and was earning a little money.

"It will be such a help to her," said a friend. "She loves pretty things so and has very few of them, poor child!"

Mary sniffed, out of patience: "Help? What do you suppose she did with the \$30 she got last month for those sketches? Buy her some gloves and neck ribbons and a new waist? Not a bit of it. She sent \$5 to some girl she used to know in school who is in Colorado for her health and \$5 to some crippled second cousin in the east, gave \$5 to the heathen in India and spent the rest on the sick negro that does her chores and on her washerwoman's kids.

The worst of it is Rose's ward robe. Her sou' revels in beauty. She loves pretty things with the ardor of a child. But the prettier a thing is the surer the idea will pop into her head. "What a delightful present for somebody!" It requires the eternal vigilance of Mary and five or six of her intimate friends to keep Rose preset.table.

All her friends tried, singly and collectively, to make Rose over "for her own good," and all, singly and collec-

them at a time

when they would

Two years be-

fore we learned

it was utter folly

to give Rose

things at Christ-

mas, provided

one wanted her

to keep them.

The girls made

up that year

a magnificent

Christmas box

ner of dainty and

stick.

845 85 E.S.

BOOK AGENT.

son and henvy room.

GAVE IT TO A GIRL full of all man-

beautiful things for her attractive per-

But, alas. Christmas afternoon Rose

was found in the nighest state of delight. It was a beautiful world, she had the dearest friends in it. and

By William D. Damby

this was the best Christmas in nineteen hundred years. We were suspicious at once, and when we had heard the story of the girl who had lost her place in the store, of the woman with sick husband, of the crippled girl

next door, of the old lady with the bronchitis, of the preacher's pretty lit tle homesick wife, of the washerwoman's five children, we had heard the complete story of all our Christman presents, except a little book of poems which I had sent.

"I kept that." said Rose laughingly. to remember your presents by." About the 1st of April Mary had an Idea

"Harvey Ennis," she said, "I tell you what we girls are going to do. You can help anonymously if you want to. The 24th is Rose's birthday. There does not happen to be a single holiday near it, and surely not more than one or two of her friends and proteges have a birthday at the

Samo 2 same time. So we are going to make her up just a wonderful birth day box, and maybe she will get a little good of it."

> It was magical the way the friends responded to Mary's suggestion, and there were lots of friends, for everybody loved Rose and liked to give her things. That box was a beauty. It looked to me as if it contained everything a girl could use or

"I KEPT THAT," SAID want, and some ROS". more, and every-

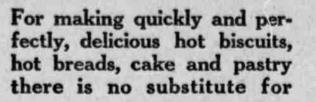
thing was of the finest and daintiest. The box went Thursday evening Friday was her birthday. Saturday afternoon as sister and 1 had started downtown Mary said:

"Look at Norah Conway. I never saw her go like that before. What do you suppose : the matter with her?" Norah is a slow, awkward girl of sixteen. She was half running and tum-

bling down the street in great excitement with a bundle under her crm. Every few minutes she bent her head and peeked through a tear in the paper wrapper at something inside.

"I have it." said Mary, brightening. "She has something new for tomor row.

"Harvey Lunis!" She stopped and clutched my arm. "Didn't she comwn that street?" pointing to the on





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"Alum, sodium alum, basic aluminum sulphate, sulphate of aluminum, all mean the same thingnamely, BURNT ALUM."-Kansas State Board of Health.

people don't give presents on Easter." That is just it," said dose. "No hady was expecting presents, and 1 had the most glorious time."

And she had-we know she had, as she stood in happy thought looking out of the window at the newly blos-

soming earth caressed by the sunshine and kissed by the breeze. There was a light in her face that made us forget clothes and presents and anger and think only of



As the Chicken Sees It.

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las, if I had not been hatched. Dad never burst my shell, had never wandered forth and scratched

for food my craw to swell, I should escape the woeful fate Invited by my present state.





tively, failed utterly. We gave up then and just enjoyed her as she was, for she certainly was a de-

Simple presents for children afford them joy at Easter. For them are decorated eggs, boxes of sweets, sugar rabbits or papier mache ones stuffed with sweets. Grown people, in accordance with the exaggerated gift bestowing fashion, often send expensive jewels and bric-a-brac to their friends at Easter. Why they should it is not easy to discover, for there is no reason in it.

For St. Patrick's day there were on sale pretty picture postcards in vivid green whereon to speed the compliments of the season. The same attractive idea might be much more generally adapted to Easter than has been done. Postcards in Easter colorswhite, yellow and green-might well have appropriate resurrection and other symbols printed upon them for use at the joyous yet sacred spring festival. There, too, are artistically adorned Easter poems.

But flower gifts and floral decorations at Easter are the best of all. In the warmer climes of Christen dom there is an annual floral festival. Where flowers are abundant it comes just preceding Lent and is commonly called the flower carnival. In our country, except in California and now and then in a southern state, there is seldom a flower festival of any kind. although there might well be such even in the northerly part of the land in May and June.

It is customary to have shining lilles, "pure littes of eternal peace," in our churches on Easter Sunday. But even there the resources of the Easter colors are not brilliantly brought out. Yellow, vivid, radiant, dazzling-is not that the color of the halo of the saints? Have not certain esoteric cults chosen it as the symbol of developing spirituality? And in the colder regions of this land the splendid daffodils-"Easter flowers," they are well named-are often the only ones in bloom outdoors at Easter time. They are the first fruits of the awakening power of the sun, herald of what is to come.

The flashing yellow daffodils are hardy as the hardlest. They endure any amount of freezing. Their dried bulbs may also be taken up from the home garden in the fall and potted in sandy earth and put in a dark place till about two months before Easter, then brought into the light and tended, and they will blossom gloriously at the sacred festal time.

Our Easter church decorations do not include half enough of the significant yellow in their color scheme. Neither at this time do we have half enough flowers of any kind in our homes. Easter cards have become tiresome. Expensive gifts are meaningless; besides, we cannot afford them. Nut flowers, the most beautiful of all the Creator's gifts rection.

less superstition. just enough to lend to it the charm of mystery.

Twentieth century maidens don bright yellow garters, secure in their belief that they will be engaged before the year ends, others give their tresses "a hundred strokes three times" with the brush while thinking intently of their hearts' desire, and who does not take good care to wear her new things on Easter day?

Among the earliest of Easter customs are the following:

At Queen's college, Oxford, a herring placed by the cook to simulate a man on horseback is set on a corn salad and brought to the table. This is supposed to represent a red herring riding away on horseback and is the last vestige of the once popular pageants of rejoicing.

It was erstwhile a habit in English towns for the boys, after the Easter service, to run into the street and snatch the buckles from the shoes of the girls whom they were able to catch.

Easter Monday, however, it was turn about, and the women chased the men If the men refused to pay a sixpence or happened to wear boots the women tried to snatch their hats, and to recover a hat cost a sixpence.

In some old towns great cakes were brought to church and there divided mong the young people.

A singular Easter custom was that of "lifting and weaving." A man sit ting contentedly in his home was sur prised by the servants and women of his household, who entered bearing e great armchair lined with white and decorated with ribbons and favors. The man was forced to sit in the chair and be lifted by the women, to each of whom he must give a sixpence. On a day in Easter week, either Monday or Tuesday, the man lifted the women with similar attendant ceremonies,

Edward 1. was lifted in his bed by his ladies and maids of honor, and a record shows the payment made by him to have been some \$2,000 in sixpences.

In older days in England monks at Easter acted plays in churches, the favorite subject being the resurrection. Not only were the plays enacted in the churches on these festival days. but there was dancing, particularly in the French cathedrals.

Even the sun, it is said, dances on Easter day.

In Ireland great preparations were made for the last day of Lent. Holy Saturday, about 9 o'clock, a hen and a piece of bacon were put in the pot, and at 12 o'clock there were eating and much merrymaking. At 4 all arose to see the sun dance in honor of the resul

time trying to Rose lived in. devise gifts of a 1 nodded and bit my lip. sort and give

"She's giving them away." Mary said, with wrathful conviction. "Come on; I am going to see." And she turned me about and started toward Rose's home.

On the way we met three other bun fles and excited happy faces.

"Rose Merrifield," began Mary, more nearly angry with her friend than I ever had seen her.

"Now-now, honey!" Rose kissed her and patted her on the back until a sigh of resignation came, followed by an adoring smile. "They did not have anything new, you know, for tomorrow, and, Mary, tomorrow is Easter! I've had the loveliest time glving Easter presents." And a faraway light came into her eyes.

"Presents" whoed Mary. "Why,



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Then with the reapers I could hear (Such power hath a believing ear) The whisper of the falling grain, "In season due we'll rise again."

In winter, when the snow was deep And life was in its irozen sleep, I heard a murmur, "Soon the spring To us will resurrection bring."

n springtime, when the world awoke, from all the fields a voice there spoke, And all things sang with one accord, "The rise as rose our buried Lord."

And all the surging summer through Hs grew the flowers my spirit grew. With all that grows I claim my part-'Cis always Easter in my heart.



cane that forever went peck-peckpecking viciously CALL CONTROL OF STATE along the walk.

> For many years ROSE, YOU ARE SUCH old Buck had A WONDERFUL GIVbeen saving up for a rainy day-

his rainy day. He had let his wife dle because he was too stingy to have a doctor, and all his children had fled before they were scarcely grown. His grasping mouth, his withered, wrinkled face, his narrow suspicious eyes, always made me shudder.

"Isn't he horrid?" Mary spoke first when we were past.

And then in a moment as her eyes wandered to the blossoming orchard at the edge of town she sighed resignedly:

"I don't know what we will ever do with her, but isn't she a dear? And if one must go to the extreme I guess it is best to take the highest one." "I am going to, if I can." I said, and Mary looked at me wonderingly.

Next morning was Easter indeed. The world was full of sunshine and early flowers and songs of birds and soft winds.

Rese came to the door herself, for the church bells were just ringing. Never had she looked more beautiful, and that is the end of praise. I stepped into the hall and closed the door behind me. She looked up at me a little surprised, a little agitated.

"Rose"-her lids drooped and hid her soft gray eyes, and she breathed a little quickly-"you have made everybody happy by your gifts, everybody from Bombay to Maine, everybody but me. Won't you make me a present, an Easter gift?"

"What?" she said softly, and her voice fluttered.

"The lady with the lify soul." And I held out my arms waitingly.

When we went out into the sunlight a little while later I said most sincerely and gratefully:

"Rose, you are such a wonderful giver!"

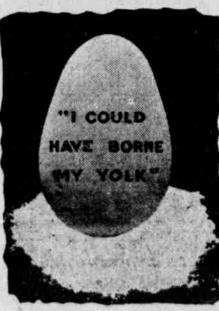
Easter Morning.

Waken, little people; Waken, children, dear! Listen! From the steeple Bells are pealing clear: We ring For the birthday of the spring: We bring The happy Easter day."

Bells of silver lilles Softly stir today: Though their chime so still is, Yet they seem to say: "We ring

Only perfume music as we swing; We spring

On the happy Easter day." -Youth's Companion. I'm now a chicken fat and fine. Had since their Lenten fast My owners will expect to dine-H real feed at last-And in a stow I'm sure to be When I am carved for fricassee.



But if I had remained in sheit I could have borne my yolk. In white imprisonment to dwell (Chis isn't any johe!) O time, turn back, I plead, I beg. And let me be an Gaster egg! PATSY PULLET.

Easter Superstitions. Draw the egg of violet hue, Means friends fond and true

Pink will bring you luck. A lover full of pluck.

Gladly take the egg of green. ood fortune soon will be seen.

Wealth and happiness with the ogs of gray, Keep it and hide safely away.

The egg of blue Means lovers few

Do not touch the egg of red. If you do you'll never wed.

A lover this very night If you draw the egg of white.

You'll marry in another town If you choose the egg of brown