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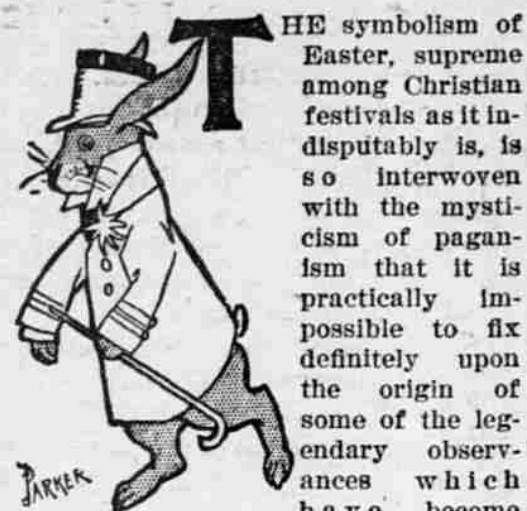
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SHOES

THE BEE HIVE
McCook, Nebraska

The
Easter
Symbolism

By GEORGE H. PICARD
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THE symbolism of Easter, supreme among Christian festivals as it indisputably is, is so interwoven with the mysticism of paganism that it is practically impossible to fix definitely upon the origin of some of the legendary observances which have become common property. The genesis of the Easter rabbit, for instance, is involved in much obscurity. It is known that the rodent was used for sacrificial purposes long before the foundation of Christianity, and also that it was an animal sacred to Eostre, goddess of light, from whose name our term Easter is supposed to be derived.

How the rabbit became the custodian of the nest of gayly colored Easter eggs is no mystery to the German toymaker. Each district has its own popular variant. Baden's legend is as follows:

In the mountains overlooking Freiburg early in the twelfth century there was an abbey of Benedictines who dominated the spiritual affairs of the entire countryside. At the abbey church the Easter festival was always celebrated with marked splendor, and it was visited on those occasions by the devout from all Germany. One of the chief attractions of the great feast was a series of religious tableaux representing the leading events in the

A Patient Scot.
Alexander Innes Shand in his "A Medley of Memories" writes of an old Scotchman whom he knew in his boyhood. "He used to drive cattle in a flowing, flowered dressing gown, which had been passed on to him, and he only shaved his gray beard at long intervals. One of my earliest recollections is seeing him biting off the tails of a litter of terrier puppies in the courtyard. He was a philosopher in his own way, and with the free run of the servants' hall and butler's pantry he took life easily."

"He never complained. Once when the landlord paid a morning visit that personage splashed from the drainage outside the door into a puddle within, where some ducklings were disporting themselves, and the wet was dripping over him from the blackened rafters."

"Why, John," was the exclamation, "you are in a terrible state here! We must have your roof overhauled." "Aye, it's lettin' in some water," was the reply, "but it's gey thick, and they are but little drops, and I do weel enough in the bed under my auld umbrella."

Etiquette of Cannibalism.
"Even among the savages of French Africa, who eat human flesh, there are differences," said Paul Pucci, a young Italian traveler. "Some while ago, when exploring in that country, I learned a good bit about the ways of the various tribes. In a majority of them cannibalism is indulged only when the bodies are those of prisoners taken in battle. It is all right to eat persons who belong to hostile clans, but it would be a gross violation of tradition and the custom of the land to feast upon the friends or even upon members of the same tribe. This delicacy of sentiment, however, is not universal, and in one tribe in particular, where I noted the absence of any old persons, I learned that it was the proper thing to add the aged inhabitants to the local food supply. This confined the population to the young and hardy, for at the first signs of decrepitude the boiling pot was called into requisition."—Washington Post.

In Dresden 300 years ago "epicures" used to eat Venetian oysters that had been on the way three weeks.

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PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES.
If you enjoy books of travel read "In Darkest Africa" by Sir H. M. Stanley. It is the story of Stanley's last journey in Africa in 1889, through the Congo State to the Nile, and thence to the coast.

"The Old Santa Fe Trail" by Henry Inmann,—portrays life of plainsman and mountaineer in contact and often in conflict with Indians. Rich in historical materials. Illustrated by Frederick Remington and Thomson Willing.

"Farthest North" by Fridtjof Nansen—record of a voyage of exploration of the ship "Fram" 1893-96, and of a fifteen months' sleigh journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen this unrivaled book of Arctic travel is totally unlike all others, both in forethought in the plan of the expedition and complete success in carrying it out.

"Our National Parks" by John Muir written by a genuine lover of nature who knows more about the forests and streams, the mountains and glaciers, the flowers and animals of the Pacific slope than any other living person.

There were 797 books loaned between March 1st, '06 and April 1st, '06, and 1436 people visited the library.

Library hours, mornings from 10:30 to 12:00; afternoon from 1:30 to 6:00; evenings from 7:00 to 9:00. Sunday afternoon from 2:00 to 5:00.

IDA MCCALL, Librarian.

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A SNOW WHITE RABBIT LEAPED FROM THE NEST.

Scriptural account of the resurrection, and preliminary to this was given a sort of object lesson in the meaning of the mysterious process. In the course of this latter feature a huge nest of beautifully colored eggs—which are symbolic of the resurrection—was the deus ex machina.

On the afternoon of Holy Saturday Father Boniface, the young monk who had charge of this important duty, craved an audience with the abbot of the foundation.

"Alas, my lord," said the young monk dejectedly, "the foxes have eaten every chicken belonging to the abbey. They have, in fact, eaten every chicken in the country, and there isn't an egg to be had for love or money."

"Then why haven't you seen to it that we were rid of the pests?" the abbot asked severely.

"Because your lordship has ordained that no living thing which is mentioned with respect in the sacred Scriptures shall be hurt, and the fox is mentioned therein and almost always respectfully," Father Boniface reminded him.

The Benedictine smiled faintly. "The fox is a sly sinner, but he should not be permitted to outwit a community living under the rule of the blessed Benedict," he said dryly. "In the good old days, my brother, you would have gone directly to heaven with your plaint and not to your abbot."

The young monk betook himself to the chapel and passed the night in vigil. At early dawn he arose from his aching knees and sought the nest which he had left empty. As he approached a snow white rabbit leaped from the nest, and the delighted monk saw that once again in the history of holy things the sly old fox had been outmatched, for the nest was filled with eggs more splendid in their hues than his feeble art had ever been able to provide.

Hard Lines For Bachelors.
"Korea's the wrong place for bachelors," said a traveler. "Bachelors in Korea are considered as children and have only children's privileges. You, a Korean bachelor, get thirsty. You enter a rest house and call for palm wine. The pretty little amber colored waitress says:
"Married?"
"No," says you.
"Heraus, then," says she. And out you go unslaked.
"You want to vote, but they won't let you if you are not married.
"You apply for a job somewhere.
"How many children have you?" is the first question you're asked.
"And as soon as you say you're unmarried they laugh in your face to think that you should presume to apply for work anywhere."

Where Babies Swim.
"I spend my winters in Samoa," said a traveler. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim. Can you imagine a quainter, a more charming sight than a host of babies, none over two years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water? You will see this sight in Samoa. Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies, and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year around. The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk. And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 5,000 mile trip to Samoa."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Precaution.
Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Brags—Oh, yes! I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.

Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius.—Buffon.

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