

SPIRIT OF EASTER



Easter Lore the World Over

Superstitions Innumerable have clung around Easter since the days of Beland Woden.

No sun upon an Eastern morn Was half so fair a sight.

The origin of the Easter egg is told in the following legends: A bird sang a sorrowful lay over Christ's tomb...

Thirty days hath September Every person can remember.

Egg rolling on Easter day used to be practiced with the idea that the farm lands over which the eggs were rolled would be sure to yield abundantly at harvest time.

At Easter let your clothes be new, Or else be sure, you will it rue.

It is bad luck to paint a cross on Easter eggs, and good luck to paint flowers on them.

If the sun shines on Easter, it will shine on Wh! Sunday.

It is a good omen to have your babe baptized on Easter day.

To cry on Easter is a sign that you will have a sad Fourth of July.

Unlucky Engagement Day.

If you see a star fall on Easter night, you will lose your lover.

If you get engaged on Easter Sunday, you will not be married.

It is lucky to receive the unexpected gift of an Easter egg.

It is a lucky thing for you if a friend happens to bring an infant for the first time into your house on Easter morning.

To put a garment wrong side out on Easter morning is a bad omen.

In some countries, the children believe that the rabbits lay beautifully colored eggs at Easter.

The connection between the hare and Easter originates in the hare's connection with the moon, of which the hare has been from ancient times a symbol.

The hare is a nocturnal animal and comes out at night to feed. The female carries her young for a month.

The hare and moon were believed to have the power of changing their sex; the new moon was masculine, the waning moon was feminine.

The young of the hare are born with their eyes open, white rabbits are born blind; hence the belief that the hare never closed its eyes, and therefore was considered to resemble the moon, who is called the "open-eyed watcher of the skies at night."

Popular French Belief.

An Easter superstition of French origin says that the young girl who wishes to live long, marry the man of her choice, and prosper, must never wear any other flower than the jonquil or violet on that day.

The maiden who wishes to know if her lover is faithful should rise early

Dane's Last Jest

By ELLA SAUNDERS

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"There's a patient in the third bed in the ward wants looking after," said the house surgeon to Nurse Ellice.

"Acute alcoholism and exposure. Picked up by the ambulance an hour ago. He'll want looking after."

They looked at each other and smiled, for they were the best friends that it is possible for two people to be who know that they can never be anything more than friends.

It had been almost a case of love at first sight when they met at the hospital six months before. And when silence became impossible Nurse Ellice had spoken the words that had robbed Wesley of his hopes forever.

He had learned of her unhappy marriage five years before to a drunkard and rogue who had ill-treated her and finally left her, of her taking up nursing, her admission to the hospital, where she was generally loved by nurses and patients alike.

She had thrown her whole life into her work and was recognized as the most devoted and competent of the staff.

"I'll go and see him," Nurse Ellice answered.

Five minutes later she was staring into the face of the man on the bed with a terror that constricted her heart and left her numb, cold and speechless.

And, as if conscious of her presence, the man opened his eyes and looked back at her. At first he looked without recognition; then a malicious smile began to spread over his features.

"So it's you, Ellice, is it?" he mumbled. "Who'd have thought of meeting you here?"

"You must be quiet and not talk," said Nurse Ellice in her quiet tones.

He obeyed, grumbling. And the next day he was too ill to talk at all, but she was conscious that his eyes followed her every movement. And at the thought of the past, and the awful sense of being entrapped by it again she moved as if in a dream, not daring to think, lest the old terror should drive her mad.

He was not changed. When he grew better he delighted in tormenting her. "We'll fix up a little home, Ellice," he would say. "You've become a stunning woman, and I'd do a good deal for you. I'm going to give up the drink. I've learned my lesson. I've got a little deal on that'll soon bring in the shekels. I'm not down and out. And, if I was, you'd see me through, wouldn't you, Ellice?"

"Yes, I'd see you through," she answered mechanically.

He watched her woefully when Wesley was at the bedside. He knew in a moment, and he taunted her when he was gone.

"So that's how the land lies, is it?" he jeered.

"Making up to the doc, eh? Well, there's nothing doing to that. D'you understand? You're my wife, and when I get out of here you're going to be mine, or I'll soon put the lid on that doc friend of yours."

Wesley faced Ellice in the passage. "Ellice, who is that man?" he asked in a fierce whisper.

"My husband," she answered.

He said nothing more. After all, what could he say? It was fate that had brought him there, the same fate that now suddenly produced a relapse, so that for days Dane hovered between life and death, only again to improve slowly, until he was sitting up once more and watching Wesley and Ellice with his bitter smile.

"I don't understand it," said Wesley, frankly puzzled. "By all the rules he ought to have been dead or well days ago. Ellice"—the cry in his voice was almost of despair—"tell me, do you wish him to get well?"

"Yes, I do," she answered bravely. "Then—"

"I shall leave the hospital. I cannot see you again."

"But you will not—you will not—?" "Oh, no, no, never!" she answered, with a strangled sob; and fled from him.

Dane was sitting up in bed every day now. He was to be discharged soon. He called Nurse Ellice to him. "I guess you're pretty fond of that doctor chap, eh?" he asked, looking curiously at her.

"Well?" she asked listlessly. "I've been a rotten sort of husband to you, I guess. Did you mean what you said about taking care of me?"

"I'll do everything in the world for you," she answered, "except—except—"

He grinned at her in his malicious way. "See you tomorrow, then," he jeered. "I'm kind of sleepy now. We'll talk things over, then."

"Nurse Ellice, you are wanted—your patient—"

Wesley and the senior surgeon were standing by the bed inside the screen. One glance at Dane's face told Ellice the truth. She pulled herself together with a mighty effort of will.

"When—was it?" she faltered.

"Half an hour ago. The man fooled us. We could never have saved him, but if we had known what he was suffering from . . . he must have endured unbearable torture. Poor fellow, he's better off so!"

Nurse Ellice looked helplessly into the senior surgeon's face. Then Wesley caught her as she dropped unconscious.

No Reciprocation.

Rub—They say that misery loves company.

Dub—What I often wonder is what does the company think of misery?

This Miracle-Rebirth by J. K. W. When Winter's icy breath Muttered the cold word "Death," Far seemed the dream of Spring— A half forgotten thing. But, lo! as in an hour, The sky opens like a flower, Rosy and blue with dawn, Its chilly mists withdrawn; And where bare boughs were seen Hover soft clouds of green. Spurning the withered leaves, The flowers start in sheaves, And o'er old Winter's tomb Break into wondrous bloom While birds with joyous cries Wing to the shining skies This miracle, re-birth, Thrills once again the earth, By resurrection stirred Roused by the holy word: I will arise!

The Holy Week in the Eternal City



There is always a large crowd at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday and as early as eight o'clock the people begin to assemble. The ceremonial itself lasts about three hours and in order to see it many visitors stand for five or six hours.

His holiness the pope, who dresses plainly for the occasion on account of the fact that the church is still in mourning during the Lenten season, enters the church in his chair of state.

Blessing the Palms. After some music the pope proceeds to bless the palms which are brought to him from the altar.

Rejoicings Are Loud. On Saturday evening on the reading of a particular passage in the Sistine chapel the bells of St. Peter's are rung, the guns of St. Angelo are fired and all the bells of the city immediately break forth.

As might be expected Easter Sunday is celebrated in Rome with elaborate ceremonies, the pope himself officiating at high mass at St. Peter's with the most gorgeous ritual.

The great event in Rome on Wednesday in holy week is the singing of the Miserere in the Sistine chapel. The service which is also called Te Deum from the darkness in which it is held begins at half-past four.

The Sacred Oils. On Thursday, the ceremony of blessing the oils takes place in St. Peter's during mass. There are three varieties of oils to be blessed and the ritual surrounding beatification is somewhat complex.

"Alive Unto God." Not the future state of the soul, but its present condition is the vital thing. Men are bidden not to be anxious about the morrow—and that may include the eternal morrow—since "the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Promise of the Spring. Today people are not so much concerned with the date or duration of the Easter feast—unless it be the makers and sellers of fashions, who would like to see it come as early as possible, the better to dispose of their wares.

school bells are mute. On Thursday also the pope attends at St. Peter's for the ceremonial washing of 13 bishops. The pope is dressed very plainly in white with a small white biretta and a red cape.

After this there is the ceremonial celebration of the Supper, in which the 13 bishops hand plates to the pope, who pours out wine and water for them to drink.

In the streets on the evening of Thursday the shops of sausage-makers, candlemakers, and pork dealers are decorated and illuminated in a most fantastic way.

On Good Friday the air of gloom is accentuated in the churches. The pope is robed in red but he neither wears his ring nor gives his blessing. The soldiers' arms are reversed and all decorations possible are stripped from the altars.

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Bang! Goes Another Illusion. A New York woman tried to sell her husband at public auction but failed. Which seems to disprove the theory that women will buy anything at an auction sale.—Detroit Free Press.

Floors Called for and Delivered. From a magazine: "I pity the woman who marries him, as she will have to take in floors to scrub."—Boston Transcript.

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