

TIING THE KNOT IS EASY

Preparations Call for Much Work and Thoughtfulness.

CONVENTIONALITIES OBSERVED

Tips for the Inexperienced Leaders in Easter Weddings—Importance of Little Details of the Function.

Although the actual marriage service may last but ten short minutes, and although it may take less than forty-five seconds for the pronouncing of the words that bind two souls together for all time as "man and wife," no crisis through which they will ever pass can be so important in the life of a man or a maid as the brief but so momentous time of their marriage. In view, therefore, of the magnitude of the occasion it is astonishing how little the average bride and groom-to-be know of take the trouble to learn of the many small details in connection with the necessary preparation for the wedding and in the carrying out of the established conventionalities and observances of the actual service itself.

Scarcely a marriage takes place that without annoyances and inconveniences are not caused the officiating clergyman by the neglect of some minor but all important point, or the carelessness in the observing of some little detail in the ritual due to lack of forethought on the part of the bride or bridegroom, or the thoughtlessness of the best man.

Should the bride, for example, forget to slip up the fourth finger of her glove that the ring may be easily and quickly slipped on, a wait singularly embarrassing to all concerned must needs interrupt the service, while the bride with nervous fingers removes her entire glove, which she cannot attempt to put on again in her hurry and excitement until after she has hurried down the aisle the eyes of all eyes, the majority of whom will in all probability be charitably inclined, but a large percentage of whom are sure to be only too glad of the opportunity given them for adverse criticism.

Mistakes that Mar.

From the very beginning, therefore, it behooves the happy couple to see to it that so far as is within their power none of the mistakes which go to mar the many weddings shall be perpetrated at them.

All details, such as procuring the marriage license, engaging the clergyman and the carriages, should be attended to at least a week in advance, so that the bride does not order her cards until she is positive that she can have possession of the church at the hour named. A house wedding has never the dignity nor the charm of a church ceremony, and unless necessitated by a difference of religion or in the case of mourning, when all display is prohibited, or for other reasons, it should be obligatory to dispense with a reception at the house of the bride's parents, a church wedding is at the moment distinctly the most popular. Apart from any religious ideas on the subject, there is no man nor woman living but is sufficient of a sentimentalist from the pleasure in occasionally visiting the spot where his or her marriage was solemnized, and in this country of rapid growth and constantly varying centers of population, a decade is a long time for any house to remain standing, or, at any rate, to be occupied as a private residence.

Rules to be Observed.

The rules and conventionalities to be observed in the church are most of them extremely old, many, indeed, dating back unlimited centuries, yet for some couple the laws are new and must be given careful study. To commence with, after the signal has been given from the main door of the church and the first strains of the wedding march announce the arrival of the bride and her suite, the groom, accompanied by his "best man," who together have been waiting in the vestry, walks to the steps of the chancel and waits there in the vestry of the bride's party. The friends and relatives of the bride are seated on the left hand side of the church, those of the groom on the right. The bride when she enters the church walks at the right of her father or whoever is to give her away, and also on the right arm of her newly made husband as she leaves the altar. The betrothal takes place at the chancel and the marriage proper at the altar. The maid of honor and "best man" must be in close attendance throughout the ceremony—one that she may be ready to take the bride's veil, when the ring is being placed on the finger and afterward to arrange the long bridal train when the couple have turned about for the walk down the aisle after the service, while the "best man," who has previously been entrusted with the ring, stands ready to give it at the required moment.

Duties of the Best Man.

After shaking hands with the minister and after the bride's train has been arranged to her satisfaction, the recessional march peels forth and the bridesmaids and groomsmen are seated on the right arm of the best man, who together have been waiting in the vestry, walks to the steps of the chancel and waits there in the vestry of the bride's party. The friends and relatives of the bride are seated on the left hand side of the church, those of the groom on the right. The bride when she enters the church walks at the right of her father or whoever is to give her away, and also on the right arm of her newly made husband as she leaves the altar. The betrothal takes place at the chancel and the marriage proper at the altar. The maid of honor and "best man" must be in close attendance throughout the ceremony—one that she may be ready to take the bride's veil, when the ring is being placed on the finger and afterward to arrange the long bridal train when the couple have turned about for the walk down the aisle after the service, while the "best man," who has previously been entrusted with the ring, stands ready to give it at the required moment.

Rules for the Bridesmaids.

Apart from attending the required fittings for her gowns and hats, the duties incumbent upon a bridesmaid are not arduous, and she is selected only because of close friendship through girlhood the bridesmaids to have her near at this time. The custom of having the bridesmaids wear from either side of the chancel and walk down the aisle to meet the bride and escort her to the altar is a pretty one and, furthermore, gives excellent opportunity for an effective display of their costumes, which have been selected with such infinite care and trouble on the part of the bride herself. In going up the aisle the ushers lead the bridesmaids, the bridesmaids follow while the maid or matron of honor immediately precedes the bride, the order being reversed when returning from the altar that is, the maid of honor, followed first by the bridesmaids and then by the ushers, walks down after the bride. Care should be taken by each bridesmaid to see that her flowers are outside of the arm which is on the right of the aisle, for in these days of enormous shower bouquets to carry them stiffly in front of the gown is far from attractive, while the effect is even more awkward should, by any mischance, the bouquet be carried toward the inside. Each bridesmaid should be instructed to change her bouquet when she turns from the altar to go out of the church, and also if she walks down the

aisle to meet the bride the flowers must be shifted before she turns about at the door of the church.

The Ushers' Obligations.

The ushers, to whom the bridegroom has already given neat gray ties, light gray gloves and white boutonnières, so that they resemble each other as nearly as do the bridesmaids in their dainty gowns of lace and chiffon, must arrive at the church at least half an hour previous to the time stated for the wedding to commence. As before the ceremony their duties consist in seating the various guests in the pews to which they may or may not have been previously assigned, so immediately after the bride and bridegroom have departed from the church the ushers must return to escort the members of the immediate families to their carriages, and this before the white ribbons have been removed, permitting the less intimate acquaintances to leave their seats. Should the ribbons be omitted, it is the height of discourtesy for any guest to leave the pew before the respective families of the bride and bridegroom have made their exit, just as a decided lack of breeding is displayed by any undue levity among the audience during the service.

Giving Fees an Ancient Custom.

The custom of giving fees to the officiating clergyman, the organist and the sexton is a very old one, dating back to the idea that a man in the fulness of his joy at marriage naturally desired to make some gift to the church. As regards the correct fee for the clergyman, the amount is fixed by the local custom, and perhaps it would be as well for a bride not to inquire too closely into this detail of her marriage, for the question of just how much she is worth in the eyes of her liege lord might be an embarrassing one, particularly were the gold on her side and his wealth made up more of ambitions and good intentions than mere filthy lucre. The fees for sexton and organist are generally fixed amounts—Philadelphia Ledger.

PROTECTING A GREAT BUDDHA

Huge Bronze Figure at Nara, Japan, Induces American Assistance.

It is certainly a beautiful impulse that is causing a subscription to be circulated in this country for a national contribution to the fund for the restoration of the colossal bronze sitting figure of Buddha, at Nara, Japan; and it may turn out to be historically an incident of much importance. The announcement is just made once again, as it had been made many times during the last six months, that the immigration question between the Japanese government and our own has been settled. The very fact, however, that this has to be insisted upon so often; the circumstance that a settlement between diplomatists is not the same as one assented to by the people involved; and the great truth that things are never settled until they are settled right—all the phenomena of an unrehearsed tension whether reasonable or unreasonable between two hitherto friendly peoples, must be taken into account.

The great bronze statue of the temple of the Dal-Butsu at Nara is familiar to everyone in pictures brought home by travelers. Its head towers above the topmost branches of the trees, as it may easily do, being fifty-six feet in height. It was erected in the twelfth century, and the bronze casting overlaid with gold. Old chronicles relate that "it shone as with the yellow light of Paradise." About it was built a great temple to the dedication of which holy men came over from the distant shores of India. For more than 400 years (only a third part of its history) it remained thus. But in the year 1817, during the Gempu wars, the temple was burned, and the head of the great Buddha badly damaged. So the ruler after this war caused a new head to be cast for the colossal by the celebrated sculptor Anami and he rebuilt the temple. This work was paid for partly by the shogun himself and partly by popular subscription. For another 200 years the great Buddha sat and smiled in his enigmatical contemplation upon the world, till again the temple and the colossal were damaged by a conflagration arising during the Meiji wars of the nineteenth century, in the latter part of the seventeenth century that a new head and right hand were supplied, with another rebuilding of the temple, by an income taxation laid upon the nobles and by popular subscription. Another later, in 1891, the statue had signs of decay in the temple and danger to the wonderful statue, so that its thorough repair has been decided upon at an estimated cost of \$300,000.

It is a participation in the popular Japanese subscription by which half of this sum is to be raised, the other half having been appropriated by the Japanese government, that the friends of Japan in this country propose. Last year about half of the \$170,000 to be raised by the Japanese people had been paid in. Although no appeal has been made for subscriptions outside of Japan, the happy thought of an American contribution has been put in process of realization, and already some \$150 in small sums has been subscribed in Boston chiefly by members of the staff of the Museum of Fine Arts and the personnel of that institution.—Boston Transcript.

BUILT NEST IN HER HAT

And When the Happy Weaver Went to Church the Mother Bird Went, Too.

"There was an old man with a beard, Who said 'It is just as I feared: 'Twas lust that made my heart weary, 'Twas lust that drew me here.' Three owls and a hen, A rooster, and a water-pigeon, And a turtle dove and a dove, 'Twas on a rainy day in the month of June, 'Twas on a rainy day in the month of June, 'Twas on a rainy day in the month of June, 'Twas on a rainy day in the month of June." Instead of listening to the Rev. Abner H. Strong's eloquent sermon on the everlasting fact that pride leads to a fall everybody kept staring at Mrs. Harrison. At first she was pleased, but when the women began to giggle and the men to whisper to each other and grin, Mrs. Harrison, indignantly, left the pew. As she walked down the aisle, the Muebler, emitting distressed little cries arose from her hat and flew around her, almost brushing her hair back with its wings. A suspicion of the truth flashed through Mrs. Harrison's mind. Quickly she drew out her hatpin, took off her hat and thrust her hand into the mass of decorations. There was hidden a dainty little nest with four eggs in it. Mrs. Harrison carefully placed the hat on a new seat and then carefully folded beside.

When Mrs. Harrison revived, she explained to the women who were getting her hands and fanning her that there are many bluebirds on her husband's farm; very tame creatures, because she and her husband scatter crumbs for them and encourage their presence. She said she bought the hat three weeks ago and had kept it on a bureau in her spare room, which she kept aired by always leaving a window in it partly open. Audubon would have been glad to hear, too, that Mrs. Harrison will let the mother bluebird hatch the young on her hat.—New York World.

ROYAL TRIBUTES TO KING

Salutes of Freemen to Monarchs of Cereal Kingdoms.

PROSE BANQUETS TO KING COTTON

Two Recent Word Paintings of the Southern Sturdy Placed Beside Oglesby's Famous Classic on Corn.

From the sombre depths of the Congressional Record the diligent reader occasionally stumbles on to a rhetoric gem as a reward for his toil and patience. Two of such value and interest were among the recent rambles and passed along through the appreciative currents of the press. As specimens of southern loyalty to King Cotton they are inspiring, and present an instructive contrast with the famous classic on corn delivered in Chicago nearly eighteen years ago by Richard J. Oglesby, "Uncle Dick," of Illinois, governor and United States senator.

Congressman Helfin of Alabama, the bard of Coosa, Tallapoosa and other counties, saluted King Cotton in these words: "The attention of the world is turned to the south when in the spring of the year the farmer prepares his soil and places seed in the ground. Sunbeams dance on the surface, refreshing showers seek and find their hiding place, and, lo! germination begins. Little plants push the clods away and smile at the sun. Gentle zephyrs kiss their tender faces and breathe into them the message of their world mission. (Applause.) We hear the music of the hoe and the song of the happy plowman. Proud and graceful, the little stalks stand mantled in leaves laden with white blossoms. We look again and thousands of white blossoms are nodding welcome to the gold belted bee. In a little while they are rosy red, then they assume a golden hue, and finally fade and fall, leaving behind them tiny green spheres. Basking in sunshine and reveling in showers, these flourish until autumn winds whisper to every full grown stalk, 'Open yourself.' (Applause.) Then the cotton stalk flings its fleecy fiber to the breeze and busy fingers pluck it from the boll. Now we hear the hum of the old cotton gin, the seed fall down on the floor below and lint comes out in swirls of snow. (Applause.) Tonder at the cotton factory, hard by the cotton field, we hear the tremulous voice of industry in the concert of whirling spindles weaving the fibers into cloth, and the finished product goes out upon the pulsating tide of a splendid commerce and cotton is king—king of American exports—and in all its ramifications is basis for the greatest manufacturing interest in the world. (Prolonged cheers and applause.)"

A sweet singer of less volume, but equally ambitious is Ezekiel B. Chandler, Jr., a typical representative of the song birds of Alabama, Noxubee Oklawaha and Tishomingo counties, Mississippi, who joined in the cotton refrain in this style: "The countless millions of our population are fed and clothed by the American farmer. The grain waving in golden beauty upon the great plains of the west, the cotton fluffing like summer snow upon the fields of the south, freight the fleets of nations and loose their sails, thread the continents with tracks of steel, fill the earth with the roar of trains and heap for trade and commerce and useful art those stores that make a nation great. Where are our great, diversified agricultural products? What victorious host ever waved as joyous banners as those that float above the tasseled maize from the snows of Maine to the spicy groves of California? What spirit of beauty hovers above southern fields when fleecy bolls uncover to crown 'King Cotton'? Applause."

Tribute to King Corn.

In eloquence, philosophy and feeling, Oglesby's paenegyric on corn is esteemed a classic. It was delivered at the west in Chicago, September 9, 1894, in honor of Joseph Jefferson and A. Conan Doyle. The toast was, "What I Know About Farming." "Uncle Dick" gazed for a minute upon the harvest decorations of the banquet hall, particularly at the tall stalks of corn with large ears upon the stalks. "The corn, the corn, the corn, that in its first beginning and its growth has furnished apt illustration of the tragic announcement of the chiefest hope of man. If he die he shall surely live again. Planted in the friendly soil, he sows his seed upon the mother earth. Yes, it dies the second death, surrendering up each trace of form and earthly shape until the wayward tide is stopped by the reacting vital germ which, breaking all the bonds and cements of its sad decline, comes bounding, laughing into life and light the fittest of all the symbols that make certain promise of the fate of man. And so it died and then it lived again. And so my people died. By some unknown, uncertain and unfriendly gale, I found myself making my first journey into life from a coffin as lowly as those surrounding that awakening, dying, living infant germ."

Recalls Days of Youth.

"It was in those days when I, a simple boy, had wandered from Indiana to Springfield, that I there I met the father of this good man (Joseph Jefferson), whose kind and gentle words to me were as water to a thirsty soul, as the shadow of a rock to a weary man. I loved his father then, I love the son now. Two full generations have been taught by his gentleness and smiles, and tears have quickly answered to the command of his artistic mind. Look may he live to make me as lively and cry and laugh by turns, as he may choose to move us. "But now again my mind turns to the glorious corn. See it! Look on its ripening waving field. See how it wears a crown, prouder than monarch ever wore, some times jauntily and sometimes after the storm the dignified survivors of the tempest seem to view a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendant tassels of the cornfield filled with the wine of life and see the silken fringes that set a form for fashion and for art. "And now the evening comes and something of a time to rest and listen. The scudding clouds conceal the half and then reveal the whole of the moonlight beauty of the night, and the twinkling stars make heavenly harmonies on a thousand harp that hang upon the borders and edges and the middle of the ripening corn until my very heart seems to beat responsive to the rising and the falling of the long melodious refrain. The mistletoe clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide its aureate wealth, and now they move and slowly into sight there comes the golden glow of promise for an industrious land."

Strength in its Kernel.

"Glorious corn, that more than all the sisters of the field wears the garlands of Nur on the shore of Nilus or of Ind does nature dress her forms more splendidly. My God, to live again that time when for me half the world was good and the other half unknown! And now again the corn, that in its kernel holds the strength that shall in the body of the man (refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field, or, shining in the eye of beauty, make blossoms of her cheeks and jewels of her lips and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of civilization."

that sacred, warm and well-embodied soul—a woman. Aye, the corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow heart there is of health and strength for all the nations. The corn triumphant, that with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the stuffed plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant, transmuted by the alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life.

"Oh that I had the voice of song or skill to translate into stone the harmonies, the symphonies and oratorios that roll across my soul when standing sometimes by day and sometimes by night upon the borders of this verdant sea I note a world of promise, and then before one-half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the need of man. Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant! Thou greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and love of God, that may be seen in all the fields or upon the hillsides or in the valleys."

BACK TO BOYHOOD STUNTS

Value of Forgetting Present Troubles and Harking Back to Boyhood Scenes.

John Human, LL. D., B. A., attorney at law, grumbled as he sat down to his breakfast yesterday morning. "The food didn't please him and after taking a few mouthfuls he snatched up his paper and left the table.

"What's the matter?" his wife asked. "Nothing," was the short reply. "My goodness!" exclaimed the wife. "Why, you set as if you were 60 years old instead of 38."

The door slammed and John left the house. Then the expression on his face changed.

Somehow the trifling fit was leaving him. The air was warm and soft. A balmy breeze was blowing—just enough of a breeze to make one feel better and more satisfied with life.

Human started toward the corner to catch a car. Then he turned and walked towards the south. He didn't know just where he was going. But one thing was certain—he wasn't going to the office. Block after block he walked and soon he was whistling.

"Oh, like it was when I was a lad and played hockey," he murmured. "Wonder if Brush's creek the same old place it was when I used to go cravdadding there?"

Farther on Troost avenue he walked, finding here and there among the many new buildings some landmark he had known fifteen years ago. A bird was singing in a large meadow near Fortieth street and Human tried to imitate it. His law books were forgotten—John Human was living.

Across the John went towards Woodland avenue. Mud and old weeds clung to his clothing, but he didn't mind. Here and there the grass was beginning to turn a brighter green and that breeze was still blowing.

"Used to be a big meadow here," Human mused as he passed Electric park. "Remember when those dogs chased you that time?" And Human laughed at his recollection. From beyond a few trees came the sound of falling water. Human climbed a cotton tree and laughed again. He had arrived at the Brush creek falls.

"Wonder if that hiding place Charley and I used to, have is still here?" Human asked himself. Then he hunted for a certain thicket. The hiding place was still there, but some one else was using it now. An old fishing line was there.

"Finders keepers—loosers weepers!" Human said and began lifting stones to search for worms. For several hours he fished—with the result of his younger days—no fishes. Then he amused himself by sitting on the muddy banks and watching the clouds—just like he used to.

"Gee, I wish it'd rain," he said. "High, wonder what my clients would say if they could see me now? Ding the clients, I'm going to cross those falls."

Off came his shoes and hose and trousers were rolled up. Then John Human, LL. D., B. A., waded in the cold water of Brush creek and whistled tunes that had got come to him in fifteen years.

"John Human, where on earth have you been?" the wife asked, as a dirty, mud bespattered man walked joyously into the Human home late that night.

"Been living, girl, I've been living a real life for one day," he exclaimed, and kissed her.

"Supper ready? I'm hungry as a wolf. And say, how much did you say you wanted for that new hat?"—Kansas City Star.

BROKE HIS LEG DANCING

Victim Begs for a Crutch to Continue Struggle for a Prize.

"It-a-double-oh-oh-oh spells Harrigan," sang Peter Harrigan, 31 years old, of East Fifteenth street and Avenue X, Sheephead Bay, Long Island, when the doctors at the Reception hospital asked him who he was. Peter reached the repair shop early March 15, shortly after his right leg snapped at the ankle under the strain of a long-distance two-step which was to wind up the Hibernal ball in the Albatross hotel.

It will be next St. Patrick's day before Peter's damaged ankle is strong enough to stand the perspicuous test, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that an accident is the only thing which prevented him and his fair partner, Katherine Kelly, from winning the platform championship of the bay.

Things were getting rather dull at the far end of the banquet and hall when some one suggested a two-step endurance contest. Eleven couples volunteered and when they took their positions for the start Peter tipped his partner the wink and whispered that it was just like tickling a blind man. Peter and Katherine have had matters pretty much their own way in the dancing line. The music began, the twenty-two starters got under way and the spectators stood on the firing line to cheer their favorites.

One by one the couples dropped out until Peter and Katherine and James C. Lee and Agnes Jennings were the only contenders. The four dancers were showered with advice from all parts of the hall and the place was in an uproar. Twenty, twenty-five, thirty minutes were tolled off on stop watches, but none of the four showed signs of fatigue. Then Peter began to get peevish. He accused the other couple of cutting third base on the way home, and claimed a foul, which was disallowed.

Another five minutes was melted off and then a sound like the snapping of a dry sapling shattered the charged atmosphere. Down went Harrigan to the hickory. In making a short turn to avoid a collision with the other couple his ankle gave way. His friends helped him to a chair, but he insisted on finishing the frolic.

"Your leg is broken," said the doctor, who was brought on the run. "All right," said Peter, "but I've got a good one left. Get me a crutch and I'll finish under wraps."

And he did, but the wraps were part of the ambulance equipment.—New York World.

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