AMERICA LEADS IN AERIAL NAVIGATION.



By Alexander Graham Bell. Ten years ago I was given a perfeet realization of the feasibility of the flying machine. At that time Professor Langley had constructed his first peroplane and I was allowed to see it in operation. He had a steam engine in it and it flew about from one place to another, and I managed to get a photograph of it. On two different occasions he was successful with it. That demonstrated that he was on the right track, having a

steam propelled airship. The fact that the Wright brothers have been able to by with a machine that weighs 1.925 pounds proves conclusively that the first stage has been passed. Their engine alone weighs more than 200 pounds and their car embodies a great many principles which are in the line of progress. The flexibility of the rudders in front and rear is something that seems to auger well for the

future success. While I have not personally seen it, yet

I can readily see how such rudders may be worked advantageously in controlling the machine.

The outlook for aerial navigation is growing brighter every day. Just what it will eventually amount to is problematical now. However, the hardest part of the difficulty has been overcome, that of really flying, and proving to the world that it is a reality. The next stage is the studying out of the problem of weight that can be carried. If the Wright brothers are able to navigate the air, with their structure bearing nearly a ton, it seems that a greater weight can be carried.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS.

By Gifford Pinchot.

National forests (formerly called forest reserves) are created with the main object of using all their resources in the wisest way. Everything is for use-the timber, the range, the water, the land. Only those lands chiefly valuable for the production of timber or the protection of the water flow are included in national forests.

It happens that little patches of agricultural land, small mountain meadows, necessarily fall within their boundaries. These are being platted and will rapidly pass into private ownership.

The mining prospector is permitted to explore and locate his claims in the roserves without the slightest restriction, and in mining localities the timber is protected, kept in the country, and kept from burning up. for the particular benefit of the miner.

All timber and wood in the national forests is for use. and for prompt use. It is sold to the small man and to the big man. Everybody who needs timber to establish his home gets it free of charge, and gets it when he asks for it. In the case of the national forests recently created, the settler will not have to wait until they are

under administration. He may take what timber he needs for domestic use without asking.

In the sale of timber there is no chance for monopoly, for the Secretary of Agriculture can sell as much or as little as he pleases, to whomever he pleases and for whatever price he deems fair for the best interests of all the people. The government gets a fair return for its own timber, whereas before it practically gave it away, and gave it away in such a manner that it was monopolized in vast tracts by corporate interests. And after it was cut off the land was burned over and became a non-preductive waste.

The range is used for the grazing of live stock. On those national forests created after March 1, 1907, there will be no interference with the grazing industry. It will go on just as if the national forests had not been established, during the entire grazing season of 1907, without fee and without any interference.

The land within national forests is freely open to use as sites for hotels, stores, mills, residences and all other legitimate purposes. The greatest possible use of the land is desired. The more people, settlement and industry the better is the protection which results. All kinds of improvements are not only permitted, but are decidedly welcomed.

ARE YOU TIRED OF YOURSELF?

By Zelma Travers. Do you find yourself good company? Do you ever get tired of being yourself? Down in your heart do you really like yourself and do you find your thoughts really good compan-

lons? These may seem odd questions, but unless you can answer each one of them in the affirmative I would advise you to find out what's the matter.

There are very few of us who never get tired of being ourselves. Very few of us really admire ourselves, and not always do we find our thoughts good, comforting

angels. Indeed, the world is trying to get away from itself. That's just what we are trying to do when we go to the theaters, parties, read novels the day long. O, the joy of a live novel, a story of love and adventure; of a hero-handsome, strong, manly; of a heroine-pretty, chaste, demure. Lost in the story we imagine that we are the hero or heroine, and forget all about the person called "me," who perhaps may be everything that the hero isn't

The thing to do, then, is to endeavor to live a hero. isn't it? Find out your lackings and fill in. Be very careful what you do, be as careful what you think,

Build up your character until you never get tired of yourself, until you can find pleasant company in your

Daily strive to do right, and don't take any off days. Study good books and good people. Mold yourself anew. If your thoughts are bad, banish them and find good ones. You will never get tired of the company of good

Wait a wee, an' dinna weary, Tho' your heart be sad an' sair; your youthful dreams hae vanish'd. Leavin' nocht but grief an' care: The' the clouds be dark an' low rin',

Faded flow'rs lie 'neath the snaw, Simmer suns wi' bricht hopes burnin', Supe the mists will clear awa'.

Wait a wee, an' dinna weary, Tho' the winter's lang an' creary. Simmer days will come to cheer ye, Gin ye'll only wait a wee, Wait a wee, wait a wee, Wait a wee

Wait a wee, an' dinna weary, There are ithers sad an' wae, Buff'rin' puir wi' heavy burdens,

Wait, wait, a wee.

Strugglin' 'gainst adversity ; For a while forget your sorrows, Sune a' cank'rin' care will flee Gin ye'd soothe the broken-hearts Wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e.

-R. McLean Calder. e Last Failure

Emmett was born in 1868, yet one would have put him down as a man bordering on 50; even his fellow clerks always referred to him as "Old Em-He was one of life's derelicts -worn by hopes deferred, illusions shattered and early ambitions nipped.

It was natural enough that three days after his wife fell ill the head of the firm should summarily dismiss him with a month's salary, and a hint that his work was getting slovenly. How he got out of the office he never

quite knew. He remembered nothing until he found himself on the front steps, numbed with sickening apprehensions for the future.

From his long connection with the firm he knew, and was known, at many offices. He went the round of these and of many other strange ones. At every one be received the same answer, sometimes bluntly, sometimes with a show of consideration-"Times were badcutting expenses-not enough work for their own staff, let alone extra hands." With a shiver, he turned to face the ave-mile trudge home. Home! He

shivered again as he thought of itthe stuffy house in the little street; the slatternly girl who slept out; the peevish woman who lay ill upstairs, crying because they could not do as their neighbors did-constantly nagging, constant 4y blaming.

He still loved her with a dog-like fidelity; yet he shrank from the shrill voice and the constant upbraiding. She accused him of want of proper pride, of helplessness. Why didn't he get his uncle to do something for them-he had the envelope he wrote, in his neat may have lent it to my sister Ann!" money. When he remonstrated that he had only seen his uncle twice in his life -and that years ago-she relaped into on the mantelplece. Then be went sullen tears.

He was faint with hunger, but there was something to do first, before touching the unappetizing meal laid for him. was ample light for his purpose. The He went to a drawer in the writing ta- stale, verdigris-covered cartridges ble and drew out a long envelope in jammed in the chambers; his hands which was a life insurance policy for were shaking, and he was naturally £200. He had taken it out at the time of his marriage and had contrived to however, he managed to fill four cham keep the premiums paid up.

of relief; he had been right all along, and he shuddered as the lock action but he wished to make certain. He re- gave a double click. placed the envelope, and counted out "Lord, have mercy-have mercy!" he

WAIT A WEE, AN' DINNA WEARY, the money in his pocket—there were muttered, dry-lipped, and pulled the twelve severeigns. One he kept for trigger. surposes of his own; the others he took upstairs to the alling wife, with a forcd smile and a brazen lie of a rise in salary and an important post in the

> "And-and so you see, dear," he concluded with a little choke in his voice, we shall be able to do as the doctor said, after all. You shall go down to- his nerve. to Margate; they say the air is very At moments of extreme tension, the good there, and you can get strong and well again."

the slipped an arm round his nack. "Oh, James, how lovely! You don't know how terrible it has been lying tucked away under the looking glass here. I've been horrid at times, James ; but that's all over now, isn't it! Kiss me, and then go and have your supper. Why, you're crying!"

"I-I-the sudden change hav upset me, dear. There I'm all right now. and I'll see you off at the station tomorrow. They won't care-I mean, they'll excuse me being late at the of-

watched the train glide out of the station. He had bought his wife a magazine and a basket of fruit, and caw her comfortably installed. He watened her go with dim eyes and an achizg lump in his throat—she had called him by a as you know he-pet name long fallen into digase as the train moved off. Then he turned resolutely away. He

was feeling cold and nervous, and he feared at the last moment his courage might fall him. He entered the station bar and drank a brandy and sods. Then



SECOND MISTAKE WOULD BREAK HIS NERVE.

he stopped at a pawnbroker's shop and got a cheap German revolver.

Clutching his purcel, he made his way home to the little house, let himself in, and locked the door. The girl the bundles. It is among them somehad gone on a holiday, and the place was deserted.

Emmett went to the drawer and pulled out the life insurance polley. On clerkly hand, "For my wife-private," and propped it up against a candlestick slowly up the narrow staircase to her bedroom.

The blinds were drawn, but there clumsy and unaccustomed. At length, bers and snap the breech to. It was a Having read it again, he gave a sigh wretchedly made single action thing, can be elected, so he's up-

It fell with a sharp snap. Dazed and confused, but with a courage few would have suspected, he inspected the chambers. Only four were loaded, and in his fumbling the hammer had fallen on

He turned the cylinder carefully. A second mistake, he knew, would break

one of the empty ones.

most trivial detail frequently assumes an undeserved importance. Emmett Mrs. Emmett's face brightened, and was by nature and training an orderly man. As he snapped the breech to for the second time he noticed an envelope stand.

He glanced at it. On it was the stamp of a firm of solicitors. The name was unknown to him-but solicitors' letters had been painfully frequent of late. A freak of curiosity tempted him to know the worst. He opened it, and the lines swam before his eyes.

"Dear sir," he read, "we beg to in-

form you of the death of your uncle, Emmett stood on the platform and our esteemed client, which took place on the 14th ult. We should have acquainted you with the fact before, but it has taken us a considerable time to discover your address. The late John Emmett's will leaves you sole legatee, Emmett got no further, for the sud-

den revulsion of feeling was too much for him-that, and the lack of food. The revolver clattered on to the floor and exploded harmlessly, and he fell back in a dead faint.

Mrs. Emmett enjoyed her holiday and altered circumstances, but she never knew the truth.-London An-

Very Lucid.

A lady left her home for her annual isit to her mother. Before her departure she told her husband that if he wanted anything that he could not easlly find he was to write to her for directions. "Don't turn the house upside down, as you generally do," s'ee said. 'I will answer at once and tell you just where it is.' Soon after his wife's departure a neighbor came in to borrow a pattern of a dress. The husband wrote, as be had been requested to do. This was the answer by return-"You will find it hanging on the wall by the garret stairs, or in the box on top of the sewing machine in Ellen's roomthe green box, or the red one, I forgot which. Perhaps, though, it is on the top shelf in the cupboard in our room left-hand side, if I remember correctly, but look on the other side, too. If not there it is in the bottom drawer of the bureau in the hall. That is where I keep my patterns, and don't until all where. Perhaps it is in the second drawer. It is somewhere upstairs, any way, so don't rummage downstairs. P. S .- Now I come to think of it, I

The Danger.

A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law yet alive.

"My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."-Nos Loisirs.

An Explosion Imminent. Jigley-Yes, Dubley is up for president of the club. He's got an idea he

Wise-Well, he's not up as far as be will be when that idea is exploded .-Philadelphia Press.

LEGEND OF THE LILY.

when this grand old earth was young

He sandered o'er the fertile fields, He gazed on blossoms bright; Too bright they seemed for his desire, Too gay to please his sight.

"Oh! for a pure white flower," he sighed,
"Fit for my King to wear."
Though long he sought, no flower of white
Was blooming anywhere.

So, worn and weary, he sat down To weep that none were found; His crystal tears flowed o'er his robe And sank into the ground.

At once a llly white sprang up, All pure, his gaze to meet; Singing, he gathered it and flew And laid it at God's feet. Pleased was his King. "This flower," He

"Because of this shall grow. Henceforth, a sign to sinful man, O'er all the earth below." Thus came the lily, pure and fair;
Who looks may read this sign
In its white cup, the angel's tears,
The purity divine.
—Annie Wall.

Priscilla's Easter Bonnet

****************** Miss Priscilla Peck was remodeling her best bonnet, and it was a serious under-

taking to Miss Priscilla. The light from the kerosene lamp fell on a forlorn array of bits of silk, ribbon and faded artificial flowers on the little round table at her elbow, and a limp, dilapidated frame lay on the floor at her

She had been curling her plumes with the blade of the penknife, and her white apron was covered with the fibers that had broken off in the operation.

She held the two rusty little tips up to the light and looked at them critically. and they did look funny, even to Miss Priscilla. The fibers that she had man-aged to curl were twisted down into little hard, frizzy knobs, and those that were still uncurled hung down in limp. dejected little strings, and Miss Priscilla laughed a little delefully as she said to ed one of a winter apple, but the bonnet

"Well, there ain't but precious little left of them, and that's a fact; and I plumes and the roses all seemed to stand don't know as I've improved 'em much, either, but they've just got to go back on that bunnit, if they hain't bigger'n hen's feathers," then she laid them carefully aside and picked up a piece of the drab

gasoline," she said a little ruefully, "but I really didn't feel as if I could afford it. And I don't believe I can ever get it puckered up and put back on the frame so's it won't show the faded streaks. I don't s'pose I ought to have ripped it up, but I've wore it for six years and I just felt as if I couldn't wear it to-morrow without something was done to it. Everybody always comes out on Easter with their pretty new hats and bunnits and mine was jest as pretty as any of 'em when it was new, but last Easter it looked so kind of faded and shabby beside all the new ones that somehow I felt as if I was slightin' the day that everybody ought to celebrate by lookin' and feelin' as bright and joyful as they can-I've tried to keep my heart in harmony with Easter, but folks can't see my heart and they can my bunnit," and then Miss Priscilla laughed again and went patiently to work shirring and shaping and fitting

Miss Priscilla was a sociable little ody, and always talked to herself when had no one else to talk to.

She had no family of her own and was born nurse, and so everyone in the village felt perfectly free to call on her in case of sickness. She had comforted and cared for the aged whose feet were going down into the valley of the shadow, and young, and everyone in the village Miss Priscilla and felt that they owed her a debt of gratitude.

But love and gratitude, precious as they are to a lonely heart, are poor commodities wherewith to pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, to say nothing of the extravagance of buy-Easter bonnets, and as Miss Priscilla was no hand to parade her poverty before her friends and neighbors she dyed and turned and made over, and withal managed to keep so bright and cheery that no one really suspected bow poor she was.

She worked on patiently for a while, too much absorbed to even talk to herself, but somehow the result was not very satisfactory. Long years of nursing the sick, however, much as it may soften began to feel somewhat discouraged.

She fashloned the stiff ribbon into a bonnet; fastened the two sickly little top; pinned on the strings and, stepping on top of the old-fashioned bureau, set- and cold all in an instant. tled the result of her handiwork on her wavy brown hair.

eyes and a round, rosy face that remind- net perched airily upon her head.

Meiting through the chill of winter, from
the Southland where he strayed,
Comes the sun with rays respiendent—rays
that hynotize the maid.
In her heart a wierd commotion
Fixes an expensive notion,
That eventually will benefit the millinery
trade.

All the vagaries of hatdom find their being neath the beams

that conjures up

Mrs. Presley's bonnet! The very one the frame was all twisted out of shape and the silk was askew, and the bow, Roxy Brown. up and glare at each other in the most belligerent attitude. She gave one look

EASTER JOY.

and snatched it off her head and flung it on the table. "There now," she said, "I hope I'll be satisfied. I've ruined the only thing I had to my name to wear on my head, and now I can just stay at home from church to-morrow, and it's Easter Sunday, too. and all on account of my foolish pride. Oh, why couldn't I have been satisfied to Priscilla did a strange thing for hershe dropped her head down on the little table and cried softly, all alone by her-

But not for long, for soon she was bustling around, tidying up the shabby little sitting room. She crammed the one-sided bonnet into its box and put it away out of sight in the closet, and taking her Bible she read one of the sweet old chapters, and somehow she felt strangely comforted.

Light footsteps upon the walk and a tap at the door roused her from her reverie; she opened the door and there stood Roxy Brown, Mrs. Bartlett's little apprentice, with a bandbox, which she hurriedly thrust into Miss Priscilla's hand, saving:

"Here's your new bonnet, Miss Priscilla. Mrs. Bartlett couldn't pos. 'ly finish it sooner, and she told me to tell she hoped you'd like it," and before Miss Priscilla had recovered from her astonishment the girl and her companion were hastening off down the street, well out of reach of her voice.

She carried the box over to the little table and removed the cover with trembling hands, and then lifted out a lovely had ministered to the middle-aged and little bonnet of black lace and jet, with two soft, silky black plumes and a big bunch of purple pansies and lovely lace

"Oh, oh," she breathed, "that dear Mis' Bartlett, may the good Lord bless her. And to think I was mean enough to call her near. I really don't deserve this beautiful bonnet." Then a tear splashed down upon the shining jet lace, and she laughed softly. "I really didn't know how much I wanted a new bonnet till I got it," she said comically,

A happier hearted little woman than Miss Priscilla Peck, with the little lace and jet bonnet perched on her wavy brown hair, did not enter the little, flower decked church on that beautiful Easter morning.

Mrs. Bartlett came in late and nearly all the congregation were in their places the heart and refine the sensibilities, is She settled herself in her pew and then, not conducive to proficiency in fashion- as was her wont, began surreptitiously ing artistic millinery, and Miss Priscilla scanning the headgear of the feminine portion of the congregation, taking note of the hats and bonnets that were her bow and tacked it on one side of the own handiwork and those that had come from the rival shop across the way. "More plumes and the bunch of faded roses on than two-thirds of them came from my store," she was thinking, exultingly, when over to the little mirror that was perched suddenly she gave a start and turned hot

There, sitting well up in front, where she could enjoy the flowers, with the light But what was the matter? Miss Pris- from the stained glass window falling like clila looked at the reflection in conster- an aureole arou her, was Miss Priscilla nation. She saw a pair of tranquil brown | Peck, with a little black lace and jet bon-

And the maid, in wondrous rapture,

Contemplates a speedy capture. Though her vision's badly muddled o'er styles that pass in streams.

But this winsome show of beauty is the rising of a ghost
To the party in the background, who is interested most.
He has heard the elocution
For the springtime contribution,
And it hurts him in the pocket, 'cause, you
know, old dad is "clost."
—Cincinnati Post.

A SPRING MILLINERY FANTASY.

she had finished late last evening and sent home to her wealthy customer by Then, regardless of what people might

think, she turned deliberately around and looked at the Presley pew. Yes, there sat Mrs. Presley, stiff and stately as ever, with her winter bonnet on her head, and a look of cold displeasure in her eyes as they met her own.

Then for five minutes she sat perfectly still and thought, and the whole thing became plain to her.
"It is all the fault of that careless,

let well enough alone?" And then Miss triffing Roxy Brown," she thought angrily: "she was standing before the glass trying on her own hat when Lasked her to take home Mrs. Presley's bonnet, and she promised as glib as you please, without at all understanding whom the bonnet belonged to, and she's gone and given Mrs. Presley's bonnet to Miss Priscilla. But I should desire to know what Priscilla Peck means by going and keeping a bonnet that she knows doesn't belong to her. An eight-dollar bonnet, too, and the handsomest one I have made this season, but I'll settle the matter in short order after church is out," and then, with a heart that was not at all in harmony with the day, she turned her attention to the

beautiful Easter service, that had so far passed unheeded. But what was this anthem the children were singing? All at once she forgot Mrs. Presley and Miss Priscilla, and a little flowerlike face rose before her mental vision, and she heard a shrill, childish little voice practicing an anthem-ar Easter anthem that she had never lived

o sing. She remembered, too, how many, many times during her long illness little Ellen Mary had begged Miss Priscilla to sing that very anthem, so that she might not forget it, hoping and expecting to sing with the other children on Easter Sunday Then she thought how Miss Priscilla

had watched over and nursed her little daughter during her long sickness, and what a comfort she had been to her on that sorrowful day when little Ellen Mary was laid away to rest. The tears welled up and rolled down her cheeks, she glauced across at Miss Priscilla, and she, too, was wiping her eyes.

"I shall always love her for what she did for little Ellen Mary," she thought, with a new feeling of tenderness growing in her heart; "she never, never would set any price on her work, and I gave her that drab silk bonnet. And I remember I told her that I should always see that she had a nice bonnet." Here Mrs. Bartlett began to feel uncomfortable "I s'pose she thinks I've forgotten my promise and all her kindness; but I haven't, and never

During the next few moments con science and the Easter anthem did their perfect work in Mrs. Bartlett's worldly heart. When next she glanced across the church Miss Priscilla had turned her head and was looking straight into her face, with a look of love and gratitude that was a revelation to Mrs. Bartlett.

'She actually thinks that I sent he that bonnet; well, I never," she gasped, and then the benediction was pronounced, and Mrs. Bartlett turned to leave the church with the rest of the worshipers, with an uncomfortable feeling that the beautiful Easter service had been almost wholly lost to her.

As she was passing down the aisle Miss Priscilla came up to her. "I can't thank you here for your beautiful Easter gift," she whispered beamingly. "But I'm coming over directly after dinner to have it out with you," and then she went on down toward the door, bowing and smiling, with a quaint little air of feeling, for once in her life, that she looked quite as well as her neighbors.

Then Mrs. Presley came sailing by with her head held very high. Mrs. Bartlett turned as though to speak, and then reso lutely closed her lips. "I don't care," she said to herself; "I just don't care; I'm glad of it," which, considering the fact that she knew she had lost one of her wealthiest customers, was a good deal

for Mrs. Bartlett to say.

And when later in the day Miss Priscilla, in her new bonnet, came up the walk, Mrs. Bartlett met her at the door. "Now, don't say a single, solitary word," she said, leading the way into the parlor; "it's the becomingest thing you ever had on your head, and if anybody ever deserved a nice bonnet you do. I nin't a-going to let you thank me, for I'm just exactly as tickled about it as

"No, you ain't. You can't be," said Mis Priscilla. "Why, I was so tickled couldn't believe you really meant it for me. I thought Roxy must have made some mistake."

But Miss Priscilla never knew how near she came to telling the truth.-The

Fine clothes may not make the woman,

It hardly seems possible that the pent reverent and decorous observance. ent reverent and decorous observance of Easter was practically unknown to the early history of church festivals. But there was little religious spirit compared to the more roystering tendencies of the age. Many of the customs were clearly of pagan origin. The goddess Ostara or Easter seems to have been the personification of the morning or east, and also of the opening year or spring. The Angle-Saxon name of Easter was Estermonath.

Eastermonth. There can be little doubt. Saxon name of Easter was Estermonath

—Eastermonth. There can be little doubt
that the using of eggs at this season was
originally symbolical of the springing
forth of life in spring. The church, naturally, adopted it as a symbol of future
life. And the use of eggs is the most
widely diffused of any custom.

They are usually stained with various
alors with decreased and herbs, and

olors with dye-woods and herbs, and people mutually make presents of them. In some moorland parts of Scotland it used to be the custom for young people to go out early on "Pasch Sunday" and search for wild fowl's eggs for breakfast, search for wild fowl's eggs for breaktast, and it was thought lucky to find them.

Colored eggs were used by children at Easter in a sort of game which consists of testing the strength of the egg shells. The practice is still retained in some places in England and the United States. The egg-rolling on the lawn in front of the White House is an annual exhibition. In some parts of Ireland the legend is still current that the sun dances on Eas-ter morning. Sir John Suckling refers to this legend in his "Ballad on a Wed-

"But, O, she dances such a way! No sun upon an Easter day Is half so fine a sight."

The game of ball was a favorite Easter sport, in which municipal corporations formerly engaged with due parades and dignity, and at Bury St. Edmund's not above 40 years ago the game was kept up

with great spirit by 12 old women.

In the northern counties of England on Easter Sunday the men formerly paraded the streets and claimed the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground, receiving the loan of a kiss or a silver sixpence. The same was done next day by the women. The three times of lifting was to correspond to the three days which covered the time Christ lay in the

In a part of Oxfordshire, after evening service on Easter Sunday, men and women used as late as 1822 to throw great quantities of apples into the courch yard, and those who had been married during the year threw three times as many as the rest, after which all went to the minister's house and feasted on bread, cheese

The primitive Caristians, very early on the morning of Easter, saluted each other with the words, "Christ is risen," to which the response was made, "Christ is risen, indeed." This custom is sweet with the quaint expression of piety and faith belonging to other days than ours.

Easter Customs.

The customs, traditions and superstiions associated with the observance of Easter are almost without number. How they originated is often shrouded in mystery, because in many instances the original was known in the Pagan observance of the festival, rather than to the Christion. Others, indeed, are evidently Chris-tion in origin, as is doubtless the follow-ing: The early Christians used to greet each other on Easter morning with the salutation :

"Christ is risen." "Christ has risen, indeed, and bath appeared to Simon," was the reply. It is said that many members of the Greek church still hall each other on Easter day according to this ancient formula

The giving of Easter eggs is the cus nore than any other associated with this season, for it is the most widely known, as well as the oldest of Easter customs. In early Pagan days, when the spring festival was observed generally, the egg was ing of eggs at the spring festival typified the breaking of the bands of winter and the release of Nature and fruit and grain

life from cold and darkness. When the Christian church began its bservance of Easter this practice was carried over. The eggs, however, were usually sent to the priests to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water. Later on the eggs were colored and decorated exchanged as gifts. During the last few years artificial eggs of china, pasteboard, candy and satin have been employed as gifts, and many dainty surprises have taken the place of the genuine hen fruit.

AN EASTER SURPRISE.



Hen-I don't believe this egg's going to



The Rooster-Let's name him Tenny-

Easter Quips.

An Easter egg is seldom as fresh as it is painted. Uneasy lies the head that wears no

new Easter bonnet. The shower that ruins a woman's new bonnet is a rain of terror.

There is no peace on earth when the heirs try to break the good will. A new spring gown naturally causes a woman to walk with an elastic step.

One touch of the milliner's fingers makes the whole feminine world akin. Probably Lot's wife passed some other woman and looked back to see what abo

Every woman who wears a new bonnet to church to-day will wonder why the serbut they sometimes break her husband mon is so short.