

SHE TOOK A CHANCE

"Clarice," cooed the bride's dearest girl friend, "you've never told me how you and Jack happened to get engaged."

The bride held back her head and studied the effect of an embroidered initial on something white and fluffy.

"I've never told a living soul," she said.

"Goodness! How exciting! What in the world—"

"Not one living soul! But if you promise you'll never tell anybody—"

"Clarice! You know me better than to think I'd ever breathe a word."

"Well, it was one night last spring. I'd been writing letters in my den and was bored to death. I'd just broken off with Howard, and I hadn't any hopes of a caller, for Tom was in Canada and Martin was working nights on his law cases and Herbert was out of town and that nice Mr. Selbert you girls were all crazy over—"

"I wasn't, if you mean me, Clarice, you horrid thing! I didn't think he was nice at all, and I always said he'd turn out something we didn't expect."

"Well, he did, when they arrested him for bigamy. But, then, that hasn't anything to do with how Jack and I got engaged."

"It was one of those lovely spring nights, all lilacs and full moon, and people out walking, and I was cooped up in my den all alone, with every blessed man I knew out of the question and nobody at home except Mabel studying her Latin on the porch. You know my den opens right off the end of the front hall."

The bride paused.

"I'd just fixed up that den," she went on, "and I felt so proud of it that I had everybody come in there. So when I heard somebody mount the front steps as if he belonged to the family, and they say something to Mabel, I didn't budge."

"When Mabel called, 'Somebody you know to see you, Clarice,' I just said, 'Tell him to come straight to the den.' I thought maybe Martin had got tired of his law cases and come over for a few minutes."

"Whoever it was walked in as confidently as if he'd been to see me the day before. I liked his step. Don't you think there's a lot of character in the way people walk? This man's walk was firm and even, just as if he knew what he wanted and never would stop until he got it if it took him years and years."

"Then, what do you think? You'd never guess in a thousand years!"

"How perfectly romantic!" murmured the girl friend. "I never could guess, so hurry and tell me."

"He came right into the den and before I could turn around he put his hands over my eyes and said in the nicest voice, 'Guess who?'"

"I racked my brain for a minute, for I knew I'd heard the voice before, though whom it belonged to I hadn't the slightest idea. He might be almost anybody, but I knew he was nice, just the way he walked and the way his voice sounded. Besides, I was half crazy for some excitement, and—I think it was just direct inspiration—I said softly:

"There's only one man in the world who has a right to do that, and I'd know him among a thousand."

"What do you think of that for nerve! But, goodness! I didn't have time to reflect on what I'd done. Things happened too fast."

"The next thing I remember is that I was all bunched up in Jack Phelps' coat collar and asking him why he'd never written me from Colorado all these years. He'd been away ever since he left college, you know, and he was my first sweetheart—in fact, we were about half engaged when he went away."

"When I saw how perfectly dear he was and how handsome he looked—don't you think he has the loveliest nose?—why, I never said a word; anyway, I was in love with him before I knew what was happening."

"He still thinks I remembered his voice and knew who he was when I said that—he thinks it's perfectly wonderful. Maybe, when I'm an old married woman and Jack's baldheaded I'll tell him about it."

"But not now!" murmured the girl friend, recovering her breath.

"Oh, by no means!" said Clarice.

Facts About Farms.

Nearly 1,000,000 new farms have been created in the United States during the last ten years. In the last ten years the total number of farms has increased 18 per cent. In the older states, from Ohio eastward, there has been going on for 20 years a tendency toward the amalgamation of farms distant from market into larger holdings. On the other hand, this section has witnessed the cutting up into smaller sizes of many farms nearer to market. There are now almost three times as many farms as in 1870, and an unprecedented increase in the value of farm lands and live stock.—American Agriculturist.

A Proof of It.

"Do you think people can ever get to the north pole by aviation?"

"I don't see why not. The question of those who claim to have reached it tells me to be all in the air."

The First Easter



By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"In the end of the Sabbath, as it had begun to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulcher."—Matthew xxviii, 1.

Spikenard and frankincense and myrrh,
And spices savory and sweet,
They brought unto the sepulcher,
To lay them at the wounded feet.
Their precious gifts their hands between,
They came in that first Easter dawn,
And she who was called Magdalene
Before the others hastened on.

But at the door the spices slipped
From hands upraised in reverence,
And from the ground, unheeded, dripped
Spikenard, and myrrh, and frankincense.
With finger on her lips she turned
And in a whisper tense with awe,
With eyes that in their rapture burned
She told the glory that she saw.

The tomb aglow with holy light,
A radiant one of gentle glow,
Whose lustrous wings were jewel bright,
Whose lips made music thus, "Rejoice!
Your hearts no more need shelter fear."
And one sat where had been His head,
Who said to them, "He is not here,
For he has risen, as he said."

Then, turning back upon their way,
They set their feet, and then the sun
Flung from its arms the Easter day,
As bright as was that shining one.
And she that was called Magdalene
Paused, for before the sepulcher
A lily, stately and serene,
New-bloomed, flung back the dawn to her.



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The Easter Festival

Jew and Pagan Celebrated The Advent of Spring

THE festival of Easter is as ancient as the Garden of Eden. The singing of carols and decoration of the churches with flowers celebrate the Resurrection of Christ from the dead, but long before the Christian era both Jew and pagan made a feast at this time.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, the goddess Eostre, the deity of spring, was honored when the green herbage began to stir in the fields and forests, and the northward moving sunrays melted the ice and snow. And the Romans adopting this goddess called her Aurora, the divinity of the dawn and spring. The Fire-worshippers on the uplands of Persia, and northern tribes everywhere, made joyful at the return of the sun, while the Jews kept their Passover on the 14th of Nisan, a festival to spring.

Thus the older religions prepared the human hearts of later generations for a faith in the resurrection of life, and Christians reasoned that if the earth sprang to blossom at the coming of the sun, the dead might arise from the grave in spring eternal with the coming of the Saviour of men.

The pagan and Jewish feasts were observed about the time of the vernal equinox which was foretold by astronomers. The Easter of the Christian church being founded on an historical event, the arguments in the councils resulted in its becoming a movable feast in order to still controversy. The Gregorian calendar fixed it as the first Sunday after the 21st of March, and if a full moon should happen on that Sunday, Easter day must be the Sunday after. By this arrangement, Easter does not fall on the day of the Jewish Passover, and is yet influenced by the Paschal moon.

The carols of the churches were joyous. They wove nature study and

theology wisely together, as in this favorite:

The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blossoming gay,
And Easter buds are springing!
Alleluia, Alleluia,
The Lord has risen as all things tell,
Good Christians see ye rise as well,
Alleluia.

In this, as in other carols, follows the story of the Three Marys at the tomb, and of the resurrection, given with some interest. Another favorite in the English church is this, which we know is popular in a land of many beliefs:

Let the merry church bells ring, ring, ring,
Let the merry church bells ring,
Hence with tears and sighing,
Frost and cold have fled with spring,
Life hath conquered dying,
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather,
With our rising Lord to-day,
All things rise together.

While the English church has given us most of the carols, France and Germany have a rich store of them. Many best known to-day, such as "Let the song be begun," and "Christ hath arisen! Death is no more!" and "The strife is o'er, the battle done," are quite recent in origin. There are several very old Easter songs singing of birds, flowers and joyous sports suggesting the frolics of the spring. In some there is a recollection of the story of Ceres and Persephone with flowers springing in her steps.

From the first little band of struggling Christians led by St. Paul, the Roman church grew into a powerful political organization and sought to keep all within the fold by utilizing the pagan customs, for the end sanctified the means. Following on Christmas had come a period of dull winter and fasting, now the season was changed and the earth awakened to youth and sunlight. Many curious practices of Persians, Druids, Goths and Vandals were drawn into church service.

The most solemn celebration of all is that at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, while the grandest is at Rome where the city is filled with church dignitaries and visitors.

At Jerusalem the pilgrims ascend the Via Dolorosa. They come from every quarter of the globe chanting prayers, and taking part in the foot-washing ceremony. The throng kneels in the vast rotunda of the church, many remaining in their places from Good Friday until Saturday when the patriarch with unlighted torch enters the gloom of the sepulcher. Suddenly as if flashing from heaven the fire runs along the torch, the multitude shouts with joy and singing a hymn of thanksgiving the flame springs from candle to candle, the tapers are passed along, and cherished are carried to the fastnesses of Afghanistan, to the sources of the Nile, and farthest east and farthest west wherever the Christian pilgrims make a home.

The egg, a symbol of life is naturally associated with Easter. The butterfly emerging from the cocoon is sometimes spoken of, but only obscurely. The custom of coloring eggs came from the Persian gods of good and of evil. The good of good Ormuzd and the evil of evil Adriman, created eggs. These being broken together by wise men, good and evil were confused in human life. The distribution of the "pasc" or "pasche" eggs was general among pagans as well as Christians. The egg rolling custom began in England where eggs marked with a name were rolled down hill in contests to see handle the egg that the shell should not be cracked.

The church permitted strange things in its efforts to arouse a proper spirit among the people, and to stir lightheartedness among the dull and heavy. The clergy told funny stories from the pulpit to excite "risus paschalis," an Easter race, a smiling countenance. In Auxerre, and Brehanon, both clergy and people danced to the strains of the Easter hymn "Victimae paschali," and a solemn game of ball was played by clergy, canons and bishops for tansy cakes.

LENA M. McCAULEY.

CONTENTS OF THE STOCK POT

Housekeeper Must Know Tastes of Her Family Before Making Her Final Selection.

What to put into a stock pot has often been discussed by those who are interested in culinary affairs. It all depends upon what the stock is required for; and to determine just exactly what to put in must depend upon the requirements of the household. In a kitchen where clear soups are required, discrimination is necessary, and there must be a separate pot kept for meat stock alone. For ordinary households, where clear soups are never used, everything savory and satable can go in. One or two precautions are necessary. Examine all scraps and see that nothing is tainted, or the whole will be spoiled. When adding fresh bones, remove any marrow; for, although a valuable fat, it gives a strong flavor to soup which is very disagreeable and is difficult to digest. The marrow can be reserved or marrow toast, marrow balls or marrow pudding, or tried out with other scraps of fat for frying. Break the bones into pieces, not too small, and put them into the pot.

RECIPE FOR CURRANT BREAD

Delicious Confection as it Should Be Prepared—A Specialty of Famous Chef.

Scald but do not boil a cup and a half of sweet milk and a cup of water. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Cool to lukewarm, then add a compressed yeast cake softened in another half cup lukewarm water and stir in enough whole wheat flour to make a stiff batter. Allow this to rise. If set in the morning early it will be ready by ten o'clock. When light add one beaten egg, a tablespoonful of melted butter and one cupful of well washed and thoroughly dried currants. Beat well, add enough more flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead. Work well, mold in two loaves, place in greased pans, brush with melted butter and let rise until light. Put in a hot oven, but as soon as the bread browns reduce the heat one-half and leave in about half an hour longer. If preferred, white bread may be made in the usual way, adding a liberal quantity of dried currants.—Emma Paddock Telford.

Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.

Blanch two pairs of sweetbreads and slice them. Cut the stems from 20 mushrooms. Beat the yolks of three eggs. Cook together in the chafing dish blazer a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. When smooth pour upon them gradually one and a half cups of rich milk or cream into which a pinch of baking soda has been stirred. Stir until smooth, then lay in the sweetbreads, cook for two minutes, add salt and white pepper to taste, and put in the mushrooms. Cook until very hot; pour in gradually the egg yolks and cook just long enough to cause the eggs to curdle. Serve immediately.—Harper's Bazar.

Scalloped Apple Pudding.

Cut one small stale loaf in halves, remove all soft parts, and crumb by rubbing through a colander. Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, and add to bread crumbs, stirring lightly with a fork. Cover bottom of buttered pudding dish with buttered crumbs, and add two cupfuls of sliced apples. Sprinkle with one-eighth of a cupful of sugar mixed with one-eighth of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, three-fourths of a tablespoonful of juice and a few gratings from the rinds of a lemon. Repeat, cover with remaining crumbs, and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover at first to prevent crumbs from browning too quickly. Serve with sugar and cream.

Scones.

Into a quart of flour stir a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift three times, then chop into the mixture a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and when well blended add enough chilled milk to make a soft dough. Handle as little as possible and turn out upon a floured board. Roll quickly and lightly into a sheet and cut into rounds with a small biscuit or cake cutter. Lay upon a hot soapstone griddle, and when brown turn and brown; split open—tearing, not cutting the scones—and butter them.—Harper's Bazar.

Oranges with Straws.

In serving refreshments for a juvenile frolic have lemonade or orangeade in the skins of appropriate fruit. Cut a plug from each lemon or orange at the stem end, scoop out the pulp which is to be squeezed for the beverage. Cut two holes in each plug and insert straws. Fill the skins with the well-sweetened drink and replace the plugs.

The children can pass back the novel cups for refilling if the one helping does not quench thirst.

To Whiten Tea Towels.

Save all the lemon hulls, drop them in the vessel in which you boil the towels, add one or two tablespoonfuls of borax, and it will whiten them wonderfully, and there will be a clean freshness about them that is desirable.

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Beggar—Kind lady, won't you help a poor man wot's out at de knees?
Kind Lady—Mow came you to be out at the knees?
Beggar—Why—er—er—prayin' fer work, ma'am.

A Big Shortage in Seeds.

From almost all sections comes the report of frightful shortages in seed corn; also in some varieties of seed barley, oats, rye, wheat, flax, clovers and the early varieties of potatoes.

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- 50,000 bushels of elegant seed corn.
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There is one thing about the Salzer firm they never disappoint. They always fill your order on account of the enormous stocks they carry.

Send them 3 cents for a package of their great 500 prize Corn and Catalogue. Address, John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 182, La Crosse, Wis.

Placing Him.

"Look at that old man with the egg stain on his shirt front!"

"It is only the vulgar rich that are fond of such display."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the danger they will do is ten fold in the good you can possibly derive from them.

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