



HOW OFFICIALDOM OBSERVES EASTER



SECRETARY and Mrs. McVIGAN ENTERING CHURCH ON EASTER

COUNT VON BERNSTORF and AIDE WALKING TO CHURCH ON EASTER

EASTER is a decidedly important occasion in officialdom at our national capital—meaning by officialdom that more or less charmed circle made up of all officials, from the President down, together with the members of their families and including, of course, the foreign dignitaries who reside at our seat of government as Uncle Sam's official guests. It is not only Easter Sunday that is an event in the calendar of officialdom, but likewise Easter Monday (which is a great day in Washington) and the whole Easter week. However, this whole interval may, in effect, be considered as Easter.

From the standpoint of officialdom the first significance of Easter is the religious one. For, be it known, most of our officials—that is, our national officials—are very conscientious church goers. Whether they are officials because they are church goers, or whether they are church goers because they are Federal officials may be a mooted question, but the fact remains that the average public servant during his incumbency of office in the city on the Potomac is faithful in attendance at divine worship. And even the exceptions who are "backsliders" at other seasons of the year strain a point to be "among those present" on the joyous Easter morn.

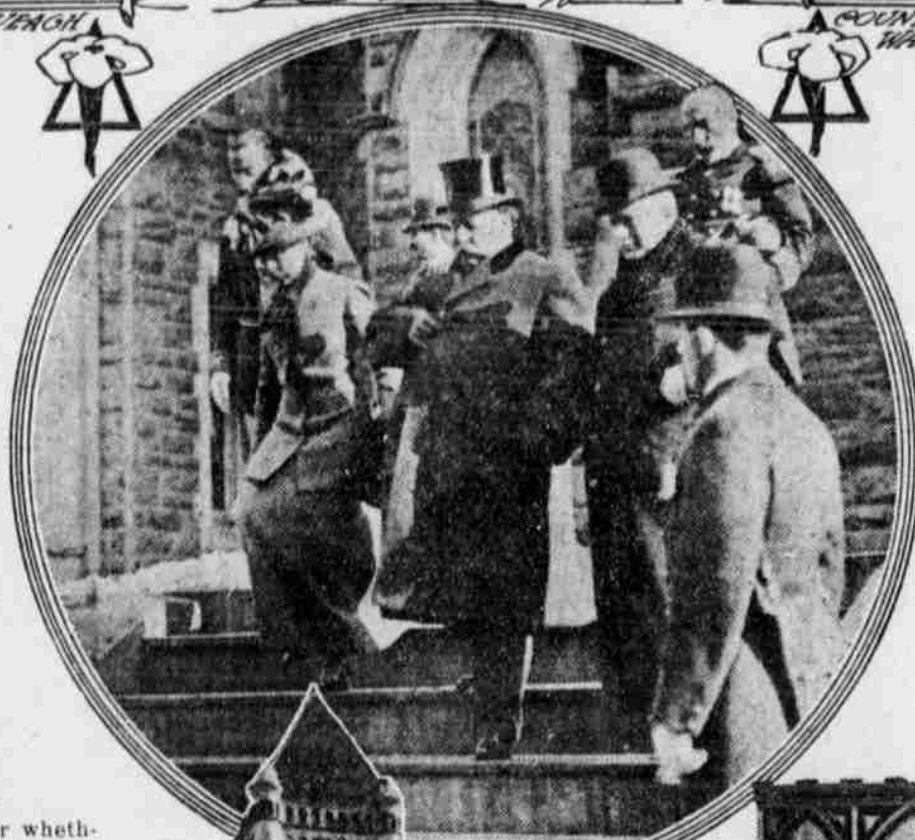
The second significance of Easter in officialdom is as a day of family reunions, second only to Christmas in the eagerness with which it is anticipated. The opportunity for such reunions arises from the fact that a large proportion of the children of our public men attend public or private schools elsewhere than in Washington, even though their parents may maintain a home at the capital. Sometimes it is a matter of sentiment that makes an official desirous of having his children educated in his old home town, and in the case of the young men and young women there are the college magnets—Vassar and Wellesley and the rest for the girls, and Yale, Harvard, Cornell and others for the boys.

It thus happens that there is a small army of sons and daughters to come home to the habitations of officialdom for the "Easter vacation," and usually they bring with them as many school chums as parents can arrange to entertain, for Washington at Easter is proverbially one of the most fascinating places in America and offers no end of opportunities for good times for young people. During the Taft administration the White House has taken especial cognizance of this Easter home-coming custom, for the junior Tafts have been among those exiles who have made the Easter pilgrimage, bringing with them school friends. Accordingly Mrs. Taft has always made it a point to arrange a round of social festivities, including an Easter week dance for not only the "house party" at the Presidential Mansion, but the whole body of Easter reunioners in officialdom.

A third significance that attaches to Easter in officialdom is its function as the inaugural of the spring social season. In the old days "the season" in Washington meant from the first day of January to the beginning of Lent. Then as Uncle Sam became more of a world power and his capital reflected his new importance there was added each year the "little season" which extended from the convening of Congress in December until the New Year. Latterly there has been yet another development and we have the spring season (in many respects the most enjoyable of all) which opens on Easter and extends until warm weather sets in. During Lent, social activity is virtually suspended, for even the hostesses who are not so devout as to have heed for the religious significance of the forty days welcome the interval as a "rest period." Easter, therefore, finds the leaders of officialdom restored in spirit and ready for a new round of activity.

But, as has been said, on Easter morning all officialdom goes to church and for this going finds plenty of spectators, inasmuch as Washington is always thronged with tourists at Easter, and such of them as are disappointed in the effort to gain admission to the crowded churches through the approaches to view the passing show. The largest throngs are usually to be found in the neighborhood of the Unitarian church, of which President Taft is a member, although in simple truth it must be admitted that President Taft is the only attraction here, for not many other public men of prominence happen to worship at the same church as the President. But it is the President that the Easter throng wants to see and they block the sidewalks about the church until after his big motor car has whirled up to the curb and the President has disappeared into the church. After the service there is somewhat of a repetition of the scene, but the crowd is not so large, because it is etiquette for the President to be allowed to make his exit ere the rest of the congregation leave their seats and he is well on his way to the White House ere most of the people emerge from the church.

Many spectators who are more interested in observing how officials as a class observe Easter than they are in the personality of the President



CHURCH of the COVENANT

take as their objective old St. John's church opposite the White House. This century-old church is commonly known as the "Court church" or "Church of the Presidents," and it merits the title for, though President Taft is not a member, he occasionally worships there with his wife, as did every President from Madison to Lincoln. It is almost useless for strangers to hope to gain admission to St. John's on Easter for the church is a tiny one and so inadequate, indeed, for the accommodation of those who are ambitious to belong, that the pews when transferred are put up at auction and bring a premium of thousands of dollars each. However, the congregation on the outside can watch the arrival of Mrs. Taft and her daughter, who are members of the church and who, if the day be fine, may walk across the park from the White House with their Easter guests. And the onlookers can also see, among the wor-

Easter in Jerusalem

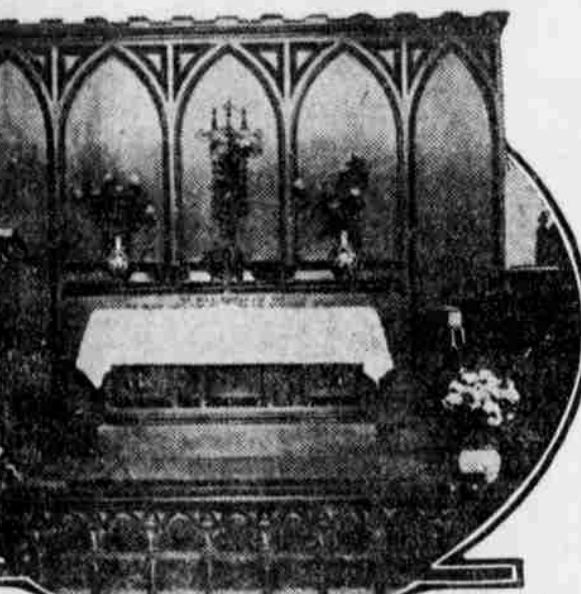
The immense throng of pilgrims of every hue who crowd the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Holy Week and who wander amid the sacred places throughout March and April is a spectacle unique of its kind and to be compared only with the Moslem pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina that are beyond reach of the ordinary tourist. Here fair-bearded Russians from Moscow herd with yellow Copts from the Nile valley and pale Roumanians mingle on the banks of Jordan with bushy-headed Abyssinian blacks.

From the moment the visitor lands at Jaffa, where the only convenient hotels are kept by Germans and situated in the German colony, he is made to realize the weight of German influence in Palestine. It dates, in fact, from the visit of the German emperor, for whom, lest he should fulfill an old prophecy, a special gate was built into the Holy City. The tradition was that any ruling monarch who should enter Jerusalem by one of the ordinary gates on horseback would slay as its king.

A month in the Holy Land, with Holy week in Jerusalem, offers no difficulty. On landing at Jaffa, with her is carried in a night from Alexandria or Port Said, he may proceed by next morning's train to Jerusalem. It is not an attractive journey, but it lasts only three or four hours and runs through the stony vale in which David slew Goliath. In the Golden City itself, where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the center of attraction, everything lies within easy reach of the hotels; the street of David, with Mount Zion; the Garden of Gethsemane, the walling place of the Jews beside the walls and the Mosque of Omar, the last a majestic mosque, held of great sanctity throughout Islam, patterned with a splendor of

shippers at St. John's, members of the President's cabinet, Admiral Dewey and a host of other celebrities.

Another excellent vantage point from which to see how officialdom observes Easter is in the vicinity of the Church of the Covenant on fashionable Connecticut avenue—the main artery of the Easter parade at the capital. The Church of the Covenant, which is rendered conspicuous by its massive and lofty tower, is the church home of Vice-President Sherman and his family, but many of their fellow-members are almost as prominent in the affairs of the nation as is the presiding officer of the United States Senate. A short distance away is St. Matthew's Roman Catholic church, which is the great rendezvous of the diplomats on Easter morning, for, be it known, most of the members of our official "foreign colony"—particularly those from southern Europe and the South and Central American coun-



WASHINGTON CHURCH DECORATED FOR EASTER

tries—are adherents of the Catholic faith. Officialdom does not change its regular routine on Easter, and consequently has Easter dinner in the evening instead of at noon, as do so many folks in other American communities. The afternoon is devoted to calling and to driving or motoring—always a great afternoon diversion in Washington. Some of the foreigners and other cosmopolitan hostesses in Washington have of late years manifested an inclination to devote all Sunday afternoons and evenings—and Easter in particular—to regulation social functions such as teas, receptions, etc. However, the more devout church members in official circles, headed by Mrs. Taft, have set their faces resolutely against this attempt to introduce at Washington anything savoring of the "Continental Sunday."

Evening church services on Easter at the capital are as well attended as are the corresponding services in other cities, but one sees comparatively few prominent officials at such evening services. Whether it is that they feel that their devotions of the morning should suffice, or that the late dinner hour—7:30 o'clock at the White House and in most fashionable official homes—interferes, it is difficult to say. Or, perhaps it may be that officialdom considers that it had best early to bed in preparation for the strenuous program of Easter Monday which is a not less busy day for the grown-ups of officialdom than for the thousands of excited children who roll eggs in the President's big back yard.

mosaic and occupying the site of Solomon's temple.

There are two horseback or carriage excursions to be made from Jerusalem, the one to Bethlehem, the other embracing the Jordan, Jericho and the Dead Sea. The first of these, which takes only an afternoon, lies along a well-laid road past the fields associated with the story of Ruth.

The Church of the Nativity, which has a very humble exterior and is entered by a low doorway that must often have saved it from the attack of fanatical Mohammedans, is built over the grotto in which Jesus was born, and at Eastertide it is as crowded as that of the Sepulchre, with the same curious and somewhat distressing conflicts between Greeks, Armenians and half a dozen other sects, only kept in order by stolid Turkish guards. The excursion to the Dead Sea occupies three days out and back and may be done on horseback or, more expensively and less comfortably, in a cab.

As for Jericho, the ancient city of that name is still the heap of ruins that Joshua left it, though a German archaeological society is bringing its hidden treasures to light, and the modern town of Jericho is merely a gingerbread little tourist resort a mile from the older site and of no interest whatever.—From the London Outlook.

Choosing the Lesser.

"Here comes a militant suffragette. Shall we stop and throw down the gage of battle?" "An thou lovest me, lead me to a buzz saw."

Betsey's Name

By M. DIBBELL

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"Betsey! Betsey!" "Yes, father, I'm coming." She stepped round the curve of the veranda as she spoke. "Where have you been all these hours?" grumbled Mr. Whittlesey. "Hours!" laughed Betsey in response. "Why it is barely twenty minutes since I went in to give Sally her instructions for the day, and we have been rushing things at a great rate. Now I am at at your service again—but just think how you would feel if I really should leave you for a long time," she ended teasingly. "I suppose that is all I have to look forward to now." Her father gave a dismal groan. "Just take a fancy to some young limb you happen to meet, and then—presto—my baby is turned into a lovesick maiden, with her poor old dad utterly forgotten."

His daughter assured him that falling in love was altogether outside of her plan of life and the last thing he need worry about.

Richard Whittlesey had had to play the part of father and mother both, ever since Betsey was three years old. Now she was entering her twentieth year, and her father was more than grateful that so far her interest in the masculine had been wholly centered on himself.

She laughed again as she asked, "What young man of this present generation do you suppose would want a wife with such an old-fashioned name as 'Betsey'?" How you could ever have given it to me just because it was my great-grandmother's is more than I can understand. But at least I has marked me out of the matrimonial market."

"I only wish it had," declared her father. "I would have called you 'Hippopotamus' if it might have had any such effect."

"At least I can be thankful that you did not have that awful thought in time to do any harm. But really I think that such a good father and such a poor name as mine, between them, should make a voluntary old maid out of anyone."

"And yet that statement from one of your advanced years does not give me the safe and secure feeling that you intend it to."

"Every year that passes will make you feel a little surer, anyhow," consoled Betsey, "now let's go for a ride."

An hour later, as they were speeding smoothly along the lake road, they noticed ahead of them a saddled horse nibbling the grass at the roadside, Richard Whittlesey was driving, and stopped his car beside the horse.

"Must be something wrong," said Mr. Whittlesey, "I never saw this horse before." He reached across to smooth the horse's nose, then secured his bridle and passed it to Betsey. "See if he will let you hold him while I start the car." He returned to his seat, and they slowly moved ahead.

The horse followed without resistance. After traveling a few rods they came to a sharp curve in the road. As they turned this they came upon a man clad in riding clothes. He was hitching painfully along on foot and a stout staff.

As soon as he saw the horse he cried, "You old rascal! what do you mean by deserting his way?"

The animal, giving a little whinny, pulled away from Betsey and trotted to his master.

"Had an accident?" asked Richard Whittlesey, as he stopped the car.

"Yes, and a mighty silly one, too," answered the stranger. "I climbed on top of the bluff at that steepest place to get a view across the lake, and coming down I stepped on a thin edge of rock, which gave way with me, so I came the rest of the way in about half a second." He smiled cheerfully as he added, "Guess I broke the small bone of my left leg. Can't use it at all."

"Then the sooner you get in with us and let me take you to a surgeon, the better off you will be." Jumping down, Mr. Whittlesey bundled this unexpected passenger into the tonneau as gently as possible.

"You are very kind." The stranger's lips looked blue from the pain of his broken bone, but his voice was still cheerful. "Though I doubt if such stupidity as mine is deserving of so much consideration."

"Folks have to get used to our crumbly style of rocks," Mr. Whittlesey said.

"Come along, Colonel, called the stranger to his horse, and that obedient animal followed after them like a well-trained dog.

They were not far from the lake village, and inside of a short time a surgeon was setting the broken bone. "Broken in two places," he informed them when his task was completed; "good, square breaks both of them, only means keeping quiet with the foot in a chair for five or six weeks."

"But where am I to spend all that time?" questioned his patient. "Is there a boarding house in this place? I have no friends within several hundred miles—was just riding Colonel through this part because I had been told of the magnificent scenery."

"There are two good boarding houses," began the doctor, but Richard Whittlesey interrupted him.

"He is going back in the car with us, doctor; I can look after him and keep him from dying of the blues."

"Now that is more than good of you," the injured man said, gratefully.

"But you must not bother yourself out of all reason on my account." "Not another word," his host announced. "This stranger is not going to be left at an inn; he is coming home with me."

The doctor and Mr. Whittlesey helped the man back into the car. Betsey was petting Colonel when they appeared. "He is the dearest horse I ever knew," she said to his owner, as he gave Colonel a pat in passing. "That he is," he agreed heartily. "It was only my falling on him all in a heap that gave him such a shock that he ran around the corner."

Richard Whittlesey told his daughter of his invitation to their passenger. "He would die of being talked to death at either of the village boarding houses," he concluded. "And I knew you would approve of saving a fellow being from such a dismal end."

"It is lovely of you, father—but then you are always thinking how to do nice things for everybody," said Betsey admiringly. "You can amuse the master, and I will make love to Colonel."

Betsey grew fonder of Colonel every day, and her father and Colonel's master—whose name proved to be Max Playfair—became great friends. Betsey took part in many of her father's discussions with their guest, and the crippled man seemed never to find his imprisonment anything but enjoyable.

Five weeks passed before he was able to attempt walking, and on the day that he first limped about a little, his host was surprised to realize how much he would miss his visitor. "Of course he will rush off the minute he can walk at all," grumbled Mr. Whittlesey to himself, "the smartest, clearest-headed youngster I ever met—and now away he goes."

The following day Max Playfair broached the subject of his departure. "I can never thank you enough for your kindness," he assured Mr. Whittlesey. "But now I am able to get about I must stop trespassing on your hospitality and go back to work."

"Just what I expected," growled the elder man. "When we get well enough acquainted to begin to understand each other then duty squalls for you—you know that you are always welcome here, my boy."

"I wonder if I should be as welcome if I made a fearful revelation?" asked his guest.

"Try me and see," answered Richard Whittlesey bluntly.

"Well, then, here goes! Mr. Whittlesey, I did not come through this region for the sake of the scenery, it was for your daughter's sake. Your cousins told me about you both and showed me her picture, which I must tell you—though it sounds foolish—that I fell in love with at once. I went up that bluff to catch a glimpse of your place—its location had been described to me—and I was thinking so deeply on my way down how I was to make any headway with the girl father of my imprisoned princess, that I fell headlong; but I hope in my good graces."

Richard Whittlesey regarded the speaker with astonishment, slowly turned to amusement, as you young scoundrel, to have the nerve to tell such a yarn to an unhappy father," he laughed, giving the offender a sounding thump on his shoulders.

"Yes, you scamp, you did fall for my affections, and if you can get 'em' from Betsey, there won't be any resistance here."

"Thank you more than ever," and Max limped away to meet Betsey, who was just coming up the steps, while petting Colonel at the same time. To her Max poured forth the whole story.

That young woman was literally swept from her feet, for no suggestion of her awful name had any effect on this persevering young man.

"What could I do, daddy, when both you and my name went back on me?" Betsey asked her father afterward. "And there was Colonel wanting me to say 'yes' just as plainly as could be—I simply could not help myself."

In Place of Meat.

The man who had forewarned meat wound up his first vegetarian dinner with the accustomed tip. The next day the service was indifferent, the third day it was abominable.

"What's the matter with that fellow, anyhow?" he growled. "He used to be a good waiter. Now he simply throws things at you."

"That's because you didn't tip him enough," said the man opposite. "Waiters always expect bigger tips for serving a vegetarian meal. It takes such a variety of things to make up for meat that they have to handle more dishes, and make more trips to the kitchen. Any good waiter would rather serve one meat dinner than two of vegetables, and unless he gets tipped generously he gets ugly."

Woman's Baking Record.

Mrs. J. C. Harris of Bullockville gives us an account of her baking the past year which reads as follows: 221 loaves of wheat bread, 168 of graham, 44 of corn bread, 240 fried cakes, 1,657 white cookies, 4,635 ginger cookies, 410 pies, 230 cakes, 30 Johnnie cakes, 28 puddings, 310 biscuits and 15 short-cakes. This list does not include pancakes, of which she made so many she was unable to keep count.—Rushford Spectator.