

SPRING EASTER GREETING



Think of it: Next Sunday is Easter! Are you prepared to greet the day properly? Easter should mark a new epoch in your wardrobe. It's the natural desire of everybody to appear in new garments Easter Sunday, and if you have not selected your clothes and are undecided we would be pleased to see you here. We can put you in order in thirty minutes with everything that's new and fresh in Suits, Top Coats, Trousers, Vests, Hats and Haberdashery, and you will be as well dressed as any one in the Easter parade.

Have You Seen Our New Spring Suits?

Coats cut extra long, shapely shoulders, wide trousers with all the late kinks in the cut and tailoring. The sweetest suits of the season are here—
\$15, \$18, \$20, \$25
Top Coats of Every Length and Color.

Suits for Young Fellows

who have the nerve to set the pace for their elders. Correct materials, cut with every feature top-notch—
\$10 to \$20

The Boys' Easter Suit

He ought to have a new one surely. He'll put it on with a spirit of pride Easter morning and it won't cost much if you bring him here—
\$5 to \$10

we've all sorts of handsome clothing and toggery for the little fellows, with no extravagant prices attached.

When You Go Forth

in your Easter splendor be sure your tie is "correct." You'll find more different things here in neckwear than you'll find at other stores. We are the neckwear store of the town—
50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, etc.

Don't

let the Easter sun shine down upon a rusty hat on your head. It is the time to change and soft or stiff, we have the hat to please you —
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$5, \$6

Shirts

The minute the weather has a spring-like appearance that minute you begin to think of hegligee shirts. The spring styles are ready—
\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50

It Is Impossible

to mention all the furnishings we have in stock for the comfort and adornment for men and boys, but a look at our windows will prove to your entire satisfaction that we have the very article you want.



Misses' and Girls' Tailor Made Coats

are one of the features of our Easter showing, and we would be pleased to have you examine their many virtues.

Girls' and Children's
Tams and Caps,
50c to \$5

BROWNING, KING & CO.

R. S. WILCOX,
Manager

IDEA OF AN EASTER SERMON

Immortality the Only True Guiding Star of Hope for Mankind.

PROOF IS WANTED BY THE HUNGRY SOUL

Does Not Rest Alone on the Testimony of the Weeping Marys and the Eleven Disciples Who Stood at Vacant Tomb.

The grave cannot praise Thee; Death cannot celebrate Thee.

Aroused from profound meditation by the query of a friend, Gladstone responded: "I was thinking of the first five minutes after death, and what it means to be good friends with God." Not infrequently are the times, not brief, when every man who thinks and every woman who loves turn toward the future with an agony of desire. "Thither all footsteps tend, thence none depart. From that bourne no traveler returns. No ways of that mysterious sea have ever been touched by the shadow of a returning sail." Whence he came and whither he journeys, man does not know. Life is a journey of time, rounded by a sea whose tides forever ebb. Man is beset by a multitude of foes, but worst of all he must bear his burdens, endure his sorrows and make his fight for existence, all the while knowing that he is under the sentence of death, an inexorable verdict pronounced by secret council in the mysterious chambers of the sky.

Death is the august mystery, pondered by every age and solved by none. Before it the daring and intrepid feet of science pause and mark time with meaningless shuffle. Philosophy lays aside its wisdom and gazes with the eyes of ignorance, and from it Religion flees for comfort into the arms of Faith. Death robs and makes no restitution. It strikes the music of the lips of love with everlasting silence and chills the caressing hand, until neither marble is so rigid nor ice so cold. Born at a zero, governed by forces generated in an unauthorized ancestry, the unwilling heir to appetites, passions and desires that search and wound, denied the instinct of the bird and beast and flower, man is forced by an invisible power to begin his journey along the highway called life, toward the abyss called death.

What Man Has Done.

The wonder is, that man aspires and achieves. The wonder is, that he should strive and endeavor within the shadow of this universal tragedy. Yet he continues. Amid the forces that threaten and visit destruction he has founded empires and heaped guilt as high as heaven; he has explored the earth, the sea, the sky; he has turned deserts into gardens and marked the trackless waste of oceans with the definite paths of commerce; he has silt his veins above the roots of freedom and plucked the cardinal blossoms of liberty bordering the crimson highway of war. Amid the crumbling ruins of life's hopes and ambitions, in the face of the sealed silence of his unrepenting dead, conquered yet victorious, terrified yet intrepid, baffled yet unshaken, inconsistent yet incomparable, man faces the problems of life with a song in his heart and a laugh on his lips; imperiously challenges death and boldly defies its catastrophe.

Man loves, therefore he hopes. Deceived in his nature is the only instinct that justifies the existence of a mortal universe. It is the instinct of immortality. Anniversaries are monuments as well as milestones, and to this instinct for immortality man has erected the monument called Eas-

ter. Forgetting that the day was a world-festival among all who worshipped at the shrine of the ancient Teutonic goddess of spring, the church has claimed this anniversary for her own. Despite the fact that Moses and Job each held a brief for immortality, the investigations of men prior to the discovery by the weeping women at the tomb are pronounced meaningless. Macaulay declares the crowning glory of Christianity to be "that it has wiped the tears from the eyes which had failed with wakefulness and sorrow; lent celestial visions to those dwelling under thatched roofs and shed victorious tranquility upon those who have seen the shades of death closing around them." Frederick W. Robertson, the most brilliant of British clergymen, whose early death is an insoluble mystery, once closed a sermon with the words: "Search through tradition, history, the world within you and the world without—except in Christ there is not the shadow of a shade of proof that man survives the grave."

Where Easter Sermon Falls.

These statements illustrate the idea with which the church celebrates Easter, and the method, purpose and argument of the Easter sermon as it is. As the year revolves toward Easter, the drama of the journey to Jerusalem, the passion of Golgotha and the tragedy of the cross are reviewed. Lent, with subdued call, bids men cease from strife and contests, pursuit of joy and love of laughter, to contemplate the fact of death. Then Easter comes with its flowers, music and exultation, and the resurrection is proclaimed as something as death. The arguments of the sermon are based upon the open tomb, the weeping women, the mystified disciples and the reappearance of the crucified prophet who called Himself, and whom I believe to be, the Son of God. The fallacy of the average Easter sermon is that it deals with the resurrection as an episode in history and not as a manifestation of God ever in the world. Its weakness is the attempt to base the solution of the most portentous problem of human life upon the credibility of a single event. Immortality is of supreme importance to Christianity. The loss of Jesus of Nazareth would be a calamity, the loss of the idea of immortality would be a catastrophe to humanity. If man is not immortal then it is not material whether there is a God or conscience, a heaven or a hell. Without immortality the incarnation and atonement are not worthy of discussion; and the person of Jesus becomes merely a beautiful figure upon the canvass of life, without motive or propulsion. Credible as we may regard their testimony, to rest the case of immortality upon the evidence of the eleven apostles, the weeping women and the 500 or more disciples, is to place it upon disputable ground. The credibility of the resurrection hinges for proof upon arguments for immortality, rather than does the question of immortality depend upon the fact of the resurrection for its solution. The church must always deserve the tribute of Macaulay, but foreshadowings of the labor of science indicate that the statement of Robertson will not be regarded in the future as historically true.

Hope in Science.

F. W. H. Meyers, in his massive and fascinating work entitled "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," asserts that "man has never yet applied the method of science to the problem of his own survival of bodily death," and this is true. Again he says: "If a spiritual world exists, and if that world has, at any epoch, been manifest or even discoverable, then it ought to be manifest or discoverable now." Reaching forward from this premise he gains a conclusion that seems sure and reasonable, and which must at least command the serious attention, if not the en-

dorsement, of science. The Beyond must henceforth occupy the minds of men in their search for conclusive proof of a motive for existence. It is no rash assertion of religious impulse, no vagary of a diseased mind to assert that we are on the verge of the greatest discoveries in the history of mankind, which shall come from our explorations of the realm of the soul and the territory beyond the boundary of death. Science is slowly translating the alphabet of the occult and unseen, and soon we shall be able to read the story of the travels of the subconscious self. Immortality as an idea is a fact. As a fact it is worthy of consideration as the earth, the sun or man himself. There is an aristocracy of ideas. They are few and

Rendezvous for Poets.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the Hoosier poet, and John Dickey, a close personal friend, have purchased Bear Wallow Hill, in Brown County, Indiana, and are going to improve the site with a magnificent house, which will be a kind of intellectual summer resort. It is proposed to set out 5,000 fruit trees early this spring, and when the improvements are completed the resort will be opened for people who wish to spend a quiet month or two in an atmosphere and amid scenery which have inspired some of Riley's most beautiful poems.

Bear Wallow, so named from the bears that wallowed on its green slopes and rocky sides, is one of the most picturesque spots in the state, being very high and surrounded by wild and rugged country. An interurban traction line has been projected through the country and will run at the base of Bear Wallow hill, making it easily accessible from the cities and towns of the state. The house to be erected upon the crown of the hill will be three stories high and will contain twenty-seven rooms. Here it is the purpose of the Hoosier poet to gather around him men and women who have made the country famous for literature, and though the doors are to be shut to none, it is understood that the intellectual will find the place specially adapted to their desires. Mr. Dickey is now on the grounds superintending the preliminary work, and the building will be begun and rushed to completion as soon as the weather will permit.

Takes Life Easy.

Of Joseph Chamberlain a critic says: "He is one of the most restful men I have ever met. There is no flurry or haste or bustle in his manner. He is what our grandfathers would call 'a dry stick.' His voice in conversation has a quizzical tone; his wit is dry; his manner is that of a shrewd and somewhat bored observer rather than that of an active participant. He leans back in his chair, sitting rather low, his hands folded, his eyes studying those about him with quiet, contemplative interest. He never appears eager to make a point in conversation and one only becomes aware of the quickness and wakefulness of his mind by some shrewd remark which brings general conversation back to the point from which it first set out or to some definite conclusion."

Condemned.

At a dinner in New York the other evening President Paul Morton of the Equitable heard this story related and did not contradict it, so it may, perhaps, be regarded as at least measurably true. He had been working his way up in a railroad

of ancient lineage. They have passed through the crucible of reason, survived the trial of incredulity, and forever conform to the potency and purposes of nature. They have come to us over the graves of traditions, past the tombs of superstitions, and through the crumbling ruins of persistently defended but vanquished theories. When, therefore, an idea has been reviewed by all the world, survived all mutations and persisted in the face of constant objection, when it has been confessed and defended wherever men have thought and inspired, it can safely stand before the austere tribunal of reason and claim seal of approval. The idea of immortality has taken its place in the aristocracy of reason's realm. Knowledge

Incident in General Schofield's Life.

The death of Lieutenant General Schofield recalls an amusing episode in the general's career. While at West Point young Schofield was one of the star men of his class, and during the last year of his course he was one of the instructors of cadets. One day he propounded in all solemnity the following question to the cadets: "If a man on the equator were to climb up a pole 100 feet high without any clothes on, how wide a brim would he have to have on his hat to keep from getting sunburned?" When the authorities learned of General Schofield's question he was promptly turned out. He came to Washington, and through the influence of friends succeeded at last in persuading the War department to give him a trial by court-martial. The trial went against him, however, and he was formally dismissed. But he afterwards succeeded in being reinstated. His experience, however, taught him a lesson, and he indulged in no more pranks. In his later life, when he became secretary of

war, he spent a pleasant afternoon one day in reading the official records of his little joke, his subsequent court-martial, his dismissal and his eventual reinstatement.

Whence Came the Idea?

Whence came this idea? Do we not know, it is not the child of religion, the creature of philosophy nor the product of science. Imagination did not create it. Imagination is the artist of the soul. It may take the materials provided by the senses and weave them into wondrous forms and colors, but it cannot create those materials. This joke, his immortality to old, in the British museum is a piece of clay, upon which is rudely drawn the figure of a man sitting upon a skull. It came from a prehistoric period, from a people of whose lan-

Children's Story Teller.

To perpetuate the memory of the children's story teller, Hans Christian Andersen, the old building in Odense, on the island of Funen, which he was born in, is to be restored and kept as an Andersen museum. In this house in Hans Jensen street the visitors will see his bedstead, his writing table, his armchair, his umbrella, photographs, books which he read in his infancy, his school certificates, his diplomas and decorations. The visitor will also see there a collection of engravings which American children had sent to him more than thirty years ago on learning that the news of his death had been "somewhat exaggerated."

A Born King.

There is a fact about King Alfonso well worth knowing. Of all the kings who have ever lived, with the sole exception of Jean I. of France, who lived but a few hours, he is the only one to be a king from the moment of his first breath—a veritable "born king." And since he is much spoken of these days it is not amiss to know his name, which is his most catholic majesty, Don Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, of Castile, of Leon, of Navarre, of Gibraltar, of the western and eastern Indies, of the oceanic continent, archduke of Austria, duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and Milan, count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol and grand master of the Golden Fleece.

Turned a Short Corner.

Congressman Bede of Minnesota still looks back with horror to an experience he had with a Scandinavian audience in his state last campaign. "It was up in the pine woods and the other orator of the evening was a stalwart Norwegian who was to speak in his native tongue. This man failed to arrive and the committee man asked Bede: "Do you speak Norwegian still?" Bede unthinkingly replied in the affirmative, though he knew only a few phrases. When he faced the audience of about 30 big, blue-eyed chaps of the Old and New class he determined to get out of the difficulty as best he could, so he said: "As many of you as can not understand English stand up." All were ashamed to make such an acknowledgment and not a man moved. "All right, my friends," said Bede, "as it makes no sense to talk Norwegian for any length of time I'll just address you in English, which you all know and will appreciate as well."

guage, religion, government, laws, customs and habits we are ignorant. Only this we know—that in the days when thought first feebly stirred the mind there lived a people whose lips, now the dust of ages, confessed that man shall live again. This idea is universal. Every age, every people that has left a record of tradition, myth, symbol, literature or history, has left a record of its hope for immortality. It is not an accident of climate, food or drink. It is not an intoxication of the delirium of joy; it is not a protest against blank despair. Among the denizens of the tropics voluptuous profligacy and in the habit of the Arctic hunter beneath the seven stars, along the ebb and complaining surf, in Druid's shadowed aisle, wherever men sobbed and laughed, despaired and aspired, this hope has been part of the warp and woof of the experience of life and dreams of men.

It has never changed. The topography and contour of continents have been reformed, nations have come and gone, empires have risen and fallen, languages have flourished and become dead, bibles have been rewritten, creeds have been restated, conceptions of God have been revised, while worlds have burned into idle cinders that whirl on useless orbits, yet immutable, unweary, unaltering and unforgotten this idea of immortality has survived the flight of time and wreck of ages.

Premise of God.

This instinct for immortality is contemporaneous with life and matter. With life and matter it looks toward God for its fulfillment. It is inconceivable that God should teach the bird to wing its flight through the trackless air to the desired time; teach the bee to rifle the flowers' lips, Reason revolts and the soul becomes sick with horror at the very thought. God is true. He has kept faith with the planets and marked their unerring orbits through the immensity of space. He has impressed the necessity of fidelity and truth upon every atom of the universe. From inchoherent matter He has formed a world that should have no significance until tenanted by man. Every expression of that world moves upon the lines of truth. God has not kept faith with matter, and then lied to the thrilled and throbbing soul of man. This instinct of immortality is His provision and prophecy of the fulfillment which He has in store for us.

Perhaps the most conclusive argument against immortality is the silence of the dead. Christianity has based its idea of immortality upon the only rational ground of belief, in assuming the resurrection of its founder. To see the scarred hands of our own dead moving with endless life would be sufficient argument for each of us. Why do our dead not return to us? Perhaps they do, and we do not know it. Were an apparition to appear before us, we would not believe our senses, for we are not prepared to receive one who has come forth from the tomb. The appearance of Jesus after the crucifixion, as alleged, is not incredible, and I believe in the possibility of seeing our dead return, and the power to commune with them.

Mistake of the Church.

Never since the day when the Marys went to the tomb has man ever made the attempt to lift the curtain of the beyond

without incurring the anathema of the church. Declaring the idea of immortality to rest upon the resurrection alone, the church has prohibited its followers from the attempt to prove its truth for themselves. The hunger for the unknown has never been satisfied by the Christian concept of immortality. Denied the bread of life, a few have turned to its husks. Gnosticism, spiritualism and occultism are the rude and distorted expressions of this hunger of the soul for communion with the unseen. Realizing the mistake of the church, men are now beginning to apply correct methods to the solution of the problem. There shall be only a few who are willing to pay the price, we shall perhaps disbelieve them. However, we shall henceforth receive the results of their discoveries, not with stake and torch, but with eager sympathy and encouragement.

Man will sacrifice truth, conscience, wife, child and hope of future comfort for the gain of a moment. The lust for power and for gold is upon him, and the toil and burden of the years are not accounted too great with success as a probable compensation. But where is the man who is willing to give all his years to poverty, self-effacement, meditation and the constant endeavor to align himself with the forces of truth and purity, for the bare chance of speaking to his dead, as Mary spoke to the supposed gardener?

What is Needed.

No, the methods of science have not been applied to the problem of survival of bodily death. The speech of Webster demands a knowledge of his language; the motif of Wagner implies another cultivated auditory nerve; the whisper of Love is meaningless to cruelty and selfishness. We expect our gold and power to buy the mysteries of life. We think we can barter for the secrets of the unseen as we barter for a Rembrandt, a Chippendale or a Stradivarius, forgetting that all the gold in the world cannot buy an understanding of the secret of their genius, for that comes by toil alone. Nature is jealous of her secrets. They are well guarded. The great facts and discoveries of life have not been easily won; the mysteries of life have been disclosed only to a hungry few. Perhaps the time may never come when all will be able to lift the curtain that hangs before the unknown, but truly, this last secret of God shall not be forever withheld. When we are prepared to pay the price our wounded prophet shall return to us, and, pointing to life, gold, power and sin, shall say, "Lovest thou me more than these?"

We need less of a recital of events than we do of an inspiring array of proofs for the reasonableness of the idea of immortality. For multitudes of life is an inconceivable insult, an irreparable injury. Existence does not grant compensation for the inequalities of men. The innocent suffer, the promise of early genius is denied, wrong is enthroned and righteousness is crucified. Nero gluts his lust and Paul falls before the assassin's knife—from the weary journey of the year men hasten to Easter for cheer and strength with which to sustain faith and continue the contest. Life and matter come from God, yet more enduring than life and matter is love, for love is God's own heart embracing His world of agony and separation. Because man loves he is the child of God and therefore imperishable. Because man loves he hopes and is content. Immortality is the gift of God; it is the child of Love.

"The stars shine over the earth. The stars shine over the sea; The stars look up to the mighty God. The stars look down on me."

The stars shall live for a million years. A million years and a day; The stars shall live and love. When the stars have passed away," EDWARD F. TRIPP.