

An Easter Lily

It Inspires Good Feeling and Good Deeds

By CLARISSA MACKIE
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The little white house stood close to the street, and the bow window jutted out to the fence, its burden of flowering plants making the only bright bit of color on the wild March day. Behind the tall flower stand Miss Imogen Morse had hovered like a beneficent fairy. She waved her magic sprinkling pot and touched a dead leaf here and there, and the plants grew taller and greener and put forth fragrant blossoms toward the sunshine.

Back of the big pots there had been a row of Bermuda lilies. Slowly they had been forced during the long winter until now brought into the sun they showed tall graceful stalks bristling with green leaves and topped by wonderful waxlike white buds.

Miss Imogen had three Easter lilies. She had planted the bulbs in the fall and tended them all winter, and now that Easter was only three days off she was choosing the handsomest plant to send over to the paragoness. The next one was to go to her bosom friend, Henrietta Owen, and the third one was for Miss Imogen's parlor window.

As Miss Imogen leaned over the flowers a shadow flickered across the window, and she raised her head to meet the admiring gaze of Huldah Scott. Miss Scott's eyes were fixed on the Easter lilies, but she also saw Miss Imogen, and she bowed pleasantly, yet with a certain proud reserve of manner. She spoke, and her voice came through the open window:

"Your lilies are beautiful, Imogen," she said rather wistfully.

"They are uncommonly handsome," returned Imogen stiffly, making a movement to close the window. Her rather sharp black eyes were looking absently over Huldah's shabby hat. It was as if she appeared not to see the woman on the sidewalk.

Huldah flushed proudly and resumed her walk down the street. After Imogen Morse's contemptuous accents had died in the rattling down of the window sash Huldah swung her head up proudly and walked as if her cloak was not worn and shining at the seams and her shoes cracked and broken.

There was a tap at the side door, followed by a turning of the knob. Then a short, heavily built woman came into the room and tossed aside the knitted shawl which had covered her head and shoulders. Her face was very red, and her scanty portion of light hair clung flatly to her rather large head. Henrietta Owen was Imogen Morse's most intimate friend.

"Where did you drop from?" asked Imogen, pushing a chair forward for the visitor.

"Been to the postoffice," panted Mrs. Owen, sinking heavily into the rocker. "I asked for your mail, but there wasn't anything. I met Huldah just beyond here. Thought maybe she'd been calling on you." She looked slyly at Imogen out of her small black eyes.

"You know better than that, Henrietta," retorted Imogen good humoredly. "I expect you can tell to a T the last time Huldah Scott crossed my threshold. She's got no liking for me."

"Small wonder," remarked Mrs. Owen dryly.

Imogen paused in her task of dusting the books in the tall secretary and turned her long neck around.

"Whatever do you mean, Henrietta Owen?" she demanded, with asperity. "First time I knew you to take Huldah Scott's part against me."

"I'm not taking her part. All I said was it was small wonder she had no liking for you. If you'd lost that lawsuit instead of her I guess the hard feelings would have been on the other side."

"You'll have to explain what you mean," Imogen said incoherently. "If you think Huldah Scott wasn't treated fairly you can go to Judge Blake or the jury which decided that the property never had been her father's and couldn't rightfully belong to anybody but my father's heirs."

"That's all as it may be," said Mrs. Owen quietly. "But you know right well that the Scott place was bought by Huldah's father and they always lived in it. It wasn't till after Mr. Scott died that your father came forward and claimed that the Scotts never had a deed to the place and it belonged to your pa by right of inheritance from old Caleb Morse, though

I don't see what he's got to do with it."

"He was father's uncle," said Imogen sullenly. "It's mighty glad, Henrietta Owen, that you've spoke your mind and told me what you think about the matter. First time I ever knew you was so sympathetic for Huldah Scott."

"I can't help being sorry for her, Imogen. You had a nice home of your own and enough to live quiet on, and the old place was all Huldah's. You know the only thing she can do to earn money is to take boarders, and now that her house is gone she can't do a thing. Most of her furniture is stored in Deacon Brown's barn and she's a-living in those two little rooms over the bakery a-trying to sew, poor soul, and her hardly ever taking a needle in her hand, not being handy that way. No wonder she looks shabby and old fashioned. But she's proud as Lucifer and won't let anybody help her by any ways."

"So I am to blame for that, am I?" demanded Imogen fiercely.

"She ought to have her home back," said Mrs. Owen obstinately. "It's proved her father paid the money for it. I must be going now," she continued, with a side glance at the flowers. "You mustn't mind what I said about Huldah Scott. I can't help feeling sorry for her."

"I expect everybody in town feels the same way," challenged Imogen.

"They seem to feel sorry for her," admitted Mrs. Owen. "Goodby, Imogen. Come around and see me when you can."

The subject of the lawsuit her father had instituted against the meager estate of old James Scott was a sore one for victorious Imogen Morse. Three years had passed since Huldah had been turned from her home, and in that time she had tried half a dozen ways to earn a living and failed in each. But she was a splendid housekeeper, and formerly she had earned a comfortable livelihood by taking boarders in the rambling old house of her father. Now she was knocked hither and thither among the few wage earners in the village. At present she was tending the bakery for the Smiths.

Imogen always looked forward to Easter as a season of great joy, for she loved the resurrection of the flowers from their winter sleep, the new clothing of the earth, the vague promise of a new life beyond this old one. All these things bore significance for her.

She impressed the story of the resurrection on her Sunday school class. She found herself waxing eloquent as she compared the arising of the blessed Lord from his death sleep to the awakening of the dormant plant life. She was filled with joy at the approach of Eastertide, and it was not herself but a black shadow of her real nature which had carelessly overlooked the wrong that had been done to Huldah Scott.

The next day would be Good Friday, and Imogen resolved that she would have some hot cross buns for her breakfast, so after her dinner was cleared away she walked down to the bakery. The store was quite empty save for a little girl perched on a stool behind the counter. It was the baker's child.

"Well, Edna, who's tending store today?" asked Imogen briskly.

"Miss Huldah's tending store. She'll be back in a moment. Have your lilies withered up yet, Miss Imogen?" asked the little girl eagerly.

"Withered up? What do you mean, child?" demanded Miss Morse.

"Why, father said he should think the lilies would wither up under the touch of your hands, you're so hard hearted," said the child, with the brutal directness of her age.

Imogen gasped and turned white. "Well, I never," she gasped; "I never did!" Then she turned and fled from the place.

Back in her own rooms, she looked strangely at the lilies. Once she reached forth a finger tip and touched the white waxen blossom. "It didn't wither," she said eagerly. "I wonder what I can do. Suppose I should touch one tomorrow or Sunday and it should turn brown! I never thought of that. I suppose I am not fit; I am not fit!"

Miss Imogen bowed her black head on her hands and sat very still.

She was very busy the next two days, and on the night before Easter she sat in her sitting room with the three Easter lilies ranged in a row before her.

"It's no credit to me to give Huldah Scott back her home again. That's her own. What can I do that will hurt me the most? Speak up, Imogen Morse!" she commanded herself.

The gate clicked, and Huldah Scott ran up the path and knocked lightly on the door. "Come in," said Imogen.

"It's me," said Huldah breathlessly. "I just heard little Edna Smith tell what she said to you the other day about the lilies withering. I'm awful sorry, Imogen, but you mustn't mind. Folks say all sorts of mean things about—"

Imogen arose and placed her hands on Huldah's shoulders. "Don't mind, Huldah," she said seriously. "I'm glad of it. I always thought I knew what Easter meant, but I find I didn't realize it meant the resurrecting of a soul from sin as much as anything else, and I've set myself a stint."

"What is it?" asked Huldah.

"I'm not going to touch another Easter lily until I'm satisfied I'm cleansed of some of my sins," said Imogen grimly. "All these lilies are for you, and the new plum colored suit, and your place back and all. It's no credit to me."

Huldah took Imogen's hand and closed it lightly around the largest snowiest blossom of the Easter lily.

"Oh, Imogen, you are worthy now!" she said.

MANY VETERANS TO LOSE BERTHS

Army of Baseball Recruits Promises to Crowd Old Timers Out.

CUB PITCHERS ARE AGING.

Several Youngsters in Line to Take Jobs on Regular Staff—Detroit Has Many Veterans, and So Have Pirates. Few Old Timers on Red Sox.

Breakers ahead for the major league "vets." Slowly but surely the old timers hailed a few seasons ago among the truly greats are slipping, and popular demand for new faces coupled with the degeneration of those same old idols, is working tremendous changes in both circuits. The time honored adage, "It isn't what you were; it's what you are today," is working overtime, and the season of gloom is on in full blast.

There won't be any glaring shake-ups in the Cub troupe, according to Manager Chance. The only veteran to be let out was Clarence Beaumont. The peerless leader seems content to stand pat and go along with the battle-scarred warriors who cling to him through thick and thin and assisted in giving Chicago four National league pennants in five thrilling seasons. If young talent is to be injected into the bettled ranks the process will be applied locally to the hurling staff.

Infield to Hurling Staff.

To take it from Chance, the infield—one of the greatest ever assembled under one roof—will endure another season, all slams at the faithful Steinfeld to the contrary, although Zimmerman and youngster Doyle are hot after his job. The outfield will "come back," and it looks like Sheppard, Schulte and Hofman for the one best bet. Kilg is getting up in years, as is Needham, but Archer is still a sprightly youth, and the P. L. is banking on no changes in the wind pad department.

At present sixteen fingers are on the roster of the club, but a number will be let go before the season opens. Of the lot four must be enlisted among the grownups of the slab department. Reulbach, Brown and Pfeister are the prize antiques, all hovering around the thirty-three-year mark, while King Cole, the elongated marvel of 1910, is merely a stripling, beardless child of twenty-two, according to his own solemn oath.

As in the case of the Cubs, every other club in the two major leagues is burdened with venerable artists, and the club owners seem loath to dis-

WOMAN IS BALLOONIST.

Charlotte Granville Wants to Try For the Lahm Cup.



MISS CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE.

Miss Charlotte Granville, a young Englishwoman who has made fifty or more balloon ascensions, wants to test her skill and endurance against the same qualities possessed by American men. In other words, she wants to try for the cups offered for long distance flights in gas bags.

Miss Granville is duly licensed as a pilot and is a member of the Royal Aero Club of England. She can't take part in the James Gordon Bennett race because the entries for that contest must be made by a club, but she is eager to make a flight in competition with Messrs. Hawley and Post, who won the cup last year and established a world's record when they flew from St. Louis into the wilds of Canada.

Ballooning possesses a great fascination after one tries the sport, Miss Granville says, and she is surprised that more American women have not tried it. She does not regard the danger as being greater than that taken daily by occupants of automobiles. The delights of sailing through the air she describes as much greater than those of bouncing over a country road in a touring car.

Miss Granville began her ballooning as a pupil of C. S. Rolls, the young English nobleman who was killed while making an aeroplane flight in England last summer.

White Tulle Bridal Veil.

Prospective June brides will be interested in the accompanying illustration of a bridal veil. It is of tulle decorated with orange blossoms. Fashion is



bridal veils are never radical, but the one shown is up to date and could not help but please any bride and add to her attractiveness.

Useful Present For a Bride.

Instead of the usual shower friends of a bride who was recently married and went at once to housekeeping gave her a box labeled "the things you have forgotten." In it there were balls of different kinds of twine in holders by which to hang them and with scissors to cut the string, a bottle of fountain pen ink, balls of various widths of tape, cards of buttons, including shoe buttons and the cord by which to sew them on (the kind with tags on the ends), several lead pencils, pads of paper of different sizes, a corkscrew, a tack hammer with claw, tags and labels for bottles, boxes and packages, spoils of thread of various sizes and papers of needles, a bottle of mullage and a tube of glue, several sheets of wrapping paper and some other everyday needs.

Chiroprapist With a Grievance.

Miss Emily A. Chapman is a chiroprapist of Los Angeles who was rejected by a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She maintains that it was because she earns her living in such a way. Miss Chapman was formerly a member of the Quaker City chapter to Philadelphia, but could not get three women from that chapter to endorse her when she went west. She says she will bring the matter before the national body, and the result is being watched with interest. Members of the D. A. R. say there must have been some other reason than that assigned, as many of the daughters work for a living.



BUG RAYMOND, WHOSE WORK WILL BE CLOSELY WATCHED.

pose of the stars of yesterday. These players are of inestimable value to their respective teams in more ways than one; otherwise they couldn't stick to their jobs.

Endurance is a grand quality in baseball as well as automobiles and pugilism, but the best of them must some day fall for the count. In Pittsburgh the bugs are wondering what the future holds for the athletic landmarks—to wit, Clark, Wagner, Leach, Leever, Phillippt, et al. All these hearties have basked in the limelight for more than a decade.

Detroit has a bunch of old scuds in Crawford, Donovan, Mullin and Davy Jones, while the world's champion Mack men have some aged boys in Davis, Bender, Plank, Hartzel and Murphy. Yet those grownups must stay on the job to lend a helping hand to newcomers who stand in need of considerable uplift in the finer points of pastiming.

Wagner Saves Red Sox.

Charley Wagner, shortstop on the Boston American league team, is the keystone to the speedy infield corralled by John J. Taylor a few seasons ago and all but smashed to smithereens when the Hub city magnate traded McConnell and Lord for Purzell and F. Smith, former White Shins.

The New York Nationals have a few veterans who will have to do some tail hustling to hold their jobs. Among them are Catcher Schiel, Third Baseman Devlin and Pitchers Ames, Wilcox and Raymond. Close tabs will be kept on the latter, and if he does not show good form he will sent to the minors or sold to some other club.



WILL JONES

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INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORY

EUGENE, March 27.—The Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, composed of the eight leading colleges of Oregon, has been in existence for nineteen years. Nineteen contests have been held. The University of Oregon leads with five victories to her credit. Pacific College and McMinnville College tie for second place with four first places each. Willamette University, Pacific University and Albany College tie for third place, with two victories each. The Oregon Agricultural College and the Monmouth Normal School have been unfortunate, neither of them ever having won a first place. In the last