

## Thoughts For Easter

Because He lived this world begins to live today, and of its spiritual birth this day is the anniversary.—Edward Everett Hale.

A legend of the Greek church tells us that our Lord used to feed the robins round his mother's door when he was a boy, moreover, that the robin never left the sepulcher till the resurrection and at the ascension joined in the angels' song.

Across the sea the light brought joy to many a ship, and, glancing on the shore, ten thousand spires flashed the glad illumination and trembled to the rolling organ beneath that sounds forth the Christian's exultation. It is the Lord's day and the annual day of resurrection.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There are great merits about Easter as an annual feast day. It says to us: "Put on your best clothes, think your best thoughts and be as good and happy as you can. The Lord of Christendom is risen. The spring is coming back. Life begins again in the fields and parks and gardens. Let us be grateful to our Maker for life; let us rejoice in the present all we honestly can and take as hopeful a view of the future as common sense permits." — Edward S. Martin in "Times and Seasons."

## The Meaning of The Resurrection

By Cardinal Gibbons.

The resurrection of Christ is the most signal and splendid evidence of his divinity. It is the keystone in the arch of faith, as it is the most brilliant luminary in the constellation of Christian festivals.

A certain enthusiast named Leberaux once submitted to Talleyrand a project he entertained of founding a new religion and asked the French statesman's views as to the feasibility of the undertaking. "You will certainly succeed," replied Talleyrand, "and your name will go down with glory to posterity if you fulfill the conditions which I propose." "And what are they?" eagerly inquired the visitor. "You must first suffer, be scourged and crucified and then rise on the third day. Do this and your success is assured." This reply extinguished the zeal of the would-be reformer. The moral of the witty Frenchman's remark is that as Christ alone, after entering the portals of the tomb, returned by his own power to life he is without a rival. He alone has made good his claim to found a new religion and to merit the supreme adoration of mankind.

## From Darkness to Light

An Easter Poem  
By Cora & Matson Holson

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Brown, barren fields and  
leaden sky,  
Where Lenten days drag-  
ged slowly by,  
And death had mocked  
at faith;  
Now sunglow on the east-  
ern hills,  
New grass blades, lilies,  
daffodils,  
for Love has conquered  
Death.

### EASTER CELEBRATIONS.

How the Holy Day is Observed in Various Parts of the Earth.

The greatest Easter celebration is at Jerusalem.

Jerusalem at Easter is crowded with pilgrims.

The historic Church of the Holy Sepulcher is the center.

According to tradition, this church contains Christ's tomb.

Great as it is, it is too small for the Easter crowds.

Nowhere in all the world is there so cosmopolitan an Easter gathering.

Nowhere else is Easter celebrated with such impressive pomp and ceremonial.

Jerusalem is the historic city in which Christ's spiritual embassy began.

All the churches of Jerusalem are crowded at Easter, the crowning glory of the religious year.

In Roumania, Christian women distribute cakes marked with the symbol of the cross in the prisons.

Silver clarions herald the dawn of Easter in Berlin, blown by trumpeters in the imperial palace tower.

Full dress uniform is the order of the day, and the German emperor and empress attend public services.

At the courts of Italy, Austria, Spain and Portugal Easter day is the occasion of a state banquet and a military display.

**LUMBER INDUSTRY THRIVING IN KLAMATH FALLS**  
KLAMATH FALLS, April 4.—Workmen are busily engaged in getting the sawmill of the Aigona Lumber Company, in Klamath Falls, in shape for the season's run, which will start next Monday or Tuesday. The box factory is also being repaired.

### EASTER EVE.

I saw two women weeping by the tomb  
Of one new buried in a fair green place  
Bowed with shrubs. The eve retained  
no trace  
Of night that day performed, but the  
faint gloom  
Of dying day was spread upon the sky;  
The moon was broad and bright above the  
wood;  
The distance sounded of a multitude;  
Music and shout and mingled revelry.  
At length came gleaming through the  
thicket shade  
Helmet and casque, and a steel armed  
band  
Watched round the sepulcher in solemn  
stand;  
The night word passed, from man to man  
conveyed,  
And I could see those women rise and go,  
Under the dark trees moving sad and slow.  
—Henry Alford in Kansas City Star.

### EASTER BUNNY IS OLD.

Not a Frisky Young Animal, but One with a Very Ancient History.  
Next to the Easter eggs the bunny maintains its place as the star Easter novelty. To find out just how the bunny came to be associated with Easter one looks away back to antiquity, for the hare or rabbit has had unusual significance to many peoples.

In ancient mythology the hare's connection with the moon was well established. Hindu tradition tells us that while Indra was dying of hunger the hare threw himself into the fire in order that the god might be provided with a meal.

For this sacrifice he was translated to the moon by the grateful Indra. In Buddhist legend we again find him sacrificing himself in order to provide food for the hungry. Here again he was translated to the moon, where the Hindus, Japanese and Chinese still affect to see him in the well known spots on the disk.

The Chinese still, at their great moon festival of the Yuoping, exchange cakes of various sizes with relatives and friends upon which are stamped figures of hares crouching among the trees.

In Norse mythology we had bunny figuring as the train bearer and light bearer of Freyja, the goddess of the moon, and also identified with the Roman goddess Venus, whose festival was held at the beginning of April. Freyja has also been identified with the Anglian goddess Eostre or Ostara, from whose name we derive our present term of Easter.

Ancient records will show that in the seventeenth century no Englishman thought his feast complete unless on Easter day he ate a fine big hare killed for the occasion.

The hare by reason of its connection with the moon became in a sense the herald of a new life, the springtide. From these several causes it has come to be associated with the anniversary of Christ's resurrection, and thousands of children too young to appreciate the blessed truths that lie at the base of the faith will nevertheless rejoice over novelties in Easter bunnies.

Times Want ads bring results.

## AN EASTER REUNION

HIGH in the church amphitheater hung the choir loft, and at its rail that bright Easter morning stood the church quartet.

The organ pealed forth the strains of the opening anthem—one of those divine compositions of Mozart which make the pulse of the righteous beat more quickly and cause the ungodly to think anew—and after it had been sung the singers took their seats, separating, the two higher voices to the right, the two lower to the left side of the organ.

Herr Steinbuch, the organist, retired behind the organ, drawing from his pocket as he did so a copy of a Sunday newspaper.

He was musical editor of the sheet and hastily scanned its pages for an article, "The Decline of the Fugue," which he had written the Friday previous—tolling far into the night that it might be concluded in time for the issue of Sunday.

The pastor began his Easter sermon, but the singers paid small heed; each was busy with his or her own thoughts.

In the eyes of Mateel Stuart, the contralto, came a faraway look as she sat beside her giant husband, the basso.

She was thinking that but three short years before she had gone from that church a bride, leaning proudly upon his arm.

And now? Yes, she was happy, she reasoned, though her stalwart husband had, unconsciously perhaps, dropped



IN THE EYES OF THE CONTRALTO A BRIGHT LOVE LIGHT BURNED.

those little courtesies and attentions which usually play so delightful a part in newly wedded life.

Not that Stuart was discontented, but his lack of appreciation of the contralto was caused by a lack of thought, no doubt. Manlike, he was selfish, though it must be said of him that he had always proved what is known as a "good husband," in the commonly accepted meaning of the term.

For the first time in months Stuart thought that perhaps he did not place a sufficiently high value upon his wife when his attention was attracted to the other side of the choir loft. Something unusual was going on there apparently.

John Crayton and Marian Griffin were seated together, and the soprano was so interested in what Crayton was saying to her that she failed to note the gaze of the basso.

Marian had known Crayton for a number of years, but had never looked upon him as a suitor.

And now as she felt his breath upon her cheek, heard his earnest words, his appeal for a reply, she could only cast down her eyes until their long black lashes seemed to throw a shade over her face.

The tenor seized her hand at the conclusion of his passionate entreaty and was rewarded by a slight—a very slight—pressure, which told him that he had not pleaded in vain.

Then it was that Stuart placed his great hand upon his wife's arm and, leaning toward her, whispered gently:

"My darling, I realize now that I have been neglecting you, but I have not meant to do so; it was only that I didn't think."

In the eyes of the contralto a bright love light burned, and she putted the hand of the big basso with a loving touch.

The droning of the minister suddenly ceased, and the rustling of the people below as they turned in the pews told that the sermon was at an end.

The closing hymn was announced, and when it was finished the singers walked from the organ loft arm in arm, while Herr Steinbuch exclaimed petulantly:

"Donnerwetter! The singers seem to be going to the dogs. That last hymn was given atrociously!"

But then perhaps Herr Steinbuch was annoyed because he had been unable to find "The Decline of the Fugue" in his Sunday newspaper.—Virginia Harned in Philadelphia Press.

### Live and Enjoy Easter.

Easter, glad feast of life, belongs only to those who are alive in soul and heart and mind. Hearts buried in graves have but little share in its resurrecting thrill.

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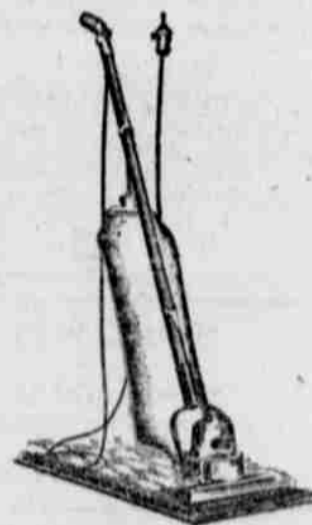
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