

# Lincoln County Leader===Supplement

## The Easter Dinner

By OLIVE HARPER

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"SAY, dearest, don't forget to draw the duck!" called handsome Alfred Lawton as he was halfway down the stairs.

His bride of a month had left the door of their bandbox of a flat open while she hung fondly over the balusters, as she always did to see the last of her blessed one, her "old sugar."

Lizzie heard the retreating footsteps down the long hall, the very striking of the umbrella against the wall sending happy little thrills through her. She sighed heavily as she returned to the dainty little flat. Was not her dearest and best gone, not to return until 3 o'clock?

He was to bring an old friend with him to dinner. She had not cared to leave her dear little flat, her paradise, rather, even for church, and Alfred had decided that he was signally blessed in having such an angel for a bride, one not given to flaunting shows, even on such a day, when all other women were showing themselves off in their new gowns and hats. He was the happiest and most fortunate man in all creation. And now Jim, dear old Jim, his chum and lifelong friend, should have a taste of felicity in seeing their home and making the acquaintance of the incomparable Lizzie, the one woman in the whole world.

Lizzie fairly flew about the little place, putting dainty touches here and

and "he" was an editor. So his parting request did not seem strange to her. She was to draw that fine fat duck that lay before her. She would and even admired the aesthetic taste of her dear "old sugar." The duck alone had a sort of waxy look, so she made an artistic group of a bed of celery flanked by some carrots and red apples to add to the color scheme. When they were arranged to her taste she brought her drawing board and sat down contentedly to draw the duck. She just washed in the colors to be finished at leisure later, but made a careful study of that duck and succeeded in getting a very good sketch of it in all its fatness.

As she surveyed the work of art she felt very well satisfied. It was a regular "duck" of a duck.

She had everything else prepared—her vegetables on the range, her salad all made and in the icebox. They were to have fruit cake and ice cream for dessert. At each plate stood a tiny floss chicken pecking at a colored egg. Could anything be sweeter? And the tall glass in the center of the table held a bunch of jonquils. And, oh, how happy she was! She had looked in the cookbook, and it said that exactly twenty minutes were required to roast the duck to a turn.

The man with the oysters disturbed her at her drawing, but she hurriedly sketched in all the salient features of her picture before the fateful twenty minutes, when the duck should be placed in the oven. She salted and peppered it and lighted the gas. Then she set the fat and interesting duck in the oven and left it for twenty minutes. Everything else was progressing finely, and in five minutes it was really quite hot.

So she left the duck to its fate and went to add a few finishing touches to her toilet and a last one to the pretty table. Then her dearly beloved came with his friend. After the presentation Alfred asked:

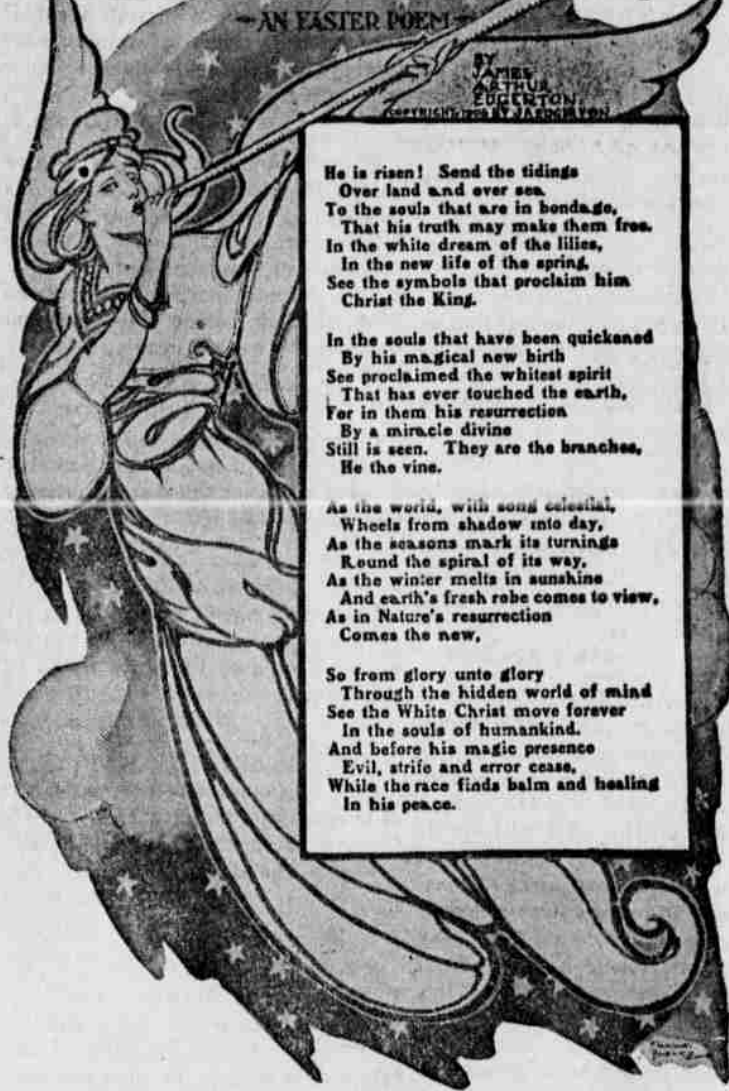
"Is dinner nearly ready, dearest?"

Lizzie looked at the clock. Yes; it was fifteen minutes since she had put the duck in the oven, so by the time they had finished their soup and oysters the duck would be just right. She would turn off the gas.

"Yes, I think so. I will see," answered the anxious lady.

## RESURRECTION

—AN EASTER POEM—



He is risen! Send the tidings  
Over land and over sea,  
To the souls that are in bondage,  
That his truth may make them free.  
In the white dream of the lilies,  
In the new life of the spring,  
See the symbols that proclaim him  
Christ the King.

In the souls that have been quickened  
By his magical new birth  
See proclaimed the whitest spirit  
That has ever touched the earth,  
For in them his resurrection  
By a miracle divine  
Still is seen. They are the branches,  
He the vine.

As the world, with song celestial,  
Wheels from shadow into day,  
As the seasons mark its turnings  
Round the spiral of its way,  
As the winter melts in sunshine  
And earth's fresh robe comes to view,  
As in Nature's resurrection  
Comes the new.

So from glory unto glory  
Through the hidden world of mind  
See the White Christ move forever  
In the souls of humankind.  
And before his magic presence  
Evil, strife and error cease,  
While the race finds balm and healing  
In his peace.

walked a mile or so along a secluded road and presently turned into a clump of woods.

Elizabeth looked about her with interest, then turned to her companion. "And where is the church?" she asked.

"The groves were God's first temples," he quoted serenely.

"I believe you're glad the hat didn't come," she said.

He regarded her with quiet amusement.

"I believe I am," he returned.

"I don't believe my hat will be unduly criticised here," she said, with a meaning glance in his direction.

"And I shall have you all to myself," he said, with content. "Let's perch on the fence and have an Easter service for two. There is at least one devout worshiper here," he said pointedly.

They climbed the low fence and sat down on the top rider. The air was soft, and it was freighted with the smell of warm, wet earth. The sunlight through the branches made an interwoven shadow fabric on the ground. Bird voices piped with a pleasant plaintiveness.

"It's good to be alive," he commented.

"Isn't it?" she said.

"And to be here," he went on.

"Rather than at the Church of the Apostles?" she asked.

"Decidedly," he averred. "I've much more courage here."

"More courage?" she questioned.

"Yes. More courage to make an Easter confession," he explained.

"Eh! I be given absolution?"

"That depends. It isn't murder, is it?"

"More like suicide, I imagine," he returned grimly. "You won't laugh at it, will you?" he said, with very apparent anxiety.

"The seal of the confessional, you know," she said. "Certainly not."

He thoughtfully studied a neighboring tree. The girl was covertly watching him with curious eyes.

"I'm almost afraid to confess," he said at length.

"It must be a grievous sin," she observed.

"I fear you'll think it is," said he.

There was silence again for some moments. Then he straightened himself and cleared his throat.

"I love you," he said simply. "That's the confession."

The color surged into the girl's face. She turned away her head so that her face was hidden.

"Do I get absolution?" he asked anxiously.

"No," she said, her head still turned away.

The ensuing silence was decidedly tense. The man broke it.

"Anyway, I'm glad I confessed," he said stoutly.

The girl made no reply.

"Well," he said finally, "I suppose we'd better go back."

He helped her from the wall, and they walked back toward the road. The man's face was very grave. He could not see the laughter lurking in the girl's eyes.

"I thought perhaps you might have surmised as much," he said, and his voice was grave.

"Well, I have," she answered defiantly.

"May I ask, then, why my confession was not granted absolution?" he said.

"Because—well, because it's—it's only sins that are absolved," she replied.

"And we owe it to the hat," said he.

"That didn't come," she laughed softly.

T. BLAIR EATON.

### Coos County.

It is not often that the people of Marshfield has an opportunity to listen to an address which combine the good qualities of eloquence, depth of thought, and convincing power of truth of what is said, as was the case of the address delivered at the Odd Fellows' hall last Saturday evening when Willis C. Hawley of Salem addressed our people on "The Future of Oregon and Coos Bay." Professor Hawley received close attention and was frequently applauded throughout his address. While in the city he made many friends and you can hear on all sides that "Hawley is the coming man to represent this district." —Marshfield Weekly Advertiser.

For Sale—Fine seed oats, both gray and white, 55 cents per bushel. Bargains in flour. See George A. Hall.



ALFRED STARTED TO CARVE THE DUCK.

there and making the tiny dining room look too sweet for anything, as she said.

Then into the kitchen went the brave little soul to wrestle with pots and pans and the cooking of that wonderful dinner.

She had been an artist in black and white while on one of the daily newspapers with a strong leaning to colors,

Just then the ice cream came, and Alfred took it from the dumb waiter with the air of one who had entertained friends at dinner for at least fifty years.

They sat down to their soup and then had their oysters. Lizzie's cheeks were the loveliest pink as she placed the pretty vegetable dishes on the table

and the salad bowl on the sideboard. Oh, it was grand to be married and have a home and guests to dinner!

She brought in the duck. It did not look just like other roast ducks that she had seen, but the book had said twenty minutes.

Alfred took the carving knife and started to carve the duck. He thought there was something wrong with it, but he dissembled. With a grand air he said he had always liked ducks. The flavor was excellent. He made another attack, but his knife made no impression on the fowl. He sharpened the knife, and yet the duck refused to be carved. It seemed to have the resistance of rubber, and he finally remarked:

"I am afraid the duck is not done."

"I cooked it twenty minutes," replied dearest, looking worried.

At this moment the knife penetrated the upper portion of the duck's breast and an avalanche of whole corn rattled down on the platter. Alfred looked so tragic that Lizzie began to tremble and turn pale. He said finally:

"Take it away. I told you to draw the duck the last thing as I went out, and you didn't do it."

"I did too," sobbed Lizzie, with the napkin to her eyes. "I did, now."

Saying this she handed her mortified husband the drawing she had made. She still sobbed disconsolately, while Alfred handed the drawing to Jim, and each let out a roar of laughter that could have been heard a block.

Poor Lizzie continued to weep.

"Oh, Mrs. Lawton, don't. There is plenty else, and, besides, Alf, it was the butcher's business to do this," Jim said consolingly.

"I'll—I'll discharge that butcher. Never mind, dearest. It wasn't your fault. Mistakes occur to any one, and—ah—haven't you got something else?"

"I—I could make an omelet," said Lizzie, wiping her pretty eyes.

"Well, do, and we'll chat while you are doing it."

But when Lizzie was alone the thought of her dismal failure overcame her, and so many tears fell that she was half blinded, but the omelet felt sorry for her and came out of the pan light and fine. That and her salad saved the day, and the ice cream and cakes were good.

Despite its beginning the dinner was a very enjoyable affair, and the next day the duck got another cooking.

Lizzie made surreptitious efforts to get that picture away from her husband, but he put it under lock and key. It was a proof that she did actually draw the duck.

### Easter For Two

SHE stood in the doorway, a frown wrinkling her pretty forehead and something of tragedy in her voice and gesture.

"I can't go," she declared, in evident disappointment.

"Can't go, Elizabeth?" he repeated, in perplexity. "You're not ill. What on earth has happened?"

"My hat"—she began and stopped abruptly.

"Well?" he queried.

"Didn't come," said she.

"Horrors!" he exclaimed. He pulled aside the curtains and looked out on an ideal Easter morning. "Horrors!" he repeated, while the ghost of a smile relaxed his firm mouth.

"It's no laughing matter," said the girl, with some warmth.

"I know," he said contritely. "Of course it isn't. Haven't you another hat?"

The girl glanced at him scornfully.

"Perhaps you'd like me to wear a winter hat," she said.

"Exactly," he said calmly. "I certainly would. It will be a tremendous service at the Church of the Apostles. Menoni is to sing, and there's to be a string quartet from the Symphony."

"You don't imagine," said she, in amazement, "that I'd go to the Church of the Apostles Easter Sunday wearing my winter hat, do you?"

He smiled patiently.

"I confess I had no proper realization of the enormity of such an act," said he. "Would they put you out?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders in a quaint little gesture of despair.

"That's the man of it," she said. "Of course I can't hope to make you understand, but the simple fact remains that I can't go."

"Ah right," he said cheerfully, and he resumed the seat he had vacated when she entered the room.

"But you'll go just the same," she said.

"I hate to keep you away from church on the only day in the year you ever go," she said.

"See here," said he, "we'll compromise. We'll attend service this morning at a place where your hat will not be conspicuous—at a place, in fact, where they will never know whether it is of the winter variety or the latest Easter creation. Will you go?"

"Of course I will," she replied.

They took a suburban car and rode to the end of the route. Then they