



# OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



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### Ruffin's Friend

An Easter Story

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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**T**O Ruffin, shifting restlessly from one dirty little bare foot to the other, the fastidious deliberation of the gentleman who was selecting an Easter lily from Mrs. Moxer's stock was not only exasperating, it was "tommyrot." One lily was just like another.

Ruffin stepped boldly between buyer and seller. He lifted a small, freckled face, made bright by a pair of winning blue eyes. "Mister, I'm lookin' fur a job. I'll carry your lily home for you."

The gentleman looked Ruffin over critically. Mrs. Moxer indorsed the boy. "Oh, you can trust Ruff, sir."

The gentleman put his hand into his pocket. "All right, Chipmunk. A dime, isn't it?"

Ruffin shook his head. "Not yit. Wait till the goods is delivered. I wants a stop over privilege."

The gentleman laughed. He found Ruffin delightful. "All right, Chipmunk."

"Well, it's this way, sir. I got a friend. She's my friend all right, but she's heap closer to kin to the angels than she is to me. She bo'ds at the house where I jobs. I clean the steps and take out trash and such. She don't belong there, but I reck'n she's down on her luck. I was rattlin' out her stove one day last week, and I heard her sort of say to herself, 'Oh, if I only could smell the lilies once again it would make me well.' She do look mighty peaked, mister. And I ups and says, pointin' to a big book she had



"I'LL CARRY YOUR LILY FOR YOU."

open in her lap. 'Is them lilies, Miss Gertrude?' And she says: 'Ascension lilies, Ruff. You know what they stand for?' And I had to own up I didn't, and then she talked to me like a angel might 'a' talked and told me more about the Bible and Jesus than I bet any of the preachers know. And I thought if she was sick for the smell of the lilies I might help Miss Withers to get well. Is it a go, mister?"

"It is a go, Chipmunk. But," he handed Ruffin a card, "I will be at that address before 3 o'clock, and if you fail to show up what must I do about my lily?"

Ruffin grinned confidently. "Send the chief of police to Mrs. Bisland's bo'din' house on east Forty-six street and tell him to ask fur James Ruffin Clark." And he was off.

At the street and number engraved on the card a morris chair was pushed up to a front window by the lily buyer. A quarter to 3 by his watch—would the Chipmunk show up? The doorbell rang.

He called to the white capped maid as she passed to open it. "If it is a boy with a lily, bring him in here."

Enter Ruffin, crimson from rapid walking, but with the light of triumph in his eyes. "The big clock out yonder's jus' strikin' 3, Mr. Marschalk."

"Well, Chipmunk, did your lady friend take a smell of it? Put the flower there on that stand in the window. And did it make her well?"

"I don't know about it makin' her well, sir, but she said it made her glad, and then she bust out cryin'. When I'm glad, I grin. Don't you?"

elled it as a possession—Miss Gertrude Withers. "All right, Chipmunk. Now let's talk about James Ruffin Clark."

"Oh, he don't count for nuthin, sir," said Ruffin with an easy laugh, which sobered into an awestruck expression as an elegant lady with big black eyes and snowy white hair entered.

Marschalk rose to his feet. "Hello, mister; this young gentleman brought out your Easter lily."

It was at the luncheon table that Marschalk's mother gave him a message: "Lloyd, Cornelia sent you word that she wanted you to be sure to come to church tomorrow. You know she is directing the music this year. They have secured a wonderful soloist, and your sister wants your opinion of the girl's voice. I think Mr. Davenport, our organist, is trying to interest your sister in this young woman. She is a fine musician and, having been thrown on her own resources, has conceived that it is easy to get pupils in New York. At any rate, Miss Withers is boarding in the same house as Mr. Davenport. Cornelia is quite stirred up about her."

Marschalk passed his cup. "It seems," Mrs. Marschalk pursued, "that this girl was joint heir and owner of a very fine cotton plantation near Chattanooga with an older brother. The older brother must have been a scamp of the first water. He came out to New York, leaving her living on the plantation, where she had always lived. It appears he went it at a pace. Before three years were over he had got this poor girl to give him powers of attorney, and it was only after he had the decency to dispose of himself that she found out he had mortgaged the plantation for more than it was worth, and the mortgage was foreclosed, leaving her penniless."

"You did not happen to hear the brother's name, mother?" Marschalk asked in a queer voice.

"No, nor the name of the man into whose pocket her home passed."

Marschalk was in his mother's pew on that Easter Sunday. He listened to the pianist that verged upon pain to the rich young voice that swelled above the grand organ notes in "Consider the Lilies." The voice was divine. And—her name was Withers!

Marschalk's mind traveled swiftly backward to the time when Eugene Withers stood before him, a wild, disheveled boy, almost pleading for help. Withers had been his roommate and classmate at Harvard—a wild, reckless, unbalanced boy. He got the help he asked for—got it time and again until, with patience exhausted, Marschalk had mildly suggested some sort of guarantee or security for the large sums. It was then that the mortgage was given and accepted. A little while longer and Withers had shuffled off responsibility with the mortal coil.

It was perhaps a week after hearing that wonderful voice in church that Marschalk called on his sister Cornelia. "Well, what progress is your southern friend making in the matter of pupils?" he asked with a nervous laugh. "Poor girl, I pity her!"

"Oh, you would indeed. Lloyd, if you could only see her—the gentlest, prettiest, most patient little thing. Oh, I wish you could see her!"

He did see her. He saw her again and again. Months had passed when Marschalk, going up the now familiar steps, met Ruffin coming down them. They stood together on Mrs. Bisland's stoop. Marschalk extracted a ten dollar bill from his pocketbook and held it out to Ruffin.

"What's that fur, boss?" "For you to get a new suit."

"What fur, boss?" "Because you need it. Ruff, and because in a way you were instrumental in making me know your friend, Miss Gertrude. She and I are to be married next month, Ruffin, and I don't want you to disgrace her in church."

### THE FIRST EASTER DAY.

Never so sweet a hush  
In all Judaea nights,  
Never so fair a sun  
Rose o'er Judaea heights,  
Never so hovering close  
Did all of heaven lean,  
As when approached the tomb  
The weeping Magdalene.

What marvel greets her eyes!  
Too tear bedimmed are they!  
Behold no portal barred—  
The stone is rolled away!  
Vacant the shattering depth  
Where he was laid to rest;  
Vacant the narrow space  
Whereon his body prest.

Only the cements white  
Where he, the Son, had lain;  
Only at head and foot  
The guardian angels twain—  
The guarding angels twain—  
Of gentle mien and grave,  
To speak of word fulfilled  
Of him who died to save.

How spread the mighty truth!  
How all the earth divine!  
What glorious promise kept  
The Saviour of mankind!  
And so the world is glad  
And men, rejoicing, pray,  
As did his servants when  
Came the first Easter Day.

—Stanley Waterloo.

### WHAT'S INDIGESTION? WHO CARES? LISTEN

"Pape's Diapepsin" Makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs Surely Feel Fine in Five Minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eruptions of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know Pape's Diapepsin will save them from any stomach misery.

Please, for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.

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Politicians and husbands are always making promises that they have no idea of keeping.

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Just a few of the many standard items that we carry that are of interest to the up-to-date poultryman.

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There is no line of poultry supplies that compares with the Cyphers. The Cyphers Company are the largest manufacturers in the world of poultry supplies. Every article they make is sold under a guarantee to be first class in every way or your money back.

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### Easter Is Older Than Christianity

**E**ASTER is much older than Christianity. The very name by which we know the day is identical with that of the ancient Saxon goddess of spring, Easter or Eostre. The Anglo-Saxon name for April is Easter month. Taking advantage of the coincidence of the Christian festival in point of time with that of the yearly feast in honor of the Saxon goddess, the early missionaries gave a Christian meaning to the observance of the day, but it has ever retained its ancient name. Easter was at one time called the Christian passover, because the Jewish passover occurs about the same date, and the early converts from Judaism celebrated Easter and the passover as one festival.

"The primitive Christians," we are told, "when they met on this day saluted each other with the words, 'Christ is arisen,' to which answer was made, 'Christ is arisen, indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon.'" This custom is still observed in the Greek church. "Indeed," to quote a foreign writer, "all the ceremonies attending the observance of Easter were at first exceedingly simple, but in the early part of the fourth century a decided change was brought about."

"Constantine, naturally vain and fond of parade, signalized his love of display by celebrating this festival with extraordinary pomp. Vigils or night watches were instituted on Easter eve, at which people remained in the churches until midnight. The tapers, which it was customary to burn at this time, did not satisfy his majesty, but huge pillars of wax were used instead, and not only in the churches, but all over the city, were they placed so that their brilliancy at night should rival the light of day."

"Easter Sunday was observed with most elaborate ceremonies, the pope officiating at mass, with every imposing accessory that could be devised."

Not kneeling in token of humility, but standing erect with arms outstretched and faces looking to heaven to express triumphant peace, the early Christians prayed during the fifty days between Easter and Pentecost, and no songs but those of joy and gratitude were heard. Between Easter and Pentecost the time was considered the most auspicious in the whole year for lovmaking and marriages, and those two holy days were the best on which to baptize children.

Of all the Easter customs, that of coloring and making presents of eggs seems the only distinctive one that has found a place in our time and country.

There is reason in this rejoicing. It is the truth that Easter tells that makes the whole earth glad. What is this truth? It is the truth that there is life beyond the grave. To the perfect man there is no death, and in every man there is a spiritual principle over which death has no power. This has been the unquenchable hope of mankind in all the ages, and the resurrection of Christ gives to this hope a great confirmation.—Dr. Washington Gladden in Woman's Home Companion.

### TRUTH THAT EASTER TELLS.

**I**f you look into the face of Humanity on Easter day and listen to its accents and watch its movements wherever the message of Easter has been spoken you know that it is joyful news, good tidings. The pealing bells, the jubilant songs, the churches and the homes bright with the flowers of spring, the festive garments, the whole costume and utterance of Christendom show that the word has been spoken as a word of cheer, a word of hope, a summons to rejoicing. Is not this in itself a great achievement? To fill the heart of the world with a great hope and an unselfish joy—is not that a great good? That Jesus the Christ has done all this for the world no man can deny.

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### EASTER EVE.

I saw two women weeping by the tomb  
Of one new buried in a fair green place  
Bowered with shrubs. The eve retained  
no trace  
Of aught that day performed, but the  
faint gleam  
Of dying day was spread upon the sky:  
The moon was broad and bright above the  
thicket shade.  
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.

### LOUISE GLAUM STARTS BABOON KISS ON WAY

We have the baboon dance, baboon songs and the baboon kiss, but we have remained for Louise Glaum to establish the baboon kiss. Take a glance at the accompanying photograph and decide whether or not you would like to follow suit. Perhaps not. But there—

you do not know this particular baboon. Louise Glaum does, and so do dozens of others, his neighbors down in the sunny San Fernando valley, California. And they do say, Miss Glaum among them, that he is an intelligent "highbrow," particularly gifted in the art of kissing.

"Charles," as the animal is called by his friends, is the property of the Universal, and the special pet of ladore Bernstein, manager of the company's Pacific coast studios. Next to M. Bernstein, the baboon likes the girls best and he experiences little trouble in securing their society. They think him a dear—he is so knowing and affectionate.

Miss Glaum has just finished appearing in a comedy opposite "Universal Ike" (Augustus Carney) entitled "Universal Ike Makes a Monkey of Himself." In it Miss Glaum plays the part of a stranded actress who loves her monkey best of all. The photograph at hand was snapped during the taking of one of the scenes.

### HUNDREDS OF COWBOYS GATHER AT RODEO OF FILM PLAYERS

Pictures of cowboy life in the early west, bucking bronchos, operation of the pony express, Indian fighting and all manner of fancy roping were the order of the day at Universal City, Cal., on March 15, when over three thousand spectators gathered at the Universal ranch and animal farm to witness the annual rodeo, held under the auspices of the Universal cowboys.

Cowboys and those interested in cowboy sports gathered from all parts of the state to witness and to take part in the event. Among the features of the day was a race between a camel and an elephant. The camel was the winner.

Miss Essie Fay, the motion-picture actress and animal trainer, gave an interesting demonstration with her \$10,000 horse, Arabia.

### Your Easter Suit Should Be From This Shop

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