

### Easter Time



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### The Prize Egg

An Easter Story

THE shops all along the main street were full of Easter suggestions. One confectioner's window was entirely filled with chocolate covered eggs of all sizes, and a large placard announced: "Each egg in this window contains a valuable and unique prize. All eggs are the same price, 25 cents. Each egg will open on Easter morning." Passersby paused to look and read the notice, and not a few entered the shop to purchase.

Presently a winsome looking girl and a very tall young man paused in front of the window. He looked inquiringly at her, and she smiled; then they went in, coming out again in a few minutes carrying a small box. That evening at the girl's home they opened the package and examined the egg. "Shall we break it," she questioned, "or wait until Easter and see what happens?" "Oh, let's wait!" he answered. "I don't suppose it will have anything worth while inside, and it may not even open, though of course that could be scientifically arranged."

The egg was again put in its box and laid away where the girl promised it would remain until the arrival of the man on Easter morning. Easter dawned fair and beautiful, and while it was quite early the man arrived to find the girl anxiously awaiting him. They opened the box with care and gently laid the egg on the table. The surface of chocolate was as smooth as when purchased. For half an hour they watched it closely and were about to give up when the girl noticed a faint crack across the top. Very slowly it spread—in fact, almost imperceptibly—until, quite without realizing how it happened or when, the two halves of the egg lay on the table and between them a small object wrapped in tissue paper. Very gingerly she tore off the paper and cried in disgust when she saw only a dirty old silver dollar.

"Still," he exclaimed practically, "a dollar is a dollar, no matter how old it is." He took it from her and looked at it closely, feeling it all over, when the eagle opened, and the face of a woman smiled up at him. "Oh!" Suddenly he raised it to his lips, kissing it passionately. The girl's expression instantly changed from sweet winsomeness to a jealous fury, and she snatched the dollar from him.

"How dare you kiss that woman when you say you love me!" She fairly hissed the words, and her angry eyes devoured the lovely features of the almost faded picture. He took it gently from her, holding it tenderly in his hand, while he put his arm around her, and there was wonder in his voice when he spoke. "Strange and improbable as it seems, that is my mother's photograph." "How curious!" she murmured from his shoulder. "You see how thin and worn the dollar is," he continued. "That is because my father carried it for ten years, and then one day absentmindedly he spent it. He never knew where or how, but it was gone, and he was never able to find a trace of it, though I don't believe he has ever given up trying. I think mother felt it until she saw how it worried father; then she made light of it by saying she wondered whose husband was carrying her picture now. How glad they will be!" He raised the eagle to look once more into the beautiful tender eyes that, so the girl thought at the moment, were exactly like his. "I thought I would be afraid of her," the girl said slowly, "but I won't be unless she has changed. Has she?" "Only to become more beautiful. This was taken before I was born. You will change that way some day, dear, and I shall watch you as my father watched her. You do love me, I know it now," he said with conviction. "For you were jealous when I kissed the picture, and you couldn't be unless you cared."

Once more she gazed upon the picture; then, closing the dollar, she slipped it into his vest pocket. "Take it to her, dear," she hesitated—and tell her it came out of a prize egg, but that a girl who hopes some day to be loved as much as she is sends it, and!" "Then," he interrupted, "you're going to say yes today?" "I'm still in doubt about lots of things, but I do love you, and I want a beautiful mother to love me, and!" "You darling!" He lifted her off her feet for a second and crushed her to him.

As he put her down they both noticed the egg had closed, and only a faint crack showed where it had been split. "Yes, it's a strange egg," he said in answer to her questioning, "but what I said about the action of chemicals accounts for the closing as well as the opening. But whatever it is it has served its purpose here in giving me the prize."

In the Garden. "She, supposing him to be the gardener"—Dead is our Christ and our hearts cry. "Where?" "Where?" "We would be true to the loved and fair. Still we peer in the tomb behind thee. Ah! Not there! But we are still in the open air. Out in the garden, Lord, we did thee. —Mary Eleanor Roberts in Lippincott's.

### New World's Record In Buick Shipment

The Buick factory at Flint, Mich., because of an increased business in the years past were forced to increase the capacity of their manufacturing plant this year which consequently allowed them to increase their output. The manufacturers of this car state that their increased manufacturing facilities have given them an increase of at least 33 per cent on their product of 1915 cars, and that consequently they have been able to make a reduction in the price of their new models. The improvements for the new models are in the way of refinement, beauty of line, convenience of control, increased power and added comfort for both passenger and driver. One of their strong features is the valve-in-hand motor, developing more power for its size than any other style of motor made. The local agents here have this to say: "The train load shipment of 101 double-deck cars that was shipped from the factory February 20 for Pacific coast distribution is the largest and most valuable shipment of automobiles ever made in the world's history and that they received one car load of the shipment. This is the second train load shipment of Buicks for the coast this year. Nineteen trainloads of Buicks were recently shipped to different parts of the country in 21 days."

The local dealers predict that the year 1915 will exceed all others in the sale of automobiles in Medford and the Rogue river valley.

Easter's Date Depends on the Moon. It is well known that Easter Sunday seldom, if ever, falls upon the same day of the month two years in succession. Indeed, it does not always appear in the same month, for, while it usually comes in March, this year it comes in April. This variation is traceable to the phase of the moon. Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the first full moon of spring. No spring begins on March 21, this year, but Easter Sunday never comes earlier than March 21 or later than April 25.



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### Earliest Easter Hymn

THIS is the very day of God. Serene with holy light it came, In which the stream of sacred blood Swept over the world's crime and shame. Oh, admirable mystery, The sins of all are laid on thee. And thou to cleanse the world's deep stain As man doth bear the sins of men. What can be ever more sublime? That grace might meet the guilt of time Love doth the bonds of fear undo And death restores our life anew. —St. Ambrose. EASTER—A PROMISE KEPT.

Easter is a promise fulfilled. It stands pre-eminent as a season of renewed hope, endowed with a stupendous significance to a Christian people, symbolizing an open door to immortality through which mankind catches glimpses of life eternal. Through ages of doubt and idolatry the people looked for a coming Saviour, and even through the agony of the crucifixion Jesus' promise to his followers permeated the darkness, illuminating the gloom with the hope of his resurrection.

Back through the vista of time: The betrayal of Jesus. The crucifixion. Darkness veils the face of the earth. The burial of Jesus. The stone rolled back from the sepulcher. The resurrection. Angelic sentinels stand guard at the deserted tomb of the risen Lord. Mary Magdalene seeking the Lord Christ's admonition and divine assurance, "Fear not." Calvary interpreted. Death transmuted. Life eternal. Christ triumphant.

Winter, with her hoar frost and biting winds, throws off her icy mantle, and nature substitutes a brighter garb of vivid green, and the celebration of the resurrection of our Lord is ushered in by the gladness of spring. Joy, joy, joy, come, come, come, resound the melodious voices from the sonorous throats of the church bells. The hospitable church door stands invitingly open to admit the motley throng, wending its ways to the sanctuary, from whose beaded interior the queenly lily and stately palm nod a welcome to all. The atmosphere pulses with rejuvenated hope. The organ throbs with joy and thunders forth her welcome to all in a glad anthem of triumph. The subtle perfume of flora envelops all in commemoration of Christ's glorious resurrection, while worshippers join with the celestial host in a triumphant chorus: "Christ is risen! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ is risen!" —Carrie Adele Van Wickles.

### RESURRECTION'S SIGN.

It is told of the great Teacher that he was approached and told that if he would but manifest a sign to prove his divine origin he would be accepted. He replied that if the signs and miracles which were in evidence all around were not sufficient no others would be given. It would seem that then, even as now, man in his egotism demanded more proof of a self evident fact. Today our scientists are trying to explain the phenomena which surround us, and the more they try the more do they demonstrate their own gross ignorance to every one but themselves. We boast that we are the masters of electricity, yet no two of even the most advanced of our scientists are agreed as to the nature, origin or final destination of our so-called current. We build structures which we fondly believe will endure for all time, and we boast that we have studied and mastered the natural laws, so that we can defy nature herself, and in that moment nature stirs, takes an extra long breath, and these mighty build-ups crumble into dust, and man's works disappear from the face of the earth. It is well that we should have days like this of Easter to check us for even a moment in our headlong course in pursuit of the more scintillating things of life. Such days are in the nature of restful places where we can refresh ourselves with the purer, clearer air of better things and gain strength, hope and new life from the realization that there is something more in life besides the sordid daily routine, the struggle for the few dollars which are essential to the continuance of the inevitable privilege of eating and sweating from one day to another.

The Easter Text. Jesus said unto her: I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. —St. John 11, 25, 26.

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### The Resurrection and the Life

A Poem For Easter By JAMES A. EDGERTON

"I AM the resurrection and the life." So says the Living Christ who is within. I free the heart from discord and from strife. I free the mind from error and from sin. I bring the nations health. I give the spirit wealth. Upon the battlefield of self I teach the soul to win.

"RENEW," cries Nature when the year is young. And when the Morn leads up her rosy hours The same song by the Sun to Earth is sung. "Renew," he chants, "your colors and your bowers. Drink from your springs of dew. Clothe fields and groves anew. Reweave your robes and fill your lap with garlands and with flowers."

"REBUILD," says Life, "all things in which you dwell. Repair Time's ravages from day to day. Your house, dress, body and each outward shell. Reclaim them from destruction and decay: Your grounds and works reclaim. Your calling and your fame. Rebuild, replace, renew them all—Life knows no other way."



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**DRUGS**

### Before the First Easter Day

ON Palm Sunday each year the minds of millions of Christians the world over are occupied with thoughts of a scene in Jerusalem. On the eastern spur of the Mount of Olives lies the little town of Bethany, a few furlongs away from Jerusalem. On the memorable morning of his entrance into the city Jesus secured near Bethany the donkey upon which he made his memorable journey to Jerusalem. The occasion was the feast of the Passover, and pilgrims from Galilee and eastern Judea, the localities in which his ministry had been performed, accompanied him upon the journey. As they beheld him riding on an ass (the royal beast in the days of David) the hopes of the multitude were suddenly revived. Quickly the news of his coming spread through the long lines of pilgrims. Those ahead tore palm branches from the trees by the wayside, while others spread their garments and cloaks along the way on which he was to pass, while they all joined in a triumphant song: Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

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