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NOTORIETY VS. MERIT
Dr. Stiles—the self-appointed guardian of the health of the southern people generally—who claims that an alarming percent of the South's population have the hook worm, breaks out this morning with a statement that virtually 65 per cent of 245 cotton mill operatives in Rockingham, N. C., who work in three mills there—have this disease. We believe this is a statement that if the searchlight of scientific research were employed to explode—it could be easily done. We believe also that there is more notoriety in the statement for Dr. Stiles than there is truth in the situation. We have always thought that the so-called evils of the hook worm occupied a limelight position—and carried with it a minimum of the real merits of the true situation.

HAS SERVED NOTICE.
We have been told again this week from the press dispatches that old Mt. Etna is on the rampage again—threatened with a recurrent eruption. Certain death and the probable destruction of the cities of Borfella, Bellpasso, San Leo, and many other smaller cities. For years have been sleeping under the shadow of this mountain this people—and despite all notice for the old volcano that has been pouring its lava out for centuries, have built and are continuing to build and live on the very edge of her crater. Why do they do it? Whose fault is it that thousands of them are killed, when the smoking crater for 1000 years has sent out her warnings and hinted her danger signals in the skies.

THE FEMALE BIG STICK.
The great body of suffragettes are still asking political emancipation—and though they are returning empty handed, the victory is not altogether unwon. The day is coming when the door of masculine prejudice and averageness will be opened to this appeal for human rights. For three score years the women of the nation have petitioned Congress—and have memorialized legislatures to no avail—and yet these rights for which they ask—are given to any sort of a man—except he be an idiot or a criminal, or is insane.
The constitution says that taxation without representation is tyranny. The day will come when every woman who pays taxes will be allowed to vote. Little as men realize it—and even little as women themselves suspect it—they hold the big stick and whenever they make up their minds to bring it down with sufficient force upon the head of mankind—the day will be theirs and the fullness thereof.

The snap judgment of today is always overruled in the court of sober judgment of the morrow—because we are too often restrained by prejudice and the clamor of men whose only aim in life is to incite prejudice. It is fortunate that time—divesting that nearness which militates against the clear prospective, always gives a fair adjustment to men and affairs.

WHEREVER HE GOES.
The associated press dispatches has the following: "Col. Roosevelt dominates the thought of all Cairo. Every one is watching his movements and his sayings are of intense interest." Just so! The world at large knows from experience his militant aggressive spirit and his wide influence upon the people with whom he comes in contact. To know him is to like him. Both Democrats and Republicans alike have an instinctive affection for the man who is greater than his own party—in the interest of his country's good.

JACK'S EASTER.

LIKE the domes and pinnacles of a city celestial glittered the icy range of the Sangre de Cristo. The valley was sprinkled with iris and columbine.
The breath of spring softly stirred the pines in the canyon. Brimstone Gulch awoke to Easter morning—awoke with bloodshot eyes and shabby hands.
There had been a hot time the night before at Sandy Pete's saloon. But this morning Sandy Pete, with his cohorts, was busily employed in silencing up for there were to be Easter services held in the place for the first time in the history of Brimstone Gulch.
This was the way of it:
The young wife of the superintendent of the Lone Star mine, whom every man, woman, child and dog in the camp adored, had taken matters into her own pretty hands.
She had imported a gospel sharp from Denver and had found the children of the camp into a chorus and taught them the songs for the day. She had, moreover, the night before invited the boys, including many of the toughest and most prominent citizens of Brimstone Gulch, "JACK, HUMP YOURSELF!"

It all came back to Huertano Jack as he lay under the pines this morning, the scene of the night before—the sweet, dainty lady in her white gown, the sound of the piano, the soft lamp light and the happy voices of the child strewn ringing out in the hymn.
He found a friend in Jesus.
He's ever thinking to me.
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
The Lily of the Valley.
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
The words were set to swinging music, and all the boys had whistled the tune as they came down the trail from the superintendent's cottage to the saloon.
They rang now in Huertano Jack's head. "Cattle thief, desperado, murderer as he was, he was trying to hunt them.
He's the Lily of the Valley.
The bright and morning star.
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
The Lily of the Valley.
She had the room full of the flowers the night before; she wore them on her breast; she gave a spray to each one of the boys as they came away. Huertano Jack turned suddenly and pressed his face against a withered rag of the tree; the white bells plucked on his rough corduroy jacket.
A rattle in the pines, a pallid, terrified face peering down at him. "For God's sake, Jack, hump yourself!" whispered Monte Jim. "Bill Wilcox, the sheriff from Pueblo, and two of his deputies are after you for that business in Trinidad. Got across the gulch if you can and lose yourself on the other side of the range. Trust me!"

It was just at the moment that the superintendent and his wife walked toward the open door of the saloon, with their clerical guest from Denver, that Bill Wilcox, dressed in the skulking figure in the pines close by. Huertano Jack ran forward a few steps, threw up his hands, turned around and fell at the feet of the lady.
She screamed once and then sank on her knees beside him, taking his head on her arm and trying in vain to staunch the blood from the great hole in his breast with her dainty handkerchief.
"Och, poor man—poor man!" she sobbed. "Oh, why did you kill him?" she asked as Bill Wilcox came up, his revolver yet smoking and his bulldog face white and stern.
But before the sheriff could answer Huertano Jack spoke in a singularly clear and far-reaching voice: "Because I am a thief and murderer. But, adorable dog that I am, you, lady, have given me the only happiness I have ever known."

His glazing eyes sought the lovely face filled with divine pity bending over him. Perhaps she read the petition in those dying eyes.
She unfastened the lilies in her gown and gently laid them over his bleeding breast.
The voices of the children rang out from their final Easter rehearsal in the saloon:
He's the Lily of the Valley.
The bright and morning star.
Huertano Jack smiled. "The Lily of the valley," he murmured.
His hands suddenly closed tensely over the flowers on his heart.
He's the Lily of the Valley.
In his mind he saw.
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
The clergyman from Denver lifted his hat.
"Let us pray," he said solemnly—"let us pray for our departed brother."

An Easter Sermon.
Said Mrs. Henry Gray:
My bonnet new and other gear
I'll wear to church today
A vein of glory will pervade
My hymn of praise and prayer.
For when my toilet is displayed
How Mrs. Elias will stare!
I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown.
With all her quirks and smiles
Of all the women in the town.

EASTERTIDE GIFTS.

Some Things to Be Given During the Joyful Season.
The exchange of gifts at Eastertide has become an established custom. Here is a list of inexpensive trifles, most of which have the merit of being either appropriate to the season or extremely simple in design and character.
A white prayer book.
Any daintily bound book of poems.
A pot of blooming flowers.
An individual salted-lard in the form of a silver egg.
A photograph of any of the famous Madonnas simply framed.
A china fernery filled with ferns for the Easter morning breakfast table.
A dainty bit of lacewear for each of the girls of the family.
A white silk Ascot tie for each of the boys of the family.
A light pair of kid gloves for mother to wear to church.
A bonbonniere in the form of an Easter egg for each of the little folks.
A basket of new laid eggs from the country cousin to the city cousin.
A basket of chocolate and sugar eggs from the city cousin to the country cousin.
A bill of silver for one's toilet table.
A bottle of hair extract or cologne.



CATHEDRAL bells with their hollow tones.
Then vibrant lips and their brazen tones.
Over the roof of the city pour their joyous Easter music with joyous cheer.
Till the soaring notes to the sun are raised.
As he swings aloft in his path of gold.
Dearest papa, says my boy to me
As he merrily climbs his father's knee.
Why are those eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the beautiful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?
Tenderly shine the April skies
Like laughter and tears, in my child's blue eyes.
And every face in the street is gay.
Why could this youngster by saying nay?
So I could not learn for the story he told.
And tell him the tale of the Easter egg.
"Yea, I have heard my child, of one who died.
Crossed with his mother, and crucified.
And how Joseph, the wealthy, whom God rewarded.
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord.
And covered it round in swathing the rock.
And closed the gates with a mighty block.
Now, close by the gate a fair tree grew
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue.
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest.
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite.
And held four eggs of ivory white.



Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress.
And looked on the heavenly face so pale.
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail.
Her heart the high broke with a sudden pang.
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.
"All night long till the morn was up
She sat and sang in her moss wreathed cup.
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill.
So full of tears, so loud and long
That the grief of the world was turned to song.
But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white.
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away.
Where the Lord of the earth and heaven lay.
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom
And in living huster came from the tomb.
"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree.
Beheld the celestial mystery.
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight.
And it poured a song on the sobbing night.
Notes climbed notes till higher, higher.
They shot to heaven like sparks of fire.
When the glittering white robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird.
And heathed the following of mirth
That hailed Christ risen from the earth.
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest.
Thyself, thy eggs and thy moss wreathed nest.
"and ever, my child, since that blessed night
When death bowed down to the Lord of light.
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue.
And burst with red and gold and blue.
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.
—Fits James O'Brien.



The Thorn Crown.
The thorns that had crowned the brow of the King fell in a crimson wreath at the foot of a cross upon a hill called Calvary, and they cried to the darkness to hide them from the sight of men—to shadow them forever beneath the night's black wings. And welcome was the dark to them and all the thunder of the skies. But when the night was done and light came with the morning white roses bloomed above them, so that the red upon their spurs was hidden, and men beholding, marvelled at the flowers, nor saw the thorns that had wounded the brow of the beautiful King. And the name of the roses was Love—even that Love which shelters in its own bosom the shaft that wounds it and makes earth and heaven sweeter with forgiveness.

An Easter Transformation.
Lenten maiden, clad in gray.
What a saint you are today!
Prim, demure or sweetly shy.
Now your eyes turn toward the sky!
Easter maiden, clad in white.
What an angel in my sight!
In your new, radiant and meek.
How your eyes the hymnal seek!

THE EASTER LILY

THE lily is regarded as a saint among flowers, and the reason why it is so largely used in the decoration of churches is not only because they are the most perfect of floral types, but because of their symbolic meaning.
One beautiful old belief about the lily relates that the candidates for the Virgin Mary's hand after having sought the Lord's blessing each left his own staff in the temple in the evening. The next morning the dry rod of Joseph was found green and blossomed with lily flowers.
Another pretty legend is that Mary, on her way to the temple plucked a lily, and upon pressing it to her breast it became a lily—"Lily of the Virgin," "Marian flower" and several other mystical names were given to the lily and have reference to this legend.
A German belief points to the Harz mountains as the birthplace of the white lily. A beautiful girl named Alice was carried off by a wicked lord. Just as he reached his castle the guardian spirit of the place wrested the girl from his arms. On the place touched by the feet of this innocent maid sprang the white lily. This story is believed by the peasants of the Harz mountains, and every year hundreds of them make a pilgrimage to the castle to believe the dazzling beauty of the flower that flourishes there.
Another German legend runs this way and relates to the "red" lily: Once the garden of Gethsemane was full of flowers of all kinds and among them none so lovely as the splendid lily, with her clustering bells proudly upright. It was evening, and the Lord came to walk in his garden. As he passed along each flower bowed before him, but when he came to the lily her haughty head remained erect, defiant in her conscious beauty. The Lord paused and looked at her for a second. She braved the mild eye of reproach, then slowly bent her head, while lilies except over her. Still the Lord's gaze rested on her. Lower sank her head, deeper burned her crimson, then tear after tear welled up in her lily cups. At this the Lord passed on. When morning came all the flowers lifted their heads—all but the lily, that once was white queen among them. Her head remained bowed in shame. To this day she blushes over her sin of vanity, and the clear crystal tears of repentance still away in the cups of the flower that refused to bend before the Lord.

An Easter Miracle.
It was in the year 1790, when the armies of Napoleon were passing over the continent of Europe and conquering all that came in their way.
It was Easter morning, and the sun shone brightly on Feldkirch, a little town situated on the Ill river, just within the borders of Austria. The Ill flows into the Rhine.
Quite early on this morning there suddenly appeared on the heights above the town to the west the glittering weapons of 18,000 French soldiers, the division under the command of General Massena.
There was a hasty assembling of the town council, and it was decided that a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and a petition for mercy.
In the midst of all the confusion of the hurrying to and fro and the anxious consultation the old dean of the church stood up serene as was the morning, with no thought of fear in his brave Christian heart.
"It is Easter day," he said. "We have been reckoning on our own strength, and it is but weakness. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual. We will leave our troubles in the hands of the Higher Power."
Soon from all the church spires of Feldkirch the bells rang out joyously. The streets became thronged with worshippers on their way to church. Louder and more triumphant pealed the bells as they rang out the glad message, and the hills, putting on their new green, echoed back: "Christ is risen. He is risen from the dead."
The French army heard the sounds of rejoicing, and Massena concluded there could be but one reason for it. He was sure that the Austrian army had arrived in the night.
He ordered his men to break up camp, and almost before the bells had ceased ringing—long before Easter services were over—the French army was in orderly retreat.
By noon not a tent, not a soldier, not a glittering bayonet, was to be seen on the heights above Feldkirch.
—Boston Globe.

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