

With the Joyous Easter Message



HUGHES SORRY HE SOLD HIS HOUSE

SECRETARY OF STATE'S PLACE NOW IS PROPERTY OF WEEKS, SECRETARY OF WAR.

RAPID PROGRESS OF DENBY

Chief of the Navy Was One of Its Privates Less Than Four Years Ago—Postmaster General Hays as a Bible Student.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.
Washington.—Several of the men who are to serve in President Harding's cabinet are new to Washington life, while some of them have spent a good part of their adult years in the public service in this city. Washington, however, is not strange to any of them, for all of them have spent some time here in the prosecution of their business activities.

Charles Evans Hughes, the new secretary of state, was an associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States for six years.

The new secretary of state when he was on the Supreme bench occupied a fine house at the corner of Sixteenth and V streets. When he was nominated for the presidency of the United States in 1916 he gave up his Washington residence, knowing of course that if he were elected he would move into the White House, and that if he were defeated he must go back to New York to earn his living as a lawyer.

Today it is probable that Mr. Hughes wishes he had kept hold on his house instead of turning it over to another, "another" in this case being former United States Senator John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, the new secretary of war. So today Washington is witnessing a secretary of state looking for a home while the secretary of war probably is chuckling over the fact that he was wise enough to take over the real estate holding of Charles E. Hughes. It is hard today to get a place in Washington to live.

Denby Has Prospered and Progressed.
Edwin Denby of Detroit, the new secretary of the navy, during his sojourn in Washington as a member of congress lived in a modest house on Connecticut avenue. Since that day the world has prospered—Mr. Denby, and if he wants to he can take a mansion and not worry when rent day comes around, but the chances are, for such is the nature of the man, that he will seek an inconspicuous abode, comfortable but not palatial.

The late Lieut. Adna Chaffee, U. S. army, rose from the ranks of a private of the forces to be the ranking officer of the United States army, but it took him over forty years to make the journey. The new secretary of the navy, who to all intents and purposes is the commanding officer of our sea forces, made the trip from private in the ranks to his present position in less than four years, thereby breaking the record, but of course Denby's case was exceptional and the circumstances attending it were exceptional.

James Sloane, a member of the secret service of the United States and for years a member of the Roosevelt body guard, was stationed at Detroit the year the United States entered the war. He knew Denby well. One day Denby met Sloane and said, "Jimmy, come over with me and see me enlist in the marine corps."

Sloane thought of course that Denby was joking and that the invitation to see him enlist was merely another way of asking his friend to lunch. Denby at that time was forty-six years old. The two left the office building together and Sloane was somewhat astounded when Denby did hit the way to a marine corps recruiting office, where inside of three-quarters of an hour he had passed the physical test, had convinced the authorities that his character was all right, and he was duty sworn in to the marine corps as a private in the ranks.

Bird Lovers Like Weeks.
John W. Weeks, the new secretary of war, with Edwin Denby, a member of the so-called "spanking committee" of the house of representatives which was appointed to draw a resolution of censure of President Roosevelt who, in an ironically humorous way, had said something which the house did not like. Both Denby and Weeks were good friends of Roosevelt, although neither voted for him in 1912.

Bird lovers generally all over the United States hold Weeks in affection for the position he took in congress in the campaign for a federal law which would protect the song birds of the United States.

Will H. Hays, the new postmaster general, lived in Washington, or at least made his headquarters here, from the time that he was appointed chairman of the Republican national committee early in 1919 until the Republican convention was held last June, when he moved over to New York.

For a long time Hays conducted a Bible class in his home town of Sullivan, Ind. He is a deep Bible student, and the story is told of him that when Warren Gamaliel Harding was nominated for the presidency and his full name became known to most people for the first time, Hays was the only man in a roomful of politicians who could tell anybody who the Biblical Gamaliel was.

FAITH AND HOPE, EASTER MESSAGE

Promise of Immortality Most Glorious to the World of Humanity

Sorrow and loneliness and bleak winter come to the entrance of the cold, dark tomb.

And, lo! the tomb is bright with light supernatural! The all-glorious Angel of the Resurrection stands within it! They thought it the grave of life.



It is really the womb of the morning, all aglitter with the sun-rising of a new and better day.

The tradition of Easter is a holy one. The Feast lacks the merri-ment we have learned to associate with the Nativity, but the Resurrection is to the full as essential to the Christian faith.

Christmas is a season of joy, of blithesome cheerfulness at the advent of the Savior. To a world sobered by its Gethsemane and Calvary, Easter brings a message of Faith and Hope, the essence of the religion mankind needs.

Mankind has passed through the Agony culminating in and symbolized by the little white cross. Heavy-hearted we are still inclined to seek solace at the tomb. To us the message comes again: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; He is risen."

Therein lies the message of Easter: the promise of immortality beyond the tomb.

Nor is it a mere coincidence that Easter falls at this season. Spring is simply Nature's way of reiterating the Easter message. Through the long winter months the world of Nature has seemed asleep in death. Trees bare, fields destitute, death appeared to reign supreme.

Then, just as we are almost wearied enough to give up hope, the sap begins to run, little green things to shoot, birds to chirp as cheerily as ever.

It is Nature's message of immortality to the world of humanity.

There is another and a wider aspect of the Easter message. We seem to be standing by the tomb of much that is holy. Religion, belief in principle, idealism, how dead they seem to be! Seeking only material things, neglectful of things of the spirit, the world is in a parlous state. The few who have held their beliefs look about in perplexity and dismay. Has the very body of the faith been removed? Ah, no. In the midst of our anxious grief comes the reviving, heartening assurance: "He is not dead; He is risen."

Ever the Easter festival comes around—after the inevitable Agony—and every spring the magic words are spoken and we go forth clad in invulnerable armor for the fray, for "He is not dead; He is risen." So shall we other men also rise!



SERVICE ON EASTER MORN

Impressive Ceremonies Annually Carried Out on Summit of Mount Rubidoux in California.

The famous Easter pilgrimage to the cross on Mount Rubidoux, near Riverside, Cal., heralded all over the country for its sincerity and beauty, was the conception of Jacob Ris, who inaugurated it several years ago. The service is nonsectarian and makes a



On Mount Rubidoux.

universal appeal, as prayer at sunrise is a racial expression as old as the impulse of the heart to bow to God in nature.

The cross, which stands out so clearly in the morning light as the thousands of voices are raised in song, is on the location of the one planted on the mountain by Father Junipero Serra, the famous old mission padre, whose good works in the Eighteenth century are considered the beginning of civilization in the land which is now California.

Easter Customs in Other Lands

Easter day, the only church festival, according to an authority, that is sanctioned by the Bible, yet takes its name from the heathen goddess, Eastre. In every part of the world, almost, this joyous season in which we celebrate the greatest event in history, the Resurrection of Our Lord, is marked by many picturesque customs, many of which, unhappily, are gradually falling into disuse.

In Russia.
One cannot help speculating how Easter will be observed this year in this land, where Terror still reigns supreme. In prewar days it was the outstanding event in the year in the lives



Russian Peasants Salute Each Other on Easter Sunday, Saying "Christ Is Risen!"

of countless peasants. For months beforehand they scraped and saved every kopeck, so that they might provide themselves with at least one new garment to wear for the first time on Easter day. If they could afford it they bought themselves an entirely new outfit.

Men and women meeting each other, change the customary salutation of "Good morning" to "Christ is risen," to which response is promptly made, "He is risen, indeed."

The Easter dinner was a most elaborate meal, and in many places the festivities were continued for a whole week.

In France.

During this season in the south of France crowds of young men in holiday attire, and of merry men, parade the streets, carrying chairs lined with white silk and decorated in a lovely fashion with spring flowers and gay



In the South of France Pretty Girls Are Chaired Through the Streets.

ribbons. The first girl they come across is captured, placed in the vehicle and borne away in triumph amid shouts of laughter. The ransom of a kiss is demanded before the captive maiden is released by her kidnappers.

This well-known practice is no deterrent, for instead of keeping girls indoors, there appear to be more of them about in the streets than usual, so it must be presumed that they are by no means averse from the old custom, the origin of which is difficult to determine.

Among the Cherry Blossoms.

The great white festival of Shinto is held at Eastertide in Japan, as it heralds the resurrection of Nature from the white-shrouded tomb of winter. Then all Japan goes out rickshaw riding to view the cherry trees, which are laden with lovely blossoms. They line the roadways for miles; no house is too poor to possess several in the tiny garden, and as the sweet spring



Easter is the Feast of Cherry Blossoms in Japan.

breezes shake the boughs a constant pink snowstorm prevails throughout the day. The sweetly tinted petals fall until they are an inch deep on the ground, and then the children, daintily dressed in their kimonos, disport themselves and roll about amongst the fallen blossoms. Laughter and song ring through the land, for three days the temples are thrown wide open, and there is an entire cessation of work for that period.



Easter Eggs

The one who gets a golden egg Will plenty have and never beg.
The one who gets an egg of blue Will find a sweetheart fond and true.
The one who gets an egg of green Will be jealous and an egg of black Bad luck and troubles ne'er will lack.
The one who gets an egg of white In life shall find supreme delight.
The one who gets an egg of red Will many tears of sorrow shed.
Who gets an egg of purple shade Will die a bachelor or maid.
A silver egg will bring much joy And happiness without alloy.
A lucky one the egg of pink, The owner ne'er see danger's brink.
The one who gets an egg of brown Will have an establishment in town.
The one who speckled egg obtains Will go through life by country lanes.
A striped egg bodes care and strife, A sullen man or scolding wife.
The one who gets an egg of plaid, His heart is good but luck is bad.

The Rabbit and the Easter Egg



How did the rabbit get into the nest of Easter eggs? Of all the curious legends about the Easter season none are more widely circulated than those having to do with the rabbit and the Easter eggs. Easter eggs are seen all over the Christian world on Easter Sunday, and wherever the eggs are there is the rabbit also.

Just where and how such a total abstainer from eggs, such a clearly non-producer of eggs as a rabbit, got mixed up in a nest of them the biographers of neither the hen nor the rabbit are able to say. But there he is, and there he persists in staying, however inconsequent, irrelevant and immaterial his presence may be.

Myths of the Easter egg are more easily accounted for. The Ancient Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks and Romans saw in the egg an emblem of immortality. In its life lay dormant. An insensate thing, a mere object, it had the power to become a living being.

To the early Christians the egg symbolized the resurrection. Because of this, and also because eggs were looked upon as meat, Roman Catholics of Italy, Spain and France were formerly forbidden to eat eggs during Lent. After the fasting was over, eggs were the first meat to be eaten. Every Easter table held eggs dyed red, to represent the blood of Christ, and piled in pyramids at various points of vantage along the table. Before the eggs were broken they were blessed by the priest.

A special blessing for the Easter eggs was given out by Pope Paul V, who sat in the papal chair from 1605 to 1621. This blessing, which is still used by many Roman Catholics, is: "Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this thy gift of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance of thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee on the morn of the resurrection of our Lord."

Greek Catholics believe that eggs laid on Good Friday have within them their own blessing, and that he who eats them as his first food on Easter Sunday will be blessed throughout the year. They, too, hold that the egg is symbolical of the resurrection.

But all of these eggs are the fruit of the hen, she that tattles over her product, when every child believes that the rabbit is responsible for the Easter eggs.

Germany for a long time claimed that she was the mother of the Easter rabbit. She said that it happened, one time, that the children of a very poor peasant had been told that they could have no eggs at Easter because their parents had no money and were too poor to buy a hen.

The children grieved over this at first, and then decided that they would stop grieving and pray. They prayed for

Why All Mankind Hails the Morn of the Resurrection

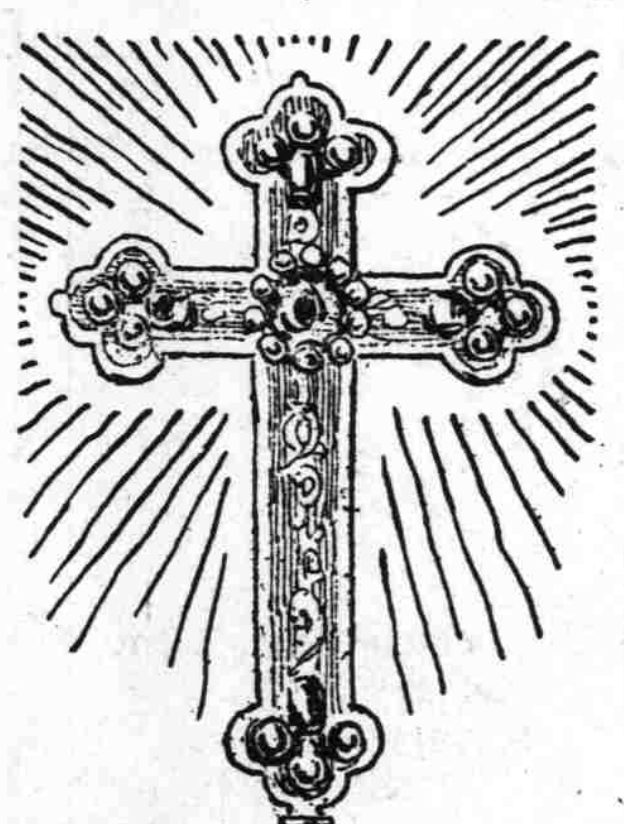
Easter morning—the most joyous of all the mornings of the year, the one great day of gladness, supreme above all others on the calendar, the Morn of the Resurrection.

And why is this the gladdest day of the year?

It is the gladdest of all days because it typifies the hope that beyond the grave there is another life than this. It speaks the promise that we shall rise again from the dust of death, that we shall be reunited with those whom we have loved and lost, that we shall open our eyes in another world where there is no parting again, no sorrow, no loss, no pain.

Compare this hope with all other hopes that man can have, and they sink into insignificance.

If the sons of men believed that this life were the only life they could ever know, if they believed that the grave is the end and that when they were laid away with the dust from which they came there would be no awakening, not only would the dearest



hope they could possibly have been taken then from them, but the world would then become a place unfit for habitation.

Without the hope of resurrection from the grave man would surely sink at once to the low level of the beast. But that this is not his belief, and that man has, instead, a firm and a full hope to live again, is what makes Easter the one great joyous day of all days.



Easter eggs, prayed earnestly and fervently. On the night before Easter they made a nest for the eggs they so confidently believed the morning would bring. When they awoke the next morning they ran to the nest, and there, sure enough, lay three lovely eggs, and sitting back of them, very proud of himself, was a big white rabbit, the very rabbit that had laid the eggs.

But the Easter rabbit is far, far older than this tale, and the myths about the rabbit, many of them associating the rabbit in one way or another with eggs, are centuries older than the Easter festival.

The Moon festival in China comes in the springtime and corresponds with Easter. It's a great holiday. Nobody works. Everybody puts on his best clothes and goes out for a general jollification. The culmination of events comes on what is our Easter, which, as old-fashioned people will tell you, comes "on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the 22nd of March."

It is on this night that "the rabbit in the moon" is best seen. The Chi-

nese, in their Moon festival, pay homage to this rabbit. Their ancient religion, Taoism, taught them that this rabbit was the slave of genii who kept him everlastingly busy pounding herbs and drugs to make the elixir of life. He squats in a cassia tree to do the pounding, and if you will look at the moon any Easter Sunday evening when the sky is clear there you'll see Br'er Rabbit pounding a way.



And when you see it, you will see a mixture of Taoist belief, East African mythology, southern negro folklore and early Christian legend.

The Japanese have a legend, doubtless passed over to them from India, that the gospel of the resurrection was first sent to the earth by the moon god, who used a rabbit as his messenger. The message given to the rabbit was this: "Like as I die and rise to life again, so shall you die and rise to life again."

The rabbit, however, thinking it would be a good joke on the people of the earth, reversed this gospel: What he said to the people was: "Like as I die, and live no more, so shall ye all die and be no more alive." The people took this gospel very sorrowfully, which amused the rabbit, and he went back to the moon god and boasted of what he had done. The god was so infuriated with his messenger that he threw a hatchet at him and split his lip wide open, and that, if you would like to know, is why the rabbit's lip is slit.

In certain parts of England, particularly at Hallaton, there was an old custom of celebrating Easter Monday with a "hare pie scramble" and "bottle kicking." This celebration began with a procession leading to the house of the rector of the parish and consisting of two men abreast, carrying sacks with cut-up pies inside; three men abreast, two carrying wooden bottles filled with beer, and the third a large dummy bottle that was to be kicked about; one man, carrying a pole on which was fastened a hare in a sitting posture, and, last of all, a band of music. The band was followed by all the people of the parish who could walk. The dummy bottle was kicked into the neighboring parish, where it was burned, or "drowned," after which bits of it were taken home as trophies by the people.

The custom fell into disuse about 1767. But other customs in which the hare figured were continued to a much later date, one having to do with the hunting of a hare on Good Friday, to be eaten on Easter day, the alternative being that "he who does not eat a hare must eat a red herring."

At least one mythologist has tried to account for the Easter rabbit in England by making him the creature of the Anglican goddess Eostre, whose name, according to Bede, was given to the month of April, which was called Eosternonth. Grimm calls this goddess Ostara, "divinity of the radiant dawn, of upspringing light."

