

# Incorrigible Easter

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WE did not know what to do with Rose—had not known for a long time. She was incorrigible—an incorrigible giver. She would give away anything, from her slippers to the plume on her hat.

She did that very thing once—took an eighteen inch ostrich plume from her hat and gave it to a girl book agent. And when chided by his sister she merely opened wide her lovely gray eyes and exclaimed: "Why, Mary Ennis, that girl had never had an ostrich plume in her life, and she looked so tired and discouraged. I just could not buy her book—it was about the horrors of something or other. But you ought to have seen the light in her face when I gave her that beautiful plume."

Perhaps it would have been good to see the light in the girl's face, but the light in Rose's was enough to disarm Sister Mary. It always ended that way. Dozens of Rose's friends had undertaken to scold her roundly for her foolish generosity, but always when she had explained one felt that only a brute could have done differently.

Rose had just begun to have some success with her drawings and was earning a little money.

"It will be such a help to her," said a friend. "She loves pretty things so and has very few of them, poor child!"

Mary sniffed, out of patience: "Help? What do you suppose she did with the \$30 she got last month for those sketches? Buy her some gloves and neck ribbons and a new waist? Not a bit of it. She sent \$5 to some girl she used to know in school who is in Colorado for her health and \$5 to some crippled second cousin in the east, gave \$5 to the heathen in India and spent the rest on the sick negro that does her chores and on her washerwoman's kids."

The worst of it is Rose's wardrobe. Her soul revels in beauty. She loves pretty things with the ardor of a child. But the prettier a thing is the surer the idea will pop into her head. "What a delightful present for somebody!" It requires the eternal vigilance of Mary and five or six of her intimate friends to keep Rose presentable.

All her friends tried, singly and collectively, to make Rose over "for her own good," and all, singly and collectively, failed utterly. We gave up then and just enjoyed her as she was, for she certainly was a delight. After that we spent our time trying to devise gifts of a sort and give them at a time when they would stick.

Two years before we learned it was utter folly to give Rose things at Christmas, provided one wanted her to keep them. The girls made up that year a magnificent Christmas box crammed with all manner of dainty and beautiful things for her attractive person and homy room.

But, alas, Christmas afternoon Rose

# Rose's

By William H. Hamby

was found in the highest state of delight. It was a beautiful world, she had the dearest friends in it, and this was the best Christmas in nineteen hundred years. We were suspicious at once, and when we had heard the story of the girl who had lost her place in the store, of the woman with a sick husband, of the crippled girl next door, of the old lady with the bronchitis, of the preacher's pretty little homesick wife, of the washerwoman's five children, we had heard the complete story of all our Christmas presents, except a little book of poems which I had sent.

"I kept that," said Rose laughingly, "to remember your presents by."

About the 1st of April Mary had an idea. "Harvey Ennis," she said, "I tell you what we girls are going to do. You can help anonymously if you want. The 24th is Rose's birthday. There does not happen to be a single holiday near it, and surely not more than one or two of her friends and proteges have a birthday at the same time. So we are going to make her up just a wonderful birthday box, and maybe she will get a little good of it."

It was magical the way the friends responded to Mary's suggestion, and there were lots of friends, for everybody loved Rose and liked to give her things. That box was a beauty. It looked to me as if it contained everything a girl could use of want, and some more, and everything was of the finest and daintiest.

The box went Thursday evening, Friday was her birthday. Saturday afternoon as sister and I had started downtown Mary said:

"Look at Nora Conway. I never saw her go like that before. What do you suppose is the matter with her?"

Nora is a slow, awkward girl of sixteen. "She was half running and tumbling down the street in great excitement with a bundle under her arm. Every few minutes she bent her head and peeked through a tear in the paper wrapper at something inside.

"I have it," said Mary, brightening. "She has something new for tomorrow."

"Harvey Ennis!" She stopped and clutched my arm. "Didn't she come down that street?" pointing to the one Rose lived in.

I nodded and bit my lip. "She's giving them away," Mary said, with wrathful conviction. "Come on; I am going to see." And she turned me about and started toward Rose's home.

On the way we met three other bundles and excited happy faces. "Rose Merrifield," began Mary, more nearly angry with her friend than I ever had seen her.

"Now—now, honey!" Rose kissed her and patted her on the back until a sigh of resignation came, followed by an adoring smile. "They did not have anything new, you know, for tomorrow, and, Mary, tomorrow is Easter! I've had the loveliest time giving Easter presents." And a faraway light came into her eyes.

"Presents?" echoed Mary. "Why,

# Easter Lilies and a Daisy



people don't give presents on Easter."

"That is just it," said Rose. "Nobody was expecting presents, and I had the most glorious time."

And she had—we know she had, as she stood in happy thought looking out of the window at the newly blossoming earth caressed by the sunshine and kissed by the breeze. There was a light in her face that made us forget clothes and presents and anger and think only of Easter.

As we went away neither of us said anything for some time. At the corner we met old Buck Ticknor and his cane that forever went peck-pecking viciously along the walk. For many years old Buck had been saving up for a rainy day—his rainy day. He had let his wife die because he was too stingy to have a doctor, and all his children had fled before they were scarcely grown. His grasping mouth, his withered, wrinkled face, his narrow suspicious eyes, always made me shudder.

"Isn't he horrid?" Mary spoke first when we were past.

And then in a moment as her eyes wandered to the blossoming orchard at the edge of town she sighed resignedly:

"I don't know what we will ever do with her, but isn't she a dear? And if one must go to the extreme I guess it is best to take the highest one."

"I am going to, if I can," I said, and Mary looked at me wonderingly.

Next morning was Easter indeed. The world was full of sunshine and early flowers and songs of birds and soft winds.

Rose came to the door herself, for the church bells were just ringing. News had she looked more beautiful, and that is the end of praise. I stepped into the hall and closed the door behind me. She looked up at me a little surprised, a little agitated.

"Rose"—her lids drooped and hid her soft gray eyes, and she breathed a little quickly—"you have made everybody happy by your gifts, everybody from Bombay to Maine, everybody but me. Won't you make me a present, an Easter gift?"

"What?" she said softly, and her voice fluttered.

"The lady with the lily soul." And I held out my arms waitingly.

When we went out into the sunlight a little while later I said most sincerely and gratefully:

"Rose, you are such a wonderful giver!"

**Easter Morning.**  
Waken, little people:  
Waken, children, dear!  
Listen! From the steeple  
Bells are pealing clear:  
"We ring  
For the birthday of the spring;  
We bring  
The happy Easter day."

Bells of silver chime  
Softly stir today.  
Though their chime so still is,  
Yet they seem to say:  
Only perfume music as we swing;  
We spring  
On the happy Easter day."  
—Youth's Companion.

# As the Chicken Sees It.

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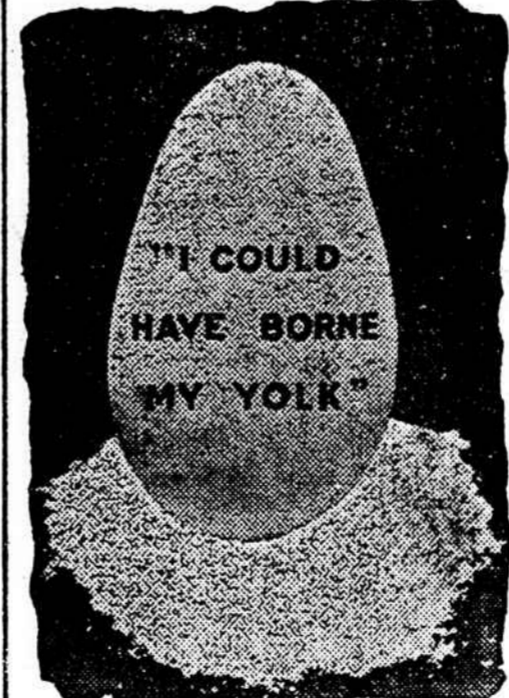
Alas, if I had not been hatched, Had never burst my shell, Had never wandered forth and scratched

for food my craw to swell, I should escape the woeful fate Invited by my present state.



MISS PATSY PULLET

I'm now a chicken fat and fine, And since their Lenten fast My owners will expect to dine— I real feed at last— And in a stew I'm sure to be When I am carved for fricassee.



But if I had remained in shell I could have borne my yolk. In white imprisonment to dwell (This isn't any joke!) O time, turn back, I plead, I beg, And let me be an Easter egg! PATSY PULLET.

**Easter Superstitions.**  
Draw the egg of violet hue, Means friends fond and true.  
Pink will bring you luck, A lover full of pluck.  
Gladly take the egg of green, Good fortune soon will be seen.  
Wealth and happiness with the egg of gray, Keep it and hide safely away.  
The egg of blue Means lovers few.  
Do not touch the egg of red, If you do you'll never wed.  
A lover this very night If you draw the egg of white.  
You'll marry in another town If you choose the egg of brown.

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They are extra fine.
- 100 Boys' Suits all Wool, 2 pairs pants with each Suit, the Suit at only \$3.98
- 100 Boys' Suits, extra fine quality, sizes up to 17 years, big value for \$7.00, each only \$5.50
- Boys' Separate Pants.
- 200 pairs Bloomer Pants, sizes up to 17 years at per pair 50 and 75c and \$1.00

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# Where it is always Easter

By Peter McArthur.

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When with the reapers I could hear  
(Such power hath a believing ear)  
The whisper of the falling grain,  
"In season due we'll rise again."

In winter, when the snow was deep  
And life was in its frozen sleep,  
I heard a murmur, "Soon the spring  
To us will resurrection bring."

In springtime, when the world awoke,  
From all the fields a voice there spoke,  
And all things sang with one accord,  
"We rise as rose our buried Lord."

And all the surging summer through  
As grew the flowers my spirit grew,  
With all that grows I claim my part—  
'Tis always Easter in my heart.

