



He Is Not Here; He Is Risen

Holy Week in Rome

Wonderful Easter Services Held in Old St. Peter's

By Bora Greenwell McChesney

Inexhaustible in its mystic significance, the Holy Week in Rome, however familiar to the memory or imagination, sits always as a renewed wonder in those who witness it. Above all else Rome is a city of memories. The walls and arches of Imperial days, the Renaissance palaces, and the churches which mark every step in the long march from primitive Christianity to papal supremacy—these stamp themselves on the mind. The incongruous modern elements are as transitory in their impression as is the whirling dust from a motor car blown past the tombs on the Appian Way.

The walls of Aurelian, the statue of Marcus Aurelius, benignant on the capitol, the august disarray of the Forum—these are actual and imperishable. So, too, is the spacious splendor of St. Peter's, with its solemn sequence of ritual, in which, as the Holy Week advances, so mystic and superb a drama of divinity is enacted.

There are many moods in which to approach the great Easter services in the great papal city, from that of the devotee to whom the ever-burning lamps round the apostle's tomb mark a spot only less sacred than that of the holy sepulcher itself, to that of the casual sight-seer, who flutters his Baedeker unabashed through the awful mystery of the mass. Perhaps those do not see least of the significance who look on the magnificent ceremonies with a haunting consciousness of Rome's twofold greatness, and who never quite lose sight of the city of the Caesars in the city of the saint.

It is impossible even to approach St. Peter's, where most of us choose to see the services, in spite of the rival claims of the Lateran, mother of churches—it is impossible to reach the curving colonnades and mighty front without passing by memorials of an earlier, hostile life and creed. Perhaps in driving thither the wanderer may catch a glimpse of the immortal pair, the Great Twin Brethren, who guard in stone the stairs to the capitol. Or, it may be the shattered, jeweled columns of the temple of Mars Ultor have lifted for a moment their stentor memorial of Caesar's death and Augustus' vengeance.

Once within St. Peter's, however, conflicting memories fall away, lost, as is all sense of minor faults in the building itself, in the impression of vastness, of an all-enfolding and all-reconciling hospitality. That hospitality is taxed by the crowds which gather for the services of Holy Week and Palm Sunday initiates the series of elaborate ceremonies with its beautiful rite of blessing the palms. A motley throng it is which streams up wide steps and gathers about the altar above which glows in a golden halo the holy dove. There are the foreign sight-seers, of course, made evident by their camp-stools and red guide-books, but there are also soldiers in uniform, priests in their vestments, and their black draperies in the classic folds which recall the toga, and wide-eyed in their sheepskins, pilgrims from far countries with the fixed visionary gaze of those who look on their sacred places after long desire.

Sacred indeed is the spot to those who hold the faith of Rome. In front of the high altar with its baldachin and the twisted bronze columns towering up superbly, yet dwarfed by the firmament of the dome above—burn mark the resting place, so tradition says, of the apostle.

But on Palm Sunday the attention is fixed on the altar in the Cappella above, and the pressure of the eager people increases cruelly as the baskets of palms are set down by the altar stairs and the canons slowly move to their places. The priests are in violet, the Lenten color. The deep hue brightened by wonderful interweaving of gold and silver, and the crucifix on the altar is also violet. There is no organ music, and with a strange solemnity through the echoing vaults.

At last the solemn final word and gesture of blessing have been given, and one by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches. Thus the olive, which is given in their stead to the people, is brought forth and by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches. Thus the olive, which is given in their stead to the people, is brought forth and by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches. Thus the olive, which is given in their stead to the people, is brought forth and by one the priests lift and bear away the palm branches.

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THE CHRIST

By Charles Eugene Banks

Upon a circle of the sands
That front the road, desiring sea,
I sit alone with folded hands,
Chinking on bits of shell.

How like a perfect lily grows,
His love in this o'er-cast world,
His joy no distinction knows
You trustful call that rocking sleeps
Upon the breaking ocean's breast,
His closely in his heart he keeps.
His who have his name confessed.

The fierer in the jungle weaves
I sit perfect fondler on his breast,
And clear among the budding leaves
The wild bird spheres his liquid note.

The curving mountain ranges grace
The arching azure's magic ruse,
And in the dew-drops' form I trace
The same perfection born of bliss.

Enwrapped within its seed the rose
Reveals the word unquestioning
I'll everywhere the toms unclose
In resurrection of the spring.

In him is all the joy we have
The way, the life, the final goal,
The fount of love whose outward flow
Is never-ending birth of soul.

SAN DIEGO EN FETE

ARRIVAL OF FLEET STARTS THE ROUND OF FESTIVITIES.

WELCOMED BY GOVERNOR

Admiral Thomas and Other Officers Are Given Beautiful Illumination in the Evening.

San Diego, Cal.—The American battleship fleet, in four regularly-interval columns, with flagships leading abreast, swept into the sheltered cove of the sea behind the towering headlands of Point Loma Tuesday and halted for four days of merry-making for men and officers. Gov. James N. Gillett was here to welcome the fleet. Local committees also went to the Connecticut in the Texas, and through him all the men of the fleet, who glad the people of California see such a splendid representation of the American navy as the "battleship" constitutes.

At night Admirals Thomas, Sperry and the commanding officers and members of the various staffs were entertained at an elaborate but informal dinner at the Hotel Del Coronado.

The beauty of the day's spectacle, when with flashing and wonderfully executed maneuvers the ships were brought to anchor in the lazy rolling Pacific waters, was rivalled at night when for three hours every vessel was outlined in fire. Thousands of incandescent bulbs were strung along decklines, up masts, far out on the signal yards, up and down the huge funnels and down to the water's edge at stem and stern. In fairy-like form the ships stood out against the night sky and in letters six feet high the name of each vessel was spelled across its forward bridge.

During half an hour of the period of illumination a search light display was made, adding to the wonderful effect. On shore scores of red signal flares were maintained throughout the evening as a welcome sign.

ASKS FOUR BATTLESHIPS.

President Roosevelt Sends Special Message to Congress.

Washington.—President Roosevelt sent a special message to congress Tuesday afternoon advocating the building of four battleships.

The message was a brief but vigorous one, pointing out the rapid development of the navy. China was held up as an example of the "peace at any price" doctrine and Great Britain as having the navy which she would not surrender. It was contended that the result of the last Hague conference made it plain that the nations would not for a moment surrender, agree on a plan of limitation of navy armament. Disclaiming any intention on the part of the United States ever to engage in a war, the president made it plain that this country could ill afford to relax into a position where insult would have to be borne in silence.

DULUTH BANKER A SUICIDE.

Failure Drives Charles F. Leland to Take His Life.

Duluth, Minn.—Despondent over business troubles, Charles F. Leland, formerly president of the Commercial bank, shot and killed himself early Tuesday morning in his rooms at 1511 Superior street. He fired two bullets, the first of which was instantaneous. Mr. Leland, a widower and two daughters, Miss Ray Leland and Mrs. Walter Richards, living at 1511 Superior street, was a resident of Duluth for many years. He was a member of the Commercial bank, which followed the embezzlement of \$80,000 of the bank's funds by the teller, proved upon his mind.

JULIA MARLOWE VERY ILL.

Actress Suffers from Nervous Breakdown—Engagements Cancelled.

New York.—Miss Julia Marlowe is lying seriously ill at the Plaza hotel in this city as the result of a nervous breakdown following a season of ten weeks of one-night stands. Her doctors have ordered the Schuberts, her manager to cancel all her engagements for the next fortnight.

GRAND DAM IN MONTANA BREAKS.

Helena, Mont.—Husser lake dam, across the Missouri river, 15 miles below Helena, gave way Tuesday afternoon with a great crash and precipitated 25 to 30 feet of water over the dismembered structure.

Plague at La Guaira.

Washington.—A disease supposed to be bubonic plague is raging at La Guaira, according to a dispatch received at the state department Tuesday from American Consul Moffat at that place.

Attacks Grain Dealers.

Lincoln, Neb.—Complaint was filed with Attorney General Thompson Tuesday against the Nebraska Grain Dealers' association, alleging that it is a trust inasmuch as such is trying to drive independent dealers out of business. The complainant is C. F. Gowen, secretary of the Beaver Valley Grain company at Danbury, who asserts the members of the association, in an effort to deprive him of business, are paying several cents more for grain at Danbury than the prevailing market price.

NO ONE CAN ALWAYS AVOID

Catching Cold on the Street Car



Many people persist in riding on the street cars, insufficiently protected by clothing. They start out perhaps in the heat of the day and do not feel the need of wraps. A rapid moving of the car cools the body unduly. When they board the car perhaps they are slightly perspiring. When the body is in this condition it is beginning a street car ride in the middle of the day and ending it in the evening almost invariably requires extra wraps, but people do not observe these advances. They go on in the Spring on this account, and as the Summer think of riding on the car without being provided with a wrap. Great caution should be observed at the season against exposure to cold. During the first few pleasant days of Spring, the liability of catching cold is great. Do not wear so many people acquire muscular rheumatism and catarrhal diseases during this season.

However, in spite of the greatest precautions, colds will be caught. To get out of the first symptom, Peruna should be taken according to directions on the bottle, and continued until every symptom disappears. Do not stop at once. Do not waste time by taking other remedies. Begin at once to take Peruna and continue taking it until you are positive that the cold entirely disappeared. This may save you a long and perhaps serious illness.

Bad Effects From Cold.

Mr. M. J. Deane, Secretary Building Material Trades Council, 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have found your medicine to be unusually efficacious in getting rid of the effects from cold, and more especially in driving out all symptoms of catarrh, with which I am frequently afflicted. The relief Peruna gives in catarrhal troubles alone is well worth the price per bottle. I have used the remedy for several years now."

Spells of Coughing.

Mrs. C. E. Long, writes from Atwood, Colorado, as follows: "When I wrote you for advice my little three-year-old girl had a cough that had been troubling her for four months. She took cold easily, and

THE MEAN MAN.



"I believe," his wife angrily declared, "that if I were dead you would be married again inside of a year."

"Oh, no," the mean man replied, "you are mistaken. Try me and I'll prove it."

GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS

With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Aged Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just a little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

Her Kick.

"John, I wish you would not be quite so polite, and so considerate of me when we are in company."

"Why, dear, I want them—the whole world—to see how I love you."

"That's all right, but they—the whole world—thinks I've got you scared."—Houston Post.

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A powder. It cures painful, smarting, burning, and growing nail-its the greatest comfort discovery the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain relief for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address: R. C. Allen, Le Roy, N. Y.

Men have no rights in the world; they have only duties.—George Meredith.

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No honestly exerted force can be utterly lost.—Frodes.

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