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SOME OLD BELIEFS

Sentiment Concerning Flowers and Trees Connected With the Crucifixion.



THE FLOWERS and the trees connected with the Crucifixion vary with the people and the country of their growth. The broom, the plant that gave its name from the time of Geoffrey of Anjou

to the Plantagenets, is the one that kept disturbing our Savior by its swaying and cracking while he was praying in Gethsemane. It had before refused to hide him and his mother when they were taking refuge from Herod, hence, as a punishment the use to which it is put for sweeping and its use by the witches for riding at night.

The black birch is the tree that grew the rods with which Christ was scourged, and that is why it is now stunted in its growth. The bullrush, or cat's tail, is supposed to be the scepter the Jews put into our Lord's hands when they mocked him as their king. The crown of thorns is said by some to have been made of the blackberry, by others of the rose brier, or dog rose. As drops of the Savior's blood fell upon earth, roses sprang from the spot and blossomed. Other legends say that the rose brier is one of the many "trees" on which Judas was hanged; and one states that it was by this dog rose that Satan tried to climb back to heaven. Others hold the crown was made of acacia or shittim wood. Perhaps in the minds of most it is the holly that was the bush from which Christ's crown of thorns came; indeed holly is a shortened form of "holy," for the "holy tree" was its early name. In Germany too the people call the holly Christdorn. In Cornwall it is called "Aunt Mary's Tree," "aunt" being a term of endearment there, and they believe the red berries of the holly stand for the blood drops of Christ. The purple spathe of the jack-in-the-pulpit, known in England as "lords and ladies," marks where Christ's blood also fell at the Crucifixion. Many flowers died of sorrow that night, but the jasmine merely folded its leaves and suffered its pain quietly. In the morning when it reopened, it was no longer pink, and that is why it has never shown its color since. The violet droops because the shadow of the Cross fell on it the day of the Crucifixion. The anemone is called in the Holy Land the "blood drops of Christ," a name also given to the wall flower. Many who have visited the quaint old cemetery of St. Roch in New Orleans will recall the clover growing there, with a red heart-shaped spot on the upper side of the leaf, and how the children who ask you to buy the plant, say this red spot is "Jesus' blood."

The hawthorn it was with which the magpies covered our Lord as he was resting in a wood from the pursuit of his enemies just before the Crucifixion, which the swallows, the "fowls of God," removed as soon as his enemies had gone. Another bird who showed pity to our Lord at the time of his Crucifixion was the robin redbreast. Seeing him in pain from the thorns that were piercing his brow, it hovered over his head, and as it plucked out a thorn from the crown, our Savior's sacred blood tinged its breast, and that is why it is red now.

According to an old Spanish tradition, it is the passion flower that climbed the Cross and fastened itself about the holes made in the wood by the nails that were driven through the hands and feet of our Savior. This was revealed to St. Francis of Assisi in one of his visions. The early Christians as well venerated the passion flower. They saw in its bud the Eucharist; in its half-open flower the star in the east; in the full bloom the five wounds, the nails, the hammer, the spear, the pillar of scourging, and the crown of thorns; in its leaves, the spear head and the thirty pieces of silver; in its tendrils, the cords that bound him. The Spanish Jesuits made large use of this passion flower in their missionary teaching in South America, where they found it growing luxuriantly in the jungles—a promise, they felt, that the natives should be converted.

Meaning of Easter.

Easter is not merely a festival of spring, to be celebrated by the making of music, the display of flowers and the wearing of glad attire. It is the most joyous anniversary of the Christian world, for without it Christmas would lose much, if not most, of its significance.

Epic of the Resurrection

By Henry Clarke

LONG, long ago, within the Holy City,
The eager throng had gathered for the paschal feast;
And out beyond the walls the fires of camps were gleaming,
Where, worn with weary leagues, there rested man and beast.

The city stood in richest glow and splendor,
The shining object of all Jewish pride;
And from its heart there rose the golden-crowned temple,
To kiss whose marble walls men gladly would have died.

Here, then, in days that ages have made misty,
Was borne the pain of One who in the shadows trod,
And here the eyes of men, with gladness overbrimming,
Beheld the triumph of the risen Son of God.

Then listen, ye who on this Easter morning
Find heart and soul athrob in joyous song,
Oh, listen as this day in gladdest

Hands that healed and feet that Helpless seems the Lord of Power!
carried, Death has seized the Lord of Might!

Eyes that pitied, heart of love,
Is your ministry forgotten?
Oh! have mercy, God above!

See! the noonday sun is hidden,

Dead he hangs upon the summit
Of Judea's skull-shaped hill;
When the black tide surged tumultuous,
None could utter, "Peace, be still."

So it ends, this life of goodness,
So it ends, upon the tree,
So it ends, oh, Son of Mary,
Wondrous Man of Galilee.

THE BURIAL

FROM the cross the form is lifted,
Mangled like an earthly clod,
Bruised and broken, stained and bloody,
Body of the Son of God.

Hasten, Joseph, unto Pilate!
Beg the body for thy tomb!
Bathe and cleanse with tender pity!
Let thy love shine through the gloom!

Thou, too, Nicodemus, hasten,
Burdened with the precious spice;

Darkness reigns, not golden light;
God's own heaven is clothed in mourning,
Angels cannot bear the sight.

Hark! the earth is loudly groaning,
By its quakings split and rent;
Nature's lamentation mighty
For the King whose life is spent.

Look! the temple's massive curtain,
Glory of the Jewish heart,
Now in fluttering strips is waving,
Torn by unseen hands apart.

THE DEATH

ON the breast the head has fallen,
Glazed are now the weary eyes,
Veins no longer scorch with fever,
Ears are deaf to ribald cries.

Broken is the heart of mercy,



notes is telling
The story which the ages shall forevermore prolong.

THE CRUCIFIXION

ONE is passing through the city,
Guarded by the soldiers' spears
From the thronging crowd of scoffers,
From the rabble with its sneers.

Over Via Dolorosa
To the hill outside the gate,
Walks the weary Man of Sorrows,
Victim of his people's hate.

Slowly up the hillside toiling,
Followed by the eager throng,
With the cross his vision meeting,
Moves the Christ to suffer wrong.

Lifted is the soldier's hammer!
Nails are driven through hands and feet!
In the earth the cross is planted!
Shouts of scorn his sufferings greet!



Scoffers, have ye now no tear?
See! that now the side is pierced
Blood and water meet the spear.

Shame has touched the Lord of Glory!
Shadows claim the Lord of Light!



Gave thee truth beyond all price.

For 'tis he whose radiant teaching
In the grave, the battle ended,
Lies the body of the King;
He who came with angel anthems,
Now is slain by death's sharp sting.

"Earth to earth!" is this thy portion?
Thou whose power the grave could rob?
"Dust to dust!" shall ashes claim thee,
Now the pulse has ceased to throb?

THE SORROWING WOMEN

WEeping Galilean women
Mark the tomb which is his bed;
Turn them homeward sorrowing,
For their Lord of Life is dead.

Tenderly they mix the perfumes
Moistened with their tears of grief,
With the love which in his wanderings
Ministered to his relief.



The Easter Message.

The Easter message is not one of avoidance but of participation. We frankly acknowledge the death of our beloved. We Christians bring no explanation and no denial of that mighty fact. Instead of this we affirm it with a mighty affirmation; we sink ourselves in it; we "taste the whole of it." Our beloved are no more. We look with Jesus, unamazed, on their ever-present absence!

Easter Day Sun.

It was formerly a common belief that the sun danced on Easter Day. Sir Thomas Browne combats the notion in his "Vulgar Errors."
But oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.
—SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Easter is a Christian festival commemorating the resurrection of Christ.

Meaning of Resurrection.

Whatever else the Resurrection means it means upwardness, aboveness. Not aloofness from life, but superiority over living. Not separation, but exaltation. It floats from the windows of quiet homes and from the chaos of the stained battlefield—"Not here, but risen!" Life out of loss! Resistances removed, and resurrection triumphant!

Easter is called the Jewish Passover.

ALL MAKE GLAD ON EASTER DAY

Celebration Is One That Has at All Times Been an Occasion for Rejoicing—Customs of Ages Observed in the Churches.

EASTER is here. Throughout the civilized world millions of Christian people will assemble in their places of worship Easter Sunday to celebrate the anniversary of the Resurrection. The celebration of Easter dates back to antiquity and the observance of the day brings with it many of the customs which came from pagan times.

The celebration of Easter is always an occasion for rejoicing—an expression of joy at the awakening of nature from the sleep of winter and the manifestation of gladness at the rising of the Son of Righteousness—the resurrection of Christ from the grave.

From time immemorial Easter has been celebrated by all Christian communities with the greatest solemnity, the earlier day commemorations being carried on with ever more elaborate rites than those of the present time. Many years ago the day was reserved as a special day for baptism, and those baptized wore the white robes in which they received the Sacrament for the following seven days. The faithful greeted one another with a kiss and the salutation, "Christ is risen," to which the reply was, "He is risen, indeed."

True Easter Spirit.

In his "Easter Hymn," Thomas Blackburn fittingly expressed the Easter spirit:

Awake, thou wintry earth—
Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
Your ancient gladness,
Christ is risen.

For many centuries past the observance of Easter has been accompanied with many odd customs. The use of the eggs at this season dates back to antiquity. Widely separated Christian mythologies declare that eggs were used in the Easter celebrations centuries back, and that it was considered the symbol of resurrection. In those times, as in the present day, eggs were given by one person to another, and were kept as keepsakes. Another custom of the Eastertide which has died out in all countries, with the exception of Wales, was the lighting of Easter fires on the mountainsides. It was in this manner that the ancients celebrated the triumph of spring over winter and showed their gladness.

Centuries ago in France many unique means were used to show the joy of the populace at the coming of spring and the Easter day. History tells us that at many of the old cathedrals in that country, and, in fact, at all places of worship, a solemn game of ball was played on Easter Sunday. The priests, canons and other dignitaries of the church took part in this solemn game, which was religiously played each year.

All of the different modes of celebration, however, were for one purpose alone, the expression of joy at the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Rites and customs that would, at this day and time, seem ludicrous, were performed with the sincerity and solemnity with which we attend our churches.

Modern Celebrations.

While the day is more generally observed at the present time, modern people temper their devotions, and the handsome wardrobe and other like desires of the flesh are given their part in the makeup of the Easter day. The egg of mythology is still in use today, but for the satisfaction of appetites, and the means of furnishing sport to the youngsters. The fires which marked the triumph of spring over winter in days gone by still burn, but for commercial purposes or comfort, rather than as symbols of joy at the changing of the seasons.

The coloring of the Easter eggs, which are used so extensively in the modern celebration of this day, comes through centuries from a beautiful legend whose origin is unknown. According to the story, the Persian nightingale, known as the "Bulbul" in the Orient, played a part at the time of the resurrection of Jesus. When the body of the Savior was placed in the tomb, and the stone rolled before the door, one of these beautiful birds was imprisoned in the sepulcher.

The story goes on to tell that the bird continued to sing during the time that the body of the Christ was in the tomb and that when the stone was rolled from the door and He arose, it was found that the eggs laid by the bulbul in the tomb had turned to gold. In commemoration of the miracles, the story says, the eggs are colored on Easter day, and the custom has continued through ages.

G. W. Weaver & Son

GETTYSBURG, PA.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT STORE

**A Greater Store Than Ever
Greater in Its Variety of Showings
Greater in Its Value Giving**

Every Day Brings Us New Goods, Spring is Here

Spring Tailored Suits

Come as a joy after the Winter season, and this is a season for suits. We give a choice of nearly 100 styles every day of the week. Suits of Serges, Gaberdines, Poplins, Poret Twills, Silk Taffetas, etc. Price begins at **\$12.75** for a good Navy or Black Serge Suit—up to **\$47.50**. Woolltex and other only good makes.

Good Coats

Of course—no matter what sum you have set aside for your Spring Coat—be it **\$15.00** or **\$50.00** you will find a better, more stylish, better made coat for the money than you would likely find elsewhere.

The New Skirts

Of Silks and Satins in the new bright plaids and stripes, the New Poplins in plain colors, Never Shrink White or What Not—we have it.

New Frocks of Silks, Wool, White and Fancy Woven Goods and Voiles

All very smart and entirely too many things to try to individualize here. In most instances one of a kind—so what's the use you'll have to see them.

New Effects in Spring Blouses, of Crepes, Wash Satins, Georgettes and the Finer Voiles

These Waists are exceptional in Style, Quality and Price—especially in the character of sewing and fit. Our claim is **NOT LOWEST PRICES**, but **BEST VALUE**—What is a garment worth to you if you have to make it over to be presentable? Our lowest priced Waists are as carefully made as the higher priced ones—

- Wash Waists in new styles \$1.00, \$1.50, to \$3.75
- Wash Silks in new styles \$1.95 to \$3.50
- Crepe de Chines, White and Flesh, \$2.90 to \$6.50
- Georgettes, Colors, White and Flesh, \$4.00 to \$9.00

Silks---Paris Says Silks---America Says Silks

If you take a look at our Ready To Wear stock you will see how many dresses are made of Silk—and how beautiful they are—This advertisement is to call attention to our wonderful stock of **PIECE GOODS** in **TAFFETAS**, softer than they were other seasons, in all colors—**MESSALINE** in every wanted color, soft and sheeny. **PRINTED FOULARDS**—in great variety of figures and patterns—make most stylish and charming color combinations. **GEORGETTES**, **CREPE DE CHINES** etc.—in great variety of colors. The greatest color assortments we have ever shown.

Plaid and Stripe Ginghams, Fancy Skirting and Fancy Shirtings

Six months ago we contracted for hundreds of pieces of these goods and they are now arriving so that we are showing a fine assortment of styles. These materials are in very great demand and we advise our customers to supply their wants early to insure a wider choice and lower prices. To look at these beautiful color combinations in Plaids and Stripes makes you think of Spring.

White Goods & Printed Fabrics

There have been seasons when our lines of Fabrics were very large so that comparisons could well be made with large city store stocks, but we are well in the bounds of correct statement to say that at no time have we offered so varied a stock of **WHITE SKIRTINGS**, **VOILES**, etc. at such values—counting values by present market conditions. We cannot duplicate any of our present showings at our present prices—beside the troubles we have with transportation.

Boys Wash Suits and Little Girls Dresses

The practical economy of Wash Suits and Rompers, and each year shows an increased demand so that we are showing a more varied assortment of Boys Wash Suits and small tots clothes than ever before. Like the clothes of the older children there is a charm and a style to them not to be had in the home sewing room. Prices too are reasonable.

G. W. WEAVER & SON
GETTYSBURG, PA.

VALLEY ECHOES.

Miss Helena Hartnett, '15, Dover, Del., is visiting Miss Margaret Mitchell ex '17, in Emmitsburg.

The Easter vacation extends from Wednesday, March 27, to Tuesday evening, April 10.

Miss Stella McBride, Secretary of St. Joseph's Alumnae, recently spent an afternoon at her Alma Mater.

Miss Kathryn Letter, Philadelphia, Pa., is the guest of the Miss Gertrude Rebill, '15, White Plains, New York.

Last Friday the senior academic class in Virgil was conducted by Miss Marion Flanagan, Senior.

Orchestra practice is held every Friday afternoon. Recently guitar and banjo strains have been added to enhance the harmony.

Miss Clare I. Cogan, A. M., President of St. Joseph's Alumnae, arrived in the Valley, Wednesday, to spend the Easter holidays with her sister, Miss Agnes, senior academic class.

Miss Marie Louise Pattison, '18, is the guest of Miss Nan Gable, '19, Shamokin, Pa., during the present holidays; Miss May Driscoll is the guest of Miss Mary Vickers, Cambridge, Md.

Spring to some individuals may mean a new wardrobe, to others, housecleaning; but to the college students at St. Joseph's, spring means endless verses on budding tree and blushing flower.

Among the visitors were: Rev. James Burke, Mt. St. Mary's College; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sullivan, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Moran, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gravis, Baltimore.

Monday afternoon, Sterling Galt, LL. D., Editor and Proprietor of The Chronicle, gave the concluding lecture of a series on Journalism to the Senior English Class.

The classes in Physical Culture have for two weeks been held on the campus. Coach Thompson has trained the girls in swift, accurate passing by inaugurating games similar to basket ball; vigorous team play holds supreme, while a spirit of good sportmanship on the part of the losing side is apparent.

The Misses Welty, Brooklyn, N. Y., recently entertained at their home, 500 Clinton St., Rev. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., former President of Crown Heights College, Brooklyn. Father O'Connor is the author of "Every soul" presented at St. Joseph's, June 1915.

Thursday evening of last week the monthly concert took place. The Vocal Class appeared in two English Folk songs of captivating lilt and melody; Concha Ruiz made her debut in playing the violin with great credit. The two French Readings lent an attractive touch, the piano solo played by Zita Bresnahan and the piano trio by Concha Ruiz, Helen Brennan and May Driscoll were enthusiastically applauded for excellence of interpretation. Miss Kathryn Gloninger is to be highly commended for the vivid yet terrible impression in her rendition of "The Serpent's Vengeance." Application and marked increase of self possession were displayed throughout the evening.

An evening of Irish Memories was given Saturday, March 23rd. The Auditorium banked with ferns around American and Irish flags was a patriotic setting for the renditions betokening love for Erin and the witchery of Gaelic lore. The ballad "Minstrel Bag" and song "Oft in the Stilly Night" first

explained as to their sources of inspiration by members of the academic singing class "Shamrocks" praised, in song, poetry and essay by the Misses Elise Kalbaugh, Nan Gable, and Anna Hall, respectively, were suggestive of the devotedness of Erin's children to the tiny emblem. The reading in three sections "The Holiest Spot in Ireland" historical and legendary, alternately portrayed the humor and pathos so deep in the Irish temper. The evening was a tribute of Ireland's love for St. Patrick.

Illustrated lectures were given March 16th and 17th by Dr. George Benson Hewetson, a near relative of the late Mgr R. H. Benson. The subject, Saturday, was Russia; its geographical and political history, the story of its people, its customs, topographical and social relations with other countries. Sunday evening Dr. Hewetson presented many beautiful slides of the grand English Cathedrals, giving their history, development, styles of architecture, and flooring the whole with the atmosphere known only to one who has lived near these gigantic structures and loved their grandeur. As a speaker, Dr. Hewetson has the power to command extraordinary attention and to win his hearers by the magnetism of his personality. His diction simple yet eloquent, made clear the philosophy of his subject so as to deeply interest the younger as well as the advanced student.

The New York Chapter of the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, held the second of a series of card parties for war relief work, at the home of Mrs. Clara Douglas Sheeran, 219 Seventy-sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the afternoon of March 14. The regent Mrs. Louise McSherry Alvarez, made an address of appreciation for the zeal and co-operation of the members. A piece of fine linen, donated by Mrs. Sheeran and made into trench altar pieces by the Chapter members, was exhibited. There were also khaki covered Testaments for the boys "over there." The prizes for each table was a crystal candlestick with a green candle and the door prize was a bouquet of violets. The fund was materially increased by chances on a green satin knitting bag made and donated by Mrs. Alvarez. Over a hundred guests were present.

Quoted from a letter received this week: "Yesterday, Mrs. Alvarez and I called at the Chaplain's Aid and arranged for the Second French Mass Kit. The Chalice of Mrs. Alvarez's Kit will be inscribed 'Presented by the New York Chapter of the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland in memory of Our Teachers;' Mrs. Sheeran's will be presented in memory of 'The Pupils of St. Joseph's.'" I wish from my heart you could see the linens. When I donated the piece of linen to the Chapter I really felt the ladies were all too busy with Red Cross and other War activities to do fine sewing. However, the collection exhibited the day of the party would have reminded you of Commencement time and the Sewing Room at St. Joseph's. Our girls have evidently not forgotten how to sew and certainly their work aroused the admiration of the hundred people present that day. . . . By the way, Jamie dressed in his Scout Uniform, stood guard at the door; Robert in his Sailor Uniform stood guard by the Treasurer, while Ica waved the American flag nearly all afternoon. . . ."

EASTER LETTER TO CHILDREN.

Are you happy little children? If you're not you ought to be, for the Bunny is coming soon! The Easter Bunny that has been so good to your mothers and fathers when they were

little girls and boys; and now when you hide your beautiful baskets, he will find them and fill them with luscious chocolate eggs, and chocolate rabbits and chocolate chickens. Then he will hide your baskets, perhaps in the grass so pretty and green; perhaps in a bed of purple flowers or yellow or red; perhaps by a big bush all prickly that will scratch your little arms and hurt when you try to reach for it; perhaps he will hide one by the garden wall, another near your house underneath the steps; perhaps he won't leave them outside at all, but put one in the library by the large book case, or underneath the desk; or perhaps he'll surprise you and leave some on the dining table right on top, where you can see it as soon as you open the door and clap your little hands and say "O Goody!"

After you have seen what that lovely Bunny has given you and tasted thereof, you visit other little boys and girls to admire their delicacies and share yours with them. Oh! what a beautiful time you will have, just like a tea party and of course nobody could be bad on that day, nobody should be bad on any other day; for don't you know, little dears, that Bunny only leaves good children, and just like Santa Claus, he knows when you're good and when you're not?

This Easter Bunny's children live in a very pleasant spot and though hidden by big green bushes, they can always see yet not be seen. Their ears are long enough, to be sure, and their Mother Rabbit says they do no mischief.

So why don't you go out in the garden where the crocuses are growing, and hyacinths and tulips, or out by some wandering rivulet, where violets are thrusting their heads through the soft springy turf, where a lily bloom opening, fills the air with its pure fragrance and the fairies come out to breathe the perfumed breeze. Go little children whisper a "Thank you" and these fairies of the flowers will tell the good, kind Bunny, and she will love you more than ever.

E. K.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

I cannot see Thee, Lord,
But I can feel
Thy everlasting presence in this throbbing heart of mine;
I cannot see Thee, Lord,
But I can hear
The lessons taught so sweetly from the loving lips of Thine.
I cannot see Thee, Lord,
But I can taste
The sweetness of communion, yea, Thy sacramental love;
I cannot see Thee, Lord,
But Oh! the joy
Of living on with Thee, my Lord, my Risen God above!

E. K.



Bruises and Sprains

Have Sloan's Liniment handy for bruises and sprains and all pains and aches. Quick relief follows its prompt application. No need to rub. It quickly penetrates to the trouble and drives out the pain. Cleaner than musky plasters or ointments. Sloan's Liniment does not stain the skin nor clog the pores. For rheumatic aches, neuralgia, stiff muscles, lame back, lumbago, gout, strains, and sprains, it gives quick relief. Generous sized bottles at all druggists.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

Sloan's prices not increased 25c 50c \$1



DON'T LET YOUR MONEY BURN A HOLE IN YOUR POCKET!

IMPRESS on the young man who is burning the candle at both ends and who is spending his big salary as fast as he makes it the **VALUE OF A BANK ACCOUNT**. Start him on the **RIGHT ROAD** today. If he is not hopeless he at once will see the error of his ways. The opening of a bank account has put a stop to many a youth's wild desire to be a **HIGH FLIER**.

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WE PAY 4% INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.
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Mr. Farmer, to keep your property in good shape, you will need

Wire Fencing

and accessories for your farm and

Paint

for your buildings.

It Is To Our Interest

to give you the **VERY BEST** material at the **LOWEST COST** consistent with quality.

SPRING BEGINS THIS MONTH

and it's time for you, Mr. Farmer, to begin putting your place in thorough order.

Annan's

The Dependable Store
On The Square.