

FASHION'S PARADE ON EASTER



ALTHOUGH Easter, more than any other holiday of the year, may be said to be a world-wide festival and is celebrated in one way or another in scores of different countries, there is one phase of Easter observance which may be said to be strictly American—American in origin and American in development, inasmuch as few other countries have copied this phase of Yankee life. This unique feature of the joyous day is fashion's parade on Easter—on Easter morning we came pretty near saying, but that would be incorrect since the annual fashion parade is no longer restricted to the morning hours of the most significant holiday on the church calendar.

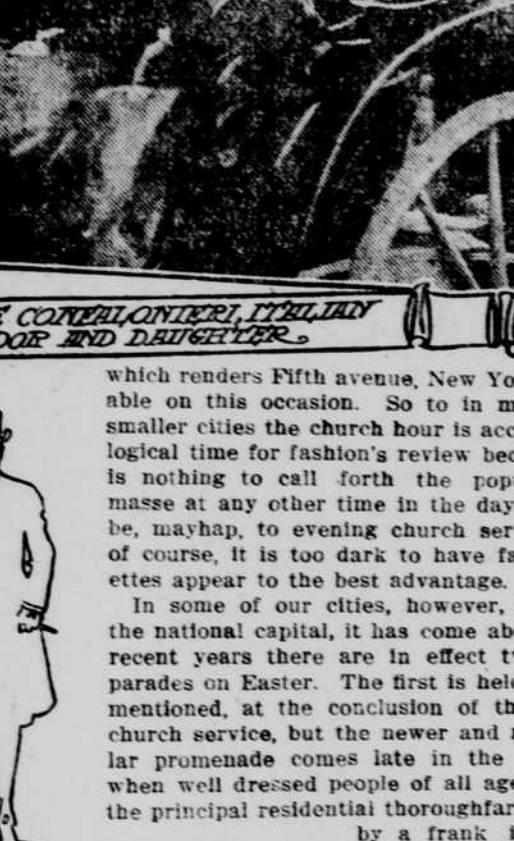
Fashion's parade on Easter merely means, of course, the ceremonial display of clothes, brand new clothes of course, and more important yet, new hats. Easter has attained a position of pre-eminence as the one occasion above all others in the whole year when it is incumbent upon all those who essay to be well dressed to make their appearance in new and distinctive styles. Inasmuch as these fashions are concerned Easter Sunday, on whatever date it falls, is accounted the first day of spring—the occasion of the "spring opening" of the wearers of costumes calculated to cause comment. Therefore, even though the temperature, by some freak of nature, be close to zero, millinery who desire to observe the conventions will appear on Easter morning in all the glory of the newest creations of milliners and dressmakers. She may be tempted to shiver in the chilly blasts of an early Easter, but her pride in her new finery can usually be relied upon to help her combat the try winds.



MARQUISE CONTELLONIERI, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AND DAUGHTER



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY AND MRS. MEYER IN THE EASTER PARADE



MR. AND MRS. PERRY BELMONT IN THE EASTER PARADE



ATTORNEY GENERAL AND MRS. WICKERSHAM



MR. AND MRS. PERRY BELMONT IN THE EASTER PARADE

which renders Fifth avenue, New York, memorable on this occasion. So in most of the smaller cities the church hour is accounted the logical time for fashion's review because there is nothing to call forth the population en masse at any other time in the day—unless it be, mayhap, to evening church service when, of course, it is too dark to have fanciful toilettes appear to the best advantage.

In some of our cities, however, notably in the national capital, it has come about that in recent years there are in effect two fashion parades on Easter. The first is held, as above mentioned, at the conclusion of the morning church service, but the newer and more popular promenade comes late in the afternoon, when well dressed people of all ages traverse the principal residential thoroughfares inspired by a frank interest in their fellow-beings and their raiment. The morning fashion parade finds almost everybody afoot if the weather be at all pleasant, but in the "moving picture" that is on view from 3:30 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon a considerable proportion of the paraders are in vehicles, open carriages and motor cars having the preference. Each mode of locomotion has its advantages from the standpoint of the Easter paraders. Those afoot have the best chance to be seen, whereas those in motors or carriages have the best opportunities to see, and since the aim and object of this fashion parade is that its devotees may see and be seen it will be realized that it is virtually a standoff between those who walk and those who ride.

In point of numbers participating, easily the greatest Easter fashion parade in America is that which takes place on this eventful day on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. People flock from all sections of the country to the New Jersey resort. They come, many of them will tell you, because Atlantic City is supposed to have a mild and equable spring climate, but the real reason in most instances is a realization that the "natural study of mankind is man" and that here may be found a greater assemblage of representatives of the human race than at any other Easter mecca on this side of the Atlantic. There are sometimes as many as 100,000 people in the Easter parade at Atlantic City and they devote themselves to marching and countermarching on that five-mile elevated esplanade because there is little else to do at Atlantic City at Easter when it is, of course, too cold for sea bathing.

The Atlantic City parade of fashion starts in the morning, though it is not timed to accord with church services, for the simple reason that only a small proportion of the Easter visitors to Atlantic City take time to attend divine worship on this day of days. Instead they spend their time on the great wooden highway—walking or riding in those odd and lazy wheeled chairs pushed by porters or propelled by tricycles. At Atlantic City also there is another fashion parade in the afternoon, though to be strictly accurate we should not say "another" in reality it is a continuation of the same grand march of the gaudy dressers. How any of them manage to get lunch is a mystery, for the crowd on the Boardwalk never suffers any diminution from mid-morn to dusk, and indeed this spectacular continuous performance even goes on after the electric bulbs are aglow and Easter promenaders in other cities have long since sought their own firesides.

The Risen Christ's Easter Message

The message of Easter is identical with the truth that each Lord's day proclaims to men the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The central thought of the apostle's ministry was the resurrection of their Lord and Saviour. It has been the dominant theme of every gospel message. The risen Christ's first communication was sent to his discouraged disciples that they might rejoice because he was risen from the dead.

Does Easter find you discouraged? Have you made a bad investment of your life and labor? Are you disturbed as to the future? Has death terror for you? Then let us rejoice, for Christ has won a victory for us. Let us give thanks because he is risen. His resurrection contains the promise of our endless life. It is also prophetic of the Christian's resurrection when Jesus shall come again. The hopes of eternal life should inspire us with a dynamic force by which we can, through the presence and power of our risen Lord, rise above the difficulties, discouragements and defeats of this present age. His resurrection has solved our problem, removed sin and burdens that have filled us with despair, and turned our apparent defeats into one glorious triumph. The gospel of the resurrection proclaims a victory of regeneration over degeneration, of construction over deformation, of life over death, that Christ has secured for every creature that will believe on him as their risen Saviour.

To the disciple that denied him early on Easter morn Christ sent a message that recalled Peter to his service. Have you been following Christ afar off? Has your life been marred by sin? Have you denied your Lord? If so, Easter has a message for you. Repent, return to your Lord and then you will rejoice that he is risen and he will restore unto you the joy of your salvation.

The last message that the Master gave to his disciples was delivered near Bethany, while they were still in sight of the capital city of

Jerusalem. On this Easter morn from Bethany's study overlooking the Capital city of our nation I would call upon all the followers of the Christ to obey him and enter into the Master's work of winning the world for their Lord. As he commanded, so I would urge that you obey his call to evangelize the world with the gospel, enlist disciples for his service and educate all believers to be obedient to whatsoever our Lord has commanded. The Christian conquests of the centuries, the marvelous missionary awakening of Christendom preparing to conquer the world for the glory of Christ by the consecration of men and means and by the co-operation of the Christian forces under the leadership of the Holy Spirit is one of the many modern testimonies of the power of the risen Lord that is leading the hosts of God on to complete the triumph of Christ when he revealed on resurrection morn his power over life and death.

The religion of Jesus contains the only hope for the world. His is the only religion that meets the needs of all men. He is the only founder of a religion that has risen from the dead and offers everlasting life to all. Let us consecrate ourselves around his empty tomb this Easter morn to help him save the world by carrying the gospel of his resurrection to all that are lost.—Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson.

Man With Only Half a Brain

There is a man with only half a brain in the convalescent home of the Sabbatberg sanitarium at Stockholm, Sweden. His name is Blomquist, and he is a young soldier who was hit by a stray bullet at firing practice last summer. The bullet went through the left temple and passed out again through the right side of the skull. It was a bad case, but the surgeons, finding that no motor centers of the brain were injured, proceeded to operate although they had little

hope of saving the man's life. For two weeks the patient was unconscious, his breathing was feeble and he had to be artificially fed. Then by degrees consciousness returned. His speech and eyesight were badly affected, but both improved gradually. Today, apart from somewhat dimmed eyesight and general weakness, he is well on the road to recovery, but retains one conspicuous defect, he cannot read or write. He can distinguish letters, but is unable to connect them into words. The part of the brain he has lost, it appears, is the sense of memory of what he learned in his youth.

Party Feeling.
The Excited Spinster—Oh, Ethel, we're going to have such a time at the party. The new curate's coming, and he's color blind!
Ethel—Well, dear, what difference does that make?
The Excited Spinster—Why, he thinks all the hollyberries are mistletoe.—London Sketch.

The Nurse's Story

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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When I went to take charge of Mrs. Darrell's case, I was tired and half sick. I had been up for nights with a pneumonia patient. I tried to beg off, when Dr. Hearn telephoned that he wanted me, but he was insistent.

"No one else will do," he said. "I need some one who has imagination."

I saw his reasons for wanting me as soon as I came into the big room and looked at the little woman lying among the pillows.

The bed was so big and she was so tiny that she was almost lost in all the whiteness. There were pink silk curtains coming down from the mahogany canopy, but even these gave no color to the thin face with the big eyes.

"He doesn't love me any more," was the statement made by the pale lips, as I bent over her.

"Oh, I'm very sure he does," I said soothingly, "but he can't tell you."

"Can't he?" she asked eagerly. "How do you know?"

"The fairies told me," I said, "now you go to sleep and don't think any more about it."

I saw at once that she was like a child, and so I talked more about fairies, and how they always made everything come out right, and at last I saw her eyes close, and when Dr. Hearn came she was asleep.

"How did you do it?" he demanded.

"She needed comfortings," I said. "Is her husband?"

The doctor nodded. "I can't make it out. He seems to be perfectly devoted, but she says that he's hiding something from her. And she isn't very strong. She is in a neurasthenic condition, and I thought your wholesomeness was what she needed. That's why I got you here."

I saw really that night. He was tall and dark and strong, and when he bent over my little pale lady and kissed her it seemed as if she



"Oh!" She Cried, "I'm Going to Get Better Right Away."

must gain help from his vivid personality.

But she turned from him. "Please—don't," she wailed.

He drew back and I saw the desperation in his eyes. "What shall I do with her, nurse?" was the question those eyes seemed to ask, though his lips did not move.

My eyes answered him, and I gave a little nod, which seemed to reassure him. "All right, dearest," he said, "but tomorrow morning I shall come again, and then—you'll let me kiss you?"

She looked up at him sharply. "What makes you say that?" she cried.

I interposed. "It will be the happy ending of the fairy tale."

She put her hands over her face and began to cry, weakly. "There can never be a happy ending," she wailed.

I motioned to him to go away, and it took me an hour to get her quiet. I gave her an alcohol rub and a glass of warm milk and put hot water bags around her, and still she shivered and shook, and at last I thought I'd try mental suggestion. So I took both of her hands in mine and said quietly: "Now you are going to sleep."

"How can I sleep," she cried, "when he loves some one else?"

Then I saw what was troubling her and I bent over her and whispered: "He's under a spell and you must help him to break the charm."

She sat up in bed. "How can I help?" she asked, feverishly.

"You must kiss him three times in the morning and every time you must say 'I love you.'"

"And then will he be just the same?" she asked, "as he used to be when he wasn't hiding anything from me?"

"He will be just the same."

In a little while she was asleep and there was the faintest shadow of a smile on her lips.

Then I went to look for her husband and found him sitting in front of a dying fire in the library.

I sat down opposite him and asked abruptly: "What are you keeping from her?"

For a moment he stared at me, and then he said, somewhat haughtily, "Why should I tell you?"

"Because I am here to help cure your wife, and I cannot cure her until I know the truth."

He gripped the arms of his chair with tense fingers. "I haven't told a soul," he said, "but every one will know, presently. I am a ruined man."

"You mean that you have lost your money?"

"Yes."

"Go to her tomorrow morning, and tell her," I said.

"And kill her? She has never known what it was to live without luxury. And when the truth comes out, I shan't have a cent."

"You have youth and strength," I said.

He drew a long breath, as if he squared his shoulders to meet the future.

"And you have love," I continued. "But you won't have love long unless you tell your wife the truth."

The next morning my patient was awake early. "Do you think it will really break the charm if I kiss him three times?" was the first question she asked as I bent over the bed.

"Surely. And now while I am combing your hair I will tell you a story."

She had wonderful hair, fair and rippling, like ripe wheat in a field when the wind blows over it. I put it up for her in soft puffs and tied a ribbon around it of palest pink, and while I worked I talked.

"Once upon a time," I said, "there was a prince who married a lovely princess. Now the princess had always lived in a beautiful castle and the prince took her to another castle just as beautiful. And the princess had everything that heart could wish."

"Oh, you mean me," she breathed, and her eyes were shining; "tell me some more, nurse."

"And one day the prince learned that a wicked wizard had put a charm on him, and that he would have to leave the beautiful castle and go and live in a little, little hut, 'way back in the woods, and that he would have to work until his hands were hard and his back was bent. And so he didn't dare tell the princess, because he knew if he told her she would want to go, too, and she would have to wear shabby clothes, and sweep the little hut, and prepare the plain food, and perhaps her lovely hands would get hard and her slender shoulders would also bend with the burdens. So the prince kept silent about the spell that was to come upon him, and the princess grew jealous, and said to herself, 'He doesn't love me any more.'"

She clasped her hands. "Just as I said it."

"Yes. And she wondered if the prince loved any one else, and she wondered and wondered until she felt sick, and—and the prince, looking at her, thought his heart would break, but still he didn't dare to tell her about the hut in the forest."

I had finished tying the pink ribbons and she reached up and caught my hands in hers. "Nurse, nurse," she gasped, "was that all—oh, was that all—that he had just lost his old money?"

And when I told her the truth she cried in my arms. Then she sat up and made me put on her prettiest pink komono, and she walked weakly from the bed to a big chair in the window. And when he came in she held out her hand to him.

"Oh," she cried, "I'm going to get strong right away—and then we'll go and live in the hut in the forest."

He looked at her with puzzled eyes, until I said: "I told her a fairy tale about the prince who had to take the princess away from the beautiful castle."

His arms were about her and I heard her say as I went out of the room, "You must kiss me three times—"

And that night, Dr. Hearn said in a satisfied way, "We shan't need you much longer here, nurse. I told you it needed a woman with imagination to take this case."

DRIVEN TO THE TELEPHONE

Seemed the Only Way Woman Could Impart Information to Her Busy Husband.

A piece of news too important to wait till night, and too interesting to be committed to the telephone reached the woman about 1 o'clock, so she traveled five miles to her husband's office to relate it in person. She drew a chair up close to his desk and began:

"I came to tell you—"

"Wh-r-r-r," cut in the telephone on his desk.

The man talked into the receiver for about five minutes, then made a few notes, after which his wife resumed:

"I came to tell you that—"

"Wait a minute," he said. "There goes that confounded wire again."

It went that time and it went again and again, only punctuated between calls by the woman's ineffectual, "I came to tell you." Finally she got up in despair.

"I think I had better wait till night to tell you," she said.

"Yes," he said, "perhaps you had. I seem pretty busy now."

Outside the office the urgency of her message overpowered all other considerations. Profiting by her recent experience she sought the nearest drug store and telephoned her news. He listened in explanatory astonishment.

"And you wanted to telephone me that?" he said. "Why on earth didn't you tell me when you were here?"

"Oh," she said, "I had a reason."

Iceland Education.
Icelanders are now famous for their high standard of education. Every child of ten in this remote little land can read and write, neither abject poverty nor excessive wealth is seen, and crime is rare; and the latest step in the evolution of this remarkable people is the founding of a university at the capital.

ALWAYS THE LURE OF WEALTH

Records Show Citizens and Priests of Babylon Were Expert at Money Gathering.

Recent discoveries of the wonders of Babylonian civilization, re-enforced by the fruits of earlier explorations, show that "business is business" as a rule of life is as old as history. As far back as 2,000 years before Christ the

Babylonian merchant banked regularly and issued his brick "checks" and bills of exchange, and the law stepped in, even as it does today, to preserve inviolate the rights of property. So keen were the business instincts of the people that even the priests were not above a deal in offerings and in real estate. Indeed a great part of the commerce of Babylon was concentrated in the temples.

The vast quantities of metals, cereals and other commodities which, either as gifts to the temples or offer-

ings to the gods poured in daily were sold by the priests, who did not neglect to get their full margin of profit. Business ability indeed seems to have been an important qualification for admission to the priesthood. Careful accounts of revenue and expenditure were kept, and these show that investments in loans and the purchases of land and other profitable dealings were a regular part of the fiscal activities of the priestly establishments.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the buried records which have come

to light are the contract tablets kept by a firm of bankers and money lenders known as "the sons of Egibi," established at Babylon before the time of Sennacherib, probably as early as 1,000 B. C., and which existed for several centuries. These "brick books," as they have been called, constitute the chief source of our knowledge of life in ancient Babylon.

The firm of Egibi possessed enormous wealth and influence and have been designated the "Rothschilds of the ancient world."