

Atlantic City

By WALDON FAYCETT

DIFFERENT localities throughout the United States have varied forms of Easter observance, each novel and distinctive in its way, but it is safe to say that the most spectacular of these events is the great Easter parade on the board walk at Atlantic City. Each American city, to be sure, has its Easter parade along about church time on the joyous morning, but none of these, not even the famous show of fashion on Fifth avenue, New York, can approach in magnitude and splendor the informal procession in honor of the spring holiday at the seaside.



Real Estate Exchange

OF WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL
Exchange Bank Birmingham Michigan

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing we request that parties who wish to see what they want in this list.

- 270. Four lots in Woodland Avenue, 170 feet front on Woodland, 170 feet deep.
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PROBLEMS DISCUSSIBLE BY WALDON FAYCETT

THE GREAT EASTER PARADE AT ATLANTIC CITY

It is no commonplace sight, this panorama of 150,000 people, all attired in their most impressive raiment, tramping up and down an esplanade five miles long to see and be seen.

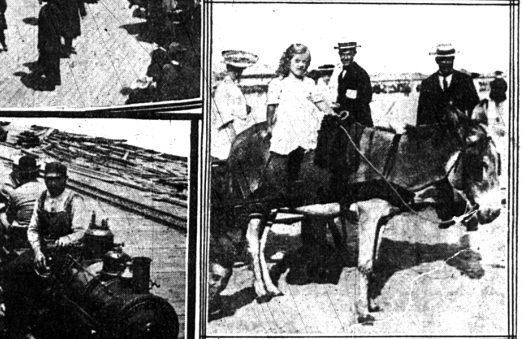
Perhaps, if you haven't been initiated, you raise your eyebrows at the thought of Atlantic City as an Easter resort. We are wont to think of sea shore resorts as bleak places in winter, with biting winds sweeping over the sand stretches and whipping mournfully the tattered remnants of last season's ice cream signs. Surely no person bent on enjoying an Easter vacation would go elsewhere than to a southern resort—not even to a northern one—not even to a resort north than Old Point Comfort, at any rate. That logic is passing, however, for all that it is very well in its way and sounds plausible even today.

The people of the eastern part of the United States have come to accept Atlantic City as the pre-eminently Easter mecca and the pleasure loving residents of the middle west and the far west are gradually taking the same view, although they had long been accustomed to recognize it only as a summer paradise and the middle west to this day reserves its main pilgrimage for August, when they are bathing at one time as many people as reside in the state of Wyoming.

Just what converted Atlantic City from a summer playground into an all-the-year-resort, with

most of the women in the Easter parade wear furs, and as a rule the air is bracing and mild enough to encourage lengthy constitutional. Incidentally it may be remarked that the luxurious rolling chairs which constitute a distinctive feature of life at Atlantic are not so well patronized at Easter as in dog days. Easter weather is of a kind to encourage walking and the chairs which are abroad at this season are housed in with glass.

The Easter tide brings nature—and there is no better place in the world for such study—instinctively draws contrasts between the Easter throng and the summer vacation crowd at Atlantic City. In July and August, when the city by the sea is entertaining some 200,000 visitors a day, this whirlpool of humanity is filled for the most part with wage earners and salaried folk and their families who can afford but one vacation a year and elect to enjoy it here, tarrying beside the sea for a week or ten days or two weeks.



A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT OF THE LITTLE FOLKS

At Easter, on the other hand, the assemblage at Atlantic City is recruited largely from the wealthy and leisure classes—it is the rendezvous of fashion at this period, just as Newport and Bar Harbor in midsummer.

For all that the throng at Easter does not equal that when the summer excursion business is at flood tide, almost all of Atlantic City's one thousand hotels and boarding houses are open to receive the spring merry-makers who pour in at the rate of 300 carloads a day for several days before Easter. What the Easter invaders lack in numbers they make up in spending power and this insures them a double welcome on the great amusement highway where the opportunities of retail trade are charged for a tiny store room, every restaurant, and every shop such a golden harvest for the hotel keepers and merchants at the Brighton of America is all the more significant when it is taken into consideration that the week end—that is, for the interval from Friday afternoon to Monday morning.

At Atlantic City the Easter throng is a class by itself. It is upward of five miles long and 40 feet wide throughout its main section and cost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

On the one hand this board walk affords grandstands an unobstructed view of the sea, while on the other the marine esplanade is lined with hundreds of restaurants, amusement places, and shops in America. Inter-spaced at frequent intervals are art auction rooms. A large proportion of the visitors to Atlantic City are women and their escorts. The most conspicuous of these conduct these auction emporiums are manifestly well aware. Aside from the never-ending procession of the most famous of the city's amusement is provided by the picturesque "barker," the fakir, the street musicians and the sand sculptors who line the board walk. Finally great numbers of the throng are attracted to the effect, an "anneer" of the board walk—extended seaward from the beach a third of a mile or more and affording a view of the sea, with an ocean liner save the sea-sickness. On these pier are the great music halls and concert auditoriums, where are held the popular dances for which Atlantic City is famous.

RESURRECTION

A magic wand hath touched the sleeping earth, And at its summons, lo, a glorious dawn! To countless joys, field and hill give birth, And myriad triumphs in a breath are born.

Old winter's woe, like mist, hath rolled away, And over all a rose-hued splendor glows; Love, pleasure, hope—no flowers—adorn the day.

Ecstatic peace in every streamlet flows.

Sweet spring is here! The Easter of our souls! Ourselves with promise, burdened with delight; A noble presence in each hour that rolls; A precious treasure in each moment's flight.

O magic wand! O faithful hand and true! We give thee praise and gratitude for this— Thy touch hath quickened blood and brain anew.

And thrilled our lips with fresh-filled cup of bliss.

—Laura W. Sheldon, in Metropolitan Magazine.

STRANGE EASTER RITES.

in no corner of this whimsical old world of ours can be found more naive traditions of Easter than those treasured in the heart of the Macedonian race, on the border between Europe and Asia.

Even before the 40 days' fast is quite over, the rejoicing that is to follow full-blown at Easter begins, crocuses, to push its bright way upward through the gloom of abstinence and vigil, and a writer in Housekeeper, on Palm Sunday, in little bands of three and four, the

special fascinations at Easter, it is difficult to determine, although the residents of the pleasure metropolis ascribe it all to their discovery that the Gulf stream comes nearer to the coast off Atlantic City than at any other place north of Florida and thus moderates the temperature and softens the ocean breezes in a degree not enjoyed elsewhere. (Cander compels the confession that there have been Easter Sundays when Atlantic City presented a decidedly chilly aspect out of doors, and even under the best conditions

"Palm Maidens," each flourishing a festive gold-embroidered handkerchief, go from house to house singing their happy carols.

Holy Thursday, radiant with red sashes from every balcony—fluttering symbols of the brightness of the spring—is the great egg-dying day. With the first egg dyed the fond mother forms the sign of the cross upon the face and neck of her doted, we nestling, saying: "Mayest thou grow as red as this egg and strong as a stone." Then gently she places it beside the loon of the Virgin where it remains during the coming year—perhaps for a tender reminder to the holy Image of the wish that the earthly mother has just uttered—that the divine mother may grant its fulfillment.

At 12 o'clock Easter even a midnight mass is celebrated. The Gospel is read in the churchyard "beneath the silent stars." There follows the joyous hymn "Christ is Risen"—the glad outburst of freemans, the clattering tongues of bells, the priest, holding up a lighted candle, bids all "Come and receive light," and in happy confusion the torchlights its candles.

With these little flickering torches in their eager hands, they turn to the church. The doors are closed and locked. Loudly they knock, their voices raised in solemn chant:

"Lift the gates, O ye rulers of ours, and ye eternal gates be lifted, for there will enter Christ, the King of Glory!"

A voice within demands: "Who is this King of Glory?"

"And the answer breaks forth exultantly: "He is the Lord strong and powerful. He is the Lord mighty in war!"

Home from the service, many slip red eggs under their sleeping children's pillows while the little ones awake Easter morning they may discover that Paschalis, the female personification of Easter, has surprised the household with a fairy visit.

The land, part of which will be occupied by the building, belonged at one time to Elder William Brewster.

This house abounded in many anecdotes, and when Gen. Goodwin lived there, at the time of the revolutionary war, he entertained many famous guests of his time.

On the corner of the Baptist church lot is the famous Elder Brewster spring from which excursionists in the summer stop and drink, and it is reported that more people from different parts of the world have drunk from this historic spring than any other similar place in the United States.

The average Frenchman of to-day can at a smaller price have much better wine than the wealthy Frenchman of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The Frenchman of the fifteenth century, while in nowadays kept largely in bottles, while in the past only coarsely used. Even at the table of Louis XV. wine was rarely served in bottles.

OLDEST STREET IN AMERICA

Government is to Build Postoffice on Historic Ground of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Plymouth, Mass. is about to have a public building built by the government for a postoffice and custom house, and the lot selected is on a historic site at the corner of the Palm street and Main street extension, the oldest street in America.

Showing Friends' Progress.

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