

EASTER SUN FINDS THE PAST IN SHADOW AT MODERN PARADE

**Lone Prancing Team in Stream
of Gleaming Motors in 5th
Av. Recalls Bygone Days.**

TOP HATS GLINT IN CROWDS

**Throngs, Bigger Than Ever, Are
a Riot of Color as Churches
Let Out to Music of Organs.**

PARADE OF JOBLESS PUT ON

**Group of Girls Puff at Cigarettes
as a Gesture of "Freedom"—
Resorts Near City Well Filled.**

It was noon in Fifth Avenue and the sidewalks were a bright medley of color yesterday as an unbroken stream of glinting automobiles moved in the sunshine. The churches were letting out. Faint organ notes echoed from the dim interiors, banked with blossoms and fragrant with the perfume of lilies.

Modern, prosperous New York was celebrating Easter. The models of the machines were 1929. The fashions on display were those of the future. A group of young women, who said they were smashing a tradition and not favoring any particular brand, strolled along the lane between the tiered skyscrapers and puffed cigarettes.

One Fleeting Note of the Past.

There was nothing to suggest the Easters of bygone days. Then all at once to those in front of St. Thomas's the past came back. It was a fleeting touch that came and went in the clatter of horses' hoofs.

The traffic lights had flashed red. The glistening cavalcade of motors had halted, when two smart bays pranced up to wait in front of the church until the lights signaled green. The bays beat a restive tattoo on the asphalt. Flecks of white showed where the carefully oiled harness, with its polished bits of nickel, had chafed their sides.

The horses were attached to a glossy coach, which may well have been the product of another generation of Brewsters. Perched on the box (upholstered in mulberry) sat a grave, florid, utterly dignified coachman. One gloved hand held the reins, the other the whip. His foreshortened topper was adorned with a cockade.

Paraders paused, chauffeurs looked on superciliously. Within the carriage sat two elderly women, muffled in furs. Placidly they sat in the obscure interior, perhaps scorning the present in the light of the past. Then the traffic policeman blew his whistle. There was the snap of a whip, a quick tug at the reins, a flurry of hoof beats, and the reminiscent note was lost in the cacophony of shifting gears, impatient motor horns and the sharp report of a backfire.

Resorts Have Parades, Too.

As the coach disappeared in the traffic the parade got under way in earnest, a turn-out greater in numbers than any of recent years. The benign weather also brought forth promenaders in Easter raiment at Atlantic City, Coney Island and other resorts where the same cloudless condition prevailed.

There were fashion parades along Park Avenue, Broadway, the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, in Harlem and all around the town. Grand Street for the first time in many years failed to put on its east side fashion show. Most of its annual spectators and participants apparently had adjourned to Central and other parks to envisage Summer in the buds and young leaves.

Fifth Avenue, however, by right of tradition, was the centre of the display of finery, feminine and masculine. There were times when the sauntering promenaders were wedged from curb to building line and when all one saw of fashion was the crowns of hats, with an occasional silk topper rising above the general level.

Predictions by the Weather Bureau of rain or at least showers, with lowering temperatures to follow, did not decrease the outpouring. But it did send most of the women to the avenue with fur or cloth coats concealing Easter outfits and caused most of the men to cling to their overcoats or at least to topcoats.

As the sun climbed higher, however, and the sky grew more blue the coats were discarded and all of the splendor of the show was revealed. Up and down the thoroughfare every person on display and each judging the others' costumes, the paraders strolled, basking in the sunshine of heaven and of sartorial appreciation.

Cameras Click by the Score.

Even before the church services began to draw the majority of the paraders to the avenue the sidewalks were crowded with strollers and with persons who had come to watch the show. An unusually large number of visitors to the city were in the early promenade and seemingly

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every visitor had brought along a camera.

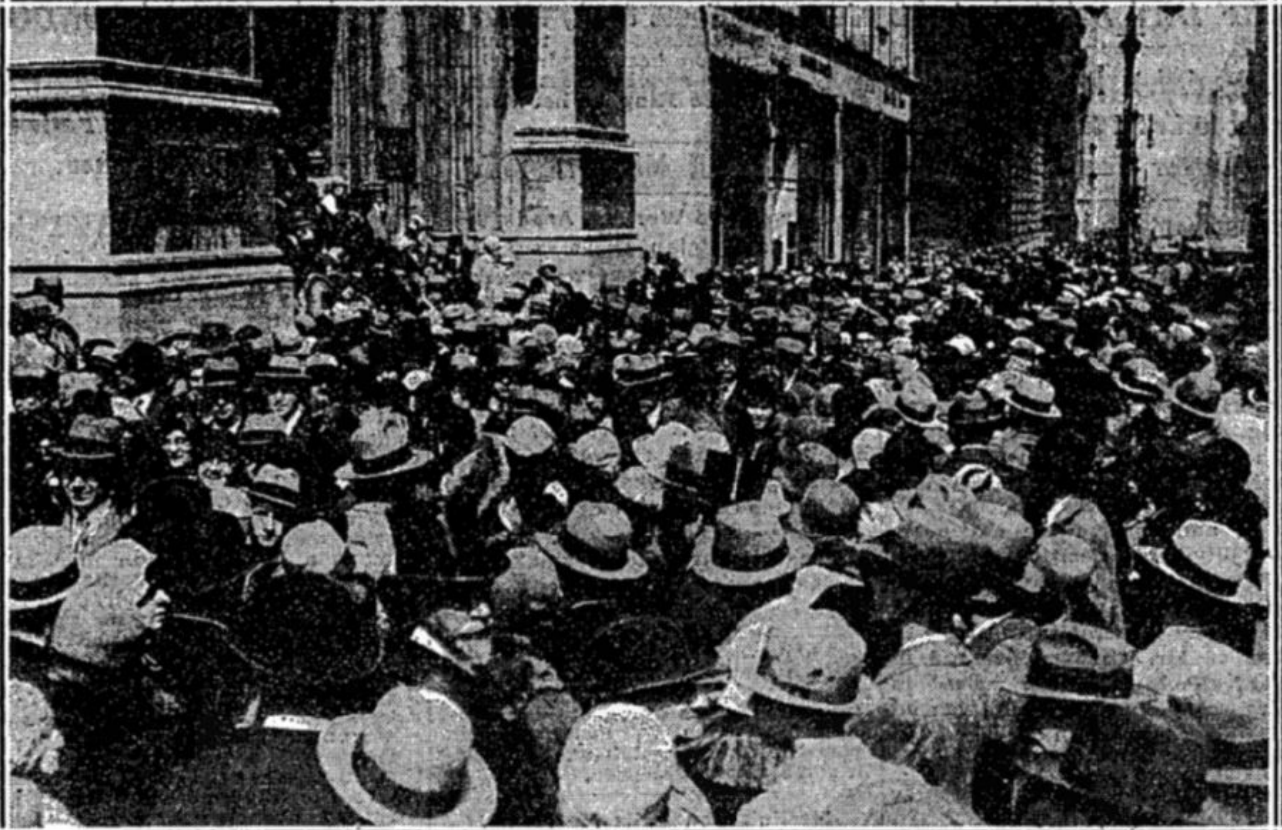
When the ranks of the paraders were still open the amateur photographic brigade was exceptionally active. The advent of a silk hat was the signal for shutters to click by the score. The blasé professional photographers, awaiting the appearance of "big game" after the church services, regarded this poaching with disdain.

At noon when the doors of St. Thomas's, St. Patrick's Cathedral and other notable churches along the avenue were flung open the effect was magical. The sidewalks between Forty-second Street and Fifty-ninth Street were jammed and the scene, which up to then had been dotted with only an occasional spot of color, became like a Scotch plaid.

Paraders could scarcely walk in front of the Cathedral and for a time the throng moved up and down before the twin-spired gray church at a pace that even a snail would call slow. The activities of professional movie and still photographers, waxing greater as the notables appeared, added to the confusion.

Mounted on the tops of delivery wagons or perched in touring cars, the photographers would see some one worth a picture. They would bear down in a general rush to make the photograph. The other paraders would veer this way and that to see who was being snapped, and the procession would halt then and there at that particular spot.

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Times Wide World Photo.

A View of the Easter Throng at St. Thomas's Church in Fifth Avenue.

Style Copyists Take Movies.

Style copyists appeared with a new method of capturing the modes. Formerly they lurked at corners, notebook and pencil in hand, to make quick sketches of novel hats or dresses. Yesterday they were out with small motion-picture cameras and when they saw anything they wanted to pirate they dashed up and ground out a picture of it.

One thing that the parade disclosed in the way of feminine fashion was the general disinclination to follow the dictum of Paris that skirts be longer. Here and there were hemlines showing a tendency to dip in uneven frills, which were longer, but the general rule was short skirts.

Hats, however, showed more in the way of novelty. Their variety of shape staggered the masculine observer. Their colors were vivid, ranging from the scarlet of a tanager to a greenish yellow, called absinthe. Some had lace brims, a few had nose veils and the majority were snug little affairs designed to nestle tightly to bobbed heads. Several striking hats, which looked like black lace, were of finely woven black straw.

Black and dark blue coats were the most popular wraps, with an occasional beige or gray ensemble standing forth in contrast. Large clusters of artificial or genuine flowers were worn by most of the feminine paraders.

It was in the matter of shoes, however, that the most eye-smiting effects were achieved. There was the usual display of snakeskin footgear, but these appeared far outnumbered by the new solid color boots. The colors were purple, green, pink, beige and some were in combinations of these shades.

Gray Predominates for Men.

Gray seemed to predominate among the masculine paraders, but here and there were seen splendid creations in startling blues or creams or purples. A great number of the paraders, especially during the "church parade," were in cutaways, striped ties and trousers, and during one period of the procession the number of silk hats was greater than in any parade in years.

The exceedingly correct cutaway-topper ensemble naturally ruled in Park Avenue, but even in Fifth Avenue after the Social Registerites had thinned out the silk hat held its own. Only a genius for statistics could compute the number of gardenias that flowered on lapels.

At noon when the parade was going strong Urbain Ledoux, better known as "Mr. Zero," staged his annual parade of the unemployed as a demonstration of want in the midst of plenty. Mr. Zero mobilized twenty-six of his customers at The Tub, his restaurant in St. Mark's Place. Battered plug hats and straw headgear salvaged from last Summer were issued to them. Some carried canes and all wore shoes with wooden soles.

Mr. Zero took his paraders to the front of St. Patrick's and formed them in line. They carried no banners and laughed and joked as he led them up the east side of the avenue to St. Thomas's, where they solemnly a-bout-faced and marched back to the cathedral. The wooden soles clattered loudly during the brief excursion. The paraders later went to The Tub for cake, coffee, cigars and cigarettes.

About a dozen young women strolled back and forth between St. Thomas's and St. Patrick's while the parade was at its peak, ostentatiously smok-



Times Wide World Photo.

Fifth Avenue Filled With Promenaders, St. Patrick's Cathedral at the Right.

ing cigarettes. Two were asked which brand they favored, and they named it. One of the group explained the cigarettes were "torches of freedom" lighting the way to the day when women would smoke on the street as casually as men.

**TEXTILE MILLS SEE AID
IN LONG EASTER FROCKS**

Covering of Women's Knees in

500,000 at Atlantic City.

Atlantic City reported nearly 500,000 visitors yesterday, which turned the resort into a fashion centre and an outdoor garage. The weather there, however, was not ideal. It was sunshiny and clear during the morning, but the temperature was chilly and in the afternoon the sky became overcast. Most of those on the Boardwalk were in furs and overcoats, but a few hardy souls ventured to display their Easter togger.

The same cool weather that chilled Atlantic City a trifle made itself felt at Coney Island, where 300,000 strolled along the Boardwalk. Automobile traffic was heavy and Captain James Gillan had fifty extra policeman in Surf Avenue.

Steeplechase Park opened for the season and most of the concessionaires were back of their stands. Several hundred persons donned bathing suits and tried to work up a foundation for a Summer tan. Several went into the white-capped surf, whipped up by a fresh offshore wind. The first lost child of the season was Naomi Sunshine, 4 years old, of 1,914 Avenue K, Brooklyn, who was reclaimed by her father, William Sunshine.

More than 50,000 persons went to the Rockaways. Although there were no top-hats among the men-attired in their holiday best, the coruscating tints of the hats and frocks of their women-folk vied with those displayed along Fifth and Park Avenues. There was a marked increase in the volume of motorists bound for the Rockaways and at one time the Beach Channel Drive and Cross Bay Boulevard were choked by traffic. Policemen soon untangled the snarls. Similar heavy traffic was reported from Long Beach, where 75,000 spent the holiday.

Special Services at Sing Sing.

Throughout Westchester County the holiday was marked by special services and musical programs. At Sing Sing prison the services were conducted by the Rev. Anthony N. Petersen, Presbyterian chaplain; the Rev. John McCaffrey, Catholic chaplain, and a Christian Science reader.

An ordinary menu was served, but longer periods in the prison yards were allowed to prisoners.

About 1,000 members of the United Society of Young People of the Protestant Churches of Westchester County gathered at Valhalla at dawn for sunrise services to solemnize Easter. The services were held on a large plaza at the end of the Bronx River Parkway, within the shadow of Kensico Dam, and were conducted by the Rev. George H. Smythe, pastor of Hitchcock Memorial Church, Scarsdale. The society plans to make the open-air Easter worship an annual custom.

A brief lull in the rush of holiday traffic at the railroad stations, between the exodus which ended Saturday evening and the subsequent rush back to the city, ended at nightfall yesterday, when extra coaches and extra sections began to bring back the holiday seekers. The return rush continued until late last night, and will be resumed early this morning with the return of trains from points on an overnight trip from New York.

A counter-tide was reported by the New York Central of persons who had come into the city for Easter. Four extra excursion trains came into the Grand Central Terminal in the morning and went back last night. There were also four extra trains to Canada yesterday, carrying persons on the annual Easter pilgrimage conducted by the Rev. Thomas Curry of St. Aedan's Church, Newark.

All Atlantic City trains coming into the Pennsylvania Station last night were run in two sections, while the same situation will apply to trains from Washington which will arrive this morning.