

Easter Opement

IZOLA TOKRESTIK

HERBERT left her on one of the red velvet settees in the ladies' writing room in the hotel. They had planned that far all the way down in the train from Poughkeepsie. "No one is there that we know," Vera declared. "Cousin Muriel says she can go into that hotel and look. They'll think we're sight-seeing. And Muriel says there are public phone booths, and everything, down at one of the writing tables and send word to mother while and telephone to—what did his name is?"

Herbert promptly scribbled to his black leather note book. "Here it is. I put it down on the bad boy," Vera laughed, looking at his shoulder. "I believe I dated this all along."

For months! Just as soon as I had the California apartment. Do you suppose I was going out there alone for two weeks? The secretary of the company that the preference would be given to a married man, and I sent word that I would be married the day I reached San Francisco."

Muriel sent herself at the little writing table, and drew gloves quickly and nervously. A page came and she stared at the blank sheet. All about her were people, people! A faint, intangible perfume of the air like the very quintessence of the varied flowers of the garden. There was a parade of gowns on women who knew of wearing them, to and fro Peacock Alley. Softly shaded cheeks here and there all it was mid-day, and from some came the strains of an orchestra.

She raised her head and breathed her eyes half shut from the



"Climb right in," said Uncle John, cordially.

by of it all. Her wedding day! Minutes Herbert would be back. All arrangements made, in one short hour they would be wed, and then, what difference make how they raged back. She would go to California and share his fight as a soldier, not hang back, and wait had gone through the thick little and won or lost. She had with firm lips, and start-write on the smooth cream with the imposing crest at the

Dear Aunt Jane.

the time you receive this, Herbert shall have been married." She pipped and smiled dreamily at the words. The Easter past her unseen. But all somebody caught her by the hand and a girlish voice

Warden, what on earth—oh, Uncle John, this is Cousin Vera, you know, from up

God bless my heart, child, in time."

John Mumford, two hundred odd pounds, encased in a tall silk hat, and new took Vera by her arm and in her. "You are the sev-

"What?" asked Vera

all going up Fifth avenue, to see the Easter Parade. Vera's got a taxi. Come along,

atched herself in a daze cousin's clinging arm. "It er do to tell them the truth. ight be back any instant at while she hesitated, a page rds her, bearing a huge bou- olets, gorgeous, single-petal- tied with violet satin rib- other bridal extravagance 's. A sudden inspiration

came to her, and she caught the page by his sleeve.

"Wait, oh, please wait a minute," she whispered, and tearing off the card from the flowers, she wrote on it:

"Uncle John here. Must go with him up Fifth avenue in taxicab. Meet me in Central Park."

When the page handed that card to an earnest, happy looking young man just issuing from the telephone booths, he stared at it in utter amazement. It was in Vera's handwriting. The page had disappeared in the crush. Herbert glanced at his watch. He had talked with his college chum, Rev. Hardy Illingsworth, over the telephone, and discovered that he could not be married without a license. Mrs. Illingsworth was giving a sort of Easter reception that afternoon, but she would be delighted to take charge of his bride-elect until he could procure the license the next day. And now the bride-elect was gone, gone out into the mass of humans and vehicles on crowded Fifth avenue on Easter day, gone somewhere in a taxi with Uncle John, and had sent him word to meet her at Central Park.

Herbert crushed the card in his hand, and made for the carriage entrance. Taxis were at a premium. He wandered by inches to the Fifth avenue side, and after waiting what seemed several hours, he found foot room on an auto bus, bound uptown. Every taxicab he passed, he scanned.

"This is a Riverside 'bus, isn't it?" he heard somebody say behind him, and a chill ran over him. And Vera had told him to meet her at Central Park. There were how many square miles to Central Park?

All about him the sweet Easter bells were pealing. The warm spring sunshine flooded all the world, it seemed. And everywhere were flowers, flowers, real ones in almost price-less profusion, and artificial ones hardly less gorgeous, atop young faces, and old ones, lovely ones and ugly ones.

Vera had on a drooping pearl gray hat, he remembered, with one sweeping white plume on it, and a mass of white crushy stuff tacked here and there over the rest of it. Her dress was gray also, and there were the violets. Surely he could tell her among the multitude by her violets, and her brown eyes and curly hair. He got off at Columbus Circle, where the bus started on its westward course, and stood on the corner where the policeman would not notice his haggard face and hungry eyes.

"Vera, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself a bit," said Muriel, as they were stopped by the traffic policeman at Fifty-eighth street. "You didn't even look at the Vanderbilt houses. What's the matter, dearie?"

Vera looked up and smiled wanly. What if that page had failed to find Herbert? What if he were searching for her throughout New York? Suddenly she caught sight of a brand new pearl gray Fedora hat with a narrow black band among the throng of hats of the corner curb. Then happened for once in the history of the famous Fifth avenue Easter parade, a sight rarely witnessed. With a quick cry, Vera half rose from her seat in Uncle John's taxicab, and threw her bridal bouquet of violets straight at the pearl Fedora.

"Herbert, Herbert, here I am!" she called, and Herbert responded.

"Don't do anything, Uncle John," Vera gasped, as she leaned back laughing and crying on the cushions. "It's only Herbert. We're eloping, and he lost me."

Uncle John had a sense of humor, and much philosophy. The mounted policeman was looking their way. Herbert was at the step of the taxi, his face pale, his hands holding the violets.

"Climb right in," said Uncle John, cordially. "Don't hold up the New York Easter parade for an elopement. Climb in, and God bless you both. I think I'll give away the bride for this, myself."

And the Easter procession moved on.

Real Easter Service.

An Easter service should produce a resurrection of the thought and feelings; to do this there should be no discords. From the beginning to the end there should be a constant uplift. The decorations of the altar should be more than mere decorations, they should be a suggestion. The Scripture selections and the hymns should all bear in one direction; the music should never overwhelm the thought, but encourage it. The sermon should be filled with the Holy Ghost. The Easter service should be a unit.—Universalist Leader.

AN EASTER CONFERENCE.



The Easter HAT

By KENNETT HARRIS

How do you allow
You want your eggs? Boiled, scrambled, fried
On just one side,
Or poached, or is your mouth all set
For a nice omelet?
Yes, they come high-blamed high,
I don't deny,
But one and all, of high and low condition.
Today,
Whatever price they are obliged to pay,
Indulge in this ovarious nutrition
And eager children run and shout, in quest
Of the gay treasures of the rabbit's nest.

EGGS
OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN PUTS THEM WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

*Eggs! What slush! Fish and fush!
Such rank nonsense makes one blush.
If you're very wise, you're very
Easter's simply millinery.
Just one thing about it, that's
Those sweet, scrumptious Easter
HATS.*

Ker-lang!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!
Cra-ang
About a hundred strong,
From towers and turrets,
The Easter bells are ringing,
And my! just see the dressy, doled-up people
Springing
Along!

*Man and maid in dress parade
Gorgeously they're arrayed;
Stately mommers, pompous poppers,
Rusling silks and shiny toppers,
Lace and ribbons, light cravats
And those darling Easter
HATS.*

The trial
Of forty days of somber self-denial
Is past.
No longer is it laid on us to fast.
And so the cadence of the Easter bells
That sinks and swells!
Kings in the feast of fudge and caramels,
Sing-dong
Dancing and bridge, these are no longer wrong.
Ker-lang! (Here fell the bars)
That kept the deacon from his good cigars.

*Now we view Saintly Sue
Tipping down the avenue,
Fuss and feather linked together,
Fluffy ruffs, patent leather
And, on its supporting rat,
See that perfect Easter
HAT!*

Sing,
My Muse erratic,
Of hats and hats and hats,
Hats decked with dahlia, daffodil and daisy,
Crazy
Straw structures rearing high or squatting low!
No?
Well, that's emphatic.
Oh, well, then, let it go.
No doubt the ringing
Of Easter bells would throw you on the key,
And spoil your singing.
But, take it, Muse, from me
That while we may be pious
The Easter skypiece never quite gets by us.

*Heaven-bent, I too went
To a pastor eloquent,
Dear were the delights I tasted,
But the sermon—that was wasted.
All I saw from where I sat
Was the latest Easter
HAT.*

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