

Emblems of Easter



Where lilies grow
To virgins in a row,
Faith hovers nigh;

Where lilies breathe,
Prayers lift
On high;

And a lily dies
Only when
God sighs. . . .

Greet Sun on
Easter Day on
Mt. Rubidoux

California has the most unique religious event in the world, the annual Easter pilgrimage up Mount Rubidoux, Riverside.

Pilgrims and pilgrimages have been many from the time of Chaucer down, and year after year the great pilgrim centers have steadily drawn the massed crowds. The office of pilgrims may be found in the old service books. There was an appropriate costume, the cockle hat and staff of an invariable shape, and the scrip hung about the neck. The sign of the Canterbury pilgrimage was a bell; the pilgrim to the Holy Land wore a cross formed of strips of colored cloth, and one who returned from a long pilgrimage might be as thickly decorated as a modern soldier, with palms and medals and clasps.

But these pilgrimages were made by people of one creed; the Rubidoux Easter service knows no limitations; it is for people of all creeds, and it is for people of no creed. It is universal.

At first thought, it seems un-American. It is difficult to realize that the modern world of motors and airplanes, speed mad, will pause for simple, unaffected worship with nothing of the spectacular to attract, and ascend a mountain top at daybreak for simple devotion. But, that people are devout, that they long for simplicity in devotion, is proved by the fact that last year, at a conservative estimate, 3,500 people ascended the mountain.

The Road to Rubidoux.

Rubidoux is finely situated for such an event. One wonders if Jacob Riis, when, with a handful of people, he inaugurated this service, saw the vast possibilities of its future. The mountain rises abruptly from the level plain, and is just outside of Riverside. A splendid road, a marvel of engineering, leads to the summit, the ascent and descent being over adjoining shoulders of the mountain for greater safety. The grade is easy, the curves smooth. Near the top, on a mesa, is a parkway, where machines are left at one side, to be cared for until they are required for the descent. It is a wonderful sight to see that long unbroken chain of automobiles ascending and descending, and the vast throng of people massing on the mountain top. Meanwhile, over the rugged mountain side, along the trails, threading hidden paths, clambering everywhere and walking along the smooth roadside, through the people on foot.

In Long Procession.

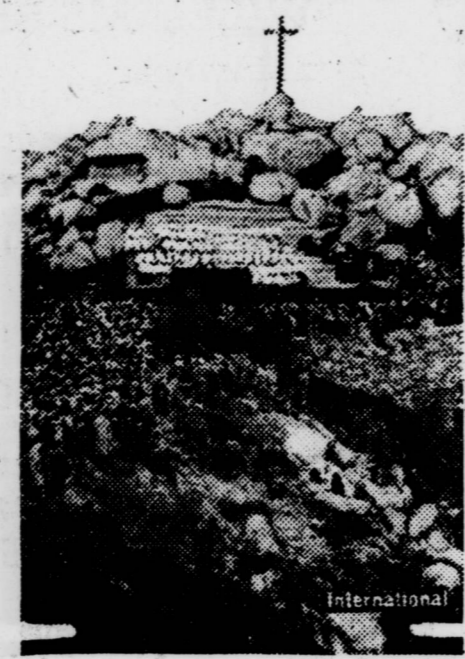
Long before daybreak, while it is yet dark, and Rubidoux is only a deeper shadow on the horizon, one hears the hurrying footsteps on the street and, later, the sound of wheels, then you become one with the long procession. Above you the lights climb, twinkling again, and one looks down, as each curve is rounded, on an interminable climbing row of lights below winding about the rugged bulk, until, at length, the mountain seems sentient, not rock and stone, but thrilling with life. Except for the soft grinding of the wheels, it is silent, for footfalls make no sound. Except for the radiance of the moon, or the momentary flare of a headlight, it is all soft darkness. The light begins to shimmer into a gray translucence, and colors show here and there, a floating veil, a sweater, and, as we pass, brilliant masses of wild flowers show clear yellow, blue or pink

among the great gray bowlders. Then we dismount and wait.

There is a moment's pause. On one hand San Antonio lifts his majestic, white-crowned head above the clinging mists; on the other, faint green and saffron pink herald the dawn. Then, as if for a signal, the golden rim of the rising sun comes up above the eastern slope, color grows and flickers, streaming zenithward, and, as if in response, a cornet sounds clear and strong above the throng, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift Up Your Voice and Sing." Following comes a dear, familiar hymn, the hymn that everybody can sing, and that everybody does sing. Oh, that great volume of song rising from the mountain top! How it thrills the soul. How it catches away the breath for a moment to listen to that "great voice of a great multitude."

No Set Form of Service.

The service is impressive in its simplicity. There are no forms; there is no litany. The Lord's prayer, Scripture reading, responsive, well-known hymns, and always the reading of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's poem, "God on the Open Air." An anthem has been written by Carrie Jacobs Bond for use at the service; it is entitled "Behold the Easter Dawn." Miss Maggella Craft sang the solo parts in this and in two other songs last year. The number of singers was greatly augmented. Mr. Carl Bronson, one of Los Angeles' noted choir leaders, was there with his choir of over 100 voices, and this



Mount Rubidoux, Mecca for a Host of Early-Morning Worshipers on Easter Day.

group of singers was supplemented by members of all the Riverside choirs and music clubs, which made the singing the great feature. They led and directed the singing of this vast outdoor audience.

The annual Easter sunrise service on the top of Rubidoux mountain is unique. It is a service belonging to southern California, yet, already, world wide in note. Begun by a few, it belongs to the people now and will persist by its own inner life.

Bohemian Easter Custom

A curious old custom, that of "Easter riding," prevails in various parts of Bohemia. On each Easter day the riders assemble dressed in black and carrying crosses, flags and other emblems. They proceed from Schonwald on a three hours' ride to Kulm, where they attend services. The priest, after a sermon, wherein he refers to the horse as a symbol of power, bestows the benediction on the animals and their riders. The riders then visit the neighboring castles, where they receive hospitality, subsequently making their way homeward, escorted by a band and a large crowd.—Grit.

Vick's Chemical
Co. Wins Suit

Philadelphia, April 14.—Judge Thompson, presiding in United States district court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, has just handed down a decision in favor of Vick Chemical Company in its case against Frederick E. Strohmeier, in which emphasis is placed by the court upon protection of the buying public against fraudulent use of a trade name, Vick's VapoRub.

"The defendant will be enjoined," Judge Thompson's decision reads, "against use of the plaintiff's trade name, as he has been using it, to deceive and perpetrate a fraud upon the public and, by pirating its trademark, to injure and damage the reputation the plaintiff has built up. A decree may be entered for an injunction accordingly and for damages sustained by the plaintiff and profits derived by the defendant from his acts of infringement and unfair competition."

This case grew out of the action of Strohmeier in the marketing of a cough drop which he claimed, on the package, was "Medicated with Vick's VapoRub." As to this alleged medication, Judge Thompson says in his decision:

"I find from the medical testimony that, as manufactured, there

is no real medication by means of Vick's VapoRub in the defendant's product. That being the case, that statement of medication is false and untrue. I am not satisfied that the defendant has introduced any testimony to sustain his claim that Vicks VapoRub is used at all in his cough drops."

Vicks VapoRub is the sole product of Vick Chemical Co., and has been marketed for a number of years. It was introduced in evidence that over \$7,000,000 has been spent in advertising to establish this product in the confidence of the public, and the extent of such confidence was disclosed in the evidence that over 260,000,000 jars have been sold since 1910, throughout the United States and in over 60 countries abroad. It was charged that the defendant, Strohmeier, by pirating the Vick trade name, was trying to establish his unknown product by associating it in the public mind with Vicks VapoRub, thus not only accomplishing infringement but perpetrating a fraud upon the public. The decision of the court upholds this charge and enjoins Strohmeier from further use of the Vick trade name in connection with his product.

GOOD NIGHT!

Epitaph for a dead cat in a daneway: Sans purr, but not sans reproche.—Dublin Opinion.

While the tall maid is stooping the little one hath swept the house.—English proverb.
Even contention is better than loneliness.—Irish proverb.

HALF PRICE

Save money all year! "Gold Ribbon" Brand Coffee and Chicory has twice the strength of ordinary coffee and you use only half the quantity to a cup. When you buy a pound of "Gold Ribbon" Blend, it's like buying 2 pounds of ordinary coffee—and it tastes better too.



Look at it
this way

IF YOU MADE up your mind to produce the best cigarette ever smoked . . . wouldn't you begin by selecting the choicest tobaccos in all the world? . . . Wouldn't you spend time and money without stint to discover and develop the one most perfect blend? . . . Of course you would. And that's exactly what Camel did. That's why Camel so quickly became the most popular cigarette in America. That's why, no matter what you pay, you can't match it for mild, mellow fragrance and that smooth richness that makes the perfect smoke. . . . Experienced smokers will tell you. . . . It's a great cigarette!

Don't deny yourself the luxury of

CAMELS