EASTER was our usual profound deception in weather. Bleak, cold, with a drop of rain, it was an abomination of desolation as to fashion, but church services were lovelier than ever. St. James' church at Huron street and Wabash avenue was celebrating its first hundred years. For the important event a new cover designed for the church programs by Edward Grigware, a Chicago artist of distinction, showed in a sequence of small vignettes St. James' history from Dr. Isaac Hallam in 1834 to Duncan Hodge Browne, who became rector in 1924.

Against a background of vivid blue, the center of which is a white episcopal cross, these landmarks are pictured in black and white, the whole effect being of a gorgeous stained glass window. With each tiny picture are the names and dates of the rectors among them, Robert H. Clarkson, 1849; Arthur Brooks, 1872; Frederick Courtenay, 1879; William H. Vibbert, 1883; James S. Stone, 1895, and Hugh M. Thompson during the difficult time of the Chicago fire. Twelve in all.

Ushers Are Loading Citizens.

At the late service Sunday admission was by card through the side entrance, where an imposing body of Chicago's younger leading citizens served as ushers. These vestrymen—arrayed in so-called morning dress—were Robert G. Peck, Alan Dixon, Eames MacVeagh, Walter Miller, Henry Hooper, Frank B. Mulford, William K. Otis, Edward L. Ryerson Jr., George A. Berg, and Anderson Valentine.

Decorations were charming. The old church, remodeled with Florentine blue ceiling and walls faintly rose, had floral boxes of yellow tulips and jonquils the length of its visitors' gallery and organ loft. Here Leo Sowerly, noted composer-organist, was letting out joyous peals and crashing catalyses of all sorts of harmonic sounds.

The high altar, massed with calla lilies and, above those waving Easter lilies, blazed with candle light. Along the chancel rail was an effect of spring gardens: multicolored hyacinths, tulips, cineraria, growing. A procession, strolled choir in snowy tunics, men and girls, small angel faced boys, carrying lighted candles; the high voices of the women proclaiming insistently, "Christ is risen today."

Sat in Lincoln's Pew.

I was sitting in a historic pew. Back of me were Henry Hooper and his blooming wife with their children in the pew of Isaac Arnold, Henry Hooper's grandfather. It was in the Arnold pew that Abra-

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