

# EVERY SECTION OF GLOBE HAS OWN PECULIAR EASTER CUSTOMS

## A Study of Them at This Time Is Full of Interest. Many Are of Great Antiquity. One of the Most Interesting and Ancient Is Ceremonies Connected With Kindling of the Holy Fire in Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. America as Well as Europe Has Her Own Ways of Celebrating Easter.

A GREAT number of interesting ceremonies are connected with the celebration of Easter, which in its religious significance constitutes the festival of the Resurrection, although Easter day is always the first Sunday after the paschal moon; that is, the full moon which happens upon, next after, March 21, the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the next Sunday after.

The baking of cakes is not unconnected with the Saxon goddess, Eastre, the festival which was annually kept about the same time as Easter. It has always been a time of rejoicing, both as a period when Lent was completed and as a ceremony symbolizing the coming of Spring.

The custom of the Easter egg perpetuates the idea of revival of life which the old ceremony symbolized. In Russia, red eggs are exchanged and caged birds are let loose. At one time, in England, the Easter egg was solemnly blessed by the priest and elaborately colored was often kept as an amulet. Imitation eggs made of silver, mother-of-pearl or bronze are made in Vienna for the Easter festival.

Once a year, at Easter-time, Jerusalem is invaded by thousands of Greek Church Christians, who come to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in order to celebrate Easter. The most interesting ceremony is the descent of the sacred fire from heaven. There are no lights visible in the great church, which is densely packed when the procession arrives, followed by the Greek and Armenian patriarchs who enter the sacred chapel. Presently a carillon of silver bells announces that the fire has fallen from heaven. Everyone rushes to light his candle at the sacred flame in the Chapel of the Angel. From candle to candle it is passed on until the church is illuminated from end to end. It is transmitted by a courier to the Grotto of Nativity at Bethlehem, another takes it to Jaffa—where a Russian boat is waiting to convey the sacred fire to the various cathedrals of the cathedrals of St. Petersburg and Moscow and the Imperial Chapel.

**Quaint Ceremony of Easter.**  
Easter is celebrated in a very quaint manner among the Moravians dwelling in the United States. On Good Friday, in the afternoon, is held a crucifixion service. This solemn feature is made more realistic by the tolling of the great bell in the belfry of the church three times at 3 o'clock, indicative of the hour at which Christ was crucified. About 2 o'clock on Easter Sunday morning the trombone choir starts out on a tour of the town. At each street corner quaint old German chorals are played. The object is to awaken the people and to fortify them that it is time to be on their way to attend the early Resurrection services in the church.



EASTER SATURDAY FLOWER MARKET IN UNION SQUARE

The Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pa., at the time of its erection in 1803, was the largest church in America. The services are started by the trombone choir stationed in the belfry. They play several selections and then church services begin. These consist of songs and the reading of a brief history and, last half an hour, the remaining part of the service takes place in the cemetery, which adjoins the church.

Probably the most interesting secular celebration of Easter in this country is the annual egg-rolling of the children of Washington on the White-House lawn on Easter Monday. The parade of fashionable New Yorkers on Fifth avenue on Easter Sunday is a sight worth going to see. It is also the street flower markets in the squares of New York on the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

**"Tossing the Pancake."**  
In England one of the most ancient Lenten customs which still survive is the "tossing of the pancake" on shrove Tuesday. This takes place at Westminster School, London, in the presence of the number of scholars, parents and friends. A prize of a guinea is awarded the scholar who secures either the whole of or the largest portion of the pancake when it is thrown over a bar by the school cook. This year it was won by George Furdon, aged 17.

In Rome, Easter is celebrated with imposing pomp in which the Holy See, the Pope, participates, although not as conspicuously or with as much magnificence as when in the full enjoyment of his temporal power.



GARDEN OF EASTER, ELLIS ISLAND IN FULL BLOSSOM

Mass in St. Peter's is celebrated with great formality by the cardinal arch-priest, but at 8 o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, the Pope himself, assisted by two prelates, officiates at private mass in the chapel of the consistory in the Vatican. It is not easy to obtain admission to this ceremony, for which a costume of full dress is prescribed

for the men, and a mantilla covering the dress for the women. Eggs also play an important part in masters on the eve of the ceremony.



PANCAKE DAY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, LONDON



CROWDS WAITING OUTSIDE CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE EASTER SUNDAY

# "THE LAST FIVE MINUTES" In Absorbing Tale of Adventure.

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BY ANNE MURPHY BROWN.

IN the smoking-room of a liner four men were carrying on one of those anecdotal conversations which seem born of the idle life on a shipboard. A little distance from the group sat a man who listened intently to all that was being said, but without comment. He had a long, narrow face, blue eyes and features which made it difficult to determine whether the dominant qualities of his nature were good or evil.

Someone had just told a story of a certain general's action in the face of imminent death, and in the pause that followed, the fat, jovial man, who is nearly always in a smoking-room group, said with an air of reflection:

"I've often wondered, as I suppose you all have, what I'd do if I were told that the last five minutes of my life had come. I've often wondered how I'd spend them."

"There would scarcely be time to draw up a will," the lawyer remarked.

triumphantly happy and easy in your mind, as if your conscience were as clear as crystal. I was attracted to you first by that very quality in your manner."

"I am certainly of a cheerful nature," Hartley assented, somewhat embarrassed by this analysis of himself on the part of a perfect stranger. "And I've no great crimes on my conscience," he added, laughing.

His companion turned his head sharply away and gazed out to sea. After a moment's silence Hartley said:

"May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"He exchanged cards. The stranger's bore the name Henry Penn Gilman. No address was on it."

The somewhat singular interview was the beginning of a shipboard acquaintance which was actively pursued by the older man, and passively accepted by Hartley, who was not able to rid himself of a certain repugnance and distrust which the shifty eyes and hard mouth of Gilman inspired in him. Yet he felt a kind of pity for the man who seemed shut away by himself in a bleak loneliness.

The voyage continued uneventful until the fifth day out. Then heavy seas were encountered, and a storm of wind which was finally hushed and blanketed in a dense, clinging fog.

On the evening of the sixth day, while dinner was being served, and while the usual Jerusalem called forth by the weather were dampening the spirits of the less hopeful passengers, there came a crash like the collapse of a house, accompanied by a hideous, tearing, splitting sound, as if some giant were making fire-wood of the ship. An awful silence followed the roar, and then a pandemonium of shouts and cries as the passengers, unheeding the commands of the captain and the officers, made a mad rush for the door and the upper deck. Hartley, who had sprung to his feet with the others, got out of the way of the dangerous onward sweep of the panic-stricken throng, and, when the dinning room was emptied, proceeded leisurely to his deck, endeavoring by the control of his muscles to keep his mind cool.

Hartley, after assisting some women to find places for themselves and their children, withdrew from the throng and made his way toward the impeded bow, which every moment was losing more and more from the berg, with strange and dreadful noises of breaking timber and rushing, pounding water, just visible as a gray swirl, through the still deeper grayness of the fog.

Knowing that the boat carried a large steerage for an outward-bound voyage, and remembering the preponderance of women on board, Hartley realized that the captain's "if" was a cold, stark fact. He was face to face at last with the most common yet the strangest of all destinies.

For a moment panic swept over him. He had an impulse to fight his way to one of those overcrowded boats now about to swing into the horrible gulf. Then his manhood reasserted itself. He could at least die like a man. He bowed his head in silent prayer.

At that moment Henry Gilman approached him, his face white and drawn.

"There's no hope," he said hoarsely. "I've just seen the steerage. It's like hell."

Hartley made no answer.

"The ship will be off the berg in another five minutes," he went on. "We're up against the last scene."

Hartley was silent.

"I've something on my mind," the man said, with a hurried, feverish emphasis. "I've got to tell someone before I die. There's no priest on board. May I tell you?"

Hartley nodded, but there was a strange indifference in his manner. He had the air of a man already passing beyond the affairs and interests of earth.

"This is what I must tell before I go to my account: 'Six years ago I was the business partner of a man named John Benedict, in the town of Tetonville, Ohio. By silent, untraceable processes, I swindled him out of his entire fortune, a hundred thousand dollars. He died a ruined man a year later, worn out with his troubles, for which I was wholly responsible. I am, in the sight of heaven, a thief and a murderer. If I live, I will make restitution to his daughter. If I die, the Lord have mercy on my soul!'"

"I can't be your judge," Hartley said, humbly.

"You have judged me, because you are an honest man. . . . Gread God! Is the ship going down?"

Sounds all the more terrible because of their strangeness now made further speech impossible. The two men, drawing their life-preservers more tightly about them, looked around for some detached object to which they might cling. One thought was in the minds of both, to get clear of the horrible masthead from which the going-down of the vessel would crash. Rushing to the side of the ship they joined there, a throng of ghastly-looking men, now silent in the face of the last agony. A

wailing child, who had missed its mother, caught at Hartley's hand and clung to it with a shudder at the seething water. Who could live in such a sea!

"I remember him perfectly," "Describe him to me."

"He had a long, narrow face, blue eyes, set close together, and a rather nervous manner. He had the trick of giving a little cough in the middle of a sentence."

"It's the same man," Hartley said. "Did your father ever speak in your presence of distrustful Henderson?"

"Not directly. Once, shortly before his death, he said to me that he was not to blame for leaving me in poverty—that he had placed his confidence where it had been abused."

"There is no doubt, then, of the truth of this confession, but Gilman's or Henderson's vow of restitution will probably never be kept. It is but another instance of the old adage: 'The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.'"

After his marriage Richard Hartley took his wife to New York. Although the incident of the shipwreck was now very little in his thoughts, he would find himself at times scanning the hurrying throng on Broadway for the face of the man whom he had last seen under such dramatic circumstances.

After the lapse of five years events occurred which made the minds of both husband and wife turn towards Henry Gilman. Through the collapse of a corporation, Hartley, a comparatively rich man lost his entire fortune.

Margaret, who had known poverty during the impressive years of her girlhood, faced cheerfully the necessity of beginning life anew, but her husband was for a time cast down and embittered. His thoughts began to dwell on Gilman and Gilman's debt to his wife. He lived over again in imagination the scene of the shipwreck.

He heard the strange threatening noises, he saw the helpless passengers running about like rats in a cage—and against this background of terror he saw a face white with the terror of conscience.

He longed to employ means to track Gilman, but Margaret's influence prevented him. She seemed content to wait for whatever tardy judgment of her cause time held in store. Hartley acknowledged at last that she was right, and giving up the thought of this possible short cut to fortune he devoted his energies to making a new path for himself. They moved to a Southern town, where he obtained a business position of minor importance.

After a year whose hardships brought to the surface again the memory of Gilman, Hartley went on a commercial trip to a city some ninety miles distant, taking Margaret with him for a change of scene and air.

Walking on a side street near the courthouse, a day or two after their arrival, they saw just ahead of them a man, the outlines of whose figure seemed to Hartley vaguely familiar. He was searching his memory for some enlightening recollection, when the man, overtaking another, detained him in conversation. As he did so, his own full face was revealed.

Hartley grasped his wife's arm: "They stopped short in their walk. The color left Margaret's face. 'Yes—it's my father's partner,' she said.

She listened with profound astonishment. When he had finished she said: "But the name of my father's partner was Charles Henderson."

"Did you ever see him?" "I remember him perfectly."

"Describe him to me."

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Gilman—for it was he—shook hands with the man he had accosted, and said: "Gray, you're just the man I want—I was on my way to your office. My daughter is to be married this afternoon."

"Did you have a daughter?" Hartley whispered.

"Yes—but she lived with her mother. You remember I told you he was separated from his wife."

"Yes—hush!"

From his pocket he drew a card and hastily wrote: "The last five minutes."

Just as Gilman was about to follow his companion into a doorway lined with lawyers' signs, Hartley laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder and silently held the card before his eyes. Gilman looked at it, turned it over and read the over-spreading his face.

"You are Charles Henderson," Hartley said in a low tone. "This is my wife. She is the daughter of the man you wronged; it was to her that you promised restitution, should you be saved from imminent death. That vow has evidently escaped your mind!"

Gilman made an imploring gesture, and looked furtively over his shoulder at the lawyer who was slowly ascending the stairs.

"For God's sake!" he whispered hoarsely. "don't disgrace me now. My daughter is about to be married to a man of one of the oldest families here. He would—"

Hartley interrupted him: "Better he should know, than marry the daughter of a—"

He broke off, and added after a moment's reflection: "Will you keep your solemn vow—late as it is? Will you make restitution?"

Lines of acute suffering deepened in Gilman's face.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "have mercy! When I landed in England I meant to do everything I had vowed to do, but I was met by the news that my wife from whom I was separated, had died in Paris, where my little daughter, whom I had not seen for six years, was awaiting me. I found a lovely, lonely child of 12, and my ambition at once awoke again, for her sake. Though I often thought of my vow, though my conscience reproached me, I could not bring myself to give up what I now regard as my fortune. Now she is to marry the man she loves."

Margaret's eyes softened, and she appeared about to speak, but Hartley, restraining her, continued in an unrelenting tone:

"What of another child, just the age that your daughter was when deprived of a father, whom you had robbed of wealth, and perhaps of life? What of her bereavement, of her poverty? What of your vow?"

Gilman bowed his head. "It is the justice of heaven," he said wearily. "I was just now going up these stairs to dictate a deed insuring my daughter her dowry. But now—"

we will accept the odd eighty thousand in lieu of interest!"

Gilman hesitated, then, with an odd look of mingled renunciation and relief, he said:

"Come up, and you shall see me sign them."

So that afternoon, when Miss Gilman became Mrs. Winthrop, her "dot" was only half as large as it might have been, but the young couple were none the wiser.

But when Margaret Hartley, going up to the bride, put her arms about her and kissed her, and the father, who had given her in marriage turned upon Mrs. Hartley a look which, a soul might wear on entering paradise—a look of gratitude so exalted that it stamped his features with a nobility never before seen there—Richard Hartley was well content.

**No Mail for Cows.**  
St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A rural resident from one of the neighboring townships who came into the city the other day related an anecdote of his home village, where the benefits of rural free delivery have not yet been extended, and the country postoffice is still the center of activity about the time the mail comes in.

One day, the story teller relates, he was sitting behind the old-fashioned stove, when he happened to notice a livery window, and the following conversation ensued:

"Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he inquired.

The Postmaster looked him over. "For whom?" he snapped.

"For Mike Howe," replied the rustic. "The Postmaster spat in a cynical manner."

"Don't quite understand you," he returned peevishly.

"Don't understand?" belittled the rural resident. "Can't ye understand plain English? I asked if you had any mail for Mike Howe."

"No, I haven't," snarled the Postmaster. "Neither have I any mail for anybody else's cow!"

**"Manufacturing" Sentiment.**  
National Magazine.

Long lists of signed petitions are now looked upon as rather unrelaxable evidence since no sooner has one signed in a petition carrying signatures of "sovereign voters" than the opposites come back with a list equally as formidable. It is said in some instances that the same people have signed opposing papers, showing that they have not given very close attention to the prayer of the petition. In fact, it is claimed that there are organizations whose only business is to "manufacture" public sentiment.

**Father of Sixteen Children.**  
Chicago dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

Should the sovereign state of Illinois decide to pay bounty for large families and call the roll of its citizens, Michael Fox, of 7810 Chaucery avenue, will be able to answer "present." Mr. Fox, who is a switchman on the Illinois Central Railroad, never received any congratulations from Theodore Roosevelt, although deserving of them. Of the 814-15 children in Chicago, Mr. Fox is father of 16, and they are all strong and vigorous.