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January Christmas of the Julianites

By ROBERT DONNELL

CHRISTMAS times but once a year, wrote somebody, and everybody accepted the statement as truth. It is not true, however, for Christmas comes twice a year. Those of us who reckon by the Gregorian calendar celebrate Dec. 25. Those who still adhere to the Julian calendar observe Jan. 7. Russia is the only great nation which still holds out for the Julian calendar. The Greek Catholic church still to the time measurement adopted by Julius Caesar forty years before the birth of Christ. Thus the Greeks and all the adherents of that church, including the Russians, of course, hold their Christmas on the 7th day of January.



THEY FAST FOR FORTY DAYS. Those who desire to render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's even as to the calendar.

New York city has a considerable population of Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Syrians, Servians, Poles, Hungarians, Montenegrins and Ylachs, all of whom observe the Julian Christmas. For forty days prior to Jan. 7 they observe a fast, eating no meat, nothing heated, fish nor fowl. They eat fish, eggs or caviare, but draw the line there. Their principal diet for the forty days' fasting is made up of olives, beans, caviare bread and crackers.

But at 8 o'clock on the morning of Christmas day, Jan. 7, the Julian fast is over. It is not necessary to hint that these people count the days till Christmas or that they rejoice and are exceeding glad when the anniversary arrives. These facts are obvious. Christmas is celebrated in a glorious feast, a square meal, several square meals—in fact, a round of square meals.

Our Julianite friends go to church early on their Christmas morning, but not too early. They eat breakfast first. High mass is celebrated in the Greek Orthodox church at 8 o'clock. The forty days' fast having ended two hours before, the Julianites are joyfully full of the good things of this world before they enter the house of worship. The chief viand, so far as its symbolic character goes, is a spiced loaf of rye bread covered and filled with walnuts, with a cross cut on top. This is called the christopanos.—The Greek word for bread. But it is not to be doubted that beefsteaks, fowls, fishes, saddles of mutton and other substantial are devoured. Here and there one of the presumably faithful proves faithless and falls before Christmas, his craving for a meat diet being too strong to resist. This weak brother is ignored by the faithful.

It is in the cafes in the sections of the city where the Julianites dwell that this Christmas day is celebrated with the most visible gusto. The Greek "young bloods" gather in the little restaurants and sit long over tables heavy with edibles and light with wines.



THIS WEAK BROTHER IS IGNORED BY THE FAITHFUL.

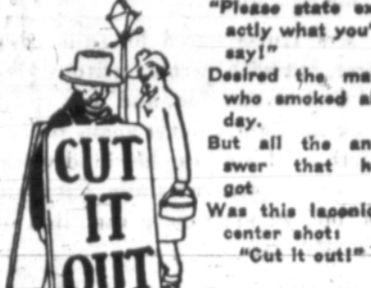
The names of some of the diners are interesting. Constantine Economopoulos is a budding florist who gathers around him his rosy young friends, Herralambos Christatos, Minicakes Kopalacos, Pericles Doganges and Hressals Pappanickolas. And don't let us forget Nicholas Devas, editor of the Daily Thermopylae, who gets out an extra edition in honor of the day.

These Greeks, many of them arrayed in gorgeous new clothing, bring their feast to an end with the cups of Turkish coffee and the Turkish cigarettes, mixed in with songs and toasts. It is highly interesting for a plain American, with a plain name like Jim Jones, to sit in one of these cafes and hear the names of the foreign gentlemen with the above-mentioned surnames, observe the satisfaction depicted in their countenances as the feast goes on and receive the impression that this is real Christmas cheer, though it is but a day's feast according to our method of counting time.

"Cut It Out!"

[A New Year's poem.] THE old year's shades were quite pulled down When through each village, city, town, There passed a sandwich man with eigh Whose legend filled a single line "Cut it out!"

"Be more specific!" said the man. Who plainly rushed too much the cap. The sandwich man ne'er turned aside; Only the legend writ replied: "Cut it out!"



"Please state exactly what you'd say!" Desired the man who smoked all day. But all the answer that he got Was this length, center short: "Cut it out!"

The man whose face as haggard Meant poker playing night and night Required to know what thing was meant. And got this answer eloquent: "Cut it out!"

So every one who looked on it Felt his special fault was hit. Their souls with new resolve did fill, And all exclaimed aloud: "We will Cut it out!"

So all braced up and for three days Frequented narrow, proper ways And followed fully up the plan Suggested by the sandwich man: "Cut it out!"

But ere the sandwich man did trace A four days' journey from the place All things were as they were before And no one ever hinted more: "Cut it out!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AZTECS' HORRIBLE HOLIDAY.

They celebrated the New Year with Human Sacrifices.

The bloody and complicated ritual of the Aztecs commemorated the return of their masterful war god, the sun, from the south, and the ceremonies carried on in his honor occupied a period of several days. The initiatory rites began before daylight of the first morning, when the chief priest and his subordinates wended their way in solemn procession to the top of their greatest pyramidal sanctuary. Here the high priest retired alone to a small temple, whose doorway opened toward the east, and as the rising sun crimsoned and purpled the serrated mountains he knelt and sprinkled thickly upon the marble floor the sacred meal.

As the first rays of the newborn sun strike slantingly across the floor of the tiny temple the bended priest beholds a miracle. Faintly at first, then stronger and stronger, grows an imprint in the meal of the naked foot of their war god. Upon this miraculous manifestation the high priest announces to the assembled courtiers that their god has returned to them and that the grand festival occasion is inaugurated.

Unhappily the first feast rites were of a gruesome and horrible nature, consisting mainly in sacrificing youths to the gods. It is said that they were feasted for days previous to the ceremony that they might be in a wholesome and pleasing condition upon their two days, the days are not days of feasting and enjoyment, but days of judgment. According to the belief of every orthodox Jew, every member of the Jewish race is tried on the New Year. The books kept in heaven are opened on that day. The record of each man for the year just ending is looked through and taken under advisement for ten days. On the tenth day, the day of atonement, the fate of each man for the coming year is drawn up, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement the fate is sealed and nothing can change it any more.—Chicago Tribune.

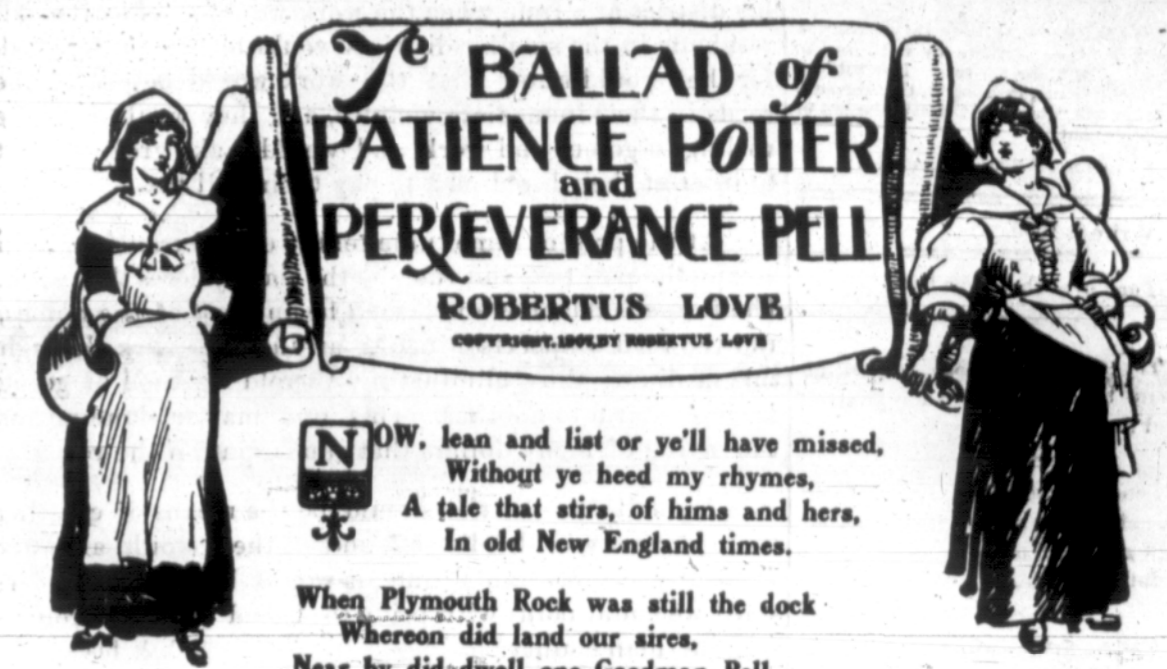
The Jewish New Year. In striking opposition to the spirit of joy and happiness which pervades Christendom generally is the New Year of the Jews. With the Jews, who also observe the New Year for two days, the days are not days of feasting and enjoyment, but days of judgment. According to the belief of every orthodox Jew, every member of the Jewish race is tried on the New Year. The books kept in heaven are opened on that day. The record of each man for the year just ending is looked through and taken under advisement for ten days. On the tenth day, the day of atonement, the fate of each man for the coming year is drawn up, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement the fate is sealed and nothing can change it any more.—Chicago Tribune.

Their New Year's Wishes. Wreny Wrangles—If I was only back at me old home, what a spread I'd have die New Year's day! Oh, fur de wings uv a dove!

Hungry Hank—Oh, fur de wings uv turkey, wid some plum puddin' to come afterward!

New Year's Preparations. Jings—I notice that Soakly wet his finger in the glass every time he takes a drink.

Bings—Yes; he wants to keep it moistened so he can turn over that new leaf on the 1st.



THE BALLAD of PATIENCE POTTER and PERSEVERANCE PELL. ROBERTUS LOVE. NOW, lean and list or ye'll have missed, Without ye heed my rhymes, A tale that stirs, of hims and hers, In old New England times.

When Plymouth Rock was still the dock Whereon did land our aires, Near by did-dwell one Goodman Pell, But late from Albion's shires.

An eke anear, for neighbor's cheer, Did Goodman Potter bide, Whose pilgrim soul was sound and whole— Forsooth, it had been tried.

A maid as sweet as man may meet Was Perseverance Pell, And there were swains of mickle brains Loved Patience Potter well.

Ye maid of Pell he loves full well, Ye Potter lass ye same, But for his life which one to wife Poor Ezra cannot name.

"My only loves," quoth Ezra, "doves Fit each to share my cote, Upon my mettle ye'll have to settle This matter by a vote."

So on ye street, with gong to beat, Ye Crier of ye town To warn and call ye good men all Went loudly up and down.

"Come one, come all, to Publick Hall!" Ye Justy Crier cried. "That maid ye name is fairest, same Is Ezra White his bride."

So gathered they to have this say, Each man, and claim a kiss From her who might be Mistress White— Elected to the bliss.

Eleven polls (bless God their souls!) Made Maiden Pell the winner. So they begun, those twenty-one, And kissed her—every sinner!

While Patience sate, demure, sedate, And Ezra, much amazed, Upon that kissing himself was missing— Quite starkly, darkly gazed.

Then up rushed Ez. "See here!" he says, "My choice in truth ye make. One kissed by twenty is kissed a-plenty, And her I will not take!"

"Fresh lips for me, say I!" says he. So Ezra White did grab Sweet Patience Potter ('twas thus he got her) And kissed her right smack-dab!

So they were wed and lived, 'tis said, In lifelong wedlock well, While lived and died as no man's bride Poor Perseverance Pell.