

Easter in Athens

An American Woman Describes Impressive Greek Rite Religious Ceremonies and Gay Carnival of People.

By Mabel Gray

SOMETHING was going to happen in Athens, this we knew by the spirit of unusual activity in the streets and in the shops, where everyone seemed preparing for some festivity. That the event was connected with the church was indicated by the many temporary stands, decorated with colored tissue paper—which ornamented the street corners, where were sold candles of every size—larger and hollow at the end to fit over a metal point of a many-pronged church candelabrum, and tapering to a sharp point at the other end, where they were tied in bunches by their wicks, and hung in the booths alternating yellow and white. At the corners hung those of should be there to join in their most unique celebration.

Light flashed upon us, however, when we discovered in the hallway of the hotel a calendar, in large Greek type, which read as follows: "March 25, Thursday," and underneath in small type in French: "April 8, Holy Thursday," showing that the Greek calculation is thirteen days behind the rest of Europe, therefore for them Easter had not yet arrived.

That afternoon our discovery was confirmed as we walked through the old part of town, where the shops are. The counter of the public baker, whose shop opened to the street, was lined with rows of round loaves of bread awaiting the ordeal of the fiery furnace. Each contained five bright-red, hard-boiled eggs, pressed halfway into the soft dough in the shape of a Greek cross; all exactly alike, but each distinguished from its neighbors by a slip of paper sticking to the dough, which bore the name of the housewife who had kneaded it.

On Good Friday we directed our course by the dome-crowned spires of the Russian church, where the queen, the sister of the czar, and the Russian minister, occupied opposite boxes.

At the close of the beautiful service, the responses of which were sung by a marvelous choir of unaccompanied male voices, the priests brought to the front a representation of a tomb, having a half-draped figure of Christ painted on the top, and the sides covered with rich embroidery of white and gold.

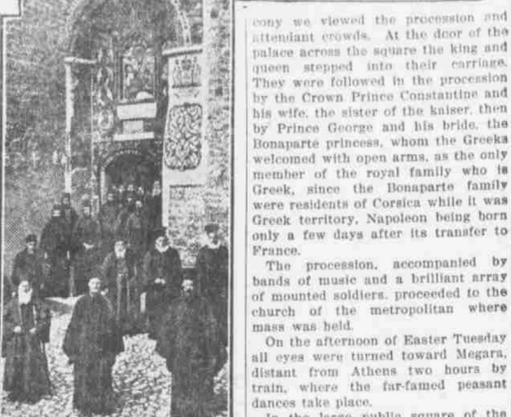
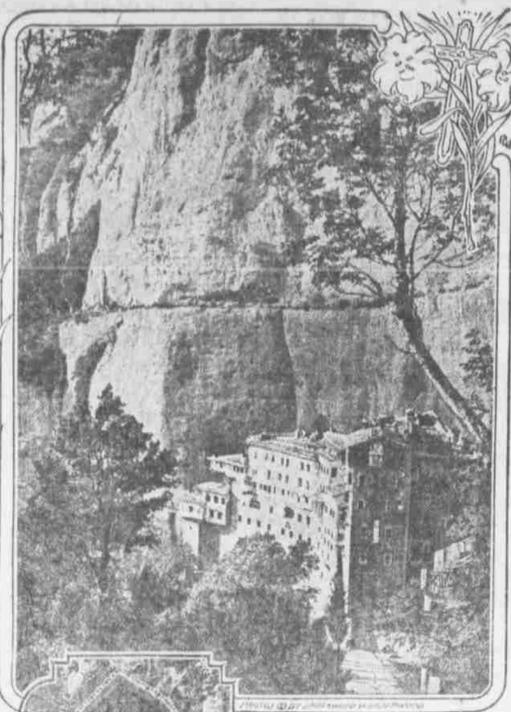
The queen advanced, kissed the representation of the dead body, and then the hand of the officiating priest, from whom she received a stalk of white gillyflower, and with the Russian minister, who followed her example, left the church. The others of the audience concluded their worship in the same manner, each bearing away a floral reminder of the coming resurrection.

That night these representations of the entombed Christ were borne in solemn procession from the five principal churches, attended by the priests in gorgeous robes, acolytes bearing banners and colored lanterns, and followed by the members of the parish, each carrying a lighted candle.

At intervals, the procession halted and a service was held; then each congregation returned to its own church, and long after all was still, in Athens, the flickering lights of the priests of the Church of St. George could be seen winding up the zigzag path to their sanctuary on the top of Lykabottos, the pointed hill which rises abruptly from the heart of Athens.

With the enshrining of Christ's body in the tomb on Friday a fast was begun, lasting until the morning of his resurrection. Therefore, Saturday was quietly spent until an hour or so before midnight, when streams of people, each person bearing a lighted candle, poured through the streets leading into the great square before the church of the metropolitan.

The great edifice, illumined by thousands of huge candles in chandeliers and candelabra, was packed to the doors, and the square was filled to



overflowing with a restless sea of twinkling lights; the windows and balconies of the houses facing three sides of the square were ablaze with flickering tapers, and even the courtyards of the church and its bell towers were outlined by the tiny flames. The stars above looked pale and scattered in comparison.

The king and queen and other members of the royal family, also government officials and noted guests, sat upon the edge of the platform erected in the center of the square.

At length, the choir boys emerged from the doors of the cathedral, followed by the chanting priests, and finally by the metropolitan himself, arrayed in gorgeous robes, with a mitre on his head and a bishop's crook in his hand.

The procession ascended the platform where the venerable, kind-hearted man, with flowing white beard, raised his fingers in blessing over the waiting worshippers, and the beautiful music of the mass floated out on the silent air.

Beside our breakfast plates, on Sunday morning, lay a bright red Easter egg, an emblematic gift—freely exchanged in Greece—but the chief event of this day of rejoicing was the dancing of the soldiers and of the bodyguard of the king.

The latter took place in the courtyard of the royal palace, and the members of the guard were attired, as always, in the costume of Thessaly, their native province. As we were unprepared for the sight which met our eyes, our first impression was that an automaton ballet chorus was running down.

They wore very full-plaited skirts of starched white linen—stopping several inches above the knee—white woolen tights, black garters, with cords and tassels and red pointed shoes with huge pompons on the tip of the toes. A white linen shirt, a zouave jacket with long flowing sleeves of white wool embroidered with black, and a red cap with a long black silk tassel reaching below the shoulder completed this very unutilitarian costume.

Monday was a quiet day, distinguished only by double carriages and the presence of numerous peasants from surrounding districts, wearing attractive provincial costume.

The national independence day fell on Holy Thursday, and being therefore postponed was celebrated on Tuesday morning. From our hotel balcony we viewed the procession and attendant crowds. At the door of the palace across the square the king and queen stepped into their carriage. They were followed in the procession by the Crown Prince Constantine and his wife, the sister of the kaiser, then by Prince George and his bride, the Bonaparte princess, whom the Greeks welcomed with open arms, as the only member of the royal family who is Greek, since the Bonapartes family were residents of Corsica while it was Greek territory, Napoleon being born only a few days after its transfer to France.

The procession, accompanied by bands of music and a brilliant array of mounted soldiers, proceeded to the church of the metropolitan where mass was held.

On the afternoon of Easter Tuesday all eyes were turned toward Megara, distant from Athens two hours by train, where the far-famed peasant dances take place.

In the large public square of the little town the women, dressed in holiday attire, joined hands alternately across each other, forming long, straight lines, and danced, first in one direction and then in the opposite, a performance of no special grace or beauty, but made attractive by their pretty faces and curious costumes, and the great numbers of the dancers.

Beneath the black skirts bordered with a broad, red hand hung several inches of handmade thread lace from the white petticoats, the pride of the industrious weaver. The tight black bodices and yellow head scarves were adorned with many loops of silver and gold coins, the dowries of the wearers, and some of the more wealthy were resplendent in trimming of gold lace. They were pleased when we admired the beauty of the embroidery which their own hands had wrought on their aprons of bright-colored silk.

The crowd of spectators encircling the dancers was so dense that we took refuge in a balcony that overlooked the square and gained a most comprehensive and picturesque view. Here and there the long lines formed into a circle and a single man, attired in the abbreviated costume of the Thessalians or in a checked gingham jumper with an equally short, full-ruffled skirt, led the national dance we had seen in Athens, to the accompaniment of stringed instruments.

And thus closed the Easter festivities, but not the holidays, for the pan-Hellenic games were celebrated for four days, beginning with Thursday—in the wonderful ancient stadium, restored to pristine glory by the munificence of a Greek of Alexandria.

The games engaged in by athletes from all parts of Greece were umpired by Crown Prince Constantine, while the royal seats, covered with crimson velvet, were occupied by other members of the royal family.

There were the usual running, wrestling, pole vaulting, hammer throwing and shot putting, but the day of greatest interest was on Sunday, when the Marathon race was run—began at the scene of the battle, and covering the course of the original runner, who bore the news of the defeat of the Persians. As the first man came into sight the great middle gates were thrown open—the only time they are ever unlocked, and the runners finished their 26-mile race between the goal posts at the upper end of the stadium, amid the deafening cheers of the waiting audience.

And in they went, Mr. Newlywed taking a seat to the right of the aisle, his bride to the left. They rode thus all the way to Louisville, each convinced that Quaker meeting-house methods were an abomination when exercised on railroad trains.

Do Not All Shed Horns.

The elk, like all other members of the deer family, lose their horns every year. The hollow-horn animals, like the goats and antelopes, do not shed their horns.

and the consciousness is not aroused. "The person isn't sleeping, he is merely unable to pull his energies together and wake up. He is auto-intoxicated, doped or anything you want to call it. His nerves are taking a much needed rest through mental or physical influences effected by physical and physical causes. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

Under normal conditions the industries of Germany consume about 1,000,000,000 pounds of cotton a year.

Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Comes From Hell, but Finds Milwaukee Livelier

MILWAUKEE—He was a short man, mild mannered, and had a pleasant smile, but he got the clerk's goat at the Hotel Maryland when he registered, "Paul M. Fredericks, Hell."



"You hadn't do that," protested the clerk. "Don't pull that hell stuff here."

"But that's where I come from," spoke Fredericks. "Hell's in North Dakota."

"Tell us some more," Fredericks was asked by Manager F. B. Sweeney.

"Well, Hell (sometimes spelled Hell), is 60 miles from Paradise," explained Fredericks, to the consternation of his hearers, "and we have some fine country. You see you go to Hell on the N. P., on the Mott branch, seven miles east of Elgin. Paradise is inland, and the only way that you can get there is by stage, and you can only go to Paradise three times a week from Morrilstown, S. D. Both of the towns are in Morton county, in southwestern North Dakota."

"How large are the towns?" asked one of the auditors.

"We've got it all over Paradise. Hell's more than twice as large," replied Fredericks. "In 1910 they had v almost equalled, but in the last two years Hell has grown fast, and if things keep up as they now are we will have a big place some day."

"Why, we have three churches in Hell now, while they have only one in Paradise."

"Bill Hell is postmaster at Hell and Dick Hell does most of the driving; he has a fine livery business."

"Over in Paradise there is not much doing. They have a woman handle the mails there, Eva Weirich."

"Do you like Milwaukee?" Fredericks was asked.

"Well, yes; Milwaukee is livelier than Hell and much larger. I think I'll stay a while."

Tough Man From Tough Country Got Tough Deal

OKLAHOMA CITY.—James Murphy asked for a drink at the soda fountain in Roscoe Hadley's drug store at the corner of California and Broadway and winked his left eye when he gave the order. That was the way he had been accustomed to doing in Oilton, where he came from. Hadley drew the drink for him, but he left out the ingredients specified in the drink.

Murphy took a swallow and then began to swear. It was just soda—nothing else.

A woman was using Hadley's telephone, and the druggist asked Murphy to cease swearing in her presence. Murphy set the glass down and went out, but next day he returned when Hadley was alone in his drug store.

"I'm a mean, tough man," Murphy said, leaning across the counter and plucking at Hadley's sleeve. "I'm so bad that I'm almost afraid to be alone with myself. I come from a tough country where they start 'em in tough, and the older they grow the tougher they get. I've got some age on me, too."

"About how tough are you?" asked Hadley.

He saw Motor Cycle Officer Ollie Estes come in just then, but Murphy did not see him.

"Oh, I'm awful tough," said Murphy, and he reached for his gun, but instead of grasping the handle of the six-shooter he felt his wrist go into the grip of something that was like a vise. He turned and faced the officer, who already had Murphy's revolver in the other hand.

Murphy had told the truth about being tough, for he fought the policeman all over the room. Estes dropped the revolver and both men tried to reach it. Murphy nearly had his hand on it when Estes gave him a quick jerk and sprang him on the floor. Then the policeman jumped astride of him and held him down while Hadley called the automobile patrol. Three men came with it, but they had some difficulty in taking Murphy to jail. The drug store was a wreck.

Park Baboon Perks Up When He Gets Cigarettes

NEW YORK.—The dolbrums of Leander, a dop-faced baboon of the Central park menagerie, went up in smoke the other day. Leander is back at his old cigarette habits. "Bill" Snyder, head keeper of the menagerie, not only assumes full responsibility for the primate's lapse from Puritan principle, but shamelessly says he will connive in his pet's pleasurable peccadillo to the extent of laying in a generous supply of tobacco for him. Indeed, Snyder is on the verge of asking the park department for an appropriation to buy cigarettes for the menagerie denizens, his theory being that the habit will spread at least through the primate house.



The head keeper says, however, that he allowed Leander to resume smoking only after he had become convinced that such an exception to park policies was necessary to save the baboon's life.

Leander was donated to the park department by a woman who purchased him as a "theatrical attraction."

The primate did not hail his commitment to a cage with any noticeable degree of hilarity. On the contrary, he seemed to grow moody. As the days went by Snyder noticed that he appeared to be wasting away. He would lie all day curled up in a corner of his cage and refuse to be comforted. His despondency assumed such a serious turn that Snyder decided to call in the erstwhile owner for advice. She took one look at Leander and prescribed cigarettes.

"He smoked them regularly when he was on the stage," the woman explained. "He always got that way when he ran out of them."

Change Name of the Bowery? Perish the Thought

NEW YORK.—The body of the late "Big Tim" Sullivan must turn in the grave these days, as he hears the atrocity they are threatening to commit on his beloved Bowery. The street which takes its place with Wall, Broadway and Fifth avenue as one of the historic thoroughfares, about which romance and legend intertwine, is to lose its individuality in the commonplace cognomen of "Central Broadway."

Probably the misguided merchants and bankers of the Bowery district think that "Broadway" alone or in association has an aroma of prosperity and sanctity which can be borrowed by a simple act of the city fathers. It is not so. Whoever west of Hoboken has heard of West Broadway or East Broadway? Yet these are the names of streets of many blocks' length, built up from end to end, and have been for decades.

Let not the Bowery be merged into the tens of thousands of nondescript streets which must make up the bulk of the big city, it was once the pleasant orchard of the Dutch, the "Bowwerie," a trying place for lovers.

Later it became the favorite carriage drive north from the city, and the prominent citizens raced their trotters on its broad expanse.

Then, as the city grew, it became the leading theatrical section, patronized by all the town.

In still a later stage it was the noisy, boisterous merrymaking section, where sailors, roughs, sightseers and knockabout persons from every quarter of the world mingled, fought, cursed in picturesque slang, and created the curious atmosphere described in a thousand and one works of literature.



After the Honeymoon.

Mrs. George Jay Gould was defending, at a dinner in New York, a marriage of a rational rather than romantic nature.

"These romantic and imprudent marriages are very fine in the beginning," said Mrs. Gould; "but later on!"

She shook her head pensively.

"Love," she said, "laughs at locksmiths, but later on the wolf at the door does the same thing."

British Doctors Get Gasoline Rebate.

Gasoline is far more expensive in Great Britain than in the United States, and in order not to inflict a too heavy outlay on physicians using light cars in their professional work, the British government is now granting a rebate of 3d. per gallon to all doctors making application for it before their local collector of taxes.

GOTHAM AS ART CENTER.

This city, which since the war began, lays claim to being the fashion center of the world, is unqualifiedly at the head in art. Schools of painting and sculpture have sprung up in every direction, many with noted instructors from overseas, and all are crowded with pupils. There is an art sale of some kind every day, with the highest class articles in the lists, as many persons in Europe affected by the war have been sending their pictures, statuary and antiquities to this city to be sold for what they will fetch. Zeppelin raids, high taxes and lack of money on the other side are contributing to the influx of art objects into New York. At the sale today of the Karl Freund antiquities at the American Art association, a Pittsburgher, Herbert Du Fay, bought an Italian wax statuette for \$300. Several other Pittsburghers were among today's purchasers, as they have been at all of the sales, but most of their buying is done through agents.

ORIGIN OF THE "TANKER"

Thirty Years Ago the First Iron Oil Carrier Was Built by a Prussian.

About 1889 Wilhelm Riedemann, a Russian shipowner, withdrew from the East Indian and Australian trade for use in transporting petroleum two sailing vessels which had amidships two iron tanks of the same depth as the distance between deck and keel. The Wall Street Journal states. Originally these tanks contained drinking water for the sailors, but it was found out that the water could not be kept free of iron rust and this use was abandoned. Riedemann utilized these tanks as petroleum containers and found that his transportation expenses were reduced four marks a barrel in this way.

Continuing the experiment on a larger scale, Riedemann transformed the Andromeda, a 3,200 ton vessel, into a petroleum carrier by installing on each of her three decks twenty-four iron tanks connected with pipe lines. The big disadvantage on this arrangement was that in the event of repairs being made on the ship, which was of wood, the tanks had to be removed at great expense and risk of damage. Riedemann finally concluded that the ideal tanker must be of iron and the entire hull of the vessel used as a container. Accordingly he planned a ship with the engine aft, protected by a water-filled cofferdam, and the remaining space separated by bulkheads into eight compartments.

Riedemann tried in vain to get a German shipbuilding firm to construct a vessel after his design. He went to England and finally persuaded a Newcastle concern to undertake it. The result was the first modern tanker, the Gluckauf, which was launched in 1894.

The arrival of the Gluckauf in New York in August of the same year created consternation among petroleum shippers. An indignation meeting was held, and it was proposed to petition congress to prohibit the exportation of petroleum in bulk on the ground that the oil gases would endanger the lives of all on board the tanker. A committee was appointed to request the Standard Oil company to refuse petroleum to the Gluckauf.

But progress triumphed as usual. Today there are 400 vessels of substantially the Gluckauf type transporting petroleum and 58 more are in course of construction in American shipyards.

Morgan's Valuable Library.

Experts attached to the American Art association have completed their nine months' task of appraising the Morgan library, and have submitted their report to the comptroller's office. No official figures have been made public, but it is known that the value of the rare books, manuscripts and engravings has been placed at about \$7,500,000. Of this amount the books represent about \$5,000,000.

The Morgan library is housed in the marble building built for it at 33 East Thirty-sixth street by the late J. Pierpont Morgan, a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says. The library is especially rich in the collection of Bibles, which extend back through the era of printing to the manuscript Bibles that preceded it. Especially noticeable, also, are the Chaucer, Shakespeare and Burns collections. Among the manuscripts in the Morgan collection which have greatly increased in value are the Dickens manuscripts, including that of "A Christmas Carol," which experts believe now would bring about \$50,000 to \$100,000. There also is the manuscript of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and of Milton's "Paradise Lost," in the handwriting of the blind poet's daughter. The manuscripts of all the more important Burns poems are in the collection.

Activities of Women.

Over 20,000 women are employed in the canneries of California.

Mrs. Winston Churchill is a designer of curtains.

French women are now cleaning the streets, carrying the horses, cleaning motor cars and acting as miners.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, a musically inclined girl of Skokakawa, Cal., is paying for her education by crawling ing.

Miss Caroline K. Kenworthy of Philadelphia, is licensed to practice law in the Federal courts of the United States.

A census taken of the women who attend theaters in New York city show that they predominate in the gallery seats.

Russia and Serbia, like Austria, may allow young women to fight in their armies, but Canada will not, although, according to a recruiting officer in Winnipeg, several have applied and two could hardly be kept from joining by force in response to a call for stenographers for the secondary service.

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"St. Denis."

Among the ignorances of paragraphs is the use of "St. Dennis," whether as the name of a sensational dancer or otherwise. St. Denis, with one "n," is a very creditable French name; in the Roman biography; the Irish Dennis, with two "n's," is a corruption of the name.—Springfield Republican.

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Heard at the Palace.

"How long have you been learning to skate?"

"Oh, about a dozen sittings."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

SAVED MINISTER'S LIFE.

Rev. W. H. Warner, Route 2, Myersville, Md., writes: My trouble was sciatica. My back was affected and took the form of lumbago. I also had neuralgia, cramps in my muscles, pressure or sharp pain on the top of my head, and nervous dizzy spells. I had other symptoms showing my



Rev. W. H. Warner kidneys were at fault, so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They were the means of saving my life. On Feb. 16th, 1915, I write to say that undoubtedly your medicine restored me to perfect health.

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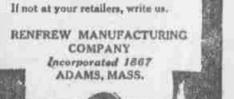
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MEAN TRICK ON NEWLYWEDS

Railroad "Butcher" Caused Them to Sit Apart While They Were on Their Honeymoon.

"You know Carl G. Fisher, president of the speedway and Indiana Dixie highway commissioner," says the Indianapolis News. "Well, way back in the years when he was younger Carl was a 'peanut' on the J. M. & I railroad. That is, he sold the passengers things they didn't want for prices they

SNOOZY ON SUNDAY MORNING

Just Why People Are So Disinclined to Arise Early on That Particular Day.

"It isn't that most people don't have to go to work on Sunday that so many of them snooze the morning away," said a Brooklyn man who hasn't had to work for the past dozen years. "The fact is that there is a psychology to Sunday morning and its influence actually makes people snoozy and disin-