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Four Celebrations of New Year's Day

NEW YEAR is celebrated in this country at least on four different dates in addition to the regular national New Year's celebration on January 1. The first of these foreign celebrations will be that of the Greeks and Russians and a few other nationalities which adhere to old style dates. They will have New Year on January 14, 13 days later than the New Year of the new style. Next in order comes the Chinese New Year, on February 13, and, but a day later, February 14, comes the Mohammedan first day of the year. The Jewish New Year falls nearly nine months later, about the middle of September, on the first day of the month of "Tishri."

The celebrations vary both in accordance with the religions of the various peoples and their climatic, racial and national characteristics. With the Greeks, Russians, Servians, Bulgarians and Macedonians, all of whom adhere to the Greek Catholic church, New Year's is one of the most pleasant if not the pleasantest festival of the year. With the Jews, on the contrary, the New Year, Rosh Hashana, as it is called, is far from being a pleasant affair. It is a day of retribution, of judgment. It is preceded by weeks of prayer, fasting and penitence, and is followed by ten days known as the days of repentance, which wind up with Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, a most gruesome and weird day, dreaded by every orthodox Jew.

Greeks Celebrate Two Days.

The most interesting and joyous celebration of the New Year is that of the Greeks. The Greek New Year lasts two days. In these two days the Greek nature with its unbounded joy of life comes into its own. The heart of every Greek thrills on that day with unbounded joy. Passionately he awaits the evening, when in his little Greece, in a genuine Greek restaurant, with male cooks and attendants, he can get his genuine Greek food, Hellenic dishes, and wash them away with Greek wine which was purposefully imported into this country for the holidays.

"Christmas is a great holiday with us," said a prominent Greek, "but it is after all a solemn day. It is a religious holiday. No gifts are exchanged on Christmas and the three days which the holiday last are given over to religious meditation. How different it is with the New Year! Next to our national holiday on March 25, which commemorates the date of our independence, just as July 4 commemorates the birth of the American nation, New Year's days, for we have two of them, are our greatest holidays. In Greece New Year is essentially a family holiday. There we have a children's afternoon which is devoted entirely to the young ones, who are given the utmost opportunities to enjoy themselves. In this country, however, it is slightly different. Out of the 13,000 Greeks living in Chicago only 200 have their families here, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement eight children, and as we are only the just planning to build a school of our

own, we have not yet the means nor the call for a children's afternoon on New Year's day."

Still, many of the Greek families will observe this ancient custom in this country. They will have their children's afternoon. They will have their delicious New Year's pudding known as "king's pudding." In fact, in many cases the pudding will be even more delicious than it would have been in old Athens. For one of the ancient customs among the Greeks is to hide some gold coin in one portion of the pudding and he who gets the share of the pudding with the gold coin in it becomes the favorite as well as the leader of the two days' joy and sport. In this country, where gold is more plentiful than in Greece and where it is more easily earned by the Greek father, the pudding promises to contain more gold and be much more delightful to the finder of the same.

Perhaps the most unique Greek dish on New Year's eve is the roast lamb, set up in Greek style, of which each son of Hellas must partake. The roasting of the lamb is attended with a great deal of pomp. The entire carcass of a lamb is set up on a pole and this is held over a fire until it is duly roasted. Then it is sliced and apportioned among the various persons present at the feast and the roast is eaten along with the other strictly Greek dishes and washed down with Greek wine.

Russians Like Our Food.

Russians in this country celebrate but one day, and they, too, attempt to produce a home atmosphere. However, home food is not thought of. The bread, the meat, and the wine of the United States are considered as good as and even far better than the products of their own land.

The Macedonians, Servians and Bulgarians celebrate the New Year, perhaps less elaborately, also on the same day as their Greek and Russian co-religionists.

The Turks celebrate their first of the year with the modesty characteristic of people who have not yet any hold on a place.

The Chinese will have their customary celebration of the Chinese New Year on February 13 with feasting and enjoyments with which the holiday is observed in the Celestial empire.

In striking opposition to the spirit of joy and happiness which pervades the New Year of the Greeks and 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, only 200 have their families here, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement eight children, and as we are only the just planning to build a school of our

Real Purpose of Life

St. James asks: "What is thy life?" and his own answer to the question is: "For ye are a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The brevity of life has been the subject of deep thought and of anxious solicitude in all ages of the world. The poet tells us: "Our birth is nothing but our death begun." It is likened to a dream, a shadow, a vapor, a swift flying cloud, or the autumn leaf. Such is life! This life we are living away; this life that will so soon be over; this life on whose transient breath hangs everlasting destiny.

But we fail to appreciate life's meaning if we spend our time in sighing over its brevity. Life is not merely a vapor that presently vanisheth, it is a journey to a fixed destination. We are not only going, but we are going somewhere; not into the depths of a mystic solitude to be extinguished and forgotten. Our destiny is not annihilation and nothingness. To go forward

ahlessly is the most able folly. To have around the evidences of God—and see them—to look upon a church spire that points to an life, and miss all their meaning in a land of Bibles that God's purposes for man's eternity and be ignorant of his own is indeed a negligence which it is difficult to comprehend. It is not life that is before us, not life alone, but life a thread interminably through the warp of eternity. Life is given us to be used with a view to its eternal destiny. Use it so as to give the soul room for its unfolding capacities; to use the highest good, to use as to make the most of it, that have before us a high and true and the greatest hope for any that can possibly follow. If we work out our destiny according to divine purpose it cannot fail to eternal glory.



New Year's in Manila

To occidental eyes New Year's day in Manila is a strange olla podrida of Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July, says the New York Press. The day is ushered in with early mass, celebrated in the cathedral, which is attended by all the women attired in old clothes, and the poorer class barefooted and the wealthy in somber black, with black mantillas or shawls, shrouding their heads. But immediately after breakfast everybody begins to drink and preen for callers. Raven locks are plastered into elaborate coiffures with coconut oil and crowned with red or yellow blossoms, or in the case of a maiden who expects her lover to pay his respects to her on the New Year with the sweet starry flowers of the jessamine, which are called throughout the island the "flowers of San Paquita," who is the patron saint of lovers. Stiff, trailing skirts of gay brocade and antebellum cut are donned, wide flowing sleeves of embroidered pina gauze and ample neckerchiefs of the same filmy material are adjusted and there is a tinkling of many bangle bracelets as the fair ones seat themselves to wait the arrival of the first caller.

His entrance is the signal for the jam pot to be brought in. This takes

the place of the steaming punch bowl of other lands, and is passed from hand to hand, each one taking a spoonful, no more, and everybody using the same spoon. It would be considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to refuse to partake. Jam is followed by coffee, which served very black and strong, and half sugar. Strong black cigars next produced, and everybody lights up, including the hostess. It is a shock to the occidental mind to see young girls of 15 or 16 puffing away at long cigars, but every one smokes in the Philippines. The Spanish women usually confine themselves to cigarettes.

Many of the callers bring their guitars or mandolins, and there is always a little music. Some of the convent-bred girls are really excellent performers on the harp or piano, but pianos are always out of tune, owing to the damp climate. Impromptu concerts are organized, and occasional there is skirt dancing, in which the Filipino women excel, many elderly dames who are "heavy-weights" executing the difficult native dances with a grace, agility and ease which would turn a New York or London music hall artist green with envy.

WORRIED THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Lack of "Progress" Might Have Proved a Serious Thing.

"When people in our part of the country select a family physician they stick to him," says an Illinois physician. "If he goes away they won't call in some one else if they can possibly help it. They have faith in nobody but their own man, so long as he manages to be fairly successful. Last spring I went up to Chicago for a few days, much to the distress of a young mother in our town, who expects me to inspect her only baby every other day at least. The second day of my stay she telegraphed me to come home at once. Baby was sick—she told me the trouble—she didn't know what to do. It wasn't an urgent case, I knew, so I wired back a reassuring message, told her to give the baby a dose of some medicine she had at hand, and to fill out the ten words I put in 'Progress admirable.' I always like to use large words when I'm telegraphing—makes me feel that I'm getting the worth of my money, you know. When I got home two days later I went to see the baby.

"She's all right now," the mother told me, "but we were awfully worried. We had to rely on the medicine you left, though. The boy at the drug store didn't have a bit of prognosis in the place."

TIGERS FOND OF HUMAN FLESH.

Many Natives of India Yearly Made Prey of Jungle Monarch.

About 4,000 men were eaten by tigers in India between 1900 and 1904. A large proportion of these unfortunates perished during periods of famine, when the beasts are made bold by hunger and are driven to the plains in search of water. The deaths caused by tigers in India constitute 37 per cent. of the whole number due to wild beasts. All tigers are not man eaters, but when a tiger has once tasted man's flesh he will not be content until he has had more of it. Where flocks and herds abound, however, man is rarely a victim of the tiger. An old man-eater is usually very clever and tricky and can avoid the most skillful hunters. It is affirmed that a single tiger in southern India has killed 200 men, and that one in the Himalayas has killed more 300.

Carlyle's Curious Study.

Thomas Carlyle, the noted English philosopher and historian, had a curious study. It comprised the entire third floor of his narrow brick house at Chelsea, a London suburb. The walls of the study were of double thickness, to prevent street noises from annoying the master while at his work, and a skylight afforded the light. Just how fresh air was furnished the room was not apparent to the visitor. There is nothing about the room to suggest comfort, only a close, thick-walled, skylighted long apartment where the great dyspeptic worked and worked ceaselessly, and from where he hurried to the kitchen, in the basement of the house, as soon as his day's labor was done. In the kitchen he received his most intimate friends, and there they smoked their pipes together.

The Ruling Passion.

The father of a family, all of whom were devotees of bridge and much given to talking the game and holding post-mortems over badly played hands, died rather suddenly. There was a difference of opinion as to whether he should be buried in the family plot or cremated. In the course of the discussion the mother said weepingly to her son:

"John, what do you think?"

"I leave it to you, mother."

"I make it spades," was her reply.—Success Magazine.

Breakfasting with Whistler.

There was a foreign painter who used to breakfast at Chelsea, and when Mr. Carr asked him if he had been there lately he replied: "Oh, no; not now so much. He ask me a little while ago to breakfast, and I go. My cab fare, two shillings, 'arf a crown. I arrive, very nice. Goldfish in bowl, very pretty. But breakfast—one egg, one toast—no more! Oh, no. My cab fare, two shillings, 'arf a crown. For use no more!"—London Telegraph.