

New Era

ENGLISH SECTION OF
Official Organ
of the
South Slavonic Catholic Union.

Nova Doba

AMPLIFYING THE VOICE OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING MEMBERS



CURRENT THOUGHT

Campaign for New Members

Here is some good news for our members. Our Union shall pay 50 cents for every new juvenile member enrolled, provided the new addition remains in the organization at least a year.

For every new member enrolled in the adult department, our Union shall award the following prizes:

- \$1.00 for a \$ 250 death benefit enrollment,
- \$1.50 for a \$ 500 death benefit enrollment,
- \$3.00 for a \$1000 death benefit enrollment,
- \$8.50 for a \$1500 death benefit enrollment,
- \$4.00 for a \$2000 death benefit enrollment.

The foregoing awards became effective Aug. 1, 1933, as approved by our Supreme Board at its last semi-annual meeting.

Here is a splendid opportunity for lodges to increase their membership—and an opportunity to take part in the national campaign for new members conducted by our Union. Individual members are given special inducements in the form of prizes. Let's not take advantage of this unusual opportunity? Let's get busy and unite in a concerted drive for new candidates.

Riding on the wave of economic recovery, our S. S. C. U. wishes to participate in the new deal by keeping the public informed of its existence. Our Union, through its component lodges, proposes to attract outsiders into its fold. Its many accomplishments—all for the benefit of component members—must be spread by "word and mouth," so the public may realize that it is a distinct advantage for them into being persuaded to join the S. S. C. U.

To encourage lodges to advertise the name of our S. S. C. U. and uncover its splendid work to the public, our Union decided to reward them with cash prizes, in the hope that the number of members interested in this national campaign will increase. Since the whole organization benefits by additions of new members, the Supreme Board concluded that lodges with successful results should be given special consideration.

With the excellent history of a sound institution in back of every member, it should prove a relatively simple task for members to tell their story to friends.

The public realizes today that fraternal benefit insurance is one of the safest and most advantageous investments. During the darkest hours of the crisis our S. S. C. U. never swayed with uncertainty. Constructed on the principle of mutual interest, the assets of our organization were wisely and soundly invested. Members who have paid assessments diligently month after month through all these years can secure loans on accumulated reserves made possible by the transfer from Plan A to Plan B certificates.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Lodge officers and members are requested to submit all news items and articles, intended for publication in the Sept. 13 issue early enough to be inserted in the Sept. 6 issue, as the issue of Sept. 13 will be suspended, in accordance with the resolution passed at the last convention.

Next week, and since Monday is the deadline for all articles to be published in the Sept. 6 issue, the deadline for the Sept. 13 issue has been advanced to Saturday, Sept. 2. After that date, all articles received after Sept. 2 will not appear until the issue of Sept. 20.

GOOD PHILOSOPHY

There are a million dollars' worth of philosophy in this little paragraph written by someone whose name is unknown: "After a stumble a child cries, rises and tries again. Only fool grownups think they have to stay down."

IN THE U. S.

Since the consolidation of Campbell and Milton counties in Fulton County, Georgia, there are 3,071 counties in the United States, counting the 64 parishes of Louisiana. The number does not remain constant long.

Tweedledee: Doctor, I'm

going to take your advice and walk to work every day. Dr. Hurt: And, er, if you run over you'll remember my telephone number, won't you?

The Big Drive

The greatest drive this country has seen since the World War began Monday, Aug. 28, to put over the President's re-employment program.

Nationally known men and women will lead the army of 1,500,000 volunteers in the coast-to-coast canvass to put a blue eagle in every shop and a consumer's card in every home.

Communities throughout the United States have organized for the most intense concerted campaign. More than 100,000 pieces of literature will be the ammunition of this vast army. Every block of every city will be covered. Towns, villages and even remote rural communities will see the blue pin signifying a volunteer N. R. A. worker.

Led by National Recovery Administrator Hugh S. Johnson, notable men and women all over the country will participate. Among these are: Alfred E. Smith, John D. Rockefeller Jr., Glenn Frank, Walter Chrysler, who will be interviewed by Lowell Thomas, Senator Robert M. LaFollette, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, Gen. James G. Harbord, Speaker Rainey of the House of Representatives, National Commander of the American Legion Lewis A. Johnson, Gen. Atterbury, Gov. Ritchie of Maryland, Nellie Tayloe Ross, Bainbridge Colby, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Newell Blair and many others. From Copenhagen, in a trans-Atlantic broadcast, Minister to Denmark Ruth Bryan Owen will urge support of every American to the program.

National Recovery Administration headquarters in Washington has sent out complete instructions to the army of workers who will cover the country. Stars of stage and screen will make public appearances and will broadcast appeals throughout the week in which the drive will be intensified.

Motion picture theaters in every city, town and hamlet will show short features depicting principal points of the President's program to end the depression.

Women of the country have been mobilized through state and county organizations to interview personally every housewife in their communities to place the enormous purchasing power of women solidly behind the N. R. A.

The principal stars of Hollywood have donated their services to make the Blue Eagle campaign a complete success. Many are now at work on a series of featurettes depicting national recovery. Production, distribution and exhibition of these pictures will be donated as the contribution of the recovery administration.

Smallest of Birch Family

The white birch is the smallest and least widely distributed of the birches in eastern North America, says Nature Magazine. It is rarely more than 40 feet high, and its trunk seldom becomes greater than 18 inches in diameter. Its branches often clothe the stem nearly to the ground with their slender lengths, and their ends divide into numerous dark brown wiry branchlets on which the leaves, in fall, are a shower of gold.

BRIEFS

Jugoslavs of Cleveland, O., took many prizes and honors in the Cleveland Press Garden Contest conducted recently. Approximately 150 gardens and lawns were entered in the contest, of which the following Jugoslavs merited awards: John Levar, one of the grand prize winners; Marion Kuhar, third best lawn in the city; M. B. Haralovic, first prize in Section 11; Mrs. Mary Hrovat, third prize in Section 13; Frank Glavic, first prize in Euclid. Honorable mentions were received by the following Jugoslavs: Frank Skulj, John Putz, W. G. Junkar, Anton Zakrajsek, Anthony F. Suhadolnik and Joseph Jevnikar.

Detroit and St. Louis are the latest cities to make plans for organizing Jugoslav University Clubs. Pittsburgh, the first city to organize such a club, extended the idea to Cleveland, from where the movement spread to Chicago. Steve Maravich is heading the Jugoslav University Club movement in St. Louis, while Miss Vivian Ruzich is conducting a similar plan in Detroit.

Miss Anne Govednik of Chisholm, Minn., popular Olympic swimming star, recently spoke over radio from WCCO of Minneapolis, answering questions of the station sports announcer. A few days before she took part in an exhibition swimming contest in connection with a benefit for the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. She swam the 100-yard distance in the breast-stroke in record time of 1:19 flat, although she has accomplished the feat in 1:18. A few days later she participated in the water carnival sponsored by the Arrowhead Association of Izaak Walton League chapters held in Lake Vermilion, Minnesota.

Eveleth, Minn., is making plans to re-establish a professional football team. Tentative selections for the eleven include many Jugoslavs, Louis Prelesnik, Frank Malevich, Frank Miroslavich, Andrew Jagunich, Joe Jagunich, Tony Brimsek, J. Grahek and Rudy Tomatz.

"Triglavske Strmine," Slovene moving picture, will be shown at the Cleveland Slovene National Home on St. Clair Ave. next Saturday, Sept. 2, and in Detroit the following Saturday, Sept. 9. Mrs. Frances Taucher is the sponsor of the film in America.

Dr. Dinko Tomasic, professor at the University of Chicago, is studying the second generation of Jugoslavs of United States, and, according to reports, will publish the results of his work sometime this year.

Thunder and Lightning

Lightning is the passing of electricity from one cloud to another or from clouds to objects on the ground. Thunder is the noise produced by such discharge in the atmosphere.

Cubic Foot of Pure Gold

A cubic foot of pure gold weighs a little more than 1,200 pounds avoirdupois and is worth \$361,300.

"Not a Bedtime Story"

Springdale, Pa.—Once upon a time this country was a haven of rest and contentment. Work was plentiful and the father came home from work with a big smile, knowing that the wife and kiddies would be waiting for him at the door with their big smile. The kiddies ran down the path to take him by the arm, carry his lunch bucket and walk back side by side to the house. On "pay-day" he would arrive with an extra big smile and flash the bulging envelope to his wife. Happiness and mirth was ever present.

"Well, Mary, tonight we'll take in the movies, and tomorrow we'll take the car and pay your mother a visit," put in the hubby.

"Oh, John, dear, I'm so happy that I could cry. This happiness is too good to last. Let's go right in and have supper. It's waiting."

Yes, it was too good to last. The "big three," Mellon-Morgan-Rockefeller, envied their happiness and enjoyment. A conference resulted in strategic occurrences. Other "big numbers" joined in the game that with each card shuffle disaster was wrought. With the first shuffle John was out of a job; too bad it was the ace of spades. Another shuffle and John's savings account is wiped out; the ace of clubs put a sprig in the bank machinery, causing failures. The ace of diamonds brought just a tiny spark of hope; small package containing a relief order and the note "prosperity is just around the corner," and the funny part is that the blind package did work (for a while). But try as they would, there was no ace of hearts in that deck of cards; the ace that would bring love for humanity. John kept degrading and gave up all for lost. No more were there smiles and gayety present in his family, no more were his kiddies hopping about with joy, instead they walked about with a slow step, not understanding what troubled the parents; a mist of uncertainty hung over the home. This picture multiplied millions of times will explain the universal plight.

Then what happened? A God-sent "new dealer" took the cards in hand. He explained that "a fair and square deal" would be made to all. No tricks and no cards up the sleeves; the sleeves were rolled up. He found the old deck to be made to order for the dealer. He then threw the old deck aside and brought in a new deck. The results are now being noticed. More than one John has returned to work; the mist is clearing and sunshine is once again entering the home to light up the place. A blue eagle watches all those that join in the game. Play fair and square with the "other fella," is the watchword.

On the other hand, the "old dealers" of the former deck are being called to account. Where an illegal cut was made someone will receive compensation that is not too pleasant. One who cut the ace of clubs, Samuel J. Insull, is now to return to the country from where he fled, to account for the frequent ace of clubs; even Greece is not too far away when a "new dealer" is shuffling the cards. Watch him dish out the cards and see the results when a "square deal" comes with the

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE SUPREME SECRETARY

JUVENILE ASSESSMENT FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER OMITTED

Notice is hereby given to the Subordinate Secretaries that pursuant to a resolution adopted at the semi-annual meeting of the Supreme Board, held in the Home Office between July 24 and Aug. 2, no assessment is to be levied on the members of the Juvenile Branch of the SSCU for the month of September, 1933.

Consequently, no member in good standing in the Juvenile Branch, including those suspended in the month of August, will be required to pay the assessment for the month of September of this year. Members suspended in the month of August will be exempt from paying the September assessment only under the condition that their assessments for the month of August are paid to the subordinate secretaries during the month of September. Assessments so paid shall be forwarded by the subordinate secretaries to the Supreme Office in the month of October.

New members joining the Juvenile Branch in the month of September shall not be entitled to this privilege and their assessments for the month of September shall be forwarded to the Home Office in the month of October.

Fraternally yours,

Anton Zbansnik,
Supreme Secretary, SSCU.

A Call to Action

Collegians Prepare for Picnic Sept. 2

Canonsburg, Pa.—Come on, brothers and sisters, awaken from your lethargy! Don't you think your prolonged sleep has been sufficient?

We, members of Jefferson Collegians Lodge, No. 205, SSCU, again would like to reiterate our announcement concerning the great picnic that we are sponsoring on Saturday evening, Sept. 2. This picnic will be held at Dranick's Park, which is near S. N. P. J. Hall of Strabane.

For the complacency of all people, we have selected musicians that will play pieces for the young and old. Thus giving an opportunity to all to have a delightful time.

Since we are going to ask for an admission of only 25 cents a person, we are anticipating a gathering of maximum capacity.

We are soliciting all the adjacent lodges, as well as outsiders, to participate in our picnic. The only thing that is needed to make this occasion a success is CO-OPERATION.

Listen, girls! If you have made any other appointment for the evening of Sept. 2, please tell your mates to procrastinate that certain engagement and attend the picnic at Dranick's Park. Also, if by chance your boy friends or girl friends do not know how to dance, you will find many benches where you still can continue your personal conversation.

Happy days are here again! So, boys, beer will be no omission.

Everybody is welcome to attend this picnic, and we sincerely desire that each and everyone will arrive with the determination of having spent an enjoyable evening.

Josephine Sustrich.

Primitive "Steamship"

The Savannah, an American-built vessel of 350 tons, crossed the ocean from Savannah to Liverpool in 25 days, but the engines were only used as auxiliary power. When the wind was fair or the sea was too rough for steaming the paddle wheels were unrigged and taken on deck. The engines were only used a total of 80 hours during the voyage.

"new deal."

Frank J. Progar,
No. 203, SSCU.

Why Do Young People Buy Insurance?

Because banks, firms and individuals are favorably impressed by young people who own life insurance. It often forms the basis of business credit and is always a good recommendation.

Because it is good for them to learn how to save money. Because they can tie themselves to a definite payment each year.

Because it is the easiest way to lay aside a little money and get something for it.

Because insurance is cheaper for them now than it will ever be again.

Because they should get their insurance well started before marriage when financial obligations increase.

Because they are probably in good health and can pass a medical examination.

Because they will feel happier knowing that cash will be payable to their parents or others if they were to die, or to themselves if they live.

Because by carrying insurance a young person makes a beginning for success.

—Mutual Mutterings.

Chicago World's Fair

For \$16.65 an adult can see everything that is to be seen at A Century of Progress. This includes going into every pay concession and Midway amusement. Add to this a \$3 observation ride in a dirigible balloon, a \$3 airplane ride and a 50-cent boat tour of the lagoons and the total is \$23.15. A child under 12 years old can do the entire Fair, including all pay attractions, for \$12.05.

This is the officially tabulated, outside total. What actually happened was that the 2,464,413 visitors who paid gate admission to the Exposition in its first month, May 27 to June 27, spent \$2,500,000 among the concessions, an average of a dollar each, in addition for their 50-cent admission (25 cents for children under 12). The attendance for the first month was more than was expected.

The gate admission of 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children includes 85 exhibition buildings and features and 82 miles of exhibits.

WORK

The finest endowment policy ever bestowed upon a man is the ability to work and the enjoyment of work.

Past Life

(From the Slovene of Ivan Cankar. Translated by A. J. Klancar.)

The holiday was a gay, festival one; and I cast my eyes down, for I was ashamed of this insipidly-grey isolation, and I forsook the people.

I was all alone in the tavern, in a large, dark room. It was as if I were on the other side of the world, beyond life; I did not see the sky, nor did the bustle of festivity reach me from the street. And yet it was just a few paces to the street. Through a large window I saw people strolling in the sun; all the while I watched how beautiful lips moved in gay conversation, how young eyes laughed with joy. One usually smiles when one sees happy laughter, but my countenance remained calm; my eyes did not smile. What bustled, what glistened out there in the sun was foreign to me; the people who walked there, lived—did not think my thoughts, did not desire the things I longed for; still, there was neither hate nor love between them and me.

That year the summer vogue was very chic. Especially the half-grown young girl with big, dewy eyes and full, dainty lips—like the rays of the sun... the heart of a man could melt!... Broad-brimmed straw hats which shaded all of the forehead to the eyebrows, and from the straw hat a bright ribbon, round the neck a bright bow-tie; light blouses, bright and diaphanous, with the sleeves tight at the shoulders, wide at the elbows, so that the arm was bare to the elbow if it happened to be raised; the skirt tight, shapely over full limbs, as if they were molded in it—oh, the heart's desire.

Oh? No, little brother, all this is foreign to you, forever unattainable!

My eyes clouded for a moment; perhaps, a memory—a sudden shadow—had sprung from a former unconscious life. They began to rock somewhat, trembled—and I gazed cool and calm again into that sun which shone outside so foreignly for so foreign a life.

No need of love, no need of hate; but why shouldn't that what throngs there in bright display interest me? It is pleasant for a man if he has before him a cup of wine and some comedy besides... Whither are you hurrying, young, dewy-eyed maiden? Tarry awhile—where had your first blush been lost? I saw her regard; it had grown suddenly dim out of her chaste eyes and died out... and it was as if I wandered in a meadow, carefree, singing a song—and look, a precipice before me... Whither, oh, dewy-eyed, young maiden?... That unchaste regard had died away, and lit up again and burned in her wide-open, darkly circled eyes; her red lips laughed audaciously; her visage, a moment before still so tender and full-fleshed, was already all hollow and be-painted. Her body undulated coquettishly; her left hand slowly raised her skirt to the knees.

I wondered; I shaded my eyes with the palm of my hand to see more closely. Yes, her carmine lips are not laughing—they are quivering in weary sobbing. Her regard is no longer audacious; it is expressionless, timid, not quite consciously searching, pleading, reproaching. Tears are cutting deep wrinkles in the make-up on her face. She has stretched out her hand, lowered her head to defend herself. Her head is bowing always lower; I can scarcely see the fingers of her high, suppliant hands now. She sank down quietly and vanished.

This was only one of the caricatures in the comedy which I saw with satisfied eyes. But

the scene, which was so tediously festive before, became always more interesting. The sun was no longer joyous; its rays were oppressive and vaporous; they beamed on their faces, bathing them as with sweat and blood.

I saw an elegant man in a gray opera-cloak, a white flower in its buttonhole. Earlier, he walked slightly stooped as was then the fashion and smiled coquettishly under his little black moustache; he had met with young, dewy-eyed girls. But look! his back became always more stooped—a miracle: an oldster on a cane! His feeble knees are shaking; his nerveless eyes stare troubledly, languorously at the last, ugly rays of desire... He had stretched out his hand somewhat; now he searches with his cane, gropes about like a blind man, staggers and falls. I only saw his bald head yet, which drooped, raised itself up and drowned.

It was not at all noticeable in the throng that he drowned—as if a blade of grass had withered away in some out-of-the-way meadow... Where are you bound for, young man?

He is running away there into the black multitude, alone and free, and whoever touches his elbow draws back from him fearfully. He is dressed—why wasn't I, too, dressed like that once? No... this is but a memory from that unconscious, already forgotten life. Perhaps then I did wear a variegated, dashing necktie, a broad-brimmed hat tilted at a jaunty angle on tousled, curly head; an unbuttoned coat. Perhaps, then, in that unconscious life, my face was just as audaciously gay, my eyes also sparkled in the rays of the sun... Where are you going? Stop awhile!... No, he will not stop; he had written his own destiny, signed his own judgment. Adieu!

He came past a corner street-lamp; there the multitude was the densest—like flies swarming round a light! And its light shone forth on his face, too, bathed him in warm, red blood!... Stay, there is still time! God be with him, I am not his keeper! He should not have pushed into the throng... His unbuttoned coat is already tattered and torn; rags hang from his arms; his strong shoulders have contracted; his head has drooped; his trembling, feeble, bony hands are stretching out like the claws of a sparrow; he cannot defend himself; they cannot make their way... Nothing tragic—he was comical! Dishevelled hair, wet with sweat, had lain on his forehead over his eyes in long, shiny tufts, and beads of sweat dripped from them on his nose and lips; his eyes—where is your spirit, your fire?—glared bewilderedly, insanely... Drown, premature old man!

They are standing, all of them are standing, they do not ascend a foot up the street. Their feet are tramping; they are becoming weak; they are staggering—not a step ahead, not a step back... not a span anywhere! If this isn't diverting comedy... wine, garcon!

I had made such a mistake as a person driving along a long street would make—the vehicle stands still, but the hills with their white churches, meadows, fields, the peasants' low dwellings thatched with straw, the reverend parish priest who stands in his garden and reads his breviary—all hurry by in variegated genres, joy and wonder to the heart and eyes... It was so: my gentle, sable mare together with the sleepy waiter drove fleetly past the cobblestoned street. I watched those languor-

ous wayfarers bewitched in a circle and observed how they tramped the pavement, bloody sweat on their brows, bloody tears in their eyes, and laughter, oh, wonder laughter on their gasping lips, laughter without cause, insane, ugly, born of maddening agony. They are tramping, but only a magical circle is outlined, etched into the earth, so narrowly that the body totters and falls in the track of the clumsy, intolerable circumference.

A large, withered man in a black frock-coat, with golden spectacles and a patriotic beard dressed in a kaiser-port is goose-stepping as though he were pounding millet. There is not a trace of suffering on his face—it is evident that he is already totally mad, and it really seems to him that he is traveling indefatigably, that he is wandering straight to the goal as he had conceived it in his madness...

Are my eyes already tired, or has the evening shadow really already fallen on the cobblestoned street, on the bewitched multitude?... My gentle mare drove on, miraculously fast; we were already outside on the highway; the boy slumbered... wine, garcon!

Through the dusk, my mare drove past the broad road which was so crowded with wayfarers that many a one fell into the deep ditch along the road. It seemed to me that the city was already in the far distance, already under the cover of night; the solitary landscape all round, on the horizon the low hills with churches lit up in strangely red flames, as though they were afire. I recognized the landscape by these churches—I already saw it once before in the distant past, and then it was more beautiful, then I loved it...

I, also, recognized this long procession, forging ahead full of longing to the enchanted city. In front of them walked a man in priest's vestments, a crucifix in his hands. He alone did not move his feet; either he had realized the futility of this act, or he felt well in his narrow circle. He himself did not carry the cross—but the whole long procession, all of his followers, were thus burdened. Their bony, suppliant hands were raised high up; they held the heavy cross on high, and their feet, already all wearied and bruised, tramped incessantly. I recognized these miserable creatures whom I have once loved, who are foreigners to me at this hour.

In the unattainable distance, their mad eyes have been bulging already all evening, oh, for an eternity already, and not a step farther. Who will save them, who will shout to them... And if their eyes should brighten up, if their hands should hesitate, let go of the cross?... Oh, forward, brothers! Better madness than the horror of recognition!

Who are you who fixes your big, blood-stained eyes on me from the multitude?

I knew you once. Your regard used to be different; your laugh was happier; your step was prouder. Now your knees are already shaking; there is no more hope in your eyes; the time is near, comrade and brother! In my heart, too, there is no more hope, no sympathy, no fear when I look into the mirror of your disfigured face. You are doomed; fall, therefore, as those others are falling. You are standing, you do not budge—my mare sails joyously by... How much longer yet?...

Waffles! I'm afraid to go home for fear that I'll get myself into hot water.

Sorgum: You're crazy. This ain't Saturday night!

Selling Fraternalism

East Palestine, O.—There are certain qualifications which identify a good lodge member. It is not difficult to draw a word picture of one. There are certain things which he must do and certain things that he must not. Often a man whose fraternal reputation is not such an exemplary one will try to sell the idea of fraternalism to a prospective customer and fail miserably. Why?

The answer comes from the impression the salesman member gave to the prospective non-member. The non-member figures that if such a one is a product of fraternalism, he desires none of it. It is evident then that only members whose fraternal characters are above reproach should attempt to sell the idea of fraternalism. It doesn't work very well otherwise.

Joe J. Golitic,
No. 41, SSCU.

The Country Store

By Frank J. Progar
No. 203, SSCU

Springdale, Pa.—Lil and Stan on the Air question the Country Store, "who goes there?" To be perfectly frank with you (I always try to live up to my name), the store began without customers. With the opening of the Blue Eagle drive, three (may I come in?) nuisances appeared on the threshold; luckily, they are now absent. Now it is a foursome, quartet, Bachelors Union, unemployed society or whatever you wish to call it. It consists of Nick and Chick, and Fran and Stan. Sounds poetical, doesn't it? Oh yea, not when we meet.

Nick is found sitting in the doorway, feet propped up, and rolling his own; whoa there, it's Nick and not his feet that does the rolling of them dere makin's. Chick is sitting on the cracker barrel smoking his trusty corn-cob, philosophizing between draws. Frank (that's me, in case you don't know it) is like the weather—rain to-night and tomorrow—all wet. Stan—now where is he at—oh, yes, strutting around with his fingers stuck in his vest, and—"Now, boys, it's like this." And that is how I get my info; and not by electrical transcription either. Pen and note pads are yanked as the occasion demands... Nick says that if Stan were half as "smart" as Stan of Minn. he would be "bright." Uhuh, a new racket. Needs more makin's. By the way, this Stan is my brother. Chick exploded with, "Now see here, I want to know the meaning of B. A. R. I won't stand for this nonsense of being called names that I don't comprehend."... Stan wisecracks, "Sit down then." Explain it to the philosopher, will you?

Ahem, why—er—ah, yes, I will, too. Something that I don't comprehend, also. That Kennedy gal says that she went flirting for an argument, but was unable to engage one; well, I am surmised, or am I? While I was hesitant about throwing ice water, I did pat her on the back for her write-up; this in the June 21 issue, and see, I even know my dates, ahem. Now if I had slapped instead of patted her back I might have received a resounding crack. But I always let the women start the battle first; I don't trust myself... To Micka—if you can argue, I don't think I would care for any of

How to Collect Payment of Dues Before the End of the Month

Editor's Note: The following should be taken with the proverbial 10 grains of salt.

If all the members would pay on time, the life of the average financial secretary would be a bed of roses and more pleasant than a bumblebee's vacation.

Thus it is that the method outlined herein and offered to a long suffering public without money and minus price under a strict guarantee to produce the desired results, should prove a boon to every aforesaid F. S. Under its operation each member will make his payments before the end of the month.

Here is the guaranteed, results producing plan, fully protected by copyrights in all languages, foul or profane.

Secure the services of a comely miss of attractive shapeliness. Broadcast the information that every member who pays before the end of the month will be greeted with a kiss. Set back to cool and watch for results. This batch will never jell.

Old codgers whose wives have been doing the errands for years will quickly decide to attend to their own insurance payments. Rheumatics will rub liniment on their sore joints and hobble down to the secretary's office early in the month. Some may even insist upon paying two or three times a month.

The bald ones will go sheiky, like the younger chaps, smearing a pint jar of Woolworth vaseline on the few remaining hairs, causing the head to shine and reflect like a movie actress' mirror.

Ah, yes, my hearties, they'll all come in. Each morning there may be a line in waiting when the office doors are opened and, who can tell, it may be advisable to hire two girls, a chiropractor to repair damages, two divorce lawyers to make more and a bank teller to count the collateral.

—Fraternal Monitor.

your "potica." Also Lil from Minn. says that she makes better "krofe" than you. Now, I know I need go no further than Minn. for the "staro-kranske stvari."

My Dear Stan:

The letter you received from the "Ardent Admirer" and your answer has been carefully analyzed. The deductions are, "How do you account for the 'impossible' and he is too willing?" Until a girl is married, anything is possible, there is no such thing as a monopoly.

(Signed) Wise One.

Say, there ought to be a censor's bureau in the editor's room. Reports like those written by Helen Pozelnik make us go umpty-ump. Bar-B-Q's, baked hams, pretzels and, oh, my, yes, beer. Helen, you'll have to quit rubbing it in, I can't hold up under tasty revenge. Send me a sample of each, pa-leeze!

Humorous, yes, but pathetic is the following news item taken from a local paper. A lady whose children had been bitten five times in two years by the neighbor's dog made the following report: "I'm getting sick and tired of raising a family to feed that meat-hound."

A Century of Progress on Chicago's lake front. Edmund Kubik promised inside info as he sees it. Whatsa', Edmund, let's have the enlightening material. We await your contribs with interest.

For a bigger and better S. S. C. U.

"TENTH BROTHER"

By Josip Jurčič

Translated from the Slovene Text by Joseph L. Mihalj

(Continuation)

Martinek laughed, and in a jump he was by him. But he took hold of the gun clumsily, because at that very moment it went off, and Martinek had the bullet in him; yet he had strength enough to pull the gun from his opponent's hands and hit him with the heavily shod butt over the head, so that Martinek fell to the ground with a fractured skull. After that Martinek could not hold himself up any longer, and sank to the ground. The blood was gushing out of his deep abdominal wound. With his handkerchief he stuffed the wound so much that he stopped the blood a little, and then with a great effort he gathered his stick, shoes, coat and hat, arose gradually, and slowly dragged himself over the footpath.

The moon shone beautifully, and cast its beams upon the young man who was lying on the ground as dead. All was quiet for a long time, only the crickets and other insects, which came out of their holes after a hot day to enjoy the evening coolness, chirped their monotonous night song; down at the village could be heard the barking of two dogs which were answering one to another.

After about two hours one could hear the hoarse singing of a single voice which was slowly coming nearer. It was Uncle Dolef, who was coming from Obrščak's inn, heavily inebriated, according to his usual custom.

He was already quite a distance on the solitary path that led over the cliffs toward the castle. But it could be seen that the man was in no hurry to get home, because he often staggered to the side, and fell into the ditch every so often, and then, first gradually crawled out on all fours, and gradually raised himself on his two unsteady legs, accompanying this procedure with grumbling and talking to himself. After that he turned, facing the valley, and began to sing a ditty:

"A truly evil creature is This wife of mine;
She never gives me peace or rest,
At any time.
But cheats, nags and makes my life
A doleful crime."

"I am of a good family, of an honest father," continued Uncle Dolef to mumble to himself, "And I was never so crazy like other people, to get hitched to a woman's devil!"

He could not finish his soliloquy, because he stumbled against a wad and fell again. The ground on that place was sloping more than elsewhere, and there was danger that the uncle would roll down in the valley. But Dolef was a man who knew how to drink and to carry his wine, even if he drank it today more than usually. And so, when this son of a noble father noticed that his head, in this new bed, was closer to the center of the earth than his feet, he took hold of a juniper bush, and after several attempts swung himself around the bush that the blood no longer flowed into his head, and then taking hold of the bush with his other hand, he began to sing with a feeble voice:

"The bitter death will come,
The chamber hushed in gloom,
The cup no longer foam,
For I'll be in the tomb.
Dira la la loom."

Then after a while, he crawled again on all four, and when he came to the path, after much effort, helped himself on his unsteady feet, all the while

mumbling to himself: yet crawl home. And row again. I owe for two only. No, I do not owe anything! Obrščak deals with us! Are we not tians, both of us? You out Peter, yes, you did what did he do to you? do not fight! Be patient! gave us the wine, and His children, and made ourselves, if not someone else; for:

"The grape vine
Has no mouth,
To guzzle wine
And quench the drought
"What can you do?
and be quiet! You know
ing, but what you hear
others. But I, I knew
other drinkers. Oh, if
devil would bring you,
friend Fritz! We would
drink a cup, and sing
wait, how does it go
Oh, yes:

"Gaudemus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus
"I forgot—
With this soliloquy,
came to the place where
rrian was lying.

"Aha, here is one who
not see wine. Poor fellow
too, occasionally soused
so much that I could not
step, but—" Dolef staggered
and fell near Marian.

Just then he noticed that
supposed drunkard was
rrian and that he was bloated
over the head. It is known
something unusual, or
often sobers up a man from
drunken stupor. But to
who was peace-loving and
hearted, nothing was more
rible than blood and death.

"What? Marian killed
God's sake, who did this?"
After examining him
carefully, the old uncle
that the young man's head
still beating, but that his
was fractured. He called
pulled and moistened his
head with the dew, but he
remained motionless.

In the east, dawn began
appear already when
ceased his attempt to
Marian. He then began to
sider where he would
help. At last he decided
to Polesek, and he ran
as his old legs would carry
With difficulty he arose
and called out Krivec
wife, to tell them what
happened. As soon as the
taker's wife heard that
young lord was lying
in the woods, she began
make so much noise that
Polesek, that Marian's
woke up.

"Oh, what will happen
holy Barbara, Oh, holy
Mary, Oh, what will
pen!" cried mother Krivec
Her husband tried to
and calm her, but she
against him, shouting
more, and wiping away
tears that were rolling
her cheeks. "Oh, you
a rock for a heart; if you
heart, you would be
now. Oh, what will hap
us now if the young
dead, Oh, Oh!"

"Woman, you were
when God was not feeling
or when He was tired,
devil himself did not
you."

"If you two want to
do it some other time,
and call the lord, so that
will go and bring
home," said Dolef.

(To Be Continued)

Mr. Gnaggs: And you
to say you wouldn't
best man living.
Mrs. Gnaggs: Well,
the satisfaction of know
I kept my word.

