

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

SEZONSKA VOŠCILA



Mnogo veselja in mičnih daril v božičnem času želi svojim mladim prijateljem v mladinskem oddelku—urednik.

O sinu Časa in Zemeljski vili

L. Ebelova-B:
Nekaj je živel na svetu samo star Čas. Stanoval je na največji zvezdi, sedel je tiso, ker je imel rad mir, in njegova bela brada je rastla in rastla čez ves nebesni obok od enega konca do drugega, danes jo imenujemo rimsko cesto. Imel je snežni zlatih las, a ker se je rad izprehal po nebesnem svodu in je bil vesel, ga je zato zakljal v stekleno goro na koncu zemlje. Zato je bila na zemljini neprestano tema.

Na drugem koncu zemlje je stanoval v črnu gozdu Zemeljska vila. Bila je tako modra, da je vedela nelo v vsem, kar se je godilo na zemlji, ampak tudi o tem, kaj bi se zgodilo če bi prišel sin Časa iz steklene gore.

To je bila prav vesela vila in točilo se je že po ptičjem petju, po zvončkih in drugih cvetlicah. Ker je bila čisto sama na vsej zemlji se je zarekla, da bo poskušala osvoboditi sina Časa.

In napotila se je in šla in šla, da se posvetuje s svojim očkom. To je bil Duh Zemlje in je živel na dnu globokega morja. Zemeljska vila je pobrala kamenc, ga začulila v more in zaklila: "Duh Zemlje, vzplašaj k meni!" In takoj se je more razmaknilo in iz morja je stopil vesel starek.

"Za dolgo te si ti stožilo po meni, hčerka," je dejal.

"Ni se mi stožilo po vas ocka Duh Zemlje, ampak po ptičjem petju, po zvončkih ter zvončnicah. Grdo in temno je v mojem gozdu. In veni, da ne bo drugače, dokler bo živel sin Časa v stekleni gori. Prišla sem k vam, da bi mi povedali, kaj naj mu pomagam iz gore."

"Dobro, hčerka," pravi Duh Zemlje, "nemud hatate, ker si bolj zahrepena po ptičjem petju, po zvončkih in zvončnicah nego po starem očetu. Duhu Zemlje. Taki so otroci, takšni pa bili naj bili?" Toda ker te imam rad, ti povev, kako moreš pomagati sinu Času. "Pojd, pošti stekleni gori. Okoli nje je široko more. Vzem iz morja najmanjšo skočko, ki jo najdes in s to skočko poljav stekleno goro nad vrha nizvod deset tisoč let. Potem jo bo mraz raztrgal in sin Časa bo prost."

"Hvala vam, očka, za nasvet," pravi Zemeljska vila. "Tiso let je kakor trenutek. Bom polivala; zdavljujte!"

"Kadar osvobodis sma Časa, se povselita od srca," je rekel Duh Zemlje, "toda cuvaja se, hčerka, starega godnjaka z belo brado—rimsko cesto!"

Nasmehnila se je Zemeljska vila. Prebilica je globoko morje, učila najmanjšo skočko in zadele poljiva goro. Poljiva je tisoč let in zoper tisoč let: morja je vedno manj, gore vedno več ker led na njej kar raste. Toda ko je preteklo deset tisoč let, je vso more primrnilo na goro in gora je podala." Iz gore pa je stopil s sunčno sin Časa.

Ko je prišel na dan, je stresel z zlatimi laskami—gora se je začela zlatiti. Ko je stopil na zemljo, se je zemlja začela ogrevati. Vila ga je peljala k svojemu gozdu—in glej, že poganjajo iz tal zvončki v kinaju z glavicami. In hipoma se prebude ptički in pojede. In ko se ptički utrdijo, že zvonijo in zvonijo zvončnice.

"Dobro," je rekla Zemeljska vila, "tu je že veselo, toda hotela bi, da bi ozelenela vsa zemlja in da bi bilo povsod polno življenja."

"Vse ti izplnili kar bo hotela, saj si me osvobodila," je rekel sin Časa in stresel z zlatimi laskami. "Skupaj bovala hodila po vsej zemlji in ti mi bo kazala, kje je treba kaj storiti."

In tako sta hodila skupaj—in po vsej zemlji zelene travnike in polje, cesto krešnje in jablane, rumeni sežito in ljudje se vozijo na potje po bogato letino. In po vsej zemlji je veselo vriskanje, da je čuti na največje zvezde. Zemeljska vila in sin Časa plešeta na veselicah vedno prvo kolo.

To vriskanje in veselje je prebudovalo starega Časa iz globokega spanja: s koščenimi prsti si pogrebe belo brado—rimsko cesto, da zvezdice kar prisijo, in posluša, posluša, odokd prihaja to vriskanje in petje. In vidi: na zemlji pleše njegov zlatolasi sinček z Zemeljsko vilom; plešeta vedno prvo kočibija s petami ob tla, sa točeta po boku in vse okoli njiju vriski. Ta ko doplešeta prvo kolo, besita naglo v drugo vas, kjer se pošlene veselici komaj začenjajo—in že zoper se postavlja sinček z Zemeljsko vilom v krog da zaplešeta prvo kolo.

Zelo se razkaci star Čas, dihne proti polnemu, dihne proti polnemu in ze je na zemljini zgoraj in spodaj vse zamrznjeno.

"Ker sta to storila," pravi svojemu sinčku in Zemeljski vili, "smeta hoditi samo eno pot od polnovega do polnovega. Ko prideš k polnovi, vaju zavrnit kozorog. Na polnovev in na polnovev ne bo življena; tam bocem imeti mir. Toda ko se bosta vrakala, pojdi tudi za vama smrt."

Prestrelila sta se sin Čas in Ze-

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ADINSKI DOPISI
Contributions from our
Junior Members.

from page 2)

very glad to see him—in fact so much that she could not keep from crying. We got the reward and then went home. We deposited the money in a bank, and started a savings account.

—Johanna J. Kumse,
Lodge No. 6, SSSC, Lorain, O.

BLACK JACK JIM

Last night when everyone was asleep, a burglar entered our house. The sound of a closing window awakened me. I jumped out of bed and looked through the window. A rather odd looking fellow was leaving our yard and walking toward the corner. For a moment or two he stood there as if trying to decide what move to make. This gave me a good chance to view him.

In the morning my dad said that his watch and some money were missing. I told him of my experience and he asked me to notify the police of the burglar. I did so with the most exacting details that I could remember.

The next week the police informed me that they had caught a man who answered to the description and that I should come to identify him. He proved to be the same man who entered our house. The police told me that this man was a noted robber and was called by his associates "Black Jack Jim" because that was the tool he used while robbing.

—Joseph Zgoc,
Lodge No. 6, SSSC, Lorain, O.

THE FAIRIES

May was about ten years old, and thought she would like to wander away from home, for a day or so. One morning the sun shone brightly and suddenly it dawned upon her mind, that this would be a good chance for her to try out a new experience.

Immediately after her breakfast she started for school. But in going in that direction she had to pass through the woods. There she saw beautiful trees and flowers and it seemed that they were smiling at her as though to welcome her. Being tired she rested on a log. Soon she fell asleep. While sleeping fairies came and carried her away, and when she awoke, she found herself in a beautiful fairy castle. The fairy queen asked her what she was doing in the woods, and she told her. For that reason she said that she was her prisoner.

After the queen kept her for a while, she decided to let May go home. So the next day the fairy queen gave orders to return May to the earth. Her mother was very glad in seeing May again and made her promise to never do such a thing again.

—Madeline Kompare,
Lodge No. 26, SSSC, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NUTTING

One beautiful Sunday afternoon I was sitting on our front porch all alone. I was swinging my feet and turning my head in all directions looking for a friend to play with. Finally, I saw one of them coming along. When I asked her where she was, she replied, "Nutting" and hurried along.

Soon she was returning. And again replied to my question that she was going "nutting." I kept on wondering what she meant by the word "nutting."

One day a friend of mine invited me to try my luck at cracking nuts. She told me that she got those nuts from the country that afternoon. She also explained to me that "nutting" meant picking nuts. When we cracked enough nuts to satisfy ourselves we went home. I was happy in knowing the meaning of the word "nutting."

—Lucille Zivetz,
Lodge No. 66, SSSC, Joliet, Ill.

SADNESS LEADS TO HAPPINESS

There was once an old lady who lived in extreme poverty. It was a score of years since her only son David, a tall handsome figure had left her. Her husband had been killed through the cruelty of a cruel ruler. In the neighborhood was a wicked woman who took a keen dislike to this lady and David; so, one day she told her that her son was dead. Naturally the old and feeble lady grieved over this.

Somehow she got in touch with David and told him that his mother was dead. Of course, he mourned over the supposed loss of his beloved mother. As she was married to a wealthy woman he lived in many luxuries. He realized that he should have asked his mother to live with him.

Time passed on. The mother prayed for her son, while David prayed for his mother. Soon her money gave out and she was naturally forced to go to work. As she could not find any kind of work in town, she decided to go to a nearby village and try her luck in finding work. After days of searching she found a job as scrubwoman, in one of the mansions.

One day while she was finishing her work, she noticed a glittering article. She picked it up and asked permission to take it to the king. She received a great reward, as this article happened to be one of the rare diamonds. For some reason the king was curious, and asked the kind lady what her name was. "Percilla Delfond," she replied promptly.

"Delfond," exclaimed David with great surprise.

"Yes," she replied, "my son," and fell to the ground overbound with surprise.

The explanations followed. Pretty soon it was evident that his mother was a scrubwoman in his palace. Of course David invited her to live at his palace. The wicked woman was punished for her bringing so much grief to them.

—Mary A. Polichnik,
Lodge No. 30, SSSC, Chisholm, Minn.

(Miss Polichnik has won a prize in the Juvenile Department for one of her articles.)

BIRDS

What would we do without birds? If we were cruel and killed them all? Our trees would be destroyed by the worms because there would be no birds to destroy them. Our gardens and forests would be deserted and gloomy, full of insects and pests.

There would be no song as lovely as a bird's to wake us in the morning. Just to see those feathered babies fluttering in and out among the trees makes us happy.

A bird is not free of work; it has its nest to make, its young ones to care for. Teach them to fly. What is the nest made of? While flying over a barn some bird may see a few horse hair scattered among some hay. These are brought to the place of building where with the aid of some mud a nest is built.

Some of the birds make their nests in the woods. While some make them in bird houses made by kind people. Some make them in the trees, and again some of them are made on the ground.

The bird that does most of the singing is the male bird, for as we all know he is telling the world about his good little wife. When our summer birds are gone, something is made barren in the atmosphere. Let us take more interest in the feathered creatures.

—Theresa Cveton,
Soudan, Minn.

NEW BOOTS

"What size?" asked the clerk in a shoe store.

"Oh, I think three and-a-half will fit."

I took them home and went out hunting. I shot a rabbit and scared two of them by stumbling because I did not know how to walk with my "new boots." I got my boots all dirty and wet by crossing a large swamp on my way home.

I threw the gun over my shoulder and hung the rabbit on my belt. I hurried all the way home to surprise my mother with the rabbit. When I came home the first thing my mother did was to look at my boots. Then came the scolding. She made me take them off, and said she was going to give them to my cousin. She telephoned him to come and take the boots. I cried because by boots were to be taken away from me. I awoke, to find that I had slept with my new boots on.

—Frank Muhvich,
Lodge No. 139, SSSC, Ely, Minn.

WHEN A FELLOWS NEEDS A FRIEND

"Ouch!" Miss Brown jumped up from her seat, "Who threw that slug?" The room was silent, then "Tommy Maynard threw it," replied Jennie Smith to the teacher. She wanted to get revenge as she also received one a little time before.

"Thomas, you may remain after school," said the teacher sternly. Then the bell rang and unhappy Thomas settled down in his seat with a sigh of longing. This was the day he was to go fishing with the gang.

Here is some paper, Thomas, write one hundred times, "I will never throw slugs in school again," came the teacher's voice. Tommy took the paper, sat down and began to write fast at first, but feeling his fingers growing tired gradually slowed until finally came to a stop. He laid his head on his hand and gazed out of the window.

A young robin was singing lustily. The warm spring sun was pouring lazily through the window. A gentle breeze was swaying the leaves. It was a perfect day. Then a hoarse unnatural caw of a crow broke the stillness.

"That is Spoud's voice. I bet he and skinny are waiting for me," thought the wretched Tommy. He looked at his paper with only forty sentences written. He wasn't even half through. He took up his pencil with a sigh and began writing once more. He wrote quite rapidly for twenty minutes and then laid his pencil down.

"Thank goodness, that is done," he ejaculated.

"All right, you may go, Thomas," replied Miss Brown.

Tommy flung on his coat and rushed out of doors. Outside, the gang awaited him. As he approached them they offered words of sympathy to him.

"This is sure a time when a fellow needs a friend," cried Thomas.

—Stefka Vehovc,
Lodge No. 25, SSSC, Eveleth, Minn.

CHRISTMAS TREE

A few years ago I was planted in the woods. I grew and grew every year a little larger until I became six feet tall. Then one day near Christmas time I was dug out by some men put on a truck and taken to a store, where I saw my brothers and sisters. We were all set in a row. One day a woman came in with her daughter to buy one of us. She looked and looked until at last she came to me.

She asked the storekeeper what the price was. "Two dollars," he answered.

I was brought to a beautiful home. They set me in the corner of the room near the window. They began to decorate me. They put all kinds of tinsels on me. Many gifts were placed under me. I was left in the room till New Year's Eve. By this time I had lost most of my needles and necessarily became rather ugly.

Then I was chopped into kindling wood and put into a fire. That was the end of me.

—Frances Logar,
Niles, O.

ROSE AND HER UNCLE

There was once a little girl named Rose, who had no mother or father. She was the only one left of the family, and being in ill health lived with her aunts in a large building. Rose had five aunts and two uncles; namely, Uncle Alec and Mac. Her uncle Alec lived in Indiana and Rose, and her aunts lived in Boston.

One night as Rose was sleeping, she dreamed of her uncle Alec coming from India. The next morning she saw her uncle Alec returning home from India.

Now Uncle Alec was to be Rose's health doctor and told her she was to take exercises every day. A couple of days later she was surprised to receive two dresses from him. She thanked him very much.

Uncle Alec took Rose to China and presented to her many gifts. After a month he took her to India where her health steadily improved.

—Angelina Hodnik,
Lodge No. 58, SSSC, Bearcreek, Mont.

A DREAM

One day I was walking through the woods. When I came to the other side I saw a little man dressed in brown. He pointed to a palace and said if I would go into it I would be made queen.

I taught he was fibbing, but he said if I would not be made queen I could kill him.

I walked up the beautiful steps of marble and wondered where to go. I walked up a little further and as I passed a gate of gold the guards bowed to me and let me by. The King saw me and said I was to be the queen. My chair was a high throne of pure gold and my dresses were also silk with beads and jewels sewed to them. When I woke up in the morning I found myself on the floor almost frozen to death.

—Josephine Shustar,
Lodge No. 92, SSSC, Rockdale, Ill.

CIRCUS CRAB

I was sitting on a soft chair in the living room when a strange hoarse laugh came from behind my chair. Wasn't it the circus crabs laugh who had long ago nearly destroyed our city by burning it? First, I must tell you how this crab looked like in order to show you my terror when he had his pinchers about me.

He was the size of a bushel basket. His pinchers were as large as a full-grown man's arm, and the color of the sky. The rest of him was black. This crab not only could laugh, but squeeze one to death. In the next minute my mouth was shouting for help. My mother came to my rescue, only to be caught by the crab herself. I ran out in the street, calling for help. No one stirred from their sleep.

After while I came to my senses and got an axe with which I struck at the crab's back. The crab soon fell death. As it did so a howl came from the other side of the bed. The rest of the day my sisters didn't speak to me or let me explain the situation.

—Elizabeth Peteren,
Lodge No. 129, SSSC, Ely, Minn.

WANDERING

The sun is sinking in the west, Across the dark blue sea. The birds are flying home to rest, But is there rest for me?

Twilight is falling over the land, And black shadows creep. All around me there is sand, And the blue sea cold and deep.

But still I go on west of the sun, For a lonely person am I. No one knows me, I know no one, Only the land, the sea and the sky.

—Mary Dagarin,
Lodge No. 41, SSSC, East Palestine, O. (Mary Dagarin is rather a lonely girl. She would like to have juvenile members write to her. Mary is very much interested in literature, and would no doubt, enjoy corresponding with other members. Her address is 681 Alice St., East Palestine, O.)

WOODLAND SOUNDS

There's a beautiful woodland, Just over the hill, Every time I go there it gives Me a thrill.

As you come to this woodland, You hear a sound, T's the rumbling and tumbling Of this beautiful stream.

If you sit down and watch, The stream go by, The colors you count, Will make you sigh.

There's yellow and purple, And green and blue, And the azure sky makes it More beautiful too.

Then there's that rumbling And tumbling of the stream Going by, And the sound of the wind With a whistling sigh.

It goes whirr and whirl That beautiful sound And it falls in a swirl, And then gives a bound.

And I sit in rapture, The whole day long, Listening to its Delightful sound.

—Priscilla Lopp,
Lodge No. 20, SSSC.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas is coming, Christmas is coming, Come and give the editor a surprise.

Let your stories come a running, Send them in before the moon will rise.

Come give the New Era a cheer, For Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Now don't think that I'm a poet, Just because your rake might hoe it, Merry Christmas to all.

Now don't go and fall,

And let the rest enjoy it all.

—Catherine J. Chanko,
Lodge No. 66, SSSC, Joliet, Ill.

Monessen, Pa.

Halloween is over, but I could not forget the good time we had in school. All the children were dressed as funny as they could be. Our teacher made a nice party on us. We got lots of cake and candy. Then we played different games. The teacher gave us a tube, filled with water, with apples in it. If we could get the apple out of the tube with our mouths we could eat it. But luck was not with me, so I had to go without eating an apple.

Josephine Fugger, No. 68, SSSC.

Elmore, Colo.

We had a very big storm here on Halloween's night. But just the same we had a good time. Since the teachers went to the convention, we had a little vacation. Mother called us to pick the turnips from the garden because she feared that they would freeze, as the snow fell on it twice already.

We are getting the books for a Christmas play. We will begin practicing pretty soon.

—Mary Marinac,
Lodge No. 64, SSSC.

NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT

GIFTS

Omit Neckties

Once more the great annual

problem arises as to just what to get "him" or "her" for Christmas, and once more people are racking their brains in a futile attempt to get something different. Each year

about this time one hears on all sides of the harrowing experiences undergone in this vain endeavor for originality in the selection of one's Christmas gifts.

Then one begins to wonder which is of paramount importance—the black despair and discouragement on the part of the donor which are but

a result of the physical and mental exhaustion induced by this fruitless effort at originality, or the intense gratification experienced at that moment of moments when one is told by the object—or victim—of one's Christmas giving that the fruit of all this effort "is just what I wanted."

After while I came to my senses and got an axe with which I struck at the crab's back. The crab soon fell death. As it did so a howl came from the other side of the bed. The rest of the day my sisters didn't speak to me or let me explain the situation.

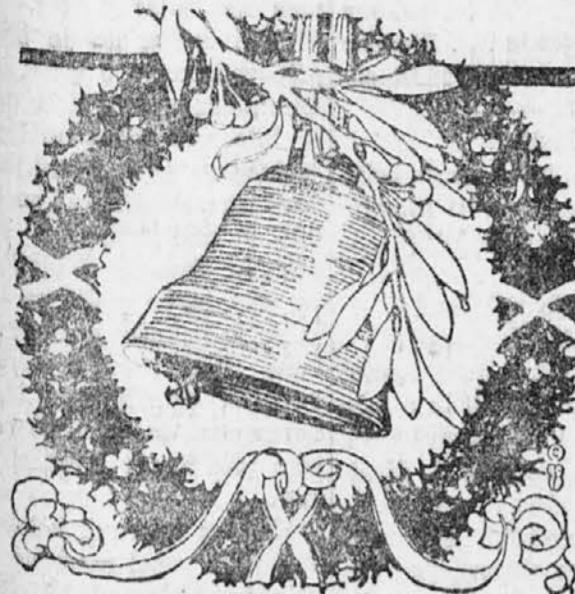
It was the size of a bushel basket. His pinchers were as large as a full-grown

NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Louis M. Kolar.

Current Thought.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



This is the time of the year for all people to be particularly happy because of the coming holidays. It is the one day in the year when the family gathers together and renews confidences between themselves. Gifts are exchanged as a token of love and friendship. Apart from the actual financial value of the gift, the people, as a rule, look upon it with great sentiment. Moreover, many unexpected greetings are received from friends that we had almost forgotten.

Students attending out-of-town colleges invariably spend their Christmas holidays at home. Great is the anticipation of the folks in the forthcoming visit of their sons and daughters. They are eager to notice the changes, if any, that have come over the out-of-town student. And what a surprise is in store for many of the folks at home. Especially is this true with students that have finished their first semester at college. An independent air is attached to them, and they seem to speak with great care and caution—like people shouldered with great responsibility.

CONSIDER YOUR PAST YEAR

Christmas is also the time of the year to do a little pondering. Look back a year and see if any improvement has been made in the status of your life. Are you heading for a certain goal, or are you just one of the listless, languid people inhabiting this earth. Unfortunate circumstances may have prevented you from attaining exactly what you have set out to do. Nevertheless, if you have attempted a little in reaching your goal and have made a persistent effort, you have nothing to be sorry for. Progress that is of real benefit is never made in leaps and bounds, but rather in slow strides. Unexpected obstacles in the way of progress are all taken into consideration in the planting of a certain goal. Hence, a failure due to befalling forces is nothing to brood over, but rather to be taken as a matter of course.

LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

Regardless of what we have planned to do in the past year, which did or did not ripen into a reality, we should forget the past and start anew. By directing our work in the right direction, rightful satisfaction is attained. After all, it is the personal contentment that counts. That is what constitutes true happiness. A man may acquire a fortune during his lifetime, yet not feel the same personal satisfaction obtained by a man of modern means—namely, true satisfaction derived from deep down in the heart.

With a true spirit coming deep from our heart, we want to take this opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas!

THE PERENNIAL

(By Henry A. Courtney)

Twelve months ago I said to me:

"Next year I'll do my shopping early,
This last hour rush is misery,

In crowds, with people peev'd and surly

A vast hurly, burly, burly."

Alas! Not to omit alack!

The gifts I might have bought last summer
(Assuming that I had the jack)

I'm buying now, nerves on the hummer;

Each year I seem to get but dumber!

—Capper's.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

When you helped mother make the mincemeat.
When you found a candy cane and a big silver dollar in your Christmas stocking.

When you got a mosquito-bar sack of mixed candy off the Sunday school Christmas tree.

When you took your best girl sleigh riding in the new cutter and protected her from the cold by sitting close beside her.

CHINESE WARS of war lords trying to get control of the country, or part of it, while it, at least, with foreigners rushing to cover, and foreign warships steaming up the rivers. There must be a great deal responsible for some of it, love of vitality in China to endure. For here the pie counter has been responsible for more. For here they are again—another gang such a reign of lawlessness.

COLLEGIANS ELECT OFFICERS

Canonsburg, Pa.—At the regular meeting of the Jefferson Collegians, held Dec. 1, the following were elected: August Lawrence, president; Alice Sustrich, vice president; Elizabeth M. Ritzel, secretary; Stephen Lombardi, treasurer; Pauline M. Fartro, recording secretary; Frances V. Ritzel, Louis A. Polaski and Josephine Sustrich were elected to represent the auditing committee.

It is hoped that all the members of the Collegians Lodge will co-operate with the officers and make 1930 our banner year. We now have 38 members; let's try to increase our membership to 100 by December, 1930. We can do it if we only try. So let's show a little action and have every member bring one or two new members into the lodge next month. Boost our lodge a little bit and let them know that we have plenty of pep.

I would like to see all of our members at our next meeting, the first Sunday of January. Start the new year right by full attendance and continue it throughout the year. I am wishing all of the Collegians a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. Let us hear from some of the writers that are members of the Collegians. Here's for a bigger and better S. S. C. U.

Elizabeth M. Ritzel,
Sec'y No. 205 S. S. C. U.

PRIZE WINNERS

Joe Galicic of East Palestine, O., was awarded a prize of five dollars for one of the articles submitted and recently published in the NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT. Mr. Galicic is a member of St. Joseph Lodge No. 41.

Margaret Agnich of Ely, Minn., was awarded second prize of three dollars for the article "Santa Claus and Christmas," submitted and published in the last week's edition. Miss Agnich is a member of Lodge No. 1 S. S. C. U.

This should act as an inducement for the rest of the members of the S. S. C. U. to submit articles. Monthly prizes are offered—first prize of \$5, second prize of \$3, third prize of \$2.

Inasmuch as the NEW ERA is a national paper, news concerning the lodges in different localities helps to liven up the character of the newspaper. This can be accomplished in only one way, and that is by having members send in news and articles in general. Remember, this is your paper, and is solely to be used by the members of the S. S. C. U. By taking an active interest in your lodge and giving it proper publicity, the S. S. C. U. organization will expand in leaps and bounds. What is more, the paper will have more news value.

Editor.

LECTURES

Cleveland, O.—Dr. Clement Burbank Shaw lectures every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in Suite 801 Columbia Building, 112 Prospect Ave. One lecture has already taken place Dec. 15, the subject being "The Universal Rhythm." Two more lectures will be given, one on Sunday, Dec. 22, "on Rejuvenation of Body and Voice," and the other on Sunday, Dec. 29, the subject being "Silence."

BRIEFS

INFLUENZA GERM DISCOVERED

Professor Hopes to Prepare Vaccine

Dr. Isidore S. Falk, 30-year-old professor of hygiene and bacteriology at the University of Chicago, announced the discovery and isolation of the influenza germ, with promise of a hopeful prospect for an anti-toxin that will stem the scourge. By further research work a vaccine may be prepared from dead microbes of the influenza germ, which would be absorbed through the mucous membranes of the nose and throat and thus effect a cure.

With 14 members of the biological department to aid him, Dr. Falk toiled during the epidemic a year ago, working 16 hours or more a day. The corps of scientists "mobilized" Dec. 12, 1928, to concentrate every effort toward carrying to successful fruition the five years of research their leader had devoted since his graduation from Yale.

WJAY broadcasting station of Cleveland, O., again broadcasted the Slovenian Hour Sunday, Dec. 15, between the hours of 2 and 3 p.m. Male quartet, girls' singing club, accordion solo and orchestral arrangement constituted part of the program.

Paul Sevenich, owner of the Reliance Motor Co. of Chisholm, Minn., has moved to California, selling part of his controlling interest in his concern, having four branches.

Talk about hard luck. Spartans' bowling team lost a game Sunday, Dec. 15, by exactly two pins, against the Comrades, in the Inter-Lodge League of Cleveland, O. Final score was 881 to 879, in favor of the Comrades.

YOUR PAPER

"Contributions"—the word as it stands covers a multitude of sins. Contributions, journalistically speaking, mean letters to the editor, news hints, criticisms about news, "feature" hints, poems, editorials—in short, the whole gamut of what's in a newspaper. No experience, or previous experience, does not bar one from trying out for the NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT. Communication with the editor, depending on one's interest, is welcome and is encouraged.

This is your paper. Express your views on matters of interest to the S. S. C. U. lodges. Write your comments on the newspaper as it is published. NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT page is one of the best means of advertising the activities of your lodge. By all means use it.

CRITICAL PERIOD

The critical period of a man's life is between the ages of 40 and 60 years. Men overtaken at that age must either turn absolutely from the wrongs of life or be overwhelmed by them. Few men ever right themselves after the age of 40.

Some governors refuse to pardon men after they have passed the age of 45. Most embezzlements, the confirmed drunkards, and marriage storms, occur around this age. The heart is the sea level of the soul of one's meditations—the habitual plane of thought—mark the sea level of one's life

Make no jests that are sharp or biting to your members.

SPORTING BITS

COMRADES AND J. S. K. J.'S TO CLASH

S. S. C. U. Bowling Championship of Northern Illinois at Stake

On Sunday, Dec. 22, Comrades' bowling team of Waukegan, Ill., local branch of the S. S. C. U., will travel to Joliet, Ill., to compete with the J. S. K. J.'s bowling five of that city. This will constitute the first half of a home-and-home match game, which will ultimately decide the championship of the S. S. C. U. in northern Illinois. Arrangements are being completed to bowl the last half in the Recreation Rooms at Waukegan, Ill., in January.

These two teams are considered the fastest S. S. C. U. bowling teams in northern Illinois. The winner of this contest will attempt to meet other lodge bowling teams to determine the real champion of the S. S. C. U. organization. About fifty members of the Comrades will make the trip via the Metropolitan Coach Lines, while others will drive their own machines. Arrangements are being made to bring about a basketball game between these two lodges. The team will leave Waukegan at 9 o'clock and will arrive in Joliet at noon. Match game will start promptly at 3 p.m. at the Aloma Alleys, Chicago and Clinton streets. Mr. Paul Bartel, vice president of the S. S. C. U. and president of the St. Rocus Lodge, No. 94, will be one of the distinguished visitors.

John Petrovic,

No. 193 S. S. C. U.

WELCOME, WAUKEGAN, WELCOME!

Banquet To Honor Guests

Joliet, Ill.—Everything is in readiness for a big day in Joliet, Ill., Sunday, Dec. 22, when Waukegan Comrades tackle the popular J. S. K. J.'s No. 66 in a hectic and much talked of bowling match to decide the supremacy between the two rival colonies.

The visitors are expected in Joliet about noon. Lodge No. 66 officials will meet the Comrades on Broadway Rd. and escort them to the new beautiful Rialto Gardens for dinner in the guest hall, which has been reserved for the entire day for the J. S. K. J. Supper will also be partaken in the Rialto Gardens.

At 3 o'clock we will be at the Alamo Recreation bowling alleys, witnessing the feature bowling game between Waukegan and Joliet lodge teams. Each lodge will have two teams, the first and second. Both the Joliet teams feel confident of a victory, and we suppose Waukegan feels likewise.

After the contest we will return to the Rialto Gardens and partake in the banquet prepared for the two lodges. Joliet J. S. K. J. lodge officials and members, representatives of various athletic clubs, public solons—all friends of our much vaunted SS. Peter and Paul Lodge, No. 66, will be present. The guests will be entertained with local popular singers and orchestral music.

After the supper we will go "up on the hill" to the Homewood Grays' Club, which will have "open house" for Waukegan-Joliet, J. S. K. J. We are ready. Bring on the Comrades.

John L. Zivetz, Jr.,
Sec'y No. 66 S. S. C. U.

COMRADES DEFEAT BOOSTERS

Basketball Season Officially Opened

Waukegan, Ill.—Comrades S. S. C. U., and Boosters, K. S. K. J., engaged in a basketball tilt Dec. 11 at the Mother of Good school gymnasium. The score was 50 to 14 in favor of the Comrades. Joe Little starred for the winners, making nine goals and one free throw.

Three victories in three games indicates that the Comrades' basketball team is something to be reckoned with. What is more, the scores show that games were won by comfortable margins. In the matter of athletics, Comrades Lodge has few equals. During the summer months a championship league baseball team represented the lodge. In the matter of bowling, Comrades have been sweeping all opposition into oblivion. Now comes a basketball team that is making a remarkable start.

Sunday, Dec. 8, the Comrades' cage squad downed the strong K. Nookers' five in a fast and thrilling game, by a 38 to 34 score, in an overtime period.

In the matter of settling the bowling championship of the two lodges—Comrades and S. N. P. J.—Comrades have won the first half series by 43 points. The second half series

RETRIBUTION S. S. C. U. Teams Are Good Sports

In last week's issue we pointed out the fact of the poor sportsmanship displayed in one of the games in the Inter-Lodge League played Sunday, Dec. 8. The enthusiastic rooters for one of the teams happened to make a few remarks to the opposing players just before they were ready to bowl.

It has been called to the attention of the writer that those rooters were not members of the S. S. C. U. They were friends of the members of the team, and did not intentionally pass those remarks in behalf of the lodge. Rather a personal animosity was manifested between a certain number of rooters and certain players. Far be it from us to meddle in the personal affairs of anyone. So it is with great pleasure that we announce that those specific rooters were not passing those remarks on behalf of the team as a whole, but rather on behalf of themselves.

We are happy to note that such a condition does not exist between the lodges. Closer harmony and greater co-operation is showing itself in all of the games played in the Inter-Lodge League. We are glad to announce that the S. S. C. U. lodges are no exception.

will determine the champion. John Petrovic,
No. 193 S. S. C. U.

BOŽIČNA MAGNO-LIJA

(Nadaljevanje iz 4. strani)

nišnici, če nečem, ampak da lahko grem k svojim ljudem ali pa v boardinghouse ali hotel, če nimam svojcev. Samo vsak dan da naj pride, da mi pregledajo in prevežo rano.

"Naprosil sem bolniško strežnico, da naj odpovije zame brzojavko na družbo, kjer sem bil takrat in sem še zdaj vposlen, v kateri sem označil mojo situacijo, oziroma smolo. Nato pa sem jo vprašal, če ve za kakšen pošten boardinghouse kje v bližini, odkoder ne bi bilo daleč hoditi k zdravniški preiskavi. Strežnica, že bolj priletna ženska, pomisli malo, nakar me vpraša če ne bi hotel iti za čas zdravljenja na hrano in stanovanje k privatni družini, kjer imajo včasi prostor za enega ali dva boarderja. Ne vzamejo vsakega, ker je mirna in dobrojna družina, lepo stanovana, vrt pri hiši in komaj tri bloke je oddaljeno od bolnice.

"Ko sem odgovoril, da je to baš nekaj takega, kar si želim, je bila cela reč takoj telefonično aranžirana. Ker je bila dnevna služba strežnice ravno končana, je bila še toliko prijazna, da me je spremila na moj novi "dom" in me predstavila družini.

"Bila je to tipična ameriška družina francoskega pokolenja, kakoršnih je še danes precej v Louisiana. Gospodinja pravega francoskega tipa, precej rejena in že nekoliko osivela, nekako 22-letna hčerka Josephine, živahna, vitka deklica lepih kostanjevih las, po poklicu učiteljica, in sin Jean, simpatičen dečko štirinajstih let. Hiša, opremljena v južnem kolonialnem slogu, je bila vzdredna in snažnosti. Okna moje sobice so bila obrnjena na vrt, kjer se jesenske astre in dalje pajdaše s pomladnimi vijolicami, primulami in fajgelji. V ozadju vrta utica, pokrita z nekimi južnimi ovijalkami, in poleg nje košata, temnozelenega magnolia. Okoli oken je plesala vistaria, okrašena tuintam z zapoznanimi cvetnimi grozdji. Kdo bi se ne udomačil v takem kraju!

"Stregli mi niso kot članu družine, ampak kot razvajene mu princu. Znano je, da spada francoska kuhinja med najboljše na svetu, in francoska vina uživajo približno isti sloves. Na razpolago mi je bila tudi dobro založena knjižnica in vsi novejši magazini.

Josephine je bila neprekonsljiva družabnica. Nikdar je nisem videl slabe volje, samo solnce jo je bilo, bodisi pri delu v kuhinji ali obednici, bodisi pri klavirju, bodisi med cvetjem in zelenjavo na vrtu.

"Dnevi so mi potekali kot v lepih sanjah. V bolnico k pregledu sem hodil začetkom vseh dan, pozneje pa le po dva krate na teden; drugače pa sem se štel v vrtu ali pa pohajkal po mestu in mestnih parkih. Posebno mi je ugajal Canal Street, ki je ponos New Orleansu! Nikoli ga ne bom pozabil. Josephine je bila vsaki dan lepša, vsaki dan bolj ljubnjava. In kadar sem se zazrjal v njene oči—prijatelj, lepih oči nima svet—takrat se mi je zdelo, da so vzevete vse magnolie razkošnega juga. Videl sem, da mi je naklonjena, toda meni se ni zdelo prav delati kakšne upo pošteni dekliki. Kakko bi mogel resno misliti nanjo jaz, potnik brez doma, danes tukaj, jutri tam! Pošten sem bil, prepošten, zato sem veroval, da so vsi ljudje pošteni in odrisotni, in zato sem bil za mojo poštenost kaznovan tako, da se danes trpm na posledicah. Ni bila ona, ki me je spravila v nesrečo, ampak druga, hinavka, ki v nobeni dobrini lastnosti ni dosegla niti polprocente kvote v primeri z Josephine. Toda to je že druga povest, ki ne spada sem."

"Josephine je bila na božični večer še posebno očarljiva in razposajena. Po običajni, nekoliko slovesnejši večerji je bil soglasno sprejet predlog gospodinje, da počakamo do polnoči in si takrat vočimo vesele praznike po lepem starem običaju. Jean si je nato izprosil dovoljenje, da si gre ogledat božične drevese k sosedovim, in je seveda obljubil, da se vrne pred polnočjo. Gospodinja je odšla v kuhinjo, češ, da bo večji del večera zaposlena s pripravljanjem božičnih delikates. Josephine si je dala opraviti okoli božičnega drevesa, jaž pa sem odšel v svojo

mladnih cinerarij, primul in vijolic. Zime v našem pomenu besede tam sploh ni, pa tudi poznojesensko deževje je bilo tisto leto zelo zmerno.

"V šole prostih dneh sta me na mojih izprehodih po parkih večkrat spremļjala tudi Jean in Josephine. Marsikater smo uganili na klopici pod to ali ono palmo ali magnolijo. Enkrat sem glasno obžaloval, da magnolijo le poleti cveto, češ, da cvet magnolije spada po mojem okusu med najrazkošnejše proekte poltropične narave. Pa mi je dejala Josephine, ki je bila sama velika ljubiteljica narave, da se tudi ponosna magnolija včasi zmoti in požene cvet sredi zime, ki v teh krajih itak ni prava zima. Menda takrat se zgodi včasi pri nas, da v pozni jeseni zavrete črešnja ali jablana. Od takrat sem še z večjo poželjivostjo ogledoval aristokratične magnolije, upajoč kje zazreti njen državni cvet. Pa mi ni bila sreča mila.

"Nekoč sem opazoval skupino mladih aligatorjev, ki je leno lazila ali se solnčila v ograjenem plitvem bazenu. Pri tej priliki sem dejal, da bi rad kupil mladega krokodilika in ga poslal v dar sinku mojega prijatelja v Chicagu, ki goji v svojem malem bazenu na vrtu le zlate ribice in žabe. Josephine je smehljaje pripomnila, da sem ne bo težko, kajti Louisiania je dejela magnolij in aligatorjev, in pozimi je tu lažje dobiti deset aligatorjev kot en sam cvet magnolije.

"Pribil je Božič, ves za v razkošje gorkega indianskega poletja. Zastopnik železniške družbe, ki je vsaki teden točno prišel s čekom v pokritje stroškov za mojo hrano in stanovanje, je dejal, da po Novem letu bom skoro gotov že ozdravljen lahko odpotoval v Chicago. Isto mi je povedal zdravnik. Meni pa je bilo skoro žal, da se je ranjena roka takoj hitro zacetila . . ."

Swanee je za trenutek utihnil in v tistem hipu se začele tuliti sirene in piščali neštivilnih tovarn, ki so oznanjale polnoč božičnega večera. Prijatelj vstane, nalije v čaši iskrečega vinca in me pozove, da trčim z njim in pijem na zdravje Louisianinskih magnolij.

Nato se spusti nazaj v naslonjači, si prižge novo smotko in nadaljuje:

"Ej, ta Božič v New Orleansu! Nikoli ga ne bom pozabil. Josephine je bila vsaki dan lepša, vsaki dan bolj ljubnjava. In kadar sem se zazrjal v njene oči—prijatelj, lepih oči nima svet—takrat se mi je zdelo, da so vzevete vse magnolie razkošnega juga. Videl sem, da mi je naklonjena, toda meni se ni zdelo prav delati kakšne upo pošteni dekliki. Kakko bi mogel resno misliti nanjo jaz, potnik brez doma, danes tukaj, jutri tam! Pošten sem bil, prepošten, zato sem veroval, da so vsi ljudje pošteni in odrisotni, in zato sem bil za mojo poštenost kaznovan tako, da se danes trpm na posledicah. Ni bila ona, ki me je spravila v nesrečo, ampak druga, hinavka, ki v nobeni dobrini lastnosti ni dosegla niti polprocente kvote v primeri z Josephine. Toda to je že druga povest, ki ne spada sem."

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sobo, kjer sem nekaj časa čital, nekaj časa pa zrl skozi okno v pomladnogorko južno noč. Božič na jugu je res nekaj posebenega.

"Božične in druge melodije, ki so odmevale iz sprejemne sobe, so me vzbudile iz sanjnarejna in me zavabile v bližino svojega izvora. Pobožno sem sedel v naslonjači in se vdajal čaru melodij, katere so kipele iz pod rožnih prstov carobne cvetke juga, ki je bila ta večer ne-navadno dražestna.

"Z glasnim zvokom je Josephine hipoma odrezala poskočno melodijo in se obrnila proti meni z napol nagajivim, napol vprašajočim pogledom.

"Ej, prijatelj, če bi ti mogel opisati te oči: prelestne kot dežela večne pomlad, pokojne in globoke kot južna noč, poredne kot božične zvezdice, a pri tem vendar sladke kot cvet magnolije. Kaj lepšega nisem še videl na svetu in dvomim, da bom kdaj.

"Povedali ste, da v nekaj dneh zopet odidete nazaj na sever, mi pravi deklica z glasom, ki je izražal slabo prikrite obžalovanje, 'in pogrešali vas bomo vsi, prav vši!' Rada bi veda, da odnesete lepe, najlepše spomine. Pripomljeni sta z vas dve božični darili, dve različni darili, toda najti ju morate sami. Pravzaprav vam je namenjeno le eno teh daril, in sicer tisto, katero najdete. Če ste fant od fare in dobrih odnošajih s srečo, boste našli prav darilo, tisto darilo, za katero tudi jaz želim, da ga najdete. Isčite, nekje v teh dveh sobah je!"

"Ko sem vstal, me je objel sladak duh magnolije in začudenem sem se oziral kje bi bil ta plemeniti cvet v tem letnem času.

"Ali so sobe poškopljene s parfumom magnolije, ali res duhti prava magnolija tu v bližini?" vprašal sem v domu.

"Nič parfuma," je zasmajela deklica, 'pravi cvet magnolije' v čaka kot prvo darilo, pod pogojem seveda, da ga boste znali najti. Drugo darilo ni tako mikavino.'

"Preobrnil sem vse kote v obednici in v sprejemni sobi, pogledal pod klavir, v miznice, pod divane, za ogledala, med knjige—nikjer nič! Josephine me je na mojih ekspedicijah spremļjala ali pa je stala med vratim ob upalih lichih. Hotel je, da se enkrat vidi tisti obraz, ki ga je ljubil pred leti, da še enkrat pogleda v tiste oči, ki so nekoč ljubile tudi njega, a se potem obrnile drugam . . . hotel na krakem obisku pronikniti njeni duši do dna, dognati, če je srečna ali nesrečna, in ji reči nato poslednji "zbogom." A sedaj, ko je stopil v sobo, je spoznal, da je varal samega sebe, ko si je mislil, da bo držala masko ravnočnosti. Kakor zavedenemu v pravljivo kraljestvu, v bajenem gradu, poln nepoznane lepote, so mu omahnile misli. Pred njim je stala ona, vsa blesteča, sladka, še lepša, popolnejša kakor pred leti, tista ona, ki so nekaj ljudi njene oči, in mu je z ljubeznim smehljajem prožila desnočno v pozdrav.

"Ah, vi ste, gospod Aleksander!"

"Njen smehljaj se mu je zdel tako brezskrben, otroški, njene oči tako vedre, vesele, prav kakor oči otrok, ki so gnetili srede okrog bogatoobloženega božičnega drevesa in se radovali vabljenih darov."

"A njegov glas je bil zelo truden, ko ji je stisnil desnico:

"Gospa Amanda — — — saj mi oprostite moj nenadni prihod — — —"

"Nikakega oproščanja!" ga je prisrčno prekinila. "Vrlo mi je milo, da ste me posetili, in to baš na božični večer . . ."

In ga je popeljala k široki zori.

"Samo sedite, da odpravim te otroke . . . Siromašna deca so, ki sem jo hotel razveseliti z božičnim drevescem in darovi . . ."

"Razdelite torej darove lepo in pravljivo — ne bom vas motil," je povzel na skrivnostno. "Ne smete pa pozabiti name — en božični dar mora ostati tudi zame . . . Tu v kotičku bom čekal, popotnik, da se približa sreča tudi meni!"

Toliko grenkobe je bilo v njegovem glasu, da ona je ni opazila,

mistro. In Josephine je stala tam tolkrikat, in cvet magnolije me je čakal v belih čipkah njeni jopeci!

"Takrat sem vedel, da niso bili vsi volički in oslički v betlehemskej hlevčku! Par let kasneje se je tudi prerokovanje gleda krokodilov vresničilo, in posledice te krokodilske sreče me še zdaj zasledujejo . . ."

Prijatelj je končal in v dušku zvrnil čašo vina. Pri tem se je ozrl na sliko cveta magnolije. Nato pa je obema splaval pogled na okno, na katero so kot cveti magnolij priletavale velike bele snežinke, pomudile se malo, nakar so se na gorki šipi razplutile v blesteče solze . . .

Zvonimir Kosem:
BOŽIČNO DARILLO

Tih in mračen je stopil v predsobo, vso okrašeno s svetim zelenim smrečjem, vso zasluženo v vonjem po dehtecem božičnem večeru tam zadaj za velikimi vratimi, od koder je dolzel radosten smeh otrok. Od služkinje je zvedel da je gospoda doma, in odložil je potno torbico, poiskal posetnico in čakal. Po nekaj sekundah se je služkinja vrnila in javila gospojino sporočilo: naj gospod nekoliko počaka, ker je gospa baš zaposlena pri božičnem drevesu z otroci, ki jih je povabila iz bližnje okolice, da jim razdeli božične darove.

Nemirno je napravil nekaj korenih gorindol po sobi.

"Povejte gospo, da je tisto, ki čaka v predsobi, tudi otrok, in da hoče biti tudi deležen božičnih daril!" je zagotovno naročil dekle.

Z začudenimi očmi je dekla odhitel v sobo in se povrnilo z žrečimi lici:

"Gospod naj izvoli vstopiti!"

Naglo je odprl vrata in vstopil — a ne v veseljem in brezkrbstnostjo otroka, kakor si je želel sam, marveč z resigniranostjo starca, s skoraj bolestnim smehom na upalih lichih. Hotel je, da se enkrat vidi tisti obraz, ki ga je ljubil pred leti, da še enkrat pogleda v tiste oči, ki so nekoč ljubile tudi njega, a se potem obrnile drugam . . . hotel na krakem obisku pronikniti njeni duši do dna, dognati, če je srečna ali nesrečna, in ji reči nato poslednji "zbogom." A sedaj mi je zdelo v sobo — počasi so se zaprla za njimi vrata . . .

Njemu pa je obviseala glava globoko na prsih.

"Odšli so, vsakteri z božičnim darilom, vsakteri z blagoslovom — le zame ni božičnega darila, ni blagoslova — — — popotnik in brezdomec sem in ostanem na vekomaj!"

Tih glas, sladak, božajoč, se je sklonil do njega:

"Kam ste se zamislil, gospod Aleksander?"

Ob njem na zofiji je sedela ona, gospo Amanda, sladka in dehteca, kakor njen glas, in njeni prsti so gladeč brodili po njego vihodnih kodrih nad celom.

"Tako trudni se mi zdite, gospod Aleksander . . ."

"Mislite? Ne, ne," je planil pokonci in se v hipu iztreznil od svojih žalostnih misli.

"Sedite nazaj," ga je prijazno potisnila njena roka, nazaj na zofo, "in pripovedujte."

Kar a jo eč je ji je pogledal v smehljajoče se oči.

"Sedite nazaj," ga je prijazno potisnila njena roka, nazaj na zofo, "in pripovedujte."

Kar a jo eč je ji je pogledal v smehljajoče se oči.

"Ah, vidi, gospo Aleksander!"

"Res ste humorist, gospo Aleksander!" se je zasmajala, da se ji je treslo polno obramje.

— a njenemu smehu se je poznalo, da ne prihaja od srca, da je samo fina maska, pod katero se skriva vse kaj drugega, samo veselje ne. Potem se jeagnila s tem, da je resnem obrazom, in njen glas je zvenel tako čudno veso.

"Kaj je vprašala: "Vi veste vse, gospod Aleksander?"

"Da, čital sem veste o smrti vašega moža v časopisih, pred enim letom, ko sem bil še daleč v tujini. In sedaj, ko me je nanesla pot skozi domače mesto,

nismogel drugače, kakor da sem stopil k vam, da vam izrazim svoje sožalje . . ."

VOŠČILA

Vsem cenjenim glavnim uradnikom, kakor tudi vsemu članu J. S. K. Jednote želim najsrcenejši Božič, v prihodnjem letu pa zdravja, zadovoljnosti in polno mero neobičnega bratstva.

Paul Bartel,
gl. podpredsednik.

Vesele božične praznike in srečno Novo leto vsem članom obeh oddelkov, J. S. K. Jednote pa velikega napredka v bodočem letu, želi

Louis Champa,
gl. blagajnik JSKJ.

Vesele božične praznike in srečno Novo leto želi vsem članom in članicam J. S. K. Jednote

dr. F. J. Arch.,
vrhovni zdravnik JSKJ.

GLASOVI Z RODNE GRUDE

Angleški list "Cristians Sciences Monitor" objavlja članek svojega posebnega dopisnika Roberta Macraya o razmerah v Jugoslaviji; članek pravi med drugimi: V času svojega poslednjega poseta v Jugoslaviji sem bil v daljši avdijenciji pri kralju ter imel daljše razgovore z ministrskim predsednikom generalom Živkovićem in z začetnikom zunanjega ministra dr. Kumanudija. Razen tega sem se razgovarjal tudi z drugimi ljudmi, ki so v vladi in izven nje. Vsi so mi obrazložili svoje naziranje ne zaradi publikacije temveč zaradi mojega osebnega informiranja. Prepotoval sem tudi precejšen del države in moram reči brez pretiravanja, da vlada v njej prav tako mir, kakor v Angliji ali katerikoli državi severoameriških Zedinjenih držav. Cilj kraljeve potilke ni samo edinstvo Srbov, Hrvatov in Slovencev, temveč vseh Jugoslovenov. Kralj je izjavil, da ne želi nekontrolirane avtoritete nad državo, temveč želi, da bi njegova država nekega dne dobila volilni zakon, pravi parlamentarizem in resnično demokracijo."

Ministrstvo prosvete je dovolilo otvoritev nove meščanske šole na Senovem pri Rajhenburgu. Pouk se bo pričel že v kratkem, čim bo imenovan učiteljstvo in sicer ravnatelj ter dva učitelja. Za pričetek se namreč takoj pretvorita peti in šesti razred osnovne šole v prvi in drugi razred meščanske šole, ki bo sta tekmo dveh let dopolnila popolno štirirazredno meščansko šolo. Obisk nove meščanske

šole bo zelo ugoden ne le za mladi in o iz neposrednega okoliša marveč tudi za ono z Velikega kamna, Mrčnih sel, Koprivnice pa tudi Rajhenburga in dela občine Blance. Prostori so v poslopu nove šole urejeni in je občina prevzela nase tudi vso skrb glede popolnega kritja stroškov za trajno vzdrževanje meščanske šole.

V Novem gradu Podravskem je umrl te dni tamkajšnji posestnik Ivan Vargović, v starosti 78 let. Pogreba se je udeležil tudi pokojnikov šolski tovarisi in prijatelji Tomo Šajnovič. Ko je duhovnik opravljal na pokopališču pogrebne obrede, se je Šajnovič zaradi duševne depresije onesveščen zgrudil na tla in umrl ob odprttem grobu svojega prijatelja.

Ukraden ček za 30,000 dolarjev. V Pančevu je bila nedavno arretirana poštna raznašalka Filipina Hertlova, ki je iz nekega ameriškega pisma ukradla ček za 30,000 dolarjev, namenjen za Kristino Tothovo. Ker se domneva, da je Filipina že dalje časa plenila ameriška pisma, se preiskava vodi tudi v tej smeri.

Meseca julija 1927. se je pri Bologu v Bosni pripetila huda avtomobilska nesreča, pri kateri sta se smrtno ponesrečila ameriški žurnalist Edward Aldrich in njegova soprga Ellen Šofer Milan Popović iz Beograda je te dni sedel na žatožni klopi, ker je proti predpisom vozil po lev strani ceste ter zaradi tege povročil nesrečo. Šofer je nadalje okrivljen, da je po nesreči mrtvemu ameriškemu žurnaliju vzel iz zepa 6700 dinarjev in 70 dolarjev. Komisija, ki je prišla na kraj nesreče, je pri mrtvecu našla le šest desetinarov bankovcev in sedem dolarjev, pri Šoferju pa 6000 dinarjev in 70 dolarjev. Ugotovilo se je, da je dan pred nesrečo Aldrich 130 dolarjev zamenjal za dinarje. Obravnava se še nadalje.

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