

"Nova Doba"

GLASILO JUGOSLOVANSKE KATOLIŠKE JEDNOTE

Lastnina Jugoslovanske Katoliške Jednote.

IZHAJA VSAKO SREDO

Cene oglasov po dogovoru.

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MATERIN DAN

Dne 14. maja bomo obhajali najsvetejši praznik, praznik, posvečen našim materam. Materin dan je bil ustanovljen že več kot pred tristo leti. Mrs. H. H. McClue državna predsednica vojnih mater iz Missourija je uvedla preiskavo, kdaj je bil praznik materam posvečen. Zaključek te preiskave je bil, da so na Angleškem imeli navado že več kot pred tristo leti, da so na zadnjo postno nedeljo sinovi ter hčere obdarili svoje matere z različnimi primernimi darili, matere so pa v ta namen spekle razne kolače ter druge dobrine.

Ta lepa navada se je razširila tudi v Združene države tako daleč, da je leta 1914 postal Materin praznik federalni zakon na predlog senatorja Thomasa Heflina iz Alabame, ter je bil sprejet po obeh zbornicah kongresa v Washingtonu in podpisan po takratnemu predsedniku Wilsonu.

Miss Anna Jarvis, prominentna feministinja, je izdala cirkular v letu 1909, v katerem priporoča, da bi se določil materam praznik na drugo nedeljo v maju, katero priporočilo je bilo sprejeto. Obenem se je določilo, da se Materam kot v znak ljubezni ter hvaležnosti na ta dan posveti beli nagelj, kot znak čiste ljubezni, lepote ter njene požrtvovalnosti.

Vzrok, da pišem te vrstice, je, ker sem tako srečen, da imam mojo drago mater še živo v stari domovini, katera boče dne 16. maja t. l. obhajala petinsedemdesetletnico svojega rojstva. Več kot četrt stoletja je že preteklo, odkar nisem videl moje dobre matere. Čez petindvajset Materinih praznikov je že minilo, odkar se nisva videla, vendar pa, kdor je imel tako čudovito in nedosežno mater, kot jo imam jaz, je takorekoč dolžan prispevati k češčenju materinega praznika. Kot bi bilo včeraj se mi zdi, ko sem se poslavljaj ob nje na vrhniškem kolodvoru. Vse lepe nauke, katere sem prejel od nje, poskušal sem spolnovati, drag spomin, katerega sem prejel ob priliki slovesa, še danes skrbno hranim, predvsem pa so mi pred očmi spomini preteklih let, katere je morala prestopiti moja mati.

Deset nas je bilo. Pa se spominam na turobno pesem, katero sem pred kratkim čital:—

"Petinsedemdeset let in deset močnih otrok:
prvega so Srbi ubili,
drugega so v nemško zemljo zakopali,
tretjega s kraškimi kamenjem pokrili,
četrtga, petega, daleč odpeljali ...

Petinsedemdeset let in deset močnih otrok,
pet tihih grobov na vseh petih straneh.
Morala bi kot zver zakričati,
zarjuti, udariti,
ko le ne bilo bi greh ...

Ta pesem je bila spisana moji materi.

Mati — o ime, ki vsebuješ vse, kar pogreša moja duša. Mati — kako silno si mi manjkala v rani otroški dobi. Manjkala si mi, manjkalo mi je Tvoje skrbno oko, ki bi bilo pazilo na moj razvoj. Ni Te bilo — in raste sem kot raste cvetka brez vrtnarja.

To so moji vzdihli, posvečeni moji dobri materi ob priliki njene petinsedemdesetletnice.

Vsem materam, posebno pa članicam Jugoslovanske Katoliške Jednote, naj veljajo te moje skromne vrstice. Iskal sem izrazov, celo mojega očjega rojaka Ivana Cankarja sem študiral v ta namen, pa nisem mogel dobiti boljših izrazov, ker tukaj narekuje le duša ter ljubezen do matere.

Paul Bartel, glavni predsednik J. S. K. J.

France Zbašnik:

MATERI

Mati: moja misel roma tja do bele kože,
mati, mati: moja misel se po tebi joče!
Snoči veter se pod mojim oknom vstavil,
pa mi težko, o pretežno zgodbo pravil:
zgodbo tožno o solzah prelilih,
zgodbo o vzdihljajih, vsemu svetu skritih,
zgodbo težko, polno tisoč bridkih bolečin,
a skoz zgodbo eno samo prošnjo: "Mati, zlata mati!"

Mati: moja misel roma tja do bele kože,
mati, mati: moja misel se po tebi joče!

Če se veter boče kdaj pri tebi vstavil,
pa ti boče težko, o pretežno zgodbo pravil:
zgodbo tožno o nočeh prečutih,
zgodbo težko o notranjih bojih ljutih,
kaj sem moral, kaj se moral bom prestati,
a skoz zgodbo eno samo prošnjo: "Mati, zlata mati!"

Mati: moja misel roma tja do bele kože,
mati, mati: moja misel se po tebi joče!

IZ URADA GLAVNEGA TAJNIKA J. S. K. J.

BRAT PREVIC—SLAB KRITIK

Predzadnji teden je imel dopis v Novi Dobi moj prijatelj Jurij Previc iz White Valley, Pennsylvania. Prijatelj George se že dolgo vrsto let trudi, da bi postal kritik, pa mu bogovi ne dajo priti do te vzvišene stopnje.

Brat Previc se ne strinja z menoj, ko pravim, da me plača Jednota. On meni, da bi moral zraven tega še povedati, kdo je Jednota. Jaz mislim, da je to popolnoma nepotrebno, ker pri nas vsak član ve, da Jednota je članstvo—skupno članstvo. Torej je popolnoma vseeno, če rečem, da me plača Jednota ali da me plača skupno članstvo. Dejstvo pa je in ostane, da me plačajo vsi člani, ne samo nekateri. Jaz ne vem, zakaj bi bilo treba radi take malenkosti tritati dragocen prostor v Novi Dobi.

Dalje brat Previc pove, da mora plačati obresti od svojega denarja. Brat Previc ne razume life insurance biznisa, sicer bi drugače govoril. Povedal sem že v teh kolonah, da so asesmenti American Experience lestvice izračunani tako, da mora Jednota prejemati najmanj 4% obresti od svojega denarja. V tem oziru ni prav nobene razlike, če posodimo denar članom ali če ga investiramo v državne bonde. Če bi omejenjena lestvica ne temeljila na podlagi 4% pričakovanih obresti, to se pravi, če bi nalagali naš denar brez obresti, tedaj bi morali lestvico zvišati in bi bil vsak član prisiljen plačati višje asesmente. Prijatelj Previc naj ne pozabi, da lestvice nisem sestavil jaz, ampak so je sestavili eksperti, in sicer na podlagi statistik in mnogoletnih izkušenj.

Najbolj se je pa brat Previc vgriznil, ko je izjavil, da je prestopil v načrt "AA" zato, ker je bil v to primoran, sicer bi bil prisiljen pustiti Jednoto. No, brat Previc, kaj je torej boljše: Biti zavarovan v načrtu "AA" ali biti zavarovan nikjer? Kaj bi bil, George, napravil, če bi ne imeli načrta "AA"? Glasom Tvoje lastne izjave bi bil moral pustiti Jednoto in danes bi bila Tvoja družina brez vsake protekcije. In to, kot Ti sam praviš, po celih 31. letih! Po starem načrtu si po preteku dveh mesecev izgubil vse podpore pri Jednoti, ako nisi plačal asesmentov, v načrtu "AA", kjer si zavarovan sedaj, ostaneš lahko zavarovan za posmrtnino še 12 let in 65 dni če DANES PRENEHAS PLAČATI ASESMENTE. In če bi Ti v tem času, tekom teh 12 let in 65 dni umrl, bi Tvoja žena, oziroma Tvoji dediči prejeli vseh 1,000 dolarjev posmrtnine brez kakšnega odbitka. Can you beat this, George? Ali si imel to pred očmi, ko si obsodil načrt "AA"? Dajte, bratje in sestre, premislite nekoliko, predno kako stvar obsodite. Ni treba, kot sem že zadnjič povedal, kar tja vendan kričati: to ni za nič, ono ni za nič, vse skupaj ni za nič. Do danes smo izdali že kakih 1,500 posojil, približno 35,000 dolarjev. Koliko izmed teh 1,500 članov bi bilo danes še pri Jednoti, ako bi ne bilo radi novega načrta? In če vam pa ta načrt ne ugađa, dajte, prosim vas, predložite kak boljši načrt. Jaz bom delal, kot mi boste narčali, povem pa odkritosrčno in odločno, da ne bom sodeloval in tudi ne izvajal nobenega načrta, ki bi izpodkopaval temelje naše Jednote.

Kar se tiče zadnjega stavka v dopisu brata Previca, kjer piše, da je čital v poročilu glavnega porotnega odbora, da ta odbor ni priobčil neke rešene zadeve vsled prošnje glavnega urada naj velja to-le pojasnilo: Glavni urad NI prosil, da se omenjene zadeve ne priobčijo; glavni urad je samo svetoval. Glavni urad ni bil interesiran v omenjeno zadevo, niti direktno niti indirektno. Stvar je bila lokalnega značaja, med društvom in članom. Glavni urad je bil mnenja, da bi priobčitev omenjene zadeve v Novi Dobi Jednoti prav nič ne koristila, članu pa mnogo škodovala, in ker je član pristal v sklep glavnega porotnega odbora, je bilo s tem vsem strankam zadoščeno. Kdor temu ne verjame, naj piše na predsednika glavnega porotnega odbora.

Z bratskim pozdravom,
Anton Zbašnik,
glavni tajnik.

IZ URADA GL. POROTNEGA ODBORA

19-33

Pritožba Josepha Lenarda (Leonard), člana društva sv. Alojzija, št. 43 JSKJ, v East Helena, Montana, ker mu je bila odklonjena po vrhovnem zdravniku naše Jednote zahteva za operacijsko odškodnino. Zgoraj omenjeni član pove, da je bil operiran na desni nogi in zahteva \$65 odškodnine.

In poročila zdravnika gori omenjenega člana ni razvidno, da bi gori omenjeni član imel operacijo tako, kot jo je opisal v njegovi pritožbi, in tudi ne take vrste, kot je bilo poročano od zgoraj omenjenega društva.

Glavni porotni odbor je razsodil soglasno, da zgoraj omenjeni član ni upravičen na podlagi predloženih zdravniških listin in v smislu pravil naše Jednote do odškodnine za gori omenjeno operacijo.

Anton Okolish, John Schutte, Valentin Orehek, Rose Svetich, John Zigman, gl. porotniki JSKJ.

Točka 198. naših pravil pove: "Vse tožbe in vsi prizivi morajo biti narejeni v petih iztisih, katere stranka pošlje predsedniku glavnega porotnega odbora. Predsednik glavnega porotnega odbora pošlje po en iztis tožbe ali priziva vsakemu glavnemu porotniku."

Od časa, ko so stopila v veljavo sedanja pravila, je prišlo pred glavni porotni odbor 33 zadev, ali samo dve stranki sta se ravnali po zgoraj omenjeni

točki. Vsi drugi so poslali le en iztis tožbe ali priziva. V tem greše celo glavni odborniki. Vsled tega jaz ne vidim nobenega drugega izhoda, kot da se ta točka spremeni, ker bolje je, da se to naredi, kot da bi nam mogel kdo očiti, da kršimo pravila. Točka sama na sebi je zelo neuporabna in ravnati se po tej točki je v večini slučajev sploh nemogoče, to pa zato ne, ker poleg priziva, tožbe, katero se predloži ostalim porotnikom, je treba zraven predložiti tudi zavezo, pojasnila iz glavnega urada in od vrhovnega zdravnika in tudi od drugod. Predsedniku porotnega odbora je nemogoče vse to kopirati za štiri porotnike, ker večina zadev se stoji iz več kot 20 pol papirja in nekatere so celo obsegale več sto pol papirja. Zadeve pred porotnim odborom se torej rešujejo, kot je to bilo v navadi, predno so stopila v veljavo sedanja pravila. Zadeva kroži od enega porotnika do drugega, kar vzame več tednov časa predno pride vse pisanje nazaj do predsednika.

Več članov je že prišlo v zadrego pri njih društvih, ker so mislili, da o onem, kar so pisali v njih tožbi proti društvu ali proti članu, ne bo izvedelo društvo in član, katerega se toži. Predsednik porotnega odbora mra vsako tožbo, pritožbo ali priziv natančno prepisati in poslati onemu, katerega se toži ali čez katerega se pritožuje kdo. Tožba ali pritožba, ako je

poslana zaupno, se sicer lahko drži zaupno, ne more se pa upoštevati, ker porotni odbor ne more biti tožitelj, ampak le ti, ki toži, ali če se pritožuje, ali če napravi priziv. Vse, kar se želi, da ostane tajno, se potem seveda ne more predložiti kot dokaz.

Brat Jurij Previc se v njegovem dopisu v našem glasilu z dne 26. aprila t. l. vprašuje: "Videl sem tudi v poročilu glavnega porotnega odbora, da ni priobčil neke po glavnem porotnem odboru rešene pritožbe na prošnjo glavnega urada. Kaj neki ima za skrivati glavni urad?" Glede tega moram povedati, da zadeva se ni tikala glavnega urada, ampak nekega društva. Društvo je kaznovalo člana, ker ni pravilno ravnal z društvom in sodi in gotovo tekočin in član je naredil priziv. Enake zadeve se po navadi na prošnjo prizadetih ne objavijo. Poročati pa mislim še v prihodnje o vsem delu, ki ga ima glavni porotni odbor, tudi o takem, ki je nevidno oziroma se ne priobči. To pa zato, da bo članstvo informirano, kolikor mogoče, kaj da dela glavni porotni odbor. Glede vsake zadeve, ki je rešena pred glavnim porotnim odborom, se tudi še posebej obvesti glavni urad, še predno se ista priobči v glasilu. To je tudi potrebno posebno v slučajih, kadar se kakšnega člana suspendira ali črta iz Jednote in pa seveda tudi, kadar se članu ali odboru ali odkloni bolniška podpora ali odškodnina. Glede vsega tega mora biti glavni tajnik obveščen kakor hitro mogoče potem, ko se zadeva reši pred glavnim porotnim odborom.

Anton Okolish,
predsednik porotnega odbora JSKJ.

VSAK PO SVOJE

(Nadaljevanje iz 1. strani)

ni ljudski želji šli ti finančniki k banketu!

Včas, kadar imam kako uro prostega časa, rad stopim na prosto, da vsaj mimogrede vjamem par nasmešov in poljubov božanske Vesne. Nasmeši so namreč v teh časih redki in poljub je bolj. Najrajši zavijem v park, kjer sem vsaj mestoma varen pred avtomobili in imam priliko opazovati kaj drugega. Vidim jato vrabecev, ki se obestno preganjajo po ozelenem grmovju. Vrabeči so hudo civilizirani, kar se vidi iz dejstva, da jih vso zimo ni mogoče spraviti izmed mestnega zidova, pomladnemu kliču narave pa se ne morejo ustavljati. Takrat se poživljajo na mestno civilizacijo in prireajo glasne piknike v parkih in na bližnjih farmah.

Žolne telovadijo po drevu in telefonično kličejo zaspane drevesne škodljivce iz preperelih debel na korajžo. Radovedne mrgolince, ki se drdrajočim klicem odzovejo, brez ceremonij aretirajo.

Robini merijo na vatle tolste gliste in ko se teh makaronastih problemov naveličajo, se na vzvišenih prostorih vadijo v petju. Njih petje precej sliči kričanju dečkov, ki prodajajo časopise, toda njim samim se zdi nebeško lepo in robinovkam trudi ugađa, na kritike drugih državljanov se pa poživljajo.

Zarodni, v kosmate kožuhe oblečeni čmrliji obiskujejo prisojne gorice detelje in regrata, kjer srkajo deteljno in regratovo vino iz gostoljubnih čaš. Napijejo se sladkega vinca tako, da se zaletavajo in s tem povzročajo javno pohujšanje, kar ni lepo.

Zabe v mlakuži so kot opravljive ženske, prislone k vrtni ograji, ki utihnejo, ko greš mimo, ko pa se oddaljijo, te oberejo, da se te vsak dobro vzgojen pudelj izogne v velikem ovinku. Japonske črešnje in lepoticne jablane so očarljivo lepe v

Jugoslovanska Katoliška Jednota v Ameriki

Ely, Minnesota

GLAVNI ODBOR

a) Izvrševalni odsek:

Predsednik: PAUL BARTEL, 339 N. Lewis Ave., Waukegan, Ill.
Prvi podpredsednik: MATT ANZELC, Box 12, Aurora, Minn.
Drugi podpredsednik: LOUIS M. KOLAR, 6011 Bonna Ave., Cleveland, O.
Tajnik: ANTON ZBAŠNIK, Ely, Minn.
Pomočnik tajnika: LOUIS J. KOMPARE, Ely, Minn.
Blaginjak: LOUIS OHAMPA, Ely, Minn.
Vrhovni zdravnik: DR. F. J. ARCH, 618 Chestnut St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Urednik-upravnik glasila: ANTON J. TERBOVEC, 6117 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.

b) Nadzorni odsek:

Predsednik: JOHN KUMŠE, 1735 E. 33rd St., Lorain, O.
1. nadzornik: JANKO N. ROGELJ, 6207 Schade Ave., Cleveland, O.
2. nadzornik: JOHN BALKOVEC, 5400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
3. nadzornik: FRANK E. VRANICHAR, 1812 N. Center St., Joliet, Ill.
4. nadzornik: JOSEPH MANTEL, Ely, Minn.

GLAVNI POROTNI ODBOR:

Predsednik: ANTON OKOLISH, 1078 Liberty Ave., Barberton, O.
1. porotnik: JOHN SCHUTTE, 4751 Baldwin Ct., Denver, Colo.
2. porotnik: VALENTIN OREHEK, 70 Union Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
3. porotnica: ROSE SVETICH, Ely, Minn.
4. porotnik: JOHN ZIGMAN, Box 221, Strabane, Pa.

Jednotino uradno glasil:

NOVA DOBA, 6117 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.

DZRUŽEVALNI ODBOR:

Tajnik: JANKO N. ROGELJ, 6207 Schade Ave., Cleveland, O.
1. odbornik: FRANK E. VRANICHAR, 1812 N. Center St., Joliet, Ill.
2. odbornik: MATT ANZELC, Box 12, Aurora, Minn.

Pravni svetovalec: WM. B. LAURICH, 1900 W. 22nd Pl., Chicago, Ill.

Vse stvarni, tiskajoče se uradni zadeve, naj se pošiljajo na glavnega tajnika, denarne pošiljke pa na glavnega blaginjaka. Vse pritožbe in prizive naj se slovijo na predsednika porotnega odbora. Prošnje za sprejem novih članov, prošnje za zavižanje zavarovalnine in bolniška pritožnja naj se pošiljajo na vrhovnega zdravnika.

Dopisi, društvena naznanila, oglasni, naročnina nečlanov in izpremembe slovo naj se pošiljajo na naslov: Nova Doba, 6117 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O. Jugoslovanska Katoliška Jednota v Ameriki je najboljša jugoslovanska varovalnica v Zedinjenih državah in plačuje najliberalnejše podpore svojim članom. Jednota je zastopana skoro v vsaki večji slovenski naselbini v Ameriki, in če hoče postati njen član, naj se zgleda pri tajniku lokalnega društva ali pa pri pisarju glavnega urada. Novo društvo se lahko ustanovi z 8 člani belga plemenec neoziraje se na njih vero, politično pripadnost ali narodnost. Jednota sprejema tudi otroke v starosti od dneva rojstva do 16. leta in ostanejo lahko v mladinskem oddelku do 18. leta. Prispevanja za oba oddelka je prostja.

Premoženje znaša nad \$1,500,000.00.

Odrasli oddelke je nad 104% solventen, mladinski nad 2,000%.

svojih belih, rožnatih in rdečih cvetnih kostumih, toda njih sadje, če ga je kaj, je drobno in kislo. To kaže, da najbolj nafruljene in našminkane devojke navadno niso najboljše gospodinje in kuharice.

Elegantne breze, oblečene v tanci zelene svile, so videti zelo nedolžna bitja, pa so v resnici le krasne čarovnice, saj menda vsak ve, kakšno čarovniško moč ima brezovo olje. Kadar so nas očetje namazali z brezovim oljem, smo kar brez gasolina tekli po 60 milj na uro in več!

Čudni zaspanci sredi pomladnega zelenja se mi zdijo hrasti, bukke, katalpe in evkalipti, ki se še vedno ne morejo odločiti ali bi ozeleneli ali ne. Ta drevesa so najbolj podobna tistim bankam, ki se nikamor ne ganejo, kot bi ne vedele, da je bančni praznik že davno končan.

A. J. T.

RAZNO IZ AMERIKE IN INOZEMSTVA

(Nadaljevanje iz 1. strani)

strukcijska finančna korporacija ne sme odobriti posojila nobeni korporaciji, katere uradnik ali direktor dobiva več kot \$17,500 plače na leto. Vsak direktor, ki dobi okrog \$1,450 na mesec, se že lahko pošteno preživi!

PREDSEDNIK ROOSEVELT je zadnji teden v posebni poslanici priporočil kongresu, da vpostavi urad federalnega "koordinatorja" za železnice, ki bo imel nalogo železnice reorganizirati, odpraviti zapravljivo poslovanje in obenem zagotoviti železniškim uslužbencem poštene plače. Če bo tak zakon sprejet, bodo prišle železnice pod federalno kontrolo in v dognednem času najbrž v državno last in upravo.

INFLACIJA, ki pomeni znižanje vrednosti dolarja in višje cene za blago, je bila sprejeta v obeh zbornicah zveznega kongresa. Inflacijski zakon dovoljuje predsedniku izdati za šest milijard novega papirnatega denarja in neomejeno kovanje srebrnih novcev. Neizogibna posledica inflacije bo, da se bodo morale zvišati delavske plače.

AVTOMOBILSKA in železna industrija sta si zadnje čase znatno opomogli, kar je odgovorno za zaposlitev večjega števila delavcev. Oživljena industrija je zaposlila precej več število delavcev v pivovarstvu, dogarjevanju v šumah naših držav. Poroča se tudi, da New York Central železnice pet poklicala znatno število delavcev na delo.

K SVETOVNI ekonomski konferenci, ki bo pričela zbirati 12. junija v Londonu, je poslanih 66 držav sveta. Med vabljenimi jih je deset, ki članice Lige narodov.

DIKTATOR HITLER v ciji se je lotil delavskih Mnogo unijskih uradnikov lo aretiranih, unijski listi ljeni in njih uredniki zaprti tega se vidi, da je bila Hitlerova zmaga potrebna kapitala da razbijejo moč organizacij delavstva.

DRUŠTVENE IN DRUGI SLOVENSKE VESTI

(Nadaljevanje s prve strani) neer in Sibley v mestih Tower, Minn. Omenjena nika sta last Oliver Minn. Malo prej je prenehal z delovanjem Zenith rudnik, ki je last Co. Zatvorjenje omenjenih rudnikov pomeni silen udarec za tamkajšno prebivalstvo, katerim je tisoče naših rojakov ustavljeno samo delo, amn stroji in orodje. Samo oth za odstranjevanje vode o operaciji in mala skupina lavecov bo ostala zaposlena pravami podpor v rovinh, stanejo v dobrem stanju rudniki v drugih krajih nega okrožja so prizadeti nekod se izraža upanje, nekateri bogatejši rudniki da začeli obratovati v arako bo trg za železo raje Rudniške družbe izjeda da so morale prenehati tom zaradi previsokih k katerih državna legislatv hotela znižati.

ODMEVI IZ ROMANSKRAJEV

(Nadaljevanje s prve strani) mana. Skoda je znatna. je krita z zavarovalnino. V Stražišču nad Kranj pogorela gospodarska Pavla Rozmana. Skoda okrog 100 tisoč dinarjev rovalnina pa komaj polov vso.

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 THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Thirty-fifth anniversary of our South Slavonic Catholic Union will be observed by a special edition of Nova Doba, in the issue of July 12, 1933.

Instead of the customary six-page edition, our Official Organ will contain ten or twelve pages, four of which will be reserved for the English section.

All members are invited to "celebrate" the thirty-fifth birthday since our grand Union was organized through the columns of their newspaper.

Through past experience the editor realizes how reluctant are many of our members to use their pens and typewriters in transposing ideas and opinions of their lodge onto a sheet of paper. Hence, in order to give plenty of time to anticipated contributors of the special edition of Nova Doba, this article is written, in the hope that the response will be above the average. The special issue of July 12, 1933, should include at least one article from every English-conducted lodge, and from subordinate English clubs of Slovene-conducted lodges.

The history of a lodge should prove an interesting subject to write on, and one which undoubtedly, will be submitted by many of the local branches. At this time, the lodges at their regular monthly meetings, will follow a wise course by selecting a writer, or a committee of writers, to compile the data necessary for a complete history of the local unit.

Another suggestion that can be followed is to outline the leading activities and accomplishments of a lodge since it has been organized. Remembering exact dates may prove a burdensome task, but the results will have good news value, although approximate dates are sufficient.

English section of the special edition of July 12th, like all the issues of our Official Organ, will appeal most to members of various communities when it contains items of local interest. But how is the editor of this page going to insert such items without the aid of the members, who in reality can be classed as Nova Doba reporters.

Corrections, additions, subtractions, changes and everything else included in the gamut of an editor's job, can be executed upon receipt of original articles. When contributions lag it means the editor must fill up the remaining English section with articles of his own choosing, which may or may not strike an appeal to the members.

HOT WEATHER

Almost on the same day that the weather was beginning to get warm, the number of contributing articles began to decline. Whether it is the hot weather or the spring fever that makes people lose their ambition to write the editor is at a loss to find out. One thing he is certain and that is the members display a startling lack of interest in their lodge and their Union during the spring months, judging by the written word.

Lightning Flashes

Despite the fact that lightning has been familiar to scientific men for centuries there is still a lot to be learned about it. Lightning may not strike twice in the same place but its flashes don't always branch in the same direction. Ancient observers usually drew the branches of a flash pointing downward. Modern observers have long known that some flashes branch upward as well as downward. Dr. C. C. Simpson, British lightning expert, claimed this was due to the fact that the direction in which any lightning flash branches in determined by whether the lower side of the cloud is charged with positive or negative electricity. But recent tests by Professor J. C. Jensen, of Nebraska Wesleyan University, disprove this. As reported to the American Physical Society by Rajihim, his photographs and electric recordings of some 366 lightning flashes during Nebraska thunderstorms show upward and downward flashes for both kinds of electricity.

A New Record

Two men were handling dynamite in a quarry. One of them got a stick drop and the whole lot went off, taking one of them up in the air with it. The quarry boss came around five minutes afterward and asked: "Where is Jim?" "He's gone," replied the other. "When will he be back?" "Well, if he comes back as fast as he went up, he'll be back yesterday."

MOTHER'S DAY

Cleveland, O.—The approach of Mother's Day with all of its tender meaning turns the thoughts of each individual to "Mother." One of the most significant of our national days is Mother's Day.

The idea of a national Mother's Day originated with Miss Anne Jarvis of Philadelphia, Pa. Her mother had been a moving spirit in her home town in Virginia and after her death the daughter was asked to arrange a memorial to her mother, in which the entire community might have a part. So the idea had its beginning, and in May, 1914, Congress designated the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day and authorized and requested the President to issue a proclamation, calling upon the government officials to display the flag on all government buildings on that Sunday as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of the nation.

The white carnation has been chosen as symbolic of Mother's Day in that it denotes purity and beauty. Its lasting qualities denote faithfulness while its fragrance stands for love.

The heaven that lies about us in our infancy is Motherhood, and no matter how exalted or how depraved we may become we are always attended by the grace of Mother's love.

On Sunday, May 14th, let each of us honor the hallowed memory of his and her Mother by wearing in token thereof the floral symbol of purity.

Elizabeth Stucin,
No. 180, SSCU.

Notice for G. W.'s

Cleveland, O.—Regular meeting of the George Washington Lodge, No. 180, SSCU, will be held Wednesday, May 17, in the Slovene National Home, Room No. 1, in the new building. Meeting will begin at 8 p. m. All members are kindly asked to attend. Dancing will follow the business meeting, with music furnished by Johnny Gribbons. Friends of members are invited.

Joseph Jaklich Jr., Pres.

G. W. Social

Cleveland, O.—This being the month of May, the G. W. committee set aside Saturday, May 27, for a social which will be known as the May Day Social.

Admission to this affair will be by invitation only. Tickets can be secured at Kushlan's Candy Kitchen in the Slovene National Home on St. Clair Ave. and at Bob Blatnik's Confectionery, also located on St. Clair Ave., east of St. Clair Bathhouse.

The George Washington Lodge committee assures you of a very good time—a time that will linger long in your memories. Members of S. S. C. U. lodges and their friends are cordially invited to be present.

The May Day Social will take place at the St. Clair Bathhouse, with Johnny Gribbons displaying his ware of dance music. Come one, come all. Watch the pages of New Era for further information.

Make your plans for the May Day Social now. Remember, a good time is in store for all.

Frank "Lefty" Jaklich,
No. 180, SSCU.

BRIEFS

A new English-conducted lodge has entered the ranks of our South Slavonic Catholic Union. The name of the newest addition is Mt. Shavano Lodge, No. 224, S. S. C. U., situated at Salida, Colorado. Officers of Mt. Shavano Lodge are: Victor Glovan, president; Emma Botz, secretary; Albert Godec, treasurer; Frank Glovan, organizer. Medical examiner is Dr. Rex Fuller. Mt. Shavano Lodge will hold its regular monthly meetings every second Sunday of the month.

Iron ore mining in the city of Ely, Minn., and surrounding towns has been indefinitely suspended. Two weeks ago the Zenith mine of the Pickands-Mather Co. discontinued work at its property in Ely, and last week orders were given by the Pioneer and Sibley mines of the Oliver Mining Co., of the same city, to do likewise. Soudan mine at Tower, Minn., followed the same line of action. According to various reports, the reason for suspended activity in the iron ore mining is due to failure of the Minnesota State Legislature to grant relief to the mining companies from the burdensome taxation. Slovenes residing in Ely, Minn., and other range towns, many of whom are members of our S. S. C. U., are directly affected by the suspension of iron ore mining operations, as they depend on the Minnesota's leading industry for livelihood.

Slovene National Benefit Society will hold its tenth regular convention this month in Chicago. Convention will open Monday, May 22, at the society's headquarters.

At the fifteenth annual May Show of Art at the Cleveland Museum of Art held during the month of May, Gregory Perushek received honorable mention for his exhibit in the landscape division of oil paintings. Mrs. Steve J. Lucic was awarded first prize for weaving.

A record crowd attended the Interlodge Day held Saturday, May 6, at the Cleveland Slovene National Home on St. Clair Ave. Prizes in the form of trophies were presented the championship basketball team, Loyalties, S. N. P. J., and belts to the runner-up team, Clairwoods, S. D. Z., by Frank M. Surtz, assistant police prosecutor of Cleveland. Dan Duffy, recreation commissioner of Cleveland; Heinie Martin Antonic, president of Interlodge League, and Rudy Lisch, editor of Forum, S. S. P. Z., were the principal speakers of the evening, the last officiating in the capacity of toastmaster.

A rare collection of sports' photographs are exhibited by John Bukovnik, photographer of Cleveland, O., in his studio. Some of the photos date back twenty years. The great majority of athletes appearing on the pictures are Slovenes, and included in the collection is George Washington Lodge, No. 180, S. S. C. U., bowling team, which took the Interlodge League championship for the season of 1930-31 and who also were crowned Eastern S. S. C. U. champions the same season.

Peter Krhin of Chisholm, Minn., was appointed a mem-

Gone But Not Forgotten

Springdale, Pa.—April 29, in the writer's opinion, was the hottest day this secluded spot on earth had witnessed this year. While the heat was not too intense, it was too warm to be comfortable. Consequently, within the walls of the thing called the cranium a thought began developing; a thought that suggested an auto ride to enjoy the breeze that the approaching night had to offer. But was it to be "just a ride" or was there to be some definite destination? Ah, yes, the columns of this most estimable medium just the preceding day had announced the staging of two one-act comedies by the Export Dramatic Club, this to take place at Center. Where else could this wandering boy go tonight? Nowhere but there. Unanimously accepted; no dissenting votes heard. Proceeded to Center.

To cut out the comedy, the comedy hits were hits. Especially the one in Slovene. The dads and mothers and wee youngsters, too, hilariously responded. The "Musikant" was not so dumb. All in all, it was one grand, great and glorious evening.

Following the presentation of both plays, the evening and the wee hours of the morning were dispensed with in dancing. This captivating art quickly doubled and multiplied as some contagious disease, until almost all were thus employed. I said almost all, since this backward, bashful (ah!) and anti-dancing writer has been vaccinated against contagious diseases as mentioned above. Vaccinated to the extent that his barking dogs refuse to listen to rhythm. Nevertheless, several others traveled in the same boat, while greetings, exchanged viewpoints, and what-nots filled the program. Old and new acquaintances, all helped to make it an interesting evening. The return to home recalled to memory the events of the evening; a recollection of the efforts of the Dramatic Club. In conclusion I wish to express my desire for the continuance of their success. Center was, I'm sure, proud to have this wonderful group in their midst.

While speaking of Center, it may be a good idea to announce their dance this coming Saturday, May 13, at the Center Slovene Hall. The music will be furnished by the Ole Stump Jumpers. This, by the way, will be a round and square dance. Credentials in the form of a quarter, twenty-five cents, or two-bits, will be sufficient to crash the gates. If you like "mountain music" join the crowd in looking for "The Turkey in the Straw."

Until again, lahko no!

Frank J. Progar,
No. 203, SSCU.

Some Kiss!

Jean—So you gave Tom the gate, last night. How did he take it, dear?

Joan—Terribly! He asked me for just one kiss, to forget.

Jean—Well?

Joan (dreamily)—Now, I can't forget!

When we lack fit words, we really lack fit thoughts.

ber of the Chisholm Park Board by the village council for a term of three years.

"TENTH BROTHER"

By Josip Jurčič

Translated from the Slovene Text by Joseph L. Mihelc

(Continuation)

That Marian loved Manica, he found this to be true. Although Marian never spoke about his love to the girl, he, nevertheless, acted toward her as if her love for him was so obvious that he did not need to speak to her about it. Since he lived all his life among the common people, he evidently absorbed that characteristic which we find among the plain people, namely, that they suppress every open sign of deeper human emotions. Another reason for his seemingly indifferent actions toward his future bride was the fact that he was conscious that the girl excelled him mentally and spiritually; this was, no doubt, the cause that he preferred to talk to the girl's father about his future plans than to the girl herself.

That he loved her more than one could judge from his actions toward her, it could be readily seen from the fact that there hardly passed a day when he was not to be found at Slemenice.

Although Manica had told Lovre directly that she could never think of becoming engaged to Marian, even if she would have never known him, nevertheless, Lovre could never become sufficiently consoled. Every time the young man came to the castle, he kept out of his way. This was due to some extent to the fact that he did not care to see him, but also because he was afraid that he might betray his affections toward Manica.

That he had in this, thus far, succeeded fairly well, he found out today. Marian, carefree as he always was, sought the cause as to why his friend avoided him everywhere else, but there where it was to be found. Kvas felt exceedingly sorry for Marian, and he continually accused himself, and yet, in spite of all, he could not alter the situation.

Judging by everything, it was clear that the father of Manica knew about Marian's love for his daughter, and that he would be willing to give his consent to the union of his daughter with the young heir of his wealthy neighbor. This was without doubt due to his desire to get the large property Polesek—at one time united with Slemenice—back into the hands of its original family ownership. Furthermore, Manica knew for certain that her dad and the young lord of Polesek spoke about this proposed union already, but she never had the opportunity to speak her mind about this affair. Her father never spoke to her about this thing, evidently because he thought that it was not yet the time for it, or he probably thought that this self-evident union of the two houses was taken by the young couple as something for granted, because they were together since childhood. Since Marian always acted toward Manica more like an old friend or brother, rather than an affectionate suitor, she had never the opportunity to tell him what her true feelings were toward him, which she would have done now, no doubt, because of her acquaintance with Lovre.

Lovre knew Manica and her character too well to feel afraid for her; but nevertheless there was many an hour when he was

beset by sad thoughts, thoughts that loomed before him like ominous clouds which threatened to darken the clear and glorious sun of his fortune. For all he had on his side was love; all the rest was against him. Many a time Lovre sighed, "How many times will yet the sun rise and set, before I shall be able to tell openly that which seems now not only daring, but to some even foolish that I dared to lift my eyes so high; that I forgot myself so far as to even hope that anything will come out of this whole affair."

Lovre knew now that Marian, in spite of his various faults, was nevertheless a good soul. Right from the beginning he had attached himself to Lovre, and showed to him at all times a warmer friendship than Lovre could return. The fact that he had taken his place in Manica's heart, and that he was the cause of all the suffering and misfortune which the young man would experience when he would find out that the silent hope and love which he held in his heart would not be fulfilled, because someone else took his place. All this seemed to Lovre as a very grave sin.

Although he had found, in such arguments with himself, many a reason with which he could calm his conscience, nevertheless he could never feel entirely happy or satisfied. He thought that he was causing Marian a great injustice, and for this reason he avoided him.

CHAPTER X

With such thoughts coursing through his mind, Lovre came near the castle. Instead of going straightway home, he took a side path over the meadows toward a densely overgrown hill, on top of which stood the crumbling remnants of an old ruin. He knew that a small bench was under an old walnut tree, surrounded by juniper bushes. From this place he had a beautiful view over the meadows, fields, and groves—far out toward the distant summits of snow-capped mountains which enclosed the valley on the northeast. There, under the walnut tree was his favorite spot; there he studied on beautiful spring afternoons; there he sat often with Manica in conversation; there he spent many an hour meditating—very much meditating.

The meadows already began to be covered with verdure; various early spring flowers—clothed in the dress of innocence—were, here and there, pushing out from the soft earth. Only in some hidden place where the warm rays of spring sun could not penetrate, one could yet see the last traces of snow.

"Oh, you messengers of spring, full of hope, joyful in carefree happy youth!" thought Kvas, as he walked among the flowers. "Your blossoms reveal the beauty of Creator, and yet the frost of one night may shrivel your beauty and swallow your life—and so, too, is with me!"

(Continued in Next Issue)

He: Is there any night life in your town?

She: Oh, yes. Every once in a while a member of our lodge dies and we sit up with the corpse.

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

STARA IGRAČA

Ve, deklice, imate danes mnogo najraznovrstnejših igračk. Ljudje so izumili mnogo čudovitih stvari, da se lahko zabavate z njimi. To so razne knjige s slikami v barvah, slikanice z risbami, ki jih je treba poslikati, steklene bisere, katere nanizate na vrvice in si tako same izdelate različne zaplestene in ovratnice, nadalje majhno kuhinjsko posodo, v kateri kuhate kosilo za punčko, drobčkan leseno pohištvo itd. Toda če bi vas kdo vprašal, da li ljubite svoje igrčke v enaki meri, ali pa imate morda katero izmed njih bolj rade, bi gotovo vsaka izmed vas odgovorila, da ji je ena igrčka od ostalih vendar ljubša in ta je—punčka.

S punčko se vsaka deklica najraje igra. Oblači jo, devlje jo spat, pokriva jo, da je ne zebe, toda postavi jo tudi v kot, kadar ni pridna. Če bi se na njo še tako jezila, pa bi ji vendar kmalu vse odpustila, saj ji je vendar najžejnejša in najmilijša igrčka.

Deklice brez igrčke—punčke si sploh misliti ne moremo. Verjetno je, da se je pojavila prva punčka na svetu takoj takrat, ko se je prva deklica začela igrati. Že v pradavnih časih, ko so naši predniki živeli v skalnatih špiljah in se oblačili v živalske kože, so si gotovo male deklice delale punčke iz vseh mogočih stvari same in se igrale z njimi. Če ravno te lutke niso mogle biti lepe, so jih imele deklice vseeno rade in ve boste tudi razumele zakaj.

Mnoge od vas imajo punčko napravljeno iz deščice in nekaj ostankov pisanega blaga in vem, da je ne bi zametale z veliko punčko iz porcelana z dolgiimi lasmi.

Prve lutke, prijateljice in tovarišice deklet, iz starih pradavnih časov, nam niso ohranjene. Bile so iz preveč slabe trvine, tako da so razpadle in danes niti ne vemo, kakšne so bile.

Zato pa vemo prav točno, kakšna je bila punčka v starem Egiptu. Ko so izkopavali grob nekega egiptskega dostojanstvenika, so našli v njem leseno punčko, ki jo smatrajo danes za najstarejšo punčko in igrčko na svetu. Je sicer zelo okorno izrezljana, ima pa še noge, ki jih lahko v kolena pobjubno premikamo. Hranijo jo danes v velikem pariškem muzeju Louvreu, kjer je dobila častno mesto med lutkami vseh časov in vseh narodnosti.

Ne samo Egipčani, tudi drugi stari narodi so izdelovali punčke za svoje otroke. Grki in Rimljani so rezljali iz lesa zelo mične punčke s premakljivimi ročicami in nogami. V izkopninah mesta Pompeji, ki ga je zasula leta 79. po Kristusu lava iz ognjenika Vezuva, so našli celo lutke iz ilovice.

Od grške in rimske dobe dalje pa do preteklega stoletja so izdelovali vse punčke iz lesa ali iz ilovice. Razlikovale so se le v tem, da je bila vsaka lutka oblačena v obleko, kakršna je bila takrat v navadi. Te punčke so povečini mogle gibati roke in noge, niso pa še mogle proizvajati kakšnega glasu.

Pred 110. leti (letnica 1823 je zabeležena z latinskimi črkami v zgodovini lutke) je pa pariški mehanik Metzel iznašel majhno pripravo, s pomočjo katere je punčka lahko rekla "mama," če ste ji dvignili desno roko, in "tata," če ste ji dvignili levo roko. Punčka je izpregovorila; toda kmalu je tudi hodila, ker so iznašli majhen strojček, ki ji je premikal noge, če ste jo držali pokoncu, zaprla je pa tudi oči, če ste jo položili k počitku.

Danes izdelujejo punčke iz porcelana, celuloide, iz blaga in iz kavčuka. Lutke so pa tudi še danes iz lesa in iz koščkov blaga, slične so onim, s katerimi so se igrale deklice toliko stoletj pred Kristusovim rojstvom. To so skromne lutke, katere ste tudi ve napravile same, jim zarisale oči, nos in usta s svinčnikom in jim nalepile ali prišile laske iz volne ali sukanca. To so vaše najlepše lutke, ker so vam najboljše, najzvestejše in najposlušnejše tovarišice. ("Zvonček.")

THE JUNIOR COOK

COOKING WINTER TURNIPS

Cut off the tops and cut out a cone shaped hole in each turnip. This takes out the hard core and will prevent the cooked turnip from tasting "strong."

Pare the same as potatoes are pared, only be sure to cut off all woody skin.

Slice in very thin slices cross-ways of the root.

Drop into boiling salted water and cook till tender. If slices are very thin this will not take much longer than for cooking whole potatoes—one-half hour.

Season with a bit of fried salt pork and serve at once.

B. V. Radoš:

MLADO JUTRO

Mlado jutro pomladansko se zbudilo je iz sanj, radostno je zadrhtelo: Danes je vstajenja dan!

Nasmehljalo se je sonce, vzpelo se iz za gora, žarki pa so zaplesali preko sinjega neba.

Oživele so poljane, trata, gozd in tih gaj, vsa narava je postala sam radosten smehljaj.

DOING THE SQUARE THING

When the ice covered the broad bosom of the creek that flowed through the outskirts of Beantown, the boys of the village found no diversion so enticing as hockey.

Ice skating is an exhilarating sport; but when you combine it with the thrill, the excitement and the dangers of chasing a wooden block over the ice trying to drive it through the opposition's goal—then indeed it becomes a sport that no boy with red blood in his veins can resist.

What merry times they had! In the afternoon, school over with for the day, they'd hasten home for their skates and hockey sticks and then to the creek where "sides" were chosen and, presently, arms and legs were flying in the mad whirl over the ice after the elusive block.

For ten days now, however, they had played no hockey. Partly because a

which the boys played hockey after school.

Tom was there ahead of him, and when Bob called he received but a half-hearted "hall-lo-o-o" in return. And Tom made no move to meet him as he crossed the field, but waited until he had come up to him.

Bob looked at him a moment keenly. "Look here, Tom," he said presently, "what's been on your mind lately? You don't seem the—well, the same. What's the matter?"

"Aw, nothing!" growled Tom in reply. Bob hesitated a moment. "Yes, there is," he insisted. "I know better! Come on—tell me all about it. Is—is it about Bill?" asked Bob.

Tom muttered something under his breath and scowled.

"Now see here, Tom," Bob continued, "you mustn't take it so hard



thaw had come and the ice on the creek was not entirely safe; but, if the truth be told, because a damper had been cast upon the playing of this game by an unfortunate accident. Not that the game had been entirely abandoned, for it had not. But, somehow, the thaw seemed to be welcomed by the boys as a legitimate excuse for playing it on land, on the broad level field by the side of the creek.

That way, it was not nearly so exciting but—well—there was poor Bill Mast lying in his bed with a broken leg as the result of a collision with Tom Huff during the last game on the ice.

The way Bill had collapsed like a jack-knife and gone down in a heap, right when the play was the hottest was still fresh in the minds of the fellows. And the look on his face when they had tried to pick him up and had discovered that his leg was broken! Tom had tottered a moment but recovered his balance. Indeed Bill would not have fallen so hard had not Tom's hockey stick caught the edge of one of his skates and literally pulled his feet out from under him.

Instantly, of course, the game ceased, and they crowded around the prostrate, moaning Bill. Realizing that he could not walk, they had attempted to lift him and carry him home. But, alas, they knew not how to lift him without aggravating his injury. So Doctor Dodd had been called and, under his direction, Bill had been taken home.

Then had followed anxious moments when the news of the accident spread through the village. And, that night, more than one boy had been forced to listen to a lengthy and emphatic discourse from his father to the effect that hereafter he should not play hockey on ice skates.

Many were the inquiries made by the boys as to Bill's condition and, you may be sure, it was their chief topic of conversation. At first they hadn't noticed it, but presently it occurred to one, then another and still another of them that Tom was acting strangely. In fact, that from the very moment of the accident itself he had been "different."

First of all, the moment after Bill fell he had not bent over and attempted to help him; but perhaps that was because he himself was somewhat stunned. And yet while the other boys were crowding around their fallen companion and making earnest inquiry, Tom had remained aloof on the edge of the crowd, scowling, and aimlessly swinging his stick. He seemed to be angry or, at least, surly.

During the days following the accident, too, he had not been to the door of Bill's house to ask how the patient was progressing. The boys had attempted to sympathize with him for his part in the unfortunate occurrence, but Tom had not seemed to want it. Indeed, several of them recalled now, he had never said in so many words that he was sorry, nor had he tried to defend himself by lengthy explanation as to just how it had happened.

One afternoon, however, when the news had gone forth that Bill's leg had set perfectly and that he was on the high road to a speedy recovery, Bob Smith, Bill's best pal, happened to arrive a little early at the broad field on

about Bill. You couldn't help it and—and it might just as well have been any of us fellows as you. You just happened to be the one that ran into Bill. I'm sure he doesn't hold it against you. I saw him a little while last night and the first question he asked me was how you were and whether you'd been hurt. Honest, he doesn't even think you were to blame. Neither do any of the fellows, either. So I can't see why you've been grouching around like—like a bear with a sore head. Come on, cheer up; Bill will be out again in a few weeks, as good as new!"

Suddenly Tom swung his stick viciously at a small piece of ice on the ground before him. It seemed to relieve his feelings. "Bob," he exclaimed, "I'm going to tell you all about it! That's just what's the matter. I've kept it in all along and—and now I've just got to tell someone! I am to blame! If—if I hadn't done what I did, poor Bill wouldn't have had a broken leg. I—I—can't you see, Bob—I—I tripped him on purpose!"

"Tom!"

"Yes, I saw him falling and purposely shoved my stick into his skate!"

"Why? Why?" cried Bob. "What did Bill ever do to you?"

"I—I don't know! Nothing! You see, I did it without stopping to think. You remember, he had made six goals earlier in the game and—and all our fellows admit that he and I are the best hockey players in the crowd. And most of you think he's just a little bit better than me. Well, I had tried to block him from several of those goals and he got by me; and then I had three good chances to shoot a goal and—and all three times he plugged in and took the block right away from me. When I saw him falling, it just came to me in a second that now was my time to get even. All I had to do was push my stick out and trip him. So I did. I don't know just why, but I guess I must have been jealous."

Bob said nothing. He stood looking at Tom in amazement.

"Of course," Tom continued, "I didn't know it was going to break his leg. Gee whiz, Bob, I wish it'd been my leg, not his! I wanted to go right up to him and tell him, but you fellows were crowding around and—and—well, I just couldn't do it! Then, later on, I wanted to know how he was, but I just couldn't go to his house and ask. And you fellows kept telling me how it wasn't my fault and how sorry you were and how I mustn't take it too hard—when—when all the time I knew it was my fault, that I had done it on purpose. That's what's been worrying me, Bob, and—and I want to know what you'd do about it!"

Bob thought for a long, long time. Then he remembered what his father had said to him once when he had been conscience-stricken over a matter not nearly so important as this. "I think, Tom, that you should go to Bill—go tonight—and tell him just what you told me and—and—tell him what you told me and—and—tell him what you told me just what he thinks of you! That's what I think you ought to do!"

Tom did, too. Not at first; but by evening he had worked it all out to his conclusion. So he saw Bill and manfully told him the whole miserable story.

The Moon Man's Story

"Woo-o-woo-o-o," whistled the raw wind as it switched around the house and beat the rain against the windows. "A fierce night," said Uncle Harry, addressing no one in particular, "just the kind to make one want to hug the log-fire."

"I think it is just the kind of night for Uncle Harry to tell us a story—will you?" asked Bobby snuggling up to his uncle.

"Very well," he said, sitting himself in the big arm chair. "I will tell you the story as the Moon-man told it to me."

"The Moon-Man!" said Bobby, "there ain't no such thing." (Oh Bobby, what of your grammar!)

"Indeed there is and here's the story as he told it to me: Up here, where the stars shine brightly, is a land where good people dwell. This land is rich with the best of foods; and sparkling waters flow, but long ago there was a great drought. Not a drop of water could be found anywhere, and the good people were dying of thirst."

"In one of the houses dwelt a little girl and her mother. The mother was moaning, 'Oh, for a drink of water! I'm thirsting!'"

"The child went up into the mountains to pray to God for water. She felt her prayer would be answered, so she took a little dipper with her. 'Waters,' she prayed, 'we need water!' When she arose from her knees, she looked in the dipper and found it filled with cold sparkling water."

"Mother will live!" she cried as she hastened down the mountains, forgetting in her excitement to quench her own thirst. She did not heed the jagged stones as they cut her little bare feet, she thought only of her mother. As she ran she heard a whine and there stood a dog, his parched tongue hanging out of his mouth."

"Here, doggie, drink," she said, holding the tin dipper to the mouth. "The dog lapped water, but when he had finished, the dipper filled itself again, and as it did so, it changed from tin to silver. When the girl reached home, she met a servant at the door."

"I'm dying of thirst," cried the servant, and the child raised the dipper and bade the girl drink. She drained it dry, when lo! the dipper changed to gold and filled itself again."

"Mother," cried the child, 'I'm coming! Here drink,' and as the mother



He Snatched the Dipper and Threw It Against the Sky

wet her parched lips and drained the water, the dipper once more filled itself and changed from gold into diamonds. An old traveler came up the path crying, 'Water, for God sake!' The child ran to him with the dipper, and as he drank, he snatched the dipper and threw it against the sky. The end of the drought had come. The dipper remained there as a memento to the child who forgot herself in doing good to others!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, it's the dipper made of stars up there," said Bobby, pointing to the sky.

"Yes, that is the story of the dipper, just as the Moon-man told it to me."

"Woo-o-woo-o-o," whistled the wind as it swept around the house.

BLOSSOM TIME

Blossom time's a-comin'—
Children soon may go
To the fresh green country
Where the flowers grow.

Buttercups and daisies
Now low in their beds,
Over all the meadow
Then will lift their heads.

Every sunny morning
Bring the joy more near;
Blossom time's a-comin'—
It is almost here!

Bill, however, didn't tell him what he thought of him. Instead, he shook his hand and told him to "forget it."

And that was how one boy had drilled into him the lesson that no man or boy is worth while in the field of sport—baseball, football, hockey, or any other game—unless he "plays it clean," according to the rules of the game, without any "dirty work" and as a real sportsman! Which, after all, is, perhaps, the greatest of all the benefits a boy can derive from competitive games with his fellows!

A CHILD THAT DOES NOT FAVOR ITS MOTHER

Any one who has lived in the country or even in town where there are sandy garden walks, must have noticed the little round pits in the sand, that children in the South call "doodle holes."

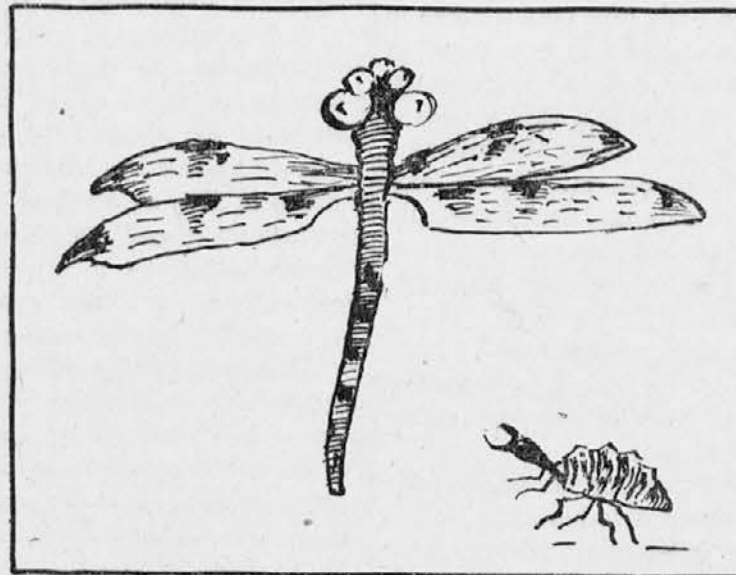
The doodle itself is anything but beautiful, as it is a dirty gray, with a head that moves up and down instead of sideways, and armed with a pair of hard feelers that come together at the ends like pliers. The creature is about the size of a melon seed, and shaped something like a mandolin; its body is formed of ridges that seem to fit into each other, like the rings of a drinking cup.

It has legs like any ordinary insect, but they are so arranged that it can only walk backwards, so when it wants

wings. They are essentially creatures of the sunshine, and every motion suggests speed and grace.

If you are a fisherman, you have often seen one of the glittering fellows light on the tip of your rod, and delicately balance himself, as if admiring his reflection in the still water.

They are usually seen about moist places, such as ditches, ponds or running water, and the brightness of their colors, and their graceful flight add much to the beauty of the landscape. As we watch them darting through the air, we must not suppose they are just idling away the summer hours, for as a matter of fact, they are hard at work hunting their prey. They are utterly fearless, and will attack and capture bees, yellow jackets, wasps and even



Mother and Child

to go anywhere, it has to back in that direction. It lives on ants that it catches in a wonderful trap. When it gets ready to construct its trap, it finds a sandy place that is protected from the rain. Then with the hinder part of its body which is pointed, it plows out a perfect circle, just the size the trap is to be, backs to the center, and begins throwing out the grains of sand, much as a workman shovels the dirt out of a ditch. After a week of back-breaking work, it has completed one of the marvels of insect ingenuity. The little pit is as round as if marked out by a compass, and the sides all slope down at exactly the same angle.

When all is ready the doodle, or the ant-lion, that being its proper name, retires to the bottom, and hurls itself in the sand, leaving visible only its pair of ice fangs. With a patience that is past belief he settles down for a wait, that may last for hours, or maybe for weeks. Some day an ant with more curiosity than prudence, is pretty sure to come trotting along and goes right up to the edge and peeps over. When all at once the sand under its feet begins to move; and the first thing it knows it is sliding down into the open jaw of the ant-lion, which instantly close with a vise-like grip, and do not relax until every bit of the juices of the body have been sucked out, leaving only the empty husk, which is tossed at least six inches beyond the mouth of the pit.

Sometimes the unlucky ant gains a foothold in the moving sand, and seems about to escape; when the trapper does an almost unbelievable thing—it shoots a stream of sand at the struggling ant, which causes it to lose its head as well as its foothold, and it slides down to the bottom to be devoured.

After a year or so of this underground life, the doodle-bug seems to lose all interest in life, and mopes around in the most aimless manner. All at once it begins digging in the sand, and finally disappears, head, pinchers, and all. Then it spins a silk thread, and as it spins, it turns over and over, thus winding the thread around its body; and as the sand adheres to the damp thread, the curious little creature soon finds itself encased in a bait of web and sand, where it quietly spends the next two or three months sleeping cozily in its silken chamber.

While so enclosed, it somehow manages to get rid of its old self, by first discarding its eyes, feelers and legs; and lastly, it slips out of its skin; and it begins to take on the shape and color of a new creature; delicate markings of future wings can be seen. In due time an opening is cut in the side of the shell, and out bursts the prisoner from darkness into the world of sunshine. In a few minutes after emerging, a pair of long, transparent wings unfold, that are longer than the body; and in a short while the unattractive doodle-bug has blossomed out into a splendid dragon-fly, with eyes like twin pearls, and wings of painted gauze.

A very different looking somebody, from the dingy workman in dirty overalls, which used to live in the sand, and used its head for a shovel. When nature touched up the dragon-fly, she used her finest colors, and wasn't at all stingy with them either; some parts glisten with gold; some flash rays of bronze; others reflected the changing tints of the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire.

Dragon-flies are easily distinguished from others of their kind, by the largeness of the eyes, and the length of the body, and the transparent beauty of the

horns; they are armed with a pair of strong, tearing teeth, with which they seize their prey, and feed on it as they fly.

Dragon-flies seem to be always hungry, and never able to quite catch up with their appetite, no matter how swift their flight. About the middle of summer the lady dragon-fly deposits her eggs in the hot, dry sand, and they hatch out the doodles, that spread their snares in the front walks, and wait for some careless ant to tumble in. No one would ever suppose that a doodle and a dragon-fly were any kin—but they are mother and child.

Uta:

ZABE

Zabe, grde babe,
so se predramile
v blatu in mlakuži
na veliki petek
in se oglasile:

"Rega, reg in kvak,"
so regljale.
"Kakšen spak!"
Vse so znale, opravljale,
v nič devale vse so vprek,
rega, reg,
dan in noč
na vso moč.

"Kaj so regljale?"
Nič ne vem,
Če pa vem,
vam ne povem,
ker potem bila bi sama
kakor Zaba v blatu in mlakuži,
opravljiva—dama.

M. Lamutova:

TEKMECA

Bogdanček se zagnal je v jok:
"Poglej, oh, mamica, kaj storil mi je
cmok!"

Vso juchiko mi je popil,
poglej, kako se je porednež zdebelil!"

Se smeje mamica in pravi:
"Glej, cmokec tiho je in stavi,
da bo pridnejši kakor ti,
zato ne čaka in hiti.

A ti pri jedi vedno se igraš,
zato naposled cmokec sih imaš,
o, zdrobov cmok je velik požerušček—
brez juhiče ostane vsak lenušček."

Še večkrat je Bogdanček zdrobov cmok
dobil,
a nikdar več mu juhe ni popil.
"Ne boš, ne boš!" Bogdanček mu kriči
in srka, srebrija ter hiti, hiti.

Ves poten, rdeč mu je obraz,
že žilco odloži in mamici velli:
"Glej juchiko popil sem jaz!"

SAY THESE SENTENCES QUICKLY

One old ostrich opening oysters.
Two toads trying to trot to Trixville.
Three tony tigers taking twenty tastes of tea.

Four frisky fisherman fussing for fresh frogs.

Five Frenchmen fanning five fainting females.

Six slippery snakes sliding slowly southward.

Seven salmon swallowing several snippy shrimps.

Eight egotistics! Englishmen eating enormous eels.

Nine nautical Norwegians nearing Norway's northern shores.

Ten tiny toddling tots trying to trill.

VELIKI MEDVED

Pred davnimi in davnimi časi na zemlji velika suša: izsušile reke, potoki in studenci, posušile drevje, grmovje in trava, ljudi živali pa so umirali od žeje.

Neke noči je odšlo iz neke kletce z zajemalko v roki; naposled je našlo mamo v deklece vode ni našlo nikjer, utrujenosti je leglo v travo in roko se je zbudilo in vzelo zajemalko, je malo manjkalo, da bi vodo iz nje. Zajemalka je bila čiste in sveže vode. Deklece se vselilo in se hotelo napiti; tedaj je spomnilo, da bi potem ne volj vodo za bolno mamico. Pa hitelo z vodo domov. Hitelo je ni zapazilo niti piščika pri svojih gah in se je spodtaknilo obenj stilo pri tem zajemalko na tla, je žalostno zatutili. Deklece je hom dvignila zajemalko, saj je da se je vsa voda razlila. Toda zajemalka je stala pokoncu na dnu in vsa voda je ostala nena njej. Vodo je zdaj dekletce na svojo dlan, jo ponudilo piščiku, je spil vso in se zelo razveselil, dekletce zajemalko spet vzelo v zajemalko ni bila več iz pločevine go iz srebra.

Deklica je nesla zajemalko dom jo z vodo, ki je ostala še v njej, dila mamici. Mati pa je dejala: umrem že tako in tako, zato pa sama," in jo je vrnila hčerki. Trenutku se je izpremenila srebrna jemalka v zlato. Zdaj se pa zaradi velike žeje ni moglo odreči in že je hotelo zajemalko prostom, ko je nanaglooma vstopila vrata popotnik in jo prosil, da da piti. Deklece je pogotitno je ponudilo zajemalko popotniku, glej, iz zajemalke je skočilo ogromnih briljantov in izlil se je velik curek čiste in sveže vode. Sedem briljantov pa se je dviglo višje in višje in dvignilo tja na nebo. In tam jih vidimo še danes v obliki zlate zajemalke.

Tako je nastalo sozvezdje Zajemali Velikega Medveda.

THE CIRCUS'LL SOON BE HERE

Hurrah! and hurrah! I'm as glad as can be—

It's the dandiest time of the year
My pennies I'll have to save
carefully.

For the circus'll soon be here.

Just think of the acrobats swinging high
Whom the people will gaze at with fear!

And the clowns—Gee! I'm sure
I'll laugh till I cry
When the circus is really here.

The freaks and the side-shows
of course,
For they're said to be terribly
There's a lady all spangly who rides
a horse

In the circus that's coming here

Oh, say! I'm so thrilled that I
up and down—
For the moment is drawing
near;

Soon the snowy white tents
pitched in the town,
And the circus'll really be here

Danilo Gorinšek:

KDO LOVI?

Sonce miče:
Ne domov!
Travniki kliče:
Brž na lov!

Ti si mačka,
jaz sem miš,
jaz bom bežal,
ti loviš!

R. Pečjak:

OTROŠKI SEN

Včasih še završne,
mimo pohiti,
diven in razkošen,
sen mladostnih dni.

Za klobukom pušljice
smech kroj ustlen, bleek v
ognej v srcu, v duši nade
kot v minolih dneih.

Včasih še završne—daven
sen je

MLADINSKI DOPISI

Contributions from our Junior Members

ANACONDA, MONT.

DEAR EDITOR:
It has been a long time since I have written to you, although there is more time than money nowadays. I thank you very much for the dollar I received. It helped out in buying clothes for this cold weather. But even if it is a little cold out here we don't mind it. I suppose you think we are all wild and wooly out here in the west, but we are not. It is the weather man this time.

A few months ago he went places and did things. For instance, he took a shot down the tube of the thermometer and hit the bumpers at forty-five degrees below, scaring the mercury out of sight. We haven't seen much of him since. Even Fairbanks, Alaska, the coldest spot in the nation was sitting up and taking notice, for this place was only doing five points better, but if the "tormentor" had been longer, this story would be stronger. Fifteen miles out west is Georgetown Lake, which I call the "Fishesman's Paradise." If you care for "fish stories," here is a good one; and since tomorrow is Friday you may wish to read it.

FISH STORY

When I was up at Georgetown Lake, fishing through the ice I caught the biggest fish, in fact it was the first related to the shark. I had him up on the ice when suddenly he decided he would take a dive back into the lake, which he did with the greatest possible haste, taking with him the fish hook, line, spinner and all. I haven't seen head nor tail of him since.

Well, anyway he was the biggest fish I ever caught. I hope you will at least enjoy the tale of this fish. That's more than I got.

Yours truly,
Genevieve Petrovich (Age 14),
No. 142, SSCU, Anaconda, Mont.

CHASING THE BLUES

I was feeling very blue. School had been rotten and the weather was wrong in fact it was too hot to do anything. So after supper I decided to go to the Lincoln School and sit on one of the swings in the school yard.

It was cooler swinging through the air. I had my eyes closed and it seemed I almost forgot who or where I was. I imagined things so strongly that I actually thought things were happening. First I thought how blue I was. Then gradually I became to think how lucky I was.

Suddenly I was brought back to life from my dreams by the shrill voice of a boy of 5 who said "If you are going to fall asleep, go home. I want that swing." A few couples strolling by laughed. I laughed too and got up. Then I too became a stroller, but a lone one, although not a lonely one. My blues had vanished.

Amelia Peternel (Age 15),
No. 2, SSCU.

DENYING THE TRUTH

"Where are you going?" shouted Walter to his younger brother, who, for some time had been walking around the bedroom, and then suddenly turned to go into the kitchen.

"What is keeping you up? Go on back to bed." But without paying any attention to him, Henry slowly approached the window and on looking out exclaimed: "Oh, look at the horse going up the alley. Tim, let's get it. Hurry or I will go myself."

All this while Walter gazed in amazement and as Henry was about to walk out of the house he seized and led him back to bed.

The following morning Walter brought up the subject. "Say, what were you doing out of bed last night?" "Last night? What are you talking about? I was asleep all night."

"I'll say. You must have been asleep when you don't know what you did. You would have walked away if it hadn't been for me. I caught you just in time."

"Oh, you're crazy. You must be dreaming. I ought to know what I was doing."

"All right, have it your own way. Even this day Henry denies his night walk."

Genevieve Petrovich (Age 14),
No. 142, SSCU, Anaconda, Mont.

EXPORT, PA.

DEAR EDITOR:
This is my first letter to the Nova Doba. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. I go to the Esler School. I took a trip to Europe when I was 4 years old. Our voyage was of 10 days duration. We stayed in Yugoslavia Ocean on our way out and passed through France, Switzerland and Austria. The houses in this country are made of wood with shutters in the states. But the windows. The floors are made of wood with dirt on top. When they sweep the floor it is nice and smooth. The stoves inside are made of brick and clay.

They raise a lot of sheep in Yugoslavia. The fruits and vegetables are also noticed that my mother wore a big blouse with a vest on top of it. They used a board and a rock to wash made of wood.

When they eat their meals the children sit in the middle of the floor and eat out of a big bowl. Each one has

his own spoon. Most of their meals consist of black coffee and cornmeal bread. The stores and hospitals are a great distance away from the homes. Anna Kepchia,
No. 138, SSCU.

Cleveland, O.

Tako sem zaposlen z mojim risanjem, da bi skoro pozabil kaj napisati za mladinsko stran Nove Dobe. Zadnji mesec sem prejel en dolarček, ki pa je že porabljen za barve in druge potrebščine šole moderne umetnosti. Naš učitelj, Mr. Gregory Perushek, nam je obljubil, da nas vzame v bližnji park, da poskusimo svoje zmožnosti in pokazemo, kaj da kdo zna, odkar se prijem učimo. Začelo nas je veliko število, a jih je precej pustilo, ker niso imeli veselja. Jaz pa vedno mislim na soboto, da bom nadaljeval. Imam že štiri lepe slike v okvirjih na steni doma. Zeleni bi kaj več posnemalcev. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku Nove Dobe!

Janko Kapelj,
društvo št. 71 JSKJ.

STRABANE, PA.

DEAR EDITOR:
Before I tell you what is happening out here I must thank you very much for the one dollar check I received as a prize from our Union. I am very glad I got it. The weather out here is very nice and warm. The grass is green and the flowers are blooming. Many people are making gardens. Even on hills you can see how the people are digging.

We were supposed to hold a play recently called "Hiapci." I took a part in it and so did my father and brother. But one of the members, Mrs. Agnes Kocklich, of the play, died April 25, so our play had to be called off. She left one sister out here, her husband, three daughters and three step-children. Many people attended her funeral. Mrs. Kocklich died after she submitted to an operation. Her husband, Mr. Kocklich, was in the play, as was her sister. We might hold the play later on.

Our school was out May 3. I was so happy, although I do miss my good teacher, Miss Dorothy Wilkinson. We took our examinations in April. I was so glad they were over. I passed. Gee, I was so excited when I got my report card. My mother and father were glad I passed. We have four months of school vacation, as we go back Sept. 6, 1933. And now I'll close my letter. I will write more the next time. Thank you very much for the dollar check I received from you. Best regards to all the members and to the editor.

Anna Marie Strle,
No. 149, SSCU.

NAGRADE

Za dopise, priobčene v mladinski prilogi Nove Dobe meseca aprila, so bile nagrade po en dolar vsakemu nakazane sledečim mladinskim dopisnikom:

Agnes Jančar, društvo št. 6, Lorain, O.; Anna Marie Strle, društvo št. 149, Canonsburg, Pa.; Joseph Pirc, društvo št. 66, Joliet, Ill.; Mary Alice Podražaj, društvo št. 82, Sheboygan, Wis.; Rose Krizaj, društvo št. 116, Delmont, Pa. — Častno priznanje (honorable mention) zaslužila: Ludwig Zalar, dr. št. 69, in Frank Turk, dr. št. 39.

JANE WAS THE CAUSE

When Doris answered the telephone she heard the despairing voice of Betty say, "Oh, Doris, I can't go to the picnic with you. I have to stay home and take care of Baby Jane, while mother and dad go to town. Isn't that terrible? They would go today."

But Doris, who always found a bright side to everything, said, "Oh, well, I'll come over any way and we will do something." After a few more words they said goodbye and Doris got ready to go over.

While she was on the way, I'll tell you about them. Doris Greene and Betty Livingston live in a little country town. Betty lives with her father, mother and sister on a rather large farm. Doris lives with her parents nearby. The two girls are very close friends and are always together. Today they had planned to go on a little picnic under a nearby grove of trees when Betty found she had to tend to her baby sister, age three. Betty ran out to meet her little Jane trotting after her.

"I'm sort of glad we didn't go," said Betty. "Just look at those dark clouds." Doris looked up and saw many dark clouds overhead. "Come up to my room and I'll show you how I've changed it," continued Betty.

The house was quite old-fashioned and the hall upstairs was long and dark. One side of the wall was a large painting of George Washington. It reached almost to the floor.

As the girls were walking down the hall, Doris, for the first time, noticed how large the picture was. Standing in front of it, she looked up into his face, and at the same time leaning on the frame, she cried, "Oh," for as she leaned on the frame she felt it sink in, and as she pushed harder it felt back ward. Then to their startled eyes they saw a dark rooth beyond.

Jane, not knowing what had happened, started sobbing and Betty had to take her into a room across the hall

to quiet her. Doris, the braver of the two, came in and asked if she could have a flashlight. Betty said that she didn't have one, but that she had an old oil lamp they could use. She got it and lit it.

Doris then said, "Come on, Betty, let's explore that room."

"No," said Betty, "I'll wait out here. You go in first, and if it is all right I'll come in with Jane."

"All right, here goes," and stepping over the piece of wall remaining up, she held the lamp in front of her. "Come on in," she called back, "it's just a large, dusty room with a lot of furniture and a few trunks in it."

Betty, carrying her wide-eyed sister, climbed into the room. "Why, I've been living in this house all my life and never thought anything about that picture. I'm sure mother and dad don't know about it either. You see, this house used to belong to grandfather. So all of these things must have been here when he died, and no one knew anything about it."

"And to think that we are the finders," said Doris.

Jane didn't like the room, for it was too dark. "Maybe you want that," the baby said, pointing to another old lamp over on an old table.

"Well, good for you, Jane," said her sister. "That's just what we needed." And Doris solemnly nodded her head in agreement.

"There's still a little oil in it," said Doris, as she lit it. "Now, that's better, isn't it?"

"Yes, but the rain's coming down now. Can't you hear it?" was the other's reply.

"Just think of us being in the house all alone, in a mysterious room, on a rainy day? It sort of gives you creeps, doesn't it?" asked Doris, mischievously. "Oh, stop, and let's look around," shuddered Betty.

"All right, we'll look in the trunk first. Ugh, what a lot of dust! These things must have been here ten or fifteen years."

They found the key lying on the floor and finally raised the lid. As the lid fell back a musty smell escaped the trunk, and to their disappointment all that was in the trunk was a lot of books. They picked up one and opened it, only to see a lot of Greek writing. "Oh, it's just a lot of crazy books," said Betty. But Doris had taken a sealed envelope from the book which she examined and held out to Betty.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "What do you suppose is in it?"

"I don't know, but that looks like a seal I've seen on other things of grandfather's. We'll keep it till my parents come home. Now, let's look at the other two trunks."

They did, only to find many beautiful clothes of all sorts, albums, pictures and other things of the sort. Jane had found a beautiful old doll which she was playing with. Then they heard a noise downstairs and someone calling, so they got up and ran down, where they saw Mr. and Mrs. Livingston come in very wet. After they changed and got warm Betty and Jane, with a few words from Jane, told what they had found. Mr. Livingston tore open the envelope to find the will of his father which he thought was lost. Then they went up to see the room. Both of the parents were very surprised when they saw it. They also had to go through all the clothes and books. The girls especially liked the dresses.

It was raining very hard by now and Doris stayed over at Betty's that night. The next morning, when she went home, Betty accompanied her, and on the way Doris said: "To think that Jane could have been the cause of all we found yesterday."

Leada Pensar,
El Verano, Calif.



PIVO PRED PROHIBICIJO

V Zedinjenih državah se je pred prohibicijo uživalo največ takozvano "lager" pivo, katerega alkoholna vsebina po teži je v redkih slučajih presegala štiri procente. Večina takratnega piva bi bila tudi po sedanjih postavi dovoljena. Pivo v Angliji vsebuje od 2.5 do 5.2 procenta alkohola po teži; izdelujejo tudi nekatera močnejša piva, toda le v malih količinah. Tisti pivci v Zedinjenih državah, ki pripovedujejo o 10 in 12 procentnem pivu v časih pred prohibicijo, navadno precej pretiravajo. Pivo 2.2 procenta alkoholne težine, kot se v tej deželi zdaj legalno toči, je, po izjavah tozadevnih avtoritet, v splošnem tako močno, kot je bila večina piva pred prohibicijo.

DOPISI

Strabane, Pa.

IZ URADA ZVEZE JSKJ DRUŠTEV V ZAPADNI PENNSYLVANII. — Na zadnji redni seji Zveze JSKJ društev v zapadni Pennsylvaniji, je bila med drugim sprejeta tudi resolucija, ki določa, da ker poteče letos 35 let odkar je bila ustanovljena J. S. K. Jednota, se vsem JSKJ društvom tega okrožja priporoča, da po svojih močeh primerno proslavijo 35-letnico obstanka naše organizacije.

V ta namen bosta Zveza JSKJ društev za zapadno Pennsylvanijo in društvo sv. Barbare št. 4 JSKJ priredila skupen velik piknik z obširnimi programom v naselbini Presto, Pa. Prireditve se bo vršila na dan 4. julija v Slovenskem domu in okolici istega. Navzočih bo več glavnih odbornikov JSKJ in pričakuje mo obile udeležbe od strani bližnjega članstva JSKJ in drugih rojakov tega okrožja. Bratska društva JSKJ in drugih organizacij v tem okrožju so prošena, da ne bi na dan 4. julija priredila svojih veselice. Ako pa ima katero bližnjih društev že določeno kakšno prireditev za dan 4. julija, je prošeno, da isto preloži, ker bo tako v korist na obe strani. Prireditve v Presto, Pa., na dan 4. julija sta obljubila posetiti tudi sobrat Janko N. Rogelj, prvi glavni nadzornik JSKJ, in sobrat Anton J. Terbovec, urednik-upravnik Nove Dobe. Program prireditve bo objavljen pozneje, istotako tudi kazipot ali navodilo, kako priti v Presto.

Za sedaj samo priporočam vsem okoliškim rojakom, da si rezervirajo dan 4. julija za posej velikega piknika v Presto, Pa. — Z bratskim pozdravom,

John Žigman,
tajnik Zveze JSKJ društev v zap. Pennsylvaniji.

Johnstown, Pa.

Zadnje čase se toliko piše in razpravlja v našem glasilu o pravilih, da bi človek mislil, da se bliža konvencija, dasi še ni pet mesecev, odkar so nova pravila stopila v veljavo. Vendar pa ni tako hudo kot nam hoče pokazati sobrat glavni tajnik v Novi Dobi z dne 19. aprila pod naslovom "Ta nesrečna konvencija JSKJ." Članstvo vendar ni tako radikalno, da bi pričakovalo od Jednote nekaj brez asessmentov, kot piše sobrat Zbanič. Trditve, da niso dopisniki pred konvencijo nič koristnega povedali, tudi ne drži. Bilo je nekaj dobrih nasvetov in priporočil, ko smo imeli razprave o pravilih, samo zlomek je, da so bili ti nasveti malo ali nič vpoštevani. Imeli smo tudi odbor za pravila, katerega dolžnost je bila sestaviti in izboljšati pravila JSKJ, kar je zadnja konvencija tudi vrgla v konvenčni koš. Tukaj sobrat glavni tajnik malo preveč podničuje članstvo, ko trdi, da dopisniki niso nič povedali; najbrž se pa sobratu glavnemu tajniku ni zdelo vredno čitati dopisov. Pa dosti o tem.

Dobro pa je storil glavni tajnik, ko je raztolmačil, kaj sme član pričakovati od načrta "AA." To zanima članstvo in želi vedeti, kakšne koristi bo imel oni, ki zaprosi za certifikat načrta "AA." Tega pravila kratkoma ne povedo nič več, kot da sploh nimamo načrta "AA." Tukaj so pravila samopašna, ker dajo vso moč glavnemu odboru, da jih tolmači kot se mu zdi, ker članstvo nima zaslombe v njih. Zato čitamo tudi vsaki mesec drugačne regulacije in informacije glede načrta "AA" (kot na denarni borzi v New Yorku.) To bi moralo biti označeno v pravilih, namreč, kako visoko vsoto si lahko član izposodi in kake obresti se plačujejo od tako izposojene rezerve, da bi si po letih vsak lah-

ko izposodil enako vsoto in plačeval enake obresti.

Sedaj pa, na primer, kdor je prošil za "AA" certifikat ob novem letu, dobil je več, kot drugi, ki prosi danes. Nadalje, ako greš v stari kraj, dobiš vso rezervo, ti pa, ki si izposodiš, da boš plačeval enotne prispevke, boš pa plačeval 6% obresti. Ali je to bratsko? Takoj po 14. konvenciji je bilo rešeno, ako se ne motim, da bo visokost obresti 4%, ko pa so nova pravila stopila v veljavo, smo bili obveščeni, da bodo obresti znašale 6%. Moje mnenje je, da ako se enotno premnoženje posojuje raznim mestom in okrajem po tri in pol do štiri in pol procenta obresti, bi za člana, ki si izposodi svojo lastno rezervo, kakor pravimo, bile 4% obresti dovolj visoke. Odgovor bo seveda, da taka posojila članstvu povzročajo mnogo več dela in s tem stroškov. Verujem, da je sedaj mnogo dela, ko večina članstva išče posojila, ko pa pride vse v red, pa s tem posojili ne bo nič več dela kot z municipalnimi bondi.

Opazka, da nima certifikat desetletnje starosti vrednosti 25-letnega certifikata, je resnična. Dvomim pa, da bi živel kateri član JSKJ, ki bi imel 25 let star certifikat. To iz razloga, ker bi za to moral biti član najmanj 60 let. Če si član 25 let, ti jih bo starih v kredit približno 12. Naravnost neodpustno je, da sme glavni urad moč izpreminjati starost članstva po svoji volji. Povišajo ti starost in plačuješ več; ali ne bi bilo bolj enostavno, da bi povišali samo asessment, starost pa pustili kakor je. Zakaj bi te smatrali, da si toliko in toliko let prezgodaj pristopil k Jednoti, ker plačevati prispevke Jednoti si moral, ako ne, bi bil črtan! Zakaj potem jemati kredit članске dobe? Naj bi se dalo vsakemu, kar mu gre; ako je plačeval premalo, naj se mu nakaže manjša rezerva ali zviša asessment. Dobe let pa naj se pusti, kajti za starost narava sama skrbi.

Zopet se piše, da je prepozno, da se temu ne da odpomoči. Saj zato imamo vendar konvencijo vsaka štiri leta, da popravi napake in izboljša pravila. In dokler Jednota obstoji, ni prepozno. Ako je ena konvencija vzela članstvu leta, mu jih druga konvencija lahko vrne. So pota in sredstva, da ako članstvo želi, ne bo na nobeni strani preveč izgube. Želim, da priinese sobrat glavni tajnik še kaj več pojasnila na dan, ker le na ta način nam bo mogoče prestrukturirati dobre sedanjih pravil in 14. konvencije. Ko bi bilo v pravilih malo več pojasnjeno, ne bi bilo toliko kritike in ne bi bilo treba toliko pojasnil.

Članek "Ta nesrečna konvencija" bi bil moral iziti v našem glasilu vsaj v mesecu januarju, pa bi se bili lažje razumeli. Upam, da ne bo zamere, ker ni moj namen koga žaliti. Želim pa, da se stvar razjasni in da se ne naklada na rame članstva ponovnih bremen, ker jih je že zdaj zadosti. In končno članstvo tudi ni tako omejeno, kot se ga hoče predstaviti.

Matiija Klučevsek,
član dr. št. 36 JSKJ.

Waukegan, Ill.

Članom v članicam društva sv. Roka, št. 94 JSKJ naznanjam tem potom, da je po sklepu glavne letne seje razpisana za mesec maj en dolar (\$1.00) doklade na člane in članice v pokritje društvenih stroškov. To naklado plačajo vsi enakovredni člani in članice. Prosim člane, da so točni s plačevanjem svojih asessmentov, rednih in izrednih, kajti društvena blagajna je v slabem položaju, tajniku pa je bilo tudi od društva naročeno, da mora suspendirati vsakega člana, ki ne plača svojega asessmenta ob času, to je do 25. v mesecu.

Upam, da bodo člani to upoštevali, ako ne, pa naj posledice sebi pripišejo.

Člani so prošeni, da se kar mogoče polnoštevilno udeležijo prihodnje mesečne seje, ki se bo vršila 14. maja. Na tej seji bomo vzeli v pretres iniciativni predlog društva št. 104 JSKJ, in če pred sejo dobim glasovnice iz glavnega urada, bomo tudi glasovali glede gradnje jednotine doma. Na programu bo še več drugih važnih zadev, zato je želeli polnoštevilne udeležbe od strani članstva. — Bratski pozdrav!

Za društvo št. 94 JSKJ:
Joseph Petrovič, tajnik.

Export, Pa.

Krasno pomladno sonce nam je že takoj jutraj 29. aprila prijazno posijalo in obetal se nam je lep dan, ko si je naš "Mutasti muzikant" optal svojego bisago in se z vsemi igralskimi potrebščinami opremil odpravil proti Centru, Pa. Predstava se je seveda po naši stakrokratski navadi pričela nekoliko pozneje, kot je bilo označeno.

Klub "Nagelj" si šteje v dolžnost, da tem potom izreče zahvalo občinstvu, ki se je odzvalo in napolnilo dvorano do zadnjega kotička. Dvorana je bila nabito polna, kar se v sedanjih časih redkokdaj zgodi. Rojaki so pokazali s tem, da se precej zanimajo za dramatik, obenem pa so klubu pomagali za par korakov naprej. Dalje bodi izrečena prisrčna hvala članom tukajšnjega Slovenskega doma, ki so nam dali dvorano na razpolago brezplačno, ter so tudi poskrbeli za fino postrežbo v spodnjih prostorih. Lepa hvala tudi našim fantom iz Braddocka, ki so nam igrali tako lepe valčke in polke, da se mladinci kar ni dalo ven, dasi je bila že pozna policijska ura.

Igra se je končala z muziko in z jokom; najbolj muzikalčno pa je potem postalo v spodnjih prostorih. Sele v zgodnjih jutranjih urah smo zasledili naš "Lize" in se odpeljali proti "Beli dolini." Drugi dan smo sprespali mačka in se zbudili s prijetnimi spomini na nekaj lepih ur, ki smo jih preživeli v prijazni slovenski naselbini Centru, Pa. — Pozdrav vsem udeležencem prireditve in vsem prijateljem dramatike!

Za dramski klub "Nagelj":
Rosie Skerly.

Cleveland, O.

Članicam društva "Jutrana zvezda," št. 137 JSKJ naznanjam, da se bo naše društvo korporativno udeležilo slavnosti razvijanja zastave društva sv. Ane, št. 4 SDZ, ki se bo vršila v nedeljo 14. maja. Članice, katerim je le mogoče, naj se zberejo od ene do polu dveh popoldne pred Slovenskim Narodnim Domom na St. Clair Ave. Vsaka naj priinese s seboj tudi društveni znak. Točno ob dveh odkoraka povorka naprej.

Članice so tudi prošene, da se mnogoštevilno udeležijo prihodnje društvene seje, ki se bo vršila 18. maja, ker bo več važnih zadev na dnevnem redu. — S sestrskim pozdravom,

Mary Bradač,
tajnica društva št. 137 JSKJ.

Bridgeville, Pa.

"Dež za soncem mora biti, za veseljem žalost priti!" Otroci so vprašali mater, zakaj ne bi vedno sonce sijalo in mati jih je poučila, da to bi ne bilo pravilno in koristno, kajti brez dežja bi se vse rastlinstvo posušilo in ljudje in živali ne bi imeli kaj jesti. Tudi mi se s tem strinjamo, da dež za soncem mora biti. Ne vem pa, dali je tako potrebno, da za veseljem žalost pride. Kljub temu se to zgodi, in nič si ne moremo pomagati.

Tako se je pripetilo zadnji teden v sosedni naselbini Canonsburg. Kar dvakrat v enem

tednu smo bili povabljeni tja k pogrebu. Predzadnjo nedeljo smo spremili k zadnjemu počitku rojaka Pelhana, v četrtek potem pa rojakinjo Mrs. Koklič. To sta bila huda udarca za obe družini, katerima naj bi tem potom izrečeno iskreno sožalje.

Zdaj pa nekaj veselejšega. Ti in jaz in vsi rojaki, bivajoči v primerni bližini, smo povabljeni, da se udeležimo veselice, katero priredi v nedeljo 14. maja popoldne Slovensko pevsko društvo iz Canonsburga, Pa. Veselica se bo vršila v lepo urejenem Drenikovem parku. Povedali so mi, da je Mr. Drenik svoj park zelo lepo uredil in da se pripravila kar najboljša postrežba; zato lahko že v naprej zagotovim vsakega, da mu ne bo žal, če se te prireditve udeleži.

Torej, rojaki, pridimo skupaj v Canonsburg v nedeljo 14. maja in pokažimo pevskemu društvu, da znamo ceniti njegovo prosvetno in razvedrilno delo. Pomnimo, da narodni pregovori o dežju in soncu mora veljati tudi obratno, namreč: "sonce za dežjem mora biti, za žalostjo veselje priti!"

Za slovensko pevsko društvo v Canonsburgu:

R. Pleteršek.

Chicago, Ill.

Prihodnja redna seja društva Zvon, št. 70 JSKJ, ki se bo vršila v sredo 17. maja, bo dvakrat zelo važna. Prva važna zadeva bo vse potrebno ukreniti glede našega piknika, ki ga priredimo v nedeljo 16. julija v Summit Grove, Summit, Ill. Na tem pikniku nameravamo dostojno proslaviti pet-in-tridesetletnico obstoja naše organizacije, zato jej se moramo dobro pripraviti. Druga važna zadeva je pa splošno glasovanje glede iniciativnega predloga društva št. 6, Lorain, Ohio. Poleg tega je sedaj na dnevnem redu tudi razprava o iniciativnem predlogu društva št. 104, Chicago, Ill., o čemur bomo na prihodnji seji razpravljali. Vsak naj tozadevno obvestilo dobro prečita v Novi Dobi št. 18, predno pride na sejo, da mu bo o tem dovolj jasno. Torej, na prihodnjo sejo dne 17. maja pridite vsi.

Bratski pozdrav!
John Gottlieb, predsednik.

Chicago, Ill. — POPRAVEK.

—V dopisu društva Zvon št. 70, JSKJ., priobčenem v Novi Dobi št. 18, se je pripetila neljuba pomota. Tista neljuba zadeva se je pripetila leta 1931, (ne pa 1932, kot je bilo poročano), ko je bilo društvo suspendirano vsled tega, ker ni bilo denarja za asessment, ker se je preveč zgubilo na suspendiranih.

Andrew Bavetz, tajnik.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tem potom pozivljam vse člane in članice društva sv. Jožefa, št. 12 JSKJ, da se gotovo udeležijo redne društvene seje, ki se bo vršila v nedeljo 14. maja ob dveh popoldne v Slovenskem domu na Butler in 57. Sts. Na programu bo nekaj jako zanimivih točk, o katerih mora skupno društveno članstvo razmotrivati in odločati, da ne bo pozneje kakšnega kritiziranja od strani članstva našega društva. Toliko v prijazno naznanilo. Pozdrav vsemu članstvu društva sv. Jožefa, št. 12 J. S. K. Jednote!

Joseph Mesnjak, predsednik.

Ely, Minn.

Ponoven poziv na sejo članstvu društva sv. Srca Jezusa, št. 2 JSKJ. — Ko sem v glasilu Novo Dobo poslal moj zadnji poziv za mnogoštevilno udeležbo na seji, nisem se vedel, da bo prišlo na program prihodnje seje tudi splošno glasovanje glede gradnje jednotine doma. Kot pa je razvidno iz (Dolje na 6. strani)

Edmond Romazieres: PRI GLAVOREZIH

(Dalje in konec)

"To je res, a ne pijejo več. V treh urah bodo od svoje pijanosti le še bolj divji, slepo okrutni."

"Menite, da se ne boje naših pihalnikov?"

"Presenetiti nas kanijo. Na tišino svoje hoje se zanašajo."

Toliko zvezd je bilo na nebu, da so se stražnikom oči hitro privadile noči. Trije možje, ki bi prišli drugi na vrsto, so polegali s puško v roki in hitro zaspi, da bi čim bolj izkoristili počitek, ki bo neizbežno skaljen. Toda straža se je zamenila, ne da bi bila opazila kaj sumljivega.

Santos, Avgust in Omar so jih nadomestili. Santos si je pridržal straženje vzdolž reke. Po njegovem bi napad prišel od ododa. Sredi malega taborišča je žare svetel ogenj.

Santos je s puško med kolena negibno čakal pred odprtino v braniku in počasi nabijal dva samodejna samokresa.

Nič niso govorili, niti po tihem. Vsa se je pripravljala, da začne poplaha.

Debelo uro so zaman oprezovali. So mar Indijanci izbrali drugo taktiko? Ali jih hočejo počakati drugo jutro, ob belem dnevu v gozdu? Se li skrivajo po drevju, ki ga zavesa iz rastlin ovijalk dela nevidno? ...

Navernost bi bila tedaj podsesterjena.

"Ne, ne . . ." je šepetal voditelj. "To je nemogoče. Prelepa je prilika. Gotovo jo izkoristijo."

Se bolj je napel oči in z ostrim pogledom prodiral noč.

Zdajci se mu je zazdelo, da je daleč v mraku razločil neko premikanje. Bilo je na reki . . . malenkost . . . nezaznavno . . .

Slepilo . . . Toda Santos je stopil k obema stražarjema.

"Pozor . . . Čez vodo gredo, jako daleč," je dahnul.

Pol ure je še minilo. Od rečne strani se je zdelo, se ni bilo ničesar bati. Zdelo se je svetilo. Vsaka stvar bi se pri tej priči razkrila.

Mulata je najbolj skrbel rob gozda, dve ali tri sto metrov daleč.

Oči so mu švigale povsod, pregledovale travo, mrak med prvimi drevesi.

Nenadoma je poskočil. Bilo mu je kakor da je videl senco, ki je genila. Brez obotavljanja je stopil k visečim mrežnicam in vsakogar stresel.

"Pokonci, na bojno postojanko!" je velel. "Pripravljajo se."

Mladima ženskama pa: "Ostanita na sredi . . . Pa ne na nogah. In z revolverjem v roki. Morda nam bosta v veliko pomoč."

Vrnili se je na svoje opazovališče. S pištolami za pasom in s puško v roki je bilo pet mož pripravljenih sprejeti sovražnika.

"Obkolili so nas, bodite pripravljeni," je zašepetal Santos svojemu sosedu. "Njih taktiko ste videli. Toliko počakajo, da bodo vse naokrog . . . Vidite, tamle! Nekateri se že plazijo."

On sam je videl. Za druge se trava ni gibala.

"Ležite na tla," je opozoril mulat vse po vrsti.

"Njih puščice bodo vsak čas pričele deževati. Ne slutijo, da jih naš branik lahko prestreže. Znano jim je, kako visoko so viseče mrežnice. In dobro bodo merili, verjemite mi. Bržkone mislijo, da imamo okoli sebe samo zator iz listja."

Pri vsem tem so se divjaki, ki so jih oči polagoma že razločevale, kolikor mogoče približali. Bili so na dvajset pet metrov, a še nobena puhalica ni bila zagnala zastrupljene smrti.

"Ali se zaletite, ne da bi sprožili?" se je vpraševal Santos.

Motil se je. Ampak sklenili so bili, da bo vsak vojščak le enkrat ustrelil, in sicer vsi hkratu,

potem pa da se obenem zakade. "Pozor," je siknil Santos svojemu sosedu.

Opazil je bil, da so se cevke sarbakan dvignile. Za trenutek so vsi ploskoma legli na tla. Čuli so, kako je zaprasketal les po suhih vejah. Ob istem času se je razlegel grozen krik iz več ko petdeset grl. Vsa črta je šinila pokonci in se zapodila, vihteč predvsem orožje belokozcev, pokradeno po malokah. Izvrstno so pretehtali svoje nakano. Med njihovim vpitjem in trenutkom, ko naj bi planili na tujce, ne bi potekle tri sekunde. Nemogoče, da bi se izmotali iz nihalk in prijeli za orožje. Vsi bi bili poklani.

Toda skozi noč je na kratko zadonel klic: "Pali!"

Pet pokov je pretreslo temo. Pet Indijancev je zatulilo in padlo. Vendar tolpa se ni mogla ustaviti. Zalet jo je zanašal. Indijanci so trčili ob veje.

Adina in Manoela sta pritekli. Prva se je držala tik svojega moža z naperjenim samokresom. Dekle pa je seveda pristopilo k Moricu.

Med groznim, pretečim kričanjem so divjaki prodirali skozi slabotni nasip in skakali v taborišče.

Vsak brambovec je zamenjal puško z brovninom. Pokalo je. Indijanci so cepali. Drugi, še napel pijani, so stopali na njih mesto, skušali pobiti neprijatelje. Da niso užili alkohola, bi bili že na begu, tako pa jim okajeni možgani niso videli več opasnosti in so hoteli krvi.

Od vseh sedem branilcev je na srečo imel sleherni štirinajst strel, preden bi vnovič nabili. In njih revolverji so dobro vršili svoj posel. Ker so bili va- žni streljati, kakor je vsakdo v švici, so streljali le na gotovo, prej ko ga je moglo doseči Indijancevo napadalo. Adinine in Manoeline pomoči tudi ni bilo zametati. Branili sta se hrabro.

V prvi vrsti je vrešče naskakoval poglavar, tisti, ki je bil sklenil zvezo. Omar ga je ugrizl. Potegnil je svoje arabsko bodalo, si ga vtaknil med zobe in stopil naprej. Poglavar ga je opazil in v svoji ubijalski besnosti napravil skok naprej. Omar si je bil že vtaknil pištoli za pas. Režilo je šlo za palec daleč od Omarja, toda bivši strelec se je bil pripognil. Preden je utegnil divjak ustaviti svoj zamah, se je vzpel proti njemu ter mu od spodaj navzgor prepral trebuh. Nato ga je pograbil za nogo in krvavega, že mrtvega, zavlekel na bojno črto.

Tam je zamahnil s svojim kabliskim rezilom in mu odrezal glavo. Pograbilvi jo za lase, jo je na vse kriplje zalučal na sovrage. Pri tem je zatulil: "Na . . . Mreina . . . tako bo z vsakim, ako pride sem."

Glava je zadel nekega Indijanca naravnost v prsi kakor topovska krogla in ga obila s krvjo. Revolverji so nadaljevali svoj trušč in divjaki si niso več upali naprej. V grozi so se spuščali na tla, ne vedoč, kako naj beže. Tisti, ki je bil dobil načelnikovo glavo, jo je spoznal in kričal od straha. Tedaj se je vsa tolpa hkrati umaknila, prožeča neuspešne puščice. Puške so zopet prišle na vrsto. Nekateri vojščaki so še popadali na tla, potlej se je pričelo zmedeno in blazno beganje med ječanjem, klicanjem in bojnim krikom. Ranjenci so se vlekli navzlic bolečinam, prepričani, da bodo belci delali kot oni ter porezali vse glave.

V malem taborišču ni bil nihče ranjen.

Edmond, ki je bil opazil junastvo Omarja, mu je čestital. On je bil prav za prav povzročil razkropitev.

"Tokrat se nas ne bodo več lotili," je menil Santos. "Lahko smo brez skrbi."

"Da," mu je prestrigel Moric, "a spali ne bomo. Najboljše bo menda, če pospravimo svojo prtljago."

Avgust je pogledal na svojo uro.

"Tem bolj, ker se v eni uri zdani. Razen tega sodim, da nikogar posebno ne miče tritati čas med temi mrliči in mrharji."

Nasvet je bil dober in poprijeli so se ga. Oddahnivši se od poplaha, sta Adina in Manoela pripravili tople kave. Dekle se je šlo za drugič in dokončno oteto.

Ko se je pokazalo sonce, je posijalo na mrtvišče. Belci niso slutili, da so toliko pobili. Indijanci, ki so kanili prehvapiti, so se v resnici sami ujeli v past. Edino odrezana glava je bila izginila.

"Odnegli so jo," je zagotavljal Santos. "Nič več jim ni na misli, da je bil to njihov poglavar. Izpremenili jo bodo v mumijo kakor druge in ohranili njene lase kot zmagodobito trofejo."

(Življenje in Svet.)

ODMEVI IZ RODNIH KRAJEV

Iz migracijske statistike za leto 1932. Izseljenski komisariat v Zagrebu je sestavil zanimivo poročilo celokupne migracijske statistike Jugoslavije za leto 1932. V prekomorske države se je v preteklem letu izselilo 2,454, to je za 2,354 oseb manj kakor v letu 1931. Iz dravske banovine se je izselilo 339 oseb. Največ naših rojakov se je izselilo v Zedinjene države Severne Amerike in sicer 1,403 osebe, v Canado 494, v Argentino 264, v Chile 97, v Avstralijo 83, v Urugvaj 44, v Novo Zelandijo 38, v Bolivijo 18, v Brazilijo 10, v Južno Afriko pa 7. Vrnilo pa se je iz prekomorskih držav v preteklem letu 6,031 oseb, največ (2,491) v sasko banovino, v dravsko banovino pa 708. Največ naših rojakov se je vrnilo iz Zedinjenih držav Severne Amerike, in sicer 3,265 oseb, iz Argentine 1,078, iz Canade 1,057, iz Brazilije 179, iz Avstralije 133, iz Urugvaja in Nove Zelandije po 59, iz Chile 50, iz Južne Afrike 17, iz Cube in Paname pa po 8 oseb.

Grozna smrt starega seljaka. 60-letni kmet Stjepan Markež iz Stupnika je prišel na živinski sejem v Zagrebu, kjer je nameraval prodati dva vola. Vola je vodil za roge privezana z verigo, ki si jo je pričvrstil na desnico. V bližini Rametince pa sta se vola splašila ter potegnili za seboj gospodarja, ki v diru ni mogel odvezati verige na roki. Ko so drugi sejmariji ustavili zdvijana vola, je Markež nezavest obledel na cesti. Poklicani zdravnik je mogel ugotoviti le smrt.

Ciganski vlomilci na Dolenjskem. Pri Sv. Barbari v Kostreni je bil izvršen v hišo Marije Kopajčičeve izredno drzen vlom. Izginilo je najrazličnejše blago v vrednosti okrog 100,000 Din. Nekaj manufakturnega blaga in drugih predmetov so našli skritega na polju in so kmalu tudi ugotovili, da so izvršili tatvino trije ciganski bratje Hudočević in sicer 27 letni Marko, 38 letni Božo, 40 letni Ivo, z njimi pa je bil še 30 Valentin Derenija. Z večjim delom ukradenega blaga so cigani neznano kam pobegnili, najbrže pa se skrivajo sedaj kje na Dolenjskem.

Profesor obsojen, ker je pretepel dijaka. Pred okrožnim sodiščem v Vranju se je vršila obravna proti gimnazijskemu profesorju Vlastimiru Popoviću, ki je bil obtožen, da je lansko leto s pestmi obdeloval dijaka tretjega razreda Dragoslava Jankovića. Po obtožnici je profesor dijaku zadal več lahkih poškodb in dijak je zaradi tega bljuval kri. Obtoženec je priznal, da je dijaka pretepel, a ne

tako hudo, kakor je navedeno v obtožnici. Sodišče je profesorja obsodilo na dvajset dni zapora, pogojno na leto dni.

Banovinsko posestvo na Menini, katero je dozdaj upravljala kamniški srezki kmetijski odbor, prevzame zdaj banovina v svojo upravo. V imenu banske uprave bo odslej vodil vse posle, ki se tičejo Menine, g. inž. Sader, ki je priznan kmetijski strokovnjak. Kakor znano, namerava banska uprava preurediti Menino v idealen planinski pašnik, poleg tega pa bo ustanovila na tej planini planinsko semenogojisko postajo. Velika verjetnost je, da se bo že letos vršil na Menini poučni planinarski tečaj.

V Split je prispel znani švedski učenjak in arheolog, član švedske akademije znanosti g. Paulsen. V spremstvu direktorja arheološkega muzeja dr. Abramčiča si bo nordijski znanstvenik ogledal vse znamenitosti Splita in Trogira, zlasti pa solinske izkopanine.

AEROPLAN V PODMORNICI Na Roosevelt letalskem polju v New Yorku so nedavno preizkušali nove vrste aeroplan, katerega krila merijo 31 čevljev, ki pa se da zložiti na 8 čevljev širine. Tak aeroplan se lahko spravi v posebni shrambi podmornice in se v par minutah pripravi za opazovalni polet, ko se submarinka vzdigne na površje.

ENUMCLAW, WASH.

Kot je bilo v Novi Dobi že kratko poročano, je na velikonočno nedeljo, to je 16. aprila, nenadoma preminil ljubljenski soprog in oče Matt Petchnik, star 57 let. Kot po navadi se je zjutraj o polu šestih odpravil v hlev k molži krav, kjer ga je pri delu zadel mrtvoud, da je omahnil in v par minutah izdihnil. Kako smo se vsi prestrašili, ko nam je nemila smrt tako nepričakovano pobrala gospodarja in očeta, je nemogoče popisati. Kakšni so bili naši velikonočni prazniki, si pa vsak lahko predstavlja.

Pokojnik zapušča tu žaljučo soprogo, sina, dve hčeri in dva brata. Enega brata zapušča v starem kraju; istotako sestro, omoženo Kutchar.

Naj bo na tem mestu izrečena iskrena zahvala vsem, ki so nam ob priliki bridke izgube stali na strani s pomočjo in tolažbo, ki so obiskali pokojnika na mrtvaškem odru in ga obdali s cveticami, ki so se udeležili pogreba, in sploh vsem, ki so nam na kakršenkoli način izkazali svoje sožalje in naklonjenost. Ne moremo se zahvaliti vsakemu posebej po imenu, kar prevelika žalost, ki je prišla tako nenadoma nad nas, je zastirala naše oči s solzami, da nismo videli niti mnogostevljenih prijateljev niti cvetlic. Šele drugi dan smo pri obisku pokopališča videli, koliko cvetja je krasilo zadnje počivališče nepozabnega soproga in očeta. Hvala torej vsem skupaj za vso izkazano naklonjenost! Nepozabnemu pokojniku pa naj bo lahka ameriška gruda. Ohranili ga bomo v ljubečem spominu, dokler se ne združimo tam, kjer ni več ločitve in trpljenja.

Zaljujoči ostali: Matilda Petchnik, soproga; William Petchnik, sin; Sylvia Petchnik in Mary G. Balint, hčeri.

Canonsburg, Pa. Dne 25. aprila je tu umrla rojakinja in sosedra Agnes Koklić, rojena Vidrih. Pokopana je bila civilno dne 27. aprila na Oak Springs pokopališče. Pokojnica je bila rojena v Zdenji vasi pri St. Petru na Dolenjskem. Bila je članica društva Bratska sloga, št. 149 JSKJ, in društva Postonjska jama, št. 138 SNPJ. Obe društvi skupaj sta pokojni soprogi priredili lep pogreb. Soprogo, otrokom in sorodnikom pokojnice naj bo izrečeno iskreno sožalje.

John Zigman, tajnik dr. št. 149 JSKJ.

Canonsburg, Pa. Društvo Bratska sloga, št. 149 JSKJ priredi piknik in plesno zabavo na Spominski dan, to je 30. maja. Prireditelj se bo vršila v Drenikovem parku v Strabane, Pa. Za prvovrstno postrežbo bo v vseh ozirih poskrbljeno. Plesalčinam bo na razpolago izvrstna godba. Cenjeno slovensko občinstvo iz te nasebine in okolice je vabljeno, da si rezervira večer 30. maja za poset te veselice in se z nami zabava v prosti naravi.

Za društvo Bratska sloga, št. 149 JSKJ: John Zigman, tajnik.

Strabane, Pa. V nedeljo 28. maja se vrši redna seja Zvez JSKJ društev v zapadni Pennsylvaniji. Seja se bo vršila v Slovenski dvorani v naselbinj Claridge, Pa., in se bo pričela ob 10. uri dopol.

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