

NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Anthony L. Garbas.

Current Thought.

SPORT FUND IS "APPETIZER"

Our organization in the past has been most successful as a fraternal organization even though it did not contribute in a large degree towards the establishment of forms of recreation. Through a gradual process of evolution, our organization's reference to the future has become more complicated than ever. Our prudent parents for the preservation of Slovene traditions and ideals, have attempted to devise measures which would impel American-Slovene youth to spend incessant efforts for common benefit. The primary measure made to stimulate development of interest for our organization was the arrangement of a "Sport Fund." This method proves to be a very expedient manner by which to win the youth—to give them a "appetite" for our organization. Greater things can be expected of youth who have an "appetite," a love or spontaneous desire for an organization than if the heart is not in the least moved by generosity and a helping hand. The entire membership has been subsidized to appropriate Sport Fund, and there is no reason why with adequate funds an attitude of high expectancy the organization should not fruit by it.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Those contributors whose articles are refused publication

will not become to grievously

perturbed with a malady of dis-

engagement. A practical re-

assistance may be suggested which

assist the afflicted in the

future. Many articles we find

as though in all prob-

ability they were hammered to

rejection, failing to suitably ex-

press the first state of the

writer's idea on his subject.

Instant revision of words ac-

cordingly makes his or her essay

timid. Putting to much veneer

majesty. It is correct for writers

to revise and revise and then

reiterate again, but it should be

done with considerable discre-

natural style should be ob-

jected, keeping a sharp outlook

accuracy of expression,

construction of sen-

sences, and all the rest of it.

One of the worst features in

malady of revision however

is the tendency to use an un-

necessarily long word to convey a

single thought.

We must understand that it

is a rare gift to write and be

understood.

ASHINGTON'S ARTI-

FICIAL TEETH

may not be generally

known that the Father of his

country was one of the first

to wear artificial

teeth.

By the time the War of

Independence had ended he

parted company with most

the outfit which nature had

sicker him. An ingenious phys-

ician and dentist of New York

undertook the then un-

doubtful task of re-equipment, and

so at length a full set of

teeth. These are now, of course, a dental curiosity,

but offer an additional proof

of the heroism of our first

President, for it is a matter of

those teeth for many

years and, so far as we know,

he complained of them.

Blejske teeth were carved from

gold and, and riveted wired, and

had to a somewhat ponder-

ous weight. Three large

teeth in particular figure

hodnje especially in the roof of

aja v pained mouth, and must have

difficulty, if not an-

drustvo. There were an upper

Pozdravina lower set; and the two

connected and held in po-

st. 18 on each side.

Nevertheless, Washington

them long and well: a

sufficiently attested by the

teeth and dented condition of

the joke.

Perhaps we have some great

humorists and jesters in our

organization who would be

willing to offer us their witti-

cisms—who knows.

Sport Sense

AN AWAKENING

It is high time that we have some conclusions on the baseball topic. Everyone seems to have a great many suggestions without foundation.

The baseball season is almost upon us and no steps whatever have been made for the organization of a J. S. K. J. baseball league.

The "Pittsburgher" lodge No. 196, has formulated plans for a team and thus far is the only team in the Eastern section of the country. Are the rest of the lodges merely going to sit back and read about the success or failure of one or two teams instead of joining in the action.

Since no one has had the gumption to start the ball rolling I intend to start it. As Business Manager of the ball club I wish to announce that the members of the Pittsburgher have consented to sponsor a baseball convention in Pittsburgh, Pa. All lodges interested, will kindly communicate with me for further details.

Louis Kompare Jr.,
5632 Dawson St., Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania.

RIDDANCE OF OLD MAIDS

It was at one time customary for the girls of Siam who at an uncertain age failed to find a husband to become "daughters of the King." The King undertook to look after adopted daughters to the extent of providing each with a husband.

The royal method was quite simple. Any prisoner in a Siamese penitentiary could secure pardon and liberty by marrying one of the old maids. As might be expected, old maids were at a premium among long term men. Whether or not they were already married made no difference, as men of Siam at that time were not restricted to a single wife. No provision was made for disapproval or disqualification on the part of the lady—the king gave his royal word that she should have a husband, and that settled it.

This would be an ideal method by which to get rid of our prisoners and also old maids, it would prove very advisable for Congress to pass some such measure.

TOWNS WITH STRANGE NAMES

If a person takes a squint at a railroad folder with its list of stations he would be surprised to learn of the number of names that are repeated and others that are odd. Of course, their oddity is what really excites a surprise.

One may discover that there are about twelve Bostons, twenty Charlestons, twenty-five Dayton, thirty Washingtons, twenty-eight Williamsburgs.

Among the curiosities are towns as Tip Top, Choccolocco, Oshkosh, Squedunk, Chin Lee and others.

STINK BOMB HURLED AT NEGRESS ENTER-TAINING JUGOSLAWS

Josephine Baker, American Negro revue dancer, received the warmest reception of her career at Zagreb recently when a member of the audience threw a stink bomb at her. A temporary panic ensued that ended with intervention of police.

Bare Facts.

Origin of b. v. d.'s. The letters B. V. D. are the trademark of the B. V. D. Company, Inc., of New York City, manufacturers of a certain type of athletic underwear for men. Hence the application of the letters to athletic underwear in general. The firm of Bradley, Voorhees and Day for many years used the initials of the members of the firm as a trade-mark on goods made for them by Erlanger Brothers. Later Erlanger Brothers, the predecessors of the B. V. D. Company, obtained the trademark by purchase. Although b. v. d.'s is now widely used as a generic term for athletic underwear, it is a registered trade mark and cannot be legally used to describe commercial any product not manufactured or distributed by the B. V. D. Company.

Sing Sing. Sing Sing is a famous New York State prison, located at Ossining, a town on the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The town itself was originally also called Sing Sing, supposedly from the Sing Sing or Sint-sink band of Indians who once lived in that vicinity. In 1901 the name of the town was officially changed to Ossining, the old name having become objectionable to the inhabitants because of its popular association with the penitentiary. Ossining is merely another form of Sing Sing, both words being corruptions of the Delaware Indian word assinesink, literally meaning "at the small stone." Early writers spelled the name of this band of Indians variously Sint-sings, Sinsinks, Sinsincqs and Sint-sincks. There is nothing to support the popular story that Sing Sing was named after a friendly Indian whom the whites called Sing Sing. In a footnote in Wolfert's Roost, which was first published in 1855, Washington Irving makes the following facetious comment on the origin of the name Sing Sing: "A corruption of the old Indian name O-sin-sing. Some have rendered it, O-sin-song, or O-sing-song, in token of its being a great market-town, where anything may be had for a mere song. Its present melodious alteration to Sing-Sing is said to have been made in compliment to a Yankee singing-master who taught the inhabitants the art of singing through the nose."

Republicans and the G. O. P. The letters G. O. P. are the abbreviation of Grand Old Party, an affectionate name applied by its members to the party of Lincoln. The Democrats took it up at first in derision. Just how or when the name originated is not known for certain. It is believed, however, that it was suggested by Grand Old Man, a name almost universally applied to William Ewart Gladstone, the British statesman. G. O. P. came into general use in the United States about two decades after the Civil War, when the Grand Old Man of England was at the acme of his fame. It is now freely applied to the Republican Party by persons of all affiliations without any regard to the literal significance of the letters.

Why a ship is a she. It has always been customary to personify certain inanimate objects and attribute to them characteristics peculiar to living creatures. Thus things without life are often spoken

EXCHANGES

PLAY BALL

The Comrades Lodge No. 193 of Waukegan, Ill., has recently organized an indoor baseball team.

Joe Petrovci has been elected as manager, while Victor Divjak was selected as captain. The team will play twice a week in the city league, and I want to say that the Comrades will get plenty of competition. However, this is not all. The Comrades will organize a baseball team in the near future, and we don't mean perhaps.

Things may be going a little tough this year, due to the infancy of the lodge, but the members have confidence a la galore, or words to that effect.

You will hear more about the Comrades in the near future, if not sooner.

John Petrovci
Treasurer Comrades No. 193,
S. S. C. U.

LIBRARY NEWS

CLEVELAND, O.

SPRING HAS COME

The sunbeams lost for half a year,

Slant through my pane their morning rays;

For dry northwester cold and clear,

The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,

Then, close against the sheltering wall,

The tulip's horn of dusky green,

The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chalice crocus burns;

The long narcissus-blades appear;

The corn-beaked hyacinth returns

To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

The elms have robed their slender spray

With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;

Wide o'er the clasping arch of day

Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

When wake the violets, Winter dies;

When sprouts the elm-buds, Spring is near;

When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,

"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

of as having sex. Some objects

are regarded as masculine. He,

him and his are applied to the

sun, to winter, to death etc.

Others are regarded as feminine,

especially those things

which are dear to us. The

earth as Mother Earth is re-

garded as the common mater-

nal parent of all life. Likewise,

seamen invariably speak of

their ship in the feminine gen-

der. To a sailor a vessel is al-

ways she or her. This is be-

cause the seafaring man de-

pends upon the ship and it is

dear to him. It is natural that

he should compare it with wo-</

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF THE SLOVENES.

From the beginning of the Middle Ages, all Southern Slavs were called Slovenes (Slavs); but as the Croatian and Serbian States arose, the old race-name fell more and more into disuse, giving place to the names of the new states. At the present day the Slovenes alone retain the common original name.

The Slovenes were the first among the Southern Slavs who formed an organized state. This state, which was founded in the early Middle Ages, included the whole of Inner Austria south of the Danube, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, the Adriatic coast-lands, part of the Tyrol, Salzburg and Upper Austria. In the south west, their power extended as far as Tagliamento in Friuli, and beyond lake Balaton in the north east. It was not due to lack of political acumen that the Slovene state failed to survive side by side with the Croat and Serb states.

Upon the Slovenes devolved the heavy task of warding off the formidable advance of Mediæval Germanism. It was their misfortune that they had been forced to found their state in the very high-road of the nations, at the cross-roads where meet the civilizations of the East and West. The Slovenes of the Middle Ages had two great forces ranged against them, one social, and one political, viz., the Church of Rome and the German Empire. As at every turning-point in their history, the Slovenes turned for help in their struggle to their brothers in the south, the Croats and Serbs, under Ljudevit Posavski, but they were nevertheless defeated.

With the help of German colonists, the Austrian hereditary territories were Germanized. In 952, the German Emperor, Otto I, created the Duchy of Carantania, in which all Slovener territories were united. The most important political idea of 1848 was undoubtedly the desire for a union of all Slovenes under one single national administration—“Slovenia.” In the constitutional committee of the Kremsier Reichsrat it was one of the leaders of the German Liberal party who advocated the creation of a Slovene national state. But all these plans were frustrated by the absolutist regime. In the beginning of the constitutional era Schmerling, by the constitution of February, 1861, rendered the position of the Slovenes more unfavorable than it had ever been before.

The laws and regulations of 1867 meant, in practice, the political downfall of the Slovenes. Far from creating a Slovene Diet, the February constitution obliged the Slovenes to send their delegates to six different diets. Only in one of these, the Carniolian, could the Slovenes ever hope for a majority; in all the others they were condemned to remain in minority. Moreover the Slovene administrative territory was dismembered, Carinthia, Carniola and the Illyrian coastlands thenceforth forming completely distinct administrative districts.

A certain historic justification may be claimed for the so-called Maribor (Marburg) program of 1865. The Slovene political leaders assembled in Maribor demanded the formation of a territorial group corresponding to the ancient Duchy of Carantania. The coastlands with Carinthia and Carniola were to be united to form a kingdom of Illyria, and have a joint diet with Styria. In all districts where different nationalities lived side by side, the national minority was to be equally protected. A year later saw the publishing of the pamphlet: “Slovenes, what do we want?” which clearly showed the Southern Slav idea, i. e. the idea of the union of the Slovenes with the Croats and Serbs.

The former dukedom of Carantania remained to all intents and purposes intact under the Habsburgs; because Carinthia, Carniola, Styria, Gorica, Trieste and Istria formed a territorial group, which has remained unseparated until 1918; a unit both from the economic point of view and from the standpoint of historic rights.

The great historic events of the Turkish wars, the reformation, and the peasant rising (end of the sixteenth century) bear witness to the solidarity of all Southern Slavdom.

In the 18th century, under Joseph II (1780-1790) it seemed as if his efforts at Germanization would complete the work begun by Charlemagne, when salvation came from an unexpected quarter in the form of

the French Revolution.

It was France who reunited the Southern Slavs, who had been kept apart for so many centuries. By the peace of Schönbrunn, the Provinces Illyriennes were created in 1809. With the clear vision of genius, Napoleon realized the economic unity of the Slovene and Croat territory, when he united Gorica-Gradiska, Trieste and Istria, Dalmatia and part of Croatia in one administrative unit. The idea of annexing the Illyrian littoral to Italy was emphatically rejected by Napoleon. The Illyrian lands were to be the link between the east and the west. Napoleon I. was the first statesman who appreciated the Southern Slav problem at its true value.

The Illyrian movement of the thirties of last century was a profoundly significant literary and political movement which aimed at uniting the Slovenes and Croats with the Serbs. One of the leaders of this movement was a Slovene, Stanko Vraz. One of the results of the Illyrian movement was the political agitation of 1848. The triple kingdom of Dalmatia-Croatia-Slavonia was to be federated with the Serbian Vojvodina as well as with the territories inhabited by the Slovenes (Article II, 6 of the resolution of the Croatian Sabor, 1848). In a petition addressed to the sovereign in April 1848, the Slovenes of Inner Austria demanded their reunion with their Croat and Serb brothers.

The most important political idea of 1848 was undoubtedly the desire for a union of all Slovenes under one single national administration—“Slovenia.” In the constitutional committee of the Kremsier Reichsrat it was one of the leaders of the German Liberal party who advocated the creation of a Slovene national state. But all these plans were frustrated by the absolutist regime. In the beginning of the constitutional era Schmerling, by the constitution of February, 1861, rendered the position of the Slovenes more unfavorable than it had ever been before.

The laws and regulations of 1867 meant, in practice, the political downfall of the Slovenes. Far from creating a Slovene Diet, the February constitution obliged the Slovenes to send their delegates to six different diets. Only in one of these, the Carniolian, could the Slovenes ever hope for a majority; in all the others they were condemned to remain in minority. Moreover the Slovene administrative territory was dismembered, Carinthia, Carniola and the Illyrian coastlands thenceforth forming completely distinct administrative districts.

A certain historic justification may be claimed for the so-called Maribor (Marburg) program of 1865. The Slovene political leaders assembled in Maribor demanded the formation of a territorial group corresponding to the ancient Duchy of Carantania. The coastlands with Carinthia and Carniola were to be united to form a kingdom of Illyria, and have a joint diet with Styria. In all districts where different nationalities lived side by side, the national minority was to be equally protected. A year later saw the publishing of the pamphlet: “Slovenes, what do we want?” which clearly showed the Southern Slav idea, i. e. the idea of the union of the Slovenes with the Croats and Serbs.

But at that time the shadow of the dualism—called “the grave of our life” by the Slovenes—had already fallen upon the empire. In 1868 the Slovene lands were the scene of a great popular movement. The Slovene political program was formulated at great mass meetings, called Tabori. A united

Slovenia with a native administration, the recognition of Slovene as an official language, and a law which would protect national rights—these were the principal items in the political program put forward at the Tabori.

The December Constitution guaranteed certain political rights half-heartedly granted and was, as a matter of fact,

tinted blush in the western sky has long since donned the purple robes of night and the reigning stillness but emphasizes the close of day. With forcible assurance the Roman's idea of beauty asserts itself, giving full credence to the fact that the time and place are fit for the mythical gambols of the gods.

It is quite solitude, broken ever and anon by the twittering of insects and the gentle hum of ever circling bees, frees the mind of all ties binding it to mere earthly existence. Secure in the realm of its seclusion it tends to confirm one in the realization that it is the most perfect conception of a heaven on earth.

Valentine Orehek Jr.

THE CHANGING AGE

When the village shoemaker of a past generation stitched and hammered at his last, he had the satisfaction of creating something which, to him at least, was a thing of beauty. Today the handicrafts, the habit of creation and the love of artistry are for the most part lost, fallen victims in one short generation to the avalanche of speed which has overtaken us and swept us all along.

America has gained much by this process of acceleration which has placed her in the forefront on the treadmill of industry and keeps her moving faster and ever faster. But she has lost much of beauty and tranquillity which, in the days of our grandfathers, perhaps compensated for the lack of motor cars, radios and the strident roar that marks our industry.

Men from other lands who come to our shores in search of economic independence note the lack of “European traditions of beauty, the accumulated inheritance of artistry.” The immigrant brings these stored up memories with him, hands accustomed to creation, with ears frequently attuned to music and eyes that see beauty in simple things. But if he is to live in the industrial whirlwind he must thrust all that aside and keep step with the speeding crowd. Fortunately this heritage has not been completely lost. Fragments of it are reflected here and there—the Metropolitan Opera, the Museum, the great symphony orchestras and other monuments to artistry contributed by men who came to America as immigrants with only their memories and traditions as a stock in trade.

On a warm night with the beams of the moon softening the glimmering twilight, one could readily distinguish neatly designed plots, curiously intersected by whitened walks, which resplendent with phosphorescent brilliancy shone bright and clear in the ever increasing darkness. From the far east, sooths breezes sway the massed foliage of tropical grandeur, producing a symphony of sighing sounds, subtle in their magical enchantment.

A haze of deep azure hue, pervades the charged atmosphere giving the distant mountains silhouetted against the sky, a vague unnatural blending and presenting them shimmering in the bottomless depths of the heavens.

In the midst of the deepening shadows pedestalled figures stand magnified against their darker background. In the center of the wall enclosed garden, among beds of perfume emitting flowers, nestles the circular fountain of Oriental importation. Its crystal waters, lapping against its sides, strikingly reflect the silvery moon.

In this voluptuous setting, the garden is overpowering and the senses enthralled are lost in reverie in its fastidious fascination. One is only partly conscious of the sweet smell of pines, which is wafted drowsily toward him from the remote heights, and the rustling of the majestic trees as a gentle wind glides phantomlike through tapering branches.

Entranced, the faculties of the mind filled with awe, watch the darkening landscape. A heavy and lowering cloud, riding the mysterious seas of heaven, passes before the moon, seemingly engulfing it, in its spacious embrace and cloaking its diffusing rays in a mantle of darkness. The roseate

activity of your lodge marks the quality of membership not the quantity.

GEORGE KOZJAK

Slovenian Janissary,

Fifteenth Century Story Of The Slovenian Home-Life.

By JOSEPH JURČIĆ

English Version By John Movern

(Continued)

Th monks, Peter Kozjak, and the rest of the aristocrats in the procession, had already reached the church. As lightning from a clear sky came echoing from the east and the west the well-known cry: “Allah! Allah!” and now someone in the crowd began to cry the terrible word: “Turks! Turks!”

From the east the Turkish cavalrymen came galloping through the village of Bojanji Vrh and thence upon the plain directly toward the multitude of the people, and from the cloister in the north another Turkish army came rushing toward the people upon the plain. The unfortunate people were seized with fear. The Turks came upon them in such a sudden manner as the eagle swoops upon a flock of young fowls, to kill some of them and to disperse the rest. The cry now began echoing to heaven and the people began running in all directions. The majority of them found their refuge in the church and in the cemetery behind the walls; some escaped into the near-by woods; and some were so confused mentally that they were running hither and thither without knowing where they were going.

However, many were ridden over and slaughtered by the Turks upon the plain. The old people say that the slaughter was raging in such ferocious character that the blood was running about the plain as the water runs in the channel of a river, and that the Turkish horses were wading in the Christian blood ankle-deep. The church and the cemetery, which was surrounded by quite high walls, was full of refugees who came there to seek their safety.

The monks, the old people, and the children went into the church, but other men met in the cemetery behind the walls and determined to fight till the last breath. Every man now seized whatever he could get hold of, whether a wooden or an iron tool, and used it as his weapon. Some were picking rocks about the cemetery; some were breaking stones from the walls and throwing them constantly upon the approaching enemies, who were chasing the slower fugitives.

The people in the church were heard praying loudly and beseeching the Holy Mary to intercede with God to save them from the terrible enemy. The gray-haired monks were kneeling before the altar in the church and saying their prayers, and were joined in their prayers by the multitude of religious people, who prayed with them in a loud tone of voice.

The savage Turks upon the plains were running hither and thither. Some were busy driving with them the hound Christian captives and the others were concentrating their forces and preparing themselves for an attack upon the Christians. Surely the poor Slovene people must have been sorrow-stricken as they saw their homes, where they were born and raised, set on fire by the devil and now burning with full blaze. Most likely many a Slovene became angry, and rightfully so, and continued holding his weapon with still firmer grip, wishing he might take vengeance upon the devil for so wrongful a deed.

The Turks, organized into small companies, were now constantly attacking the Christian camp. The peasants behind the walls began to defend themselves bravely and heroically. They did not defend only themselves and their country, but they fought to preserve their religion as well. They well knew their fate should they give up their struggle, that is, they would immediately upon their surrender be Turkish slaves. For this reason they defended themselves with their poor weapons and behind the poorly constructed walls, against a too numerous and well-equipped enemy so bravely and so heroically that such bravery could hardly be found today among us, their grand-grandchildren.

Many a Turk fell, struck by a hard and heavy rock thrown upon him by the Christian from behind the walls; and many a Slovene fell also, stricken by an arrow from a Turkish bow. The Turks were constantly advancing closer and closer. The rocks that were pouring upon them as a hailstorm could not check their advance.

When the sun was near the mountain in the west, the terrible devils had already reached the walls of the cemetery. Their number was constantly increasing. Now some of the bravest ones began climbing the walls and putting beams against them so that they might get into the cemetery. Hand to hand fighting was now raging most ferociously. The Turks outside the walls were using their curved swords in fighting the Christians, and the peasants in the cemetery behind the walls were using different tools with which to fight the enemy. Some men behind the walls kept on pounding the Turks over the head with wooden poles; others were picking up boards broken off the church and thrashing the devils from the walls; again, there was a tall and powerful youth who was pounding the Turks over the head with a heavy galvanized church candle-stick, and he thus caused death to many an unscrupulous enemy. There was only one man among those behind the walls who had had military training and who was equipped with war weapons. That man was John Macerol. He was the only nobleman that remained with the monks and peasants in the church. This man was instructing the peasants how to fight and was helping them very diligently wherever it was most necessary to do so. It was he who was constantly exhorting the exhausted peasants not to give up the struggle. He said to them: “Night will soon be here and we shall then have a rest.”

On the north, near the walls, there was the lime tree. On the trunk of this tree a picture of the Holy Mary had been hanging for a long time, and in the hollow tree behind this picture hornets had their nest. A daring janissary, thinking that from the tree great damage could be done to the besieged Slovenes in the cemetery, got upon the tree among its branches and began to shoot at the peasants in the cemetery behind the walls. His shots, indeed, struck many a warrior behind the walls. He was soon followed by his comrades, who came upon the tree to assist him.

(To be continued)

IZ URADA GL. TA

RAČUN MED DRU

IN JEDNOTO

MARC 1929

ODRASLI ODDELEK

St. dr. Dohodki.

1 \$ 923.69

2 711.49

3 157.79

4 149.38

5 279.46

6 640.80

9 561.42

11 174.94

12 289.37

13 107.13

14 54.70

15 337.99

16 289.29

18 497.85

20 466.14

21 395.98

22 247.03

25 546.18

26 730.09

27 153.59

28 93.29

29 262.56

30 663.73

31 336.78

32 73.88

33 301.11

35 235.35

36 836.83

37 291.42

38 203.76

39 110.38

40 211.01

41 43.97

42 436.07

43 146.93

44 410.02

45 592.22

46 154.16

47 280.32

48 161.66

49 39.00

50 51.35

51 332.38

52 101.45

53 222.95

54 291.42

55 203.76

56 110.38

OTOK ZAKLADOV

Angleško spisal R. L. STEVENSON
Poslovenil J. M.

(Nadaljevanje)

Ako bi me začeli mučiti, bi mi utegnila uiti kaka beseda glede tega, kje se nahaja naša ladja; jaz sem namreč dobil ladjo v svojo last deloma po sreči deloma s svojim pogumom in drznostjo in se nahaja sedaj v severnem zalivu na južnem obrežju in ravno pod visoko vodo. Pri polovici odtoka mora biti že na suhem."

"Ladja!" je vzklknil zdravnik.

V naglici sem mu popisal svoje zgodbe in molče me je poslušal.

"Neke vrste usoda je v tem," je opomnil, ko sem končal. "Pri vsakem koraku si ti, ki rešiš naše življenje; in ali misliš, da te bomo zapustili in izgubili? Slaba zahvala bi bila to, moj fante. Ti si odkril zaroto, našel Bena Gunna — najboljše, kar si kdaj in bo storil, tudi če dočakaš devetdeset let. Oj, pri Jupiteru, in ker govorim ravno o Benu Gunnu, to ti je živa posebljena nesreča. "Silver!" je zavpil, "Silver! — Dam vam nekoliko dobrega sveta," je nadaljeval, ko je prišel kuhar, "nikar preveč ne iščite onega zaklada."

"No gospod, storim vse, kar je v moji moći, in tudi morem," je rekel Silver. "Jaz lahko rešim z vašim dovoljenjem svoje življenje in tega fanta edino s tem, da najdemo zaklad, zanesite se na to."

"No Silver," je odgovoril zdravnik, "če je temu tako, grem še korak dalje: pazite na vihar, kadar ga najdete."

"Gospod," je dejal Silver, "naravnost rečeno, to je preveč in premalo. Kaj nameravate, zakaj ste zapustili kočo, kaj ste mi dali ta zemljevid, ne vem, gotovo ne vem. In vendar sem storil vse po vaši besedi z zaprtimi očmi in brez besedice upanja! Toda ne! To je preveč. Če mi nočete naravnost povedati, kaj mislite, le povejte, in popustim vse."

"Ne," je rekel zdravnik zamišljeno, "nimam pravice, da bi povedal kaj več; ni moja skrivnost, vidite, Silver, kajti dam vam besedo, drugače bi vam povedal. Vendar pojdem tako daleč z vami, kolikor smem, in še korak dalje; kajti če se ne motim, me bo kapitan že itak poklical na odgovor! In pred vsem vam dam žarek upanja: Silver, če pa prideva oba živa iz te volje pasti, bom storil vse razun krive prisuge, da vas resim."

Silverjev obraz je žarel od veselja. "Ne bi mogli reči kaj več, prepričan sem, gospod, tudi če bi bili moja mati."

"Dobro, to je moje prvo privoljenje," je pristavlil zdravnik. "Moje drugo je nekoliko nasvet: imejte fanta blizu sebe, in če boste potrebovali pomoč, zaklčite. Jaz grem sedaj po pomoč za vas, ki vam bo pokazala, če sem govoril tja v endan. Z Bogom, Jakec!"

In dr. Livesey mi je podal svojo roko skozi ograjo, pokimal Silverju in odšel hitrih korakov v gozd.

XXXI POGLAVJE

Lov na zaklad. — Flintov kažpot.

"Jakec," je rekel Silver, ko sva bila sama, "če sem jaz tebi rešil življenje, si ga ti rešil meni, in tega ne bom pozabil. Videl sem zdravnika, kot ti je dal znamenje, da bi pobegnil — po strani sem videl, da; in videl sem te reči: ne, tako jasno, kakor da bi bil slišal. To je prvi žarek upanja, ki sem ga dobil, odkar se je napad ponesrečil, in tebi se moram zahvaliti. Sedaj pa, Jakec, pojdemo z zapečatenimi povelji iskat ta zaklad, in ti jaz se morava skupaj držati ramo ob rami in rešila bova svoje vratove klubj usodi in sreči."

Ravno v tem trenutku nama je eden izmed mož zaklical, da je zajutrek pripravljen, in kmalu sva sedela med njimi na pesku in jedla pečenec in praženo, nesoljeni meso. Zakurili so tak ogenj, da bi lahko pekli na njem celega vola, in sedaj je postal tako vroče, da so se mu mogli približevati samo od vetrne strani še celo tukaj ne brez previdnosti. Z isto razsponitijo so, mislim, tudi kuhalili trikrat več kakor smo mogli povzeti, in eden izmed njih je s praznim smehljajem vrgel v ogenj, kar je ostalo, in je ogenj pri tem nenavadnem gorivu zaplavalo in praskalo. Nikdar v svojem življenju nisem videl ljudi tako brez vse skrbi za prihodnjini dan; iz roke v usta so edine besede, ki morejo nekoliko popisati njihovo ravnjanje; in ko sem se spomnil, kako so trošili živež in so njihove straže po noči spale, sem spoznal, da so popolnoma nezmožni za nadaljevanje boja, četudi so bili sicer v boju zelo pogumni.

Celo Silver, ki je s kapitanom Flintom na ramu vneto jadel, ni imel besedice graje za njihovo brezobzirnost. In to me je toliko bolj osupnilo, ker sem mislil, da se ni nikdar pokazal tako premetenega kakor ravno tedaj.

"Da, tovariši," je rekel, "sreča za vas, da imate Barbecue, da misli s svojo glavo za vas. Izvedel sem, kar sem hotel. Gotovo je to, da imajo oni ladjo. Kje jo imajo, ne vem še, toda potem, ko najdemo zaklad, bomo poskocili naokoli ter je poiskali. In potem, tovariši, oni, ki ima ladjo, je močnejši."

Tako je govoril, usta pa je imel polna gorke slanine; na ta način je vzbudil njihove nade in zaupanje in je v več kakor enem oziru popravil svoje.

"Kar se tiče poroka," je nadaljeval, "sem zvedel z nje govo pomočjo, kar mi je bilo treba. Vzamemo ga seboj, ko pojdemo iskat zaklad, kajti držali ga bomo kakor zlato za slučaj, če se kaj prigodi. Ko imamo enkrat zaklad in ladjo v vojh rokah in se vozimo po morju kakor veseli tovariši, potem pa bomo govorili z gospodom Hawkinsom ter mu dali njegov delež gotovo za vso njegovo prijaznost."

Ni se bilo čuditi, da so bili možje sedaj zadovoljni in dobre volje. Kar se mene tiče, sem bil strašno potrt. Če bi se pokazalo, da je načrt, ki ga je sedaj razvil Silver, izvedljiv, bi se Silver, že dvakratni izdajavec, gotovo ne obotavljil, da ga izvrši. Še vedno je imel po eno nogo v vsakem taboru in nobenega dvoma ni bilo, da bi raje imel bogastvo in svobodo v družbi morskih roparjev kakor pa samo rešitev pred vislicami, kar je bilo edino, česar se je mogel nadejati na naši strani.

In če bi se zgodilo, da bi bil pripravljen ostati zvest dr. Liveseyu, kakšne nevarnosti so bile potem še pred nam! Kaj bi se zgodilo, če bi se uresničile sumnje njegovih prirvrencev in bi se moral on in jaz bojevati za svoje draga življenje — on, pohabljen človek, in jaz, deček — proti petim močnim in čvrstim mornarjem!

ZELENI JURIJ V BELI KRAJINI

Belokranjska mladina pozna več svetnikov, ki jih pričakuje z žalostjo ali veseljem v srcu. Za pastirje sta glavna sv. Jurij in sv. Mihael. Paša se začne oficijelno "na Jurjevo" in konča "na Miholje". Doba od Jurjeva do Miholja je vsakemu Belokranju najbolj v spominu.

Par dni pred Jurjevim ima belokranjska mladina važne — skrivnostne pomenke na vasi, da dozljivo proslavi začetek pomlad — paše. Po lokah ob Kolpi se delajo in preizkušajo piščali in svirale, ki bodo na Jurjevo spremljale zelenega Jurija, oznanjevalca pomlad. Vrše se "posvetovanja". Treba je določiti, kdo naj bo zeleni Jurij, ki ga bodo vsega opletene v mledo bukovo zelenje in povezanega s srobotino vodili od hiše do hiše. Piskarji in pevci se odbirajo. Vsi vaški bogataši in siromaki, vsi darezljivi ljudje in skupuh se pretehtajo z ozirom na darove, ki jih pričakujejo od njih. V mislih se polnijo košarice, ki jih ravno hite pesti iz vrbovga protja. Sline požira mladi belokranjski svet ob misli na dehteče mastno cvrtje iz jaje, ki velja za višek užitka pri belokranjskih pastirjih. Ponavljajo se v zboru jurjevske pesmi. Ritem bijejo z nogami ali ga kimajo z glavami . . .

Od doma se ukrajejo v bukovje, ki je ravno odeto v najlepše pomladansko zelenje in na breze plezajo po nakit za zelenega Jurija, da ga ne bo srami svojega imena. Veselo nesejo butare zelenja k zadnjemu hiši v selu in tam za skedenj se skrijejo. Važno in dostojanstveno opleta najstarejši, "ki ma komaj štirnajst let" mlajšega — zelenega Jurija. Kmalu izgleda ta kakor gost bukov grm, povezan z mledo srobotino. Klobučke načitijo tudi z zelenjem in hajd na zmagonosno pot!

Pred prvo hišo čaka vaški drobir zelenje pevce, da oznamijo veselo pomlad. Prav po otroško zadoni iz svežih grl: "Prišel je, prišel pisani vuzem. Nošel je došel zeleni Juraj. Donesel je laket dugu mladicu, pedanj dugu travicu. Dajte mu kruha, da ga ne bi buha. Dajte mu jajec, da ga ne bi zajec. Dajte mu pogače, da mu noge poskoče. Dajte mu groš, da dojde k letu još . . ."

Na pragu se prikaže hišna mati, s peharjem jajc in obdaruje mlade pevce in kričače. Brž so spravljeni darovi v košaricah in otroški zbor krene piskajoč k sosedu. Ta je premožen človek in zato mu za pojo drugo pesem:

Prošel je prošel pisani vuzem, došel je došel zeleni Juraj na zelenem konju, po zelenem polju. Donesel je donesel pedanj dugu travicu latek dugu mladicu.

Dajte mu dajte, Jurja darovajte! dajte mu pleče, da vam kaj ne reče, dajte mu hajde, kaj se doma najde, dajte mu okrap, da ga ne bi bedak, dajte mu dinar, da ga ne bi mlinar.

Dreta mi je u Ljubljani, šilo mi je u Metliku, dotle mi to zberemo, coklje si razderemo. Gospodinje ni takoj na prag in zato pevci malo osupnejo in pobarajo:

"Haj, haj!"

Bo li skoro kaj?"

Smeje deli gospodinja sedaj veselim beračkom jajca in jim da se "začinata", t. j. velik kos slanine, da bo cvrtje bolj mastno.

Po celi vasi raja Jurjev zbor, prepeva in zbirajo darove. Prve luči se vžigajo na vasi, a mlađi junaki prepevajo neutrudljivo dalje, dokler ne obrejo zadnje hiše. Potem pa režijo zelenega Jurija tesnih bukovih spon in mu izroče njeno lažja dela.

Drugi dan zarana se oglaže prvič spomladni živinski zvenci, ki jih spremiha meketanje ovac in jagnjet. Mladina žene pašo. Na starihognjičnih zakurijo ogenj in kmalu zadiši cvrtje zelenega Jurija po pašniku . . .

(Po "Jutru".)

GLASOVI Z RODNE GRUDE

Češkoslov. polk "Jugoslavija" slavi meseca septembra desetletnico, odkar je bil ustavljeno. Ob tej priliki priredi polk veliko slavnost, na katero bo povabljena tudi jugoslovenska vlada, posebno pa jugoslovenski ministerstvo vojne in vojske. Ne morejo se načuditi temu mrazu, ker ima Gorica sicer izredno milo zimo in le redko kdaj pade topomer na štiri pod ničlo. Zima je letos izredna. Gorica pa nima več zavetja v onem krasnem velikem gorodu Panovcu, ki ga je porušila vojna. Ker ni več gozda, pripipa v mesto neovirano viavaska burja, katere pred vojno goriški meščani niso občutili.

Iz Varne na Bolgarskem se poroča, da je bilo tamkaj vsled ostre zime zmrznilo črno morje na mnogo kilometrov. Ta neavnavden dogodek je bil v Varne zabeležen le v davni zgodovinski preteklosti, nekako pred 1000 leti. Mnogo parobrodov je v objemu ledu popokalo.

Nedavno sta skromno slavila 50-letnico svoje poroke Jože in Terezija Mirt, posestnika v Sotelskem pri Rajhenburgu. Mož je star 80, žena pa 76 let. Iz svojega dolgega življenja se spominjata marsičesa, pač pa ne tako hude zime, kakor je bila letos. Ker so daleč naokrog vsi mlini zamrzli, sta morala nositi svojo koruzo po tri ure dalec v milin, kar pa se jima še ni zdelo preneredno, saj sta vajena hoditi "en čink od Ranženberga" tri ure v hrib ali navzdol.

Umrl je v Hrastniku v lepi moški dobi 52 let g. Matija Slokan, bivši šihtamajster obrata Ojstroj, sedaj obratovodja rušnika Mursko sredisce. Pokopali so ga na pokopališču na Dolu pri Hrastniku. Kako priljubljen in spoštovan je bil blagopokojni pri Hrastničanah in posebno pri rudarjih, akoravno že ni bil nekaj let v Hrastniku, ki pokazala mnogobrojna udeležba pri pogrebu. Za pokojnim plaka so proga in sedem nepreskrbljnih otrok.

V Ljubljani je umrl najstarejši naših pravnikov, odvetnik dr. Fran Papež, ko je stopil v 90. leto svojega za narod in skupnost koristnega življenja. Bil je ustanovitelj in prvi predsednik društva "Pravnik", ki je nedavno praznovalo svoj 40 letni jubilej.

V Gradcu pri Litiji se je zadržal v neko hišo celo kragulj. V okolici Zaloga in pri Ponovicih so našli zmrzljene cele jatev in divjih rac. Primeri, da so padle zaradi mraza in lakote.

jih je tat skrivoma prinesel nazaj na staro mesto, ker se je najbrž ustrasil, da ne bi dobito ukrasti "Kristusu" čevlje.

V Slovenski Bistrici je te dni obhajala g. Jerica Jelen, rojena Kušar stoltnica svojega rojstva. Za slavost je poskrbela znana Stigerjeva rodbina, ki je jubilantko tudi bogato obdarila. Starka živi v mestni ubožnici ter še vedno opravlja lažja dela.

Pri ribolovu se je ponesrečil v Bjelini pri Šibeniku Mate Radić, 33 let stari seljak. Radić je lovil s pomočjo mine, ki je predčasno eksplodirala ter neščenemu ribiču odtrgala obe roki in ga tudi po obrazu hudo poškodovala. Zdravniki dvojimo, da bi mož okreval.

Mraz v Gorici. V Gorici so imeli v drugi polovici februarja osem, devet do deset stopinj pod ničlo, na periferiji še kaj več. Ne morejo se načuditi temu mrazu, ker ima Gorica sicer izredno milo zimo in le redko kdaj pade topomer na štiri pod ničlo. Zima je letos izredna. Gorica pa nima več zavetja v onem krasnem velikem gorodu Panovcu, ki ga je porušila vojna. Ker ni več gozda, pripipa v mesto neovirano viavaska burja, katere pred vojno goriški meščani niso občutili.

Iz Varne na Bolgarskem se poroča, da je bilo tamkaj vsled ostre zime zmrznilo črno morje na mnogo kilometrov. Ta neavnavden dogodek je bil v Varne zabeležen le v davni zgodovinski preteklosti, nekako pred 1000 leti. Mnogo parobrodov je v objemu ledu popokalo.

Iz Varne na Bolgarskem se poroča, da je bilo tamkaj vsled ostre zime zmrznilo črno morje na mnogo kilometrov. Ta neavnavden dogodek je bil v Varne zabeležen le v davni zgodovinski preteklosti, nekako pred 1000 leti. Mnogo parobrodov je v objemu ledu popokalo.

pitice iz letne jate, niso bili redki. V Smartnem imajo pri Robavsu že nekaj tednov živo divjo gos, ki se počuti prav za dovoljno v toplem hlevu. Robavsov oskrbnik Jože, ki je gos ujal, jo prav rad pokaže številnim radovednežem, ki vidijo prvič takega ptiča živega pred seboj.

Kavke in vrane so zelo krotke in nič bojazljive.

KJE JE?

Kje se nahaja moj mož John Pedri? Zanj bi rada zvedela njegova žena Savarino Pedri. Bivala sva skupaj v Wyco, W. Va. Lansko leto je bila moja sestra v Minnesoti na smrt bolna in mož mi je dovolil, da sem jo šla obiskat. Odšla sem 17. avgusta 1928, moj mož pa je odpotoval od tam 23. avgusta 1928, neznano kam. Tako mi je sporočil brat mojega moža, s katerim sta bila skupaj na hrani. Potem je bratu pisal iz C. 106, Union City, Indiana. To je bil oktober meseca lanskega leta. Njegov brat mi je pismo poslal, in jaz sem mu takoj pisala registrirano pismo, katero je prejel, a odgovoril ni nič. On je rodom Italijan, pa je član JSKJ. Zato prosim cenjene sobrate, če je kateremu kaj znano, kje se moj mož nahaja, naj mi sporoči, ker se nahajamo v veliki bedi jaz in dva njegova otroka. — Mrs. Savarino Pedri, L. Box 51, McKinley, Minn.

Joseph Mante

JAVNI NOTAR

v Ely, Minnesota,

OPRAVLJA TO

NO IN KOREKTN