

JOHN KNITTEL: 60 LJUBEZEN IN ZLOČIN ROMAN

Dnevi, tedni in meseci so se vleki naprej. Počasi in varno se je spleta gosta mreža okoli Gottfrieda in Tereze. Gottfried je trdno vztrajal pri svoji izpovedi in zatrjeval Terezino nedolžnost. Tereza pa je izjavljala, da je samo ona kriva smrti svojega sina...

kosom na dan in tožitelji in branilci so hodili pri tem roko v roki. Samo ena edina, poslednja skrivnost je ostala skrita v njenem srcu: izvor njenega otroka. Ta skrivnost ji je bila sveta. Varoval jo je dogovor, ki ga je sklenila z Gottfriedom: Naj se zgodi, kar hoče, nobena muka ne bi iztrgala te resnice njenim ušticam! Raje naj bosta žrtvana ona in Gottfried, da, žrtvovan naj bo ves svet, kakor da bi odrasel mali Gottfried Amadeus zaznamovan kot plod zločinške ljubezni.

Nazadnje je utihnil "An" in končalo je: "Ton — ton — ton —". Svečanost je legla na staro, majhno mesto. Mnogi ljudje so molili. Dvanajsteri porotniki, ki so bili oblečeni v svoje najboljše nedeljske obleke, so že korakali pred očmi vseh po ozki cesti navzgor. "Božji blagoslov naj bo z njimi," je dejal sedlarski mojster Kappeli, najstarejši mož v Obwylu, ko je stopil iz svoje srednjeveške male prodajalne, da bi gledal spoved. "Naj bodo izzrebanji najbolj pošteni izmed njih! Dvanajsteri, ki so tako vrli kakor učenci našega ljubega Zveličarja. Naj ne bo nobenega Judeža med njimi."

dejala mlada žena in opazovala štirioglati trdnjavski stolp z bakrenordečo streho, štirioglatimi stolpiči in strelovodi. V mestnih gostilnah je mrgolelo gostov. Povsod je človek ugledal nove, tuje obraze. Vsakdo se je čudil, kako bodo dobili v sodni dvorani vsi ti ljudje prostora. Bila je resda precej velika, kajti v starem viteškem času je bila slavnostna dvorana. Zaprisega dvanajsterih porotnikov je trajala precej dolgo. Bil so po večini možje iz sosednjih okrajev. Dva sta bila iz doline Arne, dva iz Thuna, dva iz Interlakena, eden iz Beatenberga, toda nobeden izmed njih ni bil nikdar v stikih z rodbino Muller. Predsednik porotnega sodišča je bil višji sodnik Jakob von Oberspach; prisednika sta bila sodnik Burkhardt in Niederli. Obtožbo je vodil državni pravdnik Gutenberg. Porota, ki so jo sestavljali mali srednji meščančki in ki je gojila globoko spoštovanje do veličastva denarja, je izvolila Stadlerja iz Interlakena.

bogatega trgovca z delikatesami na debelo, za svojega predsednika. "Sedela bosta na obtožni klopi drug poleg drugega in jaz bom sedel za vama, grešniki, eden kakor drugi!" je dejal von Breitenwyl in jo pogledal z bleščečimi očmi. Globoko je zadihala in vztrepetala, kakor da se je je lotila nenadna mrzlica. "Ob dveh!" je mrmrala. "Pri vas bom, torej pogum!" "Ali ste prepričani, da bom sedela poleg Gottfrieda?" "Prav gotovo." "Če se vam posreči in bo oproščen, vam podarim vse, kar imam na svetu." Teško je uprla svoj pogled vanj. (Dalje sledi.)

OGLAŠAJTE V "ENAKOPRAVNOSTI" PREDPUSTNI PLES priredi MERRY MAKERS CLUB na predpustni torek 6 t. m. v avditoriju SND K tej plesni veselici se prav vladno vabi vse stare in mlade, da se skupno prav prijetno pozabavajo na zadnj dan predpusta. Igral bo za vse dobro znani Frankie Yankovich orkester Vstopnina bo le 30c Torej pridite — Vas vladno vabijo MERRY MAKERS FANTJE

Naznanilo in Zahvala

Zalostni in potrtega srca naznanjamo vsem sorodnikom in prijateljem, da je kruta smrt za vedno pretrgala nit življenja ter da je za vedno zatisnil svoje blage oči naš ljubljeni oče, sin in brat

JOSEPH LIKOVIC

Umril je dne 25. januarja v starosti 51 let. Pogreb se je vršil 27. januarja iz pogrebnih prostorov Joseph Zele in sinovi v cerkvi sv. Vida in od tam na Calvary pokopališče, kjer smo izročili njegovo truplo materi zemlji. Blagopokojnik je bil rojen v vasi Topol pri Begunjah pri Cerknici.

V dolžnost si štejemo, da se iskreno zahvalimo vsem sorodnikom in prijateljem za krasne vence, ki so jih položili k njegovim krsti. Dalje izrekamo srčno hvalo vsem onim, ki so darovali za sv. maše, ki se bodo brale za mir duše pokojnika.

Dalje hvala vsem onim, ki so dali svoje avtomobile brezplačno v posluho pri pogrebu. Srčno hvalo izrekamo vsem, ki so se prišli poslovit od pokojnika ko je ležal na mrtvaškem odru, kakor tudi vsem, ki so ga spremili na njegovi zadnji poti.

Zahvalo želimo izreči pogrebnemu zavodu Joseph Zele in Sinovi za vzorno urejen pogreb in najboljše vsestransko posluho. Ti, dragi nepozabljeni oče, sin in brat počivaj v miru in rahla naj ti bo ameriška zemlja. Spominjali se te bomo z ljubeznijo v naših srcih dokler se ne snidemo enkrat tam kjer ni ne solz in ne trpljenja nad zvezdami.

Zalujoči ostali Joe in Frank, sinova Mary, hčerka Helen Skrinjar in Frances Konjar, sestre V stari domovini zapušča mater, Frances Antona in Franka, brata Mary, sestro in mnogo sorodnikov. Cleveland, Ohio 5. februarja, 1940.

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Deep Underground

By Janko N. Rogelj

Editor's note: In the April 12, 1939 edition of Nova Doba there appeared the following article in the Slovene section. Written by Janko N. Rogelj, first supreme trustee, it has been translated for the readers of the English section.

In January, 1939, the Ely Commercial Club of Ely, Minnesota invited the supreme officers of our Union to its annual meeting, held at the Forest Hotel, and concluded with a banquet. Impressive speakers rounded out an excellent program for the evening.

At our table sat Brother Joseph Milkovich, secretary of our lodge in Ely, a member of the city board of aldermen, and employed by the mining company in Ely in the engineering department. Brother Frank Vranichar asked him if it were possible to receive permission for us to go down and visit the iron mine.

We found out the next day that permission was granted, whereupon we designated the time for the visit. Mr. B. O. Strachan, superintendent of the Oliver Iron Mining Co., issued the permit, for which we are thankful. Thanks also go to the captain, Mr. E. A. Hellberg, who led us through the mines, and to Bro. Jos. Milkovich for all the information.

A person who has never been in a mine entertains queer ideas and thoughts about what goes on deep under the ground. Especially alive comes the phantom possibilities of what may happen to a living person deep in the mines. Our supreme trustee Matt Anzelc is particularly gifted to dwell on such talk. Glad was I that I did not listen to him too attentively, for I had the opportunity to experience a real fright in my life.

Before entering the mine, we were ordered to change our clothes—into the clothes of a genuine miner. We made the same necessary preparations as those made for the army physical examination. This ordeal was executed somehow, except the detail of covering our heads with the miner's hat. Then our heads became heavy and muddy, and queer thoughts enveloped our minds. From somewhere fear stole its way into our minds: What if something really should happen . . . And then: They are turning on the light over your head so that it may enlighten you in case of accident or death. Wow! how this iron hat presses on the skull and how it forces its way forward and forward toward my nose. And water drops from my light winding its way toward my nose. Such feelings cannot be described when one does not know where he is being led.

All of us are on the elevator which will carry us deep down into the mine. The ride starts rather fast, and accelerates faster and faster. What will come, will come, I say to myself. For I am not alone, and the lights still burn and the water drips on my nose. As long as I can feel, I am alive. A queer noise accompanies the fall downward. Friend Anzelc can be heard breathing perceptibly. We continue to fall and fall into the chasm-like hole, as if there would be no end to our journey. We seem to ride for such a long time that even hell could not be much further away. I think to myself: It won't be always like this, we are bound to stop sometime . . . At last we did stop, somewhere under the ground; however the feet

feel so clumsy and heavy, as though lead had gathered on them.

The light upon the head burns and gives off heat. Water drops not only down the nose, but behind the ears also and at the base of the skull. Just like a Turkish bath. Whatever cold I may have had certainly has been condensed from my body.

Now I have a little time to look over the faces of my friends. I can hardly recognize a face, for they all look the same, like phantoms with fireflies above their foreheads. Even the voices seem to change, heavy and moist. The air is close and heavy, with a tinge of decay and mixed with a spirited powder smoke.

We walk along an entry, a rather low one, where there is no scarcity of puddles, and through which it is rather difficult at times to pull out our miner's boots. We walk half bent, like the old chap stricken with rheumatism. The air in the mine warms us nicely.

We stop at the place where fuses are being prepared for explosions. Just then nearby they were igniting charges which began to explode. The ground shook very hard and the air forced itself jerkily into my face. Queer and almost frightful feelings — if the ground should give way at this minute . . . then let this light burn above my head forever . . . "Why did my inquisitiveness bring me down here; why didn't I stay with my friend Tony Zbasnik, who right now is experiencing no such wet feelings!" Truly, I was thinking such thoughts and wishing that I would again see the Minnesota sun, the white birch trees and the Forest Hotel.

We go forward, as we do not know the way back. We dwell in a small section, where they are digging the iron ore. Here it is rather warm. We crawl up and down on iron ladders—the holes are small and dark. If I let myself down the ladder too quickly I am stepping on Vranichar's head; if I tarry too long, my friend Milavec stands above my head. This is the school where one develops the right gait between fast and slow.

Now they lead us to the section, where the iron ore has been exploded. Our steps are heavy, while the odor of discharge forces its way into our lungs. I am warm. We push ahead like true moles. Above we see the arch formed by thick beams, being pressed by the heavy iron ground. I look upon these strong supports with misgivings because in places they are pressed together like small matches. I have but one wish, that these supports will hold long enough for us to look over the entry.

The miners work in pairs in each section. It is hard and heavy work. They show us how by means of electric force they push the loose iron ore, rendered free by explosion, to the opening where it falls into small iron cars. These cars transport the ore to the place where it is loaded onto the elevator, which lifts it out of the ground.

We walk from section to section and we observe the different steps, so that we can understand completely every step in the process of iron ore mining. The captain explains to us the many accident preventions used in the daily work. He tells us that each miner is instructed to give caution and care his first consideration; work, his second. They always must be careful first.

We are back on the elevator, which takes us down to the bottom of the iron ore mine. We descend sixteen stories downward. Or to make it clearer, we are now 1600 feet under ground. Here we meet our Bro. Perusek, who was a delegate at our last convention. It is here that he earns his daily bread. And many other members of ours likewise earn their living in this ore mine.

Here they wash our miner's boots so that with clean boots we step into the place where day and night water pumps operate, pumping out the incoming water from the mines. How clean the place is, the surrounding machinery, and everything appears to be in excellent order. Here our guides inform us that without this machinery it would be impossible to operate the mines. Truly, real miracles are hidden in this ground, and unbelievable unless the person sees it with his own eyes.

Again we are back on the elevator, which pulls us out of the deep hole. It is a long journey upward, and almost endless. We are all quiet, and just waiting to see daylight. We wish to get away from the dark and damp night, and in a hurry to see daylight again. Like an undecipherable miracle comes the first peep of daylight, and then the entire bright day radiates in front of us with snow-covered ground. It is like an apparition and unbelievable for the visitor is momentarily convinced that the whole world is enveloped in darkness and dampness, from which there is no escape. The person feels as though he came to another world.

We were but a couple of hours in the iron mine; yet, we learned more through experience than if we had read a thick volume on the subject. Down below we learned the life of the Yugoslav miner in America. He who never saw such life under ground never can understand the difficult tasks and struggles undergone by our pioneers, who founded our Organization. Now I can understand better the tales told to me by our people in Minnesota, and how they suffered some forty years ago, when they organized our Union. How much iron ore they have mined; how many of our people devoted their best years and how many were injured for the rest of their lives—in order that they can give America iron and steel.

And if we consider all of this, then we can readily see why the factor of helping themselves was so dear to them and why they prized it so. We can readily understand why they became so attached to the South Slavonic Catholic Union

Cleveland Welfare Agencies

Cleveland, O. — Advances on all fronts of health and welfare work during 1940 are predicted by executives of Community Fund-participating agencies in spite of some evident "standstills" looming as a result of budget restrictions, according to reports.

Social welfare activities for the year will include city wide emphasis on broad-scale nutrition programs; Scouting intensified in "less chance" areas; 35 per cent increase in general travel service confronting Travelers Aid Society and unusual rush for American citizenship papers.

Other developments foreseen are possible curtailment of Visiting Nurse Association services in outlying areas; increased specialization by children's institutions; heavy demand for day nursery and settlement services; and further expansion of Homemaker and family case work services to hold families together or to get others "on their feet."

Forecasts by several individual health and welfare agencies reveal the following:

Associated Charities and Jewish Social Service Bureau hope to further develop their Homemaker projects and to intensify their highly specialized services such as counsel on family problems, budget advice and the like which speed the return of families and individuals to self-support.

Humane Society and Cleveland Children's Bureau face the year with the necessity for serving more children on restricted budgets. The report showed more need for more funds to care for children in boarding homes was "pressing" and that these agencies were unable to care for as many children at board as needed care.

Last year, the 17 Community Fund-participating hospitals gave 937,000 days' care to people of Greater Cleveland, increasing 40,000 days care over 1938. Two hospitals in crowded West Side districts expanded with Grace Hospital opening an 80-bed unit and Fairview Park Hospital now completing a maternity unit.

Boy Scouts served a total of 12,630 boys in 1939 and expect a still larger number to go into Scouting this year. Efforts will be made to further extend Scouting into "less chance" areas. George E. Green, Scout executive, said, Girl Scouts also see need for further expansion of program in "lower economic" areas. Camp Fire Girl projects for the year include increasing enrollment at summer day-camps and increasing membership of sponsoring committees.

Needs for YMCA work during 1940 include additional Hi-Y — a mother to them in a strange land far removed from their place of birth.

chapters for high schools, programs for industrial employees, and new branches in suburban communities.

Legal Aid Society will continue its efforts to promote legislation to protect installment plan buyers against concealed and misrepresented charges in time-payment contracts.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

The close-cropped head, the sad face crisscrossed into a thousand wrinkles, the depressed stoop, the dragging walk from the wings to the piano, and then the sudden release of pent-up power at the keyboard. —Rachmaninoff!

That his audiences are everywhere except in his native land, Russia, is one of the primary causes of the melancholy which cloaks Rachmaninoff. Exiled since the Revolution, of which he can hardly bear to speak, he "cannot sing the songs of joy," as he laments in one of his compositions. "Music," he says with his sad half smile, "must express the emotions. It must come not from here," touching his forehead significantly, "but from here." He taps his heart with two delicate fingers. "And to play well one must first suffer. Suffering is absolutely essential to the artist."

His own far from happy life may have led him to this conclusion. Born of aristocratic parents, he inherited from his forebearers musical talent, and a pair of long slim hands apparently designed by heaven for the piano. He inherited not enough rubles, however, to pay for the usual aristocrat's education, so he went instead to Moscow and Petrograd Conservatories, where he distinguished himself in composition, winning a gold medal for his opera Aleko.

His youth was clouded by the death of Tchaikowsky, whom he admired above all men. The cold reception accorded to several of his early compositions froze his inspiration, and even undermined his health for three years. Financial reverses added to the burden of his woes. Finally he decided to seek his fortune on the concert stage, although by that time his piano concertos and preludes and the symphonic poem "The Isle of the Dead" were bringing him fame as a composer. And then came the Revolution which drove him from Russia, never to return. With his wife, he makes his home in New York, sailing every summer to Switzerland to visit his two married daughters and grand-daughter Sophie, the apple of his eye.

His first American tour was in 1910. Once, in those days of obscurity, as he was practicing at a piano in Steinway Hall, a workman began to hammer, to his great annoyance. When he asked the man to wait, he received the astonishing reply, "Why should I? I was here first."

Besides, what would Mr. Steinway say if he came in and found me loafing on the job?" So on this occasion the great pianist waited for the humble carpenter, to be rewarded later when his meekness proved of the kind that inherits the earth and fills its concert-halls.

"When I am playing in concerts, I cannot compose; when I am composing I cannot play in concerts. I shut myself up in the country all alone, without a telephone, family or friends, and write, write, write all day from nine in the morning until eleven at night. On tour, I practice every spare moment." In such concentration lies some measure of the secret of this artist's power, but by far the greater part is in the depth of his spirit, the enigmatic quality of his mind, and the universality of his experience of human suffering, which he translates with ineffable power and insight into the language of the piano.

(Reprinted from "The American Slav")

Highway Laboratory Tests

It's all grist that reaches the testing laboratory of the Ohio department of highways.

From thread to remolded asphalt bridge plank, and from Manila rope to paving brick, the highway department laboratory workers painstakingly test everything that goes into road construction, bridge building, road maintenance, office equipment and new buildings.

More than a hundred assorted items were put through the laboratory testing devices last year, in the highway department's search for those materials which measure up to specifications, which will stand wear and tear, and which are used to make better and safer roads for the 2,000,000 Ohio automobile owners.

The laboratory is an interesting place, too. Watching the men there "rattle" a brick until it comes out of the machine with its corners rounded off, is a new experience for many persons, and standing by as the workers put soil through their devices to determine its ingredients and its stability, is educational, to say the least.

Paper, carbon paper, light bulbs, automobile heaters and sirens, hammers and hatchets, handles for tools, coal, water for use in concrete, gasoline, oils and greases, wiping rags, typewriter ribbons, safety glass for automobile glazing, lanterns and torches, solvents,

cleaning compounds, paints and varnishes, gravel, limestone and slag, concrete pipe, steel and cast iron pipe, steel reinforcement, woven wire fence, rivets and castings, tire chains and wire rope, road oil, waterproofing compounds, and bolts, welds and pitch are a few of the scores of articles which went through the testing laboratory last year as the highway department carried on its quest for quality materials to be used in every operation, from office to highway construction.

Walk and Drive Wisely

The old saying that, "To be human," may be true but no one can afford to make a mistake when crossing the streets or driving. All too often a careless step from the curb is a fatal error. And the motorist who takes a chance on speeding or driving after drinking, in many cases, doesn't live to repeat or repent his mistake.

Sound movies, and speakers may be secured from the Police Department for clubs, social gatherings and other organizations. Include "Safety" in your meeting by calling Main 1290, Line 415, The Cleveland Police Department.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out acids and poisons wastes from the blood is thru a million tiny, delicate, tiny tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional kidneys or bladder obstructed, you suffer from getting up nights, frequent urination, Leg Pains, Backache, Cerebral Dizziness, Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Urinary Burning, Smarting or Itching, and take chances. Get the Doctor's Best Kidney Prescription called, Crates (Swankyswig). Crates fast, safe and sure. In 10 days it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to fix you up in one week. Money back on return of empty package. Crates costs only 50¢ a day at drug stores and the guarantee protects you.

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