

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

More Power to NRA

Increase in employment, increase in prices of commodities, anticipated increases in wages—all point to better economic conditions in this country.

The Industrial Recovery Act—Public Works Act, Farm Relief, Emergency Banking Act, Securities Control Act, Wagner Job-Exchange Act, Home Owners Mortgage Relief Act, Legalization of 3.2 per cent beer—are some of the measures with which the government at Washington believes it can overcome stagnation of nation's industries and urge people to work for "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

Ever since the beginning of the boresome depression nation's industrial and financial leaders pinned their hopes on automatic recovery. Capitalism, always accustomed to reaping the profits from its investment, felt it had a priority right to continue its exploitation from human labor.

Working under a delusion that enormous profits will never be lost by introduction of labor-saving devices, which supplanted the work of many men, these so-called production experts soon found out for themselves that prosperity came to an abrupt end when the nation's purchasing power had diminished.

Since the Industrial Recovery Act, which, for its underlying principle, aims to create an emergency partnership between the government, industry and labor. Under this act, the President has the power to control production in proportion to employment. The Industrial Recovery Act has a special significance to the working man. Hours of labor and compensation for such have been controlled entirely by capital. If profits from investment were reduced, labor was given a raise (not at all in proportion to what it deserved). If a manufacturing concern failed to show a profit, not only wages were reduced, but a cut in force was a certainty.

When 12 to 15 million people are out of work every form of business activity is affected. Fraternal benefit organizations do not escape the fate of manufacturing, transportation and other industries. Unemployed members could not secure the funds with which to meet assessments and lodge dues.

Therefore, it is with great interest and deep anxiety that members of our Union are looking forward to unlimited success under the Industrial Recovery Act, for this governmental move will give jobs for them. By industry joining hands with government and labor the working man is given a chance to earn a living.

Our South Slavonic Catholic Union is composed of members who work for a living. A sufficient number of jobs for our members is of vital concern to our organization, which is directly dependent for continued existence upon a living wage for its members.

No man daily returning to former places of employment, the nation of ours assumes a brighter hue. Let us hope that present efforts for economic recovery and stability shall prove to be the solution of the country's ills.

Fear

Cleveland, O.—What are the besetting fears that prevent our steps all along the path of middle life? One might guess that they include the fear of accident and disease which will curtail our earning capacity; there is a fear of old age and dependency; fear of premature death and the hardship that might result to others. The instinctive desire to be provided for, especially if we are of a middle nature. Fear may become a brooding evil, shaping large part of the course of our living, limiting our activities, strangling our ambitions, and withal handicapping the whole of life. Fear prevents us from tackling our problems. It smothers our initiative. It smothered our plan for doing large things and then trim it to smaller outlines because of its nature. It is this spectre to which many psychologists trace the source of most of life's sorrows. Summing up the whole situation, these lines of fear lead to causes of financial dependency or distress. We wonder if we are going to prevail in our struggle. Our anxiety relates particularly to ourselves, but more to those for whose support we are responsible and to whom we wish to leave in comfortable security and comfort when we die.

We are convinced that there is one outstanding and certain remedy that cannot fail to relieve this great burden of fear. It is fraternal insurance. We

talk about industry frugality and savings as a means of accumulating for those left behind. Fraternal insurance supplies the accumulation in a day. "Yes," somebody thinks, "but it has to be paid for afterward." Certainly it does, but so do savings and bank accounts in general have to be paid for. We are bound to have to pay for what we get no matter how we proceed if our method is that of honesty. If it is dishonest, in the end we are bound to pay still more heavily.

The difference between the ordinary process of saving week by week or month by month and that of applying the remedy of fraternal protection is that by saving gradually the saving has to come first and there is no accumulation until afterward. By applying the method of fraternal protection the total accumulation is immediate. It comes first, and following it is only the same requirement for savings by which to pay the cost of the protection.

Every thinking individual, to say nothing of the man of sound business experience, can see here a most radical difference and one the advantage of which is tremendously on the side of the individual who is seeking a remedy for fear.

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

Tillie: I didn't know you studied sign painting at college?
Archie: I didn't, but I had a flivver.

Life's Sunshine

Cleveland, O.—Make plans today for home protection that will not fail thousands of children and countless widows from trudging along "take a chance" street just because someone did not care. Aged men and women move over it in fear; everywhere is convincing evidence of havoc and want.

Look about you and note the multitude of men who "took a chance." Age finds them in want and when death calls their families fight a losing battle. No such shadows are obstructing the road traveled by men and women who have taken advantage of fraternal protection. Why should you take such a chance when opportunity is at hand to provide yourself with a guaranteed estate that will care for your loved ones.

A real man buys fraternal protection not so much because he is going to die, but because his loved ones are going to live. Take no chances regarding your life insurance. Obtain sufficient protection while you can. Get it and then keep it in force. The fraternal way is best and your protection in the South Slavonic Catholic Union is a safe, sure way of capitalizing your earning power for use by your family and dependents when you are gone and the income has ceased.

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

Head and Heart

Cleveland, O.—Here we have a fairy tale in form of a debate and yet true.

Once upon a time there was a great debate between the Head and the Heart. Here is a summary of the argument:

"Mr. Head," started in Mr. Heart, "I still insist that because of the obligation and the affection of a man toward his family, the bread-winner of that family should insure the future welfare of his family through fraternal insurance for himself and the members of his family."

"Mr. Heart," argued Mr. Head, "fraternal insurance costs too much. A man can do better with his money in some other form of investment, and a man does not intend to have anybody squander his hard earned money after he's gone. He is going to enjoy life as long as he can and get the most out of it."

In the rebuttal Mr. Heart, reminding Mr. Head, said, "You have taken an obligation to care and provide for your dependents; not only as long as you live, but as long as they live. That period could extend over a considerable number of years beyond your lifetime."

Millions of people were the judges. They have been for a great many years. No jury was needed to decide that the debate was won by Mr. Heart. He had clearly shown the evidence that a man who resumes responsibility should cover that responsibility with fraternal protection.

Elizabeth Stucin,
No. 180, SSCU.

Editor's Note

In last week's issue appeared an article submitted by Louis Sabec of Denver, Colo. After his name Lodge No. 203 was incorrectly inserted instead of Lodge No. 201.

BRIEFS

Louis Adamic, author of note and winner of Guggenheim literary prize in 1932, will write about Yugoslavia in the American magazines. Mr. Adamic visited Yugoslavia and remained in that country for almost a year. According to reports, Mr. Adamic expects to compile his articles and prepare them in book form to be entitled, "Yugoslavia: Portrait of a Balkan Country."

Frank Dremelj, age 53, well-known Slovene of Conemaugh, Pa., and better known by his popular name, "Bolnar," was killed by a falling rock 10 minutes after he had entered a mine Thursday, Aug. 3. Unemployed for about a year and a half, the deceased had secured work in the mine and had been employed only three days before the accident. Born in what is now Yugoslavia, he journeyed to the States, where he settled in Conemaugh. Mr. Dremelj was the step-father of Miss Frances Turk, treasurer of National Star Lodge, No. 213, SSCU, Conemaugh, Pa.

Miss Radmilla Govedarica of Chicago, Ill., Yugoslav Queen of the World's Fair, a title which carries an award of a trip abroad, will start her journey to Yugoslavia this month. She received 60,000 votes. Over a million votes were cast.

Single births in the district of Jajce in Bosnia, Yugoslavia, have become rare. The majority of births are twins, triplets and even quadruplets. Recently a mother of this district presented her husband, a poor laborer, with quadruplets.

Thirty-fifth anniversary of our South Slavonic Catholic Union was fittingly observed in Ely, Minn., Saturday and Sunday, July 29 and 30. Supreme Board officers convening at the semi-annual meeting spoke at the banquet held Saturday evening, July 29, as did the first supreme president, Bro. Joseph Agnic, the first supreme vice president, George Kotze, and the first supreme assistant secretary, Stefan Banovec. Joseph Mantel, present supreme trustee, is also one of the first trustees to serve on the S. S. C. U. board.

SINGS IN THE NIGHT

In the South the chipping sparrow, known everywhere, sings at night in the early spring, says Nature Magazine. There is little or no melody about its song at any time, but a drowsy, sleep-talking note in its nocturnal refrain is soothing to say the least. I have often fancied that it was accidentally singing in its sleep. The clown of birddom, the yellow-breasted chat, is too exuberant not to sing at all hours of the day and night.

Wife: Oh, George, I dropped my diamond ring off my finger and I can't find it anywhere!
Hubb: Don't worry any longer, dear; I found it in my trousers pocket.

Gazonda: My wife is always calling me on the phone at the office.
Gazoof: You're lucky. Mine waits until I get home and calls me on the carpet.

Believe It or Not

Fraternal insurance protection is a financial undertaking of greater importance to the average person than investment in stocks and bonds, and should always come first.

There is no better way to acquire the habit of saving than by taking fraternal protection. The necessity for making deposits regularly has enabled many a person to save who would not otherwise have done so.

The highest price paid for fraternal protection is paid by the family of the man who dies without it. Large or small, the fraternal protection maintained for home protection represents not only best business judgment, care, foresight, but it stands for all that human tenderness and affection can express.

Our South Slavonic Catholic Union is not merely a means of bringing members together in meetings, but it is a live, vital factor in family life. It is practical; it lifts one out of himself and arouses the oft-times dormant desire to be of service.

The S. S. C. U. is seriously engaged in constructive effort in building character, providing brighter pages in the lives of men and women, emphasizing the importance of practical, everyday service to humanity.

The demand is that our fraternal protection shall have a market value, measured by the dollar of our dads—a dollar worth 100 cents around the world. Whether we will it or deplore it, that's the problem before fraternalists today.

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

Happy-Go-Lucky to Observe Fifth Anniversary

Barberton, O.—Sept. 30 is going to be a big day for members of Happy-Go-Lucky Lodge, No. 195, SSCU, for on that day the fifth anniversary of the local branch will be celebrated with a dance. Music and other arrangements will be announced later. I would like to know why our vice president disappeared so mysteriously just before meeting this week?

Mary Hiti, Sec'y.

Obedience

The chief of police while giving a new officer instructions on his duties, pointed to a red light down the way and said, "See that red light, well from here to that light is your precinct, follow that light, be on the alert, and report back to the office." About a week later the young officer walked into his office. The chief at once questioned him as to where he had been for so long. The young officer replied, "You remember that red light, well, that was a Greyhound bus and it went to Indianapolis."

Rock: I drove 75 miles an hour on a trip in my new auto.
Fishe: Did your car ride easy on the return trip?
Rock: I couldn't say. I returned in an ambulance.

The most valuable asset of an employe—his spirit—cannot be bought with so cheap a thing as money. It must be won.

S. S. C. U. Field Day a Big Success

Gowanda, N. Y.—Gowanda's first SSCU Field Day, sponsored by the Pathfinders, No. 222, English-conducted lodge, and St. Joseph's, No. 89, Slovene-conducted lodge, turned out to be a huge success. The wonderful co-operation of the members of both lodges made work a joy and the day a long to be remembered event. This was the most successful outing ever held at Mentley's Grove, since back in prosperity days, not only financially, but socially.

It had to be a success because the members of the lodges were determined to make it a big affair. Generally an outing of this kind would throw the burden of the work to one or two persons, but at this one each task was most willingly undertaken by all. I hesitate in making an attempt to give anyone personal thanks for his co-operation without doing an injustice to another hard worker. However, I feel that everyone will agree that Louis Andolsek was the key to our success. Besides doing a great deal in the preparation for the field day, he was also in charge of the athletic events, which I will attempt to relate to you later in this article.

The St. Joseph's Lodge was especially helpful in preparing to arrange the picnic grounds, since a large turnout made everything much easier.

One of the outstanding attractions of the day was the music by the Beacon Melody Pilots of Cleveland, O. Not only was the music very much enjoyed by both the Slovene and English-speaking members and their friends, but also their peppy singing. Everyone who was lucky enough to meet these orchestra players went away feeling that they were certainly a fine group—you know, the kind that you just hate to see go away. The long trip back to Cleveland cut their playing hours quite a bit and we were rather fortunate in securing the services of Louis Klancer to finish the evening with his popular accordion music. We hope to see more of the Beacons at some dance in the near future.

A large number of admission tickets to the park were sold. However, there should have been, since among the many ticket sellers were the Hidi twins, Molly Klancer and Mary Selan. Just to have a chance to talk with them more than once, Tony Sever, president of St. Joseph's, went back later to buy another ticket. (We don't blame you, Tony.)

Now to get back to the sport program under the direction of Louis Andolsek. I shall only try to give the highlights of the many events. In the girls' egg race it was unusual to find that three Marys were the winners. Mary Kren, Mary Vovcina and Mrs. Mary Vovcina took the prizes in order.

Another exciting race was the cracker contest for the boys, who had a hard time to whistle after their hearty meal. With the crowd in an uproar, it was a long time before Harold Kaluza finally came through with a peep and soon followed by Harry Sever.

In the small girls race Josephine Selan and Violet Widgaw were the first to reach the tape. However, the most noise took place when the men had an old-fashioned wheelbarrow

race. With Louis Skrabec as the wheel and John Kochevar as the driver, this team came out ahead in a close race. Martin Matekovich was so fast that he got away from his driver, Louis Lamutte, and thus fell by the wayside. Another good team was Mike Primozech and Ludovik Sternad, but here the latter, as the driver, was too fast and dumped the potatoes not far from the finish line.

No fat men or women were present, so this race was called off (everybody must be on a diet).

The feature of the day, however, was the ball game between the St. Joseph's All-Stars and the Pathfinders All-Stars. Just as I predicted, with Joseph Zummer as the umpire and Louis Andolsek as the St. Joseph's pitcher, the Pathfinders hardly had a chance. The game finally ended 11 to 7 in favor of the St. Joseph's team. Louis, as I said before, is Joe's boss in the tannery and whenever Joe would say "ball" Louis would turn and say something under his breath and then Joe would change it to "strike." Another chisler that seemed to favor the St. Josephs was George from the Cleveland orchestra. At one time Charles Sternisha Sr., after hitting a long two-bagger, was followed by Frank Palcic with another long hit, but although Frank came to third base ahead of Mr. Sternisha, George called them all safe. I guess Joe Zummer was getting rather afraid of us because when I got up to bat he called the first two strikes and the next one, which I missed by a mile, he called "Strike one." I can't remember if I finally fanned out, or did I get a home run.

Joseph Korher and Charles Sternisha Sr. turned in the best catches of the day by getting flyballs that were labeled for long hits. Martin Matekovich came prepared for the game with a shovel that gave him a sizzling two-bagger against the scoreboard.

Out of the profits of this outing it is rumored that the St. Josephs will spend their share in baseball uniforms for the next season. When next year rolls around the Pathfinders hope to beat the St. Joseph's team at a similar field day, which we hope will become an annual affair.

The Pathfinders have an annual fall dance, but there is already a desire on the part of many of the members to make this a joint dance with the St. Joseph's Lodge. As a reminder to everyone, each lodge made more money on a 50-50 basis than had each had separate picnics. We shall look forward to the second SSCU Field Day next year.

Pathfinders, let's have a large turnout for our meeting next week to make plans for our fall activities. Who knows but that they may be the winner of the Prosperity Twist. Last month Steve Jonek, a new member, attending his second meeting, took home the bacon. Your co-operation, as in the past, will bring us out on top. With your help we are going to make this fall a fun program. Are you with us?

Ernest Palcic Jr., Sec'y,
No. 222, SSCU.

Pride goeth before a fall, and it doesn't soften the bumps any at that.

Gophers

Ely, Minn.—The clock strikes; we won't stop to strike the gong—but, anyway, it's Lil and Stan time! We will now transport you back to our picnic at Sandy Point, where the S. S. C. U. lodges of Ely celebrated the 35th anniversary of the S. S. C. U.—and was it celebrated! We'll tell you everything. Yes, we said everything!

Well, it was like this: On the morning of July 30 a squadron of men under the direction of Breezy Kovach and his able assistants went to Sandy Point to get things ready. Everybody worked hard, so that by dinner time everything was in readiness for the big day which lay ahead.

At about 1:15 the huge crowd of S. S. C. U. members gathered at the National Home ready to start the parade to the picnic grounds—and what a parade it was! The City Band led by Mr. DiNino played wonderfully, in fact so wonderfully that the whole crowd actually felt like marching. Especially the color squadron. John Mehle carried the colors, with our own Chick Knapp and John Sever keeping right in step and time. Did they like the job? They didn't tell us, but from the way they carried the colors there is no doubt left in our minds that they will be the first to carry the colors at the next anniversary. As soon as the parade reached Sandy Point the people scattered toward the beer, pop and ice cream stands. The City Band continued its marvelous playing and—was everybody happy?

The people then began to gather around the speaker's stand, where Joe Kovach introduced our guest speaker, the Hon. Senator Henrik Shipstead, in an able and emphatic manner. Senator Shipstead gave a very interesting talk, which the people certainly enjoyed, judging from the applause that was given him. We'll call on you again, Mr. Shipstead!

Two cars drew near. Hur-ray! It's the dance orchestra. The pavilion was opened and everybody's dancing—ladies are, anyway! Meanwhile we see our bartenders, Shmuk, Matt Ballas, Tony Yakich, Evenochick, etc., pouring our beer and pop into the mugs. While at another stand Frank Banks, assisted by Barney, dishing out everything between "hot dogs" and ham sandwiches. At another stand we see Breezy, Doc Zgonc, etc., sweating—they could dish out the ice cream—but, alas, they couldn't take it. The gang kept them pretty busy!

Aha! The Kolenz sisters, the Merhar gals, and little Jennie Tisovich! They're all hustling. I don't know who sold the most tickets. I'll ask 'em sometime and let you know. Ah, yes, ladies, the shopping committee was there, too. Try and keep them away! They had a canoe out, too, and were giving many of their secretaries boat rides. One very funny incident, at least I think it was funny, was when one of our shopping committee was giving some girls a boat ride. While in the middle of the lake, this member threatened to dump the canoe. The girl asked him if he could swim. He said that he could, and that if he tipped he would save her life. The girl was Ann Govednik of Chisholm.

The afternoon was slowly turning toward evening. I turn around, and who should we meet but our own editor, Bro. Kolar. Bro. Kolar gave a couple of poor, run-down reporters a lot of encouragement, and we gave him a lot of encouragement also by promising him and our readers that we will not be so lazy in the future. The day began to fade away.

Pop, candy and ice cream stands closed down. The only stands that were left open were the beer stand and the band stand—I mean the ham stand. At 7 o'clock people began to return. The orchestra also returned. So what? Two and two are four! Answer: The people began to dance. The music was great. We'll take time out to describe the orchestra.

The orchestra was seated on a stand made of tables. With Kutch Smreker playing the part of "Husk o' Hare," the music got off to a swell start. Big Louis Kotzian, with his million-dollar accordion; Mathew Guoze, arranger (boy, he knows how to arrange music—I don't remember the name of his instrument); Jack Gerzin at the drums, and were they pounded? Toiks Antonsich on that big, tall, stringed instrument and Frankie Guoze at another kind of mandolin. Boy, they played anything you could wish for. While dancing some of those polkas, we almost were ready to take off. While dancing to those blues, fox-trots, etc., we began to feel romantic. When the waltz started, we were in dreamland, and did the gang dance!

Stan was at the door trying to help "Cap" Gerzin sell tickets, which were only 25 cents. While sitting near the door, who should I gaze upon but the blue countenance of Charlie Kerntz. Lil was dancing and seemed well taken care of. Now, wonder why Charlie was so blue. Charlie declined my invitation to come in to dance. He refused because his feet were sore. (P. S. Charlie was a policeman all day. What luck!)

Another incident which was very amusing and entertaining was Mr. Zobitz leading the Mills Brothers in singing "Slovenske pesmi." The Mills Brothers consisted of Joe Champa and a couple of other good singers, whose names we don't recall, but will let you know at the earliest moment after we recall. O. K.? The evening wore on, and while everybody was dancing we noticed a few other things to tell you.

There were many S. S. C. U. members from neighboring cities on the range. The supreme officers were all there. I'm sure they all enjoyed a very pleasant day.

The Shopping Committee, although lacking Beel Schmid, the new and fourth member, were ably looking after the guests to make sure that they would also have a good time. Matt and Frank left little Stan to carry on while they went home to sleep, they said, but we know better. O. K., Chisholm!

Now we'll go back to the dance floor. I see Boyse Lenich doing a fancy step with Gabriel Slogar. Teddy Slogar is trying to play tag with Boyse. Boyse collides with the wall, and everybody's safe and unharmed. The orchestra is putting everything into that song, I guess it's the last dance; "Somebody Stole My Gal" is the name of the song. True! There! It's over. Everybody, still happy, starts for home.

Well, Gophers, a meeting will be held soon. Don't forget to come when it's announced. Lil and Stan are getting tired again. While the crowds are leaving for home, we'll leave Lil with Howy—and Stand? Well, Adios anyway.—Lil and Stan.

Lillian Chelesnik,
Stanley Pechaver*
No. 2, SSCU.

Patience is a virtue, but don't lose sight of the fact that there are others.

ANNE GOVEDNIK OF NATIONAL FAME



Newspapers throughout the country have written columns about Miss Anne Govednik, nationally famous for her brilliant performances in competition with leading swimmers of the country.

Her latest splash in the nation's news came on Sunday, July 23, when she finished second but a few inches behind Miss Margaret Hoffman of Scranton, Pa., in the national championship swimming meet for women held at Jones Beach, Long Island, New York. Miss Govednik lives in Chisholm, Minn. So close was the finish in the national 220-yard breast-stroke championship race that judges deliberated some time before they awarded first place to Miss Hoffman, who, according to reports, was but the length of her fingers ahead of Miss Govednik.

Before the International Olympiad held at Los Angeles, Cal., last year, Miss Govednik had become a figure in the mermaid world, having taken various championships in Chisholm and other range towns of Minnesota. So steadily did she cut through the waters of fame that leading swimming coaches of Minnesota made a prophecy that she would develop into a national champion, and one worthy to represent Uncle Sam in competition with swimming marvels of other countries. Miss Govednik made good this prediction by placing sixth in the 220-yard breast-stroke event of the Olympics.

Of special significance to members of South Slavonic Catholic Union is the fact that Miss Govednik is a member of Lodge Danica, No. 150, SSCU, Chisholm, Minn. When Miss Govednik was a juvenile member she contributed many articles to the Nova Doba, some of which were in the forms of stories. She has been awarded prizes for her literary efforts in the Nova Doba.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Miss Govednik last week, while attending the Supreme Board's semi-annual meeting held in Ely, Minn. To her credit it must be said that as a national champion she certainly takes her laurels lightly; she is modest about relating her accomplishments, does not put on airs, and is content to be reserved, in spite of the fact that wherever she goes crowds gasp and say: "That's Anne Govednik."

A true sportswoman and champion if ever there was one, is the most fitting description of Miss Govednik. As a Slovene she has brought honor to her people. As an American-born Slovene, she prefers to retain her original name and not change it as do so many Slovene youths who gain recognition as athletes in the local circles only.

"TENTH BROTHER"

By Josip Jurčič

Translated from the Slovene Text by Joseph L. Mihalj

(Continuation)

"It may seem strange, but it was this very thought that somewhat consoled me at this moment. I thought to myself that if such a little creature must meet such a doom, as is the death in youth, why should not some other God's creature bear its burden. God is just, He distributed sorrow among all his creation. For this reason I must not object if something, which I should like to avoid, befalls me."

"Oh, please do not speak so queerly! How can it console you, if you also see sorrow elsewhere? I feel pity for the poor creature. The way you talk, you would even feel happy if I were unfortunate."

"No, not happy, but because I like you, I would forget my own sorrow."

"Oh, go on, why should we talk about such things. Thank God, thus far neither of us had anything to complain of. You better dismiss such things out of your head. I say that Marian will, nevertheless, be manly enough not to betray you, and as for other things, they will correct themselves in time. If you love Mr. Kvas, you must think yourself happy. You are worthy of his affection, and he of yours."

Meanwhile the hawk with its prey, which had given new material to the girls for their short conversation, had flown over the meadow and alighted on a tall pine in the middle of the forest.

A short distance from there was standing Lovre in the place which the hunters had allotted to him. Instead of watching intently the paths and the thicket for game, he leaned carelessly on the gun and gazed to the ground. He was alone. His companions had scattered through the woods. That he did not care much for hunting today could be easily understood, because only a short while ago Marian said angrily to him that he should meet him tonight on the outskirts of the woods. What he had to tell him was not entirely unknown to him. He would have gladly avoided this meeting with his rival, and yet he thought that it would not have been manly if he would not keep his word, because he believed that he owed him some explanation—some apology.

It seemed to him that he was standing there too long. He was anxious to talk to Manica before his meeting with Marian, and consequently he was eager to leave his place and go home. But then there was the question of what kind of an excuse he could offer should they ask him why he did not wait for the rest of them. There was nothing else left for him to do but wait.

The clapping of the hawk's wings nearby aroused him from his dreaming. Unconsciously he raised the gun and shot the hawk.

The other hunters heard the shot and soon thereafter Lovre heard their shouts coming toward him.

"Is it dead?" shouted the captain, who was the first to come out of the thicket. From the other sides came running Mr. Benjamin, Dr. Vencelj and Marian.

"I only killed a hawk," replied Lovre, who only now perceived that he did not do the right thing, because he fooled the hunters, who thought that he was shooting at the wild goats.

"Why in the devil did you not leave him alone?" said the landlord. "The dogs would have come on their trail soon enough, and then we would have something to carry home."

"Oh, that is all right," replied Dr. Vencelj, who evidently had tired of waiting nothing. "Your dogs are worth the feed you give them. They are always around the son, but not on the trail."

"Or, probably, that fooled us?" said the captain. "He is too foolish for a dog," replied Dr. Vencelj.

"Well, some people are stupid for hunting, more than for some other things," added Marian, and scornfully at Lovre.

The latter was at the retorting when a gun was somewhere near the summit of the hill.

"This must be Zmuzne," said Dr. Vencelj. "A blind hen is the best find the grain," added the tain.

Not long after that running Zmuzne, all ened, with blood streaming down his cheeks, and dragged the gun behind him.

"Here, take this damn gun. It is the first and the last that I use it," said the master angrily, and then the gun on the ground.

"What happened to you? You are bloody on the cheek," asked Mr. Benjamin.

"The wild goat kicked me," replied Marian laughing. "I wish she had kicked and your tongue!"

Zmuzne and wanted to wait a minute, here, that blood off and tell us and how you were shooting."

"Well, just like I saw you do. But the butt of the gun kicked me so hard that I me more than the animal, though I shot it in the leg."

"Did you see the goat?" "Sure, that is why I was shooting. They were running. I shot one, so they could hardly go ten feet from the place. Oh, if it only not hurt me so!"

"Probably I gave you that was already loaded, and he shot rusted in it, and went and loaded it again. My ever, my guns seldom kick the cheek will get healed, just wash it good, and it will be well. Let us go now. If the animal is wounded, dogs will soon be on its tail, and tonight we will have of them. Are you certain you saw two?"

"Sure, I saw them as I see you now, Mr. Benjamin," replied the schoolmaster, showing his cheeks.

They soon found the trail and a little of fur was shot off. Soon after the dogs found the wounded animal in the thicket. It was the men concluded that other one could also be easily. But the dogs were lazy that day that they continually lost the trail, from the whole hunting ground, decided to return home without game.

Marian did not care to Slemenice. He said that he wished to go through the forest for a while yet. But he left, he turned to Lovre and said in a low tone, "When the sun sets, come to the top of the cliffs."

Lovre nodded. All of left. The sun was already while on their way toward castle, Lovre decided that was not worth going home and soon after coming home the same way.

"Gentlemen, I think too, would rather remain for a while longer. Probably will be lucky, and get the animal also!" said Lovre.

(To Be Continued)

DOPISI

Enumclaw, Wash. Zelo redko se kaj slisi iz te...
White Valley, Pa. Dne 29. julija sem imel neke...
Braddock, Pa. Članom in članicam društva...
Indianapolis, Ind. Kdor bi sodil po dopisih iz...
Indianapolis, Ind. Siten, kakor sem, sem Demšarjevo...
Chicago, Ill. Članstvo društva "Zvon," št. 70 JSKJ...
Chicago, Ill. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...
Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...
Chicago, Ill. Članstvo društva "Zvon," št. 70 JSKJ...
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Chicago, Ill. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...
Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...

lostno novico, da je naše društvo št. 31 JSKJ izgubilo člani...
White Valley, Pa. Dne 29. julija sem imel neke...
Braddock, Pa. Članom in članicam društva...
Indianapolis, Ind. Kdor bi sodil po dopisih iz...
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Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...

pričakujemo tudi več Clevelandčanov. Vsa bo dobrodošel, pa če spada k SSPZ ali ne...
Indianapolis, Ind. Tem potom naznanjam članom...
Braddock, Pa. Članom in članicam društva...
Indianapolis, Ind. Kdor bi sodil po dopisih iz...
Indianapolis, Ind. Siten, kakor sem, sem Demšarjevo...
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Chicago, Ill. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...
Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...

streženo in da ne bo žal nikolmur, ki nas bo posetil na pikniku...
Barberton, O. Dne 20. avgusta priredi tujakajni pevski kvintet "Javornik"...
Joliet, Ill. Društvo sv. Petra in Pavla, št. 66 JSKJ...
Brooklyn, N. Y. V duhu bratstva naznanjam društvu sv. Petra, št. 50 JSKJ...
Conemaugh, Pa. Za danes nimam poročati nikakih prijetnosti...
Indianapolis, Ind. Kdor bi sodil po dopisih iz tega mesta...
Indianapolis, Ind. Siten, kakor sem, sem Demšarjevo...
Chicago, Ill. Članstvo društva "Zvon," št. 70 JSKJ...
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Chicago, Ill. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...
Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...

čih razmer pustil nekako pred enim letom in zdaj je spadal le k SNPJ. Truplo pokojnika so prepeljali na dom med Greeve in 1. cesto v Conemaughu...
Barberton, O. Dne 20. avgusta priredi tujakajni pevski kvintet "Javornik"...
Joliet, Ill. Društvo sv. Petra in Pavla, št. 66 JSKJ...
Brooklyn, N. Y. V duhu bratstva naznanjam društvu sv. Petra, št. 50 JSKJ...
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Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...

ne zglasijo, da-li bodo plačali asesmente ali ne. To ni pravilno...
Chicago, Ill. Članstvo društva "Zvon," št. 70 JSKJ...
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Conemaugh, Pa. Dne 13. avgusta bo imelo Slovensko...

cem in obrtnikom. Ob priliki bomo skušali povrniti. Bratski pozdrav! John Gottlieb, predsednik.
Chicago, Ill. Članstvo društva "Zvon," št. 70 JSKJ...
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