





# NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Anthony L. Garbas.



## Current Thought.

### WHAT LODGES DO FOR THE COMMUNITY

Mere arrangement of houses or chance aggregates of contiguous individuals do not of themselves comprise a community. By community we should not merely understand it to be a place where a group of people are "living," it should be interpreted in the sense that they are "living together." Our lodges make "living together" possible. Our lodges cause interaction and intercommunication which is so essential toward the social betterment of individuals and groups.

We therefore can have either a community in which individuals are distributed in space, representing the existence of people or else have a community with harmonious relationships, each individual practicing a pride of ownership. Instead of referring to "the lodge," or "the National Home," it is "our lodge" and "our National Home."

Our lodges to a large extent adjust the success of our community, working cooperatively they accomplish great tasks with apparent ease. A visitor to a community can readily tell whether individuals and lodges are discharging their energies and interests along natural channels or whether there is distraction because of factional fights and a general lack of cooperation.

Let's impress people that we are not merely "living" in our community, but let's show them that we are "living together," that we are a solid group. If we "live together" in our lodges, our communities will benefit by it and will show prominent signs of human efforts bent toward success.

### SLOVENE EXHIBIT

The Slovenian Exhibit for the All-Nations Exposition at the Cleveland Public Hall, March 18th to 23rd is progressing very nicely. The committee in charge, headed by Mrs. Mally, reports that a number of articles are being brought together this week. They are stored at Dr. Mally's office, 6411 St. Clair Ave., until the 17th, when they will be taken to the Public Hall and exhibited.

A Slovenian table is still needed and if anyone knows of one, please call Mrs. Mally at Kenmore 3067-J. Any other article, no matter how small, will be gladly accepted for the exhibit.

All you have to do is bring the above number or bring your article directly to the office of Dr. Mally. All articles will be carefully guarded, before and during the exhibit, and they will also be insured. Furniture, costumes, lace, and wood carvings make up the largest part of the exhibit. A Slovenian peasant cottage of two rooms is being painted as a background for the articles that are to be on display.

A reasonable admission price of fifty-cents is to be charged in this show, which is the first of its kind in Ohio. A souvenir booklet is being printed for all those who attend this exhibit.

Don't forget!—anything Slovenian, no matter how small, will be gladly accepted. Sixty men and women members of our Sokols will give an exhibition of gymnastics. Other nations are contributing dances and singing to the program each night.

The thirty groups representing will display thousands of articles, many of them priceless. This will be a show worth seeing.

### SUPREME PRESIDENT TO VISIT CLEVELAND

Brother Anton Zbasnik, Supreme President of J. S. K. J., is expected to make a trip to Cleveland, O., this Sunday, March 17th. Brother Zbasnik is a conscientious worker of an organization, always maintaining that which embraces harmony and progress of lodges. We understand that he is to spend part of his time with the members of "Jazbica Krstnika" lodge No. 37 at their regular monthly meeting, Sunday morning.

## EXCHANGES

Claridge, Pa.

On March 17th the Slovenians of Claridge, Pa., will have the opportunity to hear Anton Subelj sing. He will hold his concert in the Slovenian National Home. It is scheduled to begin promptly at three o'clock.

That you may know more of this young man from the old country, I might say that he studied voice culture in Austria and Germany and has been awarded the title of "Royal Baritone." He sings most of his songs in the Slovenian tongue, but is also able to sing songs that are dear to the average American-born folk.

The writer had the privilege of hearing this marvelous singer, while at the convention that was held at Ely, Minn., during the latter part of July of last year. I stayed a day longer just to hear Subelj. I had heard many people talk about him, and I was determined not to pass up a golden opportunity, for such it proved to be. While it was rather hard for me to understand every word that Mr. Subelj sang, I can certainly say that I enjoyed every note that he uttered. Do not misunderstand me about the clearness of his voice; it is my ignorance of the language that is dear to my parents and grandparents that was the cause of my not understanding every word. Nothing that I can say can bring out the qualities of this man as a singer. The only way to really appreciate what I am trying to "put across" is to hear him when he is in our community.

Folks, you will never forget him. He will leave a lasting impression with you. Many times during your lives you will look back and probably say that you heard the greatest singer that ever toured the country, and further than that he was the son of Slovenian parents. Better start making plans for this concert immediately. to play. I wonder if the girls would be very greatly impressed, by other than teeth marks, if we showed our affections for them by a little bite. I've often heard it said that the dog's bark is more dangerous than his bite. I found from personal experience, however, that the bite seems to hurt more than the bark. I learned, too, that the size of a dog does not always determine the magnitude of the bite. Some of those two-pound Pomeranians attacked me at my most vulnerable spot—my ankles. It's just as hard to keep one of these dogs from your ankles as it is to scratch your own itching back. They were so persistent in attempting to convince me of their ability to protect the housewife that on several occasions I was on the verge of accidentally dropping the ice and transferring an existing pest to the happy hunting grounds. My better judgment, however told me that if I cared to retain my position and through it develop a fit physique and glory on the grid-iron, I had better control my impulsiveness.

### ICE HAS MADE ME COLD-HEARTED

The position of iceman I must confess has made me cruel, merciless, and cold-hearted, in fact I can now step on a worm without the least quiver, and without uttering a sound of remorse. I've cultivated this unanimated treatment of animals as a result of being abused by the mutt dogs of customers to whom I was obliged to serve ice.

I always thought that women were hard to understand, but I discovered that hounds are more so. No woman as yet has bitten me or snarled at me, but I can't say that about the cheese and meat hounds that I was forced to pass in backyards. If I had the choice of being morsel for either dog or a woman, I would much prefer being partially eaten by a representative of the weaker sex even though I wouldn't be bit where it is a practice of dogs to bite.

Whenever some blood-thirsty canine decided to make me a victim of his palatine desires, it happened that the essential part of my blue trousers were torn from me along with a chunk of meat and perhaps fat. Dogs should be educated to be reasonable, to help themselves of parts of the anatomy which would not embarrass a self-respecting iceman. For this reason I managed to carry a good supply of safety pins, a boon both to bashful icemen and crying babes. Those infidel dogs, Friday or no Friday I always mistrusted them on my entrance and retreat from a yard.

I was in constant fear of contracting hydrophobia as a result of some of those snaps that the mistress of a house told me were signs that the pup wanted

By the way, we invite our sister lodges of White Valley, Export, Hermetie, Universal, Loyahanna, Greensburg, and any other lodge that would like to partake in this concert, to be with us.

Anton Yerina Jr.,  
Lodge No. 40, Claridge, Pa.

Cleveland, O.

NOTICE. — Every member of Betsy Ross Lodge No. 186 S. S. C. U. is requested to attend our next regular meeting, which will be held Wednesday, March 20th at 7:30 P. M. in Slovenian Workingman's Home on Waterloo Rd. Business of the meeting will be organizing a baseball team. Now is the time to get busy, and do something for our pastime for the coming summer. Also other important business is to be transacted. So all members are requested to attend the meeting. George Kovitch, President.

### TEAR DROPS

Tear drops the angels gave us to cool our hearts,

Burning and heavy with sorrow Bathed in tears our hearts beat anew.

Happy and free on the morrow.

Bathed in tears the windows of our soul

Shine brightly—sparkling anew. So smile, little friend, when the tear drops come

Remember an angel sent them down to you.

—Christine Troya.

### SLOVENE ARTIST TO HOLD EXHIBIT IN MILWAUKEE

Harvey Gregory Perusek, well known Slovene artist has been invited by the authorities of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to display his pictures at the Art Institute of that city for the entire month of May. Mr. Perusek expects to place thirty of his paintings on exhibit, which we are positive will be appreciated by not only the Slovenes. Mr. Perusek intends to remain in Milwaukee for several days so as to interpret some of his works, if necessary.

Mr. Perusek is a loyal Slovene worker, constantly endeavoring to convince people that the Slovenes as well as other nationalities have artistic inclinations. We hope that he receives whole-hearted support from the citizens of Milwaukee, for we know that he deserves it.

### Bare Facts.

Twins in Africa. Among some of the tribes in Africa if two babies come to a family at the same time they think it a dreadful thing. Nobody except the family can go into the hut where they were born, nor even use any of the things in it. The twins cannot play with other children, and the mother cannot talk to anyone outside of the family. This is kept up for six years. If the babies live to be six years old, the restrictions are removed, and they are treated like other children.

A river of ink. In Algeria there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink.

Whitening sugar. The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house, leaving her trace on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

Ordeal of chewing rice. It is a common practice, in many parts of India, to oblige persons suspected of crimes to chew dry rice in the presence of the officers of the law. Curious as it may appear, such is the intense influence of fear on the salivary glands, that, if they are actually guilty, there is no secretion of saliva in the mouth, and chewing is impossible. Such culprits generally confess without any further efforts. On the contrary, a consciousness of innocence allows of a proper flow of fluid for the softening of the rice.

Guillotine. An instrument for immediate and painless death, named after its supposed inventor, a physician named Joseph Ignatius Guillotine. In 1866 M. Dubois, of Amiens, France stated that the idea only was due to Guillotin, who at a meeting of the legislative assembly in 1789 expressed an opinion that capital punishment should be the same for all classes. Accordingly at the request of the assembly, M. Louis secretary of the "Academie de Chirurgie," submitted to that body, on March 1792 his invention of a mode of capital punishment, "sure, quick and uniform." The first person executed by it was a highway robber named Pelletier on April 25th; and Dandremont was its first political victim, on August 21st following. Guillotin died in 1814. The guillotine at Paris was burned by the communists, April 7th, 1871. A similar instrument called the Mania is said to have been used in Italy.

How do cats purr? Scientists are not agreed as to just how the purring sound is made by cats. In cats it seems, there are two kinds of vocal cords—true and false. The true vocal cords are used by the cat in meowing and making other common sounds while the false vocals are used in purring, according to Alvin Davison, author of (Mammalian Anatomy, With Special Reference to the Cat). Purring seems to be produced in the larynx when the vocal cords are considerably relaxed and the contraction of the chest walls and diaphragm is slight and slow. This peculiar sound of the cat may be likened to the grunting of hogs, particularly the grunting of the sow when nursing her litter. Grunting in hogs and purring in cats both indicate a condition of comfort and contentment. Cats cease to purr when they become sick, frightened or otherwise uncomfortable.

### Clever boy

BOSS: "Are you saving half the money you earn?"

OFFICE BOY: "Naw, I don't get that much."

### The word "and"

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times in the total of 773,746 words used in the Bible.

## GEORGE KOZJAK

Slovenian Janissary,  
Fifteenth Century Story Of The Slovenian Home-Life.

By JOSEPH JURCIC

English Version By John Movern

(Continued)

"The Abbot and monks wise men they are sure;  
"But no one can a broken heart cure."

—F. PreSeren.

### CHAPTER X.

In the year 1475 A. D., Peter Kozjak became somewhat disgusted with his freedom, because he was not happy. He had been planning to get married, but he made a failure. The girl whom he had chosen to be his bride refused to marry him. As Peter did not have the courage to ask any other girl to marry him, he remained single at the Castle Kozjak.

Soon after Peter had assumed the rule, the old faithful servants left their employment at the Castle. The old servant Ozbe, who had been in service at the castle for sixty years, left the Castle in his old age and went to live the life of a peasant. He did not live long, however, as he soon thereafter followed the path of the old house-maid Mary, who died at the Castle soon after Father Bernard had passed away.

Marcus soon became gray-haired. He who at one time was able-bodied and powerful was now a stooped and wrinkled man. The sole reason for his premature old age was his worry and the deep mortification he felt because of his lost son. In vain did the monks hope that Marcus might overcome his grief; in vain did they console him, saying that his wound of sorrow would be healed when he should have somewhat forgotten his loss. In spite of all such consolations, Marcus' grief seemed to be unconsolable, and he went to live alone by himself in his deep sorrow and mental agony.

The famous Zaticna's Monastery stood in a beautiful corner in the valley, surrounded by two groups of beautiful hillocks. As early as 1135 A. D., Patriarch Peregrin of Oglje bought here a small tract of land, built a cloister upon it, and then brought brethren Cistercians from Rome, whom he placed in charge of this monastery. The founder of this cloister, however, not only provided these brethren with a place in which to live, but he also bought a quite large tract of land in the immediate neighborhood, so that these monks might be able to make their living out of this estate. At first these monks had only three villages under their rule, the inhabitants of which were obliged to perform a feudal service for them and to contribute to them so-called "tents." But this original estate was soon enlarged by donations of the neighboring and foreign aristocrats, who gave lands and contributed various kinds of gifts to the newly founded institution, and thus they enriched the estate. Among the men who donated lands to the institution and whose names appear on the record as its benefactors, we find the names of the most prominent men of those days, such as the popes, emperors, kings, dukes, earls, and many other famous men of that age. So that at one time the Zaticna's Cloister was one of the wealthiest monasteries in the Slovene provinces.

The cloister was surrounded by towering steeples and high walls, which served as its fortification. The strong walls and a sword were the only means of protection that the people had in those days against their enemies. In those days it was not only the Turks who were hostile neighbors, but there were also many native-born rebels in the province. It being the duty of a landlord to protect and defend his subjects, the monks in the cloister were also obliged to maintain an army of servants always ready for defense of themselves and their subjects against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

One morning Abbot Ulrik sat in his private room and read a large book ornamented with gold on its edges. He was a quiet old man, but still very prominent among the people throughout the neighborhood and highly esteemed and respected by the rich as well as the poor. There in the doorway directly in front of him stood a tall and broadshouldered man. It could easily be recognized that he was a soldier.

"What do you know, Til?" asked the Abbot, closing his book. "Have you captured those men who have murdered our clerk?"

"We have not, Reverend Abbot," replied Til. "We found them in the valley surrounded them, and gave them a battle in which three of our men were badly wounded; but we could not capture them, as they were well armed with iron-tipped clubs and some of them were even equipped with swords, and therefore they made good their escape."

"How much longer shall foreign enemies and domestic robbers bother our people!" exclaimed the Abbot. "Now they will be still more daring, so that soon one would no longer dare to step out of his house. Have you already heard that we are liable to be attacked by the Turks before the end of this summer? If so, May God help us, for then we shall again have a catastrophe."

Now the Abbot made a sign to Til to go away, but the latter would not obey. Slowly he was moving toward the Abbot as if he would have liked to say something more.

"What else do you wish?" finally asked the Abbot.

"Reverend Father Abbot," said Til, "may I tell you that last night we met a strange man and because he started to run away from us, we captured him and placed him under arrest on suspicion. How servant Andrew, who used to serve at the Castle Kozjak, contends that he has seen that man before. He holds that it is the very same man who is said to have kidnapped the son of that Lord!"

(To be continued)





