

NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Louis M. Kolar.

Current Thought.

PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

Executive Committee of S. S. C. U. Lodges Could Hold a Semi-Annual Meeting

Next week the semi-annual meeting of the Supreme Executive Committee of S. S. C. U. will take place at Ely, Minn. Aside from the regular work to be accomplished, the Supreme Board will also review the accomplishments of our organization for the first six months of the year 1930. What progress has been made, what interest has been displayed—in fact all matters pertaining to the welfare of our organization will be discussed at this important meeting.

This should serve as an example to the rest of the members of our S. S. C. U., and especially the lodge officers.

What has your lodge done in the past six months to induce outsiders to join your group? What methods employed in the meetings with the greatest favor among the members? What activities sponsored proved to be of the greatest benefit, both social and financial?

These and a number of other questions should be pondered over by the executive committee of each and every lodge. It is through the experience of past performances that a lodge can profit the most in planning for the future. Perhaps it would be a splendid idea if the executive committee of EACH AND EVERY LODGE of our Union held a semi-annual meeting to discuss ways and means to improve the general status of that particular lodge.

Your Lodge Been Active During the First Six Months of the Year 1930?

In this way work could be outlined for the next six months scientifically, so to speak. There would be some basis for an estimate of the capabilities of the individual lodges, using constant activities and also constant interest among members. One particular group would not complain of lack of action, while another group would complain of too many activities. A balance could be effected judging by the interest displayed by the members.

This editorial does now wish to emphasize the fact that general proceedings of a lodge should be colorless and follow the plans of the executive committee. Not by means, as this would have a strong tendency to lessen the interest displayed by the members. But ideas already given intelligent thought beforehand have that much more chance to produce results once they are offered to the members.

Any person that is at all familiar with lodge meetings knows the fact that the members must be interested in a idea before they will express their opinion. Hence, when something new is about to be unfolded, the pros and cons can be given, which will cause a special interest in the idea. This is the reason why one group of members can accomplish much more at their meetings than can other groups.

In other words, plans have been made with an eye to the pros and cons have been discussed by the members of the executive committee and are ready for the approval of the members. Along with this is the possibility of the members to suggestions of their own toward improving this particular club, and perhaps offer an idea for the consideration of the executive committee and the members in general.

Science is classified knowledge and not a mere jumble of facts. To do things scientifically implies the accomplishing of some sort of order. To carry out ideas scientifically in your meetings implies that these ideas have a definite order and improving and further promoting fraternalism among members of the S. S. C. U.

COME TO THE PICNIC

Members of the Happy-Go-Lucky Lodge, No. 195, S. S. C. U., of Barberton, O., should make a special effort to be at the picnic to be held July 13 at Hopocan Garage, Frank Sezan is going to finish the music on the accor-

of real estate have leaped so much that it is beyond the financial scope of the ordinary person to afford plenty of back yard space.

Under these circumstances, life is more of a grind than it used to be; and for that reason Society Zvon, No. 70, J. S. K. J., of Chicago, Ill., held its annual picnic on July 4. The members of this lodge realized that sooner or later the warm weather gets on our nerves, making us victims of the heat. By holding a picnic they reasoned that the members and their friends would be offered an opportunity to indulge in some exercises and plenty of relaxation in the open spaces.

This picnic was not held for the purpose of making money, as the admission was free; rather, it was held with the idea of carrying out the athletic program of the J. S. K. J. Sport Club. It is sincerely hoped that the younger members will show a greater interest in the S. S. C. U. athletic activities conducted in Chicago, Ill.

Picnics Have Advantages

One of the regrettable things in a big city is that the people are cooped up to a great extent, without any immediate recreation. There was a time, not long ago, when every home had a back yard. Then the home-owners wanted ample ground, enough for a garden and a playground for the children. The values

Wm. B. Laurich,
Pres. J. S. K. J. Sport Club.

Joliet (Ill.) News

All members of SS. Peter and Paul Lodge, No. 66, should make it a special effort to be present at the meeting to be held on July 20, as final plans and arrangements will be discussed for the forthcoming picnic to be held on July 27 at Rivals Park, Joliet. As in the last few meetings, it is hoped that a number of new candidates will be initiated into our lodge.

Here is some advance information concerning the picnic. We are planning on the biggest and greatest picnic in the history of our lodge, which has always done exceptionally well on such events. Five star bowlers from our lodge will be picked to compete with the five star bowlers of S. S. C. U. Chicago lodges, the event taking place at the four A. B. C. bowling alleys.

A baseball game will be featured between the N. E. A. C.'s and Wayside A. C. teams, Joliet's two most popular ball teams, who can boast of having Slovenian players. Then come the running races for men, women and children, the selection and introduction of the largest family on the grounds. Yes, and music goes with this, too, as Bro. Zlogar is all set with his band, among whom are members of the Joliet Township High School national championship band of three consecutive years. This ought to assure the dancers and music lovers with real entertainment, as both Slovenian and American melodies will be played.

"Tug-o'-war" battle will also be on. Prizes will be awarded for all events; the most valuable prize will be a complete clothing outfit, consisting of clothes for the lucky man, woman or child. Mind you, a complete outfit from head to foot to be selected from Bro. Tirincich's clothing store regardless of prices. This should serve as a tip to all to be sure and come to the picnic.

On June 29 we attended the 40-year anniversary of St. Joseph's Society, K. S. K. J., the festivities lasting from 9:30 a. m. to 12 p. m. SS. Peter and Paul Lodge congratulates the society upon the special distinction of being one of the very few lodges in the United States to reach two score years of existence.

John L. Jevitz Jr.,
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

Editor Goes Vacationing

Camp life attracts a number of people, and even editors. The latest to succumb to the great outdoor life is Frank T. Shadolini, editor of the Cleveland Journal, a weekly for American Slovenes, published in Cleveland, O.

Frank is to spend two weeks in Camp Perry going through the exercises prescribed by the Ohio National Guard Cavalry No. 107. One advantage in his favor is the fact that he has been diligently attending the weekly sessions of the cavalry for a number of years. Every year this unit indulges in two weeks of steady practice.

During his absence Mr. Anthony L. Garbas will act in the capacity of editor-in-chief of the Cleveland Journal. Mr. Garbas was formerly editor of the New Era Supplement and the Cleveland Journal. He is attending the University of Louisville, Ky., pursuing the study of oral surgery and is now on his vacation from school.

BRIEFS

JOHN KOREN, manager of the Collinwood Boosters Lodge (No. 188, S. S. C. U.) indoor baseball team of Cleveland, O., has left for Rockdale, Ill., with his wife to visit some of their relatives. They are making the trip via their auto.

FRANK SEDMINEK of Yukon, Pa., and member of Lodge No. 183, S. S. C. U., dropped into the New Era office Saturday, July 5, during his stay in Cleveland, and participating in the gala affair sponsored by the S. S. P. Z. lodges of Cleveland, O., for the benefit of the out-of-town visiting lodges. Frank Klemenc of Yukon, Pa., was also in Cleveland, it being his home town until recently. He is to be transferred from the George Washington Lodge of Cleveland to the United Slovanes Lodge.

ENROLL candidates to become members of your lodge by inviting them to your meetings and explain to them the many advantages our S. S. C. U. offers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON LODGE (No. 180, S. S. C. U.) indoor baseball team of Cleveland, O., is out to make it five consecutive victories in the game scheduled with the Spartans Friday, July 11, at E. 110th St. grounds (north of St. Clair Ave.).

SOKOLS will give their annual exhibition on July 13 on the Jugoslav National Home site of Euclid, O. The Czech Sokols will also participate in the exhibition.

LACK OF PURE AIR caused the death of George Stathakis, who plunged over the Niagara Falls in a steel barrel in an attempt to attract nation-wide publicity. Stathakis had hoped to market some of his writings had his plunge proved successful.

Organize Baseball Team

Canonsburg, Pa.—Jefferson Collegians Lodge, No. 205, S. S. C. U., has organized a baseball team. A number of games have been played to date.

We want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Anton Zbasnik, supreme president of our Union, for the whole-hearted co-operation he has given our lodge in rendering financial aid for the sports club. Gratitude also is extended to the Executive Board for assisting our lodge.

But coming back to the baseball team, the boys have secured new uniforms purchased lately and are very much elated over them. In fact, it makes them appear like big leaguers.

Louis A. Polaski,
No. 205, S. S. C. U.

Vehicles in Great Britain

In Great Britain the practice is for vehicles meeting each other to keep to the left instead of the right, as in this country. Practice in Great Britain is divided in reference to persons on foot. In some places the signs advise people to keep to the right and in others to the left. It is hard to account for the fact that the American colonies did not follow the English rule of the road. The Americans adopted the rule which is observed in the majority of countries.

Colorado Sunshine Lodge

Denver, Colo.—Probably many members of the S. S. C. U. have forgotten about the Colorado Sunshine Lodge, since nothing has been said or written for a long time. We have been progressing rapidly, both in getting new members and in our activities.

Not so long ago we held a picnic at Smole's farm, which happened to be a big success because of the wonderful cooperation received from the members of our lodge.

Every member did his share and some of their duties were serving, cooking and selling. The bartenders were certainly a great help, and it seemed that Louis Pozelnik was both a good bartender as well as a good entertainer at this picnic. The other bartenders were Mary Modic, Margaret Erjavec and Adolph Anzichek Jr.

Mary Modic proved a good seller at the pop stand and always sprang up a good joke or two to keep both the young and old full of laughter and smiles.

Miss Margaret Erjavec also had a smile for everybody, probably that was the reason why the ice cream was going so rapidly.

The Colorado Sunshine baritone also proved worthy of being called a good entertainer because of his melodious singing. He claimed he did everything but drink (that is what he says).

A good ticket seller is what Louis Grande proved to be besides a good dancer. Being known by all, he was able to get rid of his tickets like hot cakes. Helen Skull, a jolly member of the lodge, certainly did her share by entertaining us with her good singing.

Our treasurer, Louis Maring, was the chauffeur for the day. He drove all the people to and from the farm and took special care to get everyone home safe and sound.

Our happy quartet, John Schutte Jr., Albin Petelin, Joseph Panikver and Rudy Smole, certainly were a scream. They took a liking to the punch bowl and then the fun began. Thinking themselves smart, they began to wade in the ditch and it wasn't long before they were all wet.

We wish to extend our thanks to Adolph Anzichek, who roasted the lamb; Mrs. Carolina Modic, Mrs. Mary Maring, Mr. and Mrs. Smole and Mrs. Anzichek, who did work in the kitchen and bar room.

We appreciated the presence of the people from Longmont, Lafayette, Fredrick and Denver, Colo., at our picnic because they helped in making this picnic a great success.

The writer of this article wishes to state that this picnic was one of the most successful affairs of all held by this lodge, because of the wonderful response received by all the members. He extends his thanks to one and all that contributed their help and hopes that everyone enjoyed himself at the picnic.

Frank J. Smole,
Secy., No. 201, S. S. C. U.

Join the S. S. C. U. lodges.

Pieces of Eight

A piece of eight is the old Spanish dollar. It is so called because it is equal in value to eight reals. The real is a Spanish silver coin. The piece of eight bears the figure 8.

SPORTING BITS

JOLIET LODGE ATTENDS ZVON PICNIC

Illini Stars Take Short Count in Soft Ball Game, 7 to 5; Chicago to Attend Picnic at Joliet July 27

Members of SS. Peter and Paul Lodge, No. 66, S. S. C. U., of Joliet, Ill., migrated to Kegel's Grove in Willow Springs, Ill., to participate in the picnic given by Zvon Lodge, No. 70, S. S. C. U., on July 4. And did they enjoy themselves? Indeed they did, having one grand time at the picnic. So reports John L. Jevitz Jr., manager of the SS. Peter and Paul baseball team and Joliet (Ill.) reporter for the New Era Supplement.

The grove is an ideal spot to hold a picnic, as it is situated in an outlying suburb of Chicago, with plenty of trees to shade the people from the hot sun beating down, as it did on July 4. A number of good roads lead to Willow Springs, making it easy to gain access to the grove.

A number of women folks from Joliet accompanied the men to Chicago, and they took special interest watching the "big city" boys and girls strut their stuff on the dance floor. And, by the way, S. S. C. U. lodges of Chicago are planning to visit Joliet on July 27, the day that SS. Peter and Paul Lodge will hold its annual picnic.

In the soft ball game played between the Illini Stars Lodge, (No. 211, S. S. C. U.) baseball team and Lodge No. 66, the Illini Stars lost by a score of 7 to 5. William B. Laurich, member of the Supreme Board of Trustees of S. S. C. U. and president of the J. S. K. J. Sport Club of Chicago, officiated at the game and made a splendid job of it. After the game Urban Stroh was introduced as the star horseshoe pitcher for Lodge Zvon. He is going to demonstrate his wares at No. 66's picnic on July 27. Joliet promises plenty of competition.

Joseph F. Sustarich Jr., secretary of the Illini Stars Lodge, was the official scorekeeper for the game. The score will appear in the following issue.

G. W.'s Defeat Pioneers

By Frank Jaklich (Lefty)

Diminutive Joe Jarc twirled the George Washington (No. 180, S. S. C. U.) cherry tree chopper indoor team to the fourth straight victory by defeating the Pioneers (C. F. U.) to the tune of 6 to 3, in the Inter-Lodge League contest held Monday, June 30, at E. 110th St. grounds, Cleveland, O.

Joe Jarc was nicked for three hits, two less than his opponent. The G. W.'s went without a score until the fifth inning, when they scored two runs, and coming back in the eighth with another run to even the count, 3 to 3. In the ninth inning Jimmie Marinic singled and advanced to second, with Lefty Merhar at bat, who singled to deep center, scoring Marinic. Jimmie made a fancy slide to the home plate, coming in head first.

On this play Merhar went to third base. Adolph Brezovar then came to the plate and swung on the first ball pitched for a home run, scoring Merhar.

Due credit must be given to both teams for clean sportsmanship, although both teams did a lot of beefing. It was nobody's game until the ninth frame was over, which gave the G. W.'s the fourth straight win.

This game was the toughest of the five engaged in by the G. W.'s, out of which the Jarcmen took four. And by the way the continual smile carried by Joe Jarc, pitcher and manager of the team, is a big factor in keeping the team on its toes. How much will you take for that smile, Joe?

Keep the ball rolling, brothers, as you will make the grade in high.

THE FOLLOWER

Among the rooters of the George Washingtons we have one "follower" who is really doing more rooting than anyone outside the team. Although he is not a member, yet if things turn to the sunny side of life we may yet enjoy his presence as a member of the S. S. C. U.

Whoever wants to know the "follower" must be present at the next game, July 11, 1930, when the George Washingtons tackle the Spartans at E. 110th St. field. YOU CAN'T MISS THE "FOLLOWER."

As a rooter, he demonstrates that he is a great baseball fan.

Win Two, Lose One

Little Leaves for Louisville

Waukegan, Ill.—Comrades Lodge baseball team defeated the strong Norshore A. C. (colored) baseball nine in a pair of tilts over the week-end, by the scores of 7 to 2 and 8 to 5. The games were played on Wire Mill grounds and were witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd.

In the nightcap, the locals were easily defeated, in other words swamped, by the strong Dunneback's combine of Kenosha, Wis., by a lopsided score of 17 to 4, this being the worst defeat of the season. However, the Comrades previously trimmed the Des Plaines and the Great Lakes outfits by the scores of 18 to 2 and 20 to 3, respectively.

Bro. Joe Little, Comrades' mainstay and considered as a star hurler, left this city for Louisville, Ky. Bro. Little assured his teammates that he will return next fall. By the way, Bro. Little is the captain of our champion basketball team, and no doubt the Comrades' baseball team will feel his loss.

The game with the Dunnebacks somewhat proved it; had Bro. Little been on the mound the score would have been different, probably reversed. Oh, well, smile and the whole world will smile with you; cry and the whole world will laugh at you. Ain't it a fact?

John Petrovic,
No. 193, S. S. C. U.

and so far to date has turned out to every game played by the George Washingtons.

His favorite man is "home-run Bircby Kromar," and can Bircby sock a four-bagger when the "Follower" is around! The Jarcmen all know when this man is around, for they play ball with the same amount of pep that is displayed by the rooting of the "FOLLOWER."

Whoever wants to know the "follower" must be present at the next game, July 11, 1930, when the George Washingtons tackle the Spartans at E. 110th St. field. YOU CAN'T MISS THE "FOLLOWER."</

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

ZGODBA Z DIVJIM PETELINOM

Angel Karaličev:
MEDVEDEK

Logarjev sinko Tinko se vsako pozdi veseli, da pride graščak iz mesta na letovanje. Gospod graščak, star naglušni baron Pleš živi namreč pozimi v Ljubljani, da se nagneda v gledališču zanimivih predstav in se na užije izvrstnih klobas, ki jih ima že od mladih nog tako srčno rad. Na pomlad, posebno v maju, pa se odpravi na svoj grad Zapuščeno, kjer mu Tinkov oče Logar oskrbuje kako obširne gozdove. Divjega petelinu hoče vsako leto v maju ustreliti baron Pleš. In kadar ga ustrelji, je neznansko dobre volje, plača očetu Logarju dva litra vina in ga povhalji, Tinku pa pokloni novega "kovača" to je—kakor veste—premoženje celih detinjarskih.

Zadnji prejme oče Logar zopet pismo iz Ljubljane. Baron Pleš pride nad divjego petelinom.

"Kako ga bo neki podrl, le to bi rad vedel, kako bo baron potkal divjego petelina, ko je že ves naglušen in slabo vidi. Hentjal no, kako bo to letos z divjim petelinom!"

Take skribi so očetu Logarju rojile po glavi. Če ne bo petelina, ne bo dveli litrov. In tudi povhalje ne bo. Pač pa zamerja. Saj zna baron Pleš biti siten. Ostarel je pač!

Dolgo je premisljeval oče Logar in se nasprostil domišlj: "Da tako bomo naredili?" Zadovoljen je zgodaj zvezcer legal spati. Preden pa je posvetil jutro, je bil oče Logar že v planini. Ustrelji je divjega petelina in ga prisnel domov.

"Tinko, k meni pojdi v sobo!" je oče pozval sinka in mu razložil, ko sta bila čisto sama: "Jutri zjutraj bom gospoda barona spremljal v planino in ti pojdete posledi." Ne znam, že pol ure prej boš odšel k tisti starim smrekam na jasi. Petelina, ki sem ga danes ustrelil, boš nesel s seboj. Splezaj z njim na smreko in se dobro skrij v veju. Ko se bova z baronom približala in mu boma šepnil, naj strelja, počakaj na pok, nato pa vrsi mrtvega petelina z drevesa. Gospod baron bo silno vesel... saj ves, deset dinarjev... Bati pa se ni treba prav nič, gospod baron bo streli brez siber in kroglice."

Drugo jutro ob zori je Tinko sam z nahrbtnikom ubral pot v planino. Saj do smreke na jasi ni bilo več ko pol ure boda, a za deset dinarjev bi Tinko vsako jutro tudi v solo šel že ob zori.

Splezal je na drevo in čakal skrit med smrekami vejevjem. Prelepo majsko jutro se je budilo vseeno krog, veselo so se oglaševali krilatec in rdeča zarja je obivala gorske vrhove. Te graščak spremljal ga je oče Logar.

"Prisluhnite, gospod baron," je čul Tinko očeta prav glasno šepetati v uho naglušnemu graščaku. "Tame na smrek kleplje divjih petelin."

In tako se konča tudi zgodba.
("Mlado Jutro.")



ICED COCOA

Take one level tablespoon of cocoa. Two level tablespoons of sugar. One-half cup water.

Boil together for three minutes.

Fix three glassfuls of milk, each with a little crushed ice.

Pour one-third of the cocoa into each glass and serve at once.

This is very cold and nourishing and is fine to drink after a swim or a tramp on a hot day.

The coco mixture may be prepared in a quantity four or six or ten times the recipe and then will be ready to use at any time.

MY GARDEN

My garden is a fairy land and flowers sweet do lay With nodding fairy blossoms along each bordered way.

Across two paths wee Roses climb above a painted bower, And there the busy bees do buzz enjoying each pink flower.

The Iris lifts its purple head majestic, straight and tall.

It seems to guard the smaller plants that grow beside the wall.

The Lilies of the Valley there shake their fairy bells,

The perky little Four o'Clock the passing hour tells.

The yellow tinted Pansy lifts its smiling face

And seems to cast a spell of cheer about the garden space.

When all the world of nature lifts its voice in tuneful chime?

(—)

D. Vargazon:

CEBELICA

Od cveta do cveta cebelica leta, na čašice sede, skoz vrata pogleda in s krili sumi:

"Vonjava kraljica, poljan krasotica, imaa li strdi?"

Kraljica jo kliče,

čebelico miče —

sputsi se v dvorano rumeno postlano:

po lestvici pleza,

v omarice sez,

na hrbot spet pada

čebelica mlada,

se srečna smeji —

predaleča odpira,

strdi si nabira

in s krili sumi.

Vsa s praškom obdana

leti razigrana

v ulnjak —

svoj domek sladak.

D. Vargazon:

Z DVORIŠČA

PURAN

"Gospod puran, vam pot ni znani!" norčavka kužek laja: a on s kočijo brez koles navzduž po dvoru in počez očabno se spreha.

"Le proč, le proč!" na račke vpije, "ne veste li, kol pot je moj?" pa prah stezico mu zakrije — puran pripelje se na — gnoj.

MUCEK

Mucek rjavček, godrjavček rad na solnicu bi se vzpel: tih se plazi, skrbno paži kje kak žarek bo ujel.

Zarki bežni so nadležni; mucek skoči—spet na tleh hrbot boči, sože toči, njivjaka gleda preko streh.

PETELINČEK Copka prah otrese, z njo piščanci razigranci hlevu kotale se.

Zad zvedavi petelinček, njen edinček cikva v travi.

Strah ga je noči: temne, črne— plah čez dvor beži, v hlevec se preverne.

Jance:

S ČOLNOM NA POT

Teče voda bistra, teče, peni se čez prod, solnce pal, solnce peče — zdaj pa kar na pot!

Skladno tanke deske zbijem, to bo čolinje moj; s smolo špranje vse zalijem, da ne utonem—joj!

TO MARKET TO MARKET

"Once upon a time there lived a poor woodcutter by the edge of a great forest," said Dad, as he shivered his ax and saw. Potem je prveval opanek, zadel bisago na ramo in šel na pot. Hotel je na trgu, da pruda jabolka. Tedaj pa je stopil na trgu, da medvedek spet pričpal za njim.

"It is sure," replied Dad, "but this is not a fairy story. If I don't go and get some wood, we'll be out of luck tonight."

It was Saturday and Anne's family was spending the week-end camping. There was a cozy tent and four cots in a row inside, and there was the cook stove outside, which Dad had built with handy stones. Mother had gone out in the flivver to buy food at the little village four miles away. Brother Bob was helping Dad get in wood, so Anne felt rather useless.

The day was cool and bright. Night would be cold. Now the pale gold sunshine of autumn made the forest look very inviting, touching the bright leaves overhead, and mottling the brown tree trunks till they looked something like big snakes, and dancing over the carpet of fallen, rustling leaves underfoot. As Anne stood looking, she saw a brown squirrel scurry over the ground carrying something in his mouth.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I see what you're doing. It's your marketing. Well, I think I'll get a basket and do some too."

She searched about and found a basket hanging on a tree near the

Bang! Bang! Saw! Saw! Went

Dad's ax and saw and at last he and

Bob decided they had enough wood

for their needs. They stacked it

neatly, and Dad looked up squinting

at the Sun slanting through the trees, and said:

"Wonder what's keeping Mother."

Just then, they heard footsteps and

Mother appeared. She looked very

tired and her clothes were dusty and

dirty."

"Don't be alarmed," she said. "I

wasn't hurt."

"What happened?" cried both, Dad

and Bob.

The flivver went over a steep bank," said Mother, sinking down on a camp-stool. "I think it skidded. I had quite a time climbing back to the road. Then I walked home. I don't know what we'll do for food. I haven't bought a thing."

Both Dad and Bob held her tight.

"Just so you're safe nothing else

matters," said Dad.

And then Mother asked:

"Where's Anne?"

Dad and Bob looked around rather

foolishly, but no Anne was to be seen.

Bob sprang up and cupping his

hands, he yelled as loudly as he

could:

"Anne!"

Anne heard him in her sleep, and

lazily opened her eyes. At first she

wondered where she was, then she

felt something touch her foot. It



underneath, formed an ideal place for this old, weather-beaten toad to spend the daylight hours. That morning before the rising sun had turned the dew drops on the spider web into strands of pearls; and before the first hummingbird had begun its breakfast on the nectar hidden deep in the hearts of the morning-glories, he hopped sedately down the walk until he came to the long rows of cabbages, and there he stopped.

Crawling under the largest, and the lowest growing one, he settled himself for the day. Yes, settled is the right word, as he seemed to sink, without effort, until only his head and back showed above the rich, brown earth. He accomplished this uncanny feat without any perceptible movement of feet or legs—but there he was, right before one's eyes, half buried in the mud.

After blinking at the growing light, in his lazy way, he dropped off to sleep. But it was not a very sound sleep, as the least little sound caused his eyes to pop open, as if expecting to see the open jaws and the curved fangs of his arch-enemy, the black-snake.

Sometimes he opened one eye, even when he heard no sound, just to be on the safe side. Once he did it just in time to glimpse a precise little lady-bug mincing her way daintily on the underside of a leaf, right over his head. It was not a very gentlemanly thing to do, but his long tongue shot out, and the plant that knew her—knew her no more. But as he was only about half awake, we will have to excuse him.

When the shadows took on a western slant, and the throaty boom of hunting bats drifted down over the pasture, told him that another night was coming on, with its grateful dew, and pleasant darkness, with renewed life in the insect world, he reluctantly left his imprint in the soft earth where he had spent the day, and hopped lazily out in the open.

The skin of a full grown toad is thickly studded with glands that exude a milky, slightly acidic fluid, which is perfectly harmless to man (the warts fable to the contrary) but obnoxious to dogs and other animals that might worry and kill them. The toad would have mighty little show in a beauty contest; but he is a harmless little chap, and should be encouraged to make his home in our gardens as he certainly lessens by many thousands the larvae and grubs of harmful insects.

When Our Bedtime Comes, the Toad Is Just Waking Up for the Night

By CHARLES A. KING

State Normal School, Plymouth, N.H.

CAMP COSTUMER

Often the "Handy Boy" at summer camp wonders what to do next. Less while and the narrow range of available material and of tools at hand limit possible hand work that insulation is slow in coming. However, this project may be the reason why these tramps through the woods to find a proper piece for the shirt with branches of suitable size and about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. These pegs as at A. Also four root curves similar to those shown will be required for feet.

The wood for the costume should be birch, alder or other semi-hard wood. It should not be cut until the flowing of the sap has stopped, otherwise the bark is likely to peel off. Sometimes dry wood last winter may be found in a fair cut late in the summer or early fall, stored in a dry place and used before the costumer started work in the camping season. The shirt should be as straight as possible, but not hard to find, and comfortable searching to find a suitable size for the wearer. The only tools necessary are a hatchet, a saw, a one-fourth inch bit or drill and a five-eighth

inch bit or drill. After a while the little front legs sprout out and, lastly, the hind ones, but the small black creature still has a tail, something real frogs have no use for. As the legs grow, the tail is gradually absorbed—some people will tell you that it drops off—but that is a mistake, it is gradually absorbed by the growth of the body. While in this helpless state the little toads stay in very shallow water, where it seems they are safe, but even there they are preyed upon by minnows, turtles and craw-fish and great numbers of them are devoured, before their lives have hardly begun. When they crawl out of the water and take their first lessons in hopping, they are welcomed by waiting birds and snakes, and many more of them go into the making of scales and feathers. The mother toad must have guessed that this was going to happen, when she laid from six to ten thousand eggs as she was evidently was making an allowance for waste.

The skin of a full grown toad is thickly studded with glands that exude a milky, slightly acidic fluid, which is perfectly harmless to man (the warts fable to the contrary) but obnoxious to dogs and other animals that might worry and kill them. These can be fitted to a cross bar and used as gimlets if a bitbar is not available. A screw driver is needed and No. 12 round-head screws about two inches and two and a half inches long if those lengths will fit the feet; these should be driven through washers as suggested and tightened when the wood has shrunk. The feet should be fitted to the shoes by cutting a flat surface on each side and the screws driven to hold them firmly.

BUS

(A GAME)

Bus is a new form of stage-coach.

Each player is

MLADINSKI DOPISI

Contributions from our Junior Members

LOUISE, A FORSAKEN

CHILD
Chapered From Last Juvenile Edition
Chapter Two—"The Discovery"

saw a dim light. I sneaked through the back of the house and went down the cellar. While walking down the stairs I came to a mysterious room. Something grasped me and a cold shiver went down my back. I tried to scream, but it put a hand on my mouth. I looked back and saw a white figure. It carried me to a room, where there were skeletons and coffins. I sat on one coffin. Then something opened and I fell in. Then it closed again and the coffin went down. I saw a piece of paper and on it was this: "Whoever is in this coffin is awarded \$25,000." Then I saw another piece of paper. And what do you think it was? It was a check for \$25,000.

Christina Lobe,
No. 1, S. C. U.

A THRILL
We climbed into the seat, Ready to perform a daring feat. Soon we were started, Down we were carted; Slowly upward we did climb, And soon above were to wind. Now we maintained a pretty good speed As if ready to perform another daring deed.

Were we ready to meet our fate? No, for safely we sped around a curve, And, boy, I almost lost my nerve. Up another hill we were starting And down we darted. To stop we slid.

We sure had a thrill on a rolling coaster.

Leona Slogar,
No. 120, S. S. C. U.

ADVENTURES OF BILLY
Billy was near Arizona and decided to make camp near a stream. He prepared the food for his dog, took off the saddle and prepared himself for the night. The horse grazed while Billy and the dog ate the supper.

Early the next morning Billy awoke, partook of some of the sandwiches and drank water from a stream; while his horse feasted himself on the green grass.

The morning was bright and cool when they came to a small town in Arizona. A number of boys stopped Billy to inquire about him. He only replied by saying that his father was dead and that he did not know about his mother.

It was afternoon when the trio was nearing the mountains. The sky over head together with the mountains impressed a picture in Billy's mind; one that he would never forget. When evening was approaching Billy decided to camp at the same stop as the night before.

After Billy fell asleep two boys came upon the trio; one began untying the horse, while the other boy watched Billy. The two boys were leading the horse away when to their surprise they noticed that Billy's dog came running after them. They were frightened and permitted the horse to return to Billy.

Catherine Chanko,
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

BOYS AND GIRLS
Some boys are naughty; Others are bad; Some boys are mean When they are glad.

Girls are dainty, Girls are sweet; Much better than the boys, If I have to repeat.

Josephine Chanko,
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

THE FAMILY
Mary was a little girl, As dainty as could be; She'd take a cup of milk Instead of a glass of tea.

Johnny was her little brother, Naughty all the day, He'd pull little Mildred by the hair And always told her what to say.

And Mildred was their little sister, Always following Mary around, Because Johnny would come after her Just like a hound.

Mother and Dad don't know what to do, Because Johnny is always mean?" He won't come in, except at night, When it's time to go to sleep.

Mary Chanko,
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

MY PET
My pet is very common and domestic. The fur is white and black, with a beautiful fuzzy tail. I bet the tail is three inches in width. One thing I like about it is its pretty ears. They come so nicely to a point and are as stiff as those of a rabbit. I love to play with it.

This pet follows me all over. One day it followed me to school without my knowing it. The classes were ready to start. Gosh, why was everyone laughing? Something was crawling up my back. The teacher sure did look cross at me! "Meow, meow," went my pet.

Now I knew why my classmates were laughing. Happy was I, when I was told to bring the cat home. I missed a history test! Oh, boy!

This cat is very useful around our place. One day it brought home a rat. I didn't know where it got it from, but it did good to kill it.

As well as being useful, this cat is mischievous at times. Don't leave your milk outside or by a window, because if you do you won't have any for your coffee in the morning. My pet is an Angora cat.

Justine Zbasnik,
No. 2, S. S. C. U.

EL MORA, COLO.
Our school ended May 16, and we were all glad of it. I passed into the seventh grade, while Dan, the youngest, passed at Christmas time into the fourth grade and now he passed into the fifth.

We had a snow storm on May 10 that froze the beans and destroyed the corn. Rain is plentiful now, and we receive it almost every day.

DOPISI

Burberton, O.
Društvo Happy-Go-Lucky, št. 195 JSKJ priredi v nedeljo 13. julija svoj prvi piknik na dobro poznanem prostoru Hopocan Gardens. Vljudno vabi člane in članice društva sv. Martina in druge tukajšnje rojake, da nas posetijo na omenjeni dan. Za godbo bo skrbel Mr. Frank Sezon z njegovo harmoniko. Vstopnina je samo 25 centov za osebo.

Na svidenje v Hopocan Gardens v nedeljo 13. julija!

Mary Hiti,
tajnica društva št. 195 JSKJ.

S poto.
Dne 28. junija je praznovalo društvo št. 15 JSKJ v Pueblo, Colo., svojo 30-letnico. Praznovanje je bilo časno primerno (razmerne so tem mestu zelo slabe) z veselico v Jožefovi dvorani, kjer se je zvečer ob zvokih ubrane godbe sukalno staro in mlaudo.

Vročina tu zelo pritiska, da se teope bele kape snežnikov in pošiljajo svoje vode na suha polja v svrhu namakanja poljskih pridelkov. Pridelki dosti dobro kažejo, dasi je nedavno toča posredno precejšno škodo napravila.

Dela se tu v Pueblo po en ali dva dni v tednu.

Matija Pogorelc.

Youngstown, O.
Tem potom pozivljam člane društva sv. Antona, št. 108 J. S. K. J., da se udeležijo prihodnje seje po polnočtevilo.

Za rešiti bo več važnih reči, tikajočih se društva. Med drugim moramo na prihodnji seji izvoliti tudi novega podpredsednika, ker je dosedanj podpredsednik, sobrat Matt Kikel umrl. Dne 15. junija je še prišel na sejo in se je izrazil, da će prihodnji mesec ne bo večja udeležba na seji, tudi

Sheboyan, Wis.
Članstvo društva sv. Janeza Krstnika, št. 82 JSKJ je vljudno vabljeno, da se polnočtevilo udeležijo piknika, katerega priredimo 13. julija v korist društveni blagajni. Dalje vabimo vsa bratska slovenska in hrvatska društva, kakov tudi vse ostale rojake in rojakinje to okolice, da nas posetijo na našem pikniku. Za najboljšo postrežbo bo skrbel odbor. Na svidenje 13. julija!

John Mervar
tajnik dr. št. 82 JSKJ.

My younger brothers watch the cows for other people and receive 50 cents a day for their trouble; they leave home at 7 o'clock in the morning and return at 6 o'clock at night.

Mary Marinac.

SHORT ARTICLES
PREFERRED

A number of articles have been received from the juveniles that take the form of serial stories. One section would appear in one issue and the final section would appear in the following juvenile issue.

In a number of instances the writers merely repeated themselves, making a long story that could have been shortened into a GOOD SHORT story. In three instances the stories had to be rewritten entirely, with only the name of the characters remaining the same.

It must be remembered that quality rather than quantity counts when the prizes are ready for distribution to the worthy contributors. And when a story has to be rewritten entirely it is given no consideration for any of the prizes offered.

Remember, you juvenile writers, that a good short story is worth any number of long stories POORLY written.

And by all means write legibly, so the editor won't have to strain his eyes to the utmost before he can make out what the writer intended to put down. Neatness should be one of the many things always kept in mind by the young writer.

Editor.

REMEMBER THIS

All articles submitted by the Juveniles to the New Era must contain the following:

1. Name of writer.
2. Address.
3. Age.
4. Lodge number.

Before an article is even considered for a prize it must meet the above requirements. So remember to put down your name, the place where you live, your age, and the number of the lodge that you belong to.

Original articles are the only ones given consideration. Copy articles are thrown into the waste basket.

NAGRADE

Za dopise, priobcene v mladinski prilogi Nove Dobe mesece junija, so bile mladinskimi dopisnikom nakazane sledeče nagrade:

Antonia Govekar, društvo št. 94, Waukegan, Ill., \$3.00; Annie R. Govekar, društvo št. 30, Chisholm, Minn., \$2.00.

on ne bo prišel več.

Pokojni Matt Kikel je bil navdušen in agilen član J. S. K. Jednote. Bil je tudi ustanovitelj društva sv. Alojzija, št. 31 JSKJ v Braddocku, Pa. Zapusča dva brata, sopogo in štiri otroke, katerih najstarejši je 26, najmlajši pa 12 let star. Bodil mu hransen blag spomin!

Mathew Kogovšek,
tajnik dr. št. 108 KSKJ.

Herminie, Pa.
Vsem članom društva Vesel Slavček, št. 154 JSKJ sporočam,

da je bilo na junijski seji sklenjeno prirediti piknik na nedeljo 13. julija. Člani so vabljeni, da polnočtevilo posetijo ta piknik, ki se bo vrnil na navadnem prostoru. Kdor se piknika ne udeleži, plača \$1.00 v društveno blagajno. Vstopnina je 50 centov za moške; ženske so vstopnina prostre. Vabljeni so vsi tukajšnji in okoliški rojaki, da se udeležijo našega piknika. Postregli bomo gostom z janjem, pečenim na ražju, kakor tudi s hladilnimi tekočinami. Čim več nas bo, tem bolj bo prijetno.

Člane našega društva tudi opozarjam, da je naša julijška seja zaradi piknika prestavljena na 15. julija. Vršila se bo ob 6:30 zvečer. — Z bratskim pozdravom,

Frank Vozel,
tajnik dr. št. 154 JSKJ.

Sheboyan, Wis.
Članstvo društva sv. Janeza Krstnika, št. 82 JSKJ je vljudno vabljeno, da se polnočtevilo udeležijo piknika, katerega priredimo 13. julija v korist društveni blagajni. Dalje vabimo vsa bratska slovenska in hrvatska društva, kakov tudi vse ostale rojake in rojakinje to okolice, da nas posetijo na našem pikniku. Za najboljšo postrežbo bo skrbel odbor. Na svidenje 13. julija!

John Mervar
tajnik dr. št. 82 JSKJ.

Chicago, Ill.
Članice društva Zvezda, št. 170 JSKJ tem potom vljudno vabim, da se gotovo udeležijo naše prihodnje seje, ki se bo vršila 16. julija v navadnih prostorih, to je na 1921 W. 22nd St. Društvene seje se vrše vsak mesec zato, da jih članice posečajo in da se na njih razpravlja v korist društva v Jednote, ne pa zato, da se plačuje rent za prazno dvorano.

Pri tej priliki tudi sporočam sklep zadnje seje, ki določa, da vsaka članica, ki pripelje za društvo novo prosilko, staro pod trideset let, dobri \$1.00 nadgrade iz društvene blagajne. Nudi se nam lepa prilika, da malo poagitimmo med svojimi prijateljicami ter jih privedemo v naše društvo. Kakor je znano, je pristop v društvo in Jednote, ne pa zato, da se plačuje rent za prazno dvorano.

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Bratski pozdrav!

Frank Pire,
tajnik društva št. 66 JSKJ.

Homer City, Pa.

NAZNANILO — Tem potom naznam sorodnikom, prijateljem in znancem, da je nemila smrt pobrala izmed nas nepozabnega nam rojaka in sobrat GEO. PUŠNIKA. Dne 25. junija je bil šel delat na progo, pa je pridržila lokomotiva z vozovi in ga razmesarila, da je zlomljeno; sobrat Jos. Zugelj je bil poškodovan in se ni bolnil javil. Želim, da bi vse trije med nami.

Spet so zarožljali zapahi. Prišel je duhovnik. Pred vratil je stal oficir z belimi rokavicami in vojakom z nasajenimi bajonetmi. Nekdo je opomnil, da je napočila ura. Odvedli so ga skozi dolge hodnike, po stopnicah na malo dvorišče. Oddelek vojakov s puško ob nogah je stal pod veljastvom starega narednika.

Torej je lepa prilika za pristop v naše društvo. Kakor je znano, je pristop v društvo in Jednote, ne pa zato, da se plačuje rent za prazno dvorano.

Drget je prešinil četo. Poveljnik je stopil na dvorišče. — "V imenu države!" Oficir je prečkal razsodbo.

Polkovnik je potegnil sabljo, oficirji so pozdravili. Komisar se je odokril. Nad zidom trdnjave se je pojavila jutranja zarja.

"Pozor!"

Bobnar je zabobnal, duhovnik je začel glasno moliti.

"Ogenj!" je zarjavel narednik.

Kakor od strele za det se je Prosper zgrudil na zemljo.

Vojaki so se postavili v polozaj, podoficir je oddal milostni strel in je pokril zločinca z očesom.

Tako se je začel dan v trdnjavi.

Pozneje so odnesli truplo, zavrgli v opeko, pred trdnjavo in ga vrgli v že pripravljen grob. Stari narednik je dajal povelja, in ko je bilo vse končano, je sedel na rob groba in začel kaj svojemu razgovor z mrljem:

"Zdaj si mrtev, zakaj če bi se le zganil, bi ti moral poslati še eno kroglo v glavo. Dobro leži tam spodaj, in kadar bodo zaslužili jamo, ne bo nikomur več prislo na misel, da bi pogledal, kaj je pod opeko. Polkovnik te je moral imeti zelo rad. Ponos me je zbudil in strašno preklijal. Takoj sem vedel, da se je moralno nekaj zgoditi. Povedal

White Valley, Pa.
V mojem zadnjem dopisu se je glasilo, da smo bili skupaj zbrani zastopniki peterih društev, ki smo razpravljali glede federacije. Glasiti bi se moralo, da smo bili pri tisti razpravi le ČLANI peterih društev, ne pa zastopniki. Toliko v pojedinosti, da ne pride do kakšnega nesporazuma.

Jurij Previc.

Export, Pa.

Klub slabim delavskim razmeram, ki vladajo, kakor drugi, tudi tukaj, nam naša tukajšnja društva pogosto preskrbi kakšno razvedrilo. Da ne bo društvo sv. Pavla, št. 116 JSKJ v Delmontu, Pa., zaostalo za drugimi, je članstvo istega sklenilo prirediti veselico dne 26. julija v Slovenski dvorani v White Valley.

Da bo dovolj razvedrila za stare in mlade, je društvo napravilo dramski klub iz Exporta, da nam vprizori kakšno časno prizemno igro. Klub se je razvedrilo v znamenju ogenja. Tudi i m a pravico, da živi svoje življenje do kraja. Slednji je odšel in preložil breme na moje rame. Tako sem sam nabasal puške, in če bi bilo davi k

Lea Fatur

VILEMIR

POVEST IZZA TURSKIH BOJEV

(Nadaljevanje)

"Drugi moramo biti previdnejši," si je upal opomniti mladi Cveteski, "včeraj smo drli res preneumno v svojo pogubo. — Toda glejte, gospoda, Šenkov sin, Janko, hodi med mrtvimi; gotovo išče očeta."

Pogledi vseh so hiteli k dečku, ki je hodil v modrem baržunu, pepelnike kodre do ramen, ko divna prikazan po polju smrti. Moralo mu je biti komaj štirinajst let. Lahek kratek meč, ki pač še ni videl krv, mu je visel ob svetlem pasu, suknjica je bila lepo vezena, čapka v roki modra, z belim peresom.

Višnjegorski je poklical rahlo dečka. Prihitel je. Modro oko mu je gledalo polno pričakovanja in strahu, otroče obličeje bilo bledo, solzno. Mrka lica mož, ki so bili vajeni poboja kakor vsakdanjega kruha, so se ublažila. Višnjegorski je objel dečka in mu govoril ljubezni:

"Ne išči očeta pri mrtvih, Janko. On živi. Sicer je zasujen, pa Ahmed-paša ga izpusti za od kup. Zato ne žaluj, Janko, še bo videl očeta."

Deček je sklenil roki in se ozrl hvaležno v nebo:

"Zahvaljen bodi Bog, da je oče živ! Z našo revščino ga ne bomo mogli odkupiti; gradič so nam porušili Turki, tlačane so odvlekle. Pa bom hodil od gradu do gradu—prosil . . . Samo če Turek ne muči očeta."

Solze so zaigrale v mladih očeh in tekle po bledem licu. Vznemirili so se mrki možje. Ta je tihu klel, oni je stiskali pest. Solze! Junaki so gledali rajši kri. Radivoj je stopil k dečku in mu otrl solzo: "Uteši se dragec, najde se tudi med Turki človek! Misli tudi, da smo dolžni kaj pretrpeti zaradi križa . . ."

Deček je kimal—ali solzni potok se ni dal ustaviti. Rožljali so meči, zvenele ostroge . . . Lambergar je pianil:

"Doklej, gospoda, nam do ovajdal Turek naše plemstvo v sramoto! Ah, da mi je pobiti vso Turčad s tem svojim mečem!"

"Zaupajte hrabri vitezi! Gospod prepriča le za hip, da zatemnuje slava Njegovega imena. Prej ali slej se mora ukloniti križu, krščanski misli, ves svet. In en hlev bo in en pastir!"

Slaboten glas starčka je izgovoril te besede, med bojevnike je stopil mož miru, pod težo let sklonjeni, častitljivi brežički vikarij. Zalostno so viseli sivi lasje v nagubančeno čelo, bledo je bilo velo, blago lice, iz živih oči pa je seval žarek prepričanja.

"Tako daj bog!" so vzduhnili vitezi in se začudili: "Vi takaj, častiti oče! Zakaj se trudite na ta žalostni kraj?"

"Pokropit sem prišel mrtve ovčice in maševat za nje in za žive."

"Krasna misel, častiti," so priznali vitezi. Bili so zelo potrebni tolažbe, po slabotnem starčku naj prihaja krepkim možem. Že sta prihajala od mesta Vilemir s cerkvenikom; nosila sta lesene dele preprostega oltarja, ki je služil navadno le o sv. Lovrencu svojemu vzvišenemu namenu, ko ni mogla sprejeti majhna farna cerkev vseh čestilcev farnega patrona in je opravil sevniški vikar-sveti daritev pod milim nebom. Poleg Vilemira je hodila majhna deklica. Oddaleč bi mislil, da je otrok, v bližini pa si spoznal, da je le zaostale rasti.

"Bleda prihaja," je dejal nevoljno gradnik, "mar je te prizor za njo?"

"Molila bo z nami," je odgovoril vikarij. Vsi so se ozrli na deklico. Živa rdečica sramu ji je stopila do čela pri pogledu na viteze, a prepodila jo je smrtna bledica, ko je zagledala mrtve . . . Ustavila se je zraven strica vikarja. Visoki in močni vitezi so gledali z žalnim pogledom usmiljenja slabotno bitje.

Vilemir se je spretno sukal pri delu. Kmalu je stal oltar v častni straži dveh vikih topolov. V lesnih svečnikih so gorele voščenice. Vilemir je obleklik vikarija v belo haljo, ga del s krasno vezenim plaščem, položil veliko mašno knjigo na oltar in pokleplik za strežnika zraven Janka. Koleno pri kolenu so klečali v rosnici travi vitezi, měščani in tlačani. Topoli so šumeli. Bledi plamen sveč se je sramoval žive solnčne svetlobe, zvijal se je in treptjal. Solnec je zlatilo krasno pisane, častitljive črke stare glagolice. Svečenik je opravil mašo po obredu ogleske cerkve, čital jo v milozvenem jeziku trpinov

Po dokončani daritvi je šel vikarij med mrtve in jih kropil. Vitezi so vzeli sveče z oltarja in svetili. Oblaki kadila so se gubili po svežem jutranjem zraku . . . Iz vseh gril se je razlival po rosnim krajini pretresljivi: "Usmil se, Gospod!"

Petje je utihnilo. Dim in duh kadila se je izgubil. Plemiči so iskali svoje prijatelje in podložne med mrtvimi. Bilo je prepričati se: kdo je mrtev, kdo odgnan . . . Gradnik je hodil od gruče do gruče, prašal, štel: bilo mu je pripraviti pogreb.

Med žalostnimi je hodil vikarij s tolažčo besedo. Izbruh divje bolesti ni bilo slišati. Če je bilo tudi oskrunjeno telo dragih mrtvih, če je zvezala krvava rana mesto ušesa, nosu . . . če ni bilo roke, noge, glave . . . Verovali so, da se je dvignila duša nedotaknjena, cela—da vstane isto telo v novi lepoti ob dnevnu vseh dni.

Kriva sablja se ni mogla hvaliti, da bi bila porazila veliko število vitezov. Te so odnašali urni konji—branilo jih je jeklo in železo. Kmetov, tlačanov pa je ležalo kot snopja za ženjicami.

Rihenberški se je približal piramidi trupel. Za njim je prihitel Tone. Na njeg gospodarjev je bil odkladati trupla. Razkril je telo mladeniča, ležeče v mlaki strjene kri, pol života pod konjem, noge še v streminah.

Toneti je mignil bledi gospodar. Prenešla sta truplo v čisto travo. Tu je ležal mrtvi junak, kakor mlad hrastič, posekan, pobit . . . Onemogla je visela glava, desnica pa se je še oklepala za mlado roko pač pretežkega meča . . . Vendari pričali dragi mrtvi, da se ni utrudila v suhanju in sekjanju, dokler ni odbežala s krovjo moč živiljenja . . .

Prihitelo je moško in žensko, občudovalo, obžalovalo mlačo viteško drevo. Rihenberški jih ni slišal. Klečal je pri mrtvecu, odpel mu čelado. Grda rana se je pokazala. Poprej bela svilena marama se je pördečila . . . Z rahlo roko jo je snel vitez z vrata mrtveca in mu jo polozil na hladno srečo . . .

Z nežnimi prsti jo je vezla Romana in jo podarila mlačemu prijatelju na prvi pohod. Častno jo je nosil mladenič—sedaj naj počiva ž njim . . .

PTIČ V DREVESU

Kadarkoli govorimo o tej zadevi s prijateljem Rhodesom, vselej se nejeverno nasmehne in reče: "Naključje!" Prijatelj Fleming pa samo zmaje z glavo, zmigne z rameni in molči. Jaz sam se nagibam k njegovemu mnemu. Zato bom rajši brez vsakega nadaljnega uvoda opisal čudne dogodke, kakor so se izvršili 11. decembra 1905. Tega dne sem prejel pismo naslednje vsebine:

"Dragi Marriott! Ali Ti je danes — enajstega — mogoče prići v Gorling in ostati pri meni, dokler se Ti ljubi? Na prežo Te morem povabiti, ker je prehud mraz. Nekaj malega pa boš že lahko ustrelil in se tudi udeležil pravatega božičnega lova na strohove. Da govorim resno — zasledujem namreč imenito divjačino ter se nadejam, da bom tej pošasti poškropil pete (ali bolje peroti) še nočoj. Rhodes je pravkar brzjavil, da pride. Stori isto, ako Ti je mogoče. Več ustno. Tvoj vdani C. J. Fleming. P. S. Rhodes se odpelje ob 2:18 iz Paddingtona."

Sklenil sem, da se odzovem vabilu in vlak ob 2:18 je vozil mene in Rhodesa, ki je bil kot častnik doma in dopustu, proti Gorlingu. Tam je naju sprejel Fleming z dvovprežnimi sanmi, zakaj snega je bilo precej. Pözdravil je naju radostno. Videti je bil zdrav in dobre volje, toda odklonil je pred večerjo vsak razgovor o svoji pošasti. Tako sva morala svojo radovednost brzditi in šele tedaj, ko je stata na mizi kava z likerji in je sluga ostavil nas same, je Fleming sprožil razgovor.

"Mislim," je dejal, "da moram predvsem ugotoviti, da sem na duhu in telesu docela zdrav, kolikor morem to pač sam presoditi. Ti se čutiš krivega, Marriot, kaj ne? Vem, da bi me vsak običajen človek smatral za blaznega že zaradi tega, ker verujem v pošasti ali strahove. Še bolj pa, če bi slišal to mojo povest. Daj mi, prosim, vžigalice!"

Zapalil si je smotko in nadjeval:

"Pred šestimi meseci sem slišal, da straši v tej hiši; sicer ne straši v pravem pomenu besede, vendar pa naj za zdaj zadostuje to izraz. Kakor vesta, se silno rad bavim z razkrivanjem raznih skrivnosti, in zato sem tudi to zadevo začel preiskovati. Ko sem zvedel, da ne stanuje v tej hiši nihče, sem jo s posestvom vred vzel za tri leta v najem. Ker je bila na slabem glasu, sem jo dobil pod zelo lahkim pogoji. Kraj mi ugaja, vendar ima za zdaj nekatere slabe strani. Kakor se mi zdi, so sosedi mnenja, da je hiša zakletva in se posestvo zaradi tega ne more podedovati od očeta na sina. Če pa lastnik ali zakupnik nimajo sina, potem doživlja pač razne nezgod."

"Ali je to dokazano?" je vprašal Rhodes lakonično.

"Klifikor mi je bilo mogoče zadevo zasledovati," je odvrnil Fleming, "je to dokazano. Za časa svojega petmesečnega bivanja v tej hiši sem vse izzrno preiskal. Pri dveh prejšnjih lastnikih sem poizvedoval osebo, pregledal pa sem tudi zgodovino enajstih drugih. Zadnji je živel tu neki Horace Starkey. Kupil je bil Gorlinghall, bival v njem nekaj časa in od njega sem ga jaz vzel v najem. Pred njim je neki Gapp dobil v zakup od nekega sira Jamesa Powellja."

"Zakaj ga je vsak tako hitro zapustil?"

"To zveč takoj. Le poslušaj! Starkey je samec in zato ga vprašanje sina-dediča ni zadeval. Prizadet pa je bil na drug način — tako n. pr. sta propadli dve banki, v katerima je bil napočil večji del svojega premoženja. Gappu sta prav v tej hiši umrila dva sinova za legarjem Sinu Jamesa Powellja (čigar poroka bi se moral vrniti v enem mesecu) se je na lovu zgodila nesreča in ohromel je popolnoma."

"Ptič," je odvrnil Fleming z glasom, ki je pričal o naraščajočem zanimanjem, "ptič je v tej zadevi najbolj privlačna stvar."

"Pa dobro, tvoja teorija se strinja s prvo kitico, toda kaj je z drugo? Kaj ima ptič pri tem opraviti?"

"Ptič," je odvrnil Fleming z glasom, ki je pričal o naraščajočem zanimanjem, "ptič je v tej zadevi najbolj privlačna stvar."

"Golo naključje," je pripom-

nil Rhodes.

"Mogoče; ne zanikujem tega. Kar poskušam dokazati, je dejstvo, da posestvo ni prehajalo od očeta na sina, kakor daleč sem mogel zasledovati njegovo zgodovino. Do sem, lahko rečemo, moja povest neobičajna, zdaj pa nastopijo še nadprirodne sile." In dvignil je list papirja.

"Tu sem si zapisal okoren prevod nekih čudnih latinskih verzov, na katere sem naletel v neki starci zgodovini Gorlinga."

Dal je list Rhodes, ki ga je molč in temeljito pregledal ter ga potem izročil meni. Čital sem na njem nastopne verze:

Ko cerkvi se povrne, kar vzel ji je zločin, takrat v Gorlinghallu bo oče in bo sin.

Zaslišal boš, čuj, dvakrat svarilni, ptica glas, ko zadoni še v tretjič, takrat je zadnji čas.

"Hm," sem dejal zamišljeno, ko sem bil prečital to čudno pismo, "to nam pojasnjuje zadovo do neke mere. Kletev je kazen za to, ker je nekdo ukral cerkveno lastnino. Domnevam, da je posestvo nekoč pripadalo cerkvi. Ali je morda v bližini kak star samostan?"

"Ti imaš prav, pa tudi ne," je odvrnil. "Ne daleč odtod je bila opatija, toda to posestvo ni bilo nikoli last menihov."

"Ali si o tem uverjen?"

"Popolnoma. Iz nekih zapisnikov in listin v župni cerkvi, ki je zgrajena tam, kjer je nekoč stala opatija, so razvidne meje njene ozemlja. Kakor ti, tako sem tudi jaz prvotno kar planil po sklepku, da je moje posestvo nekoč pripadalo opatiji in da so ji po pozneje odzveli s silo. Skoraj pa sem spoznal svojo zmoto in ko sem še nekaj časa vztrajno iskal vzrok kletve, sem odkril cisto drugega."

"No in kakšen je?" sem vprašal nestrenpo.

"V njem tiči zanimiv kos krajne zgodovine. Pred večimi stoletji je živel v samostanu opat, ki je bil velik lopov. Njegovo zloglasno vedenje je bilo splošno znano in po nekoliko letih razkošnega in hrupnega živiljenja je neke noči pobegnil iz opatije ter vzel obhajilne posode s seboj. Bile so iz čistega zlata in zdi se mi, da se je po begu iz opatije, ki je le nekaj milj oddaljena, zatekel naravnost v Gorlinghallu."

"Zakaj?"

"Bil je tako dober prijatelj takratnega posestnika, sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, opata pa ni bilo nikjer. Ustno izročilo slika, dogodek takole: Opat in sir Geoffrey sta sklenila, da ukradeta zlate posode. Opat naj bi izvršil tatvino in se za eno noč zatekel v Gorling. Zlato je nameraval pustiti sira Geoffreya Hasta. Nihče ne ve, kaj se je zgodilo med njima, toda drugo jutro so našli sira Geoffreya z bodalom v prsih, op