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Chicago, Illinois, June, 1924

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NEW NAME

BEGINNING with this issue we are going to call "The BOOSTER" by a new name which we have selected to be: "LITHUANIA." "LITHUANIA" takes over the former policy of "The BOOSTER" and will carry on the work of informing the English reading public about Lithuania and Lithuanians, both in this country and abroad. It is to be non-partisan, and will not become, at any time, the organ or mouth-piece of any political or partisan person, lodge, society, federation, association or any group of persons which would desire to promote their own interests only. "LITHUANIA" feels that it owes you a thanks for the Boost you have given "THE LITHUANIAN BOOSTER" and "The BOOSTER" in the past, and it hopes that with your co-operation in the future we will be able to make "LITHUANIA" a magazine to stand in a class all by itself.

THOMAS SHAMIS, Editor.

Lithuanian Nation

The Lithuanian nation is a branch of the Indo-European race entirely distinct from the Slavs and Teutons. Their language is closely related to Sanscrit. They have lived by the Baltic Sea in the basin of the Nemunas (Niemen) and Neris (Vilija) from prehistoric times. A part of the Lithuanian nation inhabiting the region between the Pregel and the Vistula (East Prussia) was destroyed by the German Knightly Orders in the XIII-th century. The Lithuanians formed an independent state about the middle of the XIII-th century and maintained it to the end of the XVIII-th century. In 1386, the Lithuanian Grand Duke Jagello occupied the Polish throne, thus laying the foundations for the future personal union of Lithuania and Poland. Towards the end of the XVI-th century, with the extinction of the Jagellon dynasty, Lithuania was drawn into a federation which plunged it into the Polish internal anarchy whose outcome was the division of both countries among the neighboring states (1773-95). The major part of Lithuania was allotted to Russia, the minor (the districts of

Nemel, Tilsit, Labiau) remained with Prussia. The struggle for separation from Russia continued to the outbreak of the World War. February 16, 1918, the Lithuanian nation declared itself an independent state in its ethnographic boundaries, with its historic capital of Vilna. Because of difficulties put in the way by the German Occupation, the Provisional Government was not formed until the latter part of 1918. A Constituent Assembly was elected in 1920. The separation of the independent and sovereign State of Lithuania from Russia was finally confirmed and its boundaries fixed according to ethnographic principles by the Treaty of Peace with Russia on July 12, 1920. The Republic of Lithuania became a member of the League of Nations in 1921. The only boundary of Lithuania so far not settled is that with Poland, in the Suvalki region.

The area of Lithuania is about 85,000 sq. klm., with a population of about 4,500,000. The eastern part of Lithuania with the capital, Vilna, area about 33,000 sq. klm. and population about 1,500,000, is under Polish military occupation.

The surface of the land is mostly level with hills not exceeding 300 metres in height. The principal river is the Nemunas (Niemen), which gives Lithuania an outlet to the sea. The climate is temperate; average yearly temperature is 45° F. Average rainfall 600 mm.

The ethnographic elements are: Lithuanians — 70%, Jews — 13%, Poles and Polonized Lithuanians — 8%, White Russians — 7%, other nationalities — 2%. The Roman Catholic religion predominates. City population — 14%. Larger cities: Vilnius (200,000), Kaunas (100,000), Gardinas (60,000), Klaipėda (Memel) (30,000).

Political Organization and Administration. Lithuania is a republic, the Parliament (Seimas) consists of one chamber, which is elected by universal suffrage. The Executive Government consists of the President and the Cabinet of Ministers, responsible to the Parliament. The part of Lithuania which is free from Polish occupation is divided into 20 districts of about 15 communes each. The district and communal self-governments have wide autonomy in local matters. National minorities (Jews, White-Russians, Poles) have the right of cultural autonomy with their respective ministers at the head.

Lithuania's natural resources are gypsum, lime, phosphorite, lig-

nite, peat, amber, iron ore, mineral springs. Forests occupy 17% of the area; 80% are needle-bearing and 20% leaf-bearing trees. The soil is mostly light clay and black earth; 46% is arable land, 26% meadows and pastures, 3% gardenland; 8% is not cultivated.

In Lithuania 86% of the population are engaged in agriculture. Excluding the occupied territory, there are 214,000 farms of which 31.4% are less than 11 hectares, 50% from 11 to 22 hectares, 15% 22 to 44 hectares. 17% of the country people are landless.

During the war, 52,350 buildings were destroyed in the villages; of this number, the larger farmers rebuilt 5%, the smaller 80%. The Russian army requisitioned 27,000 horses, the German Occupation Government 144,000. About 50% of other stock was requisitioned.

The average annual increase of live-stock is: horses, 50,000; cattle, 138,000; swine, over 200,000; sheep, 116,000.

Just after the war (1919) 16.4% of the arable land lay fallow; in 1901 only 6%.

Agricultural production in 1921 (occupied districts excluded): rye, 10,693,000 cwt.; wheat, 1,546,000 cwt.; barley, 2,907,000 cwt.; oats, 5,270,000 cwt.; peas, 911,000 cwt.; potatoes, 27,720,000 cwt.; flax-seed, 462,000 cwt.; flax, 376,000 cwt.; buckwheat, 86,000 cwt.

Available for export: rye, 10%; wheat, 25%; barley, 10%; oats, 12%; peas, 12%; potatoes, 5%; flax, 50%.

Annual forest growth (occupied territory excluded) reaches 2,206,000 cubic metres, i.e., 10,000 hectares for normal annual cutting. A large part of this is at present used for reconstruction and as fuel for the railroads, because of the international coal crisis. Timber is exported as raw material or only partly worked (boards, woodpulp, etc.).

Annual increase of fish in the rivers and lakes (100,000 hectares) estimated at 760,000 klg.; in the sea (excluding the Memel territory) 3,250,000 klg. With the improvement of fisheries about 13,000,000 klg. can be obtained.

About 92% of all the industrial plants work up agricultural products. Before the war there were: 25 breweries, 22 distilleries, 3 yeast factories, 1,600 flour mills. The war and the German occupation almost entirely destroyed these industries. By 1922 there had been rebuilt 9 breweries, 8 distilleries, 1 yeast factory and about 1,500 mills. For the utilization of wood there are 1,920 saw mills, 3 matchwood factories, 8 woodpulp factories, 37 carpenter shops. There are 123 tanneries and 84 linseed oil factories. Textile industry: 12 linen and woolen weaving mills, 364 spinning mills.

Food manufacturing industry: 12 meat packing houses and 25 candy factories. Machine industry: 6 agricultural machine factories and 18 factories where various mechanical implements are made. In these factories are employed 10,000 to \$12,000 skilled and about 30,000 unskilled workmen.

Lithuanian import is unrestricted. Customs tariff is graded according to value in 6 categories: 0%, 5%, 10%, 15%, 20% and 25%. The highest rate is charged for luxuries and other products which are of small use to the country. Export is unrestricted except as regards cereals and animals, the export of which is governed by special regulations. At present there are no commercial treaties. The most important exports are: cereals, animals, animal by-products, other food, forest products, flax.

The most important imports are: manufactured goods, chemical products, colonial wares.

Export (marks)—1919, 6,183,780; 1920, 509,797,162; 1921, 631,744,123.

Import (marks)—1919, 40,138,306; 1920, 428,728,541; 1921, 876,874,930.

A part (about 50,000,000 mks.) of the imported goods in 1921 passed through Lithuania in transit. Thus in 1921 there is a passive trade balance of 200,000,000 mks. But since that same year



LITHUANIAN LEGATION AT LONDON

Standing left to right- E. J. Harrison, publicity director, V. K. Rackauskas, Legation secretary and K. Ginietis, consul agent. Setting left to right- Miss A. Visciuliute, typist, V. Carneckis, Minister, T. Norus, former Minister and Miss A. Adzgauskaite, typist.

Lithuanian emigrants in America sent over or in returning brought with them about 10,000,000 dollars, equivalent (taking the average exchange rate of the mark) to one billion marks, the final financial balance of the country is active to the sum of 800,000,000 mks.

Exports in 1921 went to the following countries: Germany, 51.3%; England, 27%; Memel Territory, 14.1%; Latvia, 3.2%; Czechoslovakia, 2.2%.

There are 2,600 klm. of railroads in Lithuania (excluding the Memel Territory); 1,920 klm. of standard European gauge, and 1,680 klm. of narrow gauge. In the territory free from Polish occupation there are 943 klm. of railroads of standard gauge and 680 klm. of narrow gauge. Before the war, these roads had the following rolling stock: 595 locomotives, 15,200 freight cars, 750 passenger cars. During the war, all that stock was taken away or destroyed.

According to the Treaty of Peace with Russia, Lithuania receives the following Russian rolling stock: 63 locomotives, 1,093 freight cars, 101 passenger cars. But this stock cannot be used on standard European gauge railroads without material reconstruction. During the war, 30% of the railway stations were destroyed and have been only temporarily rebuilt. Except the line

Virbalis, Kaunas, Vilnius, the railway bridges are all only temporary (wooden) and must be rebuilt. All the pre-war railroad shops were destroyed, and in their place there are at present only repair shops. From the end of the German occupation in 1919 until the present time only wood is used for the locomotives; lack of coal is the greatest difficulty in the exploitation of the railroads.

There are 5,772 klm. of waterways, of which 3,368 klm. are suitable for logging and 975 klm. for vessels. The most important waterway is the Nemunas (Niemėnė), and its confluent, the Neris (Vilija). In 1921 over 30 steamboats navigated the Nemunas; their average was 140 horsepower, displacement 0.80 m., length, 40 m., tonnage 40 tons.

Lithuania's only natural outlet to the sea is Memel. The port is 10 klm. long, 300-400 m. wide; its minimum depth is 6 m. Its harbor rarely freezes over.

There are about 2,000 klm. of highways (macadamized roads). In the territory under Polish occupation there are about 600 klm. There are 23,347 klm. of telephone and telegraph lines; 33 telegraph stations and 163 telephone centrals.

The annual revenue covers and even exceeds the ordinary government expenses. Internal loans are raised only to cover extraordinary

expenses in connection with the reconstruction of the devastated land and for defense from continual Polish aggression and filibustering adventures. The extraordinary expenses make up a third of the budget.

LARGE FAMILIES

Race suicide, the curse and first symptom of effete, decadent races, is no problem in Lithuania. The conqueror of Rome, race suicide is the scourge by which nature has punished peoples whose women loved luxury better than life, whose men preferred the trade mart to the fireside, whose families were hostleries of self-indulgence rather than schools of character. But where the current of life runs strong there is no race suicide, because the strong life seeks immortality in the new life that springs from its loins.

Through centuries of oppression Lithuania has maintained a strong national life and an intense national consciousness. Such races do not commit suicide. They are too strong to die. Children are welcomed because they continue the national life and the national tradition. "Thou shalt teach the law and the gospel even unto the third and fourth generations," the ancient Hebrews were directed; where that spirit reigns,

there is a home and a welcome for every child. That is why there is no race suicide in Lithuania.

Children are cherished in Lithuania. Their education is carefully looked after, for in this respect Lithuanians are notably ahead of any other Russian peasants. To the ordinary Russian a child is a liability until he is old enough to work; from that time on he is more than an asset, he is a sadly overworked addition to the family's ranks of producers. But the Lithuanian aims high for his offspring. He plans travel, education and culture for them. He sends them to high school and university, for an ignorant child is no asset to the nation in its struggle for survival and freedom.

Industrial Lithuania is already reviving vigorously from the strain put upon it by the bloody orgy of the last war. It is stretching out its arms to all parts of the world for raw stuffs and finished things. But it is not steel and iron alone on which the nation depends. "What we need more than all," they say, "is manpower and womanpower. We depend on the women of Lithuania to give us that."



Lithuania's Port

On Saturday, May 17, 1924, the Lithuanian Parliament ratified the Memel Convention, framed by the neutral commission headed by Mr. Norman H. Davis. By this act, Memel, or Klaipeda, as the Lithuanians call this port, formally becomes a part of the Lithuanian Republic in the true sense of the word. Lithuania may thus be rightfully called a Baltic nation.

With the development of Memel into a first-class port, Lithuania's industrial and commercial expansion is assured. Prior to the war, Memel, which is the natural outlet for its immediate Lithuanian hinterland, was under German control. Tariff discrimination, coupled with other disadvantages such as the lack of direct rail connection with Lithuania, greatly retarded the growth of Memel. It was kept in relative insignificance on the part of the Germans, though Memel possesses greater natural facilities than many of the large German ports.

It has been truthfully stated that the progressive growth of any nation depends upon its location, and that nations bordering the sea are far more advanced in all lines than those countries which are landlocked. This is but natural, for ports are actually gateways or doors which provide the means for communication and contact with the rest of the world. A worthy illustration of what a seacoast means to a nation is found in the case of Holland. Small in area and also largely agricultural, this Nation, though handicapped in many respects, has advanced remarkably and it is an undisputed fact that Holland's growth is attributable to her commercial ingenuity. Many writers on Holland attribute her growth to her contact with the rest of the world, and indeed many have remarked that the character of the Dutch people was developed by their sea-faringness. However, one may cite the example of

HONORS CONSUL

On the opposite page is the exact likeness of a Dinner given by Lithuanian American Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, in honor of Major P. Zadeikis, Lithuanian Consul for Chicago, at Great Northern Hotel, January 22, 1924.

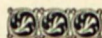
Switzerland, but in this instance Switzerland is perhaps the sole exception to the rule. This nation is possessed of such unusual natural attractions, so notably lacking in the majority of other cases, that it is this fact which is due largely to Switzerland's growth; but even here it cannot be denied that Swiss commercial expansion is greatly handicapped by lack of a coastline. Were Switzerland possessed of a port like Amsterdam or Rotterdam, it is certain that the Switzerland of today would be far greater advanced in industrial and commercial lines than is now the case.

So, again turning to Lithuania, her progress is greatly enhanced by her acquisition of the Port of Memel. With the building up of a Lithuanian merchant marine, the commerce of this Baltic Republic must take a decided turn for the better. Lithuanian vessels will carry Lithuanian products, small though they may be at present, to other nations and bring back cargoes needed by the Lithuanian people. Prior to the war this trading was done exclusively by the Russians and Germans, and the Lithuanians were content to carry on their agricultural pursuits year in and year out. Now, Lithuania will lose her identity of being solely an agricultural country, and though agriculture will be the backbone of the Lithuanian

nation, still industry and commerce will ever increasingly enter the sphere of her enterprise.

Aside from the great commercial advantages that a port means to a nation, one cannot overlook the romantic, if I may use that word, atmosphere which the coming and going of ships of other nations mean. Vessels, large and small, bearing flags of the maritime nations, carrying cargoes of a wide variety, products from the northern countries like Norway and Sweden; from the sunny lands of Italy, Spain, etc., and even the Far East, all this has an Educational effect on the inhabitants. They derive a more intimate knowledge of the affairs of the world and develop a commercial instinct which is a great asset to any nation. It is nice to picture Lithuanian vessels plying the coast of China, Japan, even our own United States, and while it may be some time before vessels bearing the Lithuanian flag make their appearance in such distant places as the Far East, still that time is bound to come. Lithuania is destined to be added to the list of sea-faring nations of the world.

W. M.



Puffers of Poland

We have always said and will say that in the "pan" brains there is: annexation, superiority, et al. Their crude way of coming into Lithuanian lands and staying with pointed bayonets in which figures the Lithuanian persecution by the Polish army in Vilna, the ancient capital of Lithuania, and other bordering territories which were and are Lithuanian. Below is a sample of the many "upholding" letters which Poland's puffers in the United States are sending to active workers of various movements as: Lithuanian, White Russian, Ukrainian, etc. And they, "pans", of course, hope to scare 'em alive. Live on, brothers, with thoughts that circle the globe for blood and lust, but do not forget that "cows come home about milking time." Here goes:

Dear Sir:

I read your letter to the President of France with amused tolerance, but surprise at your ignorance of present world affairs. Are you not aware that world power today is in the hands of Rome and

her chosen nation, — Poland. Our present Pope thru intimate association in the construction of the present Polish government recognized the superiority of the Polish people over all other peoples and their God-given right of world dominace over the inferior races of the rest of the world, and especially so of the Lithuanians, the Balkans, Slovenes, Croatians, Magyrs, etc., etc.

Thru the co-operation of Poland and Rome will come the long cherished dream of temporal and spiritual world rule of our Church, with Poland maintaining the political rule.

The geographical position of Poland between the East and West and superior mentality of the Polish people makes it the natural center for world rule and dominance. The future will see the Vatican removed to Warsaw and the glories of the Byzantium renewed and excelled. Asia, India, and Africa shall surrender to our rule and all Western nations shall be obedient vassals.

If you were a student of the world affairs, you would have noticed how servile every na-

tion is in obeying the exprest wishes and protecting every interest of Poland — Infidel France, Protestant Great Britain and Independent (?) America are in humble and strict accord in that policy. Chas. Evans Hughes and President Harding are but clerks and errand boys for Poland insofar as she wished to use them. The orders are now coming thru Rome, but it will not be long before they are coming direct from Poland. Therefore you see what piffle your protest to President Poncaire is.

Do you not know that you Lithuanians now, as citizens of the United States, are paying taxes for the benefit of Poland. Under the Wilson and the Harding regimes, Poland has received openly many millions of dollars and secretly very many millions. These millions must be paid for out of the labor and production of Lithuanians as well as the rest of the people of this country. Does that tell you nothing of the power and dominance of Poland.

This world situation may be hard for you to grasp, but as a signboard take the situation of our own town, against a majority of Heretics, as also the Irish, German and Italians Catholics, and the Greek or

political power here. Our man is your Mayor or Chief Burgess, and we can place our men in any other political office we wish. With our new bank we are taking the economic leadership and have the old established banks subservient to us and servile.

When Poland assumes her militant political world leadership, the Polish people of the town, as well as of all other town — will assume their rightful position as social, economic, and political leaders. Loyalty to the Church of all other races will demand that recognition for us, and the organizations and institutions among the inferior races, Irish, Italian, German, etc., will be tools placed in our hands to compel it.

One of your future Masters,
A Son of Poland.

We add:

O tempora! O mores!

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They are all
boosters and
deserve your
business.

THE SCARLET PLAGUE BY JACK LONDON

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"He was a violent, unjust man. Why the plague spared him I can never understand. It would seem, in spite of our old metaphysical notions about absolute justice, that there is no justice in the universe. Why did he live?—an iniquitous, moral monster, a blot on the face of nature, a cruel, relentless, bestial cheat as well. All he could talk about was motor cars, machinery, gasoline, and garage—and especially with huge delight, of his mean pilferings and sordid swindlings of the persons who had employed him in the days before the coming of the plague. And yet he was spared, while hundreds of millions, yea, billions, of better men were destroyed.

"I went on with him to his camp, and there I saw her, Vesta, the one woman. It was glorious and . . . pitiful. There she was, Vesta Van Warden, the young wife of John Van Warden, clad in rags, with marred and scarred and toil-calloused hands, bending over the campfire and doing scullion work—she, Vesta, who had been born to the purple of the greatest baronage of wealth the world had ever known. John Van Warden, her husband, worth one billion eight hundred millions, and president of the Board of Industrial Magnates, had

been the ruler of America. Also, sitting on the Industrial Board of Control, he had been one of the seven men who ruled the world. And she herself had come of equally noble stock. Her father, Philip Saxon, had been President of the Board of Industrial Magnates up to the time of his death. This office was in process of becoming hereditary, and had Philip Saxon had a son that son would have succeeded him. But his only child was Vesta, the perfect flower of gen-

erations of the highest culture this planet has ever produced. It was not until the engagement between Vesta and Van Warden took place that Saxon indicated the latter as his successor. It was, I am sure, a political marriage. I have reason to believe that Vesta never really loved her husband in the mad, passionate way of which the poets used to sing. It was more like the marriages that obtained among crowned heads before they were displaced by the Magnates.

"And there she was, boiling fish chowder in a soot-covered pot, her glorious eyes inflamed by the acrid smoke of the open fire. Here was a sad story. She was the one survivor in a million, as I had been, as the Chauffeur had been. On a crowning eminence of the Alameda Hills, over-

looking San Francisco Bay, Van Warden had built a vast summer palace. It was surrounded by a park of a thousand acres. When the plague broke out, Van Warden sent her there. Armed guards patrolled the boundaries of the park, and nothing entered in the way of provisions or even mail matter that was not first fumigated. And yet did the plague enter, killing the guards at their posts, the servants at their tasks, sweeping away the whole army of retainers—or, at least, all them who did not flee to die elsewhere. So it was that Vesta found herself the sole living person in the palace that had become a charnel house.

"Now, the Chauffeur had been one of the servants that ran away. Returning, two months afterward, he discovered Vesta in a little summer pavilion where there had been no deaths and where she had established herself. He was a brute. She was afraid, and she ran away and hid among the trees. That night, on foot, she fled into the mountains—she, whose tender feet and delicate body had never known the bruise of stones nor the scratch of briars. He followed, and that night he caught her. He struck her. Do you understand? He beat her with those terrible fists of his and made her his slave. It was she who had to gather the firewood, build the fires, cook and do all the degrading camp labor—she, who had never performed a menial act in her life. These things he compelled her to do, while he, a proper savage, elected to lie around camp and look on. He did nothing, absolutely nothing, except on occasion to hunt meat or catch fish."

"Good for Chauffeur," Hare-Lip commented in an understone to the other boys. "I remember him before he died. He was a corker. But he did things, and he made things go. You know, dad married his daughter, an' you ought to see the way he knocked the spots

outa dad. The Chauffeur was a son of a gun. He made us kids stand around. Even when he was croakin' he reached out for me once an' laid my head open with that long stick he kept always beside him."

Hare-Lip rubbed his bullet head reminiscently, and the boys returned to the old man, who was maundering



With My Horse, and Dogs and Pony I
Set Out.

ecstatically about the founder of the Chauffeur tribe.

"And so I say to you that you cannot understand the awfulness of the situation. The Chauffeur was a servant, understand, a servant. And he cringed, with bowed head, to such as she. She was a lord of life, both by birth and by marriage. The destinies of millions such as he she carried in the hollow of her pink-white hand. And, in the days before the plague, the slightest contact with such as he would have been pollution. Oh, I have seen it. Once, I remember, there was a Mrs. Goldwin, wife of one of the great magnates. It was on a landing stage, just as she was embarking in her private dirigible, that she dropped her parasol. A servant picked it up and made the mistake of handing it to her—to her, one of the greatest royal ladies of the land! She shrank back, as though he were a leper, and indicated her secretary to receive it. Also, she ordered her secretary to ascertain the creature's name and to see that he was immediately discharged from service. And such a woman was Vesta Van Warden. And her the Chauffeur beat and made his slave.

"—Bill—that was it; Bill, the Chauffeur. That was his name. He was a wretched, primitive man, wholly devoid of the finer instincts and chivalrous promptings of a cultured soul. No, there is no absolute justice, for to him fell that wonder of womanhood, Vesta Van Warden. The grievousness of this you will never understand, my grandsons; for you are yourselves primitive little savages, unaware of aught else but savagery. Why should Vesta not have been mine? I was a man of culture and refinement, a professor in a great university. Even so, in the time before the plague, such was her exalted position, she would not have deigned to know that I existed. Mark, then, the abysmal degradation to which she fell at the hands of the Chauffeur. Nothing less than

the destruction of all mankind had made it possible that I should know her, look in her eyes, converse with her, touch her hand—aye, and love her and know that her feelings toward me were very kindly. I have reason to believe that she, even she, would have loved me, there being no other man in the world except the Chauffeur. Why, when it destroyed eight billions of souls, did not the plague destroy just one more man, and that man the Chauffeur?

"Once, when the Chauffeur was away fishing, she begged me to kill him. With tears in her eyes she begged me to kill him. But he was a strong and violent man, and I was afraid. Afterward I talked with him. I offered him my horse, my pony, my logs, all that I possessed, if he would give Vesta to me. and he grinned in my face and shook his head. He was very insulting. He said that in the old days he had been a servant, had been dirt under the feet of men like me and of women like Vesta, and that now he had the greatest lady in the land to be servant to him and cook his food and nurse his brats. 'You had your day before the plague,' he said; 'but this is my day, and a damned good day it is. I wouldn't trade back to the old times for anything.' Such words he spoke, but they are not his words. He was a vulgar, low-minded man, and vile oaths fell continually from his lips.

"Also he told me that if he caught me making eyes at his woman he'd wring my neck and give her a beating as well. What was I to do? I was afraid. He was a brute. That first night, when I discovered the camp, Vesta and I had great talk about the things of our vanished world. We talked of art, and books, and poetry; and the Chauffeur listened and grinned and sneered. He was bored and angered by our way of speech which he did not comprehend, and finally he spoke up and said: 'And this is Vesta

Van Warden, one-time wife of Van Warden the magnate—a high and stuck-up beauty, who is now my squaw. Eh, Professor Smith, times is changed, times is changed. Here, you, woman, take off my moccasins, and lively about it. I want Professor Smith to see how well I have you trained.'

"I saw her clench her teeth, and the flame of revolt rise in her face. He drew back his gnarled fist to strike, and I was afraid, and sick at heart. I could do nothing to prevail against him. So I got up to go, and not be witness to such indignity. But the Chauffeur laughed and threatened me with a beating if I did not stay and behold. And I sat there, perforce, by the campfire on the shore of Lake Temescal and saw Vesta, Vesta Van Warden, kneel and remove the moccasins of that grinning, hairy, ape-like human brute.

"—Oh, you do not understand, my grandsons. You have never known anything else, and you do not understand.

"'Halter broke and bridle wise,' the Chauffeur gloated, while she performed that dreadful, mental task. 'A trifle balky at times, professor, a trifle balky; but a clout alongside the jaw makes her as meek and gentle as a lamb.'

"And another time he said: 'We've got to start all over and replenish the earth and multiply. You're handicapped, professor. You ain't got no wife, and we're up against a regular Garden-of-Eden proposition. But I ain't proud. I'll tell you what, professor.' He pointed at their little infant, barely a year old. 'There's your wife, though you'll have to wait till she grows up. It's rich, ain't it? We're all equals here, and I'm the biggest toad in the splash. But I ain't stuck up—not I. I do you the honor, Professor Smith, the very great honor, of betrothing to you my and Vesta Warden's daughter. Ain't it cussed bad that Van Warden ain't here to see?'

"I lived three weeks of infinite torment there in the Chauffeur's camp. And then, one day, tiring of me, or of what to him was my bad effect on Vesta, he told me that the year before, wandering through the Contra Costa hills to the straits of Carquinez, across the straits he had seen a smoke. This meant that there were still other human beings, and that for three weeks he had kept this inestimable precious information from me. I departed at once, my dogs and horses, and journeyed across the Contra Costa hills to the straits. I saw no smoke on the other side, but at Port Costa discovered a small steel barge on which I was able to embark my animals. Old canvas which I found served me for a sail, and a southerly breeze fanned me across the straits and up to the ruins of Vallejo. Here, on the outskirts of the city I found evidences of a recently occupied camp. Many clam shells showed me why these humans had come to the shores of the bay. This was the Santa Rosa tribe, and I followed its track along the old railroad right of way across the salt marshes to Sonoma valley. Here, at the old brickyard at Glen Ellen, I came upon the camp. There were eighteen skulls all told. Two were old men, one of whom was Jones, a banker. The other was Harrison, a retired pawnbroker, who had taken for a wife the matron of the State Hospital for the Insane at Napa. Of all the persons of the city of Napa, and of all the other towns and villages in that rich and populous valley, she had been the only survivor. Next, there were the three young men—Cardiff and Hale who had been farmers, and Vainwright, a common day laborer. All three had found wives. To Vainwright, a crude, illiterate farmer, had fallen the greatest prize, next to Vesta, of the women who came through the plague. She was one of the world's most noted singers, and the plague had caught her at San Francisco. She

had talked with me for hours at a time, telling me of her adventures, until, at last, rescued by Hale in the Mendocino forest reserve, there had remained nothing for her to do but become his wife. But Hale was a good fellow in spite of his illiteracy. He had a keen sense of justice.

"The wives of Cardiff and Wainwright were ordinary women, accustomed to toil, with strong constitutions—just the type for the wild new life which they were compelled to live. In addition were two adult idiots from the feeble-minded home at Eldredge, and five or six young children and infants born after the formation of the Santa Rosa tribe. Also, there was Bertha. She was a good woman. Hare-Lip, in spite of the sneers of your father. Her I took for wife. She was the mother of your father, Edwin, and of yours, Hoo-Hoo. And it was our daughter, Vera, who married your father, Hare-Lip—your father, Sandow, who was the eldest son of Vesta Van Warden and the Chauffeur.

"There are only two other tribes that we know of—the Los Angelitos and the Carmelitos. The latter started from one man and woman. He was called Lopez, and he was descended from the ancient Mexicans and was very black. He was a cowherd in the ranges beyond Carmel, and his wife was a maidservant in the Great Del Monte hotel. It was seven years before we first got in touch with the Los Angelitos. They have a good country down there, but it is too warm. I estimated the present population of the world at between three hundred and fifty and four hundred—provided, of course, that there are no scattered little tribes elsewhere in the world. If there be such, we have not heard of them. Since Johnson crossed the desert from Utah, no word or sign has come from the East or anywhere else. The great world which I knew in my boyhood and early manhood is gone.

It has ceased to be. I am the last man who was alive in the days of the plague and who knows the wonders of that far-off time. We, who mastered the planet—its earth, and sea, and sky—and who were as very gods, now live in primitive savagery along the water courses of this California country.

"But we are increasing rapidly—your sister, Hare-Lip, already has four children. We are increasing rapidly and making ready for a new climb toward civilization. In time, pressure of population will compel us to spread out, and a hundred generations from now we may expect our descendants to start across the Sierras, oozing slowly along, generation by generation, over the great continent to the colonization of the East—a new Aryan drift around the world.

"But it will be slow, very slow; we have so far to climb. We fell so hopelessly far. If only one physicist or one chemist had survived! But it was not to be, and we have forgotten everything. The Chauffeur started working in iron. He built the forge which we use to this day. But he was a lazy man, and when he died he took with him all he knew of metals and machinery. What was I to know of such things? I was a classical scholar, not a chemist. The other men who survived were not educated. Only two things did the Chauffeur accomplish—the brewing of strong drink and the growing of tobacco. It was while he was drunk, once, that he killed Vesta. I firmly believe that he killed Vesta in a fit of drunken cruelty, though he always maintained that she fell into the lake and was drowned.

"And, my grandsons, let me warn you against the medicine men. They call themselves doctors, travestying what was once a noble profession, but in reality they are medicine men, devil men, and they make for superstition and darkness. They are cheats and liars. But so debased and degraded are we that we believe their lies.

They, too, will increase in numbers as we increase, and they will strive to rule us. Yet they are liars and charlatans. Look at young Cross-Eyes, posing as a doctor, selling charms against sickness, giving good hunting, exchanging promises of fair weather for good meat and skins, sending the death stick, performing a thousand abominations. Yet I say to you, that when he says he can do these things, he lies. I, J. H. Smith, say that he lies. I have told him so to his teeth. Why has he not sent me the death stick? Because he knows that with me it is without avail. But you, Hare-Lip, so deeply are you sunk in black superstition that did you awake this night and find the death stick beside you, you would surely die. And you would die, not because of any virtue in the stick, but because you are a savage with the dark and clouded mind of a savage.

"The doctors must be destroyed, and all that was lost must be discovered over again. Wherefore, earnestly, I repeat unto you certain things which you must remember and tell to your children after you. You must tell them that when water is made hot by fire there resides in it a wonderful thing called steam, which is stronger than ten thousand men and which can do all man's work for him. There are other very useful things. In the lightning flash there resides a similarly strong servant of man, which was of old his slave and which some day will be his slave again.

"Quite a different thing is the alphabet. It is what enables me to know the meaning of fine markings, whereas you boys know only rude picture writing. I have stored many books in that dry cave on Telegraph hill, where you see me often go when the tribe is down by the sea. In them is great wisdom. Also with them, I have placed a key to the alphabet, so that one who knows picture writing may also know print. Some day men will

read again; and then, if no accident has befallen my cave, they will know that Professor Smith once lived and saved for them the knowledge of the ancients.

"There is another little device that man inevitably will rediscover. It is called gunpowder. It was what enabled us to kill surely and at long distances. Certain things which are found in the ground, when combined in the right proportions, will make this gunpowder. What these things are, I have forgotten, or else I never knew. But I wish I did know. Then would I make powder, and then would I certainly kill Cross-Eyes and rid the land of superstition—"

"After I am man grown I am going to give Cross-Eyes all the goats and meat, and skins I can get, so that he'll teach me to be a doctor," Hoo-Hoo asserted. "And when I know, I'll make everybody else sit up and take notice. They'll get down in the dirt to me, you bet."

The old man nodded his head solemnly, and murmured:

"Strange it is to hear the vestige and remnants of the complicated Arayan speech fall from the lips of a filthy little skin-clad savage. All the world is topsy-turvy. And it has been topsy-turvy ever since the plague."

"You won't make me sit up," Hare-Lip boasted to the would-be medicine man. "If I paid you for a sending of the death stick, and it didn't work, I'd bust in your head—understand, you Hoo-Hoo, you?"

"I'm going to get Granser to remember this here gunpowder stuff," Edwin said softly, "and then I'll have you all on the run. You, Hare-Lip, will do my fighting for me, and you, Hoo-Hoo, will send the death stick for me and make everybody afraid. And if I catch Hare-Lip trying to bust your head, Hoo-Hoo, I'll fix him with that same gunpowder. Granser ain't such a fool as you think, and I'm going to listen to him and some day I'll be boss over the whole bunch of you."

The old man shook his head sadly, and said:

"The gunpowder will come. Nothing can stop it—the same old story over and over. Man will increase, and men will fight. The gunpowder will enable men to kill millions of men, and in this way only, by fire and blood, will a new civilization, in some remote day, be evolved. And of what profit will it be? Just as the old civilization passed, so will the



"In That Dry Cave on Telegraph Hill I Have Stored Many Books."

new. It may take fifty thousand years to build, but it will pass. All things pass. Only remain cosmic force and matter, ever influx, ever acting and reacting and realizing the eternal types—the priest, the soldier, and the king. Out of the mouths of babes comes the wisdom of all the ages. Some will fight, some will rule, some will pray; and all the rest will toil and suffer sore while on their bleeding carcasses is reared again, and yet again, without end, the amazing beauty and surpassing wonder of the civilized state. It were just as well that I destroyed those cave-stock books—whether they remain or perish, all their old truths will be discovered, their old lies lived and handed down. What is the profit—"

Hare-Lip leaped to his feet, giving a quick glance at the pasturing goats and the afternoon sun.

"Gee!" he muttered to Edwin. "The old geezer gets more long winded every day. Let's pull for camp."

While the other two, aided by the dogs, assembled the goats and started them for the trail through the forest, Edwin stayed by the old man and guided him in the same direction. When they reached the old right-of-way, Edwin stopped suddenly and looked back. Hare-Lip and Hoo-Hoo and the dogs and the goats passed on. Edwin was looking at a small herd of wild horses which had come down on the hard sand. There were at least twenty of them, young colts and yearlings and mares, led by a beautiful stallion which stood in the foam at the edge of the surf, with arched neck and bright wild eyes, sniffing the salt air from the sea.

"What is it?" Granser queried.

"Horses," was the answer. "First time I ever seen 'em on the beach. It's the mountain lions getting thicker and thicker and driving 'em down."

The low sun shot red shafts of light, fan-shaped, up from a cloud-tumbled horizon. And close at hand, in the

white waste of shore-lashed waters, the sea lions, bellowing their old primeval chant, hauled up out of the sea on the black rocks and fought and loved.

"Come on, Granser," Edwin prompted.

And old man and boy, skin-clad and barbaric, turned and went along the right-of-way into the forest in the wake of the goats.

THE END.

Sport Notes

Some prize fights go the limit. Others are the limit.

Bookmaker says a horse is man's best friend, providing he finishes first.

The New York Giants signed Eddle Ainsmith, veteran catcher, who was a free agent.

It is denied that Red Grange of Illinois is a professional, and yet he plays well enough to be one.

"Casey Stengel" ought to be a big star in Boston. Casey was always a big star in the minors.

It may be well to call to the attention of lovers of real sport that croquet is as popular as ever.

Now they are going to form a Big Fo in football and that will develop more moral victories than ever.

John McGraw announces he intends to rebuild the Giants from the bottom up, despite the high price of concrete.

It is easy to believe Mr. Hoppe is master of the nurse shot, considering how he nurses some of his opponents along.

Correct this sentence: "The defeated fighter admitted he was beaten by a better man and said he had no alibi to offer."

An athletic club, costing \$2,000,000, was recently opened in Buffalo, N. Y. The club will be used for various sporting events.

The new stadium of the University of Illinois can be made to seat 120,000 persons, which is more than any other amphitheater in the world.

"Illinois woman married fourteen times looking for perfect man." McGraw's had almost as much trouble looking for perfect southpaw.

Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay are now playing a series of games in Montevideo for the South American football championship.

President Calvin Coolidge has accepted the honorary presidency of the American Olympic committee, as his predecessors have done in other Olympic periods.

Fifty thousand dollars has been set aside by the American league as a fund for the relief of veteran players in need of assistance. The fund is available to players in broken health.

Johnny Nee has handed in his resignation as manager of the Evansville team of the Three-I league, after two years of endeavor with it.

A race has been arranged in France in which three or four women jockeys will participate. The race will take place at Longchamps.

Football, formerly considered by Germans as being too rough, has become one of the most popular games among schoolboys and college men in that country.

LITHUANIA

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HOUSEKEEPING

HOUSEKEEPING in Lithuania leaves little time for feminism or club life. After Lithuania's railroads are built, and its American trade full-grown, housekeeping may not be quite so difficult.

Most articles are part of the home industry — such as, for example, flax, food, and leather. For other articles the peddler who travels from town to town is the great medium of often 24 hours distant. He car-exchange, since railroads are riles trinkets, combs, eggs, stationery and numberless other things. He sells and buys, for the busy housewife finds time to make a surplus of articles in her home industry.

Naturally, a lot of folks were peeved at the Bok Peace Award. That \$100,000 is enough to raise a row over. The judges are called unfair, and worse. They'll think three times before taking such an office again.

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VYTAUTAS,

Grand Duke of Lithuania. 1392—1430

DRAMA

Lithuania is at the infancy of its drama. And as such it shows traces of the beginnings of drama in all the classic and European languages.

Students can follow in Lithuania's development in play-writing and producing, an infinitely hastened replica of the universal development of this art. Just as a child presents the intellectual development of the human race, so will this late child of the dramatic art present an interesting opportunity to the students of literary and dramatic art.

Lithuania is at the stage of the early Greek poetic and mythological drama; of the early English moral and mystical play; and of the early modern school of genre play-writing. It has reached all these stages of development simultaneously, and progression from them will be parallel. Vidunas, the greatest of their dramatists, in plays such as "The Eternal Fire" typifies the deep feeling of his race for symbolism. Guzutis, author of "The Mansion of the Bottom of the Lake," writes mythological plays, of the Niebelungen sort, but intensely national in character. He moralized dra-

matically about the historical struggle of Lithuania and its culture. Other dramatists are Lansbergis, the peasant writer, Lazdynu, Peleda, a woman, and Dvi Moteri, another woman who wrote earining light genre plays.

The first play written in the Lithuanian language and produced in Lithuania was presented to a vitally interested public in 1905 in the city of Vilna, ancient capital of the present republic. The public that attended this first performance was recruited from the City of Vilna, and from points that were distant one hundred and fifty miles or more. Since that day, Lithuania has enlarged its stage, until there is scarcely a village that does not have its amateur theatre.

HEROES

The twenty-two men who were in the Shenandoah during her wild night ride could have asked no quicker road to fame. They did nothing, at least until the giant dirigible, as big as a small town, tore loose and started over the Atlantic. But Adventure and

Thrills with capital letters were theirs; they can tell their grandchildren of a ride in the storm in a crippled dirigible.

Fiction goes further, of course. Jules Verne, in one of his yarns, was shot to the moon in a huge hollow cylinder. Twenty-first century Vernes will go up in gasbags. Today they relate equally intriguing stunts. Yet reality shames the wildest imagination.

Chance creates heroes daily. A famous general kisses a baby girl, and her grandchildren will walk more proudly because of it. A boy rescues the glove of the Prince of Wales, and leads the gang from then on. A policeman foils a bandit plot, overheard by accident, and is made a sergeant. A pedestrian near a lonely stream hears a cry and saves a life. One cannot successfully set out to be a hero. By keeping wide awake to opportunity, one can act more quickly. Most heroes are created just that way. In addition, almost every hero has prepared himself for the emergency which made him. Physical strength, intimate knowledge of a subject, alertness, developed courages—such things breed and underlie heroism. And, usually, the heroism is no more lasting than qualities behind it.



LITHUANIA'S SONGS

America, the only nation which has no folk song, has once more brought to the attention of the world a new musical library. It has found in the intensely national folk songs of Lithuania, something of rare interest and charm. The political oppression which Lithuania has suffered and the isolation of its people have made a deep impress on its music.

The Lithuanian folk-song resembles the Italian folk-song in that it expresses in poetry and music the simple life of the people. But here the likeness ends. The "Dainos" of Lithuania are symbolical poems in which the moon, the sun, planets and the stars are given the quality of mortal beings, swayed by mortal passions. The whole mythological scheme of the universe is set forth in this folklore of Lithuania. Melodically the songs are most interesting and reflect the isolated character of the people in their color.

The old "Burtinikas" (poets), were too diffident to speak about men and women, and they used only symbolic terms. Thus, the moon is the male, the sun his bride, and the stars are their daughters, and so on. In the same language the planets are the sons and the earth is the mother of them all.

This poetry pervades the na-

on a bonus, which most service men demand. On the other side are equally self-interested legislators who believe there are more harassed tax-payers than needy veterans, and fight for a big slash in assessments.

The new rules were mere politics, and politics govern the discussion as they shall determine the result. Their entrance invariably turns the key on legislative logic and initiates self-centered scrambling.

Obviously, every representative wants to do what the majority of his constituents want him to do. He feels them out and they wire him their opinions. That is legitimate and desirable. His job is to fulfill popular desire. The tragic part is that often he gets incomplete, misleading, or minority expressions from home. A lodge with few members wires "a unanimous petition" for a measure. If he gets no other opinion, what can he do? Politics should mean people; they must decide. Every Congressman in Washington has his ear cupped in the direction of home. Until he hears definitely—he he plays politics.

tional life, songs and proverbs entering into the business life of the Lithuanian and into the simple betrothal of the young people. The Lithuanian guitar or "Kankles" is generally carved or painted with the "stemma" of the house and provides accompaniment for the folk-songs. The ordinary notation of music is well understood by most of the modern Lithuanians, but a good deal of language and music is taught orally by the old people. In the manner of the old Greek rhapsodies the poet recites or sings a verse which the audience immediately repeats after him.

POLITICS

Congress is still wrangling over the tax-cut-or-bonus dilemma, and apparently a compromise looms. New rules just enacted permit amendments when either bill is brought on the floor, and when the solons get thru with Secretary Mellon's plan, he won't recognize most of his proposals.

A few representatives of both parties see their stay in Washington threatened unless they insist

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Picture Music

That popular style of criticism which expresses music in terms of art, art in terms of literature or literature again in terms of music, is the present day's most pathetic fallacy. For it all resolves itself into words expressed in words and then more words. It now remains for a well known Lithuanian painter truly to picture music; to pour upon glowing canvases the sensuous and rhapsodic moods of music.

The experiment is not new; neither is it converse. The entente between tempo and tempera, pitch and paint has always been industriously cordial. Watts made a "Hope" (forlorn) which hangs over every second London heart and which translates just about such musical sentiments as emanated from that piano teacher to royalty, Sir Paola Tosti. And, on the other hand, it is only recently that two separate musical compositions have been introduced into New York, one of them by the Russian Rachmaninoff, which seek to do with the orchestra what the brush has done with that familiar favorite with misogymists, "The Isle of the Dead." Or remember back to the stir

created when a musical society in Washington played Scriabin in a darkened room, with a melting succession of weirdly colored lights playing upon a screen before the auditors. Eyes and ears feasted, glutted, drugged at the same instant. It was a recognition, anyhow, of that rich relationship between the optical and aural senses. But it was not art.

The Lithuanian painter, M. K. Tschourlionis (or Curlionis, as it is in his own picturesque language) succeeds where others have failed. He succeeds in conveying the nebulousness unlimited in music, the mindful ecstasy of its imaginings; yet he has made art of it, noble, prepossessed art, sternly beautiful. Kinetic art, of course, and madly swift to convey titanic impressions; but such is the modern school, and Paris knows Tschourlionis as one of the foremost moderns.

Enormous imagery, employing whole worlds and heavens of a scope to break the glassy bounds of even Dante's conception of the universe, and piled with thousands of picturesque and telling details—these are his means, but only the means, to the end that a

mood of conscious vastness and creativeness shall consume him who sees as surely as it does him who lays his ear to listen to the winds of a world struggling for freedom from the shell of some famous symphony.

There are some "Preludes" of his, for example, which were away from all that legendry and earthly depiction that characterize his now famous trypitch of "Pasaka." They are typical of him, none the less, and of his Herculean throes to break beyond the limits of formal design and to transcend all human idea. One of these has a looming black peak for its foreground, bright stairs going crazily up across the back. A Sphinx, behind patches of white cloud, broods upon the summit of the mount, dark but gleaming eagle's wings erect upon her back. Verdure, strange, fantastic, climbs the black rock to meet her.

Another "Prelude" is but a glorious huddling of minarets and towers, myriad in number, in variety. Those that are in sunlight shine as Camelot might have shone, those that are in darkness dip to a gloom hellish beyond description. The proportions of the piece are stupendous—an effect of distances intensified by the dwindling mists.

These are his steadfast trick, these mists. But what sinuous, clambering mists they are! Even

when sun sunlight cleaves them they will writhe into new shapes, new phantoms, take on new and softer colors. And in one musical series which Tschourlionis has made—the picturization of a whole sonata, entitled "The Chaos"—they are the integral force of the entire work.

In this "Chaos" sonata, recently produced for the profit of Lithuanian prisoners (a fit reminder of what this small people suffered in the lock of larger nations) the subjects are outrightly labelled in the momenclature of music. "Allegro" says one of them, "Andante" another. Here perhaps are the two most daring examples of Tschourlionis's adventure. The brilliant colors alas! it is impossible to reproduce. They run such a riot as the Grand Canyon runs at dawn, and to miss them is to miss most of the glow of their inspiration.

The "Allegro," for example, swings an endless system of planets through jagged layers of flushed clouds, metal rimmed, transparents to disclose the golden pricking of stars without number. Over it all the sun is an orb of Mystic Dove in barely human form; infinity stares through every crevice.

The "Andante" again employs the same cosmic figurings but in a deeper set of tones, less mad in their scattering. A huge world

is tumbling here churning soberly down a limitless alley of serpentine winds. A thick, dark snake of night lies in a lazy diagonal across it, with longitudinal rods of light dividing it all with the precision of day upon day. And across the face of everything, mists afire, mists in mourning, mists and ever more mists.

On a level rigorously even runs a straight blue bar through the upper portion of each number of this pictured "sonata." It is narrow, inconspicuous, so crusted with stars as to be almost lost in the larger swirl of things. Yet it is precisely the same in each of them. Obviously it is the central idea of the whole work; it belongs there as genuinely as every great musical composition, no matter how often divided into movements must have its central and continuous purpose. It is but a further proof of the artist's sincerity in grasping at the innermost of music and fusing it into permanence.

He has done it, this Lithuanian. He has coupled with a paint brush two great vehicles of genius. He has succeeded where others, hemmed by art older formalism, failed or despaired. He is not the only Lithuanian, to be sure, who has come into good repute in arts and letters during the past decade, for, just prior to the upheaving arrival of the war, that doughty little people had undergone a

great intellectual renaissance. Now, doubtless, it will be resumed, especially should Lithuania's dream of centuries come true and she be granted a national entity. Among other good things it will mean a national school of art.

And what a school it will be, with such as Tschourlionis at its head! What if it forges even newer paths of liaison between art and music. Then words will be unnecessary—and especially such words as these! G. W. G.

Hector Grante, French lawyer, willed that his body be preserved in alcohol. It will do mankind about as much good as some living bodies we see which endeavor to preserve as much alcohol as possible.

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GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

of **THE BOOSTER** published monthly at
Chicago, Ill., for April 1st, 1924.

State of Illinois

ss.

County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared **Thomas Shamis**, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of **The Booster** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher **The Booster Pub. Co., Inc.**, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Editor **Thomas Shamis**, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Business Manager **Frank L. Savickas**, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

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Thomas Shamis, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
31st day of March, 1923.

(SEAL)

Adolph J. Garuckas,

Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 6th, 1926).

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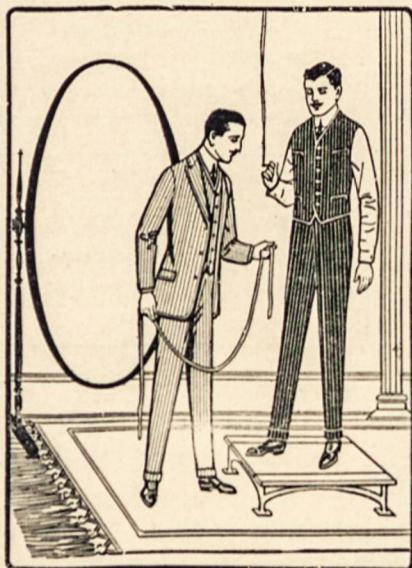
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The Lithuanian-American Chamber of Commerce is organized for the purpose of establishing closer commercial, economical, industrial and political relations between the United States and the Republic of Lithuania, to defend, promote and advance the political integrity of Lithuania, and to acquire, preserve and distribute industrial and commercial statistics and information of value between Lithuania and the United States, and vice versa, and to present the Lithuanian situation in its proper light to the American people.

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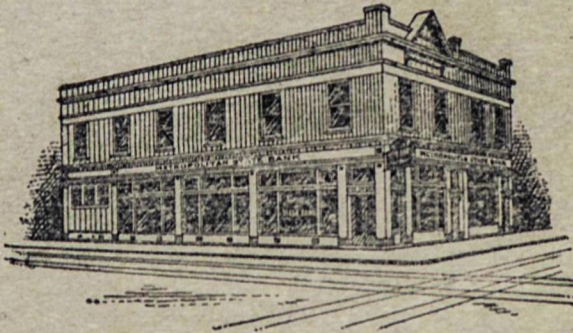
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