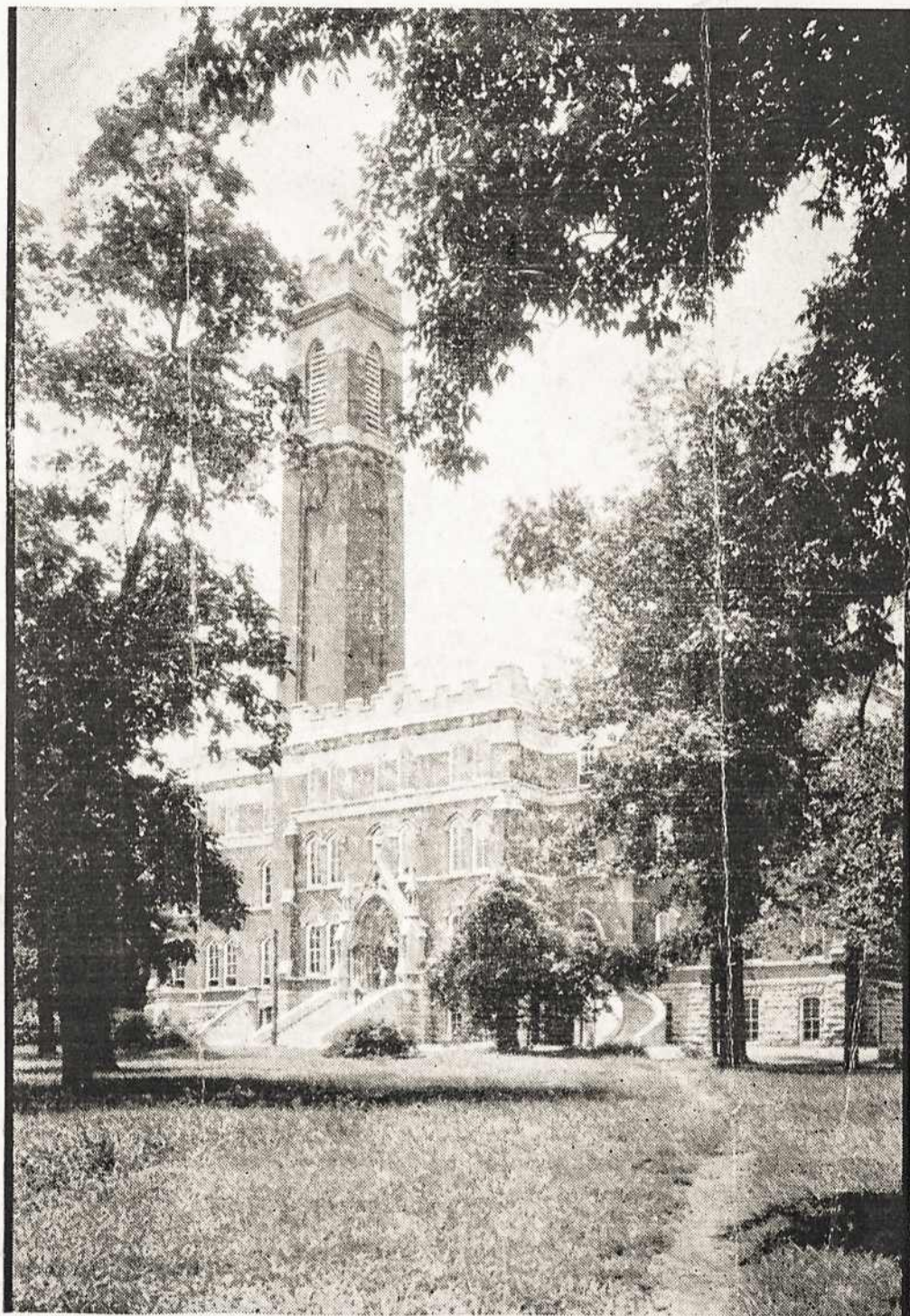


VYČIUS

Rev. J. Navickas, M.I.C.
St. Mary's College,
Thompson, Conn.



BIRŽELIO MĒNESIS...

Birželio mėnesis Amerikoj reiškia mokslo užbaigimo mėnesis. Tarp baigiančiųjų randasi ir daug Vyčių, kuriems linkime geriausios pasekmės.

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Valstybinė valdžia apskaitliuoja jogei jam pavienis žmogus yra vertas \$5,000.00 pinigais.

* * *

Vidui New Yorko miesto rubežių randasi 320 ūkių.

* * *

Žmogaus nasrai, dėl kandimo turi stiprumą 171 svarų.

VACATION DAYS

The lure of “Open Spaces” cannot be denied at this time of the year. The golf bug spares no individual who has previously been infected by it.

(Cover cut also by courtesy of
“THE ROTARIAN”)

“ĮVAIRUMAI“

Rašo Agatonas

Pasišventimas

Pavyzdžiu jogei pasišventimas yra reikalingas kiekvienam darbu yra paduotas Henry A. Campbell, kuris per penkiasdešimt vieną metų išdirbo dėl Thomas A. Edison. Laike šių metų jo darbo Edisonas stengėsi išdirbti elektros žibintuvą, kuris dabartiniu laiku apšviečia mūsų namus, gatves ir abelnai visą pasaulį.

“Buvo arti to laiko” sakė ponas Campbell” kuomet mūsų didžiojo išradėjo svajonės išsivystė į tikrumą. Jis užsitarė į savo laboratoriją ir per dešimtį dienų ten buvo. Visiems buvo uždrausta į jo laboratoriją įeiti. Pusryčiai, pietūs ir vakarienė jam buvo atnešta į jo laboratoriją. Jis man pavelino įeiti prie jo nes mane buvo pasamdęs, kad jo išradimą tinkamai išdirbti su viskuo susipažinęs. Laikas nuo laiko paguldęs galvą ant stalo, sėdėdamas kedėje primigdavo ir tai tik kelias minutes.

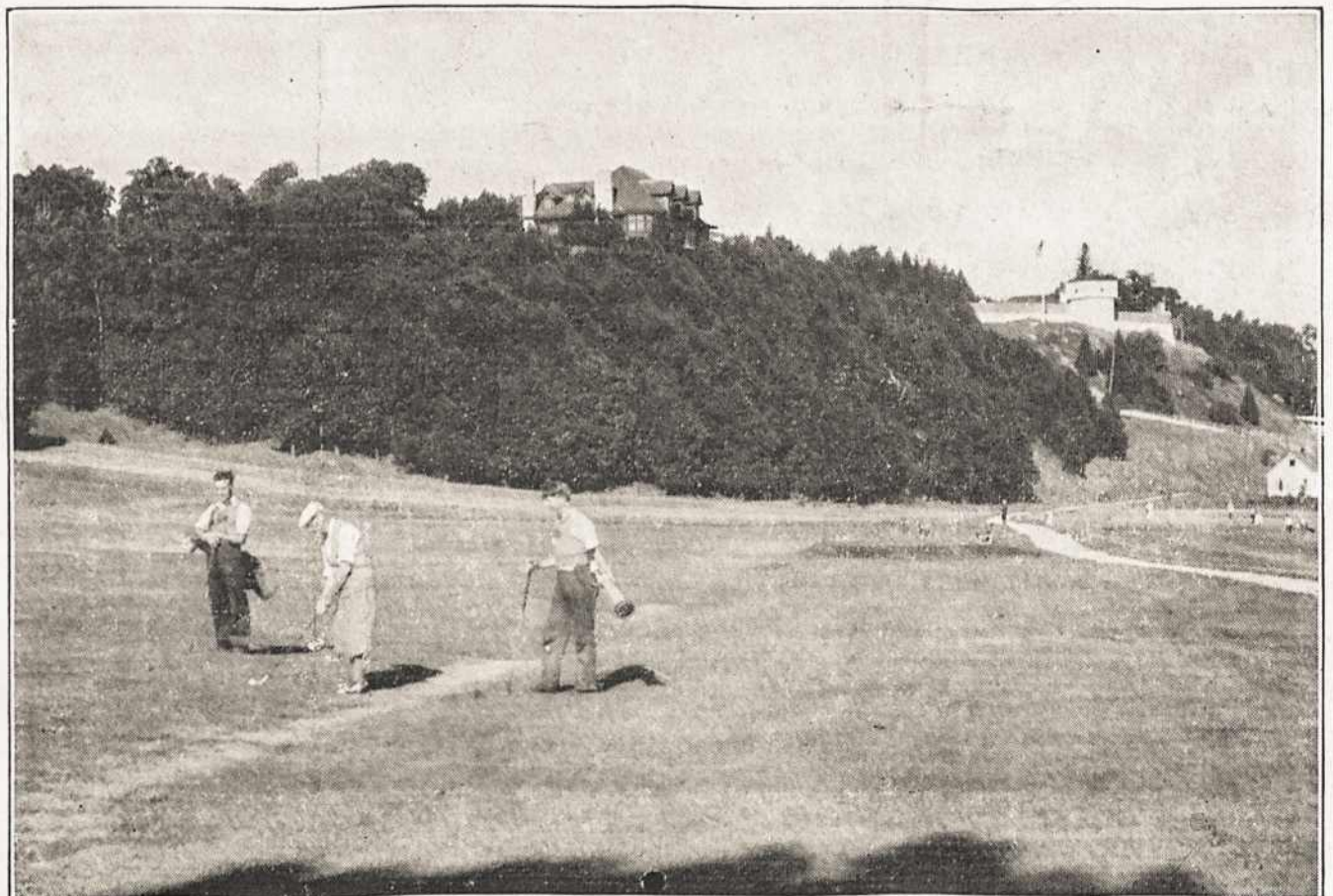
Gyvatės.

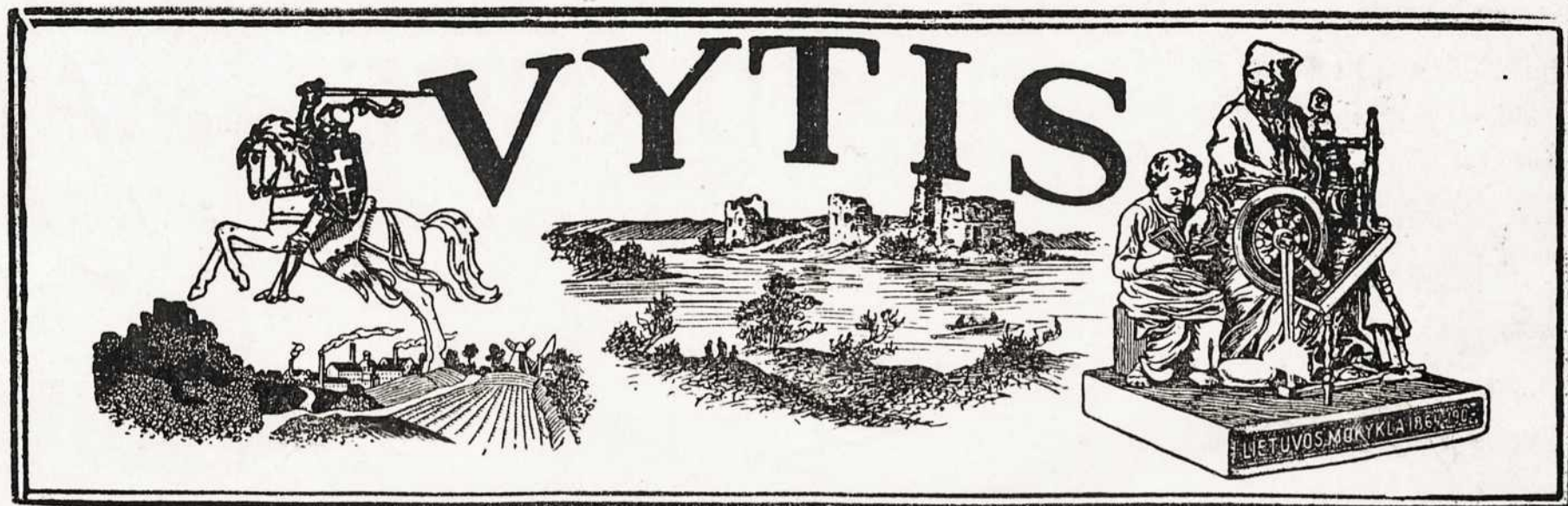
Visi bijosi gyvačių. Bet tokia baimė yra be priežasties. Beveik visos gyvatės nevodingos. Kelios yra nuodingos. Šiandien pasekmingai galima gydyti barškančio angio (rattlesnake) įkandimą.

Bet jeigu tave gyvatė įkandą bandyk sulaikyti nuodus iš tavo kraujo cirkuliacijos. Paimk kokią skepetaitę arba kokią drūtą skudurą ir varžingai užrišk vietą tarpe įkastos ir širdies, kad iš kūno sulaikius nuodą kiek tik galint. Pridėk burną prie įkandimo ir trauk į burną kiek tik galima. Gyvatės nuodai burnoje nėra pavojingi.

Visai nekrutyk kūną ir negerk alkoholinių gėrimų. Alkoholių ant syk pagreitina cirkuliaciją bet tuoj kūną sloginą ir todėl yra aršiausias daiktas dėl gyvatės įkandimo. Alkoholiaus veikimas pirmiausia greitai muša gyvatės nuodus per kūną ir po tam sumažina įkasto žmogaus besipriešinimą.

— F. L. I. S.





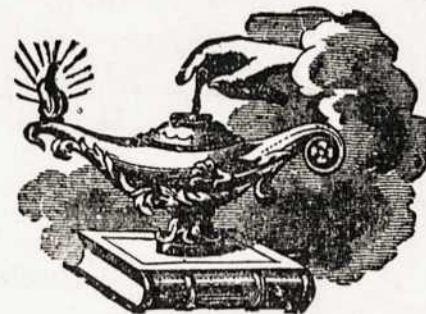
AMERIKOS LIETUVIŲ ŽURNALAS

KODĖL NE PAS MUS?

Birželio mėnuo paliuosuoja mokyklose uždarytus studentus. Net darbų vietos paleidžia per metus persidirbusius tarnus savaitei, kitai. Prasideda jiems poilsio laikas. Karštos vasaros dienos atgaivina visų tinginį, parkuose, ežerų pakraščiuose matosi išdrabstytos bejėgės žmogystos. Automobiliai, prigrūsti išsivilkusių, žiovaujančių žmonių, patys lyg užkrėsti šia vasaros liga rioglandamiesi užkemša miestų kelius, suerzina skubinančius į veikimo centrus. Ir mūsų Vyčių nariai randasi šių aptingusių tarpe. Kuopų susirinkimuose, parengimuose jau prasideda mažėti, net ir pačių narių skaičius. O kaip tik mums laikas pasirodyti. Štai proga mūsų sporto rateliams padaryti tikrų įspūdžių. Kur jų yra, jie veikia, tik tankiai pasirodo, kad patys nariai neateina jiems padėti nedalyvauja jų rungtynėse. Į parkus ruošiami išvažiavimai, bet nei jie neatneša pasekmių, jei mes patys nedalyvausime. Liepos 4 d. Chicago apskrityje ruošiamas "Vyčių — Jaunimo Diena" Vytauto Parke. Tikimasi sutraukti tūkstantinę minią. Vyti! Ar būsi pats? Ar atsiveši savo draugus? Jau užteko mums klausytis užmėtinėjimų, kad mes patys neremiame savo veikimą. Kur tik išgirsime, Vyčių bei kitų jaunimo veikimą nusistatykime ten būti. Artinasi jau ir pats seimas — apart posėdžių, vakarais bus suruošti programai, svečiams ir abelnai visuomenei. Lai kiekvienas parengimas būna gausus pačiu jaunimu. Nelaukime, kad kiti mūsų vakarus remtų, o patys ieškotume nusibastymu svetimose pastogėse. Vyčiai su Vyčiais, dėl Vyčių, už Vyčius parodys lietuviškai visuomenei tikrąją mūsų jaunimo jėgą!

IDEALISM

Its Returns Are Meager



Probably but one person in a thousand exerts himself for the general welfare of mankind. To most people life is a struggle for the survival of the fittest, with no time off for altruism. They smile in derision at the odd individual who spends his time working for others and who seldom gets anything but adverse criticism as a reward for his labors. Small wonder then that few persons are courageous and great enough to forego material advantages and pleasures in order to achieve an ideal.

Professional men, comparable to the rest of the mass, though they have or make some claim to the possession of intelligence; seldom sacrifice their time to lend a helping hand. Everything is measured in terms of dollars and cents and before an individual devotes a few moments of his leisure hours to any charitable work, he first asks himself whether the return in publicity or money merits his time. With such attitudes to confront it, civilization and its progress is exceedingly slow.

Sort out the friends you may have who engage in work for the betterment of humanity. You may be startled to realize that none of your associates can be classed as idealists. After you have done that turn to yourself and see how much good you have accomplished. Try doing something worthwhile for nothing; your heart tells you to do fine things — do them.



DANCE - MAD

A Story of Youth and Its Glory

Frank Parks

Arthur Taylor swore softly under his breath, a gurgle of low, undistinguishable syllables that yearned pitiously to burst out into loud and merciless words. He grudgingly stooped for the second time to pick up the collar button that always annoyed him, and was now causing him so much misery. Once more he gritted his teeth in firm determination and screwed up his face—the battle was on—a minute of hard struggling in which he all but choked himself till the troublesome button was forced into place.

A deep sigh of relief escaped from his quirked lips as he turned to his ties; a bright array of gay and gaudy colors, hanging on the dresser. He tried two of them before he decided on a blue one with white polka-dots.

Then came his coat; he brushed it carefully for he had to! The tell-tale marks of girls powdered cheeks were visible on both lapels. He put the coat on and smiled at himself in the mirror.

The face that smiled back was certainly handsome. He was eighteen; boastful, errant, not a care in the world, and just beginning to enjoy life.

He studied himself closely, noted with pride how his shoulders were beginning to broaden out. His black hair had a patent-leather look, always just right! Brilliantine did that. He was proud of the faint shadow across his chin that suggested a beard. He shaved already. He was a man!

And clothes—the last word. His well tailored suit spoke for itself: The coat a perfect fit, roped shoulders and everything. Trousers; twenty-two inch bottoms, creased to a cutting edge. A perfect picture of the well dressed man, he thought, and giving himself one last look he clattered down stairs.

His mother, a pleasant faced woman of middle age was just drying the last supper dish.

"You're not going out again?" she asked in surprise as Art opened the kitchen door.

He hesitated, his hand toying with the knob.

"What do you want me to do, work all day and stay home at night?" Gone was his wholesome, free attitude. He felt hurt. It was not fair.

"But son," pleaded his mother, "you go out every night. Can't you stay home at least one night a week?" She smiled her best but to no avail.

"Aw bunk!" A disgusted look overspread Art's boyish countenance. It was the bunk, somebody was always taking the joy out of life.

"Dad, did you hear that?" Mrs. Taylor turned to Dad for help, a habit that disclosed itself whenever she was at a loss as to what to do. But Dad Taylor was a tired business man who ignored domestic troubles. His frail form was half concealed behind the evening paper; he did not hear, or pretended he didn't.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself talking like that to your mother" Mrs. Taylor suddenly cried then hurled truthful, defiant phrases at her scowling son. "What is this world coming to? What you need is a good, sound old-fashioned trashing." Her eyes lost their gentle gleam and her face hardened as it flamed up in anger.

Art opened his mouth to speak but she stopped him with scolding words that would have sent many a fearing youngster cringing to his room.

"Aw!" he muttered slamming the door behind him. He was suddenly disgusted with life, home life in particular. Why it was always the same old story, stay home! What could he do staying home? Sit around and go to bed at nine o'clock or probably read read the Bible. He was going to have his fling while he was young and had the chance. He dug his hands deep into his pockets and boyishly fell into a sulking mood. Someday he would make a name for himself, why he might even win a prize in ballroom dancing. That was his idea of accomplishing something really big. His cherished dream must come true.

The shrill piercing tone of a sonorous horn startled him. He caught a glimpse of a lovely face behind the wheel of an approaching expensive roadster, a face that was strangely familiar.

The shrill piercing tone of a sonorous horn, awoke him quickly. He leaped for the curb, and safety, but too late. That moment of gazing proved costly.

There was a wild shrieking of brakes, and he lay sprawled upon the street. Somehow or other it seemed to him he finally got up. In a daze he saw the girl, she was white-faced and climbing out of the car. People were beginning to gather. Someone was talking of getting an ambulance, the police, but Art said, he wasn't hurt. He didn't want to cause this

girl any trouble, so he slipped into the crowd that was milling around him and the automobile that had hit him, and a few minutes later he was several blocks away. He wondered as he stopped to brush his clothes and recomb his hair who she was; then he remembered—Vivian Cleveland, "Sparky" they called her at the Paradise Ballroom. "Sparky" and her partner won most of the dance prizes in the city—they were the city champions. He had often seen her at the Paradise Ballroom, for she was one of the most popular girls there. Someday he was going to gather up enough nerve to ask her for a dance. Suppose she should refuse him? Though he knew he could dance as well as any other fellow, he had never competed in a contest, had never won a prize; therefore he wasn't known, and "Sparky" he knew, danced only with the best.

The Paradise held a prize dance every Friday night. Somehow or other he must win sometime. There was only one way, he decided, then he might have a chance.

As he approached the dance hall, Art noted that the roadster, which had almost sent him to a hospital, was parked in front of the place. So she was here, he thought as he purchased his ticket, to win another prize. He climbed a few steps to the dance floor itself and entered.

Paradise was the home of jazz. It was a big, spacious hall, packed with the younger, wild, reckless youth of this generation, the floor waxed to a reflecting brilliance. The "Rhythm Kings" a twelve piece band of high talent, ruled from an elevated platform with their hot sizzling, jazz music. Youth whizzed by; forgetful of everything in their joy of dancing, conscious only of the irresistible charm of the music, the polished floor, the dazzling lights. Loving couples shuffled past! The crowd was merry, happy, everyone was in carefree spirits.

Art stopped a moment to get into the swing of the rhythm. His feet caught time and his blood tingled; he glanced around for a partner. There were plenty of girls there. He spied one that looked promising and hopefully asked her for the dance.

"Why surely" she replied. And they glided gracefully away. The dancing ended with a grinding clash from the platform. Immediately the floor took on the scene of a public, open air band concert, with small groups of youngsters scattered everywhere. Young, loud-dressed shieks with glib tongues, wove in and out seeking dances with sophisticated girls. A low, steady babble filled the hall, pierced now and then by the easy shrieks of uncontrolled laughter.

Art mumbled a polite "Thank you" to his partner and joined the stag line. He was searching the sea of moving faces for someone. He noticed Sparky and her partner dance by. It seemed that they were arguing. Art caught a few loud, angry words before they vanished into the midst of the swaying crowd. If only he dared to ask her for a dance, but no.

His next partner was a young, sophisticated thing that raved about his dancing.

"Are you going to enter the prize dance tonight?" she asked as he whirled her around.

"I might, and then again I might not" he reflected. If he could only find a girl that could follow him gracefully.

"If you do I just know that you will win, you dance so marvelously." Art was inclined to believe her, her tone was so concincing; but he had never danced in a prize contest before.

"No chance for me with Sparky and her partner against me." he told her. But why not, he thought, all he needed was a good partner.

"That's just it", his girl companion was excited, "someone else is going to win tonight. Sparky and Freddie are not going to dance together. They had a quarrel and Sparky told Freddie to look for a new dancing partner."

Hope leaped into Art's heart. His one big chance if this was true. He became silent for he was deep in thought. Who could he get to dance with him. He knew some of these girls. The girl that he had danced his first dance with, was a fair dancer, he'd ask her.

Somewhere at the other end of the hall a voice bawled out the fact there would be a ten minute intermission. "The second dance after intermission will be the prize fox-trot. Refreshments are being served downstairs."

Art was startled by a hand placed upon his arm. Turning he found himself face to face with Sparky. Of all people-her! What did she want? He felt his face growing scarlet. Had she recognized him? But no—how could she? It all had happened quickly and he had slipped away just as quick. It must be something else. Hot blood pulsed through his veins. The girl he had admired since the first time he had seen her. He recalled the incident. It had been in this very hall, she was dancing then. How beautiful she looked! how lithe and boyishly slender her body was. How gracefully she danced. Now she was standing here, next to him.

"I want to talk to you." Her soft voice penetrated his whole being and rudely awakened his confused train of thoughts. His mind leaped back to the words that she was saying.

Wanted to speak to him. Would he listen? "Yes", he assured her.

She led him across the polished floor, down the stairs and into the lounging room.

There was a moment of silence before Sparky began to speak. Art took this opportunity to study her more closely. A breeze was playing havoc with her hair, a flying mass of dark auburn that licked hungrily at her tinted cheeks. She glanced up at him and seeing his frank stare, smiled back sweetly. Art blushed a little, then he grinned. No matter what she wanted, no matter what happened, he was satisfied; at least a part of his dream had come true.

"First of all", she began "Let's get acquainted. My name is Vivian Cleveland, they call me "Sparky" and yours?"

Art told her his name and he marvelled at the ease with which she was handling the situation.

"Now for the rest of it," she continued.

"The greatest pleasure I find is dancing. I am well known in dancing circles and have, with my partner Freddie Collins, won a few prize dances both here and elsewhere. Tonight, as usual, I was supposed to dance with Freddie. Freddie is a marvelous dancer. (Art envied this praise)" but of late all of this began to go to his head. Tonight he told me that if it wasn't for his wonderful ability I would have never been a winner. This hurt me a little" — she continued "as I always knew it took two to make a good team. Fred kept repeating and repeating how good he was; I don't know what got into him, he never acted like that before. I could stand it no longer, so I told him I was through and he could get another partner. He was rather surprised at my attitude," she smiled, "and told me I had better stick to him as I would never win a dance contest with anyone else. That attitude of his determined me to leave and I repeated I was through. "Now," her tone became bitter, "That last remark of his about not being able to win any contest except with him angered me, and I've resolved to win tonight if possible. All I need now", she continued, "is a good partner, and I want you!"

"Me?! I — I" Art lost his voice. It was almost unbelievable. He grew afraid. Suppose he did dance with her; suppose he made a mistake, suppose a thousand other things happened and they did not win.

"No, no! I'm not good enough," he stammered. "I've never danced in a contest before."

"You're good enough!" Sparky answered quickly. "Why do you think I asked you? I've watched you dance. Your steps are easy, your time perfect. And your position, except for one little correction, beats Freddie's. Listen, she advised "when you dance you have the habit of leaning your head against your partner's. Don't do that, keep it up, just like you walk. You do that and I'm sure we'll win."

Art did not know what to say. He admitted to himself that there was a possible chance of winning. And why not? Had he not been wishing for such an opportunity? And then to be able to dance with none other than the girl he had always wanted to dance with. Accept! He would be a fool if he didn't.

"All right Sparky", Art made up his mind, "I'll dance with you. I'll do my best, but remember if it isn't enough, if we don't win, I don't want you to be angered with me. If you only knew what it means to me to win".

A warm glow of delight settled over Sparky's upturned face. She put both of her small white hands over his and gave them a little squeeze.

Four

"Great!" she exclaimed, "We'll have the next dance together to get accustomed to each other, and then we'll be out to win". Art wished he could share her confidence, but then it was an old game with her while he—it was his first time.

Strains of music floated down from the floor above. Intermission was over, dancing had begun. Art dropped his cigarette and together with his new partner, made his way upstairs. A moment later he was upon the floor with Sparky in his arms. It was a slow dreamy waltz. The lights went out and a spotlight sent a roving effulgence of light from one couple unto another. The atmosphere was filled with romance as the silent shadows drifted around the slippery floor. Art's grip around Sparky's slim waist tightened. She slipped her arm around his neck and relaxed slightly in his strong arms. The light found them, followed them for a second, then shifted to another couple. In the soft darkness Art glanced at the girl in his arms. There was a far-away look in her blue eyes. Her lips were pouted, unconsciously tempting. A sudden impulse came over him. A strong desire to kiss her, to hold her tight in his arms, to never let her go. The end of the dance put an end to his dreams.



"Me and Sparky's gonna' win."

They made their way to the edge of the floor. The same voice that had announced intermission began to drone out the rules of the prize dance. Art listened carefully. "All those wishing to compete must start dancing as soon as the music starts". There were three well-known dancing teachers who were to act as judges. "Couples will be asked to leave the floor until but two couples remain. Then those remaining will have a three minute rest after which they will resume dancing for the prize." Said prize to be a large, silver loving cup.

The dance was about to start. Perspiration broke out upon Art's brow. Sparky was giving him some last minute instructions. "Hold your head up, don't forget that. Watch your heels, keep them off the floor."

He had to go through with it now. It was too late to turn back.

The music started. His knees became shaky as Sparky pulled him onto the floor.

V y t i s —

"Brace up," she implored, "it's only a dance." Her words strengthened him. A wave of confidence swept over him. His weakness left him. He wasn't excited anymore, and his feet caught time, and he danced. Couple after couple were requested to leave the floor. Each time they danced past the judges, Art feared it would be their last. Each time they passed safely by until but two couples remained.

At a signal from the judges the music stopped and they were permitted a three minute rest. It was not until then that Art had a chance to see who the other couple was. It was Sparky's former partner, Freddie and some girl he did not know. The uncomfortable thought that Freddie was right, that maybe Sparky could never win unless she danced with him, troubled Art for a moment. He forgot about it as the music started up again. It was either Freddie or he, and he must win—for Sparky. Round and round the hall they danced, it grew tiresome it became a grind. His head ached.

"Easy", Sparky encouraged him, "Keep your heels off the floor; up with them. That's it!"

His neck was already stiff and sore from keeping his head up and now his heels hurt. It seemed they had been dancing for ages. Still the music kept beating in his ears. Now and then he heard Sparky encourage him. Gracefully they swept around the floor.

Now a judge was holding the loving cup over their head. A thunderous applause from the audience. Now he was holding it over the other couple, again deafening applause. Would it ever end? His head was buzzing. It felt light, he seemed in a dream. Suddenly the music stopped and his tired muscles relaxed. The judges were congratulating them—they had won. He looked at Sparky, her face was radiant, happy. She looked so lovely.

"I knew we could do it," he cried, "I knew we could do it." Art stopped, the pain in his head had increased. It seemed about to burst. Spots appeared before his eyes. He closed them for a moment. Ah! That felt better. Slowly he became aware of a strong smell of medicine. Strange! He opened his eyes. He looked into Sparky's anxious face. "We could do what?" she asked.

"Win the prize dance", he mumbled. "Then a sickening sensation swept over him. They weren't in the dance hall, they hadn't won a prize. They were in a hospital. He was in bed and his head—no wonder it hurt so—it was bandaged.

After all, he really had been hurt, the rest had been a dream.

"I've always wanted to dance in a contest with you," he murmured unashamed.

"You just get well and I'll dance with you," she promised, "now close your eyes and go to sleep."

A smile of satisfaction appeared on Art's face and a moment later he was again dreaming.

— Finis —

THE LIFE CYCLE

IT GOES ON AND ON YEARLY

I can show you a greater fool than an old fool. It's June time, which means thousands of graduates from schools, which also means thousands of educated fools. There is no fool greater than an educated fool.

Graduation from a recognized school imbues the student with a feeling of superiority over his less fortunate worldly brothers. He feels his mind has suddenly become enlightened and that his power of reasoning has become unusually keen. He can argue easily, with an air of condescension, to those who perchance listen; he can offer an opinion on any subject, even when not requested to do so.

Then comes June, the time he joins the common



THE WORLD IS AGAIN SAVED

herd; the people without easy advantages. If the graduate has a close relative in an established concern, it is taken for granted that a place is found for this scion of learning. If he has none, the school of the common herd knocks the idea, that he is better than others, out of his head. On the other hand, the graduate who accepts a position with the established relative continues to feel that his superior ability alone accounts for his progress.

— J. J. J.

THAT LITTLE DIFFERENCE

The reason men fail in business is because they cannot foresee coming events? Neither can the successful business man do that. His guess happens to be better than the other fellow's.



Šis Ir Tas Iš Visų Pasaulio Kampų

DIEVE, PASIGAILĖK MUSŲ!

Tokiu antgalviu W. T. Scanlon'as didžiojo karo dalyvis apie karo veiksmus parašęs knygą, kuris karo metu Parnūzijoje pergyveno baisiausius karo veiksmus. Šią taip garsią knygą mūsų du garbus tautos veikėjai Petras ir Kastas Jurgėlos (Jurgelevičiai) išvertė ją į lietuvių kalbą, tuomi prisidėdami prie taip negausios lietuviškos kariškos literatūros padauginimo. Štai ką garsus Amerikos kariuomenės generolas majoras J. G. Harbord'as sako apie šią knygą; Dieve pasigailėk mūsų: — buvo malda, kuri instiktyviai kildavo iš krūtinų šimtų amerikonių, kurie pergyveno tai, ką p. Scanlonas aprašo šioje knygoje. Šis žmogus atvaizdavo neišdylantį gyvavimo vaizdą, kurį kareivis išgyveno per šešis mėnesius, kurie 1918 metais baigėsi paliaubomis. Ši knyga tai yra atvaizdas, atvaizduotas menininko, kuris vaizduojamusius dalykus (subjektus) regėjo per tuos kelis mėnesius labiausiai jaudinančio gyvenimo, kokį bet kokis žmogus galėjo pergyventi. Gi vertėjai pridurdami nuo savęs sako: Kad būsimiems Lietuvos laisvės gynėjams nereikia bijotis realybės — vadinamųjų karo baisenybių. Iš anksto bent iš dalies susipažinus su jomis, jų baimas mažėja. Baigdami sako: Tačiau mes, kaip nebaigto Lietuvos Nepriklausomybės Karo dalyviai savanoriai — kūrėjai, manome, kad Lietuvos padangėje taika rasis tik po to, kai atpleštasai Lietuvos krašto trečdalis su mūsų tautos šventenybe Vilniumi bus prijungtas prie laisvosios Lietuvos kūno.

Su šia knyga turėtų susipažinti kiekvienas lietuvis patrijotas nes ji auklėja tautos meilę, ir jos populiarumas rodo, kad tos rūšies karo literatūra yra visuomenės mėgiama nes jau jos yra gana daug išplatinta, ir tas parodo, kad karo beletristika labai domina ne tik karius, bet ir civilius. Tadgi kas dar neturite minimos knygos tai pasistenkite įsigyti nuo paties vertėjo, arba nuo jo prietelių.

— Lietuvytis.

STEBUKLINGAS DIRŽAS

Federal Trade Commission, kuris nuolatai veda kovas prieš visokius apgavingus projektus tarpvalstiškoj komercijoje, ką tik išleido įsakymą sustabdyti apgarsinimus apie taip vadinamą „stebuklingą“ diržą, kuris sakoma, visokias ligas gydo. Tą diržą pardavinėja gana didelė kompanija per visą šalį.

Kompanija turi ofisus New Yorke, Philadelphijoje, Trenton, Cleveland, Detroite ir Chicagoje, ir praleido didelias sumas pinigų garsindama tą diržą visuose laikraščiuose ir be to apie jį dalina knygutes ir visokius paliūdijimus. Ir užsisakė vietas net ant 19 radio stočių plačiau apgarsinti jų produktą. Kompanijos pranešimas, kuris pasiūstas į visas šalies dalis, skaitė, kad tas diržas ištikro turėjo stebuklingas magnetiškas ypatybes. Palengvino, sulaukė arba visiškai išgydė dūsulį, pūslės ligas, vidurių sukietėjimą, šlapligę, širdies ligą, skilvio nevirinimą, neuralgiją, aukštą kraujo mušimą, ir daug kitų ligų. Žmogus perskaitydamas apie to diržo stebuklingas ypatybes mato, kad buvo mažai ligų, kurias diržas neišgydė.

Federal Trade Commission ekspertai išgaminavo tą diržą. Viename atžvilgyje tas diržas ištikro stebuklingas, nes lupa milžiniškas sumas pinigų nuo žmonių. Bet kaslink išgydijimo ypatybių tai Federal Trade Commission raportas skaito — „neturi jokios vertės“.

Bet interesinga pažymėti, jog daug New Yorko laikraščių ir kiti leidiniai kituose miestuose nepriėmė tų apgarsinimų, kuomet jiems buvo pranešta iš Better Business Bureau apie tai iš anksto.

Ar Būtų Lenkija be Lietuvos?

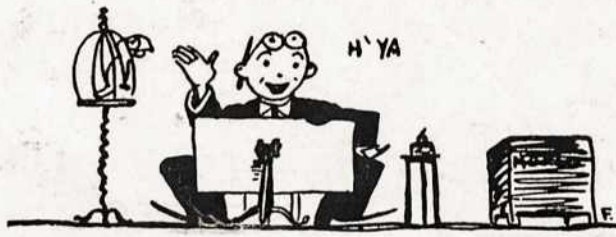
Nesenai didžiuose Chicagos anglų laikraščiuose buvo aprašyti trys įvykiai paliečiantieji Lenkiją, bet kurie labai atsidavė lietuviškumu.

Orkestra Muzikos salėje lenkų simfonijos orkestra grojo „Lithuanian Rhapsody“. Tribuno bendradarbis p. Cabeen, aprašė apie paštos ženklą (stamp) ant kurio yra Pilsudskio atvaizdas. Ponas Cabeen toliau rašė, kad Pilsudskis yra lietuvis ir kad *pusė Lenkijos vadovų ir inteligentų yra lietuvių kilmės*. Toje pačioje savaitėje lenkai susirinkę Humboldt parke pagerbė mūsų tautietį, lietuvi generolą Kosčiušką.

Iš tikrųjų, kuomet pamąstai, kad ir daugiau tokių pavyzdžių yra, kaip viršminėtų, ateina mintis — ar būtų Lenkija be Lietuvos?

— A. Š.

ANDRIAUS ŠNIPO FILOSOFIJA



Rašo Andrius Šnipas

TAI BENT "PEŠTUKAS"!

Šiame pasaulyje tie atsiekia perfektingai savo tikslą, kurie patampa "peštukais".

Šv. Povilas yra pavyzdys senųjų laikų "peštukų". Jis taip buvo įsigilinęs į Kristaus mokslą, taip buvo savo Viešpatį pamylėjęs, kad nebijojo jokių grasinimų romiečių, žydų. Jis buvo kareivis Kristaus armijoje: "peštukas" dėl Kristaus pilnoje to žodžio prasmėje.

Šių dienų pavyzdingiausias "peštukas" yra kunigas Charles E. Coughlin!

Kiek metų atgal jo Vyskupas įsakė jam įsteigti parapiją vienoje mažoje kolonijoje artimais nuo Detroito, Mich. Jis įsteigė; ir dar kaip. Šiandien, pagarsėjęs kaip „radio priest“, klebonu Mažosios Gėlelės parapijos, jis parapijonų turi virš 50,000,000. Devynius metus atgal atvykęs į Royal Oak, Mich. pastebėjęs, kad dirva visai čia neplati. Sumanė pakalbėti 15 minučių per radijušą kiekvieną sekmadienį, dėl paskatinimo žmonių prie jo parapijos. Iš pirmo gavo tik tai dešimtis laiškų; dabar jam klausančioji visuomenė kožną savaitę prisiunčia 100,000. Jam šiandien pagelbsti 80 sekretorių prie šių laiškų perskaitymo ir atsakinėjimo. Vieton mažutės medinėlės, jis šiandien stato bažnytnamį \$1,000,000 vertės. Šiandien jis pešasi su visais, kurie yra priešingi Kristaus idealui. Ir šie "peštuko" bijo grefteriai politikai, žmonių išaikovotojai, neteisingi bankieriai. Kuomet kaikurie politikieriai norėjo "peštuko" burną uždaryti tai 350,000 klausovų savo laiškais užprotestavo. Jam ir keletą bombų yra pametę į jo namus, bet šis "peštukas" tik nupurtė dulkes nuo savo kunigiško aprėdo, ir vėl "davai" per radijušą! Kunigas Charles E. Coughlin dar jaunas, 42 metų amžiaus. Gimė Hamilton, Ontario, Kanada. Kunigu tapo išventintas 1916 metais.

Tokio "peštuko" reikia L. Vyčių organizacijoje! Šiandien mūsų Amerikos jaunimo organizacijoje su tokio "peštuko" pastangomis būtų virš 30,000 narių!

Kad panašus "peštukas" randasi mūsų tarpe, tai neužginčijamas faktas. Tik jam reikia, taip vadinamojo "push" mūsų organizacijos veikėjų ir visuomenės vadų pritarimo. Asmenyje kunigo Anastazo Valančiaus, mūsų dvasios vado, visi "peštuko" bruožai žymu!

— V y t i s

PAVYZDINGAS RINKINYS NOVELIŲ JAUNIMUI.

„Draugo“ dienraščio literatiniame skyriuje, „*Kaip Man Patinka*“ šiomis dienomis tilpo skaitytojų prisiūsti rinkiniai dešimties mėgiamiausių knygų, lietuvių ir anglų kalbose. Vienas rinkinys, ypač, mane užinteresavo, tai *Mykolo T. Jotkos*, 20 metų amžiaus, Marianapolio kolegijos studento..

Vedėjas minėtojo skyriaus „Drauge“ sekamai pareiškė savo mintis apie studento Jotkos rinkinį dešimties mėgiamiausių knygų:

„Šis sąrašas studento Jotkos dešimties knygų yra pavyzdingiausias Amerikos lietuvių jaunimui. Jaunimo žurnalas „Vytis“ tą sąrašą turėtų paskelbti jaunuoliams savo nariams.

„Mūsų jaunimui, paskendusiam džiazo atmosferoje, šis rinkinys yra kaip žvaigždė rodanti kelią gerą, sveiką novelių skaitymą.“

Štai šis rinkinys. Vyčiai-tės, ar galite parinkti pavyzdingesnį sąrašą dešimties mėgiamiausių novelių už studentą Jotką? (Your ten best novels; which ten would you choose to read for life?) Studentas Jodka pasirenka šias:

1. Fabiola — *Cardinal Wiseman*.
2. My New Curate — *Canon Sheehan*
3. Žemės Dulkė — *Radzevičaitės*.
4. Quo Vadis — *H. Sienkiewicz*
5. The Masterful Monk — *Owen Dudley*.
6. The Princess of Gan - Sar — *Andrew*

Klarmann.

7. Saul of Tarsus — *Elizabeth Miller*
8. Via Crucis — *F. M. Crawford*
9. The Monk's Pardon — *Raoul de*

Navery

10. Slippy McGee — *C Oemler*.

LIETUVIS „MEILUŽIS“.

Pasirodo, kad reputacija ispanų „meilužių“ (lovers) smunka. Moderniniai anglų rašytojai kelia aikštėn lietuvių meilužį.

Amerikietis Irvin S. Cobb, jumoristas, novelių rašytojas ima lietuvius jaunuolius pavyzdingais meilužiais. Jo parašytoje novelėje „Balm of Gilead“, *Cosmopolitan* žurnale, randasi „Myrtle Ellie... she acquired a lipstick and a Lithuanian lover.“

Vadinasi, lietuviai ne tik sportu garsėja, bet ir „meilužiais“.

Andrius Šnipas.

Seven



Council Activities



VISI RUOŠIAMĖS I 22-Ų VYČIU SEIMĄ.

NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION

The New England Convention of the Knights of Lithuania was held in So. Boston on Sunday May 27th at the Parish hall. Mr. J. Antanėlis opened the meeting by introducing Rev. Father Urbanavičius of So. Boston who said prayers. The election of officers followed immediately those selected were:

President — Mr. Daniel Averka — So. Boston, Mass.

Vice-President — Mr. Joseph Lakus, So. Worcester, Mass.

Secretary — Miss. Basnakiutė So. Norwood, Mass.

Assistant Secretary — A. Jesilaniutė — So. Norwood, Mass.

Letters of Congratulation were received from Father Vaitekunas, Providence R. I., Father Puidokas of Westfield, Mass, and National K of L Pres. A. J. Mazeika of New York. Mr. Norkunas, K of L. organizer, said a few words.

The following were picked on the resolutions committee:

Mr. Frank Averka — So. Boston, Mass.

Mr. Anthony Tamusunas — Athol, Mass.

Mr. John Buciskas — Worcester, Mass.

Miss Ruth Alisauskas — Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Victor Babel — S. Norwood, Mass.

The correspondents Miss Myra Antanėlis, — So. Boston, Lithuanian, and Phil Carter, Providence, R. I. English. Rev. Father Bakanas of Worcester and A. Tamasiunas of Athol, Mass., were the two most popular speakers and had the delegates always interested. Joe Lakus of So. Worcester was elected delegate to the National Convention in New York.

A resolution was passed and decided to send all correspondence to the "Vytiš" in Lithuanian.

The next convention is to be held at Athol, Mass., There is a council for you, coming a hundred miles to the New England Convention twenty five strong.

They certainly have the fighting Lithuanian spirit, if only more of our councils were like theirs.

The following were picked candidates for office at the National Convention in New York:

President Mr. V. Kereshas, Worcester, Mass.

Vice-President, A. Tamasiunas, Athol, Mass.

1st Secretary, Miss Anna Paznakiutė, South Boston, Mass.

2nd Secretary, Myra Antanėlis, So. Boston, Mass.

Financial Secretary, Mr. J. Puzara, So. Boston, Mass.

The site of the Picnic for the benefit of the New England Council was decided upon after meeting and is to be held in Lawrence, Mass., on August 12th.

Eight

The meeting closed at seven thirty. We weren't very hungry but did we dig in and eat. We wish to thank the committee in charge, Miss Mary Matuza and Miss Frances Karlonas for the way they put up the Lithuanian national dish: boloney with all the trimmings.

— Smiles.

SO. WORCESTER, MASS., Council 116

I wonder what is going on in So. Worcester, we haven't heard from them for a long time.

Folks, don't wonder any longer; we will let you know from now on.

We just had our first semi-formal dance this year at the Town House, a very cute place up on Elm St. Councils from Boston, Athol, Providence, Brockton and Norwood were there. A Silver loving cup was given to Norwood for attendance prize. We had a big crowd and everyone was merry and had a good time.

The girls were all dressed in new Gowns and the boys in their "Tucks" they all looked real nice. We had a very good orchestra and there was dancing until one o'clock. Everyone was having such a good time that going home time came around too soon.

Our monthly meeting is coming soon and you will hear from us again.

Pink and Punk

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Council 103

Unfortunately two of our active members resigned from the council in the past few weeks. We hope they reconsider and return to work along with us. Belonging to the K of L's means doing something worth while, and one should forget personal differences when an ideal is to be achieved.

Other councils boast of get-together parties, and other entertainments at each others homes, whereas our council heretofore has done nothing of the kind. Who will be the one to start the idea among us. We're waiting. Let's get going this summer and start doing things.

An important meeting is to be held so I hope you will all attend, and that the delinquent ones will pay up their dues and become full fledged members again.

— Smiles.

PAY YOUR DUES

How many representatives will your council have at the National K of L Convention in New York City on August 7, 8, 9th?

V y t i s —

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., Kuopa 17-ta

Liet. Vyčių 17-tos Algirdo kuopos, mėnesinis susirinkimas įvyko gegužės 23 dieną vyčių kambaryje.

Susirinkimas buvo gana skaitlingas, pilnas gražių ir naudingų minčių, kas užtikrina, kad vyčiai žengia pirmyn, ir uoliai dirba savo kilnų užsibrėžtą darbą "Tautai ir Bažnyčiai."

Pirmiausia sekė veikimo komisijų raportai: Motinos dienos raportą išdavė p-lė N. Averkaitė, ir P. Razvadauskas. Jie bendrai pažymėjo, kad Motinų dienos programos buvo gana tinkamas ir gražiausioje nuotaike. Kuopa nuoširdžiai dėkoja gerb. kun. K. Jankui už vadovavimą ir visiems pasidarbavusiems.

Sporto raportą paaiškino baseball ratelio vedėjas S. Kabalinskas, ir jo padėjėjas M. Marksas.

Šiais metais mūsų baseball ratelis naujai perorganizuotas, labai gražiai pasirodė pirmasis šito sezono žaidimais. Gražu būtų, kad vyčiai išlaikytumėte iki rudens pirmenybę.

Įnešta, kad vyčiai stengtūsi platinti Vilniaus pasus. Šitas svarbus klausimas gerai išspręstas ir pasižadėta sulig išgalės platinti, nes Vilnius visiems yra širdyje. Taip gi pageidauta, kad būtų skaitomi trumpi referatai susirinkimuose lietuvių kalboje kas jaunimui duos progos prasilavinti lietuviškai.

— P. Kupris.

Dr. E. Valiackui, O. Valiackaitei Liet. Vyčių 17-tos Algirdo kuopos uoliams nariams, taip gi jų tėveliui ir broliui mirus jų brangiajai motinėlei nuoširdžiai reikiame savo užuojautą.

Liet. Vyčių 17-tos kuopos Valdyba.

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN, Kuopa 38

Įnešimai ir Nutarimai.

Mūsų kuopoj Liepos mėnuo yra gana reikšmingas, nes liepos 4-tą d. rengiamės vykti Chicagon į Liet. Vyčių Dieną Vytauto parke. Tos dienos ekskursantų tvarkytojai yra pati kuopa ir jos valdyba.

Liepos 29 dieną, Central Parke Kenoshoje bus parapijos piknikas. Visos draugijos ten dalyvaus. Vyčiai irgi turės savo uždario kampą: būtent, ves „bingo“ žaidimą.

Iš Centro mėnesinės atskaitos rimtai patėmyjama, kad mūsų kuopoj randasi visai mažai užsimokėjusių duokles. Šis apsileidimas bus vengiamas ateityje.

Seimas artinasi. Iš mūsų narių, kol kas dar nėra pasizadėjusių vykti New Yorkan. Vienok kuopa stengsis turėti savo delegatą.

Prot. Rašt. P. Pilipavičiui atsisakius iš vietos, tapo paskirtas Jonas Jankauskas.

Kuopa buvo surengus "hitch-hike" į ežerus. Tie, kurie dalyvavo gėrėjosi ta proga.

— V. Juzė.

— Vytis

VYČIŲ DIENA 1934



Štai, ir Vyčiai sukruoto darbuotis išvieno,
Nutarė liepos Ketvirtą rengti Savo Dieną.

Pasiryžo jie tą dieną padaryt didingą,
Suvadint visą jaunimą į vietą garbingą.

Tą vietą Vytauto Parku lietuviai vadina,
Ažuolai ten šlama, ošia, sielą ten gaivina.

Tad Ketvirtą liepos dieną, parką azuolinį,
Aplankys mūsų jaunimas, patrepsės suktinį.

Suvažiuos ten iš Chicagos ir kitų miestelių,
Pasidžiaugt gamtos grožybėms, padainuot dainelių;

Pamatyti vienas kitą, meiliai pakalbėti,
Vieni kitus pamatyti, gal, ir pamylėti.

Be to, žada aplankyti ir seni tėveliai.
Pasidžiaugt kaip gražiai žaidžia jų mieli vaikeliai.

Tugi, brangi motinėle, ir tu atvažiuoki,
Aplankyk jaunimo dieną, jiems jėgos priduoiki.

Taipgi, Vyčiai būt laimingi per visus metelius,
Jei savo dienoj matytų ir Dvasios Tėvelius.

Lauks mūs Vyčiai savo dienoj įvairių biznierių,
Daktarų ir advokatų, na, ir prapentierių.

Aš girdėjau, visi rengias, ruošias atvažiuoti,
Su audringu mūs jaunimu pažaist, padainuoti.

Na, o tu, grakšti mergelė, jaunas bernužėli,
Juk norėsi aplankyti skaistų jaunimėli.

Tam audringam jaunimėly linksmi paūlioti,
Pasišokti, pakalbėti, skardžiai padainuoti.

Jau nedaug laiko beliko iki tos dienelės,
Ruoškitės visi lig vienam, vaikinai, panelės,

Lai visiems mums nuo dabar bus ši mintis tik viena,
Kad Ketvirtą liepos turim vykti į Vyčių Dieną.

— Lietuvytis.

CHICAGO DISTRICT

Wisconsin — Indiana — Illinois

Remember the K of L Day at Vytautas Grove, on July 4th. Time is 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and the admission 25c. Place is 115th and So. Crawford Avenues, in Chicago. Ten K of L teams will play for the Chicago District Indoor Championship. Be there.

Committee.

Nine



Council Activities



Everyone Is Preparing For The National Convention

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Council 49

June 10th dawned clear and bright (sort of Horatio Algeric)... a typical day for the Track Meet.

12:45 and we're off.... destination... Warinanco Park, New Jersey... purpose.. to bring home the bacon.

Loaded with forty and odd members of the Council and their friends, the big, looming bus slowly picked up speed as it started on its way to Warinanco Park. Over the bridge... through the tunnel... on the new Newark Highway... a few turns to the left.. a few turns to the right... and there we were... Warinanco Park.

The Council's entrees, losing no time and eager to begin, were soon on the field dressed in their various conceptions of track suits.... and these ranged from the most immaculate of white to the most scarlet of red.. a picturesque and colorful scene as viewed from the distance.

Picture-taking naturally was in order and this went on enthusiastically for an indefinite length of time. Then came Johnnie Bray's loud and booming-er.... ahem.... bray.." All out for the 100 yard dash." Officially that meant that the meet was beginning. Enthusiasm ran high as the stalwart, muscled, athletic sons of Lithuania lined up for the 100 yard dash. Then suddenly the whistle. Down the white-lined track came the five fleet-wings on the heels of each other. Harrison struck the tape first and second, Brooklyn 49 came third. Third, at that, was not so bad. So went the majority of the races... Harrison striking the tape first.

The mile run, however, gave us an unexpected surprise when "Jake" Jakupcionis came through to place second. Congratulations Jake... swell running.

The field events were the greatest asset to Brooklyn Council 49. Placements of first, second and third in the shot put.. second in the high jump, and first and third in the running broad jump certainly helped put the "Forty Niners" up in second place. And we are proud to say, without being egoistical, that we feel we did well.... considering the keen competition and the various arising handicaps.

And speaking of keen competition, we would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere congratulations to the winners of the meet.. namely Harrison, for their splendid showing... fine sportsmanship.. and general athletic conduct on the field. It was a pleasure to place second to a group of fine athletes such as the Harrisoners.

The only set back of the whole day was that our girls had no opportunity to show their ability athletically. It was a group of down cast and disheartened young ladies that returned from the meet. The story probably would have been entirely different if they

would have been given a chance. Yet, if moral victories come into consideration, then our girls can rest assured that morally they have been victorious for the fact remains that at least they were there ready to participate.

The Victory Awards Dance in the evening helped to enliven the spirits of the majority of us... and after a hectic day and a pleasant evening, with half the bacon in our possession, if we may so put it, we set out for home... tired but nevertheless happy.

And so another long chapter has been written in the annals of Council 49's activities. We now anxiously await the New York and New Jersey District Basketball League. We hope we wait not in vain.

—End y mion

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Council 93

Back again after a few months absence with news of the K of L activities during this writing lapse.

May 13th found quite a few members of the club gathered at the church ready for the annual May walk, ride or what have you. The girls sprang a surprise on the fellows by coming around with roller skates. At first the boys did not know what to make of it. Some in fact thought that it was a case of mistrust, but when they found out that the girls had planned to roller skate down to the park; a distance of about five miles, their injured feelings were healed. According to reports only two of the fifteen girls who started out made it... (Hats off to Bernice J. and Julia B.) The rest of the girls were picked up along the way by our gallant knights in their modern chariots. The weather did not look so promising so after a conference the location for the outing was changed to a cottage by the lake. The rain spoiled most of the fun that day but there will be other outings.

The donation to the cast of the recent plays given by the K of L was used to a good advantage for a little outing at Corbett's Glen with nice weather and plenty of hots and beer, naturally everybody had a good time. Two of the features of that outing were: the big ball game in which the girls seemed to play better than the boys, and the Lithuanian Songfest given by the cast for their own enjoyment.

There seems to be a great interest in fishing among all our club members. Quite a few of the girls are even interested in this sport. What say to a fishing contest some day? Have prizes for the most and the biggest fish caught and so forth. Seeing that most of the boys have their hunting and fishing license and the girls don't need any; a contest like this could be easily arranged. Now its up to you Waltonions so speak up at the next meeting.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Council 41

On May 24 — the members of the Vytauto Council held a swimming party at St. George's Swimming Pool. With many of the members present the affair was a success. (Did everybody look good after the party? Why some of the members said, their own parents couldn't recognize them when they got home!)

An excursion boat ride party was held on Memorial Day by the K of L members. The party was arranged between the Brooklynites and the "Skeeters" (Jerseyites). The girls were given the honor of bringing their sandwiches, vegetables, etc, for the boys. In addition to eating, the knights found time for dancing and refreshments. All in all a good time was had by those who attended!

On June 3rd Miss Susan Ugeraitis and Mr. A. Mazeika were married. The ceremony was performed at the St. Mary Queen of Angels Church located at 213 South 4th St. corner Roebling St. by the Reverend P. Lekesius. The reception was later held at the Royal Palace Ballroom. Upon their return from a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Mazeika will make their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The regular monthly meeting of the council was held on June 7 at Miss T. Rimkunas' house. With many of the members present and many problems reckoned with, the council had a busy session. Some of the important items of the meeting were: The Election of a new Treasurer, who is none other now than Miss Josephine Yanushka. Miss Yanushka, takes Mr. A. Kruzikauskas' place, due to personal reasons which were accepted and lot of credit given for his good work, with regrets that he could not finish his term.

A notice was given by the Financial Sec. Miss Mary Stagniuonas, that The Constitution books have come off the press at the Center, Chicago, Ill. And it was decided that our lodge will send in their order. Mr. John Wainis, who was a guest during our monthly meeting gave an outline of the program of the National Convention which is to be held in August in New York City, N. Y. The members thank the family of Mr. and Mrs. Rimkunas' for their kind invitation so that our meeting was made possible at their house.

The schedule of Social Activities for the month of June are:

1. June 14 — Steeplechase Park, Coney Island.
2. June 21 — Prospect Park (Rowing, bring your rubbers, umbrellas, etc.
3. June 28 — Social at Mr. Stanley Girdwila's home 133 Powers St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
4. July 5 — Open date.
5. July 12 — Monthly Meeting at Mr. J. Minauskas' house. 230 Grand St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the first two dates of above, kindly meet at Miss T. Rimkunas' home, at 608 Grand St. at 7 P. M.

— J. Minauskas

NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

Seventh Annual Track and Field Meet.

The blazing sun smiled down on a very excited field of contestants and their rooters. Neatly uniformed in favorite colors our teams presented an unforgettable picture of well developed youth. The pleasant rhythmic thud, thud, thud, of feet pounding the cinder track fell on our ears, elbows harmoniously flashed, as runners with heads thrown back, determined to win, passed the grand stand to the thundering applause of concerned spectators

We find six Councils entered and a very interesting and hairraising day it was. In spite of scorching heat the athletes made a fine showing with remarkable times. This year proved especially sensational as a new field of competitors were introduced, with dark horses, hidden stars and surprises all around.

It also unveiled and acquainted us with the pride of Harrison-Kearny, Council 90, a group of boys that have been thrilling the state with their outstanding ability. The boys did themselves proud by taking nine first places, four seconds and five thirds, total fifty three points, thus taking first place and the point trophy.

Second place went to Brooklyn Council 49, with two firsts, six seconds and two thirds, averagging thirty points. A group of up and coming athletes, showing great sportmanship, with a very promising future. I take this opportunity to express the sincere wishes of the Athletic Board, for a speedy recovery from the injury suffered by Francis Raugalas, while participating in this Meet.

New York, Council 12 and Brooklyn, Council 41 placed third and fourth respectively. Their spirit is unequalled.

With a mighty heave of the shot-put the Meet came to an end, and with friendly handshakes and promises to meet again next year the athletes disappeared into locker rooms while a happily satisfied audience filed from the stadium.

My sincerest gratitude, I would like to express, to the officials of the day. They tactfully supervised their responsibilities with ardent spirit.

It would be amiss for me to even attempt extending an appropriate word of thanks and congratulation to the energetic Athletic Board. For two months their faithful labor, sacrifice of leisure time and incessant striving assured success.

My heartiest thanks I extend to the Councils of the N. Y. and N. J. District for their sincere willingness to co-operate. It is evident that your desire for success has made it an outstanding one.

— A. A. S.

KEARNY HARRISON, N. J. Council 90

Here we are back again. Back to tell you that we are planning to and doing things.

Thanks to our able house committee, the annual Communion — Breakfast on Mothers Day provided every member the opportunity to give a little thought to the spiritual side of life and at the same time a chance to publicly display a tender feeling towards the one for whom the day is set aside. More affairs of this type will certainly help our council. Also a word of thanks to our good friends "The Catholic Ladies Club" for their splendid cooperation, especially Gertrude Dasker.

Sunday, June 10th 1934, at Warinaco Park, Linden, N. J. at exactly 3:00 P. M. our boys began winning every track event that came along in the N. Y. and N. J. District Annual Track and Field Meet.

With due respect to other lodge athletes, it must be granted that the Kearny lads had little difficulty in winning their respective races. Following is the order in which the writer saw the piling up of points in the events:

100 yard dash — T. Zdanavičius, P. Kleminaitis first and second.

220 yard dash — W. Zdanavicius, P. Kleminaitis, A. Stankus, First, second and third.

440 yard dash — A. Lutkus, A. Stankus, A. Kasley. First second, and third.

880 yard run — P. Yankasukas, A. Yasavicius, First and third.

Mile run — A. Yasavicius, P. Churinskas, First and third.

Half Mile Relay — Walter Zdanavicius, P. Kleminaitis, T. Zdanavicius, and W. Zdanavicius. First.

Mile relay — A. Stankus, A. Lutkus, W. Zdanavicius, P. Yankauskas. First.

High Jump — P. Yankauskas, First.

Broad jump — P. Yankauskas, Second.

Sack race — Kasley, First.

Impartial observers voiced the opinion that the above contestants were easily the class of the field, while old time stars admitted that even they must take second place.

Just a word about our runners. The three Zdanavicius brothers, also Lutkus, Kleminaitis, and Yankauskas are all members and top notch performers of the famous Jardine Boys of Kearny High School. Between the six — their medals and trophies would fill a bushel basket. A Stankus hails from the Harrison High School track team. A. Yasavičius, before graduation was one of Kearny Highs best milers. D. Churinskas, while attending Kearny High specialized in football (receiving honorable mention in All State selections). He and A. Kasley, while not considering themselves as exceptional runners, nevertheless showed the right spirit by practicing diligently for the meet and running with no thought in mind other than to help the team.

Twelve

Credit must also be given to the boys who tried but who lacked just a little extra something to be counted among the first three namely, V. Kemezis and J. Balazas.

The member who was instrumental in bringing these fine young men into our lodge deserves a hand shake. They are the type of members we have been looking for and there is no doubt in our mind that they will in turn interest others in our organization.

Our hats are off to you, Track Champions of the N. Y. and N. J. District. Here's hoping you repeat again next year.

Let us all believe, advertise and MAKE the Grand Annual K of L Picnic on August 5th, the success it should be. We have an energetic committee, the right place, the proper time. Now lets give it the proper start and your whole-hearted support.

— Elmer.

INDIANA HARBOR, IND. Council 55

Sunday May 6 our members were gay and active — dancing. Not only were our friends and members having a fine time, but the political men too. They found it an appropriate time to drop in and pay their friendly visit before the primary election. (To be sure Gus made himself as comfortable as possible).

Ho hum. As robins are busy flying, singing, and making nests our members can't seem to wait for the time we'll have our outings. On May 10, Tony Genis decided to embark on the S. S. Matrimonial. Soon we'll have others reserving passage — I mean Ann and Pete.

At our last meeting in April the Center officers paid our council a visit. Spiritual Advisor, Father A. Valančius, B. Paliliunas, the former Miss Ališauskaitė, and L. Gritis composed the group that attended. We entertained them at our banquet held for the basketball players. In return Father Valančius reciprocated with his humorous jokes — how we laughed — Mrs. Zelnas played two numbers on the piano while L. Gritis willingly said a few words in protest of doing a dance chorus number with one of our young members. Miss B. Paliliunas couldn't even be tempted to do the same with Gus Mikalauski.

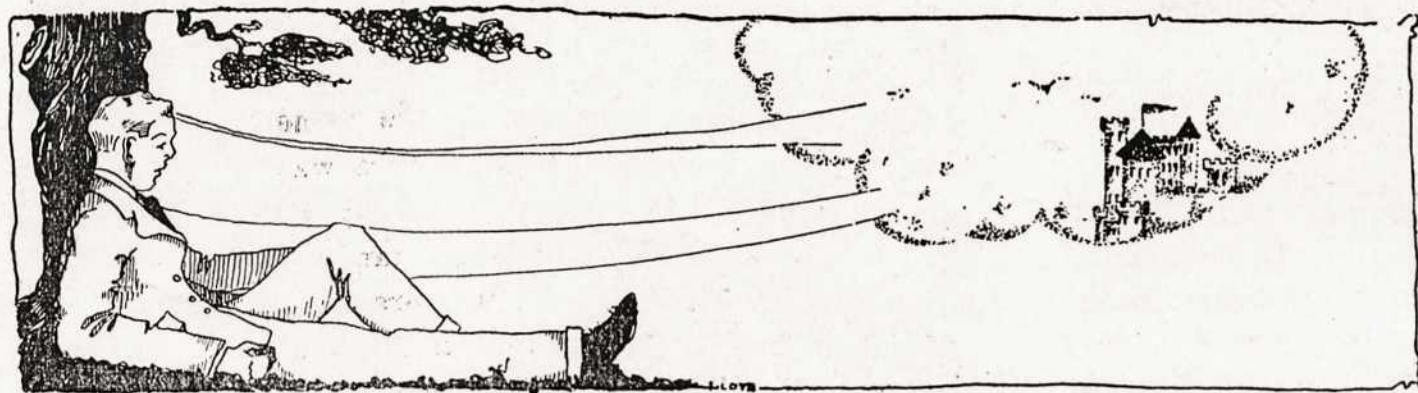
INDIANA HARBOR, INDIANA MOURNS

Death took from our midst Adella Surbles. She bore three months of illness bravely and smilingly. In the short time she was a member of our council, her laughter, joyous moods, and open friendliness attracted the admiration of our members. Her loss brings sadness to our hearts.

— J. A. W.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF VYTIS WILL BE THE CONVENTION NUMBER; AN ENLARGED EDITION. WATCH FOR IT.

Vytis —



THE POET'S CORNER

KODĒL AŠ GINU SAVO GIMTINĒ

Vos dingus šmėklai didžio karo,
(Degėsių Dūmais dar kvepėjo),
Stebūklas gyvas pasidaro —
Mums išdavimas atėjo!
Einu ir aš, nes balsas kviečia,
Į mūsų stoju kareiviją,
Kuri lietuvių vyrus spiečia
Pakelti kovai kalaviją —
Pakėlus, dvasioje atgimti:
Pasakius sau — esu lietuvis! —
Be lemiamos kovos nerimti,
Kol paašškės giminės būvis...
Bet tas, jaučiu, nė kiek nereiškia
Grobimo žygių ištroškimo —
O, ne: žinau aš dvasioj aiškiai —
Už laisvės stoju išpirkimą!
Išpirkus laisvę, aš nesiekiu,
Su ginklu laisvę kam išplėsti —
Apsigynimui jėgą tiekiu
Prieš tuos, kurie norėtų plėšti!...
Ir aš jaučiu, kiekvienas mūsų
Kitiems karų piktų neskelbia:
Čia — Lietuvos riba, čia — jūsu,
Ir Lietuva kitų nestelbia!
Juk tokį obalsį krūtinėm
Narsiai mes pasirižę ginti —
Bet stokime tvirtom grandinėm,
Jei vėl teks laisvei kelią skinti!...
Karys lietuvis savo ginklu
Nuskriausti dar nesikėsino
Kitų — bet kovė tuos, kur tinklu
Apsupti mus tvirtai mėgino!...
Todėl malonus ir garbingas
Lietuvio kario vardas yra:
"Karys dėl laisvės ypatingas"!
Juk taip tas puošia kilnų vyrą!...

— Arėjas Vitkauskas.

„Baisi yra beturtystė, ji dažnai
nužudo mumyse dvasią, bet yra tai
šiaurės vėjo smugis, kuris paverčia
žmones vikingais: minkštas, švel-
nus vakarų vėjelis supa mus į lo-
tosų miegą.“

— Quida.

— *Vytis*

ON READING KEATS

Vision on vision of picturesque beauty,
Portrait of landscape, of toiler and duty,
Each one a project of harmonized color,
Each a depiction of conceptive splendor.

Mind of a genius, and genius of thought,
Hail to thy spirit and all thou hast wrought,
Fine were thy poems when lived thou this
life,

Gone wert thou ere thou couldst leave to us here,
More of thy portraits, word-painted and clear,
But gone though thou art... thy poetical
fame,
In memory will live, immortal in name.

— F. A. Raugalas.

A FAIR CRITICISM

My Dear Editors:

*The magazine "Vytis" of May was a great
dissappointment to me, and I hear to many
more readers of our Council.*

*My complaint is why fill up the pages
of "Vytis" with Council activities, such as giving
three fourths of a page to such councils as
have only a few fully paid members at the
center.*

*I think it is not being fair to us fully
paid members to let all these councils with only
a few paid members take up the pages of the
magazine we are paying for and be cheated
of the pages we want:*

*I for one want to know what has become
of Miss Karan's cooking page, which I and many
others have found the most interesting in the
whole "Vytis"?*

*I would also like to see the "Poets Corner"
back, and the personal column. I also want that
the above mentioned pages be permanent; so
we could enjoy them every month.*

Member of Council 96

Thirteen

MASPETH, L. I., N. Y. Council 110

Since the last edition, we have held our annual Communion breakfast; the club turning out en masse. The breakfast was a delightful affair, enlivened (?) by the speeches delivered by the well-known and fluent orators of the club. Shades of Webster, Demosthenes, and Patrick Henry! Mr. Charles Busack, toastmaster supreme, took over his annual job of conducting and leading out of chaos the mass of speeches that were made. A Hercules for a Herculean task. Them's our sentiments, gosh all hemlock! Let's talk about eats. Did we gorge ourselves? Did we act like ladies and gentlemen while doing so? When such a healthy group of individuals like the Maspeth Knights are forced to go without food for even a little while, and then are confronted with victuals — well, primordial man reigns supreme! Gone are all the gentlemanly instincts, gone are the needs for rules of etiquette, all that remains is that craving to satisfy that gnawing inside.

Maspeth just had a bang-up Bunco and Card Party everyone had a good time and almost everyone went home with a well-earned prize. If you don't believe everyone had a good time, well, you don't. So what! Everyone said to everyone that everyone is helping everyone to help everyone so that everyone can go out and tell everyone he had a good time. Say, what is this?

Something I never knew till now. We have a bunch of corking good swimmers; can they float? Can they dive? Can they swim speedily? I don't know, can they? The swimming party at the Hotel St. George proved all this and you can bet your last year's motheaten bathing suit that it did. Everyone (am I starting that all over again) had a good time and everything went along swimmingly. Upon my word. There's one thing that puzzled me—why did a certain member try to show off how well he could dive on his (to be vulgar) belly? Every time that he stepped up, or rather stumbled up, to the board the audience rose up as one man, a friend of the would-be diver it was, and said, "That is belly, good diving." Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle.

Maspeth is sorry that they were unable to participate in the annual track meet, and rue the fact that it was not the success it should have been. Praise should be given to John Wainis, Chas. Bason, Ann Stankus, and all the others who worked so hard to make a booming and interesting affair. Theirs was a gallant stand and they should not blame themselves. The lodges, including Maspeth, who did not show up well are to blame. Better luck next year! I'm talking about the N. Y. and N. J. District track meet.

We take time out to congratulate a newly-made bride and groom, namely Mr. and Mrs. Mazeika and wish them perpetual happiness and an eventful and broadening ocean voyage. We know that Mr. Mazeika's reunion with his parents on the other side will be a happy one.

— Foey the Columnist

Fourteen

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Council 25

On May 18th, there was a Card Party at the home of Vic Pochauskas way out in the country. There was quite a large turn-out and a good time was had by all who attended, in playing cards, singing, dancing, etc. It was also Vic's birthday, and the members were pleasantly surprised by the refreshments and the cordial manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Pochauskas saw to it that everybody enjoyed themselves.

On Saturday, May 26th, we had our annual Parent's Banquet in which most of the fathers and mothers of our members participated. The members had a grand time in taking their parents out to dance and always treating them at the bar. Then followed the banquet with speeches by the guests and most of the parents. The president, Alvina Salasavice made a charming and capable master of ceremonies. The committee, of which Agnes Keever was the chairman, is to be thanked for its energetic spirit in making this banquet a success.

The next big event on our social calendar is a picnic and swimming party to be held at Huntington Park on June 24th. The members all remember what a good time they had there last year, and we expect quite a large turnout again this year.

Helen Palub, one of our members, had as her guests for a week her cousins Messrs. Bill and Brownie Kivyta, who belong to the New York branch of the K of L who together with their mother, had a very enjoyable vacation at Miss Palub's home.

— Chubby.



LIFE IN A BIG CITY

Lady: "Dear me, I'd like to give you five pennies, my poor blind man; but I have only a ten dollar bill, and no change."

Blind Man: "Shucks lady, don't let that stop you. I'll change the ten spot, charge you a dime for changing it, and take out the nickel."

Vytis —

NAUJI NARIAI

Council 48 — Springfield, Ill.

Charles Turosky
 Frank Sugent
 Joseph Lornaitis
 Moniac Lapinski
 John Zibutis
 George Wisnosky
 Charles Grigas
 Stanley Grigas
 Stanley Grigas
 Mrs. Victor Alone
 Victor Alone
 Ida Banaitis
 Agnes Banaitis
 Pete Lukaitis
 Julia Lukaitis
 Ellen Dorran
 Nell Connelly
 John Arnish
 Mary Chernish

Council 112 — Chicago, Ill.

John Aushra
 Stella Jundul

Council 85 — Westville, Ill.

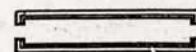
Rev. J. Paukštis
 John Vilkanskas
 Zigm. Cherbauskas
 Helen Rice
 Agnes Gailis
 John Malickas
 Helen Gulbis
 Joanna Auškalis
 Lucy Kleinotas
 John Rimshas
 Anton Karpis
 Anton Apanaitis
 Victoria Ringis
 Ana Valantas
 Ona Mikučienė
 Peter Cherbauskas

Council 55 — East Chicago, Ind.

Joseph Baltrus
 John Avelis
 Peter Yanus
 Anthony Glemza
 Bernard Grigonis
 John Kalas
 Alex Merkalis
 Vytautas Paulauskas
 Charles Vaisnoris
 Jerome Yocis
 Albert Vinekaitis
 Dominic Vaitkus
 Josephine Bacevich
 Ona Berzinskaitė
 Millie Grimala
 K. Lauczis
 Ann Rogers
 Ann Vaitkus
 Estelle Yurgutis
 Z. Yurgutis
 Helen Strumski
 Bill Serbent



MISS KARAN ON COOKING



EVENING REFRESHMENTS

Would you like to try some new recipes for Appetizers? Here's some you may like to try:

Menu No. 1.

Jellied Veal Loaf on Lettuce and Mayonnaise Dressing.
 Potato Chips. Small Butter Rolls.
 Stuffed Olives or Pickles.
 Toasted Cream Puffs.
 Chocolate Fudge Sause.
 Coffee .

Menu No. 2.

American Rarebit with Deviled Eggs
 Cole Slaw.
 Radishes
 Ice Cream Sandwiches with Fudge or Fruit Sause
 Coffee

Council 93 — Rochester, N. Y.

William Gurski
 Amelia Kumparskis

Council 90 — Kearney Harrison, N. J.

Beatrice Barnauskas
 Frances Yasevicius
 John Yasevicius
 Anna Klimazauskiutė

Council 25 — Cleveland, Ohio

Edward Anderson
 Helen Markunas
 Sophie Prabus
 Bonnie Salkes

Council 12 — New York, N. Y.

Emil Martok

Council 49 — Brooklyn, N. Y.

Helen Walasavich
 Joseph Dailyda
 Aldona Rinkevičius
 Helen Markūnas
 Anthony Bagdonas
 Michael Barris
 Charles Zogelman

Council 17 — Boston, Mass.

Adele Cuniutė
 Jos. Einingas
 Vera Šilinskis
 Povilas Zasmavičius
 Br. Kavoliutė
 Peter Gričiunas
 Jos. Antanėlis.

Menu No. 3.

Tomatoes, Stuffed with Cottage Cheese and Almonds
 Saltines or Small Hot Biscuits.
 Stuffed Celery.
 Apricot Upside-Down Cake with Whipped Cream.
 Coffee.

Menu No. 4.

Sandwich Loaf Sliced or Ham a la King.
 Potatoe Chips.
 Devil's Foot. Hot Chocolate.
 Whipped Cream.

Menu No. 5.

Tuna, Chicken or Ham Salad with Boiled Salad Dressing.
 Brown Bread and Butter.
 Sandwiches.
 Olives.
 Pickles.
 Pineapples Delicious.
 Assorted Cookies or Cakes.

Serve all but dessert on one plate.

STUFFED LETTUCE APPETIZER

4 tablespoon shredded herring
 2 tablespoons minced celery
 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped
 Chile sauce
 Mayonnaise
 Ripe olives
 Lettuce

From four small nests of lettuce using two leaves for each. Combine the herring and celery with mayonnaise to moisten; and place in the nests. Moisten the chopped egg with chile sauce. Put in the nests and garnish with the olives.

— Karan.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Place a clean cork in spout of coffee pot to keep in aroma and also help keep coffee hot.

*SOME K of L FACTS WHICH WILL MAKE YOU PROUD OF
YOUR ORGANIZATION*

Rašo Andrius Šnipas

DO YOU KNOW:

THAT the K of L's in 1927 presented a sword of gold to Lithuania's generalissimo *Sylvester Žukauskas*, who recently bequeathed it to the War Museum, Kaunas, Lithuania?

—:—:—

THAT the K of L's also in 1927, 100 of them, made an excursion to Lithuania and participated in "Pavasaris", the country's organization of youth's annual convention?

—:—:—

THAT the VYTIS' first two editors were AL. M. RAČKUS and KAZYS PAKŠTAS, back in 1915, the first of whom today is a noted Chicago physician, an authority on numismatics and author of a book, *GUTHONES*; the second, a professor in the State university of Lithuania and a recognized authority on geography?

—:—:—

THAT the GISH girls, Lillian and Dorothy, of film fame, were members of the K of L branch in Worcester, Mass., where they were known by the real old Lithuanian name — KIZAITIS?

—:—:—

THAT the business-manager of VYTIS in 1915 was LEONARD ŠIMUTIS, who today edits *DRAUGAS* Lithuanian Daily and is the reputed American-Lithuanian poet, L. ŠILELIS?

—:—:—

THAT more than 600 men of the K of L organization fought for the United States in the World War?

THAT one of the organizers of K of L's was the Rev. Canon FABIAN KEMEŠIS, rector of Dotnava Agricultural Academy, Lithuania, who today is visiting America?

—:—:—

THAT the K of L organization prior to 1914 was known as SAKALAI, but by suggestion of Rev. A. KAUPAS, deceased, it was named VYČIAI?

—:—:—

THAT the K of L Springfield, Illinois, Council 48 baseball team, under the management of JOE MILLER, was a very popular semi-pro team back in 1924?

—:—:—

THAT the Rev. JOSEPH KONČEVIČIUS, who wrote and published a worthy treatise on the Lithuanicity of General Kosciuszko in the *Commonweal* magazine, Dec. 29th, 1926, was a frequent contributor to pages of VYTIS?

—:—:—

THAT MIKAS BAGDONAS Lithuania's Charge de Affaires in Washington, D. C., was an active member of K of L Council 4, Providence of God parish, Chicago, Illinois?

—:—:—

THAT Rev. J. NAVICKAS, D. D., M. I. C., rector of Marianapolis College, Thompson, Conn., was spiritual director of our organization in 1926?

—:—:—

THAT a former business manager of K of L Press, THOMAS SHAMIS, back in 1915 began publication of the LITHUANIAN BOOSTER

NEW YORK CITY

Social Corner

June is usually the month for congratulations, therefore, we are extending our congratulations:

—

To: The newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Mažeika who are now enjoying a much deserved vacation in Europe.

—

To: Mr. and Mrs. Peter S. Petrow of Cliffside Council 111 who were blessed with a baby daughter on June 6th.

—

To: The Harrison-Kearny Council 90 for taking the First Prize (Silver Cup) which they certainly earned at the Track Meet.

And In Our Own Council 12

To: Frank Vanis for his good work at the Track Meet. Even though he only rated second prize (sack race), still it was the first time in years.

—

To: Peter Vaicels and little Johnny Vanis for their gameness in the Track Meet.

—

To: Anna Kolesk who celebrated her birthday on June 12th in real K of L manner. The members had a little surprise gathering for her in our clubrooms and Millie Kscenaitis baked a perfect cake which was lit with seventeen candles. An enjoyable evening was had by all!

—

To: Emil Mortak who won another medal for his expert swimming (in Bronx). If Emil had to wear all his medals at the same time, he would sink from their great weight.

—

To: The student members who are graduating this month: Anna Vaicels (Theodore Roosevelt High School) Frank Vanis (Thomas Jefferson High School) Anna Kolesk (Walton High School)

— The Siren.

—

Poor Jim, He's been on his feet for 99 hours without a rest.

What's the trouble?

Well he got sunburnt at the Nudist Colony.

HUMOR — JUOKELIAI

King's Medicine

Knows His Neptune

— A young naval student was being put through the paces by an old sea-captain. "What would you do if a sudden storm sprang up on the starboard?" "Throw out an anchor, sir." "What would you do if another storm sprang up aft?" "Throw out another anchor, sir." "And if another terrific storm sprang up forward, what would you do?" "Throw out another anchor, sir." "Hold on," said the Captain, "where are you getting all your anchors from?" "From the same place you're getting your storms, sir."

First Aid

— Ginsberg was riding in a taxicab when the driver suddenly lost control, and the car sped forward at a terrific rate.

"Hey!" yelled Ginsberg in alarm. "What's the matter?"

"I don't know," answered the driver grimly. "I can't stop her!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Ginsberg shouted, "can't you at least turn off the meter?"

Excuse It Please.

— A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young mute bird to say "Hello!" in one lesson. Going up to the cage he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the slightest attention. At the final "Hello" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man, and snapped out, "Line's busy!" —

Martyr's Crown

— Pat determined to pass his favorite tavern on his way home. As he approached it he became somewhat shaky, but, plucking up courage he passed it. Then, after going about 50 yards, he turned, saying to himself: "Well done, Pat, me boy. Come back and I'll treat ye."

By the time a man has learned how to handle money, he's lost it all.

Karaliaus Vaistai

Jos Mylimasis

Ponas Kazimieras klausia savo mylimosios mažojo broliuko:

— Vinciai, ar tavo sesuo žinojo, kad aš šiandien čia ateisiu?

— Žinojo.

— O iš kur tu žinai?

— Nes išbėgo iš namų.

Padėka

— Brangusis, argi tu užmiršai, kad man esi skolingas šimtą dolerių?

— Kaip gali tokių dalykų klausti! Aš to nepamiršiu net iki savo senatvės, net iki grabo lentos.

Šiaip Ir Taip

— Ar girdėjai šios nakties audrą?

— Ne.

— O, buvo, labai didelė!

— Tai kodėl manęs neprikėlei? Juk žinai, kad aš per audrą negaliu miegoti.

Curious Statute.

The English Parliament, in 1770 enacted an act providing "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void." 52 Law Notes (Eng.) p. 355 — Dec. 1933. It has not been determined whether this statute has been repealed.

Impartial Witness

— He — "Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She — "I couldn't say — I've never..."

He — "You've never been kissed?"

She — "I've never been sick."

DAISY DARLING

(Advice to Palpitating Hearts)



Honey Daisy:

Ah jest don' know what all ah' should do. Mah sweet honey Georgie don' care nohow foh mah alligator shoes. Do you all think ah should change those shoes to please him honey, or shouldn't I? Ah jest can't hurt the feelin's anyone nohow, honey.

Southern Polly.

Dear Polly:

Ah can jest imagine what an adorable creature yo all are. Ah can't advise yo honey about yo alligator shoes 'cause ah don' know what kind of shoes yo alligator wears.

Kernel Daisy.

(P. S.) Note that Daisy not only understands, but speaks any language.

Miss Darling:

I'm a professor in mathematics at Paduhka U of Pennsylvucky. I'm austere, dignified unapproachable, and not easily ruffled. Recently a vivacious young miss in one of my classes has perturbed my equanimity. Advice will be appreciated.

Prof. Dindleham.

Dear Professor:

Just keep your mind on your own figures and let other problems alone.

Miss Darling.

Dear Daisy:

Why doesn't true love ever run smooth?

Miss Fitt.

Dear Fitt:

True love never runs smooth because relatives are not only born, they're also made. In rare instances, where love really does exist, the proverbial mother-in-law or other being becomes a monkey-wrench in the machinery of affection.

Robot Daisy.

Phone Cicero 3043

DR. A. J. GUSSEN

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Stanley P. Mažeika

GRABORIUS IR
BALZAMUOTOJAS

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