

Oh, Why  
Should the  
Spirit of  
Mortal  
Be  
Proud?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high  
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;  
The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—  
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flowers or the weed  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging they also would cling:  
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye they died; and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge.  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?



## Can You Be Your Own Boss?

When struggling up the business ladder in your attempt to become the ultimate boss in the place you work in, don't forget that in order to qualify, you must have learned how to boss yourself.

If you can borrow a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia" and read it carefully, it will give you a better grip on yourself. Sifted down it means a really capable fellow needs very little bossing. He does the thing without supervision.

High-priced men require little supervision.

The laborer has a gang boss or foreman over him; over the foreman is a superintendent; over the superintendent is a general manager; over the manager is the president.

The president gets the highest pay because he attends to his own bossing; the laborer gets the least because he most needs guidance, direction, bossing.

You do not have to be a boss over others in order to start learning how to become a boss. Take yourself in hand.

Be your own boss.

Supervise, criticize your own work.

Be your own timekeeper.

Analyze your own progress.

Think up new ideas for yourself.

Try to devise a better method of handling or systematizing your duties.

Study hard how to become an "efficiency engineer" concerning your own job.

It is usually not very hard to satisfy others with your work.

The hardest person to satisfy ought to be yourself.

You can see the parts which no foreman or chief clerk or manager or president can see.

You know where there are defects.

You know when you skimp a job.

You know when you injure, be it ever so mildly, your own top-notch efficiency by some unwise act of your own—too late hours, it may be, or overeating at night, or one of a hundred forms of dissipation which no one but yourself can detect or appraise.

There are a thousand faults which the boss cannot put his

# We're Goin' to Gran'ma's!

It won't be long buffore we go  
To Gran'ma's house again;  
An' say, I guess you oughter know  
We'll have a big time then!  
They live way back in Illinois;  
That means we'll drive it in  
About two days an' then—Oh, boy,  
The fun 'll just begin!

by  
O. Lawrence  
Hawthorne

Our ol' home town is full o' folks  
That treat us awful good—  
Invite us to their house, an' coax  
Us kids t' eat. I could  
—Eat all the stuff they want me to,  
But mother shakes her head,  
'Cause she knows if I ever do  
I'll hafta go t' bed.

There's lots o' cousins waitin' there  
For us t' come an' play;  
We'll be so pop'lar everywhere  
We'll hate t' break away.  
An', gee, it's fun out on a farm!  
We run a mile or more  
An' there ain't nothin' we can harm—  
Nor neighbors to get sore.

But where I'm anxiouser t' be  
Than any other place  
Is at my Gran'ma's house, an' see  
The smile that's on her face.  
She'll be so glad t' hug us all  
She'll hafta stop an' cry;  
An' then I'll hear my Gran'pa call,  
"Well, who's all this? Hi-yi!"



finger on—unless you have constituted yourself your own boss.

No boss can boss you half so efficiently as you can boss yourself.

### HARD SHELL HOUSES

Perhaps you have noticed that an increasing variety of materials is being used in house construction. Houses of steel, for example, have attracted considerable attention recently in this country and in Europe.

Among the advantages claimed for steel construction is that the parts can be standardized. And quantity production means reduced cost for the home builder.

Providing steel homes for workmen of Glasgow, Scotland, was the idea of Lord Weir, an English iron and steel manufacturer. His houses have felt lined steel plates on a wooden frame. The steel walls are veneered with artificial stone

or painted to resemble brick. The cost of a bungalow type, living room, two bedrooms, bath and kitchenet is given as \$1,800.

Steel houses built in this country have had the frame of the same material with holes in the metal supports at the right places for fastening the home securely together.

New York's public library has some books so valuable that a patron must visit the library to inspect them and an attendant turns the pages for him. Keeping books in repair is a job with every library and the larger it is the greater is the work to be done. For example, it is estimated that 100 trips will wear out the binding of a reference book. About 45,000 books a year from the New York reference department go to the library bindery.

## BRIEFLY TOLD



The fastest-flowing river in the world, is the Sutlej, in India, which rises 15,200 feet above the sea, and falls 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

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Alaska was bought by the United States from Russia in 1867. We read that since that time this territory has yielded one hundred and eighty-three times the amount paid for it. Its principal products have been salmon, gold, copper, furs, halibut, herring, and cod.

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"An orange a day will keep the dentist away," declares Dr. A. C. Thompson of Detroit, speaking recently before the convention of the American Dental Association. In discussing the proper diet to preserve teeth, he said oranges possess special acids which prevent decay and bacteria accumulations. Fresh fruit, vegetables, and rough food requiring a great deal of chewing, also will prove a corrective diet in many cases. Dr. Polk A. Akers, of Chicago, told delegates to the convention that 93,000,000 people of the United States never use a toothbrush or cleanse their teeth in any other manner.

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To dye green fruit is illegal, but it may be "chemically ripened" by the use of ethylene gas. The rapid ripening of fruits by gases of incomplete combustion has been known for ages; long ago the Chinese used incense fumes to ripen pears. Today, the problem of ripening the fruit after it has been removed from the plant in a yet immature state, is of greater commercial importance than ever in the history of the world. Oranges, tomatoes, pineapples, green beans, peas, and celery can now be obtained on the market practically the year round.

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Seventy-five years ago Prof. Emanuel Herrmann, of Vienna, happened to turn over in his mind the idea of making correspondence easier during vacation periods. When one is occupied with pleasure, it is not easy to find time in which to write letters. Yet those left at home are interested in the holiday maker's activities, and it is only fair that he should try to keep in touch with them. A letter requires the use of pen, paper, envelope, and postage, and to properly fill a sheet of letter-size stationery takes at least fifteen minutes. The first step, then, reasoned the learned professor, is to lessen the irksome duties of correspondence by cutting down the size of the paper. Then, if the envelope can be done away with, further time will be saved. Suddenly the invention was born, and from Professor Herrmann's idea has developed the postcard of today. Patriotic Austrians, realizing what a valuable contribution Professor Herrmann made to the happiness of mankind, now have afoot a project to erect through funds raised by popular subscription a fitting memorial to him at his grave in Vienna.

It took Michael Barilla, who claims he never lived on a farm, to discover the other day the animals at the Stock Yards sleep in almost every conceivable posture.

Passing the horse stalls, he noticed horses sleep either standing up or lying down, and that they lie down front end first and get up the same way.

"But cows and sheep lie down front end first and get up the other end first," he explained after a careful study. "Pigs just seem to pull their legs under them and fall over. They snore a little bit."

Another of Michael's discoveries was that many cows and sheep have such short halters that they have to sleep on their front knees as if they were praying. The sheep dog, he finds, turns around several times and sleeps, curled up, like most dogs do.

One of the young promising and talented members of Gary Aroya, Victor Kedrovsky, son of Rev. and Mrs. Kedrovsky, has constructed a ping-pong table for the benefit of the Gary Aroya. Members of Gary Aroya heartily express their gratitude to Victor and will endeavor to make good use of this contraption during meetings. Probably a ping-pong tournament will result.

The male members of the Gary Aroya are endeavoring to have a sermon preached in the American language, every Sunday in the St. Mary's Church. Up to the present a sermon was delivered by Michael Grisak on "Faith". Michael Barancyk, president of the Gary Aroya, delivered a sermon titled: "The Old Rugged Cross", while Paul Schevtchuk gave a sermon on "Jesus and His Love for Men".

On February 7, the Joliet Aroya held their annual election for presiding officers for this year. John Platko, due to his keen interest and unsurpassing service toward the club, was elected president for the fifth time. Andrew Podley, treasurer, Anna Krowchuk, secretary, and Elizabeth Milley, corresponding secretary.

Sunday, February 11, the Very Reverend Konstantine Popoff gave a bunco party for the Joliet Aroya. Prizes were won by Margaret Milley, Anna Casper, and Peter Platko. Refreshments were served during the various games played throughout the evening.

The membership committee of the Gary Aroya consists of: Nellie Nepsa, chairman, assisted by Julia Woron, George Schevtchuk and Frank Pachok.

Michael Barancyk, president of Gary Aroya, stated that members attending meetings and remaining silent the whole evening must favor the assembly with a short talk on a chosen subject. The first speaker will be Ann Berdy. Ray Knezovich is also a recruit. Orations given by these members will be heard in connection with the business meeting of April 11.

If hero means sincere man, why may not every one of us be a hero? A world all sincere, a believing world; the like has been; the like will again be—cannot help being.

## ARE YOU CONSISTENT?

The following test appeared recently in the Forum. We would appreciate it very much if every reader of this magazine will fill out the following questionnaire and mail it to the editor. Results will be printed in our next issue:

- For certainty—write 100%.  
 For probability—write 51 to 99% as you evaluate its worth.  
 For uncertainty—write 50%.  
 For improbability—write 1 to 49%.  
 For impossibility—write 0.

### DO YOU BELIEVE?

#### Religion—

- God exists .....  
 Freedom of choice is real.....  
 Man has an immortal soul.....  
 Divinity of Christ .....  
 Fundamentalism in religion is desirable .....  
 The miracles of the Bible are true .....

#### Science—

- Science will eventually displace religion .....  
 All men are created equal in native ability .....  
 Man is only a complicated machine .....  
 Uniformity of natural law .....  
 Biological evolution .....  
 Rotundity of the earth .....

#### Art—

- America has no real culture.....  
 In art one man's opinion is as good as another's .....  
 Free verse is not good poetry.....  
 Classical music is better than jazz .....  
 Ring Lardner is as great as Dickens or Scott .....  
 Greek art has never been equalled .....

#### Politics—

- Democracy is a failure .....  
 Prohibition is a desirable measure .....  
 Men cannot be made moral by legislation .....  
 The white race is superior to other races .....  
 Criminal punishment is just .....



The great day of the Lord's Resurrection is at hand and Christians are anticipating already the joy it will bring to them.

On the calendar of the Eastern Orthodox Greek-Catholic Church this day is taking first place and is called the Feast of Feasts as it commemorates the greatest event from the life of Christ. It crowns all His services on earth to mankind and proves the truth of His teaching. It signifies the victory for every creating power and gives to it the triumph over every destructive motive, triumph of faith and the source of Christian hope. This day is also known as Easter Sunday because it was proclaimed in honor of the "East of Truth", who is our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Valuing the meaning of the day the Early Church laid a definite rule for its celebration by Christians. This rule appoints first Sunday after the Full Moon which happens upon or next after March 21 to be Easter Sunday; and if the Full Moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after.

Though the rule is observed by all Christians the celebration of Easter Sunday some years differs in the date by Eastern and Western Churches. This difference depends on the rule of the First Ecumenical Council (A. D. 325) by which Easter Sunday should be celebrated after Jewish Passover, and not before or together with it. So if the First Sunday after the Spring Full Moon falls on Sunday during the week of Jewish Passover or before it the Eastern Orthodox Greek-Catholic Church takes a following one for its Easter, but the other denominations disregard this rule, and celebrate their Easter together with the Jews.

Generally our Easter is a week later than that of other Christians, but some years it is five weeks later. It happens then, when Jewish calendar has an extra month, called "Oder SHENI" and their Passover is four weeks later. Otherwise if the First Sunday after the Spring Full Moon comes when Jewish Passover is over, then Easter Sunday is celebrated on the same day by a whole Christendom as it was in 1930 and in 1933, and we hope every year in the future, when there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd.

Christ has risen from the dead, by death trampling upon death and on those in the tombs bestowing life.

This is an Easter hymn and it brings the joy to all who sing it. Let all our people ring the Easter joy and make this Easter a happiest one.

Leontius, Russian Orthodox Bishop of Chicago.

# SPURNS BRIBE AND WINS GAME



HILIP LODE made a grimace at the row of figures on the paper. It was almost unbelievable, that total; almost, but it convinced him of one thing, that his remaining dollars would have to be taken care of until the next check from the small bakery where he worked after school hours was forthcoming. He would have to quit spending; yet a fellow must eat, he must have his hair cut; the room he shared with Martin Webb was as cheap as he could get anywhere.

He took a deep breath and began again. Two dollars for room rent, fifty cents for a haircut; on down the familiar line of figures he went, and the total was the same.

Martin, opening the door as Philip was in the act of tearing up the paper, paused and grinned.

"What's the sad news? Did she turn you down for the ice carnival?" he asked.

For a moment Philip looked blank, then he returned the grin. "I haven't asked her; doesn't look as if I could. I've been doing a lot of figuring, and I find the old cash box pretty low." Reaching in his pocket he drew out a handful of change and threw it on the table. "That's all there is; there's isn't any more. A taxi to the lake would cost five times that much, and I've got to have a haircut out of that or be arrested for impersonating a girl. With what will be left I couldn't even rent a donkey cart, and you can't ask a girl to walk four miles, especially a girl like Muriel Watts.

Martin pulled up a chair and drew the change toward him. He counted slowly, then pushed the money back. "Even if you didn't eat this week, you couldn't make it. I've got about half that much, so I'm going stag. When a fellow's out of money he has to. But I have a hunch Muriel expects you to take her; Butch asked her and she told him 'No.' Guess she figures on you; you've taken her to everything this winter."

Philip's tan cheeks showed a trace of red as he pocketed the money. "Well, I can't ask her to walk four miles through the snow, and I can't afford a taxi. So that's that."

"I suppose you could borrow it," suggested Martin.

"There's no doubt about it," said Philip ironically; "but I'd never be able to pay it back."

"Tough luck," shrugged Martin.

"Tougher than tough," agreed Philip, "but I can't lose any sleep over it; I'll be in the game tomorrow night, and I must be at my best."

Martin nodded. "If we win it means the pennant for us; if we lose, Freeport gets it. We've lost three straight years now, and if we lose again this year it will look as if a jinx was on Wellington," he laughed.

"We have a big chance to win, though, and I feel it in my bones that we will. Wellington's team is every bit as good as Freeport's, and there isn't a fellow in either team that can shoot a basket from any old position as Carter can. Well, I'll roll in and get all the sleep I can." Philip began to unlace his shoes.

The next day Philip walked home from college with his head up and his chin out. He had seen Muriel and had talked with her, but he had not been able to get up the courage to tell her that he could

not take her to the ice carnival. However, he would have to tell her soon; he could not let her think that he intended to take her; that would not be fair to her, as there were plenty of other fellows who would be glad to get the chance. Yet it hurt. This sort of poverty was not so humorous as it was pictured in the college magazines. It made him feel guilty, but of what he did not know.

As he reached the landing on the third floor before the door of his room a short dark man came up to him.

"Are you Philip Lode?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Philip's dark eyes scanned the man curiously.

"I'd like to see you alone a minute."

"Sure; come on in," invited Philip.

The little man followed Philip into the room and walked over to the window. He stood with his back to it and surveyed the shabby little place with narrowed eyes.

"Want to make some money, son?" he asked.

"Do I?" Philip grinned; then the grin disappeared. Somehow he did not like the look in the man's eyes.

"Thought you might be a little pressed; college boys often are." He opened a wallet and drew out five ten-dollar bills. He smoothed these caressingly, then threw them on the study table. There'll be five more like these when the job's done. Want it?"

Philip shifted his weight uneasily. "What would I have to do to earn it?" he countered.

"That's just it, buddy." The man's thin lips twisted into a smile. "You don't have to do nothing; nothing at all."

Philip did not like the man's smile, yet the money, crisply inviting, lay there on the table. How good it would feel in his pocket.

"I don't get you," said Philip slangily. "If you have something to say to me, get it over with; I have to rest up for tonight's game."

Again the crooked smile, and the eyes narrowed. "I wouldn't worry so much about the game tonight. If Wellington loses you'll get another fifty just like that one. Looks good, doesn't it?"

"Why, you crook!" Philip could only stammer in his anger, but his hands clenched into fists and he took a step nearer the man.

"Cool down, sonny." The man put the study table between himself and Philip. "Cool down. And think it over. A hundred bucks ain't picked up every day."

"Get out of here before I put you out." Philip's cheeks were glowing, and his eyes blazed. "And take your dirty money with you."

But the man slipped out of the room and left the money lying on the table. He was a man of cunning; he had left the seed in a fertile spot and he felt sure that it would sprout.

Philip was too stunned for a moment to move, then he grabbed the money and ran to the door with it. But the man was not in sight. Martin came whistling up the stairs.

"Seen a ghost?" Martin asked.

"Did you see a short dark man as you came in?"

"Saw nothing, heard nothing, know nothing," retorted Martin flippantly. "What's the matter, owe the man something?"

"Well, that will have to wait, I suppose. You always were hot-headed, Phil. But listen; I saw Les Wade talking to Muriel." He closed the door and took Philip by the arm. "I was close enough to hear her refuse him. She's been playing square with you, holding the others off because she thinks you'll take her to the carnival. Better play fair with her. If you're not going to take her, tell her so, so that she may go with some one else."

Philip's arm sagged. "I'll see her tonight after the game," he promised.

He walked over to the table, forgetful of the roll of bills that he still held in his hand.

Les Wade, the big boaster, taking Muriel to the ice carnival! It went against the grain, somehow. If only he could get a ten-spot. His fingers closed convulsively over the crisp bills. One ten was all he wanted, and here were five of them in his hand. If only they were his own.

"Well, great jumping jackrabbits! What did you do, rob a bank or hold up somebody?"

"It isn't my money," Philip said steadily.

Martin grinned genially. "That's what I was insinuating."

Philip stuffed the bills into his pocket and walked over to the little window. Across the campus he could see bright green and red and orange dots moving along. That orange dot might be Les Wade in his new slicker; Les Wade, who bragged about the money he spent, about the cost of his clothes, about the car his father was going to buy him for a graduation present. Les Wade with his smug air. And that green dot moving along beside the orange one; could that be Muriel?

"Better get some rest," advised Martin. "You look as if you could eat a battleship, smokestack, cannon and all. Temper is hard on the nerves, and you're going to need steady ones tonight. Think we'll win?"

"If we don't it won't be my fault," began Philip, and then he stopped abruptly. Martin glanced at him curiously, and Philip glared back; then he threw himself on the bed and refused to think.

A few hours later Philip found himself on the gleaming floor with the Wellington and Freeport basketball teams. The crowd in the balcony was making ear-splitting noises. How he played, Philip never knew, except that it was a fight from the beginning. Even Wellington and Freeport started, and even they kept. Then suddenly Philip found himself with the ball in his hands and the game was nearly over. The basket loomed close.

Red dots danced before his eyes and the basket blurred suddenly as crisp ten-dollar bills seemed flying before him. If he should drop the ball the bills would be his; crisp, crackling bills that would pay taxi hire; bills that would stop the smirk on Les Wade's lips when he saw Philip with Muriel.

"Yellow," said something in the back of his brain and Philip gritted his teeth and the basket straightened out clearly. He shot the ball and it hit squarely and fell through the net. Then the whistle blew.

What a riot there was then. Philip shaky, yet gloriously exultant, found that he was being pounded on the back. His ears were throbbing with the noise

about him, and the building shook with the yell:

"Who's all right? Lode's all right! W-e-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n! Wellington!"

Later, when he had changed into his street clothes, Philip sought out Muriel. She reached for his hand and shook it generously.

"Oh, Phil, you won the pennant for Wellington." Her blue eyes were shining. "I'm so proud of you."

Philip regarded the white hand lying within his own and winced. "You wouldn't be if you knew all that I know," he said.

"There is something wrong, isn't there?" Her lips smiled sympathetically. "Tell me; I'm sure I'll understand."

Philip hesitated. It was one thing to see Muriel standing there smiling in this comradely fashion; it would be another to have her blue glance turn to ice and the smile go from her rosy lips. Still he had to tell somebody. The money was a burning weight in his pocket, and he still felt guilty. Muriel's smile urged him on, and there with the crowd jostling and laughing about them, Philip blurted out the whole story. When he had finished, Muriel gave him her hand again.

"Twice a hero," she said softly, "and I'm prouder than ever of you. Why, don't you know I'd be glad to walk to the lake? What's four miles? Only we won't have to. Dad offered me the car, but I told him I'd rather he'd send out a big truck; then we can take about eight other couples along. And that money; don't ever think that fellow will come back for it."

"No, it isn't likely he will, but of course I can't keep it. Say," he grinned suddenly, "wouldn't it make a nice present for Wellington's next season's basketball team?"

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#### MODERN PIANO MERELY COPY OF OLD DULCIMER

Even the handsome pianos in our modern living rooms were not always as we know them today. The story of the development of the piano, like that connected with everything else we use, is a story of humble beginnings and continuous improvements.

The history of musical instruments shows us that the piano is very probably a modern development of an instrument known as the dulcimer. This was originally nothing more than a flat piece of wood on which were fastened two converging strips of wood, across which strings were stretched and tuned to a natural scale. Sound was produced by hitting the strings with two hammers, one in each hand of the player.

As a separate musical instrument the dulcimer has probably been changed less than any other. Two pieces of wood have been added to produce a sound box for the body and keys with which to tune the strings; otherwise it is still in practically its original form.

It is easily seen how the piano was developed from the dulcimer. The only difference in the principle of the two is the fact that the piano is larger, and its strings are struck by keys instead of hammers. The modern piano is really nothing more or less than a keyed dulcimer.

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The average man hasn't enough courage to applaud until some other fellow starts it.