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POLISH TRIAL OF UKRAINIAN COSSACK ORGANIZATION

According to recent reports to the New York Times, a trial was recently held in Lutsk, Western Ukraine under Poland, of fourty-four members of the Unakor, the Ukrainian National Cossack movement, who are charged with conspiring to create an uprising against the Polish Government in the Province in Volhynia.

The leader or ataman of this organization, according to the dispatches, is Ivan Woloszyn, a former Ukrainian army officer, who had his headquarters in Munich, Germany.

All propaganda work among the Ukrainian peasants in Volhynia was done, it is charged, by the ataman's wife, Mary Woloszyn.

Polish police finally raided the headquarters of the Unakor where they found machine guns, rifles and ammunition in large quantities. One leader of this organization, named Boriwok, was slain in the clash during the height of the raid. One of the policemen was also slain during this raid.

It was further brought out in the course of the trial that the Unakor collaborated with the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists), a revolutionary organization in Western Ukraine.

Mrs. Woloszyn was sentenced to seven years at hard labor. Others received sentences of two to eight years in the penitentiary.

SOVIET JUSTICE

An idea of how Soviet "justice" has been meted out in some cases, can be gained from the recent dismissal by the Moscow Judicial Committee of District Judge A. M. Abramson for his readiness to sign, unread, anything laid before him.

The clerks in Judge Abramson's office, tiring of his habit of signing without first reading all sorts of orders placed on his desk, decided to play a practical joke on him. Among the sheaf of papers requiring his signature they inserted an order sentencing him to a term of imprisonment. He signed all the papers, including his own sentence. When finally he learned of the joke he became greatly enraged and said such things tended to undermine Soviet justice.

ENGLISH PRESS FORSEES SPECTRE OF ANOTHER FAMINE IN UKRAINE

The English press has been recently publishing alarming reports of a possibility of another terrible famine in Ukraine.

The April 7th issue of the Daily Mail, London, for example, reports that the spring sowing this year is but 50% of last year's, and ascribes as the reason for it the constant breakdown of tractors used on the farms.

In the Donetz basin, of the 4,900 tractors, 2,058 are of no use because of their breakdown, the Daily Mail reports.

Similar reports were published by the News Chronicle, Daily Herald, and others.

UNION OF ALL OUR YOUTH

From the very outset of the publication of this weekly, we have regularly propagated on these pages the great necessity of unity among our youth, of coordinated efforts in their strivings for the finer things in life for both themselves here in America and their kinsmen in their native land Ukraine.

Our efforts in this direction were not limited, however, to just appeals to the youth to unite, for we often offered concrete suggestions of how this unity can be practically achieved, within the framework of the older folks' organizations as well as those of the youth themselves.

We pointed out a way, for example, how the several youth leagues that exist among us could cooperate with one another along certain well defined lines; instead, as they so disastrously do now, conflict with one another, as witness, for example, the deplorable spectacle to be offered this coming Labor Day weekend when the three distinct youth leagues will hold their own separate congresses or conventions in three different, widely-separated localities, with each one of them striving to attract the Ukrainian-American youth to itself, and with each one of them suffering as a consequence.

All this comes upon our minds when we read of how active other nationality groups here in America are in the uniting of their youth.

Just recently, the American Poles have launched a movement leading definitely towards such unity and cooperative efforts among their own American born and raised youth. Their immediate aim is the union of all Polish-American youth clubs, whether they be national, cultural, religious, social, or sport, into a Federation of Polish Youth.

As an impetus to this movement, for instance, a society of Polish Catholic priests in Western Pennsylvania resolved at one of its meetings recently to actively aid the efforts to cultivate a feeling of Polish national consciousness among their American born and raised youth. This they have determined to do because of their belief that in taking this step they will thereby help to keep their youth within the folds of the Polish Catholic Church and attract others to it as well. Accordingly, they have resolved to dedicate a few minutes of each of their Sunday sermons to the problems of their Polish-American youth. They have also decided to strive to gain a better understanding of their youth, of its problems in relation to its Polish background and American environment, and of its needs and aspirations. And, finally, all of them have determined to aid this national movement of uniting Polish-American youth by encouraging all Polish youth clubs and organizations within the sphere of their influence to become members of one leading Federation of Polish Youth.

This step by the Polish Catholic priests of Western Pennsylvania has been hailed by the progressive Polish-American press as a great step forward towards the unity of all Polish-American youth, and as a fine example for others to follow.

We purposely cite this example to illustrate that the other nationality groups also propagate that which we have been doing from the very start, namely, the necessity of finding a common basis upon which our Ukrainian-American young people, irrespective of their religious or other differences, could cooperate with one another towards the attainment of their common goals, i. e.—the advancement of their group life here in America and the aiding of their kinsmen in the old country gain their rightful freedom.

The establishment of a Federation of Ukrainian Youth or some such similar organization would greatly aid in the creation of such a common basis for the united efforts of all our youth.

UKRAINIAN SONGS BROADCAST BY LONDON RADIO STATION

The Ukrainian Bureau in London reports that the leading broadcasting station in London, the National System, broadcast Sunday afternoon, April 9th, a program consisting of a number of Ukrainian songs arranged by Prof. Koshetz, sung by the Chorus of the British Broadcasting Corporation, under the direction of Leslie Budgate. The songs, eight in number, included "Hrechaniky," and "Na vulitsyi skripka hraye." Each of them was preceded by an explanation by the announcer about its meaning.

UKRAINIANS HEAVILY PUNISHED BY RUMANIAN AUTHORITIES

At a military-conducted trial recently concluded in Chernivtsi, Bukovinian Ukraine under Rumania, six Ukrainians received heavy jail sentences and fines for having been found guilty by the military tribunal of the offense of whistling derisively during the compulsory singing of the Rumanian national anthem at a Ukrainian concert in that city.

The trial lasted but one hour, at the conclusion of which the presiding officer announced the following Draconian sentences: Volodimir Todoruk, a student, 5 years in prison, a 200,000 lei fine, loss of citizenship rights for five years, and 2,000 lei as costs of the trial; Stephen Nasaduk, a law clerk, 4 years in prison, 20,000 lei fine, loss of citizenship rights for 5 years, and 2,000 lei costs of trial; Ivan Hryhorovich, a student, and Dennis Kvitkovsky, law clerk, both 2 years in prison and fines; and Ivan Buchka, a clerk in a business concern, 6 months imprisonment and a fine. Only one of those tried was freed, namely, Oresta Zybachynsky, a student.

MOTHER DEAR

God sent the birds and sunshine
To gladden all the world;
He sent the foliage and flowers
In radiance unfurled;
He sent the June, the stars, the moon,
The pearly dewdrops sweet,
And then He sent you Mother Dear,
To make it all complete.

JUSTINE SMARSH,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Join the Ukrainian National Association

(Today's "Ukrainian Weekly" is concluded in "Svoboda.")

IVAN FRANKO

By CLARENCE A. MANNING, Ph. D.,
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Among the Ukrainian authors of the latter part of the nineteenth century Ivan Franko holds perhaps the leading place. He was certainly the foremost exponent of the extension into the province of Eastern Galicia of the literary and national movement which had started in the territory of Ukraine in the Russian Empire and his interests looked across the Carpathians to those of his compatriots who lived south of that mountain range. More than that, he was one of those men who worked in nearly all fields of literary art and if he did not succeed equally well in all, he set a high standard of excellence for those who would come after him and create in one definite field.

Ivan Franko was as typical of the culture of his day as Taras Shevchenko had been in an earlier period. Shevchenko was a serf in origin and he worked in the days when there was a romantic interest in the past. His Haydamaki showed the deep interest which the descendants of the Cossacks had in the last desperate struggle of their ancestors to recover the independence of the Ukraine. Franko approximately a half century later was more interested and conscious of the economic and cultural problems that were before his people. He sought not only to picture their present deplorable situation but he aimed to create types that would indicate the path on which his people would be forced to go, if they would satisfy their aspirations and improve their conditions of living.

Franko was born in the village of Nahuyevichi in Eastern Galicia on August 15, 1856. His family had been originally of German origin and was not too poor, so that the boy received an education in the local schools and in those of the neighboring towns, and in 1875 he commenced his studies in the University of Lviw. He was at once plunged into the controversies that were there going on between the various parties of the Ukrainians in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He very soon realized that these controversies, fierce and bitter as they were, touched only insignificant and negligible points in the life and culture of his people. Under the influence of the great Kievan scholar Drahomaniv he came to realize the unity of the Ukrainians and to feel the necessity of effecting a union between the two great branches of his people. He also became interested in the political movement and played an important role in its development.

As a result of these activities, he was arrested for the first time in July, 1877, and was in prison for nine months because of his work on some of the student publications. Later still he was arrested again and finally for the third time in 1889, but these later arrests and imprisonments were of much shorter duration. They did not break Franko's spirit, and after he was released from his first and longest confinement he set himself resolutely on the path of popular service and enlightenment and he never wavered from this course.

On the whole his life was uneventful. It is rather a record of successful Ukrainian journalism with Lviw as a centre. He paid two visits to Kiev in 1885 and 1886 and on the second of these he married. Outside of this he studied for a while in Vienna and he received there the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1894, and he hoped for a time to be made professor of Ukrainian in Lviw but the authorities refused to allow him to take the post. Despite this fact, Franko made himself the recognized leader of Ukrainian thought and scholarship. His literary and scientific reviews, his articles on Ukrainian history and culture, his general publicistic work all marked him out as the outstanding man of his people.

For a while he was interested in Galician politics and he sought election in 1898 to the Austro-Hungarian Diet in Vienna. He was not successful because of the corruption of the elections and after this period he abstained from any active part in politics. This did not diminish his influence, as was clearly seen when the students and the population of Lviw celebrated in 1898 the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering upon literary work, and in 1913, the fortieth anniversary.

During these years besides his own journals, he acted as correspondent for many of the leading Polish, German and other papers of the Hapsburg monarchy and of Germany. Still later he declared in one of his writings that Mickiewicz was a poet of treason, because of his glorification of treason in Konrad Wallenrod. With this as a basis, Franko attacked the Poles for all of their activities and, as a result, he lost most of his friends among them and his position as a correspondent for the Polish press.

So passed the years. In 1908, he became seriously ill but he still continued to work. Then the World War broke out, and the Russians invaded Eastern Galicia. It was a hard time for the old man, because by now his family had been scattered and his sons had entered the army. However, he still continued to work but it was obvious that the end was approaching and he died on May 28, 1916. His funeral, which was arranged by the Literary Society of Shevchenko, was enormous and showed the love and respect which he had enjoyed during his lifetime from all classes of the Ukrainian population.

Such were the facts of a life which was given over to his fellow men but he did not agree with those sentimental patriots who saw in talk about love of the people or of the past of their country something which would rouse them to heights of enthusiasm. He definitely states his attitude in his work, Something about Myself. "What am I to love in Ukraine? To love it as a geographic spot, why must one make such a great show of empty phrases, as a person looking around the world to say that there is nowhere such a beautiful scene as in Ukraine. To love its history, I know it well and I love its broad ideals of justice, brotherhood, and freedom, but I see how few examples in the history of Ukraine there are of just communal spirit, true consecration and true love..." On the other hand, Franko believes in his work for his people. "Being the son of a Ukrainian peasant, reared on the black peasant bread, by the work of hard peasant hands, I feel myself bound for my whole life to work out that labor which a peasant hand had spent, so that I might rise, and see light and breathe the air of freedom and understand the universal ideals. My Ukrainian patriotism is not a sentiment, not a national pride but rather a yoke that has been placed upon my shoulders." It is this consciousness of his obligations and his duties that led him so unwaveringly along the path on which he went.

With this attitude toward life we may be sure of the type of literature which he was going to write. Thus from almost his earliest poems, we find him dedicated to the task of singing his own sufferings and hardships and those of his people and at the same time he was always proud of the power of the human spirit to overcome all obstacles. This was the keynote of his work and he sounded it in his work and his first great collection of poems, From the Heights and the Depths, whe he sang:

A revolutionist eternally
Man's spirit, driving him to fight
For progress, liberty and right.
It lives, it can not die.

(Translated by A. P. Coleman)

This theme runs through all of his earlier work and his collections, as Proletarian Thoughts, Galician Images, etc. The personal note comes out even more strongly in Prison Sonates, which he composed during his third imprisonment and which form a diary of the moods which he underwent during the weeks of confinement. These poems do not compare in lyric or melodic beauty with those of Shevchenko but like the earlier poet Franko expresses in them the suffering and the woe of his people.

(To be Concluded)

A TARTAR ATTACK ON A UKRAINIAN VILLAGE

Sunday Afternoon in Cossack Ukraine

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon in June.

The villagers of Spasivka had just come home from church. Housewives busied themselves in preparing dinners, while the men and boys attended to the feeding of cattle, sheep and horses.

In a few moments a quiet hush fell over the entire village, punctuated by the occasional clatter of dishes and spoons heard through the open windows.

After dinner the male members of the family strolled outside, the older seeking a comfortable and cool spot for a quiet afternoon nap or perhaps a chat with the neighbors, while the younger men, the "parubky," directed their steps, as young men do the world over, towards the center of the village, the "maydan." Meanwhile, the women-folk busied themselves in clearing away the tables.

The afternoon passed away rapidly—too rapidly for those who had dozed off. Soon the sound of church bells pealed over the village, calling all to evening services. All bent their steps towards the little old church. Even before the services had started it was filled to the overflowing, so that the late comers had to content themselves with standing outside..

After the evening services most of the villagers went to the "maydan." There the older folks sat on the abutments surrouding the homes, or even on the grass; the children scampered around, getting in every one's way; while the "parubky," with their hats cocked over their ear in a most dashing manner, slowly paraded around casting their eyes boldly at the groups of laughing and chattering girls.

Slowly the sun began to set. A slight haze settled over the village. The girls taking themselves around the waist or hand in hand began to perform the various evolutions of the Ukrainian dances, to the accompaniment of singing. One by one the "parubky" joined them. Although the scene was quite a common one, being witnessed every Sunday during the warm months, yet it never failed to attract a crowd of watchers from among the old folks. The sweet, young voices of the singers rising above the hum of village life added an undescribable charm to the quiet typical evening in Ukraine. Many an older person sighed, the memory hearkening back to younger days. Even the old women joined in the singing, their thin quavering voices standing out distinctly beside the fuller, rounder tones of the younger people.

Just before darkness settled, the herdmen drove in the cattle from the pasturing grounds. Peals of laughter and shrieks rang out as the lowing cattle, their heads swaying, passed straight through the ranks of the dancers, scattering them left and right. The broken ranks quickly reformed, however, and the dancing, singing and laughter continued.

Pavlush Fights For His Sister

"Dyid" Andriy sat with his neighbor Panas before the latter's home. Pulling on their pipes they talked about the crops.

"I guess we'll have a good crop this year," said Panas.

"God grant it so," replied Andriy.

"This morning," added Panas, "I went out to the fields, and what a beautiful sight it was to see everything growing so well."

Just then their conversation was interrupted by a small group of boys who were chasing after some girls, crying out after them derisively, "Mosquitoes, hide yourself in the pillows, for the Tartars are coming..."

"Don't call out the devil!"—"dyid" Andriy bellowed.

But the boys did not even pay any attention to him, but kept after the girls. One of them grabbed Hannah by her shoulder, and gave her such a jerk that she fell to the ground. Immediately Pavlo jumped up to him and caught him by the scruff of his neck.

"How dare you?" he cried angrily. That's my sister."

The other tore himself out of Pavlo's grasp, and both clinched.

They began to tussle.

Pavlo's opponent was older and stronger. He got a hold around Pavlo's waist and began to squeeze very hard. Both became red as beets as they strove mightly to throw the other down. A crowd immediately formed around the two, and began to hoot and cheer

COSSACK WEAPONS

We often hear and read about our famous Ukrainian Cossacks of bygone days, of their bravery, their great deeds, and of their unequalled fighting ability.

The question sometimes arises in our minds—what sort of arms did these Cossacks use? Here is a brief account:

The Zaporogian Cossacks used many types of arms. For a long time, dating back to the Middle Ages when Ukraine was ruled by kings and princes, the bow and arrow was the chief weapon among the Ukrainians for other than hand-to-hand fighting. When the Cossacks arose they naturally adopted it, and used it until the coming of the musket.

The Cossack bow was known as the "look," and the arrow—"streela." The arrows were carried in a leather arrow pouch known as the "sahaydak," slung usually over the Cossack's back.

For hand-to-hand fighting the Cossack used a spear or lance ("spisa" or "ratishche"), of no great thickness, made of light but strong wood, and ranging from 10 to 12 feet in length. The business end of the spear or lance had an iron spear head, while at the butt end there were usually two drilled holes, a few inches apart, through which a leather thong was passed and then fastened loosely to the ankle of the Cossack's leg. This device was in lieu of the modern method of having a lance rest in the stirrup. When on foot, the Cossack ordinarily carried his lance or spear on his shoulder.

Sometimes the spear had two spear heads, one on each end, so that if during the fighting one spear head broke off the Cossack would merely reverse his spear and keep on fighting. Many spears also had a handle in the middle, to prevent the spear from going in too deeply, and also to make it easier to pull out, once it was in.

An indispensable weapon of the Cossack, particularly for the horseman, was the "shablya"—sabre. Often in Cossack songs it is endearingly referred to as:

„Шабля сестриця, ненька ріднень-ка, панночка молоденька".

The Cossack's "shablya" was of medium length, about one meter, curved, and exceedingly sharp, so that

„Як рубне кого козак, то й на двоє розсіче, — одна половина сюди, друга туди".

When not in use it was carried in a wooden scabbard known as "pikhva," covered with leather or metal, and often very artistically embossed. The Cossack usually carried it on the left side, attaching it to his belt by means of two rings set in the scabbard, one near the top, and the other in about the middle.

Although the "shablya" was also practically indispensable for the foot Cossack soldier, yet his mean weapon, after the disuse of the bow and arrow, was the musket—"rooshnitsia." At first the musket was of the ordinary primitive matchlock type, and very plain in appearance. Later came the wheel-lock type, the direct predecessor of the rifle. The Cossacks lavished a great deal of their money and labor on their muskets, having the stock beautifully embossed in gold and silver.

The Cossack pistols were also handsomely embossed. They were carried usually behind the belt or in a holster—"kobur."

The powder was carried in a powder box ("lyadunka" or "porokhivnitsia") of various makes and styles—small gourds, powder horns, leather pouches, and small receptacles made of bone or metal. The bullets were carried in the wide Cossack belts.

Another weapon used by the Cossacks in hand-to-hand fighting, although not very often, was the "chekan." This weapon was somewhat similar to a pick, with one end of the head blunted, and the other very sharp. The chief use of this seemingly strange weapon was in close fighting with armored troops, where the sabre was powerless to penetrate the heavy armor. Wielding the "chekane," however, as one would a pick, the Cossack would strike the breastplate or the helmet a hard blow and thus penetrate it. Incidentally, the Cossacks themselves rarely used any armor.

Besides these weapons the Cossacks also used the "yataghan," which was a Turkish sword or scimitar with a double, curved blade running to a point, and with a handle without a guard. Then there were the usual daggers, and knives.

"ZAPOROZHETZ ZA DUNAYEM" IN ENGLISH

Produced by W. J. Stepankowsky and A. Pasichnyk, the well known Ukrainian operetta "Zaporozhetz za Dunayem" was presented in English last Saturday night beore a small audience at the Venezia Theatre in New York City.

The English version of this operetta, despite its evident and laudable effort to reproduce the original faithfully, lacked much of its native flavor, perhaps largely so because all the roles were played by non-Ukrainians, of whom it cannot be expected that they should understand the Ukrainian spirit.

What was, however, a fine performance and undoubtedly the best of them all, was that by Elena Bussinger, soprano, who appeared in the role of "Odarka."

The portrayal of Ivan Karass, the Cossack, by Leroy Weill, baritone, although perhaps adequate from the American viewpoint, was from our viewpoint entirely too comedian-like in character, lacking in both action and voice that robustness usually associated with the veteran of many a Cossack campaign who visits the Sultan's palace. As a result the entire presentation suffered.

Foster Miller's portrayal of the Sultan was better, although it is only fair to add that this role is of a more routine character and does not demand the knowledge of the Ukrainian native character that Karass's does.

The role of Oxsana was sung by Nicki Jaffin, that of Andrey by Irwin Dillon (who sang quite well but was flat in the high passages of the duet with Oxsana), and that of Imam by Philip Whitfield. Generally speaking, the women's voices were better than those of the men.

The chorus rendered its pieces quite effectively, being weak, however, in the male voices, especially the basses—they were hardly heard. The ballet, however, was good, being especially spirited in the folk dancing, which were not, however, free of that eternal bane on most American versions of Ukrainian folk dancing, namely: Russian tendencies. The ballet mistress was Louise Hanum Kalajian. A solo appearance by Olga Pasichnyk, introduced a true Ukrainian note to the dancing.

One deplorable aspect of the translation of the text was the presence of expressions in it which have no original nor equivalent in the Ukrainian language and which jarred upon one's sensibilities.

All in all, however, the presentation certainly deserves far better support than it did last Saturday night, and its producers should be congratulated for their venture.

A TARTAR ATTACK ON A UKRAINIAN VILLAGE

(Most all of our young people know about the constant warfare between the Ukrainians and the invading Asiatic hordes, when for a period close to one thousand years Ukraine was the scene of an unceasing conflict between them. It was this long-drawn out conflict that led to the rise of the famous Ukrainian Cossacks who eventually broke the power of these mighty hordes, and who, at the same time, wrested from the other invaders as well Ukraine's freedom and independence.

Among the fiercest of these Asiatic hordes whom the Cossacks finally conquered were the Tartars. From them the Ukrainians suffered a great deal: ruined villages and towns, depopulated areas, and thousands of captives taken to be sold in the Oriental slave markets.

In order to give our readers a better conception of the horrors of a Tartar attack upon a Ukrainian village, we print below a vivid account of the same, taken from Andriy Tchaikowsky's story, "Za Sestroyu," and translated into English by us.)

the fighters. It seemed that Pavlo's opponent was too strong for him.

But suddenly Pavlo shifted his hold swiftly, lifted his opponent into the air, and then slammed him down upon the ground.

The other became furious. Lying on the ground he began to punch and kick Pavlo.

"That's enough!" a "parubok" cried, and with one movement broke the two apart. "That's enough of your fighting. You'll both make good Cossacks."

The boys jumped to their feet.

"Don't you ever touch her again," Pavlo warned.

"What's the matter with her, is she so delicate that she can't be touched?" the other replied defensively. He had no intention, however, of fighting any more with such an able fighter.

"Pavlushu, come here this instant!" called "dyid" Andriy.

"It's very good to stand up for your sister so, but don't be so pugnacious," he chided him tolerantly. "Come, its time to go home to bed."

The crowd slowly scattered. Once more the songs rose above the village. No one wanted to go to bed, while the night was so enchanting...

"Dyid" Andriy's Premonition

The singing and other sounds began slowly to die out. Here and there the bleat of a sheep was heard. From the direction of the steppe could be heard sounds of wild life, astirring now that the sun had set. "Dyid" Andriy having supped with his family, sat for quite some time outside, smoking his pipe. Gazing at the brilliant stars above he wondered what the weather for tomorrow was going to be. The hay had to be cut, and clear weather was needed. Taking his hat off he began to pray quietly.

During the prayer he felt within himself a strange, disquieting feeling arising, a sort of a fear. This strange feeling prompted him to arise and, still continuing his prayers, go to the nearby village gate to see if the guard was awake. The guard, muffled up in his greatcoat, for the evenings were cool, was pacing before the gate with his musket in hand, and softly singing to himself.

"Are you singing Philemon?" Andriy asked from afar. He knew it was dangerous to approach the guard too closely without identifying himself first.

"Not exactly," replied the guard. "I'm trying to keep awake."

"You haven't heard anything, have you?"

"Why of course not. What could I hear?"

"Oh, I don't know," "dyid" Andriy answered, "but for some reason or other I feel rather scary. Perhaps out there," pointing out towards the shadowy darkness beyond the palisade, "some were-wolf is prowling."

"Eh, go on! You give me the creeps with your were-wolves. You'd best go to sleep."

"Well then, good night Philemon!"

"Good night."

"Dyid" Andriy began to retrace his steps, continuing his interrupted prayers.

He left rather ashamed of himself for getting frightened without any reason. He no longer thought of going towards the other gate, but began to go straight home.

Just at that moment a bat flew over him and touched him lightly on the head with his wing. Or maybe it was only the wind from the wing that fanned him. Nevertheless Andriy jumped violently aside, startled.

"My Lord! what's happened to me?" he asked of himself. "Has death looked into my eyes? Why am I afraid? Why, even in the thickest of battle I never knew what it meant to be afraid, and here a bat frightens me...? Tchfoo on you!"

He had reached his home by this time. All were asleep. It was very hot inside. "Dyid" did not close the door, but lay on a bench to sleep... All was quiet.

"The Tartars Are Here!"

He had just begun to doze off, when suddenly the church bells began to ring. The alarm!

Andriy quickly jumped off the bench, and ran outside. A sudden brilliant flare lit up the night on the other side of the "maydan." Fire!

"Hey! Everybody get up, there's a fire in the village!" the "dyid" bellowed, waking up his children and wife.

All ran out into the courtyard. All was noise and tumult. Andriy looked around. The fire had now sprung up in the four corners of the village. The entire village now became as light as day. Flames shot high.

He immediately grasped that this fire was not accidental... The Tartars had attacked!

He jumped back into the house and seized a spear off its rack.

"Stephen! Stephen!" he roared, "take your weapons. The Tartars are here!" (To be Concluded)

First American Rights

HEARTS' END

BY THEODOSIA BORESKY

II.

Seemingly without end stretch out the prairie lands of North America, covered only by tall wild grass, and enveloped in eternal quietude, which only from time to time is briefly broken by the screeching yowl of the coyote, or of some other wild animal. Otherwise the prairie wastes slumber on, bathed in the heat of the sun.

This prairie land is divided by a glistening snake of iron rails visited by the famous "Pacific Express." During these brief visits as the train passes by, the prairie land comes alive, to again go back to its former monotony of tranquillity. In the center of this prairie by the railroad tracks, stands a little house, and observation tower. It also serves as a station for the farmers of the surrounding villages scattered hundreds of miles apart.

It takes a stout and brave heart to live so far away from civilization and tend the job of tower man. There are many dangers to be encountered here and not the greatest of which are wild animals, but of bad men, robbers tramping in the prairies in search of loot. The best loot they consider, the safe at the railroad station, particularly at harvest time, when business hums amongst the farmers and the safe is full of money, ready to be sent by train to headquarters, once a month. It was the duty of the tower man to guard the safe left in his keeping, as well as to fulfill his watch-tower and rail duty. He must see that they all be in good order. He must always be prepared to protect both with his very life from the robbers. Therefore, he was well armed to meet any emergency. For such a responsible position, and especially for such an unsafe one, the Railway Company of America, chose a man trustworthy, intelligent and brave, and not easily frightened.

So here we find on this unsafe job our friend, Stephen Doroshenko. He is changed now beyond our recognition. He is not the little servant boy in the employ of his guardian Pokusnik, nor the youth who, after his war service, had set out beyond the great seas to America to find his sister. This is now a man in his prime, with a thick and comely beard, and bright, intelligent eyes.

After his long wanderings over all America in search of his sister, he finally settled here in the unpopulated prairie as a tower watchman. He had spent now 10 years in this service and had lost hope of ever finding Anna. Without a real friend, in the world, Stephen felt one with the lonely prairie and was happy in its solitary peacefulness. It was far better to live so than with unsafe, deceitful and jealous humans.

His monotonous duties he fulfilled conscienscIously each day, with which as an honest man he built for himself a complete trust in his integrity, so rarely found these days.

Only a short while back, to ease the pressure of constant duty upon Stephen, a helper was sent him in the form of an American, Buck Jones. At the very first glance Stephen did not like the man and so did not trust him. Afterwards Stephen found he was not wrong in his first impression of the man. He was coarse, sullen, jealous and very lazy when it came to work. Stephen could not depend on his help and often came out upon the rails to assure himself all was going well and that Buck had not broken into the safe. From such an untrustworthy man one may easily expect the worst.

Stephen was walking along the railroad tracks after their examination, late one afternoon. The day was hot, the sun bore down unmercifully. All living things on the silent prairie were withering from the intense heat. Because of the intense silence it seemed as if a giant walked, such a crunching noise the pebbles seemed to make underfoot as Stephen all the more carefully stepped along.

Stephen paused. Did he imagine it, or did he hear a human voice coming some little distance away from him? He stopped to listen again, ears strained and again, louder this time, he heard a muffled cry, not far in the tall grass. His curiosity aroused, Stephen stepped off the tracks and followed in the direction of the sound. He drew his revolver in readiness and followed in the direction of the human voice which came to him from time to time. After he had gone for several feet he parted the tall grass from which sounds of a human voice had come and there he found before his astonished gaze a little boy about 3 years old, who seemed so tired out, he could no longer walk but just dragged himself along, falling down every few steps. Seeing the tall figure of a man suddenly appear above him, the child, frightened, sat upon the ground and burst into tears.

"Poor little fellow," wondered Stephen in amazement, "where did he come from?" But to the child, he spoke kindly, in Ukrainian:

„Не бійся, хлопчику, я тобі нічого не зроблю, забсру тебе до мами."

With these words he knelt by the child and took him in his arms and wiped the tears away. The child stopped crying, as if he had understood what Stephen said. Stephen questioned the child as to where he had come from, but he was too young to give any adequate answers. All the child knew was that he had wandered for a very, very long time amid the prairie grass, trying to find his mother who had been with him, but did not know where she had gone or what had become of her. Apparently the kindness Stephen had shown to the child had quieted his fears and he cuddled up against Stephen's broad chest contentedly.

While carrying the child in his arms to the house, fear stirred in Stephen's heart at the thought of what would have happened to this baby if he had not found him, and night had set in. Certainly wild animals would have devoured this loveable creature in one tasty meal.

By the time Stephen had fed his hungry charge, he was reassured the child not only understood and could say several words in Ukrainian but that the child's mother had also given him the name of Stephen. The boy, however, unduly tired from his arduous experience, soon fell into a deep, sweet sleep.

Darkness had already fallen when Stephen emerged from the shack, eager to share his news with Buck. That fellow was lying on a bench along side of the house pulling on a bottle from time to time of his favorite drink. Stephen related to him the story of how he had found the child, but the story made not the least impression on the American.

"I suppose now you'll be a nursemaid to that brat!" grunted Buck disgustedly. "I wonder," he gulped, raising the bottle to his lips again, "what will happen when your foundling starts to bawl at night, disturbing my sleep? I like it quiet nights, and I won't stand for any yowling brat. I'm warning you in advance!"

"It won't be as bad as all that, Buck," replied Stephen quietly, but in such a voice as to make Buck look at him uneasily.

In a moment though, Buck was himself again.

"Go ahead, be a nursemaid, if you want to, but I assure you I'll never even look at that brat! You can feed and look after him yourself. And if the bounder bothers me at night, I still won't stand for it, and if he gets me mad, I'll grab him and throw him out under the wheels of an on-coming train. I won't stand for any nonsense from any dirty brat!"

These vicious remarks from Buck got under Stephen's skin and he cried sternly:

"You scoundrel! How can you go on so about an innocent child? If I hear anything like that from you once more, I'll do something about it! If you dare to lay a finger on the child, I'll break every bone in your body! Keep that well in mind!"

At these words, Buck jumped to his feet ready to throw himself upon Stephen, but a realization of Stephen's superior strength held him back from such an unwise step. All he did was give him a dirty look. From now on, Stephen realized that he had made a deadly enemy of Buck. He was not so disturbed about it for himself, but was afraid for the safety of the child. Such a savage might really carry out his threats when Stephen was not around. That was why Stephen made up his mind to let the city know about the finding of the child by the very first train that stopped there. This intention he carried out at the first opportunity.

(To be continued).

A FAMOUS UKRAINIAN TRAVELLER AND NATURALIST

One of the deplorable aspects of Ukrainian life is that many brilliant, talented Ukrainian men and women are unable to gain a living among their own people, and as a result are forced to exploit their talents for the benefit of some foreign nationality—Russian, for example. That this is not entirely the fault of the Ukrainian people is evident to all. Perhaps, some day, when the Ukrainian nation is a free and independent state, many virgin and paying fields will open for our talented individuals. This will not only be a gain for them, but the Ukrainian nation as well.

This article deals briefly with the life and achievements of a great traveller and naturalist—Myklukha Maklay-Maklenko, a Ukrainian, known chiefly for his studies of New Guinea. But like many other leading Ukrainian men, he is generally known as Russian.

Maklay-Maklenko was born of well-to-do parents in Ukraine, in 1846. His father was Ukrainian, his mother—Scotch. At an early age he completed his elementary education in Ukraine, and showing a talent for the study of natural sciences he was sent to Germany, to that famed ancient University of Jena. There he showed unusual proficiency in his studies of the natural sciences, and as a result attracted the attention of that famous German naturalist—Prof. Hekel, whose favorite pupil he soon became. Under the tutorship of Prof. Hekel he travelled throughout the entire breadth of Europe, observing the life and inhabitants in all of their varied aspects. Before graduating, his studies took him even as far as the Madeira and Canary Islands.

In 1869, upon completion of his scholastic studies, we find him already in Morocco, where he devoted his stay to zoological studies. Upon his return from Morocco he decided to make a thorough study of the inhabitants, flora and fauna life of the South Sea Islands.

Crossing the Atlantic he arrived in South America, and from thence to Tahiti and Samoa Islands, until finally he landed at New Guinea, north of Australia. There, on a lonely northern coast, amidst a primeval forest, he built himself a log cabin and lived there for over a year, the only white man in that section, studying and observing the flora and fauna of the Island together with the life and habits of its inhabitants. He then spent approximately another year on the western coast of the Island, and in 1874 explored the innermost depths of Maklaka Islands. From here his work took him to the Island of Palahua, and then to the Admiralty Islands. In 1876-1878 we find him once more in New Guinea.

In 1879 Maklenko hurried to Singapore in order to save his fast failing health, but the lure of New Guinea was too much for him, and that same year he returned back to the Island, where he stayed until 1882.

In that year he returned to Europe, bringing back with him a mass of material in form of observations of the plant and animal life, together with many valuable specimens. He was hailed as the "King of Papuan Islands" (reference to the Papuan Islands).

Immediately upon his return he took upon himself the arduous task of bringing to order all of the vast material and specimens that he had brought back with him. The Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh elected him its member, and took upon itself the task and cost of publishing his observations, including his memoirs. An untimely death, however, in 1888, put an end to his work and the writing of his memoirs, of his travels, experiences, and observations. Nevertheless, for quite some time afterwards those memoirs which he had completed found great favor among the Europeans. His studies of New Guinea and other South Sea Islands is regarded to this day as authoritive. It is an undoubted fact that had he not died in the prime of his life (44 years) that which he had accomplished already, although monumental in itself, nevertheless would have been far outstripped by later achievements.

A SONNET TO THE EDITOR

As he sits and stares before him,
His eyes just chance to see,
A stack of articles, poems and such,
That have been contributed by you and me.
He picks up one sheet, through it he reads,
Makes corrections, if corrections it needs.
And so on down the decreasing pile,
His job gets weary after a while,
His eyes get tired but he wears a smile.
And so his day goes on and on,
The lines before his eyes do dance,
For each line must be specially read,
He can not pass it with a glance,
His job is not for every man.

SOPHIE FELLO,
Irvington, N. J.

CHESTER WINS EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP

The Chester Ukrainians, the leaders of Area No. 3, in the Basketball Tournament of the Ukrainfan Youth's League of North America defeated the Yonkers Ukrainians, the leaders of Area No. 2, by the score of 47-42 in an elimination tournament to decide who will be the Eastern Champion in May at a floor yet to be decided upon.

The Yonkers team presented a speedy combination and were leading the game until the last few minutes when the Chester players found the range of the basket and dropped them in from all parts of the floor to catch the Yonkers team and pass them to win the game.

The scoring honors, however, went to Mike Mallo, lanky guard of the losers, with "Wash" Merenko of Chester, and Andy Beck of Yonkers, close on his heels. With the exception of Merenko, the scoring was evenly divided by the Chester team and Mike Bartish gave a fine exhibition of tricky shooting the short time he was in the game.

After the game the Yonkers team was presented with a trophy, recognizing them as the Leaders of Area No. 2, by Mr. William Haschak, the Assistant Director of the Basketball League of U. Y. L. of N. A.

CHESTER

Hlywiak—Forward	0	0	0
Bartish—Forward	4	0	8
Merenko—Forward	6	2	14
Kaminsky—Center	2	1	5
Sawicki—Guard	2	1	5
Haschak—Guard	3	2	8
Melnick—Guard	3	1	7
	20	7	47

YONKERS

Beck—Forward	5	0	12
Malesky—Forward	0	0	0
Werney—Forward	0	0	0
Luchka—Forward	1	0	2
Polcha—Center	3	1	7
Mallo—Guard	5	5	15
Scrobola—Guard	3	0	6
	18	6	42

MICHAEL KRYKA,
Chester, Pennsylvania.