

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

OTROK SE POSLAVLJA OD IGRAČ

NE jokajte, igrače, tu je vse zaman.
Prišel je čas. Zdaj se od vas poslavljam.
Iz Tončka vsak čas Tone bom postal,
z učiteljem na cesti se pozdravljam.
Poznam že pet svetov in šest resnic.
Zato pozdravljen, cunjasti možic!

Medvedek moj, slabo ravnal sem s tabo.
Da bi pregledal tvojo drobovino,
sem z nožem kar razparal tvoj trebušček.
Nabit si bil z navadno žagovino.
Ravnal sem s tabo res brez prave mere.
Kesam se vsega! Zbogom brez zamere!

Smejala si se mi, poskočna žoga,
ker si pogosto mi iz rok ušla.
Zdaj moraš v kot, čeprav ti je hudo.
Nikoli več ne vržem te ob tla.
Zakaj je zdaj izginil tvoj smehljaj?
No daj, še zadnjič v kot se zatakljaj!

Najrajši tebe sem imel, pajac;
zato najbrž sem vsega te pohabil:
oko ti manjka, manjka ti desnica.
Pozabi to, pa bom še jaz pozabil.
Z očesom, ki ga še imaš, namigni,
edino roko za pozdrav mi dvigni!

Hudo mi je, igrače, verjemite.
Najrajši zmerom bi pri vas ostal.
A ker postal prevelik sem za vas,
se z vami nikdar več ne bom igral.
Ne jokajte! Ve ste umrle zame.
Prišel je čas, ostale boste same . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

V TIHIIH URAH

V TIHIIH nočnih urah, ko misli mamica,
da že davno spim,
imam le oči zaprte, a drugače bdim.

Bdim in moje misli gredo okrog sveta,
vsepovsodi, koder se glasna deca igra.

Pa jim kličem tovariško, vsem,
črnim, žoltim in belim:
Pridite, združimo se pod praporjem enim!

In puščajo svoje igre
—v tihiih urah noči—
in tedaj smo vsi, kakor eden—
ker nam nihče ne trga naših otroških vezi.—

NOVICA

TETKA:

Dobili smo še enega fantka,
in zdaj nas je pet,
mamica pa je otožna
in hodi z malim k oknu sedet.

Nič ne reče, ne joka,
samo skozi okno strmi —
veš, tetka,
ata dela spet pri granatah,
pa se mamica strašno boji . . .

VRNITEV

LJUBKO,

kako je najprvo na moj vrt priletel,
me zbudil in naznanil:
Pomlad je, pa sem spet dospel.

In čudovito,

kako je samo o lepoti življenja pel,
čeprav je nevihtam in nevarnostim
komaj ušel.

Še čudovitejše,
kako je njegovo sladko žgolenje
prineslo nov smisel
v to težko življenje — —



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Reginald Marsh: BOWERY, PROLETARSKA ULICA V NEW YORKU

Kaj vse dosežeš z opazovanjem

(Orientalška pripovedka)

NEKI derviš (mohamedanski menih) je potoval skozi puštinjo. Na poti je srečal dva trgovca, ki sta bila v velikih skrbeh.

“Ali nista morda izgubila velbloda?” vpraša derviš.

“Sva,” sta odgovorila trgovca.

“Ali je bil na eno oko slep in na levo nogo hrom?”

“Da, bil je.”

“Ali je bil v sprednjih zobeh škrbast?”

“Bil je.”

“Ali je bil natovorjen na eni strani z žitom, na drugi pa z medom?”

“Tako je. To si dobro opazoval. Prošiva te, da nam pokažeš, kje ga bova našla?”

“Prijatelja moja,” pravi derviš, “jaz nisem niti videl vajinega velbloda niti ne vem ničesar o njem. Od vaju sem sploh prvič slišal, da sta imela velbloda.”

“Nič ti ne bo pomagalo odmikanje in nikar ne taji, saj si se sam zagovoril—rečeta trgovca—in kar hitro nama daj ono dragoceno kamenje, ki je bilo v tovoru in pokaži nama pot, po kateri bova našla velbloda.”

“O vajinem velblodu nisem niti ničesar slišal niti ga nisem videl še manj pa vajino dragoceno kamenje,” odvrne derviš.

Trgovca sta derviša prijela in ga s

silo odvedla h kadiji (turški sodnik). Tu so ga preiskali in pretresli pa niso našli ničesar! To je vse iznenadilo in nikakor niso mogli verjeti, da oni, ki je uganil kakešn je bil velblod in kaj je bilo na njem, ne ve, kje se velblod nahaja. Vsi so menili, da mora biti oni, ki more pogoditi vse te velblodove lastnosti, čarovnik. No, derviš jim popolnoma mirno in brez razburjenja odgovori:

“Ne čudite se, odkod vem, kakšen je bil velblod in kaj je bilo na njem, saj je to vendar povsem enostavna stvar in lepo vam jo bom razložil. Jaz živim, prijatelji moji, popolnoma sam na svetu, pa sem se naučil vsako stvar zelo pozorno opazovati. Najprej sem opazil, da grem po sledi izgubljenega velbloda, ker nikjer nisem videl sledu gospodarjevih nog; spoznal sem, da je žival na eno oko slepa, ker je mulila travo samo z ene strani poti; opazil sem, da je na eno nogo hroma po tem, ker je s to nogo zapuščala v pesku samo slabo sled; da je škrbasta, sem opazil po tem, ko sem videl, da je ostal v sredi vedno majhen del trave nepopašen. Da je bila otovorjena z ene strani z žitom in na drugi strani z medom sem spoznal po tem, ker sem na oni strani, kjer je bilo žito, videl po poti raztreseno slamo, a na oni strani, kjer je bil med, sem videl roje mušic, ki so se podili ob strani poti po kapljicah in sledovih.” (Cv. K.)

Dva nepoštena čebularja

Nekoč sta živela dva nepoštena čebularja, ki sta prodajala čebulo, prav drago. In ko ni bilo čebule, sta prodajala metle. Ali eden je prodal že skoro vse metle, drugi nobene. Tedaj pravi slednji: “Tovariš, res ne razumem, zakaj

prodajaš metle tako poceni. Jaz sicer šibe za nje kradem, ampak za delo moram pa tudi kaj imeti.” “Veš,” reče drugi, “jaz prodajam zato tako poceni, ker sem metle ukradel že gotove.”

Po Hebelu Cv. K.

Katka Zupančič:

Janko Bric in njegovi otroci

(Nadaljevanje.)

TRETJE DEJANJE

*Scenerija ista kot v prvem dejanju. Nekaj mesecev pozneje. Zgodaj popoludne. [Besedilo, označeno z zvezdico *], se upošteva le za časa pred božičem.]*

PRVI PRIZOR

Oče, Mary in Frankie

Oče (sedi pri mizi, na kateri je ostalo še nekaj posode in čita časopis. Ima naočnike.)

Frankie (črka po svoji tabli na desni strani odra.)

Mary (v prevelikem predpasniku stopi izza zastora in pobira posode z mize. Pogleduje očeta. Rada bi mu nekaj povedala, ne ve kako in upa se ne. Že se odpravlja, pa se obrne in dene zbrano posodo predse na mizo): Oče, ali ne pojdeš te dni nič v mesto?

Oče (se navidezno začudi): V mesto? Čemu? In kaj pomaga iti v mesto? Suh sem, ko poper sem suh.

Mary: Oče, manjka tega, manjka onega. Kava je pošla; riža kmalu ne bom več poznala. Skratka z vsem smo pri kraju.—*) In božič bo, oče.

Oče: To bomo jedli, kar imamo. *) In kar se tiče božiča — je kar bolje, če ne misliš nanj. (Čita.)

Mary (globoko vzdihne, čez čas): In napol bosa sem, oče, glej! (mu pokaže podplate.) Pa naša spodnja obleka, rjuhe — sama luknja!

Oče: Maryca, ti veš, da nimamo denarja za nove. Krpati bo treba staro. (Sočutno): Ubožica! Dolg čas ti je, kaj ne?

Mary (prikima): Zdi se mi, da smo

*) **Mary** (že tik zastora, se pomišlja in se vrne): Čisto pozabila sem tisto, veš, radi božiča. (Proseče): Saj boš poskrbel, oče, da bomo imeli drevesce, kaj ne, da boš.

čisto pozabljeni od vseh. Tako strašno smo sami.

Oče: Nismo sami. Na tisoče jih je, ki imajo iste pomenke, ko mi. In, Mary, lahko bi bilo še huje.

Mary (začudeno): Huje?

Oče: Da, huje. Recimo, da bi bil kateri od nas bolan, jaz ali ti, ali pa kateri onih dveh.

Mary (plašno sklene roke): Pa niti kastorjevega olja nimamo pri hiši. Vedno ga pozabiš kupiti. Ko pojdeš prvič zopet v mesto — samo kdaj bo to? — ne pozabi na kastorjevo olje.

Oče (nasmehnivši se): Saj res, najbolje bo če vzamem tebe s seboj, da me boš spomnila nanj.

Mary (tleskne v roke, veselo): Tisto pa, tisto, oče. Samo kdaj bova šla, kdaj, kdaj, kdaj, kdaj?

Oče (dvigne roko): Hej, počakaj no! Ti mala nestrpnost! Samo še enkrat ponovi 'kdaj,' pa ne pojdeš nikamor z menoj.

Mary (se pritisne k njemu): O, očka, saj ne bom nič več vpraševala. Ne, ne bom. Samo to mi povej, kdaj pojdeva v mesto, kdaj?

Oče: Adijo, ljubi mir! In to bo trajalo par tednov, preden se bo nabralo toliko jajc, da bo vredno iti z njimi v mesto.

Mary (razočarano): Par tednov! Uh, te kokoši! Saj jih imam rada, ampak . . . (se namrdne).

Oče: Nu, zakaj se jeziš na kokoši? Saj so pridne.

Mary (zategnjeno): Pridne. Pa znese vsaka samo po eno jajce na dan, ko bi lahko po tri, ali pa vsaj po dve! (S spremenjenim glasom) Pa nič zato, oče, četudi bom morala čakati cela dva dolga tedna — samo da bova šla takrat zares, prav zares! Juh! Kako se veselimo! (Vzame posodo in veselo odide.)

Oče: Pa bom, Mary, samo prazno bo pod njim, prazno.

Mary (se skrivnostno nasmehne): Ne bo prazno! (bliže očetu): Domače zajčke bom prinesla iz hleva, pa jim bom postlala pod drevescem. So tako krotki in samo bele bom izbrala. (Žugajoče): Pa ne smeš Johnnieju povedati.

Oče (ljubeznjivo): Maryca! — Da, naredi tako!

Mary (mu smehljaje se pomežikne in odhiti s posodo).

Oče (gleda zamišljen za njo. Vzdihne in vstane ter stopa po sobi gori in doli, zatopljen v skrbipolne misli. Nazadnje se ustavi pri oknu, pogleda ven): Kako, da ga tako dolgo ni?

Mary (se pokaže izza zastora, ponev briše): O, saj ga še ne bo.

Oče: Lahko bi bil že zdavnaj doma.

Mary (kima): Boš videl, ko bom zadnjo posodo obrisala in obesila, bo na vratih. O, on že ve.

Oče: Ali sta se tako zmenila?

Mary (se malce našobi): Mha, zmenila—. Posode rad ne briše, posode. To je.

Oče: Je že tako, Mary! (Sede in si natakne zopet naočnike in začne čitati.)

Frankie: Daddy (pokaže na svojo risbo), kaj je to?

Oče (pogleda iznad naočnikov): Ne vem, menda je pes? (Mali zanika.) Ali je konj? Morda je koza? (Mali se smeje). O, zdaj vem, lev je.

Frankie: Ni lev. To je pacek. Ne vidiš repka? (Vstane in gre k očetu.) Povej, kakšen pa je lev? Ali lev grdo gleda?

Oče (zopet čita): U, pa kako!

Frankie: In grize?

Oče: Mhm, grize.

Frankie: Kako grize?

Oče (zatopljen v časopis, ne sliši): Mhm!

Frankie (ga cuka za hlače): Kako grize?

Oče: Kdo?

Frankie: I, lev! (Zleze očetu v naročje.)

Oče: Tako! (Ga potrese za rame.) Zdaj bom pa čital, zdaj! Ti mala nadlega, ti! (Ga stisne k sebi in se nasmehje.)

Frankie (zadovoljno smehljaje se): Kako grize lev?

Oče: Tako: ham, ham, ham — (ga grabi za ramena.)

Frankie (se smeje na ves glas): In kako gleda lev?

Oče: Tako! (Gleda temno.)

Frankie: Ali ima lev tudi takale okenca? (Pokaže naočnike.)

Oče (se smeje): Nak, tisto pa ne. Očali pa nima. On bolje vidi, nego jaz.

Frankie: Kaj vidi?

Oče: Vse, samo svojih ušes ne. Pa saj tudi ti ne vidiš svojih ušes!

Frankie: Pa jih vidim. Glej! (Prime se za ušesa in jih vleče navspred in jih skuša videti.)

Oče (ga spusti s kolen): Na, zdaj pojdi in ko boš videl svoja ušesa, pridi zopet, ne prej! (Čita.)

Frankie (se muči še nekaj časa, potem pa se ujezi na ušesa in jih pomečka z roko. Zopet sede h tabli, briše in riše.)

Mary (je medtem vstopila in pobrisala mizo): Tako, zdaj sem gotova.

(Pred vrati zaropota. Oba se ozreta.)

Mary (namigne na vrata): Ali ti nisem povedala?

DRUGI PRIZOR

Prejšnji in Johnnie

Johnnie (vstopi): Dolgo me ni bilo, kaj?

Mary (mu požuga s prstom): Ej, ti—!

Johnnie (zatisne eno oko in jo z drugim hudomušno pogleda; očetu): Tukaj, časopisi. In pismo za te.

Oče: Pismo? (Ga vzame v roko.) Od koga neki? (Ga ogleduje.) Iz mesta je. (Pogleda od blizu na pečat.) Pred dvema dnevoma odposlano. Hm! (Pretrga ovitek in vzame ven listič, ga obrača.) Na, to ti je pa pismo, to! Pa s strojem je pisano. In podpis? Hm! Tako čačko bi znal narediti tudi naš mali.

(Johnnie in Mary se stezata vsak od ene strani.)

Johnnie: Počakaj no, drži mirno! (Naglo prečita.) Oče, obisk dobimo!

Oče: Kaj? Obisk? (Čita glasno.) "Predragi! Dvajsetega tega meseca popoldne pridem. Na veselo svidenje!" (Se ozre na Johnnieja in na Mary.) Dvajsetega imamo danes, ali ne?

Mary: Danes, da, danes. Pa kdo pride, oče?

Oče: Saj to je tisto! Podpiše se ne snaga tako, da ne veš ne črno ne belo. Vsak pošten človek se vendar podpiše, kakor se spodobi. Na, tukaj! Rešita vidva to uganko! Jaz je ne morem. (Vzame enega novih časopisov, ga razgrne, da bi čital, pa je raztresen.)

Johnnie in Mary (sedeta na drugo stran mize.)

Johnnie: Ali ni tole ar?

Mary: Ni ar! Es je.

Johnnie: Oh, beži no! Es že ni.

Oče (se nagne prek mize in gleda na podpis): Nak, v naši abecedi že ni take kljuke. Noben dohtar je ne reši. (Sede nazaj in se čehlja.) Pa kdo za zlodja bi to bil? Komu bi bil jaz še toliko drag, da bi me prišel obiskat?

Mary: Ali nimaš nič prijateljev?

Oče: Prijatelj? Hm. Prijatelj — seveda jih imam. Ampak so vsi taki, kakršen sem jaz. V revščini čepe doma in ne mislijo na obiske. (Se domisli.) Počakaj no! Nemara pa je Mike! On je take sorte — je tistole podobno em?

Johnnie in Mary (gledata.)

Johnnie: Ne vem — morda je—. (Zmigne z rameni.)

Mary: Kdo pa je Mike?

Oče: Eh, nekakšna zguba je. Za pijačo bi skočil — ne vem kam.

Johnnie (se nasmehne): V vodo, ne?

Oče (se posmeje): Ne, tisto pa ne. Voda je edina reč, ki jo strašno sovraži. Drugače je dober človek. Samo kaj češ, živi z rok v usta. Škoda njegovega talenta! — Ampak kako bi Mike prišel do pisalnega stroja? (Še enkrat pogleda listič, pa ga vtakne v zavitek in ga odnese v predal.) Pa Miku je vse podobno.

Johnnie: Kako pa ve, kje si?

Oče (sede in vzame časopis): Mike ve za vse. Sam je, pa rad brede po svetu.

Mary (skrbljivo): Treba se je pripraviti! Ali ne, oče?

Oče: Kar mirna bodi. Drugi ne more biti, nego Mike. On pa vidi samo steklenico. Če te ni — ne vidi ničesar.

Mary: Ali bo dlje časa pri nas?

Oče (se nasmehne): Nič ne skrbi. Ljudje, kakršen je Mike, nimajo nikjer obstanka. (Čita.)

Mary (se oddahne, pomisli, potem pa naglo vstane in izgine za zastorom.)

Johnnie (vzame knjigo in sede z njo k mizi.)

Mary (se vrne z vrečico v roki. Položi jo z odprtino proti sebi na mizo in potegne ven fižol.) Večerja bo kisel fižol.

Johnnie (se ji posmehne): To boš Mikea pogostila!

Mary (smeje): Dober bo.

Oče: Saj tako reč ima najrajši! Kisel fižol pa kisle kumare—to je zanj!

Mary (razočarano): Tako? (Že hoče pobrati fižol, pa se premisli.) Nič! Vseeno bo kisel fižol. (In se loti izbiranja.)

Vsi trije molče nekaj trenutkov.

Frankie (se okrene in kaže na tablo): Kaj je to? (Ko se nobeden ne zmeni, začepeta z nogami.) Hej, kaj je to?! (Vsi trije pogledajo od mize.)

Johnnie: Zares ne vem.

Oče: Nobeden ne ve. Kar sam povej, Frankie, ki si priden.

Frankie (kaže): Stopnice so to, in jaz, ki sem padel doli. (Se obrne k mizi.) Zakaj pa se ne pade gor? (Kaže z roko.)

(Nobeden ne sliši.)

Frankie (milo): Daaddy, povej, zakaj se ne pade gor?

Oče: Zakaj se ne pade gor? O, to moraš vprašati Einsteina.

Mary (hitro): Kaj se Mike piše Einstein?

Johnnie in oče se zasmejeta.

Johnnie: Čitaj več, čitaj, pa boš vedela, kdo je Einstein.

Mary (užaljeno): Saj tudi bom!

Frankie: Zakaj pa ptički ne padejo?

Oče: Zato, ker imajo peroti. Zdaj pa nariši ptička s peroti. Pa ne samo enega, več! Vsepolno!

Frankie: Dvajset! (Briše in riše.)

Johnnie (stopi k oknu in pogleda ven): Morda se bo Mike premislil in ga ne bo.

Mary: Da bi se le! Pijanci se mi gnusijo.

Oče: Drugače je snažen, samo po pijači smrti. Tisto pa tisto.

Mary (preneha izbirati): Potem smrdi i pismo, če ga je on pisal. (Vstane in vzame iz predala pismo, se vsede ž njim na svoje mesto, pa vtakne nos v zavitek. Ostrmi.)

Oče in Johnnie (se ji smejeta.)

Oče: Ti je slabo prišlo?

Mary: Diši, lepo diši! (Da pismo očetu.)

Oče (poduha): Saj res! (Izroči pismo Johnnieju, ta zopet Mary, Mary zopet očetu. Tako kroži pismo dvakrat okoli mize.)

Frankie (teče okoli mize za pismom): Meni tudi, meni. Meni tudi!

Mary (mu ga nazadnje pomoli pod nos): Na, sitnež mali!

Oče: Pokaži mi ga še enkrat! (Poduha in vzame listič iz zavitka in pozorno ogleduje podpis.) Nalašč je podpisano tako, da ni mogoče razbrati imena! (Nenadoma se zdrzne, pogleda na široko in se zastrmi v podpis.) Moj bog! To je el! (Pogleda po otrokih.) Pa ne, da bi bila — —

—**Johnnie** (naglo poseže po pismu.)

Mary (skoči k Johnnieju.)

Johnnie: Oče! Lucija je podpisana. Glej! (se nagne prek mize) glej, dve piki — na i in j.

(KONEC TEGA PRIZORA SE MORA VRŠITI ZELO NAGLO!)

Oče (skoči ves vznichen pokonci in pogleda okoli sebe): Otroka, brž! Pripravimo se! Mary, vodo! (Si podrgne po bradi in slači srajco.)

Mary (pogleda po sobi): Joj, jaz pa taka! In Frankie ves umazan. Johnnie, drugo srajco!—Teta Lucija! (Vzklikne veselo in steče za zastor.)

Oče: Vodo, Mary, vodo! (Si najde brivske potrebščine, potem si stepa hlačnice.)

Mary (prinese v skodelici vodo.)

Oče: Brisačo tudi, brisačo!

Mary: Oh! (Steče za zastor in prinese, pa gredoč opazi prah naokoli in ga začne brisati z brisačo.) Vse polno prahu! Vse polno, vse polno —

Oče (se maže po obrazu, Mary): Sem brisačo!

Mary (mu jo poda, potem se gleda v ogledalu in si naglo ravna lase.)

Oče (si zaveže brisačo okoli vratu): Beži s poti, zdaj sem jaz na vrsti! (Se razkorači ter odrine Mary od ogledala in se prične briti.) Stotavžentzlodjev! nič ne reže! (Zopet pomeša, se maže in brije, vse nestrpno.)

Johnnie (priteče iz spalnice in se sreča z Mary, ki teče v spalnico. Hočeta se ogniti eden drugemu, pa treščita skupaj. "Neroda!" zakličeta eden drugemu in tečeta vsak svojo pot.)

Johnnie (se muči s kravato. Stopi očetu za hrbet, pa se skuša videti v ogledalu): Počakaj, oče, samo malo naj se pogledam, samo malo!

Oče (polno milnice na obrazu, cepeta): Oh, oh! In kaj ti je sploh treba tistega okrog vratu. Pa saj se nemara motimo! Najbrž se motimo!

(Medtem, ko oče govori, se vrata natihoma odpro, samo Frankie vidi, pa se spusti zviška na zadnjo plat in se odprtih ust zastrmi v vrata.)

(**Oče in Johnnie** se ozreta; iz spalnice se pokaže tudi Mary v spodnji obleki. Vsi trije sledijo Frankiejevim očem in ugledajo na vratih Lucijo.)

KRATKA PAVZA.

TRETJI PRIZOR

Prejšnji in Lucija

Lucija (smehljaje se prisrčno): Jan-ko! Si? Ali nisi?

Oče: Lucija! — O! (Vrže brivno orožje na mizo, pozabi na namazani obraz, za brisačo okoli vratu, naglo k vratom; ona mu prihiti naproti, objameta se in poljubita na obe lici, in sta sedaj oba od mila.)

Lucija (se ozre na okoli): Kje, Jan-ko, ti je pa žena?

Oče (z globokim glasom): Umrla je pred poldrugim letom.

Lucija (veselje ji v trenutku zgine z obraza): Oh! (Mu poda roko.)

Frankie (kaže na obadva in se glasno smeje.)

Johnnie in **Mary** (mu mahata, naj bo tiho.)

Oče: Na, bogpomogaj! Lepo smo te sprejeli! In — o jej! — še namazal sem te. Brisača! Kje je brisača? (Se vrti okoli sebe in išče.)

Johnnie (tudi išče.)

Mary (hoče tudi iskati, pa se ustraši svoje spodnje obleke in izgine v spalnico.)

Lucija (medtem): Nič ne skrbi, saj — (od ginjenosti ne more dalje, in si briše z rutico lica in oči.)

Frankie (še vedno na tleh sedeč, se obrača za očetom in kaže nanj): Ti imaš brisačo! Ti imaš brisačo!

Oče: Kje, kje? O, saj res. Čisto brez glave sem. (Si jo naglo odveže in se obriše vanjo.) Na, zdaj je pa mokra. Mary! Svežo brisačo!

Mary (že oblečena, pride z brisačo in vsa zadivljena v Lucijo, stopi pred njo, počasi in s povdarkom): O ti naša teta! (Se je oklene.)

Lucija (se skloni in jo poljubi na čelo in skriva jok.)

Mary (jo plašno gleda): Pa zakaj jočeš, teta? Ali zato, ker — ker ti je milo zašlo v oči? Na tukaj (ji ponudi brisačo), obriši se. (Očitajoče pogleda očeta, pa vidi, da si tudi on briše oči. Pogleda oba še enkrat, potem se tudi njej skremži obraz in zaihti.)

Frankie (ki jih še vedno opazuje, si ogleda vse po vrsti, nato vstane in glasno jokaje steče k očetu.)

Oče (odpelje Frankieja v spalnico.)

Johnnie (edini premaga jok. Stopi k Luciji): Sleci se, teta. Vročje ti bo. In sedi. Morda si trudna. (Ji ponudi stol pri mizi.)

Mary (si menca oči z dlanmi, pogleda po teti, ki si slači plašč, stopnjema se

ji skremženi obraz zjasni. Hoče k teti.) Nekdo potrka na vrata.

ČETRTI PRIZOR

Prejšnji in gospa Fischer

Lucija: Ojej! Čisto pozabila sem na one zunaj. (Gre in odpre vrata in govori ven): Prav sva prišli, gospa Fischer.

Gospa Fischer: Um Gotteswillen, noter, noter, da se ne prehladite! (Vstopi.)

Mary (pomigne **Johnnieju** in oba skupaj pobirata fižol z mize v vrečico, nekoliko se ga strese; zlezeta pod mizo in ga pobirata tam ter šepetata med seboj.)

Gospa Fischer (nekoliko razočarana gleda okoli sebe, proti Luciji, bolj na tiho, vendar razločno): Ah, Gott! Kakšna revščina! Kakšna revščina! (Zmahuje z glavo.)

Lucija (prikima): Da, še hujše nego sem pričakovala. Dobro, da sva toliko nakupili.

Oče (pride s Frankiejem iz spalnice.)

Lucija: Moja spremljevalka je to, Janko. Saj veš —

Oče: Nekak—kako bi rekel—angelj varuh, kaj ne?

Lucija (smeje prikima in namigne gospej Fischer): To je vse, kar imam na svetu. Moj brat Janko in njegova deca.

Gospa Fischer (pristopi in ponudi očetu roko): Me veseli, da vas poznam, Mr. Bric!

Oče: Dobrodošli v naši hiši!

Gospa Fischer (se ozre): In prtljaga, madam? (Skrbljivo): Oh, in preneglo ste slekli, madam, preneglo. (Se dotakne njenega lica.) Obraz vam je vroč. (Jo naglo ogrne s šalom.)

Lucija: Hvala, gospa Fischer, hvala! Prtljago naj pa kar noter prinesejo.

Gospa Fischer: Pa ne vso!?

Lucija: Vso, vso! se razume!

Gospa Fischer: Ali mislite resno?

Lucija: Seveda.

Gospa Fischer (jo pogleda z dolgim pogledom, vzdihne in odide.)

Oče (se nekoliko namuza): Zdi se mi, da je ta tvoj varuh že bolj nekaj—

Lucija: Jetniški čuvaj, misliš? (Se smeje, potem resno): Samo navidezno je taka. Drugače je zlata duša. Vdova po nekem uradniku.

Gospa Fischer (se vrne. Za njo nese ta dva moška kovčege in jih zloži na vratih. Potegne Lucijo na stran): Saj ne boste tukaj ostali, madam?! Kje, kako? (Jo skrivaj opozori na okoli.)

Lucija: Ostanem.

Gospa Fischer: Ali —

Prvi moški: Tako, to je vse.

Drugi moški (si briše čelo in odide.)

Lucija: Prav. Zdaj se pa vrnite in pripeljite še ostalo. (In gospej Fischer, ki nehote sklepa roke): In vi, gospa Fischer, se odpeljete z njimi in—dobro se imejte, dokler vas ne pokličem.

Gospa Fischer (osuplo): Ali to resno mislite?

Lucija: Čisto resno. (Proti fantoma): Račun bo poravnán, ko bo vse tukaj, zato se požurite.

Prvi moški: Okej in gudbaj! (Se obrne in odide za drugim, ki ga čaka pred vrati.)

Johnnie (zre za njimi in potem se vrne k Luciji).

Gospa Fischer: Ali to resno mislite?

Lucija: Kaj?

Gospa Fischer: To, da boste tukaj ostali — za dlje časa.—*) čez praznike?

Lucija: Kajpak, bog, da sem jih našla. (Se zasmee.) Zato se nikar ne trudite, ker odtod me ne boste spravili. Torej na svidenje! (Ji poda roko.)

Gospa Fischer: Torej zaresno mislite.

Lucija (nekoliko nestrpno, vendar smehljaje se): Pa da, gospa Fischer! Čisto popolnoma in prav zares mislim za nekaj časa ostati tukaj. Bo zdaj držalo?

Gospa Fischer: Čisto resno?

Lucija: Čisto resno. (Smeje ji poda roko.) Na svidenje po praznikih!

Gospa Fischer: Šele po praznikih? Oh! Ali mislite prav zares?

Lucija (nestrpno): Prav zares! Bo zdaj držalo?

Gospa Fischer (molče zmajuje z glavvo.)

Lucija: Še ne? (Naglo stopi k vratom in jih odpre.) Hej, fanta, pridita po njo!

Gospa Fischer (skoči za njo): Ne ven, ne ven! Vaše grlo! (Potem veselo): O, saj sem vedela, da se boste premislili, madam. (Pokaže vstopivšima prtljago.) Tukaj, tole pa tole pustite; drugo pa zopet odnesite!

Lucija: Ah, kaj še! (Se smeje.) Ne tega, ampak vas bosta odpeljala, vas, če že ni drugače.

Gospa Fischer (užaljeno): O, madam! Ali to resno mislite?

Lucija (obžalovaje): Oprostite mi! Ne morem drugače.

Fanta (dobrodušno primeta gospo Fischer rahlo pod ramo.)

Gospa Fischer: Ne, ne. Saj grem. (Se obrne.) Pazite, da ne zbolite, madam! Mr. Bric in otroci, pazite na madam. Njeno grlo je zadnje čase tako, tako občutljivo.

Oče: Nič se ne bojte. Vse bo prav.

Gospa Fischer (odide.)

Oče (Luciji): Pa naj bi ostala tudi spremljevalka tukaj pri nas. Bomo se že stisnili.

Lucija: Ne, ne. Bila bi mora za nas vse. Njena prevelika skrb zame bi nas tlačila vseh skupaj. Jaz sem ji vajena, vi ji pa niste. (Sede k mizi, tik nje Mary, oče in Johnnie vsak na eno stran mize.)

Gospa Fischer (težko sopeča vstopi še enkrat in med oddihavanjem hiti): Zvečer dve uri predno greste v posteljo, ničesar zavžiti! Zjutraj vročo limonado brez sladkorja! (Zapre vrata za seboj in kliče odhajaje): Že grem, že grem. Ni treba iti pome!

PETI PRIZOR

Lucija, oče, Mary, Johnnie in Frankie.

Lucija (se nasmehne): Vidite, taka pesem bi se nam obetala.

Mary: Bolje je, da je šla. In zakaj ti reče 'madam'?

Lucija: Noče drugače. To navado je prinesla k meni in se ji noče odreči. In sitna je, kaj ne?

Vsi (se zasmeejo in prikimajo).

Lucija: Pa njena sitnost gor ali dol —bogzna, če bi bila jaz danes tukaj pri vas, ako bi ne bi bilo baš nje.

Oče: Kako to?

Lucija: Tako. Ona ima čut za varčnost, ki ga jaz—žal—nimam. Prav njeni gospodarski nadarjenosti in poštenosti se imam zahvaliti za vse, kar imam. Posebno zadnje čase, ko čutim, kako naglo mi peša glas, spoznavam njeno celo vrednost. Koliko mojih tovarišic, slavnih, veliko slavnějšíh od mene, trepeta pred starostjo—.

Johnnie (po kratkem molku vseh): Kod si pa vse bila, teta?

Lucija: Največ sem bila v Rusiji.

Oče: O Rusiji se toliko sliši—kaj praviš ti?

Lucija: Na politična vprašanja (se nasmehne) se nekako tako razumem, kakor na gospodarska. To se pravi, jako malo ali nič. Vendar se mi zdi, da v Rusiji žive bodočnosti, pa pozabljajo na sedanost; medtem ko tu v Ameriki živite samo sedanosti, pa pozabljate na bodočnost. Zlate srednje poti ne poznate tu in je ne poznajo tam.

Oče (zamišljeno): Saj bo nemara res tako.

Mary: Ali si bila že kedaj v Parizu, teta?

Lucija: He, v Parizu? Par let sem preživela v njem in ga poznam od znotraj in od zunaj. Od zunaj je lep, od znotraj—pa saj so vsa velika mesta taka.

Johnnie: Morda si bila tudi že v Afriki?

Mary (nagajivo smehlja se): In si videla njegove kanibale?!

Johnnie: Eh, ti!

Lucija (smeje): Ne, kanibalov nisem videla, dasi sem bila v Afriki.—Pa vidva radoznala, vse to vam bom že še povedala. Nič se ne bojta, da vama bo dolg čas. Za danes pa pustimo vse to. Zdaj sem pri vas in z vami. (Potegne Frankieja k sebi.) Kaj ne, mali mož? Kako ti je pa ime?

Frankie: Frankie.

Lucija: In koliko si star, Frankie?

Frankie (se postavi): Dvajset let. (Vsi se smejejo.)

Lucija: Hu, to je pa veliko! Jaz imam pa dvakrat toliko.

Frankie: In kozo imam tudi.

Oče (skriva namigne Mary, ki poka in izgine za zastorom. Za njo Johnnie.)

Lucija: Mi boš pokazal kozo?

Frankie: Mhm. Bom jo narisal. (Gre k svoji tabli in briše in riše.)

Oče: Pa kako si nas vendar našla, sestra?

Lucija: In če bi bili v zadnjem kotu Amerike ali pa na koncu sveta, bi vas našla. Prejšnje čase je bil svet zares velik, dandanes je pa majhen, kmalu ne bo večji od orehove lupine.

Oče (vzdihne): Da, da. Majhen je svet, majhen—za kogar je! (Se nasmehne.) Za me je še vedno velik in prevelik.

Lucija (ga sočutno gleda): Veliko si prestal, Janko, kaj ne?

Mary (prinese medtem narezane klobase in Johnnie kruh).

Oče: O, da! Prestal marsikaj. Nisem zaman siv.

Lucija (se nasmehne): Tudi jaz. Pa jaz si pomagam z barvo, sicer bi bilo todle (pokaže) vse sivo.

Mary (jo pogladi po laseh): Pa se jim nič barve ne pozna.—O ti moja lepa teta!

Lucija: Lepa? (Se nasmeje). Počakaj, da se umijem, pa bo šla vsa moja lepota! Ja, ja, le glej me! Ti se umiješ, da si lepa—jaz pa se moram namazati, ako hočem biti lepa. Skriti moram uvelo kožo, sive lase, sploh vse, kar spominja na starost. Tak, vidiš, je moj poklic.

Mary: Vseeno, teta! Tudi ko se boš umila, boš lepa, zato ker si naša!

Lucija (jo stisne k sebi): O ti moje dete! (Da napelje pogovor drugam, se ozre na mizo.) Pa kaj, ali si ti to narezala in pripravila?

Mary (prikima in primakne krožnik bliže h teti).

Johnnie: In jaz sem ji pomagal.

Lucija (očetu): Saj res, kdo vam pa gospodinji?

Oče (pogleda Mary in molči).

Mary (se potrka na prsa): Jaz sem gospodinja. Kuham in vse. Tudi krpam.

Lucija (se zavzame): Ti? Ti? (Jo potegne k sebi in jo poboža po licu.) Rada?

Mary: I, kdo pa naj? Včasih kuha oče. No, in Johnnie včasih briše posodo, če ne gre na pošto. (Se namrdne proti Johnnieju.)

Lucija: Pridna, pridna Mary!—Janko, saj boš dovolil, da bom najela spretno žensko, ki bo opravljala gospodinjska dela.

Oče (si v zadregi čehlja tilnik): Branil se sicer ne bi, že radi otrok ne . . . ampak . . .

Mary (naglo): Pomisli, oče, da bomo zopet imeli nekoga, ki nam bo kuhal in bomo po dolgem spet enkrat pošteno jedli—. (Spozna, da se je zalepetala. V zadregi): Nu ja, saj jaz tudi—hm—dobro kuham, pa vseeno . . . (Grdo pogleda Johnnieja, ki se ji smeje v pest.

Se naglo domisli): In ali bo krpala tudi?

Lucija (nasmehnivši se): Tudi, če bo seveda treba.

Mary (na široko): Treba?! Hjuu! Vse imamo raztrgano.

Oče: No, no, Mary! vsega ti vendar ni treba praviti.

Mary (pogleda očeta, nato teto, strahoma): Saj nam ne boš radi tega ušla, teta, saj si naša, kaj ne?!

Lucija: Nič se ne boj! Sploh si mislite, otroci, da sem vam mamica, pa bo vse prav.

Mary (poskoči in objame teto): O ti moja teta!

Johnnie: Naša teta!

Lucija: Za vselej vaša!*) In Janko, brat moj, za božič poskrbi drevesce, tako, ki bo segalo do stropa!

Oče! Kaj, otroka?! Četudi zaprti v samoto—pozabljeni vendar nismo!

Frankie (tolče ob tablo): Glej, sem glej teta: prav takale je moja koza. Res, res, zares.

(Zavesa in konec.)



M. Hemings: OVČAR



Dragi čitatelji!

Aprilska številka Mladinskega Lista se je zapoznila za cel mesec. Zamudo so povzročile postoječe razmere, ki so največ krive, da delo v tiskarni zaostaja. Poleg tega pa je bilo precej izrednega dela z drugimi publikacijami.

Ta izdaja Mladinskega Lista bo v rokah naših čitateljev prve dni v maju. Koncem meseca maja — dne 22. maja — pa prične zborovati 10. redna konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote v lastnem avditoriju v Chicagu. Deseta konvencija SNPJ bo izredno važnega pomena za vse jednotino članstvo. Rešiti bo treba mnogo važnih vprašanj, na dnevni red pa pride tudi vprašanje o bodočnosti našega mesečnika. Dasi smo uverjeni, da je večina delegatov za ohranitev M. L., so pa pred nami s tem v zvezi druga vprašanja, ki postavljajo naš mesečnik v negotovost.

Upajmo, da bo Mladinski List še dolgo vršil svoje delo med našo mladino, da jo bo še naprej vzgajal v duhu delavske izobrazbe! Zato pa storimo vse, da se naš mesečnik ohrani!

—UREDNIK.

NAPREJ ZA NAŠ MLADINSKI LIST!

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da napišem kratek dopis za "Kotiček."

Naj Vam povem, da sem že mislila, da so moj zadnji dopis, katerega sem napisala kmalu po božiču, poštni miši snedle, ali pa da leži kje v uredniškem košu. Kakšno veselje, ko sem ga ugledala v februarški številki!

Moja mama mi je povedala, da je čitala v Prosveti, da bi nam nekateri člani radi vzeli naš priljubljeni Mladinski List. Zato pa moramo vsi člani in članice mladinskega oddelka SNPJ protestirati proti temu! Nikar ne pustimo, da nam bi vzeli naše najdražje! Mladinski List nam mnogo koristi in nam pomaga, da se učimo slovensko. No, pa saj bi nekateri radi uničili tudi Prosveto. Mislim pa, da jim ne bo uspela, ker je še vedno dovolj zavednih članov, kateri ne bodo tega dopustili.

V koledarju imamo že pomlad, tukaj pa je še vedno mraz ko to pišem. Kljub temu pa

se že vrača pomlad. Ko bo priobčeno to pisemce, bo spomlad že tukaj in spet bomo skakali na prostem in se igrali na gorkem pomladnem solncu.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem mladim članom SNPJ in uredniku M. L.!

Mary Yuvancic, Bridgeville, Pa.

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RIBOLOV V CLEVELANDU

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj drugi slovenski dopis za M. L. Razmere v tem kraju so slabe, ker ni dela in vedno več ljudi je brez dela. Zato pa imajo dovolj časa za ribolov. Rib pa je letos tukaj izredno dosti, kar pač prav pride mnogim družinam v teh slabih časih.

V šoli sem v 6. razredu. Imam sedem učiteljic in vse so dobre z menoj. Dvakrat sem šla z učiteljicami v Art muzej. Tam je bilo lepo. Tudi na koncert smo šli in slišali smo krasno godbo.

Pozdrav vsem!

Emma Koprivnik.

8514 Vinyard ave., Cleveland, O.

BREZPOSELNI NABIRAJO REGRAD

Cenjeni urednik!

Vas prosim za malo prostora v "Našem koticu." To je moje prvo pismo. Star sem 8 let in hodim v šolo v 3. razred. Imam še enega brata in eno sestro; oba sta starejša od mene. Vsi trije smo člani mladinskega oddelka SNPJ.

Tukaj se nam je res pokazala lepa spomlad prve dni aprila. Toplo je še precej. Regrada je dosti in vsak dan ga jemo. Ljudi je tudi dosti brez dela, pa nabirajo regrad. Mislim, da regrad letos ne bo imel časa, da bi šel v cvet, ker ga bomo prej pobrali. Le po njem! Ko bo ta minil, potem bo na vrsti solata itd.

Tukaj vam pošiljam eno pesmico, da jo priobčite.

Priroda je spala
in zopet je vstala,
prišla je ljuba
in mila spomlad.

Krog veselice
nam delajo ptice
in naše cvetlice
okinčajo vse.

Zatoraj bodi zdrava,
ti rožica mala,
dokler še sije
ta rajska pomlad!

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Fred Lah,

R. F. D. No. 3, box 106, Irwin, Pa.

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INFLACIJA, KONVENCIJA, VESELICA

Cenjeni urednik!

Preteklo je spet mesec dni in treba bo spet napisati par vrstic v "Koticek." Prosim, da bi jih priobčili. To pišem 29. marca.

Po dolgem obotavljanju je končno vendarle prišla zaželjena pomlad in nas vzdramila iz mrzle, puste zime. S pomladjo prihajajo važni in za nas pomembni dogodki v deželo. Prvo kar nam prinese "new deal"—je pivo, drugo bo oziroma je že inflacija, katera pa nima posebnega pomena za tiste, ki nimajo nič. Prizadeti pa bodo tisti, ki imajo denar v bankah in ga ne morejo dvigniti.

Najvažnejši dogodek za nas člane SNPJ pa je ta, da se bo vršila konvencija v maju. Važna bo ta konvencija zato, ker se bodo morala pravila jednote preurediti tako, da bodo odgovarjala potrebam sedanjega časa. Želeti bi bilo, da se tisto, kar so gradili stari, dolgotletni člani, ne bi rušilo, ampak da bi se ohranilo kar je dobrega in izločilo kar je slabega.

Še en dogodek bo, ki pa je bolj lokalnega pomena, namreč naše društvo "Skala" št. 50 SNPJ je priredilo veselico 30. aprila na domu brata tajnika, za pokrepitev blagajne, ki je prazna. Za plesateljine so igrali poskočne polke clintonski "Katzenjammer Kids," pri katerih je tudi moj oče.

Napisala bi Vam lahko še marsikaj, pa se bojim, da bi se ta dopis preveč ne raztegnil, zato pa se naj omejim samo še na tole pesem, ki je že bila priobčena v zadnji številki po bratu Albert Tomšiču iz Walsen, Colo., a sva jo z očetom precej predrugačila, tako da bo prikladna pomladanskem času. Tukaj je:

Pomladna pesem

1.

Oh, ve ljubke rožice,
pisane in bele,
kmalu boste, dragice,
krasno spet cvetele.
Prišla je pomlad med nas,
in odšla sta zima, mraz.

2.

V vrtu čaka utica
s trto prepletana,
kjer bo hladna senčica,
ko bo spet zelena.
Upam trdno, da nikdar
ne odnese je vihar.

3.

Lansko leto deklica
v vrtu je sedela,
krasna kakor rožica,
pesmice je pela.
Letos iščem jo zaman,
ker je šla v zakonski stan.

4.

Lani ždel je stari ded
v vrtu, sključen vase,
doživel je mnogo let,
dobre, slabe čase.
Letos je odšel od nas;
vzela ga je zima, mraz.

5.

Vsaka stvar en čas trpi,
vse na svetu mine.—
Človek se rodi, živi,
prej al' slej premine.
Tak narave je ukaz:
vse trpi določen čas.

6.

Tudi pomlad nam zbeži,
hrbet nam obrne,
ko preteče leto dni,
pa se spet povrne.
Le mladosti zlati čas
se ne vrne več med nas.

7.

Kje je tisti pevec zdaj
ki je to prepeval?
Bi to pesem pel z menoj,
da bi glas odmeval.
Pa utihnil mu je glas
in ne bo ga več med nas.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in Vas!

Josephine Mestek,

638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Indiana.

"SNEG ZA TO LETO SLOVO JE ŽE VZEL"

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo ali dopis za Mladinski List. Ker pa ne znam še dobro slovensko pisati, Vas prosim, da mi ga popravite.

Zelo rada čitam Mladinski List, zato pa sem se že tudi naučila nekoliko slovenščine. Moja mama me vedno opominja, naj se učim slovensko pisati in čitati, ker angleško se bom itak lahko naučila.

H koncu dodajam tole pesmico, ki je času primerna:

Spomlad

Sneg za to leto slovo je že vzela,
hranil je starček svoj čamer vesel.
Zepca zapela, s parne zletela:—
"Ni sme še mrazek ti vzela!"

Slišiš po gaju prepevati tam,
ptički veseli spet prišli so k nam.
Kak žvrgolijo, tebe budijo:
Lepa nedolžnost le vstan!

Češnja vsa bela na gričku stoji,
gleda na breskev, ki v vrtu cveti.
Vse ozelenelo in omladelo—
k tebi se nasproti smeji.

Ali ni ljubka in času primerna ta pesmica? Seveda je! Zato pa pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje M. L. in tudi Vas!

Josephine Križak, box 126, Frontier, Wyo.

* *

PETELIN, KOKOŠI IN OSLIČEK

Dragi urednik!

Prosim Vas, da priobčite tole pesmico: Osliček in petelinček.

Na plotu stoji petelinček
in poje lepo in glasno.
Hvalijo njegove občutke
vse cibke in putke:—
Koko-koko, kokododajsk!

To sliši pa sivček osliček
in glavo privzdigne od tal:
Tudi jaz bi lahko kokorikal,
vse cibke bi k sebi priklical,
petelina pa v koš bi dejal.

Pa kaj vam je storil osliček?
I no, kokoriknil je tako,
da putke je splašil v dvorišču,
mož pa mu je dal po hrbitišču
dve gorki in dve za uho.

Mary Orehovec, Cleveland, O.

* *

LISTNICA UREDNIŠTVA.—Že pred meseci smo prenehali priobčevati slike naših dopisnikov, kljub temu pa nam jih nekateri še vedno pošiljajo. Slik ne vračamo.

"MOJ OČKA IMA KONJIČKA DVA"

Dragi urednik!

Že spet Vas nadlegujem za malo prostora v Mladinskem Listu, da priobčita tale moj kratek dopisek. Rada berem dopise v "Kotičku", ker so tako zanimivi. Želim, da bi M. L. prihajal vsaj vsak teden.—Naša šola je imela v februarju lepo zabavo in program. Jaz rada pojem slovenske pesmi. Znam tudi tisto o dveh konjičkih, ki se začne: "Moj očka ima konjička dva, oba sta lepa šimeljna. Tidreja, dreja, dreja drom . . ." Pa tudi več drugih znam.

Vsem skupaj želim obilo veselja to spomlad!

Frances Yamnik,

1101 So. 63rd st., W. Allis, Wis.

* *

NA OBISKU PRI STARI MATERI

Dragi mi urednik!

Mi živimo na Clairtonu, Pa. To pišem na 3. marca in zunaj sneži. To je pa nekaj za nas dečke in tudi za deklice. Oni dan smo šli na obisk k stari mami in imeli smo se dobro. To je menda moj prvi dopis v "Kotičku". Stric Lojze mi je dal nagrado, prvo nagrado, zato, ker sem se znal najbolj sankati. Takrat, ko smo šli v posete k stari mami, nas je policaj ustavil in pregledal naš avto, če imamo morda v njem kaj prepovedane pijače. Pa ni nič našel in je odšel z dolgim nosom. Da nas je ustavil, sem bil kriv jaz, ker sem imel s seboj trompeto in sem nanjo plozal vso pot. Pa je mislil, da se vozijo kakšni pijanci.

Želim, da bi mnogo dečkov in deklic pisalo slovenske dopise za M. L. Obnem pa pozdravljam vse skupaj!—Leo Škoda, Clairton, Pa.

* *

ANNA PRIDNO NABIRA REGRAD

Čenjeni urednik!

V marčevi številki Mladinskega Lista je bilo v "Kotičku" mnogo slovenskih dopisov. Videla sem dopise tudi od mojih prijateljic. Tončka je pisala in Cebašova Karlina tudi. Prav z veseljem sem jih prečitala. Tako je prav, da vsi pišemo v M. L.! Rada bi videla, da bi pisal tudi Rezorškov Frankie in Primčevi.

Pri nas smo imeli obiske. Prišel je stric Vinko z vso družino in bilo je lušno.

Sedaj je za pomlad. Moji bratje pridno orjejo. Tudi Leo Škoda nam bo pomagal orati, če bo dovolj močan. Rada bi videla, da bi me obiskali moji prijatelji Tončka in Karlina, da bi jim dala lepah cvetlic.

Tukaj se nič ne dela. Ljudje dobivajo podporo, jaz pa grem vsak dan nabirat regrad. Prihodnjič bom kaj več napisala o tem in onem. (Še to sem pozabila povedati, da je moja mama podsadila menda že pet ko-

kelj in ko bodo te vrstice priobčene v M. L. bomo imeli že mnogo piščet. Bečlarju Tonetu želim obilo uspeha z vesellicami, stricu Lojzetu pa obilo veselja!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Anna Marolt,
R. D. 2, box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

* *

ELSIE POHAJA SLOVENSKO ŠOLO

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za Mladinski List. Jaz hodim v slovensko šolo v Slovenski dom na Holmes ave. Moj učitelj je Mr. Urbančič, ki me uči pisati in brati, Mrs. Urbančič me pa uči šivati.

Tu je slovenska pesmica, ki se jo učimo v šoli:

Osel in petelin

Na plotu stoji petelinček
in poje lepo in poje glasno.
Hvalijo njegove občutke vse
cibe in capke in putke:
Koko-koko koko-dajsk!

To sliši pa sivček osliček
in glavo privzdigne od tal:
Če bi jaz le za kokorikal,
vse cibke bi k sebi priklical,
petelina pa v koš bi dejal!

In kaj vam je storil osliček?
Zakorikal je revež tako,
da vse putke je splašil v dvorišču,
a mož mu je dal po sivem hrbtišču
dve gorki in dve za uho!

Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje M. L. in tudi Vas, ako ne boste tega dopisa vrgli v koš!

Elsie Zorko, 848 E. 155th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

JOHNNY POMAGA OČETU

Cenjeni urednik!

Zelo sem bil vesel, ker ste priobčili moje angleško pismo v prejšnji številki Mladinskega Lista. To mi je dalo dovolj veselja, da sem se odločil napisati tole slovensko pisemce za "Kotiček." Res sem slab v slovenščini, učim se pa rad, da bi le imel malo več časa. Rad se nekoliko poigram, ker se vsi dečki radi igrajo. Pomagati pa moram atu na vrtu, ki popravlja vrtno ograjo. Pa tudi drva moram cepiti in pomagati pri raznih domačih delih.

Ako boste ta dopis priobčili, se bom spet oglasil. Upam, da ga boste. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega Lista in tudi Vas!

John Leskoshek, box 157, Irwin, Pa.

JUHEJ, PRIŠLA JE SPET POMLAD!

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Dovolite mi, da spet nekaj napišem za "Naš kotichek."

Sedaj se nam je zopet vrnila ljuba pomlad, da se lahko zopet igramo na toplem solncu. Ptice se vračajo zopet k nam iz južnih krajev in gnezdiyo in prepevajo ter se veselijo z nami lepe pomladi.

Hočem vam še tole povedati, da imamo mlade muce in mlade zajce, katerih sem zelo vesela.

Prosim, priobčite to-le pesmico, ki se imenuje:

Cvetlice

1.	2.
Ve ljube cvetlice, zbudite se nam, ker pomlad preljuba prihaja spet k nam. Z imenom vas kliče: "Ne spite od slej!" Vijolice, zvončke poziva najprej!	Marjetice bele se tudi zbude in šmarnice z njimi, kako so lepe! Trobentice tudi, pokažite cvet in tulipani ponosni, oj, lep je ta svet!

Pozdravljam vse mlade dopisovalce, posebno pa urednika!
Frances Marie Čeligoj,
16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

PESEM O REGRADU

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj smo začeli orati, toda zemlja je tako suha kot poper. Tukaj ni snega ne dežja, zato pa je vse suho. Moj ata je tako srečen, da vsako pomlad dobi počitnice, tako jih je tudi letos, še prve dni marca in za nedoločen čas. Tukaj je precej regrada, pa sam regrad ne gre, če ni kaj mastnega zraven. Moja mama je rekla, da so v starem kraju fantje prepevali nekako takole o regradu ali radiču: "Oj, solata in radič, to je dobro za pod zob. Zraven pa mora biti tudi masti, ker brez nje to dobro ni."

Mary Marinac, box 37, El Moro, Colo.

* *

DAR CVETLICAM

April rad z dežjem nam nagaja
in cvetlice k življenju vzbujajo.

Za njim pa pride prelestni Maj,
ki prinese nam radost in cvetni raj.

Junij prinese bogato darilo—
gorkote in cvetlic obilo.

Sledi jim topli julij, kot metulj,
ki prinese nam nešteti dragulj.

(Poslovenil Anton Turk.)



JUVENILE



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A MAY DAY SONG

A *BANDON your tools, the bricks and the boulders,
Away from the bench, away from machines,
Straighten and square your drooped-down shoulders,
March on the highways, crowd on the greens . . .*

*Builders and weavers, men in the valleys,
Makers and dreamers, this is your day.
Out of your hovels, your slums and your alleys . . .
March with me, sing with me, I am the May.*

*Say to the waster, and say to the master,
"Our winter of slaving and hunger is done:
"The frost chains are broken, the water runs faster,
"And we are a cataract freed by the sun.*

*"We are not frozen by terror and wonder;
"The dams you have built, we are sweeping away;
"Our course is attuned to the tempo of thunder,
"Forward and onward, along with the May."*

*Say to the rulers, "You thieves and despoilers,
"Tyrants and schemers, the bonds you contrived
"To tether forever the lives of toilers
"Are shattered at last, and your hour has arrived..."*

*Abandon your hammers, your picks and your shovels,
Workers and dreamers, for this is your day,
Out of your Ghettoes, your slums and your hovels,
March with me, sing with me, I am the May . . .*

S. A. De Witt.

THERE WILL COME SPRING...

I WILL NOT believe them:

False harbingers of cheer who lustily proclaim:
"The spring is come."

For Spring casts off the sordid coat of bleak decay;
She tramples down the moldering roots of blight;
And fresh, green shoots appear;
And rillets thaw, and onward flow.

The signs of the Spring have not yet come:
The world is still en clothed in garments gray—
The vesture of traditions, rules of former days.
And roots of want and misery thrive firmly as before.
When from the life decayed new buds will rise,
And mantles of disuse discarded are,
The Spring will come.

Mary Jugg.

How Are You Living Your Life?

HOW are you living your life—spending it or squandering it? Toiling, working, pursuing happiness, undergoing sorrow, trouble and worry. These, of course, are our natural heritage; we must take one with the other. All are inevitable and cannot be avoided.

But, how are you living your life? Do you meet each day's joys or sorrows as they befall you, enjoy to the full the happiness the day brings forth, and manfully fighting the sorrows that shadow your path? Or do you take the joys lightly as a matter of course, and

fall despondent, helpless, before the sorrows?

Are you getting all out of life that you should; treating your neighbor as yourself, sharing your joys and thereby multiplying them, and helping to lighten the burdens of others?

Time is fleeting and life too short to spend even a small part of it in idleness, despondency and strife. Live your life; make it real, make it earnest. Let it matter not how long we live, but how well.

—Long I. Courier.

Nettie Breaks The Ice

NETTIE sat in the old family rocker, doing her very utmost to make Marcelline close her heavy, dark eyelids and fall asleep. For Nettie was little mother to the tiny one-year-old sister. She looked at the swaying rocker with the big bundle reflected in a full-length mirror on the opposite wall. Perhaps, she thought, it was because Marcelline was beginning to understand that Nettie was her grown-up sister and wanted to talk with her that she never fell asleep. Or perhaps it was because her name was too long. Nettie always felt that it was wrong to burden such tiny tots with such long names. Children like that never seemed to behave just properly. And so when Mother wasn't about, she called her Marcie, for short.

Nettie had a trick of closing her eyes as though she were fast asleep herself and so lead Marcelline into following her example. But on this day the trick had lost its magic power. If Nettie closed her eyes, Marcelline only gazed at her the more widely as if Nettie were playing a game with her.

"You just want to be talked to," said little mother, arranging the covers about her, "and you're the only one I can talk to without my face turning red to the very tips of my ears. Maybe you understand me, who knows?" And Marcelline blinked her eyes in return.

"You know, Marcie, I just don't seem to be like the other girls. I can take care of you, and I can do the chores Mother assigns to me. But in school and on the playground I always stand around by myself. Every time the teacher looks at me, my face turns red. I can feel it burning."

The reflection in the mirror made her realize that she was rocking more vigorously.

"My grades are just as good as other pupils," she continued. "If I could only

break the ice, as Daddy says, I could lose this awkward feeling. Don't you think so, Marcie?"

She looked down at her only audience. Marcelline was fast asleep.

There was a heavy silence in the schoolroom. Thirty small faces looked hard into open books upon their desks, but thirty little minds were fearful of the moment when Miss Sharp would step into the room. For the big globe of the earth, which you could whirl around and see what direction you lived from India or how you counted degrees from the equator, lay broken in three pieces on Miss Sharp's desk. And Bill Hardy, the biggest bully in the room, was the cause of it again. Bill it was who always destroyed or upset or threw away things, and that was what made Miss Sharp so ill-tempered with all of them.

"None of you had better tell on me, either," Bill warned them. "I'll lick the first one who does—or all of you put together."

Miss Sharp, tall and severe-looking, stepped into the room. She knew—knew even before she viewed the ruins that there was reason for the unnatural studiousness. But this time she did not become ostensibly angry. Her manner was quiet, but her voice was firm.

"The globe is broken," she said, "either by accident or intention. I'm giving the one who is responsible for it an opportunity to admit it upon his honor."

The silence became more intense. Now no one dared to breathe audibly. And then from the back of the room rose a thin, piping voice.

"I did it, Miss Sharp."

It was Nettie. The eyes of the entire room were upon her. Bill giggled.

"You'll remain tonight after school," was Miss Sharp's quick decision. And

the thirty industrious pupils breathed naturally once more.

That afternoon at recess, Nettie was the center of attraction. "Why did you do it?" some asked, and others, "That was nice of you, Nettie," and still others, "Gee, aren't you scared?" But all of them avoided Bill, even the boys who liked to match their skill with him. Nettie had become their heroine.

School was dismissed. Nettie remained at her desk, but somehow she did not feel uneasy. She was thinking how much she could really be a part of

all the other girls and boys. There was nothing peculiar about her after all. It was only that she had never broken the ice.

"I know it must have been an accident," said Miss Sharp kindly after everyone had left the room. "So I'll just ask you to help me with arranging these pictures around the blackboard for our new spring border."

Nettie rushed home that evening.

"Mother," she said breathlessly, "where's Marcelline? I've a big secret to tell her."
Mary Jugg.

And Our Country Was Saved

By Ivan Jontez

JOHNNIE is a nice little boy, three years and a few months old. His pretty childish face is framed by beautiful golden curls, and his eyes are as blue as the most beautiful morning skies of the year.

"A very nice boy," says of him Mrs. Smith, a kind silver-haired lady who is Johnnie's guardian. "And a very good child, too. Never have any trouble with him, except — —"

She cannot finish her sentence. She is sobbing. Her kind grey eyes, which are lovingly caressing the boy, are filled with sparkling tears. She evidently cannot bear any longer to look at the child, who, seated in a chair at the front window, mournfully stares across the street. A little one-family house is located on the other side of the street; in the front window of that house one can see a large sign:

House For Rent

"I just can't drag him away from that window," Mrs. Smith manages to say to the visitor. "From early in the forenoon until late in the evening he

sits there and sadly looks at the house across the street. Nothing else seems to be of any interest to him at all. It's even hard to make him take something to eat. The poor boy, I'm so very much afraid that the sorrow may kill him. Just look at him—I—I can't—he looks so terribly sad and downhearted."

The visitor is watching the child and already has noticed the sad expression of his sky-blue eyes which are focussed upon the house across the street. They seem to be full of the burning acid of sorrow. And the visitor, too, wonders; for he knows that children of Johnnie's age usually do not know what real sorrow is and how it is cruel; and their nature does not allow it to squeeze their little hearts really hard. But look at Johnnie, how sad and depressed he seems to be!

"What's wrong with the child?"

"They used to live in the house across the street," the kind old lady explains to the visitor. "But last week the boy's parents departed for the old country, leaving the boy here, alone. . . They couldn't take him along, with them . . .

It's a very sad story, an awfully sad one . . ."

The visitor, too, thinks it must be a sad story. Johnnie's sad eyes tell him that. And his eyes do not know how to lie. But would the lady be so kind and relate it to him?

She surely will. That's if the visitor would follow her into the kitchen, be-

Five years ago they bade good-bye to their fatherland and had sailed for the New World. They were told that in America one can find more of everything needed for human existence and material happiness than in any other country of this planet. They believed it and decided to go to that great country of plenty. So they sold their tiny



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Kenneth M. Adams: WASHERWOMEN

cause she dares not to tell it right here in front of the poor darling. "It would mean sticking sharp pins into fresh wounds . . ."

The visitor understands her and agrees with her that that wouldn't be wise, and they silently depart. Once in the kitchen the sympathetic lady tells the visitor the tragic story of woe that has befallen Johnnie and his parents.

farm and emigrated to the United States of America.

But, alas! when they filled out their application for admittance to this country they had "misrepresented some facts," which, as you probably know, is a really terrible sin, especially when committed by an immigrant; and since the forces that created such sins insist that the unfortunate sinners should be

punished, Johnnie's parents and their innocent son also had to undergo the cruel punishment.

They have lived in this country for five years. The father was working in a factory and has earned just about enough to keep the wolves from the door. The mother was the house-keeper. Johnnie, being just a little child, never had to worry about anything. Of course they have never lived in abundance, it was hard, sometimes, to meet the bills, but, somehow, it has always been done and the little family was happy.

Then one day they got some visitors: Two very seriously looking men, who wore on their faces cool masks of authority and whose eyes seemed to be as cold as ice-cubes.

Johnnie didn't like their looks. He got alarmed. And scared.

Who were those men? And what did they want?

They were the agents of that great and equally heartless institution of ours, of the U. S. Immigration Department. And they wanted Johnnie's mother and father. Why?

Johnnie was too young to be able to understand how easy, without even knowing and realizing it, one can sin against the multitude of our laws, especially those labeled I. L. But he knew that his dear mother and father were very good people and that they have done no wrong, for they were good and law-abiding people, and those who have to see to it that the laws are properly respected never had to bother about them. What, then, brought those men into their house and what they intended to do to his dear parents?

One of them told them that they were wanted at the I. D. offices. And then they took them downtown. Johnnie stayed with Smiths. He was very much scared and has cried very hard, for something told him that there must have been hanging around a great danger which was about to destroy a happy little family. Mrs. Smith had a lot of

trouble with him that night before she finally succeeded in quieting him down and putting him to sleep.

Next morning Mr. Smith went downtown, and in the afternoon he returned with Johnnie's parents. The boy went wild with joy. He was so happy to see his mother and father again. But they didn't seem to be so happy. Mother was worried and father's face also was clouded. They tried to smile but their smiles were sad and tears rolled down mother's cheeks.

Johnnie was puzzled. He didn't know what was wrong with his parents. And, being just a child, he didn't even try to find out what was the matter with them. He was glad they came back to him and the rest didn't matter much to him just then. Just then . . .

Two months later the terrible thing happened. Johnnie's parents were ordered deported to the old country because of "misrepresenting some facts about themselves" five years before. They asked for mercy, but men who are employed by the I. D., headed by a man with a beast's heart, had no pity for the poor mother and her child. Or perhaps they felt sorry for them but couldn't help them? There are some I. D. men who sympathize with the helpless victims of our cruel immigration laws, but we doubt that such men handled the case of Johnnie's parents.

Now comes the saddest part of this story. The poor couple had no money. Of course, the great Washington institution would provide for their return to the old country, but they would not do so for Johnnie, because the boy was born in America and, being an American citizen, could not be deported. And if his parents would take him with them they would have to pay for his passage. Well, they didn't have the necessary money neither were they able to raise it.

What to do? Oh, aren't there orphan asylums? Sure. But, you know, it is not very good for a child to get into an orphan asylum. At least many people

think so. And I think so, too. Maybe we all are wrong, but so far we haven't been told very encouraging tales about such institutions, and same we can say about Johnnie's parents and their neighbors. The later were but poor proletarians, but they possessed something which is absent in that great body called U.S.I.D., that's kind, sympathetic, human hearts. That's why they decided to save Johnnie from an orphan asylum.

On a rainy November day they parted—for an indefinite period. Johnnie almost cried his eyes out then, and they couldn't get his mother out of his desperate embrace, so strong were his little arms in that moment of despair.

"Mama, please, let me go with you . . ." he pleaded with her desperately. "I want to go with you, mama! Don't you like your Johnnie no more? Mama, Johnnie don't want to stay here alone! Johnnie wants to go with you! Mama, don't you hear me? Mama, daddy, listen, take me with you . . ."

Then the mother fainted. It was too much for her and she couldn't stand it any longer. And they dragged her into the taxicab and away they went.

Johnnie started running after the car. Mr. Smith caught him and took him to his house. But how hard has Johnnie fought to free himself out of Mr. Smith's arms, for he wanted to run after his mother and father and go with them. But Mr. Smith was too strong and Johnnie had to stay with Smiths.

"It happened a week ago last Monday," Mrs. Smith concludes her story and starts drying her eyes with the already tear-soaked handkerchief. "And every day since he spends most of the time right there at he front window and mourns. I do my best to console him but it doesn't help much, if any at all. It'll take a long time before he'll be able to forget about the happy little family which once lived in the house across the street—if sorrow does not kill him before. Yes, I wish we had enough money to send him over to his parents . . . But we are so poor, we owe a few hundred dollars to our grocer and my husband works only two days a week and does not earn enough for our needs.—"

"Believe me, it was terrible that day. Never cried so much in my life. And the neighbors, too. But it did not help a bit. The unhappy family was cut in two despite our protests, and— —"

"— —and our great, glorious country has been saved once again!" finished the visitor sarcastically. "Saved by the great man in the Labor Department, who is so full of prejudice against the poor immigrants that he is to thousands of them no more and no less than a terrible God of Evil!"

"Shame on him and all of them!" is Mrs. Smith's verdict. "I wish him all the suffering he has inflicted upon others. . ."



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Manet: RACE COURSE

A Primer of American Art

By Louis A. Grebenak Jr.

(Editor's Note:—Louis A. Grebenak, member of Lodge 626, SNPJ, Barberton, Ohio, was born at Harrisburg, Illinois, on February 9, 1913. At the age of ten he was taken to Lincoln, Illinois, and then, after a short interval, to his present home in Barberton, Ohio.—Drawing and reading absorbed most of his time. During his high-school days he became more and more preoccupied: producing posters, winning the Prosveta cartoon contest in 1929, and acting as art editor of the high school paper. June 1931 saw him graduated from the ranks of their lockstep school system. Conditions precluded the obtaining of work or further schooling and he found that he had to study as best as he could.

In the Spring of 1932, however, he had the good fortune to enter a commercial art studio in Cleveland, Ohio, as an apprentice. There he worked all day and attended art classes in the evening. He studied in this manner for about eight months and finally had to return home because of lack of funds. The present finds him still persuing knowledge: drawing and painting portraits and still life, making sketching trips into the country, and experimenting in sculpture.)

BEFORE we embark upon our elementary voyage into American Art let us first consider, as a sort of prelude or overture, a bit of the early history of our country when the newly sprouted seed of art first bore fruit.

The landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock was more than a century in the past. George Washington was not yet in his teens. Freedom was just a fever that was not to break out until the Declaration of Independence had been signed nearly 40 years later. Books were few and far between, the stage-coach was the accepted mode of land travel, and the steamboat was hardly a dream.

This was America in its infancy. What art there was appeared largely from the fingers of the traveling sign painter who left his handiwork upon every tavern front. Aside from the primitive efforts of the transient portrait painter this was all the background the early artists could boast.

Barren ground, indeed, but how productive of results!

John Singleton Copley

Copley was born at Boston, Massachusetts in 1737.

He spent the first few years of his life just as any other boy of his time; playing games, hunting in the wide-

spread forests, and doing many other things that are common to boys of all periods.

The change came when his widowed mother married Peter Pelham, an engraver famous both here and abroad, who awakened a love for art in young Copley. Thereafter the boy studied drawing and painting continually.

He produced his first grouped picture when he was seventeen, an allegorical study of Mars, Venus, and Vulcan. Shortly after this he painted a miniature of Washington, who had come to Boston after his excellent behavior in the Braddock campaign. Copley's status as a painter was recognized from this time on and his fame slowly increased.

It was after his marriage that he seriously considered going to England. He had sent his "Boy With a Tame Squirrel" to a London exhibition where it came to the notice of Benjamin West who promptly corresponded with him. Copley finally yielded to his urging and started abroad in 1774.

In England, success came to him at once. He was made a member of the Royal Academy, the famous English artists' society. The king and queen (George III and his wife) sat to him for their portraits.

Some time later he painted his most famous historical canvas, "The Death

of Lord Chatham." This picture proved to be so popular that a great many reproductions, in the form of engravings, were made of it and sold. Other historical pictures of note were the "Siege of Gibraltar," the "Surrender of Admiral de Windt to Lord Camperdown," and "Charles I Demanding the Five Impeached Members."

Despite these occasional large canvases Copley was primarily a portrait painter and one of the best in England at that time. His portraits are noted for their accurate and tenacious observation. The best-known of his portraits are that of John Adams and of John Hancock.

His later days were filled with financial reverses.

Death came somewhat suddenly in 1815.

Benjamin West

Benjamin West first saw the light of day near the little town of Springfield, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1738.

His first portrait was a picture of his baby sister made when he was only seven. His colors were made from berries and his brush was of hairs stolen from the cat's tail.

Some time later a relative took him to Philadelphia where he pursued his studies. West absorbed all histories and mythologies he could find. This love of history and myth was to be later reflected in his work.

In 1760 he left for Italy where he studied the masters and painted portraits. Here he spent three years and then went to London, to remain there all his life.

He found a valuable patron in the person of Archbishop Drummond who had commissioned him to paint "Agrippina Landing With the Ashes of Germanicus." The artist and the picture were so warmly praised that the king sent for both. The result of the meeting was a commission to paint "The Departure of Regulus," after that

an order for a series of similar subjects, and finally a command to decorate the royal chapel at Windsor.

He was later appointed court painter.

In his famous "Death of Wolfe" West created somewhat of a revolution in art by depicting the figures in the costumes they actually wore instead of draping them classically, that is, in the flowing garments of the Greeks, as painters up till now had done. We of the present day find it hard to understand the furor it created.

West was instrumental in founding the Royal Academy and later served as its second president.

The greater part of his life was an unbroken series of triumphs but toward his old age, as in the case of Copley, reverses came. This period saw, however, his best works completed. His noted "Christ Healing the Sick" was followed by a series of religious pictures and finally by his "Death on a Pale Horse" which hangs in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

His health failed rapidly after the loss of his wife and in 1820 he passed away, full of honors.

Gilbert Stuart

The "painter of presidents" was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, in 1755.

Gilbert devoted his younger days to drawing, mostly at the expense of his schoolwork. Some of these early efforts came into the hands of the family physician, who was so pleased with them that he gave the boy a box of paints and some brushes. Thus began his artistic career.

After preliminary studies he went to Scotland but soon returned, working his way on a boat.

This time he began to study in earnest. Lack of patronage due to the coming war with Great Britain, however, soon forced him to seek new pastures.

In 1775 we find him in London, penniless. He would have suffered greatly from poverty had not West befriended

him. So for the next four years Stuart studied and lived with him.

He then opened a studio of his own and soon became the fashion.

His most notable portraits of this period were George the Third, Louis the Sixteenth, West, Reynolds, and Kemble.

In 1792 he returned to America in response to a life-long desire to paint a portrait of Washington. Every school-boy knows how well he succeeded in portraying this great man.

Mark Twain once said: "If George Washington should rise from the dead, and should not resemble the Stuart portrait, he would be denounced as an imposter!"

He painted many portraits of Washington but the most famous one is the "Athenaeum," now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Stuart's supreme gifts were his wonderful flesh coloring and his ability to detect the individual in a person.

He died in 1828 and was buried in Boston.

George Inness

America's greatest landscape painter was born at Newburg, New York, in 1825.

As a child George was very delicate, being subject for a time to epileptic fits. He always labored under a tension and a profound imagination.

As he grew older another passion mastered him; that of drawing. When fourteen he was taken from school, because of lack of interest in studies, and placed under the guidance of an instructor who soon taught him all he knew about drawing.

He was then placed with a firm of engravers but the confinement was too much for him and he was obliged to give it up.

For the next two years he explored the New Jersey country, storing up mental images and producing experimental landscapes.

Through the aid of a friend he was enabled to make three trips to Europe where he studied the masters and examined the landscapes produced at that time.

In 1868 he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design and three years later again went to Europe, staying there four years.

When Inness came back to America it was to stay. Although he lived in New York the New Jersey hills called him and it is there that we find some of his best works produced.

By this time the painter had come into his own. His pictures became more and more popular. In 1867 the Paris Salon had selected his "American Sunset" as representative of American Art. The Salon of 1878 contained his "St. Peter's Rome, from the Tiber," and his "View near Medfield, Massachusetts." In the National Academy exhibits of the next few years he was represented by "An Old Roadway," "Long Island," "Under the Greenwood," "A Summer Morning," "A Sunset," "A Day in June," "In the Woods," and "Durham Meadows."

Innes died while on a tour abroad, at the Bridge of Allan, Scotland, in 1894.

(Continued)





Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

JOYFUL MEMBERS
of the S. N. P. J.

Dear Readers:—

The April number of the Mladinski List is a whole month late, due largely to the general existing conditions which prevented its regular appearance; also, the immediate cause for its delay was the extra work in the printing department with other publications.

This number of the M. L. will reach our readers early in May. And the latter part in May—on the 22nd—the 10th regular convention of the SNPJ will convene at its headquarters in Chicago. This convention more than any previous will be of great importance to every member. It must solve a number of vital problems, and the future of our monthly will also be in order. Although we are certain that the majority of the delegates and executive members know the value and importance of the M. L. for the SNPJ and our youth, nevertheless, due mainly to the present critical conditions, our monthly's future is in doubt.

Let us hope that the M. L. will be allowed to continue its work amongst our youth, in the spirit of progressive labor education, and let us do everything to preserve it!

—THE EDITOR.

FUNNY WEATHER AND FUNNY SYSTEM

Dear Editor and Readers:—

At the beginning of March it rained here so hard that the Showalters Flats (a certain section of land in Latrobe) was fully flooded. The people that lived on these flats could not get out of their houses for a few days. On Mar. 21 "supposed to be first day of spring," it snowed. Such "funny" weather we have as a "funny" system under which we live.

I heartily agree with Margaret Pohar, a girl from Oglesby, Ill., regarding the point about people voting for the Socialists. I like to write and talk about politics because we must learn sometimes about the party with which we agree and we might as well start learning now at our early age and each year learn more and more. If we must argue about our party we must know "loads" about it.

The Pittsburgh Brewery Co. in Latrobe has now opened and is preparing for the making of beer, rather "new deal of water." I hope

the people who want beer will be satisfied after they get it and we'll see if Prosperity will come. I'm pretty sure it won't, because only the people who will get a job will be better and the rest will be on the same plane and will have no money to buy beer. Where does Prosperity come in I wonder. Maybe the people who want beer don't know where it comes in either. You never can tell unless you talk to each person individually.

Yukon (Pa.) should wake up. You should cheer up the whole M. L. because there is such a large group of you young folks. The ones that have started writing—keep on! Maybe that will awaken the rest.

I saw in the Prosveta where the Young American lodge wants to do away with the M. L. I don't think that is right. Then we young folks won't have any magazine from which we can learn things which are useful and educational.

A proud Torch,
Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

THE BIRDS ARE SINGING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Here I am again, writing to our little M. L. Now that the windy month of March (and rainy April, too) is gone, we can play marbles and other games. I went up the hill several times to fly my kite, which we boys made, but old March took the kite, tail and all.

I like Spring, only we have our lessons to do in school. We had a program and play. I had part in it. I was "Doctor Good Health." Other children had parts in it, too. Our school room was filled with people, and we got many cheers. Our teacher said we did good work. We will have a party, she said.

The birdies sing at my window and I like to watch them. They are happy. The girls gather pussy willows. Soon the violets will be out.

The times out here are pretty bad. The mine works one day in a week and sometimes not even that. The poor people can't make anything even when it works. I hope it will be better.

My best regards to the Editor of the M. L.

Frank Fink Jr., box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

HARD TIMES IN FOREST CITY

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I have a girl friend named Rosalie Painter. I am waiting for the summer to come, because school will be out. I got a good report card this time. We are all well. It is cold up here. I hope Forest City would wake up and write to the M. L.

There are hard times here. I was born in Thomas, West Virginia, in the year of 1921. I was sure that my father was going to live, but he died. I am sorry. He was so good to me. I was 9 years old when he died. I go to No. 1 school.—I will write more next time.

Best regards to all. Mary Zgaga,

72 Center st., Box 488, Forest City, Pa.

* *

MARY HAS A GARDEN

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I do not have anything to do today, because we don't have school; the school basketball team won the tournament at Landen.

I am very glad that Spring is here. The mine works one day in a week. We are going to plant a garden. I am going to have my own little garden. I am going to plant pretty flowers in it. I wish some members would come in the Summer to Hudson and stop by our house and see my pretty garden.

Best regards to the editor and readers of the M. L.

Mary Penchin,
Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

PLANT LIFE AND SUNSHINE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

The letter on sunlight and plants is not backed by any substantial scientific fact or theory, stating that plants are prevented from growing or killed by sunlight. The only plants which are killed by sunlight are the germ specie, also toadstools which are fungi. If the writer of that article has studied general science or botany she would not have made the statement.

All living things need food. Animals get it from nature, plants must make theirs. Plants absorb all minerals with which their roots come in contact; they also absorb gases. All these food matters absorbed are subjected to certain synthetic processes by which they are made more available for the plant at large. Thus some of the water (H²O) and carbon-dioxide (CO²) are broken up and recombined into carbohydrates of definite composition which are then available for the use of growing cells.

This synthetic process, since it requires light for its accomplishment, is known as photosynthesis. It takes place only in the green cells (chloroplasts) of plants and is thus the chief function of the leaves of higher plants. The product of this synthesis is usually a sugar, containing carbon, hydrogen and oxygen (commonly C⁶H¹²O⁶) which is commonly changed to starch (C⁶H¹⁰O⁵). This leaves H²O as a by-product which is given off by the plant.

I hope this letter will help start a line of thinking which may, as it usually does, end up right. I am willing to explain in detail any fact which I have written.

Best regards to all. John Fradel Jr.,

1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

* *

BETTY HAS TWO TEACHERS

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I wrote to this magazine, so I decided to write, because there are no other letters from Bessemer, except mine.

I have one little sister, she is just three years old. I was eight years old in January. My mother, my daddy, my little sister Marjorie and I go to East Palestine, Ohio, every Saturday. My sister and I have lots of fun. We play ball and lots of other games.

I have two teachers. Their names are Miss Sepic and Miss Weller. Miss Weller teaches me reading, art, language and singing. Miss Sepic teaches me writing, spelling and arithmetic. I get very good grades in school. I am in second grade.

Wish some members would write to me.

Best regards to all.

Betty Jane Macek, Box 79, Bessemer, Pa.

SPRING IS HERE!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Spring is here and most of us have the spring fever, but we must write to our M. L. We see so much and read in the daily Prosveta that the young people don't need the M. L. I think it is the M. L. which I like to read every month. We must keep up the good work so that our M. L. will be saved.

I like to read *Mary Jugg's* poems; they are fine for any one to read.

I wish that I could write so well in Slovene as some of the boys and girls did in the last issue. I am picking up pretty well and sometimes I, too, hope to be able to write to our "Kotiček."

My brother Edward is picking up in school and will be able to write better. He will write a letter too for our little magazine. He likes to be in school every day.

Where are the children from Herminie? They must have spring fever also. I've not seen a letter for a long time from down there.

I read my M. L., my dear old M. L.,
No matter where I roam;
But I love to sit by my own hearth,
And read my M. L. at home;
It shall ever have an honored place,
For it's a friend well known.

Best regards. **Dorothy M. Fink,**
box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

BUTTONS, SCISSORS, COMBS, ETC.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Has any shrewd detective found out who we are? We must now apologize for not writing last month, for we were busy with our exams and other matters. During the meeting of our club this month, I wrote this original story. No doubt some of you will have a hard time understanding it. Here it goes:

Some Queer People

In the State of Cart there lived a queer assortment of people in the City of Merchandise. On the West Side of Main Street lived Mr. and Mrs. Button. They had eight children whose names were Rhinestone, Ivory, Fisheye Pearl, Crystal, Bachelor Button, Rubber, Coat Button and Dress Button. Their next door neighbor was Mr. and Mrs. Scissors. They also had queer children. Their names were Manicure, Kindergarten, Bent Shears, Embroidery, Cuticle and Grass Scissors. Some Scissors looked like storks and birds which I had never seen, though they reminded me of tropical countries. Their neighbors were the Tweezers and the Combs. Mr. and Mrs. Comb's daughter married Mr. Tee Tweezers.

Across the street on the east side lived Mr. and Mrs. Thread who had twelve children.

Their names were Basting, Knitting, Linen, Mending, Sewing, Silk Thread, and Wax Thread, and also Beadwork, Crocheting, Darning, Harness and Carpet Thread. I wondered why they named one Harness, because there are such a few horses in the city. Their neighbors were the Pins. Mr. and Mrs. Pins had eight children. They were Breast Pins, Clothes Pins, Hair Pins, Horse Blanket, Necktie Pins, Safety Pins, Straight Pins and Scarf Pins.

Their neighbor was Mrs. Box who kept the Odds and Ends Boarding House. The people that boarded there were Mrs. Pencil, Mr. Pen, Mrs. Pictures, Miss Old-Fashioned Patterns, a girl of the gay "80's," Mr. Paste, Miss Glue, Mrs. Pepper and Mr. Salt Shakers, Mr. Knives, Mrs. Forks, Miss Tablespoon and her cousin Miss Teaspoon, Mr. Stove and Mr. Shoe Polish who were brothers, Miss Coin Purse, Miss Old Lace, and Mr. and Mrs. Greeting Cards. The Governor of the State of Cart was Mr. Italian, who pushed the state along. He was a tall and dark man, who stooped over a little. He told everyone he met of the cheerful doctrine that happens to the best. He was what I called an optimist.

Minister: "Now, can you tell me the name of the place where we'll all go if we are good? I'll describe it. It's an immense place where huge golden pillars rise high above you. The air is perfumed and soft music plays continually. Now can any of you tell me the name of this place?"

The Class: "The movies!"

Best regards to all members and the editor.

Heart One of the "Inexplicable Four."

* *

IT'S SPRING NOW

Dear Editor:—

It is spring now. Seems like new life to us children because we can play all day out in the fresh air.

Days are going by very quickly. Soon our school will be out and vacation will begin. Then it will come time to pick cherries and other kinds of berries. I am going to try to raise a flower-bed of my own this year.

If this letter is published I will be interested in writing another one next time.

Anna Marie Leskoshek,
Box 157, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years old and in 9A grade. Our whole family of five belongs to the SNPJ lodge. I will write more next time. Best regards to all the members. **Frank Bon,**
box 47, Chestnut Ridge, Pa.

MARY'S A PROUD MEMBER OF THE SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

I think that each and every member should be proud to belong to the SNPJ, and more than proud to receive such a wonderful magazine as the Mladinski List. In order to keep up this magazine more persons have to write. I belong to this Society for almost fourteen years. I will write oftener from now on.

Of all the readers how many play baseball? A great many, no doubt, and I don't blame you, for that is my hobby. We had a team last year and it was known as the "Broadway Sluggers." Not to be thinking too much of our team, but it was really good, for we won about thirty-five (35) games out of forty (40). We are expecting to have a team this year and keep up our good reputation.

The best part of it is that almost all of the players are members of the SNPJ, which I am proud to admit.

I have an idea for those who wish to follow. I save every M. L. and on rainy days or when my supply of books is low, I reread the M. L. magazines and enjoy them just as much as I would a new edition.

Best regards to all! I remain a constant reader and writer,
Marie Paver.

1412 N. Broadway, Joliet, Illinois.

* *

MOTHER READS SLOVENE STORIES

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. We are in the SNPJ Lodge No. 480 for ten years. But we don't get the M. L.

There is nice weather out here lately. It is springtime. We had a play March 31. The parents had to come to visit in school.

My mother reads the Slovene stories in the M. L. to us. I don't see many letters from Avella. I wish they would write. I like to read the letters in the M. L.

Mary Bogatay, Box 211, Avella, Pa.

* *

LODGE NO. 432

Dear Editor:—

I am writing my second letter to the M. L.

My birthday is May 7, 1933. On May 22 the big SNPJ Convention starts in Chicago. I will be 10 years old. I am in 3rd grade. My teacher's name is Miss Brazil. I like her a lot. I am going to have a part in a play.

My dad isn't working. His leg is not well yet. I wish that some other boys and girls would wake up and write to the M. L.

Frank Gale,

216 E. Thomas St., Miners Mills, Pa.

INCLEMENT WEATHER AND FIRE

Dear Editor:—

I am sorry I didn't write to you last time. But I will tell how it's out here. The work is still scarce. The weather is always changing, sometimes it is very cold and sometimes very warm. On March 14 we had a big storm. It was lightning and thundering. We had hail, wind and rain. The streets were full of water, and our roads were all destroyed. The rain swept the rabbits and their shanty down. Some of the cellars of the houses were full of water. We never had a storm like this before. We thought that the hail would break our windows—how it was falling!

On Feb. 26, about 9 o'clock, I was in bed when I heard a fire whistle. We all looked out of the window and saw that there was a fire someplace in Strabane. It was a new tile house. The family ran outside to save themselves. They got out of bed and ran outside in the cold. I was there for a while, but I ran home because it was too cold to stay and watch the house burn. There were many people watching.

We had our examinations for the first half-year, and I passed. I am so glad. Now I am studying very hard to pass the next examination for the end of the year. Our school is going to end May 5. I will write more next time.

Best regards to all the members and the Editor.

A proud member,

Anna Marie Strle,

(Lodge 38 SNPJ) Strabane, Pa.

* *

HER FATHER IS WORKING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 275.

I am a freshman in the St. Clairsville high school, and am fifteen years old. I take four subjects. They are—English, algebra, general science, and home economics. In Home Ec. we have been cooking and baking since school started. Now we are starting to sew. I like high school very much and am expecting to complete all four years.

There aren't very many people working out here, some of the mines closed down and we do not know when they will start again. But the mine in which my father works is still working every day. And we sure are thankful for that.

I have a sister nine years old and in the Fifth grade. Her name is Alice Hilda. My brother, Louis, is eleven years old and in the Sixth grade; he also sent in a letter to the M. L.

Mary Berlot, Maynard, Ohio.

TRANSPORTATION

The most essential thing for our existence is food, clothing and shelter. In order to get this we must work, and before we start working we must find the work that will help us get what we most need.

The farmer finds his livelihood easy on the farm that surrounds his home. He gets all his food at home—the milk from the cows, the meat from poultry, the wheat for bread from the field, also the potatoes and vegetables from the ground. What about the city man? He lives on what farmer produces at home. In the cities we have large industrial plants, such as automobile factories, wire and steel mills, foundries, railroad and locomotive shops, big warehouses storing various products, and big stores from which our city man buys supplies to maintain his existence.

In order to buy, we must have money, and to get money we must either be in business and sell or else work for some industrialist who pays us wages with which we can buy our needs. The farmer who works on his farm nearly all the year around rarely takes leave, only once in a great while does he go from it. The city man however, in order to get to his place of work (which may be located 4 to 10 miles from his home), must have some means of transportation to and from his work.

At present, the most common and cheapest way to go here, or in any other city, is the electric street car. All people unable to buy an automobile, ride in trolley cars. Forty years ago horses pulled these cars, but since then the cars have been modernized and are now run by electricity.

The workers however are not the only ones who use this means of transportation. People going to and from church, shows, and other forms of amusement use the street cars. Teachers and students use them on their way to school. One of the cities which extends a privilege to students and children in the form of lower fares than adults is Cleveland, Ohio. Children up to 13 years of age can ride any school day between 7 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. for only one penny each trip. High school students receive a 50c school pass upon showing an identification card, which entitles them to ride seven days a week during any hours. All a student needs to do is to show his pass and identification card to the conductor. Very few boys and girls walk to school as the fare is very low and a street car or bus can conduct them safely to and from school.

In Cleveland one of the largest school is Collinwood high, located at St. Clair and E. 152—known as Five Points; 4,700 pupils at-

tend this school. On every school day cars bring hundreds of them to school and take them home. They don't have to walk on rainy days as their fathers and mothers did in the olden days.

We see little boys and girls dropping their pennies into the fare boxes. Some of them are so small that they can hardly reach to the top of the fare box. Mothers bring their children to the street car, leave them with the conductors who let them off at—where mother says.

On St. Clair we carry many young ones to the Slovene and Croatian schools. We have Slovene catholic schools in Collinwood on Holmes ave. and E. 156th st. and on Glass ave. and E. 62nd. The writer knows quite a few of them and speaks in Slovene to them. Some of them are at first surprised when they hear a street car man talking Slovene. Later on, they feel more at home.

I personally always did feel like giving special care to old people, dogs, and small children. So far I have run only one boy down. He was not badly hurt, it was his fault. He came running from a candy store one Sunday afternoon with some candy in his hand. He forgot that he was on the street, and ran right in front of my car. I put on the brakes, the car stopped. I was sure he was under, but when I got out of the car looking for him, he was standing next to it, a big lump on his head. He fell in front of the car, and the fender had pushed him on the side. He was a Slovene boy and when I asked him why he had run in front of the car, he said in Slovene, "Jaz nisem videl kare" (I did not see the car). I turned him over to a doctor, but there was no serious injury. This happened in 1919.

We are trying to be as careful as we can, we must also warn all little boys and girls to the lookout when they go to or from school, as there are many bad automobile drivers on the street who care no more for a human life than they do for a fly's life. Before you cross a street, be sure to look up and down and be on the safe side.

At E. 40th st. and St. Clair is a Croatian school and one day when I had spoken to a little boy in the Croatian language, he wanted to know if I knew his father. He said his father wasn't working for a long time.

Yes, there are many boys and girls whose fathers have been out of work for a long time, and this is the saddest part of the transportation problem.

Frank Barbic, Motorman,
Electric Ry., Cleveland, O.

IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Dear Editor:—

I have written once or twice before to the M. L. Last summer we went to Yellowstone National Park. I will relate some of my experiences we had there.

When you get to Gardener before you go to the entrance, there is a gate. You stop on the inside of the gate and a park ranger takes your name, license of the car and sees if you have a gun on the car. If you have, they put a seal around it. They do it because they don't want you to shoot anything there. At Mammoth Hot Springs there is a large hill. You can see smoke, rocks, and a few trees. There are a few paths and you can go on anyone you want. There is boiling water and mud all around. You see signs that tell how they started. On a hillside is water and on the rocks it looks as if it was orange moss.

You go a few miles and you come to "Lower Geyser Basin". There you see many holes that were made by hot water. In some places where the holes are large, the water boils and it goes two or three feet high. At "Old Faithful" there is a big geyser for two or three minutes. It shoots the water every hour. At night it is lit so that you can see it better. When we were there it went up a few feet and fell back down. Near the Old Faithful is a museum that shows the way the Park looked many years ago.

There is a big grizzly bear that is called Scareface. It used to be the king. But one day this grizzly and another one had a fight. Then he lost his job as king. Scareface went to eat and when the new king came in you should have seen Scareface run. There are tall trees, and on them are little black bears that are watching the grizzly bears eat. The black bears are afraid to go near for fear that the grizzlies will start to fight. There was a mother grizzly and her cub that always wanted to go there and eat. But the other grizzly wouldn't let them.

At night I went to bed and my cousin was going to bed with me when she started to run back and hollered that a bear was coming. The bear was the one that couldn't have anything to eat. The bear was directed for the tent. My father was afraid to hit him for fear that he might bite. The bear went on the table and knocked down the dishes, cups and everything that was on the table. My father shoved the flashlight into his eyes and hollered and finally he went away. I started to cry for I thought that was the end of me. Finally we all went to bed but all night long there were cans, dishes and other things rolling on the ground. The men hollered "get away."

On the fourth of July we were on our way to "Yellowstone Lake". We were about two miles from Old Faithful when it started to snow and we hardly could see each other's car. There is a little place by the road where the road is made across the edge of the lake. There is another place by the road. There is a hotel and a store. We went a few miles more and we came to a camping ground.

We left there soon and went to the lake. My brother and cousins went to get some wood, but did not go far because of the bears. At night we went to see the museum. They showed pictures of wild animals. My father slept in the car and during the night a bear come to the car. My father woke up and saw the bear. The bear and my father got frightened. The bear sure did run. My father saw a moose that morning running up the road. We had a fine time going home. Sometimes I will tell you about the Chigo Hot Springs.

P. S.—If any boy or girl wants to know more about the park write to me and I will gladly tell you.

Mimi Jancic,
box 712, Roundup, Mont.

Little Albert came home from school with a new book under his arm. "It's a prize, mother," he said. "A prize? What for, dear?" "For natural history. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had and I said three." "But an ostrich has two legs." "I know that now, but the rest of the class said four; so I was nearest."

