

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Kaj nas uči Izjava neodvisnosti

Bila je soglasno sprejeta in proglašena v kontinentalnem kongresu prvih trinajstih Združenih držav ameriških v Filadelfiji dne 4. julija, 1776.

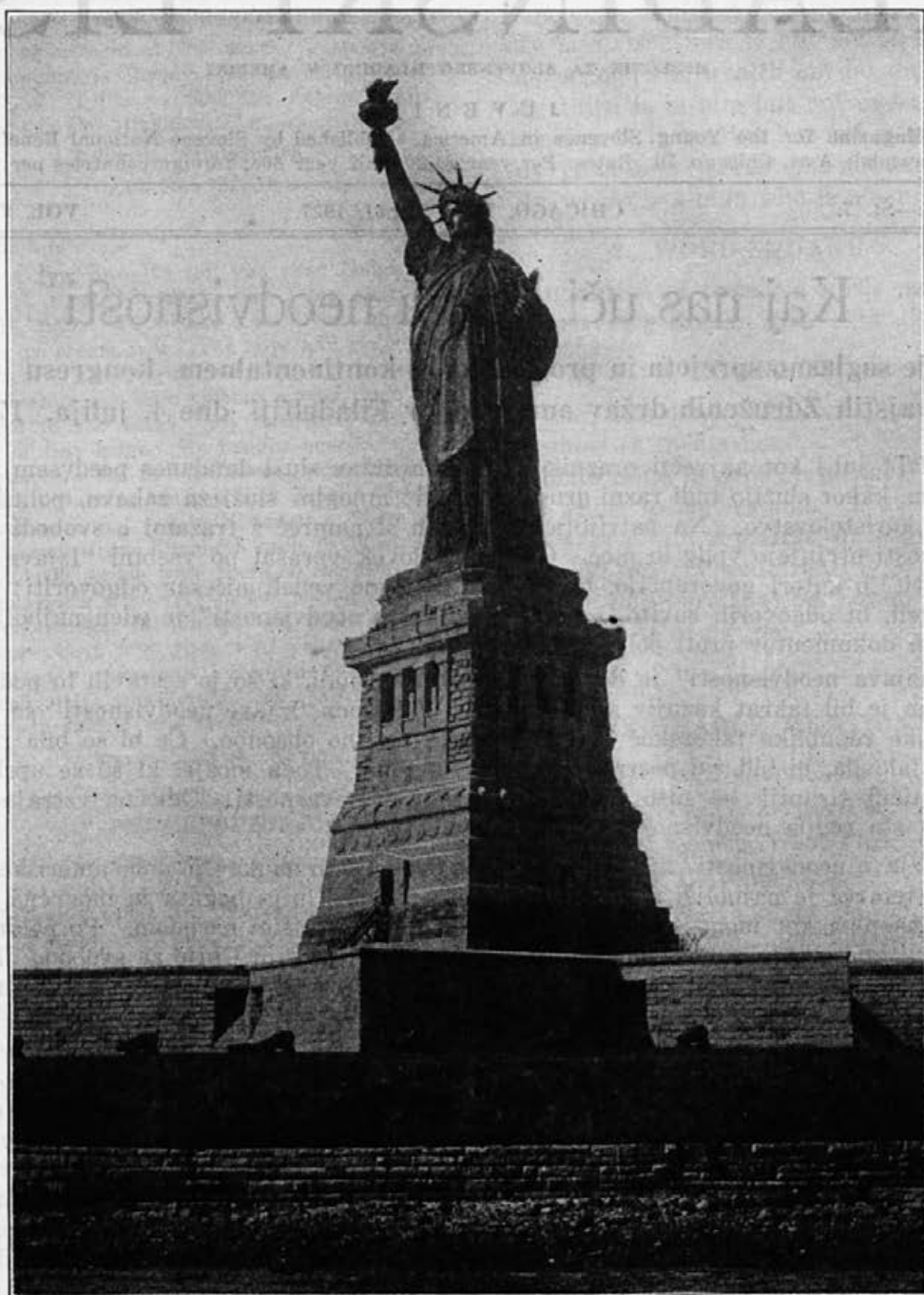
ČETRTI julij kot največji praznik Združenih držav služi dandanes predvsem trgovcem, kakor služijo tudi razni drugi prazniki; mnogim služi za zabavo, politikašem pa za koristolovstvo. Na patrijotičnih shodih si namreč s frazami o svobodi in neodvisnosti utrjujejo vpliv in moč. Če bi jih človek vprašal po vsebini "Izjave neodvisnosti," o kateri govorančijo, bi mu politikaši ne vedeli ničesar odgovoriti; ali če bi vedeli, bi odgovorili zavito, kajti ravno "Izjava neodvisnosti" je eden najbolj neizprosnihih dokumentov proti politikašem.

"Izjava neodvisnosti" je dokument hrabrosti ljudi, ki so jo sestavili in podpisali. Tak čin je bil takrat kaznjiv s smrtjo in s podpisom "Izjave neodvisnosti" so očetje ameriške republike takorekoč podpisali svojo smrtno obsodbo. Če bi se bila revolucija izjalovila, bi bili vsi postreljeni ali pa obešeni. Toda možje, ki so se uprli monarhistični tiraniji, se niso ustrašili groženj in nevarnosti. Odločna vztrajnost in pogum sta rodila neodvisnost Združenih držav.

"Izjava neodvisnosti" ni vsebovala samo dragocenih nauk za dobo ameriške revolucije, temveč je najboljši nauk tudi za danes, ko je Unija bogata in mogočna in ko lahko nastopa kot mogočen imperij proti drugim šibkejšim narodom. Po poldrugem stoletju ameriške osvoboditve pa drugi mali narodi prosijo Unijo za svobodo. Poleg tega tudi voditelji Unije, čeravno se bahajo z ameriškim patrijotizmom, drugim narodom nočejo priznati enake svobode, kot je zapisana v "Izjavi neodvisnosti."

V "Izjavi neodvisnosti" stoji, da ima vsak človek pravico do življenja, svobode in stremljenja po sreči. Godi se pa baš dandanes, da delavec v Ameriki nima te pravice. Poglejmo v poročila po časopisih, pa vidimo, kaj uganjajo z našimi rudarji po Pennsylvaniji in po Zapadni Virginiji. Privatni podjetniki imajo vso pravico jih zatirati in preganjati; pravico imajo celo, najemati pobojnike, da streljajo delavce, ki si hočejo poiskati pravico do življenja. Vlada pa vse to mirno gleda, vzlic temu, da je v "Izjavi neodvisnosti" zapisano, da ima ljudstvo pravico zatiralsko vlado spremeniti ali strmoglaviti. Pravica in dolžnost ljudstva je, ustanoviti boljše branike za svojo varnost.

Človek je iskal svobode in jo bo iskal vedno, kajti vedno se porajajo novi tlačitelji in nasprotniki njegovega svobodnega gibanja. Če pa premaga in si podvrže te nasprotnike, postane sam tlačitelj in skrunitelj svobode drugega. Tak je menda naravni zakon, katerega zavedno delavstvo, ki je najhuje prizadeto, hoče omiliti z odpravo sistema privatnega lastništva.



Kip svobode.

Ogromna, 300 čevljev visoka soha evropskega kiparja Bartholdija.

Albin Čebular:

POLETNA

Klanja se pšenička,
že tu je prepelička.

Prepelička pedpedika
in med klasjem se potika.

Prepelička prepeluje,
svoje mlade izpeljuje.

Klasja več na njivi ni —
prepelička pa molči . . .

Oton Župančič:

CICIBAN IN ČEBELA

Čebelica leti z neba,
leti, leti vse niže,
vse niže in vse bliže
čebelica leti z neba.

“Čebelica, odkod in kam
te nesejo peroti
po jasni zračni poti?
Čebelica, odkod in kam?”

“Kje pa je tisti Ciciban,
ki venomer razgraja,
ki mamici nagaja,
kje pa je tisti Ciciban?”

“Če bi bil tukaj Ciciban,
čebela svetlokrila,
kaj bi mu naredila,
če bi bil tukaj Ciciban?”

“Če bi bil tukaj Ciciban,
tako mu bridko želo
zapičim v trdo čelo,
če bi bil tukaj Ciciban.”

“Potem bi jokal Ciciban
in kričal na vse grlo,
da vse bi skupaj drlo,
tako bi jokal Ciciban.”

“O naj le joče Ciciban,
kriči naj kakor hoče,
zvoniti izza toče
nič ne pomaga, Ciciban!”

“Kaj misliš, da bi jokal sam?
Jokala brez pokoja
bi še-le mama moja;
kaj misliš, da bi jokal sam?”

“Kaj tudi joče mamica,
če Cicibanček skače,
pa si raztrga hlače,
kaj tudi joče mamica?”

“Če hlače strga Ciciban,
jih mamica zašije,
a očka mu nabije
s cvetlično bilko zadnjo stran.”

“Premotil si me, Ciciban;
ne vem, kaj sem hotela,
po kaj sem priletela;
premotil si me, Ciciban.”

“O, saj pove ti Ciciban,
le vprašaj ga, čebela,
po kaj si priletela;
ne laže pa ne, Ciciban!”

“Če pa ne laže Ciciban,
po tem je fant od fare;
naj skače, vse potare;
da le ne laže, Ciciban!”

In: “Cici-Cici-Ciciban!”
čebelica prepeva,
vse više poletava,
za njo pa gleda Ciciban.

Brezkončno razdejanje vojne

TISOČE in tisoče let že, kolikor je zapisanih v zgodovini civiliziranih ljudstev, ne prestando divjajo vojne, s katerimi se ruši to, kar je ustvarila pridna človeška roka. V bistvu zgodovina ni skoraj nič drugega kakor popis najrazličnejših vojnih pohodov in ljudi, ki so vodili vojna razdejanja.

Rimljanom so sledili Gali, Vandali in Muri, Saksonci in Angleži ter Francozi. Nemci in Španci, Švedi in Danci so si bili vedno v laseh, se bojevali in si razdejali domovja drug drugemu. Rusi, Turki in Poljaki, narodi na Balkanu, Avstrijci in Čehi, vsi so bili v vojnah vsako generacijo in vsako generacijo so se sovražili in pobijali. Italija je pričela tam, kjer je pustil stari Rim. Ko se ozremo nazaj v davne čase ter beremo o modrijanih, se upravičeno čudimo, kako da so ravno ti ljudje bili tudi bojovníki, ki so pobijali drug drugega, se obešali in drug drugemu rezali vratove.

Tupatam se je povzpelo delo v miru, bili so kratki odmori v vojnah in rodile so se nove misli. Tako je bilo z renesanco, ki pomeni preporod umetnosti in učenja. V dolgih tisočletjih se je tu pa tam porajal posameznik, ki je napisal pesem ali igro, naslikal lepo sliko ali izklesal soho, prišla pa je vojna in le malo del je ostalo, le malo se jih je ohranilo.

Nesmrtna dela, ki so ostala vzlic vojnám, pa niso produkti ljudstev; teh ni storila masa, temveč so jih vedno zamislili in storili posamezniki, ki so živeli dejstveno ali vsaj miselno daleč proč od ostalega ljudstva. Tem posameznikom je bila slika, pesem ali iznajdba bolj važna kakor dvignjenje kakega cesarstva, osnivanje nove države in padanje in dviganje princov. Bili so ljudje miru, ker so okusili grozote vojne in so vedeli, kaj pomeni mir. Ko je bila Anglija vsa v ognju bojev s kraljevskimi Stuarti in je bilo ljudstvo v vojnih pohodih razdejanja, je Vaughan napisal to pesem:

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles.

Državlјanska vojna na Angleškem je bila strahoten udarec za deželo; iz te vojne se je rodilo največje razdejanje, v katero se je podala vsa Evropa. Vodili pa so jo kralji in vojvode, škofi in duhovniki, in ljudstvo se je bojevalo — trideset let. Vsa osrednja Evropa je bila v vojnem vrtincu razdejanja. Nasprotje med luterani in kalvini je podžigalo boj. S Švedskega je drvel s svojo vojsko zmagoslavni Gustavus Adolphus ter je medsebojno moreče se osrednje Evropce spravil pod svojo oblast in zahteval od njih odkupnine.

Alpinske zveze so se priključevale tej ali oni stranki. Rusija se je zapletla v vojsko in Poljaki so se je udeležili. Na Nizozemskem in v Španiji so se bojevali največ samo zaradi vere, ker niso mogli priti do zaključka, čigav bog je pravi. Na Francoskem je zviti katoliški kardinal Richelieu izkoristil vojskujoče in zahteval od njih visoke davke. Na vzhodni strani Evrope so ropali in razdejali Turki, ki so uničevali dežele južnim Slovanom, kateri pa so istočasno odhajali na vojsko za Germane.

Kaj so bile posledice te strašne vojske? Bile so strah in groza ter obenem nauk zaslepljenim ljudstvom. Na Češkem je od 35,000 vasi, trgov in mest ostalo samo 6000

neporušenih. Na Bavarskem je bila neznosna lakota, da so ljudje kar trumoma umirali. Po Palatinatu, ki je bil nekoč vrt Nemčije, so bila vsa polja opuščena in vsa poslopja razdejana, gozdovi posekani in število prebivalstva je padlo od šestnajst na šest milijonov. Še par pokoljenj po vojni niso mogli obdelati dveh tretjin zemlje in prebivalstvo je stradalo ves ta čas. Do normalnih razmer so prišli ljudje šele dvesto let potem, namreč več let po napoleonskih vojnah. Od vseh je bilo najbolj prizadeto kmečko prebivalstvo, kajti z vsako bitko, z vsakim pohodom in surovim napadom, z vsakim umikom in begom je prišlo novo razdejanje, novo uničenje njih posestev.

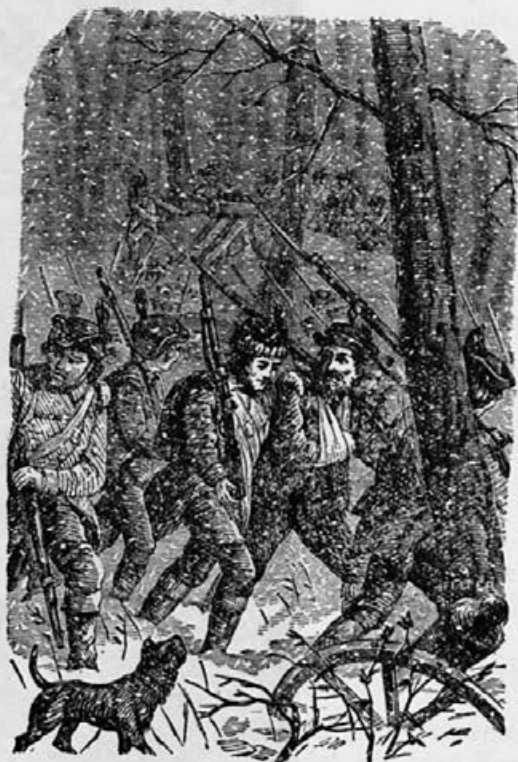
Strašen je bil vpliv vojne na tedanjo civilizacijo. Vere so se spremenile v fanatično vražarstvo. Ravno v letih po vojni so navadno sežgali največ "čarovnic" na grmadah. Dandanes se nam zdi skoraj neverjetno, da so samo v dveh letih (1640 in 1641) v mali deželici Šleziji sežgali na grmadah nad tisoč živih žensk, katere so imeli za čarovnice. Škof Wurzburg je v osmih letih sežgal na grmadah nič manj kot devet tisoč žensk in moških, katere je proglasil za coprnike. S prevrati je prišlo tudi strašno razruvanje v družinsko življenje, brezdelnost in potratnost, čemur je sledilo še več revščine in nato bolezni.

Vsaka vojska pomeni razdejanje, toda tridesetletna vojna je omenjena zato, ker je bila najbolj pošastna, kar jih je še bilo kdaj v zgodovini. Razdejanje namreč ni bilo samo v eni ali v par deželah, temveč vsesplošno po celi Evropi in v vsaki deželi. Vsem odraslim je v spominu svetovna vojna in njene grozote, toda sorazmerno niso ljudje občutili te zadnje vojne tako katastrofalno kot so trpeli v tridesetletni vojni. V zgodovini je tudi neka vojna, ki je trajala sto let, in to je bila vojna med Francijo in Anglijo. Čeprav je ta vojna rodila nekaj junakov, vendar je neizmereno obubožala Francoze in tudi Angležev ni storila nič bolj bogatih.

Louis XIV. se je podajal na velike vojne pohode, toda dosegel ni niti toliko, kolikor so bile vredne kosti enega samega grenadirja (njegovega vojaka), kateri so padli trumoma. Princ Evgen slovi iz zgodovine kot slaven junak, toda kakor pravi pesnik Southley, niti Princ Evgen niti njegovi vojaki niso vedeli, zakaj se bojujejo.

Znane so strahote sedemletne vojne in šlezkih ter španskih vojn, ki so sledile druga drugi, nazadnje pa poljska vojna in zmage Prusov, ki so spremenile ljudi v grobe oholeže. Vse te neprestane vojne so samo obubožale ljudstva in rodile še novo gorje, da je bil razdeljen narod poljski med Ruse, Pruse in Avstrijce, kar je še v bodoče ogrožalo mir.

Še ni potihnil vojni grom, že je napočila nova vojna, strah in groza vse Evrope. Vstal je Napoleon, katerega armade so uničevale od Lizabone do Moskve in od severne Evrope pa do piramid v Afriki. Milijoni so trpeli in umirali, mesta so se spremi-

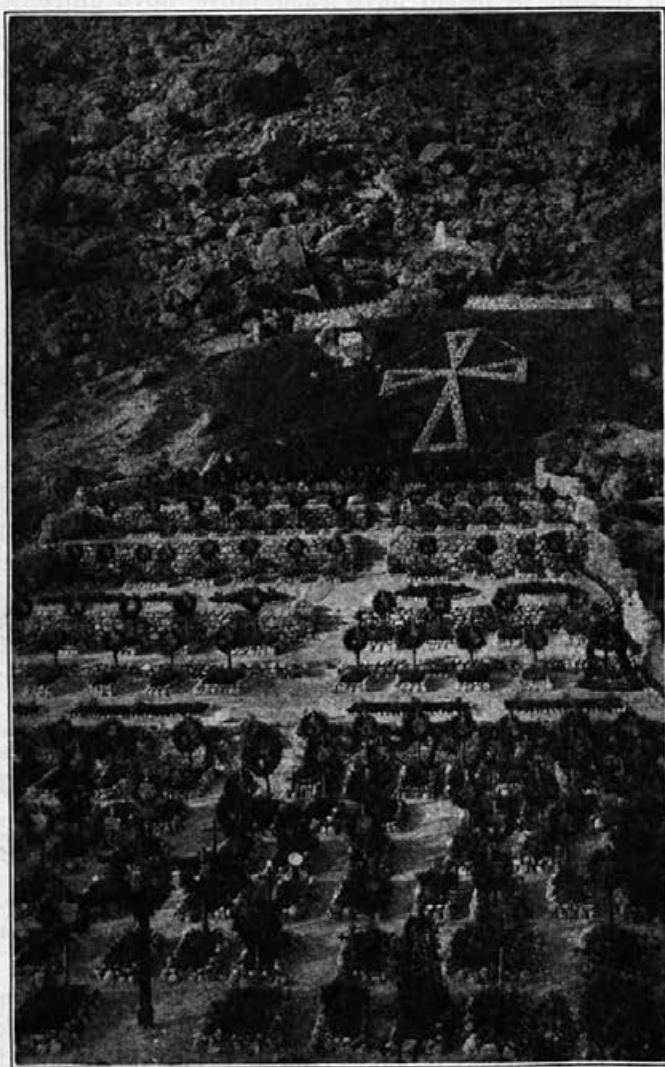


Slika iz ameriške revolucije.—Vojaki na vojnem pohodu v Kanado.

njala v prah in pepel. Armade nevajenih južnih Evropevcov so pri umiku iz Moskve pozimi leta 1812 cepale v sneg in zmrzovale na potu.

Tudi po Napoleonu so bile še strašne vojne v devetnajstem stoletju. Toda strašnejša kakor vse vojne v Evropi je bila državljanska vojna v Ameriki, v kateri so se severne države teple proti južnim, ker niso hotele odpraviti suženjstva. Vse grozote

(Sliko je posodil brat Herman Drobesh, tajnik društva št. 558 v New Waterfordu, B. C., Canada.)



Pokopališče padlih vojakov v svetovni vojni. Takih pokopališč je na stotine po slovenskih gorah in na tisoče po vsej Evropi.

te vojne ne bodo nikoli poznane, toda južne države Unije, v katerih se je vojskovanje vršilo, še danes niso pozabile strahot in še danes gospodarsko trpe. Namen je bil z vojno res dosežen, toda poleg življenj in drugih izgub je vojna samo severne države stala toliko denarja, da bi bili z njim lahko večkrat odkupili vse sužnje v južnih državah.

Končno pa je izbruhnila svetovna vojna, ki je strah in groza naše generacije in obenem pa sramota za dvajseti vek. Danes še ne moremo izreči prave sodbe o barbarskem divjanju v letih od 1914 do 1918. Umljivo je, da taka vojna ni mogla trajati več kakor štiri leta. Male države so bile poteptane, mogočno cesarstvo se je razbilo v male kose in približno dvajset milijonov ljudi je prelilo svojo kri zato, da je človeštvo pahnjeno v nesrečo.

V Evropi je bila ustanovljena liga narodov, ki je mogoče prvi pojav bodoče svetovne države. Vse je še v povojih in nejasno, toda začetek je morda vendarle. Le na ta način bo napredovalo človeštvo, kajti o tem nas uči zgodovina zadnjega stoletja. Nikdar prej v zgodovini človeštva ni bilo toliko napredka v kulturi kakor zadnje stoletje in ta napredek je prišel ravno v presledkih, ko za celo generacijo ni bilo nobene vojne. Niti misliti si ne moremo, kako velikanski bi bili uspehi človeštva, ako bi celo tisočletje ne imelo nobene vojne, temveč bi vse svoje sile posvetilo samo delu za izpopolnjenje.

Rabindranath Tagore:

Kradispanec

KDO je ukradel detetu spanec z oči? Moram vedeti. Z vrčem ob boku je šla mamica po vode do bližnjega sela.

Poldan je bil. Čas, ko se deca igrajo, je minil; račke v ribniku so utihnile. Pastirček je spal v senci banjanovega drevesa.

Žerjav je stal važno in mirno v močvirju poleg mangovega gaja.

Tačas je priletel Kradispanec, izmaknil spanec detetu z oči in odletel.

Mamica se vrne in vidi, da dete kobaca po izbi po vseh štirih.

Kdo je ukradel detetu spanec z oči? Moram vedeti. Moram ga najti in ukleniti. Moram pogledati v temno duplino, kjer curlja skozi skale in temno kamenje majhen potoček.

Iskati moram po dremotni senci bakulovega gaja, kjer grulijo golobje v svojih zakotjih in žvenketajo zapestnice vil v tišini zvezdnatih noči.

Zvečer pokukam v šepetajoči molk bambusovega lesa, kjer razsipajo kresnice svojo luč, in povprašam vsako bitje, ki ga srečam: "Kdo bi mi povedal, kje biva Kradispanec?"

Kdo je ukradel detetu spanec z oči? Moram vedeti.

Ali bi mu dal, samo če bi ga zalotil!

Oplenil bi gnezdo in pogledal, kje je nagrmdil ves svoj nakradeni spanec.

Zaplenil bi vsega in ga prinesel domov.

Trdno bi mu zvezal peroti in ga posadil kraj reke, in potem naj se igra s trstom v roki ribiča, med ločjem in lokvanji.

Zvečer, ko bi bilo trgovanje pri kraju in bi deca na vasi sedela materam v naročju, bi se mu nočne ptice rogale in mu ščebetale v ušesa:

"Komu boš pa sedaj kradel spanec?"



Charles G. D. Roberts:

Ki-ki-ri-ki!

PRELEP ptič je bil, petelin od fare, rdeč, s črnimi prsi. Kakor plamen je žarel v temi smrekovega gozda. Njegova kačasta glava je nalikovala živi sulici, greben je bil tenak, brada je visela tesno ob glavi ter pričevala o njem, da je plemenitega rodu. Oči so se ostro svetile, zmerom pripravljene, da se prevzetno upro vsakemu tujemu pogledu, naj bi bil živalski ali človeški.

Tako je sedel na štoru nedaleč od železniške proge in mirno zrl na razvaline velikega tovornega voza, iz katerih je bil ušel kakor po čudežu. Tik pred vrhom strmega klanca, po katerem je sopihal dolgi vlak, se je bila utrgala spona in del težkih vozov je z divjo brzino zdrevil nazaj. Zavirač, videč, da ne more rešiti ničesar več, je na srečo še za časa skočil s svojega mesta. Na ostrem ovinku ob znožju klanca so zleteli vozovi s tira in so grme zaropotali po visokem železniškem nasipu. Eden izmed njih je treščil ob skalo in se je razpočil kakor dinja. Lahki kurnik, v katerem so bili poslali petelina v mesto, se ni razbil, le vratca so odletela in skozi odprtino je petelin oprezno prikoracal v svobodo. Z dolgim, pridušenim krikom, ki je pomenil, da prezira pravkaršnji dogodek, je odskakljal preko razbitin in zletel na bližnji štor. Tu si je oprhal perje in zafofotal s kreljutmi. Nato je zagnal rezak vrisk zmagoslavja, ki je izzivalno pretrgal jutranjo tišino. Bilo mu je, kakor da je iz lastne moči premagal sovražnika.

In zdaj je stal sredi šume in si je trebil rdečo pernato glorio. V teh temnih smrekovih lesovih, pomešanih z brezami in topoli, so pred leti sekali drvarji. Sledove njihovih neusmiljenih sekir si videl še zdaj. Ozke steze, preraščene z mahom in nizkim grmičjem, so vodile po gozdu na vse strani. Ena je šla izpred štora, na katerega se je bil spustil petelin, naravnost v globino šume.

Bližina nesrečnega kraja ni prijala petelinu. Zvedavo je gledal po poti; morda je vodila h kakemu njegovemu narodu. Privzdignil je peroti in skočil s svojega počivališča. A tedaj se mu je zazdelo, da je mahoma šinila preko njega svetla senca. Zdrznil se je in ostro pogledal kvišku.

Kragulj je plaval v višavi. Presenečen po svetli ptičji postavi na štoru, je bil zadržal razmah svojih kril in je kakor bel oblaček nepremično obvisel nad čudno prikaznijo, da bi si jo bolje ogledal. A bil je lačen. Le trenutek je pomišljal, nato je s silnim zamahom širokih kreljuti udaril nizdoli. Toda žrtev se ni prestrašeno potuhnila niti se ni spustila v beg. S privzdignjenimi krili, naježenim ovratnikom in izzivalno se iskrecimi očmi je obstala, kjer je bila, pripravljena na boj. Nekaj metrov nad zemljo se je kragulj iznova ustavil, ne vedoč, ali bi ali ne bi. Toda v njegovem razbojniškem srcu je bilo malo prostora za strah; še trenutek in je pal na svoj plen ter usekal z jeklenimi kremplji — v zrak. Zakaj prav tisti mah se je petelin s svojimi mogočnimi perotnicami lagotno zavihtil preko njega, obenem pa je sunil z dolgimi, ostrimi ostrogami nizdoli. Sreča mu je bila mila: razbojnik, zadet v levi plečni sklep, se je nagnil z ohromljeno kreljutjo in je obupano sfofotal na tla. Petelin, ki se je med tem ustavil nekaj metrov od neprijatelja, se je po bliskovo obrnil, da bi odbil novi napad. Kragulj je napel vse sile: pobral se je s pomočjo zdrave kreljuti ter jel z grozeče odprtim kljunom in razkrečenimi kremplji pričakovati strašnega neznanca.

Po bojnem običaju svojega rodu se je zakadil petelin malone tik do sovražnika in se je postavil nared: privzdignil je peroti, našopiril ovratnik in naperil kljun

kakor meč. Ko je videl, da se nasprotnik ne gane z mesta, ampak le čaka in ga prezirljivo gleda, s trdimi, svetlimi očmi, ga je poizkusil razdražiti. V znak zaničevanja je pobesil orožje, pobral bilko, vrgel je malomarno v stran ter bliskoma spet naperil kljun.

Kragulj se ni umel dvobojevati po petelinje. Stal je visoko vzravnan in čakal nepremično kakor štor zraven njega. Zvitež petelin se je zapodil na levo, kakor bi ga hotel napasti v bok. Takoj se je tudi kragulj obrnil na levo, da bi s čelom odbil naval. Toda zlomljena kreljut ga je ovirala; omahnil je in to priliko je neutegoma pograbil petelin. Zapršil se je vanj kakor ognjena žoga, vzdignil se od tal in udaril s smrtonosnimi ostrogami navzdol. Kragulj se je zrušil; ena ostroga mu je predrla grlo, druga pljuča. Padaje je potegnil zmagovalca s seboj in mu je še v svojih poslednjih krčih zadal globoko rano v bedro. Še enkrat so vzprhutala krila, šop nežnega rdečega perjica je zletel v jutranji hlad in kragulj je obležal mrtev. Fcnosno je stopil rdeči petelin z njegovega trupla. Trikrat zaporedoma se je razletel njegov rezki, zategnjeni "Kikiriki!" v izziv vsem vitezom goščave. Nič se ni oglasilo. Tedaj je odkorakal po stari stezi v osrčje šume, ne meneč se za ubitega nasprotnika. Tudi rdeče rane na stegnu mu ni bilo mar.

Šuma se je širila kakor izumrla. Ne sluteč neznanih opasnosti in sovražnih oči, ki so prežale iz nje, jo je petelin brezskrbno mahal tja v en dan, bleščeč se sredi gozdnih mrakov v krasoti svojega perja in zanašaje se na svoje tanke čute in svojo prirojeno vladarsko čuječnost. Radovedno je gledal okoli sebe. Sedaj pa sedaj je pozobal nekaj sočnih jerebik, ki so se nalik zvezdicam svetile obakraj poti. Toda njegova opreznost ni ponehala; vsak trenutek je bil pripravljen, da ga opazi, kak tekmeec njegovega rodu in ga pozove na mejdan.

Tako je prispel do napol strohnelega štora, ki so ga bili razkopali medvedje, ko so iskali mravljincev. Zrahljana zemlja okoli korenin je bila popotniku zapeljivo lovišče; in res je kmalu izgrebel veliko, debelo gosenico. Ta grizljaj je bil pač res preslasten, da bi ga bil smel pojesti sam. "Tuk, tuk, tuk!" je zaklical kar moči vabljivo, kakor bi upal, da se usuje izpod grmovja vse polno mladih kokošk. Toda nič se ni ganilo. Željno je oprezal na vse strani — kar zagleda temno, rumenkasto-rdečo prikazen, ki se je za gostim vrbjem potuhnjeno plazila proti njemu. Brž je pogoltnil mastni grizljaj in se pripravil, da sprejme novega sovraga.

Le-ta je bil podoben rdečkastorumenemu psu s košatim repom, šiljastim gobcem in čudno divjimi, nevarnimi očmi. Dobrega gotovo ni kanil. Petelin se je prihulil, pobesil krila in napel mišice za skok.

Prav tisti mah je lisjak z neverjetno brzino šinil izza vrbja proti njemu. Toda ujel je le nekaj svetlih peres iz repa. Petelin se je po bliskovo vrgel v zrak in zletel na vejo, ki je visela več metrov nad zemljo; odtod je jel z iztegnjenim vratom in steklenimi očmi ogledovati nasprotnika. Lisjaka je neuspeh očitvidno utogotil. Nekaj časa je gledal okoli sebe, nato pa je z izrazom vzvišene malomarnosti izpihnili pero, ki mu je bilo ostalo v kotu čeljusti, in jo je pobrisal, kakor da se je iznenada domislil nečesa drugega.

Petelin je spet zletel v svoje lovišče. Delal se je, kakor da zoblje črve, pri tem pa je neprestano pazil na odhajajočega lisjaka, in zdaj pa zdaj z izbranim posmehom kikiriknil za njim. Toda lisjak se je delal gluhega, čeprav mu je vrela kri od osramočenja. Še enkrat je zapel petelin — zaman! Šele ko lisjaka ni bilo več videti, se je mirno nazobal ličink. Sit in zadovoljen je zletel spet na varno vejo, da bi si tam udobno otrebil perje. Čez kakih pet minut se je lisjak iznova pojavil. Strahotno tiho se je priplazil s čisto druge strani; toda petelin ga je že opazil in ga

je pozdravil z ostrim "Kr-rr-rr-iii!" Ozlovoljen se je potepel lisjak drugam, da bi si izbral manj oprežno žrtev.

Brez strahu, a vendar pripravljen na nove nevarnosti je petelin obsedel na svojem visokem prestolu, zvedavo spuščaje oči po čudni okolici. Čez kakih deset minut je tiha puščobnost gozda nenadoma oživila. Dvojica črnobelih žoln je marljivo potrkavaje tekala po skorji napol odmrlega drevesa gori in doli. Petelin je videl gozdno miš, kako je smuknila iz svoje luknjice pod koreninami in z brezskrbno živahnostjo zarajala med šumečim listjem. Debel rjav zajec je veselo in malomarno priskakljal po poti. Nedaleč od štora je sedel na zadnje noge, bulječ z dobrodušnimi očmi okoli sebe in oprežno strigoč z dolgimi uhlji na vse strani. Zdajci pa se je obrnil in jadrno prhnil v beg. Tik za petami mu je brzela majhna, sloka, svetlorjava stvarca s kratkimi nožicami, dolgim, žilavim telescem, kratko, trioglato glavico in krvoločnimi očmi, ki so se ognjene iskrile iz svojih jamic. Petelin še ni bil videl podlasice, a takoj je začutil, da ta zleknjena živalca z okrutnim pogledom ni manj nevarna od lisjaka. Zajec in podlasica sta kakor blisk izginila v gošči. Strah in groza je bilo gledati ta lov.

Petelin se je po malem naveličal čakanja; spet ga je obšla želja, da bi poiskal družbo bratov in sestra, po katerih mu je koprnelo srce. Držeč se poti, je fofotal z drevesa na drevo, dokler se ni utrudil. Nazadnje se je ojunačil in je iznova skočil na pot. Oprezno in ošabno je meril korake v zeleni dan. Toda samota in somrak med jelovjem sta ga jela tesniti; nehoti se je podvizal, da bi čim preje dospel na ravno polje, kjer bi se lahko okopal v zlati solnčni toploti.

V svojo veliko radost je naposled zagledal majhno jaso. Sredi jase je stala lesena koliba — hišica! Gotovo je tod prebival cel roj najzaljših put. In gotovo so tu živeli dobri ljudje, kakršnih potrebuje vsak petelin, ako hoče biti od zore do mraka sit rumenega žita in drugih dobrih stvari. Veselo je stekel proti kolibi, ne vprašujoč se, kaj ga čaka tam, ljubezen ali boj!

Bila je prazna! — Še njegovo neizkušeno oko je videlo, da je zapuščena kdo ve odklej. Napol odprta vrata so krivo visela na tečajih. V malem okencu ni bilo stekel in na pragu je rasel plevel. Streha, surovo zbita iz drogov in skorje, je bila na sredi vdrtja, kakor da se vsak trenutek poruši. Na slemenu je sedela veverica z repkom ljubko zafrknjenim na hrbet in je brlizgaje psovala neznanega gosta.

Petelin ni bil vaju, da bi se pričkal z vevericami. Radovedno, čeprav že v srcu razočaran, je koracal okoli kolibe. Ko se je vrnil k vratom, je iztegnil vrat, pogledal v hišico in pridušeno zakikirikal. Naposled je z dvignjeno glavo prestopil prag. Vse je bilo prazno. Samo dolga klop je stala ob steni in v kotu je slonela zarjavela pečna cev. Ob dveh stenah se je vlekla dvojna vrsta pogradov. Petelin je obhodil vse in pregledal vse kotičke, tiho grgutaje sam s seboj. Nazadnje je zletel na vrhnji pograd, zafofotal s perotmi in večkrat zakikirikal, kakor bi hotel razglasiti po vsej šumi, da se polašča kolibe. Ko je opravil to formalnost, je skočil na tla in spet odstopical na solnce, pogledat, kako je z odpadki.

Kolikorkrat je naletel na dober založaj, tolikokrat ga je s kljunom podržal v zrak, položil ga na tla in zaklical "Tuk, tuk, tuk!" — kakor bi še vedno upal, da prihite odkod kaki podaniki.

Podlasica, nemara da tista, ki se je zjutraj podila za dolgohcem, je začula petelinovo vabljenje. Krvoločno se je vrgla na plen toda petelin je z neverjetno prisotnostjo duha preskočil napadalko.

Podlasica je vsa osupla obstala in pihnila od togote; a že se ji je zadrila smrtonosna petelinova ostroga naravnost v možgane. Drobno telesce se je iztegnilo in se je rahlo zvalilo na stran; v napol odprtem žrelcu je obtičal in zamrl poslednji srditi

pih. Petelin še ni povsem verjel svoji zmagi, prelahka se mu je videla; zato je z obema ostrogama še enkrat usekal v trupelce. Nato je prevalil sovražnico na drugo stran in — kakopak — mogočno zapel v proslavo svoje zmage. Le škoda, da ni bilo nikjer nikogar, ki bi jo videl in občudoval!

In vendar se je morala njegova slava nekako raznesti med sivimi razbojniki šume, zakaj nihče izmed njih se ga ni več upal pozvati na dvoboj. Tako je vladal v nemoteni samoti malone teden dni. Čutil se je silno zapuščenega in koprnenje po ljubljenih putkah bi ga bilo kmalu zvabilo dalje, da ga ni prehitela usoda.

Nekega dne — bilo je že pozno popoldne — se je pojavil drvar v sivem platnem jopiču, noseč na ramenu sekiro, od katere je visel sveženj z njegovimi stvarmi. Korakal je naravnost proti kolibi. Petelin, ves vesel, da vidi spet človeško bitje, mu je stekel naproti. Gozdni mož se mu je začudil, da nikoli tega. Kakšna pečenka! Boljše večerje si ni mogel zaželeti. In še, ko je bil tako lačen! Brž je spustil sekiro z ramena in segel po petelinu. Ta se je kajpak nadejal drugačnega pozdrava. Spretno se je izmuznil, našopiril ovratnik, zagnal svoj jezni "Kr-rr-rr" ter poskočil v zrak in krepko oplazil z ostrogami po drvarjevi desnici.

Drvar je prestrašen odskočil in jel otresati kri z roke.

"Preteto in prešmentano!" je zagodrnjal, občudujoč pogumnega petelina. "Ti pa nisi kdor si bodi! Nu, prav imaš, skleniva mir!"

Tako govoreč je segel v žep po nekaj drobtin in jih je vrgel petelinu, ki jih je hlastno pozobal. Kruhek, čeprav je bil suh, se mu je zdel slaščica po dosedanem enoličnem življenju ob travi in ličinkah. Zato je hodil za prišlecem kakor senca, toda ne vdano, ampak z nekakšno objestnostjo, ki je na moč zabavala drvarja.

Mož si je zakuril pred kolibo majhen ogenj, da bi si opral reženj slanine in skuhal požirek čaja. Petelin se je namestil na drugi strani ognja, odkoder se je z dolgimi koraki zaganjal po grizljeje, ki mu jih je metal drvar.

Zmračilo se je. Človek je bil povečerjal in petelin je zadovoljno kokodakaje odkoracal v kolibo; zletel je na rob vrhnjega pograda in se je usedel k počitku.

Drvar si je zapalil lulo in se je zleknil ob dogorevajočem ognju; ko je mesečina pošastno zalila gozd, se je vrnil tudi on v kolibo. Legel je na spodnji pograd, kjer si je bil postlal s praprotjo in dračjem, in je kmalu zadremal.

A tudi najbolj izkušenemu drvarju se pripeti, da napravi pogrešek. Naš mož je bil pozabil pogledati, ali je žerjavica res ugasnila; in ko je zapihal veter, se je zbudil umirajoči ogenj k novemu življenju. Majhni, nedolžni plamenčki so se razlivali po raztresenih trskah do kolibe in so se zajedli v razpoke izsušenih brun...

Žarka svetloba je udarila petelinu v oči.

Bilo je, kakor da se vsa koliba utaplja v živordečem solncu. Dolgi, ozki ognjeni jeziki so se vzpenjali ob podbojih navzgor. Petelin je z glasnim petjem pozdravil to svetlo, prelepo jutro. Kikirikal je brez prestanka, zakaj tako krasnega solnčnega vzhoda še niso videle njegove oči.

Speči mož se je zdrznil. Pogledal je, skočil s pograda, pograbil sveženj in rjuho ter planil skozi goreča vrata pod milo nebo. Preklinjaje je vrgel svoj siromašni imetek ob tla.

Tedajci pa je začul petje neustrašnega petelina, ki se je čedalje glasneje razlegalo iz kolibe.

"Petelin," je zamrmral. In že je planil v koč, zakrivaje si obraz z laktjo, ter je pograbil pevca za noge. Še trenutek in spet sta bila zunaj na sladkem, dehtečem hladu gozdne noči. Nič se jima ni zgodilo, le drvarjeve obrvi in lasje so bili osmojeni.

Toda petelin, ogorčen po tem nenadejanem napadu, je prhotal in kljuval kakor divji. Drvar se ni zmenil za to. Stisnil ga je k sebi, zvezal mu oborožene noge in ga zavil v svoj suknjič.

"Tako, tovariš," je dejal. "Skupaj pojdeva v beli svet. Rešil si mi življenje, ko sem jaz tebi izprva stregel po njem! Odslej se ti bo dobro godilo pri meni. Hajdiva, da naučiš peteline vse naše nasebine, kaj se pravi petelin od fare!"

Šola za mlade delavce

IZOBRAZBA

DA bi si izšolale svoje voditelje, so delavske organizacije v Ameriki ustanovile in podprle svoj učni zavod Brookwood—Katonah, v državi New York. Namen tega delavskega kolegija je, dati delavstvu take voditelje, kakršni ne izidejo iz privatnih in kapitalističnih šol. V delavskem kolegiju Brookwood se dijaki uče zgodovine, znanosti o gospodarstvu, človeški družbi in slične, kakor si te znanosti tolmači delavec. Enako se uče tudi vodstva organizacij in taktike, tako da po dokončanih študijah izidejo iz te delavske šole delavci, ki imajo dovolj znanja za praktično vodstvo organizacije.

Brookwoodski podobna, toda še ne tako izpopolnjena šola je v Meni, Arkansas. Druge prave delavske šole v Združenih državah še ni, akoprav je zelo potrebna, ker delavstvu v Ameriki najbolj primanjkuje dobrih voditeljev. Toda delavstvo se mora tudi samo izobraziti, kajti njega organizacija ne more imeti dobrega vodstva, če sama ni na višji stopnji izobrazbe.

Prva izobrazba delavca mora pričeti doma. Tudi to je izobrazba, ko oče svojemu sinu pripoveduje doživljanje iz svojega življenja ter ga utrjuje v zavesti, da je delavec. Ne samo izobrazba, to je tudi dobra vzgoja za otroka. Sin vedno rad sliši očeta, če mu ta posveča dovolj pažnje, in to sina odvrne od slabe družbe. Težko je res delavcu zvečer, ko se vrne z dela utrujen, delati tovarišijo svojim otrokom, ali nasezadnje je taka družba v razvedrilo njemu samemu.

Kakor so razvpite ljudske šole, da so protidelavske, vendar pomagajo tudi k izobrazbi delavstva. Šola ne more pretrgati vezi med očetom in sinom ali materjo in hčerjo, zato pa, ako otrok dobiva nasvete doma, zna v šoli misliti po svoje, po očetovo ali po delavsko. Posledica je, da tudi ljudska šola služi v prid bodočega delavca.

Drugo sredstvo proti zlu, ki oddaljuje mladino od zavednih staršev, je delavski časopis. Tudi mladina mora že v zgodnji mladosti dobivati kaj delavskega čtiva, privlačnega bolj kakor puhle in zavajalne smešnice kapitalističnega časopisja. Organizacije za mladino, telovadna društva, igralske skupine z žogami, pevski in dramski zbori, godbe in sploh vse, kar mladino veseli, posredno pomaga, da se mladina ohrani delavska in da se izobrazuje v delavskem duhu. To je pa odvisno od delavskih organizacij, v katerih so očetje in matere. Te morajo skrbeti, da dobi mladina vse, kar potrebuje za vežbanje telesa in duha, kajti mladina je nagnjena tako, da se zateče drugam, če onega, kar želi, ne dobi doma. Kakor hitro pa gre drugam po zabavo, je izgubljena za organizacijo svojih staršev.

Gornje je najbolj razvidno iz dejstva, ki velja za društva Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Znano je, da mladina ostane v društvi, kjer društva dajo mladim članom vse prilike za zabavo in izobrazbo, drugod pa se izgubi po angleških organizacijah, kjer ima več prilik. Zato pa je potrebno, da društva ustanavljajo za svojo mladino klube, zборе, godbe, prirejajo izlete, igre, zabave in sprehode za

mladino. Če društva to store, se jim ni treba bati, da bodo izumrla, ker mladina bô rada ostala v njih tudi potem, ko odraste.

Višja izobrazba je za delavca dandanes skoraj nemogoča, vendar je delavčeva dolžnost, da svojega sina ali hčer izobrazí, kolikor bolje more, in mu da priliko do šolanja, kolikor le dopuščajo sredstva. Nobena šola, pa naj bo še tako kapitalistična, ne more iz otroka napraviti delavskega sovražnika, ako je otrok dobil doma vzgojo, ki ga pred takim zavajanjem varuje. Vzemimo za primero visoke šole in univerze, ki dopustijo razprave o raznih gospodarskih, družabnih, zgodovinskih, socialističnih in drugih, človeškega razvoja se tikajočih vprašanjih. Vsaka boljša šola dopusti, da sta pri razpravljanju vedno zastopani obe strani vprašanja. Dijak, ki misli in ima dovolj podlage, da je lahko samostojen v mišljenju, ne bo pri takem razpravljanju prišel do napačnih zaključkov. Tudi visoke šole so torej delavstvu koristne in izšolajo delavske voditelje in zagovornike, kar je pač odvisno od staršev samih, ki postavijo temelje bodoči otrokovi izobrazbi.

Marsikak delavec radi žalostnih izkušenj trdi, da so šole škodljive in da sploh niso za delavstvo. Delavec, ki to trdi, gotovo sam nima veliko šol in izobrazbe, ker drugače bi ne trdil tako. Če bo delavstvo hotelo boljših razmer, bo moralo doseči višjo izobrazbo. Le v tem je rešitev.

Izobrazba pomaga odpravljati bedo, ker nudi delavcu več prilike za boljši zaslužek. Delavec pri boljšem zaslužku pa ima zopet priliko do še višje izobrazbe. Nasprotno pa beda povzroča nevedo in ta je zopet mati bede, kar se ponavlja v brezkončnost. Težka in redka je še dandanes prilika, da se delavec povzpne iz obojega — nevede in bede, toda njegova pravica in dolžnost je, to poizkušati. V tem je tudi edina rešitev za delavstvo in za vse človeštvo.

Albin Čebular:

SPOMIN

O, prelep je domek moj:
lastovk gnezdi tam nebroj,
nageljček iz okna lije,
rožmarin se poleg vije.

Strehica iz slame zlate
od pšeničice bogate,
poleg hlevček — poln živine,
zidanica kraj pečine.

Trate sočne kraj stezice,
kjer sem pasel zmer ovčice.
O, pozdravljen, dragi dom!
Kdaj te zopet videl bom? ...!

Albin Čebular:

V JAMICI SO ČUDNE MIŠKE —

nimajo nobene hiške,
skačejo pa vseokrog,
saj so tetke urnih nog.

Kadar očka kosijo,
miške kruhka prosijo;
vsega dajo jim obilo,
vsega dajo jim v darilo.

Miške rade jih imajo,
se okoli njih igrajo —
predno v rovčku se podsuje,
miška jim napoveduje!





Albin Č.:

HAHAHA!

Žabica pod gobico
ves čas viha šnobico,
gleda v "Naš kotiček,"
kam uvrstil striček
ji je poročilce.

Aj, ga že ima —
po podpisu ga spozna!
Kazat žabjaku ga nese,
od smeha se ji trebuh trese.

Dragi čitatelji!

Edina slovenska pesmica, ki sem jo dosedaj prejel za kontest, je od Anne Ulepich v Mulberryju, Kans., vse druge so v angl. jeziku. Kdor namerava še prispevati, se mora požuriti in poslati takoj, da bo mogoče lepše razdeliti pesmice v poletne številke našega magazina. Odlašajte torej nič več ne, temveč takoj napišite in pošljite, pa naj bo v slovenskem ali angleškem jeziku. Vse je dobrodošlo, samo vaše mora biti. Ko pošljete, tudi napišite starost, tako da bo ob zaključku lažje ugotoviti, kdo zasluži najboljšo nagrado.

Urednik.

Dragi urednik!

Naša šola je ven in ne bo šole do jeseni. V našem Mladinskem listu se že nisem oglasila dva meseca in zdaj se hočem malo oglasiti mojim bratcem in sesticam.

Za kontest sem brala in bom gledala, da ga ne zamudim.

Tukaj je pesmica:

Stoji učilna zidana,
pred njo je stala jablana.
Ta jablana je votal panj,
sinica znosi gnezdo vanj.
Sinica zjutraj prileti,
na šolskem oknu obsedi.
Na oknu kljunček svoj odpre,
tako prepevati začne:
"Poslušaj me, učitelj ti,
kako se pod teboj godi.
Vsi dečki tvoji me črte,
povsod pode, povsod love,
Zalezli so moj ptičji rod,
iz gnezda vrgli ga za plot.
Mladički tam pomrli so,
svetle oči zaprli so."

Ker sem prijateljica živali in ne vidim rada, da se krivica godi, zato rej pravim: Bodimo bolj odrasli!

Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice S. N. P. J.

Angela Flere, Herminie, No. 2, Pa.

(Pesmica je znana, zato ne more v kontest.—
Urednik.)

Cenjeni urednik!

V majnikovi številki me je brat Somrak malo pretrdo prijel.

No, Frank, mogoče se še srečava! Vedi pa, da pet dni dvakrat na dan grem v šolo, ker hodim v 6. razred. Šesti dan, to je sobota, pride pa učiteljica domov, učiti me glasovirja od 9. do 10. ure. Ob 10.30 do 12. grem pa jaz na njen dom, kamor pridemo vsi njeni učenci (ker uči tudi violin). Uči nas skupno.

V šoli nas učijo: v nedeljo se ne dela in ne uči, je dan za "good time."

Pozdrav!

Dorothy Rossa.

PESEM MLADINI IN STARŠEM.

Ko pomlad se je pričela,
vse na svetu oživila,
naj oživi tudi nas,
saj živimo le en čas.

Ptičke lepo pojejo,
na drevesih žvižgajo;
solnce sije lepo dol,
rožice cveto še bolj.

Matere so vse vesele,
če otroci zapojejo,
Jednota tudi si želi
naše petje slišati.

Večje treba ni dobrote,
če starši člani so jednote;
dobrota ta nam je najbolj,
nam zabiti je ni nikol.

Ker lahko, da se smrt prikrade
in nam starše proč uzame,
pa ne bo tako hudo,
če člani vsi jednote smo.

Potem jednota naša mati
ne bo pustila nam stradati,
za nas skrbela bo tako,
da nekaj še za doto bo.

Vsi mladi ko se narodite,
kar v jednoto pristopite.
Če se nesreča pripeti,
brez matere ne boste vi.

Jednota naša dobra mati,
vsakdo jo mora spoštovati.
Bodimo vsi hvaležni ji,
ker dobro ona nam želi.

Anna Ulepich, R. R. 2, Box 410, Mulberry, Kansas.

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

1.

Po pečinah plezam,
z brado v travo drezam.

2.

Živinica lepa
skače po gozdu,
a nima rogov
in ne repa.

3.

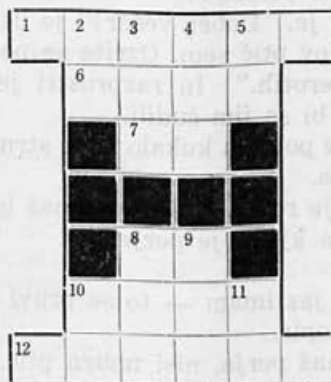
Po morju gora živa potuje,
iz nje vodomet se dviguje.

4.

Kljun in štiri noge —
tak ti medvedek v vodo gre.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

(Note: All words are in Slovenian.)



ACROSS:

1. A useful insect.
6. New.
7. Yes.
10. Away.
12. Owing money.

DOWN:

2. One.
3. Fight.
4. A woman's name.
5. A tone in the music scale.
8. Dilligent.
9. Knife.
10. Preposition.
11. If.

Prijateljčki v ugankah iz junijske številke.

1. MIŠKA.
2. POLH.
3. KONJ.
4. OSLIČEK.
5. KRAVICA.

Prejšnje ugankke je rešila Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



NETOPIR.

Netopir je bil zelo nesrečen, kajti mislil je: "Čudne vrste žival sem. Imam peroti in nisem ptič. Imam kožo in ušesa in nisem miš. To je strašno. Sit sem srečavanja samih netopirjev. Prosil bom za sprejem pri ptičih."

In bojazljivo je prosil pri ptičih nekega večera, ko so se ravno spravliali spat in je on vstajal.

"Dobro jutro, prijatelji," je dejal.

"Dobro jutro?" je rekla stroga sraka, katero je gledal radovedno. "Kdo je ta tepec, ki pravi 'Dobro jutro,' ko mi ravno no gremo v posteljo?"

"Žal mi je. Dober večer!" je dejal netopir. "Nov ptič sem. Ozrite se po mojih krasnih perotih." In razprostrl je svoje peroti, da bi se jim čudili.

Sraka je pobrala kukalo in je strmela na obiskovalca.

"Hm!" je rekla. "Gotovo imaš lepe peroti. Toda kje ti je perje?"

"Jaz — jaz imam — to se pravi —" je jecjal netopir.

"Če nimaš perja, nisi noben ptič. Pojdi, proč s teboj!"

Netopir je hitro odšel. Odletel je k mišjemu gnezdu, za katerega je vedel. "Miš sem," je dejal.

Miši so ga preiskale. "Gotovo," je rekla miš, vdova visokega stanu. "Podoben si nam. Toda kaj je tisto, kar imaš na vsaki strani svojega telesa?"

In izpulila je netopirju eno perot. "Strahota!" je kriknila. "Ptič si! Proč s teboj, hitro! in da te nikoli več ne vidimo tukaj!"

YUGOSLAV PROVERBS.

A kind word opens the iron door.
A clean face requires little water.
Old oxen make the best team.
Foreign stoves are cold.

THE BAT.

The Bat was very unhappy, for he thought: "I am a funny sort of animal. I have wings, and I am not a bird. I have fur and ears, and I am not a mouse. It's awful. I am tired of meeting nothing but bats. I shall apply to the birds."

And he applied timidly to the birds one evening just as they were going to bed and he was getting up.

"Good morning, friends," said he.

"Good morning!" said a severe Magpie, looking at him curiously. "Who is that idiot who says Good morning just as we are going to bed?"

"I am sorry. Good evening," said the Bat. "I am a new bird. Look at my beautiful wings." And he spread his wings out to have them admired.

The Magpie took up a lorgnette and stared at the visitor.

"Hm!" she said. "To be sure, you have fine wings. But where are your feathers?"

"I — I have — that is to say —" stammered the Bat.

"If you have no feathers you are no bird. Come, off with you!"

The Bat went off quickly. He flew to a nest of mice he knew of. "I am a mouse!" he said.

The mice inspected him. "To be sure," said the dowager Mice, "you resemble us. But what is that you have got on each side of your body?"

And she pulled out one of the Bat's wings. "Horror!" she cried. "You are a bird. 'Off with you, quick! and don't let us see you here again!'"

JUGOSLOVANSKI PREGOVORI.

Lepa beseda odpre železna vrata.
Čist obraz potrebuje malo vode.
Stari voli store najboljšo vprego.
Tuje peči so mrzle.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

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Number 7.

OPTIMISM

There was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet that was sung, and sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought, but through endless years it lives;
And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.

There was never a child's full laugh, or a woman's cheerful word,
That did not exalt the state where its tones were felt and heard.
Know, then, that it still holds true, from the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love and there is no wasted toil!

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.

WHERE WERE YOU, GOD?

By Raymond Kresensky.

Where were you, God, when Bennie died?
I saw but Mother by his side,
When Anna said, Your Bible lies,
And they put pennies on his eyes;
Were you around his bed somewhere,
Like Mother fingering his hair?
When Father cried and said, This son
Of all the crowd the bravest one,
The little chap who loved to tell
About his dreams when he was well;
Should be the one, the first to go.
It was November, there was snow.
Where were you, God? I could not see;
I bowed my head on Mother's knee,
And anyhow my eyes were wet.
I wonder now, did you forget?



Canada—The Country with a Wondrous Future

IT is not many years since one of the British prime ministers declared that he would not be surprised if the day should come when the center of the British Empire would be at Ottawa, and there can be little doubt that the crowding of Canada be one of the immense events of this eventful century. What a treasure house Canada is! It is keeping its Diamond Jubilee as a nation this year.

The map gives us a very poor idea of what its great spaces stand for, colored red or green or blue. Nothing is more difficult than to visualize places we have never seen. The flowing lines that stand for rivers and the caterpillar mountains tell us next to nothing, of the natural features of a country on a map. North America is a good example.

It is one of the greatest stretches of land in the world; it is almost an island continent. We know, that, politically, nearly the whole of this vast area is divided between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. These two great countries cover over four fifths of the North American continent, and divide the four fifths almost equally between them, though a little more than half is British.

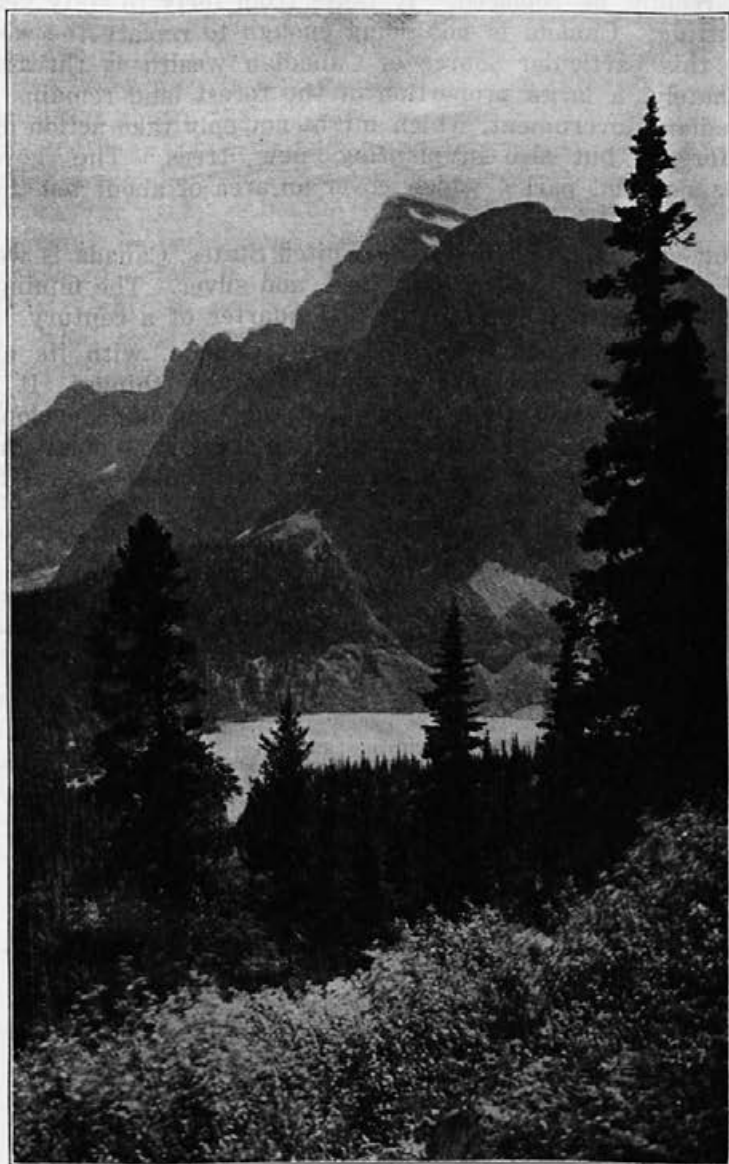
There is, however, a very great difference in the climates of the United States and Canada. The United States, lying south of the fiftieth parallel of latitude, produces a much wider range of natural products than Canada. The United States extend south into sub-tropical regions where such crops as cotton can be raised, and where harvests of oranges and grape fruit add to the varied wealth of a prosperous country.

Canada is not so fortunate in climate, but is, nevertheless, a land of infinite promise and excellent performance.

Looking at the map of Canada we have much more than climate to consider. On the west, facing the Pacific Ocean, is a great highland belt. Mountain and plateau extend from British Columbia and the Yukon on the north, south to California. On the east, facing the Atlantic, is another highland belt, stretching south from the St. Lawrence River almost to Florida. It was this belt, the Appalachian Highland, which for some time checked the march of the American pioneer from the Atlantic seaboard. Between these two belts, east and west, lie great fertile plains, extending northward into Canada, but narrowing in the Dominion territory. That is to say, the greater part of the mighty plain falls to the lot of the United States and only the narrow tapering northern part to Canada.

For the rest, the greater part of the Canadian territory, east and north, is occupied by the rocky Laurentian uplands. This Laurentian Highland, lying north of the Great Lakes and stretching far to the north, long barred the Canadian advance. The rugged wilderness, stretching over a thousand miles, divides the Canadian pioneer from that northern extension of the great fertile plain which, as we have said, tapers into Canada from the south. It needed railway enterprise on a gigantic scale to bridge this natural barrier, and it is only in the last twenty five years that the engineer has made a pathway for Canadian civilization to reach across it to the fertile plain beyond. The present century has also seen an economic development of the eastern Canadian upland—the Canadian Shield, as it is called. With the aid of water-power this is yielding great wealth in minerals and in the development of the paper industries.

The twentieth century has witnessed an unparalleled advance in Canadian farming. In the last twenty six years more virgin land has been turned into farms in Canada than in three centuries before. That is a striking illustration of the great quickening of human endeavor which is characteristic of our time. Every sort and kind of produce known to the northern latitudes can be raised in Canada. It is true that Canada is chiefly known for its great grain trade, but she is much more than Britain's granary. Dairy farming is exceedingly successful, and, in addition to ranching and fruit farming, tobacco culture is making progress. The fashions of women have given impetus to that curious new industry—fur farming. The landscape of the Canadian farmer, to quote an official account, "varies all the way from



A Lovely Scene of the Canadian Glacier National Park.

the broad expanse of level, open prairie to the wooded slope of a river valley hemmed in by towering mountains."

The call for paper to feed the world's growing hunger for newspapers has brought great wealth to Canada in the development of her timber and pulp industries. Modern industry is made almost entirely of pulped wood. The splendid Canadian forests are raided to give us square miles of paper surface on which to print the millions of broadsheets which circulate throughout the world. Canada has become the world's chief producer and exporter of newsprint.

There is another side of this particular phase of Canadian development, however, and one that needs serious attention. The Canadian forests have been growing for centuries, and now we see mankind ruthlessly destroying them for the purpose of profit. Everyday a forest is devoured to make a day's newspapers, but forests can not readily be replaced. It takes from forty to sixty years to produce timber worth cutting. Canada is not doing enough to replace the wood she is consuming, so that this particular source of Canadian wealth is threatened with extinction. Fortunately, a large proportion of the forest land remains in the possession of the Canadian Government, which might not only take action against further devastation of forests, but also in planting new trees. The government also formed enormous national parks, which cover an area of about ten thousand square miles.

Although not so richly gifted as the United States, Canada is well stored with coal, asbestos, copper, lead, nickel, zinc, gold, and silver. The mining of these and other metals, has proceeded a pace in the last quarter of a century.

What a magnificent wealth it is, this great Canada, with its area nearly as large as all Europe and stocked with so many desirable things! It is a good not only for Canada but for the whole world that the Canadian development is going on fast. But the country needs more people, and there is no doubt that the present population, which approaches ten millions, will be multiplied several times over before the close of the present century.



A Beauty Spot of the Canadian Woodland.

The Brain That Never Sleeps

IT is generally recognized that if just before we go to sleep at night we say to ourselves "I intend to wake up at seven tomorrow morning," in nearly every case we do so. Probably few people have tried to think out this perfectly remarkable power of human beings.

We go to sleep and remain unconscious until seven o'clock arrives, when something wakes us up. Now, it is clear that there is some part of our brain that does not go to sleep but remains always awake, and at the desired hour it does something to that part which is asleep and wakens it.

Though in the present state of our knowledge we have no firmly established explanation of this power, it is probable that we owe it to what is known as the subconscious part of our brain. Only a relatively small portion of the brain is conscious; the much greater part is not so active, and is therefore said to be subconscious. Experience has shown that the subconscious portion plays a great part in our daily lives. Sometimes a man finds himself in a position in which it seems impossible to do some particular piece of work, and after thinking it over very carefully he puts the matter aside. About a fortnight later he finds himself able to carry through the work he had thought impossible. The subconscious brain, having had the problem placed before it, took things in hand, and in course of time made the crooked path straight. If we take notice of the conduct of others it will often be plainly visible what aims they are pursuing before they themselves are really conscious of these aims, because a close observer can recognize and realize the significance of their subconscious acts.

It is probable not only that the subconscious mind never needs sleep, but also that it forgets nothing. It is also probable that if we could examine the brains of our earliest ancestors of half a million years ago we would find that the area of their cerebral consciousness was considerably less than that of the most advanced races of today. This means that in the course of half a million years a process has been going on by means of which an ever-increasing proportion of the subconscious brain is being absorbed into the conscious, with the result that our brains are much more efficient instruments than were those of the first human beings.

This process of transformation will continue, and as it does so man's brain will become increasingly remarkable. It is possible that with the whole of the brain conscious human beings will forget nothing and perhaps reach a stage in which they will need no sleep?

LOW TIDE

MY SILVER POOL
IS A GLEAMING CUP
OF POISONED WINE
WHICH THE MOON DRINKS UP.

PRESENTLY SHE
WILL PALE AND DIE,
AND TOMORROW HER GHOST
WILL WALK THE SKY.

By RUTH MOORE.

COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,
with my thread and needle.
I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the Parson?

I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk?

I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the Clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be Chief Mourner?

I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I'll be Chief Mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?

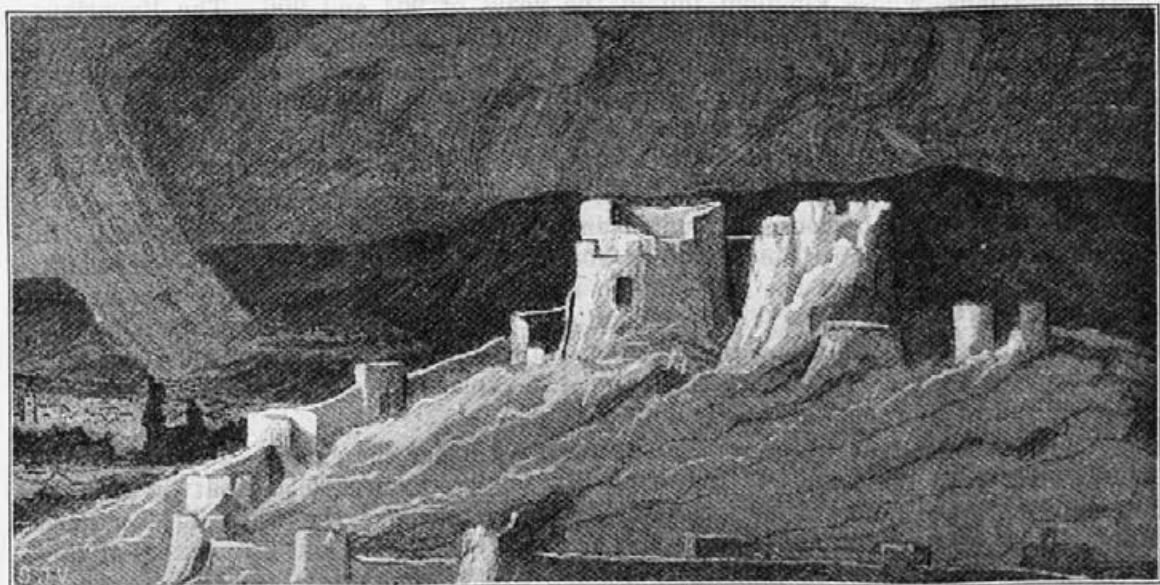
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell!

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.





The Ruins of the Medieval Castle of Vipava, Slovenia.

The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

Two of the Darkest Centuries--from Hungarian Invasions to the Complete Division of Slovenia

REGARDLESS of the fact that Pannonia was populated with Slovenes, under his rule, the Eastern Frankish King, Arnulf, invited the Hungarians, a barbarous and warrior-like tribe from the shores of the Black Sea, to settle the country. His intention was to send the Hungarians against the Moravians, whom he could not subdue. The Hungarians came like a fury into the prosperous and well cultivated country, and immediately attacked the Moravians under the rule of Svetopolk. Thus began the one hundred years long strife with Hungarians in which the Slovenes, being their neighbors, suffered most.

The King paid dearly for his invitation of Hungarians, who were not willing to settle permanently; but began with a wholesale devastation at first in Moravia, then over Slovenia, Bavaria, and Northern Italy. Their wild cavalry of twenty five thousand men advanced several times far into France and once even across the Pyrenean Mountains into Spain. Strongly organized as they were, they became the horror of the whole Central Europe. Because they knew of the riches in Italy, they invaded this country twenty times and each time they exterminated the population of several cities. At these invasions the Slovenes suffered most, because the marches of Hungarians usually led through Slovenia.

Trying to break the Hungarian peril, King Arnulf reinforced the Slovenian province of Carantania (upper Slovene territories of present Austria), and this proved to be the safest relief for the Frankish Empire. In 901 the Hungarians attacked the Slovenes of Carantania, but were totally defeated. Less fortunate

were Moravians, whose kingdom fell in the years of 904 and 906. The Bavarians were defeated also and in 907 they lost four of the main military leaders of whom three were bishops. After all, Carantania proved to be the safest place for the Eastern Franks and the refuge for their bishops. In 927 the bishops and dukes held a convention at Gospa Sveta, the center of Carantania; the object of the convention was to find a way out and, possibly, to organize an offensive against the Hungarian hordes.

The fierceful irruptions of Hungarians, however, lasted thirty more years. In 955 they were beaten by the combined forces of Franks and Slovenes. Gradually they began to realize that the only way to remain a nation was to settle permanently and to give up fighting. Their civilization came through Slovenes, who became their teachers. The Slovenes taught them how to raise cattle, plow fields, and how to do various trades. In this fact we find the explanation why the Hungarian language is full of Slovene words.

The so-called Great Carantania was organized under the rule of Emperor Otto I. in 952. He gave the name of this originally small province to a great division of his empire; to the lands of the present Austria he included the whole of Northern Italy, a part of Bavaria, and all the Slovene lands. One of the cultural centers of this Empire, which, however, lasted only a short period of time, was the church town of Freisingen (Bavaria), known as the place of the first Slovene writings.

After the inheritance of Carantania, Otto's son, Henry II, united the Slovenes in order to get rid of the Frankish sovereignty and to gain independence for Slovenia as well as for Bavaria. But Otto II., knowing the attempts of his brother, nominated another ruler, Duke Henry III. Curiously enough, this ruler of Carantania again attempted to break away from the Western Frankish Empire; yet, he did not succeed and in the same manner as his predecessor, lost all his lands in 977.

The rulers of Carantania attempted frequently to break away from the Great Frankish State. Duke Adalbero, for example, was seeking alliance with Croats and with Northern Slavs, thus attaining a combined revolt which began in 1035, but without success.

Because the desire of each of the Carantanian rulers has been to gain independence for this mighty state, the Frankish Emperors removed each one after a short period of administration. The Emperors of the West felt that Carantania might become dangerous; so they first separated it into three main groups: Carantania, Bavaria, and Verona. This status, of course, might have resulted in serious consequences for the Frankish empire, since all the Slovenes were now alone, united into one state—Carantania. They had another scheme to hold the Slovenes under control: they chopped Carantania into small provinces which meant the foundation of small, autonomous duchies. A wide circle of small provinces was formed within which Carantania itself was only a duchy. Each province was governed by some feudal lord, a duke, a count, or a bishop.

These ages were the darkest of all Slovene history. As the descendants of a free nation, the Slovenes were now subdivided into small provinces, all of which were dependent on the absolutistic Frankish Empire. All people were serfs, except the lords who, of course, were Germans, or at least German friends. They maintained themselves with the assistance of armed guards, brought from Germany.

The Slovenes on the northern outskirts were made subjects to the counts of Babenberg, under whose rule the Germanization was accomplished. In the valleys of Mura River a new duchy was created known as the Upper Mark, or later, Steier Mark. The Lower Mark was a province with the seat at Celje, under the leader

ship of a Slovene Count Volkun. The Carniolian Mark was the duchy South of Karavanke Mountains, under the leadership of Frankish counts. In the same manner the Slovenes of Gorica and Istria were subdivided among various counts and bishops. Thus becoming just a small province, Carantania remained under the leadership of the Dukes of Epenstein until 1122.

One could hardly imagine the social standing of the Slovene people of those days, and the historians do not attempt to picture it at all. The small lords, it is true, were all subjects to the Frankish Emperors; yet they had an absolute right to exploit the natives. The bishops and priests, as well as the numerous cloisters, had practically the same privileges as the lords.

Not much could be said of the cultural standing of the Slovenes in the ages from 1000 to 1200. The cultural development of the people was practically impos-



Ostrovnica, a castle of the medieval Carantania (Koroška), first mentioned in the history of the ninth century.

sible in a state of serfdom. Many castles have been built in those days of which the ruins can be seen even today. They also built many churches and monasteries, but not willingly, because of being serfs.

We can hardly speak of any Slovene literature of those ages. The only Slovene writings that remained from those times were found in the cloister of Freisingen. These writings are the oldest not only in Slovene, but also in any Slavic literature. Being only religious fragments, confessions, prayers, and inscriptions of Slovene pilgrims, the writings have no literary value, yet they are invaluable to the historians and serve as a pathway into the study of old Slovene and old Slavic tongue.

(To be continued.)

Betty Anne and the Garden She Plays in

Have you ever been in a garden,
A garden fresh and green,
A garden full of grass and flowers,
The loveliest ever seen?
Have you seen the trees there growing,
Stretching upward to the sky?
Have you seen the breezes blowing
The leaves on branches high?
Have you heard the wind go whisp'ring
Whoo, whoo as it goes by?
Shaking the leaves,
Down from the threes,
Down—down—down.

ALL around Betty Anne's house was a garden. The garden had green grass growing over the ground in places. The garden had trees growing in it, too, all sorts of trees, tall trees, short trees, little bushes and bunchy wide shrubs. And the garden had flowers growing in it, pink flowers, and white flowers, and yellow flowers, and red flowers. Can you find something just as pink as the pink flowers were? And something just as white as the white flowers were? And something just as yellow as the yellow flowers, and something else just as red as the red ones? And there were lavender flowers, too, and blue ones. Do you see something blue? And a lavender something, too? And something as green as the grass and the trees?

Betty Anne loved to play in her garden. She loved to run out on the grass after breakfast in the morning and play ball. She loved to go out after her rest time in the afternoon and pick a little bunch of flowers to give to Mother, but she loved best of all to go out late in the afternoon just before supper time. Now, why do you suppose she liked to go out before supper time best of all? Well, I'll tell you. It was because Karl, the gardener, always came to work in the garden just before the sun went down in the evening and it was so interesting for Betty Anne to watch him work.

First he would take out the shovel and turn over the earth where it needed to be turned over. Then he would take out the trowel and the trowel would go, "scrunch, scrunch, scrunch," in the ground and loosen up all the hard places. Then he would get out his rake and smooth the ground over with the rake. "Scritch, scritch, scritch," the rake would

say. Betty Anne loved to watch him shovel and dig and rake. Sometimes she would help the gardener, too.

After Karl had shoveled and dug and raked, what do you think he would do? Why, he would fasten a hose onto the water faucet and turn the water on. Through the hose it would come "swish, swish, swish," wetting the ground where the flowers and trees and bushes grew. "Swish, swish, swish," it would sound as it ran from the hose.

And then Karl would go to the tool shed and bring out the lawn mower to cut the grass. The lawn mower would run over the lawn, singing as it went

"Zzuzz, zzuzz, the lawn I shear,
Zzuzz, zzuzz, my song you hear."

And after the lawn was all cut Karl would turn on the sprinklers. The water would come spraying out from the sprinklers, wetting the short grass, "Sss, sss, sss."

"The water makes the grass grow," Karl would explain. "Yes, it makes the grass grow, and the flowers grow, and the trees and bushes grow."

Usually just as Karl was finished Betty Anne would hear Nurse calling from the house. "Betty Anne, Betty Anne," she would call. And Betty Anne would answer, "I'm coming Nurse; I'm coming right away." And in she would run from the garden.

Directions for Telling Story

In reading the verse, your child will enjoy stretching upward in imitation of the trees that stretch up. A swaying motion of the arms held high will dramatize the blowing branches, while the hands slowly sinking will symbolize the down-fluttering leaves, until at "down, down, down," the child with body bent touches the floor.

In asking the child to find the various colors, it is well to wait for a response, and if failing to get one, to go on yourself picking something out. For instance reading, "Can you find something just as pink as the pink flowers were?" and then waiting for a response, which if not forthcoming will lead you to continue, "I do. Your dress is pink."

SONG.

By Elizabeth Ball

Out of long silence
I sing myself free,
And find in song
Tranquillity.

For who would be sad
While he could sing
Of people, or petals,
Or anything?

Outdoor Games

Compiled by Glenn D. Adams.

TUG OF WAR

A tug of war over a stream of water is fun, in which the losing side is pulled into the water. There is every reason then to pull and win because, if you do not, your whole side will be pulled by your opponents into the water and you will be "all wet."

PICK-A-BACK WRESTLING

Pick-a-Back wrestling can be done on land, but it is more fun, at least for the spectators, when done in the water. Two strong boys each put a lighter boy on their shoulders and then wade out to where the water is up to their waists. At a signal from the referee, the two boys on top try to wrestle each other off from their seats and throw the other into the water. This is strenuous work especially for the fellows underneath, the horses, who hold up the wrestlers on their shoulders. Then one wrestler gets his opponent to put both shoulders in the water and he wins his bout.

MEDLEY RACE

A Medley Race in the water is always fun. You can make it just as complicated as you like. It can consist of swimming a certain distance by the crawl stroke, diving under a rowboat and coming up on the other side. Swimming another distance by the breast stroke. Crawling over another boat and swimming the rest of the distance on one's back to a raft. There you may require that every contestant put on some ordinary clothing in which to swim back.

TANDEM RACE

The person behind holds with his hands to the ankles of the person in front.

TWIN RACE

The two partners lock arms and swim with their outside arms.

EGG RACE

Each contestant carries an egg in a spoon in his mouth and must swim the entire distance without dropping the egg.

TUB RACE

Each contestant occupies an ordinary wooden wash tub and while seated in it, seeks to paddle the required distance and beat his opponents.

THREE LEGGED RACE

In the three legged race, two partners bind their inside legs together, put their arms around each other and then run together against opponents similarly handicapped.



Dear Readers:

By writing numerous contributions of poems you are making the contest more and more interesting. Moreover, your poems on the S. N. P. J. or our Magazine, which are all o-r-i-g-i-n-a-l, draw the attention of older folks, adult members of the S. N. P. J. In addition to the poems of this issue there are, in my drawer, several poems written by you and waiting for the publication in the next issue. If you want to take a chance in this lively contest, do not delay any longer, but write your poem immediately. Strive to win a valuable reward which awaits the contributors of the best poem.

The Editor.

*
THE BELOVED M. L.

The fine old poems and jokes,
Gladden hearts of old and young folks.
Not a day passes that there is not,
A glimpse of the beloved M. L.
You may hunt the world over,
Day after day and year after year,
But you will not find—
A better magazine, than the
Beloved M. L.

This is my opinion of M. L.
I know you will agree,
For even the bird in our cherry tree,
Sings the song "I agree."

Dorothy Rossa.

Dear Editor:

I am entering this contest, and start right to write from the first, giving a change once in English, then in Slovenian. I am sending a couple of lines of poetry to the M. L., which I think is very appropriate for this time.

The Mladinski List is our dear own friend,
On which we always do depend,
To bring us letters from far and near
So we can have good time reading them,
And after that sit down and write one
So you owe our Ml. List none.

Yours truly,

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

*
MLADINSKI LIST.

Of course, we like the Mladinski List,
We would not show our fist,
Because there are stories and jokes
With laugh of young folks.

When Ponce de Leon came to seek the fountain,
Right against the mountain,
They never read of the Mladinski List.
Or read the story of mist.

From all the magazines
It is the best
Because I like it best.

By Pauline Wozel, 14 years.

THE KNIGHT.

There came a Knight a riding
As fast as he could go,
Till he came to a hill a sliding,
And down he went without a show.

He came to a maiden tied to a tree,
And to a dragon snorting at her,
He stood on his horse to see
The dragon go near her, he put on his spur.

He unfastened the sword at his side,
And pulled it out to fight the dragon.
The dragon struck the horse he did ridin',
And the battle was raging on.

He struck with might and main,
And won the battle in the end,
Although it did rain,
Homeward he the maiden sent.

He looked at the dragon
And then at the horse,
And pity played in his heart but he went on,
On his road so stony and coarse.

Joe W. Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE BLIZZARD.

The snow, with its star-like powder-shot
Stuck to the window-panes;
And made little hill-like drifts on tops,
Which hid from view the lanes.

The shivering horses on the hill
Ran to their barns at home,
That surely was their own,
And sniffed at the oats upon the sill,

The children sat by the stove at play,
Daddy reading the news,
Mother sewing the dresses so gay;
"Kitty" busy in "mews."

The pine-trees are loaded down with pearls
Bending the boughs so low;
Under the shelter are the squirrels,
Safe from the falling snow.

Your sister,

Nellie Cvelbar.

Dear Editor:

I have read all the interesting letters which other members of the S. N. P. J. have sent in and I really enjoy reading them; so I decided to write, too. I am 12 years old and in the 6th

grade. I am also a Juvenile member of the local "Lincolmites" No. 567. I have one sister who is also a juvenile member of the "Lincolmites." We think it is a fine lodge and some day we hope to help in the many activities which the lodge members are now enjoying.

I wish the Mladinski list would come weekly instead of monthly, because I love to read the interesting stories, letters, and riddles.

William Brager Jr., Springfield, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Everybody else is writing letters to the Mladinski list, so I thought I would write too. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I like to go to school. I also belong to the S. N. P. J. and I think it is one of the best lodges in the world. I enjoy reading the Mladinski List and I like to read the stories, letters, and riddles. I wish the paper would come every day because I just love to read it.

Sincerely yours,

Fred Kramzar, Lodge 47.

Dear Editor:

My sister got hurt by a machine, driven by a man from Donora. She remained in hospital six days.

Dorothy Rupnik, Library, Pa.

John Opeka, 9 years; Oakdale, Pa.:

"My cousin made a pond and I helped him. We will swim in the hot sun which is hot this summer. I wish the Mladinski list would come every week, my brother likes the Mladinski list too."

Frances Martinčič, 14 years; Strabane, Pa.:

"I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge and so do my brothers. We all like to read the Mladinski list."

Her riddles:

1. What is the difference between a dairy maid and a swallow?

2. What is the first thing a farm woman sets in her garden each spring?

Dear Editor:

We have very cold weather out there, and all the cherries and strawberries froze.

I am interested in the Mladinski list and wish it would come more often than once a month.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Karolina Miklavich, Somerset, Pa., R. D. No. 5.

Dear Editor:

As I have written before, my letter was not published because I wrote it with pencil. Now I got over my laziness and shall write often. I like to read the stories in the M. L., and I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I am a member of the S. N. P. J., and in the 8 A grade. I wish more of the brothers and sisters would write to make a larger magazine. I can read and write a little in Slovenian and will write sometime.

Your brother,

John Jovanovich, P. O., Box 391, Keevatin, Minn.

*

Dear Editor:

I received the Mladinski List and was glad to get it because I thought the winners of the last contest would appear in the issue.

I would like to make a suggestion that is, putting a "Who's Who" page in our magazine, picture of the most popular juveniles of the S. N. P. J. Another suggestion is to try to make the girls and boys about fifteen to write.

This is all for now, I remain, a loyal member,

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

I am 13 years old and I have three brothers and one sister. My little sister and brother do not read the Mladinski List, but all the rest of the family read it. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. I wish the children of the S. N. P. J. would write to me.

My address is: Mary Cerne, Pittsburg, Kans., R. R. 2.

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Mildred Margaret Jerala, 12 years, R. F. D. 10, Box 191, Moon Run, Pa.:

"I am very interested in reading the M. L.

There are many members who would like someone to write to them. Some day I might write to some members.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J."

*

Dear Editor:

I received the Mladinski List last month with more joy than other times. I was very glad to find those Greek pictures and the article on Greece in it. They gave me a good deal of extra credit on my Ancient History folder. The article was very interesting, not dry at all as I thought it would be.

Next time I will try to write in Slovenian. I can read it quite fluently and write a little. Ask some of the girls to write to me.

Helen Grabner.

My address is: 1811 — 28th Street, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Anna Kosmatin, 13 years, Bonanza, Ark., R. 1, Box 153:

"I think the M. L. is getting more interesting every month. I wish all the young members would write to me."

*

Margaret Prasnikar, Clinton, Ind.:

"I have many friends writing in the M. L. We all belong to S. N. P. J. I received two letters, from Anna Kosmatin, Bonanza, Ark., and Stanley Kropivshek. We are going to take a trip to Europe on June 23."

*

Dear Editor:

I am twelve years old and I have one sister. My mother and father and I belong to the S. N. P. J.

The first thing I do when the Mladinski List comes, I read the stories and then the jokes or the riddles. I can read a little and write a little in Slovenian. I wish some girl would write to me.

My address is: Miss Fannie Hovevar, 543 Woodland Ave., Johnstown, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

I am 13 years old and graduated from public school. We are all members of S. N. P. J.

Here is a joke:

Small boy (on being told by cousin that she is engaged to be married). "Oh!" (long pause.) "And what did your husband say when he engaged you?"

Frances Zalaznik, Eighty Four, R. D. No. 1, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

Many of my friends write to the M. L., so I decided to write to you again. I have two sisters and two brothers and we are all members of the S. N. P. J. My father is President of our Lodge, No. 386 at Library.

We have "scabs" out here and I hope that none of our members will go scabbing. We have tried to get rid of them, but they don't seem to realize that they are doing wrong. Just as Mary Jane says: The Slovenian people out here hold the Union better than any other nationality.

Here are some riddles I've got for the members to answer:

1. What has four wheels and flies?
2. It's a horn but it does not make a sound.

Yours very truly,

Frances Strimlan, Library, Pa., Box 188.

*

Anna Gredence, 13 years, Delmont, Pa.:

"I am very much interested in the Mladinski List, and wish it would come more often than once a month."

Dear Editor:

We are members of the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 33. I have been promoted to the eighth grade for next semester. I would like some of my sisters to write to me.

My address is: 1100 Duss Ave., Ambridge, Pa.

Here is a joke:

Teacher: Freddy, give me a sentence with the word "analyze."

Freddy: My sister says she never goes out in the evening, but oh! how Anna lies!

Josephine Plevel, Ambridge, Pa.

Dear Young Members:

The conditions here are the same as Mary Dernovshek and Mary Jane Koritnick mentioned in their last letters; the Bethlehem Steel Corporation runs the mines around here. Since the miners around here would not go back, they brought miners from other places. We have a fight every once in a while. The guards, who are called "yellow dogs," chase us. I received a letter from Mary Skerbetz and would like other members to write to me.

Robert Skerbetz, Bentleyville, Pa., Box 678.

Dear Editor:

We have a girl whose house burned down and her sister and mother were burned to death. Her name is Catherine Nester. — Paulina Wozel, Coverdale, Pa., Box 157.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell on earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song.

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Mildred Percilla, Powhatan Point, Mo.

Amelia Stalca, 14 years, Aspen, Colorado, says:
"I have a brother and sister and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. and enjoy reading the M. L."

Mary Komatz, Vermillion, Illinois:

"I live on a farm and for pets I have a dog, Puppy, and a kitten, Frisky. To the country school I walk only about a mile and a half. I am eleven years old and I will be in the eighth grade next fall. My joke:

Owner of the horse stroking his neck: 'Hasn't he a fine coat?'

Buyer: 'Yes, but I don't like his pants.'

RIDDLE.

I went across a London bridge,
I found a pencil, I cut my vein;
I saw a dog I said Yah—What is it?

Joe Elersich Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hattie Tercek, Fly Creek, N. Y.:

"I go to rural school in the sixth grade. My mother and father are members of the S. N. P. J. We enjoy reading the M. L."

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.:

V is Violet, very blue—
I will put it in a vase for you.
Violets, violets, sweet, sweet violets!
As surely as Spring comes, the'll come, too.
First the white, than pale and blue.
—Pretty violets!

PRETTY POLLY.

Good Morning, Good Morning, I say.

Do you know, who I am?

Oh, yes! You are Polly the Parrot. Sing for us, Polly. Sing a pretty song . . .

Polly never sings, Polly talks, talks, talks.

Talk a little, tell us something . . .

I have nothing to tell—nothing to tell.

How very green you are, Polly. Your wings are green all over.—Have you seen Polly's head? It is red, red.—Pretty Polly were you ever at school. Can you read? Do you know anything?

I know something that I won't tell. No, I'll never, never tell. Parrots bite.

Oh Polly, how well you talk. Goodbye!

Goodbye! Come some other day."

ANSWER TO RIDDLES OF JUNE ISSUE.

1. Riddle-Me-Ree:

SLAVE.

2. Word Square:

R E A M
E M M A
A M U R
M A R S

3. Charade:

LESS-ON.

Honorable Mention:

Mary Cerne, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Mildred M. Jerala, Moon Run, Pa.

Frances Zalaznik, Eighty Four, Pa.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary Komatz, Vermillion, Ill.