MLADINSKI LIST

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JUVENILE

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

Očetova plača

ČE gledamo na očetovo plačico z otroško
fantazijo,
vidimo, kako odvsepovsod požrešno-lačne oči
nanjo prežijo.
Kako se zvija sto raznoterih pijavk
za kapljo očetovega znoja in krvi,
ki se slednji teden v malo očetovo plačico
presnovi.
— Mesar tehta svoje grde prste, da si
priznojen centek našega očeta prisvoji —
Vsa druga prodajalska bratovščina izmika
materi kapljo za kapljo tople krvi,
da se ob njej udobno redi.
Svečenik v cerkvi slika nebesa in s peklom
grozi —
če predrobna kapljica v nabiralni meh
zdrsi.
Javni koritarji razpisujejo davke
in lažnjive obljube delijo, samo
da iztisnjene kapljice trpljenja našega očeta
v svojo malho lovijo.
In če oče zastavka ter se mala kuvertica
za pikico zdebeli,
računa takoj vsa dežela, kako in kam se naj
nov dotoček uvrsti! —
Ali je potem čudno, če je oče zmirom enak
siromak?
Če se pijavke režijo in hohočejo v pest, češ,
le sesajmo, dokler se ne spameti
ta krotki bedak! —

Oglar in gospod

ZORKO GORJAN je ošaben, ker je njegov oče bogat. Včeraj se je na poti iz šole sporekel s Kmetičem, sinom nekega oglarja. Ko mu ni mogel ničesar odgovoriti, je zaklical na glas: "Tvoj oče je potepuh!"—Kmetič zardi do las, pa ne reče niti besedice. Solze mu zalijo oči.—Ko ga vpraša doma oče, zakaj je jokal, mu pove, kaj je rekel Gorjan.

Popoldne pride v šolo oglar, majhen, ves črn mož, da se pritoži učitelju. Ko mož še govori, pride tudi Gorjanov oče, visok gospod s črno brado in resnega vedenja. Spremil je sinčka v šolo. Ko sliši svoje ime, pristopi in vpraša, kaj se je zgodilo.

"Ta mož," odvrne učitelj, "se je prišel pritožit, ker je rekel vaš sin njegovemu sinčku: "Tvoj oče je potepuh!"

Gorjanov oče nagubanči čelo in lahno zardi. Obrne se k sinčku in vpraša: "Je li resnica, da si rekel tako?"

Sinček stoji s povešeno glavo in ne reče ničesar.

Oče ga prime za roko, ga potisne prav blizu tovariša Kmetiča in pravi: "Prosi ga oproščenja!"

Oglar hoče to zabraniti, rekoč: "Ne! Ne!"

Gospod ga ne posluša, temveč ponovi: "Prosi ga, da ti oprosti! Ponovi moje besede: Oprosti mi nepremišljeno, neplemenito in žalečo besedo, ki sem jo rekel o tvojem očetu! Moj oče si šteje v čast, da mu stisne roko."

Oglar se obrne, kakor bi hotel reči "Nočem!" a gospod se ne zmeni za to. Sinček pa govori počasi, tiho, s povešenimi očmi: "Oprosti mi nepremišljeno, neplemenito in žalečo besedo, ki sem jo rekel o tvojem očetu. Moj oče si šteje v čast, da mu stisne roko."

Nato poda gospod oglarju roko. Ta mu jo krepko stisne in hitro porine svojega sinka, naj poljubi malega Gorjana.

Edmondo de Amicis.

Basni

(Prosto po Ezopu)

LISICA IN KOZEL

LISICA je po nesreči padla v globok vodnjak, iz katerega ni mogla priti. Mimo je prišel kozel, ki jo je vprašal, kaj dela v vodnjaku. "Oh, ali še niste slišali?" je dejala lisica; "velika suša bo, zato sem skočila sem doli, da si zagotovim dovolj vode. Zakaj tudi vi ne storite tako?" Kozlu je nasvet dopadel, zato je skočil v vodnjak. Lisica pa takoj na njegov hrbet in po njegovih rogovih si je pomagala iz vodnjaka. "Zdaj pa srečno, prijatelj," mu je dejala, "zapomnite si, da ni dobro poslušati nasvet tistega, ki je v nesreči."

BUTARICA PALIC

STARI mož je ležal na smrtni postelji in pozval k sebi sinove, da jim poda poslednji nauk. Služabnikom je naročil prinesti butarico palic, katere je velel zlomiti. Prvo je poskušal najstarejši sin. Napenjal se je in mučil, toda butare ni mogel zlomiti. Tudi drugi sinovi so poskusili, toda nihče ni uspel. "Razvežite butaro!" je velel oče, "in vsak od vas naj vzame palico." Ko so tako storili, je naročil: "Sedaj jih zlomite." Palice so polomili z lahkoto. "Ali veste, kaj mislim s tem?" je vprašal.

"V slogi je moč."

—k—

Ena drobna ptička

Ko mi prileti na ramo in me pocuka nalahko za uhan ali se poigra s čipkami ob vratu, se včasih domislim, kako je bila prinešena v hišo baš v času, ko je začela polagoma pojemati velika prosperiteta. Nobene posebne važnosti ji nismo pripisovali, samo hranili smo jo in sempatja ogovorili ali dopustili letati prosto po sobi. Potem se je nekoč zapodila vanjo doraščajoča mucka in mlada grlica, namesto da bi trepetala strahu, je udarila po mucini glavi s perotjo, nato še s kljunčkom, in ker je dobila hitro še našo pomoč, se ji ni nič žalega pripetilo. Od tistega dne dalje je dobila veljavo, ki se je stopnjema večala in utrjevala. Postala je enakopravna članica v hiši in kot taka je uživala svoj delež hišnih privilegijev.

Mucka se je nekaj časa upirala novim odredbam, potem pa je sklenila s ptičko toplo prijateljstvo. Kadar je visela grličina gajbica pod trtno brajdo na vrtu, je šla mucka na stražo in nobena tuja muca ni smela prestopiti mej naše ozke lastnine, če pa je katera tvegala vkljub vsemu, je bil mrjavski ravs in kavs in milo kesanje na oni strani naše ograje.

V hiši je prišlo to čudno prijateljstvo šele do svoje prave veljave. Mucka se je včasih dolgočasila, pa je mahnila leno do na nizkem stolu stoječe gajbice. Nekaj časa je sedela nepremično, samo z repom je pomigavala, oči pa so pazno in najpozorneje sledile ptičkinim gibom. Čez čas je stegnila prednje šapice na rob stola in mehko zamijavkala, kakor bi vprašala:

"No, je tudi tebi dolgočasno?"

Grlica se je poklonila do tal in odvrnila melodično:

"Komu bi ne bilo pusto ob takemle dnevu!"

Tako se je pričela igra. Mucka je pomolila tačico v gajbico, grlica je s kljunčkom preštevala zgornjo stran oblazinjenih krempeljčkov. Nenadno je tačka izginila in grlica se je jezila:

"Gru-gru-gru, si že naveličana, muca lena?"

Nobenega odgovora, a čez trenutek, bela in črna tačica med mehko žico, muhavosti in zvedavosti polne oči ob robu stola, nato spet izmik in spet druga tačka pod drobnim kljunčkom. Včasih je trpelo četrt ure, često pa se mucki ni ljubilo, zato je enostavno skočila vrh gajbice in zasmrčala, grlica ji je nekaj časa grlila omamljive uspavanke, a ker ni bilo nobenega odziva, je zmršila svoje perjice in zadremala.

Tisti deževni in sneženi zimski popoldnevi so bili polni svojevrstnega, ljubkega miru. Ko se zdaj spomnim nanje, se mi zdi, da se je čas pomaknil daleč, daleč naprej odtedaj. Mucka je zaključila svojo življensko pot v kraju, kjer se je skotalila, sladka mala stvarca, iz mehko postlane papirne škatlje. Edin spomin, ki smo ga ohranili od nje, je slika njenega prijateljstva z grlico. Tam med hribi so gotovo raztreseni njeni potomci, saj je imela slednje leto kupček (ne prevelik, bila je moderna mamica) luštnih mehkodlačic in mnogotera je odrastla v vrlo mišo-lovko, dočim so moški člani rodu naše rajne mucke ponosno vagabundili po naselbinskih plotih in strehah.

Toda naj se vrnem k moji drobni ptički, ki je še zmirom z menoj in ki še sedaj hrani v sebi spomin na svojo nenavadno prijateljico mucko. Kako to vem? Enostavno. Ko je najbolj razigrana pokličem nalahko:

"Topsy, topsy!" ali pa, "muc, muc, muc!" In tedaj se zdrami v njej spomin na izmikajočo tačico, na igrajoče se Topsyne mucike, na zvesto stražo pod trtno brajdo. Nemirno stopica po gajbici, steza vratek, se posmeje, na kratko zagrli in prisluhne sem, prisluhne tja in čaka začudeno in pričakujoče, da se pojavi med žico mehka belo-črna tačica. Ko ni nič, se zmrši, kakor včasih ob pustih dneh in za trenutek zadremlje. Ko mine sen, je spet vesela in živahna.

Kot mucko tako si je zapomnila tudi mene, ko me pred leti ni dolgo, dolgo videla. Celo noč se je vozila na guncajočem se busu do velikega mesta in ko je dospela in smo jo postavili k oknu, je bila tako zbegana, da je stisnila svoje pepelnato telesce v gladko, ozko, kipu podobno figurico. Ni se pritaknila zrnja, ne drobtinic, ni se pustila dotakniti. Tedaj sem jo pričela ogovarjati in njena glavica je dobila izraz izredne radovednosti. Ni trajalo dolgo in spoznala me je. Strah pred tujo okolico, pred prej neznanim ji šumom in tujimi glasovi je hipno izginil. Pozabila je na vse in vse njeno drobno bitje je prevzela neizrečeno vesela zavest, da je zopet našla staro znanko. Skakala je s palčice na palčico, se priklanjala, krilila s peroti, vzklikala s kratkimi, radostnimi nasmehi:

"O, ti si tu, tu, tu! Nič več se ne bojim, nič več ni strahu!"

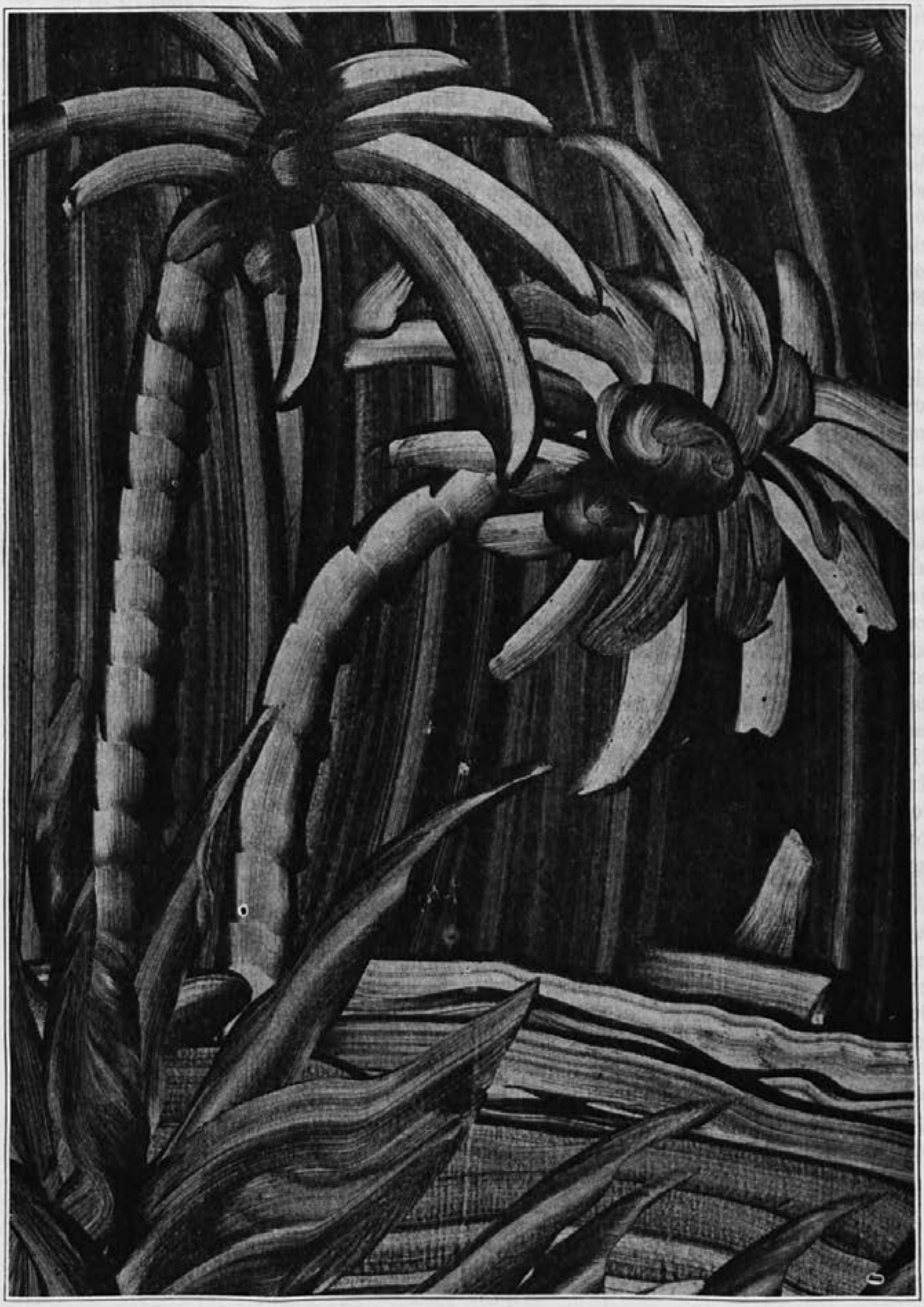
Od tistega trenotka dalje je zaživela novo življenje. Zdaj ni bilo več tam zunaj trtne brajde, niti verande pred kuhinjo in noben ptiček ni nikoli letel mimo oken. Ena sama starinska soba je bila dom, v katerem je čakala ptičica vsak dan, da zasliši ključ v vratih, da pozdravi prišedšega s pokloni in grlenjem, da ji prijateljska roka odpre vratca v ozko prostost štirih sten. Polagoma se je njeno drobno življenje spletlo v docela uglašujočo harmonijo z našim. Če se je vrnil kateri porazno in trpko razočaran, ker je zaman iskal okrog zaslužka, je zaslutila bolečino in je ždela na klinčku brez pesmi v nežnem grlu. Oči so dobile tožen izraz in vsakikrat, ko se je tegoba molče plazila mimo njene gajbice, je nagnila glavico v nemi prošnji in tolažeči vzpodbudi:

"Saj ni tako hudo, zakaj me ne pogledaš, zakaj tako molčiš? Pela bi ti rada in te razveselila, ali smem?"

Če se je nejevolja in skrb umaknila v toliko, da je misel našla časa za pepelnato stvarco v gajbici in je roka avtomatično odprla vratca, je mala tovarišica tako dolgo iskala dobrikanja in pozornosti, da se je prikazal na ustnih odrešilni nasmeh. Njeni manevri v tem pogledu so dobivali vedno nove, ljubke poteze in načine, zvito strategijo, ki je vedno delovala, pa naj je bila volja še bolj zagrenjena in z mučnostjo zastrta. Če ji polęt na ramo, glavo ali roko ni prinesel zaželjenega uspeha, je začela plesati in frfotati okrog pločevinaste posode, kjer je vedela iz izkušenj, da so shranjeni sladki prigrizki k čaju. Ako samo zletanje ni pomagalo, je pričela koračiti gor in dol med turobno osebnostjo in zakladom na pokrovu velikega kovčega. Nekaj časa molče, z nekoliko povešenimi peroti, končno pa je začela razgrajati in argumentirati, kakor bi dopovedovala:

"Kaj pa pomaga vsa ta pusta kislost, mar ni ta prostor že sam na sebi dovolj pust, čemu vlačite iz tistega šuma tam zunaj puščobo semkaj? Jaz hočem biti vesela, jaz bi rada sladkih drobtinic in potem bom grlela in zletala ter vam preganjala žalost."

So pa bili tudi dnevi, ko je sama potrebovala razvedrilne besede. Morda je nekje v drobceni, nemirni glavici zaživela želja po zelenem okolju, po mucki, po drobnih znancih, ki so se spreletali po našem vrtu. Karkoli, zajelo je vso njeno bitnost in v takih momentih se ni nikdar poslužila odprtih vratic. Čepela je na palčki vase zamišljena. Besede same niso zalegle, topla roka jo je morala objeti in pogladiti in na gorko glavico je bilo treba pritisniti poljubčkov. To je s časom skoro docela ozdravilo melanholijo, a navada sama se je učvrstila in tako berači še zdaj ob vsaki priliki za dobrikanje in poljubčke. Najraje se skrije v udobno toploto pod brado, odkoder potem nalahko in cartkano cuka karkoli more doseči s kljunčkom;



ELAINE TURPIN **PALME**

konec ušesa, rob ovratnika, svetal gumb na obleki, zaponko ali bele pikice na kravati.

Ko smo se izselili iz samih štirih sten v nekoliko prostornejši domek, je bila spočetka nejevoljna. Navadila se je sobe, gospodinje, ki je vršala iz sobe v sobo in pospravljala ter imela zmirom opravka z novimi ljudmi, z zaspanci, z nepridipravi, ki so se hoteli izmuzniti, ne da bi poravnali zaostalo stanarino. Poznala je dnevni red nas samih do pičice, vedela kdaj ima dobiti kopelj v široki skledi, kdaj je navadno priteklo okrog dekletce oskrbnika, da je vtikalo prstke v kletko in se radovalo, ker jih je čudna ptičica, ki ni bila ne golob ne kanarček, tako prijetno pikala s svojim pepelnatosivim kljunčkom. V novem prostoru ji je bilo vse tuje. Nič ni vedela kam naj zleti, pohištvo je bilo vse drugačno, celo skleda za kopanje ji ni ugajala, čeprav je bila prostornejša in pripravnejša od prejšnje. Zastavkala je in obsedela v kletki, kakor bi čakala, da se vrnemo v stare okolščine. Ko po več tednih ni bilo videti, da bo užugala, se ji je končno zahotelo kopeli in spreleta. Odslej se ji je v novem domu čezdalje bolj dopadlo. Imela je še več prostosti, solnce v jutro, lepe lončnice na oknih, okrog katerih je brskala po mili volji za koščki peska in zemlje.

Zopet nova okolica je imela vpliv na njene muhe. Tu je dobila par igrač, majčkenega psička in slončka in ogledalce na okenski polici. Koliko opravka si je dala s tem! Včasih je zaljubljeno grlela in se skrivala za igračici, včasih jih je okljuvala in prekucnila ter suvala sem ter tja. Za njeno neizčrpljivo energijo pa vse to ni bilo dovolj. Začela je posnemati naše kretnje in navade, slediti našim opravilom. Zanimala se je za kuhinjo, za naše pogovore, za vse kar smo delali. Če smo sedeli na zofi in listali po časopisih ali knjigah, je morala biti ona tudi enako zaposljena. Racala je po blazinah, pocukavala papir in se nemalokrat prekopicnila s kupa časopisov na preprogo. To jo je spravilo često v smeh, včasih v jezo, ki je najprijaznejša od vseh njenih lastnosti. Bogve kdaj je povzela, da smo včasih v pol šaljivi pol resni jezici vrgli papirje po tleh, češ, to je sama zmota in potrata časa! Tudi ona se je morala znesti nad papirjem, ki je bil pregladek za njene dolge krempeljce. Obdelavala ga je s perotjo in kljunom, glasno se jezeč obenem. Ker nam je špas ugajal, smo ji pomagali hladiti jezico tako, da smo ji poskrbeli drobnih koščkov papirja, katere je mogla poditi sem ter tja po sobi, dokler se ni domislila česa drugega.

Letos ji bo menda devet let, ali niti znaka starosti ni opaziti na njej. Z vsakim dnem je bolj navihana, vedno globlje se zadeluje njeno gospodstvo v našem gospodinjstvu. Če nas ura takoj ne spravi pokoncu, smatra za svojo dolžnost, da razgraja in šumi po svoji gajbici, dokler ne uveljavi svoje zahteve, da potegnemo pokrivalo s kletke. Ko opazujemo življenje ulice, mora biti poleg, na rami, odkoder je razgled najpovolnejši, če pa je v takem času v svoji gajbici, tedaj praska in klepeče tako vztrajno, da pokorno ustrežemo njeni volji. In zakaj bi ji ne? Koliko težkih ur je delila z nami . . . poznala je čas, ko ni bilo v žepu niti dovolj drobiža za njeno skromno zrnje . . . pa nas je vseeno zabavala, nas spravljala v smeh, ko nas je ledeno-srčni materializem sistema pehal k obupu. Taka drobna tička je kakor kamerad. — —

Anna P. Krasna:

Na svidenje!

DOROTHY je jemala slovo, ker je morala za kruhom. Nič nenavadnega, nič izrednega ni bilo v tem . . . delovni ljudje so zmirom hodili za kruhom . . . so zmirom jemali slovo . . . zmirom upali na povrnitev. Oče, ki je slonel ob plotu z ostalimi otroci in gledal za odhajajočo prvorojenko, je tudi šel tako . . . mati, ki je stopala ob nejni strani, je nekoč, kdovekdaj je bilo tisto, nastopila krušno pot . . . ne, iti za kruhom ni bilo nič posebnega. Oče je sam tako dejal—.

A kljub vsemu—Dorothy se je ozrla nazaj in je videla kako željno ji je sledi njegov pogled. Sama ni vedela zakaj se ji je zasmilil, in z roko mu je pomahala:

"Bye, bye, oče! Na svidenje!"

In oče je pokimal z glavo, kakor je bila njegova navada in ji je odmahnil v pozdrav. Kaj neki misli? Nenadno in ostro ji je seglo v misli to vprašanje in prvič v svojem mladem življenju je zaznala, da so ji morda najlepše in najpestrejše misli očetove tuja, tuja dežela. Ozrla se je po cvetočem bezgu, ki je rastel na obeh straneh vijugaste poti, v gostih grmičastih skupinah. Kako radostno-lepo je bilo v prejšnjih pomladih stopati po teh potih in stezah in trgati dišeče bezgove cvete . . . v trenutku si je zaželela, da bi ji ne bilo treba od doma, ali da bi vsaj vse ostalo kot je za njene obiske in spomine. Mati je rekla včasih, da je v hribih pusto, da so zime dolge, hribi divje poraščeni, steze in poti grapave, neurejene . . . da ni tod lepote kakor v njeni domovini. Dorothy ni tega nikoli prav razumela, nikoli si ni mogla predstavljati materine domovine v jasni sliki in nikoli ni mogla razumeti, kako bi moglo biti kaj bolj sladko-lepega kot ti nizki hribi ob času, ko cvete bezgovo grmovje čez in čez; in milijoni ivanščic po divji travi usločenih pobočij na zapadnih gričih ob veliki cesti, po kateri se bo zdajle odpeljala v veliko mesto. O, ona ne bo nikoli pozabila, kako prijetno je bilo zahajati v zeleno hosto, se sankati po hribu navzdol, čakati na očeta v mehki divji travi ob grampavi poti. Ni se zavedala, kakor mati, puste strani kraja in dolgosti zime . . . saj se je vendar vrstilo vse tako hitro in vsaka pomlad je bila enako lepa. Z roko je pobožala bezgove cvete, ki so ji silili v obraz z obeh strani ozke poti in je ponovila poltiho in prisrčno:

"Bye, bye, na svidenje!"

Pustila je za seboj mladost, v katero se je hotela vračati, kakor se je vračala materina in očetova misel nekam tja daleč čez morje, v njej neznani čas njune mladosti.

Katka Zupančič:

ČUDNA ROŽA

NA oknu je roža.
Če solnce poboža
je — tiho zajoče,
ker solnčeca noče . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

Oče sedi

VSA ta leta krize je pravil oče:
V teh časih ni, da bi bil človek preveč od muh—
saj vidim, ako se kdo samo malce pritoži—
in že je ob kruh!
Tako je kar naprej nosil oguljen suknjič
izza bogatejših dni,
mati pa je stiskala in štedila, kakor da se na svetu
nikoli več nič ne izpremeni.
A zdaj pa nenadno naš krotki očka uporno
na gospodovi lastnini obsedi
in zahteva:
Povišek in malo več pravic, gospoda, zakaj čas je,
da se tudi nam boljši čas nasmeji!

Manko G.:

Goštija

EJ, TO v gozdu je veselo,
bogat hrast se ženi z loga,
na gostijo vse povabil,
še medveda je z brloga.

V celih trumah so hodili
svatje na gostijo v šumo,
volk pregrozen miroljubno
hodil je med zajčjo trumo.

"Hm, nevesta, to je lepa!"
sraki rekla je lisica,
"saj še lepša je in mlajša,
kot je zlatih vil kraljica!"

Ko so zbrali se vsi gostje,
ženin je napil nevesti —
tiho so smehljale zvezde
se po zlati, svetli cesti.

Potlej se gostili, pili,
z roso so hladili lica —
daleč, daleč v mladi zarji
se smehljala je gorica.

Ivan Vuk:

Poslednja želja

Zgodbica iz bilih dni. Iz latinskih letopisov zapisano

BILI so v bile dni duhoviti ljudje. Križaljk, rebusov sicer niso reševali kakor v današnjem času, pač pa so reševali zagonetke, ki bi jih danes ne vem kako bili kos. Tako je na primer gordijski vozel, ki ga ni mogel nihče razvozljati, razvozljal Aleksander Macedonski. Presekal ga je in bil je razvozljan.

Ko so bizantinci bili vladarji v Carigradu, je rimski cesar nekoč poslal bizantinskemu cesarju svojega poslanika z važnimi sporočili. In pri tej priliki se je zgodila zgodbica, ki je pomembna za tiste in za današnje čase.

Poslanik je bil sprejet z velikimi častmi in so za njegov sprejem bile prirejene velike svečanosti, ki jih je razumel prirejati samo Bizanc. V cesarskem dvoru je bila svečana pojedina.

Takrat je bilo tudi še mnogo več vraž, kakor dandanes, posebno pa v Carigradu. V najvišjih krogih so posebno verjeli, če gost obrne pečeno ribo, ko mu jo polože na krožnik, na drugo stran, da je to znak ne samo nesreče, temveč tudi nečuvena žalitev gostitelja. In dvorski običaj je pod smrtno kaznijo prepovedoval, da bi se kak gost smel spozabiti in bi ribo s strani, ki je obrnjena na vrh, vzel in jo obrnil.

Poslanik rimskega cesarja, kot zapadnjak, kajpada ni vedel za to vražo in za ta prastari dvorski običaj. Ni vedel, da mora jemati meso z ribe s tiste strani, ki je zgoraj in kakor so jo prinesli na mizo. In ko so prinesli na mizo okusno pražene ribe, je eno vzel in—jo obrnil na drugo stran.

Dvorjani so takoj planili po koncu. Obrnili so se k cesarju in govorili:

"Veličanstvo! Nobenemu iz tvojih prednikov kar pomni zgodovina, ni bila povzročena takšna nezaslišana žalitev, kakor zdaj tebi. Ta tujec je poteptal dvorski običaj in umre naj."

Zelo neprijetno je bilo cesarju. Žal mu je bilo gosta, ali vedel je, da dvorjani ne bodo popustili in imajo prav. Obrazložil je torej gostu kaj ga čaka. In da ublaži grozo, ki je obdala gosta, je dodal, da mu hoče izpolniti poslednjo željo.

Poslanik se je zamislil. Nato pa rekel:

"Beseda velja. Izrekel si jo, o cesar. V tem prepričanju hočem izraziti svojo željo, da jo izpolniš."

"Samo za življenje ne smeš prositi," je rekel cesar. "Te želje bi ti ne mogel izpolniti, pač pa vsako drugo."

Poslanik je pogledal po dvorjanih, ki so nestrpno pričakovali izida in mirno je rekel:

"Znam, da moram umreti. Moja poslednja želja je, da tisti, ki je gledal na moja usta kako sem jedel in kaj sem jedel, tisti, ki je radovedno opazoval, kaj delam in je tako videl, da sem prevrnil ribo — naj bo oslepljen."

Cesar je bil razburjen. Kakšna nenavadna in čudna želja. Rekel je:

"Pri Bogu vsemogočnem, jaz nisem videl, ali verjel sem besedam dvorjanov."

Tudi carica je prisegla, da ni videla, da bi poslanik prevrnil ribo. In vsi dvorjani so hiteli in prisegali, da niso videli, da bi poslanik kršil dvorski občaj, da bi prevrnil ribo. Prisegali so pri svojih očeh, boječ se, da jih ne izgube, trdeč, da niso videli.

Cesar je rekel:

"Kako pa je potem prišla ta obdolžitev na moja ušesa, da sem ji veroval?"

In nikdo ni vedel odgovoriti.

"In ker torej nikdo ni videl te žalitve dvorskega običaja," je rekel cesar, "ne morem poslanika kaznovati. Denuncianta ni."

Tako je poslanik s svojo duha prisotnostjo ukrotil cesarja in dvorane ter se vrnil zdrav in vesel v Rim, pišejo starorimski letopisci.

IVAN VUK:

PLUG

PLUG, rezilo razborito,
vsepovsod, kjerkoli orješ,
raste, cvete čudovito.
Brazde orješ v ledino,
brazde tudi v ozimino,
tla kamnita razrahljuješ,
da nam seme tam vsejano
vzklije, klije plodovito . . .

Plug, ti meč si prepomembni,
neprestano se vojskuješ,
mrak in temo premaguješ,
zmage častne izvojuješ . . .
S plugom-uma svitlim mečem,
režeš noč, da žarek dnevni
se zasvita—duh pa temni
zgine in postane ničen.

Plug, poglej, kak brazda tvoja
vse razkošna je in plodna,
sprejemljiva, dobro rodna . . .
Blagoslov prihodnji žetvi
bo vzbujen iz truda, znoja,
po oranju, vestni setvi.

Gorinšek:

NAJLEPŠI DAR

DETE si nesrečno bo
glavo še razbilo,
jutri že je mamin god
— kaj bo za darilo?

Kar premore detece,
to je premalo,
česar pa ne zmore, kje
bo le to jemalo? —

Trudna je že glavica,
težke misli prede,
srce tolče kar na glas:
kam brž iz te zmede?

Materi pa blaženi
solnce v dušo sije:
dar najlepši — detetu
zanjo srček bije! . . .

Katka Zupančič:

VRABČEV ŽIVOTOPIS

Spomladi sem otec,
poleti kričač;
jeseni mogotec,
pozimi berač.

Gospa Snežnimetež

(Ukrajinska pravljica. Pripoveduje Ivan Vuk)

ŽIVELA je nekoč babica, ki je mnogim materam stala ob strani, ko so darovale življenje novemu človeku. Imela je hčerko, ki je bila že nekaj let poročena. Babica se je veselila svojih vnukov. Negovala jih je, ko je obiskala svojo hčer, da so ji vnuki, ko je odhajala, klicali, naj zopet kmalu pride.

Zdaj je hčerka sporočila svoji materi, da pričakuje zopet otroka.

Babica se je razveselila. Vendar jo je nekaj zaskrbelo. "Kaj," je pomislila, "če ne bo fantek? Hčerke ima že itak 4, sinka pa samo enega. Dovolj je hčerk, sin naj se rodi."

Naredila je čarobno pijačo, kakor to znajo dobre izkušene babice in se odpravila k svoji hčerki. "To pijačo bo hčerka popila in rodil se bo sinko," je rekla sama pri sebi ko je zavila culo v večji robec.

Babica je bila že zelo stara. Počasi je hodila, kajti noge niso bile več tako prožne, da bi lahko pospešila korak. Ali to je ni skrbelo. Zdaj je zima in hoja ji ne privablja znoja, ampak ji je celo prijetno toplo.

Nastal je večer. Začelo je snežiti. Tiho so božale snežinke zguban obraz babice in nagajivo plesale pred njenimi očmi, da se je nasmihala in govorila: "Kaj me dražite, snežinke, stara sem in ni mi za igre."

In šla je dalje, po snegu, ki je zakrival pot.

Snežilo je vedno močneje. Zapihal je tudi veter, kakor je to v Ukrajini, ko sneži, navada. Vedno razposajenejši je postajal veter. Podil je snežinke, jih metal, da je nastal pravi sneženi metež. Metež je zasipal vso cesto. Babica že ni več vedela, kje pod snegom leži cesta, po kateri mora iti. Vsa utrujena je sedla v sneg.

Ko je tako sedela in se zamislila, je slišala, da drči od nekod bistrokrila trojka. In res je zagledala, kako drče srebrne sani in na njih sedi prelepa gospa.

Trojka se je ustavila pred babico. Prelepa gospa se je nagnila iz sani in rekla:

"Nekako neveselo mi je danes. Ali bi ne hoteli biti moj gost nocoj, babica?"

Babica je rekla:

"Rada. Zakaj, vidite, sneg mi je zametel vso cesto in utrujena sem."

Sedla je k prelepi gospej. Srebrne sani so oddrčale dalje po snegu in se ustavile pri steklenem gradu prekrasne gospe. Nikdar ni videla babica tako lepega gradu in ni vedela kje se prav za prav nahaja, ker takega gradu, vsega iz kristalnega stekla, ni v ujezdu (okraju), v katerem živi ona. Pa tudi slišala ni, da bi bil tak grad v kakšnem drugem ujezdu obširne Ukrajine.

Ali babica si ni belila glave.

Prelepa gospa je pogostila babico z najlepšimi jedili, da je bila vsa okrepčana. Po gostiji so se oglasile gosli in cimbale. Lepa muzika je krajšala čas in babica je bila vsa srečna. Bilo je tako veselo, da je babica, ko jo je prelepa gospa povabila, da zaplešeta, poskočila, kakor bi bila mlado dekle. In zaplesali sta veselo in poskočno in prepevali lepe pesmi. Tako sta preplesali vso noč.

Zgodaj zjutraj, ko je zarja spremenila sneg na vejah dreves v žlahtne rubine in je vsa palača bila kakor začarani rubin, se je prelepa gospa zahvalila babici za družbo, za ples in vprašala:

"Povejte, kaj želite, da se zgodi? In zgodilo se bo."

Babica ni dolgo premišljevala. Rekla je:

"Vnuka."

Prelepa gospa se je nasmehnila in rekla:

"Želja naj se vam izpolni."

Ločili sta se. Sani, v katere so bili

vpreženi trije iskri konji — trojka, je zdrvela in odpeljala babico k njeni hčerki, ki pričakuje otroka. Ko je sedla na sani in so zdirjale, je solnce pogledalo iz obzorja. In videla je, da je tista steklena palača bila iz samega snega in ledu. Spoznala je, da je bila tisto noč gost gospe Snežnimetež.

Ves kraj je bil visoko zameten. To se zgodi vedno, če gospa Snežnimetež vso noč pleše . . .

Ko so babico pripeljali k hčerki — našli so jo mužiki vso zameteno pod snegom — je zvedela veselo novico. Narodil se je vnuk. Ko je pogledala vnuka, je videla, da se je narodil že s kozáškim čopom na glavi in z rdečimi škornji s srebrnimi ostrogami.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

GODBA IGRA

PRIŠLI smo v tisočih
in zdaj vsak v sebi svoj svet kroji —
kapelnikova roka pada nizko, nizko nizko —
in zdaj stoji.
Iz tisočih duš pretiha in čudovita poezija
valovi.

Oblak sive glave na odru vzbesni,
in roka preti —
peha v globine
Srce nas tisočih v podžganem uporu
kljubuje, se bori in lomi rohnečo moč
tmine.

ŠE O KONVENCIJI SNPJ

DRAGE deklice in dečki! Ko boste čitali te vrstice v Mladinskem Listu, bo enajsta redna konvencija SNPJ zaključena. Vršila se je v Clevelandu v avditoriju Slovenskega doma na St. Clair ave. Vseh zborovalcev je bilo 235. Pred seboj so imeli obilo dela, ki so ga skušali rešiti po svoji najboljši moči, da bo v korist članstvu in jednoti.

O zaključkih, ki so važni posebno za mladino, bomo poročali prihodnjič. SNPJ je bila vedno prva med prvimi pri smotrenem delu za mlajšo generacijo. Že pred 25 leti je pričela organizirati mladino v posebni mladinski oddelek. Bila je prva, ki je priznala pomen mladinskega udejstvovanja. Brez dvoma je tudi letošnja konvencija sprejela več dobrih sklepov v korist svoje mladine.

Na konvenciji je bila naša mladina dobro zastopana. Pa tudi na konvenčnih večernih programih je dobila svoje mesto. Mladinski pevski zbori so peli po radiu in tisoči so slišali zanimiv slovenski program v daljnih mestih, vasicah in na farmah.

Živela SNPJ! Živela naša mladina!

UREDNIK.

'Škrjančki' na banketu SNPJ

Dragi urednik! Gotovo si boste mislili: "Ta deklica pa vedno piše le o 'Škrjančkih'," ampak ne morem drugače, ker so mi tako pri srcu.

Na materinski dan, dne 9. maja, smo imeli prireditev v počast in spomin našim ljubljenim mamicam. Obdarili smo jih tudi s svežimi šopki cvetlic. Hvala vsem staršem in sotrudnikom, ki nam vselej radi pomagajo pri našem naprednem delu!

Konvencija SNPJ! Kako težko smo jo pričakovali, še bolj pa 22. maja, kajti tega dne se je oddajal radioprogram iz banketne dvorane. Peli so tudi naši mladi Amerikanci in njihovo pesem je slišalo na tisoče rojakov po vsej Ameriki. To je bilo tudi prvič, da se je kaj takega zgodilo. Nad 500 otrok je nastopilo na programu! Ko bo priobčeno to pisemce, bo konvencija že zaključena, nam vsem pa bo ostal lep spomin na ta dogodek. Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje M. L.! VIOLET VOGRIN,

19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

"Jack the Bum--Jaka Klatež"

Dragi urednik! Ko bo to moje pismo priobčeno v Mladinskem Listu, bo enajsta konvencija SNPJ že zaključena. Vsaj tako se mi zdi. Zborovati je pričela 17. maja in do 29. maja bo gotovo skončala svoje delo. Upam, da bo uspešno za članstvo in za Slovensko narodno podporno jednoto!

Sedaj pa nekaj o nekem psičku, o katerem sem Vam že parkrat pripovedoval njegove vrline in posebnosti. Ta pes, ki se je imenoval "Jack the Bum," je bil znan kot najboljši "železničar" ali liko znanost in preizkušnjo. Cortez ga "railroader" v Združenih državah. Sedaj pa je poginil, nekako pred tremi tedni, zadnje dni v aprilu. Podlegel je namreč ranam, ki mu jih je ponesreči zadal neki lovec. Kot bi vedel, je na svoji zadnji poti skočil na stopnico lokomotive, ker naprej ni več mogel. Sprevodnik lokomotive ali inženir mu je pomagal v kabino in ga položil na klop. Toda že ko je sprevodnik pognal lokomotivo, je "Jack" izdihnil . . .

Sprevodnik je na koncu železniškega križišča ustavil lokomotivo in psa izročil bližnjemu delavcu, ki je slučajno tam delal. Ta je psa odnesel na hribček ob železniški progi in ga tam pod majhnim drevescem pokopal, kar bo naše železničarje vedno spominjalo na zvestega prijatelja, ki so ga nazivali "Jack the Bum." Ob njegovem pogrebu mu je sirena lokomotive zažvižgala žalostinko, kakor bi bil kakšen uradnik . . .

Mnogokrat se čita o pasji zvestobi do ljudi. Psi imajo posebno lastnost, da ostanejo zvesti svojemu gospodarju. "Jack the Bum" je bil zvest spremljevalec železničarjev. To nalogo si je nadel sam. Njegovo ime se bi dalo prestaviti na slovensko takole: "Jaka Klatež" ali "Jaka Potepuh." Jack se je namreč priklatil k železničarjem in z njimi živel in dali so mu priimek "Bum" ali "Klatež."

Kakor sem že v prvem odstavku omenil, želim še enkrat, da bi SNPJ imela od letošnje konvencije obilo uspeha!

Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

FELIX VOGRIN,
2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

Konvencija SNPJ in šolski kontest

Dragi urednik! Hvala Vam, ker ste tako lepo uredili in priobčili moja zadnja dva dopisa! S tem dopisom sem se malo zapoznila, ker sem čakala na šolske novice. O teh v drugem odstavku.

Ko sem pisala to pisemce, dne 9. maja, so se delegatje pripravljali na pot v Cleveland na 11. konvencijo SNPJ. Začasa konvencije bi res marsikdo izmed nas bil rad v Clevelandu. Imeli bodo razne programe in zabave. Sešlo se bo mnogo ljudi z vseh krajev dežele. Toda, ko bodo te vrstice priobčene, bo vse to že minilo, konvencija bo že opravila svoje delo. Upam in želim, da bo to delo uspešno in v korist vsemu članstvu ter jednoti!

Zadnjič sem Vam omenila naš šolski natečaj ali kontest, ki smo ga imeli in katerega sem se tudi jaz udeležila. V petju nisem imela posebne sreče, dobila pa sem nagrado za mojo punčko, ki sem jo oblekla v slovensko narodno nošo. V tem kontestu sem odnesla PRVO nagrado. Kljub temu pa ni moj razred dobil srebrnega pokala ali "Silver cup," katerega pa je dobil razred 8-b, katerega učenci in učenke so zmagali v raznih drugih poskusih z večino.

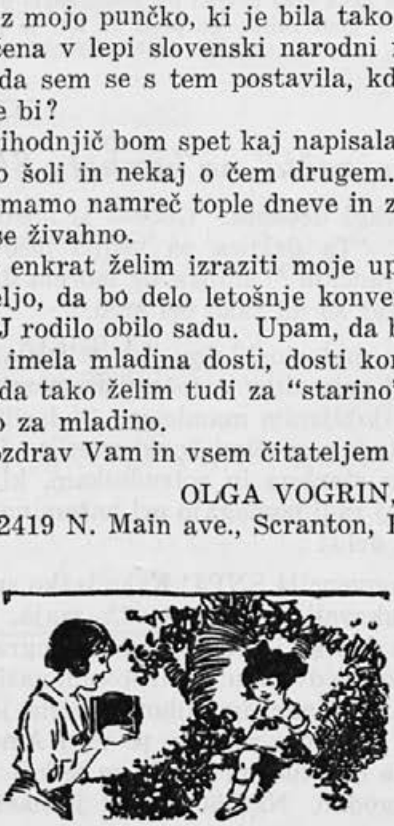
Well, nekdo mora zmagati in nekdo zgubiti. Vsi ne moremo ne zmagati ne zgubiti. Tako je vedno. Zmagala pa sem z mojo punčko, ki je bila tako lepo oblečena v lepi slovenski narodni noši! Seveda sem se s tem postavila, kdo pa se ne bi?

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala, nekaj o šoli in nekaj o čem drugem. Sedaj imamo namreč tople dneve in zunaj je vse živahno.

Še enkrat želim izraziti moje upanje in željo, da bo delo letošnje konvencije SNPJ rodilo obilo sadu. Upam, da bo od tega imela mladina dosti, dosti koristi! Seveda tako želim tudi za "starino", ne samo za mladino.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

OLGA VOGRIN,
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.



Šolske počitnice so tu!

Dragi urednik M. L.! Že spet se oglašam v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu, ki ga vselej težko pričakujemo v naši hiši, vsak mesec. Zadnje čase je bilo lepo število slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem Listu v "Kotičku". To je razveseljivo!

V Mladinskem Listu sem tudi videla moje ime v uredniškem članku. Urednik me namreč opominja, naj še kaj pišem po slovensko. Tako seveda tudi vabi druge. Slovensko zelo težko pišem, pomagata pa mi ata in mama, drugače bi šlo še slabše. Vsaka stvar je težka, pa naj se učimo karkoli. Posebno začetek je težak. Potem se pa privadimo in stvar gre naprej.

Kmalu bo konec šole. Potem pa šolske počitnice. Dolge počitnice! Teh se vsi veselimo. To bo veselja zunaj na prostem pri igranju in rajanju. In nič se nam ne bo treba brigati za šolo in šolske naloge!

Predno končam, naj vam povem tole domačo popevko, ki so jo, kakor mi je ata povedal, v starem kraju večkrat peli: "Vsak petek zjuter mi dela Nežka puter, v soboto ga proda in vse za žganje da. V nedeljo se je napojila, se v graben je zvrnila in vse žabe ven spodila. Oh, kakšna si ti presneta Nežka, vzame naj te sapa nebeška!"

Iskren pozdrav vsem skupaj!

ANGELA GROBIN,
Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

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Pomlad, cvetlice in—nesreča

Dragi urednik! Pomlad je prišla in iz zimskega spanja sem se prebudila tudi jaz. V gozdu je posejano s cveticami, mi pa rajamo zunaj po livadah.

Pri nas je sedaj zelo prijetno. Vse sadno drevje je v cvetju. Samo pri nas, na našem vrtu imamo 70 različnih sadnih dreves! Lahko si predstavljate, kako je lepo sedaj, ko so vsa odeta s cvetjem. Vse kaže, da bo letos sadje zelo lepo obrodilo, ako ne bo mraza ali kake druge vremenske nezgode.

Povedati Vam moram tudi o moji nesreči. Pred štirimi leti, ko smo šli mi otroci v gozd nabirat cvetlice brez dovoljenja staršev—je pač tako: kdor staršev ne uboga, ga tepe nadloga — da me je nekaj ugriznilo. Brž sem vrgla cvetlice na tla in nismo vedeli, kaj je bilo v njih. Ko smo prišli domov, je bila moja roka že zelo otečena. Mame sem se seveda bala, a vseeno sem ji povedala o moji nesreči. Mislili smo, da ne bo hudega. Mama je brž pripravila tople vode in nekaj vanjo dodala in kmalu mi je malo odleglo. Naslednje jutro je bila roka še bolj otečena. Velika, temna črta se je videla na oteklini. Brez vsakega odlašanja sva se z mamo odpravili k zdravniku. Ugotovil je, da je nevarno in da sva prišli baš v zadnjem momentu. Zdravnik je rekel, da je na pomlad najbolj nevarno v gozdu, ker je mnogo strupenih živalic in mrčesa. Rekel je, da je bil pik pajka. Torej mi je pajek prizadjal take bolečine. Ta pik je bil bolj nevaren kot je mama mislila. Zdravnik mi je dal zdravila. Kmalu se je začelo zbirati na roki in napravil se je velik mehur, iz katerega je tekel zelen gnoj. Potem je šlo polagoma na boljše in roka mi je ozdravela.

Prigibno Vam pošiljam par vijolic iz bližnjega gozda, modrih in belih. Teh je tukaj vsepolno. (Hvala za krasne vijolice, Annie!—Urednik.)

Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje mladinskega Lista!

ANNIE HOTKO,
Box 277, Oglesby, Ill.

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Lepa si, pomlad zelena!

Dragi urednik! Tudi sedaj se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti za priobčeni dopis, ker ste ga tako lepo uredili!

Sedaj se v Clevelandu pripravljajo na konvencijo SNPJ. Vse o tem govori in menda tudi vsi naši ljudje bodo šli v SND, kjer bo konvencija in razne prireditve.

Tukaj je kratka pomladna pesem: Lepa si pomlad zelena, ptice te pozdravljajo! Vsa si s cvetjem posejana, vse v naravi je lepo. Ve rožice, kako ste srečne! Kjerkoli vaše cvetje je, povsod razveselite lice, povsod osrečite srce. Pri slovesih ste tu prve, naj bo miza ali svat. Bolniku ste ljubke znanke, starcu v razvedrilo, mlademu človeku pa v veselje. Ve tolažilke ste sirot in bednih — vsem enako služite.

Mnogo pozdravov vam in čitateljem!

JOSEPH ROTT, Cleveland, O.

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Pesem o cigančku

Dragi urednik! Seveda se moram spet oglasiti v Mladinskem Listu, saj pa ga tako rad čitam in vsega pregledam. Slovenščina pa mi gre slabo. Še mnogo se bom moral učiti, predno bom kaj več znal. Ampak šlo bo — počasi. Saj veste, da počasi se daleč pride, ali ne? Moja mama me je naučila tole pesmico o cigančku:

Prišel je ciganček,
poreden kakor vranček,
majčken kakor škrat,
gibčen kakor — gad.

To pa le znal je:
gosli rad igral je
tako milo in lepo
kakor le malokdo.

Ljudje so spoznali,
da je nadarjen mali,
stekli so domov
prinesli mu darov.

Vesel je bil ciganček,
poreden kakor vranček,
majčken kakor škrat,
postal bo še bogat.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in čitateljem!

LOUIS E. PERKOVICH,
304 E. Oak st., Chisholm, Minn.

* *

T. M.:

Mladini

MLADINA na plan,
poraja se dan
nad zemljo, ki v noč obupuje!
Zastavo razvij,
za njo naj hiti,
kdor lepšo bodočnost si kuje!

Veselo zapoj,
da vsi za teboj
se v goste strnejo vrste!
Naj mlada kri,
pogum kipi,
naj speši korake ti čvrste!

Trpeči tvoj rod
ne zna kam, ne kod,
ti kaži mu pot odrešitve!
Neustrašno naprej,
hotenje brez mej
naj vodi do osvoboditve!

JUVENILE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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Then What Is Heaven For?

By MARY JUGG

SAMMY'S mother scolded,
"You naughty boy. Look at your face.
No, not your face. For jam is all I see.
You'll never, never go to Heaven.
And three years old you are.
Why, look at 'Spots.' He never, never
Touches food, unless I throw it to him.
And 'Spots' is just a dog at that."
"Will—Spots—go—Heaven—too?" asked Sammy,
While his mother cleared his face and led him out,
And "Spots" ran bounding after.

And Sammy ran to the big, back yard
Where was the only Heaven that he knew,
And romped about and played with "Spots."
And nearby was an angry fire
That spurted, hissed, and crackled.
So Sammy took a stick and teased the fire,
And "Spots" ran round and round and barked.
Young Sammy grabbed a twig and pulled —
And as he pulled—the twig gave way,
And he lunged forward—and into the fire.

Now "Spots" had read no hero books
Nor studied rescue work.
For he "was just a dog" and three years old.
He rushed into the fire, planted firm his teeth,
And dragged the three-year-old Sammy out.

By now the screams had grown and reached the house
And Sammy's mother rushed to see.
The little hands and bare feet had been burned
And Sammy stretched them out and still he screamed.
Amid his tears he pointed to the dog,
"Spots"—"Spots"—"Spots"—bit—me—here—"
And "Spots" but wagged his tail,
For he was only three years old.
And Sammy's mother said that doggies never go to Heaven . . .

A Curious Animal

A FEW weeks ago a neighbor heard a disturbance among his chickens, in the night, and went out with a gun and shot the small animal that he saw running away. It turned out to be a mother opossum, with eight young ones, five of which were alive. Nobody knew before that neighborhood, the reason for this ignorance being, no doubt, that the animal rests by day and feeds or hunts in the dark. Some interesting facts regarding the opossum are stated by D. Lange:

In the life of the oppossum thirteen is a lucky number, because the young opossum spends its infancy in a baby incubator which is equipped for thirteen tiny guests, although the number actually in the incubator is probably always less than thirteen.

The opossum is in structure a unique mammal of North America. It has, however, several relatives in South America, and our only species must have come north long before the advent of man on the continent.

It belongs to the strange, ancient order of pouch bearing mammals, now found in large numbers only on the continent of Australia and some adjacent islands.

An adult opposum weighs about twelve pounds, but the young at birth are at once transferred to the pouch of the mother, where they attach themselves to the teats, and for about five weeks they are fed by the milk of the mother without leaving their safe and warm incubator.

After that time they begin to explore the outside world; but they do it on the back of the mother clinging to her fur and with their tails coiled around their mother's tail, the mother presenting now a most curious aspect of a walking nursery.

How the opossum has survived to the present day and how it manages to keep its hold of life is one of the mysteries of nature.

Deer, elk, wolf, bear and raccoon, wildcat, lynx and panther have had their range much restricted; but the dull witted, slow and almost defenseless opossum is still found over much of its ancient range, which extends from New York to Texas and from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi and beyond.

It is, however small enough to find shelter under stones and woodpiles, under roots and in hollow trees, and it eats everything that is edible. Bulbs and roots, eggs and young birds, and all kinds of fruit. Its fondness of the wild persimmons is proverbial. It has no aversion to fresh chicken, and it is a prolific breeder.

These points of strength on the score card of life must overbalance its weak points or the animal could not survive.

No other American animal has given rise to a proverb which every child understands. But of what benefit this strange trait of rolling itself up into a ball and playing dead can be to a creature like the opossum it is difficult to see.

Many insects when disturbed drop to the ground, and by playing dead they become invisible, but the oppossum is too large to reap a like benefit. Dogs, boys and men are not deceived, nor is it likely that wolves, foxes and bears were ever fooled in this way. If the creature would only use its ability to run he very often could escape, but that is not his way. When overtaken and touched he rolls up, opens his mouth wide and allows himself to be killed.

Perhaps under conditions that have now passed away this strange habit was of benefit to the race, and it persists as a fixed instinct although it is now fatal.

Nicky of Steel

By Louis Jartz

NICKY lived in a squalid tenement. Ever since he could remember that was his home. He and his ragged friends made the best of that life. Sometimes he imagined another life, wherein he was surrounded with trees, grass and sunshine; it was difficult to disassociate his friends from his day-dreams—he liked them. In fact, he liked everything except the squalor.

Nicky lived better than most of his friends. His best friends, Jimmy and Annie, were the most stupid children at school. They often missed their classes because of lack of shoes, illness and sometimes out of mere indifference. Their father labored in a steel mill and constantly bemoaned his hard life. On pay-days he spent his money at the corner saloon and returned home dreadfully drunk, to vent his rage on his poor wife and children. At such times Jimmy and Annie would try to defend their mother, but their father pushed them aside. Little Jimmy and Annie often sat on their door steps, tears of shame welling in their eyes and choking with unhappiness because of the scene taking place in their miserable abode.

Nicky liked to play with Annie and Jimmy; he knew of other children whose lives were more serene. But he preferred and adopted these ragged kids of the neighborhood. Jimmy and Annie were treated on equal terms, thanks to Nicky's efforts.

Nicky and his father lived alone in a three-room flat. His mother died when he was but an infant. All through the years his dad had mothered him, giving much of his time to his son, of whom he was very proud. His father worked in the steel mill, but was different from Jimmy's father. Sometimes, though, his dad would come home late on pay-day, grinning shamefacedly and affectionately calling Nicky, "My dear boy—My son", at the same time patting him on the head. "What would you like to have to make you happy?" The bicycle he was proud of was gotten in one of those moods. But Nicky learned not to demand too much of his Dad on these occasions, sensing that it entailed a considerable sacrifice of money which might otherwise be put aside for a rainy day or, perhaps to send himself to college some day to become an engineer. Secretly, Nicky wondered why his Dad couldn't always be more cheerful, why he went about with such a sad and stolid mien, as though he were weighed down by some tragic burden. Memories of the few times his dad did go on a spree Nicky cherished; Dad seemed so jovial at such times. Now why coudn't Jimmy's father be like his Dad?

Nicky's father read a lot of books and taught him to appreciate poetry and literature. He also taught him of the many mysteries of life which other children learn through diverse, unwholesome ways. He was taught not to curse or harbor foul thoughts; and if, at any time anything puzzled him he appealed to his Dad for clarification. He never went to church. Dad always made fun of priests and since Dad, who was so well educated in many things, didn't bother about his social afterlife, neither did Nicky. It was at times unbearable, when the kids taunted him with being a "bolshevik, just like his old man." It was even hinted that Nicky was named after Nickolai Lenin.

Annie and Jimmy always stood by Nicky. They adored him. Often rather than go home, they would go to Nicky's flat and would be served from the larder his Dad provided. "Now, what'll you have, Jimmy?" "Oh, a coupla eggs—".

"O. K., comin' up." They would feast until it appeared that their little stomachs would burst, while Nicky urged them to eat, assuming a paternal air over his charges. His father wondered what became of so much food, and on questioning Nicky, was replied with "Oh, I had company." Dad would then pat his head in his old familiar way and say "O. K."

It was winter and Jimmy's Dad was drinking hard, because work at the mills had slackened and to drown his wife's nagging. Their homes was cold —Jimmy and Annie suffered, and then their mother became ill. Of all the people, it was Nicky who felt obligated to help them. He suggested that they, Jimmy, Annie and himself, get coal off the box-cars lying on the tracks in old man Hutton's coal yeard. On the eventful morning they started out with big sacks slung over their shoulders. Nicky climbed on top of a car, cleared the snow from the huge lumps of coal and rolled them over. As he was engaged in this altruistic work, Jimmy cried out, "Someone's comin'—beat it!"

It was too late for them to make their escape. Their names were turned in at the office and consequently were placed in the juvenile court. Nicky fretted. He dared not tell his father. What would he think of him—he who had been so good to him. Every morning when the postmaster made his rounds, Nicky rushed out to see whether the court order had arrived. One morning he was handed an ominous looking letter, addressed to his father. On opening it his apprehensions were fulfilled, and he sank upon the steps in dismay, the Summons crushed in his hand. In his anxiety he did not notice the approach of his Dad, who, seeing his agitation, asked what was wrong. Nicky knew there was no other way out. Crestfallen, his eyes blurred with tears, he confessed the whole affair.

After pondering a moment his Father suggested that they go to see Hutton. Father and son trudged through snow. Father two paces ahead of his son whose shame was expressed by his lagging behind. It was hard to get to see Mr. Hutton as he was a somebody in the little city; but Nicky's Dad assuming an important air was finally admitted. Dad looked angrily at Hutton, "Why did you arrest my boy for picking a few lousy lumps of coal?" Hutton, struck by the obstrusive question defiantly demanded, "Who let you in?" Dad retaliated. "I want to know why you arrested these children." "You'll find it on the subpoena", vociferated Hutton. "And, besides, it's about time your kid got sawed down to his size. He's incorrigible. He was the reason I took Robin junior out of school and put him in a better atmosphere— in a private school."

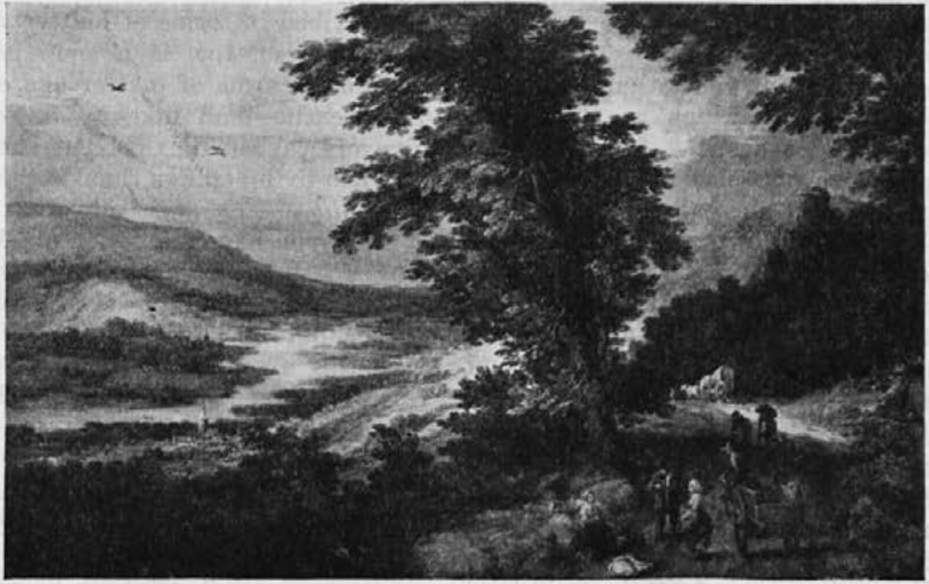
Dad looked at his son, "Now what's this, Nick?" Nicky confessed that he knew Robin, that Robin called him names saying that he was dirty bolshevik, a guinea and stuff like that. He told him to quit calling him names, but Robin with some others taunted him all the more. One day after school, Robin turned upon Nicky and punched him; he felt hurt. The boys gathered about. A fight! One of the boys, who always made it his business to promote fights, kept putting sticks on Nicky's shoulder and Robin would flip them off. It was his turn; he hesitated, not liking to fight. Robin was ready with menacing fists while the challenging stick lay balanced on his shoulder. Nicky flipped it off and a bitter fight ensued. Nicky made Robin call quits and ever since that day Robin did not come to school.

Father listened intently while old man Hutton looked questioningly on. Dad turned about and without further ado addressed his son, "Let's go." They walked along silently—father lost in thought, and son wondering what was to follow. Suddenly Dad came to a halt, on the corner of Main street, his attention arrested by a billboard advertisement of an indoor circus.

Surprised, Nicky noticed that there was a happy gleam in his Dad's eyes, a mist crept over his own. Dad meditated, "Nicky, I'm not going to sleep now, and I'm not going to work—I'm going to see the circus," and then with affected doubtfullness, "I wonder if you care to go with me?"

"Dad—oh—you're great!"

Nicky tried to embrace him. Dad patted him on the head, then "Oh, come on. None of that—don't be babyish. Here comes the car. Let's run for it—"



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

G. INNESS **LANDSCAPE**

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:

I imagine there is nothing quite so interesting to almost everyone as trying to discover where life begins. They tell us that this, too, is the problem that science and scientists are most busy to solve.—And they will solve it, too!

And to top it off: No one among biologists really knows what death is. That seems queer on first thought, doesn't it?

And also: you may have studied (or will—I'm warning you!) that little poem by Tennyson, in which he picks up a flower. He looks at it from all sides and then to the place from which he plucked it and he realizes that as long as it was on its own branch and root it lived. But now since it's in his hands it will die. Then he says, in this poem, that if he could know what the flower is he would know all about what life is.

But this poet lived in the latter part of the 19th century, you remember, and since that time science has progressed by leaps and bounds.—The flower is already a very highly-specialized thing, made up of countless organized cells. And so to know what life is, we'll have to go much, much deeper—and find out what a cell is.

But hold on! We'll have to go much, much deeper than that—because scientists have already discovered that the cell, too, is also an organized form. It is made up of parts and each part has its own work to do. Now stretch your imagination to take all that in—if you can. But I know that you can!

Here is something that may seem startling to you. You look around you and you say, "Fluffy, my dog, is a **living** being, but my red coaster wagon is not. My pony that I got for my birthday is a **living** creature, but my saxophone is not." Now prepare for what will seem startling: The biologists now know that there is no **single** thing they can say about **living** matter that cannot also be applied to **non-living** matter! How?

Well, a living cell can reproduce itself, but so can a crystal of salt—which we would say is not living. A tadpole can grow a new tail if it is injured, but so, too, can an **atom** repair itself. (Remember our discussion about atoms?) Life is described in terms of **matter** and **energy**, but so, too, is a snowflake described in terms of matter and energy. We breathe—and take in oxygen and give off carbon dioxide, but there are also non-living things that do this same thing.

Since you have kept with me for this long, I will call to your attention some other facts that might get us even more to the bottom of things than simply accepting a cell as the first and lowest form. Please keep in mind the two words: matter and energy (as stated above) while you read this.

The smallest known molecule—hydrogen—weighs a three-million-million-million-millionth of a gram. It travels a mile a second. So, if it can be weighed, it is **matter.**

Electricity is **matter.** Pupin and R. A. Millikan say this.

Light can be weighed. It presses on a surface, and this can be detected and measured! Is not this, then, matter? Jeans says this.

Radioactivity is matter. Jeans says this, also.

This could go on and on. Do you understand, then, that so far—everything—living and non-living and even such things as light and electricity have **all** been described as **matter.**

Now, then, let's look at another interesting angle of this same thing. You look at a plant and you watch it grow.

What makes it grow? Well, the air and the soil. It gets **matter** from the air and the soil to make it grow. Now with the sunlight (energy) it changes this matter that it gets into a different kind of matter. What happens to the sunlight? Was it wasted? Well, animals come along, eat the plant, and within their body the energy is set free—the energy the plant got from the sun. What happens to the waste? It is given off as carbon dioxide and water—food for plants again. And so it goes round and round. Always, always, it is **matter** in a different form.

If all this is true, then certainly nothing **can be** destroyed; nothing **can be** lost! "What is here has always been here, or gathered from the dust of the universe." Energy from the sun has changed matter, produced different forms, but that is all. You will remember again that on this earth there are only 92 elements (so far known) and everything upon it must be made from a combination of these. The only difference is how they are combined and how many parts of one or the other there are in it.

So you can see, once again, how simple it is to believe that there can be any "spirit" or "soul" or any of the other mysterious things usually spoken of—without **matter.** Just as we saw before, the mind depends upon the brain. That is **matter.** When the brain dies, the mind dies. Consciousness, reasoning, judgment—everything depends on matter as organized in that particular organism. How simple, then, to believe that there is such a thing as **soul,** which must be "saved." How? Where will it go? And if it could go anywhere, would it always be a "soul" or would it have to build up another **body** for itself? Such questions get us nowhere.

Body, mind, brain—all that "dies," as we call it, is simply transformed into another combination of matter and energy. Think along these lines and you won't be puzzled and led into believing the imaginary!

After you have tried to understand all this, isn't it clear that all the time and work and hope you put into working for what is supposed to be your "soul" is simply time lost? What you should do if you really want your brain and mind to live longer is to know your own body and how to take care of it so that it may live. For only as long as your body lives (as you think of living) will your mind also live; if that "dies," it is all over—as far as you're concerned. Of course, the matter, the energy that was housed in your body won't be lost —as you have seen above. It will be transformed. But as far as you're concerned, it won't be doing you any good.

So live on this earth to learn how to make life happy for you and others HERE. There is no other place. If you waste this life of yours here and now, then you as you now know yourself will never again be able to make up for it. After all, why should there be promise of another and happier life? What have the majority of the people done to deserve it? Why should they deserve it any more than any kind, faithful animal that has worked all its life for people?

If you are only trying to live a "good" life in the hopes that you will be rewarded where someone else won't, you are simply shirking your duty and making it so much more difficult for someone else. You will be living a "good" life only when your life will be worth something to others, when you have accomplished something to make **all** life on this earth happier!

* * *

Three Dreams

(Translated from the Slovene magazine, "Svoboda")

MIRKO slept. The uncomfortable closeness of the room bore down upon him. Only the sounds of the ticking clock and the quiet breathing of people asleep filled the room. But Mirko heard other voices . . .

It was twilight. Two white horses, driven by Mirko, were drawing the carriage in which he rode. All of the harness glittered, and jingled merrily with the many little bells upon it. He rode on a smooth, white road, past uplands in bloom towards a mysterious country. The nearer he came to his destination the sweeter became the perfume in the air. Mirko inhaled it deeply and his whole being was revived with new strength and joy. He spurred on his two white steeds so that he might reach yet more quickly the land of his desire. The path led upward to the top of a hill. When he reached the top, he paused for a moment to behold the glorious view of the surrounding territory and the valley before him. Then down the hill the carriage sped and Mirko found himself in the valley.

The horses raced as if spurred by the wind; Mirko was alive with happiness and enthusiasm. He came upon beautiful gardens with magnificent palaces of white marble. From one issued forth the sound of singing; from another, dreamy music; from the third, again joyous talk and laughter. All of these voices blended with the music of the crystalline bells were carried by the wind and sounded as though they came from no one knew where . . .

The wind was playing a game with the clouds, blending them into the most beautiful hues. Soon it began to rain. The rain fell in golden drops, which glittered in the evening sun and coated Mirko, the horses, the carriage, the road, and the rooftops with gleaming gold, so much that he blinked under the dazzling brightness of the gold covering.

Mirko rode on and on through this mysterious country. The sun sank, and golden brightness disappeared. But the moon came out, and over Mirko, the horses, the road, the palaces, and the flowers there was spread a silvery mantle that shone just as brightly as the gold had before. The horses' hoofs resounded upon the road like hammers upon a hard metal. Onward rushed the two white steeds without pause.

Night was over in a flash of a second and dawn reddened the eastern skies. Mirko was already full of wondrous anticipation as to what beautiful colors would blend together as the colors of the dawn appeared when—All of a sudden a storm arose, with thunder and lightning, with muffled voices that cursed him—and Mirko was awakened from his sleep by the voices of the people already stirring about in the room, where they slept.

Mirko rubbed his eyes, sorrowfully looked about the barren room and through the window at the grawish skies. "How beautiful were the things of which I dreamed and how ugly are the real things about me!" thought Mirko to himself.

*

One evening Mirko worked unusually long at his arithmetic problems. The problems grew more and more difficult. Before long, his head droped between his two arms onto the table, and he was again overcome by sleep.

He dream that he was given to solve an unbelievably hard problem. The teacher had told him that he must count all the stars in the firmament, and Mirko set off into the firmament to count them. He counted and counted, but it seemed like all eternity. He became tired, for the long journey through the firmament was hard on his feet so that could scarcely carry him any longer. His head was aching with a terrific headache which had come on because of the difficult problem. He summoned forth all his forces, mental and physical, but at last he gave up, and found himself on the ground of one of the stars completely exhausted. He could go no further.

He awoke and saw before him the arithmetic problem which he had not solved. He looked at it lovingly and said, "How hard it is to find out the truth. I probably never will uncover all of the truths. But I will work with all my might so that I will come as close to it as I can just as I did in my dreams. With every hundred counted stars I advanced a step." And he set to work out his arithmetic problem anew.

*

Mirko has fallen asleep. In his sleep he laughs. With his books under his arms he hurries to school. But there is a holiday spirit in the air. Processions of people join hands and their joyous faces are lifted upward in harmonious song. They are shouting not that sorrow and suffering have ended, for the Queen of Love reigns over all. There is one among them who is downcast, and Mirko is depressed only because he cannot be as happy as the rest. He is afraid that he will be tardy, and he fears the scolding and the punishment he will get from his schoolmaster. His heart beats fast as he walks up the steps to the school. At the door of his classroom, he pauses, awestruck. The entire room is bedecked with flowers and green leaves. And when his scowling professor looks at him, he speaks in a soft, kind voice, "Good day, dear Mirko. We've been worrying that you might not come." Then he arises, and his expression, always stern and harsh, has changed into a broad and cheerful smile. He says, "Now that we're all together, let's go out to play and enjoy ourselves. The beautiful lawns are awaiting us."

He plunges down the steps first, taking three steps at a time. The group of children follows him. Out on the streets crowds are singing. The schoolmaster joins with the chorus. In fact, his voice is not too pleasing, but he sings with such feeling that it sounds agreeable. His scanty red beard and the glasses on his nose tremble when he strives to strike a high pitch. He is really comical—and happy. The singing groups come onto the lawns, and there is happiness without limit. They play games—blindman's bluff and leapfrog—and scatter blossoms through the air. Someone takes the schoolmaster's spectacles and is trying them on. The biggest bully in school is as meek as a lamb. "Crosseyes", who always caused Mirko worry, now hoists him onto his shoulders and is carrying him about, while Mirko holds his ears as he would the reins of a horse and tells him all his shortcomings. Everyone join hands in a circle and sings to the Queen of Love who is reigning over all . . .

Mirko awakens. All through the morning he cannot help thinking. "Maybe people are not as cold and indifferent as I think," and he hurries off to school. But his joy vanishes quickly; the diffence between his dream and real life is too great. People are walking along the street looking serious and downcast. Everyone goes in his own direction. Grouchily they pass up one another; everyone seems to get in the other's way. And in school!

The schoolmaster looks from one of the students to the other and scolds them with a voice so harsh that the windowpanes seem to shake. The lines on his face are drawn tightly. His eyes glare through the glasses. "Grosseyes", too, has the same menacing look in his eyes. He sits behind Mirko, and during class period he pulls his ears and sticks him with a pin. Mirko sits and smiles. He is one bit wiser. He knows that all of the unfortunate people would indeed be happy if the Queen of Love ruled in their hearts. But he knows, too, that the period of her reign is far off, perhaps as far as the farthest star in the firmament!

*

But Mirko knows more than this! He knows why he is living! He lives to hope! He hopes and will continue to wish for three wondrous things all through his life: Beauty, Truth, and Goodness. He knows, too, that the real world will never be able to offer him as much of Beauty as he is wishing for; he knows that all through life he will discover Truths, but that he will never find all of them just as he couldn't travel all through the whole firmament; he knows that he will always be searching for Love, but that more often than not he will be met by Hatred.

To Jog Your Memories

SEVERAL of Tom's classmates had gathered on his porch steps on their way home to discuss the new teacher.

"I felt so ashamed today," said Jim, "when Miss Maund asked those review geography questions I realized that I had forgotten almost all I ever knew."

"So did I," confessed Helen, "and I felt sorry for what Miss Maud must be thinking of Miss Jones' teaching. We all knew so little."

"Well, it wasn't Miss Jones' fault," spoke up Tom. "She was a good teacher, it's just that we'll have to do something to jog our memories along a bit."

Mother who had been listening unnoticed at the window, smiling, went into the pantry for a box of cookies and then approached the group on the steps.

"Did I hear someone asking for a memory jogger?" she asked as she passed the cakes around amongst the children. "I know a good game for the purpose. Would you like to try it?"

"Oh yes — sure thing — you bet — please yes," cried the children, so mother seated herself beside them and explained the game.

"This game is a geography help," she said. "Tom, you begin. Name a city in United States that begins with an A. The next boy must tell you what State it is in and if he does this correctly, he in turn names a city commencing with B. Helen must tell what State that is in, because she sits next, and then she must name a C city. So the game continues until the alphabet is used up."

For a time the children played this memory jogger, laughing at each other's mistakes and puzzling over details of location. When mother saw that they were tiring of this fun, she suggested a new game.

"This game will aid your spelling", she explained. "It also has to do with geography. The first child names a city. State or country. Now you must all be on the alert to discover which was named—city, State or country and the next child in turn must locate it and name a new place whose first letter shall be the last of the place just named. This game may be played with many variations. Some one may name a city and the next person must name another using the second letter of the name, the next must begin his city with the third letter of the name, the fourth child with the fourth letter, etc., until the first place is entirely spelled out in the initial letters of new places. Then a new place may be named."

If your memory needs jogging, try these games and you will find them a great help and at the same time lots of fun.

Louisa May Alcott

BOYS and girls always like to read good stories, so I am sure they will be glad to learn about Louisa May Alcott, who wrote so many delightful stories for children.

She was born at Germantown, near Philadelphia, in 1832. When she was a little girl, she used to sit for hours at a time, looking at pictures and making up childish stories about them.

When she was still young, the family moved to Boston, where her father taught school.

Louisa was very thoughtful, even while she was yet a child. She used to feed her dolls, send them to school, nurse and give them medicine when they were sick and punish them when they were bad.

After a time, the Alcotts went to live in Concord, Massachusetts. Their home there was very pleasant, for the yard was full of trees and flowers, and the house was large and roomy. There was a great barn out back of the house. There the children played merry games. Up in the loft a stage was built, on which the children acted Cinderella, Jack and the Bean-stalk and other plays which Louisa arranged from the stories she had heard and read.

Sometimes they dressed up in all sorts of queer looking costumes, and played; they were soldiers, fairies, or Indians, as the fancy struck them. She has told about their funny games and frolics in a book which she called "Little Women."

Louisa was fond of pets. She always had cats, dogs and birds around her.

She used to arrange little gifts for her mother, father, and sisters, and write pretty verses to go along with them.

Mr. Emerson and Mr. Hawthorne took a great deal of interest in Louisa, and helped her very much by loaning her books and by encouraging her in her studies.

When she was sixteen years old, she wrote a story called "Flower Fable." Several years later it was printed, and she received thirty-two dollars for it.

Louisa now felt that she must earn something to help pay the family expenses, so she went to Boston, where she wrote stories, sewed and taught school.

About this time, she said, "While I have breath and a head and two hands, I will work." She liked writing stories better than any other kind of work. When she received money for them, she sent most of it home.

What a dear, loving daughter she was! Always thinking of others. Always toiling that she might help some one more needy than herself.

When the Civil War broke out, she went to nurse the sick and wounded. She has told us in a very sweet and womanly way, in "Hospital Sketches," about her experiences.

Loss of health caused her to go home. A short time afterward she went to Europe, as companion to an invalid lady. While there she met Thackeray and Dickens and became quite well acquainted with them.

Just about this time she found herself famous. Children all over this country and in Europe read "Little Women" and "Little Men," and learned to love the woman who had written such true stories of child-life. She had won her way to success. She lived a true and beautiful life, full of sympathy, love and duty. She died in 1888, and was buried in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, Massachusetts.

Her death was mourned, not only by the children, but by mothers and fathers who had laughed and cried in their childhood over stories of success and defeat in "Little Women," and "Little Men."—S.W.B.

CHATTER CORNER
EDITED BY JOYFUL MEMBERS of the S.N.P.J.

THE SNPJ CONVENTION IS OVER

By the time you read these lines in the Mladinski List, the Eleventh Regular Convention of the Slovene National Benefit Society will be over. It was held at the SND on St. Clair ave. in Cleveland and was called to order May 17. The assembly numbered 235 delegates and executives. Many important problems were solved and we sincerely hope that through them the organization will gain additional importance.

The SNPJ early recognized the need of organizing our youth. It was the first to launch a juvenile department and the first to organize its youth in separate English speaking units. These are but few outstanding achievements on its record of fraternal endeavors. Twenty-five years ago the SNPJ established its Juvenile Department, which was the FIRST of its kind among American fraternals. Next year the SNPJ will officially celebrate the 25th anniversary of this department. Preparations to fittingly observe this event are already under way.

It would not be amiss to mention the fact that many of our Juvenile members participated at the SNPJ Convention Banquet Radio Program which was broadcast direct from the banquet hall over the NBC Blue Network on May 22. This offered the first opportunity to thousands of Slovene throughout the country to listen in on a Slovene radio program. If your reception was good, you have no doubt enjoyed the program. A word from you about it in the Chatter Corner would be appreciated.

June is here, which means that vacation time is also here again! We wish you much joy and happiness during your school vacation. May you spend this carefree time profitably and to your advantage!

—EDITOR.

Dear Editor:—In this, my second letter to the Mladinski List, I wish to tell you that I enjoy reading its fine letters and stories. In my last letter I said I had six teachers but I have seven. My home-room teacher is Miss Rainey and she is very good. I hope that more children who belong to the SNPJ Lodge 240 would write to this magazine. I got a letter from a Penpal, Genevieve Tauzely, and was very glad to get her letter. I would like very much for any boys or girls to write to me as I promise prompt answers. A proud member, JUSTINA LOVSIN, Box 888, Bentleyvill, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am 12 years old and I have been a member of Lodge 192, SNPJ, since I was born. All of our family belong to SNPJ. My mother belongs to SNPJ 28 years and now is secretary of Lodge 192. I like to read the letters, stories and jokes in the M. L. I was born in Aurora, Minn., and my oldest brother still lives there. I'd rather live in Aurora than in Milwaukee because there you can go to more places. I also like to receive letters and I'll answer them immediately.

ROBERT GLAVAN,
730 W. Walker street, Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—Since everyone around here is "asleep", I thought I'd write and maybe wake them up so they would write also. I think it's a shame to see letters from all over, except Yukon. So, come on Yukon, wake up and write. Our good old spring is around again. That means that it is time to spade the gardens and plant vegetables and other things. Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge 117. I think it is the best lodge ever known around here.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers. I also would like to have someone write to me; I would gladly answer them.

MARY A. KIRK, Box 249, Yukon, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade. I go to the Windsor Heights school. I have three teachers—Mr. Bane, Mr. Carter, and Miss Zogg. We had a very nice Easter. The SNPJ Lodge 407 gave a treat to all their Juvenile members; there were 31 of us. We should all help to make the SNPJ a bigger and better organization. I enjoy Penpals so please write to me and I will gladly answer.

A Proud Juvenile Member,

EVA JANE MIHACIC,
Box 113, Windsor Heights, W. Va.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I was eleven years old on May 10. I am in the fifth grade at Madeleine school. I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. I wish my friends and other boys and girls in Portland would wake up and write to this lovely magazine.

AGNES YURADA,
3225 N. E. 25th ave., Portland, Oregon.

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Dear Editor: I am going to try to write to the M. L. every month. We went to the Band Tournament April 23. I play the bass violin in orchestra and my sister Pauline plays the violin. I am surely glad that the strike is settled. The mine here is working steady. I surely am glad that summer is here because now I can go swimming. That is my best sport in the summer. School was out in May.

JOSEPHINE PENKO,
Box 164, Sumerset, Colo.

Dear Editor:—Hello, everybody! This is my second letter to the M. L., and I am 16 years of age. What is the matter with the Strabane girls and boys? Are you all asleep or what? We all belong to the SNPJ. I would be very glad if any Strabane people would write to the Mladinski List. I am very fond of reading this wonderful magazine. I wish some members would write to me. Don't forget to write to the Mladinski List. (Lodge 138.)

ANNA MOZE, Box 255, Strabane, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the Mladinski List very much but I think I would enjoy it better if some children of my home town would write. There are 36 junior members in the SNPJ Lodge 503 of Hiyasota and they never write to this wonderful magazine. I hope they soon wake up and write. My home town, Hiyasota, is a coalmining town, which insn't very large. There are about 30 double houses. Since April first it has worked 1—2 days in a week on an average. Because of this fact many people have gone out of town for work. My father is now working in St. Michael, though we are still living in Hiyasota. He comes home every week-end. On April 17, we were to the dance held in St. Michael by the SNPJ Lodge. The music was furnished by "Kopler's Trio". I met many friends there and I enjoyed myself very much and I know everyone else did. I would like to have Penpals and so will some kind SNPJ member write to me. — A proud Member,

MARY TURSICH, Box 257, Jerome, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the Mladinski List. I never see anything in the M. L. from the Chicago children. I wish they would write to this magazine. The public schools had spring vacation. I had a lot of fun that week. We played school and I sewed and stitched and played games. Pretty soon it will be summer vacation again. I like the letters in Chatter Corner and stories very much.

KATHERINE CULJAK,
1619 S. Throop st., Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—I am 11 years of age and am in the 7-b grade at Washington school, and am writing my first letter to the M. L. I have been a member of the SNPJ since I was a year old. I have four brothers and one sister who belong to the SNPJ Lodge 155. I sure am proud to be a member of this Society. Now I will write to the M. L. every month. I wish some Penpals would write to me.

FRANCES E. MOZINA,
248 E. 1st st., Oglesby, Ill.

Dear Editor:—I have written to the M. L. on several occasions, and find it very interesting. My mother was representing Lodges 174 and 274 at the eleventh regular convention of the SNPJ which was held in May in Cleveland, Ohio. The Johnstown Federation of the SNPJ held its regular meeting in the Slovene hall at Krayn. They have planned to sponsor a picnic in Krayn on August 13. Many small towns were being threatened by floods. Best regards to the Readers and the Editor.

GENEVIEVE TAUZELY,
R. D. 2, Windber, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—Since my first letter was published I thought I would write again. This is a wonderful magazine and more members should write to it. At our school we have a free program twice a week, which consists of band and orchestra music. We have over one thousand pupils at our school, so we are divided into two assemblies; group one goes one day and group two the next. Working conditions in West Frankfort are not very satisfactory. Most of the miners are on relief because the machines have taken their places in the mines. Even those who still have a job in the mines are on relief also, because they don't earn enough from the coal company.

JOSEPH B. ZORTZ,
613 So. Locust st., W. Frankfort, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—First of all, I wish to tell you that this is my very first letter to the M. L. and that I am 9 years old. I have one brother, Frank, who is 8 years old. I am in the 3rd grade in school. Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ. I am glad that I belong to the SNPJ. Wishing that this letter will be published in the June Mladinski List, I'll say: "Cheerio".

LOUIS URBANCIC,
752 N. Warnon ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Dear Editor:—I am eleven years old and go to sixth grade in Harding school, Unity, Pa., which is about five miles from home. I ride every day by bus to school. Our history and geography teacher has quit teaching and we miss him very much as he was a very good teacher. Our school closes June 2 or 3. I live on a small farm, one mile out of Renton. On May 30, the SNPJ Lodge 400 of Renton held a picnic on our farm. The coal mine in Renton is working every day, five days a week. My brother works in the Aluminium Works in New Kensington, ten miles from home. About a month ago, Pittsburgh again had a touch of flood tho not as bad as last year. The day before the flood, April 25, we took a trip to Brownton, W. Va., 150 miles from home, to see a friend formerly of Renton, Mrs. and Mr. Tusar and their daughter, Mrs. Stopar and family. It would have been a very nice trip if it hadn't rained so. It rained when we left early in the morning and still rained when we returned at night.

Would like to see my friend, Julia Vidmar, write again.

EMILY KLEMENCIC,
R. D. 2, New Kensington, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am seven years old and in the 2B grade. I belong to the Tamburitza orchestra for children between 6 and 7 years old. I like it very much and attend rehearsals regularly. My oldest brother and sister also belong to the same organization but they are in the older group. They play on the radio very often. Soon we, too, will be able to play on the radio. The song we are learning now is about sweet smelling rose. (Lodge 580).

MILDRED PADAR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Dear Editor:—I wish to tell you that I like to go to chool. Recently, we had a play in our school. My teachers are: Miss Pritchtt, Miss Beck, Miss Lake, Miss Penman, our physical training teacher is Mr. Reed; Miss Fredinger, Miss Embree, Miss Wilkson, and Miss O'Brien. Our SNPJ Lodge number is 47.

FRANCES GOLOB,
1904 S. 17th st., Springfield, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—I am 10 years of age and am in the 5th grade. My brother, Frank, is in the 12th grade. My teacher, Miss Olive Reeves, is very good. My Daddy is Treasurer of the Regional SNPJ Federation of So. Colorado and No. New Mex. The Federation has over 300 dollars in the bank. The local mine is working only two days a week.

ELIZABETH ZELE,
Box 375, Delagua, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. The snow is still on top of the mountains. But it doesn't keep the sunshine out. The mines aren't working very good here, only two or three days a week. We are going to have 8 months of school. We have a band and orchestra. I would be glad to answer anybody's letter. The mountains here are beautiful in the summer time. The best mountain trout are in the Northfork river that flows thrugh Somerset. The chokechemes are thick here. The cool breezes and flowers make everybody cheerful.

FRANK LAUSH, Sumerset, Colo.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am in the eighth grade and have four teachers: Miss Brown, Miss Sherbondy, Mr. Carter and Miss Smith. I have five sisters and three brothers and we all are in the SNPJ Lodge 64. We had a very bad flood this month, it was over 36 feet deep. It was rising very fast. I wish the West Newton girls and boys would open their eyes. Come on, wake up and write into this wonderful magazine. I wish some of the friends would write to me and I'd gladly answer their letters.

JEAN USTER, R. F. D. 21, West Newton, Pa.

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Dear Sir:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and I go to the S. N. Francis de Sales school. I am in the eighth grade. I belong to the Boy Scouts. We have about 50 boys in our troop. We have 5 cabins at our camp. The woods are very dense. Of course, we make paths through them. We are in the Central district and are rated as the best troop in St. Louis. We have 27 awards. We got these in the past years. I have two small rabbits, "Corky" and "Bigshot". We have a family of 9 and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 107. My twin-sister Marie and I are going to graduate in June.

A. ZVANUT,
2909 Texas ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. In Virginia, there was a Music Festival May 8. We had a National Music Week. There were 800 students in the festival, and I was one of them. The orchestras played and there was much singing. I would like some more Penpals. I will gladly answer your letters.

ALBENA KOZAN,
112 — 10 st. So. Virginia, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. and I haven't much to say. I didn't keep my promise like I said I would. Summer is coming. We are going to have a Band Tournament at Grand Junction and I sure am glad. I'll bet my cousin is angry at me because I didn't write to her. I have so much work to do that I just can't get around to it. I wish Mildred Ovca would wake up and write. I got a letter from Rose Turhaly and I appreciate it very much. I wish girls and boys would write to me, I would gladly answer their letters.

ANNIE KOVACIC,
Box 253 Somerset, Colorado.

* *

Dear Editor:— Since my last letter was published I thought I'd write again to this wonderful magazine. I wish this wonderful magazine would come every week instead of every month. Our school will be out June 4, and I won't go back to school until September. We go to school by bus. I have five teachers: Helen Forgan, Edla Clark, Paul Berkey, Ruth Barnes, and Grace Shoffer. There are 12 rooms and 12 teachers. I am in fifth grade and I like to go to school very much. I wish some of the members would write to me. I'd gladly answer their letters.

VIOLET MAE PERMAN,
R. D. 2, Box 33, Windbes, Pa.

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Dear Editor:— Last time I wrote that we have 60 head of cattle, not 600 of them as erroneously stated. This is my second letter to the M. L. I sure appreciated my Penpals from all over the United States. Their letters were so interesting that I couldn't help telling the M. L. and wish to have more of them. On our ranch we have a big black stallion (about 1400 pounds).

PAULINE FATUR, Box 232, Delagucy, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—I wish to apologize for not writing to the M. L. for a long time but now I am quite filled with news. On April 25 the SNPJ Federation had a program in the afternoon and a dance at night which started early because we had some welcome visitors from St. Louis. A play was given and a few speeches were made. Brother Gorsek Sr. gave a speech which completed the program. Everyone was enjoying himself and all had a good time.

April 29 was a big day at our school (Iles). Our class (8A) gave an operetta for the purpose of raising money with which we will buy a present for the school when we graduate. The name of the operetta was "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town." I had the pleasure of being one of the "old ladies". Our auditorium was packed and our class was pleased and believe it or not we made $33.25 profit!! We also give candy sales to obtain money and with that money added to the money made on the operetta we have $40.17. That ought to buy a pretty nice present.

For the last five weeks spelling bees have been held. Iles has competed and won. May 3, they competed in a contest which would decide one of the finalists. Iles did win, and is everybody happy! The finals were held Monday. I'll tell you how it turned out next time. On May 2 we went to La Salle, Ill., which was celebrating the 20th anniversary of the SND. We left at 6 a. m. in two Greyhound buses and arrived at the Dom in La Salle about 11 a. m. At noon they served a very good lunch and I want to thank all of them for their trouble. I was disappointed in one way, though. It was raining and I didn't get to see Starved Rock which I am still hoping to see. They had a very nice program and happy dance.

MILDRED OVCA,
841 S. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

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Dear Readers:—I am eleven years of age and in the sixth grade. I go to Wengler ave. school and have two teachers. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, and my father is secretary of Lodge 262. I am social newsreporter for the paper we publish every month in our school. The name of the paper is "Tiny Talk". It costs two cents and I think it is worth it. My favorite sport is skating. I am glad it is spring because school will soon be out. I would like to have some Penpals. Will someone please write to me? I will gladly answer all letters sent to me.

FRANCES STAMBAL,
1084 Sterman ave., Sharon, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I mentioned in a letter several months ago that I would try to write every month.

I was disappointed one month, because my letter was not published. The reason was, there were too many letters to be published; my letter, I think, was sent in too late. Thanks to the Editor it was published last month.

I have had many compliments on my letters and it seems people have got the impression that Mother and Dad help me write them. Really, they don't see the letter until it is published in the M. L.

Now I'll change the subject and talk about school. Naturally a student or a person connected with a school will talk about it.

In West Virginia, the School Board has had a shortage of money, thus the school term in many counties has been shortened two weeks, so our schools leave out May 14 instead of May 28.

We have had to change all of our school schedule, such as the social affairs, examinations, etc. We, eighth grade students, took our Achievement Test April 28, to see whether we are intelligent enough to become freshmen this fall. I haven't found out yet whether I am up to standard or not.

I am very glad that I have received some Pen Pals. So far I have communicated with approximately ten. But I hope some more people write to me. I would like to get acquainted with you through letters.

I mentioned in last month's letter about work here. The mine my dad works in has been working fine, but most of the others around aren't working very well. A newcomer has a very hard time getting a job around here, because it seems all who have work stick to it as long as they can.

I think this letter has been very boring to you, although I tried not to make it such. I will close.
A Proud Member,

DOROTHY PRELC,
R. D. 1, Westchester, Fairmont, W. Va.

IT PAYS TO LAUGH

Laugh! That's the advice of social workers, doctors and scientists. Laughter isn't just an expression of pleasure. Many of the things we laugh at would cause an annoyance or pain if we did not laugh. When we laugh we breathe more deeply, take in more oxygen. It's good for the mind. Don't hold back on laughter. It's a habit for health. And laughing about something may keep you from crying about it.