



48089

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO X.—Št. 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUAR, 1931

VOL. X.—No. 1.

Katka Zupančič:

ŽELJE IN ŽELJA

KO BIL sem še otrok,
imel sem sto želja:
imel bi rad bil svetel avto,
ki kupček bankovcev velja,
pa konja še, in psička, grad
in puško, in in . . .
kdo naštel bi vse?!

Pa nisem več otrok?
In nisem nič več mlad?
O, še sem, še — po letih;
življenje trdo, — glad
me storil je moža,
moža z eno željo, eno samo:
da skoraj pride čas,
ko delo naše zraste v klas,
ki želi — mi ga bomo,
ti in jaz,
mi vsi!

Anna P. Krasna:

RAD BI VOŠČIL . . .

RAD BI voščil ti veselje,
rad bi rešil te skrbi,
toda, atek moj, voščilo
je kot snežec, ki skopni.

Voščil bi ti srečo,
da bi delo spet dobil,
če bi, atek moj predragi,
delo jaz delil . . .

Mamici prelubi voščil
bi veliko sreče rad.
Ah, kako bo srečna,
ko pri nas je mrz in glad?

Bratcem in sestricam svojim
voščil vse najbolje bi,
pa so revčki bos, lačni —
atek dela ne dobi.

Nič ne bom vam voščil,
dragi, k letu novemu,
ker voščilo, prazna želja,
ne pomaga k boljemu.

Raje bom, ko jaz odrastem,
srečo vam izbojeval.
Sreče, atek, ne izprosim—
vzamem jo, pravico to imam!

Jože Kovač:

DETE NE MARA SPATI...

DETE,
zapri oči, da zazibljem te v spanje,
glej, skozi okno prihaja noč in ž njo sanje,

Mati,
naj lučka gori, da ti vidim v obraz,
ne bi rad spal, saj še ni čas.

Dete,
ne bodi no, vidiš, da noč je prišla,
da mesec skoz okno te gleda z neba!

Mati,
veš, rajši povej — da bo krajši čas —,
zakaj vsak večer gre oče od nas?

Lej ga,
on mora na delo noč za nočjo,
sicer bi vsi skupaj živeli slabo.

Mati,
zakaj pa ne dela, kadar je dan?
Tako-le ponoči je vendar zaspan.

Dete,
vidiš to luč, ki na mizi gori,
vidiš luči, ki v njih mesto žari?
Same gorijo in kažejo pot
na levo in desno, tu in povsod.
Nekje je fabrika, v njej oče trpi,
da lahko gorijo luči vse noči.

Mati,
potem pa v tej luči, ki z nama bedi,
samo trpljenje očeta gori?

Dete,
na svetu je tisoč in tisoč luči,
v njih tisoč in tisoč trpljenj gori.

O mati,
Ugasni brž luč in zaziblji me v spanje!
Težko je bedeti, vse lepše so sanje.



Ob pričetku leta

OB NASTOPU leta 1931 lahko zapišemo, da postaja "Naš kotiček" čedalje bolj zanimiv in privlačen. V njem najdemo precej lepih dopisov, ki so vsebinsko ne samo zanimivi, ampak tudi originalni. In baš v tem tiči tisto jedro, ki napravi sestavek privlačen. Ta pojav je razveseljiv, saj se naši mladi dopisovalci lotijo obdelavanja različnih snovi in predmetov. To nam je tudi porok, da v tekočem letu obeta postati "Naš kotiček" stopnjema bolj priljubljen. Vsled tega bomo tudi skušali, da mu pridobimo lep krog novih mladih sotrudnikov, ki bodo redno dopisovali vanj.

Dosedaj so bili naši najbolj marljivi in zvesti sotrudniki v "Našem kotičku": OLGA GROZNIK iz Diamondvilla, Wyo., ANNA MATOS in njena sestra MARY iz Blaina, O., FANNIE ČELIGOJ iz Clevelanda, O., BERTHA in MARY KRAINIK iz Chisholma, Minn., EVELYN HOCHERVAR iz Puebla, Colo., ALICE STRAJNAR iz Piney Forka, O., MARY in AGNES OSTANEK iz Traunika, Mich., ANNE TRAVEN iz Clevelanda, O., JOHN FRADEL iz Latroba, Pa., FRANCES BATISTA iz Strabana, Pa., JOSEPHINE SINTICH iz Clevelanda, O., MARY KNAUS iz Traunika, Mich., MILDRED TREBIZAN iz Clevelanda, O., in par drugih. V dopisovanju v "Naš kotiček" pa so se najbolj s svojimi prispevki odlikovale Olga Groznik, Anna in Mary Matos, Anne Traven, B. in M. Krainik, M. Knaus in drugi.

V tem letu se bomo potrudili privabiti v ta krog mladih stalnih sotrudnikov še več drugih, ki imajo veselje in zmožnost, da bodo vsi skupaj pomagali napraviti "Naš kotiček" najbolj privlačen del Mladinskega lista v slovenski polovici tega magazina. K temu pa moramo dostaviti, da bomo veseli vselej le takih dopisov, ki bodo originalni po vsebini, to je, da ne bo ta ali oni dopisnik ponavljal tisto, kar je že drugi povedal v prejšnji številki. Že začetek vsakega prispevka mora biti nekaj lastnega, nikdar pa ne posnemanje kakega drugega. Ob tej priliki naj ponovimo važno stran dopisovanja, da so našim mladim sotrudnikom največja opora in pomoč njihovi starši, ki jim naj nudijo pomoč in vspodbujajo v delu za Mladinski list.

Dne 6. decembra prejšnjega leta je mladinsko angleško poslujoče društvo naše jednote, ki nosi ime Pioneer in št. 559, otvorilo slovensko mladinsko šolo v Chicagu. Na prvi dan pouka SE JE VPISALO 45 OTROK, ki jih poučuje naša znanka in sotrudnica, ga. KATKA ZUPANČIČ, ki je večja v tem poslu. Šola obeta postati nepričakovano uspešna. V doglednem času se namerava osnovati tudi večerno šolo za odraslo mladino, ki si želi znanja slovenščine.

Ko bodo dobili naši mladi čitatelji to številko Mladinskega lista v roke, bo ostalo časa v mladinski kampanji, za pridobivanje novih članov v angleško poslujoča društva, še samo tri mesece. Kampanja se zaključi koncem marca. Še je čas, da se naši mladi bratci in sestre potrudijo in skušajo pridobiti naši jednote kakšnega novega člana ali članico. Vsi na delo! Postanite aktivni člani v dopisovanju in agitiranju za porast mladinskih društev. L. B.

Ivan Jontez:

Zakaj biti dober?

PRIJATELJ Pavel priveduje:

Ko sem bil majhen deček, sem bil zelo navihan in poreden. Z nikomur niso imeli učitelji toliko truda in nepritlik kot ravno z menoj. Če sem le mogel, sem povzročil kakšno neprijetnost, nagajal učiteljem, staršem in součencem. Nema lokrat sem povzročil kako manjšo škodo—polil tinto po učiteljevi mizi, ali po zvezkih katerega mojih součencev, metal peresnike skozi okno, popackal slike, ki so visele na stenah v mojem razredu in podobno. A tudi izven šole nisem bil nič boljši; če sem le mogel, sem napravil kako škodo. Učitelji in tudi sosedje so me vsled tega zamrzili in nekajkrat sem jih dobil po grbi, kar pa me ni spametovalo. Nasprotno, še slabši sem postal—pravcati divjak in sem se nad vsakim, kdor se mi je zameril, grdo maščeval. Sosedu Petru, ki me je premikastil, ker sem mučil njegovo mačko, sem ponoči pobil par oken; nadučitelju Potočniku, ki me je vsaj dvakrat v tednu pošteno namazal s palico, sem prav po vandalsko opustošil njegov cvetlični vrt; učiteljici Mari, ki me je zlasala, ker sem pretepel nekaj součencev, sem spustil iz kletke njenega kanarčka, ki je potem prišel v kremplje šolski mački. To je le nekaj grehov iz tistih dni, vseh ne morem navesti; preveč jih je bilo.

Ni čuda, da sem bil pri vseh osovražen in da so mi brez malega vsi prebivalci našega trga tako rekoč napovedali neizprosno vojno. Jaz se jih nisem bal in vse buške, ki sem jih bil deležen, me niso mogle poboljšati. Pač pa sem začel sovražiti ljudi, ki so od mene malčka zahtevali, da moram biti dober in priden, sami pa niso hoteli biti taki.

In zakaj naj bi bil dober, sem se povpraševal. Zato, da bom po smrti prišel v nebesa, kot sem slišal v cerkvi? Saj če je tako, sem menil, da pridejo tja gori samo dobri ljudje, potem mo-

rajo biti nebesa prazna. Kdo pa je dober? Na videz že še nekateri, ampak v resnici? . . . O, tudi malčki imajo dobre oči in vidijo marsikaj, kar bi jim odrastli ljudje radi prikrili! Zlobo, hianavščino, lažnjivost, pohlep, nevoščljivost in medsebojno mržnjo, ki jih vodijo pri njihovih dejanjih, sem kaj kmalu opazil. In videl sem, kako nanašajo krivico drug drugemu, kako se preganjajo, si nagajajo, se sovražijo in drug drugemu privoščijo vse najslabše. Tudi učitelji in župnik niso bili nič boljši. Potem naj bo pa malček, ki vse to vidi, dober! Saj nisem neumen, sem si mislil. Kar je za vas dobro in kar vi smete, to bo dobro tudi zame.

Starši mi niso zamerili mojih pregreškov, najbrž zato, ker sem bil edinec. Oče mi je še celo dajal potuho in če je videl, da me kdo hoče kaznovati za kakšno mojo nagajivost, se je takoj potegnil zame. "Saj ni hudoben," sta venomer zatrjevala oče in mati. "Mlad je in mladost rada ponori in ponagaja. Ko odraste, se bo že spametoval."

Postal sem prava šiba za šolo in trg. Sicer pa nisem bil slabši od odraslih tržanov in edina razlika med menoj in njimi je bila v tem, da sem jaz javno priznaval, da so se mi zamerili in da jih sovražim, dočim odrasli tega ne delajo; oni se ti v obraz lažejo, da so ti prijatelji, čeprav te težje vidijo kot muho v juhi, naskrivaj pa ti skušajo škodovati. Jaz sem vse to videl, zato sem jih tudi preziral.

V celem trgu je bil en sam človek, ki sem ga spoštoval; to je bil Petračev Mihec, ki je vedno odkrito priznaval, da me sovraži in s katerim sva si bila zmemrom v laseh. Odkrit sovražnik je vreden več kot deset lažnjivih prijateljev, sem menil tedaj, danes pa vem, da je bil Mihec tedaj v resnici moj edini—prijatelj, čeprav me je večkrat nabunkal in čeprav sva si skočila v lase vselej, ka-

dar sva se srečala. Divjaka sva bila oba, in ker si nisva mogla najti enakovrednih nasprotnikov, sva se lasala med seboj.

Nekega dne pa sva si Mihec in jaz segla v roke in si zatrdila, da si bova postala dobra. To je bilo delo naše nove učiteljice Minke, lepe dvajsetletne mladenke, ki je takoj osvojila srca svojih učencev.

Takoj prvega dne mi je naročila, naj poberem vse palice, ki jih je bilo v kotu celo butaro in naj jih nesem v drvarnico, kar sem radevolje storil. Istega dne, po končanem pouku, sva se jaz in Mihec stepla, tako da sva bila še drugi dan vsa buškasta in opraskana. Oba sva pričakovala, da bo spet pela palica, a sva se zmotila. Ko je bil pouk končan, je naju učiteljica poklicala k sebi.

"Zakaj sta tako poredna?" je naju karala. "Zakaj nočeta biti dobra, kakor so drugi otroci? Ali ne mislita, da bi

bilo lepše živeti, če bi živela z vsemi v prijateljstvu, kot pa da sta sprta z njimi? Le verjemita, da bi bila srečnejša, kajti le tisti, ki je prijazen s svojimi sosedi in skuša biti dober z njimi, ki jim privošči le dobro, je lahko srečen. Kdor pa svojim sosedom privošči le slabo, jim skuša škodovati, jim nagaja ter jim zavidajo njihovo srečo, pa ni nikoli miren, zadovoljen in srečen. Človek, ki je z vsemi dober, s tem osreči ne le sebe, temveč tudi druge in kadar bomo vsi ljudje taki, bomo tudi vsi srečni. To si zapomnita in skušajta se poboljšati."

Midva sva si njene besede vzela k srcu in od tistega dne dalje sva živela tako, kot naju je učila gospodična Minke, to je, skušala sva biti dobra. In meni ni žal, kajti odtistihmal sem mirnejši in zadovoljnejši in nekdanji sovražniki so zdaj moji prijatelji. Kdor hoče biti srečen, mora biti najprej dober in biti dober se vsled tega več kot splača.



Thomas H. Benton: FRANCOSKI TRG V NOVEM ORLEANSU

Jože Kovač:

Izgubljena sekira

(Litvanska pravljica.)

ŽIVEL je nekoč drvar, pa je šel sekat drevesa v gozd na obali neke reke. Bil je v gozdu sam. Pravkar je na moč sekal in podiral drevo, pa se mu sname sekira in odleti v vodo.

Ubogi drvar je počel vzdihovati:

"Joj, joj, kaj bo zdaj. Moja tako pripravna sekira je izgubljena. Kako bi jo našel? Nemogoče. Kakšna škoda. Tako lepa je bila moja sekira in toliko dreves sem že podrl ž njo."

Tedaj pa pristopi od nekod neki starec in vpraša drvarja:

"Zakaj pa tako jočeš in tarnaj?"

"Sekira mi je padla v vodo, pa nimam denarja, da bi si kupil novo. Ves sem siromak, kolikor me je. Kako bom zdaj služil kruh sebi in otrokom, če nimam sekire, s katero bi sekal drevesa?"

"Pst! Nikar ne tarnaj in ne joči. Jaz ti jo najdem."

Sleče svojo obleko, postavi se k bregu in hop!—že je skočil v vodo. Voda zapluskne, starec izgine pod vodo. A ne za dolgo. Kmalu se spet pojavi na površju vode, priplava k bregu in izroči drvarju zlato sekiro.

"Na svojo sekiro, vzemi jo!" pravi.

"Ne, ne, to ni moja sekira," je dejal drvar, strmeč v sekiro, ki je bila iz samega zlata.

Starec stopi znova na breg, dvigne roke, poskoči in hop!—že je v vodi. Zdaj je prinesel iz vode sekiro, ki je bila iz čistega srebra. Spet jo ponudi drvarju.

"To ni moje sekira," pravi drvar, ko je zagledal srebrno sekiro v starčevih rokah.

Tretjič je planil starec v vodo in prinesel iz nje železno sekiro. Kakor hitro jo je drvar zagledal, je vzkliknil:

"Ta je moja, ta je moja."

Planil je k starcu ter vzel železno sekiro, hoteč oditi ves srečen domov, da pove otrokom, kako je bil izgubil svojo sekiro in kako jo je spet dobil. Dober starec mu jo je dvignil iz vode. Nobenih skrbi ni več.

"Hej, nikar ne hiti tako," je dejal starec za drvarjem. "Tvojo poštenost hočem nagraditi. Vzemi še tidve sekiri, zlato in srebrno. Tvoji sta, vzemi ju!"

Drvar je ves srečen odnesel domov vse tri sekire. Svojo železno, ki jo je ljubil nad vse, saj je z njo služil kruh zase in za svoje otroke, ter ostali dve, eno srebrno in drugo zlato. Silno so se čudili v vasi, ko so zvedeli za veliko drvarjevo srečo.

Bil pa je v vasi skopuh, bogat in pohlepen. Ko je slišal za drvarjevo prigo, je sklenil, da tudi sam poskusi to srečo. Nasadil je brž sekiro na kolč, a popolnoma slabo. Pri najmanjšem zamahu mu bo sekira odletela z ročaja. In je šel k reki ter začel sekati drevo: tuk-tuk-tuk. Udari prvič, dobro, udari drugič, dobro, udari tretjič—sekira se sname ter odleti naravnost v vodo, v reko.

"Joj, joj," je začel vzdihovati in tarnati.

Tedaj pa pristopi od nekod neki starec ter vpraša skopuha:

"Kaj se ti je zgodilo?"

"Sekira mi je padla v vodo, ojoj, kako bi jo našel?"

"Jaz ti jo najdem," reče starec ter plane v vodo. Hip nato je že priplaval na površje, držeč v roki železno sekiro.

"To ni moja sekira," je dejal skopuh.

Starec plane drugič v vodo ter prinese iz nje srebrno sekiro.

Skopuh pa je bil lakomen po zlati sekiri. In ko mu starec pokaže srebrno sekiro, reče skopuh:

"Tudi ta ni moja."

Tedaj je starec tretjič planil v reko ter prinesel iz nje zlato sekiro. Tedaj plane skopušni kmet:

"Ta, ta je moja, ta je moja sekira."

Toda ojoj!—sekira je tedaj skočila iz starčevih rok, završela po zraku, oplazila skopuha z ročajem, kec-kec, ga vrgla ob tla ter švignila po zraku spet v vodo. Starec je planil za sekiro ter ga ni bilo več iz vode.

Ko se je lakomni kmet zavedel, je stopil na obalo ter strmel v vodo. Čakal je, da se pojavi starec z zlato sekiro, a starca ni bilo. Mogoče čaka še danes na rečni obali—zaman.



Delacroix: ALŽIRSKA DEKLICA.

K. Jenko:

Kakršna setev, takšna žetev

DESETLETNI Vlado ni imel rad svojega učitelja; nasprotno, sovražil ga je. Prvič zato, ker je bil Nemec, ki je sovražil in zaničeval vse, kar je bilo slovanskega, drugič zato, ker je bil sirovež, da mu ni bilo para. Dasiravno je bil Vlado priden in marljiv učenec, je nosil domov najslabše rede in tepen je bil večkrat kot katerikoli izmed ostalih učencev; to zato, ker je bil sin rudarja-Slovenca, ki si je v tujini služil kruh, ker ga v domovini ni našel, dočim so bili drugi učenci otroci nemških staršev. Slovenci niso bili v njegovih očeh ljudje kot Nemci, o ne, za barbare jih je imel, za nekakšne psoglavce. Tako se je dostikrat izjavil pred celim razredom in pri tem kazal s prstom na Vladka, češ, glejte, barbara, psoglavca. Vlado je ob takih trenutkih zardel, da je bil podoben rdečemu maku in iz oči mu je planil vroč plamen ogorčenja in sovraštva.

Učitelj se je vselej prezirljivo obregnil vanj: "Nu, vrag slovenski, kaj pa me tako grdo gledaš? O, saj vem, v žlici vode bi me utopil, seme barbarsko, ker nisem barbar kot ti. Dobro zame, da si preslab za kaj takega in da ne živim tam, kjer prebiva tvoj pasji narod. Spekli bi me živega, ti tvoji pasje-glavski bratje."

Vlado je molčal. "Čemu me zasmehuje in zaničuje?" se je vprašal. "Zato, ker sem Slovenec? Ali nismo mi Slovenci tudi ljudje, kot on, kakor oni, Nemci? Prav taki smo, nikomur ne želimo zla in pošteni smo. In moj oče je dober in pošten, mnogo boljši, kot na primer naš sosed-Nemec, ki je vedno pijan in zmerom pretepa svojo ženo in otroke. In moja mati bi ne mogla biti boljša kakor je. Ali torej zaslužimo, da se nas zaničuje?"

"Hu, ali vidite, kako sovražno me gleda ta sin pasje matere, ta slovenski pes? Gotovo snuje zlobne naklepe, kako bi se

maščeval nad menoj, ki hočem napraviti iz njega človeka, da ne bo barbar vse svoje življenje. Ali ni res?"

Vlado je postal bolj rdeč kot mak in iz ust mu je planil ogorčeni protest: "Zakaj me psujete? Kaj sem vam storil žalega? In kaj vam je na poti moja dobra mati, ki je tisočkrat boljša od vaše matere? In kaj zasmehujete mojega očeta, ki je pošten delavec, čeprav je Slovenec? Slovenci nismo zverine, ljudje smo kot vi Nemci, in vse, kar vi pravite o nas, je laž, grda laž!"

Učiteljev obraz je posinel. Takšna predrznost! Kaj vse si upa ta slovenski pes! Nemci da niso nič boljši od teh primitivnih divjakov Slovencev! Nemci, ki so najboljši ljudje pod solncem, najpoštenejši, najbolj kulturni! Ne, ta predrznost ne sme ostati nekaznovana.

In dični učitelj je skočil k dečku, ki mu je neustrašeno gledal v njegove živinske oči ter ga začel pretepati.

Kri je tekla Vladu iz nosa, glava je že zabuhla od težkih udarcev, dečka je bolelo, ampak jokalo se ni; samo zobe je stisnil in prsti so se mu skrčili v pest. "O, jaz ti že pokažem—ko bom velik—kako Slovenec plača za tako podlo ravnanje!" je obetal v mislih. "Kazen ti ne bo odšla!"

"Marš, golazen nečista!" ga je končno nagnal učitelj v kot. "Klečat!" Ti bom že izbil iz glave te prevratne misli.

Vlado je molče ubogal in klečeč v kotu šolske sobe je prisegel maščevanje sirovemu učitelju, ki ga je zaničeval in pretepal, ker je bil Slovenec, ki je zasmehoval njegove starše in njegov narod, Nemce pa povzdigoval v deveta nebesa.

Dvanajst let pozneje sta se učitelj in nekdANJI zaničevani učenec spet srečala. To se je zgodilo na rusko-nemškem bojišču. Pred Vladimira, ki je bil oblečen v uniformo ruskega častnika—mladenič je študiral v Rusiji in je ob izbruhu voj-

ne vstopil v rusko armado—so privedli čokatega Nemca, ki so ga bili zasačili pri vohunskem delu. Vladimir je takoj spoznal svojega nekdanjega učitelja in kri mu je zalila obraz ob spominu na krivice, ki jih je bil zagrešil nad njim ta človek. Stopil je pred njega ter zapičil vanj pogled, ki je bil vse prej kot prijazen in dobro obetajoč.

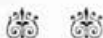
“Ali me poznaš, sovražnik?”

Mož se je stresel in mrzli pot mu je orosil čelo. Ni sicer spoznal Vladimira, toda v glasu ruskega častnika je bilo toliko nepričakovane mrznje, in plamen, ki je sršel iz njegovih oči, je bil tako krvav, da je zaslutil nekaj strašnega, zaslutil, da imata s tem človekom ne-

kaj skupnega, da je med njima neki neporavnan račun, ki ga bo treba plačati. Zato, ker je slutil vse to, ga je oblila kurja polt, zato je strah obuzel vse njegovo bitje.

“Ker se ne spominjaš sam, bom pa pomagal tvojemu spominu,” je mrko spregovoril častnik. “Pred dvanajstimi leti si imel v svojem razredu nekega slovenskega dečka, ki mu je bilo ime Vlado. Tega dečka si ti zasmehoval in pretopal vsak dan, in to samo zato, ker je bil Slovenec-psoglavce, kakor si ga imenoval. In ne samo to, tudi njegove starše in njegov narod si zasmehoval, imenoval si jih barbare, psoglavce, hudičeve otroke. Saj se spominjaš?”

(Dalje.)



Katka Zupančič:

ZIMA STRIŽE

POREDNA zima škarje vzela,
pa do oblakov se je vzpela;
potisnila jih bliže k tlem je golim
in že pričela je z delom svojim:

oblake, sive ovne, striže, striže.
Kosmiči padajo vse niže, niže;
grede se še zasukajo v plesu,
prav ko žužad plesala je o kresu.

Pa končno le pristanejo kosmiči;
belijo se ravnine, griči,
in polja, pušče, gozd, livade,
ter ceste, hiše, vrt, ograde.

A volne ovnom še ne zmanjka,
in zima striže brez prestanka;
pokrije s kučmo vsak stebriček;
pokrije s kučmo vsak količek.

Vrabiček, ta se kučme brani,
ker le predobro ve od lani,
da volna ta je bela res in nežna,
a hladna tudi, ker je snežna.

Kako sva se spoznala.

PRIJATELJ mi je pripovedoval to-le zgodbo o prijateljstvu:

Ko smo se preselili iz vasi v mesto, je našel oče stanovanje v hiši nekega trgovca. Takoj prvega dne sem se seznanil s trgovčevim sinom Peterčkom. Hodil je v četrti razred; tudi jaz sem se vpisal v isti razred iste šole. In tako sva bila s Peterčkom sošolca.

Med tem ko sva s Peterčkom pred hišo govorila, je prišel z dvorišča siromašno oblečen deček približno istih let kot midva. Ko ga je Peterček zagledal, se je nasmehnil in dejal porogljivo:

"Eh, invalidski poba!"

Oni fant je obstal in se obrnil:

"Da, invalidski sin sem, a vendar nisem tak, kakršen si ti." In s preziranjem je dodal:

"Gizdalin!"

Peterček mu ni vedel kaj odgovoriti, obrnil se je k meni in dejal:

"A ti nikar ne govori in ne igray se z njim. On si domišlja, da je najboljši učenec. Pa ni. Ampak invalidski sin, pa ga učitelj pušča dalje."

Oni fant pa je pogledal Peterčka znova od vrha do tal in dejal:

"Gizdalin lažnivi!" In je šel . . .

*

Potem mi je Peterček povedal, da je deček sin vdove, ki stanuje na njihovem dvorišču in da mu je ime Milan. Oče mu je padel v vojni, mati njegova pa hodi zdaj od hiše do hiše kot perica, da kaj malega zasluži. Tudi v hiši Peterčkovega očeta včasih dela za plačo.

"Takrat jih preživljamo mi kar več dni!"—je ošabno končal svojo zgodbo.

Meni ni bilo prav, da tako govori, pa sem rekel:

"A zakaj jih ne preživljate zdaj, ko njegova mati ne dela pri vas?"

"Zato ker ne dela, zakaj bi potlej plačevali?"

"A če včasih dela, vendar tudi zasluži. Tega, kar jim dajete, ne dajete zastonj!"

Nekam čudno me je pogledal Peterček, kakor bi se zjezil.

"Ne bodi hud!" sem mu dejal.

"Saj sem lahko, če pa z njim držiš," je dejal Peterček jezno ter stopil v očeto trgovino.

*

Še istega dne sem se seznanil z Milanom. Sedel je pred vrati svojega stanovanja ter čakal, da se vrne mati z dela v mestu.

"Milan, a zakaj se prepirata s Peterčkom, saj sta iz istega razreda?"

"Jaz se ne prepiram, a on me venomer zbada in mi nagaja. Zmerja me za invalida, in da zastonj stanujemo tu. Pa ni res. Pošteno plačujemo najemnino. Tudi bi mati ne mogla plačati več. Saj ne zasluži mnogo. A on—boš že še videl, kakšen je Peterček."

"Kako se pa uči?"

"Zanič. Najslabši učenec. Saj pravi sam: Kaj bo meni šola. Moj oče je trgovec, pa bom tudi jaz trgovec. Ne maram biti kak pisar ter stradati. Tako, vidiš, govori, in se smeje nam, ki se pridno učimo."

In tako mi je Milan povedal še marsikaj o šoli in učitelju in učencih. Druga dne sem tudi jaz šel v isti razred v šolo.

*

Ko sem bil še na vasi v šoli, smo se učenci zelo razumeli med seboj. Prijatelji smo bili in redkokdaj smo se resno sprli. A tu v mestni šoli so se stalno prepirali. Posebno Milan in Peterček sta si bila vedno v laseh.

Nekoč nam je dal učitelj težko računsko nalogo. Peterček je poprosil Milana, naj mu pokaže, kako se izračuna. In Milan mu je pokazal vse. Naslednjega dne pa se je bahal Peterček po razredu:

"Meni je vso nalogo naredil Milan za dva koščka čokolade. Eh, jaz imam pomočnika, slugo, kaj bi se mučil?"

Otroci so se smejali.

Z Milanom sva se skupaj vračala domov.

"Ali je res, Milan, da si mu pokazal nalogo za dva koščka čokolade?"

"Nisem, pokazal sem mu zastonj kot tebi. Toda Peterček je tak, saj vidiš. O, če bi ga smel, pretepel bi ga . . ."

"Nikar, Milan, pomiri se. Saj ves razred pozna njega in tudi tebe." Tolažil sem ga, čeprav mi je bilo samemu hudo, da se Peterček tako norčuje iz Milana.

Ko naju je došel Peterček, je začel oponašati pred nama šepajočega invalida ter kričal: "Invalidski poba . . ."

Tedaj nisem mogel več strpeti. Planil sem ter vrgel Peterčka na tla.

Kdo je preprečil, da ga nisem pretepel še bolj?

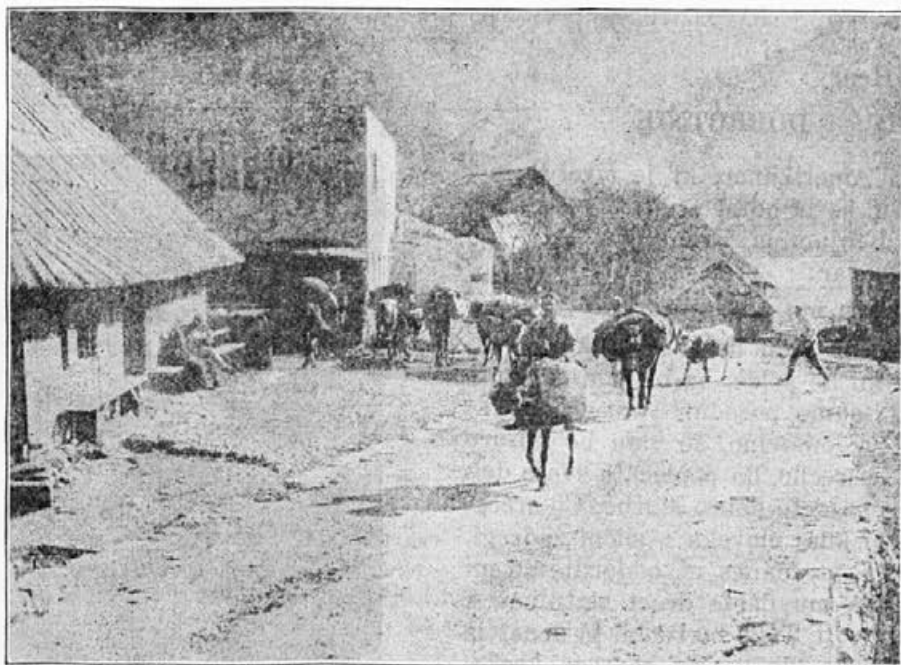
Milan, ubogi, ponižani Milan . . .

*

Oba s Peterčkom sva dobila od učitelja tri dni zapore. Po pouku sva morala sedeti v razredu, učitelj pa je na mizi popravljaj naše naloge. Prvi dan se še pogledala nisva s Peterčkom, drugega dne sva malo govorila, tretjega dne sva se kar nekako sprijaznila ter sva bila oba skupaj jezna, zakaj naju učitelj zapira. Saj se vendar lahko sama pobotva med seboj.

Ne, otrok ne bi smeli zapirati v šoli.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



NA DEŽELI

I. A. Krylov:

ŠČUKA

SODIŠČU ščuka je ovajena bila,
da v ribniku se z njo živeti več ne da.
Dokazov so poln voz podale priče.
Krivičnico so, kot se tiče,
prinesli k sodbi v velikem čeburu.
Sodniki niso daleč bili, —
na bližnjem so jih pasli travniku . . .
Imena njih so nam arhivi ohranili.
Bila sta to oslička dva,
dva, trije kozli in dva konja mrhasta;
da red nadzira in pravico,
za prokuratorja so dali jim lisico.
Med narodom je govorica šla,
da ščuka z ribami jo je zalagala . . .
Za vse to so bili sodniki neprijazni.

Sicer pa ščukinih nakaz
ni bilo nič lahko prikriti tisti čas.
Tako so morali kar pisati ukaz,
da se krivičnica preda sramotni kazni
in drugim v strah obesi na drevo.
"Visoki dvor!" je zdaj lisica pristopila,
"to ni dovolj! Jaz njej bi kazen priso-
dila,
ki je dozdej pri nas ni videlo oko:
da lopovom odslej bo strašno in opasno,
naj v reki se utopi."—Sodniki v krik:
"Prekrasno!"

Otorej so sklenili vsi soglasno
in ščuko vrgli v rečino! . . .

(Prevel Georges.)

Wells Henry:

DOBROTNİK

Neki Amerikanec, ki je živel v ino-
zemstvu, se je hotel vrniti domov in je
prosil Benjamina Franklina, naj mu
pošlje denar:

Franklin mu je odgovoril:

"Priložim vam deset zlatnikov. Niti
na um mi ne pride, da bi vam to vsoto
podaril; samo posodim vam jo. Ko se
vrnete v domovino, se vam bo gotovo
kmalu posrečilo, da poplačate svoje dol-
gove in najdete dobro službo. Če sreča-
te potem kdaj človeka v slični zadregi,
v kakršni ste danes vi, oddolžite se mi
s tem, da mu daste deset zlatnikov z
istimi pogoji. Tako bo romal ta denar iz
roke v roko, dokler ne bo tega krože-
nja prekinil kak nepridiprav.

Ker nimam mnogo denarja na raz-
polago za dobrodela namene, se mo-
ram poslužiti takih sredstev. Tako sto-
rim z majhno vsoto veliko dobrega."





Dragi čitatelji!

S to številko Mladinskega lista, ki je prva v tem letu, sem uvedel nov način urejevanja "Našega kotička". Vsakemu dopisu sem dal naslov in jih razdelil tako, da se izognem enoličnosti v tehničnem oziru.

Veseli me, da ste nekateri mladi dopisovalci ostali zvesti prispevatelji v "Naš kotiček", ki postaja čedalje bolj zanimiv. Najbolj pa sem vesel vaših originalnih dopisov, katerih ni malo. Upam, da boste v tekočem letu postali še bolj pridni in napisali še več dopisov za "Kotiček."—UREDNIK.

ZANIMIV DOPIS Z ZAPADA

Dragi urednik!

Prosim malo prostora v Mladinskem listu, da opišem nekoliko zanimivosti o lovcih.

Pred dvema mesecema je pričela lovska sezona na jelene in divje gosi. Tukaj je dosti strastnih lovcev, ki komaj čakajo, da odri-nejo v gorovje. Kakor sem slišala iz pogo-vorov, je največ jelenov in divjih gosi 40 milj od Yellowstone Parka, ki je splošno znan na-rodni park v Wyo.

Neki tukajšnji rojak se je celo izrazil, da je videl skupino jelenov do 500 po številu. Zato ni čudno, da gredo lovci tako z veseljem na lov, in njihov trud je gotovo poplačan ko odhajajo domov z bogatim plenom.

Sem prihajajo na lov iz vseh delov Unije. Videla sem licenčno številko iz države New York, na troku pa dva lepa jelena, do 400 funtov teže. Seveda, pripeljati na lov v takšno daljavo se ne more navaden delavec, ampak le bogatin.

Mene je doletela ta čast, da sem pred kratkim okusila jelenjo pečenko prvič v mojem življenju. Rečem pa tudi, da jelenje meso je jako okusno.

Pozdrav mladim čitateljem, vam pa, dragi urednik, se zahvaljujem že naprej, ker vem, da boste imeli sitnost urejevati ta dopis.

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

ŠOLA IN VEDNO ŠOLA!

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Spet Vas nadlegujem z mojo neokretno pi-savo. No, pa upam, da mi boste oprostili in popravili, da bo prav.

Tudi za decembersko številko sem mislila nekaj napisati za Mladinski list, pa se mi je menda pismo zgubilo, ali pa ste ga morda v uredništvu "kaznovali" in ga poslali v uredniški koš. Zato upam, da bo ta skromni dopi-sek zagledal beli dan v januarski številki Mladinskega lista.

Šola in vedno šola! Učiti in učiti ter zopet učiti se je treba! Tako namreč vedno slišimo od staršev, ki nas navajajo k učenju in pravi-jo, da kar se človek v mladosti nauči, da tudi v starosti zna.

Naše šolske učiteljice, ki jih imam zelo rada, se tudi trudijo, da nas bodo kaj naučile. Upam, da se jim bo vsaj nekoliko posrečilo, da bomo res kaj znali ko dorastemo.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

SE UČI OD MAMICE

Dragi mi urednik!

Kakor izgleda sem že spet dobila malo ko-ražje, da se malo oglasim v priljubljenem Mladinskem listu.

Lahko rečem, in to z veseljem, da mi gre sedaj že malo boljše, kadar pišem slovensko, pa tudi čitam veliko hitrejše. Ne smem pa pozabiti, da me pri tem delu zvesto učijo moja draga mamica, kajti brez njih bi mi šlo težko.

Sedaj sem stara 9 let. Prosim Vas, ured-nik, da bi priobčili tole pesmico o zimi in snegu:

1.

Vse je belo, dol in breg,
pod nogo škriplje trdi sneg.

2.

Uboge ptičice zmrzujejo
in nožice bele prizdigujejo.

3.

Zaspano kakor da je v šoli
iz neba gleda solnce doli.

4.

Kam je gorkoto svojo delo?
Za gore poide spat—
V morja svoj kristalni grad.

Fannie Celigoj,

677 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

* *

HAJ, TUJA, HAJ!

Cenjeni mi urednik!

Iz srca se Vam zahvaljujem, ker ste pri-občili v Mladinskem listu pesmico, ki sem Vam jo poslala. Zato upam, da boste priobčili tudi ta dopis in pesmico:

Pri zibel.

Haj, tuja, haj!
Se pase ovčka zdaj,
ko ata lepo žvižgajo
in mama lepo pojejo:
Haj, tuja, haj!

Haj, tuja, haj!
Na nebu ovčka zdaj
je jagnje syetla zvezdica
in ovčka lepa lunica.
Haj, tuja, haj!

Haj, tuja, haj!
Nič se kujat zdaj;
bo prišel grni sultan
in dete vzel bo vstran.
Haj, tuja, haj!

Haj, tuja, haj!
Ti dam eno ovčko zdaj,
je lepa bela kakor sneg,
bo prišla sem na zelen breg.
Haj, tuja, haj!

Haj, tuja, haj!
Odloži sultan zdaj;
saj te nihče klical ni,
kjer moje dete sladko spi.
Haj, tuja, haj!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in ured-niku!

Mary Krainik,

231 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.

* *

O VINSKI TRGATVI

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega lista!

Menda je že čas, da zopet kaj napišem v Mladinski list, ki ga vsi tako radi čitamo. Tudi moja mama ga prav rada čita. Posebno pa se ji dopade tisto, kar napišeta Katka Zupančič in Anna P. Krasna.

Dne 8. novembra prejšnjega leta smo imeli v tukajšnji društveni dvorani vinsko trgatve. In meni se je ta prireditev zelo dopadla, kajti kaj takega še nisem nikdar prej videla.

Miklavž je prišel in že odšel. Pa je menda le bolj malo prinesel revnim in bednim družinam, ker so delavske razmere tako slabe po-vsod.

Priloženo Vam pošiljam mojo sliko, na ka-teri so moje sestre in bratec. Vsi smo člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Pro-sim, da priobčite to sliko.



Mnogo lepih pozdravov uredniku in vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista.

Emma Knaus, Box 26, Traunik, Mich.



MLADINSKA KAMPANJA

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Gotovo boste rekli, da se že spet oglašam v Mladinskem listu. Toda povedati Vam moram, da sem bila prav vesela ko sem videla moj zadnji dopis priobčen. Mislila sem namreč, da ga boste prav zagotovo v koš vrgli, vsaj polovico, če ne celega. Urinila pa se je v dopisu ena pomoča. Namesto Mary Bubnic, se je glasilo "Mary Judnic."

Pevsko društvo "Cvet" je priredilo svoj jesenski koncert, ki je bil zelo zanimiv. Posetnikom je zelo ugajal, posebno pa komičen prizor "Gostilna pri zaspani sovi."

Kako pa je s kampanjo? Na to tudi ne smem pozabiti in povedati moram, da društvo "Beacons" št. 667 SNPJ je pridobilo že precej novih članov in članic v tej kampanji. Tudi društvo "Na Jutrovem" namerava sodelovati v kampanji. Stvar pa je taka, da je odrasle člane bolj težko dobiti kot mladoletne v mladinski oddelek.

Le na delo za pridobivanje članov in članic v oba oddelka!

Ker je ta dopis pisan v začetku decembra, želim vsem čitateljem vesele praznike in pa srečno ter veselo novo leto!

Anna Traven,

11202 Reven ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

OD NAVDUŠENEGA BRATCA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Danes, dne 2. decembra 1930, sem se namenil, da spet napišem par vrstic v Mladinski list za "Naš kotiček." V prvi vrsti Vam naj

povem, da jaz zelo rad čitam Mladinski list, in tako tudi moj bratec in sestrice.

Tukaj pri nas je sedaj hud mraz. Snega sicer še ni veliko, je pa zelo prikladno in ugodno za drsanje. To je veselja med nami na saneh in na ledu!

Sedaj pohajam peti razred ljudske šole v Latrobu, Pa. Pravkar se moram učiti vloge za igro, katero bomo uprizorili en teden pred božičem. Upam, da bo dobro izpadla. (O tem bom še poročal.)

Za danes zaključujem in pozdravljam urednika Mladinskega lista in vse, kičitajo M. L. Vsem skupaj želim srečno novo leto!

Joe E. Fradel,

1004 Alexander st., Latrobe, Pa.

* *

POMEN M. L. ZA MLADE ČLANE

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo časa je preteklo, odkar sem zadnjič pisala pismo Mladinskemu listu za "Naš kotiček." No, sedaj sem sicer že v odraslem oddelku, pa še vedno rada čitam Mladinski list.

Ob tej priliki Vam želim povedati, da sem skozi Mladinski list dobila mnogo prijateljev in prijateljic, ki mi pišejo iz vseh strani. To je res nekaj zanimivega. Zato pa priporočam vsem ostalim članom in članicam, da večkrat pišejo v Mladinski list, seveda tudi slovenske dopise.

Ker me je že več tovarišic vprašalo za sliko, zato Vam jo tukaj pošiljam, da jo priobčite v Mladinskem listu. Ako jo priobčite, mi boste s tem zelo ustregli.



Obljubljam, da bom še naprej z veseljem čitala Mladinski list in izražam željo, da bo v bodoče še tako napredoval stalno, prav kot je dosedaj; vsaka številka je bila boljša. Upam pa tudi, da se bodo njegovi čitatelji tudi naprej zanimali zanj kot sedaj in še bolj.

Vsem skupaj vesele praznike in srečno novo leto!

Jennie Ortovec,

1614 Shevrick rd., S. E., Canton, O.

Šale za male

V VAŠKI šoli so prvikrat govorili o tem kakšne podobe je zemlja. Da bi otrokom vse lepo razložil, je vzel učitelj svojo tobačnico v roko. Bila je okrogla.

"Tole je zemlja — tole je pa mesec!" je dejal in pokazal namestu meseca grahovo zrnice.

"Zapomnite si, da je tudi zemlja okrogla!" Tako govoreč je podržal tobačnico kvišku.

A to okroglo tobačnico je rabil gospod učitelj samo med tednom, ob nedeljah je nosil v žepu lepo srebrno, ki je bila na štiri vogale.

Nekega dne je prišel gospod šolski nadzornik in jel sam vpraševati.

"Kakšne podobe je zemlja?" je vprašal Petricka.

In Peter, ki ni bil neumen deček, se je odrezal:

"Ob nedeljah je zemlja na štiri vogale, med tednom je pa okrogla!"

* * *

"Očka, kakšne jagode so to?"

"Črne jagode, sinko!"

"Zakaj so pa videti rdeče?"

"Ker so še zelene!"

* * *

Ali verjamete, da so na svetu psi, ki so pametnejši od svojih lastnikov?"

"O, da, gospod, to vam verjamem. Jaz imam tudi takega psa!"

* * *

Previdnež

Tonček: "Dedek, ali so ti že izpadli vsi zobje?"

Dedek: "Da, dragi deček, vse zobe sem že izgubil!"

Tonček: "Dobro, dedek, če je tako, te prosim, da mi držiš torto toliko časa, da poiščem žogo!"

Mati je bila kriva . . .

"NE KRADI in ne lagaj, ako greš po svetu s trebuhom za kruhom." Tako smo večkrat slišali od učiteljev in staršev v stari domovini. Sledeča zgodbica pa naj bo za zgled in v pouk.

Nekoč je živel siromašna, priprosta žena s sinom, ki je pohajal ljudsko šolo. Vrnivši se nekega dne ves raztrgan, je dejal materi, naj mu zašije hlače, a ona mu je odvrnila, da nima šivanke. Sin je šel ven in ukradel šivanko, da jo je prinesel materi. Toda tudi sukanca (cvirna) ni imela. Ukradel je tudi cviren, da mu mati zašije raztrgane hlače. A tudi tedaj ni bilo nič s šivanjem. Mati mu je dejala, naj prinese še nove hlače, ker njegove raztrgane ne more več zašiti. Tako je fant šel in ukradel tudi nove hlače in polagoma se je privadil kraje na debelo.

Fant je rasel in dorasel v največjega razbojnika in ubijalca. Prijela ga je roka pravice in obsojen je bil na vislice. Predno so mu zadrgnili zanjko okrog vratu, je prosil rablja, naj mu izpolni še zadnjo željo, da še enkrat vidi svojo mater in jo zadnjič plobubi. Želja se mu je izpolnila.

Obsojenec je objel mater ter ji dejal, da je ona kriva, ker mora on sedaj plačati s smrtjo na vešalih za izvršene zločine, rekoč:

"Ko sem ukradel prvo šivanko, mi nisi nič rekla, temveč si mi še dala potuho in me poslala tudi po cviren in nato po nove hlače. Tako sem postal razbojnik in ubijalec."

To rekši, je materi odgriznil nos.

Nace Žlemberger.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume X.

JANUARY, 1931

Number 1.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

By Alfred Tennyson

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that
saps the mind,
For those that here we
see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich
and poor,
Ring in redress to all man-
kind.

Ring out a slowly dying
cause,
And ancient forms of
party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes
of life,
With sweeter manner, pur-
er laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful
rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of
foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing
lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand
wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years
of peace.

Ring in the valiant man
and free,
The larger heart, the
kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness
of the land,
Ring in the year that is
to be.



THE CLOSING YEAR

'TIS midnight's noble hour, and silence now Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er the still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell Of the departed year. No funeral train Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood, With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest Like a pale and spotless shroud; the air is stirred As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud, That floats so still and placidly thru heaven, The spirits of the season seem to stand— Young Spring, bring summer, Autumn's solemn form, And Winter, with his aged locks.	For memory and for tears. Within the deep, Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim, Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time, Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold And solemn finger to the beautiful And holy visions that have passed away, And left no shadow of their loveliness On the dead waste of life.
---	---

Remorseless Time!
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!
 what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or
 melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses, and forever.

—Prentice.

SUCCESS

By C. C. CAMERON

GENIUS, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
 Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
 Continuous effort of itself implies,
 In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.
 'Twixt failure and success the print's so fine
 Men sometimes know not when they touch the line;
 Just when the pearl is waiting one more plunge,
 How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge!
 As the tide goes clear out, it comes clear in;
 In business 'tis at turns, the wisest win;
 And oh, how true when shades of doubt dismay,
 "Tis often darkest just before the day."
 A little more persistence, courage, vim,
 Success will dawn o'er failure's cloudy rim.
 Then take this honey for the bitterest cup:
 There is no failure save in giving up;
 No real fall so long as one still tries,
 For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.
 There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
 Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

Interesting Talks

IT HAS BEEN our policy, in the past, to publish every letter sent in by our members and readers. And due to this fact, a large number of published contributions were but accumulated repetition. Many of our "Chatter Corner" contributors acquired the habit of copying others in style and content, and as an erroneous consequence three fourths of the letters published related the same story and followed the same "beaten path." Nearly all of them started with the usual "This is my first (or second, etc.) letter," and ended with "Best regards to all."

There are numerous other interesting things, incidents and daily occurrences which should be told in print in "Chatter Corner." And since we are trying to get away from the "beaten path," from now on we are going to publish **ONLY THOSE LETTERS WHICH ARE INTERESTING AND ORIGINAL**; all others of the old stale type will be merely tabulated in order received. At this point it is necessary to stress the fact and importance of writing **ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY**, and of **NEVER WRITING WITH PENCIL**. All those wishing to have their letters published in the Mladinski List will have to observe these rules, as we will carry them out in every case. It is our aim to make the "Chatter Corner" more interesting.

At the same time we would like to remind our young readers to contribute occasionally for "Naš Kotiček" also. Both "Chatter Corner" and "Naš Kotiček" are conducted for and by our young members and readers. And since these two "corners" belong to you, why not make them as interesting as you possibly can? We know your parents will be proud of you if you will show interest in writing for the Mladinski List for either "corner." But while you are writing for one, you must not neglect the other. Be an outstanding contributor in both.

The Membership Campaign for new members among the English Speaking lodges of the SNPJ is half way over. Only three more months remain now for you to get at least one new Juvenile member into your lodge. Have you done your duty? Act at once and make your little friend join your lodge. The Slovene National Benefit Society wishes to have in its folds as many of you young folks in its Juvenile Department as possible. At present there are some twenty thousand Juveniles in the SNPJ, but there is room for many more.

The Pioneer Lodge, No. 559, SNPJ, has organized a Slovene Juvenile School in Chicago, on December 6, 1930. At the first school session on that day, **45 PUPILS ENROLLED**. Doctors J. Zavertnik and A. Furlan offered free examination to all of them, and gave much needed information to the children's parents. The Slovene Juvenile School, conducted by **MRS. KATKA ZUPANČIČ**, promises to become an important factor in the numerous Pioneer activities. A plan is under way to open also an evening Slovene school for young adult members and nonmembers. The Pioneer Lodge, the first English Speaking lodge of the SNPJ, is five years old, has nearly 500 members in both departments and is the most active lodge of the organization in Chicago.

L. B.

"LARGE STREAMS FROM LITTLE FOUNTAINS FLOW"

A TRAVELER on a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
 And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe his early vows,
 And age was, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs;
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore;
 It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scooped a well
 Where weary men might turn.
 He walled it in and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that all might drink.
 He paused again, and lo! the well
 By summer never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching
 tongues
 And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
 'Twas old and yet 'twas new;
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true,
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo, its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small, its issue great;
 A watch-fire on the hill;
 It shed its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
 Unstudied from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a soul from death.
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

Immortality

By Victor Hugo

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say that the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul more luminous when my body begins to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song—I have tried them all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, I have finished my day's work, but I can not say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. Life goes on; it changes in its form.

Good Reading For Children

So Near and Yet So Far

N A M E R I C A and S A M E R I C A are two names printed in large letters across my map of North America and South America. Namerica and Samerica sounds like brothers: Nam and Sam Erica. They look as if Nature had pulled them just as far apart as she could without pulling them quite in two. They are held together by a little piece of land called Central America, and the very thinnest part of Central America—the part as thin as a leaf stem—is called the Isthmus of Panama: spelled "Isthmus," but sounded "Ismus."

On one side of the Isthmus is the Atlantic and on the other side the Pacific Ocean, so near to each other and yet so far. Ships that wanted to get from one ocean to the other couldn't get across this little strip of land—they had to go the long way around the bottom of Samerica, thousands of miles out of the way. There was no way at all around the top of Namerica, for both land and ice were in the way up there. It seemed a terribly long distance for a ship to have to go just because it couldn't cross this little strip of land. It was as if you were motor-ing and the road came to a river and there was no bridge, and a sign said "Detour 10,000 miles." It was the longest detour in the wide World. Naturally, people tried to find a way not to make that detour. Some men suggested wheeling ships across Isthmus. They said, "Let us lift a ship out of the water on a kind of huge elevator, then put it on a huge track, push it across the Isthmus to the other ocean, then lower it into the water again by another huge elevator." But it seemed simpler to cut a canal across the Isthmus so that a ship might sail straight thru from one ocean to the other. On the map this

looked easy enough—just a snip with the scissors or a nick with a knife; but that little stem of land was over thirty miles across and there were mountains in the way.

Some people even said it would be wicked, sinful, to cut N a m e r i c a from S a m e r i c a—that if God had wanted these continents separated He would make them so in the first place. They quoted the Bible, "What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

They have many earthquakes in Central America, and if one of these earthquakes had only cracked the Isthmus of Panama across and broken Namerica and Samerica apart it would have been very convenient; but earthquakes don't do helpful things like that—they make cracks where you don't want them.

Why did ships want to get from one ocean to the other, anyway? Why shouldn't those on one side stay on that side, and those on the other side stay on the other side? Well—your mother goes downtown shopping for things to wear and things to eat and furniture for the house; so ships go shopping—shipping, shopping—round the World. Ships from the countries around the Atlantic Ocean go shopping to countries around the Atlantic Ocean for things, china dishes and silk stockings. And ships from countries around the Pacific Ocean go shopping to the countries around the Atlantic Ocean for things they want and haven't got. That's one reason why ships wanted to get from one ocean to the other, and they didn't want to go the long way round, 10,000 miles out of the way, if they could possibly help it. So at last a company of men from France on the other side of the ocean, who knew how to dig canals,

started to dig a canal across the Isthmus.

Now the Isthmus of Panama used to be the most unhealthful place in the wide World. The Indians and black men who lived there didn't seem to mind it, but with white men it was different. One out of every three white men who went there died of fever. The company of men from France set to work and worked for several years on the canal, but so many of their men died and so much money was spent and so little canal was dug that at last they gave it up, stopped digging.

The little country of Panama hadn't enough money to go on with the canal, so the United States said to Panama, "If you will sell us the land for the canal so that the canal will be ours when we finish it, we will go on and finish digging it." This seemed fair enough, but Panama said they wouldn't

do that. "But," said they, "we will rent you the land forever." There didn't seem to be much difference between selling the land and renting it forever, so the United States rented a piece of land forever, a piece of land 10 miles wide like a belt right across the Isthmus. This belt of land is called the Canal Zone.

So the United States dug a ditch across the Isthmus on top of the land and used a river and a lake already there to keep this ditch filled with water. At each end of this ditch or canal they made locks to raise ships from the sea at one end, and to lower them to the sea at the other. So ships now go across from one ocean to the other, but most of the way they sail on fresh water, for neither ocean runs into the other. Namerica and Samerica are not cut apart—they are still joined and always will be, until the Nature does the separating.



WINTER IN A CITY PARK



Lorado Taft: PIONEERS

DETERMINATION

IT'S plugging away that will win you
the day.

So don't be a piker, old pard!
Just draw on your grit; it's to easy to
quit;

It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's
hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beat—and
die;

It's so easy to crawfish and crawl;

But to fight and to fight when hope's
out of sight—

Why, that's the best game of them
all!

And though you come out of each
gruelling bout

All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy
to die—

It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.

—Andrew Barclay.

When you sup
From pretty cup,
Or any cup at all,
Don't for a minute
Leave your spoon in it,
Or it will surely fall.

* * *

FINDING OUR NICHE

It is not always easy for one to discover his own bent. Some of the greatest successes have at first been failures. Lincoln was regarded as a failure for the major portion of his life. He was a poor merchant. He made an ordinary legislator. He won no particular fame as a lawyer. He was well on in years when he discovered himself. He leaped into his high and permanent place in human history after many years of mediocrity. Emerson made a most indifferent preacher, and would never have been heard from had he remained in the pulpit. As a philosopher he came to power. All preceding years were all but wasted. Grant was written down in his early years as a hopeless failure. But he one day found himself, and the world claims him for one of its mightiest military geniuses.

Avis A. Grant:

SHORT CHANGED

Have you short-changed yourself to-day? Or did you receive full value from the money our country is investing in your education? Did you make the most of hours outside the school room, so that to-morrow would find you stronger physically and mentally?

If you did not make the most of all these things, you have not only short-changed yourself, but you have short-changed your parents.





Dear Readers:—

In this number of the Mladinski List you will notice the new arrangement of letters in "Chatter Corner." Each contribution is captioned which helps to break the usual monotony and makes them more pleasing to the eye technically.

A number of these letters are quite interesting and original, which fact pleases me very much. It is my sincere hope that you will follow this example and contribute only original and interesting letters to make the "Chatter Corner" more attractive.—THE EDITOR.

FROM A RECOVERED MEMBER

Dear Editor:—

I am out of the hospital now, where I was for eight months. I came home on October 25, 1930.

I thank the members who wrote to me, as I cannot answer all of them personally. I received 11 letters in four days and I haven't got money for all the stamps for the letters. Best regards to all.

Mary Stonich,

R. R. 3, Box 54, Pinon, Colo.

* *

"NAPREJ'S" 20th ANNIVERSARY

Dear Editor:—

Sunday, Nov. 2, the Slovenian Singing Club "Naprej" celebrated their Twentieth Anniversary. The program was very nice. In the afternoon there was only singing, but in the night a play was presented, called "Kovačev študent." Mr. Tone Šubelj played the part of Janez. Before the play started in the evening we had a few speakers: Mayor D. W. Hoan, John Ermenc and Frank Zajc (of Chicago). The speakers were talking about the Socialist

party and how we should vote. After that Mr. Tone Šubelj sang. The one I liked best is "Moja očka so mi rekli, oženi se moj sin." Joe Kranz, a member of the SNPJ, sang also. He sang "If I had a girl like you."

The program was interesting in the afternoon and night also.

In school I am doing well. I am in the 6-A grade. In the last report card I got a Special Merit.

Best regards to all. Angeline Jenko,
1234 S. 21st st., Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

LIKES POEMS

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 16. I like to read and make up poems. I wish some of the other members will write to me. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. (Your poems reached our office too late for the Dec. issue.—Editor).

A Happy New Year to all the members.

Vida Ganoni,

R. R. 12, 50th St. Sta. F., Milwaukee, Wis.

FROM A "LITTLE MEMBER"

Dear Editor:—

I am just a little Slovene girl who would like to write to our dear little magazine—the M. L. I enjoy reading the letters of other little members of the SNPJ.

We have a lot of snow here in Latrobe and I like to go ice-skating very much with my sister Mary. We live near the mountains where the snow begins to fall in September. I wonder what other members of the SNPJ are doing now.

A little member of the SNPJ,

Sylvia Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

THINKING OF CHRISTMAS

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years old and in the 3-A grade.

"On Christmas eve I turned the spit.
I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet;
The cock sparrow flew over the table,
The cat began to play with the ladle;
And the kitchen clock I was going to wind
Said he never saw the like behind.

Frank Zupan,

1148 George st., Hazel Park, Detroit, Mich.

* *

IN MEMORY

Someone Like You

I'm longing for someone
Someone like you,
I'm aching for someone,
That someone is you.

While it rains and when it snows,
While the deepening shadow grows,
And the flashing world goes by,
While the birds above us fly

I am aching for someone,
someone like you.
I'm longing for someone
That someone is you.

(In memory of my Mother).

Joe Lever, 10010 Prince ave., Cleveland, O

* *

FROM THE ROCKIES

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and am in the eighth grade. I have two sisters and one brother; we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I wish that some of the members would write to me. I would gladly answer all letters.

Anne Felician, Box 76, Sublet, Wyo.

* *

Quit talking about yourself for a while and see if anyone else will bring up the subject.

Heavy Stranger (returning to theater between the acts): "Did I tread on your toes as we went out?"

Seated Man (grimly): "You did, sir."

Heavy Stranger (to wife): "That's right, Matilda, this is our place."

Prodigal: "Father, I've a notion to settle down and go in for raising chickens."

Father: "Better try owls. Their hours would suit you better."

AN ORIGINAL LETTER

Dear Editor:—

On one page in the M. L. I read "Edited by Joyful Members of the SNPJ. I think it is a true statement—that is if every one is so joyous as I am when it comes to sending word to members of a lodge to which I belong.

I haven't seen any letters from this district yet and I wish that this one will be followed by many others.

I am a freshman in the Uniontown Senior High School and wish to be a credit to my school by showing my ability in work. I enjoy the bus ride from home to school which covers the distance of eight miles. I think that I am a Happy-go-lucky as far as school is concerned.

I think this is enough about myself and I want to receive some personal letters from fellow members. I'm wishing that waste paper basket doesn't get my letter, therefore I will send my snapshot along with it. Best regards to all including the Editor.



Mary Padovich, Box 125, Fairbanks, Pa.

TEN IN A FAMILY; ALL SNPJ's

Dear Editor:—

There are eight of us children and the father and mother. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 378. I will try to write oftener from now on. I am sending a snapshot of my sister and me.



Anna Ulyon, Clarendon, Pa.

* *

LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

Everyone in our family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge, except my youngest sister. I am 8 years old and in the 4th grade. There are six in our family. I like the M. L. because it has many interesting things to read.

Anna K. Dernosek,
145 Union st., Bridgeville, Pa.

* *

WITH APOLOGIES . . .

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written in the M. L. lately, so I decided to write. Here's a poem.

My Mother

Oh, how I wish my mother would
Stop fussing over me!
It seems as though I never could
Be nice as she would have me be.

When I practice on my violin,
She says, "Be sure to slant it from your chin
And did you put rosin in your bow?
You didn't count that right, I know."

So after all is said and done,
I know there's nothing under the sun
In all this wide world I would miss
As much as Mother's good night kiss.

Angela Zupan (14 years),
Detroit, Mich.

POCKETS

A child should have a pocket
Supposing on the road
He runs across a beetle,
Or a lizard, or a toad?
How will he carry them?
What will he do
If he hasn't a pocket
To put them into?

A child should have a pocket
On which he fairly dotes!
Not one, or two, but many
In his little waistcoats.
And one will be for money
He finds on the roads,
And one for cake and cookies,
And one for hop-toads!

—Good Housekeeping.

MY SERVING MEN

I keep six hundred serving men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Why and
When
And How and Where and Who.

ENJOYS RADIO

Dear Editor:—

I have a little brother and sister; they belong to the SNPJ also. On October 25 I had a birthday party and received many gifts. I was seven years old and I am in the 1-A grade. My teacher's name is Miss Wright. I enjoy listening to the radio when little children sing or talk. I wish all best regards to all. I wish some member would write to me. I am ending a snapshot of me and Katie Mocnik.



Mary Zager, 719—50th st., Kenosha, Wis.



LIKES SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

I wish I could tell you how much I enjoy the Mladinski List. I was seventeen years old in December. I go to the Vacational School and take eight subjects and like them real well.

Katie Mocnik, 719—50th st., Kenosha, Wis.

IN JUNIOR HIGH

Dear Editor:—

I am 14 years old and in the eighth grade. I go to the East Palestine Junior high school. I have three sisters and two brothers. We all are members of the Lodge No. 55. I would like to have some friends write to me as I will gladly answer them.—Josephine Steber, 465 East North ave., East Palestine Ohio.

FROM LODGE NO. 262

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading M. L. very much. I am 13 years old and am in the seventh grade. There are eight in the family, all belonging to the SNPJ, lodge No. 262. Frances Garm,

887 Cedar ave., Sharon, Pa.

TWO PILLOWS

Dear Editor:—

A Poem

When I was sick and laid a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all the toys besides me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

I am 9 years old. Best regards.

Alfred Rupert, 209 Maple st. So. Fork, Pa.

QUACK, QUACK, QUACK — —

Dear Editor:—

Here's a poem:

This duck says

This duck says, "I want some fish!"

This duck says, "then bring your dish!"

This duck says, quack, quack, quack, quack,

This duck says, let's all go back!

This duck says, I'm growing old!

This duck says, you must be sold!

Johnny Zupan, 1148 George st., Hazel Park, Detroit, Mich.

* *

LETTERS FROM OTHER MEMBERS

Clara Sakely (Box 11, Williock, Pa.) is 13 and in the 7th grade in school and enjoys the M. L., as she writes in her nice little letter.

John W. Mihelich (602—26th St., Colorado Springs, Colo.) writes that he is only 8 years old, but is an enthusiastic little member of Lodge No. 94 of that famous city in the Rocky Mountains.

Elizabeth Milt (Box 83, Willock, Pa.) also enjoys reading the M. L. and would like to get some letters. Write to her.

Jennie Mauri (Box 441, Neffs, O.) likes her school teachers; she is 13 years old, and belongs to Lodge No. 4 of the SNPJ.

Tillie Klemen of Cleveland, O., 16119 Waterloo rd., wishes to correct her misspelled name in M. L. It was erroneously published as "Willie Klemen." She no doubt will pardon us this error.

Mary Zele (R. D. 1, Brookfield ave., Masury, Ohio) likes the magazine and tells us that she has four sisters and the whole family belongs to the local SNPJ Lodge.

Little Frankie Pivik of Harwick, Pa., Box 11, likes his harmonica very much, that's why he sends us his snapshot with it, and he means business, judging from the serious mood he is in — on the picture. Here he is:



FROM MAYNARD, O.

Dear Editor:—

Five in our family are members of the SNPJ Lodge. I like the Mladinski List. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. We had a wonderful Thanksgiving party in school.

I wrote to Mary Stonich and didn't get an answer from her yet.

Elizabeth Brezic, Box 637, Maynard, O.

* *

SPEED

Along the mud road, years ago,
Great-granddad jolted to and fro;
His oxen furnished all the power
And he made one whole mile an hour.

Then later, in a buggy, came
A grandson who won lasting fame
When down the road he reckless tore
At fifteen miles an hour, or more.

Still later on, great-grandson sped
Along this same road in a red
And gleaming thing of wealth and
power
That traveled sixty miles an hour.

But great-great-grandson rides today
A mile above the old highway,
Borne by a miracle of power
That makes two hundred miles an hour.

There's nothing nicer that I know
Than children laughing at their play.
But quarreling always spoils the fun
And drives all sunshine from the day.



CONTRIBUTES A STORY

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to the M. L. I am 15 and a junior in high-school. I am a member of Lodge No. 684, SNPJ, of Park Hill, Pa., and my name is Vida Zabric. I have a sister and a brother, both members of the SNPJ. I would like to get some letters from the little members.

P. S.:—Here is a story I would like to see published in the Mladinski List:

THE DESERTED ISLAND

A girl of nine was sitting in a garden in Paris one summer afternoon. She was dressed neatly and wore very costly clothes. She had brown hair hanging down in curls, beautiful blue eyes and her nose was rather pointy.

"Mildred," called a voice.

"What is it, mother," cried Mildred.

"Come here, I have something important to tell you."

Mildred hastened as fast as she could to see what was up.

"Your aunt from Albany, New York, wrote a letter and asked us over for the summer. We are going to go this Tuesday."

Mildred was full of glee and started to prepare for the vacation. Her brother, her mother and her father were also preparing.

At last the day came for them to start. They came to the dock and saw that the ship was ready to leave. They were just in time to catch it.

They sailed a few days and were about in the middle of the ocean when dark clouds began to form in the sky. The people were all afraid of a big storm coming to sink their ship. All at once it started to thunder and lightning and then the rain fell in torrents. The people ran to the top floor of the ship because it was rapidly filling with water. The ship started to sink and when it was half sunk it was struck by lightning. People were all over the place yelling for help when the ship was sinking. Mildred was alone on a raft looking for her brother, mother and father. When the rain stopped, Mildred decided to look around for her mother. She thought she saw her far away from her, but when she came near it was only a head going under water. She was frightened, because she was there alone on a raft separated from her mother and father forever.

Mildred said, "I will stay on this raft and land wherever I may, and also try to forget my troubles."

She sailed day and night exhausted from lack of nourishing food and always the thought of her mother in mind. After many days of hardship she reached land. She got off the raft very weak and miserable. She walked down a street not knowing where. Finally she found out that she was in Albany, New York, not knowing that this was the city her aunt lived in.

She wanted to get a position to make a living. She had neither money nor clothing. She was only a waif walking down the streets in New York to get hold of a newspaper as she had no money to buy one. She wanted to look through the advertising part to get a job. After looking for a few hours she found one in a park rubbish can. She looked through the Ads and saw that a girl was needed to clerk in a store. She wondered if she could fill it at that age. She was nine and tall for her age and she said to herself: "Since I am so tall I think I can fill it. So she tried and got the position with much satisfaction.

She worked there for ten years. And in those ten years she always had a sad expression on her face and nobody knew why. She was now very popular and had quite a good bit of money.

One day as she was walking down a street happenings of ten or eleven years came back to her. She looked very sad. She sat down in the hill park with her head bowed down.

A boy of about 24 or 25 paused beside as he came up and asked her: "What is the matter, my girl?"

"Who are you that asks me?" she said.

"I am a New Yorker and my name is Bill Laben. And what is your name, may I ask?"

"My name is Mildred Vicker. And you were the first one to ask me that question in ten years. But I'm afraid I cannot tell you anything."

"Why?"

"Because it is too sad," she said. "It's about happenings of long ago."

He begged and begged her until she consented and told him the whole story. He also looked sad when she was telling it to him.

He asked her where she stayed and other questions. She took his address and he took hers. And then they went again.

One day she sat alone in the store and asked herself: "Where did mother say my aunt lived? I believe she said it was in Albany. But in what part of Albany does she live in?" she asked herself again. "I know what I will do. I will ask Mrs. Quince if she ever had a customer by the name of Donald Smith and where he lived."

Mildred asked her and was told that she had a customer by that name and that they moved away from town and that they now lived five miles from here.

(To be concluded.)

TRY THESE RIDDLES—

Why are ballrooms in the air like vagrants?

Because they have no visible means of support.

Why is a vain young lady like a drunkard?

Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

What is it that belongs to you entirely, and yet is used more by your friends than yourself?

Your name.



GOLDFISH

WE just built a goldfish pond in our back yard and it has ruined the life of our dachshund. All day long Blimp runs around the pool trying to catch fish. He whines and barks and wags his tail and lunges at the water. The fish seem to like it because they swim up under his nose and then ooze out of reach and snicker when he bites. Blimp was an honorable, useful, sane dog until he formed this habit. Now he neglects his business, has no time for his friends, and wastes his life on goldfish. There's a moral in this for dogs and we shouldn't be surprised if these were one for boys, too.—American Boy.

First Hunter: "And how can you detect an elephant?"

Second: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."

RIDDLES

Why is a man who travels richer than one who stays at home?—Because his money goes farthest.

What word of three syllables reads the same backward and forward?—Reviver.

When is an egg like a naughty boy? When it is being beaten.

Which people ought to be good singers? — Those who live on Canary Islands.

Keep me clean. I'm everybody. Turn my back, I'm nobody.—Looking glass.

It is called common. It is common. But though common, it is not common enough. What is it?—Common sense.

Why does a chimney smoke?—Because it can't chew.

How can you spell dry grass in three letters?—H-a-y.

What is the difference between a mother and a barber?—The latter has razors to shave, and the former shavers to raise.

KNOWING HOW

Nothing is ever so seemingly impossible but that something else appears to be more so. Hustling for a needle in a haystack seems like child's play compared to what had to be done not long ago when an earthquake along the North Atlantic Coast snapped ten of the submarine cables connecting the American continent with Europe.

Of course, some one had to fish around in the ooze of the ocean bottom until the broken ends were found. Difficult? Not so very—for those who did it knew how. All the cables soon had new splices, five or ten miles long, and the men who did the work are now busy at other duties.

It is "knowing how" that counts in life. That is the reason a boy goes to school, studies nights, works Saturdays, As soon as knowledge and experience enable him to show that he "knows how," the world demands his services.—Boy's World.

"This vase is 2,000 years old. Be very careful in carrying it."

"You can depend on me, professor; I'll be as careful of it as if it were new!"



Myrtle Barber Carpenter:

KEEPING CLEAN

IF you have to wash your own hands
 'Most twenty times a day,
It gets just awful tiresome—
 I think so, anyway.
So now I've made the nicest game—
 You'll like it too, I hope—
I play each hand's a submarine,
 Each thumb a periscope;
And all the bubbles that I make
 Are ocean waves so high,
When I submerge, they cover me
 As I go floating by;
But, ten times, more or less,
I hurry up and dry them quick,
 For that's an S O S.

A WISH FOR EVERY DAY

Monday, I wish for eager feet,
 On errands of love to go;
Tuesday, I wish for a gentle voice,
 With a tone both soft and low;
Wednesday, I wish for willing hands,
 Love's duties all to do;
Thursday, I wish for open ears,
 Wise words to listen to;
Friday, I wish for a smiling face,
 A brightener of home to be;
Saturday, I wish for quickened eyes,
 Nature's beauty all to see;
Sunday, I wish for a tranquil heart.
 That may to others joy impart.

