

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. 4.

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1931

VOL. X.—No. 4

Katka Zupančič:

APRIL JE IN JOHNNY POTUJE . . .

ZEMLJEVID ima pred sabo Johnny:

Sever je prehodil včeraj—lani.
Gori drsanja učil je Eskimojce;
mir medvedov belih je ogrožal;
pa po radiju pozdravljal svojce;
vmes pa tulne je tuleče božal.

Danes—letos—juga si zahoče.
Vendar spet predaleč noče:
skrajni jug je severu podoben.—
Afrika? O ne, ta ni mu mari:
tam so kanibali, narod zloben!
Še pojedli bi ga v obari.

Rajši krene ob deželi jutra
tja, kjer teče Gang in Brahmaputra;
tja, kjer vse časte: od kršlja pa do slona,
naj bo glisto, želvo ali žolno;
tja, kjer odveč je ena reč: angleška
krona;
tja, v Indijo, skrivnosti polno.

Johnny vpraša indskega fakirja,
ki po ostrih nožih bos koraka, dirja:
"S čim namažeš ti si rane,
da ne čutiš nič bolesti,
če so rane še tako razklane—
kakor čital sem v povesti?"

Zdaj fakir obstane, se obrne,
Johnnyja premeri, mu odvrne:
"Ni bolesti in je ni, če—nočeš!"
Brž se Johnny vščipne v bedro.
"Laž je!" vzklikne, "kar ropočeš!
Čakaj, zdaj zadel te bodem v jedro!"

Hipec, dva: problem je rešen:
ob robu zemljevida je fakir—obešen.



Mile Klopčič:

MATI GOVORI OB ZIBELKI

“ZUNAJ v mestu šum in nepokoju,
skozi ulice vihar hrumi.
Očka prišel pozno bo nocoj.
Zaspi, sirotni moj otrok, zaspi!

V veliki dvorani je tvoj oče, tam je sto in sto ljudi!
Vsi ugibajo samo, kako ustvarijo vam lepše dni.

Da bi ne bilo več sivih hiš,
da bi ne bilo več težkih dni,
da bi svet postal vam paradiž . . .
Zaspi, otrok, in sanjaj brez skrbi! . . .”

In otrok je zaspal in je sanjal o samih lepih in daljnih rečeh.
Vso noč je sanjal, vso noč je na ustnih mu ležal miren
nasmeh . . .

Mati nad njim je bedela do pozne noči. Solze je imela v očeh...





BLED NA SLOVENSKEM

Zakaj?

Po Herminiji Zur Mühlen pripoveduje
Mile Klopčič

NEKOČ je živel majhen deček, ki ni imel ne očeta ne matere, pa je moral živeti v ubožnici majhne vasi. Bil je edini otrok v vsej hiši; vsi drugi stanovalci so bili stari, betežni ljudje, ki so bili vedno mrke in godrnjave volje, ki so najrajši sedeli na solncu in molčali. Kar razjezili so se, kadar se je otrok v svoji igri zaletel vanje ali pa če je postal glasen.

Žalostno življenje je živel mali Peterček. Nikoli ni bil deležen ljubeznjive besede, nihče ga ni božal in tolažil, kadar mu je bilo hudo. Pač pa je bil vsak dan pokaran, kričali so nadenj, včasih je bil celo tepen. Peterček je imel lastnost, ki je nad vse jezila voditelje ubožnice: ob vsaki priložnosti je vprašal: "zakaj?", vsaki stvari je hotel vedeti vzrok.

"Ne izprašuj vedno," se je jezila debela voditeljica ubožnice. "Vse je, kakor je in dobro je tako."

"Toda zakaj nimam tudi jaz staršev, kakor ostali otroci na vasi?" je vztrajal Peterček.

"Ker so ti umrli."

"Zakaj so umrli?"

"Ker je ljubi bog hotel tako."

"Zakaj je ljubi bog hotel tako?"

"Molči, paglavec, pusti me v miru s svojimi večnimi vprašanji!" Debela voditeljica je pordela od jeze, ker ni vedela, kaj bi odgovorila Peterčku. Nič pa bolj ne razjezi nespametnih ljudi, kakor če bi morali reči: "Ne vem."

Peterček pa ni maral umolkneti. Pogledal je v njen rdeči in jezni obraz ter izpraševal dalje: "Zakaj si tako huda z menoj?"

Cap! — pa je dobil zaušnico. Zajokal je in zbežal, a še v begu je izpraševal: "Zakaj me biješ?"

Prišel je do kurnikov. Velika, pisana kura je stala tamkaj, glasno in bahavo

je kokodakala: "Izlegla sem jajce, jajce, izlegla sem jajce!" In z vseh strani so se oglasile kokoši v zboru: "Izlegla sem jajce, jajce, izlegla sem jajce, kokodajce!" Le petelin se je jezil, ker so se kokoši bahale z nečim, česar on ne zmore. Pa je prezirljivo zakukurikal: "Jaz sem petelin, ve ste le kokoši!" Plavalasa Marija, dekle ubožnice, je zbrala skrbno jajca v svoj modri predpasnik in jih odnesla v hišo.

"Kam gredo vsa vaša jajca?" je vprašal Peterček pisano kokoš.

"V mesto," je zakokodakala.

"Kdo jih v mestu je?"

"Bogati ljudje, bogati ljudje." Tako ponosno je kokoš to izrekla, kot bi bila to zanjo posebna čast.

"Zakaj jaz ne dobim nikoli jajc?" je vprašal Peterček ves žalosten. "Jaz sem vedno lačen."

"Ker si ubog nemanič."

"Zakaj pa sem ubog nemanič?"

Zdajci se je kokoš razjezila kakor debela voditeljica malo poprej in jezno je dejala: "Beži, beži! Dolgočasiš me s svojimi vprašanji."

Žalosten je Peterček odšel. Vrtna dver je bila odprta, Peterček je stopil na cesto, šel tjavendan, dokler ni prišel do odprtih vrat nekega hleva. Hlev je bil last nekega bogatega kmeta.

Mnogo lepih krav, belih in rjavih, je stalo v vrsti; z velikimi mehkimi očmi so strmele predse. Peterček je začutil silno lakoto, pristopil h kravi, ki je bila videti silno prijazna, ter zaprosil: "Ljuba kravica, daj mi nekoliko svojega mleka piti."

"Tega pa ne smem," je odgovorila krava. "Moje mleko je gospodarjevo."

Fant je obstrmel, pogledal po hlevu ter začel preštovati krave. "Ena, dve, tri ... dvanajst" — tu je prenehal, dasi ni še preštel vseh krav. A v ubožnici se

ni naučil šteti delj kot do dvanajst. "Dvanajst," je dejal zamišljeno. "Ali lahko popije kmet mleko dvanajstih krav?"

"Kako neki," mu je razlagala prijazna krava. "Mleko prodaja v mesto."

Peterček se je domislil besedi, ki mu je govorila kokoš, pa je vprašal: "Ali pijejo siromašni otroci iz mesta to mleko?"

"O jojmene, Peterček," je vzdihnila krava, "kako neumen si še in neizkušen. Iz mleka naredo lepo smetano, iz nje napravijo lepe pogače in torte. Te pa kupujejo bogati ljudje."

"Zakaj jih ne kupujejo revni; ali jim ne ugajajo dobre pogače?"

"Nikar me toliko ne izprašuj, fant," je odgovorila krava. "Jaz sem le neumna krava in ti ne znam in ne vem odgovoriti. Tudi je bolje zate, da odiš od tod. Ob tem času prihaja po navadi kmet v hlev; če te zagleda, te še pretepe."

Peterček je pobožal prijazno kravo po lepi koži ter odšel. Prišel je do velikega, velikega žitnega polja. Veter je česal pšenico, ki je stala v klasju. Videti je bilo, kot bi se zlati valovi pretakali tiho sem ter tja. Klasje je pelo s tankim glasom, žalostno je bilo in Peterček je razložil besede: "Kmalu bo prišel žanjec s koso, ššš, in nas pokosi, ššš. In ljudje bodo spekli iz nas lep bel kruh, šššššš . . ."

"Kdo je bel kruh?" je vprašal Peterček, ki še nikoli ni jedel belega kruha.

"Bogati ljudje, bogati ljudje, šššš," so prepevali klasovi in se zibali kot v plesu.

"Že spet bogati ljudje," je mrmral Peterček. "Kaj je vse na svetu last le bogatih ljudi?"

"Vssse, vssse, vse . . ." so šepetali klasovi.

"Zakaj?"

To vprašanje je bilo videti klasju smešno; zvijalo se je od smeha in prepevalo: "Bedaček si ti, bedaček!" Na Peterčkovo vprašanje pa niso odgovo-

rili. Peterček je bil blizu joka; kljubovalno je zacepetal z nogo in glasno zakričal: "Odgovorite mi na moje vprašanje, odgovorite. Kaj mi nihče ne zna odgovoriti?"

Tedaj se je leno priplazil jež preko steze in dejal: "Najbolj pametna glava, kar jih poznam, je sova, ki prebiva v gozdu na velikem hrastu. K njej stopi, ti večni izpraševalec."

"Ali ne moreš povedati, zakaj —?"

Jež ni dal Peterčku izgovoriti do konca. Bliskoma je potegnil glavo vase ter namršil svoje igle, da je bil bolj podoben bodljikavi krogli kot ježu.

"Ne maram govoriti z ljudmi," je dejal in njegov jezik je bil oster kot njegove igle. "Pretrapasti so zame. Stopi k sovi, toda nikar je ne jezi, da ti oči ne izpraska."

Večer se je bližal, že je poslal svoje glasnike, črne sence, ki so legale preko vsega. V gozdu je bilo temno in Peterčku se je kar srce stiskalo od strahu. Vendar pa se mu je zdel gozd mnogo bolj prijazen kot ubožnica. In zato je smelo nadaljeval svojo pot.

Vedno gostejše je postalo drevje. Zmanjkalo je steze; Peterček je stopal po mehkem zelenem mahu kot po preprogi. Gozd je čudovito vonjal. Pod velikim drevjem so rastle sladke jagode in fant jih je trgal med potjo in se krepčal z njimi.

Nazadnje je prispel do velikega hrasta. Na veji je zagledal sovo. Sova je imela velike naočnike na nosu ter je z vso vnemo proučevala neki zelen list, ki ga je držala v krempljih.

(Konec prihodnjič.)



Potovanje na luno

(Julesu Verneju k obletnici rojstva.)

ALI ste že kdaj mislili na to, da je prav za prav čudno, da je videti luna vedno enako velika. Lahko jo gledaš s ceste ali pa s kakega visokega hriba: luna je zmerom enako velika. Če pa gledaš hišo od daleč, je toliko manjša! Saj bi morala tudi luna postati vedno večja, če se ji približujemo.—To je vse res, a luna je skoro 400,000 km oddaljena od naše zemlje. Če se ji tedaj približamo celo za tisoč ali dva tisoč kilometrov, ne pomeni to nič in ni v nikakem razmerju z veliko daljavo, ki loči luno od zemlje.

400,000 kilometrov je velika daljava, približno toliko kakor desetkrat okoli ekvatorja ali pa tridesetkrat tako dolga, kakor je os naše zemlje!—Ali ne bi mogli z letalom poleteti na luno? Če bi letalo letelo na uro 100 km, tedaj bi prispeli v pet in pol mesecih na luno. Lahko si celo prihranimo tri tedne, če imamo srečo; luna namreč ni vedno enako oddaljena od zemlje. Zdaj pa zdaj se približa zemlji približno za 50,000 kilometrov. Ali se naj peljemo?

Ne, če dobro premislim, vam moram reči: z letalom te poti ne moremo napraviti. Brez gostega zraka ni moči

leteti in v višini 80 km ni več zraka. In niti tako visoko ne moremo priti, zakaj zrak postaja vedno redkejši. Pri 5 km je že dosežena polovica njegove teže, to pomeni, da tehta spodnjih 5 km zraka prav toliko kot zgornjih 75 km.

V zadnjih časih smo mnogo čitali o leteči raketi. Neki profesor je razložil, kako bi bilo mogoče leteti skozi brez-zračni prostor in pristati na luni. Do nadaljnjega sedi gospod profesor še na zemlji.

Isto idejo je imel že pred sedemdesetimi leti francoski pisatelj, ki mu je bilo ime Jules Verne. Živel je v tisti dobi, ko je bil telefon še popolnoma nova iznajdba. Ko še ni bilo ne avtomobilov ne letal. Jules Verne je imel nenavadno bujno domišljijo. Že naprej je slutil velike tehnične in naravoslovne iznajdbe, tako tudi polet na luno s pomočjo raket. Knjiga, ki jo je bil o tem napisal, se imenuje "Potovanje na mesec." Jules Verne je napisal zelo mnogo knjig. Nekatere izmed njih so tudi prevedene v slovenščino: "Carski sel," "Mojster Zaharija," "Otroci kapetana Granta," "Kaj je izmislil dr. Ox" in "Potovanje okoli zemlje v 80 dneh."



Ivan Jontez:

Kdor ne dela . . .

JOŽEK je bil sin tovarniškega delavca; majhen, suhljat, a žilav in živahen. V njegovih malih sivih očeh je gorela volja do dela. Delo preobrazuje svet in ljudi, je večkrat čul od očeta in drugih delavcev.

Milan je bil sin lastnika tovarne; okrogličen, vedno lepo omit, počesan in skrbno zlikan. Rad se je igral in rad dobro jedel. Delo je mrzil. Delajo naj delavci, ki so zato na svetu. Brez dela se lepše živi, je čul od raznih ljudi, ki so obiskovali njegovo mamo.

Nekoč sta se sestala: slabooblečeni Jožek in gospodski Milan. Povsem slučajno, in če bi Milanova mamica doznala, da se njen lepi sinko, četudi samo slučajno, družijo z umazanim delavčevim sinom, bi ga bržkone hudo oštela.

Sestala sta se v gozdiču gospoda tovarnarja, kamor je zanesla Jožka prirojena predrznost in nespoštovanje do tuje lastnine.

In—ne čudite se!—sin delavca in gospodarjev sin se nista grdo gledala, niti se stepla; premerila sta se s pogledi in Milan je izustil opazko: "Slabo obleko imaš in strgana je že!" Nato je z zadovoljnostjo premeril svojo zlikano, lepo oblekico.

Jožek ga je pogledal mirno v oči. "Moj oče je delavec!" je poudaril zadnjo besedo. "Delavec, ki mora trdo delati za majhno plačo! Zato ne morem biti lepo oblečen kot si ti. Pa nič zato; saj obleka ne dela človeka! Delo je tista sila, ki ga preobrazuje! Moj oče pravi tako in jaz mu verjamem."

Milan se je zmrnil. "Bah, delo, brrrr! Zato si tako lepo oblečen, ker tvoj oče dela! Delo! . . . Jaz ne maram zanj! Brez dela se lepše živi. Ko bom velik, bom gospod, nič ne bom delal, lepo bom živel, se zabaval in užival . . . Ali bo lepo"

Jožek ga je premeril s pomilovalnim pogledom. "Boš videl, kako dolgo boš izhajal brez dela! Misliš, da bomo delavci zmerom tako neumni, da bi delali za lenuhe? Nikar se ne moti! Ne bomo, ne!"

"Radi, če boste hoteli jesti!" je ponovil za svojim očetom Milan ter se prezirno nasmehnil. "In jaz bom gospod, bom lepo živel brez dela, ti boš pa delal—zame, kakor tvoj oče dela za mojega očeta."

"Eee, tudi tvoj oče ne bo zmerom gospod!" mu je zabrusil Jožek. "Kar se pa tiče dela, pa se ga ne bojim. Celo želim si ga. Moj oče je delavec, delavec bom tudi jaz, njegov sin! Gradil bom stroje kakor on, stroje, ki bodo opravljali delo namesto ljudi. In s tem bom koristil vsem ljudem. Ti, ki praviš, da boš gospod, boš pa lenuh, ki ne bo nikomur nič koristil, samo za škodo in napoto! Sram te bodi, ki sovražiš pošteno delo, lenuh!"

Nato sta se razšla. Jožek je moško odkorakal proti črni delavski naselbini, Milan pa je ostal v gozdiču ter prezirljivo zavihal ustnice. "Prav ima oče, ko pravi, da se ti umazanci vse upajo in da je bolje, da se jih človek izogiblje!" je stisnil iz sebe, nato pa je počasi stopil proti lepi vili, kjer ga je čakala obilna malica in lepa, mehkokožna mamica.

Minilo je deset let.

Tolsti tovarnar, Milanov oče, je že nekaj let hranil črve v grobu, v katerega ga je vrgla srčna kap, ki ga je udarila, ko je prišel polom njegovega podjetja. Tovarna je bila v tujih rokah in Milan je bil brez doma in brez vsega. Z materjo sta se preselila v mesto, kjer ju niso poznali in kjer si je mati našla slab zaslužek s poučevanjem gospodskih hčera. S tem je borno preživljala sebe

in Milana, ki je bil dorastel v krepkega mladeniča, a ni maral delati. Mati ga je prosila, rotila, naj se poprime dela, da jima ne bo treba umreti v pomanjkanju in gladu—zaman. Milan se je bil naučil sovražiti delo in je ostal delomržež. Rajši je bil lačen, kot da bi bil šel delat.

Življenje je šlo svojo pot naprej.

Nekega dne sta se spet srečala: Jože in Milan. Prvi je takoj spoznal slednjega ter ga nagovoril, prav prijazno: "Kako, Milan? Si že dalj časa v mestu? In mati? Zdrava?"

Jože, zdaj neodvisen lastnik majhne popravilnice avtov, je vedel, kako je končal Milanov oče in da je šla vsa bogatija, ki so jo drugi nagrabili zanj, raketom žvižgat, a se je delal, kot da nič ne ve. Tudi Milanove ponošene in zakrpane obleke ni hotel videti.

Milan je zaklel: "Hudič vzemi vse skupaj! Slabo je, prijatelj. Stari je pogljal vse skupaj v vražje žrelo in midva z materjo sva zdaj berača! Prokleta u-soda!"

Jože se je malce zamislil. Spomnil se je dogodka v gozdiču. "Gospod bom . . . ne bom delal . . ."

"Kako pa potem živita z materjo?" je poizvedoval. "Ali mogoče delaš? Saj močan si zadosti."

Milan se je porogljivo zasmejal. "Jaz da bi delal! Saj nisem bedast! Saj tudi drugi ne delajo, a vendar žive, lepo, brez skrbi! In končno tudi ne znam dela-

ti . . . Doma so me učili, da delati je nečastno . . . No, pa mati je pozabila na to in zdaj vseeno dela . . . poučuje in s čipkami se ukvarja . . ."

Jože je uganil resnico. "Torej mati dela — za sina lenuha!"

"Pa te ni sram, da mati preživlja tebe, mladega, močnega dečka?!" ga je ostro prijel.

"Čemu, ko pa me je ona sama naučila sovražiti delo?" se je zarežal Milan. "In povedal sem ti že, da ne znam delati . . ."

"Česar ne znaš, se lahko naučiš, samo če imaš malo volje in moškega ponosa v sebi!" ga je zavrnil Jože ter mu začel prigovarjati, naj se poprime kakega dela. Pripravljen je bil celo mu pomagati pri tem.

Zaman. "Jaz ne maram delati, ker mi je delo zoprno!" je izjavil izgubljenec ter obrnil hrbet Jožetu.

"Prav, potem pa pogini!" je zavpil za njim Jože. "Od glada naj te bo konec!"

Nekaj mesecev pozneje se je tako tudi zgodilo. Milanova mati je umrla in leni Milan si je del vrv okrog vratu. Ker ni hotel delati, mu pač ni preostajalo nič drugega.

Ko je Jože zvedel za njegovo smrt, je mirno in trdo dejal: "Prav je tako! Kdor noče delati, naj pogine! Naj poginejo vsi, ki hočejo živeti kot paraziti od delavske krvi in znoja, sami pa nočejo delati!"



Mile Klopčič:

DEKLICA PRODAJA TELOHE NA CESTI

VSAKOMUR, ki mimo pride, svoje rože pomolim.
RES, da so le telohi, a drugih ni pozimi.
Premrla vsa vsak dan na voglu tu stojim,
od žalosti in mraza se oko solzi mi.

Vsakomur jih nudim, pa je vse zaman.
Nihče jih ne kupi, nihče jih ne vzame.
In pozdravljam: "Klanjam se!" in "Dober dan!" —
vsak gre dalje, jedva da ozre se name.

Redkokdaj se kdo ustavi in poboža mi obraz:
"No kaj, dekle?" — "Saj vidite, ponujam cvetje..."
Poboža me in gre. Kaj naj imam od tega jaz?
Res, da so telohi, saj ni poletje.

Od zjutraj že stojim, pa imam le osem Din.
In zdaj je poldan, a košara je še polna.
Naj jih odnesem spet domov? Tega se res bojim.
To bi jokala moja mati bolna . . .

Ne, rajši čakam. Mogoče pride kdo,
ki se bo zmotil, pa jih nekaj vzame.
Lahko bi videli, kako mi je hudo.
In kaj kupili. Za mater je, ne zame.

Katka Zupančič:

TRMOGLAVKI

O JOJ, ne veš, kako si lepa,
ko trmo paseš radi bedarije,
ki nima glave, nima repa,
ki vredna niti ni besede.

Le stopi tja pred ogledalo —
poglej si trmo na obrazu:
na ustih šobico prezalo,
pogled svoj lepi izpod čela!

In, no, solze seveda tudi!
Le kaj bi bilo brez deževja
ob ti pregrozni uri hudi,
ko polž ti je roge pokazal?

Če bi življenje ti roge kazalo,
tedaj jokati bi se smela.
Počakaj še, počakaj malo:
nesreči nisi bila še v pesteh . . .

Zato pa: proč s trmo! Živel smeh!!!



H. G. Perušek: ZGODNJE JUTRO V LJUBLJANI

Hrapave roke

Priredil Mile Klopčič

ŽIVELA je nekoč majhna deklica. Klicali so jo za Slavico. Bila pa je tako čista kot bela mačica. Celo v šoli si je čistila roke in prste, vrat in lica.

Kadar ji je rekla mati, naj odnese pepel na smetišče, je obula na svoje baržunaste ročice rokavice, zavila je pepel v papir ter ga vzravnana kot sveča odnesla do jame. Tako zelo se je bala, da se ne bi umazala. Mati se je kaj pogosto razjezila zaradi tega, govoreč: "Slavica, Slavica, pri delu človek ne more biti čist, kasneje pač."

Slavico je zelo mučila ona skrb: očetove roke so ji bile tako neprijetne, ker so bile velike, močne, rdeče, žuljave in polne nekkih brazd. Včasih je Slavica opazovala te roke, pa ji je bilo nerodno. Zakaj vselej se je tedaj spomnila belih in gladkih rok gospoda učitelja. Nikakor ni mogla razumeti, kako to, da so prav roke njenega očeta tako grde in hrapave.

Ker jo je to zmerom bolj in bolj skrbelo, se je napotila do svoje stare tetke ter jo žalostno vprašala:

"Kaj naj storim, da mi ne bodo očetove hrapave roke tako neprijetne?"

"Vzemi to-le volno, pa spleti svojemu očetu rokavice," je rekla tetka ter ji podarila cel klobčič volne.

Čez štiri tedne je stopila Slavica pred očeta, ponudila mu je par belih rokavic ter ga prosila:

"Natakni, oče, to lepo stvarico na svoje hrapave roke."

Oče se je samo nasmehnil, stresel z glavo in dejal: "O, ti prismođa moja draga, moje roke se morajo trdno prijeti dela. V takih ovojih tišče svoje roke samo gizdalini in lenuhi."

Tedaj se je Slavica še bolj razžalostila. Odšla je k modremu starcu, ki

je stanoval v vasi, ter ga vprašala: "Kaj naj storim, da mi hrapave roke mojega očeta ne bodo tako odvratne?"

"Vzemi ta-le prašek," je svetoval starec ter ponudil deklici škatljico praška, "ter natrosi vsak večer žličico tega praška v očetov umivalnik."

Sedem dni je Slavica vsak večer natrosila praška v očetov umivalnik, potem pa je nekega večera dejal oče po umivanju: "Le zakaj me tako peče na vratu in rokah? Kaj je voda prevroča?"

A roke se niso izpremenile. Temne brazde na dlani so res postale nekoliko svetlejše, a dlani in prsti so ostali prav tako trdi, roženi in hrapavi.

Hudo je bilo Slavici kot še nikoli poprej, pa se je napotila ter poiskala premeteno starko v vasi. Vprašala jo je: "Kaj naj storim, da mi hrapave roke mojega očeta ne bodo več tako zoprne?"

"Vzemi to-le mast," je svetovala modrijanka ter ji izročila pločevinasto škatljico, "pa namaži z njo svojemu očetu vsak večer. Pa na skrivaj."

Osem noči se je plazila Slavica opolnoči okrog spečega očeta ter mu mazala trde dlani. Vsako jutro pa, ko se je oče prebudil, se je togotil: "Kakšna prešmentana mast pa se je prijala mojih rok?"

A roke se niso niti malo izpremenile. Zdelo se je, da je postala polt res nekam bolj svetla, a dlani in prsti so ostali prav tako trdi, roženi in hrapavi.

Tedaj se je Slavica zjokala, se vrgla materi v naročje in vprašala: "Mati, ali mi lahko poveš, kaj naj storim, da mi hrapave roke očeta ne bodo več tako neprijetne?"

Mati pa se je nasmehnila, podala Slavici pločevinast lonček ter rekla: "Vzemi ta lonček, odnesi ga v tovarno, kjer dela tvoj oče."

Tedaj je ta mala, občutljiva gospodična prijela lonček z dvema prstoma za ušesa ter se napotila v tovarno. Precej časa ji je bilo treba, da je našla svojega očeta. Dvajset stopnic jo je vodilo globoko pod zemljo, kjer je nazadnje opazila svojega očeta.

Z odkritimi prsi, z golimi rokami, z bosimi nogami je stal oče pred veliko kamenito pošastjo, ki je žarela iz nje peklena vročina. Zdaj pa zdaj je oče potegnil iz pošasti veliko železno ploščo: veliki rdeči jeziki so planili iz ognjenega žrela ter hoteli oblizniti njenege očeta. Ali njegove roke so neustrahšno zgrabile lopato in nametale premoaga tej veliki pošasti v ognjeni gobec. In potem so očetove roke spet zaprle to veliko, razbeljeno železno ploščo.

Slavica je odrevenela od strahu: njen oče dela v — peklu! . . .

Prestrašeno se je zdrznila, ker je fabrika zažvižgala iz železne cevi. Oče pa je mirno pogledal na svojo uro, otrl si je znoj z lic, zasukal je počasi majhno kolo in — zgoraj se je v železnih žilah, ki so se iz pošasti stekale v zidove, oglasilo neko pretakanje in cvrčanje. Potem je zgoraj zagrmelo in zabobnelo, kakor bi se hotel sesuti strop.

"Kaj slišiš, kako delajo stroji nad nama? Tvojega očeta poslušajo kot sužnji; jaz jih krotim," je dejal človek s hrapavimi rokami in vzel lonček z jedjo svoji hčerki.

Še tisti večer je Slavica razumela, zakaj so roke njenega očeta tako hrapave in trde. Niso ji bile več neprijetne, marveč dobre. Zakaj njihove temne, otekale dlani in rdeči raskavi prsti so ji pripovedovali pravljico o — peklu, ki ga ž njimi kroti njen oče kakor car iz pekla.





Dragi čitatelji!

Dopisi v "Našem koticu" se naglo množe. To je zelo razveseljivo. Tudi njih vsebina je čedalje bolj zanimiva. Vidi se, da se starši zanimajo za Mladinski list in pa za svoj naraščaj, da se priuči slovenščine v besedi in pisavi.

Veselilo me bo, ako bom sleherni mesec prejel še več slovenskih dopisov, ki bodo tako ali pa še bolj zanimivi kot sedaj. Potrudite se vsi, starši in mladina, da bo "Kotiček" vedno bolj zanimiv!

—UREDNIK.

"ŽIVAL V ČLOVEŠKI PODOBI"

Trpljenje slovenskih otrok pod Italijo

Cenjeni urednik!

Nedavno tega sem čitala v slovenskih časopisih o učitelju Sottosantiju, kateri je prišel nekje iz Sicilije v Italijo.

Sottosanti je bil poslan v slovenske kraje, katere je v vojnem času vzela Italija. Ta učitelj je bil živina v človeški podobi. Pretepal je slovenske otroke in jim pljuval v usta, da so siromaki morali požirati njegove okužene pljunke, ker je bolehal na sušici. To pa vse zato, ker so otroci spregovorili par besed v materinskem jeziku.

Meni se tisti otroci zelo smilijo, in večkrat si mislim, da kakšno veselje morejo imeti do učenja.

Ubogi naš slovenski narod, kako velika krivica se mu godi pod fašistično vlado.

Čitala sem tudi o tistih štirih žrtvah, ki so bile ustreljene od fašistov v Bazovici pri Trstu, septembra meseca minulega leta. Moja mama je osebno poznala sedaj že pokojnega dijaka Zvonimirja Valenčiča in njegovo pokojno mater, ki se je pisala Ivana Urbančič (dekliško ime), po domače Škrovanova iz Bača, in stanujoča v Trstu.

Hrvatski pregovor pravi: "Svaka sila do vremena," in tako bo prišla tudi zaslužena kazen za fašiste.

Pozdrav vsem!

Olga Groznik,

(Dne 14. feb.)—Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

NASLOVI IN NALOGE

Cenjeni, urednik!

Že večkrat sem se namenil, da bi par vrstic napisal za naš Mladinski list, ampak zmeraj, kadar čas dopušča, se ne domislim.

V februarški številki sem bil presenečen, ker je bilo toliko dopisov. Jaz sem v odraslem oddelku skoraj eno leto, pa vseeno se zanimam za M. L.

V zadnji številki je bilo mnogo dopisovalcev, ki bi radi dobili pisma, a nikjer ni bilo naslova. Upam, da v bodoče bi navedli naslove.

Rad bi vedel, če se bi lahko priobčilo naloge za tiste, kateri se bi radi naučili slovensko pisati in čitati.

Bratski pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Frank Somrak, ml.,

996 E. 74 st., Cleveland, O.

VRTNAR IN GROF

Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem si vzela malo časa, da napišem par vrstic v Mladinski list. Do danes, ko to pišem (10. feb.) nismo še tučak imeli skoro nič snega. Ampak ravno danes pa je pričel padati in sneži na vso moč. Toda kljub temu se že zima nagiba h koncu in že pričakujemo lepe zelene pomladi, ki se je vse veseli, staro in mlado.

Za danes naj zadostuje, prilagam pa pesmico o mladem vrtnarju in grofu.

Nekoč je mladi vrtnar bil,
ki je drobne rožice sadil,
je drobne rožice sadil in pel:
"Četudi sem en truden kmet,
nekoč bom grofov zet."
Grof pa ravno za njim je stal
in poslušal ko je pel vrtnar.
Od jeze ga je stresel mraz.
Povabi vrtnarja s seboj na lov,
da ustrelil bo en par volkov,
ki trgajo nedolžna jagnjeta.
Ko prideta na sred gozda,
je puška močno počila —
in vrtnarja usmrtila.
Grof se vrnil je vesel,
ker mu po sreči vse je šlo.
Doma se vleže in zaspi,
trudne njegove so oči.
V vasi trdno vse že spi,
le pri grofu še luč gori:
okoli okna leti ptič —
v vodi pa leži mrlič.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam pri
SNPJ!—Molly Royce, Box 113, Tire Hill, Pa.

OD VESELEGA DOPISOVALCA

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam lepo zahvalim, ker ste moj zadnji dopis tako lepo uredili in popravili moje napake. Sedaj še zelo slabo pišem po slovensko, pa mislim in upam, da se bom počasi že privadil.

Zelo rad čitam Mladinski list, ker je res zanimiv in podučljiv. Povesti, pesmi in tudi slike ter dopisi so kaj lepo urejeni. Razni dopisi od naši bratcev in sestic so vedno bolj zanimivi. Upam, da ne boste zavrgli tega dopisa, ki sem ga s težavo napisal, čeprav je slabo skupaj zložen.

Bliža se spomlad in po spet lepo v naravi; vse bo ozelenelo in ptički bodo prepevali po drevju v gozdih in parkih.

Jaz moram hoditi precej daleč v šolo, pa se mi vseeno dopade.

Tu Vam pošiljam tri kitice treh različnih pesmic:

Na planincih

Na planincih solnce sije,
ko dolince megla krije.
Pastirc pa prav: "Juhe, juhe!
Na planincih lušno je!"

Rožmarin

Rasti, rasti rožmarin,
ti deviški drag spomin.
Rožmarin ima svoj duh,
naj bo zelen al' pa suh.

Anica

Anica v šolo hodi,
v prvi klopi sedi.
Ima tablico pri sebi,
piše črko i—i—i—i.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov prav vsem sestricam in bratcem, malim članom Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, ki se zanimajo za naš mesečnik—Mladinski list!

Frank Mramor, Box 165, Cuddy, Pa.

* *

"PTIČICE—BREZ STREŠICE"

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Spet sem se napravila, da napišem nekaj vrstic za "Naš koticček" v Mladinskem listu.

Sedaj mi gre že precej gladko, kadar čitam in pišem slovensko. Moj učitelj so moja mamica, ki se vedno trudijo z mano. Moja želja je, da bi se naučila dobro po slovensko pisati in čitati.

Upam, da mi priobčite to-le pesmico:

Ptiček

Sneg pokriva plan, goro,
burja mrazi nas močno.
Z nami zebe ptičice,
reve so brez strešice.

Oj otrok preljubi moj,
glej, tam čivka ptiček tvoj.
Zebe ga in lačen je,
od slabosti trese se.

V hišico naj gre s teboj,
da bo grel se za pečjo.
Pa mu malo zrnja daj,
da imel bo jesti kaj.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Frances Čeligoj,

677 E. 160 st., Cleveland, Ohio.



PRILJUBLJENI 'KOTIČEK'

Dragi mi urednik!

Odločila sem se, da spet napišem par vrstic za "Naš kotichek," ki postaja zadnje čase zelo zanimiv del Mladinskega lista. Jaz ga z veseljem vselej prečitam, posebno sedaj, ko je v njem toliko različnih dopisov in vsak ima svoj naslov. To je lepo in bolj privlačno.

Tukaj Vam pošiljam par vrstic, in sicer pesmico v dveh kiticah:

Spomlad

Spomlad je res vesela,
vse že zeleni — brsti.
Ptički veselo žvrgolijo,
se veselijo toplih dni.

Pomlad življenja je vesela,
če nam gre vse gladko, lepo,
Če pa usoda ni nam mila,
je vse turobno, žalostno.

Iskren pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem M. L. in dopisovalcem "Našega koticheka!"

Julia M. Hudaj, Box 94, Gross, Kans.

* *

POSNEMA DRUGE

Dragi urednik!

Oprostite mi, ker se že dolgo nisem oglasila v Mladinskem listu.

Brala sem februarско številko, pa sem videla, da še vse tiste moje sestrice kot prej, pišejo v "Kotichek." Pa bom tudi jaz napisala par vrstic, da bodo videle, da sem še živa.

Pozdravljam Anno Motos in vse druge sestre in brate. Rada bi videla, da bi meni katera pisala po slovensko. Frances Batista,

Box 126, Strabane, Pa.

* *

SLABE RAZMERE

Dragi urednik!

Ne zamerite, ker Vas zopet nadlegujem z mojim skromnim pisanjem.

V zadnji številki M. L. sem omenila, da imamo nekaj obleke za oddati, a mi je žal, ker ne morem vsem ustreči. Toliko na znanje vsem prosilcem. (Sem mnogo pisem dobila iz vseh krajev Amerike). Poslali smo vse, kar smo imeli za oddat.

Tukaj v Detroitu je še zmerom slabo z delom, kot je bilo pred božičem. Kdor ga nima, ga tudi ne dobi, če ravno angleški listi tako kričijo, koliko ljudi da so zaposlili, kar ni resnica. Nekateri delajo po dva in tri dni na teden, moj oče tudi dela tri dni.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista, kakor tudi uredniku!

Rose Pregel, Box 134, Base Line, Mich.

DOPIS IZ KANADE

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, dovolite tudi meni malo prostora v Mladinskem listu. To je moje prvo pismo za "Naš kotichek." Čitam Mlad. list že dve leti, pa ne vidim ne enega dopisa iz Kanade.

Jaz sem stara 13 let, imam še tri sestre in hodim v angleško šolo. Poprej sem bila v Franciji. V slovensko šolo nisem nič hodila, pa znam vseeno malo slovensko pisati in brati. Za to se pa moram zahvaliti mojim staršem. Mlajše sestre se tudi učijo slovensko. Člani SNPJ smo vsi v naši družini.

Omenila sem, da sem bila v Franciji. Znam tudi francosko, zato bom poslala prihodnjič eno zgodbico, ki sem se jo naučila tam; jo bom prestavila v slovenko.

Tukaj vam prilagam pesmico; ako mi to priobčite, urednik, bom drugič še kaj več napisala.

Osojski mutec

Kdo si, potnik tuji, ki sam s seboj golčič,
ob jezeru Osojskem po cesti mi hitiš?
A nem je potnik tuji, nagovora ne zna,
odgovor on menihu na listeh spisan da.

"Kaj čitam v pismu tvojem, da iz Rima si prispel,

in tu pri nas ostati, počiti bi si hotel?

Le z mano, mož pobožni, če srce ti zvesto,
za hlapca nam očetom boš služil ti lahko."

Molče gre za opatom do samostanskih vrat.
Najnižje posle v hiši on dan opravlja vsak.
Prvi je na nogah, ko jutro se rodi,
Poslednjemu na večer sen stisne mu oči.

Nikdo ga več ne vpraša kdo je in od kod,
kje zibelka mu tepla in kje njegov je rod.
Kot nepoznan je došel in tuj ostane vsem,
kdo bi z njim se menil, saj mož je tih in nem.

"Oj, oče moj častiti, poslušajte me zdaj."

"Čuj, govori li mutec, godi se čudo, kaj?"

V samostanu živel nad sedem dolgih je let,

Sedaj zna govoriti, kar mogel ni popret?"

In ko je na Osojah napočil tretji zor,

mrtvaško pesem v cerkvi meniški pel je zbor:

"Saj delal je pokoro naš nemi samotar,

Borislav, kralj poljski, zavreči ga nikar!"

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sesticam!

Francka Jamšek,

Box 238, New Waterford, C. B., N. S., Canada.

POREDNA ZIMA; LJUBA POMLAD

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet se oglašam z malim prispevkom za "Naš kotiček."

Starka zima se je letos zgodaj poslovila od nas, in voščili smo ji že srečno pot. Pa glej ga spa! Spet se je povrnila in nas obsula z debelim snegom in mrazom.

Delavske razmere so tukaj še vedno slabe. Organizacija Rdečega križa je začela nabirati po hišah obleko, obuvala, posteljno opravo, jedila, denar itd. za uboge brezposelne delavce. Nabrali pa niso mnogo, kajti ljudje nimajo kaj dati.

V prejšnjih dveh številkah Mladinskega lista sem videla slike Katke Zupančič, Anne P. Krasne, Mileta Klopčiča in Ivana Jonteza, ki so sodelovali pri Mladinskega lista. Njih povesi in pesmi se mi zelo dopadejo. Tudi jaz imam malo pesmico, ki jo Vam z mojim očetom pošiljava. Če se Vam dopade, pa jo priobčite. Tukaj je:

Pomlad in mladost

Pomlad spet zelena prihaja,
se zima vsa v solzah topi,
v srcu radost se poraja,
se upanje novo budi.

Mladina pojoč poskakuje,
držec se veselo na smeh,
jih lepa pomlad navdušuje,
kdo šteje mladini to v greh?

Še lepši kot Vesna zelena
je našga življenja pomlad.
Mladost je najbolj dragocena,
le pride v življenju enkrat.

Pomlad gre in spet se povrne,
ko pride, prinese nam maj.
Mladost pa, ko hrbet obrne,
ne pride nikdar več nazaj.

Mladina, le uživaj življenje,
dokler je še v srcu mladost,
ko pridejo leta, spoznanje,
izgineta smeh in radost.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem!

Josephine Mestek,
638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

Pozna ga

Zvoni. Domača deklica odpre vrata
in na pragu se pojavi mož z rdečim
nosom.

Najavila vas bom materi.

Ali veš, kako se imenujem?

Seveda vem. Steče v sobo in zavpije:
Mama, prišel je gospod z rdečim nosom!

"SNEG ZA TO LETO SLOVO JE ŽE VZEL"

Cenjeni urednik!

Že precej časa je preteklo, odkar sem Vam zadnjič poslal dopis za Mladinski list. Zato pa moram hiteti, da ne bo prepozen ta dopis za aprilsko številko.

Dne 3. marca sem dopolnil 16. leto, pa želim, da bi še naprej pošiljali Mladinski list, da bom prejel vse številke tega letnika.

Želim, da priobčite to le pesmico, ki se mi zelo dopade:

Sneg za to leto slovo je že vzel,
shranil je starček svoj čamer vesel.
Zepca zapela, s parme zletela:—
"Nisme še mrazek ti vzel!"

Anton F. Zgonc, Box 58,
Fourth St., Westmoreland City, Pa.

* *

"NA FARMAH JE BOLJŠE KOT V MESTIH"

Dragi urednik!

Že skoraj sem pozabila pisati v M. L. Za mesec marec sem zakasnila; se nisem prej domislila.

Snega je pri nas precej, vreme pa je tukaj jako lepo. Par dni so bile nevihte s snegom.

Z delom je tudi tukaj slabo, ali v mestih je pa še slabše, kakor beremo v Prosveti in drugih časopisih. Po farmah je še dobro. Imajo ljudje vsaj dovolj hrane.

V šolo še vedno hodim in sem sedaj v desetem razredu.

Koledar SNPJ je tudi letos lep; meni se jako dopade.

Drugega nimam kaj pisati. Torej končam in pozdravljam urednika in vse bratce in sestrice!

Mary Ostanek,
Box 4, Traunick, Mich.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume X.

APRIL, 1931

Number 4.

THE THINKER

BACK of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who Knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
Watching thru stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things
thru;
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dreams come
true!

THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind that sing so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid.
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
 O blower, are you young or old?
 Are you beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind that sings so loud a song!

—Robert L. Stevenson.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

I T'S doing your work the best you can, And being just to your fellowman. And staying true to your aims and ends And making money, but keeping friends. It's figuring how and learning why, And looking forward and thinking high, And dreaming a little, but doing much; And keeping always in closest touch With what is finest in word and deed. It's being thoro, yet making speed; It's going onward despite defeat,	And fighting staunchly yet keeping sweet, It's struggling onward with a will to win, And taking loss with a cheerful grin. It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth; And making better this good old earth. It's being honest and playing fair, And looking up at the stars above; It's serving and striving thru strain and stress, It's doing your noblest. That is Success.
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The Wisdom of The Ages

By Anatole France

A Famous Short Story by one of the
World's Greatest Authors

THE scene of this simple tale is laid far away, both in time and distance, in the ancient land of Persia. The young Prince Zemire had succeeded his father on the throne. Now Zemire was anxious to become learned, and so he summoned all the scholars of his kingdom to appear before him.

When the venerable and learned men had assembled, the young king addressed them solemnly as follows:

"My teacher thruout my youth gave me to understand that kings, after all, are but human, like everyone else. At the same time, he told me that monarchs would probably make far fewer errors than they usually do if they could but know and benefit by the experiences of mankind and its rulers in the past.

"History, after all, is the great teacher of the present. It is precedent that makes all experiences, and I would know what the past has been so that I may govern with wisdom and enlightenment. That is why I want to study the history of all people, so that I can avoid the mistakes of other kings and other times and benefit from their good works.

"Therefore, I have summoned you together, the wise men of my kingdom. I order you to set to work at once and prepare for me a history of mankind from the beginning of things until now—and I command you to omit nothing that will make that history less than complete."

The scholars promised to do their best to fulfill the wishes of the young prince, who was now king. They had no sooner withdrawn from the royal presence than they set to work in earnest. It was a colossal task, but they

undertook it with determination and ardor.

At the end of twenty years of tremendous effort they felt that it was time to go again before the king. As they entered the palace grounds they were followed by a caravan of twelve camels—and each camel was loaded with a burden of no less than 500 large volumes.

The spokesman for the scholars, having prostrated himself before the throne, spoke as follows:

Sire, the scholars of your kingdom have the honor to place at your feet the complete history of mankind, prepared, sire, in obedience to your commands. This history is in 6,000 large volumes, and we assure you that everything is included which we could find that relates of the manners of the peoples and the growth and change of past empires.

The king listened gravely to these words and then made his reply:

"Gentlemen, I assure you that I appreciate the great pains you have taken to supply so complete a history of mankind. Just now, however, my time is almost wholly taken up with the demands of my present government. Besides, my friends, I am twenty years older than I was when I first set you to work.

"Now, I command, gentlemen, that you set to work again and write me a shorter history—abridged, and in keeping with the shortness of a man's life."

The scholars went to work once more, and they worked for twenty years longer. Then they again sought the presence of the king, bringing a load of fifteen hundred volumes carried by three sturdy camels.

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we have brought you our new work. We feel we have omitted nothing that is really essential."

The king again listened gravely, and when the spokesman had finished made his reply:

"I agree that what you say is probably true—but still I have not time to read what you have written. Again, I am a score of years older than when you began work on this shorter history. The labor of condensation seems to have been as great as that of compilation in the first place.

"Gentlemen, I am old now. Such an undertaking as reading fifteen hundred huge volumes would little suit my age. Therefore leave your work for the archives. Then depart, go to work once more, and write me even shorter history—and this time do it as fast as you can, for the years lie heavy upon me."

The scholars, indeed, lost no time. They cut their former period in half—in just ten years they had completed the new history. They came to the palace followed, this time, by a young elephant carrying only five volumes.

"You are to be commended," said the king, "but still you have not been brief enough. I am almost at the end of my life, gentlemen. Therefore, you must shorten still more—cut and cut and cut—if you wish that I should learn, ere I die, the story of human life."

Five years later, exactly, the scholars had their new work ready. One man took it to the king, leading an ass carrying one huge tome upon his back.

"Hurry," the man was told. "The king is dying!"

It was true. The king even then lay upon his deathbed. He looked at the scholar and the large book and sighed. The light in his eyes faded. He moaned and said:

"Alas! I shall die without learning the history of mankind!"

But the aged scholar stepped forward to speak:

"Sire," he said, "I shall sum up the history of mankind for you in only seven words. It is this:

"Men are born—they suffer—they die."

Thus it was that the aged king of Persia, rather late in life, learned the history of mankind."



The Old Man of The Mountain

THE "Old Man of the Mountain" of New Hampshire faces the prospect of becoming the most photographed scion of that rock-ribbed state. His noble features will presently appear on all sorts of publications, documents, and insignia as a symbol of New Hampshire, if success crown the move now on foot to adopt this granite semblance of a human profile for the official state seal.

In 1775, when the times called for the displacement of the royal seals long in use, New Hampshire chose for its Colonial seal the symbols of its wealth and existence—a fish and a tree, and between them five arrows bound together, standing for the union of five counties. A year later this design became New Hampshire's first state seal. In 1784, however, a new state seal was designated, a field encompassed with laurel, on the field a rising sun, and ship on the stocks with American banners displayed.

This wooden ship in the course of construction has represented New Hampshire ever since. But every time a new die was made, minor changes, in the foreground particularly, were introduced; and from time to time unofficial dies have followed varied fancies in the elaboration of detail. Among these latter some show a shipment of New England rum piled on the foreground wharf; and this feature, in these times of prohibition, is said to have had much to do with bringing the old seal into disfavor. However that may be, Governor George Tobey has appointed a citizens' committee to draft a new device, and the "Old Man of the Mountain" is championed for the role.

One day a century and a quarter ago two workmen on the road under construction thru Franconia Notch in the White Mountains, Francis Withcomb and Luke Brooks by name, stopped to

wash their hands in the crystal-clear lake at the foot of a mighty promontory. Glancing upward, they caught a striking view of the mountain.

"That's Jefferson," one or both of them exclaimed. Thomas Jefferson, the second President of U. S. and a great advocate of Free Thought.

And so was discovered the "Old Man of the Mountain," or the "Profile," as the formation was afterward called. At close range and from most points of view the apparition is but a forty-foot series of three disconnected granite ledges in different vertical lines, set 1,200 feet above the lake; but for those who know the key to Franconia Notch, one ledge falls into position as a lofty forehead, one as a splendid nose and upper lip and the other a powerful chin, conveying the impression of some mighty being, now melancholy and severe, now amiable and benign, brooding over the valley.

There are traditions that the Indians used to worship the image. These, it is true, are said to be open to considerable doubt. But it is a fact that white men, largely drawn by the fame of the profile, have long made the Notch a point of pilgrimage. Among the thousands of sightseers some have made the "Old Man" an enduring place in literature, notably, Nathaniel Hawthorne in his tale of "The Great Stone Face." Most people who have not actually made the trip to Franconia Notch have at least caught something of its spell from the story of Ernest, who spent his life in contemplation of the beautiful features on the mountain above his home, waiting for the fulfillment of the prophecy that one day there would come a son of that valley the noblest man of his time, whose visage would bear the likeness of that ancient stone face. Ernest, so the story goes, heard the

populace proclaim one hero after another as the prophecy's fulfillment and then rescind the vote; and he lived to grow so much like that countenance with which he daily communed that the valley eventually hailed him as the long-awaited embodiment, tho he himself still shook his head.

A few years ago the profile looked to a disturbing future. The hotel that had jealously guarded the site burned down, and the company in charge slackened its watch. Lumber operations

threatened the peace and beauty of the place, and a hotdog stand was thrown up under the "Old Man's" nose. Then the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests set itself to save Franconia Notch from commercial exploitation. Sufficient funds have since been raised to realize this end. The property has been bought up by the society and will be presented to the State, so that henceforth the "Old Man of the Mountain" will be under the special protection of the people.



Paltry Protection of Children

By Elsie Robinson

WE HAVE 45,000,000 children in the United States. More than 10,000,000 are handicapped.

Six million are improperly nourished.

One million have defective speech.

Six hundred seventy-five thousand have grave behavior problems.

Four hundred fifty thousand are mentally retarded.

Three hundred eighty-two thousand are tubercular—

And so it goes—the marvel is that it doesn't go further!

For we Americans, who so loudly boast that childhood is our most precious asset, actually treat it as the most paltry.

Our other products and investments are protected by state and federal laws. We must have permits and submit to examination at regular intervals if we keep dairy cattle. The cattle man who

abuses his cows is reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The dairy man who sells impure milk is promptly hauled before the board of health.

Yet millions of children can be abused in divers ways.

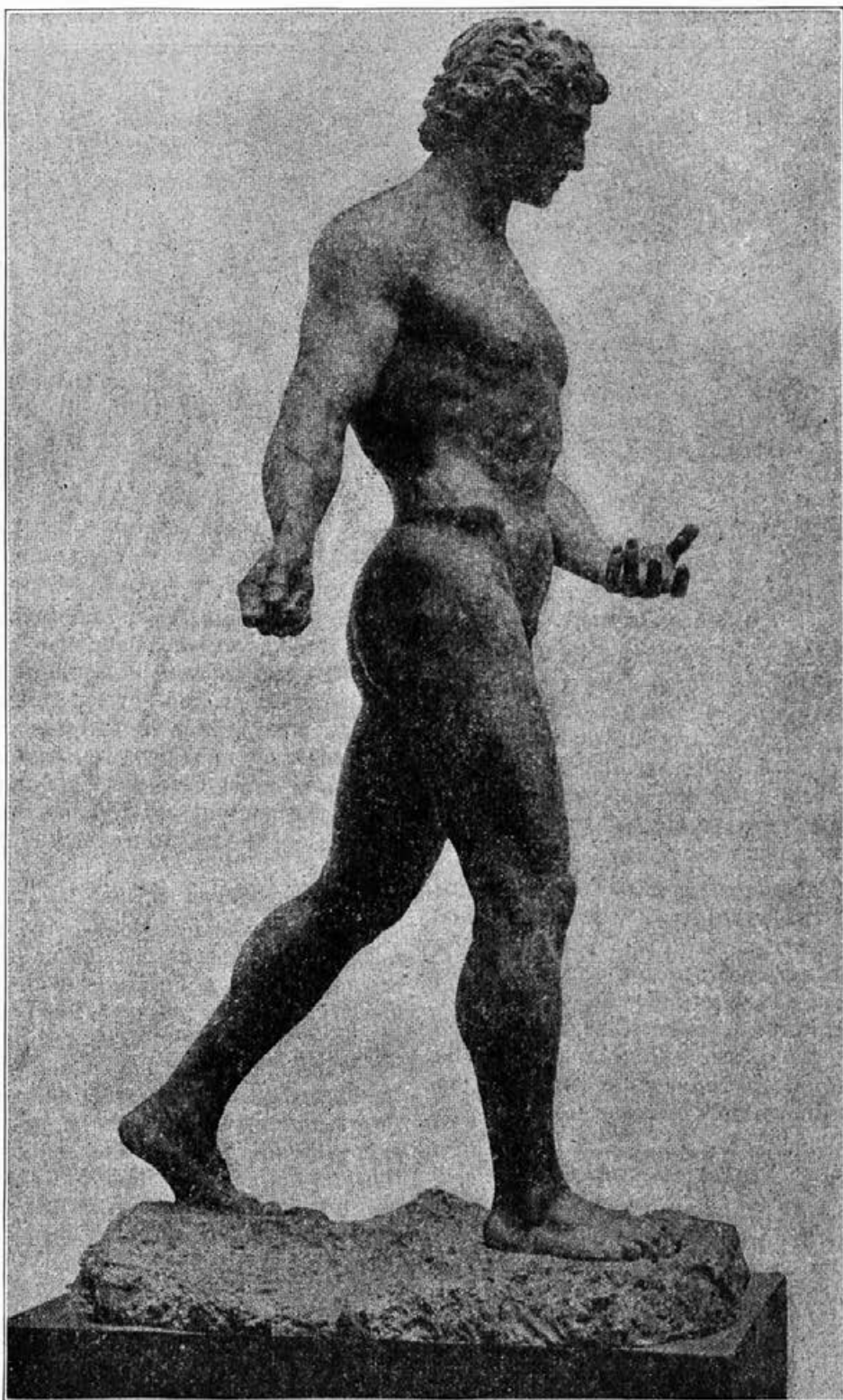
And 382,000 tubercular children can be released on the country, to spread their menace—

And no one holds the parents to an accounting, unless the case is one of exceptional atrocity.

Would you permit bungling, ignorant fools to make an airplane? Would you consider it safe to rise in an airplane by such a person? Of course you wouldn't!

Yet, any sentimental incompetent can have a baby—and most of them do.

And one defective child is a graver menace to society than a thousand defective airplanes.



Albin Polasek: THE SOWER



April Fool Games

Picture Frame

The frame is indicated by four children standing one at each corner of an oblong space. A fifth is the picture, and the others are the audience, who tell what the picture shall be, and do their best to make the picture laugh. The postures suggested must not be too difficult.

A "dancing monkey," "An April fool," "A lame duck," are suggestions easily carried out. If the child in the frame can posture for three pictures without laughing, he can be released. The children forming the frame change when the picture does, and the child whose suggestion made the picture laugh must himself make the next picture.

Blind Spearman

Peanuts, candies, raisins, and small favors are wrapped in small, individual packages and placed in a piece of tis-

sue or other thin paper and suspended from a doorway or chandelier. Each child in turn is then blindfolded, given a cane, spun around several times and told to poke a hole in the paper with the cane. He may try twice and if unsuccessful must give place to another. When the contents of the bag scatter on the floor the children scramble to pick them up.

Silver Spoon

One player is blindfolded and given a large silver spoon. The other players are seated in a circle, and he must identify them by passing the bowl of the spoon over their faces. If he cannot guess the first player in this difficult method, he must go on to another. The first one he succeeds in identifying, takes his place in the center with the spoon, ready to identify others in his turn. The players in the circle should not make a sound, for fear of betraying themselves.



THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

I WISH that there were some wonder-
ful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again.
Where all of our mistakes and all our
heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old
coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost
trail:
And I wish that the one whom our
our blindness had done
Could be at the gates like an old friend
that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intend-
ed to do
But forgot, and remembered—too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises
broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have
perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the one we misjudged and the one
we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving
handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know
had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be
gain:
For there isn't a sting that will not
take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it
away;
And I think that the laughter is most
what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some won-
derful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our
heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old
coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

Do Cats and Dogs Cry

CATS and dogs may be terribly un-
happy — far more than unhappy
enough to make them cry if they were
human.

Yet we know neither cats nor dogs
ever do anything that can fairly be
called crying.

Of course, they have tear-glands as
we have because the front of their eye-
balls requires washing and moistening,
just as our eyeballs do; and it may be
that their tear-glands produce tears
more quickly one time than at another.

But it cannot be said that cats and dogs
ever cry.

It would be interesting to study the
kinds of animals that come nearest to
mankind, and see whether crying is
to be found among them.

The animals nearest us are monkeys;
and among these are four kinds, called
apes, which are much nearer to us than
the others. There is no question at
all that they laugh and grin. But no ape
cries, and indeed we are the only crea-
tures who cry.

McCormick's Reaper—100 Years Ago

ON A SUMMER afternoon in 1831 the first successful horsedrawn reaping machine demonstrated its effectiveness by cutting ripe wheat on the farm of Robert McCormick in the Valley of Virginia. That machine was invented and constructed by Robert's son, Cyrus. At first neither Cyrus himself nor his father nor the few farmers who witnessed the demonstration had any realization of how great that invention was or any vision, probably, of its significance for the future. But within the next 30 years of its inventor's lifetime—that is to say, to the outbreak of the Civil War—the reaper became the most important mechanical factor in the rapid opening up of the Northwest to free labor. It required intelligent operation and could not be used profitably where labor was cheap. It released thousands of men from the farms for the Union armies. It made possible the production of grain for export, and this surplus wheat was one of the deciding factors that helped Lincoln's Union cause in Europe.

The man who thus unwittingly and unwillingly contributed so largely to help overthrow the Confederacy (he disliked, distrusted, and opposed Lincoln politically) was born in the log house on his father's farm, Walnut Grove, in Rockridge County, Virginia, on February 15, 1809 (three days after the birth of Lincoln, in most primitive surroundings, some 300 miles to the westward). There were carpenter and blacksmith shops on the farm, for Robert McCormick had mechanical skill and ingenuity, and the son early began to experiment in the devising of improved agricultural implements and labor-saving machines. The father had invented and patented a threshing machine, a hydraulic machine, a hemp-breaking machine, and others, and as early as 1816 had attempted, unsuccessfully, a

reaper. Cyrus was 22 years old when he succeeded in devising a reaper that actually worked. He made various improvements in it for the harvest of 1832, and still others in the next year, and he obtained a patent on it in 1834.

The fame and use of the reaper spread slowly, and it was not until after the McCormick's, father and son, had practically wasted 10 years in a futile effort to become successful ironmasters that Cyrus determined to devote himself to the manufacture and sale of his invention. In 1848 he went to Chicago, then a little city of less than 17,000 souls, and there, with the help of his two younger brothers, William S. and Leander J., speedily built up one of the great industrial establishments of the time. The growth of Chicago as a grain market and his prosperity went hand in hand. For the harvest of 1850 about 1,600 reapers were made and all but 50 were sold. In 1851 the McCormick reaper won the highest award at the great Crystal Palace exhibition in London and "the invasion of England" began. By the end of 1856 more than 16,000 reapers and mowers had been sold and Cyrus McCormick had made his first million dollars. He had also begun to take a lively interest in politics, siding with the Democratic party, and had become a friend and supporter of Stephen A. Douglas. His sons, however, have been of a different political faith. Cyrus Jr., was a Republican United States senator. His widow, Ruth Hanna McCormick, was defeated for the same office last fall.

The great inventor died in 1884. Few inventions have been of a great importance to the human family as the reaping machine, while the workers in these shops toil for low wages, and the owners reap huge profits, which system is unjust and unhuman.

In the past 20 years the McCormick Historical Association in Chicago has accumulated a library of thousands of documents, letters, agricultural journals and books, a veritable storehouse of American economic history; and Mr. Hutchinson has devoted more than three years to the study of this mass of material. He is assistant professor of history in the University of Chicago, and his book is a very professorial performance. Its documentation is so

careful that no statement of fact is set down without its authenticating footnote. At the outset Professor Hutchinson writes that Cyrus McCormick's assertion that he had never read about or seen any reaper except his father's prior to 1831 is true. This invention could have been utilized even much better if it were not for the profiteering and exploitation system, now in practice only for the good of the few overlords.

Johnny Gregg's Luck

By Philip Wells

JOHNNY was just about like every other little boy that lived in his mountain town. He went to school because he had to; during vacation he worked in the saw mill where his father was employed and ran errands for his mother when he couldn't get out of it. Only Johnny talked less than most boys of his age and never bragged about what he had done.

With the spring thaw, every mountain brook was like a river, and freshets sprang up all around. Late one Saturday afternoon, Johnny was going home through the woods. He had to cross the railroad tracks. Imagine his surprise to see the great embankment worn away by the flowing waters and the sagging rails hanging in space. "Gee! the express'll be coming soon. I'll hustle along to the signal man."

Even as he made his way to the signal station, a distant rumble told him that the Black Eagle would be there before he could give word to the signal man. Tearing off his none-too-clean shirt, he tied it to a stick and ran up the track. He waved the stick frantically and shouted himself hoarse. Not a sound of that screaming could reach the engineer. But there was still enough daylight to show him an on-rushing figure grow from a pin-head to

that of a boy. He jammed on the brakes. The train stopped with a jolt and Johnny disappeared into the woods. There was even a scolding awaiting him at home for the missing shirt. For it was Johnny's way not to say a word about what he had done. When the engineer made his report, search was made by the railroad investigators to find Johnny and reward him.

"You're a brave boy and you are going to be on the pay roll of this railroad company from now on," said the head man. "And what's more, we're going to send you to college." "College? What's that?" asked Johnny. "It's a school," explained the man. "Then I don't want it. I don't like school and won't go to it after the grammar grades." "Then what do you want?" asked the investigator. "I want a lumber tract and a saw mill of my own. That would mean more than any school you could send me to." "But you're too young to take proper care of a thing like that," argued the man. "Well, my father can. So if the railroad thinks I have done anything for them, that's what they can do for me."

So it happened that Johnny, aged 12, became owner of the largest lumber tract and saw mill in the county.—Back Log.



Dear Readers:—

It is very important that you write your little letters plainly and neatly, on standard paper, in ink or you can typewrite them. Do not forget to write on one side of the paper only, and endeavor to tell something interesting. To tell your age, school standing and such is no longer interesting.

Every letter to the "Chatter Corner" should have a pinch of personal touch, but at the same time it must contain something else to make it interesting. Tell the readers of your experiences; they will like to hear about them.

—EDITOR.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Friends:—

I am very sorry to say that this is my first letter to the M. L. I have always read the Slovene and English letters published, but I never sent any in myself. So I decided that I am going to do so from now on.

The new idea of publishing only interesting and original letters is a wonderful idea. If over one hundred letters are sent in every month, as said by the editor in last month's issue, and if they were all interesting and original, they would all be published, which would cause the M. L. to be enlarged or published every week.

I consider the M. L. a very good magazine, through it members have made many new friends, and found addresses of their lost friends.

Come on, members, send in your jokes, stories, letters, etc., and boost the Mladinski List.

I haven't any special talent for writing poems and stories, so I am sending in a cross word puzzle which I hope the editor will publish.

Boris Marmolya,

780 London Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

POOR WORKING CONDITIONS

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 326. I am 10 years of age and am in the 6th grade. We are living on a mountain; it is not so very nice. We have had bad weather up here. If it doesn't rain, it snows, if it doesn't snow—it rains.

The working conditions are very poor. They haven't worked up here at all yet this week. My father is a blacksmith; he has tools to sharpen hammers, drills, and he makes chisels, etc. They work up here in bad weather only 2 or 3 days in a week.

I am interested in the M. L. I would like the M. L. would come every week instead of every month.

Angeline Marolt,

Box 146, Connelville, Pa.

* *

SKIING IN THE WEST

Dear Editor:—

Since no one has written a letter from Cle Elum, Washington, I thought I would.

I read the M. List every month. I think it is a very interesting magazine to read.

There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 371.

Cle Elum has a population of about 2000. It has a very beautiful scenery, because there are mountains, rivers, and lakes all around.

I go to school and am in the sixth grade. We have a new school; it was built in 1926 and is a very nice one.

We haven't had much snow here this year, but then it has snowed enough for the ski tournament which was held Feb. 15. It certainly is very interesting for those who have not seen such a tournament. Here in Cle Elum we have one of the largest hills purposely for this tournament. All the world's best skiers enter this tournament.

This tournament is held on big Ski Hill, about 3 miles from the city over hills which would take hours or so to walk, but one of the interesting things about this tournament this year is the trip thru the mine to this hill, while other years we had to walk. Prizes are given for the best skiers.

I guess this is enough for this time. I will write more next time. I wish some boys and girls would write to me from the East.

Adelaide Victoria Moskon,
Box 181, Cle Elum, Washington.

* *

SPRING IS HERE

Dear Editor:—

Spring is here, and the birds are singing again. I love spring. The winter was not very cold out here. The work here is poor; 1 to 2 days a week, and they don't make much.

I wish our Mladinski List would come every week.

Spring is here, and all the birds are singing except the blue jays; they rob the little birds' eggs from their nests. And that is the very same way John L. did with the poor coal miners. John L. made the men go scabbing and broke the union. But we will all belong to the union again; it will be reorganized union.

I am wishing all the union miners a good luck. Best wishes to all the readers of the M. L.

Mary Mihelcic,
Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

ASHAMED OF YOUR NATIONALITY?

Dear Readers:—

Just think, March ends my "kiddie" career, for then I'll be transferred to the adult department and be considered a "grown-up." I am a Junior in high school and enjoy going to school very much.

At least some young members of La Salle have taken interest in the Mladinski List,

for a letter seems to appear in the magazine from here almost every month. That's wonderful and I hope they keep it up. Perhaps this is a reason only so few write: There are many who are ashamed to let anyone hear them speak in their own language or let anyone know to what nationality they belong. Everyone wants to be American, but aren't the other nations as good as the American? Being ashamed of our nationality is a "habit" among the younger people of to-day.

In La Salle we have a splendid organization, called the "Mohawks" Lodge, SNPJ, of which I hope soon to become a member. Although it is an English Speaking Lodge, still all their plays are given in the Slovene. Several weeks ago they gave one and it was done splendidly. Their talk was excellent and one would think they knew no English but only Slovene.

Saturday, Feb. 21, a social event was held at the "Dom" in La Salle. The proceeds of the dance went for the campaign funds for Leo Zevnik who is running for commissioner in La Salle. We hope he wins, so we will have a Slovene commissioner.

Matilda Martinjak,
25 Fourth st., La Salle, Ill.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 101

Dear Editor:—

One of my main resolutions this year is to write to the Mladinski List every month.

There are seven of us in our family and all belong to SNPJ, Lodge No. 101. I have one sister and three brothers. I go to school every day which I like very much. We play basketball at our school.

The work around Green county is pretty scarce. Penn Pitt was shut down for nine months. Now it started to work.—I enjoy reading the Mladinski List. Here is my snapshot.



Mary Kuis,
Box 245, Greensboro, Pa.

MORE LETTERS!

Dear Editor:—

I never see any letters in the M. L. from Kenosha. I wonder what is the matter with our members from Kenosha. Surely there are members that read our dear M. L., aren't there? Well, why not write a few lines to the M. L.?

I am in 9 A grade now and hope to graduate in this June. My main studies this year are bookkeeping, oral English, biology, English and mathematics. I also have art, music, and gym. Our school has won the iceskating contest that was held here in Kenosha not very long ago.

My little sister is getting to be quite a musician. She plays her accordion very well for a little girl. She practices every afternoon.

Work here in Kenosha is very slack. Many people are out of work.

I hope that next month there will be a few letters from Kenosha. We must not fall asleep.

Best regards to all. Mary Moyl,

* *

MEMORY

Sweet and beautiful is the Spring,
Sweeter still the birds do sing,
Of my fair maiden with eyes of blue,
So lovely, faithful and true.

At dawn I awake with glee,
To find my dreams were of thee.
I know there's hidden in your heart
A treasure—Love that shall not part.

At close of day I sit and think,
Of past sweet evenings by the brink,
How your golden hair would glow,
When the soft breezes blow.

(Sent by Joseph Langus).

* *

LETTERS FROM OTHER CORRESPONDENTS

Vida Ganoni, RR 12, Sta. F 50 St., Milwaukee, Wis., reports that she received several letters from members, and she liked them.

Ruth Podboy, Box 61, Parkhill, Pa., sends her first letter. In her family there are five SNPJ members, and her father is Sec'y of Lodge No. 44, SNPJ.

Jennie Brekan, Box 326, Tonti st., La Salle, Ill., wrote her first letter for the M. L. and wishes that more members from her town would write for the M. L.

Victoria Horvatin, 424 Main st. (RD 2), Forest City, Pa., likes the new system in the

"Chatter Corner," because now the letters are more interesting.

Frank Skofar, Box 79, Langeloth, Pa., belongs to a Glee Club in school. Their family of five belongs to the SNPJ. He likes his school work, and on Feb. 8 the children sang over the radio Station WNBO.

Agnes Michcic, 417 Hopewell ave., W. Aliquippa, Pa., goes to 7th grade. Her teacher's name is Miss Kuhn, and Agnes likes her very much.

Theresa Pogacnik, RR No. 1, Virden, Ill., is in the 6th grade in school. Their family of four belongs to Lodge No. 74, SNPJ. Theresa would like to see more letters from Virden.

Josephine Sintic, 956 E. 141 st., Cleveland, O., reports that their local Singing Society "Jadran" gave a concert on March 29, and all had a good time.

Amelia Brezic, 18609 Cherokee ave., Cleveland, O., promises to write a Slovene letter for the M. L. next time, "because," she says, "we must not forget our mother tongue." She was on the honor roll in her class.

Joseph Snoy, RFD No. 1, Bridgeport, Ohio, is 9 years old and in 4th grade in school. His teacher's name is Miss Irby. He's got a friend, Edward Sodnikar, and plays with him games and violin. He likes the M. L., and loves Mrs. Anna P. Krasna's poem that appeared in the March number of the M. L.

Rosie Birtic, Box 29, Iron, Mont., likes the M. L. but misses letters from her town and state. She likes to go skating, and also likes her school work. She enjoyed the Valentine party given by the school.

Lawrence Cedilnik, Climax, N. Y., is a member of Lodge No. 140, SNPJ, and so are the other members of his family. He likes the M. L. and would like to see some letters from the state of N. Y.

Andrey Maslo, 16011 Saranac rd., Cleveland, O., contributes a skipping game that is to be played by four children.

Annie Homec, Box 134, Hudson, Wyo., is a member of a family of nine who all belong to the SNPJ. Her father works in a coal mine, but only once or twice a week. There are very few Slovenes in Hudson.

Edward Lampich, Box 22, W. Aliquippa, Pa., is 9 years old Slovene boy and in the 3rd grade in Washington school. This is his first letter to the M. L. Recently he had a three months vacation.

Julia Slavec, Box 63, Moorley, Colo., together with her family of five belongs to Lodge No. 66, SNPJ, and would like to get some letters from the little members.

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

I think the story of "Deserted Island" was interesting and I liked it.

The work around here is scarce. We had about two snowfalls this winter.

I go to Masontown high school. There are twelve rooms in it and it has three floors or stories. Our school took our Midyear examination on January 29, and 30. There are two high schools in Masontown.

Best regards to all the members of the SN-PJ. I wish some members would write to me.

Frances Valenccheck,
Box 268, Masontown, Pa.

* *

MOHAWK LODGE ACTIVITIES

Dear Editor:—

In the March edition of the M. L. I saw a letter telling La Salle to wake up. I thought it was a good idea so I got out my paper and pen and got busy. Why don't others do so, too? We don't want to be called "slow-pokes."

I passed into the seventh grade in January. I have already missed two weeks of school because of the mumps and a sore throat.

Here in La Salle we have a radio station over which children sing every Saturday from 10 to 11 o'clock a. m. My younger sister, Olga, has sung over the radio a few times. I also listen to the children sing over WENR on Saturdays.

The Mohawk Lodge has many doings. On April 12, the members of the Mohawk Lodge will celebrate its Fifth Anniversary and are giving a play entitled "Deacon Quibbs." Supreme President Vincent Cainkar will give a speech in Slovene. We hope the celebration will turn out to be a big success.

I am sending a poem, "Waiting for Betty," which I think will be published.

Waiting for Betty

Come any day at nine o'clock, you'll see them
sitting there,
Ten pairs of eyes gaze up the road with wide,
unwinking stare.
Not one of them may go with her—that's
quite against the rule—
And what a lonely day it makes when Betty's
gone to school!

But come again at four o'clock, you'll find
them sitting there;
Ten pairs of eyes fixed on the road, excitement
in their air.
Old Rover always spies her first, and meets
her by the pool,
And barks to let her know he's glad she's
coming home from school.

And then the happy hours begin. Then Rover
runs for sticks,

The older cats look on and purr, the kittens
practice tricks,

They chase their tails in circles and pursue
the festive spool,—

For, Oh! What jolly times there are when
Betty's home from school.

Mary Vogrich, 1236 Third st., La Salle, Ill.

* *

A LETTER FROM PUEBLO

Dear Editor:—

As I have written in Slovene last time, I
will now write in English.

We have had nice weather till now. March
5 we had a snow storm.

Why don't more of the members write to
the Mladinski List? There are hardly any
members writing from Pueblo, so I thought
that I would write. I wish some of the
members would write to me.

Best regards to everyone.

Anne Fabjancic,
1237 Bohemian st., Pueblo, Colo.

* *

THE BUS UPSETS

Dear Editor:—

I have three brothers and a sister. There
are seven in the family and all belong to the
Lodge No. 167, SNPJ.

We go to the North Beaver Consolidated
high school and I am in seventh grade. We
travel to school by bus and on Jan. 29 our
bus upset. It was caused when the driver of
our bus tried to pass a truck which was too
wide for the width of the road. Two girls
were injured so they had to be taken to hos-
pital. There were 51 in the bus; 37 of them
were bruised.

Now I close, hoping that the bus will not
upset again. Here is my snapshot:



Louis Serjak,
RFD No. 2, Enon Valley, Pa.

THE LITTLE CHAP AT HOME

I CAN'T lay claim to anything as fur
as looks may go,
An' when it comes to larning, why, I
don't stand no show;
But there must be somethin' more in me
than other folks kin see,
Cause I've got a little chap at home that
thinks a heap of me.

"I've had my ups and downs in life, as
all folks have, I guess,
An' take it all in all, I couldn't brag on
much success;
Thar's some one that takes stock in him,
no matter how things go.
An' when I get the worst of it, I'm proud
as I kin be
To know that little chap of mine still
thinks a heap of me.

"To feel his little hand in mine, so
clingin' and so warm,

To know he thinks I'm strong enough
to keep him safe from harm,
To see his lovin' faith in all that I kin
say or do—

It sort o' shames a feller, but it makes
him better, too.

That's why I try to be the man he
fancies to be,

Jest 'cause that little chap of mine, he
thinks a heap of me.

"I woldn't disappoint his trust for any-
thing on earth,

Or let him see how little I jest natu-
rally am worth!

An' after all, it's easy up the better
road to climb,

With a little hand to help you on, an'
guide you all the time;

An' I reckon I'm a better man than
what I used to be,

Since I've got a little chap at home that
thinks a heap of me."

APRIL FOOL!

All Fools' Day opens the month of April with jollification. When 'tis Spring it is hard to be serious and especially on April First. Were you one of those frolicsome laddies who called, "Hey, mister yer shirt tail's out!" or planted pockets on the sidewalks to lure unwary passersby? No doubt many of our little readers had great sport fooling some portly gentleman on April Fools' Day.

