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Anna P. Krasna;

NOĆNI POMENEK



Ivan Cankar:

Desetica

DVANAJST ali trinajst let mi je bilo; hodil sem v tretji razred realke. Ob desetih, ob uri počitka so vstali vsi, da bi si šli kupit malice k vratarju ali prebegat se po dvorišču. Grabilo me je za srce, da sem sam, čisto sam. Prišel je tovariš in je rekel: "Ti, zate je pismo!"

Res je bilo na deski napisano moje ime. Šel sem k vratarju. Ko sem pismo doblj, so se mi roke tresle in skril sem se k oknu, da bi ne videlo tega svetega pisma nobeno nevredno oko. Odpiral sem počasi in čisto čudno, veselo in težko mi je bilo pri srcu. Tam so bile teste velike, težke, neokretne črke: "Ljubi sin!" Zakaj mati se je bila šele od nas otrok naučila pisati, zato da bi je ne bilo sram. Ko sem razgrnil pismo, je zaklenketalo po tleh. Sklonil sem se in sem pobral: desetica je bila.

Tista tenka, ogoljena srebrna desetica, ki jih že zdavnaj ni več. Ko sem jo vzel v roko, me je obšlo kakor milost čudna. Vse je vztrepetalo, vzplapolalo v meni, vzdignilo me kvišku kakor v plamenu ljubezni. Videl sem tisto ljubo, velo, trepetajočo roko, ki je držala med prsti poslednjo desetico ter jo naposled spustila v pismo. Zakaj desetica je bila poslednja, to sem vedel, kakor da je bilo na njej sami to napisano.

Skril sem se čisto v kot, da bi me nihče ne vdel. Iz srca, iz prsi, iz vsega telesa mi je planil jok, stresal me kakor v vročici. Ali ko sem se vračal po stopnicah v šolsko izbo, je bilo v meni svetlo, svetlo. Iz daljave je videla mati mojo bolest in se je smehljaje ozrla name, kakor se ozre samo ljubo solnce.

USPAVANKA

KAJ bo sinku sen prineslo?
 Ptičje krilo, tenko veslo
 ali kita rožmarina,
 aja, tuta, nana, nina!

Krilo se je utrudilo,
 veslo se je polomilo,
 suha kita rožmarina—
 aja, tuta, nana, nina!

Kaj bo sinku sen prineslo?
 Niti krilo, niti veslo,
 niti kita rožmarina,
 le popevka materina,
 aja, tuta, nana, nina!

Oton Župančič.

Katka Zupančič:

MALKIN VRT

SOSEDOVA Malka vrtiček ima:
tri pedne v dolžino,
v širino pa dva.

In zemljo zdrobila vso je na prah;
še vrabcem vtaknila
v sredo je strah.

Zasejala seme je raznih cvetic;
pognalo je kmalu
življenje iz klic.

Zdaj uro za uro ob vrtu sedi
in gleda, premišlja—
se pleti boji.

Plevel pa veselo se smeje, haha,
ker Malkica mlada
ga še ne pozna—

* * *

OCETOVE ROKE

VSAKOKRAT, ko se je oče vrnil z dela,
so mu bile roke težke in boleče;
trudne že tako,
da težko je našel mesta zanje.

Zdaj nič več mu niso roke težke,
trudne ne in ne boleče;
toda zdaj trepeče mu srce,
ker ne more najti dela zanje.

In tako zdaj oče često svoje roke gleda,
blede od brezdelja, kam bi z njimi —
skoraj da ne ve
in težko si najde mesta zanje.

Človek in komar

(Pravljica z Madagaskarja)

ČLOVEK Olombelona in komar Rekehitsa sta se prljubila drug drugemu in sta napisled sklenila krvno pobratimstvo. Ko se je pa komar Rekehitsa napisl krví človeka Olombelone, mu je človekova kri prijala bolj kakor katerakoli druga. In potem je pripovedoval ostalim komarjem: "Koliko se mi vedno naletamo, predno se nam posreč kje najti kapljico krví! A naš brat, človek Olombelona, ima toliko krví, da bi se ž njo lahko nasitili mi vsi. In kako izborna in okusna je!"

"Torej ga bomo pa enkrat obiskali in pokusili njegovo kri," je rekel drugi komar. "S tem mu bomo prihranili vsaj delo, ki ga ima, ko nam kuha riž in nosi vodo, da bi ga opral. Zdaj ga bomo samo zaprosili za preprosto hrano, s kater nima sam nobenega dela."

Človek Olombelona je zaspal, in ko je prišel k njemu obisk, je smrčal. Odpo-

slanstvo komarjev je prosilo po vseh pravilih uljudnosti za sprejem. Človek Olombelona pa prošnje komarjev ni slišal in jim ni odgovoril.

"Bzzz! Bzzz!", so bučali komarji, "dovoli nam, da vstopimo." Olombelona jim pa seveda ni odgovarjal. Odpolansko komarjev je nato zletelo v kočo, se vsedlo na Olombelona in možato pilo njegovo kri. Olombelona se je pa takoj zbudil in je jezno zavpil: "No, le počakajte! Vam bom že poplačal! Takole se torej vedete proti svojemu krvnemu pobratimu? In—plosk, plosk—je pobijal komarje, drugega za drugim.

Od one dobe se ljudje in komarji ne razumejo več. Ako sreča človek komarja, tedaj ga ubije; ako pa sreča komar človeka, ga zbode in mu sesa kri. Takšen je bil konec njihovega krvnega pobratimstva.

(Cv. K.)

Srna in orel

NA visoki skali je stala skočna srna. Ko jo je ugledal požrešni orel, pilet k njej in ji reče: "Pač je res, da si skočna, oj srna, vendar ne bi hotel zamenjati svojih peruti za tvoje noge."

"Jaz pa svojih nog ne za tvoje peruti," se mu odreže srna ponosno.

"Hm," de nato orel zaničljivo, "pa skoči čez tale prepad, ko se tako hvališ s svojimi nogami! Bomo videli, kdo bo prej čezenj, ti ali jaz."

Srno ujeze te besede. Hitro se požene in zaleti čez prepad. Toda prepad je preširok, in srna trešči vanj tako nesrečno, da pri tej priči obleži mrtva. Orel pa se veselo spusti navzdol in si odnese plen brez truda v gnezdo.

"Da, da," pravi še, ogledujoč mrtvo žival, "kaj bi sam ugonabljal, ko vas pogubljata častihlepnost in jeza!"

Dragotin Kette.

MILE KLOPČIČ
PRIPOVEDUJE, KAKO SE JE SPOZNAL S SVETOM

TEGA je zdaj že mnogo let,
ko moral oče je v tujino,
kjer bil je za rudarja dolga leta.
Tam prišel sem še jaz na svet
in brž dobil sem mater in očeta.
Potem smo se vrnili v domovino.

Ta domovina je bila dolina.
Na hribu rože, a pod hribom rov.
Tja hodil je moj oče dan za dnem
in vsak dan se je vrnil spet domov.
Poznal ga nisem še, to dobro vem,
ker oče pač starejši je od sina.

Mater sem menda prej spoznal,
a prva je spoznala ona mene.
Kesneje sem pogosto ji dejal,
da take mame zame ni nobene.
Ne vem, zakaj se temu je smejal?
Saj nisva sáma z bratom je izbrala.

A brate sem najprej spoznal.
Bil je le eden. Skupaj torej: dva.
Od teh sem bil najmlajši jaz
in sem najmlajši vse do zdaj ostal.
Ko legla sta v dolino sneg in mraz,
spoznal sem v šoli črko A.

Pomladi smo rezljali si piščali,
metuljčke smo in sonce smo lovili.
V umazanem potoku smo brodili
in v njem steklenih biserov iskali.
Potem pisali smo nalógo: *Majski kras*,
a v slovnici: *Prihodnji čas*.

Prišel sem v mesto. Tu so nas učili,
kako namaka Nil puščavo.
Učili so, da zemlja je okroglja,
a da je vendar nepravilna krogla.
Od daleč starši name so pazili,
a jaz začel sem rasti jim čez glavo.



Käethe Kollwitz: POGOVOR DELAVSKIH ŽEN

Ivan Jontez:

Jedli bomo!

PRI POTOKEU sedi deček in strmi v mirno vodo zelenega tolmuna. V rokah drži dolgo palico, na kateri je navezana tenka vrvica in na koncu vrvice je trnek, na trnku debel, masten črv. Zdaj pa zdaj dečku vzdrhte roke, iz prs se mu izvije tegoben vzdih; palica z vrvico se strese, črv se zaziblje in na mirni gladini tolmuna se zarišejo kolobarji, se širijo do bregov ter se odbijajo od njih. Dečkove oči so tako žalostne; dve uri že čaka ribe, ki bi prišla pripravljena žrtvovati svoje življenje za kosilo revni delavski družinici, toda zaman. Tudi ribam se noče umreti.

Odnekod priplava lepa, tolsta riba. V dečkovič očeh se utrne iskra upanja. Da bi le opazila črva, si vroče želi, usloči hrket ter se pripravi, da jo vrže iz njenega elementa čim hlastne po črvu.

Toda ribi se nič ne mudi. V krogih kroži krog vade, se ji približa in zopet odmakne, kakor da ne zaupa mastnemu črvu, kakor da sluti, da ji tega mastnega priboljška ne bo mogoče prebaviti. Dečkove roke se tresejo, čez gladino tolmuna valovijo rahl kolobarji, riba pa prem šljeno kroži krog mastne vabe; nič se ji ne mudi.

Dečkove oči lačno sledijo kretnjam nezaupljive ribe in iz teh oči prihaja otroška prošnja:

"Hlastni, ribica, hlastni po črvu! Ne vidiš, kako okrogel je in tolst? Takega ne vidiš vsak dan. Bližje, riba, bližje; nikar se ne umikaj. Kaj se bojiš? Ni se ti treba bati — nimam slabega nameha. Riba, ribica, hlastni, prosim!"

Toda ribi se ne mudi. Dečku se zdi, da riba upira oči vanj in da iz teh oči prihajajo nesl.šne besede:

"Ne boš me dobil na trnek, moj dečko! Črv je res lep in tolst, prilegel bi se mi, ampak v mastnem prigrizku skriti ostri trnek me ne mika . . . Ej, ej, poznam take zvijače, ki naj ubogi ribi skrajšajo življenje; mnogo mojih se-

stra je že obviselo na takihle trnkih . . . Ampak meni se še noče umreti, mlaada sem še in življenje v tihem tolmunu mi preveč prija . . . Ne boš me dobil, dečko!"

Solnce pripeka; ob bregu stojeca vrba se priklanja rahlemu vetrku; v grmu pri tolmunu frfota pernat krilatec in čvka: čič, nič, čič, nič.

Dečku se zdi, da se mu posmehujejo vsi: solnce, vrba, ptič, potok in riba. Mlado srce stisne tegoba, oči so vlažne.

"Ribica, hlastni, prosim te!" moledujejo dečkove oči. "Sestrica in bratčakata doma južine; lačna sta. Mama je tudi lačna. In jaz sem lačen. Očeta nimamo; leto dni je iskal dela, nazadnje ga je srečala na cesti bela smrt, ki je sedela v avtomobilu; ubogi oče je bil že tako oslabel od brezplodnega iskanja, težkih skrbi in pomanjkanja, da ni imel moči, da bi se ji bil mogel izogniti. Mati išče dela, toda tudi zanjo ga ni. Slišiš, riba, lepa, dobra ribica? Lačni smo, ti nam lahko pomagaš . . . Ribica, hlastni, imej srce za lačne otroke!"

Videti je, da riba nima smisla za tolikšno žrtvovanje v blagor drugih, da ni pripravljena žrtvovati svojega življenja za druge, za lačne otroke. Leno, premišljeno kroži krog mastne vabe, ki m.rno leži v zelenkasti vodi.

Solnce se smeje s plavega neba; vrba se pritajeno hihita; ptič hiti s svojim: čič, nič, čič, nič; potok se leno preteguje, kakor da ga ta igra dolgočasi.

Ej, deček moj, ne boš je pregovoril, ribe, da bi se žrtvovala lačnim otroškim želodčkom! Zaman jo prosiš z očmi, riba nima nič več srca za vas kakor ljudje, ki očetu niso hoteli dati dela, ki materi ne dajo zaslužka in ki nočejo nasiliti praznih otroških želodčkov! To ti ne gre v glavico, kajne? Ko boš dorastel, če boš kdaj, boš razumel . . .

Deček se strese, htenje struji skozi mlado, koščeno telesce, roke krčevito

vzdrhte, črv poskoči iz vode, pljusne nazaj.

Toda glej čudo! Riba se zgane, se sunkoma okrene in brez pomisleka plane — za črvom. Ali se je zbala, da ji mastni prigrizek uide? Ali je pozabila vse prejšnje pomisleke? Kaj jo je vščipnilo, da je tako nepričakovano spremenila svoje vedenje?

Vrvica se napne, krčevito vzdrhti, se divje strese. V dečku zazveni zmago-slavje, v mokrih očeh se užge presvetla radost, hrbet se mu usloči kakor lok, mišice v rokah se mu napno. Hitro, dečko, brž, da se ne izmuzne!

Plusk! Čof! Solnce strmo gleda dol, vrba onemi, ptič v grmu utihne, potok je ves iz sebe.

Končno! Riba je ujeta! Ne bodo brez južine danes sestrica, bratec, mati in on! Ni bilo zaman to dolgotrajno, mučno čepenje na bregu potoka; lepa, tolsta riba je njegovo plačilo.

Deček plane na obupno hlipajočo ribo. V trenutku je končano njeno trpljenje. In ko dečkovi prsti iztiskajo življenje iz nje, ji njegove oči tiho govore:

“Ne zameri, ni moglo biti drugače! Lačni smo in živi ne moremo v zemljo! Tvoja smrt pomeni za nas življenje! En dan življenja za četvero ljudi! Saj če bi te ne bil ujel jaz, bi bila prišla na trnek koga drugega, mogoče manj potrebnega ribiča. Tako, ribica, je na svetu. Čudno, kajne? . . .”

Deček se oprezzo ozre, ali ni mogoče v bližini čuvaj, ki bi ga vprašal za lovsko pravico, katere nima ter mu vzel ribo, katero je dobil s tolikim trudom. Toda nikogar ni v bližini. Deček se oddahne, si obriše z rokavom potni obraz, vrže rbo v košarico, jo pokrije s travo in svežim drevesnim listjem ter steče med grmovjem proti predmestju. Obraz mu žari sreča in radosti in v njem zveni presladka pesem:

“Riba, riba, jedli bomo . . .”

Anna P. Krasna:

OJ TA MLADOST!

KAKOR nepovabljen vetrič
v sebo privrši
in resno-važne misli
na vse strani razprši.

Krog vratu strne
toplo, prijetno vez,
brbljajoč radostno:
saj nisi huda, tetka,
tako te imam rada—
prav zares!—

V oči in usta
mi sili svila kratkih las,
a po ušesih šumi
kakor vesela polka,
brezskrben glas.

Za resnimi mislimi
že ni več sledu—
nekje globoko v duši
pa je lepa nova pesem:
Oj mladost, ostani, ostani tu!—

Anna P. Krasna:

Po rusko

STARI "bečlar" Joža je nekam obnemogel na spomlad in ni mogel sam obdelati svojih treh lotov zemlje. Toda imel je med dečki v naselbini mnogo prijateljev in ti so mu nudili svojo pomoc.

"A zastonj mi ne boste delali, plačati pa vam ne morem, ker sam že dolgo nisem nič zasluzil," se je branil, ko so mu zagotavljali, da mu bodo sami prekopali in obsadili ves obširni vrt.

Dečki pa so vztrajali pri svoji velikodusni ponudbi.

"Četudi ne plačate, striček Joža, vrt bomo vseeno obdelali, saj ste nam že toliko dali z vaše farmice: sočivja, sadja, jagod, vsega, kar smo hoteli. Kar povejte nam, kako naj obdelamo in šlo bo izpod rok, da bo veselje."

Stari Joža je bil sam pri sebi zadovoljen s svojimi mladimi prijatelji in njih dobro voljo, da mu pomagajo, vendar jih je zdaj le gledal in ni dolgo rekel nič. Potem pa, kakor da se je domislil nekaj imenitnega, je vstal s klopice pod cvetočo jablano in po vrsti premeril s pogledom vsakega posebej.

"No, kaj bi rekli, fantiči, kako sem se odločil, kateri bi uganil? Le poskusite mlo z ugibanjem, bom videl, če se kateremu vsaj malce zdi, kako bomo letos obdelali moje lote."

Dečki so ugibali, a nobeden ni niti zdaleč uganil načrta starega Jožeta.

"Ker ne znate nič uganiti, vam bom pa povedal—moje lote bomo letos obdelovali po rusko."

"Po rusko! Kaj pa je to, kako se dela?"

Spogledali so se, češ, kaj pa če bi se Jožetu ne mešalo; star in zdelan je.

Joža pa je brž pregnal njih dvome in nevednost.

"To ste fantje, nič ne veste, kaj se vse godi po svetu. Mar ne veste, da danes na Ruskem vse drugače delajo kakor drugod po svetu? Delajo namreč

v prvi vrsti zato, da bodo imeli delaveci čedalje boljše in udobnejše življenje in ne zato, da bi si peščica pohlepnih ljudi skovala neizmerna bogastva iz dela delavcev in kmetov. Seveda tudi skrbijo, da ima vsak delo, torej ni tako kakor pri nas, ko bi ljudje radi delali, pa ni dela zanje. Pa pustimo to, pojasniti vam moram glede naše male farmice, katero bomo letos za poskus vsi posedovali, vsi obdelovali in vsi uživali, kar nam bo obrodila. — Torej farmica je zdaj naša, ne moja, in te dni pojdemo vsi na delo, da jo prav skrbno in lepo obdelamo in obsadimo. Ste tako zadovoljni?"

"Zadovoljni bomo kakor ukrenete, striček Joža, in če bo kaj bolj novega in posebnega, tem bolj prijetno bo delati na vaši farmici."

"Na naši farmici, sem rekел, zapomnite si to. Mi jo bomo obdelali za nas vse. Vsi bomo imeli enake dolžnosti, skrbeli bomo, da bo vse lepo uspevalo in vsakdo med nami bo smel vzeti kot plačilo za svoje delo primeren delež od tega, kar bo pomagal pridelati, nihče pa ne bo smel lenariti in potem ob koncu leta zahtevati, da mu odmerimo delež, katerega ni zasluzil. Boste zadovoljni s tako uredbo?"

"Bomo, bomo, striček, ker bomo delali po novem. To bo zanimivo, delati na naši farmici!"

Delo na trilotni farmici se je pričelo še isti dan. Stari Joža je nadzoroval in pomagal, kar je mogel, obenem pa razlagal dečkom pomen kolektivnega dela in mišljenja. Sklenil je bil, da jim bo vcepljal novih idej zaeno z novim načinom dela, ki ga je zamislil za nje. Očetje teh dečkov so bili brezposelnici in so bili odvisni največ od miloščine in od pčlih pridelkov majhnih lotov in njivic ob reki. Že par let je šlo tako in življenje je postajalo neznosno in skoraj nečloveško. Joža je uvidel, da samo

trpljenje še ne izuči ljudi, treba je tudi nauka, spodbude k delu za izboljšanje položaja in zdelo se mu je najpametnejše, če začne s praktičnim učenjem pr. mladini, ki je postajala krog brez dela in često skoro brez obleke in jela.

Njegov načrt se je lepo obnesel. Mala kolektivna farmica je naravnost krasno uspevala. Dečkom so se kmalu pridružile še nekatere deklice in na čedno urejenih gredah in njivah ni bilo videti enega samega plevela. Kadar je pretila suša, so vsi mali kolektivisti nosili vodo iz reke in zalivali sadeže, da si tako zagotove lepši pridelek. Slednji izmed njih je bil navdušen za to urejeno, skupno delo in nobeden ni poskušal lenariti na račun drugega, vsak je hotel prispevati svoj delež k temu interesantnemu vzajemnemu sodelovanju, ki jim je kar sproti vračalo njih trud. Odkar je pr.čela prva solata, so imeli skoro

nepretrgoma kako novo sočivje, katero je vedno primerno in pravično razdelil med nje striček Joža.

Mala farmica je pripomogla k boljšemu blagostanju male naselbine, kajti stari Joža je znal pridelovati sadeže kar malokdo in je naučil svoje mlade delavce in delavke prav zares umnega kmetijstva; kar pa je bilo še večje in neprecenljive vrednosti, naučil jih je skupnega delovanja in mišljenja; vcepil jim je trdno vero v moč kooperativnega dela. Prepr.čali so se na lastne oči, z lastnim skupnim delom, da je bolje in pametnejše delati po rusko kakor pa stradati po kapitalistično.

In veste, kaj pravijo zdaj mali kolektivni delavci starega "bečlarja" Jožeta? Prav.jo, da bi bilo treba kar vse povsod delati po rusko, pa bi ne bilo nepotrebnega stradanja in trpljenja.



Švedska stenska dekoracija: "OSLIČKI NOSIJO ŽITO"

Mravlji

ZVEČER sta se sešli mravlji v mravljišču.

"Joj, kako sem zdelana!" reče prva. "Ves dan sem prevlačevala košček sladkorja, pa ga nisem mogla spraviti do doma; na sredi poti sem ga morala pustiti."

"A tako! Ti misliš drobtinice od sladkorja, ki ga je razsula neka deklica tam na cesti. Pa kako je to, saj je bilo polno majhnih koščkov tam . . ."

"Seveda, ali lotila sem se največjega."

Druga reče: "Vid.š, jaz sem pa nosila le bolj majhne koščke. Le pojdi pogledat, kakšen kup jih je! Ti si hotela vse naenkrat, a nimaš nič."

Po Dragotinu Ketteju.

Lažnive in resnične o Pikcu in Nikcu

Zbira Jože Kovač

OBLJUBIL sem vam, da vam povem še katero o Pikcu in Nikcu, o njunih prigódah in nerodah, če vas bo zanimalo in če me marate poslušati. Ker sta se vam oba nagajivca priljubila, povem danes še nekaj okroglih. Mogoče se vam bosta potem še bolj priljubila.

Rekel sem vam že, da sta bila nagajiva in da ju je bila vsa vas polna. Doma in na cesti, povsod sta bila bolj v zraku kot na tleh, tako se jima je vselej mudilo v igranju in razgrajaju. Bila sta pač zdrava. A bili so dnevi, ko sta bila oba doma čisto mirna in kar tiha. To je bilo težko, laže jima je bilo splezati na visoki bezeg za hišo in skočiti s tega drevesa na drugega. Pognal si se in oprijel več sosednega drevesa in že si se z nogami oklenil debla in drugi frkolini so te občudivali. A biti tih in m.ren—to je res težka stvar.

Toda očetova jeza ustvarja čudež. In kdaj je bil jezen? Kadar je prišel kak lep dan in je hotel oče h kakemu sorodniku ali sosedu v vasi. Tedaj si je oče nataknil trd ovratnik, ga spel z gumbi, privezal kravato, zmočil lase, se počesal ter odšel. A nikdar mu ni šlo natikanje ovratnika gladko izpod rok. Zdaj je izgubil gumb in ga je po cele pol ure iskal, drugič je bil ovratnik nenadoma pretesen in tretjič mu je nagajala kravata. Tedaj je bil oče jezen, da nikoli tega. Saj ponavadi ni nosil ovratnika ne kravate, a kadar je oče kam šel, je bil praznik zanj. K prazniku pa spada ovratnik in spada kravata. In če je oče moral in hotel imeti praznik, je nataknil ovratnik. Če mu je nagajalo, je bil ogenj na strehi. Tako malokdaj se postavi z belim ovratnikom, in še tedaj mu nagaja.

Ob težkih očetovih nezgodah sta se Pikec in Nikc kar skrila v kot in sta bila tiha kot nikoli drugače. Če oče ni mogel najti gumba za ovratnik, sta se

brž splazila pod posteljo, pod mizo, stikala za gumbom in ga iskala na vse pretege. Vsak od njiju bi ga bil rad prvi našel, da bi se prikupil očetu. Včasi so ga našli, včasi so morali v trgovino po novega, včasi pa ga je oče iskal vsepo-vsod, v kuhinji in sobi, našel pa ga je nazadnje v svojem žepu.

Če pa gumba niso mogli najti ali pa je bil ovratnik pretesen in se ni dalo pomagati drugače, kakor da je oče jezno godrnjal in črno gledal, tedaj sta stala naša dva junaka Pikec in Nikc v kotu in ponižno molčala. Nista se gana, opazovala sta očeta in vsako njegovo kretnjo spremljala s strahom. Tako dobro sta vedela vse skrivnosti ovratnika, da bi ga sama celo v temi znala pravilno pripeti očetu na vrat.

Ko pa je prišel Pikec v šolo in spoznal kateheta, kaplana od farne cerkve, je takoj opazil, da nosi katehet neprestano bel ovratnik, ki ga zaradi črne obleke še bolj in hitreje opaziš. Menda ga nosi tudi ponoči — si je mislil Pikec.

Katehet jim je razlagal razne neverjetne čudeže, ki otrokom po navadi zelo ugajajo, kakor j.m ugaja vse, kar je nenavadno in neverjetno. Toda Pikec je slabo poslušal, našel je bil svoj čudež — katehetov ovratnik. Čim bolj ga je opazoval, tem bolj je videl, da je ta ovratnik drugačen kot očetov in da ne sestoji iz dveh koncev, ki se spenjata spredaj na vratu. Tudi kravate katehet nikoli ne nosi, menda ker je varčen in ima denar rajši od kravate. Namestu kravate je imel kar črno srajco. Nanno je bil ovratnik menda kar prilepljen in ni bilo treba nobenega gumba. Zato katehet najbrž tudi nikoli ne išče gumba. Tudi z jezo varčuje, ta varni veručitelj!

Tako je gruntal in preudarjal Pikec in ni odmaknil niti za hip svojega poldela od veroučiteljevega ovratnika. Katehet pa je razlagal, kako je bog oče

izgnal iz lepega raja Adama in Eva ter ju pahnil za kazen na cesto dela in trpljenja. Razlagal je na dolgo in široko, otrokom je opisani raj ugajal in hudo jim je bilo, da je bog izgnal prva dva človeka iz tega paradiža, ki je bil najbrž lepši od trate ob vaškem potoku.

In ko je katehet končal, je vprašal: "No, otroci, dovolj sem vam povedal o tem. Mislim, da ste me razumeli. Če pa je komu še kaj nejasno, naj kar dvigne roko in vpraša."

Edini Pikec je dvignil roko in vprašal: "Gospod katehet, povejte no, kako pa si pripnete ovratnik na to črno srajce in krog vratu? Meni je to nejasno."

Pikec pač ni vedel, da je ta ovratnik zadaj zapet. Zato je vprašal. Pikec pač nikoli ni videl paradiža, ovratnik pa je videl in opazoval že nekaj dni. Zato ga je skrivnostno spenjanje ovratnika zanimalo bolj od paradiža in tistih pravljic o njem.



Araki Jippo: DIVJE GOSI NA BEGU



Dragi dečki in deklice!

Na gornji sliki na desni čepi pritlikavec—škrat. Čita "Naš kotiček" in menda šteje zvezde. Vsak mesec ga lahko vidite. On čita o pravljičnih zgodbah, ki jih je porodila domišljija. Vi pa ne živite v pravljičnem svetu, vi živite na zemlji, ki zahteva trdega dela; na nji je mnogo gorja in zla. Palček pa čepi in čita, čita in čepi . . .

Sedaj ste že vsi na počitnicah. Šole so zaprle svoja vrata do septembra. Mnogi izmed vas se več ne vrnete v šolo, le malo število vas bo pohajalo višje šole. Upam pa, da boste vsi ostali zvesti Mladinskemu listu še dolga leta, četudi ste že morda dopolnili 16. leto. Pišite še vseeno za "Naš kotiček."

Želim, da boste imeli tekom počitnic obilo zabave, kolikor je je v sedanjih slabih delarskih razmerah mogoče imeti. Tudi vi dečki in deklice ste v tej krizi prizadeti, ker vaši starši nimajo sredstev, da bi vam dali udobnejše življenje, ker sedanja krivična uredba to odreka.

Se priporočam za nadaljnje dopise!

—UREDNIK.

VELIKO PREMOGARSKO ZBOROVANJE V CLINTONU

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da bi priobčili teh par vrstic v Mladinskem listu.

Lepa, cvetoča pomlad se počasi umika vročemu poletju in drago sončece ni nič več tako prijetno in vabljivo kot je bilo spomlad. Zato je pa senčica toliko bolj privlačna.

Zdaj, ko so poičnice, bo dosti časa za zabave na prostem, pa tudi za dopisovanje v Mladinski list.

Dne 31. maja je bil tu v Clintonu velik shod rudarjev UMWA, ki so se zbrali ponajveč iz Indiane in Illinoisa, da razpravljajo o slabem položaju premogovne industrije v teh dveh državah. Na shod je bil povabljen tudi John L. Lewis, predsednik omenjene organizacije, ki se pa povabilu ni odzval, kakor tudi drugi uradniki te organizacije ne.

Med zborovalci je zavladala vsled tega velika razburjenost in ogorčenje, vendar pa je shod potekel mirno in brez večjih nemirov.

Na Sportland parku je bilo najmanj 15,000 ljudi, moških, žensk in otrok, ki so se pripekljali na trokih iz sosednjih krajev. Samo iz West Frankfurta, Illinois, jih je prišlo 12 velikih trokov. Majhno mestece Clinton še ni videlo toliko ljudstva zbranega skupaj odkar stoji.

Ker nimam za enkrat kaj novega pisati, zato končam, da pa ta dopis ne bo preveč suhoparen, zato dodam še ti dve uganki:

Vprašanje: Zakaj bobnar udriha po bobnu?

Odgovor: Zato, ker boben ne more po bobnarju.

Vprašanje: Kaj se vzame tam, kjer ni in se dene tja, kjer je?

Odgovor: Pipa iz praznega v poln sod.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!
Do svidenja v prihodnji številki!

Josephine Mestek,
638 North Ninth st., Clinton, Indiana.

Urednikova pripomba:—Z veseljem priobčujem Tvoje dopise, Josephine, in upam, da boš še nadalje zvesto dopisovala v "Naš kotiček," ker Tvoji dopisi so vedno zanimivi in dobri. Le tako naprej! Pridno dopisuj vsak mesec; s tem boš dala lep vzgled ostalim bratcem in sestricam, da bodo tudi oni pogosteje dopisovali v "Kotiček." V tem dopisu pa sem opazil, da nisi poslala običajne pesmice, s katerimi se odlikujejo Tvoji dopisi. Piši še in pošlji, da bo "Kotiček" vedno zanimivejši in privlačnejši. Upam, da boš za avgustovo številko Mladinskega lista spet napisala kaj zanimivega.)

* *

ZANIMIVO ŠTIVO V MLADINSKEM LISTU

Dragi urednik!

Kako neki naj jaz začnem ta dopis? Ali naj vam povem število vseh mojih slovenskih dopisov, ki so že bili objavljeni v Mladinskom listu? Tega skoro ne morem storiti. Preveč bi bilo. Že mnogo sem jih napisala in ste jih objavili. To me veseli.

Well, že spet sem tu z mojim malim dopisom. In tudi v bodoče se bom še vedno kaj oglasila in napisala kakšen dopis v Mladinski list. O Mladinskem listu rečem le-to, da bi ga ne smelo manjkati v nobeni slovenski hiši. Kjer ga še ni, naročite si ga. V njem boste našli mnogo zanimivega in lepega štiva za mladino in za odrasle ljudi.

Za naše mlade čitatelje je Mladinski list najboljši mesečnik. Zato pa bi ga morali čitati vsi slovenski otroki, dečki in deklice.

S štrajkom nismo še pri kraju. Štrajkamo že tretji mesec, pa se še nič ne ve koliko časa bo stavka trajala. Čas je že, da bi se obrnilo na bolje.

Niti stari ljudje ne pomnijo tako slabih časov kot so sedaj. O drugem nimam ničesar posebnega poročati.

Pošiljam lepe pozdrave vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku! Oglasila se bom še kaj prihodnjič. Anna Matos,

Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

(Že mnogo dopisov si napisala za Mladinski list, Anna, zakar Ti gre vse priznanje. Upam, da boš tudi v bodoče pridno dopisovala in redno pošiljala svoje prispevke v "Naš kotiček," ki se je mnogim zelo priljubil. Vedno bom vesel Tvojih pisem in rad bom objavil njih vsebino. Le tako naprej, da bodo tudi druge male in že dorasle deklice pričele dopisovati v "Kotiček"! Pri tem pa ne smem pozabiti naših dečkov, kajti tudi oni radi čitajo "Kotiček" in vanj dopisujejo. Pridno dopisujte vsi, tako kot Anna Matos, pa bo vse o. k.—Urednik.)

FRANCKA IMA SEDAJ NOVEGA UČITELJA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Namenila sem se, da spet napišem kratko pisemce za "Naš kotiček" v Mladinski list, ker se mi ta magazin še vedno dopade in ga rada čitam.

Pa tudi moja mama me vedno opominja, naj kaj napišem za Mladinski list. Poslušala sem jo in sem jo tudi ubogala ter napisala tale dopisek, katerega upam, da ga boste priobčili in popravili.

Hočem Vam povedati tudi to, da sem se že dobro naučila pisati in čitati slovensko. Toda sedaj ni moja mamica več moj učitelj. Tukaj smo namreč ustanovili slovensko šolo na Holmes ave. in našemu učitelju je ime Marijan Urbančič.

Slovensko šolo redno obiskujemo vsako soboto dopoldne. Jaz pohajam drugi razred te šole. Zelo bom vesela, ako se bom naučila pravilno slovensko pisati in brati.

Dosedaj (do 24. maja, ko to pišem) smo tukaj imeli vedno mrzlo vreme. Delavske razmere so pod ničlo. Tako je menda povsod sedaj, kajti mnogo delavcev je brez dela in mnogo jih je tudi brez jela.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam SNPJ in vsem, ki čitajo Mladinski list, posebno lep pozdrav pa pošiljam uredniku!

Frances M. Celigoj,
16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

(**Pripomba:**—Veselilo me bo, če boš vsak mesec napisala pisemce in ga poslala Mladinskemu listu za njegov "Kotiček." Tudi tekom počitnic se lahko kaj napiše, četudi je malo težko pripraviti se k pisanju. Le pridno poslušaj mamico, Frances, pa ubogaj jo vedno, zakar Ti nikdar ne bo žal. Upam, da boš kmalu spet kaj pisala in poslala za "Kotiček" lep dopisek. Piši in pošlji!—Urednik.)



FRANCKA JE NAPISALA PRVO PISMO

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da je to moje prvo pismo za Mladinski list, katerega rada berem, ker ima polno zanimivih stvari: pesmi, povedki, pripovedke in pa tudi zelo lepe in pomljive slike v slovenskem in angleškem delu.

Stara sem deset let. Sedaj je konec šolskega leta, doma pa se bom med počitnicami učila slovensko. Moja učiteljica bo moja mama. Ker imam sedaj tri mesece časa, upam, da se bom precej naučila. Zato pa Vam tudi obljubim, da bom večkrat pisala v Mladinski list po slovensko. Prosim Vas, da mi popravite napake, ker vem, da sem jih napravila precej.

H koncu pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista in tudi Vas! **Frances Roli,**
Box 82, Diamondville, Wyo.

Pripomba urednika:—Z veseljem bom počitljal Tvoje dopise in pisma, katera boš poslala za Mladinski list. Kar še piši, Frances, tako da bo čim več slovenskih pisem v Mladinskem listu vsak mesec. Tvoje prvo pismo si lepo napisala in skoro brez napak. Takih pisem sem vedno vesel. Upam, da boš v kratkem spet pisala. Dobro bi bilo, če bi omenila prihodnjič kakšne delavske razmere so v Diamondvillu in okolici. Kako je na Kemmererju, Subletu, Frontenacu, Oakleyju, Glencoeju in drugod po premogarskih naselbinah, kjer prebivajo slovenske družine. V Diamondvillu je spomladi lepo, še lepše pa je na Kemmererju. To vem, ker sem že sam tam bil in tudi nekaj časa živel v Diamondvillu "na hribu."—Vsekakor me bo zelo veselilo, če boš kmalu spet poslala kakšno pisemce za Mladinski list. Upam, Frances, da se boš res pridno učila slovensko med počitnicami in da boš ubogala mamo, ki Te bo učila slovensko pisati in brati. Lep pozdrav Tebi in vsem v Tvoji okolici, ki čitajo Mladinski list!

* *

MARY ROSE BO ŠE PISALA SLOVENSKO

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Prosim Vas, da priobčite ta dopis v Mladinskem listu, kajti to je moje prvo pismo, če bo priobčeno v tem mesečniku.

Stara sem deset let in sem v 5. razredu v ljudski šoli. Povedati Vam tudi hočem, da z veseljem čitam Mladinski list, ker je zanimiv. Tako lepe slike ima in pa tol'ko lepih povedi v pesmi, slovenskih in tudi angleških.

Jaz imam enega brata in dve sestri. Ena teh sester je prišla iz starega kraja šele prošlega avgusta—1931. Ona je stara 13 let.

Mi smo vši pri Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti, samo moja sestra še ni.

To pismo je prvo, kot sem že omenila, in bom zelo vesela, če bo priobčeno v Mladinskem listu. Prihodnjič bom pisala o razmerah.

Tu Vam pošiljam tudi eno pesmico, katero me je naučila moja sestra. Glasit se:

Mucika Uršika

Mucika Uršika lena za plotom leži, sline požira, se kislo drži. Malo obliznil jo je naš Perun, mucek pa je rekel: "Ti si grduš!" Mucek presneti, tako pa ne gre; že sta skočila si jezna v lase. In vse po Urši vršil se je boj, Urša je stokala: "Jojmene, joj!"

Prav lepe pozdrave vsem, ki bodo čitali to pisemce in tudi pesmico o muci Urši, ki je lena za plotom ležala in se kislo držala!

Mary Rose Molimal,
Box 181, Franklin, Kans.

LOČITEV

JADRA bela so razpeta.

Veter vpraša: "Naj začnem?"

"Čakaj, veter, da slovo še vzamem, preden grem!"

Vzel slovo sem, sedel v barko.

Veter pravi: "Zdaj?"

"Ej — še brašno sem pozabil, pridem brž nazaj!"

Stekel k svojcem sem nazaj spet.

Veter pravi: "Kam?"

"Čakaj, veter, da klobuček še si poravnam!"

Poravnal sem si klobuček,

veter zapihljal,

barka plava — oh, da še bi kak izgovor znal!

Oton Župančič.



Otroci bogatih in revnih

SINČEK tovarnarja Ošabna, mali Francek, gre s svojo materjo na sprehod in sreča spotoma majhno deklico, ki je bosa in se trese od mraza. Mali Francek obstane in vpraša dekletce: "Povej mi, ti mala dekletca, ali te ne bo papa kaznoval, ker si bosa?" Dekletce mu odgovori: "O, ne, jaz niti nimam čevljev; moj oče je tako reven, da mi ne more kupiti nobenih čevljev."

Mali Francek: "Ali vidiš, mama, mene pa papa natepe, kadar nočem obuti čevljev, to deklico pa ne. Zakaj imam jaz toliko čevljev, deklica pa nobenih?"

Mama: "O joj, to pa zato, ker je tvoj papa bogat tovarnar, oče te deklice pa je reven delavec."

Mali Francek: "Mama, zakaj ne kupi naš papa čevljev tudi tej deklici?"

—st—

Miši v skrbeh

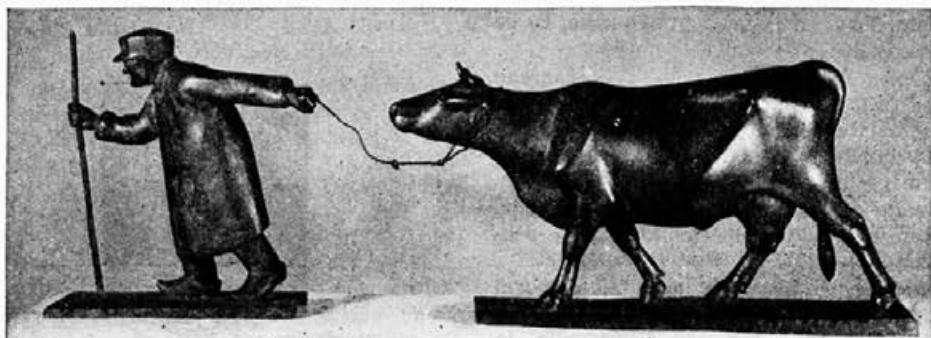
NEKOČ so se zbrale miši, da bi se pogovorile o skupnih skrbeh. Marsikaj so imele na srcu. Najbolj jih je skrbelo, kako bi se varovale sovražnikov. Vse so rekle, da je njih najhujša sovražnica hudobna mačka. Zato so ugibale in se posvetovale, kako bi se najbolje obvarovale mačke. Več glav več ve, in kdor je starejši, ima več izkušenj. Vendar tokrat niti najstarejše miši niso vedele svetovati. Končno se postavi najmlajša miška na zadnji nožici in reče: "Jaz vem, kaj nam je storiti. Zvonec obesimo mački na vrat! Potem jo bomo slišale že od daleč in

lahko v pravem času smuknemo v luknje."

Ves mišji zbor je odobraval to krasno misel. Veselje je bilo veliko, pa le za trenutek. Zakaj vzdignila se je stara miška in prosila besede. Nato je govorila: "Nasvet mlade tovarišice je všeč tudi meni. Lepo je govorila za našo blaginjo. Samo en pomislek imam: kdo neki bo mačkam obešal zvonce na vrat?"

Na to vprašanje so molčale vse miši, mlade in stare, ter zapustile druga za drugo zbirališče. Prva je zginila svetovalka sama.

Po Ezopu.



KMET VODI KRAVO NA SEMENJ



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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GRADUATION

YOU say,

*I see long processions every morning filing into small classrooms;
Chairs moving, shuffling, scratching of pencils,
A few words said, then again—*

Going

*To return the following day,
And so continuing through weeks and months.*

*After some years they call it graduation.
What does it mean?*

*(Tests—a sheet of paper marked with plus and minus signs,
A few sheets of paper handed in,
Rummaging among volumes also subject to deterioration.)*

*Is there a human quality capable of impression
As puzzling as the shuffling and the going,
Yet manageable, tangible?*

*Yesterday an observer of the graduates said,
"I have lived to see him there. It has not been in vain."
Another said: "I've worked twelve years for this day."
Still another: "I see Brotherhood of Man in embryo."*

By MARY JUGG.



WHEN DADDY BLOWS THE WHISTLE

MY DADDY is an engineer —
 That's what I want to be;
 He seems to have the mostest fun
 So much is there to see;
 He waves to all the pretty girls
 That stand along the road,
 And they wave back and smile at him
 When he goes by each day.

He carries such a great big lunch
 Ma packs it in the pail,
 She fills it clear up to the top
 Then down the street he'll sail.
 I watched him climb up on his train
 One day not long ago,
 He looks so nice a'touching things
 To make it fast or slow.

But best of all you'd never guess,
 So here I'll have to tell,
 It's when he rings his railroad gong
 And starts to tap the bell.
 At six o'clock when he goes by
 Us kids line up and shout,
 As he rolls by in his big train
 We always run right out.

And when he whistles for the road
 Things shake and groan and quiver,
 Just like when us kids needs a stick
 And all begin to quiver.
 Pa blows the whistle to us all
 One blow means "Hello kids."
 Two blows mean "Taking water here"
 Then we all grab our lids.

We rush down to the water tank
 Astumblin' as we go:
 Sometimes he takes us in the cab
 And loves and hugs us so.
 He kisses us goodbye and starts
 Off down the old railroad,
 Ahauling stuff for folks to eat,
 He always has a load.

But, gee whiz! If you knew him too
 You'd love to go along
 And just stand there and wave with us.
 To hear him ring the gong
 Boop-Boop-A-Doop, it sounds to us
 It makes our old dog bristle,
 It means "I love you, Ma and the kids"
 When Daddy blows the whistle.

Mrs. Charles S. Nicely.

AMBITION

I WILL tear from my latticed window
 The creeper vines, one by one,
 And fling from the diamonded trellis
 The bars that enlace the sun.

I will grasp stout beans of the morning
 To draw me aloft in their sphere,
 And cling to the rays of ascending sun
 Lest I fall to the earth in fear.

M. Jugg.

Independence Day

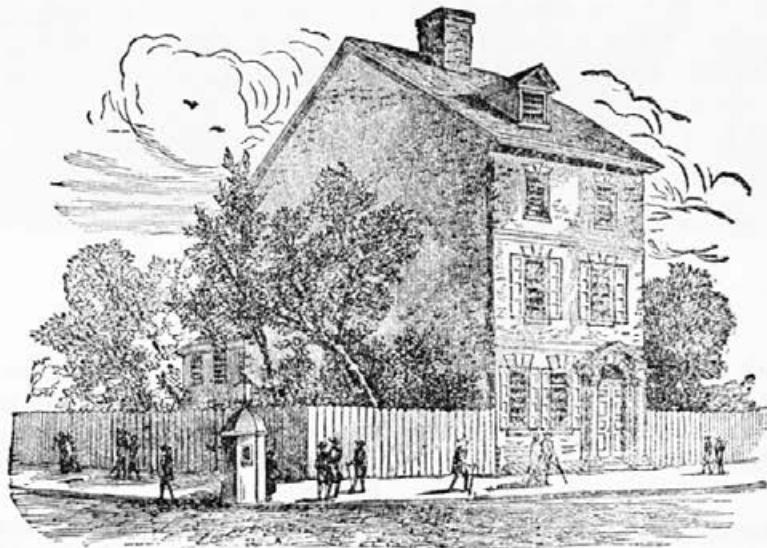
A NAME given to the legal holiday of July 4th in the United States, the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, the home of the Liberty Bell. The Liberty Bell was cast in London 1752 by order of the Pennsylvania Assembly for use in their State House. The bell reached Philadelphia the following year, but it cracked without any apparent reason when it was rung to test the sound and it was necessary to have it recast. This was done by Philadelphia workmen, and in June 1753 it was again hung in the belfry of the State House. On July 4, 1776, when the Continental Congress declared the colonies independent of Great Britain, the bell was rung for two hours by the old bellman who was so filled with enthusiasm

and excitement that he could not stop.

It was taken down because of a threatened invasion in 1777 and removed to Bethlehem, Pa., but was returned to the State House in 1778 and a new steeple was built for it. A few years afterward it cracked under the stroke of the hammer, and although an attempt was made to restore its tone by sawing the crack wider it was unsuccessful.

Inscribed around the bell are the words, "By Order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State House in the City of Philadelphia, 1752," and underneath "Proclaim liberty through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The bell weighs about 2,000 lbs.



The House in Which the Declaration of Independence Was Written.

SUMMER IS CLIMBING

By E. M. Wilkins

SUMMER is climbing over the hill,
 Half on her way is she,
 With larks singing overhead
 And roses up to her knee.
 Her kirtle is heavy with honey red,
 Spun in the lips of the clovers still,
 That dream in the meadow bed.
 Sweet days for the little mountain rill
 When summer lingers with rosy fingers
 Half way up the hill.

Confidence Makes Winners

WHAT a wonderful thing confidence is. A person who is confident is certain that he can do what he tries to do. This feeling of certainty enables him to do his best, to put forth his best efforts.

If an athlete lacks confidence he is almost beaten before he goes on the gridiron, the tennis court, the diamond of the basketball floor. If a fellow says, "They're better than we are. We

haven't a chance," he or his team won't have a chance. On the other hand if he says, "This is going to be a hard game, but we'll win if we fight hard. We're just as good as they are, anyway," he and his team will have an excellent chance to win. Many a team that was superior in skill has gone down to defeat before an aggregation of scrappers, fellows who fought and gave their all to the last. So it is with the workers; united they can win.

A Few Health "Don'ts"

DON'T drink ice or very cold water when you are overheated, unless you hold it in your mouth long enough to warm it before it enters your stomach.

Don't eat between meals; that is the time to drink water slowly.

Don't eat fast, take one-half hour to eat your meals. If you have to eat in

a hurry don't eat until you have the time to do it properly. It is better to go without food than to abuse your organs and health by eating too hurriedly.

Don't wash your food down with a lot of water or other liquids. It dilutes the normal digestive secretions, and they cannot act properly upon the food.—Dr. Chas. F. Browne.



Jaroslav Brozik: READING

Tempered Justice

By Mary Jugg

THE Grandle General Merchandise Co. was wearing its Saturday afternoon mien of business. Several farmers who came to town regularly once a week leaned on the hardware counter to the right, discussing the daily quotations on wheat. Farther down a few women shoppers were calmly inspecting articles in the piece goods and notions counter. The clerk and only extra help in the store poured kerosene into a gallon can from the huge black barrel near the door. Mr. Grandle, proprietor and general town authority, peered through his glasses in hopeful anticipation, wiping his hands on the white apron as he weighed the orders for the daily delivery. There had been times when the customers were less critical and more enthusiastic buyers. In these days people compared, measured, discussed and usually left without purchasing. No, the lassies didn't wish to buy anything. "Just looking around." Even Saturday afternoons were quiet.

Suddenly the uneventful aspect of the place was disturbed.

"Come back here, you young scoundrel. What do you mean—stealing that way?"

The boy thus addressed kicked a shriveled potato with his bare foot and turned a forlorn face to the irate Mr. Grandle. Reaching up, he reluctantly replaced the loaf of bread to the top of glass case, adjusted the cap on his tousled head, and said with an air of truthfulness. "I didn't steal it, Mister."

The group on the opposite side paused in its discussion. A little girl in stiffly starched ruffles, noisily consuming a lollipop, glanced backward with accusing look, until she collided with the screen door.

"Well, you don't get off as easy as that," scowled the proprietor, coming from behind the counter. "Here's

where we learn a little lesson," he said almost as much to the on-lookers as to the boy whom he took by hand. The two made their way across the street and Grandle Merchandise Co. settled back to its normal activity.

* * *

"Did you get it, Jimmy?" eagerly inquired the thin, palefaced girl, standing on the doorsteps of a shack plainly on the verge of ruins in a large area of sand.

"Naw, I had to give it back," he returned.

"Aw, gee, now we'll have to eat plain lettuce without even bread again."

"Well, it didn't work," insisted Jimmy. "Where's mother?"

"She's been gone all afternoon. Said she'd try to get a washing or two somewhere. People don't even seem to have dirty clothes any more."

It was evident that the boy's sister, somewhat younger, was assuming the responsibilities of the household. The two entered the low, dark room together. Jimmy seated himself on the bench behind the table and produced a dull knife and whittling stick. In the corner of the room was a cot. The bundle of clothes upon it stirred.

"I'm thirsty, Em," came the feeble voice.

Emma took a dipper of water and slightly lifted little brother, who mechanically drank the water offered him.

"His face has been burning up all day," she explained.

But Jimmy's thoughts were elsewhere. He threw the knife across the table and supported his head on his elbows.

"I'll have to answer for it tomorrow," he began.

"Oh, yes, the bread you tried to take. They won't do anything to you, will they, Jimmy?"

"Got to appear in court at ten in the morning," he replied.

Emma threw the dipper back into the water bucket, straightened the covers on the sick child, and sat on the edge of the cot.

* * *

Judge Lathrop arranged a pile of papers on his desk.

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Jimmy Dawson."

"Where do you live?"

"Down beyond the tracks."

"Is your father living?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"He left home about a month ago," said Jimmy with a slight tremor on his lips. "He hadn't had work for a long time, and he said he'd be gone 'til he found it. We haven't heard from him since."

"And your mother?"

"She can't find work, either, nor no food. Then little brother took sick the other day. We couldn't get the doctor, and we didn't have any medicine. He's worse this morning, too."

"Don't you know it's wrong to steal?" continued the judge.

"I didn't steal it, Mister," he repeated. "My daddy said there was a difference between taking and stealing. He said you steal when you snatch something and then try to get away

with it, and when they ask you about it you fib."

The judge looked at him sharply.

"Is that all he told you?"

"No, he said a person has just got to have food and when he's just so hungry and he can't earn anything and no one will give him anything, he had better just take the food and answer for it truthfully. I didn't sneak that loaf of bread, and I didn't try to run away with it. The boss didn't let me explain about it, and I had to go away hungry."

Judge Lathrop took a pad of paper from the desk and with a look of compassion scribbled a brief note.

"Take this to the Grandale store," he said, folding the piece of paper in an envelope.

Evidently the questioning was over. Jimmy obeyed the orders of the court. He handed the letter to the towering Mr. Grandale, expecting the inevitable.

"Well, you've got somethin to thank the judge for," said the proprietor, as he spread the note before Jimmy. The piece of paper said:

"Please furnish the Dawson family with a week's groceries. Expenses to be paid by the court. Yesterday's deed accounted for. Signed—Judge Lathrop."

Jimmy looked up puzzled at the red-faced proprietor, who stood awaiting orders.

SET OF THE SAILS

ONE ship sails east and one sails west,

While the self same breezes blow.

'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales

That sends them where they go.

Now the winds of the air are the ways of the fates,

As we journey along through life,
And it's the will of the man that decides the goal,

And not the winds, but the strife.

—Author unknown.

Lost and Found

A Tale for the Youngsters

By M. Williams

JUDY and Donald were to spend the summer with their Aunt Mary and Uncle Henry Douglas, who lived in a country town and owned a large store. They had looked forward to it all through the winter. Judy was thirteen and Donald eleven years old, but even so young as that, they were to make the trip all by themselves.

It was a fine warm day when they started. Donald was wearing a new pair of shoes that felt deliciously stiff when he struck them on things. He wore a new cap also, and his suit was neatly brushed. Judy was pretty in a figured cotton dress. It was she who carried the money and tickets, and looked important whenever the conductor came through the coach. "Let me see your tickets," the conductor would say, and then she would have to rummage through her purse to find them, just as if she were a grown woman and Donald had been put in her charge.

They had been at the Douglas home only a few days when Uncle Henry made an announcement. "Now, Donald," he said, putting his hand on Donald's shoulder, "I'm going to leave you folks for a while. I must go to White Springs for treatments. I haven't been very well, and I've been waiting for you two to come. You'll have to take care of these women, Donald. You're the only man I've got to take my place."

While Uncle Henry was speaking, Donald glanced over at Judy with a proud smile. Now he was important too. It had made him feel very humiliated when Judy had been put in charge of the tickets.

After Uncle Henry was gone Judy and Donald busied themselves in the store. It was fun to dust the shelves and straighten counters. The store was quite a large one, containing two

long rooms, one side displaying shoes and men's merchandise, which was not very interesting, while on the other side were the groceries and candy and dry goods and even a millinery shop. At once Judy began to sort out the ribbons, the flowers, the buckles, the bits of silks and velvets that were to be found in the millinery department. On the other hand, Donald became a busy clerk back of the grocery and candy counter. He enjoyed putting things in order, taking special pride in polishing the candy cases, and keeping the nickel trimmings bright and clean.

Everything went well. Mrs. Douglas declared over and over again that she could not get along without them. She had never seen such reliable children in all her life before, she said. Mrs. Douglas had never had any children of her own, and she had always believed that they were troublesome, noisy creatures who gave a person nothing but endless worry.

Everything went well until the day Donald disappeared. It had been an unusually hot afternoon. The leaves hung listlessly on their branches, and looked gray and wan with dust. There had not been any rain for weeks. No one stirred. After dinner Donald asked if he might go to a pond with some boys for turtles. When he had gone, Mrs. Douglas and Judy went back to the store, where they remained for the rest of the day.

When supper time came Donald did not return. At first Mrs. Douglas thought he was late and did not worry. But when the sun began to set and he was still not home, she became anxious. She sent Judy out to inquire for him. No, he had not gone with the boys, they said. They had waited for

him a while and then went on without him. No one had seen him. He had not been seen anywhere in the town.

It grew quite dark. Mrs. Douglas and Judy searched for him in every corner of the house. In the basement, in the attic, in every room in the store, under the counters, in and behind boxes. They called and called to him but he did not answer them. They looked under the porch, in the barn, under the hedge. All the neighbors searched for him. The whole village was trying to find him. At last Mrs. Douglas gave up and sat down in a chair. "I guess I'll have to telegraph to his mother," she said to Judy. "There isn't anything else we can do."

Judy jumped up from her chair. "Just wait, Aunt Mary, I'll look once more. Give me the flashlight and I'll go through the store rooms again."

In the meantime something quite strange had happened to Donald. He had changed his mind that afternoon about going to the pond for turtles. Instead he had wandered down to the railroad station to watch the two o'clock passenger train come in. It was late—an hour the bulletin said. That was too long to wait. He'd go and see what they were unloading from that freight car down the track. There were flat cars and box cars and tank cars and coal cars. He wondered what a box car was like inside. Well—why not find out? The door was open. There was nothing to prevent him. He found a plank and set it up to the opening. Then he clambered up and stepped into the car and stood there looking all around him.

The train suddenly jerked. A long shudder seemed to run along the floor, then another jerk, which threw Donald completely off his feet. He landed sprawling and for a moment was quite dazed. The train had started to move. He rose to his feet and rushed over to the open door, to jump off. But the train was now under way and when he

saw how fast they were going, he decided it was better to stay where he was. Thinking it would be safer farther away from the door, he went back into the car and sat down. The train rumbled on. After a while he began to feel sleepy. For a long time he fought the inclination and then no longer able to keep awake, he fell sound asleep.

How long he slept Donald was unable to recall, but he had such strange sensations upon waking that it seemed he must have been asleep for a number of years, and that now he must be an old man with a rheumatic back and crippled legs. He could scarcely move. Everything was dark. He wondered if he had lost his sight.

Painfully he stretched his legs and discovered they were still whole. Then he stood up, and finally began to grope around to find the open door. It was night and the train was standing still. In a few moments he had found the door and then he made an even stranger discovery. The car was standing in the railroad yards. In the distance he could see the lights of a city. There were sounds of bells and whistles and chugging engines all about him. He had no idea where he was. It frightened him, but his first thought was of Judy and his Aunt Mary. What would they think? He must get a message to them—but how? He leapt out of car and started to run toward the nearest building. "Where you going, son?" a voice called to him.

Donald stopped and looked around. He could see not one. Then a shadow stepped out from behind a freight car. It was a train detective. Donald could see his badge in the reflection of a distant street light.

"Oh," Donald said, with relief, "Can you help me? I'm lost. I want to send a message to Judy and Aunt Mary."

The detective listened while he told his story and then he took him to the station where they telephoned to Donald's Aunt.

And so just as Judy lifted up the flashlight to make a final search for him, the telephone rang and Donald's voice sounded in her ears.

"Hello," he shouted, "is that you, Judy?"

"Yes," she said, so astonished she could hardly speak.

"Well, this is Donald. I'm in Pittsburgh. I'll be home tomorrow."

"But how did you get there?" she said.

"Oh I came in a box car."

"A box car? How on earth are you coming back?"

"In the caboose, I guess. Goodbye!"

(From the Locomotive Engineer.)

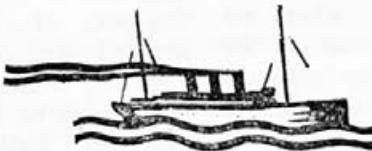


Martin Monnichendan: OPEN AIR CONCERT

OLD MEN ON PARK BENCHES

By Daniel W. Hickey

IT IS a thing to break the heart upon,
 Watching the old men gathering in the park
 When spring is on the earth bright with the sun,
 Hearing their idle prattle from dawn til dark.
 Whittling the hours away beneath blue skies
 With clouds full-masted like a fleet of ships,
 Always I see lost dreams burn in their eyes,
 Hear echoes of lost songs upon their lips.
 As robins watch them curiously and pass
 From bough to bough, red with a blossom's flame
 And the old men stare into the waking grass,
 Youth must return, a dim-remembered name.
 Must I know too, the word each daylight brings:
 Life does not need them in its scheme of things?



A Bronco-Busting Porter

By Harold Hallenbeck

BONES was (and, so far as I know, still is) a colored porter who had been brought up in a cow camp and was quite an adept at "bronco" riding. One day when there was a rodeo at Miami, Bones decided to run down on his lay-over and capture a little prize money. He was quite successful and did some good riding. One of the cowpunchers present asked Bones how it was that he could ride so well after being off the range so long.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," he said. "Every day I go over on the engine and ride a couple of stations, and whenever you get so you can ride one of them 'Pea Vine' engines without spurs, you

don't need no practice to ride anything in the Pan Handle that grows hair."

* * *

Bones took up a homestead claim out in the hills from Roswell, New Mexico, and his wife lived on it to hold it down while Bones held his job on the road. Ever so often he would lay off and spend a few days working on the claim. He hadn't been out for quite a while and his wife wrote him to lay off and come down as there was quite a bit of work to be done that she couldn't do. He wrote back that he would be in Roswell on a certain day to come out, but when the time came he was unable to lay off so he wrote her he would be

there the next week. But next week it was the same story, so that made twice his wife had to take the long drive (horse and wagon those days) for nothing.

Well, the next week Bones went to see the trainmaster and told him he would like to lay off and go home. The trainmaster said he didn't know about it, but would see. Bones said, "Look here Mr. Smyer, my wife, she wrote she been to meet me twice and I wasn't there, and that she was coming to Roswell Thursday to meet me again and she was bringing my overalls along, and that I had better be on that train because she was going to take a man back to the ranch in those overalls. And believe me, Mr. Smyer, I have just got to be that man." Bones got his layoff.

* * *

One summer, while demoted on account of slack business, I was firing a passenger run. One night when we had the general manager's car on the rear we were laid out until we had only 19 minutes to make 22 miles into the terminal to be on time.

While the station work was being done, Bones, who was porter that night, came over and said that the general manager would like very much to reach the terminal on time, as he had a special waiting for him. The engineer, be-

ing an older man and conservative, said: "That is too fast for safety, considering the condition of the track"—which was quite crooked, unballasted with rock and with none too much elevation on the curves.

Being a young runner without as much judgment as I acquired later, I told the engineer that as I had made this same run with a freight train a few days ago and made the 22 miles in 23 minutes; and that he should be able to make it in 19 minutes with a passenger train. He did not make any reply to this, but started for the terminal.

Before we had gone far, I began to learn something about fast running and sincerely wished I had kept still. The fire-door, which was a swing door, refused to stay open, and I was kept very busy trying to stand up and keep enough coal in the firebox to make steam. In fact, more coal went in the deck and on the running boards than in the box. Much to my relief we finally arrived—and on time.

When Bones came over to uncouple the engine he looked up and said to the engineer, "Believe me, Mr. George, that was some ride: them there cuspids walked from the north side of that smoker over to the south side and back over to the north side, and them there tobacco chewers sat right up and quit chewing tobacco."

THE STEAM SHOVEL

By Mary Jugg

IT CREAKS and groans and opens its jaws
 And greedily bites a sandwich and gnaws—
 Slices of black earth covered with green
 And a layer of rocks and coal spread between.

Then it stretches its neck and lifts its head
 Like a child that ignores the food it is fed;
 And swings far away to the opposite side
 And maliciously opens its mouth large and white.



Dear Boys and Girls:—

On the picture above you can see two little girls busying themselves writing nice little letters to the Editor. You'll notice on the inscription that the Chatter Corner department is "Edited by the joyful members of the S. N. P. J." And I can truly and sincerely say that the "Corner" really is edited by a number of our joyful boys and girls, members of the Slovene National Benefit Society. School is out!

I wish you all a most enjoyable vacation this summer, as much as it's possible now, for most of you boys and girls are also effected by the present hard times because your parents don't have the means to give you a real vacation. This is prevented by those who rule this world—the rich and the greedy.

I will be expecting your letters.

—THE EDITOR.

A TRULY INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

No more school bells will we hear, for June 7 marked the last day of school in Latrobe.

On this day my brother John graduated and received a diploma from Second Ward School. Next fall he will be a freshman in the Latrobe High School. He will take College Preparatory Course C.

My sister Jane graduated on the same day and received a diploma from the Latrobe High School. She graduated with College Preparatory Course. Next September she will go away to school.

Another Torch, John Edwin Widdowson, graduated from Blairsville High School. He was a member of the "Who's Who" of the Blair.

Now I wish to tell the readers that my other sister and brother and I all were promoted to the next grade. I do hope that all our M. L. readers passed successfully also.

The good old summer bids us welcome. We are almost free as gypsies. We can roam to our heart's content under the hot sun. I will

play horseshoe, hopscotch, jump rope, and play tag, but I won't forget to read our M. L. because gypsies must read poems that we find in the M. L. about the great outdoors. Yes, we children will be having loads of fun, but our fathers, on account of this terrible panic, will be holding up lamp-posts, walls, loafing around the street corners with their grouchy, yet sad looks. Around what corner is Miss Prosperity lurking? My father says it will be up to the working people to unite and work for better conditions and decent wages.

I wish all the M. L. readers a happy summer vacation. "A proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the letters that are written in the M. L., but I do not see any letters from Springfield, Ill. So I guess I will have to write.

I have one sister; she is 8 years old. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 47.

We held a First of May celebration in the Slovene National Home.

In the morning from nine until twelve o'clock there was a meeting of a group of SNPJ lodges of the nearby cities; each sent their representatives.

From twelve to three o'clock lunch was served. At three o'clock we had some speakers here. Bro. John Gorsek presided at the program.

The program was opened by Bro. Donald Lotrich of Chicago, who spoke in English. He said that the young people should get organized and should support the workers' party and that they should take more interest in the government. I myself think that it is a good plan.

Then the Singing society sang a song in Slovene, and Bro. Frank Zaitz of Chicago spoke in Slovene on the depression and why it came about. This ended the program for the afternoon.

At seven o'clock there was more of the program. There was a comedy play staged in Slovene. After that play there was another play given by members of the SNPJ Lincolnite Lodge of Springfield, in English, called "Meet the Wife." Both plays were very interesting.

After the play there was dancing. The music was furnished by the Gorsek brothers, members of the SNPJ. In all, the day was well spent.

I hope this letter does not hit the waste-paper basket.

Joe Ovca Jr.,

1841 So. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

* *

ABOUT BOYS' WEEK

Dear Editor:—

April 30 was boys' week, and I was one of the boys in the boy parade. We were dressed in blue pants, white blouses, colonial hats, white stockings, black slippers, red, white and blue belts, paper stocks, knee breeches, red, white, and blue, and we marched sixteen in a row.

We marched from ten o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at noon. There were forty-eight boys from our school in the parade.

My next letter will be in Slovene.

Best wishes to all. Felix Vogrin.

2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

"EXTRAORDINARY FEAT"

Dear Editor:—

I go to the Nolan Intermediate School and am in the ninth grade. Recently a new addition was added to our school consisting of a gym and a swimming pool. I go swimming every Thursday and all the boys just rush down to the pool from our Math class.

Last year our school published a booklet called "The Second Harvest." The pupils

wrote stories for it. Here is one from a member of my class:

"I awakened one morning to find I had been washed ashore on a mysterious island off the coast of Porto Rico. After exploring an hour or so, I came across a tribe of cannibals. At the conclusion of a long conversation in German, which I understood perfectly, they decided to boil me in oil. Just as they were coming for me, in rushed a lion. Seeing my great danger, I put my hand down his throat, grabbed him by the tail, and pulled him inside out. The cannibals, astonished by this extraordinary feat, made me their hero. After I became their hero I decided to build up a city.

"Years have passed. Now my realm extends over all Porto Rico, and we have had no sign of depression as yet. We're known all over the world as the automobile center, although our business is selling sugar cane.

"I was reading in the paper the other night about some big shot in Detroit, who is putting out a two cylinder car. It certainly can't compare with our model, called the "Leaping Grasshopper." It goes 60 miles an hour, 20 forward, and forty up and down.

"My country is well modernized, but I think I shall retire as chief, since too many Chicago gangsters are copying our style of torturing people." (The End.) Your truly,

Adolph Koss,

17457 St. Aubin ave., Detroit, Mich.

P. S.:—The name of the above story is: "Marooned on an Island."

* *

DOROTHY WRITES A NICE LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much.

There are six in our family. All are members of the SNPJ Lodge No. 290.

I am ten years of age and in the 5th A. I have two teachers. They are: Miss Evans and Mr. Krepps. In the Mid-Term exams I made the highest score of the 5th A and B. We had an art exhibit and also a program. We saw all the art that was shown at the Hempfield Twp. of the Westmoreland Art Institute. We also had a May Day Festival at Harrolds, Jr. High., Greensburgh.

I have a brother at the State Hospital for Crippled Children. He is doing fine in his school work. He writes many letters to us. He is in there for a year. We expect him home this summer. My dad is also sick. He has been injured in the mine, and is not working for many months.

On Mother's Day we went and picked a lot of violets. Our mothers were feleed with pleasure. The weather of course you

know, is so wet that I am afraid the beans will rot. It has been raining for a week. But the other crops are doing fine.

Here is a little poem.

This Is the Verse

M. L. is a book filled with fun
With stories and news for everyone;
Each month one finds a lesson fine
With things worth-while in every line,
We look and long for M. L. each week,
Then through its pages good news seek;
News, stories, poems, and letter right,
"Tis a paper that fills us with delight.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy M. Fink, Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

"CONGRESS FLIRTS WITH POLITICS"

Dear Editor:—

This is the third letter I have written to the M. L. My father was at the Jugoslav Soc. Federation convention at Milwaukee, Wis. He told me it was the best he ever attended.

Not long ago, when the strike started, many families were starving, soup kitchens were put up, guardsmen were called out, flour, vegetables, canned fruit and bread was handed out. I hope that some day the Socialists will break this "humbug" up.

"Congress," the lifeguard, is flirting on the beach with "Politics," the bather, while the citizen is calling for help in the sea of "Depression."

Joseph Snoy Jr.,

R. F. D. 1, Box 7, Bridgeport, Ohio.

* *

THE WORK IS SLACK

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is the first time I have written to the Mladinski List. I am 16 years old and belong to the SNPJ. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge except my father.

The work is slack here for about 2½ years now. I wish the factories open.

I want Anna Dusak to write to me, because I lost her address.

I wish some of the girls would write to me.

Best regards to all.

**Josephine Ropac,
1418 Grand Ave., Granite City, Ill.**

* *

VACATION TIME

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Our school had a picnic at Oakford Park. It was very interesting to us children. There were many amusements for us to enjoy. Our commencement was held on May 31. The whole room was crowded. The pupils of the eighth grade all passed to 1st grade in the Jr. High School. The program was grand.

They will build a Jr. High at our town. It will be called Washington's Jr. High School.

I made the highest score in the fifth grade final tests and was promoted to the 6th grade. I wish they would have the Jr. High built by the time of my graduation.

The people at our town are warned not to use any water to water gardens or wash automobiles on account of not having rain and enough water in the reservoir. I sure wish it would rain.

I think I am going on a vacation this summer.

**Dorothy Fink,
Box 1, Wendel, Pa.**

* *

FRANCES' FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I love the little magazine very much.

Times out here are very hard. I am in the third grade. I go to the public school. I have a good teacher. Her name is Miss Bennett.

There are three of us in our family that belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 1, and we enjoy it.

I am seven years old; my little sister is five years old.

Best regards to Frances Saitz, Anna Yance and all the members of the lodge.

**Frances M. Kozel,
1837 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.**

* *

AGNES WILL GO TO EIGHTH GRADE

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. I am going to go to the eighth grade in October.

I am having my vacation July 1, 1932 to October. My teacher's name is Miss Wiegle. She is a very good teacher.

My brother Joseph is going to the 10th grade in July. He was on the Honor Roll last month.

My sister Mary went on a little trip June 14. I wish I could go, but I have to go to school. Well, anyway, I'll have my day off sometime, anyway.

I think this will be all for this time. I hope Mr. Waste Basket doesn't chew this letter up, and I wish some of the pupils would write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.

Agnes Michie,
417 Hopewell Ave., West Aliquippa, Pa.

* *

"MUDDY JIM"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. There are four of us in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 177. I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. My brother is

going to be ten years old. And he is in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Patterson. My father is secretary for five years for the SNPJ Lodge No. 177. I am glad spring is here, and that school is out.

A naughty lad
Was muddy Jim.
He hated soap and water;
Nice little girls
Wouldn't speak to him.

Though he wished and thought
They ought to,
He didn't bathe
But once a month.
His nails
He didn't trim.
His hair uncombed,
Oh, what a sight
Was naughty, muddy Jim!

Best regards to all.

Pauline Grohar,
Box 63, Reliance, Wyo,
* *

LODGE NO. 248

Dear Editor:—

I was 11 years old on June 24.

This is my second letter to the M. L. There are four in our family—all belong to Lodge No. 248.

The work is scarce; the mines work 2 days a week.

Our school was out May 4.

We have 4 acres of land. Next time I will write more. I like to read the M. L. I hope some of the members would write to me. I would gladly answer them.

Mary Babiak,
Box 582, Barnesboro, Pa.
* *

HELEN LOVES LETTERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter. I wish some of the boys and girls from Herminie would write in the M. L. I guess since it is getting hot they are getting lazy. My girl friend said she was going to write but I haven't seen her letter yet. So come on, boys and girls, wake up, make this magazine larger.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me, for I love to receive letters and I would gladly answer them.

Best wishes to all,

Helen Sleber, Box 117, Herminie, Pa.
* *

TIMES ARE HARD

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter that I am writing to the M. L. I am 15 years of age, and am going to be in my second year high school. I love to read the M. L. and am sorry I didn't write before.

Times are pretty hard here, but I guess we have to take it as it is. I have a pair of turtle doves for pets, and they sure are pretty. I also have two little kittens for pets. The garden is pretty green and perfect now, but I am afraid we will get another dry spell, so that everything will dry up.

School was out two weeks ago, and I am going to take a vacation. I am getting short of words, so I will end. William Grill,
R. R. 4, Box 43, Nokomis, Ill.

* *

MARY WAS PROMOTED

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much.

The Findley school pupils went to Rocks Springs Park, which is in Chester, West Virginia. I enjoyed myself at the Park.

I was promoted to eighth grade. Mother was glad to see us all pass in our family.

My birthday was on June 23.

My sister Pauline and I went swimming the last day of May. The water was cool.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Gorenc,
R. D. 1, Box 18, Imperial, Pa.
* *

SCHOOL'S OUT"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to write to the M. L. We belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 50. There are six in our family.

I wish some of members would write to me. I have two sisters and one little brother.

My school was out April 26. My teacher's name is Miss Eller. We have two teachers. I am in the 5th grade and am ten years old.

Frances Kropesh, Box 354, Clinton, Ind.

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Tommy, aged six, was called before the teacher. "Tommy, spell 'frog.'"

Tommy began: "F-r-r-r- can't spell the rest."

Teacher: "Then stay after school."

Tommy: "Oh gee!"

Teacher: "Correct! You may go."

Father: "Yes, my boy, I'm a self-made man."

Son: "Gee, Pop, that's what I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything."