

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1934

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Tridesetletnica S. N. P. J.

DNE 9. aprila 1934 je S. N. P. J. slavila svoj 30. rojstni dan. Ob tej priliki sta se vršili dve veliki slavji v dveh njenih največjih središčih — v Chicagu in Clevelandu — kjer se je tudi porodila in vzknila ideja za njeno organiziranje.

Kratek zgodovinski pregled o postanku in razvoju S. N. P. J. je izšel v jubilejni izdaji Prosvete z dne 4. aprila 1934 in drugih člankih. Tu navajamo le par glavnih dejstev.

Dne 23. septembra 1903 se je ustanovilo v Chicagu prvo društvo, iz katerega se je razvila S. N. P. J. To je sedanje društvo Slavija št. 1 S. N. P. J.

Prva ali ustanovna konvencija S. N. P. J. se je vršila od 6. do 9. aprila 1904 v Chicagu, na kateri je bilo zastopanih devet društev z dvanajstimi delegati. Teh dvanajst delegatov se je zbralo, da postavijo temelj S. N. P. J.

Mladi jednoti je služil kot prvo glasilo tednik Glas Svobode do pričetka leta 1908, ko je pričelo izhajati lastno jednotino Glasilo, ki je do leta 1910 izhajalo kot mesečnik in potem tednik do julija 1916, ko je pričel izhajati dnevnik Prosveta.

V svojih tridesetih letih se je Slovenska narodna podporna jednota razvila v največjo in najvplivnejšo slovensko podporno organizacijo. V tej dobi, v treh desetletjih, je naša jednota storila več za svoje člane in slovenske delavce v Ameriki ko katera druga bratska organizacija.

S. N. P. J. je imela deset rednih in tri izredne konvencije. Šest se jih je vršilo v Chicagu, dve v Clevelandu, ostale pa v La Sallu, Springfieldu in Waukeganu, Ill., v Milwaukeeju in Pittsburghu, Pa.

Do 31. decembra 1933 je S. N. P. J. izplačala svojim članom v raznih podporah vsoto čez ŠTIRINAJST MILIJONOV DOLARJEV! Od datuma svoje ustanovitve, 9. aprila 1904, do 31. decembra 1933 je sprejela v oba oddelka 123,714 članov!

Ob zaključku prošlega leta je imela SNPJ 32 tisoč članov v oddelku odraslih in 15 tisoč v mladinskem oddelku.

S. N. P. J. ima sedaj 635 društev, med katerimi je 82 angleško poslujočih.

Slovenska narodna podporna jednota ima pred seboj še dolgo pot razvoja in se s ponosom ozira na svoj rekord prošlih treh desetletij.

S. N. P. J. BO ŽIVELA, RASLA IN CVETELA VSA POMLAJENA Z MOČMI NAŠEGA NARAŠČAJA, KI SE ZBIRA V MLADINSKIH DRUŠTVIH IN NADALJUJE DELO NAŠIH PIONIRJEV!

OPROŠČENJE

(Delavski materi našega časa.)

VELIKO je bilo tvoje trpljenje, mati,
in mnogi so bili zavajalci:
preroki, namestniki božji,
strahu in nevede sejanci.
Zato bodi ti velikodušno oproščeno,
ker si si namesto znanja nevedo izbrala,
in si v težkih dneh
pred mrtvimi kipi kleče molila in vzdihovala.

Bodi ti oproščeno, požrtvovalna mati,
ker si nas učila, da se moramo voljno,
kakor Krist za nas,
za nenasitne človeške pijavke žrtvovati.

Oproščeno . . .

Saj ti v svoji majhni preprostosti pač nisi umela,
da si sama dolgo dobo
ob trpečem Kristu živela—
Da je bil oče kakor Krist
na križ dela, trpljenja in izkoriščanja prikovan—
da je bil po pohlepni Judežih stokrat in stokrat
izdan in prodan.

Oproščeno, mati—

Lahko bi nas bila res namesto blodenj
vere vase in velikih resnic učila—
nam namesto strahu pred peklom,
velike ideje skupnosti in bratstva vcepila—

Lahko . . .

Če bi vedela, da si doprinašala žrtve
na oltar pohlepa—
da si izročala svojo deco brezvestni sili,
ki liki lovke polipa uklepa . . . uklepa . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

Katka Zupančič:

“MLADA JEDNOTA”

(Mladinska enodejanka s sedmimi prizori.)

POZORIŠČE: Park s klopco zadaj in eno ob levi strani; v ozadju mestece.

ČAS: Sedanji; lepo nedeljsko popoldne.

OSEBE: Dečki in deklice v starosti od 7. do 14. leta.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------|-------|
| FRANK | HARRY | LILLIAN | ROSE |
| RAY | EMIL | ANNA | IRENE |
| LEO | ELICA | FRANCES | MARY |
| EDWARD | STASY | GERTRUDE | HILDA |
| BOBBY | ELVIRA | in ostali dečki in deklice. | |

SLEPEC, star 60 let.

1. PRIZOR

Ray in tovariši.

RAY (*pride od desne, sredi odra postoji in zapiska v piščalko trikrat*).

Skriti tovariši (*se pojavijo in zakličejo*): Hurej, klub piratov!

RAY: Radoveden sem, ali bodo deklice prišle ali ne?

FRANK: Seveda bodo prišle, saj smo jih povabili.

LEO: Jaz jih že ne bi vabil. Ne jaz! Kjer so ženske, tam so nepravilike!

EMIL: Saj to niso ženske, ampak deklice.

LEO (*odmahne z roko*): Eh, kaj ti veš!

FRANK: Morda bi bilo res bolje, če ne bi prišle.

RAY: Pojdite no. Ali se jih bojite, ali kaj?

LEO: Nič se jih ne bojimo, ampak . . .

ED (*se nasmehne*): Ampak svoje glavne so preveč, kaj ne?

FRANK: Saj to je! Na primer moja sestra Hilda, komaj dva pedna ji je (*kaže z roko*) toliko; pa mislite, da me kaj uboga? Nič.

VSI (*se zasmеjejo*).

EMIL: Ali bo tudi ona prišla?

FRANK: Kajpa. Samo premajhna je, ne?

RAY: Nič ni premajhna. Malo nas je slovenskih otrok, zato moramo vsi skupaj držati. Prav zato smo povabili tudi deklice, ali ne?

FRANK: Lepo je bilo, dokler smo bili sami. Deklice nam bodo še klub razbile, se bojim.

RAY: Zakaj razbile! Pojačale ga bodo.

FRANK: Več jih bo ko nas, pa bodo odločale one.

RAY (*se popraska za tilnikom*): Eh, no, saj bomo videli. Zdaj, ko smo jih že povabili, ne moremo snesti besede.

EMIL: Da. In vrat jim tudi ne moremo zapreti, ko jih pa ni.

VSI (*se smejejo*).

HARRY: Kaj pa, če bi se skrili?

RAY (*ponosno*): Pirati se ne skrivajo! — Več nas bo, več bo življenja!

LEO: Misliš nepravilike! Kjer so ženske . . .

VSI: — tam so nepravilike.

RAY: Poslušaj, Leo. Kaj bi rekel, če bi deklice k vsaki naši besedi samo tako kimale: da, da, da.

LEO (*zmigne z rameni*): Hm, rekel bi, da so trapaste.

RAY: No, vidiš.

FRANK: Res je. Mi povemo, kar mislimo. Zakaj ne bi imele te pravice one?

LEO: O, saj jo bodo imele, kar nič se ne boj!

RAY: Da. In če bodo imele kako dobro idejo, se ji ni treba upirati zato, ker jo je povedala deklica, in ne deček. Dobra ideja je dobra, pa naj jo pove kdorkoli!

LEO: Modro govoriš. Ampak neprilike bodo vseeno. Kjer so — — (*odmahne z roko*) pa saj že veste ostalo.

RAY: Zakaj jih vedno devlješ v nič? Samo če bodo hotele biti piratke, bo naš klub z njimi pridobil. Če drugega ne, njihovo petje je nekaj vredno.

FRANK: Ha, kakor da bi mi ne znali peti!

RAY: Znamo, kakor vrabci na veji.

FRANK: Pa poskusimo! Deklicam se že ne pustimo, kar tako—meninič tebinič—vtakniti v žep. Dajmo, zapojmo!

BOBBY (*maha z rokami*): Jaz ne znam peti, jaz samo krulim.

RAY: Pa pojdi in pazi, da ne bi medtem deklice prišle.

BOBBY (*odide na levo*).

FRANK: Začnimo z najlažjo: Na planincih.

DEČKI (*se primejo okrog ramen in prično peti neubrano, vendar ne preglasno*): Na planincih solnčece—(*nehajo*).

RAY (*kima*): Aha, tudi mi krulimo, ne samo Bobby. Emil, ti menda edini res poješ. Ti začni. Drugi priložimo. Počakaj še. (*Se odhrkavajo*.) Zdaj! (*Pojejo vsi skupaj*.)

2. PRIZOR

Prejšnji in Mary.

MARY (*se medtem prikaže zadaj na desni. Stopaje po prstih hoče za njihovimi hrbti na drugo stran; že skoraj na drugi strani se premisli in steče nazaj in zgine z odra*.)

DEČKI (*prekinejo petje in se plašno ozro v ozadje—prazno! Spogledajo se in se nasmehnejo*.)

RAY: Pojemo že tako lepo, da se bojimo, da bi nas kdo slišal. Še enkrat!

DEČKI (*se zopet strnejo in pojo*).

MARY (*se ponovno pojavi; kakor prvič hoče na drugo stran, pa se sredi odra spodtakne in pade*.)

DEČKI (*utihnejo, in naglo okrenivši se rastrnejo na desno in levo ter ugledajo Mary, kako se pobira s tal*).

MARY (*postoji, jih jezno pogleda, jim pokaže mulo in našobljena trdo odkoraka nazaj na desno za kulise*).

LEO: Ali nisem rekel—kjer so ženske—(*zakrili z rokami*).

FRANK (*grbi čelo in gleda po dečkih*): Pa kje je nesrečni Bobby, da ni pazil?

RAY: Nemara so vse deklice kje blizu in so nas slišale, joj! (*si zatisne ušesa*).

3. PRIZOR

Prejšnji in deklice. Elvira prva, za njo ostale.

ELVIRA (*takoj ko se pokaže*): Slišale, slišale! (*stopaje v ospredje*.) Oh, kako je bilo lepo! Strašansko lepo! (*vsa zadivljena zre pod nebo in nato hudomušno po dečkih*).

LEO (*se postavi, ko vidi nagajivo smejoče se deklice*): Ah, kaj boste, kaj! Vsak po svoje—pesmi poje.

ELICA: Prav imaš! Vsak po svoje. Če bi vas na planincih solnčece res slišalo, gotovo bi se vam do solz nasmejalo!

RAY: Eh, kaj bi se norčevale! Rajši pokažite, kaj znate ve!

STASY: Me? Boljše jo bomo pa že urezale, nego ste jo vi! Ampak vseeno nam smete pomagati.

FRANK: Ko pa pravite, da ne znamo peti!

ELICA: Oh, vi pa res vse narobe razumete! Vi, da ne znate peti? Pojdite no! Naš kanarček doma je krokar proti vam! (*se brani smehu*).

HILDA (*pocukne Elviro*): Kaj pa je to: krokar?

ELVIRA: Krokar? (*pogleda po dečkih*.) O, to je lep črn ptič, ki poje: kraa, kraa . . .

HILDA (*kimaje*): Ooo!

(*Dečkom gre kljub zadregi na smeh*.)

LEO: Ali nisem rekel? Kjer so— itd. (*namigne na deklince*).

STASY (*začne med tem korajžno peti in spodbudljivo namiguje dečkom, naj se pridružijo, kar tudi rade volje store*.)

VSI pojo: Izidor ovčice pasel, lepo žvižgal, lepo pel. Dingel ding Ko ovčice je zapustil, stopil je v vojaški stan. Cingel cing . . .

4. PRIZOR

Prejšnji in Bobby.

BOBBY (*gleda začudeno; dečki mu groze; počaka konec pesmi; nato*): Jaz jih nisem videl. Ali so padle iz zraka?

STASY: Ne, Bobby. Iz tal smo zrastle, iz tal. Ne vidiš lukenj? (*kaže po tleh*.)

ANNA: Ali ni že čas, da zvemo, zakaj smo bile povabljeni sem?

LILLIAN: Saj res! Jaz postajam radovedna!

ROSE (*med vzdihanjem*): Jaz pa lačna! (*vzame iz torbice jabolko in je*).

RAY (*ki se je medtem na tiho menil s tovariši; deklicam glasno*): Zapijmo še katero!

ELICA: Ne prej, dokler ne poveste!

ANNA: Kar na dan z besedo!

LILLIAN: Tako je!

LEO: Zdaj, zdaj! (*kima*).

FRANK: Pa začnimo z dnevnim neredom,—hočem reči z dnevnim redom.

RAY: Dobro! (*Vzame piščalko in zapiska; dečki se postavijo na desno in levo poleg nje, slovesno*.) Povabili

smo vas, da pristopite v naš klub, klub piratov!

DEČKI: Hurej!

ELVIRA: Piiraatov . . .!

ELICA: Hm, ali veste, kdo so bili pirati? Morski roparji so bili. (*Deklicam*.) Ali hočete vstopiti v roparski klub?

DEKLICE (*enoglasno*): Nee!

ANNA: Dajte si drugo ime!

LEO (*dečkom*): Ali vam nisem rekel, kjer so— itd.?

FRANK: Predlagam drugačno ime. Recimo—(*pomišlja*)—"Črne duše."

RAY: Dobro. Kdo je zato? (*Vsi dečki dvignejo roke*.)

STASY: Klub črnih duš! Hu! (*se strese*) Kar zona me obhaja!

MARY (*vpraša Elviro*): To so nigri, kaj ne?

ELVIRA: Da, nigri. (*Glasno deklicam*.) Hočete v nigrski klub?

DEKLICE (*enoglasno*): Nee!

DEČKI (*kažejo nestrpnost*).

LEO: Ali vam nisem rekel—

VSI dečki: — kjer so ženske, tam so nepravilne!

DEKLICE (*tišče bolj v ospredje; klopeca zadaj je prazna*).

ELICA: Hej, kakšne nepravilne!

ANNA: Najdite si tako ime, da bomo zadovoljne z njim!

ROSE: Kako novo, moderno, slovensko ime! (*Poudari vsako besedo!*)

EMIL: Jaz vem: "Turška sablja!"

VSI se smejejo.

RAY: Na, to ti je novo, moderno, slovensko ime, to!

EMIL: Saj nisem mislil zares! Samo za šalo!

RAY (*deklicam*): Pa ve izberite ime!

ANNA: Mlada—mlada—(*se ne more domisliti*).

FRANCES: Oh, nekaj mladega naj bo!

ROSE: Mlada Slovenija! Tako imenujmo naš klub!

ELICA: Oho! To se pa že lepše sliši! (*prične ploskati, druge zanjo*).

5. PRIZOR

Prejšnji in slepec, ki se med ploskanjem od leve zadaj neopaženo pritiplje na oder in sede na prazno klopco.

STASY: Veste kaj? Naša jednota obhaja letos svojo tridesetletnico. Imenujmo naš klub po nji, recimo: Mlada slovenska narodna podporna jednota!

ELICA (*živo ugovarja*): Ne, ne! Predolgo ime je to! Mlada Slovenija mi je bolj všeč!

GERTRUDE (*takisto živo*): Tudi jaz pravim tako! Kaj boste s takim imenom, ki je na yarde dolgo?

FRANK: Jaz vem! Mlada jednota naj se imenuje!

(*VSI, dečki in deklice ploskajo, samo Elica, Gertrude in Harry ne.*)

RAY (*ko ploskanje neha*): Frank, tvoja barka nas je rešila! (*ga prijateljsko udari po hrbtu*).

LEO: Jaz sem že čutil vodo v grlu. (*Se prime za grlo in težko golta.*)

FRANCES: Kaj pa, če kdo od nas ni član jednote?

RAY: Saj smo vsi člani jednote—ali ne?

ELICA (*resno in počasi*): Jaz nisem.

HARRY: In jaz tudi ne.

RAY: Oho, kar dva!

GERTRUDE: Jaz tudi ne.

RAY: Tri.

FRANCES (*se pritisne k Elici*): Oprosti! Veš, da bi bila molčala, ko bi vedela.

ELVIRA (*Elici*): Kako to, da nisi v jednoti?

ELICA: Oh, mojega očeta vprašaj.

GERTRUDE: Tudi moj oče je tak. Pravi, da so inšurenc kompanije boljše ko jednota.

6. PRIZOR

Vsi prejšnji; slepec nastopi.

SLEPEC (*se dvigne in zakašlja*).

OTROCI (*se presenečeno ozro in utihnejo*).

SLEPEC (*se približa nekoliko v ospredje*): Nič se me ne bojte, nič. (*Vzdihne*).

STASY: Slovenec je.

FRANCES: In slep.

SLEPEC: Da. Slovenec sem in slep sem. Ali povem vam, deca, dokler sem imel zdrave oči, sem videl manj, kakor vidim zdaj, ko sem slep. Zdaj vidim in vem, kaj sem zamudil. Tudi jaz sem mislil, da so zavarovalniške družbe, to je inšurenc kompanije vse, in jednota nič. Pa sem oslepel; prihranke sta mi pobrali bolnišnica in banka; inšurenc kompanija je bankrotirala. Jaz sem pa na cesti—berač, kakor me vidite.

STASY: Ali ne dobivate nič podpore od jednote?

SLEPEC: Ne, ljubo dete! Jednota mi ni nič dolžna. Dokler sem bil zdrav, nisem maral slišati o nji. Prav tako sem se je branil, kakor je povedal nekdo izmed vas o svojem očetu. In še to: V jednoti bi imel znance, prijatelje, tako pa sem ostal čisto sam—ah, tako sam. . . . Briga se tujina zame! O, le prosite očeta, naj vas vpiše v jednoto, če vas še ni. Zakaj povem vam: Inšurenc kompanije gledajo samo za svoj dobiček. Kadar se jim zdi, najdejo že vzrok, da se razpuste do kraja, ali pa začno pozneje znova grabiti denar, seveda pod drugim imenom. Vsi tisti pa, ki so leta in leta plačevali vanjo, se obrišejo takole pod nosom, kakor sem se jaz tudi. Inšurenc kompanije skrbje namreč zase in samo zase;—jednota pa skrbi za svoje člane,—kajti člani so jednota! To je, glejte, tista razlika, ki jo zdaj jasno vidim. Ali prepozno je, prepozno. Izgubiti sem moral vid, da sem spregledal! Jaz revež . . . (*Se odpravlja, ne ve kod.*)

ELICA (*ga prime pod roko*): Tod, mister, tod.

SLEPEC: Hvala ti, dušica! (*Na izhodu se še enkrat obrne.*) Ostanite srečna, deca, in ko odrastete, bodite pametnejši, nego sem bil jaz—(*zmaje z glavo*)—neumni kozel. (*Odide z Elico.*)

7. PRIZOR

Prejšnji razen slepca. Elica vstopi med prizorom.

VSI (*gledajo za slepcem*).

MARY (*pocuka Elviro*): Kaj je to, kozel?

ELVIRA: Kozel—to je—to je (*po-mišlja*)—kozin mož.

MARY: Mhm!

VEČJI (*se nekoliko posmehnejo*).

STASY: Kozin mož—ah, beži no. Kozel je moška koza. (*Splošen smeh.*)

ELICA (*pride ozirajoč se za slepcem*): Ah, revež, kako se mi smili! (*Pogleda začudeno po otrokih.*) Vi se pa smejete?

STASY: A, meni se smejejo, ker sem dejala, da je kozel moška koza! In vendar je tako!

ELICA (*se nazadnje tudi sama nasmehe*): O, radi tega se smejete.

FRANCES: Kajpak. Kdo se ne bi!

FRANK (*zmigne z rameni*): Pa če bi se tudi jokali, onemu revežu bi itak nič ne pomagalo.

ELICA (*zamisljeno in resno*): To je pa tudi res, kaj se hoče! (*Kratka pavza in nato živahno:*) In zdaj na dnevni red!

RAY: Tako je! Na dnevni red, da se končno zedinimo radi imena.

ELICA (*glasno in počasi*): Mlada Jednota naj bo ime našega kluba. Ako še nisem članica jednote, pa bom kmalu. Prosila bom očeta.

HARRY: In jaz tudi.

GERTRUDE: In jaz šele! Tako dolgo ga bom prosila, da se bo naveličal!

LEO: In te bo naklestil.

GERTRUDE (*se obregne*): Oh, kaj še.

STASY (*se ozre po otrokih*): Ampak nas deklic je več, kakor je vas dečkov. Ho, to bo včasih vojska!

ELICA: Nič ne bo vojske! Tako naredimo: me bomo zborovale same zase, vi zase. Ime naj ostane skupno.

FRANK: In programi?

ELICA: Skupni seveda. Ali ne?

VSI (*pritrjujejo*).

RAY: Hej! To je fina ideja! Brat-ski in sestrski klub Mlade Jednote! Ste vsi za to?

VSI (*roke v zraku*): Vsi smo za to!

RAY: In zdaj še kako pesem.

STASY: Najprej kako otožno, rojaku slepcu v spomin.

FRANCES: Zapijmo pesem "Ob potoku"!

VSI (*pojo*):

Ob potoku sama zase
med robidjem roža raste.
Naj le rase, naj le rase,
(: saj ni moja roža ta. :)

Ko bi moja roža bila,
slanca bi je ne umorila.
Oh, zakaj se nisi skrila,
(: ti nesrečna rožica. :)

ELICA: Za spremembo zdaj nekaj poskočnega.

STASY: Poskočnega? To pa to!

IRENE: Jaz vem. "Daj sestrica mi roko."

LILIAN: Brž v vrsto! (*Nekaj parov deklic se uvrsti za rajalni ples, ki ga spremljajo s pesmico:*)

Daj, sestrica, mi roko,
da popleševa lepo.
Enkrat sem, enkrat tja,
naokrog kar vsakdo zna.

Pa z nožico trep, trep, trep,
in z ročico klep, klep, klep.
Enkrat sem . . . (*kakor zgoraj.*)

Zdaj z glavico hi-hi-hi,
in z ročico ti-ti-ti.
Enkrat sem . . . (*kakor zgoraj.*)

(*OPOMBA: Napev je iz mladinske opere "Haensel und Gretel" in deloma tudi besedilo.*)

RAY: Nu, Leo, ali še vedno trdiš tisto svoje?

LEO: Ah, pustimo tisto. Naj velja tvoje: več nas je, več je življenja!

VSI: Tako je! Več nas je, več je življenja! (*In zapoje:*)

Slovenska deca, to smo mi!
Pamet naša govori:
V slogi moč je prava!

(ZAVESA PADE.)



Inness: POMLADNO JUTRO

Anna P. Krasna:

Dolarska deca

OKROG poldne je mrs. Rothert pripeljala domov novo varuhinjo, dobro uro pozneje pa svoja otroka.

"Jennie, to sta Joyce in Daniel," je rekla novi varuhinji, otrokoma pa: "To je zdaj naša 'nurse', spoznajta se z njo."

Petletni Daniel je takoj stopil naprej.

"See, Jennie, moje ime je Daniel, a kličejo me tudi Dan, in kadar sem zelo priden pa Danée. Smeškano ime, kajne? Kako me boš klicala ti?"

"Kakor se boš obnašal, Daniel," mu je smeje odgovorila Jennie.

S tem si je takoj pridobila manj dostopno Joyce, ki je dotlej nekam izpod čela ogledovala novo nursko.

"Tudi meni rečejo včasih Joycé ali pa Joy, toda jaz imam najrajši, da me kliče vsakdo Joyce," je rekla taktno Joyce in stopivši bliže k Jennie je dvignila svoj okrogel obrza rekoč: "Če hočeš, me poljubi, saj ti nisi črna."

V Jennie se je zganilo kakor nepojmljiv prezir do male parazitke, a vzlic temu se je sklonila in poljubila dekletce na čelo.

"O, že vidim, da se boste razumeli kapitalno!" je vzkliknila mlada mati in odvedla otroka v jedilnico. Zatem se je vrnila in rzaložila ter pojasnila Jennie vse potrebno glede poldanskega obeda otrok in drugih dolžnosti.

"Glej, Jennie, ker živimo v hotelu, ti ne bo treba opravljati nobenega drugega dela kakor skrbeti za otroka. V tem je seveda vključena kuha zanju in pa zate, gospod Rothert in jaz redkokdaj obedujeva doma, torej razen jutranje kave in oranžnega soka za naju ne boš obvezana ničesar pripravljati. Otrokom, kakor vidiš, dajemo močnato, a zelo preprosto hrano, zato pripravljanje iste ne vzame mnogo časa. Tvoje glavno delo bo, voditi otroka na

sprehode. Joyce boš seveda morala tudi voditi v šolo, kje je ta, sem ti pokazala na poti sem — ali misliš, da si si zapomnila?"

"Seveda," je kratko odgovorila Jennie, ki si je že skoro čestitala, da je dobila tako imenitno službico. Skrbeti za par otrok se ji je zdelo igrača. Njena mati je imela kopico otrok in ona, kot najstarejša, jih je pomagala vzgojiti. In se ji ni zdelo to posebno naporeno delo, pa četudi ni bilo v takorekoč primitivni naselbini razen električne razsvetljave nobenih modernih pripomočkov. Tu pa je bilo vse, kar bi si mogel človek domisliti in želeti. Tudi otroka nista bila videti poredna navidez.

— Ne bo preslabo, si je mislila Jennie in naglo nekaj prigriznila, potem pa oblekla belo uniformo, da popelje Joyce v šolo in Daniela na sprehod.

"Pazi in bodi pozorna, ker nisi navajena velemestu," je naročala pri vratih mrs. Rothert, ko je Jennie hitela z otrokoma proti dvigalu.

"Oh, mammy, nič ne skrbi, saj bom jaz pazil na Jennie, dokler se ne privadi, see," je svojo mater namesto Jennie zagotovil Daniel in vsi so se smejali, celo Mack, ki je že držal vrata dvigala odprta zanje.

V dvigalu je klepetavi Daniel takoj predstavil Macku svojo novo varuhinjo in Mack se je uljudno poklonil: "How-do-you-do, miss Jennie, ali govorite morda francoski?"

"Rada bi," se je zasmejala Jennie in otroka sta se z njo vred smejala, ker jo je bil Mack smatral za Francozinjo. Zaeno pa sta se domislila, da jo še prav nič ne poznata in sta nemudoma začela z izpraševanjem. Jennie pa je pogledala na uro in dejala, da nimajo prav nič časa za klepetanje, če hočejo priti pravočasno do šole.

"All right," je rekel Daniel, "saj jaz te bom lahko izpraševal še ves popoldan, see." Pri tem pa se je domislil, da je obljubil paziti na Jennie in ji je takoj pričel razlagati, kako se je treba kretati na širokem Broadwayu. Jennie pa so šle njegove instrukcije mimo ušes. Njo je skrbelo samo to, kako se bo z otrokoma srečno zrinila do šole skozi vso to zmes človeških mravelj, vozil, psov in psičkov vseh pasem, ki so capljali za mogočnimi damami, gospodi in služkinjami ter so mešali mimohitečim pod noge.

*

Končno so prehodili tistih sedem blokov do šole in Jennie si je oddahnila.

"Uh, kakšna vas!" je rekla Danielu, ko sta ostala sama pred šolo.

"Vas?!" se je zategnjeno zavzel Daniel, "why, Jennie, to je mesto, see, veliko, največje mesto na svetu — joj, koliko te bom moral še učiti!"

Jennie se je poredno potuhnila: "Seveda me boš moral."

Na njegov nasvet sta nato odšla v park, v lep in razsežen park ob mogočnem veletoku Hudsonu. Daniel je bil od sile zaposlen z rzalaganjem.

"To je Central park, Jennie, see, in tisto tam, ki se ti zdi kakor stara ladja, ampak je mornariška šola, ono tam ob lesenem pomolu pa je ladja, prava ladja s topovi in vsem. S takimi ladjami gredo v vojsko, see?"

"Vidim," je dejala Jennie in se muzala.

"In na tisto ladjo smejo ob gotovem času tudi civilisti, zato pojdiva zdaj tja in vprašajva, kdaj lahko greva gor. Ti bom pokazal topove od blizu. Veš, moja prejšnja nurse je imela fanta na tej ladji in tisti fant jo je poljubljal, kadar sva prišla gor — prav res, Jennie, toda ne smeš tega povedati mami."

"Zakaj ne?"

"Zato, ker bi me mama nabila, ker ji nisem takoj povedal, see."

"O!"

Prišla sta do ladje in izvedela, da je vstop že dovoljen. Šla sta gor in ogledovala topove in druge zanimive in nezanimive predmete na ladji. Poškivila sta tudi v oddajno-prejemno radio postajico in potem še v kuhinjo, a tu je hotel kuhar za šalo poljubiti Jennie in sta zato zbežala z ladje. Mudilo pa se jima ni nikamor, torej sta lahko še postavala okrog. Bilo je kaj prijetno gledati gor in dol po veličastni reki, prepreženi z mostovi, ki so se zdeli v dalji kakor za kakšno slavnost razpeti slavoloki.

"Lepo je tu," je menila Jennie in sedla na debelo bruno ob kraju pomola ter opozorila Daniela na zrakoplov, ki se je ravno spustil na gladino reke.

"Uuu!" se je otroški čudil Daniel, "kakor lep, velik, velik metulj. Stavim, Jennie, da kaj takega še nisi videla, take stvari se vidi samo v velikih, velikih mestih."

"Metulje pa samo na deželi, zato ti metuljev niti ne poznaš."

"Jaz da ne poznam metuljev? O, Jennie, ti pač ne veš, da je moj oče bogat in gremo zato vsako zimo v Florido, v Floridi pa so metulji tako lepi in veliki kakor majhni aeroplani, prav res."

"V tvoji domišljiji so brez dvoma še večji," se je šalila Jennie in prijemši ga za roko je dejala, da je čas, da se odpravita po Joyce.

"O, Jennie, počakaj samo še majhen časek, samo še pet minut, see, potem bom šel prav rad s teboj, zdaj bi rad pričakal tistega vlačilca, ki gre proti nam, ali boš počakala, Jennie?"

"Dobro, počakala bom točno pet minut in nič več, ker nimava časa."

Daniel je bil kar vzhičen nad njeno radodarnostjo in dobrodušnostjo. Sedel je k njej na bruno in se ji skoro ves skopal v naročje. Jennie je gladila njegove goste kodre, ki so mu poredno v ljubkih vivčkah silili na čelo. Že prvi dan se ji je priljubil, a kljub temu je dvomila o njegovi sladki in prikupni

naturi; njegov pogled je semtertja izdajal trmoglavčka. — No, ga bo že ustrojila, saj so bili bratci tudi poredni, in kako! —

Vlačilec je bil pritrjen in minilo je dvakrat pet minut, a Daniel še zmirom ni hotel stran. Jennie je zaslutila, da bo imela s tem dečkom opravka, toda zdaj je bila strpna z njim in posrečilo se ji je, da ga je spravila stran s prijazno besedo. Zaradi njegove neubogljivosti sta morala vso pot do šole hiteti in še

sta bila pozna; Joyce ju je že čakala na uličnem vogalu.

“Jennie, glej, da se kaj takega več ne pripeti, mama bi te odslovila, če bi vedela, da sem morala čakati nate pred šolo — mar ne veš, da je nevarno, da bi me kdo ugrabil.”

“To povej Danielu, on je kriv zamude,” je rekla kratko Jennie, ki ji je ta gosposka smrkarija začela kar naenkrat presedati.

(Dalje sledi.)

Pomladno sporočilo

NE VEM, kako je tetka, tam pri vas,
a tu doma imamo že pomladni čas.
Imamo vijolice — glej jih, zares —
O! če mogla bi s svežimi k tebi tja čez. —

Pa zvončkov in rokavčkov že povsod uzreš,
in trobentic in — no, pa saj veš,
kako se naš kraj ves s cvetjem odene,
ko solnček burjo in mraz prežene.

O, lepo je — ali še lepše bi bilo,
če bi solnce z zimo tudi težke dni prepodilo —
Veš, tetka, to pomlad bomo morali še kravico prodati —
davke zmirom terjajo, atek pa nima kje jemati . . .

Tudi iz drugih hlevov bodo kravice gonili —
in marsikoga bodo to pomlad na cesto spodili — —
In v ozračju visi vojna . . . O! tetka, zares,
če bi mogla z vijolicami v pismu k tebi tja čez . . .

ANNA P. KRASNA.



Redon: ŠOPEK CVETLIC

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute



Pogovor o jednotinem jubileju

MESEC april je rojstni mesec Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Naša jednota je bila ustanovljena dne 9. aprila 1904 v Chicagu in vrši svoje plemenito delo že trideset let.

Trideset let! To je doba, ki je zapisana v zgodovini SNPJ za uspešno in zelo plodonosno. Trideset let plodonosnega dela naše jednote za svoje člane, odrasle in mladoletne!

Tudi naša mladina se pridružuje starejšemu članstvu in čestita jednotinim pionirjem na njihovem delu! Kjerkoli se vršijo jubilejne proslave — in teh ni malo — je povsod zastopana tudi naša mladina. To je pravilno! Saj je bodočnost SNPJ odvisna od dela naše mladine! SNPJ služi naši mladini sedaj in ji bo še bolj v bodoče!

Še nikdar prej ni bilo v Mladinskem Listu toliko slovenskih in angleških dopisov kot jih je letos! Posebno slovenski dopisi so se pomnožili. Jubilejno leto naše jednote to zasluži!

Naprej za večjo S.N.P.J.!

—UREDNIK.

K TRIDESETLETNICI SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik!

Sedaj se prej oglašam, da ne bom prepoznana za aprilsko številko kot sem bila za februarsko. Moj pisalni stroj, ki je bil par tednov na štrajku, je spet pričel "obratovati," pod pogojem seveda, da mu vsak teden vlijem pol pajnta "kolomaza" v razrahljano kolesje.

Zima, ki ni bila letos posebno huda, se je že poslovila, kar premnogi z veseljem pozdravljajo. Začeli so sejati solato in drugo zelenjavo. Tudi regrat se že dobi za silo. Samo, da bi še kaj za v pisker bilo. Tega je pa malo, ker ni dela. Samo tisti, ki so na reliefu, dobivajo po par dolarjev na teden in nekaj preležanih jaje, slanine in surovega masla, ki je pa tako slano, da skoro ni užitno.

Sredi vse te mizerije pa nas slovenske rojake in člane SNPJ navdaja vesela zavest in ponos, da se bližamo njeni tridesetletnici, ki je 9. aprila. Ker nimam drugih novic, zato hočem napisati tole pesem, ki jo je zložil moj oče:

K tridesetletnici SNPJ

Devetnajst sto štiri in trideset
devetega aprila
poteklo trideset je let,
odkar se je rodila
v znani ameriški državi,
kateri Illinois se pravi,
uboga, majčkена sirota,—
naša vrla mati Jednota!

Slovenski svobodomisleci
so jo ustanovili,
razne temne sile
so jo nad vse črtile.
Zvesta četa pionirjev
jo je ščitila vampirjev,
ker pred njimi vsa ta leta
varna bila ni Jednota.

Nasprotniki metali
so ji na pot polena
in venomer sejali
so sovraštva semena.
Uspešno vseh se je otrsela,
držec se vedno gesla:
"Začrtana so tvoja pota,
nikdar ne kreni z njih, Jednota!

Možje, ki so jo ustanovili,
šli prvi zanjo so v bojne vrste.
Danes so vsi že osiveli
ali pa so legli v krste.
Zasluga jim gre in zahvala,
da na površju je ostala
skozi vsa ta dolga leta
nam priljubljena Jednota!

Kljub vsem krizam je ostala
na površju, daleč gori.
Dosti solz že obrisala,
in ublažila je boli.
Zato ob tridesetletnici
želimo ji od srca vsi:
Naj živi še mnoga leta
naša ljubljena Jednota!

Pozdravljam vse skupaj!

Josephine Mestek,
638 No. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

* *

NA NOGE, BRATCI IN SESTRICE!

Dragi urednik!

Kje pa ste, bratec in sestrica kansaški!
Ali ste vsi zaspali, da nič ne pišete v Mladinski List?

Želim, da bi naša SNPJ dobila mnogo novih članov in obilo slovenskih dopisovalcev za "Naš kotichek."

Naša šola bo končala dne 16. aprila. Sedaj (30. marca) pa moram še veliko pisati in se učiti. Šolske naloge je treba izvršiti. Ime moje učiteljice je Gladys Groom, ki je včasih precej huda.

Na 26. marca je pri nas snežilo, pa še kako! Naslednje jutro sem vzel sani v šolo in tam smo se sankali po klancu. Potem sem moje sani v šoli spravil, kjer bodo ostale toliko časa, da bo spet snežilo. Na 29. marca smo se kepali. To je bila prava vojna med dečki in obilo zabave smo imeli.

Tukaj je mala pesmica, ki sva jo s pokojnim Antonom Ruparjem večkrat pela, ko sem bil star komaj šest let.

Če bi jaz vedel,
če bi jaz vedel,
kdo je moje češplje obral,
bi ga pretresel in naklestil
ter še v kurnik bi ga djal.

V Mulberryju je pred kratkim pogorelo veliko poslopje, visoko dva nadstropja. Prišli so ognjegasci, pa niso nič opravili. Bilo je prepozno. Ogenj je nastal ob 5. zjutraj.

Upam, da bosta Prosveta in Mladinski List še dolgo prihajala v naše domove.—Jaz živim v Gebo kempji; tu sta le dve slov. hiši. Ko bo konec šole, bom šel na ribolov in na lov.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Johnnie Potochnik,
R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

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POZNA POMLAD

Cenjeni urednik!

Na 10. marca je pri nas spet snežilo. Upam, da bo do velike noči kaj boljše, da bo do takrat že pomlad pogledala v deželo.

Včeraj smo čitali v tukajšnjem listu, da bo začela z delom Glen Alden Co., ki ni obratovala že od leta 1932. Upam, da bo res.

Pozdrav vsem!

Olga Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

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ZANIMIV DOPIS IZ ITALIJE

Dragi urednik!

Naša tetka*) nam je že parkrat poslala Mladinski List iz Amerike. Ker se mi zelo dopadejo dopisi mojih sovrstnikov, ki živijo v daljni Ameriki, pošiljam tudi jaz mali dopis za Mladinski List.

Moj rojstni kraj je Vipavska dolina, a sedaj se nahajamo v Furlaniji, kjer ima moj atek delo. Šolo imamo italijansko, slovensko se učimo doma. Zimo smo imeli hudo, stanovanje slabo in atek je bil brez dela 3 mesece, tako da se nam ni nič kaj dobro godilo. Zadovoljen sem vseeno, ker se bom naučil italijansko in furlansko. Veseli me, da bom znal več jezikov, kar mi bo kdaj morda še prav prišlo.

Jaz imam še tri bratce in eno sestrico. Najstarejši sem jaz. Star sem osem in pol leta.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista!

Vladimir Praček,
Istragodi, Spilimbergo, Italija.

*) Vladimirjeva tetka je naša znana sotrudnica Anna P. Krasna.

TROBENTICA, SPOMLADI PRVA HČI!

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da priobčite tehle par vrstic v aprilski številki **Mladinskega lista**:

Sem še deklica mlada slovenska, pisala bi rada, pa drugega ne znam, zato vam samo to pesmico podam. Pozdravljena trobentica, spomladi prva hči! Kako si vsa okinčana, kako si vsa kakor oko želi!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Olga Mezgec,

RFD box 124, Lost Creek, W. Va.

* *

"MOJ DOPIS VNDARLE NI ŠEL V KOŠ!"

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v našem **Mladinskem Listu**! Najprej se moram zahvaliti uredniku, ker je moj prvi dopis priobčil v M. L. Mama mi je rekla, da bo urednik vse skupaj v koš vrgel, jaz pa sem vseeno upal in se bal obnem. In ko sem dobil M. L. v roke, sem se seveda zelo razveselil, ko sem zagledal moj dopis v Kotičku. Stopil sem na prst in ga za silo tudi prečital. Na tihem sem si pa mislil: "Naš urednik ima res dobro srce in potrpljenje z nami, ker nam vse tako lepo zloži." Zato smo mu lahko hvaležni vsi!"

Zimo smo imeli pri nas precej hudo in tudi precej snega. Februar je bil najbolj mrzel. Pa tudi marec ni bil mnogo boljši, le da ni bilo tako mraz.

Tu je kratka pomladanska pesmica:

Narava je spala,
zopet bo ustala
in prišla je zala,
preljuba pomlad.
Okrog pa vesele
prepevajo ptice
in zlahne cvetice
nam krasijo glavice.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov pošiljam vsem čitateljem in prijaznim dopisovalcem, enako pa seveda tudi uredniku!

Marion Mezgec,

RFD, box 142, Lost Creek, W. Va.

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ROJSTNI DAN DVEH ZNAMENITIH MOŽ

Dragi urednik!

Dne 22. februarja je bil rojstni dan Jurija Washingtona. F. Chopin, skladatelj, se je tudi rodil na isti dan. Chopin je znal igrati na klavir ko je bil sedem let star in ko je bil 20 let star je že skomponiral več pesmi za klavir. Vabljen je bil na vse kraje in med razne ljudi. Umrli je leta 1841 v starosti 39 let.

Upam, da pomlad kmalu pride, kajti zelo rad se bi šel igrati na prosto. Sedaj so pa že

daljši dnevi in zima se bo morala umakniti toplejšim dnevom in gorkemu solncu.

Pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

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PRIŠLA JE ZAŽELJENA SPOMLAD

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo moje pismo za **Mladinski List**, zato tudi upam, da bo priobčeno, zakar se že sedaj zahvaljujem.

Pomlad je že prišla, ptičice veselo pojo in cvetlice so pokukale iz zemlje. Zima je za nami in sedaj se lahko igramo na prostem. Pozimi smo bili največ v hiši in mama se je jezila, ker smo ji vse umazali.

Tukaj delajo po 3 do 4 dni v tednu. V tej okolici so sami premogorovi. Jaz nisem prav nič vesela, ker mora moj oče hoditi v te luknje služiti kruh. Pet nas je v družini in jaz sem najstarejša hči. Moj ata me včasih uči slovensko, kar me zelo veseli, da se bi naučila jezika mojih staršev, pisati, brati in dobro govoriti.

Prihodnjič bom še kaj napisala, če bodo te vrstice priobčene v M. L.

Antonie Peternel, box 312, Herminie, Pa...

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POMLAD JE PREMAGALA ZIMO

Dragi urednik!

Zelo sem bila vesela, ko ste priobčili moj dopis. Bila je majhna pomota. Jaz hodim v četrti razred, ne v tretji.

Sedaj sem bolj pogumna in bom še pisala in želim, da bi tudi drugi pisali.

Zima je bila huda in dolga, dosti snega in ledu za tiste, ki se radi sankajo in drsajo. A prehuda in predolga je za tiste, ki nimajo dela, so v pomanjkanju in so v mrazu trepetali ter želeli skorajšnje pomladi.

Želim veselo in toplo pomlad vsem čitateljem in uredniku.

Mary Potisek, box 217, Rillton, Pa.

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PRED OKNOM SLAŠČIČARNE

Dragi urednik!

Danes sem šla v prodajalno za mojo mamo kupit sukanca in drugih reči za šivanje. Pa se mi je pripetilo, da sem se precej dolgo zamudila, ker sem opazovala moža, kako je delal vsake sorte figure za velikonoč. Mislim, da me bi mama prav lepo okregala, kje sem bila tako dolgo.

Potem sem ji povedala, kako je mož v oknu prodajalne delal prav veliko kravo, zraven pa še male zamorčke ali "nigger babies."

Sedaj bom pa pohitela za bratcem na roller skates.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 No. Maine ave., Scranton, Pa.

STAREGA VOJAKA TOŽBA IN SVARILO

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski List. Upam tudi, da bodo priobčene v "Našem koticu." Hvala Vam, ker ste priobčili moj dopis v marčni številki. Skoro sem že mislila, da bo šel v koš. Seveda sem bila zelo vesela, ko sem ga zagledala v Mladinskem Listu.

Sedaj pa par vrstic o vojaku, ki je bil v boju ranjen in je zgubil nogo. To zgodnico se je naučila moja mama v šoli.

Stari vojak

Le glej me debelo in zijaj. Kaj čudna se ti zdi lesenka moja, ker kaj takega še nisi videla. Težavna res je pač ta hoja. Ko v curkih je tekla kri in sipale so se svinčenke, me je ena zadela v nogo, da nisem mogel sam ustati. Sedaj imam leseno nogo, s to pa ne morem skakati ne plesati. Pa za koga smo se bojevali? Za nas ali za naše gospodarje, ki nas mučijo? Zanje, ne za nas. Ali se bo še to kdaj ponovilo? Upam, da se bo delavstvo osvobodilo!

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in dopisnikom!

Helen Frances Gricher,
RFD No. 4, Chardon, O.

POMLAD— ČAS VESELJA

Dragi urednik!

Pomlad je že tukaj in ptički že prepevajo. Jaz se jako veselim pomladi in mislim, da se

tudi drugi vsi mladi čitatelji veselijo pomladi, ker se bomo lahko zunaj bosu igrali. Pozimi se nisem mogel veliko igrati, ker so bili premrzli večeri in ker sank nisem imel, da bi se sankal. Tako sem imel dosti časa za pisanje v M. L. Zato sem se namenil pisati vsak mesec v M. L. Če ne bom potem bolj len, ko bo bolj vroče, ne vem.

Pisal sem v stari kraj moji teti in mi je odpisala, da se ji jako dobro zdi, ker znam slovensko pisati in govoriti. Mi je pisala, da je tja prišla neka družina iz Amerike z otroci, pa ne znajo nič slovensko govoriti in se ne morejo z njimi pogovoriti kot le s svojimi starši. Bom pa še drugič kaj več pisal.

Marion Mike Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., North Irwin, Pa.

* *

POMLADNI SNEG

Dragi urednik!

Že zopet sem razočaran nad vremenom. Letošnja pomlad je zelo počasna. Na 29. marca je snežilo! In kako naj se "roller-skatom" na poti v šolo po snegu? Pa sem si mislil, bom pa hodil.

Ko sem šel iz šole, se mi je solnce posmejalo, ker sem se zbal belega snega.

Posebnega nimam kaj pisati, zato je moje pisemce kratko, ker hitim, da bom nadomestil, kar sem danes zamudil.

Srčen pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

PTIČEK POJE

KUPČEK perja, par nožic, kljunček,
in pesem za pesmijo pod nebo,
ki je sivo, pusto in grdo.

Gola vejica, neoživiljen gozd,
in dež spod neba —
njegova pesem pa nima dna.

— Zelena vejica, bilka v kljunčku,
solnce čez in čez —
imaš srečo, ptiček, da nima človek
tu prstov vmes — —

Če bi jih imel, bi ti iz abecede
pravilnike splel —
ti pa bi brez pesmi v golem grmovju ždel . . .

A. P. KRASNA.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIII

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1934

Number 4

S. N. P. J. Thirtieth Anniversary

THE Slovene National Benefit Society is now celebrating its thirtieth anniversary. The occasion is being observed with numerous jubilee observances throughout its jurisdiction by its lodges and federations.

It is quite appropriate to state here, in the juvenile official organ of the Society, a few major facts which played an important part in its development and which determined its course.

The SNPJ was founded on April 4, 1904, in Chicago, Illinois, by an assembly of twelve delegates representing the nine original branches. This group of delegates laid the foundation for the SNPJ.

The first nucleus round which other SNPJ branches gradually gathered was the lodge Slavija, No. 1, founded in September, 1903, in Chicago.

The movement for organizing a new fraternal society based on liberal principles was given its start at the beginning of the twentieth century. For several years the liberal-minded Slovene immigrants were preparing the ground for a progressive order the main purpose of which was to serve their fellow immigrants fraternally and educationally.

The first official organ of the Society was the weekly *Glas Svobode*. In 1908, however, the Society's own monthly official organ made its appearance; in 1910 it became a weekly and six years later, in 1916, a daily, the *Prosveta*.

The rapid progress of the SNPJ soon made it the main factor on the Slovene scene in America and now is the biggest Slovene fraternal order in America.

The SNPJ held ten regular and three special conventions. Six of them were held in Chicago, two in Cleveland, and one in each of these cities: La Salle, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Springfield, and Waukegan.

From the date of its inception, April 9, 1904, to December 31, 1933, the SNPJ has paid out in various benefits a total amount of more than **FOURTEEN MILLION** dollars. While in the same period the Society admitted a total number of 123,714 members.

At present there are 32 thousand members in the Adult Department and 15 thousand in the Juvenile Department.

The total number of local branches, located in nearly every state of the Union, is: 553 Slovene and 82 English speaking branches.

THE SNPJ IS PROUDLY MARCHING ON! IT WILL CONTINUE TO GROW AND FLOURISH!

SOUVENIRS

SOME day, soon, I'll go away again,
And may not return
To watch these soot-draped hills
And hear them mourn:
For the passing of great oaks,
And locust and maple trees;
Squirrels, singing brooks,
And deep-buried treasuries.

And though I'll be so glad to flee
This darkened land,
I'll want some odd things to remind
The years that here I spent:
Flicker of the carbide lamps
Treasure-hunting at the dawn —
Women's chatter —
Children's laughter —
And sunset gold
Upon the dismal town.

And remote stories
Of hopes, adventures, loves;
Tragedies —
Hunger —
And cold blizzards
Drifting over naked slopes . . .

Then with all these following me
On my new ways,
I'll not forget the solemn vows
Of these dismal days.

Anna P. Krasna.

THE S. N. P. J.

THE immigrant fathers sowed the seed into earth
 Made fertile with ideals from the land of their birth;
 The sea that divided old worlds from the new
 Irrigated the sod, and the plant sprouted through.

But the new life so risen surpassed the intention,
 Of those who but slightly to this gave attention,
 For the roots firmly grew, and the branches spread wide,
 And bore a great principle not wont to hide.

It was the fruit of that early attempt
 To find a true brotherhood to their content,
 In a world that was strange to their customs and needs
 And denied them appraisal for their efforts and deeds.

To that bright symbol of dreams that came true
 Was given the name well familiar to you—
 The S. N. P. J.—in whose honor all hail
 Till her name reechoes over hill—over dale.

May she grow ever stronger in glory and fame
 But may she those principles bear ever the same.
 In a strong link of brotherhood dispell all our fears,
 And be with us young folks through all future years.

—Mary Jugg.

 LINES ON SPRING

IF I could only
 Burst the shell
 And
 Crumble the barriers
 That shut us in . . .

But I can only
 Do private housecleaning,
 Remembering
 That the walls of ignorance
 Are strongly cemented
 By traditions of the many.

—MARY JUGG.



Anthony Auganola: TRAVELED ROAD IN CAGNES

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

The Bell of Atri

ATRI is the name of a little town in Italy. It is a very old town, and is built half-way up the side of a steep hill.

A long time ago, the mayor of Atri bought a fine large bell, and had it hung up in a tower in the market place. A long rope that reached almost to the ground was fastened to the bell. The smallest child could ring the bell by pulling upon this rope.

"It is the bell of justice," said the mayor.

When at last everything was ready, the people of Atri had a great holiday. All the men and women and children came down to the market place to look at the bell of justice. It was a very pretty bell, and was polished until it looked almost as bright as the sun.

"How we should like to hear it ring!" they said.

Then the mayor came down the street.

"Perhaps he will ring it," said the people; and everybody stood very still, and waited to see what he would do.

But he did not ring the bell. He did not even take the rope in his hands. When he came to the foot of the tower, he stopped, and raised his hand.

"My people," he said, "do you see this beautiful bell? It is your bell; but it must never be rung except in case of need. If any one of you is wronged at any time, he may come and ring the bell; and then the judges shall come together at once, and hear his case, and give him justice. Rich and poor, old and young, all alike may come; but no one must touch the rope unless he knows that he has been wronged."

Many years passed by after this. Many times did the bell in the market place ring out to call the judges togeth-

er. Many wrongs were righted, many ill-doers were punished. At last the hempen rope was almost worn out. The lower part of it was untwisted; some of the strands were broken; it became so short that only a tall man could reach it.

"This will never do," said the judges one day. "What if a child should be wronged? It could not ring the bell to let us know it."

They gave orders that a new rope should be put upon the bell at once,—a rope that should hang down to the ground, so that the smallest child could reach it. But there was not a rope to be found in all Atri. They would have to send across the mountains for one, and it would be many days before it could be brought. What if some great wrong should be done before it came? How could the judges know about it, if the injured one could not reach the rope?"

"Let me fix it for you," said a man who stood by.

He ran into his garden, which was not far away, and soon came back with a long grape-vine in his hands.

"This will do for a rope," he said; and he climbed up, and fastened it to the bell. The slender vine, with its leaves and tendrils still upon it, trailed to the ground.

"Yes," said the judges, "it is a very good rope. Let it be as it is."

Now, on the hill-side above the village, there lived a man who had once been a brave man. In his youth he had ridden through many lands, and he had fought in many a battle. His best friend through all that time had been his horse,—a strong, noble steed that had borne him safe through many a danger.

But the man, when he grew older, cared no more to ride; he cared no more to do brave deeds; he thought of nothing but gold; he became a miser. At last he sold all that he had, except his horse, and went to live in a little hut on the hillside. Day after day he sat among his money bags, and planned how he might get more gold; and day after day his horse stood in his bare stall, half-starved, and shivering with cold.

"What is the use of keeping that lazy steed?" said the miser to himself one morning. "Every week it costs me more to keep him than he is worth. I might sell him; but there is not a man that wants him. I cannot even give him away. I will turn him out to shift for himself, and pick grass by the roadside. If he starves to death, so much the better."

So the brave old horse was turned out to find what he could among the rocks on the barren hillside. Lamé and sick, he strolled along the dusty roads, glad to find a blade of grass or a thistle. The boys threw stones at him, the dogs barked at him, and in all the world there was no one to pity him.

One hot afternoon, when no one was upon the street, the horse chanced to wander into the market place. Not a man nor child was there, for the heat of the sun had driven them all indoors. The gates were wide open; the poor beast could roam where he pleased. He saw the grape-vine rope that hung from the bell of justice. The leaves and tendrils upon it were still fresh and green, for it had not been there long. What a fine dinner they would be for a starving horse!

He stretched his thin neck, and took one of the tempting morsels in his mouth. It was hard to break it from the vine. He pulled at it, and the great bell above him began to ring. All the people in Atri heard it. It seemed to say,—

"Someone has done me wrong!
Someone has done me wrong!
Oh! come and judge my case!
Oh! come and judge my case!
For I've been wronged!"

The judges heard it. They put on their robes and went out through the hot streets to the market place. They wondered who it could be who would ring the bell at such a time. When they passed through the gate, they saw the old horse nibbling at the vine.

"Ha!" cried one, "it is the miser's steed. He has come to call for justice; for his master, as everybody knows, has treated him most shamefully."

"He pleads his cause as well as any dumb brute can," said another.

"And he shall have justice!" said the third.

Meanwhile a crowd of men and women and children had come into the market place, eager to learn what case the judges were about to try. When they saw the horse, all stood still in wonder. Then everyone was ready to tell how they had seen him wondering on the hills, unfed, uncared for, while his master sat at home counting his bags of gold.

"Go bring the miser before us," said the judges.

And when he came, they bade him stand and hear their judgment.

"This horse has served you well for many a year," they said. "He has saved you from many a peril. He has helped you gain your wealth. Therefore we order that one-half of all your gold shall be set aside to buy him shelter and food, a green pasture where he may graze, and a warm stall to comfort him in his old age."

The miser hung his head, and grieved to lose his gold; but the people shouted with joy, and the horse was led away to his new stall and a dinner such as he had not had in many a day.—(From "Fifty Famous Stories Retold" by James Baldwin.)

April Sun and Showers

By WILLIAM WATSON

APRIL, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears!
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears!

Winter Sunset

By MOORE

SPRING underfoot
 Alas is dead
 But Nature has put
 Spring overhead.

The field is ploughed,
 I smell the rose,
 As cloud on cloud
 The color goes,

And in between
 The East and West
 A grassy green
 Is manifest.

And now the hill
 Is dark indeed
 As vapors fill
 The upper mead;

The twilight flows
 Beyond the bank
 Where shimmering does
 So lately drank.

The water grieves,
 The air is wet.
 I search the leaves
 For violet.

April

By Francine Robinson

DEWDROPS sparkling on the grass
 Sunshine everywhere;
 Violets, nodding as you pass,
 Perfume all the air.
 Robins, singing in the trees,
 Voicing joy and cheer;
 Every breath that stirs the breeze
 Says that spring is here.



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

JOYFUL MEMBERS
of the S. N. P. J.

The M. L. Jubilee Number

THE month of April is the anniversary month of the Slovene National Benefit Society. Founded April 9, 1904, the SNPJ has grown so rapidly in numbers and power that today it is the biggest Slovene fraternal organization in America.

Its accomplishments are many and varied. The SNPJ was the first fraternal society to initiate, among other features, a special Juvenile Department, away back in 1912, and the first to establish its own Juvenile Monthly. Our Juvenile members should be proud of their organization which has done so much in the past and will accomplish even greater deeds for them in the future.

The future belongs to the young! The pioneers of the SNPJ were planning with a vision and that vision became a reality. Today there are about fifteen thousand Slovene boys and girls organized in the SNPJ. They are protected against misfortune and sickness. The Society is issuing this magazine for your benefit.

Forward for a bigger S.N.P.J.!

—THE EDITOR.

SPRING, THE SPELLING BEE, THE SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE, U. M. W. PARADE

Dear Editor and Members:—

Spring is with us again, a season, which most of us can enjoy. It is a season that ushers all spring flowers with their perfect beauty. It is a time and hope in the world of nature, just as it is a time and hope for all of us. I know many of us love to go wandering through the woods and looking for the first wildflower which pups through the ground. The birdies have come back again with their beautiful songs, which delight our hearts to the full extent of liveness. Each moment you can see them fly to and fro in the bright and warm sunshine, seeking a safe and comfortable home.

Since the counties of diferent states were having spelling bees, our teacher, Mr. Crawshaw, decided that we should have one. He gave us a list of 640 or more words to study.

He made rules and said the two best from each section should debate to win. I ranked first from the 7½ section, which I am in. I was not spelled down so far. Another girl came second. In the 7½ section a boy and girl ranked first. We four have to "debate" together to see who shall win. A well worthwhile prize will be donated to the winners.

Another prize offered by the Parent Teacher Association members. It will be given to the best scholar and the student with the best character of good citizenship. In it will be included all the student grades of the Jr. High School.

Today, Easter Monday, while I am writing this letter, a demonstrantion of burying the 8 hours work is going on through our town. The U. M. W. are going to Greensburg today as a demonstration of thankfulness of the receiving of what they pleaded for, as yet they have not received all they demanded.

Step by step they are going forward toward the point which I think they should reach, and to the better standard of living conditions.

Many little interesting letters were written in our little magazine, the *M. L.*, in the past issues. Many new members have started in. That's what I call "Boosting your S. N. P. J. lodge spirit." Keep up the good work to the *Juvenile Magazine*. What happened to the "oldtimers" such as, Clara C. Zebre, Victoria F. Ovsec, Frances Preseren, Albert Pechavar, John Ursic?

I like the interesting write-ups of *Marie Paver* and *Julia M. Slavec*, also many others.

I will enclose my letter with a little verse:

If I were marooned on a far-away isle,
And had my will to choose
Just one book and paper

To get the best of news.

What do you think that I would want
To sharpen up my wit?

Why, I would choose

The *Juvenile Mladinski List*.

I'm sending my best regards to the Editor and *Juvenile* members.

Dorothy M. Fink,

box 1, Wendel, Pa. (Age 12, Lodge 200.)

P. S.: A few weeks ago I received letters from our *Juvenile* members. I was glad to hear from them. I want to thank *Anne E. Gračnik*, of Cleveland, Ohio, and *Emil Zavanik*, from Joffre, Pa.

* * *

ANNAMARIE'S AIR-MINDED

Dear Editor:—

I have not received the *Mladinski List* for a long time, but received the Feb. number. I enjoy reading the *M. L.* very much. I am fifteen and have a brother who is eleven years old. The school I go to has a printing shop and the members of the staff publish a paper every Friday, which is titled, "Yellow and Blue." The price of this paper is one cent and it is very interesting. The students write to the editor of the paper and sometimes have their letters published. I have often had my article published in the school paper. I like to go to High School very much, and the teachers are nice to me. I start at twelve every day and get out at quarter to four. The periods last forty-five minutes with the exception of division which is fifteen minutes. I am a lover of sports and go roller skating when the weather is warm. I can sing and I took lessons for awhile. I am interested in aviation and would like to be a stunt flyer some day. I wonder if my wish will ever come true, but I guess I'll have to wait and see.

I would like it very much if some of the readers of the *M. L.* would write to me—I

will answer their letters. I would like to hear from anyone. I am five feet four, am a brunette, have light complexion and hazel eyes. So come on and write. I'll be waiting to hear from anyone for I'll answer your letters.

Annamarie Sosko,

3009 N. Ashland ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the *Mladinski List*. I am twelve years old and in the 7-A grade. I have four teachers. I never got a chance to write to the *Mladinski List*, because I have too much night-work.

Our lodge had a banquet on February 10. Sometime I am going to try to write in Slovene. My mother is trying to teach me.

Best regards.

Mary Modic,

box 227, Homer City, Pa.

* * *

PENNSY'S LETTERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am very sorry I didn't keep my promise of writing every month to our wonderful magazine. I am very busy with my school work now, but busy or not, I am taking time off to write a long letter. I notice that *Pennsy* is getting ahead in the letters. You can depend on dear old *Pennsy* for anything. The other states better wake up or they will be left so far behind that they may not be able to catch up.

Bro. Editor, you told us there were very many letters. If we keep up we'll soon have a very large "Chatter Corner."

In school we had a bakesale and made seventy dollars profit. We have very good officers: Margaret Woods, President; Olga Kosson, Secretary; Audrey Craft, Treasurer; and Mrs. Hasson, a teacher, Assistant Treasurer. She keeps the money in a safe deposit box of her own. We are glad of her services.

The J. Z. Juniors are having a card party in April. I am a Proud Member,

Alvina Ocepek, box 107, Library, Pa.

* * *

"I WISH IT WERE MY TENTH"

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter for the *Mladinski List*, but I wish it were my 10th.

Work over here is picking up just fine. My father works three weeks out of one month.

I was very glad to find out that my grandmother, *Mrs. Bereckey*, read the letter I wrote to the *M. L.* recently.

I have a sister, Gail; we two are the only children in our family. I will try to get Gail to write to the *M. L.* also.

My grandmother will visit us for the fourth of July. She'll never know Gail and me, be-

cause we've grown so big since we came from Pennsylvania. She gave us each \$5 for Easter.

Here in Eveleth we have very nice schools. The Junior high school has adapted the NRA code.

I wish the boys and girls of Eveleth would wake up and write to the M. L.

This is all I have to write for this time. I'll close with lots of love to the Editor and Readers.

Margaret Droblich,
306 B avenue, Eveleth, Minn.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am going to be eight years old on July 8, 1934, and I am in the second grade. I like school very much and like to read books in school. There are eleven in our family, all members of the SNPJ, Lodge 532. I enjoy reading the riddles and letters of the M. L.

La Vay Poglajen,
box 95, Columbia, Utah.

* * *

A SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Dear Editor and Comrades:—

It seems long since I have not written in the "Chatter Corner" but it has been only three months ago.

I did go to high school one year, but things turned up that I could not finish as I had planned to do. I certainly did like high school when I was there. If any of you younger girls and boys have a chance to go to high school, go as it will never hurt you.

The Socialists had a bazaar here in Milwaukee February 15-16-17 and 18. There were over 75,000 people there in those four days. The first day there were so many people there they had to close all doors so no more could get in.

There were some wonderful speakers there. Norman Thomas, mayor Daniel Hoan, and Al Benson. The bazaar was a huge success and they were talking of having it annually.

Best regards to all.

Mary Spek, 1253 S. 2nd st., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

"I'VE READ IT TWICE"

Dear Editor:—

It was with much interest that I thumbed through the pages of the March issue of M. L. and I realize that letters from people like Mary Fradel, Dorothy Fink and Frank Miklaucich help toward making this magazine very interesting.

I am glad to say that the SNPJ Lodge No. 72 in Cle Elum, Wash., is progressing very nicely in spite of the shadow of a strike, which seems to fall on every miner's head in this field.

It seems that the miners here disagreed

with the policy of the United Mine Workers Union, so they broke away from it and formed a union of their own which they call the Western Miners' Union of America. There has been much said and written about this new union, but my honest opinion of it is that the break with the UMWA will eventually cause a strike.

Somehow, it seems that miners don't get the right break they should get. If it isn't a strike, it's reduced wages or an accident that's causing trouble.

I know, and many other people know that the mining field is overcrowded. It is for this reason I say that mining is the most uncertain occupation I know of. A miner can never tell when something will happen to leave him and his family penniless and out in the cold.

I heartily agree with Antonia Skada's letter, saying that she enjoyed reading Louis Adamic's book, "The Native's Return." I have read it through twice and can frankly say that it was worth the small sum of money it cost me.

I am now going to the Cle Elum High School and enjoy all of my subjects, especially English. At least, it gives me a satisfaction to know that I am preparing myself for a useful vocation. I try to read the best of books on literature so that they will help me in later life.

Clifford Cornick,

704 East First st., Cle Elum, Wash.

* * *

JUVENILES LIKE L. ADAMIC

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. In last month's issue Antonia Skoda wrote that she read "The Native's Return" by Louis Adamic. Well, I can say that I read it, too. The children are getting interested in Louis Adamic. He can sure write interesting things.

The working conditions here are poor. My father works only two or three days a week.

I haven't seen any letters from Mansfield. Wake up and write! I enjoyed reading Dorothy Fink's letter, also Mary Fradel's.

Best regards to all. Aldrane Turk,

50 Harker st., Mansfield, O.

* * *

"THE NATIVE'S RETURN"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Thrilled, yes that is the adjective used to describe the way I felt after I looked through the M. L. which had so many letters in it. It seems as if the younger juvenile members were being inspired by the many letters in the former issue. The January issue of the M. L. started out with many contributions and it continued up to now with the same spirit.

Those resolutions which many said they made for writing to the M. L. every month, seem to be working. That's fine.

"The Native's Return," the book just recently published which was written by the Slovene author, **Louis Adamic**, is getting favorable comments, even by the juveniles. That means something, all right. It means that he has put it in simple language in order that any one can understand it. There are many facts in this book about the way the Slovenes are being treated in Jugoslavia and Italy, which would not be revealed if it weren't for this book. To think that the people are not even allowed in Italy on Slovene soil to speak their own language or to sing in it. I certainly am glad that we can speak Slovene in this country.

Mr. Louis Adamic and his wife were interviewed over the radio by an interviewer from a certain newspaper. I was glad to hear him because he is a Slovene and was glad that he got to talk over the radio. I hope that we would have more men and women like **Adamic**, so that we, the Slovene people, would be more widely known over the world.

A proud Torch, **Mary Eliz. Fradel**,
Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

TWO ANONYMOUS LETTERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have received two anonymous letters in one envelope from two **Mladinski List** readers and members of the **SNPJ** of Youngstown, Ohio. They were afraid to sign their names to the letters for fear of getting a fitting answer. And, furthermore, they think they have so much influence in our government that they threatened to have the **Mladinski List** "thrown off the press" if they saw another letter like the previous ones I have written.

Henceforth the person that wrote the letters ought to look to the bettering of their poor English. But the funny part is that the persons who wrote the letter could spell profane words better than the other more common words.

Whoever wrote those letters doesn't know of the free speech, press, etc., in this country.

By the way, did the anonymous fools read any newspapers soon after Pres. Roosevelt came into office?

All people who are Socialists or have socialistic views are usually the highlights in American arts, literature, inventions, etc. For instance, here are some prominent socialists: **Edward Bellamy**, author of "Looking Backward" and "Equality." **Victor Berger**, member of Congress 1910-1914 and 1922-1926. **Daniel Hoan**, mayor of Milwaukee since 1916. **Arthur Henderson**, British foreign minister

1928-1931. **Vladimir Karapetoff**, professor of electrical engineering, Cornell University. **Upton Sinclair**, author. **George Bernard Shaw**, dramatist. **Bertrand Russel**, probably the leading mathematician and physicist of the world, and **Albert Einstein**, famous scientist. The late **Charles P. Steinmetz**, electrical engineer. **Helen Keller**, famous blind-deaf author.

Since these anonymous persons have radios, they should listen to the **Farmers Bureau** hour on every fourth Saturday of the month and they would have heard about the many millions of dollars given to the cotton growers in order to destroy it.

A proud Torch, **Mary Eliz. Fradel**,
Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

SNOW IN SPRING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the M. L.

I received a letter from **Dorothy Degrosky**, Scranton, Pa.

The Socialist club of Springfield is giving a play, "New Deal," at the **SND**, April 29.

The first day of spring was very warm, but that night the wind howled, and it began raining, then snowing and sleeting. The snow was six or more inches in depth.

Best regards,
1500 So. 15 street, Springfield, Ill.

* * *

SO MANY LETTERS

Dear Editor:—

I'm very glad that more boys and girls picked up their pens and wrote to our M. L. I know everyone is glad to see his or her name in our wonderful magazine, the **Mladinski List**. I've noticed that my cousin, **Dorothy Milavec**, wrote her first letter to the M. L. In school in English we have pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, adjectives, conjunctions, prepositions, etc. Our English teacher's name is **Miss Di Poalo**. In history we are studying "Middle Ages." In arithmetic we have almost everything we need.

Work is scarce.

Best regards to Editor, Readers and Writers.

Julia Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

* * *

OBEDY YOUR PARENTS!

Dear Editor:—

It's been a long time since I have written to the **Mladinski List**, so I begin.

Dear me, such a state as New York is! I do not see one member writing. Wake up, you sleepyheads!

Times are bad here, as they are bad all over. I hope Pres. Roosevelt pulls us out of the depression.

I am a sophomore in the **Gowanda High** and have many teachers. My brother, who was

to become a senior, had to leave school because my father died. Boys and girls, appreciate and love and obey your parents while you have them. You don't know what it is to have one gone.

This is a wonderful spring day. It's quite nice out. Have many of you been flying kites or roller-skating? It's pretty good fun if you can.

I hope to receive letters from many boys and girls. I am 14 years of age.

Come on, girls and boys, don't be afraid, write. If Albina Ozanich sees this letter I wish she would write to me.

Best regards to all,

Elizabeth Batchen,

51 Chapel st., Gowanda, N. Y.

* * *

FEW LETTERS FROM ILLINOIS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is the second time I have written to this dear magazine. There were hardly any letters from Illinois; I believe there are quite a few members here but they just don't feel like writing. I certainly enjoy reading this wonderful magazine. I know how to read and write in Croatian. I can read in Slovene, too, but I sometimes do not understand it very well.

I certainly enjoyed the story "What a Dog Taught Me." I think that more people should learn the same lesson.

Violet Kosanovich, Bryant, Ill.

* * *

"MOUNTAIN CHILDREN"

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I am writing in English this time, but next time I am going to write in Slovene.

I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. I like the poems, riddles, stories, and jokes in the M. L. very much.

I live on a farm. We keep chickens, cows, and pigs. The farmside is located in the mountain. We see plenty of deers and rabbits. Men from the city come here to hunt.

I have five miles to go to school. The bus comes for the mountain children. That's the way we have our fun.

Next time I will write more.

Best regards to all.

Mary Tursich, R.D. 2, Boswell, Pa.

* * *

OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

Dear Editor, Bro. and Sis. Members:—

By the time this issue is out, I'll be getting ready to sample the first home grown lettuce this year.

Many people around "this neck of the woods" saw lettuce mighty early, even as

early as February. There was no danger of anybody planting lettuce in February this year. Like F. Polutnik said in the March issue of the M. L., the temperature in Feb. was below zero many times.

I've come to the conclusion that letter-writing is not so hot—if there is more unfavorable things to write about than any other kind. Well, I guess the only thing to do is, to work off the disagreeable now and hope to have only the good later on.

It is just like the study of tobacco in physiology. There were some fine articles in the M. L. about tobacco some time ago. These articles and the teacher's explanation about the harmful effects of tobacco are—to us—disagreeable. They'll say, the nicotine in the tobacco is a powerful poison. It affects the heart. Many people die from heart strokes and heart diseases. And many of those cases could be traced to tobacco as the cause. Do we care for that kind of information and advice? It only goes in one ear and out the other. I asked somebody, why is it planted, if it is poisonous? I'm told, if tobacco wasn't allowed to be planted or sold, the government would lose millions of dollars which it is now getting in tobacco revenue and taxes. And some people would plant it secretly and sell it secretly. They would do the same way as was done during alcoholic prohibition. They cooked and sold beer and moonshine secretly or on the sly. And later not very secretly nor slyly at all. So, it looks like there's not much use in making a tobacco prohibition, because the people would smoke and chew bootleg tobacco anyhow. And you can't stop anybody from selling something in the U. S. because Uncle Sam is a high-pressure salesman, and anything can be sold if anyone desires to buy.

I've been told that, some years ago, the children of religious, republican, etc., and farmers' parents, teased and made fun of children whose parents were socialists. The way they teased them was by calling them "Socha-leests!" Socha-leests!" There is no doubt that they didn't know the meaning of the word. Today, some of them do know the meaning of it. I've heard a couple of them talking about a simple definition of socialism some time ago. It was in five words, and they are: "To act or work together." Another definition was with one word which is, "co-operation."

In the last month's issue, Agnes Flander says I'm wrong about history being bunk. Well, some of it may not be, but I think a lot of it is.

Here is some that I don't think is bunk: In 1811 the U. S. government began to build what is now known as the National Road, from Cumberland, Maryland, toward the west.

It extended thru the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. In these states there were millions of acres of rich, fertile land. The national road made it possible for immigrants to get to this land and settle upon it. It was a big job, but thru the government all the people helped to build it, one way or another. It cut out the hardships and suffering that would have been endured by settlers if they had to make their own trail.

As Mary Eliz. Fradel had said in last month's M. L., send men to Washington that will represent us, and not just a privileged few. When they began to build the National road, the men the people sent to the capital represented them much better than we are represented today.

The state of New York, by building the Erie canal in 1825, served the interests of the people. Before the canal was built, the charge for hauling a barrel of flour from Albany, N. Y., to Buffalo, N. Y., was ten dollars, and it took 3 weeks to get there. After the canal was opened, a barrel of flour could be sent thru in a week, at a cost of thirty cents.

The National government financed the building of all the railroads. The Union Pacific should be owned and operated by the government. Why? Because it gave the land free of charge, paid for the rails, and gave the ties free of charge, helped to get the laborers: helped to pay their wages, and last but not least, protected the workers from Indian attacks, with the U. S. soldiers on gov'n't. payrolls.

The National government financed the first telegraph line in 1844.

The National government built the Panama canal in 1914.

When there is something big, gigantic and colossal to be done, the only one that steps forward and does it, is the National government. And to point to an example today, the TVA power dam jobs in the Tennessee valley are well known. Others are being built in the west.

A still bigger job awaits to be tackled. That is, to find jobs or put to work the millions of unemployed. It looks like this job is too gigantic for this National government. The democratic national government has been working on it for a year now, but it doesn't seem to be making much headway. The republican national gov't. had been working on it for three years, but they made a mess out of it. Instead of getting some of the work done, they made the job bigger. And now it looks as if the democrats are having a tough time getting something done. But if we had men there in Washington representing us, they would finish this big job in short order. That could easily be done if the right party were elected.

Like I said in the Feb. issue, fractions are pretty tough for me. Annabel Sader has sent the answer to the problem in Feb. issue. Tho, thanks to her efforts, she is the only one that had remembered to help me out, I'd like to have a plain example solution. You see, I had the answer to the problem, but I couldn't work it to fit the answer.

Agnes Anzur said she liked my letter in last month's issue. Thanks, here's some more. That also goes for John Leskashek. It is encouraging to see you think it was okay.

There was some tough luck at my school. We have two schoolhouses. In one, there are 5 grades, that is: the first, second, third, fourth and fifth, all in one room. In the other are the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, all in one room also. At recess, all the kids play together.

If things pick up during the summer, I think we ought to be able to get some new Juvenile members here in Willock. What do you say, Willock members? There's still a bunch of "stray guys" around this town that are not SNPJ members. Here's a chance to try what kind of insurance salesmen we are. To be sure, Fraternal Insurance is the only kind we sell. We want our Brotherhood to grow big and strong. And another thing, we will get paid for every new member that we get.

This is the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ and getting new members is the best way to fittingly celebrate it.

Faternally,

Frank Miklauchich,
box 3, Willock, Pa. (Lodge 36.)

* * *

DON'T CRITICIZE TOO MUCH!

To the Editor and Readers of the M. L.:—

I've been reading this juvenile paper ever since I can remember, and that's about ten years. In spite of this, I have never contributed anything to the paper. I've had good intentions, and that was all.

There are many letters which amuse me greatly, and there are also some letters which invoke a great deal of disgust in me. An example of the latter type of letter is the readiness with which some of our writers criticize our President. I wish that they could try to take M. Roosevelt's responsibilities for four hours. They would give up plenty fast. I think that these critics should criticize seriously.

I only read the English section of our paper because I can't read in Slovene. I intend to learn how, though, because I'm "majoring" in foreign languages in college. Don't be alarmed! I'm a college student, but I'm still a juvenile member.

I don't think anyone can fully appreciate cold weather unless they live in Northern Minnesota. It's so cold up here that up to date (March 18), the spring hasn't even begun.

I hope that I haven't made any enemies through this letter.

Florence Mahnich, box 455, Aurora, Minn.

INTERESTING PLAYS

Dear Editor:—

We sure had a nice play for "Community Nite" at Morley YMCA. We enjoyed it. The first part of the play was "Monkeyshines in

Doctor's Office"; the second was, "Unter-rujhine"; the third was how a man came "From Old Country to New York" and couldn't get his meal at a hotel. We sure felt sorry for him, but we sure did laugh after. All the children that understand Slovene sure did get a kick out of it. This was given by my cousins, Frank and Albin Slavec. Albin was the boy who came from "Old Country," and the servant was Frank. We had another play for Washington's birthday. (I was in it.) The name of the play was "Little Maid of Concord Town."

Best regards to the Editor and members.

Julia M. Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

(Again we print more than a score of "first" and other letters written by our enthusiastic members. Nearly every one begins with the same story:—"This is my first (or second) . . . am 10 years of age . . . in the fourth grade in school . . . my teacher's name is— —" and yet every one differs in that it tells something original, something new and interesting. All in all, they are worth-while reading matter, especially for our Juvenile Members, and often even the adult members enjoy our Junior Jottings.)

Helen Vidmar (9), box 76, Pierce, W. Va., begins her "first" in this manner: "I am a fourth-grader. Miss Wipple, a very good teacher, is mine instructor. My 11-year old sister is in the 11th grade. No. 29 is our Lodge. I read the Mladinski List every month as it is very interesting. I wish other children from W. Va. would wake up and write to the M. L. also."

Walter Radishek (13), RFD 2, Perryopolis, Pa., is "really ashamed of himself" for not writing before to the Mladinski List. "I will try to write more often now. I am a sophomore in Perry Hi school. We have a fine basketball team. Last summer I went to the world's fair and had plenty of fun there. The fair will be repeated this year. I live on an 11-acre farm. My brother is 8 years old."

Virginia Selak (14), box 214, Star City, W. Va., attends Morgantown high-school as a sophomore, 10th grade. "There are six in our family, two boys and two girls and parents, all members of Lodge 388, SNPJ. I have been reading the Mladinski List since I was "knee high" and enjoyed it right along. Audrey Maslo must have forgotten me. Well, my best wishes to one and all."

Eddie Gorence (12), Arma, Kansas, also decided to join the M. L. contributors. He is a freshman in high school, and his favorite subject is manual arts. Eddie says: "We all belong to the SNPJ. My mother, sister and I belong to Lodge Sunflowers, of which my mother is Secretary. Two years ago we visited Chicago and stopped at the SNPJ headquarters. Of course we met the officers and editors. We enjoyed our trip to Chicago."

Julia Drasler (8), box 44, Forest City, Pa., is in the third grade in school, and her teacher's name is Miss Louise Gliha. Says Julia: "I am glad that Spring is here, because summer will soon be here also and then we'll go swimming. I have lots of fun in the water. I go swimming in Crystal and Elk lakes."

Joseph Yazvac (14), box 414, Mt. Clair, W. Va., says: "Three cheers for this good magazine, the Mladinski List, and the members! My hobby is reading and I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I wish more members from this State would write to the M. L. I must introduce myself: I go to the Mt. Clair high school, have several teachers and a few bright schoolmates. A faithful member, Joseph."

Betty Zimbo (9), box 5, Elkol, Wyo., is in the 4th grade in school and "reads the Mladinski List every month." Then she continues thus: "I lost one daddy but I got another whom I like very much. I have been wanting to write to the M. L. for a long time but have been putting it off, and now I made up mine mind to write. Best regards to all."

Charles Reven (10), box 65, Valley Grove, W. Va., is a member of Lodge 425 and he is in the 5th grade in school. Says Charles: "I like school very much, and I like to read the M. L. too. My father works in the mine. When I grow up I don't want to be a coal miner. I think it is too dangerous. More next time."

Olga Radelj (8), 1321 So. 60th st., West Allis, Wis., attends public school and is in the 3rd grade. Her teacher's name is Miss Lord. Olga gives us the following information: "I have a 7-year old sister. There are four in our

family, all members of Lodge 16, SNPJ. My father didn't work for three years. I like to read the M. L. and wish some other girls from here would write to the M. L. also."

Louie Racher (14), 318 Baldwin ave., Niles, O., thinks the M. L. "sure is getting to be a big magazine." And adds: "You boys and girls out in the other states should realize that thirty years ago the SNPJ was first brought into this world, and if it were not for the SNPJ we would not have this wonderful magazine. So I think that all you boys and girls should take great interest in it. The work here in Niles is not so good. Some mills work a few days a week, and my father works a little too, while some mills are closed for good."

Josephine Germovsek (10), box 225, Strabane, Pa., has four brothers and she is the only girl in the family. They are all members of the SNPJ. "I like to read the M. L. and its many letters. On June 13 I'll be 11 years old. I will write more next time."

Edward Michelitch (9), box 3, Pierce, W. Va., writes: "I will be 10 years old July 8. I am in the fourth grade in school. Miss Wipple is my teacher and I like her. My father is Secretary of Lodge 29 SNPJ. The mine is working good now. See you again."

Sophie D. Hrast (8), box 861, Las Vegas, Nev., gives us the following information: "I am in the 3rd grade in school. We are living in the second largest city in the State and it is the nearest to the Boulder Dam. It is 30 miles to the Dam site. Oh yes, Boulder City is closer to the Dam. My father tells me this is the biggest project of its kind. Sometime I will write more about it. We are all members of the SNPJ. Best regards to all."

Frankie Blatnik (7), Panama, Ill., is a "first-grader" in school and writes thus: "My teacher's name is Mr. Albert Patton. I was glad to see a letter from Mullan, Idaho, in the Feb. M. L., as I used to live in Wardner, Idaho. I would like to see some letters from there. Best wishes to all the members."

Marjorie Ruzich (11), 1500 Pine st., Johnston City, Ill., writes: "I go to 6th grade and I have four teachers; they are all good. I have two brothers, John and Albert. We are all members of the SNPJ. I like to read Mary Fradel's letters. Best regards to all."

Willie Starkovich, Gardiner, New Mex., tells us that he likes the M. L. very much. "We studied about Longfellow and I enjoyed it. My birthday was March 26. Eli Vukovich said he would also write to this wonderful magazine."

Mary Senicher (11), box 152, Strabane, Pa., was glad to see her first letter in the M. L. "My father works five days a week. I have a sister who is in the fourth grade. Her teach-

er's name is Miss Malone and she is a good teacher."

Eli Vukovich (7), box 56, Gardiner, N. Mex., has a sister in Chicago, where she is taking nurse training. "I am in the third grade in school and my teacher's name is Miss Kiker; I like her. On May 17 I'll be eight years old."

Ann Yaklich, W. Aliquippa, Pa., is a member of Lodge 122 SNPJ. "There are seven in our family. I enjoy reading the M. L. because there are so many interesting stories, letters, poems and jokes in it. I wish more children from here would write to the M. L."

John Lipovsek (10), box 43, Library, Pa., writes his second letter to the M. L. "Working conditions here aren't so very good yet. My brother was 7 years old on April 17. We belong to the SNPJ, SSPZ and a German lodge. Best regards to all the members."

Elsie Peternel, box 13, Willock, Pa., says in her first letter: "I wonder why more boys and girls don't write from here to the M. L. I also wish D. Fink would write to me, and Vera Mirt to the M. L. Will they?"

Tony Clements, box 228, No. Bessemer, Pa., tells us in his second letter: "I hope the M. L. will not get smaller in summer. I wish it would come weekly. Work is getting better here. In February we had plenty of snow and plenty of cold weather."

Victoria Udovich, box 121, Willock, Pa., writes her second letter in which she says: "The work here is very scarce. We all belong to the SNPJ. My mother and I belong to the Ladies' No. 149, and my father and two brothers belong to the Men's Lodge No. 36. Best wishes to all."

Ernest Dreshar (13), 2217 So. Wood st., Chicago, Ill., says in his second letter: "I have received a letter from John Mehaulik in which he inquires about the Century of Progress (world's fair). I gladly told him all I knew. I go to Harrison high school. See you again."

Mary Simenec, box 70, Cornwall, Pa., in her second letter narrates: "I received a letter from Pauline Duary, Bellevue, Alberta, Can. She found my address in the M. L. I was very much pleased when I got her letter. I hope other children would write to me also."

Frank Sadler (13), box 128, Library, Pa., tells the following story: "My father works five days a week at South Park. I am in the 4th grade and I have two teachers. We had lots of fun when it snowed last winter. Now it's Spring and we have more fun outdoors."

Caroline Fritz (10), 831 W. Walker st., Milwaukee, Wis., is very much interested in the M. L. and also likes her school work and her teachers. "There are seven of us in the family and all are members of the SNPJ. Best regards to all M. L. readers and writers."

Frank Perpar, box 302, Imperial, Pa., in his fourth letter to the M. L. writes: "I was sick in February and couldn't go to school. Now I am well again. Spring is here and it is so nice outside. I will write more later. Best wishes to all the members."

Emily Mozek (10), 229 Lenox st., Waukegan, Ill., thinks Waukegan is getting "a bit lazy" because there are so few letters from there in the M. L. This is her second letter. "My sister and I belong to Lodge 14 SNPJ. Next time I will write in Slovene. Until then—So long!"

Joe Krek (12), box 593, Bridgeville, Pa., sends in his second letter in which he says: "Sometime my teacher is mean and sometime she is good. In January someone stole 11 rabbits. Was I mad about it!—There are eight in our family, all members of the SNPJ, Lodge 166. My father is working at the Universal Steel Co. Four of us go to school."

Bertha Pekoll (10), 848 S. Utica st., Waukegan, Ill., says: "I like school and I like the M. L. The whole family belongs to Lodge 14, SNPJ. As I failed to see any letters in the M. L. from Waukegan, so I decided to write. Best regards to all."

Frankie Bergoch, 720 Washington ave., Trinidad, Colo., relates the following message: "Working Conditions under the 'New Deal' didn't improve any in Southern Colorado. But it helped some of those who never worked before in their lives. More the next time."

Clara Ann Lenich (8), Nokomis, Ill., tells us there are five in their family and all are members of the SNPJ. "I like to go to school. My father works in the mines. He has no money to buy books for me. He doesn't earn enough for living."

Joe Kaus, 724 Elm Way, Oakmont, Pa., lets us know that in February it was very cold and his father wasn't working as the river froze. "I want to thank A. M. for the letter from Ohio. Spring is here now and we have lots of fun."

Antonia Kodolja (16), 403 Depot st., Conneaut, O., has three sisters and one brother, and all belong to SNPJ. "Conneaut has a population of about 11,000 and is a very nice place to live in. Working conditions are 'slow.' I hope they improve soon. Best regards to all."

Carl Klun (9), box 45, Lawber, Pa., writes in his second letter: "We had a big flood here, that is, down in Gratztown. I like to go to school and I like to read the M. L."

Marie Zager (10), 719—50th st., Kenosha, Wis., likes to read the M. L. very much. "There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ I wish more boys and girls

would write to the M. L. from Kenosha." (We don't publish any snapshots anymore.—Ed.)

Frank Klun, box 45, Lawber, Pa., begins: "This is my second letter and I like the M. L. Spring is here and warm weather with it. I like to go to school. I have one sister and one brother."

Frances Augustin (10), box 303, Imperial, Pa., has two brothers and "we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 196," he states. "Best regards to all."

Anne Homec, box 134, Hudson, Wyo., tells the following: "We all belong to the SNPJ. My sister is working in Rock Springs. I am in the 9th grade in school. Best regards."

Helen Louise Strukel (10), Springfield, Ill., will be 11 years old May 13. "I like a Slovene song which my Mother taught me, entitled 'Slovenska deklica.' It goes like this: 'Sem slovenska deklica, Minka mi je ime. Sem obraza bistrega, hrabro imam srce. Laske imam skravžljane, v kito spletene. Bistro moje je oko, srce pa zvesto.' And so on. Best regards to all."

Antonia Strukel (9), box 104, Springfield, Ill., will be 10 years old June 17. "I received many valentines—20 in all. So many! And wasn't I glad? I belong to Lodge 567 of the SNPJ. I have two sisters, Helen and Virginia; Virginia is four years old. Best regards to all."

PRIDE OF SELF

By Carol Sheridan

NEVER say, "Oh well, I'm beaten!"
 Never say, "I guess I'm done!"
 Say, "I'll show 'em all tomorrow!"
 Say, "The fight has just begun!"
 Never say, "My work has got me!"
 Never say, "I've lost my stride!"
 Say, "I'm not so much to look at,
 But I've got the stuff inside!"
 Never let the world disarm you;
 If folks put you on the shelf,
 Just refuse to stay! Don't falter—
 Have a little pride of self!

Health is something which cannot be purchased overnight from the corner drug store or from the family physician, but it is something that can only be acquired and maintained through individual effort by careful attention to a few simple health rules.