

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slovene National Benefit Society, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Members, per year 30c, half year 15c. Nonmembers per year 60c, half year 30c, foreign countries per year 75c.

LETO VI.—Št. 6.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNIJ, 1927.

VOL. VI—NO. 6.

Albin Čebular:

RAZGOVOR

Dete:

Atek, povej no, kaj poka zmer v jami,
kot da bi škrateljčki
ne bili prijateljčki,
kot da bi skrivali spet se za mušnice
ter si dajali prav tople zaušnice . . .

Atek:

To ja niso škrateljčki! . . .
Veš, odložili smo suknjice,
v pečine izvrtali luknjice,
vanje nasuli smodnika,
vrvico vneli,
brž odleteli —
pik, pok, bum, pok, pok! —
pečine: križ — kraž;
z lahkoto kose smo dobili
jih na vozičke naložili,
na beli dan jih potegnili
in novce lepe še dobili!

TRIKRAT DOBRO . . .

Enkrat dobro cvetki zali:
vse dni v solnčecu se greje,
vse noči se zvezdam smeje.

Dvakrat dobro je škrjančku:
rose zjutraj se napije,
v solnčnih žarkih se umije.

Trikrat dobro tebi, dete:
radost v srcu, dnevi zlati,
a nad tabo skrbna mati!

France Zbašnik.

OPOMIN MATERI.

S pisane stolice
nasa Mila klice:
mamica, si cula,
koliko je ula?
Moja punčka plosi,
tleba, da se kosi,
ce poldan je točno.
Lacna sem ze mocno.
Tudi ptica peva:
"Imam plazna ceva!"

Čika Jova.

Rabindranath Tagore:

Junak

MAMICA, misli si, da potujeva in greva skozi tujo in nevarno deželo.

Tebe nesejo v nosilnici, jaz pa jašem poleg tebe na rdečem konjičku.

Večer je in solnce zahaja. Puščava joradižka leži mračna in siva pred nama.

Dežela je zapuščena in neplodna.

Tesno ti je pri srcu in misliš si: "Ne vem, kam smo zašli."

Jaz pa ti rečem: "Mamica, ne boj se."

Loka je porasla z ostro, bodečo travo in preko nje beži ozka, grapava steza.

Na prostranem polju ni videti živine; povrnila se je v svoje staje v vasi.

Temni in mračni se zemlja in nebo in ne moreva reči, kam greva.

Nenadoma me pokličeš in vprašaš, šepetaje: "Kakšna luč je tam na bregu?"

In v tistem hipu počí strašen vzvik in postave pridrvijo proti nama.

Ti sediš sključena v svoji nosilnici in ponavljaš v molitvi imena bogov.

Nosilci, trepetajoči strahu, se skrivajo v trnjevem grmu.

Zakličem ti: "Ne boj se, mamica, jaz sem tu."

Z dolgimi koli v rokah in z divje razkuštranimi lasmi prihajajo bliže in bliže.

Jaz vpijem: "Pozor! Vi lopovi! Samo še en korak in po vas bo!"

Še enkrat grozno zarjujejo in oddirjajo.

Ti zagradiš mojo roko in praviš: "Ljubi otrok, za božjo voljo, ogni se jim."

Jaz pa pravim: "Mamica, samo pazi name."

Potem izpodbodem svojega konja v divji galop in moj meč in ščit zažvenketata drugi ob drugem.

Bitka postane tako strašna, mamica, da bi te oblila mrzla zona, če bi jo videla iz svoje nosilnice.

Mnogo jih beži in veliko število jih je posekanih na kose.

Vem, da si misliš, vsa vase zaglobljena, da mora biti tvoj otrok v tem hipu mrtev.

Ali jaz pridem k tebi ves s krvjo oblit in pravim: "Mamica, bitka je že končana."

Ti prideš ven in me stisneš na svoje srce, poljubiš in rečeš sama sebi:

"Ne vem, kaj bi storila, če ne bi imela svojega otroka za spremstvo."

Tisočero nepotrebnih reči se zgodi dan za dnem, zakaj bi se takšna stvar slučajno ne mogla uresničiti?

Bilo bi kakor pravljica v knjigi.

Moj bratec bi rekel: "Ali ni bila to sreča, da je bil fant z materjo?"

Albin Čebular:

PRIDNA MARJETICA

Pisano krilce,
predpasnik pa bel je,
na njega golobček
se v zarjici vsel je.

Marjetica pridna
mu kruhka je dala,
golobček odletel je,
rekel ji: — Hvala! —



Ledeno jezero v Montani.

Rabindranath Tagore:

Neopaženi prizor

AH, kdo je pobarval to kratko suknjico, dete moje, in pokrili tvoje sladke ude s tem kratkim rdečim krilcem?

Prišlo si zarana ven igrati se na dvorišče, opotekajoč se in padajoč v begu.

Ali kdo je pobarval to kratko suknjico, dete moje?

Čemu se smeješ, ti moj življenja drobni popek?

Mamica stoji na pragu in se ti smehlja.

Tleska z dlanmi in njene zapestnice zvenijo in ti plešeš s svojim bambusovim trsom v roki kakor droben, droben pastirček.

Ali čemu se smeješ, ti moj življenja drobni popek?

O beraček, za kaj beračiš, objemajoč z obema ročicama materi tilnik?

O pohlepno srce, naj-li ti utrgam svet kakor plod z neba, da ti ga položim v drobne, rožnate dlani?

O beraček, za kaj vendar beračiš?

Veter radostno odnaša žvenkljanje kraguljčkov na tvojih gležnjih.

Solnce se smeje in te opazuje, ko se oblačiš.

Nebo bedi nad teboj, ko snivaš v naročju svoje mamice in jutro prihaja po prstih k tvoji posteljici in ti poljublja oči.

Veter radostno odnaša žvenkljanje kraguljčkov na tvojih gležnjih.

Vila sanj prileta k tebi skozi somračno nebo.

Svetovna mati sedi pri tebi v srcu tvoje matere.

On, ki svira svojo godbo zvezdam, stoji ob tvojem oknu s svojim sviratom.

In vila sanj prileta k tebi skozi somračno nebo.

MOJA PIŠKA

Moja piška,
mala piška,
bolj je črna
kakor miška.

Pa iznesla
je že jajček,
jajček prvi,
bel ko zajček.

Mati so mi
ga ocvrli,
pa so djali
piški vrli:

“Če nanesla
boš obilo,
ti kuruza
bo v plačilo.”

Pridna piška
je dejala,
da vsak dan bo
jajček dala.

To mi cvrli
bodo mati!
Zdaj gladu se
ni mi bati.

Gradiški.



Živali—naše učiteljice

OLGA je v šoli slišala, da se lahko od vsake živali kaj koristnega naučimo, ako natančno opazujemo vse njeno dejanje in nehanje.

Ko gre Olga iz šole, sreča na potu mravljo.

“Mravlja,” reče deklica, “česa se morem od tebe naučiti?”

“Dela,” ji odvrne mravlja. “Glej, jaz vstajam zgodaj in hodim šele po solnčnem zahodu počivat. Vse leto delam marljivo, čeprav vem, da za to ne dobim nikakega plačila.”

Olga gre dalje in pride na domači vrt. Tukaj zapazi čebelni panj, potrka nanj in vpraša: “Čebelica, česa se lahko od tebe naučim?”

Čebelica odgovori: “Reda! Poglej le v našo hišico! Na tisoče čebel dela tukaj in vsaka ve dobro, kje ima opravke, in nobena ne zadržuje druge. Vsaka zleti pravočasno iz panja pa se tudi o pravem času vrne domov.”

Blizu panja zapazi Olga Čuvaja, zvestega psa, ki je baš nekaj zagrebel v zemljo.

“Čuvaj, povej mi, česa me ti učiš?” vpraša deklica.

“Varčnosti! Glej, tukaj imam mastno kost, ki mi je ostala pri obedu. Ker sem sit, sem jo zagrebel in shranil. Ko bom zopet lačen, mi bo prav dobro teknila.”

Olga pride na dvorišče. Na plotu stoji petelin in poje svoj “kikiriki.”

“Petelinček,” reče deklica, “česa neki pa se naj od tebe učim?”

“Zgodaj vstajati!” ji odvrne petelin. “Komaj pošlje zlato solnce svoje prve žarke na zemljo, se že zbudim in zapojem svojo jutranjo pesem. Zapomni si dobro: Rana ura — zlata ura! Ako začnemo svoje delo zarana, gremo lahko zgodaj počivat.”

V kuhinji zagleda Olga mačko, ki se je pridno umivala. “Mucika,” vpraša deklica, “česa naj se od tebe učim?”

“Snažnosti! Jaz ne morem trpeti niti najmanjšega madeža na svojem kožuščku, zakaj vem, da imajo ljudje najrajši tistega, ki je vedno lepo umit in čedno oblečen. Zato se vedno umivam in ni se mi treba sramovati, naj pride kdor hoče.”

Olga si dobro zapomni vse, kar je zvedela od živali, in si misli: “Vedno hočem biti delavna, redna in varčna, vstajala bom zgodaj ter bom vedno snažno oblečena, da se mi ne bo treba sramovati pred živalmi.”

Iz Kosijeve “Zabavne knjižnice.”

Japonski izreki

Mišljenje človeka se menja tako hitro kakor jesensko nebo.

Zmaga nad samim seboj je najlepša zmaga.

Izmišljena reč je bolja kakor tisoče drugih.

Vsak človek naj bo tak, kakor uči druge ljudi, naj bodo.

*

Ljubezen je pravo čudo neba in zemlje; živi, osrečuje, krepča. V ljubezni diha vsa priroda.
—SHAKESPEARE.

*

Kdor si ne pridobi sveta z ljubeznijo v kakršnemkoli pravcu, ne bo mogel storiti ničesar ni za svoje starše, ni za svoj rod, ni za človeštvo.

*

Ne izplača se živeti tako kakor da živimo radi telesa, temveč tako, kakor da ne moremo živeti brez njega.

*

Svoboden je tisti, ki živi kakor hoče, kogar ni mogoče niti prisiliti niti kaznovati, kogar odločitve so nezlomljive, želje vse dosežne, nazo pa nezgrešen.

—EPIKTET.

Fran Erjavec:

O kačah, vražah in čarodejcih

(Odlomki iz poglavij o kačah.)

SPOMLADI smo se otroci igrali na vaškem pašniku. Po igri smo šli v "vrbine" rezat vrbove šibe, da bi si iz njih vili piščalke. Ko tako hodimo od grma do grma, zakriči nekdo izmed družbe: "Kača, kača!" Stisne klobuček v roko in steče proti domu in za njim vsi drugi, da so nas komaj pete dohajale. Sama beseda "kača" je imela toliko moči, da je zapodila v beg krdelo mladih junakov. Še dolgo potem si nihče ni upal iti v "vrbine". In ko je nekoliko tednov pozneje sosedov hlapec na istem mestu ubil kačo belouško ter jo potem, vesel svojega junaštva, obesil v grm blizu pota, da bi jo videl vsakdo mimogredočih, se je takoj zbrala na pašniku okoli ubite kače mladina iz vasi in z njo stare ženice. "Zdaj vem, zakaj ima moja koza tako malo mleka," se oglasi žena, ki je osebenjkovala v vasi. "Ta kačja stvar jo je hodila ponoči sesat. Bog ti daj zdravje, Janez! Kadar boš hodil mimo mene, oglasi se! Dala ti bom mleka, če ga bom le imela."

Druga žena je pritrdila, da je taka kača res mrtva na mleko. Vedela je povedati, da je nekoč v spečega človeka zlezla kača in je ni bilo mogoče spraviti iz njega, dokler ni prišel moder berač in nasvetoval, naj nesrečni človek leže na zemljo, a preden naj postavijo skledo toplega mleka. In res se je kača izmotala iz ust nesrečnežu in šla pit mleko.

Tako je šlo to naprej. Vsaka žena je znala kako pravljico o kači — največ jih je bilo o beli kači — a mi otroci smo verno poslušali in zvesto verjeli.

Strah pred kačami se vcepi otroku že od prve mladosti. Brezštevilne pravljice mu predstavljajo kačo kakor čudno, skrivnostno, hudobno, njemu neprijazno bitje. Tako se človek že v prvi mladosti navzame sovraštva proti tej živali, še preden jo je videl živo. Kača mu je zmerom podoba neke temne, neznane, njemu sovražne moči.

Še strašnejšo dela kačo v človekovih očeh izkušnja, potrjena s tolikimi žalostnimi primeri, da more ta žival, kakor je majhna, človeku vzeti življenje. Akoravno je strupenih kač v razmerju z nestrupenimi majhno število, se človek vendar boji vseh in zato je tudi brez milosti napovedal vojsko vsem, nedolžnim in dolžnim. In prav kače, večjidel tudi ne utegne razsojevati, ali je strupena ali ne. To pa tudi ni vselej tako lahko določiti, časih se še izvedenec lahko prevara. Zato ne dela napačno, kdor preganja in pobija vse brez razločka.

S kačami v zvezi so med prostim narodom mnoge vraže. Omenim naj tako imenovano zagovarjanje. Akoravno pojemlje tudi ta vraža kakor druge, je še vedno v vsakem večjem kraju, kjer so gadje doma, kak slepar, ki se usti, da zna strup ustaviti ali, kakor pravi, zagovoriti. In kar je še bolj žalostno, najde tudi ljudi, ki mu slepo verjamejo in pošljejo po sleparja čez hribe in doline, a ne po zdravnika. Slepar pride, govori neke nerazumljive besede, diha na pičeno mesto in dela druge svoje "kondomuhte" in kar je pri vsem glavna reč, vzame plačilo, ki ga seveda nikdar ne določi sam, dobro vedoč, da dobi tako več. Ako potem res odleže bolniku, bodisi vsled rabljenih drugih pomočkov, bodisi, da ni prišlo dosti strupa v kri, precej misli vse, da je mož strup "zagovoril". In sleparjeva slava se širi daleč okrog. Ako je pa bolniku huje ali ako celo umrje, najde slepar kmalu izgovor. Enkrat pravi, da se takega gada strup ne da zagovoriti, drugič se izgovarja, da bi bilo njegovo zagovarjanje že pomagalo, ako bi bil ugriznjenec ali kdo drug gada ubil itd. itd. — in zaslepljeno ljudstvo mu verjame in ga v drugo zopet kliče na pomoč.

Dobro vem, da niso vsi ti "zagovorniki" preiščeni sleparji iz slabega namena. Nekateri so sami osleparjeni od kakega zvitega potepuha, od katerega so si z dragim denarjem kupili to "kunšt", in potem v resnici mislijo, da znajo zagovarjati. Ta umetnost je navadno lastnina kake rodovine. Oče jo zapusti na smrtni postelji najstarejšemu sinu kot največjo skrivnost.

Govoril sem s takim zagovornikom in izkušal od njega zvedeti čarodejne besede, ki jih izgovarja ob takih prilikah — ali zaman. Ne pove jih nobenemu, najmanj pa gosposkemu človeku, do katerega ima malo ali nič zaupanja. Toliko sem pa vendar zvedel od enega, da zagovarjajo na božjo zapoved in da imajo za svojega patrona sv. Martina škofa. Ko je namreč sv. Martin, takrat še ne škof, ampak pastir, na Oljski gori pasel ovce, mu je gad uklal ovna (ali kakor je on rekel: ovnika). Martin je bil žalosten, vzdihnil je k Bogu in ga prosil pomoči. In Bog mu je odgovoril: "Martin! Trikrat dihni, trikrat pihni, in tvoj oven ozdravi." Martin je res storil po zapovedi in se veselil, kajti oven je hipoma ozdravel. Zato je trikratno dihanje in pihanje pri zagovarjanju menda še zmerom poglavitna stvar poleg čarobnih besed.

Znani pa so še tudi drugi taki "pomočki". Tako je dandanes po nekaterih krajih razvpita kakor edini pomoček proti kačjemu strupu glasovita "astramontana". Mogoče, ali neverjetno. Jaz za svojo osebo sem glede astramontane neverni Tomaž. Sto in sto zdravil so že pred astramontano razglašali za "edini gotovi pomoček," a kdo se dandanes briga za tiste leke! Nihče, pozabljeni so. In ravno tako se bo godilo astramontani. Leta 1845 je zaslovela ta rastlina po Slovenskem in njena slava je šla v deveto deželo. Mnogim je bila že tudi prej znana, kajti škof z otoka Krka je že leta 1818. pisal o astramontani in jo hvalil kakor neprecenljivo zdravilo proti kačjemu strupu. Živo mi je v spominu, kako nam je gimnazijcem neki učitelj v Ljubljani astramontano, ki jo pa imenujejo botaniki "inula squarosa", hvalil njeno zdravilno moč in nam ob tisti priliki tudi povedal zgodovino te rastline, kako se je namreč zvedelo za ta neprecenljivi zaklad. Nekoč — tako se pričenjajo vse pravljice — sta si prišla dva modrasa tam doli v Čičariji nekaj navzkriž. Prav do hudega sta se sprla. Zasučeta repe in hajdi drug na drugega! Bil je strašen boj. Oba sta bila ranjena. Časih se malo oddahneta in zopet začneta. V vseh presledkih pa hitita do astramontane, ji smučeta listje in ga žreta tako poželjivo, kakor bi ne bila modrasa, vajena tolstih miši, temveč objestna kozla. In glej, komaj sta se modrasa napokala astramontane, sta bila že spet zdrava. Ker sta spoznala, da sta oba enako pametna in izvedena v zdravilstvu, odnehata od brezuspešnega boja, se sprijaznita in bratovsko razideta vsak svojim putem. Vse to pa je izza grma gledal človek ter si je dobro vtisnil v glavo vse, kar je videl. Šel je in vsemu svetu razkril skrivnost, za katero sta mislila modrasa, da jo vesta samo onadva. Od tega dne se je začela slava astramontane.

Že takrat se mi je zdela ta povest strašno neverjetna, pozneje pa, ko sem modrasa bolje spoznal, se mi je videla prav smešna, in tako se bo godilo še komu drugemu. Ta povest mi je vero v astramontano vzela, a ne utrdila, kar je bil njen namen. Dobre stvari ni treba priporočati z lažjo. Tudi glede prave astramontane si njeni privrženci niso prav na jasnem. Eden je zdravil z inula squaroso, drugi z inulo germanico, tretji z inulo hirto, četrti pa z drugo, popolnoma različno rastlino, s tako imenovanim kačjim pikom (*Lilium Martagon*). Naše mnenje o teh inulah je, da so vse tri enako nedolžne.

V vročih krajih so strupene kače, kjer jih je dosti več nego pri nas, navadno v veliki časti. Ind, ki mu vera ne dopušča, da bi ubil kako žival, tudi strupene kače ne ubije, ako jo najde, temveč jo dene v pleteno košaro in jo spusti po vodi. Ako najde strupeno kačo v svoji hiši, jo prav prijazno prosi, naj gre ven. Ako sama prošnja nič ne pomaga, ji ponudi raznih jedi, da bi jo z njimi izvabil iz hiše; ako tudi še po-

tem noče zapustiti hiše, pošlje po bramine indijske duhovnike), ki ji za dobro plačo toliko časa prigovarjajo, da naposled zapusti hišo.

Jako strupena in nevarna kača je indijska naočarka. Vzlic temu pa jo indijski glumci, ki so na glasu zaradi svoje čudovite spretnosti in nezaslišne drznosti, love, nekako ukrote in potem kažejo za denar. Ta umetnost je že jako stara. Prvo poročilo, ki opisuje to kačo, govori tudi že o kačjih glumcih in zagovornikih. Lahkoverno ljudstvo res veruje, da ima glumec neko čarodejno moč nad kačami, a v resnici je glumec slepar, ki se s svojo umetnostjo opira na popolno poznanje kače in na lahkovernost ljudi. Navadno tudi iztrgajo kači poprej zobe, da je potem — vsaj za nekaj časa — neškodljiva. Mnogi glumci pa tega ne delajo. Igra s takimi živalmi je seve zmerom nevarna. Zanja je treba veliko urnosti, dosti poguma in neizmernega zaupanja v svojo spretnost. Glumec dobro pozna svojo žival, ve, da ne grize, ako ni hudo razdražena. Kadar je huda, se ji skrbno ogiblje; igra se z njo samo takrat, ko je potolažena. Ali pri vsem tem se dostikrat tudi najročnejši glumec prevara in izgubi pri tej nevarni igri življenje.



Prizor pod gorskimi velikani v Montani.

Kje je meja?

ČLOVEK se upravičeno vpraša, kje je meja pri postavljanju visokih poslopij, stolpov in velikanskih mostov. V New Yorku govorijo, da bodo postavili nebotičnik, katerega višina bo 1500 čevljev, kar je dvakrat toliko kot sedanji Woolworthov stolp, katerega že imajo za nekako čudo na svetu. Istotako govore z gotovostjo, da bo v bodočnosti postavljen visečimost čez Angleški preliv.

Toda zakaj bi se ustavili pri 1500 čevljih? Pravijo, da je mogoče postaviti maso jekla do višine treh in pol milj, predno bi se masa zdrobila radi lastne teže, in jeklena veriga bi visela iz iste višine do tal, predno bi sklep odpovedal in se utrgal vsled lastne teže.

Človeška sposobnost pri grajenju nebotičnikov je torej omejena samo toliko, kolikor zahtevajo potrebe. Pri grajenju morajo pa vedno gledati, da je v tleh tudi dovolj močna kamena naslaga, ki služi kot trdna podlaga. Tako sedaj tudi govorijo, da bi v nekem mestu postavili za poizkušnjo eno samo velikansko poslopje, v katerem bi živelo prebivalstvo vsega mesta.

Toda če ni meje radi postavljanja jeklenih nebotičnikov, je vendar tu važno vprašanje, ki omejuje velikost takih stavb, in to je vprašanje gibanja ljudi. Sploh pa ali si moremo predstavljati bodoče mestno prebivalstvo, da bi bilo zadovoljno z življenjem vseh v nebotičnikih, v katerih bi delali, se igrali, jedli in spali ter kupovali in prodajali! To bi pa bilo res imenitno. Ali vedeti moramo, da je največji vzrok gnječ v mestu iskati ravno v nebotičnikih.

Mostovi so skoraj ravno tolik predmet sanj današnjega Amerikanca kakor nebotičniki, kolikor on sanja o ogromnosti jeklenih in betonskih stavb.

Kakor pravi neki ameriški inženir ni za most čez Angleški preliv treba nič drugega kakor zgraditi dva velika zidana pomola na obeh straneh morja in na teh pa postaviti masivna jeklena stolpa, katera bi bila čez morje prevezana s kabli, da bi nosili most. Angleži so pa menda jezni radi tega velikega načrta Amerikancev, mogoče iz zavisti, mogoče pa tudi vsled računanja, da kaj takega ni mogoče. Zato pravijo: Zakaj bi gradili most samo čez Angleški preliv, zgradite ga še čez Atlantski ocean!

Na svetu res postaja zanimivo čeprav stari ljudje pravijo, da je mladi svet ponorel.

MOLČEČA ANKA.

Ah, ta mlečna kaša,
to jaz rada jem;
toda tega prav nikomur
ne povem!

Da bi mi jo snedli,
tega se bojim,
in zato je res najbolje,
da molčim!

E. Gangl.

Šola za mlade delavce

IZOBRAZBA.

PRVO vprašanje za človeka, ki spozna kako nepriliko v življenju ter ima voljo, nedostatek odpraviti, je, kako bo to dosegel. Če ne pozna vzrokov, mu ne bo mogoče odpraviti nedostatka, kajti znana reč je, da je z odpravo vzrokov se naj-uspešnejše odpravljajo posledice. Da pa spozna vzroke krivičnim razmeram, v katerih delavstvo živi, se mora prej izobraziti.

Vzemimo za primer sedanji spor med rudarji in podjetniki. Takih sporov je veliko in bi za primero vzeli marsikaterega drugega, toda spor v rudarstvu nudi najboljšo sliko, ker se vrši sedaj in ker je v njega zapletenih na stotisoče delavcev.

Kdo je kriv tega spora? Nekateri pravijo, da so krivi podjetniki, drugi zvrčajo krivdo na voditelje rudarske organizacije, tretji pa trdijo, da so krivi le delavci sami. Že take trditve pokazujejo, da se bo delavstvo moralo še veliko učiti, predno se bo moglo izvleči iz bojev za kruh, ki so v resnici ponižujoči za vse človeštvo in ki pokazujejo, da je ravno pomanjkanje izobrazbe krivo teh žalostnih bojev in trpljenja.

Podjetniki niso krivi. Oni so bili vzgojeni tako nastopati in oni vsaj v večini mislijo, da prav nastopajo. Voditelji organizacije niso krivi, ker oni so taki kakoršna je organizacija, iz katere so izšli. Če bi bil povprečen razum članstva v organizaciji višji kakor je, bi bili tudi voditelji organizacije bolj sposobni. Kdo more pričakovati, da bo iz organizacije z nevednim članstvom izšlo razumno voditeljstvo? Res je, da se mogoče pokaže v organizaciji posameznik visoke izobrazbe in poštenja, toda redko se more tak obdržati kot voditelj organizacije, ker se poleg njega v organizaciji najdejo tudi takozvani demagogi (zavajalci), katerim je lažje premotiti članstvo, kakor pa voditelju podučiti ga. Iz tega torej sklepamo, da se mora predvsem povzpeti članstvo organizacije samo, če hoče bolj sposobnega vodstva.

Delavec ne more narekovati podjetniku, kako naj ta vzgaja svojega otroka, torej ne more vplivati, da bi tudi bodoča generacija podjetnikov, ne bila izkoriščevalska. Toda vpliva pa neposredno s tem, da izobrazuje samega sebe in svoje otroke. Če bi bili vsi rudarji danes toliko izobraženi, da bi vedeli, da škodujejo le sami sebi, s tem da delajo med stavko njih tovarišev, bi podjetniki bili prisiljeni spremeniti svoje nazore; če bi bilo izkoriščanje delavstva nepoznano, bi tudi podjetniki ne vzgajali iz svoje mladine bodočih izkoriščevalcev. Izobrazba mora torej biti splošna, da se odpravijo vzroki brezpravnosti.

Če danes rudarska organizacija propada in če propadajo tudi druge organizacije, je to drug dokaz, kako potrebna je delavska izobrazba. Nevedni delavci spričo gonje podjetnikov in drugih izkoriščevalcev ne morejo ohraniti svoje organizacije, na čelu katere tudi dobrega vodstva nimajo. Po Ameriki je par delavskih šol, ki so jih ustanovile in jih vzdržujejo delavske strokovne organizacije. Te šole naj služijo v svrhu, da izidejo iz njih sposobni delavski voditelji. To so dobre ustanove in njih uspehi so že po kratkih letih obstanka dokaj očiti, ampak to je samo en korak na dolgi poti splošne izobrazbe, katera mora priti, če hočemo, da se človeštvo ne bo ukvarjalo s ponižujočimi boji za kruh, temveč da se bo posvetilo višjemu in človeka vrednemu izpopolnjevanju.

Delavske šole, katere že obstoje, pa vzlic dejstvu, da so še jako majhne in slabotne, zaslužijo vsega priznanja in podpore. Te so še najboljše kar delavstvo premore, kajti one so prvi čin velikega dela vsega človeštva za splošno izobrazbo, ki bo prišla v generacijah za nami.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Marija Grošljeva.

UBOGA PTIČICA

Dete:

"Ptičica otožna,
ptičica moja v kletki,
daj, zapojčkaj pesem
meni, mali Metki!"

Ptičica:

"Daj mi solčnih žarkov,
rožic daj v darilo,
pa zapojem tebi
pesem rajskomilo."

* * *

Solnca ni imela
v sobici uborni,
pa je izpustila
ptičko v svet prostorni.

Ptičica zapela
je v zeleni seči
pesmico o solncu,
rožicah in sreči.

Albin Čebular:

PESEM.

Zarjica je zgodaj vstala,
mlade fantiče zbudila
in na delo jih spremila.

Fantiči—življenja polni
pesem delu so zapeli,
na voziček brž se vseli.

Drga, drga . . . je drdralo
prav globoko v jamo črno—
prav med rudico srebrno.

Taka, tika, tika, toka!
so krampiči že zapeli,
fantiči pa onemeli . . .

Zarjica je zgodaj vstala,
mlade fantiče zbudila
v posteljico jih spremila . . .



"See America First," pravijo poznavalci naravne krasote ameriških dežel.
Slika tega jezercja med montanskimi vršaci priča o tej lepoti.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



THE LITTLE TELL-TALE.

One of the most detestable persons in the world is the tale-bearer. It was the case with Thomas. Each time he saw one of his schoolfellows do anything wrong, he ran off to tell the teacher.

That was very wrong of him, and his schoolfellows detested him. They made up their minds to punish him.

One day Thomas saw three of his comrades creep out of a hole in the hedge of an orchard which was the property of a farmer. He watched them carefully and recognized them all. Their pockets were stuffed so that the boys could hardly walk.

"Good," thought Thomas. "There are Peter, Andrew, and Johnny who have been stealing the farmer's apples. I am going to tell the teacher and he will punish them."

So he went and told the teacher what he had seen. The teacher ran out of the schoolhouse and saw the three boys in the road with their pockets bulging.

"Come here, you rascals!" he called. "Come here and let me see what you have in your pockets."

The three boys came up looking as if ashamed of having been caught in the act.

"Show me what you have in your pockets, Peter," said the teacher severely.

Peter pulled out of his pockets twelve large stones. Andrew and Johnny did likewise.

Then the teacher understood. He scolded poor Thomas, who fled, pursued by the jeers of his schoolfellows.

MALI TOŽLJIVEC.

Ena najbolj zopernih oseb na svetu je tožljivec. To je bil slučaj s Tomažem. Vsakokrat ko je videl katerega svojih šolskih tovarišev storiti kaj napačnega, je stekel povedat učitelju.

To je bilo zelo napačno od njega in njegovi šolski tovariši so ga zaničevali. Spoznamo se, da ga bodo kaznovali.

Nekega dne je Tomaž videl tri svoje tovariše izlesti iz luknje v plotu sadovnjaka, ki je bil last kmeta. Skrbno jih je opazoval in vse spoznal. Njih žepi so bili nabasani tako, da so dečki komaj hodili.

"Dobro," je mislil Tomaž. "Tam so Peter, Andrej in Janezek, ki so kradli kmetova jabolka. Povedat grem učitelju in on jih bo kaznoval."

Tako je šel in povedal učitelju, kar je videl. Učitelj je tekel iz šole in videl na cesti tri dečke z mahajočimi žepi.

"Pridite sem, vi malopridneži!" je zaklical. "Pridite sem, da vidim, kaj imate v svojih žepih."

Trije dečki so prišli gori in so gledali kakor osramočeni, da so bili prijeti v činu.

"Pokaži mi, kaj imaš v svojih žepih, Peter," je rekel učitelj strogo.

Peter je izvlekel iz žepov dvanajst velikih kamenov. Enako sta storila Andrej in Janezek.

Tedaj je učitelj razumel. Okregal je ubogega Tomaža, ki je bežal, zasledovan od roganja svojih šolskih tovarišev.





Albin Č.:

BRŽ PIŠI!

Škrateljček čita
v NAŠEM KOTIČKU,
kaj smo napisali,
kaj smo narisali
dalje spet gleda —
a se preseda . . .
nima obstanka,
ker dosti kotičkarjev
danes mu manjka!

Dragi čitatelji!

Kotičkarjev pa res manjka. Kaj se vam pripetilo ta mesec, da se vas je tako malo oglasilo v Našem kotičku? Vsi ste se zatekli v "Chatter Corner" in ga raztegnili tako, da to že ni več "Corner", temveč velika hiša. Če bo šlo tako naprej, bomo morali spremeniti naš "Corner"; napravili bomo ruk (naprej, ne nazaj) in vse uredili tako po vrsti kakor so hiše v Trsti.

Zdaj greste na počitnici. Šola vseh je končala in napočili so najlepši časi zabave na prostem. Kako rad bi bil z vami, ko se podaste na zeleni travnik, v park ali v gozd. Bili bi si dobri prijatelji in bi se skupaj igrali in si pravili pravljice. To pa seveda ne gre, kajti če bi hotel biti z vami, bi moral biti povsod po Združenih državah, ker vas je na tisoče in ste razkropljeni vsepovsod. Vendar pa lahko ostanemo ves ta čas skupaj, samo pišite pogosto, da bom vedel, kako se imate na počitnicah, ali vam društva prirejajo izlete ali piknike in kako je vaše veselje.

Kjer je društvo počasno, pa vi malo pocukajte stare člane. Če imajo zase piknik, vprašajte jih, kdaj ga pa vam priredijo; vprašajte vsi in vaši očetje in matere vam bodo radi privolili. V Chicagu je šest društev Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, ki bodo meseca julija imela vsa hkratu piknik samo za otroke. To bo veselje, kakoršnega še nismo imeli.

Kaj pa s pesmicami za "kontest"? Ali ne gre? Poslali ste mi res nekaj pesmic, toda jaz te že poznam, torej ste jih nekje prepisali. To pa nikakor ne gre. Če hočete, da pride vaša pesmica v kontest, jo morate sami napisati. Težko je to res, posebno za začetek, ampak s tem še ni rečeno, da ne morete narediti. Dokler česa ne skušamo, ne moremo reči, da ne gre. Saj vam je znana tista o oslu, ki je padel v jarek in stokal, da ne more ven. "Saj še nisi poizkusil priti ven," mu je rekel kmet. In ko je osel poizkusil, je res šlo.

Skušajte tudi vi, potem boste šele pisali, če gre ali ne gre. Ampak požuriti se morate, kajti tekma ne bo trajala dol-

go. Kdor bo napisal najboljše, ga čaka lepo darilce.

Urednik.

Cenjeni urednik:

Pregovor pravi, da obljuba dolg dela.

Naša šola bo končala meseca maja, nato imamo dosti časa, da se bomo naučili kaj o slovenskem jeziku in tudi kaj napisali v slovenskem jeziku za Mladinski list.

Jaz rada čitam vsako slovensko povest, posebno pa "Ošpice" in "Žaba", v angleškem pa "A Surprise" in "The Animal About to Die."

Jaz bi rada videla, da bi vsak član in članica, ki se še niso oglasili v Ml. listu, sedaj kaj napisali, ko bodo imeli počitnice — po končani šoli. Vem, da vsak laglje piše v angleškem jeziku kakor v slovenskem, pa če se zanima, se nauči tudi slovensko. V šoli sem prečitala okoli 30 knjig.

Končam in pozdravim vse člane in članice S. N. P. J. in urednika.

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

PTIČJA TOŽBA

1.

Stoji učilna zidana,
pred njo je stala jablana;
ta jablana je votel panj,
senica znosi gnezdo vanj.

2.

Senica zjutraj prileti,
na šolskem oknu obsedi,
nato pa kljunček svoj odpre,
tako prepevati začne:

3.

Poslušaj me, učitelj ti.
kako se mi sedaj godi.
Vsi dečki tvoji me črte,
povsod love, povsod more.

4.

Zazrli so moj ptičji rod,
in vrgli gnezdo so, zaplod,
mladiči tam, pomrli so,
oči svetle zaprli so.

5.

Grdobe grde, paglave,
masti ste vredni leskove;
kdor drobne ptičice mori,
ta v srcu svojem nič vreden ni.

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill., Box 18.

Dragi urednik:

Najlepša hvala vam, da ste poslali na moje ime moj lepi M. L. Tri funte sem se zredila (sedaj tehtam sto funtov) in to zato, ker je bil moj prvi za čitati. Prvo sem se jaz nasmejela, ker je moja sestra Rose morala čakati; bila sem prva in ona druga. In to je čisto prav, saj sem jaz dve leti starejša od nje.

Najlepši slovenski pozdrav vam, dragi urednik, in vsem čitateljem našega lista.

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland.

Iz Bryanta, Illinois, piše Paulina Feltz v slovenskem jeziku, pa želi, da pride v slovenskem v magazin. Pravi tudi, da hoče dopolniti pesem, ki jo je napisala Angela Martz iz Buhla, Minnesota. Napisala je znano o kozici:

Koza upije mekeke,
vse gorice zelene.
Kje sta kozel in kozica,
da ne pride volk, volčica,
volk, volčica, dudl du,
ki živita brez domu.
Volk za grmom, sivi tat,
plane kozi, skok za vrat.
Koza upije mekeke,
volk me stisnil je v zobe.

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH

1.

Slamico
nesem v jamico;
moja tam je hiška,
veste, jaz pa . . . ?

2.

Nisem gospodek,
ker v gozdu bivam,
v duplu snivam,
jem pa želodek.

3.

Strička smo že podkovali,
zdaj ga bomo osedlali,
se na dolgo pot podali.

4.

No, kateri striček
najbolj nam nagaja,
kadar trmico prodaja?

5.

Nad jasli dva roga,
v jaslih glavica —
to je naša . . . ?

ZASTAVICE ZADNJIH ŠTEVILK SO REŠILI

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

Joe Ilersich, Cleveland, Ohio.

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume VI.

JUNE, 1927.

Number 6.

ONE RAINY DAY

Look at what I have for you
 Moist and dirty gray,
 Muddy, soft and squashy, too
 It is modelling clay.

Many things you'll make with it,
 As very soon you'll know.
 Take it in your little hands
 And press it, roll it so.

A little ball I've made for you
 Out of modelling clay.
 And one you've made, which gives us two
 That we have made to-day.

J. H.

ORIENTAL NOCTURNE

A shadow palm above a milk-white wall;
 A stealthy foot-step in the silent street;
 Pale beams that on a star-etched casa fall
 And penetrate the lover's last retreat.

A window hung with crimson draperies,
 Through which a lamp glows like a dull
 red wine,
 As if some Jinni, among the drooping
 trees,
 Had set a Chinese lantern for a sign.

And like a shadow by the wall is One
 Whose eyes gaze long into the rose-red
 room,

The while a voice signs of a maiden won,
 Pouring its passion through the scented
 gloom.

The voice falls silent in the secret night,
 And then a hand puts out the ruby light.

Garnett Weston.

THE BLIND BEGGAR

Sometimes on a windy night,
 When the world is drifted white,
 I like to wander forth alone,
 With father's cape around me thrown,
 And imagine I'm a beggar,
 Lean and blind and old,
 Driven forth from every house
 And shrivelling in the cold.
 I shut my eyes to be more blind,
 And mutter as I blow along,
 "Be kind to me! Be kind!"
 Or else I huddle by the gate,
 And watch the firelight from our grate
 Paint red the icy window-sill,
 And leave the shadows blue and chill.
 I hear the laughter from within,
 But I—I cannot enter in,
 The teardrops down my cheek they steal
 And so I learn how beggars feel.

Florence Wilkinson.

The Struggling Life of Beethoven

Music is the one entrance into the higher world which comprehends mankind but which mankind can not comprehend.

IT is a hundred years ago that Beethoven died, sorrowing and sick, and sore with long endured unhappiness. The misery of his life has long since been forgotten; its glory is enduring.

With a great curiosity we turn to him. It seems to us that the man who wrote the "Ninth Symphony" and the "Appassionata" (Beethoven's most delicate works) ought to have been fashioned like a god, or a hero out of golden times. He must be large and grand and beautiful, we think. And suddenly we learn that he had none of these physical qualities; there was no beauty that men should desire him. Let us knock at the door of that house of life and see the genius at home.

Ludwig von Beethoven was born in a poor cottage at Bonn in 1770. He was a child and grandchild of two minor musicians, both poorly paid singers of the Royal Court. Ludwig's mother was the daughter of a cook. She had been a maid-servant in her younger days, and had married a valet before she married the musician. Ludwig adored his gentle and lovable mother and it was through her that any happiness came to him during the course of his childhood.

The father was a stern, egotistical man, not in any way a model father. He discovered the genius of his infant son very early and at an age when the child ought to have been playing hoop and ball, he was set to study music. For hours at a time the little Ludwig, aged four, was set at the harp which is much more difficult to play than piano, or was given a fiddle. If he rebelled, stern measures were taken. Before he was eight he had gauged the meaning of life—hard work and little fun. He was given the merest smattering of an education; knew something about the three Rs and enough Latin, as someone has said, to fill a postcard. Temperament and early hardships made the boy shy and quiet, and even at school he did not get the fun out of games that most of the boys get.

The father had a certain reward, from his own point of view, for the severe training given his son. When Ludwig was nine, the father said: "He knows all of music that could be learned." In the later years Beethoven did not agree with this and lamented his incomplete musical education.

Presently there was published a piece of music in C Minor composed by the young amateur, Ludwig von Beethoven, aged ten years. At eleven Ludwig was deputy organist to the Court; a year later he was conducting rehearsals in the theatre, both tasks at first unpaid. In the meantime trouble was brewing in the humble house in Bonn. One of Ludwig's brothers died, the father's voice had long since passed its prime, and his career became uncertain. There was never enough money in the home, and, to drown his misery father began to drink. Ludwig saw that he would soon be the sole support of the family.

It is bitter to reflect that his tender character, sensitive to the music of the spheres, should have been bound down to drudgery. Any ordinary boy would have been forgiven for throwing aside dreams and settling down to some work which would bring him money. But Ludwig's ambitions were growing, the sense of power was beginning to haunt him. He was vaguely aware that for him life was an opportunity to create great things.

The boy found peace in the beautiful scenes surrounding the town. He felt the purest joy in woods and hills and the swiftly gliding rivers. When he was old, he remembered his Rhineland mountains, and spoke of them with tears.

When Ludwig was seventeen, he lost his mother and became practically the head of the family, with a drunken father and several brothers and sisters to care for. There was more than one occasion when he had to take his father from the hands of the police. But before this something had happened which made almost all things bearable.

He had paid his first visit to Vienna and had played to Mozart. Ludwig was in an agony to please the great master. He knew that he had only been asked to play out of courtesy to the man who had introduced him. At first Mozart scarcely listened. Then he quietly drew the attention of his friends, and said: "Pay attention to him; he will make a noise in the world some day."

The young Beethoven was still assistant organist, and held the post four more years. He was working hard, giving lessons, and writing music of all kinds. When he was 22, the Elector of Cologne, who had awakened up to the fact that he had a genius among his Court musicians at Bonn, sent Beethoven to Vienna, the great musical city, where he would meet masters like Haydn. Some kind of stipend was arranged for him to begin with, but it was never enough, for the young man took the family with him. To the end he never shirked his duties.

Beethoven left Bonn just as the French Revolution touched the district. He met the armies of Hesse marching out against France, but then he cared little enough for the tumult although he became later an admirer of Napoleon. He even went to the length of composing a symphony for the man who was striding across Europe like a Colossus. It was described as a Heroic Symphony. While the symphony, now known as "The Eroica," was in the making, the composer heard that Napoleon had become Emperor of the French. Beethoven's dreams of a superb republic guided by a superb First Consul, were rudely broken. "Why," he said, in an outburst of rage, "this was nothing but an ordinary man after all; he had consented to become an emperor!"

Beethoven tore up the dictation of his work and rewrote it thus: "Heroic Symphony, composed to celebrate the memory of a great man."

We have some measure of what the great composer expected of others in the demands he set upon himself. In 1796 he writes in his notebook: "Courage! In spite of all my bodily weakness my genius shall yet shine forth. Twenty five years! That is the age I have now reached. This very year the man I am must reveal himself in his entirety."

Alas, two years after entering on that year was to test his powers, Beethoven began to be conscious of the tragedy that was looming ahead. There was in his ears night and day a humming that would not be dispelled. He marched up and down his room, frenzied; he thought, perhaps, that it was a chill or nervous disorder; he was too miserable, too proud to admit that the most bitter enemy of any musician was at his gates. As the suspicion dawned on him, he became a complete recluse. Two years passed by filled with intensely hard work and loneliness. At last, in 1801, he gave up the farce of pretending that the enemy had not entered his gates, and he wrote to a friend in those cruel days:

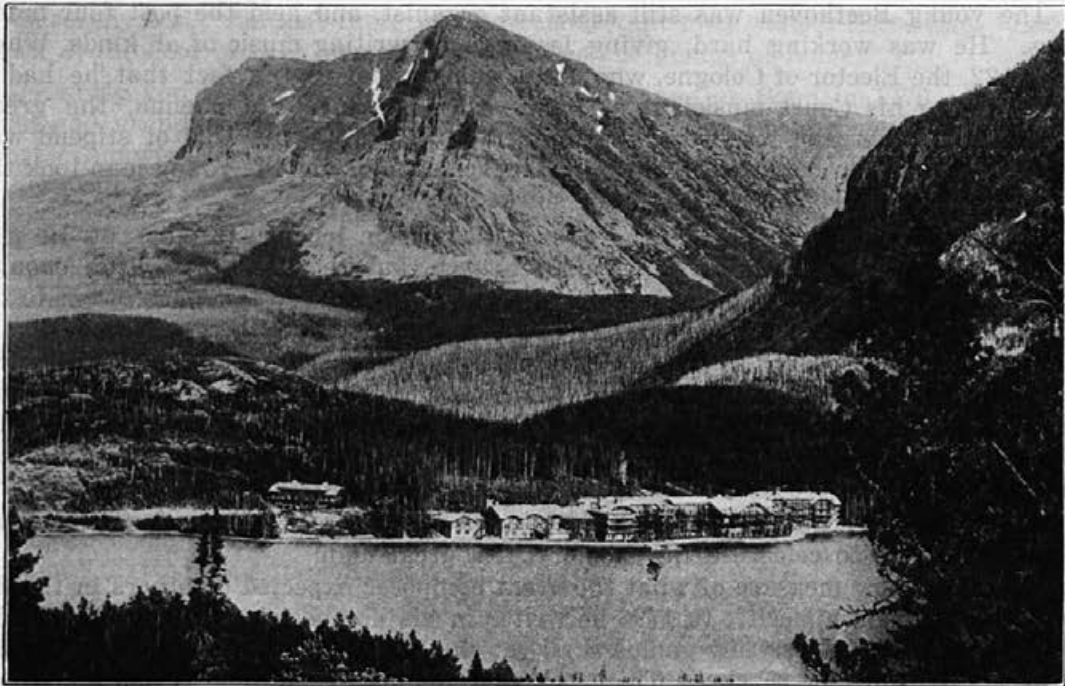
What a wretched life is mine! For the past two years I have avoided society of any kind for I cannot talk with people. I am deaf. Had I some other occupation I might become reconciled to my fate; as it is, my situation is a terrible one, for what would my enemies say if they knew; and they are many!

At the theatre I am obliged to take a seat quite close to the orchestra in order to understand the actor. When people speak softly, I scarcely hear them. Often I have cursed my

existence. If possible I will courageously bear with what fate may have in store for me, but there are moments in my life when I am the most wretched creature under heaven. Resignation! sorry refuge, and yet the only one left to me.

This misery found its way into some of his works, like the Pathetic Sonata, which is so unbearably sad. He was never free from sordid money troubles, having no fixed income and many family responsibilities.

Beethoven, who of all men ought most to have conserved his strength, allowed much of his energy to be nibbled at by love affairs. For many years he seemed to be always passionately in love with someone, and withal was the purest of men. After some years he settled down and managed to avoid these outbursts, but his attachments made him all the more sensitive about his infirmities. With his poverty, deafness, and the burden of his family, the dice were loaded against a happy mar-



The Tourist Hotels on the Banks of Many Lake, Glacier Park.

riage for Beethoven. He wrote bitterly about these things to those who had his confidence. But one letter penned about this time pulls far more at the heartstrings than a lover's moan:

My strength of body and intellect are growing. It is as if youth is just beginning. Every day draws me nearer my goal in life, a goal I can just catch a faint glimpse of without being able to define it. If only I were rid of my deafness, I would clasp the whole world in my arms . . . No rest! No repose; none that I know of except sleep. If only my deafness were half as bad as it is!

So the years passed by for this man marked out by Nature for a miraculous accomplishment. In 1806 it seemed that even Beethoven was to be happy. An idyll came into his life. He became betrothed to a delightful woman who had loved him for years, ever since he gave her piano lessons—Therese von Brunswick. Her brother, a count, was already a friend of Beethoven. For a time Beethoven was very happy,

and so was Therese. But something, no one knows what (probably an attack of pride) got in the way, and the engagement was broken. These two were faithful to each other's memory, nevertheless, to the end. Years later someone coming into Beethoven's room saw him with Therese's picture in his hand, talking aloud, as deaf people do. "Thou wert so lovely and great, so like an angel," said the lonely man.

When Beethoven was about forty, a curious change came over him. He was no longer sensitive about himself, no longer troubled about what anyone thought of him. His position and his appearance alike became of no moment whatever. His character and his work, two enormous forces, had triumphed over the rest of the influences of his life. He had earned the right to homage. "I recognize no other sign of superiority than goodness," he said. This was a magnificent statement coming from a man who was recognized as the greatest musician the world had ever known and had every reason to be vain and proud of his superiority in musical genius over all his rivals.

But no one could live Beethoven's hard life for him. And he did not in any measure get his deserts. Three princes of Austria agreed to give him a pension so that he could write in peace, but the money did not come regularly; and his scapegrace nephew was always writing begging letters. Somewhere about the time of Waterloo the great silence closed on him absolutely. He became totally deaf, and had to use a conversation notebook. When he was aware that anyone wished to speak to him, he passed the notebook, and questions and replies were jotted down in pencil.

Ten more years passed; the winters in Vienna, the summers in the country. Nature became his only solace. He had intense love for all that he saw, once the city was left behind, and he spent hours dreaming of the shapes of clouds, flowers in the hedges, the trees bending under the wind. He went about hatless, a queer, uncouth figure, the face marred by suffering and made beautiful by the changeless force of an upright character. All his walks were taken alone; that is to say, outwardly alone, for Nature took the bruised and tired spirit in her arms.

Beethoven had an unshakable love for his nephew and would never admit that the young man was cheating him; he always forgave him, wrote beautiful letters to him, and always hoped that things would mend. But in 1824 this young man, a university student of literature failed in every way and decided to take up trade. After the unsuccessful examination he tried to shoot himself, but was arrested by the police of Vienna. In the end he joined the army. This disaster was a terrible blow for the uncle.

Nothing is finer in Beethoven's life than the spectacle of his last few working years. A servant recorded his day's work:

At half past five he was up and at his table, beating time with hands and feet, singing, humming, writing. At half past seven was the family breakfast and right after it he hurried out of doors, and would saunter in the fields, calling out, waving his hands, now going very slowly, now very fast, and then suddenly standing still and writing in a kind of pocket book. At midday he came in to dinner, and then to his room till about three; then again in the fields till sunset. At half past seven was supper, and then he wrote till ten, and then to bed.

Yet Beethoven felt that he had done nothing, and that his work lay before him. "I feel," he said, "as if I had scarcely written more than a few notes." His last work, a B-flat quartette, was dated November, 1826. An unfortunate journey in an open chaise brought on a severe chill, inflammation of the lungs, and then dropsy. For four months he lay ill, writing and dictating letters and dipping for the first time into Schubert's songs, delighted with them and saying, "Truly, Schubert has the divine fire."

From his bed Beethoven planned a wonderful Tenth Symphony, to be quite different from anything else he had written. He had no idea, nor had most of his friends, that this sick bed was to be his death bed. Then he weakened rapidly and soon the news spread through Germany that the great Beethoven was at his last. When he was dying, Schubert came to see him, and could not understand the motions of the gaunt, weak hands. Beethoven had an unhappy death, a long and painful struggle. He died at last, in the evening of March 26, 1827, during a violent thunderstorm.

He was only 56, and he left behind him a mass of work, which those who know best say it would take many lifetimes to understand. But his greatest symphony, his finest sonata, was his own character, his indomitable fight against adversity.

Outdoor Games

Compiled by Glenn D. Adams.

SCOUTING HIKE

It is fun when two hiking parties start at the same time from two different towns and hike towards each other. Have a judge with each party with a watch and see which party spoke the other first and see how much information each can secure regarding the number and description of the opposing party without being caught. Special honors should go to the boy first discovering the enemy. This can be a lot of fun and give an opportunity for much ingenuity in out-maneuvering and scouting one's opponents.

STRING FOLD BOXING

A rope is tied to the right ankle of each boxer and also to the rear of his corner. This allows each boxer to go a little over half way to meet his opponent but no further. Regular boxing is then engaged in with this audience. Another method is to have the rope tied between the ankles of the two boys so that they are tied together.

SMEDGE BOXING

A regular boxing bout is indulged in except that the gloves of one of the contestants is dipped in lamp black or burned cork. Every time he hits his opponent it makes a mark on him, without the opponent realizing it, which is fun for the on-lookers. Another method is for each boxer to have his gloves smeared.

BARREL WRESTLING

Each boy stands up in an empty barrel from which all projecting nails have been carefully removed. The boys then box with each other and see which can knock his opponent over in his barrel first.

SNAP TURTLE

Try to grasp the four fingers of your opponent's hand and squeeze tightly without his grasping your four fingers first.



Fragments too Precious to be Forgotten

MOTHER

WE were the best friends, and if she had to punish me we were exactly the same ten minutes afterwards because she was always just, and never lectured me. She never said I was a sinner—but then she never said I was a saint; she treated me just as an ordinary boy, and told me that we couldn't all be perfect, but if we fought honestly and did our best that was all one could expect from us. I've always remembered that; it's been my sort of creed, and it's kept me from feeling too much of a worm sometimes. And the result of her self-sacrifice (for that's what it was, but it was done so smoothly I thought nothing of it at the time) the result is she's kept me straight, she and her memory.

Desmond Coke.

A HOPE, A MEMORY, AND A FLASH

THE Past is not, but memory
 With vivid brush recalls it;
 The Future is not, but fond hope
 With eager breath forestalls it.
 The Present only is — a flash;
 It passes ere the thunder's crash.
 Such, then, is life and all that's in it:
 A hope, a memory, and a minute.

Metastasio.

TO A CHILD

IF by any device or knowledge
 The rosebud its beauty could know,
 It would stay a rosebud forever,
 Nor into its fullness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy sweetness,
 O little one, perfect and sweet,
 Thou would'st be a child forever,
 Completer whilst incomplete.

F. T. Palgrave.

THE WINDS THAT BLOW ABOUT THE WORLD

WHEN in our gardens we look at the growing grass we can admire not only the fresh hue of this gay carpet of greenery and the grace of the flowers that adorn it: we can lift our thoughts up higher and think that each blade of grass that we crush beneath our feet is our silent benefactor; for if, on the one hand, we contribute toward its nourishment by providing it with the carbon dioxide without which it would fade and perish, it, on its part, gives us freely all we need for our material life.

We can think that this harmony is sublime in its perfection, for if some lands are plunged in the inclemencies of winter for many long months the winds establish between these disinherited countries and ours an incessant exchange, which brings to our woods, to our fields, the carbon dioxide produced by the breath of the Laplander or the Eskimo, and carries back to these inhabitants of the Polar region the oxygen exhaled from the mouths of our vegetables.

Camille Flammarion.

THE FAILURES

Every failure teaches a man something if he will learn.

Charles Dickens.

MAN'S INHERITANCE

WHAT is the good of all that starry firmament and the revolving planets, of all Creation's labor up to now, if it is not to enable a man to live in freedom, in happiness, and in activity among his surroundings?

Goethe.

The Earlier History of Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

Slovenes Lose Their Independence

THE missionaries from Bavaria and Italy began to flock into the country of Slovenes more for the purpose of paving the way for the foreign dukes than in behalf of Christianity. The natives, however, repeatedly drove them out; they were beginning to understand that the pagan religion meant their independence, and as soon as they would become Christians, they would be slaves of the bishops and Christian dukes.

Two Church dukes, Patriarch Paulin of Aquilea, and the Archbishop of Salzburg, Arno, sent into Slovenia (796 A. D.) two hosts of priests, accompanied with armies which were, as it was proclaimed, determined to protect the missionaries at the work of Christianization. But the interests of these two Church dukes were as to under whose rule the Christianized Slovenia would fall. The patriarch of Aquilea insisted that the Slovene territory, called Pannonia, still belonged to Rome; whereas the Archbishop of Salzburg claimed that the Slovenes must belong to his state, because his missionaries have worked among the Slovenes for half a century already. The result was that it was easier for the Slovenes to drive out the foreign armies of priests and soldiers, and remain independent in their loose organization of "županije" until the Emperor Charlemagne, in 811 put an end to their independence by many conquests over the disorganized nations of the east. He divided the Slovenes into two main provinces of which one (South of Drava River) belonged to the Patriarchs of Aquilea, and the other part (North) to the Archbishops of Salzburg.

The most stubborn fighters against the invading Christians, lived in the mountains and remained faithful to their old religion for generations, after the occupation of Franks. But these were in minority and lost their cause after many battles.

Charlemagne knew what the Slovene territories meant to his state; therefore he organized them as strongholds against the bordering barbarians of the East. Because he was aware of the fact that a united territory of Slovenes might prove dangerous to his control; he held the territories subdivided into two main provinces, under different leaders. These provincial organizations in the days of Charlemagne, indeed, were weak, partly because of the hatred towards the foreign masters and partly because of the influence which the Slovene "župani", or leaders of the communes, still retained.

There were several small Slovene state organizations within the state which were not willing to recognise any foreign sovereignty. In Carinthia there existed an independent Slovene state under the leadership of natives, as dukes, Inka, Prbislav, Semika, Stojmir, and Etgar. In Carniola Duke Vojnomir, although himself a pagan, was known as a friend of Franks, whom he helped in war against Avars.

During this period the first Southern Slav state was in the making, under the leadership of Ljudevit Posavski. He hated the suppression of Franks more than any other duke, and because they paid no heed to his protests, he began with an open rebellion against Franks in 818. Frankish troops fought him and tried to suppress the rebellion, but they were soon driven out of Slovenia. Encouraged by his first victory, Ljudevit, supported by most of the native nobles, proclaimed the independence of the Southern Slav country. Yet this independence lasted only four years; for the united forces of Germany and Italy, under the leadership of

Franks, attacked Ljudevit's armies on three frontiers. Two years of severe fighting, all over Slovenia and Croatia, did not result in any definite victory; but finally, Ljudevit was treacherously killed and his prosperous country far and wide became a scene of devastation caused by the Frankish, German and Italian troops.

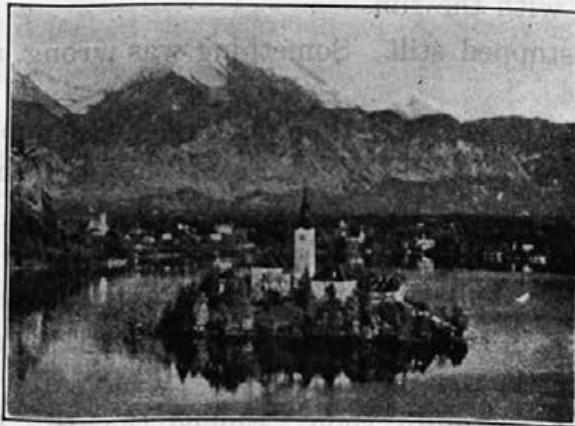
After the fall of Ljudevit the Slovenes and Croats had to face sad conditions. German control became general in Slovene Alp territories; but, in the meantime, a new Slovene state organization was realized in the east under the rule of Kocel. This state was mainly in the eastern Hungary and partly in the plateaus of Styria.

Kocel's father, Pribin, although a pagan himself favored the Franks and even allowed to build churches in his independent Slovene state; but he paid dearly for his friendship. He was captured in a battle with Franks; and, afraid of his popularity among the Slovenes, they killed him in 861.

After the death of his father, Kocel immediately took over the leadership of eastern Slovenes. Being a Christian he sent delegates to Pope Hadrian, asking him to delegate Method, a popular bishop among the Slovenes, to Christianize the remaining pagans among the Slovenes. The Pope did so and Method worked among the Slovenes for several years; but the antagonistic bishops of Germany who knew they were losing grounds in this unique, independent state of Slovenes, forced Kocel to give up; and he died in 874 without successors. His country fell under the rule of a German count, Goswin.

The close contact with Bavarians and Franks had a strong influence upon the social life of the Slovenes. German institutions and customs were introduced and, above all, the traditional equality and individual liberty disappeared. Under the control of Germans we see immediate differences and the formation of classes: nobles, freemen, and slaves. Under the regime of Franks, the Slovenes, after the loss of the national liberty were deprived of the individual liberty: instead of being free men, they became serfs or slaves.

(To be continued.)



Lake Bled.

The Little Red Hen and the Fox

HOW hungry I am," said the Big Black Fox to his mother one day. "Have you any food?"

"Not I," Mother Fox replied. "Not I."

"We'll then," said the Big Black Fox, "boil a big kettleful of water. Have it good and hot, for I shall go for the Little Red Hen this early morning.

Off went the Big Black Fox in search of the Little Hen.

Poor Little Red Hen, mending and mending, had been working since the sun came up. She had just begun to think of breakfast and was out to seek some nice, juicy worms, for she was very, very hungry. How could she know that the Big Black Fox was hunting for her?

The Little Red Hen left the door open, for she hoped to be away but for a few moments. And while she was away, the Big Black Fox came and slipped inside.

"Ha, ha!" said he. "It won't be long before the Little Red Hen will come back. And then we shall have a delicious breakfast, Mother Fox and I."

I had almost forgotten the bag that Big Black Fox had brought with him to carry the Little Red Hen, he was so sure about. Now he hid himself and the bag.

In came the Little Red Hen with seven juicy worms.

"The early hen catches the juicy worms," she thought, and was glad that she had risen with the sun.

Suddenly she stopped still. Something was wrong, and she was greatly frightened.

"Now what can it be?" she thought. She was about to run to the door when out popped the Big Black Fox from his hiding place.

"Not so fast, Little Red Hen. Not so fast."

Quicker than a wink, Little Red Hen had dropped her seven juicy worms and half flew, half jumped upon the high mantel-piece.

"Come down," said the Big Black Fox. "Come down at once."

"Not I," the Little Red Hen replied. "I am safer up here."

"You'll come down quite soon," replied the Big Black Fox with a wicked smile. "I have a trick that will do it."

Then he started to run in a circle. Poor Little Red Hen. She turned and turned to watch him, wondering what he was up to. The faster the

fox ran, the faster she turned, and soon she became so dizzy she toppled off the mantle-piece.

The Big Black Fox pounced upon her and stowed her inside the bag. Then he was off.

"I hope," he thought, "Mother will have water nice and hot, so we do not have to wait."

The Big Black Fox was quite pleased with himself and his cunning. He wasn't a bit sorry for the Little Red Hen.

It was quite after ten now. And hot? It was so hot that the Big Black Fox had to stop oftener and oftener to rest. The heat began to make him drowsy. And so, as you may suspect, he sat down once too often, for he was sound asleep in a second.

"What shall I do?" thought the Little Red Hen, who hadn't despaired a bit. "I know," she suddenly remembered that she had been mending that morn. "How lucky that I have my sewing materials with me. My scissors, my needle, and thread. I hope my chance will soon come."

Then she heard the fox snoring, so she knew he was fast asleep. "Now!" she said. Out came her little scissors. Quickly she cut a hole large enough for her to pass through.

"Now for a stone as large as myself," she thought.

She found one at last. Very quietly, yet quickly, she placed it inside the bag and sewed the cut she had made. When she had finished, off she went, faster than she ever thought she could travel. Back to her home she hurried, and when she got there, she could not close the door fast enough.

Then she locked it and double locked it. Not only that, but she hurried down the cellar and locked the cellar door, for she was so scared.

The Big Black Fox awakened at last.

"I must have fallen asleep. How silly, the water must be all boiled out by now. Come. I must hurry," he said, as he lifted the bag upon his shoulder. He went but a few steps before he noticed the weight of his load.

"What a juicy, plump little hen she must be," he thought, and thinking that, he did not grumble at the weight.

He arrived at his little house at last. There was mother Fox at the door, quite anxious, and watching the walk to see if he were coming.

"You've been gone so long," she complained. "The water boiled out once and would have boiled to nothing again, had I not poured more and more into the pot."

"I'm sorry, Mother Fox," the Big Black Fox replied. "But is it hot enough now?"

"Come and you shall see," she replied. She lifted the cover. What a cloud of steam there was.

"Quite hot enough, I am sure," agreed her son. "Now hold the cover while I open the bag so that the Little Hen can fall right in."

Now you know and I know that the Little Red Hen was not inside. Otherwise we should have had to cry for the Little Red Hen and for how she died.

Instead, as the Big Black Fox opened the bag wide, out rolled the big stone and into the scalding water it went. Out splashed almost the whole pot full upon the Big Black Fox and Mother Fox.

They suffered for days and days. They would not even leave their house, and had it not been for kind neighbor foxes, they might have died.

But never again did Big Black Fox think of the Little Red Hen.

TOO MUCH "SOMETHING."

<p>SAID Mrs. A. To Mrs. J., In quite a confidential way: "It seems to me That Mrs. B. Takes too much something in her tea." And Mrs. J. To Mrs. K. That night was overheard to say She grieved too much Upon it much, But Mrs. B. took such-and-such. Then Mrs. K. Went straight away And told a friend the self-same day. 'Twas sad to think (Here came the wink) That Mrs. B. was fond to drink.</p>	<p>The friend's disgust Was such she must Inform the lady whom she mused, That Mrs. B. At half-past three Was that far gone she couldn't see. The lady we Have mentioned, she Gave needlework to Mrs. B., And at such news Could scarcely choose But further needlework refuse. Then Mrs. B., As you'll agree, Quite properly, she said, said she, That she would track The scandal back To those who painted her so black.</p>
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Old verses reprinted.





Dear Readers:

Your numerous contributions to this month's issue show that you made a big step forward. The old folks will no doubt feel proud of the "S. N. P. J. Joygivers" if you show them our large "Chatter Corner" of this month. Sometimes I find myself perplexed thinking how to find enough space to include all your letters in the issue; for, after all, we have only a corner for the contributions, and we will have to change our "corner" into something bigger in order to have enough room for all.

June days are play days. I know how good it seems to boys and girls to spend long hours outdoors without having run into the house to warm tingling fingers or smarting toes. Therefore, play outdoors; I am prepared to tell you about interesting games and will do so in Mladinski list during the summer months.

Do not forget that we have the most interesting contest of the season, or, what I mean, you have to make this contest the most interesting. Did you try to write a verse, a stanza, or a poem? If not, do not delay, and send it to me immediately. If you are able, try to write one in Slovenian; if not, send me one in English. In both cases the poem must be yours.

Editor.

MLADINSKI LIST.

- M** stands for a magazine that we all very much appreciate.
- L** stands for a lodge—join one—it isn't too late.
- A** stands for active, the part we are all trying to maintain.
- D** stands for the dearest that our lodges contain.
- I** stands for individual as the lodge takes care of each.
- N** stands for national, a part of the S. N. P. J.'s name—it's a peach.
- S** stands for Slovenian, the dear language we love to speak.
- K** stands for knowledge—every member has some, even though weak.
- I** stands for industrious which everyone is always.
- L** stands for the S. N. P. J. laws that each one obeys.
- I** stands for the items that appear in our magazine—Hurrah!
- S** stands for safety, when we're members of the S. N. P. J.
- T** stands for truthfulness which is most important of all.

Agnes Jurecic, age 14, member
of No. 102, S. N. P. J.

M A Y

May shall make the world anew;
 Golden sun and silver dew,
 Money minted in the sky,
 Shall the earth's new garment buy.
 May shall make the orchards bloom;
 And the blossoms' fine perfume
 Shall set all the honey-bees
 Murmuring among the trees.
 May shall make the bud appear
 Like a jewel, crystal clear,
 'Mid the leaves upon the limb
 Where the Robin lilts his hymn.
 May shall make the wild flowers tell
 Where the shining snowflakes fell;
 Just as though each snowflake's heart
 By some secret magic art,
 Were transmuted to a flower
 In the sunlight and the shower.
 Is there such another, pray,
 Wonder making month as MAY?

Dorothy Rossa.

A GOOD COMPLIMENT

Our society, the S. N. P. J., has improved in many ways and is the greatest of beneficial societies in our country. It is better than the insurance companies and other societies. For a small assessment each month it pays a high death benefit to its members. When a member is sick, he gets a certain amount a day.

After comparing the societies, ours seems to be the best

We are the juveniles of the S. N. P. J.
 A happy bunch are we,
 'Cause everything we write to her,
 We're full of joy and glee.

Hoping my next issue of the M. L." comes soon. Will answer it sooner than this one.
 Best regards to all,

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I received the magazine and saw where Margaret Pozega received my letter, but I do wish she would answer it.

Well, we are getting ready for the eighth grade examination.

The story that Anna Klobchar wrote is a good story. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Yours truly,

Hazel Wagner, Park Hill, Pa.

ON THE HIKE.

The hike's the thing both Fall and Spring, Yoho!
 for strudy tramping!
 With jolly chorus and crackling drums and joys
 of open camping.
 Cross hill and plain and home again, dressed
 right for hours of trailing,
 In khaki suits and stout-soled boots, and God's
 fresh air inhaling.
 With motion free (though B. V. D. delightfully
 loose fitting),
 We swing along and lift a song without a thought
 of quitting.
 Come, join the scouts, you indoor louts; away
 with grouch and pouting.
 Get in the swim! Yell with a vim—"Hooray"
 —we're off a-scouting!
 Albin Cebular, 241 Ash St., Vandling, Pa.

WHAT I LIKE BEST IN THE M. L.

I like the "Lesson in Slovene" best, because it helps me a lot in reading and writing Slovene. Also, the stories are very interesting and most of them have a good moral. I have found out, changing these stories, that I know more about reading and writing Slovene, than I did before.

Many of our friends who have seen the "Lesson in Slovene" (in M. L.) said that they want their children to become members of the S. N. P. J., because it has such a wonderful magazine. They think that the "Lesson in Slovene" is just glorious.

Of course all of them want their children to read and write Slovene. They think that this magazine, especially the "Lesson in Slovene", will help their children to read and write Slovene better, then they themselves could teach them. (I think so too.)

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I am 13 years old and I'm in the 8th grade. I go to Central Junior High School. I have three sisters. We all belong to the S. N. P. J.

Here is a joke:

Foreman: "How is it you've been pounding on that rock all day long and I break it on the first blow?"

Worker: "You ought to—I've been softening it for you."

Very truly yours,

John Hren, 2717 Spruce St., Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Editor:

I have two brothers and one sister; we are all members of the S. N. P. J. I am 12 years old. Our school will soon be out, again a chance for us little fellows to play. We all like to read

the Mladinski List and wish it would come oftener. I may write more next time.

Yours truly,

Willie Milavec, Box 85, Nokomis, Ill.

Dear Sisters and Brothers:

I certainly do like to read the stories and riddles that are in the M. L. I do not write very often to the M. L. The boys are very busy writing letters since someone told them how lazy they were. I guess the boys would not want the girls tell them to hurry again.

I go to the Kirwan Heights school, near Bridgeville. I go to school on a buss. The boys are busy fixing up our school ground. We are planting roses and lilacs in front of our school. We are also planting shrubs around the school.

Our girls are pretty good players this year. They played volley ball and won all games and got a cup. They also won the basket-ball championship of Allegheny County and received a cup. Now we are playing dodge ball games and won all that we played so far. We have only three more games to play and I hope they will win. The boys lost all the games they played in baseball. They lost almost every game in basketball.

We are practicing running races and are throwing ball. The ones that win will go to Schenely Oval at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here is a riddle.

There are three brothers.

The first goes away and never comes back again.

The second eats and eats and is never satisfied.

The third goes to sleep and never wakens.

Who are they?

Here are some jokes:

Speaker: Ladies and gentlemen. I am before you to stand behind you.

I was here last night at six o'clock this morning and a truckload of bricks came down the road and half-killed a dead cat.

It was summer in the winter and the rain was falling fast.

A barefooted boy stood sitting in the grass.

Your friend,

Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa., Box 659.

Dear Editor:

It has been quite a while since I have written to the Mladinski List. Through this magazine I have made friends with two members, Francis Stimac of East Bradly, Pa., and Alicia Scarlett of Export, Pa. I love to read their letters, for they are always interesting.

I am now in the 8th grade and 14 years of age. Our school was out on the 20th of May.

After finishing common school, I expect to go to high school. For my life's work I expect to take trade as a stenographer.

I am glad to see how our magazine has grown. The letters written by our brothers and sisters are getting more interesting each month.

Here is a joke:

Bobby, coming home from his first day at school, announced proudly that he could write. To prove it he made scrawls on a piece of paper.

"But, Bobby," said his mother, "what does it say?"

"Don't know yet," said Bobby, "I haven't learned to read."

Best of luck to all members, Yours truly,

Mary Yankovich, Lawrence, Pa., Box 74.

Club No. 126, S. N. P. J.

Dear Editor:

I am 9 years old and in the 4A grade, East Clark. The last time I got the Juvenile it was on Dorothy's name. My big sister Alice, she is 13 years old, laughed at me because it did not come on my name. She said it did not because I did not write in it. My mother said I could not write because there were enough English letters and I don't know how to write in Slovenian. But I thought I would write now and keep it up. I like to read letters, jokes, and poems.

Here is my poem of May.

May Poem.

May is here, the world rejoices,
Earth put on her smiles to greet her,
Grove and field lift up their voices,
Leaf and flow's come forth to meet her,
Happy May, blithe-some May!
Winter reign has passed away.
Happy May, blithe-some May!
Winter reign has passed away!

Rose Rossa, 995—141. St., Cleveland, O.

(Thanks for the little "kittens."—Editor.)

Dear Editor:

We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 223. I have two brothers and one sister. I am in the 6th grade and 12 years old. Our school was out on May 20, 1927. We had a picnic on last day at Oakford Park. I wish some of the members would write to me; my address is:

Frances Blatnik,

R. F. D. 7. Box 11. Greensburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am 8 years old and just learning to read the M. L. I like it. I have two more brothers, they like to hear me read to them. I went to school every day and never missed one day in two years. Our school is out now. I was promoted to the second grade. I like my teacher. The school I go to, is Pershing school, Dist. No. 82.

Best wishes to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. My address is:

Robert LeRoy Selan, Ezra, Ill.

A PRESIDENT'S DUTIES.

A president's duties are many. He is the chief executive of the society, therefore he has a great deal of important things to do.

He must do everything to set himself as an example and follow all the laws, but still enforcing them. Then the other members will do or should do the same. When laws are enforced, he must see that they are good ones. As for the good laws, he could secure more members, that's the laws shouldn't be against the people's social affairs. He should induce people to become members.

A president should give speeches for the benefit of the members and the club. He also should induce them to give a play, dance, etc.

A president ought to do his best for everyone and for the organization.

Our Helper, The President.

The members are so very small,
And they look the same;
How can a president know
The way they ought to aim.
And so I'm waiting round.
In case of any help or hinder,
A president ought to do his best
For every single member.

M. K., Lodge 284.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, but it will not be my last as you will receive more from me. I have four sisters (two are married) who all belong to the S. N. P. J. My father has been an officer of the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 6 of Morgan. My little nephew, John Junior, is going to join the S. N. P. J. soon.

The main purpose of writing this letter to you, is to let you know of our baseball team. It has eleven members in it who are all members of the S. N. P. J., and they are as follows:

Jacob Drobne,	Albert Pustoverk,
Arthur Dermotta,	Louis O'Korn,
Harry Pleterssek,	Albert Dernovsek,
John Pleterssek,	John Allesky,
Rudolph Knez,	Tony Platta,
	Frank Ursitz.

Not one member of our baseball club is under eleven years of age or over thirteen. We will challenge any team of the same age for a game.

Now come on, fellow members of the S. N. P. J., pick up a baseball team and we will show you our "stuff."

I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade at Cuddy Jr. High School.

Your friend,

Arthur Dermotta.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep;
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and over the lea;
And I know what is best for me,
That's the way with Billy and me;
But this I know I love to play,
Through the meadow and over the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
And I know what is best for me;
That's the way with Billy and me.

E. Kodelja, 12 years old, Terre Haute, Ind.

THE STORY OF FORTUNE.

There once lived a man who had three sons—William, Johnny, and Robert. They had no mother, and they were very poor.

One day their father said, "Boys, you must go and seek your fortune."

Of course, William had to go first, for he was the oldest. He started on his journey. He did not go far before he came to a farm, where a young fellow like William was needed. He went to the door and asked the farmer if he might work for him. The kind farmer said, yes. William asked how much he would receive for his salary. The farmer said, four dollars a day. William agreed. He worked here for three weeks. He thought that he might go home now.

He started off for his journey toward home. On his way home he lost his money (\$72).

Next it was Johnny's turn. He started on the journey. He came to the same place as William did. The kind farmer said the same as he did to William. Johnny stayed here for two weeks. He received \$48. On his way home he lost the money. Then father said to William and Johnny, "Boys, you were loafing, then you say you lost the money."

Now, it was Robert's time to go. He started off for his journey. He did not go very far before he came to the same farmer that William and Johnny did. Robert asked what his salary would be. The farmer said, five dollars a day. Robert agreed. He worked here for three weeks. He received \$90 from the farmer. He happily went home. While he was going home he found 72 dollars (that his brother William lost). On farther he went till he found 48 dollars (that his brother Johnny lost). Then he went on further till he had seen something gleaming before his eyes. "Oh! How happy I am," he cried. "It is gold."

He came home, gave the money to his father and smiled. Then the father said to the other two sons—William and Johnny that they must go into the world. William and Johnny went, hunting for work, while Robert and his father had a good time, and they lived happy ever after.

Pauline Klobchar, Finleyville, Pa. R. D. No. 1.

Dear Editor:

I belong to the S. N. P. J. and so does my sister. We both like the "Mladinski List" and wish it would come once a week instead of once a month. My father is tajnik of lodge 227, at Mohrland. If any of you writers wants to write to me, my address is:

Ergen, Mohrland, Utah, Box 133.

Ralph Jelenc, Sheboygan, Wisconsin:

I am nine years old. I like to read the Mladinski list. Whenever I get it, I read it till I am through."

Dear Editor:

I wish the M. L. would come more than once a month. I like to read the jokes and stories in it. I have two brothers and one sister. They were all happy, because they were promoted. I am fourteen years of age and am in the eighth grade. We are also members of the S. N. P. J.

I have a joke:

Johnny sits at a corner and pulls his sole off his shoe for it is hanging. He begins to swear.

A preacher comes along and tells Johnny if he would swear, his soul would not go to heaven.

Johnny said to the preacher that if he would get his sole off his shoe it would go over the fence.

Louis Changle, South View, Pa.

Joseph Povhe, Gowanda, N. Y.:

"I like the story "Juan Ponce de Leon—Seeking the Fountain of Youth." I have a brother and sister. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. My father is the secretary of Lodge No. 325. I am very thankful to my father and mother, because they made it so that we all belong to that good lodge.

Here are two riddles:

Some flour of England, and some fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain:

Put in a bag, tied with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle,

I'll give you a ring.

As I went through an orchard
Who should I meet, but Dick Red Cap;
A stick in his hand, and a stone in his throat.
If you tell me this riddle, I'll give you a goat."

My name is Stella Germovshek. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss Cusic. I am in the fourth grade and my brother is in the fourth grade also; his name is Louis Germovshek. We have a sewing club at our school; we do pretty fancy work. Our teacher learned us how to do it. We make baby dolls in our school. We have much fun at school. Here is my address:
Stella Germovshek, Broughton, Pa. Box 7.

Margaret Prasnikar, Clinton, Indiana:

"I'm 14 years old, in the 8 grade. My brother is 12 years old, in the 6 grade. Our school is out. We surely have good schools in Clinton. I can read and speak Slovenian; mother is learning me how to write in Slovenian. Those who wish to write to me, my address is: Margaret Prasnikar, Clinton, Indiana, Box 17.

I am a member of S. N. P. J. in Red Lodge, Montana, Lodge 81."

Adeline Povhe, Gowanda, N. Y.:

"I am seven years old and in the second grade. I am very interested in the M. L. I am always trying to solve the riddles in the M. L.

Here is a riddle:

I went to the wood and got it;

I sat down and looked at it.

The longer I looked at it,
the less I liked it.

I brought it home, 'cause

I couldn't help it."

Dear Editor:

Everyone in the family reads Mladinski L. Everytime the Mladinski List comes, I first look if my letter has been published in the magazine.

I am learning how to read and write in Slovenian; it is very difficult to learn.

My father went to Florida in April 13.; he wrote my mother a letter that we should move there when school is out. He said that it was very nice in Florida and he went swimming in the lake.

My next letter will come from Florida.

Truly yours,

Arley Bozicnik, Nokomis, Ill.

Dear Friends:

I would like to join to write letters and stories for the children to read. I belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 21, and my three other sisters do too.

Our names are: Jennie, Elsie, Elyeen, Evelyen. Jennie is taking violin lessons now.

When some one would like to hear, you might tell Jennie. If any one needs her to go to play on a stage, you might tell her. I would like to earn my money. Jennie is 13 years old and in the sixth grade, Elsie is 10 years old and in the fifth grade, Elyeen and Evelyen do not go to school, because they are too small.

We are all well and hope you are the same.

Some one, please, answer me in the Mladinski list of S. N. P. J.

Jennie Brumoveck, 505 Moffiat St., Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Editor:

My age is 10 and I am in the 5th grade. I have one sister and one brother.

I live on a farm of five acres. I have a pet dog, his name is Rover. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. I like to read the letters, riddles, and jokes in the Mladinski List.

Miller G. Stepanovich,
Box No. 124, Delmont, Penna.

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to tell you that Lodge No. 540 S. N. P. J., Elizabeth, had a big party, on April 16, 1927. We all had a good time and also we had ice cream free. The boys and girls sang "America." Every girl and boy, big or small, had red-white and blue ribbons across them who belonged to the lodge. My father is the secretary of this lodge. He bought everything for the children. All the children were dancing. And also I want to tell you that Charlie Chaplin, our famous actor, was in Elizabeth. There was a big parade from Elizabeth arch to Warinanco Park; 20,000 people were there to see him. The boys and girls who were in the parade, brought their pets, dogs, cats, mice, and other animals, and some boys and girls won prizes. Charlie Chaplin gave them out. He was honored by everybody. He was here Friday, April 22, 1927. Everybody said it was the big day.

Mary Pasarich, Elizabeth, N. J.

PETER POTTER.

Little Peter Potter had a straw hat
new and nice.
He'd only worn that precious hat just once,
I think, or twice.

Little Peter Potter was very happy,
Yet, he wore his hat one picnic day,
and got it soaking wet.

Mary Ostanek, Limestone, Michigan.

PUZZLES.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in praise but not in blame,
My second's in wealth but not in fame,
My third is in aim but not in seem,
My fourth is in river but not in stream,
My fifth is in harvest but not in mown,
My whole is a man who is not his own.

2. WORD SQUARE

A quantity of paper; a girl's name; a
great river; a Roman god.

3. CHARADE

The tears run down that poor child's face,
My whole is in his hand,
His little mind is sore perplexed
That whole to understand.
Oh! were it but my first, he thinks
He would not cry and fret,
For then he's sure that very soon
My second he could get.

HONORABLE MENTION

Willie Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.
Hazel Wagner, Park Hill, Pa.
Jennie Krizmancic, West Park, Ohio.
Joe Ilersich, Cleveland, Ohio.
Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa.
Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pauline Feltz, Bryant, Ill.
Dorothy Rupnik—Joe Povhe.

