

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

PISEMCE

LJUBA tetka: Ko bi Ti vedela,
kako sem danes vesela,
če bi mogla
bi Te prav tesno objela!—

Veš, tetka, vselej,
kadar sem Ti pismence pisala,
me je mamica dražila,
se smejala:

Poglej tvoje čačkice,
kako se drže,
a tetkine črke
vse lepo v vrsti stoje.

A danes, tetka,
sem nekaj iztaknila,
v stari skrinji,
ki je Tvoja bila!

Ne bodi huda, tetka,
dobila sem le majčken zvezek—
v njem čačkice—
prav take kot moje
—in tetka, he-he,
pod čačkicami
bilo je Tvoje ime — —!

Zato, ljuba tetka,
sem tako vesela,
da bi Te najrajše objela.
Saj zdaj bom mamici
lahko pokazala, da tudi Ti si
nekoč čačkice pisala!—
Oprosti moji nagajivosti, tetka,
poljubček Ti pošilja mala

Metka.

Mile Klopčič:

STAL FANTIČEK JE OB VODI,

ves otožen, nevesel;
gledal bežne je valove,
tožil beden in ihtel:

“**T**EŽKO se živi v deželi,
pa sem hotel proč od tod,
pa sem se napotil k vodi,
pa sem stopil sem na prod.

In sem si napravil čolnič,
—iz papirja bil je spét—
da odražal bi po vodi
ž njim v Ameriko in svet.

Prihrumela huda sapa
in v tolmun odnesla čoln.
Sam ostal sem tu na bregu,
sam sem, hrepenenja poln.

Hotel v daljne sem dežele,
po katerih hrepenim.
Nimam matere, očeta . . .
Le solzé.—Zato ihtim . . .”

Katka Zupančič:

STROJ

BIL je velikan,
ki sto imel je rok, a v glavi nič možgan.

Prišel je bogataš okrog in kupil je to zver.
Dejal si je tako: Res uma ni nikjer,
a roke, roke, teh je sto. Če kupim mu še um,
te roke bodo delale zame.—In storil je tako.

Oživel velikan je, zropotal,
zažvižgal in se zakrohotal:
“Hohoo, saj tu si, človek, stvarnik moj;
toda lastnik? Lastnik je drugi, bratec tvoj.

“Mar bi ne delal, delal i za te,
ko rabim tvoj razum, roke?
Razum, razum, razum imaš,
pa se, ko jaz, vkleniti daš!?
In se, ko jaz, kupiti daš?!
In bolj poceni, nego jaz,
si ti, ki kakor on imaš obraz—
in kakor on imaš srce!

“Si človek ti in On, hehee!
Trpiš pa ti, ne On, on žanje le.
Hej, jaz pa nisem človek, nisem bratec tvoj;
jaz sem jaz! in jaz sem STROJ.”

Adamič Arnošt:

Zgodba o palici

V REVNI bajtici, kjer je živelo šest sirotic brez očeta, ni bilo belega kruha, ni bilo pisanih igrač, nego je bila huda revščina, kajti le mama, drobna in bleda v lice je služila trde novce, redke dinarčke v čistilnici za premog. Šest hlačarjev, nagajivih, lačnih in nevnanih. Najstarejši je bil Tadek. Kadar je prišla mama z dela, je bilo doma vse narobe. Tedaj je prišla za šibo in oplazila kar vprek po kričeči družini, da se je zakadila pod mizo, za omaro: vsak je všel kamor je mogel.

Nekoč ko se je vrnila je našla doma pravcati zverinjak. Otroci so se našemili: z odejami so si ovili telesa, na glave poveznili lonce, ponve, zajahali metle, palice in dirjali so po sobi in tulili kakor levi na lovu. Tadek je stal sredi sobe na stolu, v roki je vihtel mamin dežnik in si domišljal da je krotilec divjih zveri.

“Levi in tigri—na tla—pok, pok!” in že so se “zverine” valjale po tleh, renčale in se zaganjale v krotilca, da se jih je moral otepati z dežnikom.

“Levi in tigri! Na prestol!” Starinska omara med oknom je bila “pre stol.” Z divjim krikom se je petorica zagnala na police pri oknu in lezla na omaro, ki se je prav nevarno majala. Štirje levi so bili že na omari in zijali v sobo, le najmlajšemu Janku se ni posrečila ta imenitna točka. Tadek mu je pomagal z dežnikom, seveda po zadnji strani, kakor se spodobi krotilcu. To delo pa je opravil tako strokovnjaško, da je pri tem zlomil dežnik, in ker se smola drži smole, je zdajci nastopila nova oseba in to je bila mama. Pograbila je nemudoma čop Tadekovih las in leskovka je opravila svojo novomašniško nalogo.

“Butica škodljiva, na—dežnik zlomil—na, na—ali boš še?”

“Saj ga nisem, saj ga nisem, mama, ne, ne!”

“Lažeš, lažeš! Na, na!” Je padalo.

“Janko ga je zlomil—” Sila je bila velika.

“Pa ga nisem, laže” Vsak se brani krivice.

Padalo je po grešni koži vse dotlej, da se je zdelo mami zadosti.

“Ti bom že dala, grdoba lažnjiva. Sram te bodi, najstarejši si, a najbolj neumen. Še enkrat kaj takega. Sama sem videla, da si, cmera, ti zlomil dežnik. Za prihodnjic si pa zapomni: le poglej palico—debela je precej, ampak vso bom razbila na tebi, če se mi boš še kdaj nalagal.—Ali boš še kdaj?”

“Ne, ne, ne bom, obljubim, da ne”—je hitel zatrjevat Tadek. Pošteno mu je gomazelo po sedači. Mamina jeza se je poglobila in tisti dan je bil mir v hiši kakor na pokopališču o polnoči.

Seveda je Tadek koj drugi dan skušal oživeti molčečo sobo, a misel na palico mu ni dala potrebnega poguma.—Saj niti sam ni vedel kako da mu tako hitro uide lažnjiva beseda z jezika in je vendar nerodno, če jih dobiš in nisi tako rekoč niti kriv . . . Treba bi se bilo zavarovati za tak slučaj. In pošnila jo je nadebudna glavica. Ona strašna palica je ležala na omari in bog ne daj, da bi se je kdo dotaknil! Svoj načrt je moral izvesti neopažen, zato je poslal bratce po premog na železniški tir, sam je pa z ostrim nožem med tem narezal palico, jo na rezi previdno zamazal z voskom in jo položil nazaj na staro mesto.

Nekaj dni po tem se je zgodilo, da se je, kaj vem kaj, zopet nalagal in je mati segla po palico. S sveto jezo v srcu—to vendar ne gre, da bi otrok vedno lagal—mu je začela iztepavati grdo laž. Ni pa še dobro začela, se je—resk—pa

lica prelomila kar na lepem na dva konca. Tadek pa:

“Palica se je zlomila, ne smeš me več, saj si rekla—” je pohitel predrznež. Mama je seveda nehala in se čudila.

“Naj bo, besede ne bom snedla, pazi se za drugič.”

No, in “drugič” se je Tadeku jeziček zopet na laž obrnil. Mama po palico. Tadek se ni bal, kar je vedel kako je s to stvarjo, o pravem času je bil poskrbel za hiter konec. Ko je palica začela svojo znano povest, se je zvita dlaka smejal v pest. Ampak čudo prečudno! Palica je žvižgala, nevtrudno, ga otipavala tako, da Tadeku ni kazalo drugače, začel se je dreti in čimbolj je švigalo, tem glasnejša je postajala godba. Če bi mama ne udarila slučajno po stolu, ne vem kako bi končala zgodba. Palica se je razbila in moral je še v kot za pokoro. Mama ga je potem opazovala, kako si nad nečem ubija glavo.

Zasolzenih oči je strmel v odbita konca palice, tam se je nehala njegova modrost. Oba dela sta bila čisto pošteno zlomljena, o rezi ni bilo ne sledu ne tiru. Skrivši se je ozrl v mamo in glej, tudi ona ga je opazovala. Trudno se je nasmehnila in mu razodela.

“Misliš da zadnjič nisem opazila rezi na palici? Ko sem položila novo palico na omaro, si jo zopet narezal, mrcina. Jaz sem jo seveda takoj zopet zamenjala za novo in zdravo. Ni ti pomagala zvijača.—Ali boš še lagal?” Tako žalosten je bil sedaj njen glas, da je Tadek zatrepetal in se po kolenih pridsal do nje in ji skrušen v resničnem kesanju objel kolena.

“Ne bom, mama, prosim, sveto obljubim, nikoli več.”

Dvignila ga je in stisnila njegovo glavico v svoje naročje. Tam se je izjokal in skesal, mami, drobni in bleđi v lice, je ozaril žarek tihe sreče trpeče obličje.

Anna P. Krasna:

SPEV MLADIH BORCEV

MI smo kal,
 pomlad k življenju nas kliče;
 mlada sila v nas kopni po prostosti,
 prožni moči mladosti, se obzorje razmiče!
 Mi prihajamo na plan,
 žarko solnce nas zove—
 mlada moč sili na dan,
 objemlje vso zemljo, vsa daljna obzorja,
 trgajoč vezi, treč okove!
 Mi zapuščamo nižine,
 mladost nas drami,
 skoz nevihte preteče, mlada volja nas vodi—
 stari borci so z nami!—
 Mi prihajamo smelo,
 življenje nas kliče,
 svetlo solnce nas vabi,
 usoda trepeče — — — —
 pred bakljo mladosti stara tema se umiče — —

Mile Klopčič:

MOJ OČE

MOJ oče je rudar; vsak dan hodi pod zemljo trpet,
vsak dan ga z materjo čakava, da se povrne.
In kadar z neba se na zemljo prvi somrak razgrne,
takrat pripoveduje mi, da je nekje še vse lepši svet:

“Otrok moj, osem in trideset let hodim pod zemljo trpet,
osem in trideset let že prenašam to silno trpljenje.
A ko je tvoj oče bil mlajših let,
je živel na kmetih vse lepše življenje.

Veš, tam so travniki, vmes so stezice,
na desno so polja, na levo gozdovi,
na robu gozdov slonijo vasice,
in z griča zvonijo cerkveni zvonovi.

Vpregel sem v plug dva lisasta vola in zemljo oral,
v mislih sem sleherno grudo pobral ter jo poljubil.
potem smo prosili boga, da bi nam toče ne dal,
da bi z nevihto nam vsega trpljenja nikar ne pogubil.

Prišlo je solnce in se na nas je razlilo,
mi smo orali, sejali in se znojili.
A ko na večer je solnce za gozdom vtonilo,
smo s pesmijo trudni v lesene se bajte vrnili.

A bajta bila je majhna, otrok nas je bilo devet.
In rekla je mati: “Vseh nas je več ko dovolj . . .”
in zaihtela: “Koča je majhna, velik je svet . . .”
Žalosten vzem sem slovo od kočice in polj.

Nekoč sem na zemlji zemljo oral,
zdaj pod zemljó z rovnico premog drobim.
Nekoč solnčni svit je pred mano na polje sijal,
zdaj z leščerbo v roki v temino hitim.

Osem in trideset let že rijem kot krt pod zemljó;
na desno so rovi, na levo so rovi,
visoko je solnce, visoko nekje je nebó,
in daleč je vas in daleč pojoči zvonovi”

Moj oče je rudar; vsak dan hodi pod zemljo trpet,
vsak dan ga z materjo čakava sama doma.
Kadar se vrne, me s trdo rokó po licu mehko potrepnja
in pripoveduje mi, da je nekje še vse lepši svet.

Opomba: Ta pesem je bila od Mladinske matice v Ljubljani nagrajena
letos kot najboljša mladinska pesem.

Anna P. Krasna:

MALI PREMIŠLJUJE

V VELIKIH oknih je polno bogastva,
čevljev, obleke, jestvin;
jaz pa sem lačen, bos in strgan
sredi teh kupov dobrin.

V predmestju mogočne tovarne stojijo,
v njih noč in dan kolesje brni;
že mesece hodi tja atek za delom,
pa mu pravijo: dela nič ni.

Če mamo povprašam, zakaj ata ne dela,
se žalostna name jezi:
Kaj vendar vprašuješ, kar ne razumeš,
naša beda dovolj me boli.—

Tudi atek jezi se, ko ga vprašujem,
čigavo je bogastvo ogromno,
in zakaj bi vsaj kruha nam iz oken ne dali,
ali mleka za sestrico bolno.

Zakaj tako čudna sta mama in atek,
čemu nad menoj se jezita?
Mar ne smem, če sem gladen, malo vprašati,
zakaj sredi bogastva—bedo trpita?



GRADITELJI, ZIDARJI

Katka Zupančič:

KADAR LONČKI VZKIPE . . .

MIHEC Tončka je natepel,
ker se z njim je bil sporekel.
Ko se Tonček v boj pripravlja,
se pa Mihec izgovarja:

“Da sem, Tonček, te udaril?
Ne. Saj sem te samo gladil.
Da sem te hudo užalil?
Ne. Le šalil sem se, šalil.”

Toda Tončku ni do sprave,
dokler mu ne vrne mere prave:
“Evo ti! Tako po tvoje se pogladi!
In po tvoje se tako pošali . . .!”

Mihec se je jezno razkoračil:
“Ti si mero prekoračil!”
Boj začne se dveh fantinov,
dveh fantinov—petelinov.

Kdo močnejši,
kdo spretnejši?
Tu se ruje,
tu se suje;

tu se pesti,
tu se klesti!
Kdo bo zmagal,
kdo omagal?

Sapa že pohaja; moč pojema—
Končno borbe je dovolj obema.
Jeze več ne čutita nobene—
pa si praske štejeta dobljene.



Katka Zupančič:

Kaj vse Mary ve

MARY ve, da si ptički—samec in samica—zgrade gnezdece, kamor znese samica po nekaj jajčec. Potem sedi na njih po toliko časa, dokler se iz jajčec ne izvale mladiči—ptički.

Mary ve, da imajo mlade mucike svojo mamico-muco, ki jih je majhne in še slepe spravila na svet; jih potem doji in hrani toliko časa, dokler niso dovolj spretni, da si poiščejo hrano same.

Mary ve, da je pri psičkih isto, ko pri mucikah; pri konjičkih isto in pri drugih te vrste živalih isto.

In Mary ve, da če bi ne bilo mamice, ter ateka, tudi nje, Mary, ne bi bilo nikjer. V mamici se je zbudila k življenju. V mamici je rastla celih devet mesecev. In potem je prišla na svet, kar pomeni, da jo je mamica rodila. Majčkena je bila Mary takrat in drobna. Kričati je znala, piti mleko od mamice in spat, to je znala; drugega nič.

Toda danes, ko obhaja svoj deseti rojstni dan, danes ve več. In ve tudi to, da je tisto o štorcljah samo pravljica. Kajti štorclja ima v svojem gnezdu samo štorcljice, ne pa človeških otrok.

To vse sta ji povedala mamica in atek, ker Mary, ki je modra deklica, ne vprašuje in ne posluša drugih, ampak samo svoje starše, ki ji na vprašanja lepo in po resnici odgovore.



LJUBLJANA, TERASA PRED GRADOM

Mile Klopčič:

Kako so nastale zvezde

Pravljica

ŽIVEL je nekoč delavec, kakršnih živi vsepovsod na svetu polno: trdo je delal, trde roke je imel in trde žulje na dlaneh.

Kadarkoli se je vrnil z dela, mu je prihitel naproti njegov otrok ter se mu obesil za roke. Začutil je očetove trde žulje. Kadarkoli se je oče igral z njim, je otrok čutil žulje na očetovi dlani. In jih je začutil vsakokrat, kadar ga je oče pobožal po licu.

Otrokove roke pa so bile mehke in brez žuljev. In v šoli je otrok opazil, da učiteljeve roke tudi nimajo žuljev in da so prav mehke, kadar ga z njimi poboža.

Pa je nekega večera vprašal otrok očeta:

“Kako da imaš tako trde roke in da imaš žulje na njih? Nimam jih jaz, nima jih učitelj, nima jih trgovec na vogalu, samo ti jih imaš. Zakaj to?”

Pa je oče vzela otroka v naročje in mu dejal:

“Trde roke imam in žulje na njih, ker trdo delam. Trdo je treba prijeti za kramp, kadar kopljem in rujem skale v kamnolomu, trdo je treba prijeti, da me skala ne zmore. In zato imam trde roke. Vsak delavec ima trde roke. Žulje pa dobim zato, ker moram delati ne le zase, marveč tudi zate in tvojo mater. Zate in za tvojo mater se moram v delu potruditi kar najbolj mogoče. In ob pretežkem delu se napravijo žulji na roki. Jih vidiš?”

Oče je odprl svoje dlani, otrok se je zagledal vanje in videl, da ima na vsaki roki po dva žulja: zase enega in za mater enega. Ta je bil večji, oni manjši.

“Pa bolijo, oče?” je vprašal otrok.

“Sprva so boleli. Ni še prvi izginil popolnoma, že je nastal drugi. Bolelo me je. Toda zdaj sem se že privadil. Kadar jih zdaj opazim, si mislim samo:

Dosti sem delal in trpel danes, dovolj je, še jutri bom moral. In čim dalj časa sem delavec, tem bolj se mi razraščajo roke. Jih vidiš, kako so velike?”

Otrok je položil svoje roke v očetove dlani. Kar skrile so se v njih.

“Močan moraš biti, oče,” je dejal otrok in je bil ponosen na svojega očeta. Dobrega očeta sem si izbral; si je mislil, skočil z očetovega naročja in pohitel k materi. Oče ga je mimogrede še naglo pobožal s svojimi žuljavimi rokami.

*

Spoznal pa je otrok, da oče vedno trpi in da njegovih žuljev nihče ne spozna, da nihče ne ve zanje. In hudo se mu je storilo.

Ko je trgovčev sin z vogla govoril, da ima njegov oče zlate prstane na roki, mu je rekel ta: “Moj ima pa žulje, trde žulje!” Tedaj se mu je oni smejal.

Užaljen je bil otrok, pa je zvečer poštožil očetu:

“Zakaj se smejejo otroci, kadar jim pravim, da imaš žulje na roki? Zakaj me smešijo?”

“Ker sem jaz delavec in si ti moj otrok. Nas delavcev ne marajo poznati, dasi največ trpimo na svetu in bi brez nas sploh ne bilo vsega lepega na svetu. Delavci delamo, dvigamo železno rudo iz zemlje, kurimo visoke plavže, kurimo lokomotive, da se vozijo drugi z vlaki. Mi sami pa ostanemo vedno doma, nikamor ne pridemo, samo do svojega kamnoloma, v rudnik ali do plavža. Samo delo poznamo, zanj nas plačujejo v denarju in žuljih. Moč pa imajo drugi.”

“Pa vas je mnogo, oče?”

“Mnogo nas je na svetu, največ nas je. Če bi seštel vse zrne peska v našem potoku, pa jih ne bi bilo toliko, kolikor je delavcev na svetu.”

“Pa vsi trpijo?”

“Vsi.”

“In imajo vsi žulje na rokah, kakor jih imaš ti?”

“Vsi, moj otrok, vsi imajo žulje. Zase jih imajo in za svoje otroke. Tisoč in tisoč nas je, tisoč in tisoč žuljev je na naših dlaneh.”

“Kako da se vas upajo prezirati? Kako to, da vas je tisoč in tisoč, pa počno z vami, kakor da vas je samo peščica? Jaz tega ne razumem, oče. Razloži mi!”

“To je zato, ker nismo vsi enega srca in ene misli. Enega srca in ene misli pa nismo zato, ker ne poznamo svojih žuljev. Vsak nosi svoje žulje skrite na svojih dlaneh, in le naši otroci jih začutijo, kadar jih pobožamo po licih. Toda drug za drugega ne vemo. Rešitev bi bila le v tem, da bi vsi delavci sveta poznali, da nosimo vsi žuljave dlani. Za moje žulje veš le ti in tvoja mati. In tako je z vsemi delavci. Videti bi se morali naši žulji, vsemu svetu bi morali biti vidni, vsemu svetu bi morali žareti, da bi jih imeli noč in dan pred očmi. In tedaj bi se vsi žuljavi spoznali, segli bi si v roke, v te velike roke, kakršne imam jaz, in nikjer bi ne bilo sile, ki bi nas premagala.”

*

Zdaj je vedel otrok: očetove žulje bi moral videti ves svet. Potem bi bilo vse drugače.

Ležal je zvečer v posteljici in gledal skozi okno v temno nebo. Kot ena sama velika črna tema je bilo poveznjeno nebo nad zemljo. Vedel je otrok, da je nebo zelo visoko, da je brez mej in da vidijo nebo vsi ljudje. Če bi tam gori bile lučke, bi svetile na ves svet. In vsi ljudje bi jih videli.

In otrok je zahrepenel, da bi očetovi žulji postali drobne lučke, ki naj bi za-

rele na temnem nočnem nebu, da bi jih videl vsakdo.

In glej—kakor hitro je zahrepenel, se je vžgala na temnem nebu nad obzorjem majhna lučka, utripala je in zagorela. Potem se je vžgala druga lučka, pa tretja in četrta—vsi štirje očetovi žulji so žareli in utripali svetlo na temnem nebu in govorili ljudem, da živi pod njimi oče, ki trdo dela in ima po dva žulja na vsaki roki: enega za mater in drugega za otroka.

Tako so nastale prve štiri zvezde. Otrok je bil vesel, zakaj zdaj ves svet vidi, kako svetlo žarijo očetovi žulji, zvezde na nebu.

In povedal je še drugim delavskim otrokom, kaj je napravil za svojega očeta. In tudi drugi so zahrepeneli, da bi žulji njihovih očetov svetili kot drobne lučke z neba. Pa so se vžigale vsak večer nove lučke na nebu, vsak večer novi žulji novih delavcev. Po vsem nebu že utripajo zvezde.

Ko je otrok povedal očetu, je bil ta neizmerno vesel. Zakaj kakor hitro bodo žareli na nebu žulji vseh delavcev vsega sveta, tedaj si bodo zatirani delavci segli v roke in bodo svet uredili po svoji volji.

“Kadar bo vse nebo polno zvezd, polno naših žuljev, tedaj se bomo delavci spoznali med seboj in vsi bomo ene misli in enega srca. Spoznali bomo, da nas je tisoč in tisoč. In v tem spoznanju samem bo že rešitev za nas. Vstali bomo in se osvobodili trpljenja.”

Otrok pa je hodil vsak večer opazovat nebo. Vedno več lučk se je vžigalo na nebu, vedno več zvezdic je utrinjalo in blestelo. Vsaka zvezda žulj, vsak žulj opomin:

“Žuljavi delavci vsega sveta, združite se!”

Tako so nastale zvezde . . .



Ivan Jontez:

Moč ljubezni

PRI Gorjančevih imajo dvoje ljubkih deklic: osemletno Milko in dveletno Marico. Prva je zlatolasa in modrooka, Maričini lasje so pa kostanjevurjavni in tudi njene oči so rujave in živahne kot dvoje gozdnih veveric. Ljubki deklici in tudi pridni sta, da le kaj. In kako radi se imata. Kjer je ena, tam bo zmerom tudi druga; če eno zadene kaka majhna nezgodica, je druga precej vsa v skrbeh in v solzah, in če mati pošlje eno v trgovino ali kam drugam, gresta obe, ker ena brez druge ne more prestajati. Tako sta pridni, dobri in tako se ljubita, da ju sosedje stavijo za vzgled svojim otrokom, češ, le glejte, da boste tudi vi tako pridni ter se tako radi imeli.

Ampak včasih ni bilo tako. Ni še dolgo tega, ko Marica ni znala pogledati svoje zlatolase sestrice brez mržnje v očeh in jo ogovarjati brez jeze v glasu. Kajti Marica je sovražila pridno Milko. Zakaj, boste vprašali? Samo zato, ker je bila Milka materina ljubljena. Mamica je seveda ljubila tudi Marico, saj je bila njena prav tako kot Milka, le da ji je bila slednja za spoznanje ljubša, ker je bila zmerom dobra, tiha, prijazna in na moč ubogljiva, dočim je bila Marica bolj živahna, nagajiva in neubogljiva. Pa Marica ni nikoli pomislila na to vse, ona je videla samo to, da ima Milka pri mami prednost in to je zadovalo, da je v njenem mladem srcu pognala klica sovraštva. Prav za prav je to bila zavist in ljubosumnost. Deklica je zavidala sestrici njeno prednost pri mami in je bila ljubosumna nanjo, ker je uganila, da jo ima mama bolj rada kot njo.

Maričina mržnja do Milke je našla svoj izhod v raznih nagajivostih in tudi v zlobnem zafrkavanju. Če je le mogla, jo je vščipnila, udarila, jo polasala ali ji na druge načine grenila njeno

mlado življenje. Milka, ki je vzlic svoji mladosti slutila, da jo sestra iz neznanega vzroka sovraži, je vse mirno potrpeala in niti domislila se ni nikoli, da bi šla k mami ter zatožila Marico. Nasprotno jo je hotela pridobiti zase s potrpežljivostjo in sestrsko ljubeznijo. Če ji je mama dala kako sladkarijo, jo je brž nesla Marici, ki je ponujeno stvar sicer vselej vzela, a jo tudi vselej v zahvalo zafrknila z besedami: "Priliznjenka! Misliš, da boš tudi mene pridobila na svojo stran s svojo hinavščino? Pa me ne boš! Maram za take hinavske priliznjenke kot si ti! Kar izgubi se mi!"

Milka je navadno žalostno vzdihnila. "Marica, sestra moja, zakaj tako grdo ravnaš z menoj? Saj te imam rada in bi rada storila vse zate, samo da bi bila zadovoljna z menoj in da bi me imela rada! Ali nisem bila zmerom dobra in prijazna s teboj? Čemu me torej zmerom zbadaš s hinavko in priliznjenko, čemu me tepeš in lasaš? Ali zaslužim?"

Ali Marica je ostala gluha za vse njene prošnje, slepa za njene solze, ki jih je izvabilo zapostavljanje in preziranje od strani Marice. "Le kremži se!", se je obregnila. "Ampak ne misli, da me boš ujela na svoje hinavske solze!"

Marica ni rada delala. Če ji je mama velela storiti to ali ono stvar, se je vselej skušala izogniti delu. Tudi v trgovino po kako stvar ni mogla iti. Samo igrala bi se ter se podila okrog z otroci sosedov. Pa se je Milka vselej sama ponudila: "Mama, bom pa jaz naredila to." Ali pa: "Mamica, naj grem jaz, saj imam čas." Marica je vsled tega ni nič manj sovražila. "Samo zato se prištuli zraven, da bi se mami prikupila!" je mislila ter jo mimogrede brž malo zlasala in ozmerjala: "Hinavka! Priliznjenka!"

Milko je to zelo bolelo in nemalokrat je v kakem kotu tiho jokala. Mati je to opazila in hotela je izvedeti za vzrok hčerkinini žalosti. A Milka je molčala. In če mamica le ni odnehala, se je zlagala, da jo boli glava ali želodec. Sestre ni hotela zatožiti. A mati je končno sama uganila vzrok Milkinim solzam. Poklicala je Marico ter jo skušala popboljšati z lepimi besedami. A zaman. "Jaz ne maram za Milko in je tudi nikoli ne bom imela rada, te priliznjenke!" je ponovno zatrdila z mržnjo v očeh. Potem jo je vzel v roke še oče, ji povedal, da ni lepo, če sestra sovraži sestro in ji zavida karkoli, da človek sploh ne sme nikogar sovražiti in da to koncem koncev tudi njega onesreča. "Marica, kdor sovraži, ni nikoli srečen, kakor tudi oni, ki goji v svojem srcu nevoščljivost in škodoželjnost!" jo je učil. "In tudi ti ne boš nikdar srečna, če ne boš izpulila iz srca te pogubne klice, ki uničujejo v človeku vse, kar je v njem dobrega! Zato se moraš popboljšati, ne smeš več prezirati in zapostavljati svoje sestrice, ki te ima rada in ti hoče le dobro! Boš videla, da boš potem bolj srečna in zadovoljna."

Zaman, Marica se ni hotela popboljšati. Še nadalje je gojila v srcu zavist in mržnjo do sestrice, ki se je ihteč spraševala, kaj je storila hudega Marici, da jo sovraži, zaničuje in tepe. In če se je Milki pripetilo kaj neprijetnega, ji je Marica prav iz srca privoščila ter ji želela še kaj hujšega. Kljub temu pa Marica ni bila srečna. Mnogokrat jo je ob pogledu na ihtečo sestrico spekle v srcu in v njenih mladih možganih se je pojavila zavest krivice, ki jo je nanašala svoji sestrici. Toda popboljšati se vseeno ni hotela.

Nekega dne pa je Marica hudo zbolela. Morala je v posteljo in v hišo je prišel zdravnik. Mož jo je pregledal in skrbno zmajal z glavo: "Le nadvse skrbna postrežba jo mogoče lahko reši," je dejal in mlado bolnico je zazeblilo. Ali je morda spoznala, da smrt trka na vrata? Mogoče, ampak eno je gotovo,

namreč da se je zbudil v nji kes, da je obžalovala, ker je bila tako krivična napram Milki, ki je vsa v skrbeh za drago sestrico več noči prečula ob njeni postelji, vedno pripravljena ustreči vsaki želji male bolnice. In že v prvih dneh svoje boleznii je Marica spoznala, da bi ne smela sovražiti svoje dobre sestrice, ki ji je tako požrtvovalno stregla ter bila vsa v skrbeh zanjo in bilo ji je žal, da je bila tako hudobna in na tihem je že sklenila, da se popboljša. Na zunaj je bila videti stara Marica.

Ko se je bolezen obrnila na bolje in je bila Marica izven nevarnosti ni bil nihče bolj vesel tega kot baš Milka, ki je imela največ opravka z bolnico. "Ne veš, kako sem vesela, ker vem, da boš kmalu ozdravila!" ji je hitela zatrjevati z ognjem sreče v očeh. Marico je spekle. "In jaz sem bila tako krivična z njo!" ji je blisnilo skozi možgane. "Ona pa tako dobra z menoj, kot da sem ji bila najboljša sestra! Potem sem se pa jezila, ker jo je mama imela bolj rada!" Po kratkem boju s samo seboj se je končno odločila in s solzami v očeh zaprosila Milko: "Sestrica moja predobra, ali mi moreš odpustiti? Tako hudobna sem bila! Ampak odzdaj bom dobra in rada te bom imela, res, Milka, saj te imam rada!"

Milka pa se je sklonila k nji ter jo objela. "Saj nisem huda nate, Marica, saj te imam zmerom rada!" je hitela. "Kar brez skrbi bodi in lepo zaspančaj, da boš preje zdrava. In če bi kaj rada, kar povej, pa boš dobila."

Marica je hotela samo poljub. In Milka je tako rada ustregla njeni želji. In Marica je pomirjena in srečnejša kot kdaj prej v svojem mladem življenju sladko zaspala.

Od tistega dne dalje je Marica pridna in dobra in svojo sestrico ljubi, da le kaj in kjer vidiš Milko, tam najdeš tudi Marico. In tudi zadovoljna je in srečna, kar preje, dokler so se v njenem srcu šopirili sovraštvo, zavist, zloba in škodoželjnost, ni bila.



Dragi čitatelji!

S to številko stopa Mladinski list v svoje deseto leto. Že deseto leto vrši naš mesečnik svojo misijo med mladino slovenskih staršev v Ameriki. Izdaja ga Slovenska narodna podpora v svrhu vzgajanja naše mladine v naprednem delavskem duhu, v duhu, ki je začrtan v načelni izjavi jednotinih pravil.

Mladinski list postaja čedalje bolj zanimiv. Je vez, ki premošča razlike med staro in mlado generacijo našega naprednega življa v Ameriki. Njegovi smernici sta socialna vzgoja in delavska kultura, ki se resnično odražata v vsebini našega mladega jubilaanta.

Po tej poti bomo šli naprej!

UREDNIK.

“PESEM O ROŽMARINU”

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj imamo že šolske počitnice.

Želim bratcem in sestricam, da bi se dobro zabavali čez počitnice in da ne bi ta čas pozabili kaj napisati za priljubljeni nam M. L.

Urednik naj oprostí moji nadležnosti, ker pošiljam zopet pesmico, ker jaz sem velika prijateljica pesmic.

Rožmarin

I

Nekdo mi je ukradel rožmarin,
po celi vasi sem šla za njim,
po celi vasi za njim sem šla,
da nazaj dobila bi ga.

II

Ko sem tako po vasi šla,
na trgu srečam fantiča:
“Le daj nazaj mi rožmarin,
ne boš se postavljaj z njim.”

III

“Pa rožmarin se še udobi,
samo če si ti še moje dekcle,
samo če si ti še moje dekcle,
pa podaj ti meni še svoje srce.”

IV

“Kako rada bi bila jaz tvoje dekcle,
samo če maraš še za me.
Potem pa utrgaj rožmarin
in se postavljaj z njim.”

Želim, da mi piše Frances Gasperič iz West Allisa, Wisconsin, ker sem izgubila njen naslov. Mnogo pozdravov!

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* * *

ZANIMIV DOPIS

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da prispevam nekaj za Ml. list.

Lepa pomlad se polagoma spreminja v toplo poletje. S pomladjo vred se pa spreminja tudi razpoloženje mladine, ki ni nič več tako navdušena za “zlato solnčice,” ampak poseda veliko rajši v hladni senci.

Počitnice so se pričele in ž njimi se je pričela sezona piknikov in veselic, ki so pa zelo redke tu v Clintonu, zaradi slabih delavskih razmer.

Tu je nedavno pogorelo poslopje premogorova št. 8, last Miami Coal Co. Rov ni obratoval. V njem je bilo zaposlenih le par mož, za vzdrževanje istega, ki so se ob času požara rešili s tem, da so ušli pri rovu št. 6, last iste kompanije, na prosto. Glasom poročil se škoda ceni na 100,000 dolarjev.

Ker imam dosti časa sedaj v počitnicah, sem spisala spet eno pesem, ali bolje rečeno, oče mi jo je povedal, jaz pa jo Vam pošiljam in Vas uljudno prosim, da bi jo priobčili. Je

sicer malo daljša kot po navadi, pa mislim, da Vam bo vsebina iste ugajala. Tukaj je:

Poslanica Jehove

(Basen)

So nekoč se skupaj zbrali
hlapci, sužnji, mladi, stari,
so o bedi razpravljali,
o revnem stanu pozno v noč.

So tako se domenili,
da boga bodo prosili,
da se revežev usmili,
jim bogastvo da in moč.

V ta namen so može zbrali,
težko jim nalogo dali,
jih s priprošnjo odposlali
gor k Jehovi na pot.

“Slušaj prošnje nas zemljanov,
tvojih vernih slug, kristjanov,
ki te prosimo udano,
reši nas sužejstva, o bog!

Jehova zgrbanči čelo,
jezno gladi brado belo
in zamahne z roko velo,
oster je njegov pogled:

“Ali niste vsi enaki,
bogatinini kot težaki,
ko rodite revni, nagi,
brez izjeme, se na svet?

“Pa zakaj niste enaki
še v življenju, vi bedaki,
in zakaj je le pri tlaki,
ne vživanju—delež vaš?

Brat naj bratu se pridruži,
naj pomaga mu če toži,
kruh pa vsak naj sam si služi,
dela sad naj živa sam.”

In možje so pristopili
k bogu in se priklonili,
so tako mu govorili:
“Slušaj, oče vseh sirot:

In naredi nas enake
bogatinom, siromake,
ter odreši nas, težake,
hude bede in nadlog.”

“Oh, nesrečni vi bedaki,
vi trpini, siromaki,
to zares ste mi junaki,
poberite se odtod.

“Tudi mrjete trpini,
reveži kot bogatini,
vsi enako, stari, mladi,
brez izjeme, mor'te umret.

“Zemlja ima kruha dosti,
'ma bogastva in sladkosti,
treba le da po modrosti
se razdeli vse med vas.

Pa ne bo več bogatinov,
hlapcev, sužnjev, ne trpinov
in na zemsko pokrajino,
dan bo nov napočil vam!”

H koncu tega dopisa pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice širom Amerike!

Josephina Mestek,
638 N str., Clinton, Ind.

* * *

“POSLALA BI MU SOLATE”

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da napišem par stavkov za Mladinski list, da bodo naši starši videli, da se tudi mi mladi zanimamo za slovenščino in da se trudimo, da bomo znali pisati in čitati po slovensko.

Prošlo spomlad smo imeli tukaj lepo vreme, imeli pa smo tudi precej lepih piščet, ki so se tako lepo med seboj pogovarjala. Moja mama je rekla, da se tako pogovarjajo kot so se vrabci pri Levičarjevi kapelici, ki so žgoleli veseli: živ-žav, živ-žav, nakar so odleteli na proso in ga pošteno omlatili.

Na našem vrtu imamo lepe rože in tudi mnogo solate. Če bi jo naš urednik potreboval, bi mu jo kar poslala za plačilo, ker vem, da ima mnogo dela z mojimi dopisi, predno jih uredi.

Delavske razmere so tukaj še vedno slabe. Na farmah je lepo in veselo. Naš stric Lojze gre sedaj že malo ven na solnce. Saj je bil revež celih 8 mesecev v hiši in dne 15. aprila je preteklo že 5 let, odkar se je ponesrečil v rovu. Da bi le kmalu okreval popolnoma.

Pozdrav vsem sovrstnicam in uredniku!

Ana Marolt, Box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

* * *

“V NAŠI DRUŽINI NAS JE PET”

Dragi mi urednik!

Že spet Vas nadlegujem z mojim dopisom, pa upam, da boste imeli z mano malo potrpljenja.

Veste, sedaj v poletnem času ni tako prijetno sedeti in čitati ter pisati kakor je v zimskem času, ker lepo in toplo vreme sili človeka ven.

V naši družini nas je pet. Naročeni smo na Prosveto, Proletarca, Mladinski list in na Svobodo (iz starega kraja). Poleg tega pa imamo precej knjig, ki so zanimive in poučljive.

Vsak naš človek v Ameriki že ve, da je naše napredno časopisje velikega pomena za vsakega delavca. Zato pa je priporočljivo, da v vsako slovensko hišo zahaja dnevnik Prosveta, Mladinski list itd.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

"VSI NA NOGE ZA MLADINSKI LIST!"

Cenjeni urednik!

Naša šola je končala že 15. maja in jaz bom prihodnjo jesen pohajala s r e d n j o š o l o (high school). In samo še to leto bom v mladinskem oddelku SNPJ, potem pa bom prestopila v odrasli oddelku. Moja sestra Mary je že v odraslem oddelku.

Sedaj, tekem počitnic, imamo dosti prostega časa, tako da lahko pomagamo staršem. Seveda moramo tudi malo porajati na prostem in pa včasih napisati kakšen dopisek za Mladinski list, ki je tako zanimiv. V njem najdemo mnogo lepega in podučljivega, posebno za mladino.

Le vsi na noge za Mladinski list, vsi mladi bratci in sestriče, da bo postal še bolj zanimiv ter da bo prekosil vse ostale slične mladinske liste v Ameriki.

Zasedaj naj bo dovolj. Oglasila pa se bom še prihodnjič. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku! Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

* * *

MALI JOŠKO V SKRBEH

Cenjeni urednik!

Veselil sem se, ko je prišel mesec maj, pa tudi žalosten sem bil, ker nisem v majski številki Mladinskega lista videl mojega dopisa v "Našem koticu." No, potem sem pa bil spet vesel, ko sem ga zapazil v junijski številki. Spoznal sem, da urednik že ve kaj dela. Včasih pride pošta prepozno, potem pa ne more priobčiti dotičnega dopisa v tisti številki, kakor bi mi dopisovalci hoteli. To seveda ni njegova krivda, ampak naša, ker prepozno pošljemo.

Mislil sem, da je moj dopis in dopis moje sestre tisti veliki uredniški koš pogoltnil, pa sem se motil. Sprevidel sem, da naš urednik vse priobči, če ne ta pa prihodnji mesec. Tako je prav, samo da je priobčeno. Preveč pa ne smemo zahtevati od Mladinskega lista, ker ta list je samo mesečnik, ne pa dnevnik ali tednik. Torej moramo imeti malo potrpljenja.

Mnogo pozdravov prav vsem!

Joško Marolt, Box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

* * *

V ZOOLOŠKEM PARKU

Dragi urednik!

Dne 30. maja sem šel z atetom in mamo na Halam park v Pittsburgh. Tam sem videl veliko lepega in zanimivega. Ko smo prišli do parka, sem zagledal vsake vrste rožic. Kako so lepo urejene.

Ko smo si ogledali te, smo šli do velikega poslopja. Najprvo sem videl veliko žival. Vprašal sem ateta, kaj da je to. Bil je slon. Kar grem dalje in vidim velike črne pse. Ata pravi, da to niso psi, to so medvedje, levi in tigri. In lepega pisanega konjička sem tudi videl. Gremo dalje in videli smo vsakovrstne ptičke in ribice ter tudi velike kače, gorile in

opice. Videli smo tudi morske živali: pse, medvede in drugo.

Napotili smo se proti domu. Na Baltimore postaji smo videli skupino ljudi, ki so sedeli. Nekateri so si prali srajce, drugi so čitali in tretji prosili, če bi mogel kateri kaj dati. Zakaj nimajo dela? Ata mi je odgovoril, da mi bo povedal kadar bom bolj velik, ker sedaj še tega ne razumem, ker sem še premlad.

Prišla je kara in smo se odpeljali proti domu, ker sem komaj čakal, da zopet vidim svojega prijatelja Henrika, da mu razložim, kaj sem lepega videl.

Sedaj pa Vas prosim, dragi urednik, da priobčite tole pesmico:

Tožba po materi

Kako je hiša strašno prazna,
 odkar naše matere več ni.
 Ta izba prej tako prijazna
 odljudna, tuja se mi zdi.

Odkar so nesli vas iz hiše
 in položili v temni hram,
 solze si vaša hčerka briše,
 le k vam želim si, mati, k vam.

O ko bi se odprla vrata
 in se prikazal vaš obraz,
 okol' vratu bi se vas oklenila
 in ljube gledala oči.

Od sebe bi vas ne pustila,
 tam hočem biti, kjer ste vi.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

J. Majk Skittel, Box 284, Canonsburg, Pa.

* * *

POČITNICE, PRIREDITEV IN POLETJE

Cenjeni urednik!

Dozdeva se mi, da bom z mojim dopisom zopet prepoznal za julijsko številko kakor sem bila za junijsko. Gre pač h koncu šolskega leta in imam toliko šolske naloge, da se pač težko pripravim za kaj drugega.

Počitnice so že tu! Dovolj časa za igranje in za pomaganje mami, pa tudi za Mladinski list bom Jaglje kaj napisala.

V majski številki sem obljubila, da bom poročala, kako bo izpadla priredba socialističnega kluba na Sigan Hillu. Spored je bil sledeči:

1. Pozdravni govor, John Kvartich in Frank Wirant.

2. Govor v slov. in angl. jeziku, Joseph Snoy.

3. "Mi smo mladi," deklamirala Anica Kramžar.

4. "The Breadline" ter "The Prisoner of Chillon," deklamirala Margaret Snoy.

5. "Stražar in postopač" (predstava).

6. "The Coming Champion" (predstava).
 Igri sta bili zelo smešni, posebno druga "The Coming Champion." Najbolj se mi je

dopadla (tudi mojim staršem in drugim) deklamacija Margaret Snoyjeve. Kako lepo zna ona deklamirati. Vidi se ji, da ima talent za to. In kako lepo je igrala na klavir. Želim, da bi nas Margareta še večkrat obiskala.

Nazadnje je bila zabava s plesom. Ljudi je bilo na predstavi in potem na zabavi še precej, ker sedaj so slabe delavske razmere. Vse je dobro izpadlo.

Pozdrav vsem!

Anica Kramžar, Box 411, Morgan, Pa.

"ZEVAJOČE ŽRELO"

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da priobčite sledeče vrstice v "Kotičku:"

Zelo težko sem pričakovala majsko številko Mladinskega lista. Naposled je vendar prišla. Brž začnem listati po "Kotičku, da najdem svoj dopis, ki sem Vam ga poslala v priobčitev. Iščem, iščem, a ne najdem nič. Natakem očetove "špegle" na nos, da bolj vidim, spet nič.

Vsa razočarana se globoko zamislim. V duhu se mi prkaže zevajoče žrelo uredniškega koša in takoj se spomnim, da moj dopis je

bil morda preveč radikalen, ali morda pesem o smrti ni bila na mestu, zato je oboje romalo v koš.

Zato sem storila sklep, da bom v bodoče pisala rajše kaj veselega, šaljivega. Zato Vas prosim, cenjeni urednik, da priobčite tole pesem, ki bo morda bolj ugajala, kakor pesem o smrti. Imenuje se "Raztresen profesor."

Profesor si zapenja suktnjo, zamišljeno pred sebe zre.
Zapne navzkriž si prvo luknjo, navzkriž zapre po vrsti vse.

Pri zadnjem gumbu se ustavi, pa pravi jezen: "Lepa reč!"
"En gumb premalo je pri glavi al' spodaj eden je preveč."

Razkačeno se pritožuje:
"S krojači je res velik križ, ker so na suktnjo—se huduje—prišli "knofe" mi navzkriž!"

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam širom Amerike!

Josephine Mestek,

638 N. th st., Clinton, Iowa.

LJUBLJANSKA "SVOBODA" O MLADINSKEM LISTU

Znani delavski mesečnik "Svoboda," ki izhaja v Ljubljani, prinaša v aprilski številki v svojem književnem delu zanimivo poročilo o našem Mladinskem listu. Oceno je spisal "-on-", ki daje našemu mesečniku lepo priznanje, da je "najboljši slovenski mladinski list sploh," je bogato ilustriran in tudi po vsebini je bogat. Ocena se glasi:

"Mladinski list. Zelo važen problem naših izseljencev in njihovih organizacij je mladina, zlasti mladina, ki je rojena v novi domovini in ki mora hoditi v tujejezične šole. Taka mladina ohrani sicer v svoji prvi generaciji pod vplivom slovenskih staršev še vedno svoj materinski jezik, ali v drugi in tretji generaciji pa se pač asimilira in prevzame jezik nove domovine. Zelo pereče je to vprašanje za naše izseljence v Zedinjenih državah in ti se tudi zavedajo važnosti tega vprašanja. Organizacije naših izseljencev v Ameriki so razne podporne jednote. Največja med njimi je socialistično orientirana in od socialistov vodena Slovenska narodna podporna jednota, ki je imela 31. dec. 1930 skupno 63,448 članov in to v oddelku odraslih 44,846 in v mladinskem oddelku 18,602. Za ta mladinski oddelk, ki ima radi zgoraj omenjene potrebe tudi že celo vrsto tkzv. angleško govorečih društev, izdaja jednota že deseto leto mladinski časopis "Mladinski list," ki izhaja mesečno na 32 straneh v 8406 izvodih, polovico s slovenskim, polovico z angleškim besedilom. List, ki ga urejata ss. Ivan Molek in Louis Beniger, je—kar lahko mirno rečem—najboljši slovenski mladinski list sploh. Je bogato ilustriran in je tudi po vsebini bogat. Vsebinska je svobodomiselnost in vzgaja mladino res k svobodni volji in svobodnemu prepričanju brez vseh mogočih priveskov in vplivov, ki so jih naši mladinski listi—izvzemši Našega Obzora—tako polni. Vsi leposlovnih prispevki Mladinskega lista imajo socialno tendenco ali motive; zlasti opažamo to pri pesmih in povestih Mileta Klopčiča, Jožeta Kovača, Katke Zupančičeve in Ane P. Krasne. Pri pripovednih spisih prevladujejo poleg imenovanih še prispevki Ivana Jonteza, Ivana Vuka, Strica Jožeta in Louisa Benigerja. Mladini sami je posvečen "Naš kotiček," ki je vedno bolj poln pisem in prispevkov mladine same.—Mladinski list zelo dobro služi svojemu namenu, t. j. vzbuditi proletarske zavesti v naši mladini onstran oceana in ohraniti te mladine pred prebrzo naturalizacijo in poamerikanizacijo. Našim rojakom v novi domovini je list lahko v čast, nam pa naj bi bil za vzgled.



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THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

BY LORD BYRON

*MY HAIR is gray, but not from years;
Nor grew it white
In single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death:
That father perish'd at the stake
for tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one;
Six youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Dying as their father died,
For the cause their foes denied;—
Three were in dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.*



MOTHER O' MINE

I*f I were hanged on the highest hill,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!*

*If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose tears would come down to me,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!*

*If I were damned of body and soul,
 I know whose love would make me whole,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!*

—Kipling.



MOLDING CHARACTER

I took a piece of plastic clay
 And idly fashioned it one day,
 And as my fingers pressed it, still
 It bent and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past,
 The bit of clay was hard at last;
 The form I gave it still it bore,
 But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay
 And gently formed it day by day,
 And molded it with power and art—
 A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone:
 He was a man I looked upon.
 The early imprint still he bore,
 But I could change him nevermore.

Secret of Spider's Skill Sought By Scientists

SCIENCE has been discovering some new facts about the spider. Whether or not this creature ever reached our earth from some other world, as some may believe, scientists are agreed that the spider is supreme in cunning, ruthless ferocity, inventiveness and courage.

H. G. Wells once said that if man ever lost his mastery of this planet, the next race to dominate it would be the spiders! And Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, who for years has been studying the spiders, now announces the results of his observations which would make of Mr. Wells a prophet. Experiments with spiders and careful watching of various kinds reveal an intelligence that leaves mankind amazed.

So important is the study of the spider that the United States department of the interior has been making an investigation of the spiders' web. This silken thread, spun by a spider, when photographed thru a microscope that enlarges some 2,000 times, is but the size of an ordinary horsehair. On the other hand, a human hair, magnified on the same scale, would be six inches thick. This is comparative, as well as the relative strength of the two.

The spider with such an apparently fragile and transparent wisp of line is able to bind animals several times larger than itself.

Dr. Gudger tells of how he has seen spiders attack tadpoles, small frogs and snakes, lizards, and even bats. He found some of the results hard to believe and as a true scientist waited a long time before announcing the results of his own conclusions. He tested some spiders by capturing a dozen tadpoles and three frogs for his experiment.

Taking a jar with the tadpoles swimming in the water and a bit of a tree branch to keep the spider and the frogs out of the wet, he saw that the spider soon ate nine of the tadpoles and then made a meal of one of the little frogs. After this he observed spiders about ponds and small bodies of water. It seemed true that tadpoles and small frogs are favorite dishes of hungry spiders. When the spider wants something to eat he goes fishing. Even minnows have been known to vanish from an aquarium if a large spider is about.

But spiders, Dr. Gurger found, will even attack snakes. At Batavia, N. Y., a small ringed snake, nine inches long, was found trapped by a spider in a cellar. The spider, its body hardly bigger than a good-sized pea, had spun a web in the form of an inverted cone, from the tip of which hung a silken cable of about the thickness of ordinary sewing silk. By this cable the snake was found suspended still alive, its mouth muzzled with multiple strands of web, and its tail tied by means of more of the silken cord.

Dr. Gudger also tells of a mouse that was snared by a spider. Apparently the snaring was accomplished at the start by winding silken threads around the tail of the rodent, perhaps while it was asleep. Anyway, the mouse was securely tied, and the spider, its web located beneath the table, showed its engineering skill, using a loop to hoist the mouse off the floor.

In New Guinea the Papuans use spiders' webs for fishnets. The spider which is found there is a forest species and spins giant webs six and seven feet in diameter and woven in large mesh, for the catching of small birds as house spiders catch flies and moths.

The primitive Papuan goes to the forest where the spiders are thickest and sticks upright in the ground the stem of a long and pliant bamboo, the top end of which has been bent over and tied so as to form a large loop. This loop makes a convenient frame in which to build a web and the spider, dark brown and about the size of a hazel nut, seeing the ideal place for a web soon takes advantage of the loop left by the native. The Papuan then takes the net which has been presented to him and uses it for catching fish.

If man points to his mastery of the air, the spider can show that he has for untold centuries used aerial navigation. Many spiders are skilled aeronauts. Almost any warm day will show a spider in the act of taking a little joy ride thru the air. Climbing to some elevated place, and letting loose a number of threads the spider is carried thru the air by the wind. It is able to descend at a convenient time by reducing the sail-spread, so to speak, and taking in some of the threads. These spider ships of the air are sometimes found at great heights. Even ships at sea have found them hundreds of miles from land.

It is this quality of adaptability to the air, to the water, to the needs of its appetite that gives the spider the respect, if also the fear, of mankind in general. Dr. Gudger observed a spider perched on a twig fifteen feet above the ground and wishing to throw a line to another twig twelve feet away will either take note of the direction of the wind and use it, or will lower itself to the ground, running across to the desired spot, fasten the thread to it and then pull in the slack until the first line is taut. After that it is a simple matter of casting other lines at right angles and parallel where, by dropping down or climbing up and pulling in the slack, a web is spun that will catch the needed food.

What couldn't man do if he were able to make ropes and cables with the approximate strength of a spider's web. Suspension bridges would be thrown across on tiny cables about the size of binders' cord. With the secret of making of cord after the manner of the spider, the whole course of engineering as we know it today would be altered. The making of a web is a fascinating process. The spider first stretches the boundary lines, which may inclose a square or a triangle, according to the place. Then it drops a center line from top to bottom and, working from the center of that, spins a series of rays, that radiate like spokes from a hub. After that, starting at the center, it spins a spiral, using the rays as steps on which to work, and attaching the spiral to each ray in turn. The spiral, however, is only a scaffold to be used in making the final web, which is coated with a sticky substance to trap flies. The spider starts it at the outer edge and spins another spiral toward the center, walking on the first one, and eating as it proceeds.



THE COVERED WAGON

By Lena Whittaker Blakeney

THROUGHOUT a mist of tears I watch the years
Of my youth go by again,—
The golden years when the pioneers
First peopled an unknown plain.

By our camp fire's gleam on a far off stream,
Like a light in a drifting haze,
I journeyed back by the old dim track
That leads to the vanished days.

As the phantom trains of the windswept plains
In shadowy outline pass,
The cottonwood trees stir with the breeze
That ripples the prairie grass.

The prairies swoon in the radiant noon,
And I catch the faint perfume
Of the cactus, blent with the faint sweet scent
Of the yucca's waxen bloom.

The cattle drink at the river's brink
At the close of the peaceful day,—
They are dim-seen ghosts of the tramping hosts
That, far-flung, once held sway.

I hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And a note from a night-bird's throat,—
The deadly purr of a rattler's whir,
And the bark of a lone coyote;

And the muffled thrum of the Indian drum
As it beats a weird tattoo
For the wild war dance—the old romance
Still stirs me through and through!

The trail grows dim . . . Ah, now the rim
Of the sunset sky bends low,
And the gray-green sedge at the prairie's edge
Is bathed in a blood-red glow!

The measured beat of my mustang's feet
Still lures me down the years—
And I want to ride back by the strong man's track
That I see tonight through tears.

WHAT GOOD DID IT DO?

- WHAT good did it do when you frowned? let me ask?
 Did it help you at all to accomplish your task?
 Did the frown that you wore make a right out of wrong?
 Did it lighten your burden or help you along?
 What good did it do to be grouchy today?
 Did your surliness drive any trouble away?
- Did you cover more ground than you usually do
 Because of the grouch that you carried with you?
 If not, what's the use of a grouch or a frown,
 If it won't smooth a path or a grim trouble down?
 If it doesn't assist you, it isn't worth while;
 Your work may be hard, but just do it —and smile.

Peace and Arms

By R. MacDonald, Premier of England

IT IS high time that we put an end forever to this fooling with war. The public opinion of the whole world has compelled the representatives of States to sign the pact renouncing war as an element in national policy. Do we mean it or do we not? Are we to continue to live the double life of doing lip-service to peace and as rational beings join the United States or any one else in saying that war is both barbarous and futile, while at the same time we cling to the weapons and the diplomacy of war for our security?

Nine-tenths of the hummings and the hawings of Geneva relate to the things of a world which no longer exists. If there is to be no next war (and the peace pact signed at Paris says there is not) why cannot we go on making security doubly sure? Why do we go on discussing armaments in relation to national security in a war

which we say is never to come, instead of making provision for the settlement of those disputes which hitherto have defied all arbitrament except the ordeal of battle?

It would take special concern regarding American affairs, and would discuss disputed matters with the United States, determined to settle them. Some of these matters of offense, like the freedom of the seas, have ceased to be important, or at any rate, have become much less important than hitherto, owing to changes in fighting conditions, economic strength and international agreements. All that is now required is to make our formally declared position conform to the real facts and possibilities. And understanding between Great Britain and the United States is essential to the world's restfulness.

Strangest Spot In The World

YELLOWSTONE, the most fantastic, grotesque, unbelievable spot in the world. The Paint Pot, a boiling pit of cream, rose, pink, and red mud, continually bubbling like a gigantic pan of very thick cereal. The fascinating and freakish hot springs and spouting geysers in Hell's Half Acre, steaming away in their cups of rainbow-colored clay, of forming quaint, chiseled terraces of sunset hues. The petrified forest. The billowing, shimmering, white glory of the lower Yellowstone Falls, dropping for 308 feet in one unbroken cloud of mist to the Yellowstone River. And crowning wonder of this place of wonders, the Grand Canyon. Words are weak things to describe the marvelous coloring, the awesome grandeur, the tremendous impressiveness of this jagged gash riven in the solid rock, with the white-and-green ribbon of the Yellowstone River winding in and out far, far below. This is not the largest canyon in the West, the Grand Canyon of Arizona being much deeper, but artists declare it to be the most beautiful.

Years ago, John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, wounded in a skirmish with Blackfeet and Crow Indians, fled for his life into this wonderland and found sanctuary. For the most fearless of Indian hunters and braves shunned the place with superstition and horror. They believed it to be a creation of the evil spirits, its beauty intended as a decoy and a trap. Tradition had it that for many years a race of weak and harmless Indians called *Taukuarikas* had existed there without harm or fear. But tradition also said that the ancestors of these people, a mighty race, had been destroyed by a terrible cataclysm. Which is probably the reason why other tribes regarded Yellowstone with such dread,

and why any living thing fleeing into it found refuge from them.

John Colter brought back strange tales of this region, so strange indeed that people laughed and thought him quite a fine yarn-spinner. Jim Bridger, one of the earliest whites to visit the same place, earned himself the title of "biggest liar in seven States" by his descriptions of the weird and amazing sights he had seen. Even fifty years later newspaper men in writing their accounts of the Park had to tone down their stories. People were sure that such strange and unheard of phenomena simply could not exist!

Farther west, towering high above the sky-line of the Cascade Range, Mt. Rainier stands, serene, impressive. The Indians used to call this mighty peak "The Mountain that is God," because, unlike most mountains, it stands out distinct from the foothills and near-by crags of the range alone, grandly solitary, brooding over its great domain.

Twenty-eight living glaciers dot the sides of Mt. Rainier. Churning, foaming rivers filled with grinding ice-blocks, they pour over precipices like waterfalls, tumbling down the rocky slopes in noisy cascades or rising smoothly upon hidden rocks, foam, brooklike, over its lower edges. Great cirque glaciers of solid blue ice form fairy caverns to be visited with guides and flaring torches, crystal palaces fit for an ice king to hold court in.

Thousands upon thousands of gorgeous wild flowers crowd together on the slopes of the mountain. John Muir, the celebrated naturalist, said of them: "Above the forests there is a zone of the loveliest flowers fifty miles in circuit and so luxurious that it seems as if Nature, glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economizing the precious ground

and trying to see how many of her darlings she could get together in one mountain wreath—daisies, anemones, columbine, erythroniums, larkspurs, and others among which we wade waist-deep. Altogether this is the richest sub-Alpine garden I have ever found, a perfect flower elysium." The whole mountain is now a vast National Park, and one of the most entrancing playgrounds one might imagine. There is no limit to the variety of things the tourist may choose to do here. From the active youths, who will want to don hiking garb and set out with a guide for the sky-line trail, to the quieter elders who will be content with less strenuous exercise, there is something to make the days quite perfect in this fairyland from dawn to sunset.

A little more than seventy-five years ago, Seattle and Spokane, Washington, were virgin wilderness. Our Congress looked at the district they occupy with a doubtful eye. They were not sure that they wanted to bother with it. But the early missionaries realized the illimitable resources of this rich territory. They finally led a migration of a thousand souls to this region, so that the Americans would outnumber the British three to one, and Congress would have something on which to base its claims. Congress, impressed, at the last moment realized what they had been doing in letting England get the rich Oregon land without so much as a

struggle. So tardily did we assert our rights for this valuable grant.

Now these two cities are the pride of the coast. Seattle, with its ideal summer climate, free from heat and electric storms, with an average temperature of 62 degrees, has a population of nearly 500,000. Spokane, laid out on a great plain encircled by the snowy-crested Cascade Mountains, with the turbulent water of the Columbia rushing through it, is a fit capital for the "Inland Empire." One-fifth of the potential water-power of the whole United States is locked in those mighty hills and in the swirling waters of the Columbia River.

One does not mention Seattle without immediately envisaging lovely Puget Sound and the Olympic Peninsula. Countless little islands dot the Sound, dipping their rugged feet into the clear, transparent water. Most conspicuous of these are the famous San Juans—seventy-two of them, that stand like sentinels in the rolling waters. One may cruise up and down always within sight of towering peaks and quaint lighthouses.

Surely Nature has been very kind to the Northwest of our country. Such extravagant loveliness, such fantastic beauty, such rich and abundant natural wealth has been bestowed more freely here than on any other spot on earth. —Jessica Lee.



How To End War

THE Next War!

In spite of disarmament conferences, peace pacts, international courts, and the League of Nations, people talk of "The Next War."

The last war did not end war. Others more terrible are in the making. Huge sums of money are being spent by this and other nations for military purposes. There are today 10,000,000 more soldiers under arms than in 1914 and war equipment is five times as great. Every year three-fourths of our taxes pay for old wars and preparations for new ones.

The next war would not be confined to armies alone. Men, women, and children would fall victims to the death-dealing explosives, gases, and disease germs hurled down on helpless cities from speeding planes far beyond the reach of defense guns. Neither age nor sex would be spared; whole populations would be wiped out like rats in traps.

"There are now at least two varieties of poison gas against which no mask is any protection," Stuart Chase tells us in an appalling survey. "There are also irritating gases which cause the sufferer to tear off his mask and take a good full breath of the poison gas which has previously been laid. Eight scourges are available for germ bombs: yellow fever, dysentery, diphtheria, malaria, typhus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever."

There is practically no limit to the power of death-dealing devices now at the service of warring nations.

Since defense against these terrifically efficient weapons is almost impossible, there are just two possible courses open: Peace—or a return to barbarism.

The germ of modern wars is IMPERIALISM. It is often called "dollar diplomacy." It comes into being in the most advanced industrial countries be-

cause a small number of persons through ownership of the big industries and exploitation of the workers get more money than they can put to immediate use. They look for fields for investment where they can get the greatest return. The fields at home are crowded, although there are many ways in which money could be used to improve living conditions, such as building decent houses in slum areas. But they would not yield a sufficiently large return.

In the "backward nations" with rich and unexploited resources the capitalist with a surplus of money finds fertile fields.

Labor is unorganized and labor power can be bought cheaply.

Although sometimes the natives want to keep the resources for themselves, there are always ways of getting them.

Sometimes the American capitalist, with the help of his government, creates a revolution to throw out a government that will not serve him, or to set aside laws that might hinder him from taking the nation's oil, coal, rubber, or other material.

The American bankers are now to all intents and purposes the government in fifteen South and Central American countries: Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama, Nicaragua, and Honduras are under "our" military control; Salvador, Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia have American financial advisers; and the power of "our" bankers and investors is strong in Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Mexico.

Thousands of natives have died at the hands of armed forces sent to protect property and restore "order" in the capitalists' economic colonies. Brigadier-General Barnett, who was in command of the marines in Haiti from 1914 to 1920, is authority for the statement that "practically indiscriminate killings

had been going on for some time." In Nicaragua, defenseless women and children were killed by U. S. aerial forces bombarding towns unoccupied by soldiers.

American capital does not stick to the Western Hemisphere, however. It is now flowing to other parts of the world; Asia, Africa, and Europe are all getting their share. In Asia we have battleships and marines to protect American property.

When the most powerful industrial countries have surpluses to invest in colonial countries, there are bound to be clashes between them. Such clashes were the cause of the world war.

After the war, Woodrow Wilson was quite frank about this. In a speech on September 5, 1919, he said, "Is there any man here, or any woman—let me say any child—who does not know that the seed of war in the modern world is industrial and commercial rivalry? This war was a commercial and industrial war; it was not a political war."

In addition to the desire for investment opportunities, there are two other strands of imperialism. They are, (1) the need for raw materials, and (2) the demand for new markets for finished goods. The three together form the unholy trinity which constantly keeps mankind on the verge of war. No remedy which does not deal with these factors will cure war.

Closely linked with those who make profits through commerce is the armament manufacturer, whose profits are low unless there is trouble between nations.

Since wars are waged merely for the benefit of small groups of bankers and investors fighting for more wealth to add to already immense fortunes, why do we go to war?

The Socialists say that we should not, that no war was ever declared by the common people of any country, nor for the benefit of the common people. The Socialists propose the logical remedy.

Our proposal hits at the root of war—the scramble for profits for the few.

If the basic industries in this and all other countries were owned by the people and democratically managed for the service of all instead of the profits of a few, Imperialism, the germ of modern wars, would be killed.

It is only by the international cooperation of governments and the international organization of the workers of the world on both economic and political fields that the production and distribution of the world's goods to meet the world's requirements can be carried out.

Those who are in earnest about wanting to end war must work to build up the labor and Socialist movement.

Before the bands start playing and the flags start flying—before you lose your head and don a uniform, examine the Socialists' immediate program.

The Socialists say that:

The swollen profits of the few should be put to work for the social welfare of all. High income and inheritance taxes to provide funds for state unemployment insurance, old age pensions, and other social insurance would accomplish this.

All private loans and investments in foreign countries must be made at the sole risk of the investors. Armed forces must be withdrawn from South and Central American countries and our colonies freed.

Private manufacture of arms and ammunition must be abolished.

As quickly as possible all armaments must be scrapped. The United States should lead the way by immediate, and substantial reduction of all classes of naval and land armaments. Disarmament by agreement and conference has been proved a delusion.

Military training of highly impressionable youngsters in the schools and colleges must be stopped. The propaganda machine which the regular army is building up must be put out of commission.

All war debts due to the United States from its former war associates should be cancelled, on condition of a simultaneous cancellation of all inter-allied debts and a remission of reparation obligations of the Central Powers: furthermore, on the condition that our debtors reduce their military expenditures below pre-war level.

Machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes by conference, conciliation, arbitration, and judicial determination must be strengthened.

The League of Nations must be made all-inclusive and democratic. Members of its governing body should be directly elected—not appointed from the staff of old time diplomats.

Russia must be recognized and brought into the League.

Machinery for world wide conference on distribution of investments, allocation of markets, and access to raw materials must be built up through the League of Nations and other interna-

tional and world wide organization.

If you are in earnest about fighting war, you will line up with the Socialists. The old parties are war parties. They are run by capitalists who have money to invest abroad, or who own munition and poison gas factories. They are run by the people whose business it is to see that labor is weak and unorganized.

The Socialist party is part of a world-wide movement for a new society in which war, poverty, and exploitation of man by man will be abolished. It belongs to the Labor and Socialist International, with almost 10,000,000 members in thirty countries and which is closely allied with the International Federation of Trade Unions with 14,000,000 members. Both struggle against imperialism and future wars.

It works to build up strength enough through its press and its political representation to prevent the war parties from maneuvering the American people into the NEXT WAR.

Anna P. Krasna:

Party

DOLORES Batten was an only daughter of a wealthy merchant, and she was just nearing her eighth birthday. Her mother decided to give a big birthday party in her honor. She told Dolores to invite anyone she would like to have with her that day. That pleased the spoiled and pampered little "daddy's pet" as she was often called by her mother and maids.

One day she came home from school and ran to her mother saying: "I am going to have a real big party, mamma; the whole class of third graders is coming to my party."

Her mother looked at her, and her brow wrinkled as she said quietly: "Very well, Dolores, if you wish to have all those common children around you on your birthday, you can have them, but it will be the last time; next year I shall send you to a private school

where you will be with the right kind of children—you are not a common brat—remember that, always!"

"But mamma," Dolores protested stubbornly, "you said that I can have anyone I want, and I do so want to give those poor children that I know a good treat at my party; I told them not to bring any presents, for my daddy can buy me lots of them. And you said now that they are brats, and that I can't have them anymore. I think you are mean, Mother! Why, some of those children are my best friends, better than my rich friends, they are so nice to play with. I like them."

"Don't talk too much, Dolores. You must learn good manners, for you will be a lady some day, but if you associate with children who are below you in rank, you shall never amount to anything in society. Go ahead and have

those poor kids as you have already decided; the butlers will take care of them if they prove too ruinous and untamed. That's all now, dearie; run along and let mother alone. She must get ready for a reception at Mrs. Wendel's."

Dolores looked at her mother and pressed her lips tightly together. She wanted to cry, but her governess came from her room and took her away from Mrs. Batten's dressing room.

The big day arrived and everything was prepared and ready, just as Dolores wanted to have it arranged. Her mother fulfilled the promise she made to her only darling, but she did not like to talk about the little guests that were to come to this carefully prepared party. And Dolores did not care. She was satisfied to have her party, even if her mother did not fully approve of her guests. The children came early, dressed in their best clothes (many of these were only cheap gingham), their fresh, young faces aglow with expectation and innocent eagerness for a merry time. Two butlers showed them to a grassy patch in the big and neatly kept yard and told them to play there until the real party begins. Dolores, dressed in a beautiful white dress, and wearing a string of real white pearls, came out and joined them. Girls marvelled at her attire, her pearls, bracelet, slippers; the boys talked among themselves and bounced the tennis balls that were given them to play with. Some of the children observed with surprise and strange fear that they have ventured into a wrong place, fit only for fairy princesses.

The surprise, fear and embarrassment doubled as they entered the wonderful mansion, which was Dolores Batten's home. Thick rugs, rich draperies, the finest net curtains, spotless walls, richly finished woodwork, expensive furniture, such as they had never seen before, and so many costly little things set here and there as decorations for the ample rooms. The big

dining room looked to them as some beautiful vision from the Wonderland. Three tables were set with shiny silverware, and pink and white chinaware. On the biggest table gleamed a beautifully decorated birthday cake, with eight candles burning peacefully above its pink and white daintiness. Dolores was sitting at the head of that table and ate heartily of the carefully prepared food served to the little guests by uniformed butlers.

"Come on, pals, eat as much as you can, there is plenty more in the kitchen," she urged as she noticed that some of her guests were afraid to eat. But that only embarrassed the bashful youngsters. They felt clumsy, uneasy, and whenever they tried to pick something from the expensive plates it surely dropped on the pink tablecloth and made an ugly stain. The children that were used to if not as rich, nevertheless similar surroundings, laughed at the laborious attempts of their less fortunate co-guests and exchanged bantering remarks and winks when some poor little face blushed all over because a new spill spotted the glossy linen. At their own plain, little parties, these "backward" lads and girls would be at home; they would not be one bit clumsy nor embarrassed. But oh, how they wished they had never accepted invitations to this wonderful, but for them only bewildering party.

After dinner, Dolores led them to a large playroom, which was full of toys; she also showed them her rooms where she slept, studied her music and entertained her friends and little relatives. Then they played games, even danced fairy dances, but as they stepped out of the beautiful home of Dolores Batten, they resolved never to go to another party like that.

"Why, what's wrong with you kids?" asked a girl who enjoyed staying beside Dolores nearly all evening.

"O, nothing. It was a swell party, but we don't belong to such parties," answered the common little girls and boys.



Dear Readers:—

With this issue the Mladinski List begins its tenth year. The Mladinski List was brought to our Slovene Juveniles with the serious purpose of enlightening them along the lines of progressive principles which are embodied in the By-Laws of the S.N.P.J.

What our Juvenile Movement means to the future of our Society is so important that we are incapable of appraising it. The mission of our monthly is great. Our magazine is the link between the old and the new generation, and its educational value is reflected in its contents, its social tendencies and progressive labor spirit.

The Mladinski List is here to serve and build!

THE EDITOR.

WHEN CHILDREN TURN COOKS

Dear Editor:—

Caroline Kraytz said that our magazine would be more interesting if we had some original poems, stories, etc. I agree with her. Here I am sending a story called "Accidents Always Happen" of four hundred and twenty five (425) words, which I have been told is rather interesting.

Accidents Always Happen

One evening while Mortons were listening to the radio, a knock was heard. Jack answered the knock. He returned with a yellow envelop in his hand.

"Telegram on Friday the thirteenth," shouted Jack.

Everyone was afraid for fear it might be bad news. Sure enough it was. Uncle Jim had died and Dr. and Mrs. Morton were asked to the funeral. Dr. Morton could not leave his work. That meant that Mrs. Morton had to go alone. She was to leave on the seven o'clock train the next morning. Mrs. Morton prepared the breakfast. Jack, Janet, and Bill were to prepare their luncheon and dinner. The boys went out hiking with Jim, Jerry,

and Charlie. Janet did not want to bother to make luncheon just for herself, so she helped herself in the ice box.

At four o'clock the boys arrived home. There was only one hour to prepare the dinner. Janet was to make the croquetts, because the boys did not know how. Bill was to make the sponge cake, because he tried it once and it turned out very well. This left Jack to prepare the potatoes. Questions were being asked and none were answered.

"Where is the masher?"

"Where do we keep the sugar?"

"Gee whiz! Where is the egg beater?"

"How much do you put in—?"

"Be still, boys, one question at a time," cut in Janet. "This kitchen sounds as if you were trying to get a station on the radio."

Dr. Morton looking into the kitchen, smiled when he heard Janet say this.

"That's the way to fix them, Janet," said Dr. Morton. The boys were embarrassed. They proceeded to work. Bill was angry and threw the egg shells on the floor. Jack was peeling the potatoes on the floor. A few seconds later Jack slipped on the potato peel-

ings and landed on the egg shells. He fell in such a way that Janet started to laugh. This started Bill to roar in. Even Dr. Morton came to see what was the matter. He too of course laughed. Dr. Morton saw how much trouble Jack had. He got one of Mrs. Morton's aprons and helped Jack. Everything went all right, but the sponge cake. When it was tasted everyone made a wry face.

"What's the matter?" asked Bill.

This caused everyone to laugh.

"Taste it," cried Jack. Bill tasted it.

"You have put the salt in the cake instead of sugar," laughed Dr. Morton.

For supper they made a pudding as a substitute for the sponge cake.

Yours truly, **Dorothy Matelich,**
943 N. Holmes, Indianapolis, Ind.

* *

VIENNA AND READING

Dear Editor:—

We are having some nice times in school. We are going to have a "spell-down" between our class 5A and 5B, to see who will win. I think that our grade will win but I'm not sure. I hope I can say we won.

In the May issue of the M. L. I saw a letter from a member who told of the day when Governor Pinchot came to Harrisburg, Pa. She said it was a nice day. I think it was a greater day when the Socialists Lilith Wilson and Darlington Hoopes were elected, and came to Harrisburg, Pa. Because if we would have more Socialists elected, we would not have to write about the hard times in the M. L.

We had a lecture in Latrobe. Dr. Wm. Van Essen talked about Vienna, Austria, and Reading, Pa. That is very interesting about Reading, Pa., because it is in the U. S. He showed some pictures of what the Socialists have done in Vienna, Austria, and Reading, Pa. It was a very interesting evening. It was a success. But we could have had more people if it hadn't rained. This is a good excuse some people would say; we know that we could have had more people because we sold more tickets.

Maybe some of the readers do not like my letter, because I am talking about Socialism, but I think that it is necessary to write about this because of these hard times. When we are big enough to know that we are hungry, we should know why we are hungry.

With best wishes to all,

Mary E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I am member of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 476. I am fourteen years old and in the 7th grade of

the St. Paul's Catholic School of Salem, O. I like to read the letters, jokes, and poems of this magazine.

The work around here is scarce. My father works 4 or 5 days a week. I have one brother, 16, and one sister, who was 15 on June 3.

Wishing some of the members would write to me.

Josephine Gabrich,
365 Sharp ave., Salem, Ohio.

* *

"THE IMPERIAL BLACKSMITH"

(Up to date)

Dear Editor:—

I wish you would print this poem:

The Imperial Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree
A stubborn auto stands;
The smith, an angry man is he
With trouble on his hands.

The carburetor seems to be
The cause of all his woe;
He tightens half a dozen bolts,
But still it doesn't go.

He sits beside the road to give
His brain a chance to call,
And ponders on his training at
The correspondence school.

And then he starts his job once more
And just by chance it seems—
The cause of all his trouble is
He's out of gasoline!

Matilda Vehar, Box 316, Imperial, Pa.

* *

FOR A LARGER M. L.

Dear Editor and Members:—

I have written a couple of times to the M. L. and will try my best to write every month.

The work out here is scarce. My father works out of Yukon, 4 or 5 days a week.

Last time I wrote I received a good many letters which I appreciate very much.

I haven't seen any letter from Yukon for several months, except in the June issue. Herman Presern wrote and his letter was real nice to read. Wake up, Yukon, are you all asleep? Wipe your eyes and write to the M. L., so it'll get larger every month.

I have received a good many letters from Bertha Legan.

Best wishes to all SNPJ members, including the Editor.

Elsie Yemc, Box 214, Yukon, Pa.

* *

"BAD CHILDREN"

Dear Editor:—

Today again I want to write a little to the M. L. in English language. I would be very glad if you would put this in the

July number. I will also write in Slovene language. Here came the month of May with all beautiful things. Flowers in the garden and the sun is shining. Everything is so nice that you would just whistle. When I came home from school I was very glad, May 1. It was like a holiday. In my mind came a song which we were singing in the Old Country in school:

"Ljubi maj, krasni maj,
konec zime je sedaj."

How pretty May is, no more winter for us little children. In some places people haven't got any bread for their children. There is much trouble with children, because we make our parents angry. Around here no children listen to their father and mother, which is wrong and bad for the children themselves. Our mothers work all day when we are in school. When we come home from school we help her with her work, and give her a smile. Maybe we cannot do a lot of work now, but when we are grown up we could help our parents and keep them.

We try to be good to our parents, and we wish that time is going to come so all the children and parents could be happy.

Anica Kramžar, Box 411, Morgan, Pa.

* *

A LETTER FROM THE ROCKIES

Dear Editor:—

Well, I guess I have to tell in the M. L. about the weather out here in Elmore. The weather is (May 22) like it was in December; for two days it was very cold. All the time it would rain, snow, or hail.

All the farmers that planted their vegetables, have to cover them with something so that they don't freeze. Most of them have their cucumbers out and beans and some flowers. They are so weak that the frost could kill them easy.

There is a man in Elmore that was here for 42 years and he never saw a month of May so cold.

In Elmore the school was out on May 14. I passed to the eighth grade. I am 12 years old. All my brothers passed also.

Now I am starting in the "primary grade" to read and write in Slovene. Every night one hour my mother teaches me how. So she's my teacher. When I can write good I will write a letter in Slovene. It is pretty hard to learn to read and write Slovene. I have a book at home that has all the words you

want in it. You look it up and by the side is the way you pronounce the Slovene and English words.

Mary Marinac, Elmore, Colorado.

* *

Dear Editor:—

You'll surely remember me as one of the "adult" members of the SNPJ that wrote to you about 21 months ago, in regards to the Mladinski List. I send my sincere compliments and congratulate all that take a little spare time and interest in enlarging the Mladinski List. I am a grown-up girl, but I must say, M. L. is a very interesting little magazine. I love children that have a spirit of knowledge.

Ever since the death of my father, which was a year and seven months ago, life has been dull to me. But humans have a heart, and we must pull forward and make the very best of the future. So we must therefore look to friends.

"A friend in need, is a friend indeed," as the old saying goes. Which I have experienced to be very true.

Children that read this: Never forget that there are happy days ahead of you all if you keep within the spirit of truth and loyalty to all.

Get your friends to write and make a large M. L. that you will be very proud of.

My spare minutes are usually spent in reading literature and always looking up something new in the Encyclopaedia and surveying the sky in regards to astrology; that is a very interesting subject.

I suppose it is now time for me to put in a little verse and sign-off, so that I won't use all the space. This is merely a bit of philosophical piece of poetry which was written by an Indian.

INDIAN LAMENT

Wife he die,	Buy ol' Ford
I so sad.	No good too,
My ol' hoss	Ride and push,
Done gone bad.	No can do.
White man banker	Republican
No can trust,	Stock-market hogs
Take its monies—	Run it country
Bank go bust.	To the dogs.
Democrat,	No man Democrat
He Hoover-man	By D—m—
Hoover man,	Guess me vote
Republican.	For Uncle Sam.

A Slovene friend, Rose Krek, Raton, N. Mex.

"WE HAVE LOTS OF FUN"

Dear Editor:—

I sent a letter to the M. L., but it was not printed because I wrote on both sides of the paper. So I'm sending a letter again.

I do not see any letters from San Francisco. We have lots of fun over here; we have rollerskates and wagons and at night we tell ghost stories or go to the show.

I would like to get letters from some boys who are between 13 and 15 years old. I am 13 years old. My niece would like to receive some letters from girls who are 10 and 11 years old. Please write to the same address. My niece's name is Evelyn Krasovic.

Ludvick Lovshin, 1773 Oakdale ave., San Francisco, Calif.

* *

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Theresa Rapinac, 1813 E. Adams st., Springfield, Ill., tells us that she joined Lodge 47 SNPJ recently and she likes the M. L. very much. She attends the Lincoln school and has very good teachers. She goes to different room for every subject. She also says that she is very lonesome and would like to get letters from some members. Theresa is 14 years old and in the 8th grade. Her sister is 7 year old and also a member of the SNPJ.

Julia Prosen, 820 4th st., E. Moline, Ill., is a member of Lodge 286 and their whole family of seven belongs to the SNPJ. Julia is 14 years old and graduated in June from St. Mary's grade school. The next letter to the M. L. she will write in the Slovene language, she says. And we all hope that she will make it interesting, which she no doubt will.

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa., is now nine years old and in the 4th grade in school. He likes the M. L. very much, and also likes his school and his teacher. He is adding an Indian poem, but it will not be published because it is written in pencil and on both sides of the paper. We are sure that Felix will write his next little letter in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Frances Smodich, Box 57, Maynard, O., tells us that she is 10 years old and in the 5th grade in school. She, too, likes the Mladinski List, and tells us further that there are four in her family and all are in Lodge 275. Frances would like to receive some letters, and she will answer them all.

Marian and John Mlaker, Duryea, Pa., each sent a little letter to the Mladinski List. Both are quoting several nice lines of sayings and poetry, and both forgot to tell the source of their material. But we know they will write again to the M. L. and make their little letters even more interesting and amusing.



IN A SOVIET TECHNICAL SCHOOL