

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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TONE SAJOVIC:

DEČEK S CESTE

VEČER JE, a brez zvezd na nebu.
Ob cesti, na kantonu
ubog deček sam sedi
in vsemu svetu o sebi
in o mnogih, podobnih njemu, govori:

Glejte, jaz sem deček s ceste,
s tiste velike, v daljavo vodeče;
ubog sem in marsikdo od vas mi reče:
"Ogni se mi s ceste!"
in greste mimo,
ne da bi me obdarili.

Ne vem, ali nisem vreden vaše družine,
ne uganem, odkod izvira ta prezir,
samo bolešno slutim,
da ne ljubite trpinov;
kajti če bi jih,
bi dali svobodo in mir
in vsi bi se v sreči vzljubili.

Tako pa puščate,
da ubogi deček bega po veliki cesti
in se izgubi,
mesto da bi ga rešili zlega
in ga osrečili,
kajti tudi on je vreden ljubezni.

Oslovi trije stavki

JE BIL nekoč osel, ki je zašel v človeško družbo. Nepopisno je bil srečen in kar sram ga je bilo, da je osel. Ali zelo bolelo ga je in mučno mu je bilo, da ni znal človeške govornice. Ko je bil naposled zaradi tega obupan, je zahrepenel, da bi — izpregovoril.

Moj bože, še med ljudmi je nešteto takih, ki hočejo ukaniti naravo, — pa jih ne bi bilo med osli!

Ko je oslov obup prikupil do vrhunca, je poklical vruga na pomoč. Mislil je osel: Bolje je govoriti po človeško, pa se — makar zapisati hudiču, kot pa večno rigati in ostati navaden osel! Poklical je vruga, ki ga tudi ni bilo treba dolgo čakati. — Zadišalo je po žveplu in po smoli — in je že stal kopitonožec pred oslom. Ta si je mislil: Rajši bom v svojih zahtevah skromen, sicer mi jih vrug še odkloni!

In je prosil: "Vsaj tri stavke naj izpregovorim po človeško. Za to ti zapisem svojo kožo!"

Mislil si je zlodej: Kaj bi z oslovsko kožo, ki jo dobim šele, ko pogine? Eno uho zahtevam in sicer takoj! — Tako je tudi odgovoril. Osel je pristal.

Ali sedaj so se začenjale težkoče. Osel je tuhtal in tuhtal, katere tri stavke naj se nauči, da mu bodo v korist in mu bodo zagotovili prijateljstvo ljudi. Prijateljstvo, ki bo trajalo tudi še pozneje, ko bo moral molčati, ker ne bo znal povedati več ko tri stavke.

— Vrug mu je svetoval najrazličnejše stavke, oslu pa ni bilo nič prav. Končno je našel pravo: v velikem mestu je slišal krasen koncert. Tedaj se mu je zjasnilo: najvišje, kar je dano ljudem, je umetnost. Kdor se v njej kaže večjaka in razumnika, njemu je zagotovljeno častno mesto med cvetom ljudi! —

Pa je pripeljal osel vruga na tak koncert in ga naprosil, da naj ga nauči tri tehtne stavke.

"Dobro," je dejal vrug, in je začel s poukom. Ko vstopi v dvorano — tako ga je učil — naj se prijazno zasmije in

naj reče: "Kako krasna godba!" Potem mu bodo prav gotovo porekli, da so to slavni umetniki iz tujine, na kar naj reče: "To se vidi na prvi pogled!" Nato ga bodo brezdvomno vprašali, kako mu godba ugaja. No, za konec in tretji stavek pa naj glasno zaploska in reče: "Jaz jim čestitam!"

Tako ga je učil vrug. Osel je bil kar neumen od veselja in ni maral niti za to, da mu je vrug kot plačilo za pouk odščipnil desni uhelj. Samouh je skalkal in ponavljal svoje tri stavke.

Dirjal je po cestah, da so ljudje zmajevali z glavami in se prestrašeni umikali. Pa je pridirjal na trg sredi mesta. Tam je kar mrgolelo ljudi. Bila se je zgodila nesreča. Dva avtomobila in voz so trčili drug v drugega. Po tleh so ležali ljudje z zlomljenimi nogami in rokami ter vsi krvavi tarnali.

Osel, ki je ves čas mislil le na svoje tri stavke in na prijateljstvo z ljudmi, je pristopil. Zasmel se je prijazno in je dejal: "Kako krasna godba!" — Ljudje so se spogledali in so bili razjarjeni. Ko so pa videli, da je le osel, so mu pojasnili, da se je zgodila nesreča, da morajo ljudje v bolnico in da so pač reveži. Osel je komaj čakal, da bo lahko prodal svoj drugi stavek, in je bleknil: "To se vidi na prvi pogled!"

Ljudje niso več vedeli, ali se šali ali bi se rad ponorčeval iz nesrečnikov. Jezno so ga zavrnil: "Ne gobezdaj tako bedasto, saj vidiš, da so trije že mrtvi!" Osel je zaploskal, ves ponosen na svoj tretji stavek: "Jaz jim čestitam!"

Tedaj je bilo ljudem že vsega preveč. Pretepli so osla, da je komaj vstal. Ves obupan in polomljen je poklical vruga: "Prosim, daj da te tri stavke spet pozabim!"

"Daj mi še drugi uhelj!" je zahteval vrug.

In osel mu ga je dal. Rajši je hodil osramočen in brez uhljev sredi oslov, kakor da bi še kedaj — izpregovoril po človeško!

Katka Zupančič:

“Businessman” v povojih

Trn se izza mlada špiči.

ŽE VSE jutro se je potikal okrog cestnega križišča. Njegovo razoglavo, osrajčeno in v plave hlače potisnjeno postavico si videl zdaj na tem, zdaj spet na onem koncu.

Solnce je jelo pripekati, pa si je poiskal senco. Ali obstanka mu ni bilo. Vsak čas je menjal prostor. Za avtomobile se ni dosti menil, za pešče tudi ne, tembolj pa za kolesarje. Čim se je kateri pokazal na cesti, se je deček pognal kvišku in naprej. Z obema rokama si je zasenčil oči, če je moral gledati proti solncu.

Ura se je že pomaknila na popoldne. On še vedno tam. Mnogo nestrpnejši nego zjutraj.

To mora biti že nekaj več, nego kake malenkostne dečje muhe!

Kaj je? Ali koga pričakuje?

Pogled mu je bolj zaskrbljen, ko zbeگان. Zagoreli obraz mu kaže več resnobe, nego bi jo pričakoval od dvanajst trinajstletnih dečkov.

“Stražim, stražim,” je dejal nekoliko v zadregi. O ne, lačen ni. Davi je jedel in v žepu ima nikel. Ali žejen je hudo. Od ceste pa se ne upa. Morda bi ‘onega’ prav tisti trenotek zaneslo mimo.

Napil se je in kar je vode ostalo, si jo je izlil na glavo. “Vročje je!” je pripomnil. “Oči so me že ščemele. Zdaj bo boljše.”

Dva kolesarja sta prihajala od severne strani. Deček je napel oči. “Nak!” je zmajal z glavo. “Nobeden ni pravi in nobeno ni naše”.

“A, kolo ti je bilo ukradeno, jeli?”

“Ne ravno ukradeno, ali obenj smo vseeno. Ko bi bilo vsaj že plačano, to se pravi odsluženo! Pa ni.”

“Torej še čisto novo?”

“Ne, ni novo. Ali za nas je bilo novo. Naj vam povem vse od kraja. Veste, bli-

zu nas živi družina. Bogata, huj!” Z živo kretnjo je naznačil napihnenost. “Vsega imajo tisti ljudje. Hišo, avto, denar in tri otroke, dva dečka in deklico. Pa ima vsak otrok še svoje kolo povrh. Deklica pa se je pred tednom s svojim tako grdo zaletela, da si je zlomila roko. Odtlej ne mara več kolesa. In smo navrli na očeta: ‘Pojdi tja!’ smo rekli. ‘Kaj je njim eno kolo? Nam pa, ki nimamo ne hiše, ne avta, ne denarja, sploh nič — nam bi pomenilo veliko, pa čeprav je žensko kolo, hočem reči kolo za ženske!’ Tako smo silili v očeta, da ga kdo drugi ne prehititi. Da ima žep prazen, se je branil oče. ‘Morda boš kolo dobil napol zastonj ali pa čisto zastonj’, smo tiščali vanj. ‘Norčki ste’, nam je dejal, ‘odprta roka se nikdar ne dokoplje do bogastva!’ Zato si naj izbijemo tisti zastonj iz glave. Mi trije pa nismo odnehali. In je šel.

Pogodil se je z njimi, da jim bo prebarval vse, kar je lesenega zunaj na hiši. Samo barvo da bodo oni poskrbeli. Mi smo plesali od veselja; oče pa je tožil, da je škandal kako so ga odrli. V normalnih časih bi s tistim delom zaslužil za pet novih koles. ‘Pa naj bo’, je dejal, ‘zaradi vas!’

Dva dni smo se že vozarili s kolesom. In davi navsezgodaj, ko je oče odšel barvat, smo bili tudi mi že na cesti. Pa je prišel Joe, ki živi nekje na tem koncu. Je visok, na dolgih nogah, črne obrvi ima in naočnike; pa smehlja se vedno. “Ali boste tudi vi popazili?” se je deček okrenil.

“Se razume, da bom.”

“No, prišel je dolgi Joe in vprašal, če se sme voziti za kako minuto. Seveda smo mu dovolili. Saj smo bili tudi mi veseli, če smo smeli sestiti na tuje kolo. Ali ta fakin je parkrat zakrožil pred nami, potem pa se je spustil po ulici in — —.”

Brada se mu je nabrala in požiral je nekaj zelo grenkega.

"Hočeš reči, da je s kolesom izginil?"

Pokimal je.

"In ste povedali očetu?"

"Ne še. Kako mu naj povemo? Danes je že tretji dan, kar visi na lestvi, se peče na solncu in barva. In ne ve, če bo ta teden dokončal. Vse za kolo, ki ga nimamo več . . ."

Glas se mu je prelil v tih jok. Pa si je odločno obrisal oči in nos. "Ali dobili ga bomo. Razdelili smo si križišča. Moja dva brata stražita naprej doli."

"Mislim, da se bo še vse dobro izteklo. Ljudje na tem koncu niso slabi, pa i deca niso."

Vidno se je potolažil. "Vode bi še rad!"

Pil je in si zopet zmočil glavo, da mu je curljalo z rjavih od solnca pobledeh las.

"Ali si vedno tako močiš glavo?"

"Samo kadar me kaj skrbi. Veste, jaz sem najstarejši. — Ko bi bila vsaj mama doma! Pa je v bolnišnici. Bebi-co smo dobili. Četrtega fantka. A je umrl. Prav je imel! Oče je dejal, da se je dete ustrašilo, ko je zagledalo naša usta." Za spoznanje se je nasmehnil.

Zdajci se je odnekod zaslišalo dečje prerekanje, ki se je naglo bližalo. Po vreščanju bi bilo soditi, da jih bo prišlo izza uličnega ogla najmanj kakih petnajst. — A bili so le trije dečki. Dva manjša, eden večji. Med sabo so imeli nekaj, kar se je v solncu blesketalo.

"Hjej! Saj to sta moja brata in dolgi Joe! In kolo imajo!"

Res je bila tista lesketajoča se reč kolo. Vsi trije so se ga držali, kakor bi držali za grivo leva, da jim ne bi ušel.

"Ali kolo — kolo ni naše!" se je razočarano oglasil 'stražnik' v plavih hlačah in koračil na cesto, da bi jim stopil naproti. Premislil se je in sedel na obzidek. Kar podrhtaval je od razburjenja.

Ko se je trojica dovolj približala, je vprašal še dovolj mirno:

"Kaj pomeni vse to? In kje je naše kolo?"

Dečki so zvreščali vsi hkrati, tako da ni bilo razumeti nobene besede.

"Tiho, pritlikavca, bom jaz povedal Tomu!" se je oglasil kakih štirinajst let stari dolgi Joe in se spustil poleg Toma na obzidek. Pokazal je na kolo:

"Se ti dopade, Tom?"

Tom: "Kaj se mi bi dopadlo! Saj ni naše! Naše vrni! Kje ga imaš?"

Joe: "Tvoje kolo je bilo žensko, to je pa — vidiš moško. In je vse kaj drugega, nego je tvoje. Dolar mi daj, pa imaš lahko to namesto onega."

Tom: "Kaj ti je šinilo v tvojo noro glavo, da si se na našem kolesu kar odpeljal, to povej!"

Joe je vzdihnil. "Well, pa naj bo business za nazadnje. Veš, deklico poznam, ki je imela moško kolo, kaj vem, po kom že. No, in sem se spomnil, ko sem sedel na tvojem kolesu. 'Glej', sem si dejal, 'ona si želi takole vozilo, Tom pa si želi baš obratno; po vrednosti pa sta si obe nekako enaki.' In namesto da bi ti razlagal na dolgo in široko, sem se kar odpeljal k nji. Ni je bilo doma. Zato zamuda. Hej! Ti ne veš, kako je bila vesela zamenjave. Ona se že vozi z njim. Tudi ti se lahko s tem! Tvoje je, če mi doložiš dolar, kakor sem že rekel."

Tom ni rekel nič. Vstal je in prihodnji trenotek je bil že na kolesu, da ga preizkusi. Bratca sta mu vsa zadivljena sledila z očmi. Dolgi Joe pa je mirno sedel in se neprenehoma smehljaj.

V tem je Tom pristal in ko je še preptipal vse dele, vsak vijak in vijaček na kolesu, ga je prepustil svojima bratoma. "Pa zakaj dolar?" je vprašal in sedel na svoje prejšnje mesto.

"Vprašaš zakaj?" se je navidezno začudil Joe, "zato ker imaš sedaj namesto ženskega moško kolo in pa — hm! — mar misliš, da bo vsa moja briga za stonj?"

"Well," Tommy je zvil z ustmi, "s kolesom bi bil že zadovoljen. Ali dolarja nimam."

“Če ga nimaš zdaj, boš ga pa imel kdaj pozneje!”

“O ne, tisto pa ne! Oče bi me ubil, če bi zvedel, da sem se zadolžil za en sam cent. Nikel imam, tega lahko dobiš.”

“Fju! Veliko premalo, prijatelj! Samo eno dvajsetinko dolarja!”

Tom je zmignil z rameni.

“Pa tvoja brata?”

“Nima nobeden nič.”

“O heck!” je zamahnil Joe z roko. “Pa naj bo, no! Daj nikel, pa se lahko kar odpelješ domov!”

Tomu se je zjasnil obraz. Vsa resnoba ga je minila. Hitro je poiskal novce, ga vrgel v nastavljeno dlan, in stekel je po cesti. “Hvala, Joe!” je še zaklical nazaj. Zajezdil je svoj bike, enega od bratov si je posadil predse,

drugi je sedel zadaj in so se počasi odpeljali.

Joe pa se je že kar glasno režal za njimi.

“Morda se režiš radi tega, ker si jim tako po nepotrebnim nakopal toliko skrbi?”

“Ah, kaj skrbi! Ampak to, to: tile ubogi bedački mislijo namreč, da se res vozijo na dekletovem kolesu. Haha! pa se vozijo na mojem. Dekletovo kolo sem obdržal zase. Imenitno vozilo je, vam pravim, in še čisto novo. Moje pa je že precej razklecano. Poleg pa sem si še nekaj zaslužil. Dekle mi je dalo petdeset centov, drugih petdeset mi še dolguje. Od teh osličkov sem dobil samo pet centov. Well, nekaj je le!”

Poravnal si je čepico in smehljaje se je počasi odkorakal.

R. TAGORE:

PAMETNEJŠI

MMAMICA, tvoja punčka je trapasta!
Je tako strašno otročja!

Ne pozna razlike med lučmi po ulicah in med zvezdami.

Kadar se igramo “južino” s kremenčki, misli, da so zares jed in jih vtika v usta.

Kadar odprem knjigo pred njo in ji velim, naj se uči abecede, trže liste z ročicami in vrešči od radosti za prazen nič; tako se tvoja punčka uči.

Kadar v nevolji zmajujem nad njo z glavo in jo karam in ji pravim: malo-

pridnica, se smeje in misli, da uganjam burke.

Vsi vedo, da je ata z doma, ali če pri igri zakličem glasno “ata”, gleda okolu sebe vsa vznemirjena in misli, da je ata blizu.

Kadar se igram šolo z oslički, s katerimi je prišla naša perica po perilo, in jo svarim, da sem učitelj, ti vrišči brez pravega povoda in me kliče dada.

Tvoja punčka lovi mesec. Tako smešna je: Ganešu pravi Ganuš.

Mamica, tvoja punčka je trapasta, je tako strašno otročja!



GEORGE GROSZ

BREZPOSELNI

Medvedek

Ivan Jontez

DVANAJSTLETNI Hočevarjev Frankie je imel eno veliko željo: da bi imel kužka, s katerim bi se igral in ki bi mu bil zvest tovariš. Njegova želja je bila razumljiva, kajti bil je najmlajši izmed Hočevarjevih otrok in poleg tega edini svojega spola, iz česar sledi, da je bil brez tovariša v hiši. Toda očetu njegova želja ni bila po godu. "Kaj nam hoče pes, samo nesnago bi nam delal v hiši!" je menil. Toda Frankie ni odnehal ter dalje moledoval za štirinožnega tovariša, dokler se oče nekega dne ni podal ter pripeljal domov Medvedka.

Medvedek je bil majhno, zavaljeno kuže, poraščeno z gosto volnasto dlako, pravcati medvedek in prav tako len, zato je tudi dobil ime gozdnega četverožca. Toda Frankie je bil novega tovariša vzlic njegovi neprikupni zunanosti in njegovem očitnem nezanimanju za ljudi in stvari okrog sebe od sile vesel. Takoj se je začel smoliti okolo kužeta ter ga obsipavati z raznimi nežnostmi. Ampak prve tedne ni dosegel deček s svojim kužkom kdove kaj. Medvedek je samo jedel in leno dremal v kakem kotu. Za Frankija se je zmenil prav toliko kot za ostale člane Hočevarjeve družine: nič.

Sčasoma je pa Hedvedek oživel. Začel je tekati po hiši, pomalem lajati in nazadnje je bil že pri volji igrati se s Frankijem, ki je bil tega neizrečno vesel. In z meseci se je docela spremenil. Zrastel je v čednega psička, izgubil je obliko z volno poraščene mesene kepe in sivkastorjava dolga dlaka se mu je v valovih vlegla po životu. Medvedek je postal lep in vesel psiček, ki je bil vsem domačim v zabavo in ki je bil z vsemi v jako prijateljskih odnošajih, da so ga vsi imeli radi, najbolj seveda Frankie, ki je bil prepričan, da je bil Medvedek najboljši in najlepši predstavnik pasjega rodu. In Medvedek, ki je

imel dovolj pasje pameti, da je to spoznal, je kmalu jasno pokazal, da pripozna v dečku svojega edinega gospodarja in boga.

Sicer je bil Medvedek dokaj ubogljiv, za besede drugih ni imel gluhih ušes in tudi ni odklanjal naklonjenosti ostalih članov družine, toda Frankijeva beseda mu je bila najbolj sveta. Če je Frankie rekel: "Tega ne smeš!" ali: "Pridi sem!" ali: "Stori to!" ali karkoli, ga je vselej ročno ubogal. In Frankie, ki je psička ljubil skoro kot brata, ga je imel vsled tega od sile rad in bil mu je ne gospodar, temveč dober in ljubezniv tovariš.

Imel pa je Medvedek svoje napake oziroma grde navade, kakor jih ima vsak pes ali tudi človek. Njegova najgrša razvada je bila, da je razgrizel ali razžvečil vse, kar mu je prišlo pred smrček: svilene ženske nogavice, rokavice, čevlje (posebno veselje je imel do ženskih predmetov), časopise, knjige in tako dalje. Vsled tega je zaradi njega v hiši večkrat zagrmelo, zlasti Frankijeve sestre so nekajkrat hudo vzrojile ter zahtevale, da se škodljivca izžene iz hiše. Toda Frankie je svojega štirinožnega tovariša vselej tako krepko in prepričevalno branil, da se mu konec konca nikdar ni zgodilo nič hudega. "Zakaj pa puščate svojo robo po vseh kotih!" je očital deček svojim sestram, dasi je Medvedek tudi njemu razgrizel volneno jopico, ki jo je bil zvečer pustil v družinski sobi na tleh. "Spravite svoje stvari v kraj, da Medvedek ne bo mogel do njih, pa jih vam ne bo trgal!"

Oče Hočevar se je zadovoljno muzal. Res so imela dekleta navado puščati zvečer, predno so odšla spat, svoje oblačilne predmete po vseh kotih, nemalokrat kar na tleh in jih je mati zato zaman oštevala, ker zaleglo ni nič. Toda Medvedek jih je odvadil te grde navade

s svojo lastno grdo navado in dekleta so začela gledati, da so bile njihove stvari zunaj dosega Medvedkovih zob. Zato se je oče Hočevar zadovoljno smehljal in zato je tudi mati Hočevarica Medvedka prijazno pobožala po glavi, ko so iz oči njenih hčera švigale vanj strele.

Tako se je Medvedek vzlic svojim pasjim napakam priljubil vsem domačim in odpuščeni so mu bili grehi, ki bi na primer ne bili odpuščeni niti Frankiju kar tako. Celo ko je potegnil z mize v obednici namizni prt in tako razbil lepo vazo, ki jo je bil kupil oče materi za rojstni dan, se mu ni zgodila sila. Oče ga je sicer grdo pogledal in kazalo je, da jo bo v zavesti krivde trepetajoči psiček dobil po grbi, vendar hujšega ni bilo. Seveda je bila to deloma tudi Frankijeva zasluga. "Oče, ne udari ga, saj ni mislil napraviti škode, samo poigrati se je hotel, pa ni vedel, da stoji na prtu vaza, ki se lahko razbije . . ." je prosil za svojega tovariša in oče se je potolažil, češ, saj res, prt ne bi smel viseti tako nizko, pa bi ga pes ne bil mogel prijeti z zobmi . . .

Ko je bil Medvedek pri hiši eno leto, sta si bila s Frankijem neločljiva tovariša. Kadar je bil Frankie v šoli, je Medvedek mirno ležal v kakem kotu in se ni brigal za ves svet; čim pa je napačil čas dečkove vrnitve iz šole, kuže ni odnehalo, dokler mu ni kdo odprl vrat, da je zdrvelo njegovemu gospodarju naproti. In čim ga je uzrl, je planil vanj, ga veselo oblajal, obvohal in oblizal ter postal razposajen kot majhen vražič. Ej, dobra prijatelja sta si bila Frankie in Medvedek in le škoda, da je v to njuno lepo razmerje nekega dne nenadoma udarila neslutena strela.

Bilo je poleti med šolskimi počitnicami. Frankie se je v garaži ukvarjal s skoro dodelanim posnetkom aeroplana, narejenim iz tenkih šibic in papirja. Medvedek je sedel poleg njega, ga pozorno motril s svojimi živahnimi rjavimi očmi ter ga na vsako toliko časa dregnil s smrčkom, češ, kdaj bo dokončal svoje, po pasjem mišljenju nesmi-

selno delo ter se začel igrati z njim? Toda Frankie je bil preveč zaverovan v svoje delo, da bi opazil Medvedkovo namigavanje.

Naposled je bilo Frankijevo delo dokončano in deček je vstal ter s ponosom v obeh opazoval svoj umotvor. Tedaj je v hiši zazvonil zvonec. Frankie—bil je sam doma—je stekel pred hišo, da vidi, kdo je pri vratih. In jedva je bil odtegnil pete, že se je hudobna muha vsedla Medvedku na smrček ter ga hudo pičila. Medvedek je besno stresel z glavo, planil na noge ter se pognal za zlobno muho. In zgodilo se je po nesrečnem naključju, da je pri tem treščil naravnost na Frankijev umotvor ter ga spremenil v peščico klavrskih razvalin.

Ko se je deček vrnil, je onemel od bridkega presenečenja in v obeh mu je zagorela kri. Cele dneve se je ukvarjal s tem delom in zdaj, ko je bilo dovršeno, mu ga nekdo uniči! In kdo? Medvedek, njegov tovariš, ki mu je bil Frankie vedno tako dober! Užaljenost in prepričanje, da je Medvedek storil to nalašč, iz gole objestnosti, sta vzbudila v dečku barbara in njegove oči so obstale na kosu gumijeve cevi, ki je ležal na tleh.

Medvedek, dasi v svoji pasji duši prepričan, da ni zakrivil nobenega greha, toda vseeno dovolj pameten, da je uvidel, da ga je hudobna muha spravila v vročo kašo, se je ponižno približal dečku ter ga milo pogledal v oči. Zdelo se je, kakor bi hotel reči: "Ne huduj se name, ni bila moja krivda, pa mi je vzlic temu hudo žal! Oprosti, tovariš, moja nerodnost!"

Toda Frankie to pot ni imel umevanja za nemo kužkovo govorico. Bled obraz in krvavih oči od jeze, je posegel po gumijevi cevi ter neusmiljeno udaril z njo Medvedka čez hrbet.

Medvedek je od silnega presenečenja čisto otrdel, da se ni mogel geniti niti zacviliti. Nikdar ga ni še nihče udaril, zdaj pa ga tepe On, njegov gospodar, tovariš, bog! Ali je to mogoče?! Kaj se je zgodilo z oboževanim dečkom?

Tedaj je padlo po njem drugič, tretjič, četrtič. Frankie je mlatil po psu kot norec. "Na, mrcina pasja, da boš vedel delati samo škodo! Na, na! Uh, da bi te le ubil!"

Pes je začel žalostno tuliti, toda inace mirni in dobrosrčni deček se zdaj kar ni zmenil za njegovo žalostno ječanje in tuljenje. In Medvedek, ki ga je bila nenadejana sprememba njegovega gospodarja vrgla v popolno mentalno zmedo, je končno poslušal klic nagona samohrane, stisnil rep med noge ter jo cvileč ubral preko vrta na cesto. Frankie pa za njim. "In da mi ne prideš več pred oči, nesnaga pasja" je kričal za njim peneč se od jeze.

Napočil je večer, prišla je noč, na nebu so zamigotale zvezde. Pred Hočevarjevo hišo se je ustavil plašen kužek, se vsedel na zadnje noge ter milo pogledoval v razsvetljena hišna okna. Bil je Medvedek, ki je čakal, da ga njegov razjarjeni gospodar pokliče v hišo. Da bi se vrnil sam, brez poziva, si v svoji pasji pameti niti misliti ni upal, kajti predobro je razumel dečkovo poslednjo zapoved: "Ne pridi mi več pred oči!" In Medvedek je bil navajen Frankija samo ubogati. Proti njegovim ukazom se ni upal ravnati, najmanj pa še zdaj, ko je bil po krivici poslan na cesto. Sicer pa je ubogo kuže trdno upalo, da se bo srce njegovega gospodarja medtem omehčilo in da ga bo vsak čas prijazno poklical v hišo.

Frankie se je medtem v kuhinji ukvarjal s posnetkom novega aeroplana. Toda delo mu ni šlo izpod rok. Vse ga je jezilo, dražilo. Mati ga je začudeno opazovala. "Le kaj mu je?" je ugibala, vzroka njegovemu čudnemu obnašanju pa ni našla. Naposled se je deček ujezil, pometal vse skupaj z mize ter se odpravil spat v svojo podstrešno sobico.

Frankie pa tisto noč kar ni mogel spati. Pregarjale so ga Medvedkove milo proseče oči in neki glas iz njegove notranjosti ga je neprestano opominjal: "Pojdi, pokliči siromačka in poravnaj krivico, ki si mu jo prizadejal!" Toda

Frankie je bil tudi trmast. "Nočem!" je šepetaje bruhal iz sebe in pri tem je imel oči mokre od solz užaljenosti in jeze. "Ne maram ga več, hudobneža!"

Medvedek pa je čakal, čakal, čakal. Luči v hiši so druga za drugo ugasnile, Medvedek je še zmerom čakal. Toda bolj ko so ugašale luči po hišah in bolj ko so žarele zvezde na nebu, bolj je ugašalo upanje v njegovih rjavih očeh in namesto upanja sta zateleli v njih žalost in bolečina. Končno — bilo je že po polnoči — je turobno vzdihnil, se dvignil na noge, še enkrat žalostno pogledal hišo, v kateri je preživel srečnih leto dni, nato pa povešene glave odkoracal po cesti.

Proti jutru je imel Frankie hude sanje. Na bregu deroče kalne reke, ki je nosila s seboj tisoče ledenih plošč, sta se igrala on in Medvedek. Pa je Medvedek ujezil dečka, ker ga je bil v šali malo pretrdo stisnil z zobmi in Frankie ga je v navalu hipne jeze pograbil ter ga vrgel na mimo polzečo ledeno ploščo. Kuže se je razposajeno prekotatilo po ledeni ploči, ki jo je tedaj zagrabil močan tok, potem pa se je pognalo, sluteč pogubo, proti bregu. Toda predaleč ga je že zaneslo in skok mu ni uspel; padel je v deročo vodo, ki ga je besno ponesla s seboj.

Psiček je najprej žalostno zavekal, kakor majhen otrok, nato se je skušal rešiti s plavanjem. Zaman—reka je bila prederoča in bolj ko se je trudil, bolj ga je odnašalo proti sredi veletoka. Bilo je očitno, da je bil kužek izgubljen.

Frankie je stal na bregu kot okamenel in srce mu je stiskala groza. "Morilec!" je kriknilo iz reke. "Svojega tovariša si umoril!" Deček se je skušal oprostiti nevidnih spon, ki so ga priklepale k tlom, da bi planil Medvedku na pomoč, kajti žal mu ga je bilo, toda zaman; kot prikovan je stal na bregu ter prestrašeno strmел v kalno reko, ki je odprla svoje mokro žrelo, da pogoltne Medvedka, ki je žalostno hlipal in hrkal ter z očmi milo prisil pomoči.

Odnekod se je pripodil silen vrtinec

ter pograbil Medvedka, ga zavrtel v svoj pošastni lijak. Tedaj je Medvedek otožno in čisto po človeško spregovoril:

“Glej, tovariš moj, umoril si me!”

Nato je Medvedek izginil v žrelu ogromnega lijaka.

Frankie se je zbudil ves znojen od groze in njegova prva misel je bila Medvedek. Včerajšnja jeza se je bila v spanju razkadila in dečka je nenadoma silno zaskrbelo, kje je njegov tovariš, katerega je bil včeraj tako neusmiljeno pretepel in zapodil zaradi malenkostne igrache. Hitro se je oblekel ter stekel v pritličje, potem na vrt, na cesto.

“Medvedek!” S kako radostnim laježem se mu je vsako jutro odzval, danes pa nobenega odziva! “Medve-e-edek!”

Zaman je deček klical svojega tovariša, Medvedek se na njegove klice ni odzval, jih ni čul. In zaman so ga potem iskali vsi Hočevarjevi, zaman povpraševali po njem pri sosedih, po okolici, zaman je bilo tudi iskanje potom oglasov v časopisih. Medvedka ni bilo nikjer, kakor bi se vdrl v globine zemlje. In ne Frankie niti kdo drugi v sosesčini ga ni več videl od tiste usodne noči, ki ga je bila vzela.

Pri Hočevarjevih imajo zdaj drugega psička, ki je drugače zelo podoben Medvedku in ga imajo Frankie in domači tudi radi, ni pa tako prikupen in ne zna tako lepo pogledati, kakor Medvedek. In Frankiju se ne ljubi igrati z njim, kajti kadar pogleda kužeta, se vselej spomni Medvedka, katerega je bil tako kruto pognal na cesto, in pri duši mu je težko in v očeh ga skeli. Ob takih trenutkih mu često zablеди pred notranjimi očmi žalostna slika:

Po sivi, brezkraini cesti trudno tava ubog kužek, njegov Medvedek, smrček otožno povešen k tlom, v kalnih rjavih očeh siv brezup in kožušček, v katerega je zavito njegovo sestradano telo, poln blata in nesnage . . . Sredi pota pa se zapuščeni psiček obrne in Frankie uzre v njegovih otožnih rjavih očeh skeleči očitek:

“Glej, tovariš moj nekdanji, kaj si napravil iz mene!”

In Frankie žalostno vzdihne, potem pa napodi od sebe Mickeyja — tako je ime novemu kužetu —, vendar pa ga ne udari, tudi če noče iti od njega ter dalje sili vanj, se mu prilizuje. Rajši se on umakne kužetu ter gre proč od njega.

R. TAGORE:

Cvetlice v šoli

KADAR grme viharni oblaki po nebu in lijo junijske plohe na zemljo, prihaja vlažni vzhodni večer čez pustinje in igra na dude med bambusom.

Tedaj prikljujejo nenadoma čete cvetlic, nihče ne ve odkod, in plešejo po travi v divji radosti.

Mamica, zares, jaz mislim, da hodijo cvetlice pod zemljo v šolo.

Svoje naloge pišejo pri zaprtih dverih, in če se hočejo iti ven igrat, predno je čas, jih učitelj postavi v kot.

Ko pride deževje, imajo počitnice.

Veje se klestijo v gozdu, listje šumi v divjem vetru, grmeči oblaki tleskajo s svojimi orjaškimi dlanmi in cvetlična deca plane na dan. V rdečih, rumenih in belih oblekah.

Veš mamica, njih dom je na nebu, kjer so zvezdice.

Ali nisi opazila, kako koprniyo, da bi prišle tja? Ne veš, zakaj se jim tako mudi?

Seveda, uganil sem, h komu dvigajo svoje roke: mamico imajo, kakor imam jaz svojo.



TOM BENTON

NABIRALCI BOMBAŽA

Ivan Cankar:

ZADRUGI

GLAVO ponosno dvigni vsak,
odločno stopaj naš korak,
saj gremo v težki dušni boj
za narod svoj!

Za nami kratka vrsta let,
pred nami širni, hrupni svet,
žari pred nami dan krasan,
svobode dan.

Kot bratje vsi združimo se,
v nevstrašni krog vstopimo se,
le sloge bratske ogenj vroč
nam daje moč.

Kdor straši se, ta ni za nas,
zvesto srce vesel obraz,
s ponosom v težki dušni boj
za narod svoj!

* * *

MOJI MATERI

*VEČKRAT neskrbno, kot metulj na trati,
ko solnca veseli se, lahko leta,
počiva mirno, sreblje med iz cveta,
skrbi zaduhle hotel sem odgnati.*

*Kako lepo sem revež hotel spati,
kako bila je pesem glasno peta,—
in vendar žalost ni bila mi vzeta,
nebo hotelo ni mi sreče dati.*

*Kaj ni pustilo v dušo mi pokoja,
kaj vsako je veselje mi grenilo,
solze ponoči mi v oko vabilo?*

*Oh, gledal sem Vas, mila mati moja,
kako Vas kruta žalost v grob podira:—
srce ječi mi, duh bolan umira . . .*

* * *

Ko sem od matere pismo dobil, so se mi roke tresle in skrtil sem se k oknu, da bi ne videlo tega pismo nobeno nevredno oko. Odpiral sem počasi in čisto čudno, veselo in težko mi je bilo pri srcu. Na pismu so bile tiste velike, težke, neokretne črke: "Ljubi sin! Zakaj mati se je bila šele od nas otrok naučila pisati, zato da bi je ne bilo sram. Ko sem razgrnil pismo, je zaklenketalo po tleh. Sklonil sem se in pobral: desetica je bila . . . Iz daljave je videla mati mojo boleost in se je smehljaje ozrla name, ka kor se ozre samo ljubo sonce.—*Iv. Cankar.*



SPET V ŠOLO!

DRAGI OTROCI!

Samo še par dni počitnic! Potem pa spet v šolo! Spet h knjigam! Mnogi se tega veselijo, nekateri pa obžalujejo nagli potek počitnic.

Pričetek šole pomeni konec prostosti, konec rajanja na trati, ob potoku in v gozdiču. Toda ta konec je neizogiben; vsake stvari je enkrat konec. Tako je prav! Če bi imeli vse svoje življenje ene same nepretrgane počitnice, gotovo ne bi znali ceniti njih vrednost. Treba je delati in tudi počivati. Šola je delo, počitnice pa oddih.

Med šolskimi počitnicami ste doživeli marsikaj novega, zanimivega. Oboževali ste na novih skušnjah, ki so v življenju neizbežne. Izpostavljeni ste bili dobrim in slabim vplivom ter navadam. Kar ste doživeli lepega in dobrega, ohranite, obdržite za svoje; kar ste videli slabega, zdravju in pameti kvarnega, to zavržite. Izberite iz svojih izkušenj le dobre dele, škodljive pa pustite v pozabnosti.

Sedaj se pa pripravite za novo delo v šoli in doma. Pridno se učite in pridno pomagajte staršem. Med svojimi tovariši in tovarišicami ne smete pozabiti omeniti naše SNPJ. Povejte jim, da ste njeni člani, pa naj tudi oni stopijo v vaše vrste. Povejte jim o vašem Mladinskem Listu in o enotini kampanji, o vsem, kar vam nudi SNPJ!

UREDNIK

Poletni sport: ribolov— štrbunk!

Dragi urednik!

Po dolgem času se spet oglašam. Cella dva meseca nisem nič napisala za "Naš kotiček". Mladinski List komaj pričakujem vsak mesec, da vidim, kdo so novi sodelavci in dopisovalci, in če

je kateri ali katera starih izostal ali izostala.

Pisala nisem nič v M. L. tako dolgo zato, ker sem bila zelo zaposlena z našo igro, ki sem jo omenila že zadnjič. Uprizorili smo jo šele 15. junija. Izpadla je zelo dobro. Še enkrat bi jo radi ponovili v Junior High, če ne bi imeli počitnic. Ime igre je: "Potovanje v Evropo."

Naše šolske počitnice so pričele 21. junija. Od takrat naprej prav pridno pomagam materi. Danes, en mesec po pričetku počitnic, je prvi dan, da imam nekoliko prostega časa. Zato bom napisala daljše pismo.

Na Decoration day sem šla z mojimi starši v Forest City na veselico. Zelo se mi je dopadlo tam. Posebno pa zato, ker sem našla par novih prijateljc. In na vse zadnje, predno smo odhajali, sem bila tako srečna, da je bila dvignjena moja številka za lep dobiček — za radio, ki ga je daroval mr. Pipan iz Nanticoka, toda on ni bil navzoč na veselici.

Na 4. julija smo šli s Konchnikovimi k moji stari materi v Tunkhannock. Imeli smo se precej dobro. Zgodaj zjutraj smo šli loviti ribe, dosti sreče pa nismo imeli, ker je bilo preveč ribičev, ki so nam prekržali naše načrte o obili sreči.

Zelo rada hodim z očetom in bratom na ribolov. Ko smo šli prvič loviti ribe, sem jaz imela največ sreče. Ko pa smo šli zadnjič ribe loviti, nisem imela prav nobene sreče. Kaj sreče — še celo nesrečo. Meni nič tebi nič — prekobacnila sem se v vodo, kake tri ali štiri čevlje globoko vodo! In moj oče je očetovsko svetoval, da je najbolje, da gremo lepo domov, ker on "ne bo krščenih rib lovil." Tudi jaz sem bila s tem predlogom dokaj zadovoljna. —

Tistega dne seveda nisem dobila niti ene same ribe ali ribice, oče in brat sta pa imela malo več sreče: nalovila sta par malih ribic.

Danes gremo spet na ribolov. Prav nič me ni moja nesreča preplašila, še opogumila me je. Vsi trije gremo spet nad ribe. Z bratom sva že nabrala črvičke, ki jih imajo ribe tako rade, mi pa ribe. Upam, da ne bo naš trud zaman!

Lep pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Olie Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

Marljiva ptica štoklja

Cenjeni urednik!

Da se navada ne opusti, bom tudi tokrat napisala nekaj v "Kotiček." Pisati sicer nimam kaj posebnega kot to, da imamo letos še precej lepo poletje. Vročina ni preveč huda in tudi dežja je bilo zadosti od spomladi pa dozdej (15. julija), tako da rastline zadosti lepo uspevajo. Če bo vreme vzdržalo tako še par tednov, bomo poletje preživeli dokaj udobno.

Da i ta dopis ne bo prekratek, zato naj dodam še tole pesmico, ki jo je zložil moj oče in jo naslovil:

NA NASLOV ŠTORKLJI

Oh štoklja, res marljiva ptica,
držiš se vztrajno svojega poklica:
Skrbiš zato že izza pamtiveka,
da ne izumrje rod človeka.

Otroke nosiš po vsem širnem svetu,
ob vsakem času, v zimi in poletu;
obiščeš reveža in bogatina,
pustiš tu hčerko, tam pa sina.

Delavcem otrok največ prinašaš,
kako naj jih preživijo, ne vprašaš!
Pri poslu svojem skrajno si vihrava,
kapric in trikov polna ti je glava.

Otroke nosiš tja, kjer jih ne želijo,
a kjer bi jih radi, jih ne dobijo.
Kjer radi hčerko bi, prineseš sina,
kjer radi sina bi, pa je deklina.

Trike pa uprizarjaš i drugače,
prineseš hkratu dva, po tri kričače.
Nedavno si prinesla hčerk petero
kanadskim staršem na izbero!

Dogotek tvoj ves svet občuduje,
očeta, mater vse slavi, blagruje.
Zakonca prišla zdaj sta do denarja,
postaneta še lahko milijonarja!

Zato poslušaj, štoklja, da ti povem:
Otrok ne nosi več posamič revežem!
Prinesi rajši jim petorčkov vrečo,
ker le ti prinašajo dandanes srečo!

Končno lepo pozdravljam Vas in vse
čitatelje!

Josephine Mestek,

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

Počitnice in hišno delo

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Spet bom napisala par vrstiv v "Naš kotiček". Zelo sem vesela, ko vidim, da priobčite moje dopise v *Mladinskem Listu*. Zato pa še rajši pišem. In tako lepo jih popravite, tako lepo se čitajo. Zato se Vam tudi prav lepo zahvaljujem!

Poskrbela bom, da bom napisala kratek dopisek vsak mesec. Moj bratec ni nič napisal za to številko M. L., ker je šel na farmo v bližnjo Genevo. Tudi jaz bi šla rada na farmo, pa me mama ne pusti, ker me potrebuje pri hišnem delu — to hišno delo!

Sedaj imamo šolske počitnice. Spet se lahko brezskrbno igramo na prostem. Tako je prav! Kadar pa imam kaj časa — če ne delam in se naveličam igranja — potem pa rada šivam. Šivanje me veseli. Le da ne bi bilo tako vroče. Roka se mi poti. Pa bo že šlo.

V vseh letošnjih številkah M. L. je bilo precej lepih slovenskih pesmic. Tu je kitica Stritarjevega "Večera":

VEČER

*Sonce zašlo je za gore,
noči umika se dan;
mrak po nižavah prostore
v plašč že zagrinja teman.
Meseč polagoma vzhaja,
zvezda večerna miglja;
žejne cvetice napaja
hladna rosica z neba.*

Prav lepo pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje!

Mary Volk,
702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dirka s škatljastimi avti

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Oprostite! Tako sem bil zaposlen z raznimi drugimi stvarmi, da sem popolnoma pozabil, da moram napisati kratko pismo za *Mladinski List*. Dnevi namreč tako hitro bežijo, mojega dopisa pa še ni bilo na papirju. Well, po-

letje človeka rado zmoti, ker ima vsepolno zanimivosti.

Ko je končala naša šola, sem bil "povišan" v osmi razred. Moja povprečnost v obveznih predmetih je bila 94%. (Lep rekord, Felix! Iskrene čestitke!—Urednik.)

Vsako poletje imajo v javni čitalnici "Summer Vacation Club". Tudi jaz sem pristopil v ta klub. Sedaj sem dobil certifikat, ker sem prečital šest knjig. In ko bom prečital deset knjig, bom dobil veliko zvezdo in pa častni znak.

Pristopil sem tudi h klubu Weston Park Baseball Team. Tudi to je potrebno, da se malo telesno razgibljem.

Zadnjič smo imeli v Scrantonu silno nevihto, ki je ruvala drevje, razbijala okna in podirala mostove.

Precej zanimanja je sedaj v Scrantonu za nenavaden dogodek, ki se nam obljuba. To bo takrat, ko bosta Betty in Benny Fox plesala svoj "smrtni ples" na vrhu hotela Jermyn.

Letos se pripravljajo tudi za Soap Box Derby — to je dirka ali tekma z doma narejenimi škatljastimi avtomobilčki. Scranton se ponaša že s kakimi petnajstimi takimi "avti". Tudi jaz se nameravam udeležiti te nenavadne dirke, ako se mi bo posrečilo dobiti par starih koles, da si napravim "soap-box" avtomobilček.

O tem Vam bom poročal pozneje, kako se bo dirka končala. Do tedaj pa ostanite zdravi!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.



Nabiranje malin

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v "Kotičku."

Naše društvo "Bistrica št. 63 SNPJ je imelo svoj piknik 29. in 30. junija na Shusterjevi farmi, Rillton, Pa. Zabavali smo se lepo in piknik je dobro uspel.

Videl sem, da je bolj malo dopisov v M. L. Ali so temu krive šolske počitnice, ali so mladi dopisovalci prezaposleni z nabiranjem malin in jagod? Moj ata, brat in jaz tudi hodimo nabirati maline. Danes pa nisem šel z njimi, ker sem hotel napisati ta dopisek za M. L.

Ta dopis in potem še enega bom napisal pred začetkom šole, ki se prične na 3. sept. Naslednjo pesmico sem se naučil pred dvema leti:

Ko grmi in se bliska,
fantič po polju vriska,
"Žvižgaj, vriskaj ali poj,
saj ne prideš k men' nocoj."

Hodil sem po planinah,
po zelenih košeninah.
Tam sem ptičke pet učil,
drobne ptičke: čiv-čiv-čiv.

Dekle je na pragu stalo,
drobne zvezde preštevalo.
Samo se je vpraševalo:—
"Mar ne bo nič deževalo?"

Sama tu sem jaz ostala,
njega ni, ne bom ga zvala.
Travo vso bo prej pokosil,
da si čevljičke ne bo orosil."

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Marion Jereb,

92 Lincoln ave., No. Irwin, Pa.

Šola je spet tu!

Dragi urednik in čitatelji!

Tudi za ta mesec hočem napisati par vrstic za M. L. Zelo sem bila vesela mojega dopisa in pesmice v junijski številki M. L.

Četudi so sedaj šolske počitnice, je vseeno dosti slovenskih dopisov v Kotičku. Tako težko smo pričakovali počitnic pa bodo spet kmalu minile. Vse prehitro bo spet čas šole. Nas je že popisal šolski upravitelj in nam povedal, da se bo šola pričela 3. sept.

Lepo bi bilo, če bi deklice in dečki opisali svoje počitnice v M. L. Kaj so delali in kako so se imeli. Lepo mora biti, kjer imate v bližini vodo, da se greste kopat. Tu teče mali potok in dečki so ga zajezili, tako da se gredo lahko kopat. Toda voda je kalna in ni nič preveč vabljiva. Za igranje sem menda prevelika, za žoganje je dovolj časa zvečer, podnevi pa pomagam mami.

*Veselimo se nove šolske dobe,
veselo, korajžno proč od lenobe!
Da se veliko lepega naučimo,
se vsi skupaj mal' potrudimo.*

Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje in dopisovalce, Vas pa prosim, da spet tako lepo uredite moj dopis kot ste zadnjega.

Mary Potisek,

box 217, Hutchenson Mine, Rillton, Pa.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIV

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST, 1935

Number 8.

JOHN KEATS:

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshoppers among some grassy hills.

* * *

BRIGHT STAR!

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their consoling task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever its soft fall and swell,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Victor Hugo Was Busy

I SOMETIMES met Victor Hugo at a barber's where we were both customers. One day I said to the barber, old Brassier, "Well, and how goes the business?"

"Finely, sir, finely! It's almost too good, for I hardly know how my boys and I can get through the work today. So many balls and parties there are that we have thirty ladies wanting their hair dressed today."

A few days later I was again at Brassier's.

"How did you get on with your thirty lady customers?" I asked.

"Oh, don't speak of them, sir! At the most it was not more than half of them I could attend to, and, as a matter of fact, I have lost the custom of twelve or fourteen good clients on account of Monsieur Hugo."

"How is it Hugo's fault? What has he to do with your customers?"

"It is as I said, sir, and you will easily understand. A few minutes after you left Monsieur Hugo came in and sat down in this armchair. I put the towel round his neck and took hold of the shaving-brush, and was just going to begin when he seized my arm and said 'Wait a moment!' He pulled a pencil out of his waistcoat pocket and searched impatiently in his coat without finding what he was looking for.

"At last he caught sight of a sheet of paper, and seized hold of it and began writing. I waited for him to finish, though I was busy; but he, taking no more notice of me than if I did not exist, went on scratching.

"'Yes, go on scribbling,' I said to myself. 'If you can ever read it you will be lucky.' It was a horrible scrawl, sir, and you call that a good writer! 'Just as you please,' I said to him aloud.

"'One more second, and I have finished,' he answered, but the second never finished. Monsieur Hugo went on scrawling, stopping, and raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"Excuse me, sir," I ventured, "but I am extremely busy today."

"Oh, are you?" he replied. "So am I!" And he opened the door and went out.

"Your hat, sir!" I called after him.

"I didn't think of it," he answered; and away he went, without his shave.

Then, anxious to make up for lost time, I called to my boys.

"Gentlemen, we have not a minute to lose. You must go at once to these addresses. Look at this list. But where on earth is the list? Where have you put it, you fellows?"

"It was on the edge of the chest-of-drawers a minute ago," they said.

"Well, now, sir," went on poor old Brassier, "it was that very list on which Monsieur Hugo had been writing. It was my list that he had walked off with, covered with his scrawlings. You will now understand how I lost my customers."

"Be calm, Brassier," said I. "If that piece of paper had not been there to receive the poet's inspiration French poetry would have lost some very fine verses, no doubt. Why, you were Victor Hugo's collaborator, and it is a very high honor!"

I left old Brassier thinking.

By G. L. Myers:

The Kite

THE old kite lay on a shelf in the dark closet where Bobby had tossed it when the new kite came. It felt very old and sad, but its face was wearing a patient, good-natured smile. Bobby had painted that smile there when he made the kite out of strong brown parchment a long while ago.

How proud Bobby had been and what fun they had had together!

The bright new kite by his side on the shelf eyed him snootily and remarked. "I'm very anxious for my trial flight tomorrow. I shall probably fly very high and see a great many more things than you ever saw in your day—I can't help wondering what will become of you. Most probably you will be thrown into the rubbish can."

"Perhaps!" sighed the old one. He did not like his companion, although he seemed a very gay fellow with his gaudy coloring and aloof bearing.

"Well, I must get a few winks of sleep, for tomorrow is Bobby's birthday. He will no doubt be anxious to try me out the first thing in the morning. His Uncle Bill sent me a little early, so I would be sure to arrive on time. But I must say, it is a great inconvenience to be compelled to spend the night here on this dark, old shelf."

"Good night", sighed the old kite wearily, as he dropped off to sleep.

The next morning Bobby took them both from the shelf and out into the lawn.

"He will take me around to the backyard and put me into the rubbish can now", mourned the old kite.

But a glad surprise was in store for him. Bobby held up the old kite for a moment, and a tear trembled in each eye as he remembered their good times together. Suddenly, he let out the

string and tossed the old kite gayly up into the air again.

The wind caught him playfully as it had gone so many times before and lifted him high above the earth. His long tail trailed gracefully behind. How good the cool air felt against his troubled face!

He was sailing high, higher than he had ever been before. He glanced down in dismay. Bobby had turned loose of the string, and was waving affectionately. Then his face lighted, "This is much kinder than tossing me into the rubbish. My last flight will be the grandest of all."

He raced on and on, higher and higher, clear into the clouds. He saw Bobby looking very small, away down there on the ground waving a final good-bye before he turned all of his attention to the new kite. The old kite smiled patiently and there was no envy in his heart.

He bobbed here and there among the clouds, happy in his new glory. "How I'd love to sail on and on forever!" he sang, as he jostled with the clouds and their fleecy whiteness rushed past him.

But at last the brisk little breeze that had lifted him so high because out of breath. He felt himself sinking gently. Below him he could see the old elm tree in the vacant lot where the robins nested.

His heart thumped fast with hope! yes—yes—indeed his descent was halted. His long tail had caught in the tree top, and he was resting among the leaves of the old elm tree. He was very glad, "perhaps I shall not be so lonely," he thought.

Mrs. Robin came rustling lightly among the leaves.

"Please, Mr. Kite, may I have a piece of your long tail to use in building my nest?"

"Yes, indeed," smiled the kite. Then he asked, "Mrs. Robin, did you see me sailing away up in the clouds?" But Mrs. Robin was too busy to talk.

He watched Mr. and Mrs. Robin building their nest. They sang and chirped as they worked to make it snug and comfy.

One day, when the nest was finished, he peeped in and saw some tiny eggs. A few weeks later, he heard Mrs. Robin making a joyful commotion. When she flew away for a short while, he saw four baby birds snuggled close together.

They were quite small and naked, and the old kite thought them very homely with their large mouths, which flew open so wide, when their mother returned with a worm. She scolded them affectionately for being greedy, and divided the worm fairly among them.

"Don't you think my babies are beautiful?" she chirped, happily.

"Yes, indeed, Ma'am," answered the kite.

One day the old kite was watching over the young robins, while their mother was away. He was telling them of his long, glorious flight up among the clouds.

Suddenly, he saw something that made his heart stand still! A big, yellow cat was sharpening his claws on the bark of the old elm tree. The old cat looked up among the branches and sniffed hungrily. He gave a low meow, and sprang into the tree. His whiskers twitched eagerly as he prowled among the leaves. His nose told him that he was very close to a delicious meal. His padded feet made no sound as he crept along the limb of the tree. He was getting closer to Mrs. Robin's helpless babies! His eyes were green with greed. He began licking the tip of his nose as if already tasting them.

The kite trembled in anxiety. If only Bobby or his dog Rags would come and scare the big cat away! But no one was in sight. The old kite turned white with horror as the cat's green eyes glowed through the branches, oh! so terribly close to the tiny nest.

Just then a saucy little breeze came skipping along. Quick as a flash an idea popped into the kite's head!

"Quick! Give me a push," he whispered.

The breeze laughed merrily and pushed him so fast and hard that he flapped right into the face of the big, yellow cat.

"Me-ow!" gasped Mr. Tom Cat, so flabbergasted he almost fell off the bough. He was so surprised and startled that he dropped to the ground with a thud. He ran off into the weeds, so frightened that he never came back.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the wind noisily.

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled the old Kite in relief.

The kite stayed on in the old elm tree. He became very fond of his companions. His old friend, the wind, laughed and played with him often. He loved the Robin family, and really considered himself a sort of godfather to the young ones since the day he saved their lives. His friends were all very fond of him, too. They liked his broad, good humored smile, and loved to listen to the tales of his long, glorious trip among the clouds.

Some time later, when Mrs. Robin was again away hunting worms, the oldest son poked his head over the top of the nest. He had just acquired some new tail feathers and thought himself very smart.

"What a big world!" he exclaimed, as he looked about! "I'd like to fly out of this crowded nest and see more of it!"

The kite had heard the mother bird warn the babies to stay in the nest, and he became alarmed.

Master Robin felt quite cocky as he scrambled onto the edge of the nest, perched on his wobbly little legs.

"Please, Mister Wind, give me another push", begged the kite. Just as the young robin toppled and would have fallen to the ground, the willing breeze helped the kite push him safely back into the nest.

"Thanks, Mister Kite", panted young Robin, breathlessly.

The kite had often wistfully watched Bobby, flying his pretty new kite, but he bore it no ill will, and the patient, good humoured smile never left his face.

He happened to look down into the Jones back yard one day and his eyes opened wide with surprise.

There in the back yard in the rubbish can lay the other kite. It was no longer bright and new. Its colors were faded, and it looked sad and dilapidated.

The old kite felt sorry for it, and tried to smile at it in a friendly fashion, but it refused to look up at him.

The baby robins grew safely into strong, full-fledged birds. The old kite was very proud of them. He missed them terribly when they flew away. However, he still had the wind and the leaves to keep him from being lonely.

But suddenly, he realized that a

change had come over the leaves. They whispered mysteriously, and were turning yellow and brown. Every so often one would let loose of the bough and flutter to the ground. Soon another would follow. After a while all were gone, leaving the branches of the old elm tree bare and cold.

Still the kite hung among the branches, tattered and lonely, but smiling bravely.

One day, the wind noticed how hard it was for him to keep on smiling, and felt sorry for him. He gave the old kite a last strong push, breaking the string that held him fast to the branches. Down he fell into the rubbish can right on top of the new kite.

"Oh, it's you," said the one who was new last. "Why you look better than I. Where have you been so long?"

The old kite related his wonderful experiences in the elm tree and among the clouds.

Just then Bobby came past whistling merrily. He stopped in surprise.

"Why, hello! If it isn't the old kite I made a long time ago. Wonder how it ever got back here? Why, the frame work is still strong and good. Guess I'll make it over and fly it again."

And the old kite smiled a joyful, battered smile.

Learn To Relax

DON'T waste time in vengeful thoughts. It never gets you anything but trouble and futility.

Don't feel that the world is set against you.

Don't fight with yourself.

Keep shy of internal friction.

And don't let yourself cultivate the notion you're a great little fellow, for, as the paragraphs of the beatitudes

have it, "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

I well recall how, years ago, my dear old dad took me aside one day and told me: "Don't ever waste time, son, trying to get even with someone you fancy may have wronged you. Because, just as soon as you finish getting even with him there's bound to be someone else."



MEDITATION

Sound Sleep

Every organ in the human body requires rest, and that is why Nature demands regular and uninterrupted sleep.

SLEEP is Nature's remedy for curing and preventing a great many physical defects. During sleep nearly all organs of the body are at rest. Heart muscles tire as do muscles of the arms and legs. Brain function becomes stressed and overworked. Digestion and respiration need rest, and the only way of securing such rest and repair is by good, sound sleep.

Plenty of sleep is absolutely vital to the proper functioning of the different organs of the body. Loss of the proper amount of sleep results in the overexertion of the mind and body, producing a condition of nervousness and excitement, resulting in inability to sleep soundly. This inability to sleep soundly causes a breakdown of the functions of the brain and leads to a condition of insanity and suicide.

Other causes of restlessness and inability to sleep properly may be defect of tonsils, school examinations, other difficult personal problems, and indigestible foods taken before retiring. It is estimated that less ability to sleep soundly is found among those in se-

dentary occupations and those who have great financial responsibilities than amongst persons who perform hard outdoor labor.

Restless sleepers rest poorly and are fatigued the next day. The average sleeper moves from ten to twelve times per hour; the most restful move but four times per hour, and the most restless about twenty times an hour. Muscular relaxation is necessary for a good sleep. Each time you move, you're half-awakened, thereby losing a portion of the good effects of sleep.

Learn to relax the muscles of the head, neck and shoulders. Adults should refrain from eating before retiring. For slim people a medium-hard bed is recommended; for fat persons, a soft one is better. Sleep in a quiet room closed to sunlight or street lights, and take a warm bath before retiring. Sleeping in a closed room is unhealthy and should be avoided. One or more windows should be opened at all times of the year in order to provide a sufficient amount of fresh air.

W. WORDSWORTH:

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky:
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
 So do not let me wear tonight away:
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

A Woman's Courage

THE sea was a savage down on the coast of Brittany. The furious waves seemed to spit forth all of the foam of the Atlantic. Suddenly, there appeared, blown by the wind, a boat of Breton seamen.

"There they are!" cried a woman who waited in the midst of a group of ladies and old men on the shore.

A man named Lecoz, an old lifesaver, drew from his pocket a spy glass, which was a gift for a heroic effort, and looked at the frail bark in distress. He examined it carefully, then said, "Yes, Maryvonne, there they are."

"Thank you, Lecoz," said Maryvonne. "Now I live in hopes. I am going to prepare soup and coffee. After that, you see, my husband will be ready to entertain the whole world."

And with a look toward the others, silent in their anguish, Maryvonne went to her little home.

Pale, rigid, their clothes swept by the wind, the other women watched all the movements of the little boat. And they trembled, they shuddered for Maryvonne's husband and for the other sailors.

Pierre Le Bars was known as a remarkable man of the sea, the best, perhaps, of the whole region. But Pierre's life was now in danger. A mysterious force governed the elements. The waves bounded violently toward the land.

The poor women forgot all of their other troubles. Their hearts were filled with anguish at the sight of the boat, hurled on the summit of the waves, disappearing, advancing, and disappearing again. Death threatened continually.

The boat approached nearer the land. Yet a quarter of a mile to come, and she would be safe.

Ah! A great clamor was heard above the wind and the sea, "the boat has capsized!" But thanks, the boat had not capsized. She was tossed about on the water, but advanced continually. A few minutes afterwards, the sailors arrived at the port.

Then the women thought of other fishermen who were far out upon the waves of the perilous sea. Their weeping eyes regarded the clouded horizon.

"Great goodness", cried one of them, "Who are those poor sailors?" A second boat came into view, and was striving toward the port.

"That", said one of the old sailors, "is Pilver's boat."

"No, it is Le Cozanet's."

"You are right, Mariannik, it is Le Cozanet. I can see it is his new boat."

Mariannik! This happy name belonged to a beautiful young woman standing by the side of the old lifesaver. She was the widow of a brave seaman who had lost his life when 28 years of age, in making his twelfth rescue.

Mariannik had grieved a long time for him. Now she spoke of death with a serious pride. She wished no one to pity her because as she said, "It is not sufficient to live well, but to die well."

"Look! Look!" said the old man who was gazing at the boat which carried Le Cozanet. Suddenly a wild cry mounted to the sky,—a clamor of fright and of cruel certainty. Le Cozanet's bark had capsized! The unhappy sailors, clinging to the keel, waved and cried out, "To the rescue! Help! Help!"

At this moment, Pierre Le Bars and his sailors arrived, happy to have escaped death.

Mariannik looked at Pierre.

"Look," she said. He saw the tragedy.

"Ah, no, Pierre, you are not going". It was his wife Maryvonne, who thus

spoke to him. "Ah Pierre, you have just escaped, do not go! Do not go!"

But the widow, Mariannik, said to the sailors, "Let us go, lads, you are not going to remain here, I hope. Look at them, they are dying!" And when they hesitated to return to the land of death, she cried, "No, it isn't possible, are you content to have escaped? Are you going to remain here while they die?"

Then she turned toward Pierre Le Bars, "You know if you stay, I will never recognize you again. Never speak of my man, for he will deny you."

"Yes, Mariannik, but your husband is dead", timidly said the wife of Pierre La Bars.

"Ah, well," replied the young widow, "but if he should rise from his tomb, my Yann, I would urge him to return to the sea to do his duty."

The sailors looked at their captain and asked, "What shall be done?"

"Ah", said the old Lecoq, "Are there no men in this country?"

"No", replied Mariannik, "for they leave the unhappy ones to die. But since the lads are afraid, ah, well, we, the women, we shall go to the rescue! Come, women, come!"

"Wait! Wait a minute!" It was Pierre. He had repulsed his wife, and spoke

to his sailors. At a sign from the captain, they quickly entered the large life boat and returned to the sea—the land of death. Bravely, they did their duty, and everyone was saved.

Mariannik was as pale as a candle. And when Maryvonne, proud and happy, chattered, Mariannik wept. "Ah, the brave lads!" she said. But she departed, knowing that she might soon give way and faint in thinking of her dead husband.

When she arrived in her own home, hanging among the medals, earned in saving his brothers, was a beautiful photograph of Yann, her heroic husband. Mariannik embraced it and said to him, "Are you satisfied, Yann?"

On the evening of the same day, there was a great celebration at the home of Le Bars. The lifesavers and the sailors were reunited about the same table. Mariannik occupied the place of honor and when Le Cozanet wished to thank Pierre Le Bars, the latter said. "No, I will not accept it, you thank Mariannik."

And Le Bars, a philosopher, without knowing it himself, said, "Our muscles and our strength come from our fathers, but our courage, my friends, comes from our mothers."—*Translated from the French.*

Riddles

Why is K one of the most fortunate letters in the alphabet? *Because it is always in luck.*

If a farmer can raise 250 bushels of grain in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather? *An umbrella.*

How do bees dispose of their honey? *They cell (sell) it.*

Why are farmers like fowls? *Because neither can get full crops without toil.*

What is that which is always in fashion yet always out of date? *The letter "F."*

What is the hardest thing about skating? *The ice.*

Why is a horse that cannot hold its head up like next Wednesday? *Because its neck's weak (next week).*

Why was a baron of olden times like a book? *Because he had a title and many pages.*



COROT

INTERRUPTED READING



VACATION TIME IS OVER



VACATION time is almost over. Within a week or two, you'll be back in school, back at work.

Summer, too, is almost gone. You no doubt had a pleasant vacation, whether you went away and spent a few weeks with your relatives at some distant town or farm, or if you stayed at home. Whichever case it may be, a vacation brings a change from the everyday hum-drum. I wish conditions would be such that everyone of you could spend at least a month's time at some summer camp. For the value of a vacation lies in the

change of scenery, in the outdoor life—playing in some healthy atmosphere and gaining new experiences.

Many of us cannot afford to travel away for a vacation. But we can take advantage of the old creek or the river, or even a lake close by. In big cities it is very hard for most of the workers' children to enjoy a real vacation. Streets, unkempt alleys and vacant lots are the only open spaces for them. Nevertheless, it would be interesting if some of you would tell us in the Mladinski List how you spent your vacation.

And now it is almost school time. Most of you can hardly wait for the sound of the school bell. I wish you will have a nice time in school right from the start and that you will learn your lessons with joy in your little hearts.

And another thing: Have you secured a new member this summer?

—THE EDITOR.

"Most Effective Juvenile Journal"

Dear Editor:—

I'm back again. Cle Elum had quite a nice fourth of July celebration, with a parade, fireworks, races and games.

All the men had to wear miner caps two weeks before the celebration, as a method of advertising Cle Elum's industry, mining.

Those caught without the caps were "ar-

rested" and taken to the "Kangaroo Court" erected in the business district called "The Court of No Appeal."

And there was no appeal. Everything that the "defendant" said, cost him a quarter. For instance, the "judge" asked, "Do you live in Cle Elum?" Upon answering in the affirmative, the judge barked at him: "Two bits for living in Cle Elum."

Or, "Where do you work?" The "accused" believed he might get a lighter fine by stating

that he did not work. He did—"Two bits for vagrancy!" was the judge's immediate reply.

One of the men asked the judge, "Can't you say anything but 'two bits'? Why not fifteen cents for once? As it is, I feel like a nickel." And so far into the night.

I was just thinking that this little magazine is one of the most effective juvenile journals for the advancement of labor progress and Socialism.

By the time we are voters, we shall be well versed in the great aim of Socialism, and will vote accordingly if the good work of the M. L. and the SNPJ is continued.

Here, in the Mladinski List we are made conscious of our one great enemy, capitalism. More power to the M. L. and the SNPJ.

Sincerely,

Clifford Pernick,
704 East First st., Cle Elum, Wash.

* *

Mastering Our Lessons

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am again engaged in studying, as I have joined summer classes where I am learning to read and write shorthand and how to type-write.

The latter does not require studying, but the former demands a lot of time in order to master each lesson thoroughly and unless one does study his lessons well, he may call himself "lost," for that is what he is when it is his turn to recite.

Learning thoroughly each immediate lesson helps one later in the course, therefore that is the most proper thing to do.

Lately we have had prominent people as visitors at our home. These visitors were from Chicago, Ill., the home of the Mladinski List and the SNPJ. They were none other than Bro. Philip Godina, manager of the SNPJ publications, and his son Oscar Godina, president of the largest English Speaking Lodge of the SNPJ, the Pioneers of Chicago. They were accompanied by Bro. Anton Zornik of Herminie, Pa., an active Socialist who fights for the rights of the working people and who is a strong agitator for the Proletarec. I consider it a pleasure to be acquainted with these Chicagoans.

The June issue of the Mladinski List seemed to have fewer contributions than usual. I believe these summer months and the weather are the cause of this decrease. Personally, I believe that more time can be devoted to the Mladinski List in the summer than in the winter, because in the winter the day is spent in school while the evening is spent studying. Whereas in summer the day is spent working

and the evening "loafing" or doing something which does not amount to as much as writing to the Mladinski List.

Bro. Beniger had an especially good editorial in the June issue of the Mladinski List. Yes, we must strive for better working conditions. If workers would unite their forces and demand justice it would be profitable to everyone and not only to the capitalists as under the present system.

There must be a change. Nothing can live forever because it gets old, worn out and rotten. Neither can the capitalistic system! It is not fit for use anymore, it is dying. The sooner the people will want to understand that a change should be made, the better for them, for then they will be able to produce for use and not for profit, and in that way have all the necessities and luxuries that they are entitled to. This change can only be made by going to the polls on election day and voting for the candidates with Socialist principles.

A Proud Torch,

Mary Elizabeth Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

My Trip to Minnesota

Dear Readers of the M. L.:—

I was just the lucky one to have the chance to go to Minnesota.

When we left Cleveland, we had good weather. We visited the headquarters of the SNPJ in Chicago, Ill. We visited all of our old friends. I also took a good look at my first school in Evanston, Ill.

While going through Wisconsin we visited our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ermenc and others in Milwaukee. From there we started North.

One night we spent with Slovene farmers in Willard, Wis. We had a good time even in bad weather.

Next morning we started for Chippewa Falls. In the morning we crossed the canal and entered Duluth. My father's car broke down. He spent three hours in the garage repairing it.

Mother and I went down to the shopping district. We saw all kinds of people from farmers to lumber jacks and city people. I like the city of Duluth.

We drove through Eveleth to Virginia to Hibbing. We stayed there for two days in the city. From there we went to Keewatin out in the woods, and then we went to Chisholm, near Long Lake.

We stayed there with two very friendly men, Mr. Centa and Mr. Champa.

I enjoyed watching them milk cows and feed pigs, chickens and turkeys, and one Chinese pig. Also had a fine time canoeing.

From Chisholm we went to Indian island near Tower.

From there we started down to Ely. We stayed near Burnside lake a few days and met all of our friends.

Next day my father met an old friend of his who has a cottage on White Iron lake. We were lucky to have the offer to stay in it as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mauc. This place is very beautiful.

I will write more next time.

A Pioneer Member, Lodge 559,
Marian Prusheck, General Del., Ely, Minn.

* *

Graduation of Jr. High School

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Due to the warm weather, most of our Juveniles are vacationing. No doubt this is an ideal time for enjoying ourselves, but let us try to increase our contributions to the M. L., as we are now more or less apt to be absent.

School has been the "affection of our minds" for the past 9 months. Although I do not mind it much and I hope others also shall realize what our education will mean in later life. In regards to school, I wish to express my gratitude of the knowledge received and also being awarded the scholarship for the term of 1934-35, and promoted with highest honors. Most members will be wondering why I didn't graduate. The reason is due to the 2 years of high school which we have; therefore only the Sophomores graduate. They have graduated on May 28. The girls wore pastel shades of dresses and the boys wore their suits of navy blue or brown. Their flower was the Iris. Green and white are the school colors, and their motto being "Progress is made by work alone."

Although school has not finished their education, they have probably "knocked" off a few rough corners, some foundation laid, but they have to do the rest. Life's education is never finished. We must grow in "Success" through years, for there are others better than we. The field is not overcrowded; no field has super-abundance of folk who know their job. Sometimes it seems the world asks much of us. All it asks that we shall be on the job and obtain results. Some people do this in part. Far too few, as we observe, range very far above 90%.

To find best results, by experience, we see that we must train ourselves. If we do that, the rest will take care of itself.

Perfect attendance at school has helped the graduates a great deal. I have also won

the seal for Perfect Attendance. This makes my 3rd one. Each day you learn something new.

I wouldn't mind seeing a letter from the following: Steffie Hefferle of Herminie, Pa. Why not devote a little time to this "Corner," Steffie?—Dorothy Podbevsek of Belle Vernon, Pa. Dorothy, do you remember me as a former school chum of the grade school? Increase our letters a little more, Earnest Laurich. I miss Emma Koprivnik's letters to the M. L.'s Chatter Corner.

Concluding, I wish to extend a greeting of happy vacation to the Editor and Juveniles.

A proud Juvenile,
Dorothy M. Fink, box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

Wild Roses

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am late in writing, but I was very busy. Boy, it sure is hot here. June 28, I went swimming with Eva Gazdik, a friend of mine. The water is sure high.

The mine doesn't work here very good. Eva Gazdik and I got caught in the rain. Were we ever wet—and how!

We have a chicken that has eleven chicks and another one that has 6.

Sometime in the morning I could write but every morning when I go to the grocery shop I meet Annie Homec. Then we stand on the bridge and talk for a long time.

Right now the wind is blowing. Every night at 6:00 o'clock I go to the post-office to see if the M. L. is in my box.

All of the Wild Roses are in bloom by our house. They sure smell nice.

Last Sunday (June 29) we went fishing up to Red Canyon. We caught 54 trouts. That same day it rained. Rudy lost my father's knife.

Here is a riddle:

What has four eyes but can't see? (Mississippi.)

Well, I guess that is all. I wish *Elsie Hrovat* would write to me.

Mary Pershin, Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

NRA, War, Etc.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't had a chance to write to the Mladinski List this year, until now. It's vacation time now and so I have plenty of time to spare for the Mladinski List.

The weather here has just begun to be warm. Half of the time it's been raining. On June 20 it was so cold that we almost thought of lighting our furnaces.

The Blue Eagle is now dead, but it might be restored by an amendment to the Constitution. The conclusion of the National Recovery Act happened just when New Dealers were in the state of gladness over this victory. Donald R. Richberg was at the head of the NRA.

There is trouble between Ethiopia and Italy. Italy won't agree with the League of Nations to postpone war preparations with Ethiopia. The League has given Mussolini until July twenty-fifth to arrange peaceful terms. If at the end of the time the two nations are not at terms it was decided that the League would step into the matter and try to settle it. (Maybe!)

Men from twenty-one nations met in President Roosevelt's office on April 15, 1935, which is known as Pan-American Day. They signed their names to a treaty called "The Roerich Pact." It provides that museums, libraries, monuments and buildings dedicated to culture shall be safe from attack during war. Such buildings will be marked by a "Peace Banner," which is a white flag with three red dots in a circle. (So they do anticipate war!)

There is something wrong with the houses in which many people live. Some live in houses which have existed so long that they should have been torn down long ago. Some live in houses that could only be called "shacks." There are rooms which never see daylight and have not enough air. The following facts I have received from one of our school papers:

Six and one-half houses out of ten have no central heating; eight out of ten have no plumbing; seven and one-half out of ten have no running water; five out of ten houses have no electricity.

I should think it is about time that the government would step into this affair.

That much about business. On June 30 the "Zarja" singing club had an excursion at Tancek's farm. We all had a good time and enjoyed ourselves tremendously.

I also want to say a word to my relatives in Pennsylvania. I was sorry to hear of my cousin Anna Kos' death.

I will now close, wishing all that are resting a happy vacation, and to everyone I send my best regards.

Audrey Maslo,

14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If you would know what a dollar is worth, try to borrow one.

* * *

A good fame is better than a good face.

Our Picnics

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It has been quite a while since I wrote last to the Mladinski List. Some of the letters, jokes, and stories I like very much, but some I don't like so well.

The good ole summer time has once more dawned upon us. The ole swimmin' 'ole is no longer empty, but is filled with boys who turn nudists in the summer time.

On June 16, Lodge McKinley held a picnic on Ceh's farm. We had a few out-of-town guests. We are sure they had a wonderful time. Also, on the same day, the Eugene V. Debs Socialist conclave was held at Nimisilla Park. The Slovene Singing Society Zarja from Cleveland gave a few selections.

I have passed successfully into the Eleventh grade and I'm taking the Classical course and the following subjects next year: English III, Latin III, Algebra III, Solid Geometry, and Chemistry.

There is still one more thing I want to write about, and that is: Since one of my hobbies is writing letters, I would like to receive some from both girls and boys.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy Vitavec (16),
1614 Sherrick S. E., Canton, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years of age and am in 8th grade. I go to Taylor school. There are four in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge 490.

There are so many nice letters in the M. L. I enjoy reading *Dorothy Fink's* letters, because they are interesting; I hope she likes mine. I would be very glad to receive a letter from her. There are a few in my class at school who belong to the SNPJ. I hope they read my letter. Will write more next time.

Best regards.

Pauline Svetlečić,
9606 Ave L., So. Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine. I was 11 years old on April 20. Our school was out June 3; I passed to the 6th grade. There are five in our family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge No. 63. Our Lodge held a picnic June 29-30 at Rillton; we were all there and had a nice time. We had large crowds both nights.

Evelyn Shuster, R.D. 4, Irwin, Pa.

Long Vacation

Dear Editor:—

Here I am again, writing to you so you'll have more to read. I had a sore wrist and I could not move any of my fingers. It's still sore. But I do wish it would get better. So that is my reason why I could not write. I still cannot write good.

I did not see any letters in the *Mladinski List* from Johnstown in the last issue, counting myself. *Frank Miklaucich* and *Mary Fradel* each had a long letter in the last issue. I hope some day I'll have a long letter to write. I don't know much for I don't read much. Just because it's vacation, I think I don't have to read, but rest my eyes.

We had a terrible rainfall on July 4-5-6-7. On the 4th of July we were not allowed to use fire-crackers, only cap guns.

Work out here (which I don't know much about) is getting all right. Few men have jobs, but don't work at all. They don't seem to be interested in them, not counting if they are sick.

Now we're having a long vacation. Boy, it feels good. Well, it won't be long now until we will be in school. Just two more months and we will be back in school.

Summer school started on July 1, but I don't have to go, just those who missed a lot of school.

I go to the movies every evening—free. I don't seem to remember anything about the movies.

I do wish some of you would write to me. I would gladly answer.

Genevieve Logar,
768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

New School Building

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Many months have elapsed since I first wrote to the *M. L.*

School will soon start. My promotion has taken me to grade 7a and 8b.

Some of you know that the Turtle Creek school has burned down and a new one was built in its place.

It was arranged that a few groups were able to continue school in the new building as soon as it was completed.

All of the groups will go to the new building next semester except the grade school graduates who will go to High school.

The new school has three floors with over 25 rooms on each floor. We all think it is exceptionally large for so small a town as Turtle Creek. The school's library is very

large and will have many interesting books to read.

I wish to say, "Hello" to my cousin *Dorothy Fink* who has been complimented on her letters written to this beloved magazine, the *M. L.*

Mary O. Fink,
1305 Airbrake ave., Turtle Creek, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written in the *Mladinski List* for quite a while. That's why I am writing now.

I am writing this on July 8.—Our school was out May 23 and I passed to the 8th grade. On May 26, I was 12 years old and received some handsome presents. The weather is nice, so is my garden, full of beautiful flowers. I sprinkle them every night. Since school has been out I have had nice time. Sometime I go swimming. I had lots of fun on the Fourth.

My best regards to all.

Fanny Galicich, R.R. 1, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

Our Family

Dear Editor and Readers:

This is my second letter to the *M. L.*, which of course, ought to be at least fourth. I have been planning to write for the last few weeks, but never got that far. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I notice that my cousins and my girl friend don't write in the *M. L.* I wish that they would see my letter and write to the *M. L.*

I hope that every one enjoys swimming as much as I do.

My sisters take music lessons. Margaret plays the base violin and drums, Pauline plays the violin, saxophone and mandoline. I will write the age and names of my sisters and brothers: Mary, 22, is married and has a daughter, 18 months old; Frances, 21; Jenny, 18; Anne, 17; I, 16; Margaret, 14; Pauline, 12; Josephine, 11; Tony 10; Frankie, 7; and Johnny, 6.

Here is a riddle:

Teacher, spelling: K-n-o-w. Jenny, what did I spell?

Jenny: I don't know, teacher.

Teacher: That's right, Jenny.

I guess I will close, sending my best regards to my cousin, Albina, Mary and Olga Kalister, Albina Kovacich and my friend Louise Krappn.

Grace Penko, Box 164, Somerset, Colo.

The Youth Movement—A pedestrian is a man whose son is home from college.

Our Trip to Baltimore

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read its letters, poems, riddles, and stories very much.

We went on a trip to Baltimore, Md., Mr. and Mrs. Gretchen went along with us. It is three hundred miles from here. It was a very pleasant trip. We stayed there one week. We saw Patterson park and we went bathing and canoeing in the Chesapeake bay. We saw very big machine guns on Proving grounds in Aberdeen. As we passed there, we saw the CCC camps. The boys were working very hard.

We were in town visiting my aunt who has a beauty parlor and she gave us all (not the men) a permanent. We were out in the country where my grandmother and grandfather have a big farm. On it they have cows, calves, horses, pigs, and poultry. I helped my grandfather feed them. Boy! Those spring chick-

ens that my grandmother fried were sure good. (I wish I had some now.) Best regards to all.

Anna Mihacic,

Box 113, Windsor Heights, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. School started Monday, July 15, 1915. (So soon!)

There are seven of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 33. I have two sisters and two brothers. We all enjoy reading the Mladinski List. My mother and father also enjoy reading the Prosveta.

Nobody writes to the M. L. from Ambridge so I decided to write. I think the other children from Ambridge should wake up and write to the M. L. I hope this letter will be published. I will write more the next time.

Best regards to Editor and all.

Agnes Tekstar,

154 Maplewood ave., Ambridge, Pa.

