

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

Leto XII—Št. 6.

CHICAGO, ILL, JUNIJ, 1933

Vol. XII—No. 6.

Katka Zupančič:

## ANKIN ZAGOVOR

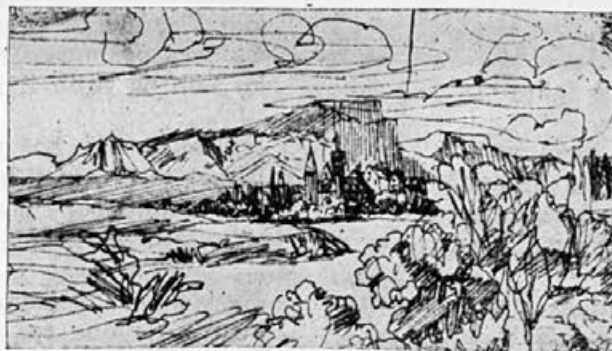
**J**UTRO za jutrom poleti  
solncece Anko poseti.  
Sobo nasiplje ji polno svetlobe,  
toda zbuditi ne more lenobe.

Končno na njeno se lice povzpne —  
greje ga, greje in greje in žge:  
"Hej, Anka zaspanka, zgani se, zgani!  
Oči si pomani in vstani!

Tri ure že sem na poti nebesni —  
ti pa še spiš v sobici tesni.  
Zarje jutranje ne vidiš nikdar!  
Budnica ptičev — kaj ti je mar?!"

Anka zbujena se živo pobrani:  
"V gnezdju velemestnem vsi bolj smo  
zaspani —  
zarjo jutranjo zastira morje bivališč;  
budnica ptičev — je vrabčji le vrišč.

Vendar pa, solncece, nič ne zameri!  
Jutro za jutrom sem se usmeri:  
zarje jutranje prinašaj pozdrave —  
in moje odnašaj v domače dobrave!"



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Bresdin: MESTECE OB JEZERU.

Mile Klopčič:

## VLAK

(Domača naloga)

ČE HOČEŠ hitro k teti na obisk,  
greš kar na vlak in že drviš.  
Kot tebi, vlaku se mudi.  
Zato ne čaka, če ga zamudiš.

In vlak drvi, ti v njem sediš in čakaš,  
da prideš do postaje, kjer te teta čaka.  
Le na postajah se ustavlja vlak,  
vsi drugi kraji odhitijo mimo vlaka.

Ko stopimo na vlak in nas odpelje,  
ostane na postaji le postaja.  
Skoz okno na pokrajino strmiš,  
a jedva jo uzreš, že zaostaja.

A na postaji, kjer me čaka teta,  
izstopim brž, a drugi obsede  
in peljejo se dalje bogve kam.  
Najbrž imajo tete kje drugje.

Tako hitro kraji se menjavajo,  
kot bi slikovnico imel v rokah  
in da obrača svoje liste sama.  
Ko prvič sem se peljal, me bilo je strah.

Tako prevaža vlak vojake in ljudi,  
prevaža pošto, premog in živino.  
Z njim vozijo se delavci domov,  
ki jih odpeljal je nekoč v tujino.

Vsak dan in vsako noč drvijo vlaki.  
Ljudje trdijo, da je to promet.  
Zato je vlak prometno sredstvo.  
Včasih odpelje tudi nas na majniški izlet.

Maksa Samsa

## DOM

KOT hip ta leta odbežijo  
šel sreče v svet si boš iskat,  
oči se gorko zasolzijo,  
ko vzel slovo boš zadnjikrat . . .

Kdo z radostjo kruh bo rezal  
kdo s srcem ti ljubezni dal?  
Bo drag spomin te z domom vezal,  
ko sam na tujih tleh boš stal . . .

Ne boš pozabil domačije,  
zemljice rodne res nikdar?  
Doma svetleje solnce sije,  
bolj medel mu drugod je žar . . .

Izročal vetrom boš pozdrave,  
bo sestra zvesta ti bolest,  
se spomnil rodne boš dobrave  
v brezsočnem hrupu tujih mest . . .

Ah, daleč bo ti duša mala,  
kjer pil si srečo mladih let,  
kjer mati sama bo ostala,  
ko ti odšel boš v tuji svet . . .

Ne boš pozabil domačije,  
zemljice rodne res nikdar?  
Doma svetleje solnce sije,  
bolj medel mu drugod je žar . . .

Dušan Vargazon:

## Kresnice

**K**ADAR posveti mesec v poletni večer, takrat se kresnice preletavajo in padajo v travo. Ali ste kdaj pomislili, odkod taki živalici tista čudovita iskrica?

Nekdaj se živalice niso blestele. Zdaj pa je že dolgo, dolgo od tistih dob, ko je prva pokazala zasanjani duši pot k sreči.

dela, kdaj in kako se ji je razmaknila dlan in živalica je poletela v temo. Kresnica je strmela za majhnim utrinkom, dokler ni izginil v gozdu.

Tisto noč se je napotil kovač Hrast z doma, da se prepriča, ali se v kresni noči res gode v gozdu reči, o katerih se človeku doma še sanjati ne more.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Chas. S. Chapman: ZAČARANI GOZD.

Pod Kumom je živela deklica. Kresnica ji je bilo ime. Skrbela je za svojo ubogo mater in sanjala o sreči. Na večer pred kresno nočjo je nabirala v gozdu jagode. Našla je nežno živalico in jo skrila v dlani. Deklica je strepetala v čudnem pričakovanju: spomnila se je, da hodijo to noč okrog junaki. Ni ve-

Nad grmom ob svetli jasi je zagledal drobno lučko.

"Kaj so nocoj zvezde tako blizu?" se je vpraša, ves razigran.

In že je sklenil, da jo ujame in se ji je približal. Zamahnil je, pa se je dvignila nadenj. Opotekel se je in skočil za njo okoli grma. Živalica je poleta-

vala v krogih, vedno dalje od jase. Hrast ji je sledil, sam ni vedel, kam. Vso noč je hodil, včasih je za hip izginila in se spet pokazala pred njim.

"Kaj je z menoj?!", se je čudil kovač, "še nikoli nisem bil tako otročji ko nocoj!"

Pred njim se je svetlikalo. Prišel je na rob gozda, živalica je izginila.

"Tu je bila hiša," je pomislil; "daleč sem zašel in ne vem, kako bom našel pot domov?"

Potrkal je na vrata, češ, gotovo prebivajo v njej dobri ljudje in mu bodo dali kaj gorkega za zajtrk.

Prikazala se je mila deklica.

"Dobro jutro!" jo je pozdravil kovač; "sam ne vem, kako sem prišel sem. Hodil sem po gozdu in zagledal sem nekaj svetlega. Drobní utrinek me je tako prevzel, da si nisem mogel kaj in sem mu sledil. Zdaj pa je izginil in ostal sem sam ob gozdu, daleč od svojega doma.

"Mogoče je bila tale živalica?" je dejala deklica z nežnim glasom in mu pokazala dlan.

"Poznam jih," je pokimal kovač, "a doslej nisem videl nobene, ki bi se bila svetlikala ko ta."

Deklica se je smehljala.

"Snoči sem jo prinesla iz gozda. Mislila sem: ko bi mogla dati tej živalici eno samo drobno iskrico iz svojega srca, ah, naj bi poletela neznankam in mi prinesla nazaj ljubezen. In glej, ko

sem si to zaželela, se je živalica zaiskri-la in poletela v gozd. Davi pa sem sedela pri oknu in živalica se je vrnila v mojo dlan."

Hrast je strmel. Deklica je stala naslonjena na vrata in gledala za mescem, ki je bledele v daljavi. Kovač je stopil k njej in jo rahlo prijel za roko. Šla sta v hišo. Kovač je zaprosil mater, naj mu da hčer za ženo. Starka mu je podala oslabele roko in solza ji je pridrsela na velo lice. Deklica je objela najprej mater, potem pa kovača. Skuhala je zajtrk. Proti poldnevu sta se kovač in Kresnica poslovila od starke in se odpravila na pot. Živalico sta vzela s seboj. Ko je Hrast odprl kovačnico, je dejal:

"Tu sem koval doslej, tu bom koval od danes naprej novo življenje!" Objel je Kresnico in jo poljubil. Živalica se je dvignila z nakla in zakročila po kovačnici. Hrast je zavihtel kladivo in udaril po naklu. A glej: iskre niso padale na tla, temveč so oživele in rojile skozi okno na plan.

Tri dni so se iskre spreminjale v živalice. Dali so jim ime kresnice, po Hrastovi mladi ženi, ki je gledala vsa srečna, kako roje utrinki iz kovačnice in izginjajo čez hribe. Četrty dan pa se je kovač spet začudil: namestu kresnic so padale okoli nakla navadne iskre. Pozneje niso nikdor več oživele. V tistih treh dneh je kovač toliko koval, da se zdaj kresnice svetlikajo po vsem svetu.

Mile Klopčič:

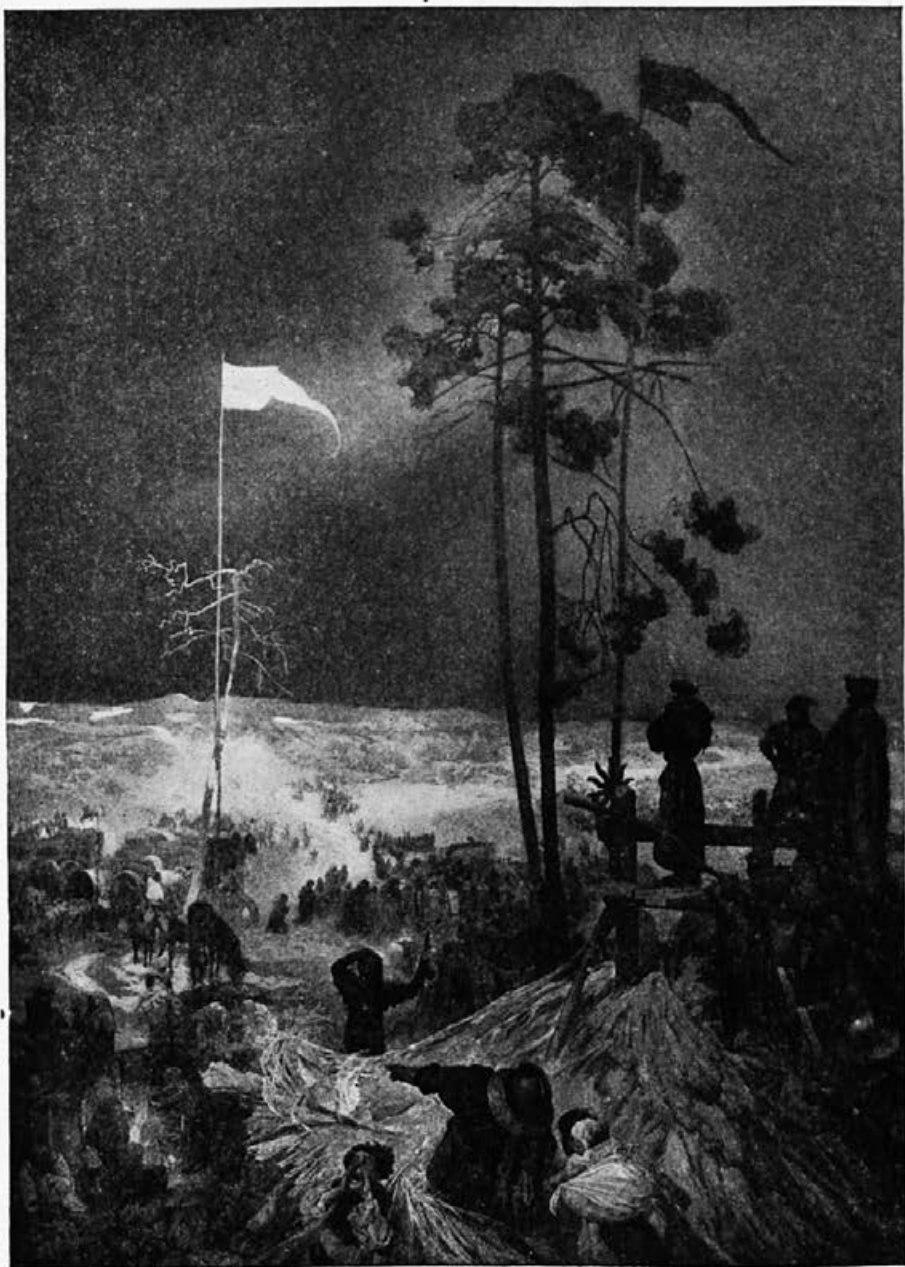
## SOLNCE SIJE

ZDAJ so zeleni vsi gozdovi,  
zdaj so vse trate polne cvetov.  
Kamor pogledaš — sami vrtovi,  
zdi se, da stopil na svet si nov.

Zjutraj umito od rose je drevje,  
po polju in tratah kaplje bleste.  
Lahno in rahlo trepeče vejevje,  
ko dviga se solnce izza gore.

Pa pride solnce, roso popije,  
a žeje si silne ne pogasi.  
Z vsem svojim žarom na zemljo posije,  
pije in pije, kar dajo moči.

Travnik in drevje, njiva in polje,  
vse je razgreto, vse že skrbi:  
"Danes pa solnce vroče je volje!" —  
Solnce pa pije prav do noči.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Mucha: SLOVANSKA EPOEJA IZ HUSITSKIH ČASOV.

Utva:

## KO SEM SLUŽIL

(Po istrskem narečju.)

**K**O sem eno leto služil,  
eno kokljo sem prislužil.  
Moja koklja, špiklja - špoklja,  
meni piščeta vali.

Ko sem drugo leto služil,  
eno kozo sem prislužil.  
Moja koza, dobra koza,  
meni pa kozličke st'ri.

Ko sem tretje leto služil,  
sem pa kravico prislužil.  
Moja krava, ta je prava,  
pa telička vrže mi.

Sem četrto leto služil,  
pa sem bajtico prislužil.  
Res, da bajtica je mala,  
v nji prostora je za tri.

Ko sem peto leto služil,  
pa še ženko sem prislužil.  
Moja ženka je pa Lenka,  
čez dan dremlje, vso noč spi.

Šesto leto nji sem služil,  
pa si nisem nič prislužil.  
Bajta, krava, koza, koklja,  
piške, tele in kozliček —  
rakom šli so žvižgat vsi.  
Samo ženka je še moja,  
čez dan dremlje, vso noč spi.

Jože Kovač:

## USPAVANKA RUDARSKEMU OTROKU

**S**PAVAJ, spavaj, moj otrok!  
Očka tvoj je črn rudar,  
premog koplje iz globine,  
da se vname v svetel žar  
in prežene vse temine —  
spavaj, spavaj, moj otrok . . .

Sanjaj, sanjaj, moj otrok!  
Očka tvoj je ves močan,  
skale ruje pod zemljo.  
Zjutraj svojo trdo dlan  
nate položi mehko . . .  
Sanjaj, sanjaj, moj otrok . . .

Spavaj, spavaj, moj otrok!  
Očka dolgo ni nocoj,  
sama, sama sem s teboj.  
Morda se sesul je rov,  
pa ga več ne bo domov . . .?  
Nikar mi ne zaspi, nikar!

# Princ in rokodelstvo

(Bolgarska pripovedka)

V NEKI deželi sta kraljevala kralj in kraljica. Imela sta princeso, ki je bila tako lepa in vesela kakor golobica.

Nekega dne se je podal kralj s kraljico in princeso na veliki ladji na pot čez morje. Ko so bili že daleč od brega, je nastala strašna burja. Valovi so me-

rodbino vred ne ubili, ni nikomur povedal, da je kralj.

Ali kako naj se preživi, ko ni znal ničesar delati? In brez dela bo umrl od lakote! Dolgo časa je premišljeval, dolgočasil se je in stradal s svojo rodbino, ali naposled je postal vaški pastir; spo-



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Stanley Andersen: POČITEK MED PLINO IN OSEKO.

tali ladjo kakor trsko in jo vlačili sem in tja. Kmalu je velika ladja zadela ob skalo in se razbila. Kralj si je s svojo rodbino komaj rešil golo življenje in vse, kar je imel, je izginilo v morju. Prišel je v neprijateljsko deželo kot zadnji med najubožnejšimi. Da bi ga z

četka se mu je to upiralo, ali potem je bil zadovoljen, da si je rešil vsaj življenje, in delo se mu ni nikakor protivilo.

Minila so leta.

Pastirjeva hčerka se je razvila do najlepše krasotice. V vsem kraljevstvu ni bilo lepše od nje. Zvedel je za njo

tudi kraljevski princ. Ko je prišel čas, da bi si imel poiskati nevesto, je poznal princ mnogo deklet, vsa krasna, vsa znana; ali kakor hitro je zagledal pastirjevo hčerko, ni mogel odvrniti pogleda od nje in takoj se je odločil, da se oženi z njo. Povedal je kralju o svoji nameri, ali kralj ni hotel preproste pastirice za kraljico. Sin mu je pa dejal, da se sploh ne bo oženil, če mu ne dovoli vzeti pastirice.

Zatem je kralj pritrdil in poslal k pastirjevim snubce, da se dogovore.

Da, toda pastir hčerke ni dal.

"Kakšno rokodelstvo pa zna kraljevski princ?" je vprašal.

"Rokodelstvo!" so odgovorili začudeni snubci. "Kraljevski sin zna kraljevati. Ima vsega dovolj in ni mu treba rokodelstva."

"Že res. Ali naj se kar nauči kakšnega rokodelstva, utegne ga kdaj še potrebovati. Šele potem mu bom dal svojo hčerko," je rekel pastir in se poslovil od snubcev.

Snubci so povedali kralju vse kot se je to spodobilo in je bilo treba. Kralj se je razsrdil in rekel:

"Kakšen nesramnež je ta pastir! Pojdite in recite mu, naj ne zahteva takih neumnosti!"

Snubci so odšli v drugič, ali pastir jih je spet zavrnil in dejal:

"Dokler mi ne prinesete nečesa, kar je izdelal kraljevski princ sam, da bom videl, kako se je izučil rokodelstva, mu svoje hčerke ne dam."

Vrnili so se snubci in povedali vse to kralju. Ničesar ni bilo mogoče očitati. Kralj je rekel sinu, da naj si izbere, če hoče imeti pastirjevo hčerko, kako rokodelstvo, in naj se ga hitro nauči. Kraljevski princ je odšel k pletarju, ki je delal košare in se je naučil plesti koše. Spletel je prvega in ga poslal pastirju:

"Kdo je izdelal ta koš?" vpraša pastir.

"Kraljevski princ" odgovore snubci.

"Koliko stane?"

"Pet grošev."

"Koliko časa je potreboval, da ga je spletel?"

"Dan."

"Dobro. Na dan pet grošev. Drugega dne spet koš in spet pet grošev, to je že deset grošev. Če bo kdaj v pomanjkanju, bo znal delati in ne bo lačen."

In pastir je dal svojo hčer princu-rokodelcu.

(Cv. K.)

Danilo Gorinšek:

## KRESNICE

VEŠ jih, tiste zlate ptice,  
ki kot zrnca drobne so,  
ki bleščeče, kot zvezdice  
v letno noč zasvetijo?

Ali — kot so zasvetile  
pravkar šele sred teme,  
v gasnejo, čim ulovile  
v pest jih naše so roke.

Ptice naj lete, zvezdice  
v srcu žar naj netijo,  
naše drobne — pa kresnice  
naj vso noč le svetijo!



## Uganka z jabolki

V LJUBLJANI živita dva starčka: eden se piše Kovač, drugi pa Kregar. Že dolga leta prodajata na sadnem trgu plodove, kakor češplje, pomaranče in rabarbaro. Dasi sta bila vedno pravzaprav konkurenta, se vendar žive dni ni sta kregala in sta živela v miru.

Letošnjo pomlad pa sta si skočila v lase, vpila sta in metala sta eden na drugega korenje in čebulo. Končno je moral obadva odpeljati stražnik na policijsko ravnateljstvo in tam ju je zaslíšal službujoči uradnik.

Kovač je pripovedoval o vzroku prepira tako-le:

“Obadva sva imela zjutraj v košu po trideset jabolok. Jaz sem imel domače sadje in prodajal sem tri jabolka za 1 Din, Kregar pa je imel ameriška—kalifornijska—jabolka, ki so seveda dražja. Dajal je za 1 Din samo dve jabolki. Ali ker je—oprostite za izraz—požeruh in sneden človek, je že ob pol sedmih zjutraj odšel tja k “Mačku tam za vodo” na vampe in svojo branjarijo oz. stojnico je prepustil na oskrbo meni.

Rekel sem si: “Ali naj prodajam tri jabolka za 1 Din in potem spet dve jabolki za 1 Din? Kako naj to pomni moja stara glava? Rajši jih bom seštel—dve jabolki za 1 Din in tri jabolka za 1 Din, to je pet jabolok za 2 Din.

Imel sem 2 krat 30 jabolok, torej 60 jabolok. Napravil sem torej dvanajst kupčkov po pet jabolok (12 krat 5 je 60) in prodal vsak kupček za 2 Din. Dobil sem torej 12 krat dva, to je 24 Din. Pravim si: “Med tem sem prodal svojih jabolok tri komade za 1 Din. Ker sem pa imel 30 jabolok, imam dobiti 10 Din. Ostanek 14 Din pa naj si vzame Kregar.”

Kregar se je seveda branil: “Je sicer res, da stane trideset jabolok 10 Din, ako se prodajajo tri za 1 Din. Dve moji jabolki pa staneta tudi 1 Din in trideset jih ima potem vrednost 15 Din, in ne 14 Din.”

Sedaj je po odvisno od vas, dragi čitatelji in čitateljice, da pomagate najti policijskemu uradniku napako v računu in tako pomagate obenem tudi starcema do sprave in miru. —st.—



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Boukonyhiti: JAPONSKA DEKORACIJA.

## Polžek

KO SO se polži na zimo odpravljali počivat, jim je pravil njihov ded, da se je enkrat predramil sredi zime in šel pogledat po svetu. Zagledal je potok, ves okrašen s prelestnim steklenim ledom, ki je v solncu čudovito sijal.

Ko se je potoku približal, je opazil po tleh polno steklenih draguljev, ki so se oddrobili od skalice nad potokom. Hotel je enega zamenjati za svojo skromno hišico, da bi bil potem postal polž z najlepšo stekleno palačo. Pa je pihnila mrzla burja in brž se je skrila in zazidal v svojo hišico. Preden je pogledal drugič na svet, ga je premagal spanec in zbudil se je šele pozno pomladi.

Med polži je bil mlad gizdalinček, ki je takoj sklenil, da bo pozimi pogledal

na svet. Ni se zazidal v svojo hišico, temveč se je z drugimi vred samo zakopal globoko v zemlji, kjer je dolgo čakal.

Ko se mu je zdelo, da mora že vladati v deželi zima, je pokukal na svet in zastrmel. Povsod so sijali blesteči ledeni kristali.

Polžek je takoj začel iskati takega, ki bi bil prikladen za njegov domek.

"Kralj postanem, kralj vseh polžev! Sijal bom, da bo drugim pogled jemalo!" se je veselil.

Tedaj je zahrumela burja. Polž se je spomnil, da ga zebe. Hotel je zlesti za nekaj časa nazaj v svojo lupino, pa ni mogel, ker je bil že popolnoma trd.

In tako je lišpavi polžek s hišico na hrbtu poginil med blestečimi se ledenimi kristali.

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## Medved in petelin

STARČEK je imel sina—bedaka. Pa ga je bedak nekoč prosil, naj ga oženi: "Če me ne oženiš, ti poderem peč!" — "Kako naj te oženim, ko pa nimamo denarja." — "Denarja res nimamo, zato pa imamo vola; prodaj ga mesarju." — Vol je to slišal in zbežal v les. Bedak je spet silil v očeta: "Oženi me, če ne poderem peč!" Oče pravi: "Z veseljem bi te, pa ni denarja." — "Denarja ni, zato pa je oven, prodaj ga mesarju." — Oven je to slišal in pobegnil v gozd. Bedak očetu še ni dal miru; oženi me in mir besedi!" — Pravim ti, da ni denarja." — "Denarja ni, petelin pa je; zakolji ga, speci in prodaj." — Petelin je to slišal in ušel v les. Vol, o-

ven in petelin so se tam znašli skupaj in si postavili v gozdu kočico. Medved je za to izvedel in se napolnil h kočici, da bi jih vse požrl. Petelin ga je zagledal, skočil na plot, zamahnil s krili in zaklical: "Ki-ki-riki, dajte ga mi! Z nogami ga poteptam, s sekuro razsekam!" Medved se je prestrašil in se spustil v beg, ne da bi se oziral nazaj; bežal je čez drn in strn, dokler se od strahu ni zgrudil in poginil. Bedak je prišel v les, našel medveda, mu odril kožo in jo prodal; za ta denar so ga potem oženili. Vol, oven in petelin so se zdaj spet vrnil iz gozda domov.

A. N. Afanajev.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Geo. Biddle: OB TROPICNEM JEZERU.

## Gordijski voz

**A**LI ste že kdaj slišali besede: "To je prav tako nerazrešljivo kakor gordijski voz." Povedati vam hočem, odkod izvira ta primera.

V 6. stoletju (to je bilo pred 2350 leti) je živel v Frigiji (starodavni pokrajini Male Azije) ubog, prostodušen kmetič z imenom Gordios. Njegova vera je bila mnogoboška, kakor vera vseh prebivalcev tiste pokrajine. Pristaši te vere so imeli Zena za svojega vrhovnega boga, ki vlada nebu. Navadno ga vpodabljaajo kot očeta ljudi in bogov z bogatimi, kodrastimi lasmi in polno, po sredi razdeljeno brado.

Nekoč je ukazal Frigijcem, naj sprejmejo prvega, ki jih na poti k Zenovemu svetišču sreča v volovskem vozu, za

vladarja. Da bi izpolnili visokemu božanstvu željo, so res imenovali prvega, ki so zagledali — po naključju je bil to Gordios — za kralja. Ta se je zelo razveselil sreče, ki ga je doletela, in zgradil mesto, kateremu je dal po sebi ime "Gordion." V tem mestu seveda tudi Zenovega svetišča ni manjkalo. Tu so posvetili tisti srečonosni voz, čigar jarem in ojnico je Gordios zvezal s toli umetnim vozlom, da ga ni mogel nihče razvozlati. Zato so ga imenovali "gordijski voz."

Vedeževalci so oznanili, da bo postal tisti, ki ga razvozla, vladar sveta. Kakor pripoveduje pravljica, je Aleksander Veliki, najdrznejši osvajalec vseh časov, na svojem pohodu v Perzijo z mečem presekal usodni voz.

Jože Kovač:

### PIJANČEK MODRIJANČEK

**Z**GODAJ dopoldne se je pripeljalo na vozu žarečem solnce v nebo. Potlej pa kot bi na mestu obstalo pije iz polja in morja vodo.

"To ni prav, solnček, da si pijanček, popiješ vso vlago iz zemlje in mlak. Bolje bi bilo, da si zaspanček, pa da se skriješ za temni oblak.

Preveč je vroče, kadar ti piješ, človek in cvetje in polje trpi. A kadar za temne oblake se skriješ, senca poljane in nas ohladi."

A solnce iz morja kapljice pije, v meglo jih spreminja in strne v oblak. Malo še — dež iz oblaka se vlije na žejne livade in polja krotak.

"Zdaj te poznam, da nisi pijanček kar iz navade, da modro ravnaš. Zdaj te poznam, da si modrijanček; piješ iz zemlje, da zemlji spet daš!"



*Dragi "Kotičkarji" in čitatelji!*

*Deseta redna konvencija SNPJ, ki je pričela zborovati 22. maja, je po desetdnevem zborovanju dne 3. junija končala svoje težko delo z uspehom. Rešila je mnogo resnih vprašanj, ki so jih porinile v ospredje sedanje kritične razmere, začrtala nova ekonomska pota in uravnala nešteto članskih teženj.*

*Za nas vse skupaj je predvsem razveseljivo dejstvo to, da Mladinski List ostane in da še nadalje vrši svoje delo za slovensko mladino naših delavcev, in to tako dolgo, dokler bodo dopuščale ekonomske razmere. Za ta koristen sklep gre pač delegaciji X. redne konvencije vse priznanje, ker je s tem pokazala, da se je zavedala v polni meri pomena, ki ga ima naš priljubljeni Mladinski List za našo delavsko mladino in za jednoto samo!*

*Vprašanje Mladinskega Lista je prišlo na površje radi dnevnika Prosvete, ki je zašel v deficit, dasi M. L. ne izkazuje nobene finančne izgube; nameravalo se ga je ukiniti v prid dnevniku. Ako se razmere resno ne poslabšajo, se ni treba bati, da bo naš mladinski mesečnik suspendiran. Lahko se reče, da ima M. L. nad 25 tisoč čitateljev, kar je pač lepo število za vsako mladinsko revijo. Naš mesečnik je list slovenskih delavcev za slovensko delavsko mladino v Ameriki. Izdaja ga SNPJ z namenom, da izobrazuje slovensko mladino v duhu svojih principov, ki temeljijo na medsebojni pomoči in delavski izobrazbi. Te je treba širiti, ker so koristni in potrebni!*

*Zato pa pogumno in veselo na delo za M. L.!*

—UREDNIK.

#### JOHNNY SE POSLAVLJA OD SOUČENCEV

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil, da napišem par vrstic za naš priljubljeni Mladinski List. Videl sem precej slovenskih dopisov iz raznih krajev. Opazil sem tudi dopis iz Strabane, Pa. Strabane mi je dobro poznan, ker smo mi tam živeli še pred enim letom.

Naša šola je končala 1. junija! S tem je bilo za mene konec ljudske šole in menda vsake šole. Zato se poslavljam od mojih součencev in jim želim obilo uspeha. Moj ata je rekel, naj bi šel v high school, toda to bi me predolgo vzelo, zato bom pa raje njemu pomagal, ker vidim, da težko dela v rudniku. Pa

se upravičeno jezi, ker mora poslušati gospodarje in delati kakor oni ukažejo. Včasih dela po en dan, včasih po dva ali več v tednu, včasih pa mora iti delat tudi v nedeljo, ako tako ukažejo. Vsled tega si želim malo boljše sreče zase. Žal, da ne morem v high school. Upam, da bom šel delat na Coverdale v trgovino, kjer je moj brat Joe.

Ob koncu naše šole smo imeli šolski piknik v Kenwood parku. Prosto vožnjo in prost prigrizek smo imeli. Ta prireditev je bila precej lepa in razveseljiva za vse nas. (Jaz sem član društva št. 347 SNPJ.)

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

John Korbar,

1709 Romine ave., McKeesport, Pa.

## VROČINA IN ZRELE ČEŠNJE

Dragi urednik Mladinskega Lista!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti, ker ste tako lepo popravili moj zadnji dopis in ga priobčili v Mladinskem Listu. Prosim vas, da tudi tega dopisa ne zavržete; priobčite ga, ako mogoče, v junijski številki, prosim.

Sedaj imamo precej tople dneve in včasih pa hudo vročino. Pa to je sedaj pričakovati, četudi nam ni všeč.

Naša češnja je vsa polna zrelih češenj. Imamo več češenj v vrtu, ampak na nekaterih so češnje pozneje zrele. To je tudi prav, da ni vse naenkrat. Rad jih imam, naše češnje, ker so tako dobre.

Tukaj pošiljam kratko pesmico, ki me jo je naučila moja mama. Glasi se:

Poletni čas, poletni čas,  
kako si mi povolji.  
Rumeno solnce ziblje se,  
a drevje sadno polno je.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

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

\* \*

## MLADINA, LE HITI VENCE VITI!

Dragi mi urednik!

Zopet sem si vzela malo časa, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski List. Upam, da bo to pisemce priobčeno v junijski številki našega mladinskega mesečnika, ki ga imamo tako radi.

Počitnice so tukaj. Spet smo doma, da mami — nagajamo. Rada se igram zunaj, ker je tako prijetno in gorko, včasih še pre-gorko in prevročje. Letos je neka posebna vročina, ki je zgodaj pričela. Pa si ne moremo pomagati, kot si ne more pomagati na tisoče delavcev, da bi šli v hladne kraje na počitnice, kot to delajo bogati ljudje, za katere delajo delavci.

Za danes končujem, prihodnjič pa bom kaj več napisala. Prosim Vas, da priobčite tole pesmico, ki se menda imenuje "Le hiti".

Zdaj le hiti, vence viti,  
o mladina, zdaj je čas!  
Poletje pride, zopet mine;  
enkrat je mladost za nas.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

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

□

**Teško izpolnjivo.** Mati svojemu ne-ugnanemu sinku:

"Nič drugega bi ne želela, samo da bi bil oče enkrat zvečer doma, da bi videl, kako nespodoben in poreden si, kadar je z doma."

## DELO NA VRTU MED CVETLICAMI

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Vedno sem pozna z mojim dopisom za Mladinski List. Imam dosti dela na vrtu z rožami. Treba jih je zalivati, rahljati zemljo in iztrgati plevel, da bodo moje rožice lepše cvetele. In res lepo cvetejo, da jih je veselje pogledati.

Moj ata je šel gledat za delom k bližnjemu rudniku na Silverton. Nič ni dobil. Rekel pa je, da je v okolici še veliko snega v gorah. Pri nas je v polovici junija že cvetel sladki grah (sweet peas). Z delom gre tukaj še vedno slabo in še slabše kot prej. Življenske potrebe so se podražile, dela pa ni.

Rada bi videla, da bi kdo iz te okolice pisal v "Naš koticček", ker nas je več. Saj tudi meni gre bolj slabo, pa vseeno pišem, ker mi pomaga moja mama.

Prav lepe pozdrave uredniku in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Mary Marinac, box 37, El Moro, Colo.

□

Pavel pride iz šole in pravi:

"Oče, danes mi je rekel učitelj: 'Tvoji starši bi bili lahko ponosni, da imajo takega sina kakor si ti!'"

"Kaj? To je učitelj res rekel?"

"Res, dobesedno tako, in potem je dodal: 'To mi prevedi v francoščino.'"

□

## MESTKOVA SPET MED NAMI

Cenjeni urednik!

Po dvamesečnem odmoru se spet oglašam v "Koticčku", da nekaj prispevam. Da sem izostala v zadnji številki, je vzrok, ker sem pričakovala sklepa konvencije, na kateri se je imelo odločiti, dali naj Ml. List še naprej izhaja ali se naj ukine. Ker se je sklenilo, da ostane, hočem od časa do časa kaj prispevati, kakor sem dozdaj. Želim pa, da bi tudi drugi dopisniki kaj več prispevali.

Mladinski List je posebno nam otrokom slovenskih staršev neobhodno potreben, ker se iz njega naučimo marsikaj koristnega, pa tudi pravilne slovenščine, kar nam je nedvomno v korist, če hočemo našo jednoto obdržati še kaj časa v rokah Slovencev.

Tu v Clintonu smo imeli meseca maja povodenj. Reka Wabash je narasla in prestopila bregove kot v letu 1913. Lyfordski nasip je bil skoro pod vodo in ves promet čezenj je bil zaprt. Stanovalci v nižinah so se morali izseliti v višje kraje. Koncem maja je deževje prenehalo in zdaj imamo sušo, in še hudo vročino povrh.

Tu imamo zdaj tudi "relief", to je, da do- bijo najpotrebnejši brezposelni delavci delo

enkrat ali dvakrat na teden, da čistijo mestne ulice, parke, pokopališče itd., za kar dobijo dva dolarja na dan v jestvinah.

Ker mi je zelo vroče in ker se bojim, da bi se moj dopis preveč ne raztegnil, hočem zaenkrat prenehati. Predno pa zaključim, naj dodam še to-le pesmico:

#### Berač

Iz kraja v kraj čez hrib in plan  
berač pohajam razcapan.  
Nikdo me tujca ne pozna,  
prijazno roke ne poda.  
Beraški stan je reven stan,  
to čutim jaz na sebi noč in dan.  
Ker sem brez strehe in blaga,  
le kamorkoli pridem sem doma.

V mladosti svoji sem garal  
in bogatinom hlapčeval.  
Zdaj, ko sem star, moči ni več,  
postal sem vsem ljudem odveč.  
Beraški stan je reven stan,  
to čutim jaz na sebi noč in dan.  
Življenje meni je težko, —  
a živ ne morem pod zemljo.

Okrog po svetu zdaj blodim,  
da za želodec kaj dobim.  
Ponižno sprejemem vsaki dar,  
pa naj bo kruh ali denar.  
Beraški stan je reven stan,  
to čutim jaz na sebi noč in dan.  
Le oni ve, kaj je gorje,  
ki kruh beraški sam okusil je.

Dokler sem zdrav, nekako gre,  
ko pa zbolim, je pa gorje.  
Bolnika vsak boji se pač,  
posebno še, če je berač.  
Beraški stan je reven stan,  
po celem svetu je zaničevan.  
Oh, pridi, smrt —,  
nadloge moje skoro reši svet.

Mnogo pozdravov uredniku, vsem dopisnikom in čitateljem!

Josephine Mestek,  
638 N. 9th st., Clifton, Indiana.



Pri verouku razlaga veroučitelj zgodbo o izgubljenem sinu. Veroučitelj pripoveduje, da je oče ob povratku svojega sina padel na obličje in je bridko jokal. "No, Lizika, ali mi lahko poveš, zakaj je oče tako zelo jokal?"

"Da, gospod veroučitelj, to si pa že lahko mislim, da je jokal, če je padel z obrazom na tlak."

#### FRANCES GRE V VIŠJO ŠOLO

Cenjeni urednik!

Odločila sem se, da napišem par vrstic za "Naš kotichek" v Mladinskem Listu. To sem storila in tukaj so:

Najprej, sem si mislila, se moram uredniku oprostiti ali opravičiti, ker nisem nič napi sala za majsko številko našega lepega mesečnika. Vzrok je seveda bil ta, da sem bila preveč zaposlena s šolskim delom.

Sedaj pa naprej — o šoli.

Povedati Vam moram, da sem prošlo pomlad končala šestrazredno ljudsko šolo in v jeseni bom šla v sedmi razred Collinwood Junior High šolo. S tem sem seveda dala slovo osnovnim (začetnim), šolam, ki jim pravimo ljudske šole.

Nastopile so šolske počitnice, katerih sem se zelo veselila. Imela bom obilo prostega časa — za igranje in skakanje in kopanje in za vse podobno rajanje. Pri tem pa ne smem pozabiti, da moram pomagati moji mami pri hišnem delu.

Letos smo imeli tukaj zgodnjo poletno vročino, ki je nastopila pričetkom junija. Nastala je suša in šele 22. junija smo dobili malo dežja, da se je ozračje malo ohladilo in zemlja napojila. Zgodnja suša je bila za farmarje uničujoča, ker so razne rastline in sa-deži trpeli vsled pomanjkanja dežja.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Frances Marie Čeligoj,  
16024 Holmes ave., Collinwood, O.

\* \*

#### POVEST O NEUMNEM DEČKU

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj je kratka povest o neumnem dečku Paušetu, ki je vse narobe naredil. Naj jo kar povem.

Nekoč je živel neki deček, Pauše po imenu, ki je vse narobe razumel. Mati ga je vedno karala. Ko je nekega dne šla na polje, mu je naročila, naj pazi na kokljo, ki je sedela na jajcih za pečjo, da ji bo dal jesti kadar bo vstala, medtem pa naj pokrije jajca s krpo, da se ne prehlade. Pauše je pazil na kokljo, ko je vstala jo nakrmil, krpe pa ni mogel najti, da bi z njo pokrival jajca. Pa mu je šinilo v glavo, da je on dovolj topel, nakar je lepo sedel na jajca. Ko se je mati vrnila, je Pauše še sedel na jajcih. Jezila se je nad sinom, kaj je naredil. Pavše je vstal, jajca pa so se držala njegovih hlač, tako da ga mati ni mogla tepsti.

Nekega dne je morala mati spet po opravi-kih z doma, sinu Pavšetu pa je naročila, naj varje malega bratca, ki je spal v zibelki in naj mu da polente jesti, kadar se zbudi. Pauše je sedel in gledal kako lepo je njegov mali bratec spal. Ko se je zbudil, mu je dal velik kot polente v usta, tako da bi se dete zadu-

šilo, ako se ne bi v istem hipu mati vrnila in rešila otroka gotove smrti.

Ko je šla mati spet na njivo, je ukazala Paušetu, naj pomije posodo. Pauše je pomival in skladal pomjito posodo visoko eno na drugo, tako da se je vse skupaj prekucnilo in potolklo. Ko se je mati vrnila, se je Pauše brž pohvalil, da je vso posodo lepo umil, pomagati pa ne more, če se je potem vsa ubila. Mati ga je karala, toda on je ostal neumen. Pa mu je rekla, da ga bodo tuja vrata tepla. Pauše se je razjezil, snel vrata s tečajev in si jih naprtil na hrbet. Nato je dejal materi: "Ako bi me imela tepsti tuja vrata, naj me rajši moja." Odpravil se je v svet in lastna vrata so ga tepla po nogah in peteh.

Tako je naš Pauše potoval iz kraja v kraj z vratmi na hrbtu. Šel je naprej in prišel v gozd ter sedel pod neko drevo. Bila je že noč. Pa si je mislil: "Ako tu na zemlji zaspim, bi me še kakšna divja zverina pojedla." Splezal ne na drevo in za seboj vlekel tudi vrata. Na drevesu je lepo zaspal. Kar naenkrat pa zasliši neki glas, ki se je vedno bližal. Bili so ravbarji, trinajst po številu, ki so se vsedli ravno pod Paušetovo drevo. Delili so si ukradeno zlato. Poglavar je pričel šteti: "Tebi pet, tebi pet, tebi deset itd." Pričelo je deževati, česar pa niso takoj opazili vsi ravbarji, zatopljeni v deljenje cekinov. Eden pa je vseeno opozoril, da dežuje, pa je poglavar dejal, da se ne umakne, tudi če pada nebeška mana ali pa če padejo nebeška vrata nanje.

Naš Pauše, ki je slišal ves pomenek ravbarjev, ne bodi len, je brž vrgel vrata na ravbarje. Ravbarji so se silno prestrašili in zbežali brez zlata. Pauše se je počasi skobacal z drevesa in veselo pobral zlatnike, ki so jih ravbarji pustili pod drevesom, nato pa urnih nog odšel k materi. Seveda se je mati razjezila in ga nahrullila, naj se spet pobere, kajti v enem dnevu odsotnosti se gotovo še ni nič naučil. Pauše pa je povedal materi kaj se je zgodilo, da je prinesel polno vrečo cekinov. Mati je objela sina in jokala veselja. Od takrat sta srečno živela z materjo še dolgo let.

Mary Markovich, Iron Mountain, Mich.



Janezek sloni ob oknu in gleda v nebo. Mamica ga vpraša: "Janezek, kaj pa iščeš na nebu?"

"Oh, ves čas že premišljuje, katera zvezda se imenuje filmska zvezda?"



Učitelj razlaga v šoli, da se vrti zemlja okoli solnca. Tedaj vstane Janezek in pravi:

"Okoli česa se pa vrti zemlja potem, ko solnce zaide?"

## RUSKE UGANKE

1. Po zemlji hodi, ne vidi neba, nič mu ni, pa le godrnja. (Svinja).

2. Mnogo nog ima, pa vendar gre s polja na hrbtu. (Branja).

3. S krili maha, pa ne more zleteti. (Mlin na veter).

4. Sedem je bratov in vsak ima po eno sestro, koliko je sester? (Ena).

5. Jezika nima, pa govori. (Knjiga).

6. Hodim po glavi, čeprav po nogah, hodim bos, čeprav v čevljih. (Žebelj v čevlju).

7. Dve materi, dve hčeri, pa še babica z vnukinjo; koliko jih je? (Troje: babica, mati in hči).

8. Raslo je, raslo, se iz grmovja izvilo, po rokah zakotalilo, v ustih izginito. (Lešnik).

9. Pozimi in poleti ima eno barvo. (Jelka).

10. Majhen junaček se je skozi zemljo preril in rdečo kapico našel. (Goba).

11. Majhen konj, pa pogumen; za morjem je bil; spredaj šilo, zadaj vilice, na prsih belo platence. (Lastovka).

12. Eden lije, drugi pije, tretji raste. (Dež, zemlja in cvetlice).

3. Če bi jaz vstala, bi do neba segala, če bi roke imela, bi vsakega lopova ujele, če bi usta in oči imela, bi vse povedala. (Cesta).

14. Štirje bratje pod enim klobukom stoje. (Noge pri mizi).

## VOLK IN STARKA

L. N. Tolstoj

L AČEN volk je iskal plen. Na koncu vasi sliši, da joka v sobi deček in da mu pravi starka: "Če ne nehaš jokati, te vržem volku!" Volk ni šel dalje, marveč je čakal, da mu starka vrže dečka. Nastala je noč; volk čaka kar naprej in sliši—starka govori spet: "Ne jokaj več, otročiček; ne bom te vrgla volku; naj volk kar pride, ubili ga bomo." Volk pomisli: "Glej! ti ljudje tu pa drugače govorijo in drugače ravnajo"; in odide proč od vasi.

—st—





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XII

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1933

Number 6

## DISCREPANCY

*("The theme of the Century of Progress is Science.")*

**B**EYOND its gates he slumps and waits,  
A sneer upon his lips:

*Fling your banners to the skies, proud Science!  
And flaunt your achievements to me in derision.  
Chide me with your power, and proclaim to the world:  
"The forces of energy await my decision."*

*You have devoured the hand that created you.  
Shouting: "Displacement of Men; greater comfort and ease."  
They now gaze upon you, and I stand forgotten.  
Well done, proud Science, homage, if you please.*

*The mute Soul of Science, with courage undaunted,  
To mankind breathes its reply:*

*Your deft hand and mind but steadily progressed  
To set free the forces of Nature in store;  
And once you discovered the secrets it harbored,  
You rested your effort, lent interest no more.*

*For while you have made me your symbol of power,  
You forgot that you placed me in narrow control;  
Forgot that as long as I serve private interests,  
I can never perform for the good of the whole.*

—MARY JUGG.

## TELL-TALES

By Oliver Herford

THE Lily whispered to the Rose:      The Rose into the Tulip's ear  
 "The Tulip's fearfully stuck up.      Murmured: "The Lily is a sight;  
 You'd think to see the creature's pose,      Don't you believe she powders, dear,  
 She was a golden altar-cup.      To make herself so saintly white?  
 There's method in her boldness, too;      She takes some trouble, it is plain,  
 She catches twice her share of dew."      Her reputation to sustain."

Said Tulip to the Lily white:  
 "About the Rose—what do you  
 think?—  
 Her color? Should you say it's quite—  
 Well, quite a natural shade of pink?"  
 "Natural!" the Lily cried. "Good  
 saints!  
 Why everybody knows she paints!"

## OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

SHE wasn't for politics,  
 She never cast a vote,  
 She simply lived and labored  
 In a little home remote.  
 She didn't go to clubs and teas,  
 Her clothes were not the latest,  
 But she was happy, knowing well  
 The things that counted greatest.

Her family was a sailing ship  
 That must be guided straight,  
 With skillful hand that faltered not,  
 Nor found the course too late.  
 A captain, she, who sought no fame,  
 Yet served her country well,  
 Whose mighty deeds of sacrifice  
 No hero could excel.

But now she's called old-fashioned  
 By mothers of to-day,  
 Who find the greatest joy in life  
 To be care-free and gay,  
 But that old sweet love and courage  
 Seem to me divine,  
 And all I am I owe to her—  
 That old-fashioned mother of mine.

*Cleo Pauline Sutherby.*

# A Primer of American Art

By Louis A. Grebernak, Jr.

(Conclusion.)

## William Merritt Chase

**I**N TAKING UP Chase we discover the advent of a new era in American Art; an era of fluent and well-trained painters; painters who shun the anecdote on canvas and rely upon craftsmanship rather than the subject.

The so-called "classical" school of painters (called classical because of their preference for subjects dealing with mythology and the life of the ancient Greeks and Romans) were not painters in the real sense of the word. Upon starting a picture they drew the subject on the canvas in great detail, shading even the most minute articles. They then applied color to this drawing. The result was not a painting, but a tinted drawing.

The school of painters that succeeded them proceeds in a different manner. Instead of drawing up the subject fully they merely indicate it with a few lines and then begin to paint; modelling broadly the various planes of light. The finished product, as you can see, is a painting made by a painter.

These painters have set up Velasquez (the great Spanish master) as their god and his methods are their methods.

William M. Chase was the first painter of this new school to gain widespread fame. He was born in Williamsburg, Indiana, in 1849. Here he received his elementary schooling and probably first began to draw.

At twelve his parents moved to Indianapolis. Chase's father owned a shoe store and, naturally, was desirous that his son succeeds him in business. But young Chase had different ideas and at nineteen he began to study under Benjamin Hayes, a portrait painter in Indianapolis. The following year he went to New York and studied at the National Academy of Design.

From New York he went to Munich, studying at the Munich Royal Academy, and thence to Venice where he spent a year studying the masters.

The Munich Royal Academy and the Art Student's League in New York offered him teaching positions simultaneously. The Munich offer was quite tempting but he, no doubt, felt that his true mission lay in his own country and accepted the latter. Thus he embarked upon a career that gained for him world wide fame as a teacher.

Shortly after his arrival from Europe an artist's war broke out between the members of the National Academy and the younger artists, due mostly to mutual jealousy at exhibitions. The battle ended in 1877 with the rebels forming the Society of American Artists. Chase was elected president of the society in 1885 and was reelected every year for ten years. He probably would have served an additional ten years had not the National Academy taken the insurgents back into the fold.

His best known portraits include those of Rutherford B. Hayes, William M. Evarts, Joseph H. Choates, Seth Low, and Peter Cooper.

He won a medal at the Paris Salon of 1889 and another at the Exposition of 1900.

Other famous pictures of his are: "Lady in the White Shawl," "Alice," "The Coquette," and "Portrait of my Mother."

He died in 1916.

### John White Alexander

Alexander was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in 1856. He became an orphan at five and was reared by his maternal grandparents. His first job was that of a messenger boy. After the death of his grandfather he was adopted by his employer, Colonel E. J. Allen, Vice-president of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph.

At eighteen he went to New York to study art but his money soon ran out and he was forced to seek employment, getting a job as office boy with Harper and Brothers. Here he came in close contact with the art department which at that time contained many famous illustrators. He stayed with Harper's three years, and then sailed for Liverpool, England.

From Liverpool he went to Paris but finding the Ecole des Beaux Arts closed for repairs went to Munich. Munich he found too expensive and again he retreated, this time to the little town of Polling, Bavaria. Here he became one of a colony of American artists and began to paint systematically and seriously; winning a bronze medal at a student's exhibition in Munich.

After traveling to Florence and Venice, where he met Whistler, he returned to America.

His next ten years was a period of slow but persistent growth. He painted portrait of Thomas Hardy, Alphonse Daudet, George Bancroft, and Robert Louis Stevenson. He and his wife then departed for Paris where they stayed eleven years.

In 1893 it might be said that he had "arrived" having been made a member of the Societe des Beaux Arts.

In 1901 he left Paris for home.

One of his first mural decorations was the six lunettes in the newly completed Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., "The Evolution of a Book."

He became the vogue in portrait painting having as sitters such famous men as Auguste Rodin, Walt Whitman, President Loubet of France, Oliver W. Holmes, and Grover Cleveland.

His work is characterized by a beauty of rhythm, line and color, as works of the nature of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" will prove.

Death in 1915 prevented his completing the mural decoration "The Crowning of Labor" in the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh.

### John Singer Sargent

This great portrait painter was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856 of American parents. Sargent's early life may be compared to that of La Farge's in that he was surrounded by culture.

Sargent can be claimed as an American only in a legal sense. He belongs to no nation. An avid traveller he found little time in which to become patriotically partial to any one government. His acquaintance with the United States was limited to a few trips made in the interest of exhibitions.

At eighteen, after a period of travel and study in art museum, he entered the atelier (French term for studio) of Carolus Duran the famed French portrait painter.

He progressed so rapidly that at twenty he was the equal, if not superior, of his master. He had so assimilated Durant's teaching to draw, model, and paint at one and the same time) that brushwork is perhaps his greatest technical feature.

One of his early portraits, that of Carolus Duran, became the talk of all Paris.

During a trip to Spain he painted "El Jaleo" and a number of Spanish pictures.

In 1881 he painted the "Lady with Rose" followed by the "Hall of the Four Children" and the excellent "Madame Gautrau". He soon became known as a psychologist and a pitiless recorder of facts.

An inadequate summary of his work includes: "General Leonard Wood", "President Theodore Roosevelt", "William M. Chase", "Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth", "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose", "Carmencita", and "J. P. Marquand".

The long period of portrait painting began to tire him and he gave it up for landscape with great results. His paintings are marvels of sunlight and his water colors are brilliant bits of execution.

He capped his artistic career with his murals for the Boston Library, which are said to be one of the finest modern paintings of the period.

His death came in 1925.

With Sargent we end our little summary of American art. Please remember that the surface has been hardly more than scratched. All that I have done is bring to your notice the greatest (by common consent) American artists and a few details of their life and work.

There are many more great artists and works but if your interest has been aroused you yourself will ferret them out. Invade your museums and your libraries; that's what they were made for in the first place.

If you have artistic talent, cultivate it. If you haven't all the cultivation in the world will only bring forth weeds. And pay no attention to the parrot who insists that to be an artist is damnation itself; who predicts starvation and poverty. Better an empty stomach than an empty head.

THE END.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Stanislav Chrostowski: THE WOUNDED STAG.

## Do Not Laugh Too Much

AT the beginning of Time (says the fable) there was a wild cat who lived in the jungle and preyed upon small things like mice and beetles. One day he saw some fowls pecking at the seeds of a creeper, and he thought they looked good to eat, but he was frightened by the fierce appearance of of the cock with his proud crest.

His teeth may be as terrible as the crocodile's or the tiger's, thought the cat, and he made a plot to find out whether the cock really was as dangerous as he seemed.

First the cat sent an invitation to the fowls to see him dance. They came, of course, for they had seen black men dance in war paint, bells, and plumes, and they expected a fine entertainment. But the cat did not dress up, and when the fowls saw him prancing about without any grand dance clothes they laughed aloud in derision.

As they laughed the cat saw that they had no teeth, and he pounced on the cock and ate him.

Perhaps there is a lesson wrapped up in the little tale. Nothing betrays a man so quickly as laughter, and we may safely take a man's measure by the things he laughs at. If he never laughs at all he is a dull fellow, but if he laughs too readily and loudly we are reminded of the Latin saying, "You may know a fool by his much laughing," and of Goldsmith's phrase about "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

In the East, where wit seldom wins more than a grave smile, the people say "Laughter is for white men and monkeys."

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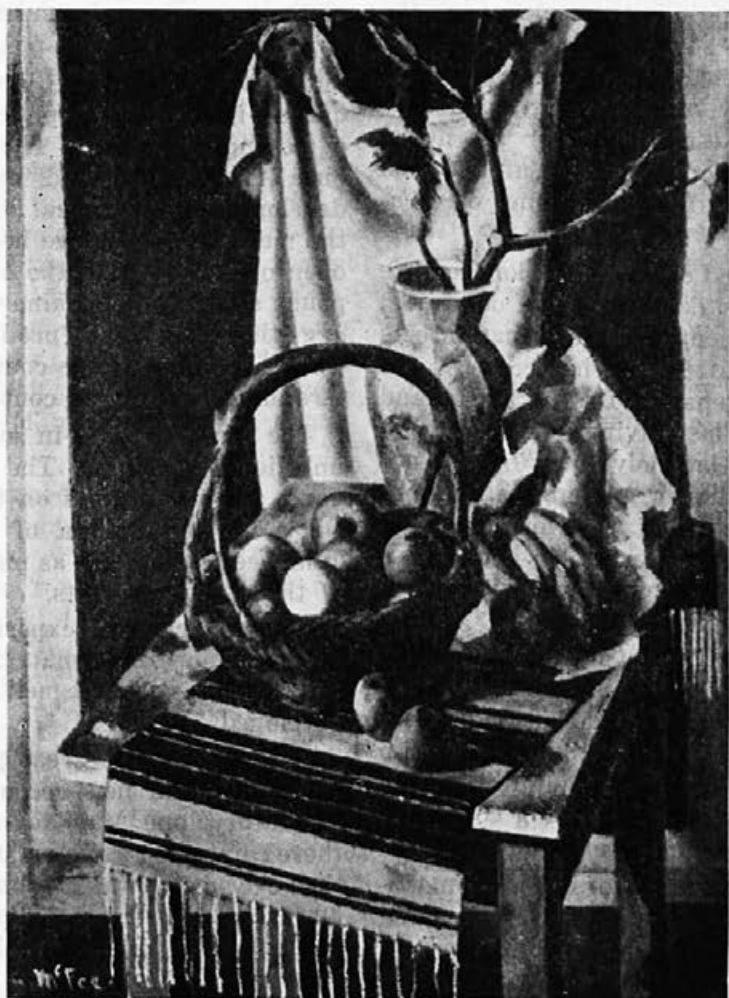
## A Mark Twain Story

MR. CLEMENS was asked one day if he could remember the first money he ever earned. With his inimitable drawl he said:

"Yes, it was at school. All boys had the habit of going to school in those days, and they hadn't any more respect for the debts than they had for the teachers. There was a rule in our school that any boy marring his desk, either with pencil or knife, would be chastised publicly before the whole school, or pay a fine of five dollars. Besides the rules, there was a ruler; I knew it because I had felt it; it was a darned hard one, too. One day I had to tell my father that I had broken the rule, and to pay a fine or take a public whipping.

"I went upstairs with father, and he was forgiving me. I came downstairs with the feeling in one hand and the five dollars in the other, and decided that as I'd been punished once, and got used to it, I wouldn't mind taking the other licking at school. So I did, and I kept the five dollars. That was the first money I ever earned."

Wonders of The Insect World



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

McFee: RED APPLES.

## Wonders of The Insect World

**C**HETVERNİKOV, the Russian naturalist, describing the trends of early life, says that in geological times the vertebrates seemed bent on growing larger, defending themselves in the struggle for survival by accumulating strength. The insects chose another route to survival: by being small they could find a vast number of nooks where they could live in safety, thus filling the chinks and crannies of creation.

Insects lived on the earth long before man came to take his place of dominion, and many scientist predict that insects will remain after man has ceased to be a mundane tenant. Dr. W. J. Holland pictures the last living survivor upon earth as a melancholy "bug," seated upon a bit of lichen, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn-out sun. Literally true? Certainly not, but a powerful picture of the tenacity of insect life.

Before our primeval ancestors had dreamed of a better anesthetic than a club, the glowworm had evolved a sleeping potion so subtle that its victim could not perceive its administration, yet so powerful that nothing could disturb the profound sleep it induced.

Before our ancestors had domesticated even the dog, ants were keeping "cows" and growing "mushrooms."

Before man had learned to kindle a fire, the social bees were employing in hive ventilation the identical principles that industry now uses in keeping pure air in modern coal mines.

While man has progressed mainly through the development of the intellect, insects have progressed by physical adaptation to environment and the development of instinct. Thus dragonflies have come to possess eyes with as many as 30,000 faces, to furnish the in-

tense vision required in capturing darting prey. Carpet beetles have lived two years in a corked bottle with nothing whatever to eat save the cast-off skins of their own transformations.

In evolving their social system, bees, ants, and wasps have developed their queens into marvels of efficiency as egg-laying machines. They mate but once in a lifetime, and therefore have developed a tiny internal pouch in which the male life germs are held. They can open or close at will the orifice of this pouch and thus determine whether each egg they lay shall produce females. Thus the queens have come to be masters of the art of sex control.

The sense of smell in some insects is unbelievably acute. The smelling organs are minute pits on the antennae. On a single antenna of an ordinary June beetle there are as many as 40,000 of these olfactory pits.

Fabre's classic experiments with moths show to what inconceivable lengths the sense of smell sometimes is developed.

A female of the great peacock moth emerged from her cocoon in Fabre's laboratory one May day. That night there came such a swarm of male moths that everybody was astounded. At least 40 lovers have come to pay their respects to the marriageable bride born that morning. In eight days at least 150 wooers came, some of which Fabre thought must have traveled at least a mile and a half, since the species was extraordinarily rare in that region.

Fabre surrounded the virgin with powerful scents and stenches in an effort to overpower her "call"; but still it went forth and still the lovers came. But when the virgin was shut up in an air-tight jar, not a single visitor arrived to pay court. When the anten-



nae of a visitor were cut off—a painless operation—he became powerless to locate his affinity, though she was only a few feet away. Fabre repeated his experiments also with banded-monk moths.

When man's strength and achievements in engineering are measured by insects standards, many of our successes are overshadowed entirely. Were a human high jumper able to do as well proportionately as a flea, he could clear the Washington Monument at a single bound, with some 80 feet to spare. The Eiffel Tower, built with the aid of all sort of machinery, is no higher proportionately, then the ant hill reared with claws and mandibles alone. If the modern baggageman could carry loads proportionately as heavy as the ants, he could lift a half-ton truck to the top of Washington Monument without apparent fatigue.

The development of instincts in the insects is a marvel greater even than their physical adaptations to environment. Look, for instance, at the Meloe beetle.

The female Meloe lays its eggs by the thousands near the burrows or certain mining-bees. Then she dies, and presently an innumerable host of small creatures come out of the eggs, and seek out the flowers frequented by the mining-bees. Then as the bees come, for nectar and pollen, the beetles hop onto the bees' backs.

For a long time these tiny beetles were believed to be a species of louse infesting the bees, until Newport proved them to be the babies of a Meloe beetle. Then Fabre made further discoveries about them. Safely ensconced on its animated airplane, the little beetle rides about till, at the moment the bee lays her egg on the pollen and honey, it makes a flying leap from her back and lands on the newly laid egg. It feasts upon the contents of the egg. Then it goes to sleep. For several years

it stays in the cell it stole from the bee, taking divers naps therein, each time waking up transformed, and finally emerges a full-fledged Meloe beetle, ready to start the cycle all over again.

Only once in its life did the tiny creature have occasion to seek out a plant in which to hide; only once, occasion to steal a ride, and to select an egg. Yet somewhere in the minute speck of protoplasm from which it grew, lurked those instincts which caused it to perform these actions with perfect order and sureness.

Yet, with what seems to be the wisdom of insects is sometimes combined the most abysmal stupidity. Tent caterpillars of a certain kind always march out to get food in single file, each caterpillar leaving behind it a trail of silk that acts like a life line to guide it home. One day Fabre succeeded in getting a procession to start around the rim of a big vase. He cut the line where it reached the rim, and the unwitting caterpillar marched around the rim all day long and far into the night. Morning dawned, finding them motionless and in a torpor, but still in formation. With the warmth of the sun they started again—and so continued, to make the story short, for eight days. Then, footsore and desperate with hunger, they broke ranks and before night each had found the nest once more.

One might wander indefinitely in the realm of insectdom, discovering a miracle at every step. Parasitism, in which members of one species lay their eggs upon the bodies of other species; parthenogenesis, in which as many as 94 generations have been produced without the birth of a single male; ability to hibernate, in which some individuals have been known to sleep more than 40 years and wake up—these are but a few of the marvels of the insect world.



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

Dear Readers and Contributors:—

The tenth regular convention of the SNPJ which convened in Chicago May 22, concluded its difficult task in the succeeding ten days successfully. It accomplished many worthy endeavors, solved a number of important problems and adopted a new economic program by which the Society shall conduct its fraternal business for the next four years.

One of the most important problems which particularly concerns all of us directly, was the question of the future of the Mladinski List. This question, however, was solved satisfactorily although somewhat conditionally. The delegates were fully aware of the importance and value of the M. L. to the youth and the SNPJ itself, and they decided in its favor, so that it shall continue to cheer the thousands of our juvenile and adult readers, we hope, for a long time to come. We of course, all rejoice at this decision.

The question of the M. L. came before the convention primarily on account of the daily Prosveta; it was a financial question, to eliminate the monthly in favor of the daily. The M. L. shall continue indefinitely, unless economic conditions take a sudden change for the worst and compel the administration to discontinue its publication to save the daily. We hope that this shall not happen!

Let the M. L. continue to spread the SNPJ principles—the principles of mutual protection and labor enlightenment!

—THE EDITOR.

## TO AN ANONYMOUS WRITER

Dear Editor:—

I wrote my last letter to the M. L. in March. I got an anonymous letter from Conemaugh, Pa. This person, he or she, said, was very much ashamed to read my letter.

This person said that I was too young to know anything about socialism. My parents believe in it, and so do I. I learn a lot of things about it.

This person said that we people are not so smart. Well, it takes dumb people to make this world go around, and I admit it.

This person said that one good thing the president did was to collect all of the gold coins and paper. Don't you wish you had a

lot of gold coins at home instead of having to give them up?

I hope the person that wrote to me would like to have dollars cut in half by inflation.

I hope that any one who writes to me again will have sense enough to come from behind the tree and sign his or her name to a letter.

A Juvenile reader,

Margaret Pohar, box 63, Oglesby, Ill.

## COLD, COLDER, COLDEST

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We received the M. L. Tuesday and we were all glad to get it. Today, May 12, it is snowing for two days and three nights and it

doesn't look like it will ever stop. We sure had a lot of snow in April and a sheep herder froze.

I saw in the Sander paper that the sheep men lost about 7,000 sheep in April snow storm. In Yellowstone Park they had 65° below zero, Hudson was the next to the coldest spot in Wyoming, I think. We have a thermometer that only shows to 52° below zero. But that day when ours was 52° the neighbor's was 57°. Then we still had some colder weather.

Whoever likes cold weather and snow they better come to Hudson. We have cold winters here and we sure have nice summers with nice fields and gardens. It looks as if we will plant our garden the last of this month, if it dries up. There is a lot of dandelions here and we used to pick them every day and now we can't because of too much snow.

Some farmers are getting short of hay. The school will be out May 19. We live one mile east of Hudson. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Best regards to all.

Jennie Majdic, box 112, Hudson, Wyo.

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#### RUDY'S FIRST

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old and am in the third grade. There are five in our family, we all belong to the lodge No. 183. We have little cats; I like them very much, they are all mine. I don't know anything else to write. More next time. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Rudy Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

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#### MARY'S THIRD

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L.

The mine works very poor here. It snowed here in April. I was very glad I saw my letter published. I hope this one will be published, too.

We have fifty-five little chickens this year. Last year we didn't have quite so many. I think we are going to have a flood this year; the river is so deep. There is too much water anyway without having a flood.

We have little kittens; my brother Rudy likes them very much. We went to Rock Springs for a week, because my mother's cousin got married. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

#### DAISIES AT NIGHT

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I attend Slovene school every Saturday on Holmes ave.; I am in the second grade. I also go to Wm. H. Brett school and am in the 5 B grade. I am 11 years old.

There are 5 in our family and we all belong to SNPJ, Lodge 312.

Next time I will write in Slovene.

I'm sending a poem about daisies that I wish you would publish.

#### Daisies

At evening when I go to bed  
I see the stars shine overhead;  
They are the little daisies white  
That dot the meadow of the night.  
And often while I'm dreaming so,  
Across the sky the moon will go;  
It is a lady, sweet and fair,  
Who comes to gather daisies there.  
For, when at morning I arise,  
There's not a star left in the skies.  
She's picked them all and dropped them  
down

Into the meadows of the town.

(By Frank Dempster Sherman.)

Best regard to all members and Editor.

Edward Marc, 716 E. 160 str., Cleveland, O.

□

Traveler: "Now, what ought little boys to say when a gentleman gives them a penny for carrying his bag?"

Small Boy: "Tain't enough!"

□

Teacher: "What's your name, my boy?"

New Pupil: "Sam."

Teacher: "What is the rest of it?"

New Pupil: "Mule."

□

Little Mary, age five, driving through the country with her father, for the first time saw cat-tails growing along the road.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, shaking her father's arm in her excitement, "look at the hot-dog garden!"

□

Mother: "Well, Jimmy, do you think your teacher likes you?"

Jimmy: "I think so, mummy, because she puts a big kiss on all my sums."

## PETER'S FIRST

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the jokes, poems, stories, etc. We all belong to Lodge No. 554 SNPJ but my mother. There are 5 in our family.

I did not see any letter from Nemaocolin so I thought I would write.

Here is a joke.

A man from N. Y. C. was talking to a German. He said: "See that tall building? My dad helped to build it."

"Huh," said the German; "my dad helped to kill the Dead Sea."

Peter Rancich, box 48, Nemaocolin, N Pa.

□

Fond Father: "Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself a bit, you should not cry."

Tommy: "What's — crying — for — then?"

□

Freddie (aged five, in sweetshop): "How many of those sweets do I get for a penny, please?"

Assistant: "Oh, six or seven."

"I'll have seven, please."



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Meninsky: GUITAR PLAYER.

## LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Spring is here, the flowers are out. It is getting warmer every day. I was sick for 5 weeks. I started school before I was six years old; I am in 1 B. I did not see my teacher for 5 weeks. The children in my school send me an Easter basket. We are in SNPJ Lodge No. 142.

I am sending a spring poem.

*Little Robin Redbreast*

Little Robin Redbreast  
Sat up in a tree.  
Up went pussy cat,  
And down went he.  
Away Robin ran.  
Said little Robin Redbreast,  
"Catch me if you can."

Best regards to members and the Editor.

Fred Drascek, 711 E. 159 st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

## THE SCHOOL'S OUT

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Spring is here and the snow went away. The school was out June 16. I go to Wm. H. Brett school. I am 12 years old; in the 5 A grade. My teacher's name is Miss Harding. I am in the SNPJ Lodge No. 142.

Frieda Drascek, 711 E. 159 st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

## LODGE NO. 218

Dear Editor and Reader:—

Since no one writes from Lafayette, Colorado, I thought I would. This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and will be in the sixth grade next school year. I have a brother; we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 218.

I wish that some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Best regards to the readers and also the Editor.

Anna Paulovich, Lafayette, Colo.

\* \*

## BETTY'S SUMMER VACATION

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the Mladinski list. I am very glad to see my letters published in this magazine and I hope more children would write to the Mladinski List to make it much larger.

What is the matter with the boys and girls in Bessemer, Pa.? They must be asleep, for I don't think I have ever seen a letter from there before.

I am staying at my grandmother in East Palestine, Ohio, for my summer vacation. I would like very much if some of the boys

and girls would write to me from any part of the United States; I would gladly answer all their letters. The weather is getting very warm and we all want to stay out of doors and play.

Betty Jane Macek,  
465 East North ave., East Palestine, Ohio.

\* \*

#### LODGE NO. 386

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written a letter to the M. L. for a long time myself, but I do wish some other members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 386, would write to this wonderful M. L.

Come on, wake up and write to the M. L.!!! If no one will write to the M. L. anymore, it will be taken away from us. I'm sure we wouldn't like that; would we? Let's be like *Mary E. Fradel* and write every month. Won't you, please?

In the last issue there was a letter from Chestnut Ridge, Pa., written by Frank Bon, who said he was 9 years old and in the 9 A grade, which, I think, was a misprint.

Come, let's have some letters from Library in the next issue. What do you say?

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Frances Dermotta, box 262, Library, Pa.

\* \*

#### MILDRED'S GARDEN

Dear Editor:—

I don't see any letters from East Brady, so I found a little spare time to write.

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I wish it would come more often. I am 11 years old and am in the 5th grade. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge.

Our school ended April 26 with a picnic. We also played several games. Now I'm home, making a small garden of my own. I enjoy it very much. I also am going to make a small flower garden.

The working conditions are very poor here. My father works one day a month.

Best regards to all the members who read the M. L. Wish some of the members would write to me.

Mildred E. Haralovich,  
RFD 2, box 50, East Brady, Pa.

□

The mother had discovered her small daughter, Betty, aged three, busily engaged in washing the kitten with soap and water.

"Oh, darling, I don't think the kitty's mother would like the way you are washing her."

"Well," Betty seriously replied, "I really can't lick it, Mother."

#### WORK'S SCARCE AT EAST BRADY

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading our wonderful little magazine and hope the other members do too.

I am 12 years of age and in the sixth grade. Our school ended April 26. Our teacher's name is Kenneth Mortimer.

There are nine in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge.

Work is scarce here and the people are wishing that prosperity would soon return.

I am going on a vacation and hope to have a good time. Hoping to write more next time I will close with best regards to all.

Dina L. Haralovich,  
RFD 2, box 50, East Brady, Pa.

\* \*

#### MANY PEOPLE OUT OF WORK

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 8th grade. Our school was out on April 21. We had a picnic also.

I have a little brother; his name is Edward. He is only 16 months old.—I wish Elsie Debelak and Mildred Cotely would write to the M. L. We belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 292.

Many people are out of work here. My father works on the railroad. In the fall and winter he only worked 2 days a week. But now he works a little more because the P. & W. mine is making a washer. The people that are out of work for a long time get a little help from the state.

I hope Rida May Widmar from Presto is getting along good in her school work. I have seen her letter in the M. L. I wish she would write to me. I like to read the M. L. very much. I hope it would come daily.

Best regards to the members.

Pauline Kavcich, box 153, Avella, Pa.

\* \*

#### FIGHT BETWEEN TWO UNIONS

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to the M. L. before so I decided to write now. I always read the M. L. and I wish it would come every week instead of every month.

I am 11 years old and in grade 5. My teacher's name is Mrs. Heidenreich. She is a good teacher. There are 7 in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge.

We are having lots of trouble now—the P. M. A. and U. M. W. of A. The U. M. W. of A. are strike-breakers. My dad is a striking miner and hasn't had work for 2 years. But he's not ever going to scab and take the job of his fellow workers. We hope to win this fight no matter how hard it is. The P. M. of A. and the Women's auxiliary help a

lot. The P. M. of A. have many parades. Just recently we went to Peking. The Women's Auxiliary go on picket lines when they are needed.

Best regards to all,  
Violet Kosanovich, box 93, Bryant, Ill.

#### JUNE LETTER—MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This June letter is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

I am 13 years of age and passed to 8th grade when the school was out. I have three brothers and one sister. We live in the flat at the Slovene hall; it was four years last March.

I wish some members would write to me. Best regards to all  
Margaret Skrjanc,  
box 133, RFD 2, W. Newton, Pa.

#### BILLY WAS SELLING BOOKS FOR DADDY

Dear Editor:—

Like many others, I am also writing for the first time this month for the Mladinski List.

Last month I visited several SNPJ young members of my age, when I was selling Slovene books for my father, I sold also some English books. And I recommend them to all youngsters. If you want them, write to me.

This is the first letter and the first attempt to write on a typewriter. From now on I am going to write more to the M. L.

William Lukanich, Midway, Pa.

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

The people out here are very busy with the gardens and other things. The weather is nice and warm. I like it.

Well, the school is out and we, the school children, are having a wonderful time during the vacations. It will be a long time before the schools will reopen again, sometime in September. Then back to school and work and work and work. But it always pays to work hard and to learn things that are useful. And we must learn them while we are young.

Best regards to all.

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

#### LOTS OF FUN IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I have written last to the M. L. We had a party at school; the 6th grade girls gave it. Now the 5th grade girls have to give them one.

At any rate, there is lots of fun in school, but the vacations are no piker, if you know how to enjoy them and if you have the means.

Pozdrav vsem!

Julia Slavec, box 63, Morlev, Colo.

#### A LETTER FROM MARIANNA

Dear Editor:—

I haven't seen any letters from Marianna, Pa., so I decided to write. I like to read the M. L., especially the many letters written by the girls and boys. The M. L. is a wonderful little magazine.

I am 12 years of age and in the 7th grade. I wish that more members would write to the M. L.

Clara C. Zebre, box 23, Marianna, Pa.

#### JUNE—MONTH OF ROSES

Dear Readers and Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I do wish that more boys and girls would write for the M. L.

Here is a June poem:

June is a month of roses,  
Beautiful and fair.  
Every girl should be dressed in roses  
and a ribbon in her hair.

Mathilda Debalock, RFD 2, Corraopolis, Pa.

#### GAY, EVERYBODY IS GAY!

Dear Editor of the M. L.:—

This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List and I hope that all the readers will enjoy it, although it is very short. (Hope the Editor likes it, also.)

We have two horses and a pony, we have cows and chickens, and we are all happy and gay.  
Kathryn Nemeec, box 125, Irwin, Pa.

#### HELEN WILL WRITE AGAIN TO M. L.

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to this wonderful little magazine before, but since there were but few letters from Utah, I have decided to write in hopes that the waste paper basket doesn't get this first letter of mine.

I have been reading the M. L. ever since we started to get it and I enjoy it as much as a story book. I read every letter in the "Character Corner" and surely do enjoy everyone of them.

I am going to be a Sophomore in High School next year and I am going to take a College Preparatory course. I enjoy going to school more than anything else. Our school closed May 5, and I sure was sorry to part with my teachers and classmates. I had three teachers this year and enjoyed working with them all.

I play a clarinet in the school and although I have had it only about nine months, I have learned how to play many pieces and have learned a great deal about music.

On April 13, 14 and 15, a great Band Contest was held at Price, Utah, with the Colorado and Utah bands competing. It was one of the greatest events of the year and thousands of people came to see it. Our Band won only two first places in solos, but next year we intend to have a bigger and better band, and take a few more first places.

I will be waiting patiently to see if this letter will appear in the next edition of the M. L. I hope that more members from Carbon county will write to the M. L.

Regards to the Editor and Members.

Helen Lazar, box 384, Helper, Utah.

Teacher: "Harold, if you are always very polite to all your playmates, what will they think of you?"

Harold: "Some of 'em would think they could lick me."

□

Caller: "Won't you walk as far as the street car with me, Tommy?"

Age Seven: "I can't."

Caller: "Why not?"

Age Seven: "Cause we're gonna have dinner as soon as you go."

## OLD STORY MODERNIZED

Dear Editor and Readers:—

In my English class, one day, our assignment was to modernize Gareth and Lynette. It was taken from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

That sunny day coming home, I was thinking how I could bring the details up-to-date; for the story took place in Medieval days. I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that I told my mother it was raining. Much to her disgust I added I forgot to open my umbrella and I didn't get wet. Do you get the joke?

### *Gareth and Lynette*

In an old-fashioned house, by the living room fireside, a young man and his mother were arguing about the young man's life work. Gareth, standing by the mantelpiece, was scowling. The scowl was that of a spoiled boy who couldn't get what he wanted. Gareth wanted to become a lumberman much against his mother's wishes.

"But you don't expect me to stay tied to your apron strings for life, do you?"

"No," she answered, "but I would like to see you stay at home instead of going into the rough north-west."

His mother did not give her permission, but he left the next morning before the sunrise.

On his arrival to Camelot by train, he got into a taxi which he directed toward Mr. Arthur's lumber-camp. He noticed that Camelot was a city rich in old Indian grounds. Here and there could be seen an Indian camp near a river bank. As he sat in the waiting room for Mr. Arthur, he heard the lumbermen singing as if they had no cares, he heard the roar of the river, and the foreman shouting orders or names. Gareth met the kind and generous Mr. Arthur, whose keen eyes did not

miss anything, who employed Gareth because of his good recommendations. Soon the young man became a great favorite of Mr. Arthur and served as a cook, garage man, errand boy, and a lumberman.

One day there arrived a girl on horseback, who hurriedly rushed into Mr. Arthur's office without being introduced. Gareth was called to find Mr. Lancelot. Through the foreman he found out that Mr. Lancelot was sent to a near-by city to get supplies. When Gareth volunteered to go, Lynette shrieked, "I have not asked for a garage man." As Gareth was the only man available, Lynette had to be contented. He was told by Mr. Arthur that Miss Lyonors, Lynette's sister, was kidnapped and held for ransom. The kidnappers were Mr. Morning-Star, Mr. Sun, Mr. Evening-Star, and Mr. Death, all Indians. Gareth, armed, ran on ahead to get his roofless car started, an old Ford. At times a car can go faster than a horse providing it is supplied with gas. Lynette sat down beside him and off they went with Lynette sitting on one end of the seat and Gareth on the other. When Gareth asked her why, she answered imprudently, nipping her nose, "To avoid the grease smell." Gareth being in a good humor that day, laughed it off. They saw six men who were beating the seventh. Gareth separating them saved Mr. Baron's (Mr. Arthur's friend) life. They stopped their "rattle-trap" at a gas station to get some more gas, and food at a near-by cafe. While sitting on their stools, Lynette would not sit by Gareth, saying the odor was unbearable. While tackling their food Gareth and Mr. Baron were laughing and joking, all old friends.

"Are you not one of Mr. Arthur's men?" asked Mr. Baron.

"Yes, a garage man," answered Lynette with a light mocking laugh. "I have asked for Mr. Lancelot to help me. Then this garage-man spoke up and said, 'I will go in Mr. Lancelot's place.' He is not even fit to drain a car, and is granted to go beside a member of junior league.

Mr. Baron looked on his left at the girl full of pride, then to his right at Gareth. Then Mr. Baron said, "I don't care who you are. If you were a garbage collector you would still be my friend, for you have saved my life."

The next day they came to a full and narrow river where stood a large yellow house with a purple roof on which was fluttering a red flag. (What a harmony of colors.) They met Mr. Mornin-Star, who asked, "Is this the champion you have brought from Mr. Arthur's camp, Lynette?"

"No, no," she answered swiftly. "Mr. Arthur's scorn of you and your folly has sent this garage man."

At Mr. Morning-Star's call, his daughter arrived bringing his pistol. Mr. Mornin-Star and Gareth were to fire at the signal "Go." Lynette was the referee. They fired at Lynette's signal. Gareth was the swifter of the two. Thus Mr. Morning-Star flew to heaven."

"It seems to me," said Lynette, "that when we were at the bridge, the machine oil odor came to me a little faintlier." She then went on singing, "Was That the Human Thing to Do." As they were driving along, they saw Mr. Sun ready to meet them. Lynette was again a referee. Mr. Sun was defeated and "flew" to join Mr. Morning-Star. While going to meet Mr. Evening-Star, Gareth sang, "My Extraordinary Gal."

"Why 'My Extraordinary Gal'?" asked Lynette.

"Just think, she smiled twice at me in her worst humor," he answered mischievously.

The battle with Mr. Evening-Star was the easiest battle of the three. Mr. Evening-Star was also defeated and his soul joined those of his companions.

"Well done," Lynette said. "Well done," and then she added—"for a garage man."

Gareth again sang, "My Extraordinary Gal."

"Sir," she said interrupting him, "I apologize for treating you so mean. I am sorry I mistrusted Mr. Arthur."

"You are not to blame except for mistrusting Mr. Arthur. My answer was my deed," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Mr. Lancelot overtook the couple.

"And why have you come when not wanted?" asked Lynette. "I am satisfied with my garage man who is as courteous as any gentleman. Come in to supper," called Lynette without waiting to hear Mr. Lancelot's answer.

They ate and drank till they were completely stuffed. After supper Gareth fell asleep at the table, for he was weary from the journey.

The next day their car ran out of gas, and they had to complete their trip by walking to Perilous. The Perilous Manor was on a flat field with a large black banner flying in the yard, and a long black horn beside the door. Gareth blew this horn. Having blown it three times, Mr. Death approached. Gareth and his companion saw Miss Lyonor standing by the window waving her hand.

"People say you have strength of ten men," spoke Gareth. "Now, show it!" shouted Gareth.

Mr. Death did not answer which brought more fright to the people. A maid of Miss Lyonor's fainted, and Miss Lyonor wrung her hands and wept. In the battle Mr. Death fell, and Gareth raised the butt of his pistol bringing it down on the skull of Mr. Death crushing it.

That night there was a large party at the home of Miss Lyonor rejoicing over the victory. They all were merry dancing and singing. Some gossips say Gareth married Miss Lyonor, but some say Lynette. Anyway he married one of the two and they lived happily everafter.

Best regards to all members and the Editor.

Club one of the "Inexplicable Four",  
Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

Tommy had handed in his homework and the teacher examined it closely.

"Tommy," he said, "this looks very much like your father's writing. What have you got to say?"

"Well, teacher," said Tommy after a long pause, "now I come to think of it, I used his fountain pen."

□

Bobbie was reading history, and looking up suddenly, he asked, "What is beheaded, mother?"

"Having his head cut off, darling," she replied.

After a thoughtful moment, Bobbie remarked: "I suppose defeated is having his feet cut off."