

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

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Katka Zupančič:

## KJE SO?

**BURJA** žvižga: "Fi-fiju!  
dosti je snega, ledu;  
veverica, hohoho,  
jedrc ni—po tebi bo!"

Veverica z veje  
burji se posmeje:  
"Misliš, da sem ptič vrabič,  
ki za zimo nima nič?"

Vso jesen sem se trudila,  
dobro sem se založila:  
imam jedrc sto in sto  
skritih v hramih pod zemljo!

Misliš, da se lažem?  
Čakaj! Ti dokažem!—" "  
Koplje tu in koplje tam—  
da bi našla hram en sam . . .

Burja se krohoče—

Veverica joče—:

kam je jedra zakopala?

Nič si ni zaznamovala . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

**MATERIN DNEVNIK**

ZVEČER, ko poležemo spat,  
 sede mati k mizi in piše  
 v svoj mali dnevnik.  
 Nič ne vemo, kaj piše  
 in še manj moremo razumeti,  
 čemu piše dan za dnevom.  
 . . . . Res, čemu?

Saj so njeni dnevi vsi enaki:  
 vse delovnike prebije v tovarni—  
 vse nedelje doma pere, čisti in krpa.

. . . . Zares—  
 tako smo radovedni, da se bomo  
 prav potihoma splazili do nje  
 in čez njene rame pogledali,  
 če ni morda v življenju naše matere  
 še kaj drugega ko ta težka vsakdanjost  
 delovnih dni.

Anna P. Krasna:

**PONUDBA**

SVOJEGA psička-tovariša  
 sem prisiljen oddati, pa bi želel,  
 da bi se zglasil človek,  
 ki je sam kot deček  
 kuštravega kužka imel.

Zakaj moj Princ  
 je iz proletarske ulice doma,  
 in bi se uprl kopelim, pentljam,  
 in s pasjimi zdravili politim  
 koščkom mesa.

A za primerno prostost  
 in kakšno kost na dan  
 bi nosil časopise in zavitke  
 ter skakal čez palico  
 veselo razigran.

## Minkina spreobrnitev

**K**O SE je mati dvanajstletne Minke po nekaj letih vdovstva drugič poročila, je bila plavolasa Minka zelo huda. "Tako nama je bilo prijetno, zdaj bo pa vse prijetnosti konec!" se je hudovala, kajti njena prijateljica Tončka je imela očima, ki je bil neprijazen in oduren človek in Minka je seveda mislila, da so vsi očimi enaki. Zato se ga je bala. Zato je verjela, da bo z materino možitvijo vse prijetnosti konec.

Peter je bil sicer ves čas, odkar je zahajal k njeni materi, zelo prijazen z Minko, vedno ji je kaj prinesel, ampak Minka ni zaupala njegovemu dobrodušnemu obrazu in njegovi prijaznosti. Čim bo postal njen oči, bo njegove prijaznosti konec, si je mislilo dekle, in postal bo grob z njo, kakor Tončkin oči s Tončko.

Minulo pa je več tednov po poroki, toda pri Petru nikakega sledu o kaki grobosti. Z Minko je bil vedno dober in prijazen. Toda Minka ga vseeno ni marala. Ne enkrat ga ni lepo pogledala, obnašala se je proti njemu odbijajoče, kakor proti nadležnemu pritepenču. Mati je to videla in je bila huda. "Najbolje bi ji bilo s palico izbiti trmo iz glave!" se je hudovala. Toda Peter se je uprl. "Nič takega!" je dejal. "Ko bo spoznala, da nisem tako slab človek, za kakršnega me ima v svoji neizkušnosti, se me bo privadila ter se sprijaznila z menoj. Z otroci je treba biti potrpežljiv."

In očim Peter je potrpežljivo prenašal pastorkino nevljudno, hladno obnašanje ter bil z njo vedno enako dober in prijazen. In kadar jo je mati grajala zaradi njenih napak, je Peter zmerom dobrohotno posredoval, češ, da ne sme biti prestroga z otrokom, otroci so pač otroci in je treba pri njih poskušati z lepo besedo, ki je najučinkovitejše vzgojno sredstvo. Minka se je začela čuditi in postajati mehkejša proti oči-

mu. Človek, ki jo zagovarja, dočim je ona tako mrzla proti njemu, proti kateremu se ona obnaša tako sovražno, vendar ne more biti tako slab, je začela premišljevat. Ali se ni motila, ko si je rekla, da so vsi očimi enaki?

Minulo je pol leta. Minka je bila bolj in bolj prijazna s Petrom. Začela je uvidevati, da sta z materjo na boljsem, odkar skrbi za nju Peter. Poprej je morala mati delati v tovarni, marsičesa jima je manjkalo, zdaj je mati doma gospodinjala, v tovarno je hodil Peter in ker je bil izučen delavec, je zaslužil prilično dobro, da jim ni bilo nobene sile. In z njo je bil vedno tako potrpežljivo dober in prijazen. "Motila sem se o njem", si je končno priznala Minka in sklenila, da bo poslej z njim prijazna in dobra. In da dokaže svojo dobro voljo, je izpraznila svojo hranilnico ter kupila očimu za rojstni dan lepo ovratico.

Očim je bil Minkinega darila silno vesel. "Tako, torej zdaj sva naposled prijatelja!" jo je mehko pobožal s svojo težko, žuljavo roko po njenih plavih kodrih. Minka je prikimala. "Izprva sem se te bala, veš, ker ima Tončka tako hudega očima in sem mislila, da so vsi očimi enaki . . . Ampak ti si drugačen, zato te imam zdaj rada . . . In oprost, ker sem bila tako neprijazna . . ."

Očim se je zasmel ter jo rahlo potrepal po plečih. "Vedel sem, da si dobro dekle . . ." In k materi obrnjen je pristavil: "Vidiš, z grdo besedo tega ne bi bil nikdar dosegel!"

Potem je bilo nekaj mesecev vse v redu, Minka je bila vesela kot ptiček na razcveli črešnjevji vejici in pri njih sta domovali zadovoljnost in ljubezen. Nekega dne pa je Minko nenadoma zopet vrglo iz tira: dobila je bratca.

Minki to nikakor ni bilo po godu. Mo-goče zato ne, ker se je v duši bala, da

poslej ne bo več deležna vse pozornosti materine in očimove kot doslej in je bila morda ljubosumna. Bilo tako ali drugače, eno je bilo gotovo: Minka ni marala svojega bratca in ga ni marala. Njegova navzočnost ji je bila neprijetna, dodatno delo, ki je prišlo z malčkom, je sovražila, njegovo ve kanje jo je dražilo ter jo delalo neravno. Kadar ga je morala pestovati, je dejala z njim kot z leseno klado in lepe besede ni imela zanj. Nekaj je bilo temu krivo tudi to, da Minka ni imela več toliko časa za čitanje povesti in poslušanje radijskih programov, pa tudi kinu se je morala včasih odreči, kadar je bila mati prezaposlena z domačim delom in ni utegnila sama pestovati malega Peterčka.

Materi vse to ni bilo prav in zopet je začela govoriti o palici. Peter pa se je zopet uprl: "Nič, mati, na palico kar pozabi! Saj Minka ni tako slaba, dobro srce ima in ko bo uvidela, da ne dela prav, se bo poboljšala." Z Minko pa se je pošalil: "Le privadi se vsemu temu, Minka, ko boš velika, boš gotovo tudi ti kdaj mama . . ." Nakar ga je Minka nejevoljno zavrnila: "Mislíš, da sem neumna, da bi se poročila ter si nakopala takele križe!" In da pokaže, da misli resno, je nekega dne znosila vse svoje punčke na podstrežje. Peter se ji je samo smehljal.

Nekega dne pa je Peterček nenadoma zbolel in oče in mati sta ga odnesla k zdravniku. Minka je zlovoljno zmignila z rameni, češ, zdaj bo imela nekaj časa mir pred njim. Toda goljufigo olajšanje je trajalo jedva nekaj ur. V Minki se je nenadoma oglasil strogi sodnik, ki ga nosi sleherni človek v sebi. "Tako, bratca bi se rada iznebila! Zato, ker ti je prinesel nekaj več dela, ker se moraš zaradi nje ga včasih odreči kakí zabavi, ker ve! Sramuj se! Tudi ti si povzročila materi delo, skrbi, žrtve, a te je vseeno ljubeče negovala, se zaradi tebe rada odrekala vsemu, čemer se je morala odreči kot mati! A ti? Joj, Min-

ka, kako si hudobna, kako slepa, kako sebična!"

Minki je začelo prihajati vroče. Kaj, če bratec umrje? Ali ga ne bo pogrešala? Ali ji ne bo težko po njem? Saj je vendar njen bratec, njegova mati je tudi njena mati! Minka je postala bleda in nemirna.

Proti večeru je Peterčka že resno pogrešala. Pogrešala je njegov otroški smeh, njegovo kobacanje po tleh in pod pohištvom, celo njegovo vekanje. Tako dolgočasno se ji je začelo videti v hiši, odkar sta mati in očim odnesla Peterčka iz nje, da ga morda več ne prineseta nazaj.

Ob misli, da bi bratec utegnil umreti, je začelo Minko mraziti in z vsako minuto je bila bolj nemirna. "Kako, da jih tako dolgo ni nazaj?" se je v skrbeh povpraševala ter venomer hodila k oknu gledat, ali se morda že vračajo, pa jih ni bilo videti. V Minki se je začela utrjevati temna slutnja: Peterčka ne bo več nazaj . . .

Zunaj so zagorele ulične svetilke. Minka se je zdrznila. Noč je že tu, a onih še od nikoder. In Minko je postalo strah.

Tedaj, prepričana, da je bratec že mrtev, je začela bridko obžalovati, da je bila tako neprijazna z njim. Umreti je moral, ne da bi ga bila ona samo enkrat prijazno pogledala, ljubeznivo pobožala! si je očitala in pri srcu ji je bilo neizrekljivo hudo. Da je mogla biti ako hudobna! In Minka je zajokala in jokala, dokler ji spanec ni zatisnil mokrih oči.

Ko se je zbudila, je bilo v hiši svetlo. Mati se je sukala po kuhinji, Peter pa je sedel pri kuhinjski mizi ter ujškal svojega naslednika, ki je smejočega obraza blebetal nerazumljive besede.

Minka je vstala, si pomencala oči ter jih na široko odprla. Potem je negotovih korakov, kakor da sanja in ne more verjeti svojim sanjam, stopila v kuhinjo. "Ali ni umrl?" je plašno izustila ter stegnila roke proti otroku.

Peter se je zasmel. "Umr! Kaj še! Bolj je živ kot kdaj prej! Nič hudega ni bilo in zdaj je dober. Kaj pa ga tako debelo gledaš, Minka? Ali bi bila rada, da bi umrl?"

Minka je olajšano vzdihnila, kakor bi se ji bila odvalila s srca ogromna skala. "Da bi rada videla kaj takega!" je vzkliknila, vzela Petru otroka ter ga z materinsko nežnostjo prižela k sebi. "Saj je vendar moj bratec! Joj, ampak bala sem se zanj, tako grozno bala! Ah ti moj bratec, kako mi je bilo dolg čas po tebi in kako sem bila v strahu zaradi tebe . . . Nikdar več ne smeš zboleti, Peterček . . ."

Potem ga je nesla v družinsko sobo.

se vsedla na zofo ter ga nežno ujčkala v naročju. Otrok je nekaj časa zadovoljno golčal v svoji nerazumljivi govorici, nato je v njenem naročju zaspal. Minka pa mu je šepetajoč obljubljala: "Nikdar več, dragec, ne bom neprijazna s teboj . . . nikdar več! In glej, da mi zopet ne zbolíš! . . ."

V kuhinji pa sta se oče in mati začudeno spogledala. Nato se je Peter pri-trjevalno nasmehnil.

"Vedel sem, da se bo naposled zbudilo v nji čuvstvo sestrsk<sup>o</sup> ljubezni . . . da, samo nekaj časa je vzelo, kakor za vsako stvar . . ."

—I. J.

A. P. Krasna:

## OB ŠESTIH

**S**TOKRAT na dan drvi mimo našega okna nadulična,  
in sto in sto obrazov vozi vedno s seboj —

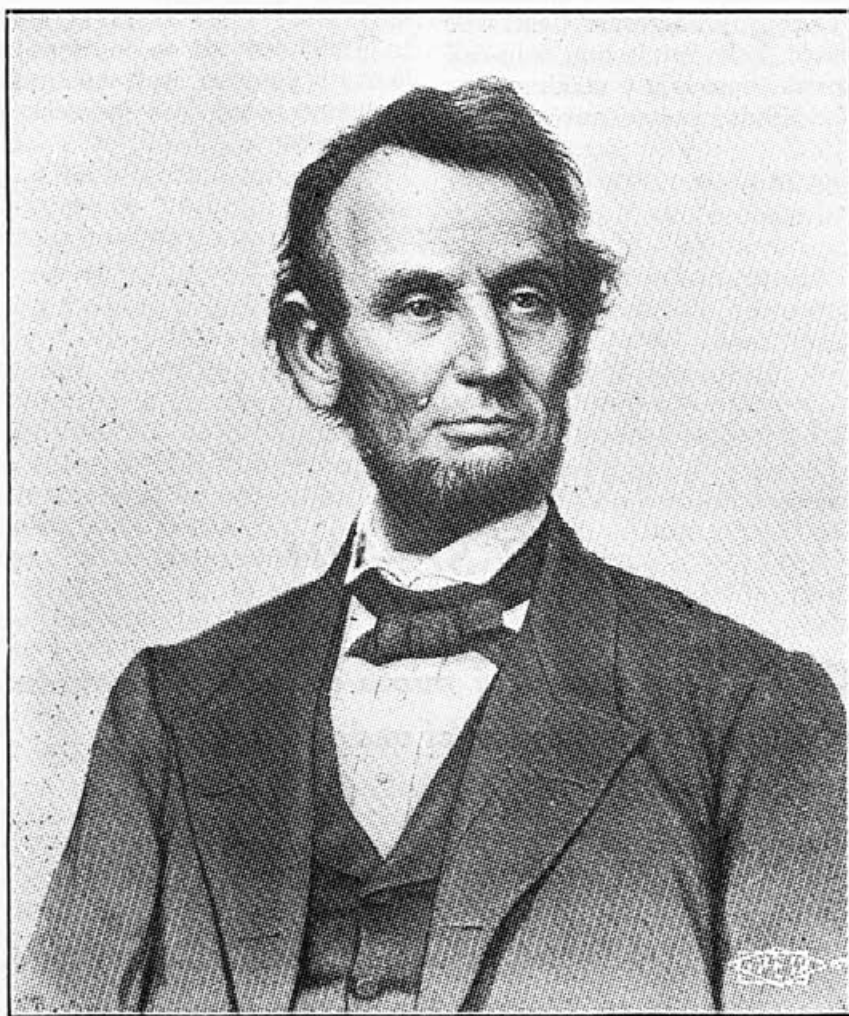
pa nam nič mar.

Ali ob šestih . . .

*Ob šestih pripelje obraz naše mamice,  
in mi šinemo k oknu ko bi nas zvalil  
samega solnca žar.*

## Abraham Lincoln—prijatelj delavstva

DNE 12. februarja je poteklo 126 let, odkar se je rodil Abraham Lincoln, veliki mislec, resnični prijatelj delavskega razreda in najslavnejši predsednik republike Združenih držav. Lincoln je bil najslavnejši zato, ker je bil najdemokratičnejši, najbližje delovnemu ljudstvu, najbližje vsem trpečim in zaničevanim med vsemi predsedniki od začetka te republike do danes.



*Abraham Lincoln*

Ameriška šolska mladina je naučena, da se spominja Lincolna kot nekakšnega nadčloveka, s čimer mu vladajoče in patriotske skupine delajo nečast in ponižanje. Naša mladina pa naj izve resnico o Lincolnu! Spominja naj se ga kot poštenega in odločnega človeka, ki je v dobi težke preiskunje stal kot skala za svoja načela, ki so bila pravična.

Lincoln je videl, da osvoboditev črncev še ne pomeni konca vsake sužnosti. Živel je v prehodni dobi. Razredni boj se je že pričel pojavljati — prihajala dolga doba mezdne sužnosti. O tem je Lincoln globoko razmišljal, in baš to njegovo razmišljanje je porodilo njegove nesmrtno besede, ki jih pa ne najdete na podstavkih Lincolnovih spomenikov ne na njegovih spominskih ploščah; ne najdete jih v šolskih knjigah ne v uradniških življenjskih v javnih knjižnicah. Te nesmrtno Lincolnove besede bi današnji vladarji Amerike najrajši zbrisali za vselej. Dolžnost napredne delavske mladine pa je, da izve in ohrani naslednje nesmrtno Lincolnove besede, da vedno žive:

*“Najmočnejša vez človeških simpatij zunaj družine bi morala biti ona, ki bi povezala delavce vseh narodov, jezikov in plemen.*

*“Delo je več ko kapital. Delo je prvo in neodvisno od kapitala. Kapital je le sad dela in ne bi ga bilo, če ne bi bilo dela.*

*“Ker delavci ustvarijo vse dobre stvari, bi bilo pravično, da imajo delavci največ dobrih stvari.*

*“Zgodilo se je v vseh časih zgodovine, da je večina delala in manjšina je uživala sadove večine. To je krivično in mora prenehati.*

*“Kaj je delo? Kdo je delavec? Delavec si ti, ki delaš za svoj obstanek, ki obdeluješ zemljo, kopaš premog in rudo, tkeš sukno, pišeš knjige, izdeluješ stroje, strežeš za prodajalniško mizo, gradiš železnice in zidaš poslopja po vsem svetu, to si ti, delavec! V Ameriki si v veliki večini.*

*“Vse, kar služi delavcu, služi narodu; vse kar škoduje delavcu, je izdajstvo. Črte med tem dvojim ni. Če vam kdo reče, da ljubi Ameriko, delavca pa sovraži, je lažnik; če vam reče, da zaupa Ameriki, delavca se pa boji, je bedak. Amerike brez delavca ni! In če izkoriščaš delavca — izkoriščaš Ameriko!*

*“Amerika z vsemi svojimi ustanovami spada ljudstvu, ki tu živi. Karkoli ljudstvu ne ugaja obstoječa vlada ima (ljudstvo) ustavno pravico, da jo popravi ali izboljša in revolucionarno pravico, da jo strmoglaví.”*

*“Vsako ljudstvo, naj živi kjerkoli, ima pravico, da se iznebi sovražne vlade in jo zamenja z drugo, če se odloči za to.”*

Tako je pisal veliki Američan Abraham Lincoln, prijatelj delavstva, ki je umrl pred 70 leti. Njegove dobe ni več; razmere so se od takrat zelo izpremenile, ampak krivica, ki jo poudarja Lincoln, še živi. Zato mora živeti tudi boj proti krivici.

Abraham Lincoln, katerega si danes prisvajajo potvorjeni patrioti, farizeji in zavajalci vseh sort, je bil v resnici prijatelj delavskega razreda in predhodnik socialističnega gibanja. To je Lincoln pokazal v gornjih besedah jasno in živo!

V imenu te resnice — slava Lincolnu!

## Snežinke

**M**RZLA sapa je zapihala in odnašala poslednje orumenele liste z drevja. Nebo se je pooblačilo in stemnilo. Mahoma so začeli plesati po zraku beli kosmiči.

"Mamica, mamica, pridi k oknu! Poglej, sneži!" zakliče Verica svoji materi.

Saj res, sneg naletava. Letos bo pa zgodaj zapadel," reče mati.

"Mamica, poglej, bele zvezdice plavajo po zraku," pravi Verica.

"To so snežinke," jo uči mati.

"Oj, mamica, kako se vrte in sučejo, plešejo in se love!" vzklika deklica.

"Da, snežni metež je precej močan," pravi mati.

"Prosim, mamica, ali smem na vrt?" reče hčerka.

"Ogrni se z ruto, potem smeš," ji dovoli mati.

Verica stopi na hišni prag. Vse belo je bilo že po tleh. Drevje se je odevalo v bela oblačilca. Gosto so naletavale snežinke in padale na tla druga za drugo.

"Letos bo mraz, mraz!" reče prva snežinka, ki je letela mimo Verice.

"Ptičke bo zeblo, zeblo," dostavi druga snežinka.

"Kdo jih bo krmil?" vpraša tretja.

Verica jim bo trošila zrnja in drobtinic," odgovori četrta.

"Sestrice, zagrnimo njivo!" zakliče peta.

"Da bo počivala pod toplo odejo," se oglasi šesta.

"Do krasne pomladi," se nasmehne sedma.

Osmo snežinka pa ne reče nič. Padla je Verici na nosek in se raztalila.

A. P. K.:

## DEŽ

**V** MRKOST naše ulice pada dež,

pa se počutimo,

ko bi gledali izza gostih mrež:

Kako izpira stric dežek

te dolge vrste hiš,

iz katerih kukamo žalostno,

ko iz kletke ujeta miš—

In kopravimo po prostosti,

ki sega komaj do kraja našega tlaka—

po prostosti strogo odmerjeni

do najmanjšega koraka—



Rabindranath Tagore:

## Pisateljewanje

**P**RAVIŠ, da piše ata čudo mnogo knjig, ali kaj piše, ne more razumeti.

Čital ti je ves večer, ali si pa zares mogla uginiti, kaj je mislil?

Kakšne lepe pravljice nam znaš ti pripovedovati, mamica! Zakaj ne zna ata pisati takšnih, bi rad vedel.

Ali ni slišal nikoli od svoje mamice pravljic o orjakih in vilah kraljičnah?

Jih je vse pozabil?

Čestokrat, ko zakasni kopel, ga moraš iti stokrat klicat.

Čakaš in pogrevaš njegovo južino, on pa piše in piše in pozabi.

Ata se zmerom igra "pisati knjige."

Če grem kedaj jaz igrat v atovo sobo, prideš in me kličeš: "kakšen malopriden otrok!"

Če le malo zaropočem, praviš: "Ali ne vidiš, da ata dela?"

Kakšna zabava naj bo to, venomer pisati in pisati?

Če vzamem atovo pero ali svinčnik in pišem po njegovi knjigi, prav kakor on a, b, c, č, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, zakaj si tedaj nejevoljna name mamica?

Niti besede ne rečeš kadar piše ata.

Kadar trati ata takšne grmade papirja, mamica, da ti ni tega prav nič mar.

Če pa vzamem jaz samo eno polo, da bi si napravil čolniček iz nje, praviš: "Otrok, kako si nadležen!"

Kaj si pa misliš, če kazi ata polo za polo s črnimi znaki čez in čez na obeh straneh?

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## Dom

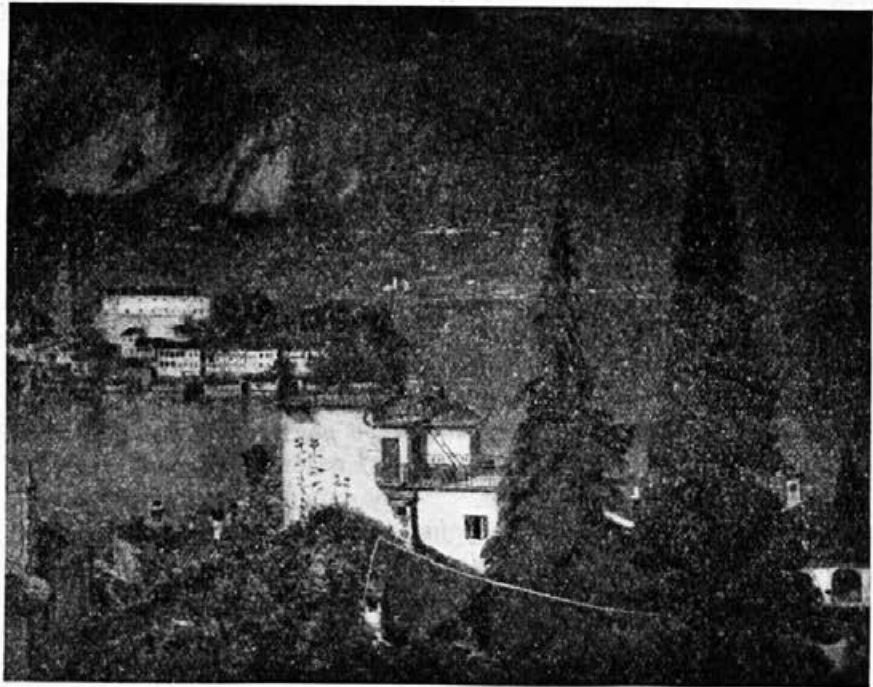
**Š**EL SEM sam po stezi čez polje, ko je solnčni zahod skrival kakor s k o p u h svoje poslednje zlato.

Dnevni svit je tonil globlje in globlje v mrak in ovdovela zemlja, katere žetev je bila pospravljena, je ležala tihotna.

Nenadoma se požene rezek otroški glas do neba. Neviden je presekal temo in pustil sled svoje pesmi v večerni tišini.

Dečkov dom je stal v vasi kraj planjave, onkraj sladkorjevega trsičja skrit v sencah banan in vitkih arekovih palm, kokosovih in temno zelenih džakovih dreves.

Obstal sem za hip na svojem samotnem potu pod svetlobo zvezd in videl sem pred seboj razprostrto potemnelo zemljo, objemajočo v svojem naročju neštivilno domov z zibelkami in posteljami, maternimi srci in večernimi svetilkami in z mladimi življenji, radostnimi od radosti, ki ne ve nič, koliko je svetu vredna.



D. D. GROVER

POMLADNO JUTRO



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

DRAGI OTROCI!

*Zima je še tu, snega dovolj in tudi ledu! Na jugu pa je zima že začela popuščati. Ljuba pomlad najprej pride v južne kraje, potem pa polagoma prileze tudi v severne puščave. Ko bo na jugu že vse zeleno, v cvetju, bo na severu še vse snežno, v ledevju . . .*

*Menda se nihče bolj ne veseli prihoda pomladi ko baš otroci! Pomlad spada mladini! Zato pa je umevno, da se njenega prihoda najbolj veseli naraščaj, ker ve, da se bo osvobodil težke zimske obleke. Ko bo zapihal južni veter, bo skopnel zadnji sneg in led se bo odtajal. Takrat bo veselo zažuborelo v potoku in izpod grmovja bodo pokukale prve pomladne cvetice. Narava se bo prebudila in z njo vse njeno življenje.*

*S prihodom pomladi pridejo tudi nove nade, novi upi. Ljudje pričakujejo novega življenja. Brezposelni upajo, da bodo dobili delo. Oni, ki delajo, upajo, da bodo boljše zaslužili. Sedaj je še mnogo ljudi brez dela. Več milijonov delavcev ne dobi dela. Ljudje, ki so bogati in vladajo deželo, pa se ne zmenijo za milijone brezposelnih. Njim je mar le dobiček. Le v to oni verjamejo! V imenu tega so pripravljene storiti vse. Nič se jim ne smilijo lačni otroci in matere. Oni se smatrajo, da so nekaj več. Toda vedno ne bo tako. Delavci, ko se bodo dodobra zavedli svojih dolžnosti, se bodo nekega dne otresli krivičnih gospodarjev in uredili tako, da ne bo nihče lačen in raztrgan in da bodo imeli vsi otroci dovolj vsega.*

*Zadnjič je bilo omenjeno, da bodo platnice M. L. vsak mesec drugačne. Bodo, ampak le v barvi; risba ostane ista. Upam, da se vam nova naslovna stran dopade, tako tudi zadnja stran M. L.—Slovenskih dopisov je v tej številki precej. Poskrbite, da jih bo prihodnjič še več!*

Vaš

UREDNIK.

### GODBA—SVETOVNI JEZIK

Cenjeni urednik!

Božični prazniki in novo leto so daleč za nami. Z njimi so minile tudi šolske počitnice, ki so trajale skoro dva tedna.

V okrajni bolnišnici je dne 30. decembra preminil rojak Louis Lipovšek, član društva št. 50 SNPJ v Clintonu, Ind. Bolehal je delj časa in končno ga je le rešila smrt.

V minolemu letu je naše društvo zgubilo iz svoje srede še dva druga člana, namreč Bartol Zaubija in Math Salcmama. Naše društvo, ki je pred leti imelo do 150 aktivnih članov, jih ima danes le še kakih 40. Ne-

kateri so odšli od tu s trebuhom za kruhom, nekatere je požrla kriza in nekatere je pobrala smrt. Treba bo pridobiti novih in dobrih članov, da se društvo obdrži na nogah. Torej vsi na delo!

Predno končam ta dopis, naj dodam še tole uganko, ki jo je napisal moj oče:

**Kdo sem?**

Služabnik sem in mojster, služabnik mrtvih in mojster živih. Govorim jezik, ki ga razume ves svet. Ko me človek posluša, se smeje, se joka, me občuduje in me obožuje. Moja govorica povzroča ljubezen in sovraštvo, blaži in pohujšuje. Jaz sem kadilo, s katerim se v

cerkvah molitve tisočev dvigajo proti nebu. Navzoč sem pri poročnem oltarju in ob odprtem grobu. Nahajam se v šolah, v gledališčih in vojašnicah, pri igrah, na veselicah in pohodih. Nahajam se v kraljevi palači, pa tudi v siromašni koči. Moč mojega jezika zamore osvojiti tako kralja kot njegovega sužnja. Nahajam se povsod na zemlji in v zraku, kjer me valovi etra prenašajo križem sveta. Navzoč sem na bojnih poljanah, kjer vlivam ranjencem tolažbe, a neranjenim pa novega poguma v njihova srca.

Spremljam popotnika po njegovih potih. Opiram zaljubljenecem usta in skozi mene mrtvi govore živim. Služim enemu kot drugemu, na razpolago sem vsem. Čuje se me lahko v ptičjem petju, v čirpanju žuželk, v bučanju morskih valov, ki butajo ob skalnato obrežje, v šumu vetra, ki piha skozi vejevje dreves, in kdor me dodobra razume, razloči moj glas celo iz drdranja koles železniških vozov.

Mnogo je na svetu ljudi, ki me ljubijo in mnogo jih je med njimi, ki bi brez mene sploh ne mogli živeti, ker jaz ustvarjam kar je v njih najboljšega in oni ustvarjajo kar je v meni najboljšega. Oni so od mene in jaz sem od njih. Jaz sem godalo sveta. Jaz sem GODBA.

Pozdravljam vse skupaj! Na svidenje prihodnjič!

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

#### SITNO ČRKOVANJE ALI SPELLING

Dragi urednik!

Novo leto 1935 je prineslo že marsikaj zanimivega, a prineslo nam je tudi mnogo težav in skrbi. Posebno odraslim ljudem je prineslo obilo novih skrbi. Nam, ki šele doraščamo, niso te skrbi povsem razumljive, in dostikrat je prav, da nam niso.

Naša šola je pričela z letošnjim poukom dne 2. jan. S tem se je obnovil naš posel, ki ni preveč lahek. Veste, takoj prvi dan nam je učiteljica dala domačo nalogo. Pa ne samo par računov—kar dve strani računov skupaj! To še ni zadostovalo—vrhu tega nam je naložila še dve strani spelling ali črkovanja. Kot so mi pravili in kolikor sama vem, v slovenščini se otrokom ni treba učiti tega težkega predmeta. To pa zato, ker v slovenščini pišemo kakor izgovarjamo. V angleščini je drugače. Veliko črk se nagrebe skupaj v eno besedo, izgovorijo pa se le nekatere. Na primer ime nekega mesta v državi New York je Poughkeepsie, izgovori pa se "Pokipsi". Tako enostavno pa toliko nepotrebnih črk! A vse nič ne pomaga—mi se moramo učiti pravilnega črkovanja!

Mi, ki smo se nadejali, da se bomo šli po šoli sankat ali drsat, ker ni bilo vse počitnice nič snega, a je zapadel šele za novo leto,

smo se motili. Zelo lepo bi bilo, da bi bili prosti nalog (in nadlog), ker se bi šli lahko sankat po lepem snegu. Pa kako neki! Ko je bilo zunaj tako lepo belo, smo morali v šolo, po šoli pa domov izdelovat naloge! No, med potjo v šolo in iz šole je pa marsikdo dobil prav "vročo" kepo v hrbet ali glavo. Med odmorom je bilo nenavadno veliko vriska in smeha pri kepanju.

Je že tako, da nismo nikdar zadovoljni. Smo pa zadovoljni z našim Mladinskim Listom, ki je letos res prišel v novi in lepi obliki. Zdi se mi, da je kar naenkrat odrasel, ker sedaj se tudi po zunanji obliki lahko postavi, ne samo po notranji vsebini—z lepimi pesmicami, povestmi, članki in pa seveda tudi z našimi dopisi!

Iskreno pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje!

Olga Vogrin,  
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

#### VESELJE NA LEDU

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Mislím, da je preteklo že leto dni, odkar sem se prvič oglašil v našem Mladinskem Listu oziroma v "Našem kotičku." Poskusil bom, če bo šlo, da se bom letos večkrat oglašil v njem.

Miklavž in miklavžarija je odšla v pozabnost za eno leto, tako tudi božič in božičevanje. Pa Vam moram povedati, da jaz nič več ne verjamem v Miklavza, že davno ne. In ata in mama sta rekla, da sem za igrače že prevelik, zato mi je nametal par bolj potrebnih stvari.

Prišlo je novo leto in tudi nov sneg smo takrat dobili. To je bilo za nas! Koliko veselja smo imeli na drsališčih! Res, lepo je bilo. Pa ne dolgo, kajti šolske počitnice so kmalu minile in vrniti smo se morali h knjigam in nalogam. Sicer rad hodim v šolo, da se bom kaj naučil, ampak, well, včasí se pa tudi rad malo poigram in drsam na ledu. Kdo bi zametil mladini, če se rada veseli in igra! Menda nihče.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in Vam!

Tony Klun, 23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y.

#### MAMIE JE PONOSNA NA SNPJ

Dragi urednik!

Po dolgem odlašanju, da napišem par vrstic za "Kotiček", sem se vendar enkrat odločila. Tu sem z mojim slabim pisanjem!

Lahko rečem, da so slovenski dopisi v Mladinskem Listu čedalje bolj zanimivi. Posebno se v tem oziru odlikuje Josephine Mestek. Moja mama je rekla: "Ta punčka pa rejs fajm napiše vselej!"

Pa sem mislila, da bom tudi jaz poskusila večkrat kaj napisati v "Naš kotiček."

Miklavžarija mi ni veliko prinesla. Moj ata je rekel, da sedaj so preslabi časi. Obljubil pa je, da bo prihodnjič "boljše nosil." No, bom že videla, če bo držal svojo obljubo.

Kakor sem čitala v "Kotičku," vidim, da imajo v več krajih slovensko šolo za otroke. Srečni so, da jo imajo. Jaz bi tudi rada hodila v slovensko šolo, če bi imela priliko, ampak pri nas ni slovenske šole. Potem bi se gotovo dobro naučila materinega jezika v pisavi in branju. Tako se pa moja mama trudi z menoj. Ata pa pravi: "Mamie, le piši, piši v Mladinski List! Saj si lahko ponosna, ker si članica tako velike in močne organizacije kot je naša SNPJ!"

Zdi se mi, da mi je moj oče prav povedal. S tem pa tudi zaključujem moje pisemce in pozdravljam vse dopisnike, čitatelje M. L., moji sestrični v Kittzville, Minn., Mary in Frances Shega, in urednika! (Upam, da nisem nikogar izpustila.)

Mamie, Klun, 23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y.

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### "PRETEŽKA DARILA"

Dragi urednik!

S tem dopisom sem se gotovo malo zapoznili in skoro ne verjamem, da bo priobčen v prvi letošnji izdaji Mladinskega Lista. Tega pa ni bila kriva lenoba, ki se rada včasih pojavi pri šolarjih. Ne, pri meni so se pojavile osepnice (measles). To je bilo dne 20. decembra. Dopoldne je učiteljica poslala mojega brata k zdravniku, da ugotovi njegovo bolezen, popoldne pa sem moral k njemu še jaz. Zdravnik me je poslal domov, da moram ostati v sobi, ker osepnice so nalezljive. Najprej je zbolel moj brat, potem jaz, nazadnje pa še moj mali bratec, tako da smo vsi bili bolni čez praznike.

Naše društvo "Bistrica" št. 63 SNPJ je priredilo veselico dne 31. dec. To je bila domača zabava in Miklavž je delil darila. Seveda smo vsi trije naročili očetu, naj gre na zabavo in naj nam prinese naša darila. Bili smo gotovi, da bomo kaj dobili. Naslednje jutro pa smo bili razočarani, ker ni nič prinesel. Jezili smo se na Miklavža in na očeta, ki pa ni ničesar vedel povedati kam so izginila naša darila.

Na 2. januarja je nekdo potrkal na vrata. Gremo odpirat, in glej! Bil je mr. Frank Shuster, obložen z našimi darili! Rekel je: "Tukaj so vaša darila! Ata jih ni mogel prinesiti, ker so bila pretežka!" Da, pretežka, ampak jaz pa mislim, da je bil menda ata pretežak!

Upam, da je zadosti za enkrat. Upam tudi, da so ostali bratci in sestrice imeli boljše praznike ko jaz. Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Marion M. Jereb,  
92 Lincoln ave., No. Irwin, Pa.

### FRANKOV PRVI POSKUS

Cenjeni urednik!

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da je to moje prvo pismo, ki sem ga napisal za Mladinski List. Prej nisem še napisal ne angleškega ne slovenskega pisma za M. L.

Povedati Vam moram tudi to, da sem sedaj 8 let star in v šoli sem v 3. razredu. Šola se mi dopade. Tudi učiteljica se mi dopade. Z mojimi sošolci imam veliko zabave, pa tudi veselja. Tako je lušno!

Moj ata mi je rekel, da mnogo slovenskih šolarjev (in tudi šolaric!) piše dopise v Mladinski List. Rekel je tudi, da bi bilo dobro, če bi tudi jaz poskusil mojo srečo. Po kratkem obotavljanju sem se odločil in napisal te vrstice. Upam, da jih boste priobčili. Če jih boste, bom še kaj napisal.

To je moja prva slovenska pisava ali pisanje, kakor se že pravilno reče. Zato pa me bo še bolj veselilo, če ga bom videl v našem Mladinskem Listu. Povedati Vam moram tudi to, da mene uči slovenski moj ata. On je moj učitelj slovenščine. Upam, da me bo dobro naučil.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Frank R. Kramer,  
949 Cedar ave., Sharon, Pa.

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### PISMO UČENCA MODERNE UMETNOSTI

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To je moj drugi dopis za Mladinski List, seveda, če bo priobčen. Upam, da bo.

Star sem 12 let in sem v 6. razredu ljudske šole. Obiskujem tudi Jugoslovansko šolo moderne umetnosti že tretje leto. Naš učitelj je znani umetnik Gregory Perušek, ki ga imamo vsi radi.

V januarju smo imeli par dni zelo mrzlo vreme, sedaj je nekoliko boljše. Dela se slabo in je dosti ljudi brez dela. Moj oče ne dela že 5 let. Moja mama dela. Saj je veliko družin, da matere delajo, očetje so pa doma. Kdaj se bodo razmere izboljšale? Moramo pač čakati, kakor oni, ki je s češnje padel in ni mogel vstati.

Dne 27. januarja smo imeli v Clevelandu veliko slavje Slovenskega narodnega doma. Takrat so otvorili novo dvorano.

Prosim Vas, da popravite v mojem dopisu vse, kar ni prav zapisano. Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Anton Puntar,  
5806 Bonna ave., Cleveland O.

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### OLGA SE UČI SLOVENSKO

Cenjeni urednik!

Rada bi bila kaj napisala za Mladinski List že prej, ako bi bila zmožna. Sedaj pa sem se vendarle odločila, da nekaj napišem, Vas pa prosim, da popravite.

Upam, da se bom več naučila, tako da bom lahko tudi kaj več napisala za M. L. v slovenskem jeziku. Upam in želim, da bom ostala zvesta članica SNPJ.

Prihodnjič bom morda več pisala, če mi bo šlo. Za sedaj pa naj končam. Obenem pa pošiljam pozdrave vsem bralcem!

Olga Knapich, box 714, Girard, Kans.

\* \*

#### MOJ PSIČEK "BUDDY"

Dragi urednik!

In zopet sem se zapoznil z mojim dopisom, ki sem ga bil obljubil. Napisal bi ga že prej, pa sem bil precej zaposlen s šolskim delom. Dne 28. jan. so se vršile polletne izkušnje. No, potem pa sem ves teden doma nagajal mami. Pa tudi pomagal sem ji in razmetel sem sneg pred hišo, ki ga je bilo precej. Seveda sem se šel tudi sankat. Vsakega malo mora biti. Za-

to sem se odločil, da najprej napišem ta dopis in tako začnem moje počitnice.

Sedaj pa Vam bom opisal mojega psička. Psička, ki mu je bilo ime "Snoopy", nimam več. Sedaj imam novega in ga imam zelo rad. Star je dvanajst tednov. Ime mu je "Buddy". Zelo rad se igra. Vse skupaj znosi in vse spet raznese. Če pa sliši, da posoda zažvenketa na mizi, se kaj hitro ustraši in jo odkuri pod peč. Naučili smo ga dati taco. Naš psiček je rjave dlake, ima pa belo liso na nosu, vratu in repu, poleg tega pa so vse štiri tace bele, tako da izgleda, kot bi bil obut v bele čevljičke. In ena prednja taca je malo bolj bel a ko druga. Zato ga vedno vprašam, naj mi da "lepo taco". Zdi se mi, da me precej dobro razume, kajti vedno mi pomoli "ta lepo."

Naj bo dovolj o psičku; prihodnjič o čem drugem. Pozdrav vsem! Flix Vogrin,  
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

## PRIPOVEDKA O NOSKU

**D**ANES zopet mi posneta  
smetana je v skledi!  
Veš li, kdo jo je pojedel?  
Mimica, povedi!"

"Jaz je nisem, mama, res ne!  
zajček jo posnel je.  
Glej, kako na desni šapi  
in krog ustec bel je!"

"Čakaj, videla takoj bom!  
Nosek mi pokaži! — — —  
Aj, kako je mehke! — Pa sem  
vjela te na laži!"

"Oh, odpusti, saj povem ti  
po pravici, mama:  
jaz namazala sem zajčku  
šapo, gobček, sama."

"Naj bo. Ali vedno pomni:  
nosek vse odkrije;  
kadar praviš neresnico,  
'Laže, laže!' vpije."

OTON ŽUPANČIČ.



# JUVENILE



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Number 2

JOHN KEATS:

## WHEN I HAVE FEARS

**W**HEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high piled books, in charact'ry,  
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love! — then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

\* \* \*

## BRIGHT STAR!

**B**RIGHT 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 ceaseless 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 fell forever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

## AT A CHILD'S GRAVE

By Robert G. Ingersoll

**MY FRIENDS:** *I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.*

*Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.*

*Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.*

*It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. It may be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. And I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life naught unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.*

*They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy.*

*There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all.*

*We, too, have our religion and it is this: Help for the living, hope for those who toil that they might win.*



## How Plants Fight The Cold

**W**INTER, with its keen frosts and bitter winds, is a difficult time for all forms of vegetation. Plants, no less than animals, must conserve their vital warmth if they are to continue to live. Even in the summer many plants, such as clover and woodsorrel, draw their leaflets together in order to guard against loss of moisture during the night. In freezing weather the task of keeping warm is still more formidable. Most of our big trees shed their leaves at the approach of winter and retire into a semi-dormant condition, whilst large numbers of annual plants disappear altogether. Still, there remains much growing vegetation which has to face the full rigors of the season.

When an animal wants to keep warm it huddles itself up, and in a very similar manner plants fight the cold. In frosty weather the leaves of even the hardiest weeds are drawn closely together so that the surface from which heat can radiate is reduced to a minimum. Even more striking is the appearance of evergreen shrubs, such as laurels and rhododendrons, which, in their mode of responding to temperature, are almost as reliable as thermometers. In mild conditions the leaves of the hrododendron, for instance, are held well above the horizontal. As the temperature sinks each leaf drops, un-

til by the time freezing point is reached it will be standing out at a right angle from the stem. Should the frost increase the leaf drops lower still, until, with a great degree of cold, the foliage hangs so that the tips are almost pointing to the ground. Moreover, the edges of the leaves tend to curl inwards, and the whole shrub seems to be drawing itself together in order to keep warm.

Quite apart from the frost there is another danger to plant life during extremely cold weather. This is the excessive evaporation of moisture which takes place. A lump of ice suspended in the open will steadily become smaller through loss of moisture even if the frost does not relax for a single moment. In the same way every part of the plant that is above ground is continually giving up water in the form of vapor. The process is one which is full of menace to the plant, for, owing to the chilled state of the soil, root activity is restricted and the lost moisture is not readily made good. During severe weather it is likely that quite as many plants die from an undue loss of moisture as from extreme cold. Excessive transpiration in evergreens is largely prevented by a hard glossy layer on the upper surface of the leaf, which is so well seen in the case of the holly.

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### SOMETHING EACH DAY

**SOMETHING** each day—a smile—  
It is not much to give,  
And the little gifts of life  
Make sweet the days we live.

The world has weary hearts  
That we can bless and cheer,  
And a smile for every day  
Makes sunshine all the year.

George Cooper.

# Tomorrow Did Not Come

Mary Jugg

SOMETHING had happened on the school ground. It was no longer a scene of lively figures with high-pitched voices. It has become a huddle of eager ears and whispering voices. Even Terry and Oscar, who were always the first to reach the baseball diamond and the last to abandon it, had forsaken their game and joined the circle.

Marcus Lebar, returning from his home on this Friday noon, came up to the group just in time to hear Phil remark, "Ole McWilliams just comes up in the middle of our game and grabs 'em away."

"Grabs who?" asked Marcus.

"Tim and Slick," threw back Phil, evidently annoyed that he must start at the beginning for purposes of explaining to a newcomer.

"What'd he say?" inquired Margie.

"Hm," Phil went on. "What does ole McWilliams always say? He ain't been constable around this place for nothing these past ten years. Little thing like that don't bother him. He just sorta grabs Tim and Slick by their coat collars, and 'fore they had time to pick up their handful of marbles he just whisks 'em away in that car of his and says, 'You two birds is comin' with me'."

"Yes. I saw him in his car when he first drove up," remarked Ellen. She had been talking in a group of girls near the edge of the sidewalk.

"And I saw him go into the school-house," added Betty.

"Sure. He went to talk it over with the principal, I guess," Phil resumed his explanations, "so as he'd know where the two of 'em was dragged to."

All during the conversation Marcus had been an attentive listener. Now he could no longer restrain himself. "But

what did they do—Tim and Slick?" he queried.

"Stole!" answered Jerry. "I heard my mother say that the window in the fruit store had been broken and a lot of fruit taken. Karbe, the owner, was telling her just this morning that he had a pretty good idea who it was. Guess he was thinking of Tim and Slick all the time."

"Wonder where they're going to lock them up," interrupted Susan.

"Well, I'll bet one thing," piped up Lou. "I'll bet they could use the fruit all right. Both their families live on relief."

Just then the school bell rang. There was no time to accuse or defend Tim and Slick. School was "taken up."

"My family lives on relief, too," thought Marcus Lebar as he marched up the steps to the steady beat of the triangle—plink, plank, plink, plank.

On such occasions when a "serious affair" had occurred, the atmosphere of the schoolroom became one of a tense stillness. Books were mechanically taken from the desks and piled atop the desk unopened. Everyone fumbled with the cork of the ink bottle or the point of the Eversharp pencil or the disarranged sheets in the notebook. Everyone was "marking time". For they knew that an impressive lesson would be forthcoming from the teacher. On this Friday afternoon their anticipation was not without avail.

Miss Wilson said that a horrible crime had been committed. She let everyone understand that she spoke about stealing. But she mentioned no names. She cited example after example of the consequences of stealing. She said it is wrong to steal—because it is a sin, because it is breaking one of the Ten Commandments, and because

you would be put in jail by the constable and there will come a time when you will die and you will have to answer before the Almighty.

Marcus listened intently the while Miss Wilson talked. He knew it was wrong to steal. He did not believe in it. And he had never been guilty of it. But he couldn't help wondering if Miss Wilson knew that Slim's and Tim's folks were living on relief. He wanted to ask her if being on the relief roll made those boys commit the terrible sin. He wondered if she had ever lived on relief. She had such soft, white hands, and his mother's were so red and rough. She had a new silk print dress and his mother wore dresses that were discarded by people like Miss Wilson. No. He'd better not trouble her with such questions. She shouldn't talk about them. Only his mother could.

Marcus was the "head of the family." After school and on Saturdays he worked at the Schnell grocery. His mother had picked up odd jobs—scrubbing, washing, sewing—ever since his father's death. But, of late, she was bothered by a peculiar cough, and sometimes she could not get up from bed for a whole day. There were Lucy and Jennie in the family besides himself. Lucy had just started in the first grade and Jennie was but four years old. So Marcus brought in the family income of a dollar and fifty cents a week by helping at Schnell's, and they depended on relief for their food.

Marcus came home from school that Friday night and told his mother about Tim and Slick. He told her how poorly they were always dressed, how the children talked about them living on relief, how they were locked for the crime. Then he told her how Miss Wilson had given them a lesson on the sinfulness of theft.

"Yes. It is a terrible thing to steal," acquiesced his mother. She lay in bed. She coughed.

Jennie came to the foot of the bed and pulled at the covers.

"Mama, I'm hungry," she wailed.

Marcus arose and went straightway to the cupboard.

"No. It didn't come," said Mrs. Lebar. "No food in the house."

"No relief all week," muttered Marcus, half audibly.

"None." Mrs. Lebar coughed slightly and rolled her head on the pillow.

Lucy had not comprehended the full import of their conversation. She went around, opening the stove door, the bread box, and uncovering the row of shelves in the room as if to verify Mars's statement.

"We might as well go to bed, Jennie and Lucy," said Mrs. Lebar. "Marcus must go to his work. Tomorrow night, Marcus, you'll get some money. Something. We'll buy food. Come, both of you. Good night, Marcus. Work hard so that Mr. Schnell will be pleased with you."

Marcus put on his hat and coat and closed the door.

"Ma-ma!" he could hear Jennie wailing as he walked from his home to Schnell's Grocery Store.

\* \* \*

Mr. Schnell was a very punctual man—especially on Saturday mornings. He came to his place of business earlier than usual to check up on supplies for the day that was always the busiest.

When he opened the door of the ice-box on this Saturday morning, he blinked his eyes. He looked again. Yes, it was true. Two whole quarts of milk were missing. Mr. Schnell, of Schnell and Sons, closed his mouth tightly and nodded his head. His eyes grew small—and menacing.



## Little Grandmother's Shoes

"BUT, Grandmother," said little May, holding up the tiny pair of calf-skin shoes, "were these your very best shoes? Didn't you have any shiny black ones, with a tassel on, like mine?"

"And where did you buy them, Grandmother? Did Columbus bring them with him in his ship?"

"No, dear, Columbus didn't bring Grandma's shoes in his ship. He sailed back to Spain again three hundred years before these shoes were made."

"Bring your chair and sit down by me. I will tell you all about these little worn-out shoes of mine. When I was a little girl," began Grandmother, "children did not wear shoes all the time. They went barefoot in the summer, except when they were dressed up. One pair of shoes had to last a whole year.

"When we went to town we used to go barefoot, carrying our shoes in our hands. At the foot of the hill we washed our feet in the brook and put on our shoes and stockings. Our shoes did not wear out very fast; and if we lost a shoe, we had to go barefoot till the shoemaker came again."

"Oh, dear!" sighed May, "how dreadful! Who was the shoemaker, Grandmother, and when did he come?"

"The shoemaker," Grandmother re-

plied, "was a very important man when I was a little girl. 'Shoe week' was a busy week in the family. I can remember how glad we all were when father said, 'The shoemaker will be here tomorrow.' That night the shoe bench was brought down from the attic and placed in a warm corner of the kitchen. Father and mother made a list of the shoes that were needed. We children talked about our new shoes that were to be made until we fell asleep."

"Early in the morning the shoemaker appeared. He carried his bag of tools and a roll of leather on his back. By seven o'clock he was seated at his bench hard at work. We children used to sit on the floor beside him and watch him work. First he measured our feet and drew some paper patterns. Then he cut out the leather. He punched holes along the edges of the leather with a sharp awl; then the shoe was ready to sew. For his sewing he used a long waxed thread with a stiff bristle at each end for a needle. All day long he would sit at his bench putting the needles into the holes and pulling the thread through, till the shoe was sewed firmly. When all our shoes were made, he packed his bag and said good-by for another year."—(Clara Murray in the Back Log.)

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### Quotations of ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have.*

\* \* \*

*The smallest things are often the most difficult to deal with.*

\* \* \*

*You may fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.*

\* \* \*

*Teach hope to all, despair to none.*

\* \* \*

*Success does not so much depend upon external help as self-reliance.*

## Water Babies

NEW GUINEA is the largest island in the world and is divided politically between Holland, Germany, and Great Britain. It is of one of the tribes of this island that Margaret Mead writes:

In a village of lagoon dwellers, people who raise their thatched houses on piles in a water village half a mile from shore, I watched the parents of the Manus tribe train their small children to meet light-heartedly and efficiently the continual challenge of their precarious water existence. And there is much in the educational methods of these little brown savages which could be transplanted with profit into our educational systems.

In the first place, the parents consider that the physical training of their children is a serious matter, not one to be left to chance, nor the casual ministrations of other children—the primitive equivalent of ignorant nurse maids. The baby's first step, its first experience in the water, its first attempt to handle a paddle and a punt, all are carefully supervised by a patient, attentive parent.

They never force the children to walk or swim or climb too soon. But a child is never allowed to go backwards, to refuse to do something which he has shown he is strong enough to do. We are all familiar with children who start to walk and fall down, getting a painful bruise or a bad fright, and subsequently refuse to walk again for several months. The Manus are interested in the child's making the maximum physical adjustment of which he is capable; they have delighted praise and vociferous applause for the baby's first step, cold indifference for the baby who falls down and refuse to take another step. The only way in which the child can recapture the delightful admira-

tion of his elders, is to stifle his cries, struggle earnestly to his little bruised legs, and try again.

For the very small baby who falters, and hesitates, the parents have only indifference and temporary inattention; an older child who falls down or makes some other awkward mistake, is likely to be actually punished, so that the Manus child doesn't look about to see if mother is near enough to make it worth while to cry, but rather looks about in devout hope that no one has seen his stupid blunder. We, on the other hand, are too anxious to console the stumbler, to surround him with warm arms, kind words, and comforting assurances. This association of a mistake with a reward is a bad method of training children not to be awkward, careless, stupid in their physical adjustments.

The Manus parents are also exceedingly careful not to frighten a child, either purposely or accidentally. When a baby has taken its first steps, its mother or father puts it down in the water at low tide, leaves it there for just a few minutes, repeats the experiment next day. Later, he will be permitted to play about in the shallows under the house, an alert parent on the veranda or within doors, listening for a cry which would mean that the child had strayed out into deeper water. The child is not make conscious of continuous supervision; no hail-storm of "dont," "be carefuls" rains upon his playground; he is trained to use his own judgement as much as possible, but he is not allowed to get bad frights when his own two-year-old judgment fails. The Manus would find our pleasant little way of accustoming children to the water by force, a brutal, horrid custom, without any excuse.

Manus parents, like their children, were given this same training when

they were little. All their lives they have lived upon the water, managing canoes, hoisting sails, carrying great water pots, balancing babies on the backs of their necks, while they handled the punt of a large canoe. They are so efficient that children are never made to doubt their world thru their doubting parents.

The child learns from the very beginning that the physical world can be handled, is handled, every minute, every hour, by all the grown up people, with sure footed, clear eyed competency.

Those same adults never permit the child to even consider that he will not do as well as they do.

The results of this system of training are truly amazing. Children of three are perfectly at home amid the perils of their water world. They can swim as well as they walk; they can climb up and down the slippery house piles; they can tread their way sure and quick footed over the treacherous muddy shallows of the lagoon at low tide.

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## How To Study

From time immemorial children have been urged to "study hard." But, has anyone defined what "studying hard" means? Does it mean poring over books hour after hour, or does it mean to read the same lesson again and again?

No, to study properly means to understand thoroughly. In fact, "thoroughness" was for one year the motto of the schools in a large city. The chief problem of each student is to learn the

meaning of every word and every sentence of his lesson. As he masters each lesson he will have no difficulty in mastering the study or the subject, and instead of "studying hard", he may find himself studying easily and with delight.

After all, that is what our school work should be—a sort of a game, which we like to play and to master.

—(P. H. D.)

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## Water as A Medicine

Many people do not realize the benefit to be had from a single glass of water.

It may be hot or cold, as you like. You may sip it, or quaff it at a swallow, if you wish.

Glasses of water quite cool, taken abundantly between meals, in the morning early, in the evening as you step

into bed, will promote the proper action of your kidneys, enabling them to function more energetically and more effectively at the same time.

It might be noted in passing that warm water is an emetic always at hand, one which may be useful on occasion in the event of the introduction into the stomach of elements alien to it.

These simple, intimate scenes present the  
child in even comelier that he will not  
do as well as they do.

The theme of this system of prints  
is not their anatomy - children of

they were little. All their lives they  
have lived upon the water, breathing  
cannot, holding sails, carrying great  
water pots, balancing loads on the  
backs of their necks, while they handled  
the part of a large canoe. They are in



ZORACH:

MOTHER AND CHILD



## Living with Others—

IS ONE of the most exciting adventures in life and quite worthy of all the talents one possesses. For most of us the day of big houses has been replaced by tiny apartments and bungalows, which are apt to be full of friction for those who have not learned to live happily with people.

An old chemistry teacher once said, "People are just like chemicals—apart they may be perfectly harmless, useful and content; but get them together and—Bingo! there is an explosion." People, however, can control their feelings, and many times a laugh saves an explosion.

And the peculiar thing about quarrels and differences is that the majority are started by insignificant circumstances where all the family except the culprit is peeved. For instance, using the bathroom lavatory for an emergency washtub, when a small tub in the basement kept in readiness would have saved this needless friction.

There is one in 'most every family who thoroughly scatters the paper around before others have seen it.

One girl often expressed the wish that her good mother were as hospitable as she. Perhaps the mother would be, if the daughter were more considerate of her mother, who after having ironed all day or reached the limit of her grocery allowance, or her father has begged for a quiet evening, or another member of the family has been given permission to have company for dinner, this thoughtless girl does not show as much hospitality as

poor judgment in bringing home an unexpected guest for dinner. The friction caused is unnecessary and unpleasant.

A place for everything, and everything in its place is a good rule to follow, and yet many a family discord is started from not putting things back in place. It may be the scissors, the ice-pick, car keys, ink bottles, clothes brush or the telephone book, which can be as easily replaced as dropped down where one has used them, and, oh, the angry words and glances that could be saved.

One of the most satisfactory relaxations any mother ever gets is when a member of the family relieves her of some part of the routine work. A certain girl I know is always home promptly at 4:30 on Tuesdays, because that is her day to get the evening meal. Monday night she outlines her menu, so that everything will be ready when she gets home. She always plans to have one hearty dish of which the entire family is fond and a simple dessert. Nothing elaborate, but perfectly prepared and gaily served. Because so, her mother was able to join a Tuesday Study Club and to enjoy the change it gave her without feeling that she ought to rush home and prepare the family meal. This one little act of consideration improved the entire spirit of this home and certainly gave the mother an opportunity to have outside interest and contact so necessary especially to the house manager, and that, after all, is one of mother's many duties.—From the W.B.A. Junior Newsette.

## Visiting Lincoln's Tomb

By Raye D. Lewis

Our vacation this year took us through Springfield, Ill., where the tomb of Abraham Lincoln is located. You may be sure that we took this opportunity to visit not only Lincoln's tomb, but also his home located near the business section of the town. This is the only home Abraham Lincoln ever owned. It has furniture that was used in his time; some of it belongs to him and some of it to his relatives.

The tomb is a splendid memorial to

a great man. You enter the building under the shaft and walk around the marble hall that has statues representing Mr. Lincoln at different times of his life. There are other relics of Mr. Lincoln's life also. His tomb is off this hall at the side opposite the entrance.

It is with a feeling of reverence that one enters this memorial to the great man who said "With charity for all and malice toward none."

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## The Human Hand

What about your hands? Take a good look at them. Did you ever see such a marvelous piece of mechanism? Four fingers and a thumb, and each of them can be moved separately and in any direction desired.

With your hands you can grab an object and hold on with bulldog tenacity and perform a thousand other things, if your hands are whole and in good working order.

The body of your hand is made up of nineteen bones—five long cylindrical bones, called metacarpal bones. The

lower extremities of these bones form, with the heads of the phalanges, the prominences of the knuckles. The fingers are formed by small bones—the phalanges; there being two for the thumb and three for each finger. The bones are covered with a network of muscles, tendons, tissue and skin.

The human hand is the most wonderful and intricate piece of mechanism in all the universe; yet, many of us treat them as if we could purchase new ones or get spare parts at a ten-cent store.

—The Log.

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## Health Notes

Heat stimulates circulation.

Foul air produces drowsiness.

Alcohol does not supply the heat the body needs.

Stimulants of any kind have only a temporary effect.

The more one depends on stimulants, the more he has to.

Eating too much is far more harmful than not eating enough.

A proper diet will often relieve one of the necessity of taking medicine.

There is such a thing as over-reliance on internal medicine. External medicine and exercise should not be overlooked.

## Margins

LOOK at the white margin around the edges of this page. That little strip around the four sides does not seem to be much, does it? But get a rule and measure it and you will find that in this small, narrow margin there is more than one-fourth of the total area of the page!

Margins are mighty important all through our lives. That seemingly unimportant little strip around the edges of our efforts may make all the difference between success and failure. The boy or girl who has a hard time at school or at work often thinks he does not have time to get all those lessons or do his work well. There probably

is a little margin of time slipping away unnoticed, five minutes at a time, just wasted.

In games, too, the player who tries just a tiny margin harder, who moves just a little quicker, runs just a little faster, and thinks just a little deeper usually is the winner. He may not seem to be a superior player in a great degree. He is a winner by a small margin only, but he is a winner! And what difference that is hardly noticeable, if you could measure it, probably would prove to be, just as the margin of this page, more than a fourth of the winner's entire ability.

—*Boy's Comrade.*

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## Try These Riddles

As long as I eat I live, but when I drink I die. What am I?—Fire.

Why is a sentence like an obstinate mule?—Because it usually comes to a full stop.

What is that which no man ever yet did see, which never was, but always is to be?—Tomorrow.

What was the first bet ever made?—The alphabet.

What is as white as snow, as green as grass, as red as blood, and as black as a hat?—A common black cherry.

What do we catch very often, yet never see it?—A passing remark.

To what man in town do all the

other men take off their hats?—The barber.

What is the best material for kites?—Flypaper.

Under what circumstances is it all right to lie?—When in bed.

What is the hardest key to turn?—Donkey.

Why do sailors wear white hats?—To cover their heads.

When does a man weigh the most?—When he is the heaviest.

Tom went out; his dog went with him, but he went not before, nor behind, nor on one side of him; where did he go?—On the other side of him.

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## The Six Fools—

1. The man who puts all of the big apples on top.

2. The man who thinks everyone else is crooked.

3. The man who always sees happiness and success in another town.

4. The man who thinks the world owes him a living.

5. The boy who knows more than his Dad.

6. The man who refuses to live today.

—K. W. M.



## ON READING GOOD BOOKS

DEAR CHILDREN:—

*The examinations are over. Most of you have been promoted into higher grades. Outside, the winter scene is very inviting. Skating is one of the best outdoor sports, because it is healthful. No doubt, many of you enjoy skating.*

*Spring will soon be here. But the evenings are still long. You have lots of time for reading. And reading is a fine art. It is necessary in the modern world to the building of a successful life. But there is so much to read that some will say, "I don't know where to begin."*

*Read good books and magazines. Read also a good daily newspaper, to keep up with the time. But newspapers are hastily written. A good monthly magazine or a book thoroughly digested is worth more than a number of newspapers. People read newspapers just to know what is going on. It is different with books. Read good fiction, history and books on different subjects, and don't forget to read progressive, labor literature.*

*Just as you need bread, potatoes, apples and other food for the growth of your body, so you need good books which enable you to grow in mind and spirit.*

EDITOR.

## JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Dear Editor:—I attend Slovene school. We had a very interesting play, "Pogumni Krojaček," presented by this school. Frank Erzbek, in the title role did his part very well, and Johnny Sustar in the role of the court jester (dvorski norec) made everyone laugh. F. Petrovic played the part of baron, a very hard part. As a whole the play was very good. After the play we sang three Slovene songs. And listen: Kadar bom imela toliko poguma kakor ga je imel pogumni krojaček, bom ves dopis napisala v slovenščini.—**Dorothy Šubelj**, 1107 E. 68th st., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—I am now in fourth grade and am nine years old. During Xmas vaca-

tion I had the measles. I was glad that happened during vacations so I didn't miss much school. On the other hand I was not glad because on Dec. 31 Lodge 63, SNPJ, gave out presents and I had to miss this. Examinations are over and everything is okay.—**Karl Jereb**, 92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwin, Pa.

Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt to write to this wonderful magazine of ours. I am 12 years of age and am in the seventh grade. Our entire family belongs to Lodge 225, SNPJ. My teacher, Miss Timi, is very good. I like to read other letters in the M. L. and there certainly are many and very interesting, too. There are many children in

Girard who belong to the SNPJ but never write to this magazine. I am also writing in Slovene this time.—**Olga Knapich**, box 714, Girard, Kans.

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Dear Readers:—In this, my first letter to the M. L., I wish to tell you that I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. The mines here are not working much. My Daddy and Sister and I belong to Lodge 225, SNPJ. My next birthday will be Sept. 23, 1935. At school we play indoor ball. I have three sisters and one baby brother.—**Charles Palcher**, box 57, Alamo, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—I wish to thank the SNPJ very sincerely for the nice present I received some time ago. When I'll get big I will help others as you have helped me, and I will always stay in the SNPJ as long as I can. I'll never forget what you, the officers of SNPJ, have done for me. I also want to thank Mr. John Troha, branch secretary, who has bought clothes for me. Those who are not members of the SNPJ ought to join now. I am 11 years old. I like to read the Mladinski List which I get every month. My Lodge number is 138, SNPJ.—**Frank Zeitz**, R.F.D., box 41, Washington, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am in the 5A grade in school and am 10 years old. I go to Long-fellow school. This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of Lodge 126, SNPJ, for 10 years already and wish to be all my life. The whole family belongs to the SNPJ. There are four: my parents, my sister and I.—**Anna Kovacic**, 13817 Deise ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—I will surprise mother with this little letter. I am sorry I haven't written to the M. L. before. But now I'll try to write every month. We had lots of snow this winter and lots of fun skating. There are five in our family, all members of the SNPJ, Lodge 289. I wrote this letter in school and my mother didn't know, so she'll be surprised when she sees it.—**Caroline Strell**, box 31, Tire Hill, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—Hello, everybody! Your Ely correspondent is back again. I feel very energetic now, so be prepared for a nice little letter this time. I see we have another Ely writer in Frances Chernivetz. That was a good letter, but how about a longer one, Frances? I got the M. L. a little late this time, so I wrote this letter hurriedly and sent it by airmail. I organized a Stamp Club of five members. The weather is getting a bit better. In January it was 40 degrees below

zero. Our Stamp Club, including me, is building a large snowhouse for our meetings. See you next month.—**Albert Pechaver**, 648 E. Camp st., Ely, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I haven't seen any letters from Royal in the M. L. so I decided to write. We had a mid-winter test and I was worried. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade in school. There are four members in our family and we all belong to the Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota.—**Frank Bon**, box 47, Chestnut Ridge, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am 12 years of age and am in the 7th grade in school. This is my first letter to the M. L. Although reading is my favorite hobby, I don't like school. Most of the members will perhaps disagree with me on that. I like Dorothy Fink's letters very much, and I hope she will write to me.—**Frances Patrick**, box 133, Sharon, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am attending the Slovene singing school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Seme. In Cleveland, we have five Slovene singing schools for Juveniles. One of them had a concert on New Year's. There were 170 children on the stage singing. They also presented two playlets. I will write more the next time.—**Henry Gorjanc**, 19806 Pawnee ave., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Members:—I have enjoyed very much reading the wonderful and interesting letters in the Mladinski List. I hope, too, that in the future I will be able to write more letters than I have been writing. This was one of my resolutions, to keep up the good spirit of writing in the M. L. this year. I hope this year will make the next Xmas better than it was the last.—**Evelyn Shuster**, R. D. 4, Irwin, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read very much. I am 8 years old and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Dorothy Richards. She is very kind and very gentle. I wish the M. L. would come every week. I am a member of Lodge 171, SNPJ.—**Rosalia Katchar**, box 315, Marianna, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I like to read the M. L. and this is my first letter. I wish that our "Sleepy Hollow Town" would wake up and write to the M. L. I am 13 years of age and in the 8th grade in school. There are six in our family and all belong to the SNPJ. I wish some readers would write to me.—**Anne Kosenina**, R. D. 2, Coraopolis, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I am nine years old and am in third grade. This is my first letter. I have five brothers, and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 86. I like school and hate very much to miss a single day.—Mildred Novakovich, 1844 Hudson ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the letters and articles and stories and poems in the M. L., but must tell you that this is my first letter. I wonder if you would like to have a contest between the boys and the girls. The contest would consist in that to see whether boys or girls would write more letters, the winning group to be announced each month. I am 11 years of age and am in the 6th grade of the major work class at Memorial school. I take French once a day. My sister goes to Slovene school, but I, working on Saturdays, cannot go. But I try to get as much as possible from them. I am trying to learn Slovene so I can write to my cousins and grandmother in Europe.—Eugene Terbizan, 14707 Hale ave., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—I am 9 years of age and am in the 5th grade in school. I like to go to school. We had a program recently and I said a piece, "Talkative Tilly." I live on a farm. We have chickens, pigs, horses and cows. I like to live on the farm. I can go to the fields and ride on the tractor. And I like to go with mother pick eggs and feed the chickens.—Antonia Frances Galirsek, R. R. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Editor:—First of all, I must tell you that this is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and am in the 5th grade. In November the mine closed down. There is a little lake by our house that is called Lincoln lake. The lake is dry because they are going to clean it out and fill it up with water so kids and grownups can skate on it in winter and swim in it in summer. Four out of six in our family belong to the SNPJ Lodge 301.—Ernest Jesenick, 416 Mascouta, Ill.

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Dear Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I must say that Santa was good to me last Xmas. Officers of Lodge 175, SNPJ, for the coming year, are: Pres., John Jarosa; Sec'y., Tony Ahlin; Treas., Joe Erchul; Rec. Sec'y., Agnes Siskar. The 1935 village officers are the following: Pres., John Ganll; Trustee, John Gomke; and Clerk, Mrs. Ann Ahlin. They are all Slovene officers.—Nellie Erchul (Lodge 175), box 42, McKinley, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—I have work to do at home and that's why I didn't write any sooner to

the M. L. This is "my first." I am 10 years old and in the B grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hoffman.—When we were hauling corn home last fall, there was a mouse on the wagon and it jumped in my father's shirt. Of course, we had a lot of fun out of that. Best wishes to all.

Cecelia Stefancic, R. D. 1, Oakdale, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L., but I wish it were my tenth. I read the M. L. every month, but I like to read better than to write. I am glad that this magazine is getting bigger. I was 12 years old on Dec. 28. We live on a farm and we keep two cows, one horse and some pigs and chickens. My pet is a little dog; his name is Spoty.—Wake up, Oakdale, and write to the M. L.

Jennie Stefancic, R. D. 1, Oakdale, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I received the SNPJ Christmas card and was very glad about it.

I hope the SNPJ gets plenty of new members in the new year.

I sure like that poem about "No One Like Mother" Josephine Kozlevchar wrote in the last issue of the M. L.

Will write more next time.

Rosie Zupanc, Auburn, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am nine years old, and I am in the fifth grade. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, except my mother. I have two brothers and two sisters.

We have three cows and three calves. I go to the Pierce school. I have three teachers—Mr. Black, Miss Bomberger and Miss Toppe. They're all good teachers. Then I have a music teacher, Miss Bremer.

I have had two box traps. I set them in the woods. Some boys came along and stole one of them.

Joe Kavcic, Box 120, Pierce, W. Va.

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Dear Editor and Members:—

I am starting, as almost every boy and girl, by telling you that this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There are five in our family; four belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 315. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade at school. I am a fan of baseball, basketball, and football, but baseball is my favorite sport. Since basketball season has started I am playing on the school team. I am hoping we win every game. I will write more next time.

William Fautsko,

601 Brown ave., N. W. Canton, Ohio.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I have very much pleasure in reading it.

I wish this town would wake up and write more letters so the Chatter Corner would grow bigger. I just joined the SNPJ Lodge. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I have a good teacher, Mr. Wright.

I wish the Mladinski List would come four times a month instead of once a month. I will write more next time.

Stanley Motosh, box 73, Diamondville, Wyo.

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This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade and I have three teachers, Mr. Black, Miss Topper, and Miss Bomberger. I like them very much.

There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 29. I like M. L. very much, and to prove it I am going to write to the M. L. every month.

The deer season was very good here.

Best regards to you all.

Frank Pelantz, box 18, Pierce, W. Va.

#### NEVER SATISFIED

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It has been a long time since I wrote, but I will try to write oftener to our dear, beloved magazine, the M. L.

It sure is cold here lately (Jan. 9), below zero every single day. The snow was falling, but it's too dry to make snowballs. We were always wishing for snow, now that we have it we are wishing for warm weather; the way we always are—never satisfied.

I was wondering if there are as many cases of pneumonia in other places as there are here in Roundup. January 9 two men died that had it, there is a girl from the eighth grade that has it. She is recovering nicely. Also a boy and girl in the third grade have it.

Nothing but examinations are on our minds now. We will take them January 23. I am in the eighth grade and hope to graduate this year.

I am very sorry that I lost the address to two of my pen pals (Anna Sanich and Mary Cerne). I wish they would write to me, or, if they rather write to the M. L. than me, I will write to them the day I know their addresses.

Now that we have begun a new year, let's increase our "Chatter Corner." Everybody write! Don't say, "He is going to write this time, I'll write next time," or: "I'll write next month as I've too much to do now." If we all said that—what then?

Your member and reader,

Mimi Jancic, box 712, Roundup, Mont.

#### MARY YEARNS FOR VACATION

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Well, I am writing again, and if I want to keep my resolution, I'd better.

I wish Anne Aslege would write. I didn't get a letter from her for a long time.

The weather here (Jan. 16) isn't so bad. But I hope it doesn't snow here any more this winter.

The mine works pretty good here, now. I am glad it does, too.

Well, half of school year is gone, pretty soon there won't be any school. Then we can go swimming and fishing. We also could go for our vacation. All I am waiting for, is to go on my vacation again.

Every night I go to get the mail, in hope I would find the M. L. But I never seem to get it. I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. I like to read letters. I can read and write a little in Slovene and also talk. Lots of times I talk Slovene to some children that can understand it. I think it is a lot of fun.

Pretty soon will be my birthday. I like it, only I will probably get a lot of spankings.

I wish some of the members would write to me and I would gladly answer them.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

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#### ACCIDENTS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am glad 1935 is here. My teacher's name is Donald Drummond. There are quite a few children that started school this year.

About a month ago I had an accident. As I was sleigh-riding down a curved path I wanted to dodge a friend, but he ran his sled-runner into my head. A woman in a nearby house applied iodine and bandaged it. Then I went home.

There was a little boy here that died Jan. 10. He and his brothers and sister were playing on the floor. One would pull the other on a sheet and then another would take his turn. Dannie Svilar, the boy who later died, got a sliver in his back, which reached his spine. He was taken to the hospital and died a few days after. Pallbearers were Emil Kovakovich, Henry Frappart, my brother Joseph, Eli Svilar, Billy Oceanas and Alphonso Roto.

Rudy Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

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#### THE OLD M. L. COPIES

Dear Editor:—

For last Christmas we had nice weather and lots of fun. Four different lodges together in Conemaugh arranged a Christmas party for the children. We all had a good time in receiving many gifts. At home we had a nice

time, too, and received many gifts. It was the best Christmas for me.

We were all staying up to see "New Year" coming in. It really came in with thunder, rain, sleet and snow. It was windy and snowing all day.

During midyear vacations I brought down all the old M. L. copies we have and looked at them back for years. In one there was only one sheet of letter writing. The M. L. is growing larger. I like to read the M. L. very much. Alfred Podboy, Park Hill, Pa.

#### WINTER FLOWERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Santa didn't come to my house, but I got some presents from my mother and father and relatives. I asked my mother if Santa came on Christmas morning and my mother said that only children with empty heads believed in Santa. I didn't have a very enjoyable Christmas because I was sick with the sore throat. And I didn't have a very good vacation because as soon as I got well my mother got sick and I had to do all the work about the house.

We had some winter flowers on our windows on January 2. Winter flowers, icy flowers, you know. We didn't have any real cold days yet.

Times are still tough. Out here, the mine works just two days a week. And you can hardly get any kind of work.

Just now I took some time off to write a letter to this wonderful little magazine. One day we had the word "magazine" in spelling and I thought of the M. L.

I wish more children would write to the M. L. Some of my friends like Louise Selak and Anna Selak of Elm Grove, W. Va. Louise showed up, so why can't Anna? I wish somebody would write to me.

Pauline E. Novak,  
box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

#### SAME POOR CONDITIONS

Dear Editor:—

I haven't been writing to the Mladinski List much, but I will try to write more often. I think it's a great help to those who do not receive any letters.

I go to the Bessemer grade school. I enjoy going to school because I like my studies. Once in a while I take my sister Marjorie Jean with me; she'll be five next month; she can sing in four different languages. Several weeks ago she sang for all the students in the high school; she sang two songs; they sure enjoyed them. I'm very proud of my sister and hope that some day she will be as excellent as some of the radio stars. My mother and father are also proud of her.

I wish for better times in 1935 than were in 1934. There was very little improvement made in Bessemer. Working conditions are the same as they have always been, maybe some day times will swing the right way as they were before the depression. Let's hope so, because we all want to see a change.

Bessemer has only two factories or plants, one is a cement plant and the other is a brick plant, neither is working very good.

Down in East Palestine, Ohio, they have two dish potteries. Last summer I went through one of them and watched them make dishes and put prints on the dishes which, I thought, was very interesting. I also saw them put the dishes in a kiln—they put them in there to glaze them. I don't suppose very many children have seen dishes made. The pottery I went to was the W. S. George Pottery.

We had extreme cold weather here, but it will soon get warmer.—They say that most of the letters come from Penna. They sure do, so let's keep it up. I wish members would write to me from far and near.

Betty Macek, box 79, Bessemer, Pa.

#### "THE FIRST BUT NOT LAST"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I've been reading this Juvenile paper ever since I can remember, and that is about 6 years. In spite of this I have never contributed anything to the M. L. I've had good intentions, and that was all.

We are 4 in a family and all belong to SN-PJ, Lodge 53.

There are many letters which amuse me greatly and some letters which invoke a great deal of disgust in me. An example of the latter type of letter is the readiness with which some of our writers criticize our president. I wish that they could try to take Mr. Roosevelt's responsibilities for 4 hours. They would give up plenty fast. I think that these critics should criticize seriously.

I only read the English section, because I don't know how to read in Slovene. I intend to learn how.

Leo Bostjancich,  
19407 Shawnee ave., Cleveland, O.

"Now dear," said the visitor, "if your mother gave you a large apple and a small apple and told you to give one to your brother, which would you give him?"

"D'you mean my big brother or my small one?"