

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

Čez osem četrtri

(Iz zbirke "Babilonski stihi")

DOL do Devetinpetdesete ceste je osem četrtri
in sam bogve koliko otrok,
zakaj na vsak korak se zamotata človeku pod noge
po dva.
Eden hiti za žogo, drugi riše kroge,
tretji vlačí bratca z ulice na pločnik;
četrtri preskakuje vrvice, peti kamenčka,
šesti se tepe s tovariši—
in vsi ostali so tako zamišljeni v svoje igre,
da so neprestano komu pod nogami.
Pa to jih nič ne moti.
Ko človeka skoro poderejo na tla,
ga svetlo pogledajo v obraz in pravijo iskreno:
"Oprostite!"
—in že spet nadaljujejo svoje igre.

* * *

Kolesa

ČEZ cesto so odprli trgovino s kolesi;
majhnimi, velikimi, dragimi in cenenimi.
Vse okrog vhoda so jih zvrstili,
in vsakemu so obesili ceno na ročaj.
Tako hodijo zdaj siromašni dečki iz vsega bloka
gledat listke in božat svetla nova kolesa,
ki ne bodo nikdar pod njihovimi nogami
puščala ceste za seboj.
Kljub temu pa postajajo tam tiho, upajoč,
da se znabiti zgodi kedaj čudež
in bo nenadno ostalo od očetove plače
dovolj denarja za ceneno kolo.—

Ivan Vuk:

Brzovlak

(Govorilni zbor)

NOČ. Čuti se samo svetloba zvezd, da je vse v nekakem mrzlem somraku. Brzovlak stoji na tračnicah na kolodvoru. Ljudje stopajo na vlak, gledajo skozi okna vagona. Sprevodniki z lučjo v roki stoje pripravljeni za odhod. Na lokomotivi strojevodja gleda po ljudeh.

Potegne za ročaj piščalke. Šum, nato dolg zategnjen oster žvižg lokomotive.

GLAS S POSTAJE:*ČUJ . . .**Signal je dan!—***VSI** z oken in s postaje:*Strojevodja . . .**Odpri ventil,**da v prsih jeklenih,**ognjenih**zabuči**pare silni dih . . .*

(Se sliši oster sik pare, ki sili po ceveh)

GLAS:*A vi—**sodrug!—iz postaj! . . .***VSI:** *Kvišku rdeči semafor,**da zdrvi brez ovir**velikan**—jekleni orjak—**preko polja in gozdov,**skozi mesta in vasi,**skozi noč in mrak,**s krikom vse glušečim.***GLAS** močno in povdarno:*Naš vstaja dan!***VSI:** *Na plan! . . . Na plan! . . .*

Proti koncu vlak izginja v noč. Sliši se sopihanje pare in ropot koles, ki je vedno hitreje in vedno bolj od daleč slišno.

Oder za trenotek prazen, tih. Nato se iz mraka javljajo ljudje, vedno več.

VSI nekako skrivnostno, poslušajoče; od daleč nekje se sliši puh pare iz lokomotive in kлокotanje dirjajočih koles vlaka:

*ČUJ—***GLAS:** *Jekleni krik odmeva skozi gluho noč . . .*

Trenotek molk, napeto poslušanje, skrivnostno:

*A noč . . .**drhti in trepeče**pod grmenjem železnih**jeklenih**vse razbesnelih**koles . . .*

VSI stopijo kakor prebujeni na rob odra:

*Hej . . .**Kdor čuti moč**v mišicah svojih**zjeklenelih,**od dela, znojenja**prekaljenih**naj sledi kriku vstajenja.***GLAS** slišen od nekod daleč,*a mogočen:**Signal je dan! . . .***VSI:** *Na plan! Na plan! . . .*

(Zastor pade.)

PODOKNICE

OB SOBOTAH popoldne pridejo stari goslarji
in brenkajo na svoje strune melodije
minulih dni.

Okrog njih se vrte otroci v plesnem krogu —

Visoko gor v podstrešnih sobah

pa brskajo stare ženice s solznimi očmi po predalih,

da bi našle novčič in se oddolžile goslarjem

za ljub spomin. —

ANNA P. KRASNA.

F. G. Hrastničan:

Mirini prijatelji

NAŠA MIRICA—to vam je dekletce!

Vedno in vedno je vesela, če se ji le ne zgodi kaka nesreča! No, in če pride do tega, da ji priteče solzica iz modrega očesa, tudi ne traja dolgo, da se potolaži. Pa ji tudi ni treba mnogo jokati; saj ji njena ljuba mamica rada izpolni vsako željico!

Dasi ima namreč Mirica še več bratcev in sestric, vendar je prirasla svoji materi najbolj k srcu. Najbrže zato, ker je najmlajša in ker imajo matere majhne otročiče mnogo rajše kakor velike, ki so jim mnogokrat v jezo in nadlogo.

Pa kdo bi ne ljubil naše Mirice?

Vsa je tako ljubka, da se mora vsakomur prikupiti.

A kadar pridejo njeni prijatelji in njene prijateljice k nji na obisk, tedaj ni veselju ne konca ne kraja!

Ko pride njena Elica, Milica in Pepica, njen Ivo in Mirko ter njena sestrica Minka, tedaj je vsa srečna. Tedaj prinese vse svoje igrače, kar jih ima ter jih razkazuje svojim prijateljem.—In o takih prilikah se jim razvežejo jezički in vsi vprek žvrgole kakor ptički v gozdu.

Kodroglavi Ivo stopi pred Miro in ji pravi:

“Mirica, jaz bom tvoj mož. Elica pa najin otrok!”

“A jaz bom teta, ki jo vidva obiščeta!” mu seže brž Pepica v besedo.

“In kaj bom jaz?” vpraša nejevoljno Milica.

“In jaz?”

“In jaz?” vprašujejo drugi po vrsti.—In ob takih prilikah je Mira vselej v veliki zadregi, in ko bi ji v tem hipu ne prišla sestra Minka na pomoč, res ne vem, kaj bi počela. “Glejte,” modruje Minka, “pokličem Kamila, in on bo zdravnik, a jaz njegova žena. Mirin mož bo Ivo, in Elica njiju bolni otrok. Milica bo pa pestovala vajinega otroka, Pepica bo pa postrežnica zdravnikova.”

“Dobro!”

Vsi so zadovoljni s tem ukrepom, in igra se prične.

Prišel je Kamilo s smehom na obrazu in z očali, ki mu jih je napravila v naglici. Minka, na nosu. Oblastno je pogledal po sobi ter potem dejal Minki:

“Ali me že kdo čaka?”

“Gospod Ivo in gospa Mira sta prišla z bolno Elico ter vprašala po tebi!” mu odgovori s sladkimi besedami Minka.

“Dobro! Pepica, pojdi in pokliči jih noter!” zapove gospod “doktor” postrežnici, ki je dosedaj tiho brisala stole.

Pepica odide.

“Doktor” Kamilo pa je stopil pred ogledalo ter si popravljaj očala in veliko očetovo suknjo. Minka je stopila k njemu ter mu snažila malce zaprašeni hrbet.

In vrata se odpro.

Ivo vstopi z Miro, poleg njiju pa klavrno stopica bolnica, držeč se pestunji krila. Za njimi hodi doktorjeva postrežnica.

“Klanjam se, gospa!” pozdravi Kamilo Miro ter ji ponudi stol, takisto gospodu Ivotu. Nato stopi k bolnici, jo poboža po licu in reče:

“Kaj ti je, mala, da si tako žalostna?”

“O, gospod doktor, bolna je, hudo bolna!” odgovori namesto nje gospa Mira.

“Jej, jej! Kaj ji pa je? — Kje te boli, punčka?” vpraša “doktor” in upre oči skozi brezsteklena očala v bolnico.

“Želodec, najbrž želodec!” odgovori sedaj gospod Ivo, “saj vedno liže cukrčke.”

“No, bomo že napravili! Dam ji kapljic, in takoj ji odleže!” Učeno se je obrnil “doktor” Kamilo, vzela nekaj vode, ki je v nji stopil sladkorja ter dal to zdravilo bolni Elici.

"Oh, sladka, sladka, sedaj sem pa zdrava!" je zavpila Elica ter skočila k Miri.

"Ha-ha-ha! Izvrsten zdravnik, kajne, Mira? No, saj zdravnik tudi bom in zdravnik moram biti!" Tako se je bahal Kamilo ter snel naočnike z nosu.

Minka pa je pogrnila mizo ter smehljaje se povabila gospo Miro in gospoda Ivota z ozdravljeno Elico na kozarček vina.

"Saj smo že od nekdaj dobri prijatelji, kajne?" je vprašala ter pomaknila svoj stolec bliže k Miri.

Sedaj je Minka zapazila, da Pepica in Milica samo gledata, medtem ko se drugi zabavajo. Že je hotela nekaj izpregovoriti, a v tem jo prehitel Mira:

"To ni nič," je dejala. "Pepica in Milica sta naši. Pepica bo Minkina sestra, Milica pa moja, in tako lahko sedita obe pri naši mizi."

"Tako je!" so zaklicali vsi, in Pepica in Milica sta prisedli.

In dala je mama z vodo zmešanega malinovca, malo potice, sladkorja, orehov in češpelj; Minka pa je kuhala in nosila na mizo ter si prizadevala na vse mogoče načine, da zadovolji svoje goste.

Vesela družbica pa je hvalila kuharsko spretnost gospodinjino ter uživala na mizo prinesena jedila.

In igrali so se dolgo ti Mirini prijatelji, igrali tako dolgo, da so se naveličali.

Ivan Vuk:

Kako je nastal biser?

(Iranska pravljica-legenda)

NEKA iz tisočerotisočih deževnih kapljic, ki so sedele v naročju mehkih oblakov, jadrajocih pod nebom in jih je solnce poljubljalo z ljubeznijo življenja, je zaželela, ko je plul oblak nad morjem, kakor je to v navadi razvajenih otrok, da bi se okopala v tistem morju.

"Oh, kako je lepo tam doli v tisti postelji, tako sinji, kakor nebo, po katerem se izprehaja sonce. Oj, če bi mogla se pozibati v tisti postelji."

In še ni prav izgovorila svoje želje, je že začutila, da nekam leti in da je tako prijetno in mehko, kakor še nikoli. Padla je v morje in zdelo se ji je, da jo je nekdo ali nekaj objelo strastno in mehko.

"Uh", je tiho zavrisnila in začutila, kako so jo morske kapljice poškrpale, kakor da so jo popršale s parfumom. Morje jo je začelo zibati in gugati v svojem naročju, mehko in nežno, da se

je čutila vsa blažena. "Uh, kako je to prijetno."

Ni je to prevzelo, kakor je navada pri mnogih, da se začutijo kakor da so izbrani in da so več kakor drugi, če se jim kakšna želja izpolni. Kapljica je bila skromna in se je v tej brezkončni postelji, v tem mehkem zibajočem se divanu čutila kot delce te brezkončnosti, kot delce neba in zemlje.

In zato svojo skromnost je bila nagrajena.

Ko se je ozrla po sebi, je videla, da jo obdaja lesk in barve, ki so nenavadno tajinstvene in privlačne. In slišala je glas, ki je govoril:

"Bodi kraljica draguljev na svetu in kraljica lepih žensk, ki bodo, če bo v njih srcih dobroti, vzbujale pomlad v vseh, ki bodo žalostni. Ta pa, kjer bo zakrknjeno srce, ostaneš mrzel dragulj, bleščeč in solze izzivajoč.

In ljudje so imenovali ta dragulj: biser. Tako se je rodil biser.

Anna Krasna:

Na hrib

(Iz zbirke "Med hribi")

IZ nizke lesene stavbe, v kateri so živeli Curkovi, se je videlo gor na hrib. In vsakokrat, ko se je Francka ozrla nanj, ji je bilo kakor jetniku, ki gleda modro nebo skozi zamreženo okence svoje celice. Vsakokrat je vzdihnila, vsakokrat je sanjala o mali hišici vrh hriba, o prostosti, ki bi obkrožala življenje na hribu. Želela si je ven iz sajastega Claytona, ven iz blatnega barja in okolice, ki je neprestano napolnjevala človeka s tegobo in puščobo.

Misel je postajala z vsakim dnem močnejša, in kadar je solnce obsevalo zeleno drevje vrh hriba, je bila ta misel nestrpna in neugnana ko narasla voda, ki podira jezove.

Curku pa se ni mudilo.

"Toliko let sem prebil v tej luknji," je dejal, "da mi je vseeno če potrpi še malo. Dom stane denar, kje bom vzel tako hitro . . . delavci smo."

Ali Francka se je le naprej ozirala na hrib, tuhtala in sanjala ter končno stopila pred Curka z resno zahtevo:

"Gostačev mi pripravi," je rekla odločno, "drugi jih imajo in si kupujejo lote, midva pa sva zmirom na istem mestu."

Curk jo je začudeno pogledal in tiho pripomnil:

"Z gostači je delo, Fanica moja."

"Dela se ne bojim, bojim pa se tiste časa, ko bom morala gledati kako se mi vračajo iz šole taki bledečki paglavčki kakršni se pode po tem barskem gnezdu."

"Ha," se je zasmel Curk, "daleč misliš, saj imamo vendar samo še Francka in znabiti pri tem ostane."

"Dobro, naj ostane, a tudi za Francka hočem, da bo imel vsaj zraka dovolj."

Spet se ji je smejal:

"O, nič se ne boj, če pojdemo na hrib,

boš morala Francka še čuvati pred zrakom—vrh hriba piha, to boš kmalu videla."

"Nič ne de, kjer piha ne smrdi in meni je ljubša sapa nego ta barski vzduh in to večno padanje saj."

Curk je mučeniško vzdihnil:

"Zaključeno brez ugovora . . . na hrib pojdemo in finiš . . . ženske zmirom dosežejo kar želijo. In gostačev ti pripeljem, Francka, da jih boš še stran podila."

Francka se je zadovoljno nasmejala:

"Kar pripelji jih, čimveč in čimprej, tem boljše! Najin Francek mora imeti dom, trato, gozd, ptičje petje in solnce, mnoga solnca, da bo rastel in živel kakor je primerno za otroka."

Pobrala ga je s tal kjer se je igral ter ga veselo se smejoč zasukala v krogu:

"Si slišal, mali Curk, na hrib pojdemo—na solnce!"

*

To je bil prvi korak. Odločitvi so sledili gostači in Francka je kaj kmalu spoznala, da bodo naslednji koraki do njenega cilja spremljani s trdim naporom in delom. Vstajala je zdaj vsak dan ob štirih in mnogokrat je bila zaposljena do poznih ur. Na hrib se je le malokdaj ozrla, a v mislih je neprestano računala in premerjala razdaljo med nogavico v starem kovčegu pod posteljo in njenim ciljem. Kadarkoli je skrila vanjo še en zlatnik ali srebrnjak, je čutila dosledno kako se je skrajšala razdalja za droben korak.

Ob takih mislih so dolgourni dnevi vendarle jadrno minevali in Franckina vesela pesem je spremila mnogoterega v zaton. Njena lica so se z dnevi nekoliko ožila, oči so zgubljale dekliški lesk in roke so postajale žilaste in trde od večnega garanja po hiši in ob peči, ali

Francka vsega tega skoro ni opazila, ker ni imela časa misliti nase. Niti se ni zavedla brzine, s katero se je bilo zasukalo leto okrog. Kar naenkrat, čez noč skoro, je pobožal črni Clayton usmev pomladnega solnca in tedaj je opazila spet znova koliko veličastneje in svobodneje sije solnce na hrib.

Solnce!

Tako jo je zgrabila vraščena sila kmečke nature, da bi zavriskala ter odhitela na hrib. Sicer je vedela, da je razdalja še precejšnja in vedela je tudi, da bo minilo še leto in znabiti še nekaj let preden bodo drobni koraki iz nogavice v kovčegu dosegli solnčni cilj vrh hriba.

Prepočasno je bilo to romanje za Francko. Začela je nadlegovati Curka, naj se izposodi in prične z gradnjo.

Curk se je obotavljal.

"Počakajva do druge spomladi," je dejal, "za delavca ni zdravo, če se zakoplje v dolg."

"Ni zdravo . . ." je ponovila Francka, "seveda ni, a še manj je zdravo, če se nabere siromak otrok v baraki, ki še njegova ni."

S prepričevalnim pogledom se je ozrla vanj in obenem pognala z novo zibko, v kateri se je baš pričel cmeriti Franckov nekaj tednov stari bratec.

Curk se je ozrl po malemu ter skomignil z rameni:

"Naj bo po tvojem, upam da imaš prav, sicer si nakopujeva breme, ki ne bo lahko."

"Ne skrbi tako, saj ti bom jaz pomagala. Gostači pravijo, da pojdejo z nami kadar se preselimo na hrib, služila bom torej kar naprej za odkup mojega domčka. Pa s koliko večjim veseljem bom delala v svoji hišici. In ti, mar ne boš zadovoljnejši ko boš vedel na poti z dela, da greš zares domov?"

"Hm, domov . . ." je smeje povzel Curk, "ti se nič ne domišliš, da bo tisti "domov" podaljšal mojo vsakdanjo križevo pot. Pol urice zjutraj, pol zvečer . . . vidiš, tako delamo v Ameriki z življenjem: razmečemo ga kot vse drugo. Toda jaz se le šalim, Francka, za tvojo hišico bom rad žrtvoval šest ur hoje na teden."

Francka se je smejala.

"Kaj bi me strašil s tvojim žrtvovanjem, povsod odpirajo majne, boš že dobil delo bližje, ko pojedemo na hrib."

"Trdno voljo imaš," je dejal Curk, "z ničemer te ne ostrašim, zato bo najboljše, če si grem ogledat tiste lote, da bo stvar čimprej urejena."

Vzel je klobuk s police nad mizo in se napolil s par gostači proti hribu.

Francka je gledala za njimi. Bila je srečna. Njen cilj se je približal, da bi ga že skoro lahko otipala v vsej njegovi vresničenosti. Za dva ali tri mesece jo bo pozdravila svetlobarvna hišica raz hriba. Naselila se bo v njej s svojima malima dečkoma in jima bo ustvarila prijeten domek.

Resničen domek v tujem svetu . . . kako sladka zavest!

Mile Klopčič:

DVE DROBNI

IZGUBIL oče je v tovarni delo,
in ž njim izgubil oče je smehljaj.
Zdaj dela spet in vse je spet veselo,
imamo kruh, prežganko in še kaj!

Na lepem kruh z neba je deževal,
trgovec kar zastonj deli živila,
berač Andrejec cesar je postal—
in vse to bogme prvega aprila!



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

GIFFORD BEAL

OBLAK DIMA

Ivan Jontez:

Pismo Dore Selanove

(Tretje pismo)

“KDOR čaka—pričaka!” je некоč dejal pri nas neki stric. “Dotlej je pa treba potrpeti. Za dežjem vedno solnce sije.” Moj oče, ki je bil tedaj še zdrav, se je utrujeno nasmehnil. “Kakopak . . . solnce pride . . . ampak ne za nas! Nam vedno kaže le z dežja pod kap. In naposled na—smetišče. Prida ne moreš pričakovati, če bi še rajši.”

Obiskovalec se je bučno zasmel ter lopnil očeta po plečih. “Črnoglednež nepoboljšljivi, samo sence vidiš, za solnčne strani pa nimaš oči! Kaj ne vidiš, da se časi izboljšujejo? Saj imamo Roosevelta, ki bo krizo zadavil kot mlado mače in—”

Oče je obiskovalca nejevoljno prekinil: “Že dobro, John, samo glej, da ne boš sam preveč pisano gledal, kadar bo potipalo tudi tebe. Lahko je biti optimist, dokler ti ni nobene sile . . .”

Nekaj tednov pozneje je mož silno slabe volje prigodrnjal k nam ter povedal, da je bil odpuščen z dela v železniških delavnicah. Moj oče ga je zbadljivo ustavil: “Kaj se bi jezil, John, prava reč, če si ob delo, časi se vendar izboljšujejo in Roosevelt tudi ni še umrl . . .” Mož je grdo zarentačil, češ, da se oče norčuje iz njega in mu privoščiči njegovo smolo, nato pa je jezen odšel.

Od tedaj sta minili dve leti in John in njegova družina so že več ko leto in pol na relifu.

Ampak jaz mislim, da oče tedaj ni bil docela v pravem. Res, da smo bili odtelej vsak dan na slabšem, vendar se je naposled tudi nam začelo obračati na bolje. Najprej je prišel oče iz bolnišnice. Potem je mati dobila delo v tovarni avtnih ogrodič. Naposled smo si našli tudi drugo stanovanje.

Dolgo smo morali čakati, to je res in težko nam je bilo, vendar smo pa na-

posled—pričakali vse to. “Človek ne sme nikdar obupati!” je некоč rekla teta Agata in jaz ji dam prav, čeprav je mama tedaj nejevoljno zagodrnjala, da je lahko tako govoriti, dokler človeku ni nikake sile.

Zdaj stanujemo na Zeleni aveniji v pritlični enodružinski hiši s petimi sobami. Hiša je sicer že stara, vendar je dobro ohranjena in ima lepe in svetle sobe, v katerih je videti naše obrabljeno in oguljeno pohištvo kar revno. In v kleti ima peč na vročo vodo, ki nas bo grela pozimi. Pred hišo je zelena trata, na vsaki strani ulice se pa šopiri vrsta mogočnih javorov in brestov, ki nam delajo prijetno senco. Za hišo imamo lep zelenjadni vrt, ki sem ga pod očevo nadzorstvom in z Johnnyjevo pomočjo spremenila v krasno zeleno preprogo iz sočne salate in druge zelenjave, obrobjeno z okvirom iz pisanih cvetic. Tudi gredice okoli hiše sem zrahljala in obsejala in so zdaj vse v cvetju. Poleg tega imamo na vrtu tudi majhen kokošnjak in prijazno senčno uto, v kateri je prijetno posedati, kadar solnce z vso močjo pritiska na zemljo in v čije hladu tudi pišem tole pismo. Na kratko povedano: v primeri s prejšnjim stanovanjem se zdaj nahajamo kakor v pravljici deveti deželi.

Pri vsem tem je naše novo stanovanje celo cenejše od starega! Meni to kar ne gre v glavo. Zdi se mi, da sem še vedno premlada, da bi mogla razumeti vsa ta protislovja.

Oče, ki je prišel iz bolnišnice do kosti shujšan in mrk, se je ves spremenil. Ker je ob lepem vremenu vedno na solncu, je v prej smrtobledi obraz lepo ogorel, upadla lica so se mu po malem začela polniti in v očeh se mu utrinjajo iskre vračajočega se zdravja. Tudi korak mu je postal prožnejši in gotovejši.

Po malem že prijemlje za razna dela v hiši in okrog nje. Tudi nam že pripravi obed, ko se opoldne vrnemo iz šole. Zdi se mi, da so se zdravniki urezali, ko so rekli, da ne bo več nikdar za rabo. Oče se jim smehlja: "Ne rečem, da niso podkovani v svoji stroki, rečem pa, da so pozabili računati z gorenjsko trdoživostjo. Prave gorenjske korenine ne stare vsaka sapa."

Mama hodi v tovarno na delo. Osem ur na dan pet dni v tednu, včasih šest. Domov se vrača utrujena, vendar mnogo veselejša kakor je bila prej. Roke ima hudo zdelane in prst za prstom ji oteka in se gnoji. "Eh, kaj to!" pravi z omalovaževalno kretnjo ter se skuša veselo nasmehljati, "se bodo že utrdile roke in potem bo dobro. Saj delo ni tako naporno, le roke sem imela preveč zmehkužene."

Oče ji tega ne verjame, to mu berem na obrazu. Vendar ne reče nič. Samo z očmi jo poboža tako ljubeznivo. Oni dan sem ga čula zamrmrati: "Tako hrabra ženica . . ." O, da, moja mati je res pogumna žena, to vidim, čeprav sem še majhna in mlada.

Večkrat slišim ljudi jeziti se, ker ženske delajo v tovarnah. Pravijo, da je na svetu samo zato tako hudo. Tega ne verjamem. Če bi naša mama ne bila dobila dela, bi bilo za nas še slabše kot prej. Oče vendar ne more delati, dokler ne okreva. Sreča, da je mama zdrava in da lahko dela.

Nekateri pa pravijo, da je prav, da tudi ženske delajo v tovarni, da pa bi morala družba skrbeti za bolne, stare ali onemogle. Meni je vse to prečudno zamotan voz, ki ga moja glava nikakor ne more razvozlati. "Še prekmalu se ti bodo odprle oči," mi je rekel včeraj oče. "Kruta resničnost ti jih bo

odprla le prekmalu in otroškega piknika bo zate konec. Ej, le nikar preveč ne muči svoje mlade glavice z vprašanji, ki ti bodo itak še presedala. Rajši skoči na ulico in poigraj se z otroki."

Odrasli ljudje res tako čudno govore, njihove besede so same uganke, ki jih mi otroci kar ne moremo doumeti. Zakaj nam teh ugank ne razlože? Tudi otroci bi radi vedeli, zakaj je tako čudno na svetu. Vsaj jaz bi rada vedela.

Nu, pa zaenkrat sem zadovoljna, da smo se rešili umazane ceste sv. Daniela. In na relifu nismo več. Drugi otroci nam zdaj ne morejo več oponašati, da smo berači in živimo od miloščine. Mama dela! Ata pravi, da je prepričan, da bo v nekaj mesecih docela okreval in bo lahko zopet stopil za delom. "Seveda, ako se medtem zopet ne pogreznemo na dno, kakor smo se leta 1929."

Nova uganika je zame v teh besedah.

Pa sem rekla:

"Nič ne maraj, ata, jaz in Johnny bova kmalu velika in tudi mala dva bosta zrastle in potem bo vse drugače, le verjemi mi."

Oče se je nasmehnil.

"Upajmo, da bo," mi je prikimal ter me pobožal po laseh. "Saj to upanje je vse, kar nas drži pokoncu . . ."

P. S.: Johnny je dobil dva bela kunca z očmi kot rubini. Ves neumen je nanju, celo ščurke s ceste sv. Daniela je pri njima pozabil. Sicer je pa navihanec zmerom zaposlen: če se ne smučče okrog kuncev ali ne teše ali žaga kaj v kleti, se pa podi okrog s svojimi tovariši, ki jih ima tu cel trop. Kaj hočemo, otroci morajo zmerom kaj početi, da jim ni dolg čas. In prav je tako, naj se igra in veseli zdaj; ko bo odrasel, bo temu odzvonilo, kakor pravi ata.



Ivan Vuk:

Čudna oporoka

(Indijska pravljica.)

TISTE dni, ko je luna na nebu kazala svoj zadnji krajec in je s svojim tako skrivnostnim pojavom na nočnem nebu blagoslavljalna zemljo in vernike Allahove in preroka Mohameda, je umrl Arabec Hatim. Svojima sinovoma Selimanu in Fatimiru je poleg drugega zapustil tudi dve kameli. Vsakemu po eno, da jima ne bo treba hoditi po poslih peš. V spisih, ki jih je zapustil, sta našla brata Seliman in Fatimir oporoko. Razgrnila sta jo in čitala:

“Selimanu in Fatimiru, sinova moja! Allah vaju blagoslovi! Bodita čednostna in v vajinih srcih naj ne bo nezaupanja in skritosti, ki vodi v prepire in mržnje. Bodita drug za drugega in Allah bo z obema. Dobrota srca se v človeku uveljavi, če človek svojemu sočloveku žrtvuje v času potrebe, samega sebe. Kajti obilo je plačilo za to v človeku samem, ko mu njegov notranji jaz govori priznanje.

Čujta me, Seliman in Fatimir, sinova moja! V puščavo, ki se začenja za našo vasjo, sem zakopal zaklad, da ga očuvam pred rokami, ki rade posegajo tja, kjer ni njihovo. In tako sem ga zakopal, da ga bosta imela vidva, sinova moja, ko odpotujem k Allahu. Mesto, kjer je zaklad zakopan, je označeno: Na peščenem gričku, ki se nekoliko dviga izmed stotero gričkov, je komaj opazen ročaj s kaveljastim križem. Po črtežu, ki je priložen, ga bosta našla. In čujta, sinova moja, Seliman in Fatimir, kaj vama pravim: Jezdita iskat zaklad s kamelama, ki sem ju vama daroval. In tisti, katerega kamela bo prišla z njim poslednja na tisto mesto, tistega bodi zaklad, če — to prepuščam vajini modrosti in volji Allaha — namreč medsebojno drugače, kar je boljše, ne ukreneta.”

Tako je bila pisana oporoka Arabca Hatima sinovoma Selimanu in Fatimiru.

Seliman in Fatimir sta se, ko sta prečitala oporoko, zamislila. Nista se zamislila, da bi našla še boljše misel o razdelitvi zaklada, kakor ga je v oporoki izrazil oče in postavil ograjo, da bi ne nastal med bratoma prepir radi zaklada, ograjo: “katerega kamela bo prišla pozneje k mestu zaklada, tistega bodi zaklad,” ne, temveč mislila sta samo na zaklad in kako bi preprečila drugemu, da bi ne bil zadnji. Samo zaklad je bil v mislih Selimanu in Fatimiru.

Čudna je bila ta oporoka in čudno, nenavadno je bilo iskanje zaklada.

Jezdila sta kamele po puščavi. Vede-la sta že kje je tisti hribček, v katerem je komaj viden ročaj s kaveljastim križem. Ali jezdila sta silno počasi, se izogibala vsakega najmanjšega napora, jezdila sem in tja in vsak je čakal, da brat nehote prvi prijezdi h griščku in izgubi zaklad.

Zvečer sta, tako sem in tja potujoč po puščavi, prijezdila v neko oazo. Pokrepčala sta sebe in kameli ter legla spat. Vsak je ugibal, kako bi naredil, kako bi prevaril drugega, da bi prišel poslednji k zakladu.

Zjutraj zgodaj se jima je pridružil nek popoten puščavnik. Poslušal je njuno tožbo, se zamislil in rekel:

“Svetovati vama hočem. Ali vsakemu posebej, tiho, na uho, da drugi ne čuje. Kajti ni nič hujšega, kakor poznati namero drugega. To rodi zavist, nevošljivost in mržnjo.

“Stopi sem”, je rekel Selimanu.

In sklonil se je k ušesu Selimana in mu zašepetal:

“Skoči na kamelo in zdirjaj z njo k zakladu.”

"Ali, oporoka očetova pravi: Kdor pride s kamelo poslednji, tisti dobi zaklad."

"Zdirjaj", pravim, a dirjaj mimo. In če vidiš brata za seboj ali pred teboj, zdirjaj v ovinku mimo zaklada. Brat bo dirjal za teboj, ti pa še dirjaj in ko brata izpelješ daleč, se vrni naglo in glej: ti si prispel, res da prvi k zakladu, a tudi poslednji, ker brat bo še kdo ve kje najprej pred teboj. In želja tvojega očeta bo izpolnjena. Zaklad bo tvoj."

Tako je tudi tiho, šepetajoče svetoval Fatimiru.

In glej, zasedla sta kameli in zdirjala, da se je suhi, vroči pesek prašil kakor oblak.

Puščavnik je gledal za njima in se nasmejal:

"Oče je dobro vedel, da se bosta grizla radi zaklada. Zato je onemogočil, da ga dobita. Bolje je, je računal modri človek, da ga dobi nekdo tretji, ki mu ne bo rodil v srcu mržnje k drugemu,

kakor pa eden iz mojih sinov zato, da bi sovražil svojega brata. Kajti, modrosti ni v njunima glavama, ki bi govorila: Obe najini kameli bosta prišli z nama poslednji k zakladu, da bo tako zaklad obeh, ker sva brata."

Oprl se je na palico in šel v smeri, kakor sta mu brata Seliman in Fatimir očrtala. Stopil je h gričku, nekoliko bolj opaznemu iz stotero gričkov. Pobrskal je in glej, pokazal se je ročaj s kaveljastim križem.

Puščavnik se je ozrl po puščavi. Sonce je peklo pesek in vroča mrtvina je visela v zraku.

"Odrvela sta, drug drugega varata. Jaz pa, o Allah, vzamem zaklad, zakaj vidim, da si mi ga prisodil radi gluposti bratov."

Zadel je zaklad na pleča in odšel.

Seliman in Fatimir pa še danes dirjata s kamelama po pesku, hoteč izpodmakniti drug drugega, da bi si tako, brez delitve, vzela zaklad.

GOETHE:

ROŽICA V DOBRAVI

VIDEL fant je rožico,
rožico v dobravi,
mlado, lepo rožico.
Hitro stekel je po njo,
jo vesel pozdravi.
Roža, roža, rožica,
rožica v dobravi.

Fant ji reče: Vtrgam te,
rožica v dobravi!
Roža pravi: Zbodem te,
da boš večno pomnil me,
pusti me v dobravi.
Roža, roža, rožica,
rožica v dobravi.

Fant je vtrgal rožico,
rožico v dobravi;
roža zbode ga močno,
fant ne zmeni se za to,
morala je vmreti.
Roža, roža, rožica,
rožica v dobravi!

(K Schubertovi kompoziciji poslovenil
MILE KLOPČIČ)

Kurt Klaber—Ivan Vuk:

Razgaljeni človek

Pripovedka

TAM, kjer udarajajo kladiva na paro po belo-razbeljenem železu, kjer lete blesteče iskre v celih snopih po delavnicah, kjer vzdigujejo ljudje težke kepe železa in ga ženske razvažajo v samokolnicah po delavnici—tam se je ustavil popotnik.

Oh—teh eden je, ki je utrujen od šuma in ponižanja obstal v razbeljenem zraku, teh eden, katerega telo trepetava od mogočnih udarcev kladiv, ki mučeniško zbira svoje izčrpane sile, da zasluži košček kruha—teh eden iz mnogoštevilnih sužnjev zlatega teleta je. Naslonjen stoji ob visokem steburu. Roke se čvrsto, krčevito oprijemljejo železa. Oči so se razširile. Pada.

A hkratu se zopet vzravna. Oči mu streme nepremično nekam v daljino. Roke se krčevito stiskajo, dih v prsih zastaja. Vse okrog njega je v plamenu. Zdi se mu, da drvi naravnost nanj ogromno ognjeno kolo.

Gigantska delavnica se zdajci spremeni v nekakšno telo brez oblike, podobno maliku, ki vstaja sredi tovarniških sten. Belo razbeljeno železo, to so njegove bleščeče oči, kladiva, strašno zamahnjene pesti. In vse telo se reži popotniku v obraz izzivalno, prezirajoče. In naenkrat vidi, kako vsi, kar jih je v tovarni, trgajo s sebe svoje poslednje cunje in padajo na obličja pred ogenj sopečo pošatjo.

"O, zlato tele," kriči nekdo iz mnogih. "Zakaj me suješ od sebe? Tebi v slavo sem se izpremenil v enorokega pohabljenca. Tebi sem dovolil, da si mi teptalo moje telo. Nisem mar v češčenju tvojega veličanstva posivel in se postaral? Zakaj me torej suješ od sebe kakor onemoglega psa?"

Ali še bolj prezirljivo se smeji razbeljene oči. Starec se je zrušil s krikom na tla.

Krik drugega nesrečneža pretrese zrak.

"Ti si me pohodilo, ti si ubilo v meni misli in čustva. Brezsilen sem pred teboj, zakaj za svoje orodje si me napravilo. Zakaj me še mučiš?—Mar ne vidiš mojega trpljenja? Kaj mi res hočeš vzeti še poslednje, kar je ostalo še v meni—zavest, da sem človek?"

"Da, tvojo dušo hočem," je cinično kriknila pošat. In njene železne pesti padajo z vso silo, vse uničujočo, kujoč cele snope blestečih in sršečih isker.

"Zavladati hočeš nad mano," je kriknil tretji, "nad mojo dušo? Kaj je nisi trgalo, ti, zlato tele, dan na dan, kos za kosom, dokler nisem postal delce tvojega "jaza"? Ali niso moji možgani, moje misli podvržene tebi? Ali vkljub temu me davi tvoja pest vedno silneje."

"Zdravo, silno telo imaš, mišice zaviljive, utrjene v delu. To hočem. Z njimi hočem gospodariti, s tvojo močjo, s tvojo voljo, hočem da si ves moj."

"A kaj hočeš od mene," je zavpila mlada ženska in se onemogla zgrudila pred pošat. "Vzela si mi vse, radost, ljubezen, moža, otroke . . ."

"Aha, ti si? Ti sprašuješ?—Eh, prožne so še tvoje grudi in naročje tvoje še skriva naslade. To hočem."

Beli, upognjeni starki govori pošast:

"Kaj iščeš ti tu? . . . Kako da še živiš? Na moj račun? Petdeset let sem te izmozgaval, a še živiš? Kaj hočeš?"

V odgovor se starka glasno in divje zasmije:

"Umreti."

Vse to gleda popotnik. Čuje krike in besede in vedno več ljudi prihaja odnekod. Pogleda . . . Mladina. Nekoč je imela ta mladina blesteče oči, prijeten smehljaj je bil na njih ustnicah. Sedaj jo je zlato tele obrizgalo z grehom. Glej dekleta, ki so se nekoč

smehljala kakor otroci, so sedaj v objemih te pošasti se spremenila v poulične vlačuge. Samo z zlobnim in porogljivim smehom jih gleda zlato tele.

Tam, glejte, otroci, bleđi, izmučeni otroci, vzrastli v mračnih, mokrih kletih, v polumraku mnogonadstropnih hiš, prihajajo, da se poklonijo zlatemu teletu. Stegujejo svoje suhe ročice. Glejte, kako jim prstki dregetajo? Komaj slišno šepetajo:

"Kruha . . . kruha . . ."

"Hej, vi človeški odpadki, sodrga" . . . se razjezi zlato tele. "Izpred mojih oči. Nepotrebni ste mi. Rastite, da vam otipljem mišice. Če boste dobrim spoznani, vam nadenem tisti jarem, ki ga nosijo vaši očetje in vaše matere, da mi boste služili."

Ali otroci se ne zganejo. Trudni, slabotni udi jih več ne nosijo. Tedaj jih ležeče v prahu razžene grohotajoči udar kladiva.

Iz prsi popotnika se izvije besen krik:

"Ti . . . ti . . ."

Popotnik začuti, da vstaja v njem nepoznana sila. Še enkrat krikne divje, odločno, mišice se mu napno:

"Ti . . . ti . . ."

Njegove roke se srdito oprimejo za gigantski železni steber. Oči zlatega teleta se obračajo k popotniku. Na ustih je zbesnela pena.

"Prokleti, ničvredni človek, poklekni . . . Ti se drzneš meni, svojemu bogu, pretiti? . . . Poklekni! Ti se drzneš kljubovati meni, se puntati moji volji? Hočeš mar, da te zdrobi kladivo moje oblasti?"

Popotnik z globoko mržnjo pogleda v peklenški blesk ogenj puhajoče pošasti. Vidi samo eno: Telesa svojih sotrpinov—sodrugov, poteptanih z železno peto pošasti in izobličena od muk lica otrok. In njegov glas je bil kakor grom:

"Da, jaz, ničvredni človek, jaz se puntam zoper tebe. Zakaj prebudile so se v meni tisočere sile, da strgam z vratu jarem, v katerega si nas vkovalo nepremišljene. Jaz, razgaljeni človek, bom uničil tvoje sile.

In še krepkeje so se vgrizle popotnikove roke v železni steber. Mogočna stavba zlatega teleta se je zamajala. Z oglušajočim gromom so se zrušile stene. Ogenj puhteča pošast se je razletela na milijone ugašajočih isker.

Umetnik

ČOKATI Italijan maha s starim škarpom
in vneto pripoveduje o umetniku,
ki je nekoč pogнал na drevesu njegove družine.
Debela žensčina malomarno ogleduje otroške risbe,
ki leže razmetane med izrezki usnja na delovni mizi.
V zadnjem kotu delavnice pa se sveti
rdeča glavica in sijejo črne oči.
Na drobnih kolenih počiva zvezek,
delikatna ročica pa skrbno vleče črte in karikira
zamahujočega očko in leno, debelo signoro . . .

Anna P. Krasna.



PIŠITE!

DRAGI DEČKI IN DEKLICE!

Zadnje mesece ste z dopisi zelo nazadovali. Zdi se, da vas je kontest utrudil, namesto da vas bi poživil, navdušil. Takoj po končanem kontestu so dopisi začeli pojemati. Še nikdar v zadnjih sedmih letih niso bili dopiski v "Kotičku" tako pičli kakor so baš letos. Kaj je vzrok? Navedite ga v dopisih! Nekoliko je seveda krivo poletje, nekoliko šolske počitnice. Predvsem pogrešamo sledečih zvestih dopisovalcev: Josephine Mestek, Olge in Felixa Vogrin, Jennie Grobin, Johnnyja Potočnika, Volkovih, Ed. Kompara, Helen Leskovec, Mildred Jordan, Krancevičevih, Klunovih, Holkovih, Jerebovih in mnogo, mnogo drugih, ki so prej vsak mesec dopisovali.

Veselo na noge! Pišite! Pošljite za julijski Mladinski List toliko dopisov, da ne bom vedel kam z njimi! Naprosite starše, da vam pomagajo. To bodo radi storili. **PIŠITE!**

Pomnite, da so vaši dopisi zanimiv in potreben del Mladinskega Lista! Čitajo jih stari in mladi, tu in v starem kraju! **Zato—PIŠITE!**

UREDNIK

Pismo iz Ljubljane

Cenjeni urednik!

Iskreno se Vam zahvaljujem za priobčitev mojih pesmic v Mladinskem Listu. Tudi za pošiljko M. L. se Vam zahvaljujem in za popravke v pesmicah.

Danes Vam zopet pošiljam eno pravljico in eno pesmico. Prosim, da ju priobčite. Obenem pa Vas tudi prosim, da mi pošljite M. L.

Tu je kratka pripovedka "Zaklad v gori":

Na goro je vodila ozka pot, da je človek težko stopal, kajti obsajena je bila z gostimi smrekami. Nekako sredi te poti je bila ob strani votlina. Ko je nekoč neki mož stopal po tej poti in opazil votlino, se je zagledal vanjo. Mislil si je: "Kaj neki bi bilo v tej votlini?"

Oprezno se je splazil notri in kmalu je prišel do svetlih stopnic. Nalahko je stopal, da ga ne bi kdo slišal. Hipoma dospe do straže.

Palček Panjo, ki je stražil zaklad, ga vpraša: "Koga pa iščeš tu?" Mož mu odgovori, da je zašel in želi vedeti, kdo tu kraljuje, mar Panjo? Palček mu je povedal, da on ne kraljuje, temveč le straži zaklad. "Mar je v tej gori zakopan zaklad?" ga prestrašeno in začudeno vpraša mož. "Da, zaklad," potrdi palček.

Prestrašeni prišlec ne ve kaj bi počel. "Nič se ne boj," mu reče palček, "le vstopi. Naš zaklad ti pokažem." Napol vesel, napol prestrašen gre mož dalje s palčkom.

Kmalu prideta v veliko dvorano, na sredi katere je stala majhna mizica s

štirimi stoli. Okoli mize so sedeli palčki. Jedli so in pili pa z biseri se igrali. V vsakem kotu je bila prav majhna, a zelo lična posteljica. Bile so tudi druge lepe stvari, ob katerih pogledih so se razvedrila lica prišleca.

Ko si je mož vse to ogledal, ga je palček peljal v drugo dvorano. Tu je bilo vse lepše in svetlejše. Tudi tu je bila majhna mizica in samo en stolček. V kotu je bila ena posteljica in na njej je ležal kralj palčkov.

"Le tiho!" pravi palček možu.

"Kdo pa je to?" ga vpraša mož radovedno.

"Kralj vseh palčkov. Počiva v stoletnem spanju."

Vse je bilo v diamantih v tej dvorani, vse okrašeno z dragimi kamenji, da je mož komaj čakal, da pride ven.

Še ena sobica je bila, ne prevelika. V tej sobici pa je bila zlata omara. Palček jo je nalahno odprl. Nekaj zelo svetlega je bilo v njej. Na prvi pogled mož ni mogel ugotoviti, kaj je to. V tem hipu pa zapazi, da se je nekaj v omarici premaknilo.

"Kaj je?" si misli mož, nato pa vidi, da je lepa gospa, menda kraljica vseh palčkov. Ona ga vpraša, kdo je in odkod prihaja. Mož ji je povedal vse svoje doživljaje, kako je zašel v votlino iz radovednosti, kraljica ga pomilosti in mu da nekaj biserov.

Nato ga je palček Panjo odvedel ven. Ubogi mož je mislil, da je bil v čudoviti jami eno uro—a je bil celih trideset let! Otroci ga niso več poznali. Ko je povedal, kdo je in od kod prihaja, so se otroci zradostili in veselo prepevali.

Takšna je ta pripovedka, kakršne so brez mala vse pripovedke in pravljice. Danes jim nihče ne verjame; čitamo in pripovedujemo jih le v zabavo in kratek čas.

Tu je pa pesmica o dečku, ki se boji noči:

DEČEK SE BOJI NOČI

Tema je pokrila dolino,
oblak pa zastrl je nebo.
Po luni, po zvezdah
zaman se ozira oko.

Andrejček stopica preplašen,
ko s teto po poti hiti.
Z ročico oči si zakriva,
za krilo se tete drži.

Marija Bizilj,

Galjevica 236, Ljubljana, Jugoslavija.

Urednikova pripomba: Marija Bizilj, naša mlada sotrudnica iz Ljubljane, je stara šele 12 let in je sirota brez staršev ter zelo revna. V zadnjih par številkah M. L. smo priobčili nekaj njenih pesmic in eno posveticico. Našim čitateljem so se dopadle.

* *

Veselje na vrtu med zelenjem

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Spet se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti za lepo urejen dopisek v zadnji ali majski številki Mladinskega Lista. Res je veselje, ko ga prečitam.

Zadnjič sem Vam povedal, kaj delam spomladi. Povedal sem Vam o našem vrtu in o cepljenju mladik. Pri tem delu sem namreč pomagal mojemu očetu na vrtu zgodaj spomladi. To sem z veseljem opravljal. Potem sem vsak dan hodil ogledovat cepe. Skoro vsi so se prijeli in pognali krepke mladike. Torej ni bilo naše delo zaman.

Povedal sem Vam tudi to, da me je učiteljica v šoli vprašala, naj bi sošolcem pokazal, kako se cepijo mladike. Rad bi ji ustregel, a je bilo že prepozno, kajti mladike je treba cepiti zgodaj spomladi.

Sedaj pa bom priobčil prvo in zadnjo kitico Gregorčičeve pesmi o veselem pastirju:

*Zakrivljeno palico v roki,
za trakom pa šopek cvetic,
ko kralj po planini visoki
pohajam za tropom ovčic.*

*Za čredico krotko popeval
bom pesmice svoje sladke,
dolincam glasno razodeval,
kar polni mi srečno srce.*

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in dopisovalcem!

Joseph Rott,

18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

Pozdrav prirodi

(Himna delavskega planinskega društva "Prijatelja
prirode" v Jugoslaviji.)

DELO pozdravlja tebe, priroda,
zdravstvujte doline, zdravstvujte planine.
Trudni smo prišli v tvoje kraljestvo,
sprejmi nas k sebi, sužnje temine.

Na visoke gore smelo se vzpnimo,
sveži njen zrak um nam bistri.
In ptica nam pesmi sladke prepeva
in v drevju nam veter ljubo šumi.

Misel nam plove visoko nad gore,
svoboda razgleda podžiga duha.
Nebo je blizu, in daleč je mesto,
tu je svoboda, tu ni meja.

Svoboda vlada v tvojem kraljestvu,
krasna priroda, draga in mila.
Kdor ljubi tebe, močan je in srečen,
nikdar ga ne stare nobena sila.

Z nami v planine, trudni sodrug!
V naravo hitimo, ko prost nam je čas.
Naj pesem naša gore objema,
vseposod naj odmeva naš glas.

Le v tvojem miru najdemo srečo,
vabi nas k sebi blagi pokoj.
Ti hrepenenje naše in nada,
prijatelj prirode večno je tvoj!

(Poslovenil M. Klopčič.)

Mile Klopčič:

PET OTROK

PET otrok je pet skrbi,
če pri hiši kruha ni.
Če imaš pa hlebov pet,
brž skrbi zbežijo v svet.
Pet otrok—pet radosti,
če na mizi kruh diši.



JUVENILE



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Pioneers

By MARY JUGG

*OH, years and years ago," you sigh,
"You could be pioneer and die
In glory.*

*"Today all's past—oh me! oh my!
There's no more land, and who wants sky?
What use?"*

*But wait, my lad, and ask, "But why
Did these men dare to do and die?"
Be fair.*

*Why did Columbus span the seas
Unmindful of his sailors' pleas?
For power and wealth.*

*Why did the colonists move west
And take their hardships with a jest?
For land and wealth.*

*Why did the "forty-niners" dare
All dangers, though they were aware?
For wealth.*

*"Oh, thrilling bygones, you exclaim. —
Think you of naught but wealth and fame
And power . . . ?*

*For all who fight for selfish gain
In future days no more will reign.
Then what?*

*The world such pioneers will cheer
Of whom today you little hear.
These:*

*Men who in Science all will find
To make life bounteous for mankind—*

*Men who will make machines galore
That Man may be Man as ne'er before —*

*Men who will point the way to life
Sans insecurity and strife—*

*Who Nature's secrets will reveal
That fancied joys may all be real—*

*Who'll not depend on cold or heat
Or floods or storms for food we eat—*

*Who will make all the clothing we can wear
Of any kind—and loads to spare—*

*Men who their talents all will give—
Men who will live that all may live—
Pioneers—*

*Such unknown roads now beckon you—
Such Romance now is calling you—
Pioneer!*

VACATION DAYS

A roadway fringed with daisies runs up the hill and down.
Before us lies the river; behind us is the town.
The birds sing in the tree tops of lovely luring ways;
The world is deep in summer, and glad vacation days!

But alas! So many are slaves to duty and can't take the trails
That lead to far green hilltops, and daisy sprinkled dales.
For them the dear remembrance of meadows they have known,
And in the spirit's fastness an island of their own . . .

A. CAMPP.

Young Kate

By Eleanor Farjeon

A LONG time ago old Miss Daw lived in a narrow house on the edge of the town, and Young Kate was her little servant. One day Kate was sent up to clean the attic windows, and as she cleaned them she could see all the meadows that lay outside the town. So when her work was done she said to Miss Daw:

"Mistress, may I go out to the meadows?"

"Oh no!" said Miss Daw, "you mustn't go to the meadows. You might meet the Green Woman. Shut the gate, and get your mending."

The next week Kate cleaned the windows again, and as she cleaned them she saw the river that ran in the valley. So when her work was done she said to Miss Daw:

"Mistress, may I go down to the river?"

"Oh no!" said Miss Daw, "you must never go down to the river. You might meet the River King. Bar the door, and polish the brasses."

The next week Kate cleaned the attic windows, she saw the woods that grew up the hillside, and after her work was done she went to Miss Daw and said:

"Mistress, may I go to the woods?"

"Oh no!" said Miss Daw, "don't ever go up into the woods. You might meet the Dancing Boy. Draw the blinds, and peel the potatoes."

Miss Daw sent Kate no more to the attic, and for six years Kate stayed in the house and mended the stockings, and polished the brass, and peeled the potatoes. Then Miss Daw died, and Kate had to find another place.

Her new place was in the town on the other side of the hills, and as Kate had no money to ride, she was obliged

to walk. As soon as she could she went into the fields, and the first thing she saw there was the Green Woman planting flowers.

"Good morning, Young Kate," said she, "and where are you going?"

"Over the hill to town," said Kate.

"You should have taken the road if you meant to go quick," said the Green Woman, "for I let no one pass through my meadows who does not stop to plant flowers."

"I'll do that willingly," said Kate, and she took the Green Woman's trowel and planted a daisy.

"Thank you," said the Green Woman, "now pluck what you please."

Kate plucked a handful of flowers, and the Green Woman said, "For every flower you plant, you shall always pluck fifty."

Then Kate went on to the valley where the river ran, and the first thing she saw there was the River King in the reeds.

"Good day, Young Kate," said he, "and where are you going?"

"Over the hill to the town," said Kate.

"You should have kept to the road if you were in anything of a hurry," said the River King, "for I let nobody pass by my river who does not sing a song."

"I will, gladly," said Kate, and she sat down in the reeds and sang.

"Thank you," said the River King, "now listen to me."

And he sang song after song, while the evening drew on, and when he had done he kissed her and said, "For every song you sing, you shall always hear fifty."

Then Kate went up the hill to the woods on the top, and the first thing she saw there was the Dancing Boy.

"Good evening, Young Kate," said he. "Where are you going?"

"Over the hill to the town," said Kate.

"You should have kept to the road, if you want to be there before morning," said the Dancing Boy, "for I let nobody through my woods who does not stop to dance."

"I will dance with joy," said Kate, and she danced her best for him.

"Thank you," said the Dancing Boy, "Now look at me."

And he danced for her till the moon came up, and danced all night till the moon went down. When morning came he kissed her and said, "For every dance you dance, you shall see fifty."

Young Kate then went on to the town, where in another little narrow house she became servant to old Miss Drew, who never let her go to the meadows, the woods, or the river, and locked up the house at seven o'clock.

But in the course of time Young Kate married, and had children and a little servant of her town. And when the day's work was done, she opened the door and said:

"Run along now, children, into the meadows, or down to the river, or up to the hill, for I shouldn't wonder but you'll have the luck to meet the Green Woman there, or the River King, or the Dancing Boy."

And the children and the servant-girl would go out, and presently Kate would see them come home again, singing and dancing with their hands full of flowers.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

MORETTO

THE ALABASTER VASE

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:

Now we have come to the point where you will want to learn how the world was made. I found a chapter in a book that was written much better than I could hope to write it for you, so I have decided to send you that chapter. Here it is:

"HOW WAS THE WORLD MADE"

By A. Gowans Whyte

Some years ago the sands were dug away from the palace of Nineveh and some of the old clay tablets were discovered. Clever men studied the marks until they were able to read them, and they found among the tablets a story of how the world was made.

There was a very curious thing about this story. It was found to be very much like the story of the creation of the world that you read at the beginning of the Book of Genesis.

Then people began to wonder whether the story on the tablets had been taken from the Bible, or whether the Bible story had been taken from the tablets. It was not an easy question to answer, as nobody knew when the two stories had first been written. After a while it was decided that both stories had come from an earlier story told by the ancient Babylonians who were conquered by the Assyrians. The stories were like two children with the same father.

I expect you know the Bible story almost off by heart. It starts with the words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Then it goes on to tell how the dark and shapeless "heaven and earth" was made into the world as we know it . . .

The story then goes on to tell how God made Adam and Eve, and what happened to them in the Garden of Eden. I shall say more about Adam

and Eve when I tell you "Who was the first man?" And I shall tell you about the beasts and plants in the chapter on "Where did all the plants and animals come from?"

If the ancient Babylonian who wrote this story of creation on tablets of clay were to come to life again as a little boy and go to school with you, he would get a great surprise. When the teacher began to talk about the "solar system," with the sun in the center, and the planets Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto circling round the sun, this boy from Babylon would think he was listening to a fairy tale.

Other things that he would read in the astronomy book would fill him with amazement. From the sun to the furthest but one planet (Neptune) is 2,800 million miles—so tremendous a distance that no one can get any real idea of it into his head. Yet the sun with its family of planets—what the books call "the solar system"—is just a mere speck in the ocean of space.

When you look up at the sky on a clear night, the stars seem far away, but not so very far away. To the Babylonian boy, the stars he used to gaze at would not seem quite so far away as to you, since in his part of the world the air is clearer and the stars appear to be nearer because they are brighter. They are just like lamps hung on the firmament.

How near is the nearest of these lamps? If you want to put the distance down in figures, you must do a tremendous sum in arithmetic. You must multiply ninety-three million miles by 275,000. Here is the answer: 25,575,000,000,000 miles.

If that figure did not make your Babylonian friend sit up and stare, then nothing would! He used to think

that the sky, with its millions of stars, was a kind of dish-cover over the earth! Now he discovers that the sun is ninety-three million miles away, and the nearest star 275,000 times further away than the sun.

I expect by that time he would ask himself the great question over again: "How was the world made?" If the earth is not flat, with the dome of the sky over it—if it is a ball circling round the sun—how did it come there?

To answer this question, we have really to find out how the solar system was made. I have talked about the sun and its family of planets. The earth belongs to this family, and it has a child of its own—the moon—which circles round it just as the earth circles round the sun. Mars, again, has two moon-children. Saturn has nine moon-children; with a beautiful system of rings as well. Uranus has four moon-children; and Neptune has one. So you have grandfather Sun in the center, with the father planets traveling round him, and the children moons traveling round them.

It is not fanciful to talk about the moon being the child of the earth. Many astronomers think the moon was once part of the earth. "Once upon a time" the earth was not "set" as it is today. It was a hot molten ball, spinning much faster than it does now. And it spun so fast that it flung a piece of itself away into space.

Next time you are out in the rain with your umbrella up spin the umbrella round quickly. You will find that drops of water fly off from the ends of the ribs. This gives you some notion of how the moon might have been flung off the earth.

In the same way, Jupiter, Uranus, Neptune, and the other planets flung off their moons. In the case of Saturn, some of the bits flung off did not form balls like the other moons. They spread out into rings, making a beautiful picture to look at through the telescope.

Now, if the planets' children came

from the planets, where did the planets come from? You will remember that the planets travel round the sun just as the moon travels round the earth, and just as the moons of Jupiter travel round Jupiter. Is not this enough to make one suspect that the planets once belonged to the sun?

There is something else that makes one think that the earth and the other planets must be "chips off the old block." Supposing the earth was made of quite different stuff from the sun, then you could safely tell me that the earth could not have been made out of the sun. But supposing we find in the sun exactly the same things as we do in the earth, then we see that the earth might have been a part of the sun at one time.

And this is what we do find. Our chemists have examined the air, water, rocks, trees, animals, and everything else "under the sun," and they have named about ninety "elements" out of which all these things are made. Carbon, iron, oxygen, phosphorus, lead, and hydrogen are some of these "elements." They are the bricks out of which all sorts of substances are built.

If you know a little about chemistry, you will understand how a chemist can take a piece of stone, and, after crushing it and testing it with acids and so on, tell you what elements are in that piece of stone. In much the same way, chemists can tell us the elements in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, and the clothes we wear.

I think you will agree that a man must be very clever to do that. What do you think, then, of being able to name the elements in a flaming ball ninety-three million miles away? There is no chance of getting hold of a sample of the sun and putting it in a test-tube. All we can do is to look at the sun.

Years ago an instrument called the "spectroscope" was invented. It is one of the most wonderful instruments in the world—quite as wonderful as the wireless telegraph, although people do

not make any fuss about it. When you look through the spectroscope at the light of the sun, each element in the sun can be made to send a special light-signal to let you know it is there. These signals can be recognized because they are exactly the same as those sent by the elements on earth. In this way the spectroscope tells us that carbon, hydrogen, sodium, and the other elements that we can see and weigh in our chemical laboratories are present also in the sun.

To show you that the spectroscope does more than guess at things, I may tell you how it discovered an element which nobody had ever known on earth. One of the light-signals sent from the sun was so strange that it pointed to the sun having one element of its very own. This element was called **helium**, from the Greek **helios**, meaning sun. But after a while Sir William Ramsay—a great chemist, who died in 1916—discovered helium in certain rocks. It was recognized as helium because it sent through the spectroscope the same message as had been sent from the sun across ninety-three million miles of space.

That is one of the romances of science. It is part of the great romance of the making of the world. For it tells us that the earth is only a small part of the family of sun and planets, and that we cannot answer the question, "How was the world made?" without explaining all about the parent-sun and the other planet children.

Now let us have another look at the family—with a thermometer this time. A thermometer tells us how hot anything is. When the Doctor comes to see you he puts a tiny thermometer under your tongue to see how hot your blood is.

If we could travel round the solar system with a thermometer, what would we find? The heat of the sun would burn us up, thermometer and all, before we got many more million miles nearer to it than we are now. Our own

earth, however, is cold on the surface and hot inside. Now and again the heat inside shows itself in the eruptions of volcanoes, like Vesuvius.

The moon shows nothing but bare rock on its surface. Just as the sun is too hot for anything to live on it, so the moon is too cold.

All this may be an old story to you, but I tell you it again because I want to "mention" the big drop from very hot to very cold. Why should the central sun be so terrifically hot, the small planets (like the earth) cold outside and hot on the inside only, and the small moon much colder still?

The reason is, of course, that the sun and planets were once much hotter than they are now. For millions and millions of years they have been cooling down. The sun is still blazing hot, mainly because it is so huge and partly for other reasons. The earth, being so much smaller, has frozen solid on the outside. It has a cold face and a hot heart. And the moon, being even yet smaller, seems to have frozen right through.

If you are late for breakfast in the morning, you find that your porridge has gone cold all round the edges of the plate. In the middle the porridge is warmer than at the outside. Your little brother, who gets a smaller plateful than you do, will find his porridge cold almost all the way through. His helping is like the moon, except that the moon is very much colder than the coldest plateful of cold porridge.

One of Charles Darwin's sons—Sir George H. Darwin—spent many years trying to find out when and how the moon had been flung off from the earth, like a drop of water from a whirling umbrella. His notion is that the moon must be between 500 million and 1,000 million years old—quite a good old age for one of the baby members of the solar system family!

If the earth was very much hotter when it flung off the moon, what must the sun have been when the planets

The moon shows nothing but bare
rims of volcanoes, like Vesuvius
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not make any light about it. When you
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light of the sun, each element in the
sun can be made to send a special light
signal to let you know it is there. These



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

F. PAULEY

WINTER IN KANSAS

...and the other...
...the moon is very much colder than the
...of the sun's surface...
...the sun have been when the planets
...when it flung off the moon, what mass
...it the earth was very much hotter
...of the solar system...
...1,000 million years old...
...must be between the earth and
...the sun...
...the sun had been...
...trying to find out when and how the
...George H. Langley...
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were young? The planets are, of course, older than their moons, just as mothers are older than their children. When the planets were in their childhood they must have been ever so much hotter than they are now, because they had not begun to cool; and the sun itself must have been ever so much hotter. When we look back at the sun of these far distant times when the planets were born, we see something which was just as terrifically hotter than the sun of today as the sun is now hotter than our earth.

I am not going to ask you to imagine what the sun was like before then. I am going to tell you how you can see what it was like!

Look up to the sky on a clear night, and you will see the wonderful, the beautiful belt of stars called "The Milky Way." If you could look through a big telescope at the part of the sky away from the milky way, you would see some curious fluffy things that look just like

bright clouds. They are called **nebulae**, from the Latin word meaning cloud. Some of these **nebulae** are shapeless clouds of gas, but some look like Catherine wheels; and others are rings.

Nebulae, like stars, shine by their own light. They are huge clouds of filmy light. And when they are looked at through the spectroscope they are seen to contain elements which are found in the sun.

Once upon a time our sun was just like one of these nebulae.

This earth of ours, that seems so solid and so firm, was once part of a huge floating nebula. Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars, and all the other planets, and the great sun itself, were also part of this filmy-looking stuff.

So the answer to the question, "How was the earth made?" is that the earth was made, like the sun and the planets, out of an enormous nebula that whirled in space millions and millions and millions of years ago.

The Yugoslav School of Modern Art

By Ann Kodelja

ON MY frequent visits to Cleveland I had the pleasure of meeting the prominent Slovene artist, Mr. H. G. Perusheck. After several chance meetings, he extended me an invitation to visit his art class, which I heartily accepted.

About 9:30, a few Saturdays later, I arrived at the Slovene National Home, on St. Clair avenue, which sponsors the Yugoslav School of Modern Art.

The studio is of considerable size, a place full of paintings—the walls hung with thoughts: colorful landscapes, of

the picturesque West and other states, sceneries of lovely Slovenia, motionless still-life composition, also some portraits, among them Ivan Cankar, for which Mr. Perusheck has received much mention and praise, and many others.

Among this grand array of pictures sit the young students of The Yugoslav School of Modern Art, girls and boys, between the ages of twelve and sixteen years.

Having experience, in the nature of regular school drawing, with children of about this age, I was greatly aston-

ished and could not stop marveling at their work.

"They paint and behave like grown-ups, serious artists," I thought to myself. A person cannot believe how well and maturish these youngsters can paint until one really sees them. Of course, their fascinating ability is mainly due to the right teacher, and they certainly have one in Mr. Perusheck.

Walking around I wondered more and more at every individual's painting. The pictures were of all kinds: skyscrapers, winter scenes, still-lives, designs, etc. Some were just beginning, some were half-way through, while others were putting finishing touches here and there, to get the last right effect. All were working with water colors, except one who was working with oils.

Seeing all this I thought to myself, how proud I would be if I could paint as they can, and if I would be young I most certainly would grasp this golden opportunity of studying art, under a true artist, like Mr. Perusheck.

Discipline and order are two important factors of any school-room, and I noticed that this class is a model class, it seems as though a select few were chosen for this group, for no loud talking was heard, and no loafing nor idling was seen. During the two hours (9-11) no one took advantage of the recess time which was allowed to them, but diligently worked on, with pleasure and interest; they were too intent upon their work, too anxious to see their picture completed, and to show them to each other.

Friendliness, congeniality and respect were shown for their schoolmates as well as for their teacher.

When the time for dismissal came, each student put his paints and picture away, until the following week, either to continue or begin anew.

Saturday afternoon come the little children, ranging in ages from eight to twelve. Since they are just beginners, they are still working with cray-

ons. Not having the time to stay and see these youngsters at their work, I hope someday to go back to visit them.

From the pictures that were shown to me, I saw that even these tiny tots do no copying, but create, with the help of their teacher, their own conceptions, at other times they are permitted to draw anything they like best.

All the time I marveled at the work of the children, I also wondered why more parents do not send their children to The Yugoslav School of Modern Art. As children are young, they rarely realize the importance of studying, be it art, or something else, therefore the parents should do so for them. Very often we hear people say: "If I were only young once more, I would take the opportunity of learning this or that, but now it is too late." Among these, who are pathetically complaining, why they so foolishly threw away their golden days of learning, are many parents, who have children, but are doing nothing to prevent them from meeting the same fate. So parents, awake, and send your children to The Yugoslav School of Modern Art, for which they will be very thankful to you, in their later years!

Art, be it painting, writing or music is the medium through which we attain happiness, and learn to live not merely to exist. Art is as important to an individual as to the whole humanity—humanity without art would be imperfect, crippled.

* * *

The young students of The Yugoslav School of Modern Art, when I visited them, were painting with more ambition and fervor than usually, for they were preparing for their Great Day—for the exhibition of their pictures, which was held May 22 to May 24.

Jugoslavs should not overlook this important cultural intitution, but come to see the paintings and encourage the students as well as the teacher.



CHATTER CORNER

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

SCHOOL'S OUT!

DEAR CHILDREN:—

Yes, school is out! This tells the whole story in one little sentence. It means vacation time to most of you. It means a thousand and one things. And I needn't remind you of that; of course not. Were you not waiting for this happy period most eagerly throughout the long winter months? And now it's here—it's yours for the taking, to make the best of it.

Vacations should be used for a good purpose. Now that you are relieved of your school duties and the routine class work, you're free to indulge in care-free plays in the backyard or by the brook, in the ol' swimmin' hole or join the anglers' army by the river or lake. Some of you will have to help your parents at their daily chores. Whatever lot may be chosen for you, make the best of it. All play and no work will tend to harm you; all work and no play will harm your formative life also. It must be both—work and play. It is healthful to work according to your ability, and it is healthful and beneficial to play, provided you have the right kind of environment.

Unfortunately, you cannot choose your own environment which would be most beneficial to your physical and mental development. So the only right and wise thing is to make the best of your opportunities where you are and absorb and learn from the right sources the things which in later life will help you to assist those who strive to change the present conditions and make the world a better place in which to live—for everybody.

—EDITOR.

Progressive Literature

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is the first time I am writing to the M. L., but it will not be the last.

I hope, if Mary E. Fradel goes to West Newton on May 30, she and all the rest that go, will have a good time.

I think that when I get old enough

to be in the Senior Lodge, I will have a broken heart to leave the Juveniles.

I congratulate everyone who won a prize for his or her letter and hope that all may win another contest some day.

I agree with Mary E. Fradel's letter (in the April M. L.) that we children should read the M. L. and other progressive literature, also listen to the

radio. For instance, I learned something from the story "Unhappy at School" and the "Letters to Edward," and I think many others did also. Nevertheless, we all have lots more to learn.

Here is a short poem:

MY WISH

I wish I had an airplane,
Which I would learn to fly.
Fate's will would be my motto,
Either to live or die.

Answering letters is one of my hobbies. Will someone please write to me?

A proud Juvenile,

Margaret Buchte,

R. D. 2, Washington, Pa.

* *

Adeline Likes to Read

Dear Editor and Readers:—At last I got ambitious enough to write to this swell magazine. This is my first (and here's hoping not the last) letter to the Mladinski List.

I sure do like to write letters and that means I'd like some pen pals. So come on and write to me, everyone is welcome.

School is out, and am I glad! I am in the sixth grade. My favorite subjects are arithmetic and history. Not saying how much I like to read. I think I spend half of my time reading, for there isn't much more to do. And that is a reason why I'd enjoy having some pen pals.

I live in a small coal and lumber camp of about 450 population. My father works in the mines. They have started "in slacking" and hardly any one is working.

There are nine in our family and we all belong to SNPJ Lodge 57.

Here are a few riddles and a joke:

What's the largest word in English?
—Ans.: Smiles, because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

Why didn't Noah add a 'd' to his ark?
—Ans.: Because it would make it dark.

Boy: "Father, if you will give me a dime, I will be a good boy."

Father: "When I was your age, I was good for nothing."

Best regards to all.

Adeline Saffich,
Ravensdale, Wash.

* *

School's Out!

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for the longest time. I have been looking for some letters from Irwin, but I didn't see any, so I thought I should write. I never saw Anna Lskoshek's letter in this magazine. Hurry, Anna, and write. Wake up, Irwin!

We went to West Newton on Easter, April 12. A group from Library presented a Slovene play. It was well presented.

School was out on June 4. We had our picnic on May 23.

I'll start writing more now to this wonderful magazine, because school is out and I'll have more time.

We had two plays, Hungarian dance, first and second grade rhythm band, and Glee Club singing. The program was called "The Spring Music Festival." The first play was called "Willie's Visit," the second, "Eagar's Surprise." On May 7 the parents and friends came to see it, and on May 6 the boys and girls in the school saw it. I was in the Glee Club and in the play called "Willie's Visit."

I'll write again. I hope this letter doesn't find its way to the waste-paper basket. Best regards to all.

Evelyn Shuster,
R. D. No. 4, Irwin, Pa.

* *

A Letter from Utah

Dear Editor:—I have never written to the Mladinski List before. I have enjoyed reading the poems, letters, stories, and looking at the pictures in the M. L.

I am 14 years of age. There are five in our family. My sister is 13 years old and my brother is 10 years old.

My brother is rather mean at times. I guess all boys are, sometime. Don't you think so?

Our school ended on May 22. My sister, brother and I were promoted.

It is lonesome here because we have no place to go, and the people are mostly homestayers. We sometimes go to Helper or Price, which are small cities, to visit our friends.

I haven't gone on any hikes yet, but I think I will go soon. The mountains are steep and green and muddy, too, I suppose, after the rain.

I won a book called the Secretary's Desk Book, for having the best attendance record in school.

I have been selling garden seeds. I like to sell things and get prizes.

I hope to write more and better letters in the future.

Jennie Fercik (Lodge 422),
Gordon Creek, National, Utah.

* *

His Mother Works in a Foundry

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am eleven years old and am in the fifth grade. I go to Holy Trinity School. My father died before I was born. My mother works in a foundry to support us.

I have three brothers and two sisters; only two of us go to school. We all belong to the SNPJ.

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

Bernard Trauner,
920 N. Holmes ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* *

Josephine's Planting Flowers

Dear Editor:—I's a long time since I've written to our beloved magazine, the Mladinski List. I will try to write more often this summer.

School was out May 29, and boy, am I glad! I was promoted to the seventh

grade. Mr. Smith, the teacher, got sick and died. His wife, Mrs. Smith, finished teaching in his place.

I have been planting flowers such as poppies, hollyhocks, and vines. They are all coming up nicely. My dad's garden is coming up also. We ate the lettuce from our hot-bed this April. It was very good.

One of my brothers is sitting by the river fishing all the time. My other brother has to stay home to practice the violin which he can play quite well for his age; he is 9 years old. He can play some Slovene pieces by ear.

I think that this is all for this time, except some riddles and jokes. Here are the riddles:

What flower is a musical instrument?
—Ans.: The trumpet.

How is a broken chair and a policeman alike?—Ans.: They both pinch.

Here are the jokes:—Manager (to office boy): Why do you hold your pen in the ink so long?

Office boy: To cool the point off, sir.

First man: Whenever I do any work I just throw myself into it.

Second man: Did you ever try digging a well?
Josephine Krizak,
Box 126, Frontier, Wyo.

* *

"Red Russia"

Dear Editor and Readers:—Thought I'd write a few lines since no one else from Springfield writes.

Hurrah! School is out! And to think of it, two and a half months to sit around and dream. Then we'll have to put on our "thinking caps" and study for all we're worth.

I graduated from HES May 21. Our colors were blue and white. The girls all wore white sailor dresses with blue trimmings and the boys wore white pants and shoes with dark coats. It sure looked nice.

I love to read and I've just finished a book called "Red Russia" by Theodor Seibert. It was very interesting. I

will tell about the most interesting things.

When election time came only the physicians, officers of the Red army, lawyers, etc., were given privilege to vote before 1925. But in 1925 the local suffrage was granted to a majority of peasants; in 1926, to housewives; in 1927, to cab drivers. This pertains to local governments; universal political democracy in Russia is unknown as yet.

The upshot is that only 3.7% of the adult population of the Soviet now lacks the right to vote in local matters; state suffrage is still denied.

The school corporation and the bolshevik League of Youth are today Soviet republics in miniature, self-governing bodies, whereas adult—the teachers—are regarded only as advisers. The children's soviets appoint a number of sub-committees, and in almost all the affairs of the school the youngsters have the last word. They pass judgment upon their teachers, praise them or blame them, as the case may be.

One paragraph I liked especially. I will now quote:

"The Russia of tomorrow will not be the state either of Lenin or of Stalin, but will, nevertheless, retain a good deal of that which bolshevik era has created. It will be a natural course of evolution that many of the socialist institutions of bolshevism will persist and be further developed. To conclude, the destiny of bolshevism and of Soviet Russia will be largely influenced by the growth of their relationship to the non-Russian world and by the course of development which the outer world itself pursues."

Wake up, Springfield, and jot a few lines to the Mladinski List!

Will some boy or girl write to me? I will gladly answer all letters.

A proud member of SNPJ, Lodge 47,

Mary Ocepek,
1500 So. 15th St., Springfield, Ill.

A First Letter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am in the third grade and am eight years old. I enjoy reading the other children's letters in the M. L. I hope to write many letters to the M. L. As this is my first letter to the M. L. I haven't more to write, but I'll be writing again, and soon, too. My address is:

Frances Rose Zitko,
RFD No. 2, Box 21, Greensburg, Pa.

* *

Let's All Write

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. Summer is here and vacation is also here. The children are all out playing all day.

I hope my cousin, Mildred Walter, would write in the M. L. Come on, Mildred. Come on, let's all write. Wouldn't it be a beautiful sight to see this wonderful magazine at least half full with letters? Come on, don't be lazy. I know that now you will all be playing outside, but don't forget to write. Best regards to all.

Justina Stopar,
21250 Tracy ave., Euclid, Ohio.

* *

School Clubs

Dear Editors:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I was surprised to see my sister's letter in the M. L. Since she told the Euclidians to wake up I thought I would write, too.

I am 12 years old and am in the 7-A grade at Noble school. We have only four subjects, but still we have plenty of homework. We have four clubs in school, English club, Soap Carving club, Travel club and Puzzle club. The clubs will all go on a picnic the last Wednesday of school.

Where are the rest of you Euclidians? Are you still sleeping? Wake up, don't you hear the clock ringing?! I will write more next time.

Mildred Stopar,
21250 Tracy ave., Euclid, Ohio.

Pittsburg's 60th Birthday

Dear Editor and Readers:—I will now begin my letter by telling of the big event we had here.

Wednesday, May 20, was Pittsburg's sixtieth birthday. There was a big parade for Pittsburg's birthday. There were old-time things and the new ones. Some of the people were dressed like the old-timers. The old cars sure looked funny.

We had a few good rains here which have made the gardens grow very nicely.

Here is a poem:

Little Wren

Little wren singing all day long,
My, but you have a pretty song.
You must be very happy
For you fly around so snappy.
You have a nest in that tree,
One of your babies is looking at me.
Go get a worm for your babies so dear;
They are hungry, I do fear.

Best regard to all,

Antonia Gabrsek,
R. R. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kansas.

* *

Frost Killed Fruit Trees

Dear Editor:—I have read so many nice Juvenile letters that I have decided to write one too. I am fifteen years old today (May 27) and have belonged to the SNPJ ever since I was born. There are not many Slovenes here in Witt, just a few families. We're having the same hard times here in Witt as everywhere. Only one mine is working, which is seven miles from Witt. My father has a beer parlor.

I go to High School. I will be a Sophomore next August. Our principal on the first of August instead of 1st has told us that we will start to school of September this year.

Sometimes we hold SNPJ picnics out in the woods. We have dancing and selling of food and drinks, and everyone has a jolly time. In the past it was quite common to hold a picnic at

least twice a summer, but now we haven't had one for two years because of the depression.

We had a cyclone here this spring. It did a lot of damage. It froze the fruit trees to the roots and also many of our shrubs.

My father has many fruit trees around the house but this year they will bear no fruit, also there will be no grapes.

We have had nice weather here for a while lately (May 27).

I am sending my regards to my uncle, Joe Stermitz, in Corwin Springs, Montana. I hope my uncle reads this; perhaps it will remind him to write to me.

Margie Stermitz,
Box 413, Witt, Ill.

* *

My New Accordion

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine the Mladinski List. I always enjoy reading its fine letters and stories. Keep it up, young writers!

Last month I have written about my interest in playing an accordion and about my old one. Well, now I have a new accordion, and boy! is it a nice one! Certainly am glad about it.

I wish to thank Mary Pokus for writing a nice letter to me, and wish very much she'd keep it up. I will answer every letter.

Adolf Ravnikar,
1906 E. 33rd st., Lorain, O.

* *

SNPJ Lodge 459

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List of the SNPJ. I am 9 years of age and in the fourth grade in school. I have two brothers. There are five in our family and we are all members of the SNPJ Lodge 459. I like to read the M. L. very much. I wish some of the readers would write to me and I will answer them promptly.

Catherine Vukovich,
4521 North st., Flint, Mich.

The Earth's Surface

THE surface of the earth is constantly changing. In fact change is the fundamental law of life. There are forces constantly building up and other forces just as steadily tearing down. Sometimes the same forces are doing both. It is impossible to tell which set of forces is of the greatest service to man; because without either, life could not continue.

It is believed that the whole surface of the earth originally hardened from a molten condition, just as lava from a volcano hardens when it cools. The waters of the sea and the waters that run over the land are wearing away the rocks, grinding them together, pulverizing them, and carrying the wreckage to other places. This eroding must have begun as soon as the earth's crust became cool enough for the waters of the atmosphere to condense.

It is necessary, however, to take into account not only the power of water "to wear away the stones," but also its ability to hold many substances in solution and to carry them away to places where the water is evaporated and the dissolved substances deposited. The tremendous power of freezing water, the weathering power of the atmosphere, the wearing and transporting power of moving ice, and the never-ending processes of growth and decay, have also greatly affected the earth's surface.

Water getting into the cracks of rocks and expanding when it freezes splits them apart and aids much in their destruction. Plant roots penetrate into the crevices of rocks and by their growth split off pieces of the rocks. Water, especially when it has passed through decaying vegetable matter, has the power of dissolving some rock minerals. Certain minerals of which rocks are composed, change when exposed to the air somewhat as iron does when it rusts.

Oxygen, carbon dioxide, and moisture are the chief weathering agents of the atmosphere. Rocks which are exposed to the atmosphere, especially in moist climates, undergo decomposition. If the climate is warm, rocks may stand for hundreds of years without apparent change, whereas the same rock in another locality, where the weather conditions are different, will crumble rapidly. A striking example of this is found in the stone obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle, which was brought from Egypt to Central Park, New York, some years ago. Although it has stood for 3,444 years in Egypt without losing the distinctness of the carving upon it, yet in the moist and changeable climate of New York it was found necessary within a year to cover its surface with a preservative substance.

Not only do different climates affect differently the wearing away of rocks, but different kinds of rocks themselves vary much in the rate at which they crumble. It has been found that while marble inscriptions, in a large town where there is much coal smoke and considerable rain, will become illegible in fifty years, that after a hundred years inscriptions cut in slate are sharp and distinct. Where the temperature varies greatly during the day, the expansion and contraction due to the heating and cooling, sometimes cause a chipping off of the rock surface.

In exposed sandy regions where there are strong winds, objects which obstruct the movement of the air cause deposition of the transported sand just as obstructions in flowing water cause sediment to be deposited. And just as sand bars may be deposited by a river and then carried away again, owing to a change in the condition of the river's load, so forests and houses in sandy regions are sometimes buried, to be uncovered again perhaps by a change in the load carried by the wind.