

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

Uspavanka Matjažku

AJA, tutaja,
zibka se maja,
v zibki naš Tjažek,
Matjažek leži.

Aja tutaja,
veja se maja,
da bi naš Tjažek
zatisnil oči.

Aja tutaja,
luna že vstaja,
gleda, če Tjažek,
naš Tjažek že spi.

Nič več tutaja,
Tjažek že aja,
da se z nasmehom
ob zori zbudi.

IVAN VUK:

Čujte!

ČUJTE! — Grmeči korak
po Evropi, kakor orjak
koraka, nevzdržno rezgeče.
Evropa z zobmi vsa šklepeče —
Strah jo brezupen pretresa.
Oprezno, prežeče
opreza.

"Kdo si, grmeči korak?
Priatelj, ali sovrag? . . .
Toulun in Pariz,
Madrid, Barcelona —
Brr . . . objema me zona . . .
Brezobziren tvoj je korak!
Kdo si? —
Priatelj ali vrag?!"

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Krpa

SUKNJO krpa mati . . .

"Ah, moj sinko, saj ni važno,
kaj na sebe deneš!
Pač pa, kaj v sebi nosiš, sinko zlati!
Da te sram bo krpe, praviš?
Rekla bi ti: Nič ne maraj!
Ali bolje bo za vse in zate,
če te krpe nikdar ne pozabiš!

Vedi: dolga vrsta let trpljenja
sramežljivo skriva se za njo,
dolga vrsta let odrekanej ter prevar,
neizpoljenih želja in hrepenenja.

Če pogled te nanjo muči:
nosi kot simbol jo!
Kar ta suknja je v malem,
svet je v velikem. Gledam v luči:
skoro ves je v krpi. Krpa, to smo mi . . .
Stari, zguljeni sistem je brez sramu!
Še ponaša se, ko z nami, zbeganimi
siromaki luknje si maši!

O, le bori se za novo suknjo, sin,
bori se za nov svetovni red!
Prav bo, če te krpe nikdar ne pozabiš
Nje spomin ti bodi v opomin!"

Katka Zupančič:

Peroti

OB stezi grm—
v grmu ptič—
za grmom glad . . .

—
Ob stezi grm—
v grmu nič—
za grmom jad!

Andrej Rapé:

Pomladni sel

NA globokem vročem jugu je danes burno zborovanje. Kdo bi naštel imena navdušenih zborovalcev!? Imenujem naj poleg imenitnih—najimenejtejše.

Stari Vihralec, mož silne moči, mogočnega in bučnega glasu, predseduje. Njegov govor je ognjevit, navdušen. Pravkar je predlagal, naj izbero za letošnje leto novega vojskovodjo, da prežene staro zimo zmagoslavno kot vsekdar iz severnih pokrajin.

Z veseljem mu pritrjuje vročekrvni Talilec ter dostavlja, da je imel lansko leto dela, preden je pregnal strupeno starko z zimskega kraljevskega prestola.

"Mladega vojskovodjo, a izkušenega, izvolimo ter ga odpošljimo na sever," je govoril Talilec. "Pokazati moramo," je nadaljeval, "da znamo ugnati vsakoletno nasprotnico, kašljajočo zimo, tudi hitro!"

"Ah, kako me že mika, da bi pohitel na sever, da zavonjam tudi ondi," de Vonjivec, lep mož, cvetočih lic, troseč blagodejno vonjavo po širni, večnokrasni dvorani cvetočega juga.

"Mladež naj gre!" je pravkar završalo v mogočnem zboru. "Mož naj enkrat poizkusi svojo srečo. Prednosti ima vse. Razkošnoporeden je; žilav je; vztrajen in svojeglav je! Kdo bi se meril z njim—mladim junakom?! Če ta ne, kdo bi zapodil tako hitro našo nasprotnico v nje mrzli dom!"

"A jaz se Mladežu svojevoljno pridružujem," de Vonjivec sladko.

"Da, tako bodi!" zabučil silni Vihralec.

"Vrednega se izkažem te velike časti," se je zahvaljeval Mladež, stresaje z lepo glavo.

Zborovanje so zaključili . . .

* * *

Nemudoma se je odpravil sloveči

Mladež na pot proti severu. Na poti je pazno poslušal, kaj vse govore po svetu. Oko mu je žarelo bojaželjnosti in srda, ko je skoro povsod čul grdo zabavljanje na počasne njegove prednike, ki so vsako leto toliko časa rabili, da so razbili zimsko kraljestvo.

"Saj bo letos prav tako kakor vsako leto," jih je čul godrnjati.

"No, le stojte!" si je mislil mladi junak.

"Pravzaprav," je mrmral, "govore ljudje prav, da zabavljajo. V marcu že bi morala vsako leto zimo mrtva ležati na tleh, pa je po navadi še april uganjal svoje burke. Je li doslej bilo to pravično? Jaz, Mladež, pričnem drugače! Vsakemu svoje, vse prav, vsakemu svoje do gotovega časa, a nič več, nič več!"

Stopil je na severna tla. Ozrl se je naokolo.

Predniki so pustili zimo v njenem navadnem stanovanju pri miru," si je dejal. "Pa naj poizkusim jaz drugače!"

Uprl je svoje žareče oko na visoke gore. "Tu, moja starka, pričneva ples," se je smehljaj. Pod njegovimi žarečimi očmi in silno sapo so odletavale bele čepice z gorskih hribov. Ponižno so se mu odkrivala gore—mogočnemu zmagovalcu. Prijazno so se mu smehljali sivi gorski starci-velikani ter ga pozdravljali, on pa je del: "Norcev si brila že dosti, ljuba starka! Pust je že minil, vstajenje prirode se bliža. Pleši sedaj zadnji ples!"

In odtrgal je goram silne plazove, da so bučno zagrmeli v doline ter pokopali zimo. Zvonil ji je ton s pomladnim vetrom k pokopu. Pa se je vstopil potem vrhu gora in ponosno gledal v dolino na umirajočo zimo. Silni plazovi so naredili pot hudournikom v dolino. Ponosno kot kralj je stopil v doline.

Nad polje je poslal glasno ptičje peetje, da je priroda zamaknjena poslu-

šala te glasove, a zima jokala. Dvignil je celo morje meglenih hlapov nad kadeče se njive, pa jih zopet razgnal s svojimi žarečimi očmi. Raztegnil je svoje silne roke in raztrosil po prisojnih krajih in mejah obilic obelih cvetov. Tedaj pa mu je priskočil na pomoč Vonjivec. Opojen duh je razširil po ozračju. Srca človeška je navdalo pravo pomladno veselje. Petje in veselje se je razlegalo povsod. Dol z neba pa je zrl stari, a večnomladi junak—zlato solnce. Smehljal se je veselo, živo, češ: "Kaj šele bo, ko še jaz odgrnem zagrinjalo z zlatega svojega okna? To bo življenja, samega življenja!"

In res je bilo! Zlati žarki so se vsuli z užigajočim življenjem skozi odprto demantno okno na zemljo. Kopali so se v kelihih cvetic in bisernih valčkah iz sužnosti otetih studentev.

Junak Mladež je bil malo prehitel, preobjesten. Zima ni tako rada uklonila svojega tilnika. A Mladeža ni brigalo, da je preplavljala voda vso zemljo, da je komaj danes vzniklo cvetje že zamrlo v jutra strupeni slani.

"Prav ali ne!" je zvenelo v njegovem dihu. "Meni vsaj ne bodo zabavljali, da ne poznam koledarja!"

In iznova je sipal cvetje po mejah in livadah, iznova izvabljal petje iz ptičjih grl. Svoje glavost njegova je zmagala. Zima je legla v mrzli grob. Ptiči so peli, cvetje cvetelo . . .

"Še nekaj!" je šepetal Mladež v rahlem pomladnem vetru. "Še ljudi si natančneje ogledam!"

In stopil je v hiše, pa ugasnil ogenj po pečeh in ga zanetil v srcih.



ZAUPANJE

M. T. FANGEL

Katka Zupančič:

Meseči

NEKOČ so se meseči zbrali, da bi se sporazumeli in bi več ne mogel vsakteri poslovati le po svoji glavi.

April jih je po slu obvestil: "Zadržan sem. Včeraj sem nastopil službo. Veste, da imam nujnega dela polne roke. A ker je važno, pridem na vsak način."

"Točnost je točnost!" je kričal Februar, ki se sicer ni nikoli oglasil k besedi.

Določili so zapisnikarja ter so začeli zborovati brez Aprila. Predsedoval jim je suhi dolgin Marec.

Kaj kmalu so si prišli s svojimi mnenji tako v navzkrižje, da jih je moral predsednik venomer pozivati k redu.

Dvoobrazni Januar se je ledenohladno smehljaj in njegove sarkastične opazke niso bile nikomur ljube. Najbolj se jih je bal že od nekdanj mevržasti Februar. Zato mu je na tistem obljuboval večno zvestobo.

Na drugem koncu mize sta se ljutila vročekrvni Julij in nič manj temperamentni Avgust. Iz njunih oči so švigale strele in tolkla sta po mizi, da se je vse potresalo.

"Kaj razbijata toliko!" se je zavaljeni September raztogotil, da je bil v obraz ves pisan.

"Še kap te bo zadela!" ga je prek mize dregnil njegov nečak Junij, "pusti ju, saj znam jaz vzropotati tudi za dva, če treba!" Pa je September zagodrnjal nekaj v svoj sivi brk in se slabe volje zavil v plašč.

Oktober poleg njega si je mislil svoje. Spreminjala ga je sicer barva, ali vkljub temu je kazal vedro lice. Mož se je znal obvladati.

Vse počasi so se zborovalci vezali v skupine.

Osamljeni Marec pogleduje Oktobra. Njegovi nazori se mu dopadejo. Toda kako se mu naj približa, ko se pa drži,

kakor da bi nosil svet na svojem mezinicu?! Nemara bi ga ošabno zavrnil. Marec pa ima hrbtenico . . .

Ozre se Marec na prazni Aprilov sedež. "Zlodej pocitraj tako seme zani krno! Še zdaj ga ni."

Maj, seveda! Lahkomiselni Moj je baškar pošušljaj nekaj v uho gizdave mu Juniju, pa se zdaj hahljata brez konca in kraja.

"Mir!" je potolkel Marec s kladivom. "Kakšno zborovanje je to!?"

"Saj, res," se je oglasil zaspani November, "kakšno zborovanje je to?" In sunil je starega Decembra: "Ti se dvigni!"

December ga je ubogal. Zborovalci so utihnili.

"Največ skušenj imam," je začel, "mene poslušajte! Bodite dosledni, kakor je dosleden Januar — —"

Tedaj mu Junij plane v besedo: "Kaj? Tako pošast, tale ledeni curek nam postavlja za vzor?!" Krohot in cepetanje z nogami v dvorani.

Januar se je dvignil in zelen od jeze je zapustil dvorano. V pete za njim Februar, ki se mu je tako mudilo, da mu je košček suknje ostalo priprte med vrati.

"Nisem še povedal vsega!" se je dvignil hripavi Decembrov glas.

Zaman. Marec je tolkel in tolkel s kladivom, dokler se mu ni razletelo. Nato je srdito, a vendar dostojanstveno naznanil: "Zborovanja je konec!" Odšel je za prvima dvema.

Maj in Junij sta se zagozdila na vratih in se smejala sebi in vsem drugim.

Julij in Avgust sta si otirala čelo in tiščala pesti v žepu.

Zavaljeni September je kihal in tožil, da ga lovi prehlad.

Samozvestni Oktober je zmigaval z rameni.

Pusti November je ob mrkem Decembru trobil v svoj rudeči robec.

Vsem se je strašno mudilo in tako ni nobeden opazil Aprila, ki je dospel prav zadnji trenotek in se jim umaknil za vrata. Bil je še mlad in nekoliko sramežljiv in boječ.

Čim so izginili, je April stopil v prazno dvorano. Trdno je upal, da bo našel na mizi kakšne podatke. Vedeti mora, kaj so sklenili. Ničesar ni našel.

Namrgodil se je. "Kar brez mene so opravili vse! Prezirajo me, češ, da ga lomim. O, odslej ga bom šele lomil, odslej! Nalašč!"

Ozrl se je po dvorani in opazil po-

zabljene galoše, plašče, dežnike, solčnike, celo pahljače ni manjkalo.

Trpko se je nasmehnil: "To se jim je mudilo ven! In čemu so privlekli vso to ropotijo sem? Samo da bi pokazali: 'Glej, koliko ti zaupamo?' Kakor da bi res ne znal prav nič brzdati vremena! A, le počakajte, spomnili se boste vseh teh predmetov tukaj! Zakaj še preden solnce zaide, boste začutili mojo roko! Pa kaj gubim čas?" se je udaril po čelu, skočil ter planil ven, "še preden boste doma, se bo po vaših hrbtih takljala lepa, okrogla točica. Zapomnili si boste Aprila!"

In prešerno krohotaje se, je odvihral.

VIDEZ NE DELA JUNAKA

STRAHOPER, pošastni kralj in hud gospod,
šel v spremstvu je treh žab na izprehod.

Hudo pa so se zakasnili,
ker polža so domov spremili.

Ko poslovijo se od njega,
glej spaka, noč na zemljo lega.

A Strahoper se ne ustraši teme,
pogumno proti domu s spremstvom
krene.

Na pol poti še niso k svojemu logu,
že tema je ko v kozjem rogu.

Vseh se velik strah poloti,
urnih nog hite po temni poti.

Kar izza griča luna bleda vstane,
tisočero senc se v njenem soju zgane.

Plaho družba se ozre na vse strani,
hipoma se v divji beg spusti.

Za gričem blede luno silni smeh razganja,
saj lastna senca hrabro družčino preganja!

(Bondonus v "Svobodi".)

Ivan Jontez:

Pismo s ceste sv. Daniela

Prvo pismo

KER ne vem začeti drugače, bom začela kar s samo seboj ter se vam predstavila, da boste vedeli, s kom imate opravka. Jaz sem prvorojenka Petra in Ane Selan, ime mi je Dora, stara sem dvanajst let in sem šibkega telesa, drobnega obraza, višnjevih oči in plavih las. Imam dva bratca in dve sestrici, najmlajši med njimi je triletni Jackie, tako da nas je v družini skupaj sedem oseb. Živimo pa v stari enodružinski hiši na cesti sv. Daniela, ki bi se zaradi mene lahko imenovala Zadimljena ali pa Sajasta cesta, saj skoro vedno leži nad njo črn dim in saje, ki jih bruha iz sebe neštete lokomotive, ki dan za dnevom in noč za nočjo sopihajo po železniških tirih onokraj plota Newyorške osrednje železniške družbe. Hiše na naši cesti so od tega dima in saj vedno vse črne, pa če jih še tako pogosto nanovo prebarvajo.

Odkar se spominjam, ne pomnim, da bi naša cesta kdaj izgledala snažna, svetla in vesela. Celo spomladi, ko je naš veliki zelenjadni vrt za hišo ves v zelenju in cvetju in tistih nekaj dreves, ki samujejo na naši cesti, v zelenju, se mi zdi cesta sv. Daniela nekam žalostna in brezupna. Kako je vse drugačno pri drugih ljudeh, na primer pri teti Agati: široka in snažna ulica, dve vrsti košatih javorov, pred prijazno hišo imajo zeleno trato, gladko kot žamet, okrog hiše cvetje, za hišo pa lep vrt, kjer dela poleti senco mogočen in košat brest. Že na zunaj je pri njih vse tako lepo, prijazno in poživljajoče, da si človek mora poželeti tako prijaznega doma. In tudi notranjost hiše tete Agate dela name enako prijeten vtis: prijazne in čedno opremljene sobe, da bi se najrajši kar preselila k njim.—

In toliko hiš sem že videla, kjer je

vse enako lepo in prijazno, pri nas pa—ah, saj ni mogoče niti primerjati. Naša hiša je stara, zakajena in njene lesene stene tudi že trohne, dreves ni okolo nje, travo pred hišo požge vroče poletno solnce, o stanovanju pa bi bilo skoro bolje molčati, tako zapuščeno in zanemarjeno je. Mislite si troje tesnih sob, čijih stene so črne in visijo umazane cape papirja z njih kot bi jih bili vlačili po cesti v najgršem blatu: to je naše stanovanje. Okna so sicer pomita in snežno beli zastori so na njih, a kaj, ko pa belina teh zastorov le še bolj poudarja obupno umazanost sten, da si časih želim, da mati teh zastorov sploh več ne bi prala. O naši kuhinji pa je rekel neki stric, ki se je bil ondan mudil pri nas, da imajo v starem kraju lepše kuhinje za prašiče. Tako žalostno je pri nas.

A poleti že nekako gre—o lepem vremenu smo lahko zunaj in umazanih sten nimamo vedno pred očmi, in z višnjevega neba ne visijo cape umazanega papirja kakor z naših stropov. Drugače je pa pozimi, ko moramo čepeti okrog peči v tesni, temni in zamazani kuhinji, ki je vse materino prizadevanje ne more napraviti, da bi izgledala snažna—drugega vira toplote razen tega štedilnika na plin pri nas sploh nimamo—; tedaj smo kot zaklenjeni v temno in vlažno ječo. Zakaj moramo mi živeti v takem neznosnem stanovanju, saj smo vendar tudi ljudje?

Mati pravi, da bi bilo lahko vse drugače, ako bi ne bilo te strašne krize. Jaz sicer ne razumem, kaj ta beseda prav za prav pomeni, toda, če je kriza kriva našemu trpljenju, potem mora biti grozna in brezsrčna pošast. Mati pravi, da je kriza vzela očetovo delo in zaslužek; toda oče je vendar delal, dokler ga niso odpeljali pred meseci v bolnišnico, jo opozarjam jaz.—Seveda,

pravi mati, toda za hišnega gospodarja, ki si je njegovo delo zaračunal za stanarino.—Torej to njegovo delo ni bilo enako dobro kot prejšnje? ugibam jaz.—Ne, pravi mati, saj smo odvisni od javne miloščine; kadar nam oni dajo kaj za pod zobe, jemo, kadar nam ne dajo, smo lačni. Oče je delal samo za stanarino.—A zakaj potem gospodar ne popravi našega stanovanja, da bi bilo lepše in prijaznejše, kakor je pri teti Agati in drugod? Ker oče ne dela, zdaj pa je celo bolan.—Pa je morda gospodar tudi reven in brez dela, da ne more popraviti naše hiše? poizvedujem jaz. Ni reven, nasprotno, bogat je, tucate hiš ima, med njimi velike in lepe, denarja ima mnogo, mož je bogat zemljiški posestnik in prekupčevalec. Hiše popraviti pa noče, ker oče ne dela, ker smo odvisni od miloščine in itak ne moremo iti nikamor drugam. Kdo mara za berače?—Jaz pa nato: “Potem pa ni človek, ta grdi mož?” “Ne, ni človek,” pravi mati, “temveč grda, lakomna pošast; Oče je garal zanj kot živina, dokler se ni z delom uničil, da zdaj trpi v bolnišnici, a vse je šlo na račun najemnine.”

Meni se to ne vidi prav. Takih ljudi ne bi smelo biti! On je bogat, vsega ima preveč, nam pa vsega manjka in živeti moramo v takih luknjah, da me obide žalost kadarkoli vidim njih umazane stene ali se le spomnim nanje. Če bi že bili lačni, da bi imeli vsaj snažno in prijetno stanovanje. A niti tega ne moremo imeti!—Če bi oče bil zdrav in bi delal v tovarni, bi se lahko preselili drugam, pravi mati; toda oče ni zdrav in dela v tovarni nimajo zanj.—Tako hudo je to in meni se vidi tako zamotano in nerazumljivo; zakaj moramo nekateri živeti tako revno in beraško,

pri drugih pa se imajo vse drugače? Nam so tamle pozimi na primer zaprli za nekaj dni celo kurilni plin, da smo bili v mrazu, dokler nam ni pomagala reliefna organizacija. Pri teti Agati na primer je vse drugače.—Seveda, ker stric Matija dela, pravi mama.—Zakaj pa naš ata ne dela?

Ko sem ji zadnjič zopet zastavila to vprašanje, se je mama nenadoma obrnila v umazano steno ter zajokala . . .

Ko sem bila pred dnevi tam pri jezzeru sem pa videla velike in razkošne hiše sredi ogromnih vrtov, in Končanova teta mi je povedala, da v njih žive milijonarji, ki potrebujejo po dvajset velikih in krasnih sob za stanovanje pa še sluge in služkinje, da jim strežejo. Ko sem jo vprašala, kaj so milijonarji, pa mi je rekla, da so to ljudje, ki nič koristnega ne delajo in da je vse, kar imajo, iztisnjeno iz delavskih žuljev in potnih srag.—Zakaj pa delavci to trpe? sem vprašala.—Ker so neumni.—Potem sem tudi jaz neumna, ker mi vse to ne gre v glavo?

Končanova teta se je zasmejala: “Se ti bodo že odprle oči, ko boš velika . . .”

In jaz si zdaj ničesar ne želim bolj vroče, kakor da bi prav kmalu zrastle ter postala velika, da bi razumela to zamotano reč: zakaj moramo nekateri živeti tako beraško, drugi pa vse drugače, nekateri pa rabijo zase celo po dvajset velikih in krasnih sob z velikimi okni in svetlimi stenami, poleg tega pa imajo še sluge in služkinje, da jim strežejo, mi pa bi si radi postregli sami, pa si ne moremo, ker si nimamo s čim?

Morda mi bo vedel povedati kaj več o tem oče, kadar se bo vrnil iz bolnišnice?

Vsekakor pa ga bom vprašala.

Ivan Vuk:

Klic domovine

HEJ—

Prižgite vsepovsodi,
 koderkoli vaša noga hodi,
 kres ljubezni,
 kres človeške veličine!
 Naj sovraštvo, mržnja, volk izgine!
 Srca poglobe se v vase,
 iz duše dna globin
 izgini vsak spomin
 na čase,
 ki povzročil jih je greh izvirni.

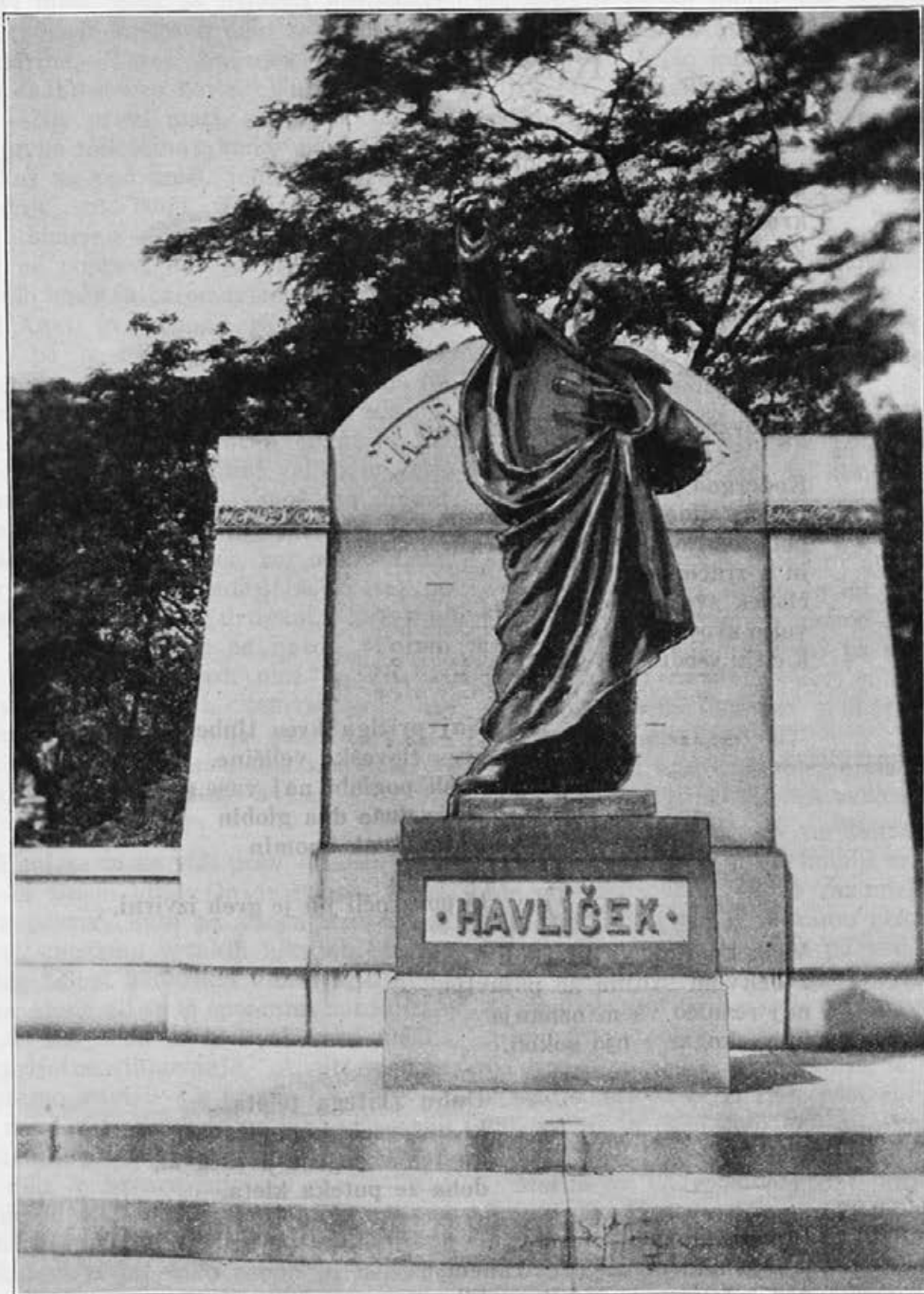
Kodergod po zemlji širni,
 morju silnem, vseprostranem,
 pod zemljo v rudnikih mrkih
 in v zračni stratosferi
 človek svojo moč izmerja,
 voljo svojo naj usmerja
 k cilju v odrešilni smeri.

Naj prižiga kres ljubezni,
 kres človeške veličine,
 misli poglobi naj vase,
 da iz duše dna globin
 izgine vsak spomin
 na čase,
 ki povzročil jih je greh izvirni.

Vsak kdorkoli in kjerkoli
 z bistvom svojim se pojavlja,
 naj resnico vsem oznanja
 in vsakogar z njo sokoli.

Duhu Zlatega teleta,
 ki nas vseh je ponižaval,
 gnetel, v sužnje uvrščaval,
 doba že poteka kleta.

In zato po zemlji širni,
 morju silnem, vseprostranem,
 pod zemljo v rudnikih mrkih
 in v zračni stratosferi
 vsak naj svojo moč izmeri
 ter prižigaj kres ljubezni,
 kres človeške veličine,
 da pogine greh izvirni
 in nas sreča vseh obsine!



*Spomenik Karla Havlíček-Borovskega, češkega revolucionarja in pesnika
v Douglasovem parku v Chicagu*

Koristen svet

K SLOVEČEMU odvetniku je prišel kmet. Ko stopi v pisarno, reče: "Prišel sem vas vprašat za dober nasvet, gospod odvetnik."

"O, imate gotovo kako tožbo."

"Jaz! Nikakor ne! Živim v veliki prijaznosti z vsemi sosedi."

"To je jako lepo. Morda se boste oženili in hočete zaradi pogodbe slišati mnenje moža postave?"

"Oženjen sem, in najina pogodba obstoji v tem, da otroci podedujejo po najupoštenje in pravičnost."

"Prav. Potem hočete menda narediti oporoko."

"Dobro mi je in nimam nič posebnega zapustiti."

"S čim naj vam torej postrežem?"

"No, prosim vas dobrega sveta."

"Pa čemu, ker nimate narediti niti tožbe, niti pogodbe ali oporoke? Razložite mi!"

"Gospod, sloveč človek ste, mož dobrega sveta. Dajte mi kak svet pismeno."

"Ali hočete svet za prihodnjost?"

"Da, gospod!"

"Pa ne veste, za kakšno stvar?"

"Ne, gospod!"

"To je jako težko, kar zahtevate od mene."

"O, vem, da ste sloveč odvetnik, gospod! Če hočete, mi boste dali dober svet."

"No, naj bo," reče odvetnik.

Premišlja pet minut. Potem zapiše na list nekaj vrstic in spravi papir v zavitek. Kmet se zahvali odvetniku in mu posili odšteje tri dolarje. Nato se veselo napoti domov.

"Žena," reče, ko se vrne, "dobro sem opravil. Ko sem bil v mestu, sem šel k slovečemu odvetniku in ga prosil sveta. To me je stalo tri dolarje, pa bo nama, upam, v veliko korist. Glej, tu je."

"Svet," reče žena, "čemu?"

"Boš že videla."

Kmet prime zavitek, slovesno preloži pečat in bere tele preproste besede: "Kar lahko storiš danes, ne odlašaj na jutri!"

"Za to si dal tri dolarje?" reče žena. "In čemu hočeš, da bi ti to bilo v korist?"

"Žena," reče kmet resno, "dober svet nam more vselej koristiti. Moje seno je pokošeno in suho. Hotel sem ga domov spraviti jutri, pa ka speljem nocoj."

Kmet pokliče takoj sodelavce in reče: "Prijetelji, nocoj gremo po seno!"

"Tako pozno! Čemu to? Noč nas dobi sredi dela! Zakaj ne počakate do jutri zjutraj?"

"Rekel sem: nocoj in ne jutri. Naprezite konje in naprej!"

V četrto ure je vse pripravljeno. Vozovi drdrajo po vasi z velikim ropotom. Ljudje stopijo k oknom, da bi videli mimoidoče. Hkratu pogledujejo proti nebu. Bilo je vedro, le tupatam prepreženo z oblaki.

"Zakaj gre vendar ta človek tako pozno po seno?" vprašujejo posmehoma.

Kmet se ne zmeni za to, dela poleg svojih delavcev, da jim daje pogum z besedo in zgledom. Vozovi so naloženi. Delavci so se segreli, znoj jim teče s čela.

Ko se je bilo znočilo, je bilo vse končano. Pet voz, polnih sena, je stalo pod kozolcem pridnega gospodarja.

Že začne kapati dež, pride naliv in debele kaplje bijejo po strehah. Vso noč je lilo. Seno poljedelcev je voda odplavila. Namesto sena so se svetile široke luže.

Kmet zopet vzame v roke odvetnikov svet, ga prebere vnovič, ga pilepi na zid ter reče:

"No, žena, sedaj vidiš, da dobrega sveta ne smemo prezirati. Zapišimo si ga v spomin! Obvaroval nas je velike izgube."

Jordan.

Ivan Vuk:

Tam na voglu . . .

GLAS (*iz zbora*): Tam na voglu —
ZBOR (*pade v basedo. Glasovi, kakor bi čudeč in sočutno izražali dogodek*):

Otročička, revčka stojita,
drug k drugemu tiščita,
vse rdeče rokice so male.

GLAS (*iz zbora s povdarkom, obtožujoč*):

Bose, drobne noge mraz objema.

DRUGI (*glas iz zbora*):

Veter češe razkuštrane lase.

TRETJI (*glas iz zbora*):

Mrzlo v srcu je hudo obema.

ZBOR (*sočutno, obtožujoče*):

Zobčki tiho šklepetajo,
ročke drobne trepetajo,
iz oči pa prošnja se razliva. —
Pomodrele kakor zrela sliva
ustnice drhtijo, govorijo:

DVA OTROKA (*fantek in dekletce, stara 8 do 10 let, slabo oblečena, bosa, stegujeta roke*):

“Dajte, prosim, kruha košček,
dajte!

Očka stroji so ubili,

v kruto bedo nas pahnili.

Dajte, prosim lepo, dajte!”

ZBOR (*zamolklo, pripovedovalno*):

Govorijo usteca, drhtijo,
zobčki tiho šklepetajo,
rokce, vse rdeče, trepetajo.

(*Začuje se glas orgelj iz katedrale, ki je ves čas do konca sedaj glasnejši, sedaj bolj tih.*)

OTROKA (*proseče jokajoče*):

“Lačna sva, a mama naša mila,
nič več nima, da bi založila,
da bi dinar kakšen kje dobila,
kruha košček nam kupila.

ZBOR (*zamolklo, preteče*):

GLAS—ZBOR:

V katedrali orglje, čuj, bučijo . . .
Mimo njiju verniki hitijo . . .
Revčka tam za njimi pa boječe
ročke iztegujeta proseče.

OTROKA (*stegujeta roke k ljudem, ki gredo v katedralo. Stopata celo za njimi v katedralo in se skrivata očem gledalcev. Sliši se njun glas*):

“Dajte, prosim, kruha košček,
dajte!”

ZBOR (*z glasom, ki izraža prezir in nejevoljo*):

A nihče, nihče nič ne da,
pogleda le, ko da sta psa,
in dalje speši in hiti,
kot glas da orgelj ga podi . . .

(*Otroka se vrmeta in zopet slonita ob zidu.*)

ZBOR (*zamolklo, pripovedovalno, glas orgelj utihne*):

Otročička, revčka dva stojita . . .
Vse rdeče rokice so male,
drug se k drugemu tiščita,
tam na voglu —

GLAS (*z glasom povdarjenim in prezir izražujočim*):

— poleg katedrale.

POGUM

PRED nami so strmine, hrib,
pred nami temna noč,
a mi gremo naprej — naprej,
veselo vriskajoč.

Saj dobro vemo, da dehti
za hribi ravna plan,
da nam zasiže za nočjo
vesel in jasen dan.

Dve žabi

(Japonska pravljica)

^vZIVELI sta nekdanj dve žabi. Ena je prebivala v nekem jarku, prav blizu obmorskega mesta Osaka, druga pa je živela v hladnem čistem potoku, prav blizu glavnega mesta Kioto. Obema je življenje postajalo dolgočasno in obe sta sklenili, da se podasta na potovanje.

“Kaj če bi si ogledala enkrat obmorsko mesto Osako, to bi bila lepa izprememba,” si je mislila kiotska žaba.

“Že dolgo je moja srčna želja, da bi videla cesarsko mesto Kioto, to bi bilo enkrat nekaj novega!” si je mislila osaška žaba.

Isti dan in isto uro sta se obe žabi odpravili na pot. Nikoli prej se nista videli in nista vedeli druga za drugo, tudi njiju rodbine so jima bile nepoznane in tuje. Potovanje je bilo silno težavno in le počasi sta merili dolgo cesto. Prav na sredi med obema mestoma je bila visoka gora, ki sta jo obe potnici morali prekoračiti, če sta hoteli doseči kraj njiju hrepenenja. Ali pot na goro je bila za obe grozno naporna. Zasopljene in izmučene sta prilezli na vrh.

Pri zadnjem koraku sta si stali nasproti. Začuden sta obstali in bulili ena v drugo z velikimi, izbuljenimi očmi.

Nekaj časa sta se samo gledali, potem sta pričeli govoriti.

“Odkod prihajaš in kam hočeš?” je vprašala osaška.

“Prihajam iz cesarskega mesta Kioto,” je odgovorila kiotska, “in nameram v Osako. Odkod pa ti?”

“Iz Osake in hočem v Kioto,” je odgovorila osaška.

Tedaj sta se obe iz vsega srca zasmeljale in od samega smehu sta pljusnili v travo. Tako sta ležali nekaj časa, po-

tem sta zopet sedli in se začeli pomenkovati.

“Če ne bi bili tako majhni,” je rekla ena, “bi videli od tu mesta, kamor sva namenjeni in bi precej vedeli, ali se izplača ta dolga, težavna pot.”

“Nekaj mi je prišlo na misel,” je rekla druga. “Kaj če bi se postavili na zadnje noge in naslonili ena na drugo. Morda bi kaj videli.”

“Dobro, poizkusiva,” je rekla prva. In postavili sta se na zadnje noge in se objeli s prednjima nogama, da ne bi padli.

Tako sta stali pokonci in ena in druga je radovedno bulila v mesto pred se. Od velikega napora so jima noge in glava otrpeli. Ali, če stojte žabe na zadnjih nogah, gledajo njih izbuljene oči nazaj, kaj ne?—Trapasti žabi pa nista mislili na to.

Tako je osaška videla namesto tujege mesta svoje rodno mesto in kiotska žaba zopet svoje.

“Kaj vidim,” je zaklicala osaška, “cesarsko mesto je prav takšno kakor moje rojstno mesto. Tudi potok tu spodaj je popolnoma enak mojemu. Če ne morem več videti, se ne izplača iti na tako dolgo pot. Rajši kar doma ostanem.”

Kiotska je bila istega mnenja. “Če mesto ne izgleda drugače, je popolnoma nepotrebno iti v tujino,” je rekla.

Izpustili sta se in pljusnili zopet v travo. Potem sta se še nekoliko časa razgovarjali in se slednjič poslovili. Otresli sta sprednji nogi in jo urezali z velikimi skoki nizdol po hribu. Kako sta si želeli biti zopet doma!

Ali še vnukom svojih vnukov sta pripovedovali o svojem dolgem potovanju, kako bi bili skoro za vselej odšli v tujino in kako sta si Osaka in Kioto podobni ko jajce jajcu.



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

DRAGI OTROCI!

Vselej, kadar zaslužite, vas rad pohvalim. To veste. Napisali ste že mnogo ljubkih dopisov, ki se vsem dopadejo. Zadnjič je bil razpisan kontest z nagradami. Dobro ste se postavili. Odziv je bil dober. Kontest se je zaključil in nagrade so že razdeljene nagrajencem za najboljše dopise. Zadnjih par številčk MLADINSKEGA LISTA se je precej zapoznilo. To bomo popravili v bodoče. Zapoznili pa so se tudi vaši dopisi.

Kaj je vzrok, da je v tej številki tako malo dopisov? Rekli boste, da pomlad, ki vas sili ven na igrišče. Ni časa za pisanje. Morda je kriva zamuda z mesečnikom? Morda pa vas je utrudil kontest? Naj bo vzrok ta ali oni, dopisi so postali zelo pičli. Nikar ne dopustite, da se bo tako nadaljevalo vso pomlad in tudi čez poletje! Odločite se, da boste vzdržali kar naprej! Vse polno zanimivosti je, o katerih lahko kaj napišete. Pišite o šoli, o igrah na trati ali cesti in dvorišču. Pišite o delu, ki ga opravlja oče. Povejte, kako pomagata materi v kuhinji. In tako dalje. Predmetov je na izbiro!

Kampanja za pridobivanje otrok v mladinski oddelek SNPJ je odprta. Potrudite se, da boste aktivni v njej tudi vi! Pišite tudi o kampanji. Požurite se, da bo majski Mladinski List imel mnogo več dopisov kot aprilski. Napišite jih toliko, da ne bom vedel kam z njimi, pa jih bom kljub temu vse priobčil.

Torej — veselo na delo! Več dopisov!

—UREDNIK.

Mladinska kampanja SNPJ Pomlad in pesmi

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, priobčite teh par vrstic v "Našem kotičku," tako da ne bom izostala z mojim običajnim dopisom niti v aprilski številki Mladinskega Lista.

Po dolgi in izredno hudi zimi se je

vendarle pričela oglašati pomlad, pa jo je kaj hitro spet prepodila starka zima. Prve dni aprila je namreč spet pritisnil mraz in sneg. Uboga pomlad se je morala kar umakniti takemu pritisku ledene zime.

Kljub temu je sedaj drevje začelo brsteti. Travniki so pokriti z zeleno preprogo, tako tudi livade. Ptički vese-

lo žvrgolijo in se veselijo toplega vremena. Saj so revčki dosti prestali v zadnji zimi.

Narava se prebuja iz zimskega spanja. Vse je živo! Vse je dobilo nekam novo življenje! To je veselja med stari in mladimi, posebno pa med šolsko mladino! Pomladi se vse veseli, najbolj pa otroci.

O tragični smrti, ki je zadela mojega strica Franka Mazelja, je že bilo poročano v Prosveti. Zato ne bom o tem nadalje pisala. Povedati pa moram, da je bila njegova smrt velik udarec za njegovo družino. Pa tudi za mojo mammo, ki je pokojnikova sestra. Sreča je pa bila, da je bil zavarovan pri SNPJ in SSPZ. Tako bo prizadeta družina za nekaj časa rešena pomanjkanja.

V takih slučajih, ko umrje oče ali mati, se najbolj pozna, če je zavarovan pri dobri podporni organizaciji. Naša SNPJ vedno stoji ob strani svojim članom v slučaju bolezni, nesreče ali smrti. Zato pa je vredno, da ji pomagamo pridobivati nove člane, da bodo tudi oni deležni njene pomoči ter da ji bodo pomagali vršiti njeno dobro delo.

Baš sedaj imamo mladinsko kampanjo. SNPJ je razpisala lepe nagrade za one, ki ji pridobijo nove člane v mladinski oddelek. Novi člani pa so deležni proste zdravniške preiskave in drugih ugodnosti. Poleg tega smo vsi člani, novi in stari, v mladinskem oddelku prosti asesmenta za april in maj. To velja za one nove člane, ki pristopijo v aprilu in maju.

Želim, da bi bila mladinska kampanja zelo uspešna. Saj tudi mora biti! Prilika je zelo dobra. Veselo—na delo!

Ker zadnjič nisem poslala nobene pesmice, ne domačega izdelka ali pridelka ne drugega, zato naj bo sledeča Župančičeva na mestu:

DIVJI MOŽ

Divji mož, kosmati mož
tri doline je ograbil:
"To bo vrt moj, nanj si rož
in sočivja bom nasadil."

Pluga nima, ne brane,
kar z rokami prst rahlja si —
kar storile so roke,
to z nogami potepta si.

Divji mož, kosmati mož
hišico si je sezidal:
"Tukaj mirno živel boš;
kdo ti ne bi zdaj zavidal!"

V izbico vesel je šel,
ali ko se v njej vzravnal je,
v strop z glavo se je zadel,
in ves dvorec mu razpal je.

Šel na jezero je pit,
a na brado je pozabil:
mož povodni, v kotu skrit,
za kodeljo ga je zgrabil.

"Joj," zajavka divji mož
"za nezgodo gre nezgoda!"
a vodnar: "E, kaj se boš!"
Ni nezgoda, le neroda!"

Če se čitateljem dopade gornja pesem Otona Župančiča—upam, da se jim —bom povedala eno o kukavici, ki je sicer ne poznamo v tej deželi, o njej pa nam prepeva pesnik Stritar takole:

KUKAVICA

*Ku, ku! Kaj si vendar že tukaj?
O, kukaj, tica, le tukaj
po svoji stari navadi!
Saj ni še prave pomladi,
dokler ni tvojega čuti glasu.
A ko se razlega čez hrib in ravan:
ku, ku! ku, ku! ku, ku!, ku, ku!
vse giblje, poganja in sila na dan:
iz jazbine jazbec pogleda zaspan,
vesela čebela iz ulja leti,
na zvonček, na jaglec, vijolo brenči.
Iz skale, z mahom pokrite, vir
curlja in šumlja brez miru:
na trati vesel odgovarja pastir:
ku, ku! ku, ku! ku, ku!*

Morda se zdi težka ta pesmica, saj tudi je, celo če se le poskuša prepisati! In če boste pridni, bom prihodnjič še kakšno kje iztaknila!

Ker nimam več o ničemer drugem pisati, bom končala. Ne smem pozabiti se zahvaliti SNPJ za nagrado, ki mi je bila poklonjena v zadnjem kontestu.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in Vas!

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

Juhejsa, juhaj!

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Najprej se Vam želim lepo zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. Lepo ste ga uredili. Tudi pesmico o muhi ste lepo popravili. Da, res, uboga muha, ki je bila brez trebuha! Reva je tako shujšala, da so jo ostale same kosti. Prišli so duhovni, da ji bi dušo rešili, zašili. Pa je toliko pomagalo ko Blažev žegen, kakor pravijo.

Nad muho so se spravili mesarji, jo zaklali, odrli. To se jim je posrečilo, da so jo zaklali in odrli. A to še ni zadostovalo. Ne!

Prišle so kar tri brhke kuharice, ki so ubogo muho skuhale in potem pa še scvrle, da je bolj držalo.

O ti, ti muha, kako si suha in brez trebuha!

Ker ste priobčili pesmico o ubogi muhi, Vam pošiljam še eno. Ta je o sosedu, ženi in možu. Jaz jo znam igrati na harmoniko.

Tukaj je:

PRELJUBA SOSEDA

Preljuba mi soseda,
si videla mojega moža,
ki rad se kam zagleda,
prav debelo zija.

O videla, videla sem ga!
Saj tam po vrtu skače,
kakor kakšno mače,
ker se rad igra.

O videla, videla sem ga!
Kot obseden skače,
ima raztrgane hlače;
čebele so opikale ga!

Priznam, da ta pesmica ni posebno "gladka" ne "opiljena," pa bo že za silo. Ni čuda, če je mož skakal, ker so ga čebele opikale.

Tukaj je še ena, ki pa je bolj 'učena', kakor pravijo:

MOJ DOM

V dolinci prijetni je ljubi moj dom,
nikoli od njega podal se ne bom;
pod lipo domačo najrajši sedim,
v domačem veselju zadovoljno živim.

Ali pa ona o majniku, ki se glasi:

*Juhejsa, juhaj,
prekrasen je maj!
Žgolevajo ptiči,
prepevajo ptiči:
juhejsa, juhaj,
prekrasen je maj!*

*Juhejsa, juhaj,
prekrasen je maj!
Fantiči, deklīči,
zapojmo ko ptiči:
juhejsa, juhaj,
prekrasen je maj!*

Da ne bom tudi jaz izgledal preveč "učen", naj bo za enkrat dovolj teh pesmi. Prihodnjič pa spet kaj.

Joe Rott,

18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O

Marija Bizilj, Ljubljana:

Ptičica pevčica

Ptičica pevčica je pevala,
pevala je vse dni,
dokler je deček zaslišal ni.

Deček jo zagledal je
in ujel jo je.
O, ti grdi deček, ti,
zakaj to storil si?

* *

Šola

V šoli nas je mnogo,
učiteljica nas uči,
kdor ne zna, pa jo dobi.

Kdor v šolo hoče hoditi,
mora se tudi učiti,
kdor rad se ne uči,
naj kar doma čepi.



JUVENILE



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A Boy on War

By F. T. R.

THE best part of the day I know
Is after all the whistles blow,
When down the street, and up the lane,
Come all the fathers—from the train.
We children leave our play for this,
And run to get a smile or kiss,
And mothers—looking trim and sweet,
Are watching—up and down the street.

But, then—the thought just comes to me,
Of all the boys across the sea,
Who stand and watch beside the door,
For fathers who will come no more.

How can a war be right and fair
Which kills the fathers everywhere?
When wives and children need them so,
That's one thing I should like to know.

Step by Step

STEP by step, the longest march
Can be won; can be won.
Single stones will form an arch
One by one, one by one.
And by union, what we will
Can be all accomplished still.
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly none.

Clouds and Waves

By Rabindranath Tagore

MOTHER, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me—

“We play from the time we wake till the day ends. We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon.”

I ask, “But, how am I to get up to you?”

They answer, “Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds.”

“My mother is waiting for me at home,” I say. “How can I leave her and come?”

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, Mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both hands, and our housetop will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me—

“We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass.”

I ask, “But, how am I to join you?”

They tell me, “Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves.”

I say, “My mother always wants me at home in the evening—how can I leave her and go?”

Then they smile, dance, and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on, and on and on, and break upon your lap with laughter.

And no one in the world will know where we both are.

The Fog

By Carl Sandburg

THE fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking

over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on

The Swing

By Robert Louis Stevenson

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasant thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

The Story of Fanchon

By Anatole France

FANCHON went early one morning, like Little Red Riding-Hood, to see her grandmother, who lives right at the other end of the village. But Fanchon did not stop like Little Red Riding-Hood, to gather nuts in the woods. She went straight on her way and she did not meet the wolf.

From a long way off she saw her grandmother sitting on the stone step at her cottage door, a smile on her toothless mouth and her arms, as dry and knotty as an old vine-stock, open to welcome her little granddaughter. It rejoices Fanchon's heart to spend a whole day with her grandmother; and her grandmother, whose trials and troubles are all over and lives as happy as a cricket in the warm chimney-corner, is rejoiced too to see her son's little girl, the picture of her own childhood.

They have many things to tell each other, for one of them is coming back from the journey of life which the other is setting out on.

"You grow a bigger girl every day," says the old grandmother to Fanchon, "and every day I get smaller; I scarcely need now to stoop at all to touch your forehead. What matters my great age when I can see the roses of my girlhood blooming again in your cheeks, my pretty Fanchon?"

But Fanchon asked to be told again—for the hundredth time—all about the glittering paper flowers under the glass shade, the colored pictures where our Generals in brilliant uniforms are overthrowing their enemies, the gilt cups, some of which have lost their handles, while others have kept theirs, and grandfather's gun that hangs above the chimney-piece from the nail where he put it up himself for the last time, thirty years ago.

But time flies, and the hour is come

to get ready the midday dinner. Fanchon's grandmother stirs up the drowsy fire; then she breaks the eggs on the black earthenware platter. Fanchon is deeply interested in the bacon omelette as she watches it browning and sputtering over the fire. There is no one in the world like her grandmother for making omelettes and telling pretty stories. Fanchon sits on the settle, her chin on a level with the table, to eat the steaming omelette and drink the sparkling cider. But her grandmother eats her dinner, from force of habit, standing at the fireside. She holds her knife in her right hand, and in the other a crust of bread with her toothsome morsel on it. When both have done eating:

"Grandmother," says Fanchon, "tell me the 'Blue Bird'."

And her grandmother tells Fanchon how, by the spite of a bad fairy, a beautiful Prince was changed into a proud youth was changed into a sky-blue bird, and of the grief the girl felt when she heard of the transformation and saw her love fly all bleeding to the window of the Tower where she was shut up.

Fanchon thinks and thinks.

"Grandmother," she says at last, "is it a great while ago the Blue Bird flew to the Tower where the girl was shut up?"

Her grandmother tells her it was many a long day since, in the time when the animals used to talk.

"You were young then?" asks Fanchon.

"I was not yet born," the old woman tells her.

And Fanchon says:

"So, grandmother, there were things in the world even before you were born?"

And when their talk is done, her grandmother gives Fanchon an apple with a hunk of bread and bids her:

"Run away, little one: go and play and eat your apple in the garden."

And Franchon goes into the garden, where there are trees and grass and flowers and birds. Her grandmother's garden was full of grass and flowers and trees, and Fanchon thought it was the prettiest garden in all the world. By this time she had pulled out her pocket-knife to cut her bread with, as they do in the village. First she munched her apple, then she began her bread. Presently a little bird came fluttering past her. Then a second came and a third. Soon then, twenty- thirty were crowding round Fanchon. There were grey birds, and red, there were yellow birds, and green, and blue. And all were pretty and they all sang. At first Fanchon could not think what they wanted. But she soon saw they were asking for bread and that they were little beggars. Yes, they were beggars, but they were singers as well. Fanchon was too kind-hearted to refuse bread to any one who paid for it with songs.

She was a little country girl, and she did not know that once long ago, in a country where white cliffs of marble are washed by the blue sea, a blind man earned his daily bread by singing the shepherd's songs which the learned still admire today. But her heart laughed to hear the little birds, and she tossed them crumbs that never reached the ground, for the birds always caught them in the air.

Franchon saw that the birds were not all the same in character. Some would stand in a ring around her feet waiting for the crumbs to fall into their beaks. These were philosophers. Others again she could see circling nimbly on the wing all about her. She even noticed one little thief that darted in and pecked shamelessly at her own slice.

She broke the bread and threw crumbs to them all; but all could not get some to eat. Fanchon found that

the boldest and cleverest left nothing for the others.

"That is not fair," she told them; "each of you ought to take his proper turn."

But they never heeded; nobody ever does, when you talk of fairness and justice. She tried every way to favor the weak and hearten the timid; but she could make nothing of it, and do what she would, she fed the fat birds at the expense of the thin ones. This made her sorry; she was such a simple child she did not know it is the way of the world.

Crumb by crumb, the bread all went down the little singers' throats. And Franchon went back very happy to her grandmother's house.

When night fell, her grandmother took the basket in which Fanchon had brought her cake, filled it with apples and grapes, hung it on the child's arm, and said:

"Now Fanchon, go straight back home, without stopping to play with the village ragamuffins. Be a good girl always. Goodbye."

Then she kissed her. But Fanchon stood thinking at the door.

"Grandmother?" she said.

"What is it, little Fanchon?"

"I should like to know," said Franchon, "if there are any beautiful girls among birds that ate up my bread."

"Now that there are no more fairies," her grandmother told her, "the birds are all birds and nothing else."

"Goodbye, grandmother."

"Goodbye, Fanchon."

And Franchon set off across the meadows for her home, the chimney of which she could see smoking a long way off against the red sky of sunset.

On the road she met Antoine, the gardner's little boy. He asked her:

"Will you come and play with me, Fanchon?"

But she answered:

"I won't stop to play with you, because my grandmother told me not to.

But I will give you an apple, because I love you very much."

Antoine took the apple and kissed the little girl. As she went on her way, stepping soberly along like a staid, grown-up person, she heard behind her a merry twittering of birds, and turning to look, she saw they were the same little pensioners she had fed when they were hungry. They came flying after her.

"Good night, little friends," she called to them, "good night! It's bedtime now, so good night!"

And the winged songsters answered her with cries that mean, "Good luck to you!" in bird language.

So Fanchon came back to her mother's to the sound of sweet music in the air.

Fanchon lay down in the dark in her little bed, which a carpenter in the village had made long ago of walnut wood and carved a light railing alongside. The good old man had been resting years and years now under the shadow of the church, in a grass-grown bed; for Fanchon's cot had been her grandfather's when he was a little lad, and he had slept where she sleeps now. A curtain of pink-sprigged cotton protects her slumbers; she sleeps, and in her dreams she sees the Blue Bird flying to his sweetheart's tower. She thinks he is as beautiful as a star, but she never expects him to come and light on her shoulder. She knows she is not a princess, and no youth changed into a blue bird will come to visit her. She tells herself that all birds are not princes; that the birds of her village are villagers and that there might be one perhaps found amongst them, a little country lad changed into a sparrow by

a bad fairy and wearing in his heart under his brown feathers the love of little Fanchon. Yes, if he came and she knew him, she would give him not bread crumbs only, but cake and kisses. She would so like to see him, and lo! she sees him; he comes and perches on her shoulder. He is a Jack-sparrow, only a common sparrow. He has nothing rich or rare about him, but he looks alert and lively. To tell the truth, he is a little torn and tattered; he lacks a feather in his tail; he has lost it in battle—unless it was through some bad fairy of the village. Fanchon has her suspicions he is a naughty bird. But she is a girl, and she does not mind her jack-sparrow being a trifle headstrong, if only he has a kind heart. She pets him and calls him pretty names. Suddenly he begins to grow bigger; his body gets longer; his wings turn into two arms; he is a boy, and Fanchon knows who he is—Antoine, the gardener's little lad, who asks her:

"Shall we go and play together, shall we, Fanchon?"

She claps hands for joy, and away she goes . . . But suddenly she wakes and rubs her eyes. Her sparrow is gone, and so is Antoine! She is all alone in her little room. The dawn, peeping in between the flowered curtains, throws a white, innocent light over her cot. She can hear the birds singing in the garden. She jumps out of bed in her little nightgown and opens the window; she looks out into the garden, which is gay with flowers—roses, geraniums, and convolvulus—and spies her little pensioners, her little musicians, of yesterday. There they all sit in a row on the garden fence, singing her a morning hymn to pay her for their crumbs of bread.



A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

Today I must tell you some things that you will, no doubt, find amusing. But if they sound funny to you, remember that it is only because through hundreds upon hundreds of years men have learned more and more "secrets", and some of these, young as you may be, you have been told about.

"How" and "why" said the early savage when he looked into a pool of water and saw his image looking back at him. Maybe he didn't say it as you do; maybe he said: "Goob-be? Goob-ba?" or "Mumba? Chee?" But he meant the same thing anyway.

How do you suppose he felt when he saw his shadow in the sun? He couldn't run away from it! Yet he couldn't understand it!

Do you wonder that he was alarmed when he saw a person die? If he saw someone pick up a stone and throw it at a man so that he got killed, he could see who made him die. But when a person just died by himself without anyone shooting an arrow or something like that, he felt queer. This kind of death was entirely unnatural to the savage.

Can't you see how if this kind of thing went on for hundreds of years, the early man would try to make up stories about all these things he couldn't understand—and believe them? And that's just what people began doing—and some of them, who don't care to find out the truth, are still doing it today.

Did you ever try saying to a baby, "Na—Na—Don't touch that. It'll hurt you?" And what did the baby do? He was all the more eager to stick his fingers where you didn't want him to. Did your Mother ever say something like this: "If you don't stop poking your

face into things, your nose will grow longer and longer until it'll be in everybody's way. I'll bet I can guess what you did. I'll bet you were ever so much more curious—just to see if your nose would really get longer.

Now there will be people all through your life who will try to make you believe certain things whether they sound reasonable or not. I think you should be a little bit like the baby or the boy I described above, and want to find out if it is so. If you'll be like that, you'll be on the right track.

Do you know that many people try to make you believe that there was light on this earth before the sun, moon, and stars? Why don't you try telling that to someone? Write and tell me what they called you. But there is one very important book which people say **they** follow and that **you** must follow that tells you this: "On the **first** day (when the world began) there **was light**; on the second day, there were the heavens, the earth; then came the grass, trees, etc; and on the **fourth** day, the **sun, moon, and stars were created**". I guess a lot of people who try to make you believe this don't realize how foolish they sound telling you that the things that make light were made three days after light itself!

Many, many years before people began to believe that there was a certain Christ who walked on this earth, the Persian people had made up their own story. It went like this: "There must have been a certain "God" who made everything, and he took 6 days to make it in." It went on to say that there was an Evil Spirit, which by eating a certain kind of fruit, became changed into a serpent. As a serpent, he went about over all the earth, making all kinds of

mischievous. He would make people tell lies, and fight, and revenge. He was the cause of all that was bad in this world.

Now then these old Persians believed that after Man and Woman were created this evil serpent came to them and gave them some fruit about which they were told: "You mustn't eat this!" But they did eat it and committed "sin" and since that time there was "sin" in the world. Don't you see how similar this ancient made-up story is to what many people believe today? They are just **remnants** of old, old superstitions.

Now another very, very old story about how everything came about is found in the old Etruscan stories. These stories say that everything was made in 6,000 years, and that Man was the last thing to be created.

Now suppose we leave the Persians for awhile, even though we may think they were rather queer and look at some of the other old races on this earth.

Did you ever hear your father say, "Ah, the good old days; they'll never come back?" The ancient Egyptians and the Greeks many, many years "before Christ" said the same things. They believed that a very long while ago there had been one God who ruled over the world. Everybody lived together in the most happy manner. Animals spoke the same language as men. There was plenty of fruit; everybody had plenty of everything he wanted. People lived to be hundreds of years old. But what brought an end to all their happiness?

Well, they said, their God (Zeus) gave a present to Man in the form of a beautiful Woman (Pandora) and she had with her a box with a lid on it. This lid was supposed to be closed all the time. But Pandora was so curious that she took off the cover one day, and out of the box there flew all the troubles, worries, illnesses, diseases, and terrible things that man has had to contend with ever since.

Even the East African negroes had a story about how evil started in this world. They believed that the first man and woman were called to their meals by a god up in heaven who rang a bell for them. This god told them they must not have anything to do with agriculture. But the woman didn't obey what this god had told her, so she used some implements for tilling the land, and thereafter this god punished both of them.

Maybe you had thought of the Chinese as being entirely different in their ways of thinking and in what they believed. But listen to this: an old, old Chinese story says that once upon a time everything was a beautiful garden. In this garden there was a tree bearing "apples of immortality" and it was guarded by a serpent, called a Dragon. There were no deaths, or sickness, or storms, or winds. Man lived here perfectly happy. He build strong walls around his garden. But Woman came and destroyed the strong walls, and Man was cursed ever after that.

In Madagascar, too, the people believed that Man had been placed in a beautiful garden with fruits and good things to eat all about him. But God had told him he mustn't eat or drink. An enemy came around and told Man how good everything was, and so he ate, and then he "fell."

The Tahitians believed that God took some of the red clay from the earth, made Man, and one day, when Man fell asleep, he took a rib from him and made Woman. Then Man was no longer happy.

There is one thing about all of these tales that you must have noticed, Edward. That is: that they are all very much alike. And different peoples were believing them in different parts of the world hundreds of years before a certain Christ is supposed to have lived. What does that show us? That the people who made up their own god in the name of a Christ took a lot of these stories

and made their own, which they called Adam and Eve, and you can see if you reread all the others that it is very much like them.

But there was a very good reason for these fairy tales. Religions had to invent some kind of sin, otherwise what did a God need to come into the world for? Don't you see that if they had not invented some kind of an "original sin" there would have been no excuse to make up the story of a God coming into the world and trying to save Man and

to teach him all along that he will finally be saved?

And that, my dear Edward, is all the time I have today. Don't think these old, old ancestors of ours too foolish, because they hadn't yet learned many "hows" and "whys" that we know today. But you have a right to think a lot of the people of today foolish, if after all that has been discovered and learned in this world, they still stick to these same fairy tales of thousands of years ago.

The Children of The Slums

By Jack London

THERE is one beautiful sight in the East End, and only one, and it is the children dancing in the street when the organ grinder goes his round. It is fascinating to watch them, the next generation, swaying and stepping, with pretty little mimicries and graceful inventions all their own, with muscles that move swiftly and easily, and bodies that leap airily, weaving rhythms never taught in dancing school.

I have talked with these children, here, there, and everywhere, and they struck me as being bright as other children, and in many ways even brighter. They have most active little imaginations. Their capacity for projecting themselves into the realm of romance and fantasy is remarkable. A joyous life is romping in their blood. They delight in music, and motion, and color, and very often they betray a startling

beauty of face and form under their filth and rags.

But there is a Pied Piper of London Town who steals them all away. They disappear. One never sees them again, or anything that suggests them. You may look for them in vain among the generation of grown-ups. Here you will find stunted forms, ugly faces, and blunt and stolid minds. Grace, beauty, imagination, all the resiliency of mind and muscle, are gone.

The children of the slums possess all the qualities which make for noble manhood and womanhood; but the slum itself, like an infuriated tigress turning on its young, turns upon and destroys all these qualities, blots out the light and laughter, and moulds those it does not kill into sodden and forlorn creatures, uncouth, degraded, and wretched below the beasts of the field.

The History of Shoes

EACH morning when you dress and put on your shoes, perhaps you never stop to think of how many years have passed and how many workers have had to help in the making of shoes. Hundreds of years ago people did not wear shoes, just as they did not wear clothes, but because the savages walk on very hot sands or over rough stones and rocks, they tried tying things on their feet to protect them. First they took grass and tying the blades together fastened it on the soles of their feet in the form of a sandal. Later they took pieces of the skins of animals that they caught in their hunt, and fastened them on. Then later they used pieces of wood which were held in place by long strips of leather. Can you imagine running around trying to play with such things on your feet?

Later on some people wanted to cover more than the bottoms of their feet, so they made big bags or circles that had a string of leather around the edge, which they could pull together. Then came the idea of tying pieces of leather around the leg to keep it warm and dry. At last they found a way to sew these onto the lower part of the shoe and these were the first boots.

All shoes were made by hand until the year 1840, only a century ago, not quite, when a machine was invented to sew leather and make shoes in that way. In the early days of our country the shoemaker was a very important person. He would go about from house to house and make shoes for the family. The farmer would save the hides of the cows, or goats or

sheep, and these the shoemaker would use for making shoes. Our shoes today are made from the same kind of skins.

When the good ship Mayflower came to this country there was no shoemaker on board. After a few months the people thought about this and wondered how they would have new shoes made when they needed them. The Mayflower on its next trip brought a shoemaker, or cobbler as they were sometimes called in those days.

Our shoes today often have fancy trimmings or decorations of some kind, but many years ago people decorated theirs, too. They made holes in the leather or trimmed them with pieces of metal. While we, in this country, wear comfortable shoes of leather, there are still some folks who wear queer shoes made of wood, or the soles are of wood and the tops of leather. The Japanese wear little sandals of straw matting, but on rainy days they wear sandals with wooden soles that clatter as they walk. In some parts of Holland and in other countries of Europe in the rural districts you find wooden shoes worn. It would seem queer to see some one sit down with a big block of wood and carve out a pair of shoes, but if you were to visit a shoe factory today you would see how very many things have to happen to a piece of leather before it becomes a shoe for you to wear. There are forty-four parts to a modern shoe. You could probably name such parts as the sole, the tongue, the laces, the toe, the heels, the lining, but that is about as far as you can go.





MORE ABOUT THE CAMPAIGN

The Slovene National Benefit Society offers greatest awards and prizes to date for securing a new member during its present Juvenile Campaign. Last month we have given you several campaign details. Read them over and decide at once that you, too, will secure at least one new member.

All that you have to do to get one of the awards is to secure one or more new members for the Juvenile Department. Get your member, report to the local lodge secretary and he or she will take care of the rest. If it is inconvenient for you to get in touch with your secretary, write to the SNPJ Home Office at 2657 So. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Ill. The new member that you secure will be exempt from paying the medical examination fee up to the sum of fifty cents. If admitted in April or May, he or she will also be exempt from paying the regular assessment for these two months. For further information act as stated above.

Remember, children whose parents are not members of the SNPJ, are also eligible for membership in the SNPJ.

In your town there are many children who are not our members but who are qualified to become members of the SNPJ. Secure THEM!

* *

It was impossible in this issue to publish all of the letters submitted as a number of them came just as we went to press. But we will publish all of them in the May issue.

—THE EDITOR.

Another "Prize Letter"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I first want to thank the SNPJ for the prize money that I received winning the first award in *Mladinski List* letter contest. It is certainly very fine to get such a sum of money at these times as we all need more money than we have.

I am being kept quite busy now with my school lessons. Night after night the teachers pile on more homework than I am able to do thus giving me little time for writing articles, reading or anything of that sort.

Quite a lot of interesting programs on current questions are on the radio now. Three of especial interest are the Town Hall Meeting of the Air,

coming from New York, the Open Forum conducted in Pittsburgh, and a debate also from Pittsburgh. Through these programs I have had the opportunity of hearing Norman Thomas, 1932 Socialist candidate for president; Leo Kryzki, national chairman of the Socialist Party and Vice President of the United Textile Workers of America; Harry Laidler, and other prominent men. The Open Forum and Town Hall Meeting offer the audience the privilege of asking questions of the speakers. This part is especially interesting because, judging by the questions the people ask, we may learn what kind of people we have in the United States. They usually ask questions which attack the speaker and usually they attack the speaker with more progressive ideas and thoughts.

Dr. Fishbine, a speaker on the Town Hall meeting, explained that the present system of medicine in the United States is the best in the whole world. But we visited Professor Fowle at the Roosevelt Homesteads who told us that there were several cases of diphtheria in the colony and not a single doctor could be summoned because there is no doctor in the colony and they did not have any money to get one. This proves that the present system is inadequate and is not working right; it is adequate for those who can afford its services, the rich, not for the poor. It should be socialized.

It is pitiful that such men as Professor Fowle, who is a university graduate, has to be deprived of a job and live in a Roosevelt colony. There are also other professors and college graduates at the colony and elsewhere who are jobless. The working class should educate itself by reading the official organ of the SNPJ, the *Prosveta* and other educational papers and literature, And the workers' children should read the *Mladinski List* and other progressive literature.

On May 30 the SNPJ Westmoreland County Federation will sponsor its annual celebration at West Newton. The program this year will be unusually good, with Comrade Frank Zaitz, member of the Supreme Board of the SNPJ and editor of the *Proletarec* as main speaker. A one act comedy, "Vedež," will be presented by the Dramatic Club of the Federation. There will also be other speakers and the Singing Society of West Newton will offer its songs in helping to make the program varied. A dance will be held in the evening. This will be a grand affair and everyone is welcome to attend.

A Proud Torch,

Mary Elizabeth Fradel,
1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

* *

Martin's "Last Roundup"

Dear Editor:—

Since I am entering the Adult Department of the SNPJ leaving the Juvenile Department, I decided to write for the last time to the *Mladinski List*.

I am going to be a coal miner. My father and brother work in a coal mine. My father just started working again. He was convalescing all winter; he had his left foot smashed and his big toe part cut off.

I noticed that my cousin Mike Skettle Jr. is writing to the *Mladinski List*. Keep it up, Mike! I guess Tony Dolence and I are the only ones that write to the M. L. from this Lodge 279 of the SNPJ. I hope Tony keeps on writing.

There are five in our family. My sister Fanny keeps house for us, and my sister Mary is in Chicago. My father bought us another car and I sure like to drive it. We all belong to Lodge 279, SNPJ. Best regards to all M. L. contributors, readers and editor.

Martin Skedel, Box 132, Adena, O.

Accordion Player

Dear Editor:—

I think the *Mladinski List* is a very good juvenile magazine for children and even adults. Most of the letters that are in the M. L. are good letters, I mean interesting, and the same goes for its contents in general.

This is my first letter in the M. L. I am in 9-B grade in school (in other words just starting high school). I like to go to school now, because I only have four subjects—before I had 11! I am 14 years old (was 14 on Feb. 4, 1936).

My greatest ambition is to play an accordion, a piano-accordion. For about two years I have been trying to get an accordion, and in 1935 I finally got one. I have been practicing on it now for a year. I guess I will get a new one soon. I played in school with a friend of mine who plays a banjo, and also on an amateur program that we had here in Lorain.

My mother, father and I are all members of the SNPJ Lodge 17.

So long until next month.

Adolph Raunikar,
1906 E. 33rd st., Lorain, Ohio.

* *

Four Topics

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I'm very sorry that I did not write sooner to this wonderful magazine, but I just couldn't find time.

Since baseball season is here, the boys in our neighborhood are again organizing a team like we had last year. We played 23 games winning 19 of them and we are wishing we do just as good this year.

In the Big Leagues for the American league my favorite player is Bill Knickerbocker, and I'm hoping that the Cleveland Indians win the pennant. For the National League, my favorite player is John "Pepper" Mar-

tin. I'm hoping also that the St. Louis Cardinals win the pennant for the National League. If Cleveland and St. Louis win the pennants, I'd just say, "May the best team win the World Series."

In concluding my letter I wish to be one of the first to congratulate SIS. MARY E. FRADEL for winning the first prize on sending in the best letter in the M. L. contest.

Regards to all.

Bill Fautsko,
601 Brown Ave. N. W., Canton, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. This is my first letter to the *Mladinski List*. I saw Theodora Sedmak's letter in the M. L. and thought I would write too. Why doesn't somebody else from Meadowlands write in the M. L.? There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge. I'll write again. Best regards to all.

Jessie Frank,
Box 49, Meadowlands, Pa.

* *

Cold Colorado

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written for a long while and am thoroughly ashamed of myself and aim to write more in the future.

I read *Pauline Saksek's* letter. She thought it was cold when they had 4 feet of snow and it was 15 below zero. Here we had over 18 feet of snow this winter and the mercury in thermometer went down to about 38 degrees below zero. It amazes a person to see how the location or climate can change the weather.

I haven't the M. L. close at hand or otherwise I would try to answer Pauline's question about the West if I possibly could.

Rosella Povirk's letter shows her with about the same ideas as I have, so I have written her a letter.

I could go on forever about the many interesting letters that were written last month or many months previous.

We had a ski carnival in February at a town about 17 miles from here. This is a great event and people from towns far and near attend. Other states enter the contest too. If I remember correctly a man from Utah won the highest prize.

Wishing with all my might and main that this letter won't land in the waste paper basket and that someone will write me a letter, as I would gladly answer any question, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Anne Paulovich,
Box 128, Bear River, Colo.

* *

Tony Was Surprised

Dear Editor:—

I was one of the winners in the ten best contest letters conducted by the *Mladinski List*. I was very proud of it. It surprised me when I saw my name in the prize list.

I go to Cockerill high school and I am in the ninth grade. I have three teachers; they are all good to me.

I have a brother seven years old and two sisters. My brother goes to school a few blocks from our home, and my sisters are both in Chicago.

Our Lodge 65 SNPJ held a dance December 31, and all Juvenile members in the Lodge were given a free chance to win a prize which hung on the tree. We had much fun hunting for our prizes and were anxious to see what we won.

Best regards to all readers of the M. L.

A proud member Lodge 65,

Tony Ulepich, R. 1, Mulberry, Kans.

A "First"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am nine years of age and in the fourth grade. I have one brother; he is 13 years of age and in the eighth grade. I like to read letters in the M. L. I like the poem that *Bertha Jurjevic* wrote. I like many other letters. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge 259. Best regards to all.

Helen Ferlich,
Box 528, Meadowlands, Pa.

* *

On Grandpa's Farm

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L., to which I haven't written since October.

Our school will begin April 6. I sure hate to go to school, because just four in our family go to school.

We have 12 little calves and we are milking seven cows. My grandpa has about 60 head of cattle. We haven't any cattle of our own; we are only staying on one of my grandpa's places. We also have four pigs which my daddy bought at La Veta, Colorado.

I went to a big dance at Gulnard, March 7 and I had a swell time there. (I wish some one would write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.)

Margaret Sinkovich,
Box 11, Aguilar, Colo.

* *

The Big Flood

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. It hasn't been very long since I have written to this wonderful magazine. I'm going to continue to always write to the M. L. I like to read the letters and poems very much. But most of all I enjoy the stories and riddles.

I haven't seen any letters from Moon

Run for a long time. I wish the boys and girls would wake up and start writing.

In March there was a big flood in the eastern part of our country. Much damage was done. People were without homes, food and clothing. Many of them died. The water didn't reach Moon Run. Everyone was glad that it didn't.

I was in McKees Rocks on Thursday. On Wednesday the water was much higher. The homes and stores were flooded. There were many people from Moon Run who went down to see the flood in McKees Rocks.

My two brothers are in Detroit and I hope that they are well.

I haven't anything important to write so I'll close my letter giving my best regards to all.

Frances Krally,
Box 65, Moon Run, Pa.

P. S.—Here is a poem in Slovene: "Spomlad": "Tički so zapeli, pomlad je prišla, sneg je slavo vozal, jaz sem vesela, trala!"

* *

Late Spring

Dear Editor:—

It must have been last year that I wrote to the M. L. last, and I am sorry I haven't written since.

It sure has been cold lately (March 31) even though spring began already. Quite a bit snow melted and that's one thing that I'm glad of. I even began to notice that some children are playing jumping rope and marbles already.

I noticed that quite a few children are writing in Slovene in the M. L. I can't read or write Slovene, but I wish I could. I can understand it just a little.

Most of the children write about their school and so will I, too. I'm in

the 7A grade and am 13 years old. I have many teachers so I don't want to list their names. Not having very much to say I think I will have to close.

Genevieve Widmar,
235—6th st., N. E., Crosby, Minn.

* *

Lodge 733

Dear Editor:—

I want to thank you for correcting my last letter before putting it in the "Chatter Corner." I have decided to write to the *Mladinski List* again. I shall try to be more faithful after this to the Mladinski List. I shall try to write every month.

Our whole family belongs to the McKinley Lodge 733 of the SNPJ. We have very nice times in this Lodge. The members are all reasonable people who get along fine with each other.

I want to tell *Dorothy Vidavack* not to feel badly over the mistake she made about scolding me one time for not writing to the *Mladinski List*. We all make a mistake once in a while and I don't know but that she had some right in scolding me.

I go to McKinley high school. I am a Junior. The Juniors had a party not so long ago and I had a very nice time.

I hope that this letter does not find its way to the waste paper basket.

I would like to hear from some of the young members of the SNPJ. I shall answer all letters I receive.

Best regards to all.

Molly Dodich,
2107—17th st. N. E., Canton, O.

Barber: "Sonny, how do you want your hair cut?"

Sonny: "With a hole in the top like daddy's."

Unhappy at School

"The child's first school is the family."—Froebel.

HAVE any of you had the problem of moving from a quiet district where the school was small and instruction almost individual, to another district where the school was large and heterogeneous and the instruction necessarily mass instruction? A little boy or girl finds it difficult to adjust to such a change. The stricter discipline on the part of teachers and the indifference and even roughness of many of the other pupils is apt to make the bewildered stranger quite unhappy.

Seven-year-old Joyce had just this experience.

"Mother, I can't go back to that school!" she declared, on the evening of the first day, as she was being tucked into bed. "The teacher is cross all the time. The children play so roughly and make such a noise! Please, please don't make me go back!" she begged.

Although the mother's heart ached, she concealed her feelings from her unhappy little girl. "Joyce," she answered, "you work well, and be as good as you can; then the teacher won't be cross with you!"

But when the little one went sadly to school morning after morning and cried quietly when in bed at night, the mother felt that something must be done.

"Joyce," she said one morning, "take this bunch of red roses that I've picked in the garden to your teacher. Take this jar to put the flowers in. Fill it with water—for teachers are busy people."

"No," the girl shook her head. "I don't like Teacher. She's too cross. I don't want to take her flowers!"

"Take them from me. Say Mother

sent them," answered the woman, with understanding. She had been a teacher herself, once.

"All right, Mother!"

At noon Joyce rushed home to lunch, beaming. "Teacher loved the roses, Mother. I want to take her some from myself tomorrow. May I?"

"Yes," answered the mother, smiling and feeling satisfied that her plan had worked. She had another. "Who sits near you at school, Joyce?"

"Mary Smith from the corner house. She plays with all the children and has fun. I don't play with any one," wistfully.

"Ask her to come home with you. Tell her to bring her doll."

"But I don't know her. She mightn't come."

"I'll ring up her mother and ask, too."

It required courage to phone this stranger, to tell how much she wanted a friend for Joyce. But the request was received in a friendly manner. Mary, a large, jolly, wholesome girl of eight, came with her doll. The mother suggested a doll party in the garden, and later rejoiced to see the two girls enjoying themselves.

Next morning Joyce's face lit up as she started for school. Mary was calling to her from the corner. This friendship was fostered by the wise mother.

She had still another plan. She sought the teacher's acquaintance, never missing an opportunity to speak to her, not about Joyce, but of things in general, taking pains to show the mother's understanding and sympathy.

This teacher of fifty boys and girls

came to connect Joyce with her mother. The child stood out, became a well-known little girl in the teacher's consciousness, not just a pupil in a seat.

Gradually school lost its terrors and Joyce tripped gaily off in the morning, her heart as light as a seven-year-old's should be. One day she ran home breathless.

"Mother, there's a new little girl at school!" she panted. "She feels just

as I did. She cries behind the door all through recess. May I bring her home to play?"

"Yes, dear, do," answered the mother.

So three little girls romped and played together and went hand-in-hand to school. Joyce had learned to adjust herself to school life, and best of all, through her own experience, had learned to feel for another. What finer lessons could she have learned?



Good Nature

GOOD nature helps good health. If you lose your temper some day just before luncheon, you will notice that the simplest food will give you indigestion. Quarrel with your best friend some evening and you will sleep poorly that night. Many physiologists believe that anger, jealousy and the like are really toxic. To put ourselves under this spell like is taking a dose of poison. Good health, therefore, helps you to be good-natured and good nature helps you to be healthy.

Many people are chronically fatigued, simply because they are unhappy. Domestic discord, social isolation, great personal disappointments of any

sort, may develop fatigue-producing toxins of astonishing virulence.

So may jealousy, anger, hatred and any other disturbing mental state. In many a case of chronic fatigue, in fact, the essential requisite to a cure is the gaining of peace of mind.

"The best antidote for worry is a change of mental occupation, a getting away from the scenes which provoke worry, exercise in the open air, a good book, a pleasant recreation, or a temporary change of occupation. As a matter of mental health every sufferer from this unfortunate condition owes it to himself to discover some simple means of getting away from this destructive habit.—G. N.