

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

SAMOSRAJČNIK

P AVEL bi naredil mizo: žago ima, kladivo, žeblje, vse — pa lesa nič nima . . .	Pavel rad bi konja jezdil: sedlo ima, uzdo, vojke, vse — pa konjička nima . . .
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Pavel rad bi pismo pisal:
tinto ima,
in papir, pero in vse —
pa naslova nima . . .

Pavel rad bi hišo zidal: prostor ima, vodo, pesek, vse — pa opeke nima . . .	Pavel rad učence bi učil: knjigo ima, tablo, kredo, vse — pa učencev nima . . .
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Pavel rad bi mož že bil:
voljo ima
in nastop, korak in vse —
samo hlač še nima . . .

OBA JUNAKA

“KAKO si spehan, bled in plah!
 Kaj ti je, Tonče?” — “Oče, strah!”
 “Kje pa si bil, otrok, govori!” —
 “Tam, veste, v našem bregu gori.

“Ušesa dolga?” — “Da, tako.” —
 “Oči debele!” — “Pa kako! —
 Jaz gledam, kar pokima z glavo,
 pa skoči.” — “Nad te?” — “Ne, v go-
 ščavo.”

Rdeče jagode sem bral;
 kar se prikaže mi žival,
 rjava zgoraj, spodaj bela,
 pa kakor človek je sedela!” —

“Oba junaka! hajd nazaj!” —
 “Jaz pravim, medved bil je, kaj?”
 “Da, dolgouhi in rjavi,
 ki se mu tudi — zajec pravi.”

J. Stritar.

ŽABE

REGA, rega, rega, rega,
 vedno hujša je zadrega,
 solnce že do dna nam sega,
 jojmene, kaj bo iz tega!

Kum, kum,
 le pogum:
 slišal sem od juga šum!

Kvak, kvak,
 glej oblak,
 glej oblak sivih vlak,
 vedro vode nosi vsak,
 kmalu bo vse polno mlak!

Rega, rega, rega, rega,
 Reši ti nas vsega zlega!
 Kum, kum,
 kvak, kvak,
 le pogum!
 glej oblak!

O. Župančič.

Ivan Jontez:

Tudi žabo boli . . .

NE VEM, kako se je moglo zgoditi kaj takega, toda zgodilo se je: dasiravno nisem bil ne trdosrčen niti hudoben otrok, sem vendar nekega dne postal mučilec in morilec uboge živali, ki mi ni delala nobene napote in ki mi nikdar ni storila nič žalega.

Bilo je nekega poletnega popoldneva in jaz sem bil na poti na našo njivo, ki je bila oddaljena od naše vasi dobre pol ure hoda. Ker sem tiste čase zelo pogostokrat listal po svetem pismu, ki me je prav tako zanimalo, kakor je nemalokrat budilo v meni grozo in odpor, sem spotoma mnogo razmišljal zlasti o žalostnih dogodkih, ki jih beležita stara in nova zaveza: o tragičnem koncu nesrečne Jeftejeve hčere, ki jo je njen oče, hoteč izpolniti lahkomišlno izrečeno prisego, zaklal kot mlado mačico, ker se je bal, da bi sicer izzval srd neizprosnega Jehove; o krvavi noči v faraonskem Egiptu, ko je angelj smrti, izvršujoč povelje Jehove, pomoril vse prvorojence Egipčanov samo zato, ker egipčanski oblastniki niso dovolili Izraelcem odhoda iz sužnosti, čeprav so bili ubogi otroci pri vsem tem čisto nedolžni, brez krivde; in naposled o krvavem dogodku na Golgoti, kjer je moral umreti grozne smrti Sin in trpeti strahovite muke Mati samo zato, da se je izpolnila davna napoved Jehove in njegovih glasnikov-prerokov. In kakor mnogokrat poprej, tako sem se tudi tistikrat povpraševal, kako to, da Bog, o katerem so nam vedno pravili, kako moder, pravičen in usmiljen da je, ni znal odrešiti človeštva drugače kot s pomočjo potokov in rek krvoločno prelite človeške krvi, saj je bil vendar poleg drugega tudi vsegamogočen! Saj se kot Bog vendar ni mogel naslajati ob pogledu na krvavo morijo nedolžnih otrok, ni mogel biti vesel Jeftejevega krvavega darovanja, se ni mogel rado-

stiti ob pogledu na Golgoto, kjer se je na križu zvijalo in drgetalo v smrtnih mukah telo njegovega Sina? Ali se morda je? Če se je, potem —

Moje razmišljanje je bilo nenadoma pretrgano vsled glasnega čofotanja pred menoj, kjer se je nahajala precejšnja mlaka: bile so dolgokrake žabe, ki so prekinile svoje solnčenje, čim so uzrle mene ter poskakale v kalno vodo. Jaz sem se ustavil ter vrgel nejevoljen pogled okrog sebe. Tedaj sem uzrl nekaj korakov od mlake v travi dolgokrako regljavko, ki se ji očitvidno ni prav nič mudilo v podvodno bivališče. Tam v travi je čepela ter izbuljenih oči neumno zijala vame.

Mene je posmuknila jeza. Najbrž sem se bil ujezil zato, ker so žabe tako nenadoma in hrupno prekinile moje razmišljanje o dogodkih, o katerih govori sveto pismo. Bilo kakor bilo, eno je gotovo: jezen sem bil in vame strmeča žaba je moj srd le še povečala in kar iznenada se je porodila v meni ostudna želja: da bi ujel in mučil to žabo, ki je bila tako neumna, da ni hotela zbežati v svoje vodno bivališče, temveč ostala na suhem ter neumno buljila vame.

Hip pozneje je bila nesrečnica v mojih rokah.

Kar je sledilo, je bilo grdo, ostudno in skoro me je sram povedati, dasi se zavedam, da sem izvršil grdo dejanje čisto pod tujimi vplivi. Vendar, kakor je grdo tako grešiti, je lepo, ako človek svoj greh tudi pošteno prizna, pa naj je že za svoj greh odgovoren sam ali ne, kajti edino po tej poti bo prišel boljši človek prihodnosti. Da nadaljujem.

Medtem, ko je ujeta žaba trepetala v mojih rokah, sem ugibal, kaj storiti z njo. Da sem jo dobil v roke kdaj popreje ali kasneje, bi se ji najbrž ne bilo zgodilo posebno hudega; nemara bi jo bil vščipnil ter jo vrgel nazaj v mlako.



ZDISLAW CZERMANSKI

PRODAJALKA RIB

Ampak jaz sem bil tedaj pod vplivom zlih duhov iz davnih dob in v meni se je rodil mučilec, ki je hotel mučiti in moriti.

Domislil sem se Golgote, istočasno sem pa uzrl grm z dolgimi, ostrimi trni. Nekaj trenutkov pozneje je trepetala ujeta regljavka na deblu ob mlaki stoječe vrbe, na katero sem jo pripel s trni za vse štiri ter ji kot za nameček zasadil še nekaj trnov v trebuh. Reva se je v mukah zvijala na vrbinem deblu in v izbuljenih očeh ji je gorela bolečina, nad čemer sem jaz občutil neko naslado, ki ji nisem vedel ne vzroka niti smisla. Ko sem se nagledal v dosmrtnih mukah trepetajoče živali, sem se odpravil dalje. Ko sem se proti večeru vračal domov, je bila žaba še vedno pripeta na vrbi, a mrtva. Bila je rešena.

Jaz si stvari nisem vzel posebno k sreči, kajti kdo bi objokoval zanikrno žabo, sem si mislil, ko niti za trpeče ljudi nimamo posebnih solza? In človek je vendar nekaj več kot navadna žaba! In lahko bi bil še pristavil: če se niti Bogu, ki mora biti vendar neprijetno boljši od človeka, ne smilijo ljudje, da morajo zaradi njega in po njegovi volji umirati v najhujših mukah, kako naj se smili čisto navadna žaba štirinajstletnemu dečku, v katerem začena slabo svojo najhujšo borbo za nadvlado in vodstvo? Toda ponoči sem imel hude in čudne sanje, ki so me čisto izpreobrile.

Sanjalo se mi je, da sem stal na skalnati gori pred križem, na katerem je bila razpeta prejšnjega dne umorjena žaba. Bila je skoro človeške velikosti in njen obraz je bil za čudo podoben obrazu trpečega človeka, njene oči, iz katerih je sijala bolečina, so pa bile čisto človeške. Ko sem stopil pred njo, je razpeta žaba turobno vzdihnila, telo so ji stresli silni krči, iz njenih oči pa me je zadel tako žalosten, z bolečino prepojen pogled, da se mi je na srce in dušo vsedlo strupeno mrzlo ivje groze in obžalovanja.

“Ah, deček, tudi žabo boli . . . !” je grenko vzdihnila umirajoča žaba in preko telesa ji je šel krčevit drget. “Boli, prav, kakor bi tebe, če bi te kdo pripel na križ! Boli, tudi žabo boli . . . !”

Tedaj sem se zbudil in bil sem ves potan. V ušesih pa so mi zvene le trpeke besede: “Tudi žabo boli . . . !” Zvene le so kot ostrá obsodba, ki je veljala meni, morilcu nedolžne žabe, ki mi nikdar ni storila nič žalega, a sem jo vseeno nečloveško mučil in umoril.

Joj, kako me je bilo tedaj sram mojega grdega dejanja, kako sem obžaloval svoj ostudni čin! Tako mi je bilo pri duši, da bi bil najrajši zbežal pred samim seboj ter samega sebe obmetal s kamenjem, da mi je bilo to mogoče storiti. Toda vse to ni pomagalo nesrečni žabi in tudi nazaj v življenje je ni moglo priklicati. Preje bi bil moral pomisliti, da tudi žabo boli, preje, dokler je bila še živa, ne zdaj, ko je bilo že prepozno in žaba mrtva!

Zjutraj sem se težkega srca odpravil na mesto svojega grdega čina. Žaba je še vedno visela na vrbinem deblu in muhe so poletavale okrog nje ter posedale po njenem truplu. Jaz sem snel svojo žrtev z drevesa — pri tem sem imel občutek, kakor da nekdo puli iz mojih rok in nog ostre, robate žeblice, — ter jo položil v rosno travo. Nato sem z rokami izgrebel majhen grob, položil vanj mrtvo žabo ter jo zasul. Zatem sem iz dveh paličic napravil križ ter ga zasadil na svežo gomilo, meneč v svoji otroški pameti, da sem se s tem vsaj malce obdolžil svoji žrtvi za zločin, ki sem ga bil izvršil nad njo. In v mislih sem skrušeno govoril: “Odpusti, žabica, saj nisem vedel, da tudi tebe boli . . .”

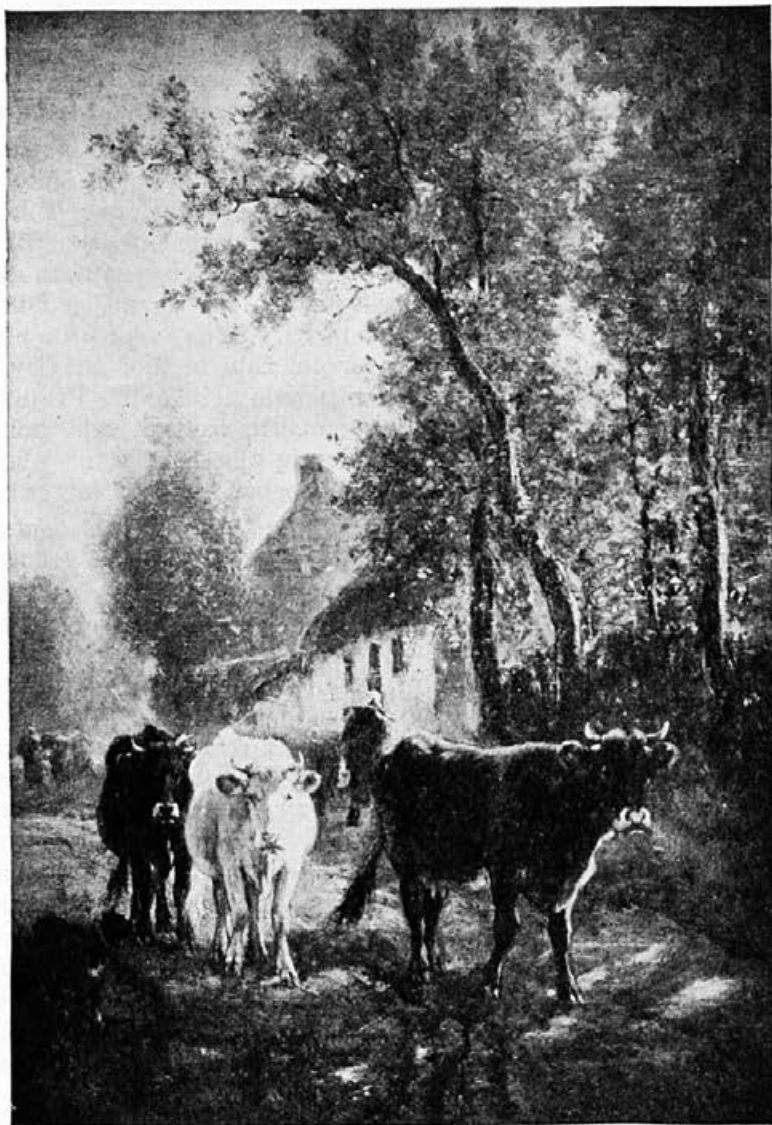
Tistega kraja pa sem se še dolgo po tistem dogodku verno izogibal, kajti zdelo se mi je, da je slehernó drevo ob tisti mlaki in sleherná njena prebivalca kričala vame: Morilec! Bila je zavest krivde, zavest, da sem zagrešil nekaj umazanega, ostudnega, ki me je strašila ob tisti mlaki, tista zavest kriv-

de, ki je človekov najostrejši in najpravičnejši sodnik.

Bil pa je to moj prvi in zadnji čin te vrste. Nikdar več v svojem življe-

nju nisem mučil živali, kajti nikdar nisem pozabil besed, ki jih je izrekla v mojih sanjah umirajoča žaba:

“Ah, deček, tudi žabo boli . . . !”



VAN MAREKE

ZLATA JESEN

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

TAT IN URA

KO ODŠEL je zadnji spat,
v hišo je prilezel tat.
Stenska ura, ta ga je motila;
stara ura — kakor da bi se čudila.

A on išče, išče in prevrača:
plača, plača! kje je plača
Bil je danes dan plačilni —
Ura, brigaj se za čas pravilni!

Stara ura — kakor da bi govorila:
tika taka, tika tak,
lahkih nog je pravi tat;
tvoje težke so ko svinec.
Vidi se, da si novinec.
Tika tak, novinec tat . . .

A on išče, išče in prevrača:
plača, plača, kje je plača?
Bil je danes dan plačilni —

Stara ura — kakor da bi ga svarila:
tika taka, tika tak,
slišiš zunaj trd korak?
V črno knjigo boš zapisan —
nikdar več iz nje izbrisan . . .
Tika tak — čuj korak!

A on išče, išče in prevrača:
plača, plača, kje je plača?

Stara ura — kakor da bi se ljutila:
tika taka, tika tak!
Fej te bodi! Fej dvakrat!
Sejal nisi — žel bi tuje klase!
Uš si, ki na revežu se pase!
Tika tak, fej dvakrat!

A on išče, išče in prevrača — —

Stara ura — kakor da bi mu pretilo:
Tika taka, tika tak,
tat, morilec — brat in brat;
pot ju pelje pred sodnika
in nazadnje do krvnika!
Tika tak, morilcu brat!

Stara ura — kakor da bi ga prosila:
tika taka, tika tak —
ne pomišljaj! Čas je drag!
O, poslušaj glas vesti:
"Krivo delaš!" ti kriči.
Tika tak, čas je drag!

Žetev

ZELENO žito se je izpremenilo v zlato. Čas je žetve. Kako vesel čas je to, pravi praznik za ženjice prav tako kakor za vinogradnika trgatev. In prav je, da imamo veselje s tem, kar smo prejeli iz dobrotnih rok narave.

Za žetev mora biti vse pripravljeno: srpi, kozolci in tudi skednji. Žito ne sme biti premalo, pa tudi ne preveč zrelo. Za seme mora biti bolj dozorelo, za mlin pa ne toliko. Ako zrnje ni mlečno, ko ga pretrgamo, je že za žetev sposobno. Kolikor do zrelosti še primanjkuje, to dozori pri sušenju v kozolcu. Prezrelo žito ne daje lepe moke, slama je tudi jako suha in manj vredna za krmo. Prezrelo žito se tudi zelo otresa in izpada. Že zaradi tega je potrebno, da ga požanjemo, preden popolnoma dozori. Žeti je treba ob lepem vremenu. Bolje je zgodaj nego prepozno, zlasti v onih krajih, koder rada pobija toča. Žanjemo s srpom pa tudi s stroji. Ponekod kose tudi s posebno koso. Če je požeto žito suho, ga takoj povežemo v snope. Mokro ali vlažno žito se slabo suši in težko mlati. Povezujemo ga raje v manjše nego v velike debele snope! Prevelike snope težko skladamo v kozolce, pa jih tudi težko do čistega omlatimo. Tudi v kozolcu pazimo na žito, da ne hodijo nanje miši in druge živali.

Posušeno žito mlatimo s cepcem ali z mlatilnim strojem. S strojem je delo hitreje in ceneje opravljeno. Omlačeno žito izvejamo in popolnoma očistimo na rešetu ali še bolje s posebnim strojem. Žito hranimo v dobrih hramih. Če je zrnje še nekoliko vlažno, ga ne smemo nasuti na debelo po tleh. Večkrat ga je treba premešati. Pa tudi suhega žita ne nametajmo več nego pol metra na debelo! Žitni hram bodi suh in zračen! Preganjajmo v njem miši! Prav je torej, da včasih dovolimo hišnemu mačku, da preišče žitne hrame. —Čečitan.

Solnce in veter

SVOJE dni sta se izkušala solnce in veter, kateri bi bil močnejši. Dogovorila sta se, da zmaga tisti, ki prisili popotnika, da sleče plašč. Veter začne hudo pihati, zdolec (vzhodnik) in krivec (zahodnik) se tepeta, ter napravita dež in točo, da bi primorala popotnika sleči plašč. Ali popotnik, ves moker, trepeče od mraza, trdno drži za plašč in se zavija vanj.

Veter potihne, vreme se zvedri in solnce se prikaže. Prav prijazno upira žarke popotniku v hrbet. Toplota raste, sapa se greje bolj in bolj. Kmalu je popotniku plašč pretopel. Vrže ga z ramen, pogrne na tla in leže v senco počivat.

Solnce se nasmeje vetru, ker ga je tako lahko premoglo.

Po Ezopu.





AUGUSTUS JOHN

CIGANI



POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

Cenjeni "Kotičkarji"!

Zadnjič sem izrazil željo, da bi prišlo več slovenskih dopisov za to številko. Moja želja se je uresničila. Poslali ste lepo število zanimivih dopisov, zakar se vam moram tudi lepo zahvaliti. Pišite še in mnogo!

To številko Mladinskega Lista boste prejeli tik pred pričetkom šole, ki se je gotovo vsi veselite. Spet boste vzeli v roke šolske knjige in drugo šolsko pripravo, s katero se boste zabavali in tudi mučili, kadar bo šlo kaj narobe. Vsekakor je šolska doba v jeseni najprijetnejša. In učili se boste pridno vsi, to vem!

Nikakor ne smemo pozabiti, da je sedaj v teku velika kampanja za pridobivanje novih članov, posebno mladih članov in članic v mladinski oddelek SNPJ. Ali ste že kaj storili v kampanji? Ali ste že pridobili novega člana ali članico? Gotovo ste posetili eno ali več proslav 30-letnice SNPJ, ki so se in se še obdržavajo po raznih naselbinah. Videli in slišali ste mnogo dobrega in lepega o naši organizaciji. Storite vsak svojo dolžnost in pomagajte svojim staršem v pridobivanju novih članov. Mnogo vaših prijateljev in prijateljic še ni v naših vrstah. Pridobite jih! Povejte jim, da je SNPJ najboljša podporná organizacija tudi za otroke—za vse slovenske dečke in deklice. Seznanite jih z Mladinskim Listom in njegovo vsebino. Ta mesečnik izdaja SNPJ izključno za vas—za slovensko mladino!

Na noge za večji mladinski oddelek SNPJ!

Veselo na delo za Mladinski List in njegov "Kotiček"!

Mnogo uspeha pri šolskem delu želi vsem—

UREDNIK.

ŠTEVILNA SLAVJA 30-LETNICE SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik!

Po precejšnjem presledku se zopet oglašam v nam vsem preljubljenem Mladinskem Listu. Nisem mislila toliko časa izostati, toda vedno sem odlašala z dopisovanjem in tako sem izostala več mesecev.

V Clevelandu imamo hudo vročino. Ljudje se pritožujejo in težko čakajo hladnih, jesenskih dni. Ravno nasprotno je pa pozimi, ko vlada hud mráz in

ljudje pričakujejo poletja. Danes, ko pišem ta dopis, je hudo vroče in ne ljubi se mi dosti pisati, toda dovolj dolgo sem odlašala.

Vse je kazalo, da nas bo depresija zapustila. Delo se je začelo odpirati in ljudstvo je bilo vse bolj veselega razpoloženja. Toda z mesecem julijem se je stvar obrnila in na tisoče ljudi je bilo zopet odslovljenih iz tovarn in to za nedoločen čas. Upati je, da se razmere zopet kmalu izboljšajo.

Letos je zelo važno in pomembno leto

za člane SNPJ, ker naša organizacija praznuje svojo 30 letnico. Ni to ravno dolga doba, toda, ako človek premisli, koliko se je bilo treba boriti za obstanek skozi krize in pa proti nasprotnikom te organizacije, je doba 30 let dosti dolga. Člani te organizacije smo lahko ponosni, da po tridesetih letih še zmirom stojimo finančno in drugače na dobrem stališču.

Vsepovsod praznujejo društva 30 letnico SNPJ, tako se je odločilo tudi društvo Beacons št. 667 proslaviti jo z velikim piknikom, in to dne 2. septembra na Zornovih prostorih, Bradley rd. Članstvo SNPJ in prijatelji od blizu in daleč so vabljeni, da se udeležijo tega piknika. Člani tega mladinskega društva se trudijo, da bo ta prireditvev čim bolj uspešna.

Še vedno želim, da bi se v Clevelandu bolj zavzeli za *M. L.* in bolj redno dopisovali, posebno pa mladina v naši naselbini.

Najlepše pozdrave vsem čitateljem in pa uredniku *M. L.*!

Anna S. Traven,
11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

O NAŠI VELIKI PROSLAVI 30-LETNICE

Cenjeni urednik!

Oprostite, ker sem nekaj časa izostala iz "Kotička". Vzrok, da nisem pisala, je največ to, ker nisem imela kaj posebnega poročati, pa tudi vročina je letos tako huda, da človek ne ve kam bi se djal, še manj pa, da bi pisal. In tako se je zgodilo, da se je tudi mene lotila bolezen, ki človeka tako rada napade v poletnem času, posebno ob počitnicah. Ne vem sicer, kako se ta bolezen imenuje, a jaz sem jo kar na svojo roko krstila za "drematizem". (Če morda veste za bolj primerno ime za to bolezen, ali celo za zdravilo, s katerim se ista ozdravi, prosim, da to nemudoma objavite. Zelo Vam bom hvaležna.)

Zdaj pa naprej!

Dne 8. julija smo tu praznovali 30 letnico S. N. P. J. Kakor je bilo že poročano v Prosveti, se je šest tukajšnjih društev združilo in skupno priredilo veselico na Verhovnikovi farmi na Universalu. Govornik na tej proslavi je bil gl. tajnik Fred Vider iz Chicaga, ki je v poljudnem tonu govoril o jednoti in njenih problemih od njenega postanka pa do danes, o pomenu organiziranja delavstva, o kapitalizmu, o roparskem bankirstvu Amerike, kjer lahko vsak "šuštar" postane bankir, ki lahko brez kazni oskube uboge delavce njihovih prihrankov.

Sobrat Vider je dober govornik, ki se ne poslužuje visokodonečih fraz, ki jih preprosti delavci itak ne razumejo, marveč ti z jedrnato besedo prav domače pove svoje mnenje. Ker je bilo med mnogoštevilnimi poslušalci tudi veliko tu rojene mladine, je svoj govor ponovil v kratkih besedah tudi v angleščini. Le žal, da so ga med govorom motili neki razgrajaci, kot je to pač v navadi pri takih prireditvah. Odborniki društev so kršilce miru spravili enostavno domov.

Med splošnim navdušenjem in ploskanjem je brat Vider končno zaključil svoj eno uro trajajoči govor, brat Skoff, tajnik društva št. 50 pa se je zahvalil občinstvu za mnogobrojni poset in obenem izrazil upanje in željo, da bi se ob jednotini 40 letnici spet sešli.

Nato je sledila prosta zabava in ples. Brat Karl Vrabič je vlekel starokrajsko harmoniko, da se je vse kadilo, in moj oče je brundal na kitaro, da je skoro vse strune potrgal na njej. Vrhovnikovo shrambo za koruzo z 10x8 čevljev prostornine so v naglici očistili koruze in pajčevin in jo pripravili za ples. "Ogromna dvorana" je bila namah napolnjena do zadnjega kotička in godca sta morala zunaj igrati, ker za nju ni bilo prostora notri.

Nakratko povedano: Zabavali smo se pozno v noč. Kljub slabim finančnim razmeram je ta veselica izpadla gmot-

no nepričakovano dobro. Ker nimam nič drugega poročati, naj tu neham. Pozdrave vsem skupaj!

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

* * *

BITKA MED PODKOVARJI

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Mislila sem, da bom letos vsak mesec kaj sporočila *Mladinskemu Listu*. Pa se je zgodilo, da včasih pozabim in pa tudi prevroče je. Kljub temu sem se odločila, da bom "skupaj spravila" par vrstic.

Dne 22. julija se je vršila potkovarska tekma na St. Clair ave. Šlo je za prvenstvo med moštvi iz Newburgha in St. Clairja. Newburčani so mislili, da bodo odnesli zmago v Newburgh, pa je ostala na St. Clair ave. Imeli smo en keg (sodček) piva in nekdo je prinesel s seboj rmonke. Seveda je bilo vse veselo, četudi so delavske razmere klavne.

Kako se imamo na počitnicah? Igrat se hodimo na šolsko dvorišče. Imamo svoje klube: šivalski, dramski in plesalski.

Kako pa *Frances Koprivnik* iz Barbertona? Zakaj se ona nič ne oglasi v M. L. Rada bi videla njen dopis v *Kotičku*. Pa menda nima časa, ker mora paziti na "čikice" in krave molsti.

Well, pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Rose Koprivnik,
8514 Vineyard, Cleveland, O.

* * *

MARION RAD ČITA M. L.

Dragi urednik!

Ker sem videl, da so bili v junijski številki *Mladinskega Lista* samo tri slovenski dopisi, sem se brž odločil, da napišem par vrstic za "Naš kotiček". To je vzrok, da se spet oglašam. Upam, da bo moj dopis priobčen že v julijski številki, ali pa pozneje, samo da bo "notri". Angleških dopisov je vedno več ko slovenskih, zato pišem tega po slovensko.

Naj Vam povem, ko pride *Mladinski List*, da jaz vedno prvi sežem po njem in ga vsega prečitam, potem ga pa čitata moj brat in moja mama.

In kaj vendar se je zgodilo z našo pridno dopisovalko *Josephine Mestek*? Zakaj je izostala že parkrat s svojimi dopisi in pesmicami iz *Kotička*? Moja mama tudi rada čita njene dopise in pesmice. Naj še kaj napiše!

Dne 21. julija je bil moj rojstni dan. Takrat sem bil star 10 let. Prihodnji mesec, v septembru, bom šel v peti razred. Na mojem prošlem šolskem spričevalu sem imel kar devet "A's" in dva "B's". To je bil moj povprečni (average) red. Ampak moj brat se je pa še bolj odrezal — imel je same "A's"!

Dne 1. julija bo naše društvo "Bistrice" št. 63 SNPJ priredilo svoj piknik na Shusterjevi farmi v Rilltonu, Pa.

Več ko dva meseca prošlo spomlad nismo imeli nobenega dežja. Na 22. junija je nastala velika nevihta z dežjem, ki je naredila veliko škode.

Pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje!

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

* * *

NA PROSLAVI 30-LETNICE SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik!

Zelim, da priobčite teh par vrstic v *Mladinskem Listu* kadar imate prostor. Zaostala in zapoznala sem se nekoliko z mojim pisanjem, pa upam, da mi boste oprostili.

Minila je težko pričakovana pomlad in nastopilo je vroče poletje, ki se ga vsi veselimo. Razveselil nas je tudi parkratni dež, ki je osvežil nasade v naših vrtovih. Saj pa je bilo že skoro vse suho, tudi moje cvetice, ki sem jih pridno zalivala. Sedaj so se oddahnile. Vse lepo raste, da je veselje pogledati na vrt. Kako bo pozneje, je pač težko povedati. To pisemce sem napisala 27. junija.

Naša šola je končala 28. maja in 29. maja smo imeli šolski piknik, na katerem smo se lepo zabavali. Sami veseli dnevi. Dne 30. maja pa sem bila z mojimi starši na proslavi 30 letnice SNPJ v West Newtonu, Pa. Imeli so zelo lep program. Uprizorjeni sta bili dve igri — Živela zdrava kri in Grobovi bodo izpregovorili. Pri zadnji se je marsikatero oko orosilo. Za omladino je govoril br. Podboy v angleškem zelo zanimivo, v slovenskem pa br. Cainkar, predsednik SNPJ, ki je navduševal mladino, naj nadaljuje delo svojih staršev.

Tisti dan je vladala tam huda vročina. Odbor je preskrbel za naraščaj hladilnega sladoleda, za odrasle pa mrzlega piva. Saj brez dobre pijače ni prave proslave. — V stari domovini se mnogo borijo proti pijači, prirejajo predavanja in kažejo slike, kako škoduje pijača zdravju. Tudi v šolah agitirajo za obstinenco. Naslednjo pesmico sem se naučila v šoli v Jugoslaviji:

Smo junaške abtinentke:
Proti alkoholu v boj!
Kdor je istega mišljenja
naj vstopi v vrsto koj!

Naša lica polnordeča
kakor rožice cveto.
Brhke smo ko vitke jelke,
ki le vodo pijejo.
Itd. Itd. Itd.

Želim vsem čitateljem, dopisovalcem in uredniku obilo veselja na počitnicah!

Mary Potisek,
box 217, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

* *

NA DVEH SLAVJIH SNPJ

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Dne 30. junija se je vršila v Forest Cityju velika veselica in slavnost 30 letnice SNPJ, ki so jo priredila okrožna jednotina društva. Bila sem navzoča in bilo je lepo. Br. V. Cainkar, jednotin predsednik, je govoril o jednotini zgodovini, njenem postanku in na-

predku. Zgodovina naše jednote je zelo zanimiva.

Po končanem govoru smo vsi otroci morali zapustiti dvorano, kajti le odraščeni ljudje so lahko ostali, ako so imeli vstopnice. Mi "ta mali" pa smo rajali na prostem, na vrtu, ki je za dvorano. Imela sem se zelo dobro, saj sem pa imela s seboj dve prijateljici, *Matildo* in *Rosemarie Forte*. Naslednji dan sta moji prijateljici odpotovali v Shippingville, Pa.

Zopet slavje. Dne 1. julija sem šla s starši na proslavo, in sicer v naselbino Luzerne. Tudi tam je govoril br. Cainkar. Mislim, da ne bo zlepa pozabil tega obiska, kajti vročina je bila neznosna. O tej priliki sta bili uprizorjeni dve igri — "Šivilje na stavki" v angleškem in "Tuji popotnik" v slovenskem jeziku. Seveda, angleška igra se mi je bolj dopadla, ker sem jo razumela bolje ko slovensko. Po programu je bila prosta zabava in ples.

Lep pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

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

* * *

"DOPIS JE PADEL V KOŠ!"

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj bom bolj točna z mojimi dopisi, bolj kot sem bila prej. Veste, prav nič nisem bila vesela, ker ni bilo mojega dopisa v Kotičku, ker sem tako trdno sklenila, da ne bom izostala noben mesec v tem letu. Pa sem se prevarila. Doma so mi vsi pravili, da je moj dopis gotovo v koš padel. Jaz sem pa bila trdno prepričana, da kaj takega se z mojim malim dopiskom ne bi zgodilo, ker kaj takega urednik ne bi dopustil.

V Prosveti sem čitala, da se v Chicagu pripravljajo za veliko slavnost za 29. julija. Mnogo članov iz raznih krajev bo pohitelo tega dne v Chicago na proslavo 30 letnice SNPJ. Posetniki bodo imeli tudi priliko, da obišejo svetovno razstavo in pa gl. urad SNPJ. Tudi jaz se jim bi rada pridružila, pa mi ni mogoče. Majhna sem še in mlada,

rada pa bi spoznala urednika M. L. in osobje v uradu SNPJ.

Naj končam za danes. Pošiljam lepe pozdrave vsem!

Olga Mezgec,
box 124, Lost Creek, W. Va.

* *

“OBLJUBO SEM DAL IN JO DRŽAL”

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Naj vam povem, da sem bil zelo žalosten, ker v julijski številki Mladinskega Lista ni bilo mojega dopisa v Kotičku. Pa sem ga poslal 27. junija. Obljubil sem namreč, da bom pisal vsak mesec in sem tudi obljubo držal.

Moj ata je šel tri milje daleč, če bo mogel kaj premoga nakopati za domačo potrebo. Šel sem z njim, da sem nesel malo prigrizka. Tako nisem bil doma, ko je pismonoša prinesel Mladinski List. Ko sem se vrnil, mi je mama povedala, da je M. L. prišel. Pogledam, pa mojega dopisa ni bilo v njem.

Upam in želim, da se vsaj ta dopisek ne zgubi, tako da ne bodo čitatelji mislili, da sem pod vročino žgočega solnca popolnoma omagal in da ne morem več pisati.

Naše društvo “Bistrica” št. 63 SNPJ je imelo svoj piknik dne 1. julija na Shustarjevi farmi v Rilltonu, Pa., in je dobro uspel. Pa naj te vrstice za danes zadostujejo; prihodnjič bom kaj več napisal.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem, ki to čitajo!

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

* *

“STARI NACE JE VODIL PROGRAM”

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Podpisani sva se namenili, da piševa nakratko v našem priljubljenem *Mladinskem Listu* o pikniku, ki ga je priredilo naše društvo št. 176 SNPJ dne 29. julija na Piney Forku, O.

Naš piknik je bil prvovrsten v vseh ozirih. Igrala so *Bergantova* dekleta,

štiri po številu, iz Power Pointa, O. S svojim orkestrom so privabile stare in mlade. Ljudje so prišli od blizu in daleč. Pripravljen je bil dober pod, na katerem smo se vsi vrteli.

Društvo je pripravilo kratek program, ki ga je vodil naš stari *Nace Žleberger*, ki je točno ob 3. popoldne pozval navzoče k posluhu. Naše vrle godbenice so zaigrale najprej *Marseljezo* in potem *Internacionalo*, ki sta ju navzoči stoje poslušali. Reklj so, da ima to več pomena kakor kakšen dolg govor. Potem je *Nace* naznanil, da bodo *Bergantova* mlada dekleta zaigrala koračnico SNPJ. Bile so vse štiri enako oblečene. Lepo jih je bilo videti. Imele so rdeče čepice na glavah. In na vsaki kapi je bila všita svetlormena črka, ki je predstavljala “S-N-P-J.” Jednotino koračnic so igrale stoje.

Na pikniku smo prvič videli jagnje na ražnju pečeno. Piknik se je završil v najlepšem redu v zadovoljstvo vseh. Navzočih je bilo tudi več ljudi drugih narodnosti, ki so nas pohvalili, da znamo na lep način proslaviti naše obletnice.

Končno pozdravljam *Bergantova* dekleta, želeč, da se bi skoro spet videle na kakšnem sličnem pikniku. Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam! Morda se v kratkem spet kaj oglasive.

Elica in Virginia Strajnar,
box 8, Piney Fork, O.

Mnogi gradijo v oblake cele palače, toda na zemlji niso sposobni postaviti niti pasje ute.

Dolg je slab tovariš.

Zbral —st—





JUVENILE



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Number 8

MARY JUGG:

MY FLOWER FAMILY

THERE'S a family in my garden
As plain as day to see;
It plays at keeping house
And is as neat as neat can be.

The pansies are the people
Who smile at me each day;
Their lovely cousin violets
Live but a patch away.

Their grounds are always shaded
By morning glories fair;
And the sweet pea and verbena
Lend their fragrance to the air.

They have a carpet lawn so thick
Made of mosses, thickly grown,
Where winged visitors may skip
And make a frolic of their own.

There are giant roses nearby, too,
To form a fence for them.
And I think the iris sweeps their house—
It has so long a stem.

And I learned a secret you may know
About the tallest of their class:
The hollyhocks their guardsmen are
Who inspect you ere you pass.

DEFERMENT

THE white house high atop the hill
 Beckoned to me,
 Saying, "My doors are flung open.
 Enter, and all will be forgotten."

But I lingered on the sands,
 Knowing
 That my hasty words and fiery speech
 Were born of these burning sands,
 And that the road uphill was long and steep.

At last, after a great while, I summoned courage
 And climbed the hill and reached the top,
 Only to find
 That a high wind had slammed the door before my eyes
 And locked it fast — inside.

—Mary Jugg.

Environment a Cause of Rhinitis

PHYSICIANS have practically discarded the term "catarrh." The condition usually referred to as catarrh is technically known as rhinitis. Acute rhinitis is another name for the common cold in the head. Chronic rhinitis is characterized by a long standing inability to breathe freely through the nose and by the presence in the nose of large amounts of mucus.

There are numerous causes of nasal catarrh. An important cause is environment. Living in a cold, damp climate or working in a dusty atmosphere brings irritation to the delicate lining of the nose.

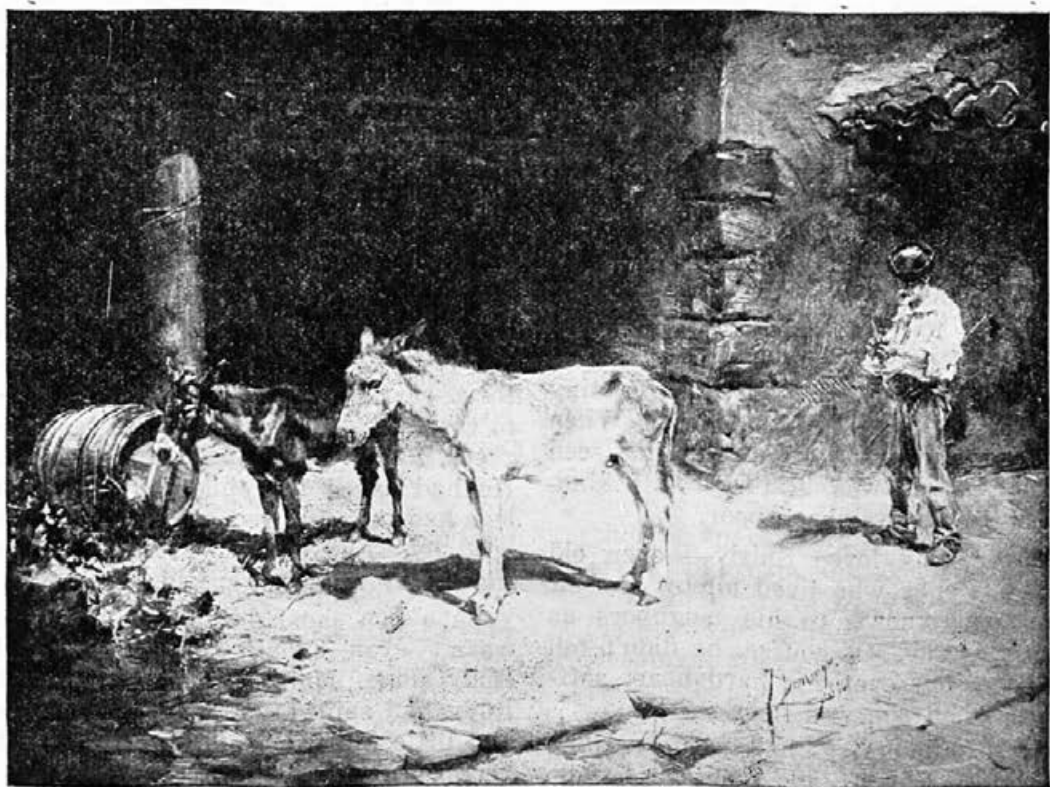
A second cause of catarrh is the general health. If this is below par one is liable to catch frequent colds, which in time become chronic.

A third cause is disease of the adenoids or sinuses. These structures lie back of the nose and infectious material from them will continually irritate the nose itself.

A fourth cause is that the structures within the nose, such as the septum or turbinates, may become swollen or misshapen and block up the air passages.

Many cases of rhinitis can be cured if taken early enough. Proper hygienic habits are extremely important. The diet should be rich in fats and green vegetables; the environment should be made as nearly ideal as possible; then a physician should advise whatever medical treatment is necessary.

—Hygeia.



DOMINGO

LAZY SPAIN

To Dream of Butterflies

ONE late August morning when Old Man Sun peeped from under his rosy coverlet to greet the waiting world he discovered that he felt unusually well, and because he felt so well, he smiled very, very broadly.

Old Man Sun had had a dream—a very beautiful dream. It had been about Shirly, the golden haired, blue-eyed girl, and in the dream he had seen her dancing in a field of flowers while hundreds of golden butterflies fluttered about her. Now, of course, everyone knows that to dream of butterflies is a sign something very happy is about to take place.

Little Shirly Penfield was a very beautiful little girl and from her top-most sunny curl to the tips of her tiny twinkling toes she was lovely. When Shirly was born Old Man Sun had seen to it that she was bestowed with kindness tho she was born poor.

Everybody loved Shirly— even old Miser Dobbs who lived all by himself and was known to his neighbors as the old crab. Of course, he didn't tell anyone, but even his hard heart softened when she was near.

The smile "fairy" had been especially good to Shirly, and Shirly's smile seemed to brighten the darkest days; Shirly was never cross to anyone.

Shirly's father was Rodney Penfield, a factory worker with strong inclinations for writing short stories. Shirly loved him dearly. He knew the nicest games and he told her the loveliest stories—that is he had before Rudy's accident. Since then Papa Pen hadn't been very well, and somehow his stories hadn't been so good. He and Mama Pen worried a lot about finances and that spring Papa Pen told his little family that there would be no vacation trip for the Penfields this summer, as they intended to visit their relatives on the farm.

When he said that Mama Pen had smiled a slow sweet smile and kissed him.

"Don't worry, dear," she had said, "we'll manage."

Then Dr. Walters had announced that if Rudy could go to the seashore for some special treatments he might be cured. Anyway, a city tenement in the summertime was no place for a crippled boy.

Rudy was Shirly's big brother and with Mama and Papa Pen, she loved him more than anything else in the world. Rudy was fifteen years old, just eight years older than Shirly. For more than a year Rudy hadn't walked a step.

Rudy was a hero! When Mrs. Stowe's three year old Patsy had wandered onto the railroad tracks before a fast express, Rudy had leaped to the rescue. He had saved the child, but his own legs had been injured as the iron horse sped by. And now there was a hope that Rudy might be cured.

Papa Pen shook his head. No, there wasn't even enough money to send Rudy alone. Mama Pen had cried, but Rudy had smiled courageously and his and little Shirly's smiles were all that brightened the little house.

Then Papa Pen had tried to write. He tried so hard that he was getting very thin and sick looking. Last week he had mailed a copy of his latest story to Peter Townly, a New York publisher. Since then he had spent a great many hours alone writing and hoping that "Gray Ashes" would be accepted.

Then the day of days had dawned!

Old Man Sun in his joy over his dream shown very hard indeed, and when he saw the stranger approach the Penfield place, he sent some of his brightest rays stealing in to find out all that happened.

Mother had gone to the store for the day's needs when the stranger arrived

and it was little Shirly who answered the door.

"My daddy can't be disturbed for one hour," she told him, and hastened to add: "He's writing, you see, and he might lose the thought. If you like you may come in and wait. My mama's gone to the store and Rudy's asleep, but I'll be glad to entertain you!"

When Shirly said this, the stranger smiled, made a very dignified bow, and handing her his hat he replied, "Thank you, little Miss Penfield, I shall be delighted!"

He seated himself on the chair and then asked, "Who is Rudy?"

"Oh, Rudy's my big brother," Shirly answered. "He's most awful nice! But Rudy can't walk. His legs got crippled by a train. Dr. Walters says if we take him to the seashore he can get well again. Won't that be fine?"

"Splendid!" the stranger agreed. Then noticing Shirly's troubled look—"Why, whatever is the matter?" he asked.

"I — I 'most forgot," Shirly explained, "my daddy says we can't go. The fare to the seashore is most frightfully 'spensive!"

"I see." The stranger was very sympathetic, "Your father can't afford the trip?"

"No, sir. You see, he is out of work and he hasn't sold a story for ever so long and my mama says that since Rudy got hurt he's lost his spirit somehow. He tries most awful hard. He's trying now. That's why he can't be disturbed." Shirly paused, then suddenly remembering that she was a hostess she arose and said, "My, but it's warm. If you've come very far you must be very thirsty. If you'll please to excuse me I'll go get you a drink."

"Thank you, Miss Penfield. Water would taste good."

Old Man Sun's tiny rays danced in through the window of the room where the stranger was seated. They saw him smile as Shirley left. Then he drew a package from his pocket, opened it and

glanced at the typewritten pages which it contained.

After passing over the pages in the stranger's hands, the tiny rays hastened back to tell Old Man Sun what was happening. Old Man Sun had liked the stranger from the start. Somehow he felt that this man was connected with his dream.

Then Old Man Sun remembered. This man was Peter Townly, the famous editor! Why Shirly's Papa Pen had just sent a copy of his last story to him only last week. And yes, that story was what Peter Townly was reading. Suddenly the meaning of his dream dawned upon Old Man Sun—Peter Townly was going to buy Papa Pen's story!

Oh, wonderful! That would mean that his darling Shirly could go to the fields for flowers—that Rudy could lie in the warm sand at the seashore—that Papa and Mama Pen wouldn't have to worry so much; that would mean that—

But here Shirly reappeared with a pitcher of sparkling ice water and announced that Papa Pen could be called very soon.

Peter Townly gratefully accepted the refreshing water and then drew Shirly down beside him on the chair.

"My dear," he said, "I've a very lovely surprise for you. Shall I tell you?"

"You have a surprise for me?" asked Shirly.

"Yes, I have," was Peter's quick response. "But first tell me this—how would you like to go adventuring with me to the seashore?"

"To—to the seashore! Oh, could, could Rudy go too?"

To look at her, one could almost believe that Shirly were ready to leave. Yet even in her excitement, she found time to think of Rudy.

"Certainly Rudy shall go, too, and Papa and Mama, also. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes! When are we going?"

"Well," laughed Peter, "I'll have to talk to the others before we decide. By the way, isn't an hour over? I think I may have some good news for Papa."

"Oh, I hope so. Can I—may I tell Daddy?"

"Suppose," said Peter thoughtfully. "Suppose you go tell Rudy while I talk to Papa Pen. My goodness! Here we've been talking like old friends and I haven't even told you my name. I'm Peter Townly from New York. I'm going to buy the story your father has just finished, provided he'll let me adopt his family during my vacation. Now, won't you tell me your name?" he asked.

"My name's Shirly, and, why, you're the man that owns all the magazines!" was Shirly's surprised reply. "I'll tell Papa you're here."

Late that afternoon Mama and Papa Pen and Rudy and Shirly sat in their little shabby room and listened eagerly to Peter's hasty plans.

Rodney Penfield had sold his story for enough money to pay all his debts and to more than pay for the glorious adventure at the seashore, but according to Peter, that was not to cost him one cent. The Penfields were to be Peter's guests for four weeks on the Pacific coast. Rudy was to have all the treatments necessary to cure him and little Shirly—well, little Shirly was to have a beautiful garden of flowers!

Dusk deepened into darkness and the little group talked and planned for hours. Old Man Sun low in the west pulled his rosy coverlet over his head. His dream was coming true!

(Adapted from Junior News.)



INNES

AUTUMN WOODS



Chatter Corner

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

SCHOOL DAYS AND OUR CAMPAIGN

Dear Readers and Writers:—

The Mladinski List is somewhat late this month. It will reach our readers just a few days before the beginning of the new school year. Most of you will go into higher grades, some of you will not return to school at all and some will enter the school portals for the first time in your life. Good luck to you all, to those who will continue and those who will begin.

The vacation period is over. It was a period of joy and fun, a period generally considered too short. Good things always are of short duration, so it seems. With carefree days at their end there comes the more serious time for learning and work. And work also is play if we like it and if we know how to adjust ourselves to the task. I trust you will enjoy your school work and return to it with new vigor and joy.

And remember the SNPJ Jubilee Membership campaign! It is being conducted for your interest. Have you done anything about it? Have you tried to secure at least one new juvenile member for your lodge and the SNPJ? If not, do so now! Tell others of the wonderful advantages the SNPJ is offering to its members. And don't forget to mention the Mladinski List which is issued monthly for the young Slovenes by the SNPJ.

—THE EDITOR.

SNPJ 30TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Dear Editor and Juvenile Members:

Since the summer months are here there seems to be a tendency to let things slide and get along with the minimum of work and effort. The summer months should be a good chance for those of you who have been intending to write and haven't gotten around to it. Take advantage of the leisure time on hand and do your very best to make this beloved magazine of ours even more interesting and worthwhile. Time is—how we make use of it that counts. Boost our SNPJ more and more with new members.

We cannot live more than a day at a time, but we can do some planning for tomorrow, in order that we may be able to live better than today. Such has the S. N. P. J. shown us through the 30 years of progress. Look ahead. Plan ahead and you'll always be ahead.

My personal belief is if you want to do a thing which is right, trying for yourself and others doing it with all your mind, there is no power on earth that can hinder you. You must have that powerful determination about you that will make you try again after all hope has seemed to have disappeared. If you are right the needful thing is: "Stick to it." He, who pushes ahead

and never quits, will win. Like Abraham Lincoln, you can go from the log cabin to the "White house." We must never expect others to do for us what we ourselves refuse to do. As after we hear the feeble excuse: "I never had a chance." The man who share freely with others what this life has to offer is the man who does most for the world and for himself. He, who gives, usually gets. It betters your own opportunities when you give opportunities to others.

By means of the Mladinski List, I got in contact with *Steffie Kaferle*, and was invited to attend their affair which Senior Lodge 117 and Silver Stars were sponsoring, a dance and a Picnic on the 4th of July. They were celebrating the 30th Anniversary of the SNPJ. There I met Steffie in person. There were many speakers, among them our Supreme Pres. Bro. Vincent Cainkar, who gave a very interesting speech in Slovene on our wonderful organization, the SNPJ and the progress it has made. I am sure, everyone has enjoyed having him with us. The Silver Stars speakers were, Frank Podbevsek, Frances Zalakar and Steffie Kaferle, all giving very fine speeches. Frances and Steffie spoke in our native tongue. Among the speakers was Mr. Anton Zornik from Herminie giving us a brief speech on the conditions of today and to be prepared for what is to come in the future and what our SNPJ has done during the past 30 years.

Yukon has very nice M. L. members. The girls are very active toward making the SNPJ more beneficial. Among those are Steffie K., who is very attractive and popular, also Frances Preseren whom I have also met. I wish to thank Steffie for all the new and influential friends of our beloved M. L. that I have met and also for the wonderful time she has shown to me. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Kaferle for their hospitality.

Now I wish to tell you that I won the scholarship from our 7th grade, having the most quality points. I was promoted to the 8th grade. I have received a seal for perfect attendance for the school team. The picnic of our school, as always, was held at Pickford park.

Here's a little poem:

M. L. is a magazine that I beg to affirm,
Has a special appeal to all who wish to learn;
Yes, M. L. is a journal that catches the eye.
For its editors do not lie.
Now, words are all right, though oft used in vain—
By lack of a vision for making them plain.
So knowledge cries out, oh, man, stop and look!
A proud Juvenile member,

Dorothy M. Fink,
Box 1, Wendel, Pa. (Lodge 200.)

* *

ABOUT THIS AND THAT

Dear M. L. Pals:—

Here I am back again after a laps of time. The weather is very hot. Hotter than it was for a long time. That is what is keeping me from writing oftener.

July the fourth was spent happily here in Yukon. The celebration of SNPJ 30th anniversary sponsored by the Senior Lodge No. 117 and Silver Stars Lodge No. 729, was a success. A program was arranged for the afternoon. The following were speakers: Vincent Cainkar, President of the SNPJ, Anton Zornik of Hermie, Pa., Frank Podbesek, Silver Stars, President, Fannie Zalokar, Silver Stars' Sec'y and myself. After the speakers people danced to the polka music played by the S. K. R. Trio. Later in the evening Tommy Barret and his orchestra furnished the music. A nice crowd gathered in the

hall. *Dorothy Fink* spent the fourth with me. I hope she enjoyed herself. She also brought a girl-friend of hers along. I was disappointed because *Frank Miklaucich* didn't get here to Yukon. Next time, Frank, tell your driver to go to a race a day before you want to go anywhere else.

I enjoyed myself at Cleveland at the Strugglers' affair on April 29. I went over in a bus with the Silver Stars. The Strugglers had a dandy program.

I was also to West Newton at their affair and had a nice time.

I noticed that *Anna Mihacic* got started. That is splendid Anna, just keep it up. Maybe you can get a chance to come to Pennsylvania and see me. Since I was over your place last summer you ought to come this summer.

Local news.—Yukon Slovene Hall was painted.—Frances Preseren had an operation performed for tonsils.—Grace Kostello came back from New York to Yukon.—Ella Kovatch was "sweet sixteen" August 1. And I just recovered from a broken ankle.

Thanks for your compliments, *Mary Fradel* and *Frank Miklaucich*. When am I going to get my "bouquet," Frank? Do I have to wait until next May until the snowballs are in bloom again, that is if the hot weather isn't bothering the poor ants again.

Julia Slavec sure must have had a swell time at the museum. Wish I could get to go to the west and see the things that are to be seen.

On the radio every Monday at 2:00 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, I listen to Albert Murose over station W-W-S-W, Pittsburgh. He plays an accordian. He plays Slovene music. Polkas, etc. He sure can stretch the box (rather the accordian).

I noticed the criticism *Mary Fradel* is getting. I think that M. L. is no place for children to write about the working affairs. In fact I don't see any work is getting any better if you write in the M. L. about the work. If

the work would get better I believe everybody would be writing about the working conditions. Please don't take this as if I were trying to criticize anyone. I'm not criticizing anyone. I'd like to agree with everyone.

Come one and all, try to get new members.

Until again, A Proud Member,

Steffie Kaferle (15)
Box 195, Yukon, Pa., Lodge 117.

* *

ROSE'S ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Dear Editor:—

As I read over the M. L. I had a sudden inspiration to write to it. This is my first letter, and I hope not the last. My age is 14, and I am in the 9 A-1 at Wilson Jr. High. The only subjects that I really enjoy at school are Gym and General Science. I am fond of almost all athletic activities, am a Gym Captain at school, and belong to the Slovene Sokols of Cleveland. Baseball and hiking are my favorite sports.

My brother is a radio amateur, otherwise known as "Ham," and lately I experienced my first case of "Mike Fright," as I talked to another amateur over my brother's phone set. The call letter of my brother are W8LWO, and if any "ham" reads this give us a buzz on phone (160 m).

It seems as though all the letters in M. L. are from Pennsylvania. Come on Clevelanders and Ohioans, and let's place Ohio at the head. I know there are a lot of the other members who have been silent for a long time, so come on now, and write.

Well, I guess that's all except that there are four girls that promised to write this time, and we all hope our letters get in the M. L. I wish some of the members would please write to me; I will gladly answer all your letters. So come on girls and boys, get busy.

Rose Skok,
1273 E. 60th st., Cleveland, O.

BOY! WHAT A TIME!

Dear Editor and Readers:

What a time! I'll say I had a swell time on the 4th of July. And I suppose the rest of you who attended the celebration of the 30th anniversary of our great organization which was held at Yukon enjoyed yourselves also.

Bro. Zornick and Bro. Cainkar gave wonderful speeches. I also enjoyed the talks given by Frances Zaloker, Steffie Kaferle, Frank Pobesek and Mr. Medved.

I also had the pleasure of meeting *Dorothy Fink* there. I hope I see her again.

The month of June found me recuperating from an operation on my tonsils. And *Steffie Kaferle* walking about on crutches. Although Steffie still used one crutch, it did not prevent her from giving her speech.

What happened last month? The number of letters decreased. I suppose the spring fever got hold of you just as it got me. But we should not let that prevent us from writing to the M. L.

I was overjoyed to see that many people took interest in coming to our commencement. It was very beautiful indeed. I took part in the program by giving a talk on our class flower, "The rose." Louise Marvich, an SNPJ member, gave an oration on the class colors, "Red and White." There were other speeches and songs given and sung by the graduates.

The last thing on the program was the distribution of our diplomas, one of the happiest of our life.

I will now close with best regards to all.

Frances Preseren, Box 42, Yukon, Pa.

* *

SNPJ 30th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. The letter by *Josephine Zbasnik* of Eveleth in last month's issue inspired me to write this letter.

Our entire family of seven belongs to the SNPJ. My mother and sister are secretaries of Lodges 130 and 650, respectively.

I will be 14 years of age on Sept. 10, and will pass into the ninth grade.

I have been to several picnics which were held at Cedar Point, four miles south of Eveleth, and the picnic I have enjoyed most was the SNPJ 30th anniversary, held on July 22 and sponsored by the SNPJ Federation of Minnesota. The weather at this time was fair but quite windy. The refreshments were sold in stands; beer for the adults, ice-cream, pop, and orange-ade for the thirsty children, and bouillon (buja) and hot dogs for the hungry ones. Everything tasted very good.

People from the entire state of Minnesota were present. The program was very interesting. The people of Eveleth and the Range displayed their talents by singing, readings, etc. The speakers on the program were Bro. Kobe of Duluth, Minn., and Bro. Frank Zajc of Chicago. Bro. Kobe spoke in English to the young members, and Bro. Zajc spoke in Slovene. After the program which ended at 4:00 p. m. Shukle and his orchestra of Eveleth played while the people danced until 10. I came home tired but happy. I know that you, also, are having picnics to celebrate the 30th anniversary.

I wish some members would write to me.

A constant reader,

Julia Zadnikar,

901 Jones st., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

MARY'S A SECRETARY

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. School was out in June, and I passed to the 7th grade.

A group of girls have started a club, and we named it the "Jolly Juniors." This club meets every Saturday, and its chief object is to have a good time.

Rose Skok is President, *Anna Kerzisknik*, Vice President, *Tillie Doning*, Treasurer, and I am Secretary.

I enjoy reading *Dorothy Fink's* letters very much. I wish some of the members would please write to me.

Mary Vehar,
5335 Superior ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

MY 1ST

Dear Editor and Members:

This is my first letter. I like to read everything in the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 7a.—Here is a joke: What goes up and down and never touches the grounds?—Answ.: Pump-handle.—I am busy now, I want to go and play, next time I will write more.

Mildred Pintarich,
355 Morrison ave., Newton Falls, O.

* *

LARGER "CORNER"

Dear Editor:—

I intended to write a few times to make the chatter Corner larger. Let us write and make it bigger. I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. I go swimming once a week and love it. I enjoy reading *Dorothy Fink's* letters. The weather here is very warm and there is hardly any rain. They are working here very good. The No. 2 mine works five days. I hope *Dorothy Chade* would write to me.

Best regards to all.

Alice Strajner,
Piney Forks, Ohio.

* *

HELLO, FOLKS

Dear Editor:—

I didn't write to this swell M. L. for a long time. I love to read more than write.

My birthday was July 19; I was fourteen years old and took and liked the ear pulling. For that only happens once a year.

Right after my birthday two hungry dogs almost had a feast on some human

meat. The dogs bit me in four places on my right side.

In Eastern Ohio the crops had quite a time to fight the drought that was here. Well, anyhow the crops pulled through.

Well, it's time to stop. So-long. Hope some M. L. writer would write to me.

Ed. Sodnikar,
R. F. D. 1, Box 37, Bridgeport, O.

* *

A LOVER OF MUSIC

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am eleven years old and was promoted to the seventh grade. I have a brother, Michael, and one sister, Margaret.

I play the piano. I am very proud of music. I played over the radio on June 9, on the "Children's Hour Program," and also played for Music Week in the High School Auditorium. Our music teacher had a picnic for her music class at Crystal Beach Park in Johnstown. We all enjoyed it very much. We all had a wonderful time.

I think I shall close now. I will try to write more next time. I wish some members would write to me as I am fond of answering letters.

Best regards to one and all,

Mary Elizabeth Glavan,
608 B. Court, South Fork, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I just thought I would write a few words to our little magazine. I don't have much time, because I have to work out on the farm. But this time I did not care how much work I had, I took enough time to write a few words to our M. L.

The weather here is very warm. We had lots of rain on June 17. If we didn't have that rain everything would dry up.

I wonder why others from McIntyre don't write to M. L.

I am an SNPJ member, Lodge 361. I like everything in the M. L.

I have a story which I made up and would like to have it appear in the M. L. I would like to know if I can have it published. I would appreciate it very much if you would kindly give me a chance. I will appreciate your answer very much. (Send it in.—Editor.)

Here are some riddles:

1. What has eyes and can not see. —
Ans.: Potatoes.

2. What has thousands of eyes. —
Ans.: Night.

3. What has two sides and thousands and thousands of ribs.—Railroad.

Best regards to all!

Albina Kalister,
box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:

I haven't written a letter to the M. L. for a long time myself, but I do wish some other members of the SNPJ would write to this magazine. I enjoyed *Frank Miklauchich's*, *Julia M. Slavec's*, *Rose Klun's* and many other letters in the July issue.

I have moved since my last letter. I was living at Lafayette then, and I'm living at Bear River now.

Hoping some of the members will write to me and that my letter will be published.

Anna Paulovich,
box 128, Bear River, Colo.

* *

CORRECTION

Dear Editor:

There was a mistake in my last letter which I hope to have corrected. I didn't mean we "ate dondelion" at Pauline Novak's. I said we ate dandelion ourselves many times. (I hope Pauline will excuse the error.)

The weather is warm and we all want to stay outdoors.

I would like the M. L. would come every week. I guess I better make room for other members' letters.

I wish some boy or girl would write to me.

Best regards to Editor, Readers, and Writers.

Julia Slavec,
box 63, Morley, Colo.

* *

WONDERFUL M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. I have read many letters in this wonderful M. L. The letters of *Dorothy M. Fink* and *Frank Miklauchich* are getting me very interested. Next time I will write more.

Here is a poem.

The Spring

A little mountain spring I found
That fell into a pool;
I made my hands into a cup
And caught the sparkling water up—
It tasted fresh and cool.
A solemn little frog I spread
Upon the rocky brim;
He looked so boldly in my face,
I'm certain that he thought the place
Belonged by rights to him.

Best regards to all,

Olga Kandus,
1009 E. 66th Pl., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

FIRST LETTER TO M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to M. L. I am 13 years old and in 8 grade. I go to a farm school. My sisters are writing to M. L., so I thought I would write a few lines too.

I was born in Italy. I came to America when I was 7 years old. I would like to see my birthplace sometime again. We have lots of work to do. We planted 5 acres of corn and 22 bu. of potatoes.

I enjoy reading poems, riddles and letters very much. I will write more next time. I might write in Slovene.

Here is a riddle:

There was a river and a goat on one side and on the other side there was a

big pile of hay. How could the goat go on the other side to eat the hay?—Ans.: If you gave up so did the goat gave up.

Best regards to all!

Olga Kalister,
box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

MARY'S FIRST LETTER TO M. LIST

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to M. L. I am eleven years old and in 7 grade. I live on the farm; we have 240 acres of land.

I was born in Italy, I came to America when I was 6 years old. I would like to go back because my brother is there. I have three sisters; we all belong to SNPJ, Lodge 361.

I wish some members would write to me; I would gladly answer them. I will write more next time.

Here's a poem:

I'd have you know I'm growing sane
And accidents are on the vane.
I like our Uncle Sam so well
That I am just obliged to yell
Hurrah! Fourth day of July,
The birthday of our liberty.

Mary E. Kalister,
box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Because I sent my article in too late for the June issue of the M. List it was not published. Therefore I must write another article for this month because at the beginning of the year I said I would write an article for each month, making twelve articles.

We now hear more about the depression because the bills of the people are piling up and they are increasing in amount. This system cannot go on forever, a change must be made and the only ones that can make this change are the masses—the working class. It takes all to do it not only a few. For example, a secure building cannot be made by only a few bricks, but it takes a lot of bricks. So it is here, the mass—the

working class—must take hold of this country in order to make it secure.

The capitalist system is also called the profit system because the goods are now being produced for profit for the capitalists and not for the purpose of supplying our needs. The working man is getting the bone and the capitalist the meat under this system. That is what is happening.

On July 4, we traveled to Boydsville, Ohio, where the Ohio and West Virginia Federation of SNPJ lodges had a celebration of the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ. Bro. F. A. Vider, Supreme Secretary of the SNPJ, was the main speaker. His speech was both interesting and educational. He spoke first in Slovene and then in English. There were also other fine speakers on the program. A few declamations were given and a Tamburitza Orchestra played fine music. I particularly liked the song that they played and sang, entitled "Moje dekle je še mlado, še ni staro šestnajst let." I also liked the song entitled "International."

I met many young SNPJ members here who are interested in the SNPJ movement. While in Ohio we went to visit Bro. Joseph Snoy, a great progressive, and his family. I want to take this opportunity to thank the Snoy family for the wonderful hospitality shown us on our brief visit there. The trip to and from Ohio was very pleasant and I especially enjoyed the city of Wheeling, W. Va.

On July 28 the International Brotherhood of Foundry Employees Union had a picnic to which only members and their families were allowed. They had wrestling, boxing and other amusements. They also had a Socialist speaker, Jesse Holmes, professor at Swathmore University. He has been professor there for 35 years.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel,
Latrobe, Pa.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE WEST

Dear Editor:—

I have seen only one letter in the M. L. from Washington this year, and that happened to be my own. Washington, wake up! Let's show those Easterners that we can boost the good old SNPJ and the M. L. as well as they.

I see where *Miklauchich*, *Fradel* and *Fink* are getting all the compliments for their contributions to the M. L. They deserve them. Especially *Mary Fradel* for her excellent articles on industrial conditions. Let's have more of them.

Let me tell you about Cle Elum. Cle Elum is a mining town of about three thousand population situated in the fertile Yakima River valley. There is nothing about Cle Elum that is unusual. It is the average small town inhabited by the average small town people. Gossip is unusually severe in Cle Elum and towns around Cle Elum. In fact, the old ladies of the town find no greater pleasure than in discussing the latest scandal of the day over their tea cups.

The latest scandal happens to be the mine riot court trials now being held at Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas county. It all came about when the Western Miners of America struck for the recognition of their union and protested against the policy of the United Mine Workers, a company union.

As a result of the strike which the Western Miners lost, over sixty five Western Miners are in the county jail charged with assault or injuring a United Mine Workers. Just another example of how the capitalist class uses its money to trample the workers.

Although I am yet young I can plainly see what an age of crime and bribery we live in. I wonder what life will be for us ten years from now. Of course, politicians are always telling people

that the depression will soon be over, etc. But I wonder how many people realize that politicians care little about the depression or what the people are up against when they have a good paying political office.

About thirty miles from Cle Elum at a place called Vantage, has been discovered an entire forest turned to stone or petrified. Many different types of trees have been found in the forest which grew on these Western Prairies millions of years ago. An example is the Ginkgo tree which is the only specimen in existence in the world.

It is said that the Indians made their arrow heads out of this petrified wood as many arrowheads of this material have been found in the forest.

I wish some of the Readers would write to me as I will answer all letters. I have many interesting things to write about.

With best regards to Editor and Members,

Clifford Cernick,

704 East First st., Cle Elum, Wash.

* *

THE NRA AND THE WORKERS

Dear Editor:—

There has been much said of strikes in the past few months and many people blame the National Industrial Recovery Act for the labor troubles. The NRA is not to be blamed for the labor troubles. The history of recovery from depressions always has been marked by industrial conflict. Strikes do not occur when plants are running part time at low wages. They are launched when the workers see business coming in, know earnings must be improving and demand a share. The blazing lights in the mills showing that they are working overtime give the laborers a signal for battle. The Recovery Administration has one responsibility it cannot deny: it raised too high the immediate expectations of the wage earners.

The NRA's real goal is business re-

covery. Until there is good business the wage earners should not expect great things to be done for them. But the wage earners looked for great things at once.

Some, of course, were employed, some received raises in their salary—but millions received nothing—perhaps they even lost their jobs—these are the discouraged ones.

Labor usually has had to fight for what it got. Labor is like a commodity, to be purchased like any raw materials, as cheaply as possible.

Labor should be aware that this is not the time to strike while business recovery trembles in its balance. Labor should foresee that if they do their part to help the return of prosperity they will be the ones that will benefit from it in the end. The government is fighting for objectives toward which the workmen always have struggled. If this recovery program goes thru, it can do more for the labor in a few months than years of that old fashioned struggle—"strikes."

Would appreciate it greatly if members would write to me.

Antonia Skoda,
449 Park ave., Clairton, Pa.

(Editor's Note:—Your ideas, conflicting as they are, are in perfect accord with the capitalistic philosophy of things. Labor must fight for its right regardless of the many obstacles thrown in the path of its progress.)

* *

OUR SNPJ CELEBRATION

Readers:—

The lodge here in Willock, No. 36, held a picnic on July 29 in celebration of the 30th Anniversary of SNPJ. We all had a great time.

Here in Willock, when Juveniles join the lodge they stay in until they're 16 years old. And then, pretty near all of them, year after year, as they become 16, transfer into the Adult department.

There is very few that drop out when they reach 16. Those that do drop out are afraid of going to a meeting, their first meeting, to get initiated. They have a foolish idea that they'll be branded, padded, whitewashed, soot-blackened, kidnaped and put into assumed danger, and made to walk the chalk line or other similar "ceremonies" that high school and college fraternities perform. That kind of initiation is performed by no SNPJ lodge.

Some time ago, I have told that the coal mines shut down here in Willock in 1921-22 and haven't opened since, and never will. Since that time till 1930, lodge 36 was slowly but surely increasing in members. That was mostly via the Juvenile route. And that means: The adult department kept taking in the Juveniles as they reached 16 years of age, while the juvenile dept. added on two members, for every 1 member that transferred to the adult dept. But, from 1930 to 1934, the adult dept. lost some of its members, and that was the first time. The number the juv. dept. lost did not amount to anything. This shows that from 1922 to 1930 the local SNPJ branch was getting larger. But, during that time local branches of other societies here broke up altogether. While the time from 1930 to 1934 was a wolf of a different color entirely. We all know that the whole country was invaded by a big hungry vicious pack of them. Therefore, the whole country suffered accordingly, Willock being no exception.

1934 seems to be favoring the lodge here a little better. A few Juveniles are proposed almost every month. And there were some Juveniles transferred. All I can say is: The SNPJ is holding its own, and a little more, here in Willock.

As a direct result of the coal mines closing here, the population of around 350, mostly former ex-coal miners, have been employed in almost all sorts of industries. Some are steel workers,

employed in the Carnegie. Steel Co. Works of Homestead and Clairton. Some are railroad workers, employed by the Montour and Union R. R's. Some are steel workers, employed in the Mesta Machine Co. Works of Homestead, and Jones & Laughlin Works of South Side, Pittsburgh. Some are or have been glass workers (but they were not ex-coal miners) employed by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. of Pittsburgh. Some are carpenters, employed by the Coal Co., and others employed in any number of nearby towns and cities. Some are butchers, and are employed part time, mostly confined to local enterprise. Some are painters, but they happen to be mining coal at present for Pittsburgh Coal Co. at Library. Some are in business for themselves; operating auto-wrecking works, grocery stores, barber shops, gasoline service stations, and shoe repair shops. Most of them say, "business is rotten." Some have returned to the oldest, and the industry they have been taught while young in our mother country across the pond, farming and some dairying here. Some are water workers, employed by the South Pittsburgh Water Co. at Mt. Oliver. Some are ditch diggers, cement finishers, bricklayers, stone masons, employed by Carpellucci Co. Contractor of Carrick. There are some that have been coal miners and they are still mining coal in the mines of Horning, Castle Shannon, Bruceton, Coverdale, and Library.

Before, when everyone was employed in the mines, when the mines worked everybody worked, but if the mines stopped then everybody was out of work. Now, all do not lose their jobs at the same time. But, just the same, in the last three years, there was from time to time almost everybody unemployed at once here. And plenty are unemployed all the time.

Now for some horseplay. The starring player is the "professor." His movements are observed around local

acreage, which finds him to be a PH-G, but for the sake of convenience, we'll add another "H," and label him as a "Pretty Hard Hit Guy."

The professor, prowling around in the country decides he's gone out far enough and turns back. After walking on the same road as he came for a short distance, he reaches a path that wound thru the fields, and that he passed on the way out, and decides to use the path, instead of the road on which he came. After crawling thru the fence, he leaves a couple of wool samples on the barb-wire, brushes himself off and gets going. Soon he becomes deeply absorbed in thought, which is his habitual occupation. Some distance ahead, standing in the path, was a mule grazing contentedly. Each was oblivious of the other. So it was only natural for the professor to bump into the mule. Immediately after the impact, the startled professor, with a broad flourish removed his hat, bowed low and exclaimed, "A thousand pardons, madame, I am profoundly sorry." While he was saying that, and almost before he got done, the equally startled mule reared around its hind quarters, and let its hoofs fly.

Needless to say, the professor went sailing thru the air in quite the right direction that he had been going when on foot, but making far better time, and with a couple of good-luck trade-marks stamped upon him. But, to the professor they felt far from anything remotely resembling "good-lucky," as he hit the terra firma. I suppose the mule's sense of humor was touched, as it gazed back at the professor sitting on the ground, because it could not restrain itself from a couple of lusty Hee-Haw-Hee-Haws. This brought back some life to the professor, as he stood up staring at the mule, and rubbing his eyes as if he was seeing it for the first time. Finally it dawned upon the professor as to what had happened. He said aloud "Bah," probably to express

his feelings, and started out again. As he walked down the path, becoming deep in meditation again as usual, and probably angrily viewing a mule's brains under a powerful microscope in order to see if there are any traces of evolving intelligence. And after finding them, he commenced to figure out how many millions of years it would require for a mule's brain to attain sufficient sense to refrain from adding insult to injury.

The professor thus engaged, did not notice a lady coming up the path towards him. As they neared one another, it was only natural for the lady to stop at that moment to open her vanity case and stick a mirror in front of her face, and start powdering her nose, which the leaves of a low-hanging limb of a tree had brushed off. The professor bumped right into the lady. "Out of the way, beast, and find a more suitable place to park your carcass, conceited awsses are all alike," exclaimed the professor, brushing aside with wide flourish and walking on. Presently the professor heard footsteps hurrying behind him and a decidedly feminine voice loudly saying, "How dare you," several times, accompanied by equally firm stamping upon his dome, which was a french spike heel trade-mark. The professor didn't dally any longer, but broke into a run and turned on as much speed as he could muster, started tearing across the field, with the pursuers not far behind. The professor didn't know it, until he saw a big air liner starting down a runway, that he was at an airport. But when he did know it, he made a beeline for the liner. He just reached it in time, pulled himself on at the tail, as the plane left the ground. He wasn't a minute too soon scrambling up on the tail and running into the wings, because the pursuers just missed him by a hair. Anyhow, he made a clean-get-away. Tho he was far from safe, as

I heard, a week later he was trying to extricate himself from a legal tangle.

Following are some more results of deep concentration on his part.

Stood in front of a mirror for 30 minutes trying to remember where he'd seen himself before.

Shaved twice before he discovered there was no blade in his safety razor.

Was combing his hair with his toothbrush.

Said, "Yes, indeed," when his wife remarked that she was getting fat.

Keeps looking under his electric refrigerator to see if the drip pan needs emptying.

Broke his leg when he forgot to take his shoe off before he threw it at a rat. Tried to discuss the wheat surplus with a scarecrow.

Didn't remove his pants when he was sewing a rip in them, so the pants were sewed to his B.V.D. hide.

Left the lawn sprinkler on all night and turned out the porch light.

Went to the citizens' military training camp and shot himself one night when *on guard duty*. *He forgot the password.*

Frank Miklauchich,

Box 3, Lodge 36, Willock, Penna.

Why Bother?

Teacher: How many days in each month?

Johnny: Thirty days has September—All the rest I can't remember. The calendar hangs upon the wall. Why bother me with this at all?

—Our Boys.

* * *

The Great Outdoors—A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do you know about cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see its license."

* * *

Safety First—Don't think a train has passed just because you see its tracks.

Afraid of Ghosts

By Tom Goslin

AMONG the Pottawatomie Indian tribe it was quite common for the older Indians to tell some kind of story pertaining to some one of the tribe.

In the Pottawatomie tribe it was believed that the dead eat, and at every feast, a part of every article of food was thrown in the fire. This is the Pottawatomie's way of feeding the dead.

In the days when this country was just beginning to be settled, white men were few in number. Among the whites were a few thieves who stole sheep.

In the tribe of Pottawatomies there was a young brave who lived with his grandfather. This old Indian had the rheumatism so bad that he was unable to walk, and had to be helped by his nephew.

One night the thieves were going out to steal sheep and they chose a rout which passed through an Indian graveyard. It looked like a small village with its funny little houses over each grave. While they were passing through, the thieves decided that one man should stay at the graveyard and be on watch while the others went to steal the sheep. This man, while on watch, picked up some hickory nuts to amuse himself. He crawled into one of the huts built over the graves. After he

had crawled into this hut and started to eat the nuts, it happened that the young Indian came along. In his amazement, at hearing the man cracking the nuts, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his grandfather's wigwam to tell the exciting news. The old man being old and wise and an exception to the common belief, did not believe that the dead ate. He asked his nephew to carry him down to the graveyard and prove what he had related. The young nephew put his grandfather on his back and proceeded toward the graveyard.

As they came near the graveyard the young Indian brave said, "Grandfather, can you hear him eating?" The old man said "No," so the boy moved up a little closer and halted. He repeated his question, "Grandfather, can you hear him eating?" His grandfather replied, "No, take me a little closer." The boy stood still for awhile and wondered what he should do. Finally, he made a wild dash for the grave, dropped his grandfather, turned and tore up the path toward the wigwam. The old man listened for just a minute when the man in the hut started cracking nuts again. The old man, forgetting about his rheumatism, jumped up and beat a hasty retreat up the path, and arrived home ahead of the young brave.

JUST LIFE

By Aline Michaelis

Just life, the starry gleam of it, is sweet; so sweet that what if we have missed sometimes the goal to which our longing climbs, the rapture full, complete?

There still is such a joy in it, for all the faint alloy in it, that none would change; that none would ask a brighter day and none would seek a fairer way, for fear the world grow strange.

Down all the changing ways of it, through all the hidden maze of it, the wonder holds; and daily to our hungry eyes, as bright as blooms of paradise, the flower called life unfolds.

Just life, despite the pain of it, the loss, the hurts, the stain of it, is fair; so fair that man is strangely stirred and thrilled, his very soul with rapture filled to glimpse the beauty there.