

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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ANNA P. KRASNA

ZAKLJUČKI

GLEDAL je roko mali in doznal,
da je na vsako travico
mal draguljček pal —
da je bilo vse kakor trepetajoči niz,
ki se more vsak hip razliti —
a se ni — pa je uganil:

To je vse nabrano na nevidni niti! —

Bdel je ob cvetkah, da vidi
kako zaspijo,
kako svoje nežne listke
v rosne sanje sklopijo —
A prišel je stric Sen
in mu z mehкими prsti zakril oči —
On pa le trdi:

Vse bi bil videl, da mi ni spanec ukral noči!

Štel je zvezde in menil,
da bo skoro čez vse nebo,
ko so mu nenadno zamigljale
spet nove v oko.
Začel je znova, a se je igra ponovila,
in mali je zaključil:

Doštel bi, če bi čakal, da bi se zadnja utrnila!

DETE JOKA

U-VA, u-va, va—!
Uboga mati, ki ji dete takole čeblja.
Dan, dva, tri,
vmes pa so še noči,
ko hodi, hodi, hodi, tolaži
in se boji.
U-va, u-va, va—!

Saj gre že vsem sosedom na živce
in do srca —
A ona hodi, hodi,
pol poje in pol ihti:
Ne jokaj mali, saj mamica ve,
kako je to hudo, kako boli . . .

Rdeče jagode

(Pripovedka.)

NEKI deklici je umrla mati. Zbolel je tudi oče. Hčerka mu je stregla, kolikor je vedla in znala, toda bolniku ni odleglo.

“Oh, ko bi še dočakal jagod,” je vzdihnil nekega dne, “zdi se mi, da bi me ozdravile.”

Hčerka je takoj poiskala na tihem jerbašček ter se odpravila proti gozdu iskat jagod. Bilo pa je še rano v spomladi. Ko je prišla do potočka ob gozdu, je bilo vse polno zelenja. Revica je drgetala. Vsled obupa je začela glasno jokati.

Tedaj ji je položil nekdo roko na ramo. Prestrašena se je deklica ozrla. Pred njo je stala prekrasna žena, ovita v snežnobelo tančico. Pogledala je deklico tako milo, da ji je prešel takoj ves strah.

“Kaj delaš, otrok, tukaj?” je vprašala ljubeznivo. Deklica pa ji je potožila: “Oh, atek so mi bolni in samo jagode bi jih ozdravele — — —”

“Pojdi z mano!” je rekla bela žena, “pokažem ti jih.”

Šli sta skozi gozd in prišli sta v prelepo nolinico. V tej dolinici je bilo lepo

in solnce je sijalo tako toplo, da je postajalo deklici vroče.

“Evo jih!” je rekla žena in pokazala na zložno pobočje, ki je bilo vse rdeče samih zrelih jagod.

V tistem trenutku je izginila. Deklica je nabrala kmalu poln jerbašček najlepših jagod in se odpravila domov. Ko je šla nazaj, se ji je zdelo, da jo ne-se veter, kmalu je bila doma.

Kako se je začudil bolnik, ko je zagledal jagode, ki jih je tako srčno želel. Hčerka mu je natanko pripovedovala, kako ji je pomagala bela žena.

“Oh, to je bila Vila!” je zaklical oče. “Vile stanujejo ob gorskih potokih. Dobre so dobrim ljudem, zlasti nedolžnim otrokom, ki ljubijo starše. Srečna si, da si jo videla!”

Užil je polovico jagod, a polovico si je hranil za drugi dan. Ko pa je drugo jutro vzel jerbašček v roko, je bil zopet poln.

To se je ponavljalo tako dolgo, da je oče popolnoma ozdravel.

In oče in hčerka sta srečno skupaj živele.

Čebele

ALI SI bil že pri čebelnjaku? Le stopi tja, toda pazi, da te čebele ne opikajo! Glej kako živahno preletavajo! Ene hite iz panjev, druge pa se vračajo z rumenimi, rdečimi ali belimi hlebčki na zadnjih nožicah. Ti hlebčki so cvetni prah ali obnožina. Čebele tudi ližejo iz cvetov sladak sok (nektar), ki ga v svojem želodčku predelajo v med in izlivajo v celice satja. Ali si že jedel med? Kakšen okus ima? Satje je iz voska, ki ga čebele izcejajo izpod obročkov zadka. Iz voska se delajo voščene sveče.

Vsak panj ima po eno matico. Ta le-

že jajčeca v celice. Iz jajčec se izvale v treh dneh ličinke, ki jih čebele pridno pitajo. Ličinke se izpremene čez teden dni v bube, iz katerih izlezejo čez enajst dni mlade čebelice. Preden pa je zalega godna, izleti stara matica s trumo čebel iz panja. Pravimo, da čebele rojijo. Roj se vsede navadno na kako vejo. Čebelar ga ogrebe in vsadi v prazen panj, kjer se začne zopet novo delo.

Poleg čebel in matice se zarede v panju tudi debeli troti, ki samo lenuharijo in žro med. Delavne čebele se kmalu naveličajo teh lenuhov in jih pomečejo iz panjev, kjer poginejo gladu.

Ivan Cankar:

Pot v gozd

OB ČETRTEKIH je hodil Lenart v gozd po suha drva. Pot je držala mimo razpadle kapelice, nato skozi temno globel, obokano z visokim, košato razraslim leščevjem in zastraženo s temnim robidovjem, ki je iztegalo in križalo svoje tenke, dolge veje od obeh strani. Ob deževnem času je tekel potok po tej globeli ter se pod kapelico porazgubil in potuhnil v jarke in kotline. Poleti se je udirala noga v izpran, gladek pesek; le v hladnih kotih, kamor ni seglo solnce, so ostale blatne luže. Iz globeli se je vzpel kolovoz visoko v klanec, vil se je po grapavi, pustih rebri, nazadnje pa se izgubil kakor potok, se razcepil v steze, ki so blodile križem po kamenju in grmičevju, mimo živih mej in podrtih plotov ter potonile po zapuščenih lazih. Nad puščavo so šumeli bukovi gozdi.

Ko je stopil Lenart v gozd, mu je bilo sladko in milo, kakor da je stopil v toplo izbo svojega pravega doma. Slišal je in vedel, kaj je v svojem košatem vrhu pripovedovala izkušena bukev, razložil je pobožno molitev smreke, v neko zamaknjene. Svojo govoricu sta govorili robida in malina, po svoje je šepetala visoka praprot. Nad svetlim obronkom kraj gozda so se zibali metulji. Veverica se ni plašila, če je stopil na suho dračje. Postala je na veji, vzdignila glavo in košati rep, gledala nanj z razposajenimi, črnimi očmi, vabila ga v višave, na veseli ples med vejami. Zajec je hušknil izza grma, postrigel z ušesi, potresel z belim smrčkom ter se napravil skokoma na svojo lačno pot. Gosposko je stopala srna po rebri nizdol proti studencu; spotoma se je ozrla z velikim, jasnožarečim pogledom naravnost nanj.

Poletje

SOLNCE pripeka. Tako je soparno, da komaj dihamo. Lastovke letajo nizko. Na zapadu vstajajo sivi oblaki. Iz daljine se čuje grmenje in treskanje. Temni se. Po nebu švigajo ognjene kače. Vihar tuli. Cerkovnik hiti obzvanjat, ker se pripravlja k nevihti. Ljudje so v strahu. Dež se vlije in napoji žejno prirodo. Uvele rastline se zopet požive in veselo rastejo dalje.

Sredi poletja smo. Dnevi so dolgi, noči pa kratke. Ljudje navsezgodaj vstajajo in odhajajo na delo. Znoj jim teče po čelu. Vroče je, da nikoli tega. Za odpočitek si poiščejo senco. Sedejo ali ležejo pod drevo ali grm. V sencu je hladno. Prijetno bi bilo, da ni toliko muh in mušic. Sitne so, ker nam ne dajejo miru.

Po zraku letajo pisani metulji. Dečkom so všeč, zato jih lovijo. Žito na po-

lju rumeni in zori. Klasje je videti polno, obeta se nam torej dobra žetev. Trava je že visoka in kosci jo kosijo. To je veselja na travniku in poljih! Črešnje in jagode so zrele. Otroci jih že komaj čakajo.

Poleti imamo počitnice. Med počitnicami se hodimo kopat. Meščani gredo radi na kmete ali pa v hribe. Zarana zjutraj jih srečavamo v turistovski obleki. Na ramah imajo nahrbtnik, v roki debelo zakrivljeno gorjačo ali cepin, na nogah pa podkovanane močne gorske čevlje. Kam se jim neki tako mudi? Bržkone na planine, kjer bodo trgali naskalne očnice ali planinke in živobojejen sleč, videli divje koze in uživali lep razgled. Planšarji jim postrežejo s sladkim mlekom, s tečnim sirom in z dobrim sirovim maslom ter s smetano. Želimo jim kar največ zabave in veselja v jasnih višavah!

KRAVICA PRODANA

ZDRAVA, sivka, srečno hodi, milo me tako ne glej!
Pridna kakor tukaj bodi, kjer živela si poslej.

Pridna kravica si bila, mirno v hlevu stala si,
malo klaje si dobila, mleka dosti dala si.

Modra bila si na paši, ne uhajala drugam,
telčka si poleti vsako leto dala nam.

Enkrat še poglej prijazno, preden te odtod ženó!
O, kako bo v hlevu prazno, ko zdaj tebe več ne bo!

MAVRICA

BISERNA lestva se spenja v oblak,
spušča se onkraj na zemeljski tlak,
mavrica pisana, visoki prestol!
Vile hodijo gor in pa dol,
zlate kropilnice v rokah drže,
zemljo prežejno hlade in poje.
Gori na stolu pa dežek sedi,
kapljici vsaki on srečo deli:
Pade na polje — rodi zelenjad,
kane na drevje — obilen da sad.
kaplju na njivi — da žito zlato
kaplja na trti — pa vince sladko.
Sreča se spušča na sleherno stvar,
kadar zaliva deževni vrtnar.

S. G.

LOVČEV RAJ

ZELENI gozd je lovčev raj,
raj krasen ves je gozd,
frče tam ptice s kraja v kraj
in hvalijo svoj gozd.

Studenec iz skalin kipi,
vrvi tja v temni gozd,
po drevju listje, čuj, šumi,
šumi, vrši ves gozd.

Oj ptičji glas, oj šum vode,
in tvoj šepet, oj gozd!
to dviga lovčevo srce,
da ljubi tebe, gozd!

J. C.



(17-1)

Courtesy of "Proletarec"

B. M. BECCI

Perice

Zgodbe iz noči

IVAN VUK

1. Preslica in praprot

Tako mi je pripovedovala babica:

NEKOČ v starih časih, ko je zemlja bila še ovita v sramežljivi pajčolan oblakov in je bilo tako toplo, da je bilo vse na zemlji in v vodi mehkužno, rastlo pa na veliko in visoko, je bila praprot in preslica veliko drevo. Večje kakor so naše smreke danes. Pili sta obe sončno toploto z velikimi požirki in rasli kakor babilonski stolp, da bi lahko pogledali v nebesa. Ker pa vse sončne toplote in njenih žarkov nista mogla porabiti, sta shranjevali preostanke v svojih shrambah, v debelem, ogromnem deblu, v koroninah in členkih. In če se je zgodilo, da sonce ni kateri dan precej zasijalo, ko sta se zbudila, je bila praprot nejevoljna in je godrnjala in zmerjala sonce:

— Zakaj te ni bilo? . . . Ne veš, da sem lačna? . . .

Preslica pa je stokala:

— Jako slaba se zdim, ko te ni, sonce.

Sonce se je opravičevalo:

— Kaj nista videli, da mi je gosta megla branila sijati? Kaj nista čutili, da sem tisto gosto, debelo, vlažno meglo pojilo s svojimi žarki tako močno, da sta vidve lahko srkali iz nje ne vlage sok mojih žarkov?

In preslica in praprot sta videli, da sta delala soncu krivico.

Sonce pa je še reklo:

— Požrešni sta. Nikoli vama ni dovolj. Zato bom sijalo zdaj še močnejše. Vendar nečem nositi odgovornosti. Kajti čim bolj bom sijalo, tem prej se posuši zemlja. Kaj bo potem z vama?

— Kaj, če se posuši?

— Zgodí se lahko, je reklo sonce, da se tako posušena zemlja skrči, stisne v svoji skorji, strese in odpre, ti praprot

in ti preslica pa strmoglavita v ogromne prepade, ki vaju pokopljejo.

Praprot se je nasmejala, pa tudi preslica se je smejala. — Velika sem in mogočna. Ne bojim se prepadov. Le poglej me. To moje močno in ogromno deblo. To moje višino?

— In mene? je rekla vmes preslica. Nič nisem slabša od praproti. Veliki sva in močni. Ti, sonce, pa sijaj, zakaj lačni sva.

In sonce je sijalo. Vedno bolj, vedno bolj ognjeno. Praprot in preslica pa sta v svojem ogromnem steblu kopičili sončne žarke, da bodo za rezervo, če bi prišel črni dan. Veliko bogastva sta nakopičili v svojih deblih preslica in praprot.

Ali zgodilo se je nekega dne, kakor je prerokovalo sonce. Zemlja se je od vedno trajajoče vročine sušila. Vleklo jo je skupaj. Nastajala je trdnejša skorja na nji. Ta skorja je začela pokati, popuščati. Nastajali so prepadi. In nekoč se je krčevito stresla, kajti mučila jo je mrzlica. Vztrepetala je s strašnim trepetom, podzemeljski ognji so šinili iz nje. Dvignile so se silne zemeljske plasti kakor valovi razdražene-ga morja. Zakolebali so in se zrušili v prepade. S seboj pa so strmoglavili cele gozdove praproti in preslic. Pokopali so jih v svojem osrčju. Preko njih je bila zemlja in je rastla trava in kame-nje jih je pokrivalo.

Nikdo več ni vedel, kje so ogromni gozdovi praproti in preslice in kaj je z njimi.

Sonce, ko je zopet posijalo in pogledalo na zemljo, je reklo samo pri sebi:

— Svarilo sem tisti pragozd praproti in preslice. Ali bil je ošaben in ni verjel.

Praprot in preslica pa sta ležali v globoki zemlji stisnjeni, zmečkani, zlomljeni, pod strašno težo. Nista mogli več niti dihati. Dušili sta se in onemeli. Njuno telo je začelo polagoma postajati kakor kamen. Ker ni bilo zraka, je ta kamen — nekdanja preslica in praprot — začel postajati rjav, potem črn in naposled črn kakor kristal.

Tisočletja so potekla.

Zemlja se je še bolje strdila. Začela je roditi drugačna drevesa, drugačne rastline in tudi ptice so začele letati po zraku.

Dolgo potem, ko se je ustanovilo življenje na zemlji v današnji obliki, so ljudje, ki jim je bila površina zemlje premajhna, vrtali v zemljo, da bi nasitili svojo radovednost in pogledali, kaj je pod zemljo in če je kaj takega, kar bi dalo koristi človeku, zaslužek in bogastvo, da se vzame in izkoplje.

In tako se je zgodilo, da so svedri in lopate zadele na trd, motno se bleščeči črni in rjavkasti kamen. Ko so ga dobro ogledali, so opazili, da ni kamen, kakor je kamenje, temveč je nekakšna shramba mnogih sončnih žarkov, nakopičenih v takšni množini, ki je dosedaj še niso poznali.

Ko so poskušali te nakopičene sončne žarke osvoboditi in so zažgali črni kamen, je oddajal sončne žarke v takšni toploti, da so se ljudje prijetno gredli, da so vrteli celo močne stroje in hitreje kakor roke človekove. Še več. Ti sončni žarki, shranjeni v teh črnih kamenih srambah, so razgibali ves svet. Zdaj gonijo neštete in ogromne stroje, dirjajo z nešteti vozovi po cestah, svetijo po noči kakor sonce, kuhajo, pečejo, da bi človek več ne mogel biti brez njih.

Kakor vidite, je končala babica, je ošabnost praproti in preslice rodila kazen. In ta kazen je rodila zopet blagoslov človeku, ki je našel te skrite sončne žarke in jih osvobaja v svojo korist in blagostanje. Iz tega vidite, da kazen za kak greh ni nekaj, kar bi uni-

čevalo. Kazen je samo oster opomin, iz katerega zopet vznikne dobrota.

— Kdo pa ti je pripovedoval to zgodbo, babica, sem vprašal.

— Slišala sem jo nekoč, ko sem bila še mlada, ko je na kresno noč pripovedoval to svojo zgodbo kos premoga bukovemu polenu.

— Kako bi jaz lahko kaj takega slišal, sem s hrepenenjem zaprosil.

— To pa je težko, je rekla babica. Tisti, ki ima praprotno seme na kresni večer, sliši, kako se pogovarjajo takrat vse stvari. To pa je težko dobiti, a dobiti ga moraš tako, da ne boš vedel zanj.

— Kako, da ne bom vedel zanj? sem se začudil. Kako pa naj potem vem, da lahko poslušam?

Babica se je nasmejala in rekla:

— No, poslušaj, povedala ti bom še eno zgodbo.

2. Praprotno seme

Moj oče, tvoj pradedek, je včasi rad pogledal v kozarec. Takrat, ko je nekoliko globlje, kakor je bil vajen, pogledal vanj, je doživljal čudovite reči, kakor nam je potem pripovedoval. In tako se je zgodilo, da je pogledal malo preveč v kozarec tisti dan pred kresnim večerom. Zamudil se je pri vinu v svojem hramu precej v noč. Ko je šel domov, je moral skozi precej dolg gozd. Imel je navado, ko je tako šel po gozdu, da si je vedno natrgal nekaj praproti, ki je rastla ob poti skozi gozd. In tako je bilo tudi to noč.

Ko gre tako po gozdu s praprotno v rokah in je prišel ob parobek, kjer bilo na eni strani polje, je zaslišal, kako se tam izza valovečega žita-rži, pšenice in ječmena nekdo pogovarja.

Obstal je in poslušal.

— Ti, ječmen," je klicali iz rži. Zdi se mi, da boš kmalu dozorel, kaj?

— Da, je odgovorilo iz ječmena. — Kmalu. Gospodinja že hodi gledat, če je moje klasje že dovolj težko in zlato.

— Da, da, je odgovorilo iz rži. — Tudi k meni pogleda, čeprav še cvetem.

Tam od pšenice pa je reklo:

— Mimo mene pa kar gre. Tako postrani me samo pogleda. Včasih se malo z roko dotakne mojega stebelca.

— Seveda, je odgovorilo iz rži. — Klasje še je pri tebi komaj v začetku, zato še nisi zanimiva.

— Kaj je človeku vedno za klasje? je vprašala pšenica.

— O, tudi stebelca, ali kakor pravi človek, slama, mu je cenjena. Živino krmi z njo, krije si hiše. Ali glavno zanj je klasje. V klasju je naša mladost, življenje naše, kateremu človek pravi, da je zrnje.

— Zrnje? . . . Kaj dela prav za prav s tem našim življenjem, s to našo mladostjo, z zrnjem? Saj to smo vendar mi?

— Mlada si še, o pšenica, je rekel ječmen. — Naše življenje, naša mladost je človeku potrebna, da živi. Naša usoda je, da umremo, da zopet vzklijemo, rastemo, cvetimo, zorimo in se žrtvujemo za človeka in živino.

— Kako žrtvujemo?

— Videla boš, o pšenica, mene, je rekel ječmen. — Potem boš videla rž. In naposled boš prišla ti na vrsto. Prišle bodo ženjice. Gibčne, vesele, rožnih lic in močnih rok. Krepke žene in lepa dekleta. Srpe bodo imele v rokah, ostro nabrušene, pesmi na ustnih, lepo zvence. Postavile se bodo v vrsto. Bele in pisane rute na glavah bodo kakor okras k prazniku našega žrtvovanja. Bele in pisane bluze, v katerih bodo oblečene, jih nam bodo kazale kakor vile, ki prihajajo, da vzamejo našo žrtev. In začele bodo žeti. Mene, rž in tebe, o pšenica. Ostro rezilo srpa bo odrezalo moje, ržino in tvoje, o pšenica, stebelce. In tako skupaj nas povežejo v snopje. Zložijo nas potem v križe in kopice, da se posušimo in do konca dozorimo, narkar nas zapeljejo, ko bomo čisto mrtvi, na gumno. Na gumnu pa nas z vso krutostjo pretepejo z nalašč zato napravljenimi cepci. Mlatijo po nas, da vse zrnje iz klasja odpade in da se slama zmečka. Zdaj že ponekod imajo take stroje, ki požirajo v svoja žrela cele snope nas, a ven leti že vse v svoje posode:

zrnje, plevel, slama. Te stroje pa goni premog, ki je nekoč rasel kot mogočna praprotna in preslica. V njima so shranjeni sončni žarki, ki zdaj osvobodjeni gonijo stroje, da z vso besnostjo mlatijo po nas.

— Oh, strašno je to trpljenje, je vzdihnila pšenica.

— Da, strašno res, ali ker vemo, da je to življenje človeka, z lahkoto prenašamo in se rade žrtvujemo.

— Čudno, je reklo žito. Čeprav nas je nešteto, so vendar mnogi in mnogi ljudje lačni.

— Tega tudi še ne razumeš, je rekel ječmen. — Med ljudmi je namreč nekaj takšnega, kar mi ne moremo razumeti. Namreč vsak hoče sam vse imeti, pa četudi mu ni potrebno. Vseeno mu je, če njegov sočlovek tudi umira od lakote ali drugega pomanjkanja. Nič ne da, z ničem ne pomaga. Tisti, ki je zelo podjeten, ima zelo mnogo, drugi pa, ki tega daru nima, nima nič. Med ljudmi pa je tako, da tudi niso vsi nardarjeni, da bi znali, kakor je treba uspešno grabiti.

— Zakaj se pa potem moramo za takšne žrtvovati? je rekla pšenica.

— Oh, je rekel ječmen. — Tudi mene to jezi. Pa kaj hočem. Pravijo, da je postava takšna, da tisti, kdor zna, sme jemati, kdor pa ne zna, naj nosi posledice. In so zato tudi naredili takšno postavo, da ni preveč preprirov. To me včasih tako jezi, da nečem dobro obrodit. Kmet kolne, jaz se pa smejim. Tudi, ko včasih toča sklesti moje klasje, pa tudi vaše, se smejem. Zdaj grabi, si mislim, mlatil me ne boš. Tudi jesti ti ne bo letos treba, da boš videl, kako je tistim, ki nimajo za jesti. Ali nič ne pomaga. Tisti, ki pograbi skoraj vse moje zrnje, pa tudi tvoje, rž, in tvoje, pšenica, ga proda za lep denar vseeno, četudi njegov sosed, ki je revnejši, gladije.

— Čudne postave imajo ljudje, je rekla pšenica. — Ali čudno je tudi to, da nas, ki ga živimo, pretepa ali mlati, kakor pravijo. Za dobrote nam daje cepc.

— To je značaj človeka, je rekla rž. — Kdor mu dobro stori, ga pretepa. — Ali, o pšenica, to, da nas mlati, še ni najhujše.

— Kaj je še tega več?

— O, seve, je rekel ječmen. — Ko nas izmlati, nas še razgrne po rjuhi vse gole, da nas sonce popolnoma oprazi.

— Strašno, strašno!

— Ko smo tako oprazene, to je čisto osušene, nas nasuje v vreče. In tako nas z vrečami odpelje v mlin.

— Kaj pa v mlinu?

— Tam nas vsujejo med mlinske kamene, ki se vrte tesno drug nad drugim, nas pa, zrnje, zmeljejo v malo manj kot na sončni prah. In iz cevi leti ven moka in otrobi.

— Oh, zakaj smo vzkllili, rastli, zoreli? Zakaj imamo klasje?

— Da, zdaj se ponosno ziblremo na njivi, gledamo v nebo, pod nami pa se smeje modriž in kokolj. A v kratkem bo iz nas beli prah-moka in rjave cunjice-otrobi.

— Kaj pa delajo iz moke?

— Iz moke se peče kruh. To je živilo, brez katerega človek ne more živeti. Ta prah namreč zmesijo z vodo ali z mlekom, kakšen kruh pač hočejo imeti. Tako zmesen prah se imenuje testo. Je to tako zmeseno testo podobno telesu človeka. Zvalijo ga v kolače, zakurijo peč, da je kakor pekel in posade te kolače-testo v peč.

— V peč?

— Da, v razbeljeno peč. Tako nas objame strašen ogenj in nas spremeni v kruh in pecivo.

* * *

Tako je poslušal moj oče, kako so se v kresni noči pogovarjali ječmen, rž in pšenica, je končala babica.

— Kaj je imel praprotovo seme? sem vprašal.

— Da, imel ga je. A sam ni vedel zato. Takrat, ko si je utrgal praprot, je bila ena, ki je imela baš seme. In tako je lahko slišal pogovor na kresno noč.

O skopulji z nogavico

KO STA še hodila po svetu Peter in njegov tovaroš Pavel, je živela skopa ženica Suholja. Za vsako paro se je tresla. Vsakega berača je odpodila od hiše. Kadar pa je zopet naskoparila nov cekin, tedaj je šla in odvezala nogavico, ki jo je imela vedno skrito pod zglavjem. Trepetaje in varno je spustila vanjo novi cekin. Nekoč pa pridela Peter in Pavel tudi mimo njene koč. Takrat pa je bila skopulja baš nekoliko bolna in je ležala na postelji. Silno se prestraši, ko zasliši trkanje od zunaj. Hitro hoče skriti svojo ljubo nogavico, toda v tem pa že vstopi Peter in jo začne prositi daru.

“Kje ga bom pa vzela!” zagodrnja starka.

“Ali tudi nobenega koščka kruha nimaš?” jo vpraša Peter, “midva sva ja-

ko zdelana. Ves božji dan sva že na poti!”

“Tudi kruha nimam,” zarenči staruha, “saj vesta, da bolezen vse požre.”

“Res je!” pravi nato Peter žalosten, bolezen vse požre. Morda imaš vendar kaj drugega. Glej, kaj pa imaš v tej nogavici?”

“Eh, to so same luskinе?”

Ko sta tovariša odšla, se je zvito zasmejala hudobna starka, češ, pa sem vaju opeharila. In hitro razveže svojo ljubo nogavico, da bi preštela svetle cekinčke. Toda joj! V nogavici ni bilo nič več cekinov, ampak samo bele luskinе so bile v njej. Tako je lažnica sama sebe opeharila. Pravijo, da se ji je od žalosti in strahu kar zavrtelo v glavi.

Dragotin Kette.

Nožiček

BREZNIKOV Franček je dobil za god lep nožiček s koščenim rogom in dvema reziloma. Ko ga je drugi dan kazal součencem, ga je marsikateri zavidal, zlasti Podlesnikov Ivanček. In kako ne bi! Saj si na svetu ni ničesar bolj želel ko tako orodje! Kolikokrat je opazoval v vaški prodajalnici razne nožičke, ki so bili pritrjeni na končnicah škattel v znamenje, da je posoda polna takih dragocenosti. Takrat se mu je zdel trgovec naj srečnejši na svetu.

In zdaj ima Breznikov Franček ravno tak nožiček, kakor si ga je on v prodajalnici izbral — v mislih seveda!

Od tega trenutka ni imel Ivanček več miru. Mislil je in mislil, kako bi prišel do takega noža.

Nekega dne je opoldne pozabil Franček nožiček v klopi. Tedaj je premotila Ivančka izkušnja, da je iztegnil roko in vtaknil nožiček v žep.

Doma ni mogel nič jesti, tako je bil razburjen. Odhitel je od mize, da bi si ogledal nožiček. Tudi rezati je poizkusil z njim. Zelo všeč mu je bil.

Toda videti ga ne sme nihče! Kam naj ga skrije? Najprej ga je spravil v veži za omaro. Ker pa se je bal, da bi ga tam utegnili najti mati, ga je ponesel v hlev za jasli. Ko pa se mu tudi tam ni zdel na varnem, ga je skrila pod strešje.

Tisti večer Ivanček ni mogel zaspati. Valjal se je po postelji in zdihoval. Vedno mu je bil pred očmi Breznikov Franček. Zasmilil se mu je. Kdo ve, kako žaluje za nožem!

Mati je mislila, da je sinček bolan, ker že opoldne ni bil nič jedel. Vstala je in mu potipala glavo. Zdela se ji je vroča. Ivanček pa je trdil, da mu ni nič, prav nič.

Končno je zaspal. A vso noč je imel opravka z nesrečnim nožem. Sanjalo se mu je, da je hotel odrezati šibo, pa si je odrezal prst. V sanjah ga je tako zabolelo, da je zakričal. Zopet se mu je sanjalo, da mu je v šoli zdrknil nožiček skozi luknjo v žepu na tla. Vsi součenci, ki so stali okoli njega, so začeli vpiti: "Ivanček je imel nožek, Ivanček! Ukradel ga je!" . . . Ivanček ni vedel, kam bi se dejal, tako ga je bilo sram. Tedaj se je prebudil. Storil je trden sklep, da vrne Frančku nožiček.

Komaj je pričakoval jutra. Pohitel je bolj rano ko navadno v šolo, tako da je bil prvi v razredu. Hitro je potisnil nožek v Frančkovo klop.

Ko je prišel Franček in našel nožiček, so mu zažarele oči od samega veselja. Tudi Ivančku se je zdelo dobro.

Opoldne je jedel s slastjo in zvečer je zopet kakor navadno sladko zaspal.

L. Černež.



Krojačev sen

KDO SI še nikdar ni zaželel, da bi poltel kot ptič čez dolino in hrib, nad plodonosnimi polji in zelenimi šumami, daleč, daleč tja v širni svet — ko bi bilo le mogoče?!

“Mogoče je, mora biti!” je rekel krojač Gropa sam pri sebi; “zakaj pa lahko leti moja cenjena sosedka štorclja, ki tudi nima dosti drobnejših nog kot jaz, in njen kljun ni skoraj nič daljši kot moj častitljivi nos; samo par poštenih perotnic rabim — potem pa le pozor, dragi meščani! — riš-raš se vzdignem v zrak med vašim začudenjem in strmenjem — in že letim v daljavo z vetrom in oblaki.”

Čimdalje je krojač premišljal o tem in čim pogosteje je opazoval iz svoje male podstrešne sobice lahkokrilo štorcljo, kako se spusti s svojega visokega domovanja tja doli v nižavo, ali kako uči mladiče letati, toliko bolj prepričan je postajal, da se mora z vztrajnostjo in trdno voljo tudi njemu posrečiti leteti visoko v zraku — ravno tako kot ta štorclja.

Zgodilo se je celo, da se mu je sanjalo, da so mu zrastle peroti. Krasna mesečna noč je bila, ko se je dvignil v zračne višave. Globoko pod njim je ležala domača pokrajina, kakor velika temnozelena preproga. Toda, ko si je ravno hotel malo natančneje ogledati to čarobno sliko — tresk! šine ognjen žarek iz temnega oblaka nad njim in mu zažge perotnice, da je začel padati s čimdalje večjo naglico, dokler se ni nenadoma zbudil v svoji borni postelji. Če bi bil naš krojač praznoveren, bi smatral te sanje za slabo znamenje; ampak on ni verjel v vraže. Nemudoma je začel sestavljati letalni stroj; ves svoj prosti čas je posvetil temu delu.

S pomočjo lesenih palčk in žice, košjega perja in raznobarnih krp, je po dolgem, neumornem delu napravil

velike perotnice, ki so bile po svoji obliki popolnoma podobne štorcljinim.

Pri tem težavnem delu bi bil zelo srečen in zadovoljen, ko bi mu le vrabci vedno ne nagajali. Kadar je delal svoj stroj pri zaprtem oknu, je gotovo priletel kak nepoklican vrabič in toliko časa stopical po prizidku pred oknom ter pri tem obračal in vrtel svojo zvedavo glavico ne levo in desno, dokler ni izvohal pravo mesto, od koder je lahko skozi šipe opazoval krojača pri delu. Če je opazil, da se krojaču delo noče posrečiti, je začel od veselja plesati po prizidku kot neumen in kričati na vso moč:

*“Cvič — cvič!
s tvojimi perotnicami
ne bo nič!”*

Ko so vrabci na sosednjih strehah čuli ta klic, so se seveda takoj pridružili s svojimi ‘ubranimi’ glasovi, tako da nazadnje ni bilo v celem mestecu niti ene hiše, s katere ne bi zvečer kričali mali potepuhi: “Cvič-cvič! S krojačevimi perotnicami ne bo nič;” Kadar le ni hotelo biti konca temu zasmehovanju, je krojač pograbil svojo mero in z njo ves razdražen otepal po zraku, da bi prepodil nagajivce; ti so se pa le še hujše smejali, tako da krojaču ni ostalo drugega kot zopet zapreti okno in sam pri sebi godrnjati: “Le počakajte, vi vrabci, da bom gotov s strojem; to bode te zijali začudenja, da vam bo sape zmanjkalo, ko me bode te videli kriliti v zraku.”

In glej! kaj se je pripetilo. Ko se je nekega večera — kot običajno — vsedel eden izmed številnih vrabcev na krojačevo okno, da bi pokukal v sobo, je zapazil nekaj posebnega. Ogromen ptič, kakoršnega ni še nikdar videl, je letal po krojačevi sobi: z mize na posteljo, s postelje na klop pri peči in od tam zopet na mizo. Ej! v kakem strahu vam je čepel vrabec, ki je bil sicer vedno tako predrzen, tu na oknu! Perje se mu je šopirilo, ko je letel strašni ptič proti nje-

mu. Kak ptič je to? je rojilo v njegovi prestrašeni glavici; v svojem strahu ni spoznal krojača. Krojač je namreč dovršil svoj stroj in ga je sedaj preizkušal. Ko je slučajno ena perot udarilo ob šipo, da je kar zažvenketalo, je mali vohun v smrtnem strahu odletel k svojim bratcem. Skrivnostno jim je zaupal, kak nestvor je videl v krojačevi sobici. Cela vrabčja druhal je bilo nemalo vznemirjena; ni mogoče popisati, kako žalostno so pričeli čivkati, kako so skrbipolni tekali po strehah in žlebovih, in kako so se nazadnje poskrili v svojih skrivališčih. Če se ne bi še tu in tam oglasil eden ali drugi iz svoje luknje s ponižnim "cvič!" bi si lahko mislil, da so se vsi vrabci izselili v Kalamandrijo.

Toliko glasneje pa so se smejali in govorili meščani tam spodaj po ulicah in hišah; od ust do ust je šel glas: "Leti! jutri bo letel." — "Kdo leti?" so kričali otroci, ki so v gručah tekali po ulicah in upirali svoje radovedne oči proti nebu, kjer se je tu in tam pokazal mal oblaček. "Krojač bo letel," razlagajo mamice otrokom, "pa ne sedaj. Jutri točno ob dveh popoldne bo zletel iz svoje podstrešne sobice." Kam bo letel, ni nihče vedel povedati.

In res je bilo tako, kot so si ljudje pripovedovali; ni pa zletel iz svoje sobice, ampak podal se je s svojo pripravo okrog dveh popoldne na grič tik široke reke zunaj mesteca. Neštete množice ljudstva so se zbrale na malem hričeku. Krojač si je privezal svoje velikanške perotnice in se zaletel po strmem bregu proti vrhu griča, od koder bi se imel začeti njegov polet preko reke tja v širni svet.

"Glejte, glejte! Leti, res leti!" vzkliknejo začudeni gledalci. Tu, ojej, začne naš junak — ko je srečno priletel nad sredino reke — preobračati kozolce v zraku, dokler nazadnje ne pade v globoko in deročo reko. Gotovo bi utonil, a k sreči ga je neki ribič pravočasno pograbil za perotnice in ga potegnil v svoj čolnič, v katerem ga je zapeljal na obrežje. Ko je stopil krojač na suho, se je naj-

prej otresel kot moker pes, nato pa jo je z največjo naglico odkuril proti mestecu. Premočene peroti so se vleklye za njim in puščale viden sled po ulicah; vsa razposajena mestna mladež mu je sledila tik za petami.

Ko so vrabci začuli na ulicah vriskanje in razgrajanje otrok, so prišli zopet na dan iz svojih skrivališč, da bi videli, kaj vse to pomeni. In ko so zagledali krojača, kako dirja proti svojemu stanovanju, s povešenimi perotmi in s silno potrtem obrazom, se jih je zopet polotila stara nagajivost, pa so začeli kričati še glasneje kot pred dnevi:

*"Cvič — civič!
Smo vedno rekli,
da ne bo nič!"*

Samo eden je imel usmiljenje s krojačem—štorklja. Videla je s svojega visokega gnezda, kako se je ponesrečil njegov poskus. Komaj se je truden in potrft spustil na stol za mizo, je priletela štorklja na okno, da bi ga sočutno povprašala, kako se kaj počuti. Prepričala se je, da se ni krojač nič poškodoval pri padcu, pač pa je zgubil veselje do letanja; tolažila ga je in hrabrila, češ da naj ja ne neha s svojimi poskusi, ker da se mu bo gotovo posrečilo, če bo le vztrajal.

Kaj je krojač odgovoril na te prijazne nasvete, ni znano, kajti od onega nesrečnega dne je bil vedno zelo redkobeseden in je bil večinoma vedno zaprt v svoji mali sobici, — kakor kaka sova, ki beži pred dnevno svetlobo. Edino vrabci, ki so kakor prej vedno skrivoma opazovali krojača v njegovi sobici, so skrivnostno pripovedovali, da še vedno dela in izboljšuje svoj stroj ter da večkrat leta po sobi. — Leteti v daljni svet pa je poskusil naš krojač samo enkrat — nikdar več kasneje.

Ali je vse to resnica? vprašaj mladi bralec. Mora že biti, kajti tako je zapisano v starih kronikah.

Takrat so zasmehovali krojača, ki je bil prepričan, da tudi ljudje lahko letijo kot ptiči, ker se jim je zdelo to nemogo-

če. Kako bi tisti ljudje odpirali oč v začudenju, če bi videli naše zrakoplove! Krojač Gropa je bil sanjač, — a njegove sanje so se uresničile, četudi v nekoliko drugačni obliki.

In danes marsikdo misli in sanja, če

bi se ne dalo poleteti tja v neskončni prostor, na one bliščeče zvezdice, ki nam migljajo vsako noč, kot da bi nas vabile v goste. — Krojačeve sanje in želje so se uresničile — zakaj bi naj naše ne postale resnica?!



Courtesy of Proletarec



DELA VSKA MATI

DRAGI dečki in deklice! Za spremembo vam bom povedal nekaj novega, drugačnega. Povedal vam bom, kako je trboveljski deček Miroslav v starem kraju opisal svojo mater. Opis je podoben našim razmeram. Tukaj je:

Moja mati je delavska žena. Že pol leta boleha. Bolezen jo je strla. Potrta in zamišljena hodi po sobi. Trudi se, da nasiti pet lačnih želodčkov, ki vedno silijo vanjo: "Mati kruha!" Zvečer, ko sanjamo v sladkem snu, sedi ona pri dremotni svetilki in nam krpa obleko. Breme, ki ga mati prenaša, je bridko. Koliko solz, ki ji grene življenje, pretoči mati. A njena ljubezen je nedosegljiva. Vsako dejanje doseže mati s svojo neizmerno ljubeznijo. Mati si pritrga od svojih ust, samo, da nasiti lačne kljunčke. Zjutraj je prva na nogah. Njena

ljubezen jo stane v mnogih primerih njen najdražji zaklad—svoje življenje.

Z zavestjo napora matere, hočem njen trud prvrniti z vsemi mojimi silami. Moja prihodnost in ljubezen do nje, napravita v meni vtis neizmerne blaženosti, ki spremlja vsakega človeka, ki ljubi svojo mater. In kdo je ne ljubi!?

Mali Miroslav je podal natančno sliko delavske matere. Vsaka delavska mati, tako seveda tudi vaša, gre skozi isto trpljenje. Posebno je to res, kjer je v družini več otrok. Če oče dela in primerno zasluži, ni slabo. Ako mati ostane sama z otroci, se njene skrbi postoterijo. Ubogajte svojo mater in očeta in pomagajte jima!

UREDNIK.

Mladi pevci se zahvaljujejo SNPJ

Dragi urednik! Šola je zaprla svoja vrata in počitnice so tu. Teh se veselimo posebno mi otroci. Sedaj imamo dovolj prostega časa za igranje in rajanje. Vse je živo z otroci na prostem.

V dolžnost pa si štejem, da nekaj tega prostega časa porabim tudi sebi v korist, da se kaj naučim.

Že zadnjič sem na kratko poročala, da smo se zelo lepo zabavali na konvenčnih prireditvah v Clevelandu. Konvencija SNPJ se je zaključila zadnji dni

v maju. Dne 21. maja se je vršil koncert mladinskih zborov v počast delegaciji. Naslednji dan se je vršil velik banket in pa program. Del tega programa se je oddajal po radiu in mnogi rojaki so ga slišali v daljnih krajih Amerike. Najprej smo nastopili na radiogramu mi, to je vsi naši mladinski zbori. Peli smo z velikanskim veseljem in naudušenjem. Ljudem se je naše petje zelo dopadlo. V Prosveti je bilo priobčenih mnogo pohvalnih dopisov. Vsi se čudijo, kako moremo mi, ki smo še tako mladi, tako lepo peti slovenske pesmi. Vse te pohvale in priznanja z vseh strani, ki so prihajala in še prihajajo, so

nam seveda dobrodošla, ker so nam obenem tudi v vzpodbudo.

Druga vesela novica je bila za nas to, da je konvencija SNPJ podarila vsakemu mladinskemu zboru vsoto 50 dolarjev, poleg tega pa plačala stroške koncertne prireditve. To je zelo lepo. Saj pa mi je mama še prej večkrat pripovedovala, da je SNPJ vedno na strani potrebnih ter da vselej pomaga naprednim kulturnim prizadevanjem. Tako se je iskazala tudi sedaj.

V imenu našega mladinskega zbora "Škrjančki" kličem vsemu članstvu SNPJ in jednoti sami, kakor seveda tudi delegatom: Najiskrenejša zahvala vam vsem za velikodušno priznanje in pomoč! V naših mladih srcih ne boste nikdar pozabljeni! Članstvu in SNPJ želim v bodoče še več uspeha in napredka!

VIOLET VOGRIN,
19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

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Poletno rajanje

Cenjeni urednik! Sedaj imamo šolske počitnice in zato tudi mnogo veselja. Imamo pa tudi dovolj časa za čitanje in pisanje.

Enajsta konvencija SNPJ je minila. Pravijo, da je bila zelo mirna in da je dosti dobrega sprejela. Posebno za nas, tako tudi za stare člane. To se zelo prijetno sliši. Bomo videli kaj nam prinese bodočnost.

Na 31. maja sem šla s starši na prireditev SNPJ v West Newton. Slišala sem lepe govore in lepo petje. Videla sem tudi lepo igro. Vsi smo bili zadovoljni. Pa tudi v naši naselbini smo imeli dne 5. junija veliko slavnost. Ta je bila bolj domačega pomena. Namreč 25 letnica zakonskega življenja Louisa Podbevška in njegovo soproge. Presenetili so ju njihovi sinovi in hčere ter sorodniki in prijatelji. Prišlo je mnogo ljudi in vsi so bili židane volje. Veselili so se do ranega jutra.

Dne 12. junija pa je naše društvo 683 SNPJ priredilo svoj piknik. Spet

smo se dobro imeli in dobro zabavali.

Lepo pozdravljam vse bralce in dopisnike M. L.!

MARY POTISEK, Hutchinson, Pa.

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Poletje in počitnice

Dragi urednik! Najlepša Vam hvala za popravke v dopisih, ki sva jih poslali z mojo sestro Helen za aprilsko številko Mladinskega Lista. Obenem pa se moram zahvaliti tudi našim staršem za partijo k najinemu rojstnemu dnevu dne 1. maja.

Potem pa je sledila druga partija, ko je bila moja sestrična Mary Kinkela stara 15 let dne 17. junija. Ona je edina hčerka v družini in veselja na njen rojstni dan je bilo obilo. Jaz sem v 14. letu starosti.

Sedaj je poletje in pa šolske počitnice. Toliko časa imamo, da se lahko svobodno igramo od jutra do večera, kadar ni treba kaj doma pomagati. Naša majhna naselbina Windber se nahaja v Johnstownski okolici. Tukaj je okrog pet ali šest primorskih družin iz reške okolice. Reka, kakor znano, spada sedaj pod Italijo. V tej naselbini sta građurali dve strežnici, Bertha Erpich, članica društva 421, in Katherine Movi. Želimo jima mnogo uspeha.

Obilo veselja in zabave želim vsem deklicam in bralcem Mladinskega Lista!

MILDRED JORDAN,
1304 Jackson ave., Windber, Pa.

* *

Veselje na vrtu

Dragi urednik! Šola se je zaključila in sedaj se veselimo kar se da. Saj pa nam ni treba vsako jutro v šolo. Prosti smo vsega, le pomagati moramo pri domačem delu. Ampak delo ne škoduje, ker se kaj navadimo. Jaz pomagam mojemu očetu.

Češnje so zrele in kmalu bo tudi ostalo sadje. Zelo lepo je na vrtu, kjer je vse zeleno, sadno drevje pa bogato obloženo s sadjem. Na vrtu je tudi dosti drugega domačega pridelka.

Ko bodo te vrstice priobčene v Mladinskem Listu, nam bo ostal še samo en mesec počitnic. Šola se bo pričela takoj po prazniku Labor day. Pa kdo bi sedaj o tem mislil, saj bo še itak prehi-

tro prišel čas, da bomo morali spet v šolo. Zato pa končujem in pozdravljam Vas in vse dečke in tudi deklice, ki be-rejo M. L.!

JOSEPH ROTT.

18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

Jagodov cvet in solnčni žarki

JAGODOV cvet, ki je stal blizu potoka, ugleda v vodi svoj obraz in se ga silno razveseli. Lepo okroglo lice in rumeni čop na čelu se mu zdita kaj krasna. "Kako lepa stvar sem!" zakliče in se ogleduje od vseh strani ter zadovoljno kima sam sebi se čudeč.

Kar zapazi na oni strani potoka vilo, ki je poprej ni videl. Vila povzdiguje karajoče prst in reče: "Samemu sebi se čuditi, ne vem, je li to lepo?"

Jagodov cvet se prestraši, noge se mu šibe in v trepetu mu beli listi odlete z glave. Najhitreje kar more, smukne v grmovje; sram ga je.

To vidijo solčni žarki z neba in se spuste v goščavo. Cvet se ne more nikamor skriti pred njim. Oni pa mu kličejo: "Prepozno te je sram!"

In temna rudečica oblije poprej blede jagodov cvet; osramočen povesi oči ter pripogne do tal v zeleni plašč zavito glavo.

Nikdar ne bodo jagode pozabile, da so bile gizdav cvet. Vsaka prikriva svoje zagorelo obličje in se še vedno sramuje pred solničnim pogledom.

STRUPENE JAGODE

Janezek najde v gozdu grmič z lepimi črnimi jagodami. "To so lepe črešnje", si misli. Utrga jagodo in jo pozoblje. Ker se mu je zdela sladka in dobra, jih pozoblje še več. Pa kmalu čuti, da mu ni dobro. V glavi se mu

zavrti, pred očmi mu je nekako temno, da prav ne vidi in ves je omamljen.

To namreč niso bile črešnje, ampak strupene jagode. Iztežka je domov prilezel. Doma pove odkritosrčno, kje je bil in kaj je storil. Urno mu dajo toliko mlačnega mleka in sirotke piti, da je hudo bljuval, glavo pa mu umivajo z mrzlo vodo. Komaj je ušel smrti; le počasi je ozdravel.





JUVENILE



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A Picnic A Picnic

A dog, a cat, and a kitten,
They all went out to see
A bug that danced, and a frog that sang,
And a mouse that climbed a tree.

The dog had an umbrella,
A fan adorned the cat,
The kitten was dressed in a pea-green silk
And a most astounding hat.

Ah, it was picnic weather,
All on a summer day;
And they had some bread and meat for lunch,
And cake to give away.

The bug then danced superbly,
The mouse sped up a tree,
The frog sang sweet of a ship that sailed
Across the sunlit sea.

And swift the hours went fleeting
Along the day's bright course,
Till the bug and mouse were weary grown;
The frog was getting hoarse.

So arm in arm together,
When low the sun sank down,
They took their way through the gloaming gray,
Back to their home in town.

—T. S. C.

Boy-Town Railroads

BILLY built a railroad that ran in his yard. He pushed his "steam car" up and down its tracks for a hundred feet or more, and all the boys wanted a ride.

So Billy, being a budding financier, made them pay with balls and bats and dogs and cats, and by and by Billy owned most of the movable wealth of Boytown.

Then he got tired of pushing the car himself, so he hired a couple of other boys to shove it along. And still he took in the cash. But by and by business got poor. The boys were still there, they still wanted rides, but there weren't any marbles or bats or balls to buy rides with.

So Billy said: "I guess this is what father calls a panic. I'll have to get some money in circulation again."

So he offered to pay boys for building a depot, and for cleaning his yard and whitewashing his fence, and weeding his garden; he paid them well, and

the money all came back for railroad rides. And Billy found he had all his chores done and he still owned the road and all the wealth of Boytown and business grew dull again.

"Another panic", said Billy. "How can it be stopped?"

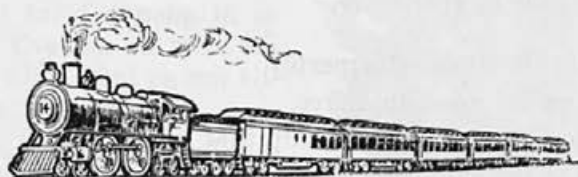
Well, about this time the fellows got discontended and they organized and collected wheels and boards and timbers, and donated the labor for a Co-operative Railroad under their own management. And Billy's railroad grew rusty and neglected, so that he came over to see what the fellows were doing.

He saw every boy took turns riding and then pushing; they were having a fine time.

"I guess I'll ride," said Billy. And he offered them some marbles.

"Dat don't go on this line," the boys made answer. "If you'se want to ride, you push first. It's *labor* that talks here!"

Anise.



A Fish Story

AN interesting experiment was tried some time ago with an ordinary salt-water herring. The fish was put into a large bowl of salt water, and every day a small quantity of it was removed and an equal quantity of fresh water substituted until eventually the herring lived and thrived in purely fresh water.

The owner was so much pleased with the success of the experiment that he

then began daily to remove a small quantity of water from the bowl until it was empty. The herring seemed to do very well without it, and, since it was so lively in the empty bowl, the owner had to put it into a cage.

There it lived happily, hopping from perch to perch, just like a bird, until one day some sudden noise upset and startled it, and it fell into the water through and was drowned.

In the Bakery

"NONE of us has been sold to-day," said one little brown bun to another.

"No, I am also astonished that nobody is coming to buy us to-day."

"Don't you know that the baker is boycotted?" said the loaf.

"What is 'boycotted'?" inquired a pastry.

"Ask the bread on the shelf, he has been there since yesterday, and has heard everything."

"Yes? Then tell us, dear loaf."

"Oh what do you know of such things—you are still babies," grunted the loaf which looked very old and wise with his white flour on his head.

"Do not grunt, dear loaf, tell us something, we are not so very young."

"All right. Yesterday there came some bakers. I know one who worked here before, when I was flour in a sack. They asked our master if he would accept their claim, but our master bullied them and said, 'No, never. Get out.' Then they went out saying, 'We shall see!'"

"Accept claims? What does that mean?" queried the buns and pastries.

"Oh children, you are really stupid. Did you never pay attention when you were in the flour-sack, when the bakers spoke to each other after they returned from their meetings?"

"Yes, but I never thought about it."

"You must pay attention to these things. You must not live so much in the dark if you want to become a class conscious bun," retorted the loaf.

"But I am no bun. I am a pastry."

"Oh, therefore you are nothing better than a pastry."

"Don't become angry, dear loaf. Tell us about the demands."

"Well, you see that the bakers seldom get out of the bakery. Other workers

go home to their families in the evening, but the bakers must always stay with their masters, he feeds them and they have to sleep in his house."

"Well, isn't that nice?" asked a bun.

"No. The other day one of the bakers said angrily, 'It is real slavery, never can we be free. I shall not put up with it any longer. I shall have my own home and buy my own food.'"

"But why doesn't our master want that?"

"Because he would then have to pay higher wages."

"Well, why doesn't he do that, he makes enough money?"

"Of course he makes enough money, didn't you see what nice clothes his daughter wore last Sunday, with her red face and the rings on her fingers? And a very nice piano they bought the other day, and the master's wife had a very fine hat yesterday."

"Well, why doesn't he give better wages to his bakers?"

"Little fool, because he would not have so much money himself."

"But he would have enough."

Just then the shop door opened and a nice little boy entered.

"Now Jack," asked the baker's wife, "what do you want?"

"Father told me to ask you if you have accepted the demands of the bakers, otherwise he would not buy bread any more from this shop."

"My husband did not accept their demands yesterday, and he will not do it today. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Mason," said the little boy. "Then I must go to the other bakery, where the workers' demands were accepted."

"Brr! Such clumsy fellows," said the baker's wife and went back to her room

in a temper. But the buns and pastries just laughed.

Then the shop door opened again and a rich man and woman entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Mason," said the lady, "Are you also suffering from the boycott?"

"No, no, Mrs. Police Officer," said she, "We have only rich customers."

"If we could only speak so that people could understand us," whispered the buns and pastries, "Then we could tell Mrs. Police Officer something."

That baker's wife shook the basket, took four buns and put them in a paper bag and gave them to Mrs. Police Officer.

In the afternoon, at 5 o'clock tea, Mr.

Police Officer screwed his moustache with his fingers, then took a bun, put a lot of butter and honey on it and grunted, "This bakers' strike has made us a lot of work. Every day we have to control meetings, and we must fight with the strikers. The workmen will not be satisfied until they can live like millionaires . . . O! O! Hi!"

"What is the matter, husband?" asked Mrs. Police Officer, "Why do you shout so much?"

"O—a little bit of bun got in my hollow tooth, O!—I just bit on it, O!—"

But the bun just laughed to itself and thought, "I shall always trouble you if you speak badly of the workers . . ."

The Tramp and the Owner

A so-called "weary Willie" had turned in under a shady tree for a peaceful slumber, when he was rudely awakened by the snobbish owner of the property on which he was sleeping.

Owner—"Here! Here! Get up and get out of this! What right have you to sleep on my land?"

Tramp—"Is dis your land, boss?"

Owner—"Why, certainly it's my land."

Tramp—"Where did yous get dis yere land, boss?"

Owner—"I inherited it from my father."

Tramp—"And where did yer dad get it?"

Owner—"He inherited it from his father."

Tramp—"And where did yer grand-dad get it?"

Owner—"My grandfather, sir, fought for this piece of ground—and I want no further parley with you, get yourself off of here in a hurry."

Tramp—"Not so fast, boss, not so fast—you say yer grand-dad fought for this ground—did dat make it hisen?"

Owner—"Certainly it did, it came to him by right of conquest."

Tramp (beginning to take off his coat)—"Well, sonny, peel yer jacket, dis year place suits me bully, and dere is gonna be anuder fight fer it in just a jiffy."





Courtesy of Proletarec

HERBERT

Water Carriers

Animals

By MANUEL KOMROFF

"NOW what a naughty child you are!

That's not nice to throw the banana skin on the walk. If you were a good boy you would carry it over to the refuse can and throw it inside." Thus the nurse scolded the child who listened only partly and munched the banana. There were other children with their uniformed nurses gathered in this section of Central Park for it was convenient to their Park Avenue homes as well as to the menagerie animals.

Now you will remember that for next time, won't you, darling, and so you don't forget, go now and pick it up and carry it . . .

"The man took it," said the child.

And that is what happened. A man passed, and as nobody seemed watching he stooped and picked it up and began at once to eat it, casting quick glances to the right and left until he swallowed it completely.

"Come away," said the nurse leading off the child, and to herself she said, "What a horrid man to do such a disgusting thing in front of little children. The ugly brute."

They went on to the zoo.

Now in the zoo all the animals are fed between the hours of one and two. The little monkeys get their tidbits and fresh vegetables and vitamin laden oranges at about this time. The wolves and jackals and ugly hyenas get their beef stew and the birds and the kindly jackass and camels receive their grain and so do all the other beasts. And the lion and tiger get their great chunks of red beef, rich and juicy with bone and gristle, and the poor hippo, pressed into a tank that is hardly large enough to hold him, opens his great mouth and receives its ten loaves of bread, a whole bushel of carrots and several other bushels of assorted dainties like beets

and turnips with their fresh greens attached.

The lion pulls at the cords of his beef and the tiger claims his bone and cruches it with his powerful jaws. But the poor hippo only partly content with his five bushels ration sinks back into the pool and closes his eyes wearily to the strange jungle about him made of stone and iron—to the sight of steam and sky-scrapers—to the noise of motors and whistles. What was it all worth to him! He would trade it all for a quiet pool in a muddy tropical swamp.

"Now we must go," said the nurse, "it is time to go home and eat our own dinner."

In the afternoon there was a telephone call and the nurse was told to bring the child downtown to meet his daddy who would be through with his work at three o'clock and take them for a ride in the car. Daddy was a judge. He did not sit in a high court for he was only a magistrate, but he was a good judge and a very kind man.

It was a few minutes before three o'clock when the nurse and the little boy entered the court room.

"Daddy," cried the child seeing his father behind the great desk; but the nurse checked him.

"Not now, darling, your Daddy is busy and you must not interrupt him."

They took seats near the front and waited for the case to finish.

Some boys had been arrested for stealing lead pipes from a building about to be torn down. The lame watchman was there and the policeman as well as a representative of the wrecking company. But the judge could not decide. He ordered a probation officer of his court to investigate and give him a full report of the home life of the boys

"The reformatory," he said, "has often started boys off on a life of crime and I am unwilling to send these boys away unless I know that nothing else can be done. Held over until tomorrow."

"Held over 'till tomorrow," repeated the clerk.

And the judge dipped his pen and wrote something as the young offenders were led through the caged passageway.

But there was one more case.

Two park keepers and a policeman were ready to testify and on the other side . . .

"The big man," said the child.

"What man, darling?" asked the nurse.

"The same man." The child pointed to the prisoner.

"The man in the park. He ate the peel."

"Hush, darling. Not so loud."

There was a package wrapped in newspaper that one of the park wardens held in his hand.

"We have it here, your honor," he said. "We had to struggle with him before we could take it away."

"What is it?"

"The meat."

"And we had to chase him three blocks before we caught him," added the policeman.

"Keep it, there, I don't need to see it," said the judge, eyeing the stained newspaper bundle. "Who is the owner?"

"The City of New York. It's municipal property," said one of the wardens proudly.

"And where was it stolen?"

"From the basket at one o'clock when it was time to feed the animals."

"Then he ran with it," added the policeman. "Three blocks!"

"We had to fight to take it away from him, he was eating it."

"What is your name?" said the judge.

The prisoner gave his name.

"Are you out of work?"

"Yes."

"What is your trade?"

"Iron worker."

"How long have you been unemployed?"

"Six months."

"And you took the meat because you were hungry?"

The prisoner was silent. He did not want to confess his guilt.

But the judge was kindly. "If you were not hungry, you would not have done it, would you?"

The prisoner looked hard into the magistrate's eyes to see what it was that was required of him.

"You wouldn't, would you?" said the judge quietly.

The prisoner was silent but he shook his head slowly.

"Of course not," added the judge. "Man is pressed to great extremes only by necessity."

"It would be a bad precedent . . ." began one of the wardens, seeing that the judge was about to free the prisoner.

"You need not bother about the precedent. I am here for that purpose. The prisoner is dismissed."

"You see, darling," said the nurse, "your daddy is a very kind man. He understands everything."

The wardens and policeman left the courtroom in anger for all their trouble had come to nought.

But the prisoner remained at the bar.

"Go on home," said the clerk. "You are free."

He started slowly out of the room. The big bulky iron worker, once a powerful bullying brawny specimen of humanity was now an enfeebled speechless shell. He staggered to the door for he was now free—free to starve.

A Letter to Edward

By MARRY JUGG

Dear Edward:—

Today I shall tell you about Mrs. Ocvirk.—She and her family lived in the “old country.” One day—many years ago—Mrs. Ocvirk’s sister, Mara, and her husband decided to come to America. Before they left, Mara went to Mrs. Ocvirk and said, “Why don’t you let Stanko go over with us?”

“Stanko?” gasped Mrs. Ocvirk.

Stanko was her oldest son—14 years old.

“Yes,” hastened Mara. “We can take him over as our own. He’s young; he’ll pick up the language quickly; he’ll get a job. Then, in a few years, when he’s settled and making good money, you can all come after him. Wouldn’t it be nice if you and your husband could all go to America?”

Mrs. Ocvirk was hesitant. The idea was so new and unexpected that she couldn’t find words for answer.

Stanko was summoned. His face showed a strange mixture of enthusiasm and fear that perhaps his mother could not be persuaded to allow him this adventurous trip.

But his fear was short-lived. As if partly in a dream, he had come from one world into another to live.

America was free, so wonderful. Just ordinary people owned cars and bought nice clothes. Especially here in Chicago! Why, everybody could live like a nobleman if—if he but wanted to! So Stanko thought.

His aunt and uncle had moved into a neighborhood where strangely enough people spoke Italian, Croatian, Slovene, Polish, and even Jewish. They bought and operated a tavern. Of course, it didn’t all go as smoothly as that. Prohibition was still in effect and Stanko sensed all kinds of “political” deals and

undercover plays. He didn’t understand them, and didn’t care to. He had ambitions of his own! Some day he would no longer have to help his aunt and uncle in this tavern. It was nice of Aunt Mara to help him along and give him a temporary home, but it wasn’t the kind of life he’d like. He was going to get money—lots of it—and then he could live like he had seen people in a “better” neighborhood live . . .

Three years had passed and Stanko was still far from seeing his dream come true. Two strides he had made, however. He had made a few friends who could understand his broken English and he had saved a few cents each week from the allowance his aunt had given him. One day he approached his aunt.

“Aunt Mara, I’m going to leave here.”

“Are you silly, Stanko?” exclaimed Aunt Mara. “Where will you go? What do?”

“Oh, I’ll get along,” said Stanko. “Thank you for everything. You’ve been nice to me. But I don’t want to be a burden to you any longer. I want to make my own way. I’m old enough and I can speak well enough to be understood. I’ll get me a job.”

“There are no jobs now, son,” cautioned Aunt Mara. “We’re in the thick of the depression. Don’t you know that?”

“Anyway, I’ll get a job. Goodbye and thanks.”

No one can say that Stanko did not try. Day after day he walked the streets, scanned the newspapers. Just let him get a chance and he’d climb rapidly! He was as good as the best of them when it came to working hard to earn money! But most of the time he suffered ridicule. “That young for-

eigner," he heard people say as they turned him away.

"Why don't you try the CCC camp?" asked his buddy. "You're the right age, and they'll treat you swell, so I've heard." And Stanko tried.

"Got dependent folks in this country?" No. No. "No, we can't take you in."

One day Stanko met his old friend, Bill. He was flashing a new suit and—a new car. "How'd you like the get-up?" threw Bill.

Stanko stared. If he weren't a man now, he'd have cried. Here he was—at the end of all hope to get something to do, and here was Bill, who he knew did not try half so hard flaunting these "riches" in his face.

"Where—where did you get them?" he choked.

"Aw, that's easy," boasted Bill.

"Easy?"

"Sure. When you're in America do as the Americans do, or somepin' like that."

Stanko was interested. "You gotta know how!" said Bill, smart-like.

Stanko would acquire that air of knowing how. Maybe that was what held him back from getting a job. Bill stepped up to him, confidentially. He whispered; he looked about cautiously; he hinted at brighter promises.

"Gosh," said Stanko. "But that would be against the law. They'd—they'd catch you and put you in jail. It's—it's a crime."

"Well, think about it or starve," Bill tossed as he slammed the door of his new car and drove away.

Stanko thought. His money had gone; tomorrow if he went looking for another job, how would he eat? Well, just this once. Just this once until he'd get some more money to last him. Yes. Yes. He would take up Bill's proposition!

That night five of them met. Bill had planned the whole procedure. They went about their work as though it were

right and honorable. They stole. And they got away.

This happened again the next night and the next. Stanko was learning the game! But on the fifth round, the tables turned!

They had been stealing, there were some cops around, and then there was shooting. Stanko didn't know who did it—but a policeman was shot!

Stanko and his four companions were brought before the court. None of them talked; none of them admitted the robberies. None of them but Stanko. He was truthful. His mother and aunt had taught it to him. That he would be—always!

Stanko and his four companions were sent to jail and reformatory. But while the others served sentence on the charge of robberies, Stanko was held for manslaughter. Anyway, his parents must not know! Even Mara and her husband gave their word of honor that they would keep the truth from Mr. and Mrs. Ocvirk.

But things have a way of becoming known. Stanko's parents did learn the truth. In the place of joyful anticipation that someday they would follow their successful son to America were disappointment and heartbreak. To think that from this religious family should come a robber and a man-killer! So Mrs. Ocvirk's heart cried out! Never, never could her heart be mended again . . .

*

Stanko had been a victim of environment and circumstance. He had never meant to steal. In fact, he was not responsible for the killing. Yet, in the eyes of religion he was a criminal and would have to suffer for his bad deeds—even after he had paid his debt to the law here on earth. According to the teachings of religion, Stanko could never go to Heaven—as it is pictured for all good people.

Now, in Heaven everyone is supposed to be perfectly happy. All cares and

worries fall away. Everyone who "deserves" to go there, will find a place there. So runs the story of religion.

Now Stanko's mother, never having harmed anyone and always living as she thought most proper, should certainly deserve a seat in heaven. Her son, Stanko, on the other hand, would be sent to the other place. Do you think Stanko's mother would really be happy? Do you think she would care anything at all about Heaven when the heartache about her son was still burning within her?

I don't believe it will help you or me to "kid" ourselves about any such fairy story. If you read the last two letters over carefully and learn "to take" the truth, I don't believe you will care about any imaginary stories about a place that could not exist to anyone's best judgment. Instead, we can see for ourselves that if we are all sincere in making things the very best we can here upon this earth, we can have a "heaven" right here, and a more perfect one than any that exists in stories.

Chopin The Great Musician

(Conclusion.)

And one day when Chopin was in the Imperial Library at Vienna, he was astonished to see a book of music there with the name 'Chopin' on it. He said to himself, 'I have never heard of any other musician named Chopin, so perhaps there is a mistake somewhere'.

However, he took up the volume, and looked inside, and lo and behold! it was all in his own handwriting. The publisher of his variations had realized that the composer would one day become famous, and, after printing the variations, had sent the manuscript to be carefully kept for ever in the Imperial Library.

So Chopin had a great surprise, and he wrote home to tell his mother and father about it, and the letter can still be read.

When Chopin was twenty-two he decided to go to Paris. There he made friends with many of the chief musicians, but he found life very expensive, and almost decided to emigrate to America. But one day in the street he met Prince Radziwill, who had been good to him when he was a boy, so he told the Prince about the American project.

The Prince said nothing to dissuade

him, but persuaded him to come that evening to a party at the house of the great rich baron Rothschild. There he was, of course, asked to play, and all the people present admired his playing so much that he realized that the tide has turned and success was at hand. So he never went to America after all, but stayed in Paris and grew more and more famous.

Whenever a poor Pole was in Paris, Chopin, who now began to make lots of money, was ready to help him. Once he had arranged to go with his friend the musician, Hiller, to the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, which Mendelssohn was to conduct. But when the time came he had given all his money to some of the poor Poles who had fled to Paris for refuge, and he had to tell Hiller to go alone.

But Hiller would not consent, and then a thought struck Chopin. He took up the manuscript of his beautiful E flat Waltz, ran off with it to a publisher's, and came back with 500 francs. So the two friends were able to go together after all. At the Festival Chopin became great friends with Mendelssohn.

Chopin had a great many pupils amongst the Parisians. The chief thing that he taught them was to play with a beautiful light touch.

As you know, there are some pianists who have done lots of scales and exercises and made their fingers very strong, but who cannot play lightly. It is good for these people to practise Chopin's compositions, because these need to be played with a light touch, or they are spoilt.

All the latter part of his life poor Chopin had bad health. He was consumptive. Once he went to London especially to consult some famous doctor. He did not want people to know he was there, so he called himself Mr. Fritz. But some ladies who persuaded him to play to them guessed who it must be.

Then, in 1848, when he was thirty-nine years old, he went again. He used to be very fond of Broadwood's pianos and used to go to their shop in London to practise. But he was now so weak that, to save him exertion, some one in the shop would lift him up like a child and carry him up to the piano room.

After playing the piano a good deal at parties at some of the big houses

in London, he went to Manchester, and then to Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Scottish people, who are very hospitable, almost killed him with kindness.

This visit to Britain was altogether too tiring, and poor Chopin went home exhausted.

At last, at the age of only 40, poor Chopin was found to be dying. One of the last things he asked was music. He begged a Polish countess, who had come to visit him, to sing and play, and she did so, much to his comfort. Then, a day or two later, he passed away.

Chopin's Music

If you are old enough to play Chopin's music you have perhaps already found out that he did not write many Sonatas or other long pieces with several 'movements.' He preferred to write shorter pieces such as Nocturnes, Preludes, Studies, Impromptus, Ballades, Waltzes, Mazurkas, and Polonaises.

All Chopin's best music was for piano. You see this was the instrument he loved and played so beautifully, and he understood perhaps better than any one who has ever lived how to write music that should sound well on it.

Some Authors You Should Know

JACK LONDON is a writer who was once thought greater than he was but is now thought less of than he should be. London was born in California on a ranch. His parents were poor and soon moved to Oakland where young Jack sold papers and played around the water front.

When still a very young boy he became an "oyster pirate." Some people who owned land fronting on San Francisco bay planted and raised oysters just as some farmers plant and grow

corn. The oyster pirates would go out in little boats at night and steal the oysters from these "farms."

He became captain of one of these oyster pirate boats before he was twenty years old. As captain he had to boss the other members of the crew all of whom were older than he was. He tired of the life of an oyster pirate and went to sea as a sailor "before the mast." As a sailor he went to Japan and up into the Arctic.

After awhile he tired of a sailor's life

as he had tired of the life of an oyster pirate. So he became a hobo and traveled all over the United States. While a hobo he got the ambition to "make something of himself." So he went back to Oakland and with the help of a saloon keeper managed to go through high school and college. The saloon keeper loaned him the money to pay his way through school and helped him later.

Out of college Jack London tried to write stories. His mind was filled with things he had seen as an oyster pirate, as a sailor and as a hobo. But his struggle to become a writer whose stories would sell was very hard. While trying to make a name for himself as a writer he became a Socialist.

He had always been in sympathy for the poor and those called "under dogs." When he heard about Socialism he investigated and read more and more about it. Finally he joined the Socialist party and became one of the younger leaders in it.

After a long struggle his stories began to sell. Almost overnight he was famous. His stories were all what is called "red blooded stuff." They were about men fighting storms, against other men, against the sea and such things. When he was famous, editors eagerly bought stories they had refused to buy before.

The fame which came to Jack London also brought him money. He became rich. And while he was rich he proved that what some people say about Socialists is not true. It is often said of Socialist, "If you had money you would be as bad as the rich are; you would forget all about the poor." But Jack London didn't do that. He devoted more time to the Socialist cause than he had before he was rich.

Men who had known him when he was an oyster pirate, a sailor or a hobo

were always helped by Jack London when they were in need. The great tragedy of his life was that he drank too much booze. He wrote all about his fight to break that habit in a book called, "John Barleycorn." Some of his other famous books are "Martin Eden" in which he tells of his own struggle to get an education, "The Call of the Wild" one of the great stories of animal life and "War of the Classes" a book of essays about Socialism.

Jack London is an example of a poor boy who became a noted writer after a struggle against great odds. But more, he was a man who became famous who never forgot the people from whom he came.

FRANCOIS VILLON.—(Pronounced France-wa Veeyon)—The first of the great French poets was born in Paris in 1431, about 60 years before America was discovered by Europeans. Villon was what many people would term a scoundrel; he robbed people, burglarized churches, stole geese, etc. Several times, he came within "inches" of being hung on the high gallows on Montmartre hill. No doubt, he drank a little more wine than was good for him, and gorged himself when food was a-plenty (which wasn't every day, by any means). Villon was the first writer since the Roman Empire who was distinctly a "city man." He hated the country, and was amused by the sayings and behavior of country people. He was never happy except within the walls of medieval Paris. He knew all the good inns where roast geese turned over the fire and smacking wine was served; he knew the fine girls of Paris and where kisses might be stolen; he virtually knew Paris "inside out" and was said to be as much at home on the roofs and house-tops of the city as any tom-cat.

(To be continued next month)



CHATTER CORNER

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

BE A GOOD FIGHTER

DEAR READERS: Are you a good fighter? Well, here is a chance for you. Fight these things in yourself: Anger, fear, worry, hate, revenge, superstition, greed, grief, the blues and every thought that makes you weak.

You can feel that such thoughts take away your strength if you stop to think. They are detrimental to your body and mind. Get rid of them now, while you are growing. That will help you physically and mentally. It will free your mind of silly thoughts.

Remember that you have no strength or health to throw away. Use your energy to your best advantage. Anger tears up your nerves, so does worry and hate and revenge. All religious creeds and beliefs and dogmas are based on fear and superstition. They have no place in the mind of a free individual. The only true knowledge is found in true science and education.

We must have freedom in every human endeavor. Free-thought is the salvation of human race; superstition is based on ignorance, it is mental slavery.

You need health and strength to do what you wish to get done in this world. But you must free your mind of all fear and superstition, religious and "popular." All these imaginary enemies of ours must be annihilated within us. You must be a good fighter to get rid of them. Don't let them get the best of you, never! Fight them off now. Do not believe in any supernatural power. Science has no proof for it. Therefore it does not exist. Believe what you see and experience. Superstition is bunk plain and simple. It belongs in the past when ignorance was in full bloom.

Be a good fighter for true knowledge and against darkness.

—EDITOR.

Dear Editor: It is a long time since I wrote my last letter, but now I have plenty of time because I am through with school for the summer. I graduated from Roosevelt Junior High School on June 22. In September I will be going to Jefferson High School, starting my second year. I am taking the Practical Arts course and I have three more years to go and then I will be finished with school.

My brother John graduated the same time from Jefferson and he now would like to work. My brother Joe and sister's husband Tony work in General Motors in Linden, N. J. It is a very large plant there and they make Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, and Buick cars there. They like their work very much and make good salaries.

My father sailed for Europe on June 30

on the Acquitania. He is going to visit Jugoslavia to see his father. He will be away 3 months. He will go to Semich and also visit Lake Bled and Ljubljana. My sister Mary and I went to New York with my father to see him off. The French ship Normandie was at the pier too. This is the largest ship in the world, and the Acquitania is very large too. My sister and I went on board and we inspected the ship from end to end. It is beautiful inside and just like a hotel. It has dining rooms, smoke room, library, beautiful stairways and we visited the staterooms in first, second and third class. We saw my father's stateroom where he will stay the next five days or so. It has 3 bunks in the room and so my father will have 2 other room mates. We stayed on ship until we were told to go ashore and we waited until the ship left the pier. The Normandie sailed first and then the Acquitania, it was a beautiful sight to see them go.

Going home we stopped at the Aquarium and saw all kinds of fish—sharks, snake-fish, clown fish, lobsters, sturgeons and many others. The electrical eel interested me the most. It used its electrical fangs to stun other fish and the shock is enough to knock down a horse. The eel is 8 feet long. We also passed the Empire Building and then went home.

I hope all members who go to school have a pleasant vacation and also all the others who are going away to enjoy themselves.

FRANK PASARICH, Lodge 540,
723 Clarkson ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

* * *

Dear Editor:—Again I try to write to this wonderful magazine with hopes in mind that my letter will be published.

This time I write from a new location and I live in a new home. May 24, we moved from Westchester to 521 Pennsylvania ave., in Fairmont, W. Va.

We now live in a six room house and we have a bathroom in this place, but before we didn't have one. It also has a little basement. We have a small garden with three grapevines (they aren't very big) and one plum tree.

So far we have lettuce, radishes, onions, tomatoes, and peppers planted.

We have electricity, city water, hot water and now we use gas. The avenue we live on connects with Main street, so you can imagine how close we live to town. We live so close that I walk almost every day to town.

June 11, I saw Sally Rand, in person, at one of the largest stores in Fairmont. She was speaking about beachwear. She was

appearing at the Fairmont theatre with her fans and all. I got her autograph and thanked her personally. I think I will remember that for a long time. I am trying to get autographs of as many people as I can. I also want to get important people to sign their name in my autograph book if I can.

I am now going to be a freshman in high school. My sister is going to be a senior and she is going to graduate this year. My brother was promoted to the sixth grade. I have got along fine in school so far and I hope to keep on going. Our school was out May 14. I noticed in the May issue of this magazine, Mary Tursich wrote from Hysota, Pa. Well, Hysota was my birthplace. I always like to go back some day and visit everybody I know. Although some of the people have moved away, I believe I know where all my friends live, and if I can't visit them I write to them.

I seem to be losing the power of thinking of news. I hope my penpals will notice my change of address and I hope some more people would write to me.

Since April, my grandmother has been living with us; she is my maternal gra'ma. A proud member,

DOROTHY J. PRELC,
521 Penna ave., Fairmont, W. Va.

* * *

Dear Editor:—School is out and vacation time is here. There should be many letters in the M. L., for the children have time to write now. So, here I am writing a letter to this wonderful magazine.

I was promoted in school, and my brothers also passed to higher grades.

I wonder why Margaret Keglovich doesn't write to the M. L. (Are you sleeping, Margaret?) She can write interesting letters if she wants to. It is raining out here. It means that it is time to work in the garden.

I want lots of Pen Pals from all over the country, and will be waiting patiently to hear from every one. Please, Pals, don't pass me by.

JUSTINA LOVSIN, Bentleyville, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—This in my second letter to Mladinski List.

I want to tell our readers about the first outing this summer, of the SNPJ Little Comrades.

On Saturday morning, June 19, we started from Slovene Nat'l Home on St. Clair ave. at 10 o'clock. We took a Nottingham car to the end of the line and then we walked from there to the Metropolitan Park.

There were about 12 of us members and Miss Christie Elercic was our guide. When

we got to the park after the long hike from the car line we were all quite hungry. First of all we found tables and then oh! boy! did we go into our lunch boxes. For our lunch we roasted wieners and they never tasted better. During the afternoon we did all sorts of things. We went wading too.

But first we had a nice outdoor meeting with Vick Vehar presiding. We decided on our next outing, for July 17, at Brookside Zoo Park.

After swimming and wading we decided to climb Mt. Baldie. The boys beat us. So when we did get up they shoved us down.

By then it was getting late and we finished what was left of our lunches and started for home. We were a tired but very happy crowd.

VIOLET JEAN SVIGEL,

5809 White ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

P. S.—I hope some of the Senior Members of Comrades read this. I would like them to know that we Little Comrades appreciate the fact that the Lodge pays for all our transportation.

V. J. S.

* * *

Dear Editor:—I am eleven years old and go to the sixth grade at the Villard State school. Our school was out May 25, and we had our picnic at Greenwood Park which is about eight miles from school.

I live on a farm and take care of my sheep. I also like to go fishing with my big brother.

We heard the SNPJ convention radio program May 22 and we enjoyed it very much.

I am fond of reading the Mladinski List. I also would like to have some one write to me, I will gladly answer all letters.

FRANK GABROVIC,

Route 1, Box 1, Willard, Wis.

* * *

Dear Editor:—Do you think it is time for me to write to the M. L.? The weather made me lazy. It was too hot to write. Then it was raining out here and we had a hail storm two weeks ago. Our gardens were badly damaged.

How are all my pen-pals? I hope that they are feeling fine. I love four pen-pals. They are Josephine Greachovar, Anne Valencic, Anne Gamicich and Helen Maodush. All of them but one live in Thornton, Ill., and I have one that lives in Renton, Pa. She is Anne Valencic. I did not hear from them for a long time. I hope that they would write. I like my pen-pals very much and I hope that they would write.

I have a brother-in-law now, and I like him very much.

We got a new Chrysler and like it very much. It is black with silver trim. We are planning to take a trip to Chicago in our new car this summer.

The mines are working very slow. They are working two days a week. Dawson didn't work as slow as it is now.

Hoping to hear from my pen-pals, I'll say Good-by and good luck to everyone.

STELLA MARIE PLESOVICH,

(Lodge 744), Dawson, N. Mex.

* * *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I am having a nice summer vacation and hope the boys and girls from other states are too. We go in swimming almost every day at Ely Lake.

I want to say hello to my grandmother, grandfather and all my uncles and aunts in Pennsylvania. I hope they will read my letter.

I have passed into the 10th grade. The school I will be going to is the Senior high school.

On Sunday, June 19, we had a picnic at Ely Lake. It was a successful one.

I also wish to say hello to all my pen-pals and wish that they would write to the M. L. I am sending a Slovene poem that my grandmother likes. My mother told me what it means. I think the other boys and girls would like it.

A Constant Reader,

GAIL DROBNICH,

728½ Summit st., Eveleth, Minn.

Here is the poem:

Rožic ne bom trgala,
da bi vence spletala,
mirno svobodno ljubo,
po planincah naj cveto.

Če bi jih utrgala,
revice bi umirale,
glavice bi povešale,
solnce ne bi videle.

Jaz sem tudi rožica,
v krasnem vrtu usajena,
skrivam se zdaj tu, zdaj tam,
utrgati se pa ne dam.

* * *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am sorry I haven't written sooner, but I will try to write more often now that I am on my vacation.—My habit is collecting pictures of movie stars.—I would like other members to write to me.

Jokes: Did you ever see a butterfly (butterfly). — Did you ever see a match box (match-box).

JEAN ANZUR,

720 — 25th st., Ambridge, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Chase. She is a very good teacher.

All of our class went on a visit to Seattle. We saw many interesting things. We saw the Boling Airport, new bomber, frozen fish exhibit, U. S. Destroyer 57, Woodland park, Washington State Museum, and Seattle Fire Dep't which I liked very much.

Our school was out June 9.

I am not living in Washington very long, but it is a very nice state. Everything is beautiful and green. It has beautiful parks and many lakes and different streams to fish in. — Best regards to Readers and the Editor.

DELMA TOMSICH,

Box 231, Black Diamond, Wash.

* * *

Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since I have written to the M. L. My birthday was July 21 and I am 13 years old. I graduated from the 8th grade. There were 18 girls and 6 boys in our graduation class. Everyone received a written certificate.

The firemen organized a bugle and drum corps in December and my brother and I joined. We play the bugles. June 10 was our first parade at Pitcairn and then in our own town when 33 companies were in line. Then

followed New Alexandria, West Newton, Vandergrift, Greensburgh, Latrobe, Trafford, Harrison City, and Mt. Pleasant ending in the month of June. We all had a very good time going to all these places. I know that my vacation will soon be over.

On May 22 we heard the SNPJ Slovene program from Cleveland over WJZ, New York. We heard it very plainly. It is a great distance from us.

I will write more next time.

MARION JEREB,

92 Lincoln ave., North Irwin, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—I am 10 years of age and will be in the sixth grade at the beginning of the school. I enjoy my subjects very much and hope to continue on through high school, and if money permits, I'll go to college and study for a school teacher. I belong to SNPJ Lodge 87 and think "it's swell". We had our picnic at Shuster's farm on June 20 and we had a grand time. It's time for me to close now. And wish some boys and girls would write to me. This is my first letter to the M. L. An SNPJ Booster,

GRACE SMOLICH, Herminie, Pa.

An Unfriendly Dog

"ONE day I had an interesting experience with an unfriendly dog," said a man not long ago. "He was on the porch of a home when I turned into the front walk, and as soon as he saw me, he evidently decided that he didn't like my face. He bristled all over, growled, barked and tried to show me in every way he could that to go near him would cost me dearly.

"But dogs, you know, like to bluff, and I decided that this one wasn't going to bluff me. I'll admit I felt a bit nervous, but I walked confidently toward him and up the porch steps, pay-

ing absolutely no attention to his angry protests. For a moment I thought he was going to leap at me, but he didn't. When he saw me on the porch as though I belonged there, he quieted down and looked quite sheepish. But if I had exhibited the least sign of fear, I feel quite sure that he would have been chewing at my leg.

"And right then it struck me that if you hide any fears you feel, and show confidence in yourself, you can get past lots of difficulties just as I got past that dog."

