

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

JANŽEK TOŽI

SEBIČNOST, sebičnost drugod in doma;

sebičnost kaj kmalu vladar bo sveta!

Naj se potožim ti, mamica, naj:

moj bratec, saj veš, je moder da kaj!

Imela sva plašča oba, ti to veš,
ki bila sta dobra, ko mraz je bil, dež.

Pa bratov že malo prekratek je bil—
in kaj je, sebičnež, kaj je storil?

Od mojega kos je odrezal blaga,
pa svojega zdaljšal je do peta. . .

In zdaj?—Kaj praviš, mamica, ti?
Mar nisem več vreden tvojih skrbi?

Glej, sape jesenske so se zbudile,

in hlape vodene že so zgostile;

zastrle z njimi že so nebo. . .

Jaz plaščka pa nimam—mar ni to hudo?



MAK

MAK, mak, mak
sredi polja kima,
mak, mak, mak
rdečo kapo ima.

Pravi mu
solnčece žareče:
"Daj, odkrij
se mi!" On neče.

"Ali jaz
sem te izvabilo
iz zemlje,
z lučjo te pojilo."

"Da me ti
odgojilo nisi,
jaz že sam
bil pomagal bi si!"

Vetrček
čez polje zaveje,
gizdalin
mak se mu nasmeje:

"Ha, ha, ha!
Malo si me stresel,
kape pa
nisi mi odnesel!"

A jesen
je prišla in zima;
gologlav
mak na polju kima.

"Joj, joj, joj!"
drgeta in vzdise—
solnca ni,
rezka burja piše . . .

Oton Župančič.



Trije bratje in osel

UBOŽEN oče je dejal na smrtni postelji svojim trem sinovom: "Kakor veste, vam ne morem zapustiti ničesar drugega nego osla. Lepo skrbite zanj ter ga rabite po vrsti vsak po en dan!"

Po oporoki je prevzel osla prvi dan najstarejši brat. Ves dan je prenašal z njim tovore, a ko ga je bilo treba krmiti, si je mislil: "Čemu bi dajal od svojega zaslužka živali, naj jo nakrmi jutri mlajši brat!"

Drugi dan je prevzel osla srednji brat, pa je dejal: "Osliček, včeraj si jedel, jutri boš jedel, danes pa delaj!" Tako je bil osel tudi drugi dan brez živža.

Ko je šel mlajši brat tretji dan z oslom na delo, je bil sivec slab in onemogel. Ni ga gladnega nakrmil, le preganjal ga je s palico in ošteval: "Maga-rac, dva dni si dobro živel, danes pa robotaj!" Toda osel je opešal, se zgrudil in poginil.

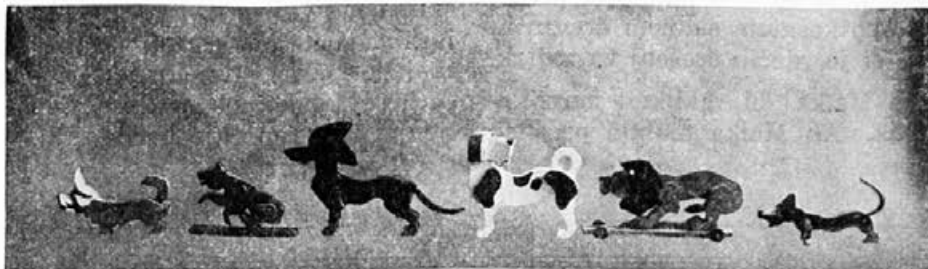
MATI KRPA

TAKO prijeten, topel dan je zunaj.
 Mi otroci se počutimo,
 kakor bi nam rasla krila
 in bi najraje zleteli ven na plan.
 Toda danes mati krpa,
 mi pa moramo opravljati odkazana dela.
 Vmes se kregamo, tožimo, priganjamo
 in lasamo, da tako uveljavimo vsak svoje pravo.
 To mater danes čudno žalosti in
 z mirnim, otožnim glasom nam pravi:
 Le tepite se, otroci, razsajajte
 in trgajte se med seboj —
 bo že mati krpala, dokler bo kaj — —
 In potem vzdihne in poltiho pristavi:
 Joj, joj, kdaj bo oče spet delal? . . .

Materin očitek in njena otožnost boli.
 Kar nerodno nam je — molčimo.
 Delo smo opravili
 in radi bi šli ven na plan.
 Pa kdo bi zdaj stopil k materi,
 da jo vpraša, če smemo,
 ko takole zamišljena in žalostna sedi ob oknu,
 krpa in vzdihuje?
 — Ne, ne upamo si in nam tudi ni več mar —
 Od nekod se je priplazil neki nevidni nekdo,
 in nam z enim zamahom odstrigel brezskrbne peroti.

Vsi tihi zremo v mater ob oknu in nekaj mislimo.

Anna P. Krasna



FRANCOSKE IGRAČKE

Anna P. Krasna:

Malkine sanje

MALKA je bila zmirom sanjav otrok.

Sanjala je podnevu in ponoči, a njene sanje ob belem dnevu so bile vse bolj pestre in lepše zasnovane kakor pa sanje, ki jih je prinašal spanček na kriilih noči. O vseh mogočih in nemogočih stvareh je sanjarila, ko je hodila po svojih potih in opravkih. In nemalokrat so bile njene sanje neprimerno lepše od pravljic in povestic, ki jih je včasih čitala v knjigah. Pa nadaljevale so se včasih kakor dolga, mična povest; z dneva v dan so prehajale in Malkine misli so jih skrbno obdelavale, oblikovale, in če bi bila prijela Malka za pero in bi zapisala nekaj svojih sanj na papir, bi ob njenih sanjah uživali tudi drugi otroci. Toda tega ni storila, zadovoljila se je, da je sama uživala svoje prelepe, fantastične sanje. Čisto nikomur jih ni nikdar zaupala, z nikomur ni n.koli govorila o njih; bile so zgolj njena last in ona jih je ljubila in je bila rada sama s svojimi sanjami.

Da, Malka je ljubila samoto. Ko je prišla pomlad in prvi poletni meseci, se je često potihlo spravila iz postelje na vse zgodaj zjutraj in je šla v ogrado in med brajde uživat lepoto narave in sanjat svoje sanje. Bosonoga je tavalala po mehki, rosni travi in občudovala kras, ki je vel vse krog nje. Trgala je travne cvetke in pletla lične stolčke iz pripotnih cvetnih stebelc. Pokukala je v gnezdeca, ki so bila nanizana precej na gosto po košatem sadnem drevju in natrgala si je rdečih črešenj za zajtrk.

Srečna Malka! bi vzkliknil marsikateri otrok. Ali Malka ni bila posebno

srečna, kakor kadar je bila tako sama s svojimi sanjavimi mislimi. Njeno vsakdanje življenje je bilo trdo, premnogokrat grenko. Bila je še dete v materinem naročju, ko je trda borba za obstanek strla njeni materi zdravje in s tem je bilo zagrenjeno vse Malkino otroško življenje. Zagrenjeno tembolj, ker je bila Malka nenavadno čustven otrok in je vedela za vse prikrita boleti in težnje, ki so trle očeta in mater. In iz tega tako zagrenjenega otroškega življenja so pričele zgodaj kliti njene tajne, nikomur znane sanje. Saj je Malka tako želela kdaj osrečiti trpeče starše in zato je sanjala o fantastično lepih dneh, ko bo mogla prijeti mater in očeta za zdelane žuljave roke in ju povesti s seboj v miren, lepo urejen svet njenih sanj.

Sanje, pa naj bodo še bolj lepe, se le malokdaj uresničijo in Malkine pestre otroške sanje je tudi zagrnil zastor časa. Ostale so vse neizpolnjene — grobar, ki je zagrebel očetovo in materino krsto, jih je pokopal in Malka je ostala v resnični, trdi borbi življenja sama brez matere, brez očeta, brez svojih otroških sanj. Jokala je, pa je kmalu uvidela, da se svet posmehuje njeni mehkočutnosti in je nehala jokati. Stopila je v nov življenski boj s trdnim mladim korakom in se je zavzela, da pomaga ustvariti nov in lepši svet za vse trpeče starše in njih malčke—in zdaj Malka nič več ne sanja, ampak hodi z jasnim pogledom naprej po svoji začrtani poti skozi življenje, kajti ona ve, če hočejo imeti bedni ljudje lepše življenje, da se morajo boriti zanj.





E. S. Klemner: MATI IN DETE

Zrak

NI večjega vsiljivca, nego je zrak. Kjerkoli je najmanjša praznina, je že zrak v njej. Zrak je vsepovsod okrog zemlje, pod nebom in v sobi. Do biš ga v pokritih loncih in v zaprtih omarah. Med zloženim perilom počiva, v žitnicah se dotika vsakega zrnca. Celo v vodi je.

In vendar ga ne vidimo, ker je prozoren in brez barve. Ako pa zremo v jasno nebo, se nam zdi višnjevo. To dela zrak.

Čutimo ga, če mahljamo z roko, zlasti pa, kadar je hud veter. Takrat se zrak hitro premika in udarja ob nas s tako silo, da nas hoče celo prevrniti.

Ptice plovejo po zraku kakor čoln po vodi, tako tudi zrakoplovi.

Brez zraka bi ne bilo nikakega življenja. Ne človek in ne žival, pa tudi nobena rastlina bi ne mogla bivati brez njega.

Če zabranimo zraku k plamenu, se luč ali ogenj zadušita. Pa tudi v slabem zraku začne luč pojemati. Zapomnite si: Kjer luč ne more goreti, tam tudi človek ne more živeti.

Ako hočemo biti zdravi, moramo živeti v čistem zraku, zato pa prezračimo sobe in druge prostore, v katerih prebivamo!

Kdor svežemu zraku okna zapira, zdravniku duri na stežaj odpira.

L. Černej.



Hlapienje

KJERKOLI se dotikata zrak in voda, se izpreminja voda v hlape, ki imajo obliko zraka in so torej nevidni. Lahko rečemo, da zrak pije vodo. To se godi vedno, tudi pozimi. Vemo pa iz izkušnje, da se mlake na cesti poleti hitreje posuše, prav tako perilo, zlasti ako je veter. Topli zrak je namreč bolj žejen nego mrzli in pije hitreje. Veter pa pospešuje hlapienje, ker odnaša tisti zrak, ki se je že dosita napil, in prinaša novega, žejnega.

Perica razveša perilo in kmet trosi in obrača travo, da se je zrak čim največ

dotika in jo hitreje suši. Zdaj tudi umemo, zakaj voda v široki posodi prej izhlapi nego v ozki. Gospodinja, ki hoče, da se umita tla hitro posuše, odpre duri in okna, da odnaša preprih s hlapi nasičeni zrak.

Posebno naglo izhlapeva voda, ako vre. Vedno je je manj v loncu. Kuharice pravijo, da se je povrela, mi pa trdimo, da se je izpremenila v paro. Para pa ni nič drugega nego vodeni hlapi, ki nastajajo pri vrenju.

V naravi torej voda izhlapeva, pri kuhanju pa se izparja.

Ivan Jontez:

Pravljica

NEKOČ je živel siromašen deček. Starše mu je vzela smrt, ko je bil še čisto majhen otrok. Poslej je živel pri tujih ljudeh, ki pa sirotku niso bili naklonjeni in niso imeli zanj mehkih, ljubečih besed, temveč le grobe, neprijazne besede in večkrat tudi brce. Sirotek je mnogokrat bridko jokal in klical iz groba dobro mamico, toda mati se ni mogla vrniti iz groba in tuji ljudje, pri katerih je živel, mu niso hoteli privoščiti trohice dobrega. Ko je bilo dečku dvanajst let, se mu je zazdelo, da je požrl že dovolj krivic in se je odpravil v beli svet iskat pravice in ljubezni, ki ju v življenju ni še srečal. Nekje tičita, je menil, in on ju bo poiskal ter ju privedel med ljudi, ki so vsled njune dolge odsotnosti posuroveli in postali krivični.

Dve leti ju je iskal, toda ni ju mogel najti. Krivica se je šopirila na božjem svetu kot objesten osat in podžigala sovraštvo med ljudmi. In deček, ki je iskal pravico in ljubezen, je na svojem potu pretrpel mnogo krivic in ljudje so se mu posmehovali, ga topli ter ga lačnega odganjali od svojih pragov.

Nekega dne je deček srečal na cesti sijajno kočijo, v kateri se je peljala kot sama ljubezen lepa gospa. Deček je obstal ter jo s koprnenjem v očeh pogledal. Ustavila se je tudi zlata kočija in lepa gospa je z milim glasom vprašala dečka, kdo je in kam ga vodi njegova prašna pot.

Deček se ji je brez obotavljanja izpovedal.

V gospejinih lepih očeh je zablestela mokrota. "Sirotek," je dejala ginjeno ter mu velela vstopiti v kočijo. "Tako mlad, pa moraš sam in zapuščen potovati po trnjevi cesti življenja! Toda odslej ti ne bo več treba trpeti, z menoj boš šel in življenje ti bo lahko in prijetno."

Lepa gospa je bila namreč brez otrok, zato je sklenila vzeti k sebi sirotnega dečka ter mu postati mati.

Deček se je plašno spustil na žametno blazino ter boječe dejal:

"Pravico iščem in ljubezen. . ."

"Ne vem, kaj je pravica," se je sladko nasmehljala lepa gospa, "toda ljubezni ne boš pogrešal pri meni. Moje srce prekipeva ljubezni, ki te bo oblila kakor osvežujoči žarki jutranjega solnca oblijejo cvetlice v vrtu."

Zvečer se je kočija ustavila na dvorišču krasnega gradu, v katerem je gospodaril mogočen gospod, mož lepe gospe. Gospa je peljala dečka v sijajne dvorane, v katerih se je vse tako bleščalo, da je dečku jemalo vid. In deček se je presenečen znašel v sredi med lepimi deklicami in uslužnimi strežaji, ki so kar tekmovali med seboj, kdo bo prijaznejši in ljubeznivejši z njim. Kajti lepa gospa jim je naročila: "Naj se izpolni vsaka njegova želja, kajti on bo nekoč vaš gospod!"

Dečka so peljali v kopalnico, ki je bila vsa od belega marmora, ga okopali, oblekli v snežnobelo perilo in žametno obleko, na noge pa so mu nataknilo lakaste čevlje s srebrnimi zaponkami. Ko se je deček pogledal v zrcalu, skoro ni mogel verjeti, da srebrno steklo odraža njegovo podobo, tako zal je bil v svoji novi opremi.

Potem so ga odvedli v razkošno obednico, kjer sta ga pričakovala pri šibeči se mizi lepa gospa in mogočni gospod. Nato so večerjali in gospod in gospa sta bila neizrečeno prijazna in postrežljiva z dečkom, ki se je silno čudil vsemu.

"Sirotek, tako malo ljubezni je užil v svojem življenju, da se je skoro boji. . ." je menila lepa gospa in celo mogočnemu gospodu je postalo mehko pri srcu. "Toda privadil se ji boš, sin, da sin si mi odslej in vso ljubezen, ki

me je doslej dušila v prsih, bom izlila nate, v gorki materinski ljubezni te bom okopala sleherno minuto."

Ko so ga položili v belo, pernatu posteljo, je prišla k njemu lepa gospa ter ga toplo, nežno poljubila, mu želela najslajše sanje in najprijetnejše spanje. In deček toliko da ni umrl od same blaženosti.

Ko je zjutraj posijalo v sobo zlato poletno solnce in je deček vstal, so ga

nekoč tvoje, ti boš gospodar teh polj in gozdov, travnikov, vasi in ta ponosni grad, ti, moj sin, boš nekoč gospodaril tod."

In se je sklonila k njemu ter ga ljubeče objela in poljubila, da je dečka vsega prevzelo in se je ljubeče oklenil lepe gospe.

"Ah, Ljubezen, kako si sladka!" je vzdihnil.

Popoldne je gospa odvedla dečka na



Henry Lee McFee: TIHOŽITJE

uslužni služabniki oblekli, počesali, pred vrati pa so ga čakale zale mladenke, ki so ga odvedle k lepi gospe. Deček se je čudil in ni vedel, ali sanja ali bdi.

Po zajtrku ga je lepa gospa peljala na visoki grajski stolp ter mu pokazala plodna polja in zelene gozdove, ki so se razprostirali okrog gradu. "To vse bo

sprehod. Skozi senčen gaj sta prispela na plodna polja, kjer je v popoldanski vročini delalo stotine ubogih tlačanov. Priganjači z biči v rokah so jahali po polju ter z udarci priganjali delavce k delu. Neki starec pa ni mogel pohiteti z delom kakor njegovi mlajši tovariši in razsrjen priganjač ga je obdelaval z

bičem tako dolgo, dokler se ni zgrudil pod pezo žgočih udarcev na rjave brazde ter jih pordečil s svojo krvjo.

Dečka je stresla groza in prestrašen se je ozrl v lepo gospo. Njen obraz pa je bil miren, nikakršnih sledov razburjenja ali ogorčenja ni bilo na njem, nje-ne oči so hladno, nebrižno sprejemale odurni, sirovi prizor.

“Gospa, povej mi, zakaj oni okrutnež pretepa ubogega starčka?”

Gospa je pogledala dečka ter se nekam vznejevoljila: “Len je, starec, noče se mu delati. . . Toda pojdiva stran, to ni za tebe. . .”

Tisti dan je videl deček še več prizorov, ki so bili zelo podobni prvemu, toda na svoja vprašanja ni dobil odgovora, ki bi ga bil zadovoljil.

Zvečer, ko so utrujeni tlačani smeli oditi domov, je stekel na cesto ter ustavil sključeno tlačanko: “Povejte mi, žena, zakaj morate tako trdo delati in še tepeni ste zraven?”

Žena se je mrtvo ozrla vanj ter trudno odgovorila: “Za mogočnega gospoda delamo in trpimo in bič pada po naših plečih zato, da bo gospod s svojo gospo plaval in tonil v še večjem izobilju in preobilju.”

Ko se je deček zvečer vračal iz vasi, v kateri je videl samo trpljenje, pomanjknje in obup, v grad, v katerem je bilo vsega na preostajanje, je bil žalosten in razočaran.

“Tu ni pravice!” je trpko vzdihnil.

Ko je prišla lepa gospa k njegovi postelji in opazila njegov žalost, ga je mehko povprašala: “Kaj žalosti tvoje srce, moj sin?”

“Pravico bi rad našel in ljubezen. . .” je žalostno odgovoril deček.

“Kakšno pravico? Ne vem, o čem govoriš. Ljubezni pa prekipevam, v sladki reki moje ljubezni že plavaš . . . tako silna ljubezen je v meni, da se bojim, da bi utonil v tem brezdanjem vrelcu. . .” je kipelo iz ust lepe gospe, ki se je sklonila k dečku ter ga obsula z nežnimi, sladkimi poljubi.

Toda deček se je z rokami uprl ob njene oble prsi ter odrinil lepo gospo od sebe.

“Ti nisi Ljubezen!” se mu je iztrgalo iz grla. “Ljubezen ne more gledati krivice s hladnimi, nebrižnimi očmi! . . .”

Lepa gospa je osuplo pogledala dečka. “Bolan je, blede se mu,” ji je blisnilo skozi možgane in brž je odhitela po grajskega zdravnika.

Toda ko se je vrnila z zdravnikom, dečka ni bilo več v postelji. Iskali so ga po vsem gradu, toda niso ga našli. Noč ga je požrla. Zmanjkalo pa je tudi njegove stare, razcapane obleke, v kateri je bil prišel v grad.

Ko so drugi dan povpraševali po dečku v okolici, se je oglasila sključena starka in povedala, da je ponoči srečala na cesti razcapanega dečka, ki je bežal, kakor da so mu vsi besi za petami.

“Kam hitiš, deček?” ga je vprašala.

“Ljubezen iščem in pravico. . .” je odgovoril ter bežal dalje.

In na čelo lepe gospe je legel težek oblak in iz ust ji je dahnilo vprašanje:

“Le kaj je to: Pravica?”

“Sirota, ki jo krivica odganja od nas, ki hlepimo po nji,” je odgovorila starka in v srcu blagoslavljala dečka, ki ni hotel postati oproda krivice, vtelešene v mogočnem gospodu in lepi gospej.



SEPTEMBER 1932

PRIŠLO je od nekod skoro čez noč
 in je vzkliknil oče:
 Joj, ali je res poletje že proč?!
 Pogledal je v solnce nad obzorjem viseče
 kot krvaveč plamen;
 ošvignil tovarne v dolini ležeče
 tiho kot slap leden.
 — Bo res, otroci, september je prišel
 in z njim jesen —
 a jaz — jaz sem prebil lepe dneve
 kakor mučen sen . . .
 Ko je v dolini gorelo kot pekel
 noč in dan,
 sem sanjal o dnevih oddiha,
 vračajoč se iz pekla ves utrujen, izmogan.
 A zdaj, ko so tu dnevi zaželjeni,
 in peklo vse črno molči —
 zdaj, otroci, me ta molk in zavest,
 da je spet september,

kot mora k tlom tišči —
 mi odpira oči —
 in pali mi v žilah kri! —

Anna P. Krasna.

Anna P. Krasna:

VLAK

KAKOR pravljичno čudo iz dalje v daljo vlak brzi;
 skoz bela mesta, čudovite pokrajine,
 mimo žalostnih bajt in vasi.
 S seboj pa vozi na vse strani
 otroške sanje in pozdrave daljini,
 ki vsa lepa zaželjena tam daleč—kdove kje leži.



Dragi dečki in deklice!

Dečki so se odzvali! Namreč mojemu vabilu, da se tudi oni postavijo s slovenskimi dopisi v "Našem kotičku." Štiri deški prispevki v eni številki so pač dokaz, da se tudi naši dečki zanimajo za "Kotiček" in da so pripravljene sodelovati z deklicami. Za to gre tudi dečkom priznanje, obenem pa izrekam upanje, da bodo tako tudi nadaljevali.

In deklice? Le pogledjte kako so se odrezale s slovenskimi dopisi v tej številki! Morda so se bale, da jih dečki prekosijo, pa so napisale celo vrsto resnično zanimivih dopisov. Kdo bo napisal več slovenskih dopisov za prihodnjo številko — dečki ali deklice?

Septemberska številka se je zapoznila vsled dela v tiskarni, ki ga je dal zapisnik polletne seje gl. odbora SNPJ; oktoberska bo izšla prej, ako bodo vaši dopisi v uredništvo pravočasno. Požurite se!

—UREDNIK.

DEČKI SO SE ODZVALI VABILU

Cenjeni urednik!

V zadnji številki Mladinskega lista ste omenili, da bi radi videli, da se bi vsaj par slovenskih dečkov odzvalo z dopisi za "Naš kotiček," tako da ne bodo samo deklice dopisovale. Zato pa sem brž sklenil, da napišem par vrstic, da se bomo tudi mi dečki postavili s slovenskimi dopisi v "Našem kotičku."

Takoj moram povedati, da gre meni slovensko še bolj slabo, ker nima moja mama dosti časa, da bi me učila. Sedaj sem se naučil čitati par slovenskih pesmic in kratkih povestic, pa se bom še več.

Z delom gre pri nas slabo. Moj ata dela komaj eden ali dva dni v tednu.

Iskren pozdrav čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

Victor Tomsic,
Walsenburg, Colo.

LOV NA ZAJČKE

Cenjeni urednik!

Hočem malo opisati moj prvi lov na zajčke. Šla sva z očetom vsak s svojo puško, narkar zagledam lepega črnega zajčka z belo liso na nosku. Ustavim se, pa pravim očetu: "Tale zajček pa ni divji, ker nas tako stoje gleda in čaka."

Res, jaz sem ga ujel in prinesel domov. Sedaj mu pa pridno nosim vsak dan svežo deteljo. Ravno tisti dan sem dva druga ustrelil. Tukajšnji stari naseljenci so mi povedali, da so ljudje prinesli domače zajčke čez vodo na ta otok in jih spustili, da se razmnože.

Povem naj tudi, da sem že tri mesece tukaj in se še vedno spozabim, kadar slišim, da piska ladja, pa pravim: "Sedaj pa je prišel vlak," in moji novi prijatelji pa udarijo v

smeh. Tako sem ga že večkrat polomil. Pa tudi pridno hodim gledat ribiče, ki stavijo ribe v cinaste škatle. Največ je rdeč.h (losos ali salmon) rib.

Ob petkih po štirih popoldne je pravo vrtenje z ribiči. Pride do dve sto ladij v pristanišče in ostanejo do sobote večer, potem pa zopet odplujejo do prihodnjega petka. Jaz komaj pričakujem petka, da zopet vidim te prijazne obraze ribičev. Ti so po večini naši bratje Dalmatinci in pravi orjaki. Nekaj jih je tudi primorskih Slovencev. Jaz in moj brat sva najbolj domača na ladji "New World," ali "Novi Svijet." Tam smo tudi bili postreženi z ribjim golažem (brodet) in s polento.

Za sedaj končam, Vas urednik pa prosim, imajte potrpljenje, ko boste urejevali ta dopis.

Anton Groznik, Friday Harbor, Wash.

* *

NA NOGE, DEČKI!

Dragi urednik!

Šolske počitnice so pri kraju, zato predno šola prične, sem se namenil, da moram še kaj napisati za "Naš kotichek" v M. L. Potem bo treba iti v šolo in se pridno učiti, da ne zaostanem.

Bral sem v M. L., kako g. urednik pripo-roča dečkom, naj tudi oni bolj pridno dopisu-jejo, da nikar ne zaostajajo za deklicami. Tega bi bil tudi jaz bolj vesel, posebno, če bi pisali v slovenskem jeziku, da ne pozabi-mo, da smo otroci slovenskih staršev.

Upam, da se nas bo prihodnjič kaj več o-glasilo, da ne bodo urednikove besede zastoj. Kar nas on uči, to bo nam koristilo; ako nas bo več dopisovalo, tem lepše bo za nas. Tudi jaz znam bolj slabo pisati po slovensko, ker se šele učim, pa upam, da mi g. urednik po-pravi moje napake!

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in g. ured-niku!

William Gruden,

R.F.D. 2, Bridgeville, Pa.

* *

FELIX BI ŠEL RAD NA FARMO

Dragi mi urednik!

Že dolgo časa je preteklo, odkar sem se zadnjič oglasil z dopisom v Mladinskem listu. Pa takoj naj Vam povem, da bi šel zelo, zelo rad na počitnice na farmo.

Tukajšnje delavske razmere so prav slabe in moj oče ne dela že dva meseca. Tukajšnji največji premogokop, po imenu Hudson Mine, ne obratuje, ker je v njegovi notranjščini nastal ogenj. Zadnje čase se pa jim je posre-čilo, da so ogenj pogasili in zadušili, še nič se pa ne ve kdaj bodo spet pričeli v tem rovu z delom.

Jaz in moja sestra bova djala najina dopisa v eno kuverto zato, ker so se znamke podra-žile.

Veseli pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin,

2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

DOPIS IZ MONTANE

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker se nobeden od tu ne oglasi v Mladin-skem Listu, Vam hočem jaz malo popisati tukajšnje razmere. Posebnih zanimivosti ni tukaj, odkar imamo šolske počitnice, in 29. avgusta se je pričelo zopet šolsko leto. Sedaj se bomo vsaj bavili z učenjem, ker druge za-bave tako ni tukaj.

Vreme je precej suho in po nekih krajih so gosenice napravile občutno škodo, poseb-no po vrtovih.

Kar se pa tiče krize, je tako kot povsod—dela ni nobenega nikjer, tudi na farmah ne, ker ne morejo nič prodati. Rovi tudi ne de-lajo, ker družba noče pripoznati poštene pla-če delavcem. Zdaj se ne ve, ali je štrajk ali ni. Ne vemo kaj bo, če bo šlo še tako naprej, kako bomo živeli. Tukaj je mnogo delavcev, da niso že več kot dve leti nič zaslužili. Pa še nekateri govorijo, da je Hoover o. k. Ne vem zakaj, mogoče zato, ker je dal delav-cem toliko prostovoljnih počitnic, vojnim ve-teranom pa lepo obljubo nad oblaki. Tako jim danes daje zahvalo s krogliami, solzavka-mi in policijskimi količki po glavah. Naj za-dostuje za enkrat.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje M. L., Vas gos-pod urednik pa prosim, da popravite moje napake.

Mary A. Krivec,

Klein Star Route, Roundup, Montana.

* *

SLABI ČASI

Dragi urednik!

Dolgo časa je že minilo, odkar sem pisala v Mladinski List. Hočem zopet napisati par vrstic. Danes so časi tako slabi, da kmalu ne bomo imeli za papir in za znamke.

Moj ata dela slabo — 3 dni na dva tedna in tudi slabo mu plačajo. Dosti ljudi je že zgubilo hiše in če se ne bo obrnilo na boljše, bodo še drugi posestva zgubili.

Zelo sem se veselila šolskih počitnic. Mi-slila sem, da bom imela boljšo zabavo, da bo-mo tudi iz Clevelanda šli kam na razgled, ker pa so slabi časi pa moramo ostati doma. Pa mi je dolgčas doma. Čakam kdaj se bo zopet šola začela.

V nedeljo 31. julija smo bili na pikniku društva "Naš dom" št. 50, kjer smo se dobro imeli, posebno mi mladi.

Pozdrav vsem!

Emma Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

MLADINSKI LIST—NAJBOLJŠI MESEČNIK

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Zopet sem se namenila napisati kratko pisemce za "Naš kotichek." Obenem pa ne smem pozabiti se Vam zahvaliti, ker ste moj zadnji dopis priobčili in moje napake popra-vili. Mislila sem že, da ga boste vrgli v koš.

Nadalje Vam želim povedati, kar že sami

veste, da imamo sedaj šolske počitnice. Tudi slovenska šola je imela v nedeljo 10. julija piknik na Kauškovi farmi. Z nami je bil tudi naš učitelj. Zabavali smo se prav dobro vsi. Tukaj imamo sedaj (19. julija) zelo vroče vreme.

Za naše mlade čitatelje je Mladinski list najboljši mesečnik. Zato ga bi morali vsi slovenski otroci čitati. Mene najbolj veseli Mladinski list, zato pa ga tudi rada vsega prečitam.

Delevske razmere so vedno enake, kakor povsod drugod.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki čitajo Mladinski list, posebno pa uredniku!

Frances Marie Čeligoj,
16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

NA POČITNICAH PRI STARI MATERI

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tako j Vam moram povedati, da se zelo veselim, ker bom šla k moji stari materi na farmo na počitnice. Lani je bil tam moj bratec, letos pa bom šla jaz.

Poletje je letos lepo, ni prevroče. Hodimo se kopat v jezero in večkrat me prav pošteno strese mraz.

Naj končam. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem tega magazina in seveda tudi Vam!

Olga Vogrin,
2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

SMRT MLADEGA PILOTA

Cenjeni urednik!

Zdi se mi, da bo za septembersko številko malo pozno. Vseeno pa upam, da se bo našel kje v kakšnem kotu Mlad. lista prostor za ta moj dopis.

Gotovo je že znano marsikomu o veliki nesreči, ki se je pripetila 15. julija na Meadowlandsu, Pa., kjer je pred kratkim komaj 18-letni Slovenec Frank Peternell napravil izpit za pilota. A revež ni imel sreče. V 30 dneh je imel izvršiti še zadnje vaje. Med vajami se je njegovo letalo vnelo, v katerem je zgorel ubogi mladenič popolnoma.

Uboga mati! Koliko je pretrpela ko je zagledala rakev, v kateri so bile le obžgane kosti njenega najstarejšega nadbudnega sina Francka. Mislila je, da ji bo on na stara leta v pomoč, a je usoda zahtevala drugače. Sedaj je pa ostala sirota sama s štirimi nepreskrbljenimi otroci, kajti že pred par leti ji je umrl mož. Taka so pač pota življenja. Prizadeti družini in žalujoči materi moje iskreno sožalje!

Nadalje sporočam nekaj novega iz starega kraja, namreč iz Trbovelj. Most čez Savo pri Trbovljah se je podrl. Bil je privatna lastnina, in do leta 1930, kakor mi je znano, je lastnik pobiral mostnino. Ko je koncesija potekla in je banska uprava ni hotela več obno-

viti, je most začel slabeti. Občini Trbovlje in Sv. Križ pri Svibnem nista hoteli prevzeti mosta v upravo. Tako je odpadlo eno najpomembnejših sredstev v vsem zasavju med Zagorjem, Trbovljem in Radečem. Te novice bi ne sporočala, pa ker mi je znano, da biva tukaj v Zedinjenih državah mnogo rojakov, katerim so znane Trbovlje in okolica, gotovo jih bo ta novica zanimala.

Sedaj pa še nekaj od tu iz Sygana. Na 14. avgusta je priredil tukajšnji slovenski socialistični klub št. 13 Jugoslovanske socialistične zveze piknik na vrtu društva "Bratstvo" št. 6 SNPJ. Igral je Demšarjev orkester.

Ker drugih novic ni, bom pa končala zaenkrat. Se bom pa še drugič oglasila s kakšno novico.

Pozdravljam Vas, urednik, in tudi vse prijatelje M. L. in Slovenske narodne podporne jednote!

Anica Kramžar,
Box 411, Morgan, Pa.

* *

BRATU V SPOMIN

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski list. Stara sem 11 let in hodim v šesti razred v šolo.

Na 23. avgusta je bilo eno leto odkar se je moj brat Jakob ubil z aeroplanom, kakšnih 100 korakov od stričeve hiše. Bil je šele 18 let star in bil je dober — vsi so ga imeli radi. Tudi priden je bil. Ko je bil 10 let star, je vsako jutro ob 5 ali šestih zjutraj vstal in šel pripraviti papir, ki ga je prodajal, in ob pol devetih je bil vselej v šoli, katero ni nikdar po nepotrebnem zamudil. Tudi učil se je dobro, da je bil vedno prvi v šoli.

Ko je bil 16 let star, je že dobil diplomo, ker je dovršil srednjo šolo (high school), potem je šel delat v Westinghouse, pa je vedno mislil samo na aeroplan, in vedno je prosil mamo, naj ga pusti, da se gre učiti za letalca, tako da mu je privolila. In lani je delal v pisarni na Betis Field Airportu. Kako žalost smo prestali, ne morem popisati.

Več ne bom pisala, ker mogoče se bo uredniku še to preveč zdelo.

Pozdrav vsem, ki čitajo in pišejo v M. L.!

Ani Zajc, 1013 Tablot ave., Braddock, Pa.

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DORICA JE NAPISALA PRVO PISMO

Dragi urednik!

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da je to moj prvi dopis za Mladinski list, katerega upam, da boste priobčili v "Našem kotičku."

Povem naj Vam pa tudi to, da sem stara 9 let in sem v 4-A razredu v šoli.

Moj oče je sedaj v Jugoslaviji, mislim in upam pa, da se kaj kmalu vrne.

To naj zadostuje za moj prvi dopis. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje M. L. in Vas tudi!

Dorothy A. Judnich,
624 8th street, Waukegan, Ill.

FRANCKA LJUBI CVETICE IN ZELENJE

Cenjani mi urednik M. L.!

Ker ste priobčili v Mladinskem listu moje prvo pismo, zato upam, da tudi tega ne boste vrgli v koš.

Zadnjič ste me prosili, da bi Vam opisala tukajšnje razmere. Delavske razmere pa so take, da se ne morem z njimi prav nič pohvaliti. Kakor Vam je znano, so tukaj samo premogokopi, in ti obratujejo komaj po en dan ali dva dni na teden, tako da ubogi rudar dobi komaj od 10 do 15 dolarjev na vsakih 14 dni, in s tem naj se živi kakor hoče. Doma se pa tudi nič ne pridela, edino malo solate, kajti to je država divjega pelina. Zato pa tudi rožice ne cvetejo.

Jaz bi bila rada v takem kraju, kjer je vse zeleno, polno drevja in ptičev, tam, kjer rastejo rožice, ker jih ljubim.

Sedaj bo kmalu konec šolskih počitnic, in ko bodo priobčene te vrstice v Mladinskem listu bo že spet začela šola. Upam, da bom tudi znanprej pridno dopisovala v "Naš kotichek."

H koncu pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje in čitateljice, tako tudi Vas! **Frances Rolih,**
Box 82, Diamondville, Wyo.

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ZGUBLJENA STAVKA PREMOGARJEV

Dragi urednik!

Ze zopet prosim malo prostora v Mladinskem listu za moj mali dopis, da ga priobčite v "Našem koticčku."

Res je, da deklice rajši pišemo, da smo bolj nagnjene za pisavo kot dečki. To pa zato, ker dečki imajo preveč dela z žogo (ball game), ker se tako radi igrajo z žogo. Zato se pa tako poredko oglašajo z dopisi v "Koticčku."

Meni se je zelo dopadel dopis, ki ga je napisala Josephine Mestek, kako je tisti fant zalučal posodo s kosilcem, dobil zaslužen plačilo ter odšel v stavkovne vrste. Ko bi bili le vsi tako pametni kot on, pa bi bilo vse drugače.

Kaj nam pomaga sedaj, ko smo tukaj stavkali, pa so stavko zlomili! Spet so začeli delati, pa le po dva dni na teden, pa še takrat nič ne zaslužijo. Mar bi bili stavkali še naprej vsi, ne pa pomagali zlomiti stavko. Kako se bodo rudarji živeli, ker se nič ne zasluži, to je vprašanje. Ljudstvo je popolnoma obubožano in obupano. Zato pa tudi ni čudno, da je toliko samomorov. Ljudje bi radi delali, pa dela ni. Ljudstvo strada in trpi pomanjkanje, medtem si pa par bogatinov na kup stavi milijone. Zbudi in zdrami se trpin, da boš videl kaj dela bogatin. Saj ni nikjer zapisano, da bi moral delavec vedno trpeti vse svoje življenje.

Naj zadostuje za enkrat, pa prihodnjič kaj več. S tem zaključujem in pošiljam prav lepe

pozdrave vsem čitalcem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos,

Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

FRANCKA RADA ČITA Mladinski LIST

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

To je moj prvi dopis za Mladinski list. Upam seveda, da ga boste priobčili v "Našem koticčku," kar me bo zelo veselilo.

Jaz imam štiri brate in tri sestre. Nas je deset v družini.

Moja mama me uči pisati in brati slovensko. Sedaj še ne znam dosti, upam pa, da bom prihodnjič boljše napisala. Prosim Vas, da ne vržete tega dopisa v koš.

Zelo rada čitam Mladinski list, in želim, da bi ga dobivala vsak teden. Pa naj končam za sedaj. Bom pa še prihodnji mesece kaj napisala za "Naš kotichek."

Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku!

Frances Yamnik,

1101 So. 63rd street, West Allis, Wis.

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DOPIS Z RUDARSKÉ STAVKOVNE STRAŽE

Cenjani urednik!

Sedaj, med šolskimi počitnicami, imamo še več skrbi kot prej. Tukaj je namreč v teku premogarska stavka, zato pa imamo obilo dela, ker hodimo na stavkovno stražo. Največ dela nam seveda dajo ti preklicani skebi ali stavkokazi. Tri tedne že hodimo (ko to pišem na 20. julija) na piket ali stavkovno stražo, ob pol 5. vsako jutro. In posrečilo se nam je, da smo skebe ugnali v kozji rog že pri dveh majnah. Sedaj imamo dela samo še pri eni, ki je pol ure hoda od tukaj.

Vsako jutro, ker me mama zgodaj pokliče, se zelo jezim na skebe, ker povzročajo, da moramo trpeti tudi mi otroci. Na 16. julija smo šli prvič k dotični majni. Prav nič nas niso pričakovali, zato smo jih iznenadili. Prišlo nas je več tisoč skupaj. Čakali smo skebe ob poti. Res so se pripeljali na avtih. Mi pa smo vpili na vse grlo nad njimi. Kmalu pa se je za njimi pripeljal avto s policijo, ki nam je svetovala, naj ne vpijemo. Mi pa smo bili tako jezni na skebe, da nismo hoteli nehati. In krog 50 avtov s skebi se je pripeljalo, pa še en velik trok, ki je bil ves zamrežen, kot bi mule v njem peljali. Na troku je bilo krog 60 skebov stlačeni kot žveplenke v škatljici.

Na 18. julija smo šli spet: ženske, otroci, fantje in možje, na piket k omenjeni majni. Bilo nas je več tisoč. Skebi so se spet pripeljali v avtih, ki jih je bilo krog 40, in seveda tudi na tistem velikem troku. Mi smo spet vpili, policajji pa so se smejali. Rekli so, da moramo ostati vsi mirni, pa da bo več uspeha. Res, število avtov se je naglo krčilo vsako naslednje jutro. Četrty dan je prišel še samo eden.

Ko to pišem še ne vem kaj bo. Pravijo pa, da bodo prišli vojaki, da bodo stražili skebe. Upam, da bo kmalu konec tega piketiranja. Jaz bi rada videla, da ne bi bilo več treba iti na piket, ata pa pravi, da bo treba še ves teden ali še več, tako da bodo pod parnimi kotli ogenj pogasili.

Pošiljam lepe pozdrave vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista, posebno pa Josephine Mestek v Clintonu, Ind., ki jo osebno poznam in vselej njen dopis najprej preberem. Pa si mislim, da bi le tudi jaz znala tako lepo napisati dopise in pesmice kot ona.

Jennie Fik, R.R. 1, Box 220, Paris, Ill.

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RUDARSKA STAVKA

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da bi v prihodnji izdaji Mladinskega lista priobčili teh par vrstic v "Kotičku."

Ker sem Vam v zadnji izdaji obljubila, da bom poročala o nadaljnem poteku premogarske stavke tu v Clintonu, hočem na tem mestu to storiti. Clintonskim stavkarjem se je dozdej popolnoma posrečilo zabraniti skebsko obratovanje majn v tej okolici, tako da niti ena majna ne obratuje. Drugače pa je v okolici Terre Haute, kjer je do pred kratkim obratovala Dixie-Bee majna s skebi, ki so se oboroženi s strojnicami, puškami in ročnimi granatami zabarikadirali za varnim obzidjem majne. Seveda, tudi stavkarji niso držali rok križem, marveč so zastražili vse dohode k majni in tako odrezali pot vsem, ki so prihajali v majno ali odhajali iz nje. Vsled ravnega ozemlja daleč na okoli majne, so bile pozicije stavkarjev veliko slabše od skebskih, ker niso nudile stavkarjem nikakih kritij. In tako se je zgodilo kar se je moralo zgoditi.

V torek popoldan dne 2. avgusta je napetost med obema strankama prikipela do vrhunca in streljanje se je pričelo na obeh straneh. Strojnice skebov so oddale salvo v vrste stavkarjev, in stavkar Taylor Keller, star 24 let, doma iz Lintona, je padel smrtno zadet. Tudi skebi so utrpeli izgubo štirih težko ranjenih mož. Poklicana je bila milica iz Indianapolisa, ki je dan pozneje prišla na lice mesta. Proglašeno je bilo obsedno stanje. Obrat majne je bil začasno ustavljen.

Pogreb žrtve kapitalizma se je vršil v petek popoldne v Lincolnu ob ogromni udeležbi stavkarjev iz vseh krajev, ki so se udeležili pogreba, da tako izkažejo zadnjo čast možu, ki je padel v boju za njih skhpno stvar, in da pokažejo svetu, da hočejo, če treba, tudi s krvjo braniti svoje pravice in svojo unijo.

Pa naj zaenkrat neham o tem. Iz srca rada bi pisala kaj drugega, bolj veselega, pa kaj se hoče, človek vidi samo mizerijo okoli sebe, zato ne more biti vesel. Da pa ta dopis ne bo ostal brez običajne pesmi, Vam napišem tole, ki sva jo "pogruntala" z očetom in ki se da prav lepo peti po tisti znani slovenski

koračnici "Mladi vojaki." Ime sva ji dala "Rudarji." Tukaj je:

RUDARJI

1.

Mi smo možaki, korenjaki,
zaklade dvigamo z zemlje!
Pa smo kljub temu siromaki,
garamo drugim, ne zase.

2.

Zato pomanjkanje trpimo,
posebno kadar dela ni.
S težavo le se preživimo,
v razkošju pa magnat živi.

3.

Od jutra v rovu do večera
rudar peha se in nabira,
blaga preveč če producira,
ostati mora pa doma!

4.

Prisiljeno doma počiva,
čeprav bi delal zelo rad.
Sad nadprodukcije uživa—
pa ne rudar, ampak—magnat.

5.

Le ko se bo rudar odločil:
združiti z brati v skupno moč,
takrat bo zanj nov dan napočil,
magnate pa bo vzela noč!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!
Na svidenje v prihodnji številki!

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



Procesija za dež

PRED mnogimi leti, ko sem v šentviški fari pri nekem kmetu služil za "malega" hlapca, je nekega poletja nastala huda suša. Zato je selanski fajmošter, ne bodi len, brž odredil procesijo za dež k eno uro oddaljeni sv. Barbari, blizu grajskih razvalin sunberških in kozjeških, ki ju v svojih spisih omenja pisatelj Jurčič. S kruto roko so nekoč grajski despotje gospodarili s teh gradov podložnim kmetom-tlačanom.

Vreme je bilo neznosno soparno. Gospodar mi je ukazal, naj grem v procesijo, ki se je že pomikala čez hribe in doline. Cerkevica sv. Barbare je bila premajhna za vse romarje. S tovariši sem se podal k gradu, sedel na kamen, da si odpočijem, a me je spanec premagal, da sem kmalu, s kamižolo pod glavo, pošteno zadremal. Zbudilo me je močno grmenje in treskanje ter nevihta s točo. Lilo je kot iz škafa, in nekateri so pozneje trdili, da se je utrgal oblak, dasi še sedaj ne vem, če se je res utrgal ali ne.

V strahu sem naglo stekel k cerkvici, ki pa je bila že zaklenjena in moji romarji že menda davno doma. Premočen sem bil do kože. Pozno je že bilo; dolgo sem dremal. Kaj poreče gospodar? Kje sem bil toliko časa? To me je skrbelo bolj kot toča in dež. Pa sem mu dejal, da sem molil za dež. On, stara dobričina, pa se je na vsa usta zarežal. To me je okorajžilo, da sem mu povedal resnico. Zato me je pohvalil.

"Polovica romarjev bi morala iti spat. Preveč so molili! Izprosili so preveč dežja, ki je napravil več škode kot dobrega," se je hudoval gospodar.

Bil sem utrujen, še bolj pa lačen. Gospodar mi je dal velik kos kruha, nekoliko slanine in pol litra vina. Imenitno se mi je prileglo! Nato pa je hudomušno dostavil: "Prihodnjič ne pošljem nobenega več v procesijo za dež, ker bi se znalo zgoditi, da izprosi od sv. Barbare cel vesoljni potop!"

(Napisal Nace Žlemberger.)

Pes in zajca

LOVSKI pes je našel mladega zajčka ter je tekkel za njim. Bil mu je že prav blizu. SKI pes je našel mladega zajčka ter je tekkel za njim. Bil mu je že prav blizu. Tedaj pa je skočil iz bližnjega grmičja drug večji zajec. "Ej, ta bo boljši!" si je mislil pes ter jo ulil za večjim zajcem. Ta pa je bil izpočit in mu je srečno odnesel pete.

Nevoljen se je vrnil pes, da bi poiskal prvega zajčka. Pa kje je že bil ta! Pes se je vračal brez plena.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XI

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Number 9

TO AUTUMN

By John Keats

*SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of maturing sun:
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they thine warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.*

*Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while they hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep,
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.*

*Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plain with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing: and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER

By William Wordsworth

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

DO YOU remember, a letter says,
 Those autumn days,
 When golden leaves rustled through the air,
 And the birds went their ways?

When we said "Good-by," and ventured away,
 Hardly knowing where;
 Followed the birds to the far away lands —
 To repent the journey when we got there. —

Do you remember how we dreamed
 Of future bright?
 Only to see those wonderful dreams —
 Crushed under the heels of Fate's might . . .

If you remember, O, why not tell,
 Young folks to not wish to roam,
 Over strange lands until they have build
 A substance for their future at home. —

Anna P. Krasna.

My Froghopper Friend

By M. E. Bamford

THE froghopper larvae that I took home were of varying sizes, one being about an eighth of an inch long, others a little larger. In my zeal for water lizards I neglected these larvae till the spittle of most of them was gone. Then I endeavored to give the creatures a new supply of fluid by putting cuttings of plants into their bottle. But honeysuckle and rose, chickweed and lily slips had not the right taste. No weed I could find suited them, the kind on which I found them not growing here, and one by one my froghoppers miserably perished, without having been able to produce any more froth. "The larvae of the *Aphrophora* cannot live long out of their frothy envelope," says Figuiet. My last one died five days, I believe, after I picked the weeds the larvae were on, but the dabs of froth lasted during the first day or two, so that the larvae were not dry all of that time.

However, on another day, beside that brook I found a mass of foam on a blackberry shoot, and, breaking it off, brought it home. The froghopper larvae inside that mass proved to be larger than any of those I had previously found. He was dark, almost black, with a few light marks.

Calling to mind De Geer's experiment with a similar larva which he compelled to make new froth, I resolved to imitate him. I drew my larva out of his bubbly world and tried to wipe him dry. De Geer thought that the froth serves to protect such creatures from the heat of the sun and from attacks by spiders and other carnivorous creatures. The froth serves, too, I think, as a sort of drowning-place for other little insects, as I found a small winged creature, perhaps a winged aphid, dead in the froth.

I had obtained for my larva a shoot of what I supposed was a cultivated blackberry, for I thought that he would not know the difference between the taste of that and the taste of the wild variety. My supposed blackberry shoot, however, was finally discovered to be a raspberry one. After I had wiped the froth from him as well as I could, so that, while not being exactly dry, he had not much moisture on him, he tumbled into the cup of water in which I had placed the shoot to keep it fresh. He descended to the bottom of the cup, but my rescuing finger was after him, and he clutched it and was saved. However, I did not wipe him dry after his involuntary plunge.

I put him on the shoot, and he speedily began work. With the constant bending of the hinder portion of the abdomen, little bubble after little bubble collected under him. Within nine or ten minutes he had quite a number, enough to make a small mountain of froth. Still the whole upper surface of his body was uncovered.

In twenty-five minutes from the time of starting, the froth had mounted so high that it began to touch his back. Some of the time he kept his head down to the "blackberry" shoot, as though he might be drawing in juice, as these creatures do through their beaks. At other times he raised his head above the shoot, but the hinder part of his body was continually elevated above the fore part, so as to give him the appearance of being just ready to turn a somersault.

I thought that he was succeeding finely, but, about three quarters of an hour after he first entered into the business of making the batch of foam, the froghopper larva left the place altogether and wandered to the end of the shoot, where were some leaves. He still

retained some moisture on the under part of his body, but why should he waste the bubbles he had been making? There they were, a pile of froth, waiting for him while he crawled over the leaves. I picked him up and put him back in his place, but he would not stay there. Away he went toward the leaves again.

I put him back a second time, and again he fell into the water. This sec-

at first. But after he had made another pile of froth about as big as the former one, he again left it and wandered off.

The truth dawned upon me. That fellow was smarter than I had thought. He did know the difference between the cultivated raspberry and the wild kind of blackberry. He did not like the raspberry. Hoping that he would not oblige me to journey to the brook for his food, I gave him a shoot of wild black-



Joseph W. Jicka: RURAL LANE IN NASSAU, BAHAMAS

ond bath sobered him, I think, for he recommenced work. Perhaps the reason why he left his froth was that he remembered that he had not explored the shoot, and, inasmuch as he did not expect to make any more journeys after the froth had once closed over his head, he thought he would stop work and travel a little. This was what I thought

berry that I had kept in a pail for the needs of any of my menagerie.

Froghopper did not like the looks of my present. He had never been taught the polite truth embodied in the maxim that one should not look a gift horse in the mouth. That part of Froghopper's education had been neglected. He looked over my shoot, but did not offer

to make any froth. It was quite apparent that the shoot was not fresh enough to suit him, and he was waiting to have a better one appear. Overawed by his wisdom in regard to blackberry shoots, I put on my hat, snatched the scissors, hastened to the creek, swung myself under a fence, and, in spite of the proximity of a number of boys, secured my fresh wild blackberry shoots, and came home.

That was exactly what Frog-hopper wanted, and, after considerable delay, he proceeded to bury himself in foam, and succeeded so well that at about half-past nine p. m., when I gave him a farewell look for the night, all that could be distinctly seen of him was a little black dot, a portion of the hinder end of the body. All the rest was covered in the foam.

Still it would manifestly be impossible to bring up such a larva on a shoot. This was shown next day when the branch, although propped by pieces of coal in the water, would not stand up

securely, and Frog-hopper's mass of foam hung down so that it would not cover his back. He became disgusted and again went on his travels. So I journeyed to the brook and dug up a couple of scrawny little blackberries, planted them at home, conveyed Frog-hopper to the spot, put him on a leaf, and tied a cloth around that branch to make sure that I should see him again. I furthermore tasted both the cultivated raspberry and the wild blackberry, and I came to the conclusion that there is a difference in the flavor of the sap. The wild blackberry is more pleasant. I did not wonder that Frog-hopper knew that I had not given him the right thing at first. There is not much use trying to fool a bug. He is generally smarter than he looks.

I untied the cloth next day. Frog-hopper was there, but he was without any froth. Disgusted with his tribe, I bundled him into a tin, took him to the brook, put him on a leaf of a blackberry vine, and gave him my parting blessing. Such bugs are nuisances.

To Keep You Guessing

Why is the world like a cat's tail?—Because it is fur to the end of it.

What is a good thing to part with?—A comb.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?—Your mother.

Unable to think, unable to speak, yet tells the truth to all the world?—A true balance, or a pair of scales.

Why are spiders good correspondents?—Because they drop a line by every post and at every house.

Why is money often moist?—Because it's frequently dew (due) in the morning and mist (missed) at night.

Apropos of money, why are lawyers such uneasy sleepers?—Because they lie first on one side and then on the other, and remain wide awake all the time.

And what do they do when they die?—Lie still.

When is sugar like a pig's tooth?—When in a hog'shead.

What tongue is it that frequently hurts and grieves you, and yet does not speak a word?—The tongue of your shoe.

If you met a pig in tears, what animal's name might you mention to it?—Pork you pine.

Surrounded by Ghosts

By Margaret Swilp

IT WAS a cold December night. My mother went to a meeting. Everyone else had gone out. I was alone.

It was 8:30. Having finished my school studies, I picked up a magazine called "Ghost Stories." I began to read.

The clock struck 10:30. Putting the book away I retired. At this time Tamaqua is very quiet with the exception of an automobile passing occasionally.

I undressed very quickly and got into my cold bed. My heart was beating rapidly. I couldn't fall asleep. I kept thinking of those ghost stories. I was in bed about fifteen minutes when I heard "Tip, tap, tip tap." It was repeated twelve times. The wind outside was howling. The attic door was in my room and was opening and closing constantly. The tip tap was then repeated.

I closed my eyes and wrapped myself in the blankets. Five minutes passed. The tip tap was repeated. I thought I would die, the way I was frightened. I opened my eyes to see a "white ghost" by the attic door and closed my eyes for fear the "ghost" would jump on me. Then the tip, tap was repeated. I was cold. I couldn't get warm. I turned in the bed, the springs creaked. I wished mother would come home soon.

I couldn't sleep; as soon as I closed my eyes, I saw those fearful "ghosts"

or heard that tip, tap. It must have been a "ghosts' convention," the way I heard those tip, taps.

The front door opened. Someone came in. I was afraid to ask who it was. At that moment I heard, bam!

"Is that you, father?" I asked trembling.

"Yes, and who put all these marbles here?" responded father.

"Come up, I want to tell you something," I called.

Father came tramping up the stairs with his working clothes on. He lighted my bedroom lamp. I told him the whole story.

"Well, well, I'll have to investigate," he said with a smile, which would have been a laugh if he could have seen how frightened I was.

Both of us went up to the attic. There was Kitty, our black cat, playing with Junior's marbles. At that moment we heard "tip, tap." We followed it. Kitty went after the marble when it rolled into my room and stopped and struggled with it until she came to the steps leading downstairs. There went the "tip, tap" down the stairs.

I happened to look over at the attic door and there was the "white ghost."

What was it? My white dress.



Alica and The Bear

ONE bright morning in summer, a party of merry children set off to spend a long day in the woods. Each carried a small basket and a tiny tin cup.

Frantisek, the eldest boy walked in front, followed by Tora, Elica, Mile, and Anton; behind them came the eldest sister, Anna, holding little Alica by the hand. Alica was only four years old, but her tongue moved as fast as her small pattering feet.

"I'm going to find hundreds of blueberries, and I shall gather a lot of flowers to make a wreath for you, Elica dear, and one for each of the others. I shall make two wreaths for Mother, because she had to stay at home with baby, and I must make a great big one for Father, because he has such a large head!"

So prattled the little tongue, until the children reached the wood, where Frantisek made them all sit down on the grass round a big, moss-covered stone. There they ate the nice buns and cakes which they had brought for their luncheon, and Frantisek filled their cups with milk from the wicker-cased bottle slung over his shoulder.

"Now I shall blow my trumpet!" said Anton boisterously: and blow it he did with such violence that all the sparrows in the neighborhood flew away in a great fright. This blast was the signal for the berry-picking to begin.

"Do come here!" exclaimed one; "the bushes are blue with berries!"

"No, not there!" cried another, "Over here are thousands of blueberries, and I have found strawberries too—such beauties!"

"I shall stay with Elica," said Alica.

"Let us put the large basket under this tree," suggested another, "then, as we fill our little baskets we will empty them into it."

So all set to work upon the berries.

By-and-by when both the large baskets and the little baskets were quite full of fruit, the four girls seated themselves in a circle. Elica took from her bag a ball of string, and they began to weave garlands of wild flowers, which, during the brief summer, are large and bright. But Alica soon became tired and, lying down beside Elica, fell asleep. The other little girls, leaving their wreaths and baskets, ran after their brothers, guided by the sound of Anton's noisy trumpet.

Presently Elica rose also, thinking that she would go in search of more flowers for a garland. With this she would crown the golden head of her sleeping darling. Soon she came to a brook, on whose banks bloomed many flowers of brilliant hues, and eagerly gathering the freshest and brightest, she went gradually up the stream, without noticing that she was going farther and farther away from her little sister.

Now, as you know, it is very pleasant to play in the woods on a summer day, but in Norway it is not always safe to do so. For in the fir-woods bears are sometimes found, and though they are fond of berries and wild fruits, they eat also sheep, cows, horses, and even human beings, when they can get them, if they are very hungry. Had the children known that a big brown bear lived in that wood, of course, they would never have ventured into it; but of this they were ignorant.

Alica was awakened by a deep growl in the bushes close by. Up she jumped, and called to the other children; but they were too far off to hear her. Although she felt rather frightened, she did not cry, and, comforting herself with the thought that they would soon come back, she began to eat some of the berries in her basket.

But whatever was that crashing in the bushes? Nearer and nearer came the sound and then two big eyes looked out from the underwood. A huge, shaggy bear appeared, and came, growling, towards the little girl. Alica was too frightened to cry, and almost too frightened to speak; but as soon as she could get out the words, she said:

"Oh, please don't hurt me, Mr. Bear! I am a good girl, indeed I am! I know who you are, because you are in my picture-book. Please don't bite me, and I will give you all my nice berries. Here they are, good bear!"

She held out her own little basket. The bear poked in his great paw, and the berries rolled out upon the grass. In an instant he licked them up; then he began to sniff at Alica's dress.

"Dear kind bear! you will not hurt me, will you?" pleaded the trembling child. "See, here is another basket of blueberries for you."



The bear quickly knocked down the basket and gobbled up the fruit. Alica, no longer afraid, made haste to offer him more, but, catching sight of the big basket under the tree (which contained not blueberries only, but also some splendid strawberries), the bear put his nose into it instead.

"No, no, Mr. Bear!" said Alica, "that is naughty! You really must not eat all those berries! They are not mine, so I can't give them to you, besides, if you eat so many you will be ill!"

Putting her little hands on the creature's shaggy neck, she tried with all her might to push him away, but in vain.

"Very well, naughty bear!" she said, "when Frantisek comes he will beat you with his stick."

The bear looked up at her, then quietly went on eating. A new idea came to Alica.

"Now I am going to make you pretty," she told the bear.

She hung one of the floral wreaths around his neck, and placed a smaller one on his head. As she stood contently watching the decorated bear, she heard the sound of Anton's trumpet, and, looking up saw the children descending the hill. The bear turned, and went back into the dark forest.

Alica told her brothers and sisters what had happened, and begged them not to scold her for letting the bear have the fruit. You can easily imagine how startled they were. Alica snatched up her little sister, and they all hurried out of the wood, leaving behind wreaths and baskets in their terror.

How their mother wept as the children told the tale! How tightly she clasped Alica in her arms, as if the bear was still present! Her husband put his arms round both mother and child, and kissed his little girl many times.

When, late in the autumn, some one shot the big bear, the withered remains of Alica's wreath were still round his neck.

V. G.



PROTECTION

Wapacuni and His Tomahawk

By Dorothy Murphy

A SMALL group of my playmates and I were gathered beneath the large maple tree where we always ate our noon lunch when one of the smaller boys burst into our happy circle.

"Come quick! It's old Wapacuni," he gasped.

A hush fell over the little circle. All laughter ceased and we all silently crept to the corner of the small stucco building that was our school house. There, down the road, slowly walked the old Indian.

"Look at his tomahawk," whispered little Mary Lowell at my side.

Old Wapacuni was an old Indian, a member of the Sac and Fox tribe. He was so old he himself did not know his age. He was thought to be about one hundred and thirty. He spoke no English and spent most of his time traveling the roads. In our childish fancy, we small children wove all kinds of blood-curdling stories about him. His name, when spoken, always brought fear to all our hearts. The hatchet or "tomahawk," as we called it, was always at his side.

The school bell rang and Wapacuni was forgotten. When school was out I

got on my horse and started for the cattle ranch three miles away, which was my home. I was in no hurry and rode slowly, letting my horse take her own time. When I turned a bend in the road, my heart froze with terror, for there, standing in the middle of the road, was Wapacuni. He waved his arms and my horse stopped. I was too frightened to even scream. He moved over to my side and began muttering and pointing to my dinner pail. I sat there shivering for what seemed hours. Then I started my horse in a run. I was a good rider and I rode as I never had ridden before. I never looked back till I reached home.

I flew into the house to Mother and blurted out the whole story.

"He was probably hungry and thought you might have something left in your pail," mother said.

"But the hatchet," I protested, "He was going to scalp me."

"He carries that because he often stays out nights and uses that to cut wood to make fire with," she explained.

That was a long time ago. Two years later I read in the paper of the old Indian's death.

PALS

By Mae Norton Morris

WHEN I see a boy who hasn't a dog,
Or a dog that hasn't a boy,
I think of the lot they are missing
Of frolic and genuine joy.

Some parents think dogs are a nuisance,
Just something to bark and annoy;
They can't know how badly a boy needs
a dog
Or how badly a dog needs a boy.



Dear Boys and Girls:—

You will notice that there are many more letters in this number of the *Mladinski List* than in the last one. It is rather unusual that so many letters were written during vacation time. What has happened? Simply this, that the girls and boys enjoy writing for the *Mladinski List*. This time the boys are also well represented in both departments—in *Chatter Corner* and in *Naš Kotiček*. And I am glad of it.

The present number of the *M. L.* is somewhat late due to the extra work in the Printing Department with the minutes of the semi-annual meeting of the Supreme Board of the SNPJ. The October number will be as usual, provided you'll all send your letters on time. *Hurry!*
—THE EDITOR.

CARBON COUNTY, UTAH

Dear Editor:—

It makes me happy to know that every member enjoys this magazine and hope they will continue to do so. May "Good Luck" be with it always.

I suppose it sounds rather dumb, but it is true. Once while to a dance given by the SNPJ Lodge at a neighboring town I was so surprised to see so many Slovenes there. I didn't think there was so many Slovenes altogether in U. S. So you see I can hardly imagine how many there are in Detroit or Penna or some other place.

I would like to give history of Carbon county. It is a beautiful place in Utah. Carbon county abounds in natural wonders. The district contains the great coal region of the Union, affords beautiful canyon drives to scenic points, where streams and lakes provide great sport for fishermen and mountain passes offer game for the hunters. It has been reported to be rich in fossil beds and is attracting attention from the scientific institutions. It is one of the most beautiful counties of Utah.

If I recall rightly some girl wrote that a teacher convinced her that plants do not need sunshine for growth but didn't explain it enough to convince others. Being interested I would like to know more about it and I think others would too. I wish that the girl would write to the magazine and explain how she became convinced for I am her oponent and would like to know all about it. Hoping she will write soon and tell us about it all.

I am about to become a member of the adult Lodge and know I'll enjoy it.

Rose Poglajen, Columbia, Utah.

* *

HELPING THE UNEMPLOYED

Dear Editor:—

The depression is on. While the poor have to suffer and starve, the rich are raving about hard times, although they have enough money to last them for several years. Something has to be done in this country, for it cannot go on like this much longer.

The Red Cross is giving flour to the needy, the county also is helping by giving relief which helps a little but not very much. If

we had enough work for our livings, it would be much better for us. I hope it will be better soon.

There was a terrible accident at Edna No. 1 Mine. Four were injured and three killed. It is a very sad thing when the men try to earn their daily bread.

Best regards to all!

Dorothy M. Fink, Box 1, Windel, Pa.

* * *

FROM AN HONOR PUPIL

Dear Editor:—

Now that school is out and there is not much to do I thought I would write a letter to the Mladinski List. I am ten years old and was promoted to 5A grade as an honor pupil with 93 and 94 of an average for the past five months.

Our school got out June 24. My teacher's name is Miss Walsh.

I have a small brother who is five years old and is going to start to school this fall. I wish some of the boys and girls from Scranton would write to the M. L.

I hope to see my letter published and I will write again.

A member of lodge 513,

Dorothy Degrosky, 3 Alpha St., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., but I hope to write often now.

Times here are harder than ever before, especially since the strike which lasted four months. The mine has begun to work now at the rate of 3 days a week.

I attend the Powhatan High School and am now a sophomore.

I think that the Mladinski List is a good magazine, except that it is almost wholly represented by girls instead of boys. I think that the boys ought to help uphold this magazine.

Frank Sabie, Powhatan Point, O.

* * *

LETTER FROM MORLEY, COLORADO

Dear Editor:—

I was promoted to the 5th grade. I went on my vacation for a week. Work out here is very slack; the mine will not work for a month.

Gee, I wish the Editor would put his picture in the Mladinski List for once anyhow. (I sure would be glad to see him.)

What is the trouble about girls and boys? Are they all too lazy to write to the M. L.? We have a sewing club; we sew twice a week. They give the needles, threads and goods for us to sew.

Julia Slavec, Box 63, Morley, Colo.

"A PROUD TORCH"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On Aug. 14 we attended the Friendly City and Flood City picnic, then we visited at the home of Mr. Kobal, a very staunch Socialist. His son Andy entertained us by playing his accordion. He can play many well-known Slovene and English pieces. He also won the first prize for the best hand-writing in Cambria City. The Kobal family is very friendly and pleasant.

On Aug. 21, the Westmoreland County Socialists had their annual picnic. They had several speakers, the main one being Com. Hoopes, Socialist legislator of Penna. He gave an excellent speech. After all the speeches were over the boys and girls sold literature, newspapers, and the book called "Socialism Explained." Com. Hoopes' speech affected the people. There was over five hundred people at this affair but it did not look like a picnic because all the people had a sad expression on their faces and talked only about the depression, in other words, "In a sad expression they talked about the depression." I can't understand why the people don't vote the Socialist ticket when it doesn't cost them anything, but still it would bring them better conditions.

Our school will start on Sept. 6. I hope that every one will have a successful year

Our secretary, Jane Fradel, of the "T. of L." Lodge, will leave us and will go to the Latrobe Hospital for nurse training. John E. Widdowson will go to State Teachers' College. Best wishes to all the juvenile members.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

TRYING TO WRITE A LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. There are seven in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 451. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I like school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Myers.

Best regards to all!

Jennie Zalar, Box 2, Onnalinda, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

I didn't write to M. L. for a long time. The weather out here is very warm. School is starting soon and I will be in the 7th grade. I am glad school is starting again.

Work out here is scarce.

Best regards to all the readers.

I would like if some of the members would write to me for I would gladly answer their letters.

Elizabeth Bresic, Box 637, Maynard, O.

HER SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter that I have written to the M. L.

Well, school will soon be here and vacation time will be over.

We had a great misfortune this summer. On June 15 my sister Julia was killed when she accidentally stepped from the moving automobile owned by my uncle Martin Chufar. She died from a basal fracture of the skull and a hemorrhage of brain. We surely do miss our sister.

She was born Feb. 2, 1910, in Imperial, Pa., and was 22 years at the time of her death. She was a member of the SNPJ until the age of 16 years.

Harvest time is coming and the farmers will be very busy topping sugar beets and getting other crops up.

I was very glad to see my letter published in the May issue of the M. L.

Anna Chufar, R. D. 2, Box 170, Sandy, Utah.

* *

DESCRIBING HER VACATION

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to Mladinski List. I enjoy the magazine very much and will try to write again soon.

I will try to describe to you my vacation. To me it was wonderful. I spent my vacation, which consisted of two weeks, in Cortland, Ohio, at Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Pislars' home. I was overjoyed when they asked us to come as my brothers and I have gone up there almost every year and always enjoyed ourselves very much; but never before, I think, as we've enjoyed this wonderful vacation.

Raymond Pislars, their son, build a wonderful boat which we enjoyed very much. Their house is situated near Mosquito creek so whenever we had any spare time, which was often, we would go down there and enjoy ourselves with the boat.

The way in which we christened the boat was very comical to me. One night, soon after the boat was completed, Mr. and Mrs. Pislars, Mamie and Julia Pislars, their daughters, and Raymond, their son, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Videgar, and Otto Videgar, my brothers, Anthony and Albin and myself, all went down to the Mosquito creek intending to christen the boat. (As you know, Editor, in these days of prohibition and these hard times we can't afford to have champagne to christen it when Mr. Videgar solved the problem as you will soon see.) Mr. Videgar said that he would like to go and try out the boat, so as soon as he was seated and about in

the middle of the creek, Otto and Raymond, each on one end of the boat, tipped over the boat and Mr. Videgar, both, and so we named the boat "Ripsnort." I believe I've never laughed as much as I've laughed then.

We also had much fun on the farm. Picking blackberries, feeding chickens, and doing other chores were some of our other pastimes. I only hope that the rest of the members have had as joyful a vacation as I've had.

The working conditions in Girard are about as bad as those in other places. People who have always worked, work now, but other people who want work, can't get it. The Ohio Leather Company, in which my father works, is the only factory in Girard running. There are many people in Girard out of work, too.

I will close now as my letter is rather long, and it being my first, I would like to see it in print.

I give my best regards to the editor and all SNPJ members.

Vida Dobrovolic, 33 Smithsonian St., Girard, O.

* *

FRANK'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter in the M. L. I believe I'll write quite often to the M. L. Work around here is very slacking. They only work two days a week. It seems that Socialists at Bridgeport, Ohio (my home town), are getting very popular. I am going to go to Herminie High School on the school bus.

I like to read the M. L. because there are some interesting letters in it. Come on all you boys and girls from Herminie No. 2 and Herminie No. 1 — pep up and write something in the M. L. I also wish Anton Zupan would write to me and also write in the M. L., and some others from Nanticoke, Pa., and Bridgeport, Ohio. I sure wish some one would pep up and write in the M. L. I wish some of the M. L. readers would write to me.

Frank Cerar, Route 3, Irwin, Pa.
(c/o Eureka Stores No. 2.)

* *

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 400. There are six of us in the family. I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade. The work is scarce here; working only 1 day a week.

No one is writing from Renton to the M. L. Wake up, boys and girls, and write to the M. L. Try to make the M. L. bigger. I'll try to write more next time. Best regards to all.

Mary Valencic, Box 208, Renton, Pa.

ANNOUNCING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

The Clairton school bells will ring again on Sept. 8 when many young boys and girls will return to their classes. On June 16 our summer vacations had started. My brother Mike had graduated from the Clairton High School and received a diploma at the twenty-fifth annual commencement. On this day a large cake about four feet in diameter and about two feet in height was made to celebrate the twenty-fifth annual commencement exercises. The class of 1932 of the Clairton High School had for their class night exercises a Radio show—"Who's Who."

Now to tell you the news of "Clairtonians'" second annual picnic which was held on Aug. 21 at Shady Park, Clairton, Pa. A fine program was prepared for all who attended. For dancing they had Boz Pickwick's New Golden Gate orchestra, and for entertainment we featured a "Little German Band" with Clairton's very popular wisecracker, "Salesman Sam" in person.

Caroline Cebasek,
Box 477, Clairton, Pa.

* *

BIRDIES ARE SINGING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Breezes blowing, birdies singing and a painted rainbow across the blue abyss—such was the day in August when I thought of the fact that I didn't have an article for September.

Quoting Steffie Kaferle, "Wake up, Yukon!", that's right. When I was in Yukon on the Fourth and 31st of July, I met many young and nice SNPJ members, who should write to this wonderful magazine, the M. L. How about it, Frances Preseren, Louis Ometz, Sam Ometz, Julia Kepich, Helen Kercin? Can't you write a few lines to the M. L.? Of course you can. The M. L. is lively and wonderful, but if the Yukon gang would begin to write, it would be livelier yet.

We had a Socialist street meeting on Wed., July 27. Com. Lieberman was to be the speaker, but as he was not able to come, Com. Rinne took his place. A wonderful crowd of 300 attended this meeting. He told the crowd about the Socialists and how they would govern the country. After the meeting we distributed literature, sold books and gave application cards to the audience. Pretty good work was done in Latrobe on this day.

A man thought that Comrade Rinne (the spaker) was a "Blue Shirt" because he had a blue shirt on and was a member of the jobless army. There is a poem which says, "Strike while the iron's hot." The iron's hot right now, so we should strike for better living conditions.

On July 31 we were at Yukon, the town where the Silver Stars had their picnic and dance. They had mushball games. The Veronians of Verona played against Yukon's Herminie team. Veronians won the first game, but the second game was not finished. It is very nice to see the young SNPJ members play. You can always tell where the SNPJ members are, because they are always full of spirit and action. That's the way to be and they all know it.

Hope that next month we'll see plenty of articles in from Yukon. Sure, Yukon, why wouldn't we see some nice articles from you wonderful boys and girls.

"A Proud Torch," Mary Eliz. Fradel,
Latrobe, Pa.

* *

BIRTHDAY PARTY IN A TENT

Dear Editor:—

My second letter in the Mladinski List.—

Every month when we get this magazine my sister and I fight to see who gets it first, but I do.

Since I have been able to read this magazine I've never seen a letter from Coverdale. So I'll try to wake Coverdale up by calling them "sleepy heads."

I have read the letters in the Mladinski List and one said "hard times"; that letter was from Kansas. Well, there are hard times at Coverdale, too.

We had a little party on Christina Kiyfes on July 28 and we had loads of fun. We were in a tent that we made. This tent was made from potato sacks and all.

Coverdale, do not be "sleepy heads."

Mary Dolinar, Box 72, Coverdale, Pa.

* *

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

We haven't had very good news because we had two little rabbits and one of them died. We have the cutest little dog named "Tootsie."

School was out June 8, 1932, until Sept. 6. My father and sister will be glad to see this letter. Work is very scarce out here. Our hollyhocks are blooming fine. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Best regards to all. Elsie Pavlin,
15199 E. Orman, Pueblo, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and am going to be in the 6 B. I go to Clark school. My brother is 7 years old and is going to be in the 2 B. There are 4 in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 264.

Angela Stransak,
3217 W. 52nd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

FROM LOS ANGELES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

After a long time I'll write a few lines to the M. L. We do not live in Los Angeles anymore, we moved 55 miles east of Los Angeles in a little town called Fontana.

We have 2½ acres of orange grove. We like it out here very well. There are many Slovenes here. They all belong to the SNPJ; they have two lodges. One belongs to the old folks and one to the young. Everybody likes to go to the meeting, after the meeting they have a good time. Most of the people out here have chicken ranches. In Los Angeles the work is very scarce. Many people are hungry.

I'd like to know where Julia Slavec is. I don't see her letter in the M. L. anymore. I wish everyone will have a nice vacation. Let's all of us write a letter to the M. L. to make it grow bigger. I know every one likes to read it. I think this will be all for this time.

Best regards to all. **Elsie H. Jerina,**
Box 524 M. R. 1, Fontana, Calif.

* *

NO JOBS IN OGLESBY

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like the M. L. so much that I keep the numbers for two years. I like Mrs. Anna P. Krasna's readings and writing best, because I know her. She was staying at our house a few days.

I am 9 years old and in 4-B. I go to Washington school. I have two brothers and a sister and they all go to Washington school. Now it is vacation and we don't have very good time, only on the 4th of July we had a picnic and we had lots of good time, because there were a lot of people there.

Work is very scarce and many people have no jobs; my father wasn't working over 6 months.

Margaret Pohar,
Box 63, Oglesby, Ill.

* *

PICKING BERRIES

Dear Editor:—

While I was on my vacation at my aunt's home I went picking berries often. Then one day my aunt said, "Let's go for berries." We said, "O. K." We were all glad, but while walking on the level is lazy, we came to a little hill and we got very tired. So we got canes to help us. We thought we would take hold of our clubs. So we did. We got up there on the level again. While getting our baskets filled towards the top of it, all of a sudden the dark clouds appeared. What a surprise! We started down the hill, but we couldn't run as fast as it poured. We were drenched as ducks.

Our vacation will soon be over. Then bells of school will ring, ding-ding!

Best regards to all.

Dorothy M. Fink, Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

FRANK'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the letters from boys and girls from different states. I will be eight years old this fall and will be in the 3rd grade. I like to play ball. I can hit a home run pretty good. Sometimes we run for a swim up to the pond which we made and the water is not very deep; we go splashing through it when it is hot.

Best wishes to all.

Frank Wendel Jr., Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter I wrote to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. I will be in the 4th grade. I have a little Spitz dog, Fanny. This is all for this time. Best regards to all.

Hellen Brauch, Fancy Prairie, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ, so are my mother, father and sister. I like my vacation very much. Our school is going to start Sept. 6. Next time when I write I will write more.

Vera Vidas, 8113 44th st., Lyons, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. There are 9 of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 600.

I will write more next time.

Joe Sopotnick Jr., Box 6, Samsula, Fla.

* *

AT HER GRANDMA'S

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I am nine years of age. There are five in our family. All are members of the SNPJ Lodge No. 353.

Our school was out May 19. I was promoted to the 4th A. My teacher's name is Miss Casemen. She is a very good teacher.

I was on a farm for vacation at my grand-ma's. She lives in Baltimore, Md. I sure enjoyed myself.

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

Best regards to all. **Anna Mihacic,**
Box 113, Windsor Heights, W. Va.

CULTIVATING CORN

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter. I will try to make it as interesting as I can.

We live on a farm with woods all around the house and the creek running through the woods. Sometimes we go fishing and sometimes swimming. Sometimes I have to help work.

My daddy is cultivating corn and my mama is canning beans. We have 1 cow, 2 horses, 5 geese, 28 chicks, 7 cats, 5 dogs, 19 pigs. We have lots of work to do, but no money.

I have not seen any letters from Mascoutah, so I thought I would let you hear from this part of the country. I would be happy to see it in the M. L.

Albert Bach,
Box 305, Mascoutah, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I go to the Crippled Children's school. My teachers' names are Misses Roger and Fetzer. I got my school diploma. There are 5 of us in SNPJ Lodge No. 47. This closes my letter.

I wish some boys and girls would write to me.

Frank Gorsek,
414 West Hay., Springfield, Ill.

* *

STELLA LIVES ON A FARM

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter I am writing to our most wonderful magazine. I have been reading the M. L. for quite a while. I've been living with my grandma for the last two years on the farm. Now I am living with my mother on a farm which we rented. We got a cow, two sheeps and a dog and soon we'll get some chickens.

My brother Otto and mother and myself all belong to lodge 518. I hope all girls will write to me under age 13 to 15 years (I am 13). Will answer letters gladly.

Stella Cecello, R. 2, Hartwick, N. Y.

THEY MIGHT NEED ME

Esther M. Kreyer

They might need me,

Yet they might.

I'll let my heart be

Just in sight.

A smile like mine

Perchance might be

Precisely their

Necessity.

LODGE NO. 361

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Times out here are very bad.

I am in the first primer in McIntyre school. I am only 7 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Burchett.

There are two in our family, Joseph and John. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 361. My father is the secretary of this lodge. I wish some of the boys of my age would write to me.

James E. Yaksetich,
Box 116, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

AUTUMN

Lo! before me arises a mist
That floats on before me
In a pageant of yellow and scarlet.
Autumn—a colorful melody.
A crimson leaflet bows and sways
Through the frosty air,
Covering the sleeping grasses
And leaving the trees bare.
A sigh arises through the land,
A sigh of regret and sorrow
But who cares that summer is gone
For a new world downs tomorrow.
A sad lament from the birds above
As they begin on their southward flight
Swinging across the face of the moon
As they speed on through the night.
Gaily dance the painted leaves
Above their gloomy graves
And flaunt their haunting loneliness
While the wind, storms and raves.
But through the silent, dreary night
They whirl down to rest
Where all, sooner or later, returns
To Mother Nature's breast.

LOUISE MARZLIKAR,
839 Alhambra rd., Cleveland, O.

Little Richard: "Mother, may I have a nickel for the old man who is crying outside?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, but what is the old man crying about?"

Richard: "He's crying 'Peanuts, five cents a bag'."

*

Little Jackie was visiting friends, and his hostess noticed that he was not eating his spinach.

"That's good for you, Jackie", she said. "You ought to eat it."

"No, ma'am," replied Jackie firmly. "At our house we don't eat ferns."