

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2667 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

Leto XI—Št. 4

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1932

Vol. XI—No. 4

Katka Zupančič:

BREZ BOJA NI VSTAJENJA

- 1 **Z**DAJ solnce posije,
zdaj zopet se skrije;
vmes vetrič se smeje,
pa burja zaveje—
in ploha umiva prirodi obraz—
ker bliža vstajenju se njenemu čas!
- 2 Pa solnčece, skrito za sivim oblakom,
mostiček si splete s pisanim trakom—
in mavrica lepa pod nebom se boči . . .
Po nji se pridrsajo žarki smejoči:
prirodi otirajo rosni obraz—
saj bliža vstajenju se njenemu čas!
- 3 A burja zavidno potegne ponovno,
in veter se stepe z burjo zlokobno—,
oblaki se strnejo: siva zavesa
zagrne spet solnce, prepreže nebesa
in zopet prirodi je rosen obraz—,
a bliža vstajenju se njenemu čas!
- 4 Zavesa se dvigne,
in solnce požmigne,
in žarki prirodi že božajo lice,
ki prišla je končno do svoje pravice!
Vedri in jasni se prirodi obraz—,
vstajenju je njenemu čas!

5 — — — — —
— — — — —

Priroda ne laže.

Leto za letom nam kaže:

Ni ga vstajenja brez boja!

— — — — —
In kdaj bo vstajenju našemu čas?—



Veselo in zanimivo preganjanje časa

NEKEGA večera smo sedeli skupaj in res nismo vedeli, kaj naj bi pravzaprav počeli. Tedaj vpraša Koren, kdo od nas zna posebno dobro računati. Mi ostali trije smo se Korenu prav pomilovalno nasmehnil, kajti vsi trije smo se imeli za boljše računarje kakor je on.

"Torej," pravi Koren, "eden od vas naj napiše na tale list papirja eno štirištevilčno število."

Mlinar je napisal smehljajoč se število: 2980.

"Zdaj," je nadaljeval Koren, "bom pa jaz napisal na tale drugi košček papirja vsoto, ki jo moramo dobiti, ako bosta ostala dva od vas napisala pod to prvo število po eno nadaljnje štirištevilčno število in bom smel tudi jaz napisati k temu dve poljubni štirištevilčni števili!"

In napisal je na drugi košček papirja neko število in položil je ta papir na mizo.

Zdaj je napisal Kovač pod ono število, število 6137 in jaz sem napisal 4551. Končno je izgledal račun tako-le:

Mlinar	2980
Kovač	6137
Koren	3862
Jaz	4551
Koren	5448

Vsota je znašala 22,978.

Pogledali smo na listek, ki ga je Koren položil na mizo. Tam je bilo napisano 22,978.

Koren je torej popolnoma pravilno prorokoval.

Dolgo smo si belili glavo, kako je mogel nastati tak račun in zlasti kako je Koren mogel že vnaprej vedeti vsoto neznanih mu števil. Končno smo prišli na to.

Mlinar je napisal najprej število 2980. Koren je odštel od te vsote 2,

tako da je ostalo 2978. Pred to novo vsoto je postavil 2, tako da se je glasil število 22,978. In to število je napisal na svoj drugi listek.

Kovač je napisal 6137. Koren je napisal pod to število neko navidezno poljubno število; v resnici je pa pripisal spodaj samo razliko med tem številom in številom 9999, torej 3862. Kajti 6137 in 3862 znese 9999.

Pod Korenovo število sem napisal jaz drugo poljubno štirištevilčno število, in sicer 4551, in ko je napisal Koren spod spet navidezno poljubno število, je bila to spet samo razlika z 9999, kajti 4551 in 5448 znese 9999.

Torej celota potem sestavljena izda 22,978, ker je kakor smo videli Koren začetkoma prištel k Mlinarjevi številki dvakrat po 9999 oz. (kar je enako) 20,000 manj 2.

Ta umetnija lahko marsikoga osupne in vzbudila bo, ako delamo oz. računamo popolnoma sigurno in navidezno popolnoma nebrizno, povsod precejšnjo pozornost. Lahko pa ta poskus nešteto krat ponovimo s popolnoma poljubnimi števili in s popolnoma poljubnim številom sodelujočih. Poskušajte in videli boste, da je res tako! —st—



DOMOTOŽJE

(Kitajska narodna pesem iz zbirke Ši-King.)

Pesem je vzeta iz zbirke narodnih pesmi, ki jih je pel pred stoletji kitajski narod, ki je zdaj spet v vojni z Japonci. Prevod je prirejen po nemških prepesnitvah.

POLOŽIL sem svojo glavó na obličje gorá.

Preslab je moj pogled, da segel bi v daljo, kjer oče stanuje.

Pod motnim sijajem mrzlih zvezdá vzdihuje moj oče: "Moj sin je šel v vojno. Ne dan niti noč mu ne data pokoja ne sladkega sna radi boja. Daj, vrni se, vrni domov!"

Položil sem svojo glavo na obličje gora. Preslab je moj pogled, da segel bi v daljo, kjer mati stanuje.

Pod varavim bleskom v nič padajočih zvezda vzdihuje mi mati: "Moj sin je šel v vojno. Prizanesíte mu, ogenj in voda, nevarnosti bojne, sovražnik in zmaga! Vrni se, vrni iz vojne, pameten bodi in pridi domov!"

Položil sem svojo glavo na obličje gora. Umrl je moj pogled, ker ni segel v daljo, kjer brat mi stanuje.

Pod zublji sovražnih zvezda vzdihuje moj brat: "O brat moj v vojni, spametuj se, pozabi cesarja! Da se povrneš med svoje in zanje skrbiš, to dolžnosti so tvoje, ne pa: umreti v daljavi!"

(Prevedel Mile Klopčič.)

Volk in lisica

TISTE čase, ko je v gozdu še živel volk Sivko, se lisici Zvitorepki ni dobro godilo. Sivko je prišel vsak dan pred njen brlog in glasno zaklical: "Zvitorepka, pojdi sem!"

Zvitorepka se ga je bala, zakaj Sivko je bil velik in močan in njegovi zobje so bili ostri. In vselej, kadar je stala pred njim, je zarenčal: "Čuj, Zvitorepka, tvoja zadnja ura se bliža! Lačen

sem! Toda če mi veš povedati kraj, kjer bi dobil kaj dobrega za zobe, ti prizanesem!"

Lisica, ki je dobro poznala vso okolico, mu je morala potem vselej povedati, na katerem posestvu imajo najlepše kokoši in v katerem hlevu stojijo najdebelejše ovce.

Ko je volk spet odšel se je Zvitorepka ujezila. Sklenila je, da se maščuje

požrešnemu volku Sivku. In res! Ko je prišel drugi dan Sivko spet pred njen brlog, ga je prijazno sprejela in mu želela dober dan.

Volk ji ni odzdravil, ampak s slabotnim glasom zastokal:

"Joj, Zvitorepka, tako slabo mi je v želodecu! Gledati moram, da se spet opomorem, in ti mi moraš pomagati, drugače te požrem!"

Lisica se mu je gostoljubno nasmehnila in dejala:

"Kaj bi z menoj, ko so me same kosti! A nekaj ti hočem povedati. V vasi Tihi dol, na levo od mojega brloga, stoji hlev bogatega kmeta. Pojdi tja in našel boš mlade ovce, ki se ti bodo kar v ustih stopile. Saj bi šla sama s teboj, pa sem se prehladila in zdaj me trga po vseh udih. Komaj deset korakov zmorem."

Volku so se zaiskrile oči. Obrnil se je in v diru stekel v bližnjo vas Tihi dol.

Lisica Zvitorepka se je zvonko zasmejala. "Nu, nocoj bo volku huda predla! Včeraj sem zadavila tistemu kmetu tolsto gos, pred včerajšnjim sem mu ukradla najdebelejšega petelina in danes gotovo stoji na straži, njegovi psi bodo raztrgali Sivka in meni se ne bo treba več bati!"

Ko se je stemnilo, je lisica pomislila: "Pa bi bilo le dobro, da bi si šla ogledat ta prizor v Tihi dol!"

Poskočila je in se v diru zapodila proti Tihemu dolu. Pred vasjo se je ustavila in prisluhnila. Ničesar ni bilo slišati: ne kričanja ljudi, ne lajanja psov, ne jecanja volka. "Najbrže je volk že mrtev, kmetje so šli spat in psi so pri-

klenjeni na verige. Nu, če je tako, pojdem pogledat, ali je morda kak kur-nik odprt!"

S počasnimi in previdnimi koraki je stopala lisica Zvitorepka po vasi, a tedaj je planil izza ograje velik pes in jo ugriznil v sprednjo nogo. V naslednjem trenutku se je pokazal izza ograje tudi mož s palico v roki in jo neusmiljeno oplazil po zadnjem delu telesa. Zvitorepka je vzela pot pod noge in tekla, kakor še nikoli v svojem življenju. Po dolgem teku se je ustavila in se ozrla: pes je bil daleč za njo, o človeku pa sploh ni bilo več sledu. Zdaj se je Zvitorepka šele popolnoma zavedela svojih bolečin. Mukoma se je splazila v svoj brlog in si stokaje lizala krvaveče rane.

Drugo jutro, ko je solnce posijalo, je prišel volk Sivko.

"Hej, botra, sinoči sem imel sijajno večerjo. Šel sem v drugo vas in našel tam debelo ovco. Dobro mi je teknila. Vas Tihi dol mi je bila preveč od nog. In kako je s teboj? Ali te še trga po vseh udih?"

"Da, še vedno," je počasi odgovorila lisica iz svojega brloga. Ni hotela priti ven, da ne bi volk zagledal njenih ran.

Tedaj se je volk vljudno poslovil in odšel.

Lisica je srdito gledala za njim.

"Mastno pečenko sem hotela," si je mislila, "pa sem dobila udarce in komaj odnesla živo kožo. Volka sem hotela uničiti, pa se je le dobro najedel. In zdaj ga bom morala še dalje prenašati in skrbeti za njegovo hrano!"

Kdor drugemu slabo želi, se njemu najslabše godi.



Ivan Jontez:

Verjetna zgodba in neverjetna basen

KATKA in Peter, nobeden še čez dvajset let star, sta si zelo v sorodu: brat in sestra sta po očetu in materi. In kot se za take bližnje sorodnike spodobi, da žive v miru in slogi, tako živita tudi Peter in njegova sestra Katka. Rada se imata, nič se ne prepirata in lasata kakor je v navadi med bratci in sestricami, če je eden včasih trmast je drugi bolj popustljiv in uvideven, ne tožarita drug drugega in tako dalje. Prav idealna otroka sta in sosedje ju stavijo za vzgled svojim otrokom.

Taka sta zdaj. Toda ni še dolgo tega ko sta bila popolnoma drugačna. Prav kakor mačka in pes sta bila. Zmerom sta se prerekala, si bila v laseh in tožarjenju ni bilo konca ne kraja.

“Mama, Katka me je vsega opraskala”, je znal priteči k materi Peter.

Drugič pa Katka, vsa objokana in togotno ihteča: “Mama, Peter me je zlal in udaril me je.”

Na materino vprašanje, zakaj je ona njega opraskala, je Peter vselej odgovoril: “Kaj jaz vem? Kar tako na lepem me je začela obdelavati . . . Nič ji nisem storil. Hudobna je . . .”

Katka pa: “Nič mu nisem naredila, iz same hudobije me je začel lasati in tepsti. Tako je hudoben, mama . . . Če me le more, me udari . . .”

Če je bil obtoženec poleg je navadno sledil kavs kar pričo matere, vmes sta se obkladala z lažniki in zaključno besedo je imela navadno materina palica ali pa očetova težka roka. Toda kazen ju ni prav nič izpametovala.

Mati je začela obupavati nad njima. “Vse zastonj, ne palica niti lepa beseda pri njima ne zaleže! Kot pes in mačka sta! Kaj bi napravila z njima?”

Ker ni vedela drugega, je še nadalje uporabljala palico — seveda zaman.

Katka in Peter si nista dala vbiti v glavo, da ni lepo, če se brat in sestra venomer kavsata in tožarita drug drugega.

Nekega večera, ko sta po običajnem kavsu in poduku s palico, ki je sledil kavsu, legla v posteljo k počitku, je Peter želel, da bi jima oče povedal kako zgodbico. Očeta sta zmerom rada poslušala in takrat sta tudi bila mirna. Oče se je nekaj časa branil, češ, da je utrujen od dela in se mu ne ljubi pripovedovati, ker pa otroka le nista odnehala, se je končno podal. S hudomušnim nasmehkom v očeh se je ozrl vanju ter začel:

“Nekoč je živel velik, silen volk. Prostrana, gosto zaraščena šuma je bila njegovo kraljestvo in gozdna divjačina njegovi trepetajoči podaniki. V tem svojem kraljestvu je bil ta volk neomejen gospodar, pred katerim je vse trepetalo, kajti bil je grozen tiran in strašansko požrešen. Nikdar ni bil sit. Kadar je bil njegov želodec poln, so mu bile oči še vedno lačne in trgal je uboge zajce, srne in drugo divjad, ki mu je prišla pod zobe, trgal jih je na kosce in ker je bil želodec napolnjen in ni mogel več žreti, se je zadovoljil s tem, da je vsrkaval vase vonj tople prelite krvi.

Nekega dne pa je bil ta grozni volk silno lačen. Želodec mu je bil popolnoma prazen, kajti mnogo njegovih podanikov je zbežalo v drugo kraljestvo, ostali pa so se tako dobro skrivali, da volk ni mogel dobiti nobenega plena. Lačen in vsled tega neznansko razsrjen se je volk potepal po gošči in oprezoval z gladnimi očmi za nedolžnim plenom; ko je dospel na jaso pod ogromno pečino pa so se mu oči krviželjno posvetile. Na pečini je stala tolsta ovca z mladičem ter zrla nizdol.

“Kosilo me čaka . . .” se je razveselil volk, toda še tisti hip je ogenj zmago-slavja v njegovih očeh ugasnil: pečina je bila previsoka in prestrma da bi volk mogel zlesti gori ter si privoščiti ovco. Toda kmalu se je porodila v krviželjni buči zvita misel. Hinavsko in s pobožno zavitimimi očmi je nagovoril ovco, ki ga je bila tudi že opazila:

“Pozdravljena, sestra! Ne veš, kako je tvoja prikazen razveselila moje oči . . . Tako sem srečen, ker te vidim . . . Ali bi ne hotela priti doli k meni, da bi te po bratovsko objel?”

Ovca ga je nezaupljivo pogledala: “Ne vem, ali bi ti verjela . . . Krvoločen si in raztrgal bi mene in mojega otroka in bi naju požrl . . . Mojo sestro si požrl lani . . .”

Volk je hinavsko-skesano vzdihnil: “Res je kar praviš, sestra, in strašno težko mi je pri srcu zaradi tega . . . Kesam se, grozno kesam tega greha . . . Toda ker vem, da se s samimi golimi besedami ne da dokazati kesanja, sem sklenil dokazati ti z dejanjem, da je moj kes velik in iskren in da se hočem popboljšati. Pridi k meni brez strahu, spokorjenec sem in hočem ti biti dober brat, a tvojemu mladiču dober stric . . . Pridita, da vaju objamem . . .”

Ovca je še pomišljala, toda mladič je verjel volkovim besedam in se odtrgal od matere ter zdrčal po strmini na jaso. Ovca je onemela v grozi. “Zdajle ga raztrga!” je zatisnila oči, da ne vidi strašnega prizora. Ko je odprla oči je presenečeno zameketala: volk je objemal njenega mladiča, ga poljuboval in se igral z njim.

To je uverilo ovco, da ima volk poštene in iskrene namene in brez nadaljnih pomislekov se je tudi ona spustila po strmini k volku.

“In kaj mislita vidva, da je volk napravil z ovco in njenim mladičem?”

“Požrl ju je”, je menil Peter.

“Nemara pa je bil res pošten in je držal besedo,” je upala Katka, ki ji je bilo žal ovce in njenega mladiča.

Oče se je zasmeljal: “Norček ti, Katka! Kaj misliš, da je kaj takega mogoče, da bi volk živel z ovco kot s sestrom? Če bi rekel to, bi izustil najnevernetnejšo zgodbo, kar jih je bilo izrečenih. Saj še ljudje ne morejo živeti v slogi in prijateljstvu — vidva sta en tak primer! — pa bi volk z ovco! Ti, Katka, bi hotela raztrgati Petra in on tebe. Pa bi volk ne požrl ovce! Beži. Peter je v pravem: volk je požrl ovco in njenega mladiča.”

Katka in Peter sta se spogledala. Očetova zbadljiva opazka jima je šla do živega. In obema se je lahko bralo v očeh: “Oče, motiš se, če misliš, da midva ne moreva živeti v slogi in prijateljstvu! Nisva volka! . . .”

Oče pa se je smehljaj in dostavil: “Ta basen ima svoj pomen, velik pomen, toda vidva sta še premlada, da bi ga mogla pojmiti. Na svetu namreč vlada velikanski volk, ki je neznansko požrešen in požre več kot more prebaviti njegov želodec. In poleg tega so na svetu prav tako neumne ovce, ki verjamejo, da se da živeti z volkom v slogi in prijateljstvu. Pa volk jih vse požre. Ko bosta dorasla bosta že spoznala tega silnega volka. Zdaj pa lahko noč!”

Od tistega dneva dalje se Katka in Peter več ne kavsata in ravsata, ker nočeta, da bi ju oče imel za dva mlada volkova. Pridna sta, da le kaj. Oče pa je vesel, da sta si tako k srcu vzela njegove resnične opazke glede njunega prejšnjega obnašanja in v njem tli tiho upanje, da bosta oba, Katka in Peter nekega dne spoznala tistega pošastnega volka, ki vlada svet in da ne bosta postala — neumni ovci.



Katka Zupančič:

ŠALE POL IN POL RESNICE

SEDE Johnny v aeroplan,
da popelje se na zemlje drugo stran.
V zračno se višino naglo dvigne,
pa ko blisk tja proti vzhodu švigne.

V hipcu se celina z morjem zmenja;
hipec še, in Johnny sred šangajskega je vrenja.
Pa Mongolcem se oči še bolj zožijo:
po letalu misli jim hlepijo . . .

A naš Johnny naglo se izvije
in z vozilom se v oblake skrije.
Med oblaki najgostejšimi poišče
sebi varno zavetišče.

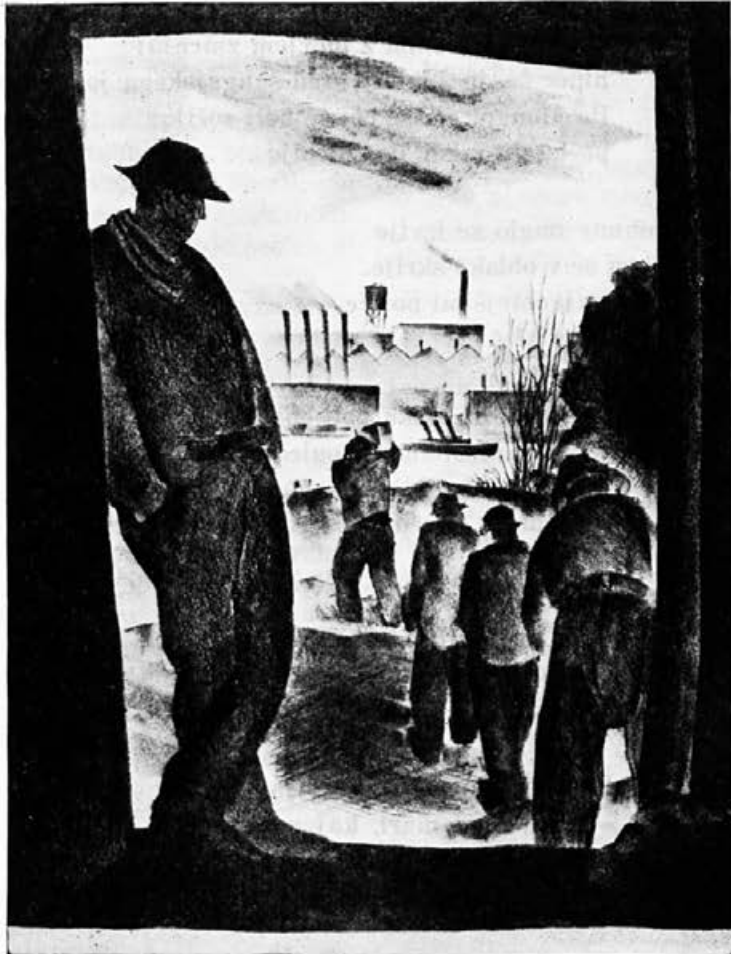
Zdaj šele iz viška doli opazuje,
tepež med Mongolci ogleduje . . .
— Pa saj to je več ko tepež!—ostrmi,
— Zadnji čas, da posredujem!—si veli.

Izpod suknje bel letak izvleče,
ga obteži—in še preden hip poteče:
pade že letak—poziv na spravo—,
kam?—Japoncu-komandiru prav na glavo

Huje še Japonci zropotajo:
— Kaj nam mari, kaj v Ženevi se igrajo?!
In Kellogov pakt?—
Vojska je in to je fakt!

V naglici nebesno stran premirijo;
topa črno žrelo pod nebo naperijo—.
Johnny se prestraši, zazija . . .
pa ko strela jo domov zbezlja.

— — — — —
— — — — —
Lačnim časnikom zdaj snov podaja;
vojsko Johnny drago jim prodaja



Davenport Griffin: DELAVCI

Anna P. Krasna:

Potepinček

P RIBLIŽAL se mi je strahoma in me vprašal, če mi more biti na uslugo.

“Da, toda hoditi moraš poleg mene.”

Gledala sem mu v oči in sem vedela takoj, da je pošten potepinček. Zardel je bil nalahko njegov potepinski obraz in v pol plašnih, pol drznih očeh je zaigralo kakor hipna boleost. Težko je morda že stotič padla nanj neopravičena sodba krivičnega sveta. Toda navažen je bil tega in mu je bilo bržkone vseeno.

Šla sva že vstric po stopnicah nizdol, ko priteče k meni “rdeča čepica”.

“Dovolite, lady, da vas opozorim. Zadnje čase so potepuhi kot ta tu odnesli potnikom precej prtljage — rdeča čepica je najzanesljivejša.”

“Hvala, rdeča čepica, za tvoj trud, ali s tem-le potepinčkom se poznavam.”

Rdeča čepica je odbrzela, se izgubila med potniki, moj mali novi znanec pa me je pogledal s toliko hvaležnostjo, da mi je bilo skoro nerodno. Ni mi bilo čisto nič do tega, da bi videl v meni dobro zaščitnico, ki se poteguje zanj. Hotela sem mu biti za nekaj časa zgolj prijazna tuja ženska, s katero lahko pokramlja po potepinsko, če mu drago.

Par minut sva stopala molče, drug poleg drugega. Vestno je vršil mojo zapoved; zmirom se je zadeval ob me s prtljago. Ne zaradi preozkega trotoarja, ampak ker ga je očitvidno mikalo pričetni pogovor, pa je sam pri sebi tuhtal, če je vredno začeti. Pri tem me je postrani opazoval in se končno opogumil.

“Ali prihajate od daleč?”

“Da, precej od daleč. Te li to zanima?”

“Zelo. Rad bi šel iz tega mesta v kak drug kraj. V kako vlemesto ali pa na ranče tja daleč na zapad. Kaj mislite, bi se li izplačalo poskusiti v teh časih?”

“Kaj gotovega in določnega je težko reči glede tega — posebno še dečkom

kot si ti. Sicer pa vem, da bi imel tako življenje kot zdaj lahko povsod, zakaj tebi enakih sem srečala kjer sem hotela.”

“Mnogo?”

“Precej.”

“So li izgledali zelo revno?”

“O nobenem bi ne mislila, da se pošteno naje tudi samo po enkrat na dan.”

“Pa so potepini v vlemestih res tako hudobni in zlikovi, kakor pravijo?”

“Nisem imela izkušenj z njimi, zato jih nočem obsojati. Brez dvoma so med njimi tudi pošteni, prav pošteni dečki, — kako si na pr. ti —”

“Jaz? Saj jaz nisem pošten.”

“Nisi!”

“Ne, kradel sem že, a me niso zasačili.”

“Kaj pa si kradel?”

“Par čevljev sem vzela za mater, ko je bila velika razprodaja in so se ljudje gnetli okrog miz. Bili so res samo en dolar, toda ukradel sem jih in zato ne morem reči, da sem pošten.”

“Pa bi mojo prtljago tudi ukradel in jo nesel materi? Saj pač veš, da je v kovčegih obleka, ki bi jo mati znaniti potrebovala.”

Mislila sem, da bo iskal dolgih zagovorov in izgovorov, pa je odgovoril docela odločno in mirno:

“Ne, tega pa ne bi storil. V veliki sili bi sicer še kje kaj vzela, a nikdar ne tujim ljudem ali sosedom. Šel bi spet v veliko trgovino. Tam se ne pozna. Trgovci so bogati. Sicer pa niti tega ne storim več drugače, kakor če ne bom mogel nikjer nič dobiti s prošnjo ali zaslužkom. Jaz bi bil rad zmirom dober in pošten, pa mi nočejo nikjer dati dela. Pravijo, da imajo na razpolago odrastlih in ne potrebujejo šolarjev.”

“No, vidiš, da si res pošten. Nisem se motila v tebi in to me veseli. Zdaj

pa lahko greš. Jaz moram tukaj počakati avtobusa, da me odpelje naprej."

Zavzel se je.

"Kako hitro sva prišla do tu. Sicer pa se mi nikamor ne mudi in če je vam prav, ostanem z vami, dokler ne pride vozilo."

"Seveda mi je prav. Kar ostani in povej mi kaj o sebi."

"Kaj pa naj povem?"

"Kje in kako živiš, če pohajaš šolo in podobno. Mene bo vse zanimalo."

"O! to je lahko povedati. Podnevi živim največ na ulicah, zvečer grem včasih domov, če nisem predaleč od doma in utrujen. Kadar pa dobim pri peku kruha ali zaslužim kod kakšno desetico, grem domov, če sem prav utrujen in lačen. Doma je mati in še osem bratov in sester. Očeta nimamo. Ubilo ga je v jami pred petimi leti. Ena sestra dela v restavraciji. Posodo pomiva in malo zasluži, komaj zase. Vsi drugi so doma in stradajo z materjo vred. Zato je pravi praznik, kadar prinesem kruha in starega peciva od peka. Seveda bi dobil pri peku več in večkrat, če bi bil sam, pa nas je celo grupa in se vrstimo. V šolo nič več ne hodim. Čemu mi bo, saj pravijo, da tudi izšolani ne morejo več dobiti dela. Najraje bi šel po svetu, kakor sem prej omenil, in bom tudi šel. Mogoče že na spomlad."

"Pa ti bo pustila mati?"

"Saj ji ne bom povedal."

"Tega ne smeš storiti, nakopal ji boš skrbi."

"Nato nisem mislil. Pa saj bi ji pisal. In nekaj moram na vsak način ukreniti, kar tako tudi ne moremo poginiti. Če se časi kmalu ne spremenijo, jih bomo morali vsekakor spremeniti sami."

"Sami, da, a ti sam ne moreš kdovekaj spremeniti. Ako tudi dobiš delo, bo mati še zmirom v revščini, kajti brez dvoma boš prav malo služil, sam pa boš tudi moral živeti. Siromakom je na vseh koncih težko, mali. Gorja in skrbi se nikoli ne iznebimo, naj gremo kamorkoli."

Pogledal me je z dolgim pogledom in se parkrat premaknil na sedežu. Oči je zapiral in odpiral kakor bi nekaj premišljeval. Potem se je zagledal v svoje luknjaste čevlje in si podprl brado z roko. Čez par hipov pa se je zopet oživel in povzel počasi in prevdarno:

"Prav zares. Ne bili bi mnogo na boljem doma zaradi mene. Hm. Včasih se mi zdi, da bi bilo najboljšje napraviti tako kakor je rekel neki mož, ki so ga potem zaprli: vzeti bogatim in dati revnim."

"Mož je najbrž hotel reči, naj bi revni obdržali vse bogastvo, ki ga ustvarjajo zase, namesto da ga sproti izročajo brezdelnim izkoriščevalcem."

"Kako? Tega pa res ne razumem. Mi revni ustvarjamo bogastva? Zakaj pa smo potem sploh revni?"

"Mar ni tvoj oče kopal bogastva pod zemljo?"

"Je, pa to bogastvo ni bilo njegovo. On je delal za družbo, ki lastuje rov."

"Že prav, ali če bi ne bilo tisoče takih kot je bil tvoj oče, tedaj bi tudi rogov ne bilo in ne bilo bi razkošnega bogastva v palačah lastnikov; tudi palače bi ne bilo. Prav tako je s tovarnami, mali, in z vsem drugim. Delavci vse naredo, vse ustvarijo, le deliti ne znajo sami tega, kar naredijo."

"Toda nekdo mora imeti rudnike, tovarne in trgovine, da gredo lahko ljudje delat in pa kupovat, kar potrebujejo. Samo to ni prav, da hočejo imeti toliko bogastva, mi pa moramo stradati. Nič bi se jim ne poznalo, če bi dali tudi revnim toliko, da bi jim ne bilo treba stradati. Če pa nočejo dati, potem bi bilo čisto prav, da se jim vzame, kolikor treba."

"Revolucionaren si, mali potepinček, in to mi je prav po godu, a poslušaj, dala ti bom kratko primerico, na katero se boš mogoče večkrat spomnil v bodočnosti. — Misli si, da tvoja mati speče kruh. Velike, lepo rumene hlebe speče. Ko pa so pečeni, ne obdrži teh hlebov zase, temveč jih nese, no, reci-mo nekakšnemu oblastniku. Ta hlebe

vzame in odreže materi od vsakega hleba majhen kos, da to ponese svojim otrokom, večjidel hlebov pa ohrani zase in za svojo družino ter prijatelje. Tisti majhni kosi pa seveda ne zaležejo dosti pri zmirom lačnih otrocih, zato gre mati k oblastniku in ga prosi, naj ji drugič, ko spet prinese hlebe, odreže večje kose. Oblastnik pa se ji smeje in ji reče: "Kaj si znorela ženska? Ne večje, manjše kose ti bom rezal v bodoče! Mar ne veš, da je kriza in ne moremo sproti pojesti vsega kruha, ker ga je preveč. Kar pojdi domov in bodi zadovoljna, da ti sploh kaj odrežem in vrnem od tvojih hlebov." Mati je kajpakda presenečena in ne more nikakor razumeti, zakaj bi ne mogla dobiti večjih kosov, ako kruha preostaja. Nekaj časa trpi in strada kruha s svojo družino, potem pa gre in s silo vzame kruh pri oblastniku. Oblastnik pa je oborožen in ustrelil za tvojo materjo ter jo rani. Kaznovan ni nič, ker je imel pravico streljati na — tatico. Mati leži bolna in premišljuje, kako bi prišla do večje-

ga kosa kruha za svojo družino. Dolgo premišljuje in ko je že skoro zdrava se nenadno nekoč domisli, da odslej sploh ne bo več nosila hlebov oblastniku — če jih zna sama speči, jih bo znala tudi sama deliti svojim otrokom. In pri vas nastane naenkrat blagostanje, ker imate ves kruh, ki ga mati speče na razpolago. — Vidiš, mali, nekaj podobnega bi se morali domisliti tudi delavci, ki vse, prav vse bogastvo ustvarjajo — sami bi ga morali deliti pravično. — Ali me razumeš?"

"Kaj bi ne razumel, nekaj podobnega sem že nekje slišal. Najbrž je o tem govoril neki moj tovariš. Ali ne tako razločno in razumljivo. To je bila zgod-bica! Povedal jo bom svojim tovarišem. — Zdaj prihaja vaš avtobus, zdravi!"

"Zdrav tudi ti, prijatelj-potepinček!"

Toplo in trdo mi je stisnil desnico in gledal za vozilom, dokler mu ni izginilo izpred oči. In jaz bi bila dala cekin za misli, ki so bile takrat v njegovi potepinski glavici.

Lažnive in resnične o Pikcu in Nikcu

(Zbira Jože Kovač.)

PIKEC in Nikec sta bila dva neugnana bratca. Vsa vas ju je bila polna, vsi vaščani so ju poznali, kakor sta jih poznala ona dva. Nič čudnega, saj sem dejal, da sta bila neugnana. A zameril jima ni nihče. Čemu neki? Otroci imajo več pravic kot veliki ljudje, otroci smejo počenjati stvari, ki jih veliki ne smejo. Čigava je bila kuhinja, ko sta bila Pikec in Nikec še majhna in sta še lazila po vseh štirih? Materina? Kaj še! Pikčeva in Nikčeva! Onadva sta gospodarila po kuhinji, onadva sta morala imeti vse lonce na razpolago, njuna je bila miza in njuni so bili stoli.

Mizi sta rekli, da je Triglav, stoli pa so bili vlak, ki vozi pod Triglavom. Čigava je bila soba? Nikčeva in Pikčeva! Plazila sta se pod posteljami in sta govorila, da vozita skozi predor. Nemogoče je bilo prepričati ju, da to ni predor, marveč postelja. Še dobro, da sta si mislila tako. Zakaj če bi hotela na vsak način skozi resnični predor, bi ju moral vzeti oče s seboj na zaresni vlak in plačati vožnje. Oče pa ni imel denarja kar na razsipanje. Kuhinja in soba, hodnik in vrt—to je bilo Pikčevo in Nikčevo, tu sta onadva gospodarila in delila ukaze.

Oče in mati sta bila kar majhna pred njima. Že njuna zvedavost, zlasti Pikčeva, ju je spravljalaj kaj pogosto v hude zadrege. Pikec je pogostoma izpraševal očeta o stvareh, ki so se zdele njemu zelo resne, oče pa se mu je kar smejal. To ga je žalilo. Njemu je šlo čisto za res. Vsaki stvari je hotel priti do dna, za vsako vprašanje je hotel imeti odgovor, ki ga je razumel. Prej ni odnehal.

Ko je bil še majhen, je bil naglo zadovoljen z odgovorom. Ko je spoznal, da je ura tista stvar, ki zmerom gre in ki ljudje tolikokrat pogledajo nanjo, si je zapomnil tudi, da ljudje pogosto vprašujejo drug drugega: "Koliko pa je ura?" Pa je tudi on včasih vtaknil roke v žep, se vzravnal sredi kuhinje in vprašal očeta: "Koliko pa je ura?"

In oče je dejal: "Najst," kar je pomenilo za Pikca "enajst." In kadarkoli je Pikec vprašal očeta, koliko je ura, zmerom je dejal oče: "Najst!" Pa naj je to bilo zjutraj, popoldne ali zvečer. In Pikec se je zadovoljil. Da mu je le oče odgovoril, pa je bilo v redu. Ali je bil odgovor pravilen ali ne, tega Pikec ni vedel in mu je bilo prav vseeno. Imenitno se mu je zdelo, da je očeta izpraševal in da mu je on, oče, ki je vendar velik, odgovarjal.

O, takrat je bilo očetu lahko. Odgovoril je tako ali tako, vseeno je bilo. Ko pa je Pikec nekoliko zrastel in je že sam dosegel do kljuke, tedaj je bilo težje. Na uro se je Pikec že dobro spoznal, nič več mu ni mogel oče odgovarjati samo z "Najst," popolnoma natančno mu je moral povedati, koliko je ura. Pikec je vedel, da popoldne ne more biti "najst."

Ko je bil še majhen in so nekoč sedeli pri večerji za mizo, na kateri je imel Pikec pečeno klobaso pred seboj, je vprašal: "Kako pa se je imenovala ta-le klobasa, ko je bila še živa?"

Vsi so se mu smejali, še Nikec se je zarežal, ki je bil nekoliko starejši. To mu je Pikec zelo zameril, ker toliko starejši pa Nikec spet ni bil, da bi se lahko

smejaj Pikčevemu vprašanju. Oče pa mu je odgovoril:

"Krul-krul se je imenovala, Pikec, Krul-krul. In zdaj tiho ter jej."

Pikec pa je še vprašal: "Krul-krul ima rogove, kaj ne?"

"Zakaj?" je vprašal zdaj oče.

"Ker jih ima še zdaj," je dejal Pikec in pokazal na špilo. "Spređaj in zadaj jih ima, rožičke."

Če bi bil rekel oče, da je bila klobasa prej zmaj, bi Pikec tudi verjel. Takrat. Zdaj ne več. Zdaj ve, da je Krul-krul pujske in da nima rogov.

Pa tudi Nikec ni bil nič boljši. Ko je šel nekoč z očetom ob potoku, je vprašal: "Oče, zakaj pa ribe ne govorijo?"

Na to težko vprašanje je oče odgovoril le: "Ker je živalica in živalice ne govorijo."

Nikec pa tega ni verjel, dejal je, da riba ni žival, saj zna plavati kot Boštjanov Lipe.

"No," je dejal oče, "pa zna Lipe govoriti, kadar je pod vodo?"

"Ne."

"Zakaj ne?"

"Zaradi vode."

"No vidiš," je dejal oče, "kako naj potem govori riba, če ima pa usta polna vode." Kar oddahnil se je oče, vesel, da je Nikcu razložil.

In Nikec je verjel. Riba ni žival, govoriti pa ne more, ker ima usta polna vode.

Tako sta imela mati in oče polno dela z otrokoma. Neprestano sta izpraševala, mnogo sta hotela vedeti in mnogo razumeti. V vseh njunih vprašanjih pa je bilo nekaj smešnega, čemur so se vsi smejali. Kasneje sta sama spoznala, da je v njunih vprašanjih res precej šaljivega. In zrastle sta v dva neugnana šolarčka, ki sta zabavala ves razred s svojimi šalami in dovtipi. Včasih sta jih napravila ali povedala nalašč, včasih pa nehote, slučajno. Je že res, da sta se včasih učitelj in katehet jezila zaradi Pikca in Nikca, toda smejala sta se jima vsakokrat. Sta že napravila kaj takega, da se je moral smejati ves razred z učite-

ljem vred, ali pa sta se znebila kakšne takšne, da ni bila za nikamor.

Nekoč je prišel Pikec v šolo brez peresnika. Učitelj je narekoval nalogo, ki so jo morali učenci pisati v zvezek. Vsi so pisali, le Pikec ni mogel.

Pa ga pobara učitelj: "Zakaj ne pišeš, Pikec. Misliš, da bom tebi posebej narekoval?"

In Pikec: "Peresnik sem doma pozabil."

"Le kako moreš priti v šolo brez peresnika? Šolar, pa brez peresnika! Slišiš, Pikec, kako bi imenoval vojaka, ki gre brez puške v vojno?"

"General!" odgovori naglo Pikec. Učitelj, ki je bil poprej jezen, se je zdaj moral smejati. General! A odgovoril je Piku:

"Peresnika ne smeš pozabiti doma, zapomni si! Če bi vsi pozabili peresnike doma in bi bili vsi taki, kakršen si ti, bi bilo bolje, da šolo kar zapremo."

Doma pa je Pikec dejal materi: "Mama, danes me je učitelj pohvalil. Rekel je, da bi lahko šolo kar zaprli, če bi bili vsi šolarji takšni, kakršen sem jaz."

Mati je vedela, da tu nekaj ne bo prav. "Kaj si pa spet storil?"

"Nič, peresnik sem doma pozabil."

Da bi bil Pikec bolj pazljiv, mu jih je matil naložila nekaj gorkih po zadnji plati. Pikec ni jokal, vedel je, da je to čisto v redu, saj jih dobi včasih tudi Trgovčev Tonček. Ne boli pa tudi ne preveč, samo nekoliko skeli.

Ko je prišel drugega dne v šolo, je učitelj razlagal šolarjem, kje ima človek pljuča, kje ima možgane, da hodi človek po dveh nogah, živali pa po štirih. Zdaj bi rad še povedal in razložil, kje ima človek srce. Pa vpraša Pikeca:

"No, Pikec, kje imaš srce?"

Pikec molči. Stvar je tako preprosta, da ni vredno odgovarjati, si misli Pikec.

"No," ga bodri učitelj, "le položi roko na levo stran prsi, pa boš čutil udarce."

"Ne," pravi Pikec, "jaz čutim udarce zmerom zadržaj in nekoliko nižje."

Mislil je pač na udarce, ki mu jih včasih naloži mati na zadnjo plat.

Takle je bil Pikec, vidite. Pa to ni vse. Še mnogo drugega je počel, še precej drugačne je zagodel. Prav tako Nikec. In če vas zanima, vam o teh dveh prikupnih nagajivcih, ki ju je bila vsa vas polna, povem še prihodnjič kaj. Če me seveda marate poslušati!

Rečem vam pa, muhe sta imela, da nikoli tega.



SPOMLAD



Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Zdi se mi, da sem malo prehitro vzkliknil o prihodu spomladi v prošli številki Mladinskega lista. Kajti z mesecem marcem se je šele pričela prava zima. Obiskal nas je mraz in padlo je obilo snega. Toda sonce pošilja vsak dan toplejše žarke na zemljo in spomladna zima se bo končno morala umakniti ljubi pomladi.

Delavske razmere so še vedno slabe vsepovsod in mnogo ljudi živi v skrajni bedi. Naša društva in federacije prirejajo veselice, da se s prebitki odpomore prizadetim članom kolikor se pač more. Vlada ni v tem oziru storila še ničesar, da bi pomagala brezposelnim delavcem, katerih je sedaj že krog deset milijonov!

Tudi sedaj na spomlad ne smete pozabiti "Našega kotička", ampak dopisujte vanj pridno vsak mesec!

—UREDNIK.

RAD ČITA KNJIGE

Dragi urednik!

Zelo žal mi je, da se nisem že prej oglašil v "Kotičku," pa nisem skoro utegnil, ker sem bil zaposlen z mojim učenjem.

Pred kratkim, meseca februarja, sem bil povišan v 5. razred. In sedaj pa imamo že spet nove skušnje. Jaz imam nekaj knjig, katere zelo rad čitam, ker so zanimive.

V Mladinskem listu v "Kotičku" sem opazil, da je vedno več slovenskih dopisov ali pisem, ki jih pišejo naši mladi bratci in sestrice. Vesel sem bil, ko sem videl moje sestrice prvo pismo v januarški številki Mladinskega lista, zato se Vam lepo zahvaljujem, ker ste ga **pri-**občili.

Pozdrav Vam, urednik, in čitateljem!

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

LEPO VREME IN DRUGO

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Hvala vam lepa, urednik, ker ste popravili moje pismo. Meni gre slovenščina še bolj slabo in težje kot mojemu bratcu, vseeno pa se učim slovensko tudi jaz. Moj brat večkrat piše v M. L.

V Scrantonu, Pa., imamo zelo lepo vreme, in toplo je skoro kakor spomladi (27. feb.)

Za Washingtonov rojstni dan smo imeli v naši šoli kratek program, ki je obstojal iz par povestic iz njegovega življenja. To me je zelo zanimalo.

Jaz hodim rada v šolo, sedaj sem v 3A razredu.—Zahvaljujem se Vam že vnaprej, ako boste popravili ta dopis in napake izpustili.

Srčen pozdrav Vam, urednik, in čitateljem!

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

LE VKUP, "KOTIČKARJI"!

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da priobčite tehle par vrstic, ki jih Vam pošiljam kot običajno vsak mesec, v Mladinskem listu.

Nestrpno sem že pričakovala Mlad. list (marčeve št.), a ni ga hotelo biti. Mislila sem si že, da je tisti "Lukamatia," ki vozi pošto iz Chicaga v Clinton, morda zgrešil pot, ali pa, da ga je kdo poslal po prvi april. No, pa sem se zmotila. List sem dobila v roke dne 16. marca. Odprem ga nestrpno in pogledam najprvo v naš lastni "Kotiček," če je tam vse v redu in—bogami—bilo je, lepo ste vse uredili, za kar se Vam prav lepo zahvaljujem, obenem se pa zahvaljujem tudi sestrici Juliji Zura iz Muskegon Hts., Mich., ki se je tako pohvalno izrazila o mojem dopisovanju, ki je, kot ona trdi, povzročilo, da je tudi ona začela dopisovati v Mlad. list. Lepa hvala, Julija, za tvoje priznanje in te prosim, da bi tudi ti kaj napisala in še druge pridobila za to.

Le vkup, "Kotičkarji," in dajmo po grbi "Chattercornerjem." Prepričana sem, da bi tako tekmovanje vzbudilo med mladimi pa tudi starimi člani vedno več zanimanja za jednoto in za našo skupno stvar, kar bi bilo v boljšo korist nas vseh. Skušajmo zbuditi zanimanje pri mladini in jo zainteresirati za jednoto, ker mladina je temelj bodočnosti naši jednoti. Pridobimo in ohranimo si mladino, pa si bomo ohranili i jednoto.

Delavske razmere so tukaj v Clintonu slabe, da ne morejo biti slabše; unija je šla "po gobe." Vermillion Coal Co. obratuje že par tednov in plača po \$3.60 na 8 ur. Sedaj je začela še American Eagle Coal Co. po isti plači. Kdor pozna razmere, ve kaj to pomeni.

Da ne boste mislili, da se mislim izmuzati brez običajne pesmice, Vam pošiljam tole za prvi april, le škoda, da jo bodo bralci prepoznali. Tukaj je:

PO PRVI APRIL.

Zarana v vasi zakriči
sosedov Urh: "Pri nas gori!
Gasiti brž naj pride vsak.
če ne, vso vas bo nesel vrag."
To rekši, brž domov zleti,
za njim pa cela vas drvi.
Doma obstane pred pečjo.
pokaže "ogenj" jim z roko:
"Poglejte, tu gori, gori!"
pri tem poredno se reži.
Sosedje zakričijo: "Vrag,
mar se ti meša, grdi spak!"
"O, moja pamet zdrava je,
le vaš spomin vam peša že,
ker vsak od vas je pozabil,
da danes prvi je april!"

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Josephine Mestek,
638 North Ninth str., Clinton, Ind.

SPOMLAD PRIHAJA

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se oglašam z malim dopisom v Mladinski list. Prečitala sem povest o zvončku, kako se je ponašal in bahal ter druge cvetice dražil, da spijo tako dolgo. Vijolica je tudi prva spomladna cvetica.

Pozdravljena vijolica spomladna! Prva si, kako si vsa okinčana in oh, kako te oko želi! Priroda je spala, pa je zopet vstala in prišla bo zala, preljuba spomlad.

Ta mesec smo imeli še precej zime in snega, pa mislimo, da se bo poslavlila od nas. Veselimo se zelene spomladi.

Želim, da bi se vsi bratci in sestrice prav dobro zabavali.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku! (Se bom pa še prihodnjič kaj oglasila.)

Anna Matos,
box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

OD DRUŠTVA ŠT. 118

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za Mladinski list. Mi vsi spadamo k SNPJ, društvo št. 118. Jaz hodim v Morningside šolo. Sem v 5. razredu in stara sem 11 let. Imam brata, ki je star 7 let in tudi on hodi v šolo v 2. razred.

Dragi bratci in sestrice! Ali ste se kaj sanjali? Malo, kakor jaz.

Pozdrav vsem!
Pauline Fabec,
6910 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

TO SEM JAZ!

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Vas prosim, da bi mi priobčili moj prvi slovenski dopis in tole malo pesmico:

1.

Sem šolarček mlad,
veselo živim;
vsak me ima rad,
se pridno učim.

2.

Um imam, glavo, roke
in obraz, vrat
in ušesa, pogledjte:
to sem jaz!

Upam, da boste popravili moje napake, kajti jaz se še slovenski učim.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice in tudi Vas!

Marion Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwin, Pa.

OD ČLANICE DRUŠTVA ŠT. 5

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pisemce za Mladinski list.

Naj Vam povem tudi jaz, da mi vsi v naši družini spadamo k Slovenski narodni podporni enoti, društvo št. 5, moji starši in jaz. Stara sem 9 let in v šoli sem v 4A razredu.

Prosím Vas, urednik, da popravite moje napake.

Lep pozdrav vsem! **Louise Kocjan,**
1157 Norwood rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

POMLADNI POZDRAVI

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega lista!

Najprej naj sporočim vsem mladim članom SNPJ lepe pomladne pozdrave. Dalje se lepo zahvaljujem vsem članom za naklonjenost v

prošlosti. Vsi vemo, da so slabi časi. V Prosveti sem brala, da je gl. odbor odredil, da brezposelni lahko obdržijo svoje otroke v mladinskem oddelku do 18. leta, ako ne morejo starši plačevati asesmenta za odrasli oddelek.

Mene zelo veseli, da sem članica društva 248 SNPJ.—Vsako mlado dekle bi bilo rado že v polnih letih, kadar pa doraste v mlado ženo, recimo staro 34 let, pravi moj oče, da vsaka želi biti par let mlajša. Je menda že tako, kar se pa ne da pomagati. (Slike ne morem priobčiti, ker bi se ne obnesla; je pretemna in nejasna.—Urednik.)

Mnogim je v teh slabih časih zelo težko plačevati asesment, zato pa so nekateri člani postali pasivni.

Iskren pozdrav vsem, ki to čitajo!

Rosie Kramar, box 102, Elmora, Pa.

Računske zanimivosti

OBSTOJI tudi stara uganka: Napiši sto s štirimi ali pa tudi z več enakimi številkami. In vsakdo bo takoj napisal 99 9/9 ali pa celo 99 99/99, ali nadaljeval ne bo. Ali prosimo: $111-11=100$, 3×33 in $3/3=100$, $5 \times 5-5 \times 5$ je 100, $25-5=20 \times 5=100$, ali 5 in 5 in 5, 5×5 in 5×5 je tudi še vedno 100 (namreč $15 \times 5=75+25=100$). Manj lahko bo pa tudi za profesorja višje matematike napisati sto s številkami od 0 do 9, ne da bi se te samo enkrat ponavljale. Svetoval bom seveda ne iz lastne pamei, bil sem vedno slab matematičar, dasi me je, kar priznavam, vedno zanimala po Lietzmannu iz knjižice "Veselo in zanimivo o številkah in vzorcih":

O številki 100

1 in 2 in 3 in 4 in 5 in 6 in 7 in 8 \times 9 je 100.

$50 \frac{1}{2}$ in $49 \frac{38}{76}$ je 100, $78 \frac{3}{6}$ in $21 \frac{45}{90}$ je 100, 89 in $6 \frac{1}{2}$ in $4 \frac{35}{70}$ je 100, 90 in $8 \frac{3}{6}$ in $1 \frac{27}{54}$ je tudi še vedno 100.

Ako boste pa še naprej iskali in poskušali boste našli še mnogo čudovitega.

—st—

O številu 142.857

To število ni nič manj zanimivo kot pa številka 100. Ako ga pomnožimo z dvemi, tremi, štirimi, petimi, šestimi, dobimo vedno isto število, samo številke so malo drugače postavljene. Tako je $142.857 \times 2 = 285.714$, potem pa $428.571, 571.428, 714.285$, število pomnoženo s šestimi, pa prestavi obe skupini stotisočev: 857.142. In ako ga pomnožite s sedem, dobite ravno 999.999! Poglejmo si to število še po vrsti oz. pogledjmo dobljene zneske po množenju:

142.857 krat 1 je 142.857—a
142.857 krat 2 je 285.714—b
142.857 krat 3 je 428.571—c
142.857 krat 4 je 571.428—c
142.857 krat 5 je 714.285—b
142.857 krat 6 je 857.142—a
142.867 krat 7 je 999.999

Niso vedno samo iste številke, nego zmoške lahko postavimo tudi v skupine, ki se prav dobro ponavljajo oz. zamenjujejo. Zamenjane stotice in tisočice se vrstijo v razmerju a,b,c;c,b,a. Ali ni to čudovito in zanimivo?—st—



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XI

APRIL, 1932

Number 4

WINDS

THE moods of our life are so many winds
 All blowing at variable speed;
 Our natures recording barometers are,
 That velocity measure and read.

Sometimes we are whirlwinds, at others the breeze;
 Our impulse the current decrees,
 Yet rate of the movement intention reveals:
 Accomplishment, Turmoil, or Peace.

The fresh mountain air delights with its touch,
 The weathervane turns in the breeze;
 A blast of the soul its fibres destroys,
 And gusts will no torrents appease.

The steady wind ever the windmill rotates,
 But hurricanes recklessly rage;
 The scheme of the winds is Nature's design—
 For each whim and incentive, a gauge.

Mary Jugg, Lodge 609.

TO ONE POUTING

Bumpers

Brazenly challenging
 Shocks unavoidable
 Suffer for casualties
 To cars.

Lips

Pouting so sullenly
 Thrust out conveniently
 Dangers inviting are
 For you.

The Oldest Living Things

THE oldest living things on this earth are trees. Given favorable conditions for growth and sustenance, the average tree will never die of old age—its death is merely an accident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near it, and perhaps rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it, floods or winds may sweep it away, or its roots may come in contact with rock and become so gnarled and twisted, because they have not room to expand in their growth, that they literally throttle the avenues of its sustenance; but these are accidents. If such things do not happen a tree may live on for century after century, still robust, still flourishing, sheltering with its widespreading branches the men and women of age after age.

There is a yew-tree in the churchyard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which de Candolle, nearly a century ago, proved to the satisfaction of botanists to be over twenty-five centuries old, and another at Hedsor, in Buclas, which is 3,240 years old. How de Candolle arrived at an apparently correct estimate of the enormous age of these living trees is a simple thing, and the principle is doubtless well known today to all. The yew, like most other trees, adds one line, about the tenth of an inch, to its circumference each year. He proved this after an investigation extending over several years, and we know now, a hundred years later, that his deductions were correct. The old yew at Hedsor has a trunk 27 feet in

diameter, proving its great age, and it is in a flourishing, healthy condition now, like its brother at Fortingal.

Humboldt refers to a gigantic boabab tree in Central Africa as the "oldest organic monument" in the world. This tree has a trunk 29 feet in diameter, and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5,150 years.

Still, it is not the oldest organic monument in the world, as Humboldt declared, for Mexican scientists have proved that the Montezuma cypress at Chepultepec, with a trunk 118 feet and 10 inches in circumference, is still older, older, too, by more than a thousand years, for it has been shown, as conclusively as these things can be shown, that its age is about six thousand two hundred sixty years. To become impressed with wonder over this, one has only to dwell on that duration for a little while in thought.

The giant redwoods of California are profoundly impressive, not only by reason of their age and dimensions, but of their number. The sequoias of the Mariposa, Calaveras, and South Park groves are more than eighteen hundred in number. The age of the "grizzly giant" in the Mariposa group, is 4,680 years, while the prostrate monarch of the Calaveras grove, known as the "Father of the Forest," with circumference of 110 feet, and a height standing of 435 feet, is much older.





Roy H. Collins: CHILD

The Baby

BORN of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of life. —Robert Ingersoll.

Uncle Sam's Nine Thousand Islands

THE United States has acquired some 9,000 islands outside the boundaries of the 48 states, says the National Geographic Society. They are scattered from the South Pacific north across the Arctic Circle. They sprinkle the seas of both hemispheres for a distance of 15,000 miles from St. John, in the Virgin Islands, to Balabac Island, on the outskirts of the Philippines.

The Philippines comprise approximately eight thousand islands. Luzon is as large as Ohio in area. Almost nothing is known of the seven thousand islets in the Archipelago having an area of one-tenth of a square mile or more.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey does not know for sure how many Aleutian islands there are but it is endeavoring to find out by airplane surveys. Down in the panhandle of

Alaska lie many more islands behind whose protecting flanks steamers thread their way up the Inland Passage.

By square miles of land the Hawaiian Islands have an area equal to Connecticut and Rhode Island. By their spread over the Pacific Ocean the islands occupy a region as long from east to west as the United States is long and as wide as the United States is wide. Wake Island, of the Territory of Hawaii, an uninhabited atoll 18 feet above sea level, lies nearly 3,000 miles away from the Island of Hawaii.

Little is known of the 70 guano islands scattered over the Pacific. Then there are islets and banks in the western Caribbean, and Swains Islands near Samoa over which the American flag flies.

The Sunflower's Story

THE tiny rose Gentian stretched its neck upward almost to the straining point. How many times it had vainly tried to attract the attention of the towering Sunflower so high in the air! To the little Gentian it had always been a marvel. How did it happen that this yellow flower was such a sturdy, husky plant with a broad laughing face higher than any of her sister flower? She seemed aloof, too, for she never stooped to talk to the gentians and bluebells about her.

There was something different about this day, though. Gentian noticed that the head of the Sunflower was bent. Even the petals seemed to droop over her brow.

"Sunflower, Sunflower," called the tiny flower, making her last effort to be heard. "Talk with me today."

Gentian put forth all her might, but the voice was so feeble that Sunflower could scarcely hear it.

"Sunflower! I know you hear me now, for you're turning your head in this direction. Why don't you ever speak to me?"

"Because I never have time," huskily answered the Sunflower, seeing for the first time how delightfully colored the little flower was.

"But you do have time today, don't you?" entreated the Gentian.

So persistent was the dainty Gentian that Sunflower decided to satisfy her questions. And so she again replied, "Yes, I have time today, because it is cloudy."

"Then tell me why you grow so tall."

"That is a long story," said Sunflower in her coarse voice, bending her head still lower so that she could see Gentian plainly.

"Do tell it now that you've almost begun", insisted the Gentian.

Sunflower first looked toward the clouds. There was no indication that the sun would show itself that day; therefore, she settled herself in an attitude of conversation.

"Long, long ago I was much smaller than you," she began.

"That is impossible!" exclaimed Gentian, amazed.

"That is the truth of the matter," nodded Sunflower, pleased that she could be found so interesting. "I was so small that no one took any notice of me." I tried to force my attentions on the flowers and grasses about me. They all scoffed. Everyone grew so high above me that I was threatened to perish. I couldn't catch the sun's rays."

"Didn't the good fairies of the field help you?" asked the tiny pink flower.

"No one could do anything," replied the Sunflower. "Day by day I cried for help, but I couldn't make myself heard. I had given up hope until —" Here the Sunflower again glanced at the clouds—"until the Sun came to my rescue."

"You mean that the Sun took notice of you?"

"Yes," said Sunflower. "One day a group of his shining beams found me

and reported my pitiful story to the Sun himself. He took a sudden interest in me. Every day he sent special troops of sunbeams to care for me personally. I grew taller and taller. He was so elated at my progress that I was rewarded by being made the tallest flower to be found anywhere. Then the Sun decided to make me look like him. That is why I have a large, smiling face, surrounded by yellow petals just like himself."

"Then the Sun must be very proud of you", remarked the Gentian, changing her opinion about the haughtiness of the Sunflower.

"I think he is. But I have never forgotten my debt to him, either. To show that I am grateful I turn my face in his direction day by day. When he rises in the morning, I greet him cheerily, and then I follow him in his course across the sky. I have never been caught off duty yet."

The last mystery of the mammoth flower was made clear to Gentian.

"Now I understand what you meant by saying that you will talk because it is cloudy."

"Yes," said Sunflower. But just as it meant to add something more, the sun peeped out from behind the clouds and Sunflower curtly bowed, to turn her head into that direction, leaving the lovely rose Gentian to tell the strange story to the flowers about her.



Jonas Lie: THE BORDER TOWN



Hilda Belsher: HUNGRY

Nature's Original Factory

WHEN one buys a pound section of honey and takes it home to spread one the breakfast waffles, one naturally supposes, crushing the comb beneath the knife, that these waxen cells were made to hold that particular pound of honey, but this is a wrong idea. Honeycomb is made to last for years. It is handed down from generation to generation of bees for the storing of the yearly crops. For a comb to be thus used for 20 years is nothing unusual and instances have been reported which indicate that the same set of comb, periodically cleaned and repaired by the bees, has done service for 40 years.

That interesting summer episode, the swarming of a colony of bees, does not mean that the hive is being deserted. It means that the old bees are leaving the place, with all its buildings and stored-up wealth, to the younger generation. They have probably inherited it from their elders many times removed, and the next generation will move out in turn and pass it on to posterity. Honeycomb is an establishment; it is an entailed estate never divided or consumed, but always kept in the family. And so, when you sink your teeth into the delicate walls, you are eating a food product, factory, and all.

If you could follow the swarm as it sails away and makes a course straight for some far-off hollow tree, you might watch the beginning of the new establishment and see what Shakespeare has described as "the singing masons building roofs of gold." First, the bees that are to make the building material hook themselves together and hang up in chains and festoons, after which they seem to be doing nothing. But they are producing thin, waxen shingles or tile, which push out from beneath the rings of their jointed bodies; and as fast as

these appear they are pulled off and taken to the scene of building operations. The cells now begin to rise, not by the attention devoted by the individual bee to one particular cell, but by the seemingly excited lot of workers going at the whole thing at once. They move about with no apparent system, yet erect the sixsided cells with unerring accuracy.

As the cells deepen, the queen, prolific of eggs, begins laying in them; and she crowds the workers in her demand for more laying room. The egg, microscopically small, lies at the bottom of the cell, where it adheres by its coating of sticky substance; and in three or four days the eggs have become small, white worms that need to be fed.

Now come the nurse bees into action. They have large glands for elaborating a specially prepared infant food of a whitish hue; and this is fed constantly to the ever-hungry and rapidly growing white worms or larvae. After three days the food is changed into composition; it contains more proteid; and the worms grow big and fat until it quite fills the cells; whereupon the nurses close the cell with a porous lid and leave the grub to perform the miracle of becoming a bee. In about twenty-one days from the time the egg was laid, a pale young bee comes forth and is ready to take up its share of the work.

Now, the whole new establishment is in operation. Festoons of bees are still hanging up and producing wax for the growing structure; builders are extending the area of comb and raising new cell walls; nurse bees are feeding worms in all stages of development and sealing up the grubs; the queen is laying eggs constantly, going about in a spiral course and being fed every moment by her special attendants; while field workers come in steadily from the

outer world of flowers, carrying pollen on their hairy legs and honey in their honey-bags, and stowing these different kinds of food in cells that are not occupied by hatching eggs or brood. Meanwhile sentinel bees stand at the entrance and watch incomers closely, identifying them by smell, in order that robbers may not intrude or strangers try to pass.

As honey is simply the nectar of flowers somewhat condensed by having the superfluous water evaporated out of it, a constant supply of air is needed in the hive; and so there are ventilator bees stationed near the entrance, whose heavy duty it is to work their wings rapidly, like electric fans, while other bees behind them keep buzzing as energetically to drive the air in the right direction. As these workers tire and fall out, other take their places. Altogether it is a very busy community, with much subdivision of labor and a highly specialized system.

The bee establishments in hollow rock or tree are nature's original factory.

The bees, who were in the syrup business long before the year 1, and had the whole of Europe to supply, have always run their plants with efficiency. Honey production is a calling which, dealing with a rush season in nature, soon breaks down the workers that crowd in and out of the factory door. A bee lives but a few weeks; and in the heavy work of the honey flow many live but a few days. In those incessant trips back and forth their wings become worn and frayed, their hair is rubbed off smooth and they are soon ready to drop by the wayside. They are not working for themselves, as most people think; for what chance has a bee, short-lived as it is, to eat in winter any of the honey it gathers in summer? The best to be said is that they work for posterity; and posterity has largely been the human race.

The bee exhibits so much of mathematical truth and of highly moral industry that it has been a favorite theme for learned discussion, and especially the hexagonal cells of the comb. The mere six-sidedness of the cells is possibly the least remarkable thing about them. If the reader has seven cents in his pocket I can readily show him how it is that the cells are six-sided—tho for 19 cents a much better demonstration may be given.

Put down one cent on the table and then arrange the other cents around it. It will be found that six cents exactly fit around one cent when they are all in contact. Six circles fit around a circle. If straight lines are drawn thru the points of contact in various directions, perfect hexagons will be formed. Six-sided figures, equilateral triangles, and rectangular or foursided figures are the three shapes that will fit together and cover an area with no interstices.

The art of bee-keeping consists in the use of such artificial hindrances and inducements as will cause the bees to store an extra, or unnatural, supply in the upper sections. This business, working against the nature of the bee, is full of fine tricks and mathematically calculated features.

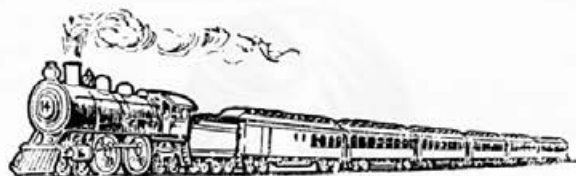
In a state of nature, or in the bee-keeping of ancient times, the bees did not produce such large surplus amounts of honey, all neatly framed, as the modern bee-keeper gets out of the upper stories. The increased quantity is the results of the modern hive, an American invention which has revolutionized bee-keeping the world over.

Bees are kept from swarming—that is, from sending off large detachments to start new colonies—by various means; but most easily by clipping the wings of the queen, who would otherwise accompany the older bees to the new settlement. As they will not leave without her, the bees remain at home and crowd to hive, with the result that they produce a large and unnatural sur-

plus of honey. Because of the ingenious construction of the American or Langstroth hive, the bees are easily examined and manipulated, and new storage room is provided as needed; thus the surplus crop is increased many times over what it formerly was.

The bee in its natural state of hive management is to be seen in the lower story. Here some cells are filled with honey, and others with eggs and larvae and brood in all stages of advancement, while still others hold stores of the yellow, bitter pollen of the flower—a food that man would hardly relish.

The ancients, because they did not apply ingenuity to the building of hives, had to take their honey as it came. They had to separate it from eggs and worms and pollen as best they could; and what they called honey was often an unpalatable mess. If the American hive had been invented in the days before the coming of sugar cane, it would have been recorded in history as one of the greatest inventions of all time. It is really one of the most ingenious of American inventions, and it has virtually conquered the world in its special line of increased honey production.



THE TRAIN

I LOVE a train, I do—don't you?
*The little gardens flashing by
 With washing hanging out to dry,
 And pretty little gardens, too,
 And children waving hands at you;
 And meadowlands and stately trees,
 And cornfields stirring in the breeze,*

*And as we journey on our way,
 I love to see the stacks of hay,
 And sturdy horses at the ploughs,
 And farms and fields and grazing cows.*

*And speeding swiftly through the night,
 I love to see the towns alight,
 Each little lamp a twinkling star
 Just as the lamps of heaven are;
 And when I sing for very glee
 The dear old train keeps time with me—
 I love a train, I do—don't you?*

MENAGERIE

J. G. Keenan

I WAS awful sick las' night,
 I almost nearly died;
 I had to have the doctor
 'Cause the trouble was inside.
 I eated crackers that mama
 Had brought me from town,
 An' they was made like animals,
 An' looked so nice and brown
 That I ate dogs and pussy cats,
 An' bears an' lions, too,
 An' elefunts with curly trunks,
 Like any girl would do.
 An' when I eated more'n a pound,
 I felt an awful pain,

An' somethin' seemed to jump inside.
 An' run, an' jump again.
 I told the doctor when he comed;
 But he just only smiled,
 An' said, he guessed the trouble was
 Them animals was wild;
 An' dogs an' pussy cats, he said,
 Sometimes did not agree;
 Besides, I shouldn't ought to eat
 A whole menagerie,
 'Cause I was never meant to be
 A Noah's Ark inside—
 But I was awful sick las' night
 An' almost nearly died.



THE SEA OF MEMORY

By Mary Jugg

ACROSS the sea of memory
 The waves now surge, now flow;
 Always on shores of mind they splash,
 Deluge the sands, and then they go.

Sometimes the breakers cruelly
 Rich-ladden cargoes dash on rocks;
 Again the tides to Hope give rise
 And vessels reach their ports and docks.

And ever as this changing sea
 Is gazed upon in retrospect,
 There comes to mind our steering hand—
 The hand whose course we must direct.

At times we were a helmsman bold,
 But oft submerged in flood of fears;
 Would we could shape from Mem'ry's seas
 A pilot's chart for future years!

The Saga of The Saddle

IT WAS the Spaniards who introduced the horse to America and began the greatest riding tradition the world has ever known—the riding tradition of the West. Their appearance on horseback and not their fair complexions awed the Indians.

For centuries the Man on Horseback had been among civilized nations the symbol of power and pride. But nowhere, whether among savages, among the savage-riding scions of civilization, or down some avenue paraded by generals and overlooked by equestrian statues representing all the culture of antiquity, was the symbol ever so representative of the facts of life as in the West.

Always in any class of men one stands out above all others as supremely representative. Considering sustained endurance, speed, distance, and the lone hand he played. Without hesitation, rank Felix Xavier Aubry as the supreme rider in the great riding tradition of the West. Aubry was by birth a French Canadian. He was an independent trader, living at Santa Fe and making frequent trips across the plains.

The year of his great rides—for he made three—was 1848. It generally took horsemen from three to four weeks to ride the 800 miles between Santa Fe and Independence; the schedule of the military mail was about 30 days; or wagons required from two to three months. Early in the cold month of January Aubry arrived in Independence after having been on the road only 12 days, and shortly afterward made the trip in about eight days.

When, following it, he got back to Santa Fe in the late summer, he heard Kit Carson and Maxwell and others buzzing over his record ride. "I can do

better," he quietly said, and offered to bet \$1,000 that he could make the ride within six days. The money was covered. Aubry at once sent two or three men ahead with relay horses. At Fort Mann on the Arkansas and at Council Grove he could rely on getting fresh horses. During a part of the trip he would drive extra mounts ahead of him. It was to be a lone ride.

In the yellow morning sun and under the slant rays of autumn noon, September 12, 1848, Aubry races from Santa Fe down the mountains past Pecos village and on to Las Vegas, where there are fresh horses. Excepting the lonely post of Fort Mann on the Arkansas, it is more than half a thousand miles to the next settlement. Thru the night he hardly slackens his gallop, and the dawn is not yet gray when, nearing Point of Rocks, he gives the long drawn out "coyote yell" of the West, and a man whom he sent out a week ago stirs the coal around a pot of coffee and draws in the stake rope of a fresh mount.

It is the beautiful mare Dolly, famed for her speed and endurance. On a memorable trip five years from now she will take Aubry to California and back. Aubry gulps down a quart of boiling coffee and rides on, a hunk of broiled buffalo meat in his hand.

The high, dry country recedes behind him, and a chill autumn drizzle hides the sun. He splashes into Rabbit Ear Creek and takes the bridle off at roaring Willow Bar. But where are the relay horses that were to be here? Indians? A dead man's scalped head answers. Beautiful Dolly must go on. On, on, until she has carried Aubry 150 miles, Dolly gallops.

At the Cimarron of the quicksands there are three fresh horses. Aubry

mounts one and cracks his whip over the others.

Suddenly the last of the three horses—Aubry having ridden the other two down and left them behind him—sways, drags his feet. In a minute Aubry has unsaddled, hidden his saddle and blanket in the grass and, bridle in hand, is trotting on east, afoot. For 20 miles he trots like a coyote and walks until he reaches the crossing of the Arkansas that is still called by his name, Aubry's Crossing. A fresh horse awaits him there.

At Fort Mann Aubry is compelled to see a certain man on important business. The man is away shooting buffaloes, expected back immediately. Aubry lies down and sleeps two hours while he waits—the only sleep out of the saddle that he gets on the entire trip.

At Council Grove he pauses only long enough for coffee to boil; then, tying himself to a fresh horse, rides on. His legs are dead. It takes him a full day's time to make that last lap of 150 miles.

When he draws rein in Independence town, his words are a whisper. It is late in the night of September 17. "No-land's," called by some the Merchant Hotel, is alight, tho, and men rush out from the bar and lift the rider from his saddle. It is caked with blood. Aubry has won his bet.

Aubry was five feet and two inches tall. He weighed 100 pounds and was every ounce muscle and bone. His ride to Independence was the greatest ride recorded in history. It will never be forgotten. The legends of the Tartars and Scythians do not recall its equal.

The strain of hard horseback riding is terrific. Buffalo Bill knew whereof he was speaking when he declared that "fifteen miles an hour on horseback would in a short time shake any man all to pieces." Yet Aubry was not singular; he represented a varied and numerous class. Pony Express men relaying each other to bridge 2,000 miles of

wild lands in less than eight days belonged to the class. Cowboys who rubbed tobacco juice in their eyes to keep awake while riding after stam-peded cattle and who night and day fought Comanches and held their thirst-maddened herds along the trail across the Pecos desert became glorified figures in the class. Outlaws and rangers who tore down mesquite brush and plunged thru hot prickly pear thickets in southwest Texas added immensely to its riding tradition.

The Pony Express men will always be heroes in the romance of the West. They had an astounding endurance. But in contrasting their rides with those of lone horsemen, like Aubry, out on their own hooks, certain facts should be remembered. Behind the Pony Express was an extraordinary system. Under normal conditions they changed horses every 15 or 20 miles. A fresh horse freshens the rider. No two horses on earth have the same gait. In his noted ride of 322 miles in 24 hours and 40 minutes, Buffalo Bill, Pony Express man, used up 21 horses and had the hands of a score of station men to speed him along. Nevertheless, it was a magnificent ride.

It must be remembered that in the Horse Age 50 or 60 miles on one mount was considered a day's ride. Eighty or a hundred was something to mention.

The sense of speed realized by modern travelers had not at all been intensified by increased velocity. A runaway team of mustangs hitched to a buck-board will give the driver a much more intense sense of motion than will the fastest moving limousine. A powerful horse racing down a trail, stones and fire glancing from his hoofs, his mouth tugging against the rider's legs, the play of his muscles and the fact of his vitality all passing into the rider's body, will give to the rider a sense of motion far keener than that conveyed by an airplane cutting thru the clouds at the rate of 100 miles an hour.



Dear Readers:—

Nine full pages of letters in one number of the Mladinski List! Yes, there were that many pages of the M. L. last month filled with interesting little letters, written by joyful members of the S. N. P. J.

At this time I should like to emphasize once more the prescribed rule in regard to contributing letters. Always write on ONE SIDE of the paper only, leave margin on the left side of the paper, and don't crowd your words and sentences into a little space. Write your letters IN INK if possible. And, above all, write something NEW, interesting. When you copy a story or anything, always MENTION THE SOURCE—the author, name of the book or both. That's important, necessary and proper.

Follow these rules and co-operate with me. Thank you!

—THE EDITOR.

VISITORS IN LATROBE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On Feb. 6 a gang of Torch of Liberty members went to Collinsburgh, Pa., to attend the Yough Valley Knights, No. 739, SNPJ, Lodge affair. Here we saw many masks as it was a Masquerade Dance. They gave three prizes to the following: Two women won first prize; these two women were dressed as the women were dressed in Washington's time. The second prize was given to two unemployed boys. The third prize was given to a woman. One of the masquerades had a sign "Hoover's Ragged Individual." There were many costumes representing this system which we are living under now. At this affair we met Bro. Svetek, a Struggler of Cleveland, Ohio, and Bro. Rozanc of White Valley, Pa. On the way to Collinsburgh it rained hard while on the way back it was foggy, so foggy that we had to

stop in order to know if we were on the road or not, and to know whether we were going in the middle of the road.

Sunday, Feb. 7, a group of Johnstownners came to visit us, namely, John Gabrenja, a Friendly City member, and his neighbor Anton Logar, John Rozwat, a Flood City member, and his brother Frank Rozwat. John Gabrenja told us that the Friendly City Lodge are going to come to our "Gigantic First Anniversary Commemoration" in full representation. It seems to me as if they want to win the silver loving cup which is to be given to the SNPJ Lodge with the largest representation.

Our "Gigantic First Anniversary Commemoration" is to take place on May 14. The Torches are already preparing for this great affair.—"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

FROM LODGE NO. 719

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. My birthday was on Feb. 18. My teacher is Miss Elsie Duncan; our Supt. is Mr. Feal and our principal is Mr. Stabler. We have a very large school. It has three floors and many rooms. We had sewing, and I made a hat, apron, and a potholder. We do not have sewing anymore, instead we have cooking. Every Thursday we have an assembly. the fifth period. We have many clubs also. I belong to the "Busy Bees" club, formerly the "Nimble Thimble"—but they changed it now. I had two carpets done quick. We also could punch, crochet, make quilt cushion, etc. I was elected the president, Mary Kutasi, secretary, and Nodist Gorgovich, treasurer. Mary is a good secretary. We did not go to school on Feb. 22, because it was George Washington's birthday.

The weather out here is warm. We did not have much snow this winter. When we do have the snow it melts. We will soon have to dig our gardens. The flowers will bloom soon.

The work out here is scarce. The men do not have much work to do now. They just sit and rest all the day.

We have about 85 chickens. We do not get very many eggs now. In the summer we get plenty. We also have a dog. He likes to chase the chickens, but he isn't allowed. Sometimes he is mean. In the summer he breaks the flowers and brings dirt into the house. His color is black and white. He has more black than white but still gets so dirty. We have to wash him almost every two weeks. If he was a white dog I wonder how dirty he would be in a week. We have a white cat and she keeps herself clean; when she is dirty she washes herself. The dog is a collie. The cat and the dog are quite good friends. They do not fight very much. This is all I will tell you because the others will need some space to put in their letters. I would appreciate it very much if other members would write.

Caroline Cebasek, Box 477, Clairton, Pa.

* *

"HE'S IN THE KITCHEN"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am writing again but for the last time, as I will be leaving this department. I will be sixteen in early summer and of course that means bigger and greater things in life. I can only hope for the best.

One night, before my five year old niece went to bed, her mother asked her to say her prayers. My niece said, "But mommie, you must start the prayer for me." She then began by saying, "Our Father who art in

Heaven." But my niece interrupts and says, "No, he is in the kitchen."

Anne Klobear, Library, Pa.

* *

TORCHES OF LIBERTY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

April! May! soon will be here. May is the month when we Torches hold our anniversary celebration. Friendly City! Are you getting ready for this affair? (I know they are, because I heard one of their members say so.)

On Feb. 28, 1932, we had some visitors at our home: Max Kumer and Henry Prevec, both members of the Comets Lodge of Universal, Pa.; William Radojcich, a member of the Ramblers of Harmorville, Pa., he is a scribe of the Prosveta, while the other two write at different times.

I must not forget to tell you that on February 20 we Torches attended a dance at Canonsburg, sponsored by the Pioneers. The trip was a long and an enjoyable one.

On April 5 Father Cox of Pittsburgh, leader of the unemployed army which marched to Washington, D. C., will give a talk at the L. H. S. auditorium. My father and my sister are going to go and hear him. I don't think my father could miss a thing like this.

I like the dopis of Ann Traven from the state of Ohio. Her letters are good because she makes them long. She always puts in her letters some things of the lodge doings. Keep it up, Ann. Keep up your good spirit!

"A Proud Torch"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

IDLE MINES

Dear Editor:—

I am trying to write every month or so. The weather is like summer time and reminds me of vacation time.

The mines are not working yet and work is very scarce.

I am getting along fine in school and I like my teacher very much. I hope Mary Strukle will see this and write to me. I wish some members will write to me.

Frances Fatur,

2201 Linden Ave., Trinidad, Colo.

* *

GOES TO SLOVENE SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years of age and in the 4A. I go to Nottingham School. My teacher's name is Miss Finesilver. I go to the Slovene school in Collinwood, Ohio. I might write Slovene next month. Nearly every night Olga Cicigoi and I play school together. When I am old enough I am going to be a teacher. That's all for this time, next time I'll write more.

Audrcy Maslo,

1241 E. 172 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of local 580. Since I haven't seen any letters from Brooklyn I decided to write. I am eleven years of age and in the 6 B. I go to P. S. 80. There are only six grades in this school. I am trying very hard to go to Junior High.

Working is very scarce in Brooklyn, but my father works every day except Sundays. The city and some charity clubs help to provide food for the unemployed.

In 1925 we came to New York from Uniontown, Pa., and made our home here. I have seen many interesting things here that I wish my friends from Pennsylvania could see. I visited the museum in New York and was very interested in the things I saw there. Lives of different kinds of people are described there. I also visited Bronx Park which has 719 acres. There is a Botanical Garden there and all kinds of animals from all over the world. The subways are interesting. It is fun to watch the people on the trains, some read and others read the advertisements in the car.

In the summer time I go swimming, sometimes to Coney Island and other times to Brighton Beach. In the winter I go to the movies on Sundays. Our lodge held a dance Jan. 30 and we all enjoyed ourselves.

We have more Italians in Brooklyn and New York than there are in Rome. We also have a large number of Jews.

Now that I have described a little of Brooklyn and New York, I have two jokes that I would like to see in the M. L.

1. George: There was a hold up at our house yesterday.

Bill: You don't say! Who was held up?

George: Two clothespins held up a hanky.

2. A boy and his father are walking in a country. The boy sees a cow and asks his father this: "Papa, what's that?"—Papa: "That's a cow."—Son: "What are those two things on it's head?"—Papa: "Those are horns."—Just then the cow moed.—Son: "Papa, what horn did it blow?"

Best regards to all.

Catherine Schneider,

308 Stanhope St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* *

HIS RABBITS ARE GONE

Dear Editor:—

I was 6 days in bed and didn't have time to see my little rabbits. I have 2 little rabbits at home which I am very proud of. I let them run around the yard for fresh air. They would never run away. The dog would sit by them, and watch so that the cat won't touch them. But one day I was very disappointed,

for my little rabbits were gone. I believe that somebody took them or they ran away.

I have a little calf which I name "Toots" and I am going to try to raise my own calf. She is as fat as a cow.

I average very good in my examination, this year 92½, the highest.

Best regards to all.

Glenn Gumlia,

(Age 11.) Deerwood, Minn. (Star Route.)

* *

SPRING IS COMING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have decided to write to the M. L. for the first time, because my father always teases me and says I don't know how to write in the M. L. But he will be surprised. He doesn't know I wrote this letter.

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 95, except my mother. I am eleven year of age and in the seventh grade of the Washington School. We were just promoted a few weeks ago. Our home isn't very far from school, just about a block away. I like school very much and my teacher also. Her name is Miss Barns.

We are having nice weather here. It seems that spring is coming soon. I wish spring was here because I like to help my mother work in the yard. We have a big lawn. I have a little flower garden of my own and I like to plant different kinds of flowers in it.

The work out here is scarce. We have two cement mills here in Oglesby. But one closed Feb. 20. The Marquette mill is still working. My father works there. He works every day so far. My two sisters work at the Western Clock Co. 3 half days a week.

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

Helen Smolich,

130 S. Kenosha ave., Oglesby, Ill.

* *

"A LARGE CHART"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On Feb. 22 was Washington's birthday, so our grade had a program in order to celebrate it. We had a play which was very interesting and speeches which told the boyhood of Washington, etc. I am going to describe our school.

It has sixteen rooms and an attic which is very long and wide. We have a library in one of the rooms. In one of our rooms there is a workshop which has every kind of tool. It is very interesting when the exhibition is on in our school because the people that are in that room make a lot of interesting things, like woven baskets, carpets and wooden things. When you enter the Nature room on Exhibi-

tion Day you find many stuffed birds, fishes, flowers, deer heads, snakeskins, snake rattlers and many different things which would take too long to name.

I have at home a large chart which shows the outstanding events of the last 60 years. For 1929 it has the picture of Hoover, so my sister Mary took a piece of paper printed "Depression" on it, and put it under his picture.

A proud Torch
Slavica R. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

THAT DAMPNES!

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I have written in the M. L. I am 14 years of age and I don't go to school.

We were 18 months on strike; we lived in a very damp house. That dampness caused my sickness, making me very weak.

I still remember the time we were in Europe 8 years ago. My mother, my two sisters, my brother and I. We didn't like to stay there. Next time I'll write on the time we had there.

Sylvia Chernuta, Box 103, Coverdale, Pa.

* *

LODGE NO. 87

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope to write often. I like the M. L. very much and I hope it would come oftener.

I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. There are eight in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. Lodge No. 87.

We had our exams not very long ago and for my part I think I came out pretty good.

I wish Mary Fradel would write to me, for I would like to get acquainted.

Yours truly,

Helen Sleber, Box 117, Herminie, Pa.

* *

NO WORK

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. My sister and I are in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Henry Arterberry. My brother is learning to play a concertina. He graduated from the eighth grade.

There is no work up here. We had no snow until March.

There are six in our family with me, and no one has any work. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 339.

I have seen only one letter from Christopher in a long time, so I thought I would write.

I wish some of the writers would write some good riddles, jokes, and stories in the M. L.—Anna Nadoh, Christopher, Ill.

"WILLING WORKERS' CLUB"

Dear Editor:—

The birds are flying and hopping and singing. It's Spring!

We girls in the 5th grade have organized a sewing club. Our teacher Miss Ross helps us. I think it is wonderful to sew in school. The name of our club is "Willing Workers" Club (W. W. C.) I don't have anything else to write.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy Skraba, Box 142, Library, Pa.

* *

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW SLOVENE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading it very much. I wish I knew how to write in Slovene, so I could read and write in Slovene in this magazine. This is all I have to write now. I hope to have more to write next time. I am sixteen years old and wish some of the boys and girls my age would write to me.

Annie Dusak,
242 E. 2nd St., Oglesby, Ill.

* *

FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Our whole family belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 47.

Work is very hard here. Father works in a mine. He only works two or three days a week.

Grocer (filling the jug of molasses): "Here's your molasses, sonny. Where's your dime?"

Boy: "It is in the jug, sir."

Best regards to all.

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

