

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

OKNA

GLEJ, mati, svetlih oken vsenaokrog —
kar lepo je v temi —
a po dnevu:
za vsakim oknom našemu sličen brlog.
Za vsakim zastorom skrito
gorje kot pri nas —
med vsemi stenami eno vprašanje:
nas bo li vse življenje trl ta strašni čas?
In za mnogoterim oknom —
prav ko jaz in ti —
ta in oni ključovalno veruje
v boljši svet — v lepše dni.

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

UJEL SE JE

PRI oknu sedi,
na cesto strmi;
jezen sam nase
ošpice pase
četrti že dan.

A danes je zunaj pomladna nedelja
in solnce in iger in polno veselja!
On pa zaprt,
slab in potr
in strašna skesan . . .

Ko šola pritiska — seveda
je dobro, če kaj je iz reda . . .
Pa je vede
šel si po nje
in zdaj je bolan.

Iz hiše ne sme,
obraz mu cvete.
Jezzen sam nase
ošpice pase —
Ves kes je zaman!

Katka Zupančič:

ČE NI, NI!

MUREN, muren, črni brat
dom bi nov zgradil si rad:
belo, lično hišico
z lepo, rdečo strehico.

A zaman so vsi načrti,
ako nisi vešč obrti!
Pa k sosedom gledat gre—
kakšne hiše si grade.

Hiše mravelj so prstene—
strehe nimajo nobene;
polžje hiše so apnene—
strehe treba ni nobene.

Pajčja mreža je svilena—
hišica ni to nobena!
A metulj ni mreže nima,
pa ga hiša naj zanima?

Muren se domov odpravi;
druge misli nosi v glavi:
dom si svoj popravil bo—
domek črni pod zemljo.

NA POTI V ŠOLO

KAJ mudiš me, oj zeleni
in cvetoči travnik ti?
Lep si, ali v šolo meni,
ljubi travnik, se mudi.

Urne ribice v potoki,
rad bi vam tovariš bil;
tekal, skakal bi po loki
in metulje bi lovil.

Ptiček, ti utegneš peti;
kar ti treba, znaš ti že:
v šolo moram jaz hiteti,
kjer se bistrijo glave.

Ali ko pa šola mine,
kakor ti bom, ptiček, prost;
hej, čez jarke in krtine!
Travik ves bo moj in gozd.

J. STRITAR.

A. P. Krasna:

Zdrava!

OKROG polnoči se je ustavil Greyhound na Windberyu in takrat je prišla gor: drobna, začudenih oči in od sile prostega vedenja. Vsi so se ozrli vanjo in ona je preračunano premerila z očmi vse sedeže in potnike. Naposled se je odločila za sedež poleg mlade ženske. S trdo kretnjo je spustila iz rok neroden zavoj in si odpela starinski in predelani površnik. Snemajoč si neokusno na oči potegnjen klobuk z glave, se je spotoma oprostila sopotnici:

“Saj ne zamerite, ker sem prisledla.”

“Čemu,” se je zasmejala ženska in si natančneje ogledala napol otroški obraz poleg sebe.

Medtem sta vstopila dva mlada fanta s kopico zavojev ter jih začela nalagati dekletu v naročje. Sprevodnik pa jih je s smehom prestrigel:

“Tu gor je prostor za prtljago.”

Fanta sta zardela, dekletce pa je dejalo čvrsto:

“Na tale zavoj dobro pazite, ker je nekaj posebnega v njem.”

“All right,” je rekel sprevodnik in potniki so se režali.

Mladiča sta karajoče pogledala dekletce in naglo izstopila. Ona pa je pojasnila sopotnici:

“To sta moja brata, lady, in ona ženska tam ob telefonskem drogu je moja mati. Grem namreč za delom v Novi York, pa so me spremili.”

“Lepo,” je menila nagovorjena in pogledala skozi okno.

Mati je stala na pločniku ter se kakor v zadregi smehljala. Fanta sta stala korak stran, roke v žepih, in sta

se tudi nasmihala. Ženska se je ozrla po dekletcu—tudi to se je smejala.

“Pa sedi sem k oknu, dokler bus stoji,” je rekla z nasmehom in se umaknila s svojega sedeža.

“O, thank you, lady!”

S kretnjo otroka, ki ni bil še nikdar čez mejo rojstne naselbine, se je vrgla na ponuden sedež ter poskusila odpreti okno. Ko ni šlo, se je ujezila:

“Kako pa so narejena ta okna!”

Sopotnica je molče odprla okno—tudi ob tako robatem slovesu so trenutki dragoceni. Sprevodnik pa je uradno opomnil, da je noč premrzla za odpiranje oken. Mlada potnica ga je pogledala. Razumel je in sedel.

Minuto nato je zabrenčal motor. Mati na tlaku se je skušala stisniti nekam vase. Z nogami, z rokami, z obrazom, z vsem svojim bitjem je hotela nekam ven, bogvekam, ali tu so bili vsi ti tuji obrazi ob oknih in zato je plaho krotila tisto širokost v sebi, se stiskala k drogu, ožila širino občutja v polzadržan, polzmeden nasmeh, kot bi se bala, da ji zmanjka poguma v zadnjem momentu.

— Ah! njeno dete gre v svet! Kako ji bo, kdo bo pazil nanjo? . . .

Greyhound se je stresel, mogočna koleza so se premaknila. Fanta sta menicala z nogami, mati je premikala ustnice in mežikala z očmi. Z okna je segla drobna rjava roka in pomahala proti trojici:

“Good-by!”

“Good-by!” sta zaklicala brata, mati pa je z lesketajočimi očmi in težkim naporom spravila iz sebe:

“Zdrava!”



PAUL CEZANNE

ROŽE IN SADJE

Draga neprevidnost

Ivan Jontez

DANES, čitatelji moji, vam bom za spremembo povedal zgodbo o treh neprevidnih četveronožcih, ki so prezrli nevarnosti, ki prete živim bitjem na gladkem asfaltu avtomobilskih cesta, kar jih je stalo nič več in nič manj kot življenje; povedal pa vam jo bom predvsem zato, ker se je s prihodom pomladi povečal tudi avtomobilski promet in s tem tudi nevarnosti, katerim smo vedno izpostavljeni, kadar hodimo čez cesto. Ceste, po katerih drviijo avtomobili, niso travnate poljske stezice, po katerih se otroci lahko igrajo! Tega ne smete nikdar pozabiti in vaši starši bodo manj v skrbeh zaradi vas, avtomobilisti se ne bodo jezili nad vami in vam ne bo treba vzeti konca pod avtnimi kolesi, kakor se je zgodilo v slučaju omenjenih treh četveronožcev in v slučaju marsikaterega dvonožnega neprevidneža, bil otrok ali odrasčen človek.

Kako je bilo tistemu kužku ime, ne vem, bil pa je mlad in lep in jako nepreviden. Z ženo sva šla na sprehod k Erijskemu jezeru in spotoma se nama je pridružil, naju povohal ter jo ubral z nama. Očitno je bilo, da se je bil izgubil in ker je najbrž sodil, da nisva slaba človeka, se je nama pridružil. Skušala sva mu uiti, pa ni šlo; če sva hitro stopila preko ceste, je bil takoj za nama. "Pa se naju drži, če te veseli," sem se zasmel nazadnje in kužek, kakor bi bil razumel moje besede, je zadovoljno obdrgnil svoj smrček ob moje hlače ter se mi objestno zakotalil pred noge. Bil je vesel kužek, razposajen pasji otrok. Jaz sem mu dal ime Ciganček.

V tem smo dospeli do Lake Shore bulvarja. Ciganček je uganjal svoje komedije po uličnem hodniku, zdaj pred nama zdaj za nama, dokler se mu nena doma ni zazdel ulični hodnik preozek in

se je objestno prekopicnil na cesto, po kateri so naglo drveli številni avtomobili. Ko se je to zgodilo, je bil najbližji avto jedva deset korakov od nesrečnega kužeta. Voznik je opazil razigranega Cigančka, skušal se mu je izogniti, toda prepozno; rešitev ni bila več mogoča.

Sledil je zamolkel udarec, Ciganček je odletel na sredo ceste, se pognal kvišku, padel, se krčevito stresel ter obležal v prahu mrtev.—

Prijatelj Kernel v Collinwoodu je imel lepo, prijazno psičko, ki je slišala na ime Nellie. Bilo je to lepo lisasto kuže razumnih in lepih rjavih oči in vedno prijazno migljajočega repka, pripravljeno sprijazniti se z vsakim človekom in vedno razigrane volje. Vsi smo jo imeli radi.

Toda Nellie je bila mlada in mladost je v svoji razigranosti le prepogosto strašno neprevidna. Tako se je zgodilo, da je Nellie že v zgodnji mladosti spoznala, da se z avtomobili ni šaliti. Kakor Cigančku, se ji je ulični hodnik zazdel preozek, pa se je pognala na cesto in predno je vedela, kaj se godi z njo, že se je znašla pred kolesi težkega tovornega avtomobila. Nellie je v grozi izbuljila oči, zacvilila, se skušala rešiti. Prepozno—rep je že bil pod težkim kolesom. Vendar je imela Nellie tistikrat še precej sreče: samo rep ji je povozilo ter ji ga zlomilo. In potem jo je tužno cvileč odkurila za hišo ter se skrila pod verando, kjer je nadaljevala z ušesa prebadajočim cviljenjem.

Nezgodna ni imela prehudih posledic za Nellie. Nekaj tednov jo je bolel rep, da se ga nismo smeli dotekniti, potem je bilo zopet vse dobro, razen repa, ki je nekam ohromel. In Nellie se je držala proč od nevarne ceste, polne pogubnih železnih pošasti, ki pode pred seboj nesrečo in smrt. Nezgodna, ki bi

ji bila kmalu upihnila mlado življenje, jo je nekaj naučila.

Toda mladina, tudi pasja, je pozabljiva. Komaj dobrega pol leta je minilo po omenjeni nezgodi, ko je Nellie začela pozabljati, kaj jo je bilo doletelo. Cesta jo je začela zopet mikati. Sprva si je upala nanjo samo s prednjima nogama, nato je poskusila z vsemi štirimi, nazadnje si je že upala par čevljev od pločnikovega roba. In tako je nekega dne napravila usodni skok z uličnega hodnika na cesto ter se še tisti hip znašla pod avtnimi kolesi.

Avto je oddrvel dalje, Nellie pa je nepremično obležala v svoji krvi na široki, gladki cesti. Bila je mrtva.—

Oni dan pa sem videl krasno, sivo, progasto mačko, ki je počasi koračila preko Waterloo ceste ter oprezno pogledovala na vse strani, pazeč na avtomobile, ki so bili v njenih očeh najbrž nadležne pošasti, katerim se je treba vedno izogibati. Sredi ceste pa je nekaj obrnilo njeno pozornost nase, pozabila je biti previdna, neoprezno se je zagledala nekam na levo in ko je z desne pribrazil hiter avto, se je v svoji razmišljenosti spozabila tako daleč, da je planila naravnost predenj. Kolo ji je šlo čez zad-

nji del telesa ter ji strlo zadnje noge in prejkone tudi hrbtenico. S poslednjim naporom se je ubožica pognala preko pločnika na zeleno trato pred neko hišo, dvakrat ali trikrat milo zavekala, nato zahropila, se krčevito pretegnila in—po nji je bilo.—

Tako, čitatelji moji mladi, so te tri živali drago plačale svojo neprevidnost; cena je bila življenje. Pa ne samo te tri živali, tisoče in tisoče jih je že pustilo svoja življenja pod brzečimi avtnimi kolesi in ne samo četveronožcev, temveč tudi tisoče in tisoče človeških otrok, ki so se obnašali na cesti brezskrbno kot na domačem dvorišču in zato so morali mladi umreti ali pa so bili pohabljeni za vse življenje.

Pazite, da se tudi vam ne pripeti kaj takega! Pomnite, da cesta ni domače dvorišče ali travnata poljska steza, temveč nevarna struga, po kateri vedno drvi hudournik modernega prometa, hudournik, ki je lani samo v Zedinjenih državah pogoltnil preko trideset tisoč človeških življenj! Če boste imeli to vedno pred očmi, vam ne bo treba tako nesrečno končati kot so Ciganček, Nellie in progasta siva mačka, vašim staršem ne bo treba pretakati grenkih solza in avtomobilisti vas ne bodo kleli.

Zdravnik in bolnik

(Indijska pripovedka)

Neki človek, ki si je bil pokvaril želodec, je prišel k zdravniku. Ker so ga bolečine strahovito mučile, se je vrgel preden na kolena in ga pričel milo prositi, naj mu vendar pomaga.

Zdravnik vpraša njegovega spremljevalca:

“Kaj pa je danes jedel?”

“Zeleno sadje!” mu ta odgovori.

Zdravnik se nato obrne k svojim sluzabnikom in jim reče: “Prinesite mi moje sredstvo, ki poostri vid, da ga vbrizgam bolniku v oči.”

Ko to bolnik čuje, prestrašen vzklikne:

“Joj, doktor, sedaj ni časa za šale! Tako me boli želodec, da komaj vzdržim od bolečin. Ti mi pa hočeš dati lek za oči. Kako naj to zdravilo ozdravi moj bolni želodec?”

Zdravnik odvrne:

“S tem zdravilom ti hočem samo poostri vid, da boš v prihodnje razlikoval rdeče od zelenega, da ne boš jede več nezrelega sadja! Zato je bolj važno, da ti zdravim oči nego trebuh!”

Brata Grimm:

Cekini z zvezd

ŽIVELA je nekoč deklica, ki je izgubila očeta in mater. Bila je tako uboga, da ni imela ne sobice, da bi stanovala v njej, ne posteljice, da bi spala v njej, in nazadnje ji je ostala le še obleka na telesu in v roki košček kruha, ki ji ga je bila darovala dobrotna roka. Deklica pa je bila dobra, usmiljena. In ker je bila tako zapuščena na svetu, se je kar tako napotila po polju. Pa jo je srečal ubožec in ji dejal:

“Ah, daj mi kaj jesti, tako lačen sem.”

Deklica mu je dala ves košček kruha in rekla: “Dobro naj ti tekne!” in je šla dalje.

Srečal jo je otrok, ki je tožil in dejal: “Tako zebe me v glavo, daruj mi kaj, da se lahko pokrijem.”

In deklica je vzela z glave svojo čepico ter jo dala otroku.

In ko je spet hodila nekaj časa, jo je srečal spet drug otrok. Ta ni imel

plaščka, pa je deklica slekla svojega in mu ga dala. Da mu bo toplo. In kmalu nato sreča spet tretjega otroka, ki jo je prosil za krilce, in deklica mu ga je dala. V sami srajčki je stopala dalje po polju in prišla v temen gozd.

Nasproti ji je prišlo spet dekletce in jo prosilo za srajčko. Tedaj je deklica slekla še srajco in jo dala dekletcu, kajti bila je dobrega srca. Mislila si je: “Temna noč je, nihče me ne bo videl in lahko utrpim še srajco.”

In ko je obstala deklica sredi gozda gola, brez obleke, brez vsega, tedaj so se nenadoma začeli usipati z zvezd utrinki, in glej, bili so sami svetli cekini. Kakor dež so pršeli cekini okrog nje na zemljo.

Čeprav je pravkar dala še srajco s sebe, se je nenadoma ogrnila okrog nje-nega telesa nova srajčka, ki je bila iz najboljših tančic. In nabrala je v srajčko cekine in je bila bogata za vse svoje žive dni. (Priredil M. K.)

Tulipan in vijolica

TULIPAN je stal blizu vijolice. Nekoč ji reče: “Glej, kako čvrst sem jaz, kako sem lepo rdeč! Jaz sem najlepša cvetlica na vrtu! Kakor kralj se bleščim, vsakdo me občuduje. Kako majhna pa si ti proti meni! Kako neočitna je modra barva tvojega cveta!”

Vijolica si nobene besede ne upa odgovoriti ošabnemu tulipanu.

Kmalu priteče deklica. Ko zagleda cvetlici, hitro zbeži k mični vijolici rekoč: “Res, da je tulipan okrašen z lepšimi barvami, a vonja nima nobenega. Ti pa, ljuba vijolica, nas ne razveseljuješ samo z lepo modro barvo, ampak tudi s svojo prekrasno vonjavo.”

Nato utrga deklica vijolico, steče k materi in ji prinese dehtečo cvetličico. Mati se je iz srca razveseli.

Po nemškem.



CHARDIN

MEHURČKI

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Kača in jež

DDOLGO je trajalo, preden je kača pogoltnila žabo. In ko jo je pogoltnila, je bila zelo trudna. Zato je sklenila, da se nekoliko odpočije pod grmom.

Solnce se je polagoma sklanjalo za obzor, dokler ni popolnoma zlezlo za njega. In v vsej prirodi je nastala tišina, modrikasti mrak je legel na loke in na polje in napravil se je prijeten večerni hlad . . .

Ta čas se prebujajo mnoge živali in gredo na lov. In res . . .

V tem, ko je kača gledala, kako lepo zahaja sonce in kako lega na pokrajino modra tema, se je za njo pod leščevjem razgrnil kupček suhega listja — in preden bi naštel do pet — je stal pred kačo jež . . .

Groza je šla od njega! Po vsem telesu je imel bodico pri bodici in vsaka je bila ostra kakor igla . . .

Postavil se je pred kačo, zamlaskal z jezikom in dejal: "Kača, kar poslovi se od življenja — požrl te bom."

Kača se je prestrašila; da bi mu ušla, na to niti misliti ni mogla, ker bi jo jež dohitel. Umreti pa se ji ni hotelo; zato je začela z zvijačo.

"Ježek," je rekla, "nikar me ne požri, prehladil se boš . . . Jaz neumnica sem danes popoldne pojedla žabo — bila je kakor led — še sedaj me zebe v želodcu."

"O, to nič ne de," pravi takoj na to jež — "jaz tudi jem žabe in gredo mi še precej v slast. To je dobro, da si jo pojedla, se bom vsaj bolj našrl."

"Ampak to še ni vse," se je izvijala kača dalje, "jaz sem tudi strupena, in če me poješ, pogineš . . ."

Jež pa se ji je zasmel . . .

"Kača, lažeš! Ti si gož in nisi strupena. Požrem te za kazen, ker si lagala!"

Rekel je — in že jo pograbil za vrat . . .

Nekaj časa sta se borila, kača se je ovijala okrog ježa — toda kmalu se je zvijala v omotici . . .

Potem jo je jež požrl, si obrisal rilček ob travo, zapuhal in odšel v gozd, da si tam poišče še kaj dobrega pod zob.

J. Vrba

KADAR SE CICIBAN JOČE

CCICIBAN se emeri
za dve mili Jeri.

Hitro, hitro meh za smeh,

vleci ga po vseh koteh,

meči ga ob tla pod strop,

in ob steno hop, hop, hop!

Pok! — se smeh razpoči,

smeh iz njega skoči,

OTON ŽUPANČIČ.

Črešnja

“NA borovnice, na borovnice!” je kričala četica učencev, ko se je vračala iz šole domov.

“Kaj bi s tistim drobižem? Fantje, na črešnje!” kriči Bavdkov Jože.

“Kam?” se oglasi več glasov obenem.

“Na Vlakarjevo, tam ob križpotih,” de Jože in jo ubere proti črešnji.

Na mah se dvignejo vsi, tudi oni, ki so se razkropili po borovju. Vsi krenejo na označeni kraj. Mlinarjev Francek je bil zadnji. Čemernega obraza je racal med grmovjem in visoko praprotjo. Bogve, kaj je mislil! Vlakarja se je bal od zadnjič, ko je podil učence, ki so rezali vrhove mladih brez.

Dospeli so do črešnje, polne kakor brin. “Nanjo, nanjo, v vrh, na veje po češulje!” vpijejo vsi vprek. Zatreslo se je deбло, zašibile so se veje. Govor je utihnil. Čulo se je le hrustanje, kakor da bi bile kobilice padle na sočno travo.

Tudi Francek je splezal na črešnjo; pomagal mu je Kocjanov France. Ze je iztegnil roko po polni vejici, pripognil je češuljo, da bi jo obiral — kar zavpije Klavsov Jože tam gori na vrhu: “Vlakar gre!”

Hresk, resk, bunk, cop, tek, tek . . . kakor bi trenil, so bili vsi na tleh in na begu.

Francek, ubogi Francek pa je ostal na črešnji. Trepetal je, ko je zagledal Vlakarja golorokega z vilami v rokah.

Iz Vlakarjevih velikih ust so grmele

strašne besede, kakor bi se bližal sodnji dan. Francek je splezal s črešnje, kako, ni vedel. Stekel je, hotel iznad me je preskočiti pot, pa — ojoj! Zabliskalo se mu je pred očmi, da je zagledal devet solnc. Potem se mu je stemnilo. Zavedel se je šele, ko so mu tovariši izmivali v smreškem studencu razbita kolena.

Mati se je jako prestrašila, ko so prinesli Francka domov. Moral je v posteljo. Potrpežljivo je trpel hude bolečine, želeč le eno, da bi starši ne zvedeli, kako se je dogodila nesreča.

Drugi dan je Francek v postelji še enkrat v duhu premislil ves dogodek. Vlakar — ob tem imenu se mu ustavijo misli. — Kar se odpro vrata in v sobo stopi Vlakar. Ko ga Francek zagleda, si potegne odejo čez glavo.

Vlakar stopi k materi, ji poda košek črešenj ter reče: “Botra, tole sem prinesel otrokom. Pa kakor vidim, imate bolnika.” Mati pove Vlakarju o Franckovi nesreči.

“Sirotek, ubogi sirotek,” reče Vlakar, se obrne k mlinarskemu pomočniku, ki je sedel na klopi, ter reče: “Vrečo pšenice sem prinesel, le lepo zmeljite! Mudi se mi, moram iti!” — Iz sobe grede potegne s pestjo po licu — otrl si je solzo.

Mati stopi k Francku ter mu ponudi črešenj. Francek seže po njih ter reče: “Vlakar je dober.” Očešci se mu zalijeta s solzami. Fran Skulj.





MESEC MAJ—PRAZNIK DELA

DRAGI OTROCI!

Prispeli smo v mesec maj! Ta mesec se praznuje kot mesec prebujenja. Zato si je zavedno delavstvo postavilo prvi dan v mesecu maju za demonstracije in pohode. Prvi maj je delavski praznik, ki ga praznujejo organizirani delavci vsega sveta.

Mesec maj prinaša resnično obnovo življenja v naravi. Šele v tem mesecu bohotno ozelenijo rastline in se razvijejo do svoje popolnosti. Majnice zadišijo ob ograjah in vrtovih in številne druge pomladanske cvetlice pregrnejo livade, trate in gozdove, da tako sveže pripravljene pozdravijo prihod meseca rožnika ali junija, ki je prehod med pomladjo in poletjem.

Slovenski dopisi so prišli do svoje veljave! Še nobeno leto prej ni videlo toliko slovenskih dopisov v "Kotičku" kakor jih vidi letošnje. Njih število je vzdržno! Upam, deklice in dečki, da boste tudi naslednje mesece tako pridni. Upam tudi, da boste vaše dopiske spet pridno posejali z ljubkimi pesmicami, kakor ste to storili že parkrat zadnje čase. Tega se veselijo še posebno naši odrasli čitatelji.

Lahko ste ponosni na svoje delo! Veselo naprej!

—UREDNIK.

Frankie je zgubil sestrico

Dragi urednik!

Zadnjič sem Vam poročal, da nas je osem v naši družini in da smo vsi člani SNPJ. Ali sedaj pa Vam moram sporočiti žalostno novico, da smo dne 6. marca zgubili našo sestrico. Umrla je po dva tedna trajajoči bolezni, ko se težko prehladila na poti iz šole.

Ko to pišem, je zunaj burja in sneži. To je bilo na 14. aprila, na cvetno nedeljo, pa še tak mraz, kakor o božiču.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Frank R. Sladich,
box 45, Greenwood, Wis.

Njegov prvi dopis

Čenjeni urednik M. L.!

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da je to moj prvi dopis v Mladinskem Listu, ako bo priobčen, seveda. Napisal sem ga s pomočjo mojega očeta. Zima je prošla, vrnila se je pomlad in kmalu bo poletje. Poleti imamo šolske počitnice in obilo veselja.

Rad prepevam hrvatske pesmi in moj oče me uči ono "Još Hrvatska ni propadla, dak mi živimo! Visoko še bude stala, kad ju zbudimo. Hura!"

Hrvatski pozdrav vsem čitateljem! (Prosim, da popravite.) Imbro Prevarek,

R. O. No. 2, Triadelphia, W. Va.

Delo na vrtu

Dragi urednik!

V mojem zadnjem pismu sem Vam pisala, da je tukaj pomlad. Toda za dober začetek povratka zime smo dobili še celih šest inčev ali palcev snega, ki se je pomudil celih štirinajst dni. Na veliki četrtek se je lepo razjasnilo in sedaj imamo lepo vreme.

Za velikonoč smo imeli pomladanske počitnice. Med tem časom sem si lepo uredila moje vrtno gredice za rože. Moj oče je posadil razno vrtno zelenjad. V par dneh pa sva bila gotova z našim vrtom.

Pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje!

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

Slovo šolskim klopem

Cenjeni urednik!

Za velikonoč sem bil na počitnicah z mojim prijateljem Edmundom Kuleckom. Rad hodim v šolo, vendar se bojim dolgih šolskih ur sedaj, ko je zunaj lepo. Pa moramo čepeti v tesnih šolskih klopah. Sonce nas vabi ven v naravo. Ampak šola je potrebna.

V šoli me posebno zanima naša šolska delavnica, kjer se učimo rokodelstva. Sedaj delamo motorni čoln iz pločevine. Vsakega učenca bo stalo od pet do deset centov in bomo lahko garantirali, da bo water-proof. (Tako so bili "water-proof" tudi moji mali škornji, ko sem bil star štiri leta in sem se z njimi pobahal pri mojih prijateljskih. Rekel sem, da so "fire-proof.")

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

Kratke noge

Cenjeni urednik!

Mesec april se že bliža h koncu, zato je skrajni čas, da napišem mal dopisek za "Kotiček", če hočem, da bo priobčen v majski izdaji M. L.

Velikanoč je že za nami, dnevi se daljšajo in noči se krajšajo, čas poteka svojo pot naprej.

Šolske počitnice so že pred durmi. Predmestne šole tu v Clintonu so že pričele počitnice 22. aprila, a mestne šole pa jih pričnejo zgodaj v maju. Torej bomo imeli šolarji dosti časa za igre in razne zabave, pa tudi za dopisovanje v Ml. List, namreč vsi tisti, ki smo člani SNPJ.

Priloženo pošiljam dva dolarja naročnine Prosveti, ki je potekla 25. aprila, kar bo zadostovalo za sedem mesecov, to je do 25. novembra 1935.

Ker nimam kaj posebnega pisati, zato skle-

nem ta dopis. Dodam naj samo še tole pesmico:

LAŽ IMA KRATKE NOGE

*Ostudna laž, ta vražja dekla
odnekod se je privlekla,
da svet zastruplja s svojo zlobo,
v nesrečo spravlja in pogubo.*

*Pa k sreči, koder se potepa,
spodtika se in hudo šepa,
za hojo ni na dolge proge
zato, ker ima kratke noge.*

Pozdrav vsem skupaj in do svidenja prihodnjič!

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

Zeleni Jurij na poljani

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da napišem par vrstic za majsko številko Mladinskega Lista, da bo tudi v njej več slovenskih dopisov.

Pomlad se je vrnila. Ptički že veselo prepevajo in delajo ali pletejo gnezda. Sedaj, ko je nastopila gorka pomlad in je vsa narava ozelenela, je zunaj spet res prav prijetno. Češnje na našem vrtu so že vse razcvetene (zadnje dni aprila). Lepo je zunaj!

Ljubi maj, krasni maj, konec zime je sedaj! Oton Župančič poje o Zelenem Jurju:

ZELENI JURIJ

Jurij Zeleni se z mavrico paše,
srečno, veselo selo bo naše.
Že za vodo, čez travnike jaše.

Z glavo namigne—trava se vzdigne,
obraz okrene—veje odene,
z okom obrne—cvetje se strne.

Itd., itd., itd.

Za poletje pa nam je zložil tole:

NA POLJANI

*Kakor živi cveti
letajo metuljčki
po livadi, po zeleni,
pod rumenim sončecem.*

— — — — —
*Ko so se napili,
so se poslovili
in se pošalili:*

"Kdaj pa vi k nam pridete?"

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala. Sedaj pa iskren pozdrav vsem in tudi uredniku!

Mary Volk, 702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

Sila življenja

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj sem se pa namenila, da bom pisala slovenski, ker sem rekla, da bom. Bolj težko mi gre. Pa sem vseeno poskusila. Počasi se bom že naučila.

Sneg se je poslovil od nas. Prišli so lepi pomladanski dnevi. Na farmi se je že pričelo z delom. Šola se bo kmalu končala, potem pa bomo pomagali na farmi pri delu.

Tu Vam pošiljam pesmico, ki se mi dopade. Spisal jo je Frank Kerže:

SILA ŽIVLJENJA

*Potrkal sem na vratica:
— Oj, ljuba moja mamica,
zasanjal sem prelepi sen,
da sem videl rajski dan!*

*Nad mano bilo je nebo,
na njem žarelo je oko
in bila svetla je ravan,
planina, breg, oh, bil je dan!*

*Obrv, ko lahek je oblak,
oko zaprla — bil je mrak.
In lučke bele vrh neba
in lučke bele v dnu morja.*

*Očaran zrl sem jih in sem
začutil nekaj — kaj, ne vem.
Samo tje, tje, o mamica,
odpri življenja vratica!—*

*—Tam je življenje, sinko moj,
kjer je življenje, tam je boj,
kjer boj, tam polno bolečin,
čemu v življenje, ljubi sin?*

*Kar vabi te, je kos neba,
ki videl si ga v dnu morja.
Čemu v življenje, sin, povej,
ko vrneš prej se ali slej?—*

*—To želja ni, je plamen vroč,
oj mamica — ta ima moč,
ko tisto veliko,
ki je pripeto na nebo.*

*Odpri v življenje vratica,
odpri jih, ljuba mamica.
In če boli, po naj boli,
samo v življenja žarke dni!—*

Mnogo pozdravov čitateljem in Vam! Prihodnjič se še kaj oglašim.

Annie Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

Albert se veseli počitnic

Cenjeni urednik!

Letos se menda še nisem oglašil v *Mladinskem Listu*. Vzrok je bil ta, ker je bila moja mamica bolna, pa nisem mogel nič narediti, le želel sem, da bi ozdravela in mi pomagala, da še napišem za Kotiček kakšen dopis. Brez nje bi bilo to nemogoče.

Kmalu nastopijo šolske počitnice, katerih se seveda veselim, ker potem bom imel več časa za skakanje in igranje zunaj. Prišla je ljuba pomlad in ogrela nas in zemljo ter njene rastline.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem in tudi Vam!

Albert Volk,
702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Prekrasen je maj!

Dragi mi urednik!

Prav razveselilo me je, ko ste tako lepo popravili moj dopis v zadnji številki *M. L.* Upam, da boste tudi tega. Zelo me bo veselilo, če ga boste priobčili v majski številki. Vem, da sem nekoliko pozna, zato Vas prosim, da ga priobčite, ako je mogoče.

Mesec maj je zelo razveseljiv. Slovenski pesnik A. Funtek poje o njem:

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

Neki drugi slovenski pesnik (J. Stritar) pa poje o pomladi:

*Mlado nebo se razpelo
in jasno ko ribje oko;
ščink! ščinkovec ščinka veselo,
ko grm zeleni in drevo.*

*Trobentice, zvončke, zlatice
čebela obira brenče;
igrajo se v soncu mušice,
metulj spreletava se že.*

Dne 12. maja je bil moj rojstni dan in baš tistega dne je preteklo pet let, odkar sem prišla z mamo iz stare domovine. Ta mesec se pa veselimo tudi tega, ker bo konec šole in spet bomo prosti šolskih nadlog.

Prav lepo pozdravljam vse po vrsti, urednika in čitatelje!

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

Ko pomlad cvetoča pride . . .

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Pomlad je že tu. Ptički prepevajo in rožice cveto. Sedaj se naša Slovenska šola na Holmes ave. pripravlja na svoj pomladanski koncert. Naš pevovodja je Mr. Wm. Vanter.

Prosim, da bi priobčili tole Majnikovo:

**Ko pomlad cvetoča pride
in odpre nam temna vrata,
z radostjo nas vse obide,
doba nam zasiže zlata:
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,
konec zime je tedaj!**

**Kjer si petje dom izvoli,
tam življenje lepo sije.
Bratje, torej zdaj okoli,
pesem ta naj se razlije:
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,
konec zime je tedaj!**

Mnogo pozdravov vsem sestricam SNPJ, posebno pa uredniku!

Frances M. Čeligoj,
834 Ruyard rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

Kako je bilo v vojni

Dragi urednik!

Moj dopis se je malo zapoznil, ker se nisem prej spomnil, da ga morem napisati, dokler nisem prejel zadnje številke M. L.

Na 17. marca sem šel v Claridge, Pa., z mojim atom, ko je šel na sejo društva HBZ, ker so se vršile volitve za delegata na konvencijo. Pa sem videl, da je Claridge velika slovenska naselbina in da je tam veliko slovenskih otrok, pa nisem še nikdar videl nobenega dopisa v M. L. iz Claridgea.

Zakaj spite, deklice in dečki v Claridgu? Zbudite se in pišite v M. L. Čim več dopisov bo, več zanimanja bo za naš mesečnik!

Tudi jaz sem nekoč živel v Claridgu, in sicer dve leti ko sem bil še malo dete ali baby.

V Prosveti sem videl, da je pričela izhajati povest "Moji spomini iz svetovne vojne," pa mi je žal, da se ne morem naročiti na Prosveto, da bi bil čital dotično povest, ko je izhajala. Tudi moj ata je bil v vojni, čez štiri leta. Večkrat mi je že pripovedoval, kako je bilo v vojni. Sedaj pa je rekel: "Tukaj čitaj, pa boš vedel kako je bilo v vojni."

V marčni številki M. L. je bilo največ dopisov, in sicer 73 vseh skupaj. To je pač lepo število in pa veliko dela za urednika.

Lep pozdrav vsem!
Marion Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., No. Irwin, Pa.

Pozna pomlad

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se napisati par vrstic v naš Mladinski List.

Tukaj imamo še zmeraj bol mrzlo vreme (19. aprila) in tudi nekaj snega. Za delo se nam ni treba bati, ker ga je vedno dovolj na farmi, kdor ga hoče videti. Relifa pa tudi ne rabimo, ker nam ne manjka jedi.

Sedaj je pomlad, pa bo dosti dela naenkrat.

Tukaj Vam pošiljam pesmico, ki je prikladna za majsko izdajo. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega Lista.

*Vse kar spomlad rodi,
vse narava oživi,
vse te hvali in časti,
časti te vsa zemlja do neba,
najbolj v mesecu majniku.*

*Spod snega glavice ven male
cvetlice kažejo
na zemlji, vse te časti
najbolj v majniku.*

Helen Koren, East Worcester, N. Y.

* *

Na ribolovu

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet se oglašam v "Kotičku", ker ga še nisem pozabil.

Pri nas v Kansasu ni nič posebno novega. Vsak dan je oblačno, deževno in mrzlo. V šolo rad hodim, časih pa sem tudi poreden. V vrtu ne raste preveč lepo, solato smo pa vendarle že jedli.

Zadnjič sem šel ribe lovit z Mr. Blazichem, pa sva videla eno veliko žabo ali želvo (turtle). Prijela je za mojo vrstico in se skrila pod vodo. Naslednji dan smo videli pa velikega jazbeca.

Delavske razmere so slabe in draginja je velika, tako da je slabo na vseh straneh.

*V sredi gredice lepega vrta
lepa cvetlica rastla je,
njena glavica vsa blesteča
ponosno vzdigvala se je.*

Prosim, da bi popravili moje napake, zakar se Vam iskreno zahvaljujem. Pozdravljam vse bralce in tudi Vas!

Johnnie F. Potochnik,
R. R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.



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SYMPHONY WITHOUT END

(With apologies to J. W. Riley)

THERE, little girl, don't cry;
You've second-hand books, I know,
And the crayon-box, and the fountain pen
Are dreams of the long ago.
But days of hardship will soon pass by;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
Your prom shoes are old, 'tis true,
And the party frock and the shoulder cape
Are made from mother's old dress of blue,
But look to the future; lift your head high;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
Your husband is jobless, of course,
And the cottage for two, and the automobile
Were just bubbles of hope; feel no remorse;
Trust all to the morrow; sit up and try;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
It's the home for the aged; we were told,
And your shadowed eyes and your wrinkled brow
Bespeak loudly your sorrows manifold.
But the laws of the present still justice deny,
And feed on old promises of "If you but half try,"
And, "You'll eat pie in the sky when you die,"
So, there, there, little girl, don't cry.

—MARY JUGG

MOTHER'S DAY

IF I were asked to give a thought
 which in one word would speak
 A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy
 complete,
 A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind
 that knows its own,
 Contented midst a throng of folk, yet
 peaceful when alone,
 A heart that sheds its silent glow, to
 brighten many another,
 Without a moment of delay, I'd say,
 "You mean my Mother."

—Anon.

MAY

COME walk with me along this willowed lane,
 Where, like lost coinage from some miser's store,
 The golden dandelions more and more
 Glow, as the warm sun kisses them again!
 For this is May! who with a daisy chain
 Leads on the laughing hours; for now is o'er
 Long winter's trance. No longer rise and road
 His forest-wrenching blasts. The hopeful swain,
 Along the furrow, sings behind his team;
 Loud pipes the redbreast—troubadour of spring,
 And vocal all the morning copses ring;
 More blue the skies in lucent lakelets gleam;
 And the glad earth, caressed by murmuring showers,
 Wakes like a bride, to deck herself with flowers!

—HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL

TO MY MOTHER

By WALTER H. BROWN

<p>SOMETIMES in the hush of the evening hour, When the shadows creep from the west, I think of the twilight song you sang And the boy you lulled to rest; The wee little boy with the tousled head, That long, long ago was thine; I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy, O little mother of mine!</p>	<p>And now he has come to man's estate, Grown stalwart in body and strong, And you'd hardly know that he was the lad Whom you lulled with your slumber song. The years have altered the form and the life, But his heart is unchanged by time, And still he is only the boy as of old, O little mother of mine!</p>
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Ivan Cankar:

Her Picture

(Freely translated from Slovene by LOUIS ADAMIC.)

THE more bitter and painful the memory is, the oftener it provokes disturbing sensations in your heart.

My mother had never had her picture taken. And as she laid dead, it occurred to me that they will bury her, piling up a high mound of earth over the casket, and that I will never see her face again.

I was alone in the death-room. So deep was the quiet about me that I heard my own thoughts. Once in a while a candle flickered, its flame leaping higher, illuminating her pallid face and hands.

I wanted to draw her face as it was then, peaceful in death; and found a sheet of paper and a pencil. I began with difficulty, for my hand shook and my eyes pained in that stifling atmosphere. Under the dark-green ferns shone her face as if it were sculptured in white stone. In her last breath a lovely smile had spread itself over her features, and that smile remained.

I had read once how a "saintly" old man died.—The room was filled with weeping relatives, friends and admirers.

But in the moment as he expired, the people fled in terror from the room. His face had suddenly screwed itself into an expression entirely different from the usual, as though the mask had fallen off. In the last moment the sinful soul was revealed, for death knows neither lie nor hypocrisy.—That is a true story. When the doors of life are closed, conscience tells the tale, and the tale is plainly written on the brow, cheeks and lips. If I would ever attempt to paint the soul and the secret thought of man, I would prefer my subject dead. I have seen people spring from their sleep when they have felt the stare of questioning eyes on their foreheads.

In the same way, the sinner is terrified when he suddenly stands facing the Judge.

Mother's smile told me that she was enjoying a rest after a long, long journey; it was a rich reward for all her terrible toil, unrecognized to her last moment; it was a thousandfold payment for her suffering. All her goodness and her purity, unaffected by the grievous days, sleepless nights, worry

IVAN CANKAR, one of the best Slovene playwrights, novelists, and poets, wrote so many stories and poems that the collection of his works represents a library by itself. His writings were translated into several European languages, and the literary critics of different nations expressed their highest praise regarding Cankar's writings.

Ivan Cankar was born at Vrhnika, near Ljubljana, in 1876. He studied in Ljubljana and Vienna in order to become a technical engineer, but he devoted himself to writing. Most of his stories he wrote in Vienna. The last ten years of his life he spent traveling over Slovenia and was sentenced to prison by Austrian police on account of his patriotic expressions for the liberty of Slovene and Yugoslav nation. The gloomy prison weakened the life of our innocent Cankar, and he died a few years later, on December 18, 1918.

and bitterness, were now reflected on those lips.

The restless light of the candles was poor, the paper unfit for drawing, the pencil too hard. But it seemed to me that I had done fairly well; I had succeeded in putting into the drawing a ray of that beauty, nobleness and faithfulness at which I looked more with the love of my heart than with my aching eyes. Out of the heavy shadows shone her smiling countenance, like hope and faith in a life of struggle.

When I departed for Vienna, I took the picture with me. I placed it among books and papers and left it there for years.

But it happened once that I was tired to death from wanderings, worries and self-torture. For at times a man suddenly stops as in front of a mirror, looks at himself, reviews his past years, from his first to that day, and his cheeks pale, his heart quivers. "Where have I wandered? Why go further into the desert?"

That morning I searched among my books and papers for that drawing of my mother's face, so I could again see the only face that I still loved at the moment. I searched long. The papers were dusty and yellowish; on some of them the writing was barely legible. There were poems, some of which were the products of my childhood, and there were stories in which there was no bitterness that marks my later writings.

As I found the paper, a cold terror spread over me. Once there had been the drawing of my mother on that sheet; now it was gone. I could barely discern a few shadowy lines—a faint light behind thick curtains.

Now her grave was far away, neglected by all, as the graves of the strange, homeless wanderers! We have all forgotten her—we, who without her have in the course of years aimlessly scattered over the world, as a brood of pigeons scatters when the bird of prey—Death—dives upon them. Like her grave and like herself, strange and distant was now the picture to my eyes, because it was strange and distant to my soul!

I stepped to the window to see whether the power of love and memory would be enough to recall the vision of that pale, lovely face from under the dust and mar upon the sheet. With my eyes I could not see it, but as I covered them with my palms, then it appeared before me as pure and clear as I had seen it years before by the light of candles. There was the Smile, peaceful, wonderful.

As if mists were breaking up before the sun, before new life, peace filled my heart and indifference vanished.

Never again have I tried to draw on paper what was already impressed in the depth of my being.

In every man and woman is a secret word, which the person cannot and must not utter and which shall perhaps appear on the lips after death. In every human being lives a picture, which not even a Leonardo could paint and which shall be painted on his face in its last earthly instant.

I do not know where I have put or where that sheet of paper is now, but here in my heart is my mother's picture—beauty and repose, such as my eyes have never, before or since, witnessed anywhere.





G. CASSATT

THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

Swimming Cramps

MORE than 60 per cent of the drownings during the five months, May to October, result from cramps. Nearly half of these fatalities are among boys and men less than 25 years old.

Cramps drown good swimmers as well as poor; they are no respecter of persons. They render powerless the strong as well as the weak, because they are beyond control.

Cramps are spasmodic contractions of the muscles due to the involuntary action of the nerves. The nerves are affected by any one of several causes.

A sudden plunge into cold water when the body is overheated is one cause. The drinking of ice-cold water immediately before entering the water is another cause. Swimming when one is exhausted is still another.

One of the most frequent causes is indigestion. It's a good rule never to go swimming within two hours after eating. Almost as frequent a cause is fear, hence swimmers should not go beyond their depth.

No one should go swimming alone, not even if he feels perfectly fit, especially at night. It is at night when risks are greatest, for currents may carry you into dangerous places. The resulting panic may bring on cramps.

When seized with cramps, call for help immediately, and when you are pulled out of the water drink something hot—coffee, tea, ginger water. Have some one give you a thorough rub-down, and then go to bed.

If one is subject to cramps he should confine his swimming to the bathtub.

Umbrella Aids Climb Up Tall Smokestack

When painters were called in to work on the seventy-foot steel smokestack of a midwestern power plant, not long ago, they found no ladder had been installed to provide a means of reaching the top. An ordinary umbrella hastily pressed into service, solved their problem.

With a light cord attached to its handle, the opened umbrella was thrust through the soot door at the base of the stack, nine feet in diameter. Warm

gases from the boilers created a powerful upward draft and swept the umbrella up the stack and out the top. Here, deprived of its lifting force, the umbrella slid to earth, still trailing its cord. Waiting hands then attached a strong rope to the cord and carefully hauled it through. With this aid a steeplejack was able to gain the top of the stack, from the outside, and fasten his temporary painting rig.

A Letter to Our Juniors

MY young fellow member of the SNPJ will be glad to know that Pioneer Lodge No. 559, SNPJ, held a special Juvenile Night on March 15 to which we invited all of our Juvenile members. A good many of our young brothers and sisters attended. Many of them brought their parents and this enabled us to have a record attendance of some 180 members and friends.

First, we had the regular Pioneer meeting. Then, shortly after nine o'clock, a delightfully interesting program was rendered, most of it by our young members, under direction of *Sister Mary Jugg*. In the program were: *Mary Lou Gratchner, Emil Kmetec, Irene Svetlik, Dorothy Ivansek, Frances Omerza, Rose Gradisher, John Crbovay, Mary Jo Townsley, Ann E. Zonta* and her cowboy friend. The last number of the Social Study Club; a skit, in which they portrayed the "Age of Dissent." I am sure everybody enjoyed the whole program and especially the ice cream and cake after the program.

This letter is written to have you boys and girls urge your lodge to put on these kind of ice cream socials. They are good for the lodge and for the members, both young and old.

The Pioneers will hold more of these special nights next fall.

A lot of our young boys and girls have joined the Red Falcons and they come together every Saturday morning to practice songs, recitations, little plays, and many other novelties. When they learn their parts, well, then they can appear in programs. These young Falcons always have a lot of fun at their Saturday classes. In the summer time they will go on hikes and special picnics. Some time ago they went to the Field museum.

All of you young boys and girls in Chicago between 6 and 16 years of age can join the Falcons. Just come to the SNPJ hall any Saturday morning at 9:30.

Pretty soon you all will grow up to be young men and women. You will want to know how to do things. When you are active in the lodge and in the Falcons, you can learn a great deal. Besides you make a lot of new friends.

I say that our lodges can do a whole lot more for our young people than they are doing. They can help to build strong, energetic and capable people. Strong morally and physically.—You want to be an upright conscientious boy, don't you? And you young girls, want to be as intelligent as they make them.

All right then, let's see how much interest you can arouse with your work.

Cooperatively,

DONALD J. LOTRICH.

Tony's Bird House

TONY was a little boy who lived near a dump in a very poor neighborhood in his city. He had very little to play with, and when he was not in school he had to roam the streets trying to amuse himself, for his mother and father were busy all day long at the mills. Tony spent much of his time at the dump, for often he would find things to use in making something. Sometimes it would be old wheels he could use to make a wagon or a scooter. Then again it was a broken dish or piece of pretty colored glass that he would like and take home. It was surprising what fun Tony had at that old dump.

One day he found a tin can which had held sirup. It had a hole up in one corner. Tony picked it up and the next day took it with great glee to school. "I maka da bird house, Teacher," he said. "See da door! Birds go in dere," he explained, pointing to the hole. On each side of the can he made a hole with a nail, poked a piece of wire through and made a loop of the wire, fastening it so it would hang up at the top. The teacher helped Tony fasten a piece of wood under the opening for a perch, for birds must have a place to land—a sort of front porch on their houses. Now Tony was ready to paint it. He chose a dark-green paint. Next day when it was dry he carried his bird house around the room, showing it to all the children. His eyes sparkled, and he would say, "See! Da birds, dey will live in my house!"

The teacher asked him to take his bird house home and hang it in his yard, but Tony did not answer. Several days passed and still the bird house was not taken home. Again the teacher asked, "Tony, don't you want to take your bird house and show it to your mother and father?" Tony shook his head. "No! No! Not got trees in my

yard, Teacher," he replied. She suddenly remembered where Tony lived—not a tree, not a bush, not even a blade of grass on his street. They had to live near the dump, although both mother and father worked in the mills, because they were underpaid while their masters were wallowing in luxury at the expense of their underpaid workers. Such is the profit system which is good for the owning class and a curse for the workers.

A sudden idea came to the teacher. Why not hang it in the school yard, in the tall pine just outside the first grade windows? But how to get it up there was a question. The principal of the school said that it was too high for even the biggest boys to climb.

The fire chief in that town was a cousin of one of the other teachers. She told him about Tony and his bird house, and much to her surprise the chief said, "I'll be glad to send the hook and ladder truck up there and let the firemen hang Tony's bird house." What a thrill for all the children, especially Tony. Up clanged the great hook and ladder truck. Tony handed over his beloved bird house to one of the firemen. The children looked on with great joy, and soon the bird house was securely swinging from one of the large branches of the old pine.

Down the fireman came and soon the ladder was down and back in its place on the truck. A shout of "thank you" went up from the children, and a "Glad to do it. So long!" came from the firemen. "Let us know when you want the house painted next spring, and we'll be around with our hook and ladder."

And would you believe it—a pair of bluebirds built in Tony's tin can house that very spring.

—M. B.

THE ROBIN

By T. M. Read

THEY say 'tis poets sing of spring,
 Well, I'll admit I'm no such thing,
 And also that I cannot sing;
 But still this news to you I bring:
 This morn I heard a robin.

The time will come when you and I
 Some morn may hear a robin.
 It's also true I wasn't dressed;
 But news I bring is of the best:
 This morn I heard a robin.

I didn't see his crimson breast,
 For eyes by sleep were still caressed,
 It makes me think of time that's nigh,
 The time when each of us must die,
 And wonder if, up there on tree,

You know how sweetly he can sing,
 This harbinger of coming spring;
 That of all song birds he is king,
 And how from care it take the sting,
 To have just heard a robin.

MAY MORNING

John Milton

NOW the bright morning-star, day's
 harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east and leads
 with her
 The flowery May, who from her green
 lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-
 rose
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire!
 Woods and graves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early
 song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

SONG FOR MAY

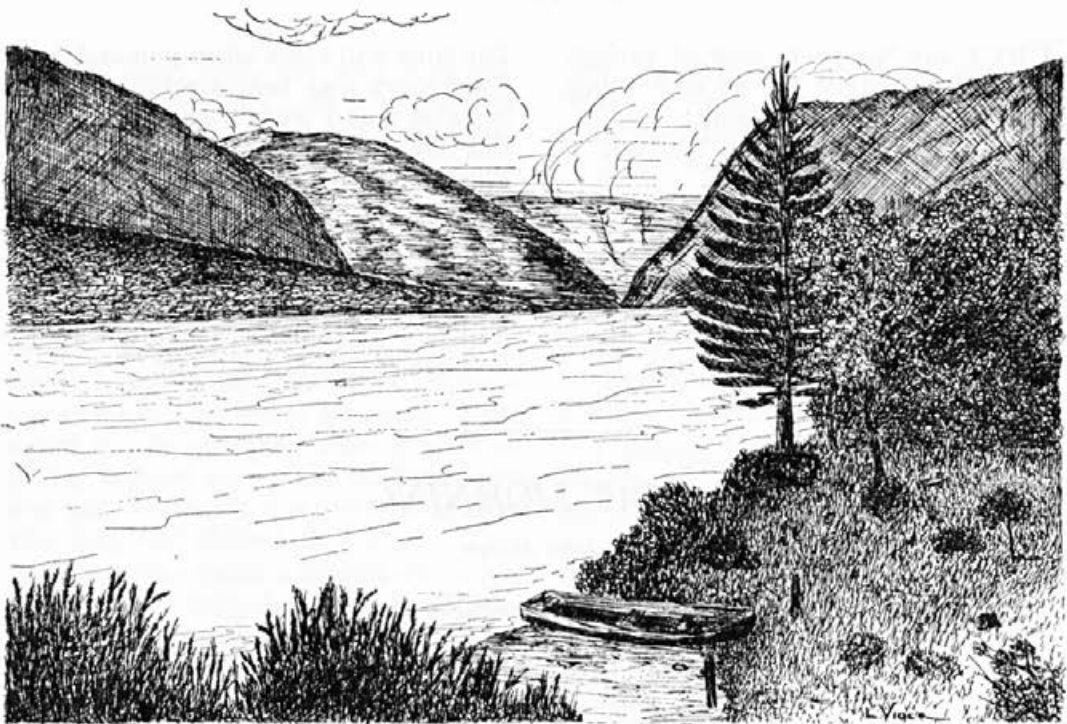
I NEVER thought to question
 The robin why he sang;
 I never thought to question
 The bluebells why they rang.
 I only drank their music,
 And went upon my way—
 As though I owned the rapture
 For which I could not pay.

Charles G. Blanden.

SPRING

THE robin and the bluebird, piping
 loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards
 with their glee;
 The sparrows chirped as if they still
 were proud
 Their race in books should men-
 tioned be.

—Longfellow.



LEO VIDER,

LAKE BOHINJ,

age 15, student at Farragut high school, grade 2A, Chicago, Illinois. Member of Lodge Slavija, No. 1, SNPJ, and only son of our Supreme Secretary. Attended Dudley Craft Watson Lecture Class at the Chicago Art Institute and the Slovene Juvenile school, conducted by the Pioneer Lodge, No. 559, SNPJ—1930-34—and appeared in several Slovene Juvenile playlets written by Mrs. Katka Zupančič ("Janko Bric," "Mlada Jednota," "Trije Miklavži," etc.)

or Bohinjsko Jezero, near the post-war frontier between Yugoslavia and Italy in the northwest corner of Slovenia, at the foot of the Julian Alps, between Črna Prst (Black Soil) and Mount Triglav (Threehead), the highest peak of the three great Alpine chains in the Alpine region of Yugoslavia. Mount Triglav in olden time was worshipped as the symbol of the Slovene pagan trinity and is to this day regarded with a feeling akin to reverence. The other two Alpine chains in Slovenia (Yugoslavia) are the Karavanke Mountains, along the northern or Austrian frontier, with Mount Stol (Seat) as their highest peak, a bald, round-topped mountain, and the Kamniške Planine (Kamnik Alps), east of the Karavanke.



REMEMBER THE BUSY BEE!



PERHAPS most of you know that it takes many workers in the beehive to make enough honey to last through a long, cold winter. Everyone learns to work out for the good of all in order that the swarm of bees may not starve to death.

So it is with our Slovene National Benefit Society. Every member is needed in order to make it a success. The old members die, and it is necessary to bring in younger people to keep the organization alive and growing.

We appeal to each and every Juvenile to bring in a new member during the year 1935. Then we shall have one of the best Juvenile Insurance Beehives in the country, a strong Juvenile Department of the SNPJ.

Remember the busy bee!

Every member should learn to work for his organization, for the good of all, in order that the Juvenile membership of the SNPJ may grow steadily in numbers.

Yes; remember the busy bee! And be a busy bee!

—THE EDITOR.

Junior Jottings

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I enjoy reading it very much. We are all members of the SNPJ, except my father. Our team was victorious over Brainerd in the district, and also over Alexandria in the Regional. From there they motored to Minneapolis to play a game with the Edison high school. This team won by two points. It was not until a few weeks later after the tournaments we were astonished to find out that the Edison team was not worthy of the victory through unfair work. Although we lost over the Edison team Crosby Ironton is

still rated for their efficiency, honesty and good sportsmanship.

This being my first letter to the M. L.

Genevieve R. Widmar, Crosby, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 8th grade. I have a good teacher; her name is Miss Stimac. We have three more weeks of school and then it will be out. I will be sorry when it is out, May 18.—Spring is here again.—We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 539. I will write again.

Dorothy Ozanich, Paw Paw, Mich.

Dear Editor:—I am a regular reader of the M. L. and as this being the first time I've written a letter to you I would like to see it appear in this wonderful magazine. I am eleven years of age, in the sixth grade and attend Weiss school. My teacher's name is Miss Owens. I think a great deal of her. We have started a newspaper and are selling at 2c a copy. In February we sold 75 copies.

Margaret Resnick,
box 179, Willock, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I like to read the M. L.—Spring is here and we can play outdoors. I like to jump rope and read jokes, poems and riddles. The schools are going to be out soon. We have nice weather and the people are making their gardens now.

Angeline Klun, box 45, Lowber, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. We "all" belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 52. We live close to Allgh. county park. And I like to go up the park because I like to swing and go on sliding board. On May 12 I was nine years old. My mother bought 50 baby chicks and 20 of them died. I wish Elizabeth Kosheir would write in the Mladinski List. I can hardly wait until school is out.

Anna Grobin, box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—There has been such ideal weather for outdoor sports lately that I have neglected our magazine, the M. L. We have had a ten-day Easter vacation this year, longer than usual. My time was spent in reading, hiking, and writing letters. My pen pals keep me quite busy (I'm thankful for that!). I have noticed that numerous members have contributed their letters to the M. L. Keep it up!—School lets out May 31, I've heard. What good times I am planning for my summer vacation, mainly camping trips and overnight hikes. I hope they all turn out successfully.

Frances Chernivetz, box 4, Ely, Minn.

* *

Dear Readers:—I am back on the job and hope to stay, but think I will more likely fail. I've had a very poor Easter because of measles.

Our city supplies us with skating rinks, the lake, a pool, and so many sports, free, whereas in some cities they have to pay. We certainly have a lot of room to play in, with a big park that covers five acres.

My dad is planting some tomatoes in a box so they'll grow and they certainly are doing nicely. He's been out in the garden we have in our back yard and looking at it for a long

time. He likes to plant and garden. But I don't, unless it's flowers. I planted some pretty Tiger Lillies.

Pretty soon I'll be 15. I certainly don't feel old, but I grow very old. People nowadays grow so fast, just like bad weeds.

I've got a new aunt now and I've got an extra letter to write now. But I'm still waiting for one from her. I hope my grandmother sees this article in the M. L. I wish you good luck, Grandmother, and hope you're feeling just fine.

Margaret Droblich,
306 "B" Avenue, Eveleth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have not written to the Mladinski List for a long time and decided to write in my spare time. I am in the fifth grade and am ten years of age. My teacher's name is Miss Margaret Van Winkle. She is a good teacher and I am sure all the children like her. My hobbies are stamp collecting and drawing. I have won first prize in drawing in the school exhibit on March 26. I have one hundred and thirty-five stamps and may get ten Australian stamps. My teacher and most of the boys in my room are stamp collectors. We have started a stamp club. It is called the Universal Stamp Club. Its officers are: Gilmer Shaffer, president; Pat McElroy, vice president, and Jimmy Wilkins, secretary-treasurer. Our dues are two cents a meeting.

A loyal member,

Ivan Namesnik,
114 Main street, Newton Falls, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. I have 6 teachers. My home room teacher is Mr. Hail. Here is a poem: My Garden. As I walk in my garden in the morning, just as the new day is dawning, I gaze at my rows of scented flowers.

Amelia Chuk, box 155, Moon Run, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. My birthday was January 19. I was ten years old. There are only three in our family and all three are members of the SNPJ Lodge 398.

We moved to Brownsville, Pa. I got good grades on my report card. I have five teachers, and I like them all. Our school is going to be out May 29. I hope I will pass to sixth grade.

I wish there was a Slovene school in our town. I will try to learn Slovene at home in the summer. My Mother said she will teach me how to read and write in Slovene.

I read the M. L. I like the poem Josephine Hillman put in March about "Don't be a

Scab." We had a big time in Brownsville on April 1. There were 50,000 people marching in the parade. There were 127 union locals of Fayette, Washington and Greene counties represented. The parade was five miles long with bands.

My father is working a little better now, two or three days a week, in a mine at Pike Mines.

Josephine Kozlevchar,
box 147, Brownsville, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am writing a letter to show that the people of the Leadville Mining Camp are still alive. There are six of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ No. 278. I am 14 years old and in the A-10 of Leadville high school. I have a lot to study, but I get a good average, because I am interested in school.—Work is scarce just as in all other places.

Emma Vidrik,
505 Elm street, Leadville, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I read many letters and like them. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I was born in Broughton, Pa. Some of the girls from Broughton, please, write to me. I will be glad to answer you.

Best regards to all members of the SNPJ.
Hilda Chernelich,
970 So. 60th st., West Allis, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since I wrote to the M. L., because I thought someone else of Bon Air would write. But it seems that no one from Bon Air and Franklin Boro writes to this magazine. I wish they would write.—Spring is here and we boys in Bon Air organized a Boy Scout organization. We expect to go camping and hiking this summer.—There were many letters written from Pennsy Hills in the March issue. I am trying to learn Slovene so that I can write my next letter in Slovene.

My hobby is reading and stamp collecting. And wish to get more stamps than I have.

Best regards to the Editor, all members of SNPJ and readers of the M. L.

Joseph L. Krofina,
box 88, Bon Air, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Well, here I am again, Detroit's only representative. Detroit is a large city. You SNPJ Detroiters better wake up and write.

I have received letters from two readers and I appreciate it very much. I am sixteen years old.

The automobile factories are working pretty good now, although there are many people

without jobs. My father and one of my brothers work, one at Plymouth's and one at Chrysler's, five and six days a week. I hope that lasts for a while.

Best regards to all. **Julie Prasnjak,**
17126 Dequindre st., Detroit, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Oh boy, pretty soon school will be out. Then I will say: "School's out, school's out, teacher let the monkies out. No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers with crosseyed looks."

Well, for the March issue someone else besides me wrote to the M. L. from here, Frankie Homec. I wish Jennie Majdic would write to the M. L.

I think that is all for this time. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope to write many more. I am in the seventh grade and I go to the Thomas high school. I am 12 years of age; my birthday comes on August 10. I have six teachers: Mr. Moran, Miss Dorsey, Miss Luzier, Mr. Raines, Miss Pase and Miss Kotnik. Then I have a music teacher Miss Branner. I have four sisters and one brother and they all belong to Lodge 29, SNPJ.

Andy Vedmar, box 55, Coketon, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much. I am in the sixth grade and I go to the Robert Burns school. On Saturdays I go to the Socialist school called The Red Falcons. We have our meetings every Saturday at the SNPJ hall on 27th and Lawndale ave. Our fellow officers are: Ernest Dreshar, treasurer; Mitzi Oven, quill, and I am the Flight leader. After the meeting we divide into clans, and we have drawing, stamp collecting, and the girls are taught how to stitch by Dorothy Sodnik. The clan leaders are: Dorothy Ivanshek, Boyan Alesh, and Ernest Dreshar. The whole group is taught by Mary Jugg. I wish more of you boys and girls would join our club and have your fun.

Henry Krehel,
2641 So. Millard ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am sorry for not writing sooner. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I go to the Roosevelt school and I have 6 teachers. I've been a member of the lodge No. 81, SNPJ, since I was one year old. When the calendar was showing

Winter Begins we had nice weather, but when the calendar showed Spring Begins the weather was like winter. On March 30 it was 7° below zero Fahrenheit.—Working conditions are not very good around here. I send best regards to my cousins, Angie Yakovich in Castlegate, Utah, and to D. and M. Dermasa in Kirkland Lake, Ontario, Canada.

Annie Sheper,
box 605, Red Lodge, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor and Friends:—Although there is much work on the farm, I take a deep interest in reading the Mladinski List. We live on a 150 acre farm. My brothers take a great interest in farm work and my father is interested in poultry. I think it is indeed very nice to live on a farm. I am now twelve years old, going to the Eldersville school in the seventh grade. I like Mrs. Barnes for my teacher. We ride to school (four miles) on a bus.

Leapolda Pirih,
R. D. No. 4, Burgettstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I have just read a letter in the magazine from Mary Leskovich from Burgettstown, Pa. Since there are more members of the SNPJ in this district, I think each should write to the M. L. I am 15 years old and go to Union high school. I wish some member of the SNPJ would write to me. There are seven members of our family that belong to SNPJ Lodge 241 at Slovan, Pa. We all take a great interest in the work being done by our lodge.

Carolyn Pirih,
Burgettstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I like to read the Mladinski List, but I wish some of the writers would write more interesting letters, not only what my teacher's name is and in what grade I am. Everyone knows that we all go to school and that we all have teachers.

I am fourteen years old and came to the farm from Aurora, Minnesota, when I was five years old. I like the farm. We have five horses, three old ones, and two colts. I like them best of all the animals we have. We will break the colts to work this spring. I like the job of breaking in horses, but my father will not let me do it, he says I am too young, but I think it's a lot of fun, anyway. We will get another colt this spring, and my father says when that one grows up, I will, too, then I can break the colt in myself. We have twenty-three cows. I don't like them at all, because I have to help milk them twice a day.

We plant stringless beans out here, but I don't like the job at all, it's too hard, and the

price is low. The company has a contract, and the farmers have to sign it, then they can pay as much as they want. The farmers don't care to come together and make a contract and set a price on beans, but when we grow up we'll organize and make our own contract then. We'll make the company sign it.

There are many other things I do besides work. I go hunting in winter, in spring I go fishing and in summer I walk through the woods and hunt for bees in maple trees. There are great swarms in big trees and lots of honey, too. Now I tap maple trees and make syrup.

There are five in our family. I have two sisters. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 198.

This is all I have to write for this time. I will write more next time. I wish some farm boys and girls would get busy and write.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Fred Shiltz, box 126, Willard, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years of age. I have two sisters and two brothers. We all belong to the SNPJ.—I go to the Homedale school and although I like school and my teachers very well, I will be glad when vacation comes. That means that I can forget my studies. I live on a farm about 3/2 miles from Homedale. My daddy raises hay, potatoes and all kinds of grain. My mother has a vegetable garden and I have a flower garden. I also have two frisky lambs.

Florence Chadez, Homedale, Idaho.

* *

Dear Editor:—I have never written to the Mladinski List before and I would appreciate it very much if this letter is published. I am fifteen years old.

My favorite sports are skating and dancing. I am very fond of meeting new friends, especially the sociable Slovene boys and girls. I have two sisters and two brothers; my "kid" sister's name is Edith and my elder sister's name is Mary. Joe is the oldest child in the family while John is sixteen years old and is a freshman in Hooversville high school. He is sometime convenient for me when I need help with my school work. He usually tells me if my work is appropriate. Sometime he contradicts my work and I get angry at him but I soon conclude my grudge.

My friends tell me every now and then that they wish they would live on this farm that we live on but I think it is monstrous, because it is too lonely.

Pauline Valent, box 424, Hooversville, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am 15 years old and in the 9th grade in Grover Cleveland Junior high school. On March 17 I fractured my left foot which caused me to miss 5 weeks of school, but I was able to walk on Easter Sunday. There are six in our family. Four of us belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 540. On May 1 there was a Union parade and there were many Socialists in it.

John Bratnik, 317 Bond st., Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read the Mladinski List very much. I am eleven years of age and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Schollaert. She is very nice to us. I have one brother and two sisters. They all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 319. I am answering Bertha Jurjevic's riddle. She asked what side does a dog have the most hair. I think the answer is "On the outside." Best regards to all.

William Mramor, box 165, Cuddy, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I like the M. L. very much and wish it would come every week instead of every month.

I am ten years old and in the sixth grade of the North school, North Chicago.

The Slovene National Home is not very far from where we live. We have very much fun there. There are four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ.

William Jereb,
1132 Victoria st., N. Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 8th grade at Cochran Junior high school. I get 13 different subjects a week, but altogether I get 30 hours. School will be out soon, on May 31. I like the M. L. very much and wish it would come every week instead of every month. I have been getting it for 2 years. I haven't seen many letters from Johnstown, except Genevieve Logar's.

In school every Wednesday morning we get an Assembly, which sometimes is good and sometimes not. Then that cuts the morning periods short.

My mother used to do all the garden work, but now my brother has to do it all and I help him a little. I come home for dinner every day, which is a mile from the school to home. That means 4 miles every day.

Mildred Umek,
618 Forest ave., Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the beloved magazine, so it is very important to me. The SNPJ Lodge No. 135 held its 25th anniversary celebration on May 5 at the Sachsenheim hall. It was a great affair.

I am fifteen years old now, and I attend Jane Adams school. I have math, music (two times a week), typing, English, nursing and sewing.

I send my best regards to the Pouchnik family in Atlasburg, and also my friends in Maynard. I want to answer Julia Prosnjak's uganka, "On what side has a dog the most hair?" On the outside.

Mary (Mimie) Oblak,
4412 Bradley rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—I have been too busy to write to the M. L. I've been doing night work. I am never too busy to write letters, for I like to write. I didn't miss a day of school yet and I don't want to, if I can help it. The teachers mean business; they are always after us to study for our final tests.

Genevieve Logar,
768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the stories, poems and riddles. The Marianna mine works one or two days a week.

I wish some of the members would write to me; I would gladly answer their letters. I will write more next time. I belong to Lodge No. 171, SNPJ.

Anna Halic, box 276, Marianna, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—My father and I belong to Lodge No. 375, SNPJ. I enjoy reading Frank Miklaucich's and Dorothy Fink's letters in the M. L. My father works 5 or 6 days a week. I had a swell time on Easter. I wish Mildred Kavisc from Cleveland would write to the M. L.

Antonette Gaspersich,
1045 Stiren ave., Brackenridge, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—My age is 14 and I am in the 8th grade in school, this being my very first letter to this magazine. There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I wish times would get better soon.

Andrew Oblack, Rt. 2, Molalla, Oregon.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the M. L. in which I like to read the interesting stories, articles, letters and poems. Our entire family of three belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge 117. School will be out soon and vacations are nearing. Work is getting better. Spring is here and people are busy

digging their gardens. I like **D. Fink's** letters, also **F. Miklavcich's**. In the March number I noticed **Julia Osolnik's** letter from Utica, Ill. I knew her when she was small. Her grandparents live here; they're our neighbors. Would like to get a letter from her.

Mary Kirk, box 249, Yukon, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. This is my first letter. Here's a riddle: Why do they bury a Scotchman on top of a hill? Ans.: Because he's dead.—What has two legs and cannot walk? Ans.: A pair of trousers.

Dorothy Ann Squarcha,
box 86, Moon Run, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—School will soon be out. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. I am a twin. My brother's name is Martin and mine is Martha. When I tell my brother to do dishes, he says, "You do them yourself."

Martha Mahoney, Primrose, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I like to read the M. L. This is my first letter. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. Our school will be out on May 29. I have two brothers, Frank and Edward. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 82. I hope somebody would write to me soon.

Mary Logar, 417 Ohio st., Johnstown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 5th grade. I like to read the M. L. I sure enjoy reading **D. Fink's** and **M. Fradel's** letters and, of course, many others, too.

Josephine Knaus, Traunik, Mich.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—Winter is over, spring is here and soon summer will be here. That means that we will have school vacations and lots of fun outdoors. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me, because I would like to have pen-pals. First five letters received will get a prize. I mean it.

Frank Smrekar,
box 442, Locust st., Irwin, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am a member of Lodge 239, SNPJ, for the past 8 years. I am 9 years old and in the 3rd grade. My brother Tony is also in that lodge. My father organized our lodge twenty years ago, May 30, 1915. Our Sister, **Mary L. Strika**, has been sick. I wish she gets well soon.

Frances P. Dremel,
box 454, Canon City, Colo.

Dear Editor and Readers:—Both of the local mines were working very well before April 1, but No. 1 mine has not been working so well since and it seems that it is slacking. My dad is working five days a week. Our school will close on May 24. I go to school on a bus four miles from here. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Katharine Zavrnsnik,
box 331, Piney Fork, O.

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Dear Editor:—I am five feet tall and have brown eyes. I like school when I am not in it, but when I am in it I do not like it. I have 14 teachers, three of whom are mean. I don't like any of my subjects. I go to **Latimer Jr. high**. I would appreciate if someone would write to me and I would answer every letter at once. So hurry, boys and girls. My father works every other week. More next time.

Raymond Porgerc,
211 Chestnut st., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am sorry I didn't write sooner, but I had so much school work to do. I read the M. L. every month. This is my third letter to the M. L. We are 5 in the family. Four belong to **Lodge 314, SNPJ**. I am in the 6th grade.

Carolyn Cecelia Kutzler,
box 302, Buhl, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—Before I go any farther, I say "Hello" to everybody. This is my third letter to this magazine that we all like so much. We have lots of fun in school. The other day we had a pet show in our school. So I brought my kitten, **Puce**. She won first and second prize.

Dorothy Lekan, RFD 2, Willoughby, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the M. L. and I am sorry that this is only my first letter for its "Corner." I know lots of things to write about when I am reading the M. L., but when I start to write I can't think of anything to write about. Terrible, isn't it? Best regards to all.

Mary Laurich, Traunik, Mich.

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Dear Editor:—In this my first letter to the M. L. I must tell you that I like to read this wonderful magazine. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I like to go to school; it will be out soon now. I am very glad that spring is here, so we children can have more fun.

Katharine Culjak,
1816 S. Racine ave., Chicago, Ill.

On Mother's Day

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since the month of May has approached, one Sunday is dedicated especially to all the mothers. This is known as Mother's day. Let everyone try to think for a moment the ways in which we can make our mothers the happiest in the world, not just today, but always!

We all like to tell you about the best mother in the world, we think, is our Mother. She does many nice things for us. In return let's try to do kind and thoughtful things to make her life easier.

It is said: "A man never sees all that his mother has been to him until it is too late to let her know that he sees it." But, let's not be one of those persons. Open your eyes to realization of her value and worth to you. Make a friend of your mother just as you would of any one else. Confide in her, be interested in her talk and do favors for her and pay her compliments.

Don't dwell in your mothers imperfections. Not one of us is perfect. Be honest with her above all other persons, and respect her more mature judgment, which has come from experience greater than our own.

All the telegrams and flowers in the world don't mean nearly so much to a mother as a cheery greeting from an affectionate son or daughter, tired after work or school, yet not too tired to be glad to see mother.

Remember these few words:

You may have a sister, father or brother,
But no one to take place of your Mother.
Never forget her.

A proud Juvenile,

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

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Just a Word on Art

Dear Editor:—The March issue of the Mladinski List carried a few pictures that were painted by the pupils of the Slovene Modern School of Art of this city. Many, no doubt, glanced at these pictures with no further thought about them, while others were interested in knowing more about them. Therefore, I have decided to write and tell a little about our art school.

We have in Cleveland an art school of some 15 children, which to my estimation is very few and I believe more children should be interested. As our teacher and leader we have the well-known Slovene artist, Mr. Perusek, who was also the organizer of this school. Our classes meet every Saturday morning at the Slovene National Home at St. Clair ave. and are held for two hours. As beginners we started working with crayons on manila paper and continued on till

we were able to work on beaver board with paint. All the paintings are original and no two people have the same painting. Classes are not held in the summer months, but it would do no one harm to begin now and get some idea of our work and come fully prepared in the fall.

May 27 has been set as the date for our art exhibit which is to be held at the Slovene National Home at St. Clair ave. I suggest that many of you attend so that you may see for yourself and appreciate the facts outlined above. In closing I would say to the children of Cleveland that it would be a good idea to come to the school and try your skill at art and show some of your friends and relatives what you really can do and accomplish in the line of art. All credit for the success of the school is due to Mr. Perusek and we sincerely wish to thank him for all he has done to help us carry on. Fraternally,

Sylvia Filipic,

1048 E. 76th st., Cleveland, O.

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Lodge Harmonizers

Dear Editor:—I don't really know how to begin as I have a few things to say. I'll start telling of the fun we had March 6, 1935. The first Wednesday of every month is our lodge meeting night. In February a member decided that after our next meeting we were to have a keg of beer and sandwiches. The rest of them agreed, so we had that after our March meeting. The men were asked to furnish the beer and the women were asked to bring the sandwiches. Also each member was allowed to bring a friend. Frank Polsak brought a loud speaker that he has worked on for a great many years. He put the microphone where the musician stand is and the speaker was placed in the middle of the hall. Joe Zupan and his brother Frank entertained us with their accordion. Mr. Vertin, Mr. Vidic, and Mr. Kerzan played the harmonica. I learned a few dialogues to say, but when I came before the microphone I was able to say but one, which goes as follows:

SLIŠITE

V mladinskem oddelku smo junaki,
junaki, veste, taki,
ki bistré imamo glavice,
se učimo brez težavice.
Le v naše kroge se strnite!
Kdorkoli prišel bo med nas,
pozdravimo ga vsaki čas.
Le vkup, le vkup, juhej, juhej,
pri nas ni krajev in ni mej!

Some of the ladies sang in English and some in Slovene.

I will now give the "History of the Harmonizers."

The first English speaking Lodge No. 700, SNPJ, Harmonizers, was organized in Roundup November 26, 1929, by Frank Polsak. At the first meeting that was held at the organizer's home, the first temporary officers were elected: Nicholas Sekulich for president, Donna Polsak for financial secretary. Frank Polsak, the organizer, made a motion that the lodge be named "Harmonizers." There was a motion made and seconded that the meeting adjourns January 19, 1930.

On January 19 the meeting was called to order by temporary chairman, Nicholas Sekulich. On February 2 the following permanent officers were elected: Max Polsak, president; Nicholas Sekulich, vice president; Frank Polsak, financial secretary; Mary Polsak, recording secretary; Louis Redel, treasurer; Joe Nose, sergeant-at-arms; Martin Redel, Jenny Racki, Joe Varnish, auditors. On February 2, a special meeting was called to hear reports of special investigating committee. The committee on hall reported that the No. 3 Union Hall could be had on every second Sunday of each month. It was decided that the Harmonizers meet at 2 in the afternoon of every second Sunday at the No. 3 Union Hall; that each member be assessed 10c each month to meet the local expenses; that a fine of 25c be imposed on each member that fails to attend 3 regular meetings in consecutive order.

The following are the present officers: Max Polsak, president; Louis Gusick, vice president; Frank Polsak, financial secretary; Frank Zupan, treasurer; Annie Vesel, recording secretary; Joe Zupan, sergeant-at-arms; Katherin Ruzick, Anne Murphy, and Fannie Vidic, auditors. Thomas Jancic, Anna Ravnikar, and Louis Guzick, sick committee. There are 46 members today.

Mimi Jancic, box 712, Roundup, Mont.

In the Rockies

Dearest Editor:—I am writing my very first letter to the wonderful Mladinski List. First of all I want to write about our family and me. There are seven of us in our family: mother, dad, two brothers, two sisters and I. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 218.

I am a freshman in the Louisville high school at the age of fifteen years. I think high school has many more opportunities than the grade school. I am taking four required subjects: algebra, English, home economics and related arts.—The mines are working quite well, usually about four or five days per week.

It seems as though the farmers are going to have bad crops again. It rains once in a great while, but not enough to do anything good. Only that it settles dust for a few days.

We are having a new road built by our home which is going to be a State highway. It won't be long before it is finished. It is doing away with a lot of sharp corners. A new concrete bridge has been built, which is seventy-five feet wide, enough room for about four cars to run across it without fear of hitting each other. The road itself is eighty feet wide.

A new coal mine is also beginning to progress, about a quarter of a mile south of where we live. This will help employment around here a bit.

We live about eleven miles east of the Rockies, or rather to make it more clear, about one mile east of Louisville, and about twenty miles north of Denver, the State Capital of Colorado.

I must say though in the spring and early summer we are refreshed with the cool breezes from the Colorado Rockies and also we always see the view of the snow-capped hills the summer round.

Helen Hafner,
box 624, Louisville, Colo.

RIDDLES

Down in the meadow is a green house, in the green house is a white house, in the white house is a red house, and the red house is full of little Negroes, what is it?—A watermelon.

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MENTAL TEST

1. Can you put your right hand where your left hand cannot touch it?
2. Can you put your handkerchief where everyone in the room but you can see it?
3. Can you place a pencil on the floor in such a way that you cannot jump over it?
4. Can you sit on Niagara Falls?

ANSWERS

1. On left elbow.
2. On head.
3. Against the wall.
4. Write "Niagara Falls" on a slip of paper and sit on it.