

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

TAKE POČITNICE!

NIČ več šole, nič ovir!

Minka prosta je, vesela.

Pesem lepo bo zapela

in igrala na klavir.

Note treba; Minka išče—

vleče, meče iz predala—.

Kaj bi pela, kaj igrala?

Soba kmalu je smetišče—.

Nič ne najde. Pa naj bo!

Kaj bi pela in igrala!

Rajši nekaj bo šivala.

Trake išče in blago—.

Morda pa bi rajši brala?

Knjige vleče iz omare,

knjige nove, dobre stare—.

Rajši pismo bo pisala:

“Že počivaš, ljuba Ana?

Jaz še ne. Dela več ko v šoli

tu doma je naokoli!

Hiša vsa je razkopana . . .”

RABINDRANATH TAGORE:

Dom

ŠEL sem sam po stezi čez polje, ko je solnčni zahod skrival kakor skopuh svoje poslednje zlato.

Dnevni svit je tonil globlje in globlje v mrak in ovdovela zemlja, katere žetev je bila pospravljena, je ležala tihotna.

Nenadoma se požene rezek otroški glas do neba. Neviden je presekal temo in pustil sled svoje pesmi v večerni tišini.

Dečkov dom je stal v vasi kraj planjave, onkraj sladkorjevega trsičja, skrit v sencah banan in vitkih arekovih palm, kokosovih in temno zelenih džakovih dreves.

Obstal sem za hip na svojem samotnem potu pod svetlobo zvezd in videl sem pred seboj razprostrto potemnelo zemljo, objemajočo v svojem naročju neštevilno domov z zibelkami in posteljami, maternimi srci in večernimi svetilkami in z mladimi življenji, radostnimi od radosti, ki ne ve nič, koliko je svetu vredna.

JANKO KERSNIK:

Bojanov Matejka

SREDI pašnika so sedeli trije otroci pastirčki. Mihec, najstarejši izmed njih, je rezal vrbovo piščalko in štiriletna sestra je pazno gledala nož in les, težko pričakujoč, da bo delo gotovo. Zraven njiju pa je čepel petleten dečko, za Matejka so ga klicali.

— Ko bi imel pipec, bi tudi urezal piščalko, a ubožec ga nima.

— "Ej, zopet se mi je strla!" vzklikne Mihec in vrže vrbov klin stran.

— "Daj meni nož, jaz bom naredil," prosi Matejka.

"Daj mu, daj!" prigovarja Anička, ki bi piščalko rada imela.

"Kaj boš ti! Kupi si ga!" odvrne jezno Mihec in gre iskat druge šibe.

Matejka je pobesil glavo in jel s svojim bičem mlatiti po tleh.

Mihec ni mogel narediti piščalke, ker vrbova koža ni še bila dovolj mužna. Med tem se je zmračilo in vsi trije so gnali živino domov.

Bili so to Bojanovi otroci. Mihec in Anička sta bila domača, Matejka pa je bil tržaški najdenec, ki ga je bil vzal Bojan, da bi dobival zanj denar in da bi ga imel pozneje za pastirja. Takrat je bil še prav majhen.

Pravo ime njegovo je bilo zapisano v bukvicah, s katerimi je šel gospodar vsako leto enkrat na sodišče po denar. Na vasi pa so mu rekli vedno samo Bojanov Matejka.

Kadar se je napotil Bojan z Matejkom h gosposki po denar, so ga napravili v praznično obleko, ki pa ni bila njegova. Obuli so mu čevlje in dobil je velik kos pogače v žep, češ, naj vidijo gospodje, kako dobro se godi rejencu. Ko pa so prišli domov, je Matejka oblekel svoje raztrgane hlače in tudi pogače ni bilo več.

To je bil za rejenčka vedno najlepši dan v letu.

VINKO BITENC:

Kresnica Krasotica

(Prizor iz kresne noči.)

Nastopijo: Kresnica Krasotica, ženin Svetlin, Kres, prva, druga, tretja Lučka, godec Muren, Kresnice, zbor murnov, sova-čarovnica Uhu.

(Svetla mesečna noč bdi nad pokošenim travnikom. Mimo pelje pot, ob njej raste grmovje, tuintam kako drevo. Nad travnikom plešejo Kresnice, murni se oglašajo med grmovjem. Iz daljave prihaja glas sove Uhu):

Uhu-hu, uhu-hu,
Kres je tu, Kres je tu!
To bo ples, to bo ples,
ki ga bo zaplesal Kres!
Uhu-hu, uhu-hu!

GODEC MUREN *(med grmovjem):*

Poslušajte zdaj,
bratci in sestrice:
kresni dirindaj
prirede kresnice.
Sem prihaja Kres,
mladi, zali Kres;
en, dva tri —
zaigramo vsi!

(Murni zagodejo veselo poskočnico. Pride Kres, ves v cvetju, zadovoljno se smehljajoč. Spremljajo ga tri kresnice Lučke. Murni utihnejo.)

PRVA LUČKA.

Naš dobri tovariš,
na plesišče smo prispeli.

DRUGA LUČKA.

Svoj prelestni kresni čar
nam nocoj podeli.

TRETJA LUČKA.

Saj nam drugega ni mar —
le da smo veseli!

KRES *(razprostre roki).*

Ena sama jasna sreča
naj objame vso naravo:
travnike in polja speča,
trate, gozde in dobrovo.
Pojte, rajajte, plešite,
praznik naš nocoj slavite!
Mladi, zadovoljni rod
najde radost vsepovsod,
če ne strada kruha mladi rod!

(Kres zapleše. Tri kresnice Lučke se vrtijo okrog njega; tudi druge kresnice plešejo. Murmi veselo godejo; iz daljave se spet oglasi sova.)

Uhu-hu, uhu-hu!

Joj, saj še ne bo miru!
Že prihaja Krasotica,
ki najlepša je kresnica;
z njo pa ženin njen Svetlin
je priletel iz daljin.
Uhu-hu, uhu-hu,
joj, saj še ne bo miru!

(Kresnica Krasotica in Svetlin priletita.)

KRASOTICA.

Pozdravljen, naš prelestni Kres,
in ve pozdravljene, sestrice!
Sem zamudila — oprostite —
pričetek naše veselice.

SVETLIN.

In jaz se klanjam — vaš Svetlin.

(Kresnice radostno obletavajo gosta.)

KRES *(se dobrohotno smehlja).*

Lepo je, draga gosta
da počastita ta spomin.
Pozdravljena!

PRVA LUČKA.

A z nami zaplesala bosta.

DRUGA LUČKA.

In radovala se lepote kresa!

TRETJA LUČKA.

Razkažemo vam vsa čudesa!

KRES *(Murnu).*

Najlepšo pesem, kar jih znate
nam zaigramte!

MUREN (*svojim godcem*).

Sinovi moji, hčerke, dajte!

MURNI ZAGODEJO:

Čuri-muri, čri-čri-čri,

veselimo se noči,

ko slave kresnice god

in nevesta Krasotica

se s Svetlinom omoži.

Naj živi, naj živi.

Čuri-muri, čri, čri, čri!

(*Kresnice se veselo vrte ob poskoč-ni pesmi murnov-godcev. Kres stoji ob strani, zadovoljno motreč brezskrbno rajanje.*)

SOVA-ČAROVNICA UHU (*prileti na bližnje drevo*).

Uhu-hu, uhu-hu!

Le šopiri se, svojat,

kmalu vse poženat spat!

Kar takole naredim:

to nevesto Krasotico

v list od grma spremenim!

To bo vrišč in hrup,

vse drvelo bo na kup,

tja in tu — uhu-hu! (*Odleti.*)

KRASOTICA (*nenadoma omahne med grmovje*).

Oh, slabo mi je!

SVETLIN (*plane za njo*).

Kaj ti je, nevestica?

KRESNICE (*posedajo po grmovju, išoč svojo tovarišico*).

Kam si odletela, oj sestica?!

(*Murni prenehajo s čirikanjem. Med grmom se pokaže bliščeč drobčkan list*).

KRES (*pristopi*).

Večnolepa je resnica:

čudovita kresna noč

vedno kaže svojo moč.

Krasotice zdaj ni več —

zlobnost sove jo je v list bleščeči na tej vejici začarala.

A čez leto dni,

pa nas spet osreči

Krasotica s svojim rajanjem:

v noči kresni jo zbudi

spet v življenje

Kres,

kresna pesem

in naš kresni ples!

(*Murni začno polagoma čirikati. Kresnice se porazgubljajo v travi, tri Kresnice Lučke spremljajo Kresa, ki odhaja. Iz daljave se čuje skovikanje sove in zbor žab; vse je mirno, tiho, mesečina se razliva nad pokrajino.*)

Največja in najmanjša ura

MED najmanjše ure, kar jih je kdaj napravila človeška roka, prištevamo brez dvoma uro, ki jo je izdelal neki urar iz Ženeve v Švici. Ura meri v premeru komaj 1 cm, debela pa je tri milimetre. Plošča s številkami meri v premeru 5 in pol milimetra; navzlic temu pa ima ura narisanih 60 črtic za minute. Kazalec za minute je dolg 4 in pol milimetra, urni kazalec (mali kazalec) pa meri 1 in $\frac{1}{4}$ milimetra. Ura gre 28 ur nepretrgoma; navijejo jo s ključkom, ki ima komaj eno četrtno milimetra v premeru. Uro cenijo na \$5,000. Lahko si mislimo, koliko časa je potreboval urar, da je izgotovil to uri-

co in kako fino je moralo biti orodje, s katerim jo je delal.

Največjo uro pa imajo na cerkvi sv. Romolda na cerkvenem zvoniku v mestu Mecheln v Belgiji. Stolp te cerkve meri 99 m, torej približno še enkrat toliko kakor Ljubljanski grad. Ura meri v premeru 12 m, obod ure pa, kjer so zaznamovane številke, je dolg 36 m. Od številke do številke na krogu je po 3 m razdalje. To uro so izgotovili l. 1527. Ura poganja tudi 45 zvonov in zvoncev in tehta 35,000 kg. Nekoliko manjša ura kakor ta je v Ameriki, in sicer se nahaja na mestni hiši v Philadelphiji. Dandanes poganja obe ogromni uri elektrika.



CURRY

TORNADO

VINKO MOEDERNDORFER:

Koroške uganke in popevke

Prijatelj Vinko Moederndorfer mi je poslal svojo knjigo "Koroške uganke in popevke", v kateri je zbral uganke, kakršne si postavlja slovenska mladina na Koroškem, in popevke, s kakršnimi se koroška slovenska mladina zabava in s kakršnimi si otroci nagajajo in dražijo. Naj navedem nekaj teh ugank in zbadljivk in popevk, gotovo Vam bodo ugajale.

M. KLOPČIČ.

UGANKE

MAJHNICA-cajhnica,
bokana štalica,
bronasta kravica,
železen teletek,
lanen repek:
če ga za rep pocuka,
pa zamuka.

(Zvon v zvoniku)

Štirje ropotajo,
štirje bingljajo,
dva svetita,
dva kažeta,
eden pa pometa.

(Krava)

Če nima, je kregan,
če ima, je tepen.

(Orehovo drevo)

Sodček moj obroča nima,
dvojno vince v sebi ima.

(Jajce)

Kaj se bolj vidi ponoči ko podnevi?

(Luč)

Kaj ima moder mož vedno pred
očmi?

(Nos)

Nimam matere,
imam očeta,
a ta je moj mož.

(Eva)

Ni bilo,
ne bo,
in vendar je.

(Današnji dan)

Štirje po vasi teko,
pa se nikdar ne ujemo.

(Kolesa pri vozu)

Katera mati svojega sina
v plenice povitega
do smrti s sabo nosi?

(Koruzna lat)

Kuhano pečeno,
in pod mizo zatepeno!

(Špilja pri klobasi)

Če od doma gre, kaže nazaj roge.

(Plug)

Koklja je lesena, piščeta pa železna.

(Brana)

POPEVKE

Matija Mataja,
hruške prodaja
v strganem košu,
jih daje po grošu.

*

Petelinček se je oženil,
lepo piško je imel.
Piška je res lepa,
na obe oči je slepa.

*

Tancej, tancej, črni kos!
Tancej, tancej, črni kos!
Kak bom tancal, ko sem bos?
Kam si čevlje, štumfe dal?

Stari ženi sem jih dal!
 Kje je tista stara žena?
 Tam za grmovjem čepi!
 Kje je tisto grmovje?
 Sekira ga je posekala!
 Kje je tista sekira?
 Voda jo je nesla!
 Kje je tista voda?
 Golobi so jo popili!
 Kje so tisti golobi?
 Gospa jih je snedla!
 Kje je tista gospa?
 V janko se je zavila,
 se po bregu potočila!

Jurijev Jurij
 je dal puško za duri,
 puška pokne,
 Jurija v hrbet žokne.

*

Hlače imam strgane,
 srajce pa nič!
 Oče, poglejte,
 kaj sem za n tič!

*

Enkrat je bila ena žena,
 tista žena je imela kravo,
 tista krava je imela tele,
 tisto tele je imelo zvone,
 je pa pripovesti konc.

STONE ČUFAR:

Jurij in geometrija

VEČERNO obrtno šolo je zahajalo mnogo vajencev različnih strok. Učitelji so jim vtepali v glavo razne učenosti in jim dopovedovali, da brez podkovane pameti in pravega obračanja številok kaj slabo izhajaš v življenju.

Dolgi in nerodni Jurij se je počutil v šolskih klopek kakor na trnju. Če je le mogel, je izostal od pouka; posebno, kadar je slutil spraševanje. Vselej se mu pa ni izognil. Včasih se mu je pozrečil kak preprost račun, raje pa je videl, če so drugi hodili k tabli.

Kadar je učitelj geometrije risal po nji različne kroge in druge like, mu je bilo kar všeč. Ko je pa nekega večera moral sam predenj, se je s težavo dvignil iz klopi. Učitelj ga je prijazno pogledal in vzel v roke veliko šestilo, ga raztegnil in domače vprašal:

“Jurij, kakšen je tale kot?”

Jurij je gledal, se prestopal, a ni puhtal odgovora. Vajenci so mu prišepetavali, tudi učitelj mu je polglasno pomagal, da je končno prav za prav samo za njim ponovil:

“To je topi kot.”

Jurij je mislil, da je že rešen, a učitelj je stisnil šestilo in mu ga znova pokazal:

“Jurij, kakšen je pa tale kot, ker je ravno nasproten?”

“Ta je pa mrzel kot,” se je odločno odrezal dolgin.

Razred je bušil v krohot. Še učitelj ni zatajil dobre volje.

Jurij jih ni razumel. Pri prejšnjem kotu je zamenjal topost s toploto, zato je bil sveto prepričan, da je nasprotje toplote mrzlota, in mu ni bilo težko ugihati, kakšen je drugi kot. Po krohotu je pa spoznal svojo polomijo in je obupal nad vso učenostjo, nad geometrijo pa še prav posebej.

Lojze Zupanc:

“Ali si kaj jezen?”

(Belokranjska pripovedka)

V LEPI, visoki hiši je stanoval bogat kmet. Okoli hiše so bila obsežna gospodarska poslopja. Njegovi hlevi so bili polni goved, njegovi svinjaki prepolni pujskov.

Bogati kmet je bil zelo rejen. Tudi njegova žena je bila rejena. Živina, ki sta jo imela, pa ni bila rejena. Tudi pujski niso bili nikakršni pujski; bili so suhi in pretegnjeni. — — —

Bogati kmet je bil zelo hudoben. Zato ni hotel nihče služiti pri njem. Potlej seveda ni bilo nič čudnega, če so bili njegovi pujski slabo rejeni. Pa tudi za njegovo ženo je veljal pregovor: “Debela gospodinja — suhi pujski . . .”

Zvedeli so trije bratje, da je bogati kmet brez hlapca. Bili so revni in brez dela. Zatorej je odšel najstarejši k bogatincu ter se mu ponudil v službo. Z velikim veseljem ga je sprejel bogati kmet in mu dejal: “Pri meni ti ne bo sile. Ampak paziti boš moral, da mi boš v delu ugodil, da boš storil vse po moji všeči. Če pa boš napravil kaj neveljavega, kar me bo ujezilo, ti bom dal sto zlatnikov. Ampak glej, če ti bom jaz takšno zagodel, da te bo ujezilo, se pravi, da boš postal jezen — še tisto uro boš moral iz službe!”

Drugo jutro je bogati kmet poslal svojega hlapca v lozo. Naročil mu je: “Ojarmi vole in pojdi v lozo po drva. Ko boš naložil poln voz, se lahko vrneš domov. Preje pa ti ni treba hoditi pred moje oči! Na, s seboj vzemi tole vrečo! Ali gorje ti, če jo boš odvezal! Da mi prineseš nazaj takšno, kakršno sem ti izročil! Si razumel?” —

“Sem!” je pritrdil hlapec in odšel.

Kmetova loza je bila daleč. Cel dan je hlapec sekal drva in jih nalagal na voz. Komaj je storil do noči. Bil je silno lačen, a vreče se ni upal odvezati

— bal se je gospodarjeve grožnje. Ves zbit, utrujen in sestradan se je pozno večer vrnil na dom bogatega kmeta.

“Si napravil, kar sem ti naročil?” ga je vprašal kmet.

“Sem,” je zagodrnjal. “Težko sem delal.”

“Ali si kaj jezen?” ga je vprašal kmet.

“Kako ne bi bil jezen,” se je razburil hlapec, “ko me pa pošljete v lozo, s seboj mi pa ne daste nič jela!”

“No, ker si jezen, te jutri ne potrebujem več. Lahko greš! Tako sva se dogovorila!” se je kmet zadržal nanj in ga napodil v noč.

Ves sestradan je prišel k bratoma in jima povedal, kako neusmiljen je bogati kmet. — —

Drugo jutro je k bogatemu kmetu odšel mlajši brat ter se mu ponudil v službo. Kmet ga je radevolje sprejel in še je dejal: “Lahko služiš pri meni. Zahtevam pa, da me boš ubogal in storil vse, kar ti bom naročil. Če te bom pa ujezil, boš moral zapustiti mojo hišo. Če boš pa ti mene ujezil, ti bom dal sto zlatnikov! Velja?”

“Velja!” je udaril drugi brat v kmetovo tolsto desnico.

Drugo jutro je bogati kmet poslal svojega hlapca v mlin. Naročil mu je: “Ojarmi vole in zapelji žito v mlin. Kadar bo mlinar zmel žito v moko, se vrni domov. Pa da mi ne prideš preje pred oči! S seboj vzemi tole vrečo! Ali gorje ti, če jo boš odvezal! Da mi prineseš nazaj takšno, kakršno sem ti izročil! Si razumel?”

“Sem,” je pritrdil hlapec in odšel.

Mlin je bil zelo daleč. Cel dan je moral hlapec čakati, preden je mlinar zmel žito. Lakota ga je vedno huje imela, a vreče se ni upal odvezati. Bal

se je gospodarjeve grožnje. Pod večer se je truden in sestradan vrnil na dom bogatega kmeta.

"Si pripeljal moko?" ga je vprašal kmet.

"Sem!" je odgovoril. "Dolgo sem moral čakati, preden je mlinar zmlel vse žito."

"Ali si kaj jezen?" ga je vprašal kmet.

"Kako ne bi bil jezen," se je razburil hlapec, "ko me pa pošljete v mlin, s seboj mi pa ne daste nič jela!"

"Ker si jezen, te jutri ne potrebujem več. Lahko greš! Tako sva se pogodila!" se je kmet zadržal nanj in ga napodil v noč.

Utrujen in lačen se je vrnil k bratoma in jima povedal, kakšen trdosrčnež je bogati kmet. — — —

Tretje jutro je k bogatemu kmetu odšel najmlajši brat ter se mu ponudil v službo. Bogati kmet ga je vesel sprejel in še mu je dejal: "Delati boš moral pri meni in ubogati. Gorje ti, če te bom ujezil! Še tisto uro boš moral iz moje hiše! Če se ti bo pa posrečilo, da boš ujezil ti mene, ti bom dal sto zlatnikov. Si zadovoljen s takimi pojoji?"

"Sem," je dejal najmlajši brat.

Drugo jutro je bogati kmet naročil svojemu hlapcu: "Naprezi konje in pojdi z njimi na moj travnik. Travo pokosi, posuši jo in seno pripelji domov. Do večera boš imel dovolj dela. S seboj vzemi tole vrečo. Ali gorje ti, če jo boš odvezal! Da mi prineseš zvečer takšno nazaj, kakršno sem ti izročil! Si razumel?"

"Pa še kako!" je pritrdil hlapec in odšel.

Kmetov travnik je bil v gorščiji — daleč, daleč . . . Ali hlapec je bil priden in delaven, do poldneva je že pokosil travnik. Potlej je šel in odvezal kmetovo vrečo. V vreči je bil kos prekašenega mesa in hleb kruha. Ker je bil močno lačen, je oboje naglo pospravil, skoro namah. Popoldne pa je pričel su-

šiti seno. Preden je zašlo sonce, je bilo suho. Naložil ga je na voz in obrnil proti domu.

Srečal je cigane. Vprašali so ga: "Prodaš konje in seno?"

"Prodam!" se je zasmel najmlajši brat.

"Koliko ceniš?"

"Deset zlatnikov!"

Dobil jih je. Cigani pa so odšli s konji in senom.

Praznih rok se je vrnil domov.

"Sem že doma. Ali nisem priden?" se je javil gospodarju.

"Pa si tudi vse storil?" ga je vprašal kmet.

"Oja, sem, sem. Tisto pa, tisto!"

"Kje so pa moji konji in seno?" ga je vprašal gospodar.

"Oboje sem prodal!" se je zarežal hlapec.

"A tako . . . ?" se je gospodar ugriznil v ustnico.

"Ali ste kaj jezni?" je vprašal hlapec bogatega kmeta.

"Nič!" je odgovoril gospodar in mu pokazal hrbet.

"Jaz tudi mislim, da nič," se je prekanjeni hlapec muzal za njim. In odšel je spat v pojato.

Bogatemu kmetu pa je bilo hudo žal za izgubljena konja. Ali zapoditi hlapca ni mogel preje, dokler ga le-ta ne bo ujezil . . .

Drugi dan je gospodar poslal hlapca ovce past. Hlapec je odšel v goro in pasel ovce. Pod večer je čredo gonil domov. Pot je vodila mimo prepada. Po nesreči so tri ovce padle v prepad.

Pastir pa se je kar vrnil domov. Na dvoru je srečal gospodarja in ga pozdravil: "Dober večer. Smo že doma. Pa tri ovce manjkajo. V prepad so padle."

"A tako?" se je ustrašil gospodar.

"Ali ste kaj jezni?" je vprašal pastir.

"Kako ne bi bil," se je zagovoril bogati kmet, "če si pa za samo škodo pri hiši!"

“A tako? Jezni ste? Potlej pa kar brž sto zlatnikov sem,” je pastir pomolil iztegnjeno dlan pred nos bogatega kmeta.

Kaj je hotel gospodar? Moral je se-ći v mošnjo in odšteti sto zlatov.

“Ali si kaj jezen?” je vprašal pastirja, ko mu je odšteli stoti zlatnik.

“Sem! Zato pa lahko tudi kar grem! Ali se mar nisva tako pogodila?” je pastir zavpil in izginil. — — —

Vesel in bogat se je vrnil k bratoma. Za zlatnike je kupil lepo hišico in tri dolge njive. Vsi trije bratje so živeli v tej hišici in jedli, kar so jim rodile tri dolge njive. Ničesar jim ni manjkalo! — — —



DAUMIER

VSTAJA

Pesmice Jelke Vukove

TAKO SEM RASTLA

KO je zibelka še tekla,
 "aja tuta, nana nina"
 mama mi je vedno rekla.
 Noč in dan me varovala,
 negovala in zibala,
 bodi leto, bodi zima,
 "aja tuta, nana nina,"
 pesem njena se glasila.

Ko iz zibelke sem vstala,
 s punčkami sem se igrala,
 mama skrbno je pazila,
 da sem pridna vedno bila.

Leto šesto sem skončala,
 v šolo že sem koracala,
 i, u, a se tam učila,
 dvakrat dva in tri množila.
 Izkaze lepe sem imela,
 da še danes sem vesela . . .
 Leta hitro so mi tekla,
 ena, dva, tri . . . bi rekla,
 otroške dobe že več ni.
 Zdaj v gimnaziji sedim,
 vsa učena že se zdim.

POMLADNI RAJ

CVETICE na vrtu stojijo,
 po trati zeleni cvetijo,
 se toplemu sončku smejiyo.

S toplimi žarki jih sonček ogreva,
 prijazno jih boža.
 Cvetke rumene, bele, rudeče,
 vrtnice nežne in gartroža roža,
 sončku v obrazek zrejo ljubeče.
 On pa prijazno se, ljubko usmeva,
 poljublja in boža
 in s toplimi žarki nežno ogreva.
 Oh, lepo je zdaj
 v ta naš pomladni raj!

* * *

POSLUŠEN ZVONČEK

ZVONČEK iz zemlje priklje,
 na beli obraz posije
 mu sonce zlató.
 Zvonček poprosil je sončka lepó:
 "Sijaj, o sonček, sijaj močno,
 da vsem nam topló bo, gorkó,
 na trato posej nam zlató."
 In sonček posije na trato,
 da vse od trobentic je zlato.

POMLAD

ZVONČEK iz zemlje prizvanja,
 sončku in zemlji se klanja.
 Tam nežna trobentica vzklije,
 na zlati obrazek ji sonček posije.
 Teloh in mačice pojo: hu-hu-hu-
 prekrasna, zelena, cvetoča vigred je tu!
 Zvonček pozvanja, trobentica piska,
 makec rudeči veselo tam vriska.
 Cvetice prelepe so v krog se sklenile,
 lepoto pomladno so pile.

* * *

(Gornje štiri pesmice je napisala Jelka Vuk, hčerka znanega delavskega pisatelja Ivana Vuka v Ljubljani. Jelka je 12 let stara pa je že pokazala pesniško žilico. Vse te štiri pesmice je že priobčil v starem kraju "Naš Rod", mladinska revija. Nam jih je poslal v priobčitev Jelkin oče. Ker se nam dopadejo, jih smo objavili, da vidite nežne pesniške izraze mlade deklice v starem kraju, ki je jedva začela pohajati gimnazijo ali high school.—Uredništvo.)

Kdaj so iznašli kompas

DOLGO so včasih mislili, da je kompas, pripravo, ki je bila in bo za pomorstvo vedno velike važnosti, iznašel l. 1301. Flavij Gioia iz Amalfija v Italiji. Pozneje pa niso niti mogli dokazati, da je Flavij Gioia sploh kdaj živel, ali to vseeno ni motilo njegovih rojakov, da mu ne bi postavili spomenika.

Medtem pa je znanost, kateri gre predvsem za to, da dožene v vseh zamotanih zadevah popolno resnico, dokazala, da so kompas poznali že davno pred zgoraj omenjenim izumiteljem.

V stari evropski literaturi se že pred letom 1301. omenja ugotavljanje severne in južne nebesne strani s pomočjo magnetne igle in to več kot dvajsetkrat. Prvo magnetno iglo omenja Anglež Rhekam v času med l. 1185. in 1190. To pa seveda pomeni, da je bila ta iznajdba znana že mnogo prej.

L. 1834. dokazuje učenj francoski orientalist Claprotte v svojem znamenitem "pismu Aleksandru pl. Humboltu" z mnogoterimi dokazi, da je bil kompas poznan že Kitajcem v najstarejših časih in da so ga ti uporabljali za orientiranje v svojih širnih pustinjah, stepah in pozneje tudi na morju in to mnogo, mnogo let pred našim štetjem.

Te trditve so postajale čimdalje bolj jasne, čimbolj so proučavali staro kitajsko literaturo. Tako je sedaj točno dokazano, da so Kitajci uporabljali magnetno iglo 121 let po Krist. rojstvu. V kitajskih pripovedkah, ki pa ne veljajo za verodostojne dokaze, pripovedujejo celo, da je iznašel kompas 2600 let pred našim štetjem neki kitajski cesar.

Da so Arabci spoznali kompas v 9. stoletju te dobe in da so ga pozneje

prinesli v Evropo, nam znanost ne more dokazati.

Ravno tako ne moremo trditi, da so stari Egipčani, ki so bili, kakor je znano, odlični astronomi (zvezdoslovci), poznali magnetno iglo. Če so jo poznali, pa vendar niso te priprave praktično uporabljali, temveč so jo svečeniki čuvali kot veliko tajnost. V pariškem muzeju Louvreu hranijo še danes staro egipčansko železno palčico, ki je magnetična, to se pravi, da privlačuje drobne kovinske delce. Ta palica se vrti okoli svoje osi in ima na enem koncu izrezljano sliko človeškega očesa, ki g'eda, ko se palica umiri, vedno proti vzhodu.

Tudi nemški raziskovalec Humbolt omenja stare grške rokopise, v katerih stoji, da so za časa vojskovodje Ptolomeja (okoli l. 320. pred našo dobo) višele v egiptovskih svetiščih razne podobe iz kovine, katerih "bajne" oči so se vedno obračale na vzhod, kjer je vzhajalo sonce.

Tudi v berlinskem egiptovskem muzeju hranijo tkzv.: "sončno uro iz Luk-sorja". To je bila posebna ura za potnike na ladjah, katero so lahko prenašali semintja. Toda taka sončna ura nam kaže čas, kakor je vsem znano, le ako jo postavimo v določeno lego, ko točno vemo, kje leži sever oziroma jug. Majhna vdolbina na tej uri označuje mesto, kjer je bila nekoč pritrjena magnetna igla.

Ali je kompas iznajdba narodov, ki so živeli v širnih stepah Azije, o tem znanost še ne more dati pojasnila; le eno je popolnoma jasno: da kompasa ni iznašel Flavij Gioia l. 1301., ker so ga Kitajci uporabljali že v drugem stoletju našega štetja.



NAŠI PIKNIKI IN AGITACIJA

DRAGE DEKLICE IN DEČKI!

Poletje je doba piknikov ali zletov, društvenih in družinskih. Najbolj pridejo v poštev seveda društveni zleti.

Domala vsi društveni pikniki so javnega značaja; nanje se vabi vse članstvo in ostali ljudje, kdor hoče priti. Pikniki se prirejajo iz dvojnega razloga: za povečanje blagajne in v razvedrilo. Družinski pikniki so pa zasebnega značaja: skupina ljudi se dogovori in hajd v bližnji gozdiček k potoku, reki ali jezeru z lunčem v košu in steklenicami pijače.

Društveni pikniki imajo poleg že omenjenega dvojnega namena — zabava in gmotni donesek — tudi agitacijski pomen. Posebno velikega pomena pa so oni pikniki, ki so zvezani z društvenimi proslavami. Ob takih prilikah nastopijo jednotini govorniki, ki pojasnijo navzočim pomen naše vrle organizacije SNPJ, ker je našim delavcem in njihovim otrokom neobhodno potrebna.

Mnogo naše mladine zahaja na naše društvene piknike; odraščena mladina gre često v mlje oddaljene naselbine, da se zabava s člani sosednjega društva. To je velikega pomena za splošen napredek SNPJ. Baš sedaj je v teku jednotina kampanja za pridobivanje novih članov ob 10 letnici ustanovitve angleških društev SNPJ. Razpisana je kampanja in nagrade za jednotine delavce. Požurite se, da boste tudi vi pomagali pri tem delu, zakar boste dobili lepo nagrado.

Na delo za nove člane SNPJ!

—UREDNIK.

Prenavljanje hiše

Čenčeni urednik!

Vzrok, da sem zadnji mesec izostala iz "Kotička", je bil ta, ker smo popravljali hišo, ker je bila potrebna popravila od vrha do tal. Naša hiša je namreč staro, iz opeke zidano dvanadstropno poslopje z dvanajstimi sobami, katero je moj oče pred leti, ko so bili še boljši časi, kupil od nekega Italijana, ki je odšel v svoj rojstni kraj.

Streha na hiši je bila že vsa razcefrana in ni držala niti solnca, a kaj šele vode. Kadar je ponoči deževalo, smo prerivali vsak svojo

posteljo iz ene sobe v drugo, z razprostrtimi marelami, išoč črta pred vodnimi curki, ki so lili izpod stropa. No, zdaj je temu konec. Streha je nova, vrata in okna prepleškana, sobe nanovo papirane in pritličju dodana toaletna soba ali umivalnica, česar prej ni bilo. Skratka, vse imamo, samo prvega dobitka ali "terne" v loteriji nam še manjka, da bi zmogli davke, življenske potrebščine in razne obveznosti, potem bi bilo vse okej.

Poletje je letos izredno lepo v naših krajih, dežja imamo zadosti, hude vročine dozdej še ni bilo nobene; upam, da tako ostane tja do jeseni:

In končno, predno zaključim ta dopis, naj dodam še tole pesem, ki jo je zložil moj oče:

NAJBOLJŠI POKLIC

Moj očka mi pravi: "Poslušaj, moj sin,
poišči si delo na kakšen način;
zato si izberi primeren poklic,
izberi si dobrega, to je moj klic!"

Najprej sem mislil postati čevljar,
a očka mi brani: "Moj sinko, nikar!
Popravljati čevlje ves dan je hudo,
če zmanjka ti smole, imaš pa smolo!"

Potem pa sem mislil postati rudar.
Spet očka mi brani: "Moj sinko, nikar!
Dokler si še živ, mi ne hodi v zemljo,
imel boš dosti časa po smrti za to."

Potem sem pa mislil postati zvezdar,
mi očka ubrani: "Moj sinko, nikar!
Kdor leta visoko med zvezde neba,
ta pade globoko na zemeljska tla.

Nazadnje sem mislil postati grobar,
mi očka ubrani: Moj sinko, nikar!
Kdor drugim koplje jamo v zemljo
zgodí se mu lahko, da pade sam vnjo.

Poklicev ne bom si izbiral nič več,
moj očka mi pravi, da vsi so odveč,
da človek se lahko brez dela živi,
samo če po teh se pravilih drži:

Pri jedi se drži spodobno naprej,
pri dobri pijači se drži nazaj,
pri delu ostani pa daleč odzad,
naj delo opravi kdo drugi, ki rad.

Pozdravljam čitatelje širom Amerike in
Vas!

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

* *

Povest o Jurčku

Nekje v neki vasiči stoji šola, v katero so hodili otroci iz dveh vasi. Otroci iz domače vasi, kjer so imeli šolo, so mislili, da so oni sami vse. Šolarje iz sosednje vasi so zaničevali. Najporednejši pa je bil Jurček, ki se je domislil, da bo "napravil vojsko."

Nekega dne je res Jurček nagovoril in pregovoril součence iz svoje vasi, naj napadejo šolarje iz druge vasi. Ker je bila sosednja vas oddaljena, so vedno šolarji iz tiste vasi hodili skupaj. Jurček in njegovi sovaščančki so se skrili za plot. Ko so mimo prišli šolarji iz sosednje vasi, pa so se zapodili za njimi s kamenjem. Ko so napadeni šolarji prišli tisto jutro v šolo težko sopeči, ker so tekli,

jih je učitelj vprašal, kaj se je zgodilo. Z jokajočim glasom so povedali, da so jih vaški otroci napadli s kamenjem.

Kmalu nato so prišli v šolo še domači šolarji-napadalci. Učitelj je strogo vprašal vsakega posebej, zakaj so to storili. Vsak je odgovoril, da jih je Jurček v to napeljal.

Tisti dan ni bilo Jurčka v šolo. Bal se je kazni. Pa tudi domov ga ni bilo tisti dan. Bal se je kazni od svojih staršev, ker je vedel, da sta o njegovem nelepem činu izvedela tudi njegov oče in mati. Potepal se je okrog dva dni po grmovju. Deževalo je in bil je ves moker.

Končno se je priplazil domov k svoji mami. Mati ga je položila v posteljo, kjer je ostal tri tedne, kajti zbolel je. Mati ga je vprašala, kaj je naredil. Dejala mu je, da mora biti vsak človek pošten in da si je sam kriv svoje bolezní. Ona ga ni nikdar tako učila.

Jurček je obljubil materi, da ne bo nikdar več kaj takega storila. Mati ga je podučila, da mora imeti rad svoje vrstnike in obljubil ji je, da ne bo nikdar več kaj tako nepremišljenega storil.

Joe Kramer, Sharon, Pa.

* *

Ne cerkve ne gostilne ne zapora!

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo se nisem oglašil v našem priljubljenem mesečniku *Mladinskem Listu*, ki ga izdaja naša Slovenska narodna podporná jednota nalašč za svoje mlade člane, dečke in deklice svojega mladinskega oddelka.

Da pa ne bodo naši mladi čitatelji mislili, da me je pomladansko in poletno sonce že čisto premagalo in polenilo, ker se nisem zadnje čase nič oglašil v M. L., naj povem, da je bila temu kriva največ bolezen in pa šolske naloge.

Bilo je baš še dva tedna pred zaključkom šole, ko sem moral v posteljo za teden dni. Potem sem bil spet dober. Sedaj pa moram sporočiti veselo novico, da sem šel iz petega razreda v sedmi. Naša šola se je končala 7. junija, šolski piknik pa se je vršil na 1. junija v Olympia parku, McKeesport, Pa.

Od 10. do 15. junija smo imeli v North Irwinu veliko slavnost. Zgotovljena je bila High School Jr. Na 11. junija se je vršila otvoritev te šole in na programu je bilo več govornikov, šolska mladina pa je nastopila s petjem. Na 13. junija se je vršila velika parada požarne brambé; udeležilo se je 18 gasilnih društev. Na 15. junija pa smo imeli vodno tekmo med Yukonom in East McKeesportom. Yukon je zgubil.

North Irwin je velika naselbina. Imamo novo Junior high school, nimamo pa ne cerkve ne gostilne ne zopora! To je tudi nekaj, nakar smo lahko mi ponosni.

Povedati moram, da bo moj rojstni dan na 21. julija in takrat bom star 11 let. Pa še tole Cimpermanovo lovsko:

LOVČEV RAJ

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

*Studenc iz skalnih kipi,
vrvra tja v temni gozd,
po drevnju listje, čuj, šumi,
šumi, vrši ves gozd.*

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

Tak je lovčev raj! Kogar zanima lov, se mu bo dopadla tudi gornja lovska pesmica. Vsem mladim čitateljem pa želim vesele počitnice, Vas pa prosim, da bi popravili moje napake.

Marion Mike Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., North Irwin, Pa.

* *

Frankie rad jezdi na poniju

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Že spet se oglašam v Našem koticu! Sedaj imamo počitnice. To me zelo veseli, ker se vsak dan peljem z busom v Buhl park. Seveda, jaz nimam denarja za voznino; vsi otroci imamo prosto vožnjo. Za nas plača Miss Buhl. Še posebno jo imamo radi zato, ker je za nas dečke kupila 7 konjičkov ali ponijev. Najbolj me veseli jezdit na poniju.

Pozdrav vsem dečkom in tudi deklicam pri SNPJ!

Frank Kramer,
949 Cedar ave., Sharon, Pa.

* *

Čas počitnic je čas dela!

Cenjeni urednik!

Naša šola se je zaključila na 31. maja. Zadnji dan šole so nam naše učiteljice priredile majhno zabavo s sladoledom in pecivom (ice cream and cake). Telega smo bili veseli; lizali smo se pa smejali—kdo se ne bi?

Sedaj imamo počitnice in pa dovolj časa za igranje. No, pa tudi pomagati je treba očetu pri delu in mami tudi, da ne bomo zastoj obleke trgali in hrane jedli. Posebno sedaj, do so naši očetje največ brez dela in nam vsem primanjkuje.

Ker je sedaj čas košnje, kjer je kaj trave, poslušajte pesem o koscu:

KOSEC

Sklepal, nabrusil sem te, o kosa,
zvoni zeleni travi k pogrebu,
dokler se bliska biserna rosa,
dokler ne peče solnce na nebu!

Zrela za košnjo, zrela si trava,
kaj bi se bala kose jeklene?
Kar je rodila mati narava,
v krilo globoko smrt ji zaklene.

Taka postava na svetu je dana,
taka usoda njena oklepa:
seme zabranja časovna brana
časovna roka zrnje otepa.

Sklepal, nabrusil sem te, o kosa,
zvoni k pogrebu travi zeleni!
Ko bo oblila mrzla me rosa,
takrat zvonila boš tudi meni.

Gornjo pesem je napisal Fran Cegnar. Je primerna in tudi pomembna.

Prihodnjič se bom spet kaj oglašil, do takrat pa pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega Lista in tudi Vas!

Albert Tomšič, box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

Punčka, najstarejša igračka

VE, deklice, imate danes mnogo najraznovrstnejših igrčk. Ljudje so izumili mnogo čudovitih stvari, da se lahko zabavate z njimi. To so razne knjige s slikami v barvah, slikanice z risbami, ki jih je treba poslikati, steklene bisere, katere nanizate na vrveco in si tako same izdelate različne zapestnice in ovratnice, nadalje majhno kuhinjsko posodo, v kateri kuhate kosilo za punčko, drobčkano leseno pohištvo itd. Toda če bi vas kdo vprašal, da li ljubite svoje igračke v enaki meri, ali pa imate morda katero izmed njih bolj rade, bi gotovo vsaka izmed vas odgovorila, da ji je ena igračka od ostalih vendar ljubša in ta je—punčka.

S punčko se vsaka deklica najraje igra. Oblači jo, devlje jo spat, pokriva jo, da je ne zebe, toda postavi jo tudi v kot, kadar ni pridna. Če bi se na njo še tako jezila, pa bi ji vendar kmalu vse odpustila, saj ji je vendar najnežnejša in najmilejša igračka.

Deklice brez igračke—punčke si sploh misliti ne moremo. Verjetno je, da se je poja-

vila prva punčka na svetu takoj takrat, ko se je prva deklica začela igrati. Že v pradavnih časih, ko so naši predniki živeli v skalnatih špiljah in se oblačili v živalske kože, so si gotovo male deklice delale punčke iz vseh mogočih stvari same in se igrale z njimi. Če ravno te lutke niso mogle biti lepe, so jih imele deklice vseeno rade in ve boste tudi razumele zakaj.

Mnoge od vas imajo punčko napravljeno iz deščice in nekaj ostankov pisanega blaga in vem, da je ne bi zamenjale z veliko punčko iz porcelana z dolgimi laski.

Prve lutke, prijateljice in tovarišice deklet, iz starih pradavnih časov, nam niso ohranjene. Bile so iz preveč slabe tvarine, tako da so razpadle in danes niti ne vemo, kakšne so bile.

Zato pa vemo prav točno, kakšna je bila punčka v starem Egiptu. Ko so izkopavali grob nekega egipčanskega dostojanstvenika, so našli v njem leseno punčko, ki jo smatrajo danes za najstarejšo punčko in igračko na svetu. Je sicer zelo okorno izrezljana, ima pa še noge, ki jih lahko v kolenu poljubno premikamo. Hranijo jo danes v velikem pariškem muzeju Louvreu, kjer je dobila častno mesto med lutkami vseh časov in vseh narodnosti.

Ne samo Egipčani, tudi drugi stari narodi so izdelovali punčke za svoje otroke. Grki in Rimljani so rezljali iz lesa zelo mične punčke

s premakljivimi ročicami in nogami. V izkopninah mesta Pompeji, ki ga je zasula leta 79. lava iz ognjenika Vezuva, so našli celo lutke iz ilovice.

Od grške in rimske dobe dalje pa do preteklega stoletja so izdelovali vse punčke iz lesa ali iz ilovice. Razlikovale so se le v tem, da je bila vsaka lutka oblečena v obleko, kakršna je bila takrat v navadi. Te punčke so povečini mogle gibati roke in noge, niso pa še mogle proizvajati kakega glasu.

Pred 110. leti (letnica 1823. je zabeležena z zlatimi črkami v zgodovini lutke) je pa pariški mehanik Metzel iznašel majhno pripravo, s pomočjo katere je punčka lahko rekla "mama", če ste ji dvignili desno roko, in "tata", če ste napravili isto z njeno levico. Punčka je izpregovorila; toda kmalu je tudi hodila, ker so iznašli majhen strojček, ki ji je premikal noge, če ste jo držali pokoncu, zaprla je pa tudi oči, če ste jo položili k počitku.

Danes izdelujejo punčke iz porcelana, celuloida, iz blaga in iz kavčuka. Lutke so pa tudi še danes iz lesa in iz koščkov blaga, slične so onim, s katerimi so se igrale deklice pred toliko stoletji. To so skromne lutke, katere ste tudi ve napravile same, jim zarisale oči, nos in usta s svinčnikom in jim nalepile ali prišile laske iz volne ali sukanca. To so vaše najlepše lutke, ker so vam najboljše, najzvestejše in najposlušnejše tovarišice.

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

ČEZ DAN

MMORDA bi kupili kaj?

Glejte tu: za ženske roke
polno prepotrebni drobniarij;
poleg pa še raznih sladkarij,
pisanih igračic za otroke —
Kupite malenkost vsaj!

Vse po pet je in deset!
Tu pogledite: sukanec, šivanke,
gumbi, traki, mreže za lase —
sama dobra roba — to se ve!
Pa sladkorčki in piščalke —
To za pet, a to deset!

Vse od jutra, pa doslej
sinček moj težko me čaka —
Noč se bliža — on pa sam;
kje sem, ga skrbi — to znam!
Morda že na tihem plaka —
sam od jutra pa doslej.

O, čez dan je že kako!
Bistra glava si pomaga:
šipo s sapo si nadiše,
s prstkom si gradove riše —
Hrom je. Klet, veste, in vlaga . . .
O čez dan je že kako . . .



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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A PICNIC

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

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

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

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

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

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

—T. S. C.

JOHN MASEFIELD:

SEA FEVER

I MUST GO DOWN to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
 And the wheels kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
 And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

*I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.*

*I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover
 And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

SYLVIA

(Song from "Two Gentlemen from Verona")

WHO is Sylvia? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

*Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there.*

*Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.*

Simple Simon Calls It Fate

By *Mary Jugg*

"YOU'LL have to hurry and get dressed, Master Lafferty. Today's the day of the big race."

Samuel Lafferty, to whom the remark was addressed, rubbed his eyes and yawned widely. Here was Jenkins, the same Jenkins, in the same old manner, disturbing his sleep and waiting to assist him in the morning routine of washing and dressing.

Samuel thought he had looked up at Jenkins just like this for a very, very long time—ever since he had been old enough to remember. For "Master Lafferty" had already passed his ninth birthday! This was his private room, with its heavy brown and yellow drapes, its full-length portrait of Sir Galahad, and its soft, thick brown carpet. The old cradle in the corner had given way to a small desk upon which he heaped his schoolbooks and papers. The little locomotive and trolley car were supplanted by a magazine rack overflowing with "boy's magazines."

Samuel Lafferty slowly sat up and somewhat unwillingly followed Jenkins.

His breakfast over and having submitted to a final inspection to make sure that his attire was correct, Samuel followed Jenkins down the long corridor that led to the driveway. Mr. and Mrs. Lafferty were already seated in the carriage. Then he was following his mother and father down to the very front row—nearest the tracks. And he was straining his eyes, trying to follow the horses in their wild stampee along the course. But he was overcome by the shouting and the stamping of the spectators. He felt as if any moment he would suffer a blow on the head.

Then all of a sudden, Samuel heard

them yelling, "They're tied! They're tied! Sunbeam and Spook are tied!"

Then he heard his father's voice above all the others, "It's a tie, sure. But let's pick a winner! A toss-up! A victor! What say?"

The people around them responded, "Sure. Let little Samuel be judge."

So Samuel was hoisted on his father's shoulders, and the two horses were led towards him. Samuel's eye was attracted by the sleek, shiny black horse with the white spot on his forehead. "Sunbeam" he was called, and Samuel pointed his finger to him.

"This one," he said.

Once more the crowd roared and cheered.

"Ho, there. Judge Lafferty."

* * *

"Ho, there. Judge Lafferty."

It was Jenkin's voice, as he pulled up the shades in the large, well-appointed room.

"Egad, Jenkins," said the smooth-shaven, middle-aged man, as he rubbed his eyes and hastily looked about him. "I say, Jenkins. I must have been dreaming?"

"Sir?" The white-haired man whose shoulders had become bent during his long service in the Lafferty household was at his side.

"Jenkins, do you remember—many many years ago—the day of a big race?"

"That I do, sir," replied Jenkins, "when somebody just for the fun of it said that you should judge between the two horses that tied in the race. Sunbeam and Spook. Those were the names. I'll never forget it, sir."

"And I chose Sunbeam, just because I liked the white spot in the middle of his forehead," he added—Judge Samuel Lafferty.

"But Spook was really the most consistent runner," finished Jenkins.

"Jenkins, get my clothes! I've a busy day at court!"

"Yes sir." He hurried into the adjoining room to get all in readiness for his master, now Judge of the Court in Harmarville.

"Bah! Dreams that bring up the past. It was a happy boyhood at that, though," he said, half aloud.

"Next case!"

Judge Lafferty was a stern judge. He was the town's most respected citizen. The last of the long line of Laffertys—all plantation owners—he was without question the only man who could be judge of Harmarville.

A small, unkempt boy stood before him.

"Name?"

"Tommy Robbins."

"Age?"

"Nine."

"What's the charge?" thundered Judge Lafferty.

"In a company of three others who held up a man for two dollars at the point of a gun," broke in a heavy voice behind the boy.

"Mother living?" The judge stared.

"Yes, sir. But my father died two years ago. He coughed for a long time."

"Any brothers or sisters?" interrupted the judge, sharply.

"Yes, sir. Two brothers and five sisters. My mother tries to work for all of us. She makes carpets from old rags. But nobody's wanted any for a whole month, now."

"Young man, what made you do this terrible thing?"

"I didn't do anything, sir. I was hungry. My mother didn't have anything in the house. Ted and Blacky said they know a way to get a hamburger and some hot dogs. So I went along."

"To the reformatory for ten years." Judge Lafferty rapped his gavel. "Next case!"

"You dirty rascal. That'll teach you to mind your own business," bellowed the heavy-voiced man, as he dragged him away by the collar.

"But I didn't do anything. Honest, I didn't," wailed Tommy. "I didn't do anything."

The big man shoved him along. "Silence! Look at Judge Lafferty and be ashamed. A good, respectable boy all through his life, and look where it got him. He's the judge!"

"But I'm hungry. I'm still hungry. Will they give me that hamburger in reform—where the Judge said I'm going?"

* * *

Mrs. Vandervelt, fanning herself in the courtroom, turned to Mrs. Jamison.

"My dear," she said. "I was just thinking—as they took that little scoundrel away. What a curious thing Fate is! But for a simple chance of Fate, Judge Lafferty might have been the hold-up man and this little boy a judge."

"Yes," returned her neighbor. "As I always said, 'It's all a matter of Fate.'"



A Cup of Coffee

By Ivan Cankar

(Freely translated from Slovene
by LOUIS ADAMIC)

I HAVE often been unjust, unfair to people whom I loved. Such injustice is an unpardonable sin, permanent, enduring, unforgettable in one's conscience. Sometimes the sin is as forgotten, eroded from your life, drowned in the eventfulness of the days; but suddenly, perhaps in the middle of a beautiful enjoyable day, perhaps at night, it comes back upon you, to weigh down your soul, to pain and burn your conscience as though you have just committed it. Almost every other sin or bitter memory may be washed away with atonement and good thought, except this sin of injustice against someone whom you love. It becomes a black mar on your heart and there it remains.

A man may perhaps try to lie to his soul—"It wasn't as bad as that. Your restlessness has created a black night out of mere shadows. It was but a trifle, an every-day occurrence." . . . Such words are lies, and the man knows it. The heart is not a penal code in which crimes and offenses are defined. Nor is it a catechism in which sins are classified. The human heart is a judge, just and consistent.

Pardonable is a sin which can be described by word of mouth and atoned for. But heavy, tremendously heavy, is a sin which remains with you—in your heart—indescribable, formless. You confess it to yourself when you tremble in fear before death, or at night when the covers of your bed seem like mountain piles upon you.

Fifteen years ago I came home one day and remained three weeks. Throughout that time I was glum, tired, and discontented. My mother's dwelling seemed empty, bleak, and I

thought that upon all of us lay repulsive shadow, a sort of lingering dampness.

The first few nights I slept in the large room, and as I awoke once in the middle of the night, I saw my mother sitting by the table. She appeared motionless, her head resting on her knuckles, her face illumined in the darkness. As I listened, I did not hear the breathing of a sleeping person, but subdued sobbing. I pulled the covers over my head, but even then I heard her sobbing.

I moved to the attic, where, in that dismal mood of mine, I began writing my first love stories. I had been forcibly directing my thoughts to beautiful scenes—parks, woods, creeks, pastures.

One day I craved black coffee. I don't know how it came to my mind; I simply wanted some black coffee. Perhaps because I knew that there was not even a slice of bread in the house, and that much less coffee. Sometimes a person is merciless, cruel.

Mother looked at me with her meek, surprised eyes but would not speak. After I informed her that I wanted some black coffee, I returned to the attic to continue my love story, to write how Milan and Breda loved each other, how noble, divine, happy and joyful they were . . . "*Hand in hand, both young and athrob with life, bathed in morning dew-drops, swaying . . .*"

Then I heard light steps on the stairs. It was mother, ascending carefully, carrying a cup of steaming coffee. Now I recall how beautiful she was at that moment. A single ray of sun shone directly into her eyes

through a crack in the wall. A divine light o' heaven, love and goodness were there in her face. Her lips held a smile as those of child bringing one a gift. But—

"Oh, leave me alone!" I said harshly. "Dont bother me now! I don't want any coffee!"

She had not yet reached the top of the stairs. I saw her only from her waist up. As she heard my words, she stopped and stood there motionless; only the hand holding the cup shook. She stared at me in terror, and the light that shone from her face died away.

Blood rushed to my head; I was overwhelmed with shame, and stepped toward her as quickly as I could.

"Give it to me, Mother."

But it was too late. What was done

was done. The light in her face had died. The smile on her lips had vanished.

As I drank the coffee, I said to myself: "Tonight I shall speak tenderly to her and make up for what I have done."

But in the evening I could not speak to her kindly, nor the next day.

* * *

Three or four months later a strange woman brought me a cup of coffee to my room. Suddenly I felt a sting in my heart. I wanted to cry out from pain. I shivered, my whole being trembling in stark agony. . . . For a man's heart is a just and consistent judge; a man's heart does not concern itself with paragraphs and provisions in statute books of trifles.

Definition of Luck

HERE is a definition of luck which appeared the other day: "Luck is made up of loyalty to your purpose, understanding of your aims, the courage of your convictions and the knowledge necessary for the desired progress."

Study the lives of those people whom the world calls "lucky" and you will find that they all show these characteristics. No man has ever gotten anywhere who did not have a purpose and the ability to stick to it. Neither did a fellow get anywhere who did not have a clear idea of what he was going after and in what direction he intended to go. The courage to stand up for his purpose

and convictions is all that has kept many a man from failure. The world respects those who are willing to fight for what they believe. And if you would move ahead very fast you must have a sufficient knowledge of the road and the rules that govern travel on it. The lucky fellow who gets promoted in his job is the one who has thoroughly mastered the one he is working on, who knows more about it than the other fellow.

So if you want to attract luck to yourself, have plenty of loyalty, understanding, courage, and knowledge.

—Boys' World.



RIVERA

THE RIVALS

A Letter to Our Juniors

MY Young Fellow Members:—Many of you already know that each year the Pioneers hold a big Prize and Juvenile Picnic where we give our young boys and girls a chance to assemble, compete for prizes in various contests and play games in the open. It has been our custom all these years to give the boys and girls special tickets with which they could buy ice cream, soda, hot dogs, cracker jacks, etc. For Chicago's young people it has become an important event and each year more and more of our people attend and bring their young ones.

This year's picnic will be held on Sunday, July 28, at Stezinar's Red Gate Picnic Grove on Archer road and 97th st., just past Willow Springs. It is not too early, therefore, to invite our young people to this year's gala juvenile affair. We want all of you to come and we want you to bring your friends and your parents. As usual, special trucks will take our people to the grove for 15c one way for grown-ups. Be sure you tell your parents and be sure you come out and make it a real **prize and juvenile picnic**.

In other cities the various lodges should get together and schedule a nice summer picnic for you. If you ask your parents to bring such a proposition before your lodge, they will do it, too. Just ask. Don't be afraid.

For Labor Day the Pioneers will go to Cleveland to play ball and to attend the Federation picnic. Lodge Delavec of South Chicago will also send their Junior team to Cleveland. They will have a nice, long ride, all free. Won't that be grand?

The Pioneers are always happy to have their Juveniles attend their meetings. For your information please remember that all Pioneer members' names (including juveniles) are placed into a hat and a name drawn. If the member called is present, he or she receives a dollar. Two months ago our new member, Dorothy Ivansek, won the dollar and she was happy.

Our Red Falcons had an exhibition recently. They showed their art work and bead work and cutouts. It was nice and we were all proud to know that our young boys and girls can do so well. The art drawings, in particular, were very good. **Ernest Dreshar** is the energetic artist.

Spend as much time as possible in the outdoors, especially in the summer and you'll grow up to be husky people. However, don't play around the streets, because we don't want to lose any of you.

Donald J. Lotrich,
Pioneer Lodge, No. 559, SNPJ.

Edmondo de Amicis:

In An Attic

YESTERDAY afternoon I went with my mother and my sister Sylvia, to carry the linen to the poor woman recommended by the newspaper: I carried the bundle; Sylvia had the paper with the initials of the name and the address. We climbed to the very roof of a tall house, to a long corridor with many doors. My mother knocked at the last; it was opened by a woman who was still young, blond and thin, and it instantly struck me that I had seen her many times before, with that very same blue kerchief that she wore on her head.

"Are you the person of whom the newspaper says so and so?" asked my mother. "Yes, signora, I am."

"Well, we have brought you a little linen." Then the woman began to thank us and bless us, and could not make enough of it. Meanwhile I espied in one corner of the bare, dark room, a boy kneeling in front of a chair, with his back turned towards us, who appeared to be writing; and he really was writing, with his paper on the chair and his inkstand on the floor. How did he manage to write thus in the dark? While I was saying this to myself, I suddenly recognized the red hair and the coarse jacket of Crossi, the son of the vegetable-peddler, the boy with the useless arm. I told my mother softly, while the woman was putting away the things.

"Hush!" replied my mother; "perhaps he will feel ashamed to see you giving alms to his mother: don't speak to him."

But at that moment Crossi turned round; I was embarrassed; he smiled, and then my mother gave me a push, so that I should run to him and embrace him. I did embrace him: he rose and took me by the hand.

"Here I am," his mother was saying in the meantime to my mother, "alone with this boy, my husband in America these seven years, and I sick in addition, so that I can no longer make my rounds with my vegetables, and earn a few cents. We have not even a table left for my poor Luigino to do his work on. When there was a bench down at the door, he could, at least, write on the bench; but that has been taken away. He has not even a little light so that he can study without ruining his eyes. And it is a mercy that I can send him to school, since the city provides him with books and copy-books. Poor Luigino, who would be so glad to study! Unhappy woman, that I am!"

My mother gave her all that she had in her purse, kissed the boy, and almost wept as we went out. And she had good cause to say to me: "Look at that poor boy; see how he is forced to work, when you have every comfort, and yet study seems hard to you! Ah! Enrico, there is more merit in the work which he does in one day, than in your work for a year. It is to such that the first prizes should be given!"

* *

We believe—and that no doubt will come—that the government should take care of such cases as stated above. In the future, when the present system is abolished, the state or the government will be the benevolent protector of all children and their mothers who must take care of their loved ones at home. Then there will no longer be two classes, the rich and the poor. All who are able will have to work and will receive honest payment for their work; the sick and disabled will be taken care of and the children will be provided for by the government. We must hasten the dawn of that day, all of us.—E.

Good Games

DISCUS THROW—A small circle about eighteen inches in diameter is drawn upon the ground or floor. Contestants take turns throwing a round flat sink-stopper or a round flat piece of wood into the circle. Each time the "discus" stays within the circle it counts one point. Opponents should stand eight to ten feet from the circle to throw the discus.

SHOT PUT—A small salt bag is filled with sand or beans. Competitors stand on a given line and place the bag on the back of their necks. They endeavor to throw it as far backward as

possible without the use of their hands. The person who throws the bag the greatest distance wins. This may also be used as a competitive game between two teams.

DROP IT IN—Each contestant is given ten shelled peanuts, peas, or beans. Players are asked to stand on a chair and to drop their peanuts from the level of their shoulders into a quart jar placed in front of their chair. The person who drops the greatest number of peanuts into the mouth of the jar wins.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

About Bats

The only animals that can fly are bats, and they fly as well as birds. They get their food without stopping their flight, for they catch night insects as they swoop through the air. They also get their drinks simply by darting down and getting swallows of water as they swoop.

When a bat gets sleepy, it simply goes and hangs himself upside down by the hooks on its wings from a nail or

peg or branch. The mother bat has a little pocket in which she carries her babies when she goes hunting. When they grow too large, she leaves them hung up in a safe place until she returns.

Bats do a great deal of good. They eat great quantities of insects, such as mosquitos and beetles, which are harmful to plants.



OUR PICNICS AND OUR CAMPAIGN



SUMMER time is picnic time for most of our lodges. We also have family or private picnics. For us, lodge picnics are of greater importance.

Our lodge picnics are public affairs to which we usually invite not only all lodge members but their friends and acquaintances—and everybody. These types of picnics are held for two specific purposes: entertainment and material gain. Family picnics or outings are purely private affairs for the immediate members of one or more families, hurriedly arranged and the group sets out for some suitable place by the creek, river or lake.

Besides the two specified purposes, lodge picnics assume also agitational meaning. Of special importance are those summer affairs which are combined with lodge celebrations for which special features are planned with one or more speakers of the SNPJ on the program. Our speakers are usually the main attraction; they explain to the audience the meaning and importance of our Society which is always willing and ready to cater to the needs of our workers and their children.

Many of you have attended such lodge gatherings; many of our young people travel a great distance to join their brethren in the festivities. Lodge visitations promote greater interest and are of great value to the Society and to the membership. New members are being attracted into our lodges in this manner and the old lines are being strengthened.

Remember that right now there is in progress a New Membership Campaign which offers unusual concessions and prizes. Secure at least one new juvenile or adult member and you will be awarded one of the prizes offered by the Society. See your local secretary for further information.

Get on your mark; get set—go!

—THE EDITOR.

A Letter from Latrobe

Dear Editor and Readers:—

To start off my summer right, I am writing a letter to the Mladinski List.

School is out and now we have plenty of time to work and play.

During the week of June 17 to June 22 we had a Mardi Grass. It was held by the Latrobe

Fire Department. On Monday, June 17, they held a walk-marathon; the boys that competed had to walk 15 miles. The first place winner was Mr. Schaffer, aged 25, who made it in 2 hours 17 min. While the world's record is 1 hr. 50 min. held by an Englishman named Platts. This was the first walk-marathon ever held in Latrobe, but they expect to have more in the future. In this race 17 boys

entered and 14 boys crossed the finishing line.

The Latrobe Board of Education is trying to put over their idea of making the Latrobe high school nearly twice as big as it is now. The citizens of Latrobe will vote on July 17, whether or not they want this enlargement of the school.

During the summer months the government is holding a Handicraft school. Here you learn how to make many interesting and useful things. I have already made 2 hot pot holders, a doorstopper, a writing desk set, picture frame and have painted vases.

My brother Joe is vacationing at Doctor Widdowson's where he is enjoying the summer months.

Best regards,

Sylvia Rose Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

Summer's Here; Autumn's Coming

Dear Editor:—

Even if I do read the M. L. regularly I couldn't put myself down to write a piece for the M. L. Oh well! Let's forget about that; from now on I will write often.

On the fourth of July there was a big time at Starbane, Pa. The SNPJ Lodge "Postojnska Jama", of which I and all the rest of our family are members, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary.

We are having vacation time now which I like very much, because I like to play out of doors and get a good suntan, but I can hardly wait till autumn because I like to go to school very much. I am going to be in the fourth grade.

Another reason I like autumn very much, too, is because my grandfather has a lot of grapes, peaches, apples, and plums, and you know what that means.

I give my regards to all readers of the M. L.

Justin Martincic Jr.,
Box 684, Canonsburg, Pa.

* *

School of Modern Art

Dear Readers:—

The Slovene School of Modern Art closed its season by holding its annual exhibition of art. Paintings of every collection were displayed, and visitors from all parts of Cleveland gathered too see them.

At this exhibit a club was organized with the aid of our able instructor, Mr. Prushek. This club is composed only of art students and is to meet once every month. For their club they have chosen the name "Jugoslav Students

Art League." As their President the students elected Edward Stefanic. Other officers include Sylvia Filipic, Vice-President; John Kapel, Secretary; Stanley Slejko, Treasurer. Anne Pengov was elected to serve as the Chairman of the Arts committee, and Anton Puntar, Chairman of the Publicity committee.

In closing I would like to thank all those who attended the exhibit and those who gave donations to help us carry on.

Sylvia Filipic,
1048 E. 78th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Riddles and Jokes

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the Mladinski List. I like to read the poems, stories and jokes. I wish more boys and girls would write to the M. L. My father and I belong to the Lodge 206, SNPJ. I was promoted to the 8th grade and I am eleven years of age.

Here are some riddles and jokes:

What is the difference between an elephant and a flea?

Answer: An elephant can have fleas but a flea can't have elephants.

Why is porridge like soup?

Answer: It rises in the yeast and sets behind the vest.

What is cowhide chiefly used for? The teacher said to the class one day.

A boy raised his hand.

"I know, sir", he said brightly.

"Tell the class".

"To keep the cow together, sir", was the reply.

Best regard to all.

Frankie Zveglic,
R. R. 1, Arcadia, Kans.

POPLARS

The poplars bow forward and back;
They are like a fan waving very softly.
They tremble,
For they love the wind in their feathery
branches.
They love to look down at the swallows,
At the mermaids
On the sandy shore.
They love to look into morning's face
Cool in the water.

—Hilda Conkling.

Anna's Fourth Letter

Dear Editor:—

I am going to write to the M. L. again because I like to read it so well. I cannot write much when I am busy with my school work. This is my fourth letter.

We got our report cards May 15. I was very glad because I had very good marks in my report card. I like my teacher very much. I would like to write Slovene but we have no Slovene school.

We had bad weather in Chicago a few days ago.

My sister was graduated from the Thomas school. She is fourteen years old.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Anna Chavich,
2254 Lewis st., Chicago, Ill.

* *

The Olympia Park

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, which I like to read very much. There are five in our family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge 347 of McKeesport, Pa., except my baby sister, Frances Jane.

I am going to be 11 year old on Aug. 15. I attend the Long Run school in Versailles Twp. Our school was out on May 29 and I was promoted to the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Harrison. The school picnic was held at Olympia Park.

I will describe the place were I live. Above my home is the Olympia Park. It has many amusements which give me a thrill. Many mill workers hold their picnics there. There are many mills, mainly tin mills, which are known as National Tube. McKeesport is known as "Tube City".

The Hubbard Coal Mine, where my dad works, is nearby. It is not working so good right now. Many carnivals and firemen parades are held here. A marathon dance was held here at Olympia Park during the months of Jan., Feb. and March. Five hundred dollars was awarded to the last couple on the floor.

Summer is the time for fun! I suppose we will all enjoy ourselves somehow or other. My plans are to pick berries, nuts, wild cherries, and grapes, play mushball (as I already do), pitch quortes and play baseball. Baseball is my favorite sport, so I'll play lots of it.

Our family will hold picnics and wiener roasts in the woods during the summer months.

I would like to see more letters from boys and girls of McKeesport. Now that I am vacationing at a cousin's home, "this first" letter will be a surprise to my parents.

As I read the Mladinski List and see many interesting letters I think I shall try to write steadily as some members do. In the ending, I wish to put a little poem which I made up. It goes as follows:

M—stands for Mladinski,
L—stands for List,
What more can we do, but
Piš, piš, piš!
Le naprej! Le naprej!
Dokler nas je še kej!

A proud juvenile member,

Louis E. Vodopivec,
2150 Lindwood st., McKeesport, Pa.

* *

Pauline Saw "Rdeče Rože"

Dear Editor:—

Summer is here and school is out; ours was out May 24. I have not missed one day of school last year and I hope I would be able to continue my record.

On May 13 I was 10 years old.—In April I went with my parents to Canonsburg, Pa., to see there the play "Rdeče Rože." The play was very interesting. I couldn't understand it all; my Mother liked it much. The players acted their parts very well. There were many people present, more than we expected. Mother and Dad met many friends, but I met none. I had a girl friend for my company.

At 7 p. m. we left Canonsburg and then stopped at Meadowlands at Zitko's. We had supper there which was delicious.

That's all for this time. I hope there will be more writers in the M. L., because now in summer they have more time to write.

Paulin Novak,
box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

FAITH IN CHILDREN—Riley

I believe all children's good,
If they're only understood—
Even bad ones, 'pears to me,
'S jes as good as they can be.

Beautiful Colorado

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have already written my first letter to the Mladinski List but at the present I have decided to write to the wonderful magazine at least once a month.

First of all, I want to thank the girls and boys who thought my first letter was interesting.

The largest flood we have ever had in Louisville and the vicinity was due to the large rain storms during the end of the month of May. The large waters running along Coal Creek destroyed the State Highway concrete bridge which I last wrote about to the Mladinski List. Also several homes were removed from their foundations; one hundred and fifty feet of railroad track was washed out; and one person had drowned. It wasn't very much compared to the McCook, Nebraska, or Colorado Springs, Colorado, floods but it was enough to remember.

School is out and I was promoted to the tenth grade which is the Sophomore class at many schools.

Nature is very beautiful out here in Colorado. Everything is very green and all the Colorado birds are singing their lovely melodies. Even the mountains seem to grow larger! It is not a wonder that it is considered a privilege to live in Colorado. Most of the beautiful entertainments are at Lakeside and Elitches' in Denver, and Eldorado Springs near Boulder.

I have noticed several new members have joined in writing to the lovely Mladinski List. I hope we all can struggle to keep it up! I am now trying to do my part.

Best wishes to the Editor and Readers of the Mladinski List.

Helen Hafner,
P. O. Box 624, Louisville, Colo.

* *

Olga had a Good Time

Dear Editor:—

School is out now and I guess everyone is glad. I graduated from eighth grade into high school. There are quite a few children who did not pass, but I wish them luck the next time.

I had a good time on May 30. In the morning I went to the cemetery to see the parades that were given in honor of the dead. There was a band and a few shots were fired. When the first parade was over, another one came from another town. After that was over everyone went home. In the afternoon I went to West Newton with my parents,

where we meet a few of our friends. There were a few speakers and then there was a Slovene play. After that there was dancing. I had a good time. Then we went home about 9:00 o'clock. This is all I have to write this time.

Olga Gutman,
box 42, White Valley, Pa.

* *

Dear Readers:—

This being my first letter to the Mladinski List, it is in order to tell one's age, mine being 10 whole years. I am in the 5th grade in school. Our entire family of four is in the SNPJ. We live on a ranch. I have a sister, Margie, 4 years of age. We have lots of fun with the chickens. I haven't seen a letter in the M. L. from here yet. Wake up, you sleepy heads.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Norma Matko,
R. F. D. 1, box 54, Renton, Wash.

* *

Our Old Home Town

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. which I like to read so much. We (our family) all belong to Lodge 254, SNPJ. Our school was out May 28. I am 15 year old and am a sophomore in the Franklin Boro high school. I like to go to school and the time will soon come again when we'll return to our classes. We have lots of fun here in Bon Air, our old home town. Almost all the folks must be sleeping when they don't write anything to this good magazine, the Mladinski List. Wake up, Bon Air! (I wish someone in Bon Air would write to me.) Joseph Krofina always writes nice letters for the M. L. Best regards to Editor and all Young SNPJs.

Sally Irene Middler,
RD 2, box 107, Bon Air, Johnstown, Pa.

* *

The Home of the SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge Slavia, No. 1, SNPJ, in Chicago, Ill., the home of the Slovene National Benefit Society and the Mladinski List and Prosveta. I am 10 years of age. My brother, Daniel, is also member of the Slavia Lodge of the SNPJ; he is 8 years old. I am going on my vacation to Cleveland to my Aunt, and Daniel has to stay home with Mother. Best regards.

Frank Bur, 3345 Walnut st., Chicago, Ill.

Margaret Lives on a Ranch

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to the Mladinski List before and I would appreciate it very much if this letter is published.

I live on a ranch. We milk ten cows and we have 23 rabbits and 50 chickens, two dogs and five cats. We sure have a cute little calf. He is my favorite pet. We live on my grandpa's place; it sure is a beautiful place—everything is green. I am 13 years old and am in the 8th grade. I go to summer school; I like to go to school very much. I like my teacher, Mr. Yanes, the best teacher I ever had.

Work is scarce, but my father works on the project and is making \$33.00 a month.

Margaret Sinkovich, box 191, Aguilar, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—

Writing my first letter to the M. L. I wish to tell you that I am in the third B grade and my teacher is Miss Bailey. I have two sisters; one goes to Rayen high school, the other goes to Hayes Jr. high school. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 675. Best regards to all.

John Kozlevchar Jr.,
1903 Clifton st., Youngstown, O.

RIDDLES

Why must a fisherman be very wealthy? *Because his is all net profit.*

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? *A fence.*

Why wasn't there any card playing on the Ark? *Because Noah sat on the deck.*

Why are bad boys like cakes? *Because the more you beat them the better they are.*

There is a key and on the key there is a stone, what is it? *A keystone.*

There is a hill, and on the hill there is a school, in the school there is a bell. What is the teacher's name? *Isabell.*

What has a thousand teeth and cannot eat. *Saw.*

What is everything doing at the same time? *Getting old.*

What is it that has a bushy tail and no name? *A squirrel.*

What is it that can play but can't talk? *A piano.*

What does your mummie look for and hope she will not find? *A hole in your stocking.*

Why is a horse a curious feeder? *Because he eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.*

NORMAL GUMS

THE IDEA that the gums normally bleed when the teeth are brushed is an unwarranted superstition. The gums are covered by a tissue that protects the more delicate underlying structure. The harder this tissue is brushed, the ticker it grows. Vigorous chewing of coarse food has the same effect.

When bleeding does occur, a dentist should be seen for treatment, for bleeding gums are a danger signal. Correct and persistent use of a small stiff brush will stop the bleeding and prevent its recurrence unless the gums are diseased.

DO YOU USE THEM?

Teacher: "What is a synonym?"

John: "It's the word you use when you can't spell the other one."

"Daddy," cried the boy.

"One more question, then," sighed the tired father.

"How far is it," inquired the son, "between to and fro?"

Visitor: "If your mother gave you a big apple and a little apple, and told you to give one to your brother, which one would you give him?"

Johnny: "Do you mean my big brother or my little one?"

What Would the modern woman do if she had to go back to slicing her bread and bacon?