

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

KRAVA

Prva domača naloga

VSAKA krava je domača žival.
V naši hiši jo imamo v hlevu.
In zato jo bom lahko opisal.
Videl sem jo že ponoči in podnevu.

Naša krava je zelo koristna.
To se tudi v šoli že učimo.
Včasih uide v polje in nam dela škodo.
Takrat ni koristna in jo napodimo.

Mi imamo eno samo kravo.
Če ji rečeš Sivka, te pogleda.
Tudi smo imeli hudo sušo.
Pravijo, da bo še hujša beda.

In zato bom zgubil svojo Sivko.
Še pred zimo bomo jo prodali.
Prav, da pišemo že zdaj nalogo,
ker brez krave bi težko pisali.

Pasel sem jo po bregovih,
kurili smo ogenj in kresove.
Ob studencih smo gradili mlinčke
in poznali v fari vse zvonove.

To pomlad bom pasel le svoj dolgčas.
Zdaj ne bo več kot nekoč zvečer,
ko dobili v hlevu smo telička.
A popoldne smo imeli sir.

Meni bo zelo hudo po Sivki.
S psom prišel bo ponjo tuj mesar.
In potem nam daje tudi mleko.
Drugače je zelo koristna stvar.



Vrnitev v domačijo

MLAD mož koraka po stezi. Sneg je pobelil brdo in ravan, drevje in grmovje. Mrak se dela, nobene sape, nobenega glasu ni okrog; le njegova počasna, trudna stopnja drobi napol zmrzli sneg, da mu škriplje pod nogami. Mnogo let je bil na tujem, mnogo let ni spal v domači hiši, kjer se je rodil, kjer je zrastel, na postelji, ki jo je postiljala skrbna mati, stara ženica. Videl je dokaj sveta, velikanska mesta, izkušal in spoznal ljudi, ki po njih prebivajo. Ali sreče, prave sreče ni bilo zanj nikjer, nikjer tiste zadovoljnosti, ki jo je čutil nekda v otroških letih pod slamnato streho rojstnega doma. In zdaj se vrača domov.

Dospe do vrha ter se ustavi. Pred njim leži dolina, bel plašč je pogrnen čeznjo. Sredi doline stoji hišica na samem, njegov rojstni dom. Dobro mu je znan nizki zid, znano mu je okence, ob katerem je poletne večere, gledaje v zvezdnato nebo, molil večerno molitev; znana mu je stara jablana in kamenita miza v njeni senci, kjer je nekda pozimi zidal snežene cerkve; znan mu je klanček za skednjem, kjer se je s tova-

riši vozil na sančicah, hlev, kjer so bile krave in voli, nekdanji njegovi tovariši na paši. O, tačas mu je bila ta mala domačija svet in na tem vesoljnem svetu vse lepo!

Dim se dviga iznad strehe, tanek curek sivega dima, ki se kroži in vali kvišku, trga in zopet sprijemlje, naposled pa razgublja med sive oblake.

In spomini iz otročjih let obhajajo potnika. Vidi staro mater, za družino skrbečo pred ognjiščem, kako drži zamišljeno roke pod pazduho križem, zre v ogenj in kuha. In oče, star, moder mož, mož trde skorje, pa dobrega zrna, menda baš poklada živini, števili, če bi kaj zmanjkalo klaje za zimo, števili, kdaj bo živine za eno tele več, kdaj bodo voliči na prodaj. Sestrico pa si misli v hiši na klopi pred kolovratom sedečo, kako pridno prede in marsikaj ugiblje v mladi glavici. Tako si domišlja potnik. Neznano hrepenenje se ga polasti, da bi brž videl svoje ljube iz oči v oči, da bi od blizu videl in se nagledal znanih krajev prve mladosti. In naglo se spusti navzdol.

Josip Jurčič.

ŠKRATI

KO LEGA dan k počitku,
prebujajo se škrti,
priplešejo po gozdu
večerne zarje svati.

Ob tihem gozdnem viru
si stražijo zaklade,
da kdo bleščečih zlatov
ponoči ne pokrade . . .

A ko se mlado jutro
poraja v zlati zori,
zbežijo zopet škrti,
poskrijejo se v gori.

Albin Čebular.

Vihar na morju

DEČKA sta ugledala čoln. Skočila sta vanj, ga odvezala in odveslala na morje. Bila sta že jako daleč od obrežja, a se še nista hotela vrinti. Na nebu nista zapazila črnega oblaka, ki se je vedno večal.

Nenadoma je solnce zatemnelo. Dečka sta se prestrašila. Obrnila sta čoln in veslala proti bregu. Strela je švignila po črnem obzorju. Močna sapa je valila visoke valove. Mrzel pot je obilidečkoma čeli. Veslala sta, kar sta mogla. Razburkano morje je premetavalo čoln kakor orehovo lupino. Že sta izgubila veslo, a z drugim nista mogla dosti opraviti. Curkoma se je ulila ploha. Dečka sta izgubila smer. Krčevito sta se držala čolnove stranice in klicala na pomoč. Valovi so že pljuskali v čoln. Z njiju je curela voda. Premočena sta bila do kože. Klicala sta na pomoč, a od nikoder ni bilo rešitve.

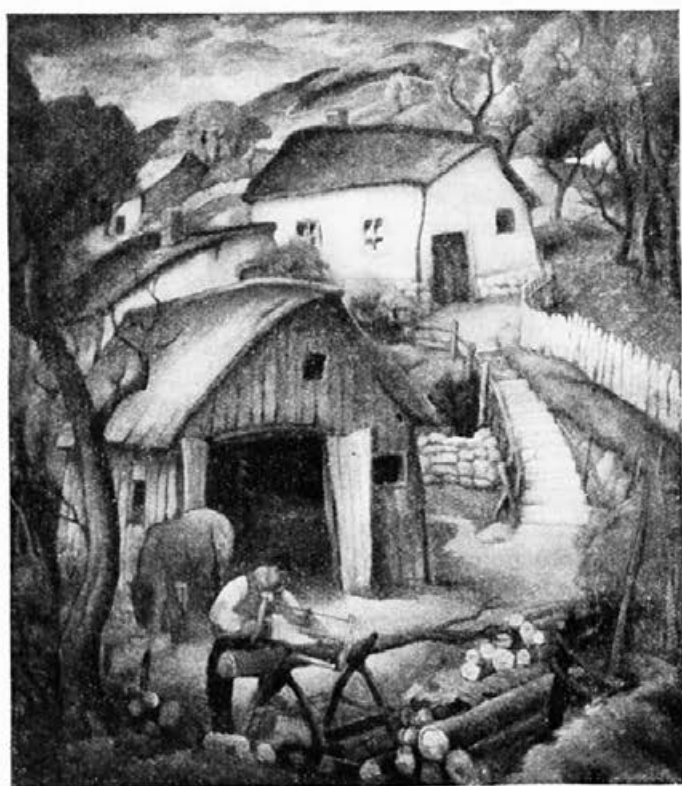
Na srečo se je pripeljal mimo parnik. Kapetan je zagledal nesrečna dečka. Ukazal je parnik ustaviti. Mornarji so z velikim trdom rešili prestrašena in izmučena dečka.

Anna P. Krasna:

SNEŽI

ZUNAJ sneži in bela odeja se zgrinja
preko gole puščobe našega selišča.
V naših otroških srcih živi vesela, lepa želja:
Da bi sneg ostal z nami vse zimske dni,
za naše sani. —
Oče in mati pa se snega bojita —
in bojita se zime
in naših veselih, lepih želj.
Ne snega, poletja si želite, otroci, pravita.
V snegu je prijetno in lepo,
če ima mamica denar,
da kupi kruha, suknjic in kučmic.
A če je atek brez dela
in nima mamica nič ko skrbi,
je deca brez suknjic
in si v sneg ne želi.

O! želi, želi, pravimo mi —
pa ker je brez suknjic in kučmic
le ob oknih sanja, kako
s hriba v dolino po belem snegu frči.



BULGARSKA FARMA

Katka Zupančič:

Moj prvi šolski dan

“DA ne boš kakor ovca skuštrana!” je dejala mati in mi zmočila lase ter jih spleta tako na tesno, da me je bolelo nad čelom in ob sencih. In kite? Če bi bile na sprednjem koncu, bi jih nemara vsak zamenjal z rogovi, tako so štrlele od glave. Zadnji trenutek so mi še prinesli od šivilje oblekco, ali bolje—obleko, kajti segala mi je čisto do tal. Na srečo je bilo zunaj mokro vreme in mati mi je krilce izpodrecala. Edino misel na novo obleko me je še veselila, zdaj mi je pa nahrhuščeni kolo-bar okrog pasu skazil še to veselje. Ostal mi je samo strah pred šolo. Šolniki so bili sicer tudi novi, črni in svetli, toda bili so mi predolgi in podobni bolj čolnom kot šolnom. Kadar sem koráčila se je slišalo: škr-lep, škr-lep . . . Pa se veseli, če se moreš!

Tako sem škrlepala in napol tekla vstric očeta, čvrsto se ga držeč za roko. Solnce je medlelo nekje za oblaki, ajda je cvetela in pot je bila dolga.

“Naše kokoši ne delajo nič manjših korakov, nego ti, petelin te pa že poseka. Treba je kreniti po bližnjici, sicer ne prideva ob času.” In je zavil na desno po stezi in grede stepal mokre veje. Capljala sem za njim, toda od truda mi je že pozvanjalo v ušesih. Od časa do časa se je oče ozrl in počakal.

“Na! na hrbet se mi spravi!” je počenil ob grivi.

“Ali, če naju kdo sreča . . .”

“Na hrbet, pa tiho!”

Ko sva prišla do ceste, me je spustil s hrbta. Še nisem bila dobro na tleh, ko so se mi čevlji nekam zamotali in telebnila sem v mokro, umazano travo, da sem videla zvezde.

“Na, če si ti za v šolo, sem jaz za cesarski prestol!” se je hudoval oče, ko mi je pomagal s tal in ugledal pomazano krilo. “Eh, kar pojdiva! Kar je, je!”

“To, to pogledjte,” sem mu pokazala komolec. Živinče se je bilo paslo ob

cesti in pustilo za seboj svoj spomin. Pa sem pri padcu udarila s komolcem v takle spomin.

Oče ni več zinil ne črne, ne bele; ampak stisnil je ustnice z brado vred pod nos in s pogledom preletel nebo od vzhoda do zahoda. Nato me je na trdo potegnil h leskovemu grm in prijel za šibo—jaz sem vztrepetala—pa je šibo samo osmrcnil in mi z mokrim listjem ostrgal in odrgnil rokav, kolikor se je pač dalo.

Tako sva končno prilomastila v šolo in našla tam še par očetov in mater in pa polno otrok kajpada. Za mizo je sedel učitelj. Izpraševal je in pisal. V črno je bil oblečen; temnorjavo špičasto bradico je imel in resnega, suhljatega obraza je bil. S Slovenci je govoril slovenski, z Nemci, pravzaprav s Kočevarji je govoril nemški. (Šola je bila dvojezična.) Nemščina mu je tekla, kakor bi stresal orehe, slovenščina se mu je malce zatikala.

Strah, ki se je spričo nezgode med potjo umaknil, se je povrnil in me stiskal liki klešče.

Nazadnje je bil na vrsti moj oče in me predstavil: “To vrtavko sem vam pripeljal, je pravo, živo srebro, da veste.”

Silno nerodno mi je bilo in izpod čela sem se ozrla na učitelja, pripravljena na oster in hud pogled. Namuzal se mi je.

“Aha, zdaj, dokler je še oče tukaj, se kaže pridnega, a ko bo oče odšel, bo pa bogpomagaj.”

Vzdihnila sem globoko, tako globoko, da se je slišalo: pk! in okoli pasu me je nehalo tiščati. Zastrmela sem se v učitelja in na skrivaj pocukavala očeta, opozarjevaje ga na spuščeno krilce. Slednjič se je oče vendarle ozrl, toda razumel me ni prav; pa se je obregnil: “Eh, pokora!” in proti učitelju, “ven se ji mudi.”

Bilo me je neznansko sram in sem hitela: "Ne, ne! Samo kikla . . ." Naglo sem se pripognila in pobrala trak.

"Žakelj!" je zabrundal oče, pomagal mi je pa le. Baš sem skušala zakriti umazani del rokava, ko me oče krene po glavi: "Poslušaj vendar!"

"Slovenski znaš. Kajpa nemščina?" me je, muzaje se, vprašal učitelj.

V zadregi poltaje sapo sem hitela: "O, nemško . . . slišim dobro . . . samo govoriti ne tako . . ."

gal in zapiral predal. Opri se je z obema rokama na mizo in gledal po nas, kakor da bi nas štel.

"Joj, kakor mačka na miš se pripravljaj . . ." me je zazebljo. Niti za trenotek nisem spustila njegovih rok izpred oči, pričakovala je, da bodo zdaj posegle za omaro ali kamorkoli in izvlekle dolgo palico. Pa bo zagrmel: "Jo vidite?" O jaz sem vedela vse natanko, kako bo in kaj; pri stričevih so mi vse to povedali.



T. H. Benton: NABIRALCI BOMBAŽA

Bučno se je nasmejal oče in učitelj mu je pomagal.

"Reči hoče, da razume, samo jezik ji ne gre," je oče razložil učitelju. Oni pa je smehljal pokimal in pokazal na prvo klop: "Kar tam sedi."

"Pa glej, da boš kot se šika!" mi je požugal oče s prstom in je izginil skozi vrata. Najrajši bi jo bila popihala za njim, pa sem vedela, da ne smem.

Tedaj je nekaj zaškripalo. Šušljanje po šoli se je pleglo. Učitelj se je dvi-

Kihnilo se je nekomu, pa sem se ozrla in videla okoli sebe skoraj same plašne obraze. "Tudi drugi vedo in se boje!" in zavest, da nisem sama, mi je godila.

Zdajci se je oglasil učitelj: "Zakaj me tako preplašeno gledate? Nič se ne bojte! Taki prijatelji bomo še, da bo kaj!" se je smehljal.

"Kako pa to!" sem se čudila. "Nič palice? In smehlja se?—Ej, pri stričevih so me potegnili. "Strah je popustil, sigurnosti pa le še ni bilo.

Drgnivši si dlan ob dlan je stopil med nas in nam odkazoval prostore.

"Ti boš ostala v prvi klopi, kjer si," je pokazal name.

"Prava reč!" sem si mislila. "To so mi povedali že doma, da bom sedela v prvi."

Ne vem, jeli bilo preseljevanje že končano ali ne, ko je nekdo na drugem koncu udaril v jok. Skočili smo na prste in videli dečka, ki si je—naslonjen na klop—s pestmi vrtal v oči in jokal na ves glas. Jok pa je, kakor znano, nalezljiv: začelo se je kisati še par drugih oseb. Tudi meni se je že začelo nekaj mašiti v grlo, ko je učitelj posegel vmes: "Na, na, dečko, kaj ti je?" Stopil je k njemu. "Te je kdo užalil?" Zanikal je z glavo in ihtel dalje. "Nemara se ti mudi na stran?" Zanikanje. "Bi šel rad domov?" Zdaj je deček živo prikimal.

"Pa zakaj?" Učitelj se je sklonil še niže k njemu.

"Zato—ker—ker—nič ne znam." In obraz je bil malemu ves marogast od solz.

"Zaboga!" sem se ustrašila, "saj tudi jaz ne znam ničesar . . . Kaj, če me pozove, naj grem pisat na tablo . . . Jaz pa poznam vsega skupaj dve črki . . ." Stisnila sem se, da me je bilo videti čim manj.

"Kar ne znaš, se boš pa v šoli naučil, le nič se ne boj!" ga je učitelj pogladil po glavi, "na štenge" ostriženi.

"Pa—pa po nemško ne znam čisto nič, samo 'tajfl,' to je vse, kar znam po nemško," je jecljaje in ihtel potožil mali.

Opazivši, da gre učitelju hudo na smeh, so se še nam raztegnili obrazi.

"No, da," je dejal, "nekaj le znaš! Vidiš! In drugo boš pa povedal po svoje. Kako ti je ime?"

"Janez-zek."

"Pa tvojemu očetu?"

"Ata."

Zganila sem se, kajti vedela sem, da ata ni dovolj. Učitelj pa se je zadovoljil z atom.

"Pa čigav si?"

"Naš."

Učitelju je zaigralo okrog usten. "Odkod?" je vprašal dalje.

"Sem pozabil . . ." In znova se mu je grbančila brada in si je jel vrtati v oči.

"Kaj pa, recimo psička, ga imate pri vas?"

"O ja, imamo ga, pa je pes, ne psiček! In Hektor mu je ime."

"Pa je kaj hud?"

"Hud? Hu, mačke kar ne more videti." Dečku so se sredi ihtenja oči zasmejale. Že je namerjal z rokavom obrisati si nos, kar naj bi pomenilo konec joka, pa se je še pravočasno domislil in potegnil iz žepa novo rutico. S tem je spomnil tudi nas druge in vsi smo vlekli iz žepov nove rutice in se vsekavali—treba ali netreba. Moja sosedica se je obrisala najprej v krilo in potem šele v rutico. Razgibali smo se in bili dobre volje. Učitelj je bil videti zadovoljen z nami in nasmejali smo se mu, ko je nazadnje tudi on potegnil svojo rutico iz žepa.

"No, pa kateri še imate psa doma?"

Šum po šoli. Jaz sem zlezla kar na klop.

"Ne tako, ne. Roko dvignite tisti, pa bom vedel." Opazil je mojo roko, saj sem se, reva, tako stezala, da mi je trak ponovno počil in je krilo zopet raslo navzdol. Pa zdaj ni bilo časa misliti na to.

"Pri vas imate tudi psa?"

"Mhm, Sultan mu pravimo. Je velik, pa siv in en zob mu manjka."

"Kaj ni rujav?" se je nekdo polglasno vtaknil vmes.

"Siv je, saj je naš. In s Tigro sta si dobra," sem se našobila.

Učitelj se je namuzal. "Kdo je Tigra?"

"Naša mačka. Sultan ji obira bolhe."

"Pa mačka pusti?"

"Mhm! Samo enkrat jo je vščipnil, pa ga je tako oplazila s kremplji, da je jokal." Vsa šola se je zasmejala, najbolj Janezek.

Tako se je nadaljevalo, dokler ni učitelj potegnil iz žepa ure in nam povedal, da je čas iti domov. Zmohotala

sem se iz klopi, se zapletla v krilo in sem tako na svoj prvi šolski dan, hočeš nočeš, poljubila tudi šolska tla. Učitelj mi je pomagal izpodrecati krilo in si tako pridobil moje večno prijateljstvo.

Prišedšo domov so me vprašali, kaj vse smo se že prvi dan naučili.

"Vse polno o mačkah in psih," sem odgovorila točno.

"Kaj? O psih? Pa o mačkah? Črke, črke! Koliko črk?" je tiščal oče.

"O, vse—vse—vse polno," sem jecljala. Za nič na svetu bi ne bila zatožila učitelja, da nas ni naučil nobene črke, da mu črke niti na misel niso prišle.

Tisto noč nisem dolgo zaspala od skrbi, kako bi učitelja opozorila, da bi ne pozabil učiti nas črk . . .

KRAVCA PRODANA

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

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

Modra bila si na paši,
ne uhajala drugam,
tele si o Mali maši
vsako leto dala nam.

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

Josip Stritar.

Zvesti pes

DOLGO vrsto let je pes zvesto služil svojemu gospodarju. Ko pa se je postal, ga je hotel nehvaležnejš potopiti.

Vzame ga s seboj v čoln in odrine od brega. Ko privesla sredi reke, zagrabí psa in ga vrže v vodo. Ubogi pes izgine pod valovi, a kmalu se prikaže zopet na površju in se obupno trudi, da bi priplaval do čolna. Vsakikrat, ko se približa, ga neusmiljeni gospodar sune z veslom. Slednjič ga hoče udariti z njim po glavi, a omahne, ker se je preveč nagnil in pade v vodo. Utonil bi bil, toda zvesta žival ga zgrabi za suknjo in ga srečno privleče do brega.

A. P. K.:

Obleka

PRAV natančno se spominjam, kako je bilo. Z očetom sva nabirala hruške v ogradah in sva govorila o vojni in o draginji, ki je strašno naglo naraščala. In je oče sredi pogovora nenadno zaključil: "Če bodo vrgle hruške toliko kot mislim, da bi morale, ti bom kupil blaga za volneno obleko, preden poskočijo cene še višje."

Mrko je gledal oče in uravnaval oštrovko v drugi, težko dosegljiv vrh; in sva spet obirala dalje. Nobene besede nisva več spregovorila o obleki tisto popoldne. Šele par tednov potem je spet dejal oče: "Jutri pojdeva v trg, da si zbereš obleko."

"Niste dali S—ku? Včeraj je spet prišel, ko vas ni bilo doma in mati mu je obljubila prinesiti nekaj na račun."



Meunier: RUDARJI

Joj, veselje! Imeti obljubljeni prvo volneno obleko v svojem življenju. Živa radost je zaplala po meni, a vanjo so zlezli že v istem hipu dvomi.

"Saj ne bo mogoče. — S. tirja, mar ne bi raje dali njemu nekaj?"

"Naj tirja, ti pa delaš in boš morala še veliko delati, zakaj fante bo kmalu vzel cesar — —"

"Četudi, kaj zato, saj ve, da ne bo izgubil — postalo mi je že vseeno. Pa, pustiva to — če so dolgovi ubili mater in mene, ni treba, da bi še tebe; mlada si, bodi vesela."

"Saj bi bila rada — —"

In spet ni bilo besede o obleki do drugega dne, ko sva se odpravila v trg. In še tedaj je bila omenjena le mimo-

grede, kakor da bi se je držalo neznano zlo. Ali v moji duši je kljub vsemu plamtelo tiho, mehko veselje; tem mehkejšo in blažje, ker je bilo združeno z napol pojmljivo bolestjo skrbi, ki je visela nad očetovo glavo. In dan je bil tako krasen. Nedeljsko je sijalo solnce in je v širokih, prešernih pramenih božalo polja, travnike in vinograde, preko katerih sva počasi hodila z očetom. Oče je snel klobuk z glave in je hodil z nekoliko sklonjeno glavo, kakor da gre skozi svetišče. Meni pa je bilo, kakor da stopam po samih mehkih volnenih mavricah barv. Čez vso dolino in tja daleč preko obzorja so se razlivala mehke barve in jaz sem zbirala v mislih svojo prvo volneno obleko.

Iz mehke mavrice barv je izbral oče plavo, tako plavo kakor je nebo spomladi in jaz sem videla v njegovih očeh, da bi bil užaljen, če bi hotela kaj drugega. Rada bi bila temnejšo ali mehko rdečo, a ker je očetu ugajala plava, sem se odločila zanjo.

Prišla sva domov, odvila blago in ga pokazala materi. Ni ji ugajalo; presvetlo se ji je zdelo za nevesele vojne čase. Nič ni odgovoril oče na materino sodbo, mirno je razvil časopis, ki ga je prinesel iz trga in je čital. Jaz sem vedela, da je užaljen — ne nejevoljen — samo nekako ranjen v tisti očetovski ponos in požrtvovalno radodarnost, ki hoče za vsako ceno razveseliti.

Zdaj, ko je bil moj kos tistih svetlih trakov, ki so se tako mehko razlivali čez vso dolino v tisti zadnji uri skromno-veselega hrepenenja, mi je namah postalo vseeno, če kdaj nosim obleko iz tega sinjega kosa blaga ali ne. Nekje globoko je tlela želja, da bi ne bila z očetom nikdar stopila preko tistih svetlih mavričnih trakov v šumenje trga in v trgovino, kjer so se bočile v širokem oknu resnične volnene mavrice. Prav brezbrizno sem pritrdila materi,

ko je rekla, da bi dali obleko delat šele na spomlad, ko bom malo starejša in mi bo boljša obleka bolj pristojala.

In tako je ležalo blago v predalu do spomladi in ker je segel na spomlad do nas prvi resnejši udarec vojne, je ostalo blago v predalu do jeseni in potem zopet do spomladi. Pa je bila tista pomlad še žalostnejša od prve, ker je odšel že drugi brat in je prišla vojna prav do nas, zato se ni spodobilo ukrohati in nositi veselih, svetlih oblek.

“Kar pusti jo v predalu,” je rekla mati, “ko bo konec vojne jo boš dala narediti.”

Prišla je tretja pomlad in tretja jesen; z dreves je padlo listje, kakor odpade slednjo jesen in ob tistem času je legla mati h končnemu počitku. S Krasa so zaveli mrzli vetrovi, grmenje vojnega potresa se je pomaknilo v furlanske in dalje dol v italijanske ravni in je v tistih čudno pustih dneh umrl oče. — In tedaj sem vzela plavo blago iz predala in sem ga izročila prekupčevalki, da ga je nesla v mesto, kjer so mi ga pobarvali črno.

Tako so se zlile vse svetle mavrice v črnino, ki se je razlila čez vse, kar je bilo kdaj svetlega in lepega in v tej črnini sem se nekega svetlega, solnčnega dne vrnila iz trga in sem našla sedečega pri mizi v izbi starega S—ka. Gledal me je kakor oster sodnik, meni pa je postajalo temno, temno, kot da se pogreza solnce v neznane globine. Kakor v nezavesti sem se zrušila na stol in sem čutila, kako me žge črna volnena obleka. Nič več nisem videla starega S—ka, same črne, pogrezujoče mavrice so plesale pred mojimi očmi in čutila sem, da padam, padam . . . Globoko, v komaj pojmljivo brezdanjost so me potegnili črni trakovi in ko sem se zavedla, sem bila bolna na smrt in nisem dolgo ozdravela.



Lepe knjige

DELAVEC je stopal po cesti v Parizu.

V roki je nesel tajinstveno zaviti ovoj. Majhna, dvanajstletna deklica ga je spremljala. Videlo se je obema, da sta bila jako žalostna, posebno otrok je komaj zadrževal solze. Naposled začne ihteti in oče reče deklici: "Dobro! Če boš jokala, se obrneva domov!" — "Ne, oče!" odgovori. "Ne bom več jokala, ker je to za mamó."

Gresta zopet dalje. Oče pogleduje zdaj pa zdaj malo ubožico, ki siloma skriva solze.

Žalostni prizor je zapazil mimo idoč človek, ki je že nekaj časa stopal za delavcem in njegovo hčerko. Naposled postojita oba pred prodajalnico starinarja v predmestju. Vstopita. Trгоvec odveže ruto, ki je bil v njej zaviti dragocen ovoj. V njem so bile lepo vezane knjige.

V prodajalnico pa stopi tudi človek, ki je šel za njima. Z enim pogledom je razumel vse. Ubogi mož je imel napro-

daj vse te lepe knjige, ki jih je dobila deklica v šoli za darilo zaradi poslušnosti, delavnosti in marljivosti. Mati pa je bila bolna. Denarja ni bilo več v hiši, vse je bilo zastavljeno, vse prodano, vse — razen darila ubogega otroka — svet spomin, za katerega so se odločili v skrajni sili, da ga prodajo. Žrtev je bila huda za mater, za očeta in za otroka.

Neznanec, ki ni bil mož brez srca, je čutil vse to in je sklenil, da hoče storiti dobro delo. Kupi darilo, ki od njega deklica ni mogla oči obrniti, da kupnino očetu, prime knjige, jih vrne otroku in ga objame, rekoč: "Vzemi te knjige nazaj, draga mala, zakaj zaslužila si jih dvakrat. Bodi tudi v bodoče dobra in poslušna ter vedi, da krepost ne ostane nikoli brez plačila."

In plemeniti človek odide, ne da bi bil poslušal genljivo zahvalo ubogega očeta in dragega otroka.

Iz francoščine F. J.

Pozimi

KAMOR se obrne človek po deželi, povsod vse tiho in mirno! Nebo meži mrklo dan na dan, megla se vlačí od jutra do večera, noč se že stika z dnevom in nekega jutra — kako se čudno blešči! Vse svetlo in belo: sneg! Že ga je na debelo, pa le še siplje. Kako izlahka prsi navzdol! Zdaj drobno, sipa, tisto babje pšeno, zdaj koscema, kakor bi se trgali berači. Te bele muhe, vsaka mična in lična vrtavka na šest voglov, kako živahno more po mrzlem zraku in kako plešejo! Ali to ni nikakšna šala! Kaj bo, kaj bo?

Berači prihajajo od vseh strani v vas: črne kavke in vrane, lačne in sitne, rjavi kraljiček, ki prinaša prvi sneg z gora, rumeni strnad in ščinkavec pa taščica in siničica. Ves stradajoči ptičji zarod, ki nam je ostal še zvest, išče in iztika po vseh kotih, da bi si za silo utešil lačni želodeček. Le prehitro ga zaleze črna noč.

Snežena dobrava pa dremlje in sanja, trudna zemlja počiva po težkem delu. Tisoče in tisoče rastlinic je vzredila in vzgojila — sedaj je zanjo čas oddiha in pokoja.

Kakor vsak čas je tudi pozimi siromak najbolj prizadet. Po nizkih, lesenih kočah ter tudi po velikih mestnih hišah za širokimi vrati je mnogo sob, po katerih izprehaja mraz borne družine, ki nimajo česa vreči v peč, da bi grela stanico, ki nimajo ničesar za želodec, da bi dajal telesu gorkote.

A zima ima tudi veselejše slike. Glej tamle — sani! Kako tihoma teče ta vprega po mehki, beli preprogi! Še stopinja se ne čuje konju, pač pa bingljajo in žvenkljajo zvonci in kraguljci po

cestah. Ali tam gori, okolo strehe — ledena sveča pri sveči! Kako ti svetli ocurki lepo zobčajo vsako ostrešje!

In tam za voglom na klancu gruča veselih otrok, ki se sankajo z radostnim krikom in vikom! Malo v stran pa kopica paglavcev, ki bojujejo ljut boj s sneženimi kepami ali pa vale po strmini valiže navzdol, da delajo spodaj iz njih mošice.

Pač res: tudi zima ima svoje lepote in svoje veselje, da bi le vsi ljudje imeli dovolj hrane in kuriva!



Trgovec

MISLI si, mamica, da bi morala ostati doma in jaz da bi moral na pot v tujo deželo.

Misli si, da bi bil moj čoln pripravljen v pristanišču, do vrha natovorjen.

Zdaj pa dobro premisli, mamica, preden porečeš, kaj ti naj prinesem, ko se povrnem s potovanja.

Mamica, hočeš kupe in kupe zlata? Tam ob obrežjih zlatih rek so polja, polna zlate žetve.

In v senci gozdne steze kapljajo zlati čampovi cveti na tla.

Nabрати jih hočem vse zate v mnogo sto košev.

Mamica, ali bi hotela biserov, velikih kakor deževne kaplje jeseni?

Popeljem se k obrežju bisernega otoka.

Tam trepetajo biseri v ranem jutranjem svitu na tratnih cveticah, biseri kapljajo v travo in bisere prše na pesek v penah divji morski valovi.

Moj brat dobi par krilatih konj, da bo letal z oblaki.

Očetu prinesem čarobno pero, ki bo brez njegove vednosti samo pisalo.

Zate, mamica, pa moram imeti skrinjico in dragotine, ki jih je plačalo sedem kraljev s svojimi kraljestvi.

Rabindranath Tagore—Al. Gradnik.



Dragi čitalci!

Spet se je Mladinski List malo zapoznil, to pa radi dela v tiskarni, ki je zahtevalo nujno izvršitev. Upamo, da bo decemberska številka, ki bo obenem letošnja zadnja, izšla pravočasno.

Letošnja zima se nam napoveduje, da bo precej ostra in huda. Še tega nam je treba v teh slabih časih! Sedaj je milijone ljudi brez dela, brez zaslužka in sredstev za vsakdanje življenske potrebščine, pa pride na vrh vsega tega še prorokba o hudi zimi. Kje bodo ljudje vzeli za kurjavo in prehrano ter toplo obleko, to je vprašanje, za katero se vlada ne briga. Najbolj so prizadeti revni sloji v velikih mestih, mnogo bolj kot v malih mestih in naseliščih.

Večina vas pohaja šolo. Otroci se radi vesele zime in zimskega časa in kar jim ta prinese. Upam, da se boste pridno učili in da vas ne bo sedanja depresija preveč pestila. Glejte tudi, da napišete precej slovenskih dopisov za decembersko številko!

—UREDNIK.

DOPIS IZ DIAMONDVILLA, WYO.

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj spet pohajam šolo, pa sem se namenila, da napišem tole pisemce za "Naš kotiček." V šoli sem v petem razredu. Povem Vam, da sem se tekom prošlih šolskih počitnic precej naučila slovensko čitati. Ko pride Mladinski List, najprej pogledam v slovenske dopise. Zelo rada čitam "Kotiček," zato pa tudi obljubljam, da bom večkrat kaj napisala. Upam pa, da se bodo oglasili tudi drugi mladi čitatelji in čitateljice, tako da bomo vedno napolnili "Naš kotiček" z našimi slovenskimi dopisi.

Tukaj imamo prav lepe jesenske dneve, delavske razmere pa so tako slabe, da jih ni vredno omenjati. Zato pa bom sedaj končala, obenem pa pozdravljam vse mlade dopisovalce Mladinskega Lista, enako tudi urednika!

Frances Rolih, Box 82, Diamondville, Wyo.

SLABE RAZMERE V PENNI

Dragi mi urednik!

Četudi se moram sedaj mnogo več učiti, odkar je spet začela šola, vseeno ne smem pozabiti na naš Mladinski List. Hvala Vam, g. urednik, ker popravite moje dopise; s tem mi date več veselja, da bom še večkrat kaj napisal za "Kotiček."

Tukaj v Bridgevillu, Pa., so slabe delavske razmere, kar menda ni nič novega, ker slabo je povsod. Marsikateri starši žalostno pričakujejo nastopajočo zimo, ker nimajo sredstev, da bi svojim otrokom kupili gorke obleke in drugih potrebščin. Mnogi bodo morali čez zimo trpeti mráz in glad, to pa radi požrešnih kapitalistov, ki ne poznajo nobenega usmiljenja.

Za sedaj naj zadostuje, prihodnjič pa bom

spet kaj napisal. Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, posebno pa uredniku!

William Gruden, Bridgeville, Pa.

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JESENSKI ČEŠNJEV CVET

Cenjeni urednik!

Vreme v dneh okrog 28. septembra je bilo tukaj mrzlo, bilo pa je dosedaj zelo lepo in gorko, skoro kakor poleti. Bilo je tako lepo in gorko, da je naša češnja v vrtu spet pognala cvetje, kot spomladi. Da je to res, Vam prilagam v tem pismu par češnjevih cvetov. (Hvala za cvetje, ki je res bujno pognalo—kot spomladi.—Urednik.)

Povedati Vam tudi moram, da sedaj pridno pohajam šolo. Prihodnji teden—prve dni v oktobru—bomo že imeli izpraševanje ali test.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

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SPOMINI NA VESELE DNI V JUGO-SLAVIJI

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da mi odmerite malo prostorčka v M. L. Čas je že namreč, da se tudi jaz oglašim v "Kotičku." Rada ga čitam. V septemberski številki sem čitala dopis moje sestrice Anice Kramžar iz Sygana, Pa. Ona je pisala o trboveljskem podrtem mostu, ki pelje preko Save. Njen dopis me je zelo zanimal, ker smo tisti most z Anico in drugimi prijateljicami mnogokrat prekoračile, ko smo se hodile v Savo kopat. To je bilo za nas male največje veselje in zabava. Mnogo jih je že utočilo v Savi.

Vam urednik in čitateljem moram povedati, da sem z Anico prirajžala skupaj iz Jugoslavije v to obljubljeno deželo v spremstvu moje mame in dveh sestic, in sicer dne 3. junija pred petimi leti. Dne 25. oktobra sem bila stara 14 let. Hodim v 6. razred in učim se prav lahko. Imam mnogo prijateljic, s katerimi se prav dobro razumemo, no, včasih se pa tudi malo "pofajtamo," kakor je že navada med mladino.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Adolphia Pucell,

Cuddy Hill (MacDonald), Pa.

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GREGORČIČEV "SIROMAK" IZRAŽA SEDANJOST

Cenjeni urednik in čitatelji!

Prosim, da priobčite to-le Gregorčičevo pesmico, ki se imenuje "Siromak," ker je zelo času primerna, tako se mi namreč zdi:

Siromak

Kar Bog mi je življenje dal,
odkar sem se zavedel,
pod svojo streho nisem spal,
pri svojcih nisem jedel.

Svatuje dan za dnevom grad,
po njem veselje vriska;
a siromaka mrz in glad
pod milim nebom stiska.

Kdo z menoj spregovori
besedico prijazno?
Kdo, kdo razveseli
srce veselja prazno?

Po svetu hodim čisto sam
od praga pa do praga,
nikdo ne vpraša: kod ne kam?
Z nevoljo vsak pomaga!

To pa nadloga vseh nadlog,
to hudo je najhuje,
da, ker sem reven, ker ubog,
me ljudstvo zaničuje.

Kdor kruha vbranega ne je,
ni skusil sirotanja,
kaj je trpljenje, on ne ve,
on ne pozna življenja.

Za vse je svet dovolj bogat,
in srečni vsi bi bili,
ko kruh delil bi z bratom brat
s prav srčnimi čutili!

Hvala Vam za priobčitev, obenem pa pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice, ki radi čitajo Mladinski List!

Angela Pucel,

Cuddy Hill (McDonald), Pa.

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MLADI VOGRIJ JE ZA PAZNIKA

Dragi urednik!

Povedati Vam moram, da sedaj ne morem mnogo pisati za "Naš kotiček," ker moram hoditi v šolo, po šoli pa moram tudi delati domačo nalogo (home work). Sedaj hodim v peti razred. Moji učiteljci je ime Miss Ratchford. Naša šola ima novega nadzornika (principal).

Tudi Vam moram povedati, da sem v šoli toliko napredoval, da so me izbrali in imenovali za paznika (patrol boy) na cestnem križišču. Moja postaja je na oglu Main avenue in Parker street.

Zadnje dni v septembru je postalo vreme v Scrantonu precej mrzlo; deževalo je kar tri dni skupaj. Mislim, da zima bo prišla kmalu.

Prosim Vas, urednik, da popravite moje napake, in pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Felix Vogrin, 2419 Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

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SNEŽENI MOŽ V OKTOBRU

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo v M. L. Star sem šele sedem let in hodim v šolo v tretji razred.

Čujte, dne 4. oktobra je zapadel prvi sneg, a z Rudijem Zormanovim pa sva naredila velikega sneženega moža. To sva bila vesela najinega dela. Pa to ni trajalo dolgo. Opoldne, ko sva prišla iz šole, je bil naš možic že na tleh—kar izginil je!—ker ga je toplo sonce raztopilo.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Albert Tomšič,

Box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

BRATCA SE S SESTRICO UČITA SLOVENSKO

Dragi urednik!

Zelo sem bil vesel, ko sem videl moj prvi slovenski dopis v Mladinskem Listu. Iskrena hvala Vam, urednik, za popravke!

Sedaj sem star osem let in hodim v četrti razred v šoli. Kadar se z mojim bratom Albertom učiva slovensko, se z nama uči tudi sestra Betty. Ona je stara šele štiri leta. Ona kar vzame Mladinski List v roke, čita: "Jakec naš, Jakec naš!" Ona zna že na pamet celo pesmico.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem, seveda pa tudi uredniku!

Viktor Tomšič,

Box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

JOSEPHINE JE DOBILA KOŠTRUNČKA

Dragi urednik in čitatelji Mladinskega Lista!

Sem počasna, toda gotova.—Že pred dvema letoma sem napisala en doris za Mladinski List. Takrat sem obljubila, da bom še pisala za Mladinski List, pa sem vedno odlašala, ker sem vedno zaposlena.

Lani sem šla z mojimi starši obiskat moje sestrične in znanke v Kansas. Pogovorile sva se z Mary Cizrle, da bove obe pisale dopise za M. L. Pa niti enega dopisa še nisem videla.

Takrat sem obiskala tudi mojega strica, ki mi je lepega koštrunčka; zato ga ne bom nikdar pozabila. Povem pa, da je bil ta koštrunček zelo poreden in mnogokrat me je prevrgel. In ta porednež kosmati je tudi mojega očeta parkrat vrgel na tla. Potem pa ga je moj ata obsodil na smrt.

Letos so tudi zame slabi časi. Počitnice sem imela kar doma. Sedaj hodim spet v šolo v 5. razred. Angleško se lahko učim, ali slovensko mi ne gre tako lahko. Pa vseeno sem se namenila, da bom pomagala deklicam s slo-

venskimi dopisi, da nas ne bodo dečki prekosili. Zmaga naj bo naša! Le naprej, deklice!

Radovedna sem, kje je Elica Strajner? Gotovo se kje z mačko igra, ker nima časa, da bi še kaj napisala za M. L. Želim tudi, da bi kaj napisala Jennie Fink in Josephine Mestek o delavskih (majnarskih) razmerah.

Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega Lista in tudi uredniku!

Josephine Lipovšek, R. 2, Box 710, Nokomis, Ill.

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LASTOVKI V SLOVO

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Zopet sem se namenila napisati par vrstic za "Naš kotiček."

Minilo je gorko poletje, nastopila je hladna jesen. Ptčki odhajajo zopet od nas in se vračajo zopet v gorke kraje.

Delavske razmere so vedno enake. Gospodje kapitalisti nam ne dajo ne dela ne jela.

Prosim, da priobčite tole Gregorčičevo pesmico:

Lastovki v slovo

Mrzli veter tebe žene,
drobna ptičica od nas,
kjer z nad lipice zelene
si mi pela kratek čas.

Vsako jutro, ptička moja,
zgodaj si prepevala,
vsako noč je pesem tvoja
sladko me zazibala.

Zdaj pa iz zvonika line
zadnjo pesem žvrgoliš,
ker čez hribe in doline
v tople kraje si želiš.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, posebej pa uredniku!

Frances M. Celigoj,

16034 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

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KAKO UČITELJI REDUJEJO NALOGE

Dragi urednik!

Najprej Vam seveda moram povedati, da je to pisemce moj prvi slovenski dopis za Mladinski List, ako bo priobčen v "Našem kotičku."

Stara sem 11 let in pohajam šesti razred ljudske šole. Naša šola se nahaja v Dunlo. Jaz imam kar štiri učitelje, pa niso preveč dobri. Najraji nam dajo pri izkušnjah črko C in pa tudi D. Zdi se mi, da ti dve črki menda še najlažje zapišejo.

Rada bi vedela, če drugi šolarji bolje naredijo.

Vsem bratcem in sestricam moj najboljši pozdrav in obilo sreče pri šolskih nalogah!

Antonia Usenicnik, box 125, Krayn, Pa.

JESEN IN VOLITVE

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, odmerite mi malo prostora v "Kotičku" za teh par vrstice, ki Vam jih pošiljam.

Jesen je že tu. Narava se je odela v rumenkasto odejo. Rožice venejo in kakor v žalosti povešajo glavice. Ptice selivke so odletele v tople kraje, le plebejski vrabec vztraja tudi pozimi tam, kjer je prebil poletje. Vse je nekam žalostno; vreme se pusto drži.

No, končno se je prosperiteta le "vrnila" v deželo in depresija jo je ostavila. Tako vsaj trdijo starogardni politikaši, ki so zdaj na krmilu, kateri se z vso vnemo pripravljajo na prihodnje volitve v novembru. Njih oponenti, demokrati, pa trdijo ravno nasprotno, namreč, da pride prosperiteta v deželo šele potem, ko bo izvoljen demokratski predsednik. Kdo ima prav, se bo videlo potem, ko minejo volitve.

Tu v Clintonu so začeli obratovati par majn po novi pogodbi; zaposlenih je le malo število mož in še ti delajo komaj po par dni na teden. Torej, tiste opevane prosperitete še ni tukaj.

Zdaj pa še par besed našim mladim članom iz Indiane. Dasiravno je veliko slovenskih družin tu v clintonski okolici, ki so člani jednote in ki so njih sinovi in hčere v mladinskem oddelku, vendar še nisem videla dopisa

od njih. Edina izjema je Jennie Fink iz Shirkievilla, ki se je parkrat oglasila v "Kotičku." Njeni dopisi se mi dopadejo, ker zanimivo piše. Le napiši še kaj, Jennie, morda bo dalo to povod, da še kdo drugi kaj napiše.

Drugega novega zaenkrat nimam kaj pisati, predno pa zaključim, naj dodam še tole pesmico:

Starček

Oh, zlati časi iz preteklih dni
moje mladosti, kam ste vendar šli?
Z vami odšel prijatelj, znancev broj,
vsi uživajo že v hladni zemlji mir, pokoj.
Tudi meni že glava na prsa dol kloni,
predragi v grobu, kmalu se bomo sešli.

Oh, le zakaj se starec zdaj solzim?
Boljše bi bilo, da se veselim.
Že od življenja vžil sem delež svoj
in zdaj pripravljen sem, da živim mir, pokoj.
Tudi meni že glava na prsa dol kloni,
predragi v grobu, kmalu bomo se sešli.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam, cenjeni urednik! Hvala Vam za trud pri urejanju mojih dopisov. Na svidenje v prihodnji izdaji!

Josephine Mestek,

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

Trgatev

JESENSKO solnce objema z dobrodejnimi žarki vinske gorice. Po vinogradih je vse živo. Žene in otroci trgajo zrelo grozdje ter ga mečejo v lepo umite keble. Seveda izgine marsikatera sladka in najlepša jagoda skozi usta, zlasti otrokom. Kdo bi jim to zameril! Saj danes je trgatev, ki so je tako željno pričakovali!

Polne keble izpraznjujejo trgači v brente, ki jih nosijo moški v stiskalnico. Vsak brentač ima v roki količek, ki zarezuje vanj z nožem zareze, da ve, koliko brnet je zanesel. Veselo ukajo po vinogradu, vmes pa streljajo s sa-

mokresi, da odmeva od hriba do hriba in da sladkosnedne ptice prestrašene prhutajo iz vinograda v vinograd.

Žene in dekleta pa pojo, se šaliijo in smejejo. To vam je veselja ves dan! Pa kaj šele zvečer, ko stiskajo!

Mati je spekla kostanj. Ej, pečeni kostanj in sladki mošt! To vam je življenje! Pa bel kruh mora biti za trgatev in v boljših časih tudi svinjska pečenka! —

Kdor ni še bil pri Slovencih v trgatevi, ne ume vinogradnikovega veselja.

L. Černež.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XI

NOVEMBER, 1932

Number 11

THE WIND

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

THE DRUM'S DISCORDANT SOUND

By John Scott (1730-1783)

I HATE the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalog of human woes."

RELEASE

THE whistles shrill near Whitby town
Have ceased their piercing calls;
On all the countryside around
A gruesome, heavy stillness falls.

Three whistles clear from Whitby mines
Meant "Come to work" next day.
But whistle one, heard now and then,
Had borne a day of toil away.

On holidays, late in the night,
The whistles sounded long.
So they allied themselves with work,
With laughter, play, and song.

No coaxing power in Whitby's might
Can stir that selfsame life today;
A clutching hand has made it mute
And stolen even toil away.

You, ragged urchins, youth, and age,
Inspecting ruins there around,
Can seize the arm that grips the throat:
United, make the whistles sound.

Mary Jugg

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By George S. Chappell

SAID the Turkey, "I really
Am filled with dismay
To see how my weight is
Increasing each day.

"Thanksgiving approaches;
The year's on the wane;
The food that they give me
I ought to disdain.

"My frame should be wasted,
My skin should be loose.
To sum it up briefly—
I ought to reduce.

"But no; all such courage
My character lacks,
So I gobble along,
Headed straight for—the axe!"

Seasonal Infections

"Bad Colds"

THE onset of cool and damp fall days has caused the usual increase in the number of cases of "colds," grippe and pneumonia. These diseases are all infectious, but more prevalent in the fall, of sudden weather changes, lowered winter and early spring, for the reason resistance from overheated and poorly ventilated homes and closer associations.

Persons who are especially susceptible to colds should, as much as possible, keep away from other members of the family who are thus afflicted. The hands and face should be washed frequently and individual towels used.

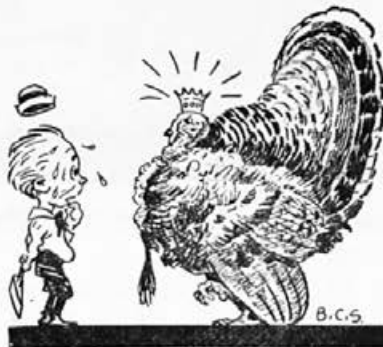
The eating utensils used by those afflicted with colds or grippe should be boiled—or at least scalded—and the victims of the infections should have no part in the preparation of food. This is more important where there are babies and young children in the household, as they are especially liable to become seriously affected.

We deem it appropriate to repeat our

"Nine Rules" towards cold prevention, as follows:

1. Eat plenty of nourishing food, thereby increasing one's resistance.
2. Drink freely of water; bathe frequently.
3. Sleep full eight hours nightly.
4. Breathe especially deeply while in the open, but through the nose.
5. Make certain that your home is adequately ventilated—without marked drafts.
6. Make certain that the air is fresh and of the right temperature, and that it contains moisture.
7. Dress according to the weather and the degree of exposure. Do not permit yourself to chill.
8. Keep away as much as possible from persons who have colds.
9. If you contract a cold, go to your doctor. Do not resort to nostrums. Each case is a case unto itself.

You can overcome a chilly feeling by muscular activity. There is nothing better than a brisk walk in the open, followed by a warm bath and rest in bed.—Nat'l. Gleaner Forum.





Bessie Potter Vonnoh: MOTHER AND CHILDREN

Conversational Scraps

By Mary Jugg

CARL STIMSON had never kept a diary of his life. If he had, it would have evolved into a brief episode not different from that of thousands of youths who are the present hope of the American nation. Had he paused to turn the pages of his nineteen-year-old life story, he would have been unable to mark the leaves that spoiled the plot. For Carl had always been one who read stories with happy endings.

"It's a tough break," he said one day when I encountered him on the street. He had just returned from Kansas City. "When I had a job dishwashing in a downtown hotel, it didn't go so bad. Course, I didn't get much—a couple of dollars a week for spending money, but then we boys had an old tin Lizzie to run around in to places, and time flew pretty quickly. Now I've been waiting a month for a job on the milk-wagon and got tired and came on home."

He looked into the direction of the schoolhouse. "I'd give anything to be back there again," he said. "You don't know what you've got until you get out."

And from the expression on his face I knew he meant what he said. Standing there, an energetic, quick-witted boy in jaunty sport clothes, he typified the average American schoolboy, and yet suggested a helplessness of one who waits for duty, uselessly ready. He was a cog in the fly-wheel of a huge machine—one in which he did not recognize himself as a part and from which he could not extricate himself.

Carl came from Scotch-Irish stock, but he had never made a study of his ancestry. Ireland to him was the green spot on the map, and Scotland, the yellow. Once in school he had colored the map of the British Isles, and the blue

of the ocean flowed into the yellow of Scotland, fringing its borders with green like that of old Erin. It was then that the teacher told him that Irish and Scotch do not mix well. After that, his alibi in return to some accusation was simply, "It's just that my make-up isn't any good."

Carl had lived in the village of Racine since his birth, as had his parents before him and his grandparents before that. Only his grandmother knew the Stimson family history, and she was likely to repeat it upon slightest provocation. Carl was destined to be a small-town boy, who would cultivate his father's seventeen acres when he finished the school.

"It'll do him no harm," his father said. He won't have to work as hard as his mother and me in our younger days."

But Carl became conscious that his was a generation of life and activity. There were exciting places farther away than those nearby towns visited by the Racine people on their shopping trips or frequented by the town gang for its public dances. There was Kansas City and Detroit and St. Louis and—well, there was Chicago. The radio announced big league games from those places, and you didn't have to rely on "scrubs" like the Wildcats and Bulldogs, rival high school teams, to fulfill your baseball and football desires. There, too, they have classy orchestras you can dance to on a real floor, not like the five-piece ensemble that always starts a quarrel and disperses before the end of the evening at Murray's dance hall. There is no end to bright lights and places to go. So ran Carl's dream.

"The old town won't see me any more, once I'm through," he had said.

And as he glanced toward the school-house now that the city had both initiated and ousted him, I wondered what events of his school career were reshaping themselves. Surely it was not the times he "cut" his economics class and produced false excuses. Perhaps his mind wandered to the football field where he played left tackle the last two years of school, or he might have pondered why the commercial course which was to prepare him for a department store manager and easy money in the city had failed in its results.

"I thought I could get a good job," he volunteered, "but school doesn't do that for you. Anyway, I had a good time while I was there."

School to him had unquestionably been a dose of pleasure, where a few pills of work were a necessary evil to nourish an opportunity for enjoying other things. There was Jim Small, for instance, also of Carl's age, who had not gone to school. He spent his time at street corners and the few public places about town. But Jim missed the class picnics, the athletic tournaments, and the trips in the school bus to the music contests. No such activity had been complete without Carl.

"There is a debate at school tonight on the topic of unemployment insurance," I ventured.

"There you go again," he returned. "You know how much I always disliked such things. Studies were never my game. I don't regret it, either. Look at Mark Toman. He was such a bookworm, and where did it get him? Too many people in the world," he concluded, proud of his wisdom and ability to voice a final truth.

"It may be that there is too much money-mindedness," I said. "Money without any scheme for its consumption except to buy pleasure and excitement. He who can acquire the most lifts himself on a pinion of social prestige, but our present economic structure does not provide that satisfaction for the masses."

Just then the noon whistle blew. Carl was going to the grocer for his mother and had no time to engage in further conversation.

"What are you intending to do now?" I managed to call after him.

"Stay home with the folks as long as they'll keep me. Just bum around. Yep, I'm lucky to have the folks," he acknowledged with a smile as he turned the corner to the grocer's.

THANKSGIVING FABLE

BY OLIVER HERFORD

*IT WAS a hungry pussy catt, upon
Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little
mouse, that ate an ear of corn.*

*"If I ate that little thankful mouse, how
thankful he should be
When he has made a meal himself,
to make a meal for me!*

*Then with his thanks for having fed,
and his thanks for feeding me,
With all HIS thankfulness inside,
how thankful I shall be!*

*Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon
Thanksgiving day;
But the little mouse had overheard
and declined (with thanks) to stay*

Wild Beasts of Africa

By Martin Johnson, Explorer

WHAT is the fiercest animal in Africa? I have heard that question asked an infinite number of times. The trouble is, one man's answer does not agree with another's, because each man's opinion is based on his own experience. And that is why the question can never have a final answer. One hunter or explorer will say that the charging rhinoceros is the fiercest animal in Africa. Another will stick to the lion's good old reputation. Another will say the murderous buffalo, or the leopard, or even the elephant, which fears nothing except man. For a good many years the gorilla had a formidable reputation for ferocity.

And so it goes. The champions of each beast's prowess in jungle combat cite cases to prove their points. Lions have been known to enter a native hut or a hunter's tent and kill people. But I have found most lions to be lazy, muscle-bound beasts, unwilling to exert themselves more than necessary, and willing to live and let live—outside mealtime. On the other hand, there have been some startling exceptions. Once I remember on the Tanganyiki Plains we came upon a black-maned lion and his mate. His mate went away like a streak, and the male turned and moved slowly. We followed him. He was going very slowly. Suddenly he decided to come for us, without warning. He came like a thunderbolt, and Mrs. Johnson fired too soon, one of the few times in her life she has done that. I dropped him that time—with about a thousandth of a second to spare.

I believe most hunters and explorers would say the choice of which is the fiercest animal in Africa would lie between two beasts—the leopard and buffalo. And there is a good deal to be said for each on that point. Because the buffalo has such remarkable vitality,

and because, unlike some of the other animals, his sight, scent, and hearing are perfect, he is extremely difficult to reckon with. When he charges, the buffalo travels at rocket speed. He never goes drowsing about the country in the sleepy way lions and elephants sometimes do. He is always alert. And when he charges, he is difficult to stop because he has a plate of bone across his forehead that is pretty good armor against bullets at anything but very close range.

The leopard has the same qualities of alertness, speed, and gameness as the buffalo. Neither of them ever gives up until the last minute.

The rhino, for all his formidable appearance, gives up very easily, once he realizes he cannot beat man. We have been forced to shoot several of them to stop their charges, and they always quit at the first shot. To me, the elephant is the real king of beasts because he goes where he pleases and he has no fear of natives. But he hates the scent of white men, and he is threatening before them.

No one can ever tell what a lion will do. I have walked to within 15 feet of a full-maned African lion without disturbing his splendid boredom in the least. I have many times thrown stones at lions to make them move. On the other hand I have seen natives clawed terribly by lions, and I know of many instances in which they have killed men.

There was one occasion on this last safari when we nearly had a fatal encounter with a lion. It was Osa (Mrs. Johnson), and not myself, who was in danger. And it was her swift action that saved her life.

Osa and I were about a mile from camp when we suddenly came upon four fine, maned lions. When we came close to them we found they were finishing a

zebra they had killed and they were so full that they did not wish to leave. Three of them remained in the tall grass and blinked their eyes at us, seemingly friendly. But the fourth, the largest one, who had the finest mane, ran away and crouched down in the grass. I photographed the three, but they were not nearly such good specimens as the one who ran away.

So we went after him. But always he retreated just as we were within photographing range. He retreated about five times, until he reached the deep grass. Here we could not see him clearly, but there were rocky clearings all about, and we hoped that he would go into one.

Suddenly there was a yell from Osa and then, before I knew what it was about, a shot. I looked down. Then I saw what had been the matter.

Three feet from the side of the car and not more than six feet from Osa was a dead lion. We had been closer to him than we dreamed. So quickly that I did not see it happen he appeared and made a flying leap for the car. Fortune was with Osa in that she was not driving. It was because of years of alertness in just such situations that she had her gun ready. The pelt of that lion was a proud trophy for her.

On one occasion we saw 15 elephants near the water, and on another occasion more than twice as many. So in a small boat we had borrowed, that had begun its nautical career as a life-boat, we went after the elephants. And one day we had an adventure with them.

We had rounded a little spit in the river when we came upon seven elephants. There were two magnificent bulls, two cows, and three half-grown calf elephants wandering quietly down for a drink of water. The cameras were ready; the question was whether we could get close enough for a picture. There was not time to tell it to other people in the boat—Dewitt Sage at the helm, Dick Maedler, the camera man; Lew Tappan, the sound engineer; and

Osa. There was not time to speak at all, and if any one spoke the elephants would be frightened away. So I at once gave Dewitt the signal to beach the boat, and the only beach was beside the elephants. He and Dick looked puzzled; Osa looked displeased. But there was no discussion in those moments. I had another surprise for them all—elephants and people.

Just as we curved around in full view of the unwitting elephants I gave a shout that must have sounded like our steamer blowing off steam. It astonished the people in the boat as much as it did the elephants. But the effect on the elephants was just what I wanted. For a split second they stood still. Then their trunks went up and down between their forelegs in the attitude of charge. One big bull swayed back and forth as he trumpeted his fury.

Just before the film ran out the angry elephants turned about, waved their tails in the air, and scrambled up the bank to disappear in the trees.

The hippos in our picture are very often yawning. This is because we were always waking them up. We spoiled their rest while we were around. The hippo spends all day long in the water, altho he does not eat anything there. It is at night that he gets out of his bath-bed and goes on shore to graze. Hippos are big, lazy beasts, but they can become annoyed, and travel with some speed when that happens. As we went about the river in our boat we were in constant danger of bumping into them and having them upset our boat and us within range of their great jaws.

Another time I was photographing a herd when a young hippo got separated from its mother. I did not see that; I was watching the herd. But the mother did. Suddenly she came charging toward me. I had no gun, and I thought my time had come. But the baby also moved—just enough so that they met four or five feet ahead of me—and departed together. (To be concluded.)

DESERT SENTINELS

Dudley Peace

YOU'VE stood the guard
 The black nights tru
 And crossed, and crossed
 The sands.
 With heads held high
 Alert with care
 And muskets shouldered
 There.

You've watched the
 Mystery of the night,
 The wastes of night
 The wastes of earth,
 You've stood the line
 And kept the tract
 Until the dawn crept
 There.

You've seen the stars
 Grow pale and fade
 The sky grow gray,
 The sky grow gold,
 And seen the night mists
 Change into a glowing color
 Ever new, across your hills,
 To there.

You've watched the black
 You've watched the gold,
 You know the birth of
 Every day, and, tireless,
 Stood your long patrol
 In ever and unceasing way
 Along the golden sands
 Of there.

All hail, you guardians
 Of the sands of
 Earth's great resting place
 You know the depths
 And breadths of fears.
 The calmness of the marching years
 As you stand guarding there.

I give you, travelers
 Thru these lands, these
 Trackless, barren wastes,
 The monarchs of our
 Desert sands, King
 Cactus guarding there.

NOVEMBER PARTY

NOVEMBER gave a party;
 The leaves by hundreds came—
 The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
 And those of every name;
 The sunshine spread a carpet,
 And everything was grand;
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellows,
 The Oaks in crimson dressed;
 The lovely Misses Maple
 In scarlet looked their best.
 And balanced all their partners
 And gaily fluttered by—
 The sight was like a rainbow
 New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollows
 At "hide and seek" they played;
 The party closed at sundown,
 And everybody stayed.
 Professor Wind played louder,
 They flew along the ground
 And then the party ended
 In jolly "hands around."

Tobacco

WHEN a small boy I was taught that the user of cigarettes was bound for perdition on the first train. I was told that all inmates of penitentiaries were cigaret fiends. I was taken to the carnival to see the curse of the "filthy weed" in the form of the "cigarette fiend." I smoked anyhow.—Now I wish I hadn't. There is no moral issue in the use of tobacco, as users of tobacco are not moral weaklings. Some of the finest men in our country use tobacco—BUT NOT BOYS AND GIRLS.

It is absolutely a fact that tobacco is poisonous to the physical make-up of growing boys and girls. (You don't quit growing till you are twenty-five.) Some of the ablest physicians in the world, although users of tobacco, say that the habit is very harmful to young people.

Tobacco is a distinct poison to the heart muscle. A disease, called angina

pectoris, or heart pain, is caused by tobacco. You have heard the expression "he died of heart trouble" many times. In most cases this was due to poisoning of the heart. Tobacco is one of the chief offenders.

Smoke inhaled from tobacco is very harmful to the membranes or lining of the throat and lungs. The acrid gases, produced by the slow burning tobacco, have a habit of destroying throat tissue.

If you must smoke, please wait till you are twenty-five, then try it. Do not take chances with your health by smoking now. There should not be any members of Juvenile Department using tobacco. Nine times out of ten the first "smoke" is taken to be smart or in the spirit of adventure. It would be just as smart to take a small dose of poison in the same spirit. The effect would be the same eventually.—(The Kansas Junior Workman.)

As Others Say It

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness.

—Matthew Henry.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

If a friend of mine gave a feast and did not invite me to it, I should not mind a bit. But if a friend of mine had a sorrow and refused to allow me to share it, I should feel it most bitterly.

If he thought me unworthy, unfit to weep with him, I should feel it as the most poignant humiliation, as the most

terrible mode for which disgrace could be inflicted on me.

He who can look on the loveliness of the world and share its sorrow, and realize something of the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things, and has got as near the god's secret as anyone can get.

—Oscar Wilde.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.

—Addison.

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

From The Sanskrit

LISTEN to the Exhortation of the
Dawn!

Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the

Verities and Realities of your Existence;

The Bliss of Growth,

The Glory of Action,

The Splendor of Beauty;

For Yesterday is but a dream,

And Tomorrow is only a Vision;

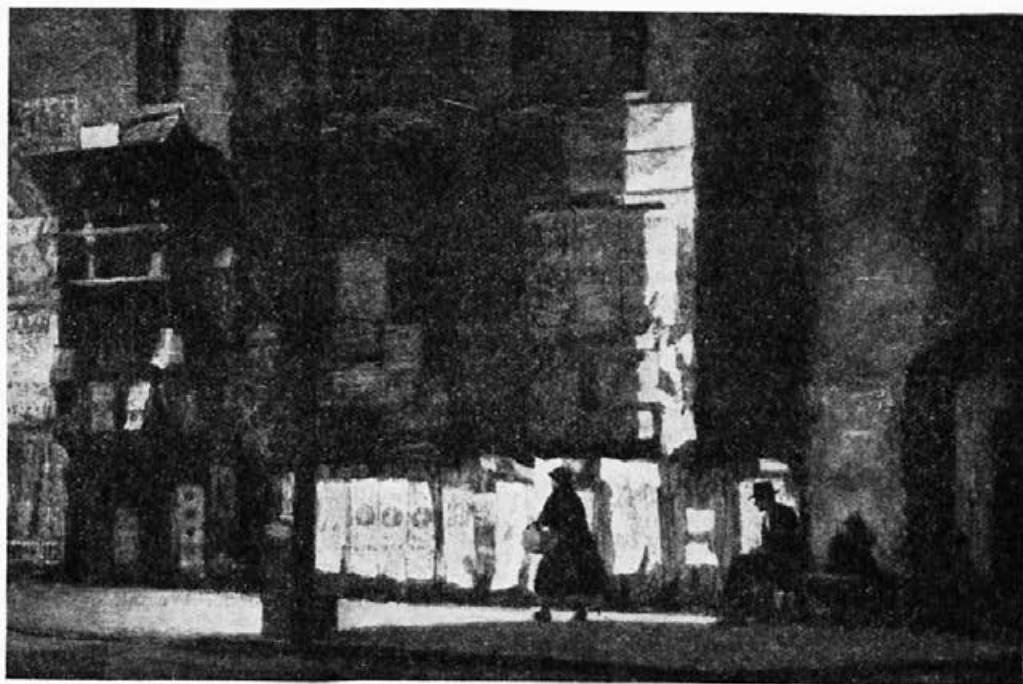
But Today well lived makes

Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,

And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well therefore to this Day!

Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.



Marshall D. Smith: WEST VAN BUREN ST.



Dear Readers:—

I am sorry to say that again this issue of the Mladinski List had to be late due to some extra work in the Printing Department.

Winter is here and predictions have it that it will be a bad winter. They say that we will experience severe winter months, and we also know that many families will be doubly hit by not having sufficient means to provide for their hungry ones. The government should offer all the help necessary to relieve the stricken families.

I will expect your letters for the December number early.

—THE EDITOR.

MLADINSKI LIST IN SCHOOL

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It is indeed a great pleasure to belong to the SNPJ and write to the M. L.

Johnstown was our destination one Sunday in September as Com. Joško Oven spoke in Slovene. A very nice speech it was indeed for he told many comic things which made the people interested. Com. A. Garden was also present.

School: We have been making speeches in English class, and that is where the M. L. comes in, I took one topic under "Do You Know?" in the October issue. The M. L. sure deserves the name "The Helper."

A Shoe Parlor in Latrobe had in it's window a pair of shoes worn by a man 7 ft tall. They are size 22½, 17½ in. long, 5½ in. wide, each weighs 5 lbs. It cost \$50 to get them special made in New York, when they are to be fixed, it costs him \$5 half soles. I know a man in Whitney who is about 7 ft. tall, but he doesn't wear those large shoes.

Winter is coming, or we can say it's here, but many children do not have shoes and

clothes to wear to school. Can't the workers understand or what? They are voting for what they do not want. I'm pretty sure they do not want this depression, so why don't they perk up and vote the Socialist ticket?

A Proud Torch,

Mary E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

DEAR BELOVED MAGAZINE

Dear Editor:—

This is the second time I am writing to this lovely little magazine. I wish the Bearcreek boys and girls would wake up and write, but I think they are always sleeping, that is all. Now, sleepy heads, wake up and write!

The working conditions are very bad. The mines are all shut down and a great amount of people are out of work and starving.

I go to the Bearcreek public school and am 7th grader. I have three teachers and they are all very good. We all belong to Lodge 324, SNPJ.

I wish boys and girls would write to me for I would gladly answer their letters.

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

Helen Mering, Box 216, Bearcreek, Mont.

THE DEPRESSION OF 1932

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. It's about time I'm writing to this wonderful magazine again. I don't like to write as well as I like to read it.

The mine at Yukon was shut down several months ago and the men have no jobs. This Hoover Depression has struck Yukon so bad, that the Red Cross has to give clothing and shoes to the boys and girls at school here.

One day as I was reading the Prosveta, I read: "Washington freed the country, Lincoln freed the slaves, Hoover freed the working men." I thought that was a good little saying.

That's it, Julia Keepich, you're waking up to write to our wonderful magazine. Come on, Yukon Pals! Let's make Yukon prosperous.

I hope Frances Valenchik from Masontown, Pa., would write to me. I wrote to her a good while ago. Why doesn't John and Elizabeth Bergosh from Masontown also write to the M. L.?

I would appreciate it very much if some boys and girls would write to me. I would gladly answer them.

Best regards to the readers and also the Editor.

Theresa M. Koracin,
Box 225, Yukon, Pa.

* *

FROM MANSFIELD

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I hope you enjoy reading it. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge in Mansfield. I am very glad I am in the 7th grade in school. My teacher's name is Sister Alberta. My brother's name is Michael and he is in the third grade. I take sewing and gym and like both very much.

I have not much to say for the first time. I will try and tell more next time. I wish some of the Slovene friends would write to me soon.

Anna Zgela,
39 Baymiller st., Mansfield, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine. I have made up my mind to write every month.

There are eight of us in our family, the oldest being 17 years. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 52.

About a year ago I was in the hospital for tonsils. I am feeling fine now.

I will try to write more interesting facts next time. Best regards to the Editor and members.

Elsie Dolinar,
Box 16, Broughton, Pa.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Dear Editor and Members:—

I was glad to see so many letters in the M. L. last month. It is very interesting to look in and read them which you have written.

Most of us are back at school again, and I am hoping every one will make a good year of it. We should follow the direction of our teachers. We will have good manual training both boys and girls. Show your teacher that you are with her in every subject, and that you mean to do everything she wants you to do. Sometimes you do not agree with her but you should eliminate that. We should follow her for she is the leader.

Any one who is a leader of a group of people gets the job because they have the ability of leadership. It is the same in school; a teacher is in charge of school room. She or he has the privilege to say what rules to be obeyed. The pupils must follow the rules with respect for the one who has devised them. Some day you may become a leader, then you will expect people to follow you.

We need leaders in this world, able men and women, who will stand for the right. We also need some one at the head of things, who is not to be afraid to talk, with authority and who knows it is workable. Let's all try to be leaders. But first we must learn to follow a leader. If we cannot follow we cannot lead. The same quality appears in both.

Hoping everyone has planned a Halloween celebration. I think we will have one also at school. Best regards to all.

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

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Dear Editor:—

The school has started in Sept. We are all busy now studying.

I am 10 years old and am in the 5th grade. I have two teachers. One is a big Indian Chief. His name is Mr. Dunlap, and the other's name is Mr. Cooper. They are both very good teachers.

With best regards to each and everyone.

Edward Yeglic, Box 213, Adamson, Okla.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter, and I wish to tell you that we were visiting in Barberton. As we were on our way through Akron, we saw the Akron factories and the Zeppelin.—I am nine years old and am in 4B grade in school. Our school started Sept. 19.

Edward Pibernik, 460 E. 220 st., Cleveland, O.

JENNIE'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in 5th grade. I am 10 years old. My birthday was November 1. I was 11 years old. There are five of us in the family. I have a brother of 17 and one of 7. I will write more some other time.

Jennie Ogrin,

1310 Adams st., N. Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Since I didn't see many letters in the October number I thought I would write once. This is my first letter and I hope it will be published. School started on September 6th. I am eight years old and am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Pine. I like to go to school. I also like to read the Mladinski List. I enjoyed my summer vacation very much.

Jennie Hribar, Krayn, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for such a long time that I'm almost ashamed of myself. I suppose excusing will do no good, so I won't bother.

I am going to school now and enjoy every bit of it except algebra. It's hard for me to catch on. Well, I suppose I'll have to expect something hard.

I have written to Anna Motas of Ohio several times and haven't received any answer from her. I hope she will write to me. Oh me, I'm running out of words, so I'll close.

I hope some of the boys and girls will write to me. Well, here's hoping my letter doesn't find the wastepaper basket.

Mary Rudolf, 3612 V st., S. Omaha, Neb.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I hope that there is a reserved corner for a few of my riddles, or jokes whatever you may call them, I don't care.

1. What goes through life with its head on the ground?

2. Why are there fewer train wrecks than auto?

3. What has the most eyes but has no eye trouble?

4. What gives a bank treasurer cold feet the quickest?

5. How many people are dead in the Calvary Cemetery?

Best regards to the Editor and readers of the Mladinski List.

Rudolph Zeleznik,

7718 St. Catherine ave., Cleveland, O.

LODGE NO 533

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I would write more often, but I have no time, because I have to go to school. My birthday was on September 25 and I had a good time. Some of my friends and I went on a farm for some walnuts, then we cleaned some of the nuts and my mother made candy.

I have two little brothers and they always fight. My biggest brother goes to the first grade and he is learning good.—We have 3 cats, 3 dogs, 2 hogs and 75 chickens.—I hope that Anne Surina from Cleveland will write to me; she is my cousin.

I hope my second letter doesn't have to serve in the waste paper basket.

Mary Surina. Box 216, Enterprise, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I will write a few lines on Thanksgiving. Hurrah for Thanksgiving day. To grandfather's house we will go. Our horses know the way to carry the sleigh through the white and deep snow. But oh! how the wind does blow! It just stings our noses, and bites our toes, as we drift through the white snow.

Oh! Hurrah for Thanksgiving day! And oh! so slow we go, for we can hardly wait to eat grandmother's steaming hot pudding and the pumpkin pie! Oh! hear the bells ring: Ting-a-ling-ding. Hurrah, for it is Thanksgiving day!

Helen Zupancich,

117—3rd st., S. Virginia, Minn.

* *

Dear Editors and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I wish the editor would be kind enough to publish it.

I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I attend Center Street school. I have a sister going to the same school; she is in the sixth grade.

Work out here, like anywhere else, is very poor. Just recently the Conduit plant of Struthers burned. The damages amounted to \$50,000.

This is about all I have to say for this time, hoping to see more letters in the M. L. from Struthers' girls and boys.

Frances Millosin, 26 Prospect St., Struthers, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have decided to write to the M. L., because I haven't seen any letters from Library for quite a while. Come on, Library, don't worry about any test you're going to have in school, if that's what you're doing. How about Albina Ocepek? I thought I heard her say she was writing.

My mother was in hospital for seven weeks and is now home again; I am very glad.

At the J. Z. Jr's. picnic I was introduced to Mary E. Fradel. She's a very nice girl. That's why her letters are so long and interesting. I saw a sentence in her article that I think it's true. So I will repeat it again: "I surely wish that the people would realize that the only way of getting out of this depression is to vote for Socialist ticket." I wish some of the readers of the M. L. would notice and read over Mary's letters.

I haven't anything else to say, but I expect a letter or two from Library in the next issue.

I wish some members would write to me and I'll gladly answer them. Best regards to all.

Frances Dermotta,
Box 262, Library, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am nine years old and in fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Mason. I have two sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is in sixth grade, the other in third grade and my brother is in first grade. There are six in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 117. I like to read the M. L. Wake up, Yukon, and write to the M. L. I am closing with best regards to all.

Steffie Flander, Box 140, Yukon, Pa.

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OUR TAMBURITZA ORCHESTRA

Dear Editor:—

As I enjoyed the monthly M. L. in the past and as I have never before contributed any letter, it will give me great pleasure to have you print my letter in it so that all of the boys and girls who receive the M. L. can read it.

My whole family belongs to the SNPJ and we all have good times together. Of course, the depression has hit New York as hard as any other state but we manage to have good times in spite of it. My brother Eddie and I still go to school. I am about to graduate from High School and Eddie is going to graduate from grammar school. Every Thursday evening we both go to Tamburitza lessons. The orchestra consists of nineteen young boys and girls. Mr. John Gerjovich, our teacher, is a very patient and ambitious man and he is trying to make real musicians out of us.

Two weeks ago our orchestra gave its first concert in the Slovan Hall. Many of our friends and relatives attended and they all seemed to have a good time. We do not pretend to be professionals, but we are very ambitious to succeed. Our next concert is on the 27th of November at 3 o'clock in the

Slovene Auditorium. We are inviting all of the lodges, but I especially hope that members of lodge 580 and 56 SNPJ come, so that they will be able to meet us. I think there is going to be a crowd and we all will have a good time.

Some day, in near future, our orchestra is going to play over the radio and my father, who is secretary of Lodge 140, promised us that he will advertise the day in Prosveta.

Hoping that the depression will soon pass, I send my best regards to every one of you and also to the Editor of the M. L.

Sincerely yours,
Elvira Domini,
1715 Greene ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have't written to the M. L. for a long time, so I decided to write again. I am a freshman in the Salem High school.

The work is still scarce here. My father is working two days in a week.

Three weeks ago we were visiting at our aunt's home. She sure had lots of fruit, especially plums.

I will close now promising to write more next time. Won't some of the members write to me? I am fifteen years old.

Josephine Gabrich, 365 Sharn ave., Salem, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since I have written to the Mladinski List. School days are here. We have the same teachers as last year.

Mr. Depression is still visiting here.

A joke:—Teacher: "I am surprised at you, Sammy, that you can not tell me when Columbus discovered America. What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?"

Sammy: "Columbus, 1492."

Teacher: "Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you ever see it before?"

Sammy: "Yes'm; but I always thought it was his telephone number."

Matilda Loman (16),

2000 Wisconsin ave., New Holstein, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am very glad you published my letter. This is my first year on the farm. Our school started Sept. 12. I am 10 years of age and in the 6th grade. Our Slovene people are very busy with grapes, etc. Working conditions are very poor here. Chicken business is very slow in California. I wish someone else would write from California to this wonderful magazine—the Mladinski List.

Best regards to all!

Elsie H. Jerina, Box 524, M. R. 1, Fontana, Cal.

Dear Editor:—

I'm nine years old and in the fourth grade. Times are very bad. Some people don't work and some people are sick. My friend, Miss Jerb, was twice in the hospital this year. I sure do hope she gets well. Now I think I will stop.—My next letter will be in Slovene. Almost every month I saw Jennie Fik's letter in the M. L.

Best regards to Jennie Fik, Editor and all.
Lorraine Miller, 1119 Park ave., N. Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am in 6th grade. My teachers' names are Misses Fuhrman, Alfors, Mc Keon, and MacDonald. I go to Schiller school. We belong to Lodge 86 SNPJ. Our president's name is Mrs. Drzich. Here is a little poem, if the Editor will print it:

Little ...

I am the sister of him,
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My doll and my book;
But every morning he still is
Too little to look.

Best regards to Editor and members.
Caroline Grgec, 1331 N. Halsted st., Chicago.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Here I am again with my letter. I am 10 years old and in the 5th A. We have a sewing club in school and I made an apron. Now I am going to make a bag.

Winter is almost here. What are we going to do for footwear and clothing, because work is scarce?

The Doctor

With mother he comes up the stairs
And by my bed he takes a chair.
He says in such a twinkly voice:
"And how's the invalid today?"
He sees my tongue, he sees my throat
He has a thing inside his coat
With which he listens at my chest,
And that is what I like the best.
He often makes me stay in bed
When I would rather play instead,
He gives me horrid things to take,
And bottles that you have to shake.
But yet I really never mind,
Because he is so very kind.

Best regards to all and especially Mr. Editor.
Elsie Pavlin,

1519 E. Orman, Pheblo, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the wonderful M. L. I like to read the stories and letters that boys and girls write from different places.

Vacation time is over and school has come again. I am 14 years of age and am in 6th grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. McCall; she has taught in my room for 3 years.

I am a member of Lodge 191 SNPJ.

I wish all the boys and girls out here would brighten up and make the M. L. bigger.

James Puz,

P. O. Box 16, West Winfield, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 191. I like to read the letters from boys and girls from different states.

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade.
Best regards to all.

William Vidas,

Box 52, West Vinfield, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in the 4th grade and am 9 years old. I go to the farm school. There are six in our family. —I wish some members would write to me.

Anthony Smrekar, W. Aliquippa, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am 10 years old. There are 8 of us in our family and we all belong to Lodge 47 SNPJ. My father was out of work since April. We are getting poorer each day; no money is coming in. We attend Iles school. Brother Joe is in 5th grade, John in 3A and Clara in 8A. Clara skipped from 5th to 6th; Josephine also skipped. Albina goes to high school.

Joe Darovec, 1420 S. 23th St., Springfield, Ill.

BRIGHT SAYINGS

John Brown took little Johnny to the incubator to see the eggs hatch.

Said John impressively, "Isn't it wonderful, son, how the little chicks get out of the shell?"

"Huh," said Johnny, "What gets me is how they get in there!"