

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Selitev

NI TREBA vozička,
konjička še manj!
V žepu mošnjička—
kdo briga se zanj?

Brez vsake prtljage
na pot se poda.
A pesmice blage—
na pamet jih zna.

Tako v jeseni
se ptiček seli,
ko gozd, prej zeleni,
se barvat hiti.

Saj v vrhu drevesa
že veter sedi,
ki veje potresa,
da listje leti . . .

ANNA P. KRASNA:

Drobna misel

BELEŽIM misel, ki se je pravkar
rodila,
pa se spusti predme s poklonom in grličji:
Tudi jaz sem drobno misel dobila!
Jaz uslužno poslušam, ona diktira,
kljuje ob svinčnik in
govori, govori —
pa zmirom manj razumem drobno misel,
ki v globini grlečih besed
leži . . .
Ali je ljubezen, ali je obtožba —
ali je hrepenenje in vest o
zelenih gozdech? —
Premišlujem in iščem, pa vidim samo
zagonetno zrcalce v koralno obrobljenih
očeh.
Ona pa čisto ob mojem licu svojo drobno misel
diktira in govori, govori . . .
tam v dalji — tam za drobno, drobno mislijo,
pod vedrim nebom zeleno šumi —

Za tvojo bodočnost

ANNA P. KRASNA

SIN, tisti hip, ko sem prvič uzrl
tvoj droben obraz,
sem vedel, da ti moram, kakor kovač,
kovati nov čas.

O! bil si mi, kakor porajajoče jutro
nove dobe,
a slutil sem trdno, da ti moram JAZ
utirati pot do solnčne svetlobe!

Dotik tvojih rožnatih ročic me je
z radostjo pojil —
skozi drobne prstke pa sem videl,
kako svet čaka, da bi ti, kakor drugim,
okove prikrojil. —

In me je že misel sama, kakor bojna pesem,
podžgala,
da se je vsa moč zavesti v meni neprestano
za tvojo svobodo in tvojo bodočnost
bojevala! —

Zdaj pa doraščaš, sin, in namerjaš sam
korake v svet,
ki je bil po meni in mojih tovariših-borcih
stokrat in tisočkrat blagoslovljen in
preklet —

Zdaj se ne morem nič več sam za tvojo
bodočnost boriti —
zdaj mi moraš podati svojo roko, moraš z menoj
pogumno za našimi cilji hoditi! —



H. Y. Z.:

Štorklja kraljica žab

V VELIKEM ribniku so prebivale žabe v največjem zadovoljstvu. Podnevi so mirno sedele na širokih listih povodnih rož, se solnčile in goltale črvičke in mušice. Zvečer so se pa združile k skupnemu koncertu in rajale in plesale. Nič ni motilo njih miru, nobene skrbi jih ni so trle, nihče jih ni preganjal.

Nekoč pa je priletela štorklja. Nihče je ni poslal, nihče je ni klical, nezaželjena in nevarna je priletela. Priletela je in si izbrala prostor sredi ribnika ter glasno brbrala s svojim velikim kljunom:



“Vaša kraljica sem. Ali je kdo zoper to? Če je, naj se oglasi?”

Žabe kajpada so bile proti. Zelo proti. Zakaj bile so demokratke in bile so svobodno ljudstvo. Najstarejše iz žabje nacije so priplavale na površje in zakvakale:

“V imenu žabje nacije. Mi smo proti.”

Tedaj je začela štorklja s svojim dolgim kljunom natikati žabo za žabo in jih požirati. Le nekaj jih je pobegnilo.

Nato je spet zaklicala štorklja:

“Vaša nova kraljica sem. Kdor ima kaj zoper to, naj se oglasi.”

Nobena se ni oglasila. Vse žabe so iz strahu poiskale svoja skrivališča v globinah ribnika.

“Konstatiram, da sem soglasno izvoljena za kraljico,” se je razkošatila štork-

lja. “Zato mi boste morale biti pokorne.”

In žabe so bile pokorne. Če je katera le kaj kvaknila zoper kraljico, jo je kaznovala s svojim dolgim kljunom. In tisti dolgi kljun je bil nenasiten. Požiral je tudi tiste, ki so samo usta odprle. Zakaj bila je vendar kraljica, ki je smela delati čisto po svoji preudarnosti — vse drugo pa mora molčati in ukaze izpolnjevati.

“Umazana tolpa ste vse! Neolikana, bedasta svojat. Ve sploh ne veste, kako se pošteno in redno živi. Kultura in civilizacija vam je neznana, in zato morate biti hvaležne, da ste dobile tako plemenito gospo in kraljico, kakor sem jaz, ki vas potrpežljivo uči, kako se pošteno in pravilno živi. Ali ste razumele?”

In žabe so dobro razumele in kimale. Zakaj kraljica je imela velik kljun.

“Kakor sem že rekla, mi ne morete biti dovolj hvaležne, da ste me dobile za kraljico in vodnico. Le pogledjte svoje sestrice in sorodnice, tiste v sosednjem ribniku, zelene žabe v grmičju ali pa ogabne krastače. Pogledjte in povejte, ali niste ve bolj olikane in bolj nobel kako one? In zakaj? Ker imate tako plemenito vodnico in kraljico, ki vas uči kulture in civilizacije. Ali ste razumele?”

Da. Žabe so vse dobro razumele in kimale. Zakaj štorklja je imela velik kljun.



“Ne vem sicer, ali se mi bo kdaj posrečilo, da naredim iz vas pošten in ci-

viliziran narod. Vendar hočem poizkusiti, zakaj viteška sem in plemenita. V sebi čutim poklic, da razširim med vami kulturo in civilizacijo, čeprav tega ne zaslužite. Vendar se bom žrtvovala za vas, da vam ubožicam pomagam."

Pri teh svojih besedah je bila kraljica sama tako ginjena, da so ji skoraj pritekale solze. Da bi zakrila to ginenost, je naglo pogoltnila dve stari, zaslužni žabi, ki sta ji bili najbliže.

"Kar nas najbolj razdvaja, ljube moje podložnice, je obleka. Obleka ni samo nekaj zunanjega. Obleka je simbol mišljenja. Dokler boste oblečene zeleno, boste vedno zelenjaško mislile, na zeleno listje vodnih rož. Dokler boste zelene, ne boste imele nobenega pojma o visokih idealih in o visoki kulturi. Simbol in izraz visoke kulture vidite v barvi moje obleke. Bela sem kakor sneg. Samo rep se mi blesti lepo črno kakor premog. Moj dolgi kljun je rdeč in rdeče so tudi moje lepe, dolge noge. Poglejte in spoznajte, da je res samo to trobarvno sozvočje barv simbol in izraz plemenitega mišljenja in najvišje kulture. Če postanete nosilke teh barv, boste deležne tudi ve višje kulture in civilizacije."

Žabe so pritrjevale, zakaj kraljica je imela dolg kljun.

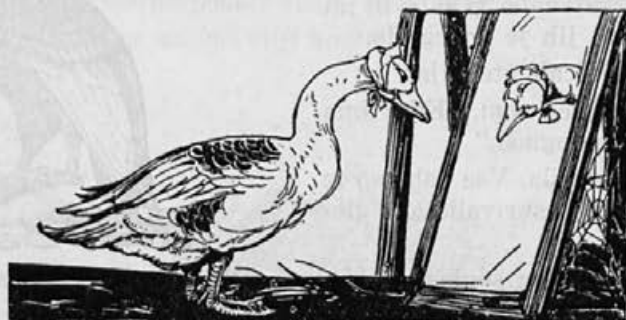
Še več! Nekatero so celo zavpile "hu-

ra!" Zakaj dobro je in tudi koristno, če so dobro zapisane. Poslikale so se tudi z belo barvo, ki je tudi voda ne izpere. Usta in noge so si pobarvale rdeče. Repov odrasle žabe nimajo več, zato so se pobarvale s črno barvo tam, kjer se končuje hrbet. Cela truma žab je zablestela v novi barvi. Mušice so zbežale od njih in se skrile nekje daleč. Kaj za to, če je nastalo pomanjkanje v hrani? Glavno je kultura in civilizacija. Novih uniform so se posebno veselice mlade žabe. Bile so celo tako zavedne, da so svoje sorodnice v sosednjih ribnikih, na drevesih in v grmičevju prezirale. Tudi tiste nekatere starokopitne žabe, ki so v ribniku še ohranile svojo staro šego in nosile staro obleko, so gledale po strani. Seveda se te starokopitnice tudi ni so smele preveč kazati. Zakaj štokljaja je bila preveč razžaljena, če je videla, da njen dobri nasvet in pouk ni pri vseh zalegel in bi tako ves narod postal plemenit, ponosen in resničen narod z visoko kulturo in civilizacijo.

To je kraljico zelo žalostilo. V tolažbo pa ji je bilo to, da je vsako takšno starokopitno žabo, če jo je zagledala, takoj zaprla v svoj želodec in izdala razglas:

"Vsaka zelena žaba je punt, izdajstvo in razžaljenje veličanstva ter se kaznuje s smrtjo."

Prev. Ivan Vuk.





Lincolnov spomenik v Lincolnovem parku v Chicagu

Povest o izgubljenem zadovoljstvu

Anna P. Krasna

PRIVEDLI so pred strogega sodnika starega možička in njegovo lajno.

"Lajne so prepovedane že dalj časa," je zagrmel sodnik, "vi pa vzlic temu igrate okrog po ulicah! Imate kaj navesti v svoj zagovor?"

"Nič, gospod sodnik, nič, kar bi mi moglo olajšati kazen, ki mi preti iz vaših pogledov."

Sodnik, strog na zunaj, ameriško-humorističen na znotraj, se je nasmehnil:

"V vaši lastni domovini bi vam ne dovolili takihle izrazov demokratičnosti pred sodnikom."

"Toda, gospod sodnik, moja domovina je tu, ona onstran nima pomena zame . . . zapustil sem jo zdrav, mlad . . . nič mi ni dala, nič mi ni vzela. Ali Amerika . . . vaše spoštovanje, Amerika mi je že drugo leto zlomila križ. Nebo-tičnik smo gradili, sami mladi, krepki fantje in možje iz domovin onstran . . . in je vedno kateri padel, spodrsnil, omahnil v smrt, v trajno onemoglost . . . Tudi jaz sem padel, signor, ne, gospod sodnik, padel sem in si zlomil križ. In sem imel mlado ženo in dete na poti . . . pa sem začel lajnariti . . . petintrideset let, gospod sodnik, sem skrbno izbiral melodije za vzhodno, zapadno in nižjo stran mesta, da sem preživel ženko in bambine. In povsod so me radi imeli. Dolgo let so povsod čakali na mojo lajno, potem pa je svet izgubil zadovoljstvo in hrepenenje po minuli lepoti, in je bilo težko živeti . . . no, zdaj pa še prepoved . . . in enajst dolarjev reliefa . . . kako bi s tem skrbel zase, za bambine? Vi, gospod sodnik, pa pravite, da imam gotove pravice, ki bi mi jih moja prva domovina ne dala. Morda res, vkljub temu pa je to revna tolažba starcu, ki so mu vzeli lajno, da ne bo mogel več služiti kruha za svoje bambine."

"Kakšne bambine?" se je zavzel sodnik.

"Bambine mojih bambinov, vaše spoštovanje! Moji so brez dela . . . njihovi brez jela, kadar lajna ne prinese cvenka domov."

"Lepa reč, če mora stari oče rediti zarod mladih! Izgovor pač, kakršnih smo navajeni. Razsojam, da se vam vrne lajna pod pogojem, da jo smete prodati ali obdržati, kakor vam ljubo, na ulicah pa se ne prikažite več z njo, ukrepi so ukrepi! Ljudstvo je dovolj nervozno od drugega šuma, še lajn mu je treba. Zaključeno!"

K odhajajočemu starcu je pristopil poročevalec velikega dnevnika.

"Očka, dam vam nekaj cvenka za vaše bambine, če sedete malo semle z menoj in mi poveste kaj iz svojega življenja. Čul sem, ko ste rekli, da je svet izgubil zadovoljstvo. Povejte, kaj ste mislili s tem reči?"

"Ah, mladi signor, vi ne bi razumeli, kakor ni hotel razumeti gospod sodnik. On ne razume kako naj stari očka skrbi za bambine svojih mladih, krepkih otrok . . . pa če je človek dolgo siromak, če dolgo hodi po ulicah, kakor je hodil stari Costinori s svojo lajno, potem je človeku vse razumljivo, ker vidi sproti vsaki dan, kako se spreminjajo obrazi, kako lega glodajoča skrb in negotovost tja, kjer je nekoč bil nasmeh zadovoljstva. Gospod sodnik je dejal, da so ljudje nervozni. Samo to vedo v mestni zbornici, da so ljudje nervozni vsled prevelikega šuma in je zato treba odpraviti lajnarje. Pa ne bo nič pomagalo, signor, nič . . . Nervoznost bo ostala, negotovost bo glodala kakor gloje . . . Kar pogledajte, mladi signor, v obraze na ulici in če kaj razumete življenje, boste videli v njih globoko ležec in napol srdit jok in žalost, ki je podobna jezici otroka, ki so mu bili nekaj obljubili, a potem pozabili na obljubo."

"To je zanimivo!" je vzkliknil re-

porter. "Nadaljujte, očka, povejte mi še več, o vsem, karkoli vam pride na misel."

Stari Costinori je vzdihnil:

"Prežalosten sem, signor, da bi veliko govoril, a povedal vam bom vseeno, kako se je izgubilo zadovoljstvo s sveta. Da, signor, petintrideset let sem bil na ulicah in sem videl, kako je jemalo slovo.

Ko sem prišel v deželo, so bili ljudje veseli, nasmihali so se drug drugemu veselo in prijazno, ko so se srečavali na svojih potih, zdaj tega ni več in človeku je, da bi najraje ne živel več na tej zemlji. Ljudje so postali skrajno sebični. Na obrazih se jim bere, pa so tako zamaknjeni vsak v svojo lastno pomembnost, da si niti več dobro ne pogledajo v obraze; vsak se briga le zase, bližnjiku mu je planet drugega osolnčja.

Včasih, signor, ko sem prišel z mojo lajno v ulice, so mi ljudje že oddaleč naročali melodije—ah! . . . Koliko lepih glasov je spremljala moja stara lajna . . . koliko veselo-domotožnih solz je izvabila . . . koliko smeha, veselja, zadovoljstva! Mladi, stari, bambini, vsi so ljubili pesem, ritem, melodijo . . . In to jih je vezalo, signor, kakor vežejo spretne prsti umetnika harmonijo akordov, ko so strune napete in je v loku pesem, nič drugega, ko pesem in zadovoljstvo v lepoti, signor.

Pa je prišlo, nenadno je prišlo med ljudi, bogve odkod, signor, se je priselilo . . . Nihče ni vedel prav, kaj je, a leglo je med vse, kakor hladna tuja roka, ki postavlja plotove med brate. Hodil, brodil sem okrog s svojo lajno, pot mi je tekel s čela, pa me skoro opazili niso več. Samo tako iz neke čudne prešernosti so še metali drobiž predme . . . melodija pa je šla mimo njih misli.

Po ulicah so brneli avtomobili, marsikam se je naselilo blagostanje . . . in kdo, če ne jaz, naj bi se bil tega bolj veselil? Še zmirom sem upal, signor, da se bodo spomnili na lepo staro zadovoljnost, da bodo ustavili brza vozila in zaklicali razposajeno, kakor včasih:

"Costinori, stara lajna, zaigraj kaj prisrčnega, da nam bo kot včasih . . . da bomo zapeli, da bomo zadovoljni, ker so nam časi lepši!"

Žalosten sem, signor, ko moram tako govoriti, ko moram v besedah ponovno preživljati tiste tužne čase . . . Nihče, signor, se ni več spomnil, drveli so mimo, sam bogvedi kam se jim je mudilo neprestano. Selili so se v lepše, prenovljene hiše, a če sem zagodel pod okni, so hitro vrgli skoz okna drobiža, ker so ga imeli dovolj . . . poslušali pa niso, nihče ni zapel . . . spomini so umirali.

Costinori, signor, pa je imel ženko, bambine in zlomljen križ . . . moral je ostati na ulicah s svojo lajno, moral je zbirati melodije, kakor prej, za različne predele in četrti, pa naj se je še bolj redčilo število tistih, ki so še čakali na njegovo lajno s staro radostjo.

Tako, signor moj mladi, so šla mimo leta blagostanja . . . Koliko bi vam lahko povedal iz onih časov! O kratkih krikih in laseh, jazzu, ki je divjal okrog, kakor glas dervišev v templih, da je bilo komaj čuti blage melodije moje lajne . . . o visokotečih nadah in sanjah nekda z malim zadovoljnih ljudi, ki so videli v kratki dobi blagostanja velike obljube za vse preostale dni.

Pa so se varali, bridko so se varali . . . odrpalo se je žrelo zveri, ki je nekaj let hlinila neizmerno lakomnost in požrešnost in, signor, vse velike, glave vrteče obljube razposajenih jazz-dni, so izginile v brezdanjem žrelu . . . Takrat se je rodila nervoznost, zaradi katere gospodje v mestni zbornici glušijo lajne in šum še danes. In še bodo lahko glušili, pa ne bo nikomur nič pomagano.

Te zadnje čase poznate, mladi mož, a ne tako, kot stari Costinori, ki je taval okrog s svojo lajno, lačen, žalosten in nejevoljen nad samim seboj in svetom, ki je za kratko dobo norega plesa navideznega blagostanja dopustil, da se je iz njegove srede zgubilo zadovoljstvo. Če so več imeli, več so hoteli, kakor razvajen otrok so razmetavali igrače vese-

lih časov, užitka niso imeli od ničesar nobenega, ko pa je zver pogoltnila v nebo štrleče, lahkomiselne sanje, so se obrazi spačili in nanje je legla skrb, ki ni bila, kakor skrb prejšnjih časov, ki se je včasih zvedrila ob pesmi, ob poskočnem zvoku polke in mazurke, ali ob mehki melodiji "Modre Donave". Ne, signor, ta nova skrb je ostala vsekana na obrazih, kakor da jo je vrezalo dleto za vedno.

O, prišel je počasi malo boljši čas in radio je pel in poje v vsakem še bolj zanikrnem gnezdu in panju, a zadovoljstva, signor, še ni nazaj . . . Ljudi davi sebičnost, ki so se je nabrali v času velikih prilik, davi jih negotovost . . . ker, signor, ljudje sami ne vedo, kdaj bo spet zazijalo napol odprto žrelo in zahtevalo nov založek nad in sanj . . . O, Costinori

bi rad, signor, da bi ljudje podrli plotove, ki jih je postavila med brate hladna roka sebičnosti, da bi zavpili za njim na ulici: "Daj, Costinori, daj, zaigraj nam "Modro Donavo", mazurko, Marseljezo," vse, kar ti pride na misel, ker mi smo zadovoljni in bi radi peli, kakor v starih časih!" Pa Coseinori je star, je bolan, je žalosten in si ne upa misliti, da bo kaj takega spet doživel . . . Upam, da boste vi doživeli, signor . . . in pa moji bambini . . ."

Poročevalec je zrl v starega lajnarja, kakor bi imel pred seboj človeka tujega sveta. Bilo mu je, da bi poslušal, beležil in sanjaril s starim vred, a pri dnevniku so čakali na povest, ki jo je že obljubil telefonično. Vstal je, stisnil bankovec v tresočo, velo roko in šel sestavljat povest o izgubljenem zadovoljstvu.



Novakova farma v Milstonu, Wis.

Anna P. Krasna:

Dečki mečejo karte

LANI v poletnih mesecih so posedali okrog vhoda
in metali karte.

Za kratek čas, za male vsotice, za kupone,
vzete iz očetovega tobaka za pipo.

Letos delajo prav tako.

Ko se solnce nagne in pada senca na našo stran,
pridejo in posedejo v krogu,
kakor turška dečad:—

dolge, rastoče noge podse, hrbte nagnjene naprej,
obrazе in oči vprte v karte.

Od lani do letos so nekateri zrastle za palec,
morda več—

in če smuknejo mimo nasmejani dekliči,
se ti polodrasli že ozirajo za njimi—
mlajši pa dobivajo
igro za igro.

Zakaj mladi dečki so resni igralci—

mladi dečki mečejo karte s pomislekom—

mladi dečki mislijo, da so kuponi od očetovega tobaka
z zlatom založeni!—

Pa bo prešlo poletje, morda dve,
in bodo tudi oni odrasli za palec,
morda dva—

bodo pustili za seboj lepo resnost deških let—

ozirali se bodo za nasmejanimi dekliči—

iskali bodo zaslužka,

in bodo dnevno metali karte

za svoj vsakdanji—KRUH.

Pa če jih bodo potegali brezbržno

in metali brez pomisleka,

ne bomo sploh nikdar dosegli tistega časa,

ko bo konec ponavljanja zgodovine

mršavih dni—

kroničnih kriz—

in krvavih morij—



Jelka Vuk:

Kakor v pravljici sanjavi . . .

TAM po naklu
kladvo poje
vročo pesem . . .
staro pesem:
Kruha! Kruha!—
Iskre kot kresnice
vseokrog srše
ko udarci
po razbeljenem železu
zagrme.

Težko kladvo
močna roka mišičasta
kot pero
— zdi se mi —
vihti,
da pod njim železo
kakor zubelj
vse ognjeno,
glej, žari!

Sonce vroče z neba lije
kruto žge . . .
gleda, kak kovač znoji se
ves, kako poti se—
dlani kak so mu žuljave,
kak vse mišičave . . .
gleda—ves čudeč,
kak kovač ustvarja— . . .
Ko zahaja
ga pozdravlja,
govoreč:

“Idi, idi, odpočij si . . .
Lahko noč—želim ti!”

Kovač kuje,
kruh ustvarja
sinku, hčerki
srečo kuje . . .
Ko pa sonce res zaide,
kladvo vtihne . . .

Očka sinku, hčerki
se nasmehne,
ju poboža, spat ju spravi . . .
“Lahko nočko”—jima pravi,
“k očku se naslonita
in lepo, sladko zaspita! . . .”

A ko zarja se pojavi,
očka kladvo spet pograbi
in spet kuje, kuje,
da cel snop se isker vsuje,
ko udari
po razbeljenem železu— . . .

Oh vse to tako je
kakor v pravljici sanjavi . . .



KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Na obroke

TRK, trk, trk! "Polž, me čuješ?"
 Jaz sem, doktor Vran.
 Slišal sem, da si bolan,
 in zdravnika potrebuješ.

"Res sem ranjen in pobit.
 A ker lek po cvenku se deli,
 ki ga pa pri meni ni—
 pojdi, doktor, se solit!"

Nogo da imaš razklano.
 Vse imam: obveze, iglo, niti—
 če bo treba kaj zašiti.
 Zlezi ven, pokaži rano!"

"Kot veščak zdravniške stroke
 bom ozdravil te tako,
 da ti leka treba več ne bo!
 Plačal boš pa na obroke.—"

Mukoma se polž iz hiše zvleče.
 Zlobno se zasmije vran . . .
 Bil v obrokih dolg je poravnán;
 rana polža več ne peče . . .

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Pikniška

VESELO na piknik privriska—juhej!
 Tu vlada svoboda, tu vse je drugače . . .
 A v igri raztrga še nove si hlače.
 Jih mama očetu pokaže: "Poglej!"

Obljubljal je sveto: "Bom priden poslej!"
 Za kazen kolačke je mamica mila
 le Hildici 'pridni' prav pridno delila:
 "Ves Edvardov delež — le ti ga imej!"

Sred noči pa Hilda — ojej in ojej!
 V želodčku jo ščioplje;
 jo mama pretiplje
 in pravi: "S pikniki križ je vselej . . ."

Mihail Zapoljski—Iv. Vuk:

Študirani kozel

RESNIČNO, po vojni se je vse spremenilo: ljudje so pripravljeni, da lažejo in smatrajo za resnico bajke in druge neverjetne reči. Radi takšnega čudnega pojava v današnjem življenju se je zgodila tudi uradniku Simeonu ne-ljuba neprijetnost.

Nekega poletnega dne je mesarski pomočnik Miha, prijatelj sumljivih pustolovščin, na trgu naletel na Grašiča, ki je na trg prignal svojega kozla, da ga proda, ker mu je pred kratkim popasel vinograd.

Tu ga je našel Miha.

Ko je Miha dobro po vseh predpisih mesarske obrti ogledal kozla, je vprašal Grašiča:

“Zakaj ne daste tega kozla študirat?”

V glavi Mihe se je namreč pojavil pustolovski načrt, da mogoče dobi brezplačno kozla in da se obenem maščuje uradniku Simeonu radi nekega neprijetnega razgovora. Zato je nadaljeval:

“Zdaj je moderna doba. Tehnika rije naprej, ljudje se opredeljujejo v smislu tehnike. Vzgoja živinčet je postala aktualna in ne spada več v vrsto naučnih in filozofskih problemov. Rečem ti, daj študirat kozla in čez leto dni ga ne boš spoznal.”

Lagal je Miha tako naravno in prepričevalno, da se mu jezik ni prav nič zapletal. In uspelo mu je.

Sonce je že bilo visoko, ko je odgnal Miha kozla študirat in to naravnost k mesarju v mesnico. Grašič je hitel domov, da čimprej pove ženi to čudo, da bo njegov kozel študiral.

Žena se je vsa čudila:

“Kaj mar živinčeta študirajo?”

Grašič se je spomnil Mihovih besed in resnost je bila v njegovih besedah:

“Kaj misliš, da nimamo študiranih živinčet? Imamo jih kolikor hočeš!”

*

Čez leto je Grašič odšel v mesto. Miha ga je pričakal veselo in brezskrbno.

“O, zdravo! Prišel si po svojega kozla! Ha, ha, ha! Veš, velika oseba je to in važno mesto zavzema!”

“Kaj je tako študiran?”

“Rečem ti, ne boš ga spoznal. In kako je olikan? Pri vsaki priliki reče: ‘Pardon, mersi!’ In kolinsko vodo uporablja.”

In odpeljal je Grašiča k neki veliki hiši.

“Idi in vprašaj na dvorišču za kozla! Vsak ga pozna!”

Zdaj Miha ni lagal. V tisti veliki hiši je zares stanoval “Kozel.” Ta priimek je namreč imel uradnik Simeon radi svoje kozje brade in tudi ves njegov značaj ga je približeval h kozlovim lastnostim.

Grašič si ni dal dvakrat reči.

“Prosim,” je ustavil na dvorišču neko žensko, “kje stanuje kozel . . . moj kozel?”

“Gospod Simeon?”

“Kozel, gospa! Ko je bil še pri meni na hrani, nisem uspel, da bi mu dal kakšno ime. Bil je takrat samo kozel!”

“Glejte, tam le stanuje . . . Tam v drugem nadstropju!”

Grašič je šel in potrkal na vrata pri gospodu Simeonu.

“Kaj želite?”

Na pragu se je prikazala mlada čedna gospa v copatah.

“Kozla iščem!”

Sam pri sebi pa je pomislil:

“Glej . . . tudi oženjen je!”

“Gospod Simeon ne sprejema,” je rekla gospa. “Ima nujen opravke!”

"Nič ne de! Povejte mu, da je prišel gospodar, njegov gospodar!"

Gospa je bila vsa presenečena in se čudila. Ali Grašič je kar brez nadaljnega prestopil prag in stopil v sobo, kjer je sedel in delal Simeon, človek res kozlovega izgleda.

"Kdo ste?" je začuden vprašal gospod Simeon.

"Kaj me ne poznaš? Svojega gospodarja? Kaj boš komedijantil! Vstani, da vidim kako izgledaš!"

Gospod Simeon je planil izza pisalne mize. Kakšna nesramnost od tega nepoznanega človeka.

Grašiča je to užalilo. Simeonova podobnost na kozla in laž mesarskega pomočnika mu je popolnoma zmedla oči.

"Eh," je težko vzdihnil. "Vidim, da še nisi dovolj študiran, ko tako z mano govoriš. Ali pomisli, če bi te takrat prodal na trgu, kje bi že bil zdaj? . . . Ali bi sedel za to mizo?"

Kajpada, gospod Simeon ni ničesar razumel. Zato je zopet vprašal:

"Kaj želite prav za prav?"

"Da te odvedem domov. Hlev je dolgo prazen," je odgovoril Grašič.

"Ali veš kdo sem?"

Grašičev obraz se je razmaknil v širok smeh.

"Kako ne bi vedel? Študirani kozel, študirano živinče!"

Ta odgovor je bil skrajno žaljiv. Vsaj gospod Simeon je tako čutil. Jezno je zakričal:

"Marš ven!"

Barometer razpoloženja je naglo padel tudi v Grašiču.

"Mene, gospodarja svojega podiš?"

V svoji zmoti je Grašič še vedno gledal v Simeonu svojega kozla. Roka mu je nervozno segla po pasu, ki je bil pripet okrog hlač. Zbadljivo je rekel:

"Miha me je goljufal! Še le zdaj vidim, da z navadnega kozla ne more postati plemenito živinče. Zastonj sem imel stroške. Vendar moram te stroške nadoknaditi . . ."

In Grašič je pustil v obrat svoj pas.

Gospod Simeon niti v sanjah ni pričakoval takšnega izida. Ves presenečen je zgubil vso razsodnost in sposobnost, da bi se vsaj malo branil. Pustil se je tepsti kakor pravi kozel. Samo ponavljal je:

"Mene, uglednega privatnega uradnika?"

In tako je, popolnoma po nedolžnem, plačal tuji račun.





Jesen je tu!

CENJENI čitateljčki! — Nastopila je jesen. Z njo vred so prišli hladnejši dnevi, ki so obenem tudi krajši, noči pa daljše. Vročina je šla v pozabnost za leto dni. Vse se je predrugačilo, vse je dobilo jesensko lice.

Z nastopom jeseni so se vrnili šolski dnevi. Počtnic se spominjamo le še kot prijetnih sanj. Mati vas kliče zgodaj zjutraj, kmalu ko se zdani. Treba je v šolo. In to vsak dan, dan za dnevom, razen sobot in nedelj. V Chicagu in nekaterih drugih mestih so šolo odložili za par tednov, da se zatire otroška paraliza,

ki je grozila naraščaju. Ko je ponehala, so šolo odprli. Sedaj je spet vse živo okrog šolskih poslopij.

Tudi ta številka Mladinskega Lista se je morala zakasniti. Prišla so druga dela na vrsto in tako smo morali čakati. Take majhne zamude so večkrat neizogibne. Sicer pa ni mnogo razlike, če izide list teden prej ali pozneje. Treba pa je, da se bolj pričnete zanimati za svoj "Kotiček". Sedaj imate več časa za dopisovanje. Pišite mnogo in večkrat! Vaših dopisov se veselijo vsi, najbolj pa uredništvo. Zato pa veselo — na delo!

UREDNIK.

Nazaj v šolo!

Dragi urednik! — Zelo sem bila vesela, ko sem videla, da je bilo moje pesemce priobčeno v Mladinskem listu. Pričakovala sem, da bo priobčeno že v junjski številki, pa je menda prepozno prišlo k Vam. Že sem si mislila, da je šlo v koš, kar pa bi me seveda malo užalostilo.

Moje počitnice so potekle precej polno. Mami sem pomagala pri doma-

čem delu, pa tudi šivala sem in čitala, za igranje pa mi je ostalo le malo časa posebno zato, ker so se naši slovenski mladinski zbori tukaj v Clevelandu pripravljali za svoj veliki koncert, ki je bil napovedan za 19. sept. v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clair ave. In da bo uspeh dober, je bilo treba veliko truda. Naš pevovodja g. Seme je dejal, da bo tisti dan nekaj, kar še ni videl slovenski narod v Ameriki. Starše in ves

slovenski živelj smo povabili v imenu vseh mladinskih zborov, naj ne pozabijo nas na tisti dan, ker bodo s tem storili vsem nam veliko uslugo in veliko delo za skupni napredek naših zborov. In odziv je bil res lep.

Naš pevski zbor "Škrjančki" je imel svoj zlet dne 14. avgusta v Metropolitan park. To je bilo veselja! Pekli smo klobasice, imeli smo pecivo, sodavice ali pop, zraven pa seveda tudi sladoled ali ice cream. Z nami je bil tudi g. Seme in naša tajnica gdčna. Jadrič. Nato smo splezali na hrib, s katerega se nudi jako lep razgled na okolico in jezero Erie. Potem smo se pa odpravili v vodo, četudi nismo imeli kopalnih oblek—g. Seme nas je namreč kar pometal v vodo, nazadnje pa je tudi on dobil nezaželjeno kopel, ki pa jo je zaslužil. Moram omeniti, da se on zelo trudi z nami. Na zletu nas je obdaril s sladoledom, zakar se mu lepo zahvaljujem.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

In sedaj: Spet nazaj v šolo! Da se kaj naučimo in zbistrimo!

VIOLET VOGGRIN,

19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Velike in male ribe

Dragi urednik!—Najprej se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti tudi v tem pismu za moj dopisek, ki ste ga priobčili v M. L. Uredili ste ga zelo lepo. Vem, da imate veliko skrbi z našimi dopisi, ker nam ne gre slovensko pisanje gladko. Je pa tudi to, da vsi nismo ustvarjeni, da bi znali lepo pisati. Vsi ne moremo biti študirani, četudi imamo nekateri velike glave, v katerih pa je le slama. Nekateri pa imajo majhne glave, pa dobre možgane. To je vse. Kakor nas narava obdaruje.

Preteklo poletje sem imel lepe počitnice. Vsako nedeljo zgodaj zjutraj—že ob štirih zjutraj—sem šel ribe lovit. Enkrat sem imel dosti opravka z eno

ribico, ali pa je bila riba. Bila je tako sitna, da mi je trnek odnesla. Ko sem jo dodobra pogledal, je bila komaj tri palce dolga. "Ta pa ni vredna smrti," sem sam pri sebi mislil. "Bože naj te živi," sem ji dejal, "lepa ribica, da boš velika zrastle in da se boš šele takrat na moj trnek vjela, ko boš zadosti velika!"

Nič ni odgovorila lepa, mala ribica, ampak veselo je odplavala po vodi, ker je bila spet svobodna. Vsaka živalica se veseli svobode, tako tudi ljudje, četudi ne vsi, ker jo menda ne znajo ceniti.

Sedaj smo spet v šoli. Učimo se, da se kar kadi. Upam, da nam bo mnogo ostalo v naših glavicah, dokler so še majhne in mehke. Ko bomo odrasli, bodo glave večje in tudi bolj trde bodo, zato bo težje kaj dobrega in koristnega vanje spraviti.

Tudi jaz pravim: Pozdrav Vam in čitateljem M. L.!

JOSEPH ROTT,

18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.



Ajda

(Belokranjska.)

Majdiša: "Ajda zori, čebele brenče
na pašico sladko dehtečo—
nabrale mi bodo medu za potice
in voska za dolgo svečo."

K a z i n: "Ej, čakaj, Majdiša, ne boš, ne boš,
Moja ajda je meni narasla!
Ta bila bi lepa, da čreda tvoja
po moji se njivi bi pasla!"

Majdiša ubog je, bogat je Kazin,
srce pa ima nevoščljivo—
pa vole vpreže pred val, pa hajd!
kam žene? naravnost na njivo.

Ej, čakaj, Kazin, ti zavidni bedak,
čebele si hotel potreti:
lahko je čebelam—zletijo drugam,
a tebi ne bode kaj žeti!

O. Župančič.

Trgatev

JESENSKO solnce obseva z dobrodejni-
mi žarki vinske gorice. Po vinogra-
dih je vse živo. Žene in otroci trgajo
grozdje ter ga mečejo v lepo umite ke-
ble. Seveda izgine marsikatera sladka
in najlepša jagoda skozi usta, zlasti
otrokom. Kdo bi jim zameril! Saj da-
nes je trgatev, ki so jo tako željno pri-
čakovali.

Polne keble izpraznjujejo trgači v
brente, ki jih nosijo moški v stiskalnice.
Vsak brentač ima količek, ki zarezuje
vanj z nožem zareze, da ve koliko brent
je zanesel. Veselo ukajo v vinogradih,
vmes pa streljajo s samokresi, da od-
meva od hriba do hriba in da sladko-

snedne ptice prestrašene letajo iz vino-
grada v vinograd.

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

*Stiskalnica poka,
da grozdje se joka
in sladke solzice
curljajo v kadi.*

Mati peče kostanj. Ej, pečeni kostanj
pa sladki mošt! Pa bel kruh mora biti
za trgatev in gibanca, a v boljših časih
tudi svinjska pečenka!—

Kdor še ni bil pri Slovencih v trgatvi,
ne more umeti veselja vinogradniko-
vega.

L. Černež.



JUVENILE



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A Gypsy's Dream

By JOSEPHINE INGRAM

I EVER loved a driftwood fire
With pine trees overhead,
The drifting wood-smoke's acrid tang
And balsam boughs for bed.

*I ever loved free, sweeping winds
That race across the hill
And set the tree tops echoing
Sweet music, strange and shrill.*

*I ever loved a barren cliff
Flung high above the sea;
To wander lonely, wooded shores,
Ah . . . This was life to me!*

To see far ships go sailing by
Upon the distant blue,
Bound for strange shores and alien,
For lands I never knew . . .

*Oh, some day let me rove again
And hear the high winds singing,
And follow with my hungry eyes
The free, wild sea-birds' winging.*

No wings have I . . . But I can dream
Beside my driftwood fire;
Can still my hungry heart
With dreams, of my desire . . .



Cultivation

By Anna P. Krasna

IT IS very early in the morning yet, but I have already finished tending to my window-gardens . . . yes, two of them, one in each window facing the morning sun. And I still have time on my hands before starting off on daily duty . . . which tells me that we have time for everything, really, if we want to!

Work done, I can now admire the results of patient care and cultivation. The morning glories are forming an enchanting circle of lovely green beauty . . . and only this morning I have added another criss-cross of strings, loosened the soil with my paper-knife, put some spoonfuls of fertilized humus around the roots, removed old leaves, sprinkled water gently. I did likewise with petunias, whose buds are opening in an almost collectively minded unison; sweet williams, and potted plants of different varieties were recipients of equally painstaking care. Why shouldn't they appear buoyant, inviting glances of the window-leaning neighbors, who would "just love" to have window-gardens like mine—but have no luck in flowers?

How funny! When care and cultivation is the only luck in such arts as growing plants.

Of course, sometimes, misfortunes occur and destroy all efforts, all given care and cultivation. An incident of long ago comes to mind at this moment. The time shifts back to the golden days when the neighbor's Milka and I were "pastirice", which means that we watched cows, sheep, and the like, while they grazed in pasture slopes at the foot of Križna gora. There isn't much to do just watching grazing animals. Ours were especially well cultivated, they seldom attempted to cross boundaries; in

fact, didn't have to, for our combined pasture offered wide range of everything that might have been available on the neighboring pastures.

Ambitious girls that we were, we decided on gardening. No one ever thought of pastures as a suitable place for gardens, but we wanted just a nice little bit of a garden for our own pleasure. And we set to work diligently. We selected a level, fertile piece of ground, and pioneered till it seemed as if our horticultural talents were really well applied. Corn, beans, cabbage, potatoes, a bunch of wheat, some beets, and peas, all sprouted wonderfully and grew wildly almost, seemingly quite contented with each other's company. Just around the fence, which we build by sticking strong thorn-shrub branches into the ground around the patch, a very diversified variety of garden flowers joined roots to give forth one grand mass of dainty green leafage . . . the fence itself kept on being green, for we spared no water in cultivating and urging our garden toward complete success.

Even the teacher knew of our garden. One day he was strolling along with some village men, who were inspecting the road for seasonal repairs, and spotted us by our garden. He gave us all sorts of praise and encouragement, and said we should write a piece about it for our home work. We were very happy, indeed.

But as I said before, misfortunes occur sometimes. One sunny day we took a copy of 'Vrtec' along from which to read stories and poems in our favorite shady place. It was very absorbing reading, I remember, all about boys and girls going through interesting adventures, incidents, and mishaps of many kinds. Poems, too, were delightful,

some of them serious, some jolly, others even sad, but we tried to learn many of them by heart. Time passed very quickly with the entertaining "Vrtec" as company. Occasionally, we glanced over the pasture to make sure that things were in order, and on one such occasion we noticed that something fence-high was moving inside our garden. We ran fast.

"Oh!"

That was all we said when we saw the horror, the destruction, and the dear, stupid young steer, staring at us, oh, so innocently, from the middle of the garden. Regarding breath, we bawled and scolded as nine years olds would, but the stupid steer only said: "Moo—oo—oo—." Very plaintively as though developing a belly-ache.

When we told the teacher of the calamity, he laughed, and laughed, beating time on his knees and thighs, till Milka was so angered that she said frankly and loudly:

"Well, why don't you say 'moo—oo—!' like the calf."

Which, naturally, didn't show very good cultivation, but she was forgiven . . . the teacher had a sense of

humor . . . and our garden furnished him with at least a good laugh, while we labored in vain.

Reminding me again of the time when I went away, paying money to have my flowers, plants and the bird taken care of. The woman looked at the money, and said:

"That's too much!"

I said: "My pet and my plants mean very much to me. I trust they'll fare well during my absence."

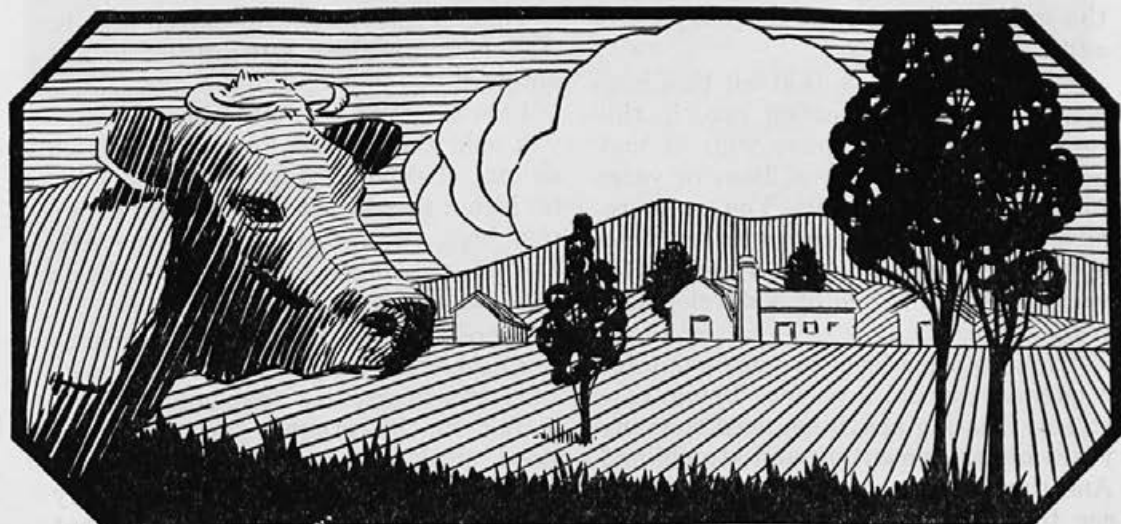
When I returned a week later, only the bird still lived, the flowers and plants were either dead, or in the last stages of giving up their former gay life.

"What happened?" I asked.

"O, big storm came along. Broke them all."

I saw half-inch cracks in the soil and knew that my poor flowers died from thirst . . . the woman chatted, grinned . . . and all of a sudden I remembered Milka's remark: "Why don't you say moo—ooo—".

It does make one sore to think that plain stupidity often ruins careful cultivation of living things cherished by people. —



A Letter to Edward

By MARY JUGG

Dear Edward:—

Your letter contained some questions which you asked to have explained before you could understand some of the letters I have written you in the past.

I quote from your letter: "How can you look at the marvelous being called a Man and say that some higher power like God did not create him? Look at your eyes; how beautiful and how perfect they are! Such a complex, lovely mechanism must be the work of a Supreme power."

To this question, you received the following answer: "You are right, Edward, in saying that the eye is a very intricate, delicate machine. If it is normal, it is beautiful also. But do not suppose a moment that the eye was just set into the head like a couple of glass stick-pins into a doll's head."

"The eye **developed** just like every other organ of the body. In a very low form of life, the eye was nothing but a nerve with some coloring matter—very much like the pupil of your eye. When the eye was like this, it could only tell the difference between light and dark—nothing more. From this, the eye developed into the simple eye and the compound eye.

"But do not think that all this happened in the wink of an eye, if this repetition does not annoy you. It took perhaps millions upon millions of years for this to come about. You must remember that the process goes on upon millions of individuals and year after year before a change or a development takes place.

"Now to come back to your point for a moment: would a perfect Being, capable of creating **anything**, need so many years of experimenting and stumbling? And then again: wouldn't such a Being see to it that everyone had a perfect

and beautiful eyes? Why would so many people need eyeglasses? And then, too, the eyes of some birds are much more highly perfected than the human eye. Doesn't this indicate to you that there must be some reason for it?

"Also, don't forget when you are speaking about the beauties of Nature that there is ugliness, too. There is fighting and wrecking and destroying without end. Only the fittest survive. Whom are you going to blame for the ugliness of Nature if you credit all the beauties to a Someone?"

So ran my answer to your questions. I gathered from the reply I just received that you were puzzled—but that you did some thinking. You had a comeback. I have your letter before me as I write, and this is what you say:

"You say that people do not have perfect eyes; they are blind, and they need glasses. But did you ever hear of an animal that was blind? No. Animals all have perfect eyes. People have bad eyes because they have abused them. Man was a perfect being at the time of Creation. He lost many of his good points afterwards."

That is the way your letter stands. And now, my dear Edward, let us examine it.

I am sure you wrote too hastily when you said that no one ever saw a blind animal. I remember very vividly a little kitten to which I gave special attention because it was blind in one eye. Then I remember many horses which were blind—some due to old-age.

There is also the account (perhaps you have read it) of a hunter who came upon two deers. He shot one of them. It fell to the ground, but the other stood stock still. As the hunter approached it, he found it was totally blind and that the one which was shot

had been leading it. When it fell, the blind one did not know where to go.

We read of numerous other examples. Animals that burrow into the ground have very small eyes and these are covered up by skin and hair. This is true of moles. Some of these burrowing animals are totally blind; they have no use for eyes underground!

Maybe your father could tell you about Carniola. There are several kinds of animals living in caves there that are totally blind. The same is true of some of the cave animals in our own state of Kentucky. But if you were to examine these animals, that is, — perform autopsy on them — you would find that they do have a kind of "stalk" just like the stand for a telescope. But the eye itself is gone. What does this seem to show?

Well, Edward, according to people who have studied this for a long time, it means that these animals were once upon a time out in the open, in the light, where eyes were necessary. But as they migrated into caves, more and more of their eyesight disappeared. In

Nature, whatever is not used, falls away. And so it was with the eyes of these animals.

Some other time we could extend this discussion and talk about blind fish and blind reptiles — because there are those, too — but space does not permit today. Let this help to show you how wrong is your statement of "no blind animals."

I cannot pass up your letter without one other comment. That is pertaining to your statement that at the beginning, Man was a PERFECT being. If that could be so, Edward, then I would like to have you explain to me how if Man was perfect, he could commit sin. And, surely, if you believe about Man being "created" and perfect, you must be believing that other fable about Man committing a sin. A perfect man sin? Now I will ask you, "How?" And I shall be expecting your answer, my dear Edward. I hope, however, that you will try to see your errors in the light of the explanation above, and so see that anything that does not follow logic must be "questionable" to say the least.



Winterquarters, Utah

The Strength of the Strong

By JACK LONDON

(Continued from last month.)

"You must have been fools not to know better," was Deer-Runner's comment, and Yellow-Head grunted approval.

"So we were, but we became bigger fools as you shall see. Still, we did learn better, and this was the way of it. We Fish-Eaters had not learned to add our strength until our strength was the strength of all of us.

"But the Meat-Eaters, who lived across the divide in the Big Valley, fished together and fought together. One day they came into our valley. Each family of us got into its own cave and tree. There were only ten Meat-Eaters, but they fought together and we fought each family by itself."

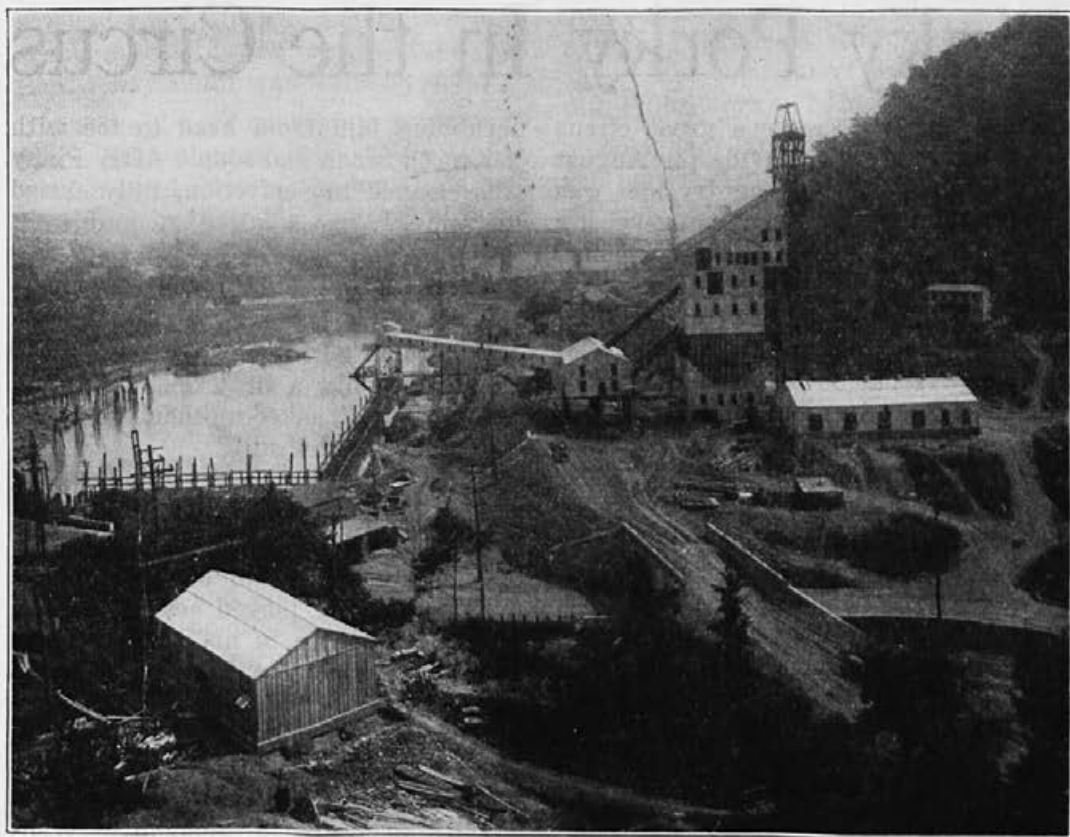
Long-Beard counted long and perplexedly on his fingers. "There were sixty men of us," was what he managed to say with fingers and lips combined. "And we were very strong, only we did not know it. So we watched the ten men attack Boo-oogh's tree. He made a good fight, but he had no chance. We looked on. When some of the Meat-Eaters tried to climb the tree, Boo-oogh had to show himself in order to drop stones on their heads, whereupon the other Meat-Eaters, who were waiting for that very thing, shot him full of arrows. And that was the end of Boo-oogh.

"Next, the Meat-Eaters got One-Eye and his family in the cave. They built a fire in the mouth and smoked him out, like we smoked out the bear there today. Then they went after Six-Fingers, up his tree, and while they were killing him and his grown son, the rest of us ran away. They caught some of our women, and killed two old men who could not run fast and several children. The women they carried away with them to the Big Valley.

"After that the rest of us crept back, and somehow, perhaps because we were in fear and felt the need for one another, we talked the whole thing over. It was our first council—our first real council. And in that council we formed our first tribe. For we had learned the lesson. Of the ten Meat-Eaters, each man had the strength of ten, for the ten had fought as one man. They had added their strength together. But of the thirty families and the sixty men of us, we had but the strength of one man, for each had fought alone.

"It was a great talk we had, and it was hard talk, for we did not have the words then as now with which to talk. Father made some of the words long afterwards, and so did others of us make words from time to time. But in the end, we agreed to add our strength together and to be as one man when the Meat-Eaters came over the divide to steal our women. And that was the tribe.

"We set two men on the divide, one for the day and one for the night, to watch if the Meat-Eaters came. These were the eyes of the tribe. Also, day and night, there were to be ten men awake with their clubs and spears and arrows in their hands, ready to fight. Before, when a man went after fish or clams or gull eggs, he carried his weapons with him and half the time he was getting food and half the time watching for fear some other man would get him. Now that was all changed. The men went out without their weapons and spent all their time getting food. And life was happier and more plentiful than ever before. For we had learned to live ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL. That was the secret of the strength of the strong. (THE END.)



Harmarville, Pa., Home of Lodge 519, SNPJ

Japan's Land Grab

Besides the Spanish war, there's a second big fight going on in the world now, a terrible war between China and Japan. It's a fight started by Japan because Japan wants to own more land in China.

The rich business men of Japan must have markets for their goods and the millions of Chinese people need lots of goods. That's one reason the Japanese want to own more land in China. Another reason is so they will be more ready to fight Russia. The Japanese business men don't want their workers to get ahead. They hope some day to be able to destroy Russia. And so they

want land in China to help them when the war comes.

Japanese armies are marching into China. It isn't the first time, for ever since 1931 Japan has been taking slices of China's land. And now cities have been bombed and Chinese people killed. Peiping, China's old capital is occupied by 3,000 Japanese soldiers.

Meanwhile China's armies are gathering. Generalissimo Chiang Kai Chek says China will resist to the last man. But it's not so easy to do this. The Chinese have been fighting against each other over a long period of years and it will be hard for them to work together.

"B. & G. Page."

Pinky Porky In the Circus

FARNUM and Frailey's great circus was billed for Hopeville for August fourth. The whole countryside was planning to attend. That is everybody except the Slapnik family; so it seemed to Billy and Janie Slapnik. For at this time Farmer Slapnik, after wrestling for three years with droughts and dust storms, was put on the relief rolls and had no money for circuses. Billy, however, had heard his father say, when things seemed to be their worst, "where there's a will, there's a way."

Although Billy was only eight, he determined that there was a way for him and his younger sister to see the circus, and to see it all. "Of course," he told Janie, "We can see the circus parade for nothing, but that's just a teaser, just like the picture show. You got to get inside the tent to see the real works."

So, a week before the show Billy was scratching his head for plans. One day he confided to Janie, "I've got an idea. We'll take your little pet pig and sell it to the circus man."

Janie whimpered. "I don't want my pet pig to go. Why not take yours?"

"Shucks," argued Billy, "mine's black, but yours is nice and white. We can shine it all up and it will bring more money. Then we'll split to see the circus and then you can have half of my pig, too."

So Janie agreed and for the next four or five days the brother and sister frequently slipped behind the barn down to the pigpen. Sometimes they saved bits of sandwiches, or cake, for the white pig, for as Janie said, "We have to make little Pinky Porky as fat and sweet as can be."

One day while they were in the midst of preparations, Dad Slapnik spied through a crack in the barn. Billy was holding Pinky Porky and Janie was

scrubbing him from head to toe with her tooth brush and soap. After Pinky was cleaned to perfection, Billy curled his tail.

Janie's mother observed that her daughter was spending much more time than usual with her thread and needle making a cute little cap, and something that looked like a tie. "What are you doing, Janie?" asked mother, "Are you dressing your doll up?"

"Oh! wait, mother," replied Janie, "Billy and I have a big surprise for you."

Daddy Slapnik began to figure things out, and having played several pranks of similar nature in his younger days to get into the circus, he rather encouraged the idea. "I'll tell you, Bill," he said one evening as they were feeding the hogs, "Wouldn't a pig circus be a great thing?"

Billy hesitated a moment. "Well! Maybe!" he replied.

His father suggested, "Perhaps we could sell old Farnum and Frailey a couple of pigs to climb their ladders. Anything for you to get into the circus."

"Oh! Then Janie and I can go if we can get in with a pig?"

"Oh," agreed Mr. Slapnik, "I guess it would be all right. I wouldn't say much about it."

Circus Day

Farnum and Frailey's came to Hopeville. The lot on which the circus was located was the busiest place in town. By 10 a. m. the big tent was up with the flag sailing from the center pole.

Mr. and Mrs. Slapnik had consented that the children go to see the parade, but Dad Slapnik had seen farther than that, and had helped Billy make a crate in which to transport Pinky Porky. Janie had packed the high hat, and the

ribbons, in her pocketbook, but not until she had given Pinky one more thorough scrubbing with the tooth brush. In fact, Pinky's hair was white as snow.

As they were marching proudly to town, Billy planned it so, "Now, Janie, Farnum and Frailey, the big shots, will be riding in their big red and blue car in front in the parade. We'll be right there at the circus tent when they come out with our pig all dressed up, and his little curly tail sticking in the air."

"O. K., that's fine," agreed Janie.

Hopeville was in its glory. Bunting and flags swayed across Main Street. All automobiles and wagons and horses had been ordered off for the occasion.

As Farnum and Frailey left the tent in their red and blue automobile there stood Billy holding Pinky Porky all shined and dressed up. Mr. Farnum being a real showman, spied the lad with his pig and ordered the chauffeur to stop the car. "Hey! Boy! what are you trying to do? Ruin this circus of ours?"

"No, Mr. Farnum, or are you Mr. Frailey? We just want to see the circus, me and Janie. We ain't got no money, just this pig."

"Yes, Mr. Farnum," shyly added Janie, "Billy and I want to see your circus and Pinky Porky sure is a cute pig."

"Well, Billy, by golly! I'm on," laughed Mr. Farnum, "I'm as big a sport as you are. That looks like a real show pig." With that he pulled out a roll of greenbacks and peeled off two five dollar bills. "How would \$5.00 apiece suit you kids?"

Billy was astonished, "Oh my! That's too much."

"Here's your money, give me your pig." The deal was made and Mr. Farnum ordered the parade to proceed.

As they drove down Main Street on one side and returned on the other, Farnum stuck Pinky Porky in his high hat

and displayed him to all the people. He instructed his barker to yell. "See Farnum and Frailey's world-wide animal show! See their latest wonder-working pig, Pinky Porky of Hopeville."

Billy and Janie couldn't stop to see the parade. Each clutching a five dollar bill, they ran home to get the rest of the family. "We want dad and mom and the baby all three to see this circus, and we'll still have money for pop and peanuts," exclaimed Billy.

As they turned in at the front gate, Mr. and Mrs. Slapnik were sitting on the front porch. "How was the circus parade?" asked dad.

"Didn't stop to see it," said Billy as he held up his five. "We'll all go to see the circus. Janie and I've each got \$5.00—enough to buy gas for the old Ford, and to take us all in."

Mrs. Slapnik wiped her eyes, while dad grabbed both children in his arms.

The whole family, even the baby, saw the circus. The proudest feature of the show for the Slapnik family was Pinky Porky with a ribbon around his neck, a high hat on his head, following the clown around the tent and drinking from a milk bottle with which his new master fed him.

—(Adapted from "J. N.")



Tom and the Cowboy

By MELOS

THE trees glimmered by the light of the campfire and resounded with unaccustomed noise, as the cowboys stretched themselves in a wide circle on the ground to exchange stories and jokes with each other before turning in for the night. Off in one corner was Old Joe singing to the strain of his battered banjo.

"Oh, a scorpeen sat on a t'rant'la's back,
As glum as he c'd be,
'Ef I don't pizen this critter,' he sez,
'He'll be sure an' pizen me'."

Leaning against a high rock, stood Connie the Dude, showing off his high-heeled, hand-carved cowboy boots. Two of the other boys were wrestling.

The group had just completed the first lap of a three-day ride to Dry Gulch Canyon, where they were to round up a herd of long-horns and bring them to Bar-T Ranch. Their gaiety was due to the feeling of relief they always got when they were away from the work-a-day atmosphere of the ranch.

After a while there was a pause in the merriment. From a distance in the woods came the whinny of an approaching horse and answering greetings from the steeds tethered nearby. A mounted rider soon emerged from the underbrush. As he clambered off his horse, cries of "Tom the Cowboy's back again," arose from the onlooking group.

Tom stepped forward and extended a firm hand of greeting to Steve, the ranch foreman.

"Any chance for a job 'round here, Steve?" he asked.

"You're always welcome at Bar-T, pardner," was the foreman's brief reply.

When Tom had made himself at home among the boys, he asked about the latest news and happenings at the ranch.

"I tell yuh, it's mighty queer but thar's been a lot o' rustlin' goin' on an' we have good reason for believin' that it's one of our boys that's doin' it. Every time we goes out on a roundup they's a few head o' beef gits lost on the way back. Steve, he tells the boss an' Turner he docks it off'n our pay," Connie told him.

Tom scratched his chin but said nothing.

Several days later the cowboys were camping on the same spot on their way back, with a hundred long-horned steers guarded on the prairie at the edge of the wood.

"You know, Tom," Connie was saying, "we've been losin' more 'n half a dozen long-horns a day? Every mornin' when I count 'em they's less 'n the day before. Can't understand it neither, 'cause Steve's out thar' most all night long, an' thar's no way o' gittin' the steers away while we're on the ride."

Tom again said nothing, but after hanging around the fire a little while, he disappeared into the dark. Selecting his horse from among those of the other boys, Tom mounted and picked his way among the trees to the forests edge. There he sat in his saddle silently watching the herd for more than an hour.

He was just about to give up and return to camp when he noticed one of the riders standing guard over the herd rounding up a few of the steers. Slowly and quietly the guard prodded them on and led them off toward Red Creek, which was about half a mile away. Carefully Tom rode after them. As they disappeared into the bushes lining the creek, Tom dropped off his mount and followed on foot.

Stealthily he entered the bushes and crawled through them until he could

watch the creek without being seen. As soon as he looked out upon the scene a gasp of astonishment escaped his lips. The cattle were drinking from the creek, and before him, within earshot, were two familiar figures. They were Steve, the Foreman, and Boss Turner!

"Nice work, Steve," he heard the boss saying. "Now we'll be able to sell these and take it off the boys' pay at the same time. Like eatin' yer pie an' havin' it, eh, Steve?"

"So that's yore game, you low-down, sneakin' caballos," shouted Tom as he stepped out of the brush. "We'll see what the boys'll have to say about this!"

The two men turned in surprise. They took one look at Tom and drew their guns.

"Why you . . ." roared Steve, covering him.

Tom made as if to throw up his hands in surrender and suddenly leaped forward in a flying tackle. Steve's gun went off into the air as he was thrown off balance. The two rolled over and over in each other's grasp, as Turner stood by vainly peering into the darkness trying to distinguish the two struggling figures and looking for an opening to make short shift of Tom.

Meanwhile Tom was desperately trying to release himself from a stranglehold which Steve had fastened on his neck. Furiously he tried to shake Steve off, but could not do so. Finally he gave a powerful heave and suddenly found himself freed. Steve was lying unconscious, his head still pillowed by the large rock against which it had struck.

Tom rose shakily to his feet only to stagger head-on into the fire of Boss Turner's pistol. He left a sharp twinge of pain in his shoulder and then the world grew black around him . . .

When Tom recovered consciousness, he saw the faces of his camp-comrades bending over him.

"We heard a shot at the camp an' rode over here jest as Turner was clip-

pin' yuh. Knowin' you like we do, Tom, we figured thar c'd be only one way o' explainin' how the long-horns got there. Turner's been rustlin' his own steers with Steve's help.

Tom confirmed their guess and they all turned on the boss and foreman who were held firmly between some husky cowhands.

"You know what we do to rustlers in this part o' the country," yelled Connie. "Bring out your ropes, boys, and we'll string 'em up."

"Don't do it, don't do it," screamed Turner in terror; "I'll give you the ranch an' clear out o' the country ef you lemme go."

A year later the boys were again gathered together, this time not around the campfire nor even in the dilapidated bunk-houses where they had lived a year before, but in the living-room of the big comfortable mansion which now served as their living quarters.

"I move that we elect Tom tuh serve as foreman of our cooperative ranch for another year," Connie was saying.

"Let's make it unanimous!" shouted Old Joe, and all the cowboys yelled their approval.

—(From "Falcon Call.")



Pop is a Tough Guy

"THIS doesn't look like a paring knife, Pop," said Henry, fingering the kitchen silverware.

"It's not a paring knife," Pop said. "It's a stiletto."

Henry looked up at his father sharply. "Like a sword, for killing people?"

"That's what it was made for," Pop said, and then stood silent and grave, waiting for Henry to go on asking questions.

"Then what," asked Henry, "is it doing in our kitchen drawer?"

Pop sat down and looked for a while at the floor, and when he finally spoke it was quiet and slow. "Well, Henry, I've been an organizer in the mines for nearly twenty years and I've seen a lot of strikes, and a lot of bloodshed, but I never saw a strike won with a knife or a gun. Every once in a while a miner will get a hold of one of the other, thinking to defend himself. Then if there's trouble, and somebody gets hurt in a strike, and it gets into the courts, the judge and the jury always decide it was the striker that fired the first shot, or struk the first blow."

"But, if the striker hasn't got any weapon, then the courts can't pin the blame on him so easy. So when the miners come along with me, they carry no knives and no guns. Whenever I see a fellow with one or the other, I generally make a point of buying it from him, just to get it out of harm's way. Those stilettos make pretty good paring knives."

"What do you do with the guns?" Henry asked.

"I'll show you," his father said, getting up. Henry followed him slowly up stairs, watched him unlock the trap door, and clambered up behind him into the attic. Henry watched his face

through the gloom. Leaning over the big trunk and unlocking it, he looked concerned and sad. When the lid came up, Henry swallowed hard. The two of them stood quiet, looking down at the pile of guns. "I wish I know," Pop said, "what to do with them." Then he reached over and picked up a 32 lying on the top. "Look through it," he said. Henry looked through at the little gleam of light at the other end of the barrel, then at the six empty cartridge cylinders. "I never pulled a trigger on one of these things," Pop said, "I was always afraid it might be loaded."

Then Henry gulped again, harder, because Pop put the guns in his pocket.

"What are you going to do with that, Pop?" Henry asked solemnly.

"Well, I'm taking a bunch of miners over to Herrin this afternoon, and I may have to use it."

"But it's not loaded," Henry said.

Pop snorted. "That's the only way I could use it."

At two o'clock Henry stood out on the fire escape of the union hall, listening to his father make a speech. He didn't look grave or sad any more. He was a big man, and he looked tough. Henry watched him through the slit by the open door, holding his breath. "Now, listen, you fellows," he was saying. "We're going to win a strike. We're going over to Herrin to do some peaceful picketing. And you know as well as I do that if there's any trouble, the strike is lost. I know some of you fellows are just itching for a fight. I can't say I blame you. When I look into the ugly mugs of some of those company police, they don't look pretty to me either. But we're going over to help those miners in Herrin win their strike, AND IF ANY MAN OF YOU STARTS TROUBLE . . ." He stopped

talking, and just reached back and took the 32 out of his hip pocket and laid it on the table.

There wasn't a sound in the union hall. You could have heard a pin drop. Then Pop jerked his finger toward the door and the miners filed out. Henry watched them head out the Herrin road, marching two by two, brisk and silent.

Henry couldn't sleep much that night. He kept waking up. His throat felt hot and dry. He wasn't afraid for Pop. Just thirsty. No, Pop could take care of himself. He was just wandering. He heard the birds waking, and he got up and dressed and sat on the front porch, trying not to wake his mother. All that day he played around the fields himself, and picked up sticks and stones and climbed a tree and watched along the Herrin road.

Then at 3 o'clock he went home and there was his mother standing on the front porch with the evening paper, waiting for him. When she saw Henry

she ran out and grabbed him and hugged him. "They've won!" she said. "They won the strike! And there was no trouble."

Henry ran lickety-split out the Herrin road. Pretty soon he saw the miners coming back, straggling now, their faces smudged and sweaty, but grinning. Henry ran along with them until they began to break up to go home. Then he dragged Pop away and whispered, "Pop, what happened to that gun?" Pop laughed. "Why that gun never saw Herrin. It is at the bottom of the river, in the mud."

(From "Boys' and Girls' Own Page.")

The Kids Take it Over

"A playground would be too noisy," complained the older people. So the City Council of Orange, N. J. voted that work should be stopped.

Word reached the breakfast tables. The kids got together on the empty lot and talked about what to do.

A picket line! That would be the thing. They rushed off and collected old cartons and some crayons and set to work to make signs. "We need play space," "Keep us off the streets," etc. Holding these signs in the air they marched up and down chanting, "We need a playground."

By ten o'clock 200 had gathered and some mothers joined in. At eleven the City Commissioner in charge of playgrounds arrived. The chanting grew louder. The Commissioner decided that he had better give in. He called the kids together and told them the playground would be finished and suggested that they organize a hike so the workmen could get busy. Armed with picnic lunches, the hikers were off, tickled at the success of their picketing.

"Boys & Girls."



Monument erected by the U. M. W. of A. in memory of miners massacred at Ludlow, Colo., April 20, 1914.

Things Worth Knowing

Bald Eagle Not Bald

The bald eagle isn't actually bald, but white head and neck feathers make him appear so. It is among the largest and keenest-eyed of all birds, sometimes with a wingspread of eight feet. Old Baldy is a homebody, using the same nest year after year, adding only new layers of sticks and branches. One such, in use 35 years, finally grew to 12 feet in height, 8½ in width. When it fell, its weight was reckoned 4,000 pounds—two tons.

Sheep Chops, Peeg Sausages

Why is it that the names of most meats differ from the names of the animals from which they come? Why, for instance, does sheep in the field become mutton on the table? Because of the Norman Conquest! After that, you see, two languages were used in England—Saxon and Norman-French. The conquered Saxon, who looked after the animals, called them by Saxon names; the superior Normans who ate the meats called them by their Norman-French names. Hence the Saxon peeg (pig) became the Norman-French pork; the ox became boef (beef); the sheep became mouton (mutton), the deer became

venison, and so on, according to Pearson's London Weekly.

Postman

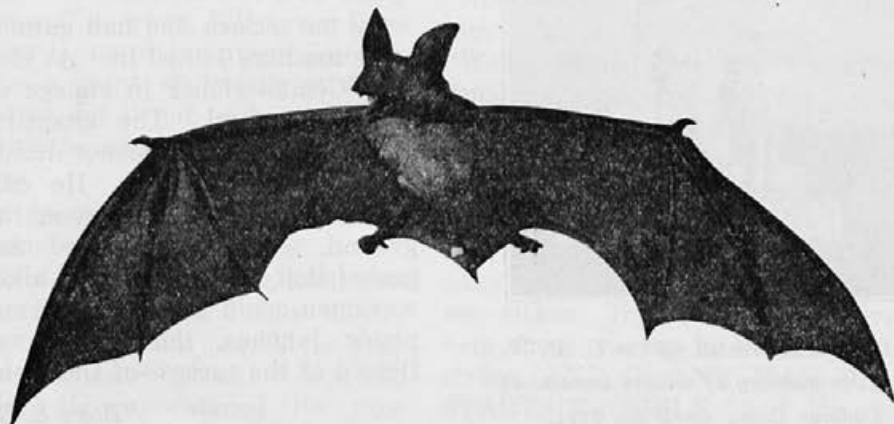
The children are seated on either side of the room and each one is given the name of some popular city. One child is appointed postman. The postman calls out, for example, that he has a letter from Great Falls to Seattle. The two children bearing those names must change places, and during the exchange the postman must try to take one of the places. The one who loses his chair then becomes the postman for the next time.

Hints for Health

The way to have teeth with which you can crack nuts is to refrain from cracking nuts with your teeth.

The way to have a stomach in which you can put practically any kind of food is to refrain from putting practically any kind of food into your stomach.

The way to have eyes with which you can read fine print in a poor light is to refrain from reading fine print in a poor light.





Autumn Is Here Again

DEAR Readers:—Yes, this is October! Tenth month of the year. The weather is much cooler. Days are much shorter; nights are longer. Autumn is here again!

Yes, fall is upon us with all its glory of autumnal tint and ripe fruits. It's harvest time! But this latter, of course, has hardly any meaning at all to those who live in large cities. It is only those in smaller communities and villages and on the farms who have the full benefit of this—"the third season of the year". This is the season when leaves fall from trees, when all the crops and fruits and grapes are ripe and ready to be gathered and stored away, or are being carted to the market. Jack Frost—meaning frost or frosty weather personified—has been busy these days painting the

leaves on trees and turning them into a myriad of colors. And—the pumpkins are getting ready for your yearly enjoyment. It's pumpkin time again! That means nothing less than those delicious pumpkin pies that Mother makes. And also, of course, that perennial visitor—JACK-O'-LANTERN. You know, that lantern that you make of a ripe yellow pumpkin and prepare it so as to show in illumination features of a human face? And what a face! That face in weird features. Oh, I know you like to make your own jack-o'-lantern, and you like to carry it around or display it on the window sill . . .

Fun galore these days. But do not forget to drop a few lines to the Chatter Corner. Writing letters to the M. L., you know, is also lots of fun.

—EDITOR.

Our Juvenile Lodge

Dear Editor:—On August 8, the SNPJ Lodge, No. 29, organized a juvenile lodge. We call ourselves the West Virginia SNPJs and our motto is, "We can and we will." Our administrator is Brother George Belinc. We elected the following for our officers:

Pres., Mary Vidmar (my sister); Vice Pres., Louis Selak; Sec'y., Mary A. Gasser; Rec. Sec'y., Boris Pausek; Treas., Jennie Vidmar (my cousin).

At our first meeting we had forty members. At the present we have sixty members.

On August 28, we had a big polka dance, which was held at our administrator's house. We had a big crowd. There were two men from Morgantown, W. Va., present. They surely surprised us when they told us they came from Morgantown. Bro. John Merhar from Thomas, W. Va., was there also. He organized the SNPJ Lodge, No. 29, in

Thomas, many years ago. He spoke to all the juvenile members and he said he was surely happy to see us. Later he spoke to my sister about our lodge. She was very interested in the things he told her. He also gave each of the members a bar of candy. We surely had a good time.

I guess I'll close with best regards to the editor and readers. I wish some boys and girls would write to me.

A Proud Juvenile Member,

HELEN VIDMAR,
Box 76, Pierce, W. Va.

* *

A Community Pageant

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter that I have written to the M. L. I've been wanting to write many a time, but it seemed that there really wasn't anything of interest to write about. I finally picked out an occasion to write about, which, I thought, would interest the readers.

I want to describe to you a big celebration which Sutter Creek staged for the first time, called the "Sutter Creek Gold Rush Round-Up" which was held August 14 and 15 in Sutter Creek. There was a program beginning Saturday at noon. In the evening at 7:30 the "queen" of this celebration was "crowned." She had her 6 attendants besides her.

After the "crowning of the queen" a pageant was performed, depicting the settlement of Amador county. There was a group of every nationality who settled here in Sutter Creek in the early days, who either sang or danced in each nationality group. It might interest you to know that among these nationalities were also the Serbians. My two sisters, Mary and Annie, and I, and also two other girls were the ones who sang and danced the "Village Kolo." We had regular Serbian costumes which everyone praised very highly.

On the following day was the "Sut-

ters' Gold Rush and Round-Up Parade" in town, which represented the days of '49. The splendid cooperation of the people of Amador county and its surrounding communities brought together a group of unusual floats, bands, marching units and riders to form "A Pageant of the Past and Present." This parade was attended by 10,000 people. In the afternoon there was the round-up and the celebration ended up with a dance in the evening.

This will end my letter hoping I can find more to write about in the near future. A Member,

HELEN GOLOVICH,
Box 357, Sutter Creek, Calif.

Humorous Tidbit

One hot summer day in Virginia a small boy was floating lazily on his back in the cool waters of a little creek. Suddenly he gave a yell. There on the bank stood a white-faced cow calmly eating his shirt and underwear. But something even more startling happened. In the pocket of the boy's coat was a bankbook he was taking home to his father. But by the time he reached the shore all that was left of the book was the cover. The cow had eaten all the pages including the figures. Maybe cows should go to school instead of boys—this cow certainly seemed hungry for mathematics!

"B. & G."

