

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

ZAKAJ NE POJEŠ VEČ, MAMICA?

KAJ si tako tiha in žalostna,
zakaj mi ne poješ več, mamica?

Si li užaljena tako zelo,
da me ne uspavaš več s pesmico?
Si morda pozabila pesmice vse,
in ne moreš več zapeti jih zame?

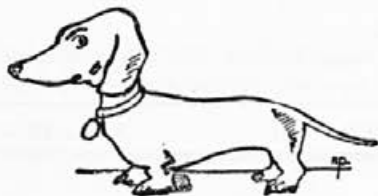
Lepo je bilo, oj mamica,
dokler si ti veselo prepevala,
Zdaj pa je vse tiho in žalostno,
s tvojo pesmijo, mamica, je veselje
zašlo . . .

In odkar ti ne poješ več, mamica,
je revno kosilce, še bolj večerjica—
ni več novih čevljev, ne oblekce lepe,
ni tople odeje, ni izbe gorke — — —
O mamica, prosim, daj, spet zapoj,
da homo veseli vsi spet s teboj! . . .

Ni zabila pesmic mamica,
nje ljubezen ni prav nič užaljena.
A peti ne more, ker skrb jo mori,
že zima pritiska—živeti s čim ni — —

Možiček in pametni psiček

ŽIVEL je nekoč možiček, ki je imel malega psička. Takle je bil:



Zelo, zelo je bil pameten in rad je govoril možiček: Da, da moj psiček—je pametnejši od vseh psičkov! — —

Postarala sta se v prijateljstvu možiček in psiček.

V sobici je stal divan, star in že ves ogoljen. Zgodilo se je, da sta se na stare dni zaljubila vanj možiček in psiček. Saj veste, kako je: stari radi počivajo!

Pa zaloti možiček psička, kako počiva na starem divanu. Hud je bil, joj, kako! Dvignil je desno roko, pa psička po zadnji strani: sek, sek, sek!

Tako tudi drugi in tretji dan.

Pa je jel pametni psiček premišljevat. Mislil je tri ure.

Pa je naslednji dan zopet počival na starem divanu, je budno pazil na korake. In ko jih je začul—skok, brž pod divan!

Prišel je možiček, ugledal je pametnega psička pod divanom. Pa mu ni nič kaj verjel!

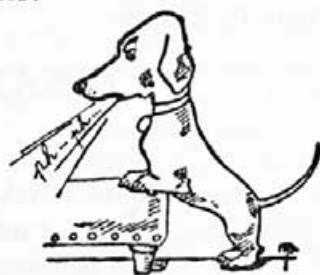
Z roko je pogladil po odeji in—na enem mestu je bila topla! . . . Tam je preje počival psiček.

Hudo je pogledal možiček in zopet: sek, sek, sek!

Žalosten je bil psiček. Prišel je misliti in mislil je dolgo. Čez dve uri je pomežiknil z levim očesom: bog ve, kaj je potuhtal?

Drugega dne je možiček prav po tiho odprl duri. In kaj ugleda?

Pri starem divanu stoji psiček in—piha na odejo, piha na vse kriplje, vidite, takole:



Hotel je ohladiti toplo mesto . . . pomislite, kako pameten je bil!

Ko je možiček to videl, se je najprej nasmehnil, potem pa mu je zdrknilo šest solz po licu, tako je bil ginjen.

Pobožal je pametnega psička in ga dvignil na stari divan.

Odslej sta živela v še večjem prijateljstvu. Skupaj sta ležala na starem divanu in možiček je venomer zatrjeval:

Da, da, moj psiček je najpametnejši od vseh!

Umrla sta skupaj, isti dan in isto uro. Dolgo je že tega.

Zapisal Peen.



MNOGO Mladinska kampanja

MNOGO naše mladine, članov Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, je aktivne pri svojih društvih. Nekateri se že čvrsto udeležujejo pri društvenih slavnostih in priredbah, na programih, v igrah, sportnih in kulturnih, medtem pa se nekateri tudi smotreno udeležujejo v tem, da pridobivajo nove člane mladinskemu oddelku Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

Da se vspodbudi vsakega mladega člana k večji aktivnosti, je gl. odbor določil pet krasnih nagrad, ki jih bo deležno pet najaktivnejših članov mladinskega oddelka tekom kampanje, ki bo trajala šest mesecev. Kampanja je pričela z oktobrom in konča koncem marca.

V septemberski številki Mladinskega lista v angleškem delu je bila objavljena lista nagrad. V glavnem želimo naglasiti, da bo zmagovalec prve nagrade tisti član mladinskega oddelka, ki bo pridobil največ novih članov čez petnajst. Ako ne bo nobeden mladih dobil petnajst "kreditov," potem ta nagrada avtomatično odpade in druga nagrada postane uradno prva.

Upamo, da se boste mladi člani udeleževali društvenih sej, posebno tisti, ki ste dosegli 11., 12., 13., 14., 15. in 16. leto starosti ter da boste pomagali vsak svojemu društvu s pridobivanjem novih članov za mladinski oddelok. Zelo nas bo veselilo slišati od vas, kako se vam dopade prijateljstvo med člani SNPJ, koliko članov upate dobiti in sploh vse, kar se tiče sedanje kampanje.

Mladim članom lahko pomagajo starši v pridobivnju novih članov. Poleg tega pa bo zelo zanimivo, ako bodo mladi člani s svojimi starši obiskovali društvene seje. Nikar pa ne smete pozabiti napisati pisemca za Mladinski list, v katerem lahko navedete vse o vašem društvu in njegovih novih članih.

Kampanjski odbor:

JOHN LOKAR,
DONALD J. LOTRICH,
JOSEPH SISKOVICH.

H. Zur Mühlen:

Sivi psiček

(Priredil M. K.)

ZJUTRAJ se je Hana vsa žalostna odpeljala z mlado gospo v mesto; mož in Benjamin je niso smeli spremiti niti do voza, zakaj oče je moral že zgodaj na delo, Benjaminu pa je bilo—kakor vsem fantom-črncem—prepovedano, približati se bogataševi palači.

Benjamin je preživljal žalostne dni. Oče je bil tako obupan, da mu ni bilo nič do dela in da se je pogosto zvečer vrnil s krvavim hrbtom. Paznik ga je pretepal z bičem. Namestu ljubimkinja in božanja, ki je bil Benjamin vajen nanj, je bil zdaj v koči skrivnosten mir. Tom je obupan sedel na tleh, često pobožal kodravo glavo svojega fantka, a izpregovoril ni niti besede. Le od časa do časa je zaklical: "Hana," zaihtel in solze so se mu vlile po obrazu. Pogosto je tudi stisnil pesti in gledal ježno, da sta se Benjamin in Sivko boječe stisnila v kot.

Paznik je bil vedno bolj nezadovoljen s Tomom; pri gospodarju se je pritožil čezenj, češ, da je len in malomaren. Če bi bil Tom vedel, kaj se je zgodilo radi njegovega vedenja, vsekakor bi se premagal in potrpel ter delal pridno kakor doslej.

Bogataš je slavil svoj rojstni dan. Veselo so praznovali, pekli so piške in teleta in jagnjeta, vsa hiša je bila polna mamljivega duha, služabniki so nosili iz kleti steklenice najboljšega vina. Po večerji so mlajši gostje plesali, starejši pa so sedli za zeleno mizo ter začeli kvartati.

Bogataš ni imel sreče, neprestano je izgubljal, dokler ni bila njegova denarnica prazna. "Še eno igro," je rekel svojemu prijatelju, ki je vse profitiral. "Igrajva za mojega najmočnejšega in najboljšega sužnja." Mislil pa si je: "Če izgubim Toma, kaj za to, zadnje čase je tako len in malomaren."

Prijatelj je pristal. Od ene same kar-

te, od pisanega papirja je zavisela usoda in vse življenje človekovo. Bogataš je potegnil karto, potem je potegnil še prijatelj. Vrgla sta karti na mizo. Bogataš je izgubil.

Ko je naslednjega dne prišel Tom na delo na pristavo, mu je ukazal paznik, naj gre k bogatašu. Gospod da ga je prodal in njegov novi gospodar čaka, da ga takoj vzame s seboj.

Zvečer je Benjamin zaman čakal, da se vrne oče. Noč je prišla, stemnilo se je, očeta pa še vedno ni bilo. Benjamin je sedel na pragu ter plaho strmel v temo. Sivko je ležal poleg njega. Žalosten je bil, slutil je nesrečo. Nazadnje Benjamin ni več zdržal, pohitel je k sosedovim ter vprašal za očeta. Povedali so mu, da ga je gospodar prodal in da ga ne bo več nazaj.

Benjamin se je zjokal, stekel domov, vzel Sivka v naročje ter ihtel. V solzah je pripovedoval Sivku vso nesrečno zgodbo. In Sivko je začel narahlo cviliti, lajati, vendar to ni bilo običajno lajanje, bilo je nekako govorjenje in Benjamin je razločno razumel, kaj mu je govoril Sivko: "Ne joči, prijatelj, jaz bom skrbel zate in te varoval. In nekega dne pojdeva iskat staršev."

Benamina je to tako presenetilo, da je nehal jokati. "Kako," je presenečen zaklical, "ti znaš govoriti kot človek?"

Pes je pokimal s kuštravo glavo. "Da, če so bogataši za reveže kakor zveri, jim moramo me, živali, pomagati. Če je človek ves nesrečen in obupan, tedaj razume našo govorico in ve, da mu hočemo le pomagati. Nisem pozabil, da si mi rešil življenje. Hvaležen ti hočem biti. Lezi zdaj na slamo, spi, jaz te bom varoval."

Fantek je slušal, legel, Sivko pa ga je varoval, bdel vso noč ter zdaj pa zdaj pobožal Benjaminovo roko s toplim jezičkom.

Slabi časi so se pričeli za Benjaminu. Debela soseda ga je vzela k sebi, a ni bila dobra z njim. Prisilila ga je, da je z veliko posodo nosil vodo iz reke. Razno težko delo je moral opravljati. Najhujše pa je šele prišlo. Nekega dne je prišel bogataš mimo kočice in zagledal Benjaminu. Močan fant je to, si je mislil, na pristavo bi lahko šel delat. In odslej je moral hoditi Benjamin trdo delat v soparo prostranih nasadov. Mislil je, da pogine od trpljenja.

Zvečer se je ves utrujen vračal domov, prislonil glavo h kodravi glavi psička ter jokal. Nekega večera se je vrnil z dela s krvavim hrbtom in oteklim obrazom. Paznik je bil nekaj slabe volje, pa ga je pretepel z bičem ter udaril s pestjo v obraz.

"Poginem, Sivko, poginem," je stokal fant, Sivko pa ga je tolažil ter mulizal roke. "Ne zdržim več, staršev nimam več, odšli so, zapuščen sem in vsi me mučijo. Psiček, dragi Sivček, kaj naj storim?"

"Zbeži," je odgovoril psiček.

"Kam? Ujeli me bodo ter znova pretepli."

Psiček je položil svojo glavo na svoje tačke ter naporno premišljal. In je dejal:

"Potovati morava proti severu. Tamkaj so ljudje boljši kot tu, ne marajo imeti črncev za sužnje. K njim morava zbežati."

"Če pa ne poznam poti," je tožil Benjamin.

Psiček pa: "Jaz te bom vodil, jaz ti bom kazal pot. Jutri ponoči, ko bodo vsi spali, pobegneva."

In tako se je zgodilo. Mesec je stal kot bel srp na nebu. Benjamin in psiček sta zbežala iz hiše ter pohitela proti reki. Vso noč sta potovala vzdolž reke. Ko je prišlo jutro, je iskal pes varnega zavetja, kjer bi se lahko odpočila, zakaj Benjaminove noge so bile utrujene od dolge poti. Tudi se je treba skriti, ker bi ju utegnil kdo iskati. Bogataš bi lahko poslal za njima svoje služabnike, a

ujeti se ne smeta dati. Med tem ko je iskal psiček zavetja, je Benjamin kopal svoje noge v reki. Iznenada se je ves prestrašil. Iz vode se je prikazala velika, šiljasta glava, velikansko žrelo se je odprlo, pokazalo dvoje stranih zobov in globok glas je zagodrnjal: "Čeden zalogaj, kot nalašč za zajtrk."

Benjamin je glasno zakričal in psiček je naglo prihitel. Tudi on se je malce prestrašil ter pošepetal Benjaminu: "To je krokodil. Umakni se z brega in pusti me, da izpregovorim z njim."

Fant je slušal, psiček pa se je postavil na bregu na zadnje noge, se poklonil krokodilu in dejal: "Oprosti, vsemogočni gospodar reke, da sva stopila v tvoje kraljestvo. Toda midva beživa pred zlobnimi ljudmi in sva prepričana, da naju ti lahko braniš s svojo oblastjo."

Krokodilu je to laskalo, svoj gobec je raztegnil v nasmeh in milostno odgovoril: "Pameten si, psiček. Jaz sem res mogočnejši od ljudi in—tudi zloben nisem tako kot oni. Toda bitje, ki je pravkar molelo svoje noge v vodo, je tudi človek. Zakaj beži od svojih bratov?" In zeleno bliščéče krokodilove oči so strmele oholo na psa.

"Ti veš, pametna in mogočna žival, da je bogataš bolj zloben z revnimi ljudmi kakor najbolj divja zver. To radi tega, ker je bogataš bolj požrešen kot vsaka zver. Nikdar ni sit, vedno več hoče imeti: jedil in pijač in hiš, predvsem pa zlata. To ga dela tako groznega."

In Sivko je razložil krokodilu vse, kako je z Benjaminom in zakaj bežita. Krokodil je dejal:

"Čudni so ljudje. Noben krokodil ne muči malih krokodilčkov, pri nas ni razlike med revnimi in bogatimi, in vendar pravijo, da smo zlobne zveri. Sicer bi bil res rad pojedel tvojega prijateljčka za zajtrk, a mu oprostim. Pokažem vama tudi dobro skrivališče. Vidiš oni-le otok? Tamkaj vas služabniki ne bodo našli."

"Hvala ti, mogočni, a kako naj pri-

deva na otok? Voda dere in je globoka, moj prijateljček pa ne zna plavati."

"Na svojem hrbtu vaju ponesem tja," je dejal krdokodil.

In res, sedla sta na krokodilov hrbet in krokodil je zaplaval proti otoku. Čudovita vožnja je bila to! Valovi so pljuskali preko krokodilovega hrbta, a psiček se je še vedno bal, da ju bo krokodil požrl za zajtrk. Zato je vso pot govoril krokodilu, se mu dobrikal, ga povzdigoval in častil, češ, krokodili so najbolj plemenite živali na svetu. To je zaleglo. Ko ju je krokodil posadil na otok, je sklical dvanajst krokodilov ter jim sporočil, da sta pes in Benjamin njihova gosta in da se jim ne sme skriviti niti las na glavi. Tudi je zapovedal, naj stražijo na bregovih. Če pridejo ljudje, naj jih krokodili preženejo.

In res so še dopoldan pritekli ljudje, služabniki, ki jih je poslal bogataš, da bi ujeli Benjamin. Krokodili so še zagнали mednje in tako so vsi zbežali dalje. Mislili so: tu čez pa Benjamin res ni mogel, požrli bi ga krokodili. Benjamin pa je užival jagode, ki so rastle na otoku, zvečer pa ju je krokodil spet prenesel na breg, kjer sta se krokodilu pri srčno zahvalila in odšla dalje v noč.

Toda Benjamin so bolele noge in pogosto sta morala počivati. To je Sivka skrbelo. Bal se je, da se klatijo bogataševi služabniki še vedno kje v bližini, ker se ne upajo vrniti brez fanta. In —ali bosta sploh prišla na sever, če že zdaj Benjamin bole noge. Počivala sta zvečer, spet malo hodila, pa spet počivala. Krog polnoči je opazil psiček nedaleč ogenj. Ob ognju pa je stal neki človek. Brž je skrtil Benjamin v grm ter pohitel k ognju. Če je dober človek, naju vzame s seboj in naju bo varoval — si je mislil Sivko.

Približal se je k ognju ter pozdravil belega človeka: "Dober večer, človek. Ali si s severa?"

Mož je začuden pogledal, a je razumel psička in dejal: "Dober večer. Da, s severa sem doma. Bi kaj jedel rad? Juha bo takoj kuhana."

"Ne maram jesti, toda tvoje moči potrebujem." In Sivko je povedal vso zgodbo o Benjaminu. Mož je bil dobrega srca, zakaj Benjaminovo trpljenje ga je genilo, da je takoj povabil, naj Sivko pripelje malega Benjaminu k njemu.

Toda groza. Tisti hip zagleda psiček, kako koraka preko travnika neki človek, pred njim pa stopa velik pes. Pes drvi naravnost proti grmu, kjer je bil skrit Benjamin. Bil je eden služabnikov, ki ga je poslal bogataš za Benjaminom. Sivko je zalajal iz strahu. Mož s severa pa je zaklical brž psičku: "Zadrži moža le za nekaj hipov, pa rešim fanta."

Planil je za psom. Toda služabnik je že dospel do grma, tedaj pa je planil vanj Sivko, se mu zagrizel v vrat ter ni popustil.

Med tem pa je mož s severa vzel Benjaminu v svoje naročje, ga odnesel na voz, ter zaklical psičku Sivku: "Pridi za nama, počakava te na varnem kraju." In zažvižgal je bič, voz je odhitel.

Sivko pa je še vedno držal moža za vrat ter mislil: vsak hip, ki v njem zadržim moža, je veliko vreden in pomeni Benjaminovo rešitev.

Toda mož je segel v žep, potegnil iz njega veliko bodalo ter sunil z njim psička v prsi. Sivko je zacvilil ter padel na zemljo. Njegove ugašajoče oči so še videle v daljavi majhno točko — bežeči voz z Benjaminom, voz, ki je nesel fantka v svobodo.

Silno se je pes vzradostil. Še enkrat je slabotno pomahal z repom. Potem je umrl.

Mož s severa in Benjamin sta dolgo čakala v varnem zavetju na psička Sivčka. Zaman. Nista vedela, da se je pripetila psu nesreča. Mož je tolažil Benjaminu, češ, da se je psiček vrnil in ga ne bo za njima.

In Benjamin ni vedel, da je Sivko umrl zanj in da mu je s svojo smrtjo rešil življenje.

(Konec.)

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Fran Tratnik: DELO

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Mali medved in volk

(Indijanska pravljica.)

MALI medved, oj, to vam je ptič! Obraz mu je takšen, kakor da se neprestano smehlja in si ne mislite nič hudega. Nekega dne se je potikal okrog in je srečal volka. Dejal je: "Ali se moj večji brat sprehaja?" Volk je odvrnil: "Moj ljubi, mali brat, strašno sem lačen. Imaš kaj, da se najem?" — "Imam, imam, pa ti ne bo teknilo." — "Kar sem daj, umiram od gladu." Mali medved je zavil kos blata v zelen list in volk je to pogoltnil.

Tako sta šla drug poleg drugega. Čez nekaj časa je zabrundal medved polglasno pesemco predse: "Volk je blato požrl." — "Kaj praviš?" de volk. "O nič, samo to sem menil, da je šel danes tod že nekdo drugi mimo." — "Kako si me razočaral! Mislil sem, da si našel kost." Za časek je zabrundal medved isto pesemco in spet se je izgovarjal kakor prej.

Tedaj sta dospela do visokega drevesa. Tu je medved iznova zapel tisto pesem. "Kaj si dejal?" je vprašal volk. "Blato si požrl," je odgovoril medved in skočil na drevo. "Fej, kh, kh!" je rekel volk in pljunil. "Sedaj bom pa tebe požrl." — "Le požri me, če si še lačen," je zavpil medved z drevesa.

Volk je stal spodaj in gledal navzgor: "Moj ljubi, mali bratec, kdaj prideš dol?" — "Ko zadremam, pa sam padem. Le zaspí, jaz te že počakam." Volk je kuril ogenj in se zleknil ob njem. Čez nekaj časa je vrgel medved kos skorje z drevesa. Takoj jo je volk popadel in zgrizel. Dejal je: "Brat moj, razočaral si me." Medved je malce počakal: "Ali je že zaspal?" je menil pri sebi. Vrgel je kos skorje z drevesa in volk jo je zgrizel. "Čemu to delaš? Spet si me razočaral." — "Oprosti, oprosti, pravkar sem se malo pretegnil, pa se je odlomil kos skorje. Sedaj bom pa kmalu zaspal."

Spet je vrgel kos skorje. Volk se ni zganil. "Morda je zaspal," je rekel medved. Vrgel je še nekaj kosov skorje. Ker se volk ni zganil, je splezal na tla. "Le spi, moj brat." Zadelal mu je oči z blatom in odkoracal domov.

Ko se je volk prebudil, ni mogel odpreti oči. Bile so trdno zalepljene. "Oči so se mi vnele. Stopim do vodice in si jih izmijem." Šel je nekaj časa in se zaletel z glavo v deblo. "He, kakšno drevo si, stric?" — "Bor sem." — "Kako daleč je še do vodice?" — "Rastem ob robu prerije."

Volk je šel naprej. Trčil je ob deblo. "Kakšno drevo si, striček?" — "Hrast sem." — "Kako daleč je do vodice?" — "Rastem pred bregom." Volk je šel naprej in se zadel ob deblo. "Kakšno drevo si, striček?" — "Brest sem." — "Kako daleč je do vodice?" — "Rastem na bregu." Še enkrat je trčil ob deblo. "Kakšno drevo si?" — "Vrba." — "Kako daleč je do vodice?" — "Voda je pred teboj."

Volk je napravil nekaj korakov v vodo. "Kako globoko sem v vodi, volk, ki sem jaz?" — "Do kolen." Spet je napravil nekaj korakov. "Kako globoko sem v vodi? volk, ki sem jaz?" — "Do trebuha." Napravil je nekaj korakov. "Kako globoko sem v vodi volk, ki sem jaz?" — "Do vratu." Spet nekaj korakov. "Kako globoko sem v vodi, volk, ki sem jaz?" — "Do brade." Še vedno je stopal naprej. "Kako globoko sem v vo . . .?" Tu mu je stekla voda v grlo in je utonil.

Ivan Jontez:

“Mladi vojaki”

MALI Andrejček je čepel na kupu kamenja pred porušeno domačo hišico, strmel v temno, zvezdnato noč in si vedno iznova zastavljal težko vprašanje, na katero pa si ni znal odgovoriti. “Zakaj se ljudje pobijajo med seboj, čemu ves ta grom, ogenj, jeklena toča in kri? Zakaj je moral njegov oče oditi na daljno bojišče, čemu je morala njegova mati s sestricama bežati iz rodne vasi? Ali bi ne bilo bolje, če bi vsi mirovali, lepo v miru živeli, kakor so prej, predno je izbruhnila ta nesrečna vojna?”

Malček si je zastavljal vprašanja, na katera bi ne znali odgovoriti mnogi odrasli malčki, ki so ta čas poginjali v strelskih jarkih in na odprtih poljih, kjer je kmet prenehal žeti pšenico ter dal prostor krvavi ževki Smrti, ki je žela, žela, žela . . . in ta žetev je bila krvava: cvet človeštva je obležal na krvavih poljanah, in smrt je še žela.

Zakaj? Čemu? Radi česa?

Andrejček ni vedel. Vedel je pa, da je včasih zelo rad igral vojake, spomnil se je, s kakim zanosom je v šoli deklamiral pesmico “Mladi vojaki,” kako je sanjal o slavi, ki je bo deležen ko doraste in postane vojak, junak, ki mu ne bo para. Tega se je spomnil in pri tem tiho vzdihnil:

“Če bi bil vedel, da je vojna tako grozna, da vojaki toliko trpe, tedaj bi ne bil gojil tako neumnih želja, ne bil bi si želel vojaške suknje, svetle puške, vojne, odlikovanj, časti . . . Ali jaz nisem vedel—v knjigah je vojna lepša in v šoli so jo naslikali v lepših barvah . . . Kako sem bil neumen, ko sem jim verjel vse to!”

Izza obzorja je planil ognjen zubelj, visoko v zraku je nekaj zatulilo—sledil je oglušujoč tresk in kamenita toča se je vsipala okrog dečka, ki je plašno izbulil oči. Nato je zatulilo vdrugeč, vtre-

tjič . . . kmalu je vse obzorje zagorelo in granate so jele treskati v Andrejčkovo rojstno vas.

“Spet so začeli . . .” Deček se je stisnil pod jasli napol podrtega hleva ter si mašil ušesa z rokami, da bi ne slišal strašnega grmenja. “Bože, ali res še ne bo konec temu strahotnemu divjanju?”

Že tri dni je Andrejček edini prebivalec v svoji domači vasi; ostali vaščani so zbežali čim so se začeli bližati sovražniki. Tudi mati in sestrici so šli z njimi. Andrejček pa ni maral zapustiti rodne hišice, meneč, češ, saj ne bo take sile. Nato je začelo grmeti in treskati; šrapnele in granate so deževale na vasico. Tem so sledili domači vojaki, vsi bledi, blatni, mnogi vsi krvavi in vsi na smrt utrujeni in z grozo v očeh. In povedali so: eden je obstal tukaj, drugi tam; nekemu je granata odnesla glavo in tako dalje. Deček je spoznal, da je vojna strahota brez primere in kesal se je, ker ni zbežal. Zdaj je prepozno; pota so zaprta: na eni strani vasi so sovražniki, na drugi strani domači; oboji bombardirajo malo vasico. Tri dni že treska, bobni, se ruši in gori. Tri dolge dni, tri dolge noči. Kdaj bo ta furija ponehala, se umirila? Andrejček ni vedel, želel je pa, da bi se to skoraj zgodilo . . .

“Da bi le kaj kmalu nehali,” je tiho želel ubogi deček, ki je zdaj, ko je videl vso strahoto vojne, sklenil, da ne bo več igral vojakov, niti deklamiral “Mi smo vojaki, korenjaki . . .”; in svojim sovrstnikom bo povedal, da vojska ni lepa, da je grda, pošastna in strašna, da ni dobro biti vojak in hiteti skozi peklo bojišča v smrt. O—in Andrejček noče biti vojak, ne bo vojak nikoli, ker je lepše živeti v miru. Da bi le skoro nehali . . .

Nenadoma pa se je deček domislil, da se ne bo še tako skoro končalo, da bo

grmelo in treskalo morda še tedne in mesece. Zgrozil se je in njegovo drobno telesce je stresla groza. Da bi moral živeti v tem peklu še dneve in tedne? Ne, to bi bilo preveč zanj. Toda, saj ni mogoče, da bi to pustošenje trajalo tako dolgo! Ne, ne! Še nocoj bo končano, Andrejček ve . . .

Andrejček je uganil: konec ni bil več

daleč—namreč zanj. V zraku je zaječalo in pod jasli je treščilo. Krika ni bilo in vzdihla tudi ne. Le Andrejčka ni bilo več in jasli tudi ne . . . Vojni vrug je vzel oboje in Andrejček ne bo več igral vojakov in tudi deklamiral ne bo več: "Mi smo vojaki . . ." Granata ga je bila raztrgala in vojna je bila zanj končana.

Andersen:

Kaplja vode

MENDA poznaš povečevalno steklo, tisto malo, vzbočeno steklo, skozi katero vidiš vse stokrat večje, nego je v resnici? Če ga držiš pred očesom in skozenj opazuješ kapljo vode iz bazarja, tedaj vidiš več ko tisoč živalic, ki jih sicer nikoli nisi opazil v vodi. Tako je, kakor krožnik poln morskih rakovic, ki lazijo vse vprek druga čez drugo in so tako požrešne, da druga drugi odtrgavajo tipalke, noge, repke in robove, in vendar so po svoje srečne in vesele.

Nu, pa je živel nekoč mož, ki so ga ljudje imenovali Šlek-šlek, zakaj tako mu je bilo ime. Vedno je hotel imeti od vsega najboljšo, in če drugače ni šlo, si je pomagal s čaranjem.

Pa ti sedi lepega dne za mizo, si drži pred očesom povečevalno steklo in opazuje kapljo, ki jo je bil zajel iz luže v jarku. Kako je tam gomazilo in mrgolelo! Na tisoče infuzorij se je prekopicavalo, vrtelo, poskakovalo, trgalo druga drugo in se žrlo med seboj.

"To je ostudno!" je zaklical star Šlek-šlek. "Ali ne bi mogle živeti v miru druga poleg druge in pometati vsaka pred svojim pragom?! Moram jih pobarvati, da jih bom laže razložil," je dejal in kanil mednje drobno kapljico tekočine, podobne rdečemu vinu. A to je bila coprniška kri najboljše vrste; za cel groš jo je bilo. Tedaj so postale vse te čudne živalce po vsem telesu rožnatordeče; bilo je kakor mesto, kjer so se po ulicah prerivali goli, divji možje.

"Kaj pa imaš tu?" ga je vprašal drugi star čarovnik, ki ni imel nobenega imena, kar je bilo najiminitnejše na njem.

"Če uganeš, kaj imam," je odvrnil Šlek-šlek, "ti to podarim, a težko da bi uganil!"

Čarovnik brez imena je pogledal skozi povečevalno steklo. Resnično, bilo je kakor mesto, kjer so ljudje begali polblazni po ulicah. Bilo je strašno, a še strašnejše je bilo to, da so drug drugega suvali, dregali, grizli in vlekli. Kar je bilo spodaj, so vzdignili na vrh, in kar je bilo zgoraj so potlačili na dno. "Glej, glej, njegova noga je daljša od moje? Ham! Proč z njo!" — "Tam ima nekdo majhen izrastek za ušesom, majhen, nedolžen izrastek, a boli ga, ne sme več boleti!" In zadeli so se vanj in ga požrli zaradi neznatnega izrastka. V kotičku je nekdo sedel kakor sramežljivo dekle in si želel le, da bi ga pustil v miru. A moral je iz svojega kotička; raztrgali so ga in požrli.

"To je zelo zabavno," je dejal čarovnik.

"Da, a veš kaj je to?" je vprašal Šlek-šlek. "Si že potuhtal?"

"Saj je vendar čisto jasno," je odgovoril drugi, "to je Chicago ali pa kako drugo mesto. Saj so vsa tako podobna drugo drugemu."

"Kaplja umazane luže je!" je povedal Šlek-šlek.

Anna P. Krasna:

Pogled

NAD kuhinjskimi vrati je zabrnal zvonec in nekam nejevoljna sem stopila pogledat kdo zvoni. Sto opravkov je bilo v kuhinji s pripravljanim večerje za gospodo, pa zabrni ta preklicani zvonec! Ker nisem smela nikomur odpreti vrat kadar ni bilo gospode doma, sem navadno le pogledala skozi zastor na vratih, kdo je zunaj. Tudi zdaj sem stopila na prste in pogledala skozi drago steklo v mogočnih in finih vratih iz temno rdečega mahagonija. Ugledala sem malega dečka, ki se je ponižno in boječe oziral v vrata ter nervozno mencial v rokah staro ponošeno kapo.

Prepovedano ali ne, kaj mi more kdo, če povprašam neznanega dečka kaj želi.

Odrpla sem vrata. Plašno me je pogledal in se nevede stisnil še dalje v kot ob belem steburu pred vrati. Potem je povsesil oči in dejal tiho: "Delo bi rad—"

Začudila sem se! V Ameriki, tej bogati deželi si morajo malčki, kot tale tu, iskati dela. Najbrž mi je še malo znana ta bogata dežela, sem pomislila sama pri sebi in ga nagovorila: "Pa kaj bi delal, ko si še tako majhen?"

"Klet bi čistil, po vrtu bi ruval plevel, travo bi rezal; vse, vse kar bi hoteli bi delal —"

"Pridi jutri dopoldan poskusit svojo srečo. Gospa ti bo morda dala kako delo za par dni, zdaj ni nikogar doma. Toda ne upaj preveč, mali, vrtnarja imamo, le poskusi še kje drugje . . ." Hotela sem zapreti vrata, mudilo se mi je. Deček pa je stal nepremično in brez besede na svojem mestu in me gledal z velikimi, kalnimi očmi, da me je zbolelo v srcu.

"Si morda lačen?" Prikimal je ter se plašno ozrl okrog, kot bi bil storil kak zločin s to izpovedjo — — —

"Dobro, stopi tamle okrog, mali, napravila ti bom založko v kuhinji." V na-

glici sem pripravila par založk in nalila mleka v kozarec. "Pojdi noter, mali," sem rekla in mu pokazala na stol pri kuhinjski mizi, hiteč od enega opravka do drugega; imeli smo goste. Opazila sem, da je dečko še vedno pred vrati, da si ne upa noter.

"Nočeš noter, deček? Se li morda mene bojiš, ker tako brzim sem ter tja," sem mu dejala smehoma.

"Saj ne bom tu jedel, nesel bom domov, mogoče mati ni imela nič za večerjo," je odgovoril tiho in v njegovem glasu je ležala grenka teža bridkosti bednih . . .

"Ali nimaš očeta?"

"Ne, umrl je, mati pa je že dolgo bolehnja; ne more delati—brat in sestrica pa sta še majhna, tudi ne moreta; zato bi rad dobil delo," mi je pojasnil in se žalostno ozrl po lepem vrtu, kjer so rastle lepe rože in med njimi plevel, ki bi mu dal znabiti malce založka.

V mal ovoj sem mu poleg njegovih založk priložila še par drugih jestvin in malo steklenico mleka ter mu namignila, da ne sme povedati, da sem mu dala kako reč, če pride zjutraj vprašat za delo. Gospa je sicer dobra ženska, a vseeno je boljše, da ne pove tega. Obljubil je, se zahvalil in tiho odhitel po širokem vrtnem tlaku. Za hip sem pogledovala za njim—silno reven in siroten se mi je zazdel, ko je stopal prek razkošnega cvetja in kot mah goste in zelene trave, bos, pokrit z oguljeno čepico, v zakrpanih hlačicah in prepereli ter trdi zakrpani deški bluzi.

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Ob šestih se je vrnila gospoda. Posedli so z gosti okrog lepo pripravljene mize v krasni jedilnici. Jaz sem jim stregla molče in spretno—tako so hoteli imeti.

Pri posebni mizi so sedele male gospodične in gospodiči, oblečeni v drage obleke, in so veselo bingljali z nožicami, obutimi v fine, drage čeveljčke. Razposajeno so se smejali, ko sem polagala izbrana jedila pred nje—jaz pa sem mislila na mladega dečka v zakrpani bluzi, ki je imel tako lepe oči, a ni bilo v njih niti trohice veselja. Gledala sem vso to brezskrbnost in bogastvo in sem želela, da bi mogla zlitati nekoliko grenkobe, ki jo trpi ubogi deček, v te razigrane, raja na zemlji se veseleče duše . . . Naslednji dan je spet zapel zvonec in gospa je stopila k vratom; slišala sem par besedi in potem so se vrata zaprla. Stopila sem k oknu v kuhinji in moj pogled se je srečal s pogledom mojega malega znanca. Z glavo je napravil rahlo gesto v znamenje, da ni nič dobil in v očesu se mu je svetila—solza.

Ko je bil že na aleji za bogato hišo, se je ozrl nazaj, mi pomignil z roko, kot v slovo, ter s sklonjeno glavo počasi stopal pod košatimi drevesi, po trnjevi poti—za delom.

V otročji sobi nad menoj pa so rajali srečni otroci; pri dragem glasovirju

se je šobila mala gospodična, ker se ji ni ljubilo baš zdaj ponavljati teh neprijetnih godbenih vaj . . . O, da bi vam mogla le za en kratek dan dati življenje tega revščka, ki stopa po aleji in njemu pa vaše brezskrbno življenje — kako bi delali šobice potem, vi mali paraziti in kako bi se čudil mali dečko, ko bi spoznal, da so nebesa —na zemlji . . .

In koliko bolestnih, trpljenja polnih pogledov srečujem dan za dnem v deželi sreče in bogastva —

Spoznanje in razočaranje je to — razočaranje nad "resnicami," ki uče ljubezen do bližnjega, nad vsem, ki nam je bilo podano kot neizogibna volja Vsemogočnega in nad vsemi, ki pravijo: "Blagor ubogim na duhu, ker njih je nebeško kraljestvo . . ." Pa žive udobno in uživajo nebesa, ki naj bi pripadala le ubogim.

O, da, spoznanje prihaja, ker razočaranju često sledi spoznanje, spoznanju pa želja, da bi človek mogel streti krivico in krivičneže, ki kradejo solnce iz mladih oči in jih potem ne gane, niti ne boli bede poln pogled iz oropanih, kalnih oči . . .

Gustav Strniša:

Puranček

NA SKALOVJU v gorah je prebival jastreb. Slednji dan se je spuščal v dolino. Bistre njegove oči so oprezale za hrano, ki jo je iskal za svojo družico in edinega mladiča.

Pa je počila lovčeva puška in jastreba ni bilo nikoli več domov v pečine.

"Kje je moj zvesti drug," se je vpraševala jastrebova družica, a mladič je žalostno začivkal hrepeneč po hrani.

"Lačen je sirotek moj," je dejala mati in že se je sama dvignila in šla iskati plena.

Tam doli v dolini je pa živel kmet, ki je imel na dvorišču mlade purančke. Najlepši je bil bel kakor jagnje, njegova roža pa je bila rdeča ko mak. Ta puran je bil ljubljenec kmetovih otrok in še na pašo so ga jemali s seboj.

Ko se je jastrebova samica spustila nad prostrano polje, je bil mladi puran z otroci baš na njivi. Deca se je gnetla okoli ognja in pekla krompir, puran je za streljaj proč brskal po zemlji.

Jastrebica je zagledala purana in že se je kakor blisk spustila na polje.

“Godej, godej, godlja, krop, krop, krop,” je še zavpil ubogi puran in že je plaval v sinjih višavah in se preplašen oziral na polje pod seboj.

Začuli so dečki purana in zakričali vsi na glas: “Jastreb!” To pa ni nič pomagalo in ubogi puran je s tresočim srcem čakal v ujedinih krempljih konca svojega mladega, kratkega življenja.

* * *

Tiste dni je lezel po hribih mlad, čudaški Anglež, ki je stavil s svojimi bogatimi prijatelji, da bo prehodil vse okoliške planine, ne s palico, nego z dežnikom. Drzni plezalec je pogumno nastopil svojo pot in povsod je preplezal strmine. Hodil je seveda po varnejših potih in se ogibal nevarnih mest.

Nekoč pa je v gori zašel in tedaj je začul tik nad seboj ptičje kričanje. Ozrl se je in videl jastreba, ki se je spustil v gnezdo s puranom v kljunu. Plezalec je divje zavpil, se pognal kvišku in udaril z dežnikom po roparju, ki je, spustivši svoj plen, odletel.

Anglež je segel v gnezdo in dvignil belega purančka. Silno se ga je razveselil. Vzel je iz zahrbtnika kos kruha in ga podrobil živalci. Puranček je jedel in jedel, ter se naposled zadovoljen zahvalil: “Godel, godlja, godlja, godlja, krop, krop, krop.” Anglež pa ni razumel slovenščine, zato purančku ni zameril. Vlegel se je z njim v travo pod pečjo in jel preišljevat, kako naj purančka spravi nazaj v dolino.

Kmalu jo je imel. Vstal je in vzel jastrebovo gnezdo, ga odnesel proč in ga

skril v neko grmovje, prepričan, da bo jastreb zdaj iskal predvsem svojega mladiča, potem se bo šele pobrigal za hrano. Nato je preluknjaj široke kraje svojega slamnika, položil vanj purana in krajce prevezal, tako da je puran čepel v slamniku kakor v majhnem čolnu. Anglež je razpel svoj dežnik, privezal slamnik dežniku za kljuko in zlezal na rob pečine, ki je strmela daleč pred njim čez prepad. Zazrl se je v globočino pod seboj. Pogladi je še enkrat purančka po glavici in že je plaval dežnik s puranom v dolino. Na srečo je tedaj pihljah lahen veter, ki je dežnik s tovorom urno odnesel, baš na polje, kjer je bil purančka pograbil jastreb.

Na polju so sedeli kmetovi otroci in jedli pečen krompir. Kako dober je bil, dišal je tako opojno, da bi ga jedli angelci, če bi imeli usta, otrokom pa ni šel preveč v slast. Vsi so mislili na svojega ljubljenelega purančka, ki je moral tako žalostno končati.

Ko so otroci strmeli v ugašajoči ogenj, so naenkrat začuli krik: “Godel, godlja, godlja, krop.”

Vsi so skočili kvišku in se zastrmeli v dežnik ki je v bližini prijadril na zemljo. Prihiteli so bliže. Nekateri so zavpili: “Pazimo se, bombe so notri,” drugi so se smehljali, najpogumnejši je dvignil slamnik in že je spet pozdravil otroke njih beli puran s svojim prijaznim: “Godel, godlja, godlja, krop!”

Otroci so kar v procesiji odnesli svojega ljubljence domov. Odslej ga niso nikoli več pustili samega.





Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem se pripravila, da napišem nekaj vrstic za "Naš kotiček." Jaz prav rada čitam, pišem pa ne. Vseeno se bom potrudila, da bom večkrat pisala v Ml. list. Posebno zdaj, ko bodo dolgi večeri.

Letos smo imeli prav slabo poletje. Dežja ni bilo celo leto nič. Pravi pada šele danes, 7. oktobra.

Ker je bila jako velika suša, je bilo tudi dosti kobilic. Nam so vse uničile. Zelja smo posadili 700 kosov, pa so uničile vsega in vso drugo zelenjavo.

Šolske počitnice so mi prav hitro minile. Zdaj pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista!—Mary Knaus, Box 26, Traunik, Mich.

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Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem tu!

Prečitala sem oktobersko številko Mladinskega lista—in tudi urednikove vrstice, ko piše, da koliko ljudi je sedaj brez dela, čeprav živimo v tako bogati deželi. Pa tega so krivi nenasitni grabeži in pa ljudstvo samo, ker noče voliti za svoje delavske zastopnike

Delavske razmere so jako slabe, tako, da slabše menda ne morejo biti. Odpomoč delavcem bo morala priti, od organizacij ali pa od kje drugje. Najboljše je, da se delavstvo zave in pride do prave in trajne odpomoči—potom glasovnic.

Ne vem, koliko časa bodo trajale še tako slabe razmere, upam pa, da se bo kmalu kaj spremenilo in obrnilo na boljše.

Mislím, da sem se malo zapoznila z mojím dopisom. Zato naj mi urednik blagovoli oprostí. Imam dosti dela s šolskimi nalogami (Moja sestra Mary hodi v "high school"). Pa še drugič kaj več.

Pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem in tudi uredniku!—Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O

Dragi urednik!

Zelo me je razveselilo, ko sem videla več slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem listu v prošli številki kakor v prejšnji.

Zadnjič sem pregledovala "Mladinske liste" od leta 1923 do sedaj in mi manjkajo samo tri številke. Ko sem pregledovala številke od leta 1924 in do sedaj, se mi je kar čudno zdelo, kako je mogel Mladinski list tako napredovati v teh par letih.

V zadnji številki sem pisala, da se bo vršila proslava razvitja zastave društva "Na Jutrovem" in sem obljubila, da bom opisala drugič v Prosveti.

Program je bil zelo zanimiv. Prva točka je bila "Slovenska himna," katero je zaigrala dobro poznana godba "Bled." Potem je bil pozdravni govor od br. Louis Curka, društvenega predsednika. Boter Peter Segulin, član društva "Na Jutrovem" št. 477, SNPJ, in botra Mary Judnič, članica društva "Beacons" št. 667, SNPJ sta razvila prapor. Nato je nastopil pevski zbor "Cvet." Govoril je v slovenščini br. Joseph Siskovich, v angleškem jeziku pa br. John Lokar ml. Oba sta v glavnem odboru SNPJ. Potem pa so nastopili zastopniki raznih društev in organizatorji, katerih je bilo lepo število, in sicer sedem in dvajset.

Po poldanskem programu se je vršil ples, katerega je posetilo nepričakovano število ljudi.

Skoraj pa sem pozabila na povorko, katera je bila tudi zelo lepa. V povorki je bilo lepo število ljudi. To bo dosti pisanja za to prireditve; pa še kaj drugega.

Toda prireditvev je zmirom dosti, denarja pa je bolj malo, pravijo ljudje. Pa tudi jaz tako mislim.

Pevsko društvo "Cvet" priredi svoj koncert dne 16. t. m.; ta bo tudi prav zanimiv, ker sodelovali bodo tudi drugi pevski zbori.

Društvo "Beacons" št. 667 SNPJ bo obhajalo dveletnico svojega obstoja. Popoldne se

vrši program s petjem, umetnim plesom in igrami. Zvečer pa ples. To bo najboljša prireditve kar jih je društvo "Beacons" priredilo. Vsaj tako pravijo. Bomo videli, če bo resnica.

Sedaj bo pa, mislim, dosti za enkrat, če ne bo urednik pisma v koš vrgel. Pozdrav!
Anne Traven, 11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Vzela sem si malo časa, da napišem nekaj vrstic v priljubljeni Mladinski list.

V septembski številki Mladinskega lista je bilo 11 slovenskih dopisov. Želim, da bi jih bilo v oktoberski še več, da bi bil naš kotiček bolj zanimiv.

Strinjam se z urednikom ko piše, naj se bolj pogosto oglašamo s slovenskimi dopisi.

Sedaj se približujejo zimski večeri; bodo bolj dolge noči in si bomo lahko vzeli malo časa za pisat en par vrstic v Mladinski list.

Se bom pa še prihodnjic kaj oglasila.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v naš Mladinski list. Pa sem bil prav vesel, ker niste vrgli mojega prvega slovenskega dopisa v koš. Takoj sem eno na harmoniko zaigral. Tisto—"Na planinah solnčice sije."

Zdaj hodim v šolo in se pridno učim, pa na njivi mi ni treba toliko delat, ker je koruza posekana, plevel pa zrel. Jaz pa kar harmoniko igram ob večerih, da se bom do Miklavževega večera bolj naučil. Lepa hvala, ker ste mi popravili moje napake. Prilagam eno pesmico:

"Jesen prihaja, vse rumeni,
vsaka tička žvrgoli,
pa vsaka mi poje žalostno
za mojo rajžico."

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam!

Johnnie F. Potochnik, R. 1, Box 47, Arcadia, Kansas.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se pripravila, da napišem dopis za naš priljubljeni M. L.

Sem prečitala vse dopise v "Našem kotičku," in tudi naš "Chatter Corner" od septembra.

Zelo se mi dopadejo povesti od Anna P. Krasne. V avgustovi številki je bilo šest slovenskih dopisov, v septembski jih je pa bilo dvanajst.

Naše počitnice so minule, pa zelo so bile kratke, čeravno so bile tri mesece. Sedaj ho-

dim v osmi razred v šolo. Zelo imamo težke naloge, pa mislim, da bom vseeno poslala vsaki mesec en kratek dopis.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in uredniku
Mary Krainik, 231 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minnesota.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem dobila korajžo, da se zopet malo oglasim v naš priljubljeni M. L.

Sedaj mi gre malo boljše—pisati in čitati slovensko.

Nastali so hladni jesenski večeri. Tudi šola je zopet začela. Jaz jako rada hodim v šolo. Sedaj hodim v sedmi razred. Od meseca septembra sem prečitala vse dopise. Vesela sem bila, ko sem zagledala mojo sliko in moje sestre Mary. Hvala vam tudi, ker mi napake popravite.

Drugič bom kaj več napisala.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem, posebno pa uredniku!—Berta Krainik, 231 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Jaz bom sedaj začela pisati po slovensko. Pošiljam sliko moje male sestre, ki je štiri leta stara. Ona prav rada harmoniko igra. Tukaj je njena slika s harmoniko.



Ona je tudi članica SNPJ, rada poje in je vesela. Včasih igra in poje:

"Prej pa ne gremo dam,
da se bo delal dan,
da se bo šajnal
proti Ljubljani—"

Dela se v Kenoshi bolj slabo. Malo ljudi dela, nekateri pa prav nič ne delajo.

Mary Moyl, 4822—17th ave., Kenosha, Wis.

Navihani Janezek

Lagati je grdo, ker iz laži lahko nastane nesreča in druge nepravilike.

Tako nam je večkrat rekel učitelj v ljudski šoli. Ob neki priliki nam je povedal sledečo zgodbico:

Nekoč je živel kmet, ki je prodal svoje dobro rejene vole. Zanje je dobil par stotakov. Volovski skupiček je večkrat pri mizi prešteval. Njegovi otroci so ga opazovali.

Petletni Janezek ga je s posebno otroško zvedavostjo opazoval in ga vprašal: "Oče, kje pa ste toliko denarja dobili?"

Mesto da bi oče otrokom po pravici povedal, se je zlagal, ko je rekel, da je denar na njivi zrastel, tako kakor bob.

Navihani Janezek je pazil, kam je oče denar skril. Pa se je zgodilo, da je navihani Janezek nekega dne, ko je šel oče zdoma, vzel ves očetov denar in ga posejal po njivi. Ko se je oče vrnil, mu je Janezek brž povedal:

"Oče, sedaj pa boste še več denarja imeli, ko bo zrastel prav kakor bob, ker sem jaz ves vaš denar po njivi posejal."

Starši bi ne smeli nikdar otrokom lagati; vse naj se jim po pravici pove. Potem tudi otroci ne bodo lagali in jim ne bodo delali nobenih nepravilik.

Nace Žlemlberger.



I. A. Krylov:

Obed pri medvedu

Napravil medved je obed
in nanj sezval ne le sorodnike medvede,
temveč i vse zveri sosede,
kdor mu na um prišel je ali na spregled.
Naj rojstni dan je bil to, god ali osmi-
na, —

ta praznik je medvedu delal čast,
saj jesti je bilo in piti na prepast . . .
Le te jedi! . . . Posladki ti in vina! . . .
Še medved sam opazil je,
da gostje od tega so radostno razgreti.
Da pa zadovolji še bolj prijatelje,
začne napivati jim in zdravice peti.
Potem pa, ko so že devali v kraj jedi,
se on — še v ples spusti . . .



Lisica bije v dlan: "Kako je on zabaven! . . .

Ter spreten in lehak! . . . Postaven in pripraven!"

A volk, njen sosed in mejaš,
ji zamrmra v uho: "I, kuma, kaj kvasaš!

Od kedaj pa ta norčavost te popada?
To naj ti spretnost bo? Saj je težak
ko klada!"

— "Ti kume, ti trapaš!" lisica mu veli;
"ne vidiš, da slavim plesalca za gosti?
In če pohvala ta njegov ponos zagrabi,
tedaj nemara še k večerji nas povabi."

Prevel Georges.



JUVENILE



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THE ECHO OF A SONG

By J. W. Foley

*TO MY fancy, idly roaming, comes a picture of the gloaming,
Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the lilac and the rose;
With the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitting here and dreaming
Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow memory flows;
To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing;
I've a sense of sweet contentments as the sounds are borne along;
'Tis a mother who is tuning her fond heart to love and crooning
To her laddie such a*

*Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.*

*Ah, how well do I remember when crackling spark and ember
The old-fashioned oaken rocker moved with rhythmic sweep and slow;
With her feet upon the fender, in a cadence low and tender,
Floated forth that slumber anthem of a childhood long ago.
There were goblins in the gloaming, and the half-closed eyes went roaming
Thru the twilight for the ghostly shapes of bugaboos along;
Now the sandman's slyly creeping and tired lad's half sleeping,
When she sings to him that*

*Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.*

*So I'm sitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamplight streaming
Thru the vine-embowered window in a yellow filigree,
On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing,
'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmuring to me,
And some subtle fancy creeping lulls my senses half to sleeping
As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily along,
All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad I'm hearing
Once again my mother's*

*Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.*

J. W. Riley:

THE TRAVELING MAN

WOULD I pour out the nectar the
 gods only can,
 And drink the success of the Traveling
 Man,
 And the souse represented by him;
 And could I but tincture the glorious
 draught
 With his smiles, as I drank to him
 then,
 And the jokes he has told and the
 laughs he has laughed,
 I would fill up the goblet again—

And drink to the sweetheart who gave
 him good-bye
 With a tenderness thrilling him this
 Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in
 her eye
 That salted the sweet of her kiss;
 To her truest of hearts and her fairest
 of hands
 I would drink, with all serious
 prayers,
 Since the heart she must trust is a
 Traveling Man's,
 And as warm as the ulster he wears.

I would drink to the wife, with the babe
 on her knee,
 Who awaits his returning in vain—
 Who breaks his brave letters so trem-
 ulously
 And reads them again and again!
 And I'd drink to the feeble old mother
 who sits
 At warm fireside of her son
 And murmurs and weeps o'er the stock-
 ing she knits,
 As she thinks of the wandering one.

I would drink a long life and a health
 to the friends
 Who have met him with smiles and
 with cheer—
 To the generous hand that the landlord
 extends
 To the wayfarer journeying here:
 And I pledge, when he turns from this
 earthly abode
 And pays the last fare that he can,
 Mine Host of the Inn at the End of the
 Road
 Will welcome the Traveling Man!

Do You Know These?

Inside I'm white, outside I'm brown,
 I have a shape that's round and round;
 I grow on trees, but not in town,
 For little monkeys throw me down.

A cocoanut.

It runs up, it runs down, but still it
 never moves?—A stairway.

What kind of stones may one always
 find in the water?—Wet ones.

Why is snow different from Sunday?
 —Because it can fall on any day of the
 week.

What belongs to you and is used by

your friends more than by you?—Your
 name.

Where was Solomon's temple?—On
 the side of his head.

What runs and has no feet?—Water.

What goes over the water and makes
 no shadows?—An echo.

If you raise wheat in dry weather,
 what do you raise in rainy weather?—
 An umbrella.

Do you know why the onions and
 potatoes will not grow in the same row?
 —Because the onions get in the pota-
 toe's eyes.

Campaign Talks

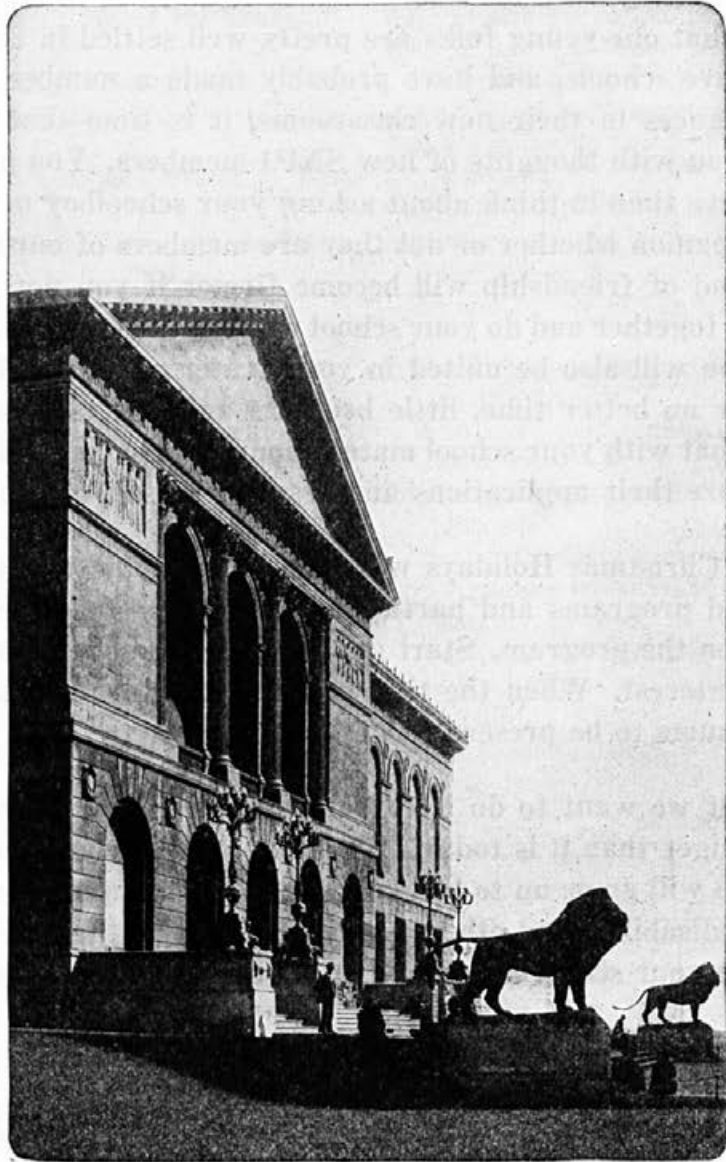
NOW that our young folks are pretty well settled in their respective schools, and have probably made a number of new acquaintances in their new classrooms, it is time that we approach you with thoughts of new SNPJ members. You probably didn't have time to think about asking your schoolboy or school-girl companion whether or not they are members of our Society. Your bond of friendship will become firmer if you not only go to school together and do your school work in the same classroom, but if you will also be united in your fraternal work. There is therefore no better time, little brothers and sisters, than right now to chat with your school mates about your lodge, and in that way secure their applications and assure yourself of a prize.

The Christmas Holidays will soon be here and many lodges will hold programs and parties for the young folks. See that you get on the program. Start now and learn a song or a recitation of interest. When the time comes to perform, invite your school chums to be present.

What we want to do is to build up our SNPJ even bigger and stronger than it is today. We want a lot of young boys and girls who will grow up to be good brothers and sisters, to derive the sick, disability and other benefits offered by the SNPJ. Try to talk to your school mates and let us know how you make out.

SNPJ Campaign Committee:

JOHN LOKAR,
D. J. LOTRICH,
J. A. SISKOVICH.



FACADE OF THE ART INSTITUTE IN GRANT PARK, MICHIGAN BOULEVARD AND ADAMS STREET IN CHICAGO.

How Flowers Are Made

THERE is nothing more interesting, more mysterious, than the pollination of plants.

Breathlessly, we watch the buzzy old bee crawl into the heart of the beautiful lily. Of course, he is hunting the sweet nectar that is found in the bottom of its flower cup. In order to get down to it, however, he has to crawl over the sticky pistil that stands high and straight in the middle of the lily.

"Is that paint he has all over his body and legs?"

"Yes," says the gardener. "We might call it paint, but it is really pollen that he brings from the anthers of another blossom."

"How does he get the pollen? Is it what he makes the honey from?"

"No, indeed," smiles the gardener. "The sweet nectar at the base of each flower is what he is after for his honey, but in order to get it he has to crawl under those tall pollen-laden anthers. Watch him there! You see he has left some of the yellow pollen from the other flower on the sticky pistil of this one."

"Oh, see, he is getting all covered with that yellow powder from those long things in the middle of that lily."

"Those are anthers," smiles our gardener. "That is just what they are made for—to shake the golden pollen on the bees and insects to carry to another flower. And the tall, sticky pistil in the middle keeps the golden pollen from the other flower for its own use. The fuzzy bees carry this richest of gifts to all the flowers."

"What good does the pollen do for the flowers?"

"If it were not for the pollen, we would not have flowers," answers our gardener. "Each little grain of pollen when carried to another flower brings to life the baby seeds that are lying at the base of every flower. If there is no

fertile life-giving pollen brought to the flower, then the little seeds never awake or grow. So you see why the flowers attract the bees, the bugs, and the birds to them with their sweet nectar and their bright colors! They want these flying helpers to bring to them the golden, life-giving pollen, and they in turn send their gift of pollen to other plants!"

It is really great fun to watch the flowers in your own garden. You will make some wonderful discoveries. Take your notebook and pencil and sit in some corner of your garden where you can watch your garden callers. Make a list of them as they arrive and tell what they do and how they act. Try to find out, by getting quite close to them, how they leave one gift of pollen and then carry away another! Notice how the flowers serve their refreshments of sweet nectar! Note how many hummingbird visitors you have and just which flower they prefer to visit. Do you have month visitors? What time do they like best to call?

Hunt for the anthers that are filled with pollen! Look at the pollen-dust pockets under a magnifying glass! Draw a picture of the pistil in your flower—hunt it, for it is there where the insects must crawl over it! Draw a picture of each part, and then, too, perhaps you can press it in a heavy book for your records.

There is a very great opportunity in the study of flower pollination to hold the child's almost breathless attention. It will serve later to clear up in a beautiful way the mystery of life's cycle. Old botany books take on new interest if referred to with the actual flower and its part at hand for comparison. It is desirable that the child be awakened to the function of each little part of the plant—Nature's efficient and wonderful plans!—"B. H. G.")

The Inner World of the Childhood

HUGHES MEARNS, who occupies a chair in New York University, that of Creative Education, speaks to every man, woman, and child thru his book, "Creative Education." He makes it very plain that he is not the teacher of a subject, but a psychiatrist at work in the schoolroom. That he is a master workman, his pupils who have had time to grow up have demonstrated.

He believes that within the everyday individual there lies deep, real creative power; that there are two great natural urges in every child—to draw and to write. He is working along the line of the writing urge. But his methods are applicable in any field, and his book goes into detail regarding his methods.

Teachers and mothers all over the United States, as well as in other parts of the world, have caught his spirit and are following his methods with results comparable to his own. He has no patent on a mysterious process which he alone is able to use. He is simply applying workable educational principles and sound psychological practices.

A short review of the book says:

"Some may be concerned lest he has departed too widely from conventional educational procedure. Is there not danger in letting loose disorder and haphazard methods of work? Yes, undoubtedly. But we have proof that the methods of creative education, rightly used, call forth more respect for both teacher and fellow-student, inspire an application to tasks which may even need restraint instead of prodding, and demand of one's self a quality of work which is far above that which can be imposed by any authority from above. All this may sound very strange under a free education system where there is no curriculum, no subjects of study, no textbooks, no recitations, a total ab-

sence in short of the usual machinery of lessons and assigned tasks."

Mearns encourages children to **observe for themselves, to use their own language and forms**, instead of copying those of others—even the great masters—to let their fancy roam and to express in an atmosphere of confidence and respect their innermost yearnings and desires.

Something of the gayety and wonder of child life, and occasionally age-old wisdom comes forth untaught, as this, from a little child:

Nature keeps a flower garden
Of joys and loves and things like these;
It has a kitchen garden, too,
Of terrible necessities.

A little girl, aged ten, arranged the following twelve words in her own manner:

Some day
Jane shall
Have she
Hopes
Rainbow
For her
Skipping
Ropes.

Who but a youth could have written the lines below. No one who is not constantly laughing and dancing and singing could have conceived such a bounding rhythm:

I must laugh and dance and sing,
Youth is such a lovely thing.

Soon I shall be old and stately,
I shall promenade sedately

Down a narrow pavement street,
And the people that I meet

Will be stiff and narrow, too,
Careful what they say and do;

It will be quite plain to see
They were never young like me.

When I walk where flowers grow
I shall have to stoop down low

If I want one for a prize;
Now I'm just the proper size.

Let me laugh and dance and sing,
Youth is such a lovely thing.

Only a boy with an astonishingly
vivid imagination could paint this word
picture:

. . . a song to the Ukedahm,
Till he fell asleep, in the middle of June,
Singing away to the crocodile tune,
To the tune of the ugly crocodile,
As it beat it's tail in the river Nile,
Tum . . . tum . . . tum . . .
On the back of a hollow bamboo drum.

A child's primary need is to reveal
his deep emotions to someone who un-
derstands.

Creative education seeks to develop
in the child taste and feeling and ap-
preciation, along with the building up
of a certain body of information. This
is done by giving freedom of choice in
an environment rich in the finest stim-
uli. A part of the process has been to
try to discover what would really be
read by healthy children if given com-
plete liberty of choice in a book environ-
ment of the most stimulating sort de-
liberately placed in their way. Mearns
says he is not interested in what un-
assisted children would happen to like.
This is where the creative environment
comes in.

He summarizes aptly the difference
between standardized curricular educa-
tion and creative education.

The standardized curricular education
requires results each day, each week,
surely each month, with an accumulated
measurable outcome at the end of each
semester; creative education thinks in
terms of years and even in spans of
years. The creative school cares not
how inept and slovenly a lad may be
the whole term, if it seems something
personal and fine is taking slow pos-
session of him.

Woman's Sphere

By Mrs. Thomas Edison

EVERY woman as well as every man,
should have some trade to which she
can turn in case of need. Even the col-
lege girl who is not under the necessity
of repaying her parents for her educa-
tion, should fit herself for an outside
occupation. Her greater contribution,
however, can be made by enriching the
home life of her father and mother and
brothers and sisters, and thru commu-
nity work. As for the young husband
and wife without children, both work-
ing in shops or offices and eating about
in restaurant, they, too, are missing the

finer, deeper values of the home as a
place of refuge, quiet and spiritual
growth.

Both the man and the woman should
regard the wife's position of home ex-
ecutive as for her the finest possible
career. In my opinion, women are just
as intelligent as men, but they should
recognize that they can use their intel-
ligence to best advantage in making the
home attractive instead of in meeting
the hardships of a man's world, where
he has the start of long years of ex-
perience.



Roy H. Collins: MOTHER AND CHILD



The Miracle of Radio and Television

There is to be a radio city. It is to be founded upon television. The listeners, who apparently are to become lookers-in, are wondering what a "key" to this magic city will cost them, or will television be as free as broadcast music? It is evident that there are economical as well as technical problems to be solved.

There are some who foresee the Radio City. It might be operated as a "philanthropic" institution. They expect that when the city is built and organized that the Radio Corporation of America now allied with the enterprise, will withdraw, turning the direction over to a self-perpetuating board of trustees, to administer solely in the public interest.

Plans for Television

WHEN broadcasting began in 1920 no one seemed to know exactly how far, or where, it was going. There had never been anything like it in history. But today broadcasting has enabled the mind of man to look further into the future. A great destiny is seen for radio and a new era of electrical entertainment. Those who are planning the television center foresee a vast change coming, in which every home in the land will be a theater in itself, linked by radio with this nucleus of entertainment from which music and television entertainment will flow into space. Radio vision will give the general public a powerful field thru which those in Iowa, California, Texas, and other distant points can look thru space, across the horizon and into the new temple of radio which is to be completed in 1933. Merlin Hall Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, when asked if television would be ready by 1933 replied with a tone of confidence:

"Yes, television is the basic idea of this enterprise. The four theaters will be designed for television, as will the 27 radio studios. In building this city of radio we are looking ahead to television. It will bring the talking movies, the stage, radio broadcasting, symphony concerts, and all forms of electrical entertainment under one roof. Radio is the leader of them all. We are planning for tomorrow."

Who Will Pay?

Some are wondering how this big investment will pay. How can a theater survive if the audience is not called upon to buy tickets? One theater in this capital of radio will seat 7,000 and the talking-picture auditorium will seat 5,000. Tickets will be sold for these seats. But outside, on the other side of the televisor, is a countless audience numbering many millions. Will they get entertainment gratis? Of course they must buy a television receiver, which will probably cost about what radio sets do today. Will the television waves be scrambled so that no one can see them unless they buy a certain receiver designed to unscramble the waves which carry the entertainment?

It will be recalled that soon after the broadcasting "craze" swept across the American continent, John Hays Hammond, Jr., who today has more than six hundred patents to his credit, suggested a method to make the programs available to only those who had the right tuning "key." In the mystic picture painted by his foresight he saw a new industry springing up. He saw hundreds of broadcasting stations. He visualized millions of listeners. But how could so many stations survive; how could they send out quality entertainment gratis? Someone must pay. Broadcasters could not continue as philanthropists. They must have a means of revenue.

But the leaders in the radio industry, those who were building and selling

sets as fast as the factories could turn them out to meet the urgent demand, objected to broadcasting operated on a toll principle. They oppose it on the grounds that "we must keep a free general system of broadcasting. The whole industry is founded on that idea in America. Broadcasts must be accessible to all."

However, it was not long before the broadcasters were all losing money. Some dropped by the wayside. Then the advertisers came to the rescue and bought time on the air.

If broadcasting had not captivated the public fancy so quickly it might have grown slower. A toll system might have been adopted. But by 1923 it was considered too late to introduce a secret system chiefly because millions of receiving sets, loud speakers, batteries, and vacuum tubes had been sold to the public. If a secret method of transmission had been applied, all the listeners would have to scrap their receivers and buy new machines designed to operate as a key to unlock a mysterious combination of wave lengths. All of the transmitters would have had to be rebuilt. The radio industry would have been paralyzed and its growth retarded.

The broadcasters contend that they are not worried, however. They know that radio performances as a free commodity attract the largest audience. If the program is broadcast on an almost unlimited combination of wave lengths, only those who pay for the "key" would be able to eavesdrop. What the broadcasters, who sell time, most desire is circulation. If they can convince a program sponsor that they reach an audience of 20,000,000, the advertiser is more likely to buy time than if the audience is restricted to 500,000, limited by a secret system. The broadcasters are looking ahead to television as a great boon to national advertising. Whether they will adopt a toll idea is

problematical. They are not anxious to limit the size of their audience by means of a mechanical contraption.

Televising Theatricals

It is possible that some day an inventor will discover how to stretch a "fence" around the television show. Already those interested in radio vision are wondering how a theatrical producer could afford to let his show be televised. How many would travel to Soldiers Field in Cambridge to watch Harvard play Yale if they could sit comfortably at home and see the football game on a television screen? Would 75,000 gather from all parts of the country to see the world's series if a television eye gave the nation a grandstand seat free? Would Madison Square Garden be packed to capacity for championship bout if a television eye hovered above the ringside to send the scene across the countryside? And the television eye would be so located that no seat in the house would afford as fine a view. The lookers-in on the radio would probably see more than the majority in the arena. Baseball parks and gridirons are usually surrounded by high fences or concrete walls, and so television, unless it is wafted thru space as a free commodity, must be fenced in or put under lock and key. Television receivers may be rented, and not sold, in much the same way as the telephone system is handled. —"Y. S."—



First Things

THE POSTAGE stamp made its first appearance in 1830. Its invention is due to James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee, England, who died in 1853. England adopted the adhesive stamp according to a decree of December 21, 1839, and issued the first stamps for public use on May 6, 1840. A year later they were introduced in the United States and Switzerland, and soon afterwards in Bavaria, Belgium and France.

The oldest bank note probably in existence in Europe is one preserved in the Asiatic Museum at Leningrad. It dates from the year 1399 B. C., and was issued by the Chinese government. It can be proved from the Chinese chroniclers that as early as 2697 B. C. bank notes were current in China under the name of "flying money." This relic of 4,000 years ago is written, for printing from wooden tablets was introduced in China only in the year A. D. 160.

The original manuscript of a Declaration of Independence made and signed by the revolutionary patriots of Hartford County, Maryland, at a meeting held at Hartford Town on March 22, 1775, is still in existence. This declaration is older than that of Mecklenburg, North Carolina, which was made in May, 1775, and antedates by more than a year the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776. Hartford Town is now called Bush, and the house in which the meeting was held was an old tavern, the ruins of which are yet to be seen at Bush.

There is a rich family of the name of Lofting, in England, whose fortune was founded by the thimble. The first ever seen in England was made in London less than 200 years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting. The use-

fulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune. The implement was then called the thumb-bell, it being worn on the thumb when in use, and its shape suggesting the rest of the name. This clumsy mode of utilizing it was soon changed, however, but the name, softened into "thimble," remains.

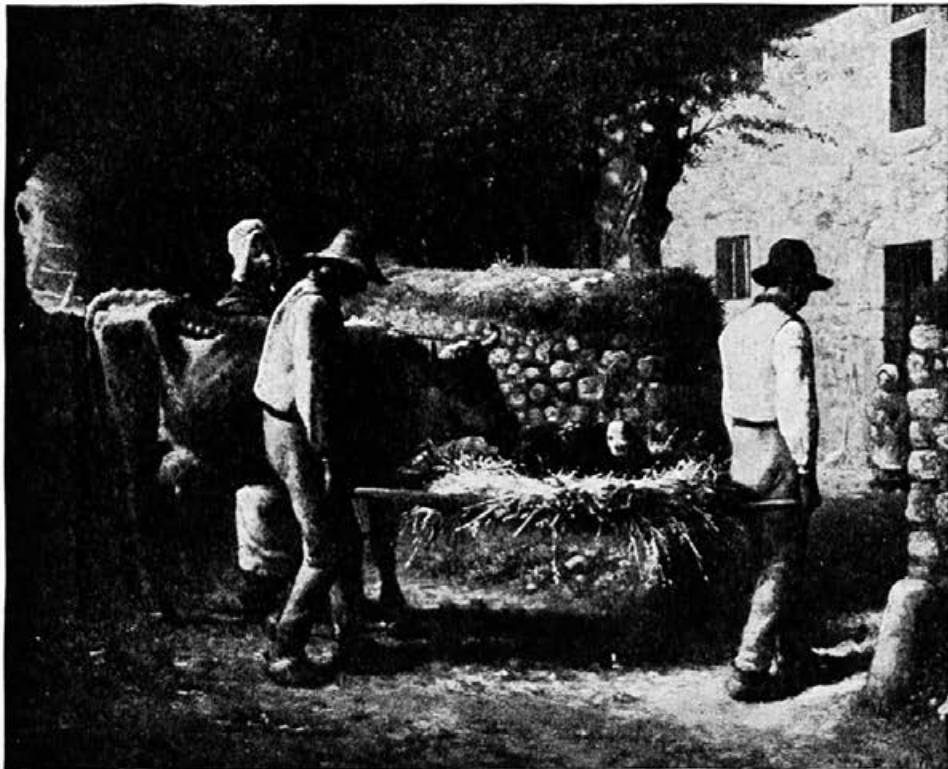
The first sleeping cars ever designed were in use on the Cumberland Valley Railroad between Harrisburg and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. They were built in the year 1838, and ran for several years. One end of the car was arranged in the ordinary way, with day seats, the other end was fitted up with eighteen sleeping berths for the night, which were changed, for the day's running, so as to make the omnibus seats on each side of the car. There were three lengths of berths, and three tiers on each side. The top tier of berths hoisted on a hinge, and was secured by rope supports to the ceiling of the car. The middle tier consisted of the back of the omnibus seat, hinged and supported in the same manner. The lower tier was the day seat along the side of the car. There was no charge for sleeping accommodations.

The idea of cheap postage was suggested by a trivial incident. Rowland Hill, who was the father of cheap postage, on one occasion saw a poor woman, whose husband had sent her a letter, take it from the carrier, look earnestly at the outside, and then hand it back, declining to receive it, as the postage was too great. He expressed his sympathy; but, when the postman was gone, she explained to him that the letter was all on the outside. Her husband and herself had agreed on certain signals and tokens to be conveyed by various changes in the address, so that she

could thus tell whether he was sick or well, or was coming home soon, or similar important intelligence. Mr. Hill thought it a pity that the poor should be driven to such expedients; and accordingly, in 1837, he urged, in the most strenuous manner upon the government of Great Britain, a system of cheap postage, which, two years later, was adopted.

The invention of the modern system of punctuation has been attributed to the Alexandrian grammarian Aristophanes, after whom it was improved by succeeding grammarians; but it was so entirely lost in the time of Charlemagne that he found it necessary to have it

restored. It consisted at first of only one point used in three different ways; but as no particular rules were followed in the use of these things, punctuation was exceedingly uncertain until the end of the fifteenth century, when the learned Venetian printers, the Manutii, increased the number of the signs and established some fixed rules for their application. These were so generally adopted that we may consider the Manutii as inventors of the present method of punctuation; and, altho modern grammarians have introduced some improvements, nothing but a few particular rules have been added since their time.



Jean F. Millet: BRINGING HOME THE NEW BORN CALF

NEVER MIND

"SOMETIMES, when nothing goes
just right,
And worry reigns supreme,
When heartache fills the eyes with mist,
And all things useless seem,
There's just one thing can drive away
The tears that scald and blind,
Some one to slip a strong arm around
And whisper 'Never mind.'

"No one has ever told just why
These words such comfort bring,
Nor why that whisper makes our cares
Depart on hurried wing,
Yet troubles say a quick 'Good day,'
We leave them far behind,
When some one slips an arm around
And whispers 'Never mind.'

"But love must prompt that soft caress,
The love must aye be true,
Or at that tender clinging touch
No heartease comes to you,
And if the arm be moved by love,
Sweet comfort you will find,
When some one slips an arm around
And whispers 'Never mind.'"



Discoveries

IN 1492 the western hemisphere was more strange to the peoples of Europe than the depths of the sea and the heights of the air are to us. An imperfect knowledge of the earth's geography left them ignorant of all that lay between Spain's western shore and the eastern limits of Cathay (China) as we are ignorant of life on Mars, or whether there is life like our own on any of the neighboring planets. Yet it took more courage to insist, in 1492, that the world is round than it does to declare today that creatures of any sort are living on Mars.

In 1930 the discoveries which most amaze us have to do less with physical frontiers than with mysterious, intangible forces: sounds that were unheard until their release by radio, light rays, forms of energy not hitherto subjected to the will of man. So on the anniversary of the discovery of our 'new world' by Columbus, it may be well for us to think toward the future in humbleness of spirit against the time, perhaps another 500 years from now, when even these remarkable events of today will have been dwarfed by achievements of which we cannot even dream.



Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read the stories, poems, riddles, and letters. I wish this magazine would come weekly. I am 13 years of age. I wish some of the members would write to me; I would gladly answer them back. I will write more next time.

Best wishes to all members of the SNPJ!
Mary Batis, Box 1287, Herminie, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Green. I like her. The books I have are English, reading, spelling, and arithmetic. I never see any letters from Herminie.

Best regards to all.
Sophie Batis, Box 287, Herminie, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I was very much pleased to see my letter in the M. L., sometime ago. I got quite a few letters from the boys and girls. I answered some, and of some I lost their addresses. So if there are any boys and girls who wrote to me I wish they would write again, for I will answer their letters. I hope that Emma Gorsha isn't angry at me for not answering her letter. I have been awfully busy this summer.

The apple harvest started Sept. 15, then I was done with the work.

I wish that Anton Zgonc would write to me. I wrote to him sometime ago, but didn't get his answer.—**Mary Prus, Veradale, Wash.**

* *

Dear Editor:—

I wish you would print this letter in the next issue of the "Mladinski List."—I am

trying to locate Stella Prazick. She has written to me several times, but in answering her last letter—my letter came back as no one claimed it. She might have moved, so I hope she sees this letter and sends me her new address, for I'd hate to lose a friend like her.

I wonder what's become of my two dear friends—Clara Dawns and Rose Crowley? Also Tillie Dolenc, Mary Jereb, Anna Copi, Angela Zupan and Betty Abel? Within the next few days I hope to get a reply from all the pen-pals mentioned above.

I would also like to have some new friends write to me as I will gladly answer their letters.

Yours truly — **Sophie E. Klemen, 16119 Waterloo Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.**

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ and we sure have great fun at the dances and picnics. Now we have to get busy for school and leave our fun till next vacation. Here is my snapshot:



Wish some members would write to me, as I would gladly answer them.

Anne Shaffer, Box 281, Cuddy, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. quite a bit and I hope to continue.

I receive many letters from members of the SNPJ. I want to thank Mollie Krasovich very much for the souvenirs she sent me from Illinois. I have also received a number of folders from members of the different states, which were very interesting. I hope I will get more.

This is all for this time. I hope some members will write to me.—Willie Clevon, 16119 Waterloo Rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like the magazine very much.

I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade. There are 11 in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ except my mother and my youngest sister.

I wish some members would write to me.

Best wishes to all.—Antonia S. Homec, Box 134, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, which I enjoy reading. The variety of selections in it claims my admiration: the letters, jokes, poems, contests, facts about science and nature—these constitute a rare and wonderful assemblage. Whenever I am tired, I read the Mladinski List and forget my troubles. I am 13, and in the eighth grade at school No. 52.

I went to Detroit, Mich., and Ontario, Can., this year, and had a nice time.

We all belong to Lodge No. 34 SNPJ. I would like to get some letters from the members, as I would like to answer them all. I want my cousin William Skufca of Girard, O., to write to me.

Here is a joke:

Man at the gate to little boy: "Is your mother home?"

Little boy: "Say, you don't suppose I'm mowing this lawn because the grass is long, do you?"

Best regards to all the members and to the Editor.—Angelina Skufca, 931 North Ketcham St., Indianapolis, Ind.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to the M. L. before. I am 15 years old and a Junior in High school. I am a member of Lodge No. 684, SNPJ. I have a sister and a brother, both members of the lodge.

I wish some of the brothers and sisters will write to me. Best regards to all.

Vida Zabrie, Park Hill, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I promised to write to the M. L. every month, and I'm sorry I didn't keep it up.

I didn't write to the M. L. for September, because I was on my vacation at Detroit, Michigan. I sure did enjoy it.

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much, because it has many jokes, poems, riddles, and letters. I am 15 years old and have passed the 8th grade. I am not going to high school. I will try to write more often now.

I am sending my best wishes and regards to all the members and I thank the brothers and sisters very much for writing to me. Hope they keep it up.—Mary Rogel, Box 771, Barnesboro, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Oh, I see you thought you had gotten rid of me, eh? No, sir! I'm not dying for ages yet. I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time. I wish some members would write to me.

Say, what has become of Albina Ozanich?

Now, maybe some of you members don't know how I look, so I will describe: I am four feet, seven inches tall, dark brown, curly hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion, am 11 years of age and in the seventh grade. Here is my snapshot:



Elizabeth Batchen, 51 Chapel st., Gowanda, New York.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., but now I hope to write more often.

I am 13 years old and in the 8-A grade in the Busch school which started Sept. 2.

I have two sisters and two brothers who belong to the SNPJ. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

There aren't many letters from around Detroit—any more. Why don't they write? Come on, wake up, and make this magazine larger!

Next time I hope to write in Slovene.

I wish some members would write to me, as I would be very glad to answer them.

Best regards to all.—**Jennie Pregel**, Box 134, Base Line, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I'd be glad if the waste paper basket would not eat my letter.—I will write only a few more times, because I will be 16 years old in February.

My sister Rosa attends the White Valley school and goes to school with the bus.

Here I am sending a poem to the M. L.:

Mother

My mother's love is always mine;
So faithful to her children is she
That hour by hour her heart returns
To tender thoughts of me.

If life should lead my feet astray
Afar and friendless should I rove,
One gift were still my own:
My mother's changeless love.

Best regards and wishes to brothers and sisters.—**Violet Beniger**, R. D. No. 1, Export, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my 3rd letter to the M. L. I am still in the hospital. I have been already six months here on Sept. 1. I don't know when I will get to go home. I am getting homesick. I haven't seen my home all this time.

I bet none of my pets back home will know me anymore. I have to ride horses.

I wish some members would write to me. I would gladly answer them.

Best regards to all members of the SNPJ.
Mary Stonich, St. Mary Hospital, Pueblo, Colorado.

All Chicago Juveniles who would like to be on the program for the Annual Chicago SNPJ Juvenile Christmas Party, should write at once to the secretary: **Mr. Blas Novak**, 2315 S. Ridgeway ave.

Dear Editor:—

On the evening of August the twentieth a serious event happened. Two clouds burst on top of the Divide, which divides Billings from Klein. The flood carried away the state bridges which crashed into the railroad and blocked the water from flowing thru, which caused the water to start spreading and flooded many houses.

The damage caused by the flood will amount to several thousand dollars.

Some of the oldest residents of Klein have declared that they had never seen such a flood in all the while that they have lived here.

Very sincerely—**Edward Cebull**, Box 29 Klein, Montana. (Lodge No. 132).

* *

Dear Editor:—

I write to the Mladinski List pretty often now. And I do hope that this will also escape the waste basket. I sure like to go to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Stevenson.

Here are some riddles:

What's the best day for making pancakes?
Fri-day.

Plant tight shoes and what will you raise?
Corns.

Emma Gorsha, Box 14, Universal, Ind.

* *

Dear Editor:—

All of us belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 532. The meetings are held in Columbia, a town near Sunnyside. My father goes down there every meeting. There are only a few members, as there are not many Slovenian people around here.

I like the M. L. very much. I am 15 years old. And I would like members to write to me. I would answer promptly. My address is:—**Rose Lotrich**, Sunnyside, Utah.

