

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

## VETER VIJA VAJA

*D*VA oblaka sem od morja  
sta počasi potovala.  
Pa sta z vetrom se sestala:  
— Hej, oblaka, bratca moja!  
Jaz sem veter vija vaja.  
Strašna suša spod razsaja —  
Nosita li kaj vode?  
Dajta, zmanjšajta gorje! —

*Pa oblaka se smehljata:*  
— To je veter vija vaja!  
Zdaj kar nič več ne razgraja;  
zdaj bi bila dobra brata,  
ko skesano vode prosi . . .  
Z morja sam si naj jo nosi,  
sam si zemljo naj poliva! —

\* \* \*

*Zemlja toži malo živa:*  
— Veter, veter vija vaja!  
Ti me vničil boš do kraja!  
Zadnje upe si mi vzel . . .  
Kaj na nebu si počel?  
Oblačino si razgnal! —

*Veter se je vil, lagal:*  
— Ni na nebu bila oblačina,  
oblačina od morja.  
Bila je le pajčevina —,  
to sem sklatil, sem z neba . . . !

Gustav Strniša:

## Kresnice

TRI kresnice so se prezgodaj zbudile iz zimskega spanja in se pod mrak napotile po pisani livadi. Dolgo so letale okoli in se radovala, a proti jutru so začutile oster mraz in hotele plašne pobegniti domov. Prehitelo jih je, preveč so bile utrujene in na gozdnem parobku so vse tri popadale na tla.

Tedaj so prihajali pridni pritlikavci na delo. V zlati rudnik so hiteli, kjer so kopali ves dan samo dragoceno zlato rudo.

V siju zore so bile kresnice pač neznatne in grde, nalikovale so črnim hroščem in nihče se ni zmenil za nje.

Pa je dospel do njih mali pritlikavec Bilček. Takoj so se mu kresnice zasmilile. Snel je z glave čepico, jih položil vanjo in nesel domov.

Bilček je bil najneznatnejši med tovariši, ki ga niso nič kaj radi gledali, bil je šibek in sam svoj, živeč pod veliko sivo gobo v mogočnem grmovju sredi gozda.

Bilček je vse tri sestrice položil na svoje ležišče in zakuril v pečici, da so se jim telesa ogrela. Kmalu so oživele in začele povpraševati možička, kje so.

In povedal jim je, da so v njegovem varstvu. Zadovoljne so se mu zahvalile in ga vprašale, s čim si svetijo pritlikavci ponoči.

“E, ponoči smo pa revčki, še sam vodja nima nobene lučke in zato mora-

mo z mrakom iti počivat!” je potožil Bilček.

Kresnice so se spogledale. Tedaj so mu obljubile, da bo zvečer imel kar tri svetilke.

Smejal se jim je in ni mogel verjeti.

Ko pa se je približala noč, je pritlikavec zastrmel, vse tri kresnice so pričele čudežno blesteti in v kočici je bilo svetlo kakor podnevi.

Hitro so raznesli pritlikavci novico o svetlobi, ki so jo prinesli Bilčku trije neznatni črni hrošči. Jeli so ga obiskovati tovariši in še sam vodja se je oglašil pri njem ter se čudil blestečim lučkam, ki so prijazno razsvetljevale skromni domek.

Odslej so pritlikavci večkrat priredili pri Bilčku svoja večerna posvetovanja, postal jim je neobhodno potreben in vedno bolj ugleden je bil, tako da so ga naposled izvolili za župana, kar ni bilo kar si bodi!

Prijazne kresnice niso pozabile dobrega pritlikavca in ko so neko noč odhajale, so mu obljubile, da bodo prihodnje leto spet prišle, če pa jih ne bo več med živimi, bodo poslale svoje otroke k njemu v službo.

In vsako leto o kresu so prišle drobne kresnice in sijale v kočici dobrega Bilčka, ki je bil zdaj spoštovan in ljubljen, njegova hišica je vsa sijala, dočim so bile druge kočice mračne in zapuščene.



Anna P. Krasna:

## Dolarska deca

(Nadaljevanje)

JENNIE in njene prijateljice-varuhinje so opazovale to revno, a vedro deco svojega razreda.

"Zakaj niso naši smrkavci taki?" je rekla živahna in lepa Julija, ki je zrastle v rudarski naselbini v zakajenih pennsylvanjskih hribih, zdaj pa je porivala po ulicah in po parku voziček s triletnim dečkom. To se ji je zdelo največja neumnost pod solncem. Voziti krepkega in težkega fantiča kakor brezmočno dete! "Doma," je pravila, "nam je dala mati eno po—že veste kod—pa smo stekli kot srne, tu pa vlačim tega le možakarja v vozičku okrog in mu nastavljam steklenico s cuckom na usta."

"Poglej mojega," je rekla Jennie, "v šesto leto gre, pa ga moram mnogokrat pitati, to se pravi, pitam ga, če je mamičica kod blizu, če pa je ni, ga pustim, da se izstrada in kako potem je!"

Vse so se smejale. Debela Katie pa se je zagledala v neko točko ob prizidku tik proge.

"Moj bo imel štiri leta in ga tudi še vozim, a pogledjte ga zdajle kako zna plezati." Počasi je vstala in se odgugala proti progi. Njen suhi in izredno poreden varovanec se je skopal na betonski obzid in je skušal z roko doseči počasi se premikajoči tovorni vlak.

"Zdaj bo špas, glejmo," je dejala smeje Marie, Francozinja iz države Ohio. Gledale so za Katie in opozorile otroke. Vzlic Katieni počasnosti je mali Jack kmalu srdito cvilil in brcal kakor štirinoga živalica. Katie pa se ni čisto nič zmenila za njegovo jezo, prijela ga je prav krepko za obleko na križu in ga je nesla proti klopem kot nese stara mačka mlado mucko, samo da so mucke s tem prenašanjem zadovoljne, Jack pa ni bil in je to oznanjal vsemu parku.

"Kaj pa bi rekla gospa, če bi te videla?" je vprašala Jennie, ko je Katie

spustila brcajočega dečka v mehek pesek blizu klopi.

"Hm, kar bi hotela, ona ima o vzgoji svoje pojme, ker vidi Jacka samo po parkrat na dan, jaz, ki ga imam v oskrbi vse dni, sem pa spoznala, da je mala zverinica in ga primerno krotim—da bi ga videle kakšen škrateljček je bil, ko sem prišla pred letom v službo. Ves obraz mi je razpraskal, ko sem ga kopal, no, sklenila sem takoj, da ga ukrotim, tigerčka, in me nič več ne praska, pa tudi druge nelepe porednosti se počasi luščijo od njega."

"O, ti imaš pač dobre živce, Katie, jaz se z mojimi ne bom tako dolgo trudila, ni vredno," je rekla Jennie in zaeno z očmi iskala Daniela, ki se je kar nenadno nekam izgubil. Nikjer ga ni bilo videti, zato je vstala in ga šla iskat. Našla ga je na obcestnem robu parka, ko se je ravno z vsem zgornjim životom stezal čez visoki zid. Tiho je stopila od zadaj k njemu in ga potegnila na travo.

"Ali bi se rad ubil?"

"O, ne, Jennie, toda, daj, poglej, kako lepo se vidijo vozila na cesti od tu dol."

"Verjamem, a ne verjamem pa, da bi bilo posebno lepo videti tebe tam dol, če bi cmoknil čez; kako lahko bi te kak poreden dečko pahnil od zadaj."

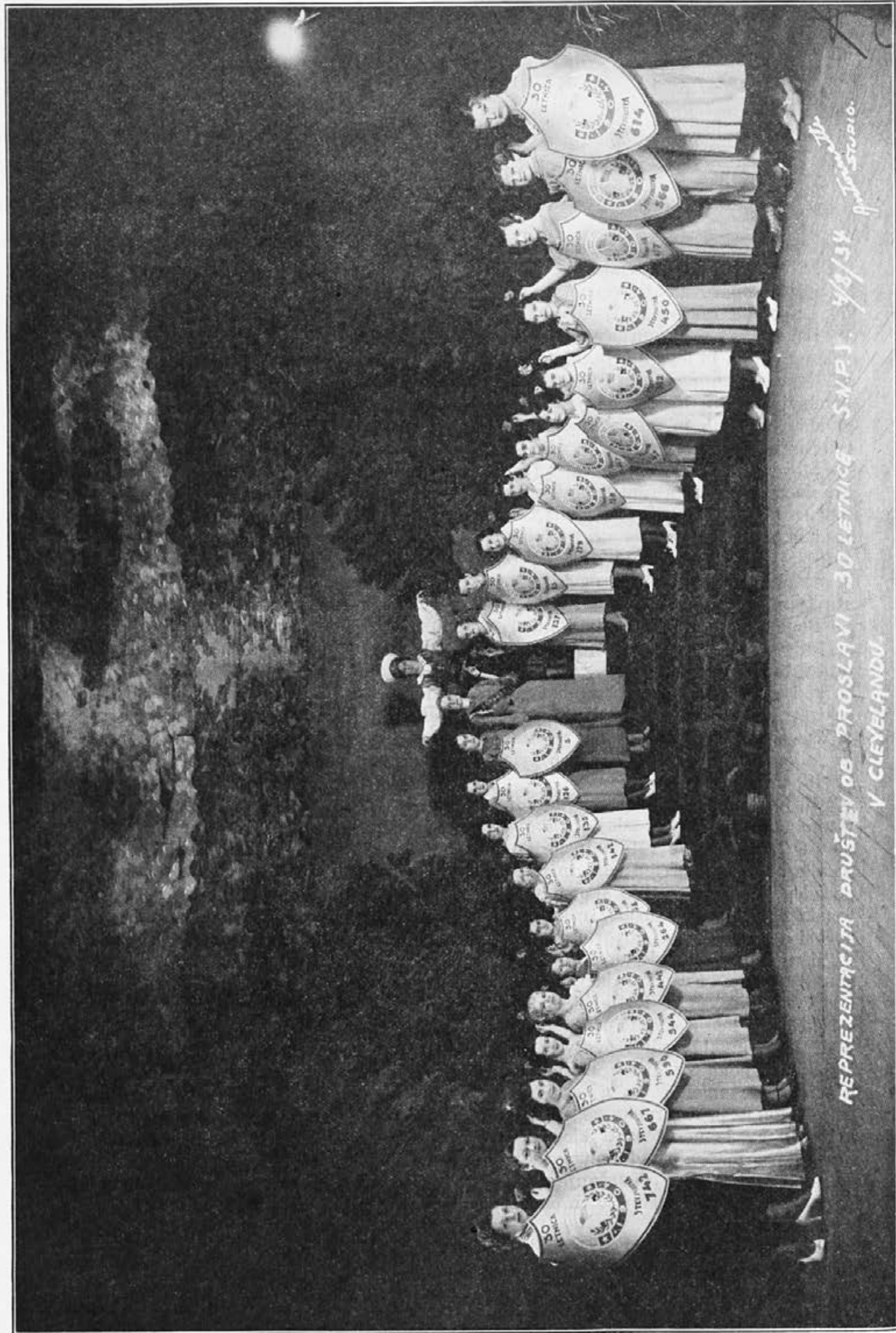
Porednež si je smeje pomaknil čepico čez levo oko: "That's right, na to nisem mislil."

Šetaje sta se vračala nazaj proti svoji gruči in spotoma naletela na srednjeletnega gospoda, ki je vodil na zlati veržici prelepega, majčkenega psička. Danielu so se razširile oči v občudovanju.

"Oh, če bi ga smel pobožati! Jennie vprašaj gospoda, če ga smem."

"Vprašaj sam, saj si velik."

Nekoliko boječe, a odločno, je stopil do gospoda.



REPREZENTACIJA DRUŠTEV OB PROSLAVI 30 LETNICA SNPJ. 4/8/38  
V CLEVELANDU. J. J. J. J.

Živa slika, sestavljena iz predstavnic clevelandskih društev SNPJ, v S. N. D. ob proslavi 30 letnice clevelandске federacije SNPJ dne 8. aprila t. l.

"Mister, ali smem pobožati vašega psička, tako lep je, tako srčkan."

Gospod se je dobrohotno nasmejal. "Seveda ga smeš."

Daniel je bil presrečen, počenil je na tla k psičku in ga pobožal s toliko nežnostjo in ljubeznivostjo, da se je gospod na glas smejal.

"Ali je vaš?" je vprašal Jennie, ki je bila ta dan v lastni obleki, namesto v uniformi.

"Ne," je odvrnila Jennie in smeje gledala psička, ki se je ves radosten vzpenjal po Danielu in mu vračal poljubčke.

Gospod je bil videti dobre volje in je dovolil Danielu več nego bi si ta upal prositi od njega, predal mu je zlato verižico, da vodi psička dokler gre njih pot v isto smer. To je bilo kakor uresničena sanja. Ljubka živalica je capljala veselo in bevskala v odgovor Danielovim sladkim besedam, Daniel sam je pozabil ob psičku na ves svet in bi hodil takole do konca sveta. Gospod pa je porabil priliko, da si je ogledal Jennie in se spustil v pogovor z njo. Očividno mu je ugajala, ker jo je vprašal, če je ne bi zanimalo spoznati interesantnih točk velike metropole v družbi dobrega prijatelja.

"Morda," je rekla Jennie in zardela, "toda zdaj moram domov z otrokoma." Vzela je Danielu iz rok zlato verižico in jo predala lastniku, ki je imel zdaj oči samo zanjo. "Zahvali se gospodu za uslugo," je ukazala Danielu in ko se je deček zahvalil, je naglo odšla z njim k svojim prijateljicam.

"Ta fant me bo še spravil v lepe zadrege," je dejala dekletom ter jim povedala o zadevi s psičkom. Daniel je poslušal in takoj izjavil svoje mnenje o stvari.

"Kako si čudna, Jennie," je dejal, "saj bi bilo vendar lepo hoditi okrog s takim gospodom in psičkom, če bi gospod mene vprašal, bi mu takoj obljubil sestanek, see."

Dekleta so se smejala in še razhajajoč se komentirala na dražestno ljubeznivost Jennienega varovanca.

"Počakajte," jim je odvrnila Jennie, "da nekega dne odkrijete drugo plat njegove ljubkosti."

Daniel ji ni nič zameril njenih besed, ampak se je je tesno oprijel in govoril o prelepem psičku vso pot do doma.

\* \* \*

Bila je res lepa sobota in tudi sledeča nedelja je potekla brez izrednih posebnosti. Le Daniel je zjutraj, ko so si šli na Broadway očistiti čevlje, v svoji goreči radovednosti in klepetavosti prekučnil čistilca čevljev in sam sebe na sredo trotoarja in je bilo smeha na koše. Čistilec-Italijan je pa bil dobra duša in ni nič zameril, rekel je samo: "Madona che boy!" in je naglo pobiral raztresene krtače in čistila ter dovršil svoje opravilo na Danielovih čevljih. Ko mu je Daniel dal desetico, se je prijazno smehljal in se priporočil za bodoče.

Popoldne je dobila Jennie dolar in naročilo, da ju pelje kamor si želita. Želela sta si seveda na vse kraje in poleg bi bila najraje trgovala pri vsaki slaščičarni, zato so njune desetice kmalu izginile v splošni denarni promet. Ko ni bilo več desetic, sta se spomnila, da bi rada obiskala nove znance, s katerimi sta se spoznala prejšnji dan v parku.

"Kje imata pa naslove," je vprašala Jennie.

"Oj, saj ni treba nobenega naslova," je dejala Joyce, "našli jih bomo vse v tistem novem parku na vzhodni strani, kar tja pojdemo."

Šli so in res našli tam nekatere otroke, ki so jih poznali. Slišali so tudi govornika na nekem uličnem vogalu, ko so se vračali proti nadulični postaji.

"Kaj pa pripoveduje, da je tako hud?" je hotel vedeti Daniel.

"Pravi, da bi bilo treba vzeti takim presitim otrokom, kot sta n. pr. vidva z Joyce, vse lepe prijetnosti, igrače in dobrote, pa jih dati revnim otrokom na vzhodni strani, ki bi take stvari bolj cenili."

"Ti lažeš."

"Nič ne lažem, mar misliš, da tale mož ne ve, kako se delate dolarski otro-

ci norca iz najdražjega mesa, sočivja in sadja in kako vas moramo siliti, da pijete sladko mleko, katerega premnogi otroci niti poznajo ne."

"Zakaj pa jim ga ne kupijo?"

"Ker nimajo denarja, zato."

"Zakaj pa nimajo denarja?"

"Zato, ker ga ima tvoj oče preveč."

"Aha, toda moj daddy zna denar zaslužiti, see."

"Kako ga pa služi?"

"Igra na Wall Streetu, saj veš, papirje kupi in spet proda, tudi jaz bom tako delal, ko bom velik in bom tudi bogat, see."

"Morda boš res, če ne bodo oni z vzhodne strani prej podrli tiste igralnice, kjer dela tvoj oče denar na račun slabo plačanih in lačnih delavcev."

"Saj ne smejo in se ne upajo, see."

"Upajo, upajo—in še ti jim boš moral pomagati ali pa te bodo vrgli v Hudson."

"Jennie! daddyju te bom zatožil, da veš."

"Kar zatoži, saj grem tako kmalu stran."

S tem pa je bil Daniel razorožen. Kljub svoji porednosti je imel Jennie rad. "Saj nisem mislil zares, Jennie," je dejal in se stisnil bližje k njej kakor vedno, kadar se je hotel prilizniti."

\* \* \*

Jennie se je v kratkem času navadila, da je lepim dnem sledilo dvojno število dni, ki so vrtali v njene živce kakor bolečina v zob. Že v pondeljek ji je Daniel raztrgal v parku obleko, ker mu po zapovedi mrs. Rothert ni hotela kupiti sladoleda. Kakor besna zverinica se je zaganjal vanjo in jo hotel suvati in brcati. Spočetka ga je skušala s šalo spraviti v dobro voljo, ko pa ni šlo, je stopila do policaja, da ji ga je pomagal ukrotiti.

Enkrat ukročen je hitro pozabil na svojo zlobo in spet delal velike obljube.

"To je bilo zadnjikrat, Jennie, zadnjikrat, odslej bom zmirom priden, samo če ne boš šla stran."

"Tvojim obljubam nič več ne verja-

mem, ker si se izkazal, da si figa-mož," mu je odvrnil Jennie.

"All right, boš pa videla." In je bil res kakor jagnjiček. Ženske v parku so ji kar zavidale, ker jo je obsipal s toliko prikupno ljubeznjivostjo. Morala mu je odpustiti, če bi mu tudi ne hotela.

Ker je bil zopet dober, mu je dovolila, da je smel, ko sta čakala na šolskem vogalu Joyce, gledati delavce, ki so popravljali pod ulico plinske cevi. Razumljivo je bil takoj v pogovoru s paznikom in delavci in je takoj dobil dovoljenje, da sme za hipec dol v tisto umazano luknjo pod ulico.

"Ali smem dol?" je vprašal Jennie.

"Na noben način, ker moramo iti po šoli nekaž kupovat in hočem, da ostaneš zategadelj čist."

Napravil je zelo žlosten obraz. "Ne smem," je rekel dol v luknjo, kjer je mlad Nemec cnil cevi.

"Kdo pa ti ne pušči?" ga je vprašal Nemec sočutno.

"Jennie."

"Ne vabite ga noter, prosim," je dejala zdaj Nemcu Jennie in se takoj zopet odstranila od odprtine, v katero je Daniel zijal kakor v deveto čudo sveta.

"Ali je Jennie tvoja sestra?" ga je brž vprašal Nemec. Daniela pa je namah prijela njegova poredna hudomušnost. Obrnil je glavo proti Jennie in vprašal polglasno: "Ali naj rečem, da si moja sestra? Da, a?"

"Reci kar hočeš," se mu je smejala Jennie in Daniel se je naglo zresnil in oznanil v odprtino: "Mhm, Jennie je moja sestra." Paznik in delavci so se zakrohotali, modrooki Nemec pa se je držal resno. "Reci svoji sestri, da je lepa," je naročil Danielu in ta je nemudoma oddal naročilo.

"Jennie, tisti mister tam dol pravi, da si lepa." In pomežiknivi poredno je dodal: "Mislim, da bi se rad domenil za sestanek, on te ima rad, see."

"Vidim, vidim," je rekla Jennie in mu namignila, naj ji sledi.

Po šoli so šli vsi trije v desetcentno prodajalno, ker je imela Jennie naro-

čeno, da kupi ducat kozarcev. Kupila je kozarce in po daljšem prigovarjanju se ji je posrečilo spraviti svoja vsegaželjna varovanca iz prodajalne. Zunaj na cesti pa je nekdo prodajal piščalke in Daniel je hotel imeti piščalko. Piščalko! prej ne gre nikamor.

"Dobro, bomo pa kar tukaj stali," je zaključila Jennie in stopila k betonski steni nebotačnika. A tudi to ni zadovoljilo svojeglavčka. Kakor pred nekaj urami v parku se je zakadil vanjo in kozarci so zleteli na tlak.

"No, zdaj pa menda lahko gremo, kaj?" Jennie je zožila oči in ju pogledala neprijazno.

V tretjič je padal britveni pas, Danielove porednosti pa se niso dale zbiti. Ves teden je mučil Jennie s svojo neznosno trmoglavostjo in mr. Rothert je videl, da je skrajno nejevoljna. Še je hotel tepsti dečka, pa mu ni pustila. "Če ga ne boste poboljšali z besedo in potrpežljivim učenjem, s pasom ga tudi ne boste, še bolj bo svojeglav", mu je dejala in mu vzela pas iz rok.

\* \* \*

Teden pred potekom meseca je Jennie odpovedala službo in baš tedaj sta oba otroka zbolela za ošpicami. Gospa Rothert je moledevala in prosila Jennie, naj ostane vsaj tako dolgo, da spet ozdravita. Jennie je obljubila in tako okusila kaj se pravi streči bolnim dolarskim smrklijam.

Kakor nalašč je ravno tiste dni pritiškala prva poletna vročina. Jennie, nevajena živeti tako visoko pod nebom, kot je bilo dvanajsto nadstropje hotela, je bila vse dni kakor v omotici. Vzduh v bolniški sobi, pomešan z vročino, utrujenostjo od prečutih noči in večnega skakanja, jo je opijanal in omamil kakor strupeni plin. Otroka pa nista imela nobenega usmiljenja. Noč in dan sta jo hotela držati na nogah.

"Jennie, prinesi mi vode—"

"Jennie, jaz hočem na vodo—"

"Jennie, čitaj mi storijo—"

"Jennie, igray se z nama," itd. brez konca in kraja.

Če je šla v kuhinjo, da si napravi južino, sta se drla na vse grlo in zahtevala, da pride k njima in jima čita. Kadar je legla v posteljo, sta se domislila, da nočeta biti sama in da ne moreta spati.

"Poginita!" je rekla jezno Jennie, "jaz ne bom več vzdržala tega, še sama zbolim." In se je odpravila, kakor da gre nalagat svoj kovčeg. Tako si je priborila vsaj nekoliko počitka.

Gospa Rothert je bila malo doma. Včasih se je vrnila pred polnočjo, včasih je ni bilo do dveh ali treh zjutraj.

"Mama izgublja," je ugibal tedaj Daniel in pripovedoval Jennie, kako se daddy in mama kregasta zaradi kartanjanja, Joyce pa ji je zatrjevala, da ona ne bo nikdar metala kart, ker noče, da bi bila nervozna razvalina kakor je mama.

"O, naša mama je lepa," je pravila Jennie, "in lepo bi bilo, če ne bi kartala."

V desetih dneh boleznii sta ji povedala vse rodbinske tajnosti, kolikor sta jih vedela, a Jennie je bila preveč izmučena, da bi jo zanimalo karkoli. Naveličana je bila prenašanja nočnih posod, vliivanja zdravil, čitanja otroških knjig, igranja, pitanja, pospravljanja, vsega.

Pospravljanje igrače, knjige in papir sploh ni bilo vredno, ker sta takoj spet vse razmetala po posteljah in po tleh. Tudi nočno posodo sta ji včasih nalašč razlila, samo da je morala klicati sobarico, ki se je rada šalila z njima. To njuno navihanost, ki je dala Jennie in sobarici precej dela, pa je kaj kmalu ustavil upravitelj, ki je poslal za posebno postrežbo poseben račun. Kako mu je bila Jennie hvaležna!

Nji pa ni bil nihče hvaležen za njen trud. Otroka, ki sta poleg ošpic dobila še boleče vratne otekline, sta hotela imeti v hudih bolečinah samo njo. Njo sta jokaje prosila, naj jima pomaga, njej sta se oklepala okrog vratu, ko se je sklanjala nad njima, pa če je tudi stala njuna mati ob posteljah, ali ko so

minile bolečine, sta pozabila vso njeno dobroto in sta jo mučila kot prej: "Jennie, daj to, Jennie, prinesi ono." In čisto, ko je zaželjeno stvar prinesla, sta isto zalučila po sobi.

"Otroka, vaju ne bom nikdar pozabila," jima je rekla, ko ju je končno zlečila in sta se z njo igrala v prostorni sprejemni sobi. "V par dneh grem stran in s seboj bom vzela spomin na dva najporednejša otroka, ki sem ju kdaj poznala."

"Ne boš," se je oglasil Daniel, "ker ti jaz ne bom pustil iti stran, see." Pustil je igrače in se ji skopal v naročje ter jo gladil po licih.

Joyce, ki ni rada kazala svojih občutij, je hotela samo vedeti, če bo šla zares.

"Zares," je dejala Jennie, "ker imam že novo službo."

To ju je osupnilo in bila sta nenavadno tiha in poslušna tista zadnja dva dni Jennienega službovanja pri njih. Zamisljena, kakor ju ni videla Jennie nobenkrat poprej, sta gledala, kako je spravljala svoje stvari v kovčeg in jima pripravila zadnjo kopel in večerjo.

Prišel je čas, da gresta v posteljo in takrat sta dala duška svojim dozdej prikritim občutkom. Oba sta začela jokati in oba sta grozila, da se ne bosta pustila nikomur več kopati, ne oblačiti, ne voditi v park, sploh nič, ako daddy in mama ne ustavita Jennie.

Mr. in mrs. Rothert sta bila osupnjena nad tem izlivom ljubezni do Jennie.

"Ostani, Jennie," je rekel mr. Rothert, "plačo ti povišamo in na deželo pojdeš z nami, pozimi pa pojdeš z mrs. Rothert in otrokoma v Florido ali Kalifornijo."

Otroka sta jo gledala nepremično in z odprtimi usti čakala, kaj poreče na

daddyjevo obljubo. Jennie pa se je samo nasmejala in odmajala z glavo. "Prehudo za živce, mr. Rothert, ne morem vzdržati, čeprav bi rada."

"All right, in jaz ne grem spat in ne pojdem več v šolo in nikamor brez Jennie," je zajokala Joyce, Daniel pa se je poslužil taktike moža, zgrabil je Jennie za roke in jo vlekel stran od kovčega. "Nikamor ne boš šla, Jennie, jaz te ne pustim."

"Zakaj pa nista pridna, če imata Jennie tako rada?" je vprašala mrs. Rothert. In sta v eni sapi obljubljala pridnost, ubogljivost, darove in kaj še vse. Jennie pa se ni dala pregovoriti in gospa Rothert jo je skušala oprostiti Danielovega in Joycinega trdega objema, ukazujoč jima, naj gresta k počitku.

A njena beseda ni zalegla nič. Šele ko jima je Jennie obljubila, da morda vendar ostane, sta šla vsak v svojo posteljo in Jennie je morala ostati z njima dokler nista zaspala, kajti šele v trdnem spanju sta pustila njene roke. Tiho je Jennie zapustila svoje mesto med posteljama, kjer je bila skoro poldrugo uro ujetnica tajnočudnih vezi otroških duš. Hudo ji je bilo za otroka, čeprav je vedela, da jima ne manjka ničesar karkoli morejo kupiti dolarji.

— Poredneža, uboga dolarska poredneža, gotovo sta v svojem snu prepričana, da so dolarji kupili tudi Jennie—kako bosta zjutraj razočarana in kako se bodo moji ubogi živci oddahnili—da, jaz imam samo zdravje, vidva pa imata vse poti postlane z dolarji, ne smeta se mi smiliti . . .

Nalahko, skoro neslišno se je izmuznila iz sobe in odšla.

(KONEC)





C. H. DAVIS

V MRAKU

Katka Zupančič:

## IZKUŠNJA GOVORI

**T**INE pel ni šoli slave,  
dasi bil je dobre glave.  
Šole se je naveličal:  
nič več vanji ne bo tičal;  
nič več se v šoli mučil.  
Več ko šola svet ga bo naučil.

Hud je oče,  
pa nad Tinkom zaropoče:  
"Tine, ti nepridiprav!  
Čuj, mladič si gobezdav!  
Spomnim se na dečka leta  
ter na nekega Franceta.  
Prav ko ti je on govoril—  
ves zelen je v svet zabrodil.  
Dela bilo je dovolj tedaj;  
prilik lepih. Ali kaj—  
za Franceta so visele previsoko.  
Svet potisnil mu je kramp v roko.  
Kramp, moj dragi, je mučitelj;  
le izbranim je učitelj!  
Kramp, ta poje take melodije,  
ki neštetim pamet zbije  
že tako, da ko vol so topi!—"

"Kdo te naj zastopi?"  
Tine se začudi.  
"Krešeš s krampom tudi  
menda že od nekdanj—  
Pa z onga—Francetom nehaj!  
Bil je prava nebogljen reva—."

"Stoj! nevedna pleva:  
Ne poznaš Franceta—  
svojega očeta?"

## V cerkev ni maral iti

**BILO** je ob pol dvanajstih dopoldne in dopoldanski pouk v trški šoli se je bližal svojemu koncu. Malčki v prvem razredu, ki so bili šele tretjič v šoli, so raztreseno poslušali strogo-gledo učiteljico, ki jim je z monotonim glasom tlačila v glave prve drobtinice šolske izobrazbe ter se v mislih mudili doma, v kuhinjah, kjer so njihove matere pripravljale južino. Lačni so že bili malčki in radi bi šli domov. Posebno nestrpen je bil okroglolični Vladko, sin tovarniškega delavca, kajti v želodčku mu je bolj in bolj krulilo ter ga opozarjalo, da njegovo mlado telo potrebuje okrepčila. "Da bi že skoro minulo," je vzdihnil lačni deček ter nepotrpežljivo čakal, kdaj bo pusta učiteljica nehala s svojim dolgočasnim poučevanjem ter jih spustila domov.

Končno, pet minut pred dvanajsto, je učiteljica naznanila, da je pouka konec. Dečki so se oddahnili ter se začeli dvigati iz svojih klopi, da jo uberejo domov. A učiteljica jih je ustavila. Ne domov, najprej pojdejo v cerkev, je dejala, nato šele domov. Naj se uvrstijo na dvorišču v red po dva in dva, narkar jih bo odvedla v deset minut hoda oddaljeno cerkev.

Malčki so se razočarano spogledali, nato pa so resignirano odšli pred šolo, se postavili v red po dva in dva ter čakali učiteljice, da jih povede v cerkev. Izjemo pa je delal Vladko. Dečku nikakor ni hotelo iti v glavo, da bi hodil v cerkev, ko pa se mu je tako neznansko mudilo domov, h kosilu. Zato se je v njem porajal odpor proti neuvidevni učiteljici, ki ga sili v cerkev, namesto da bi ga spustila domov, kjer ga čaka težko pričakovano telesno okrepčilo. In kar mimo grede je bil storjen v njegovi mladi glavi uporni sklep: Ne grem v cerkev! Jaz grem domov!

Rečeno, storjeno. Vladko je ubral pot proti domu. Sošolci pa, ki so mu

prejkone zavidali njegovo odločnost, ga niso marali kar tako pustiti pobegniti. Začeli so kričati: "Gospodična, Vladko hoče zbežati domov!"

Učiteljica, ki je v tem pravkar prišla na dvorišče, je poklicala malčka nazaj. "V vrsto, Vladimir, in v cerkev!" mu je velela neprijazno, kajti bila je tiste vrste učiteljica, ki jih drži v šoli samo boj za obstanek in ne ljubezen do otrok, zato ni imela dosti potrpljenja z otroci ter bila z njimi stroga in neprijazna.

Ampak Vladko se ni dal kar tako ugnati. Sicer se je počasi vrnil, vendar bolj kot poprej odločen, da ne gre v cerkev. S kazalcem v ustih in s skremženim obrazom se je približal strogi učiteljici ter jo grdo pogledal izpod čela. "Jaz ne maram v cerkev!" je izjavil pred njo ter uporno našobil ustnice. "Jaz hočem domov! Jaz sem lačen."

"Marš, v vrsto!" je jezno velela učiteljica, ki je postajala bolj in bolj razdražena vsled odpora malega Vladka.

"Noooočem!" je tedaj jezno zavekal malček. "Jaz sem lačen!"

Učiteljici, ki je bila ta dan posebno slabe volje, ker že dva tedna ni dobila pisma od svojega fanta, je bilo tega dovolj. "Pa se poberi domov, mevža mevžasta!" je jezno bevsknila vanj, mu obrnila hrbet, ostalim malčkom pa velela: "Naprej!"

Vladko se je zmagoslavno nasmehnil, češ, pa je le obveljalo po njegovem ter jo brzih korakov ubral proti domu.

Ko se je pa naslednjega dne opoldne vrnil iz šole, ga je pričakala mati s strogim obrazom in ostrim pogledom. "Tako, tak takšen neubogljivec si, Vladko?" ga je nagovorila čim je stopil v kuhinjo, kjer je oče že sedel za mizo. "Učiteljice nisi hotel ubogati! Le nikar ne skušaj tajiti, gospodična mi je poslala pismo! Vsi so jo ubogali ter šli z njo v cerkev, samo ti nisi hotel uboga-

ti! Prinesi mi palico, da te naučim ubogljivosti!"

Vladko je začudeno pogledal svojo mater. "Toda mamica, jaz sem bil vendar lačen!" se je opravičeval pred njo. "Če bi ne bil lačen, bi bil šel z njimi, a sem bil lačen, zato sem hotel iti domov. Ali je to greh, mama?"

"Molči in po palico!" mu je ponovno velela mati. "Otroci morajo ubogati!"

Tedaj se je vmešal oče ter trudno dejal: "Nehaj, mati, in pusti otroka pri miru! Saj je imel čisto prav, ko je hotel iti domov, namesto v cerkev. Lačen človek spada k mizi, ne pa v cerkev! Ne bodi še ti tako neumna kot je učiteljica, ki hoče vlačiti otroke v cerkev po pouku, ko komaj čakajo, da bi smeli domov, potolažit svoje prazne želodčke.

K mizi, Vladko, ti, mati, pa nam daj jesti! Palico pa oba lepo pozabita."

Ko je Vladko drugi dan učiteljici na njeno zahtevo povedal, kaj si misli o stvari njegov oče, je učiteljica nejevoljno zamrmrala: "Naj mu le daje potuho, osel, saj se bo še kesal, ko se mu bo sin čisto spridil! Že zdaj ni dosti prida . . ."

Vladko pa si je mislil, da je oče pameten mož, ki ima prav, kar si je pa mislil o učiteljici, pa ni bilo prav nič laskavo zanjo.

In vzlic temu, kar je o njem tedaj rekla učiteljica in vzlic temu, da že dolgo ne hodi več v cerkev, je danes pošten delavec in nihče mu ne more očitati ničesar slabega.

Ivan Jontez.



E. B. J.

DECA NA OBALI

Ivan Albreht:

## Za nosom

POD noč se plazi lisica po gozdu, previdno stopa in se ozira na desno in levo, da ne bi kje zašla v past. Naravnost na vas je namenjena, kjer je opazila pri samotni kmetiji dobro rejena putke v slabo zaprtem kurniku. Na poti ne mara družine, ker noče plena z nikomur deliti.

Nameri se pa, da odplahuta prav tedaj tudi velika sova na lov. Neslišno jadra po zraku in zagleda lisico.

"Dobro srečo, gospa," se spusti nizko k njej, "kam vas pa pelje pot, kam?"

"Za nosom," se odreže lisica, da bi se čim prej iznebila nevljubljenega gosta.

Sovi zafrkljivi odgovor ni prav nič po volji, pa se le premaga in vošči:

"No, srečno pot, gospa, samo pazite, da ne boste slabo hodili!"

Mahneta jo vsaka na svojo stran.

Sova naglo huščne proti visokemu jesenu, kjer rade prenočujejo vrane, in ugiblje:

"Če me vse ne vara, jo nocoj še čvrsto zagodem samogoltni prevzetnici."

Prav pod vrhom čepi na jesenovi veji čisto sama zase speča vrana. Sova huščne in že izgine s plenom. Niti zakrakati ni utegnila žrtev, tako tesno so jo prijeli sovini kremplji za vrat. Kakor veter hiti nočna potnica nazaj, dokler spet ne opazi lisice. Spusti se nizko k tlam, da kane od plena kosmatinki tik pred nos še topla kaplja krvi.

"Šment," misli lisica, "to-l je moral nekdo pravkar nositi perutnino" — in išče sledi, sova pa po kapljah spušča vranino kri in spelje lisico nazaj v gozd. Vso noč jo vodi križem po hosti in jo tik pred svitom pripelje prav pred lisičino. Tam sede na košato bukev in se začne mastiti s plenom.

Lisica zasliši škrtanje in se ozre kvišku.

"O, vi ste, gospodična sova?" prijazno pomaha z repom. "Ali ste že dolgo tukaj?"

"Kako neki," meni sova, "ko sem pa vso noč imela toliko opravka!"

"Kaj ste pa počeli?"

"Gledati sem morala," se muza sova, "kod vas bo vodil vaš nos."

Lisica spozna, kako jo je sova speljala, pa se potuhne, češ:

"Veste, jaz nisem nič kaj trdnega zdravja in sem vso noč iskala po gozdu zdravilnih zeli."

Sova, ki je medtem že obrala svoj plen, se poredno zasmije.

"Nič ne marajte, gospa lisica, za hudo lakoto bo nemara tudi tole dobro."

In vrže lisici na zemljo vranin kljun ter odfrči v svoje skrivališče.

"Dobro mi je plačala požrešnost in prevzetnost," se namrgodi lačna lisica in jezno zleze v lisičino.

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## Šale za male

Ivan in France sta šla na lov na medveda. Kmalu sta našla njegove sledove.

"Tu se morava ločiti," pravi France.

"Prav imaš, soglaša Ivan, "ti pojdeš po sledovih naprej in ugotoviš, kam je medved odšel, a jaz pa pojdem ugotavljat po sledovih nazaj, odkod je medved prišel."

Mile Klopčič:

## DETE SE JADA

U ŠOLI nas uče: i kako se množi  
i kakva je zemlja in kako se piše  
i da svako nadje ko marljivo traži  
i ovo i ono i još mnogo više.

Ja bih hteo znati zašto je to tako,  
da moj tata traži, a nikad ne nadje.  
Połazi u zoru da bi našo posla;  
vraća se bez posla, kada sunce zadje.

“Onome ko kuca, otvaraju vrata,”  
tako smo za školu pisali zadatak.  
Na stotinu vrata kuco je moj tata,  
al mu niko nije otvorio vrata.

Nije tata prosjak: tražio je posla . . .  
Već je drugo leto te nema da radi —  
A na školskom zidu crni natpis kaže:  
“Ko ništa ne radi, skapaće od gladi . . .”

\* \* \*

*OPOMBA UREDNIŠTVA: Gornja pesem je bila v slovenščini objavljena pod naslovom “Jeza” v majski številki “Mladinskega lista” leta 1931. V srbsko-hrvaški jezik jo je prevedel beograjski mladinski pesnik Guido Tartaglia ter je bila natisnjena v knjigi srbsko-hrvaških prevodov iz slovenske mladinske književnosti, ki nosi naslov “Braca sa Drave.” Priobčujemo jo, morda dobi Mladinski list v roke kdo od hrvaških ali srbskih rojakov pa bo vesel pesmi v svojem jeziku, slovenski bralci pa bodo veseli, da poznajo njih Mladinski list tudi v Beogradu.*

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## POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

*Kakor vsako poletje, tako se je tudi v tem poletju Naš kotichek pričel krčiti—na dopisih. Čim nastopijo krajše noči in dolgi, vroči dnevi, vse hiti ven v senco in k vodi.*

*Glavni vzrok krčenja dopisov je torej poletna doba. Največ prostega časa prebijemo na prostem, ne v hiši, ako le moremo. In to je prav, ni pa prav, če se zanemarja koristne stvari, med katerimi je tudi vežba v pisavi.*

*S poletjem nastopijo šolske počitnice, katerih se mladež najbolj veseli. In zakaj ne? Saj je dolge mesece pohajala šola, rada ali nerada. Prišel pa je čas, ko da šolska mladina knjigam slovo in se počuti prosto. Vsako delo pri knjigah in pisanju ji odpove; težko se je pripraviti k pisanju v poletnem razpoloženju.*

*Naš Mladinski List navadno "trpi" tri poeltne mesece na pomanjkanju dopisov. Ti meseci so: junij, julij in avgust. V teh šolski naraščaj najmanj čita, še manj pa piše.*

*Dragi "Kotičkarji!" Dasi ste prosti vseh šolskih nalog in nadlog, kar vam rad privoščim, vseeno bi bilo lepo in koristno za vas, da se tudi v toplem poletju včasih spomnete "Kotička" in zanj napišete par vrstic. To lahko storite v par minutah. Naprosite starše, ki vam bodo gotovo radi pomagali pri sestavi dopisa. Vem, da poletje tudi rado poleni dečke in deklice. Ampak ko se greste kopat, se vrnete domov čili in veseli—spet sposobni za delo. In baš v takih momentih se je treba prijeti dela, brž napisati kratek dopis za Naš kotichek in ga oddati poštarju, ki ga ponese naravnost v poslopje SNPJ, kjer se tiska vaš Mladinski List.*

*Z vso gotovostjo upam, da se v kratkem odzovete z mnogimi dopisi!*

—UREDNIK.

**KONEC ŠOLE—ZAČETEK RAJANJA**  
Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet sem se odločila, da napišem kratek dopis za naš Mladinski List, ki ga že precej let izdaja za nas naša Slovenska narodna podporna jednota, katere 30-letnico praznujemo letos.

Zadnjič ste nas opomnili, da ne smemo med počitnicami pozabiti na Naš kotichek, kar se pa tako rado zgodi vsako

poletje. Pa saj veste, večina otrok rada pozabi na vse med počitnicami, tudi na knjige, samo na rajanje ne.

Naša šola se je zaključila s 1. junijem. Letos je šolski pouk trajal bolj dolgo kot navadno. In na mojem šolskem spričevalu je zapisano, da sem sposobna za višji oddelek ali razred. To je tudi nekaj—napredek.

Tukaj je zelo vroče in suho. Jagode

so že zrele in jih pridno nabiramo, pa tudi jemo jih.

Pošiljam vsem mladim čitateljem lepe pozdrave, tako tudi uredniku.

**Olga Mezgec,**  
box 124, Lost Creek, W. Va.

\* \* \*

### JUHEJ, POČITNICE SO ŽE TU!

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Že zopet sem tu! Že zopet se oglašam iz Scrantona, Pa. Pri nas je sedaj precej vroče. Pa saj je menda povsod.

Dne 17. maja je imela girardska šola svojo prireditev, namreč "Minstrel Show." Ta "minstrel" je bil zelo zabaven in imeli smo dovolj smeha. Nastopili so štirje črnci, ki so zbijali šale in burke. Ena šala je bila ta: Eden črncec je vprašal drugega, če je njegovo oblačilo dovolj dolgo. Odgovoril mu je, da bo dovolj dolgo predno bo plačano. Seveda smo se temu vsi smejali, kajti črnci znajo take šale povedati na zelo smešen način.

Zelo se veselim šolskih počitnic, posebno zato, ker je pri nas precej vroče in vsak si želi prostega časa. In spet se bomo igrali zunaj po naši volji.

Lep pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

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

\* \* \*

### VROČINA, POČITNICE IN "KOTIČEK"

Cenjeni urednik!

Uuuuu! Kako je vroče! Danes, dne 19. maja, je tako vroče, da ne vem kaj bi naredila. Pa sem se odločila, da napišem ta dopis za naš Mladinski List, pa vroče gor ali dol.

Komaj čakam šolskih počitnic. Zelo se jih veselim, ker potem se bomo šli lahko vsak dan kopat. To bo veselja za nas!

Dne 3. maja je imelo društvo SNPJ "card party." Udeležba je bila velika in nagrade (prizes) so bile lepe. Samo pet centov je bilo treba dati, pa se je

lahko dobilo nagrado. Ena nagrada je bila posteljna odeja (quilt), ki jo je dobil eden "pečlar." Mislim, da je bil zelo zadovoljen s tako lepo nagrado. Odejo bo pač lahko porabil vsak čas, če bo mraz.

Upam, da se bodo vsi šolarji in šolarice prav dobro imeli med počitnicami. Poskusila bom, da se bom tudi jaz dobro imela.

Pa še to: med počitnicami ne smemo pozabiti na Naš kotiček! Ostanimo mu zvesti tudi poleti!

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

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

### Iz jugoslovanskih pregovorov

Ena sama garjeva ovca okuži vso čredo.

Ne daje oni, ki ima bogastvo, marveč oni, ki ima srce.

Lahko je najti tovariša za petje, ali težko je najti tovariša za jok.

Ne pričakuj večerje s tuje mize.

Dokler je človek zdrav, mu je tudi voda sladka.

Tudi črna kokoš nosi bela jajca.

Dobra beseda železna vrata odpira.

Če bi na svetu ne bilo revnih, bi sonce ne gredo.

Dober glas se sliši daleč, slab pa še dalje.

Kdor krade jajca, ukrade tudi kokoš.

Priliznjeno jagnje sesa dve materi.

Pijancu se še voz izogne.

Težko je gospodarju, ki ga uči hlapec.

Dolžnik je tudi o Božiču žalosten.

Življenje od tujih žuljev ni pošteno. Težko volku, ki ga krmijo srake, težko junaku, ki ga branijo otroci.

Če me sonce greje, mi meseca ni mar.

### Računska naloga

Koliko je osem in trideset manj osem in štirideset?

#### Oogovor k računski nalogi

70. Nalogo čitamo lahko takole: 8 in 30=38 manj 8=30 in 40 je 70.





# JUVENILE



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## THE MONTH OF JUNE

**A**ND what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then the sky tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ears lays.

—BRYANT.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,  
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;  
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going  
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

—LOWELL.

It is the month of June,  
The month of leaves and roses,  
When pleasant sights salute the eyes  
And pleasant scents the noses.

—N. P. WILLIS.

I gazed upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound . . .  
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

—NORA PERRY.

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## THE SUMMER MONTHS

**T**HEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.  
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling care and care aside;  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
Seen thru its leaves the cloudless sky is rapt tranquility.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## SHADOWS

**O**H, LAST night ere I slept, Mother,  
 Strange shadows played for me—  
 Water nymphs in lily boats  
 And magic harpists I could see.

And every time the fairies rowed  
 The music swelled in harmony;  
 Did you not hear them, Mother dear?  
 Surely, Father, you could see."

"Your Mother shadows saw, my son;  
 They were dark and lean and thin;  
 Their haggard forms with fiercest snarls  
 Trampled us in the din."

"Your Father shadows, too, did see;  
 They stretched for miles and miles;  
 In curious shapes they formed there  
 And marched along in files.

And then as they were passing by,  
 Myself among them I discerned;  
 I walked with them as plain as day.  
 About them, son, I am concerned."

—MARY JUGG.

---

 MAY GLIDES INTO JUNE

**M**AY is a maiden with a light heart singing,  
 Dancing, laughing, in an untaught vein;  
 Flooding all the fields with her warmth, and flinging  
 Incense following the April rain.

Easy on the eyes are tints that tally  
 With the sunbright visage and her windblown hair;  
 Pearls round her neck, and lilies-of-the-valley  
 Broidering the mantle that she loves to wear.

Time's on the wing, and the May days glorious  
 Fade 'neath the fervor of the sun's high noon.  
 Fade? Nay, nay, nay; it is just one story as  
 The May maid ripens to the matron June.

W. A. TAYLOR.



E. BURNE-JONES

HEAD OF A GIRL

Anna P. Krasna:

## Snapshots from Home

NO, they didn't come directly from home, they were sent from Rome, and oddly enough, they were taken, developed, beautifully albumed, and sent along by a young officer of the Vatican Swiss Guard. Opening the album I read: "Alla nostra cara Ančka," and from beneath the next inscription two handsome young faces looked at me: my sister and her fiance, the young Swiss.

My sister . . . strange that I can't picture her in my mind as she is today, but I seem to remember her only as I last saw her thirteen years ago. Even when I dream of her, I see her as a sweet dispositioned, darling child with curly fair hair, merry dark eyes, and pink dimpled cheeks and chin. Little Micka, the baby of the family, who has since become Maria. I am trying vaguely to recall all her letters to me since we had parted, trying to ascertain whether this is really that child that went out into the big wide world to earn her living. I bring her picture closer: Is she that brave little girl who in a letter once said to me: "Never you worry about me, Ančka, I'll take care of myself." . . . Well, she did splendidly!

Her fiance I have never met, but he seems to know me just the same. Once in a while he writes me a long letter in German and I, not knowing enough German to write a letter, write back in English! And to be able to understand "Ančka's briefs" he is learning English. He says that guarding the pope does not take very much time, therefore, he has decided to make good use of his linguistic talents. He already masters the Italian language and now he is busy with the Slovene and English, both of which he finds rather difficult to learn. But, judging by his letters, even if he never learns either of them, he'll still be a grand fellow.

These two then have been traveling some, were at home to see the folks, and meanwhile very thoughtfully remembered that I might like to have some snapshots from home. How lovely of them both! But now I must turn the page . . . I am anxious to take a look at the old familiar things.

\* \* \*

"Dolgapoljana," says the inscription on the second page. So here they are, at home in Dolgapoljana. Only, of course, it is not Dolgapoljana anymore but Campoloungo . . . Well, in the long run it may be Dolgapoljana again, at least I hope so.

These people I see gathered in a small family reunion.

Children . . . my, I didn't realize that the old family tree had grown so many new branches. They are nice children, too, but rather thin, undernourished. Misery and Fascisti rule Italy . . .

The constant struggle with both has aged my brothers terribly, and their wives, too. I hardly recognize them. Gosh! Are they really those same young folks that I danced and sang with thirteen years ago? Does that furrowed tall brow actually belong to my favored brother Franc, whose pictures used to remind me of John Gilbert? And is that thinfaced little woman the same Julia whose fair beauty I so admired? And could it be possible that the lovely round and rosy cheeks of Angela have so completely changed and aged? That Ivan looks older at thirty-eight than father did at fifty?

. . . Now, I think I comprehend fully all that has been written between the lines of their letters. I understand now why Franc still sticks to that dangerous work of unearthing of old shells . . . why Ivan had stuck to it until a shell exploded and left him a cripple.—

The Fascist terror, discrimination, poverty, fear of war . . . endless worry . . . living in one of Europe's war traps. Thinking of this I recall a letter that one of them wrote to me at the time of that shameful Vrhpolje incident when the whole of Vipava shuddered from terror inflicted upon Slovene population because of the murder of one tubercular Sottosanti, who spat in the mouths of children that dared speak in their native tongue in school.

"The Vipava Valley has undergone a great and sad change—," said that letter in part, "I mean, it is just as beautiful when spring comes, or when autumn downs upon it with its gorgeous colors in vintage time, but life within it is not life anymore—it is a nightmare . . . Just you stay where you are, and do not wish even for a glimpse of the valley of your birth—not yet"...

I understood then, but now I perceive the point in its full meaning . . . The Vipava Valley is now but a small part of the unhappy, tortured Old World, ruled by dictatorial maniacs.

How sorry I feel for you, dear folks at home.—

\* \* \*

Back of these people, whose faces are neither happy nor sad, stands the old house of my birth. The house No. 3, which indicates that it has stood there for a long, long time. Old Blazhevka used to tell me when I was a child that our house and family both had an interesting history, and since she knew plenty of it, she gladly related it to me while we were at work in the fields. It amused me then, and once I wrote a piece about it for my school-room exercise, which made the teacher exclaim: "Bravo, Ančka! This is a fine piece of work, and if the tubs won't flatten your head, I predict that you'll become a writer yet." (In Primorje as well as elsewhere in Slovenia, women carry water in tubs on their heads.)

Looking at the old stone dwelling

now makes me feel that I could write a book on it. The once proud home of a well-to-do peasant family has been in a state of decline ever since I can remember it and long before. There was drama in the slow process of decay. Piece after piece of fine land was sold to satisfy the debtors, so that by the time I was grown up only about one third of the original property remained. Inherited debts, large dowries, sickness and misfortunes of all kinds undermined the very foundations of the old homestead. The drama is almost completed now, and brother, in order to keep up with the heavy fascist taxation, has sold a few more parcels, and half of the house. And he had also sold the property rights to the timber land some odd twenty-five miles from home.

Still, whatever is left from the place where I spent the first twenty years of my life, has hardly changed at all. I notice the mortar is falling off here and there as it always did, but now Ivan probably can't afford to replace it, and that makes the thick old walls seem sadly naked.

The crossbarred little windows, I notice, are not gay with blooming plants as they used to be in mother's time. And the two large windows of mother's room are not in the picture — wonder if that room, too, went with the sold portion of the house? Probably.

The old stone steps still lead up to the long narrow balcony where we children used to play bridge: "Ali je trden vaš most? Kot kamen in kost! Ali sme naša vojska čez? Če nam prepustite zadnjega." And it usually ended in bridge guards acquiring all of the mighty army, then the play began all over again. We conducted marches there, too, and once I marched over the edge, landing head first on the stony ground below. Grandma was visiting with us at the time and after they revived me and stopped the bleeding she remarked jokingly: "Well, she has got a good strong head on her anyway,"

and the remark made me laugh in spite of the pain that tempted flow of tears.

There is also that square opening above one of the little windows of what used to be my room in the old days. How many times I have climbed up that way via my crossbarred window, to fetch some clover hay which we kept up in that low place under the roof. When I grew older, mother demanded that I use ladder to get up there, but I seldom did. Dragging that clumsy

implement back and forth seemed only a waste of time and energy to me; with my long legs and arms I felt I needed no ladder.

That fig tree, whose branches reached almost into my room, and from which, during the fig season, I gathered my breakfast fruit the first thing in the morning, is not there anymore, a grapevine seems to have been planted in its place.

(To be continued.)



MAX

CHILDREN AND GEESE

# Labor Lost

*By Mary Jugg*

WHEN Matthew Friml walked down the steps of the Winnet High School on one particularly rosy spring morning, he closed, what he deemed, another chapter in his life. He walked proudly and briskly, lightly tossing two books that he had shoved into the farthest corner of his desk to "wait until the last." Tennis enthusiasts were netting the ball at the court to the left of the schoolhouse. But life was too free for Matt to think of wasting it at playing ball. He wanted to get as far away from the sight, sound, and smell of school as conditions would permit.

"So long, Matt. See you again in September," waved one of the four-some as he regained the ball from the out-of-bounds territory.

"Why bring that up?" retorted Matt. The reminder that there was more to come! Oppressive thoughts: Returning again to leaf through musty volumes, slide back and forth in chairs with scarred initials dating back to the time of your sisters, and worse than all that—the ever-piercing, scrutinizing look of the teacher. Why couldn't people leave well enough alone so that he might enjoy his vacation at least? Why couldn't this be his last year instead of the terrible prospect of enduring another one?

"When I'm a man, I'll be the first one to vote for elimination of schools," he thought to himself.

But things were beginning to happen much sooner than it was time for the new school term to begin. No sooner had Matt thrown down his books and got a first good breath of freedom than the papers were already carrying headlines about the dark outlook for the future of schools. Matt heard about it just casually. It was on a Sunday afternoon at the park when his old

schoolmates had got together for a ball game.

"Some news about our school!" said Ted, as they were sitting near the home plate awaiting their turn at the bat.

"What do you mean?" questioned Matt, not interested apparently.

"Why, haven't you heard that we won't have to go to school?" Ted dug his foot into the dust.

"Not have to?" queried Matt, his interest increasing. "Why not?"

"Cause we won't be able to. They're closing 'em up. Hot zigety!"

"Batter up!" shouted the umpire, and Ted was up in an instant.

"My turn!" he spoke, unmindful of Matt, to whom he had imparted the news.

But Matt was perturbed. He played in the remainder of the game somewhat dull of spirit.

That night he heard the details of the news at home. And from the looks of things he was to be deprived from continuing to school at all. There were no funds. The teachers were not being paid. No money for upkeep.

Now suddenly the idea of school appeared before him as a privilege and not as a duty. He thought of his classmates; they wouldn't be together any more. And then, most of all, what would he do if he weren't to go to school? He thought of Wilbur and Tim, who were graduates the previous year. Wilbur was still at home, and Tim had gone South to the truck farming districts, only to return more disillusioned and dissatisfied. Nothing is so loathful to an average healthy body as deprivation of necessities and comforts of life when time hangs heavy on one's hands and "there's nothing to do."

Matt thought quickly. Not musing and deliberation, but action, was neces-

sary. People must be brought to realize the meaning of what loomed in the future! How could they know if everyone slumbered? Up and to action! There must be a parade the very next day! Attention and interest must be aroused! Everybody must know! All the school children, marching in protest, displaying banners! What could be more impressive?

"You'll get in trouble, Matt," said Harry the next morning, when Matt was organizing the marchers. "They'll put you in the cell for it. Believe me, they will."

"What if they do? What's a couple of days or nights in the hoosegow if that'll help all the kids in town and give them their right of heaving a school?"

"You'll see," replied Harry.

That afternoon there was a huge demonstration. School children from the kindergarten to the high school marched through the streets, carrying banners, displaying slogans. "We Want Our School," "Clean Up the City Hall," "Taxpayers Wake Up" shouted the demonstrative placards. And Matt was leading the marchers—Matt who thought he never wanted to go up the steps of the school house again!

They had come before the City Hall. Matt turned to the group and shouted:

"All together now. Give it all you've got: "Who runs our schools? Who runs our schools?"

The voices joined in unison. They increased in enthusiasm. At that moment a hand gripped Matt by the shoulder.

"Come on, son. We'll have to teach you a lesson."

And all that Matt could make out was that two uniformed officers were leading him away, and that policemen suddenly seemed to spring from all corners and beat through the files of the children marchers, dispersing them to all parts of the town.

Matt spent two days in the city prison. All the time he was repeating to himself the words he had told Harry.

That summer was uneventful. Matt anticipated the fall when the fruits of his labor and initiative would show.

The last days of August drew near. He counted the weeks, then the days. September came and there was no school. October followed, and still the schoolhouse was deserted.

Matt was beginning to live and experience the futility of demonstrations.

"Not show and existence but thought and planned action," were the phrases that kept pounding in his mind now, as the winter was drawing on, and school had not reopened.

---

## JUNE

**A** SONG is in the hermit's breast  
And glee is in the robin's lay;  
The eggs are warm within the nest  
That friendly breezes lightly sway.

The stream is singing through the glen  
And there is gladness in its tune;  
The roses are in bloom again,  
The fields proclaim that it is June.

By gentle winds the leaves are stirred  
Where honey from the clover drips;  
The maiden leans to hear the word  
That trembles on her lover's lips.

The orchard shadows slowly shrink  
The glorious year is at its noon;  
Of, if there is a heaven, I think  
That there it always will be June.



*WHAT GOOD DID IT DO?*

**W***HAT good did it do when you frowned? Let me ask,  
Did it help you at all to accomplish your task?  
Did it lighten your burden or help you along?  
Did the frown that you wore make a right out of wrong?*

*What good did it do to be grouchy today?  
Did your surliness drive any trouble away?  
Did you cover more ground than you usually do  
Because of the grouch that you carried with you?*

*If not, what's the use of grouch or a frown,  
If it won't smooth a path or a grim trouble down?  
If it doesn't assist you, it isn't worth while;  
Your work may be hard, but you do it—and smile.*



MILLET

THE SOWER



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

JOYFUL MEMBERS  
of the S. N. P. J.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*The Mladinski List boasts of an army of constant and capable contributors in its Chatter Corner department. A number of them, although still in their early teens, already understand quite clearly the injustice that dominates our economic, social and industrial life. They are the more advanced type of young individuals exceptionally well trained in labor problems. This training can be traced directly to their homes, for Froebel well said that the child's first school, or training, is the family.*

*In this advanced group of our juvenile writers, among many others, stand out prominently also the Fradel children of Latrobe (Pa.) who, owing largely to their parents' efforts, champion the labor cause unswervingly and courageously. Their contribs are a credit to this magazine and we are proud to have them with us. But there is a small, insignificant, narrow-minded group of readers, fortunately very few in number, whose virtues are reflected in their fanatic actions.*

*We are referring to the two individuals in Youngstown (O.) whom this concerns directly. But it isn't their fault; theirs was the wrong type of training both at home and in school. Had it not been so, they could not have written the maliciously stupid letters to Latrobe which they did and in which they displayed extreme lack of self-respect, intolerance and ignorance. They would do well if they would read and study the right kind of literature, progressive labor literature, reread it, and then read it again.*

THE EDITOR.

### AN INTERESTING TRIP

Denar Editor and Readers:—

I am going to tell you of a very interesting trip to the Cuyahoga County Criminal Court.

On Thursday, May 24, our teacher took our class to the Criminal Court to see a robbery case. It was very interesting. The accused were three men charged with robbery. A bar with green and red paint on it was found in their car. They denied any knowledge of it but, according to witnesses, they were trying to open the door with it. These young men were nineteen, twenty-one, and twenty-two years old.

In the end Judge Colett, father of a teacher of our school, announced that the worst of the gang was to go to the penitentiary for one year. One of the boys who was forced to commit the crime was let off on a \$2,000 bail. The worst of the gang had once before carried off a \$700 worth Apex washing machines.

Judge Corlett said that most crimes are committed by boys under twenty-three years old.

Next we went to visit the jails. In the whole building there are twelve floors. We took the elevator to all the floors.

These jails are filled mostly with

young men. There were boys who seemed to be about fifteen or sixteen years old.

In the jails there are long, wide cells. Against the wall are small places divided by curtains. Each one of these have four bunks set up, and a sink. There is a long table in front of these divided spaces on which they play cards, or write.

The men tried to scare us by saying to the guards, "Don't take them near the man that bit the baby's ear off!" Of course, we knew he was fooling!

I see that **Mary Fradel, Dorothy Fink, Frank Miklauchich**, and a few others are popular among the readers of the M. L.

**Anna Louise Koprivnik,**

8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, O.

\* \* \*

### THEY ALL WILL BE SURPRISED

Dear Editor:—

I'll bet all my friends will be surprised to see my letter in the Mladinski List, and especially my mother and father. I am in the 3rd grade in school.

I play the accordion and my sister Christine plays the violin. She played Sunday for the Slavic League of Clairton. I liked Albert Marouse. On the program Sunday he played the accordion. They both played Slovene pieces. Christine was accompanied on the piano by Rose Semack.

How are you, Uncle Louis?

**Leo Skoda,**

449 Park Ave., Clairton, Pa.

\* \* \*

### MARIE WRITES STORIES

Dear Editor:—

I am an SNPJ member and like everything in the M. L. I have a story which I made up and would like to have it appear in the M. L. I would like to know if I can have it published in the M. L. Shall I sent the story all at once, or just the continued parts every month? I have never before

written to the M. L., but I always read it. I would appreciate it very much if you would kindly give me a chance. The story is not long and I'm sure the juvenile members would like to read it. I am a girl that likes to read and write stories and poems. So maybe, if I succeed this time, I shall write more stories or poems. I will appreciate your answer very much.

Juvenile member

**Marie Copi,**

box 89, S. Canal st., Newton Falls, O.

(Editor's reply:—Send the whole story in and we'll look it over.)

\* \* \*

### WAKE UP!!!

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter for the M. L. I love to read letters and stories in the M. L. And did **Gloria Terbovec** give me "my pen" when I saw her letter "Wake Up, California" in the M. L.

We were having a little "winter" in May. May 31 was a windy day.—I wish **Dorothy Fink** would write some more.

Best regards to all.

**Doris Shobar,**

424 San Bruno ave.,  
San Francisco, Calif.

\* \* \*

### KATHERINE WILL WRITE EVERY MONTH

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. and I'm sorry I didn't write sooner. Well, I guess everybody gets lazy sometime.

I am 12 years old and I passed to the 8th grade. I have a sister who is 11 years old and she passed to the sixth grade. I will try to make her write in the M. L. also.

We all belong to Lodge 176 in which my father is secretary. I always read the M. L. from the start to the finish whether it is in English or Slovene.

I like to read **Dorothy M. Fink's, Frank Miklauchic's** and **Mary Eliz.**

**Fradel's** letters. But every letter is interesting. I will try to write in the M. L. every month from now on. I'm getting new courage since the Chatter Corner is getting bigger. Everybody should try to make it bigger still.

I agree heartily with **Mary Eliz. Fradel** about the book "The Native's Return" by the Slovene author Louis Adamic. Whoever reads it will find it very interesting; I've read it through. I can read and write in Slovene a little but I intend to learn better so I can write in Slovene sometime. I wish **Dorothy Fink** or some of the members would write to me.

Best regards to all.

**Katherine Zavrnik,**  
box 331, Piney Fork, O.

\* \* \*

#### AT THE CELEBRATION

Dear Editor:—

I am 12 years old and this is my first letter to the M. L. I am going to be in the 6th grade in school. I am a member of the SNPJ. I can't read nor write, but I can talk in Slovene. Soon I will learn how to read and write in Slovene, too.—On May 27, Bro. V. Cainkar of the SNPJ was here and we were all glad to see him. It was on the occasion of the celebration of the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ. We belong to Lodge 244.

Best regards to all members.

**Anna Marie Stimac,**  
box 161, E. Brady, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### SCHOOL PROGRAM

Dear Editor:—

I was 8 years old May 16 and I am in the 2nd grade in school. On May day we had a program and it certainly was nice. We had nice dresses, and everything was so pretty. I like to read the M. L. very much. Best regards to all the girls and boys.

**Dorothy Lekan,**  
RFD 2, Willoughby, O.

#### A LETTER FROM JOHNSTOWN

Dear Editor:—

I have seen that boys and girls from Penna write the most letters for the M. L. I was pleased to read about traveling and about history being bunk. Personally, however, I think that history broadens the pupils' minds and it keeps a correct record of time in the past.

I would like to read a few letters about western life. And best regards to one and all. **Vincent Przybylo,**  
RD 2, box 97, Johnstown, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### "THEY KEEP ME AWAKE ALL NIGHT"

Dear Editor:—

It seems to me that the most letters in the M. L. come from the Pennsy hills. I like to read the M. L. and the many letters in it. Also stories and poems. In my town we stay up all night. I am angry at Vincent Przybylo and his orchestra; they keep me awake till late in the night. I will write more next time.

**Joseph L. Krofina,**  
RD 2, box 88, Johnstown, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### MARY WINS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I'm ashamed of myself for not writing to this magazine before. I belong to lodge No. 213 for 11 years.

Our school was out on May 11. When school starts again in the fall I will be in the 7B grade. I will not go to Glendale school any more because they haven't the seventh grade at Glendale, but I will go to Junior high school. I don't care to go to Junior high school because I don't like it and no school is as good as old Glendale for me.

There was a very exciting thing at Glendale in April, which every child was interested in. It was an arithmetic and a spelling contest with South and Central school. Every child from

the third to the sixth grade had to take a big test in arithmetic and in spelling. When the teacher graded our arithmetic test paper I was the only one to make a perfect score in the whole room. So of course I was to try for the contest and two others which only missed one problem. So we three had a chance to practice one week. When it was the end of the week we took another test to see who would go to the contest. We took the test in the morning and this time it counted on speed and if the problem was right, too. My teacher told us who won (after dinner), but I knew before; she told us because a boy kept our score and as soon as we were through with our test the boy counted my score and the others' scores.

On April 23 I went to Junior high school for the contest. Our teacher, Miss Richeson, took me and the other children, who were in the contest, down in a car. When I got down there, there was a girl from South and one from Central school. So we three girls were given problems. Soon we were done and a man gave me a sheet of paper with some printing on it, and he told me to sign my name on it. As soon as I signed my name he told me that I won for my grade of the whole Clinton. O boy! was I happy.

But the contest wasn't over yet, for they wanted to see who was the champ of whole Clinton from 3B to 6A grade. So every child who won for his grade for the whole Clinton went in a much larger room in the Junior high school building. It had 32 seats in a row and there were around 10 rows. So there we were called on a platform and each child was given a show ticket. Soon Mr. Michael, our superintendent, gave a little speech and he said that the one who won in 3B grade shall compete with the one who won in 3A grade and the one who won in the 4B grade and so one.

As soon as he was through with his speech they started to work problems

to see who was the champ of whole Clinton. And soon the 5A grade and 6B grade were trying to see who was the best.

Martha White won there and she is in the 6B grade. Next Martha and I had to "race" and I won. *So that meant that I was the champ of the whole Clinton grade schools* from the 3B to 6A grade. When I won there I received a certificate for being a champ. I also received a scrap book. It is green and it has a historic picture in the front. There are also many other pictures in it. They are all historic pictures which I had to cut out and paste them in. Every picture had a little description about it.

Miss McGinty, our principal, pasted a piece of blue paper on the top of the inside and all the teachers' pictures are on it. She also wrote this on it:

*"To Mary Potisek:—As an award for winning Arithmetic Scholarship. April 23, 1934.*

*Agnes McGinty, Principal."*

I was happy that I won the contest and for the presents I got.

Louis Foley went for the spelling out of my room, but he lost. Martha White won for the spelling for the whole Clinton from 3B to 6A grade.

In the February number of the M. L., a girl, age 10, wrote under the same name as mine. She wrote in Slovene. I wish that she would write to me and tell me where she lived in Europe because we might be related.

Mary Potisek,  
949 Bogart st., Clinton, Ind.

\* \* \*

### IN JUNE EVERYTHING'S IN BLOOM

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is only my second letter to the M. L. I wish *Dorothy Fink* would keep it up. My 11th birthday was on May 18. Come on, boys and girls, write letters, poems and riddles or jokes. Here is one. Customer: "I want one dozen

doughnuts." He gave the clerk the money. Clerk: "This dime got a hole in it." Customer: "So have the doughnuts."

If we write we will make the M. L. more interesting and larger. (Maybe, if we write too many letters we'll get the Editor sick and tired.)

I like to go outdoors and see everything in bloom, now in June, apple trees and cherry trees, etc.

We have six subjects in school: arithmetic, reading, English, geography, history and spelling. But we have only five tests. We have no reading. I was exempt from all my tests.

I will have to close because the mosquitoes are "eating me up." I wish the readers and Editor good luck.

**Jean M. Fende,**

box 21, Channing, Mich.

\* \* \*

#### FRANCES LIVES ON A FARM

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to Mladinski List. The last letter was written in Slovene. I am eleven years old and am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. There are many schoolmates. We have a good teacher. I go to a country school. There are sixteen pupils in our school.

I live on a farm. I have many pets. The weather is fair. It was 92 degrees above zero. My sister is writing in Slovene and I am writing in English this time. I see many letters in Mladinski List every time. My mother saw two snakes. One was curled up and other was crawling.

My brother was ten years old April 6, 1934. His name is Tony. He likes animals. He likes to read jokes and riddles.

I am glad spring is here.

My father and mother came from Fleming, Kansas. I lived on this farm all of my life. We have two mares which will bring colts late this spring. I am very anxious to see them. We

are busy with the farmwork. Most of the farmwork is done by machinery.

I wish *Sophie Korosec* would write more often in the Mladinski List. I like to read her letters.

Here's a joke:

A penny and dime were on the table. If the penny should fall off the table why didn't the dime?

Answer: Because the dime had more cents (sense).

Best regards to all.

**Frances Konchar,**  
box 123, Cooperstown, N. Y.

\* \* \*

#### THE SLAVIC LEAGUE OF CLAIRTON

Dear Editor:—

Reading last month's issue of the Mladinski List I noticed much favorable comment on Louis Adamic and his book. I felt very happy to know the Slovenes appreciate Adamic's book. I wish to thank *Clifford Cornick* of Wash. and *Aldrane Turk* of Ohio for the acknowledgement they gave me in their letters.

I wonder if any of the Slovenes entered the Mt. Rushmore Memorial Contest. It is of nation wide interest and wouldn't we all feel proud if a Slovene would get a prize?

Sunday, May 6, 1934, the Slavic League of Clairton gave an elaborate program, it was one of the most successful undertakings of its kind ever presented. Attorney Gregory Zatkovich was master of ceremonies and Judge Frank A. Piekarski the main speaker. Only people of the Slavic race participated in the program; there were folk dances, songs, instrumental music and colorful costumes of the Slavic race.

Judge Piekarski's talk was well received by the audience. In his stirring message he urged his listeners to unite. He also reviewed the contributions the Slavic groups have made in art, music, science etc.

This Slavic League is being organized in all parts of Allegheny County and they hope to get the Slavic peoples a prominent position in this world of ours. Boost the Slovenes. Are you doing your part so the Slovenes will occupy a seat of importance in the world? We aren't many compared to other races, but let's show them what we can do.

**Antonia Skoda,**  
449 Park ave., Clairton, Pa.

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#### LODGE NO. 126

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 126. There are seven in our family, counting me. I am in the sixth grade. I have a very good teacher and I like school very much. I am going to make a garden at home. I can hardly wait. I'll get the seeds from school. A teacher will come and look at our gardens. If they suit her she puts a mark on the card. I get a certificate if it's very good. I got one.

We went to Eliria and Lorain, Ohio, for Easter. What a good time we all had. I would write in Slovene, but don't know how to write very good. You would not even know what I was writing about. My two sisters, Josephine and Caroline, write very well in Slovene. I will try to write more next time.

**Mary Cukyne,**  
7511 Cornelia ave., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I like to read all the jokes and riddles. Here's one:

There was an orange and a lemon on a table. The orange wanted to fight with the lemon, but the lemon didn't want to; why?

Ans.—Because the lemon was yellow.

I enjoy reading **Dorothy M. Fink's** letters, and others as well.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me, and I would gladly answer them.

I will write more the next time.

Best regards to all.

**Agnes Dolenc,**  
box 537, Morgan, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On May 17, 1934, our teacher took us, third and fourth grade, to the Jersey Cereal Co. A bus took us over and back for fifteen cents each. There were many interesting sights to see. We saw how they make bran flakes and corn flakes. We saw how they packed them. Before we left we each got a package of corn and bran flakes. We also got a pencil with the Jersey address on it.

Before this letter will be published school shall be out. Our school ended June 1, 1934. Our school did not have a picnic this year. Instead we went on a hike in the woods on May 31, 1934.

Best regards to all.

**Marion Jereb,**  
92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwin, Pa.

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#### HERE I AM AGAIN

Dear Editor and Members:—

School's out and we juvenile members have plenty of time to write. We should help to build the SNPJ. Our school was out May 25. I was promoted to the fifth grade. Our teacher gave us some candy for being good. My Mother bought me a dress and shoes for passing.

Working conditions are not very good around here and we'll never know when they'll get better.

Lodges 353 and 425 had a picnic in Warwood, W. Va. We went to the picnic and had a great time. I had a fine

time with **Anna Mihacich** and **Louise Selak**. Philip Godina of Chicago gave a long speech. (Thanks, Bro. Godina, for the fine speech you made.) I wish we had another picnic and good times. The

weather was very nice and I was sorry when we had to go home.

Best regards to the Editor and Members.

**Pauline E. Novak,**  
box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

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### *Has Anybody Seen A Dog*

**H**HEY, there, you bunch of fellows! have you seen a dog of late  
 Ain't worth a person's stealin', nor deservin' better fate?  
 Well, I've lost a measly critter, the kind you'd kick on sight,  
 But he's made a lonesome family since he left us t'other night.

One ear's chewed off, an eye is out, his tail is but a stump,  
 And a hairless place eight inches round shows up his bony rump.  
 He kind a limps a little, too—one leg was broke last fall—  
 But, still, he's in the family, and we love him, after all.

The children set around and cry, or hang upon the gate  
 In hopes to see him coming. It seems hopeless, yet they wait,  
 Or mosey to the willow where they often swung alone,  
 While Dewey (that's the puppy's name) lay chawin' on a bone.

It seems so kind o' funny, too—they ain't no barkin' now  
 When people pass along; and little Bobbie gets the cow  
 Instead of Dewey. Then, again, we miss his quiverin' tail  
 A sayin' as we jog to town, "we're goin' to git the mail."

I don't know why a little cur, a yellow measly beast,  
 Should throw a household out of gear and break our hearts. At least  
 You'd think that we was orphans and we didn't have no kin,  
 If you'd see us lookin' daily down the road, and up agin.

Well, I guess I'll be a goin'. If you see him, whistle twice,  
 Or throw him out a bone and call him Dewey—onery fice!  
 Just keep him for me, fellows. He's a sad and onery pup,  
 But, you know we're brokenhearted and cann't bear to give him up.

—J. N.