

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## PISMO STRIČKU

V PRAŠUJEŠ, striček, kaj je to,  
da ni od nas glasu —  
že leto dni ne i ne u.  
Le bodi, striček, brez strahu:  
še živi in točasno zdravi smo!

Naš očka ni nič kaj pri volji.  
Naj jaz ti pišem — pravi —  
da vse stoji na glavi,  
ker so v ameriški zastavi  
se zaredili molji.

Ne morem, striček, razumeti tega:  
zastave vendar vetrijo dovolj —  
kako bi vanje se naselil molj?  
Pa očka meni: ko bile bi rdeče bolj,  
se vanje ne bi vgnezdila zalega.

Tako sem, striček, očko le ujela!  
Imam jaz jopico rdečo vso —  
pa vsa je luknjasta strašno,  
ker se zalega je gostila z njo.  
Kako bom očki še verjela?

Oh striček, veš, nagajam ti—boš hud?  
Razumem očko dobro, tudi ko  
omenja volka sitega in kozo. Tudi to.  
Uboga koza—to smo mi, ki te lepo  
pozdravljamo, predvsem pa tvoja

Rut.

Anna P. Krasna:

## KOŠČEK NEBA

**N**AD našo hrupno in razdrapano ulico  
je košček neba.

Plavega neba ob lepih dneh,  
umazanega ko naša ulica,  
kadar lije s streh.—

In raztrganega ko naše cape,  
kadar se pozimi vsiplje sneg.

Ob jasnih nočeh pa so na njem zvezde pripete—  
mežikujoče zvezdice, že stokrat preštete.

Preštevamo jih mi otroci  
v poznem mraku,  
ko vznak ležeč sanjarimo na razdrapanem tlaku.—

## Zakaj rastline pozebejo

**V**SAKO zimo uniči slana dosti rastlin.

Zaradi nizke temperature zamrzne voda, ki je sestavni del vsake rastline. To se zgodi tako, da led, ki zavzema večjo prostornino kakor voda, rastlinsko celico raztrga. Zamrznjenje pa rastlin ne uniči vselej. Nekatero ga res ne morejo prenesti (listi vinske trte, krompirjevi gomolji itd.), drugim pa ne škoduje dosti. Voda v rastlinah zamrzne šele pri nekaj stopinjah pod ničlo, ker ji je primešano nekaj soli, ki zniža zmrzišče vode.

Zamrzla tla so za rastline zelo nevarna. Če je zima huda, pozebejo vse rastline, ker zamrzne voda tako globoko v tleh, da je rastline s svojimi koreninami ne morejo več srkati. Dostikrat zamro rastline, šele takrat, ko se začne sneg topiti. Solnce jih izsuši, nove vode pa ne morejo dobiti, ker je v zemlji še izpremenjena v led.

Priroda je podarila svojim rastlinskim otrokom več pripomočkov, da se

**Maksa Samsa:**

ubranijo pozebljenja. Naj vam jih samo nekaj naštejemo. Enoletne rastline prezimujejo zmeraj v obliki trdega semena, ki prenese brez škode tudi hud mraz. Drugim odmre gornji del, ki sega iz zemlje in žive le korenine. Samo popje, ki je tik nad zemljo ali pa pod njo, ostane živo. Tudi listnata drevesa izgube svoje zelenje, da se ne izsuše. Popje je med mrazom pokrito s smolnim oklepom, ki ga varuje. Uvelo listje na tleh varuje korenine, da ne pride do njih prehud mraz. Drevje, ki je poleti in pozimi zeleno, pa uravnava dovajanje vode na poseben način.

Vendar pa ta samoobramba vselej ne zadošča, posebno kadar je malo snega in dosti mraza. Takrat pomorejo ljudje. Po vrtovih vidimo, kako pokrivajo vrtnice z listjem in vejami. Korenine pokrijejo z gnojem in prstjo. In ti pripomočki rešijo najobčutljivejše rastline.

—“M. J.”

Ivan Jontez:

## Neverni Tomažek

**POZORIŠČE:** S štori posejana trata tik ob gozdu, čez katero vodi steza proti oddaljeni vasi, ki čepi v polju v ozadju na levi; pod košato jelko stoji znamenje: star, močno na stran nagnjen križ, raz katerega visi na eni sami roki lesen Krist, ves preperel in razsušen.

**ČAS:** Sedanost. Oblačen poletni popoldan.

**TOMAŽEK,** dvanajstleten deček, ki se mu na obrazu, v očeh in po vedenju pozna nadpovprečnost.

**PAVEL, ANDREJČE, PETER in JANEZEK,** Tomažkovi sošolci.

Dečki so bosonogi, v zakrpanih hlačah na prtenih naramnicah, odpetih pisanih srajciah in pokriti s koničastimi klobučki ali slamniki, ki so pri nekaterih (Pavlu in Andrejčetu) preluknjani.

### 1.

PAVEL (sedi na enem izmed štorov, z nožičem rezlja kos lesa ter žvižga predse): Na planincih lušno biti . . .

Nekje v daljavi zazvene udarci cerkvene ure, ki bije tri četrt na eno.

PAVEL (prekine rezljanje, si z desnico zasenči oči ter pogleda na desno — svojo levo — stran; nato vrže zrezljani kos lesa na tla, kjer leži njegova šolska torbica; nestrpno): Presneto jih ni dolgo iz šole danes! Naveličal sem se že čakati in (se pogladi z roko po trebuhu) tu-le notri nekaj tako tenko cvili, da kaj . . . V gozdu se človek bolj zlakoti kot na šolskih klopeh. (Se ozre v nebo; v skrbeh): In oblači se kot za stavo. Nevihta se bliža. (Se zamisli, okrog ustnic mu zatrepeta zmagoslaven nasmehljaj.) Ampak danes sem jih pa zopet lepo ukanil! V šoli me niso videli . . . To se je moral jeziti naš debeli (zategne) gospod župnik! Presneta šola — tako sit sem je že! V gozdu je vse bolj prijetno . . . (Resignirano vzdihne.) Nu, pa druge dneve se že še nekako shaja, ampak dnevi veronauka so pa res kar od sile neprijetni! Naš debeli katehet je prav takšen kakor naš kosmati Koder: kar na lepem in za prazen nič te popade! Zadnjič me je pošteno premlatil, ne da bi jaz vedel, zakaj — gotovo niti sam ni vedel, zakaj se je bil spravil nadme — zato sem da-

nes rajši izostal ter se potepal po gozdu. Prihodnjič mi jih bo seveda namerjal z debelo leskovko, da bo trikrat joj, a kdo bi mislil na takšne neprijetnosti danes, ko smo prosti! Bolje, da si izmislim nekaj za mater, če slučajno zve, da nisem bil danes v šoli. No, pa mati se že da pogovoriti, ni tako pasja kakor sta naš Koder in župnik . . . (Se zopet ozre na desno ter nestrpno vzdihne.) Kaj jih res ne bom pričakal? Presneto so počasni, prav nič se jim ne mudi domov! (Se zamisli, nato zamišljeno): Hm, če niso vsi skupaj zaprti? To bi ne bilo nič novega. Župnik je bil mogoče po svoji ko irhovina stari navadi zopet nataktnjen in prav verjetno je, da jih je pridržal v šoli . . . Presneta reč! — kaže, da bom moral sam proti domu. (Se skloni ter pobere svojo torbico.) Še malo bom počakal, potem odrinem. Materi bom že kaj natvezil za prvo silo . . .

PAVEL (nastavi ušesa, kajti iz daljave se sliši otroško govorjenje; radostno): Aha, že gredo! (Se oddahne.) Pa sem jih le pričakal!

### 2.

Dečje čebljanje postaja vedno glasnejše in končno pridejo po stezi z desne drug za drugim Tomažek, Andrejče, Janezek in Peter. Ko slednji trije uzro Pavla, hkratu glasno zakričijo:

Oooo, Pavel pa ni bil v šoli, Pavel bo pa tepen!

PETER (resno, pomilujoče): Ali se jih boš nalezal prihodnji torek, Pavel! Leskovo olje je že pripravljeno zate . . .

ANDREJČE (pritrjevalno): Res, Pavel, ne veš, kako so bili gospod hudi, ker te ni bilo v šoli. Uh, kar zazebe me v kosteh, če pomislim na klobase, ki ti jih bo nametal prihodnji torek! (Zažvižga ter se prime z rokami za zadek.) Uhhuuu, kako skelijo te krvavice!

PAVEL (se moško, prezirljivo nasmehe in zmrzne): Ba! — saj jih ne bom deležen prvič v svojem življenju . . . Danes sem bil pa le prost — kakor ptiček na veji! Vi ste pa trepetali pred debeluharskim župnikom v šoli, ko je rjovel nad vami kakor živina ter vas klestil z leskovko, kakor zna le on sam! Kdo je bil pa danes na vrsti? Vsi?

ANDREJČE, JANEZEK in PETER (v zboru): Tomažek je bil tepen! In klečat je moral! Dve uri je klečal za tablo!

PAVEL (radovedno, na pol pomilovalno, napol porogljivo pogleda Tomažka, ki stoji pred znamenjem ter izpod nagubanega čela ostro motri lesenega Krista in naporno premišljuje o nečem): Tebe, Tomažek? S čim pa si se mu zameril? Zakaj te je naklestil? Nu, pa saj vem, si lahko mislim — za prazen nič kakor naš Koder . . .

ANDREJČE, PETER in JANEZEK (hkratu): Ker ni vedel povedati, kaj je rekel Krist apostolu Petru, ko mu je izročil oblast nad svojo cerkvijo.

PAVEL (prepričevalno): Saj sem vedel: za prazen nič kakor naš Koder!

TOMAŽEK (se iztrga svojim mislim ter živahno ugovarja): Ni res. Ne zato. Saj ne veste.

PAVEL (radovedno): Česa ne vedo?

TOMAŽEK (pomenljivo): Zakaj mi jih je nametal ter me poslal klečat.

PAVEL (še bolj radovedno): No, zaradi česa pa si se jih nalezal? Povej nam.

TOMAŽEK (odvažno): Zato, ker sem tedaj, ko nam je župnik pripovedoval neko zgodbo, nekaj premišljeval . . .

PAVEL (ga nestrpno prekine): Kakšno zgodbo? In kaj si premišljeval?

## 3.

TOMAŽEK se vsede na bližnji štor, tako da lahko motri znamenje, ter spusti torbico v travo; ostali dečki ga posnemajo ter posedejo po štorih.

PAVEL (sftno): Tak daj no, začni, mar misliš, da bom do noči čakal tvoje storije?!

TOMAŽEK (se zasmije): Ne bodi tako nepotrpežljiv, Pavel! Boš že zvedel! Saj se nam ne mudi nikamor in obed nam tudi ne bo zbežljal v gozd. (Se popraska za ušesom.) Takole je bilo: župnik nam je pripovedoval neko zgodbo, jaz pa sem premišljeval, ali je kaj takega sploh mogoče. Ko je končal ter opazil mojo zamišljenost, me je pa brž vprašal tisto o Kristu in Petru in ker se nisem mogel brž spomniti pravega odgovora, me je grdo namazal, češ, spal sem, ko je on pripovedoval. Pa nisem.

PAVEL (nejevoljno): Tak za božjo voljo, kaj res ne misliš začeti z župnikovo zgodbo?! Jaz sem lačen, zato se mi mudi domov!

TOMAŽEK (se poredno zasmije): V šolo bi bil prišel, pa bi jo bil slišal!

PAVEL (se huduje): Če misliš povedati, povej, če ne, grem domov!

OSTALI (prosijo): Povej, Tomažek. Tebi gre bolj gladko z jezika ko nam . . .

TOMAŽEK (odvažno): Torej glej in poslušaj, Pavel! (Začne oponašati župnika: se premakne na štoru na levo, desno, težko sopiha ter si z rokavom otira obraz; zasope): Hu, prekleta vročina! Dopoldne, pa tako vroče! Da bi jo šment to salamensko vročino! (Tomažek obrača oči in napravi grozno nejevoljen obraz, zasopiha, se oddahne in široko odpre usta.)

SOŠOLCI (se smejejo ko za stavo, kajti Tomažkovo oponašanje debelega župnika jih silno zabava): Tak začni vendar, sicer nas bo konec od smeha!

TOMAŽEK (zopet težko zasopiha, nato začne s kolikor mogoče debelim basom): Otročički, danes vam bom povedal zgodbo o velikem čudežu, ki se je



bil zgodil v tistih starih časih, ko so divji Turki še prihajali morit in požigat v naše kraje in ki dokazuje silno moč našega boga in odrešenika. (Tomažek se nerodno premakne, si z rokavom otira obraz in sopiha): Zlodjeva vročina, saj me hoče zadušiti! Da bi jo vsi šmentili!

DEČKI (se smejejo, hkratu): Dalje, Tomažek, nadaljaj!

TOMAŽEK (z debelim glasom, silno resno): V tistih starih časih je pridrla velika tolpa Turkov na Dolenjsko. Kakor divja povodenj so se razlili po lepi pokrajini ter uničevali vse, kar jim je prišlo na pot. Požigali so kmečke domove, morili starce in žene, otroke in bolnike, cvetoče mladenke in krepke mladeniče pa so zvezane vodili s seboj v sužnost. Nekega dne se je pa manjša gruča nevernikov odtrgala od glavne čete ter se napotila proti neki vasi, ki je čepela nekaj streljajev vstran od glavne ceste, po kateri je drvela strašna povodenj. Pot jih je vodila mimo starega poljskega razpela, ki so ga bili postavili vaščani tiste vasi bogu v čast in hvalo. Nekemu Turčinu pa je bilo to znamenje na poti, zato je izvlekel iz nožnic svoj krivi meč in zamahnil po lesenem Kristu. In čujte, kaj se je zgodilo tisti hip: leseni Krist je začel grozno krvaveti, Turčinu pa se je pri priči posušila njegova desnica! To je nje ga in njegove tovariše tako preplašilo in presunilo, da so se izpreobrnili ter postali verni kristjani. (Tomažek se oddahne, si z rokavom briše obraz ter grdo pogleda sošolce.) Ste slišali, tepci? Ste si zapomnili?

PAVEL: To vam je pripovedoval?

ANDREJČE: Da — in meni še zdaj gomazijo po hrbtu mravljinci, tako me je prevzelo.

JANEZEK: Meni še zdaj lasje stoje pokonci. Ne bi bil rad v koži tistega Turčina.

PETER (prostodušno): Mene pa ni nič stresalo. Poslušal sem pa rad, kajti rajši vidim, da nam kaj pripoveduje, kakor da nas muči z vprašanji iz katekizma ter nas lasa, ker nič ne znamo.

PAVEL (nejevoljno): Kaj brbljate, ko Tomažek ni še pri kraju s svojim pripovedovanjem! Tomažek, kako pa je bilo potlej? Kaj si premišljeval, da si jih dobil po sedalu?

TOMAŽEK (se smehlja): Veste, ugibal sem, ali je kaj takega sploh mogoče, in dalj ko sem premišljeval, bolj nemogoče in neverjetno se mi je zdelo. Kdaj pa je še kdo videl ali slišal, da bi les krvavel? Ne rečem, sok se že pcedi iz drevesa, če ga nasekaš spomladi, ampak kri, prava rdeča kri pa ne more pricurljati iz drevesa! Kako naj šele pricurlja iz kosa suhega, mrtvega lesa? In bogci so vsi leseni, tudi tisti Turkov bogec je bil lesen. Začel sem torej dvomiti o resničnosti župnikove storije, in baš sem bil najbolj zaposlen s tem razmišljanjem, ko me je župnik presenetil s svojim nenadejanim vprašanjem. In ker se nisem mogel brž spomniti odgovora, je začelo padati po meni, po zadku, glavi, hrbtu, kamor je priletelo, meril ni nič!! Kamor je treščilo, tam se je tudi prišlo. Nato pa v kot klečat. Nu, tam zadaj za tablo se nisem baš dolgočasil; ogledoval sem bogca v kotu ter ugibal, ali bi zakrvavel, če bi ga udaril. Toda predno sem mogel priti do kakšnega zaključka, je bil pouk končan in odrinili smo proti domu.

ANDREJČE (malomarno, dočim mu oči begajo med drevesnimi vrhovi): A, zato si bil tako zamišljen vso pot! Jaz pa sem mislil, da te skelijo krvavice . . .

PAVEL (zamišljeno): Tako je torej bilo. Hm, dobro, da vsaj veš, zakaj si jih dobil tolikšno mero . . . Drugi največkrat ne vemo, zakaj pada po nas . . .

Nebo postaja medtem bolj in bolj oblačno in iz daljave prihaja zamolklo grmenje.

#### 4.

TOMAŽEK vstane, stopi na stezo, prav pred znamenje ter s prodirnim pogledom motri revnega, na pol strohnelega Krista. V Tomažkovih očeh plahuta veliko vprašanje in čelo se mu grbanči. Z eno roko se drži za tilnik, z drugo stiska brado. Nenadoma mu v očeh ne-



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Smith: ULICA V LONDONU.

kaj zagori, gube na čelu izgube svojo ostrino in deček olajšano vzdihne.

**TOMAŽEK** (se naglo obrne k tovarišem; hlastno): Ali vi verjamete, kar nam je župnik povedal o Turku in bogcu? Ali se vam vidi mogoče?

**JANEZEK** (prepričevalno): Župnik že ve, ali je res ali ne.

**PETER** (zamišljeno) Če bi ne bilo res, nam ne bi pripovedoval . . .

**PAVEL** (zamišljeno): Nemara je bilo res, ampak dandanes se taki čudeži več ne dogajajo; vsi stari ljudje pravijo tako.

**ANDREJČE** (ki medtem opazi v smreki v gozdu vranje gnezdo, skoči ko da ga je pičil gad): Res je — vranje gnezdo! Jaz grem nad vrane! Počakajte me! (Steče v gozd.)

**TOMAŽEK** (odločno, z nevero na obrazu): Jaz pa ne verjamem! (Se skloni k tlam, kjer mu leži pred nogami debel, robat kamen.)

Dečki se zdrznejo, vsi hkratu pogledajo bogca, nato pa Tomažka.

V tem se začne naglo temniti in pojavljati se začno odsevi posameznih bliskov, ki jih spremlja bližajoče se grmenje.

**JANEZEK** (plašno, svareče): Tomažek! Saj vendar ne kaniš? . . .

**PETER** (vznemirjeno): To bi bilo greh, smrten greh! In roka bi se ti posušila!

**PAVEL** (se naglo dvigne na noge ter v skrbeh pogleda kvišku; hlastno): Bolje da ne, Tomažek! Te bodo preveč mazali s palico doma in v šoli! Rajši bežimo, da nas ne zajame neurje!

Tema se silno naglo gosti, bliskanje in grmenje postaja močnejše in v gozdu vstaja hud piš.

**PETER** (skoči na noge; hlastno): Prekasno si nas spomnil, Pavel . . . Že kaplja! (Se naglo ozre.) Brž, tovariši, poiščimo si zavetje! (Steče pod nizek, košat hrastič na desni.)

**PAVEL** (steče za Petrom; svareče): Tomažek, za nami!

**TOMAŽEK** (odstopi nekaj korakov od znamenja, z ostrim pogledom pre-

meri trohnečega Krista ter pomeri; odločno): Zdajle bomo videli . . .

Tisti hip se začuje iznad gozda pošastno plahutanje in srdito, tožeče in obupno vreščanje vran, katerima je Andrejče pravkar ugrabil iz gnezda mladiče. Pod hrastičem stiskajoči se dečki se zdrznejo od groze, ki se jih polašča. Skozi vreščanje vran zadoni zmagoslavni vzklik Andrejčeta:

Jih že imam!

Nad gozdom se silno zabliska in hip nato se čuje oglušujoč grom. Piš se spreminja v vihar.

**JANEZEK** (prestrašeno in proseče): Tomažek, nikar! Kaj ne vidiš, kako je bog hud?! Vse nas bo pomoril zaradi tebe! . . .

**TOMAŽEK** (se ozre v črno nebo, nato v bogca; uporno): Ah, naj se zgodi karkoli, jaz si hočem biti na jasnem! (Dvigne desnico s kamnom ter se pripravi, da ga vrže v bogca.)

Tisti hip se začuje nad njimi silno hreščanje in pokanje in hip nato trešči na znamenje odkrehnjeni vrh košate jelke ter ga podere na tla.

Tema, piš viharja, toča, bliskanje in grmenje.

Dečki, razen Tomažka, se prestrašeni stiskajo pod svojim hrastičem ter se tresejo od silne groze.

**TOMAŽEK** stoji na svojem mestu kot pribit in kamen mu pade iz roke na tla.

Vihar v tem naglo ponehava, grom se oddaljuje in nebo se začne jasnit. Skozi oblake posije solnce.

**TOMAŽEK** (stopi k podrtemu znamenju ter radovedno ogleduje njegove ostanke; sam zase): Saj sem vedel: nič krvi! (Začne pobirati kosce raztreščenega lesenega bogca; zmagoslavno): Star, črviv les, nič drugega!

**ANDREJČE** (pribeži iz gozda; zmagoslavno): Pa sem jim le razmetal gnezdo, vranam grdim! (Uzre podrto znamenje; presenečeno): Oooo, ga je podrlo? No, ni čuda, saj je divjalo ko na sodnji dan!

Ostali dečki se počasi približajo Tomažku ter nekam plašno opazujejo njegovo početje.

JANEZEK (plašno): Ali je ostal cel?

TOMAŽEK (s<sup>a</sup> zmagoslavno zasmije, kažoč kosce razbitega bogca): Kaj še! Na drobne koščke in treske ga je raztreščilo! (Ponosno): Saj sem vedel, da kaj takega ni mogoče! Le pogledjte: nič ne krvave ti ostanki! Če bi bilo res, kar nam je pravil župnik, bi morali biti krvavi. Pa niso! In tudi bi vihar ne bil smel treščiti jelkinega vrha naravnost na znamenje ter ga polomiti z bogcem vred! A je to storil—ker ni res, kar nam je pravil župnik! (Vprašujoče): Kako naj tudi krvavi les, ko pa nima v sebi nobene krvi? Povejte mi!

PAVEL (vzame v roke kosce raztreščenega bogca ter ga pozorno ogleduje; pritrjevalno): Res je: niti sledu o kakšni krvi! (Se pomilovalno zmrдне.) Prav imaš, Tomažek, tista o Turčinu in krvavečem bogcu je morala biti izvita

iz trte in namenjena takim Jurčkom ko so Andrejče, Janezek in Peter . . . Mene že ne bi bil naplahtal z njo! . . .

ANDREJČE, JANEZEK in PETER (užaljeno): Kdo pravi, da smo mi verjeli?!

PAVEL (se jim porogljivo zareži v obraz): Mar niste? (Zategne): Kakopak . . . Pravi cepčki so se oglasili . . .

TOMAŽEK (se zamišljeno popraska za ušesom, nato poklekne na tla, vzame v roko kamen ter stolče ostanke lesenega bogca v drobne trske; nato zamahne z desnico v krogu; proti svojim tovarišem): Glejte—tudi roka se mi ni posušila! Saj sem vedel . . . (Se dvigne, pobere svojo torbico ter si jo obesi preko ramena.) Zdaj pa domov, dečki. Tudi jaz sem postal lačen—tako lačen, da bi kar tegale bogca pojedel, če bi ne bil tako pust in črviv.

DEČKI (smeje se pobirajo svoje torbice ter si jih nadevajo preko ramen; soglasno): Saj res, domov!

Zastor

M. H.:

## Pomorščak in vrag

(Prosto po holandski pripovedki.)

V BOGATEM pomorskem mestu Amsterdamu je živel pomorščak Peter, ki ni imel drugega kakor staro, trhlo ladjico. Vozil se je s svojo "staro škatlo," kakor je ladjo imenoval sam, v Indijo po dišave, s katerimi je potem trgoval. Toda obogatel ni od tega. V ladjo je namreč uhajala voda in mu kvarila dragoceni tovor, ali pa so mu nagajali vetrovi, tako da se po več dni ni ganil z mesta. Tako se je zadolžil, da ni bil niti en žebelj "stare škatle" več njegov.

Spet je vozaril s svojo ladjo od otoka Ceylona proti Holandski, ko je utihnil

veter in je ostal sredi Indijskega oceana nepremično na mirni morski gladini. Jadra na jamborih se niso ganila.

V skladišču je stala voda čevelj visoko in mornarji so jo neprenehoma črpali.

"Če ne bo kmalu veter napel jader," si je mislil Peter, "bom šel lahko beračit."

Obupno so pričakovali mornarji vsaj majhne sapice, toda ozračje je bilo popolnoma mirno in morje kakor iz stekla. Tedaj je popadla ubogega Petra strašanska jeza. Planil je kvišku in zakričal, da se je razlegalo daleč preko tem-



nega morja: "Samo če bi lahko sedem let na dobri ladji, pri dobrem vetru vozaril po morju, pa se zapišem vragu!"

Komaj je izpregovoril, je grozovito zagrmelo in po žveplu in smoli smrdeč oblak je objel ladjo. Pred prestrašenim Petrom pa je stal stari vrag, oblečen v dolg črn plašč.

Vljudno je privzdignil triogelnik in dejal: "Klical si me, tukaj sem! Povej, kaj hočeš in uslišim ti vsako željo."

Peter je stal kakor okamenel, toda osrčil se je in dejal: "Daj mi najlepšo ladjo sveta, v katero ne vdere niti kapljica vode, in sedem let najugodnejši veter, tako da bom lahko jadral kamorkoli bom hotel, pa ti dam čez sedem let sebe."

"Dobro, imel boš kar si želiš," je odgovoril vrag. "Naprej pa podpiši pogodbo s svojo lastno krvjo."

Peter si je z nožem odprl majhno rano in s svojo krvjo podpisal pogodbo.

Komaj je bilo to storjeno, sta z gromom in treskom izginila oblak in satan.

Ali—glej čudo! Namestu na "stari škatli" so stali Peter in mornarji na krasni, popolnoma novi jadrnici, ki je imela štiri velikanske jambore, tako da so se komaj videli vrhovi. Obenem je zapihal svež vetrič, jadra so se napela in ladja je kakor labod plula med peničimi se valovi. Glasen krik radosti se je vzdignil iz grl srečnih, veselih mornarjev.

S to ladjo se je zdaj vozil Peter križem po vseh morjih, do najbolj oddaljenih obal sveta.

Če je bilo brezvetrje in so druge ladje nepremično stale na morju, je letela Petrova ladja, gnana po neznani moči, kakor puščica mimo njih.

Vozaril je tako hitro kakor nihče na Angleškem in Holandskem. Dosegel je najboljše cene za svoje dišave, ki so bile izvrstne, zakaj niti kapljica vode ni prodrla v skladiščne prostore.

Tako je zaslužil ogromno denarja. Pri vsem tem mu je bilo pa strašno hudo, če je pomislil, da se je zapisal satanu.

Premišljeval je noč in dan, kako bi se z zvijačo rešil hudobca. Kar prehitro so mu potekala leta in predno se je še prav zavedel, je minilo sedem let.

Ravno, ko je vozil z razprtimi, napetimi jadrni okoli južnega rtiča Afrike, je zapazil žveplenorumen oblak na obzorju.

Hitro je zapovedal ladijskemu tesarju, naj napravi v dno skladišča dve luknji, da bo vdrl voda, in nanje postavi dve črpalki, tako da jih zkrije in da se voda ne bo več dvigala.

Komaj je bilo delo storjeno, je veter ponehal in smrdeč rumen oblak je objel ladjo.

Grom in strela! Pred Petrom je stal vrag! Glasno se je zadrl nad njim: "Sedem let sem ti pihal v jadra, tako da sem zbolel na pljučih. Zdaj si pa moj, le hitro se odpravi z menoj!"

"Oho! Le počasi gospod satan," je dejal Peter, "ti tvoje pogodbe nisi držal. V skladišču stoji voda tri čevlje visoko. Najprej jo izčrpaj, potem me imaš."

"To bo precej opravljeno," je zakričal neumni vrag in se pognal h črpalki. Črpal je s silo stotih mož, toda voda ni padla niti za prst! Kajti — črpalka je črpala vodo iz morja in vrag jo je gonil zopet nazaj v morje. Delal je tako silovito, da mu je pot v debelih curkih lil po telesu.

Okoli njega pa so stali mornarji in se mu smejali, da se jim je hrbet krivil in so se držali za trebuhe.

Sedem ur je črpal hudobec morje v morje, in sedem ur so se mu krohotali mornarji, toda vode ni bilo manj.

Tedaj je vrag vrgel črpalko od sebe in izginil s strašanskim gromom in treskom.

Peter pa je vesel nad svojo rešitvijo obrnil ladjo domov in še dolgo živel, ko je vraga prevražil.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Munier: RIBIČ.

## Govoreči osel

VISOKO v hribih je živel mogočen gorski duh, ki je rad dražil hudobne ljudi in jim škodoval, dobrim ljudem pa je rad pomagal. Seveda jih je vselej prej spravil v strah in jih šele potem poplačal.

Tako je šel nekega dne siromašen kramar, ki je kupil v steklarni precej steklene robe, da bi jo dalje prodal z dobičkom, s hribov v dolino. Že med potjo je računal, koliko bo zaslužil. In izračunal je, da bo precej, pred vsem zato, ker je mislil nekaj reči prodati draže, kako bi prav za prav smel.

Nevidno ga je spremljal gorski duh. Ker je možak na glas računal, je slišal vsako njegovo besedo. Ko je slišal, kako misli na nepošten način preveč zaslužiti, ga je hotel kaznovati. Stekel je kos poti dalje in se tam izpremenil v velik štor. In kmalu je kramar prisopihal po hribu navzdol. Bil je utrujen in pot naporna. Štor pa se mu je zdel tako vabljev za kratek počitek. Kar je stopil k njemu in sedel nanj. Tedaj pa je štor iznenada izginil, kramar pa je padel s svojo krošnjo vred v jarek! Vse steklo se je razbilo. Niti ena steklenica ni ostala cela.

"Oh, oh!" je stokal kramar. Ves je bil iz sebe. Kakšen strah, kakšna izguba! Možak je bil tako obupan, da si je hotel vzeti življenje. Drugega stekla ni mogel kupiti, ker ni imel denarja, na upanje pa v steklarni tudi niso dajali. Ves denar, kar pa je imel, je izdal za svojo robo, zdaj pa leži vse v jarku in ni vredno niti počenega groša.

Tedaj pa je prijezdil z gore mlad gospod na oslu. Ko je zagledal stokačjega moža, je stopil k njemu in ga vprašal, zakaj se žalosti. Kramar mu je vse potožil in neznanec ga je vprašal, koliko ceni škodo.

"Oh, osem ali devet tolarjev je bilo z zaslužkom vred med brati vredno!" je kramar med solzami preračunal.

"Rad bi ti pomagal, neroda," je dejal jezdec, "toda prav nič denarja nimam pri sebi. Vem pa, da stanuje doli v dolini mlinar, ki je velik šaljivec in obenem tudi gostilničar; meri in meri pijačo, da izgubi človek oči in pamet, potem pa te omolze. Kar posebljena požrešnost in dobičkaželjnost je. Zato ti bo moral on poplačati razbito steklo!"

"Kako mislite, gospod, da bo tak skopuh in požrešnež sam od sebe kaj takega storil?" je začudeno vprašal kramar, ki je počasi stopal zraven neznanca in mu držal povodec, kjer je bilo bolj strmo.

"Sam od sebe?" se je posmehnil neznanec. "Ne, ne mislim tako. Prepričan sem, da tako ber ni. Pa bo vendar moral to storiti. Prodala mu bova mojega osla, ki je med brati vreden deset ali dvanajst tolarjev. Če ga bo dobil za devet tolarjev, bo rad pristal na kupčijo in še zastonj nama bo dal jesti."

"Da — toda — ljubi gospod?" je preplašeno vprašal kramar. "Pa vendar — ne mislite — svojega osla — meni na ljubo —"

"Mlinarju prodati?" je dejal jezdec. "Seveda, dragi možiček! Prava reč. Oslov je povsod dovolj."

Kramar kar ni mogel svojim ušesom verjeti. Ni vedel, ali bedi ali sanja. Neverjetno se mu je zdelo, da bi se mož, ki ni imel nič denarja, njemu na ljubo odrekel še oslu. Seveda ni vedel, da je bil njegov spremljevalec sam gorski duh.

Kmalu sta bila pri mlinarju. Mlinar je kar požiral z očmi lepo rejenega osla. Kako je bil šele vesel, ko je videl, da bosta tujca stopila v njegovo krčmo. Dal jima je jesti in piti. Kramar je potem povedal, kaj se mu je pripetilo in mlinar se je še na vse grlo nasmejal.

Zunaj pa je osel rigal na vso moč. Takoj se je mlinar oglasil:

"Lep je vaš osel! Koliko je pa star?"

"Štiri leta," je odvrnil neznanec.

"Koliko stane?"

"Prav za prav ni naprodaj."

"Škoda," je odvrnil mlinar, "morda bi ga kupil. Moj je prejšnji teden poginil."

"Predobro ste ga krmili," ga je zbedel neznanec.

"O, ne, nasprotno," se je mlinarju zareklo.

"Tako? Potem bi vam pa jaz svojega osla sploh ne prodal, ker je vajen dobro jesti."

"No, saj mu pri meni tudi ne bi nič manjkalo," se je popravil mlinar. "Reči sem hotel le, da moj osel ni hotel nič več jesti in da je zato poginil. Za vašega bi pa kar dal sedem tolarjev."

"Ali ste znoreli?" se je posmejal tujec. "Kaj pa mislite, mlinar? Takega osla za sedem tolarjev? Fej! Za manj kakor dvanajst ga sploh ne dam."

"No, osem bi dal," je rekel mlinar, ki se mu je na vso moč zahotelo lepega osla.

"Enajst dajte, pa bo vaš!"

"Devet! Devet! To je moja zadnja beseda," je vzkliknil mlinar.

"Moja zadnja pa je deset. In še to, kar sva že pojedla in popila, mora biti zastonj!" je resno dejal neznanec in ni hotel odnehati.

Mlinar se je popraskal za ušesom: "Kamenito srce imate!" Naposled pa je le prinesel denar, toda ne lepih tolarjev, ampak same groše in umazane, zelene novčice. In kar izpod rok mu ni hotel iti denar. Pri vsakem novcu je stokal. Neznanec je vzel denar in ga vtaknil v mošnjiček. Tega pa je izročil kramarju, ko je mlinar odšel v hlev, da

bi osla privezal. Kramar je bil pošteno presenečen. Zahvaliti se je hotel, toda tujec je dejal: "Nič ne govoriči. Devet tolarjev sem ti obljubil, dam ti pa še desetega za strah. Zdaj pojdi v hlev in poglej, kaj počenja mlinar. Če bo po meni vprašal, reci, da sem že šel."

Zadovoljni kramar si je natovoril krošnjo na rame in krenil v hlev, kjer je bil že osel privezan pri jaslih. Mlinar sam mu je natresel na tla listja in prinesel otep dišečega gorskega sena, ki mu ga je stresel v jasli.

Kako pa se je kramar začudil in mlinar prestrašil, ko je osel seno postrani pogledal, zmajal z glavo, pihnil sapo, odprl gobec in rekel z globokim glasom: "Ti človek, ti mlinar, ti — zelo mi je žal, toda sesesena ne maram! Jem samo kukukuhano in pepepečeno!"

Mlinarja je obšla groza. Skočil je iz hleva, da je skoraj kramarja podrl, in začel kričati: "Hudobec je v hlevu! Kje je ničvrednež, ki mi je to čarovnijo prodal?"

"Je že šel!" je vzkliknil kramar in se zdaj prav tako smejal mlinarju, kakor prej mlinar njemu.

Mlinar pa je sklical vse ljudi iz okolice in neprestano kričal o govorečem oslu. Ker ni prišel daleč svet, kaj takega še nikoli ni slišal. Ljudje so mislili, da je pijan. Zato jih je vse odvedel v hlev, da bi jim osla pokazal. Toda ko so prišli tja, so dobili k jaslim privezan otep slame in mlinar se je še bolj prestrašil. Pa še vsi so ga za norca imeli.

Kramar pa je šel svojo pot in ves čas slavil gorskega duha; iz srca je privoščil škodoželjnemu mlinarju lastno škodo in jezo.

"M. J."





Gustav Strniša:

## Jesen

JANKO je bil jeseni najrajši v naravi. Bil je šibek fantiček in poletna vročina mu je škodovala, zakaj pogosto ga je zaradi nje mučila vročica.

Jesen je pa bila njegova ljubljanka. Kako lepo je bilo v gozdu, ko je zavladała jesen! Povsod so sijale dečku naproti tako pestre barve, da mu je srce kar vriskalo.

Kako zelo se je radoval jeseni. S svojim razkošjem ga je kar opajala. V objemu poslavlajoče se narave je opazoval ptice selivke in se tudi sam poslavljal od njih.

Ko je priroda umirala, je šele odkrivala ves svoj čar. Listje, ki je bilo preje zeleno, se je izpremenilo v rdeče, temnorubinasto, višnjevo in celo črno barvo. Nekateri listi so ostali lepo zeleni, mnogi so pa porumeneli.

Ko je Janko zamišljen sedel v gozdu in opazoval krasoto, mu je bilo, kakor da se je naselil v čudežni palači, sestavljeni iz samih pisanih kamnov. Kar vsrkaval je to lepoto.

Ko je nekega jesenskega dne spet hodil po gozdu, je došel do gostega grmičja. Na njem se je listje svetlikalo in migljalo kakor bi bilo živo.

"O, kako lepa si, jesen," je šepnil deček.

Tedaj se je grmičevje razdelilo in je bilo vidno rasti pred začudenim Jankom. Grmičevje se je razraslo in se izpremenilo v visok prestol, ki je segal preko vseh dreves. Listi so šepetali in pozvanjali, v bližini je zapel slavec.

Drevesa so nagnila svoje vrhove proti prestolu. Skozi veje je prodrła večerna zarja in se razlila po prestolu kakor zlatorožna preproga.

Listje je vztrepetalo in zašumelo. Zavel je vetrič. Že je sedela na prestolu

kraljica bajne lepote, oblečena v cvetje in zelenje spreminjajoče se barve.

"Kdo si, lepotica?" je vprašal deček?

"Jesen sem, tvoja Jesen."

"Pozdravljena, o jesen," je šepnil deček.

Nasmehnila se je:

"Da, jaz sem jesen. V mojem objemu se poslavlja narava od življenja, zato me najbolj ljubi in krasi z najlepšimi barvami."

"Ostani vedno tukaj," je dejal deček.

"Ne morem! Prišla bo neusmiljena sestra zima ni morala se ji bom umakniti. Nekaj časa se bo pač prepirala z menoj. Njena strupena, mrzla sapa me bo pa vendarle zmagala in prepodila. Zavladała bo zima. Pridi pa vsako leto semkaj! Vsako leto me boš videl in govoril z menoj! Razodevala se ti bom v vsej krasoti svojih barv, zmerom lepša, vselej spremenjena."

"Pridem, pridem," je obljubil Janko.

Jesen se mu je nasmehnila in zamahnila z belo roko. Završalo je listje, slika je zginila.

\*

"Ali ga vidite, meša se mu, vsako jesen se mu meša," so govorili zlobni ljudje in kazali na zamišljenega dečka, ki je hodil vsako jesen ves zamaknjen globoko v gozd in ostala po mnogo ur v gozdni tišini.

Janko se pa ni zmenil za ljudi, ki niso poznali njegove tajne. Pohajal je jeseni v gozd in občudoval prelestno kraljico jesen, ki se mu je razodevala v naravi.

Ko je bila njegova duša polna tistega čara poslavlajoče se narave in vsa žalostna zaradi njenega slovesa, se je oglasila v njegovi duši pesem, njegova prva pesem, posvečena kraljici Jeseni.



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

*Cenjeni!*

*Sedaj je na dnevnem redu šolski pouk. Vsak dan se šolarji učijo in čitajo in pišejo in računajo. Vsak dan so v rokah knjige in papir. Dela je obilo Šola je delo.*

*Kaj pa z dopisovanjem v Mladinski List? Kaj je s slovenskimi dopisi za "Naš kotichek"? Kam so šli? Kdo jih bo pisal?*

*Nastopila je jesen in kmalu nas objame mrzla zima, čas za delo pri mizi. Pričakujem, da se boste za novembersko številko Mladinskega Lista bolj potrudili in odzvali s številnimi dopisi, slovenskimi dopisi.*

*Kdo naj piše slovenske dopise za Mladinski List? Predvsem slovenski dečki in deklice, ki se zanimajo za svoj mesečnik. Da bo šlo delo bolj izpod rok, je treba, da se za dopisovanje pobrigajo tudi starši naše mladine, da bo bolj pridno dopisovala v Kotichek.*

*Starši, pomagajte svojim otrokom, da bodo poslali Mladinskemu Listu več slovenskih dopisov.*

*Na delo vsi, starši in otroci!*

—UREDNIK.

### ZANIMIVA BESEDNA IGRA

*Cenjeni urednik!*

*Prosim, priobčite te-le vrstice v "Koticčku."*

*Zadnji mesec sem izostala z dopisom, ker nisem imela časa. Moja mama je morala v bolnišnico in se je podvrgla težki operaciji na žolčnih kamnih, katero pa je srečno prestala. Bila je 14 dni v bolnišnici in bi morala ostati še dlje, pa ker je zdravljenje v bolnišnici predrago, se je dala prepeljati domov, kjer se zdaj zdravi. Zdravje se ji polagoma vrača.*

*Moja teta, Ivana Knaflich, nam pomaga v gospodinjstvu, dokler mama ne*

*okreva, in tudi mi otroci pomagamo kar moremo.*

*Šola se je tu v Clintonu pričela letos 18. septembra. V šolo je začel hoditi letos tudi moj mlajši brat Julius, star šest let, pa nič kaj rad ne hodi v šolo, veliko rajši je doma na dvorišču, kjer strelja z "nigger-killerjem" kokoši, pse, mačke itd. Tudi marsikatera šipa nosi znak njegove strelske umetnosti. No, sčasoma se bo že spametoval in se privadil šoli, kot sem se morala jaz in na stotine drugih.*

*Ker ravno o šoli pišem in zaenkrat nimam kaj drugega pisati, zato naj dodam, predno zaključim, še nekaj iz šole:*

## Šolska naloga

Poiščite besede, ki tvorijo pravilne besede, študi jih berete narobe. Te besede postavite v stavke in jih napišite z velikimi črkami, da se razločijo od drugih. Na primer:

1. RAD položim DAR tebi na oltar.
2. LEP pevec je PEL, le ŽAL, da pesem je bila LAŽ.
3. SRAM te bodi, MARS, da laziš za Zemljo.
4. OČAK Mojzes je baje spremenil palico v KAČO.
5. Krščanski RIM oznanja MIR, a snuje prepir.
6. ROBAT poveljnik privede v TABOR svoj POLK in se vsede na KLOP.
7. REKA je poplavlila AKER zemlje.
8. TIK ob ladji se je pojavil KIT.
9. Dihur razširja HUD DUH.
10. Slabejše vrste MESO je po OSEM centov funt.
11. ČRV pade v VRČ za vodo, KOS ga pozoblje in zmelje v SOK.
12. VOL je odšel na LOV za krmo, tudi OSEL preskoči LESO in ubere za njim. Mahneta tja v LOG, ki pa je že GOL, zato prekoračita BRV čez potok, položeno iz debel VRB, in se gresta past na PISAN NASIP.
13. Tenek drenov KOL je kaj pripraven za LOK.
14. CEPEC pa ostane CEPEC, obrni ga kakor hočeš.
15. Bog ljubezni AMOR ROMA noč in dan po svetu in povzroča mnogo srčnih ran.
16. Nepriljubljen SVAK povzroča v rodbini ravs in KAVS.
17. Nocoj sem napisala že toliko ČRK, da me v roki že prijemlje KRČ in ker se NAD gorami dela DAN zato naj tukaj prenehaj.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!

**Josephine Mestek,**  
638 N. 9th str., Clinton, Ind.

## SESTRICI SE UČITA SLOVENSKO

Čenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz sem se namenila, da poskusim z dopisom za Mladinski List, ako bo priobčen v Kotičku. Upam, da je dovolj razločno napisan, da ga boste lahko popravili.

Dne 5. septembra se je začela naša šola. Znova je šla v šolo tudi moja sestra Ludvika. Naša učiteljica je Miss Morgan, ki je zelo dobra in uljudna z nami. Marsikaj lepega nam pove, zato jo imamo vsi radi.

Ko je konec šole, veselo primahamo domov. Potem nas mama postavi k mizi, da se učimo slovensko. Ampak povem vam, da to traja malo časa, kajti s sestro Ludviko kaj kmalu stečeva ven, kjer nas čaka večja družba šolaric in potem se skupaj igramo. Mama pa pravi, ko bomo starejše, da nas ne bo mikalo igranje, če se bomo sedaj kaj naučile pa nam bo prav prišlo pozneje.

Upam, da boste priobčili te moje vrstice. Prosim, oprostite mojemu pisanju. Ako boste priobčili to pismo, bom prihodnjič še kaj napisala. Takrat se bom potrudila, da bo dopis veliko boljši, ako le mogoče, seveda.

Tukaj, v McKeesportu, Pa., je malo slovenskih družin. Pa mi ni dolg čas, samo da imam s kom se igrati. Imam mnogo prijateljev.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem deklicam in dečkom od mene in moje sestre!

**Ludvika in Milka Kopriva,**  
1709 Romine ave.,  
Port View, McKeesport, Pa.



### DELO PRI KNJIGAH DOMA IN V ŠOLI

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj sem se malo zapoznila z mojim dopisom, to pa zato, ker je pričela šola in imam mnogo dela.

Naša šola je začela dne 5. septembra. Učiti se je treba v šoli in doma. Sedaj ni časa misliti na igranje. Preveč je šolskega dela.

Moj ata je začel delati na 31. avgu-

sta v majni na Rugby, in tam se "bečlja."

Prošlo poletje smo imeli silno vročino, ki je trajala še skoro vso prvo polovico v septembru.

Upam, da bom kmalu spet kaj napisala za Mladinski List.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem, ki bodo to čitali, Vam pa še posebno!

Mary Marinac,  
box 37, El Moro, Colo.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Claude Buck: ČITAJOČA DEKLICA.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XII

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Number 10

Anna P. Krasna:

## PRESCRIPTION

**BE SURE** and give him plenty milk and fresh water,  
And when spreading his bread, do not spare butter.

Also let clear air fill his room at night,  
And in the daytime send him into sunshine bright.

—What a swell prescription—but, oh, poor mother!  
When she knows there's no money  
for such luxuries as butter—

And no windows at all in my garret room—  
On our filthy street nothing but sunless gloom. . .

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## HALLOWEEN

By Edith E. Spaulding

**H**ALLOWEEN'S the time for fun,  
Through the streets at night we run,  
Slyly hiding, lest we're seen  
Doing pranks at Halloween.

Ghostly pumpkins gleam and glow  
Like witche's lanterns in a row;  
Queerest street lights ever seen  
For our pranks at Halloween.

Flying bats and black cats, too,  
Make us shiver, through and through.  
Dancing shadows make a screen  
And hide our pranks on Halloween.

When at last the hour is late  
And mother's waiting at the gate,  
Home we go for rest serene,  
Wearied with pranks at Halloween.

## PUNCTUATION PEOPLE

By Norah Smaridge

<p><b>O</b>F ALL the punctuation folks I like the comma best, For when I'm getting out of breath He lets me take a rest!</p>	<p>Quotation marks are curious! When folks to talk begin, You'll always find these little marks Are busy "listening in."</p>
<p>The period's a busy man, A reading "traffic cop"; He blocks the helter-skelter words And brings them to a stop.</p>	<p>The question mark's a little dwarf, He's small, but very wise; He asks too many questions For a fellow of his size!</p>

---

## MY HOME TOWN

By R. O. Betts

**I**T'S a place of curving streets and  
lanes,  
And flowers at the window panes;  
With little homes just everywhere,  
And school bells ringing on the air.  
It's a place where friends are friends  
From early youth until life ends;  
Where memories of days long gone  
Steal through the hours in faint, sweet  
song.  
I would not change my old home town  
For all the lands of fair renown.

---

## HELP LIFT!

By Ellen J. Grover

<p>Help lift the load for fellow man! Help him to bear it on! Perhaps like mist, 'twill dissappear If love just shine thereon!</p>	<p>Perhaps it may just fade away From everybody's sight If you but love with all your heart, And lift with all your might!</p>
--	--

## Where Seeing Spelled Defeat

"THE one who receives perfect marks in Spelling all this week will earn a free trip to the World's Fair with me," announced Miss Pratt on the third week of school.

An honor remains an honor, whether it comes in the one-teacher schools of the West or in the crowded schools of Chicago. And when that honor combines an amount of material compensation, it becomes doubly sought-after. So it was that the Spelling class of twenty-eight pupils paid their very best attention.

Rose and Helen sat alert. Both were considered "sharks" in Spelling. It would have been difficult to decide which was the better of the two. And they had always been the greatest of chums. A thought immediately ran through Helen's mind. "If we are to compete against each other, and one of us must win, what then?"

But Rose looked confident, and her confidence deepened when Richard spoke up, "Why, Rose wouldn't deserve to go. She's gone almost every week this summer already. And some of us have been there only once."

"I haven't been there even once." It was Verna's voice. She spoke up almost impulsively as if to give vent to her long-suppressed thoughts. Verna was a good student in Spelling, too, but she was too quiet and somewhat home-ly. Some of the children had said that her parents were very poor, and it must have been the truth if one judged from her very simple dress.

But Verna's comment went unheeded to the Spelling students. Mention of the Fair had reconstructed for them images of the innumerable objects of interest they had witnessed in their visits to the Fair grounds. There was a general hum of conversation. Miss Pratt busied herself, arranging books and papers on her desk, and it was only when Bill shouted

coarsely to David on the other side of the room, "And didja see the man with the rubber skin?" that Miss Pratt looked up austerely and not without some difficulty succeeded in restoring order.

During the first part of the week a spirit of diligence prevailed. Even Bill who always stood at the foot of the class received a perfect mark on the first day. For a while it appeared that there would be no winner for the week.

"She's giving those easy words," remarked David on Wednesday of the week, "just so she won't have to take anyone. 'Cause no one will get the prize this way," he added.

But before the end of the period a change had already occurred. Miss Pratt had given a very simple word, "All right" but it was sufficiently dangerous to change the standing of the individual marks. When Miss Pratt first repeated it, David tackled it unhesitatingly.

"A-l-r-i-g-h-t," he said.

But he had to abandon the line of perfect spellers. Gertrude, who was next in line, thought the teacher had misunderstood, and so she repeated the spelling exactly as David had given it.

"You're wrong again," Miss Pratt said for the second time. There was a gleam in her eye.

Then the pupils in line grew more hesitant. Perhaps it had a hyphen in it. And so they were puzzled and uncertain and one after the other dropped from the line.

Rose spelled the word. The line had now diminished to four—Rose and Helen, of course, and Verna, and then in some curious way, Lillian, who happened to be the last in line when that fatal word went around.

On the next day, however, Lillian dropped out quickly and by very strange misfortune Miss Pratt pro-

nounced the word "similar" to Helen. She spelled quickly and somewhat thoughtlessly, and added an extra letter "i." That left Rose and Verna for the final contenders. It gave the class a new impression of Verna.

"It's all just luck," whispered Lillian, the defeated.

But Miss Pratt had overheard the remark and quickly said, "Knowing is by no means only luck. It takes much hard work, and those of you who learn your lessons well will agree with me."

There was a great deal of interest on Friday. No one had placed much hope in Verna. She would "go down" just as Lillian had the day before. But evidently Verna had heeded Miss Pratt's statement about "knowing" and had practiced her spelling words carefully. For fifteen minutes Miss Pratt selected difficult words, but Verna as well as Rose were equal to them. Then the unexpected occurred.

"Cleanser," said Miss Pratt to Rose.

"K-l-e-n-z-e-r," replied Rose.

"C-l-e-a-n-s-e-r," quickly corrected Verna.

And so it was that Verna emerged victorious.

On Saturday Verna virtually drank in the wonders of the Fair. Never had she seen such marvelous sights. And Miss Pratt entertained her all day. Gladly she sat down to rest on one of the benches just about sunset after a very exciting afternoon.

Now the spectacle had become even more wonderful. Colored lights of all orders of illumination had made the whole scene a fairy ground of color. Looking beyond the boundaries of the Fair grounds, Verna's eyes were arrested by the multitudes of bill boards, signs, that had lighted up. All of a sudden she jerked Miss Pratt by the sleeve.

"Look," she said excitedly. "That big ad with the Dutch maids."

"Yes," answered Miss Pratt calmly. "What about it?"

"Don't you see?" Verna was talking rapidly. "Klenzer. The word that Rose missed in spelling. And there it is — K-l-e-n-z-e-r."

"Yes," smiled Miss Pratt. She paraphrased something which Verna did not quite understand. "Sometimes too much seeing is a dangerous thing, too."

Mary Jugg.





# The Bee-Hive

By Madalene D. Barnum

## Characters

Queen Bee	
Zum-Zum, a herald	
Shoo-Shoo, a constable	
Peg-Away	} Worker Bees
Look-Alive	
Might-and-Main	
Do-or-Die	
Pitch-In	
Try-Try	
Sit-Around	} Drones
Lazy-Lump	
Shirk-Work	
Greedy-Grab	
Sleepy-Head	
Dilly-Dally	} Two Little Larvae
Cuddle-Up	
Smuggle-Down	

Scene. The interior of a bee-hive. A small open door shows bright sunlight without. The Queen sits on a throne, surrounded by all the other bees kneeling in ranks on both sides. All are asleep with wings over their eyes. Zum-Zum awakens, looks out of the door, then takes stand before the throne.

Zum-zum. Buzz - zummy - zum - zum, buzz-zummy - zum - zum, buzz - zummy-zum - zum. (All the bees stir, yawn, stretch and begin to rise.) Rise, O Bees! The first sunbeam is peeping through the door of our hive. The night is past. The morning light calls us to labor. Rise, O Bees, and enter upon your daily toil.

Bees (flying about). Buzz-zum-my-zum-zum, buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz, buzz. (Making obeisance). All hail, Queen Bee!

Queen Bee. Good morning to you all, my busy bees. It is a lovely day. Let us lose no time in getting to work. Where are the workers? Zum-zum will call the roll.

Zum-zum. The worker-bees will now answer to their names. (Calls names of workers) who answer "Present" in turn.

Zum-zum: All the workers are present, Queen Bee.

Queen Bee: Very good. Now call the roll of the drones.

Zum-zum: The drones will now answer to their names (calls each drone's name). Drones answer "present."

Zum-zum: All are present.

Queen Bee: Now listen to your orders for the day. It is such a lovely weather, I am going out for a flight in the sky. In my absence I leave the hive in charge of our brave constable, Shoo-shoo. Shoo-shoo, be on the watch to keep order like a good police-bee.

Shoo-shoo: Yes, Queen Bee, and if anyone disturbs the peace, inside or out, I know my duty. (Salutes, goes out, and patrols up and down, outside of the door.)

Queen Bee: You drones, keep out of the way of the workers. I have warned you more than once, that when you try our patience too far, you'll be massacred. Now go to your places in the corners, and stay there out of the way. (They slink off.) Now my dear little workers, the first business on hand is to make the honey-comb. Pitch-in and Try-try, bring out the wax that was made yesterday, and Peg-away will help you build the pretty six-sided cells. Look-alive and Might-and-main, get some nice fresh pollen, and make the bee-bread for breakfast. Do-or-die, it will soon be time to waken the larvae and wash their little faces.

Peg-away: When shall we all go out and gather the honey.

Queen Bee: After breakfast, when the flowers will all be open. Now, good little workers, good-bye all, and be busy bees until I come back. (Exit).

Bees (bowing low): Buzz-zz-zz! Good bye, Queen Bee. (The bees all hum as they work, making a continuous low humming. Maight-and-main, Look-alive, and Do-or-Die, all go out. The drones, seated in the two front corners of the stage, begin to yawn, nod, topple over, and sleep in picturesque groups. They snore as they inhale, and buzz as they exhale. Zum-zum helps the appointed workers build cells, bending and fitting together the wax flakes. Might-and-main enters and takes pollen in yellow handfuls from side pocket, placing it on a ledge of the honey-comb. A little falls to the floor, and Greedy-grab slyly creeps up to get it.)

Zum-zum: That's good pollen, Might-and-main; where did you get it?

Maight-and-main: From a big yellow flower by the fence. (Exit, nearly tripping over Greedy-grab.)

Zum-zum: I'll knead it into bee-bread for breakfast. (He kneads it. Sleepy-head sees Greedy-grab eating, and crawls to share pollen on floor. Other drones wake, and begin to follow. Look-alive, entering, steps around and over the drones.)

Look-alive: These get in the way so!

Zum-zum: Here, you drones, keep out of the way. (To Look-alive): Let us push them out of the way. (They push drones. Drones kick and resist, roll against the honey-comb and knock some of it down. All jump, and buzz.) Police! Police! Police! (Enter Shoo-shoo.)

Shoo-shoo: (driving drones into the corners), Shoo! shoo! shoo! shoo! (He thumps floor with club and glares about.) Behave in this bee-hive!

Zum-zum (from behind Shoo-shoo): If you try our patience too far, we will massacre you!

Shoo-shoo: Yes. You drones remember that! (Exit buzzing. Look-alive helps Zum-zum. Drones take sleepy attitudes in front corners.)

Sleepy-head: Lazy-lump.

Lazy-lump: Huh?

Sleepy-head: Did you hear what he said about a massacre?

Lazy-lump: Yes, but I don't believe it. Shirk-work: Neither do I. They just say that to scare us. (Enter Do-or-die, with towel, sponge, and hand basin. She sets them down before curtained cell. Then draws the curtain and reveals sleeping larvae. She shakes them. They wake, crawl forward, and hold up their faces to be washed. She washes each.)

Do-or-die (as she wakes and washes the larvae): Come, little larva! Wake up, larva! Come out, little ones, and have your faces washed. That's it! Oo cunning 'ittle sing! Laugh a 'ittle bit! Hi-kitchee-kitchee! Agoos! (etc.)

Zum-zum: Buzz-zummy - buzz - buzz! Buzz - zummy - zum - zum! Buzz! buzz! buzz! (Bees stand at attention.) All bees will now stop working and take five minutes for breakfast. We have bread and honey this morning. Line forms to the right. (Other workers all enter. Workers start to form line. Zum-zum takes up jar marked honey, and the drones make a disorderly rush for it, nearly upsetting Zum-zum.)

Zum-zum and workers: Police! police! (Enter Shoo-shoo.)

Shoo-shoo: Shoo! shoo! shoo! shoo! (He drives the drones to the end of the line, pounds on the floor, and glares until there is silence.) Behave in this bee-hive!

Zum-zum (from behind Shoo-shoo): You drones! You have been warned—you will all be massacred some day.

Drones (laughing disrespectfully): Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!! We've heard that before.

Shoo-shoo (pounding until all are silent): Believe it or not! It behooves you to behave in this bee-hive! (Takes stand at head of line, receives bread and honey and goes out. Look-alive slices bread, and each in turn takes a slice. Zum-zum spoons honey from a jar, puts some on each slice as they pass him. The workers stand in a row and eat daintily. The drones arrive to be served.)

Zum-zum (looking in the jar): No honey left for the drones! There is only



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Du Fresnoy: STILL LIFE.

enough for the larvae. (Covers jar and hands it to Do-or-die.) You will have to eat dry bread, drones.

Drones (stamping and shaking fists): Buzz-zz-zz!

Zum-zum: Here. (He hands loaf of bread to drones. They snatch it rudely and tear it to pieces, retire to corner, eating and grumbling.)

Zum-zum (looking out of the door): Oh, the sweetest flowers are now wide open! Come, we must all go and gather honey.

Workers (joyfully): Buzz-zz-zz! (They adjust side pockets and fly out, only Do-or-die remaining behind to place a saucer on the floor beside each larva, and pour some imaginary honey into each saucer. The larvae watch her, smiling with anticipation.)

Do-or-die: Here's your breakfast, dear little larvae. Nursie is getting it ready. (Tastes it.) M-m-m! Here it is. Now lap your honey, little ones, while I go to gather more. (She adjusts side pockets and goes out. Greedy-grab crawls over to the side of a larva, pulls away its saucer of honey and begins to lap from it. The larva begins to cry. Other drones wake up, and the nearest in like manner rob the other larvae. They replace the empty saucers, and return to corners chuckling. The larvae all boo-boo. Peg-away enters.)

Peg-away. Why, what makes the larvae cry like that? Oh, I see. They have no honey in their saucers. Do-or-die has forgotten to feed them. The poor little babies are hungry. Here, little ones, I'll fill your saucers for you. (She pours honey from her wallet into the saucers, the larvae stop crying and begin to lap, and Peg-away flies out. Immediately, the drones roll or crawl over and steal the honey as before. Then they retire and pretend to sleep, while larvae cry aloud. Enter Might-and-Main.)

Might-and-Main: What? The larvae crying? Have the drones been teasing them, I wonder? (Approaches and scans drones.) No, they are fast asleep. Now

what ails those babies? Oh, I see. Somebody has forgotten to feed them. Here. (She fills the saucers. Larvae eat eagerly. Might-and-main flies out. The drones seize the saucers of honey. Larvae cry and whimper.)

Drones (rocking with laughter between lapping): Ho! Ho! Ho! (Enter Queen unseen. She watches a moment then conceals herself behind the throne. Her antennae may be seen extending above the back of throne.)

Lazy-lump: Ho! Ho! All the honey we want!

Greedy-grab: This is three saucers I've had.

Sleepy-head: It pays not to work.

Sit-around: And the best of it is, we are so safe. Those babies can't talk and no one will ever know.

All the drones: That's true. No one will ever know. HO! Ho! Ho! (Greedy-grab slabs another drone on the back and then throwing his head back with laughter, suddenly stops, his eyes on the antennae. After a moment, he points them out to the others. All instantly hush, put down the saucers and back away toward the front of the stage. There they turn forward, put their heads together and confer in low tones.)

Greedy-grab: Someone is behind the throne.

Shirk-work: It is some worker, spying upon us!

Sit-around: If she tells—Oh! O-oh!

Sleepy-head: What must be done?

Greedy-grab: We must capture that worker and frighten her so that she won't dare to tell. Come. (They tip-toe to the back. Greedy-grab kneels on the seat of the throne and suddenly seizes one of the antennae in his hands.) How dare you spy on us! Come out! (All the drones taking fierce threatening attitudes.) Come out! You spy! (Greedy-grab pulls the antennae around the back of the chair and the Queen appears. The drones leap back and fall to their knees.)

Drones: The Queen!



Queen (whose antennae is badly bent): Help! Police! Help! Police! (Enter Shoo-shoo.)

Shoo-shoo: The Queen! (Workers all rush in, crying, "The Queen! The Queen!")

Do-or-die: Is she badly hurt?

Look-alive (nodding): Yes.

Several: Where? Where?

Look-alive (pointing to her own): In her antenna.

Do-or-die: Is it broken?

Look-alive: No, but it is badly sprained. (The crowd now separates, and the Queen is seen, being supported to her throne. Her antennae still bent has a little white bandage around it. When Queen is seated, workers form in orderly ranks at each side of the throne. The drones are seen in the extreme corners in attitudes of terror. Silence.)

Queen (solemnly): The time has come.

All the workers (in low tone, echoing): The time has come. (Zum-zum at one side, gets paper and writes.)

Queen: Where is Shoo-shoo, the police-bee?

Shoo-shoo: Here.

Queen: Arrest the drones.

Shoo-shoo (bows to queen, then drives drones before the throne): Shoo! Shoo!

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Here they are.

Drones (falling down on knees): Mercy! Mercy!

Queen: No mercy! You have had your last chance. Zum-zum. (He bows.) State the charge against the drones.

Zum-zum (reading from paper): The charge against the drones is idleness, misdemeanor, larceny and high treason, in that they have refused to work, hindered the workers, robbed the larvae and committed assault and battery upon us all who work, and they live on our labor, the parasites!

Drones: Have pity! Spare us! Mercy! Workers, plead for us!

Queen: Workers, the drones appeal to you. Do you know of any reason why they should be permitted to live? Have they ever helped to build the comb,

to store the honey, or keep the hive, or care for the larvae? Have they ever done anything useful? If so, speak. (Pause.) Drones, no one speaks for you. You have tried our patience too far. I, therefore, Queen of the Beehive, now pronounce sentence of the court, which is, that all drones shall be massacred forthwith. Shoo-shoo, execute the sentence.

Shoo-shoo (to workers): Attention! Draw your stings! (Workers draw little daggers from their belts.) Massacre the drones!

Workers. Zuzz-zip! Buzz-zip!! Buzz-zup-zup-zup! (On each zip, they lunge forward one step, threateningly; on zip-zip-zip they rush forward to make a semi-circle around the drones, screening them from the audience. A *melée* follows with furious buzzing by all and the workers force the drones out of the door with stabbing gestures. All disappear except the Queen sitting sternly erect on the throne, and little Do-or-die, who is feeding and petting the larvae. Buzzing outside ceases.)

Shoo-shoo (outside): Three cheers for a good riddance.

Workers (cheering without): Buzz-zah! Buzzah! Buzzah! (The buzzing begins anew, changes to time of a march to which workers enter, led by Shoo-shoo.) Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz-buzz-buzz-buzz! etc. (They march once around.)

Shoo-shoo: Halt! (They stand.) Sheath stings! (They obey.) The drones are all gone never to return.

Queen: Well done! We'll never be troubled with them again. Now to celebrate this happy event, let us thoroughly clean and ventilate the hive. Spread your wings, my busy bees, smooth down the wax, polish the floor, and fan in the sweet fresh air.

(Music. Dance of the workers with movements suggestive of the work denoted.)

## COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

**Worker Bees:**—Short dresses of dark brown cambric, dull side out. Band

around forehead with wire for antennae. Wings, cape of netting.

**Drones.**—Dressed like workers, to appear fatter.

**Zum-zum.**—Like workers; small megaphone, through which orders are given.

**Shoo-shoo.**—Policeman's costume; wings, antennae attached to hat.

**Queen Bee.**—Like workers; crown should be taller than workers.

**Larvae.**—Tight white baby caps. Wrapped in white, like bundles.

**Honey Comb.**—Large squares of white paper, pinned to rear wall. Boxes or tables covered with same may represent unfinished comb. Table covered with white cloth, larvae lie underneath. Workers may use paper already creased when working so to appear to be working rapidly.

**Pollen.**—Yellow paper chains. When Zum-zum kneads it, throw pollen away, some passing bee casually substitutes big loaf of real bread previously hidden.

## The End of The World

**BENNY SMITH**, a little white boy, 10 years old, and his companion, **Wallie Jones**, from Tin Can Alley, black as a renovated coal heater, had invaded **Farmer Flint's** pasture in search of chestnuts. And they found lots of them too. As they were tying the numerous holes through which the nuts had been rolling out, who should they see, but old **Farmer Flint** coming over the ridge.

"Hey, you low down robbers, get out of here! Drop those nuts and be quick about it!"

But **Benny** and **Wallie** held on to their treasure, and took for the willows along the branch. So they escaped, and continuing they trudged on until they reached **Sleepy Hollow Cemetery**. Exhausted, they dropped the nuts in the farthest corner from the road, because **Wallie** said,

"This graveyard is the safest place in the whole world for nuts!"

"We'll come back after supper and dibby up," suggested **Benny**.

\* \* \* \*

Old **Mose Thomson** and his life partner, **Mariah**, were walking toward home down the old dusty road. Some katydids were still alive and sawing wood

with might and main. A woodpecker gave an occasional knock against a tough tree. A screech owl in the distance was calling, "Whooo-oooo? Whooo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo Whooo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo?"

The face of the moon was hid by light clouds. The road wound round by **Sleepy Hollow Cemetery**. As they approached the burial ground **Mose** remarked,

"**Mariah**, seems kinda spooky an' skeery tonight."

"Hush yo' mouf, don' you knows it's Halloween?"

"Look! **Ole Massa Thompson's** gravestone's kinda shakin'!"

"What you talkin' 'bout? Nuthin's a matter with that old rock!"

"Seems like I hear somebody talkin' in dar!" whispered **Mose**.

**Mariah** heard something too. She gripped **Mose** by the arm, but said nothing. They drew closer to the voices. There was no mistake about it! The sound of speech came clearer and clearer!

"Here's one for you," a sweet, musical voice was heard to say.

"An here's one for you," by one who had a rough bass voice.

"What's that?" whispered **Mose** excitedly to **Mariah**.

"De Lawd only knows," she answered.

"Another one for you."

"And one for you."

"This one is full of worms!" solemnly stated the deep voiced speaker.

"Well, you keep him," said the angelic one.

"Here's one for you and one for me."

"This one's rotten!" said the rough voice, "must have been in the ground a long time!"

Mose began to tremble, "Gosh! sound like grave diggers to me!"

"Shore do!" whispered Mariah.

They were shaking so with fear that their old legs could hardly carry them.

"Here's one for me and one for you," said the clear sweet voice.

"An' one for you, and one for me," went on the other.

"Here's a tough old sinner; I can't open his shell!"

"Well, I'll keep him," the rough one answered.

"Lawd, have mercy!" cried Mose, "I'se a sinnah too!"

"He shore git you, Mose!" whimpered Mariah.

"What you gonna do with yours?" asked the voice now seeming like the roar of thunder.

"Oh, I'll put them up in the mansion," answered he who talked like Gabriel. "What are you going to do with yours?"

"Aw, I'll roast mine in the fire."

Mose and Mariah were really traveling. As they approached the city, Nathan Williams, the night watchman, stopped the fleeing couple, and yelled, "What's the matter, Mose, I don't see any buckshots flying after you!"

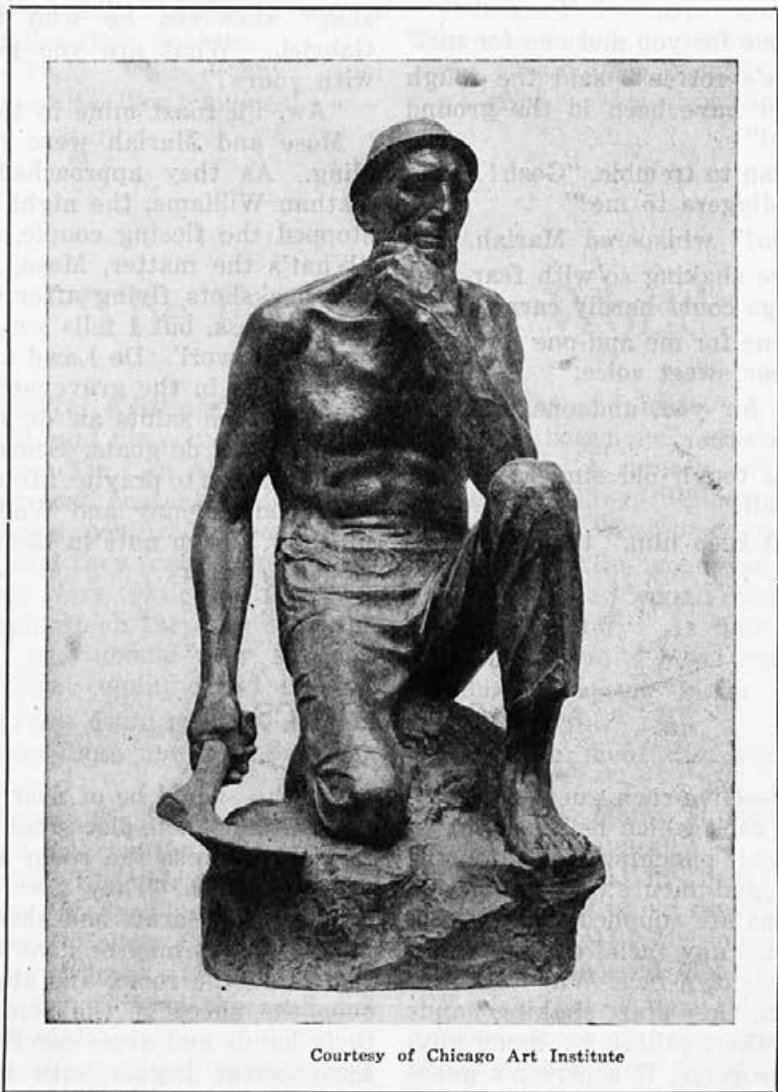
"No, Boss, but I tells you, dis am de end of de worl'. De Lawd an' de Debil be up thar in the graveyard. Dey's dividin' up the saints an' de sinnahs, an' de sheep an' de goats. 'Scuse me, Boss, I'se got to git to prayin'." In reality they heard on'y Benny and Wallie dividing up their hidden nuts in the above mentioned cemetery. —"J. N."

## Good Games

**SACKED**—Give each guest to a party a yellow sack which he must put on over his head, punching holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Charcoal and black crayons are supplied so that each one may draw any facial expression he desires on his own face. When all have put on sacks, they start shaking hands with each other, calling by name any one they recognize. If a person's guess is correct, he is privileged to mark a large X on the face of the one whose identity he guessed. The one who first gets his face full of X's is taken in hand by the leader of the game and penalized in any way to suit the audience.

**TOPSY-TURVY CONCERT** — The performers in the Topsy-Turvy Con-

cert, who should be of nearly the same height, take their places behind a sheet stretched across the room at the level of their chins. They then put stockings on their arms and shoes on their hands, or this may be done before they come into the room, and stand looking over the sheet at the company, with their hands and arms carefully hidden. The concert begins with the singing of the first verse of the song. Immediately after the verse is finished, the singers stoop down so that their heads disappear from view, and then thrust up their arms and wave them about; the effect is of a row of people standing on their heads. Then the performers pull down their arms and put up their heads and sing the next verse.



**Meunier: THE MINER**



## THE SONG

**T**HE Singer sings his favorite Song,  
 Sometimes to an indifferent throng,  
 Yet one among the throng, maybe,  
 Shall catch its words and melody,  
 Or from its tones receive a grain  
 Of comfort to assuage his pain,  
 What falls on other careless ears  
 His memory carries through the years.

To some, perfection counts alone,  
 Yet each, with standards of his own,  
 Will in the World of Music find  
 The chords that vibrate in his mind.  
 He would, indeed, have captured Fame  
 Who touched each human heart the  
     same;  
 Though none, perhaps, this Fame has  
     won,  
 No Song is lost, if loved by one.

—Nan Terrell Reed.

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## EARLY AND LATE

Go to bed early—waken with joy;  
 Go to bed late—cross girl or boy,  
 Go to bed early—ready for play,  
 Go to bed late—moping all day.  
 Go to bed early—no pains or ills,  
 Go to bed late—doctors and pills.  
 Go to bed early—grow strong and tall,  
 Go to bed late—stay very small.

—Theresa Dansdill.

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### DON'T GET ANGRY

Anger is a weakness which many people mistake for strength. It creates a poison within the body which upsets the digestive apparatus. This explains why the grouch is a dyspeptic. Anger burns up bodily energy just as much as hard work and is as bad for nervous system as sand is for the gearing of a machine.

### LOGICAL

Tommy: "This last snowstorm was the worst that we have had for two hundred years.

Rot: "How so?"

"T": "It blew down a barn in Wenham that was two hundred years old."

"R": "What has the barn got to do with the storm?"

"T": "Well, I reckon, if it wasn't the worst storm for two hundred years, it would have been blown down before."



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

## We Want More Letters!

Dear Readers:—

The autumn months are here and winter is not far away. Day after day school children learn new things; they write and read and study. They have lots of work; school is work.

What about the contributions to the Chatter Corner? What became of the numerous contributors to the M. L.? Where are they? Who is going to write letters now?

The autumn and winter seasons are especially inviting to write. That's why I expect many more contributions for the M. L. next month and the months to come. Write interesting little letters as you have been writing them in the past. Ask your parents to help you, if necessary. But do not forget to send in your next contribution as soon as you read these lines.

Don't delay; write now and write at once!

—THE EDITOR.

### WAKE UP AND WRITE

Dear Editor:—

This is the very first letter I have ever written to this dear little magazine—the Mladinski List.

I always read the Mladinski List, but never see a letter from Moon Run, so I decided to write.

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

What's the matter with Moon Run? Wake up and write a few lines to the Mladinski List occasionally.

There was a dance at Portman's grove at Moon Run September 10. And I'm sure everyone had a very good time.

I will close hoping that someone will

write to me, especially Dorothy Fink. With best wishes to the Editor and readers,

Marian Aubel,  
R. D. 10, box 181, Moon Run, Pa.

\* \*

### AUTUMN IS HERE AGAIN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since the summer days are over and the evenings are longer and colder, we have some spare time to write to the Mladinski List.

Our school has started and we will be busy with our school work, but it pays to learn now while we are young.

I wish to thank Clara C. Zebre for her compliment, and also Wm. Lukan-

cich for his letter. I hope they continue their letter writing to the Mladinski List. I like to read letters from different boys and girls.

### A Regular Paper

The Mladinski List's a regular paper, Always brimming over with good news. You'll find it worth while reading, No matter which page you choose.

Best regards to Editor and readers. And I hope that many more girls and boys will write to the M. L. now in fall and winter.

**Dorothy M. Fink,**  
box 1, Wendel, Pa.

\* \*

### "BRUSHING OFF"

Dear Editor:—

Our school started Sept. 5, 1933. I am in the 6th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Stoa. I like her. She lives in Grand Junction; her dad sent some pears for the 6th grade only. There are 22 children in our room.

The mine works slack in Morley.— I got a letter from Wm. Lukancich; I sent for a book.

My brother Tony is in the 4th grade; Rudy is in the 2nd grade. We belong to Lodge 714 SNPJ. They both like their teacher.

Here is a joke.

Pullman passenger: "Do I really need brushing off?"

Porter: "Does you? Boss, I'se broke."

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

**Julia Slovec,** box 63, Morley, Colo.

\* \*

### EDDIE'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List.

Now I have started to school again. My teacher's name is Miss Kline. I am a little behind in classes for I have not gone to school much as I was in a hos-

pital. But I am picking up good and hope to pass every year. I will see my doctor soon again this month. He is a good doctor; he helps boys and girls from every place.

I like to watch boys play football and other good games. Sometime I wish I were able to run with them. Sometime the boys play ball and run and have a good time.

My brother Donald has started to school and he always sings songs and likes to write, but only in ink. He likes to go to school and play with the children.

I will write to the Mladinski List again. Best regards to the Editor.

**Edward H. Fink,** box 1, Wendel, Pa.

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### MINERS ARE ORGANIZING

To the Readers of the M. L.:—

This is my first letter in the Mladinski List, if it will be published, as I hope it will be in this month's number (October).

My age is 13 years and I am in the Eighth grade in school. I go to Bridgeport High School. Its old motto is "The Old Kentucky Hills."

Everybody at home is very contented that no one is sick.

The mines around here are trying to get the United Mine Workers of America union. That is, the miners would like to be organized under that organization. If all the citizens will stay behind President Roosevelt's plan, we might get somewhere. I do hope that his plan will be carried out by all. The workers are willing to cooperate, but the bosses are shirking from their duty in many cases.

We—our family—belong to Lodge No. 13 SNPJ and No. 640 SNPJ. I belong to the first.

Best wishes to all Juvenile members of the SNPJ. **Edward J. Sodnikar,**

RFD 1, box 37, Bridgeport, Ohio.

### Pumpkin Game

Draw a large yellow pumpkin face and cut a large opening for the mouth. Place it in such a position that the children can throw a small rubber ball through the opening. Each child is given three chances, and each successful attempt counts five points. The one who has the highest score wins the game.

\* \* \*

**Riddle**—"What is the difference between a client and a customer?"

Answer: "A customer pays cash on the spot."

\* \* \*

**Fox Pass**—Gentleman: Will you serve the chicken?

Waiter: Certainly sir, what will she have?

\* \* \*

**Out Our Way**—"What do 'ee think, Silas? The bones of some old pre'istoric man's been found on old Nicky Coombe's farm!"

Silas: "Poor old Nicky! But chance be he'll be able to clear hisself at th' enquist."

\* \* \*

**Words of Wisdom**—A man's house is his castle—unless it is in his wife's name. The only excuse for singing in the bathtub is a defective lock on the door.

\* \* \*

**A Junk Shop** near a railroad crossing carries a sign with this hint to motorists: "Go ahead; take a chance. We'll buy the car."

\* \* \*

**Sportsmen's Rule**—Don't try to kill two birds with one stone. Use a shotgun.

\* \* \*

**Nature Note**—People say that they often find it hard to tell the difference between weeds and young plants. The sure way, of course, is to pull them all out. If they come up again they are weeds.

### Bring Him In

The office boy entered the sanctum of an editor and said: "Say, boss, there's a tramp outside who says he hasn't had anything to eat for six days."

"Bring him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run this paper for another week."

\* \* \*

**Weather Man**: "Put down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

Assistant: "Are you positive, sir?"

**Weather Man**: "Yes, indeed. I've lost my umbrella, I'm planning to play golf and my wife's giving a lawnparty."



Sonny sat on the lower steps, his face resting in two chubby hands.

"What's the matter, Sonny?"

"Nothin'—just thinkin'."

"What about?"

"Thinkin' how dumb trees are to take off their clothes in winter and put 'em on in summer."

\* \* \*

Did you hear about the man who is working on a deck of floating cards for playing solitaire in the bathtub?

\* \* \*

No, No, Maudie—When it is said that the population in any city is dense, this does not mean that the people are stupid.

\* \* \*

**Health Note**.—Many a hiccough, so they say, is a message from departed spirits.