

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## MAJ KLIČE . . .

LE venkaj, mladina,  
le ven v naravo,  
da vdahnem veselje  
in srečo ti pravo!

Je Vesna z dihom  
zbudila cvetice  
in sklicala z juga  
domov je vse ptice.

In jaz sem zavrnil  
vse sape ledene  
tja daleč na sever,  
v gore snežene.

Mrtvilo naravi  
sva z Vesno odvezla  
in z novim zelenjem  
sva drevje odela.

In človek nesrečni,  
ki v jarmu pogibaš:  
če tiho zdihuješ,  
le zlo si podžigaš!

Otresi i ti se,  
otresi se sile!  
Vezi si pretrgaj,  
in spone nemile!

## ZVITE ČRKE

HOJ, črke ve zvite!  
Sedaj vas umejem.  
Ste čudo mi bile,  
skrivnostne od sile;  
a zdaj se vam smejem,  
saj ve govorite—.

Ste črke ve zvite!  
V besedah in vrstah,  
v odstavkih, poglavjih,  
v knjigah, predalih,  
kot mrtve v krstah  
nevednim le spite.

Oj črke ve zvite!  
Kdor mara za čtivo,  
ste ključ mu do znanja  
pomoč do spoznanja:  
kaj pravo, kaj krivo.  
Ve um nam bistrite.



## Pogovor s čitatelji

NASTOPILA je spomlad, priroda se je prebudila in okrasila rastlinstvo s cvetjem in zelenjem. Mesec maj je krona spomladi. Že stari narodi so ga slavili. Zavedno delavstvo moderne dobe je določilo Prvi maj kot svoj praznik — praznik dela. Z oživljajočo prirodo ožive slehernemu zemljanu mladostne misli, osveže se mu nade in upi na boljše čase. Socialistično gibanje širom sveta slavi Prvi maj kot izrazit simbol solidarnosti in simbol manifestiranja svoje sile. Prvi maj je praznik zavednega delavstva.

DRUGO nedeljo v maju praznujemo Materinski dan. Spominjamo se svoje matere, njenih dobrot in ljubezni. Prav je, da je uveden ta praznik, saj je vprav mati tista sila, ki ustvarja otroku značaj, ki mu je največje oporišče in zatočišče v porajajočih letih, v poznejših pa ostane njen vpliv viden pri vsakemu. Materina ljubezen sega daleč. Kot vsako drugo priliko pa so ameriški trgovci tudi to izrabili v dobičkanosne svrhe. Kljub temu je ideja Materinskega dne vsekakor veliko pomenljivejša in plemenitejša kot pa čaščenje kakšnih svetnikov in malikov.

DO SEDAJ menda še nismo dovolj povdarjali dejstva, da moderna vzgoja zahteva več odkritosrčnosti in resnice: otroku naj se polagoma in na dostojen način pove istinitosti o postanku življenja, kakor tudi o borbi za življenje. Duh otroka, ki z leti bolj in bolj dozoreva, rabi čedalje tudi več prostora za svoj razvoj. Vsako nerazumljivo ali nasprotno zatiranje resnice pomeni ovirajočo zvezo pred očmi. Dajmo otroku duhovno prostost in videli bomo, da smo si s tem zagotovili dragoceno glavnico z obrestmi za vse življenje. Dejstvo je, da iz zatiranja ali iz zamlčanja spolnega znanja se neprestano porajajo številna zla, kot je utemeljila moderna znanost. Zato sta pred vsem potrebni preprosta enostavnost in odkritost.

PROŠLI mesec je preteklo 26 let, odkar je bila ustanovljena Slovenska narodna podporna jednota. Njeno jubilejno leto je bilo s tem končano, tako tudi njena obširna kampanja. Pred nami pa je še veliko polje med našo mladino, med našim naraščanjem. Baš to polje je treba obdelovati, negovati in pripravljati, da bo obrodilo dober sad naši jednoti. To je dolžnost vsakega dobrega jednotarja, ki so mu mar njegovi otroci in naš slovenski naraščaj sploh ter napredek naše jednote. Veliko je še slovenskih otrok, da še niso člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Te je treba pridobiti, jih vaditi in usposablјati v duhu naprednih jednotinih načel, da bodo pripravljeni nadaljevati delo jednotinih pionirjev, čim dosežejo zrelostno dobo.

NAŠE iskreno mnenje glede tega je, da bi se med našimi mladimi jednotarji uvedlo živahno mladinsko gibanje, katero naj bi v glavnem obstojalo v tem, da se organizirajo po vseh slovenskih naselbinah, kjer ima jednota svoje postojanke, nekakšna mladinska shajališča, sestanki ali takozvani vrtci. V teh naj bi se pod nadzorstvom odraslih članov, tajnika ali predsednika, vadilo naš naraščaj kako voditi seje in prirejati bi se kratki programi. Direktive naj bi dajal glavni urad. To bo naš naraščaj zainteresiralo v delo naše jednote, obenem pa bi mu veliko koristilo k pravi vzgoji. Člani posameznih društev naj bi o tem razmotrivali na društvenih sejah ter podvzeli korake. Otroci bi dobili potrebnega veselja do dela in samozaupanja ter zanos.

Louis Beniger.

## PROLETARSKEMU OTROKU

NE KLONI mi glave, otrok proletarski,  
 ko deca mogotcev se ti posmehuje,  
 in ne, če hinavsko te kdo pomiluje.  
 S ponosom oholim če kdo te prezira,  
 nikar naj pogum ti pred njim ne umira!  
 Pravica ponosa je tvoja, moj mili,  
 čeprav so oni, ne ti, v svili.  
 Od zibke jim bilo je s svilo postlano,  
 za svilo je delal — tvoj oče udano;  
 močile jo kaplje njegovega znoja  
 in solze, ki v bedi točila jih mati je tvoja.  
 Če manjka ti kruha in manjka igračic,  
 kdo kriv je? — Premalo očetovih plačic!  
 Tvoj oče vse dobro na svetu ustvarja,  
 mogotec zato mu drobtine podarja  
 in pravi, da "milost" njegova ljudi nasičuje,  
 vsled tega tvoj atek naj pridno hlapčuje!  
 To ni res! — Tvoj oče ni hlapec manj vreden,  
 čeprav pride z dela upognjen in beden!  
 Iz bede ti zraste, prisije spoznanje;  
 ti nosiš bodočnost, trpinov vstajenje.  
 Zato pa ne kloni, poglej jim naravnost v oči,  
 vsem onim, s katerih zlato se blešči.

Anna P. Krasna.

## ŠOLA

OJ TETKA, to si srečna,  
 da ti v šolo treba ni;  
 ni treba ti se učiti  
 ne nalog pisati!  
 Tako mi pravi Slavka,  
 ko pride k meni v vas.  
 Smehljaje jo poslušam,  
 pobožam ji obraz:

Joj, ti ubogi Slavček,  
 res je zelo hudo,  
 sedeti cele ure  
 v šoli za klopjo.  
 Si mučiti glavico  
 z nalogami doma,  
 ko solnce pa zunaj  
 vablljivo se smehlja! . . .

Potiho pa si mislim:

Ti mala srečna si,  
 dokler le skrb za šolo  
 mlado čelo ti mrači.  
 Ko boš kot tetka prosta  
 vseh šolskih brig, skrbi,  
 spoznala boš znenada,  
 da šole konca ni . . .  
 Boš menila, da šola,  
 ki v skrb ti je sedaj,  
 napram življenja šoli—  
 je bila pravi raj . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

Ivan Jontez:

## Cvetje v popju

**N**AŠA povest se je godila v tistih časih, ko je bil tedaj desetletni Kajžarjev Janezek še prepričan, da mu štorclja prinaša bratce in sestrice, katere je dolgokljunka izvlekla iz mimo vasi tekočega potoka, v katerega so jih spustili, seveda, angeljčki iz nebes. Zavela se je takole:

Janezek je šel vsako nedeljo dopoldne k maši v bližnji trg in v trški farni cerkvi je vselej videl plavolaso in modrooko dekle njegove starosti, ki je slišala na ime Pepca. Pepca je bila edina hči bogatega tržana, ki je bil sicer kmet, a se mu je priimek "gospod" neizrečeno laskal, poleg tega pa je bila tudi zelo ljubka deklica, slična rožnemu popku. Janezek, kot sin beraškega bajtarja, bi iz omenjenih razlogov pač ne smel pogledati Pepce več kot enkrat in še takrat ne preveč gorko, ampak Janezek je bil pač Janezek ter se zato ni dosti brigal za družabno stališče ljubke deklice, kar je imelo za posledico — ljubezen. Janezek se je zaljubil v plavolaso Pepco, česar mu kot otroku seve ne moremo niti najmanj zameriti. Sicer pa tudi njegova ljubezen ni bila nasilna: Janezek se je zadovoljil s tem, da je ob nedeljah v cerkvi nepremično zibal v Pepco ter občudoval njeno lepoto. To ni bilo nič slabega. Saj so tudi odrastli ljudje venomer zibali okrog sebe in njihove misli so bile povsodi, samo v cerkvi ne. Zakaj bi torej še Janezek ne gledal v Pepco ter jo v mislih primerjal z angeljci, ki so se smehljali raz cerkvenih sten in altarjev? Saj vsi zaljubljeni tako delajo in Janezek ni smel biti nikakšna izjema, čeprav je bil še zelo mlad.

Kakor vsak zemljan, tako tudi Janezek ni mogel ohraniti sladke tajne, da ljubi Pepco, sam zase. Komaj mesec dni potem, ko je v svoji otroški pameti sklenil, da Pepca in nobena dru-

ga, bo njegova žena, je zaupal to srčno skrivnost starejšemu bratcu Petrčku, ki se mu je smejal, nato pa nesel Janezkovo tajno materi na ušesa.

Mati se je najprej nasmejala, češ, Janezek, ali si neumen, potem pa, ko ji je sinek ponovno zatrdil, da misli popolnoma resno, mu je pa resno zažugala s prstom:

"Ne bodi vendar tak norček, Janezek. Ali ne veš, da je Pepca hči bogatega tržana, ki nikoli ne bo hotel dati edinice beraču?"

"Saj jaz nisem berač," je vzkliknil Janezek ter dvignil roki, ki sta bili močni za njegova leta, češ, ti dve roki sta moje bogastvo, ki je vredno več kot bogastvo Pepčinega očeta, ki bodo nekoč skupaj z milijoni drugih človeških rok vzdrževale in vladale svet. Kako mi toraj moraš reči, da sem berač, ko vendar vidiš kakšno bogastvo in kakšna sila počiva v teh rokah, in ko veš, da poleg teh rok posedujem tudi zdrav razum!

Mati je dobro razumela Janezkovo nemo govorico, kar pa je ni razveselilo.

"Kaj ti pomaga ta sila," je vzdihnila, "ko pa jo bodo upregli v težki voz dela za druge, ki bodo uživali bogastvo teh rok,!"

Janezek je začuden pogledal mater — premlad je bil še, da bi mogel razumeti njene pomembne besede — ter jo izpraševal:

"Pa zakaj bi drugi uživali sadove dela teh rok, zakaj ne jaz sam?"

"Zato, ker se mi, ki delamo, nič ne naučimo iz bridkih skušenj, ker rajši tavamo nezdruženi po temi nevede ter se pustimo izkoriščati, mesto da bi odprli oči, poiskali resnico ter združeni šli v boj za naše pravice. Neveda, sin, in naša brezmejna potrpežljivost, to sta naši največji prokletstvi, ki nas tlačita liki pošastna mora. Pa kaj ti

bom govorila o tem, saj me ne razumeš, premlad si še! Ko prideš v leta, boš sam lahko videl vse to in presodil, ako sem jaz v pravem ali ne."

Janezek res ni dosti razumel, nekaj pa mu je vseeno postalo jasno: da hči bogatega tržana ne more biti njegova zato, ker je on siromak, eden izmed milijonov zatiranih in izkoriščanih proletarcev. Ampak podati se pa vseeno ni hotel: "Moja bo, pa če postane njen oče še desetkrat bogatejši," je zatrdil samemu sebi ter stisnil roki v pesti.

\* \* \*

Minilo je deset let. Janezek se je v tem času precej spremenil: dorastel je v krepkega, postavnega fanta, ki si je sam zaslužil svoj vsakdanji kruh. Pa tudi v trgu se je marsikaj izpremenilo; koncem trga sta stali dve veliki tovarni in precejšnje število malih delavskih hišic, — trg se je industrijaliziral — kar je dalo trgu in njegovi okolici povsem novo lice. In kakor večina tržanov in okoličanov, tako je tudi naš Janez delal v eni izmed dveh tovarnen — delal bolj za druge kot zase, kakor mu je pred leti prerokovala njegova mati:

Ti boš delal, sadove tvojega dela pa bodo uživali drugi, zajedalci . . .

Pa Janez se ni izpremenil samo na zunaj, ampak tudi na znotraj; kajti medtem, ko so njegovi tovariši zapravljali prosti čas v gostilnah, je on sedel pri knjigah, v katerih je našel zdrave duševne hrane, iz katerih je črpal znanje, ki je osvobodilo njegovega duha okov nevede in praznoverja, katere so ga naučile misliti. In delavec, ki zna misliti, je nekaj vreden.

Ko so prišli v trg delavski organizatorji, je bil naš Janez prvi, ki se jim je pridružil. Postal je agitator, ki je hodil od delavca do delavca, jih prepričeval, da le združeni bodo lahko dosegli izboljšanje razmer ter jih vabil v novo delavsko organizacijo. Uspeh je bil v začetku majhen, ampak Janez ni obupal: neumorno je nadaljeval započeto delo — in ni bilo zaman; po dveh

letih trudapolnega dela in zapostavljanja s strani delodajalcev, katerim je bilo delavsko gibanje trn v peti, se mu je posrečilo združiti večino delavcev v močno delavsko organizacijo, ki si je postavila cilj: izobrazbo delavcev in izboljšanje delavskih razmer. Prvo je dosegla s čitalnico, ki je nudila delavcem zdravo in koristno čtivo in s poljudnimi poučnimi predavanji, drugo, to je, izboljšanje delavskih razmer pa z najmočnejšim orožjem delavstva — s stavkami.

Kaj pa se je zgodilo s Pepco, porečejo naši mladi čitatelji? Ali smo pozabili nanjo? Ne, nismo, in tudi Janez ni bil pozabil nanjo. Kako tudi, ko pa mu je od vsega začetka pomagala pri njegovem delu za osvoboditev delavcev? Pepca je namreč tudi delala v tovarni. Njen oče je postal žrtev lahkomišelnosti, bahavosti in prevelike zaupljivosti, ki so ga pripravile skoro ob vse imetje in Pepca je morala s šestnajstimi leti v tovarno, v kateri je delal tudi njen oče, ki je zdaj gledal na delavce z drugačnimi očmi kot popreje, ko je bil še premožen in spoštovan tržan. Z Janezom, sinom ubogega bajtarja, se je kmalu sprijaznil ter postal njegov najboljši prijatelj in navdušen član delavske organizacije, kateri je bil Janez duša, to je tista sila, ki giblje in vodi. Razmere pač vedno spreminjajo ljudi in njihova mišljenja.

Kake pol leta potem, ko je trška delavska organizacija izvojevala svojo največjo zmago: primerno povišanje plače, skrajšanje delovnih ur in odpravo priganjstva pri delu, se je uresničil Janezov davni sen: plavolasa in modrooka Pepca, katero je vzljubil še kot desetleten deček, je postala njegova žena. Nastanila sta se v hiši njenega očeta, ki je bila vse, kar je ostalo od nekdanje njegove bogatije, sklenivša, da bosta še nadalje delala za pravično delavsko stvar, ki bo nekega dne v bodočnosti slavila popolno zmago nad krivico in ztiranjem.

In s tem je naša povest končana.





*Materina ljubezen.*

Ivan Vuk:

## Iluzija

(Po pravljici nekega židovskega učitelja).

**I**LUZIJA, to je varanje resničnosti s tako popolnostjo, da je človek in vsako živo bitje prepričano, da je resnica.

Da ne boste mislili, da govorim nekaj, kar bi ne mogel dokazati, evo, povedati vam hočem nek svoj doživljaj.

Bilo je neke pomladi, v času, ko so mlade ptice v gnezdah že tako godne, da splezajo na rob gnezda, a letati še ne morejo.

Sprehajal sem se po gozdu. Naenkrat zagledam pred sabo majhnega, mladelega gavrana. Čepel je ob deblu precej debele bukve, stisnil glavo v telo, da je bil videti samo kljun, štrleč kvišku.

"Z gnezda je padel," sem pomislil. Pogledal sem na vrh bukve in zares, tam je bilo gnezdo.

"Zanesti mladiča v gnezdo . . . hmmm . . . težka zadeva. Previsoko je in plezalec nisem. A pustiti ga tu na tleh, prepustiti ga usodi, pomeni, izročiti ga poginu."

In ko sem videl njegove črne oči, kako so v strahu gledale v eno in isto smer, se mi je mladič zasmilil.

"Odgojim ga," sem pomislil.

Stopil sem k njemu. Ni se zavedal, da sem mu nekaj dosedaj še nevidenega. Zato se ni umaknil. Bil je še v tisti mladosti, ki še ne pozna in ne ve, kaj je nevarnost in sovražnik, in smatra vse za dobro, kakor je sam.

Vzel sem ga in odnesel domov, v svojo sobo. Položil sem ga v kletko in mu nasipal v koritce hrano in nalil v skodelico vode.

"Jej," sem rekel, "in rasti, da boš lahko zletel k svojim, ko odrasteš."

Mladi gavrani je gledal hrano in vodo nepremično. Njegova črna glavica je bila žalostno povešena, oči so bile brez leska. Telo je vztrepetavalo.

"Ubogi mladič," sem pomislil. "Ves si oslabil in bolan, vidim. Zato jej, da se okrepiš."

Ali gavrani je bil nepremičen. Samo telo je vztrepetavalo.

"Zakaj ne ješ," sem vprašal.

Gavrani ni zganil z glavo.

Vzel sem ga iz kletke in mu razprostrl peruti.

Odprl sem na široko okno svoje sobe in ga postavil na okno.

"Vidim, da hrepeniš po svobodi in da ti je zguba svobode vzela tudi voljo do jedi. Zato pojdi v svobodo."

Ali gavrani se tudi sedaj ni ganil innjegovo telesce je vztrepetavalo kakor prej v kletki.

Pokimal sem z glavo.

"Na gnezdo je navajen. Gnezda ni, zato mu je vse drugo nepoznano.

Šel sem in spletel v sobi lepo, mehko gnezdo. Od zunaj sem ga obložil s slamo, a znotraj z mehkim perjem.

"Obraduje se," sem pomislil, "ko začuti mehkoto gnezda in se počuti, da je v gnezdu."

Položil sem ga v gnezdo.

Ali moje pričakovanje, videti radost gavranovo, je bilo zaman. Gavran se ni ganil. Le vztrepetavalo je njegovo telo, kakor je vztrepetavalo v kletki in pri odprtem oknu.

"Saj mora od lakote poginiti," mi jereklo v mislih. "Moram ga s silo narkrmiti."

Prijel sem ga, da ga nahranim. Odpiral sem mu kljun, da denem vanj kruh. Ali gavran se je krčevito upiral in zametaval vsako hrano iz moje roke.

"Kaj to pomeni," sem pomislil. "Upira se, kakor da ni nikoli ničesar jedel. Ne mara pogoltniti, dasi mu polagam v kljun, kakor da je strupeno . . . Mora poginiti od lakote . . ."

Bil sem ves v skrbeh.

Začel sem ga božati po perju, po glavi, po hrbtu, nežno in toplo. Skušal sem ponavljati njegov glas. In zdelo se mi je, da se gavran temu raduje. Sukal je glavo, oči so se mu jele veselo svetlikati in njegovo telo ni več vztrepetavalo.

Ko se je stemnilo, je moj gavran zadremal. Kljun je zaril v perje na prsih. Mirno je spal vso noč. Ko se je jelo daniti, se je vzbudil.

Stopil sem k njemu.

Jel me je gledati s svojimi živahnimi očmi. Božal sem ga, on pa me je gledal dolgo, kakor da me hoče vprašati:

"Ali si ti tisto, ki me je božalo in mi dajalo jesti? . . . Ali si ti tisto, ki me ljubi?"

Začela sva se ogovarjati. On je odprl kljun in njegov glas je odmeval po sobi:

"Kraaa . . . Kraaa . . . Kraaa . . ."

In mi je prišlo na misel:

"Ko bo odprl sam kljun, vtakni mu hrane vanj. Morda bo vzela."

In res, ko je zopet zakričal "Kraa," sem mu vrgel v odprt kljun drobtinico kruha.

Poželjivo jo je pogoltnil. In kakor bi še le sedaj razumel, da je to hrana, je odpiral usta, kakor pri materi v gozdu. Tako sem ga hranil.

Sladko čustvo je napihnilo moje telo. Vsiljevalo se mi je vprašanje:

"Kaj je to? Ali je to tisto nezapisano, a vendar rojeno, ki daje življenje, ki ohranja življenje in ki odstranjuje vsako nezaupanje? Tisto, ki je svetla zvezda, poznana po vsem svetu pod imenom MATI?"

Mladi gavran je verjel, da mu na njegov "Kraaa" odgovarja njegova mati. Zakaj tudi ona je govorila "Kraaa . . . Kraaa," ko mu je dajala v kljun hrano in ko ga je božala. Čutil je, da se je sicer nekaj spremenilo, da ni slišal materinega "Kraaa," da ni bilo več tiste tople, nežne prijetnosti in zato ni občutil, da je tisto hrana, kar sem mu s silo tlačil v kljun. A ko je slišal moj "Kraaa," ki sem se ga trudil izgovarjati kolikor le mogoče pravilno, se je hkrati ves spremenil. Slišal je glas svoje matere in ves obradovan je odpiral svoj kljun. In ker je dobival hrano, kakor mu jo je dajala mati, je bil prepričan, da je ona pri njem. Zakaj bil je v tisti mladosti, ko še v spoznanju ni ostro začrtanih pojmov.

Iluzijo, ki sem jo ustvaril v njegovih možganih, je smatral za resničnost, ker je nosila določene znake resničnosti.

Od tistega dne je mladi gavran bil vesel. Skakal je po sobi, kričal in nagajal ter rasel.

Iluzija resničnosti je bila popolna.



Katka Zupančič:

## Boljša je pamet ko žamet

NA robu gozda se je pojavila lisica.

Privila je svoj košati rep k sebi in se razgledovala po dolini preišljevale, kam bi jo mahnila, da bi čimprej prišla do dobrega založka. Bila je namreč zelo lačna.

Kar ti nedaleč od sebe zagleda ježa, ki se je, zviti v klopčič, valjal po suhem listju.

"Aha, listje nabira; gnezdo si popravlja. Vidiš, tukaj bi bilo, če ne obilno, pa vsaj dobro kosilce zate," si je rekla. "Pa kaj, ko je pa tem iglastim zlodejem tako težko priti do živega." Naglo si je obnovila spomin, kako je enkrat—in to samo enkrat—okusila ježe meso. Dobila je bila ježa, ki se je mlad še in neizkušen toliko spozabil, da je navezal prijateljstvo z njo, in ji tako prišel med zobe.—Fino mesce, da je kaj! Toda igle, igle! Nehote si je s šapo potegnila preko špičastega gobčka. Vseeno se je odločila, da poskusi. Obliznila se je in prihuljeno stopila bližje.

Jež je takoj zavohal njeno navzočnost. Naglo je potegnil svoj smrček pod bodičasti kožušček in mirno čakal, kaj bo.

"Hoj striček, dober dan!" je lisica bolj zapela ko rekla.

Jež, ki se vljudnosti nikoli ni učil, je prezrl njen pozdrav in vprašal naravnost, kaj da hoče.

"O, obiskat sem te prišla! Glej, tako malo prijateljstva je na svetu in—"

"E, kaj bi čenčala," jo je grobo prekinil jež, "mar nisem videl nedolgo tega, ko si todle mimo nesla ubogo putko, ki si ji menda iz golega prijateljstva preščipnila vrat —".

"Oh nehaj, nehaj, prosim te!" je dejala lisica, ko je uvidela, da dejstva ne bo mogla utajiti. Zamahnila je s taco in nadaljevala: "Putke niso vredne besede, kaj šele prijateljstva, naj-

manj pa mojega; preneumne so. Toda ti!? Ti si nekaj drugega. Kaj ti bo to tvoje samotarsko življenje! Ti si vreden boljšega! Ti—"

"Hu, ko bi mogel, to si bi izdrl šop šivank in ti jih zapičil v tvoj sladki jezik!" se je zjezil jež.

"Joj, kako neotes . . . to se pravi — kako odkrit si," je hitro popravila lisica in priliznjeno dostavila: "prav radi te tvoje odkritosrčnosti te spoštujem le še bolj. Daj, skleniva prijateljstvo!"

"Ne boš, teta, pekla kruha iz te moke! Predolgo je že moj rod na svetu, da bi nasedel tvojim mamljivim besedam. Je-li, hoče se ti mojega mesa, kaj?"

"Beži, beži, kako moreš misliti na take vsakdanje reči in me povrh še sumničiti?" se je zgražala lisica. "Povem ti, da so moje misli vzvišene, tako vzvišene —" pa je pobožno dvignila glavo proti nebu.

"Pojdi se solit, vzvišenost lisičja! Sicer me že itak predolgo motiš pri delu. Izgini!" je zarohnel jež.

Lisica je od jeze zaškripala z zobmi, pa dejala medeno: "Vidim, da si nasažen in je zato tvoj jezik tako bodeč, ko tvoja suknja. Vendar, da boš prepričan o mojem blagem srcu: daj, da te prijateljsko poljubim in potem pojdem takoj svojo pot."

"O, hahaha," se je starikavo zasmejal jež. "Saj sem vedel, da brez tega ne bo šlo. Lisica — pa poljub! Hahaha! Nu ja, da ne boš rekla, da sem tako teslo, ki še poljuba ne zna veljave: pa; naj bo! Toda le na konec smrčka! Na, tukaj!"

Lisici so se zaiskrile oči; poželjivo je mlasknila z jezikom; previdno je približala glavo k ježevemu smrčku in naglo kot strela je hlastnila po njem. Pa jež je bil še hitrejši: po bliskovo je potegnil smrček nazaj in bodice so se zarile

z lisičin jezik in gobček s tako silo, da se je nema od bolečine in jeze sesedla na zadnje noge.

V tem je priskakal izza grma dolgo-  
uhi zajec. Hitro se je vzel in zvedavo  
gledal, kaj da je. Komaj ga je lisica  
opazila, že je zaječala in pričela tarnati:  
"O, joj, prejoj! To ti je svet poln pre-  
vare! Poljub, samo prijateljski poljub  
sem hotela izmenjati z njim—pa na!—  
mesto poljuba imam sedaj krvav nos.  
Ni je žive duše, ki bi mi sočutno obri-  
sala solze! Joj, kako sem zapuščena...!"

Zajcu se je zasmilila prav do dna  
srca: pa je priskočil in jo nežno pobo-  
žal po glavi. Ogorčeno se je ozrl po

iglavcu, kateremu se je že od nepresta-  
nega hehetanja pričelo kolcati.

"O zajček!" mu je padla lisica okoli  
vratu, "bog živi vse bedake!" — zajček  
jo je debelo pogledal — "hotela sem re-  
či: vse tebi enake! Vidiš, od bolečine  
se mi vrti v glavi — Ti niti ne veš, ka-  
ko visoko te cenim!" Zajčka je njena  
pohvala tako prevzela, da je od same  
blaženosti skušal zapreti svoje oči.

Pa je bil zajček res vreden vsega  
spoštovanja: imel je namreč zelo okus-  
no mesce, o čemer se je lisica kaj kmalu  
prepričala...

Iv. Vuk:

## Zima in pomlad

(Po narodni pravljici.)

**B**ILO je nekga dne, ko je solnce dol-  
gim zimskim nočem ukazalo, da se  
morajo začeti prej umikati prihajajo-  
čemu dnevu in pozneje prihajati na  
zemljo, da je zima vsa razdražena pri-  
sluhnila:

— Ali se mi samo zdi ali je resnica?  
Slišim zvonjenje, kakor če se vabi dra-  
gega gosta. Slišim trobente, kakor če  
se kliče slavnostne dni. In to v moji  
državi brez moje vednosti in brez mo-  
jega dovoljenja.

Vstala je in se ozrla po svojem kra-  
ljestvu.

— Opazujem, da; snega je vedno  
manj. Tam gori na nebu tisti svetel  
revolucionar se mi dozdeva zagoneten.  
Dosedaj je svetil in se kopal v krista-  
lih, ki sem jih posula po mojem kralje-  
stvu. A sedaj jih hoče, dozdeva se mi,  
popiti.

Zapretila je proti solncu in iz ust ji  
je dahnila sapa, ki je ovila solnce v  
koprene.

— Še imam sredstev, da te ukrotim,  
je rekla zima. — Ali tisto zvonjenje in  
tisto trobentanje? Vzdigam se in poj-  
dem po kraljestvu, da vidim, kaj to  
pomeni.

Potujoč tako po svojem kraljestvu,  
je opazila, da je snega na krajih, ki so  
obrnjeni boljše proti solncu, zelo ma-  
lo, ali da ga sploh več ni. Videla je li-  
vade brez snega.

— Kdo je raztrgal obleko — unifor-  
me, v katero morajo biti oblečeni vsi  
moji podležniki?

Sneg, kjer je še ležal, je odgovoril:

— Trkalo je solnce po obleki in zem-  
lja je trkanju odgovarjala. In obleka  
ni vzdržala.

Mrko je gledala zima in mrzel je bil  
njen dih. Ali solnce je že strgalo ko-  
preno z obraza in mrzel dih zime je  
zgubil na ostrosti.

Zima je prišla do potoka. Ko ga je  
videla poslednjič, je bil ves okovan v  
svetlo-bele oklopne plošče, steklu po-  
dobne. A sedaj je tekla voda bistro po  
strugi in ribice so razposajeno se po-  
dile po potoku.

— Kje so plošče, s katerimi si bil za-  
krit, o potok? je vprašala in jeza je  
bila v tistem vprašanju.

— Noči so krajše, je odgovoril po-  
tok, in daljši dan se je hotel umivati v  
moji vodi. Zato je tiste plošče razbil  
in jaz sem jih raztopil. Zakaj, vedi, o

zima, plošče so tudi meni bile neprijetne.

Dihnila je zima vsa razjarjena mrzel dih. Ali tistih plošč potok ni maral. S paro, ki se je dvigala iz njega je odgnal mrzel dih zime. Ribice pa so se smejale.

— Kaj pa je tako veselega, je vprašala zima.

Ribice so še veseleje mahale s plavuti in rekle:

— Mladost prihaja, o zima. In radujemo se mladosti.

Zima je odstopila vsa zavzeta za korak.

— Kdo vam je oznanil to neresnico?

— Ni to neresnica, o zima, nego prava resnica. Zakaj, čuj, zvončki že zvo-  
ne in trobentice trobijo.

— Zvončki, je ponovila zima in sapo ji je zaprlo. — Zvončki? Kdo jim je dovolil? In kje so, da jih vidim, vsi ljivce?

— Ozri se, o zima, in videla jih boš. so odgovorile ribice.

Zima se je jela ozirati. Zagledala je livado. Vsa bela je bila videti. Vmes so gledale iz te beline rumene oči.

Zima je stopila k tisti livadi.

— Kdo ste, je bil njen ukazujoči glas.

— Kako ste se drznili priti v mojo državo?

Zvončki so zamajali glavice-zvončke in zazvonili:

Pozdravljena pomlad cveteča,  
tak sladko, ljubko zeleneča;  
pozdrav ti solnčece mlado,  
odgnalo zimo si hudo . . .

Trobentice pa so nastavile svoj rog in zatrobile:

Zaspanci, vsi vstanite — brž,  
oblekco si skrojite — brž,  
pomlad prihaja — hej, juhej!  
le culico poveži — brž  
in beži zima, beži — brž;  
mladost je lepa, silna — hej juhej!

— A tako? . . . A glej, poglej? . . .  
Punt? . . . Prevrat? . . . Pokažem vam,  
pokažem. Jaz sem, ki ukazujem! . . .  
Izginite takoj . . .

A zvončki so razposajeno zazvonili.  
trobentice pa vitežko zatrobile:

Mladost smo mi,  
mladost smo mi  
in naš je solčni dan!  
V nas strahu ni,  
v nas strahu ni,  
sovrag naš bo razgnan.

Vsa srdita in togotna je zima začela sopsti in dihati da so se nabrali oblaki in zakrili solnce. Nato je začela sipati bele snežinke na zvončke in trobentice. Sipala jih je tako gosto in tako vztrajno, da so zakrili glavice-zvončke in oči trobenticam.

— Pokažem vam, je govorila vsa srdita, pokažem vam, da sem jaz gospodar v moji državi.

Ali oblaki, ki so zakrili solnce, niso mogli vzdržati njegovemu dihu. Razpršili so se. In tedaj je solnce z svojo energijo mladeniča posijalo na zemljo.

— Mladost je, ki zmaguje, zima, ali slišiš, je klicalo solnce in se smejalo. Hitro je trgalo belo odejo z zvončkov in trobentic in jih božalo:

— Tu sem, tu sem, le pogumno. Naš je napočil dan, naša je bodočnost. Pod mojim varstvom ste.

Sneg je kopnel in vstajala so nova življenja.

Zima je zbežala.



Ivan Vuk:

## Leteča miš

(Zapisano po pravljici južnomorskih otokov Sama-arhipelaga.)

NEKOČ je živela miš, ki si je vedno želela, da bi imela takšne peruti, kakor jih ima netopir. Zakaj prijetno je letati po zraku, kakor srce zahoče, sem in tje, sedaj kvišku v višave, sedaj nizko pri zemlji.

Ta želja je bila pač lahko izgovorjena, lahko zaželjena; ali težko jo je doseči. Dasi je bila gibčna in njeni zobje niso poznali nobene zapreke, se je morala vendar vedno plaziti po zemlji.

Premišljevala in tuhtala je neprestano, kakšne zvijače se naj posluži, da bi ji netopir posodil vsaj za nekaj časa svoje peruti. Gledala je na drevo, polnookusnega sadja, ki ga je netopir zelo čislal. Cele dneve je miška opazovala, kako se je naslajal s tistimokusnim sadjem.

In sklenila je sledeči načrt:

“Na tisto drevo moram splezati, na kateri rad poseda netopir ter se seznaniti z njim. Zvabiti ga moram, da mi posodi peruti.”

Šla je tedaj in splezala na drevo. Ko pa ga je nagovorila, je netopir zamahal s perutmi in zletel. Zakaj tujec mu je bila miš in bal se je je. Zletel je na drugo drevo, sadje katerega tudi ni zmetaval.

Miška pa je bila vztrajna. Splezala je z drevesa in nato splezala na tisto drevo, na katerem je sedel netopir. Ko jo je zagledal, je hotel zopet odleteti. Ali miška mu zakliče:

“Neuljuden si in olike ne poznaš. Spoštujem te in se želim seznaniti s teboj, da se kaj pogovoriva. Nič ne de, da ješ sadje z mojega drevesa. Saj ga je dovolj, le uživaj.”

Netopir je odgovoril:

“Dobro. Da ne boš mislila, da sem res neolikan, počakam. Nisem te hotel motiti, ko si spletala na drevo, ker imam navado, da nikogar pri jedi ne

motim. Tudi se dosedaj še nisem seznanjal s prebivalci, ki hodijo po zemlji. Vendar pa, ako imaš zanimivosti, se rad pogovorim.”

Miška je plezala kvišku in obsedela ne daleč od netopirja. Rekla je:

“Oprosti, gospod netopir, da sem se motila. Vidim, da si vljuden gospod in zato si štejem v čast, da te lahko pogostim s sadjem svojega drevesa. Ti si sicer brez mojega dovoljenja obedoval in večerjal kar me je včasih oznejevoljilo. Zakaj olik današnje dobe zahteva, da barbarski običaji naših prednikov popolnoma izginejo. Ali, kakor sem že rekla, spoštujem te, gospod netopir, in zato sem sklenila, da se sprijateljiva.”

“Oprosti, gospa miška,” je odvrnil netopir. “Nisem vedel, da je to drevo tvoja last. Bodi prepričana, ne sedal bi nanj, da sem vedel.”

Miška mu hitro seže v besedo:

“Rekla sem, da se ne jezim. Še v čast mi je. Omenila sem le zato, da se spoznava. In vedno si bom štela v čast, ako boš tako prijazen in se ustavljal k obedu in večerji na mojem drevesu. Zakaj tako rada sem v družbi odličnih gostov.”



Netopir, angleški, the bat.

Netopir je bil ves vesel. Zadovoljen je rekel:

"Tudi jaz si štejem v čast obedovati in večerjati v družbi tako odlične tuje dame. Postaniva torej prijatelja."

Miška je prisedla še bližje k netopirju. Oba sta začela jesti okusno sadje. Pogovarjala sta se kot dva stara znanca in se čudila, kako je bilo mogoče, da se že prej nista seznanila.

Med pogovorom vpraša miška netopirja:

"Kako to, dragi prijatelj, da se nič ne bojiš, ko tako po zraku letaš?"

"Česar se mi je bati," vpraša netopir, ves razpoložen vsled miškine zgovornosti in prijaznosti.

"Če te tako gledam, ko letaš visoko po zraku sem in tja, ko je vendar videti vse brez vsake opore, mi vedno srce bije v bojazni, da bi se ti kaj hudega ne zgodilo. Poglej, mi ki hodimo po zemlji, ki je trda, kjer se ni bati, da bi se vdrla pod nogami, doživimo vendar včasih, da se nam noge spodnesejo in pademo. Ni sicer tak padec nevaren, dasi brez bolečin ni. A kaj, če ti tako v zraku spodrsneš? Ali se ne bojiš, da bi padel in se ubil?"

Netopir se nasmeje in odgovori:

"Ne bojim se. Zakaj peruti imajo v zraku toliko opore, da se ni bati, dokler so perutnice dobre in gibčne. Če pa kedaj začutim, da jim kaj ni prav, ne letim."

Miška vpraša, dvomljivo majaje z glavo:

"Hm, hm . . . Ali pa se tudi ne motiš in ne pretiravaš?"

Netopir, zadet v svoje samoljublje, odgovori ponosno:

"Ne pretiravam!"

Miška pa govori in v njenem glasu je priliznjenost.

"Ne zameri, ali mi, ki hodimo po zemlji, težko razumemo to skrivnost. Če bi se dalo poskusiti, o to bi pripovedovala drugim, kako sem se sama prepričala, da je letanje povsem nenevarna stvar. Znanstveno bi obdelela to vprašanje, kar še dosedaj ni mogel noben učenjak, ki hodi po zemlji. Ali bi mi morda ne hotel ti do tega pomagati? Znanca sva, prijatelja. Nauči me letati!"

(Konec prihodnjič.)







Dragi urednik!

Mladi smo in mladost je najlepši čas življenja. Brez skrbi živimo; ni nam treba skrbeti za jed, obleko, knjige, stanovanje in za drugo. Kajti vse to nam preskrbe naši starši. Veselimo se mladosti, igramo se,ujemo pesmi in trgamo pisane cvetlice.

Zraven tega pa ne pozabimo na učenje in delo. Učiti se moramo, da bomo kaj znali v življenju. Delati moramo, da si utrdimo telo za življenje, zakaj kmalu bomo sami v sredi življenja.

Tukaj je uganka: Ima liste, ni drevo, ima hrbet, ni telo. Brž ugani, kaj je to.

Anton Pogačar,

1205 E. 168th street, Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Podpisani pošiljave pozdrave družini Goryup v Clevelandu, O., in družini Strajnar v Canonsburgu, Pa., ter vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki radi čitajo Mladinski list, v katerem je toliko zanimivega.

Virginia in Elica Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.

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Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila napisati par vrstic v Mladinski list. Že večkrat sem se pripravljala napisati kaj, pa sem vedno odlašala, a sem se vseeno premagala. Zelo me veseli, ko vidim, da se toliko mladih čitateljev zanima za M. L. in dopisujejo.

Prečitala sem dopis "Clevelanderja," če je on ali ona, in se mi je jako dopadel. Dobro bi bilo, da bi večkrat kaj napisal.

Sedaj je pomlad in je lepo vsepovsod. Prošlo zimo pa smo imeli dosti snega. Drugih novic ni tukaj nobenih.

Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje in tudi urednika!

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

(Risbi se nista dali reproducirati, ker sta izdelani v barvah. Treba je rabiti črno tinto za risanje (drawing ink.)—Urednik.)

Dragi urednik!

Dovolite, da napišem par vrstic v nam priljubljeni Mladinski list. V tem letu bom stara osem let. Ko sem začela pohajati šolo, nisem znala niti besede po angleško. No, sedaj me pa učiteljica pohvali, da sem ena izmed najboljših učenk. Kmalu bom hodila v tretji razred.

Do sedaj sem v Mladinskem listu samo slike gledala, sedaj pa sem začela čitati in pazila bom, da bom tudi redno vanj dopisovala, ker me mama vedno sili, naj pišem.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam pri SNPJ! Aice Straynar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

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Dragi urednik!

Želim na kratko opisati mojo vožnjo, ki se je pričela meseca julija l. 1928, iz Clevelanda, O., do Tacome, Wash. Prevozila sem države Ohio, Indiano, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon in Washington. Med vožnjo sem videla veliko lepega in zanimivega v teh državah. Najbolj sta se mi priljubili državi Oregon in Washington.

Ko sem se vozila po Oregonu, sem videla cele ravnine dozorelega sadja vseh vrst. Večkrat sem očeta prosila, naj vozi počasi, tako da se ne bomo prehitro odpeljali iz te krasne države.

V državi Washington so se mi zelo dopadle lepe zelene in vitke smreke in tudi tako lične hišice, vse obdane s cvetjem. Skoro pri vsaki hiši je bila greda s sladkimi malinami in jagodami.

Oj, zeleni Washington, kako si lep!

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, enako tudi uredniku!

Olga Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wash.

(P. S.:—Mislim, da bi mlade čitatelje zelo zanimalo, če bi Olga prihodnjič še kaj napisala o zapadnih državah, ki so vsled naravne krasote tako zanimive. Ker je uredniku

dobro znana okolica Diamondville in Kemmerrer, bi rad videl, da Olgica na kratko opiše tamošnje kraje.—Urednik.)

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Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za Mladinski list. Ne znam še dobro pisati po slovensko, pa upam, da mi bo urednik oprostil in malo popravil, kar je napak.

Star sem devet let in šolo pohajam četrto leto. Prihodnjič pa bom spet kaj napisal.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Frank L. Krebel,

2320 S. Krole st., Chicago, Ill.

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Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se napisati vsaki mesec po en dopis v Mladinski list, pa ker ni urednik priobčil moje slike in ne mojega dopisa že v dveh številkah, sem se namenila, da malo počakam. Rada bi vedela, zakaj moje slike ni bilo v Mladinskem listu.

Frances Batista, Box 126, Strabane, Pa.

(Pripomba:—Slika je bila priobčena v aprilski številki M. L., tako tudi dopis, ker je prepozno dospela v uredništvo, da bi bila priobčena v februarški številki. Upam, da je s tem ustrezno.—Urednik.)

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Želim, da priobčite sledeče uganke:

1. Pet krav za groš, po čem pridejo ena k drugi?—Odgovor: Po parkljih.

2. Kateri zajec se nobenega psa ne boji?—Odgovor: Leseni, s katerim se čevlje sezuje.

3. Ponoči budi, podnevi spi. Kdo je to?—Odgovor: Sveča.

4. Kdo veliko okoli hodi, pa daleč ne pride?—Odgovor: Plesalec.

5. Zakaj ima dimnikar usnjate hlače?—Odgovor: Zato, da jih obleče.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Angela Knaus, Box 38, Traunik, Mich.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se želim oglasiti v priljubljenem Mladinskem listu.

V aprilski številki sem najprej prečitala Naš kotiček in nato pa takoj tudi Chatter Corner. Veseli me, ko vidim, da se toliko mladih bratcev in sestic zanima za Mladinski list. Prav pridno dopisujejo in čedalje več jih je, da so prišli za pero in napisali dopise. Dopisi so se res podvojili; angleških je vedno večje število kot slovenskih dopisov.

Meni gre tudi bolj gladko po angleško, kar je seveda umevno samo po sebi, pa vseeno ra-

da pišem po slovensko. Čim večkrat bom pisala slovenske dopise, tem prej in boljše se bom naučila slovensko pisati.

Sedaj je spomlad in narava se je prebudila. Vse se je veseli. Meni se zdi, da je spomlad najlepši letni čas, posebno za otroke, ker tako radi zunaj rajamo in se igramo ter razposajeno skačemo naokrog.—Skrbela bom, da bom tudi za junijsko številko Mladinskega lista napisala slovenski dopis. Takrat se bo šola bližala koncu in nastopile bodo počitnice, ki se jih šolski otroci tako vesele.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem bratcem in sestricam, pa tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Prišla je spomlad in z njo gorki dnevi. Zima je odšla sicer počasi od nas, pa se je le morala posloviti.

Vse se veseli spomladi. Ptički so se povrnilili z juga, drevje zeleni in cvetlice veselo mole svoje glavice po travnikih in vrtovih. Ljudje delajo po vrtovih. Zimske priredbe so že skoro končane, ljudje pa so začeli zahajati v prosto naravo, v parke in na farme, kjer je svež zrak.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Anna S. Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

\* \* \*

Dragi urednik!

Zelo me bo veselilo, ako priobčite ta moj mali dopis v Mladinskem listu. Povem naj vam, da sem uganko, ki jo je poslala Frances Batista, prav rešila, kajti ona mi je poslala škatljo svinčnikov. Bila sem zelo vesela tega darila.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala, če bo ta dopis priobčen. Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Matilda Vehar, Box 316, Imperial, Pa.



Dragi urednik!

Ker prav rada čitam Mladinski list, sem se spet namenila, da napišem par vrstic za Naš kotiček. Od tukaj se prav malo oglašamo v M. L.—Sedaj, ko to pišem, dne 11. aprila, imamo še precej snega. Ko bodo te vrstice priobčene, bo pa že skopnel, kajti takrat bo že ljubi maj med nami. Saj pravi znana pesmica: "Ljubi maj, krasni maj, konec zime je tedaj."

Dobila sem precej pisem od sestrice, pa sem jih zelo vesela. Tudi jaz jim pišem. Eno pismo sem dobila brez podpisa, iz Butlerja, Pa. Pa tudi ga nisem nič razumela. Pravi, naj molim, naj 13 pisem napišem v 12 urah, da bom srečna, če ne pa da bom nesrečna. Jaz sem to pismo kar v peč vrgla.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Mary Knaus, Box 26, Traunik, Mich.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

V naši družini smo štirje, in smo vsi člani društva št. 135 SNPJ. Sedaj sem stara 8 let in to je moj prvi dopis v M. L., katerega zelo rada čitam. Sedaj pohajam tretji razred ljudske šole. Pred šestimi leti sem prišla v Ameriko. Moja rojstna vas je Žiri nad Škofjo Loko na Gorenjskem v Jugoslaviji. Jaz se nič več ne spominjam na stari kraj, slovensko pa se učim doma. Znam že dosti slovenskih pesmi.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Anna Jesenko,

3567 W. 61st street, Cleveland, O.



Ivan Albrecht:

### SIROTA

Tam v zlatem polju ptička  
prepeva prelepo.  
Da mogla bi jaz deklica  
tako zapeti ž njo!

A onkraj polja zlatega  
pri grobu grob molči,  
v enem oče dobri moj,  
v drugem mati spi.

Valjhun:

### OSLIČEK O SEBI IN DRUGIH

"Mar me briga, mar me briga,  
kaj na svetu ne velja —  
jaz sem oslek!" — Oslek riga,  
peti pa nikar ne zna.

"Le čemu učen razgovor —  
modrovati me je sram,  
osat žvečim, nosim tovor —  
kleti pa nikar ne znam . . .

Z uhlji dolgimi pomiga,  
z gobčkom sklanja se do tal, —  
nič na svetu ga ne briga,  
žvižgal le bi — če bi znal . . .



# JUVENILE



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Number 5.

## TO MY MOTHER

I DO not build a monument  
Of carved white marble for your  
sake,  
That only those who pass may read,  
And only those memorial make.

My life must be the monument  
I consecrate in your behalf;  
My love must carve your name,  
My gentleness your epitaph.

Above this record I engrave,  
No drooping figure there must be;  
Straight-shouldered courage, starry-  
eyed,  
Must mark this scroll of destiny.

And may some fragments of your  
strength  
By Nature's great mystery fall on me,  
That through this monument of mine,  
May shine your immortality.

V. B.

## THE WHITE CARNATION

HERE'S to the white carnation,  
Sturdy and spicy and sweet,  
Wafting a breath of perfume  
On the stony way of the street;  
Bringing a thought of gladness  
Wherever the breezes blow;  
Here's to the white carnation,  
Pure as the virgin snow.

This is the flower for Mother  
Wear it on Mother's Day;  
Flower for rain and sunshine;  
Winsome, gallant and gay;  
Wear it in Mother's honor  
Pinned to the coat's lapel;  
Wear it in belt and corsage,  
For her who loved you well.



The mother in lowly cabin,  
The mother in palace hall,  
Is ever the best and dearest,  
The one we love best of all.  
In travail and pain she bore us,  
In laughter and love she nursed,  
And who that would shame  
a mother  
Is of all mankind accursed.

Tired and wan too often,  
Weary and weak at times,  
But always full of the courage,  
That thrills when the future  
chimes;  
Mother with hands toil-hardened,  
Mother in pearls and lace,  
The light of heavenly beauty  
Shines in your tender face.

So here's to the white carnation,  
Wear it on Mother's Day;  
Flower that blooms for Mother,  
Winsome, gallant and gay.  
Flower of perfect sweetness,  
Flower for hut and hall,  
Here's to the white carnation,  
And to Mother—Our Best of All.

## Mother's Day

**W**HY the second Sunday in May has been preferred over the other three hundred and sixty four days of the year for "Mother's Day," I do not know. Were I to guess the reason my guess would be that this particular day is likely to be a better day than most any other day. It is too late for frost and too early for summer heat.

May Day has ever been a gala day. In old Roman times May First was a festival day. The young folk would sally forth at break of day to gather boughs and flowers with which to adorn the homes. The custom was later practiced in England. Most popular among the branches gathered was the hawthorn, and the hawthorn bloom was called the "May." At sunrise there was music and blowing of horns and merrymaking as the people thronged to the woods after the "May," and the trip to the woods was called "going-a-Maying." The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers as the "Queen of May." Then there was the Maypole, on which were hung wreaths of flowers and around which the people danced.

Today the organized workers throughout the world celebrate May First as a symbol of their power; they manifest their solidarity and class-consciousness. May First was proclaimed as workers' holiday in Paris in 1889. Socialists and other progressive labor groups ever since observe May First as their holiday.

The second Sunday in May was designated as Mother's Day in this country by Anna Jarvis. Some states have by statute made it a holiday; many civic and other organizations have so recognized the day. At the national meeting at Niagara in 1911 the fraternal societies adopted a resolution to that effect, and the national congress proclaimed its observance.

So it is that on Mother's Day hundreds of thousands of men and women will wear a white carnation in token of their affection for their mothers, and the mothers of the land will be remembered with flowers and acts of kindness. Despite the fact that Mother's Day was largely originated by manufacturers and dealers to promote gift buying, it is full of beautiful possibilities; as a beginning, it ought to be devoted to a defense of neglected mothers.

In many spheres of life women have proven man's equal. Rose Bonheur was man's equal on canvas; Harriet Hosmer made the marble live with a man's true force and skill; Mrs. Browning, in poetry; Mary Sommerville and Carolyn Herschell, in science; George Sand, Charlotte Bronte and Mme. de Stael, in fiction, successfully rivaled men in their fields of labor. George Elliott and Harriet George Elliott and Harriet Beecher Stowe grappled with the most abstruse problems of human life. Clara Barton organized the Red Cross. E. C. Stanton, Lucecia Mott, S. B. Anthony and F. E. Willard were pioneers in fighting slavery and intemperance and in the fight for the enfranchisement of women. Jane Addams is today making a larger contribution to the betterment of human waifs than any living mortal, and the most potent voice for industrial reform was that of Ella W. Wilcox.

In these times of flappers and cake eaters, automobile and jazz insanity, whoopee parties and poison bootleg, the valiant and self-effaced little mother, whose girlhood days were cast among different scenes, in many cases is being exploited to an increasing extent. As usual, she is not complaining, she is just protesting in her patient way and incidentally fading out of the picture inconspicuously.

Louis Beniger.



## A MOTHER UNDERSTANDS

WHEN mother sits beside my bed  
 At night, and strokes and  
 smoothes my hair,  
 And kisses me, I think, some way,  
 How naughty I have been all day;  
 Of how I waded in the brook,  
 And of the cookies that I took,  
 And how I smashed a window light  
 A-rassling—me and Bobbie White—  
 And tore my pants, and told a lie;  
 It almost makes me want to cry,  
 When mother pats and kisses me;  
 I'm just as sorry as can be,  
 But I don't tell her so—no, sir,  
 She knows it all; you can't fool her.

## MY MOTHER

MY Mother's got the nicest face,  
 Her eyes are full of light,  
 Like little candles shining down  
 On me when it is night.

My mother's got the nicest hands,  
 They help me every day.  
 And lift me up when I fall down,  
 For that is mother's way.

My mother's got the nicest hair,  
 So soft and smooth and brown  
 My mother's just the dearest dear  
 In all this great big town.



## MOTHER'S BOY

MY auntie says she wonders why it  
 is that all the boys  
 Like pie and cake and berry jam and  
 make such horrid noise,  
 And why we're always dirty and our  
 hair is always rough  
 And why our clothes are always torn  
 and all such other stuff.

She say that she can't bear us and don't  
 see how mother can.  
 She always scowls just awful too, at  
 Bert or me or Sam.  
 If we come in the parlor and begin to  
 talk or play,  
 She up an' says to mother, "I do wish  
 you'd send 'em 'way!"

But mother only looks around and  
 smiles a jolly smile  
 And says, "O Sue, you know that boys  
 must play once in a while."  
 And so we go on playin' with our top  
 and ball and stick  
 And I tell you that my mother is the  
 kind I call a "brick."

# The Father of Waters

By C. H. Miller

THE great Mississippi river had been rising all day. When Running Deer had gone to the spring to get some water for his grandmother he had seen it creeping slyly through the long, dry grasses of the lowlands. He had run quickly to tell his grandmother.

"We must move at once," said the old lady. "The big snows are melting in the Northland, and the river will catch us and carry us away if we stay here."

Running Deer and his grandmother had been left behind when the rest of the tribe had left for a hunting trip on the plains because she was too old and he too young to travel so far.

Now Running Deer ran to catch the fat old pony that had been left behind for them while his grandmother busied herself with tearing down their teepee and arranging it so that the pony could drag it like a sled.

By the time all was ready the water was beginning to seep slowly up to the place where the camp stood. The pony was frisky, for he had had nothing to do for a long time but feed on the rich grasses of the river bottoms.

He set off at a little trot,—not very fast for he was very old—and the two Indians had to hurry to keep up with him. The old woman wanted her little grandson to ride on the teepee and the rest of the luggage that the pony was pulling but the little boy only laughed.

"I want to be a brave some day and must learn to be strong and face the hardships of life," said he. "A brave would look funny riding on the teepee behind a fat old pony. That is only for the papooses."

The water was rising very fast now and the fat pony had begun to puff and wheeze long before they reached the high hill where the grandmother in-

tended to make their new camp far above the raging waters.

By the time they had reached the top of the hill and had pitched their teepee again and eaten their supper of dried meat, night had come. Running Deer and his grandmother were both very tired but they came out of their teepee and sat down, as they often did, and watched the big river racing by.

"The river is like a man, isn't it, grandmother?" said Running Deer. "Sometimes he is calm and peaceful and flows gently along singing in the moonlight and sometimes he is angry like a brave on the warpath."

"The river was a man long, long ago," began the grandmother. "A good, brave man and a powerful chief. He ruled his people wisely and well and for many, many years until he was a very old man, much older than I am. He tried to teach his people to be good and not to steal from their neighbors nor go on the warpath unless there was some very good reason.

"He became a very old man and was no longer to follow the rest of his tribe to new hunting grounds. The Great Spirit saw this and was sad for he did not wish to take this wonderful old man away from his people even to take him to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"One day the Great Spirit came to the old chief and told him that since he was such an old man and could not follow the rest of the tribe on their hunting trips it would be best that he did not stay among them any longer.

"But the Great Spirit told the old man that there was still much for him to do on the earth and that, therefore, he was to be changed into a great river—as great a river as he had been a chief and that he would be the Father of Waters.

"The spring rains and the melting snows and the cool springs should all flow into him to make him a mighty river. And on this river the Indian tribes might travel to and fro to their different hunting grounds, the ducks and geese would find a place to rest on his broad bosom on their weary flights from North to South and back again, the buffalo and the deer and the tired ponies of Indian warriors would quench

their thirst with his cooling waters, and the fish that would swim around in them would mean much good food for the tribes.

"The good and wise old chief was made very happy at this and always tries to make others happy. And if at times he seems to rage and swoop along we know that he has some very good reason for it and will always be the friend of all the tribes."

R. Tagore:

## Baby's World

"WHERE have I come from? Where did you pick me up?" the baby asked its mother.

She answered half-crying, half-laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast:

"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

"You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I made the image of my god every morning, I made and unmade you then.

"You were enshrined with our household deity, in his worship I worshipped you.

"In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother, you have lived.

"In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

"When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals you hovered as a fragrance about it.

"Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs, like a glow in the sky before the sunrise.

"Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning's light, you have floated down the stream of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

"As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me; you who belong to all that become mine.

"For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has snared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine?"—

## How Mark Twain Wrote Huckleberry Finn

By Jas. O'Donnell Bennett

THE book which the London Athenaeum called "one of the six greatest books ever written in America" not only hung fire for eight years but once stood a fair chance of ending in the fire.

In 1876, when he was forty years old, Mr. Clemens wrote to William Dean Howells:

"—a month ago I began another boy's book—more to be at work than anything else. I have written four hundred pages on it—therefore it is very nearly half done. It is Huck Finn's Autobiography. I like it only tolerably well, as far as I have got, and may possibly pigeonhole or burn the MS. when it is done.

"Love to yez.

"Yrs. ever,

"Mark."

Four years passed. "Huck" still was only half finished. Mr. Clemens turned the story over in his mind and had some idea of publishing it and "The Prince and the Pauper" in a single volume. "But Livy (his wife) says they're not" (to be so published), he wrote to his sister, adding "and by George she ought to know." She did. "The Prince and the Pauper" appeared by itself.

Three more years passed.

The scene is still Elmira. Now the fit is on him. His zest in the old MS. has returned. He is working rapidly on "Huck" and by a method all his own. On July 20, 1883, he writes to Howells:

"I wrote 4000 words today and I touch 3000 and upwards pretty often, and don't fall below 2600 any working day. And when I get fagged out, I lie abed a couple of days and read and smoke, and then go it again for 6 or 7 days. I . . . am away along in a big one (book) that I half-finished two or three years ago. I expect to complete it in a month or six weeks or two months more. And I shall like it, whether anybody else does or not. It's a kind of companion to Tom Sawyer."

Four thousand words a day means about a dozen sparsely paragraphed

pages of the Messrs. Harpers' limp leather edition of "Huckleberry Finn." You can thus see that it was filigree work and done with great care. Or don't you see it? Well, this may give you a gauge: An expert reporter, having his matter well in hand, can knock off—on a typewriter—a thousand-word (or one column) newspaper article in from half an hour to forty minutes. By "average" is meant an article that presents no intricacies of fact and requires no special "treatment."

Mark felt that 4,000 words a day—with the two-day interlude in bed every seven days—was good progress and he was cheered by it. The spell was on him and, like Hamlet, he said, "'tis as easy as lying"—said just about that to his "Ma" in a letter he posted to Keokuk the day after the letter to Howells:

"Elmira, July 21, '83.

"Private.

"Dear Ma and Orion and Mollie. . . . I haven't had such booming working-days for many years. I am piling up manuscript in a really astonishing way. I believe I shall complete, in two months, a book which I have been fooling over for 7 years. This summer it is no more trouble for me to write than it is to lie.

"Hello, supper's ready. Love to all. Good-by,

"Saml."

They were long days he put in. Toward the end of August, '83, we find him again writing to Howells:

" . . . I have wrought from breakfast till 5:15 P. M. six days in the week, and once or twice I smouched a Sunday when the boss (his wife) wasn't looking. Nothing is half so good as literature hooked on Sunday, on the sly."

And so at the end of 1884, when Mark was forty-eight years old, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" at last came forth in England and Ameri-

ca. The orders during the first weeks of sale were 50,000 copies. It has been a best seller ever since. In 1907, when detailed calculations were made, it had passed in sales all Mark's books except "Innocents Abroad."

But before its appearance "Huck" had to undergo the ordeal of censorship by the "boss." Both MS. and proofs went to Mrs. Clemens to be what Susy Clemens, in the biography of her father that she wrote when she was a little girl, called "expurgated."

Said Susy:

"I remember so well, with what pangs of regret we used to see her turn down the leaves of pages, which meant that some delightfully terrible part must be scratched out. And I remember one part particularly which was so perfectly fascinating it was so terrible, that Clara and I used to delight in and oh, with what despair we saw mama turn down the leaf on which it was written, we thought the book would almost be ruined without it. But we gradually came to think as mama did."

Mark later wrote of this discipline:

"I do not remember what the condemned phrase was. It had much company and they all went to the gallows."

It was good discipline for Mark. He was not gross, but delicacy was not his fetish, and he dearly loved the thunder-roll of Mississippi River profanity. It was Mr. Howells who ordered all profanity out of the book and it was Mrs. Clemens who put it out. The verities do not suffer as a consequence. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose taste was impeccable, would not admit an oath to the pages of "Treasure Island," yet in no book of desperate deeds does one more assuredly get the "feel" of the language of men whose words are—or seem to be—as wicked as their deeds.

Having undergone censorship in the family circle, and survived it, "Huck" faced a censorship from without, which he also survives. It makes one of the most ludicrous chapters in American

literary history and it began where of all places it should not have begun—in the town of Henry David Thoreau. The Concord public library elected to make an egregious ninny of itself and in 1885 banned the book as "trash and suitable only for the slums."

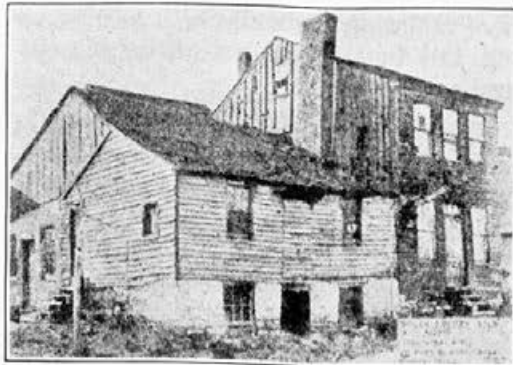
"A rattling tip-top puff," wrote Mark to his publisher, adding "That will sell 25,000 copies for us."

The Concord Free Trade club, wishful to extend comfort to the (un)afflicted, immediately elected Mark to honorary membership.

Often, during the next two decades, expulsion overtook "Huck" and "Tom"—notably in Brooklyn, which expelled both books from the children's room of a public library. To one of the librarians who had stood against stupidity, Mark wrote:

"Most honestly do I wish that I could say a softening word in defense of Huck's character since you wish it, but really in my opinion, it is no better than those of Solomon, David, and the rest of the sacred brotherhood."

Soon the rancor goes out of such episodes. They become interesting and instructive sidelights in the annals of a people's culture—inspiring, too, for the trend seems always toward greater rather than less sense.



The Home of Huckelberry Finn, Hannibal, Mo.



## The Hummingbird Family

TRULY, the resplendent hummingbird is a fairy to most of us! Burroughs has written about it as "vanishing like a thought" and has said: "The woods hold not another gem as the next of the hummingbird. The finding of one is an event to date from. I have met with but two, both by chance."

We are dating from a certain spring in southern California, a season when avian architecture goes forward with leaps and bounds.

A silver half dollar would have fitted snugly into the top of the dainty, cup-shaped mouse gray nest of the black-chinned hummingbird which we finally found, after a week of hunting, on the pendant stem of an olive branch not ten feet from one of our windows. Vegetable down and small feathers served as a lining; tiny leaves, dried flowers, insect legs, these latter no doubt gathered in the quantity of spider web with which the whole structure was woven and felted together, constituted the construction materials.

We are giving the female full credit for having constructed the entire nest, for at no time did we see the male do more than observe. After it was built, a very strenuous task remained—that of modeling it—and the female spent most of her time during the next few days ramming the walls with her breast and tail until the whole branch quivered and shook.

Apparently hummingbirds "stake a claim" for the breeding season, and allow no other hummingbirds within the claim. A suitable location is found which must have near it flowers or bloom which can absolutely be depended upon to provide all needs for a growing family for two months. Our hummingbird family controlled about three acres and in the beginning had several

disputes with claim jumpers in which they were victorious.

Two spotless white eggs, about the size of small peas, were laid, one the last day of May, the other June first, and now the male deserts. Perhaps this is a precaution, as the nest could hardly be kept secret with the gay male dancing about the sun-drenched patio of his home. At any rate, he seems to idle at the "club," as we term the male feeding ground. We have found many of them during the brooding season but in no instance have we ever seen a female present. One of these yards, not a quarter of a mile from the nest, contained usually 25 or 30 males. Here, from sun-up to sundown, their iridescent bodies bewildered and dazzled the eye as they fed and played and quarreled mid a profusion of flowers.

To our surprise the mother throughout incubation left the eggs exposed during daylight hours fully as much as she brooded. On June tenth the first egg hatched, and the other hatched the next day.

We have seen ants almost as large. With a head and body of nearly equal size held together by a thread of a neck, they presented a very bug-like appearance. Naked except for a fine brown down upon the center of the back and top of head they were otherwise bluish brown in color while the sides of the head were occupied by a knob-like, black, skin-covered eyes which were not opened until the 17th day. At that time the birds had the appearance of being well feathered. Also, the bill of the hummingbird when hatched is less than a sixteenth of an inch in length and broad and blunt. The bill takes several weeks to grow to adult proportions.

Food was given every ten minutes the first day, the young being fed en-

tirely by regurgitation. This feeding is a strenuous tug-of-war; how is it possible for such a bill as the mother possesses to disappear entirely in a tiny nestling, seemingly not half so long?

Down covered the nestlings in five days, pin feathers showed in eight, while it was not until the 24th day that a little dull green showed on the twins' backs and on this day as well their first faint "tweet" was heard. Having no control of their feathers the youngsters seemed far too large for the nest—even larger than the mother.

The wings of a hummingbird are large for the size of the bird at all stages of development—and such wings! It has been estimated they have a stroke of 600 to 1000 a minute! And with such a high powered dynamo at its command it is no wonder the hummingbird is master of the air. However, we have studied their longer flights countless times and never could such flights be termed swift. What gives the impression of swiftness is not the ability to fly fast so much as the ability to stop quickly! In this they are supreme; here it is they confuse and trick an observer; before the human eye can register one stop the bird has darted in another direction. Add to this the fact that in flight the wings, almost the largest part of the bird, become practically invisible, that the long bill is not seen, that all feathers become absolutely glove-fitting and what is left of the tiny body is blurred by the wing movement—certainly there is little for the human eye to follow!

During the next few days while their tails were lengthening the young often raised themselves to the full extent of their legs, humming their wings and clinging for dear life to the bottom of the nest. At any time we expected them to leave, yet at ten o'clock on the night of the 29th day we found them sleeping peacefully.

At 4:45 a. m. the following morning the nest was empty!

Soon, however, standing there in the gray dawn, we were overjoyed to hear a familiar "tweet-tweet" coming from an olive tree some 40 feet from the nest. One of our baby hummingbirds was discovered in the branches of the tree, the other on a shoot a few inches from the ground. Both were shaking from exhaustion, nervousness and cold. Carefully we lifted the weaker one up to a place beside the other and the next instant the mother arrived with breakfast.

Thirty minutes later the father bird appeared and was allowed to alight and remain a short while. Then he and the mother flew away together. This was the first time we had seen the male for exactly a month and yet how did he know the exact hour of his babies' flight unless he was at all times in close communication with the mother?

Flight the first and second day was a poor exhibition; weakness, poor distance judgment and lack of confidence were very evident but withal they were never forced to the ground. Adult birds as well as young, even the first day out of the nest, prefer an unobstructed perch. Certain perches are selected and always used; they do not vary a quarter of an inch the spot where they rest and in the case of twigs the bark at this spot is often worn perfectly smooth. On the seventh day the young birds were flying about the entire three acres, chasing one another in play.

Not until they were seven weeks old were they weaned, amid loud protests that had no effect on the mother. A few days later they disappeared from the feeding ground during the day, returning each evening just before dusk. When 63 days old they finally left us to follow the flowers up the slopes of the mountains.

—(Nature Magazine.)

## Sun Learns a Lesson

By Molly Manning

IT WAS a muggy October morning when the sun rolled over in bed and decided he would not get out from under his cloud-covers all day. He had just dreamed of a bad breeze and a dark cloud that chased him and threw rain in his face.

But after a cat-nap he pulled himself together and told himself he was far too bright to let a dismal morning get the best of him. So up he rose and hurried on his way, chasing black clouds and blue clouds and white clouds this way and that until the blue sky showed through and the sun had a clear track across it.

He got this all done before school-time so he could smile down on the

children as they trudged along with their dinner-pails. He shone on the baby pigs and the fattening lambs; the late baby chicks that Mrs. Chuckle had that very morning brought from the nest. He helped the gentle breeze dry Mrs. Doodle's washing. He begged Mr. Doodle to take off his hat and wipe the beads of sweat off his forehead, which Mr. Doodle finally did.

All day long the sun smiled on his way doing a good turn here and a good turn there until bedtime. As he sank behind the hills at night he heard Mr. Doodle say, "This turned out to be a better day than I expected!" and the sun answered, "That is what I say! It pays to fight the clouds and the darkness."

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## Can Crows Count?

THIS question has brought forth lively testimony from a goodly number of correspondents in The London Times. The autumn number of Bird Notes and News reports the discussion, but withholds its official judgment of the mathematical ability of crows.

"Every bird photographer," one letter ran, "knows that he is saved a long period of weary waiting if he is accompanied to his hiding tent by a second person who walks away as soon as the photographer has settled. No bird can count." Contrary evidence came from Staffordshire. A hunter there tried concealing himself with a companion, who shortly left. Not a knowing bird was fooled into coming back to the danger zone. But directly the man with the gun left the ambush,

there was a flutter and by the time he was 80 yards away they were all flying back to their nests. Perhaps the fact that the hunter carried a gun and not a camera made these birds more careful in counting.

A farmer in Queensland declares that crows can count up to three, but not to four. Experiments were made when crows were stealing maize. Three men went into hiding. Two came out. No result. "Four went in and three came out; and the crows went to the maize every time, but though many were shot, never advanced in their arithmetic."

It is possible that all the witnesses are accurate, and that crows, like human beings, vary in capacity. Some can count and others can not.

## Some Good Games

### The Bag of Luck

The "Bag of Luck" is decorated paper bag suspended in a doorway at a convenient height; the children, blindfolded, are given three trials to break it with pretty ribbon-wound wands provided for the purpose. These sticks are given afterward as souvenirs of the evening. The child who succeeds in making the first hole in the bag is entitled to a prize, but all share its contents. It is usually filled with confectionery, but flowers may be substituted when candy is considered objectionable.

\*

### Hunt the Slipper

The players seat themselves in a circle on the floor, having chosen one of the number to remain outside the circle. The children seated on the floor are supposed to be cobblers, and the one outside is the customer who has brought his shoe to be mended. He hands it to one of them, saying:

"Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe;  
Get it done by half-past two."

The cobblers pass the shoe around to each other as quickly as they can, taking care that the customer does not see which of them has it. When the customer comes to fetch it he is told that it is not ready. He pretends to get angry and says he will take it as it is. He must then try to find it, and the cobbler who has it must try to pass it to his neighbor without its being seen by the customer. The person upon whom the shoe is found must become the customer, whilst the customer takes his place in the circle on the floor.

\*

### Chase Your Shadow

This is a game to be played in the sunshine or in a strong light. The player who is "it" tries to step on the shadows of the other players and if he succeeds in doing this the player whose shadow is stepped on becomes "it." When in great danger a player being chased may lie flat on the ground or floor, or dodge into the shade. Then he cannot be tagged.

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## SPRING

By Elsie Schumann, age 12

Over through the meadow  
Along side the brook,  
Looking into every corner  
And nook.

Looking for what?  
You'd be surprised;  
Little Johnny-Jump-ups dressed up  
And disguised.

There are the trees,  
Getting dressed in green;  
Ready to welcome young  
Miss Spring.

Here comes old April  
Pouring down showers;  
We like them because they make  
May flowers.

May is now here,  
Bringing with it  
Glad tidings, and lots of  
Good cheer.

## SONG OF LIFE

A TRAVELER on a dusty road  
 Strewed acorns on the lea;  
 And one took root and sprouted up,  
 And grew into a tree.  
 Love sought its shade at evening-time,  
 To breathe its early vows;  
 And Age was pleased, in height of noon,  
 To bask beneath its boughs.  
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
 The birds sweet music bore—  
 It stood a glory in its place,  
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
 Amid the grass and fern;  
 A passing stranger scooped a well  
 Where weary men might turn.  
 He walled it in, and hung with care  
 A ladle on the brink;  
 He thought not of the deed he did,  
 But judged that Toil might drink.  
 He passed again, and lo! the well,  
 By summer never dried,  
 Had cooled ten thousand parched  
 tongues,  
 And saved life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd  
 That thronged the daily mart,  
 Let fall a word of hope and love  
 Unstudied from the heart,  
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
 A transitory breath;  
 It raised a brother from the dust,  
 It saved a soul from death.  
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
 O thought at random cast!  
 Ye were but little at the first,  
 But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.



*Springtime.*





Dear Editor:—

I wrote to the M. L. once before, but the greedy basket snatched my letter, so it was not published. I am in the 9th grade and am 15 years of age. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. Now I will soon be able to attend the meetings of the English-speaking lodges. Every Friday I read the Prosveta, because in the English section they have many wonderful letters.—I wish Mary Krainik of Chisholm, Minn., would write to me.

Here's a joker One day a teacher said to her class: "Now, children, please, remember that Ireland is just as big as Siam (I am)." And when the class had a test, a little boy wrote: "Ireland is just as big as our teacher."—Best regards.

Anna Laurich,  
901 Jones street, Eveleth, Minn.

Dear Editor:—

I would like to see this little story in the M. L.: "Force of Habit." Business is dull; can't sell a thing, the dog won't play; the canary won't sing, the radio statics; the wife has the flu, got a bill today saying the rent is due. Tires are flat on the family bus, got a thousand things to make me cuss. Yet I met a friend on the street today, who had the nerve to say, "How are you, old top? You're looking fine. Without even a worry to burden your mind." I answered him back, strange, but it's true: "I am fine, old fellow, how's things by you?"—This is the thought I wish to bring: The force of habit is a powerful thing!

Joseph Michic, Jr., 417 Hopewell ave, Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am a little Serbian girl, and all our family is in the SNPJ. We sure like the Slovene people, as we really are brothers and sisters, speaking almost the same language. There are six in our family. I am seven years old and in the second grade. I have a sister who is 8 and a brother 6 years old, and a sister that goes to work. She attends every meeting and pays lodge dues every month. My father was sick some years ago and the SNPJ surely did help us. We were very grateful to all the members who helped us.—Best regards to all.

Zorka Marvas, 2325 Burton st., Warren, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

I don't see very many letters in the M. L. from here, so I decided to write one. Last winter until April we

had much snow here, plenty fun, but we boys weren't able to play marbles.—I like the M. L. very much. Now I'll try to write a letter every month. I wonder if some of the members would write to me.

Frank Pungartnik, 754 Chestnut st., Port Washington, Wis.

Dear Editor:—

I am 10 and in the 4th grade. I like to go to school. Our teacher's name is Mrs. McKnight. She is very kind. There are 32 children in our school; 13 girls and 19 boys.—I wish some of the members would write to me.

Victoria Lach, Box 73, Beaver, Wis.

Dear Editor:—

I am 14 years of age and in the 8th grade in school. There are eight in our family and all belong to the Lodge No. 200, SNPJ. I wish William Anzur of Colorado would write to me. Best regards to all members.

Anna Anzur, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 120, Irwin, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I haven't forgotten the Mladinski List. What is the matter with boys and girls of Illinois. I scarcely see any names from this state. Wake up, boys and girls, and write to the M. L.—I am glad that our magazine is growing. With best regards to all readers of the M. L.

Frances L. Kochevar, Box 273, W. Frankfort, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 365. I have four sisters and one brother. We all go to school but my sister Irene, for she is only 3 years old. I am 12 and in the 7th grade. I like the stories, jokes and riddles, also letters in the M. L. I would like to get some letters.

Julia Kamada, Box 12, Russellton, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

My father, brother, sister and I are all members of the SNPJ Lodge No. 379. I am 11 and in the 7th grade, where Mrs. Hamilton teaches school. I like the M. L., and I wish it would come more often. Best regards to all members. Wish some members would write to me.

Stanley Medvesek, Box 91, Slickville, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I take singing, dancing and piano lessons. I am in the 9th grade and am 14 years of age. Our club "Jadran" presented an operetta in which my sister and I parts. I am conducting a ballet at the Slovene National Home.—I thank Sylvia Jelercic and Mary Ostanek for their letters. I want lots of boys and girls to write to me. Best regards.

Josephine Sintich, 956 E. 141 st., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

Everyone in our family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 374; my father is a member of the SNPJ for 21 years. He is a good member and organizer. Just recently he organized a new lodge, and its name is "Spokanski Slovenci." My father is a hard worker on the farm. I like to work on the farm; it's more fun than in the camp or town. I was born 1918 in Butte, Mont. This is a very beautiful country where we live. We raise all kinds of vegetables and fruit.—I wish some of the members would write to me soon.

John Prus, Veradale, Washington.

Dear Editor:—

There are seven in our family and all members of Lodge No. 394, SNPJ. I am 13 and in the 8th grade. I enjoyed the story about the diamond necklace.—I would like to get letters from some of the members, as I would answer them at once.

Julia Begoich, Box 191, Verona, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see my letter in March issue of the M. L., as I thought that the old waste basket got hold of it. I transferred into the adult department in November.—At school I have four teachers, one for each subject, English, general science, commercial geography and sewing. I like to go to school. I have a brother 14 years old and he's in the 8th grade. I wish C. Kratz, who wrote the story about the necklace, would write to me, as I would like to correspond with her.—There are quite a few young members at Lodge No. 395 SNPJ. The next letter I will write in Slovene. I wish Anna Turner would see this letter and start writing to me again. I am very thankful to the Editor of the M. L. for publishing my letters and send him and all the readers good wishes. Members, please write to me.

Mary Orlovich, Route 2, Box 100, Mulkeytown, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I, too, am one of those who write for the first time in the M. L., and I hope Mr. Wastebasket won't eat this letter up. From now on I am going to try to write each month for the M. L., because I enjoy reading it. I wish some members would write to me, as I would gladly answer them.

Annie Shaffer, Box 281, Cuddy, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much and wish it would come every week instead of every month. I am 13, in the 7th grade, and this is my first letter to the magazine. I go to White Valley school. I haven't seen any letters from the boys of White Valley Lodge No. 232, SNPJ. I would like to get letters. Best wishes to all.

Vincent Galicic, Box 233, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am 12, in the 6th grade, writing for the first time to the M. L. My teacher's name is Miss J. Globokar from Biwabik, Minn., and I like her. I have four sisters and three brothers and we all belong to lodge No. 111, SNPJ. I wish the M. L. would come out weekly. No one ever writes from here. Come on boys

and girls, write a few lines for this magazine. I would like to receive letters from members.

Anna Kocjancich, Box 604, Aurora, Minn.

Dear Editor:—

I have written twice before but my letters were not published. I enjoyed reading the story about the diamond necklace. I have one brother and two sisters, and we are all members of the SNPJ. There are very few letters from La Salle, but I did notice that the M. L. is getting larger.

Spring is here, birds are singing. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Lanen. My favorite school song is "Springtime Sea." I go to the Jefferson school. My pals at school are Elizabeth Holliday, Louis Kurkowski, and Betty Lou Tate. We have very much fun at school. We play on the teeter-taunters. On Mondays I go to sewing school. I wish some members would write to me, as I would gladly answer them. Best regards to all the brothers and sisters of the SNPJ.

Mary Vogrich, 1236 Third st., La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I am very much interested in the M. L. I have six sisters and three brothers, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 64. Best wishes to all.

Fannie Uster, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 79, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter and I wish that the M. L. would come every week, because I enjoy reading it.

Mary Uster, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

We have a good soccer team here, its name is "Cuddy Eagles." One of our good players is Frank Gray, that's why I would like to see his picture in the M. L., and also mine. Here is my snapshot:



Best wishes.

Frank Kos, Box 227, Cuddy, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the poems and riddles in the M. L. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. Here is a joke:

"Why does a chicken cross a street?"—Answer "To get on the other side."

Louis Starman, 15703 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

I enjoyed the story about the necklace very much. Am 9 and in the 4th grade. Our whole family belongs to Lodge No. 66, SNPJ. There are seven in our family. I would like to get letters from some members.

Frances Fatur, 2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 375. There are not many Slovene people here. My father worked in the Allegheny Steel, but the mills are not working steady now. I am 12 and in the sixth grade. I have two brothers. I would like to hear from some of the members.

Gertrude F. Luzar, 1076 Pacific ave., Brackenrodge, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. better than ever before. I am in high school. Our McKinley high school basketball team is much better than our football team, but our one pride is our Debating team, which has won the quarter finals for the state of Ohio. They haven't lost a debate so far. I hope they keep it up and win the finals. On March sixth we went to Alliance, O., where we visited Mount Union College. We saw many interesting things there, including the observatory.—If any members would like to write to me, I will be only too glad to answer.

Jennie Vitavec, 1614 Sherrick rd. S. E., Canton, O.

Dear Editor:—

I like the stories and riddles in the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade in school.

John Kosem, Box 26, Midway, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

In April I was 13 years old and am in 8th grade in Farragut Junior high school. I am a juvenile member of the Pioneer Lodge No. 559 in Chicago. I love to read the M. L. and wish it would come more often. I will gladly answer any letters from members. Best regards to all.

Louise Micklautz, 2430 S. Clifton Pk., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I have two brothers and two sisters, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 98. We live three miles away from La Salle. I am 9 and in the third grade: my teacher's name is Miss Mall: I like the M. L.

Olga Kotar, R. F. D. No. 3, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I have not written to the M. L. for a long time, but always enjoy stories and letters written by the children.—In February the two Soc. clubs No. 114 and 115 had a masquerade dance. I went with my parents and friends dressed for the occasion and we won a prize. Everybody had a good time. I am taking piano lessons and wish the M. L. would publish some Slovene pieces for piano sometime.

Mary Potochnik, 8971 Sherwood, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:—

I am sending a few riddles with answers for the M. L. Here they are:

Why does B. come before C?—Answer: Because we

must B before we can C.—Why is A like a honey-suckle?—Answer: Because a B follows it.—Best wishes to all.

Mary Mihelich, Box 304, Blaine, O.

Dear Editor:—

I have never seen a letter from here in the M. L. yet, so I decided I'd write one. There are five of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 177. I have one sister and one brother, Rose and Joe, respectively. I am 12, and in 7th grade. Since this is my first letter I hope it'll be published. I wish to add that the story about the necklace was wonderful. Best regards to all.

Frances Kauchich, Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—

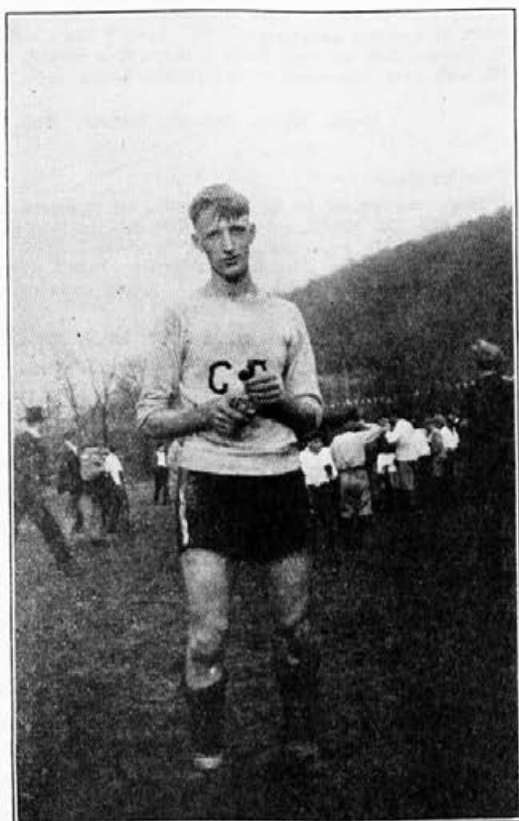
I am 16 years old and have a sister who is 17. I was very glad when I received letters from some members, and wish that more members would write to me.

Tillie Klemen, 16119 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ for eight years. I have read in the M. L. a story about China. As we were just studying about China, I thought I would read it to the class. After I finished it, the teacher said it was a good selection. I am in the 6th grade B and am 10 years old.

Angeline Jenko, 844 Greenfield ave., Milwaukee Wis.



Frank Sray of Cuddy, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I have never received letters from other members, but I do wish that some of the members would write to me, as I would answer them at once.—Working conditions in Buffalo are poor. Although Buffalo is a large city, we have very few Slovenes here. Our family belongs to branch No. 405, SNPJ. Lately there has been a new English-speaking lodge organized here. I have a brother in Cleveland; he is a member of the Strugglers Lodge.—Best wishes to all.

Mary Kren, 316 Davey st., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—

I am 15 years of age, and this is my first attempt to write for the M. L. which is so interesting.—There are four children in our family, of which I am the only girl; we all belong to Lodge 117, SNPJ, at Yukon, Pa.—In last month's issue there was Stefie Kaferle's Slovene letter, which was well written. Martin Marvich, also of Yukon, had a letter, but the rest of us are sleeping on the job. Wake up, Yukon!—Next time I shall write a Slovene letter. I wish some of the members would write to me as I will answer all letters.

Grace T. Kostello, Box 3, Yuyon, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge No. 387, am 14 and in the 9th grade in school. I live on a 120 acre farm. We have 49 heads of cattle, 50 chickens and 11 pigs.—I have seven sisters and two brothers. One of my brothers works in the Home Savings Bank at Trenary, Mich. In March we had bad storms. This place is settled mostly with Slovenes. Last May my parents celebrated their 25 wedding anniversary. I'm sorry I can't write in Slovene, but the next letter I will. Best regards to all, and wish that some of the readers would write to me.

Angela Knaus, Box 38, Traunik, Mich.

Dear Editor:—

There was six of us in our family, all members of Lodge No. 132, SNPJ, but my mother died on Feb. 14, 1930. I am 13 years old and go to public school.—I would like to know why Katie Snoznick doesn't write to me any more. I wish the M. L. would come more often, because I like to read it.

Frank Dolinar Jr., Box 92, Klein, Mont.

Dear Editor:—

Our whole family belongs to lodge No. 13, SNPJ, but my mother. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. I like the M. L. for its good stories, jokes and poems.

Joseph Snoy, Jr., R. F. D. Box F, Bridgeport, O.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ since I was one year old, and now I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade in school, and this is my first letter to this magazine. There are six in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, and we all like to read the Mladinski List.—I wish some members would write to me. Here at Curtisville there are only three Slovene families and all are members of the Slovene National Benefit Society. Here is my picture.



Best regards to all.

Frank W. Gorshin, Box 128, Curtisville, Pa.

# Mother's Day



Robert: "Mother, I had such an awful dream last night. Does it mean anything?"

Mother: "Yes, it means that I know now what became of that chocolate cake I couldn't find last night."

Small boy—My father wants a slice of ham, please, and would you please wrap it up in the continuation of the story that you sent him the first chapter of with the beef yesterday?