

MLADINSKI LIST

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JUVENILE

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

Vabilo

(Iz zbirke "Babilonski stihi")

JAZ stopam z odraslimi kameradi
po žgočem tlaku

in vas vabim:

Bratci, dvignite svoje male pesti

in se pridružite mojemu koraku!

Moj tovariš na desni stopa

z zastavo dela — —

njegova pesem vas vabi:

Tovariši, zapojte z menoj,

da bo naša pesem okrog zemlje zavela!

Tovariš na levi ponavlja

geslo svojega očeta:

Tlačitelji se ne ozirajo na starost — —

tudi nas ne smejo ločiti leta!

Sestrici pred nami žari

rdeča roža v laseh — —

njena mala pest vabi:

Sestrice, v pohod! Tudi me imamo govoriti

o bodočih dneh!

Sivi lasje

MATERI se je mudilo z doma. Imela je edinega otroka, dveletno hčerko. "Hčerko pustim doma!" si misli mati, "okna so zaprta, vrata zaklenem, in prav nič se ji ne more pripetiti. No, pa saj se tudi precej vrnem."

Deklica je bila v drugi sobi. Mati odide, ne da bi rekla otroku, da gre z doma. Vsaj siten ne bo! Mati odide in zaklene vrata za seboj. Hitro zbeži po stopnicah v prodajalnico onkraj ulice, da kupi, česar ji je treba, in da takoj zopet steče domov.

Ko stopi mati iz prodajalnice, se ozre na okna svojega stanovanja. Sapa ji zastane, noge ji klecnejo v kolenih. Kakor da jo udari silna roka po glavi, se ji stemni pred očmi, da omahne ob zid.

Eno okno njenega stanovanja je bilo odprto, na oknu pa je sedel njen otrok, njena edinka.

Ako jo pokliče, iztegne ročice k nji ali se prestraši, da pade z drugega nadstropja na ulico in se ubije. Ako zbeži naglo v stanovanje, se otrok zopet prestraši, pade in se ubije.

Malone brezzavestna se priplazi mati na drugo stran ulice in tava ob zidu hiše, kjer je stanovala. Vsa je bila sklju-

čena in trudna, kakor da jo tišči k tlom silna peza.

Rada bi zdirjala po stopnicah navzgor. A noge so ji bile težke, kakor da ji teče po žilah svinec. Z obema rokama se je oprijemala za držaj; počivati je morala na vsaki stopnici.

In ko odpre stanovanje in ne zagleda hčerke — kaj potem? Ali je ni ubila takorekoč sama, ko jo je pustila brez nadzorstva in ni niti pogledala prej, ali so res vsa okna zaprta?

Tresla se je kakor bi bila mrzlična, ko je vtikala ključ v ključavnico. Hotela je odpreti vrata brez vsakega hrupa, a roka se ji je tresla, da je udarjalo železo ob železo. Čula je, kako glasno odmeva ropot po mirnem in tihem stanovanju. Mater oblije mrzel znoj, solze ji zalijejo oči, zgrudi se na kolena.

Tedaj začuje drobne, nagle korake, tožeč, sladak, neskončno lep glas ji priplava na uho: "Mama, mama!" Vedno bliže, vedno bliže, prav tik vrat.

Osrečena plane mati kvišku, odklene vrata. V naročje se ji privije objokana deklica. Gleda jo z velikimi, začudenimi očmi, zakaj njena zlata mamica je imela sedaj — popolnoma sive lase. sedaj — popolnoma sive lase. G.

Vrabec in lastovka

NA STREHO je priletel vrabec k lastovki.

"Kam greš, lastovka?" je vprašal ščebetaje brhko soseda.

"Na jug, na jug", začvrči ptica. "Kaj, ti pa ne pojdeš na zimo iz teh mrzlih in neprijetnih krajev?"

"Jaz, a zakaj neki?"

"Glej ga, bedaka! Saj tu ne boš imel ni gorkega stanovanja ne dovolj hrane."

"In ko bi tudi moral stradati," odvrne dobri rjavček, "ne zapustim svoje prelube družinice, marveč z njo hočem trpeti in delati ter pričakovati boljših in srečnejših dni."

Dragotin Kette.

W. Livingston Larned:

Govoril sem s svojim spečim sinom

(Ta le črtica je doživela v Ameriki nenavadno senzacijo. Tisoče časopisov in revij je zaprosilo za dovoljenje, da jo sme natisniti. Bila je tudičitana v radiu in je že prevedena na razne jezike. V njej je bistvo izpovedi-obtožbe, kako ne smejo starši ravnati s svojimi otroci. —IVAN VUK.)

POSLUŠAJ me, sinko moj. Zdaj, ko spiš, ti hočem govoriti. Tvoja drobna rokica je podložena pod glavo. Tvoji svetli lasje so prilepljeni na znojno čelo. Sinko moj, poslušaj me.

Glej, sam in tiho sem se prikradel v tvojo sobo. Nekaj minut poprej sem sedel v svoji sobi s časopisom v rokah. Pa me je spreletelo nekaj težkega, kakor kes.

Kot krivec prihajam k tebi, k tvoji postelji. To, kar mi roji po glavi in me tišči v prsih, je zavest, da sem bil napram tebi oduren. Kregal sem te, ko si se napravljal v šolo, ker si se le površno umil. Kregal sem te, ker si nisi očistil čevljev. Zakričal sem jezno, ko so se ti vsule nekatere igrčke po tleh.

Pri zajtrku sem že zopet nekaj na tebi zasledil. Polil si svoj krožnik. Tudi žemljo si prehitro snedel. S komolcem roke si se oprl ob mizo. In ko si šel, da se igraš in si me videl, da sem šel na kolodvor, si mi mahal z rokami in vzklikal: "Na svidenje, očka", sem namršil obrvi in zarentačil: "Ravno se drži. Ramena nazaj."

Pozno popoldan se je začelo znova. Ko sem se vračal, sem te zasačil, da si klečal na prahu in v nogavicah so bile luknje. Ozmerjal sem te in te osramotil pred tvojimi tovariši. Ukazal sem ti, da stopaj pred mano domov, da so to vsi videli. Nogavice so drage—in če bi jih sam kupoval, bi bil bolj pazljiv.

Ali se še, sinko moj, spominjaš, da si, ko sem čital časopis, vstopil nekako bojazljivo. V tvojih očeh je bilo nekaj zelo navdušenega. Ko sem te tako izpod časopisa pogledal, nevoljen, ker si me motil, si se zdrznil in obstal v zadregi pri vratih.

"Kaj bi rad", sem zagodrnjal.

Ničesar nisi rekel. Ampak skočil si k meni, oklenil se me z drobnimi rokami in me poljubil. In te tvoje drobne rokice so se me oklenile z ljubeznijo, ki je prirojena v srcu človeka.

Nato si zbežal.

In to, sinko moj, je bilo, da mi je časopis zdrknil iz rok. V prsih pa se je pojavilo nekaj strašno stiskajočega. Kaj vse je naredila navada iz mene in z menoj? Navada, da samo sledim za napakami, da jih grajam, da jih odkrivam in to vse zato, ker si moj sin? Ne sicer zato, ker te ne ljubim. Ne, ljubim te zelo in zelo rad te imam. Ali preveč sem zahteval od tebe, od mladega dečka, od otroka, od mladosti. Meril sem te z merilom svojih lastnih let.

Tako mnogo plemenitega, lepega in pristnega je v tvojem značaju, samo da do danes nisem tega hotel videti. Le napake sem videl in iskal. S tem, da si planil k meni in mi s poljubom voščil lahko noč, si pokazal to. Dragi sinko, osramočen sem prišel k tvoji postelji.

Skromen je moj kes. Ali resničen. Vem, da bi ti tega vsega ne mogel razumeti, če bi se ti izpovedal, ko bi sedel pri mizi. Ali jutri, sinko moj, bom resničen očka. Igral se bom s teboj, norel s teboj, če boš žalosten, bom žalosten s teboj, če se boš smejal, se bom smejal s teboj. V jezik se bom vgriznil, če bi se pojavila kakšna nestrpna beseda v ustih. Vedno se bom zavedal, da si mladeč, majhen dečko, mladost."

Da, gledal sem te, kot da si odrasel mož. In vendar, če te zdaj tako gledam, spečega, skrčenega in majhnega, vidim, da nisem imel v redu svojih oči, nisem videl, da si še le otrok.

Preveč sem zahteval, preveč. Oprosti.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

GEORGE WEIGHT

TREMLAYJEV VOZ

Naši davni predniki

VSAK otrok, ki priveka na svet, začne živeti tako, kakor da je bil svet zanj šele včeraj ustvarjen. Šele potem, ko začne rasti in se razvijati, spoznava v svoji okolici marsikatero novost in živi tako, kakor živijo njegovi starši, bratje, sestre, ves narod. Pa se tak otrok venomer izprašuje, kako so ljudje živeli nekoč, še zlasti pa ga zanima, kako živijo dandanašnji po daljnih tujih deželah, o katerih nam knjige pripovedujejo čudne historije. Le pogledjmo malo po svetu in v davnino!

Prirodnjak današnje dobe

Prirodnjake imenujemo tiste narode in plemena, ki živijo v divji prirodi. Glejte na sliki avstralskega bušmana: ulovil je mimogrede kuščarja in ga bo pojedel živega. Nekoč so vsi ljudje tako uživali surovo meso, dokler niso iznašli ognja in se je v razvitih možganih pojavila misel, ali ne bo morda bolje, če pričnejo jedila pogrevati, peči in cvreti. Kateri narod je prvi začel kuhati, tega ne vemo. Hvaležni pa moramo biti neznanemu človeku, ki je prvi naučil človeštvo uporabljati ogenj v lastno korist, ne pa se ga samo bati kakor pekla. Samo s pomočjo ognja lahko pripravljamo mnoga jedila, ki bi sicer bila neužitna. Le tako lahko pripravimo čim različnejšo hrano, izprememba je vedno koristna. S pomočjo ognja lahko prebivajo narodi tudi v takih pokrajinah, kjer nastopa huda zima. Ogenj pomaga ustvarjati orodje in orožje. Neizmerno mnogo je pripomogel ogenj k napredku človeštva, še zlasti pa k razvoju današnje tehnike.

Eno prvih orožij

Mož, ki je prvi privezal ostro obrušen, koničast kamen na palico in je novo orožje porabljal za sulico, je bil sila bistri. In žena, ki se je prvič domislila, da je sešila dve živalski koži, ni bila nič manj domiselna. Vse današnje šivilje in vsi moderni krojači bi ji morali že

davno postaviti spomenik. Pa kdo je spletel prvo lestev iz vrvi? Kako se je razvil jezik, kdo je prvi oblikoval besede, stavke v njihovi neskončni raznolikosti? Kdo je izumil pisavo, kdo je stvoril današnjo abecedo?

Prva ladja

Od nekdanj so ljudje najrajši živeli ob vodi, toda poteklo je gotovo mnogo časa, preden se je človek upal zajahati podrti deblo in je svoje življenje zaupal vodovju. Pomislite vendar, kakšen napredek je to bil, ko je posekano deblo naenkrat predstavljalo majhen brod in ko so potem začeli možje kot lovci veslati na bližnji otok, kjer je gneznilo nešteto morskih ptic. Od prvega izdolbene debla se je razvilo pomorstvo do današnjih orjaških parnikov. In še je vprašanje, kdo je bil tisti, ki je v sivi davnini prvi poizkušal krotiti mladega volka, da ga je napravil za tovariša otrokom pri igranju in za čuvaja svoje borne domačije? Kdo je naučil prvega lovskega psa, kako mu mora pomagati na lovu? Kdo je prvi začel loviti živali v divji prirodi in jih privajati na svoj dom, kjer jih je udomačil, da so mu bile v korist in veselje?

Prvo prometno sredstvo

In tudi to je bil velik zgodovinski dan, ko je človek — morda po golem naključju — odkril, da je mnogo lažje premikati težke okrogle predmete z valjanjem kakor s prenašanjem. Valjanje, s pomočjo katerega je tako lahko premikati težko deblo, je pripomoglo do tega, da je človek izumil kolo, brez katerega ni današnjega prometa ne na vodi ne na kopnem in tudi ne v zraku. Kdo od nas pa vobče pomisli, da imamo celo v žepu majhno skladovalnico koles, ki venomer tiktaka in nam meri čas . . .

Ampak niti ogenj niti lestev niti šivalne priprave niti kolo niso tako potrebni za obstanek človeštva kakor hrana. Koliko izkušenj je bilo potrebnih,

preden je človek tako dobro spoznal prirodo, da je znal razlikovati koristno hrano od škodljivih snovi! Moral je takorekoč dan za dnem odkrivati kaj novega. Seveda, pri marsikateri rastlini je takoj spoznal korist in hranivost, pri mnogih pa se je tudi bridko razočaral, če že ne kar — zastrupil . . . Mi vsi, z vsem današnjim napredkom, pomagamo

samo graditi dalje na podlagi izkušenj, naporov in uvidevnosti naših prednikov. Marsikaj, kar so oni dobrega ustvarili, zlorablamo danes v svojo škodo. Vsak človek mora zato premišljati, kako naj obrača sleherno stvar k dobremu, pa bo nekoč morda res lepo na svetu, lepše kakor je danes.

—*Po Mladem Jutru.*

Kako je zrasla srajčka na polju

(Iz ruščine)

I.

TANJA je videla očeta, kako je razsipaval drobna blesteča zrnca na razoranem polju, in ga vprašala: "Oče, kaj delaš?"

"Lan sejem! Zrasla bo tebi in Vasilku srajčka na polju."

Začudila se je Tanja; nikdar še ni slišala ne videla, da bi zrasla srajčka na polju. Čez dva tedna se je pokrilo polje z lepo zeleno odejo, z drobnim zelenim lanom, in pomislila je Tanja: "Bilo bi dobro, da bi imela jaz tako srajčko!" Mati in obe sestri sta ji rekli: "Lepo srajčko boš imela, Tanja." Minilo je nekoliko nedelj; zelena odeja na polju je temnela, in prikazali so se lepi, modri cvetovi. "Ah, moj bratec Vasilko ima take oči", je modrovala Tanja, "a nikdar še nisem videla takih srajčk!" Ko so odpadli cvetovi, so se pojavile zelene, okrogle glavice. Te so dozorele. Mati in Tanjini sestri so populili lan s koreninami vred, ga povezali v snope ter ga razgrnili na polje, da se posuši.

II.

Ko se je lan posušil, so mu odstrignili glavice, ga potonili v snopih v reko ter navalili nanj kamenja, da bi ne odplaval. (Na Slovenskem polagajo lan na trato, da ga pereta dež in rosa.)

Žalostno je gledala Tanja, kako se potaplja srajčka, a sestrici sta jo tolažili: "Lepo srajčko boš imela!"

Pretekla sta dva tedna; lan so vzeli iz reke in ga posušili; nato so ga trli s trlicami, da je letelo kosmičje na vse strani . . . Zatem so ga česali z železnim grebenom, nakar je bil ves mehak in svilnat.

"Lepo srajčko boš imela," govorita iznova sestri Tanji. No, ona odgovarja: "Kdaj bo to srajčka, to je podobno Vasilkovim laskom! . . ."

III.

Bili so dolgi zimski večeri . . . Tanjini sestri sta obesili mehko, svilnato predivo na kolovrat, in tanke nitke so so sukale izpod njunih prstov. "To so še komaj niti," je mislila Tanja, "a kje je še srajčka! . . ."

Minila je zima, prišla je pomlad, dospelo leto, in vrnila se jesen. Oče si je pripravil v hiši statve, navil nanje niti ter začel tkati. Potekel je čolniček med nitkami, in tu je Tanja že videla, kako se dela platno.

Oče je natkal platno; zatem so ga belili na mrazu, ga razgrnili na snegu, spomladi na zeleni trati, ga polivali z vodo, in solnce ga je sušilo. Bilo je popolnoma belo.

Ko se je vrnila zima, je izkrojila mati iz platna srajčke, sestrici sta šivale . . . In o božiču sta oblekla Tanja in Vasilko novi, kakor sneg beli srajčki. — In tako je zrasla srajčka na polju.

Kjer se osel povalja . . .

"TI, TONE, ali uganeš, kaj smo brali v šoli?"

"Kaj pa?"

"Brali smo iz 'Berila'. Pa je bilo zapisano: Kjer se osel povalja, tam dlako pusti."

"Beži, beži, Nace, ali misliš, da je vse res, kar tam pišejo? Tega jaz že ne verjamem."

"Jaz pa tudi ne."

Pa jo pobrišeta naprej, dva ljudsko-šolska modrijana. Čez nekaj časa se prebudi spet Nace iz svojega premišljevanja, pa nastavi ta-le nasvet: "Ti, Tone, enkrat bova šla gledat, če je res. Pri Sladetu imajo osla. Ali boš šel?" — "Bom."

V nedeljo popoldne pa res odrineta in po ovinkih seveda končno enkrat prideta k Sladetu. Osel se je pasel na vrtu. Ali kakor bi hotel nagajati mladima učenjakoma! Le pasel se je in pasel. Še mari mu ni bilo, da bi se bil ulegel.

"Tone, kar pojdiva nazaj."

Saj je bilo res že malo prenerodno, celi dve uri čakati na oslovo dlako. Tonetu pa le ni bilo všeč, da ga Nace spravlja domov.

"O ne, le počakajva. Morava vedeti, če je res, veš."

"No, pa še malo počakajva, naj bo."

Zopet preteče pol ure in še malo čez. Koliko potrpežljivosti je treba, da človek prička, kdaj se osel povalja . . .

"Tone! Nace! Brž domov!"

"Kaj pa bo?"

"Boš že videl. Le brž! Pa Nace tudi!"

Saj se ne mudi."

"Le brž! Ata so tako . . ."

Tedaj pa ni bilo treba več dalje . . . Kjer so pa ata zraven, tam se pa ne da nič ugovarjati, če ne, bo doma huda ura. To bo grmelo in pokalo in treskalo . . . Le domov, da ne bo kaj nevihte in ihte!"

"Nace, pa pojdiva. Bova pa v nedeljo prišla gledat."

"Pa pojdiva."

— — — — —

Druge nedelja.

Voz se ustavi pred hišo. Stric in teta sta prišla. Pa da ravno v nedeljo prideta, pa da ravno to nedeljo! Ali ni sta mogla priti drugo ali pa katerokoli prejšnjo nedeljo. Zopet torej ne bo nič z oslom in z njegovo dlako. Zakaj če danes uideta od doma, kdo ve, če bo potem stric tako radodaren. Oh, to so težave! S tem oslom namreč.

V sredo po tisti nedelji sta šla pa učenjaka iz šole. Takrat jima je bila pa sreča mila.

"Tone, ali ga vidiš?"

"Pa res! Nace, počakajva!"

"Počakajva! Bova le videla, če je res."

Pred Tilново gostilno je ležal dolgo-uhi sivec, pa ne Sladetov, ampak potujočega Čiča. Na travi, v hladni senci divjega kostanja je počival utrujen od dolgega pota. Oh, samo da bi kaj kmalu vstal! Seveda, če bi osel zabiti vedel, česa iščeta Tone in Nace, saj bi jima rad postregel. No, ravno prav — sedaj prihaja Čič, osel pa vstane, mož ga napreže in požene.

"Sedaj pa le!"

"Vidiš, tukaj je ležal."

Pa začeta modrijana iskati in preiskavati tako verno in zvesto, kakor bi bil tam zaklad cvetel. Ljudje so hodili mimo, vpraševali, pa nič zvedeli. Kdo bo tudi izdajal tako važne skrivnosti!

"Fanta, kaj pa sta izgubila?"

"Kaj? Nič!"

"Kaj pa potem iščeta?"

"Že nekaj!"

Fanta iščeta in iščeta neutrudno in neugnano. Čez dolgo časa — o sreča goreča! — Nace res najde oslovsko dlako in kmalu za njim tudi Tone eno. Torej je pregovor vendarle resničen! Vsa

srečna nad najdenim zakladom jo ubere ta proti domu.

Za srečo pa hodi nesreča. Tudi Toneta in Naceta je obiskala.

"Kje pa sta hodila? Sta bila zaprta, kaj, kaj?"

"Nisva bila ne."

"O, kajpadane! Zdaj bosta pa še lagala."

"Res ne, oče, res, da ne."

"Le kje sta potem hodila. Ali vama nisem rekel, da iz šole domov!"

Pa je zažvižgala šiba v očetovi roki svojo neusmiljeno pesem. Nace in Tone sta se pa tudi vsak po svoje oglasila, in tako je bilo za enkrat petja dovolj. Kaj bi šele bilo, če bi bila povedala, kaj sta iskala! Ali skrivnost je ostala skrivnost tudi pred očetom. Saj sta vedela, da bi jima bila potem cela hiša, še več, cela vas bi jima bila nagajala, kako sta iskala oslovske dlake.

Če pa danes kdo zine o kakem oslu, pa Tone in Nace oba hkrati sramežljivo pogledata v tla.

J. E. B.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

BERAČEVA ROKA

Stekleni most

ŽIVEL je nekdaž oče, ki je imel tri sinove, dva pametna, tretji pa je bil podpečnik. Ta je namreč vedno sedel pod podpečkom, zato so ga sploh tako imenovali. Oče zbolil na smrt; zato pokliče svoje tri sinove ter jim reče: "Po dedščino si morate priti na moj grob. Prvi večer starejši, drugi večer srednji, tretji večer pa naj pride najmlajši."

Ko starec umrje, ne upata si starejša na pokopališče, češ, najmlajši naj gre, da ga oče raztrga. In res odide najmlajši na očetov grob ter ondi čaka. Nato pride oče in reče: "Ali si ti tukaj?" ter mu da oreh, katerega naj dobro hrani. Drugi večer mora iti namesto srednjega, in oče mu da zopet oreh, katerega shrani k prejšnjemu. Tretji večer pa pride vrsta na njega, zato zopet odide na pokopališče, in oče mu reče: "Ali si ti tukaj? — "Da jaz sem". Oče mu da zopet oreh, katerega shrani k prejšnjima v pokopališkem zidu.

Nekoliko časa mine po tem dogodku, ko da bližnji kralj svojo hčer za stavo. Narediti da velik steklen most; kdor bi prejezdil ta most, dobil bi kraljestvo in kraljičino. Starejša brata si kupita imenitna konja, hoteč poskusiti vsak svojo srečo. Ko starejša brata odjezdita, gre podpečnik na pokopališče ter vzame oreh, ki ga je dobil prvi večer namesto starejšega brata. Tega stre in najde v njem obleko za korporala in lepega konja. Nato se brž preobleče v korporala, zasede konja ter zdirja proti mostu. Veliko imenitne gospode je bilo že zbrane pred mostom, in veliko hrabrih junakov je že poskušalo svojo srečo, pa nobeden ni zmagal; vsak se je s konjem zvalil po mostu. Konj našega korporala pa je skočil kvišku, in kakor bi trenil, bil je na oni strani, pa kakor blisk je zopet izginil in nihče ni vedel kam.

Kralj ni vedel, kdo je dobil stavo; zato da zopet razglasiti, da kdor pre-

skoči most, dobi, kar je že obljubil. In zopet gre mlajši na pokopališče ter stre oreh srednjega brata ter najde v njem obleko za častnika in srebrnega konja ter hitro odjezdi k mostu; tudi topot je on dobil stavo, medtem ko nobeden drug ni mogel črez. In zopet je izginil, da kralj ni vedel, kdo je dobil stavo. Zato da še enkrat razglasiti, če more kdo preskočiti most. Mlajši pa gre sedaj po svoj oreh, in ko ga stre, najde v njem obleko za kraljiča in zatega konja, katerega brž zasede ter odjezdi proti mostu. Tu ga že vsi pričakujejo ter želijo, naj bi on prvi poskusil srečo. On pa odvrne: "Jaz sem najzadnji prišel in najzadnji bom tudi poskusil svojo srečo."

Vsi so poskušali, pa nobeden ni mogel črez; ko je pa on poskusil, bil je kakor blisk na oni strani mosta. Nato je hotel brž pobegniti, pa kraljičina pristopi ter mu svoj kraljevski pečat pritisne na čelo, da bi ga v prihodnje spoznala. Ko zopet leto mine in se ni oglasil, pošlje kraljičina vojake, kateri bi morali poiskati tistega, ki ima na čelu njen pečat. Ti res vsakemu mladeniču pogledajo na čelo, pa nobeden ni imel pečata. Ko pa pridejo v hišo onih treh bratov, prideta starejša brata praznično oblečena. Ko ju vojaki pregledajo ter ne najdejo pečata, tedaj vprašajo: "Ali nimata koga drugega pri hiši?" — "Nikogar kakor podpečnika, ki tu pod podpečnikom sedi." In ko mu pogledajo na čelo, najdejo na njem kraljičin pečat. Takoj mora z njimi v kraljev grad, in črez nekaj dni ga venčajo za kralja.

To je seveda le pravljica, ki nič ne pomeni, ampak le to, da je nauk o napačni sodbi skromnih ljudi. Tihe, mirne ljudi kaj radi podcenjujemo, one, ki se bahajo in vpijejo pa častimo. Pravijo, da prazen voz vselej najbolj ropoče.

— S. M.

Človek in volk

ŽIVELA sta nekoč tam nekje daleč sredi neizmerne gozda človek in volk v skupnem gospodarstvu. Združil ju je slučaj enake usode. Enkrat sta bila namreč obadva zašla: Človek, ki je bil na lovu, in volk, ki je šel na rop. Dolgo sta tavalata utrujena in obupana križem nepregledne, nepoznane goščave.

Kar naenkrat se srečata. Izenadena se pogledata iz oči v oči. Nezaupno premerita drug drugega od nog do glave.

"Kaj vraga pa je tebe tu sem zaneslo?" izpregovoril volk prvi.

"Izgubil sem se. In sedaj ne vem, ne kod, ne kam," odvrne človek, oprezno motreč sosedove kretnje. "Kaj pa je s teboj?"

"Eh, godi se mi kakor tebi", reče volk zamolklo, ne da bi odmaknil pogled od puške, ki je visela na človekovih rame-nih.

"Hm! Grda naju je torej zalotila!" pripomni človek s prisiljenim smehlja-jem.

"Grda, grda!" pritrdi volk trpko.

Obadva sta spočetka besede tehtala. Polagoma pa se jima je jezik odvezal in z zgovornostjo ponesrečenih sta polo-žila vsak svojo nezgodo.

In spoznala sta, da sta v tem težkem položaju drug drugemu potrebna in v tem spoznanju sta se spoprijateljila.

Toda to prijateljstvo ni bilo v iskrenosti porojeno, kajti obadva sta v srcu mislila le na to, kako bi iz njega iztis-nila čim največ koristi sebi v prid.

Ker pa misli niso očite, je zavlada-lo med njima dobro soglasje. Uredila sta si domačijo, kolikor se je dalo u-dobno, in razdelila sta si območje za bodoče delovanje. Človek naj bi lovil po gozdu divjačino, volk pa naj bi napa-dal po pašnikih in planinah črede ter ugrabljaj domačo drobnjad.

In jima je šlo dobro. In dokler jima je dobro šlo in sta imela vsega v izobi-

lju, ni bilo med njima spora, ne žal be-sede.

Nastopila pa je huda zima. Sneg je padel, da se je vejevje pod njegovo te-žo šibilo in lomilo. In mraz je pritisnil, da je ves gozd ječal in škripal. Nihče se ni upal, ne mogel iz hiše.

Človek in volk sta imela doma pre-cejšnjo zalogo živil. No, tudi največja zaloga se zmanjša in počasi izgine, ako se vedno le jemlje in nič ne doda. In kaj bo, če se bo zima na dolgo povle-kla? Zaloga pojema, prišlo bo pomanj-kanje in potem lakota. Tako sta razmiš-ljala obadva na tihem. V tem razmiš-ljanju pa sta se začela skrivoma pisa-no in drug drugemu na prste gledati. Vsak grižljaj, ki je šel tovarišu preko grla, je vzbudil v drugem nevošljivost in nevoljo.

Iz zavistnih opazovanj so se rodile zbadljivke in končno sta začela drug drugemu predbacivati zapravljenost.

Nekega dne pa je prišlo do resnega izbruha.

"Ne! Tako pa ne more in ne sme iti dalje. Ti si grozen požeruh!" zarjove volk nad človekom, ki je pravkar za-čel zajčjo pečenko cvreti.

"Kaj! Samega sebe poglej, nenasit-na zver! Več ko požreš, več bi žrl. Ti boš meni kaj očital! Kdo pa se je leto in dan trudil in vso to zalogo skupaj znosil! Mar ti, ki vse sproti pogoltnes, kar ugrabiš?" odvrne človek razburjen.

"Kaj se boš ti tukaj repenčilo! Če si kaj prinesel, je bila tvoja dolžnost. Saj pa te tudi ni nihče oviral. Mene pa so tvoji bratje, te največje zverine pod žarkim solncem, zasledovale. Z lo-patami, vilami, sekirami, puškami so me napadali. Krvavo je bilo pridobljeno kar sem jaz domov zvlekel. Zato pa ti kratkomalo povem, da ne trpim, da boš ti tu svojo požrešnost še naprej pasel. Posti se! Jaz ne maram lakote umreti", reče volk s strašno tulečim glasom.

"Ti se posti, lopov nesramni! Meni tega ni treba. To je moje. Še tri ovce so tvoje; črez nje lahko razpolagaš," kriči človek ter se postavi pred skladišče za živila.

Besede so postajale čedalje bolj rezke, misli vedno bolj besne, dokler se ni sta navsezadnje spopadla. In udrihala

sta drug po drugem tako dolgo, da je volk, ki je bil šibkejši, omagal in padel na tla.

Tedaj pa ga je človek pograbil in vrigel ven v zimo in mraz.

Tako je končalo prijateljstvo med človekom in volkom.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

SESTRI

ANNA P. KRASNA:

ČE MOREŠ

VZEMI si, če moreš, kakor jaz,
karkoli iz onih dni,
ko ti je cveteč trn na gmajni
zvedril obraz.

Pokrij si bel slamnik,
ki je bil ostal samo sanja,
pa pojdi čez polje —
saj življenje še vedno poganja.

Odeni si haljico,
ki ni bila nikdar ukrojena,
in hiti po stezici —
saj je travica še zelena.

Ko je luna velika,
nasloni glavo k duhtečemu levižu —
pa pozabi, da ti je viselo življenje
vsa ta leta na proletarskem križu.

— Vzemi si vsega in karkoli —
saj je vseeno,
za tvojo tugo ali veseljem
bo že naslednjo pomlad spet vse
— zeleno.

* * *

MOŽ Z BANANAMI

(Iz zbirke "Babilonski stih")

KADAR odrivajo v downtownskih skladiščih
ostanke starih zalog,
prikreva v našo ulico mežikavi Žid
s svojim zgaranim kljusetom in vpije:
"Banane! Deset za desetico! Kupite banane!"
Njegov hreščeč glas se obeša na gosta okna,
kakor nevšečen zvok razvlečenih strun.
In v okvirjih pustih sten
se prikazujejo obrazi premnogih mamic,
ki so obljubile svojih deci banan—
Kmalu nato zaživi naša ulica v smehu
banane jedočih otrok.



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

DRAGI OTROCI!

Zadnjič sem vam obljubil, da v bodoče bo Mladinski List bolj točno izhajal. To je, da bo med vami že v prvi polovici meseca. S to številko tega sicer še nisem dosegel, dasi je bolj zgodnja kot julijska. Prihodnja pa bo gotovo v vaših rokah še prej.

Z zgodnjo izdajo se bo pospešilo tudi redno dopisovanje. O tem sem prepričan. Saj se tudi mora. No vsak način morate poskrbeti, da bo vedno več slovenskih dopisov v "Kotičku". Počitnice minevajo, nastopa hladnejše vreme in — šola je tu! Večeri bodo daljši, dnevi krajši. Vse to skupaj vam bo dalo več časa in prilike, da boste pogosteje dopisovali. Zato tudi pričakujem, da bodo prihodnje številke Mladinskega Lista polne zanimivih dopisov. Na starše pa apeliram, da svojim otrokom pomagajo in jih učijo.

Tudi sedaj ne smem pozabiti, da vas ne bi opozoril na mladinsko kampanjo SNPJ. Nekatera društva so se dosedaj prav dobro postavila s pridobivanjem dečkov in deklic v mladinski oddelke Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Dobro bi bilo, če bi tudi vi pomagali pri tem koristnem delu. Potem bo še več otrok pri SNPJ, ki bodo zavarovani kakor vi, poleg tega pa bodo prejeli tudi Mladinski List.

UREDNIK.

Z obiska pri sorodnikih

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz se moram brž oglasiti v "Našem kotičku," da me čas ne prehiti. Čez poletje smo deklice kar nekam pozabile na "Kotiček," kakor je pač naša navada. Preveč smo zaposlene z igrami in igračami ter zabavami.

Sedaj imamo šolske počitnice. Teh se zelo veselimo. Dokončala sem 8-raz-

redno ljudsko šolo, v jeseni pa bom šla v high school.

Dne 3. julija smo se peljali na obisk k sorodnikom v Pennsylvanijo. Peljali smo se skozi več neznanih mest in vasi po tistih zvitih potih v hribe, potem pa na drugi strani v doline. To je bilo zelo zanimivo! (Vendar je pri nas bolj lepo kakor v Penni.)

Na obisk smo šli v Punxatawnyju. Tam smo se ustavili pri družini Seles.

Mesto je dokaj prijazno in čedno. Najlepša zahvala gre Mr. in Mrs. Seles za izvrstno postrežbo in prijaznost. Upamo, da jim bomo o priliki lahko vrnil.

Ne veste, kako smo bile veselo preseščene (moji dve sestri in jaz), ko smo tam videle strica in teto, kajti zadnjič smo jih videle pred tremi leti. Strica smo se kar držale. Mojo najmlajšo sestro sta hotela teta in stric kar pri sebi obdržati. Ona bi rada pri njih ostala, toda to bi bilo težko za naše starše. Bala sta se, da jima bo preveč dolgčas po nji in pa žalovala bi, ker je razdalja prevelika, da se bi večkrat videli. Od nas do njih je 185 milj.

Na obisku v Penni smo se dobro imeli. Naš avto (Plymouth) nas je pridno vozil čez hribe in doline, mi pa smo se veselili krasne okolice in pokrajin, ki so se mimo nas vrstile druga za drugo. To je bilo lepo — ta dolga vožnja v Penno.

Prosim, da popravite moje napake v tem dopisu, prihodnjič pa bom spet kaj napisala. Obenem želim, da bi več deklic in tudi dečkov dopisovalo v "Kotiček." Lep pozdrav vsem!

Mary Renko,

123 N. 20th st., Olean, N. Y.

* *

Kampanja SNPJ in naše dopisovanje v M. L.

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Že večkrat sem nameravala pisati, pa je tako vroče. Sedaj pa bom napisala par vrstic. Samo par vrstic.

Letos je res bilo prevroče. Vsi ljudje so govorili le o vročini. Tako je solnce žgalo, da se bi kmalu vsi spekli in opekli. Mnogi pa so se res opekli. Tudi mnogo ljudi je vsled vročine umrlo. Posebno v velikih mestih. V Chicagu jih je mnogo podleglo. Tako tudi v Detroitu. Tudi druga mesta so poročala o žrtvah vročine.

Naj bo tako ali tako — sedaj prihaja čas šole. Že spet! Kako lepo je bilo poleti med počitnicami. Sedaj pa zopet

šola! Well, na jesen se bomo že privadili tudi šoli, ker zunaj ne bo več lepo.

Ne smemo pozabiti, da imamo kampanjo za pridobivanje otrok v mladinski oddelek SNPJ. To je važno! Vsaka deklica in vsak deček, ki je član SNPJ, se bi moral pobrigati, da bi dobil vsaj enega novega člana ali članico v mladinski oddelek SNPJ. Potem bo naša jednota še večja in močnejša. Potem bo več dečkov in deklic čitalo Mladinski List, ki se nam vsem tako dopade.

Zato pa naprej s kampanjo! Naprej za večji mladinski oddelek SNPJ!

Rada bi videla, da bi Mladinski List bolj zgodaj v mesecu izhajal. Julijsko številko smo prejeli šele na prvega avgusta. Urednik nam je pojasnil zamudo. Upam, da bo res prihodnja številka bolj točna. Vsaj do 15. v mesecu bi moral biti M. L. dostavljen naročnikom. Torej dobra dva tedna prej ko sedaj. Če pa bi prihajal že okrog prvega v mesecu, bi bilo toliko boljše.

Upam tudi, da se bo prihodnjič odzvalo več deklic ko dečkov z dopisi. V julijski številki so nas dečki posekali. Dobro so se postavili. Kaj pa me deklice? Ali bomo pustile, da nas bodo kar tako potisnili v kot? Saj smo že mnogo let vse dosedaj imele vedno več slovenskih dopisov kot dečki! In sedaj naj se bi kar tako podale? Nak, to pa že ne! Zato pa, deklice — veselo na noge!

Članica društva Pioneer SNPJ,

Chicago, Ill.

* *

Pozdravi iz Ljubljane

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Namenila sem se, da bom v prihodnjih številkah M. L. napisala zgodbico o letnih časih iz mojega življenja. Pričela bom z lansko zimo, četudi je že po zno.

Lani smo imeli v Ljubljani zelo milo zimo. Parkrat je skušala pritisniti na nas s svojo ledeno roko, a vselej so jo topli južni vetrovi prepodili. Le trikrat

fmo imeli nekoliko snega, le toliko, da niso ljudje pozabili kakšen je.

Na smuči nisem šla vsak dan, na sani tudi ne mnogokrat. Le redko popoldne me je bilo videti v gozdu kako sem zmrzovala. Marsikdaj sem se raje vrnila in odhitela k toplemu štedilniku.

Ko je solnce začelo pošiljati toplejše žarke na zemljo, se je sneg pričel taliti tudi na gorah. Takrat sem pričela hoditi na kratke pomladanske sprehode. Ker ob koncu zime navadno boleham, hodim rada v gozd, da se naužijem zvežega zraka. Včasih se na sprehodu malo ozrem na to ali oni stran in pogledam kakšno bo vreme.

Prihodnjič enkrat bom ta opis o letnih časih nadaljevala z mojimi vtisi vred. Obenem pošiljam mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem, ki radi čitajo Mladinski List! Posebno pa vsem slovenskim šolarjem in šolaricam v Ameriki!

D. Marija Bizilj,
Galjevica 236, Ljubljana, Jugoslavija.

* *

Solnčna toplota za zimo

Dragi urednik!

Letošnje poletje je zelo vroče. Vročina taka, da joj! Zadnja zima zelo mrzla, poletja pa zelo vroče. Če bi le malo te vročine mogli spraviti za zimo! To bi bilo nekaj, posebno za delavce in revne ljudi.

Morda bo kdo iznašel kakšno naravno, da se bo solnčna toplota shranila za zimo. Seveda ne danes ali jutri. Bo pa v bodočnosti. Saj so ljudje že marsikaj iznašli: elektriko, stroje, vpregli so paro in vodo. Tudi solnčno toploto ali žarke bodo vpregli.

Naše šolske počitnice so skoro pri kraju. Še par dni ali tednov — pa spet v šolo. Po dolgih počitnicah je dobra sprememba. Zapihal bo hladni veter in narava ne bo več tako vabljiva. Takrat bo šola prav prišla.

Še bolj nam bo šola prav prišla pozneje. Ko bomo dorasli. Namreč kar se bomo v šoli naučili. Moja mama pra-

vi, da kar se bom naučil mlad, to bom znal ko dorastem. Ko si bom sam kruh služil. Veste, pa tudi sedaj si ga. Saj moram delati. Zdrav sem, zato je prav da delam. Včasih pa sem precej len. Posebno ko je vroče. Takrat se bi šel najraje kopat v jezero ali potok. Moji tovariši imajo več prostega časa. Pa so vedno v vodi ali pri vodi.

Tudi suša nas je letos obiskala. Ne toliko nas kakor druge kraje. Farmarjem je uničila vse pridelke. Tudi živina je trpela. Zgodaj spomladi je bilo preveč dežja, poleti pa premalo. Zakaj ne bi ljudje "spravili" malo tega dežja za slučaj suše? V jeseni bo spet preveč dežja.

Ata dela po štiri ali pet dni v tednu. "Toliko je boljše, da lagje rinemo naprej," je dejala mama. Meni se zdi, da je bolje kot pred par leti. Upam, da bo še bolje.

Pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem!

Tonček Klevelandček, Cleveland, O.
(Ste uganili; to ni moje pravo ime.)



JELKA VUK:

JUTRO

KO ob zori zlati
sonce se vzbudi,
v voz ognjeni stopi,
na nebo zdrči.
Zvezde — ponočnjake
spat brž zapodi,
a zemljo poboža,
da je kakor roža
sladko prebujena
sveže se odela
sonček brž sprejela
ter ga vsa časti.
Luna pa zavistna,
tam ob robu gozda
jezna vsa blesti . . .

Glejte biserje na trati,
oj, kako lepo
so v pozdrav zalesketali,
ko so sončni žarki
k njim na trato priskakljali
in se v njih kopali
z mavrico igrali,
da se vse blesti.

* * *

VEČER

KO nagiblje dan se k večeru
in sonček tone za goro,
svetlika se od zarje vse nebo
kot bi s škrlatom bilo se odelo. —
Planine pa — kot bi opal modrine
robove ostre črtal v višine
in kot umetnik risal jih skrbno —
se pnejo pravljico v nebo.

Čriček tam se, čuj, nekje oglaš —
morda koga oponaša —
morda kliče kakor mirozov
zamudnike, da brž gredo domov,
ker kmalu mračno pač bo in temno —
Morda pa mu v srcu je veselo,
morda vsega je prevzelo
in ga žene, da bi pel in vriskal
pesem tihemu večeru?! —

Tam v grmu pa poiskal
slavček oder je koncertni,
v sladkih melodijah se razvriskal,
v zvočnih pesmih gostolečih
se zalival žvrgolečih
kot s piščalko čarodejno
pesmico, ljubezni žejno.
škrat-kraljič bi tam igral.



JUVENILE



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WHERE I BELONG

THERE is an institution
That's different from the rest;
And that's the very reason why
For me it is the best.

It does not take my money
And throw it in a heap,
Then leave off and forget me
Like one who's left to sleep.

It's ready for me, if perchance,
I find myself in need;
And I can turn to it for help
And it will pay good heed.

And every month from there I get
A magazine like this,
With pictures, stories, letters,
And poems I would not miss.

There many, many friends I'll find
Whom I might some day see,
And I can send my letter in,
And they will write to me.

I could keep on with things like this
Until I'd had my say,
But now the secret must come out—
Yes, it's the SNPJ.

—M. J.

FAIRY FORESTS

By ALFRED NOYES

I WONDER if you've ever dreamed,
In summer's noonday sleep,
Of what the thyme and heather seemed
To ladybirds that creep
Like little, crimson, shimmering gems
Between the tiny, twisted stems
Of fairy forests deep;
And what it looks like as they pass
Through jungles of the golden grass.

Health Reminders

Health and dissipation never go together.

A balanced diet makes for health.

Eat green vegetables; they keep you fit.

When working, do it with all your might; when resting, forget all your troubles.

Keep your bedroom windows open.

If you contract an infectious disease, blame yourself.

Fresh air is a disinfectant, so let plenty of it into your rooms.

A clean face produces no pimples.

A doctor's bill is preferable to an undertaker's.

A bath a day keeps colds away.

Typhoid vaccine helps ward off the disease. Ask your physician to vaccinate you.

Many a danger lurks in water. See that it is pure.

People die less of disease and more of old age.

Good food, sunshine, and fresh air lessen your drug bill.

Don't overindulge in the pleasures of the table. It is like overstocking an engine.

A healthy scalp harbors no dandruff.

Vegetables are prods to lazy intestines.

Food should be thoroughly masticated and swallowed without the aid of liquids. Always stop eating short of satiety.

The saliva of the mouth assists in the first process of digestion and therefore it is necessary to mix it with all food by chewing. So when taking even liquids "chew" them a bit before swallowing.

Most of our ills enter through the mouth. Beware of what you put in it.

Hot Weather Hints

If you can't stand the hot weather and the only thing in the world that seems worthwhile is a long nap in a cool, shady spot, then probably you are that way because you are short of chlorides, according to Dr. J. Shirley Sweeney, Dallas, Tex.

Some relief from the loss of chlorides can be obtained by drinking salt in solution in orange juice, water or in some other fashion. Salt acts as a "pick-up" and is far better for you than in warm weather.

In The Land of Do Nothing

(From Pinocchio, the World Famous Fairy Tale by C. Collodi)

(Pinocchio, a speaking wooden puppet, tired of going to school, is induced by his friend Candlewick to migrate to the Land of Cocagne, where children have an eternal good time without ever being obliged to do anything.)

THIS DELIGHTFUL life had gone on for five months. The days had been entirely spent in play and amusement, without a thought of books or school, when one morning Pinocchio awoke to a most disagreeable surprise that put him into a very bad humor.

What was this surprise?

I will tell you my little readers. The surprise was that Pinocchio when he awoke scratched his head; and in scratching his head he discovered . . . Can you guess in the least what he discovered? He discovered to his great astonishment that his ears had grown more than a hand.

You know that the puppet from his birth had always small ears—so small that they were not visible to the naked eye. You can imagine then what he felt, when he found that during the night his ears had become so long that they seemed like two brooms.

He went at once in search of a glass that he might look at himself, but not being able to find one he filled the basin of his wash-stand with water, and he saw reflected what he certainly would never have wished to see. He saw his head embellished with a magnificent pair of donkey's ears.

Only think of poor Pinocchio's sorrow, shame, and despair!

He began to cry and roar, and he beat his head against the wall; but the more he cried the longer his ears grew; they grew, and grew, and became hairy towards the points.

At the sound of his loud outcries a beautiful little Marmot that lived on the first floor came into the room. Seeing the puppet in such grief she asked earnestly:

"What has happened to you, my dear fellow lodger?"

"I am ill, my dear little Marmot, very ill . . . and of an illness that frightens me. Do you understand counting a pulse?"

"A little."

"Then feel and see if by chance I have fever."

The little Marmot raised her right fore-paw; and after having felt Pinocchio's pulse she said to him, sighing:

"My friend, I am grieved to be obliged to give you bad news! . . ."

"What is it?"

"You have got a very bad fever!"

"What fever is it?"

"It is donkey fever."

"That is a fever that I do not understand," said the puppet, but he understood it only too well.

"Then I will explain it to you," said the Marmot. "You must know that in two or three hours you will be no longer a puppet, or a boy . . ."

"Then what shall I be?"

"In two or three hours you will become really and truly a little donkey, like those that draw carts and carry cabbage and salad to market."

"Oh! unfortunate that I am!" cried Pinocchio, seizing his two ears with his hands, and pulling them and tearing them furiously as if they had been some one else's ears.

"My dear boy," said the Marmot, by way of consoling, "what can you do to prevent it? It is destiny. It is written in the decrees of wisdom that all boys who are lazy, and who take a dislike to books, to schools, and to masters, and who pass their time in amusements, games, and diversions, must end sooner

or later by becoming transformed into so many little donkeys."

"But is it really so?" asked the puppet, sobbing.

"It is indeed only too true! And tears are now useless. You should have thought of it sooner!"

"But it was not my fault: Believe me, little Marmot, the fault was all Candlewick's! . . ."

"And who is this Candlewick?"

"One of my schoolfellows. I wanted to return home; I wanted to be obedient. I wished to study and to earn a good character . . . but Candlewick said to me: 'Why should you bother yourself? Why should you go to school? . . . Come with us instead to the 'Land of Boobies;' there we shall amuse ourselves from morning to night and we shall be merry.'"

"And why did you follow the advice of that false friend? Of that bad companion?"

"Why? . . . Because, my dear little Marmot, I am a puppet with no sense. . . . and with no heart. Ah! if I had had the least heart I should never have left that good Fairy who loved me like a mamma, and who had done so much for me! . . . and I should be no longer a puppet . . . for I should by this time have become a little boy like so many others! But if I meet Candlewick, woe to him! He shall hear what I think of him! . . ."

And he turned to go out. But when he reached the door he remembered his donkey's ears, and feeling ashamed to show them in the public, what do you think he did? He took a big cotton cap, and putting it on his head he pulled it well down over the point of his nose.

He then set out, and went everywhere in search of Candlewick. He looked for him in the streets, in the squares, in the little theatres, in every possible place; but he could not find him. He inquired for him of everybody he met, but no one had seen him.

He then went to seek him at his

home; and having reached the door he knocked.

"Who is there?" asked Candlewick from within.

"It is I!" answered the puppet.

"Wait a moment and I will let you in."

After half an hour the door was opened, and imagine Pinocchio's feelings when upon going into the room he saw his friend Candlewick with a big cotton cap on his head which came down over his nose. At sight of the cap Pinocchio felt almost consoled, and thought to himself.

"Has my friend got the same illness that I have? Is he also suffering from donkey fever? . . ."

And pretending to have observed nothing he asked him, smiling:

"How are you, my dear Candlewick?"

"Very well; as well as a mouse in a Parmesan cheese."

"Are you saying that seriously?"

"Why should I tell you a lie?"

"Excuse me; but why, then, do you keep that cotton cap on your head which covers up your ears?"

"The doctor ordered me to wear it because I have hurt this knee. And you, dear puppet, why have you got on that cotton cap pulled down over your nose?"

"The doctor prescribed it because I have grazed my foot."

"Oh, poor Pinocchio! . . ."

"Oh, poor Candlewick! . . ."

After these words a long silence followed, during which the two friends did nothing but look mockingly at each other. At last the puppet said in a soft voice to his companion:

"Satisfy my curiosity, my dear Candlewick: have you ever suffered from disease of the ears?"

"Never! . . . And you?"

"Never! Only since this morning one of my ears aches."

"Mine also is paining me."



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

PATKO KÁROLY

FISHING VILLAGE

"You also? . . . And which of your ears hurts you?"

"Both of them. And you?"

"Both of them. Can we have got the same illness?"

"I fear so."

"Will you do me a kindness, Candlewick?"

"Willingly! With all my heart."

"Will you let me see your ears?"

"Why not? But first, my dear Pinocchio, I should like to see yours."

"No: you must be the first."

"No, dear! First you and then I!"

"Well," said the puppet, "let us come to an agreement like good friends."

"Let us hear it."

"We will both take off our caps at the same moment. Do you agree?"

"I agree."

"Then Pinocchio began to count in a loud voice:

"One! Two! Three!"

At the word three! the two boys took off their caps and threw them into the air.

And then a scene followed that would seem incredible if it was not true. That is, that when Pinocchio and Candlewick discovered that they were both struck with the same misfortune, instead of feeling full of mortification and grief, they began to prick their ungainly

ears and to make a thousand antics and they ended by going into bursts of laughter.

And they laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until they had to hold themselves together. But in the midst of their merriment, Candlewick suddenly stopped, staggered, and changing color said to his friend:

"Help, help, Pinocchio!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Alas, I can not any longer stand upright."

"No more can I," exclaimed Pinocchio, tottering and beginning to cry.

And whilst they were talking they both doubled up and began to run round the room on their hands and feet. And as they ran, their hands became hoofs, their faces lengthened into muzzles, and their backs became covered with a light gray hairy coat sprinkled with black.

But do you know what was the worst moment of these two wretched boys? The worst and the most humiliating moment was when their tails grew. Vanquished by shame and sorrow they wept and lamented their fate.

Oh, if they had but been wiser. But instead of sighs and lamentations they could only bray like asses; and they brayed loudly and said in chorus: "j-a, j-a, j-a."

A WISH

I WOULD that I possessed
A little sheltered nook,
Where sun spots flame through leaves
Beside a rippling brook.

Within this nook I want
The music of a stream;
A heart of love, a baby's smile
And golden thoughts to gleam.

I want a book, a tree,
I want a loyal friend;
And joys to dwell with me
Until I reach life's end.

—Tessa Sweazy Webb.

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

Here it is—the month of August. When you will receive this letter, the weather will be warm. You won't feel like rushing to get anything done, you won't like to run errands for your mother, and you will be all out of "pep". About the only thing that will keep running through your mind is sitting under the trees near the brook that runs through your pasture. I mention this because I will come back to this point later on in my letter.

In the month of June, I sent you a whole chapter that told you how the world was made. I suppose the next question that is now troubling you is: "Where did the people and animals and plants come from?"

I know that some time or other you have read or heard people say, "God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after kind. On the sixth day, God made man."

Now, if it's a very warm day and you feel lazy as I said before, you will just take an answer like this and say, "Uh huh". You won't bother to ask further as to how and why. Of course, many people always let their minds take the easy road and never bother to find out the real truth.

I wish you could have gone with me to the Field Museum and the Shedd Aquarium the other day. You would have seen things that would have made your brain swim. You could no longer take an answer like the one above and believe it without smiling.

There you would have seen skeletons of birds and beasts that were on this world millions of years **before** Man ever came. You would have seen the imprint of these animals' footprints on rocks;

you would have seen the remains of curious fishes, and reptiles, and birds. Some of them had skeletons a hundred feet long! They are called by long names (which somehow seem to fit the size of these enormous animals) such as Brontosaurus, Dinosaur, Diplodocus, Dimetrodon, and many others. They swarmed over the earth for millions of years.

Why were they so big? Well, they lived at a time when the world was much different from what it is today. Don't forget that the earth had changed its "face" many times in the "cooling-down" process from the big ball of fire that it once was. This means, too, that we did not always have the same continents that you now learn in your geography book. In some places there was land where we now have water and again there was water where we now have land. It so happened that at the time of these huge animals the land we now call Europe was mostly under water. Over most of it there was a warm, blue ocean. From what is now called Scotland to America there was a great continent something like a swamp. And on this kind of land with a warm climate, these animals lived. The reason they were so big was that there was food all around them, and they just ate and ate. It was nothing unusual for one of these creatures to weigh twenty tons! Can't you just imagine them lazily crawling around in the ooze, opening their jaws for anything that seemed to be food for them?

I know what question comes to your mind now. It is: "How do you know that there were no men, no people living through all these millions of years? Well, Edward, the way scientists know that is that in all the remains they have found of these ancient animals, in all

the skeletons of them, in all their foot-prints on the rocks, and so on, there was never found any trace of a human skeleton or anything to indicate that it belonged to Man. In all the later periods we do find such things, and we can then say that Man already lived. More than that: there are always other remnants found in the same layer of rocks to show just exactly what kind of instruments or implements Man used at that particular time. More about this at a later time, too!

I have skipped way, way ahead from where I should have been. I really did not start at the beginning where you expected that I would, because I wanted to show you that things did not come into the world just in 1, 2, 3 style one after the other and in such a short time. Every little change took millions and millions of years. Some people take the age of the earth to be a **thousand million** years old, so you see that things have grown very, very slowly in comparison with the age of our earth.

If you are really interested in how **scientists** say how life began, you will read the following lines very, very carefully.

You will remember that the earth is made up of "elements." We have carbon, hydrogen, sodium, nitrogen, phosphorus, and many more. All of these elements make up the air and the water and the land. Now as the earth was cooling, these elements mixed in a certain way and produced water—great oceans that were warm and that spread over the surface of the earth. In these warm waters, the elements kept on mixing and making up new kinds of combinations. You know how many different kinds of drinks you can make by adding different juices to water. Somehow, after ages and ages from these mixtures of gasses there arose

slimy masses something like jelly over the waters. These masses in some way began growing from the inside out.

And there in those warm pools of water, in those deep oceans, in the quiet waters of the steamy and hot earth, life began! It sounds unbelievable, doesn't it, that from this slimy substance something began to develop, but that's just how it was! This kind of substance must have been on the surface of the waters for **ages and ages**. It didn't just take a fast jump as when you make something grow fast in your own laboratory! And there was no such thing as a "first" animal—or a "first" plant—or a "first" man. All of it came about by long, long ages of **slow growth**.

Those very early forms are lost, and maybe there is no one who can say just what they were like. But even today we do know one of the early forms that is certainly very, very primitive. I suppose you have heard about it. It is called the "amoeba." The amoeba (a one-celled animal) developed from these jelly substances that formed on the top of waters. It is made up of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. It lives and grows. It is very interesting to know about. Next time, I will tell you of it.

Yes, the story of life is a very interesting one, and it didn't come about by someone just saying magic words and making up things. They used to tell you such fairy tales when you were very small, but you have grown out of it. If you will not let your mind get lazy, and always ask "Why? and How?" you will, in time, learn many things that are mysterious to you now.

Won't you write and ask me some questions that have come up in your mind? I will be able to write a much more interesting letter the next time.



Vacations for Everybody

DURING and immediately after the World War, there was a great cry set up about "high wages." Big newspapers, Chamber of Commerce secretaries, paid speakers, raved about the workers wearing "silk shirts."

There is every reason to believe this attitude will pass. This "attitude" would bar workers from owning automobiles, wearing good clothes, seeing good plays, reading books, and taking vacations.

Thousands of workingmen now get paid vacations every year, but still too few. A lot of others are given time off without pay. Thus, if they are being paid enough so that they may own an automobile, the mountains and thousands of miles of our coastline are theirs for a playground.

The United States and Canada have set aside great tracts of land for park purposes, and Canada has taken the further step of seeing that cheap accommodations are offered at the parks so that everyone who wishes to vacation there can afford to do so.

For the cultivation of the outdoor study of natural history the parks furnish an unequalled school. Here one may see wild animals at play. Here the geologist may take a peep into the earth's workshop, and see how the foundations of the earth are laid.

In addition to the fun one may have in the mountains, there are wonderful times to be had at the seashore—bathing, deep sea fishing, and "lazing" on the hot sand.

Mere visits to the country; the "exploration" of strange country-sides and cities, offer relief from the hum-drum and tedium of one's own home place.

For fishermen, the whole nation is dotted with lakes and lined with streams. State fish protection and maintenance of hatcheries assure a

good supply of fish for future generations.

Meanwhile, a great net-work of concrete roads is springing up all over the country. Very few states are now hard to reach by automobile. Within the lifetime of the present generation, we may expect to see great improvements made in roads. Every place to which we might want to go for our Sunday outings and picnics and for our yearly vacations will be on a concrete highway.

We may picture the working class family of the future when Father gets a paid vacation every year. For weeks, the family has been talking over the big event. It is during the summer school vacation.

Every night, Father has tinkered with the car, getting it "tuned up" for the trip. Mother has got together the bedding and a box of tin plates and cups, some coffee, bacon, sugar, etc. Sonny has got the fishing tackle in order and looked up the route on automobile road maps. And the rest have buzzed with excitement, talking a great deal, but helping very little with the work.

Finally, the last Saturday comes around. As soon as Father gets his pay check, he hurries home and within an hour, they are on the road. They may make 150 miles by dark and camp at a pretty little tourist camp in the hills. What excitement that first meal in the open brings! Next morning, every one will be somewhat chilled and tired, for the change from a nice bed to a pallet in a tourist camp isn't so easy. Then one of the children or maybe more is sure to report some mosquito bites. But spirits go up again as the smell of coffee rises over the tourist camp while the summer sun chases the chill away before it has scarcely

peeped over the treetops. Soon they are packed and on their way again, past towns and cities, farm houses, orchards, wheat fields, filling stations and "hot dog" stands.

America has so many beautiful places to visit, too. Every state has some natural features worth going many miles to visit. Suppose our family lives in the Middle West, say Illinois.

To the north, there is the beautiful lake country of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where one may keep cool in the hottest months, where fishing and camping is fine, where even the smallest child can find a thousand interesting things to do.

To the east are the Appalachian mountains, with beauty spots all the way from eastern Tennessee to Maine. The Great Valley (part of which is called Shenandoah) between the Blue Mountains and the easter Appalachian ridge, is considered the most beautiful long drive in the world. One may drive through the states of Tennessee, North Carolina, West Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, never once leaving this valley. Farther east is the Atlantic coast and its great cities.

To the south is the Gulf of Mexico, little more than two days' drive from the Middle West. To the southwest are the beautiful Ozark mountains and the Indian country of Oklahoma and New Mexico.

To the west are the Rocky Mountains,

with great parks and tourist centers in Colorado and Wyoming. Yellowstone park is in a corner of Wyoming. And farther west, over the mountains, another coast line is found.

Organized labor hopes that every boy and girl in America will have a chance to ride from coast to coast over fine concrete highways, to splash on the beach sands of the Great Lakes, the Gulf Coast, the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; to climb mountains and camp in our national parks; to fish and hunt in the Appalachians, Ozarks and Rockies.

And this dream of organized labor's will come true too, if we are able, through unions, to keep wage levels up to a decent standard. But if the boys and girls of the coming generation should lose interest in unionism, they must expect to see wages drop, and with dropping wages, all the hopes and dreams of summer play will fade away.

It sometimes seems that summer vacations and working hours that allow leisure every day also, are just as important to labor as its demands for decent wages.

Employers are not willing to pay the worker decent wages. They don't know that an underfed worker can't do as much work as one who gets what he is entitled to.

It is when we want to lift our standards above the level where we can barely live that we must fight the boss. That is where the union steps in.

—"Visions."

Patience

How slow we are to learn that patience will achieve more than force? We all need the grace of patience. All things come to those who wait. Franklin said: "He who has patience can have what he will." Patience is a thing of intellect as well as temper. It is eas-

ier to commend patience than to command it. There is always safety in patience. Work and wait. Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance and to temperance patience.



TALKING IT OVER

DEAR CHILDREN:—

By the time this number of the Mladinski List reaches you, vacation days will really and truly be over. But that is not "the worst" news of the day. School days are in the offing, just around the corner. Only about a week or two separate you from the time when school doors will reopen to receive you most eagerly. One thing follows another: school days follow vacation days; sunny days follow gloomy days, etc., etc. And so it goes on and on in a cycle. I hope that your school days will be mostly cheerful!

The Juvenile Campaign! Yes, we mustn't forget the present membership campaign for new members of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ. There is plenty of room in the good old generous heart of the Slovene National Benefit Society for new members—for new boys and girls. Get them! They should be coming to us by the hundreds—and they are. But the present campaign calls for even greater numbers. There are many in our own homes and in the homes of our friends who shall be given their first lessons in true fraternal protection in our Society.

Dear Little Members! Give this suggestion a little serious, personal consideration—for the sake of the little boys and girls who are not as fortunate as you are in belonging to a great fraternal society. Ask your parents to help you solicit new juvenile members. The rates are very reasonable, and the insurance or protection offered to juveniles by our Society is the best that can be obtained anywhere.

—THE EDITOR.

Great Lakes Expo, "Convention City," Accidents and the SNPJ

Dear Editor and Readers:—"Convention City" is the name given to Cleveland this summer. First came the Socialist Convention, held here in our Public Auditorium. Norman Thomas was nominated candidate of the Socialists for the presidency, and George Nelson, a farmer, candidate for the vice

presidency. The next convention was that of the Republicans who nominated Alfred Landon, governor of Kansas, candidate for the presidency. Since I'm writing about these candidates I may as well add that Roosevelt is running for re-election. The Democratic Convention was held in Philadelphia. There are other conventions to be held in Cleveland and others that have already taken place.

One of the reasons Cleveland is so

conspicuous to crowds this summer is because of the Great Lakes Exposition which opened on June 27. It contains one hundred fifty acres of interesting buildings, villages, etc. It is educational and interesting. The Horticultural Gardens on the Lake Front are very beautiful. There is the "Strange as It Seems" house, interesting to the housewife and others. At the Hall of Progress there are exhibits of household materials. There are also the Streets of the World to be seen. The exposition is fun for children with its rides and "spooky streets."

Cleveland is at its best this summer. With its exposition grounds kept in such perfect order and its fantastic scenes it is the place to go to. If you have a chance to visit Cleveland this summer—go. I'm rather sure you won't regret it. The Great Lakes Exposition is open for one hundred days.

The SNPJ Day at Idora park in Youngstown, Ohio, was a success. I'm sure all who attended had a great time; I know I had.

The Fourth of July here in Cleveland wasn't as good as it could have been if it hadn't rained and an accident happened. It didn't rain so much, but enough to spoil someone's good time. We all celebrated the Fourth of July, and in the United States 390 persons gave up their lives on that day. Fireworks caused nine deaths, deaths from automobile accidents numbered up to 230, while 99 lost their lives by drowning, others were killed in various ways.

A person can be killed any day, but death is not such a great fear if you belong to the SNPJ, the greatest organization of its kind in America. So if you are not yet a member of the SNPJ, join immediately.

I close with "Best Regards to All."

Audrey Maslo,

14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, O.

Vacation Days Are Here

Dear Editor:—I am writing this letter on July 27, or, rather, I am mailing it on that day. This, however, is not my first letter to the M. L. I have written several letters to the M. L. before, as some of you will remember.

Now, I almost forgot to write since school was out. I was busy playing, even as other children do, everywhere. Vacation days are here and we must make the best of them, while they last.

We had a very hot summer this year, and no rain for a long, long time.

I always enjoy reading the Mladinski List and the many interesting stories, poems and articles besides the many letters by boys and girls which are appearing in it every month.

Last year we had a good picnic for the Fourth given by the UMW. We had lots of ice cream then. I wish our Lodge 416, SNPJ, would give a picnic.

I will write again next month. Best regards to one and all.

Milka Mileta,

Vau Houten, New Mex.

* *

Our New School

Dear Editor:—I don't hear from Springfield very often. (What's the matter?) So I thought I would write a few lines to tell you about our new school.

Last year our old portable school blew down. This year, March 17, they started to build a brick school, and it is very beautiful. They gave it the old name, Pryor school. It will be completed by fall. It will have a nice playground and recreation. I live across from school, and like to watch it being built.

I was 12 years old June 17 and passed to the 7th grade. My little sister is 6½.

I have a little garden and it is growing up very nicely; my flowers are, too. I have to water it lots of times,

'cause it doesn't rain much in Springfield.

On the Fourth of July I was afraid of the fire balloons, if they would fall on some house and set fire to it.—Helen and I learned how to ride the bicycle on the Fourth of July. I will try to write again. Best regards to one and all.

Antonia Strukel (Lodge 567),
RR 5, Box 101-A, Springfield, Ill.

* *

Carolyn's Birthday

Dear Editor:—It's been a long time since I've written to the M. L. I will try to write more often if I don't fall asleep.

I was 13 years old on July 2. I had my name announced over the radio. Five of my friends were invited to my birthday party. I wrote to Margaret Buchte in Pennsylvania. Answering letters is one of her hobbies, so I thought I would write to her and get an answer.

This is all for this time. Best regards to all.

Carolyn Kutzler,
Box 203, Buhl, Minn.

* *

Terrible Weather

Dear Editor and Readers:—I thought I'd drop a few lines to the M. L. since no one else writes. Mildred Ovca is going to write this time also. So that'll be two letters from here anyway (if mine doesn't meet Mr. Waste Paper Basket).

The weather is terrible here. Yesterday (July 22), it was 67°, today you can almost roast. Well, that's nothing new. It's like this everywhere.

The Socialist Club had a successful picnic at Lake Springfield on August 9.

Wake up, Anne Niksich, of Thornton, Ill., and Mary Ann Mahkovtz, of Carlinville, Ill., and write to the M. L. Even if it's just a few lines.

I'm a great fan for sports, especially baseball, and my favorite in the National League is the St. Louis Cardinals club.

There are ball games at the parks, Lanphear and Iles, every night, between home teams, and it is very interesting to watch them. (That's if you enjoy sports.)

It sure feels good to go in swimming these hot days. We have two delightful out-door pools. One at Lake Springfield and the other at the Memorial pool. As many as 800 go in the latter in one day on afternoon. At the Lake on Sunday afternoon there are some 2,000.

There isn't much to write about except books, and one gets tired of reading books all the time.

I suppose I'll quit this useless jabber and close. But will some boys and girls please write to me? I'll answer all letters.

Best regards to everyone.

Mary Ocepek,
1500 So. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

P. S.: I am sending a poem which, I think, has a lot of meaning:

IT'S IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day;
You don't have to say if you work or you play;
A tried true barometer serves in its place,
However you live, it will show in your face.

The false, the deceit that you wear in your heart,

Will you stay inside where it first got its start;

For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace—
What you wear in your heart you wear in your face.

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live,
Not for what you get; but how much you can give;

If you live close to Truth in its infinite space,
You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face.

(Author Unknown.)

* *

Water Fights

Dear Editor and Readers:—I haven't written to this wonderful magazine a long time. Now I will try to write more often.

Playing time is here, but don't forget to spare a few minutes to write to the

M. L. I graduated from Pryor school May 21. The school colors are blue and white. The day my diploma was signed, May 13, I was thirteen years old. I am going to go to the Lanphier high school and will take a course in home economics.

At home, most of the time, my sisters like to have water fights, but I like to cook and bake in the kitchen. I also am very interested in sewing.

I hope everybody will have a nice vacation. I will write again next time.

Helen Strukel (Lodge 567),
RR5, Box 101-A, Springfield, Ill.

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Our Visit in Chicago

Dear Editor:—I have not written to the M. L. for a long time, but I intend to write regularly from now on. The weather here is quite warm. Since July fourth it has been 100° or over, once reaching 109.5°. The gardens are drying up from lack of rain, and I read in the paper that a man waded across Sangamon river with water only reaching his knees.

My father was a delegate at the JSF convention in Chicago on July 3-4-5. My mother, brother and I went to visit some friends at the time. We drove to Chicago and had a nice trip.

Just north of Bloomington the weather was a lot cooler; in fact, it was so much cooler we had to wear coats. As we neared Chicago we heard a broadcast of temperatures. In Springfield it was 102°, in Chicago it was 60°.

We arrived in Chicago at 8 a. m. (Chicago time). We saw the SNPJ building. Later in the day we drove by Lake Michigan. We saw the Stevens hotel, the Palmer house and many other large buildings. Saturday evening we went to a dramatic performance sponsored by the JSF and Club No. 1. The players were from Detroit. They presented a very interesting play, called "The Stone Quarry" ("Kamnlom"). There was quite a crowd and everyone

enjoyed the drama, and had a good time at the dance that followed.

Sunday afternoon, July 5, in Chicago, I had a great time. We visited the Chicago zoo at Brookfield. It is arranged very interestingly. The animals are not in cages, but are roaming amid rocks. A few of the interesting things I saw were some pigmy elephants, pigmy hippos and some darling monkeys. All the animals sit and beg for peanuts, popcorn, candy, etc. They all seem very human and sensible.

In the Reptile house there were some giant alligators, turtles and snakes. Some people opened cages and picked up some non-poisonous snakes, but I couldn't because they made me feel sick.

They have beautiful birds in the Bird house. I saw a beautiful blue peacock. We took some pictures of zebras, tigers, and bears. We were sorry to come to the end of this great zoological garden.

Then we went to the Havlíček hall and started for home again. As we neared Springfield, we could feel the warm air again and sure did miss the coolness of Chicago.

As I said before, I will write more often and I wish Mary Ocepek would write more often and show them that Springfield has one eye open anyway.

I hope this doesn't hit the wastebasket.

Mildred Ovca,

1841 So. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

P. S.: I want to thank the Komačar family for their hospitality during our visit in Chicago.

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Lodge 115

Dear Members:—This is my first letter in the M. L. and I hope it has some effect.

It is very hot here and I hope it'll be as hot at Christmas. Then we will have a shorter winter.

Well, my main reason for writing this letter is this: Our Lodge 115, SNPJ, gave us children in Juvenile

class on Aug. 16 a picnic (and boy! did they give us a treat). We sure got a lot of refreshments free. The picnic was held on Grosse's farm. We had all kinds of games.

Raymond Sternisha,
(age 15, member since 1 year old),
1616 Wilcox st., Joliet, Ill.

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SNPJ Lodge 58

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 15 years old and in the 8th grade at Adamson school. My teacher is Mr. Lackey; he is very good.

There are six in our family, and we all are members of SNPJ Lodge 58.

I hope this letter will be published in this wonderful magazine. (I will write again, if published.)—I am glad that school is out—no more study for a while.

I want to thank all of the members and friends of SNPJ Lodge 58 for making the lodge a little bigger. I am sorry I didn't write to the M. L. any sooner.

Best regards to editor and readers.

Mary Strukely,
Box 232, Adamson, Okla.

Dogs

SOME time or other, you may have heard men calling each other saying, "Oh, you dirty dog!" Many of them, when they use such an expression, don't know what they are saying. Of course, we have other people who think differently about dogs. I am one of them.

Only today, I was crossing the stony bridge on St. Clair avenue above Gordon park and East boulevard in Cleveland. There on the sidewalk, trying to cross the street in vain, I spotted a Chow dog. Streams of automobiles were passing and there was no chance for "Browny" to cross.

At this time I was going east. The traffic light about 300 yards ahead of me was red. As there were no automobiles going west, I stopped, and when my Chow dog tried to cross again, he found the way clear and trotted gaily on his way. He did not thank me, but I guess he did not care and I don't know.

Just like kids, I like dogs, and I know that there are many others that do. We find many boys and girls that love

them, and play with them. If they lose their dogs, they cry because they miss them.

One year ago, I gave a friend of mine who has three children, a "Beagle." They had the dog for about nine months. Then one day, while the children played with the dog on the street, it suddenly disappeared. The children cried for over a week for their lost companion.

As I have been on the street and among the traffic for nineteen years, I have seen all kinds of things. I have seen many good motorists who take particular care not to run over children, or to run over dogs. Of course, there are other motorists who don't care whom or what they run over. Precaution must be taken by the pedestrian when he crosses the street.

Some dogs are very smart. Those that run about on the main streets usually know the traffic lights. They watch for the green light, and then sally forth across the street.

But there is one sure thing. When

you need a real friend, get yourself a dog. He will be with you every time you want him. He will not betray you, or leave you, or deceive you. When a lawyer in some Southern state was defending a dog in court once, he said, "When all of your relatives have left you, when your friends hate you, when you are in distress, or sick, or unable to help yourself, your dog will stay with you; he will do what he can to aid you. And if you die, he will follow you to the grave and die there with you."

Once, in Wyoming, a farmer disappeared, and shortly after a drowned man was found on the shores of the Platte river. The wife of the farmer identified the body as that of her husband. However, a few days later, she left with another man, and went to Montana. This aroused suspicion, and was reported to the sheriff. The sheriff went on an investigation to the farm. As he approached the farm, he heard a

bark coming from a terrier. The dog ran up to him and wagged its tail, then it ran over to the barn and began whining. Soon it was back at the sheriff's feet, and then over to the barn again. After it had done this a few times, the sheriff followed the dog in the barn, where it lay down and began to whine.

The ground was dug, and there lay the body of the farmer. He had been buried. The sheriff went to Montana after the farmer's wife, and the man she had gone with. It was murder.

The sheriff wanted to take the dog home with him, and feed him. But the farmer's true friend refused to go and refused to eat. He followed his master to the new grave and died there from sorrow.

Yes, when you have a dog, he will be your true friend.

Frank Barbič,

Cleveland, O., Lodge 53, SNPJ.

Interesting Game

Time.—The children sit in a circle or in a straight line. Two players go out and select a certain time of the day—half past, quarter of, or on a certain hour, or any number of minutes before or after the hour. If they choose 10 minutes after 2, they come in and say, "It is 10 minutes after," and the others guess the hour chosen. When one of the seated players guesses the hour correctly, the first two players

leave the room again and select two objects of the same kind, such as toys, fruits, or articles of clothing. For example, one chooses to be an apple, and the other an orange. Then they return to the player who guesses correctly the time and ask, "Which do you want—an apple or an orange?" The player he chooses goes out with him to select another time of day, and the others join the circle.

