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JUVENILE

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Jože Kovač:

MODER PIJANČEK

ZGODAJ dopoldne se je pripeljalo
na vozu žarečem sonce v nebó.
Potlej pa, kot bi na mestu obstalo,
pije iz polja in morja vodó.

“To ni prav, sonček, da si pijanček,
popiješ vso vlago iz zemlje in mlak.
Bolje bi bilo, da si zaspanček,
pa da se skriješ za črni oblak.

Preveč je vroče, kadar ti piješ,
človek in cvetje in polje trpi.
A kadar za črne oblake se skriješ,
senca poljane in nas ohladi.”

A sonce iz morja kapljice pije,
v megló jih spreminja in strne v oblak.
Malo še—dež iz oblaka se vlije
na žejne livade in trate krotak.

“Zdaj te poznam, da nisi pijanček
kar iz navade, da modro ravnaš.
Zdaj te poznam, da si modrijanček:
piješ iz morja, da zemlji spet daš!”



MEGLENO JUTRO

BLEŠČI se skoz zastore beli dan,
ko pogledam ven,
da vidim jutra kras,
ugledam gosti samo pajčalon,
ki mi zakriva hrib in plan.

Tam spodaj v jablani popeva
pevček mal,
mladičem v malem, toplem gnezdu,
je zajutrek že nabral—
Zdaj jim žgoli, negodnim svojim malim,
o solncu, ki vsak čas
megle prodre.

O lepem, svetlem solncu,
ki v dalji se žareče sveti
skoz megle.

Le poj, o solnčni luči pevček mal!
V megljenih jutrih poj z menoj
o svetlem žaru solnca,
ki bo vsak čas prišel
in meglo razgnal . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

Moderna vzgoja otrok

VZGOJA otrok v današnji družbi zahteva precej drugačne procedure kot jo je vzgoja, recimo, v starem kraju. Sedanje razmere so drugačne in raznolične, zato pa so tudi odgovornosti staršev napram otroški vzgoji večje in važnejše.

Pri moderni vzgoji otrok moramo pomniti predvsem eno: Da domača hiša še vedno opravlja—vzlic vsem postoječim težavam sedanjega življenja—svoje funkcije. Starši, rodbina, domača hiša, ali kakorkoli že imenujemo domače življenje—starši so še najboljša vzgojevalnica. Vplivi in spomini, ki jih otrok dobi v porajajoči dobi, mu ostanejo zvesti spremljevalci vse življenje. Prezreti se seveda ne more okoliščin, v katerih otrok živi v njegovi soseščini, soigralcev, s katerimi pride otrok dnevno v dotiko, in okolice, v kateri živi. Kajti tudi ti faktorji vplivajo na otroka in puste na njem vidne znake.

Nobena reč ne more dati otrokom tako dobre naravne opore v njih življenju kakor spomin na vzorne starše. To dejstvo je treba še posebej poudariti in povdariti, ker je neizpodbitno in smo ga na tem mestu že večkrat omenili. Zato pa je važno, da se starši zavedajo svoje naloge napram svojim otrokom, da jim nudijo čim boljšo vzgojo. Tudi najpriprostejši delavci, katerim v prvi vrsti gre ta članek, lahko vzgoje svoje otroke vzorno, ako se zavedajo dejstva, da so oni tista glavna, vodeča moč svojih otrok, katera bo usmerila njihovo poznejše življenje.

Pregovor pravi: Kakršni starši, takšni otroci. Dasi ta pregovor vselej ne drži, je pa resničen v večina slučajih, ker so starši prvi in pravi činitelji otrokovega značaja. Samo tam, kjer se iz kakršnikoli razlogov pokaže potreba, da gre otrok od hiše, zlasti tam, kjer gre za otroka, ki je ostal brez staršev, naj bi se prizadeti sorodniki ali postavljeni varuhi zatekli k vzgojevalnim zavodom, zasebnim ali javnim.

Vprašanje vzgoje je v današnji družbi odločilno za bodoči razvoj v vseh državah. Na vseh poljih izginjajo stari nazori in se kažejo nova pojmovanja. Še pred nekaj leti se je otrokom prikrivalo veliko resnice, katero bi se jim moralo na dostojen način pojasniti in razjasniti. Stara vzgoja ni dala otroku prostosti; zatajevala mu je resnico, ga strašila s tem in onim, kar je otroku ostalo v sistemu še poznejša leta. In strah je tisti bič, s katerim se lahko kroti in izkorišča nevedne mase. Ravno cerkve se poslužujejo strahu, ko strašijo s peklom in vicami, kar je seveda vse izmišljeno. Otrok, ko doraste v delavca, če je bil v strahu vzgojen, bo poslušen hlapec vse svoje dni.

Stara vzgoja je bila kakor ustvarjena za to, da bi vedno ostalo po starem. Nova vzgoja pa mora imeti razumevanje za posebnosti mladega človeka in mu dati toliko prostosti, kolikor se to ujema z vnanjim redom. Mladino vzgajajmo ne zase, ampak za poznejši čas, ki se nam kaže le v meglenih obrisih. Dolžnost starejše generacije je, da z novo vzgojo utre pot novi mladini, katere naloga bo, da z resnostjo, zavednostjo in resničnostjo ustanovi novo človeško družbo, katere glavni princip ne bo izkoriščanje, temveč stremljenje za obče blagostanje, pravično razdelitev dela in plačila.

Louis Beniger.

Anna P. Krasna:

Sestrica

NEKEGA poletnega dne je prišla k nam gosposko oblečena mlada ženska. Prijazno se je nasmejala nam otrokom; dala je vsakemu par bonbonov in nam velela, naj gremo kam ven, kamor hočemo.

Ubogali smo, čeprav ne posebno radi; zelo smo bili radovedni, zakaj nas pošilja iz hiše—tuja gospa. In zato tudi nismo dolgo ostali v družbi vaške dece; še preden je minila ura, smo že hiteli domov.

“Radovedneži,” se nam je nasmejala lepa gospa, “čemu se vam je tako mudilo, lahko bi še ostali pri igri.”

Ker nismo vedeli, kaj bi odgovorili, smo modro molčali in z bosimi nogami mešali po dvoriščnem pesku in prahu.

“No, ker ste že tako radovedni, da niste mogli strpeti par ur pri igranju, ne da bi pritekli domov gledat kaj je novega, vam bom povedala veselo novico: sestrico ste dobili.”

Spogledali smo se vsi presenečeni in poprosili smo lepo, tujo gospo, naj nam pokaže našo novo sestrico.

“Ne prej, dokler ne boste vsi lepo umiti in počesani ter tudi čisto oblečeni,” je rekla gospa in posebno sumljivo pogledala mlajšega bratca, ki je imel hlačke močno zamazane in tudi strgane.

Ni nam bilo treba veleti dvakrat, v pol uri časa smo bili vsi pripravljeni za velevažen obisk pri novi sestrici.

Sedeli smo na klopi v kuhinji in čakali, da nas lepa gospa, katero smo poznali odkar nam je povedala novico, kot “babico,” popelje v materino sobo.

Ne vem kako dolgo smo čakali, zdelo se nam je, da celo večnost. Končno nas je vendar poklicala “babica,” naj pridemo gor. Po tri stopnice naenkrat smo preskočili, čeprav smo bili še majhni.

Babica je malo odgrnila zrstrto okno, ter se je sklonila nad postelj, kjer je ležala mati. Izpod odeje je prinesla mal, bel zavitek, iz katerega je gledal droben, rdeč obrazek: Naša nova sestrica. Vsakemu posebej jo je pokazala in vsak jo je smel za hip prijeti v naročje. Potem smo šli tiho iz sobe. Ko smo bili sami, smo si povedali svoja mnenja o novodošli sestrici. Vsi smo menili, da zdaj ni prav nič lepa in tudi predrocena se nam je zdela; ko bo malo zrastla, bo mogoče prijaznejša, smo upali. Le to se nam je vsem dopadlo, ker se ni kremžila. Sosedov Tonček, naprimer, se je tako nezno drl, ko so ga dobili k sosedovim, da se ga je slišalo skoro do pol vasi. Mogoče mu niso ugajali njegovi bratci in sestrice. Naša mala pa je bila z nami očitvidno zadovoljna, ker ni nič jokala ko smo jo jemali v naročje—tako smo modro ugotovili. Komaj smo čakali, da bi malo zrastla. Vsak dan smo jo hodili gledat in vedno bolj se nam je dopadla. Postajala je prav taka kot smo želeli, da bi bila.

Nekega dne jo je mati prinesla v kuhinjo, kar je pomenilo, da je mala odslej uvrščena v družino. Vsi naenkrat smo jo hoteli pestovati. “Mama, dajte jo meni.” “Ne, mama, meni jo dajte najprej,” smo žvrgolili okrog matere. “Zdaj bi jo vsi radi, ko bo treba pa res paziti nanjo in jo pestovati, boste pa drug drugega priganjali,” nam je rekla mati smeje. Mi pa smo svečano zatrjevali, da jo bomo vedno radi pestovali, čeprav bo sitna in jokava.

In pomislite, ostali smo zvesti svojim besedam, vedno smo radi pestovali našo malo sestrico. To pa le zato, ker je bila naša sestrica lepa kot zrela češnjica in je imela zlate kodrčke ter bele zobke in je bila tako drobcena in lahka. Najljubše pa je bilo to: bila je najpridnejše dete, ki si ga morete predstavljati . . .

Jože Kovač:

LAŽNIVA BAJKA O SREČI

KADAR so težke in žalostne ure, kadar je v srcu in duši najhuje, takrat se k materi hčerka privije in mati ji pravljico pripoveduje.

O knežnji ji pravi, ki zmajev sto odneslo jo je za deveto goro; za njo zaklenili zapahov devet, da ne bi je prišel kdo njenih otet. Knez jokal za hčerko je tri noči, četrti dan svojim ljudem razglasi: "Kdor srečno bo prišel za deveto goro, kdor srečno pogubil bo zmajev sto in hčerko zgubljeno v moj grad pripeljaj, le-temu takoj bom za ženo jo dal."

Na gradu tedaj je živel mlad tlačan, imel je srce in žuljavo dlan. On edini odšel je za knežnjo se bit. Opaše si meč, pripne si ščit,

pa vranca zajaše in v dir zapodi. In jezdil je, jezdil dni in noči . . . A srečno je našel deveto goro, in srečno pogubil je zmajev sto, in srečno prelepo je knežnjo otel ter v diru očetu na grad jo privel. Obljubo izpolnil je oče — in res, še tisti dan tlačan je bil knez . . .

Utihnila mati, molči večer, le mrak po zidovih trepeče. A hčerka bolestno v daljavo strmi, ne more umeti te sreče.

"O mati, zakaj mi vse to govoriš, saj to ni resnično življenje. O mati, resnica je črni ta kruh, resnica to težko trpljenje!"

Dve zgodbi o volku

Volk in žerjav

Nekoč se je volku pri jedi zataknila kost v goltancu; tedaj je obljubil žerjavu, ki je stal blizu njega, veliko nagrado, če mu s kljunom potegne kost iz vratu. Dolgovrati žerjav je volku ustregel, nato pa je zahteval za svojo uslugo plačilo. A volk se je le zarežal in pokazal zobe, rekoč: "Hvaležen bodi, da si živ izvlekel glavo iz volčjega žrela!"

*

Volk na smrtni postelji

Volk je ležal v svojem brlogu in umiral. Zamislil se je v svojo prošlost in dejal:

"Vem, grešnik sem, a ne izmed največjih. Mnogo slabega sem napravil,

pa tudi mnogo dobrega. Nekoč, se spominjam, mi je prišel mlad janjček tako blizu, da bi ga bil lahko pohrustal; ali jaz mu nisem storil ničesar. Istočasno se mi je tudi izza grmovja rogala bela ovca, ki se je bila izgubila od svoje črede. Tudi njej nisem storil ničesar žalega."

Lisjak, ki je stal pri umirajočem volku, se je nasmehnil in dejal:

"Priča sem, da si govoril resnico, in dobro se spominjam vseh okolištin. To se je zgodilo takrat, ko se ti je zataknila v goltancu kost, katere te je rešil dobrosrčni žerjav. Tej okoliščini sta ovca in janjček dolžnika za svoje življenje."

In volk, ki je strašno nerad slišal resnico, je izdihnil.

Iv. Vuk:

Postrežljiva lisica

(Po bolgarski narodni basni)

BILO je neko noč, ko je lisica obiskala tretjo vas števis od gozda, v katerem je prebivala. Njen nauk, ki ga je dajala svojim hčerkam in sinovom, je bil:

“Nikdar loviti kokoši v bližini. Zakaj nedotaknjena bližina ščiti pred sumničanjem in preganjanjem.”

S svojim obiskom je bila prav zadovoljna. Lepo, debelo kokoš je našla v kurniku nekega kmeta. Zagrabila jo je, ji zavila vrat in zbežala v gozd.

“Lisica ne živi samo od miši in ptic,” je tolažila očitajočo vest, “nego tudi od dobre in prijazne kokoši.”

Skrila se je v goščavo in vsa zadovoljna obirala kosti debele kokoši. Ko so ostale same oglodane kosti, se je obliznila in rekla:

“Lačna sem bila. Hudo lačna. Zakaj pet dni ni bilo nobenega mesa. Nekakšna miš v grmovju, kakšen zaspani ptič, kaj je to?”

Lep kup oglodanih kosti je ležalo pred njo. V želodcu pa ji je rastlo veselje in dobra volja. Ko je tako sita leno sedela v goščavi, je zaslišala šum. Oprezno in bistro je pogledala. Videla je volka, kako drži nos v zrak in nekaj voha. Nasmehnila se je tiho in rekla sama pri sebi:

“Stric volk nekaj čuti . . . Gotovo kosti, ki jih glodam.”

In začela je navidez vneto glodati kosti.

Volk pa je stegoval vrat in vohal vedno bolj napeto.

“Po krvi diši in po mesu . . . Nekje blizu je pečenka. V želodcu se mi krči od lakote. Kje leži slast, ki ima ta rajski vonj?”

Pazljivo je gledal okrog in vohal. Kar zapazi v gostem grmičju lisico, kako slastno gloda kosti.

“Dober večer,” prijateljica,” pozdravi in stopi v goščavo. “Temni se mi pred očmi, tako sem lačen. A nikjer prigrizka.”

“Lakota je huda reč, prijatelj,” je rekla lisica pohlevno. “Le poglej, kako mene muči. Same kosti glodam, da vsaj utolažim lakoto. Težki časi so prišli, težki . . . Ker sva prijatelja, ti jih prepuščam.”

Prenehala je glodati in stopila v grm. “Prosim, bodi kakor doma, nič se ne ženiraj!”

Volk je ponjuhal kosti, poskusil, nato pa rekel jezno:

“Te kosti me ne morejo nasititi. Daj mi kaj drugega. Ali pa pojem tebe. Za lačen želodec boš prava slast.”

Lisica se je tiho in pazljivo ozrla okrog sebe, da vidi, kam skočiti v slučaju potrebe. Rekla pa je s prepričevalnim glasom:

“Mene hočeš pojesti? Pa trdiš, da te kosti ne morejo nasititi. Kaj ni vseeno, te kosti, ki ti jih dajem prijateljski, ali jaz sama? Nisi slep in vidiš, da so me same kosti . . . Poslušaj rajše moj nasvet, zakaj bogato pojedino si lahko preskrbiš.”

“Hitro govori,” je segel volk nestrpno v besedo. “Zakaj komaj se premagujem, da te ne zgrabim.”

“Prijatelj, naglica ni nikoli nič prida,” je odgovorila lisica, “in izvršiti nekaj, kar že prej oznanjaš, ni nikoli izvršeno. Tako govori ustno izročilo modrih živali. Nego dobro premisli in poslušaj, kar ti hočem povedati. Glej, v vasi, na zadnjem koncu, se pase kmetov konj. Lepa žival. Velik je in masten. Stopi k njemu in odvedi ga v gozd. Ves teden se boš lahko gostil. In ker sva prijatelja, me ne pozabiš?”

Volk je nestrpno prestopal z noge na nogo in vprašal:

"Kako ga naj vendar odvedem? Zapazil me bo in me ne bo čakal."

Privezan je. S konopcem je privezan k drevesu. Zato te bo moral čakati. Odveži konopec, ovij si ga okrog sebe in ga vleci v gozd."

"Ali bo šel," je spraševal volk in slinice so mu padale iz ust.

"Saj ga boš imel okrog sebe privezanega . . . Moral bo, kamor boš hotel."

Volk se je obrnil, da gre po konja. A ustavil se je in vprašal:

"Konj je vendar močan. Zemljo orje, kakor bi se sprehajal. Kaj če ne bo hotel iti?"

"Oh, prijatelj, prevelik modrijan si. Na vse misliš, vse študiraš, a pozabljaš na najbolj navadne reči. Kaj še nisi videl, kako pohlevno stopa za človekom?"

"Videl," odgovori volk. "A jaz nisem vendar človek."

"Modrijan, modrijan," se je smejala lisica. "Seveda nisi človek in naj ti ne bo žal, da nisi. Vendar povej mi, ali je človek močnejši od konja?"

Volk je odkimal z glavo:

"Človeka zmorem z lahkoto."

"No, vidiš?! In vendar mu je konj poslušen. Ker je privezan na konopcu, zato mu je poslušen. Vsak konj, pa tudi vol in še osel, ki je privezan na konopec, je krotak in ubogljiv ter se svojih moči ne zaveda. Takemu lahko zapoveduje celo človeški otrok, ki je najslabjša žival na svetu . . . O, če bi imela tvojo moč, ne premišljevala bi, nego gostila bi se že z njim . . ."

"Zdi se mi, da imaš prav," je rekel volk.

In odšel je, da pogleda, kje je konj. Potuhnjeno se je priplazil k pašniku.

"Aha . . . vidim ga. Pase se . . . Privezan je k drevesu, kakor je rekla lisica. Vidim, lisica je vrla prijateljica in poštena ženska," je zadovoljno požiral slinice in se plazil vedno bližje, kjer je bil konj privezan. "Previdno treba odvezati konopec in si ga zamotati okrog vratu."

Plazil se je z nestrpnim poželjenjem

po mesu, da je ves dregetal. Mamljive misli so se mu podile po glavi.

"Slastno meso mora imeti, ker je tako lepo rejen. To bo večerja. Odškodujem se za vse trpljenje in stradanje zadnjih dni."

Konj se je pasel mirno in dostojanstveno. Dvignil je glavo in zagledal volka.

"Kdo si," je zahrzal. "Pes . . . Čigav?"

Vgriznil je zopet travo. A nekaj mu ni dalo miru in zopet je zahrzal:

"Ne poznam te . . . Zato ne hodi preblizu mojim kopitom."

Volk je obstal in gledal konja.

"Še ni poskusil zbežati," je rekel "Prijateljica lisica ima prav. Konj na konopcu je poslušen in ubogljiv. Oj, lisica pozna razmere . . . Kaj bi tudi ne, saj se suče okrog ljudi."

Splazil se je čisto blizu, kjer je bil konj privezan. Hitro je odvezal konopec in si ga ovil okrog vratu. Nato je ukazujoče rekel:

"Stopaj . . . proti gozdu!"

In je začel vleči.

Konj je udaril s kopiti po zraku in zahrzal:

"Iiihahahahaha . . . Pes me nekam vleče! Tuj, nepoznan pes?! . . . Iiihahahahaha . . . Kaj hočeš?"

Volk je potegnil močnejše in zatulil:

"Auuuuuooi . . . Marš v gozd. Lačen sem."

Konj je ošpičil ušesa in pogledal natančneje. Zakričal je besno in prestrašeno:

"Iiiiihihihihoha, to je volk."

Komaj se je zavedal nevarnosti, je udaril s kopiti ob zemljo in planil v dir.

"Ne boš me," mu je divjalo po možganih in vedno besnejši je bil njegov beg. Volka, ki je imel konopec privezan okrog vratu, je vlekel s seboj, da se je opletal na vse strani kakor žoga. Ves v obupu in grozi je tulil:

"Aiiiiiuuui, umiram! Prijateljica, strašno, pomagaj!"

Lisica, radovedna, kako bo volk konja odpeljal v gozd, je šla in ga opazovala.

“Dala sem ti odgovor za poželjenja, da bi me rad pojedel,” je govorila sama s seboj škodoželjno.

Videč, kako odletava volk na vse strani, kakor da je žoga, je odgovorila bodreče na volkovo tuljenje:

“Korajžno, prijatelj . . . Ne daj se! . . . Saj si vendar volk! . . . Z nogami se upri v zemljo! . . . Vleči konja v gozd!”

Volk je zatulil:

“Ne morem! . . . Oh, oh, oh! . . . Preveč je močan ta konj! . . . Ubil me bo!”

“Saj vendar zmoreš človeka. Pa nisi kos konju? . . . Prijatelj, ne delaj sramote! Vleči ga v gozd! Pomisli, kako bo slastna pečenka . . .”

“Ne morem . . . Pomagaj!”

“Ako je tako, slabič, potem spusti konopec!”

“Ne morem,” je tulil volk s cvilečim

glasom. “Preveč sem si ga omotal okrog vratu.”

Lisica je zakričala prezirljivo:

“Okrog vratu? . . . Kaj sem ti rekla okrog vratu?! Naglica nikoli ni kaj prida, sem ti rekla, ko si hotel mene pojesti. Zato ti ni pomoči.”

Volk, že ves obtolčen in v poslednjih izdihljajih, je spoznal, da ga je zapeljala lisica.

“Ne smel bi govoriti, kaj storim z njo, nego moral bi storiti. Pa bi sedaj ne umiral tako nečastno in grozno.”

Konj je butal z volkom ob kamenje, ob drevesa in ko je pridiral na kmetovo dvorišče, kjer je bil doma, je bil volk že mrtev.

Lisica se je podala nazaj v gozd in v očeh je ležal škodoželjni smeh.

“Nisem kriva. Izsilil je iz mene ta nasvet, ki mi je bil obramba. Pojesti me je hotel . . . Če bi tega ne povedala, bi bilo po meni . . . Bedaki pač vedno svoje načrte povedo pred dejanji!” . . .

Karl Jenko:

Kdo bi verjel!

DOGODBICA, ki jo vam bom podal, je resnična in datira nazaj v leto tisoč devetsto sedemnajsto, ko je razbesneli vojni bog bičal naš planet.

Gospod Pajek je bil precej odlična oseba in je tedaj in tudi še pozneje živel mnogo več spoštovanja pri ljudeh kakor pa ga je zaslužil—vsaj kot človek. Bil je glavna oseba v svoji stranki, katera se je oznanjevala kot napredna in demokratična ter se imenovala za zagovornico pravic tlačanih in zaničevanih, v resnici pa je bila stranka tistih, ki so tlačili, izmozgavali in prezirali bedne proletarce. Kot tak je mnogokrat zavzemal odlična mesta in službe: bil je župan glavnega mesta dežele, poslanec v parlamentu, član raznih odborov in podobno. Ker mu, seveda, tu-

di denarja ni primanjkovalo, je bil kakopak in zares imeniten gospod, pred katerim je moral klobuk iti z glave, če nisi želel zamere tako imenitne zverine.

Kot politik gospod Pajek ni bil slab. Znal je slepiti neuke ljudi, da so v njem videli nekakšnega odrešenika, ki jih bo otel sužnosti ter jih popeljal v zlato svobodo in ven iz vsakdanje mizerije, kar jim je neštetokrat obljubil. Seveda je ostalo le pri obljubah, kajti visokemu gospodu so bile pri srcu le lastne koristi, medtem, ko so mu bile koristi kmečkoga in mestnega delavca deveta brigga. Ampak tisti, ki so zanj oddajali svoje glasove, tega niso izprevideli in bili so dovolj naivni in slepi, da so verjeli, da je gospod Pajek njihov prijatelj, kateri bi jim rad pomagal.

Ampak štirinajstletni Kropov Tonček in kopica njegovih bratcev in sestric tega niso verjeli, ker so se prepričali, da je gospod Pajek vse popreje kakor dober človek in prijatelj siromašnih ljudi.

Pri Kropovih so bili zelo revni. Edino njihovo imetje je bila slaba bajta, majhna njivica in mršava kravica Liska. Otrok je bilo šestero in Tonček najstarejši med njimi. Oče je bil v vojni in uboga mati se je sama trudila, da preživi kopico otrok in sebe. Živelci so, seveda, zelo slabo: močnik in krompir sta prihajla na mizo in še tega ne toliko, da bi se vedno lačni otroci mogli nasititi. Včasih pa je zmanjkalo tudi drv—gozda niso imeli in kupiti si jih niso mogli, ker ni bilo denarja—in tedaj je moral Tonček oprtati koš na ramo ter oditi pol ure daleč v gozd kakega premožnega vaščana, kjer je nabral na tleh ležeče suhljadi in jo nesel domov, da je imela mati s čim skuhati borno kosilce ali večerjo. Vaščani ga zaradi tega niso nikoli preganjali, niti ga ni kdo kdaj grdo pogledal zato, saj so vedeli, da so pri Kropovih siromaki, poleg tega pa je bila suhljad zanje brez vrednosti.

Nekega dne v spomladi omenjenega leta je zopet zmanjkalo drv pri Kropovih in mati je poslala Tončka v gozd po drva. Tonček je molče oprtal na rame koš ter odšel. Med potom se je deček domislil, da je v gozdu gospoda Pajka mnogo suhljadi—gospod Pajek je imel v Tončkovi rojstni vasi lepo vilo, kamor se je hodil hladiti v vročih poletnih mesecih, pol ure od vasi pa je imel velik in lep gozd—zato je nameril korake naravnost v omenjeni gozd.

Tonček se ni motil. V Pajkovem gozdu je bilo zadosti suhljadi na tleh, zato je bil njegov koš kmalu naložen s suhljadjo. Že skoro gotov, je ugledal skupino mladih smrek, katerih spodnje vejice je bilo suho in brž mu je šinilo v glavo: "Aha, tistole smrečje bo pa dobro za podkuritev ognja," nakar je nalo-

mil suhega smrečja ter ga dal vrh ostale suhljadi v košu.

Že je mislil oditi domov, ko se oglasi za njim neprijazni glas gospoda Pajka, ki se je zadržal nad prestrašenim dečkom:

"Vražje seme, kdo pa ti je dovolil jemati drva iz mojega gozda?"

Tonček se je od strahu skoro sesedel na tla ter preplašeno moledoval:

"Gospod—nimamo s čim skuhati večerje — —"

"Kaj me briga tvoja večerja," je zarohnel imenitni gospod, nato pa razmetal v košu naloženo suhljad ter spodil Tončka iz svojega gozda.

Pa to ni bilo še vse. Še tistega dne zvečer je moral Tonček pred domačega orožniškega sražmeštra, ki mu je napravil ostro pridigo, ki je bila združena s še ostrejšimi klofutami. Obenem je dobil tudi zagotovilo, da se bo moral za svoj strašni prestopok pokoriti v ječi okrajnega sodišča, ki pa Tončka ni prav nič razveselilo.

Sledečega dne je Tončkova mati napisal ponižno pismo gospodu Pajku ter ga lepo in skrušeno prosila, naj odpusti njenemu sinu njega veliki greh, a gospod Pajek, ta dobri prijatelj ljudstva, ni imel srca za ubogo kmečko mater, katere mila prošnja je našla gluha ušesa.

"Vas bom če naučil spoštovati mojo lastnino, prokleti cigani," je mrmral ter Tončka ovadil sodišču.

Teden pozneje sta stala Tonček in njegova mati pred sodnikom. Proces je bil kratek. Tonček je priznal svoj prestopok in kazen je bila: deset kron globe.

Deset kron tedaj ni bilo baš mnogo denarja, a Kropova mati še teh ni imela. Izposodila si je torej teh deset kron pri sosedu, ki je imel več denarja, da je mogla plčati kazen zato, ker se je njen sin drznil nabirati suhljad v gozdu gospoda Pajka . . .

Po vsem tem ni čudno, da Tonček in njegovi niso mogli verjeti, da je gospod Pajek res dober človek in prijatelj ljudstva. Kdo bi verjel? . . .

Od tistih dob je minulo trinajst let. Gospod Pajek še živi, ampak tista nekdanja njegova moč in imenitnost je izginila. Tudi spoštovanje se mu več ne izkazuje kot nekdanj. Celo njegovi nekdanji somišljeniki ga več ne spoštujejo, ker izdal jih je za svoje osebne koristi. Sebičnost in slavohlepnost sta mu izkopali zaslužen politični grob.

Tonček je danes to, za kar je bil odločen še pod materinim srcem: delavec.

Pošten delavec, ki ljubi resnico in sovraži laž in krivico. Tudi odrešenike Pajkovega kova sovraži iz dna srca, zato vneto pomaga tistim, ki pripravljajo grobove podobnim zapeljivcem, ki pomagajo največjim sovražnikom ljudstva, kapitalistom, izkoriščati neuke ljudske mase. In nekdanji Tonček veruje, da bo prišel dan, ko bodo oboji dobili zaslužen plačilo in obenem želi, da bi i sam dočakal tisti—sodnji dan.

Jože Kovač:

Kako je bramin dvakrat rešil svojo glavo

(Indska pravljica)

ŽIVEL je nekoč v neki indski vasi siromašen bramin, po imenu Harisarman. Zelo reven je bil in silno je trpel lakoto z vso svojo veliko družino. Naposled se mu je vendarle približno nasmehnila sreča. Dobil je službo pri bogatinu Stuludati. Njegovo ženo pa je vzel bogatin za služkinjo.

Nekoč je Stuludata priredil bogato pojedino, zakaj njegova hči se je možila. Nasproti razkošne palače bogatina je sedel na prag svoje bedne kočice Harisarman ter opazoval, kako prihaja vse polno gostov, prijateljev in sorodnikov bogatega Stuludate.

“Vendar že”—je pomislil bramin.—“Tudi jaz se bom spet enkrat do sitega najedel, a mogoče bo tudi za moje otroke kaj ostalo.”

Žal pa je pojedina potekala brez nje in ni ga bilo, ki bi se bil spomnil siromašnega bramina. Kako tudi?

Ves obupan pa je na večer dejal bramin svoji ženi:

“Vem, žena, da nisem bogve kako pameten in da me radi tega in radi mojega siromaštva ne marajo videti. Sem pa premeten: napravim se za čarodeja. Veš, žena, ob ugodni priložnosti pošepetaj gospodarju, da sem v čarovniji velik mojster.”

Vso noč je bramin premišljeval to svojo namero. Zjutraj pa je vstal ter ukradel iz hleva ženinega konja ter ga skrival na pripravno mesto. Svatje so opazili tatvino ter začeli kričati in zdihovati. Stuludata je uprav obupaval, saj pomeni ta kraja nesrečo za mladi par. To je slabo znamenje. Iskali so na vse pretege, konja našli pa niso.

Tedaj pa je služkinja pošepetala gospodarju:

“O gospodar! Zakaj ne pokličeš mojega moža? Velik modrijan je, izkušen čarodej, iz zvezd umeje razbrati najbolj zapletene uganke. On ti najde konja. Pokliči ga.”

Poklicali so Harisarmana, ki je ponosno in očitaje pogledal Stuludato: “Kadar pijete in se gostite, vam ni mar mene. A ob prvi nesreči me pokličete. Česa želiš?”

“Oprosti, čestiti stavec, in pomagaj nam!” mu je ponižno dejal gospodar, mu povedal in razložil vso nesrečo.

Harisarman je sedel na ledino, dolgo premišljeval ter risal v prah neke črte in like, naposled pa je vzdiknil:

“Konj je na meji posestva, natanko južno od tod. Tatu, ki ga je ukradel, ni več tamkaj. Tecite in privedite konja.”

Seveda so konja res našli in privedli. Bramin pa je živel od tedaj pri bogatniku kot v devetih nebesih.

A glas o njegovi modrosti in čarodejstvu se je naglo razširil. Celo radža sam na svojem dvoru je zvedel za modrijana, ki ga ima Stuludata pri sebi. Prav takrat mu je bilo ukradeno mnogo nakita in mnogo zlata. In ker tatu niso mogli najti, je radža zapovedal, naj privedejo slovitega bramina čarodeja. A njemu je srce od strahu padlo v hlače. Preklinjal je dan, ko se je bil napravil za čarodeja.

Dovedli so ga in zaprli do jutra. Močna straža je varovala vrata. Od samih skrbi bramin seveda ni mogel zatisniti oči vso noč.

Na dvoru pa je bila neka ženska, ki ji je bilo ime Glavica. Tudi ona vso noč ni spala: ona je bila ukradla nakit in zlato in zdaj se je bala, da bo bramin pokazal s prstom nanjo in dejal: Ta je ukradla! In ko so stražniki zaspali pred vrati bramina, se je splazila lavica k vratom ter prislonila svoje uho na ključavnico. Poslušala je, kaj dela bramin. Harisman pa je bedel in ves preplašen hodil po sobi gori in doli ter stolkal:

“O moja nesrečna glavica, ti moja prebita glavica! Zdaj le trpi, kmalu te bo doletela pravična kazen. O prebita glavica, zakaj si si to izmislila?”

Bramin je mislil seveda svojo nesrečno glavo, ženska Glavica pa je mislila, da je uganil tatico, njo. V strahu je vdrla v braminovo sobo ter pokleknila predenj:

“Prizanesi mi, nesrečni Glavici. O bramin, vse, kar imam, ti dam, dragulji pa so zakopani v vrtu pod jablano.”

Od nenadne sreče je Harisarman ves vzrastel; ukazal je Glavici, naj mu prinese drguljev, kolikor jih je pridžala zase, zjutaj pa je povedel radžo na vrt pod jablano.

“Lopov je nekaj dragocenosti odnesel, druge pa je zakopal tu pod jablano. Lopov sam je zbežal iz tvoje dežele; zadovoljil se s tem, kar izkoplješ izpod jabljane.”

Radža je bil srečen in je bogato odaroval bramina.

Ta velika sreča pa je izzvala pri ljudeh zavist. Veliki vezir je dejal radži, da je ta čarodej bržkone slepar in goljuf. Vnovič naj preizkusijo njegovo modrost.

Radža je slušal. Naslednjega dne je v neko posodo zaprl žabo, poklical bramina, naj ugame, kaj je v posodi. Če ne ugame, mu bo slaba predla. Harisman je zadržtel in v tistem hipu se je spomnil svojih otroških let in svojega očeta, ki ga je neprestano klical za žabico. Spomnil se je te podrobnosti kot človek, ki stoji na morišču in mu bodo čez nekaj hipov odsekali glavo.

In začel je tarnati nad samim seboj: “O ti žabica, žabica, vidiš, kam si zšla? Kje bi si bil mislil, da bo skrivnostna posoda tvoj grob.”

Radža je bil premagan. Obsul je bramina s cekini in častjo, pa ga pustil domov, da v miru preživi svoja stara leta.





Fran Tralnik: "VIHAR"

Adam Milkovič:

Edinček

TAK je bil kot vi; morda je bil še manjši; Edinček so mu rekli. Imel je očeta, katerega je ljubil v strahu, zakaj nikoli ni veroval v njegovo ljubezen; saj so bile očetove oči tako ostre, tako globoke in njegov obraz je bil vedno bled in žalosten in v sencih so bile globoke jame. Iz njegovih oči ni bilo solze, nikoli je ni bilo in iz njegovih ust ni bilo nežne besede, tako nežne kakor jih je znala mati. Njegove roke so bile grčave, Edinček se jih je bal; zakaj zdelo se mu je, da bi gnetle trdo železo, tako močne so izgledale te očetove roke.

Ob večerih je prihajal z dela. Da, vsak večer je prišel. Izmučen je sedel na stol, spustil je roke da so mu razbolele visele navzdol, in tak je gledal molče nekam daleč . . . Bog ve, kam je mislil. Mati je prižgala luč, potem se je približala očetu, strmela v tiste črne jame v njegovih sencih in rahlo položila roko k njemu. Oče je vzravnal hrbtenico, zakašljajal — tako kašljajo jetični — in položil roke na svoje prsi.

— — —
 "Tako," je rekel nekoč Edinčku, "vse meso si znosil sosedovemu psu! In danes, ko je materin god! Kaj bo s teboj otrok? Zakaj si to storil?"

Edinček se je obrnil k steni, vanjo je gledal in ni odgovoril.

"Pojdi sem, Edinček," je rekel oče. "Zakaj si to storil?"

"Zato," je rekel skoro jezno Edinček in gledal v tla. Zdelo se mu je, da je storil prav pa je še ponovil: "Zato."

"Zato," je ponovil še oče, potem pa pogledal mater, ki je stala s sklenjenimi rokami sredi kuhinje in gledala v pojemajočo luč.

V postelji je Edinček premišljeval. Saj ga oče nima rad! Tudi matere nima; saj je še nikoli ni objel, nikoli poljubil in njega tudi ne. Pač, enkrat ga je. Da,

Edinček je bil še čisto majhen, takrat se je bil oče sklonil čez njegovo posteljico, takrat da ko je bil Edinček bolan, sklonil se je, nič ni rekel in ga je poljubil. Da, tiste dni ga je imel še rad, danes ga nima več, tudi matere nima, saj se ji nikoli ne nasmeje, nikoli je ne pogladi, mati pa se tolikokrat sredi noči, ko oče kašlja, skloni k njemu in mu pravi:

Saj bo bolje, saj bo bolje . . .! Edinček je to večkrat slišal. Tudi je slišal, ko so materine ustne sredi noči večkrat šepetale, menda je molila mati. Pa se je zato Edinček vedno pokrtil čez glavo, da je mogel zaspati. In vedno, ko se je zjutraj prebudil, je oče že odšel na delo, njegova postelja je bila že prazna . . . Samo zvečer ga je videl, da samo zvečer in še takrat je bil izmučen in žalosten.

"Mati, zakaj si vzdihovala ponoči?" jo je vprašal nekoč Edinček.

"Ti nisi spal?"

"Nisem. Oče kašlja, kako naj spim," je skoro jezno rekel Edinček. "Povej, zakaj si vzdihovala?"

"Ne vem," se je zatajila mati. "Dolge so noči in . . ." Utihnula je.

"Povej!" je silil Edinček.

"Otrok! Edinček!" Samo to je izrgala, potem ga je privila k sebi in skrila obraz. Edinček je hotel pogledati vanj pa ni mogel. Ko ga je pa čez dolgo časa dvignila je imela oči zaprte, a iz njih so silile solze . . .

"Mamica!" Edinčku je postalo težko.

Kakor da je znala brati skrivno prihodnost, je skrila obraz v otroka in s tihim glasom rekla: "Edinček, sama bova ostala . . ."

"Sama? Kam pojde oče?"

Mati je skrila obraz še globlje v njegovo naročje.

"Otrok, saj ti ničesar ne veš."

“Zakaj bova ostala sama,” je silil vanjo Edinček. “Kam pojde oče?”

“V grob,” je zajokala mati—Edinček pa je ni razumel.

Ta dan je mati še dolgo jokala, a Edinček ni vedel zakaj.

— — —
Dnevi beže. Edinček gre v šolo. Vesel je. Med potjo sreča voz, takega še ni bil videl. Črn je, zaprt; še drugi ljudje so ga gledali. To je fabriški rešilni voz, so rekli. Edinček je imel še časa dovolj, da je z drugimi otroci skočil za vozom, se obesil nanj in z drugimi glasno upil. Ko so se odprla zadnja vrata in se je čudno oblečen mož razhudil nad poredneži, je Edinček z grozo opazil, da leži v vozu njegov oče. Oče! Njegove oči so priprte, ko pa začuje Edinčkov krik, se odpro in čudna luč zagori v njih. Že je stegnil roko k otroku, a voz je drdral naprej in oni, ki se je razhudil nad otroci, je zaprl z jezo vrata. Edinček se je prestrašil in zbežal. Gledal je za vozom . . . Kam pe-ljejo očeta? . . .

V šoli se je nasmejal: “Očeta sem videl! Peljal se je v lepem črnem vozu, hm, moj oče!”

V mestnem logu je ozelenelo. V Edinčkovem domu leži oče. Njegove oči so globoke in tako strme nekam daleč—zunaj sije solnce . . . Edinček skače po dvorišču, vesel je — nikoli še ni bil tako prost kakor prav te dni.

Večeri se. Mati kleči ob postelji, nje-ne roke so sklenjene k očetu, v njenih očeh gori večna luč . . . in tam od nekje iz mraka se iztezajo k njemu mrzle roke in čakajo njegovega poslednjega di-ha . . .

“Kje je Edinček?” komaj slišno iz-trga oče.

“Zunaj. Pokličem ga.”

Mati steče na prag. “O Bog, koliko krivice je v tvoji sodbi do nas, ki smo trpeli skozi vse življenje,” je rekla sama sebi in se ozrla po otroku. Tedaj je priskakal. “Edinček! Edinček! Pojdi k očetu!”

“K očetu?” se je prestrašil kazni on. “Ne, ne grem.”

“Otrok!” Skoro da je omahnila.

Tedaj je šel. Plah je stopil pred nje-ga; ko pa je videl, da je očetov obraz miren, da v njem ni jeze, se je nasmejal.

“Oče! Solnce sije zunaj, kaj ne poj-deš . . . kmalu bo zatonilo. Saj nisi hud, kajne, da nisi . . .” Nikoli mu še ni rekel tako, ta trenotek pa se mu je zdel oče tako lep, da je prijel za njegovo roko. “Ali me imaš kaj rad? Kako si danes lep, tako mlad si, oče . . .”

Oče je strmel vanj, mati je dvignila Edinčka k njemu in omahnila nad po-steljo. Takrat je Edinček prvokrat v življenju videl solzo v očetovih očeh in spoznal, da ju oče ljubi. Da, oba lju-bi; zakaj objel je oba in je rekel: “U-božčka, kaj bosta brez mene?” Potem je zaprl oči in na njegovih ustnih je za-sanjal smehljaj . . .

Drugo jutro je umrl. Edinček se ni jokal. Stal je ves čas ob njegovi poste-lji in je čakal, da se oče prebudi. Sklenil je, da bo odslej mater in očeta bolj ubogal; saj je videl sinoči, da ga ima oče rad in mamu tudi . . .

Pa je bilo prepozno—oče se ni prebu-dil več—nikoli več . . .





Dragi urednik!

V junijski številki Mladinskega lista ste zastavili čitateljem nekoliko vprašanj. Vprašali ste, da kakšne povesti in pesmi se nam najbolj dopadejo in kateri pisatelji nam najbolj ugajajo.

Tukaj bom izrazila glede tega svoje mnenje:

Najrajše čitam izvirne povesti in pesmi. Najbolj mi ugajajo povesti in pesmi izpod peresa Katke Zupančič in od Anne P. Krasne. Kar Katka Zupančič piše, je resno in najbolj razumljivo. Ponatisi so tudi dobri, če so zanimivi, ampak najboljše je izvirno gradivo.

Radovedna sem, kaj bodo drugi čitatelji povedali o tem vprašanju.

Upam, da se bom spet kmalu oglasila v "Našem kotičku." Evelyn Hochevar,
2318 Cedar st., Pueblo, Colo.

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu, ako mi boste le priobčili.

Sedaj mi gre malo bolje po slovensko pisati in čitati.

Čitala sem, dragi urednik, vaše vrstice v junijski številki Mladinskega lista, da bi radi izvedeli, kaj se nam najbolj dopade v slovenskem delu tega lista.

Tu je moje mnenje:

Meni se jako dopadejo povesti; jih bolj lahko čitam, slovenske, ne angleške. Saj angleško se itak učimo v šoli.

Sedaj imamo počitnice, pa se bom večkrat oglasila, ako ne bom preveč zaposlena z otroci pri igranju zunaj.

Oprostite, ako slabo pišem.

Tukaj vam pošiljam malo pesmico, katero me je moja mama naučila. Naslov ji je "Mavrica," ali po angleško: "The Rainbow." Spisal jo je priljubljeni slovenski pesnik Simon Gregorčič. Glasi se:

Mavrica

Biserna lestva se vpenja v oblak,
spušča se onkraj na zemeljski tlak,
mavrica pisana, božji prestol.
Angeli hodijo gor in pa dol,
zlate kropilnice v rokah drže,
zemljo prežejno hlade in poje.

Kapljici vsaki srečo dele:

pade na polje — rodi zelenjad,
kane na drevje — obilen da sad,
kaplja na njivi — da žito zlato,
kaplja na trti pa — vince sladko.
Sreča se spušča na sleherno stvar,
kadar zaliva nebeški vrtnar.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

Bertha Krainik,

231 E. Poplar street, Chisholm, Minn.

Dragi urednik!

Želim, da priobčite tole pesmico—povestico, ki se mi zelo dopade:

V šolo!

Kaj me briga strma cesta,
kaj mi hoče dolga pot!
Če sem zdaj učenec majhen,
pa pozneje bom gospod.

Ves neuk nameril v šolo
prvi plahi sem korak,
poln sem danes učenosti,
od glave do pet junak!

Gledajo oči veselo,
vžiga mi pogum srce;
saj pogum je in veselje,
kar ustvarja nas može!

Če je v šolo težka hoja,
bo pozneje lepa pot,
koder hodil bom po svetu
velik in učen gospod!

Povem naj še to, da rada čitam pesmi, po-
vesti in pripovedke.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega li-
sta, enako urednika! **Olga Groznik,**
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da se malo oglasim
v priljubljenem Mladinskem listu.

V prošli številki sem prečitala urednikove
vrstice, v katerih pravi, da se veselimo šolskih
počitnic. Zakaj bi se jih pa ne? Ker imamo
toliko veselja!

Sedaj je čas, da veselo rajamo, v poletnem
času, da bomo imeli zadosti za zimski čas, ko
se ne bomo mogli toliko zunaj igrati, ker bo
mraz in pa veliko dela bomo imeli takrat s
šolskimi nalogami.

V tem poletnem času pa ne bomo pozabili na
lepo štivo, ki nam ga nudi Mladinski list.

S tem dopisem sem se sicer malo zakasnila,
pa upam, da mi bo urednik oprostil, ker bom
v prihodnje bolj pridna. Poslala bom moje
dopise bolj zgodaj, tako da bo dovolj časa, da
jih bo urednik lahko priobčil.

Iskreno pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice
ter vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista, in tudi
urednika! **Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.**

* *

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da spet napišem par besed
v Mladinski list.

Sedaj, v dobi šolskih počitnic, pač lahko več-
krat kaj napišemo.

Rada bi videla samo slovenske dopise v Mla-
dinskem listu, oziroma v "Našem kotičku,"
kamor spadajo, to pa zato, ker zelo rada čitam
po slovensko.

Tudi moja sestra je enkrat pisala po slo-
vensko. Zanja je težko po slovensko pisati,
pa se vseeno uči.

Zelo bi me veselilo, ako bi se tukaj v Chi-
sholmu ustanovila slovenska šola. To bi bilo
lepo! Potem bi se lahko dobro naučila slo-
vensko pisati.

Le učimo se pridno naprej, bratci in sestri-
ce, saj nam bodo naši starši z veseljem po-
magali, ako bodo videli, da se zanimamo za
slovensko.

Ako bi ne bilo Mladinskega lista, bi jaz
pravgotovo ne znala slovensko čitati in pisati,
kar pa sedaj znam.

Iskren pozdrav vsem! **Mary Krainik,**
221 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.



*Pogled na Michigan bulevard v Chicagu iz Grant parka z Buckinghamovim
vodometom v ospredju*

Jože Kovač:

PISMO

otroka iz predmestja otroku na farmi.

DRAGI—

rad bi Ti pisal veselo pismo,
saj je pomlad in naš čas.
Toda pomladi je tako malo pri nas,
tako brez nad
je naša pomlad,
da prave pomladi sploh občutili nismo.

Iz sivega kamna naša je cesta,
sive so hiše, nikjer ni drevesa,
le sirene fabrik in hrup velemesta
in košček neba—to so vsa naša nebesa.
Vanj štrlijo visoki dimniki fabrik,
iz njih se v pomladno nebo vali dim,
črn in gost se vlačí počez in navpik.
Mi smo pod njim
in sleherni kolne: "Trpim. . ."
Vidiš, kako nihče ne vé za pomlad,
ne za nebo ne za solnce.

Pa sem se spomnil zdaj nate,
ki zunaj na farmi živiš,
pa sem se spomnil na Tvoje trate,
kjer solnce lahko kar v róke loviš,
na polje, kjer žito lahko valovi,
na potok, kjer vrba v vetru šelesti,
na Tvojo prostost in zeleno pomlad—
veš, dragi moj farmarski brat,
pa sem še bolj se zavedel teh sivih židov,
pa sem na moč si zaželel Tvojih gozdov,
pa sem sédel za mizo, da Ti napišem to
.....pismo,
da Ti povem, da pri nas pomladi občutili
nismo,
da nihče pri nas ne vé za pomlad,
ne za nebo ne za solnce ne cvetje

Glej, radi cvetja naj Ti to-le povem:
saj smo že v poletju,
pa do sinoči nisem še videl nobenega
cvetja.

In še sinoči sem našel ga
v blatu

v občestnem

jarku . . .

Dragi,

zdaj pač razumeš, zakaj Ti pišem v
Tvojo poljano:

Pod tem črnim dimom fabrik sem se
spomnil Tvojih dobav,
Tvojega polja, ki je pisano s cvetjem
posejano—

pa sem Ti želel poslati svoj sivi pozdrav
v Tvojo pomlad!

Tvoj predmestni brat.

Jaso Saijoo:

PESEM O KANARČKU

Ali naj izpustim, mamica,
kanarčka, ki je pozabil peti,
tja na hrib, tja za našo hišo?

Ne, ne, moje dete, ne smeš.

Ali naj ga zakopljem, mamica,
kanarčka svojega, ki ne poje,
v grm, tam na našem dvorišču?

Ne, ne, moje dete, ne smeš,

Ali naj ga pretepem, mamica,
kanarčka, ki nima več pesmic,
z vrbovo šibo?

Ne, ne, ne smeš.

To je grdo.

Deni kanarčka, ki nič več ne poje,
na ladjo iz slonove kosti
in veslaj s srebrnimi vesli
na morje, ko bo mesečna noč.

Tam se mora spomniti svojih pesmi.

Najpopularnejša pesnika današnje
Japonske sta Hakushu Kitahara in Ya-
so Saijoo. Nimata tekmece ne zaradi
krasnih, novih rim niti pri izbiri lepih
besed. Če bi bilo mogoče njune pesmi
prevesti, bi sigurno dosegle svetoven
sloves. Yaso Saijoo je profesor fran-
coske književnosti na Wosedi. Njegove
pesmi so krasno melodične; verzi žu-
bore prijetno kakor potok.



JUVENILE



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The Poets Protest Against Economic Wrongs

THE great poets have ever been social and industrial reformers. Not one of them has ever defended graft or special privilege. The men and the systems that want what they ought not to have, have employed shrewd writers to defend them and their practice, but they have never employed a poet. The poets have been the first to recognize social and industrial injustice. They have been quick to discern the troubles that have been piled up in the name of property, patriotism, and religion.

The poets of the nineteenth century, however, found best opportunity for expression on social affairs, for this century witnessed the birth of the factory system, the abolition of slavery, and the mitigation of human suffering. Poets of real power have ever been sensitive to injustice, and their protests have had tremendous influence.

Thomas Moore, the "Bard of Erin," was so democratic in his writings that he was sharply reprimanded by the authorities of England. Witnessing the oppression of his people in Ireland he wrote:

And Freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

Mrs. Browning's protest against child labor was made away back in 1843, when she wrote *The Cry of the Children*, which we reprinted, in the July

issue of the Mladinski List, and *The Cry of the Human*. In terrific protest against increasing toil by women, Thomas Hood penned the immortal ode, *The Song of the Shirt*:

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you are wearing out,
But human creature's lives!
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

Hood's mournful *Bridge of Sighs* was a plea for the fallen women and a severe arraignment of society for social evils. It seemed in the case of this outcast that "even God's providence" was estranged:

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun,
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!

For over a half century men have been stirred by the subtle pathos of this poem, its gripping lament, its startling brevity—but it has been only within

the last generation that men have taken serious account of the leprous power of white slavery.

Kipling is keenly conscious of social burdens, as he is the horrors of war. Nothing can be more appalling than his description of the atrocities committed by the women of Afghanistan who, after a battle, go among the dead and wounded to "cut up the remains." Kipling's virile, rollicking spirit, however, often gives one the impression that he thinks we ought to be glad of war, disease, and death. We seem to catch the lure of the bugles and the tread of the regiments, and while he paints war as hell, he makes us feel a desire to witness the grandeur of the pageant.

The Cry of the Mine by Robert Buchanan is both a lament and a protest against the fact that the industrial system demands the labor of children in underground mines:

John Davidson writes of "the human cost of civilization," which reminds one of "Hugo's "brutalities of progress." He says:

Deeper we crawl than the graves of the dead!
Sisters and brothers, whose fires burn so cheerily,
Fed by the coal we work for so wearily,
Give us our wages of Bread!

Buchanan describes the so-called Christian patriot as one

Who strideth sword in hand
To reap the fields he never sowed,
For his own Fatherland!
Who, sweeping human rights aside,
Sets up the cross-shaped Tree
And while the Christ is crucified,
Bids all the thieves go free.

Davidson gives the despair of a child who asks why he was not well born:

Where is my birthright—beauty and strength.

That a protest has been made in verse against social wrongs is significant. The verse referred to may have a deep emotional throb like Hood's, or it may be just common sentimentality, but it is, however, a distinct product of the Nineteenth Century. The Greeks were immortally objective. They developed the flower of their civilization to a degree that has been the wonder of all men since. They paid no attention to the defective, to the mutilations of life; they simply let nature attend to that, while their artists and philosophers gathered richness for all the world. The Mediaeval Christians, on the other hand, were introspective. They did their best to suppress science, to ignore nature and all that she revealed to stumbling, suffering men. It was the Mediaeval idea to reach God by controversy, by self-holiness rather than by service to mankind. The Anglo-Saxon has developed a personality with a social cast to his conscience. The Greeks were everything but psychologists; the schoolmen and militant saints spent their energies in saving men after death rather than attempting to make their lives bearable. The people of the last 50 years have been conscious, to some extent, of waste and abuse; they have taken some thought of Cain's searching query.

Our poets have often run far ahead of legislators, and quite abreast of progressive teachers and scientists.



Impetus Given to Juveniles

T^{HIS} ^{is} **T**^{HIS} written with a view to stimulate some interest among our Juvenile members in the Slovene National Benefit Society and in its Juvenile Campaign that will be launched in October and will close December 31. Our maturing Juvenile members will also be given an opportunity to do their share in bringing into our subordinate lodges new Juvenile members. Valuable prizes and awards will be given to those securing new applicants for the Juvenile Department. This Juvenile Drive will commence in October, as already mentioned.

This year gives every promise of witnessing the greatest juvenile development in our organization. It has taken some 15 years to fully awaken the fraternalists to the importance of large juvenile membership in their respective societies. Some are not aware yet, but the progressive societies—like the SNPJ—have carefully studied the remarkable strides in junior enrollment during the last few years and are now exerting every effort to enlist juvenile interest and support.

The last three months of this year should be as productive for our juvenile department as any similar undertaking heretofore. In fact, this will be the first Juvenile Campaign on a large scale, so to speak. Membership campaigns were conducted by our Society before, to be sure, but not with the express aim of planning a distinct Juvenile Campaign. So, all you Juvenile members who would like to see the Junior Department increase, see that you get ready now by looking for prospective applicants, and when the campaign will be in progress you will be able to secure at least a few new applicants. Do your share now. Be an active member of the SNPJ!

Letters to "Chatter Corner" are ever on the increase. Not that we don't like them. We do like them, especially short letters that are interesting. But we would like to get more Slovene letters for "Naš Kotiček." That's what we are trying to point out. Learn to write in Slovene. Your parents will gladly assist you to compose your Slovene letter for the Mladinski List. Ask them, and they will say yes. You yourself must show some interest in your mother's tongue—the rest will come easy. But at the present we want more Slovene letters written by our Juvenile members and readers. Make them short and interesting. The Editor will gladly cooperate with you in this matter and will see to it that every letter will be promptly published.

When this copy of the Mladinski List will be in your hands, half of your vacations will be over, and only four more weeks will remain before school will open. We hope your vacation time was well spent and wish you every success in your school work in September, at the same time reminding you of that Slovene letter for "Naš Kotiček."

L. B.

Things Worth Knowing

For Sun Stroke

Apply alternately hot and cold applications to forehead and base of brain or back of neck; place the feet in warm mustard water, and apply mustard plaster to stomach and calves of legs.

For Nose Bleed

Make solution composed of one quarter teaspoon of alum to half cup of water and inject into each nostril and place cotton saturated with same to each nostril.

To Restore Faded Photographs

The prints should be unmounted by soaking in water for a time, and then emersed in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, in which they may be left for two or three minutes, and afterwards thoroughly washed. The change takes place directly they are in the chloride solution.

To Remove Paint from Silk or Woolen Goods

Fold some soft cloth several times. Lay the soiled article on it. Wet with benzine and rub with woolen cloth or sponge. Pour on more benzine and rub again. Repeat as often as may be necessary. The folded cloth will absorb the benzine and grease together. Be careful to prevent spreading of spot. Use no more benzine each time than is just sufficient to wet the soiled spot.

How to Thread Needle if Sight is Bad

A person with defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

To Remove Warts or Corns Quickly

Let a small piece of potash stand in the air until it slacks. Mix into a paste with a little pulverized gum arabic. After paring off the top of the wart or corn, apply for ten minutes. Then wash off and bathe freely in olive oil or vinegar until the alkali is entirely

neutralized. One application is sufficient. The wart or corn will surely disappear.

To Transfer Pencil Drawings to Metal Stone

If a sheet of paper on which a plan or any drawing or writing has been executed with pencil be moistened with acidulated water, and afterwards inked with printer's ink, the pencil marks alone will take the ink, and the whole drawing may then be transferred to metal or stone.

For Cholera Morbus

Cayenne pepper, 10 grains; chalk one-half drachm; anise, 2 drachms; add to this a pint of water sweetened with sugar and boil down to one-half pint. Give teaspoonful every hour or two until relieved, and apply kerosene oil to stomach and bowels.

How to Remove Warts

Take a few cents worth of sal ammoniac; dissolve it in a grill of soft water and wet the warts frequently with the solution. They will disappear without pain or discomfort in the course of a week or two. A weak solution of potash applied in the same manner will have a similar effect.

For Blood Poisoning

Quinine sulphate, 1 scruple; tincture chloride of iron, 1½ drachms; syrup simple, 2 oz.; make mixture and give teaspoonful four times a day.

To Clean Painted Surfaces

Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly with this and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

Why Betty Brushed Her Teeth

By Mabel Nerisen

"WHAT can I do for you, my little girl," spoke the groceryman as he peered over the candy counter at a chubby rosy-cheeked girl.

"I want a nickel's worth of candy," pointing to some hard-mixed colored candy.

Betty held her little candy package tight between her fingers as she marched out of the store.

At the corner she met two of her little playmates.

"Have some candy, kids, it's hard, but that won't hurt," laughed Betty as they skipped off to play.

That night Betty had a funny dream. Her teeth talked! They talked about her!

"Oh, we have not had a bath for ever so long, I do feel so dirty," sighed all the little teeth in Betty's mouth.

Then all the teeth chattered at once.

"Why can't she brush us, like she used to do."

"She lost her brush and wouldn't buy a new one."

"Do you know what a naughty thing she did. She used her sister's toothbrush and washed us."

"It makes me furious!"

"Then she bought some hard candy and made us chew it up. It was hard and one piece made a crack in my head—so I feel sick and want to ache."

"We must teach her a lesson to brush her teeth. Her mother and teachers have told her, but she just wouldn't listen."

"Oh, I know," said one little tooth, who was all covered with sticky candy, "let us all make her cry. We'll jump up and down and ache."

"Yes—the very thing, won't we have fun?"

So they all wriggled and made a big ache—just like little pins sticking in one tooth.

They heard a cry of "Ouch! Mother, my tooth aches." Then they stopped jumping.

Betty sat up in bed and rubbed her cheek. What a naughty ache she had! She jumped out of bed, dressed herself and went to breakfast.

"Mother, I had a funny dream. I dreamed that my teeth could talk and they talked about me. They said they would make me cry and they did, mother, I have a toothache."

"My dear little girl, we shall go to the dentist, and then that naughty tooth can't ache any more," smiled mother as she kissed away the ache.

The dentist fixed the little crack in Betty's tooth.

Betty thought about her dream and told the dentist.

He laughed and said, "You better buy a toothbrush and give your teeth a bath every morning and night."

Betty did as her dentist had told her. She had learned her lesson from her teeth. She gave them their bath every morning and night.—Progressive Teacher.



The Sham King

A LONG time ago, Reynard the Fox and his friend, Martin the Ape, became discontented with their lot and started off on a trip through the world to find better luck.

For a long time luck was against them as it deserved to be, for nobody liked their looks. At last one day the pair were limping through the forest, hungry and tired, when they spied the Lion, King of all Beasts, fast asleep under a tree, with his crown, robe of slate and his royal mane by his side.

The Ape was terrified at sight of the sleeping Lion, but Reynard saw their chance had come at last.

"If you steal the crown, the robe, and mane, while he is asleep," he told the Ape, "all the beasts will think we are the King and will obey us. The whole forest will be ours."

Martin the Ape was unwilling to steal the royal trappings, but after much urging from Reynard the Fox, he crept tremblingly to the Lion's side and stole the crown and the robe and the mane. The guilty pair quickly carried their plunder to a safe hiding place and began to quarrel over who should put them on and be King.

"I ought to be King because I took them," said Martin.

"But I thought of it first," said Reynard, "and had it not been for me you would never have done it."

After much argument the two agreed that Martin should be King, and Reynard Prime Minister. The Ape put the

mane and crown on his head, laid the robe of state around his shoulders and the pair went through the forest to the royal palace and took possession of it. Meanwhile, the Lion awoke, and was so ashamed of losing his crown that he hid himself in a cave and refused to come forth.

But Martin proved to be cruel and wicked King. Reynard the Fox was worse. He thought up every cruel thing he could and all the beasts were oppressed and suffering.

When the fairies could no longer bear the sight of so much unhappiness among the beasts, they made a crown of gold, wove a new and splendid robe and provided a new mane. One night the Fairy Queen took these symbols of royalty to the cave and left them for the Lion. Then the Lion put on his new crown, donned the royal robes, and rushed in great anger to his palace. The guards fled before him terrified, and Martin, the Sham King, hid in the darkest corner of the palace. But crafty Reynard stuck his head out of the window and told the King Lion that if he were spared, he would open the doors of the palace and let the real King in. So King Lion promised and entered his palace. To punish Martin he was driven into the forest and there the Ape has remained ever since. Reynard was kicked out of the palace and forbidden to show his face by day; ever after the Fox hides by day and skulks in the dark, and no man is willing to have a Fox for a friend.





Chas. Chaplin: "BEAUTY IN MODESTY"

THE MAN WHO LIKES A TREE

By Charles A. Heath

I LIKE a man who likes a tree
And want no better company,
For such a man, I always find,
Is just the very soft and kind
Who's not content unless it be
He, too, can grow much like a tree.

I like a man who likes a tree,
No further introduction he
Will ever need to win my heart;
To me he is the counterpart
Of usefulness, and comfort, too,
And does the good few others do.

I like a man who likes a tree,
He's so much more of a man to me;
For when he sees its blessings there,
In some way, too, he wants to share
Whatever gifts his own may be
In helping others, like a tree.

They satisfy such human need;
In summer shade, in winter fire,
With flower and fruit meet all desire,
And if a friend to man you'd be,
You must befriend him like a tree.

Games For Little Folks

Come With Me

The children stand in a circle. One runs around the outside of the circle, and slaps somebody on the back. The one slapped runs in the opposite direction. When the two meet they bow and say "How do you do" three times, then turn and run for the vacant place. The one who gets there first remains in the circle and the other begins the game again.

Cat and Mouse

The children form a circle, holding hands. The mouse is inside the circle

and the cat is outside. The cat tries to catch the mouse and the children let the mouse run in or out but try to prevent the cat from doing so by holding their arms in front of her. When the mouse is caught she has to be cat and another mouse is chosen.

Boiler Burst

All gather around the catcher who tells a simple story, finally introducing the words, "the boiler burst." At these words all run to a given goal. Whoever is caught before reaching the goal must be the next catcher.

Try These Riddles

Why does tying a slow horse to a post improve his gait?

It makes him fast.

What do we catch very often, yet never see it?

A passing remark.

What is the best way to make a coat last?

Make the vest and trousers first.

What person can marry many a wife yet live single all of his life?

A clergyman.

Health Habits For Children

Practice of Certain Health Habits

- 1.—Face, neck, ears, hands and finger nails cleaned daily.
- 2.—Teeth brushed daily.
- 3.—One complete bath at least once a week.
- 4.—Clothes clean and neat.
- 5.—Clean handkerchief daily.
- 6.—Good personal habits of cleanliness.
- 7.—Child must sleep at least nine hours every night with open windows.
- 8.—Drink at least one pint of milk a day.
- 9.—Eat some vegetable daily—such as carrots, beets, peas, beans, onions, tomatoes, etc.
- 10.—Eat some greens regularly—such as cabbage, spinach, lettuce, celery.
- 11.—Eat some fruit daily.
- 12.—Eat some cereal daily.
- 13.—Obtain plenty of fresh air and exercise.
- 14.—Spend some time daily in outdoor play or exercise.
- 15.—All extra garments—such as heavy coats and sweaters, rubbers, overshoes and boots removed while in classroom, provided the room temperature is 65 degrees or over.



Egisto Terroni: "IN THE FIELD"

Make Up Your Mind

There is an old fanciful story about a hungry donkey that was wandering along in a deserted region. At once he came to a place where two bales of hay lay by the roadside.

There the silly donkey stood between the bales, unable to make up his mind which he should choose to eat, and the old story says he stood there, and starved to death.

Do you know any boys and girls like that? I do, and grow-up people, too.

"Let's go out to the gorge for a walk," says Lucy to her guest. "Still at the gorge we might find some wild azaleas, but there might be some white

violets on the lake shore." So she hesitates over it until the time for the walk is past.

Mina has been sent to buy a ribbon. "Shall I take the blue or the pink or the yellow?" she hesitates. "The pink is the prettiest, but mother thinks blue is more becoming to me." She wastes her own, and the saleswoman's time for half an hour, and goes home without buying.

These hesitating, too-careful persons waste a good part of their lives, and other people's time and patience. Juniors, learn to think about a matter properly, and then make up your mind at once.—What To Do.



CHILDREN RESPOND TO REASON

Children do not object to be talked to. They like the direct way of going at things. They want to hear life explained. They are quite willing to be told what is right, and why it is right. We are so impressed with the fact that children are emotional that we do not always remember that they are intelligent.

Ignorance of right reason often leads astray. A talk that showed convincingly the practical value of honesty would be epoch-making to many a child who has never had it explained to him.

Surely, it is as important that a child be taught that dishonesty does not pay and that its penalties are inescapable, as it is that he be taught how to cipher and read.

TO KEEP YOU GUESSING

Why is an airship like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because both make you sore (soar).

What land would a tired child like best?—Lap-land.

When is it difficult to get a watch out of your pocket?—When it's (s) ticking there.

Why is a blacksmith like a safe horse?—One is a horseshoer, and the other is a sure horse.

When does smoke remind us of books?—When it comes out in volumes.

Why cannot news from England be fresh?—Because it comes through salt water.

Why is an egg like a bad promise?—Because it is better broken than kept.

What is soft as a feather, but strong as an ox?—A bed.



Columbus Sights Land, a New World

Too Generous

THERE was one piece of cake left on the plate and both Joseph and James wanted it; but Joseph took it. Half in tears, James hurried to tell his mother about it.

"You should remember, Jim, that it is more blessed to give than to receive," she told him.

James ran back to where Joseph was preparing to eat the cake. "Say, Joe," he announced, "mother says it is more blessed to give than to receive; so you give me that cake."

Many of you boys and girls seem to look at the idea of giving the way James did. You are willing to let some-

body else have all the blessing that comes from giving. There are some of you who are willing to let all the others do the work and take all the responsibility.

You boys and girls do not stop to think that by doing this you are letting somebody else have the joy and happiness that by right belongs to you.

Why should you allow another boy or another girl to take away your happiness from you? Yes that's what you do when you let the rest do all the giving for you. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, you ought to claim your share of the joy that comes from giving.—Boy's World.



A GOOD GAME

Egg-Cap — The players, who may number from three to twelve, arrange their caps in a row against a wall, and put three small stones, called "eggs", into each cap. A player is chosen to begin the game. He stands at a distance of about ten feet from the wall, and tries to roll a ball into one of the caps. If he is successful, the boy into whose cap the ball has fallen must pick it out and throw it at the other players, who in the meantime have run away. If he hits a player, that one loses an egg, and must then roll at the caps. If a player, when rolling, fails to get the ball into a cap, he loses an egg, and another player takes the ball. The last player having an egg left in his cap wins the game. When a player's eggs are all gone, he is out of the game, and must leave, taking his cap with him.

THE STAR FAIRIES

Star fairies have the greatest fun,
They always sleep till set of sun,
Then they awake and start to play
Such games along the Milky Way!

Dancing is one of their delights,
So now you'll know on fine, clear nights,
When starlight falls on everything,
It is the fairies frolicking.

Then hide-and-peek they love to play,
They hide in clouds both wide and grey;
So now you also will know why
They disappear when clouds go by.

And, as they frisk the long night
through,
They all get tired, as children do,
For people very often say,
"The stars grow pale at dawn of day!"

—Leslie M. Oyler.



Dear Editor:—

Last June I graduated to high school. Just before I had a picnic in Euclid Beach park. It was a rainy day, but just the same I had my fun in the log cabin.—Frank Lamosek, 1187 E. 170th street, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Writing my third letter for the M. L., I have decided to send one every month, but I failed because I was so busy. My brother and I graduated from grammar school in April. My little brother and sister passed to the 5th grade.—Working conditions are pretty slow around here and very few families live here.—I received a few letters but would like to get some more.—Frank J. Pirman, Box 317, Slickville, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I read many interesting bits in the M. L. Now I am in the 7th grade in school. I hope to get some letters from our members. Best regards to all.—Verna Krawley, R.F.D. 3, Box 48, La Salle, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

We had our final examinations, and I passed, receiving a beautiful diploma. I think I'll enter the Harrold junior high next fall.—Come on, boys and girls of Herminie No. 2, write more often to the M. L. I would like to get some letetrs. Best regards to all.—Anna Anzur, R.F.D. 3, Box 120, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. We have a truck farm 15 miles from St. Louis, Mo. I like to live on the farm. Will some members please write to me,

as I will answer them at once.—Frank Furlan, R. 4, Box 323, St. Louis, Mo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

In Slovene section of the M. L. you wrote what we like best, stories, poems, etc. I think true stories about the Old Country are the best, about some poor person who suffered a lot. I also love riddles and jokes. Thank you for publishing my letters and my snapshot.—Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge No. 9 SNPJ, and this is my first letter to this magazine. I am going to be 13 in August and in the 7th grade in school. I cannot read or write in Slovene, but I can speak and sing in Slovene.—Anna Groshek, RR No. 5, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Editor:—

I am 14 years of age and am a freshman in the Adams high. I take up five subjects: Latin, English, civics, algebra and science. I like to read the M. L. Best regards to all.—Andy Milavec, Box 1, Krayn, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

My teacher's name is Miss Malone. I am 10 years old and in the 4th grade in school. My music teacher's name is Miss Scott. —Emma Leskovich, 2 E. Market street, Burgettstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have 3 sisters and 3 brothers. Now I am in 6th grade and have five teachers. I like to read the M. L.—Frances Ferbez, 3 E. Market st., Burgettstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I have 4 brothers and 2 sisters, and I am 15 years old, writing for the first time to the M. L., which I like. Best regards to all.—**Anna Shuble**, 12 E. Market st., Burgettstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see my snapshot in the July number of the M. L. Now I decided to write a Slovene letter for this magazine. I will do so very soon. Best wishes to all.—**Tony Bradley**, Box 115, Blaine, O.

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Dear Editor:—

Now I am out of school and am not going to high school. My teacher in the 8th grade, Mr. Miller, was very good. I am very sorry that school is out, because I love to go to school. Best regards to all.—**Mary Matos**, Box 181, Blaine, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. several times, and enjoy it very much. I received some letters from members and would like to get some more. Now I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade in school. Best regards to all.—**Emma Gorsha**, Box 14, Universal, Ind.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad to see my letter in the M. L. We had a 7th & 8th grade cantata here on June 3. The name was "The Legend of the Sleepy Hollow." They all liked it. I received several letters from members and have answered them, but till now have received no answer in return. Best regards to all.—**Barbara Markovich**, 721 E. Sheridan st., Ely, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 154. I wish some of the members would write to me, and hope Tillie Podboy would write to me. Best wishes to all.—**Tilda Krulyac**, Sugarite, New Mexico.

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Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time. I would like to receive letters from members, especially from Tillie Podboy, as I would answer them gladly.—**Bessie J. Paulich**, Sugarite, New Mexico.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I was pleased to see my letter in the M. L. Our school closed on May 21, and I have passed the 8th grade, and for that my sister got me a camera, my brother gave me a pocket book and my mother gave me a nice dress.

I sure was glad of my presents. I have two brothers and one sister.—I love to read the M. L. In August I will be 15 years old. I was very glad to receive letters from some of the members. I thank them one and all, and wish they will keep on writing to me.—**Mary Rogel**, Box 771, Barnesboro, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Seeing my letter in the M. L. I was indeed very glad. Come on, brothers and sisters, write to the M. L. more often and help make it even more interesting. I would like to know why Jennie Zupan doesn't answer my letter. I would like to correspond with many members, so please write to me.—**Frank A. Medvesek**, Box 91, Slickville, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Now that all the schools are out, we hope to see more letters in the M. L. I am 14 years old and will enter first year high school in fall. I have two brothers and two sisters; we are all members of SNPJ Lodge No. 121.—I have written to Antonia Toms a few times, but never received an answer. I would like very much if she would write to me, and also would love to get letters from other members, as I would answer them.

Success to the beloved magazine.—**Rose Pregel**, Box 134, Base Line, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This being my second letter to this paper, I wish to say that I like its many stories, articles, poems and riddles, etc. I too wish like many others that the M. L. would come more often. I wish Kathleen of Riper, Alabama, would write to me, and other members also. I am 14 years old and in the 9th grade in school.—**Rose Pogfajen**, Box 95, Columbia, Utah.

* *

Dear Editor:—

On May 16 our school ended, and we all passed into different grades. Our teacher, Mr. C. L. Cree, was very good to us. This is my second letter. I would like to receive letters from some of the members.—**Mary Marinae**, Box 37, El Moro, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Not very many letters are being published in the M. L. from here. I would like to get letters from some of the members, as I would answer them at once. One member wrote to me, but I lost her address. Now I would like to write to her.—**Anna Cukjati**, Box 133, Franklin, Kans.

Dear Editor:—

As school has now come to a close, I have determined to write this month both in the Slovene and English language.

Since there is a school here of only nine grades and I have been promoted to the tenth grade, I will hereafter be going to the Kemmerer high school which is only a mile from Diamondville.

Each year the Chillicothe Business College of Missouri offers a scholarship to the one who receives the best grades in general. Fortunately, I happened to be the one and am entitled to free instruction during a period of three months in the Commercial, Shorthand or Telegraphy department. In addition to this, a gold medal and certificate of honor were given to me.

Needless to say, I too, like many of the other readers, take much pleasure in reading the M. L., not only "Naš kotiček" and "Chatter Corner," but also the articles based on science.

In conclusion I must say that the members are very interested in this magazine and hope they will continue doing so which will improve the M. L. to a greater extent.

With best regards to all I now close.—**Olga Groznik**, Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I live on a farm, and like it. You can play anywhere you wish. Whenever we haul our hay in we will have lots of fun playing in it.

I have passed to sixth grade. We play basketball at our school. Once our basketball teacher picked the best players out to play another school. I was on the team. I played forward. I like to play forward the best of all. The score was 12-14. We made 14. The other school made 12. We just made a basket before it was the end of the game. At the other school they had very good forwards. That was the best players they had. There were all good players on our side.

I wish some members would write to me.—**Alice Petrich**, R. D. No. 1, Oakdale, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Regarding the previous issue of the M. L., I imagine that it is creating something modern in the fact that the articles are managed rather effectively. The letters are likewise aggravating in number. Here's hoping the future issues will arrive more frequently. Of course I may be consumately erroneous in my statement, but let's hope not.

I obtained quite a number of letters from correspondents of the Mladinski List. It makes me rejoice to communicate with boys and girls who reside in the various parts of the United

States. Such a congruity is essential to those who write letters as a hobby.

A few years ago I commenced accumulating foreign stamps uninterruptedly. The subject interested me magnanimously in the fact that it benefited me to a certain extent. However, in one way or another, I lost this interest, but not the stamps. I maintain them for souvenirs.

I enjoy the scientific articles in this magazine very much. Some of these could very well be placed in the "Believe it or Not" column, namely, "The Spider as an Architect."

Best regards to all the members.—**Rudolph Sernel**, 535 N. Wood st., Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the Lodge Progressives, and sure have great times at our picnics and dances. We have hardware store, so there is a lot of work to be done:

Here is my snapshot:



Best wishes to all the readers of the Mladinski List.—**Tillie Klemen**, 16119 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

You did not hear from me a long time, but I think I will write again. I hope all the readers will have a very nice vacation.

On Decoration day we went to W. Va. where I wanted to go very much. When we went we passed thru Uniontown, Pa. Point Marion was named after general Francis Marion, whom the British called the "Swamp Fox." In Point Marion they take sand and pebbles out of the water for cement. We passed thru Fairmont and Grafton. Grafton was overcrowded, so we did not go thru. In Grafton there was a big parade. When we came to Cheat Ridge, the mountains were 7 miles high, and down to Durbin, then we went to Greenbank, then to Casa, W. Va., over to our best friend Andrew Siskovic's house. We stayed there two days. I had lots of fun bringing the cows home and then driving them to the pasture.

When we went home we passed Elkins, Davis and Thomas. Then we went thru the beautiful Maryland country, passing Kaiser's Ridge, Deep Creek (river) where are a lot of boat clubs, then Somerset, Pa., and Ligonier down the mountains 3 miles, then we came safely to Latrobe, our home.—**John Fradel**, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

After observing my letter in the Mladinski List, I am again assuming the responsibility of writing to it. I received a very charming letter from Steffa Kurent of Mulberry, Kansas, and was highly gratified with it.

Last month the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts (which I attend) gave its semi annual art exhibit in its studies. Dry brush, color, oil, pen and ink, composition and technique were among the foremost characters in the posters. The technique itself, though full of variety and interest, was very well kept in restraint which was not unpleasantly forced on attention. The directors and well known artists congratulated the students on their excellent work. Didodecahedral prisms will be our next subject we will pursue. Presuming that I have intoned sufficient description about the exhibit, I will penetrate other topics.

The acknowledged truths about science, especially as demonstrated by observation by our Editor, are very helpful to the student, scilicet those who are interested in science. In fact, it is a great aggrandizement. Wonders could be accomplished if there were actually a phantasmagoria.

Last year there appeared in the M. L. a suggestion pertaining to a "Who's Who" column. I believe such a concordance would benefit the members greatly. Incidentally, it would be an extended period before it can really appear.

Sports are more in mode this year than they ever were before. The sports which I esteem to be my favorites are tennis, swimming and horseback riding.

Tourists are already journeying to various camping sites and they certainly make the most of it. It must be nice to listen to the tintinnabulation of bells.

Desiring to hear from the members soon, I will draw this letter to a close. Regards to one and all.—**Christine L. Sernel**, 535 N. Wood st., Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am eight years old, in the fourth grade, and this is my first letter. I like the M. L. very much. I can talk, but I can not read Slovene. I wish I could read Slovene when

school starts. Best wishes to all.—**John Leskoshek**, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I wish you'll enjoy it. I'm ten years of age and in the seventh grade. I can understand Slovene a lot, but I can't talk, only a few words. I have a sister in West Virginia, and I wish she would write in the M. L. next month. Best regards.—**Elizabeth Komac**, Box 157, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter I have ever written to the English section of the M. L. as I have always written in Slovene, but nevertheless I have also a contribution to "Naš kotiček" this month answering the questions the Editor asks concerning the reading matters in Slovene.

For the past few months, I have been neglecting—or rather not writing to the Mladinski List. The circumstance preventing this was my work at school. Since I am taking a business course in high school, one of my subjects is bookkeeping. In my bookkeeping work I can work ahead as much as I am able to do. This last semester I worked so that I did a year's work in half a year, giving me a whole credit this semester. A great aim of mine is to get a scholarship for college at the end of my high school work. Besides this I had been taking piano lessons twice a week (this taking much of my time), and also I corrected students' papers for one of my junior high school teachers.

But this vacation, I'm taking a rest and spending most of my time in writing letters and contributions.

Our M. L. has begun to "pep up" and has become very interesting. I believe, and the rest of you must think the same, it is to the fact that our juvenile members have been making suggestions in their letters what improvements they think of, and have been helping the Editor make our magazine bigger and better. But I think that more of our members should take an interest in Slovene, writing more letters to "Naš kotiček." We should all remember that Slovene is our mother language. It has been a great advantage to me to know the language for I had Latin in my school work and since I knew our language, Latin was very easy for me. Also every time our Lodge has a program, I contribute something in Slovene.

I am thinking I had better close my winding tale or it may meet with the wastebasket yet. Best regards to all, including our Editor. **Evelyn Hochevar**, 2318 Cedar st., Pueblo, Colo.