

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Rabindranath Tagore:

Junak

MAMICA, misli si, da potujeva in greva skozi tujo in nevarno deželo.

Tebe nesejo v nosilnici, jaz pa jašem poleg tebe na rdečem konjičku.

Večer je in solnce zahaja. Puščava joradižka leži mračna in siva pred nama. Dežela je zapuščena in neplodna.

Tesno ti je pri srcu in misliš si: "Ne vem, kam smo zašli."

Jaz pa ti rečem: "Mamica, ne boj se."

Loka je porasla z ostro, bodečo travo in preko nje beži ozka, grapava steza.

Na prostranem polju ni videti živine; povrnila se je v svoje staje v vasi.

Temni in mračni se zemlja in nebo in ne moreva reči, kam greva.

Nenadoma me pokličeš in vprašaš, šepetaje: "Kakšna luč je tam na bregu?"

Zakličem ti: "Ne boj se, mamica, jaz sem tu."

Z dolgimi koli v rokah in z divje razkuštranimi lasmi prihajajo bliže in bliže.

Jaz vpijem: "Pozor! Vi lopovi! Samo še en korak in po vas bo!"

Še enkrat grozno zarjujejo in oddirjajo."

Ti zagrabiš mojo roko in praviš: "Ljubi otrok, za božjo voljo, ogni se jim."

Jaz pa pravim: "Mamica, samo pazi name."

Potem izpodbodem svojega konja v divji galop in moj meč in ščit zažvenketata drugi ob drugem.

Bitka postane tako strašna, mamica, da bi te oblila mrzla zona, če bi jo videla z svoje nosilnice.

Mnogo jih beži in veliko število jih je posekanih na kose.

Vem, da si misliš, vsa vase zaglobljena, da mora biti tvoj otrok v tem hipu mrtev.

Ali jaz pridem k tebi ves s krvjo oblit in pravim: "Mamica, bitka je že končana."

Ti prideš ven in me stisneš na svoje srce, poljubiš in rečeš sama sebi:

"Ne vem, kaj bi storila, če ne bi imela svojega otroka za spremstvo."

Tisočero nepotrebnih reči se zgodi dan za dnem, zakaj bi se takšna stvar slučajno ne mogla uresničiti?

Bilo bi kakor pravljica v knjigi.

Moj bratec bi rekel: "Ali ni bila to sreča, da je bil fant z materjo?"

Katka Zupančič:

OBLAKI, SIVI JEZDECI

NA nebu jezdiijo jezdecii sivi,
v plaščih kosmatih vodo neso.
Vetrovi pode jih, in jezdecii sivi
temnijo, grozijo, rohnijo zelo.

Vetrovi se smejejo jezdecem sivim,
ki z bičem ognjenim krog sebe tepo;
vetrovi se rogajo jezdecem sivim,
saj z bičem ognjenim le sebe tepo.

Vetrovi preganjajo jezdece sive;
pod plašče jim gledajo—strašno zares!—
pehajo in sujejo jezdece sive,
za plašče jih vlečejo doli z nebes.

Raztrgajo plašči se jezdecem sivim,
in voda udari skoz luknjice že . . .
Sramote preveč je že jezdecem sivim—
stepeni, raztrgani v daljo zbeže.



Anna P. Krasna:

MALČKI SE IGRAJO

VISOKO odskakuje žoga vrh hriba,
toliko da ne zadene nizko viseče
oranžne oble tonečega solnca.
Vesel krik hiti skoz tišino ugašajočega dne
in majčkene postavice se pode ob nebosklonu.
Kot leteče ptice se porajajo pred svetlo oblo
in spet izginjajo v sivo-modri kopreni obzorja.

Oranžna obla zdrsne za hrib,
kakor črn netopir frči zdaj žoga.
Glasni, skrbni klici odjekajo v mrak—
matere kličejo.

Kličejo,
malčki pa se igrajo ob nebosklonu
in ne slišijo.

Zanje ni utonilo solnce za hrib.
Na lepi, žarki dalji obzorja jih čaka, vabi.
Zato se igrajo brezskrbno
in vzklikajo v svetlo stran nebosklona,
njih glasi pa odmevajo v temno dolino — — —



Ivan Cankar:

Vrzdenc

MOJA mati je bila doma z Vrzdencu.

Ta vas je, pravijo, tam nekje v Horjulski dolini; jaz ne vem, če je res, ker je nikoli nisem videl in je tudi na nobenem zemljevidu ni zaznamovane. Ali da je na svetu in da je celo prav blizu, je čisto gotovo. Morda sem bil že do nje samo še za uro hoda; morda sem jo bil kdaj na dolgih svojih potih ponevedoma že ugledal, pa je nisem spoznal po imenu in mi je bila tuja in nema kakor vsaka druga vas. Zdi se mi prav zares, da sva nekoč stala z materjo na hribu ter gledala nanjo. Zgodaj zjutraj je bilo, mislim. V dolini so bile še bele megle, iznad megla se je vzdigal holmec, na holmcu je bila cerkev z visokim obzidjem in na to cerkev je sijalo žarko solnce. Na materinem obrazu je odseval ta nebeški svit. Iztegnila je roko in je pokazala na cerkev. "Tam je Vrzdenc!" Njen glas je bil globok, mehak in zamišljen, kakor da bi rekel otrok: "Tam so nebesa!" In kakor da bi jetnik strmel skozi omrežje: "Tam je polje!" ... Morda pa je vas čisto kje drugje in čisto drugačna in so bile vse to samo sanje.

Nikoli nisem bil na Vrzdencu in vem, da nikoli ne bom. Tudi ne, če bi bil en sam korak do tja. Spomnim se na to vas, kadar sem zelo potrta, ali zelo bolan. Takrat se mi približa, kakor se časih razboleli in preplašeni duši približa smrt. Prešinila me je nekoč misel, iz temne globočine, iz bolesi je bila segla, da bom ob tisti uri, ko se bo treba napraviti na zadnjo pot, ugledal s slamo krito koč, kjer se je rodila moja mati, ugledal tudi še njeno zibko, z rdečimi srci pomalano; in videl drobnega otroka v predolgem zelenem krilcu, njegove prve, nebogljenе korake, slišal njegov tenki smeh, njegove jecljajoče, napol razumljive besede ... in da bodo vse naokoli, kakor cvetice na polju, cvetele bele misli srca, ki še ni bilo ranjeno od

spoznanja. Prešinila me je taka misel in ne dvomim nič, da se bo res tako zgodilo. Ker spomin, ki se človeku oglašuje iz onih krajev, ne leže nikoli.

Dan pred smrtjo se je mati selila. Bilo je že pod mrak in truden sem bil. Mati je mirno soplja in zdelo se mi je, da spi; zato sem šel po prstih iz izbe ter se napotil k sosedu, da si odpočijem ob kozarcu vina. Ostal sem tam dokler se ni do dobrega znočilo. Ko sem se vrnil ter prižgal svetilko, me je zgrabila za grlo neznana groza. Materina postelja je bila prazna. Stal sem in trepetal in se nisem mogel ganiti. Nič ne vem kako in nič ne vem kedaj sem se prestopil, hodil s svetilko v roki po izbi, po veži; in vse, kakor da hodi neki drugi, čisto tuj človek, jaz pa da stojim za mizo ter gledam in čakam, kdaj bo opravil. Tako sem prišel skozi vežo in po dveh lesenih stopnicah v malo kamrico, kjer je imela stara ženska svoj kot. Na postelji je ležala moja mati. Ko sem jo ugledal, mi je stisnilo, do kaple izšlo srce nekaj tako čudnega, da nikjer ni temu imena; bolel in ljubezen, oboje in še več. Mati je bila mlada, lica so bila zdrava, oči jasne in vesele, na ustnicah smehljaj. Gledala me je z nekako tiho, pritajeno prešernostjo, nespametnega otroka, ki trepeče, da sam ne ve zakaj.

"Kako ste prišli v to posteljo, mati?"

"Sama sem prišla. Nikar ne misli, da sem tako hudo bolna! Če Bog da, bova kmalu na Vrzdencu. Saj se meniva že toliko let! Ko sem vstala, se mi je kar zdelo, da bi se napotila naravnost tja, pa nisem našla obleke. Kam ste jo spravili?"

Ob teh besedah, ob tem pogledu in smehljaju mi je bilo, da bi šel kam v samoto, v temo in tam potožil nebesom. Ker občutil sem, da je v kamnici še nekdo tretji, ki se sklanja nad naju bled in visok ter naju poslušaja.

"Tista postelja tam ni prav postлана: peče me, kakor da ste mi nasuli žrjavice pod rjuho. Tukaj je boljše, le malo daleč je. Saj bi že skoraj bila prišla do Vrzdence, tako sem hodila. Stopim in tudi zid stopi na stran, kakor da bi se otroci lovili . . . Mislim, da bi si naročila voz do Vrzdence, drugače ne prideva nikoli tja. Kako bodo gledali, ko se pripeljeva! Saj bi Mrovec dal voz, kaj ne?"

"Čemu bi ga ne dal?"

"Zares, čemu bi ga ne dal? Rano zjutraj se odpeljeva, nedelja bo in solnce. Jaz vem, da bo vse lepo, kakor da bi bilo v svetem pismu. Zgodilo pa se bo kmalu; nocoj še ne, ker je že noč, ali jutri najbrž . . . stopi no k Mrovcu in povprašaj zaradi voza . . . Čemu jokaš?"

Vroč se mi je bilo izlilo iz oči in me je žgalo na licih. Mati se je ozrla na-

me z globokim, nemirnim, čudno plahim pogledom; obrnila je glavo k zidu, spet je bil bolan, ubog, od trpljenja in bridkosti izsesan njen obraz.

Človek, ki je imel pelin za kosilo in pelin za večerjo, ki je škropil ljubezen, koderkoli je hodil, sam pa ni okusil nobene kaplje, si natihem, prav na skritem dnu svoje duše ustvari svetle sanje, brez katerih bi moral skoprneti od vsega hudega. Najprej se mu zasveti odnekod le prav ponižna lučka, spomin na nekaj milega, želja po nečem lepem, mehkem, kar morda nikoli nikjer ni bilo in nikjer ni. Luč pa je zmerom lepša in svetlejša, kolikor več je bridkosti in kolikor bliže je odrešenje. Dokler se svetloba nazadnje veličastno ne izlije v ono, ki je zadnja in večna; ter je tako izpolnjena obluba, srcu dana, in doseženo plačilo za verno zaupanje.

Ivan Cankar:

MOJI MATERI*)

VEČKRAT neskrbno, kot metulj na trati,
ko solnca veseli se, lahko leta,
počiva mirno, sreblje med iz cveta,
skrbi zaduhle hotel sem odgnati.

Kako lepo sem revež hotel spati,
kako bila je pesem glasno peta,—
in vendar žalost ni bila mi vzeta,
nebo hotelo ni mi sreče dati.

Kaj ni pustilo v dušo mi pokoja,
kaj vsako je veselje mi grenilo,
solze ponoči mi v oko vabilo?

Oh, gledal sem Vas, mila mati moja,
kako Vas kruta žalost v grob podira:—
srce ječi mi, duh bolan umira . . .

* Pismo svoji materi za njen god, datirano:
Ljubljana, 21./1./1893.

R. T.:

Neopaženi prizor

AH, kdo je pobarval to kratko suknjico, dete moje, in pokr'il tvoje sladke ude s tem kratkim rdečim krilcem?

Prišlo si zarana ven igrat se na dvorišče, opotekajoč se in padajoč v begu.

Ali kdo je pobarval to kratko suknjico, dete moje?

Čemu se smeješ, ti moj življenja drobní popek?

Mamica stoji na pragu in se ti smehlja.

Tleska z dlanmi in njene zapestnice zvenijo in ti plešeš s svojim bambusovim trsom v roki kakor droben, droben pastirček.

Ali čemu se smeješ, ti moj življenja drobní popek?

O beraček, za kaj beračiš, objemajoč z obema ročicama materi tilnik?

O pohlepno srce, naj-li ti utrgam svet kakor plod z neba, da ti ga položim v drobne, rožnate dlani?

O beraček, za kaj vendar beračiš?

Veter radostno odnaša žvenkljanje kraguljčkov na tvojih gležnjih.

Solnce se smeje in te opazuje, ko se oblačiš.

Nebo bedi nad teboj, ko snivaš v naročju svoje mamice in jutro prihaja po prstih k tvoji posteljici in ti poljublja oči.

Veter radostno odnaša žvenkljanje kraguljčkov na tvojih gležnjih.

Vila sanj prileta k tebi skozi somračno nebo.

Svetovna mati sedi pri tebi v srcu tvoje matere.

On, ki svira svojo godbo zvezdam, stoji ob tvojem oknu s svojim sviratom.

In vila sanj prileta k tebi skozi somračno nebo.

Anna P. Krasna:

Punčka

DEŽ gre, ljudje se gnetejo po mokrem in umazanem trotoarju. Drug drugemu so v napotje; iz obrazov jim gleda nejevolja.

V izložbenem oknu sedi na mehki, svilnati blazinici velika, lepa punčka. Pod streho ob oknu se stiska mala Lidica in strmi v punčko. Ne želi si je, ker ve, da ji je mati ne more kupiti; samo gleda jo in misli lepe misli. Mimogredoči se spodtikajo ob njo, ona pa se ne gane; kakor začarana stoji tam in gleda, sanja.

"Ne stoj tam, Lidica, ljudem si v napoto."

Lidica se zdrzne, stopi k materi, a njene oči še zmerom strme v punčko. Ko se mati zamisli in gleda drugam, se spet vrne k oknu, pritisne bled obrazek čisto na debelo, mrzlo šipo ter občuduje svetla punčkina lička, zlate kodre, roza oblekco, svetle, lakaste čeveljčke in pisano žogico v ročici.

"Kako je velika," si šepeta, "jaz nisem mnogo večja od nje, njena oblekca bi mi bila skoro prav."

Mimo pride debela ženska in jo brezobzirno odrine: "Kaj prodajaš zijala, otrok, ali nimaš matere, da bi ti ukazala iti ljudem spod nog?"

"Lidica!"—

Materin obraz je žalosten, sram jo je, ker ni Lidica poslušna in boli jo, ker ve, da bi Lidica ne strmela v okno, če bi ji mogla kupiti punčko ali oblekco, da bi mogla v šolo.

"Mati, pojdiva domov, nekaj bi ti rada povedala."

"Kar tu mi povej."

"Tu ne morem—"

"Domov pa še ne moreve, glej kako lije; zmočile bi se."

"Oh!"—

Žalostno gleda Lidica v deževno sivino, na belem čelu se pojavi majčkена gubica—težka misel ji je legla na otroško dušico. Kakor skrbna, zamišljena žena gleda predse in nič več otroškega ni na njenem obrazu.

"Mati!"

"Kaj bi rada, Lidica?"

"Rada bi bila tista punčka v oknu. Tako lepo ji je tam notri na svilnati blazinici in ponoči gotovo spi v mehki posteljici—v naši koči pa je tako temno in mrzlo."

"Kaj ti ne pride na misel. Saj ona ne more spati, ne bdeti, je le punčka. Ti pa si živa deklica, kar je mnogo lepše in prijetnejše."

"Ti lažeš, mati! Saj veš, da smo lačni in nobene obleke mi ne moreš kupiti, da bi šla v šolo. Poglej, kako sem revna napram drugim dekletcem. Robertove čevlje imam, on pa je zdaj bos doma, ni mogel v šolo, ker sem šla jaz s teboj. O, če bi mogla biti punčka v oknu, kako prijetno bi bilo. . ."

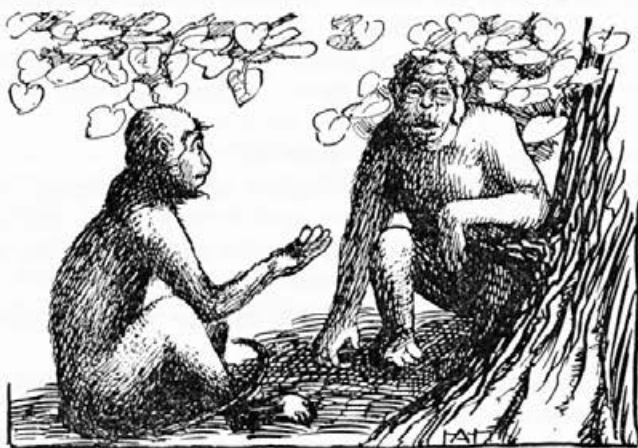
Mati molči, si vsa zmedena popravlja zbledelo, skvačkano čepico na glavi. Sram jo je njenega uboštva, boječe se ozira okrog, če ni morda kdo čul Lidičinih besed.

"Tudi tebi bi bilo lepše, ako bi bila jaz punčika, mati—nič skrbi bi ne imela z menoj—punčkam ni treba kruha."

"Tiho bodi, otrok, ne zmišljuj se neumnosti. Glej, dež ponehuje, pojdiva."

"O, samo še malo počakaj, mati, da si jo še enkrat ogledam. Kdove koliko časa me ne boš več vzela s seboj v mesto."

Mati ne more več poslušati, s silo potegne dekletce za seboj na ulico. Dež gre še močno in nič dežnika nimate. Mala Lidica se ozira nazaj, na smehljajočo se punčko v oknu in v njenih očeh igrajo solze. Tista gubica na čelu se zdaj vidi od daleč, tako dolgo, dokler ne izgine izpred oči majhen, bledičen obrazek. . .



Jože Kovač:

Otrok invalida občuduje izložbo

V VEČERNE razsvetljene ulice mesta se blišče izložbe trgovin. Pred prazniki smo, pred prazniki, ko se delijo darovi mladim in starim. Stara navada je to in lepo je, da se ljudje enkrat ali dvakrat na leto spomnijo drug drugega ter obdarujejo. Predvsem pa obdarujejo starši svoje otroke. In v izložbah je razloženo blago v lepih skupinah, vsaka stvar zase je vidna in vabeča. Vse izložbe so polne vsakovrstnih luči, vse vabeče stvari se potapljajo v modrih, belih, rdečih, zelenih in mavričnih pramenih.

Na ulicah je polno ljudi. Vse hiti sem ter tja, hiti od trgovine do trgovine, izbira darove, si ogleduje izložbe in hiti spet dalje. Toda do izložb ni mogoče priti povsem blizu. Zakaj tik pred šipami stoje otroci, zamaknjeno strmiijo v vse majhne igračke v izložbah, prisikajo svoje nosove na mrzle šipe ter gledajo toplo-dobre stvari v izložbi. Vse to bi radi imeli, da bi bila polna njihova soba.

Tu-le pred izložbo stoji fant, ki ima kučmo na glavi in ki mu je po vsem videti, da je doma iz lepih, velikih soban. Rokavice ima na rokah, toplo suknjo s krznom krog vratu ima na sebi in vse stvari v izložbi ogleduje z občudovanjem, ki govori, da bo vse te stvari lahko dobil. Poleg njega pa stoji fant v ponošeni obleki, premrzle roke stiska v žepe in drhti od mraza. Noge ima gole, le stopalo tiči v čevljih. Ne kučme ne krzna nima. Ta ogleduje izložbo z občudovanjem, ki govori, da se ne bo nikoli dokopal do teh stvari.

Troje izložb zaporedoma je, ki so v njih razstavljene same majhne in velike igrače. V desni izložbi je razstavljena železnica za otroke. Narejen je majhen griček, po njem vodi tir in na njem majhna lokomotiva. Električna jo poganja, da drvi pred očmi občudujočih

otrok mimo majhnih čuvajnic, zavije na ovinku skozi majhen predor, se spusti zadaj navzdol, da se na tej strani spet vzpne na griček. A vse to je tako majhno, da je vse v eni izložbi. Poleg na levo pa je druga izložba. V majhnem obsegu je posneta cela pokrajina, z ravinami, pobočji in vrhovi, ki leži sneg na njih. Tu pa tam je na pokrajini majhna trdnjava, tamkaj so postavljeni majhni topovi, ob njih stoje vojaki iz svinca, na vrhovih pa so postavljeni vojaki na smučih. Izložba predstavlja torej vojno.

Pred obema izložbama se gnetejo otroci in ogledujejo vojno in železnico, pa ne vedo, kaj bi izbrali, da je lepše in za kaj bi prosili starše, naj jim kupijo za darilo.

Tedaj je prišla po ulici delavka in za roko je vodila svojega sinčka. Ta je zagledal izložbo z železnico, se iztrgal materi iz rok ter se preril med fantine do šipe ter se zagledal v izložbo. Mati je obstala ter opazovala svojega fanta. Ta je prislonil nos prav na šipo ter se ni mogel nagledati. Železnica je drvela pred njim v izložbi ter kolobarila krog griča, fantove želje so kolobarile z njo.

Potem je pogledal še drugo izložbo z vojaki in topovi. To mu je menda še bolj ugajalo. Zakaj prerinil se je iz gneče k materi, jo prijel za roke ter vzkliknil:

"Mamica, kupi mi vojake. Ali jih vidiš? In topovi? Jih vidiš? Zdaj streljajo, puške imajo v rokah. Kako svetle so puške."

In je hotel mamico potegniti prav k izložbi, a mamica je rekla:

"Saj vidim odtod. Vojaki so, iz svinca; in vojno se gredo."

Samo to je rekla mrko in je z otrokom odšla. Otrok, ki bil pač rad gledal še dalje v izložbo, dokler ne bi ugasnila

luč in bi minilo vse razkošje, ki je vabilo iz svetlobe.

*

Doma je poklicala mati malega Tinčeta k sebi.

"Kaj si hotel, da ti kupim, Tinček?"

"Tiste vojake, ki se gredo vojno, kakor se gremo vojno s sosedom Joškom in Brankom."

"Zakaj bi jih hotel imeti, tiste vojake?"

"Ne vem prav za prav," je dejal Tinček, premislil nekoliko ter dejal: "Ugajajo mi."

"Zakaj ti ugajajo?"

"Zato. Ko bom jaz velik, bom tudi vojak in bom imel puško ali pa top in bom streljal."

"Kam boš streljal?"

"Kar tako—v zrak, kam bi drugam. Počilo bo in ljudje bodo rekli: Ta pa zna!" "Zakaj ti puška tako ugaja?"

Tinček je pomislil. Prav natančno še sam ni vedel. S sosedom se hodi igrati, iz lesa so si napravili puške in se igrajo vojake. Puško prislonijo k licu in napravijo: Pik, pok!—kakor bi ustrelili. Ta "pik-pok!" je vsem otrokom najbolj imeniten.

"No, zakaj ti ugaja puška?"

In Tinček je odgovoril iz svojih misli: "Zato, ker počí."

"Poslušaj, Tinček," je začela mati ter posadila Tinčeta k sebi na klop. "Tvoj oče je tudi bil otrok. In tudi on se je igral vojake. Ko je bil velik je postal tudi pravi vojak ter je moral v vojno. V vojni so dobili puške, take velike, prave puške in so z njimi streljali. Veš, koga so streljali? Ljudi. Zakaj prava puška ne napravi le "pik-pok," marveč tudi ubije človeka. Raztrga mu nogo, raztrga mu roko, restreli mu prsi ali pa mu razbije glavo. Mnogo jih je obležalo mrtvih, mnogo ranjenih. Doma so čakale matere in otroci, pa se ni vrnil njihov sin ali oče nikoli več. Ali pa se je vrnil in mu je manjkala roka ali noga, ali pa je bil slep."

Tinčetu se je odpiral nov svet. Poslušal je in potlej vprašal:

"Je tudi moj oče koga ubil?"

"Tega ne vem. Toda njega so hoteli. Krogla ga je zadela v roko. Obležal je na bojišču. Potlej so mu morali odrezati roko in zdaj je brez nje. Na ukaz je moral v vojno, na ukaz je moral streljati in mogoče moriti. Na ukaz je moral biti vojak. Biti vojak pa pomeni, ubijati ljudi."

Tinček je poslušal.

"Vidiš—in tvoj oče se je tudi v mladosti igral vojake in sanjal o tem, kako bo lepo, ko postane velik in bo pravi vojak. Imel je vojake iz svinca, ki jih je razpostavljal po sobi in se igral z njimi vojno. In ko je postal velik, je z veseljem šel k vojakom. Ko pa je prišel na fronto in so mu ukazali ubijati ljudi, ki mu niso ničesar hudega storili in katerih še nikoli videl ni, je spoznal, da je vojna groza in da je nečloveško biti vojak in ubijati."

Tedaj je stopil v sobo oče. Levi ročaj mu je visel ohlapno ob telesu. Leva roka mu je nekje v Galiciji segnala. Ko je prišel v vojno, je bil pisar v nekem uradu, zdaj, ko nima roke, je za slugo. Z desno roko nosi po mestu pisma in naročila od urada do urada.

Tinček je pogledal očeta in prvič spoznal vsaj malo, kaj je vojna. Utihišla sta z materjo.

*

Ko se je Tinček zjutraj prebudil, se je mati odpravljala z doma.

"Kam greš?" jo je vprašal Tinček s postelje.

"V mesto grem," je odgovorila mati.

"Mamica, če boš kupovala igrače zame, ne kupi mi vojakov. Ni treba, ne maram jih."

"Zakaj jih ne maraš?" je vprašala mati in vidno vesela je bila teh Tinčevih besed.

"Zato ker ne maram biti vojak. Tudi ko bom velik, ne bom hotel biti vojak. Zato—ker vojaki morijo in ranijo."

Mati se je sklonila k fantu v postelji. "Ti moj Tinček," je rekla in ga poljubila. Ko je bila že zunaj na ulici, si je otrla solze. In je šla v mesto.

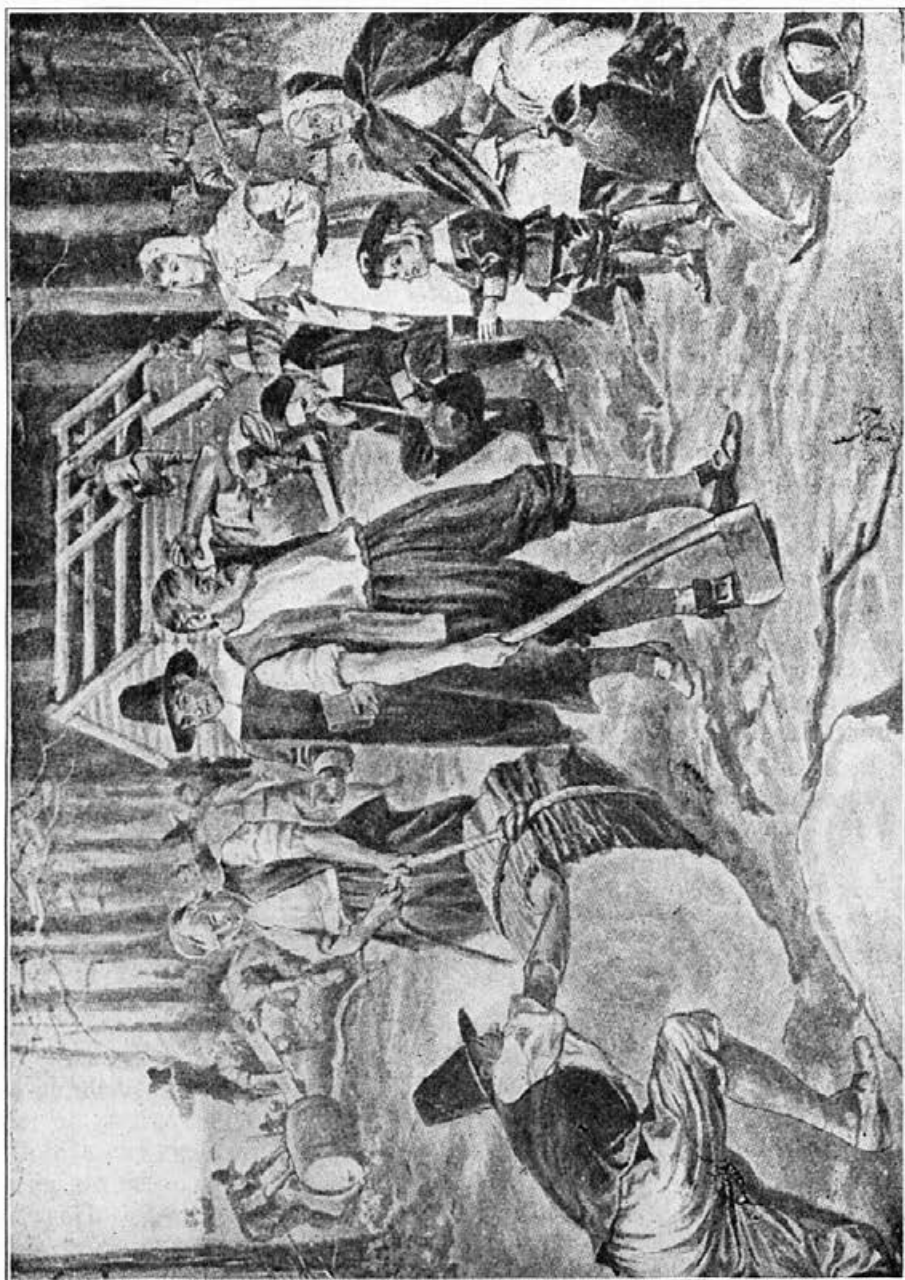
J. Jurčič:

Pripovedka o beli kači

BELA kača je mati in kraljica vseh drugih kač. Šele v visoki starosti postane bela. Glava ji je debela in podobna mačji. Vrh glave pa nosi krono in v nji dragocen kamen demant, ki se v temi tako sveti, da šivajo štirje krojači pri njem brez druge svečave. Kdor dobi tedaj demant iz njene krone, je srečen za celo življenje, toliko je vreden. Zato so jo že od nekdaj zelo zalezovali. Ali ta kamen dobiti je zelo težko, ker je bela kača silno huda, in poveljnica vseh kač ne stanuje nikoli sama, ampak v večjih gnezdih, iz katerih pride malokdaj na dan.

Bil je kačji lovec, ki je gadom mast pobiral. Našel je v velikem skalovju med bukovjem veliko kačje gnezdo in je hotel tudi tukaj gade poloviti, da bi po svojem opraviilu masti dobil. Vzame s seboj tovariša, da bi mu pomagal, ker se mu je dozdevalo, da bo kač več ko drugod. Na skalovje prišedši odbere primeren kraj, odlomi leskovo šibico, ki je zrastle v enem letu, načrta s tako šibico ris, vstopi v sredo, pripravi svoje orodje in vzame piščal v roke, da bi kače sklical. Tovariš se je pa zbal bele kače in si ni upal ostati v risu. Zleze torej na deveto bukev od risa, in koje začel oni v risu piskati na svojo piščal, je videl, kako so lezle kače od vseh strani: rjave, pisane, grebenaste in druge proti risu. Vsaka je položila glavo na ris. Naenkrat pride bela kača, položi glavo na ris, vdari z repom po tleh in v enem trenotku puhnejo vse kače na lovca v risu in ga opikajo, da je umrl pri tisti priči. Ko bi njegov tovariš ne bil na deveti bukvi, slaba bi se godila tudi njemu.





NASELJEVANJE ROMARJEV PRI PLYMOUTHU, MASS.

D. Kette:

Mačka in miška

MLADA miška je videla nekoč mačko, kako je slanino. Hitro steče k njej in se ji prijazno pridruži, rekoč: "Boterca, tudi meni diši slanina, saj mi pustiš, da jo tudi jaz nekoliko pokusim?"

"Ti tatica tatinska, ti!" zareži mačka nanjo, "jaz ti pokažem krasti, čakaj me!" In v hipu jo zgrabi in zadavi. Nato pa mirno liže dalje okusno slanino.

Drugi dan pride pa v klet gospodinja, najde slanino snedeno, a miško zadavljeno. Kakor hitro zagleda muco, pokliče jo s sladkimi besedami k sebi in jo začne božati: "Da, da, ti si moja mucka. Prav, prav, da si zadavila to požerušno miš, ki mi je snedla vso slanino."

In mucka je zadovoljno godrnjavala in predla, prav kakor da je ona najbolj nedolžna žival na svetu . . .

Mravlji

ZVEČER se ste sešli mrvalji, sosedi v mravljišču.

"Joj, kako sem zdelana," reče prva, "ves božji dan sem prevlačevala košček sladkorja, pa ga nisem mogla spraviti do doma; na sredi poti sem ga morala pustiti."

"A tako, ti misliš drobtinico od sladkorja, ki ga je razsula neka deklica tam na cesti? Pa kako je to, saj je bilo polno majhnih koščkov tam . . ."

"Da, ali jaz sem se lotila največjega."

"Brezumnica," reče druga, "vidiš, jaz pa sem nosila le bolj majhne koščke: le pojdi pogledat, kakšen kup jih je! Seveda, ti hočeš vse naenkrat. Nu, pa imaš. Boš vsaj vedela za drugokrat!"

R. T.:

Papirnaté barčice

DAN za dnem spuščam svoje papirnaté barčice drugo za drugo po dreveči reki. Z velikimi črkami napišem na vsako svoje ime in ime sela, v katerem bivam.

Upam, da jih najde kdo v daljni deželi in da bo vedel, kdo sem.

V svoje male barčice nakladam cvetice z našega vrta.

Spuščam svoje papirnaté barčice in gledam v nebo in vidim, kako razvijajo mali oblaki svoja bela, napeta jadra.

Ne vem, kateri mojih tovarišev na nebu jih pošilja po zraku, da tekmujejo z mojimi barčicami.

Kadar pride noč, zatisnem oči in sanjam, da plavajo moje papirnaté barčice dalje in dalje pod svetlimi zvezdami.

Vila spenja jadra v njih tovor in tovor so koši, navrhani s sanjami.

Medved

ŽIVELA sta starec in starka. Pa se je starki zahotelo medvedjega mesa in dejala je možu: "Pojdi, starec, po medvedje mesto!" Starec je vzel sekiro in odšel v gozd. Tam je gledal na vse strani in zapazil medveda, ki je ležal pod klado in krepko spal. Starec ni nič pomišljal; odsekal je medvedu šapo in jo nesel domov. Proti večeru se je vrnil k starki.—"Na," pravi, "skuhaj si medvedjo šapo." Starka je vzela šapo, odrla kožo in postrigla dlako; meso je postavila k ognju, s kožo si je postlala, dlako pa je pričela presti. Kaj pa medved? Ubogi invalid se je zbudil in zatulil, da se je razlegalo po vsem lesu; tulil je in tulil, potem pa se je premislil in si napravil nogo od lipovine; gre k starčevi kočici in zapoje:

"Škriplji, noga,
škriplji, lipova.
Zemlja spi
in voda spi,
po seliščih spe
in po vaseh spe,
le babica ne spi.
Mojo dlako prede,
moje meso kuha,
mojo kožo suši."

Starec in starka sta se prestrašila; kaj bo, kam naj se skrijeta?—"No, starec," pravi starka, "zlezi v košaro, obesim te nad vrata, sama pa zlezem za peč in se skrijem med drva." Rečeno, storjeno. Komaj pa je medved stopil v hišo, se je košara s starcem odtrgala in padla na tla. Medved se je ustrašil in pobegnil v les. **A. N. Afanasjev.**





Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Leto 1931 se bo kmalu poslovilo in nastopilo bo novo — 1932. Samo še ta in prihodnja izdaja Mladinskega lista vas bo obiskala v tem letu. Kako hitro minejo tedni in meseci! Ali ste se v tem času, v tem letu tudi kaj naučili? Seveda ste se! Iz dopisov, ki jih pošiljate Mladinskemu listu, je razvidno, da stalno napredujete.

Naj vas ob tej priliki opomnem na zelo važno stvar. Ljubše mi bo, ako boste v bodoče pošiljali svoje prispevke (dopise) bolj zgodaj v mesecu. Nikar ne čakajte, da vam pismonoša dostavi M. L. in da šele potem pošljete vaše pismo za "Kotiček." To storite lahko že prej, kar bo omogočilo hitrejše poslovanje in vaš dopisek bo prej priobčen.

Pošljite pismo še danes!

—UREDNIK.

DOPIS PRIDNE ANICE

Dragi urednik!

Jesen je tu in tudi jaz sem spet tu z mojim dopisom za "Naš kotiček" v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Odločila sem se, da moram napisati par vrstic za novembarsko številko našega mesečnika.

Najprej naj povem, da sem prečitala oktobersko izdajo, in seveda tudi Vaše vrstice v uredniški koloni. Zelo se mi je dopadlo, ko omenjate, da se tudi drju. F. J. Kernu dopade Mladinski list, ker je tako lepo urejen in ker vanj tako pridno dopisujejo naši mladi dopisovalci.

Res, naš Mladinski list ima lepo število stalnih dopisovalcev v angleškem in slovenskem delu. Prav pridno so na delu in pošiljajo svoje prispevke.

Le tako naprej, dragi dopisovalci Mladinskega lista. Le pridno dopisujemo, da bo urednik vesel naših dopisov ter da nas bo pohvalil ob koncu leta, ki se tako naglo bliža. Samo še ta in ena izdaja Mladinskega lista bo v tem letu.

Da, še november in december, pa bo konec leta 1931 in nastopilo bo leto 1932, ki bo prestopno leto (leap year). Ni več dolgo do novega leta. Vsled tega pa se moramo požuriti takoj sedaj, da dopolnimo kar smo zamudili. Pridno dopisujemo vsi, da bomo zaključili staro leto zadovoljni, ker smo storili vsak svojo dolžnost napram našemu mesečniku in napram Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti, katere mladi člani smo.

Ako bomo tako storili, tedaj bomo tudi z veseljem nastopili novo leto, ki je že tako rekoč pred pragom. Torej na noge vsi dečki in deklice! Vsak in vsaka naj pošlje svoj mali dopisek v "Naš kotiček"—ali pa v "Chatter Corner."

Nahajamo se v dolгих jesenskih večerih, v kratkem pa bodo še daljši, kajti zima je že skoro tu. Radi bomo ostajali pri gorki peči in se učili, brali in se pogovarjali. Imeli bomo mnogo časa, da kaj napišemo za Mladinski list. Tudi v zimskem času je prijetno, ako imamo toplo stanovanje in potrebne hrane. Toda mnogo otrok in družin bo to zimo trpelo pomanjkanje in mraz.

Ptice so že davno odletele v gorke kraje, ker so čutile prihajajočo zimo. Vrnile se bodo šele na pomlad, ko bo spet sonce pošiljalo tople žarke na zemljo ter jo bo ogrelo, da bo v veselje ljudem in živalim.

Naj zadostuje, se bom pa še prihodnjič kaj oglasila. Lep pozdrav vsem malim čitalcem Mladinskega lista in seveda tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

"LIPA ZELENELA JE . . ."

Cenjeni urednik!

Tukaj smo dobili na 22. septembra že prvi sneg.

Delavske razmere so približno takšne kakor po drugih naselbinah. Skoraj bi rekla, da pri najboljšem koncu so za nič.

Rada bi videla, da priobčite to-le pesmico o lipi.

Lipa

I

Lipa zelenela je
tam v dišečem gaju,
s cvetjem me posipala
djal sem, da sem v raju.
Veje raztezavala,
k nebu je visoko,
meni pa je do srca
segala globoko.

II

Ptičice je miljena
v senčico vabila,
kadar ležal sem pod njo,
me je ohladila.
Zdaj pa je sirotica
skoraj ovenela.
Cvetje, listje ljubljeno
zima ji je vzela.

Iskren pozdrav!

Olga Groznik,

Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

ELICA SE JE POŠKODOVALA

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Ta dopis sem le s težavo napisala, kajti ko to pišem sem v postelji. Napisala sem ga s svinčnikom, ker drugače nisem mogla. Upam, da mi boste oprostili.

Prigibno Vam pošiljam tudi sliko, na kateri je moja sestra Virginija in jaz. Obe nas bo zelo, zelo veselilo, ako jo boste priobčili v Mladinskem listu.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem mladim čitalcem in čitalkam Mladinskega lista, še najbolj lepe pozdrave pa pošiljam vsem tistim, ki pošiljajo v "Naš kotiček" tako lepe dopise!

Elice Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

Pripis:—Dragi brat in urednik M. L.! Naj povem še to, da se mi je dne 16. septembra pripetila nesreča. Šle sve s sestro Virginijo v šolo kot ponavadi. Med šolskim odmorom pa smo se igrali in prekučavali. Pri tem pa sem padla in se močno pobila na desno nogo. Z nogo sem namreč zadela na razbito glažovno in na kolenu mi je nogo zelo razrezala.

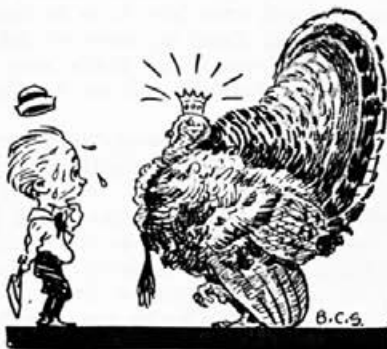
Moja dobra in usmiljena učiteljica me je takoj posadila v avtomobil in me brž odpeljala k zdravniku, ki mi je rano zašil in obvezal. Sedaj, ko to pišem, na postelji sedim in bolečine trpim. Obiskavati me pa hodijo vsak dan moji šoučenci in mi kratek čas delajo, zakar sem jim zelo hvaležna. In Jerry Gianetti mi je napravil palico, da se bom nanjo opirala ko bom spet hodila.

To sem napisala največ zato, da bo služilo v svarilo ostalim otrokom, ki se igrajo brezskrbno kot sem se jaz, a sedaj pa moram trpeti. Igrati se pač vsi otroci morajo, ker je tako lepo in pa zdravo, pri tem pa morajo tudi paziti, da se ne poškodujejo.

Čuvajte se nesreče pri igrah!

Lep pozdrav prav vsem! Elice Strajnar.

(Opomba urednika:—Slike nisem priobčil, ker nisi, draga Elica, povedala jasno na kateri strani na sliki je Virginija in na kateri je dopisovalka. Upam, da boš to storila v kratkem, tako da bom vajino sliko lahko priobčil v decemberski številki Mladinskega lista. To naj velja vsem tistim, ki pošiljajo slike, na katerih je več oseb slikanih ter naj vselej povedo, kdo je kdo na sliki.—Obžalujem, Elica, ker te je zadela nesreča in upam, da si že toliko okrevala, da spet hodiš v šolo in da se zopet veseliš z drugimi otroci. Naj pa ob tej priliki pripomnem še to, da me bo vselej veselilo, kadar boš poslala še kakšen prispevek za "Kotiček." Torej, piši še slovenske dopise v Mladinski list!)



Katka Zupančič:

V POZNI JESENI

Ni prav, solnček, to ni prav,
da zbudil si metuljčka zdaj,
ko pozna je jesen;
le kaj počel bo, kaj
tam sred dobrav
metuljček lahkokrili?

Ni lepo to, solnček, ne,
da se igraš z metuljčkom zdaj,
ko že oglaš burja se,
ko slana cvetke deva v kraj;
le redkokje jih najde še
metuljček nežnokrili.

Solnček, solnček se smehlja!
Na skriti strani, kraj ograd,
tam nekaj cvetk je še očeval,
tja pošilja žarke, da preganja hlad—
Veselo in brezskrbno tja frflja
metuljček lahkoživi.

TONČEK PIŠE PRIJATELJU POLDETU

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Naj Vam takoj v pričetku tega pisma povem, da je to moj prvi dopis za "Naš kotiček" v Mladinskem listu. Mnogokrat sem se že pripravljaj, da napišem par vrstic za "Kotiček," pa ni šlo. Vselej sem napravil toliko napak, da se nisem upal dopisa Vam poslati.

Sedaj pa sem se okorajžil in sem napisal te vrstice. Mislil sem si: "Če bo vse o. k., bo urednik priobčil, če ne pa naj lepo vrže v koš." Upam, da bo priobčeno.

Star sem 13 let, pa nič več ne hodim v šolo. Mojemu prijatelju Leotu želim sporočiti, da sem še vedno bolan in nič ne vem kdaj bom ozdravil. Kako se pa imaš ti, Leo? Si se že kaj privadil v šoli. V septembru, ko si bil pri nas, si mi pripovedoval, da imate zelo dobro učiteljico. Rekel si celo, da vas včasih tudi pusti pri miru, da lahko zaspate v klopih. To je pa res dobra učiteljica! Si pač srečen, Leo.

Dragi Leo, ali znaš še tisto pesmico na orgljice zaigrati? "Mat potico pečejo, men pa nič ne rečejo, jaz pa le počas jo režem in kosim."

Moja mama je čitala dopis od tvoje sestre Antonije. Pa tudi od mojega brata Joškota je bil dopis priobčen. Da bi le tudi jaz znal tako pisati. Well, ko bova midva, ti Leo in

jaz, tako velika, pa bova tudi midva znala tako lepo napisati.

Tukaj imamo lepo vreme in letino smo že večina pospravili pod streho. Kmalu pa bo zima in nabaviti si bo treba škornje. Ampak ne vem kje se bo vzel denar, ker moj ata že dolgo nič ne dela.

Pa mi kaj piši, Leo. Če sam ne moreš, naj sestrice mesto tebe.

Veš, stvar je taka, kar se mane tiče. Ako bo ta dopis zagledal beli dan v našem Mladinskem listu, potem bom seveda z veseljem spet kaj napisal za Mladinski list v "Našem kotičku."

Sedaj pa še mnogo pozdravov vsem pri M. L.!

Tony Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.



Anna P. Krasna:

MISLI

VESEL je spev, srebrn smeh
skoz tihoto večera beži.

Mimo mene beži
na lahnih perotih—
kdo ve kam hiti?

Cvetoči so obrazi, pomladni dih
zašumi, ko mimo gredo.

Mimo mene gredo,
jaz za njimi strmim:
Kdaj, kakšni se vrnejo? . . .

"ZIMA—SUKNJE NIMA!"

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet se oglašam z malim prispevkom v "Kotiček" in Vas prosim, da bi to priobčili.

Sicer ne utegnem dosti pisati zdaj, ker mi šola skoro ves čas vzame in moram naloge tudi doma delati, pa kljub temu bom skušala še zanapredj prispevati kaj za Mladinski list, ki mi je zelo priljubljen.

Jesen je tu. Deževni in megleni so dnevi, da se človeka nehote loteva nekaka zaspala otožnost. Nikake zabave ni za enkrat pričakovati in Zahvalni dan je še daleč, šele koncem novembra. Omenjenega dne se tu v Ameriki vesele vsi, stari in mladi, in se zahvaljujejo za dobrote, ki so jih prejeli skozi celo leto. Posebno delavci se zahvaljujejo za "prosperiteto," ki vlada v deželi. Tudi clintonski brezposelni premogarji se vesele Zahvalnega dne, ker bodo letos najbrže pili "juho," ki jo bo nudil Rdeči križ (ali purana skoro gotovo ne bo v njej).

Delavske razmere so pod ničlo. Ker nimam zaenkrat nič drugega poročati, zato končam.

Dovolite mi samo še tole pesmico napisati:

V znamenju štirih letnih časov

I

Ko pride k nam Pomlad
se človek čuti mlad.

II

Ko pride k nam Poletje
rad človek sladoled ie.

III

Ko pride pa Jesen,
postane človek len.

IV

Le križ je ko je Zima,
če človek suknje nima!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem dopisovalcem in čitatelcem in Vam, cenjeni urednik, in hvala za Vaš trud!

Josephine Mestek,

638 N. 9th str., Clinton, Ind.

SE UČI SLOVENSKO 4 URE NA TEDEN

Dragi urednik!

Hvala Vam za pogum in navdušenje, katerega ste mi dali in me zagotovili, da boste popravljali moja pisma. Sedaj pa tudi jaz obljubim, da bom redno pisal vsaki mesec enkrat.

Sedaj hodim redno v šolo in tudi imam veliko šolskih nalog, zraven se pa učim slovensko vsako sredo večer dve uri in soboto dve.

Še nekaj o mojih počitnicah. Jaz sem šel z mojimi starši že parkrat v Elizabeth, N. J. Bila je lepa vožnja; štiri ure iz Scrantona. Med potjo smo se ustavili v Delawaru, Water

Gapu. To je zanimiv kraj. Tu se vije bela cesta med gorovjem in reko Delaware, od koder se ne vidi drugega kakor skalovje in nebo. Srčen pozdrav vsem čitatelcem in Vam, urednik.

F. Vogrin,

2436 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

Žena in kokoš

Neka žena je imela kokoš, ki je vsak dan znesla zlato jajce.

Žena si je mislila: "Ako dam svoji kokoši dvojno krmo, mi bo tudi znesla dvojce jajec na dan."

Tako je tudi storila, toda kokoši je počila golša in je poginila.

Žrebe

Svobodno se je paslo žrebe na travniku. Zagledalo je ponosnega konja v zlati opremi stopicati mimo.

"Srečna žival!", zdičuje žrebe, "oh, če bi bilo že jaz tako veliko in dobilo tako krasno opremo!"

"Otrok moj," mu pravi mati, "zapomni si, da se sveti zlato v suženjstvu vedno z nekim otožnim sijajem."





JUVENILE



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*THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,*

*Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth it darker and colder grow;
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.*

*And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves;
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow come back to the eaves.*

*The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new;
And the loveliest wayside blossom,
Will shine with sun and dew.*

*The leaves today are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will sure to come.*

*There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rain so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.*

ALICE CARY



INDIAN SUMMER

Margaret Cousins

IN ALL the valleys now a purple haze
Lies on the golden flowering of the
land;
The ripened harvest waits the reaper's
hand,
And we who reap but once hoard up
these days
Against inevitable winter and the night
Of wailing wind and sharp and bitter
cold.

Beset with hoary hair and thoughts
grown old,
The memory of these days will be a
bright,
Unfailing fire to warm us in the sere
And yellow time . . . Much of our
Heaven is here,
Scattered along the dusty roads that
run
Downhill into the glory of the sun.



A FULL HARVEST

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SEEMS like a feller'd orto jes, today,
Git down and roll and waller, don't
you know,
In that-ere stubble, and flop up and
crow,
Seein' sich crops! I'll undertake to
say
That no wheat's ever turned out thata-
way
Afore this season! Folks is keerless,
tho,
And too fergitful; 'caze we'd orto show
More thankfulness! Je' looky yonder,
hey?
And watch that little reaper wadin'
thru
That last old yaller hunk o' harvest
ground,
Je' nacherly a-slicin' it in two
Like honeycomb, and gaumi'n it
around
The field—like it had nothin' else to do,
On'y jes' waste it all on me and you!

MAGIC

SOME women have a magic way
Of putting cheer into a room:
A swift, transforming touch that sends
The light into a shaded gloom.
They have a lovely way of giving
A cheerful, happy look to living.
A wood fire crackling on a hearth;
Old brasses rubbed and gleaming
bright:
Red tulips in an earthen bowl;
The luster of worn boards scrubbed
white
Some women have a way of knowing
That household wares should be kept
glowing.
I never see a woman's hands
Move swiftly at their burnishings,
But that they always seem to bear
A likeness to white, flying wings:
They are so beautiful at giving
A cheerful, happy look to living.

A Dreamy Exploration

By M. L.

THE Likoviches had hardly settled in their new home in a mining town in Colorado before Betka and Janko, the Likovich twins, who liked to explore, set out to explore the mountains of Colorado. They were eight years old and had been studying about Colorado in social studies at school, and from what they had been taught they were sure to discover a gold mine or some traces of old Indian civilization.

They had not walked a mile when they discovered a large hole at the foot of a mountain. Betka didn't want to go in at all, but after much teasing on the part of Janko she agreed to explore the cave with him.

Inside the cave they walked for some time. Betka began to grow tired, so she leaned against the side of the cave to rest. Guess what happened! The wall, against which she was leaning, suddenly opened. It must have been a secret door opening into a treasure room or hiding place. If Janko had permitted, Betka would have disappeared from the scene at once, because she was terribly frightened. Janko told Betka there was nothing to be afraid of and led the way in through the open door. Janko said that Betka should have half of the hidden treasures in the cave.

"Oh, Janko! Look at those beautiful old statues made of gold and silver, and those of beautiful stones. This one, I'm sure, is made of polished diamonds", cried Betka very much excited.

"Great day in the night," was all that Janko could say.

They sat down to think of what they should do about it, but Janko was too happy to think and Betka was too thrilled over all the beautiful statues. It was quite a while before Janko, who solved the problem, thought of it.

"I say, sis," he said, "we studied in school that in these mountains were

caves where ancient Indians used to live, but they were so carefully hidden that they hadn't yet been discovered."

"Why, Janko," replied his sister, "I'm sure this one is one of those caves. How clever you are! Let's look around and see if what you say is true. Oh! Janko! Here's another door, made of wood, but I can't open it."

Janko ran to where his sister stood. He struggled with the old door until it opened. The adjoining room was surely the dwelling place of ancient Indians, which Betka and Janko both knew, because of the mud and clay trinkets.

They explored adjoining rooms where warriors kept their weapons, where they had council meetings, where they kept their tom-toms, where they prayed to their gods.

By this time Betka was tired and would not go a bit farther. Janko at last grew weary too, so they started for home. They decided to take a few things to show their parents. From the treasures Janko picked out some bows, arrows, tomahawks and a tom-tom. Betka took a corn-cob doll, some clay vases and bowls and some beads. They both took a small statue and a hand full of pretty stones. They thought that they were very rich now and would turn the cave into a private museum. They were both so excited that they didn't notice a large hole, or at least not until they were its victims. The result was that Betka rolled out of her little bed and Janko rolled out of his just at the same time. They awoke much amazed exclaiming, "Where's the cave?"

They must, undoubtedly, have been dreaming practically the same thing. Did you ever study so much about the history of Colorado and about Indian civilization that you combined the two, and you dreamed about them that night? I think that was just what Betka and Janko did—don't you?

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By Felicia Dorothea Hemens

THE breaking waves washed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their
bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves'
foam;
And the rocking aisles of the forest
roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they be;
They have left unstained what there
they found—
Freedom and Liberty!



FLOWER CONUNDRUMS

WHAT flower makes a bright day?
Sunflower.

What flower calls children to school?
Bluebell.

What flower sends them home?
Four-o'clock.

What flower ought to be in a circus?
Dandelion.

What lily might be in the next cage?
Tiger-lily.

What flower ought to be a favorite
with an unmarried man? *Bachelor
button.*

What flowers do fairies use for
wands? *Golden-rods.*

What flower is best for winter fun?
Snow-ball.

What flower brought the Pilgrims
to America? *May Flower.*

What flower does mother use when
you are naughty? *Lady's slipper.*

The First Printer

A Story for Children

(From Famous Stories Retold—Baldwin)

ONE evening in midsummer, nearly five hundred years ago, a stranger arrived in the quaint old town of Haarlem, in the Netherlands. The people eyed him curiously as he trudged down the main street, and there were many guesses as to who he might be. A traveler in those days was a rarity in Haarlem—a thing to be looked at and talked about. This traveler was certainly a man of no great consequence. He was dressed poorly, and had neither servant nor horse. He carried his knapsack on his shoulder, and was covered with dust as tho he had walked far.

He stopped at a little inn close by the market place and asked for lodging. The landlord was pleased with his looks. He was a young man, bright of eye and quick of movement. He might have the best room in the house.

"My name," he said, "is John Gutenberg, and my home is in Mayence."

"Ah, in Mayence, is it?" exclaimed the landlord; "and pray why do you leave that place and come to our good Haarlem?"

"I am a traveler," answered Gutenberg.

"A traveler! And why do you travel?" inquired the landlord.

"I am traveling to learn," was the answer. "I am trying to gain knowledge by seeing the world. I have been to Genoa and Venice and Rome."

"Ah, have you been so far? Surely, you must have seen great things," said the landlord.

"Yes, said Gutenberg; "I have walked thru Switzerland and Germany, and now I am on my way to France."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the

landlord. "And now, while your supper is being cooked, pray tell me what is the strangest thing you have seen while traveling."

"The strangest thing? Well, I have seen towering mountains and the great sea; I have seen savage beasts and famous men; but nowhere have I seen anything stranger than the ignorance of the common people. Why, they know but little more than their cattle. They know nothing about the country in which they live; and they have scarcely heard of other lands. Indeed, they are ignorant of everything that has happened in the world."

"I guess you are right," said the landlord; "but what difference does it make whether they know much or little?"

"It makes a great difference," answered Gutenberg. "So long as the common people are thus ignorant they are made the dupes of the rich and powerful who know more. They are kept poor and degraded in order that their lords and masters may live in wealth and splendor. Now, if there were only some way to make books plentiful and cheap, the poorest man might learn to read and thus gain such knowledge as would help him to better his condition. But, as things are, it is only the rich who can buy books. Every volume must be written carefully by hands, and the cost of making it is greater than the earnings of any common man for a lifetime."

"Well," said the landlord, "we have a man here in Haarlem who makes books. I don't know how he makes them, but people say that he sells them very cheap. I've heard that he can

make as many as ten in the time it would take a rapid scribe to write one. He calls it *printing*, I think."

"Who is this man? Tell me where I can find him," cried Gutenberg, now much excited.

"His name is Laurence—Laurence Jaonssen," answered the landlord. "He has been the coster, or sexton of our church for these 40 years, and for that reason everybody calls him Laurence Coster."

"Where does he live? Can I see him?"

"Why, the big house that you see just across the market place is his. You can find him at home at any time; for, since he got into this queer business of making books, he never goes out."

The young traveler lost no time in making the acquaintance of Laurence Coster. The old man was delighted to meet with one who was interested in his work. He showed him the books he had printed. He showed him the types and the rude little press that he used. The types were made of pieces of wood that Coster had whittled out with his penknife.

"It took a long time to make them," he said; "but see how quickly I can print a page with them."

He placed a small sheet of paper upon some types which had been properly arranged. With great care he adjusted them all in his press. Then he threw the weight of his body upon a long lever that operated the crude machine.

"See now the printed page", he cried, as he carefully drew the sheet out. "It would have taken hours to write it with a pen. I have printed it in as many minutes."

Gutenberg was delighted.

"It was by accident that I discovered it," said Laurence. "I went out into the woods one afternoon with my grandchildren. There were some beech trees there, and the little fellows wanted me to carve their names on the smooth

bark. I did so, for I was always handy with a penknife. Then, while they were running around, I split off some fine pieces of bark and cut the letters of the alphabet upon them—one letter on each piece. I thought they would amuse the baby of the family, and perhaps help him to remember his letters. So I wrapped them in a piece of soft paper and carried them home. When I came to undo the package I was surprised to see the forms of some of the letters distinctly printed on the white paper. It set me to thinking, and at last I thought out this whole plan of printing books."

"And a great plan it is!" cried Gutenberg. "Ever since I was a boy at school I have been trying to invent some such thing."

He asked Laurence Coster a thousand questions, and the old man kindly told him all that he knew.

"Now, indeed, knowledge will fly to the ends of the earth," said the delighted young traveler as he hastened back to his inn. He could scarcely wait to be gone.

The next morning he was off for Strassburg.

At Strassburg young Gutenberg shut himself up in a hired room and began to make sets of type like those which Laurence Coster had shown him. He arranged them in words and sentences. He experimented with them until he was able to print much faster than old Laurence had done.

Finally, he tried types of soft metal and found them better than those of wood. He learned to mix ink so it would not spread when pressed by the type. He made brushes and rollers for applying it evenly and smoothly. He improved this thing and that until, at last, he was able to do that which he had so long desired—make a book so quickly and cheaply that even a poor man could afford to buy it.

And thus the art of printing was discovered.

HALLOWEEN TIME

HALLOWEEN

Nancy Byrd Turner

EVERYTHING is black and gold, Jet-black cat with golden eyes,
 Black and gold, tonight: Shadows black as ink,
 Yellow pumpkins, yellow moon, Firelight blinking in the dark
 Yellow candlelight; With a yellow blink.

Black and gold, black and gold,
 Nothing in between—
 When the world turns black and gold,
 When it's Haloween!

WHEN IT'S HALLOWEEN

By Helen Myra Ross

WHEN black cats frisk across the moon,
 And pumpkins strew the frosty ground,
 And old North Wind moans like a loon,
 And the ghostly bats fly round,
 And the ghostly bats fly round,
 The old witch leaning on her stick
 Warns us of some goblin's trick.

When merry makers rattle the latch,
 And then like pixie spirits scoot,
 And the owl sings high above the thatch
 Twice or thrice his ghostly hoot,
 Twice or thrice his ghostly hoot,
 The old witch leaning on her stick
 Warns us of some goblin's trick.



AUTUMN ACTORS

Rose Waldo

THE trees are playing "Gypsy," The maples are fine ladies
 The oaks are draped in gold; And wear the grandest clothes
 The sumacs all wave carmine scarfs Of pink and green and lavender,
 And act like pirates bold. Deep crimson and old rose.

The forests love bright costumes,
 My mother says they do—
 O, come let's put our gay things on
 And play we're gypsies, too!

Lefty, The Crow

By Marion A. Williams

LEFTY was only a crow, but a crow with decided ideas about things for all that. When Lefty was just a young fellow a stray bullet from a hunter's gun wounded his left wing so that he could never fly again. Now ordinarily most birds would think this a serious handicap, and would feel very sad and downcast over their lot. Not so with Lefty! One can fancy him looking down at his spindle-like legs, sticking out first one foot and then the other before him with a jaunty air. "Well," he probably said, "I've still got my legs, thank the Lord!" And with that, he started right forward in search of a new home. Never again would he be able to fly to his tree-top nest.

Lefty walked until he came to a hollow tree that grew by the side of the railroad tracks. It was very snug, being on the sheltered side, and was lined, at the same time, with smooth, red oak leaves. Soon he developed a great taste for strolling. On occasion he walked to the village where he wheeled choice morsels of food from some of the indulgent housewives. But the thing he liked to do better than all else was to walk to the water-tank and make friends with the engineers whose trains stopped there many times during the day. To reach this place he was obliged to walk about a half-mile down the tracks and over a bridge, which, being used only for railroad traffic, had no side-supports nor any place for pedestrians to travel.

One day while Lefty was walking

over this dangerous place, he heard the whistle of a freight train. Glancing around he saw that a fast freight was bearing down upon him. Hurriedly he leaped over into the other track. Again he heard a sharp whistle. In dismay he looked up to see a flyer come speeding toward him on the very track where he was walking. Where should he turn? If he stepped off the ties he would fall into the river. Quickly he crouched down on the outside edge of a tie and waited for the trains to pass.

But when the flyer tore its way over the bridge great gusts of wind swept the ground beside the wheels. Whoosh—whee—whoosh! went the wind. Lefty clung to the tie with all his might. Suddenly, however, the wind got under his wings and lifted them out. Against his will he was raised from his feet and hurled into the air. Below him was the river! With outspread wings he soared earthward, like a man in a parachute. Nearer and nearer he came. In another moment he would be drowned. Whoosh! came the wind again, tossing him gaily in another direction. He could now hear the lap of the water as it rushed over the stones. He closed his eyes. His wings began to settle limply about him. Ah, this would be the end!

Just then his foot struck something hard. He looked down. Why this was not the river at all! Lefty had landed in the meadow and was cawing loudly in answer to the engineer, who was blowing a salute from above.



THE LITTLE PILGRIM

By Clara J. Denton

I WAS on the Mayflower
I'm sure you all must know
What a dreadful time we had
With the ice and snow.
Cold? O, yes, it was cold.
We never knew before,
What "cold winter" really meant,
'Till we reached this shore.

Then the Indians, big and wild,
You know the story well,
For you've read about it all,
More than I can tell.
Were we sorry that we came
So far from England dear?
Never, though the land had been
Twice as cold and drear.

When at last our barns were filled
With all good things in store,
Pray, do you wonder that our hearts
With joy were running o'er?
So, when our Governor Bradford,
With wise and gentle sway,
Said, "Come we'll be thankful
For one whole livelong day,"

There wasn't one to question
Or wonder at his word;
Throughout the whole of Plymouth,
Greatest joy was heard.
Today, when you are singing
Sweet praises on your way
Remember dear old Plymouth's
First Thanksgiving Day.



The Day After Thanksgiving

By Aileen Hyland

OUR Community's diminished," said the turkey with a sigh;
"Indeed it is," the duck replied, tears standing in his eye.
"Alas, I am a widow!" cried poor young Mrs. Hen,
"And so am I," sobbed Mrs. Goose, "my husband's left the pen."
So they set up such a wailing that the farmer was quite scared,
And his knees knocked on each other, for he thought they had not cared.
But the day had been Thanksgiving and the poultry had been caught,
And the farmer's wife had cooked them, and to the table brought.
So within himself he whispered, "I'll take my things and go
For one never kept an awful farm like this I'm sure, you know."
Then he got up and he scuttled, and he's not been heard of since,
And the feathered folks now rule there, and the turkey cock is prince.

Live and Laugh and Love

With James Whitcomb Riley

THE most beloved children's poet of America, no doubt, is James Whitcomb Riley. He lived on Lockerbie Street in Indianapolis, and whenever he walked down the street the little children gathered around him and he would entertain them and treat them to candy.

Now, here is a piece of good news for all Juniors. A new book has been published, "The Best Loved Poems of James Whitcomb Riley". It contains the poems about child life. How well the poet knew and loved the children!

In this book you will meet "Little Orphan Annie," who told the little fellows that gathered around her at night, after the dishes were washed, about "the Gobble-uns 'at gits you, Ef you Don't Watch Out!" And here you will meet "The Raggedy Man."

"O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;

An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!"

And going on you learn more about 'Lizabuth Ann:

"Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet,
An' nen she sals it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' get all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know!"

Then, with the poet, you will wander
"Out To Old Aunt Mary's:"

"Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—When the Saturday's chores were
through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen,
too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?"—

James Whitcomb Riley understood what things thrill the children. When he tells about the Parade and the Circus you want to go along:

"Oh, The Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles
played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy
manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-
drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody
sublime!"

And here is a stanza from "The Days
Gone By:"

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway
through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of
the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any
nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the
blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the
days gone by.

Here was a man who loved us all.
James Whitcomb Riley is a poet whom
every child should learn to love, for he
will make your life richer and better
and happier as the years roll by.

The Pony Engine

By J. B. C.

ONCE upon a time a little freight car loaded with coal stood on the track in a coal-yard.

The little freight car waited for an engine to pull it up the hill and over the hill and down the hill on the other side.

Over the hill in the valley people needed the coal to keep them warm.

By and by a great big engine came along, smoke stack puffing smoke and the bell ringing, "Ding! Ding! Ding!"

"Oh, stop! Please stop, big engine!" said the little freight car. "Pull me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill, to the people in the valey on the other side."

But the big engine said, "I can't, I'm too busy," and away it went—Choo! Choo! Choo!

The little freight car waited a long time till a small engine came puffing by.

"Oh, stop! dear engine, please stop!" said the little freight car. But the engine puffed a big puff and said, "I can't, you're too heavy." Then away it went. Choo! Choo! Choo!

"Oh dear!" said the little freight car, "what shall I do? The people in the val-

ley on the other side will be so cold without any coal."

After a long time a little pony engine came along, puffing just as hard as a little engine could.

"Oh, stop! Dear engine, please stop!" and take me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill to the people on the other side," said the patient little freight car.

The pony engine stopped right away and said: "You're very heavy and I'm not very big, but I think I can. I'll try. Hitch on!"

All the way up the hill the pony engine kept saying, "I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can!" quite fast at first.

Then the hill was steeper and the pony engine had to pull harder and go slover, but all the time it kept saying, "I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can!" till it reached the very top of the hill with a long—Puff——.

It was easy to go down the hill on the other side. Away went the happy little pony engine, saying very fast: "I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could!"



How Leaves Let Go

THE trees already stand bare and lifeless, except some of the stubborn oaks, which will stand in somber purple or brown all winter thru, says Dr. Frank Thorne in Nature's Note Book. Underfoot the leaves are pleasant to shuffle thru on a sunny afternoon in the woods, but so little like the proud green canopy that the forest bore a few months ago that, except for shape, they could not be recognized.

How is this tragic change wrought in leaves?

How do they come loose from the trees so easily when they have clung tenaciously against all the whipping summer storms?

Pick up a leaf and look at the end of its stem. Look also at the place where a leaf grew on a twig last summer. On both you will find the same thing: a thin membrane of gray, dry corky tissue sealing up the wound effectively, preventing the loss of sap, and at the

same time excluding the fungus spores that are the deadliest of the disease germs the tree has to contend with. When a leaf falls off the tree in autumn, this layer of cork is already there—a bandage in place before the wound has been made. Students of plant-life call this "absciss layer," which in plain English means simply the "cutting-off layer."

What moves the plant to form this protective patch where a wound is in prospect is still a riddle.

All the things that happen in autumn have been conjectured as causes: shortening days, falling temperature, decreasing water supply. The latter would seem to have a shade the better of the argument because there are trees in the tropics that shed their leaves with the coming of the dry season, when the temperature may be rising instead of falling, and when the days may be lengthening instead of shortening. But so far nobody really knows.

DID YOU?

*DID you ever watch the campfire
When the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
'Round the embers crimson glow.*

*When the night sounds all around you
Making silence doubly sweet,
And a full moon high above you
That the spell may be complete.*

*Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of heart's desire
Than when you sat there thinking
With your face turned toward the
fire?*





Dear Readers and Contributors:—

There is but one more edition of the Mladinski List after this one for this year. The year 1931 will soon depart and ring in the new—1932. The time does fly! I hope that you have learned a lot during this year, in school and by reading the Mladinski List. Your letters and articles show that you have progressed steadily.

There is one important point I would like to stress at this moment. That you should arrange your time in such a manner to be able to write and send your letter to this magazine earlier in the month. Do not wait for the delivery of the M. L. to mail your letter. That will delay the game and your letter will appear a month later. Send it now.

Mail your letter today!

—THE EDITOR.

GRATEFUL TO THE PIONEER LODGE

Dear Editor:—

Even if I didn't write any letters to the M. L. yet, I am obliged to write one now.

I would like to tell the readers of the M. L. what the Pioneers Lodge No. 559 SNPJ of Chicago, Ill., sent me for my appearance at their school program last spring.

It was last May when the School Board of the Pioneers Lodge invited my mother and me to Chicago and asked me to play a few songs on my accordion for their program. They gave me some money and I thought I was well paid. I didn't expect anything else.

It was September 25, when my sister brought me a package which was addressed to me. I was so surprised that I couldn't say anything but opened the package.

In it was a good fielder's glove. I've always wished to get a fielder's glove, and I am very glad they sent this one to me.

All I can say is, that I thank very much the School Board of the Pioneer Lodge 559, Chicago, Ill. I assure them that they will be remembered by me for many, many years. I will be glad if I can do a favor in any way to the Pioneer Lodge again.

Best regards to all the readers of the M. L.

Robert Zakovsek,
1016 Adams st., No. Chicago, Ill.

* *

FROM LODGE NO 63

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the M. L. very much.

This is my first letter to the M. L.

I was 7 years old on July 21. I am in second grade and my brother is in first. We both have one teacher; her name is Mrs. Cooly.

We are four in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 63 at Rillton, Pa.

Best regards to all.

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

OUR PAST DOINGS

Dear Editor:—

On September 6 we went to Canonsburg to hear Bro. Molek lecture. Bro. Molek is a very fine lecturer and I hope I will have another opportunity to hear him. He is the editor of the Prosveta.

On Sept. 7, Labor day, we went to Campbell's Mill Park to the Indiana County Socialists Picnic. They had fine speakers. They had races, too. The parks has many amusements for the children. I had a fine time there.

On the evening of the same day we went to Collinsburgh—the SNPJ Yough Valley Knights Lodge affair. They had a dance. I had a nice time watching the young people dance. They had a large crowd at the hall.

Then, Sept. 12. That was a big day for everyone. The Torch of Liberty had their Grand East-Meets-West ball. We had with us over 23 SNPJ lodges. There were many people from smaller towns around Latrobe. We had a Popularity Contest for boys and girls, a cakewalk and the Grand March.

On Monday afternoon, Aug. 31, John Gabrenja, a Friendly City member of Johnstown, came to our home to visit us. Bro. John Gabrenja was on his way home taking my brother John along. He met with an accident on his motorcycle. They got a flat tire and the gasoline burst into flames. My brother John jumped off, but John Gabrenja got badly burned on his legs and arms. He is in bed. We are sorry he did not come to our ball. We hope he'll recover quickly.

A proud member of the T. of L.,

Mary E. Fradel,

1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

* *

AN INDIAN BOY AND A VESSEL OF OIL

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for quite a while, so I decided to write. I am sending a story and hope it will be published. I read it somewhere and like it.

"Sheik Chilli"

Master Chilli, we should say, for he was only a boy—lived in a village in India. One day he was walking along with a vessel of oil on his head. As he walked he kept thinking of the future.

"I shall sell this oil, and with the money I shall buy a goat. Then I shall sell the kids, and then I shall buy a cow, and sell the milk, till I get a large, a very large sum of money. Then I shall buy a pair of buffaloes and a field, and gain more money, and build myself a house, and marry a wife, and have many sons and daughters. By that time I shall be a very grand and

important man, and when my wife comes to call me to dinner, I shall say, 'Away there! I'll come when I think fit.' And with that Sheik Chilli threw back his head suddenly, with just the proud motion with which he intended to accompany his scornful speech to his wife, and down fell the vessel with the oil and broke in a hundred pieces, and the oil was all spilled.

This upset Sheik Chilli so much that he began to yell: "I have lost my goats; I have lost my cows; I have lost my buffaloes, and my house, and my wife and children."

That such a serious calamity should befall a man caused great pity; so that the bystanders took Sheik Chilli to the Rajah, or a ruler, who asked him how it had all happened.

When he heard the story, he laughed and said, "This boy has a good heart. Let him be given a reward to make up for the loss of the oil."

I hope the readers will like this story as I did.—Best regards to all. Tilda Krulyac,

Box 161, Swastika, New Mexico.

* *

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List.

I am past 15 years of age. My sister and I go to school; she is a Junior in the High School. I've got two brothers and two sisters.

The works out here are very poor. My brothers didn't work very much last summer, nor did my dad, just hoping times would get better.

I really never see any letters from surrounding cities. I never write very many letters, because my addresses were misplaced and cannot find them. Wish Josephine Jenko and Anna Bolan would write to me and many others, because I would answer them as soon as possible. Hoping most of my letters would come from the West.

The weather out here is fine.

With best wishes to all,

Josephine Steeber,

465 East North ave., East Paletine, Ohio.



TOMMY'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I will be a member of the Adult Dep't. of the SNPJ in two more years. This is the first time I have written to the M. L., and I will be glad to see my name in the next issue.

I am in the eighth grade, and have a good teacher.

I hope some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Tommy Majnik,
Box 84, Mohrland, Utah.

* *

A LITTLE POEM

Dear Editor:—

Here's a little poem for the M. L.

Kind Umbrellas

John Bullfrog went to public school
And sat upon his mushroom stool;
His bright green coat and yellow vest
Gleamed in the sun—he looked his best!
The teacher made the text quite plain
When suddenly down came some rain
And all the froggies had to hop!
Each stool became umbrella top!

I hope some of the members will write to me. I am 14 years old.

Best regards to all. Emma Gorsha,
Box 14, Universal, Ind.

* *

LITTLE ALICE GOT HURT

Dear Editor:—

I want to tell you that on September 16 my sister Virginia and I went to school. We were making "tumblesaults" and I cut my feet. I had four stitches made.

My teacher's name is Mrs. Mooly. I was glad my friends came to see me every day; so did my teacher, Mrs. Mooly. I say "Thanks" to all of them.

On September 23 I started to walk again, and Jerry Gianetti made me a stick which helped me to walk. I thank Jerry a lot for his favor.

Good-by to everybody who reads the Mladinski List.

Elice Strajnar,
Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

BAD LUCK

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time, because I did not have anything new to write.

My stepbrother Frank Kitt, who lives in Nanticoke, got hurt in the mines on June 1, 1931. He got his spine-bone cracked. All of our family is sorry for him. We hope that he gets well soon. Good people always have bad luck.

The working conditions are very poor here. Best regards to all the members.

Maddaline Pecaric, Box 32, Krayn, Pa.

ALBERT IS A CHAIRMAN

Dear Editor:—

I finally thought of writing a letter to the M. L.

I am fifteen years of age and a sophomore at the L. P. T. H. S. High school.

I have six brothers and two sisters; one of my sisters is married. Three of us boys go to high school. My brothers Henry and William are twins and both of them are Juniors at high school.

Today I was elected chairman of our mathematical room. I am in my civics room now.

I will have to sign off to write some more the next time. I wish some of the girls of this lodge would write to me.

Albert Gregorich,
835 Crosat st., La Salle, Ill.

* *

"THE ROBIN ON THE LAWN"

Dear Editor:—

I would like to see this little poem appear in the Mladinski List some time in the future. It is entitled "The Robin." Here it is:

The Robin

Once there was a robin,
He hopped upon the lawn,
He laughed at the jolly children
And with one and two away he flew.

Skipping on the lawn
He came back again
Jolly and frow
Away he goes.

It's not much of a poem, I know, but it's nice anyway. I hope the readers will like it.

Audrey Maslo,
1241 E. 172nd st., Cleveland, Ohio.



LIKES TO READ BUT HATES TO WRITE

Dear Editor:—

I think it's a pleasure to write to the Mladinski List, although I haven't written since last year. No one ever writes to the Mladinski List from Johnstown, so I thought I would write.

I like to read the M. L. very much, but I'm too lazy to write.

There are five in our family. We all belong to Lodge No. 448 SNPJ.

I am 9 years old and am in 5A.

Now I must close and I hope Mr. Wastepaper Basket doesn't gobble up this letter.

With love,
Sylvia Thomas,
602 Orange Ave., Johnstown, Pa.

ELIZABETH EXPECTS SNOW

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter in the Mladinski List, which I like very much.—I had a very nice vacation last summer.

Our school started September 14, 1931, and I was very glad to go to school.

I was promoted to the sixth grade.

We had cold weather and I think we are going to have snow soon.

I got some letters from Josie Tibjays and Hilda Balem, but I don't know what happened to them now. I didn't get any letters from them for a long time.

I hope some boys and girls would write to me.

Your loving friend,

Elizabeth Bresic,
Box 637, Maynard, Ohio.

"HARD TIMES"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am sending this letter which I wish would be published in the M. L. I wrote a letter once before and it was published.

The weather here is very cool or cold. We are having plenty of rain this fall.

I am sending a poem which I wish you would publish.

Hard Times

(By Carter County Hornjok.)

Hard times have come again once more,
My shirt is worn, my trousers tore,
There's dirt and ashes on my floor;
And the wolf is howling at the door;
So now I shed a silent tear;
That wolf a-howling makes me fear
That now the time is drawing near
When what I have will disappear.
Since Herbert Hoover went to bat
We hardly know where we are at;
His farm relief has fallen flat—
Should we have had a Democrat?
The wolves are howling everywhere;

Sending chills through people's hair;
Bringing sadness and despair,
But Hoover doesn't seem aware.
He promised farmers east and west
To help them out he'd do his best.
Then when his office he possessed
He went a-fishing and took a rest.
There's people starving in this land
With lots of food on every hand,
People kick to beat the band;
They have no friends at their command.
The laboring man has naught to do,
Times are hard and jobs are few,
Grocery bills and rent are due
He doesn't know how he'll pull through.
If labor can't buy farmers' wheat,
What is labor going to eat;
The farmers' bill he'll have to beat
With money tied up in Wall Street.
So, Mr. Hoover, look this way
And hear what we poor devils say;
If on your job you wish to stay
Come out and chase that wolf away.

The above poem is very timely, and I like it.

Rosie Birtic, Will Iron, Mont.

WHY SHE IS THANKFUL

By Clara J. Denton

SOMETIMES I wish I were a boy
Instead of just a girl,
When dresses tear, or I must stand
To have my hair in curl.

But, then, again, when boys are bad,
And Father, with a frown,
Says, "Tom, come here," I wouldn't
change
With any boy in town.

Thanksgiving Day I must give thanks,
So, this my greatest joy,
That I am just a little girl,
And not a horrid boy.

