

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

## RAJAJOČI DECI

LE RAJAJ, deca, le bodi vesela;  
pomlad zdaj cvete ti, čemu bi ne pela.  
Navzij se radosti, napij se prostosti;  
ne misli na tugo, pozabi grenkosti.

Oj mlada si, deca, korak ti je lahen;  
v očeh sije sreča, tvoj glas je prekrasen.  
Kot valčki studenca šumi čez dobrave,  
budeč nam spomine mladosti sanjave . . .

Kaj bi svet bil brez tebe, oj deca vesela,  
in kaj bi nam deca, ki nič ne bi pela!  
Le rajaj, oj deca! Daj duška radosti,  
nikdar ti ne pusti si vzeti prostosti!

Katka Zupančič:

## KORALDE

O MAMICA, kupi mi, kupi koralde,  
da lepa bom drugim in sebi  
in vseh bom, vem dobro, i tebi,  
ko bom imela na vratu koralde.

Na nitko nabrana so zrnca iz stekla,  
a svetla, bliščeča, ko kamenčki žlahtni—  
zato pa prekrasen okrasek so vratni.  
O kupi mi, kupi, ta zrnca iz stekla!

Počaka naj srajčica, čeveljčki tudi,  
to lahko mi kupiš pozneje, pozneje;  
a zdaj se mi prilika smeje in smeje,  
da lepa, ko Mimica, bodem jaz tudi.—

Nosila koralde je svetle na vratu.  
Hodila pokoncu, ljudem se kazala,  
a ti so ugibali: kdaj bo zaznala,  
da nosi koralde na umazanem vratu?!



## Pogovor s čitatelji

ODZIV na našo anketo, ki je priobčena v tej številki "Našega koticčka," o vprašanju "Zakaj se čitateljem slovenskega dela v Mladinskem listu dopade ta ali oni spis?" bo pokazal zanimanje naših naročnikov in čitateljev za vsebino našega mesečnika. Ta odziv bo tako za uredništvo kakor za sotrudnike priznanje in moralna vspodbuda za prizadevanje pri izdajanju mesečnika, ki se skuša stalno izpopolnjevati po vsebini in opremi.

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PRIPRAVLJENI bomo ugoditi gotovim željam in nasvetom, ako slučajno pridejo z odgovori na vprašanja v "Našem koticčku," predvsem pa bodo ti odgovori glede slovenskega gradiva nekakšno merilo, po katerem se bomo v bodoče po možnosti ravnali. Upoštevali bomo želje in uvaževali nasvete. Ker je pretežna večina čitateljev slovenskega dela Mladinskega lista zmožna bolj slovenskega kot angleškega jezika, smo prepričani, da se bodo odzvali v večini odrasli čitatelji.

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SEDANJE uredništvo mladinskega lista s to številko zaključuje dvanajsto redno izdajo tega mesečnika. **N o v o u r e d n i š t v o** je prevzelo urejevanje Mladinskega lista s 1. julijem 1929. V tem času smo si prizadevali zainteresirati čimvečje število našega naraščaja v slovenski del, posebno pa smo polagali važnost slovenskim dopisom. Že v prvih par številkah se je pokazalo novo zanimanje v tem, da so se dopisi podvojili. Ta pojav je bil razveseljiv za novo uredništvo, ki si prizadeva ustvariti v naši mladini več zanimanja za slovenščino v čitanju in pisavi.

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V **STREMLJENJU**, da mora biti vsebina Mladinskega lista kar najbolj preprosta in kar največ možno lahko razumljiva, smo vselej nudili čitateljem le tako gradivo, katerega tolmačenje naši mladini ne dela posebnih težkoč. Uverjeni smo, da smo glede tega pri naših čitateljih uspeli, pričakujemo pa, da se v kratkem potom gori omenjene ankete tudi o tem prepričamo. Že v prvi številki (juljski) smo naglašali potrebo o sodelovanju med starši in mladino, ki mora postati učinkovito ter roditi le dobre posledice. To sodelovanje med obema generacijama se je v teku enega leta jasno pokazalo pri dopisovanju.

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**MLADINSKI LIST** si je v teku prošlega leta pridobil lepo število domačih sotrudnikov v slovenskem, od sedaj naprej pa si bomo prizadevali pridobiti domačih pripovednikov tudi v angleškem jeziku. Tudi v tem je delo že započeto in upamo, da se v doglednem času toliko pomnoži, da bo nalikovalo slovenskim sotrudnikom.

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**NAVADNO** se pripeti, v poletnih mesecih, tekom šolskih počitnic, da se dopisi skrčijo, ker je šolska mladina najrajše zunaj, kar je vsekakor pravilno. Kljub temu pa lahko starši veliko pripomorejo, da njih otroci tudi v poletnem času posvetijo vsak teden po par ur učenju slovenščine in čitanju dobrega štiva. Rajanje otrok je priporočljivo, da se okrepi telo, po razvedrilo pa dobro stori mlademu bitju nekoliko duševne hrane.

**Louis Beniger.**

Ivan Vuk:

# Tri miške

(Basen)

NEKO noč, ko je oprezovala na miške, je padlo mački nekaj v oči in je oslepela. Hudo jo je zadela ta nesreča, zakaj odtlej ni mogla več hoditi na lov. Tudi igrati se ni mogla več, kar je bilo prej tako prijetno.

Zaradi svoje slepote je bila pogosto lačna. Poležavala je na solncu, edino kar ji je še ostalo, in se grela.

Ena izmed starejših miš je to zapazila in povedala svojim otrokom.

"Naši sovražnici mački se je pripetila nesreča. Oslepela je. Tam na dvorišču leži in se greje. Pa nič ne vidi, da bi nas lovila. Zato se je nikar ne bojte. Brez skrbi si iščite hrane. Samo pazite, to vas svarim, da ji ne pridete preblizu. Zakaj zobe ima še vedno ostre."

Mlade miške so se razveselile. Radovedne, kakšna je slepa mačka, so brž šle, da si jo ogledajo.

"Hu," je rekla ena izmed mišk. "Strašna je ta zver."

Ogledovale so jo od daleč, zakaj strah jih je bilo te velike živali.

"Kako nepremično leži," je šepnila druga. "Vse štiri moli od sebe."

"Gotovo ima v njih kremplje skrite," je ugibala tretja.

"Čemu ji bodo kremplji," je rekla prva, "ko pa ne vidi."

Vendar si miške niso upale blizu. Igrale so se med seboj in venomer pogledavale mačko. Ker se pa mačka ni genila, ampak se je kar naprej lepo grela na solncu, so se miške polagoma ojunačile.

"Bog ve, če ima zobe," je rekla prva.

"Kaj bo z njimi, ko pa ne vidi," je odgovorila druga.

"Kar naprej spi," je pripomnila tretja.

"Ker ne vidi, mora spati," jo je poučila ona druga.

Začele so letati po dvorišču in rajati.

"Kako je prijetno, ako je mačka slepa," je veselo zaplesala prva.

"Kako se brez skrbi igramo . . . pa še blizu mačke," so se zadovoljno zasmejale vse tri in zopet zarajale.

"Veste kaj," se je oglasila prva miška. "Podražimo jo malo."

"Mati je dejala, da ne smemo preblizu."

"Saj ne vidi, ali smo blizu ali daleč. Če ne vidi, tudi zgrabiti ne more. Le poglejta!" je rekla ona prva.

Predrznica se je tiho bližala mački. Obsedela je pred njo in jo gledala. Mačka se ni genila, ampak mirno predla svojo priljubljeno: "Vrr-ban, vrr-ban."

Miška je pritekla nazaj k sestricama in veselo poskakovala.

"Nič mi ni mogla, sta videli? . . . Samo leži in poje."

"Poje?" sta se začudili onidve. "Kaj pa poje?"

Miška jo je izkušala posnemati, pa ni mogla.

"Ne morem. To je mačja pesem, ki je me miške ne znamo. Pojdita z mano! Poslušajmo jo!"

Tiho so se vse tri splazile k mački.

Prva se je ozrla po ostalih dveh in pomignila s šapico, češ, poslušajta.

Vse tri so sedle in poslušale. Mačka je pela:

"Vrr-ban, skrb-mam,

kogar zgrabim,

ga zadavim . . ."

"Hu," so zbežale miške. "Kaj poje?"

Prva najbolj predrzna, je rekla:

"To ima še iz prejšnjih časov. Od takrat, ko je še videla. Pojdimo še enkrat!" Onidve nista hoteli.

"Pa pojdem sama," je odgovorila prva.

Splazila se je čisto blizu k mački.

"Kako je predrzna," sta rekli onidve. Ako se mačka samo zgane, je po sestrici."

Miška pa se je splazila še bliže, tik k gobčku mačke in vzdignila prednjo nožico. Onidve miški sta si komaj upali dihati. Predrznica pa se je dotaknila hitro mačkinega smrčka in odskočila.

Mačka je stresla z glavo, se pretegnila in nehala presti.

"Strašno je lena," je rekla miška, ko se je vrnila k svojima sestricama. "Sta videli? Samo stresla je z glavo, kakor da ji muha nagaja."

Miškam je bilo to po godu.

"Podražimo jo še malo!" so vzkliknile vse tri.

Zdaj sta se tudi onidve bojazljivki približali mački. Zopet jo je prva miška poščegetala po smrčku. Mačka je, kakor prej, stresla z glavo. In ohrabrila se je tudi ena izmed bojazljivk in dejala:

"Stojta, zdaj jo bom še jaz malo."

Približala se je potihoma mački in jo uščipnila v smrček.

Mačko je to razburilo. Dvignila je glavo in razširila nozdrvi.

"Aha!" je dejala sama pri sebi. "Prijateljice miške se igrajo."

A ko se je spomnila na miške in začutila, da so v njeni bližini, se ji je silno zahotelo mesa. Saj ga že pogreša, odkar je slepa.

Potuhnila se je torej, se leno pretegnila in rekla sladko:

"Aa, to ste ve, miške, moje prijateljice? . . . Pozdravljene! Glejte, slepa sem reva in dolgčas me muči. Pridite, da se malo poigramo!"

Vljudno, kolikor je mogla vljudno, jih je vabila.

"Mati je rekla, da ne smemo prav do tebe. Ti samo zineš, pa je po nas."

"Mati vam je to rekla! . . . O, o, o, . . . Mati se je zmotila. Saj sem vendar slepa, in kako naj bo po vas, ako zinem. Saj ne vidim, kdaj naj zaprem usta. Pa tudi lačna nisem nič."

"Ali imaš hude zobe?" je vprašala ena izmed mišk.

"Zobe? Že davno so mi izpadli . . . Poglejte, stopite k meni in pogledjte!"

"Ali imaš še kremplje?"

"Tudi te sem že izgubila. Stara sem, pa so mi odpadli. Le pogledjte!"

Skrila je kremplje in iztegnila šape.

Miške so oprezno od daleč pogledale in res niso videle krempljev. Spogledale so se in prikimale.

"Pa res nima krempljev."

"Vidite, da ne lažem, prijateljice. Da boste še bolj prepričane, da resnico govorim, pridite bližje in pogledjte zobe. Videle boste, da jih res ni več."

"Poglejmo," so rekle miške, "da se prepričamo. Ako jih res nima, smo brez skrbi in se nam ni treba bati."

Priskakljale so k mački. Ustavile so se prednjo in rekle:

"Odpri goltanec, da vidimo."

Mačka je začutila, da so miške blizu nje.

"No le pogledjte," je rekla in široko odprla svoj požiralnik. In še preden so se zavedle, je že mačka naredila "hrap." Zaprla je goltanec in požrla vse tri hkrati.

Katka Zupančič:

## Prijateljstvo

KOMAJ se je Jožek skobacal na lastne nožice, že si je našel tovariša v osebi sosedovega Tineta, ki se je tudi nekako isti čas odpovedal hoji po vseh štirih. In ker je šlo v poletje, sta ves ljubi dan racala in se nemoteno valjala po vrtu. Čegav da je bil vrt, ali Jožkovih ali Tinetovih staršev, za to se nista menila niti najmanj. Ograja okoli vrta jima je nadomeščala pestunjo. Ko je nekega dne Jožek izsledil gosenco in jo nesel v usta, je Tine kratkomalo dejal: "Kak!" Jožek je "kak" ponovil in razumel, pa je vrgel gosenco proč. Tako sta se medsebojno izpopolnjevala. Zabavala sta se dobro in počutila sta se izvrstno. Jesen ju je našla kot nerazdružljiva prijatelja. Tekom zime, ki se jima je zdela cela večnost, je prijateljska vez res da popustila, a spomladi prihodnjega leta se je nele obnovila, ampak celo pojačala. Od tedaj naprej ju ni mogla ločiti niti zima več: počutila sta se doma, pa bila pač pri Jožkovih ali Tinetovih. Da sta si tuintam skočila v lase, se razume, vendar nista šobice držala dolgo. Bil jima je čas vse predragocen, da ga bi tratila z dolgotrajnim, pustim kujanjem, in spori niso niti malo omajali njunega prijateljstva.

Tako sta rastla skupaj in prerastla prve hlačke in druge in tretje in prišel je čas, ko sta nekoliko boječe prvič prestopila šolski prag. Jokal je Jožek, in Tinček je grbančil čelo in mlel z brado, istotako pripravljen na jok, ker ju je učiteljica posedla daleč narazen. Zakaj da joče, je vprašala Jožka, toda predno je ta utegnul povedati, zakaj gre, se je Tine izneveril njemu odkazanemu prostoru in pustivši mu svojo novo čepico za spomin, se je vsedel poleg Jožka ter očitajoče pogledoval učiteljico, češ, mar ne veš, da midva, Jožek in jaz, spadava skupaj? Jožek pa se je sredi solz veselo

nasmejal. Tako si je Jožek prijokal Tineta za svojega sosedu tudi v šoli.

Po starosti in velikosti sta si bila enaka. Oba sta bila temnih las, okroglih, zdravih lic, smejočih se oči, le da so bile Jožkove sive, Tinčkove pa črne. Skupaj sta hodila v šolo in skupaj iz šole. Če je zamudil eden, je zamudil i drugi in če je bil bolan eden, je bil "bolan" tudi drugi. Ako je ponagajal Jožek, se je pridružil i Tine, da sta si skupaj delila ukor. Če je bil ta deležen pohvale, si je prizadeval i oni, da jo je zaslužil. Skratka, bila sta nerazdružljiva do petega šolskega leta. Tedaj pa je njuno prijateljstvo obviselo le na tenki niti in toliko, da se ni do kraja pretrgalo. Bilo je tako:

Nekega dne v prvi polovici junija je bilo, ko so otroci opazili, da ima učiteljica neobičajno strogo lice. Tihi so bili in iskali, kaj bi bil vzrok napetosti, ki je vladala v šoli. Vsak, ki je imel na vesti kake male pregreške, je te skrbno preresetaval. Med temi sta bila tudi Jožek in Tine. Slutila sta, da prav njima preti nevihta in soparica ju je težila tembolj. Kako tudi ne! Smrečji nasad, ki sta ga bila po nesreči zažgala, vendar ni mala reč. Hitro sta vse še enkrat skrbno premislila, kako je bilo.

V nedeljo zgodaj popoldne sta si hotela privoščiti jagod, ki jih je bilo ob omejkju tik nasada vse polno. Naletela sta na ose.

"Osam je treba podkuriti!" se je domislil Jožek. Tinček je ugovarjal, dasi ga je Jožkov domislek silno zamikal, da je vse preveč suho, je dejal in da je močan veter, pa bi zaneslo ogenj v gosto, mlado smrečevje. Jožek se mu je smejal in menil, da tisto malo resja in stelje ne bo zažgalo ničesar in vrhu tega sta vendar poleg in bosta plamen ukrotila, če bi hotel naprej. Znesla sta sku-



paj suhe stelje in smrečjih vejic, da bo čim več dima. Počasi šta vse to prirnila s svojima dolgima palicama kolikor mogoče blizu luknje, skozi katero so ose švigale ven in noter. Čutile so nevarnost, pa so postajale razdražene in vedno več jih je bilo. Še enkrat se je Tine pobranil:

“Veš kaj, Jožek, pustiva to za pozneje; to lahko počaka; ni dovolj mirnega vremena danes.” Toda Jožek se ni dal pregovoriti. Zanašal se je na palico. Komaj pa se je stelja vnela, so vrele ose na dan in streljale na vse strani. Veter se je zaganjal v ogenj in podil dim zdaj na to stran, zdaj na drugo. Jožku je bilo takoj žal, da ni poslušal Tinetovega svarila, posebno, ko je opazil, kako je veter raznašal napol gorečo steljo na vse strani in poleg tega se je ogenj pritajeno oprijemal suhe trave in vresja.

“Daj, Tine, potlačiva ogenj in pustiva ose, kjer so!” Toda lahko rečeno, težko storjeno! In Jožek je mahal okoli sebe, kolikor je mogel. V tem se je nevedoma približal osišču in ose so se jele zaletavati vanj. Ko je začutil želo ene v roki, je pustil vse skupaj in zbežal v grmovje. Tako je ostal Tine sam, klatil je okoli sebe in tolkel po goreči travi in vresju, da mu je pot zalival oči. Klical je Jožka na pomoč. Res je ta zopet priskočil, a bilo je prepozno, kajti medtem je veter neopaženo zanesel obenj v smrečevje. Prebledela sta dečka, ko sta ugledala dim in zaslišala peclja-

nje ognja izza omejka. Hitro sta tekla tja in tolkla po mladih, nežnih smrečicah, da bi pogasila. Pa vse zastonj! Ogenj je lizal naprej in veter ga je podil dalje. Za njima je že tudi gorel omejek. Preplašeno sta se spogledala, in Jožek je prvi vrgel napol zoglenelo palico proč in bežal, kolikor so ga nesle noge. Tine je uvidel, da bi ognja ne moglo pogasiti niti deset Tinetov ne, pa je i on bežnih korakov udaril za Jožkom. Tolažila sta se s tem, da ju ni videl nihče.

Povpraševali so po vasi in iskali krivcev, a dognali niso ničesar. Vsa reč se je nekoliko polegla in onadva sta se malo oddahnila.

“Toda sedaj, ali se bo še enkrat začelo?” je Jožek nemirno pogledoval strogo učiteljico. “Ali je prišlo vendarle na dan?” je trepetal Tine. “Joj in če bo res treba plačati denarno kazen in še zapor povrh! Kaj bo počel oče? Oh!”

Dolge so bile ure, neskončno dolge. A ko so se slednjič vendarle pomikale proti koncu, je učiteljica pred časom ukazala pospraviti knjige in zvezke in drugo. Posegla je v predal in potegnila ven neko listino. Pogledala je po šoli: “Ni baš častno za nas, da se mora sodnija baviti z našo šolo; upam pa, da se kaj takega nikoli več ne pripeti!” Njen glas je rezal. Jožek in Tine sta se spogledala. Tine si je grizel ustnice, da so ga jele boleti; Jožek je pomenčeval, kakor da bi sedel na žrjavici.

(Konec prihodnjšč.)

Jože Kovač:

## DIMNIKAR

(Po Schönlanke.)

**D**IMNIKARJA glej na strehi!  
vsi otroci zakriče.  
Kot bi mignil smo vtihnili,  
vsi strmimo vanj molče.

Če bi jaz bil dimnikar,  
če bi jaz bil črn možic,  
pa bi ti nagajal mi,  
bi—poljubil te sred lic!

Anna P. Krasna:

## Trmica

VRTAČEVA JELICA je bila zelo trmasto dekletce. Če ni bilo vse po njenem nosku, je hotela pa s svojo trmo doseči, da bi šlo vse po njeni volji.

Pri igri, pri učenju, pri jedi, celo pri oblačenju in umivanju je raztresala svojo sitno trmo, ter s tem često povzročila slabo voljo v hiši.

Njena mama si je na vso moč prizadevala, da jo odvadi te nelepe navade, dokler se preveč ne ukorenini v njej. Toda zaman so bile vse lepe besede in prošnje, tudi šiba ni nič pomagala; nasprotno, še bolj je bila Jelica trmasta, če jih je dobila s šibo.

Njeni bratci so jo kaj radi dražili radi njene nepopoljšljive trme.

Včasih, ko se je ujezila za kak prazen nič in ni po cel dan nobenega pogledala, niti spregovorila, so jo bratje poredno klicali "naša Trmica."

Jeličini starši so sicer dečkom ostro zabičali, naj pustijo Jelico pri miru, kadar bo začela prodajati svojo neznosno trmo. Ali poredneži niso vselej ubogali, posebno še ne, ako so bili sami z Jelico, kadar je hotela uveljaviti na kak način svojo trmo.

"Hej, Trmica naša, hočeš, da ti prinesemo drv, da bo rilček prej kuhan?" so jo poredno vprašali in se smejali njeni čudni trmoglavosti. Seveda je Jelico-Trmico to le še bolj utrdilo v njeni trmi. Trdovratno je molčala in kuhala rilček jezice in trme, dokler se ni naveličala. Potem je bila spet dobre volje, dokler ni prišla druga prilika za izliv njene trme.

Nič boljša ni bila Jelica s svojo trmo v šoli. Učiteljica je bila zelo nejevoljna nanjo radi njene trme. Jeličini materi je povedala, da ne bo mogoče mnogo napraviti z Jelico v šoli, če se ne bo popoljšala. S še večjo strogostjo in vztrajnostjo si je Jeličina mama poslej prizadevala izbiti Jelico tisto nesrečno trmo, ki jo je tako kazila. A bilo je vse zaman.

Kakor je rastla Jelica, tako je rastla z njo trmica. "Kaj bo s to našo Trmico-Jelico, ko doraste, ako se ne bo odvadila te trme," tako sta večkrat tarnala Jeličina roditelja. Popolnoma sta že obupala nad njenim popoljšanjem; saj je bila z vsakim dnem trmoglavejša. In vendar se je Jelica enkrat nenadoma otresla svoje trme, ki je delala vsej družini toliko preglavice.

V trški dvorani se je imela vršiti igra šolskih otrok iz višjih razredov in ponavljalne šole, in Jelici je njen ata obljubil, da jo bo vzel s seboj k igri—če bo pridna. Jelica je igre zelo rada gledala in posebno o tej igri je slišala toliko lepega, da jo je hotela na vsak način videti. Petje, godba, igra, deklamacije in parada šolskih dečkov po odru, in pa deklice v narodnih nošah bodo pele pesmice, ki jih tudi ona zna na pamet. Joj, to bo lepo, kdo bi ne bil priden za tak užitek!

Cela dva tedna je bila Jelica pridna in vedra, kot solnčni žarek; da, celo njena lička so bila lepša kot po navadi.

V nedeljo popoldne jo je mama lepo opravila in ji počesala lase, ter ji privezala svilen trak na konec lepe kite las. Tudi Jeličin ata si je oblekel boljšo obleko in kmalu sta bila z Jelico na poti proti trgu. Jelica je kar poskakovala veselja; komaj je čakala, da pride v dvorano.

A glej smolo! Že sta bila z atom prav blizu dvorane, ko jima je prišel nasproti neki nebodigatreba tržan; ustavil se je in začel pogovor z Jeličinim atom. Ubogi Jelici je bilo, kot da stoji na žerjavici. V nji se je oglašala trma, solze so ji silile v oči. Na tihem se je jezila na moža, ki je zadrževal ato z nepotrebnim govorjenjem; kaj, če so z igro že začeli! Oh, še ta mož, zakaj sta ga morala ravno tu srečati . . .

Zdelo se ji je, da stoje že celo uro na mestu, venomer se je ozirala proti dvorani.

"Ata, pojdiva," je tiho poprosila, ko se je že bala, da se ata ne bo sam spomnil kam sta namenjena.

"Saj se še ne bo začelo in zdaj sva itak blizu dvorane in ne moreva zamuditi," je rekel Jelici ata, ter nadaljeval pogovor s tržanom.

Jelica je na vso moč premagovala svojo trmo, ki ji je že velela, naj se ujezi in gre nazaj domov.—Če ustreže svoji trmi, ne bo videla igre, katere se je veselila. Ne, ne gre domov, raje poprosi ata še enkrat, da gresta.

"Ata, zamudila bova," je rekla potihom in ga močno pocuknila za rokav.

"Ne bodi sitna, Jelica, še deset minut imava časa," je nejevoljno odgovoril Jeličin ata.

Jelici je bilo preveč.

Deset minut še! In kdo ve koliko časa bo še govoril ta klepetavi mož, navsezadnje bosta najbrž vse skupaj zamudila.—

Oh! Jelici so se orosile oči, trma se je močneje in glasneje oglašala in končno premagala Jelico.—Naenkrat je nabrala ustnici v šobico, spustila je atovo roko in se podala nazaj proti domu.

"Jelica, kam greš, saj greva takoj," je zaklical ata za njo in se obenem poslovil od tržana, ki je odšel naprej po svoji poti.

Jelica ni odgovorila, niti ozrla se ni.

"Jelica, slišiš, jaz grem, ne bom te čakal," je ostro ponovil Jeličin ata.

Nič! Jelica se ni ozrla.

"Dobro, Trmica, pa pojdi domov, bom pa sam gledal igro, še boljše tako," ji

je še zaklical ata in se hitrih korakov podal proti dvorani. Tedaj pa se je Jelica hipoma ustavila in se s tožnim pogledom ozrla za atom in na vihraje zastave na poslopju dvorane. Na oknih je videla polno otrok, ki so se veselo smejali in čakali, da začne igra in petje. Potem je videla, kako so otroci poskakali z oken in zaslišala je prijetno-sladek glas violine in glasovirja. Ah! Zdaj so začeli!

Nekaj se je namah spremenilo v nji. Trma je bila pozabljena, želja, videti igro, slišati godbo in petje, jo je premagala.

"Ata, ata, prosim, počakajte!" je glasno zavpila Jelica in se spustila v tek za atom.

Silno začuden, da je Jelica premagala trmo tako hitro in nepričakovano, se je Jeličin ata ustavil in jo počakal tik pred dvorano.

Ko je pritekla k njemu vsa zasopla Jelica, jo je prijel ata veselo za roke rekoč: "Bravo, Jelica, trma je premagana, le nikar ne pusti, da bi ti še kdaj kvarila vesela mlada leta."

Jelica je zardela, malo sram jo je bilo, tesno se je prijela očeta za rokav in hitela z njim v napolnjeno dvorano.

Od tega dne je postala Jelica vsa drugačna, prav malokrat jo je še prevzela stara trma. Spoznala je, da trma človeku res greni življenje, če je pretirana, in zato jo je vedno podila od sebe. Njeni bratci so jo sprva nekam čudno gledali, potem pa so bili veseli njene spremembe in jo niso nikoli več klicali, "naša Trmica," pač pa vedno le: "naša Jelica."







*Millet: "PESEM ŠKRJANČKA"*

Hermynia Zur Mühlen:

## Vrtnica

VRTNICA ni vedela, kje je bila rojena in kje je preživela svoje prve dni; cvetlice imajo namreč slab spomin, imajo pa dar pogleda v bodočnost. Ko se je prvič zavedla samo sebe, je stala sredi krasne zelene grede. Na levo je lahko videla mogočno, belo palačo, ki se je bleščala skozi veje košatih lip, na desno pa je stala železna ograja, skozi katero je lahko gledala na cesto.

Koščen, visok človek jo je skrbel in se brigal zanjo; gnojil in rahljal ji je zemljo ter prilival koreninam vode iz zelene škropilnice. Žejne koreninice vrtnice so slastno vsrkavale sokove. Vrtnica je bila silno hvaležna svojemu zaščitniku in vzgojitelju in ko se je popje razcvetelo v lepe, mlade cvetove, je dejala vrtnarju:

“Ti me neguješ, ti skrbiš zame; dolžna sem ti zahvalo, da sem postala tako lepa. Vzemi nekaj mojih najlepših cvetov v zahvalo.”

Mož je zmajal z glavo.

“Lepa je tvoja misel, vrtnica, in prav rad bi vzel nekaj tvojih lepih cvetov za mojo ženo, ki leži doma bolna. Toda tega nikakor ne smem. Nisi moja.”

“Nisem tvoja?” se je začudila vrtnica. “Ali nisem last onega človeka, ki se je trudil zame in se mučil lani in letos? Čigava sem pa?”

Mož je pokazal z roko na belo palačo med drevjem in odgovoril:

“Ti si last milostive gospe, ki stanuje v oni-le palači.”

“To ni mogoče,” je dejala vrtnica, “Nikdar še nisem videla te gospe. Nikdar mi ni prilivala vode, nikdar mi ni rahljala prsti, nikdar mi ni povezovala vej, kadar sem jih onemogla spustila proti zemlji.”

“Kupila te je, kupila. Ona je dala denar zate.”

“To je kaj drugega. Potem je pač morala trdo delati, ubožica, da je lahko prihranila toliko denarja. Dobro, polovica mojih cvetov naj bo njenih.”

Mož se je malce žalosten nasmehnil in dejal: “Ah, draga vrtnica, ti še ne poznaš sveta, to že vidim. Gospa ni niti mignila s prstom za svoj denar, ki ga ima precej.”

“Odkod ga pa ima potem?”

“Veliko tovarno ima, v njej trpi nešteto delavcev. Odtod njeno bogastvo.”

Vrtnica se je ujezila, dvignila je eno svojih bodečih vej kvišku, požugala možu s svojim trnjem ter zakričala: “Vidim, ti se norčuješ z menoj, ker sem še mlada in neizkušena, ker se še ne spoznam na tem svetu. A tako nespametna pa spet nisem; opazovala sem mravlje in čebele, in vem za trdno, da kolikor kdor napravi, toliko je njegovega.”

“Pri mravljah in čebelah je morda že res tako,” je vzdihnil mož, “pri ljudeh pa je drugače. Delavci zaslužijo baš toliko, da ne pomrejo za lakoto. Vse drugo pa je od gospode. Gospoda pa si gradi palače, uredi si lepe vrtove ter nakupi vrtnic in drugega cvetja.”

Mož se je vrnil k svojemu delu, vrtnica pa je začela premišljevati. Čim delj je premišljala, tem slabše volje je postajala. Da, celo zakričala je nekaj kratov, dasi je bila sicer zelo lepega obnašanja, zakričala nad čebelo, ki je prišla k njej iskat medu. Čebela je bila še mlada, prestrašila se je zelo in na vso moč zbežala po zraku. Vrtnici je bilo potlej žal; boljše bi bilo, da bi čebelo vprašala, ali je res, kar ji je pravil mož.

Ko je bila tako vsa zatopljena v mislih, jo je nekdo iznenada stresel in glas jo je vprašal: “No, prijateljica, kaj pa tako premišljuješ?”

Vrtnica je pogledala ter opazila, dastoji poleg nje veter. Prav za prav ni stal, letal je krog vrtnice ter ji božal veje. Vrtnica ga je vesela pozdravila ter vprašala, ali je vse res, kar ji je pripovedoval mož.

Veter se je na mah raztogotil in tako jezno zaplakal skozi zobe, da so začele vejice vrtnice drhteti od strahu.

“Da,” je dejal veter, “vse to je res in še vse huje. Jaz prepotujem ves svet in vidim marsikaj. Često me zgrabi jeza in začnem topotati in razsajati. Tedaj pravijo ljudje: Joj, kakšna burja je to.”

“Ali je res, da si bogati ljudje lahko vse kupijo?”

“Da,” je zatulil veter. Potem pa se je zakrohotal. “Mene ne morejo. Me ne ne morejo ujeti in me zadrževati. Jaz sem prijatelj ubogih. Skozi vse dežele se podim. V velemestih se ustavim v predmestjih ter kričim v revne bajte: “Svoboda! Pravica!” Trudnim in dodelanim pa pojem uspavanko: “Vztrajajte, bodite pogumni, zmagali boste, če boste složni.” In tedaj začutijo kipeti v sebi nove sile, vzravnaajo se in vedo, da imajo v meni prijatelja, sodruga. O da, bogati, gospoda, bi me rada ujela in zaprla v ječo, ker nosim poziv po vsem svetu, a kaj maram za to. Ponoči se ustavim ob oknih njihovih palač, sujem v šipe in jim kričim: “Hej, lenobe malopridne in krivične, vaš čas je proč. Napravite na svetu prostor za delavce!” In tedaj prestrašeni skačejo iz svojih sanj in svojih mehkih postelj, ali pa si potegnejo odejo preko glave in molijo, molijo kot otroci, ki še ne vedo, kako je na svetu.

Tudi ve, rože, bi lahko pomagale v tej borbi siromakov in delavcev. Nikar ne cvetite za lenobe in samopasneže, sadno drevje naj nikar ne rodi več sadov za bogatine. Če le ne bi bile tako domišljave in razvajene ter same vase zaljubljene. Poglej tulipane. Neprestano se ogledujejo in govore: Kako lepi smo mi, ni je lepše rože na svetu. Na kaj drugega sploh ne mislijo.”

Rdeči lističi vrtnice so še bolj zardeli od sramu, da ima take sestrice in bratce v vrtu.

Veter je to opazil in dejal: “Ti pa si, vidim, kaj dobra dušica, dobro srce imaš. Večkrat te bom prišel obiskat. Daj mi listič svojega cveta za spomin in da te prihodnjič ne zgrešim.”

Vrtnica mu je dala listič, veter ga je vzel v svoje roke ter hotel odhrumeti preko ravni. Tedaj pa sta ob ograji obstala dva revna otroka ter gledala zamaknjeno v vrtnico in njene cvetove.

“Veter, dragi moj veter,” je zaklicala brž vrtnica, “daj, vzemi dva moja cveta ter ju vrzi otrokoma onstran ograje. Pa glej, da cvetov ne osuješ.”

“Saj nisem neroda,” je dejal veter skoro užaljeno ter odtrgal dvoje lepih cvetov vrtnice ter ju vrgel otrokoma v naročje. Otroka sta bila vesela ter sta zavrisknila.

Tedaj pa se oglasi nedaleč ženski glas: “Kaj pa kradeta vrtnice, pobalinska golazen ti.” Otroka sta se prestrašila gospe, ki je bila pravkar prišla na vrt, ter sta urnih nog zbežala. Gospa je pristopila k vrtnici ter začela hvaliti:

“Joj, kako lepi cvetovi. Sama jih potrgam, sicer mi počestni pobalini vse pokradejo. In tako draga je bila ta vrtnica.”

Vrtnica je od jeze tako zardela, da da so bili cvetovi rdeči kot sama kri. “O, če bi bila močna, kakor je močan veter, zgrabila bi to žensko in bi jo stresla, da bi izgubila sluh in vid. Tako brez srca; polno gredo in poln vrt rož ima, pa ne privoščiči dvema otrokoma dveh cvetov. A tudi ti ne boš dobila od mene niti enega cveta. Le čakaj.”

In ko se je okrogla gospa nagnila, da bi vtrgala cvet, tedaj je planila vrtnica

z eno svojih vej gospe v obraz, stegnila vse bodice ter ji ž njimi jezno razpraskala lice.

Gospa je zakričala od bolečine. Odnehati pa ni hotela. Toda vrtnica je bila prav tako trmasta. Kamorkoli je segla gospa z roko, povsod ji je vrtnica s trnjem razpraskala roke ali obraz. Gospa je morala opustiti svojo namero ter je odšla z vrta brez cvetov vrtnice, najlepše vrtnice cele grede.

Vrtnica je bila od te borbe povsem izmučena. Veje so se ji pobesile navzdol, koreninice so po zemlji stikale za sokovi, cvetje je obledelo. Ko je prišel zvečer veter v vas, ga je vrtnica prosila, naj ji pomaga v boju. Vsak dan naj pride in naj ji zapoje pesem o svobodi. Tako bo lahko živela, dasi je sklenila, da bo odslej stradala, ker drugače ne more zatreti svojega cvetja. Nobenih sokov ne bo več srkala iz zemlje, cveti bodo oveneli in gospa ne bo imela več veselja hoditi k njej po cvetove.

Kadar je vrtnar škropil zemljo krog vrtnice, je ta potegnila svoje koreninice čisto k sebi, da se je ognila vodi. Podnevi je pripekalo solnce, vrtnica je bila žejna, a ko je prišel večer, ni marala srkati ne rose skozi liste ne vode iz zemlje. Žeja jo je trla, a žrtvovala se je dobri stvari, borbi proti zajedalcem sveta. A zvečer je prišel veter ter ji pel pesem svobode in jo vzpodbujal. Podnevi je z jezo gledala proti beli palači, gledala pa je tudi na cesto, kjer so hodili mimo delavci, ki niso imeli ničesar in ki jim bo pripadal bodoči svet. In njeno srce je bilo močno. Bo že kako vzdržala.

A vrtnica je bolehalo in hiralo, veje so se skoro suhe pobesile, listje se je gubančilo in rumenelo. Nekega jutra je našel vrtnar mesto lepega grmiča ovenelo drevesce. Taka ni mogla ostati v vrtu, kazila bi lepoto celega vrta. Gospa je zapovedala, naj jo vrtnar izruje in vrže proč. Ko pa jo je vrtnar izkopal, tedaj je zbrala vrtnica svoje zadnje sile ter zašepetala vrtnarju: "Vzemi me s seboj domov, prosim te, vzemi me s seboj domov, prosim, p-r-o-s-i-m . . ."

In mož jo je prenesel domov v svojo siromašno sobo, jo zasadil v lonec ter postavil na okno. Bolna žena vrtnarjeva se je vzpela s postelje ter pogledala vrtnico.

"Uboga vrtnica, bolna je kakor jaz. A ona bo že še okrevala, a jaz?"

Ovelo listje in vejice pa so prosile in moledovale: "Vode, vode, vode mi dajte!"

In mož ji je dal vode, vrtnica je pila, pila, saj zdaj je smela. Nič več ni nevarnosti, da bi jo videla gospa, čemerna gospa. Koreninice so hlastno srkale vodo, dobrodejna vlažnost se je razlila po vsej vrtnici, ki je na novo zaživela. Zjutraj drugega dne je že lahko dvignila svoje veje. Žena je opazila in veselo dejala: "Vrtnici se obrača na boljše, okrevala bo."

In vrtnica je res okrevala, zacvetela je na vso moč, dišalo je po sobi, kakor bi bila soba najlepši vrt. Zrak v sobi je bil ves prepojen z njenim zdravilnim vonjem. Celo bolna vrtnarjeva žena je to začutila, rdečica se ji je vračala v obraz, moči so se ji vračale in kmalu je lahko zapustila posteljo.

"Vrtnica me je ozdravila," je dejala in vrtnica je bila tako vesela tega, da so ji od radosti vsi cvetovi krvavo zažareli.

Vrtnar in njegova žena pa sta bila dobra, marsikateri cvet sta vtrgala ter ga darovala sosedom-siromakom. In vrtnica je povsod blagodejno vplivala na ljudi. Zakaj veter jo je bil naučil pesem svobode in cvetovi so jo prepevali v vseh siromašnih sobah, kamorkoli so prišli. In ljudje so govorili: "Čudno. Vonj teh rož nam daje moči in voljo za boj za svobodo, za boljši svet, proti krivici, za pravico."



Majhnim otrokom pa je vrtnica pela: "Otroci delavcev, bedni otroci, ko bo-  
ste dorasli, vam ne bo treba več stati ob ograji. Zakaj ves svet bo en sam vrt  
vrtnic in rož. In ta svet bo vaš, vaš, vaš . . ." (Priredil Mile Klopčič.)

Ivan Vuk:

## Leteča miš

(Konec.)

"Z VESELJEM," je odgovoril netopir, ves navdušešen in prevzet miškinega pripovedovanja. "Z veseljem, ali kje dobiti perutnice?"

Miška je za trenutek molčala, kakor da globoko premišljuje. Nato pa je rekla:

"Perutnice dobiti, tako na posodo vsaj, je res težka stvar. Kajpada," obrnila se je k netopirju, "kaj pa ali bi jih ti ne hotel za nekoliko minut posoditi? Samo tako, da poskusim okrog tega drevesa, če gre? Ker sva prijateljca, bi mi to uslugo morda lahko naredil?"

Netopir, dobričina, je odgovoril:

"Drage volje. Posodim ti jih. Vide-la boš, kako prijetno je letati in kako ni prav nič nevarno."

In pristavil je, kakor pod nepoznanim vtisom:

"Vendar ne leti predaleč."

Miška je prepričevalno odgovorila:

"O, ne boj se. Samo okrog drevesa bom letela in se takoj vrnila. Ti pa med tem jej in uživaj sladkosti tega drevesa."

Netopir je snel s sebe peruti in jih pritrdil miški okrog telesa.

Miška mu je govorila:

"Vzami še v varstvo moje reči, da me ne bi ovirale pri letanju. Obenem jih imaš kot garancijo za peruti."

Netopir se je razveselil.

"Bodi brez skrbi. Dobro jih bom ču-val."

In miška je dala netopirju rep in štiri noge, opozarjajoč še ga, naj pazi, da ne bo kaj padlo na tla.

"Pritrdim si jih na telo," je rekel netopir tolažeče. "Ne boj se."

In postavil je štiri noge k telesu, rep pa privezal zadaj.

"Izvrstno ti pristoja," je rekla miška

smehljaje. "Sedaj ne štedi sadja in jej."

"Samo predolgo se ne mudi," je odgovoril netopir, "da ne bom preprozen. Zakaj moji bi bili v skrbeh?"

Miška ni odgovorila. Zletela je in začela letati okrog drevesa vedno v daljših krogih. Netopir pa se je naslajal s sadjem in pogledaval za miško, ki se je oddaljevala vedno dalje, kakor da ji ni prav nič na mislih, da bi se vrnila.

Netopirja se je začel lotevati nemir. Sprva ni vedel, kaj mu tisti neprijeten, tesnoben občutek v prsih hoče. A kakor se je miška vedno daljše oddaljevala, mu je postajal razumljivejši, dokler mu ni zastavil vprašanje:

"A če se vrne?"

Netopir je stresel z glavo in dejal:

"Zakaj tako slabo mislim o njej? Saj je poštena? In prijateljstvo sva sklenila."

Ali miška je letela vedno dalje. Pa se je spomnil starega pregovora, ki ga je večkrat slišal:

"Pazi, s kom sklepaš prijateljstvo!"

Silno se je vznemiril. Zaklical je na ves glas:

"Oj . . . oj . . . oj . . . ! Miška! . . . Vrni se! . . ."

A miška ga ni slišala. Letela je že daleč preč od drevesa.

"Prevarila me je," je zakričal netopir. "O, jaz nesrečnež! Z mojimi peruti je odletela."

Začutil je rep in noge in jih pogledal.

"To mi je dala za peruti . . . In jaz, nesrečnež, nisem razumel? . . . Ojoj, ojoj, ojoj . . . !"

— — — — —  
To je pravljica o netopirju, ki mu je miška ukradla peruti. Zato se netopirju sedaj tudi pravi: Leteča miš.





*Čitateljem:*

*Na tem mestu se le redkokdaj pogovarjam s čitatelji Mladinskega lista, ker se zavedam, da je "Naš kotiček" prostor, namenjen izključno našim mladim dopisovalcem, ki se vadijo v slovenski pisavi. Sedaj sem se pa odločil, da naredim malo izjemo ter da zastavim vsem čitateljem slovenskega dela našega mesečnika zanimivo vprašanje, nekako anketo o vsebini M. L.*

*Moja želja je, izvedeti kaj se našim čitateljem najbolj dopade v slovenskem delu Mladinskega lista. Kakšne povesti se jim najbolj dopadejo? Kratke povesti, ali pripovedke in basni? Kateri pisatelj vam najbolj ugaja? Pa pesmi? Imate li rajše izvirne pesmi, ali ponatise in prevode? Vsak, kdor lista po Mladinskem listu v slovenskem delu, lahko odgovori na ta vprašanja.*

*Vsi odzivi bodo zaporedoma priobčeni v "Našem kotičku". Ti odgovori mi bodo služili za merilo, po katerem se bom po možnosti v bodoče skušal ravnati. Želim, da bi tudi starši podali glede tega svoje mnenje. Upam, da bodo ti odmevi mladih dopisovalcev in odrasčenih čitateljev ter staršev zelo zanimivi.*

*Na delo vsi, da bodo prvi odmevi priobčeni že v julijski številki!*

**UREDNIK.**

Dragi urednik!

Dolga zima je vzela slovo in nastopila je spomlad ter tudi že poletni dnevi. Vse je lepo in krasno. Krasna je bila tudi razstava v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clairju, katero je imel naš umetnik Božidar Jakac. Njegove slike so se nam zelo dopadle in bilo jih je veliko. Mnogo ljudi je posetilo njegovo razstavo in si ogledalo njegova umetniška dela.

Seveda smo tudi vsi otroci, učenci in učenke Slovenske mladinske šole v Slovenskem narodnem domu imeli priliko obiskati Jakcovo razstavo. Kako ga imamo radi, posebno še, ker je prišel iz krajev od koder sta moj atek in mamica.

Slikar B. Jakac je prepotoval že več kontinentov, in bil je tudi na ameriškem zapadu, kjer je slikal naravne krasote. Videli smo njegove slike iz Afrike, Jugoslavije in Amerike itd. Kaj lepi so bili potreti nekaterih tukajšnjih slovenskih mož. Videla sem naprimer sli-

ko našega ameriškega slovenskega pesnika g. Ivana Zormana. Jaz bi želela, da bi imeli tudi v naši šolski sobi par portretov, ki jih je narisal Jakac. Tako bi bilo dobro, če bi visela na steni slika predsednika naše šole.

G. Jakac, ponesite pozdrave od nas učencev Slovenske mladinske šole v Clevelandu učenecem slovenskih šol na Slovenskem v Jugoslaviji.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov!

Mildred Trbizan (stara 13 let),  
157 Corsica ave., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se hočem malo oglasiti v priljubljenem nam Mladinskem listu. Želim vam povedati, da najprej prečitam "Naš kotiček" in nato pa še "Chatter Corner" v angleškem delu, ki se je zadnje čase povečal za par strani, slovenski pa se je seveda skrčil.

Povedati moram tudi to, da rada čitam povesti in pesmi ter uganke in pripovedke. Dne 25. aprila je naša šola končala. Jaz sem dobila škatljo slaščic in eno knjigo, to pa zato, ker nisem zgrešila nobene besede v črkovanju (spelling).

No, sedaj pa imamo otroci dovolj časa, da lahko napišemo za Mladinski list, ki se nam tako dopade. Pa se bom še prihodnjič kaj oglasila, če bo le mogoče.

Iskren pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem in članom naše velike jednote, pa tudi uredniku pošiljam pozdrav!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu in pošiljam eno ljubko pesmico, delo S. Gregorčiča. Glasi se:

#### Svarilo

Stara mati krega me:

"Hčera, hčerka mila,  
slabo sem te, žalibog,  
slabo izredila!

Kjer so fantje, kjer je ples,  
tja zahajaš rada,  
božja služba, božji hram — —  
to ti ne dopada.

Le sosedovo poglej,  
ta v izgled ti bodi,  
pridno ona dan na dan  
k božji službi hodi.

Kot zamaknena stoji  
doli v prvem stoli,  
na oltar ti vpre oči  
in pobožno moli."

Skrbna mati dan na dan  
svoj pouk ponavlja,  
ter mi hčer sosedovo  
za izgled postavlja.

Jaz se pa smehljam, ker vem,  
da soseda mlada  
mladega cerkovnika  
gleda srčno rada. — —

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in uredniku!

Mary Krainik,

231 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo časa sem se napravljal, da pišem v maternem jeziku, pa sem vedno odlašala, ker sem si mislila, da mi ga ne bi priobčili. Moja mama me vedno uči slovensko pisati. Sedaj znam samo malo, moja sestra Mary pa že dobro zna slovensko, ker je vedno doma pri mami. Jaz pa hodim v šolo in se moram učiti to, kar mi učiteljica zapove.

Dne 5. maja je bil moj rojstni dan. Stara sem bila 10 let. Pa nisem bila nič posebno vesela, ker moj ljubi ata počiva v črni zemlji.

Pozdravljam vse brate in sestrice v Mladinskem oddelku!

Amalija Repovš,

Box 317, Slickville, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Želim napisati par vrstic po slovensko in upam, da vas ne bom s tem užalil.

Sem še mlad, star sem šele enajst let, pa me zelo veseli, da kaj napišem. Sedaj bo kmalu konec šolskega leta. Naša učiteljica nam je že povedala, da bomo šli vsi skupaj v park na izprehod.

Vse je veselo, ker je zunaj tako lepo.

Za mene pa je žalostna pomlad. Ptičice sicer prepevajo in rožce cvetejo, moj ata pa v črni zemlji spi in ga ni več videti.

Iskren pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam!

Slavko Repovš, Box 317, Slickville, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se odločila, da napišem v "Naš kotiček" en slovenski dopis. Vem, da bo urednik opazil v njem precej napak, pa saj mu je znano, da ne pohajam slovenske šole.

Pri nas v Exportu je prijetno, posebno spomladi. No, sedaj pa je že skoro poletje in bo kmalu zrelo sadje, češnje in drugo sočivje. To bomo zobali češnje in jagode! In pa kmalu bo končalo šolsko leto in spet bomo imeli počitnice. Pri naši hiši imamo lep in velik vrt, na katerem raste raznovrstna zelenjava. Spomladi imamo najrajši solato s prato, pa tudi kejk nam gre v slast—seveda, pa še kako! And how!

Ker je moja sestra Viola poslala svojo sliko za junijsko številko Mladinskega lista, pa sem rekla, da bom tudi jaz svojo, ki jo vidite spodaj, da me bodo vsi člani mladinskega oddelka poznali, ker so mi mnogi pisali, naj jim pošljem moj "snapshot."



Vsem čitateljem M. L. želim, da bi se dobro imeli skoz cele počitnice in tudi še potem!

Rose Beniger, R.F.D. No. 1, Export, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Sicer nimam nič kaj posebnega poročati, pa sem se vseeno namenila, da spet napišem slovenski dopis v Mladinski list za Naš kotiček.

Prošla zima je bila zelo dolga. Dne 11. aprila, ko sem napisala to pismo, je bilo pri nas še veliko snega. Kmalu bodo prišle zaželjene šolske počitnice. V šolo hodim rada, toda kot je bilo prošlo zimo sem se večkrat bala v šolo, ker je bilo slabo vreme, zameti veliki in mraz. Snežene nevihte so bile večkrat in takrat je za otroke nevarno zunaj na prostem. Zato sem večkrat doma ostala.

Želim, da priobčite to-le pesmico, ki se mi zelo dopade:

*Hišica očetova*

Prelepa mi hišica v vrtu stoji,  
kot deklica mlada je v gaju;  
spomine mladosti mi žive budi  
na leta, ki bila so v maju.

Že zjutraj, ko solnce se zlato zbudi,  
me v hišici sladko pozdravi.  
Povesti prelepe iz mladih mi dni  
vse v slikah pred mano postavi.

Opoldne, ko solnce nad mano žari,  
na mamico kliče spomine — — —  
Še danes nje pesem mi v srcu kipi  
kot gori za hišo planine.

Ko solnce večerno že jemlje slovo  
nad mano ljubezen goreča — — —  
Od kraja do kraja je zlato nebo,  
kot mladi so dnevi, kot sreča. — —

Zastonj so spomini, zastonj so želje  
po hišici zemlje domače — — —  
Le tebe želelo je moje srce,  
a usoda je rekla drugače . . .

Kjer hišica si, kjer roditelji spe,  
spomin mi neugnano tja plava:  
Ah, tja pod planine mi sili srce — — —  
Ostani mi hišica zdrava!

Mnogo, mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem  
bratcem in sestricam in uredniku!

Agnes Ostanek, Box 4, Traunik, Mich.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu, ako mi boste le priobčili. To je moje drugo slovensko pismo. Po slovensko težko pišem, upam pa, da se bom kmalu naučila in privadila slovenske pisave.

Pred kratkim smo imeli petdnevne počitnice, to je bilo okrog 18. aprila. Dne 20. aprila je močno snežilo.

V angleškem delu Mladinskega lista sem čitala zgodnico o "Demantni ovratnici," ki se mi je zelo dopadla.—Od tukaj ni bilo v Mla-

dinskem listu nobenega dopisa že precej dolgo časa, se mi zdi, zato pa sem se jaz odločila, da napišem par vrstic. Dragi urednik, prosim vas, da popravite vse napake, ki sem jih naredila v tem dopisu, da se bo lepše glasilo, ko bo besedilo natiskano.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

**Bertha Krainik,**

231 E. Podlar St., Chisholm, Minn.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz se hočem oglasiti v Mladinskem listu, čeprav nimam veliko prostega časa. Jaz imam veliko šolskih nalog, katere moram izvršiti. Pa tudi učiti se moram. Potem, ko bo šola končala, pa bom kaj več napisala za M. M. L. Sedaj pošiljam kratko pesmico.

Pomlad se že	Cvetje klije,
je povrnila,	radost sije —
petje ptičkom	Zelen že vrt,
je vzbudila.	polje in gaj.

O, veseli maj,  
krasni maj,  
konec zime  
je sedaj!

Vsem bratcem in sestricam ter tudi uredniku pošiljam mnogo pozdravov!

**Mary Rasket, R.F.D. No. 2, Export, Pa.**

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Že davno se je povrnila ljuba pomlad in nastopilo je poletje. Zunaj je prijetno in kmalu bodo šolske počitnice. Namenila sem se, da spet pošljem eno pesmico, ako bo zagledala beli dan v M. L. Pesmico je spisal Simon Gregorčič. (Ker je sestra Mary Krainik iz Chisholma, Minn., poslala isto Gregorčičevo pesmico, ki je priobčena v tej izdaji, kot jo pošilja Mallie, bom priobčil drugo znano pesmico istega slavnega slovenskega pesnika. Pesem se imenuje "Izgubljeni cvet," katero kaj radi prepevajo naši ljudje kjerkoli.—Ured.)

*Izgubljeni cvet*

Sinoči je pela	Imela je vrtec,
ko slavček ljubo,	oj vrtec krasan,
zakaž pa je danes	ko davi je vstala,
rosno nje oko?	bil cvet je obran.

Sinoči cvetoča,	Oh, cvetje je rahlo,
rudeča ko kri,	čez noč se ospe;
zakaž pa jej danes	a žal je še meni
obrazek bleđi?	po njem, o dekle!

Tja doli po polji  
pa stopa nekdo,  
on cvet je potrgal,  
zdaj—uka glasno!

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in tudi uredniku!

**Mallie Rojic, Box 113, Tire Hill, Pa.**



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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## THE ETERNAL YOUTH

By Lillian Lanphere

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.

—Bryant.

WRITE it, in letters, large and bold,  
So large, that those who run may  
read,

Those words, spoken by bard of old,  
That Truth, though trampled in the  
dust,

Shall rise, to meet the direst need.

O, wretched world! that every day,  
The Truth is banished, shunted to the  
side,

While Falsehood has a clear, and  
guarded way,

Riding, untrammelled o'er Life's track.  
With few of its unjust demands denied!

How long? How long? the weary cry,  
How long shall night oppress the right?  
How long shall greed, with rabid speed,  
Despoil, and grind, and gag, and bind,  
The Truth, and Justice, Right decreed?

Arise, O Truth, shake off the chains,  
With which they try to bind you;  
Tear off the darkened veil,  
With which they try to blind you;  
Come forth before the waiting world,  
With banners out, and flag unfurled,  
And judge and rule the hearts of men;  
Come forth, in your integrity,  
And judge, and rule, in equity!

## BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

IN SPEAKING of a person's faults,  
Pray, don't forget your own;  
Remember those who live in glass,  
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do,  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults, and who has not,  
The old as well as young—  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well;  
To try our own defects to cure,  
Before of others tell.

And though I sometimes hope to be  
No more than some I know,  
My own short-comings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word would do  
To those we little know.

Remember, curses sometimes, like  
Our chickens "roost at home,"  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
We have none of our own.

—C. W. Bigham.



## Our Juvenile Movement

AT PRESENT there are approximately twenty thousand Juvenile members enrolled in the subordinate lodges of the Slovene National Benefit Society. Their membership is scattered throughout the jurisdiction of the Society where there are our local lodges. The number of Juveniles in our organization is encouraging, but it could be increased if our local lodge officers would undertake a more productive plan in bringing into their respective lodge more and more new juvenile members. This could be accomplished successfully by explaining to parents the benefits that our organization is offering to its juvenile members.

There is every promise that the total enrollment of juveniles in the fraternal societies will exceed one million on January 1 next. And the Slovene National Benefit Society certainly can increase its Juvenile membership this year to twenty-five thousand.

Juvenile insurance was first accepted by the National Fraternal Congress of America in 1915. A few of the societies began to write this form of insurance in 1919. But the Slovene National Benefit Society instituted its Juvenile department before 1915. Its Juvenile department started back in 1913. The Slovene National Benefit Society is therefore the FIRST fraternal organization in America which initiated the Juvenile class. Now practically every fraternal organization in America has adopted this system.

Ever since the inauguration of the Juvenile class in the Slovene National Benefit Society this class has each year shown steady advancement. With some new impetus given our Juvenile Movement in the next six months can grow to a substantial increase. The new Juvenile Membership Campaign opens in July, and all the local lodges will be given the opportunity to increase their folds in the Juvenile class.

The steady, healthy growth of the Juvenile Movement within our organization has been nothing short of remarkable, but even more can be accomplished when we realize the far-reaching importance the Juvenile membership will play in our Society in the next few years. In seventeen years it has attained the wholesome total of approximately 20,000, and this without any nation-wide campaign or propaganda in its interest. Its growth has been due solely to the individual efforts of the local lodges.

The Slovene National Benefit Society early realized the importance of initiating the Juvenile class, and a few years later, in 1919, the Society decided to issue for that purpose for its Juvenile members and for young Slovenes in America a monthly magazine—the Mladinski List. Truly, this has been a noble enterprise, as can be exemplified by the many responses from our Juvenile members in these columns.

The Slovene National Benefit Society with its Free Thought principles has undertaken many a progressive step showing the rest of the fraternal societies the way how to attract new members. This has been largely through its publications, together with the stimulation of thousands of adult volunteers who have given their services in this worthy cause.

Our Juvenile Movement presents to our parents and our race in general the greatest opportunity for the organization and the betterment of our Youth in the history of our existence. And the possibilities of our Juvenile Movement are still great.

**Louis Beniger.**



# Pioneer Days

By Molly Manning

"NOW, children," said Mr. Shires to Kate, Esther, and Robert as he hitched up the team to the spring-wagon and got ready to start to town, "Milk the cows and help Mother with the other chores tonight, for I may not be home until late."

This was sixty years ago when the West was still young and Iowa was not thickly settled. It was in the days before automobiles and when some of the roads were not much more than cow-paths.

Kate and Esther and Robert went to school, studied their lessons and slid down hill with the other boys and girls and hurried home in the late afternoon to get the chores done in good order for they were good children.

When supper was over, dishes washed, and overshoes set by the stove to dry, Mrs. Shires said, "Kate, it is your turn to choose what we shall do until bedtime tonight. What shall it be?"

Now the other children did not try to tell Kate what would be fun, for they were good children and knew their mother would send them to bed early if they did not wait until the night came for them to choose the games to play.

Kate decided to play "Authors," so Mrs. Shires and the children sat around the table and started the usual before-bedtime play. They were very much interested in the game when there came the awfullest scratching you ever heard on their front door. Mrs. Shires dropped her cards and so did the children and listened but all was quiet again. Mrs. Shires tried to be brave and said she guessed some branches had blown off the tree. They started their game again, and again came the noise over by the window. Such a scratching up

and down on the house you never heard! It was such a peculiar sound and Mrs. Shires was so frightened that she could not go outside to see what the trouble was, and the children clustered about her with little hearts beating so loud that she could hear them. How sorry she was for those children!

Every little while the scraping sounded again—first on one side of the door, then on the other. Bedtime for the children came, but the children were afraid to go to bed and Mother Shires was glad to have them stay up until their father came home.

After fifteen or twenty minutes the noise stopped and was heard no more and the children and Mrs. Shires grew more brave.

"Do you suppose it was a bear that smelled the honey Father got in the woods last week," asked Robert when he felt sure it was safe to talk.

"No, I hardly think so, Robert," answered his mother, "We have never seen bears near our home."

Kate and Esther could not think of a thing that would make the weird noise they had heard and no one wanted to finish the game, so they gathered up the cards and put them away.

"Mother," said Kate, who was the oldest child, "I dread to go upstairs to bed and leave you here alone until Father comes home. May I stay with you?"

"Yes," said Mother, "you may all stay up until Father comes. I am sure it will not be long now. When he comes he will find out what made the noise and if anything is wrong. While we are waiting I will pop some corn and warm up the victuals for Father's supper. Do you children want to shell the corn while I make up the fire and set the popper to heat?"

Everyone got busy and it was not such a long time until Mr. Shires drove into the yard. The people in the house waited anxiously until he unhitched the horses and put them in the barn. When he came to the house and saw how frightened they were, he could hardly wait to hear their story. The children were well-behaved and let their mother tell what had happened, but Father had not seen anything wrong outside and he was scared too. But he took the lantern and went out to see what he could find.

In those days people banked their houses with straw in winter to keep the wind from blowing under the building and making the floors cold. Mr. Shires had a deep bank around his house. When he went to the front door with his lantern, he could see

cow's tracks in the snow all along the side of the house and then he knew what had frightened his family so badly.

Old Brindle, the cow, had got loose from her stall in the barn, wandered over to the house in the dark, and had eaten straw from the banking around the house. It was her horns scratching on the door and the side of the house as she tossed her head about to get the mouthfuls of straw that had made the odd scraping noise on the house.

How happy everyone was to know that the scare was really such a little thing after all! Kate, Esther, and Robert went to bed after the excitement was over and found they were so tired that they could sleep like all girls and boys can after an active day.

## Riddles

What is the difference between a flapper and a soldier?—One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

What would happen, speaking geographically, if a colored waiter dropped a roasted turkey?—The fall of Turkey, the destruction of China, the overflow of Greece and the humiliation of Africa.

What was the first scene at the Chicago fire?—Kerosene.

What is it that never asks any questions yet requires many answers?—A doorbell.

Why must a fisherman be very wealthy?—Because his is all net profit.

What is the difference between one yard and two yards?—A fence.

Why wasn't there any card-playing on the Ark?—Because Noah sat on the deck.

What's almost like a cat's tail?—A kitten's tail.

What is it which, if you ever name it, you break it?—Silence.

Why is it harder to spell purple than green?—Because green is spelled with more e's (ease).

Which fish carries a weapon?—The sword fish.

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.

Teacher: "What is an heirloom?"

Pupil: "Something that has been handed down from father to son."

Teacher: Correct! Now someone name one?"

Pupil: "Pants!"

# Mary Thinks About Moving

By Anne Golob

TOMORROW would be moving day at the O'Blacks. Today was the day before, the day of boxes and barrels, trunks, bundles and bottles; of damp, chilly rooms because the coal had been used up, of curtainless windows and bare floors. Today one was tired and dirty, and when one finally went to bed, sleep would not come.

Mary O'Black hated moving day. She lay on her half of the bed and could think of nothing else. She remembered when she was a very little girl, and her mother telling her to bid her favorite playmate goodbye, because she wouldn't see her anymore. They had moved the next day. That was not the first time they had moved, because her mother would often say, "When we lived in the house where Mary was born," or, "we lived on Third Street when Sophie had the measles." They had moved when she was in the first grade at school, and when she was in the third. She had had to go to a different school that time, and she hadn't liked the new teacher. Then there had been the house at the edge of town which she had liked, but which father had thought too far from his work.

It seemed queer that some families lived in the same houses all their lives. She thought it would be wonderful to live in the same house always, the way you lived with the same family. And if it was a small house, it would be fun to add to it when the family got bigger and the children grew up.

She wondered if her mother hated moving, too. Was she sleeping now, or was she thinking about tomorrow. She must remember to ask her mother in the morning what she had dreamed about. Sometimes she would tell, and it would be a beautiful story, especially

on Sunday morning; but when she was tired, as on Tuesday after wash day, she would just say that she had no time to dream.

What would her mother say if she told her tomorrow that she had dreamed that father had bought a beautiful little house with a nice yard around it, and trees, and flowers, and a white fence. Yes, she would put in the fence, because she knew her mother would feel that the children wouldn't always be out in the street then. Houses must cost a lot of money, though, so of course they couldn't buy one. Father wasn't making very much, and she had heard mother telling Mrs. Smith next door that they were moving because they couldn't pay such high rent.

What a funny family the Smiths were! Their name wasn't really Smith, it was Simčič, her mother had said, and the oldest girl had changed her first name from Josephine to Joan. It didn't seem right to change one's name that way. Still, father had said it was all right, and that it would be much better for them to be O'Black than Oblak. She would ask her teacher about it tomorrow. No, not tomorrow, because she would have to stay at home to help. She would have to go to sleep now. It would be the last time in this house. Tomorrow there would be another house and another room.

In the morning she would tell Mrs. Smith that she ought to buy a house instead of the automobile she was always talking about. It would be nice, though, if the Smiths had a car. They would probably take them riding sometimes. But then they wouldn't see the Smiths much anymore after tomorrow. There would be new neighbors. Perhaps they would have a car, or a radio.

Anyway, she was glad she could go to the same school even if it would be far. She mustn't forget to ask teacher, the day after tomorrow, about names. Miss Lowell was nice. She knew a lot.

Her great—many times—great grandfather had come in the Mayflower. He had moved, too. Lots of people moved. Maybe it was all right . . . Maybe some day . . . sleep now . . . tomorrow —

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## Great Engineering Projects

WHILE exploration work on a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, from Tarifa, Spain, to a point opposite on the African shore, is busily going on, another and more stupenduous plan of joining Europe, Africa and Asia, one which would considerably reduce the size of the Mediterranean itself, has been proposed by the German engineer, Herman Sörgel. This plan calls for the building of huge dikes, one across the straits on the same line as the proposed tunnel, and another across the Dardanells.

This plan calls for the irrigation of some of the Sahara Desert, obliteration of the Adriatic Sea, giving Italy room for her crowded population, and general lowering of the Mediterranean making more land available everywhere. If carried out, the Rock of Gibraltar would lie inland, and inland towns would be made out of seaports.

Sörgel explains that explorations show that 50,000 years ago the land which now lies under the Mediterra-

nean Sea was a continent separated by thin bodies of water from Asia, Africa and Europe. The iron masses of the last glacial period destroyed the natural dike at Gibraltar, inundating fertile countries.

Sörgel proposes a canal from Tarifa and another from Morocco to the Atlantic to regulate the height of the water, saying that the water power could be harnessed and the hydro-electric force used to pump water for the irrigation of the Sahara.

He goes into his plans in detail and has studied such objects as the neutralization of salt in ocean waters. He has worked out what he believes a practical way of building the dike in the face of terrible pressure. The wall would, by the way, have a maximum height of 370 yards. His plan, which is extremely technical, includes the deflating of air from tanks which would sink, anchor and take some of the pressure off the wall being erected.

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"When does the next train come in?" asked little Edward of the old station agent.

"Why, you little rascal, I've told you five times that it comes in at 4:44."

"I know it," replied Edward, "but I like to see your whiskers wobble when you say 4:44."

The kindergarten teacher asked what the eyes were for and was promptly answered, "To see with." She asked what the nose was for and the answer was correctly given. Then she asked a little girl, "What are your ears for?" The child replied, "To keep clean." She got 100.





*Lorado Taft: "PIONEERS"*



# Captured by Indians

By Clarice Clark

IT was during the year 1832 when grandfather Forest was ten years old and before the Cherokee Indians had left Kentucky, when this happened.

His father had come the year before by way of New River and settled near the remains of Ruddel Station. Cuddy, their nearest neighbor, told them of the burning of the station. The people of the fort were having a big party one Saturday evening, but Cuddy was not invited. As he was bringing in the cows he saw the Indians slipping through the woods in war paint. He ran to the fort to warn the revelers. The fiddles were playing and the burning pine knots lit up the interior of the stockade. Cuddy ran in crying, "the Indians are coming!"

Jake Ruddel seized his rifle and went off with him, but the others went on with their dancing. They were surprised and captured near morning by the red men. Nothing remained but the blackened stockade.

It was in the fall when my great grandmother sent grandfather three miles away to borrow an ax so she could cut some wood. He started out down the valley keeping his eyes open for danger. The Indians seemed friendly. Just the week before some squaws had come begging bread, and his mother had given them some baked in her oven.

As he came to the deep woods he heard a rustling behind him. Grandfather stepped behind a big tree to listen. Suddenly a large red-faced Indian, named Red Feather, jumped out from behind a bush of holly and seized the helpless child. Red Feather told grandfather he wanted him to go to the village and be his little boy.

The little boy cried and said, "I want to go home." But the Indian said, "You my son, now: obey."

Red Feather took him by the arm down a path he knew well. It led to a narrow bridge walk across a stream. Grandfather pretended to be afraid, so the Indian stepped on the bridge first. Quick as a flash the boy threw the end of the log from the bank. The Indian fell head-first ten feet to the water below.

The little boy ran swiftly back along the path toward home. But the Indian scrambled out and started to chase him. He ran and ran until his breath was gone with Red Feather behind him. Then he thought of a plan. Ahead was a hollow log. The little boy crawled out of sight just in time. With a whoop his pursuer went on.

But grandfather's troubles were not over. Finding the boy gone, the Indian called other members of his tribe to help look for him. For a long time the boy lay there shaking, listening to the dogs and Indians circling about outside. At last they gave the return whoop and he crawled out.

Grandfather walked and walked till the sun set and he feared he was lost. He sat down under a tree hungry and tired and cried for his mother. The bushes parted and there stood his neighbor, Cuddy. Catching the boy up on his arm he ran to find the searching party as they still feared the Indians were abroad. His mother was overjoyed to see her boy again. He never went far out alone again. Next year new settlers came so they were not so afraid of the Indians.

## Some Good Games

### The Farmyard

This game, if carried out properly, will cause great amusement. One of the party announces that he will whisper to each person the name of some animal, which, at a given signal, must be imitated as loudly as possible. Instead, however, of giving the name of an animal to each, he whispers to all the company, with the exception of one, to keep perfectly silent. To this one he whispers that the animal he is to imitate is the donkey.

After a short time, so that all may be in readiness, the signal is given. Instead of all the party making the sounds of various animals, nothing is heard but a loud bray from the one unfortunate member of the company.

\*

### The Pigeon-toed Race

A goal is set and two by two the children run pigeon-toed to the goal-line. The winner is noted each time and the side who has the most winners among its members receives the honors.

\*

### Beefsteak

In the game of "Beefsteak" the one who is "it" shuts his eyes and counts twenty aloud, while the others run as

fast as they can in different directions. At the word "twenty" they stop and stand still where they are. The one who is "it" is blindfolded and must find and identify some other player to become "it." If in his wanderings there is danger of his running into any obstacle the others shout "Beefsteak." This, of course, is apt to reveal the whereabouts of the players, but no one is entitled to move from the position he takes when the count of twenty is finished.

\*

### Flag Race

The children stand in line, each row facing a child who marks the end of the course. Each child has a flag, and at a given signal the children standing at the head of the lines run and place their flags in the hand of the child at the end of the course, returning as quickly as possible to touch the child standing next in line, which meantime advances one, so as to bring the child at the head of the line always at the same distance from the goal. The line which first deposits all its flags in the hand of the child who is to receive them wins.

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## THE MOO COW MOO

My papa held me up to the Moo Cow  
Moo  
So close I could almost touch,  
And feel him a couple of times or so,  
And I wasn't a fraid-cat—much.

But if my papa goes in the house,  
And my mamma she goes in, too,  
I keep still like a little mouse  
For the Moo Cow Moo might moo.

The Moo Cow's tail is a piece of rope  
All raveled out where it grows;  
And it's just like feeling a piece of soap  
All over the Moo Cow's nose.

And the Moo Cow Moo has lots of fun  
Just switching his tail about,  
But if he opens his mouth, why then  
I run,  
For that's where the moo comes out.  
—Eugene Field.

## THE FUNNIEST THING IN THE WORLD

By James Whitecomb Riley

THE funniest thing in the world I  
know,  
Is watchin' the monkeys 'at's in the  
show!  
Jumpin' an' runnin' an' racin' run',  
'Way up the top o' the pole; nen down!  
First they're here, an' nen they're there,  
An' ist a'most any an' ever'where!—  
Screechin' an' scratchin' wherever they  
go,  
They're the funniest thing in the world,  
I know.

They're the funniest things in the  
world, I think;—  
Funny to watch 'em eat an' drink;  
Funny to watch 'em a-watchin' us,  
An' actin' most like grown folks does!—  
Funny to watch 'em p'tend to be  
Skeerd at their tail 't they happen to  
see:—  
But the funniest thing in the world  
they do  
Is never to laugh, like me an' you!

## COUNTRY DOCTOR

By Ethel Romig Fuller

BENEATH his linen duster, sagged  
and bent,  
Day out, day in, for fifty years or  
more,  
Up the red clay hills and down, he went,  
His black square case upon the buggy  
floor.  
I've heard his horses pounding down  
the lanes,  
Lashed to desperate lather and to  
foam,  
I've seen him give the weary team the  
reins  
And worn out, sleep, the while they  
ambled home.  
His eyes were set in crinkled lines of  
mirth,  
Cheer was prescribed with bitter  
calomel.  
He was the arbiter of death and birth,  
The go-between of heaven and hell.  
Tender as woman, steadfast as a rock,  
Small wonder all the hill-folk loved  
"Old Doc!"

## THEY DREAM OF FARMS

THEY dream of farms, those city folk,  
Who know the great town's heavy  
yoke,  
Who on their flesh feel every stroke  
Of trade's unflagging whips;  
They dream of farms and maple trees,  
Of clover fields and drowsy bees,  
As those sad exiles far from seas  
Dream still of ships.

They dream of farms, of soil and sod  
Where their forefathers, farmers, trod  
And shared the mystery with Nature  
Of giving green things birth.  
They long to leave the city shrill,  
Where souls are ground in greed's  
great mill,  
They want to find and own and till  
Their share of earth.

And we who long have had in lee  
What they so yearn for ceaselessly,  
We hold our treasure carelessly,  
And even half despise  
These fields, a too familiar sight,  
The little farmhouse warm with light  
That seems, to hosts who dream tonight,  
A paradise.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

## Just a Little Careless

ALTHOUGH the old cowboy days are of the past, and Nick Carter stories are no longer in vogue, there is thrill and fascination about tales of the West. Tipton tells such a tale. It is about Jimmy Briscoe, who drove up to Pop Hanford's store about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The day was hot and sultry—mid-July. Pop was sitting on the porch.

There were three or four other men there—hill-billis, all of them. They had a most disconcerting way of perusing a newcomer. But Jimmy didn't mind. Besides he knew Pop.

"Hello," he said as his buggy wheels scraped the edge of the porch.

"Hullo thar, Mr. Briscoe," drawled Pop, shambling forward to lend a hand with the sample cases.

"Come up 'n set a spell 'n git cooled off," he said.

Pop was proprietor of the store—the only store in Carsonville. He was also postmaster and justice of the peace.

Briscoe's gaze wandered across the canyon. The road looped around the side of the next mountain not more than 300 yards away.

"How's things down to the Junction?" asked Pop.

"Fine and dandy—how's Ma Hanford?"

"Th' ol' woman's totable, jist totable," replied Pop.

"Where's the state line along here now, Pop?" asked Jimmy. "I understand they surveyed it last year and found it wasn't in the right place."

"Yep, moved it closter to us," was the reply. "She runs right over thar now—crost th' top o' Ol' Piney."

"Gosh!" said Jimmy idly. "It would be a great place over there for a fellow to take a pot shot at somebody in the village, wouldn't it? He could be out of the state in an hour."

"Jed Hawkins shot ol' Jedge Carter jist that way—twenty year ago," mused Pop. "We never ketched Jed neither. But, shucks, th' ain't been no shootin' round hyar f'r eight or ten years."

A sudden snort and stamping of hoofs drew attention to the shed alongside the store where a couple of mules and a beautifully shaped calico pony were tethered to a rail.

"Hyar, you Frosty," roared Pop, "back up thar! Stiddy now, stiddy—ho! Dern that hoss," he grumbled, "allus full o' hell."

"Still riding the crazy-quilt, I see," said Jimmy with a grin. "That's the loudest horse in this end of the state."

Pop laughed. "Well, I reckon no-buddy'll ever steal 'im," he said. "He's too prominent lookin'."

"Oh," said Jimmy, "I almost forgot. Hetty stopped me as I went by her place this morning and gave me this note for you. Asked me to get it to you as quickly as I could." He handed him a bit of writing.

"Read it to me, will ye, Mr. Briscoe," requested Pop. "I ain't got my glasses with me."

Jimmy finally deciphered the message:

LEM An injin PeaT wuZ RouND My  
pLaSE LAS NiTE An TriDe Tu GiT iN  
THEY bIn DRinKiN LEM LowED hE  
AmEd Tu GiT yu Im AFFERD yu  
LuKouT. Hetty

"Dern thet Lem Bewley," signed Pop, his blue eyes clouding. "I tol' him ef he didn't leave Hetty be I'd hafter hoss-whup 'im. Reckon now I gotter do it."

"Who's this Jnjin Pete?" inquired Jimmy.

"Oh, jist a wuthless skunk. Claims t' be half Jnjin. I didn't know he wuz

out o' the pen yit. Th' guv'nor muster c'muted 'is sentence."

"Hyar comes Lem now," volunteered one of the loungers. "Look at 'im, fuller'n a tick."

Briscoe looked curiously at a red-faced, unshaven man who pitched and reeled in his saddle. He rode into the shed, dismounted unsteadily, tied his horse to the rail and lurched up onto the porch.

"Hot, ain't it?" hiccoughed Lem. "Whew—have a drink," he added, drawing from his hip pocket a quart bottle with a corncob stopper in it.

"No, much obleeged, Lem," said Pop. "Too dern hot f'r white mule today."

"Hetty's right sick, Pop," said Lem, his pupils like pin points, "—asked me t' fetch ye over."

The face that Pop turned toward him was unruffled but the eyes were the blue of chilled steel.

"When wuz ye thar, Lem?" he asked gently.

"One o' th' young uns run out an' stopped me as I come by this mornin'," replied Lem. "Young un' lowed she needed quinine. Got any?"

Pop nodded and rose to go inside.

"Reckon I better be startin'," he said. "'Low I can jist about make it, come sundown."

"Fetch me a package o' coffee an' six plugs o' Grapevine," said Lem. "I'll ride with ye. Aim t' get home round sundown myself."

Lem produced his bottle again, extracted the stopper, drained the contents and hurled the empty bottle across the road. When Pop reappeared Lem was in the shed staggering toward his horse.

"Hold on a minit, Lem," said Pop, "lemme give ye a leg up—ye're a leetle onstiddy on y'r pegs—thar ye be, now

—git y'r foot in th' stirrup. Tell Ma I aim 't git home by daylight, will ye, Mr. Briscoe? She'll fix ye some supper."

Lem had ridden ahead a few paces. He slumped suddenly and slid to the ground like a bag of meal. A second later the bark of a rifle was wafted across the gorge. All heads turned. A ribbon of white smoke was drifting lazily from the bushes that screened the road. Even as they looked they heard the staccato hoofbeats of a lone horseman riding madly upward and away—toward the state line.

Pop was the first to reach Lem. The bullet had passed completely through his body. Blood was spouting thickly from both wounds into the white dust of the road.

"Drilled 'im, by God!" ejaculated Pop. "In under one arm an' out under th' t'other. Come on, boys, let's take 'im inside."

Everybody lent a hand but Jimmy. He sat as if frozen to his chair.

They carried Lem in and laid him on the counter. Then they came outside again. One of the men mounted his mule and started for the county seat to get the coroner.

Jimmy was in a daze. He hadn't moved. His brain was awlirl and yet he was conscious that a thought was trying to force its way through the numbness and confusion. Some half-forgotten thing trying to be remembered. Suddenly it crashed into recognition.

"Pop," he said, "how did you happen to boost Lem up on to Frosty instead of his own horse?"

"Why, dog my cats," said the old man guilelessly. "Did I do that? I must be gettin' derned keerless."







Dear Editor:—

I see by the April edition of the Mladinski List that you have answered my request and put more scientific articles into it. I sure do like them. Of this bunch, I think the one about the "Spider as an Architect" rated first, while "The Steam Locomotive is 100 Years Old" rated a good second.

I think that the "plant pill" will be a great relief to the farmers, as, after they build the concrete tank, they will be able to produce about five times as much as they are now. But, of course, if they all use just as much land as they are using now, there will be such a "mass production" such as we never dreamed of; but the poor farmer would suffer most, as he would not be paid as much as before.

It sure is rather ridiculous to think of a locomotive having a 20 inch boiler, when you compare it to a locomotive of modern times, having a boiler in which a six foot man can stand up with ease. But I believe steam will soon be out of existence as the power producing factor for steam-engines. Electricity is becoming more and more popular as the power. An electric locomotive is heavier (and weight is an important factor in locomotives), stronger, and has the ability to stop much more quickly than the steam-engine can. Also the weight is slung lower on the electric than on the other, thus making it more stable.

On May 4 our Lodge No. 21 had a program celebrating its 25th anniversary. They had a swell program. By the time that this will be printed in our magazine, the program will be all over, so I think that I'll tell you about it in the next issue.

I hope, the Editor will tell us something about this new planet that they've found in the next issue. It looks as if it is pretty far away, doesn't it?

Best regards to all the readers,

Joe Hochevar, Jr., 2318 Cedar St., Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

I've written several letters to the M. L. recently, but for reasons unknown to me they have been rejected. Here's hoping this letter won't follow the others.

I perceive that the majority of letters are unusually brief. I wonder why? Don't you believe there must be dozens of things to talk about when writing to the M. L.?

Last semester I terminated my college preparatory course and I am now attending the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, where I am the youngest pupil, being 17. I have done a considerable amount of art work at home, and at the present time I am busy with theatrical posters.

During my spare time, when I am not working on my art, I read. My favorite kinds of books are mystery and adventure. I also peruse swift and exciting pursuit of super-criminals by the cleverest master detectives with baffling mysteries that challenge the keenest wits to solve them; man hunting adventures that hold you breathless as thrill follows thrill to the very last word; strange clues telling amazing secrets under the microscope and in the test tubes; crime wizards defying the smartest sleuth in fascinating contests with up-to-date inventions of science. Such books are my hobby.

The various jokes and riddles are quite perspicuous, aren't they? Naturally, now that Spring is here, no one can be blamed for being jocund.

I assume my letter is a trifle elongated but just to emphasize the significance of longer letters.

Halloo. In my unwanted tendency I dispatch greetings to all! Desiring to hear from the members in the near future, I now close.

Christine, L. Sernel 535 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

Without hesitation I can readily say that the Mladinski List is in my opinion the best magazine for young folks and adults. I don't believe I have ever encountered so many letters from all parts of the States.

The variety of selections claims my unstinted admiration: the letters, jokes, poems, contests, facts about science and nature—these constitute a rare and wonderful assemblage. I can imagine no more entertaining collection in one's leisure hours. Whenever I am tired, or merely bored, I can forget my worries in reading the Mladinski List.

I am fifteen and am in my third year at the McKinley High School.

Goodness! The birds are making a clamorous chattering outside at this moment. Green lawns, children out-of-doors, and the warm weather are true signs that spring is here. Last year I went camping in Wisconsin, but I am undecided as to where my vacation will be this year.

I have seen the Cubs and Sox play several times. They sure know their "čebula."

Having nothing more to say now I will close. Sending regards to the members and hoping to hear from them, I remain a member,

Rudolph Sernel, 535 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first and last letter to the M. L. Recently I have been transferred to the adult department, and that's the reason that I will not write for the M. L. anymore. I will try to write for the Prosveta later on. Everyone of our family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 254, except my three younger brothers and one sister, but they will be admitted into the Juvenile department soon.—I enjoyed reading the magazine. Now I will associate with the older folks since I don't belong to the Juvenile department anymore.

Mary E. Bizjak, Box 97, Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Not very many letters are published in the M. L. from Greensburg, Pa. Maybe all the boys and girls are busy with their school work. I go to the Harrold Jr. high school, and I am 15 years old, first year in high school. All the children are brought to school by busses.—We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 223. My dad had his left leg and left arm broken in the mine, and he has not been able to work yet.

I would like to get some letters from members, as I would gladly answer them. Best regards to all.

Rose A. Shume, Box 27, Greensburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Everytime I read the M. L. over I always read the letters to see if anyone wrote from Racoon. But I never see any letter, so I thought I would write one.—We all belong to the SNPJ. I am 15 and am not going to school. I like the M. L. and would like to see it come every week. Wish some members would write to me. I'll answer all letters.

Best regards.

Caroline Zgonik, Box 62, Joffre, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time. I am a member of Lodge No. 19, SNPJ, and so are the rest of our family. I am in the 8th grade in school. My two sisters are working in the city, and my two brothers and my father are working in the mine.

I would like to get letters from members. Best regards to all.

Lucy Potocnik, R. R. 1, Cherokee, Kans.

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L., and I hope to say not the last. I know there are many letters in the M. L., but I am sure everybody else would like to see many more letters in it. So, boys and girls, write more letters without fail. Increase the Chatter Corner and also Naš Kotiček. And some time we may have a larger magazine also. I think the M. L. is wonderful.

I, too, would like to get some letters as I would answer them all. Best regards to the readers and members.

Alma M. Milavec, Box 329, Bridgeville, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

This is my fourth or fifth letter to the M. L. which I receive every month. I am 16 years of age, and I receive many letters from members of the different lodges. I hope many more will write to me.

Tillie Klímen, 16119 Waterloo rd., Clevelyand, O.

Dear Editor:—

I was pleased to see my letter in the M. L. But there was no other letter from Girard, O., in the M. L. Come on boys and girls, write to the M. L. and let's make it twice as large as it is now.

Here is a joke:

Teacher: "Jimmy, make a sentence using the word 'deceit.'"

Jimmy: "I wear trousers with patches on de seat."

Best regards to all and to the Editor.

William Skufca, Box 387, Girard, O.

Dear Editor:—

Seeing my letter in the M. L., I was very much pleased. I would appreciate it much more if these letters would bring me correspondents from all parts. This is my second letter to the M. L. I would like to get letters. Please members, write to me.

Jennie Fabec, Coraopolis, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I want to tell you that I was very glad to see my name in the M. L. along with my first letter. Now I wish some members would write to me, as I would answer all their letters.

Veronica Naglich, Box 308, Dunlo, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

My father is the secretary of our Lodge No. 123, SNPJ. I am 13 years of age and am in the 8th grade in school. Come on you members of Panama Juvenile Lodge, loosen up and write to the M. L.

Here's a joke:

Mother: "Johnny, quit pulling kitty's tail!"

Johnny: "I'm just holding it," said Johnny, "the cat's pulling."

Best regards to all the members and to the Editor.

Hermena Zora, Box 606, Panama, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I have three sisters and three brothers, and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge here. We moved to Montana 8 months ago; we came from Aspen, Colo.—I received many letters from Mary Stroy of Indianapolis, Ind. But now I lost her address, so I wish she would write to me again.

Mary Lovshin, 310 Shields ave., Butte, Mont.

Dear Editor:—

I am 11 years of age and in the fifth grade in school; my sister is in the 8th grade now. My father is the president of Lodge No. 123 SNPJ. We all belong to the SNPJ, my two brothers, two sisters and parents. And this is my first letter to the M. L. I would like to see it published.

Josephine Yurecko, Box 804, Panama, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I received a great number of letters from sisters who belong to the SNPJ and read the M. L. I thank them for writing to me. All the sisters asked me for my picture, but since I have not enough to give each girl one, I decided to send my picture to the M. L., so they would all see it.



Best regards to all.

Mary Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

Dear Editor:—

The Spring is here and all the birds are singing except the blue jays. They rob the eggs and little birds from the nests, and that is the very same way Lewis did with the miners' union and the poor men. I think he had the poor people on starvation long enough. Now I hope that the people will wake up and kick Lewis.

But I sure hope and wish that the Illinois miners will win. We had an organizer here not very long ago, his name is Frank Bendar; he works for Illinois miners, not for Lewis. I hope that the progressive miners will win and organize a strong organization of their own, without Lewis.

I wish all Illinois miners good luck, and also all the readers of the M. L.

Yours truly,

Mary Mihelich, Box 304, Blaine, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I am in 3rd grade in school, and I enjoy reading the M. L. There are three in our family and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 174. My father usually work in the mine, but now it very seldom works. I hope some members would write to me.

Antonia Usenicnik, Box 125, Kravn, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

We are all members of Lodge No. 228, SNPJ. I have two sisters, and the oldest one is married. My father has been dead 11 years. I cannot talk or write Slovene but I can understand. I, too, would like to get some letters from members.

Best regards to all.

Irma L. Bresnick, Box 451, Girard, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to this interesting little magazine before. I am 16 years of age and attend a very beautiful Intermediate school.

My purpose of writing this letter is to approve the ideas of Joe Hochevar Jr. and "A Clevelander." Both ideas are very good. I think at least one scientific article should appear each month, written in simple language, so that the children will be able to understand it.

Do you notice in the majority of the letters that you receive, how many of the members would like the M. L. to come more frequently? Since it doesn't come as often as we would like to, why not do as "A Clevelander" suggests? Help make it larger and snappier.

Here are two jokes:

Mr. Smith: "Did you get a commission when you were in the army?"

Mr. Jones: "No, just my pay."

Tommy: "What's that awful humming?"

Harry: "That's the theme song for a mosquito bite." I would like to hear from some of the members to see what they are doing.

Yours very truly,

Mary Kukulan, 3224 N. 32nd St., Tacoma, Wash.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I was 12 years old in December and am in the 6th grade in school. I wish some of the members would write to me. I love to read the M. L. and wish it would come every week. This is my first letter. Best regards to all little brothers and sisters.

Dear Editor:—

Catherine Androna, ox 273, Blaine, O.

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I have eight sisters and two brothers. I am 15, and this is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read every month. But I wish it would come more

often. We are all members of the SNPJ. Wish some of the members would write to me.

Best wishes to all the readers.

Anna Gorence, Box 53, Hollsopple, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in the 7th A grade. I go to Junior high school at Pueblo. This is my first letter to the M. L. I hope some of the members will enjoy reading it. I belong to the SNPJ lodge now four and a half years. I enjoy reading the M. L. I hope some of the members would write to me.

Margareth Strah, 1224 Mahren ave., Pueblo, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy the M. L. very much. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade in school. This is my first letter in the M. L. I wish some of the members would write to me, and wish Rose Beniger would also write to me from Export, Pa. I would answer every letter. Best regards to all.

Josie Marchek, Box 197, Sublet, Wyo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

In Export and vicinity we have very much fun in Spring and also in Summer. The many trees on the surrounding hilltops and valleys make the nature pleasant. I enjoy being outdoors.—I also enjoy reading the M. L. I like it for its many stories and other interesting reading matter. I wish more members would write to me, as I would answer them at once.

Here is my snapshot, because so many members asked me for it.



Best wishes to all.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

On April 13 there was a Slovene play given at Collinsburg, near West Newton. The name of the play was "Baron Čevljar." They came from Library to play it. It was a nice day that Sunday and a big crowd attended. There was a play at Library in May.

John Shink, West Newton, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I live in front of a park. The grass is green in the summer, but in winter it is like silver. The park is not yet finished. I think it will take a long time before the park will be made into a real park.—I wish some of the members would write to me.

Barbara Markovich, 721 E. Sheridan st., Ely, Minn.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I belong to the SNPJ Lodge Sunflowers No. 609. Am 9 years old and in the 5th grade in school. Wish to get some letters. This is my first one to the M. L.

Adolf Eglich, Box 346 Mulberry, Kans.

Dear Editor:—

I am 8 years of age and am in the 4th grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Opitz. I played four times at Christmas; I play accordion. I can read Slovene a little. In school there are 12 children. We have a good teacher. I like the M. L. Next time I will write Slovene. Best wishes to all.

John F. Potochnik, R. 1, Box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

Dear Editor:—

In August I'll be 16 years old, and I hope my mother will let me have a birthday party.—I enjoy reading the M. L., poems, stories, jokes and letters. I hope also that all the members to whom I sent letters will answer them.

Margaret Obeclich, 8 Wyoming st., Ashley, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I want to tell you that I like the M. L. very much. I have been busy working on a farm, and so I had almost neglected to write for the M. L.

Here is a joke: So, the people in the church are going to have you arrested?—Yes, I kept some of them awake all through the sermon.

Best wishes to all.

Edith Kurent, Box 456, Mulberry, Kans.



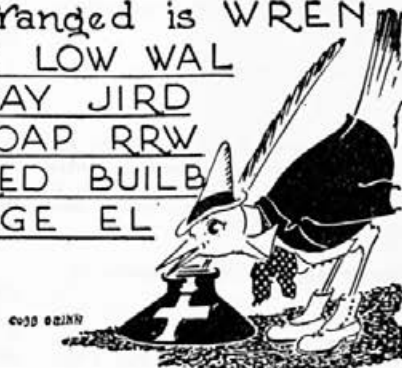
### I AM AN ANIMAL

I am in mouse, but not in rat.  
I am in horse, but not in mule;  
I am in barn, but not in house;  
I am in kind, but not in mean;  
I am in wheat, but not in corn;  
I am in lawyer, but not in doctor;  
My whole is a well-known animal.  
Answer—Monkey.

NEW R rearranged is WREN  
ROW C  
VE DO  
ON HER  
WAHK  
RUSH TH

TRY TO REARRANGE  
THE OTHER TEN GROUPS  
OF LETTERS  
INTO NAMES OF BIRDS.

S LOW WAL  
BAY JIRD  
SOAP RRW  
RED BUILB  
AGE EL



Dear Editor:—

I am very interested in the M. L. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 248. Now I am 14 and in the 8th grade in school. My teacher's name is Mr. Reed, and he is very good. I hope I'll pass the 8th grade, because they are building a factory here, and I would like to get a job there. It will employ 300 girls.

Here is my picture that was taken in school.



Best regards to all.

Mary Rogel, Box 771, Barnesboro, Pa.

### CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE LAST TWO PUZZLES WERE SENT BY THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS:

Mary A. Ziberna, Ambridge, Pa.  
Frances L. Kochevar, W. Frankfort, Ill.  
William Glavich, Vandling, Pa.  
Mary Tomazec, Cleveland, O.  
Frank Elersich, Cleveland, O.  
Rosie Stamac, Jesahill, Pa.  
Jack Kerzisznick, Cleveland, O.