

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

PRAVLJICE ZA ŠIPAMI

SI PRAVLJICA *lepa, vem, vem,*
namenjena mladim ljudem;
a meni ni treba te v knjigi iskati —
ni treba iz knjige te brati.

Kdajkoli po ulici grem
in v okna izložbena zrem —
ne vidim, res ne, kraljičev, princes,
ne takih, onakih, velikih čudes —.

A vidim za šipo vse polno stvari,
ki lahko bi krile vse naše skrbi,
ki vse so resnične, vse otipljive —
ali za reveža — nedosegljive.

Ah, niso te pravljice stare, ne prave —
jih niso rodile pisateljske glave;
so pravljice vendar za revne otroke,
zgrajene od trudne delavske roke! —

A. KUPRIN:

Živalski nauk

BASEN

PO DOLGIH dnevih strašne suše je končno spet padel blagodejen dež. Rečice in potoki, ki so jeli že presihati, so se napolnili z živo, bistro, sladko vlago. Od žeje onemogle gozdne živali so se spet po mili volji napile in tiste, ki so znale in mogle, so se tudi z naslado okopale v hladni vodi.

Čreda divjih slonov se je vračala nekega večera z napajališča po Veliki živalski stezi, ki so jo napravile stotine živalskih pokolenj. Spredaj je veselo tekel mlad slonček; bilo mu je kakih petnajst let in težak je bil do sto pudov.

Mahoma pa je obstal, ker je začul prav izpod nog nekakšno godrnjanje. Govoril je mravljinec, obtovorjen z odlonkom lanske vejice.

“Ali si slep, ka-li ti ogromni kos mesa? Saj pravim, ti mladi sloni se vedno rinejo pod noge!”

Slonček je od začudenja izbuljil svoje male rdeče oči in napel ušesa, ne da bi se premaknil z mesta. Toda mati slonica, ki je šla zadaj, je zakričala nanj:

“Ali si oglušil? Brzo se oprosti in pojdi s pota!”

“Oprosti mi, starejši brat,” je zamomljal presenečen slonček in se previdno umaknil s pota.

Mravljinec ni odgovoril. Mladi slon je počakal, da je bila mati slonica spet dobre volje, in je nato vljudno vprašal:

“Povej mi, o mati, zakaj je tako hud?”

In mati mu je pojasnila:

“Ako povečaš težo, s katero je obložen, tolikokrat, kolikokrat si ti večji, težji in bolj neumen od mravljincea, ter si jo naložiš, bi te ta teža strla tako izlahka, kakor starem jaz — le poglej! — z nogo tegale škorpijona.”

JESEN V TUJINI

TUDI tukaj nam sadje zlato zori:
hruške in jabolka, grozdje rumeno.
Beda pa družine delavske mori,
jesen odeva jih z mrzlo kopreno.

Ne primanjkuje sadeža zlatega;
saj gnije v kupih, dovolj je vsega.

V procesijah mrke trume srečuješ. —
Če Amerike bi ne poznal bogate,
rekel bi: “Človek, mar se norčuješ?
Vzemi! Zemlja rodila je i zate!” —

Frank Samsa, Canonsburg, Pa.

Prvi slovenski mladinski koncert

Napisal Ivan Jontez

BILO je v nedeljo 9. septembra popoldne. Sedeli smo v avditoriju Slovenskega narodnega doma v Clevelandu ter nestrpno upirali oči v zastor, ugibajoč, kaj nam prikriva. Sicer smo vedeli, da se zbira za zastorom pet sto slovenskih dečkov in deklic, ki imajo vsak čas začeti s prvim mladinskim koncertom v Clevelandu, nismo pa vedeli, ali nas čaka prijetno presenečenje ali neprijetno razočaranje. Nekateri smo bili pripravljene na slednje, kajti neverjetno se nam je zdelo, da bi bilo mogoče v šestih tednih izvežbati pet sto otrok za uspešen pevski nastop.

Luči v dvorani so ugasnile, zastor se je dvignil. Pred našimi očmi se je pokazala nepozabna slika: pet sto dečkov in deklic, starih od štiri do dvanajst let, je stalo na odru v najlepšem redu, z očmi uprtimi v svojega učitelja Antona Šublja, čakajoč njegovega migljaja, da zapoje. Že sam pogled na to veliko in tako izvrstno disciplinirano otroško pevsko skupino nas je očaral ter nas prepričal, da so nam naši otroci s svojim učiteljem pripravili prijetno prese-
nečenje.

Učitelj dvigne roke in da znamenje za začetek. Iz pet sto čistih otroških grl privre ameriška himna, nato naša "Hej Slovenci". Dvorana je onemela od začudenja. Kako so vam ti otroci peli: kakor pet sto kanarčkov! Glasovi čisti in harmonično ubrani. S takšnim veseljem in korajžo so peli ti malčki slovenske pesmi, da smo si vzhičeni rekli: ne bo še konec ameriške Slovenije, dokler bo v naših malih živela taka ljubezen do slovenske pesmi, kakor jo kaže tehle pet sto naših otrok!

Sledile so znane priljubljene domače pesmi "Kje je moj mili dom", "Izidor". "Prav lepo poje črni kos", "Sladko je vince", "Prišla je miška", "Ribicam dobro gre" in še mnogo drugih, katerih

ne morem vseh navesti. In kako imenitno so jih peli ti naši malčki! Kakor eno telo so bili in sleherno kretnjo svojega pevovodje Šublja so ročno ubogali.

Bili smo očarani. Kako je bilo mogoče izvežbati teh pet sto otrok tako izvrstno v kratkih šestih tednih? smo se vpraševali. Odgovor nam je dal učitelj Šubelj: ko smo ga gledali, kako z ljubeznijo vodi svoj zbor in kako njegovi učenci zaupljivo zro vanj, nam je postalo jasno, da jih je pridobil z ljubeznijo zase, nakar mu je bilo lahko vzbuditi v njihovih dušah ljubezen do slovenske pesmi. Zdelo se je, da so vsi zaljubljeni vanj, tako verno so upirali svoje čiste oči vanj ter sledili z glasovi sleherni njegovi kretnji. Toda očitno nam je bilo tudi to, da se Šubelj ni polotil svoje velike naloge zgolj z ljubeznijo, temveč tudi z vso svojo energijo—in Šubelj je energičen človek, ki se ne boji raznih zaprek. Zato je njegov trud rodil obilen sad, zato je bil koncert njegovega mladinskega zbora pravi triumf slovenske pesmi v Ameriki-

Navdušenja, s katerim so navzoči pozdravljali naše mlade pevce, ni mogoče popisati. Aplavz, s katerim so navzoči nagrajali mlade pevce in njihovega učitelja za vsako posamezno točko, je bil tako silen, da je bil naravnost oglušujoč. Mladi pevci in njihov učitelj so ta aplavz tudi v polni meri zaslužili, saj so nam pripravili dve uri takega užitka, kakršnega še nismo bili deležni. Ljudje so tako rekoč noreli od navdušenja in marsikatero oko je bilo mokro od solz ginjenja in ponosa. NAŠI malčki so peli NAŠE domače pesmi! In pet sto jih je bilo! In tako čisto slovenski so peli, da bi bilo njihovo petje v čast vsakemu mladinskemu zboru v stari domovini, dasi so bili rojeni daleč od domovine svojih staršev in pohajajo ameriško šolo! Kaj takega se ne zgodi

vsak dan. Pri nas se je to zgodilo prvič. Ali je torej čudno, da so navzoči naši ljudje prekipevali navdušenja? Prav nič. Čudno bi bilo, če bi bilo manj navdušenja.

Koncert Šubljevega mladinskega zborra je bil popolen uspeh in tisti, ki smo se ga udeležili, ga ne bomo tako kmalu pozabili.

Omembe vreden je tudi zanimiv prizor, ki se nam je nudil po koncertu v spodnji dvorani. Tam se je spravilo skupaj kakih deset dečkov in deklíc in kar brez pevovodje so začeli peti slovenske pesmi in to s takim veseljem, da je človeka genilo. Jaz sem si rekel, da po vsem tem, kar smo videli in slišali v nedeljo dne 9. septembra popoldne, ni mogoče dvomiti, da je v teh malih otroških dušah vzbujena ljubezen do slovenske pesmi, ki bo tudi ostala, če jo bomo

znali negovati. Z ljubeznijo do česarkali je tako kot z rožo: če ji ne prilivaš osvežujoče vode ter je ne neguješ na moč skrbno in ljubeče, tedaj usahne.

Tudi ljubezni do naše pesmi, ki je bila vzbujena v naših malčkih, bo treba pirlivati ter jo skrbno negovati, da ne zvane, usahne. Od nas samih je odvisno, ali bo ljubezen do naše pesmi živela v naših otrokih ali ne: če bomo tudi mi sami budili in negovali v naših otrokih ljubezen do slovenske pesmi in če bomo dajali potrebno moralno oporo vsem tistim, ki našim malim vcepljajo to ljubezen ter jih uče peti slovenske pesmi, tedaj bo ta ljubezen v njih živela, in živela bo delj tudi ameriška Slovenija. Če tega ne bomo storili, bo ljubezen naših otrok do slovenske pesmi polagoma zamrla in ameriška Slovenija bo toliko prej stvar preteklosti.

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

LETO ZA LETOM

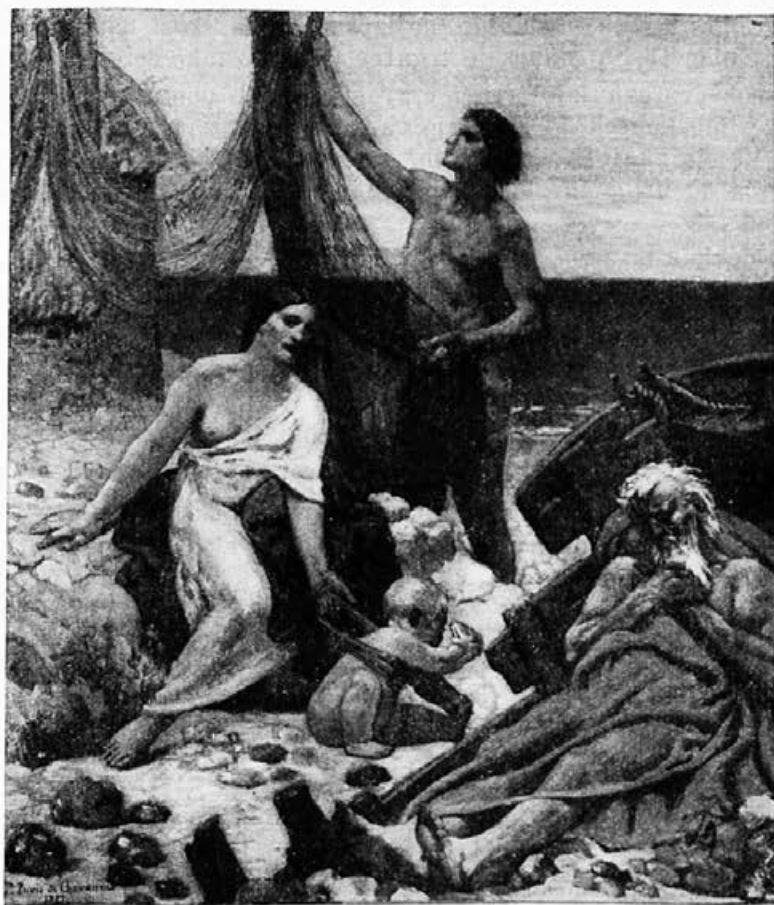
NIČ rada ne gledam,
ko listje rdi —
ko listje odpada —
na tleh rjavi —.

Nič rada ne gledam,
ko ptiči hite —
se zbirajo v jate —
na jug odlete

Noč rada ne gledam
jesenskih megl:
zakrivajo solnce —
ne vidim neba.

Nič rada ne gledam
osamljeni cvet:
prekrasne je barve —
a dan mu je štet.

Pa leto za letom
se isto godi;
a — leto za letom —
se pomlad rodi —!



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES:

RIBIČEVA DRUŽINA

Trgatev

JESENSKO solnce obseva z dobredejnimi žarki vinske gorice. Po vinogradih je vse živo. Žene in otroci trgajo grozdje ter ga mečejo v lepo umite keble. Seveda izgine marsikatera sladka in najlepša jagoda skozi usta, zlasti otrokom. Kdo bi jim zameril! Saj danes je trgatev, ki so jo tako željno pričakovali.

Polne keble izpraznujejo trgači v brente, ki jih nosijo moški v stiskalnice. Vsak brentač ima količek, ki zarezuje vanj z nožem zareze, da ve koliko brent je zanesel. Veselo ukajo v vinogradih, vmes pa streljajo s samokresi, da odmeva od hriba do hriba in da sladkosnedne ptice prestrašene letajo iz vinograda v vinograd.

Žene in dekleta pa pojo, se šalijo in smejejo. To vam je veselja ves božji dan. Pa kaj šele zvečer, ko stiskajo!

Stiskalnica poka,
da grozdje se joka
in sladke solzice
curljajo v kadi.

Mati speče kostanj. Ej, pečeni kostanj pa sladki mošt! Pa bel kruh mora biti za trgatev in gibanca, a v boljših časih tudi svinjska pečenka! —

Kdor še ni bil pri Slovencih v trgatvi, ne more umeti veselja vinogradnikovega.

L. Černej.

Kako sta mlinar in njegov sin gnala osla na semenj

Mlinar in njegov sin ženeta v bližnje mesto osla na prodaj.

Med potjo ju sreča kmetič na konju in jima reče: "Pač nista pametna, da vama osel gre prazen in vaju nobeden ne sede nanj."

Mlinar takoj posadi sina na osla.

Malo potem srečata voznika, ki pravi: "Ti nerodni mladenič! Ali te ni sram, da ti jezdiš, tvoj stari oče pa morajo hoditi peš?" Sin skoči raz osla in oče sedejo nanj.

Komaj sta pa prišla malo dalje po peščenih cestih, kar ju sreča kmetica, ki je nesla poln jerbas sadja na glavi, in reče: "To je neusmiljen oče, ki tako široko sedi na oslu, sin pa mora po pesku brusiti noge."

Na to vzame mlinar še sina k sebi na osla.

"Oj ubogo živinče! gotovo mora poginiti pod toliko težo," zakriči ovčar, ki je ovce pasel ob poti.

Zdaj stopita oba raz osla in sin reče očetu: "Kaj hočeva zdaj z oslom storiti, da ustreževa ljudem?" Mlinar odgovori: "Kaj vprašava druge! Storiva, kakor se nama zdi dobro."

Ivan Vuk:

Kako je nastala želva

Po ustnem izročilu

BILO je nekoč v tistih časih, ko so se še godili čudeži, da je živel neki mož, ki je bil zelo neradodaren in nad vse požrešen. Rad je jedel samo dobre reči, a če ga je kdo poprosil za drobtinico od njegovih dobrot, ni dal. Lagal je, da nima, da sam gladuje.

Nekega dne je ujel lepo divjo kokoš. V tistih časih namreč, ko se godi naša pravljica, so bile kokoši še divje.

Sline so se mu nabirale v ustih, ko jo je tehtal z roko.

"Slast, kakšna slast," se je oblizoval.

Oskubil jo je in spekel. Dišala je tako prijetno, da je ščegetalo v nosu. Ali, da bi bilo kosilo še bogatejše in še boljše, je umesil pogačo. Zakaj pečena kokoš in slastna pogača sta mu bili najokusnejše kosilo.

Ko je tako vse pripravil in že imel vse na mizi, samo da še sede in začne jesti, so se naenkrat odprla vrata. In glejte, na pragu je stal berač. Ves strgan je bil, obraz bleđ in lačen in koščne roke so se mu tresle od lakote.

"Majhen košček, samo grizljajček," je rekel in stegnil tresočo roko.

Mož je nagrbančil čelo, zakril s hrbtom kar je bilo na mizi in z žalostnim obrazom dejal:

"Sam sem brez kosila in lakota me muči. Kaj ti naj dam, ko sam nič nimam."

Za hrbtom pa je urno vrgel pečeno kokoš na pogačo in oboje pokril s skledo, ki je stala na mizi.

"Glej," se je obrnil in pokazal na prevrnjeno skledo, ki je zakrivala kokoš in pogačo. "Glej, skleda je tako prazna, da je celo prevrnjena."

Berač je vzdihnil, pokimal z glavo in se obrnil, da bi šel. Na pragu se je še enkrat obrnil. Pogledal je moža in na prevrnjeno skledo in rekel:

"Res je, ne jaz, ne ti nimava nič za kosilo. Vidim, da si še večji siromak kakor jaz. Ti imaš skledo, ki ni skleda, pod skledo kokoš, ki ni kokoš, pod kokošjo pogačo, ki ni pogača. Jaz niti tega nimam. Zato pa me ne muči želja, da bi jedel pogačo in kokoš, kakor tebe."

Ko je to izrekel, je odšel.

Mož pa se je nasmejal ves zadovoljen in pomislil:

"Hvala bogu, odkrižal sem se ga. Sedaj pa h kosilu."

Prijel je za skledo, da jo obrne.

Ali glej, o groza! Ves prestrašen jo je spustil in gledal. Štiri mehke noge so se pokazale izpod sklede, majhen kratek repek in ozka glava. In vsa skleda se je počasi premikala po mizi in oči v tisti glavi so ga gledale.

"Kaj je to?" je zavpil ves prestrašen.

Žival pa se je ustrašila krika. Stisnila je glavo, repek in noge v skledo in se ni ganila.

Tako so se skleda, kokoš in pogača spremenile v želvo, prej nepoznano žival, ki živi še dandanes.





DAVENPORT GRIFFEN: BREZPOSELNI PREMIŠLJUJEJO

RABINDRANATH TAGORE:

Junak

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

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

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

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

Jaz pa ti rečem: "Mamica, ne boj se."

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

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

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

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

In v tistem hipu počni strašen vzkrík in postave pridrvijo proti nama.

Ti sediš sključena v svoji nosilnici in ponavljaš v molitvi imena bogov.

Nosilci, trepetajoči strahu, se skrivajo v trnjevem grmu.

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

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

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

Še enkrat grozno zarjujejo in oddirjajo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

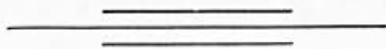
Ti prideš ven in me stisneš na svoje srce, poljubiš in rečeš sama sebi:

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

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

Bilo bi kakor pravljica v knjigi.

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



Starogorski:

Kakor ti meni, tako jaz tebi

Indijska pravljica

V NEKEM mestu tam v daljni Indiji, je živel človek. Rad se je pajdašil z živalmi, ker so bile bolj odkritosrčne in dobre, kakor ljudje tistega mesta. Pomagal jim je zbirati hrano, a živali so mu pomagale pri tem ali onem delu.

Največji prijatelj mu je bil pa slon. Tisti slon je bil tako pameten in dober, da je vsa naročila izvrševal točno in hitro ter vse potrebščine prinašal iz mesta domov. Bil je tako prikupen in vljuden, da so ga celo meščani spoštovali. Nikomur ni storil nič žalega, tu in tam se je celo z njimi poigral. Sitnežev pa se je izogibal.

Ko je šel tako po ulici, so mu ljudje, če so ga srečavali, ponujali to ali ono za prigrizek. Slon je prijazno sprejmal in se z mahanjem uhljev zahvaljeval.

Samo neki mož v mestu, nekakšne vrste postopač, ta mu ni nikdar ničesar dal. Pač ga je pa vsakikrat, ko ga je srečal, dražil.

Tako je spet nekega dne šel slon po opravkih v mesto. Srečal se je s tistim človekom-postopačem.

Postopač ga pokliče in mu ponudi lepo jabolko.

Slon, misleč, da je to zanj, stegne rilec, da bi kakor človek z roko, prijel jabolko. Ali postopač je jabolko naglo odmaknil in z noževo konico, ki ga je držal v roki skritega, zbedel slona v rilec.

Slon je naglo odkorakal in se delal, kakor da ni nič bilo. Ko je prišel do jarka z umazano vodo, je stegnil rilec in ga napolnil z vodo. Nato se je obrnil in spet, kot bi nič ne bilo, prišel nazaj k človeku-postopaču.

Človek-postopač, videč, da se slon vrača, se je jel norčevati: :

“Glejte, glejte tisto bedasto živinče?! . . . Vrača se, da ga še enkrat zbedem.”

In je odprl nož.

Ali slon je v tistem trenutku dvignil rilec ter z debelim curkom spustil s takšno silo umazano vodo po človeku-postopaču, da je bil ves premočen in blaten.

Ko je slon to naredil, se je obrnil in mirno odšel po svojih opravkih.

Človek-postopač pa ga je odslej vedno spoštoval in ga ni več dražil.

Izreki modrih mož

Vrednost človeka ni odvisna samo od njegovega znanja, temveč v največji meri od njegove trdne volje za delo.

Herbert.

Laž ubija s kolom, ali plazi se po žilah kakor strup, počasi in oprezno, ne pazi se, kako deluje.

Ivan Cankar.

Kjer kdo pomaga drugemu na račun tretjega, ni govora o dobrodelnosti.

Mader.

Predno človek pomisli na velikodušnost, na ljubezen, na nesebičnost, na pravičnost, se mora predvsem naučiti, da obvlada samega sebe, mora biti dovolj močan, da kroti svoje lastne sile.

Lev Tolstoj.



POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

CENJENI!

Za to številko Mladinskega Lista ste poslali malo slovenskih dopisov. Morda vas je prevzela šola in šolske naloge, morda pa ste se le malo zapoznili. Upam, da boste spet pridno pisali in napisali kaj zanimivega za novembrsko številko.

V septembrski številki našega mesečnika je bilo kar ŠTIRINAJST mladinskih dopisov v "Kotičku." Pa kako zanimivi so bili—vsi! Tudi odrasli so jih z veseljem čitali. Prav lepo ste se postavili, zakar se vam tudi iskreno zahvaljujem.

Lep in pomemben dopis je v septembrski številki imela naša znanka JOSEPHINE MESTEK iz Clintona, Ind. Dalje MARION JEREB iz N. Irwina, Pa., ALBINA Z. KALISTER iz McIntyreja, Pa., OLGA KALISTER, istotam, JOHN POTOCHNIK iz Arcadije, Kans., ALICE STRAYNER iz Piney Forka, O., VIRGINIA STRAYNER, istotam, VICTOR TOMSIC iz Walsenburga, Colo., ALBERT TOMSIC iz Wasena, Colo., ALBERT VOLK iz Clevelanda, O., MARY VOLK, istotam, FELIX VOGRIN iz Srantona, Pa., OLGA VOGRIN, istotam, in MARGARET DROBNICH iz Eveletha, Minn.

Ali ste jih prešteli? Štirinajst jih je bilo! No, oktobrska številka se ne more ponašati s tako velikim številom dopisov. Precej so se skrčili, pa se bodo spet pomnožili, se morajo, kajti "Kotiček" jih hoče, jih potrebuje!

Brž k mizi, pero v roke in napišite mnogo slovenskih dopisov za prihodnjo številko VAŠEGA Mladinskega Lista!

—UREDNIK

PELI SMO RES KO SLAVČKI!

Dragi urednik!

Oprostite, ker sem že parkrat izostala za dopisom za Mladinski List, ki nam je zelo priljubljen. Za vzrok bom navedla to, da sem bila prezaposlena z raznim delom in vsakdanjimi opravki.

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da tudi jaz sem članica novoustanovljene mladinskega pevskega zboru "Slavčki", ki je imel svoj prvi koncert dne 16. septembra. Treba je bilo mnogo vaj in učenja, predno smo se naučili

več krasnih slovenskih pesmi. Da bi nas Vi le slišali! Peli smo res kot slavčki! Pa to ni nobena samohvala, ampak odmev splošne kritike!

Da nisem prej pisala, je bilo vzrok tudi to, da sem šla z vso našo družino in mr. Joe Udovichem ter njegovim sinom Haroldom na obisk v Pennsylvanijo. Obiskat smo šli mojega strica in teto (mamin brat in sestra) in naše prijatelje, pri katerih smo se dobro imeli in fino zabavali. Zato se moram zahvaliti družinam Bukovec, Bozic, Ya-

koby, Cucka, Brege, Martinčič in Ocvirkovim. Vse tu imenovane družine so nam izkazale naklonjenost in gostoljubje, zakar se jim najiskrenejše zahvaljujemo.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Josephine Cukayne,
7511 Cornelia ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

DOBRE IN STRUPENE GOBE

Cenjeni urednik!

Nimam sicer kaj posebnega poročati, a vendar bom poskušala napisati nekaj za "Kotiček."

Jesen nam je prinesla hladne dneve in dosti dežja. Vrtna zelenjava, kolikor je ni uničila poletna suša, zdaj lepo uspeva, tako da bo še dosti sočivja za mizo še par tednov, če ne pride prezgodna slana in mraz.

Pa še nekaj je, kar letos nenavadno dobro uspeva—namreč gobe. Mama jih je vkuhala že čez 40 kvortov za zimo, in tudi pojedli smo jih že dosti. Nabral pa jih je neki "pečlar," rodod Italijan, ki živi v naši hiši in ki je pravi mojster v nabiranju gob, ker zna natanko razločevati dobre od strupenih.

Kdor ne pozna gob, je boljše, da jih ne gre nabirat, ker se je že marsikdo z njimi zastrupil. Dober pripomoček, da se dožene, če so gobe dobre ali strupene, je, da se vrže nov srebrn novček v posodo, kjer se kuhajo gobe. Če je novček svetel, ko ga vzameš ven, so gobe dobre, če pa novček med kuho potemni, potem vrzi gobe proč, ker so strupene.

Ker nimam nič več poročati, zato dodam še to-le pesem:

Vsakemu svoje

Bog dal Evropecem je Evropo,
dal Azijatom je Azijo,
Afričanom pa tropo
krajino, divjjo Afriko.

Rdečkožnim Indijancem
dal današnjo Ameriko,
"bušmanom" in njih potomcem
podelil je Avstralijo.

Tako je razdelil zemljo
"pravično" med vse narode,
da vsako pleme, črno ali belo,
uspeva naj kot zna in more.

Vsak narod ima očetnjavo
le Indijanci so brez nje,
ker vzeli rojstno jim dednjavo
belopoltni so ljudje.

Pozdravljam čitatelje širom Amerike
in Vas! Na svidenje prihodnjič!

Josephine Mestek,
638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

* *

ŠOLA JE ČAS DELA

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi za oktobersko številko **Mladinskega Lista** sem se namenila nekaj napisati. Pisala bi že prej in več, pa sem še precej zaposelna s tem in onim, vrhu tega pa še menda najbolj s šolskimi nalogami. Pa koliko nam jih naložijo, nalog namreč, tako da jih komaj nesemo! Kar po dve in tri strani računstva, zraven pa še črkovanje (spelling).

Povedati pa Vam moram, da me šolske naloge prav nič ne jezijo; prav nič se jih ne bojim, le če ne bi vzele toliko časa. Poleg tega pa se moram tudi vaditi na glasovir (piano) vsak večer. Tudi to vzame precej časa. Vem pa, da je to potrebno, kajti kar se človek v mladosti nauči, to tudi zna ko doraste.

Tu v Scrantonu je deževalo menda kar dva tedna skupaj. Imeli smo pravo jesensko vreme. Postal je hladno in celo mrzlo. Tako vreme se mi prav nič ne dopade, ker grem rada ven na prosto, da se igram z mojimi prijatelji. Vedno pa tudi ne more sijati sonce; potem ne bi vedeli kaj je lepo vreme.

Naj zadostuje za danes, da ne vzamem preveč prostora v "Kotičku" drugim dopisovalcem. Pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,
2419 N. Maine Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Gustav Strniša:

Na luni

NA luni je kovač. Noč na noč kuje same svetle zvezde, zlato mu pa daje bogataš solnce, ki slednji večer obiskuje sanjavo lunico.

Kovač kuje zvezde in jih spušča v vsemir ter kadi svojo pipico, ki je večja od največje kadi. Včasih puha iz pipe kar ogromne oblake dima, da je vsa luna v megli in gleda na svet krmežljivo kakor stara matora muca.

Kadar je kovač slabe volje, si s svojimi sajastimi rokami zasloni obraz ter skrije skoro vso luno, ljudje pa pravijo, da je prvi ali zadnji krajec. Kadar je še bolj otožen, skrije obraz v svoj črni robec, si briše solze in plaka; luna je tedaj ljudem popolnoma zakrita, zato pravijo, da je mlaj. Kovačeve solze pa prše v vsemir, težki meteorji so, ki se spremene na zemlji v kamne.

Kovač na luni je velikan, kakršnih ni nikjer na svetu.

Ko ljudje zagledajo polno luno in se vesele njenega sija, pač ne vedo, da je kovač tedaj posebno dobre volje, kajti po svojem nakovalu tolče, da se vse trese, in zraven veselo žvižga. Tako noč včasih nenadoma zagrmí za gorami in se močno zabliska. Preplašeni ljudje gledajo v nebo in se čudijo: nobenega oblaka ni videti in vendar je zagrmelo in se zabliskalo. Kovač na luni se pa široko reži na svet, saj je on tak rogovilež, v tihi noči se namreč čuje odmev njegovega velikanskega kladiva in se često zasveti iskra, ki skoči izpod nakovala, ljudje pa premišlujejo, kaj se je zgodilo.

Kadar je pa lunin mrk, je kovač še bolj žalosten. Njegova kovačnica je zaprta, zvezde si tiho mežikajo in se vprašujejo, kaj je z velikanom na luni. Kovač pa žalosten sedi v svoji kovačnici in se čuti zelo zapuščenega in nesrečnega. Tak čas se je nekdanj že vrgel iz lune, misleč, da bo utonil v vsemirju. Mož je pozabil, da sije na nebu prostrana rimska cesta. Padel je baš na to cesto, si raztrgal hlače in zvil nogo. Odšepal je po cesti, upaje, da bo po nji srečno došel na zemljo. Ko je bil blizu svojega smotra, je pa razočaran opazil, da se spet bliža luni. Kmalu je obstal pred svojo kovačnico, globoko vzdihnil in spet pričel kovati zvezde ter jih bo koval in koval — — —

ZDRAVKO OCVIRK:

DA STE JO POZNALI . . .

DA STE moja mamico poznali,
bi gotovo zdaj z menoj jokali,
davno mi je že umrla,
a spomina nanjo leta niso strla.

Če se le domislim njenih lic miline,
dobrih nje oči topline,
mekkih rok in tihe hoje,
pa sem žalosten in mi hudo je.

Če pa spomnim se še na ljubezen njeno,
srce moje je nepotešeno,
po ves dan jo kličem in se jočem
in si jo nazaj imeti hočem.

TURGENJEV:

Vrabec

VRAČAL sem se z lova in stoval po vrtni stezi. Pes je tekel pred menoj.

Nenadoma je zaustavil korake ter se začel plaziti, kakor bi bil začutil divjačino pred seboj.

Pogledal sem po stezi in opazil majhnega vrabca. Še rumen je bil krog kljuna in puh je imel na glavi. Padel je bil iz gnezda (veter je na moč stresal breze ob stezi) in je stal nepremično. Slabotno je otepal s krili, ki so se mu šele začela razvijati.

Moj pes se mu je počasi bližal. Nenadoma je zletel z bližnjega grma star črnogrudi vrabec in padel kot kamen tik pred njegov gobec. Ves nasršen, hud, z obupnim in žalostnim živžavljanjem je dvakrat skočil proti psu, ki je zarežal s svojim zobatim gobcem.

Prihitel je reševat, prihitel je obvarovat svojega mladiča, a po vsem svojem telescu je ves trepetal od strahu, glas mu je bil ves slaboten in tih. Zamrl je, sebe samega je žrtvoval!

Kakšna velika pošast mu je bil videti moj pes! In vendar ni mogel ostati na visoki varni vejici . . . Sila, močnejša od njegove volje, ga je pognala z veje.

Moj pes se je ustavil, odrevenel . . . Jasno mu je bilo, da je tudi on razumel in ocenil to silo.

Hitro sem poklical svojega zmedenega psa—in sem odšel s spoštovanjem.

Da, ne smejte se! Čutil sem spoštovanje do te junaške, nezatne ptičice, do njenega ljubezenskega izliva.

Ljubezen, sem mislil, je močnejša od smrti in smrtnega strahu. Samo z ljubeznijo se vzdržuje in suče življenje.

V JESENI

TIHO čez polje zeleno
pesem težka je zavela,
in tak mirna prej poljana
v strahu vsa je zadrhtela . . .

Stresnile so se cvetice,
cvetje svoje pripognile
in v trepetu pred poginom
grenke solze potočile.

Milo plaka vsa poljana,
in nebo temno razpeto
ji pošilja drobnih kapljic—
svetlih biserov nešteto.

J. G.



JUVENILE



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AUTUMN INTERLUDE

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

THE trush has tucked his flute away;
No more the valley hears
The crystal fall of golden notes,
As twilight nears.

No more the robin's banjo breaks
The hillside's sunny noons,
With songs that are the echoes gay,
Of old, sweet, southern tunes.

The mighty harps of hill pines sound
Their deep-toned chords no more;
Low harmonies alone they play,
Of seas upon the shore.

Ere long the autumn interlude,
Shall end when winds shall rise
And storms shall chant the choruses
Of wild white wintry skies!

OCTOBER'S PARTY

OCTOBER gave a party;
 The leaves by hundreds came—
 The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maples,
 And leaves of every name.
 The Sunshine spread a carpet,
 And everything was grand,
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
 The Oaks in crimson dressed;
 The lovely Misses Maple
 In scarlet looked their best;
 All balanced to their partners,
 And gaily fluttered by;
 The sight was like a rainbow
 New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollow,
 At hide-and-seek they played
 The party closed at sundown,
 And everybody stayed.
 Professor Wind played louder;
 They flew along the ground;
 And then the party ended
 In jolly "hands around."

George Cooper.

Windows Open

Man spends about one-third of his life in bed. This is a demand of nature.

While man works body waste takes place faster than body repair; while he sleeps nature tries to do for the man what it could not do during his waking hours.

How successfully nature repairs body waste while you sleep depends very largely on the conditions under which nature works.

Like man, nature works very inefficiently in the presence of foul air. Bad air always means a bad job.

Inefficient repair implies a steady loss of physical and mental efficiency.

A steady loss of physical efficiency sooner or later reduces man's natural

resistance to his great enemy, disease. A loss in physical and mental powers means a loss in working ability.

How tremendously important it is, therefore, that nature be given every opportunity to do his best work!

If nature cannot do its best work in bad air, the thing to do is to give it pure air to work in.

Pure air in the sleeping room is the thing, and this every man can get.

The open window is your best safeguard against disease and loss of ability.

Make it your duty every night to open the window before retiring.

Pure air is impossible in a closed room.

STANLEY KIMMEL:

Coal-Diggers

OVER the fields of snow, into the black pit,
 Down under the roots of trees,
 Pass the coal-diggers,
 Their lamps splashing the night with fire,
 Splitting the darkness of eternity
 That men may dig their way to death.
 Listen! The heavy picks of the coal-diggers roar beneath the soil!
 Boom! Boom!
 Boom! Boom!

FORTISSIMO!

Once a hundred men were sealed up in a tunnel.
 Once a hundred men were blown apart by an explosion.
 Once a hundred men were drowned in a flood.
 Once a hundred men were crushed under a great rock.
 Boom! Boom!
 Boom! Boom!

FORTISSIMO!

During the white months the coal-diggers never see the light of day
 In a distant city there is a little man drawing figures in a book:
 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
 It is dark when the coal-diggers go to their digging,
 Listen! The heavy picks of the coal-diggers roar beneath the soil!
 Boom! Boom!
 Boom! Boom!

FORTISSIMO!

Once a hundred men came up out of a tunnel.
 Once a hundred men put their heads together.
 Once a hundred men came up out of the flood.
 Once a hundred men lifted a great rock from their bodies.
 Boom! Boom!
 Boom! Boom!

FORTISSIMO!

Listen! The heavy picks of the coal-diggers roar beneath the soil!
 Boom! Boom!
 Boom! Boom!

FORTISSIMO!

Old Customs of The Omahas

THE Omahas who live in north-eastern Nebraska are divided into several clans. Each clan has an animal or bird which it adopts as sacred, and the members of the clans are forbidden to eat or touch certain things and to marry within the circle. For instance, the Eagle clan admires the bird from which it gets its name. The children of the clan are given Indian names that signify swiftness or supremacy. This particular clan is forbidden to partake of beef tongue. If one should even touch this meat, dire consequences would befall the offending party. The members of a clan are all related and so must marry into another clan. The girl is adopted into the clan of her husband.

The old burial ceremonies of the tribe were very solemn and full of meaning. At the time of a death the bereaved ones cut their hair very short. The Indian valued his hair among his most precious treasures so he sacrificed it as a sign of grief. The body was kept four days and four nights. At meal-times during this period a dish was prepared of choice foods. This was then placed as for a guest. The food was served in order to keep the spirit from getting hungry while it yet remained on earth. After the watch, the body was dressed in the finest regalia of the deceased and placed in the grave. All personal belongings were given to close friends, either just before or just after the burial. Food was kept on the grave and a light or fire remained burning four nights. This was done in order that the departing one could have a pleasant journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Marriage was regarded as a sacred and binding ceremony. The girl sometimes made her own choice and sometimes her parents made it for her. In

either case, the mothers were the ones that made the necessary negotiations. Gifts were exchanged between families, and after a certain period corresponding to the engagement of the whites, the couple was considered married.

The medicine men of the tribe became such by inheritance. When a man inherited the medicine bag he was to prepare himself by praying and fasting. If a certain animal or bird appeared before him while he was praying, he would adopt the animal as his helper. This helper was supposed to go about with the medicine man and in case of danger or for some other purpose the man could change himself into the animal. Medicine men exercised a great deal of influence and went about with their bags, healing the sick.

The medicine bag was usually a pouch made of buckskin. It contained an assortment of herbs, roots, and other Indian remedies, such as stones and beans. It was very sacred and could be handled only with great care and ceremony. A story is told of a certain house that contained an ancient pouch. The bag was stored in the attic by the last owner and had never been removed or touched. The house was to be moved, but no one would volunteer to remove the bag so that it wouldn't be harmed by accident. It was then decided that it should be left alone. After much hard work the house still refused to move from its foundation. Since everyone agreed that the bag was the cause of it all, a man of a very good character prepared to remove it. He did this by praying for strength to conquer the spirit of the pouch. Finally, the bag was removed and reverently buried elsewhere. The house was moved without further trouble.

All the children were taught to fear the owl. This bird was supposed to pos-

sess supernatural and evil powers. The Indians thought that if an owl was heard near a dwelling, it was a sign of death.

In the olden times, the boy prepared to become a full-fledged warrior by fasting. In the very northern part of the reservation there is a round bare spot on a knoll overlooking the Missouri River. This spot was called the Holy Fireplace or Holy Spot. It was here that the boy came to fast for four days and four nights. He came without protection and so learned to commune with the wild animals as brothers and helpers.

Every year the Omahas celebrate at a pow-wow which usually occurs in August and lasts a week. The main features of the celebration are the dances and games and visiting.

One of the most important dances in the Omaha tribe is the War Dance. This dance was one that the old warriors took part in upon their return from a successful battle. Any number of dancers may take part. Each is dressed in buckskin or feathers and other Indian finery. The dancers keep time to the rhythmic beat of the drum and the victory songs of the singers. At intervals during the dance the music slows down and the painted warriors bend low over the ground as if looking for footprints of the enemy. Suddenly the tom-tom livens up again, and the dancers spring about seemingly going

after the enemy with all the fervor they can muster. This dance is very picturesque, although at present many of the steps have been adapted to modern times.

Some of the other dances are: Eagle Dance, Blue Mark Dance, Marble Dance and Stomp Dance. The Indians almost worshipped the eagle because of its swiftness, gracefulness, and superiority over other birds. The Eagle Dance is representation of the eagle's flight. The Blue Mark Dance is only for those who have a tattoo on their faces or bodies. This group was formerly a religious society. The Marble Dance is a dance of the medicine men. It is a very striking affair that causes one to marvel at the power of those taking part. The Stomp Dance resembles the game of "Follow the Leader," and is mostly a dance for the younger generation.

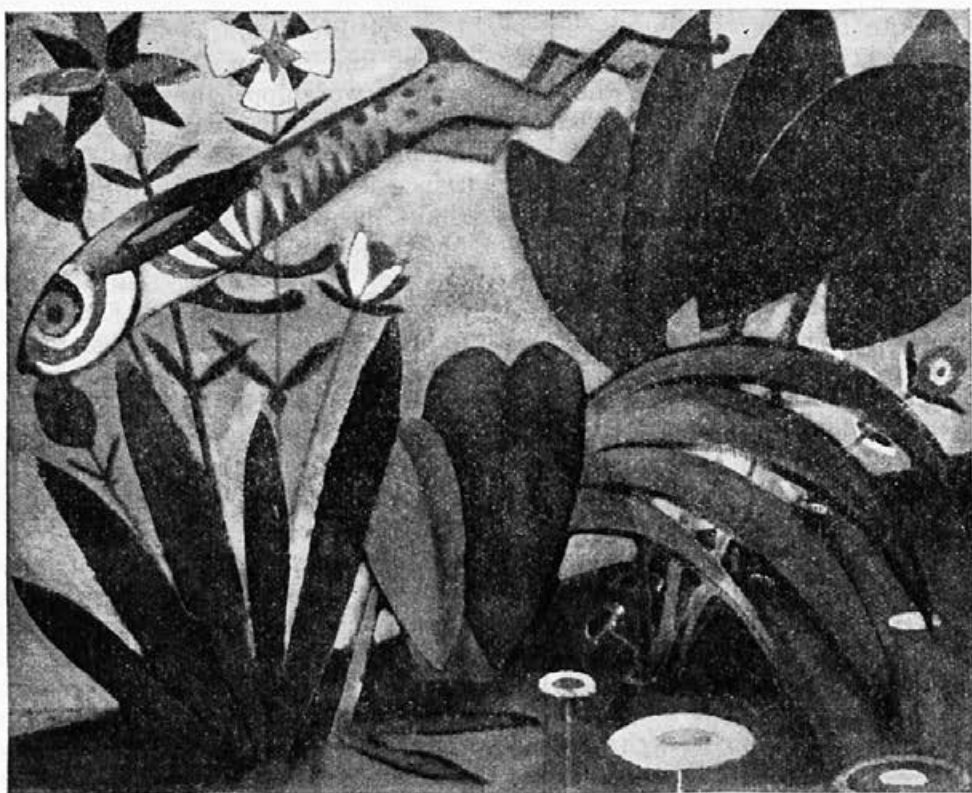
The newer type of Indian games is shown in the hand game. It is a guessing game, played with the use of beans, feathers and the drum. Two groups are chosen and each is given a certain number of feathers. Then the beans are given to one side and the other side guesses until one of the sides wins all the feathers. The hand game is usually accompanied by a feast and dance.

Although the Omahas have kept most of their old customs, a great many are in modernized form.

FRESH AIR SONG

Sing a song of fresh air,
 Fresh air night and day,
 Fresh air while we're working,
 Fresh air while we play.

Open wide the windows,
 Keep them open wide,
 We shall all feel better
 With fresh air inside.



SOUSA CARDOZA:

LEAP OF THE RABBIT

Mary Jugg:

My First Serious Accident

EVERYBODY had an accident now and then, but I seemed to be that neverfailing exception to the rule. I had never had an accident. And how I wished for one! You could be the best speller in the room and get the gold pencil the teacher promised for a prize, but only the teacher made you a shining example; everyone else threw hard looks at you. You could get the highest marks in the class, but you walked home from school alone. But to have an accident! That was the time you were a genuine hero.

Bill Starbank climbed up the fire escapes one day, and before the rest of the kids had time to yell, "Watch Out!" Bill was a heap upon the ground. There was blood trickling over Bill's forehead, and his eyes rolled in a manner quite unnatural.

"Quick! He's dying," shouted Hugh, the man of authority on the playground.

And before anyone had time to undertake the role of administering the last rites over Bill, a crowd had gathered so large that you couldn't get a glimpse of him if you propped yourself up with both hands on the shoulders of the one in front. Now you were not allowed to climb the fire escapes, and if you did it was at your own risk, but anyway the teacher came running out, and the teacher from the next room, and finally, the principal. "If dying is like this," I thought, "then I want to die some time very soon." I wanted to be surrounded in a blaze of glory just like this. And Bill didn't seem to have a hard time of it, either. He wasn't even groaning like they said people usually do when they die.

Very soon after that the doctor came, and they took Bill into the principal's office.

"You want to watch that, boy," he said, opening up his worn, black suitcase. "You could very easily have had concussion of the brain," I heard him say as I peered over a troop of shoulders.

"What'd he say?" went the whispers round and round.

"That he's got some kind of a concussion," explained Molly.

So it was settled. That was a horrible thing to have. Poor Bill! Everyone in the classroom was quiet during the remainder of the afternoon in solemn reverence to the missing Bill, who was taken home in the principal's own car.

The next day we all brought fruit and some of the children gave pennies and nickels. With these the teacher purchased some flowers. Then she selected a "committee" to carry the "presents," and we all went to the home of the sick boy. He sat up in his bed with his head bandaged to twice its former size and taped in the funniest of places. We talked and laughed with him for a long time, and then Mrs. Starbank brought a freshly baked batch of cookies from the kitchen.

I made up my mind. I, too, must have an accident.

It was scarcely a week after that when I was watching my father chop wood. He lifted the axe high above his head and splintered an old tree trunk into a number of pieces.

"I want to chop, too," I said, and to his firm "No" I persisted, "But I want to. I want to."

I hastily procured a small hatchet from the back of the woodshed and proceeded to exhibit my prowess. Chop! But I forgot to withdraw my finger. It was too late. It bled and bled. Maybe

it was all off. But no! it didn't hurt much—not yet. Still—there it was. An accident! My mother wound it with cotton and tape, and I handed her all of the extra roll to let her make up an impressive finger. Then I went to school—proud.

The teacher was giving dictation, but I just sat. She cleared her throat and looked directly at me, but still I sat.

"What seems to be the matter?" she asked rather sarcastically I thought. Couldn't she see I had had an accident? 'Course it wasn't as big as Bill's head, but it was important just the same.

"My finger," I managed, showing it to her.

"Oh, that," she said, turning over a couple of pages in her book. "It's nothing serious. You can make up your work when you can write."

So that was it! It must be **serious**. And Bill didn't have to make up any work, either.

Now, events in real life never happen like things in story books. But for once it seemed that luck was with me. I was heading straight for an accident of just the type necessary to gain the attention and sympathy of the teacher and my classmates.

I was swinging around on the huge giant strides in a manner my mother had warned me not to. All of a sudden Marion came swinging above me—but not far enough above. She gave me a terrible bounce and the next thing I could remember was being dragged on the ground. Then I couldn't get up. It seemed to be my leg or knee or something. Then the long-awaited happened. Marion called aloud, and the kids from all parts of the playground came running.

"She's hurt!" they exclaimed, crowding in close to me.

"It's not my fault," Marion was defending herself.

"How did it happen?" It was already the voice of my teacher. I could tell from the expression on her face that she regarded it serious.

"All right, children. Go into your room," she said. She always said that when something important happened. Then she tried to lift me and help me walk, but I was lead in her hands.

"Mr. Moore will take you home," she said. "Take good care of your knee for a couple of days. Be careful of infection."

I would have welcomed infection. Maybe that would mean a few more days from school. So the road to heroism had opened. Now to remain in bed and await the delegation bringing fruit and flowers.

That night Claire dropped in on the way home from school. She was my first visitor.

"Gee, it's too bad you got hurt right today," she said.

"Aw, it doesn't hurt much," I answered as calmly as I could.

"Yes, but think of the fun you're missing. Two days' holiday. The teachers are all going away to some kind of meeting. And tomorrow night our class is having a wiener roast out on Harriet's farm."

Two days' holiday! And after that was Saturday and Sunday. And the wiener roast! My leg didn't hurt much. I **could** go on a wiener roast.

"You'll stay right where you are with that skinned knee of yours," said my mother, evidently still thinking of the dress I had ruined.

I could stand it no longer. On Monday I was back in school.

"How's the knee?" asked the teacher, off-hand-like.

"Oh, it was nothing serious," I responded, fixing my gaze in the opposite direction.

"Laid Off Until Monday"

RECENTLY I read of a little boy who had heard much "depression" talk. He came home from kindergarten on Friday and announced: "I have been laid off until Monday."

That same day I met Mrs. Delk, who complained, "Oh, dear, what shall I do with Jimmie? He makes a nervous wreck of me on Saturday and Sunday when he is not in kindergarten. I can't understand it; his teacher tells me that he is a most reliable child; that if she asks him to do a thing, she can depend upon his doing it; that he is always courteous and cheerful."

"Isn't he like that at home?" I questioned.

"No, he is not! He is always tagging after me, begging to do one thing after another. He torments me with silly questions. Finally, I get so irritated, I make him sit on a chair. He stays, but stages a tantrum. 'I won't stay here,' he screams.

I recalled the boy who said he had been "laid off until Monday" and I told Mrs. Delk about him, and suggested: "Jimmie is restless and resentful because you have laid him off until Monday."

"Please tell me what to do", she said, earnestly.

"Have you ever thought that a child grows bored when there is nothing definite to do all day? Why don't you give Jimmie a chance to help you? Give him an opportunity to get acquainted with you and the interesting home world about him. Why don't you stop laying him off until Monday?"

Mrs. Delk decided to test out a few simple questions:

1. Not to let Jimmie oversleep on Saturday, because that would bring his

breakfast later than on the first five days of the week.

2. To let him help set the table, carry out the dishes and put the newspapers and magazines in order upon the table.

3. To schedule his playtime.

A chart was posted and checked each week-end. This checking took on the spirit of game. Mrs. Delk was very careful to pass lightly over the failures and commended the successes warmly.

It was not a magic formula but Mrs. Delk feels that the suggestions were of real value to her.

The same ideas can be used or adapted to fit any individual case and bear character-building results. Parents should realize that a child is happier and becomes more self-respecting if he discovers that he is depended upon to do certain things regularly and well. After all, is it not an important matter that each child be permitted to do something each day that develops self-reliance?

Prepare your child's schedule with special care for your busy hours, because these are the hours when parents are apt to grow impatient. Children need to be definitely employed when at home. If they are living on a character-building program in kindergarten five days a week, please don't "lay them off until Monday." If you do, don't be surprised that they grow restless and depressed just as unemployed adults so often do.

"I have always felt that a school system is not complete without kindergarten opportunities for every child. It gives the beginner a fairer chance to do real work in the elementary schools. It is the only right way to start education."—George Willard Frasier, Colorado State Teachers college, Greeley.

The Sanedae

(A Kiowa Tale)

By Evelyn Saukeah

INDIAN Sanedae was known for his cleverness in fooling people, but there also was a White Sanedae who was known for the same thing. White Sanedae had heard about Indian Sanedae's cleverness in fooling people, and how he bragged about doing it. He didn't like this because he didn't want to think that Indian Sanedae was more clever than he. So he decided to look for Indian Sanedae to prove to him that he wasn't as clever as he thought he was. He put on his best suit of clothes, rode his best pony, and set out to look for Indian Sanedae. He was determined to prove to Indian Sanedae and the people that he was more clever. It so happened as he was riding along, he met Indian Sanedae walking along a path.

"Ahoa," he said. "You are the very person I am looking for."

"And why?" asked Indian Sanedae.

"I hear that you are very clever at fooling people, and how you brag about doing it. No one has ever fooled me. So you will have to fool me before I'll believe you. And you must remember that I am also very clever at that too," replied white Sanedae.

"Well, I would try it," Indian Sanedae said. "But I left my Medicine four hills away from here. If you will loan me your horse, I can go after it. It

isn't but four hills away, and it won't take me very long."

"All right," said white Sanedae. "I'll loan you my horse if you will come right back."

"Oh! yes, I'll be right back," replied Indian Sanedae.

White Sanedae got off his horse and Indian Sanedae got on. He kicked the horse in the flanks, and the horse reared up and down.

Indian Sanedae said, jumping off, "He must be afraid of me. You'd better let me put your hat and suit on so he'll think it's you."

White Sanedae took his hat and suit off and gave them to Indian Sanedae, who put them on, and got on the horse again. He started out and got only a little ways when the horse began to jump. He jumped off and said, "You'd better let me put your spurs and boots on, too, because I can't make him go without any spurs."

White Sanedae took his boots and spurs off and gave them to Indian Sanedae. He put them on, jumped on the horse, and started off at a gallop. He went some distance, stopped, turned around, and called: "Ahoa! who said he has never been fooled? Ha! ha! ha! I don't need any medicine to fool you. I have your pony, I have your clothes. Now do you believe me?"

The teacher looked at John sternly, and said, "I was very disappointed in your examination. Didn't you tell me your father promised you a bicycle if you came out at the head of your class?"

"Yes," said John, miserably.

"Then, why didn't you work harder?"

"I've been too busy."

"Busy? What have you been doing all this time?"

"Learning to ride a bicycle."

Quaint Customs in New Orleans

By Vera Salvant

WE are all a part of the same American family. Our manners and customs are much alike, but the home life of each state still differs in some respects from that of every other.

New Orleans, the principal city of Louisiana, is known throughout the Union for her many queer customs and superstitions. Perhaps you have heard the words, "charivari," "lagniappe," "quarti." Would you like to know how the New Orleanians, especially the Creoles*), interpret these words?

When a widow or widower married a second time, he or she was given a mock serenade produced by the beating of tins, drums, shovels, blowing of horns, shouting, hissing and every possible noise. This serenade is called a "charivari," (commonly pronounced, "Shiv-a-ree.") Men, women and children were brought together before the home of the newlyweds by the merry yell of "Fire!" by a gentleman who ran through the streets. The serenade continued until the bride and groom made their appearance and at the same time invited the people to a glass of wine, after which they went quietly home.

One occasion which won wide publicity was the second marriage of the wife of Don Alomnaster y Roxas. This beautiful young woman's second husband was considered unworthy of her. The newlyweds refused to be seen and tried to escape the noisy mob that followed them for three days and nights. To cease the noise, the charivari was given three thousand dollars of which every cent was given to the orphans.

The couple made their escape from the city.

The word "lagniappe" is often misspelled and mispronounced. It is "lan yop." It is taken from the Spanish "la nappa" meaning a sweetening. In Louisiana it means a small addition to a purchase to make one pleased with his bargain.

A few years ago every grocer kept a box of candy or cakes to be given away as "lagniappe." Every customer considered it his or her right to receive and even demand it. This practice no longer lives because the grocers consider it too great a tax. Occasionally one may meet a fruit dealer or grocer who may add one more of something as lagniappe in place of the original candy or cake.

"Give me a quarti's worth of rice,"—or maybe something else. Creole housekeepers who had small families bought a "quarti's worth" of vegetables when they were cheap, because five cents bought too much. "Quarti" means a half of five cents. Very few grocers now sell a "quarti's worth," but dealers in negro districts find it profitable.

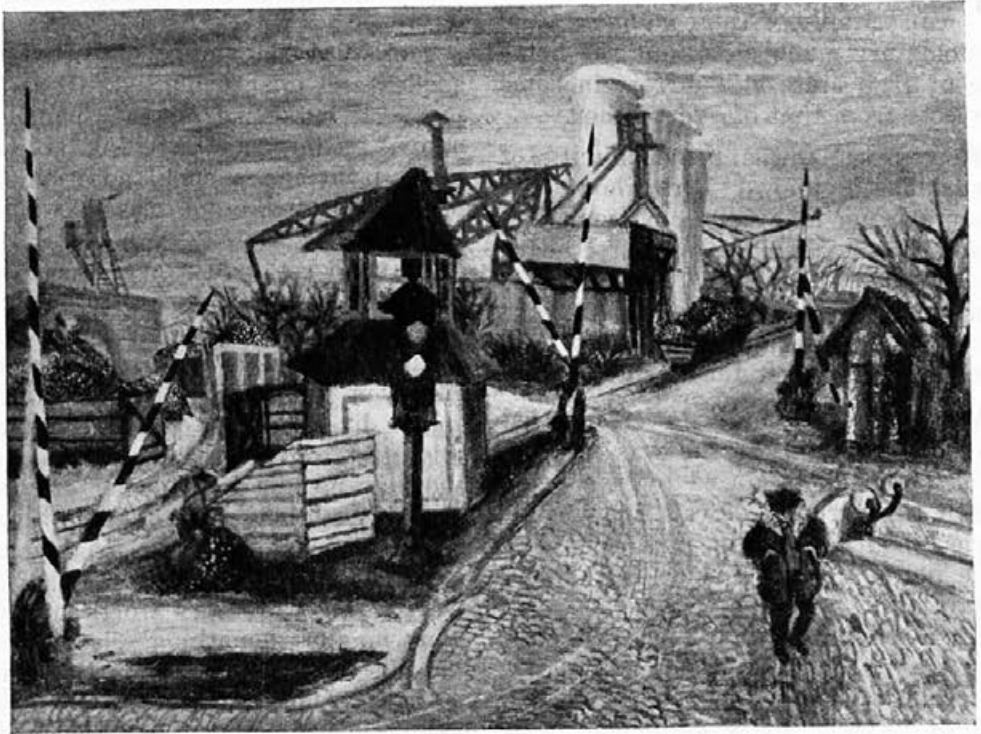
At one time more buying was done in New Orleans on Sunday than any other day, as Sunday was the only holiday during a week, and it was the only day that could be spent choosing vegetables carefully.

On this day the people jostled against each other good-naturedly as they stopped to look at the tempting wares the merchants had laid out. A law has been passed which requires all grocery stores to close on Sunday, but the markets are still filled with the jolly crowds who carefully choose their wares. Very poor, indeed, is the white or negro who passes the market without okra or file for gumbo.

*) Creole. A person descended from the French or Spanish settlers of Louisiana and the Gulf States, and preserving their characteristic speech and culture.

Quaint Customs in New Orleans

By Mrs. F. M. ...



AARON BOHRD

COAL-YARDS



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

JOYFUL MEMBERS
of the S. N. P. J.

"THERE AIN'T NO SPOOKS"

DEAR READERS AND WRITERS:—

It is Halloween time now! The goblins and spooks and witches have their day again; they are in their element at this time of the year. But who, dear children, really and truly believes in these imaginary superstitious characters nowadays? Hardly anyone. Why should they?

You know very well that there are no witches, no spooks and no goblins—except in people's own imagination. That's all. Oh yes, there are some real, ferocious and very much alive spooks, goblins and witches, too! We find them impersonated in bad people—in those individuals whose chief aim in their life is profit for which, to gain power, they exploit mercilessly their fellow men, so much so that today hundreds of thousands of workers and their families suffer want and privation, cold and lack of clothes in the midst of abundance. Those who control the means are the real big, bad wolves and spooks—"there ain't no others!"

Most children take the Halloween time for fun, and fun only. They are right!

—THE EDITOR.

"STRIKES AREN'T A GRAND HOLIDAY"

Dear Editor:—

From reading Antonia Skoda's letter, I surmised that either her father is not a common laborer or she has not associated with the labor class. After reading the M. L. for years it seems to me that the Slovene people as a whole are wise to the capitalistic ways. However, when I read Antonia Skoda's recent letter, I was surprised to see that she favors labor enemies.

Everyone knows, or should know, that strikes are not a grand holiday for those concerned. Without strikes, where would the worker be today? No doubt he would have to practically live under the lash of the rich.

Why is he striking now? Because all prices on commodities are being raised and, in order

to meet his bills, the worker must receive more pay. How else is he going to get it? Surely, the employer who, in most cases, has money to roll in, won't hand him a raise in wages. Prosperity will never return unless the worker has money with which to buy different things. He is the only one who will start passing it around, and, when there is a lot of money in circulation, then and only then will times begin to become better.

In the community in which I live the only difference that I have noticed about the NRA is that business houses have Blue Eagle signs in the windows and a raise in prices of goods to help pay for extra employes. This would all be fine if the extra employes would come in some place. The NRA has brought about these different relief works from which the

needy get very little. These works also serve as a sort of a soothing medicine to the unemployed. By this I mean that if he did not receive any relief, he would soon realize that the administration is no good and would vote accordingly. By this method the government keeps the ignorant people on its side.

I am sorry if, in writing this letter, I have hurt Miss Skoda's feeling in any way. If she can make me see different I won't be so stubborn as not to admit that I am wrong. Perhaps, if I was in her "shoes," I might look at the whole business in a different light.

Here, in Roundup, we have had two big celebrations. One was on June 17, and 18, on which occasion three neighboring lodges celebrated the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ. On the evening of June 17 there was a big dance and the following day a large picnic. Bro. Cankar visited our town. A dance was held on August 11. Unfortunately I was absent from this occasion, being on a fishing trip with four other boys.

Best wishes to Members and Editor.

Tommy Jancic, box 712, Roundup, Mont.

* * *

THE WEST ISN'T WILD

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Time and tide wait for no man. How true! At first I decided to write to the M. L. "some other day." I caught myself before the idea had settled in my mind. I had the time now and decided to use it by writing this letter. Time nor tide did not have to wait for me.

I was standing by our local railway station as the train came in one day. A man and a young boy got off. The boy, after a disappointed look at the town, said: "Oh, heck! There ain't no cowpunchers or Indians in this town!"

I guess there are hundreds of young people like that who think that the west is some wild, thrilling domain inhabited by roving bad men and hostile Indians. I can still remember a letter I got from an eastern friend a few years ago. "Are there many wild Indians in your town?" he asked.

The west might have an absence of wild Indians and six-gun cowboys, but it's a wonderful country. I'm sure I wouldn't trade it for the prairies of Kansas or the skyscrapers of New York and Chicago.

I think that Josephine Stonich's letter was very good. Especially the part about her pet chicken.

Dorothy Fink's suggestion about running the schools on a "No Evening Assignment" was swell. Probably someone could start a campaign against home work. I'm sure it would have many results. For instance, I

could write longer letters to this excellent little magazine. But as it is, my lessons are waiting.

With best regards to all,

Clifford Cernick,
704 East First st., Cle Elum, Wash.

* * *

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I don't have much time to write, but I guess I'll get enough time to scribble a few lines for the M. L.

I like school very much, although I do have to study a lot, but I don't mind it. I have eight teachers; I like them all.

The work here is not so good. There were 250 men fired, and my father and other members of the SNPJ were among them. They only fired the night shift and they do not know when they will start again. As I said before, I haven't much time; I'll have to quit.

Best regards. Katharine Zavrnsnik,
Box 331, Piney Fork, Ohio.

* * *

"NO EVENING ASSIGNMENTS"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Santa? Yes, he'll soon be here. But before him come the witches, goblins and black cats. Good ole' Halloween! We certainly have an enjoyable time then. Speaking of enjoyment, we sure had it on Sept. 29 at the Slovene Hall in Yukon. A dance was held by the "Four Slovene Boys," featuring Albert Mousse, the Slovene accordionist. Most of the Slovenes attended the dance.

What's wrong with the other states? Penna is almost always in the lead in the M. L. In the September issue, Ohio had the same amount of letters in the Chatter Corner as Penna. That's showing up!

School is on and children are busy with school work. But those who have the good old SNPJ spirit will take time from their studies and write to the M. L.

Quoting Dorothy M. Fink, "Many students think the school should be run under the N. E. A. (No evening assignments)." I do not agree with them. In my first years of school I did not like home work, but later on I got the meaning of school and did not mind the work. I enjoyed doing the school work as much as I would enjoy play.

I noticed that Henry Gorjanc is starting to go to Slovene school this year. I think he is very fortunate. I would very much like to go to a Slovene school.

I will now close with best regards to all.

Frances Preseren, box 42, Yukon, Pa.

"LITTLE PASTIRICA"

Dear Editor:—

When I received the M. L. last month I immediately opened it.

I was scared to death, because I thought some one took my picture. "Mala Pastirica" looks just like me when I go out with my goats. On a second look I saw that my "gang" wasn't there—cats and goats. I have to put my worst clothes on then—and that makes me sad. My mother won't give me good clothes because I'd spoil them in the woods. When the hucksters see me they give me all kinds of fruit. Sometimes they give me too much and I have to tie the belt on my dress tight, and put the fruit in there. When my mother sees me, she calls me "Wimpy."

I would write more often, but I don't have much time.

Best regards to the readers.

Bertha Jurjevic,

48 Arendell ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

A LETTER FROM HUDSON, WYO.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am sorry I didn't write sooner, but was very busy. Another thing was, because I was on my vacation nearly all summer. I had my vacation in Rock Springs.

It is very nice weather here now. I didn't see anyone writing from Hudson, so I decided to write.

I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Donald Drummond. He is a very good teacher.

I wish **William Lukancich** would write.

My two brothers are one grade ahead and one grade behind. The one that is behind is named Rudy; the one ahead is Joseph. My brother Joseph was sick with tonsillitis not long ago. Next week he is going to get his tonsils taken out.

It snowed here late in September.

Rudy's mother kitten had 4 young ones a month ago. My mother drowned 2 of them.

People are sure getting sick around here. Our teacher had "yellow jaundice," but is over it now.

I think that is all for this time.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Perchin,

box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* * *

"JUST LIKE SWITZERLAND"

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I saw many letters, but none from here. I, too, enjoy reading **Dorothy M. Fink's** letters.

I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Johnson. I like

him for a teacher. At school we play indoor "Kitten Ball" and baseball.

I belong to the Lodge No. 198. My mother, two brothers and I belong to the SNPJ.

My two sisters and I went to the world's fair this year. I had a very nice time. The first thing we saw was the oasis. In there was a large fountain. I bought a little flower there. They were giving a show and we went in, but we didn't see anything except a girl on glass. We went to see the Swiss village. It was arranged just like Switzerland. They had goats there. Then they gave a program.

We saw many of the other villages. I went into the Travel and Transportation building and saw all the modern trains, cars and airplanes. We saw the first thing to ride in to the last car. We went to the Ford building. And we saw the fireworks at night. Boy! were they pretty!

I wish the others from here would write.

Fraternally,

Avis B. Kokaly, box 38, Willard, Wis.

* * *

FROM HELPER, UTAH

Dear Editor:—

The members may be a bit surprised at seeing a letter from Helper, Utah, for very seldom do I see a letter from here. This is my first and I hope to write again.

I am 14 years old and a "Freshie" in high school. I've had a good vacation and am glad to start school again. School began Sept. 3.

Since there isn't much to do, I would like some of the members to write to me, so I'll have a few, if any, letters to answer.

There are six in our family and we are all members of the SNPJ.

Here's hoping my letter is published.

Kate Rebol, box 246, Helper, Utah.

* * *

OUR TRIP TO CLEVELAND

Dear Editor:—

I didn't write in last month's issue, so I decided to write now.

On July 21, 1934, we went to Cleveland, Ohio. We started about four o'clock Saturday morning. In the meantime, we stopped at Salem, Ohio, and then we went to Cleveland. We had five flat tires. We were at our cousin's place, and at Mr. Vatavec's. We arrived about five in the evening. My uncle took us to a party that night. We had a swell time. The men and women were singing. (I love songs.) And they were dancing. The people that lived there, treated us very nicely.

Sunday we went to see Euclid Beach, and saw Lake Erie. The people were fishing and swimming. It was beautiful. I liked to watch the waves on the shore and the motorboats.

We went all around the park to see different things. We were in Newburgh in the Slovenian Delavski Dom. I wished I lived closer to my cousins, so I could see them oftener. I liked them very much. They treated me very nicely.

Sunday night we went home. Mr. and Mrs. Klun went with us to Bedford, Ohio. We thank them and Vatavec's very much for their hospitality.

Going home, we stopped in Salem again. We were at Celin's and Vidmar's.

Labor day, I went to a parade, and all the children under sixteen got a treat and a ticket to go to the movies. I enjoyed it very much.

The SNPJ had a dance on Sept. 1. My girl-friends from Hutchinson, Pa., were there also. They had a big crowd. We all had a fine time.

Our school started Sept. 4, 1934. I'm in the eighth grade and busy. I suppose the rest will be, too.

Best regards to all. **Rose Klun,**
box 45, Lowber, Pa.

* * *

LAZY FOR LETTER-WRITING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am writing this letter in school. I am lazy when it comes to letter writing. This is my "first," as far as I know, this year. My cousin Mary and her sister have more time than I, and yet they didn't write for a long time.

Our cow had a calf. Then a dealer came and took the cow with the calf. The cow's name was "Molly." My pony is still alive. We have about 90 chickens, and other domestic animals too.

Best regards to all.

Anna Prelec, RFD 2, Painesville, Ohio.

* * *

THE JSF CONVENTION

Dear Editor and Readers:—

There were many interesting letters in the last issue of the M. L. There were quite a few letters from Ohio. Keep it up!

The tenth regular convention of the Yugoslav Socialist Federation was held in Cleveland in the Slovene Workman's Home on September 1-2-3. On the second evening of the convention several singing societies gave a program. Frank Zaitz and Donald J. Lotrich were two of the speakers. Frank Zaitz spoke in Slovene and Donald J. Lotrich spoke in English. After the program Frank Barbic and his orchestra furnished the music while the people danced. We came home tired and sleepy, but after all we had a splendid time.

My father and I went to Delmont, Pa., in August and enjoyed ourselves very much.

I have nice story and would like to have

it appear in the M. L. It is entitled, "The Unexpected Winners."

The Unexpected Winners

One brilliant morning the sun shone with all its might as if to say, "Come, Ned, come, Ted, you may have your kite contest today."

The burning ball of fire shone through the Smith's window to take a glance at Ned and Ted. With a sudden jump Ned scrambled out of bed reminding himself that it was the day of the kite contest. Ned gave Ted a poke to wake him up and reminded him it was the day of the contest. In a moment they were dressed and before you could say Jack Robinson they were on their way to the field.

The leader thought it was a wonderful day to fly kites, for the wind blew just enough to make the kites go as high as possible. The hour of the race was at hand and all the boys were ready for the race. "One, two, three, go!" shouted the leader, and up went the kites. Above all the kites went the two brothers' kites. Many people thought it would soon reach the spacious skies. But almost that very instant Ned's kite began to lower. The wind had blown so hard that a little rip was seen. The two brothers ran instantly to the corn field where the kite had landed.

When they reached the spot Ted's eye noticed a huge hole in the kite. It was a lucky thing that Ted had brought some sticky paper in case anything would happen to the kite. Rip, rip, patch, patch, went the paper.

"Hurry, Ned, and patch the kite, because I'm almost sure we'll win," said Ted. "We can't win, there is only one more minute and the kites will go down," said Ned.

Half a minute was left, but the kite was patched. Up, up went their kite. It was highest of all. When the kites came down, Ned and Ted were surprised when the leader handed them each a new pair of roller skates.

Best regards to the Editors and Readers.

Audrey Maslo,

14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

"A LAZYBONE IS TERRIBLE"

Dear Editor:—

A lazybone like me is terrible! Didn't even write to the September M. L. We got our August M. L. real late—Sept. 4. I don't know why we get it so late.

Now, bells have started ringing and "sit in school day by day, following the schedule which is given to us, and listening to the teacher's advice." It is a pleasure to go to school and sit all day and not stand.

This year, since I'm in the 7th grade, I have 4 teachers: Miss Wiles, Miss Stout, Miss Di Paolo and Miss McDugual. I like them very much.

Fall is here and the leaves and flowers will soon go to sleep. And the birds went south already. I don't blame them. We had a big frost. My birthday was Sept. 2. I was 13 years old; I didn't have any cake or jello or anything.

I'd like to know where Elsie Jerina and Josephine Zbasnik and many others are, to whom I wrote.

Well, I hope the wastepaper basket keeps its mouth closed until every letter and word is printed.

I wish some boy or girl would write to me. I'll answer their letters as soon as possible.

Julia Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

* * *

A LETTER FROM IDAHO

Dear Editor:—

I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Wagner. Our school started Sept. 10. This is my first letter to the M. L. I have a brother and a sister. They are going to write to the M. L. also. I hope this letter will be published.

Christine Bencich, box 215, Wardner, Idaho.

* * *

LISTEN TO THIS!

Editor and Readers:—

Having written a good deal about our town and its industries, or the lack of them, I have to await developments to get any material that is not second-hand. Having also written of the ending of the coal business, I'll have to change that to, "Starting the coal business again." It is not anything to compare to the former mines, as the mine now opened is commonly called a "country pit." And if a hundred tons is mined per day, it will be considered as full or peak production.

This mine is situated in a sharp-sloped hillside. In order to get to the mouth of it, a steep climb, from the bottom of the hill, up about six hundred feet, a little less than half way from the top, is required. Upon reaching the mouth, it is possible to walk right into the hillside, a down-hill-grade in. In order to get the coal off the hillside, a long trough-like "shoot," on fifteen feet and lower poles, has been built to slide the coal down into a bin, from which it is loaded into trucks. Anyhow, it will provide work for some folks, near to their homes. And some dust (work) for the housewives.

Having written also of the work, and where they work, of the male citizens here, I guess I'll have to do likewise for the ladies.

A lot of them are employed in housework, the job being anywhere from one to ten miles from home. The places are called Carrick, Brentwood, Mt. Lebanon, Dormont, South

Side, East End, and Squirrel Hill, residential districts.

Others are stenographers, 5 & 10c clerks, waitresses, and seamstresses, employed mostly in the down-town district of Pittsburgh. There seems to be a considerable amount of hiking attached to most of the jobs, as the street car and bus lines are contrary enough to leave about, from one to three mile detour around this place. Altho the women have it "all over" the men, as regards the choice of "exclusive working" districts. Well, the breadwinners keep to the grind, grin and bear it. That is, until they take up a "lifetime" job (under contract).

The rest of this letter is dedicated to, for, and by anyone to "swallow a whopping." (Permit from copyright owners.)

The first is: Hoping for some luck "on our side" in November.

Politi-colored folks

Rastus: "Well, Sambo, we gwine 'lect congress di'reckly."—Sambo: "What's d'at, 'lic' congress?"—Rastus: "Yessuh, d'ass whut i'done said."—Sambo: "Lissen yeah bo, we ain't gwine doo nuthin' o de kind, becawse George Congress is mi friend!"—Rastus: "Whut y'all tockin'bout? I didn't even mention anythang 'bout yore frien."—Sambo: "Sho—U—did! I heared dis'stinkly d'at we gwine lick congress."—Rastus: "E'yeah, but dats not de congress i'se spoke 'bout. I spoke 'bout de congress of de U-nited States. It is th' law-makin' part of de gov'ment to be 'lectid by the people in No-vemba, Sambo, m-m-m bo-oy."—Rastus: "U is is a hedge-kated genman, da whut U is."—Rastus: "G'wan, shut yo mouf. Do y'all know th'at yo wife's bruthur's little ten yeah old 'snowball' could tel y' all 'bout dem thangs?"

Sambo: "U don't say. Y' know, Rastus, dat makes me feel Soo sad."

Rastus: "Don't take it so hawd, Sambo, I feel bad 'bout it mi'self. But y'all know all 'bout the voteing bizzniss, don't you?"

Sambo: "Sho, sho. It jest like a circus, a lot of peepul come. And all any-body need t'do, is to cross two strate lines in a block."

Rastus: "Yeah, but don't think 'bout any circus animals while u is votein, because U is liable to vote for one o dem African jungle elle-fence."

Rastus: "S-shush yo' mouf! I ain't gwine do nuthin' o' de kind. I'se even gone keep 'way frum the American Jack-asses."

Hard Grammaresque Defined

Teacher: "John, make a sentence out of the words, "bituminous, and anthersite."—John: "My dad told me to be 'in' by two minutes to nine or it'd be pretty anthersite for me."

Miner After Supper Shop-skwock

Miner: "You hissket me 'how much coalyn' I bean loadet too-day, ne? Hawh, haw, I bean loadet six why-gn dort, al-lee-ne coalyn. Pit bawss koom ona moy rume rud-da-way ona monink. He say, 'boddy, cleen-um-up, setsin posta harrypup kvick, stat shhpet-tar bean hear too-day.' I say, dut-sar-rite gone nudder rume, I feeks lonk tine befour cumman, no bean hic-cited."

Listener: "Did he go?"—**Miner:** "Shoorrr."—**Listener:** "And so y' didn't earn anything t'day?"—**Miner:** "Nooo Srrr'ra, nott wun pen-knee!"—**Listener:** "How're y' gonna 'set-em-up' t'night, y' know this pay-day, and your birthday to boot."—**Miner:** "Ja, I garr-ret pad-da fife tcents. Wal, I bean setsum-up fr coom-pa-knee this year."

The Same Miner

Listener: "So the Loos Faye-gan union is no good. What happens to be wrong with it?"—**Miner:** "What is 'rong, hm, everyteen. E joost tock in collectet doos, daughtsall."—**Listener:** "What kind of union do you want?"—**Miner:** "You never sell unia."

Same Old Argymint

Hick: "Hello Nick, how y' doin?"—**Nick:** "Aw, full (awful) of this depresh."—**Hick:**

"I thought y' had a job. But if y' don't, why don't y' look around?"—**Nick:** "Listen, in no cents (innocence) can you buy a job."—**Hick:** "Well, have it your way then. What do you think of things in general, and how do they affect you?"—**Nick:** "Well, just if I (justify) not rich on (nutrition) vegetable soup program, 'den' E might (dynamite) make everybody rich wit something helse."

Heh-heh

Nit: "How do you pronounce SNPJ?"—**Wit:** "You don't pronounce it, you say it."—**Nit:** "Well, how do you say it?"—**Wit:** "SNPJ."—**Nit:** "Aw, gwan I know that myself. What I want to know is, what does it mean?"—**Wit:** "Simply Needful Peasants Jubilation."—**Nit:** "Aw, bologny, it don't mean that."—**Wit:** "Well, then it is, Spuds, Noodles, Porkchops (and a) Jug."—**Nit:** "Listen, mug, do you expect me to believe all that grub—just guess again."—**Wit:** "If y' don't believe me now, I quit. It is, 'Some Necessary Protection (for) Juveniles'."

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Try These Riddles

What is it that has a bushy tail and no mane?—**A squirrel.**

What is it that can play but can't talk?—**A piano.**

What does your mummie look for and hope she will not find?—**A hole in your stocking.**

Why is a horse a curious feeder?—**Because he eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.**

Why is K one of the most fortunate letters in the alphabet?—**Because it is always in "luck."**

If a farmer can raise 250 bushels of grain in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather?—**An umbrella.**

How do bees dispose of their honey?—**They cell (sell) it.**

What is that which is always in fashion yet always out of date?—**The letter "F."**

What is the hardest thing about skating?—**The ice.**

Why is a horse that cannot hold its head up like next Wednesday?—**Because its neck's weak (next week).**