

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

KRIZA

TOM sedi v šoli,
njega briga je drugje;
čaka ga račun na poli,
misli se doma mude.

Dom. Doma je oče:
ves potrt molči, molči—
Mati na skrivaj se joče—
poleg bratec še vrešči.

Prazna shramba, prazna miza—
žalostno je zdaj doma.
Oče pravi, da je kriza . . .
Kriza, kriza—! Kdo je ta?

Kaj je kriza? Kdo jo dela?
Oče mar? li mati? jaz?
bratec mali, ki jedva
materin pozna obraz?—

Oče bo povedal, oče,
kaj je kriza in odkod;
radi nje se mati joče;
radi nje je hudo i drugod.

Tom se poln nemira zgane,
—prazna pola se reži—,
misli mu še niso zbrane;
čas pa le hiti, beži.—

Anna P. Krasna:

ZIMSKI VTISI

I

OB LAKI sipljejo
bombažast sneg.

Žarečih lic hitijo
otroci v breg.

Lete sani v dolino,
ah, zimski raj!

Pozdravljajo zdaj zimo
kot bodo maj.

II.

Vihar snežen razsaja,
se v plesu belem sneg vrti;
njegov je dan, da raja,
pa plesal zdaj ne bi?

III

Pobeljena čez noč
je vsa grdoba. . .
Naš kraj ves lep je in bleščeč,
pokrita je puščoba.

Na nebu pa se zablešči,
izginejo oblaki—
se solnčece smeji:
Ha, kraji, kraji taki!

Počakaj le, je reklo,
ko snega več ne bo na tleh,
potem se le naglejte
krasote krajev teh!—





KATKA ZUPANČIČ

Naši sotrudnici

Katka Zupančič, ki jo vidite na gornji sliki, je stara znanka čitateljem Mladinskega lista. Piše mične pesmi in povesti, ki se odlikujejo po jedrnatosti in izrazitem stilu. Priroda in delo sta v glavnem njena snov. Doma je iz Bele Krajine in v Ameriko je prišla pred osmimi leti. V stari domovini je bila nekaj let učiteljica in tudi tu zdaj poučuje v slovenski šoli društva Pioncer št. 559 SNPJ v Chicagu. Katka ima ljubko hčerko in njen soprog je poštni uradnik v Chicagu.

Anna P. Krasna piše v Mladinski list že dobri dve leti. Zastopana je v vsaki številki s svojimi prispevki, ki jih mladina rada čita. Tudi ona zajema snov iz delavskega življenja in narave. Svojo mladost je preživela v Vipavski dolini in v Ameriko je prišla kmalu po vojni kot mlada deklica. Sestra Krasna je samoukinja; sama se je izobrazila, da danes lahko piše slovensko, dočim je imela učni tečaj v angleščini. Udejstvuje se tudi v kulturnih društvih in prošlo jesen je pričela s predavanji. Nastopila je že v vseh večjih naselbinah v Ohio. Njen dom je v Parkhillu, Pa., in njen soprog je rudar.



ANNA P. KRASNA

Manica:

Debela repa

(Gorenjska narodna pripovedka)

GRAŠČINSKI hlapec je šel na njivo in vsejal repno seme. Pa čudo prečudno, iz vsega semena je pognala ena sama repa, ki je rastle in se tako debelila, da je polagoma zavzela vso njivo. Bila je videti kakor ogromna krogla. Ko je dozorela, je graščak velel pastirju, naj gre in jo izruje. Pastir hiti na njivo, zgrabi za listje, listje se drži repe, repa pa zemlje. Fantič napenja vse moči, vleče in vleče, a zaman. Repa se ne gane.

Ker se pastir dolgo ne vrne, gre za njim pastirica in videč, kako pastir napenja vse moči, priskoči in se ga oprime čez pas. Sedaj pastir vnovič poprime za listje, listje pa za repo, repa za zemljo in — ho-ruk! — toda spet je ves trud zaman. Repa se ne gane.

Zdaj prihiti hlapec in zgrabi za pastirico, pastirica za pastirja, pastir za listje, listje za repo, repa za zemljo in — ho-ruk! — a repa se še vedno ne premakne.

Nato priteče pomagat še dekla in se prime za hlapca, hlapec za pastirico, pastirica za pastirja, pastir za listje, listje za repo, repa za zemljo in — ho-ruk! — repa pa stoji nadalje kakor pribita.

Graščaku se zdi čudno, da se služinčad tako dolgo ne vrne, zato gre sam

na njivo. Ko vidi, kako se vsi brezumno trudijo, jim skoči še sam na pomoč. Pljune na roke in zagrabi za deklo, dekla za hlapca, hlapec za pastirico, pastirica za pastirja, pastir za listje, listje za repo, repa za zemljo in še enkrat — ho-ruk! — repa se zamaje, se vzdigne iz zemlje, ruvači pa — bumf! — vsi padejo v ogromno luknjo, v kateri je koreninila repa. Le s težavo se izkobacajo ven in gredo domov po sekire, s katerimi razsekajo bogati pridelek na drobne kose, da ga nato zvozijo domov.

Z repo so potem krmili prašiče, ki so se strahotno odebelili. Ko so potem prašiče zaklali, niso vedeli, kam bi z mastjo. Znosili so skupaj tri velike kadi in deset sodov, a še vedno je bilo premalo prostora. Nazadnje so pa le spravili vso mast—čujte in strmite—v eno —orehovo lupino.

Napolnjeno lupino so spravili na podstrešje, toda zaradi silne teže je prodrla devet obokanih stropov in končno obvisela na neki—pajčevini. Tam jo je zavohala miška in urno izpraznila lupino. To pa je bilo za požrešno živalico usodno. Pet minut po zaužitju masti se je—razpočila in graščakovi niso imeli ne masti ne miške več.



Erich Kaestner:

SLEPEC

ki je v vojni izgubil oči, stoji
v dežju na ulici in govori:

VSI, ki mimo gredó,
gredó mimo.

Kaj me ne vidijo zato, ker sem slep? Zato?
Pa že stojim od treh. . .

In vrhu tega še dežuje.
V deževnem vremenu je vsak brez srca.
Takrat nobeden ničesar ne dá,
mimo gre in mi nič ne daruje.

Tu sredi mesta brez oči stojim.
In mesto hrumi kot valovje morjá.
Zvečer ves betežen za psom hitim,
za psom, ki me na vrvi ima.

V avgustu biló je trinajst let,
kar strel mi oči je zdrobil.
Le zakaj mi strel prs ni prebil,
ali srca, da bi bil tega trpljenja otet? . . .

Ah, nihče ne kupuje
več razglednic . . . stara stvar . . .
Dinar za komad . . . je to sploh kak denar?
Saj sam jih po devetdeset plačujem.

Poprej sem videl vse tako kot vi:
solnce, rože, ženo, mesto in ves kras.
A kakšen bil je moje matere obraz,
to pomnil bom vse dni.

Vojna slepi.
To vem najbolje jaz.
In še dežuje. In vihar hrumi.
Kaj ni nobene tuje matere pri nas,
ki niso svoji ji otroci mar?
In ni otroka,
ki bi mu mati dala zame milodar?

(Prevedel Mile Klopčič.)

Navihana kovača

V majhni vasi sta živela dva kovača. Oba sta stanovala ob glavni cesti in bila sta pridna od zore do mraka. Ljud je, ki so stanovali v bližnji okolici, pa so bili jezni, zakaj ves dan so morali poslušati njuno razbijanje. Naposled so dobri sosedje sklicali občinsko sejo; posvetovali so se, kaj naj storijo, da jim ne bo treba neprestano poslušati ropotanje in zbijanje kovačev.

Najstarejši je povzel besedo: "Mislim, da bo najbolje, če prosimo kovača, da se preselita vsak v drugo hišo; tako bomo imeli mir!"

"Tega ne bosta storila," so dejali vaščani.

"Nu, če obljubimo vsakemu izmed njiju po dve sto dinarjev nagrade, tedaj se bosta že preselila," je dejal starček, ki je poznal grabežljivost vrlih kovačev.

Naposled so vsi odobrili ta nasvet. Zbrali so štiri sto dinarjev in župan se je napotil h kovačema. Kovača sta ga izprva nezaupno ogledovala, a ko sta slišala, da dobita za njuno preselitev po dve sto dinarjev, sta se odločila, da se takoj drugi dan preselita vsak v drugo hišo.

Še isti večer so videli vaščani, kako sta kovača pospravljala svoje delavnice in se pripravljala na selitev. A kako so se vaščani začudili, ko so spet zaslišali drugo jutro razbijanje iz obeh kovačnic...

Kovača sta se bila izselila, kakor sta bila obljubila županu, a zamenjala sta samo delavnici. In ker sta bila oba vesela, da sta tako hitro in lahko zaslužila dve sto dinarjev, sta z dvojno močjo udarjala po nakovalu, da je odmevalo po vsej vasi.

Utva:

PUTKA TUTKA

Mi imamo eno putko,
ta-le putka je pa taka,
kadar znese jajce,
vse dopoldne kokodaka.

Kokodaka: "Kokodajce,
veste, da sem znesla jajce,
zve naj to se v pet vasi,
druge take putke ni . . .!"

Pa imamo tudi Micko,
Micka je pa tudi taka,
kadarkoli kaj napravi,
vsepovsod razkokodaka.

Take putke — to so tutke,
take Micke - ficke facke - packe.

Lažniva pravljica

NAJ vam povem pravljico:

Nekoč sem videl, kako letita dva pečena petelina po zraku. Zelo hitro sta letela ter sta imela trebuh obrnjen v nebo, hrbet pa proti zemlji. Čez Savo pa sta plavala nakovalo in mlinsko kolo, popolnoma tiho in počasi ju je nesla voda. In o binkoštih je sedela žaba na ledu in je goltala cel plug. Dalje je živelo tedaj troje junakov: hodili so po bergljah. Pa so hoteli ujeti zajca. Prvi je bil mutast, drugi je bil slep, tretji je bil gluh. Pridružil se jim je še četrti, ki je bil ves hrom. Niti prestopiti se ni mogel.

In so šli loviti zajca.

Zdaj bi radi vedeli, kako so to napravili?

Slepec je prvi zagledal zajca, kako beži čez polje. Pa je mutasti povedal hromemu, hromec pa se je pognal za zajcem ter ga zgrabil za vrat.

To so bili fantje od fare, kaj?

Bili so iz vasi, kjer sem videl še druge nenavadne stvari: videl sem, kako je rak napodil zajca v beg in kako je na strehi ležala krava, ki je sama splezala nanjo. Na deželi so tako velike muhe kot pri nas v mestu kože.

In zdaj urno vsa okna odpri,
da se razkadijo te grde laži!

Katka Zupančič:

SANJE

MINKI se zdeha, v postelj hiti;
jedva v postelji—
že zasmrči.

Minka ni sama: sanje so z njo;
Minka je z njimi
za peto goro.

Šeta se Minka, srečna, da kaj!
Sredi sanj vzklika:
"To je moj raj!"

Trga si rože, rože duhte. .
Venec si spleta — — —;
—!— roke vzdrhte:

Nekdo za hrbtom Minki stoji!
Strah jo prevzame;
Minka ječi.

Nekdo ji krilce vleče nazaj;
Minka preplašena:
"Kaj bo zdaj, kaj?"

Minka potegne, nekam zdrči—,
v istem trenutku
na tleh se zbudi.

K. Jenko:

Kakršna setev, takšna žetev

NA učiteljev obraz je legla groza. "Ne, ne, saj ni mogoče, da bi bil ta častnik—on, Vlado!" je šepnil predse.

Vladimir se je porogljivo nasmehnil. "Ha, ali te je strah? Ali je mogoče, da ta ponosni Nmec, ki je nas Slovane imenoval barbare in strahopetne pse, trepeti ob misli na smrt, ki mu je tako gotova, da bolj biti ne more? Otroka si pretepaval, pred možem se tresesh. Zločinec! Strup sovraštva si sejal v srca svojih učencev,—saj veš, name in na onega poljskega dečka si jih bil ščuval, češ, le udrihajte po teh psih!—in zdaj, ko je prišla ura obračuna, se pa tresesh od strahu. Lep junak! Ali ne veš, da s tem delaš sramoto svojemu narodu, ki si ga zmerom povzdigoval v najvišja nebesa? Srce ti trepeče vsled strahu pred smrtjo, ki čaka nate v puškah zaničevanih barbarov! Ti, Nmec, sin najboljšega, nadvse kulturnega in najbolj junaškega naroda na svetu, pred katerim se morajo vsi drugi ponižati v prah . . ."

Učitelj je sklonil glavo na prsi in iz ust je privrvela prošnja: "Odpusti . . . človek sem kot ti, in ljudje smo zmotni . . . in tudi bedasti . . . Priznam, grešil sem nad teboj in nad drugimi, ker sem bil bedak, žrtev prenapetega nacionalizma, toda ali niso bili drugi prav taki? Res, v svoji gorečnosti sem šel predaleč, toda saj nisem vedel, da sém na napačni poti. Zdaj vem . . . Zato te prosim: odpusti! Zaradi žene in otrok . . ."

Vladimir se je hladno ozrl vanj. "Tudi če bi ti jaz odpustil, bi ti to ne koristilo, kajti jaz sem vojak, ki mora izvrševati povelja predpostavljenih. In povelje imam ustreliti vsakega vohuna, ki ga zasačim pri delu. Vojna ne pozna usmiljenja v tem oziru." In obrnivši se proti blizu stoječemu podčastniku, je zapovedal: "Odvedite ujetnika v župa-

novo klet, kjer naj počaka do jutranjega svita; ob šestih zjutraj ga za vasjo ustrelite. In pomni, da mi z glavo jamčiš zanj!"

Obsojenec se je spustil na kolena. "Usmili se me, zaradi mojih otrok . . .! Saj si vendar človek, ali nisi? In človek ima v sebi srce, ki ne sme ostati hladno kadar je tvoj brat v nevarnosti. Saj ljudje smo si bratje. Daj, Vlado, imej srce in usmili se svojega učitelja, ki ti je hotel le dobro . . ."

"Ti si meni hotel dobro!" Častnik se je zakrohotal. "Ha, ha, mogoče si zdaj res želiš, da bi mi bil storil več dobrega in rad verjamem, da ti je zdaj žal, da si sejal le sovraštvo v srca otrok, ali zdaj je prepozno; žetev je dozorela. In povem ti, če bi bilo v moji moči, da te rešim smrti, jaz bi tega ne storil. In sam si kriv, da je tako. Tvoj učenec sem . . . In kot tak želim, da bi zaslužena kazen doletela vse učitelje tvojega kova, kakor bo kmalu doletela tebe."

Po teh besedah se je obrnil, vojaki pa so odgnali ujetnika v vas.

"Oh, zakaj sem bil tako bedast?" je vzdihoval na smrt obsojeni učitelj-vohun. Zakaj nisem bil dober z Vladom in z drugimi učenci, ki niso bili nemškega rodu? Zakaj sem sejal seme sovraštva v njihova mlada, sprejemljiva srca, mesto da sem jih učil ljubezni in strpnosti?! Ne bilo bi mi treba zdaj umreti. Tako pa ni več upanja. Doletelo me je, kar sem zaslužil, kar bo nekega dne doletelo tiste, ki učijo mladino sovražiti in jo pripravljajo za krvave vojne, ki so človeštvu le v pogubo. Toda jaz sem bil bedak, sem se dal preslepiti frazam prenapetih narodnjakov, zato moram v prezgodnji grob . . ."

Ob šestih so ga postavili pred sveže izkopani grob v polju izven vasi. Njegov obraz je bil blede, oči krvavo obrob-

ljene, a vendar ni bil preveč nemiren. Videlo se je, da je zbral vse moči, da je prikrikl strah pred smrtjo, ki prevzame brez malega vsakega smrtnika kadar stoji pred odprtim grobom.

Šestorica strelcev se je postavila v vrsto, poveljujoči častnik pa je pristopil k obsojencu.

“Imate kakšno željo?”

Obsojenec je vrgel okrog sebe izgubljen pogled, nato pa se je zbral ter kolikor mogoče mirno povzel:

“Želim vam povedati, da sem spoznal, da sem se motil, ko sem učil, da smo Nemci boljši ljudje, kot na primer Slovani ali ljudje katerekoli narodnosti in da nam morajo biti drugi vsled tega podložni; da sem grešil, ko sem učil mladino sovražiti drugorodce, da danes kot besni ubijajo vaše brate, ki so ljudje, kakor mi, nič boljši, nič slabši, samo ljudje, ki bi prav tako radi živeli in bili srečni kot mi. In ker sem to spoznal, se tudi kesam in žal mi je, da sem bil tako bedast in hudoben, toda storjenega ne morem več izbrisati. Vendar, predno me doleti kazen, ne samo za vohunjenje, temveč za vse, kar sem zagrešil na mladini, v kateri sem budil zverinske nagone, mesto da bi jih bil zatiral, želim izraziti eno samo željo: Povejte vsem tistim, ki v mladih, neskušanih srcih vzbujajo sovraštvo do sosedov, da bi se ob času vojne spremenili v maščevalne, krviželjne zveri, da naj se spametujejo in popravijo, kar so zagrešili na ljudeh, dokler je še čas, sicer jih bo doletela ista kazen kot mene—smrt. Kajti ljudje se bodo sami zavledli, da so ljudje in kadar se to zgodi, tedaj bo slaba predla vsem tistim, ki skušajo napraviti iz njih zveri. To je

vse, kar sem želel povedati. Zdaj sem pripravljen!”

Obsojencu so zavezali oči in kmalu nato je odjeknilo šest strelcev; obsojenec vohun se je zvrnil na tla poleg groba ter se začel zvijati kot črv; strelcem so drhtele roke. Poveljujoči častnik je pristopil k padlemu ter mu sprožil strel v uho; to je dejanje usmiljenja v podobnih slučajih . . .

Nekaj minut pozneje je bilo polje za vasjo spet prazno in pusto, le Vladimir je še stal poleg sveže nasute gomile; njegov obraz je bil blede in resen.

“Tale človek je spoznal, da smo mi vsi ljudje in da bi lahko živeli v miru, spoznal, kako grdo se je bil motil, ko je učil, da mora človek sovražiti človeka, spoznal, ko je videl, kakšne sadove je rodilo njegovo delo in ko mu je stopila kazen pred oči. In kdo ve, ali bi bil prišel do tega spoznanja, če bi ne bil stopil na rob groba? Ljudje spoznavajo svoje zmete in pregrehe navadno šele ob uri smrti . . . Zakaj ne preje? Zakaj šele potem, ko je prepozno? In ali bo človeštvo spoznalo, da drvi v propast tudi—šele v grobu . . .? Ne, to se ne sme zgoditi, človeštvo se mora strezniti preje, ker potem bo prepozno; in če se samo ne bo moglo, ga bo treba dramiti, sejavcem soraštva pa pripraviti grobove, kakršnega je našel tale človek, ki je bil pravzaprav, priznajmo, žrtev zmot, ki so jih vtepli v njegove možgane tisti, ki se igrajo z usodo narodov.”

Nato je odšel.

Grobovi še zmerom čakajo—na laži učitelje, dobršen del človeštva pa se še budi; mogoče se zbudi, dokler ne bo še prepozno . . . ?

(Konec.)



Kako sva se poznala

OB zaključku šolskega leta je bil Milan edini odličnjak v našem razredu, jaz sem imel še precej dobro spričevalo, a Peterček je zaostal.

Milan ga je tolažil:

“Nič ne bodi žalosten, Peterček. Drugo leto napraviš četrti razred z odliko, pa prideš za nami na gimnazijo.”

A Peterček je bahavo pogledal Milana ter dejal:

“Če bi bil invalidski poba, kakor si ti, bi me pustili tudi zdaj.”

Nič ga ni izpametovalo. Mrzil je Milana.

*

V počitnicah sem se hodil kopat v Savo. Zdravo je in človek se shladi od poletne vročine. Tudi Peterček je hodil. Nekoč sva se skupaj vračala od kopanja preko travnika proti mestu. Pa pravi Peterček:

“Pojdiva kače pobijati.”

“Kakšne kače?”

Tamle v meji se vedno solnčijo kače. Naberiva v žepe kamenja, pa jih bova pobijala. Ali pa jih vloviva žive.”

“Kako jih boš žive vlovil?”

“O lahko. Priplaziš se do kače, ki se lepo zvita v klopčič solnči, pa stopiš nanjo ter jo brž primeš za vrat. Sicer se ti bo ovila krog roke, a to nič ne de, ti moraš kar krepko držati. Potem pritisneš strupene zobe ob kamen, da odpadejo. Brezzobo kačo pa lahko vtakneš za srajco kakor kos kruha. In poneseva kače domov ter bova plašila ž njimi dečke.”

“Pojdiva kar domov!” sem dejal.

“Kaj se bojiš kač, strahopetec?”

Strahopetec je zalegel.

“Dobro, pa pojdiva,” pravim. Greva k meji, iščeva, gledava, kače ni bilo nobene. Potem pa iznenada zakriči Peterček:

“Jo že vidim. Tu-le ob grmu se solnči.”

Peterček dvigne kamen, vrže proti kači, a je ni zadel. Tedaj pa se je kača odmotala ter skočila Peterčku v nogo.

Peterček je zakričal:

“Pičila me je.”

Pohitel je nekaj korakov po travniku, pa sedel v travo ter opazoval nogo ter jokal: “Pičila me je.”

Na nogi se je poznalo pri gležnju dvoje rdečih pikic: sledovi kačjih zob. Jaz nisem vedel kaj bi počel. Kot neumen sem letel k Savi h kopalcem. Tamkaj sem k sreči našel Milana. In mu povem, kaj se je zgodilo.

“Kje je Peterček?” je vprašal.

“Tam-le na travniku leži.”

“Hitro k njemu.”

Ko sva priletela do Peterčka, je Milan pogledal nogo in vprašal:

“Ali boli?”

Peterček je dvignil glavo, a je imel tako motne oči, da Milana bržkone niti spoznal ni.

Milan je odrezal od svojih kopalnih hlačic trakove ter zavezal nogo krepko pod kolenom ter potem še niže, takoj nad gležnjem.

“In zdaj ga nesiva domov,” je ukazal Milan. “Napraviva nosilnico.”

“Iz česa in kako?” sem vprašal jaz.

“Tako-le: daj roke. Levica z levico, desnica z desnico. Navzkriž. Tako. In zdaj dvigniva.”

Dvignila sva Peterčka na svoje roke ter ga odnesla domov.

Doma so takoj poklicali zdravnika. Ko je ta slišal, kaj se je zgodilo in kako sva ga z Milanom prinesla domov, nikakor ni mogel prehvaliti Milanove spretnosti in prijaznosti. Če bi ne bilo Milana, ki Peterček lahko umrl za zastrupljenjem.

“Nič,” je dejal Milan, “storil sem svojo dolžnost kot človek.”

*

Peterčkovo življenje je bilo torej rešeno le, ker je zdravnik pravočasno prišel. A če mu ne bi bil Milan takoj zavezal noge, bi bilo prepozno. Peterček bi že ležal pod zemljo.

Preteklo je več dni in jaz sem pogosto šel obiskat Peterčka, ki je še ležal v postelji. Milan pa se je branil iti k njemu.

“Neprijetno mi je, da me njegovi starši vedno hvalijo in dajejo raznih slaščic. Ne maram tega,” je govoril Milan.

A Peterček je ležal v postelji in premišljal, da bi bil mogoče že v grobu, če ne bi bilo Milana, Milana, ki ga je on vedno tako zelo žalil in poniževal. Zakaj?

In prosil je mene, naj pripeljem Milana, da se mu oprostí za vse in da skleneta prijateljstvo.

Milan pa mi je dejal: “To ne more biti. Reci Peterčku, da ne morem skleniti ž nji mprijateljstva.”

“Ampak poslušaj . . .”

“Nič. Nemogoče. Njegov oče je bogat in celo za Peterčka je vložil že mnogo denarja v banki. Ko doraste Peterček, bo bogat, pa čeprav se ne uči dobro. Midva pa bova večno ostala to kar sva, siromaka. Med nama dvema in njim stoji jez, ki nas deli.”

“Toda ti si mu rešil življenje . . .”

“In on mi zato nudi prijateljstvo, za boglonaj, za milost . . . Da sem mu pomagal, to je samo moja človeška dolžnost. A kot delavskega sina me od njega deli jez. Tirjam pa svojo pravico.”

“Pravico?”

“Da. Pravico, da si sam izberem prijatelja. Tebi nudim svojo roko, enaka sva, iste usode, vem, da se mi ne boš nikdar izneveril. Bodi mi ti prijatelj!”

In sva se objela in poljubila.

“Zdaj pa pojdi k Peterčku ter mu povej.”

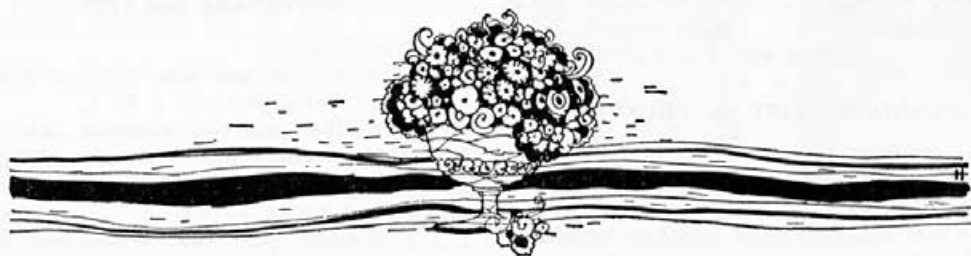
“Ne, med nami stoji jez, ne grem več k njemu.”

Taka je moja povest. Milan je našel v življenju še mnogo dobrih prijateljev, same delavce. Milan sam je zdaj rudar nekje v Trbovljah; ni mogel končati šol, radi siromaštva. A sam pravi, da je s svojimi prijatelji-delavci najbolj bogat v slogi. In kadar se bodo tako pobratili vsi delavci vsega sveta, bodo iz zemlje ustvarili paradiž za vse, ki delajo.

To zgodbo mi je povedal prijatelj in jaz sem jo povedal vam. Ne pozabite je!

(Priredil Jože Kovač.)

(KONEC.)





Dragi čitatelji!

V tej številki Mladinskega lista so v "Našem kotičku" precej narastli dopisi. To je pač razveseljiv pojav, kar znači, da se naši mladi sotrudniki zelo zanimajo za svoje glasilo.

Prí dopisovanju je treba paziti na sledeče: rabi naj se standard ali tabletni papir in naj se piše samo na eno stran s črnilom ali na stroj, ne s svinčnikom. Paziti je tudi treba na originalnost. Vsak dopisnik naj skuša povedati nekaj novega, nekaj svojega. Ponavljanje je le potrata časa in prostora.

—UREDNIK.

"VSAK GA BI RAD PRVI ČITAL"

Dragi urednik!

Sklenila sem, da se tudi jaz oglasim v Mladinskem listu.

Naj povem, da komaj čakam, da dobim Mladinski list v roke. Pa nisem sama, da bi ga čitala, smo trije. Vsak ga bi rad prvi čital, zato je mama sklenila, da mora iti po vrsti kakor hiše v Trsti. Prva je moja starejša sestra, potem sem jaz, za menoj pa moj brat.

Jaz rada čitam, pišem pa ne tako rada, pa vseeno sem sklenila, da bom včasih napisala kakšno pisemce za "Naš kotiček."

Povem naj tudi, da rada čitam kar napišejo v Mladinski list Katka Zupančič, Anna Krasna, Ivan Jontez in Vi urednik, ki večkrat vspodbujate mladino, da naj dopisuje v materinem jeziku.

Iskren pozdrav bratcem in sestricam, enako Vam, urednik!

Elsie Groznik,

Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

MLADINSKI LIST IN PROSVETA

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj sem se zopet pripravila, da napišem pismo za "Naš kotiček."

Jaz sem sedaj dopolnila šestnajst let in sem prestopila iz mladinskega v odrasli oddelek.

Za Ml. L. bom pa še vseeno katerikrat kaj napisala, ker se mi zmeraj bolj dopade.

Tudi Prosveta se mi zelo dopade, posebno sredna številka. Samo kakšne besede ne morem razumeti, ali morda čez čas se bom naučila, da bom lahko pisala in brala dobro slovensko.

Tukaj smo imeli šolski program dne 19. dec. v društveni dvorani in ljudi je toliko prišlo, da je bila prav polna. Na programu smo tudi imeli tri kratke slovenske igre, katere so se ljudem zelo dopadle.

Snega tukaj v Trauniku je tudi dosti in mrzlo je kakor druga leta. Drugega nimam kaj pisati. Končam in pozdravljam vse čitatelje in urednika!

Mary Ostanek, Box 44, Traunik, Mich.

* *

SLOVENSKI ŠOLARJI

Dragi urednik!

Prav veseli me, ker sem tudi jaz označena med prvimi dopisovalci v M. L.

Ob pričetku leta sem naredila sklep, da bom še bolj redno dopisovala v priljubljeni M. L. Za mesec januar sem izostala, ker je pisala moja sestra Emma.

V šolo hodim prav rad. V šoli nas je 67 otrok; 63 nas je slovenskih šolarjev in 4 drugi.

Učitelja imamo dva, Mr. in Mrs. Kehoe. Oba imamo prav radi. Iz naše hiše nas hodi pet v šolo. Jaz in Emma v 6., Tilly v 4., Olga v 3., in Frank v 1. razred.

Za božič smo imeli velik program. Imeli smo tudi tri slovenske igre, prav kratke in eno lepo pesem—"Gozdič je že zelen." Igre je prestavila iz angleščine Mary Ostanek.

V naši šoli je zmeraj najboljši program. Imeli smo počitnice do 5. jan. Snega imamo dosti, da se lahko sankamo in kepamo.

Prav lepo pozdravim urednika in vse čitatelje M. L.!

Mary Knaus,

Box 26, Traunik, Mich.

* *

OD NAVDUŠENE MLADENKE

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, dovolite tudi meni malo prostora v Mladinskem listu, da tudi jaz malo prispevam v "Naš koticček," ki ga tako rada prebiram, bodisi angleški ali pa slovenski del lista. Pri tem se hočem strogo ravnati po pravilih lista, namreč ogibati se kolikor mogoče "uglajene poti" (beaten path).

To je moj prvi dopis. Stara sem skoro 10 let. Hodim v šolo, kakor stotine drugih. Moj najljubši predmet v šoli ali doma so pesmi; rada jih prebiram. Včasih tudi sama katero "pogruntam." Pri tem mi seveda moj oče veliko pomaga. V zadnji št. Mladinskega lista sem na strani 29. našla angleško pesmico "Speed," ki se mi je tako dopadla, kakor tudi očetu, da sva jo sklenila prestaviti na slovensko. Priznati pa moram, da je silno težko predstavljati pesem z angleškega na slovensko, tako da ostane slog in vsebina pesmi ista. Torej, cenjeni urednik, če se Vam zdi, da je prestava dosti dobra za priobčitev, potem jo priobčite. Tukaj je:

Brzina (Speed)

Po blatnih potih, davno že, prastari oče vozil se,
z volmi prevozil skoro po miljo je na uro.

Prevažal vnuk pa se pozneje na suri,
drvel z doline v goro čez petnajst milj v uri.

Pozneje pridrvi pravnik z bliščečo karo,
žre s svojo "mulo," po šestdeset na uro.

Ali prapravnuk se vspne kar v zrak na turo
in napravi po dvesto milj na uro.

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

* *

"MLADO JAGNJE"

Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila, da napišem mali dopis v Mladinski list, katerega zelo rada čitam.

To leto sem pričela hoditi v high school. Stara sem 13 let.

Dela se tudi tukaj zelo slabo. Največ najn (rovov) dela en dan ali dva dni na teden.

Za enkrat naj zadostuje, mogoče se še drugič kaj oglasim.

Tu vam pošiljam pesmico o jagnjetu:

Mlado jagnje, lepo belo,
gre za materjo veselo.
skače s parcelci drobnimi
in potratni se vrti.

Mati pravi: le ne skakaj,
tam po bregu se natakaj.
Lahko kam se zaletiš,
šibko nožico zdrobiš.

Jagnje matere ne sluša,
rajše samo vse poskuša.
Se prekucne v jamico
in si zlomi nožico.

Jagnje nožico zlomilo,
glasno klicalo in vpilo:
"Oj otroci, ubogajte
svoje skrbne matere!"

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

Mary Royic,

Box 113, Tire Hill, Pa.

* *

SLOVENSKO MU GRE TEŽKO

Dragi mi urednik!

Ker mi gre še zelo počasi po slovensko pisati, bom samo par vrstic napisal. Angleško veliko lažje pišem kot slovensko.

Pošiljam tudi mojo in mojega brata sliko. Jaz sem star 9 let in hodim v 4. razred ljudske šole. Moj bratec je star 7 let in je v drugem razredu. Imam tudi dve mlajši sestri; vsi smo člani SNPJ.

Letos je bil naš Miklavž zelo ubog, ker so slabe delavske razmere.

Spodaj sta sliki. Na levi je moja, na desni pa mojega bratca Williama.



Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Frank Mramor, Box 165, Cuddy, Pa.

"USMILJENI JANEZEK"

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Želim, da priobčite sledečo zgodnico o usmiljenem Janezku:

"Janezek pride nekega dne s polja domov. Bil je lačen. Mati mu je dala velik kos kruha, ki ga je s slastjo pred hišo použil.

Kar pride sosedov Francek in se ustavi pred njim. Bil je jako ubog. Ogleduje beli kruh, vzdihne in pravi:

"Moja bolna sестrica si vedno želi belega kruha. Mi pa smo tako ubožni, da ji ga ne moremo kupiti."

Janezek pogleduje zdaj dečka, zdaj svoj kos kruha. Kar ga prelomi, da večji kos Francu in reče: "Na, nesi ga bolni sестrici! Prosil bom mater, da ga ji še pošlje."

Lepo pozdravljam vse čitatelje M. L.!

Antonya Pogacar, 1205 E. 168 st., Cleveland, O.

* *

ZA DEŽJEM SOLNCE POSIJE

Dragi mi urednik!

Pričenjam z novim letom. Upam, da bo boljše kot prošlo leto, o katerem so rekli, da je črno.

Prečtiala sem urednikove vrstice, ki piše, da so bili prošli božični prazniki bolj slabi za veliko delavskih družin. Veliko gorja je zakrivil John L. med premogarji. On je otrokom dosti kruha pojedel. Upamo, da nas bo kdo drugi odrešil jarma, ki nas tlači že toliko časa. Saj pravijo, da za grdim pride vedno lepo, za dežjem vselej solnce posije.

Prav lepo se zahvaljujem uredniku M. L., ker je prošlo leto vse moje napake popravljaj. Želim, da bi jih še zanjeprej.

Vsem čitateljem M. L. lepe pozdrave!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

* *

LOVI ZAJCE IN LISICE

Dragi urednik!

Le težko se pripravim k pisanju, kadar pišem po slovensko; angleško boljše pišem. Veselje pa imam, da bi se tudi slovensko naučil.

Sedaj sem 13 let star in hodim v šolo. Zvečer, ko pridem domov, moram živino nakrmit, včasih pa gremo tudi lisice na zanjke lovit. In ravno v tem je mnogo veselja. Imam 3 sestre in 2 brata.

Tukaj se slabo dela. Moj ata ima "počitnice," ker se dela komaj po par dni v tednu. No pa se sedaj počuti bolj zdravega kot prej ko je delal vsak dan.—Mi živimo na farmi. Poleti je tukaj lušno in je veliko dela, pozimi pa ni tako. Sedaj je mráz, upamo pa, da se bo kmalu vrnila pomlad.

Radoveden sem kako se imajo moji vrstniki v Clevelandu. Tam je mnogo slovenskih naseljencev in njihovih otrok. Zato pa je tam lušno.—Povedati sem pozabil, da sem prošlo

jesen ustrelil več zajcev. Ata me je vprašal, če me rama boli od puške, pa sem rekel, da ne, ker drugače bi mi jo gotovo vzel.

Ta dopis sem napisal, da moja mama nič ne ve. Ali se bo začudila, ko bo videla moj dopis v Mladinskem listu! Hvala uredniku za popravke.—Jožek Murot, R. D. 2, Box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

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KRATEK DOPIS

Cenjeni urednik!

No, tudi jaz sem se namenila, da napišem kratek slovenski dopis v Mladinski list, ker vidim, da se toliko drugih mladih čitateljev oglašá v "Našem kotičku."

Tukaj je lepo vreme in 13. dec. še nismo imeli skoro nič snega.—Vsi v naši družini smo pri društvu SNPJ.

V šolo hodim precej daleč. Jaz pohajam osmi razred na Junior high school. Moja sestra ne hodi v šolo.

V februarju bom šele 14 let stara. Ker sem rekla, da bom napisala kratek dopis, naj to zadostuje.

Iskren pozdrav mladim čitateljem; enako uredniku!

Annie Fabjancic,

1237 Bohemian st., Pueblo, Colo.

* *

SE UČI SLOVENSKO

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za naš zanimiv Mladinski list. Naučila sem se slovensko pisati in čitati od moje mame. Čitati že znam boljše kot pisati, pa mislim, da se bom že še kaj naučila. Prosim, da mi popravite napake, če jih bom naredila. Jaz zelo rada čitam dopise od naših mladih ljudi; tudi druge reči v tem listu rada berem.

Iz Grossa nisem že dolgo videla nobenega dopisa, in upam, da ne bo mojega tisti lačni koš pojedel.

Drugič bom pa še kaj napisala zato, da ne bo moj prvi dopis predolg.

Pozdrav vsem brateem in sesticam SNPJ in seveda tudi uredniku!

Julia M. Hudaj, Box 94, Gross, Kansas.

* *

NE VERJAME V MIKLAVŽA!

Cenjeni urednik!

Danes bom napisala dopis v slovenskem. Jaz znam čitati slovensko; pisati je težje. Toda jaz hočem znati slovensko pisati, zato se učim. Jaz napišem par vrstic, pa pokažem mami. Kakšna beseda je prav, kakšno pa mama popravi.

Moja sestra Jane zna dobro slovensko čitati in pisati. Mislim, ker ona zna, da tako lahko tudi jaz. Imeli smo dva tedna božičnih počitnic. Šola je začela 5. jan. Z nami ima

tudi naš ata deset dni "počitnic," to je menda za božično darilo. Pri nas se ni Miklavž še nikdar oglašil in tudi letos se ni. Najbrž, da ne ve za naš naslov.

No, pa prav po tih povem, Vam urednik in čitateljem, da jaz v Miklavža ne verjamem. Povem vam tudi, da jaz in moje sestre in dva brata vsi radi čitamo M. List; mi hranimo vse številke in vsako ponovno prečitamo.

Pozdrav čitateljem M. L. in uredniku!

Marica Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

MIKLAVŽ IN KRIZA

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Gotovo bom prepozna z mojim dopisom za januarско številko. Bom pa drugič bolj pridna. Mislím, da Miklavž ni bil letos preveč zaposlen okoli revnih otrok, ker imamo letos veliko krizo v deželi. Zato niso mogli očetje (Miklavži) razveselit svojih otrok z darili.

Tebi M. L. želim, da bi dobil še več mladih dopisovalcev za "Naš kotichek."

Bratci in sestrice SNPJ, potrudite se in napišite enkrat v mesecu nekaj za "Naš kotichek." Mladinski list je vsako leto bolj zanimiv, zatoorej glejmo, da bo letos prekosil vse ostale. Hvaležni bodimo tudi lahko uredniku, ker popravi vse naše napake.

Torej, mladi bratci in sestrice, samo korajžo, pa bo šlo.

Lep pozdrav vsem in tudi uredniku!

Olga Groznik,

Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

O PRIREDITVI DRUŠTVA ŠT. 333

Dragi urednik!

Menda je zopet čas, da napišem par vrstic v priljubljeni Mladinski list. Prečitala sem vse dopise in tudi urednikove vrstice.

Hočem malo napisati, kako smo se zabavali čez praznike. Društvo št. 333 SNPJ nam je priredilo božičnico; dne 24. dec. nas je "Santa Claus" obiskal. Vsak član mladinskega oddelka je dobil svoj dar. Otroci smo bili prav veseli "Santa Clausa", ko se je pri vratih pokazal. Ko je razdelil darove, nas je zopet zapustil in nam obljubil, da nas bo drugo leto zopet obiskal.

Kljub slabim razmeram nas jednota ne zapusti, kadar smo v sili. Ona pomaga. Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam in uredniku!

Anna Matos, Blaine Ohio, Box 181.

* *

ŽELI POMAGATI

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, da mi oprostite, ker se še nisem oglašila v našem preljubem M. L.; bila sem zelo zaposlena, čeravno nisem šla v šolo; morala sem moji sestri pomagati, ki dela na pošti. Bila je preobložena z delom. Mami sem tudi

pomagala pri hišnem delu tako, da mi je čas potekel.

Božični prazniki so pravkar minili! imeli smo se prav dobro. Ni nam ničesar manjkalo, ne zabave, ne drugega. Upam, da so bili tudi drugi zadovoljni, kakor jaz. Seveda, nekaterih očetje so brez dela že dlje časa, kar obžalujem. Ako je kateri v potrebi, da ima otroke od šest do 14 let, mu lahko malo pomagamo, ker imamo nekaj ponošenih oblek, ki so nam premajhne; bolj z veseljem damo Slovincem kot drugim. Mi bomo poslali na svoje stroške.

Zimo imamo milo, ni preveč mráz, snega je prav malo. Mnogo sreče uredniku in dopisovalcem!

Rose Pregel, Box 134, Base Line, Mich.

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RAZNE ZANIMIVOSTI

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz se bom enkrat oglašila v "Našem koticčku." Mladinski list mi zelo ugaja. Komaj pričakujem, da spet izide, ali še bolj bi mi ugajalo, ako bi izhajal vsaki teden.

Dne 8. dec. so pokopali "Mother Jones," katera se je bojevala za organiziranje rudarjev. Pogreb je bil veličasten; udeležilo se ga je več tisoč ljudi; udeležil se je tudi naš br. Vincent Cainkar, predsednik Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, s svojo soprogo. Potem sta tudi obiskala tukajšnje naselbino.

Šolo zelo rada pohajam; sedaj pohajam osmi razred. Imam tudi dve mlajši sestrici. V naši družini nas je pet in vsi spadamo pod okrilje Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, ki je najboljša in največja slov. podporna organizacija v Ameriki.

Pošteni mož

Kam drži na desno cesta,
kam drži na levo pot?
Mož povejte mi po skušnjah,
kje se lažje ognem zmot?

Če nameriš jo na pravo,
te pripelje v mesta kras,
steza, ki drži na levo,
te pripelje v prosto vas.

Kam se torej naj obrnem,
ali v mesto se podam,
ali naj se v vas napotim;
boljšo srečo kje imam?

Vidiš, to ti je enako,
kakor se obnašal boš:
Lahko v mestu, lahko v vasi
boš, če hočeš biti srečen mož.

Želim vsem bratcem in sestricam obilo sreče v tem letu!

Ida Maurich,

305 W. Henrietta st., Gillespie, Ill.

MILA ZIMA

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj Vam pišem prvič kratek dopis v tem letu. Pričelo je novo leto in mislim, da se bodo tudi čitatelji v Mlad. listu bolj pogosto oglašali s slovenskimi dopisi. Meni gre sedaj jako dobro pisati po slovensko. Mislim, da se ne bi bila tako naučila pisati in čitati po slovensko, ako ne bi izhajal naš ljubljani Mladinski list.

Sedaj pa tudi malo o božiču. Bila sem doma 14 dni, kateri so pa hitro minuli. Za božič smo imeli program v šoli.—Vreme je jako lepo tukaj, že nismo imeli mnogo let tako lepo vreme o božiču v Minnesoti. Z delom gre bolj slabo tukaj.

Pozdravljam mlade čitatelje in Vas, urednik!

Mary Krainik,
231 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.

OTROCI, UBOGAJTE!

Dragi mi urednik!

Zopet sem si vzela malo časa, da napišem par vrstic v naš M. L. Za božič smo imeli 14 dni počitnic. Božične praznike smo imeli jako lepe, ker ni prehude zime.

Tukaj vam pošiljam pesmico, ako jo boste priobčili:

Na travniku!

1	2
Po trati zeleni fantiček igra, pri jezeru sinjem veselo skaklja, z obrežja se mila mu roža smeji.— Povodna je lilija, prelepo cveti.	In fantek poda se v globoko vodo; rad vtrgal cvetlico bi tamkaj lepo. Zdaj mati zavpije: "Oh dete, gorje! Utonil boš v vodi— ne hodi naprej!"

3	4
Pa fantek ne mara za materni svet, in pravi: "Jaz hočem to rožo imet." Predaleč se nagne— spodrkne z ного, več videlo ni ga nobepo oko.	In mati nesrečna na glas zakriči iz cele da vasi vse skupaj hiti: "Ubogajte, deca, kar starši reko, da vam se enaka zgodila ne bo!"

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Bertha Travnik,
231 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.

POŠILJA POZDRAVE

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega lista!

Že dolgo Vam nisem nič pisala za Mladinski list, dasi dobivam zmerom pozdrave od članic SNPJ. Zato tudi pozdravljam članice

mladinskega oddelka in jim voščim srečno leto 1931. Posebno pa pozdravljam moje sestre Mary Pozlep, Hastings, Colorado; Mary Jany Hody, Johnstown, Pa., in Rose Zupan, Sunnyside, Utah. Imeli smo se dobro na 22. dec. v S. N. domu. Naši očetje so nam vsem članom in članicam mladinskega oddelka podarili božična darila, kar 7 škatelj candy smo dobile.

Jaz spadam k društvu "Prvi majnik" št. 268 SNPJ.—Josephine Mavetz, Ely, Minn.

"LJUBA ROŽICA . . ."

Dragi urednik!

Iz srca se Vam zahvalim, ker ste mi priobčili v Mladinskem listu pesmico, ki sem Vam jo poslala. Zato upam, da boste priobčili tudi to-le pesmico, ki Vam jo pošiljam sedaj. Glasi se:

Sprehajala tam po vrtu
se v jeseni je deklica.
Žalovala, ko usahnila
nje je lepa rožica.

"Kje si ljuba rožica moja,
ki cvetela si lepo?
Ali me boš zapustila?"
Vpraša dekle žalostno.

"Moji dnevi so minuli.
Nastopil je mraz snežen.
Moji cveti so se osuli,
položeni so v grob leden."

Fannie Celigoj,
677 E. 160 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

Vljudnost

V malem mestecu so imeli bogatega in izredno prijaznega župana. Nekoč je prišel odličen gost k njemu na poset. Skupaj sta šla na izprehod in govorila o tem in onem in gost si je ogledoval mesto. Ko sta tako hodila svojo pot, ju sreča priprost kmetič. Župan se mu odkrije in ga pozdravi.

Odličen gost ga ves začuden pogleda in vpraša:

"Kako to, vi kot mestni župan se odkrijete preprostemu kmetu?"

"Zakaj pa ne?" odvrne župan. "Nočem, da bi bil preprosti kmetič, ki je imel slabšo vzgojo kakor jaz, vljudnejši od mene!"



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume X.

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Number 2.

WAGES

Alfred Tennyson

G *GLORY of worker, glory of orator, glory of
song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an
endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right
the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of
glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.*

*The wages of sin is death if the wages of Virtue
be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of
the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of
the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a sum-
mer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.*

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CHILD

By Francis Thompson

KNOW you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of life; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in beliefs; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your year; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowliness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself king of infinite space; it is

*To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.*

It is not to know as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

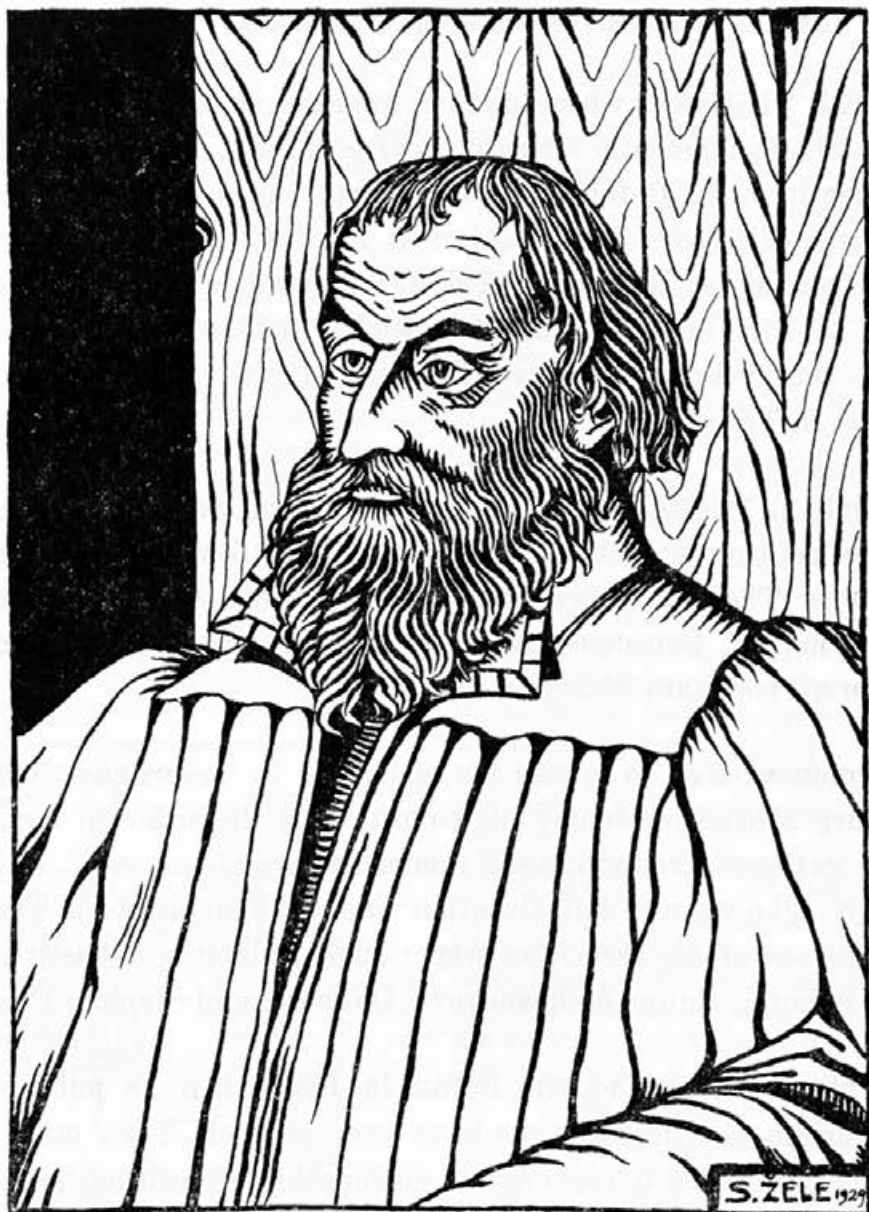
Alfred Tennyson

B*BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.*

*O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!*

*And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!*

*Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.*



Stanko Žele: PRIMOŽ TRUBAR

Primož Trubar

(At the 380th Anniversary of the First Slovene Printed Book)

PRIMOŽ TRUBAR, whose picture appears on the preceding page, was the fundamental stone of Slovene culture, the man who figured prominently in the Reformation in Central Europe. He was born in the village of Rašice, Slovenia, June 8, 1508. The first schooling he received from Peter Bonamo in Trieste, with whom he stayed the early part of his life. Later he studied at Rieka, Salzburg, and Vienna. In 1530 he obtained a position as a Roman Catholic priest in one of the churches in Trieste.

While in Trieste Primož Trubar studied the works of famous writers and reformers: Erasmus, Calvin, Luther, Zwigli, Bullinger and Pellicanus. Their influence on him was immense, especially that of the last two named. Consequently he became an ardent Protestant and later on a Protestant bishop in Ljubljana.

Trubar wanted to spread his teachings in accordance with the Augsburg confession among his countrymen. In order to accomplish this, he gathered around himself numerous prominent men of letters, not only Slovene, but Croatian and Serbian as well. The most distinguished of his associates were: Jurij Dalmatin, Sebastian Krelj, Adam Bohorič, Anton Aleksandrovič Dalmata, and Stephan Consul.

Trubar's literary activity began in 1550 when he published his Abecedarium, the first Slovene book ever printed. Then other books followed. But being too severe and polemical in his writing, Trubar was twice exiled from the country and most of his books were written in exile. He died in exile in Derendingen, Germany, July 29, 1586.

Trubar's books, or any of the Slovene books of that time, are extremely rare today, for most of them were burned up by bishop Tomaž Hren, the leader of the Counter-Reformation in the Slovene lands.

Aesop, Teller of Fables, Was a Greek Slave

NO doubt all of you have read Aesop's Fables. Have you ever seen a picture of the author? Aesop was a dwarf or a hunchback. His face was grotesque. His arms were long and his hands large. But his mind was keen and his wit was sharp, and by the use of his brain he overcame the handicaps of his misshapen body. Aesop was a slave who lived over two thousand years ago. There are many stories told about this queer little figure whose stories about animals have applied to the moral and the manners of peoples of all times.

One story tells that Aesop and two other slaves were brought to the slave market to be sold. Among the buyers was a man named Xanthus who questioned the three slaves who stood bound



together. The two companions of Aesop told at great length of all their abilities and accomplishments. Aesop had no chance to get a word in edgewise. When they had finished their recitals Xan-

thus turned to Aesop and asked: "And what can you do?"

"Nothing," he replied in a cheerful voice. "The others do everything so well there is nothing left for me to do."

"Will you be good and honest if I buy you?" Xanthus is reported to have asked.

"I will whether you buy me or not," Aesop replied. Xanthus bought Aesop, and never did he regret his purchase. The slave's wisdom and ready wit stood the master in good stead. One night while Xanthus was drugged with wine that he had consumed he wagered his house and lands that he would drink the ocean dry. The next morning when his head had cleared Xanthus was told of the foolish wager he had made. In despair he called for Aesop and asked him what to do. The dwarf considered the matter and then advised his master.

The next morning a crowd gathered on the shore to see how Xanthus could keep his ridiculous wager. His agreement to drink the ocean dry was read to the assembled gathering. Following the advice which Aesop had given him, Xanthus raised a cup of salt water to his lips, was about to drink it, when he paused and announced: "There is one thing that must come first. I have wagered that I would drink the ocean dry, but I have said nothing about drinking the rivers and the creeks that flow into the ocean. Stop off the rivers, dam back the creeks so they no longer flow into the ocean and I will fulfill my wager."

Thus by the clever ruse of the slave Aesop were the house and lands of his master Xanthus saved.

One of America's Greatest Poets

A member of a group of authors whose writings are unsurpassed in the world's literature

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in 1807; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe in 1809.

Charles Darwin was born in England in 1809; Thomas Hood in 1795; Keats in 1795; Shelley in 1792; Macaulay in 1800. Lord Lytton was born in England in 1803; Tennyson in 1809; Thackeray in 1811; Dickens in 1812. Over in France, Balzac was born in 1799, Dumas and Hugo in 1802. There are but eighteen years difference between the oldest and youngest person in this group that charmed the world with their immortal writings. No other group of writers who ever put pen to paper so instructed and entertained the reading public. They were the greatest writers since Shakespeare and Bacon.

A few years before these literary geniuses were born another group of great men were founding the greatest nation on earth. We refer to Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, and their contemporaries. The great work of this group undoubtedly influenced the lives and work of the writers. So we might go back thru history and pick out contemporary groups of men here and there who have really done the world's greatest work.

Last month we were celebrating the 123rd anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, who was born in a farmhouse three miles from Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. If Bryant was the dean of American poets, Whittier was a sturdy, strong member of the fraternity, and did as much perhaps to give American poetry the high standing it holds as any other writer. He did not sound the heights and depths of nature's beauties and mysteries as

did Bryant; he was not as popular as Longfellow; his writings are a bit heavy, but there is no mistaking his great literary talent, his love of liberty, and the justice of his dealings. He is perhaps America's second greatest poet. He was a man of gigantic stature, weighing over three hundred pounds. He and Bryant were born in the same state and under practically the same environments—the country farm, the home circle, books, games, cider, nuts, roads blocked with snow, ox teams, hard conditions of farming, and so on.

The first school he attended was kept by a queer, old pedagogue in a room in his own house. Whittier wrote of him:

Thru cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle rock and squall
And the good-man's voice at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife.

That poem is without doubt reminiscent of Whittier's first school. Still another glimpse of his boyhood is in the poem "School Days." Whittier's school days were limited. His father was unable to send him to college. He learned something of the shoemaker's trade and he taught country school, thus making enough money to pay for two terms at Haverhill Academy. This was the end of his school days. His first published poem was when he was 18 year old. It will be remembered that Bryant wrote *Thanatopsis* at that age.

For the next fourteen years he was editor of five different unimportant newspapers and for years after contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *National Era*. It was the *National Era*

that published Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in serial form. He labored on his father's farm at intervals until he was past 30 years of age. In 1885 he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature and in 1860 was a member of the electoral college which elected Lincoln. In 1838 his printing office was sacked and burned by a mob enraged at his antislavery writings.

Whittier was never married. His biographers fail to give us a reason, but we find one in his poem, "School Days." He tells of a boy, and a girl with golden curls and brown eyes, who stood together after school had been dismissed.

We quote:

Pushing with restless feet the snow,
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the treble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

Whittier died in 1892. The old farmhouse where he was born was purchased and placed in the hands of a board of trustees. The home has been restored and placed as nearly as possible in its original condition. The old house is the same which is described in the poem "Snow Bound." It is visited constantly by thousands of literary pilgrims.

Altho Whittier touched every phase of human life, most of his writings were

of the various phases of our national life that related to liberty and freedom. He wrote sparingly of the Revolutionary days and our second war with England, but largely of the war with Mexico, the Civil War, and our Indian wars. He was against slavery. He hated slavery and had no patience with its supporters. Whittier's courage is battling for the right was shown in his poem "Ichabod". Daniel Webster was the most popular statesman of his day. He was the idol of the people. He was the "Great Compromiser," who deferred the Civil War for a number of years. He championed the Supreme Court's Dread Scott decision, which provided that a master might follow his slave into free territory and carry him back. It established the doctrine that a human being was a chattel. Whittier disapproved of this act of Webster's in the great poem "Ichabod," from which we quote:

So fallen! So lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Let not the hand once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his
dim,
Dishonored brow.

All else is gone; from those great
eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The Man is dead.

This poem will live in literature as one of the most scathing denunciations of a public man ever written. It was the gentleness of the language used, the deep sorrow expressed, the exaltation of the man condemned, that hurt Webster so deeply.

Whittier's seventieth birthday was marked by an outpouring of tribute in verse and prose. The publishers of the Atlantic Monthly gave him a dinner which was an epoch in literary circles. Emerson and Longfellow sat at Whittier's right, Holmes and Howel at his left. Fifty other greatest of literary note were about the table. Emerson read Whittier's "Ichabod." Oliver Wendell Holmes read his own poem in which he speaks of Whittier as the "Wood-trush of Essex." Whittier begged his dear friend Longfellow to read for him what he termed his 'Response.' On his eightieth birthday an excursion party of personal friends from Boston visited him by special train.

Among his best known poems are Barbara Fritchie and Maude Muller. While Maude Muller is the simple story of one meeting between a rural maid and a city judge, it contains much of Whittier's philosophy of life.

Whittier's war poems were not the sort to arouse hatred or public fervor. They were not of the "Rally 'round the flag" style. However, few men contributed more to arouse public sentiment against the atrocities of human slavery than did John Greenleaf Whittier. That is his great monument. We shall close this article with a quotation from Whittier's "Snow Bound," one of his most delightful poems. No one who has sat before a blazing fire, on a stor-

my winter night can fail to appreciate it:—

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney
laughed.

The house-dog on its paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the audiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from October's wood.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy
glow.

O Time and Change—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much
gone
Of life and love, to still live on!





Dear Readers:—

Over one hundred Slovene and English letters were sent in for this number of the Mladinski List, and many of them were shortened, or merely briefly mentioned.

In writing to the M. L. please observe the following rules: Always use standard tablet paper. Write on one side only and in ink or typewrite. Do not write in pencil. Be original. Try to tell something interesting, something new and your own. Do not copy other letters.

—EDITOR.

LIKES THE NEW IDEA

Dear Editor:—

I think the new idea of publishing only interesting, original letters is very good. I hope this will be a means of making the M. L. much more interesting. I have decided to do my share in making it so.

As I don't see any letters from Eveleth, I will have to tell the news of which there is a very meager supply. The weather here is unusually mild, and we haven't had much snow as yet. Christmas was spent as it usually is, the annual two weeks vacation from school and so forth.

I haven't the poetic ability of some of our members, so I will have to send only an Arabian Proverb, which I have heard quoted by one of my teachers; here it is:

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not, he is a fool; shun him.

He who knows, and knows not he knows, he is asleep; awake him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not, he is a child; teach him.

He who knows, and knows he knows, he is wise; follow him.

Olga Chernagoy,
64 Hayes Street, Eveleth, Minn.

HER MAIN RESOLUTION

Dear Editor:—

One of my main resolutions this year is to write to the M. L. every month. I will try to contribute a letter to the M. L. in Slovene also.

On New Year's eve we had a dance at Rob-
sel's hall.

I think the M. L. is getting quite interesting. It is a wonderful magazine and I am sure many of you will agree with me. I love to read the letters.

Mary Moye,

4822—17th ave., Kenosha, Wis.

* *

A LETTER FROM JANE FRADEL

Dear Readers:—

Don't you think that we Slovenian children should be proud of the great SNPJ? Not only because of its sick and death benefit which we derive from it, but because it publishes for its young members a good, little magazine, the Mladinski List. No other Slovene organization publishes a magazine for its young folks. I think that because SNPJ gives to its youth a magazine like the M. L., is an indication that it's interested in the juve-

niles, upon whom the future of this organization depends. Therefore, dear readers, when we discontinue contributing letters to the M. L. List we should endeavor to write something for the Prosveta and become active members of the SNPJ. It is the best and largest, and let it remain so.

I also wanted to mention this, that wherever I had visited last summer the people remarked that Mladinski List has undergone considerable improvement since Bro. L. Beniger is the editor. Personally, I think also that it has improved vastly. The stories are the kind that hold one's interest till the end and the poetry and pictures are educational as well as very interesting.

On for a bigger SNPJ!

Jane Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

FROM A FORDSON STUDENT

Dear Editor:—

I am in the tenth grade of the Fordson high school. While I was in Kansas last summer, my cousin, Mary Setena, promised to write to the M. L. if I did. I would like to see her letter in the M. L. There are four in our family; all are SNPJ's.

Mary Locniskar,

7925 Middlepointe, Dearborn, Mich.

* *

FROM A LODGE SECRETARY

Dear Editor:—

Reading the interesting letters in the M. L. pleased me very much.

In our town we have an English Speaking Lodge, a branch of the SNPJ. I am Recording Secretary of this new organization and wish that some other towns would organize such a wonderful lodge.

I attend Harding high school. I am taking mechanical drawing in the industrial dep't.

Mike Zekrysek,

129 Main st., W. Aliquippa, Pa.

* *

SOON TO TRANSFER

Dear Editor:—

I think the M. L. is a wonderful magazine

I'll be transferred soon to the adult department of the SNPJ. I love to hear about the places that are unknown to me.

Elsie Kotar, 1702 Tichenor, Des Moines, Ia.

* *

WOULD LIKE TO LEARN SLOVENE

Dear Editor:—

There are five in our family; father, 3 brothers and one sister. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 339. I would like to read and write Slovene. But there is no one to help me to learn. My father has no time, and my mother

died in 1921, when I was 3 years old. My oldest brother is 18 years old. He works in the mine with my father.

I enjoy reading the M. L.

Annie Nadoh, Box 345, Christopher, Ill.

* *

THE REORGANIZED UNION

Dear Editor:—

On Dec. 20 Lodge No. 13 and 640 SNPJ, at Bridgeport, Ohio, had a Christmas party for the children, and the Santa did not forget us. He gave out toys, candy, nuts, oranges, apples, etc. Everyone had a good time.

The reorganized union is getting strong. The Buckeye boys are joining the reorganized union; that is the union we are fighting for now. I hope the new year will bring the miners a better year and I wish them all good luck. I am sure they're going to win. A little help and fight, to throw John L. out of his easy chair. John L. broke the union, and he thought that he would make all the men scabs. But that won't go. Buckeye boys, get to work and we will sure win.

Oscar Ameringer sent me a pretty book for Christmas.

Mary Miheleic,

Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

I belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 34. Work is scarce here and my father has not been working for a long time. I am 11 year old and am in the sixth grade.

Julia Glazer,

1016 N. Warman ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* *

LA SALLE-PERU

Dear Editor:—

Although I am already 16 years of age I still enjoy the M. L. I am a sophomore at the La Salle-Peru T. H. S. I enjoy reading the Mladinski List. Here is my snapshot:



Henry Gergovich, 835 Crosat st., La Salle, Ill.

On the picture below (left to right) are: Elizabeth, Donnie and Dorothy Marovos from Warren, O. They and their parents are members of the SNPJ.



MORE SLOVENE LETTERS

Dear Editor:—

For the past few months I have been neglecting writing to the M. L. The circumstances preventing this was my work at school.

Our M. L. has begun to pep up and has become very interesting. I think more of our members should take an interest in Slovene writing more letters in "Naš Kotiček." We should all remember that Slovene is our mother language.

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

* *

A DELIGHTFUL PROGRAM

Dear Editor:—

I have made a resolution to write to the M. L. every month from now on. I was 14 years old on December 26. On December 10 we had a concert in our school. One man played the piano and then we had a male quartet. All the men were from Roxy's Gang, New York. We had a delightful program.

They have just completed the addition to our High School and now it has 40 rooms. It's one of the best in Elizabeth. I am in the 8th grade and have many different teachers; one for each subject.—Next time I will write in the Slovene language. Mary Pasarich,

521 McKinley st., Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

HAD BAD LUCK

Dear Editor:—

I belong to the SNPJ lodge 74 of Virden, Ill. My father and my four brothers all belong to the SNPJ. My three older brothers belong to branch 559 of Chicago, Ill.

This is a small mining town and my father works in a coal mine near here. He was hurt in an accident and received serious injuries on his back and leg.

I had more bad luck. The 25th of November my aunt and second mother passed away. I was seventeen months old when adopted by her. My mother belonged to the SNPJ.

I want to thank the SNPJ for the kindness it has shown us.—Anna Reven, Virden, Ill.

* *

PEACH OR APPLE

Dear Editor:—

Here I am sending you a joke:

"Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?"

"Can't you tell from the taste?"

"No, I can't."

"Well, then what difference does it make?"

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

* *

THE WHOLE FAMILY READS THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

I've made a New Year's resolution to write to the Mladinski List every month.

I love the M. L. because it has so many interesting things to read. My mother and father read it also. The whole family sits around and reads when it comes. I haven't seen any letters from Alabama, but from now on there will be one every month, for I'm going to do my share in writing for our wonderful M. L.

Members, isn't it nice that we can get our wonderful M. L. every month and read all about each other?

Mary Ethel Stimecz, Box 114, Piper, Ala.

* *

DOUBTS HER RESOLUTIONS

Dear Editor:—

I love to read the letters, jokes, poems and the interesting stories very much. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I have made many resolutions on Jan. 1, 1931, but doubt whether they will all be kept.

Rose M. Glazer, Indianapolis, Ind.

* *



Antonia Usenicnik from Kraysn, Pa., always reads the M. L. Her picture shows that she is a very happy little girl.

POOR WORKING CONDITIONS

Dear Editor:—

There is eleven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ.

The working conditions around here are poor. There are few factories working and they have cut wages twice since September.

Anna Copi,

R. F. D. No. 2, B. 89, Newton Falls, O.

* *
GOES SKIING

Dear Editor:—

We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 387. There is quite a bit of snow down here now.—I go out skiing and have lots of fun. I am in the sixth grade and am eleven years old. I like to go to school very much. My teacher's name is Mr. Kehal; he's a good teacher.

Agnes Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

* *
A FAMILY OF NINE—SNPJ'S

Dear Editor:—

There are nine in our family and all are members of the SNPJ Lodge. I am 11 years of age and am in the 6th grade. We had a wonderful Christmas party in school. I like the Mladinski List very much.

Frances Kren, 39 Olive st., Girard, Ohio.

* *
FOR ORIGINALITY

Dear Editor:—

I resolved to write to the M. L. at least once in a while.

I have read the new rules; I think they should have been in the magazine a long time ago. I enjoy reading the M. L. Wake up! Let's see you write more about your school, home town, etc. Who is it that wants to read how old you are, how many are in your family, who's your teacher? I know I don't. I'm sure that most of the members like to read interesting letters, like Mary Padovich's letter in the January issue. Why not write something interesting, new, original? I'm sure many of us would enjoy to read what kind of a trip you had, etc.—I'm a "Freshie" in high school and I enjoy going to school. I'm very proud to say that I am the Secretary of our class. I am also on the basketball team. I'm very glad to be on it, because, usually Freshies don't get on the team so easily. My sister, who is a Senior, is also on the team. I'm very fond of sports. **Josephine Ruper,**

Box 1274, Uniontown, Pa.

* *
SPELLING BEE

Dear Editor:—

I'm 13 years old and I like school very much. Last term I won a big dictionary in the spel-

ling bee. I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of once a month. I don't see hardly any letter from Detroit. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 518.

Rose Petrich,

637 S. Waterman ave., Detroit, Mich.

* *

WESTERNERS MINUS HORNS

Dear Editor:—

I once saw a letter in the "Mladinski List" from St. Louis, Missouri. It interested me very much, because I have some relatives living there. I wrote to this party and was very anxious to hear from them, but never did get an answer. I often wonder if I scared them out because I live in the wild west as many of the eastern people think the western people are wild and have horns. I'm anxious to hear from them. We all belong to the SNPJ.

Amelia Kruzick,

223 East 1st st., Roundup, Mont.

* *

ALABAMA: THE LAST STATE

Dear Editor:—

I do not see many letters in the M. L. from Alabama, it is the least talked about state in the M. L.

I live in the hilly section of Alabama; the roads and hills are very beautiful. It isn't so very cold here for we are preparing for spring planting. It won't be long before the trees will be budding and spring time will be here again.

I have read in many of the letters in the M. L. of the beautiful snow in many sections.

It has snowed only two times here.

Kathryn Stimecz, Piper, Alabama.

Mary Ethel Stimecz, Box 114, Piper, Ala.

* *



Martin Zaksek of Uniontown, Pa., is a healthy chap, and he would like to correspond with the members.

Dorothy Degrosky, below, is 13, and her home is at Scranton, Pa. Her parents and herself are members of Lodge No. 513 SNPJ.



LETTERS FROM OTHER MEMBERS

Katherine Plankar of Detroit, Mich., is attending Pershing high school and is 14 years old. She is a member of Lodge No. 121.

Lina Cvirn of Marianna, Pa., likes the magazine from cover to cover. Her two weeks' Xmas vacation was well spent.

Joe Pasarich of Elizabeth, N. J., is 13 and likes to play basketball in school. He also likes football games.—His brother **John** is 11 years old and also interested in sports. Their little brother **Frank** writes a few lines to the M. L. All are members of Lodge No. 540.

Tilda Krulyac of Swastika, N. M., has two sisters and one brother. She is 13 years of age and likes letters.—Her friend **Mary Tassinazzi** is also 13 and from the same place.

Little **Sophie Batis** of Herminie, Pa., Box 287, would like to get some letters.

Joseph Gabrich of Salem, O., likes the M. L. and personal letters. He is a member of Lodge No. 476, is 13 and in the 7th grade.

John Skofic of Muskegon Heights, Mich., presently attends junior high and likes football. Their local working conditions are poor.

Joseph Pogacar of Cleveland, O., says that everyone in their family belongs to the SNPJ. He likes letters and the M. L.

Adele Jakse of La Salle, Ill., hopes she will soon be able to write a Slovene letter for the M. L. The whole family belongs to the SNPJ.

John A. Kravanja of Arnold, Pa., reports that every member of their family is in the SNPJ.

Anna Kodelya of Terre Haute, Ind., goes to 6th grade, is our member and would like to receive letters.

Pauline Guzel of Avella, Pa., lives on a farm and likes it. She has 4 sisters and 3 brothers, all SNPJs.

Adolph Kobe of W. Newton, Pa., likes to read the magazine. He has two brothers and a sister; all are in the SNPJ.

Tony Strazisar of Cleveland, O., also contributes a little letter to the M. L.

Mollie Dodich of Canton, O., is 11 years old and would like to get letters. (Her address: 2616 Indiana Way, N. E.)

Mary Yamsek of Warren, O., says that the whole family is in the SNPJ.

Mary Valentincic of Waukegan, Ill., reports that Santa was real good to her.

John Bervar of Forest City, Pa., has 2 brothers and five sisters. He likes private letters.

Emma Gorsha of Universal, Ind., sends in a little poem about a "Little Girl."

Joseph Michcic of W. Aliquippa, Pa., contributes a "story."

Mary Uster from W. Newton, Pa., says that they all belong to the SNPJ.

Ernest Pochervina from Morgan, Pa., likes his teacher and Xmas presents.

Gilbert A. Raunick of Kenosha, Wis., wrote his first letter for the M. L.

Edward J. Sodnikar from Bridgeport, O., plays violin and belongs to the high school band.

Andrey Maslo from Cleveland, O., writes his first letter for the M. L. He likes jokes.

Olga Malnar from Buckner, Ill., says that her father is Secretary of lodge No. 396. She would like to get letters.

John Poklar of Milwaukee, Wis., writes for the first time to the M. L. which he likes.

Pauline Cesnik from Washoe, Mont., has four sisters and two brothers.

Steve Suskalo from Stuterville, Pa., is 10 years old and likes nice riddles.

Frances Fatur from Trinidad, Colo., reports that she received a letter from **Mary Fradel** and thanks her.

Frances Valencheck from Masontown, Pa., is a member of Lodge No. 570. She likes M. L.

Frank Kren from Girard, O., is 13 years of age. Their family belongs to the SNPJ.—His sister **Katherine** also likes the M. L.



The smiling little girl on the picture is **Rosie Urosevich** from Burlington, W. Va. She likes parties and school also. She is our member.

Tommy Jancic from Roundup, Mont., is 12 and in junior high. They all belong to the SNPJ.

Joe Bolon from Midvale, O., reports the death of his sister Frances who passed away Sept. 29 last year.

Margaret Overlich from Ashley, Pa., enjoyed Xmas vacation very much.

John Zupancic of Euclid, O., is 9 and in 4th grade in school.

Joe Dremely from St. Michael, Pa., says he'll write a Slovene letter next time.

Jennie Zupan from Hazel Park, Mich., sings: "Moj očka so mi djali, oženi se moj sin. Naradil ti bom hišico iz orehovich lupin."

Victoria Harvatin from Forest City, Pa., would like to get the M. L. every week.

* * *

THE DESERTED ISLAND

(Concluded.)

Mildred decided to go and see if this really was her aunt whom she longed to see all these years. She found the place with a little difficulty. She rapped softly on the door and it was open, not by her dear aunt whom she wanted to see, but by an old worn down worried looking woman. The woman asked Mildred into the parlor very kindly. She went in and the woman talked very nicely to her. Mildred told the woman about the experience she had on the ocean. After a long conversation Mildred found out that this really was her aunt.

Mildred got a new position near her aunt's place and worked there for about five years and in these five years she forgot about her mother and father and always had a happy expression on her face.

She was now twenty four years old and loved by everybody. One summer afternoon she and her boy friend decided to go to Europe because he wanted to see his parents. They came to the dock rather late and almost missed their ship. They came to the middle of the ocean and the same thing happened as did when Mildred came to New York. A storm came up and sank the ship. People were drowning with the ship, others swimming half drowned. The wreck was frightful.

Mildred and her boy friend were safe on a raft sailing and sailing, and it seemed that there was no end to their sailing.

"At last," Mildred cried out. "Look! At last we can see land."

They came to the land and saw that it was only a deserted island with nothing on but trees. It looked very lonesome. They wandered around the island but could find no trace of man or beast.

Mildred cried out: "Look at what I see!"

"What do you see?" he stammered excitedly.

"A cave! A cave, can't you see it over there?"

"Oh! I see it now. Let us go over and see what we can find."

"All right," she agreed.

They came to the cave and Mildred shrieked (half frightened): "Monsters! Two monsters! Look at them—coming toward us. Oh, save me, please save me, Bill! Why did we ever land here?" But she was calmed down by Bill. He told her that the monsters could do no more than kill them.

Mildred happened to glance at the further end of the cave and whispered to Bill: "Look, there is a woman lying there on the moss"

They wanted to see if they knew this woman so they started into the cave, and, to their surprise, the two monsters started to speak and this made Mildred more frightened.

One of them said, "Who are ye that come hither, ye are not needed here, and we can die without your help. See here," he said, "this is my mother and you cannot see her until you tell me who ye are. She is almost dead because about fifteen years ago she was lost from her dear daughter."

The story seemed familiar to Mildred and she asked sadly, "Who was this daughter of hers and what was her name?"

He cried, "Never mind about that, dearie, all I want to know is who you are?"

Bill broke in, "If you tell us who you are, that look like monsters, we will tell you who we are."

The monster came to himself and said, "I am the son of that woman lying on the moss. My father is very old and sad. That is he sitting over there beside my mother. My name is Robert, but I hate to be called that because in my younger days I was always called Bob by my sister whom we believe was drowned fifteen years ago, and I just love that name. But now I am called a monster. Please don't ask any more questions, because you are bringing everything back to my memory.

"Oh, Bob, we did not mean to call you that," cried Mildred running up and kissing him. We thought you were a monster, because you look like one with your face unshaved for fifteen years. Will you please tell us about your departure from your sister?" she asked sadly.

Bob was now in tears and said it was too sad to think of her. But in his tears he told his story.

Mildred was now also in tears, but tried to keep them back and to swallow the lump in her throat.

"What is the matter?" asked Bob.

"Oh, nothing," said she. "But could you please tell me what the girl's name was?"

"Alas!" he said, "that is the name I had tried to forget all these years. I might as well give it to you. Her name was Mild . . . Mil . . . Mil," and he was in tears trying to tell them the rest.

"So you are my brother Bob," she asked.

"Are you my sister Mildred?" he stuttered.

"Yes, I am! And is that my father and mother over there?"

"Yes, that is they."

She ran over and kissed her father and then went to her mother.

Her mother recognized her right away and she was better already.

After their reunion Bill, Bob and Bob's father made a raft and set sail for home.

When they reached home Mildred said, "Isn't it funny that fifteen years ago we left this house happy and now we come back the same way only this happiness means more to me than that fifteen years ago."

(FINIS)

(Sent in by Vida Zabric, Park Hill, Pa.)



(1809—1865)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I intend no modification of my oft-expressed wish that all men could be made free. In giving freedom to the slaves we assure freedom to the free—, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.

—Abraham Lincoln.

A PARABLE FOR ALL FAITHS

'TIS told, nigh to a city-gate
 Four fellow-travelers hungry sate—
 An Arab, Persian, Turk, and Greek;
 And one was chosen forth to seek
 Their evening meal, with dirhems
 thrown
 Into a common scrip; but none
 Could with his fellows there agree
 What meat therewith should purchased
 be.
 "Buy uzum," quoth the Turk. "Which
 food
 Is cheaper, sweeter, or so good."
 "Not so," the Arab cried, "I say
 Buy aneb, and the most ye may."
 "Name not thy trash," the Persian said,
 "Who knoweth uzum or aneb?
 Bring anghur, for the country's store
 Is ripe and rich." The Greek, who bore

Their dirhems, clamored, "What ill
 thing
 Is anghur? Surely I will bring
 Staphylion green, staphylion black,
 And a fair meal we shall not lack."
 Thus wrangled they, and set to try
 With blows what provend he should
 buy,
 When lo! before their eyes did pass,
 Laden with grapes, a gardener's ass.
 Sprang to his feet each man, and
 showed,
 With eager hand, that purple load.
 "See uzum!" cried the Turk; and "See
 Anghur!" the Persian; "what should be
 Better?" "Nay, aneb; aneb 'tis!"
 The Arab cried. The Greek said, "This
 Is my staphylion!" Then they bought
 Their grapes in peace.
 Hence be ye taught!

From "Appreciation"

SYSTEM

He who every morning plans the
 transactions of the day, and follows out
 that plan, carries a thread that will
 guide him through the labyrinth of the
 most busy life. The orderly arrange-
 ment of his time is like a ray of light
 which darts itself through all his occu-
 pations. But where no plan is laid,
 where the disposal of time is surren-
 dered merely to the chance of incidents,
 all things lie huddled together in one
 chaos, which admits of neither distribu-
 tion nor review.—Victor Hugo.

Teacher: "And so we find that heat
 expands things, and cold contracts
 them. Can anyone give me an example
 of this?"

Bright student: "Yes, ma'am. The
 days are longer in summer."

To bed, to bed, you sleepy head,
 Undress and tumble in it.
 But don't forget to brush your teeth,
 'Twill only take a minute.

But in going down an alley
 To a castle in a valley,
 They completely lost their way,
 And wandered all the day;
 Till, to see them safely back,
 They paid a Ducky-quack,
 And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
 Who took them to their house.

Then they wispered to each other,
 "O delightful little brother,
 What a lovely walk we've taken!
 Let us dine on beans and bacon!"
 So the Ducky and the leetle
 Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle
 Dined and danced upon their heads
 Till they toddled to their beds.