

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

Leto XII—Št. 11.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER, 1933

Vol. XII—No. 11.

PESEM DELAVSKEGA OTROKA

(Prosto po Andreasu Ady-ju napisal M. K.)

MOJ oče dela ves dan in se vrne šele zvečer.
Boljšega očeta, kakor je moj, ne najdeš nikjer.

Moj oče nosi raztrgano obleko, a meni rad kupi novo,
in pripoveduje mi, da bomo v bodočnosti srečni gotovo.

Moj oče trpi, je ponižan, bogatim hlapčuje,
domov pa prinaša nam nado, ker v borbo in zmago veruje.

Moj oče štrajka, če je treba, za nas se žrtvuje;
ponižnost, nezvestoba, nepoštenost so mu tuje.

Moj oče je le siromak; končal bi svoje trpljenje,
če ne bi zame skrbel in za moje lepše življenje.

In če bi hotel moj oče, bi nihče tu ne bil več bogat,
in moji prijatelji bi bili meni kakor bratu brat.

Moj oče umira v boju in delu;
močnejšega ne bo mogoče sploh nikdar:
moj oče je močnejši kakor vsak vladar!



R. Tagore:

Čampin cvet

MISLI si, da bi bil čampin cvet, samo tako za šalo, in bi rasel na veji visoko na onem drevesu in bi se tresel v vetru od smeha in plesal po pravkar razklenjenih listih, ali bi me spoznala, mamica?

Klicala bi: "Dete, kje si?" in jaz bi se smejal sam pri sebi in bi bil tiho, prav tiho.

Skrivaj bi odprl svoje liste in bi te opazoval pri delu.

Kedar bi po kopeli, z mokrimi lasmi, razpuščenimi preko ramen, šla skozi senco čampovega drevesa do dvorca, kjer opravljaš svoje molitve, bi začutila vonj cvetlice, pa ne bi vedela, da prihaja od mene.

Kedar bi opoldne po obedu sedela ob oknu in čitala Ramajano in bi senca drevesa padala na tvoje lase in na tvoja nedrija, vrgel bi svojo malo senco na stran tvoje knjige, prav tja, kjer bi čitala.

Bi uganila, da je bila to drobna senca tvojega malega deteta?

Kedar bi šla zvečer s prižgano svetilko v roki v hlev h kravam, bi padel nadoma zopet na zemljo in bi bil še enkrat tvoje pravo dete in bi te prosil, da mi poveš kakšno pravljico.

"Kje si pa bilo, ti poredno dete?"

"Ne povem ti, mamica." Glej tako bi si govorila ti in jaz.

SOBA V PROLETARSKI ULICI

MAJHEN prostor v štiri stene ujet,
okence na stopnice

— pa je tako velik svet —.

Ob steni postelja —

O, če bi se dalo vsaj spati! —

Ali do dveh grmi nadulična,

po dveh pa prične mrčes vasovati . . .

Res človek bi z eno samo mislijo

vso to bedo podrl —

z eno samo mislijo široko pot

v nov svet utrl. —

Anna P. Krasna.

Katka Zupančič:

Tončkova naloga

Voda

VODA je mokra. Tista voda, ki jo nadežuje dež, je deževnica. Tista pa, ki kaplja od strehe, je kapnica. Deževnica je mehka voda, ampak če se spremeni v točo, je jako trda. Vse od studenca do veletoka je tekoča voda; vse od mlake do morja je stoječa voda. Ampak če jo prelivamo, je vsa enako tekoča. Morje je slano, mlake pa niso slane. Ako bi bile, bi živina vriskala.

Voda je koristna. Z njo si gasimo žejo in ogenj. Vodo ljubijo najbolj žabe in ribe, najmanj pa stekli psi in pijanci. Pa jih zato tudi najbolj žeja.

Ako bi ne bilo vode, bi ne bilo ne rastlin, ne živali, ne človeka. Ljudje pa bi bili vsi strašno umazani. Kajti z vodo preganjamo nesnago.

V puščavi ne raste ničesar. Zato tam ne dežuje, ker ni treba. Močvirje je preveč mokro in hudobno. Zato se ga ljudje ogibljejo.

Včasih so poplave. V poplavah kmetje kolnejo in žabe regljajo.

Proti vodi se branimo z nasipi in dežniki.

Zmrzla voda je led. Led nosimo v rešetu.

Uganka: Kaj teče, pa nima nog? (Voda.)

Katka Zupančič:

NA JUG . . .

MRZLA burja brije že,
in ptičice na jug beže,
ker drevje naglo slači se.

Obuje zajček škornjice:
mar on na jug ne sme?
Pa treba še je palčice —
brez palčice ne gre.
In treba še je malhice —
pa to ima on že.
A v malhi ni nič brašnjice —
ojme, ojme, ojme . . .

Brez palčice, brez brašnjice —
na pot ne upa se —



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

SESTRICI

Materina slika

(Resnična zgodba)

AMERIŠKE vojne ladje so dvignile sidra, da odplujejo na otočje Filipine in tam zadušijo vstajo. To je bilo pač v korist Združenih držav Sev. Amerike, katerih posest so bili Filipini, in ukaz je bil tak. Tedaj je prišlo tudi do pomorske bitke pred mestom Manilo na filipinskem otoku Luzonu, ki je glavno mesto ameriških Filipinov.

Malo preden je bilo izdano povelje, da se prične topovski ogenj, pade nekemu mlademu mornarju slučajno suknjič v morju. Mladenič zaprosi takoj svojega starešino za dovoljenje, da se hitro spusti z ladje v morje in tako reši svoj suknjič, ki se še ni potopil. Vendar mu starešina in poveljnik z ogorčenjem odkloni prošnjo in mu ukaže, da odide na svoje mesto. Mornar ne uboga, nego skoči v morje, tam zgrabi svoj suknjič in se po neki vrvi popne spet na ladjo, kjer se postavi v vrsto z ostalimi mornarji. Zaradi te njegove neposlušnosti ukaže starešina, da ga takoj odvedejo in zapro v spodnjem delu ladje.

Po dokončani bitki odvedejo mladega mornarja pred sodišče in admiral bi že moral podpisati obsodbo, po kateri bi bil mornar obsojen na več let strogega vojaškega zapora. Vendar ukaže admiral, še preden podpiše to obsodbo, da

naj pripeljejo obsojenega mornarja predenj. Ko je obsojeni mornar stal pred njim v spremstvu svojih paznikov in čuvajev, ga admiral dolgo in pazljivo gleda, a potem ga vpraša:

“Mladenič, povej mi resnico, kaj te je dovedlo do tega, da si odrekel pokornost svojemu starešini?”

Obsojeni mornar, ki je ves pobit stal pred svojim admiralom, seže z roko v žep svojega suknjiča in vzame iz njega neko sliko. Sliko pokaže admiralu ter reče z očmi polnimi solz in z drhtečim glasom:

“Mati!” in gledajoč admirala naravnost v oči, nadaljuje umirjeno, z nekakšnim iskrenim ponosom: “Ni mi bilo žal suknjiča, gospod admiral, ali v njem je bila ta materina slika, in ne dopustil bi, da se uniči niti za vse dobrine tega sveta . . .”

Admiral vstane po tej iskreni mornarjevi izpovedi in poljubi tega mladega človeka na čelo, potem mu pa z ginenim glasom reče:

“Sin moj, prost si, in glej, odpuščam ti vso tvojo kazen. Deca, ki tudi za samo materino sliko žrtvuje svoje življenje, bo to življenje — če treba — rada žrtvovala tudi za svobodo sodelavcev; in za take sinove niso temnice niti okovje!”

—C. Kr.



L. N. Tolstoj:

Veliki medved

PRED davnimi in davnimi časi je bila na zemlji velika suša: izsušile so se reke, potoki in studenci, posušilo se je drevje, grmovje in trava, ljudje in živali pa so umirali od žeje.

Neke noči je odšlo iz neke hiše dekletce z zajemalko v roki; napotilo je iskat za svojo bolno mamico vode. Ali dekletce vode ni našlo nikjer, in od utrujenosti je leglo v travo in zaspalo. Ko se je pa zbudilo in vzelo zajemalko v roke, je malo manjkalo, da ni izlilo vode iz nje. Zajemalka je bila polna čiste in sveže vode. Dekletce se je razveselilo in se hotelo napiti; tedaj se je pa spomnilo, da bi potem ne bilo dovolj vode za bolno mamico. Pa je pohitelo z vodo domov. Hitelo je tako, da ni zapazilo niti psička pri svojih nogah in se je spodtaknilo obenj in spustilo pri tem zajemalko na tla. Psiček je žalostno zatulil. Dekletce je s strahom dvignilo zajemalko, saj je mislilo, da se je vsa voda razlila. Toda, glej, zajemalka je stala pokoncu na svojem dnu in vsa voda je ostala nerazlita v njej. Vodo je zdaj dekletce nalilo na svojo dlan, jo ponudilo psičku in ta je spil vso in se zelo razveselil. Ko je dekletce nabiralko spet vzelo v roko, zajemalka ni bila več iz pločevine, nego iz srebra. Deklica je nesla zajemalko domov in jo z vodo, ki je ostala še v njej, ponudila mamici. Mati pa je dejala: "Jaz umrem že tako in tako, zato pij raje sama," in jo je vrnila hčerkici. V tem trenutku se je izpremenila srebrna zajemalka v zlato. Zdaj se pa dekletce zaradi velike žeje ni moglo obvladati več in že je hotelo zajemalko pritisniti k ustom, ko je nanagloma vstopil med vrata popotnik in jo poprosil, da naj mu da piti. Dekletce je pogoltnilo slino in je ponudilo zajemalko popotniku. In glej, iz zajemalke je skočilo sedem ogromnih briljantov in izlil se je iz nje velik curek čiste in sveže vode.

Sedem briljantov se je pa začelo dvigati višje in višje in dvignilo se je tja na nebo. In tam jih vidimo žareti še dandanes v obliki zlate zajemalke.

Tako je nastalo sozvezdje Velikega Medveda.

(Cv. K.)

Računarja

(Češka narodna šala)

Sreča se Filip z Matejem

"Kaj, ali več, da imajo gosi šest nog?" vpraša Filip.

"Filipe, ti se pa motiš! Kako neki bi jih pa imele?" odvrne Matej.

"Ne motim se, Matijče, ne motim," pravi Filip. "Tri gosi imajo vendar šest nog, mar ne?"

Božji otroci

(Malajska pravljica)

BOGOVI, ki so vladali nad zemljo, morjem in zrakom, so imeli troje otrok. Prvi je bilo zlato sonce, drugi bleda luna in tretji kričač petelin. Vsi ti otroci so živeli skupno v složni bratskiljubezni.

Nekega dne pa je odšlo sonce na izlet in sestra luna je ostala sama doma. Naprosila je petelina, da naj ji prižene ovčice s paše, toda petelin ji je odvrnil, da naj gre po nje kar sama! Sestra, ki je bila drugače sicer mirna, se je topot zelo raztogotila. Popadla je bratca petelina in ga vrgla v globoko jamo.

Ko se je sonce vrnilo domov, mu je luna pripovedovala, kaj se je med njegovo odsotnostjo pripetilo. Sonce se je zelo užalostilo in zameglilo ter dejalo: "Sestra, zakaj si to storila? Prepričali me. Zdaj še tudi jaz ne vem in nisem nikdar varno pred možnostjo, da se enkrat ne lotiš tudi mene. Veš kaj, od današnjega dne naj bo dan moj a noč tvoja. Jaz bom vzhajalo podnevi, ti vzhajaj ponoči. Petelin pa gotovo ne pozabi name. Saj mu nisem ničesar storilo. In zaradi tega tudi nočem, da bi kikirikal tedaj, ko boš na sprehodu ti."

In od teh časov resnično vstaja petelin istočasno s soncem, se raduje, ko vidi svojega zlatega brata in kikirika veselo:

"To je moj braaat!" Ko sonce zaide in se luna poda na sprehod, petelin umolkne, se skrči in skriva glavo, da ne bi videl svoje hudobne sestre.

Mile Klopčič:

JESENSKA PESEM

(Po Felixu Kanitzu)

DOZOREL je plod in čaka, da ga vtrgaš.
 Jesen jih sitemu v naročje meče.
 Dozorelo je žito. Povezano je v težke snope.
 Zdaj kmalu bodo polni skednji, kašče, vreče.

Dozorel je plod. A ne za vse ljudi.
 Kdor nima, še v jeseni strada.
 Dozorelo je žito. Dovolj ga je na svetu.
 A delavstvo od lakote propada.

Jesen deli bogastvo svoje v izobilju,
 a trudni človek strada in trpi.
 Nikar v obup! Še bo prišla jesen,
 ko žito bo zorelo prav za vse ljudi.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Bresdin: SLAMNATE STREHE

Ivan Jontez:

Proletarska mati

DESET nas je bilo, mati, oče in osem otrok. Jaz sem bila eden izmed njih. Živeli smo v napol razpadli predmestni hišici, ki je bila počrnela od starosti in od gostega črnega dima, ki se je noč in dan valil iz tovarniških dimnikov, nam kradel sonce ter nas dušil liki zlobna pošast. Živeli smo v vednem mraku in iz tega mrzlega, dušечеlega mraka se nam je vedno posmehovala revščina. Revščina in pomanjkanje, rojeno v pošastnem kotlu vnebovpiječih krivic, pod čijih krvavo pezo še vedno vzdihujemo.

Spominjam se, da sem tiste čase gojila mnogo želja, ki se nikdar niso izpolnile, dasi so bile majhne in skromne: nekoč sem si zaželela lepe punčke, take, ki odpira in zapira oči in ki sem jo bila videla nekoč v izložbenem oknu velike mestne trgovine; pozneje sem si želela lepih oblek in čevljkov; največkrat pa sem si želela, da bi se vsaj enkrat na dan počeno nasitila. Toda moj oče je bil ubog tovarniški delavec, ki je dobil za svoje delo le malo več kot za suh kruh in sol, zato so mi moje želje prinašale le razočaranje.

Bilo nam je kakor v težkih, morečih sanjah. Osem parov otroških oči strmi v lačnem pričakovanju rednika, ki se vrača iz tovarne izžet, izčrpan in mračen kot noč. Otrok ne pogleda, vzlic temu pa jih le predobro vidi in v očeh ga žge pekoča mokrota, ki jo izvabljata brezmočni srd in črni obup. "Prekletó! — zopet so nam odtrgali deset procentov!" Pa pristopi mati, sama kost in koža, a vendar neznansko lepa v svoji plemeniti žalosti matere, ki je kot na razbeljenem ražnju, če morajo njeni dragi trpeti pomanjkanje in tegobo uboštva. "Ne obupuj, oče!" ga bodri z milim, ljubeznivim glasom, iz katerega zveni trpinčena ljubezen proletarčeve žene. "Starejša fanta bosta kmalu zrela za tovarno in potem nam bo lažje.

Dotlej pa si bomo zadržali pasove ter potrpeali." Toda oče se ne da potolažiti. Mrko gleda predse in mračno ugovarja: "Motiš se: ne bo nam lažje, ne, dokler ne bomo mi sami svoji gospodarji! Tisti čas pa je še daleč, zelo daleč, predaleč." In ostane mrk in zlomljen. Otroci, ki ga ne razumejo, ga plašno gledajo in v očeh jim trepeče glad. Mati pa zadržuje solze ter se zaman skuša bodrilno smehljati.

O, mnogokrat me strašijo te sanje, ki so spomin moje mladosti. In iz teh sanj me vedno vzbudi rezko streljanje, obupno kričanje na pomoč in otlo bobnenje mrzlih kep ilovnate zemlje ob mrtvaško krsto.

Stavkali so in oče in moj starejši brat sta bila na stavkovni straži. Bilo je mrzlo zimsko jutro in od dima in saj počrneli sneg je neprijetno škripal in cvilil pod čevlji. Nenadoma pa se je zadimljeni zimski zrak stresel od topotanja konjskih kopit: plačani rablji so napadli mirno, nič hudega slutečo četo stavkarjev pred tovarniškimi vrati. Eden izmed njih je zavihtel kolec nad mojim očetom in Peter, moj starejši brat, je planil k njemu, ga zgrabil za roko ter ga potegnil raz konja. In tedaj je začelo pokati. Ko je bil poboj končan, je ležalo na okrvavljenem snegu šest delavcev, med njimi moj oče in starejši brat, vsi mrtvi.

Meni je bilo tedaj štirinajst let.

Dobro leto pozneje je vzelo mater. Pomanjkanje in žalost. Še poprej pa je stisnilo Rozko in Ivana, najmlajša izmed otrok. Umoril ju je glad. Ostali smo dve sestri in trije bratje, ki smo se kmalu nato raztepli na vse štiri vetrove. Jaz in sestra sva šla služiti k premožnejšim ljudem, bratje pa so se zarili v pennsylvanske rudnike. Videli se nismo nikdar več. Sestra je umrla še zelo mlada v bolnišnici, enega izmed bratov je zasulo v rudniku, ostala dva sta se

pa izgubila neznanokam. Ostala sem sama.

Ko mi je bilo dvajset let, sem se seznanila s tvojim očetom, Pavel. Bil je lep, krepak in možato dober človek in jaz sem ga brž vzljubila. Kmalu nato sva se vzela ter se preselila k rudniku, v katerem si je bil našel delo. Sledilo je pet let prilično srečnega življenja. Rudnik je obratoval s polno paro in tvoj oče je zaslužil dovolj vsaj za nujne potrebe svoje družine, ki je koncem te dobe štela pet članov, troje tvojih bratov in naju. Šesto leto najinega zakona — leto tvojega rojstva — pa se je začelo obračati čezdalje na slabše. Mezdna znižanja so sledila drugo drugemu za petami. Okrog rudarskih hišic se je začelo plaziti čezdalje občutnejše pomanjkanje in nazadnje je začelo med rudarji vreti. Prišla je jesen in z njo stavka. Tvoj oče je bil eden izmed voditeljev v tem boju za našo najosnovnejšo pravico: pravico do človeka dostojnega obstanka. Zato je moral pasti med prvimi.

Ponoči so prišli ponj, ga potegnili iz postelje ter ga odgnali v gluho noč. Siromak se je branil kot tiger, branila sem ga tudi jaz, dokler mi udarec na glavo ni vzel zavesti, branil ga je tudi John, tvoj starejši brat, dokler ga ni siloyita brca z okovanim škornjem poslala v mrak nezavesti, a ves naš napor je bil zaman: rablji so ga odvedli in čez čas je odjeknilo v gluho noč ducat strelav in tvojega očeta ni bilo več med živimi. Zjutraj smo ga našli v blatni kotanji zunaj naše naselbine vsega prestreljenega in razmesarjenega, da ga je bilo težko spoznati. Iz ust mu je gledal ostanek prsta enega izmed rabljev; tvoj oče, Pavel, se je očitno boril do zadnjega ter padel kot junak.

Nas so še tisti dan izgnali iz rudarske naselbine. Za prvo silo smo našli zavetje pri neki revni delavski družini v bližnjem mestu. Pozneje sem si našla delo v tovarni in začelo se je tegobno življenje, katerega se itak dobro spominjaš: mnogokrat smo bili lačni in do-

volj smo prezebali, predno ste odrastli. Odrastli — za kaj?

Johna sem z muko odgojila za Ludlow. Bil je podoben očetu in tebi: krepak in neustrašen bojevnik, prepoln sovražstva do tistih, ki so mu umorili očeta, starega očeta in strica, in goreč privrženec naše pravične delavske stvari. V Ludlow je prišel tik pred stavko, katero je potem pomagal voditi. In kakor mnogo njegovih tovarišev, tako so tudi njega umorili. Kadar se ga spomniš, Pavel, spomni se ga s ponosom, kajti umrl je kot mož, kot hraber vojak silne armade brezpravnih in izkoriščanih delavcev!

Tudi Franka je doletela usoda delavskih boriteljev. Obdolžili so ga hudega zločina, da je bil vrgel bombo, ki je ubila ducat nedolžnih ljudi. To je bila laž, s čije pomočjo so se hoteli rešiti enega izmed nevarnih nasprotnikov, toda Frank je bil vzlic temu — obešen! Slava njegovemu spominu! Umrl je za našo pravično stvar.

Za Jima pa mi bo vedno žal, da sem ga rodila! Tako sem se trudila baš z njim, od ust sem nam pritrgavala, da smo ga izšolali, in kje je danes? Pri onih, naših smrtnih sovražnikih. Prodajal se jim je bil za kos belega kruha! Njim, morilecem mojega očeta, brata, moža in otrok! Pavel, moj sin, izbóci ga iz svojega spomina. Izdajalec je in drugega ne zasluži.

Tako, Pavel, zdaj me poznaš, če me nisi tako dobro poznal doslej. In veš, da imam samo še tebe, da si ti moje edino upanje, edino upanje uboge, pregnane in od krivic izbičane proletarske matere, čije razmrcvarjeno srce kriči po maščevanju in pravici

Saj nam boš ostal zvest, nam vsem, staremu očetu in stricu, stari materi in teti, očetu, Johnu, Franku in meni? Vem, vidim ti na obrazu in v očeh: naš boš in za naše pravice se boš boril, kakor so se borili oni, ki so bili tvoji po krvi in trpljenju. In takega te hočem zmerom videti.

Ko sem te nosila pod srcem, me je

doletel najstrašnejši udarec, ki more zadeti proletarnko mater: ubili so mi moža, tvojega očeta.

Zato, Pavel, moj najmlajši sin, bodi tvoja naloga: boj proti morilcem proletarskih očetov, mater in otrok, boj za naše svete pravice in boj za svetlejšo

bodočnost proletarskih mater, očetov in otrok!

Velika naloga in njeno breme bo včasih silno težko, toda saj si mlad in krepak. Zato: naprej, sin!

S teboj naj hodi blagoslov tvoje proletarske matere.

O treh groših

(Slovaška narodna pripovedka)

NEKOČ je kopal neki siromašen človek ob cesti jarke. Mimo je šel sam kralj in ga je vprašal: "Reci mi moj dragi, kako si plačan za to naporno robotanje?"

"Presvitli kralj, tri groše imam na dan."

Kralj se je začudil in ga je vprašal: "Kako pa moreš vendar živeti s temi tremi groši?"

"O, gospod kralj, to bi ne bilo še nič. Ali jaz od teh treh grošev enega še vračam, drugega posojam in živim samo od onega tretjega."

Kralj ga skratka ni razumel, kaj to pomeni. Z roko si je trl čelo, da bi razmislil, kaj vse to znači, ali najsi je razmišljal kolikor je hotel, se vendar le ni mogel domisliti. Končno je moral kljub vsemu priznati, da siromaka ne razume.

"No, presvitli gospod, to je tako: Hranim starega očeta, ki že ne more več delati, temu vračam, ker me je vzgojil. Ali hranim tudi svojega majhnega sina, temu pa posojam, da bi mi vračal, ko bom jaz star — a od tretjega groša živim jaz."

"No, dobro," je dejal kralj. Doma imam dvanajstero svetovalcev. Čim večjo plačo jim dajem, tem bolj se mi upirajo, da nimajo s čim živeti. Dam jim prav to uganko, ki si mi jo zadal ti. Ali če pride kdo k tebi, ne povej mu,

kaj to pomeni, dokler ne vidiš moje slike." Kralj je dal delavcu prgišče zlatnikov in odšel.

Kakor hitro se je kralj vrnil domov, je dal svojim dvanajsterim svetovalcem cestarjevo uganko. Rekel jim je: "Stokate in tožite, da s tolikim denarjem ne morete živeti; ali tu v naši deželi je neki človek, ki ima samo tri groše zaslužka na dan, in od teh enega še vrača, drugega pa posoja; le od tretjega živi sam — in vendar živi redno in pošteno. Zdaj mi pa povejte, ko ste tako učeni, kako je to mogoče. Če tega ne zvem do pojutrišnjem, vas vse skupaj dam izgnati iz naše dežele, da ne bi jedli kruha zastonj."

Ti slavni svetovalci so odšli domov in so se takoj zbrali k posvetovanju, da bi dognali, kaj in kako je moglo vse to biti. Eden je bil pametnejši od drugega, vendar razumu preprostega cestarja vsi skupaj niso bili kos. Najsi so premišljevali kakor so hoteli, vendar niso mogli priti stvari do jedra.—Pretekkel je dan, pretekkel je drugi in tretji. — Svetovalci bi morali stopiti že pred kralja, ali vedeli še niso ničesar. Tedaj jim je nekdo namignil, da naj poiščejo siromašnega moža. In poiskali so ga pa so tako prišli k njemu vsi skupaj. S prošnjami in z grožnjami so hoteli izsiliti iz njega, da jim pove, kakšna je bila stvar z onimi tremi groši. A

on se jih ni ustrašil. Sporočil jim je kraljevski ukaz, in je rekel, da bi jim stvar razjasnil samo v tem slučaju, če bi mu pokazali kraljevo sliko.

"Kako bi ti vendar mi, grešni ljudje, mogli pokazati kraljevo sliko? Kralj na našo besedo ne pride k tebi, in ti pa tudi ne smeš predenj!"

"Tedaj pa ne bo iz vsega tega nič!", je odvrnil cestar.

Poskusili so pri cestarju z vsem močim. Nanosili so mu denarja, obljubili so mu gore in doline, da bi lahko že tudi brez kraljeve milosti od tega živel, če jim to stvar razjasni. Ali cestar je ostal trden. In ko so mu nanosili že res cele grmade denarja in ko se jim je že dovolj nasmejal in se iz njih ponorčeval, da si tako modri gospodje prav nič ne znajo pomagati in ne vedo nobenega sveta, tedaj je končno vzel iz žepa en sam cekin, s katerim ga je obdaroval kralj in je rekel: "Torej, zdaj vidite, tu je kraljeva slika, sam mi jo je daroval in na njej ga prav dobro vidim; ni se mi treba bati, da bi prekršil njegov ukaz. Vse vam lahko povem." In razjasnil jim je svojo uganoko.

Potem so svetovalci seveda prav lah-

ko razgovarjali s kraljem, ko jim je oni siromašni človek posodil razum. Ali tudi kralj je spoznal, kaj za tem tiči in dal je poklicati še cestarja: "Reci mi, kako je prišlo do tega, da si se ti, ki si tako značajan človek, pregrešil proti kraljevskemu ukazu?"

"Nisem se pregrešil, presvitli kralj. Molčal sem kakor kamen, dokler nisem opazil vaše prave slike. Tu jo imam še tudi zdaj saj ste mi jo darovali sami!" In potegnil je iz žepa zlatnik s kraljevo sliko. Povedal je kralju vso zgodbo z dvanajsterimi svetovalci, kako so mu grozili in nosili denar, in kako jih je on zasmehoval.

"Torej", je rekel kralj, "ko imaš ti sam več razuma kakor mojih dvanajstero svetovalcev, ne boš kopal več jarkov. Stanoval boš kakor velik gospod v mojem dvorcu in sedel poleg mene v mojem svetu!"

"A vi," je rekel svetovalcem, "se morate pa sramovati! Ne samo, da vam plač ne bom povišal, nego jih bom še znižal od one vsote, ki jo dobivate za nič!"

Svetovalci niso nikdar več prišli kralja prosit za povišanje plač.

(Cv. K.)



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Millet: POVRATEK S PAŠNIKA



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

Cenjeni!

Veseli me, dragi "Kotičkarji", ker ste se tako povoljno odzvali s slovenskimi dopisi za novembersko številko Mladinskega Lista.

V oktobrski številki je bil priobčen izredno zanimiv dopis naše marljive mladenke Josipine Mestek; ona je naša stalna dopisovalka in zasluži lepo priznanje. V tej številki nam spet pripoveduje zanimive stvari. Po kratkem presledku je spet poslala svoj lep dopis tudi Anica Travnova iz Clevelanda. Njenih dopisov pogrešamo. Pogrešamo pa tudi dopisov od Tončka Groznikovega iz daljnega Friday Harborja, malega otoka ob obali Pacifičnega oceana v državi Washington. Upamo, da bo še kaj poslal v bližnji bodočnosti. Tako tudi njegova sestra Olga. Dalje naša zvesta sotrudnica Francka Čeligojeva iz Clevelanda, Strajnarjeve iz Piney Forka, O., Tomšičeva dečka iz Colorada, Rolihova iz Diamondvilla, Wyo., Vogrinova iz Penne, Marinac iz Colorada, Volkova in Koprivove ter vsi drugi, ki so se že oglasili z zanimivimi dopiski.

Napolnite tudi decembrsko številko z ljubkimi prispevki.—UREDNIK.

ZANIMIVO PISMO NAŠE ZNANKE

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet je minilo par mesecev, odkar je bil priobčen moj zadnji dopis v M. L. Toda predno se konča leto, se hočem še parkrat oglasiti v tem priljubljenem mladinskem glasilu.

Zahvaliti se moram delegaciji 10. konvencije in pa glavnim odbornikom, ker so nam ohranili **Mladinski List**. Ako prenera M. L., bo veliko število dopisovalcev zgubilo zanimanje za dopisovanje. Tudi v Prosveti bi ne bilo en četrtr dopisov od sedanjega števila. Zato upajmo, da se časi izboljšajo in da bo obstanek M. L. mogoč še dolgo let.

Omeniti moram, da je v zadnji številki Mladinskega Lista prav zanimivo popisal **Cvetko Kristan** nekaj zgodovine tega lista in nam dal nekoliko podatkov

o pesnikih in pisateljih, ki redno sodelujejo ter veliko pripomorejo, da je M. L. bolj zanimiv. Lepo priznanje zasluži Kristan za krasno delo.

Odkar sem zadnjič pisala v "Naš kotiček," sem obiskala par krajev v Pennsylvaniji. Prevozila sva z bratom precej sveta. Prenočila sva pri naših sodrobnikih, in sicer pri Louis Vidmarju v Cliff Mine. Iskreno se jim zahvaljujema za izvrstno postrežbo!

V Clevelandu so se prireditve raznih društev precej pomnožile, kar je znak boljših časov.

Dne 12. nov. priredi naše društvo "Beacons" proslavo svoje pete obletnice. V ta namen priredimo obširen varietni program in ples. Vabljen je cenjeno občinstvo, posebno pa člani SNPJ, da se udeležijo te prireditve.

Najlepše pozdrave vsem čitateljem in članom SNPJ!

Anna Traven,
11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

“AMERIKO” JE PES POŽRL

Cenjeni urednik!

Ta mesec sem mislila izostati iz “Kotička,” ker je mama še zmirom bolna in moram, kadar sem doma iz šole, pomagati pri gospodinjstvu, poleg tega pa še delati šolske naloge. Zato mi ne preostaja dosti časa za dopise. Ko pa sem brala zadnjo številko Ml. Lista, sem videla, da so bili v “Kotičku” samo trije slovenski dopisi. Ker se bojim, da čisto ne izostanejo, sem se namenila, da tudi to pot nekaj napišem.

Pisati sicer nimam kaj posebnega, ker tukaj v Clintonu je vse po starem, to je: zanič. Dela in zaslužka je malo, brezposelni delavci se preživljajo večinomoma od “reliefa”, kateri so sploh toliko srečni, da ga dobijo.

In ker nimam posebnih novic poročati, zato naj opišem dogodljaj, ki se mi je pripetil v šoli, oziroma doma.

Učiteljica mi je v šoli dala nalogo, da na kosu papirja “naredim” (ne narišem) Ameriko, kar sem z veliko vne-mo naredila doma. Naredila pa nisem Amerike tako kakor je Bog ustvaril svet, namreč iz nič, ampak sem rabila v to svrhu precejšen kos testa, katerega mi je mama dala. To testo sem na papirju razvlekla in izoblikovala po ob-risih v gorovja, ravnine, gozdove, reke, jezera itd. Skratka: naredila sem Ame-riko takšno, kakršna mora biti. Vrh-tega sem jo pobarvala z raznimi bar-vami, da je izgledala bolj “naravno” in jo obesila zunaj hiše na plot sušit.

Nesreča pa je hotela, ko sem odha-jala v hišo, da je ravno tisti čas prite- kel mimo plota, na katerem je visela Amerika, sestradan pes in jo v hipu požrl, misleč, da je to ogromna omle- ta nalašč pripravljena zanj. Lahko si mislite, kako sem bila ogorčena, ko je pes požiral zadnje ostanke moje Ame-rike. Moj oče pa, ki je videl vse to, mi

je dejal, da pravo današnjo Ameriko, delavsko Ameriko, tudi ujedajo psi in jo bodo nedvomno požrli, če bodo de- lavci to dopustili.

Pozdrav čitateljem in Vam!

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

* *

ZANIMIVA ZGODBA

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v Mladinskem Listu. Dasi nimam kaj posebnega poročati, naj prvo povem, da je danes, dne 26. oktobra, prvič snežilo. Ni ga bilo mno- go, le pokazal se je, nato pa spet hitro zginil. Zemlja je bila še pregorka, da bi obstal na nji, pa tudi zrak še ni do- volj mrzel.

Spomnil sem se na zgodnico, ki mi jo je mama pravila o mojem psičku Princu, ki sem ga imel zelo rad. Glasi se:

Kako mi je Princi rešil življenje

Star sem bil dve leti in pol, pa sem kaj rad smuknil mami izpred oči ven na dvorišče k mojemu prijatelju Prin- cu, ki je bil zelo lep, rmenne barve. Nje- gov kožuh je bil gost in z dolgo dlago, za katero sem se kaj rad držal, če je bi- lo treba. Veste, našemu Princu se je včasih zelo mudilo, ker je imel dober posluh. Naglo je opazil vsakogar, pa je tudi naglo stekel. Prijel sem se ga za njegovo dlako ali kožuh in me je nekoč tako naglo odvelkel s seboj, ko je na nekoga lajal, da se je mama u- strašila, kaj bo z menoj. Potem pa je videla, da se mi ni ničesar žalega zgo- dilo. Stal sem poleg Princa in se sme- jal. Vendar pa me od tistega dneva moja mama ni več rada pustila same- ga k Princu, ker se je bala, da mi bo vse kosti polomil. Jaz sem pa porabil vsako priliko, da sem šel k mojemu pri- jatelju Princu v vas, da sva malo po- kramljala.

Nekega dne, ko je oče prišel z dela, me je malo najprej pocarkljal, potem se je pa šel umivat. Mama je bila med- tem zaposlena s hišnim delom. Takrat sem smuknil k mojemu psičku. Princi

me je vsega umil z jezikom, tako da sem bil še bolj lisast. Nato se je napil vode iz starega škafa. Prejšnji dan je deževalo in škaf je bil poln vode. Na drugi strani sem ga opazoval in se spenjal v škaf. Zdrsnil sem v škaf z glavo naprej, noge pa so molele kvišku. Princi me je skušal potegniti iz vode, pa ni šlo. Brž je začel lajati in tuliti, jaz sem pa kobacal v vodi in bi bil gotovo utonil, da ni bilo Princa. Njegovo lajanje je opozorilo mamo, da je prihitela in me potegnila iz škafa. Prišla je v zadnjem trenutku, sicer bi se bil zadušil. Mati in oče sta si na vse načina prizadevala, da ste me oživela, da sem spet pričel dihati. Princ pa je prav žalosten prišel na okno pogledat, da vidi kaj delam.

Ležal sem v postelji in Princi tistega večera ni hotel nič jesti od žalosti. Šele drugo jutro je pričel jesti, ko me je videl pri oknu. Veselo je pomigal z repom in odšel.

Iskrene pozdrave vsem!

Felix Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

LORAINA V VLOGI ALBINČKA

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da napišem par vestic za Mladinski List v slovenskem.

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti, ker ste mi poslali septembrsko številko Mladinskega Lista.

Delavske razmere tukaj v Waukeganu so pod ničlo. Zabave pa je kljub temu precej.

Na 26. novembra bomo imeli zanimivo igro, ki se imenuje "Prisega o polnoči". Tudi jaz bom igrala, namreč v vlogi Albinčka. Uljudno vas vabim vse, da pridete pogledat. Pridite vsi stari in mladi na to veliko prireditev. Naša igra se bo vršila v Slovenskem narodnem domu v Waukeganu, Ill. Pričetek ob 2. popoldne. Na svidenje!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Lorraine Miller,

909 Lincoln st., Waukegan, Ill.

FRANCKA SE JE PRESELILA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Namenila sem se, da napišem par vestic za Naš kotiček.

Minilo je gorko poletje in nastopila je hladna jesen in kmalu bo zima. Mrzla zima se že približuje in trka na duri.

Naj Vam tudi povem, da smo se preselili. Imela sem dosti dela, ker sem morala pomagati moji mami pri pospravljanju in razstavljanju v novem stanovanju.

Slovenska šola je pričela dne 4. oktobra. Jaz pohajam tretji razred.

Prosim, da priobčite tole pesmico, ki se imenuje "Lastovki v slovo", katero je spisal naš znani pesnik Simon Gregorčič:

Mrzli veter tebe žene,
drobna ptičica od nas,
kjer z nad lipice zelene,
si mi pela kratek čas.
Vsako jutro, ptička moja,
zgodaj si prepevala,
vsako noč je pesem tvoja
sladko me zazibala.
Zdaj pa iz zvonika line
zadnjo pesem žvrgoliš,
ker čez hribe in doline
v tople kraje si želiš.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem skupaj, vsem bratcem in sestricam, posebno pa uredniku!

Frances Marie Čeligoj,

834 Rudyard rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

SPOMIN NA POČITNICE

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Zadnjič sem Vam pisala o mojih ptičkih. Sedaj naj Vam povem, da sem bila za počitnice v Elizabethu, N. J., en teden. Tam imam sestrični Gertrude in Helen Bratnik, in strica Joe Oblak. On me je vzel s seboj v Dreamland park. Tam sem se zabavala in sem se šla peljati na rollercoaster in pa tudi na merry-go-round (vrtiljak). Pa tudi v kino ali "movies" sem šla enkrat, pa je vse drugače ko tukaj pri nas v Scrantonu.

Prišel je petek in sem vprašala strica: "Kdaj pa pride nedelja?" Povedal mi je, da sta samo še dva dneva do nedelje. Seveda je bila ta nedelja velikega pomena zame. Kajti to je pomenilo KONEC mojih počitnic. Rada bi pa namreč še ostala pri sorodnikih v Elizabetu, pa sem morala nazaj domov.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov prav vsem!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

FELIX JE PRIDEN UČENEC

Dragi urednik!

Že zopet Vam pišem, četudi bolj pozno za novembersko številko Mladinskega Lista. Upam, da bo okay. Zelo sem zaposlen s šolskim učenjem. Pred par dnevi sem dobil šolsko izpričevalo, ki je izkazovalo, da je moj povprečni šolski red 95. Poleg drugega učenja sem se tudi pričel učiti na piano pri Mr. R. Reidu vsako soboto po eno uro in pol. Hodim v njegov institut.

Prosim, da priobčite to-le pesmico:

Na dvorišču

Čiv, čiv, čiv,
komaj da sem živ!
koklja, skrij pod perutnice
nas uboge, male ptičice!
Čiv, čiv, čiv,
komaj da sem živ.

Kok, kok, kok!
Kakšen je ta stok!
Pritecite, moji ptički,
vi nedolžni otročički!
Kok, kok, kok!
Kakšen je ta stok.

Kikiriki!
Orel prileti!
Semkaj k meni pritecite,
pod peruti se poskrite!
Kikiriki!
Orel že beži.

Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

JESEN, ZIMA, SNEG

Dragi urednik M. L.!

V zadnji številki Mladinskega Lista ste omenili, naj spet kaj napišem za Kotiček. (Če bo to pismo pozno za oktobrsko številko, pa ga priobčite v novembrski, prosim.)

Jesen je pri nas že začela. Drevje bo kmalu golo in vsa narava se je odela v jesensko obleko. Vse spreminja barbo v naravi. Dnevi so krajši in noči so daljše. Hladnejše je postalo. Gore so že pokrite s snegom.

Tukaj Vam pošiljam pesmico, ki se mi dopade:

Jesen je tu

Po vrtu v travi
podlesek cvete nevesel,
na jug zleteli so žerjavi,
hladen čas se je začel.

Slovo že lastovke so vzele,
v grmovju črni kos molči,
senice prišle so vesele
od mrzle severne strani.

Po njivah se živina pase,
več žitne bilke ni nikjer,
plevel zdaj po strnišču raste
pastirčki kurijo zvečer.

Jesen rumena, dobra žena,
otroci se je vesele.
Rdeča, bela in rmena
na drevju jabolka zore.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem!
Albert Tomsic, box 122, Walsen, Colo.

Mamica pravi Janezku in Marički:
"Kako pa to, da sedita danes tako tiho."
"Atek je zaspal," odgovarjata otroka.

"To sta pa res pridna, da sedita tako tiho."

"Mamica, midva čakava, kaj se zgodi, ko mu cigareta dogori do prstov!"

* * *

"Ali veš, kaj se zgodi z otroci, ki govorijo neresnico?"

"Vem, po železnici se vozijo s polovičnim voznim listkom!"



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XII

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER, 1933

Number 11

CREDO

BUT for me, O Wind, you needless exist.
I know it is you, beating the masterful sea,
And brutally splashing the waves on the rocks;
Then transcending the waters to come on the land.
Whip my tattered garments about me!
Wreak your vengeance, rebuff all mercy.
But into your fitfulness enroll my creed
And waft it unsparingly wherever you go:

But for me, the waters would dash by the day,
Wave upon wave, to the barrier of rock,
Reflecting the aeons of suns on its surface,
Harboring the fishes, asleep to its power.
But for me, the winds would sweep barren lands;
Rage without aim; urge without plan.
But, by this hand now thrust to the wind
I wield the power that releases the might,
That combines the elements into a force terrific —
Force with an aim: service to Man.
To exist without service, of what value, O waters?
To rage without plan, of what purpose, O winds?

—Mary Jugg.

DOWN TO THE TOWN OF SMILES

LET'S go down to Friendship,
 Down to the town of Smiles!
 The highway of Laughter
 Leads down there, and after
 We're there,
 Each smile is a layer
 That nothing but Love
 From our Mother
 Shall enter the hearts of mankind.

LET'S go down to Friendship,
 Down to the town of Smiles!
 They don't have a mayor,
 Or city surveyor,
 Or "cop,"
 Or winky-blink signs that say "Stop."
 To smile is the law,
 And you never saw
 A statute so gladly obeyed.

LET'S go down to Friendship,
 Down to the town of Smiles!
 The streets of the city
 Are called "Jolly," and "Witty,"
 And "Grin,"
 And "Try It Ag'in,"
 And we can't lose our way,
 For they've signboards that say,
 "Smile, and you're always at home!"

LET'S go down to Friendship,
 Down to the town of Smiles!
 While our troubles unravel
 In laughter we travel
 Down there,
 Where each smile is a layer;
 And the people, we'll find,
 Are never unkind—
 Now smile and we'll soon be there!

—"G. H."



NOVEMBER

When shrieked
 The bleak November winds, and
 smote the woods,
 And the brown fields were herb-
 less, and the shades
 That meet above the merry rivulet
 Were spoiled, I sought, I loved
 them still; they seemed
 Like old companions in adversity.

—Bryant

The Soil and Its Owners

THE earth is the great storehouse of wealth and those who toil upon it create the riches of the world and make them available to the human race. For centuries man remained in ignorance of the earth upon which he lived and labored. He had no conception of the solar system, of the size or shape of the earth; he knew little of the component parts of earth, and little of the relations of seeds to soil. The chief agricultural implements were a sharpened stick, with which the ground was cultivated, and a flail, with which the grain was threshed. That man should so long remain in ignorance of the great storehouse, the very source of his life, is astounding. Man has ever failed, and fails now, to realize that the proper disposal, conservation and use of land is the fundamental question of human existence. It is equal to the sum of all other questions that relate to mankind.

Man's failure to comprehend the fact that the soil is a mine richer than the gold mines of the Klondike or the diamond mines of Kimberly, led our government, in the early days, to regard the land merely as a source of national revenue. To realize money from the sale of lands would relieve the people from an equal amount of taxes. Rich men were permitted to buy public lands at nominal prices without limit of quantity. The subsequent purchaser, the farmer and producer, forestalled by the private cash purchaser, had therefore to pay, in the price given by him, not only the taxes which the rich escaped, but interest as well, and as large a profit as the transaction would bear. This was our "political economy" relative to a question greater than we solved in 1861-5. This system was applied to the Northwest territory, then to the land south of the Ohio river, then to the Louisiana purchase, to Florida and to California. Millions of acres,

that should have been held for homes for the people, were sold to capitalists and speculators. The issue of military bounty land warrants, consequent upon the war with Mexico, opened a wide field of speculation. Again under the theory of saving taxes, land bounties were given to soldiers instead of cash. The bounties were made transferable, and did the soldiers little good. Warrants calling for one hundred and sixty acres were sold for \$50 and less. Many of the great plantations of the south were obtained by men who purchased these warrants from the soldiers. Military warrants covering seventy million acres, comprising an area as large as the six New England states, with New York added, have been issued by the United States; very few soldiers or their heirs ever located on these lands. The warrants were made assignable for speculative purposes, and capitalists thus acquired thousands of quarter-sections of our priceless public domain for \$50 and less. Another twenty-five million acres of the best south land was sold, under the "Graduation Act," for prices ranging down from one dollar to twelve and a half cents per acre.

Following the cash bounty land system came the colossal swamp land grant, state grants for various purposes, and railroad land grants, thru all of which bodies of land larger than some European kingdoms passed into the hands of rich real estate owners. Two hundred and twenty million acres were given to railroads and seventy-five million to the states under the swamp land act.

The policy of making grants of land to new states upon their admission into the Union has been regarded as commendable, and the results of such donations have been generally beneficial to the whole community. The states, however, have in many instances sold the

land at nominal prices to speculators from whom the actual settlers were compelled to buy at higher prices. Thus, the states have permitted the speculators to make enormous profits out of the grants received for internal improvements, swamps, agricultural college and school purposes. The seventy-five million acres given to the states under the swamp land grant was, under the terms of the grant, for the specific purpose of "constructing the necessary levees and drains to reclaim the swamp and overflowed land therein." Many of the states dissipated these lands, selling them for a mere pittance to speculators and giving them away to railroads. But few states made any effort to use the lands for reclamation purposes.

The grant for agricultural colleges was the best regulated of all the grants made to the states. Ten million acres were granted for agricultural colleges—and yet the aggregate amount received by the states from the sale of these lands was but seven million dollars, about 75 cents per acre. This grant was made 64 years ago. Under this act the states were given the land and the states were to use the proceeds received from its sale to found agricultural colleges. The purpose was to develop agriculture and "such mechanic arts as are directly connected with agriculture." Realizing man's woeful ignorance of the soil, and the manner in which the states and the government have squandered it in the past, congress appropriated these ten million acres to build colleges in which nothing but agriculture should be taught. Here the farmers, their wives, their boys and girls learn how to conserve the soil rather than how to paint a picture; how to analyze soil rather than how to harness electricity; the best method to rotate crops instead of the rule in Shelly's case; to learn how to make two blades of grass grow where one has grown before rather than to learn how to build a railroad across the Rockies or construct a Panama Canal.

Farming is the greatest business on

earth, and there is as great necessity for efficiency in the tillage of the soil as in any other business or profession. Efficiency is not developed on the farm or by the farmer. He has never invented a labor-saving machine; he did not first learn that repeated planting of the same crop impoverishes the soil; it was not the farmer who first analyzed the soil; nor did he discover that the soil may be enriched by prepared fertilizers. The inventor and the chemist have been the farmers' greatest friends. It was the man in the laboratory who discovered the way to make two blades of grass grow in the place of one. So it is in the Agricultural Colleges that men are learning intensive farming.

The two most beneficent laws relating to land our government has enacted were the acts giving a citizen the right to homestead farm, and the act creating agricultural schools. But the government has done nothing about the right distribution and controlling of prices. Profiteering goes on even in these hard times. In cities it is the industrial worker who suffers most, who must pay high prices and who must work for low wages and at long hours. In the country it is the farmer who is obliged to sell his produce at low prices to the so-called middle-man who makes exorbitant profits. In near future the government will be forced to step in and adjust and control the production and distribution in industries and farming—for the best interest of all who toil and produce.

The study of the cornfield, for instance, has just begun. Inventions and chemical developments are still in their infancy. We have only been screeching the soil and permitting it to wash away. Like the soil, the social and economic problems await the toilers, workers and thinkers, to make a complete change of the entire present system which rests on private profit, in whose name things are done. In future things will not be done for profit but for the good of all the people.

What I Know About Lions



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Kandinsky: TROJKA

What I Know About Lions

ON THE outskirts of El Monte, California, I have a stock farm, writes Charles Gay—a five-acre tract given over entirely to raising lions. This strange enterprise, now a flourishing business, has the distinction of being the only African lion farm in the world.

Ten years ago, when Hollywood motion picture producers began to reach out for novelties and to feature wild animals, three lions were sent to California in my charge from the Bostock Shows of London. These lions were known as Cyclone, Rosie, and Mary. Shortly after my arrival I purchased this trio.

Rosie proceeded to celebrate the change of ownership by presenting me with three brand-new lions, and not long after Mary was equally generous. In fact, lions swarmed on me in such numbers that Mrs. Gay had to come to my aid. It was a new and thrilling experience for her, but she became so enthusiastic about it that she decided to have a farm where lions could be raised to supply the world's demand and could be trained for the movies and where, from the very start, the visiting public would help defray the expenses.

We laid out the little farm to include a great stockade in which was built a systematic arrangement of corrals, cages, and pens with a novel system of tunnels for transferring animals from inclosures to cages. Today we have 178 big cats, ranging from day-old bottle-fed babies to fully matured beasts of both sexes.

Horses, goats, and chickens, which go to make up the food of the lions, are also quartered on the farm. Twelve goats and one cow are kept to provide milk for the babies. At first, the fuzzy little cubs are fed from the bottle every three hours. As soon as they learn to keep their feet out of their dinner they are fed from a pan.

At about this time their diet is changed to include an egg beaten up with their milk. At the age of eight weeks they get their first taste of raw meat, a little at a time added to their milk. As their tiny, needlelike teeth begin to develop, the meat allowance is increased. Lions over a year old are fed raw horse meat.

Adult lions eat 16 pounds once a day, which means that I have to supply 1,800 pounds of food each day.

Healthy lions are always hungry, but the surest way to get rid of them is by overfeeding. In order to supply their systems with the necessary vitamins and minerals, the meat is sprinkled with a powdered mixture of kelp and fish-bone. Each lion is fed separately in a cage.

Nothing would start a battle royal so quickly as tossing their food in to them in the big outdoor cages. For that reason feeding houses are provided, each containing a row of ten heavily barred cages connected by sliding doors.

Ten animals are admitted at a time. They enter their dining-room thru a rear door and as each finds his accustomed cage the sliding door is pulled shut with a long iron rod. Meat is thrown in and it hardly passes the cage bars before huge claws are sunk into it and sharp teeth are tearing it apart. Stout ribs and half sections of vertebrae are reduced to crumbs. Meat and bone alike are dispatched in short order.

Like humans, the big cats have temperaments and individuality. One may be ever ready to pick a fight; another, of a retiring disposition. Some are vicious, resentful; others playful, affectionate.

One of the most essential qualities of a successful trainer, in my opinion, is confidence—both in himself and his subject. It is a mistaken idea to sup-

pose that a lion can be trained by sheer brutality. To make him realize that his trainer is master requires firmness backed up if necessary by punishment in the shape of solitary confinement, which deprives him of the privilege of running loose in the big arenas and sunning himself, of which he is extremely fond.

When I enter a lion cage I carry a .45-caliber six-shooter loaded with tear gas shells, the use of which is effective and in no way brutal. I have not yet needed to use this revolver, altho I have had some narrow escapes from permanent injury. Such encounters, tho, invariably result from some little carelessness that should have been avoided.

For instance, one day a playful two-year-old lion pawed at my shoe. One of its claws caught in an eyelet. The young lion, becoming frantic with fear, grabbed the shoe in its jaws and severely crushed my foot. This was a painful lesson from which I learned that one should never wear shoes with eyelets when visiting the lion's den.

How does the successful trainer know when it is time to get out of the cage? He doesn't know; he senses it. Some deeply hidden faculty, developed only thru long contact with the big cats, tells him when to leave. Aside from that, there is a definite means of gaging a lion's state of mind: his eyes.

When the pupil is just a tiny black point against the green, he is at rest, peaceful, contented, happy. As he becomes excited or aroused, the iris dilates. When pained, fully aroused, or about to charge, the pupil reaches almost from the upper to the lower lid.

Even when they are trained, lions are in no sense trick animals. However, in my band of animals there are several that are famous all over the world for their movie stunts. Numa, a black-maned Abyssinian male that was added to the band during the second year, has earned more than \$70,000 as an animal actor in moving

picture. He has "stolen" many pictures with his businesslike method of doing what is required of him.

The runner-up for popularity is Leo, trademark of one of the big producing companies. His mighty head is daily seen by world-wide audiences as he flashes on the screen a roar of welcome in pantomime.

Thus far, my trained lions have brought in the bulk of revenue while the daily attendance of visitors at the farm more than pays expenses. It has taken ten years to get the breeding stock in proper shape for disposal, and even now we are not yet quite ready to unload our product, altho we have on file scores of orders from zoological parks and circuses in many parts of the world.

Depending on size, sex, condition, and other points, a three-year-old, well developed lion is worth from \$1,000 up. A lion grows until he is seven years old and is not used for breeding until maturity.

Lions are not seasonal in their breeding habits, and tho certain pairs are more companionable and show marked affection for each other, the female will mate with any lion. The litters are from one to four, with males predominating. Most females have two litters per year. The lioness is a notoriously poor mother, in many cases being neglectful to the point of walking off and leaving her young.

Until about two months old, cubs are spotted all over, thus providing an effective camouflage at a time when they are unable to scamper out of harm's way.

A fact that few people know is that lions of the wild and the jungle are never as handsome as those raised in captivity. Especially is this true of the males. The wild lion gets thorns and burrs in his mane as fast as it grows and in removing these with his claws much of his hair is pulled out. It is therefore the captive lion that exhibits the finest mane. **J. W. B.**



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

A. D. de Segongac: THE PASTURE

When Cabbages Were Heroes

THE humble cabbage was held in such esteem many centuries ago in Egypt that altars were raised to do honor to this present-day plebeian among vegetables. It was served as the first dish of a repast by the Greeks and Romans. Red cabbage was particularly esteemed. Hippocrates prescribed boiled cabbage with salt for "violent colic," and wise Cato, affirmed that cabbage was a cure-all. He asserted that it was due to the frequent eating of cabbage that the Romans were able for 600 years to do without the care of physicians.

The women of Athens partook of cabbage when a newborn infant required maternal care. It was served with salt, old wine, oil, pepper, mint, rue, coriander seed, and gravy. Some added flour of almonds, raisins "dried in the sun," and green olives.

Beans were not held in so high esteem. Because they were formerly consecrated to the dead, one authority forbade the people to eat even a single bean, or pronounce its name. Serious writers wrote at length on the horrors of indigestion that followed the eating of beans. "They stupefy those who make use of them as food," one writer declared, "and if fed to hens, the hens will cease to lay." Hippocrates trembled for his patients when beans were in season.

Lentils, which some regard as only another bean, were more esteemed. The Egyptians fed lentils to children to "enlighten their minds, open their hearts, and render them cheerful." "Gray peas" were in great favor in Rome; fried, they were sold at the circus and theater, much as peanuts are sold today, and those who coveted public employment gave gray peas to the people, thus securing their votes.

People in those days did not bow low before the medicinal qualities of spinach. Little is said about it except that it was originally called "Spanish vegetable," coming from Spain. Early explorers in Africa in the middle of the second century found asparagus growing twelve feet high on the plains, and nearly as tall on the mountains. It was customary to dry it, grind it, and smoke it, when it was put away for the winter; later it was prepared for the table by boiling.

Once upon a time a young maiden named Cinara had the ill-luck to displease a god, who punished her by changing her into an artichoke, and because of this tradition it was never popular with the people. As for lettuce, an early Roman thought so much of his patch that he protected it from the rains, sprinkling it with wine when moisture was needed. Pliny asserts that the juice of endive mixed with vinegar and oil or roses is a sure cure for headache.

Alexander found the onion in Egypt and took it to Greece, where it was served to his troops to excite martial ardor. An onion eaten with honey every morning did the work of the modern "apple a day." Garlic was held in horror. "Eat neither garlic nor beans," meant to abstain from law. Garlic was, however, given to cocks to make them fight. An early king of Castile ordered that any knight who ate garlic should not appear before his sovereign for a month after committing such offense. The priests of Cybele forbade entry into the temple to those who ate garlic.

Despising the laurel as inadequate for the occasion, Hercules, the conqueror of the Nemean lion, crowned himself with parsley.

—Y. S.



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

WE'VE GOT MORE LETTERS!

Dear Readers and Contributors:—

Last month we said, "We Want More Letters," and we've certainly got them! Just look in this month's "Chatter Corner" and be convinced. There are several pages of nice little letters in this number of the Mladinski List. In fact there are so many and so amazingly interesting that any similar juvenile publication could well be proud of; and most assuredly we are!

Letter writing is an art that requires practice. It is nothing difficult about it, provided you enjoy it. Continue the good practice and you will be well repaid for it in the end.

It has been our experience in the past several years which shows that girls and boys are much more disposed for writing in winter than in summer. That's the explanation for fewer letters in summer than in fall and winter.

Autumn has come and winter is approaching. For thousands and thousands of workers and their families this has been a hard year. What have they to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day? Mother Nature has poured from her horn of plenty enough for everybody. Yet, many will go hungry.

—THE EDITOR.

MY OPINION TO THE MEMBERS!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Last month's issue looked poor in letters from members. What was the matter with them? There were very few letters: I suppose most of them are busy with their lessons, but nevertheless we must write to the M. L. in leisure. I don't think anyone would want it take away. Would you? Let's write!

My dad has read to me a few stories written in Slovene by Ivan Jontez, which he and I both thought were interesting and good. Even though I cannot read in Slovene I can understand when someone reads to me the paragraph.

I will gladly write a personal letter to Clara C. Zebre from Marianna, Pa., and Marion Aubel from Moon Run, Pa. I am glad someone likes my letters and I also like theirs.

I want to suggest a plan for the Juvenile members of the M. L. I think the SNPJ

should co-operate to donate a prize to the M. L. members who write monthly and interestingly to the M. L. Don't you, members, think so? If that should be an inducement they would not say, "We want more letters." Everyone would be writing and doing their part. Even Pres. Roosevelt is trying to do his part, why shouldn't we do ours?

Best regards to all.

Dorothy M. Fink,
Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

A FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years of age and am in the 6th grade in school. My teacher's name is *Mr. Michael Krultz*; he is a very good teacher. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge, No. 198, except my little sister Olga.

What is wrong with the boys and girls from Willard? Are they asleep? I am sure

they all like to read the M. L. So, wake up and write to it.

Here is a riddle:

What has four legs and can not walk? (A chair.)

Best regards to the Editor and the readers

Valentine Slemec,
R. D. 1, Box 75, Willard, Wis.

* *

WRITE TO OUR LITTLE "HELPER"

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for months. I intend to write every month from now on. I haven't got much to say this time but I'll say everything I have to say.

We are all back in school now and busy studying lessons. It seems queer that in the summer time while we have a great deal of time, hardly anyone writes to our little "helper." But in the winter time, during school days, when most of us have home work to do, it seems that some children haven't much to do, because during this season the Chatter Corner increases, but in the summer it gets smaller. Now let's try to increase its size and keep increasing every month.

I am in the sixth grade and go to East Clark school. My home-room teacher is Mrs. Moor. Next month our Science teacher is going to take our class to the Historical Museum. Next time I'll write about our visit to the museum.

This is the season of many holidays. Halloween, Thanksgiving and Xmas. I think we all enjoy them, at least I can tell you I do.

I would like to see a letter from E. 172. Street. That's all for this time.

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Audrey Maslo,
14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

LOUISE LOVES TO READ THE M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the *Mladinski List*. I have gone to Common school for 4 years, and passed first grade to the second, etc. I am 9 years old and in the 5th grade. My teachers' names are Miss Griest and Miss Stout. They are very kind.

I love to read the M. L. I go to the school named Craft. I have 4 sisters and 1 brother. They are Anna, Mary, Julia, Elizabeth and Andrew.

I wish some people would write to me. I'll gladly answer them. Come some of you people, come and write to the M. L.

Best wishes and regards to all.

A. Louise Logay,
R. D. No. 1, Box 25 C. Washington, Pa.

ANNA LIKES SCHOOL

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the *Mladinski List*. I enjoy reading it very much. There are seven in our family. I have 4 sisters and 1 brother. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 259. I am in the seventh grade of common school. I am 11 years of age. My teachers' names are Miss Griest and Miss Stout; they are very kind to me. I wish some of the members would write to me. Best regards and wishes to all.

Anna Logay,
R. D. No. 1, Box 25 C. Washington, Pa.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 20

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the "*Mladinski List*." I am 11 years old and am in the sixth grade. My sister Mary and my father and I all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 20. My brother Stanley writes in the *Nova Doba*. I like to read the jokes that the other boys and girls have written in the *Mladinski List*.

The mines have opened, and by November 1, 1933, the mines will be in full operation.

Here is a riddle:—

If there were three flies on the table, and I killed one, how many would there be left?

Answer:—The dead one, because the other two would fly away.

Best regards to the Editor.

Albert Pechaver,
648 E. Camp st., Ely, Minn.

* *

ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter. I am 10 years of age and in 5 A. My teacher's name is Miss Lambert. She is very good.

I never see any stories from Eveleth in M. L. Here are a few riddles:

There is a barrel without any hoops, but holds two kinds of wine. (Egg.)

When does the farmer treat his corn cruelly? (When he pulls its ears.)

I wish that there were more letters from Eveleth.

Frances Usenik,
409 Douglas ave., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

OUR DRAMATIC CLUB

Dear Editor and Members:—

It has been a long, long time since I wrote a letter to the M. L. and at last I have made up my mind to write again, as nobody else seems to write from Traunik. Everybody might think we're sleeping, but we aren't.

The young people around here organized a Dramatic Club early last spring and it now has over forty members, and we hope more

of them make up their minds and find it educational. The Club gives a dance every two weeks and we always have nice crowds. It also presented a Slovene play called "Hrbtenica" and it will stage one again within near future. It also gives parties—for instance it gave a real nice chicken supper for two of the members that were united in marriage, namely, Antonia Knaus and Robert Lustic. Did we have a god time? I'll say we did.

We had our first snowfall on October 24 and I think it will remain as the weather is awfully cold. Now, we can get out our skis and sleighs for our winter sports.

Working conditions around here are the same as they were; they don't seem to change at all. The farm crops were poor this year on account of the dry weather and grasshoppers which destroyed most all the vegetables and grain.

Did very many of you members visit the World's Fair? I didn't but there were some of the young folks from Traunik that did, and they all claim that it was very interesting.

I wish Frances Pintar would write to me as I have misplaced her address.

Best regards to all members of the juveniles, also the Editor.

Agnes Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

* *

JOHNNY'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am in 4th grade in school; my brother is in first grade. We both like to go to school very much. I got four teachers: Miss Bielski, Miss Ross, Mr. Dum and Miss Lawson.

My brother and I belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 386.

I hope the Editor won't throw my first letter away.

John Lepovick, box 43, Library, Pa.

* *

BAD WORKING CONDITIONS

Dear Editor:—

I am going to be 12 years old in January and am in the 6th grade. I have four teachers. Our grade is combined with the Junior High school.

This is my first letter to the M. L.

The mines here in Kansas are very slack and things are in very bad conditions.

I have a brother and a sister. They, my Dad and I belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 434. My mother died 8 year ago.

I hope I may see my first letter published in the M. L.

Best regards to Editor and readers.

Willie Arck,

RR No. 3, Box 1055, Girard, Kans.

ANNA HAS A PONY

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I wrote once last year and now I am writing again. I am 11 years old and am in the 5th grade.

We (our family) all belong to the SNPJ, No. 142.—My father gave me a pony so I can ride to school. I like it very much.—I wish my cousin Mary Prelec would write to me.

Anna Prelec, RFD No. 5, Painsville, O.

* *

WILLIE'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Members:—

My friend, Pete Vukovich, and I are writing our first letter to the Mladinski List. I am in the fifth grade and I am 9 years old. My two friends, Pete Vukovich and Joe Archuletta, are in the third grade. Our teacher's name is Miss Vesta A. Kiker, and she is a good teacher.

I like to read the Mladinski List, and I hope the Editor publishes this letter in the M. L.

There are seven in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge.

Best regards to Editor and readers.

William Starkovich, Gardiner, N. Mex.

* *

PETE'S FRIEND WILLIE

Dear Editor:—

My friend, Willie Starkovich, and I are writing our first letters to the M. L. which we all like to read. We are 9 years old, but my friend Willie is in fifth grade and I am in third. Our teacher's name is Miss Kiker.

There are eight in our family. My biggest sister is in Chicago. The rest are home. My father died seventeen months ago. Two uncles live with us. We all belong to the SNPJ.

Best regards to all.

Pete Vukovich, box 56, Gardiner, N. Mex.

* *

ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ and I enjoy reading the Mladinski List. This is my first letter to the M. L.

If I was a bunny with my tail so fluffy I would jump on your dresser and be your powder puffy.

I had a nickle, I bought a pickle. The pickle was sour, I bought a flower. The flower was yellow, I bought a fellow. The fellow was sick, so I kicked him across the Cattaragus creek.

Melia Selan, 701 Beech st., Gowanda, N. Y.

(Editor's Note:—The M. L. has discontinued publishing snapshots.)

HOMEWORK AND PERCENTAGE

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in 7B grade. My teacher's name is Miss Miller. She is very good, but she gives us too much homework. In seventh grade we are studying percentage and its three uses.

There are four in our family, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 270. I will now close because I do not know what else to write.

Vera Vidas, 8113 44th st., Lyons, Ill.

* *

EARLY SNOW, ROBBERS AND POLICE DOG

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the Mladinski List which I read every month. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Beck. He is a good teacher. He lives in Marwood. It was snowing here Wednesday, Oct. 25. A store was robbed here, and they had a police dog in the cellar, but it was tied.

My Lodge number is 191, SNPJ.

Best regards to Editor and readers.

William Vidas,

box 52, West Winfield, Pa.

* *

AFRICA, WHERE "NEEGROWS"

Dear Editor:—

Here is joke I wish to appear in the M. L.:

If a man should break his knee, where should he go?

To Africa where there are negros (neegrows).

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

LORAINES THIRD LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the beloved magazine. I thank you very much for sending me my September Mladinski List. When I got the October Mladinski List the first thing I did was to look for Waukegan letters. I saw that the Editor wrote that he wants more letters so I decided to write one.

I am going to be in a Slovene play; I will be Albinček. It is going to be a 4-act play. I have to say four pages. It is going to be given Nov. 26, 1933.

I am also writing in Slovene.

Lorraine Miller, 909 Lincoln st., Waukegan, Ill.

* *

WORK IS PICKING UP

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the M. L.

I am 14 years of age and in the 7th grade.

I have three teachers: Mr. Lash, Miss Wagner and Miss Bedford.

The work was very scarce here but it is picking up a little now. I do hope they won't go on any more strikes.

Some people are hungry and everything imaginable. I have two brothers and one sister. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge, except my mother.

Hutchinson, wake up and don't sleep all your life. Why don't you write to the good old magazine M. L.?

Best regards to all.

Mary Hribar,

Box 225, Hutchinson Mine, Rellton, Pa.

* *

MARY'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. It looks like Springfield is getting lazy. So I thought I'd write.

The members of the Soc. Club are giving a play Nov. 18. You are all invited. The name of the play is, "Skrtice." There will be a dance after the play.

I'm writing a few jokes and hope you will enjoy them.

Mike: "Did you hear about the holdup yesterday?"

Ike: "No."

Mike: "Two clothespins held up a pair of pants."

Mr: "Icecream sandwich, please."

Waitress: "Yes, sir, (The man hangs around in the drugstore.) I'm going to ask him if he needs any help. Could I help you, sir?"

Mr.: "No, thank you, I can eat it all myself."

With best regards.

Mary Ocepek,

1500 So. 15th St., Springfield, Ill.

* *

MORE BOYS THAN GIRLS

Dear Editor:—

This is my fourth letter to the M. L. I am sorry I did not write so long. The weather here is nice again. In the day it is hot and in the night it is cold.

I do not have anybody to write to, so I am writing now. I wish Helen Stanko would write to me. The sixth grade are having Social Science or Geography. There are 14 pupils in the sixth grade, 9 boys and 5 girls. In the fifth grade there are 15 pupils; 7 boys and 8 girls.

The boys' names in the fifth grade are: Stanley Stossel, Melvin Miller, Frankie Homec, Eugene Leonardi, Donald Lewis and Tony Suarez. The girls' name are: Rosy

Stossel, Eva Gazdik, Jacqueline Hays, Sofie Vinich, Beatrice Parker, Irene Bonnella and Eleanore Smith, and I. The girls in the sixth grade are: Bessie Gustin, Claribel Moor, Sylvia Brcko, Emma Petro and Elouise Wilson.

That is all I have to write.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

BACK TO HARD WORK

Dear Editor:—

I didn't write for a long time. I made up my mind to write to the beautiful magazine. When it comes I read it all through. First English, then Slovene.

School has begun and we have to go back to hard work. My teacher's name is Miss Cenis. I am in 4th grade and my brother is in third grade. We both go to the same room.

I will close now. I will write more next time.

Marion Jereb,

92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwin, Pa.

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THIS BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I like to read the Mladinski List. This is my first letter to this beautiful magazine, the Mladinski List.

I am 9 years of age and in the fifth grade. I go to McAllister school. I have a nice teacher; I like her very much. Her name is Miss Bietler. I have a sister; she is in second grade, six years old. We both belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 14. Best regards to the Editor and all.

Emily Mozek,

929 Lenox ave., Waukegan, Ill.

* *

FATHER WORKS TWO DAYS

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am 11 years old and in 6th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Breniman.

Six of us belong to Lodge No. 542 SNPJ.

My father works only one or two days a week. There are not very many Slovene people in Ellwood City. I have a pet rabbit.

Best regards to the readers of the M. L.

Anne Kocevar, Ellport, Ellwood City, Pa.

* *

ROSLYN, WAKE UP

Dear Readers and Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, and I hope it will be published. I don't write letters very often but hope this one will be a good one.

What is the matter with Roslyn? It seems as if there isn't anybody in this city that

knows of this magazine. I would like to see a few letters from Roslyn. I live on Shaft Street which for a nickname we call it "Ducktown."

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I like school very much. My teacher is Miss Del Ducco; she is a good teacher.

Hoping that some of you readers would write to me, for I enjoy reading letters and also answering them. Will some of you members write and I will answer.

Ruby Konyen,

Box 414, 23 Shaft Street, Roslyn, Wash.

* *

WRITE, WRITE, WRITE!!!

Dear Editor:—

Since our dear M. L. is getting fewer letters instead of more, I think I will take time to write every month.

We had a Halloween party in school and I enjoyed it very much. The ones that were chosen as the prettiest and the funniest, got prizes. Our teacher hid peanuts and she made five rows and in each row there were seven people. The row that got the most peanuts got a prize, then we played games and ducked for apples. After all the excitement we ate.

Well, I think I've told enough about Halloween so I'll change the subject and tell about this dear old M. L. I think if each member would write to the M. L. and put a joke, poem, story or riddle in it, it would get a little larger.

Here's a poem:

Our dear old M. L.,

We love it very well.

If we tell about our pet, chicken, cat or pup,
This dear old magazine will soon be growing up.

Clara Febre, box 23, Marianna, Pa

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WRITE TO "CHATTER CORNER"

Dear Editor:—

Here I am again writing to the Mladinski List. I have not seen many letters from boys last month. What's the matter, boys? Get busy and write a letter to the Chatter Corner." If no one writes, the M. L. will not be published and we will not have our magazine to read. Of course, we don't want that to happen. Do we?

We had a play in our school called "Columbus and His Sailors." It was very good and everyone enjoyed it. Had also a Halloween party. The children were very happy and gay.

Soon the biting wind will be coming along bringing the cold and snow, then we can go coasting and making snowman and having lots of fun.

Here are a few riddles:

As I was going through the garden gap,
Whom should I meet, but Dick red cap,
With a stick in his hand and a stone in
his throat.

Guess this riddle. I'll give you a goat.

Ans.: A cherry.

Old mother Twitchered had but one eye
And a big tail which she let fly.

And every time she went over a gap,
She let bits of her tail in the trap.

Ans.:—Needle and thread.

What comes once a minute, twice a moment,
but never a thousand year.—Ans.:—The letter M.

Best regards to Editor.

Frank Fink, Jr., Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

CANNING AND MORE CANNING

Dear Editor:

I did not write for the last Juvenile edition so I am trying now to tell what's new.

Summer is gone and we are already preparing for winter. Our mother and sister are canning and the gardens are waiting to be harvested. Wherever I go I see more and more canning. It seems everyone wants to have more than another. They say that for winter everything canned is good, especially during this depression. You certainly can tell it is getting closer to winter. We have to build fires in our stoves to keep warm.

School started Sept. 5 and I am very glad. We have to study hard if we want to pass for Christmas. When we have a day or two off, we still like to play because it isn't hot or cold yet. Regardless of these hard times, there are parties to pass the time away.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mikec, members of the Lodge 138, celebrated their 25th anniversary on Sept. 23. There was a large crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Mikec received many nice presents. (I hope they will wait for their 50th anniversary.)

I wish some of the members would write to me.

My best regards to all the members of our SNPJ.

Anna Strle, Box 176, Strabane, Pa.

* *

A LETTER FROM ALIQUIPPA

Dear Editor:—

I very seldom see a letter from Aliquippa, Pa., in the M. L., so I decided to write. I wish the girls and boys of Aliquippa would write to the M. L.; it would help to make it a bigger and better magazine. I am going to the Aliquippa High School and take the Commercial course. The Aliquippa High School has a good football team this year, and

they are expecting to win many games. One of my pals, John Sercel, plays halfback for the school team, and boy, is he good!

On September 28, there was a big NRA parade at Aliquippa, held by the merchants of Aliquippa. There were many people that participated in the parade and the streets were loaded with people listening to the speeches made and watching the beautiful floats and bands go by.

Here is a poem I would like to see in the M. L.:

"Sweet California"

Sweet California loveliest state of the plain,
Where health and cheer are in the main.
Where smiling spring its earliest visit pays
To bring the fragrant flowers, and orange
sprays

Of orange blossoms again.

Sweet California loveliest state of the plain,
Never could I roam away from home to see this
lovely state.

Then one spring morning, I packed my grip
and lunch and started down the road.

I walked down the railroad track.

When the engineer whistled for the road,
Things shook and groaned and quivered.

I hopped the first open box car

I rode for six whole days.

The continual swaying of the old box car
made me dizzy.

The Spring winds blow cold 'his true on the
way,

I crossed the desert without a nickel

On the sixth day I spied "Sweet California."

Here I shall stay for the rest of my days
Sweet California!

Joseph Michic,

417 Hopewell ave., box 276,
West Aliquippa, Pa.

* *

LET'S ALL WAKE UP AND WRITE!

Dear Editor:—

Several months have again passed since I wrote my last article, but before the new year is welcomed I thought I would write a few articles to end the year right.

We, young members should thank the delegates of the last convention and the supreme officers for the decisions made concerning our magazine. I am sure it is the utmost desire of all of us juveniles to keep the MLADINSKI LIST in existence. The idea of having one page of the Prosveta, once a month for the juvenile department, is by no means a bad one, but it is far from being as nice as this magazine. I am sure that we, young members, wouldn't have one half the eagerness and anxiety to write that we do

now, for now when we write, we write for OUR MAGAZINE. Therefore we should do anything and everything for the upkeep of the M. L. Writing articles to the Chatter Corner and Naš Kotiček and agitating for subscribers to the M. L. and the Prosveta, we are doing our part.

During last July my brother and I toured thru Eastern Penna, stopping at several popular centers. We rested at the home of our relatives, Louis Vidmar in Cliff Mine. Their home is one of simple beauty and coziness. An orchard in the back of their home is one of a fairy tale, truly beautiful. We had a wonderful time but we regret the fact that we didn't get a chance to stop in Ambridge, Library, Yukon and a few other places as time did not permit. Our next trip will include these cities, I am sure.

While writing this article, I can't help commenting on the fine article in the last issue of the M. L. written by *Cvetko Kristan*, which was published in the Slovene Section. This write-up gave us a review of the M. L. history and a few points concerning the authors of the poems and stories printed in this magazine.

During the summer months I also noticed a decrease of letters both in the English and Slovene section. Let us make up for it now during the winter months.

Our Lodge Beacons, No. 667, observed its fifth anniversary Nov. 12 with a program of variety and dancing.

Best regards to all M. L. readers.

Anna Traven,
11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

AN ACROSTIC

By Mabel Livingstone Frank
(For Primary Children)

T is for Turkeys so great and renowned;
H is for Hearth, that we gather around.
A is for Apples, so rosy and sweet;
N is for the Nuts that are always a treat;
K for the Kindling we burn in the grate;
S for the Stories our elders relate.
G for the Games when the feasting is o'er;
I for the Icicles outside the door;
V for the Vigilant Fathers of old,
I for Ideals which they taught us to hold.
N for the Needy we meet here and there;
G for the Gifts and Goodies we share.

WILD GEESE

I HOLD to my heart when the geese
are flying—
A wavering wedge on the high, bright
blue—
I tighten my lips to keep from crying:
"Beautiful birds, let me go with you!"
And at night when they honk—and
their wings are weaving
A pattern across a full gold moon—
I hold to a heart that would be leaving
If it were freed to fly too soon.
I hold to my heart that would be going—
A comrade to wild birds of the air,
As wayward as they—and never know—
Where it is going—and never care.
I hold to my heart—for here lies duty—
And here is the path where my feet
must stay—
But O, that quivering line of beauty
Beating its beautiful, bright-winged
way! —Grace Noll Crowell.