

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

## VI MALI . . .

VI mali, ki zdaj se brezskrbno igrate kot pajek mušice v zle mreže lovijo!  
po pesku in prahu, razdrapanih In če bi spoznali, da vsa njih ljubezen  
potih, do vas  
na črnih alejah, na tlakih predmestij, je krinka hinavska, le vada,  
povsodi, kjer rod proletarcev domuje. ki v sužnost dosmrtno bi gnala  
Oj mali, če vi bi za hip le doznali vas rada — —  
ogromnost dolga, kar svet vam dolguje Oj mali, če vse bi krivice  
—po krivdi ljudi, spoznali,  
ki drugih uboštvo bogastvo jim kuje. če vam bi krivic pravo sliko  
O, če vi bi, vi mali, to znali za hipec dali —  
le bežni, drugačni ljudje bi vi zrastle  
da zrastle jim boste sužnji pokorni . . . in tirjali dolg svoj, kar svet vam  
In joj, če trenutno le dolguje!  
uzrli laži bi, Bi strli krivico,  
ki v lepih simbolih zavite tičijo, ki zdaj nam caruje —  
vam duše zdaj proste počasi gotovo vi mali! . . .

## BRATJE LE K SOLNCU . . .

Koračnica delavske mladine

Bratje, le k solncu, svobodi,  
bratje, le k luči naprej!  
Svetlo iz temne davnine  
vzide bodočnost brez mej.

Glejte, iz žrela temine  
vre milijonov sprevod,  
dekler se lena jim volja  
ne izpolni vsepovsod.

Bratje, podajmo si roke,  
smrti, sodrug, se ne boj!  
Konec tlačanstvu za vselej,  
svet bo poslednji naš boj.

(Priredil Jože Kovač).

Jože Kovač:

## DETE SPET IZPRAŠUJE

Dete: Mati, kdo je jablane zasadil,  
da jih je kar poln ves vrt?

Mati: Stari striček jih je vsadil,  
preden ga je vzela smrt.

Dete: Mati, kdo jih zdaj neguje,  
zdaj, ko strička nič več ni?

Mati: Striček sina je naučil,  
sin-vrtnar jih zdaj goji.

Dete: A kako, da so tak polne  
jabolk, to bi vedel rad?

Mati: Jih je pač vrtnar pobožal,  
ko je bila še pomlad.

Dete: A ko bodo dozorele,  
kaj napravil bo vrtnar?

Mati: No, vrtnar jih bo natrgal  
ter nabral za sto košar.

Dete: O pa jih domov ponese  
ter otrokom razdeli!

In dovolj jih bodo imeli  
sto košar za tristo dni.

Mati: Ne, moj fantek, ti se varaš,  
nič ne bo vrtnar dobil.

Jablane so last gospoda,  
zanj jih je vrtnar gojil.

Dete: Mati, mati — ne razumem,  
ne razumem teh besed . . .

Človek dela, a ne zase,  
čuden, čuden je ta svet.  
Stari striček jih je vsadil,  
potlej jih je sin gojil  
ter spomladi jih pobožal —  
kdo si zdaj bo sad lastil?

Mati: Jablane so last gospoda,  
ki v oni vili tam živi.

Jabolka so vsa njegova,  
zanj ves vrt zori.

Dete: Ne razumem, ne razumem . . .  
A še to povej: Zakaj?

Mati: Ko boš velik, boš razumel;  
pojdiva domov sedaj.



## Pogovor s čitatelji

MLADINSKA kampanja za pridobivanje novih članov v angleško govoreča društva je sedaj v teku. Pričela je s 1. oktobrom in se zaključi dne 31. marca prihodnjega leta. Kampanja velja za oba oddelka angleško poslujočih društev. Za nove člane lahko agitirajo tudi mladoletni člani pod 16. letom starosti, in za svoje delo bodo prejeli lepe nagrade. V septemberski številki M. L. v angleškem delu je bila objavljena lista nagrad, ki jih bodo deležni člani mladinskega oddelka.

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DEČKI in deklice med 10. do 16. letom in tudi mlajši, lahko mnogo pripomorejo, da bodo naša krajevna angleško poslujoča društva dobila čim več novih članov v oba oddelka. Imajo mnogo svojih prijateljev in znancev, ki so slovanskih staršev, in te lahko pridobe v naša društva. Pri tem pa spet pridejo v pomoč starši, ki že imajo svoje otroke v Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti. Vsi skupaj — mladoletni in dorasli člani ter njih starši — lahko veliko store za porast angleških društev Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

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KAMPANJA bo trajala šest mesecev. V tej dobi, v jesenski, zimski in spomladanski, bo izredno lepa prilika, da bo ob zaključku kampanja uspešna. V jesenskem in zimskem času je mnogo lažje agitirati med rojaki in njihovo doraščajočo mladino, kakor pa v poletnih mesecih. Zimska sezona nudi različne priredbe, na katerih se shajajo naši ljudje pogosto. Poleti je drugače. Ljudje se porazgube vsak sebi; ni tiste skupnosti, izvemši na piknikih. Naša mladinska kampanjska doba, ki je sedaj v teku, je zelo prikladna, da se lahko sleherni član in članica požuri in pridobi vsaj enega novega člana, če ne več. In nagrade so dovolj lepe, da gremo lahko še z večjo vnemo na delo za Slovensko narodno podporno jednoto.

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DELAVSKE razmere so silno slabe. Okrog sedem milijonov delavcev je brez dela, izžemalci delavstva pa si kljub temu kopičijo lepe dobičke. Da je sedanji krivičen družabni sistem nesposoben rešiti delavska vprašanja, je dovolj jasno. Prvič zato, ker se ne briga, drugič pa zato, ker mu je glavni in edini cilj dobičkartstvo: čim več produkcije za čim manjše izdatke. Delavci, ki so tako srečni, da imajo delo, so nizko plačani, delati pa morajo veliko težje kot so pred par leti. Novi stroji, priganjaštvo in masna produkcija so vzrok delavski depresiji. Od pomoč delavcem bo morala priti od delavcev samih — potom organizacij in glasovnic.

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ŠOLSKI pouk je sedaj v polnem zamahu. Poleg ljudskih in višješolskih šol se je že otvorilo tudi veliko večernih šol za odrasle. Posebna ugodnost v večernih šolah se nudi mladini in odraslim v večjih mestih. Izpopolnijo se lahko tehnično in izobraževalno ter praktično. Naša mladina, ki je dopolnila ljudskošolsko obveznost pa ne more v višje šole, se lahko posluži večernih šol, ki postajajo z vsakim letom številnejše in močnejše.

—L. B.

Iv. Vuk:

## Petelin, ovca, pes in osel

Rene Euloge, vodja "Ecole Berbere (šole barbarov) v Demnatu, je najboljši poznavalec pastirskih ljudstev na visokem Atlasu. Stoletja in stoletja stare znamenite pravljice in basni se predajajo od ust do ust—neke vrste ustno izročilo—po posebnih pripovedovalcih, ki po večerah zbirajo v mestu poslušalce in jim pripovedujejo vsakojake, vsele in otroške poleg takih preračunjenih na občutke poslušalcev, ki vzvalovijo kri. Za to, kajpada, pobirajo nagrade—bakšiš. Rene Euloge je zapisal te pravljice in basni v mojstrski knjigi: "Les fils de l'ombre (Otroci sence.)"

Tu podajam v prosti predelavi eno iz teh pravljic-basni, ki jo pripoveduje Sidi Khadir zvečer ob zidovju Djema El Fena, na katerem so nekaj stavili na kole nataknjene glave vstašev in puntarjev.

**BIL** je nekoč mož, ki je imel osla, ovco, psa in petelina. Te živali so bile pri njem svobodne in niso bile zaprte v hlevu. Zgodilo pa se je, da je nekega dne zaprl vse štiri v hlev.

Čudil se je osel, pes in ovca temu nenavadnemu slučaju, zakaj gospodar ni povedal, zakaj jim je vzel naenkrat svobodo.

Samo petelin se ni čudil. Zakikirikal je in rekel:

"Povem vam, zakaj smo zaprti. Našemu gospodarju se bo kmalu rodil otrok. Tisti dan, ko se bo to zgodilo, bo prišel in me bo zaklal. Sedem dni potem bo prišel in zaklal ovco. Ti, osel, boš pa moral dan za dnevom od jutra do večera begati in nositi vodo. A za to boš dobival kot nagrado udarce, da bo joj. Ti pa moj dragi pes, če boš imel tiste dni smolo, da ukradeš kakšno kost, boš tepen, da se bogu smili. Zakaj rojstvo otroka je zelo važen dogodek . . . Kakor vidite, čaka nas zelo žalostna usoda. Verjemite, dragi prijatelji, ta kraj ni več za nas. Pobegnimo!"

Vsi so bili soglasni. Vzdignili so se tisto uro in pobegnili v gozd. Naleteli so v gozdu na staro, zapuščeno hišo. Ustavili so se v nji, da si odpočijejo.

Ko je petelin brskal po tleh s svojimi nogami, je našel shrambo, ki je bila napolnjena z zrnjem.

"Kakšna najdba," je zakikirikal. "Sedaj ostanemo tu, dokler nam ta zaloga ne poide. Uživajmo, a bodimo čisto tiho."

Osel, dobričina, je psu prežvekal zrnje. Zakaj pasji zobje niso, da bi grizli kaj drugega, nego meso. Vendar je psu bilo tega zrnja kmalu dovolj.

Zato je rekel:

"Kaj bi se ne dalo pogledati malo okrog, če ni morda kje kakšna kokoš?"

"S teboj grem," je rekel osel. "Strašno sem žejen."

Petelin je opozoril oba prijatelja, da naj bosta previdna. Odšla sta. Osel je skakal od veselja, da je prost, se valjal po tleh in od same radosti začel i-akati.

Pes se je razjezil in zbežal. Storil je to tudi iz previdnosti, zakaj videl je, da so se jele pojavljati živali gozda, predvsem lev.

Ko jih je zagledal naposled tudi osel, je rekel levom, ki so bili na čelu tolpe:

"Pojdite z mano. Imam še tri prijatelje. Mesto, da se zadovoljite samo z mano—in kako sem suh, to vidiš itak—nas lahko vse skupaj pojedete."

Levi so pristali na ta oslov nasvet in določili najstarejšega, da gre z oslom po ostale prijatelje.

Petelin, ko je videl prihajati osla v družbi z levom, je zakikirikal na vse grlo:

"Hej, ovca, hej! Daj mi no levovo kožo od tistega, ki smo ga sinoči zaklali. Pogrnem, da si bo lahko sedaj ta, ki prihaja z oslom, legel na njo."

Ko je lev to slišal, je bil tako osupnjen, da je zbežal. Svojim tovarišem je pripovedoval ta nenavaden dogodek. Vsi so strmeli in se čudili, kako sta mogla petelin in ovca zaklati leva.

"Tega ne smemo pustiti nekaznovanega," so sklenili.

In ko so to sklenili so šli, da obklopijo tisto hišo in ujamejo vse štiri prijatelje.

Previdno so se plazili in posrečilo se jim je, da so ujeli vse štiri brez težave.

"Ne bomo jih takoj pojedli," je rekel eden izmed levov. "S seboj jih vzamemo žive z vsem, kar imajo. Zakaj pokazati jih treba vsem in obsoditi."

Naložili so vsakemu, da je moral nesti. Petelin si je takoj naložil sveženj dračja. Ker pa je petelin komaj hodil pod težo sveznja, je rekel lev, ki ga je vodil:

"Smiliš se mi. Nisem tak krvolok, kakor me smatraš. Daj sem tisti sveženj, da ti ga nesem."

In lev si je sveženj dračja posadil na svoj hrbet.

Med potjo reče petelin ovci na uho:

"Če ti bom zaklical: daj mi mojo palico, tedaj mi takoj daj vžigalico. Hočem, da me lev vzame na hrbet. Truden sem in ne bom mogel več hoditi."

Ni minilo dolgo, kar je rekel lev:

"No, petelin, zakaj zaostajaš? Misliš na beg? Le nikar ne misli, zakaj poznamo tvoje muhe."

Petelin pa je utrujeno odgovoril:

"Na beg ne mislim. Preveč sem utrujen. Saj vidiš, da komaj hodim. Nimam tako močnih nog, kakor ti."

Lev ga je sočutno pogledal in rekel:

"Saj to bo res. Vendar tvoj jezik je močnejši od tvojih nog in leva zaklati ni nobena težava, kaj?"

Zbadljiv je bil tisti "kaj," vendar petelin ni nič odgovoril, nego omahoval še bolj.

"Zdi se mi, da te bom moral pojesti prej, nego te privedemo na zborovalni prostor."

Tedaj je petelin vzdihnil in rekel:

"Če ni drugače, me pojej. Zakaj hoditi res več ne morem. Ali pa dovoli, da sedem na sveženj dračja, ki ga neseš na hrbtu. Težak nisem."

Lev je pristal, rekoč:

"No, zlezi na hrbet. Še to ti dovolim, da se uveriš, kako sem dobrotljiv."

Petelin je skočil na sveženj dračja na hrbtu levovem.

Nekaj časa so šli molče. Kar zakliče petelin:

"Ovca, daj mi mojo palico!"

Ovca je pristopila in mu dala šibico. Lev je začuden vprašal:

"Kaj ti bo palica? Saj si na mojem hrbtu?"

Petelin ni odgovoril nego je zažgal sveženj na levovem hrbtu in odletel.

Ogenj je švignil na levovem hrbtu. Levi, vsi prestrašeni, so se razbežali na vse strani. Nesrečni lev z gorečim dračjem na hrbtu pa je rjovel in se valjal po tleh, da pogasi požar.

Štirje prijatelji so našli zavetišče v neki hiši v gozdu. Edina vrata te hiše so zaklenili. Bil pa je že skrajni čas. Zakaj levi, ko so si opomogli od strahu, so jeli zasledovati begunce ter so bili že blizu hiše.

"Tu so," so rekli. "Ali vrata so zaprta. Vendar jih moramo dobiti. Zakaj žalitev naše moči ne sme biti nekaznovana."

Hodili so okrog hiše, poskušavali vlomiti vrata, a vse zaman.

Najstarejši je naposled rekel:

"Postavimo živo lestvico. Stopimo drug na drugega, da dosežemo okno in tisti, ki bo dosegel okno, skoči v hišo in nam odpre vrata."

In postavili so se ter jeli stopati drug na drugega. Ko je bil poslednji lev že pri oknu, je zakričal petelin:

"Hej, ovca, daj mi vendar mojo palico!"

Spodnji lev, ki je držal kot najmočnejši vse ostale, je bil pa ravno tisti, čigar koža je bila vsa obžgana od sveznja dračja. Ko je slišal petelinov krik, se mu tiste besede zarojile po glavi.

"Tudi na mojem hrbtu je petelin hotel palico," je bliskovito pomislil. In ko je to pomislil, je odskočil in zarjul:

"Držite se! Jaz pa ne maram več goreti."

In zbežal je v gozd. Vsa živa lestvica levov se je prekopicnila in se valjala. In kakor hitro se je kateri lev pobral, je zbežal daleč od tiste hiše.

Štirje osvobojeni prijatelji so se zopet podali na pot. Zakaj v tem kraju tudi ni dobro biti. Dohitela jih je noč.

"Prenočili bomo na drevesu," je rekel petelin. "Tam je najbolj varno."

Osel je pogledal na drevo in tudi ovca je pogledala. Ali petelin je rekel:

"Nekoliko težko vama bo zlezti na drevo, vem. Pes bo že nekako zlezel. Vendar, ako je volja trdna, bosta tudi vidva zlezla."

Res, težko je šlo, ali trdna volja je pomagala. Osel je pač splezal samo do prve veje in tam zaspal.

Po noči pa so prišli od nekod tatovi. Posedli so si pod drevo in začeli deliti svoj plen. Med tem je pa osel sanjal prelepe sanje. Bil je na travniku, bogatem sočnate trave. Ves nasičen in dobre volje, si je vlegel na mehko tra-

vo in se jel valjati po hrbtu. Tako je zgubil na veji ravnotežje in je padel na sredo med tatove.

Od groze so tatovi zakričali in vsi preplašeni zbežali na vse štiri strani. Zakaj dogodek, da bi padel osel kakor z nebes se še ni dogodil, odkar svet stoji . . .

Ko so prišli drugi dan mimo tistega drevesa ljudje, so našli štiri prijatelje sedeti pri velikem kupu nakradenega blaga. Odpeljali so živali z vsem plenom v mesto in dali poiskati človeka, ki je bil okraden.

In tisti človek, ki je bil okraden, ni bil nikdo drugi, nego lastnik vseh štirih živali. Komaj se je od začudenja opomogel ter zaklical:

"Alah je velik! Tu vidim ne samo svoje preproge, kaftane, odeje in sklede, nego tudi svojega osla, ovco, psa in petelina . . . Ostanite v moji hiši, drage živali. Nikdar vas ne bom prodal ali zaklal!"



Jules Breton: "PRVA HOJA"

Hermynia Zur Mühlen:

## Sivi psiček

(Priredil Mile Klopčič)

BIL je grd siv psiček z dolgimi, svilenimi mehкими ušesi in košatim repom. Bil je rojen v krasnem hlevu, ki je bil last nekega bogataša. Ta bogataš je imel veliko, veliko posestvo z nešteti polji in travniki. Tudi sladkornega trsja je bilo več ko preveč, veliko, gladko, okroglo trsje, ki je nosilo v sebi sladke sokove. V nasadih sladkornega trsja je delalo na sto in sto črncev, možje in žene, in vsi ti črncci so bili lastnina bogataša, ki jih je kupil na trgu kakor kupiš živino. Zakaj ta povest se je dogodila pred davnimi časi, ko so bili v Ameriki še sužnji. Bogataš je lahko naredil s sužnji, kar je hotel. Če je bil slabe volje, jih je dal izbičati; če pa so se upirali proti takemu postopanju, je imel bogataš še hujše kazni zanje: slekli so sužnja do golega, ga vsega namazali z medom ter ga blizu nekega čebelnjaka privezali na drevo. Vonj medu je privabil čebele, priletele so v velikih rojih, sedle na sužnjevo telo, sesale med ter pikale zvezanega sužnja, dokler se ni onemogel zgrudil. Svoje sužnje je bogataš tudi lahko spet prodal in se prav nič oziral; otroke je odtrgal od matere, ločil je moža in ženo, brata in sestro. Bedni črncci so bili povsem brez moči, morali so garati vse dneve na vročem solncu, prejemali le pičlo hrano, stanovali pa v siromašnih kočah, ki so ležale daleč od bogataševe hiše na obali silne reke. Tu so živeli črncci, tesno nagnjeni med seboj; črni otročiči so se podili pred kočami, igrali so se veselo, zakaj niso še vedeli, da so otroci sužnjevi in da jih čaka trdo, neveselo življenje.

V eno teh koč je prišel tudi sivi psiček, ki je bil rojen v lepem hlevu. In to se je zgodilo tako-le:

Ko je nekoč stopil bogataš v svoj hlev, je opazil sivega psička, ki se je

igral v slami. Opazoval je živalico ter jezno dejal kočijažu: "Kaj počne ta grda, ostudna mrha v mojem lepem hlevu, a? Odnese ga, vtopi ga v reki."

Kočijaž je obljubil, da stori; sicer se mu je malo ščene smililo, toda gospod je bil strog in kočijaž se ni upal upreti ukazu. Poklical je psička, ki je vesel pritekkel, ga privezal na vrv ter odšel proti reki. Ko je stopal mimo koč, je prav tedaj pritekkel majhen črn otrok iz neke kočice ter zaklical: "Joj, kako lepa živalica! Kam ga pelješ?" In stekel je k obema ter pobožal psička, ki je veselo zalajal ter se vzpel otroku z nogami na prsi.

"Vtopiti ga moram," je odgovoril kočijaž.

Tedaj je otrok zajokal, vzel psička v roke, ga krepko držal in prosil: "Nikar ne stori tega, le poglej, kako čeden psiček je."

"Moram, Benjamin, gospod je ukazal. Če ga ne slušam, me strogo kaznuje."

Sivi psiček je lizal Benjaminu po obrazu, ga gledal z velikimi očmi, ki so menda prosile: "Reši me, reši me."

"Daj psička meni," je prosil Benjamin. "Dobro ga skrivaj. Ne bo ga zagledal gospod."

Kočijaž je trenotek premišljeval, odgovoril: "Dobro, lahko ga obdržiš. Toda," je dodal: "Ne smeš izdati, da sem ti ga jaz izročil. Če bi gospod vendarle kdaj zagledal psička, moraš reči, da si ga potegnili iz reke. Ni dvoma, da te bo pretepel . . ."

"Nič za to," je vneto vzkliknil Benjamin. "Da bi le psiček živ ostal."

Kočijaž se je smehljal, snel psičku vrv z vratu, in Benjamin je stekel z njim v koč, ga božal, poljubljal in je bil ves iz sebe od samega veselja. Ko so se zvečer starši vrnili z dela, jim je

Benjamin pokazal psička. Tudi oče in mati sta bila vesela zelo, zakaj vse dni sta morala biti z doma, pa sta se venomer bala, da ne bi otrok zašel k reki, padel vanjo ter utonil. Zdaj pa bo ostal s svojim psičkom blizu koč, da bi se lahko skrili ž njim, če bi prišel bogataš mimo.

Zdelo se je, kakor bi psiček vedel, da ga je Benjamin otel smrti. Nikdar se ni nikam zgubil od otroka, poslušal ga je ter bil pameten in dovzeten. Benjamin se je pogovarjal ž njim kakor s človekom, in pes ga je gledal pametno, kakor da bi razumel sleherno besedo.

Benjaminovi starši so bili mladi in močni, najboljši delavci na vseh sladkornih nasadih. Celo strogi paznik je bil zadovoljen ž njimi in jih je pretepal redkeje kakor ostale sužnje. Zato sta bila oba, oče in mati, kljub trdemu življenju zadovoljna, in kadar sta se zvečer vrnila k Benjaminu v koč, so bili vsi trije veseli in srečni.

Benjaminova mati Hana je bila res zelo spretna; znala je plesti košare in druge stvari iz trsja in vrbovja, tudi je znala dobro šivati in kuhati.

Nekega dne je prišla domov starejša hčerka bogataša, ki je s svojim možem živela v neki severni ameriški državi. Veselilo jo je, da je spet videla svojo domovino ter dejala, da je tu vse mnogo lepše kakor na severu. Tožila je, kake preglavice ima v mestu s služabniki. "Ti belci še od daleč niso tako pripravi kot črnici," je rekla. "Z bičem jih ne moreš. Daruj mi dobro sužnjo, oče, da bom laže živela v mestu. Moj mož se bo seveda jezil, zakaj ljudje na severu so vsi neumni; trdijo namreč, da so tudi črnici ljudje kot mi in da je treba suženjstvo odpraviti. Vendar pa me ima zelo rad in bo zadovoljen, če bo videl, da sem zadovoljna jaz."

Bogataš je pomislil in dejal: "Mlade sužnje, ki jih imam, so vse nespretno, nerodne, stare pa, ki znajo kaj več, se

pa ne bodo mogle privaditi mestnemu življenju. Bolj bi ti bile v nadlogo kot v pomoč. Koga bi ti neki dal?"

Pomislil je za trenotek, potem pa je vesel vzkliknil: "Že vem, Hana bo kot nalašč zate. Le kako sem jo mogel pozabiti? Seveda ima majhnega otroka . . ."

"Tega ne maram," ga je prekinila hčerka. "Moj lepi otrok se vendar ne sme pečati s takim črnim paglavcem. Hanin otrok lahko ostane tu, a ne?"

"Dobra mati si, moja hči," je dejal ginjen oče-bogataš. "Vedno misliš na svojega otroka, na svojega fantka. Dobro, Benjamin ostane tu in če se vrneš jutri v mesto, vzameš Hano kar s seboj. Takoj ukažem pazniku, naj ji pove, da se bo pripravila."

In bogataš je poklical slugo ter mu naročil, naj pokliče paznika.

Ah, kako žalostna noč je bila to za one v koči! Revida Hana je objemala Benjaminu in jokala, kakor bi ji hotelo srce raznesti. Njen mož Tom je pokleknil poleg nje, jo gladil z obupanimi očmi in ni mogel od žalosti nobene besede izpregovoriti. Hana se je neprestano ozirala v majhno okno ter trepetala pred žarki, ki ji bodo oznanili, da se bliža dan, ki jo bo iztrgal iz domačega življenja.

Sivi psiček—ki so mu dali ime Sivko—je menda razumel žalost svojih prijateljev. Tesno se je prižele k Hani ter jo žalostno gledal s svojimi razumnimi, nežnimi očmi. In ko je glasno zaihtela Hana: "In če prodajo še tebe, Tom, kaj bo z našim nebogljenim Benjaminom?"—je Sivko položil svojo tačko na Benjaminu, kakor bi hotel reči: Nič se ne boj, mamica uboga, jaz bom skrbel zanj.

Hana je opazila to, ihte pobožala kuštravo Sivkovo glavo ter rekla: "Varuj mi otroka, ti dobri pes. Saj smo vsi tako zapuščeni in brez moči kot ti."

(Konec prihodnjic.)





Constantin Meunier: "DELAVEC PRI PLAVŽU"

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Anna P. Krasna:

## Franckov ideal

(Konec.)

France je stisnil zobe. Žaljivo in zbadljivo vprašanje ga je ujezilo. Vendar pa se je premagal in odgovoril mirno: "Seveda, samo da bolj razumno in resničnejše delujem na to, da mi mladostni ideal ne bo le v lastno korist—ampak, da bo koristil tudi drugim, ki morajo biti podlaga in hrana parazitom, kakršen, vidim, si postal tudi ti, moj nekdanji sošolec!"

Častniku Jožku so malone izstopile oči same jeze. "Če bi ne bil moj sovaščan, bi te na mestu ustrelil, prekucuh," je siknil jezno.

"Nikar se ne jezi," ga je miril France, "ker me sploh ne razumeš—mogoče me boš kdaj, na svetu je vse mogoče—pa zdrav, Joško."

Naglo je odšel in se izgubil v množici, Joško pa je užaljen z glasnimi koraki hitel proti hotelu, kjer je imel naročeno slastno večerjo zase in za svojo ljubico.

Neko nedeljsko popoldne, par mesecev po tem dogodku, je nekdo glasno potrkal na vrata stanovanjske hiše in vprašal vratarja, če stanuje tu France Vrhovec. Vrtar je neznanega mladega moža popeljal do vrat, kjer je stanoval France s svojo malo družino.

Kako se je France začudil, ko je odprl vrata in v tujem človeku takoj spoznal—Joška Viničarja. Slutil je takoj, da se je moralo nekaj zgoditi—to je razbral iz bledega Joškovega obraza.

Povedel ga je v skromno, a čisto družinsko sobo in rekel ženi, naj ju pusti sama. Nekaj časa sta oba molčala, potem pa je spregovoril Jožek: "Ne čudi se preveč, da me vidiš, revnega in obupanega, če moreš, se me usmili in mi pomagaj, da kam pobegnem in odslej naprej pošteno živim. Glej, znal sem—in sem sleparil, ter lepo živel. Poleg častniške službe sem imel tudi druge,

ne baš čedne službe, ki so mi nosile dobiček. Pa nas je neki tepec po neumnosti izdal in—no, saj veš sam, kaj sledi takim odkritjem . . ."

France ga je gledal in mu dejal mirno, kot onikrat, ko sta se srečala: "Jožek, ali sem ti prav povedal, da je na svetu vse mogoče?"

"Stokrat prav, pa ne le to, tudi parazit sem bil res, čeprav sem bil strašno jezen, da si me tako imenoval," je odgovoril Jožek.

Ko se je Francek dobro poučil in tudi kolikor je mogel, ne da bi škodil Jožku, ki je ostal pri njem, prepričal o zagati, v katero je nevede in po ne previdnosti nevesčega tovariša v sleparjenju zagazil njegov nekdanji sošolec, mu je pomagal, da je pobegnil v veliko mesto in si tam dobil delo. Pod drugim imenom je postal Jožek Viničar človek in četudi je bil zdaj le ubog delavec, je bil vendarle vreden član človeške družbe.

Francek si je sprva očital, da je pomagal parazitu do prostosti in mu morada s tem omogočil, da bo spet pod novim imenom in v tujih krajih postal nov parazit.

Ali ko ga je po letih obiskal Jožek, se je prepričal, da je bil njegov strah prazen. Kajti tudi Jožek Viničar je postal vnet borec za delavske pravice. Sicer se je pazil, da bi ga kod ne spoznali kot bivšega častnika, ki je bil zapleten v goljufijo države in revnih delavcev, a vendar je delal kolikor je mogel, da s tem popravi, kar je zakrivil v svoji sebičnosti in pohlepu po bogastvu.

Francek je bil te spremembe svojega sovaščana zelo vesel in je Jošku to tudi povedal.

"Ta zasluga ni moja, pač pa le tvoja, ti si mi odprl oči, da sem začel uvidevati, kako strašen človek sem, ker se

živim od trdega dela revnih ljudi in skoro prav mi je bilo, da so odkrili tisto goljufijo. Dobil sem priliko postati pošten človek," je dejal Jožek. "Ti, France, si bil poučen že v zgodnji mladosti, da so tudi revni ljudje—ljudje. Meni pa so vedno dovoljevali doma, v šoli in drugod misliti, da sem več od drugih, posebno pa še revnih ljudi."

"Bo že res, da današnje visoke šole mnogo mladih ljudi pokvarijo in prav zato je potrebno, da sami učimo svoje otroke resnične in prave ljubezni do svojega sočloveka," je pripomnil France.

Medtem je priteknel v sobo mladi

Francek, položil šolske knjige na mizo in ves vzhičen povedal očetu, da je on napisal najboljšo nalogo v celem razredu.

"Kakšno pa si napisal?" ga je vprašal oče.

"O Spartaku, natančno tako kot ste mi pripovedovali o njem in učitelj jo je naglas prečital," je veselo dejal mladi Francek.

"Bravo!" je vzkliknil očetov prijatelj Joško Viničar, "oče Spartak in sin Spartak, še bomo podili temo nezavednosti in nesloge . . .!"

Iv. Vuk:

## Gavran se ženi

(Po narodni basni.)

MLADEMU gavranu se je zahotelo imeti mlado in lepo ženo. Rekel je sam pri sebi:

"Oženiti se moram. Ali biti mora lepa in mlada. Ako je še pri tem odličnega rodu in izobrazena, tem bolje."

Iskal je skrbno. K vsaki jati se je pridružil. Udeleževal se je vseh poletov v različne kraje. Zagledal je pri neki taki priliki lepo vrano. Ugajala mu je na mah.

"Ta bi bila. Poskusimo," je rekel.

Približa se ji galantno in glas njegov, ko jo je pozdravil, je bil ves melodičen in sladek:

"Klanjam se, gospodična, najlepša med najlepšimi."

Vrani je srce zatrepetal.

"Olikan je videti," je pomislila. Pogledala ga je in odgovorila:

"Preveč ljubeznjivi ste, gospod vitez."

Gavran, ojunačen, se pokloni še enkrat:

"Vzhičen sem nad vašo lepoto, mila gospodična. Srce mi je zakipelo in lju-

bezen je vznikla v njem. Srečno bi bilo moje življenje, če bi se ponižali in postali moja žena."

Vrana, lepotica, je uljudno odgovorila:

"Sreča v življenju je tudi moje stremljenje. Vendar sreča ni v besedah, ki nimajo podlage. Kakor moja krila potrebujejo zrak, da letam pod nebom, tako potrebuje sreča neke podlage, da je v resnici sreča. Podlaga sreči je bogastvo. Zakaj v njem se zrealijo vse želje, kakor v ogledalu."

Ko je vrana izgovorila svoje besede, je odletela na drugo drevo. Zakaj vedela je, čeravno je bila še zelo mlada, ako jo gavran ljubi in če je bogat, ji bo sledil.

Gavran je ostrmel in obsedel na veji. Ni pričakoval take modrosti.

"Bogastvo ji je glavni smoter," je rekel. "Preračunjeno gleda na življenje. Vidi se, da je dobro vzgojena. Idealizma sicer ni v nji, ali dandanes je idealizem izumrl."

Za trenutek je premišljeval, kaj storiti. Nato pa rekel:

"Resnično, ženske so popolnejše od nas moških. Zakaj one hočejo ideal zvezati z realnostjo."

Zamahal je s peruti in pristavil:

"Zaostajati v modrosti ne smem."

Ko je to izrekel, je zletel k vrani. Obletel je elegantno okrog nje trikrat, nato se vsedel na sosednjo vejo in spregovoril:

"Premišljeval sem o vaših besedah, lepa gospodična. Štejem si v čast, da je bil vaš odgovor tako uljuden in vzpodbujajoč. Zato sem se odločil, da vam tudi jaz povem vse po pravici. Zakaj vaša lepota je zanetila v mojem sreču prevelik ogenj . . . Imam, mila gospodična, gozdove, polja, loke. Polno je na njih vsega in moj je ves ta kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . .!"

Vrana je gledala, poslušala in srce se ji je topilo.

"Izvrsten ženin," je pomislila. "Če je ta kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . ., res njegov, in če je res tako bogat kakor pravi, zakaj bi ga odklonila. Vendar se je treba dobro prepričati, da vidim, kakšen bo ta raj . . . raj . . . raj . . .!"

Ogledala si je ves kraj in gavran jo je povsod gostil s črvi, ogrci, žuželkami in z mlado, nežno zelenjavo.

"Zares, prijeten raj . . . raj . . . raj . . . je ta vaš kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . .," je rekla naposled vrana, mlada nevesta.

Prepričala se je, da je gavran res bogat in ga vzela. Gostija se je praznovala vsa vesela in slavna. Nevesta je sijala od sreče in zadovoljstva. In tako sijajoča je bila videti še lepša, kakor sicer. Zakaj zadovoljstvo, da je vzela bogatega moža, kar se ne posreči vsaki in zavest, da jo skrb življenja ne bo glodala, jo je mladilo še bolj in pridajalo njeni lepoti še poseben odsev. Gavran je bil ves ponosen in je sprejemal častitke s pokroviteljsko eleganco, govoreč:

"Raj . . . raj . . . raj . . .!"

\*

Zaživela sta mlada zakonca, vrana in gavran, zadovoljno zakonsko življenje

in v izobilju. Zakaj veliko posestvo—gavranova lastnina—z gozdovi, polji, livadami, je obrodilo mnogo dobrin. Povsod je bilo mnogo raznovrstnih slastnih žuželk, črvov, hroščev, miši. Tudi sladke zelenjave ni manjkalo, niti sočnih jagod. . . Mlada vrana je bila vsa srečna, ker ima tako bogatega moža in je s ponosom valila mladi naraščaj. Zakaj odlične vrane bodo iz take rodbine, v kateri je siromaštvo nepoznano. . . Rada je ponavljala ob vsaki priliki:

"Mojega moža in moj je ta kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . . Za me in za njega in za naše otročiče je to raj . . . raj . . . raj . . ."

\*

. . . ali prišla je zima.

Polja so zmrznila. Gozdovi so bili opustošeni. Livade so opustele.

Gavranova žena ni mogla najti hrane, dasi se je trudila na vso moč. In tudi njen mož je stradal z njo.

Te spremembe ni mogla razumeti.

V glavi so se ji rodile raznovrstne misli.

"Da ni morda kje zapravlil naše premoženje? . . . Da ni morda našel kako drugo vrano in mi ostal nezvest? . . . Da ni morda ta naš raj . . . raj . . . raj . . . daroval kateri drugi, a se meni kaže kot da tudi strada?"

Ugibala je in ni mogla vzdržati. Stopila je tik k njemu, svojemu možu in vprašala:

"Kam si zapravlil ta raj . . . raj . . . raj . . .? Kaj si naredil, da je naenkrat ves pust ta kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . .?"

Gavran je molčal, da bi se ne izdal in mislil:

"Resnično, iz dobre rodbine je bila rojena ta moja žena. Do sedaj še ji ni nič poznano, kako je ustvarjen svet. Zato je bila njena lepota tako odlična od drugih, navadnih vran."

Vrana pa mu ni dala miru in je silila vanj, da ji obrazloži, kaj pomeni ta sprememba. Očitala mi je:

"Varaš me! . . . Razljubil si me . . ."

Gavrana je to bolelo in je govoril:

“Ljubim te, mila žena, zelo te ljubim. Kakor sem te ljubil tiste dni, ko sem te snubil, kakor sem te ljubil tiste dni, ko si valila najine mladiče in sem ti prinašal hrano, tako te ljubim danes, ko stradava. Nikoli te nisem varal.”

Vrana pa se ni dala prepričati. Prepir je nastal v zakonu in neprestano zmerjanje.

“Bahal si se,” mu je govorila, “da je tvoj ves ta kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . .! A kje je sedaj naenkrat tisti raj . . . raj . . . raj . . ., ki sem ga poznala? Lačna sem in ta raj . . . raj . . . raj . . . je sedaj naenkrat puščava. Obrazloži kaj je to, kaj . . . kaj . . . kaj . . . in zakaj . . . zakaj . . .!”

Gavran se je naveličal vednega zmerjanja in predbacivanja in se odrezal:

“Moj je ves ta kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . . in po letu je tu vedno raj . . . raj . . . raj . . .!”

In sedaj je vrana spoznala, da si je vzela za moža navadnega gavrana, kakoršnih je videla vse polno in o kakoršnih ji je govorila mati, ko jo je pitala.

Vsa srdita je rekla:

“Zakaj mi tega nisi takrat povedal, ko si me snubil?”

Odgovoril ji je gavran:

“Ne zameri, draga ženica! Videl sem, da si nežno vzgojena in da si študirana. Nisem hotel ti kaliti tvoje znanje z navadnimi, vsakdanjimi življenjskimi resnicami. Zakaj vedel sem, da ti življenje ko pride čas, samo obrazloži. Nisem hotel tvoji lepoti povzročati mračnih trenukov. Zakaj videl sem, da si me ljubila.”

Razjezila se je vrana:

“Da bi te nikdar ne ljubila. Z lažjo si me pridobil in sem ti prodala svojo mladost in lepoto. Sedaj pa gladujem.”

Gavran ji je odgovoril:

“Povedala si mi, da je sreči podlaga bogastvo in sem mislil: Če treba ženo kupiti, potem jo kupim. Ljubezen, ki ni hotela, da bi te kupil kak drug ženin, mi je narekovala bogastvo. In dal sem ti ga.”

Vsa razočarana in obupana nad svojo usodo, ker je svojo lepoto prodala tako nepremišljeno navadnemu gavranu, je začela ponavljati z gavranom:

“Kraj . . . kraj . . . kraj . . . pust in prazen raj. Samo po letu je raj . . . raj . . . raj . . .!”

In od tistega dne oznanja po zimi vrana po vseh cestah in potih to svoje spoznanje.



Deloroux: "POČIVAJOČI TIGER"



Dragi urednik!

Tako se mi je priljubil Mladinski list, da hočem zopet nekaj napisati.

Tukaj so na enajstega avgusta zaprli za vedno premogorov, ker je bil že ves izčrpan. Obratoval je okoli 30 let.

Od 27. julija do 12. avgusta smo imeli vsak dan dež. To pa je bilo nekaj za divji pelin in je pričela vsa okolica duhteti po pelinu.

Prosim, priobčite to pesmico, ki sem se jo naučila od ge. Simčičeve v Clevelandu, O.:

#### Mlin

Ob bistrem potoku je mlin  
in jaz sem pa mlinarjev sin,  
ko mlinček ropoče in voda šumlja  
se v prsih mi srce igra.

Le teci mi voda lepo  
in ženi nam mlinsko kolo,  
ko kamen vrti se in zrnje drobi  
se v skrinji že moka praši.

Ko mlinček le tiho bi stal,  
bi mlinar in kmet žaloval  
in otrok bi jokal in tožil glasno  
kako je brez kruha hudo!

Olga Groznik,

Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Ker sem vaš naročnik M. L., vam dam vedeti, da sem bil v Jugoslaviji na Studencu pri Sevnici z mojo mamo. In veliko zanimivih reči sem videl tam na oni strani morja. V Parizu smo videli zanimiva poslopja. Videli smo palačo, kjer je stanoval prezident Wilson leta 1918; lepo, imenitno, veliko poslopje je to. Vse bi vam natanko popisal, ali vzame preveč prostora. Ogleдали smo si cerkev, kjer je v vojnem času nemška granata ubila 169 ljudi. Videli smo cerkev, kjer so pokopani štiri

možje, dva medicinske doktorja, katera sta iznašla skupno prvo medicino proti malariji in drugim groznim boleznim. Skupaj sta študirala in sta si zapriseгла, da hočeta tudi skupno umreti, in ko je prvi umrl naravne smrti za boleznijo (sem pozabil za kako boleznijo), so morali drugega ustreliti, da sta skupno na parah ležala in bila skupno pokopana.

Bili smo v sredi Pariza, kjer je krasota trave, cvetlic in drevja v znak delitve sredine mesta. Oj, čudo lepote! Kdo si je izmislil to delitev imenitnega mesta! O, koliko prekrasnih kipov je ustvarila tam mojstrska roka, da se človek nekam zamisli, ko gleda tako čudovito delo lepote.

Lahko bi vam še dosti napisal z mojega potovanja v Evropo, od kraja do konca, ker me je zanimalo vse, tudi kako je bila moja mama doma od svojih staršev sprejeta, ko sva prišla k njim petega julija, 1930. Ali mislim, da sem naredil še tako preveč dela, če ne boste vrgli v koš.

Pozdravljam urednika in vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista!

Tony Tomazin,

Box 85, Meadowlands, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Pravkar sem se spomnila, da je dne 12. septembra poteklo že eno leto dni, odkar mi je umrla moja teta. (To pismo sem napisala dne 18. avgusta). Ona je bila sestra moje mame.

Pokojna teta je bila aktivna članica društva SNPJ in zato se je po vsej pravici lahko spominjamo ob prvi obletnici njene smrti. Draga teta! Leto dni je že minilo, a ne preteče noben dan, da se ne bi nate spomnili. Zelo smo bili žalostni in potrti na njeno izgubo. Naj spava mirno, ker si je zaslužila počitek. Mi pa ohranimo spomin nanjo za vedno.

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu, ako mi boste to priobčili.

Čitala sem avgustovo številko Mladinskega lista, pa ni bilo mojega dopisa. Ne vem, kaj je vzrok.

Naša slovenska mladinska šola je imela piknik in sem imela dosti zabave.

Pozdravim Mary Ostanek in Sylvio Jeleric in se zahvalim za njena lepa pisma.

Pošiljam mojo sliko v narodni noši.



Iskreno pozdravim vse.—**Josephine Sintich**,  
956 E. 141 St., Cleveland, O.

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Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz hočem napisati par vrstic za Mladinski list v "Naš kotichek." Moja sestra vam je že pisala, da je dne 12. septembra poteklo eno leto, ko je umrla naša teta.

Moja sestra Anni je zelo navdušena za Mladinski list. Zelo rada ga čita in se zanima zanj. Jako jo veseli ko vidi svoj dopis v Mladinskem listu. Ona je tudi vesela, če ji urednik popravi njene dopise, ker na ta način pravi, da se bo kaj naučila.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in mnogo uspeha v šoli!

**Mary Matos**, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Moj ata je pisal prijatelju v Ameriko, da rada čitam kar je za otroke. Zato mi je poslal Mladinski list, ki sem ga zelo vesela in vsega prečitam, kar je slovenskega.

Sedaj bom hodila v drugi razred Šentjakobske šole v Ljubljani.

Pozdravljam vse bratce Mladinskega lista in urednika!—**Mira Jerala**, Ljubljana, Židovska steza 4-II., Jugoslavija.

\* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim malo prostora v našem M. L.—Kakor sprevidim v našem M. L., so se učenci na počitnicah povsod bolj zabavali kot smo se tukaj, ker nismo imeli nobenih izletov in dru-

gih šolskih zabav. Res je lepo, ako si učenec odpočije, ker to je lepo in koristno za vsakega, a tukaj ni kaj takega.

Dne 2. septembra smo prestopili šolski prag. Zdaj nam bodo v veselje knjige in svinčnik. Jaz sem pri starših, kakor so tudi moje vrstnice.—Tukaj ni nobenih veselje.—Predstavljam si neko pravljico, ki mi jo so povedali moja mama, o kralju Matjažu, ki spi s celo svojo vojsko že več sto let. Ravno tako tudi tukaj vse spi.

Končno pozdravljam vse dopisovalce v M. L. in želim vsem obilo uspeha v novem šolskem letu. Uredniku se pa zahvalim za popravilo mojih napak.—**Mary A Krivec**, Klein, Mont.

\* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, priobčite moj skromni dopis v naš M. L.

Naš Mladinski list jaz zelo rad čitam, mi je zelo priljubljen in upam, da se bom od sedaj večkrat oglasila v njem. Naj mi bratci in sestrice odpustijo, ker se tako redko oglašam v M. L., zakaj učim se igrati glasovir in mandolino, zato mi je čas zelo drag in malo se tudi rada z otroki poigram.

Tukaj pošiljam mojo sliko, da se priobči v M. L. Slika me predstavlja pri glasovirju.



Drugič bom dala sliko, ko igram mandolino. Sem že dvakrat igrala na radio stanici WOW, Omaha, Neb. Sedaj hodim v šolo, sem v šestem razredu.

Pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem širom U. S. A.! Prosim bratce in sestrice, da mi kaj pišejo.

**Mary Rudolf** (stara 12 let),  
3612 V St., So. Omaha, Neb.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj bom na kratko opisala naše potovanje iz Piney Forka, O., v Cleveland. Ker sta bila dva praznika—dne 31. avgusta in 1. septembra—smo se z veseljem odzvali povabilu mamine tete v Clevelandu in smo šli naše

sorodnike obiskat. Nas je bilo pet. Moja sestra Virginija in jaz, mama in ata ter naš stari stric Nace. On je rekel, da bomo šli v Clevelandu v tisti visoki stolp Union postaje, katerega smo v Proletarcu videli naslikanega.

Ko smo se pripeljali v Cleveland na Public Square (javni trg), smo videli velikansko vrvenje avtomobilov in uličnih železnic ter drugih vozil. Nervozno sva se z mojo sestro držali najinih staršev. O pa kako velike hiše in tovarne smo videli.

Peljali smo se tudi mimo velikega jezera Erie. V njem ob obali je bilo vse polno kopalcev in čolničev, v katerih so se ljudje prepeljavali sem in tja po vodi.

Zvečer smo se vozili po mestu. In kako je bilo to lepo in čarobno! Na milijone električnih luči v različnih barvah je brlelo in migljalo. Bile smo očarane z mojo sestro, ker kaj takega še nisva vidile.

Ko smo bili dne 31. avgusta zvečer v Narodnem domu na koncertu, sva s sestro prvič slišale lepo slovensko petje in sva vidile Sokole telovaditi.

No, v stolp velike Union postaje pa nismo šli, ker je stric Nace rekel, da se boji, če se bi vrv utrgala, ker on je težak. Dostavil pa je, da bomo šli lahko drugič—ko njega ne bo zraven.

Vrnili smo se domov iz Clevelanda. Kako prijeten dan je bil. Kako zopet vse lepo in mirno, ker ni tistega vrvenja kot v mestu. Tukaj le kokoške kokodakajo in petelinčki pojejo, nam se pa to dopade. Kužek je veselo zalajal in mucka prijazno zamijavkala ter krava zamukala — nam v pozdrav, ker smo spet prišli domov.

Lepa hvala teti in stricu Gorjup in drugim za sprejem in gostoljubnost. Iskren pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Alice Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

### Huda uganka

Dva Brica sta v solncu pod slivo ležala in lenobo pasla. Čudno brihtna sta bila oba in manjši pravi večjemu:

— Ti me poslušaj, Matevže, pa ugani — zastavim ti uganko. Poslušaj: Dve luknji, okroginokrog je vse zbiksano, pa z "a" se pričinja — kaj je to?

Matevž zaman ugiba in si mrši lase. Ga Jaka reši zadrege:

— Lej ga, to je an par škornjev . . . Poslušaj dalje, kaj pa je to: štiri luknje, okroginokrog je vse zbiksano, pa z "d" se pričinja.

Zopet Matevž zaman ugiba in z glavo maje. Še bolj se mu Jaka posmehne in pravi:

— Lej ga, to sta pa dva para škornjev.

Potlej pa Jaka lepo zrelo modro slivo pobere, ker je blizu ležala in vpraša Matevža:

— Kaj pa je tole: okroginokrog je modro, v sredi ima peško, pa z "s" se pričinja?

— Preteto, ne boš me več—to so pa trije pari škornjev!—se je urno odrezal Matevže.

\* \*

### Čudna muca

V Kaliforniji živi farmar Crain, ki ima lepo sivkasto muco. Gospodar jo visoko ceni, ker mu pridno polovi miši in podgane. Vendar pa ima ta muca čudno lastnost: nikoli ne prede. Lahko jo božáš kakor hočeš, muca ne da od sebe niti najmanjšega glasu.







# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume IX.

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Number 10.

## THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing out into  
the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went  
down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved  
him the best;  
And the children stood watching them  
out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must  
weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to  
keep,  
Tho the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse  
tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the  
sun went down;  
They looked at the squall, and they  
looked at the shower,  
And the night wrack came rolling up  
ragged and brown!  
But men must work, and women must  
weep,  
The storms be sudden, and water deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining  
sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide  
went down,  
And the women are weeping and wring-  
ing their hands  
For those who will never come back  
to the town;  
For men must work, and women must  
weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to  
sleep.  
And good-by to the bar and its  
moaning.

Charles Kingsley.



## BRAVE LOVE

(James Withcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was once asked to name his favorite poem, and responded by giving the following bit of fugitive verse, written many years ago, the author of which is unknown).

HE'D nothing but his violin,  
I'd nothing but my song,  
But we were wed when skies were blue  
And summer days were long.  
And when we rested by the hedge,  
The robins came and told  
How they had dared to woo and win  
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,  
Or slept among the hay,  
But oft the farmers' wives at eve—  
Came out to hear us play  
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—  
We could not starve for long  
While my man had his violin  
And I my sweet love song.

The world has eye gone well with us,  
Old man, since we were one—  
Our homeless wandering down the  
lanes—  
It long ago was done,  
But those who wait for gold or gear,  
For houses and for kine,

'Tis youth's sweet spring grows brown  
and sere,  
And love and beauty tine,  
Will never know the joy of hearts  
That met without a fear,  
When you had but your violin  
And I a song, my dear.



## The Laughter of Children

By Robert G. Ingersoll

THE laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vineclad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared

with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

## Campaign Talks

**M**ANY of our young Slovene National Benefit Society members have been active in their respective lodges. Some have taken part in lodge programs; others in games; still others have had the interest of our Slovene National Benefit Society in mind and brought new members into the lodge.

To spur every Juvenile member to activity the Supreme board has agreed to give five handsome prizes to the five most active Juveniles, in a membership campaign of six months duration to begin October 1, 1930, and conclude March 31, 1931.

In the September issue of Mladinski List the prize list appeared. We especially wish to call your attention to the fact that the winner of first prize will be the Juvenile securing the greater number of new members over fifteen. Should no Juvenile secure fifteen credits, then this prize is automatically dropped and second prize becomes the official first prize.

We have hopes that you youngsters will go to your lodge meetings, especially those of you who are 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 years old, and help your lodge progress by adding new Juveniles to their roster. We will be very pleased to hear from as many of you as possible, as to how many friends you have made thru the SNPJ; how many new members you think you can get and, in fact, anything, pertaining to the membership campaign.

Have your father and mother help you in your work for your lodge. Become even more active by attending your lodge meetings with your parents. And don't forget to write in Mladinski List all about your lodge and its new members.

SNPJ Campaign Committee:

JOHN LOKAR,  
DONALD J. LOTRICH,  
JOSEPH SISKOVICH.

## How Robin Hood Won the Sheriff's Arrow

IT WAS very pleasant in Sherwood Forest to those who did not fear hardships, and Robin Hood and his men came to love every tree that grew and every bird that sang there. They did not mind that they had no houses to live in. They made themselves shelters of bark and logs to keep the rain off, and mostly they stayed in the open. They did not sigh for soft beds or fine tables and furnishings. They put down rushes and spread deer skins over them to lie on, and slept under the stars. They cooked over a great fire built beside a big tree, and they sat and ate on the ground.

More than a hundred men were in Robin Hood's band; every one was devoted to him and obeyed his slightest word. They were the best archers, the best wrestlers, the best runners and the best yielders of cudgel and quarter-staff in all the country, and they grew better continually, for they practiced these things every day.

Robin Hood was the best archer in all the land. The king had heard of his wonderful markmanship, and even tho he knew him as an outlaw, he had an admiring and almost kindly feeling for this bold outlaw who shot so marvelously well. But the greedy lords and churchmen who oppressed the people hated Robin Hood; and the sheriff of Nottingham hated him most of all, and wished above all things to hang him on the gallows.

He was a cruel, hard man with no kindness in his bosom, and all his spite was turned against Robin Hood, because every time that he tried to catch him, Robin outwitted him. Now he was especially angered, for he had sent a messenger with a warrant to take Robin

Hood and the merry Robin had met the messenger and feasted him, and then, while he was asleep after the feast, stole the very warrant out of his pocket so that he had to go back to the sheriff without man or warrant either. So the sheriff of Nottingham used all his wits to get another plan to take Robin Hood. It was plainly of no use to send men, no matter how stout, with warrants after him. He must be coaxed into their clutches.

"I have it," said the sheriff of Nottingham at last, with a very sour look on his grim face. "I'll catch him by craft. I'll proclaim a great archery festival, and get all the best archers in England to come here to shoot. I'll offer for the prize an arrow of beaten gold. That will be sure to fetch Robin Hood and his men here, and then I'll catch them and hang them."

Now Robin Hood and his men did come to the archery contest. But they did not come in the suits of Lincoln green that they wore as men of the forest. Each man dressed himself up to seem somebody else. Some appeared as barefoot friars, some as traveling tinkers or tradesmen, some as beggars, and some as rustic peasants. Robin Hood was the hardest to recognize of all.

"Don't go, master," his men had begged. "This archery contest is just a trap to catch you. The sheriff of Nottingham and his men will be looking for you and they will know you by your hair and eyes and face and height, even if you wear different clothes. The sheriff has made this festival just to lure you to death. Don't go."

"Why, as to my yellow hair, I can stain that with walnut stain. As to my

eyes, I can cover one of them with a patch and then my face will not be recognized. I would scorn to be afraid, and if an adventure is somewhat dangerous, I like it all the better."

So Robin Hood, clad from top to toe in tattered scarlet, the raggedest beggarman that had ever been seen in Nottingham. The field where the contest was to be held was a splendid sight. Rows and rows of benches had been built on it for the gentlefolk to sit on, they wore their best clothes and were gayer than birds of paradise. As for sheriff and his wife, they wore velvet, the sheriff purple and his lady blue. The rich garments were trimmed with ermine. They wore broad gold chains around their necks, and the sheriff had shoes with wondrously pointed toes that were fastened to his gold-embroidered garters by golden chains. Oh! they were dressed very splendidly, and if their faces had been kind, they would have looked beautiful. But their faces were full of pride and hate. The sheriff was looking everywhere with spiteful glances for Robin Hood, and very cross he was that did not see Robin there.

But Robin was there, though the sheriff did not see him. There he stood in the ragged beggar's garments, not ten feet away from the sheriff.

The targets were placed eighty yards from where the archers were to stand. Pace that off, and see what a great distance it is. There were a great number of archers to shoot and each was to have one shot. Then the ten who shot best were to shoot two arrows each; and the three who shot best out of the ten were to shoot three arrows apiece. The one who came nearest to the center of the target was to get a prize.

The sheriff looked gloweringly at the ten.

"I was sure that Robin Hood would be among them," he said to the man-

at-arms at his side. "Could no one of these ten be Robin Hood in disguise?"

"No," answered the man-at-arms. "Six of these I know well. They are the best archers in England. There is Gill o'the Red Cap, Diccon Cruikshank, Adam o' the Dell, William o' Leslie, Hubert o' Cloud, and Swithin o' Hertford. Of the four beside, one is too tall and one too short and one not broad-shouldered enough to be Robin Hood. There remains this ragged beggar, and his hair and beard are much too dark to be Robin Hood's and beside, he is blind in one eye. Robin Hood is safe in Sherwood Forest."

Even as he spoke, the man-at-arms was glad, for he was but a common soldier, and he loved Robin Hood and wished no harm to come to him. One reason why Robin Hood got away from the sheriff so many times was that the common people, even among the sheriff's own men, were friendly to him and helped him all they could. The gatekeepers shut their eyes when Robin Hood went through the gates that they might say they had not seen him enter. Hardly anyone would betray him, and many, when they knew of evil being planned against him, sent warning to him. But even the man-at-arms who loved him did not recognize Robin Hood today.

The ten made wonderful shots. Not one arrow failed to come within the circles that surrounded the center. But when the three shot, it was more wonderful still. Gil o' the Red Cap's first arrow struck only a finger's breadth from the center, and his second was nearer still. But the beggar's arrow struck in the very center. Adam o' the Dell, who had one more shot, unstrung his bow when he saw it.

"Fourscore years and more have I shot shaft, and beaten my competitors, but I can never better that," he said.

The prize of the golden arrow belonged to the tattered beggar, but the

sheriff's face was very sour as he gave it to him. He tried to induce him to enter his service, promising great wages.

"You are the best archer I have ever seen," he said. "I trow you shoot even better than that rascal and coward of a Robin Hood who dared not show his face here today. Will you join my service?"

"No, I will not," answered the scarlet-clad stranger, and then the sheriff looked at him so spitefully that he knew it was well to get away. As he walked toward Sherwood Forest, the sheriff's words rankled.

"I cannot bear to have even my enemy think that I am a coward," he said to Little John. "I wish there was a way to tell the sheriff that it was Robin Hood that won his golden arrow."

And they found a way. That evening the sheriff sat at supper, and though the supper was a fine one, his face was gloomy.

"I thought I could catch that rascal Robin Hood by means of this archery contest," he said to his wife, "but he was too much of a coward to show his face here."

Just then something came rattling through the window and fell rattling among the dishes on the table. It was a blunted gray goose quill with a bit of writing tied to it. The sheriff unfolded the writing. It told that it was Robin Hood who had won the golden arrow. When the sheriff read it, even his wife thought best to slip away, for he was the crossdest man in Nottingham.

Y. S.



## A Mock Field Meet

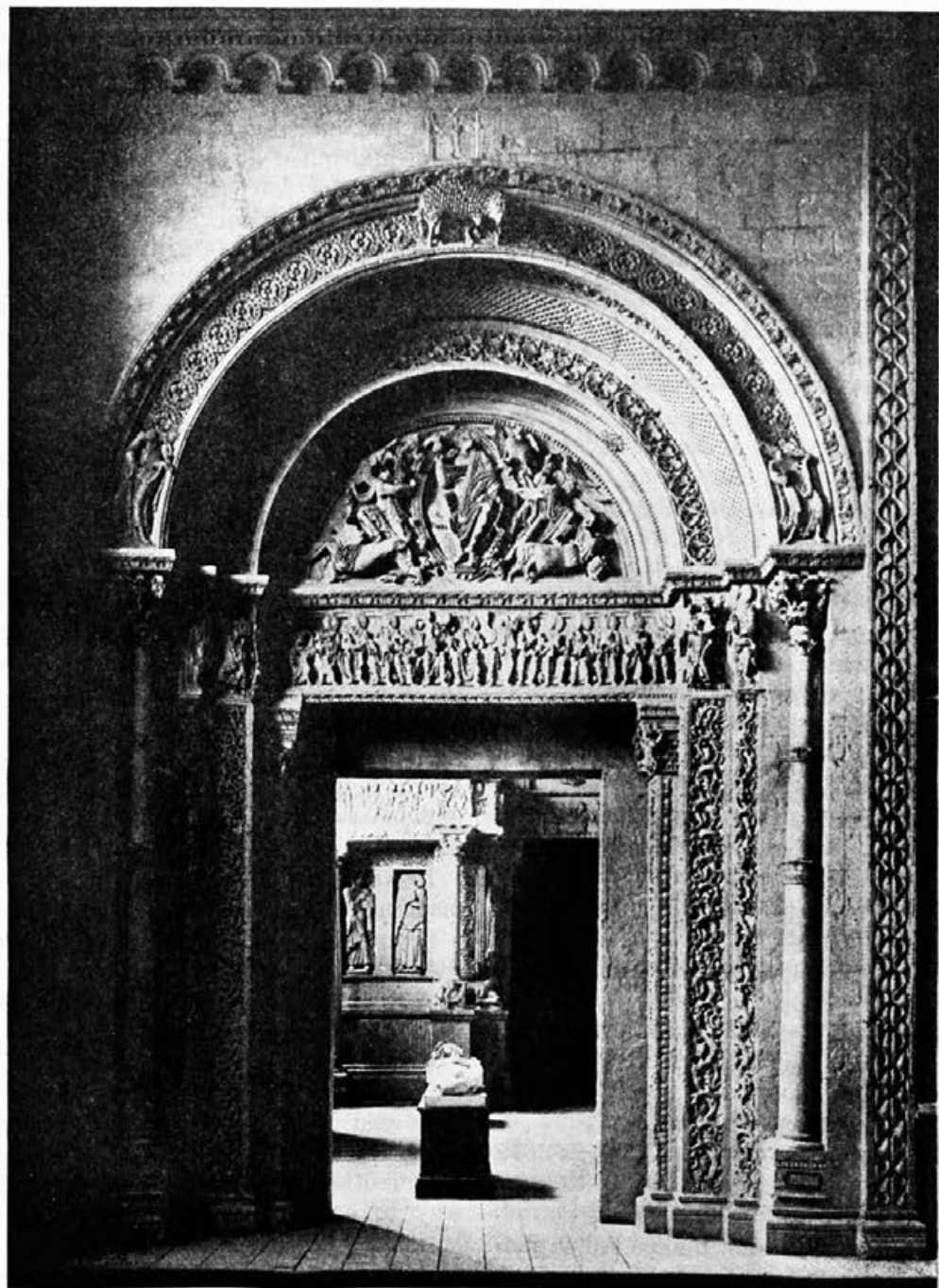
### Peanut Relay

The players are all lined up in a column. Two chairs are placed a little distance apart, facing one another with a knife and a bowl of peanuts on one chair and an empty bowl on the other. The first player in the line runs to the chair, picks up a peanut with the knife and carries the peanut to the other bowl. He then gives the knife to the next player who repeats the performance of the first player. This continues until all have run. Honors are given to the player making the best time or to the group whose players have made the best time. If a peanut is dropped it must be picked up with the knife.

### Umbrella Relay

The goal line is designated at as far a distant point as the play-space will permit. At the feet of the first participant is placed a closed umbrella (an old one) and several articles of various kinds.

At the signal the player picks up the articles, opens the umbrella, runs to the goal line and back to his place, puts the article on the floor, closes the umbrella, and goes to the front of the line. The next player repeats the same operation. If any article is dropped the runner must pick it up; every article must be delivered to the feet of the next runner.



Door in Blackstone Hall, a Reproduction at the Chicago Art Institute.

## A Workless World! Machines vs. Men

**A**MERICAN industry can easily make in six months all that it can dispose of in twelve; jobs become scarcer and scarcer, and the natural growth of population begins to lag.

Industry provides fewer jobs, produces more goods, and the prospect is that by 1950 our population will become stationary.

All the civilized nations are going the way of France, where already the population is practically stationary.

The manufacturing census of 1927 found 8,076,550 wage earners as against 9,096,350 in 1919. According to the bureau of labor statistics, the number of railway employees fell from 2,033,000 to 1,783,000 in 1926. It is certainly much less now.

According to a calculation made in the department of commerce, eight groups of industries reduced their working forces by 1,823,000 between 1920 and 1927. Agricultural mechanization accounted for 800,000 of the lost jobs.

According to the calculations of the American Federation of Labor 9 per cent of wage earners are out of jobs on account of mechanization, even when the factories are running at full speed under the highest pressure.

Are we approaching a condition wherein the machine will destroy its market by driving from the payrolls the people who consume its product? A handful of men and endless rows of machinery in vast buildings—multitudes of unemployed outside. Production perfected, consumption destroyed.

A certain machine makes 8,600 chassis automobile frames in a day. In 1904 there were only 12 frames made in a day. It took 200 men to make 35 frames in a day. One machine, made up of many units, with 120 men to run it, makes 8,600 in a day.

Mechanization of the textile industries began 160 years ago. One person now produces as much yarn as 45,000 then, and the capacity of looms has been multiplied at least 2,000.

In another 160 years this may be almost a physical workless world for humans. Already it is a workless world for perhaps a million displaced men, for whom no jobs have been made to take the place of those unmade by the relentless machines.

One glass container machine is capable of making all the huge glass bottles, or carboys, required in the United States.

It was a highly skilled trade. Within the last few years machinery has multiplied the product of the human factor forty-one times, and the skill has gone out of the business.

In 1918 it took one man a whole day to make 40 electric light bulbs—and he had no time to loaf. The next year came a machine that made 73,000 bulbs in 24 hours, and each one destroyed 992 jobs. A machine in and 922 men out.

In the boot and shoe industry 100 machines take the place of 25,000 men.

Seven men have replaced 60 men as the labor unit casting pig iron.

A team of two men loads the pig iron that it formerly took 128 men.

Go thru a steel mill and notice what a lonesome looking place it is. You feel as if you were in the presence of some colossal but unseen power. The reason, among others, is that 42 men have given way to one man around open hearth furnaces.

Working with improved cranes three men do the work of 28 in steel mills. Another improved loading crane substitutes a gang of five men for one of 48.

Not so long ago one man made 450 bricks in a day. Now a brick making



machine turns out 40,000 bricks in a day.

In railroad sorting yards the introduction of the car retarder in switching has disposed as high as 168 men in a single yard.

It took a day for one man to saw a hundred feet of lumber for Mount Vernon; one man and machines saw 10,000 feet a day for your house.

Highways are no longer built, they are manufactured. It takes but little imagination to see a new road coming out of the group of machines at the roadhead like to steelplate from a rolling mill. It would be practically impossible to assemble enough laborers on a given piece of road to build it by hand within any reasonable time according to modern standards.

The ancients had abundance of time as well as abundance of men for the building of the pyramids, the great wall of China and other works that still command our admiration. We are faced by time values that run into such proportions that every day on a skyscraper's construction affects its balance sheet for years to come. There would not be room on a great modern structure for the manpower that machines replace.

A middle sized industrial shovel does the work of 100 men with a pick and shovel; a mammoth shovel will dig and load dirt as fast as 400 men. An ordinary ditching machine excavates as fast as 50 or 60 men.

The immediate result nowadays of every labor saving machine is the discharge of labor. The increased product should result in such an increase of consumption to put men back to work with the machines or in accessory or other new industries that result from increased production. But even while a new equilibrium is established other machines are upsetting it.

Up to 1925-27 new jobs in new industries and old industries about offset the

reduction of employment in other industries. Despite its remarkable gain in productivity the automobile industry added 1,166,000 employees, counting every phase of it, even to chauffeurs. Motion pictures added 150,000, and domestic and personal service, 694,000.

But with the saturation of markets that has come in many lines in the last five years, the over development of new industries and the exhaustion of the field, for the time being at least, of introduction of new industries on anything like the spectacular scale of the expansion of the automotive, moving picture, radio, and electric industries in the recent past, the tide has changed.

The machine is now increasingly building up a surplus of labor and a deficit of employment.

The unemployment resulting from consolidations and mergers and by the growth of great centralized corporations, has caused an important, if not numerically large, displacement of salaried employees and wage earners.

The white collar class, even in its highest tiers, no longer looks with smug indifference on the wage earner who has been displaced by progress as a deplorable and unnecessary sacrifice to progress. Progress is now ruthlessly sacrificing it. The type of progress that menaces this group is not merely the elimination of employment, but the reduction of salary.

The army of unemployed workers is steadily increasing, as the capitalistic system is unable to solve the problem. The physical machine displaces hand labor, the business machines displaces brains.

A socialized system of public utilities and all other chief industries and production for the good of all the people, instead of for a few profiteers, would solve the unemployment problem and do away with all the misery caused by selfish capitalists.—Y. S.



Ivan Meštrović: "MY MOTHER"

## GOOD TIMBER

PICKERING POINTERS

THE tree that never had to fight  
 For sun and sky and air and light,  
 That stood out in the open plain  
 And always got its share of rain,  
 Never became a forest king  
 But lived and died a common thing.

The man who never had to toil,  
 Who never had to win his share  
 Of sun and sky and light and air,  
 Never became a manly man  
 But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow on ease;  
 The stronger wind, the tougher trees;  
 The further sky, the greater length,  
 By sun and cold, by rain and snows.  
 In tree or man good timber grows.  
 Where thickest stands the forest growth  
 We find the patriarchs of both,  
 And they hold converse with the stars  
 Whose broken branches show the scars  
 Of many winds and much of strife—  
 This is the common law of life.

## BE YOURSELF

INSIST on being yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best, none but Nature can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## CITY TREES

By Anderson M. Scruggs

There is a poverty that trees may show  
 From dearth of wholesome sunlight,  
 winds and rains—

Old trees that press gaunt hands  
 against the panes  
 Of tenements, like tombstones, row on  
 row.

They are the trees around whose  
 starved roots flow

Only the sweepings of the streets,  
 the drains

Of black tarred roofs—and smoky,  
 yellow stains

Of light are all the sunshine that they  
 know

How they must yarn, those brick-imprisoned trees,

For mellow slopes of hill where  
 crystal-clear

The rain comes ringing down, where  
 every breeze

Is redolent with mossy earth and flowers;

How like old men by penury made  
 drear,

Silent, they bear the burden of the  
 hours.

## CHARLES DICKENS WROTE:

No matter, what may be the object of your solicitude — be insured — whether you are thinking of the maintenance of your general health or of comfort and competence in your old age, or of the interests of wife and children when you may be no more, or of a provision for your boy when he reaches mature age, or of the happy marriage and the wedding portion of your little daughter, one day to be, you hope, a blushing bride, now a tiny prattling fairy of two or three years — never mind the subject matter—be insured.

## A TEST FOR YOUR GUESSER

How do bees dispose of their honey?  
—They put it in combs and sell (cell) it.

What is it that has four legs and only  
one foot?—A bedstead.

Why do birds clean out a fruit tree  
so quickly?—Because they take a peck  
at a time.

What bird is rude?—The mocking  
bird.

What bird is low-spirited?—The blue-  
bird.

When is a house like a bird?—When  
it has wings.

What birds move in the highest cir-  
cles?—Eagles.

What is that, though blind itself,  
guides the blind?—A staff or stick.

In what way does a cooked turkey  
resemble a live one?—A live one makes  
a d.n, but a cooked one makes a dinner.

Why is a hungry man like a baker?  
—Because he "kneads" bread.

When is the book of Nature most in-  
teresting?—When autumn turns the  
leaves.

What two birds can neither walk or  
fly?—The scarecrow and the weather-  
cock.

How can you make a cat talk?—By  
adding an H to it. That makes it chat.

What made the chicken run?—Be-  
cause it saw the garden walk.

What letter stretches farthest?—The  
C (sea).

Which is the best butter in the world?  
—The goat.

I wear boots yet I have none. What  
am I?—A football.

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

## HIS NEW BROTHER

Say, I've got a little brother,  
Never teased to have him, nother,  
But he's here;  
They just went ahead and bought him,  
And last week the doctor brought him;  
Wa'nt that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,  
Why I thought at first 'twas jolly,  
'Cause! you see:  
I s'posed I could go and get him.  
An' then Mamma 'course she would  
let him  
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,  
"Why," I says, "my sakes! is that him?  
Just that mite?"  
They said "Yes" and "Ain't he cun-  
nin'?"  
He is a sight.

He's so small, it's jest amazin',  
And you'd think that he was blazin',  
He's so red.  
And his nose is like a berry,  
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry  
On the head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar;  
All he does is cry and holler,  
More and more;  
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him;  
I don't see why Pa don't change him  
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,  
And we really didn't need him  
More'n a frog;  
Why'll they buy a baby brother  
When they know I'd good deal ruther  
Have a dog?

## The Hill in the Road

**T**HERE is a hill in any road you wish to travel if you wish to go far. You must be like the crew which built the road and like the road, you must simply climb the hill and go on. Just think of the other side of the hill and it will help. For every climb there is a **down hill** which is easy and will pay you for your trouble.

Every obstacle in your plans is a hill in the road and you must do as the road did. You must climb the hill by conquering the trouble, if you would find that easy stretch on the other side. Remember when you reach the top you can get a better view of the goal, and the higher the hill or the greater the obstacle, the better the view you can get from the top and the greater the downhill stretch will be. Then too, the higher you go the fewer will be to clutter up the path, for more people refuse to climb than are willing to make the extra exertion. There is more room the higher you go. So climb to hill to get out of the crowd.—Boys' World.

## A Real Sportsman

If a boy cannot play the game for the love of the sport, he had better keep out of it. A boy who keeps one eye on the ball, and the other on the crowd to see whether it is following his game usually is so poor a player that the crowd does not show much interest in him. Personalities have no place in real sportsmanship. To endeavor to put it over an opponent because of some personal dislike, usually increases a boy's chance of failure. Sport for the sport's sake should be a boy's only desire. Give and take is necessary in most games. He who is constantly objecting lest another take some fancied advantage, soon becomes a common pest. If an opponent continues to cheat, after being cautioned, the best rebuke is simply to ridicule his inability to play the game square. A player who must constantly be coaxed to keep him in good humor is soon dropped. Furthermore, real sportsmanship requires that a boy be a good loser.—“Boy's World.”



Ivan Meštrović: "INDIAN HORSEMAN"



Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a juvenile member of Grand Mesa Lodge No. 655 of Grand Junction, Colo. I have three brothers and two sisters who are also members of that lodge.

I am fifteen years old and live on a farm, five miles out of the city of Grand Junction. We raise all kinds of fruit here, also melons such as cantaloupes and watermelons. The children have a lot of work here whenever the fruit season comes on. During the fruit season many tourists come here.

I will write a Slovene letter next time. Best regards to all. **Steffie Floryancic,**  
R. F. D. 1, Box 97, Grand Junction, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I never see any letters from Waukegan, Ill. I guess I'm the first to write from here. I wish that some members would write to me; I will answer them.—**Anna Mivshek,** Box 171, Waukegan, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much. I hope it would come every week. Not many letters are published from here. Best regards to all

**Tilda Krulyac,** Sugarite, N. Mex.

Dear Editor:—

I am enjoying my vacation days and I hope everyone is too. Our whole family of seven belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 226. This being my first letter to the M. L. I hope it won't be the last one. I'm glad Caroline Zgonik started to write to the M. L. from our vicinity, and hope that other members from

here would wake up and write, for this is a wonderful magazine. Best regards to all.

**Regina Ocepek,** Box 60, Joffre, Pa.

Dear Members:—

I think it's a fine idea to send in snapshots of yourselves. I have read the letters, jokes, etc., that you have contributed and seeing your pictures in the M. L. makes you seem more familiar than ever before. My hobby is collecting photographs and it is a pleasure to collect the ones in the Mladinski List, also.

**Jennie Brumen,**  
623—4th ave., Puyallup, Wash.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ. I like the stories, riddles and jokes very much. I wish the M. L. would come every day. I can talk Slovene, but can't read. This is my first letter to the M. L.

Best wishes to all!

**John Skofic,**

805 — 8 st., Muskegon Hts., Mich.

Dear Editor:—

Our school started Sept. 2, 1930. I sent a joke for the Editor to publish in the M. L., but I think the old wastebasket ate it all up. I wish more boys and girls would write to the M. L., so this magazine would become bigger and it would come more often. I will write to the members this winter when it is not so hot. This was the hottest summer that I remember, but it is better than staying some place where it's hotter than Colo. I wish some of the members would write to me for I would answer them.

Best regards to all the members of the Lodge.

**John W. Mihelich,**  
Box 125, Cascade, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

I haven't seen any letter written to the M. L. from Henryetta, Okla., so I've decided to write one.

The weather here is very warm and I go swimming a lot. I can swim pretty good and am learning to dive.

Working conditions around here are pretty bad, especially mining.

School started in Sept. My mother has been ill for over two years, so that put me behind, but I think if I study hard I can make up for lost time.

There are only three in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 220. I have been a member since I was a year old.

I was transferred to the Adult department in August and I'm very proud of it. But I sure hated to leave the Juvenile as it was fun reading their letters. I love to read the Slovene stories and poems. I can read and write pretty well in Slovene.

I must close as I don't want Mr. Waste Paper Basket to get my letter for I'm sending my snapshot along too.



Best wishes to the Editor and all members,  
I remain a member, **Anna Svetick,**  
R. R. 1, Box 37, Henryetta, Okla.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 365 of Russellton, Pa. There are nine of us in the family. I am 13 years of age and am in the eighth grade. I like to read the jokes, riddles and letters in the M. L. Best wishes to members of the M. L.

**Mary Hrvatin,**  
Box 68, Curtisville, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

A couple of months ago I wrote in Slovene. It didn't come the first month; it came the second month. I am in 7th grade and 12 years of age. My sister and brother are too lazy to write and when I wrote my Slovene they said I thought I was smart. But my mother said, just keep on writing and they'll be sorry

why they never wrote to the M. L. I've got to close now. Best regards to all members and the Editor.

**Joe Dremely,**  
Box 152, St. Michael, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I wrote to the M. L. once before, but the greedy old waste basket snatched my letter, so it was not published.

I like to read the poems and riddles in the M. L. Here is a joke: Rastus: "Did you all wear dem flowers I done sent you?"

Maudy:—"I didn't wear nothing else."

Rastus:—"Lawdy, where did you pin 'em?"

Best regards to all.

**Felicita C. Brouch,** Fancy Prairie, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I am glad to write to it. I am 13 years of age and in the 7th grade. I have 2 sisters and 3 brothers; they are all in the lodge. My father is Secretary of Lodge No. 472. I can't wait till the M. L. comes. I like to read the jokes, riddles and letters in the M. L. I hope more girl friends will write. More next time.

**Anna Kaus,** Box 513, Harmarville Pa.

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### I'M FEELING BLUE

I don't know what to do,  
I don't know what to say,  
While in my heart I rue,  
I'm always smiling gay.

I lift my voice to song  
At the sound of music halt.  
Though I may be wrong,  
It's a feeling of my heart.

I say "The devil may care,"  
While in my heart I rue,  
Give me a lot of air,  
For in truth I'm feeling blue.

(Sent by Joe Lever).

**Joe Lever,** 10010 Prince ave., Cleveland, O.



Dear Editor:—

I am sending in our championship picture of 1929-30 Basketball Team.



Left to right top row: Bessie Powlitch (running center), Annie Pahor (left forward), Mr. Servis (coach), Anna Panian (jumping center), Mary Tibljas (left guard). Bottom, left to right: Sarah Ross (right guard), Mary Pahor (right forward). Our reward for championship is a banner held by Sarah Ross and Mary Pahor.

Regards to members and Editor.

Mary Tibljas, Box 103, Sugarite, N. Mex.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I wrote to the M. L. before and I hope to continue. I passed to the fifth grade and I was 10 years old in August. I appreciate the M. L. very much, because of it's stories, jokes, etc. I wish it would come more often.

Frances Fatur,  
2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

### A FOUR TO ONE BETTER

Teacher discussed great importance of the parents, and significance of the children till they grow up and become educated.

Little Alice raised her hand.

Teacher: "What is it, dear?"

Alice: "I think I am more important than my parents."

Teacher (astonished): "Why—young lady—how could that be?"

Alice (proudly): "I have a father and a mother, while they both have me!"

F. S. Tauchar.

### THE MISSING LINK

By F. S. Tauchar

An expedition of archaeologists came to a small town, named Brownville, to explore the nearby hills and valleys in search of getting some trace of the famous missing link connecting man and ape.

It was the talk of the town. Professors were secluded in the jungle of the hills, and showing up themselves in town rather seldom. Majority of the people did not see them yet; especially children, who usually were in school—even in that farout town saw none of them, but heard lots in and out of school about the professors who are trying to "catch" the missing link, which was described to them quite elaborately as a creature worst than man, but better than monkey.

One Saturday afternoon the leader of the expedition was coming downhill to send a report to the geological department of his university. Children, playing out in the field, noticed him—and paused in astonishment. Little Ruth, recovering first, ran home as fast as she could, crying out loud:

"Ma! Pa! O, mother! The Missing Link is coming!"

