

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Jože Kovač:

A. Scheu:

## PRISEGA RDEČI ZASTAVI

RDEČA naša je zastava,  
prapor, vodi, vodi v boj.  
Vsi združijo se k prisegi,  
da borimo se s teboj.  
Kjer je delo brez pravice,  
sveti nam, ti svetli znak!  
Kjer še delo borbo bije,  
vodi, vodi nam korak.

Rdeči znak, ljubezni prapor,  
v zraku svobodno se vij!  
Smelo kakor logov hrastje  
zvesto ti sladimo vsi.  
Dasitudi še trpimo  
strah, ponižanje in noč,  
koder sužnji narod toži,  
budi vero v našo moč.

Nekdaj je prestol vladarjev  
rdeči le krasil škrlat.  
Zdaj je tvoj ponosni prapor,  
tvoj ti proletariat!  
Nad seboj rudeči prapor,  
planemo nekoč na dan,  
da bo poteptan tiran,  
da bo delavec svoboden,

Plapolaj, zastava naša,  
vodi nas do novih dni!  
Vsepovsodi klic odmeva:  
rdeči prapor naj živi!  
Mir, ljubezen in svoboda  
bodo blagoslov sveta,  
koder s pesmijo veselo  
rdeči prapor plapola.

Anna P. Krasna:

## OTROŠKI SEN

DOBRA je mamica, ljubi me,  
kadar porastem, povrnem ji vse.  
In atek me ljubi tako zelo,  
ko porastem mu vrnem vse stokrat, sto..

Bom mamici kupil lepih reči,  
ki vem, da jih rada imela bi.  
Bom atetu kupil hišo lepo,  
kjer z mamico bosta živela mirno.

Potečejo leta, lep sen se kopni,  
ljubezni z bogastvom vrniti moč ni . . .  
V tovarni je plačica majhna tako,  
da otroški sen kmalu pozabljen bo . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

## URA BIJE . . .

NOČ in dan v kotu sobe ura bije, bije.

Tiho, zamolklo padajo udarci v tiho  
temo —

odmerjen čas beži in ko dan zasije,  
tam v kotu ura tiho bije, bije . . .

Kot da budila mati bi zaspančka—  
narahlo čez pol ure ura kliče, bije:

— Oj, čas beži, že solnce vstaja,  
na zlatih krilih zarje dan prihaja! —

Potem pa spet tiktaka enakomerno,  
pomiče časa prst naprej počasi, mirno...

A čez pol ure, uro, že spet bije, bije...

Očitajoče, tiho odjekajo udarci,

svareče se naprej pomikajo kazalci. —

Od zore v mrak svari, da čas beži,

vso noč odmerjen čas, in bije, bije,

da zjutraj kliče spet,

ko dan zasije . . .

## VRTNICE

V NEŽNIH barvah in mamečem vonju  
cvetejo vrtnice ob nizkem plotu.

Ozre rad vanje se popotnik truden  
s čisto ljubavjo boža jih otrok nedolžen.

Trpin, ki izmučen z dela mimo prispe,  
v cveteče vrtnice pogled ljubeče upre...

Mladenke zale, vrtnice lepote —  
duhteče cvetove trgajo pojoče.

In fantje s cvetjem vrtnic za klobuki  
zavriskajo veselo sredi nočne tihote...

Ko pa vspe se cvet in vonj izgine,  
vsa ljubav do vrtnic, ubogih vrtnic—  
mine . . .

## DETETU

KAKO zaupno in pristrčno vame zro  
nedolžne in čiste tvoje oči.

Ne vprašaj kdo sem, ne, če te res ljubim,  
le veselo smehljaš se, če ti vratek po-  
ljubim . . .

Kot žlahtna cvetica na mojih prsih  
počiva

tvoj ljubki obrazek, ko duša ti sniva.

Če te hočem voditi, podaš mi ročici

in zaupno za mano capljaš po stezici.

Oh, dete nedolžno, jaz bojim se zate.

da kdaj kdo zapelje te na krive steze . . .



## Pogovor s čitatelji

PRIČUJOČO, septembersko številko Mladinskega lista bodo naši čitatelji prejeli malo pozneje kot navadno. To pa vsled tega, ker se je delo v tiskarni zapoznalo. V prvi polovici meseca avgusta se je nagromadilo v tiskarni veliko dela, ki ga je bilo treba takoj izvršiti. Zato pa je moral Mladinski list čakati. Ta nedostatek bomo skušali popraviti s tem, da bodo prihodnje številke Mladinskega lista v rokah čitateljev vselej okrog prvega v mesecu.

ŠOLSKE počitnice so za nami. Rajanje na prostem je omejeno, kajti deca mora v šolo, da se kaj nauči. Nastopili so že jesenski dnevi, ki so navadno krasni. V srednjem zapadu imajo farmarji skoro vsako leto lepo vreme, ki mu pravijo "indijansko poletje". Letos se ga ne bodo veliko veselili, ker jim je velika suša, kakršne ne pomni ameriška zgodovina, uničila domala vse poljske pridelke. Suša je bila spremljana s silno vročino; par tednov skupaj je v centralnih državah toplomer kazal 100 in več stopinj toplote. V tem času so trpeli delavci v mestih in farmarji na polju.

MLADINSKA društva Slovenske narodne podporne jednote bodo imela svojo lastno kampanjo za pridobivanje novih članov. O tem smo že preje parkrat poročali v slovenskem in angleškem delu Mladinskega lista. Mladinska kampanja bo kampanja izključno angleško poslujočih društev. Trajala bo šest mesecev. Kampanja se otvori s 1. oktobrom 1930 in konča 31. marca 1931. Tudi člani mladinskega oddelka Slovenske narodne podporne jednote lahko postanejo aktivni tekom te kampanje ter pomagajo odraslim članom pri njih delu, da se bo število članstva v angleško govorečih društvih podvojilo. To je možno, ako gremo vsi na delo.

SLOVENSKI dopisi, ki so se precej skrčili v prošlih par izdajah, kar je običajno v poletnih mesecih, so v tej številki spet narasli in zavzemajo v našem mesečniku primeren prostor. Veselilo nas bo, ako jih dobimo še več za oktober-sko številko Mladinskega lista. Sedaj hodijo otroci v šolo in noči so daljše. Zato je našim dečkom in deklicam veliko lažje napisati kratek slovenski dopis kot poleti, ko je vroče in so noči zelo kratke.

Kmalu se bo otrovila sezona raznih priredb v naših dvoranah in domovih. Nastopila bo dramska sezona in prirejale se bodo veselice ter plesi. S tem bo dana naši mladini lepa prilika, da se uživi v naše življenje, da sodeluje pri aktivnostih naših društev in pri naprednih klubih. Dana bo lepa prilika, da se na veselicah ali priredbah poagitira za nove člane, da pristopijo v društva Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Vsi skupaj lahko veliko storimo v tem oziru. In zakaj bi ne? Saj nam je naša Slovenska podporna jednota kot dobra in skrbna mati. Zato pa je naša dolžnost, da tudi mi nekaj dobrega zanjo storimo. Pridobivajmo ji novih članov!

L. B.

Iv. Vuk:

## Kako so nastali metuljčki

(Po narodni pravljici)

MLADO solnce se je smehljalo z modrega neba tako veselo in sladko, da je trava na travnikih in livadah vsa radostna kipela kvišku in zelenela v mladostni lepoti. Drevesa so odpirala svoje popke in nežni, svetlozeleni lističi so pili poljube mladega solнца vsi srečni. Na njivah pa je zakipelo mlado življenje žita, ječmena, pšenice . . . Zakaj pomlad je objemala vse z ljubeznijo mladega dekleta.

In ta ljubezen pomladi, tisti smehljaji in poljubi mladega solнца, so vzbudili tudi cvetlice. Odprle so svoje sanjave oči, dvignile svoje krasne glavice in zavetele na poljih, livadah, travnikih, vrtovih, gozdovih, povsod, kamor so padali poljubi mladega solнца in so čutili božanje sladke ljubezni, ki je pomlad.

Sladek vonj se je širil od vsepovsod. Kamor se je ozrlo človeško oko, povsod je bilo zelenja in cvetja vseporno.

"Raj ne more biti lepši, kakor je pomlad okrog nas," je govorila deklica, božajoča marjetice na livadi.

"Oj, kako lep je travnik," je vzkliknil deček, skakajoč z žogo.

"Kako prijetno diši vijolica," je govorilo dekle, ko ji jo je podaril fant in njen obraz, ves cveteč kakor cvetlica, je žarel.

Otroci so skakali po livadi, se smejali in se igrali. Koraki odraslih so bili svežejši, prožnejši in v očeh jim je gorrel topel ogenj.

Pa tudi živali so bile gibčnejše in razposajenejše.

Vse je bilo mladostno, praznično . . .

Le cvetlice so cvetele vse žalostne. Ko je zapihal veter, je sklonila ta in ona glavico k sosedi in zašepetala:

"Ljubim . . ."

Veter je te sladke besede nesel od cveta do cveta in ni bilo skrivnosti. Ne-

katere cvetlice so se obradovale, nekatere so sramežljivo povesele glavice. Mak se je nasmejal ves rdeč.

Lilija, vsa bela, je nalahno zardela in rekla:

"Kakšne neprimerne besede?!"

Vrtnica se je začudila in vprašala:

"Neprimerne? . . . Kaj je ljubezen neprimerna reč? . . ."

Tulipa, ponosno stoječa poleg hijacinte, je stresla z lepo glavico in dejala:

"Kar je razglašeno vsevprek, ni več lepota. Ljubezen ni plakat, ki ga čita vsak. Ljubezen je skrivnost in njena krasota je v skrivnosti."

Marjetica se je nasmehnila, breskvini cvet pa je rekel:

"Zato molčim. Nočem, da bi moja čustva in hrepenenja slišal nepoklicanec, ali pa tisti nesramen mak tam na njivi."

Mak je pogledal k breskvi in bil ves rdeč.

"Jaz sem za ljubezen . . . ha . . . ha . . ." se je nasmejal robato.

Slišal se je od raznih strani pritajen hihot. Zakaj med cveticami so bile tudi take, ki so rade opravljale in se posmehovale socvetlicam.

Mak pa je kričal, da je bil ves rdeč:

"Ljubezni vas je sram, ha . . . ha . . . Hrepenite po ljubezni, koprnite po ljubezni, ha . . . ha . . . a se sramujete izreči to besedo, da bi jo vsi slišali. Ha . . . ha . . . Mene pogledjte. Odkritosrčen sem. Jaz sem zaljubljen, katera me hoče . . ."

Nežna, sramežljiva vijolica se je obrnila k beli liliji in rekla:

"Slišiš, kako zasramuje ljubezen? . . . Poglej ga, nečistnika, ves je rdeč od poželenja.

Breskvini cvet je vzdihnil:

"Srečni so ljudje. Lahko gredo, kamor in kadar jih je volja, da poveda svoja čustva samo tistim, katerim so name-

njena. Mi pa smo izročeni volji vetra, da raznaša naše želje in hrepenenja."

Šmarnica pa je dodala:

"Zato pa je toliko zavisti in obrekovanja."

Lilijo je zaskrbelo. Videla je, da tako ne bo mogoče ohraniti lepote mladosti. Brezobzirni mak in njegovi privrženci spremene pomladansko lepoto in skrivnost ljubezni v strupen opoj, ki bo vse uničil. Ali kaj storiti? . . .

Premišljevala je in naposled rekla:

"Sklicati hočem velik zbor. Na zboru se naj reši, kaj storiti."

Veter je sporočal to misel lilije vsem cveticam.

"Prvi zefir, ki bo zavel, naj bo znak, da je sklican zbor. Previdno bo nosil naše razgovore vsem, da ukrenemo, kako si pomagati," je bilo sporočilo lilije.

Solnce je sijalo z vso svojo prijaznostjo, ko se je pojavil zefir. Ptički so zvr-goleli in pomagali, da je bil zbor čimbolj svečan in znamenit.

Lilija ga je otvorila.

"Pozdravljeni vsi," je govorila. "Naj bo naš današnji zbor zgodovinske važnosti."

Prva se je oglasila vrtnica:

"Sestre in bratci," je začela. "Naše življenje je težko. Res smo na zunaj cvetočega obraza, a naša notranjost je težka. Vsi vemo to in zato smo danes otvorile ta zbor, da se pogovorimo in kaj ukrenemo. Tako več ne sme biti. Svoja čustva ne moremo več izražati prvemu vetru, ki gre mimo nas. Zakaj onečaščajo se. Zavisti je polno in zasmehevanja. Res je, vsaka cvetlica ima svoja hrepenenja. Nima pa vsaka tistega poštenja in kulture, da bi se iz svojih sovrstnic ne norčevala in jih obrekovala. Zakaj marsikateri, ki ima lepo cvetje, je resnična nežnost in lepota nepoznana. Ako bi rada govorila z glogom, kako mu naj povem, da ne bo slišal samo on? Ali majhna vijolica v gozdu s hijacinto na vrtu?"

Mak se je nasmejaj ves rdeč:

"Hahaha . . ."

Dolgo je vladala tišina. Vsaka cvetlica je premišljevala besede vrtnice in se jezila makovega smeha. Kar se oglasi ponosen nagelj:

"Poglejmo ljudi! Tudi oni ne žive vsi skupaj na enem kraju. Tudi oni si imajo marsikaj povedati, vendar jim razdajlja to brani. Tudi oni poznajo skrivnost ljubezni in je ne marajo vsakemu izpovedati. Ali znali so si pomagati. Kaj so naredili? . . . Izumili so poštarja, ki jim prinaša novice, vesti, želje in kar za- hočejo. In nikdo drug ne izve nič o drugem kakor samo to, kar kateri za- hoče."

Ves zbor cvetic se je zamajal, se oglasil in zagovoril vsevprek. Iz vsega govorjenja je bilo razumeti, da so po veliki večini za poštarja, kakor ga imajo ljudje. Samo mak je kričal na vse grlo:

"Mi vendar nismo ljudje?!"

Ko se je razburjenje nekoliko pogleglo, je nagelj odgovoril:

"Res je. Nismo ljudje. Vendar, zakaj bi tisto koristno reč, ki jo imajo ljudje, ne imeli tudi mi? . . . Izumimo si poštarja, ki nam bo služil, prenašal in do- našal sporočila, kakor mu bo in komur bo naročeno."

Zadovoljno je vzkliknila vrtnica:

"Velja!"

"Velja," so kričale vse cvetlice. Samo mak je ves rdeč in nejevoljen kričal:

"Sem proti . . . Sramota, da vas je sram ljubezni, hahaha . . ."

Pa mu je odvrnila šmarnica:

"Ni nas sram. Vesiti jo na vsaka ušesa, tega nas je pa sram."

"Tako je . . . tako je . . . tako je . . ." so odgovarjale druge cvetlice. "Sklenjeno je, da izumimo poštarja. Kdor ga ne mara, naj ga ne kliče."

Mak se je smejal ves razkačen in rdeč in govoril:

"Hinavke . . . hinavke . . . hinavke . . . hahaha . . ."

Hijacinta je spregovorila:



"Pustimo ga. Naj se krohota. Mislimo sedaj o poštarju. Zakaj pametnega nasveta treba, kako ga naj izumimo, da bo odgovarjal našim zadačam."

Breskvin cvet je spregovoril:

"Imam predlog. Žrtvujmo vsaka izmed nas, kakor pač katera more: po cvetnem lističu, pestiču, prašku . . . Iz tega naredimo majhne, nežne glasnike. Krileca jim dajmo s cvetnih lističev, da bodo lahko plavali po zraku in sedali k nam. Tako jim bomo sporočali naše želje, naše skrivnosti, naša čustva, naša hrepenjenja. Oni pa bodo leteli, kakor se bo glasil naslov in sporočali ter nam zopet prišli praviti, kako so opravili."

Zmajale so se cvetlice vse zadovoljne in vpile:

"Tako bodi . . . tako bodi . . ."

In žrtvovale so, kar je katera mogla: cvetne lističe, pestiče, praške . . . Samo mak ni žrtvoval ničesar in je bil od jeze ves rdeč . . .

Iz žrtvovanih cvetnih lističev, pestičev in praškov so postali raznobarni metuljčki, lahki in nežni kakor zefir.

Ko je zopet prišla pomlad, ni bilo več žalosti med cveticami. Zakaj metuljčki v raznobarnih oblekah, lahki in nežni kakor zefir, so nastopili svojo službo in jo vrše še dandanes marljivo in vestno.

Ivan Jontez:

## Glad ne vpraša: smem vzeti?

JOHNNIE je še mlad—jedva je dopolnil sedemnajsto leto—a že si je nabral mnogokušenj, katerih si sicer ni želel, pa so vseeno prišle. Rodil se je v umazanem predmestju ameriškega velemesta. Oče in mati sta garala v tovarni, ki je pila njuno srčno kri in izsesavala iz njiju mozek. Johnnie je bil star deset let, ko mu je sušica, ta zlokobna uničevalka bednih proletarcev, ki počasi umirajo v smrdljivih in zaprašenih predmestjih velikih mest, umorila njegovo mater. Tri leta pozneje mu je tovarniški stroj požrl očeta in deček je ostal sam med tujimi ljudmi.

Očetov brat se je zavzel za siroto brez staršev ter vzel Johnnija k sebi. A mož je bil sam ubog delavec, ki je le s težavo preživel svojo veliko družino in Johnniju se ni godilo posebno dobro pri njem. Večkrat je bil lačen kot sit. Tudi njegovim bratrancem in sestricam se ni godilo bolje. Vsi skupaj so pogosto stradali.

Johnnie je postal raznašalec časopisov. Malo je zaslužil, a vendar je bilo boljše kot nič. Vsaj stric je menil tako. In Johnnie je moral dati ves zaslužek

stricu, ki je skrbel zanj, ga hranil in oblačil, sicer slabo, a vendar hranil ga je. Šestnajst let staremu je stric poiskal delo v tovarni. Težko je bilo to delo za šibkega dečka, ali potrpeti je bilo treba, dokler se ne bi ponudila boljša prilika.

Zatem je prišla nova nesreča. Stric se je prehladil na delu in umrl. Vdova, ki je bila še precej pri moči in ne še stara, se je omožila z nekim delavcem, ki je obetal skrbeti zanjo in za njene otroke. Johnnie je moral stran od njih. Našel si je stanovanje pri nekem Ircu in tam je stanoval, dokler je delal in plačeval stanarino. Ko pa je bil prišel ob delo in je ostal dolžan na stanarini, ga je gospodar postavil na cesto.

Zdaj je minulo že tri dni, odkar ga je življenje postavilo na cesto. Spal je v teh minulih nočeh na stopniških predmestnih hiš. Jedel ni nič že tri dni. Torej ni čuda, da je lačen, grozno lačen.

Četrta noč. Johnnie hodi, ali bolje, blodi po predmestnih ulicah. Iz cenenih restavrantov prihaja zapeljivi, dražeci vonj jedil. V izložbenih oknih živževnih trgovin se smehljajo lepe gnjati.

salame, sir, pecivo in razna druga jedila, ki v človeku vzbujajo tek. Johnnie je srepro strmelj skozi ogromna stekla in požiral sline. Tako lačen je bil. . .

“Kakšna pravica je to? Vsega je v izobilju, on pa mora biti lačen! Zakaj je svet tako krivično urejen? Eni so presiti, drugi pa še suhega kruha strada. Ali je to prav?”

Ne, ni prav, tako bi ne smelo biti, ampak—kdo je kriv, da je tako? Mar ne Johnnijev oče in očetje drugih njegovih sovrstnikov, ki se niso hoteli združiti ter se z združeno močjo podati v boj proti njihovim izkoriščevalcem? Da, oni so krivi, da je še danes na svetu toliko bede, da so eni presiti vsega dobrega, medtem ko milijone drugih strada. In ti milijoni delavcev, ki stradajo, ali niso sami krivi, da se jim godi tako slabo? Gotovo. Saj bi lahko vrgli raz sebe suženjske verige, če bi hoteli, a oni nočejo. Rajši ostanejo sužnji. In Johnnie mora trpeti zaradi njih. . .

Tisto noč je Johnnie posegel po tuji lastnini. Kradel je. Lačen je bil.

Privedli so ga pred sodnika.

“Zakaj si kradel?”

Johnnie je sodnika uporno pogledal v oči. “Nisem kradel, samo vzel sem si, do česar sem bil upravičen. Vsak človek je upravičen do koščka kruha!”

Sodnik je namršil obrvi. “Tako, ti misliš, da si bil upravičen vzeti tujo lastnino? In kradel si, a nočeš biti tat. Well, pa ti bomo že izbili iz glave te prevratne misli. V poboljševalnico!”

Johnnie se je prezirljivo nasmehnil. “Kruha sem hotel in kruh bom dobil—v ječi. . . Zares—čudna pravica. . .”

Ko so ga odpeljali, se je porodila v sodnikovi glavi čudna misel. “Kako bodo delavci delili pravico nam, kadar bodo oni vladali—če se bo to kdaj zgodilo?”

Prav tako, kot jo vi delite delavcem in nič drugače! Kadar boste lačni in boste iskali kruha, boste dobili kamen! Tudi delavec ima dober spomin za krivice, ki mu jih nanašajo njegovi zadržanci. . .

Anna P. Krasna:

## RDEČA ZARJA

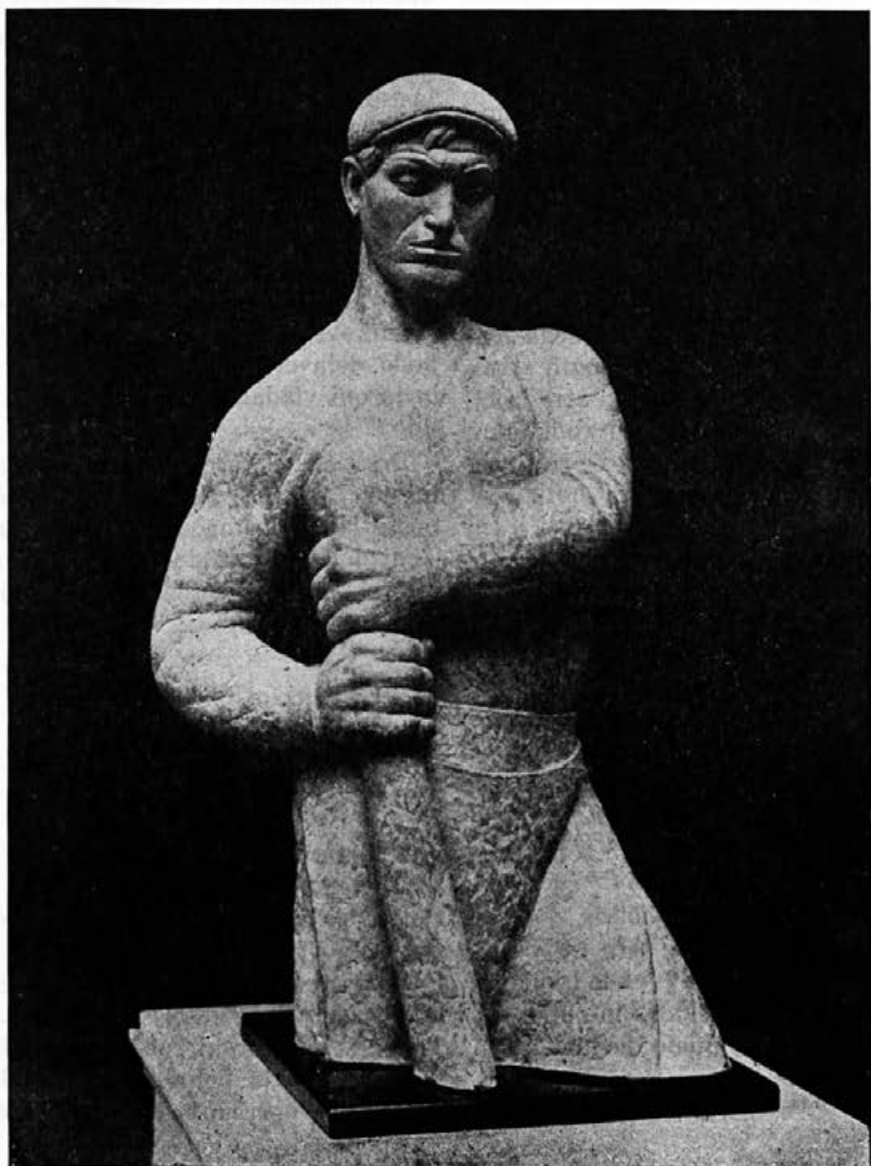
VES dan so pretili črni oblaki,  
so udarjale strele, je toča se vsula  
in vihra besneča mnog drevce je izrula....  
Kot da se je solnce nekam potopilo,  
v pokrajini lepi vse pusto je bilo—  
ves dan, ves dan.

Potem pa izza gore se je posvetilo,  
pokrajino tužno vso rdeče oblilo.  
Poslalo je solnce svoj rdeči pozdrav,  
rdeči pozdrav iz veseljstva daljav.  
Toneč se ob gorski rob je naslonilo,  
z rdečimi žarki pokrajino poljubilo:  
Lahko noč, moja luč še ni proč! . . .

## SLUTNJE

TIHE, skrivnostne kot poletne noči  
so slutnje nejasne bodočih dni.  
Prikradejo tiho se v mir srca,  
prinašajo utehe, še večkrat zla . . .

V pokoj zazibljejo mnogo srce,  
premnogim pa zadajajo rane težke.  
Ni mogoče jih odgnati z veseljem,  
skrbjo,  
skrivnostno se vedno spet vrnejo . . .



*Tine Kos: DELAVEC*

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Jože Kovač:

## Delavske himne

Andrej Scheu:

### DELO

**P**OVŠOD, kjerkoli tvoj pogled,  
 kjer so livade in gozdovi,  
 povsod, kjer dela vam prolet,  
 povsod so dela blagoslovi.  
 Poseje polje, ga gnoji,  
 in žanje žito, ga omlati,  
 gradi vam mline in peči,  
 da deci kruh ponudi mati.

Zato budimo iz temine,  
 tlačan naj tirja svojo last!—  
 Verige naj razpadejo v sipine.  
 proletu čast in vso oblast!

Iz zemlje dviga vam zlato,  
 gradi tovarne, zida vile,  
 gradi palače pod nebo  
 in mrtvim še gradi gomile.  
 Polaga čez zemljo poti,  
 zmaguje morje in višino,  
 le delo samo vse stori,  
 le roke delavcev, trpinov.

Zato budimo iz temine,  
 tlačan naj tirja svojo last!  
 Verige naj razpadejo v sipine  
 proletu čast in vso oblast!

Tako ustvarja vse trpin,  
 na poljih, v rovih in gozdovih,  
 oblači svilo bogatin,  
 a delavec trpi v okovih.  
 Blazine drugim za noči,  
 a sam na trdo postelj leže,  
 še ne zaveda se moči,  
 še vedno ga veriga veže.

A že budi se iz temine,  
 tlačan že tirja svojo last!  
 Verige že razpadajo v sipine,—  
 proletu čast in vso oblast!



A. E. Hedrich:

### DANI SE . . .

**D**ANI SE na vzhodu, budi se zahod  
 na jugu in severu delavski rod.  
 Zbudil se je narod, teptani tlačan,  
 da zbere trpine za veliki dan.  
 Težko že prenaša stoletni jetnik  
 na svojem telesu železo verig.  
 Prišel pa bo dan, ko se bo prebudil,  
 za čast in pravico, svobodo boril.

Dani se na vzhodu, budi se zahod,  
 na jugu in severu delavski rod.  
 Pobjemo bedo, pobjemo glad,  
 trpine pozovemo v zadnji napad.  
 Razvili svobode smo borbeni znak,  
 ki preko vsega nas povede do zmag.  
 Prisegamo bedi in gladu propast,  
 borimo se smelo za čast in oblast!

Anna P. Krasna:

## Franckov ideal

V HLADNI senci kostanjev in hrastov za vasjo so sedeli vaški otroci in se pogovarjali o željah in idealih, ki so jih gojili v svojih mladih dušah.

Pestre so bile njih želje, vse prežete z mladostno sanjavostjo otrok. Tudi njihovi ideali so bili večjidel ljudje, ki jih je zgodovina v šolskih knjigah opisovala kot junake, čijih čela so bila ovita z lavorikami slave.

Nekateri so želeli postati slavni vojskovodje, drugi bi radi postali pastirji vernih ovčic, tretji plemiči, nekatera dekleta so želela, da bi postala lepe princese ali vsaj gospodične, kakršne so se sprehajale včasih po cesti od trga sem.

Najnenavadnejšo željo in idela pa je imel Vrhovčev Francek, sin revnega tovarniškega delavca.

“Jaz ne maram biti vojskovodja, ne škof, niti plemič, jaz bi želel, da postanem vodja sužnjev, kot Spartakus,” je rekel s ponosom svojim tovarišem.

Ti so se začudeno ozrli vanj in nekateri so se mu pomilovalno posmehovali.

Viničarjev Jožef, ki je bil že eno leto v višji šoli v mestu, ga je porogljivo vprašal, kje neki bo dobil sužnje, da jim bo vodja. Ali morda misli iti med črnce?

“Moj oče pravijo, da smo vsi mi še vedno sužnji,” je skoro užaljeno pojasnjeval Francek, “ter da je zelo potrebno, da se tega suženjstva otresemo, kar pa ni mogoče brez dobrih in razumnih voditeljev. In Spartakus je bil tak voditelj. Oče so čitali o njem in mi povedali.”

“Tvoj oče ni nikoli videl višje šole od znotraj in zato tudi nič ne razume,” je bahavo zavrnil Francka Jožek.—Ostali otroci so poslušali, ker so imeli oba za bolj učena od njih samih. Jožka zato, ker je že bil eno leto v mestni šoli, Francka pa radi tega, ker je bil najpridnejši

učenec vaške šole in je znal lepo pripovedovati o marsičem, kar je slišal od očeta ali pa sam čital v knjigah, katere mu je včasih podaril njegov stric, ki je bil delavec v bližnjem mestu.

“Seveda, ti pa si že učen, ker si bil eno leto v mestu. Moj oče so prehodili že več sveta kot kdorkoli iz naše vasi in po svetu so se mnogo naučili, tako vedno pravijo,” je odločno zagovoril Francek svojega očeta.

“Pa je vendar že zmirom berač, niti svoje hiše nimate. Moj oče pravijo, da ljudje, ki kaj znajo, si opomorejo in lepo živijo. Zato pa so me dali v šole, da bom lepše živel nego navadni ljudje,” je Francka spet zaničljivo zavrnil Jožek.

Toda Francek se ni dal ugnati oholemu tovarišu sošolcu.

“Za vsakega bogatina, ki lepo in prijetno živi, mora biti na stotine ljudi “beračev,” kot nas ti imenuješ, tudi to so mi povedali oče,” je pogumno odgovoril in nekateri iz grupe so mu radostno vzklikali: “Bravo, France, prav si mu povedal, kaj pa se baha, če so oni bogati.”

“S takimi beraškimi otročaji se ne bom prepiral,” je jezno rekel Jožek in zapustil grupo svojih bivših sošolcev.

Za njim je odšlo par dečkov, ki so mrzili Francka radi njegove bistroumnosti, ter so se hoteli prikupiti Viničarjevemu študentku.

Vsi drugi so ostali in prosili Francka, naj jim pripoveduje o Spartaku. Radevolje se je Francek odzval in jim pripovedoval, kako je Spartak vodil in osvobojeval sužnje izpod jarma rimskih tiranov in kako je skušal ohraniti med njimi slogo, dobro vedoč, da le složni zmagajo vse zapreke. Kako je potem, ko je nesloga med sužnji pripomogla rimskemu vojakom, da so jih premagali v boju, Spartak prebodel svojega ko-

nja in je raje junaško umrl na bojišču, kot bi zapustil svoje tovariše in se rešil smrti.

“Če bi bili sužnji poslušali svojega vodjo, bi bili strli rimske tiranske vladarje; ker pa so se začeli prepirati med seboj radi različnih narodnosti, so jih Rimljani pobili v vojnem metežu, ostalih šest tisoč pa pribili na križe ob glavnih cestah do Rima,” je zaključil Francek svoje pripovedovanje o Spartaku.

Njegovi mladi poslušalci so bili ganjeni in zamišljeni vsak v svoje misli, so se po končanem pripovedovanju tiho razšli.

\* \* \*

Minulo je več let. Francek je bil krepek mladenič in še vedno je gojil v svojem srcu misli, da bo skušal biti voditelj svojim nevednim sodelavcem, ki so si kot on služili svoj vsakdanji kruh v znoju svojih obrazov in z žulavimi rokami.

Jedva pa so njegove misli začele gorjeti, je nastala vojna in moral je na vojno.

Mnogo gorja je videl in strašno se mu je zagnusila vojna—medsebojno, postavno ubijanje ljudi. Le še bolj se je začel zdaj v njem oglašati ideal—Spartak. Ob vsaki priliki je svojim tovarišem-vojakom razlagal, kako nesmiselno je se bojevati med seboj, ko pa so tudi sovražniki le sužnji, ki so jim zgodaj vcepili v duše “čednost” ponižne pokorščine in ljubezni do naroda in domovine.

Često ga je kak tovariš posvaril, da naj se pazi pred kom govori take reči.

Toda, četudi je bilo res nevarno govoriti proti vojni v tistih časih, se je Francku vendar posrečilo, razširiti svoje ideje precej na široko med trpečimi vojaki.

Ko je minila vojna, je postal zopet proletarec, delal je povsod, kjerkoli je mogel dobiti delo v onih kritičnih časih.

In kjer je le mogel, je združil delavce v lastne organizacije.

Njegovi podjetnosti v delavskem gibanju pa so kmalu prišli na sled gospodje, ki jim je delavska zavednost trn v peti, ker ogroža njihovo luksurizno mehkužnost življenja—na račun revnih delavcev.

“Če postanejo delavci zavednejši, potem je proč naše gospodstvo in naše udobno življenje. Zgodi se lahko, da si bomo morali potem tudi mi služiti svoj kruh, kar pa ni baš prijetno, če je kdo navajen, da drugi delajo zanj.”

Tako so si mislili sami pri sebi gospodje in so rekli delavcem, da je treba ljudi, kot je France Vrhovec, zapreti, ker so anarhisti, prekucuhi, brezverci in sploh nevarni ljubljene domovini.

In Francek je šel prvič v jetniško celico.

A njegovi prepričani tovariši v njegovem delovanju so šli na delo z vsemi močmi in mu priborili svobodo že po nekaj mesecih.

Spet je šel France na delo s še večjo vnemo in še bolj so se ga oklenili njegovi sotrpini.

Bil je še večkrat vržen v ječo, a kljub temu je neustrašeno sledil svojim idejam.

Nekoč se je nenadno srečal z Joškom Viničarjem na mestnem trgu, ko se je vračal s shoda delavcev, kjer je govoril o delavskih principih in o organizacijah.

Oba sta se začudila, ko sta se spoznala, ker se nista videla že več let. Še bolj pa se je začudil Francek, da je Jožek še vedno nosil vojaško suknjo.

“Mar nisi imel dovolj vojne?” ga je vprašal. “Hm,” je skomignivši z ramami odgovoril Jožek, “saj mi ni bilo nič hudega v vojni. Ali ne veš, kaj sem ti rekel tistikrat pod hrasti in kostanji, da tisti, ki kaj znajo, si opomorejo in lepo živijo? Kako pa ti kaj živiš? Še sanjaš o Spartaku?”

(Konec prihodnjič.)



Iv. Vuk:

## Gavran in lisica

(Po narodni basni.)

NEJEVOLJEN je hodil vrtnar po vrtu in govoril:

— Nebodigatreba vrane in gavrani. Na moj vrt so se spravili. Nežna solata, sočna zelenjava, pa tudi mlade cvetlice jim prijajo.

In tuhtal je, kako jih pregnati.

— Pripravim vam, pocestniki, pečenko. Prijetna vam bo, sem prepričan. Če vam bo tudi koristna . . . hmm . . . se boste sami prepričali. Nežni solati, sočni zelenjavi in mladim cvetlicam bo koristila vsekakor.

Izrekel je in storil.

Nastavil je po vrtu zastrupljeno meso in si pogladil brado. Pogledal je proti bližnjemu gozdu in njegove oči so obstale na vejah bližnjega hrasta.

Pokimal je tehtno z glavo in rekel:

— Vabim te na pojedino, gospod gavran! Evo, pripravljeno je.

K solati, zelenjavi in cvetlicam obrnjen, se je nasmehnil, rekoč:

— Tam na hrastu že čaka. . . Oster je njegov kljun, a ne bojte se. Čuvarja sem vam postavil.

In ozrivši se še enkrat proti hrastu, je zapustil vrt, govoreč solati, zelenjavi in cvetlicam:

— Mir vam bodi!

Solata, zelenjava in cvetlice so hvaložno nagnile glavo.

Gavran tam na hrastu, videč, da je vrtnar zapustil vrt, je zamahnil s peruti, kakor da preskuša njih pripravnost.

— Kaj . . . kaj . . . kaj . . .? si tam potrošil po vrtu, je zakričal in gledal sedaj z desnim, sedaj z levim očesom.— Past? . . . Kaj? . . . Kaj? . . . Kaj? . . . Poznam tisto, poznam. . . Ne vloviš me, kaj? . . . Kaj? . . . Kaj? . . . Ogledam si, in malo solate ne bo škodovalo. Boljše bi bilo meso, kaj? . . . Kaj? . . . Kaj? . . .

Razprostrl je peruti in skočil z veje. Zamahnil je in plaval k vrtu. Dvignil se je višje, obkrožil vrt in gledal po gredah. Dobre oči ima gavran. V grlu in v želodcu mu je vztrepotalo. Spustil se je nižje in obsedel na ograji vrta.

— Meso je. . . Pasti ni videti.

Ogledal se je previdno okrog in zopet zapičil svoje oči na kose mesa.

— Kaj tudi tista zelena trava je meso, kakor jaz? se je vprašal začudeno. Da bi se prepričal, je pozdravil:

— Dober tek!

Nikdo mu ni odgovoril.

— Čudovito, kaj . . . kaj . . . kaj? . . . Z mesom vas hrani vrtnar, a govoriti še vas ni naučil. Zakaj potem jeste meso?

Nikdo mu ne odgovori.

Gavran gleda na vse strani, prestopa po ograji sem in tja in nagiba glavo sedaj na desno, sedaj na levo. Nikdo se ne gane. Ves nejevoljen zavpije:

— Kaj . . . kaj . . . ali me ne vidite? . . . Kaj . . . kaj? . . .

Zopet molk.

Gavran še glasneje kriči:

— Kaj me tudi ne slišite? . . . kaj . . . kaj? . . .

Nikdo se ne oglasi.

Gavran je dvignil glavo. Pogledal je še enkrat pazljivo na vse strani, ogledal na kose mesa sedaj z levim, sedaj z desnim očesom in rekel samozavestno:

— Vse spi! . . . Meso pa se kviri! . . . In nevarnost je, da ga še kdo ukrade. Jaz pa sem lačen.

Pogledal je na najbližji kos mesa.

— Tega le odnesem. Nikdo ne bo opazil. Vrtnar pa bo verjel, da ga je pojedla trava in zadovoljen bo.

Zamahnil je s peruti in skočil na gredo. Odprl je kljun, zagrabil meso in poskočil. Udaril je s peruti po zraku



in odletel proti gozdu. Vsedel se je na hrast in s kremplji objel meso.

— Dobra večerja bo nocoj, je rekel ves zadovoljen. — In hvala zeleni travi, da ni lačna. . .

Hotel je zasaditi kljun v sočno meso, kar zasliši glas:

— Bog blagoslovi nebeško ptico!

— Kaj . . . kaj . . . kaj? . . . se je začudil gavran. — Kdo govori?

— Jaz sem, ki te občudujem, ki se vedno počutim srečno, ko te zagledam. Zakaj dobrotnikom pojem slavo.

Gavranu so prijale te navdušene besede. Pogledal je pod hrast in rekel samozavestno:

— A ti si to, lisica, o kateri pravijo, da si vseh zvijač polna?! . . . Ali pa veš, kdo sem jaz?

— Kaj nisi mar mogočen orel? . . . Kaj nisi slišal, da sem rekla v svojem pozdravu, da se vedno počutim srečno, ako te zagledam? . . . Ali sem se motila? . . . Kaj nisi tisti mogočen velikaš, ki se dnevno spuščáš izpod sinjega neba na ta hrast, prinašajoč izpod oblakov hrano siromakom?! . . .

Gavran, tako poveličavan, ni mogel kaj, da bi ves radosten ne vprašal:

— Velika je tvoja hvaležnost, sirotica. Vendar, kako si me tako hitro spoznala? Saj sem se še še komaj vsedel na to hrastovo vejo.

— Dobrotnike svoje vsako hvaležno bitje takoj spozna. Sicer pa mi to dokazuje tvoj dar, ki ti ga je izročil Bog, da mi ga prineseš.

Gavran je bil ves prevzet in ganjen. Sam pri sebi je dejal:

— Ne smem se izdati. Če me smatra za orla, moram zares izgledati silen in mogočen. Zato moram obveljati kot orel. Visoka čast je to in lisica jo izgovarja. Škoda sicer mesa, zakaj potreben sem ga. Ali čast je več od lakote.

In rekel je glasno:

—Zadovoljen sem s teboj, o lisica. Vidim, da si pošteno in resnicoljubno bitje. Vredna si plačila za tvojo iskrenost. Prinesel sem ti dar, zares, nisi

se zmotila. Na . . . Dobro naj ti tekne in ohrani me v dobrem in hvaležnem spominu.

Gavran je spustil kos mesa, ki je padel k lisičjim nogam.

Lisica je komaj čakala, da ji gavran vrže meso. Lakomno ga je zgrabila in požrla.

Nasmejala se je in rekla:

— Blagor tistim, ki so jim prazne besede več, kakor dober zalogaj. Zato lahko letajo po zraku.

Še je hotela govoriti, a meso v želodcu lisice je jelo delovati. Pograbil jo je krč in komaj je zakričala:

— Zločinec. . .

Gavrana je kar streslo:

— Kaj . . . kaj . . . kaj . . .? je zavpil.

— Pogoltnila si moj denar, nasitila si se, a sedaj pa me zasmehuješ? O, ne pravijo zaman, da si vseh zvijač polna. Še jaz sem se dal prevariti.

Lisica je zbrala poslednje moči in je zastokala:

“Kaj ne vidiš . . . zločina? . . . Hinavec si bil in vrgel si mi zastrupljeno meso. Sam ga nisi maral, ker si vedel, da je zastrupljeno. Meni si ga dal, zločinec!”

Gavran je obrisal kljun ob vejo in odletel.

— Moja dobrota me je rešila, je pomislil. In ko je bil že daleč od tistega hrasta, je rekel zadovoljen:

— Vsakemu svoje plačilo. Kaj . . . kaj . . . kaj . . .

Slučajno je vrtnar drugi dan šel v gozd. Pod hrastom je zagledal mrtvo lisico. Ustavil se je in zamislil:

— Kaj jo je umorilo? je rekel. — Mar ne meso iz mojega vrta.

In ko je to pomislil, se je začudil.

— Da bi tudi lisica jedla sočno zelenjavo, nežno solato in mlade rože, še nisem slišal. Ali da je bila na mojem vrtu, evo, sama je priča.

Vrgel jo je preko pleč in se zadovoljen vrnil domov.

— Kožuh mi stotero poplača meso, ki sem ga nastavil po vrtu.





Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se pripravila, da napišem nekaj vrstic za naš kotichek v Mladinskem listu. Zda se učim slovensko pisati in brati; moj učitelj slovenščine je moja mama. Slovenščina mi ne gre še posebno dobro in mi priza deva precejšnje težave. Vendar pa upam, da mi bo šlo pisanje slovenskih dopisov v bodoče hitrejše izpod rok in da bo moj prihodnji dopis boljši. Moja želja je, da bi se naučila dobro, posebno pisati v slovenščini. Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam v mladinskem oddelku!

Bessie J. Pavlich, Sugarite, N. Mex.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

V junijski številki Mladinskega lista ste vprašali nas čitatelje kakšne povesti se nam najbolj dopadejo. Meni najbolj ugajajo povesti Anne P. Krasne in Ivana Vuka. Tudi ostale povesti in pesmice so mi všeč. Čudno pa se mi vidi, da je "Naš kotichek" postal manjši, mesto da bi bil večji. Čitatelji in čitateljice Mlad. lista, pišite slovenske dopise za Mlad. list, da bo bolj zanimiv! Saj to vas ne stane mnogo; samo malo potruditi se je treba, pa gre! Brez truda pa se tako ne da ničesar narediti. Torej, mladi čitatelji, podajte se na delo in vzemite peresa v roke in pišite slovenske dopise za naš priljubljeni list! Če sami ne zmorete, naj vam pa starši pomagajo.

Dne 21. septembra se bo vršila v naši naselbini proslava ob priliki razvitja novega prapora društva št. 477 SNPJ. Ta slavnost, ki bo velika in pomembna, se bo vršila v Slovenski delavski dvorani na Prince Ave. in 109th St. Vabila so bila razposlana mnogim clevelandskim društvom in povabljeni so bili tudi pevsko društvo "Cvet." Drugič bom opisala proslavo.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mlad. lista in uredniku!

Anne Traven,

11202 Revere Ave., Cleveland, O.

Cenjeno uredništvo Mladinskega lista!

Prosim, probčite tole pesmico, ki vam jo pošiljam.

#### Mladi vojaki

Mi smo vojaki korenjaki,  
kako nas gledajo ljudje,  
pa pravijo:—To so junaki,  
ki se nikogar ne boje.

Velike delamo korake,  
pred nami boben ropota;  
papirnate so naše čake  
in puške naše iz lesa.

Ludvick Laushin,

2024 Mariposa St., San Francisco, Calif.

\* \*

Dragi urednik Mlad. lista!

Julijska številka našega Mladinskega lista me je jako razveselila, posebno ko sem v nji opazila moja dva dopisa, o katerih sem bila že malone prepričana, da ste jih vrgli v koš. Pod enim sem opazila urednikovo pripombo k mojemu šaljivemu dopisu; vidi se, da se uredništvo Mlad. lista jako zanima za svoje mlade dopisnike. Jaz se rada šalim, kar sem se navadila od mojega "daddyja," ki je velik šaljivec; zato bi rada videla, da bi še drugi opisovalci napisali kaj šaljivega za naš Mlad. list. Sestrski pozdrav!

Alice Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Vzela sem si čas, da napišem nekaj vrstic za Naš kotichek, dasi nimam kaj dosti pisati, ker tukaj pri nas je vse bolj pri starem. Mladinski list zelo rada berem in pesmice in povesti, ki jih prinaša, mi jako ugajajo. Tudi angleški del Prosvete rada berem, ker je tudi zanimiv. Pozdrav vsem "koticekarjem" in čitateljem Mlad. lista!

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo v slovenščini in prosim ne zamerite mojim napakam v tem pismu in da jih popravite. Slovenščina v pisavi mi ne gre še prav dobro. Berem lažje. Mladinski list mi zelo ugaja in ga prav rad berem, slovenski in angleški del, ki sta oba zanimiva.

Zdajle čepim na polju med koruzo in rujem plevel—prav za prav zdajle pišem, plevel pa čaka, da ga porujem—ki ga je zadosti, ali bolje—preveč. Delo na polju ni zdaj nič prijetno, ker je hudo vroče.

Upam, da ne boste vrgli tega mojega dopisa v koš, kar tudi ne želim. In prosim, da priobčite tudi sledečo pesemco:

Včasih je prijetno b'lo,  
ptičke pele so lepo,  
so rožce cvetele po polji  
in radost je bila povsodi.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki berejo naš Mladinski list.

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

(Kakor vidiš, John, nisem vrgel tvojega dopisa v koš in upam, da si zdaj zadovoljen. Slovenščina ti pa ne gre baš slabo in če se boš potrudil, boš sčasoma prav dobro pisal v slovenščini. Malo volje in korajže, pa bo šlo. Tvoj dopis je prav zanimiv in veselilo nas bo, če se še kdaj oglasiš s kakim dopisom.—Opomba urednika.)

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se pripravila, da napišem dopis za naš priljubljeni Mlad. list. Prečitala sem vse dopise v "Našem kotičku" avgustove številke Mlad lista in tudi "Chatter Corner" in sem bila skoro razočarana, ker sem našla tako malo slovenskih dopisov. Samo šest jih je bilo! Angleških je bilo pa 32! Kako je to, da je čezdalje manj slovenskih dopisov? Jaz rada pišem slovenske dopise, čeprav ne pišem slovensko tako lahko kot angleško.

Zdaj se še veselimo šolskih počitnic, ki pa bodo kmalu v kraju, potem bo pa spet treba hoditi v šolo. Sicer jaz rada hodim v šolo, menda zato, ker jo imam tako blizu; jo lahko vidim od doma. Well, naj bo dosti za danes, pa še drugič kaj več.

Iskren pozdrav vsem bratcem, sestricam in uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

(Res je kot ti pišeš, Anna; v zadnji številki Mlad. lista je bilo malo slovenskih dopisov. To pa zato, ker jih naši mladi čitatelji niso več poslali. Zato pirporočam našim čitateljem, naj se bolj pogosto oglašajo s slovenskimi dopisi, da bo "Naš kotiček" bolj zanimiv. Če

sami ne zmorete, naj vam pa starši malo pomagajo. Kmalu se spet oglasi s kakim dopisom, Anna.—Opomba urednika.)

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se pripravila, da napišem kratek dopis za "Kotiček" in upam, da ga boste priobčili v prihodnji številki Mlad. lista. (Prav rad, Mary, ker dopisi naših mladih čitateljev so vedno dobrodošli.—Op. ured.)

Dne 13. julija sem se udeležila izleta federacije društev SNPJ. Tega dne smo se zbrali pri Decoration poslopju, kjer smo se imeli prav dobro.

Izletnike so nagovorili trije govorniki, ki so povedali marsikaj zanimivega in koristnega. Za mladino pa je bil pripravljen sladoled, ki smo ga prav z veseljem lizali. Ali smo se sladko držali! Izleta se je udeležilo mnogo bratov in sester naše jednote. Želim, da bi priredili še več takih izletov. (Aha, "ice cream" ti diši, kajneda? Op. ured.) Tukaj vam pošiljam sliko, na kateri sva jaz in moja sestra; jaz sem na levi strani, sestra Bertha pa na desni.



Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam z dopisom in upam, da vas s tem ne nadlegujem preveč. (Me jako veseli, ker si se spet oglasila, Berta.—Urednik.) Počitnic bo kmalu konec in spet bo treba začeti pohajati šolo. Letošnje počitnice so bile kratke in požuriti se moram, da napišem še en dopis, predno bodo končane. Pozneje ne bom imela več dosti časa za pisanje dopisov, ker se bom morala učiti. Vendar pa upam, da bom včasih le še imela toliko časa na razpolago, da bom lahko napisala kak dopis za naš priljubljeni Mladinski list. Prosim, priobčite pesemco, katero prilagam in katero me je naučila moja mama.

Jager pa jaga,  
kaj mu pomaga,  
ptička nasprot' leti  
vstrelil jo bi.

Ptička zavpila:  
 "Kaj sem ti st'čila?  
 Saj sem prepevala  
 cele noči."  
 Ptičica zletela,  
 na javor se vsela,  
 hladna je senčica  
 javorjeva.  
 Ptičica zletela,  
 na okno se vsela:  
 "Vstani, ne bod' zaspan,  
 saj je že dan!"

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam in uredniku!

**Bertha Krainik,**

231 E. Poplar St., Chisholm, Minn.

P. S.—Želim, da bi sestrice in bratci pisali kakšno pisemce.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Mladinski list postaja čedalje boljši in zanimivejši. Pesmice in drugo čtivo v slovenskem delu je jako zanimivo in tudi podučljivo. Tako pravijo moji starši, ki pravijo tudi, da bi morali vsi slovenski otroci znati pisati in brati slovensko, česar bi se vsakdo lahko naučil, če bi le hotel. Posebno zdaj, ko se nahajamo na šolskih počitnicah, bi se lahko učili. Moj oče podučuje mene in mojega brata vsak dan po eno uro v slovenščini in jaz se prav rada učim, dočim brata nič kaj ne veseli slovenščina.

Včeraj sem pregledovala stare letnike Mlad lista od leta 1927 naprej, ki jih imam shranjene in mislim, da je naš list letos boljši in zanimivejši kot je bil preje; slike, ki jih prinaša, ga delajo zelo prvačnega.

Pred nekaj tedni sem bila v Walsenburg, Colo., kjer sem se seznanila z Julijo Lepech, katera me je slikala pred svojim domom; to sliko vam tukaj pošiljam in prosim, da jo denete v naš list, da me bodo spoznali mladi čitatelji Mlad. lista.



Walsenburg je majhno, a zelo prjazno mesto in menj se je tam prav dopadlo. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

**Evelyn May Hochevar,**

2318 Cedar St., Pueblo, Colo.

## ŠALE ZA MALE

### Nasuddin in njegovi poslušalci

Nasuddin je bil znamenit turški komik in vsi so ga radi imeli. Nekega večera je pri predstavi vprašal svoje poslušalce:

"Ali veste, kaj vam bom povedal?"

Vsi so zavpili: "Ne!"

Šaljivec je odgovoril: "Tudi jaz ne vem!" S temi besedami je izginil in ljudje so morali hočeš-nočeš iti domov. Drugi večer je bila dvorana spet nabito polna in Nasuddin je zadal isto vprašanje. Občinstvo, ki je imelo že izkušnjo od prejšnjega večera, je zaklicalo: "Da!"

"Nu," je menil Nasuddin, "če je tako, tedaj ni potreba, da bi vam pravil!" In spet so šli ljudje razočarani domov.

Naslednji večer, ko se je zbral okoli znamenitega komika spet velik krog poslušalcev, jih je vprašal v tretje:

"Ali veste, kaj vam bom povedal?"

Nekateri iz občinstva so klicali "Ne!" drugi "Da!"

In Nasuddin jim je odvrnil: "Če je tako, naj povedo tisti, ki vedo, kaj sem vam mislil povedati, onim, ki ne vedo, pa bomo vsi zadovoljni."

\* \*

### Bojazljivec

O polnoči zaslišijo Trdinovi v predsobi glasen hrup. Gospa Trdinova prestrašeno zašepeče možu: "Gotovo so razbojniki vdrli v stanovanje!" Gospod Trdina premišljuje, kaj naj stori — a tedaj mu pa svetuje mali Tonček: "Veš kaj, očka, kar venkaj stopi in povej razbojniku, da nas ni doma!"

\* \*

### Starka, ki živi v zaboju

Stara ženica Mary Hopkinsova v Cowboroughu blizu New Yorka ima prav posebne vrste stanovanje. Živi namreč v zaboju, ki je komaj dovolj velik, da jo varuje dežja. To traja zdaj že 20 let—sedaj ji je med tem že trava zrasla na strehi. Če ne verjamete, pa ne verjemite!



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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Ellis Gregg:

## THE THINKERS

Have you ever noticed  
How easy it is  
For the man who knows little  
To say what he says?

How he stands with rare grace  
In a poise that's sublime  
And continues to talk  
Tho it's much over time?

And then has it ever  
Occurred to you  
How the learned man quits  
Before he is thru?

How he hesitates much  
In addressing the throng  
That hangs on his words  
As he leads them along?

With an earnest endeavor  
To make clear to them  
Those intricate problems  
That appeal to strong men?

How the problems of earth  
That keep men awake  
Are solved by the thinkers  
Not those that just talk?



## KIDS O' MINE

By J. L. Gundy

Curly Head and Buster! Fine,  
Romping, raring kids o' mine;  
Ready for frolic, fun or play,  
Will o' the wisp the live long day;  
Giving their dad a heart of song,  
Planting some roses the way along.

Curly Head and Buster! Fine,  
Romping, raring kids o' mine;  
Running down the path to greet,  
Shouts of laughter, pattering feet;  
Bringing smiles to chase a frown—  
Never a king had a rarer crown.

Curly Head and Buster! Fine!  
Theirs the gold of Ophir's mine;  
Rough may come the years to be,  
But hairns of mine, its up to me,  
With Pioneer strength and father's  
care,  
To make all future days most fair.

## THE LITTLE PLANT

**I**N THE heart of a seed,  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep!

"Wake!" said the sunshine,  
"And creep to the light!"  
"Wake!" said the voice  
Of the raindrop bright.

The little plant heard  
And it rose to see  
What the wonderful  
Outside world might be.



## RIDDLES

When can a chair be said to dislike you? **When it can't bear you.**

When is a cabbage gone to seed like a lover? **When it has lost its heart.**

When is coffee like the soil? **When it is ground.**

Why is a hat like a king? **Because it has a crown.**

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert? **Because every watch has a spring in it.**

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? **One cannot see to go and the other cannot go to sea.**

What is the difference between a

locomotive engineer and a school master? **One minds the train, and the other trains the mind.**

What is smaller than ant's mouth? **Its tongue, of course.**

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

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

What is it that denotes both the state of the mind and the state of the body? **The tongue.**

With what do the mermaids tie up their hair? **A marine band.**

What two names of girls read the same both ways? **Anna and Hannah.**



## New Campaign for Juveniles

**FOREMOST** among the group of fraternal benefit societies to first recognize the value of developing a juvenile department was the Slovene National Benefit Society. This was in 1912 at its regular convention when juvenile work was first given serious discussion by our Society.

On July 1, 1930, the juvenile department of the SNPJ numbered over 20,000 members. The growth of juvenile membership in our Society, covering a period of the past 17 years, is interesting, and one in which the Society can well take just pride, being one of the pioneers in the Juvenile movement among the fraternal benefit societies.

Now a new Juvenile Membership Campaign of the SNPJ will soon be launched, on October 1, 1930, and will extend over a period of six months, to March 31, 1931. Every Juvenile Member of the SNPJ will be given a splendid opportunity during this campaign to secure new Juvenile members, and for his or her efforts the Campaign Committee has provided excellent prizes, which are listed below:

### *SPECIAL JUVENILE CAMPAIGN IN ML. L.*

To Juveniles under 16 years of age we give 5 good prizes for securing new Juvenile members.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>First prize bears the restriction of the highest number of credits over 15.</p> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1.) \$30.00 Wrist Watch</li> <li>2.) \$20.00 Eastman Kodak</li> <li>3.) \$15.00 Value</li> <li>4.) \$10.00 Value</li> <li>5.) \$7.50 Pen and Pencil Set.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

Besides these prizes the SNPJ will pay 25 cents for every Juvenile member secured.

All prizes to be purchased by the Campaign Committee.

**SNPJ CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.**

The prizes offered in this campaign certainly are valuable and they are worth your effort to secure new members. We expect every Juvenile live wire—especially those who are approaching the maturing age—to do his or her share, thereby capturing at least one of the valuable prizes listed above.

Do your share in the next six months! Be an active member of the SNPJ! Secure new members! Win a valuable prize!

**LOUIS BENIGER.**

## A Mock Field Meet

### Lobster Race

**T**WO people walk backward on hands and knees to a given point. Or if the group is a large one several couples may compete at once. The loser or losers must say three time nice things about themselves.

### Hurdle Race

Sing two words of any song, then omit two, to the end of the song. The ones who fail must answer truthfully four questions asked by anyone.

### Wand Twist

Take a broom stick or any sort of strong stick. One person stands on either side with both hands grasping the stick. One person tries to twist the wand down on the left side and another tries to twist it down to the right. The one who gives up must place one hand where the other can't reach it (elbow).

### Tug of War

Tie a prune, a piece of gum or candy in the middle of a string and have two people chew the string to see who gets the prize first. The loser must walk up to four people and get down on his knees and smile.

### Newspaper Race

Give each contestant two newspapers. Have them go forward a certain distance, walking only on the papers. After each step the paper must be moved forward. The losers must each sing a different song at the same time.

### Chinese Get Up

Two people sit back with arms locked, then try to get up. The last one up loses and must stand on one foot and hop around like a grasshopper.

### Dog Collar

Place players on hands and knees facing each other and with their knees on a pillow. Put a long towel or cloth around the necks of each two who are opposite and see which one can pull

the other off the pillow first. The losers must march before the audience with a step like tin soldiers.

### Over the Line

Place a line on the ground and have contestants stand facing each other with toes touching. Persons opposite each other join right hands and see which can pull the other over the line. The losers must yawn until each has made someone in the audience also yawn.

### Rotation Relay

Form players in two parallel lines. The first couple go to a certain goal and then back again to the starting place, touching the second couple and themselves going to the end of the line. The second couple start as soon as touched, and in returning touch off the third couple, et cetera. The couple making the quickest time wins honors for this stunt.

### Backward Relay

Couples lock arms, one turning backward (couple facing in opposite directions). This may be a walking or a running relay. The player who walks forward to the goal must reverse position coming back. Points are awarded as in "Rotations Relay."

### Chair Relay

The first couple take a chair, preferably a folding one, and run to a certain point. One player sits in it, arises, the other player picks up the chair, and they both run to the starting place, giving the chair to the second couple. Points are awarded to the couple making the quickest trip.

### Walking Relay

Players must walk to a certain goal and back. Tell them to swing their arms and take long steps. Any player who runs must come back to the starting place and try again.

## The Valley of Death

**B**EAUTY beckons in the vale of the River of Bitterness. The hottest, driest, lowest, most silent spot on all the continent, a land created and then forgotten—that is Death Valley which lies in the sink of the River of Bitterness.

The Forty-niners found it when they voyaged forth for gold. At dawn they looked upon its gorgeous beauty. They saw the summits of the Panamint burning with purple and scarlet, and below them the sweep of desert, splendidly hued in shadows and shades from the mighty, misty brushes of the gods that dwell on Olympus.

Down into the valley went the Forty-niners; and they paid for their courage with their lives. And when night had fallen they saw not at all the blazing constellations that, in the clear, dry air, bathed the desert in bluish white.

And now other voyagers have found the place—voyagers who ride out from Los Angeles in the comfort of their motor cars. They travel a modern highway. At Olancha they enter the country of the High Sierras. On their left looms the majesty of Whitney, the highest peak in the State; and in the shadow of Whitney's eminence they turn right to cross the ancient Cosos, and so to the eerie Panamints that the Forty-niners saw. North and south, hazed in distance, ramparted on the east by sombre heights that are called the Funeral Range, lies the vale of death.

In that vale stands a philosopher's study in contrasts—a comfortable, modern hotel.

Thus does man conquer Nature. But in Death Valley, the conquest is not yet

complete. The land of the River of Bitterness is a land of mighty moods. In summer, the valley is intolerable, hot and withering. For days on end, the temperature climbs to a hundred and twenty. Despite the heat, the air is dry. But in the winter season, the mood of the valley softens. Still the air is dry and clear, tang as wine. The days are warm, but not hot; and the nights, when the stars resume their march across the sky, are nights in a limpid paradise.

It is at dawn or at sunset that the valley dons its splendor—a splendor of color, of distance. From the heights of the Chloride Cliffs, a mile and more above sea-level, the visitor looks down upon the valley floor and finds it hard to realize that the shadow-misted expanse down there is below sea-level. He casts his gaze across. Over there is snow-crowned Whitney. A stone's throw? Yes, it seems that way. Yet the distance to Whitney is a hundred miles!

His gaze returns to the valley floor, to follow the trails that thread the desert. One winds its way to the lowest spot in the world where vegetation is produced, to the oasis of Death Valley, Furnace Creek Ranch. Another leads to a place of grim, bygone tragedy, a spot called Emigrant Wells, where perished a Mormon expedition.

A background of beauty, motor roads through canyons whose marble walls still display the petroglyphic writings of ancient peoples, shimmering mirages afloat above the wind-swept sands—the valley of the River of Bitterness, made by gods who, having made it, laughed aloud.—Robert L. Case.



## Dolly Dimple

"OH, DEAR, I am so lonely, and it is so dark! I do want my dear Dolly Dimple. I think I will go fetch her." And little four-year-old Babs got out of bed and felt her way to the door.

The door was just a wee crack open. As she peeped in, Babs saw that there was a light in the room, and the sight which met her eyes almost made her cry out.

On the floor stood Dolly Dimple in her very best frock and Mr. Jollyman was asking her to dance with him.

Teddy Bear was at work on the big drum, and the clown was turning the organ to make music for the dolls to dance to.

The tin soldiers, on the backs of cows, pigs and sheep from the Noah's Ark were having a sham fight.

The dolls from the doll's house were going for a ride in the big horse and and cart.

"It is too bad of them to go and have a good time like this when I am in bed," thought Mabs, "and I am going to take Dolly Dimple away with me all the same."

But when she tried to pick up the doll and carry her off, Mr. Jollyman flew at her in a fury.

He began to kick her bare legs till Babs thought she would have no shins left at all; but she would not run away.

"I want Dolly Dimple," she said. "She is my doll, and you have no right to try to keep her away from me."

"She is yours in the day, but not at night," was the reply.

"How do you think we toys could live if we had no life but the one we endure at your hands? It is in the night that we live and have our good times, for we know you are safe in bed then."

"I don't care what you say; I will have her," cried Babs, very angry now.

She tried once more to get hold of Dolly Dimple; but before she could do so, Mr. Jollyman turned to the soldiers, and said the one word, "Charge."

There was a great noise and a rush, and right down upon the little girl came camels, horses, lions, tigers, sheep and pigs.

But just as she thought her last hour was come she heard the word "Halt," and then the sound of Dolly Dimple saying, "No, don't hurt her. She is very good to me most of the time."

The rest of the dolls had begun to dance once more, but Dolly Dimple came up to the little girl and took hold of her arm. "I am queen here in the night," she said. "I will not hurt you, as you have been good to me, and I know you love me. If you like, I will come and stay with yo till you go to sleep. Pick me up."

So Babs picked up the doll, and took it back to bed with her, and hugged it tight.







*C. Von Bundenhausen: A VOICE FROM FAIRYLAND*



## A Famous Story

ONCE upon a time there was an old fisherman who was very poor, and found it difficult to support his family. And one morning that he went very early to cast his nets he began with very bad luck, for he hauled in the carcass of an ass, which tore his nets and necessitated much mending. Next he brought in only gravel and slime, and was much vexed. He prayed that he might have better luck the third time.

On the third haul he was surprised to find in his nets a jar of copper, which, being heavy, seemed full of something. It was sealed with a leaden seal. Still, he thought he might sell it for old metal and get enough to buy some food. He examined the vessel carefully and shook it, but no sound came from it. He decided to open it, and quite easily pried off the seal with his knife.

He tried to empty the jar, but nothing came out, so he set it upright on the beach. Then, as he watched it, a thick smoke curled out of it, forcing him to back away. The smoke went up to the clouds, whirling along the sand in great masses, forming a huge fog or mist. The smoke being all out of the jar, condensed itself and formed a genie twice as large as the hugest giant. At this monstrous sight the fisherman would have fled, but he was held motionless with astonishment.

"I crave your pardon, Solomon, great prophet," said the genie. "I'll oppose thee no more. I'll obey all thy commands."

The fisherman recovered his courage at these words and said: "It is 1,800 years since Solomon died, and we are now at the end of time. Tell me your history, and how you came to be imprisoned in the jar."

"Be more civil, or I'll kill you," said the genie. "I must anyway, and you

may choose only the manner of your death."

"What!" exclaimed the fisherman. "Would you kill your deliverer? Have you forgotten that I just now set you at liberty?"

"I have not forgotten," said the genie, "but kill you I must. It is my oath."

"How have I offended you?" asked the fisherman.

"Wait. Listen to my story," said the genie. "I was a rebellious spirit who opposed the great prophet Solomon. To avenge himself, that great monarch had me captured and brought before his throne. There I still refused to recognize his power, so, to punish me, he shut me up in this copper jar, and to keep me in sealed it with his great seal, with god's name on it. Then the jar was thrown into the sea. For the first hundred years I swore to make my deliverer rich, but the time expired. For the second hundred years I vowed I should open all the world's treasures to him who set me free, but again the time expired. For the third hundred years I pledged myself to make my liberator a great king, and to grant him every day three wishes, but again the time ran out. Being angry, I now took a solemn oath to kill anyone who might deliver me, giving only the choice of how he wishes to die. You have set me free, and I now give you that choice."

The poor fisherman was much frightened, but he kept his presence of mind. He begged the genie to reconsider his oath, but the monster was determined not to violate his vow. Necessity is the mother of invention, so the fisherman thought rapidly.

"Since I must die," he said to the genie, "I submit to god's will. But before I choose how I shall die, I conjure you by the great name on the seal of this jar to answer me truly one question."

The genie trembled at being bound to a positive answer, but granted the request.

"I wish to know that you were actually in this jar," said the fisherman. "Dare you swear it by the great name?"

"Yes," the genie replied. "I swear by the great name that I was in that jar, and it is the truth."

"I cannot believe you," said the fisherman, wonderingly.

"I swear, nevertheless, that I was in the jar," said the genie.

"I do not believe you," said the fisherman, "and I won't believe you unless I see it with my own eyes."

Upon this the genie was determined to prove his word. His body was dissolved, and again the mist hung over the sea, rolling itself down into coils of smoke, which curled slowly into the jar until it all disappeared inside the copper vessel.

"I am in," said a voice from the jar. "Do you believe me now?"

Instead of answering, the fisherman took the leaden cover, with the seal of Solomon, and speedily closed the jar.

"Now," said the fisherman, "you must beg my favor, to chose how I shall destroy you. But I'd better throw you back into the sea and then I'll take up my abode on the bank and warn all fishermen who catch this jar in their nets to throw it back, lest you escape and kill them."

The genie was highly enraged, but he could not get out of the jar, on account of the potent seal of Solomon. The genie pleaded, but the fisherman was determined to throw the jar back into the sea.

"One word more," cried the genie at last. "I swear solemnly that if you'll release me I'll make you rich."

The prospect of escaping his dire poverty appealed to the fisherman. He reconsidered. "Swear it," he said, "by the great name."

"I swear it," said the genie.

Feeling certain that the genie would not dare break such an oath, the fisherman again pried off the lid of the jar. The smoke came out as before, and soon the mighty genie took shape high above the little fisherman. His first act was to kick the copper jar into the sea.

"To persuade you that I am in earnest and that I will surely make you rich," said the genie, now in good spirits, "follow me." And he led the fisherman to a secret place, and there showed him how he might make his fortune. And the fisherman followed the genie's instructions and became very wealthy, and lived happily ever after what he always called his lucky day, when his wits saved his life and brought him riches.

(From the Arabian Nights.)



## STATE GUESSING CONTEST

What is the best state in a flood?—**Ark.**

What is the most maidenly state?—**Miss.**

What state is represented by a girl's name?—**Minn.**

What is the father of states?—**Pa.**

What is the best state for mines?—**Ore.**

What is a good state for the untidy?—**Wash.**

What is the best state to cure the sick?—**Md.**

What is the highest state?—**Mont.**



A. Wagner: RETURNING FROM WORK

## Science in Pursuit of Crime

ONCE upon a time disease was believed to be due to the anger of the gods, ill-will of enemies, influence of ancestors, devils, or serpents. The natural causes of disease had not been discovered.

We have been in the same situation in regard to conduct. Acts of men, like diseases, have been assigned to many causes ranging from the influence of the stars to prenatal, original sin. But we know now that men's conduct, like their bodily troubles, can be understood. Psychology has even made it possible to diagnose, in many cases, the difficulties of abnormal minds. Crime is simply one form of undesirable conduct for which the law prescribes penalties. As such it falls within the scope of scientific study.

All this is preliminary to a proper understanding of the penal reforms recently inaugurated in Prussia and Mexico. These two states, one of them old and settled, the other a new, lax community, have astonished the world within recent months by announcing that they have no use for the way in which criminals have been handled in the past, that crime flourishes and nothing is done to prevent it—and that they intend to see what hope lies in a scientific approach. The purpose of the new penal reforms is to supplant punishment and incarceration, as such, with the treatment of individual criminals.

To begin with, in the Prussian system the convicted man is not sentenced by the judge. That in itself is revolutionary, for judges are nearly everywhere the sentencers of criminals. After conviction, the offender is turned over to "sentencing board" which, after considering his whole history and personality, gives the sentence. This is obviously a sensible procedure, for only after diagnosis can there be any intelligent treatment.

Prussia has not adopted one item in the chapter of changes urged by many students of crime, namely, the sentencing of a man for an indefinite rather than a definite term. The idea back of this is that you cannot send a man to a hospital for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be well; so you cannot send a man to prison for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be fit to rejoin society. Nevertheless, Prussia has retained the fixed term, or at least the maximum and minimum.

Now comes the man's life in the institution to which he is sent. He is not to be treated as one of a mass; the idea of throwing all prisoners together and doing nothing to alter their mental habits or change their relation to the world around them—that system is resolutely pushed to one side as the practice of a dark age. The prisoner is to be looked at, studied, examined, and treated, not only in the interest of the prisoner, but of society.

A man goes to one institution or another according to the kind of person he is. If he is a long-term offender, he goes to one, if a short-term offender, to another; if this is his first crime, he is not grouped with habitual criminals; if he is under 25, he is not placed with older criminals. Special treatment is reserved for those displaying some mental abnormality. Prussia, therefore, proposes a diversified system of correctional institutions, designed to meet actual needs, rather than having all its prisons just alike. The development of such a system takes time, and is not to be had simply by adopting a new code. For the time being, Prussia is establishing three groups: short-term offenders, longer-term offenders, and prisoners who give every evidence of being extremely difficult to reform.

More important than anything else is the treatment given the prisoner.



Many Prussian prisoners are to be continuously under the eye of the psychiatrists, with a view to removing those causes of maladjustment that have distorted their lives. The technique of such study is well known, though we cannot review it here. But prison psychiatrists will be more interested in a man's beginnings in crime, and the mental and environmental situation that confronted him then, than in details about whether court attendants regarded him as "brazen," and the degree of righteous indignation felt by the judge.

Dramatic and fundamental changes are planned in daily life. When some prisoners have served half their terms, they will find themselves promoted to conditions little dreamed of in prison systems elsewhere. They will occupy rooms with curtains at the windows and no bars; they will eat with silverware instead of tinware, will be allowed to have their own clothing, receive visitors alone, write letters unopened by the censor. The purpose is to cushion the exit to the unfriendly world, and to test the improvement which, it is hoped, will have taken place. More important still, perhaps, is the opportunity which will be given them to leave the prison daily, lunch basket in hand, to work as free men in neighboring factories and shops under contracts arranged by the prison. Thus they can slowly get accustomed to resuming a normal place in society, can demonstrate their fitness for release, and can earn money with which to start life honestly and effectively.

The new Mexican code will apply to federal prisoners, but it is hoped that several states will adopt the plan. In theory, the code is more far-reaching than the Prussian reforms. It, too, deprives the judge of sentencing power,

placing it in the hands of the Supreme Council of Social Protection and Prevention, a new body of five members, who are to be psychologists, sociologists, and criminologists. Mexico goes beyond Prussia, however, in making the sentence absolutely indefinite, so that each criminal may be released when those in charge are sure that he is fit to rejoin society—a bold step.

In the hands of the council is placed responsibility for the treatment of prisoners, and this means that all jails, prisons, and reformatories come under its jurisdiction. The purpose of treatment is declared to be redemption rather than punishment, and to that end all the resources of psychology and other sciences are to be brought to bear. Four lines of inquiry are contemplated by the code: social history of the offender; medical examination; psychological and psychiatric study; and a statement of his educational attainments. On the basis of these, diagnosis and treatment are to be made.

Salvador Mendoza, a member of the commission drafting the new code, writes that "specialists exist thoroughly qualified to carry on the work of social, psychological, medical, and educational investigation embodied in the new code." This would be a boast coming from any other country. It is to be hoped that Mexico has not been carried away by enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, both Prussia and Mexico have shown courage. Each said: "Conduct has natural causes. It can be studied—in many instances understood. We propose to bring to bear upon the problem the resources of modern science—and we propose to do this in the interest, not merely of criminals, but of society."  
—Y. S.





Dear Editor:—

I left Chicago Thursday, July 3, and went on my vacation with the Chicago Boys' club, camping at Winona Lake, Ind. At first I intended to stay there 10 days, but since I liked it, I stayed longer, about 40 days.

On the 4th of July we had plenty of fun at the camp; fire crackers during the day and in the evening fire works kept us busy that day. The next morning as I got up I wasn't myself. Tired and the Fourth was gone for another year. At 10:30 a. m. I went swimming.

I am a member of Lodge No. 1 SNPJ, and have a brother, too.

Stanley Bernik, Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

Recently I saw a letter in the M. L. from my cousin Helen Lovshin, 310 Shields ave., Butte, Mont.—Now I am in the 7th grade. I decided to write more letters to the M. L. which I like very much. This is my first letter. Best regards to all.—Ludvick Loushin, 2024 Mariposa st., San Francisco, Calif.

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Dear Editor:—

I am writing my second letter to the Mladinski list. I enjoy reading it every month, I also worked out the puzzle. (Your answer is correct.—Edit.)

Next time I will write more. Best regards to all the readers of the M. L.

Mary Stonich,  
St. Mary's Hospital, Pueblo, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I have written to the Mladinski List. I hope I shall write some

more. I am twelve years of age and in the seventh grade. I love to read and hope some of the members would write to me. Best regards to all.

Bertha Legan,  
5120 Stanley ave., Bedford, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There are four in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge. I wish the M. L. would come once a week instead of every month. I am 12 years old and I was promoted to the eighth grade. My brother is 14 years old. I don't see very many letters from Russellton. We live on a farm and I like to live here. I would like to correspond with some members.

Caroline Matko, Box No. 166, Russellton, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I was pleased to see my letter in the M. L. I enjoy very much reading the stories, letters, jokes, etc. I have written to Mary Prus, but I didn't get any answer. I hope she will write to me, and also some other members. Here is a little poem:

A tutor who tooted the flute,  
Tried to tutor two tutors to toot,  
Said he two to the tutor is it harder to toot,  
Or to tutor two tutors to toot.

Emma Gorsha, Universal, Indiana.

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Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. before, but was disappointed that the W. B. got it. I am following that saying, "Try, try again," so if this won't be published, I'll try again, until I am successful.

I would be very happy to know that this poem would be accepted:

#### Longing for Winter

As I ran across the field today  
I wondered what Lady Nature would say,  
If I told Her that I like winter better  
Than the blistering, hot summer weather.  
To mention the word brings longing  
For the snow covered hill and field,  
For the trees with frozen dewdrops hanging,  
And the beauty of life that is sealed  
To us; till the summer is past  
And the north wind whistles its first, loud  
blast.

When in our hearts we feel a certain peace,  
Then will our longing for winter cease!

Josephine Cebull, Klein, Montana.

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Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. quite a number of times and I hope to continue. Many members have corresponded with me. Hope they keep it up.

I would like to know if Frank Marn would please send me his new address! Would like very much to write to him.

What is wrong with Anthony Polonic? He hasn't written to me for quite a while.

Tillie Klemen, 1619 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—

Here is my first letter in a couple of months. I was in New York. I live 18 miles from there. My father and I rode on the subway. I saw the Woolworth building. I was at the Pen corner. Waterman's makes his pens there. I was at Dreamland Park on Tuesday, July 15; it was 3c day, and all rides were 3c.

I am in the 7th grade now. I wish some members would write to me.—Joe Pasarich,

708 McKinley st., Elizabeth, N. J.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. There are eight in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 287. There are many people in Burgettstown getting the M. L., but I have never seen anyone write into it. I am the first one to write from here, I think. I hope next time to see some one from this place write in this little magazine.

Anna Mae Krmel, Burgettstown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am sorry that I haven't written to the Mladinski List more often. This is only my second letter, and I will try to write every

month. I have written because I haven't seen any letters in the M. L. from the members in Herminie. I hope that some would wake up and write to it so that it would soon become bigger.

I was 15 years of age on July 5. I enjoyed the story of the diamond necklace very much.

I wish some of the members would write to me.—Rose K. Batis, Box 287, Herminie, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

As this is my first letter I hope it will be published in the M. L. I like the M. L. very much and I hope that some day it will come weekly. I am twelve years of age and am in the 7-A grade at Collinwood high school. The work at high school is very interesting and I am sorry that I only have a half a day of school. I have a sister who is 16 years old and who recently was listed as a member of the SNPJ adult department. I will try to write regularly to the M. L. My best regards to all the members

Pauline Jelercic,

1514 Calcutta Ave., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This being my first letter to the M. L. I want to tell you that I like the magazine very much. I am 15 years of age. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 689. I am sending a joke: What eats and eats and never gets full?—Thrashmachine.



Elsie Rebol, Box 246, Helper, Utah.

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Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the Mladinski List, because of its many jokes, stories, poems and letters.

Everyone in our family belongs to Lodge No. 324, SNPJ, but one of my sisters.

Our school was out May 29. I passed to the fifth grade. Our school has eight rooms. One room was empty this year. One teacher taught the fourth and fifth grades together. The fifth grade room was our music room. Miss Hall was our music teacher. She was very kind to us. Best wishes to all.

Pauline Cestnik, Washoe, Mont.

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I last wrote to M. L. It was hard for me to find time to write to anyone. There was too much school work to be done. Anna Anzur wrote to me a long time ago, but I could not find time to answer.

Many people of Kenosha had planned to spend the vacation in Europe, but some could not go. There were three that went.

I passed to 9 B grade. I still go to the same school, the Washington junior high. It is a nice school. I have one more year to go to Washington, then I graduate. I hope to continue on thru the senior year if possible.

We had a "Water Frolic" at Kenosha on July 2—9. It was sponsored by the American legion. They had many entertainments.

Next time I will try to write in Slovene.

Mary Moyl, 4822—17th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

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Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the jokes, poems and riddles in the M. L. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I can read and write a little in Slovene.—I have a brother and sister, both going to high school. My brother is in the tenth grade and my sister is in the eleventh grade.

I wish some of the members would write to me. Best regards to all.

Stefina Yencic, Pittsburg, Kansas.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and I am going to be in the 6th grade this fall. I have a brother and a sister; they are all going to school. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 116.

Best regards to all members and the Editor.

Felicita C. Brouch, Fancy Prairie, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

I promised to write to the M. L. every month and I'm sorry I didn't keep it up. We received the June magazine late so I couldn't write about it sooner. I have tried to solve the puzzles for both June and July magazines.

I am 11 years old and I passed to 7A. Some other time I will send you a snapshot of myself.

Every Sunday our father takes me to the lake fishing and swimming. Even though my back is sunburnt, I don't care because I have fun, anyway.

Best regards to all SNPJ members.

Silvia Kodre,

472—53rd ave., West Allis, Wis.

Dear Editor:—

I am sending you the answer of the animals in one of the puzzles: Cow, horse, mule, sheep, mouse, goat, bear.—Here's my sister Margaret's picture. She is 8, and my brother John's; he will be 10, and mine. My best wishes to all the readers of the M. L.



Margaret Mihelcic



John Mihelcic



Mary Mihelcic, Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—

I wrote last month, but my letter wasn't published, so I hope this letter is not eaten by Mr. Waste basket.

I like the M. L. very much and wish it would come every week. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 154.

I wish Tillie Podboy would write to me as I would gladly answer her letter.

Tilda Krulyac, Sugarite, N. Mex.

\* \*  
RIDDLE

I am fashioned of graphite and wood.  
I write the songs of the nation,  
The orations of peace and war,  
The histories of the hemispheres,  
The missives of the lovelorn.  
In the laboratory I mark down formulae  
which turn the wheels of progress.  
I indite challenge and acceptance;  
I draft treaties, to end carnage and perpetuate  
peace,  
I delineate the plans of the architect, sketch  
the conception of the inventor, chart the  
course of the navigator on the sea or  
through the air.  
I write the stories of the world, the laws of  
the people; their poems and odes, rites and  
rituals, pacans and prayers.  
I am the blueprint of man's brain;  
I catch the fleeting throbs of thought to amaze  
and entertain civilization.  
I inscribe Alpha and Omega,  
Hail and Farewell,  
Chapter I,  
Finis.

What am I? (Lead Pencil.)

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

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Dear Editor:—

I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. I like to go to school very much. This is my first letter to the M. L. There are five in our family and we all belong to SNPJ lodge num-

ber 116. I read the letters and riddles the first thing I get the M. L. Best wishes to all.

Mili Brouch,

Fancy Prairie, Illinois.

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Dear Editor:—

I am writing in to let you know that I think I solved the animal puzzle. Here are the names: Cow, mule, mouse, bear, horse, sheep, goat, coyotte. (The snapshots cannot be published.—Ed.)

Violet Beniger,  
Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I have written before to the Mladinski List and have been very lucky by not letting Mr. W. B. get it.

There are ten children in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ.

As soon as I received the Mladinski List I turned to the Chatter Corner. The last article I came to was the "Bird puzzle." I have worked it out and am sending in the results I hope I have guessed the correct birds. (You did.—Editor.)

I hope the rest of the members would get interested and begin writing to me, especially Violet Beniger.

Here I am waiting every evening to see if any letters are coming. Most of the time I am disappointed.

Josephine Cebull,  
Box 29, Klein, Montana.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I wrote last month but my letter wasn't published, so I hope this letter escapes Mr. Waste Basket. Now I shall write every month either in Slovene or English.

I am 14 years old and I have graduated from the eighth grade,—being valedictorian.

I wish Tillie Podboy would write to me.

Bessie J. Paulich,  
Box 193, Sugarite, N. Mex.

RIDDLES

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little radish (reddish).

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

Why does a duck go into the water? For divers reasons.

Why does she come out of the water? For sun-dry reasons.

Why is a poor riddle like a broken pencil? Because it has no point.

Which seems as if it should be the nicest fish to eat? A jelly fish.

Why is a river like an elbow? Because it is always bending.

What has a mouth and a tail, lies in bed, but has no arms or legs? A river.

Which tree takes longer to grow than an oak? A sloe (slow) tree.

Why is photography antagonistic to portrait painting? Because it is a foe-to-graphic art.