

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## TVOJE OKO

**K**RASNO podnevi je sinje nebo,  
ko zlato se solnce sprehaja po njem  
in zemljico greje . . .

Krasno ponoči je temno nebo,  
ko luna srebrna se šeta po njem  
in zvezdice šteje . . .

Toda krasnejše, otrok, je tvoje oko,  
ko mlado življenje iskri se v njem  
in polno veselja se smeje.

Cvetko Golar:

## PESEM O VETRIH

**V**ETER Jug in vetrič krivec  
srečata se nad zemljo—  
"Zdravo, oča, daj mi hčerko  
svojo mlado za ženo!"

To poprosi Juga krivec,  
mrzlega očeta sin—  
"Je že tvoja, ker si dečko,"  
Jug zatuli iz višin.

"Kaj pa dota?" — Vpraša krivec.  
"Pridi na jesen po njo,  
dam ti toliko pijače,  
da boš pil ves dan lahko."

In še zm'raj ves dan lije,  
ko oba svatujeta,  
valjata se kar po blatu,  
pihata in rjujeta.

## Iz moje mladosti

KO SEM dovršil drugo šolsko leto, so me napravili za ministranta. Še zdaj se mi zdi, kakor da mi je prepojil srce in dušo tisti omamni vonj po žlahtnem kadilu.

Prenašal sem debelo in težko evangeljsko knjigo. Pot mi je lil curkoma po vročih licih. Truden nisem bil toliko, toda lačen. Takrat smo živeli ob koruznem močniku.

“Na še ti!” je dejal mlad gospod in mi dal svetel groš, čisto nov.

Do tiste ure nisem še nikoli imel groša v roki. Groš je bil takrat bogastvo.

Prva misel v presilnem zavzetju je bila: “Teci k materi . . . mati se bo sama razjokala ob tolikem čudesu!”

Stopil sem na solnčno cesto. Tam, vse okrog in še globoko pod klanec so se vrstile stojnice druga za drugo. Bahavo obloženi so bili z vsemi sladkostmi tega sveta, bele platnene strehe so veselo pofrfotavale v toplem vetru. Kaj vse je bilo tam! Človek, poželi si, vzemi! Pomaranče, rumene in sočne kakor o Veliki noči; piškoti, bomboni vseh vrst, beli, rumeni, rdeči — kam bi posegla ta uboga roka? V veliki škatlji so bili datelji, svetili so se rosnj, vabili so, temnobakreni, zapeljivi, pregrešni. Kakšni so pa datelji v ustih?

“Saj imaš groš! Saj je tvoj ta groš, ki ga v pesti tiščiš!”

Sklonil sem se kakor pod udarcem teh misli. Srce mi je bilo težko in žalostno kakor nikoli in solnce samo ni več sijalo in ljudje so bili pusti in stojnice prazne.

Pod klancem sem se zaobrnil sunkoma. Tam je stalo drobno dekletce v kratkem pisanem krilu. Gledalo je modro predse, z obema tankima rokama je držalo datelj, en sam datelj; meso je bilo rumeno in sočno kakor med, kazalo se je dolgo, belo, navzdolž precepljeno jedro.

“Dajte mi dateljev!” sem ukazal pred stojnico in sem trepetal v omotici.

“Za koliko?” je vprašala debela ženska in posegla v škatlo.

“Za groš . . . za čisto nov groš!”

Ko sem tako odgovoril, se mi je zdelo, da je govoril za mojim hrbtom nekdo drug s čisto tujim, globokim in grdim glasom.

Datelji so bili mastni, takoj so se prijeli potne dlani. Pokusil sem prvega. Sočno cukreno meso se je prijelo tudi usten in zob. Izpljunil sem vse, gladko lupino, cukreno meso in precepljeno jedro. Nato sem tekkel po klancu in tiščal v pesti vso tisto nagnusno, mastno kepo, dokler je nisem zalučil v potok ter si umil obedve roki.

Nato sem legel v travo in želel, da bi umrl.

Mati je koruzni močnik od dne do dne, od tedna do tedna; morda že več ne ve, da je bel kruh kje na svetu. In jaz jem datelje! Za groš dateljev, tistih rumenih, cukrenih! Na srcu mi je ležal kamen; težak je bil in strašen; in še solz je bilo sram, da bi mi segle v oči.

Prišel sem domov že dolgo po kosilu. Mati mi je prinesla ješprenja, ki sem ga jedel rad. Komaj sem pokusil, že sem položil na mizo leseno žlico, mrzel pot me je oblil curkoma po vsem životu.

“Kaj ti je?” je vzkliknila mati vsa plaha. Nisem si je upal pogledati, ker sem vedel, da bi takoj umrl, če bi videl tiste oči, ki so tako zvesto izpraševale, da se je človek izpovedal do kraja, ko sam ni vedel kako. Ali nagnila se je k meni, vzdignila mi je obraz z obema rokama in videl sem jo, vso belo.

"Mati, joj, mati!"

Udaril sem s čelom ob mizo in nisem vedel ničesar več. Ko sem se zdramil, je bil materin obraz resen in bolan.

"Povej!" je ukazala.

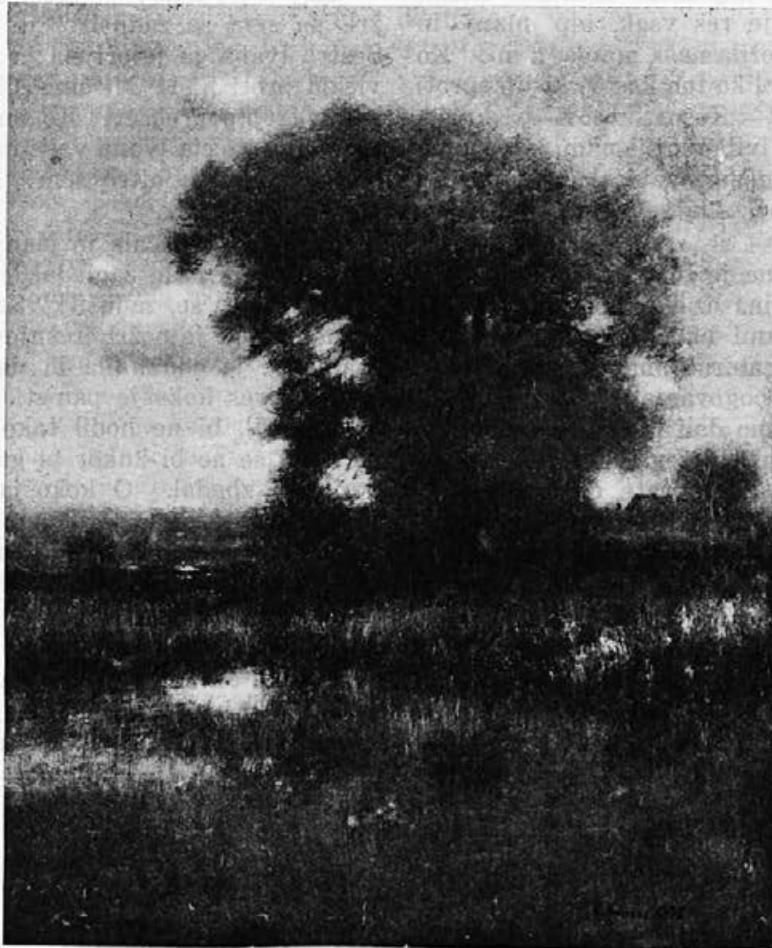
In izpovedal sem se.

"Dali so mi čisto nov, svetel groš. Pa vam ga nisem prinesel, še povedati vam nisem mislil. Zapravil sem ga po hudobnem, dateljev sem si kupil; Nič ne bodite jezni, saj bom umrl!"

Takrat se je zgodilo nekaj jako čudnega. Mati me je prijela na rahlo za obedve roki.

"Ti moj fant!" je rekla. Nato je na glas zajokala, sam ne vem zakaj.

Po Ivanu Cankarju.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

George Inness: POKRAJINA

Maksa:

## Črešnja

**D**ALEČ so danes tisti časi in od črešnje je ostal le gol, z mahom porastel štor. Kadarkoli vidim tu v mestu na trgu črešnje, se je spomnim.

Spomladi, ko je cvetela, smo hodili gledat čebele, ki so nabirale po njej medu. Ugibali smo, katera je najpridnejša in podili nemarne čmrlje, ki po našem mnenju niso bili vredni tako sladke pijače. Ko so dozorele, ni bilo nevarnosti, da bi se utegnile pokvariti na drevesu, ker smo jih kaj hitro obrali. "Naših črešenj pa je res vsak hip manj in manj!" je tožila naša mama, a mi: "Ko je pa letos toliko teh kosov, ki jih sproti pozobljejo!"—"Kosov, kosov—pa krščenih, in lažnjivih tudi!" nam je odgovorila mama in nam zabičala, naj vendar ne jemo koščic, da se kateremu kaj ne zgodi.

Nekega dne je bila prišla k nam sestrična Tonina iz Kastru. Seveda je morala z nami na črešnjo. Tam smo nekaj časa nabirali smolo, ki je bila po deblu in se pogovarjali: "Čuj, Tonina, to smolo bomo dali tebi. Le shrani jo dobro, ker ni boljšega leka proti trganju." Pomisliti morate, da nam ni bilo niti deset let, pa smo se menili o revmatizmu, kakor smo slišali od starejših.

"Saj jo tudi bomo," je zatrjevala sestrična in plezala proti vrhu, kjer so bile črešnje najlepše.

Brat Mile je bil še premajhen, da bi bil mogel na črešnjo, zato je sedel pod njo, kakor Lazar na bogatinovi gostiji.

Če se ga je kateri spomnil in mu tu pa tam kaj vrgel, je bilo dobro, če ne je pa milo požiral slino. Tonina se je hotela izkazati, zato mu je zaklicala z vrha: "Na Mile, pa pazi, kam vržem!" Mile je nekaj časa pobiral, kar mu je metala, pa je nenadoma zakričal s tako presunljivim glasom, kakor bi bil na zadnjem koncu. "Zadušil sem se! Zadušil sem se!" Pocepali smo s črešnje s hitrostjo vervec in se postavili okoli njega.

"Kaj ti je, Mile?"—"Koščico sem požrl, pa sem se zadušil!" je tulil brat. Sestra Ivana ga je prišla za roko in ga vlekla proti hiši! Mi smo šli za njima kakor trop pogrebcev. Ko smo prišli do mostu, je začela Ivana vpiti na vse grlo: "Mama, mama, hitro sem! Mile se je zadušil!"

Mama je zakričala in planila iz hiše. Ko jo je pa Mile zagledal, je zajokal: "Zadušil sem se, zadušil!" Sestra je pa pojasnila, da je požrl črešnjevo koščico. Mama se je oddahnila in nam dejala: "Ste pa res kokošje pameti. Če bi se bil zadušil, bi ne hodil tako čvrsto in tudi drl se ne bi kakor bi ga kdo s šivankami zbadal. O kokošja vaša pamet."

Bili smo potolaženi in Tonina je nesla shrani nabrano smolo ter dejala: "To bo za revmatizem!"

Danes je tam na daljnem domačem vrtu ostal od črešnje le z mahom porastel štor in kadar vidim črešnje na trgu, se spomnim na svojega bratca.



Katka Zupančič:

## Tolovaj

TA tolovaj, ki bo nastopal v tej prigodbi, ni bil plod siromaštva ali pa propalosti človeške družbe. O ne, saj niti človek ni bil, ampak pes, dobesedno pes. Zelo velika, ne preslabo rejena mrcina sive, goste dlake, visečih ušes in pokončnega repa. Tiger mu je bilo ime in njega pasja hudobija je bila znana daleč naokoli. Istotako je slovela tudi njegova požrešnost.

Nekega lepega spomladnega jutra je naju po naključju srečal, ko sva jo z bratom po samotni poti brisala v šolo. Mirno sva hotela mimo njega. On pa renče skoči pred naju in obstala sva na mestu, kakor na povelje. Vedno še godrnjaje je s svojim mokrim črnim smrčkom otipal naprej brata, potem še mene. Posebno pozorno je obvohal mojo torbico. V njej je bilo spravljeno najino kosilce; dva kosa kruha povezana v rutico. Šola je bila namreč dokaj oddaljena; pouk celodneven.

Dotakniti se psa nisva upala, pa sva mu samo miroljubno prigovarjala in se mu dobrikala . . . Toda kakor hitro se je kateri od naju ganil, je Tiger takoj spravljal tisto svojo rdečo cunjo za zobe in preteče zagodrnjal.

Bila sva kakor na žerjavici. Za najino dolgo pot že tako skopo odmerjeni čas je potekal. Naš oče je bil namreč mnenja, da je pot v šolo in iz šole šola bedarij. In zato je skrbno pazil, da nisva šla nikoli prezgodaj v šolo, ampak sva pometala za vsemi ter prihajala v šolo ob zadnjem zvoku šolskega zvonca, ki se pa ni nikdar oglasil, ker ga ni bilo.

"Kaj narediva?" sva se vsa obupana vpraševala in 'tigrčkala' še nadalje. Zaman. Tiger je ostal Tiger in vse najino 'tigrčkanje' nama ni pridobilo niti ene njegovih dlak.

"Čakaj, s kruhom ga podkupim," se domislil jaz.

"Pa samo malo mu daj in od svoje-ga kosa! Nič od mojega!" je odločil moj sebični bratec.

Odlomila sem košček in ga vrgla Tigru. Ujel ga je v zraku in pogoltnil ko nič. Toda slej ko prej naju ni pustil z mesta. Pa sem ponovno odlomila košček in potem še in še — še in še — kakor bi metala v brezdno!

Končno ni bilo v torbici ne mojega niti bratovega kruha več. Pes je pa še vedno čakal. Pokazala sva mu prazne dlani:

"Nič več nimava, Tigrček!" sem kislo dejala jaz.

"Nič več — cucek nemarni!" je jezno-milo dostavil bratec.

Tiger pa ni verjel kar tako, ampak je naju zopet prevohal — torbico še posebej temeljito. Nato je šel h grmu, dvignil eno zadnjih nog in — saj veste —. Zatem sva videla samo še njegov pokončni rep in piko — kakor kličaj — nemara za voščilom: Pa srečno pot!

Naslednjega jutra sva z bratom v šolo grede živo obnavljala dogodek prejšnjega dne.

"Prav tamle je biii . . ." je brat pokazal v ospredje, pa ni utegnil končati besede, ne zapreti ust. Zakaj zgibalo se je nekaj pod grmom in tisto nekaj, kar se je zgibalo, je bil Tiger.

"Potajiva se, kakor da ga ne vidiva in hitro mimo —" sem pošepetala bratu. Tiger pa se je počasi dvignil, lagodno zračil svoj dolgi jezik in čakal, da prideva bliže.

"Nič ne bo! Je že pripravljen. Oh! In spet se bo zavleklo in spet bova zamudila!"

"In bom," je povzel brat, "spet gladoval ves dan, kakor včeraj? — Kaj še! Čakaj, ko bi ga s kamenjem?" je pogledal po tleh in se pripognil. Pa presneto hitro je zopet smrcnil kvišku: Ti-

ger je ko ris skočil pred naju in nama za spremembo namesto jezika pokazal zobe.

“Pa mu daj, če hočeš, ampak samo od svojega kosa! Moj kos kruha pa daj meni! Ne dam mu ga, in ga ne dam!” je bled od jeze in strahu zahlipal brat.

Rečeno — storjeno.

Na srečo se psi ne znajo krohotati, sicer bi se zdaj Tiger zakrohotal na ves glas. Tako je pa samo skrbno pazil na oba in zijal le bolj v brata nego vame.

“Na, zdaj pa hoče kruh od mene!” se je hripavo in jokavo trgalo iz bratovega grla, “skrij svoj kos! V šoli si ga bova delila, da veš!”

Pa si nisva delila ničesar. Kajti Tiger je imel dober nos, in to pove vse.

Skoraj brez sape sva slednjič pridrela pred šolska vrata. Prepozno seveda. Dasi nama je od prevelike naglice še pozvanjalo v ušesih, sva vendar dobro razločila jezo v učiteljevem glasu.

Kakor skoraj povsod, je bilo tudi v naši šoli nekaj zgagarjev, ki so pridno skrbeli, da bi učitelj ne imel preveč lepih ur in preveč lahkega dela z nami. Da pa je radi njih z učiteljem vred trpela vsa šola — je bila zgagarjem deveta briga. Neumnost in brezobzirnost gresta vedno roka v roki.

Tiho sva odprla vrata. Toliko da sva se prerinila skozi nje, jih je močna sapa po svoje zaprla, in če bi zbežnost in malodušnost goreli, bi bila takrat midva zagorela in zgorela kakor dva suha snopa.

Medtem je učitelj napodil enega od zgagarjev v kot in stopil pred naju.

“Če ti kot ne bo dovolj — ti jih bom še par prislonil!” To je šlo še zgagarju. “Včeraj zamudila — danes zamudila. Kaj je z vama?” To je šlo nama. Pa bodi zgagarju ali nama — besede so bile vse ko jeklena zrna trde.

Čisto zmešana sva nekaj mešanice brez glave in repa natresla predenj. Vendar je ujel tisto o psu in se prisiljeno posmehnil.

“Tako, tako!” je dejal, “drugi se zadovole z izgovori, ki jih pes na repu prinese; vidva pa pograbitna za izgovor

kar celega psa!” In med pritajenim hihitanjem šolske drobnjadi nama je določil uro zapora po šoli. Zgagar v kotu nama je skrivaj strgal koren.

Namesto opoldanskega obeda sva se z bratom sprla in gotovo bi se bila stepala, če bi ne bila na šolskem vrtu. Očitata sem mu lažnjivost, češ, lažnjivcu se niti resnice ne verjame. Za povrh sem mu naštela nekaj njegovih že skoraj otipljivih in ko ocvirki mastnih laži. Strašno me je namreč bolelo, ker nama učitelj ni hotel verjeti. Niti meni, ko mi je dosledno vedno verjel.

Uro pozneje nego navadno sva se po šoli vračala domov s tiho željo, da bi ne bilo nikogar doma. Samo ključ pod pragom in lonček — pokrit na peči — bi nama zadoščala. Posebno lonček. Kajti v želodčkih sva čutila pajčevino. Pri nas pa je bila navada, da je lonček s svojo vsebino vred izginil s peči, ako se nisva pravočasno vrnili iz šole. In sva naslonila svoje upanje na delo, ki naj bi držalo naše ljudi na njivah ali v vinogradu, ali kjerkoli, samo ne doma.

Toda pred hišo je bila klop in na klopi je sedel oče z novim, seveda praznim čebelnim panjem v naročju. Pregledoval je okvirčke v panju.

Še preden je utegnil oče ziniti tako ali tako, je bratec pohitel: “So rojile? Pa ne, da bi vam čebele ušle?! Prav ko sva krenila mimo Dolca, sva ugledala nad sabo velik, strašaaansko velik roj čebel. Hu, kako so brenčale!”

Vse skupaj zopet debela laž. Sunila sem brata od zadaj.

“Nu, saj—saj ni bil tako zelo—zelo velik roj. Mo-morda niti roj ni bil, ampak so šle čebele samo na pašo . . .” je bratec popravljal, in ušesa so mu rdela.

Oče ga je samo strmo pogledal in kakor da ga ni slišal je ošvrknil s pogledom še mene ter začel: “Lepa reč!” in da bo govoril z učiteljem, naj naj drugič pošteno nabriše. Potem šele je vprašal, kaj in kako in zakaj sva ‘sedela’.

Povedala sva.

“Se zna, se zna!” je dejal počasi. “V šolo grede pes — najbrž večji od vola!”

je poškilil na bratca, "iz šole grede pa roj čebel, večji od največjega oblaka! Kaj ne? Ej, vidva . . .!"

"Morda bi verjeli Tigru, če bi znal in hotel govoriti," sem predse zroč dejala tiho in žalostno. A ko sem začutila na sebi pozoren očetov pogled, sem se takoj vgriznila v ustnico. Naš oče ni vselej poznal šale.

Kratek premolk. Nato: dali veva, čemu rastejo palice po svetu?

Plasno sva se spogledala z bratom in brat si je nehote položil roko na svojo zadnjo plat ter odstopil za korak. Oče se je namuzal in dejal:

"S palico bi ga! Dva sta, pa vaju ustahuje en sam pasji rep?! Lepa reč!" je končal kakor je pričel, in konec je bilo zanj pasje zadeve. Ne tako za naju!

Zanj je bil Tiger en sam pasji rep. Za naju pa pravi zmaj. —

Naslednjega jutra sva se odpravljala z doma s knjigami, kruhom in z dvema gorjačama. Vsak je imel svojo.

"Krenita raje po ovinku!" nama je skrbljivo nasvetovala mati. Pa to je bilo med nama že tako dogovorjeno.

Oprezno, kakor dva tihotapca, sva prišla do razpotja. Bila sva baš na tem, da kreneva s prave poti na stranpot, ko se pojavi pred nama — kdo? — Tiger.

"He, milijon hudirjev!" je 'zaklel' bratec s pridržanim glasom in od velike togote se mu je obraz spačil. Tiger se je ustavil, dvignil ušesa in naju pozorno, skoraj začudeno gledal. Potem je stopil do grma, za par sekund je stal ob njem na treh nogah. Ker je prejšnja dneva bilo to znamenje konca njegove igre, se je bratec povesečil:

"Aha! Naproti je nama prišel, naproti! Blizu pa se nama le ne upa! Radi palic!" in zmagoslavno mi je namignil: "Pojdiva!"

Pes je pogrmel in parkrat na kratko zalajal — kar naj pomeni: "Stojta! Če ne — —!"

"Dajva ga! Zares ga dajva, ako se nama bo približal!" je tiščal brat.

"Si neumen? Obraz bo nama raztrgal! Ne vidiš, da je večji od naju, če

se povzpne kvišku?!" V duhu sem videla najina obraza brez nosov, in noge so se zašibile.

"Korajže nimaš — to je!" je brenčal brat. "Ti udari prva, potem ga bom na vso moč lopnil jaz — takole!" je nameril s palico.

Pes pa, misleč, da ga brat izziva, je priskočil na dva koraka in nama pokazal vso ograjo svojih belih, strašnih zob z vijolčasto rdečimi dlesni vred.

Stisnila sva se drug h drugemu, in trepetlike se ne tresejo bolj, nego sva se tresla midva.

Pređen sem se zavedla, kaj delam, sem iztegnila palico proti psu, ki jo je naglo, kakor bi trenil, renče pograbil. Naježil je dlako in vrtel oči, da se mu je iz kotičkov svetlikala belina. Tako je poteklo nekaj groznih trenutkov, ko se razen pasjega hrkanja ni slišalo ničesar.

Zatem pa pes nagloma potegne in mi izviije palico iz rok. Brat hitro porabi trenotek in zamahne. Toda pes pravočasno odskoči ter se taisti hip zakadi bratu pod noge in — resk! — mu razpara hlačnico odspod navzgor.

Seveda sva zavreščala oba, in pes — nazadnje vendarle domača žival — je odnehal. Saj palici sta ležali na tleh in končno je bilo njemu samo do najinega kruha. Tega mu topot nisva več delila po koščkih, ampak sva mu trepetaje vrgla kar oba cela kosa hkrati. Enega je pohrustal takoj na mestu, drugega si je odnesel pod grm in se potem ni več zmenil za naju.

Bleda in preplašena sva jo odkurila. Šele, ko se nama je oddaleč pokazalo šolsko poslopje, sva se popolnoma zavedla in benem opazila hlačnico, ki je mahadrjala ob golem bratovem bedru kakor zastava ob drogu.

"Tak vendar ne morem v šolo!" se je zgrozil brat. "O, in domov se tudi bojim —" je potarnal — "moje najboljše hlače!" je pokazal nanje. "Najbolje bo, če se grem potepat!" je pogledal na desno in levo, kakor da išče pota.

(Dalje.)

# Izgubljena sekira

(Litvanska pravljica.)

**Ž**IVEL je nekoč drvar, ki pa je šel sekat drevesa v gozd na obali reke. Sam je bil v gozdu. Na vso moč je sekal in podiral drevesa, pa se mu nenadoma sname sekira in odleti v vodo.

Ubog drvar je začel vzdihovati:

“Joj, joj, kaj bo zdaj? Moja tako pripravna sekira je izgubljena. Kako bi jo našel? Nemogoče. Kakšna škoda. Tako lepa je bila moja sekira in toliko dreves sem podrl ž njo.”

Tedaj pa pristopi od nekod star mož in vpraša drvarja:

“Zakaj jočeš in tarnáš?”

“Sekira mi je padla v vodo, denarja pa nimam, da bi si kupil novo. Ves sem siromak, kolikor me je. Kako bom zdaj služil kruh zase in svoje otroke, če nimam sekire, da bi drevesa podiral ž njo.”

Starec je stopil k reki in hop! — že je skočil v vodo. Izginil je pod vodo. A ne za dolgo. Kmalu se je spet pojavil na povrhu, priplava k bregu in izroči drvarju zlato sekiro.

“Na svojo sekiro, vzemi jo!”

“Ne, to ni moja sekira,” je dejal drvar, strmeč v sekiro, ki je bila iz samega zlata.

Starec stopi na breg, dvigne roke, poskoči in hop! — spet je izginil v vodo. Zdaj je prinesel sekiro, ki je bila iz čistega srebra. Ponudi jo drvarju.

“To ni moja sekira,” pravi drvar, ko je zagledal srebrno sekiro v starčevih rokah.

Tretjič je planil starec v vodo in prinesel iz nje navadno železno sekiro. Kakor hitro jo je drvar zagledal, je vesel vzkliknil:

“Ta je moja, ta je moja!”

Planil je k starcu ter vzel železno sekiro. Hotel je takoj odhiteti domov, da bi povedal, kako je izgubil sekiro in kako mu jo je dober starec spet našel. Nič več ni skrbi.

“Čakaj,” je zaklical starec, “tvojo poštenost bom nagradil. Vzemi še ti dve sekiri, zlato in srebrno. Tvoji sta.”

Drvar se je srečno vrnil v domačo vas z vsemi tremi sekirami. Vsi vaščani so se čudili, ko so zvedeli za drvarjevo srečo.

Bil pa je v vasi velik skopuh. Bogat je bil, ker je bil pohlepen. Takoj je sklenil, da pojde tudi on poskusit svojo srečo. Brž je nasadil staro sekiro na toporišče, a jako rahlo, da bi morala sekira ob prvem zamahu zleteti z njega. In šel je k reki, se vstopil k močnemu drevesu ter zamahnil s sekiro po njem. Toda sekira se je takoj snela ter odletela naravnost v reko.

“Joj, joj,” je začel tarnati.

Tedaj je pristopil od nekod starec ter vprašal skopuha: “Kaj se ti je zgodilo?”

“Sekira mi je padla v vodo, joj, kako jo bom našel?”

“Najdem ti jo,” je dejal starec, skočil v vodo ter prinesel iz nje železno sekiro.

“To ni moja sekira,” je dejal skopuh. Starc je planil znova v vodo ter prinesel skopuhu srebrno sekiro.

“To ni moja sekira,” je dejal skopuh. Starec je planil znova v vodo ter prinesel iz nje zlato sekiro. Tedaj pa je skopuh takoj planil pokonci:

“Ta, ta je moja, ta je moja sekira.”

Toda joj! — sekira je tisti hip skočila iz rok starca, zadržala po zraku, oplazila skopuha s toporiščem kec-kec! — ga vrgla ob tla ter švignila po zraku spet v vodo. Starec je planil za sekiro v reko in ga ni bilo več iz vode.

Ko se je skopušni vaščan zavedel, je stopil na obalo reke ter se zazrl v vodo. Čakal je, da se pojavi iz nje dober starec z zlato sekiro. Toda skopuh čaka še dandanašnji na rečni obali zaman.



Ivan Jontez:

# Le čakaj—jaz raste!

## Dramski prizor

*POZORIŠČE: Ob bregu potoka zunaj predmestja ameriškega vele mesta; prostor je obdan z drevjem in grmovjem; v ospredju leži podrto deblo drevesa, ki moli v zrak polomljene korenine; skozi presledke med drevjem v ozadju je videti nekaj tovarniških dimnikov.*

*ČAS: Sedanjost. Veder poletni dan.*

*DEČEK, kakih dvanajst let star, bosonog in razoglav, v raztrganih in pokrpanih hlačkah in prav takšni srajci; shujšanega obraza in lačnih oči, ki nemo govorijo o pomanjkanju.*

*ČUVAJ, velik rejen možakar v temni uniformi na prsih medena zvezda, ob pasu mu visi revolver; pravi tip "čuvarja zakona". V roki ima količek.*

*PRVI predstavlja mase izkoriščanih in stradajočih delavcev, DRUGI pa posedujoči razred izkoriščevalcev.*

### 1.

DEČEK (sedi na debelu podrtega drevesa, na pol obrnjen proti publikli in v rokah drži dolgo, v grmu odlomljeno palico, s katere se spušča v vodo vrstica s trnkom; oči mu lačno strme v potok; težko vzdihne): Ah, riba, kaj se res ne misliš prijetei trnka? Moj bog, že tri ure sedim tule ter se pečem na solncu, pa nisem še nič ujel! Tale riba pleše okrog trnka že celo večnost, toda po črvu hlastniti noče. Kako je nezaupljiva! Prav nič se ji ne mudi . . . Meni pa se mudi, bratci in sestrice me lačni pričakujejo . . . (Žalostno vzdihne). Sinoči smo šli spat brez večerje . . . (Proseče): Ah, ribica . . .

DEČEK (umolkne ter z lačnimi očmi bega po vodi, kakor da sledi kretnjam nezaupljive ribe; zdaj pa zdaj težko vzdihne, se premakne in zopet vzdihne in v oči mu stopa vlaga).

DEČEK (žalostno, proseče): Hlastni, ribica, hlastni po črvu, prosim te! Kaj ne vidiš, kako okrogel je in masten? Tako je tolst ko rejen pujsek! Takega ne dobiš pred oči vsak dan! Le bližje, ribica, bližje in nikar se ne umikaj! Ni se ti treba bati — nimam slabega namena — toda bratci in sestrice

so lačni — in tudi mamica je hudo lačna . . . Riba, ribica, daj, hlastni, prosim te!

DEČEK (žalostno zastoče ter pobesi glavo na prsi). Ah, prav res se ji nič ne mudi, čisto nič! V velikih krogih pleše okrog vabe, se ji približa, da takoj nato zopet zbeži, kakor da mi hoče reči: Ej, ne boš me dobil na trnek, deček moj! Črv je resda lep in tolst in prilegel bi se mi, ampak v mastnem prigrizku skriti trnek me ne mika . . . Ej, ej, saj poznam takele zvijače, ki naj ubogim ribam skrajšalo življenje! Mnogo mojih sester je že obviselo na takihle vabah . . . Ampak meni se noče še smrti, mlada sem še in življenje v tistem potoku mi preveč prija . . . (Se trpko nasmehne): Saj rad verjamem, da se tudi ribicam noče umreti — prav tako kakor nam, mamici, sestricam in bratcem . . . Tudi mi bi radi še živeli . . . Ah, in brez hrane se ne da živeti . . .

DEČEK (umolkne ter se skrušen stisne vase, po licih pa mu začno polzeti solze).

V grmu pri potoku zafrfota vrabec ter začivka: Čič, nič, čič, nič.

DEČEK (potrto, otožno): Tako mi je težko pri sreč—včeraj ni bilo nič in

danes bom zopet moral iti praznih rok domov. (Se ozre; trpko): Zdi se mi, kakor da se vse posmehuje moji smoli: solnce, drevje, ptiči, potok in riba . . . Riba se že kar norčuje iz mene — lahko nji, ona gotovo ne pozna lakote, ne ve, kako je hudo, kadar škrablje v želodcu praznina . . .

DEČEK (ki mu je videti na obrazu, da ga smola hudo žalosti, zaihti ter stisne shujšani obraz med koščene pesti).

DEČEK (vroče, obupno proseče): Tak ribica, hlastni že vendar, prosim te! Sestrice in bratci čakajo doma južine—sinoči ni bilo večerje in lačni so. Mama je tudi lačna. In jaz tudi. Očeta nimamo več, ribica, da bi skrbel za nas ter nas nasitil; leto dni je bil na lovu za delom, nazadnje je srečal na cesti belo smrt, drvečo po cesti na avtnih kolesih, in revež je bil že tako oslabel od brezplodnega iskanja in pomanjkanja, da ni imel več dovolj moči, da bi se ji bil mogel pravočasno umakniti. Mama išče dela, a tudi zanjo ga ni. Slišiš, ribica, lepa ribica, dobra ribica? Lačni smo in ti nam lahko pomagaš . . . Hlastni, ribica!

DEČEK (lačno strmi v vodo; na obrazu čedalje hujša potrnost; iz glasu mu zveni malodušnost): Ribica, kaj te res ni mogoče pregovoriti, da bi se žrtvovala lačnim otrokom, sestradani materi? Ah, mar nisi nič bljša od ljudi, ki nimajo srca za nas in našo bedo? Ali so res vse moje mile prošnje zastonj? Ah, ribica, meni je tako hudo . . .

DEČEK (se strese, skozi telo mu struji krčevito ihtenje, roke mu vzdrhte in trnek se iztrga vodi ter šine kvišku).

## 2.

DEČEK (se nenadoma razveseli ter svetlih oči zastrmi v potok; razburjeno): Kaj je to? Riba se približuje trnku! Zdajle ka bo pograbila! Joj, že odpira usta! (Razočarano). Že spet nekaj premišljuje . . . nič ne bo, premislila se je . . . (Zopet razburjeno). Ne, motim se, ni se še premislila! Mo-

goče bo . . . da bi le brž hlastnila po vabi! Joj, ribica, daj, brž, jaz že komaj čakam!

DEČEK (usloči hrbet, se pripravi, da potegne ribo iz njenega elementa kakorhitro obvisi na trnku. Zdi se ko okamenel).

V tem poteče približno ena minuta. Tedaj se nenadoma napne vrvica. Čuje se premetavanje po vodi.

DEČEK (zmagoslavno, s silnim veseljem v očeh, ki so še vlažne od solza): Hura, ujel sem jo! Zdaj pa brž na suho z njo! Brž, da se mi ne izmuzne! (Potegne ribo iz vode, se vrže na njo ter jo zadavi.)

DEČEK (vstane ter si z rokavom obriše znojno čelo; radostno): Juhu, ribica, pa sem te le ujel! Nisem te čakal zaman tri dolge ure! Ne bomo ostali brez obeda danes, kako smo bili sinoči brez večerje! (Pomilovalno, sočutno). In vendar mi je skoro žal zate, ribica . . . (Nežno pogladi mrtvo ribo). Tudi ti bi gotovo še rada živela . . . Toda ne zameri, ni moglo biti drugače! Lačni smo in tvoja smrt pomeni za nas življenje! Eden dan življenja za šest ljudi! Veš, ribica, živi ne moremo iti v zemljo, pod rušo, jesti pa nam ljudje nočejo dati, tisti ljudje, ki imajo vse, prav vse! Saj če bi te ne bil ujel jaz, bi te pa kdo drugi, mogoče kak manj potreben ribič . . . Tako je, ribica, na svetu . . . Čudno, kajne?

DČEK (se oprezno ozre na vse strani): Presneto, vpijem kot jesihar in nič ne pomislim, da je lahko v bližini čuvaj! Ta bi mi pač lepo zagodel, če bi me zalotil . . . Ribica bi šla z njim — kako čudni so ljudje, čudni in grdi, da nam niti bornega ribjega kosila ne privoščijo! (Se skloni, pobere ribo, jo dene v pleteno košarico ter jo pokrije s travo in ščavjem, ki ga nabere v bližini.) Moram jo pokriti, če slučajno srečam čuvaja. (Se oddahne, si obriše potni obraz, nato pobere košarico ter se pripravi, da odide; z radostnim obrazom): Hura, in vendar bomo zopet jedli!

## 3.

Z desne zabučī glasen, posmehljiv smeh.

ČUVAJ (prilomasti iz grmovja na desni ter premeri dečka z ostrim, objestnim pogledom; oblastno, rogajoče): Aaa, sem te zasačil, paglavec, pri grehu! Si lovil ribe, aaa? (Se posmehljivo zareži): Ha ha, seveda, ribaril si, to vem, ne da bi te vprašal. Pa kar brez licence, kajneda?

DEČEK (plašno, proseče): Dovoljenje za ribolov stane dva dolarja in mi jih nimamo kje vzeti . . . Očeta nam je vzela nesreča, mati ne more dobiti dela in že dolgo časa trpimo pomanjkanje in lakoto . . . Doma me čakata dva bratca in dve sestrici, vsi mlajši od mene in vsi — lačni . . . Sinoči smo ostali brez večerje, niti zavržene skorjice kruha ni bilo pri hiši . . .

ČUVAJ (se približa dečku, ki strmi vanj z grozo v očeh; se brezsrčno posmehuje): Ha, ha, lepe in ginljive storije si znaš izmisliti, ampak pri meni ne opraviš s tem prav nič! Ne bo kruha iz te moke, dečko! (Pokaže s prstom na košarico). Kaj pa imaš tam notri? Pokaži!

DEČEK (se zdrzne in z obema rokama pritisne košarico k sebi; proseče): Mister, ribo . . . za južino . . . doma so lačni in čakajo ribe . . .

ČUVAJ (sirovo): Kani se teh storij o jalovi sreči in revščini! Briga me, kako se imate! Imaš dovoljenje za ribolov? Govori!

DEČEK (trepetajoč po vsem telesu, z drhtečim, izdavljenim glasom): Nimam, mister . . . nimamo denarja . . .

ČUVAJ (sirovo iztrga dečku iz rok košarico; posmehljivo): Saj sem vedel: ribaril si brez postavnega dovoljenja! Ali veš, da te za to lahko odpeljem v ječo? (Vzame iz košarice ribo ter jo potežka; zadovoljno) Hmmm, čedna riba . . .

DEČEK (solzan, obupno proseče): Mister, lepo vas prosim, imejte srce . . . pustite nam ribo . . . tako smo lačni . . .

ČUVAJ (osorno, sirovo): Briga me, če ste lačni! Zakon je zakon in jaz mo-

ram paziti, da se izvršuje . . . Vesel bodi, da bom vzel samo ribo in ne tudi tebe! Prav za prav bi te moral vzeti s seboj, da bi te kaznovali po zasluženu, ampak ker sem dobrega srca, ti bom prizanesel za danes . . . Toda glej, da se brž izgubiš izpred mene, sicer se utegnem premisliti . . .

DEČEK (se vrže na kolena; obupno plakajoč, hlipajoč): Gospod . . . usmiliti se naš . . . tri ure sem jo čakal in prosil . . . vzemite mene, toda pustite nam ribo . . . čakajo me, lačni so . . . Gospod, dobri gospod, imejte srce za siromake! . . .

ČUVAJ (trenutek ali dva okleva, kakor da se dobro v njem bori s slabim; potem sirovo): Hudiča, kaj se res ne misliš izgubiti odtod? To je pa že od sile! Ali te bom moral res zlasati? Izgubi se! Riba je moja . . . jaz sem zakon!

DEČEK (otožno kakor na smrt ranjena ptica): Gospod, dobri gospod zakon, vzemite mene, toda pustite nam ribo . . . Lačni so in čakajo ribe . . . Mister zakon, lepo prosim, kakor se prosi boga . . .

ČUVAJ (se razsrdi, dvigne težko, lopatasto roko ter udari dečka v obraz): Na, prekleto seme, da bo mir! Hudič! — lepa beseda pri tebi res ne zaleže nič! (Proti publikli): Saj pravim, edino le z bičem se obraniš te sodrge! Na, še to, paglavec! (Ga sune s čevljem v zadek).

DEČEK (odleti nekaj korakov, nato se počasi pobere s tal; v obrazu je blede ko platno in v očeh mu gori groza, kakor da vidi pred seboj pošastno, krviželjno zver. Potem se začne ritenski pomikati proti grmovju na levi. Spotoma srepro gleda čuvaju v oči).

ČUVAJ (ki mu je videti na obrazu, da je bog si ga vadi zakaj v zadregi; oblastno, vendar prijaznejše): Nu, kaj pa tako zijaš vame, budalo? Glej, da brž odneseš pete odtod!

DEČEK (ki mu v očeh nenadoma zagori silen ogenj, vzdrti, se vzravna, dvigne roke nad glavo ter s krčevito

stisnjenimi pestmi strastno zagrozi): O, razbojnik, le počakaj, tudi tebi se bo vse stokrat povrnilo! Prav nič ti ne bo ostalo dolžnega! Le čakaj, ko bom velik — s temile rokami (skrči prste kakor roparska ptica kremplje) te bom zadavil, raztrgal! Da, razbojnik, s temile rokami, da veš, te bom raztrgal na drobne koščke! Razbojnik! Tat! Pošast ostudna! Le čakaj! (Se obrne ter jadrno izgine za grmovjem).

## 4.

ČUVAJ (presenečen spusti ribo na tla in strmi za dečkom; hoče steči za njim, a se premisli).

ČUVAJ (jezno): Preklete, ta nesramnost pa v resnici ne pozna nobene meje! Vražji paglavec — jedva je zlezl iz lupine, pa že grozi! Uh, ta svojat! Ej, težko je naše življenje, življenje varuhov zakonč, ki moramo učiti to sodrgo paragrafov, da ne podivja ter nas raznese na kosce kakor je pravkar grozil ta pankrt! (Vzdihne ter si z robcem obriše poten obraz). Mislijo, da je nam za vse! Ej, a tudi nam ni prizanešeno z različnimi težavami . . . Včeraj, ko ni bilo drugega, so bile nad menoj želodčne težave . . . Ne vem, ampak zdi se mi, da mi je želodec oslabel: saj

nisem pojedel mnogo predsinočnjim—par funtov mesa, nekaj krompirja, fižola, salate, kruha, nekaj keksov, pol paja, malo pudinga ter to malenkost zalil s par vrčki piva—pa sem bil večeraj kar bolan . . . Nu, danes sem zopet all right . . . (Se ozre, pogleda ribo na tleh ter se sladko nasmeji): Hehe, presneto čedna stvarca! In baš prav mi pride—danes je petek in kot poštenemu kristjanu mi bo dobrodošla za večerjo . . . Že se mi slinijo usta . . . (Se oblizne okrog ust). Res, okusno večerjo mi bo pripravila stara iz te ribe . . . (Jezljivo). Preklete, ampak fantek se je pa grdo postavljaj po robu—nu, drugič mu bom bolj pošteno navil ušesa! (Se pripogne, pobere ribo ter jo stlači v košarico; posmehljivo): Ah, naj bo, tudi to mu bom spregledal, da mi bo večerja bolj teknila . . . Če se človek jezi, nima dobrega teka . . . Kaj se hoče, svojat je pač svojat in nima nič spoštovanja do nas . . . Sovraži nas, ker smo služabniki pravice . . . (Vzdihne ter pobere s tal košarico; odhaja na desno): Nu, kaj se hoče—tudi nam ni za vse . . . Celo paglavci nam že grozijo . . . (Odide).

Zastor

## Zgodba o malem Jonu

NEKJE sem bral zgodbo o malem Jonu, ki vam naj jo povem, kakor se je dogodila v mestu, večjem od Ljubljane. Zgodba pripoveduje o bednem fantiču Jonu, ki ni imel nikogar na svetu, ki bi ga ljubil in skrbel zanj. Sam zase je živel, se klatil po mestu in iskal hrane. Največ se je zadrževal v bližini mestnega tržišča. Tamkaj je padel neki dan pod avto, ki mu je šel čez roko. Prepeljali so ga v bolnišnico, ker mu je bila roka menda na dveh mestih zlomljena.

In tu se začne naša zgodba.

Glavni zdravnik je hotel oditi domov

prav tisti hip, ko so na nosilih prinesli v bolnišnico ranjenega dečka. Zdravnik je bil močan, visok človek, velikan spričo otrok; za otroško trpljenje pa je imel posebno dobro srce. Takega bednega otroka ni prepustil nikomur od svojih pomočnikov, ampak jih je zdravil sam. Ko so prinesli Jona v bolnišnico, je zdravnik takoj zahteval, naj mu nosilci povedo, kako se je nesreča zgodila. Povedali so.

Na vprašanje, čigav je otrok, pa niso vedeli odgovora. Rekli so le, da živi in prebiva večinoma med stopnicami na trgu. Otrok sam je molčal; niti vzdihnil

ni. Le iz oči so mu tekale solze. Zdravnik ga je vprašal, kako mu je ime. Otrok mu ni povedal, le plaho se je ozrl vanj. Zdravnik je bil prepričan, da je otrok vrh vsega svojega siromaštva še gluhi in nem.

Okopali so ga, mu pristrigali in počesali skuštrane lase, umili glavo, roko pa obvezali. Zdravnik ga je medtem skrbno ogledoval: gluhi in nem ne more biti, samo zapuščen in zanemarjen, kakor zdravnik še ni videl svoj živ dan nobenega otroka. Pa jih je šlo skozi njegove roke že sto in sto.

Otrok je bil pač zmeden od samega strahu pred ljudmi. Ljudi se je bal, nikoli ga še ni nihče potrepal, nikoli mu še ni nihče privoščil prijazne besede.

Zdravnik ga je vprašal: "Ti je mogoče Jon ime?" In ga je pogladil po glavi.

Veliko začudenje se je razlilo po otrokovem obrazu, potem pa je s hripavim glasom dejal:

"Jon."

"Te zelo boli?" je dalje vprašal zdravnik. Otrok vprašanja ni razumel; najbrž se še nihče nikoli ni zmenil za njegove bolečine, nikoli še ni nihče skrbel zanj. Tudi pojmi "oče, mati in dom" so mu bili tuji. Ko pa so ga vprašali, kam je hodil zvečer spat, je pokazal z roko skozi okno na trg, kjer stojijo stojnice in kjer prodajajo sadje in slanino, zelenjavo in rože.

Ko je zdravnik odhajal, je naročil usmiljenki: "Pazite skrbno na malega Jona, dajajte mu močnih jedi in postrežite z vsem, česar si zaželi. Videti je ves sestradan. Pazite torej nanj!"

In je šel.

Mali Jon je bil nemiren v svoji postelji. Ni strpel v njej. Ko mu je bolničarka prinesla jedi, jih je zavrnil in tiščal usta skupaj. Nikoli ni jedel takih stvari, teh ljudi okoli sebe ne pozna in jim ne zaupa. In postelja — na takem še nikoli ni ležal. Nedoumno mu je bilo. Splazil se je iz postelje ter se zmuznil na dvorišče. Bolničarka ga je prinesla nazaj v posteljo. Pobegnil je v drugo.

Ko je popoldne prišel zdravnik, ga je našel pod stopnicami na hodniku; sključen je bil ter ležal na kamenitih tleh ter spal, sladko spal. Zdravnik ga je dvignil in odnesel v posteljo.

Tu-le bo ležal naš Jon," je dejal zdravnik odločno in vendar prijazno prebujenemu Jonu.

Zdravnik je vprašal usmiljenko, kaj je jedel fant.

"Nič. Vse odklanja, ničesar ne mara zaužiti."

"Bržkone tako dolgo ni jedel toplih jedil, da se jih je odvadil, da jih je pozablj. Prinesite jabolko in krožnik juhe."

Medtem je stopil zdravnik k drugi postelji, k tretji ter pregledoval otroke, ki jih je bila vsa soba polna. Pogosto se je ozrl proti Jonu in mu zaklical: "Glej, da mi boš ležal čisto tiho in da se nikamor ne ganeš!" Resno je govoril, dvignil je prst ter požugal in se takoj lahko nasmehnil.

Usmiljenka je prinesla jabolko in krožnik juhe. Kakor hitro je Jon zagledal jabolko, je stegnil svojo zdravo roko po njem. Juhe ni maral. Vlili so mu v usta nekaj žlic juhe, pa ni maral več. Kar takoj je spet stisnil ustnice. Ko pa je dobil jabolko, ga je hlastno pojedel s pecljem in muho vred.

Zdravnik je pristopil k Jonu in mu dejal: "Če bo Jon v eni uri pojedel tri žlice juhe, bo dobil to-le," — in potegnil je iz žepa krajcar. Fantek je takoj stegnil roko po krajcarju, ga vzel ter z vso naglico skril nekam v robove svoje obleke. Zdravnik je potegnil iz žepa še drugi novčič in dejal:

"Če bo ostal Jon vso noč v posteljici, dobi zjutraj to-le."

Na tablico nad Jonovo posteljo niso mogli zapisati ne njegovega imena ne priimka, ne starosti, ne odkod je. Nihče ni vprašal po otroku, ne očeta ne matere ni bilo. Jon ju ni imel in ju nikoli ni poznal.

Zvečer se je zdravnik znova pripehljal v bolnišnico, sam ni vedel, zakaj prav za prav. Že pred bolnišnico je videl gručo ljudi, ki so stali okrog nekega

otroka. Bil je Jon, ki se je bil kradoma splazil iz bolnišnice ter si kupil za podarjeni krajcar pese in repe, da bi se najedel, kakor je bil vajen.

Zdravnik ga je odvedel v bolnišnico, mu popravil obvezo, ki jo je bil Jon strgal z roke, ter posadil k njegovi postelji bolničarko, ki naj pazi nanj vso noč.

Jon je ležal v postelji, zaspati pa ni mogel. Neprijetno mu je bilo na meh-kem. Vajen je bil spati na goli zemlji med zaboji za stojnicami. Naslednjega dne so mu dali neko zdravilo, nakar je spal Jon — prvič, odkar je bil bolnišnici — prav do jutra. Ko se je prebudil, je takoj uprl oči naravnost v vrata. Ali je pričakoval prijaznega zdravnika ali drugega krajcarja?

Zdravnik je prišel in držal v roki dve svetli petici. Fant se je razočaran obrnil v stran. Svetlega denarja ni poznal, poznal je le zamazane rjave krajcarje; le s takimi je kupoval sadje.

A mali bolnik se je vendarle nekako sprijaznil z zdravnikom. Iz povpraševanja pri branjevcih na trgu je zvedel zdravnik, da ta otrok v svojem življenju nikoli ni poznal prenočišča. Pozimi se je zavil v cunje in zalezal pod stojnice na trgu, poleti pa je spal na cestah. S psi je tekmoval za hrano po obcestnih jarkih. Včasih je komu od branjevcov pomagal, pa so mu dajali krajcarje, zamazane rjave krajcarje. Tako je živel mali Jon. Kdo mu je bil oče in kdo mu je bila mati — tega ni vedel nihče v vsem mestu.

Njegova prva sreča je bil prav za prav tistu tovorni avto, ki ga je povozil. Prišel je v bolnišnico, kjer bi si s svojo bolno roko ozdravil lahko tudi svojo bolno dušo. To je zdravnik tudi upal in nameraval. Zato se je tako trudil z njim in skrbel zanj kakor za nobenega svojih bolnikov. Kako to, da fant ob tako pasjem življenju ni podivjal in postal zloben, marveč je bil potrpežljiv in mehak, to je bil prav za prav čudež. V črnih očeh je tičala samo bojazen, ki bi genila slehernega človeka. Le česa se je tako bal?

Zdaj je imel pod svojo blazino že cel kupček krajcarjev in petic. Kajti za vsako steklenico mleka, ki ga je izpil, za vsako izmenjano obvezo je bil nagrajen od zdravnika. Pazljivo je poslušal, kako trobijo spodaj na cesti avtomobili in kako drdrajo vozovi. Imel je tenak posluh in je natančno razločeval glas avtomobila svojega zdravnika od drugih.

Vzljubil je zdravnika. Bil je to prvi človek, ki se je brigal zanj, ki je ne-goval tega potepinčka.

Toda nekega dne je do večera zaman pričakoval svojega zdravnika. Ni ga bilo. Fant ni mogel zaspati, čeprav se je postelji že privadil. Skrb za zdravnika mu ni dala zaspati. Kje je moj zdravnik? — je ihtel pod odejo in skoro raj pozabil na svoje krajcarje. Vso noč je čakal, ves dopoldan poslušal ropotanje voz in avtomobilov na cesti — a pričakal zdravnika ni.

In opoldne je prišel tuj človek ter ga obvezal. Usmiljenka je nazivala tega tujca "gospod doktor." In Jon je slišal, kako je dejal doktor usmiljenki: "Tega bomo pa kmalu odpustili iz bolnišnice. V nekaj dneh bo okreval popolnma. Kaj bi se valjal tod po postelji!"

Jon je trepetal.

Kaj je z njegovim doktorjem, kaj je z njegovim starim zdravnikom? Zakaj mi nihče ne pove niti besede o njem?

In potem je ujel besedo "umrl;" to besedo je prav dobro razumel. Videl je, kako je nekoč neki stavec padel sredi trga na tla, vzdihnil, se zvijal in kmalu nato utihnil. Tedaj so rekli, da je stavec "umrl."

In zdaj je umrl njegov dragi, dobri zdravnik. Nikoli več ga ne bo videl.

Božal je svoje krajcarje, ki mu jih je bil daroval zdravnik, vzel jih je v roko ter se splazil iz bolnišnice. Poslej ne bo nihče več pazil nanj. Šel je, pa ni nihče vprašal po njem.

Prihodnji dan zjutraj so našli v parku v svežem snegu otroško truplo. Roke zmrzlega otroka so krčevito stiskale krajcarje.

Bil je naš mali Jon.



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATILJI

### CENJENI!

Veseli me, da ste poslali svoje dopise dovolj zgodaj in s tem pripomogli, da je ta številka Mladinskega Lista izšla nekoliko prej. Upam, da boste tudi za prihodnjo številko tako pridni.

Napišite svoj dopis takoj, da bo v uredništvu pravočasno, kar bo pomagalo, da M. L. spet prične redno izhajati. Vsi to želimo, zato pa moramo tudi vsi sodelovati, da se delo pospeši.

Šolske počitnice so že skoro pri kraju. Mnogo naših "Kotičkarjev" in mladih čitateljev se v kratkem spet vrne v šolo. Nastopila bo jesen in daljše noči. To pomeni, da bo več časa za knjige in učenje. Imeli boste več prilike, tako da boste lahko napisali več slovenskih dopisov za "Naš kotiček." Poskrbite vsi stalni prispevalci, da ostanete še nadalje zvesti "Kotičku," opomnite pa tudi svoje prijatelje, člane S.N.P.J., da tudi oni kaj napišejo za M. L.

Kmalu spet zapoje šolski zvonec, kmalu bo spet oživelo okrog šolskih poslopij. Želim vam obilo uspeha in veselja pri učenju!

UREDNIK.

### VROČE POLETJE IN SUŠA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Zopet sem se namenila napisati par vrstic za naš preljubi "Kotiček" M. L., katerega zelo rada čitam, in komaj pričakujem, kdaj pride naš mesečnik.

Ravno tako želim, da bi se vsi slovenski dečki in deklice zanj zanimali in redno dopisovali.

Tukaj imamo zelo vroče poletje in suša je zelo velika. Nekateri farmarji so zelo prizadeti. Draginja prihaja velika.

Hočem Vam povedati, da sem bila pri moji teti oziroma botri od 5. julija do 15. julija in sem se prav dobro zabavala.

Prosim, da priobčite to-le pesmico, ki se imenuje "Sem deklica mlada."

Sem deklica mlada, vesela,  
sem pravo slovensko dekle,  
kot slavček vesela bi pela,  
da bi daleč odmevalo se.  
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-lala.

Zakaj bi sladko ne pela,  
zakaj bi vesela ne bila?  
Saj vsak dan krog mojega čela  
mi sapca slovenska pihlja.  
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-lala.

Še lepše mi pesmi donijo  
ko ptički prepevajo vmes.  
Če tužna sedim tu pri mizi,  
mi sapca slovenska pihlja.  
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-lala.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam  
M. L., posebno pa uredniku!

Frances Merie Čeligoj,  
16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

**OLGA SE ZABAVA NA POČITNICAH**

Dragi urednik!

Povedati Vam moram, da letos še nisem nič napisala za Mladinski List. Rada bi pisala, pa sem prepočasna.

Naj Vam povem malo o mojih počitnicah.

Kopat se hodim v bližnje kopališče, ki je komaj štiri bloke oddaljeno od nas. Tudi v jezero Winola sem se šla kopat, dasi ne znam plavati, le igram se v vodi.

Zadnje čase sem se imela dobro. Bila sem z mojim bratcem v državi New Jersey na 4. julija.

Sedaj pa naj Vam povem o mojih ptičkih.

Imamo namreč lepe kanarčke in štiri lepa jajčka so v gnezdu. Sedaj samica sedi na njih samec pa ji hrano donša v gnezdece. Če se bodo izvalili mladiči iz jajčec, bo to novica, ki Vam jo bom poročala prihodnjič.

Lep pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

**Olga Vogrin,**

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

**RIBE IN RIBIČI; PESEM O KRILIH**

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da mi odstopite malo prostora v priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu, dasi sem bolj pozen z mojim dopisom.

Sedaj imamo šolske počitnice. Prej sem bil vedno zaposlen z učenjem in šolskimi nalogami, sedaj pa vedno pomagam delat na vrtu. Tukaj je pri vsaki hiši velik vrt in pa sadno drevje okoli hiš.

Jagode sem tudi pridno obiral. Nekatere jagode zrastejo tako debele, da so podobne bolj malemu paradižniku.

Na petega julija je pričela obratovati fabrika za konzerviranje rib in druga pa za konzerviranje graha. Ribiči prerokujejo, da bo letos dosti rib, ker na vsaka štiri leta, da jih je dosti. Vsak petek si vzamem pol dneva časa in grem k morju, da vidim ribiške ladje

ko priplujejo v pristanišče. Jaz rad gledam te prijazne obraze naših Dalmatincev.

Lani, ko smo se vozili po državi Oregon in Washington, sem v več krajih videl velike njive posejene z vsakovrstnim sačivjem. Na njivah so pa plele Japonke in več jih je bilo med njimi, ki so imele s pasom privezane dojenčke na hrbtu. Mislil sem si: "Uboge matere in pa otročki—biti morajo ves dan privezani v takšni vročini."

Naj končam; ob priliki se še kaj oglasim. Vas, urednik, pa prosim, da popravite vse napake, za kar se Vam že vnaprej zahvaljujem.

Pošiljam tudi pesmico, ako mogoče, da jo priobčite.

**Kratka in dolga krila**

Spet odhaja lepa moda,  
ki je za lepoto škoda;  
nji sledijo dolga krila,  
ki so v skladu za strašila.

Kar izmislijo si tisti,  
ki jim pravimo modernisti,  
pa jo včasih sklobasajo.  
No, seveda, to kar znajo.

Ta ali oni zasanja,  
kmalu že v svet naznanja:  
"Ženske, take boste bile  
in takole se nosile!"

In takoj pa brez togote,  
te, ki želne so "lepote,"  
sežejo po novi modi,  
pa čeprav gre vrag po vodi.

Brez pomisleka na sebe,  
kaj na njih je brez potrebe,  
i kaj morajo nositi,  
da jih zdrave, lepe kiti.

Škoda je za kratka krila,  
ki so se že priljubila;  
kar so lepega odkrila,  
bodo dolgo spet zakrila.

**Anton Groznik,**

Box 22, Friday Harbor, Wash.



**SUŠA IN DEŽ—VEČ DOPISOV**

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Odločila sem se, da ne smem biti pozna z mojim dopisom za tekočo številko Mladinskega Lista. Tukaj je:

S prvim avgustom smo dobili tudi dež, tako da se je ozračje malo ohladilo in zemlja napojila. Kot izgleda, letos ne bomo občutili take suše kot smo jo lani, katere nismo še pozabili.

Moj ata še nič ne dela, pa tudi nobenega izgleda še ni, da bo kaj kmalu začel delati.

Kaj pa z našimi dopisniki v našem zanimivem M. L.? V prošli številki jih ni bilo mnogo, pa to ni nič čudnega, kajti vsako poletje je tako. Deklice in dečki postanejo, morda ne leni, ampak trudni, ker se tekom počitnic mnogo igrajo. Vsekakor bi bilo treba, da se naša mladina bolj zanima za dopisovanje v M. L. tudi poleti. Saj v poletnem času ni šolskih nalog. Zato pa bi se morali potruditi, da bi več pisali. Saj imamo dobrega urednika, ki nam tako lepo naše dopise uredi, da smo mu lahko hvaležni.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov uredniku in vsem, ki to čitajo!

**Mary Marinac,**  
Box 37, El Moro, Colo.

\* \*

**KONEC HUDE SUŠE**

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet se oglašam z malim dopisom za "Kotiček," ki pa zadnje čase postaja nekam prazen, kot vsako poletje. Ml. List je vendar list mladih članov in članic. Počitnice so in dosti časa za dopisovanje, pa se le malokdo oglasi.

Dne 23. julija smo tu v Clintonu vendarle pričakali toliko zaželjenega dežja. Bili smo brez dežja celih 56 dni (od 28. maja do 23. julija). Dež je namočil suho zemljo za kake štiri palce, kar ni bilo dosti in zdaj imamo spet sušo. Le-tošnji vrtni pridelki so slabi.

Dne 30. julija smo imeli družinski piknik in petdesetletnico strica Ignaca Vrbiča na Fortunovi farmi, Edgar

County, Illinois, tik ob meji Indiane. Mr. in mrs. Fortuna sta povabila dokaj prijateljev iz okolice, ki so se vabilu radi odzvali; bila je prava "ohcet." Ženske so pripravile prigrizek, moški so se pa gnetli okoli kovinastega sodčka pravega "3.2" piva. To je bilo vrvenje! Tudi jaz sem bila tam z mamom, atom, sestrom Ano in bratom Julijem. Zabalvali smo se pozno v noč.

Delavske razmere so tukaj še zmirom slabe kot po navadi, tako da jih celo NIRA, ki so jo tudi tu uvedli, ne more odpraviti. Obetajo pa, da se na zimo delo odpre.

Ker zaenkrat nimam kaj novega poročati, zato sklenem ta dopis, dodam naj samo še tole pesmico:

**Ob pogrebu matere**

Ob solnčnem zahodu je bilo  
ko djali so v črno zemljo  
predrago nam mamico milo,  
oh, težko je bilo slovo.

Smo stali ob njeni gomili  
in klicali mamico na glas,  
smo solznih oči jo prosili:  
"Ne hodi predraga od nas."

Glasu pa iz groba ni bilo,  
smo čakali dolgo zaman,  
ne bo se medtem je stemnilo,  
mrak legel na grob je hladan.

Smo kruto resnico spoznali,  
da konec vseh naših je nad,  
da v zemljo so nam zakopali,  
sirotam, najdražji zaklad.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem!

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





Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

**C. S. Hopkinson: PORTRET UMETNIKOVE HČERKE**



# JUVENILE



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## THE SOLITARY REAPER

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**B**EHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nighthale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands;  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

# Youth

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity; of the appetite of adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 50, more than in a boy of 20. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the spirit. Worry, doubt, distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether 70 or 16, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the

sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the un-failing child-like appetite for "what next," and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from Nature, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed.

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## TALE OF A CAT

SAID the Kindling-Wood Cat  
 To the Funny-Made Mouse  
 "I'll catch you—you see if I don't!"  
 But the clever young rat  
 Spied a hole in the house,  
 Saying, "Not if I know it, you won't!"

"I'll wait here forever—  
 Right here by this crack,"  
 Said the Cat with a villainous wink,  
 But the Mouse was more clever —  
 He never came back,  
 Which really was wise, don't you think?

## WHAT DO YOU CARE

By William Howard Ross

OUT TO the mines in the chill of the morn,  
 Stunted, ill-nourished comes the forlorn  
 Stream of humanity—undersized men,  
 Slaving and toiling for life blood; but then,  
 Dressed warm and cozy, with slate, book, and rule,  
 George and your Nellie have started to school;  
 They are your children, their cheeks warm and fair,  
 While Tony's a hunky, so — What do you care?

Over the bridges, the hills, and the fen,  
 Streams the procession of undersized men  
 Climbing the stairs to the waiting machines;  
 Lowered in cages to death-marked ravines.  
 Look at their faces; sad, pinched and worn!  
 Look at their garments; threadbare and torn!  
 Look at their swagger, their precocious air,  
 Some mother's babies, but—What do you care?

Children of poverty, born to duress;  
 Cradled and nursed in the lap of distress;  
 Wearing the garments of manhood in youth;  
 Learning its vices but missing its truth.  
 Slaving and toiling in factory and pit,  
 Seeking their pittance wherever they'll fit.  
 Caged in the sweatshops and penned in the lair  
 Of tubercular poison, but—What do you care?

Tony's a hunky and Sammy's a wop;  
 Foreigners truly and aliens—but stop!  
 Some women bore them in travail and fear—  
 Somebody's children, to some mother dear.  
 Think not because they're from poverty's stem  
 Some mother's heart is not breaking for them;  
 Or 'cause they dwell in the vale of despair,  
 She does not love them, but—What do you care?

What do you care the arraignment doth read,  
 What is your plea to the true-bill of greed  
 What can you offer by way of defense?  
 You who judge lives by their value in cents.  
 Sponsor of slavery's misery-filled pen!  
 They are your chattels, these undersized men!  
 What will you say when the Time, truly fair,  
 Cries, "These are my children, but—What did you care?"

## PATRICK HENRY

(BORN 1736 - DIED 1799)

THE Fourth of July calls to mind the names of the early statesmen who helped to make this country. Of these none was more brave and courageous than Patrick Henry. In Richmond, Virginia, they point with pride to the place where the great statesman fired his fellow countrymen with these words in 1775 at the beginning of the Revolutionary War:

"There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are already forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chain and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

The life of Patrick Henry teaches us never to give up, to struggle con-

stantly toward the goal of success. His education was scant. He made a failure as a farmer and a storekeeper. At times he would close his store and go fishing. When twenty-four years of age he studied law and immediately became a famous lawyer.

Patrick Henry lived in a period of our country's history that was full of trouble. The people were dissatisfied with England, the mother country. England attempted to force the colonists to pay unjust taxes. Henry was one of the first to oppose the acts of King George the third of England. Now the people (workers) of this country are in similar position—they must fight against wage slavery.

The people of Virginia followed Patrick Henry. He served in the Continental Congress. From 1776 to 1779 he served as Governor of Virginia. Washington offered Henry high honors after the War but the great man declined them all. He died June 6, 1799.

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## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

By L. Byron

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-  
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

## Goblins There Are

*(It is evening of a day in early autumn—one of those evenings that descend hazily close upon a faded sunset. In the kitchen of a none-too-pretentious house, the light has just been lit. The brightness it casts is not kind, for it reveals in sharp outline the crude objects in the room that are obscured during the day. Obscured they are, for the sunlight streams in through but one small window. In one corner of the room stands a black kitchen range, whose legs have gnawed deep into the worn linoleum upon the floor. To the side of this a cupboard leans outward from the wall. What had formerly been a receptacle for ice crouches behind the door, supporting a heap of very old magazines and various articles. Mother is standing at the table to the right of this, wiping the remnants of a scanty evening meal from the oilcloth. She goes to the door and calls.)*

**MOTHER:** Pauline!

(She sighs wearily and looks about the room. Mother is a woman whose face has become grooved with lines that formed upon kind features. She calls again.)

**Mother:** Pauline!

(From the side of the house pipes up a shrill voice.) Yes! (And then coming closer, and breathlessly.) I'm coming! (Pauline appears before her mother, her hair blown in disorder and her face flushed from exercise.)

**Mother:** Your lessons, Pauline. You've played long enough tonight.

**Pauline:** But this is the first one in a long time, Mumsy. I've run errands for you every night this week before I sat down to my night work.

**Mother:** Yes, I know. (She strokes the girl's head and turns away.) Don't neglect your studies, child.

(Mother leaves into another room, leaving Pauline to her duties. The girl stares after her and then goes behind the doors, where she rescues two or three textbooks from the heap of magazines. These she takes to the table and arranges, all the while speaking her thoughts.)

**Pauline:** It doesn't seem right to see Mother act that way. I wonder what she thinks about when she breathes so

heavy-like. I s'pose it's 'cause the Marshall's have stopped our groceries this week. I do hope Dad comes back soon. (She opens a book, but continues looking up.) And gets a job now that they're talking of putting on men again. (She is turning the pages of the book at random.) There's no fun in learning your lessons well when Mumsy is so unhappy. (Her spirit rises.) Why does it have to be like that? Mums and Pop have always worked hard. They're honest, too. I'll tell my teacher in the morning. She talks about honesty and not being guided by imagination but "living in reality" whatever she means by that. (Paline yawns; then she takes up a book earnestly.) Guess I'll study my literature lesson. There's a poem we'll have to explain in the morning. (She reads and then quotes aloud.)

"And the goblins 'll get you,  
If you don't watch out."

**Pauline:** Goblins! I wonder if there is such a thing as a goblin. I don't believe in them. Then why do we have to study about them! Our teacher says — —

(The light is growing dim. She no longer feels alone, for a presence has quietly slipped into the room and seems to beckon to her.)

**Pauline:** (Looking up) How lean and gaunt you look! Your face is so drawn.

And your clothes are so shabby. Who are you? Don't you have any home?

**Voice:** I am Hunger. My home is here.

(Pauline shudders and draws away. But the form is pointing his finger toward her and detains her.)

**Hunger:** Stay! I am not alone. Tonight you shall meet my companions. (He has scarcely spoken when other forms take their positions. Pauline looks from one to the other. She is bewildered, but manages to speak.)

**Pauline:** And you in the dark robes, standing there. You look so hideous. Why don't you leave my sight? Why must you come here?

**Voice:** I am Ignorance. I tread over the world at pleasure. I go side by side with this company. I have not yet been conquered from this earth. It takes too much energy to follow my trail and waylay me. I go wherever Superstition, Fear, and Selfishness attend me.

(Pauline looks at the creature in white, who is trembling. He speaks in a high, unsteady voice.) I am Fear.

**Pauline:** But how long will you molest us?

**Fear:** Until you find the courage to banish Ignorance.

**Pauline:** And what must one do?

**Fear:** Learn for all time that Superstition, Cowardice, and Selfishness are the very seducers that lead you astray and permit such phantoms as Hunger, Disease, and Poverty to thrive with you.

(Superstition winces, and Cowardice and Selfishness have appeared on the scene. Pauline shrinks back. She tries to run, but cannot move.)

**Ignorance:** Ha! Ha! Now Fear has gripped you. You are afraid to believe in yourself. You want to rely on Superstition of ages past. You don't trouble yourself to be guided by your own thinking. You are afraid to demand acknowledgement and recognition for your own work. You're letting Selfishness snatch it from your fingers. You and your father and mother and the people from whom they work. Each one for himself. Prying at one another. Grabbing for wordly goods. Giving birth by that to Unemployment, Disease, Crime, War. And you shall see all of them . . . Ho! (He screams loudly.)

**Pauline:** No! No! Mother! (She calls yet more loudly.) Mother! (The light in the room grows brighter. Mother is standing in the doorway.)

**Mother:** Such queer noises! Your books, child. What has happened?

**Pauline:** Mother! I thought — But there were — No! Mother, there are goblins. Fearful ones. But we won't let them get us, Mother. They're not the fairy kind. They're the kind we can destroy I know.

**Mother:** The day has been too much for you, child. Come to bed.

**Pauline:** (Closing her books and following Mother): We'll conquer them, Mother. We must. You and I. We'll be the first ones to scare them away. We'll start tomorrow. We'll — —

(The door of the room closes, and Pauline's voice is subdued in another room, but the murmurs are audible, and the murmurs are already disturbing enough to bar an unobstructed passage to the goblins in the vacant room.)

—Mary Jugg.





## Man Is Meat-Eating Animal

**M**EAT, argues the vegetarian, is not man's natural food. We were designed to eat vegetables and fruits. Prehistoric man was vigorous and lived to a ripe old age and was never constipated because he consumed a natural diet consisting of vegetables and fruits.

It needs only a superficial glance at animal nature to see that there is really no such single Divine Plan for the animal dietary, says a writer in the *American Mercury*. Certain animals, such as the cow, the elephant and the giraffe, long ago adapted themselves to an exclusively vegetable diet. The digestive tract of such animals has become strikingly elongated in order to absorb every bit of nutriment contained in their necessary bulky diet. Various devices, such as four-pouched stomachs and cud chewing, help them to prepare and digest their not very economical form of nutriment. Their digestive juices are designed for reducing carbohydrates (and vegetable proteins and fats) rather than animal tissue. Bacteria for converting cellulose are implanted in their intestines. Inasmuch as their food contains a minimal quantity of nourishing substance per cubic mile of bulk, they are under the necessity of eating during the larger part of their waking time. These animals are the herbivores or true vegetarians.

Another group of animals, of which the dog, the cat, the eagle and the flea constitute good examples, are designed to consume an exclusively animal diet. Their digestive tract is short. They avoid vegetable food and are able to extract proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and mineral salts from animal flesh. In short, it supplies them with a complete and balanced diet. These are the carnivores, or true meat eaters.

Now, if we examine the structure of the human digestive tract, it at once

becomes evident that if a man is better adapted to one kind of life than another he is immensely more capable of leading a carnivorous than an herbivorous existence. The human stomach is simple. Digestive juices in the form of pepsin and trypsin, ideally capable of reducing animal flesh to chemical compounds utilizable by the body, are abundantly poured into the digestive tract. The enormous pouch of the large intestine found in vegetarian animals has shrunk to the size of the vermiform appendix. Cellulose, which constitutes so large a part of vegetable food, passes through the human digestive canal unchanged. The design of man's teeth is carnivorous rather than ruminant. But he also has digestive juices which are efficient in reducing vegetable carbohydrates, so that we may perhaps class him with the robin, the goldfish and the amoeba as an omnivore.

Thus the argument from design, far from indicating that man is not naturally a meat eater, would incline, if it is at all partial, in the opposite direction. This, however, should not be interpreted to mean that anyone advises his fellow men to subsist exclusively on a meat diet.

An entirely different approach to this dietary problem consists in comparing the health of man when on an exclusively animal diet with his health on an exclusively vegetable diet. The vegetarians are very eager to help us here by giving testimony as to the improvement in their health on a vegetable diet. But enthusiasts often have too much of crusading spirit to be good observers or even good reporters. We must take a more objective example. The Eskimos constitute a race which, from necessity, has always eaten an exclusively meat diet. If meat eating

causes high blood pressure and kidney diseases we should find an extremely large incidence of such maladies among Eskimos.

We have several reports on the subject. All agree. Dr. William A. Thomas accompanied the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1926 and with their diet in mind examined a group of Eskimos. All Eskimos live entirely on a meat diet from the time they are weaned. Babies are nursed by their mothers for four or even six years, until their teeth are strong enough to eat meat. Dr. Thomas examined 142 adults between the ages of 40 and 60 years. Of these only three had blood pressures so high that they would not be accepted by an American insurance company. Dr. Thomas concluded that "the Greenland Eskimo on a carnivorous diet exhibits no increased tendency to vascular and renal disease."

Other experiments deliberately undertaken in order to make observations along these lines confirm this view. Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, convinced that man can subsist on a meat diet alone, undertook himself to live for a long period exclusively on meat and found no change in his general bodily status. His blood pressure remained normal and functional tests indicated no kidney involvement.

On the other hand many special researches with animals indicate the possibility of a contrary opinion. The results are by no means clear, but I think the conclusion is justifiable that the animal experiments thus far recorded throw no light on the action of meat diets in man.

Another important inquiry remains: Does the omission of meat from the dietary result in any disease? There is certainly more evidence that the lack of meat harms more than its presence does. Definite bodily changes due to dietary inadequacies are well known—the food deficiency diseases. Their manifestations have been found to be

due largely to the lack of certain substances not yet separated chemically which are found in fresh food and are called vitamins. Most of these vitamins are found in fruit and vegetable juices; some in fats such as cod-liver oil and cream. But there are well defined diseases, such as pellagra and a host of less certainly proved disorders, which seem to arise when meat or animal products are withheld from the diet. Thus, in addition to the hygienically necessary vitamins found in vegetables, it is likely that similar kinds of ingredients, found in meat, probably the amino-acids, are indispensable to perfect health.

Adult scurvy responds to fresh meat as well as to fresh vegetables. Stefansson found in the Arctic that victims improved when fed raw or slightly cooked meat; fruit juices were not available. Adult scurvy develops not infrequently in the midst of civilization. The patients are mainly recluses who live alone and get into the habit of eating canned or prepared foods because it is too much trouble to cook a meal, and thus go for long periods without fresh food.

Vegetarians escape danger by eating animal products in the form of eggs and milk; they also obtain protein in such leguminous vegetables as peas and beans, although this is an uneconomical method of supplying it. No one, moreover, has ever carried a human being from birth to old age on an exclusively vegetable diet.

Of course, it is possible to construct a diet out of vegetable food alone which is theoretically adequate, obtaining protein from peas, beans, rice, wheat and nuts. But too often such a plan compels the victim to give up all another mundane affairs and devote himself exclusively to his diet. The ideal diet, undoubtedly, is not one-sided. It is a mixture of all kinds of foods—meats, fruits, vegetables, fats, sweets, nuts, salts, bread and water—fresh and preserved, cooked and raw.—T. Y. S.

# Outdoor Games

By Glenn D. Adams

## SCOUTING HIKE

It is fun when two hiking parties start at the same time from two different towns and hike towards each other. Have a judge with each party with a watch and see which party spoke the other first and see how much information each can secure regarding the number and description of the opposing party without being caught. Special honors should go to the boy first discovering the enemy. This can be a lot of fun and give an opportunity for much ingenuity in out-manuevering and scouting one's opponents.

## STRING FOLD BOXING

A rope is tied to the right ankle of each boxer and also to the rear of his corner. This allow each boxer to go a little over half way to meet his opponent but no further. Regular boxing is then engaged in with this audience. Another method is to have the rope tied between the ankles of the two boys so that they are tied together.

## SMUDGE BOXING

A regular boxing bout is indulged in except that the gloves of one of the contestants are dipped in lamp black or burned cork. Every time he hits his opponent it makes a mark on him, without the opponent realizing it, which is fun for the onlookers. Another method is for each boxer to have his gloves smeared.

## BARREL WRESTLING

Each boy stands up in an empty barrel from which all projecting nails have been carefully removed. The boys then box with each other and see which can knock his opponent over in his barrel first.



## Outdoor Games

By Miss M. Adams



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

P. Toy: BABY AT PARTY



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

Dear Readers and Contributors:—

*The way things look now, we soon will be able to come out with this magazine on time, so that our subscribers will receive their copies right after the first of each month.*

*School vacations are almost over for most of you who will return to classrooms early in September. Many of you spent vacation time in distant parts away from home, but the greater part of our juvenile readers and members had to be satisfied by enjoying themselves in their familiar localities the best way they could. Working conditions are still bad, having slightly improved only in some local industries.*

*And now a word or two in regard to your letters. It would please me very much indeed if all of you would decide right now to send in your next letter at once. Write it now and mail it immediately. With the summer-time waning away, you will all have more time to devote to your letter writing for the Chatter Corner in the Mladinski List. Do so now and do it at once! Thank you!*

—THE EDITOR.

## A LETTER FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the dear M. L. I realize what a fool I have been for not writing to this magazine.

I am 13 years old and a freshman in high school. My father was a delegate to the SNPJ convention at Chicago from lodge No. 297. He has been president of this lodge for about 7 years.

I wish some of the other members from Raton would wake up and write to our dear little magazine. I have not seen a letter from here for several years.

Work is scarce around here like most other places. The mines work from 2 to 2½ days a week. I do wish some of the members would write to me for I

would gladly answer their letters. I will try to write more in the future. I hope the paper basket will not gobble this letter up.

A proud member,

**Elizabeth Cash,**  
540 N. Third st., Raton, N. M.

\* \*

## SCHOOL DAYS ALMOST HERE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—

Having written to the M. L. only once, I made up my mind to write again. I don't see any letters from West Allis. What is the matter, boys and girls?

Vacation will soon be over, which isn't a very pleasant thing to think

about. My favorite sport is swimming. I don't know how to swim very well, but I am learning. The weather is dry and warm. I think summer is better than winter, because I have more fun in summer. I guess school will be here before we know it. Our school begins on Sept. 6.

I belong to the Jolly Allis Lodge No. 686 SNPJ.

There were more than 70,000 people at the Socialist picnic at Waukesha Beach on July 30. The mayor of Milwaukee gave a speech about organizing and making the Socialist party more powerful.

My sister can write in Slovene very well. She wrote to the M. L. about three times.

I hope the members and also the Editor are having a nice vacation.

**Yousty Yamnik,**

1011 So. 62nd street, West Allis, Wis.

\* \*

#### CLARA LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

I wrote to this wonderful magazine once before, and I thought I would write again.

I like to read the letters, jokes and stories, written by the boys and girls, and I guess they like to read mine.

I like to read Dorothy Fink's letters and poems; she always writes about nature and her letters always seem to be lively.

I sent in a joke with the last letter I wrote, but it wasn't published; I didn't care, because it may be published in the next M. L.

My Daddy is working at Chaneyville, Pa., in the forest camp.

There are four in our family—my Mother, Anna, my Dad, my sister Rosalia and I. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 171.

I wish some of the members would write to me, especially Dorothy Fink.

A proud member,

Clara C. Zebse, Marianna, Pa.

#### A PICNIC AT LIBERTY LAKE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Our family went to Liberty Lake July 20. We had a good time there. They had all kinds of prizes and races. I won first prize in a peanut race. Clarence D. Martin, the governor, had a big speech over the microphone to 8,000 people.

I would be glad if my friend would write from Crested Butte to the M. L.

I think I will close for this time.

**Elsie A. Absec,**

Lodge 704, Opportunity, Wash.

\* \*

#### A FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

I am twelve years of age and will be in the seventh grade when school starts.

My teacher's name is Mr. Thompson; he is a very nice teacher. I like the Mladinski List very much. I wish some of the readers would write.

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

**Viola Dolence,**

3023 Vernon Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

\* \*

#### FROM HELPER, UTAH

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to this magazine before. I have been reading the M. L. ever since we started getting it. I sure enjoy reading it, too.

I am 10 years of age and in the sixth grade.

I wish some members would write to me.

I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month.

I will be glad when school starts in September.

From now on I am going to write to the M. L.

Best regards to all.

**Marilyn Leona Karcich,**

Helper, Utah.

**HER DUTY—**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since this is my first letter to the Mladinski List, I think it is my duty to tell you that I have enjoyed reading it, and I also know others who have.

The minute we received the July edition I glanced through to see if anyone had written from Detroit, but found that no one had. That's just too bad.

I would like for some of the members to write to me.

Best regards to all.

**Julie Prasnjak,**

17176 Dequindre st., Detroit, Mich.

\* \*

**WORK IS PICKING UP**

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see my letter in the June M. L. I wish to thank for the two kind letters I received, one from Maxie Baxtol from West Allis, Wis., July 12, and one from Stella Manenica from Aberdeen, Washington, on July 20.

What is wrong with the boys and girls from West Newton? Are they asleep? I am sure they all like to read the M. L. So, wake up and write.

Work around here is picking up very slowly. My father has not worked for 2 years and is not working yet. We all belong to the lodge number 64.

I wish some members would write to me.

Best regards to all.

**Margaret Skrjanc,**

Box 133, RFD 2, West Newton, Pa.

\* \*

**JUST A FEW JOKES**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since no one from Greensburg, Pa., writes to the M. L., I have decided to write. I was glad to see letters from Sophie Sever, Christina Pirce and a few others from here. They promised they would write when I do.

I am sorry to have disappointed Dorothy Fink (my niece) by not writing.

It is summer and the children are on vacation and will not write to our beloved magazine.

In the fall I will be in High school. I will be a freshman in Harrold Jr. High. There are nineteen rooms, and a teacher for each room, also ten grades in our Jr. High.

Here in this small city where I live there are only seven houses, and we had a picnic July 4, which we all enjoyed.

Hoping Dorothy is having a nice time on her vacation. I enjoy reading Dorothy Fink's and Fradel sisters' letters very much. Here is a few jokes:

What is full of holes and holds water? (A sponge.)

What is the difference between Uncle Sam, rooster, old maid? (U. S. says Yankee Doodle.) Rooster says cockadoodle do. (Old maid says, "Any dude will do.")

Why is a coin like a cow? (Because it has a head and a tail.)

When is it best to read in the woods? (When autumn turns the leaves.)

What has four legs and flies? (Two birds.)

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

**Victoria F. Ovsec,**

R. D. 7, Box 14, Greensburg, Pa.

\* \*

**FRANK'S FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and in the 7-a grade. There are not many letters from Bronx, New York, so I decided to write. I wish my letter will be published.

**Frank Pavelich,**

2400 Davidson Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

P. S.:—If my letter is published I will write more about New York in my next letter.

### ONE OF THE FIVE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

When our school started our biology teacher promised to pick out of our class five pupils with the highest average and take them to the World's Fair. So naturally we all studied hard for the honor of going.

At the end of the term she told us who the five were that were going. I was one of the five. I ranked third highest, having an average of ninety five. I was delighted. I knew that was probably my only chance of ever seeing the World's Fair.

It was a nice Wednesday morning when we started. We motored out in her (teacher's) car. It's just about forty-two (42) miles from our place to Chicago.

When we got there we first went to the Field's Museum which is located just outside of the fair grounds near the entrance gate.

It is a big, beautiful building in which there are things you never get tired looking at. There are objects which the Indians used, as beads, baskets, tools, rugs, costumes and household utensils. Here are stuffed animals of every kind. There are also skeletons, snakes, turtles, fishes, etc. Down the basement there is a cafeteria, beautifully painted with black, and red lunch tables. It was very cool in there and the drinking water was cold.

Next we went to the Shedd aquarium which is out of the fair grounds too. In this building there are fish from all parts of the world. There are many different species of them and they vary in size. We saw fish from one-half inch in length to that of a whale.

In the afternoon we entered the fair grounds. Here we saw so much I could not possibly mention all. But I will tell you what I thought was the most interesting.

We saw the Sears and Roebuck building. Here was much advertising of furniture. There was displayed in the wall how stores were in colonial times

and how they advanced to what they are now. There was also a display of the colonial home with old time furniture and the modern home with modern furniture.

In the Italian building they were selling souvenirs of all kinds.

Next we went to the Hall of Science. We saw many interesting things. An usher showed us around, which was very kind of him. One of the things I thought best was the automatic typewriters. The lady was working two at a time. I don't understand how it was done, but she put the paper in the machine, typed the name and address herself, turned on the switch and the machine did the rest. In about one-half of a minute the letter was finished.

We also went in the Federal Building, Thomas Alva Edison's building and stopped at the Enchanted Island.

In the evening the fair grounds were the most beautiful. Every building was lighted up and of many different colored lights. The night was cool and on the lake people were riding lagoons. A man riding in one of the lagoons was playing an accordion. Everything was so wonderful that I could have stayed there forever.

I hope all will get to see the wonderful and beautiful sights I have seen and learn all I've learned from them.

Best wishes and a lot of luck.

**Marie Paver,**

7412 N. Broadway, Joliet, Ill.

### A TONGUE TWISTER

IF A Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot  
 To talk ere the tot could totter,  
 Ought the Hottentot tot  
 To be taught to say "aught"  
 Or "naught", or what ought to be  
 taught her?  
 If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot  
 Be caught by Hottentot tutor,  
 Should the tutor get hot if the Hotten-  
 tot tot  
 Hoot and toot at the Hootentot tutor?