

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

## Med hribi dežuje

**G**OSTI oblaki so zadelali vsa okna v svet,  
hribi so ždeli stisnjeni, kakor stare ženice,  
ki si pritegnejo kolena pod brado in razmišljajo  
o svoji osamelosti.

Tesnoba je lezla skupaj in se ožila v turobnem  
dolgočasju . . . popoldne šele so potrskale  
na tiha okna prve kaplje.

Narahlo spočetka, potem so pa bičale z besno jezo.  
Po vrtilih je med pritajenim strahom umiralo cvetje.

V grozečo temino so sekali bliski,  
po trgajočih se plasteh pod nebom se je valil grom.

Z nebrzdano silo je drvela voda v nižine,  
za njo so, kot za oračem, zevale brazde široke.

Stez ni bilo več; po potih so v mnogih stružicah žuboreli  
blatni potočki dežja.

\* \* \*

## Drug za drugim

**T**O JE zdaj kar po vseh hišah tako,  
da kakor odraščajo, drug za drugim gredo.  
Nekateri gre daleč, drugi blizu živi,  
a za vsemi ostaja praznota in niz  
enoličnih dni.

Matere čakajo pisem iz daljnih mest —  
očetje koraka, ki bo spet krenil med hribe  
z ravnih cest.

Saj borba za kruh je pač povsod enaka —  
nekje v sajastih hribih pa vedno  
gostoljubna hišica čaka — —

## Katrica in podgana

**DOBROSRČEN** star delavec je bil vzel k sebi nečakinjo, da bi mu opravljala hišna dela. A Katrica—tako je bilo deklici ime—je zanemarjala svoje dolžnosti. Kmalu je bila hišica od kleti do podstrešja vsa zanemarjena. Po kotih je ležal prah; tal ni nihče pomival, na stopnicah se je kopičila nesnaga. Stari delavec je pogosto prosil nečakinjo, naj vendar že pospravi hišo. Toda nečakinja je imela zmerom kakšen izgovor. Ker se je staremu možu sirota smilila, je potrpel. Ko pa že krožniki in skledje niso bile več čiste, je nekega dne poklical Katrico k sebi in resno dejal:

“Davi sem videl na stopnicah veliko podgano!”

“Kaj? Podgana je v hiši?” je zavpila Katrica. “Niti minute ne ostanem več tu!”

“Miruj!” je rekel stari mož in si pogladil brado. “Podgana ni lev. Podgana ljubi samo kraje, ki so zelo nesnažni. Čim bolj nesnažna je hiša, tem bolje se počuti grda žival. In razen tega—kam pa pojdeš, če greš odtod? K teti Mani?”

“Bu!” je vzkliknila Katrica in se strela. “Pri tej bi morala ves dan pomivati in pometati! To pa že ni zame!”

“Nu, vidiš” je rekel striček. “Poizkusiva torej, ali ne bi mogla pregnati podgane!”

“Kaj pa, če me ugrizne?” je vprašala Katrica.

“Stal bom pri tebi s samokresom!” se je zasmejal stric. “A prvo je, Katrica, da pospraviš nesnago, ki leži po hiši!”

In Katrica je šla in prinesla vroče vode, cunjjo in ščet. Z gorečo vnemo je najprej pospravila svojo sobico. Ko je minila ura, se je vsa svetila od snage. Nato je prišla na vrsto stričkova soba. Tu se je Katrica zelo bala, ker je v kotu prasketalo. A saj je stal striček z nabitim samokresom tik nje, pripravljen, da pri priči ustrelji podgano, ko bi se pokazala. Po sobi se je lotila ostalih prostorov in nazadnje še kleti. Tu se je Katrica posebno bala podgane. “Ali se upaš tudi tu ustreliti podgano?” je boječe vprašala strička.

“Nu,” je menil ta, “saj lahko stopim po lovca, da pride s puško!” Ko je pa Katrica videla nesnago, ki je kar v kupih ležala po kleti, je brž privolila, da ostane striček sam pri njej. Čez dve uri je bila klet pospravljena; s tal bi bila lahko jedla, tako čista so bila. In zgoraj pod streho je sijalo solnce v snažne, pospravljene kote. “Tako!” je nazadnje rekel striček in spet obesil samokres na steno. “Zdaj, mislim, se pri naju ne bo izlepa več pokazala podgana!”

“Le zakaj so te grde zveri na svetu?” je rekla Katrica—na tihem je bila pa vesela, ker je bilo vse tako lepo in snažno, tudi krožniki in lonci.

“Mislim, da tudi podgane časih koristijo človeku!” je odvrnil striček. Nato je skrnil obraz za knjigo in se namuznil. V resnici namreč sploh ni videl podgane! A zdaj je Katrica zmerom pazila na red in snago. S podganami ni hotela imeti več opravka.



Ina Slokanova:

## Zgodba o sreči

V KMETSKI bajti, v hribih nekje, je rodila mati sina. Ko ji je usahnilo mleko v prsah, ga je hranila s koruznim kruhom in svojo ljubeznijo in sin je rasel hitro, ko vitka jagnjed v bregu in ko je dvajsetič vzcvetela črešnja pred bajto, je nenadoma vprašal mater:

“Mati, povejte, kaj je sreča?”

Mati se je nasmehnila in ga z žuljavo roko pogladila po roki. Po laseh ga ni mogla več, ker jo je že zdavnaj prerasel. Rekla je:

“Kaj je sreča vprašuješ? Zame si sreča ti. Za drugačno srečo ne vem.”

Sin je zmajal z glavo. Nemir mu je gorel v očeh.

“Sreča mora biti nekaj čudovito lepega, sladko opojnega, nekaj, česar ne more razodeti najslajša beseda. Tu pri nas v hribih je ni. Sreča mora biti tam daleč, kjer se obzorje stika z zemljo, tam, kjer so mesta, velika, hrumeča. Mati, jaz pojdem iskat srečo!”

Žena je zadrhtela in sklonila glavo in zašepetala je tiho da jo je komaj čul: “Le pojdi, sinko moj!”

Še nižje je sklonila glavo, da ne bi videl solz v njenih očeh. Kajti sin pojde iskat svojo srečo, tega mu mati ne sme in ne more braniti.

Ko solze se je lesketala rosa na trati pred bajto, jagnjed v bregu je drhtela in materino srce je krvavelo, ko je odhajal. Toda jokala ni. Bila je mirna, udana. Ko ga je poslednjič objela, mu je želela:

“Poišči si srečo, sinko moj, najlepšo, najčudovitejšo srečo, ki jo ima svet!”

Gledala je za njim, dokler ga ni sinja dalja skrila v svojih koprenah. Potem pa je odšla v bajto in se razihtela.

Sin je pa romal po belih cestah, širokih, cesarskih, ob katerih so se belili kilometrski kamni, po ozkih blatnih poteh in časih tudi po poljskih kolovozih.

Končno je dospel v mesto.

“Kaj je sreča?” je vprašal prvega človeka, ki ga je srečal.

“Sreča je, če imaš službo,” je odvrnil možak.

Fant je začel iskati službo. Ves mesec je iskal, končno jo je dobil. Postal je vajenec v trgovini. Razvažal je blago strankam na dom. Prejemal je zaušnice od pomočnikov, toda sreča ni bila to. Pisal je materi: Dobil sem službo, a sreče še nisem našel.

Nekoč je vprašal tovariša v trgovini, kaj je sreča, in oni je dejal, da je sreča, če postane vajenec pomočnik.

Potem je štel dneve, tedne in mesece, kdaj postane pomočnik. Čas se je iztekkel, postal je pomočnik. Nič več ni vozil blaga po mestu in prejemal zaušnic. Ves dan je bil v trgovini in stregel kupcem. Plačo je dobival, da je plačeval stanovanje in hrano in še mu je ostalo, da je pošiljal materi in šel ob nedeljah v gledališče. Toda ali je bila to sreča? Ne, kvečjemu zadovoljstvo.

Spet je vprašal tovariša v trgovini, kaj je sreča in ta mu je odvrnil, da je sreča, če postane samostojen trgovec.

Začel je varčevati in nalagati denar v hranilnico. Ko je prihranil dovolj, je odprl trgovino. Imel je svoje pomočnike in vajece, bil je samostojen, a srečen ne.

“Le kaj je sreča?” se je vpraševal opuno, a odgovoriti si ni vedel.

Nekoč je srečal na cesti dekletce, majceno in drobceno. Stisnil ji je v roke srebrnik in jo vprašal, kaj je sreča.

Otrok je molčal in ga gledal začudeno. Ponovil je vprašanje in dekletce mu je odvrnilo smeje:

“Moja sreča je moja mamica!”

Obstal je prikovan. Dekletce je odbežalo. On pa ni videl ničesar. Njegove misle so romale po domačih holmih in obvisle na bajti, kjer sameva njegova mati.

Mati—mamica—sreča!

Kako preprosto je vse to, vendar se on tega ni mogel domisliti.

Še isti dan se je odpravil na pot. Vse v mestu je prodal. In ko je spet hodil po belih cestah, širokih, lepih, ob katerih so se belili kilometrski kamni, pa po blatnih poteh in poljskih kolovozih mu je bilo pri srcu toplo in tako čudovito lahko, kot nekoč davno, takrat, ko je pod domačo čršnjo sanjal svojo brezskrbno, lepo mladost.

Končno je priromal domov, na zeleni grič, kjer ga je pred bajto čakala mati. Sključena je bila že in stara, toda v očeh

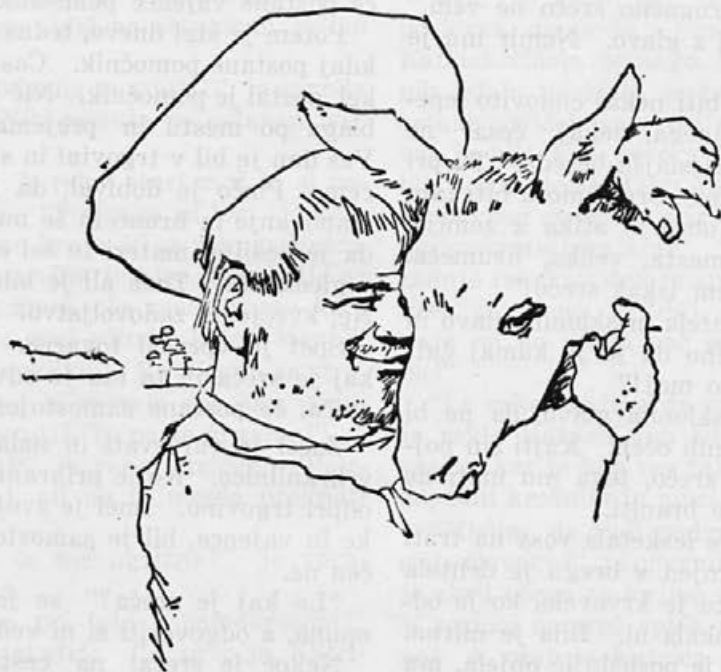
ji je gorela mladost. Z razprostrtimi rokami ji je pohitel v objem.

“Mati, mamica, končno sem našel srečo!”

“Kje jo imaš?” so vpraševale njene žareče oči in šepetale od sreče brezmočne ustne.

Sin pa jo je dvignil z močnimi rokami, kot da je majceno, nebogljeno dekletce, potem pa jo je stisnil k sebi močno in ji zašepetal na uho:

“Mamica, ti sama si sreča, najlepša, najčudovitejša sreča, ki mi jo more dati svet!”



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SANČO PANZA S SVOJIM PRIJATELJEM



# Kuharica

“OH, ANICA, kaj sem jaz dobila za god!” Tako je nagovorila Kramarjeva Betka svojo prijateljico. “Pridi k nam, v nedeljo pridi, pa boš videla.”

“Če bodo le mama pustili.”

“O, saj bodo.”

Betka je dobila za god celo kuhinjo: sploh vse, kar se rabi v kuhinji. Zares majhno ognjišče, skledice, piskrce in lep dar! Kako ga je bila pa tudi Betka vesela! Vsakemu ga je razkazovala, vsakemu pripovedovala, kaj bo skuhalo mami, pa atu, pa putkam, pa pinčetu in vsem drugim. Ko bo prišla Anica, to bo gledala svojo prijateljico, kako se suče okrog ognjišča, pa kako predstavlja piskrce, kako zna mešati in to in ono. Anici mora skuhati pa res nekaj posebno dobrega. Drugim kuha nalašč brez ognja, a ko pride Anica, takrat bo pa kuhala zares. Anica bo pa pomagala. Da bi že vendar enkrat prišla nedelja!

In prišla je. In tudi Anica je prišla v nedeljo popoldne.

“Anica, poglej!”

Z zanimanjem je ogledovala Anica lepo igračo. Kaj takega pa še ni videla. Betka ji hiti razkazovati svojo kuhinjo in ji z vso otroško učenostjo razlaga, čemu se rabi ta reč in ona.

“Anica, pojdi! Grevi ven; ne, gor greva, pod streho, boš videla, kako bo prijetno.”

“Tako! Sedaj pa le glej, Anica, kaj ti bom skuhalo. Vidiš, jajce. Moja putka ga je znesla. Pa malo vode imam tukaj, pa malo moke, vidiš, pa bo močnik.”

“Betka, kaj pa misliš? Saj ne boš mogla kuhati!”

“O, bom, bom, le počakaj.”

“Betka, nikar! Kar tako se igrava!”

A Betka pa ne posluša. Na vsak način hoče pokazati, kaj zna. Kuri in kuri, pa ne gre, nikakor noče zagoreti.

“O, ti pes ti, kako mi nagaja!” se za-

hučuje Betka. “Le čakaj, že vem, kaj bom naredila.”

Pa urno steče v kuhinjo, kjer imajo mama pripravljeno olje, da polijejo drva, kadar se nočejo vžgati — in na tihem izmakne posodo za olje.

“Tako, sedaj pa mora zagoreti.”

Z močnim plamenom res zagori olje. Kdo je bil tega bolj vesel kot Betka! Pridno se je sukala okrog svojega ognjišča — ali joj! — nesreča! Premalo previdna je bila, pa se ji je vnelo krilce. Anica je zakričala, Betka zavpila, da se je razlegalo po celi hiši.

“Mama, ojej! Mama!”

Betka je stekla, Anica pa za njo. Iz hiše so pritekli mama in se neustrašeno in z vso silo vrgli na bežečo Betko. S težavo so pogasili ogenj, ali Betka je morala v posteljo.

“Ti nesrečni otrok ti,” so tožili mama, “kaj si pa vendar počela! Jože, hitro pod streho!” zakličejo hlapcu.

“An- Anici sem mislila skuhati močnika, pas- pa sem se opepekla,” je pripovedovala Betka med jokom in ihtenjem.

“Kaj pa vendar misliš! Poglej, kaj bi se bilo zgodilo! Ti bi se bila kmalu ponesrečila, hiša bi bila pogorela, če bi ne bili pravočasno zvedeli. Otroci, otroci, kakšne križe nam delate!”

S solznimi očmi se je Anica ločila od trpeče Betke. A še bolj žalostna je bila naslednji dan, ko je zvedela, da mora njena prijateljica v bolnišnico.

Šest dolgih tednov je bila tam.

“Anica, jutri grem pa po Betko. Sedaj je pa že zdrava.”

“Kako dolgo je že ni domov. O, da o le res prišla. Meni je že tako dolgčas!”

Drugi dan popoldne je že objela Anica svojo prijateljico, in zopet je bila vsa hiša polna igrač.

“Ali, da mi ne pozabita: Ogenj ni igrača!” so opomnili mama. Pa skoro ni bilo treba praviti; nesreča že sama izuči človeka.

J. E. B.

## Pravljica o šivilji in škarjicah

ŽIVELA je v starih časih v nekem gradu mlada, nedolžna in zelo prijazna deklica Bogdanka. Bila je šivilja in služila je grajski gospe. Nekega dne je ravno šivala v svoji tihi sobici, ki je imela okence na vrt. Sama je bila; zato jo je začel napadati dolgočas, dasi je imela dela čez glavo. No, ko je tako vbadala in vlekla, merila in rezala, ji je prišlo v glavo polno čudnih misli in želja. "Kaj, ko bi imela take škarjice, da bi se jim samo reklo:

*Škarjice, hrustalke,  
po rumeni mizi bežite,  
jopico mi urežite!*

pa da bi me poslušale, če bi jim pa dejala:

*Škarjice, hrustalke,  
zdaj se pa ustavite,  
zdaj pa v kot se spravite!"*

pa da bi se takoj ustavile, to bi bilo lepo!" je dejala sama pri sebi, pa vendar tako, da jo je lahko slišal tudi kdo drug. Kakor je to izgovorila, je priletela na vejico pred okencem drobna ptica in zapela:

*"Oj Bogdanka,  
kar si prosila,  
to si dobila!"*

Ko je deklica to slišala, se je tako ustrašila, da se je zbodla v prstek. Ko pa si ga je obvezovala s platencem in z belo nitjo, je odletela čudna ptičica. To je bilo Bogdanki žal, ko je nič več zagledala! Kako rada bi bila še enkrat čula tiste besede od drobne ptice! Toda ptičice ni bilo od nikoder več. "Čakaj," si je mislila deklica, "hočem pa vendarle poskusiti, kar je dejala ptica!" In hitro je zaščebetala:

*"Škarjice, hrustalke,  
po rumeni mizi bežite,  
jopico mi urežite!"*

In glej ga spačka! Škarjice-hrustalke so se vzdignile in jele rezati belo platno na mizi. Obračale so se hitro kakor kača in rezale tako natančno, da se deklica ni mogla načuditi. In ko je bilo urezano vse platno na mizi, so skočile na skrinjo, da bi tudi tam pričele svoje delo. Toda deklica jim je brzo zaklicala:

*"Škarjice, hrustalke,  
zdaj pa se ustavite,  
zdaj pa v kot se spravite!"*

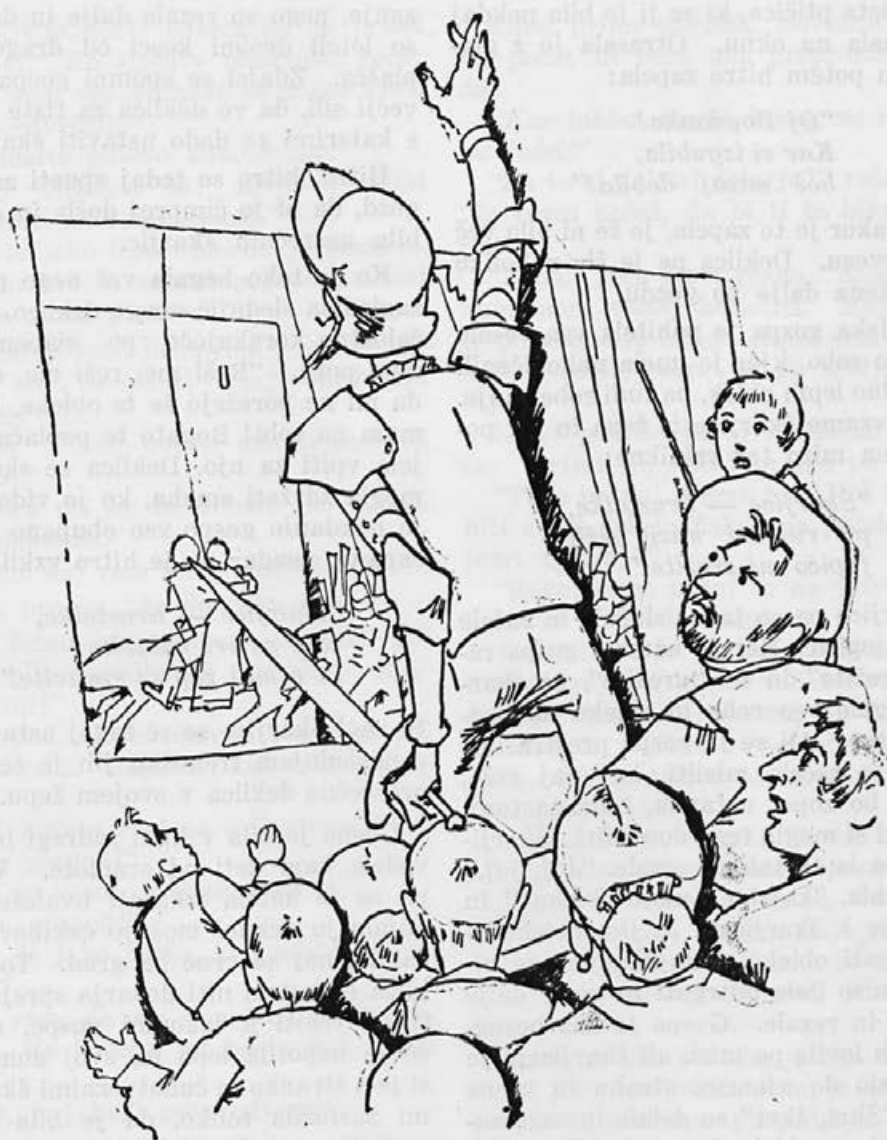
In precej so bile pri miru in so ležale lepo v kotu in niti genile se niso.

To pa to! si je mislila Bogdanka vsa srečna in vesela. Kaj bi ne bila? Zdaj ji ni bilo treba polovico toliko delati kolikor poprej. Ona je samo šivala, rezale so pa škarjice same. Tudi grajska gospa je bila odslej dosti bolj zadovoljna ž njo in kar načuditi se ni mogla, kako more Bogdanka obleko narediti tako lepo natančno in vendar tako hitro. Pride torej nekega dne k njej in reče: "Kako je to, ljuba moja Bogdanka, da zdaj vse tako natančno urežeš in tako hitro sešiješ, saj prej si potrebovala vedno več časa?"

"Seveda sem ga," ji odgovori deklica nedolžno, "saj prej pa tudi nisem imela takih škarjic."

"Kakšnih škarjic?" jo vpraša gospa radovedno. In Bogdanka ji vse pove po pravici, kako je prosila takih škarjic, ki bi same rezale, in kako jih je potem dobila. Nato hoče gospa videti škarjice, kako režejo. Ko jih pa vidi, jih hoče dobiti na vsak način od deklice. In ko jih ne more niti izhuda, niti izlepa izprositi in Bogdanka denarja neče sprejeti zanje, jo gospa izpodi iz gradu, škarjice pa ji vzame.

Vsa žalostna in potrta je šla deklica iz gradu in objokavala svojo nesrečo. Pot jo je vodila skozi teman gozd. Ko tako hodi in hodi med visokim drev-



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DON KIHOT NASKOČI LUTKOVNI ODER

jem, zdajci zasliši nad seboj znano pe-tje. Ozre se kvišku, in koga zagleda? Na drobni vejici nad deklico se je zibala tista ptičica, ki se ji je bila nekdanj prikazala na oknu. Otresala je z glavico in potem hitro zapela:

*"Oj Bogdanka!  
Kar si izgubila,  
boš nazaj dobila!"*

In kakor je to zapela, je že ni bilo več na drevesu. Deklica pa je šla nekoliko potolažena dalje po gozdu.

Grajska gospa je pohitela vsa vesela v svojo sobo, kjer je imela nakopičenih vse polno lepih oblek, pa tudi robe zanje. Hitro vzame škarjice iz žepa in jih postavi na mizo ter vzklikne:

*"Škarjice — hrustalke,  
po rumeni mizi bežite,  
jopiao mi zrežite!"*

Škarjice pa so takoj slušale in začele rezati jopico. Ker je namreč gospa rekla "zrežite" in ne "urežite", so škarjice trgale vso robo in obleko na drobne kosce. Ali se je gospa prestrašila! Hitro je začela misliti, kaj naj reče, da jih bo zopet ustavila, toda zastonj. Ni in ni si mogla tega domisliti. Škarjice so pa le škrtale in rezale. "Joj, joj," je stokala, "kaj bo z mojo obleko?" In hitela je k škarjicam in jim poizkušala iztrgati obleko, toda škarjice se nikakor niso dale odtrgati in so le dalje škrtale in rezale. Gospa je kar besnela in jih lovila po mizi, ali škarjicam je bilo malo do njenega strahu in njene jeze. "Škrt, škrt" so delale in razrezale skoraj vso obleko, kar je je bilo v sobi. Ko pa več ni bilo obleke, so se spravile kar na dragoceni plašč, ki je bila vanj ogrnjena gospa, in so jele rezati še njega. Zdaj, zdaj je bila šele gospa

v strahu, kaj bo! Kakor brezumna je begala po gradu in otresala hudobne škarjice, toda še zmenile se niso za otresanje, nego so rezale dalje in dalje, da so leteli drobni kosci od dragocenega plašča. Zdajci se spomni gospa v največji sili, da ve deklica za tiste besede, s katerimi se dado ustaviti škarjice.

Hitro, hitro se tedaj spusti za njo v gozd, da bi jo čimprej došla in se iznebila nesrečnih škarjic.

Ko je tako begala več nego pol ure, zagledala slednjič ubogo deklico, tiho in žalostno korakajočo po slabem gozdnem potu. "Reši me, reši me, deklica, da mi ne porežejo še te obleke, ki jo imam na sebi! Bogato te poplačam!" je jela vpiti za njo. Deklica se skoraj ni mogla zdržati smeha, ko je videla svojo nekdanjo gospo vso obupano in razcapano, vendar pa je hitro vzkliknila:

*"Škarjice — hrustalke,  
zdaj se brž ustavite  
in v moj žep se spravite!"*

In res! Škarjice so se takoj ustavile, in v naslednjem trenutku jih je že imela presrečna deklica v svojem žepu.

Gospa je bila v hudi zadregi in se ni vedela kam deti od sramote. Vendar pa se je hotela izkazati hvaležno. Ponužala je deklici mošnjo cekinov in jo vabila, naj se vrne na grad. Toda deklica ni hotela niti denarja sprejeti, niti se vrniti k lakomni gospe, ampak se je napotila lepo na svoj dom, kjer si je s šivanko in čudotvornimi škarjicami zaslužila toliko, da je bila kmalu najbolj premožna deklica v vsej okolici. Ali ostala je vedno dobra ter je storila ljudem veliko dobrega, saj je imela s čim.

Dragotin Kette.



## Koristen svet

K SLOVEČEMU odvetniku je prišel kmet. Ko stopi v pisarnico, reče: "Prišel sem vas vprašat za dober svet, gospod odvetnik."

"O, imate gotovo kako tožbo."

"Jaz! Nikakor ne! Živim v veliki prijaznosti z vsemi sosedi."

"To je jako lepo. Morda se boste oženili in hočete zaradi pogodbe slišati mnenje moža postave?"

"Oženjen sem, in najina pogodba obstoji v tem, da otroci nekaj podedujejo po naju."

"Prav. Potem hočete menda narediti oporoko."

"Dobro mi je, in nimam nič posebnega zapustiti."

"S čim naj vam torej postrežem?"

"No, prosim vas dobrega sveta."

"Pa čemu, ker nimmate narediti niti tožbe, niti pogodbe ali oporoke? Razložite mi!"

"Gospod, sloveč človek ste, mož dobrega sveta. Dajte mi kak svet pismo-10."

"Ali hočete svet za prihodnost?"

"Da, gospod!"

"Pa ne veste za kakšno stvar?"

"Ne, gospod!"

"To je jako težko, kar zahtevate od mene."

"O, vem, da ste sloveč odvetnik, gospod! Če hočete, mi boste dali dober svet."

"No, naj bo," reče odvetnik.

Premišlja pet minut. Potem zapiše na list nekaj vrstic in spravi papir v zavitek. Kmet se zahvali odvetniku in mu posili odšteje tri dolarje. Nato se vesel napoti domov.

"Žena", reče, ko se vrne, "dobro sem opravil. Ko sem bil v mestu, sem šel k slovečemu odvetniku in ga prosil sveta. To me je stalo tri dolarje, pa bo nama, upam, v veliko korist. Glej, tu je."

"Svet", reče žena, "čemu?"

"Boš že videla."

Kmet prime zavitek, slovesno prelo-mi pečat in bere tele preproste besede:

"Kar lahko storiš dames, ne odlašaj na jutri!"

"Za to si dal tri dolarje?" reče žena. "In čemu hočeš, da bi ti to bilo v korist?"

"Žena," reče kmet resno, "dober svet nam more vselej koristiti. Moje seno je pokošeno in suho. Hotel sem ga domov spraviti jutri, pa ga speljem no-coj."

Kmet pokliče takoj služinčad in re-če: "Prijatelji, nocoj gremo po seno!"

"Tako pozno! Čemu to? Noč nas do-hiti sredi dela! Zakaj ne počakate do jutri zjutraj?"

"Rekel sem: nocoj in ne jutri. Na-prezimo konje in naprej!"

V četrť ure je vse pripravljeno. Vo-zovi drdrajo po vasi z velikim ropotom. Ljudje stopijo k oknom, da bi videli mimoidoče. Hkratu pogledujejo proti nebu. Bilo je vedro, le tupatam prepre-ženo z oblački.

"Zakaj gre vendar ta človek tako po-zno po seno?" vprašujejo posmehoma.

Kmet se ne zmeni za to, dela poleg svojih delavcev, da jim daje pogum z besedo in zgledom. Vozovi so naloženi. Delavci so se segreli, znoj jim teče s čela.

Ko se je bilo znočilo, je bilo vse kon-čano. Pet voz, polnih sena, je stalo pod kozolcem pridnega gospodarja.

Že začne kapati dež, pride nalive in de-bele kaplje bijejo po strehah. Vso noč je lilo. Seno poljedelcev je voda odpla-vila. Namesto sena so se svetile široke luže.

Kmet zopet vzame v roke odvetnikov svet, ga prebere vnovič, ga prilepi na zid ter reče:

"No, žena, sedaj vidiš, da dobrega sveta ne smemo prezirati. Zapišimo si ga v spomin! Obvaroval nas je velike izgube."

Fr. Jordan.

A.P.K.:

## Astra

NA VRTU starega vrtnarja-botanika so rasle nenavadno bujne, široko-liste astre in mala, lepa nečakinja botanikova je zaprosila:

“Daj mi eno, striček! Vsadila jo bom na najlepšem kraju in bom skrbela zanj kot za nobeno drugo cvetko na svojem vrtu.”

Stari botanik je ljubil svojo kodrola-so nečakinjo in če je le mogel, je ustregel slednji njeni želji. Sklonil se je torej zdaj h gredici aster ter skrbno izruval najlepšo izmed njih.

“Tu jo imaš, Astrica moja, in glej da boš pazila nanjo kakor si obljubila. Vedi, s trudom mnogih let sem jih ustvaril, te žlahtne astre, in kdo ve, če ni ravno ta, ki ti jo podarjam, tista, katera bo vzela nase barvo, ki sem jo želel podati in videti vsaj na eni od mojih izbrank.”

“Nič ne skrbi, striček,” je vznčičeno zagotavljala Astrica, toda stric botanik še ni bil povedal vsega. Dvignil je roko, kakor za svečan nagovor, in nadaljeval:

“Pomni, dragica, da sem dal v dar prijateljem in svojcem že najdražje in najžlahtnejše cvetlice s te in drugih gred. Ali malo, prav malo od njih se je izkazalo vrednih mojega daru. Pustili so, da jim je moj dar uničil mrčes, plevel, suša ali moča. In ničesar niso bili sami krivi. — Poparjeni in presenečeni so mi prišli tožit o nesreči s cvetko in so prosili za drugo. Velike obljube so delali — ali, Astrica, jaz podarim tak dar samo enkrat, in ti, dasi si mi draga, ne boš izjema. Pojdi torej in vzgoji žlahtni cvet, tvoj striček, stvaritelj čuda, ki ga držiš v roki, bo nestrpnost čakal prvega cveta tvoje astre.”

“In ga bo videl!” je vzkliknilo dekletce, “lepega, najlepšega od vseh, kar jih je kdaj skrižal v barvi in lepoti.”

Kakor srnica je odrzela po širokem vrtu k svojim gredicam in vsadila astro na najizbranejši, obsolnčni gredi. In potem je vstajala vsaki dan s prvimi žarki solnca, da je skrbela za dragoceni dar. V mali kanglici je donášala astri vode, da so lahko krepko rasli lepi listi, z votlo gobico pa je vsenaokrog napravšila zemljo in zelenje, da je zaprla mrčesu pot do krasotice, ki se je pod toliko nego naglo bohotila v čudovito rastlino.

Ljudje, ki so hodili mimo vrta, so kmalu opazili nenavadno astro in so z dekletcem vred težko čakali, da se odpre astrin prvi cvet. Priporočali so se za seme žlahtne rastline še preden se je pokazalo popje izza listov.

Astrica je bila presrečna in ponosna. Začutila je, kakor da je prelepa cvetka na njeni gredi nekaj, kar mora vzgojiti in ohraniti za vse, ki so z ljubeznijo in občudovanjem postali solastniki njenega daru. Njej je bila dana častna naloga, da odgoji rožo do dozoritve, do semena, ki naj bi vzkliklo potem v postoterjeni lepoti na mnogih vrtnih gredah.

Podvojila je svojo nego, vstajala je še bolj zgodaj in prst je rahljala s prstki, ker se je bala, da ne bi lopatica ranila dragocenega soka nosečih korenin. Njeno oko je radostno opazovalo polagoma se razvijajoči prvi cvet. Z veliko nado v srcu je slednji dan gledala, kako se pogloblja barva na oprezno se odpirajočih cvetnih lističih.

“Bodi rdeča, škrlatasto rdeča, kakršno bi rad striček,” je ponavljala Astrica tako dolgo, da jo je lepega solnčnega jutra zares pozdravil z grede srčni krvi enak cvet. In cvetni lističi so bili dolgi kakor krizantemski. Dekletce je hitelo k stricu-botaniku:

“Striček, čuj! moja astra cvete. In lepa je, na vsem svetu ji ni enake. Poj-



PASTIRICA



VODNE LILJE

di, hiti, da vidiš njeno žarko lepoto, kako se kopa v srebru mehke rose."

Stari botanik se je nasmehnil. Njegov zguban obraz je bil ves jasen, ko je, držeč malo nečakinjo za roko, tekkel prožnih korakov po vrtni poti, da vidi sad svojega truda. In ko je ugledal žarki cvet, je strmel vanj z radostjo stvaritelja, ki je dolgo iskal tajna pota do delavnic narave, ki slika in oblikuje s tiho preciznostjo velikega mojstra. Obrnil se je do male nečakinje in dejal:

"Nevede, draga mala, sem ti izročil najlepšo, najbolj težko pričakovano astro, za katero sem se mučil leta in leta. Zdaj je v tvojih rokah, ti moraš skrbeti, da dozori v njenih cvetih seme, sicer bo kljub vsemu vsa tvoja nega brezplodna."

"Ne bo, striček, ne bo," je vzkliknilo dekletce, "ohraniti jo hočem zase, zate in za vse, ki so se mi priporočili za žlahtno seme."

"Kako zelo ti želim uspeha", je rekel smehljaje sivi vrtnar in odhajajoč pobožal nečakinjo po vedrih licih.

Mala je ostala pri svoji astri in uživala njen kras z mimoidočimi vred. Radovednim malčkom je dovolila, da so jo pogledali čisto od blizu in se z drobnimi prstki dotaknili njene sočne lepote.

In medtem, ko je kraljeval vrh zelenih listov prvi cvet, so od močnega stebela pognali novi cvetovi in vzbujali zopet novo občudovanje.

Astrica je nego potrojila.

Ali vendar zazdelo se ji je, kakor da je astra nenadno pričela bledeti. Hitela je k stricu-botaniku.

"Astra blede, striček, daj mi zdravil, bolna mora biti."

Novica je potrla vrtnarja.

"Sam pojdem do nje," je dejal.

Z magičnimi praški je hodil do nje dan za dnevom, a astra je hirala naglo, kakor da bi ji bil vbрызgnjen strup. Praški, ki so rešili življenje stoterim cvet-

kam, niso mogli rešiti čudovite astre. Njeni prekrasni cveti so se v jutru svoje pomladi nagnili v smrt.

Astrica je bila žalostna. Kakor težka krivda je legla na njeno bitje moreča zavest, da ni mogla dovršiti svoje naloge, izpolniti dane obljube. Zdelo se ji je, da ji bodo vsi mimoidoči gledali očitaajoče v obraz, ker jim je, četudi nehote, odvzela up na lepe gredice, polne rdečih aster . . .

Najhuje je pa bilo to, da je bila astra baš tista, za katero se je trudil stricbotanik toliko let — vse njegovo delo je bilo zdaj brezplodno. Tožno je sklonila deklica glavo in s tresočo roko potegnila močno stebelce iz rahle prsti. S prsti je grebla po koreninah in zemlji, da bi našla sled za uničevalcem. Toda nikjer ni bilo sledu za vzrokom smrti njene nenavadne astre.

"Bolna je bila", je zaključila Astrica in držeč zvenelo rastlino v rokah, podzavedno preklala stebelce na dvoje. V tistem hipu se ji je razjasnila zagonetna skrivnost smrti rdeče astre — na gredico je padel debel, pisan črv.

Grenek nasmeh je šinil preko dekličinih ustnic. Spoznala je, da je medtem, ko je ona negovala astro na zunaj, uničeval njeno delo pisan črv na znotraj. Potrta je zopet hitela k stricu vrtnarju in mu povedala o svojem odkritku. Botanik se je začudil:

"Glej, vsa ta leta sem sestavljal praške za sovražnike, ki napadajo moje cvetke na zunaj, na notranje nisem mislil. — Pusti me zdaj, Astrica moja, šel bom na delo in ne bom nehal prej, da odkrijem sredstvo, ki bo pregnalo tudi skrite, notranje sovražnike lepote in žlahtnosti."

— Mladenki se je žalost razblinila, zakaj vedela je, da bo striček izvedel svoj načrt, in na njenih gredah bodo zopet cvetele kot srčna kri rdeče krasotice astre.





## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

### DRAGI "KOTIČKARJI!"

*Uspeli smo! Naša skupna želja — vaša in moja — se je uresničila! Mladinski list za september ste prejeli že sredi meseca! Prepričan sem, da se je zgodnja dostava M. L. dopadla vsem — meni seveda najbolj.*

*Upam, da vas bom s to številko M. L. še bolj veselo presenetil. Poskrbel bom, da bo v vaših rokah že PRVE dni v oktobru! To je tudi napredek, kaj?! Zato pa se moramo potruditi vsi skupaj — vi z dopisi in jaz z izdajo M. L. — da bo list izhajal redno okrog prvega vsakega meseca. To se prav lahko zgodi. In se MORA zgoditi! Točnost je VSELEJ na mestu; zakaj ne bi bila tudi PRI NAS? Treba je medsebojnega sodelovanja. Napnimo naše skupne moči, tako bo Mladinski List točen v vseh ozirih!*

*Šolski zvonec je spet zapel! In kako živo udarja njegov glas na naša ušesa! Vse drevi v šolo. Vsa mladež je na nogah. Kako veselo, razposajeno in nagajivo je okrog šolskega poslopja! Kakor vrabci se otroci veselo pogovarjajo in čivkajo. Zabave in veselja, prerekanja in nagajanja ni konca ne kraja. Na deželi ali v mestu — ni dosti razlike, le število se razlikuje. Okrog mestnih šol je na stotine deklic in dečkov; okrog podeželskih šol se šolarji v manjšem številu prav tako veselo zabavajo.*

*Pomnite, da je MLADINSKA KAMPANJA S. N. P. J. še vedno v veljavi! Potrudite se, da bodo vsi vaši prijateljčki in prijateljčice vpisane v vaše društvo SNPJ!*

—UREDNIK.

### Treba je začeti!

Dragi urednik!—Že dolgo časa sem mislil, da bom tudi jaz napisal kratek dopis za Mladinski list. Sedaj sem se odločil in ga napisal.

Jaz sem mlad član društva št. 153 SNPJ. Člana sta tudi moja dva brata

in sestra Mary. Ona je še majhna. Stara je šele 6 let.

V tem mestu nas je malo Slovencev. Zelo prijetno je tukaj.

Leta 1929 sem prišel iz starega kraja. Moj rojstni kraj je Prem na Notranjskem. Sedaj tam gospodarijo Italijani.



Pa kako gospodarijo! Slovence zatirajo, da je kaj.

Nikdar prej nisem imel časa (si ga nisem vzel), da bi kaj napisal za M. L. Sedaj, kakor vidite, sem se pa končno odločil. To sem hotel že večkrat storiti. Samo hoteti ne pomaga; treba je začeti in izvršiti.

Zadnjega marca sem bil zelo bolan. Bil sem na operaciji. V bolnišnici sem ostal 14 dni. Potem mi je šlo na bolje. In s kakim veseljem sem pričakoval dneva, ko bom šel lahko ribe lovit. Joj, to je bilo moje veselje, ko je prišel! Se večje veselje pa je bilo v tem, ker sem jih nalovil večje število. Dan za dnem sem ribe lovil. Mama se je jezila, ker je bilo treba ribe čistiti.

Sedaj smo že spet v šolski dobi. Pochtice so naglo minile. Z bratom in dvema tovarišema delamo in pripravljamo zimsko hišico, precej veliko. Vanjo bomo šli ob zimskih večerih. Bo velika. V nji bomo imeli precej pohištva. Moja mama nam bo dala lepo peč. Tovariš Steve zna dobro kuhati. To bo za nas, da bomo dobro jedli!

Moj brat Ivan ni za to. Njemu ni za našo hrano. On rajše je doma. Naj povem še to, da smo tisto hišico postavili na vrtu Stevovih staršev. Je na lepem prostoru. Zelo rad bi videl, da bi

prišla moja teta iz Coverdale, Pa., pogledat našo hišico, pa tudi kdo drugi.

Za sedaj naj bo zadosti, da ne bo vse skupaj v koš zletelo. Pozdravljam vse šolarje!

Mirko Nemeč,  
1156 Brittain st., Youngstown, O.

\* \*

### Frankie bo še pisal

Dragi urednik!—Menda mi ni treba praviti, da nisem že dolgo nič napisal za Mladinski List. Sedaj pa sem se namenil, da spet nekaj napišem v "Kotiček."

Te dni sem koruzo sekal pa travo kosil. Veste, sedaj imam bicikelj in se vozim povsod okrog. Zadnjič sem šel na Gross, Kans., da sem videl baseball game. Pa sem pustil, da so se drugi otroci vozili na njem. Ko sem se vrnil, je prav malo manjkalo, da nisem bil doma tepen.

Taka vročina je bila zadnje poletje tukaj, da je v okraju Crawford dosegla nov rekord. Ne vem kako vroče je bilo, ker sem delal. Pomagal sem nekemu farmarju. Delal sem maslo in zvečer sem molzel krave.

Tisti kontest v M. L. zadnje zimo je tudi mene razdražil in ujezil. Seveda zato še vseeno ljubim dobro mater SNPJ in M. L.

Začenja se spet šola. Spet bo treba romati v šolo vsak dan. Vseeno bo dovolj časa, da se bom lahko oglasil v "Kotičku." Sedaj še ne vem, kam bom hodil v šolo. Mislím, da bom šel v Arcadijo. Lani sem hodil v Mulberry. Takrat smo zaštrajkali, ker niso učitelji dobili plače. Štrajk je trajal en teden.

Letos bom šel v tretji razred v srednjo ali high šolo.

Na Labor day smo imeli piknik blizu Arme. Imeli smo se dobro.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Frankie Johnnie Potochnik,  
R. 1, Box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

## V Minnesoti je mnogo jezer

Cenjeni urednik!—Večkrat sem hotel pisati za Mladinski List. A zame je to težko. Slovensko se šele učim. Star sem 10 let in sem v 5. razredu v šoli.

Ko to pišem, dne 28. avg., imamo še počitnice. A gredo že h koncu. Kako hitro so minile! Posebno meni.

Dne 2. julija nas je obiskala teta, Mrs. J. Baraga, iz Milwaukee, Wis. Z njo sta bila njena dva otroka, Rosemary in Lenard. Kako smo bili vsi veseli, ker se že dolgo nismo videli.

Ker je zadnje poletje bila huda vročina, smo se vedno držali kje pri jezerih. Tukaj je mnogo jezer. Prirejali smo piknike. V jezerih smo se kopali in hladili. Voda je bila hladna. Vse prehitro je minil čas počitnic. Pa saj bo spet kmali drugo leto, zima, pomlad in spet—poletje.

Za danes naj zadostuje. Upam, da boste popravili moje napake. Oglasil se bom spet prihodnji mesec.

Alojzij (Louis) Novak,  
član društva 322 SNPJ,  
801 W. 4th tve., Chisholm, Minn.

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## Olga spet piše

Dragi urednik!—V predzadnji številki Mladinskega Lista sem videla vaš opomin, kaj je vendar z deklicami, da se tako malo oglašajo z dopisi. Res je čudno, da so tako redki.

Jaz sem izostala odkar sem bila bolna. To je bilo prve dni marca. Od takrat se nisem več dobro počutila. V šolo sem hodila, ali nič preveč z veseljem. V zgodnji pomladi sem se prehladila in prehlada se nisem mogla iznebiti skoro do koncem avgusta.

Tudi počitnic nisem letos skoro nič uživala radi neprestanega kihanja. Letos sem se šla kopat k jezeru štirikrat. Sedaj pa, ko sem ozdravila, je pa že zopet zapel šolski zvonec. Pa nič zato, saj rada hodim v šolo, posebno le-

tos, ker sem začela pohajati Junior High.

Mislím, da vsi učenci radi izpremenijo šolo, ker se veselijo kaj novega. Jaz sem v 8 B razredu in torej novinka. Oh, in kako se drugi spotikajo ob nas in nas kličejo "Little 8 B's." Nekateri imajo tudi sitnosti, da se izgubijo ali pa zaidejo v kateri drugi razred in potem seveda takoj nastane zmešnjava.

Jaz se zelo veselim telovadbe, vezanja in šivanja, dasi sem videla dosti šivanja doma, ker sem celo poletje pridno pomagala mami.

Videla sem poziv v "Našem kotičku," naj pomagamo in dobimo novih članov, ali žal, tukaj v Scrantonu nam ni mogoče, ker naših naseljencev, pravih Slovencev, je le kakšnih pet ali šest družbin, kateri pa že vsi spadajo k SNPJ. Zato pa tudi nimamo več društvenih veselíc.

Pozdrav!

Olga Vogrin,  
Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

## Brezmiselne šale

Dragi urednik!—Počitnice so minile in šola je odprla svoje duri. Jaz pa jo pridno obiskujem in zopet drgnem nove klopi.

Sedaj ne hodim več sam. Imam tovarišico, mojo sestrico. Seveda to po-



meni več knjig, katere je treba nositi. Zraven pa malo popazim, da jo kateri "patrol boy" ne odpravi na elevator ali pa v "rain pipe," ker to je šolar-ska navada, da radi ponagajajo no- vincem.

Pripetilo se je že, da so poslali ne- kega učenca v "supply elevator" za ka- feterijo in je skoraj revežu zmečkalo glavo. Take "šale" so v resnici beda- ste in se bi morale prepovedati.

Novic nimam nič. Z delom tukaj v Scrantonu je bilo preteklo poletje zelo slabo. Tudi moj oče je imel par tednov "počitnic".

Hvala Vam, urednik, ker ste tako pridno in zgodaj poslali Mladinski List. Jaz sem ga prejel že 15. sept.

Pozdrav!

Felix Vogrin,

2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.



Manica:

## Kaj je imel na glavi

"Očka Komajnarjev, povejte nam po dolgem času kaj lepega!"

"Dobro, pa povem!"

Janez Kozoder je šel v mesto, da si kupi pokrivalo. Ker je imel slučajno nekaj več cvenka v žepu kot navadno, se je hotel dobro založiti, da bo vsaj ne- kaj časa mir. In res, kupil je klobuk, slamnik in še čepico po vrhu. Vse troje je potem nesel v roki. Med potjo je mi- slil in tuhtal, s čim naj se pokrije.

"Klobuk"—tako je ugibal sam pri se- bi—"je najbolj gorak, slamnik je najlep- ši in najbolj viden, a čepica—ta je pa najelegantnejša. Za zlomka, kaj naj vendar poveznem na glavo . . .?"

Tako je premišljal Kozoder in še le po dolgem kolebanju se je odločil.

"No, otroci, kdo ugane, kaj je imel Kozoder na glavi, ko je prišel domov?"

"Klobuk!"

"Ne!"

"Slamnik!"

"Ne!"

"Čepico!"

"Ne!"

"Kaj pa potem?"

"Kaj neki—lase!"

Oj ti presneti navihanec, očka Ko- majnarjev!





# JUVENILE



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## A Mother's Gain and Loss

By RUTH ARONIN

**A** MOTHER is peacefully sitting and knitting;  
The baby is contented with his toys.  
She smiles at him,  
The sweater is ready for the first fitting.

Months turn into years and the sweater is now too small,  
For now the baby has grown handsome and tall.  
From day to day the mother sees her child grow into  
manhood,

And she beams on everyone.  
For not everyone is blessed with so wonderful a son.

News has come that a war has broken out.  
The people are terrified, they protest and they shout. . . .  
The women are screaming, fainting, turning hot and cold,  
For their boys and their men are forced to go,  
Whether they like it or not.

And so the mother, heartbroken and without anyone's  
concern,

Knows that her son may never return.  
Night after night, she pictures her son at the front,  
Bombs, shells, guns and blood . . . Oh, what a taunt!

Her placid eyes close, and her heart stops to beat;  
Her body is limp, outstretched are her feet.  
A messenger walks slowly up the door,  
But as he enters the room, he is shocked to see the mother  
lying on the floor.

He looks at her dead body,  
And is glad the news she couldn't learn . . .  
For if she had, she'd have known  
That her son would never return.

# The Marvelous Pot

By J. C. Bay

OUT WHERE the land was poor there stood a small cottage. The roof was so low that one could hardly see it from the road. In this cottage lived a man and his wife. They were so poor that they couldn't afford to keep more than one cow and yet they were honest and worthy. Times became worse and worse, and they sold their furniture and lived on the bare floor. An ugly old man in town bought their poor little things, but refused to pay for them—that was his way of treating poor people. He cheated them, too, by putting saw dust in the flour that he sold them, and he took their very last cent for sugar so mixed with salt it would not sweeten anything.

The poor people didn't know what to do, for their children had to go hungry. At last they made up their minds to sell the cow, and the man started for town leading Bossy by a rope. As he walked along the road, a stranger hailed him, and asked if he wanted to sell the cow.

"I'll take twenty dollars for her," answered the man.

"All my money is gone," said the stranger, "but look here—I have a little thing, which is worth more than twenty dollars. Here is a pot. I'll give you that for the cow."—And he pulled forth an old iron pot with three legs and a handle.

"A pot!" said the poor man. "What good would that do me and my family when we have nothing to put into it? Do you think one gets anything out of a pot without putting something into it?"

Just then the three-legged pot began to talk.

"Take me! Take me!" it said. "I'll get food enough for you and all your family."

When the poor man heard this, he thought that if the pot could speak it

might do even more. So he closed the bargain, took the pot, and brought it home.

When he returned to the cottage he first went to the stall where the good old cow had stood, for he was sorry that he had lost her. He then tied the pot where the cow had been, and went on into the house.

"Did you sell the cow?" asked his wife.

"I did," said he.

"That is well," remarked the wife. "The money you got will last a long time, if we can get some honest flour and sugar of the rich merchant."

Then the man had to confess that he had received no money for the cow.

"Dear me" said the woman. "What did you get, then?"

He told her to go and look in the stall. When the wife saw the iron pot she scolded her husband roundly.

"What a blockhead!" she cried. "Why didn't I take the cow to town myself! I never heard of such foolishness—to sell a good cow for an old iron pot."

"Clean me and put me on the fire!" cried the pot all at once.

The woman was dumb for wonder.

"Can—can you speak?" A-a-are you alive?" she asked at last.

"Come and see!" said the pot.

So the woman took the pot, scrubbed and cleaned it, and put it on the fire.

"I skip, I skip!" cried the pot.

"How far do you skip?" asked the woman.

"To the rich man's house, to the rich man's house," cried the pot.

"Here I go—

lackady, lackady, lackady, lackady," and off it went on its three small legs, up the road.

The rich merchant lived in the middle of the town, in a great house. His wife was in the kitchen, baking bread,

when the pot came pattering in, jumped on the table and stood there, stock still.

"Well," exclaimed the rich man's wife, "I call that luck. I just need you for the pudding I am going to bake." So she put all kinds of good things into the pot—fine flour, sweet sugar, a lot of butter, raisins, almonds, and a good pinch of spices for flavoring. At last, when the pot was full of rich and savory dough, she tried to take it by the handle, to put it into the oven—but—lackady, lackady, lackady, lackady, went the three short legs, and the pot was soon out of the door.

"Dear me!" screamed the woman. "Where are you going with my fine pudding?"

"To the poor man's home, to the poor man's home," said the pot, and off it went in earnest.

When the poor people saw the pot as it skipped into their room, with the pudding, they were very glad. The man asked his wife if she didn't think the bargain turned out pretty well, after all. She said she was pleased indeed, and begged pardon for the hard words she had used. They made a fine meal of the pudding, and the children had all they could eat.

Next morning the pot again cried, "I skip, I skip!"

"How far do you skip?" asked they.

"To the rich man's barn, to the rich man's barn," it shouted, and off it went.

When it came to the rich man's barn, it stopped at the gate. There were some men inside, threshing wheat.

"Look at that black pot!" they said. "Let us see how much it will hold!" And so they poured a bushel of wheat into it. The pot held it all and there was still space left. Another bushel went in, but even this did not fill the pot. So they threw in every grain of wheat they had. When there was no more left, the legs began to move, and lackady, lackady, lackady, lackady, the pot was off up the road.

"Stop!" cried the men. "Where do you go with all our wheat?"

"To the poor man's home, to the poor man's home! cried the pot, and off it went on its way.

Next morning the pot once more skipped up the old road. The sun was out, the birds bathed in the brook, and the air was so warm that the rich merchant had spread his money on a table near an open window to prevent the gold from becoming tarnished.

All at once the pot stood on the window-sill, and as the man counted his money, it made a skip and a bound and stood right beside him. He could not imagine where the pot came from, but thought it would be a good place to put his money as he counted it. So he threw in one handful after another until all was there. At that the pot made another skip and a bound and landed on the window-sill.

Hold on!" shouted the rich merchant. "Where are you going with my money?"

"To the poor man's home, to the poor man's home," answered the pot, as it jumped from the window, and it skipped down the road so merrily that the money danced within it. In the middle of the poor man's house it stopped and turned a somersault. The money rolled all over the floor, and the poor people could scarcely believe their eyes. Then the little pot cried:

"As much for you as is your due, and the rest for the other poor people in town from whom the rich man stole it."

"Many thanks, little pot," said the man and his wife. "We'll keep you well cleaned and scoured for this!"

Next morning the pot again said it was ready to skip.

"How far do you skip?" asked the farmer's family.

"To the rich man's house, to the rich man's house," and off it was. It never stopped until it stood right in the middle of the rich man's office. As soon as he saw it, he cried:

"There is the black pot that carried off our pudding, our wheat and all our money!—Here you! Give back all the things you took from me!"

"You took it from the poor people all over the town," answered the pot. "Now it goes back to whom it belongs. Make your money honestly, and you'll keep it—Good-bye."

The three short legs began to move.

"Hold on" yelled the merchant, and he flung himself squarely on the pot to hold it. But the pot kept on moving.

"I skip, I skip!" cried the pot.

"Skip to the North Pole, if you wish," shrieked the merchant. At that,

the pot skipped down the road, and the man now found himself stuck to it fast and carried along by force. He tried hard, but could not free himself. He saw the doors of his neighbors' houses rushing past, and yelled for help, but nobody heard him. The pot ran faster and faster. It passed the poor people's little cottage, but never, never stopped.

And nobody ever saw hide or hair of the rich merchant who mixed his flour with sawdust and put salt in the sugar, until some wise men one day climbed way up to the top of the Earth and discovered the North Pole. There sat the rich man rubbing his nose with both hands, for it was purple with cold.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

WHISTLER

MOTHER AND CHILD



Leo Tolstoy:

## The Two Pilgrims

(Continued from last month.)

"I was the only one," says the old woman, "who kept up. But without eating I lost my strength too, and the little girl got puny. We tried to send her to the neighbor's but she would not go. She crept into a corner and wouldn't come out. Day before yesterday a neighbor came round and saw that we were starving, but her husband had left her and she hadn't anything to feed her own little children with. So she turned round and went off. And we lay here waiting for death."

Elisha listened to their talk, changed his mind about going to rejoin his companion that day and spent the night there.

In the morning he got up and did the chores as though he were master of the house. He and the old woman kneaded the bread, and he kindled the fire. Then he went with the little girl to the neighbor's to get what was needed, for there was nothing at all in the hut—cooking utensils, clothing and all had been given for bread. Elisha began to lay in a supply of the most necessary things. Some he made and some he bought. Thus he spent one day, spent a second, spent a third.

The little boy got better, began to climb up on the bench and caress Elisha. And the little girl became perfectly gay and began to help in all things. She kept running after Elisha crying, "Granddad, dear little granddaddy!" The old woman also got up and went among the neighbors, and the man began to walk, supporting himself by the wall. Only the wife could not get up. But on the third day she began to ask for something to eat.

"Well," thinks Elisha. "I didn't ex-

pect to spend so much time. Now I'll be going."

On the fourth day meat-eating was allowed for the first time after the fast, and Elisha thought, "Come, now, I will buy these people something for their feast, and toward evening I will go."

So he went to the village again, bought milk, white flour, and he and the old woman boiled and baked. On this day the wife also got up and began to creep about. And the peasant shaved, put on a clean shirt—the old woman had washed it out—and went to the village to ask mercy of a rich peasant to whom his plough-land and meadow were mortgaged. He went to beg the rich peasant to grant him the use of the meadow and field until after the harvest. Towards evening he came back, gloomy and in tears. The rich peasant would not have mercy on him. He said, "Bring your money."

Again Elisha fell into thought.

"How are they to live now?" thinks he. "Others will go haymaking, but there will be nothing for these people to mow. Their rye is ripening, but the rich peasant has the use of their field. If I go away, they'll all drift back into the same state I found them in."

Elisha was much troubled by these thoughts. At last he decided not to leave that evening but to wait until morning. He went into the yard to sleep and lay down. But he could not sleep.

"I must go," he kept saying to himself. "Here I've been spending so much time and money—but I'm sorry for these people. I meant to give them some water and a slice of bread, and just see where it had landed me. Now it's a case of redeeming their meadow

and their field. And when that's done, I shall have to buy a cow for the children, and a horse to cart the man's sheaves. Here you are in a pretty pickle, brother Elisha! You're anchored here and you don't get off so easy!"

Elisha woke up and said to himself aloud, "Tomorrow I will redeem the field and the meadow. I will buy a horse and a cow, and flour enough to last till the new crop comes. A man may go across the sea to find truth, and lose it in his own soul. I must set these people right."

Early in the morning Elisha went to the rich peasant and redeemed the rye field and the meadow-land. Then he bought a scythe, brought it back with him and sent the man out to the field to mow. Hearing that the inn-keeper had a horse and cart for sale, he struck a bargain with him and bought them. As he reined in at the gate, and dismounted from the telyega, everybody in the house saw the horse and was astonished. It came to them that he had bought the horse for them, but they dared not say so.

"Where did you get the nag, grandpa?" says the man.

"Oh, I bought her," says Elisha. "She was going cheap. Put a little grass in the stall for her, please. Yes, and lug in the bag."

The man unharnessed the horse, lugged the bag into the house, and put a lot of grass in the stall. Then everybody went to bed. But Elisha lay down out of doors. When all the folks were asleep, he got up, fastened his boots, put on his kaftan, and started on his way after Efim.

By-and-by it began to grow light. He sat down under a tree, opened his sack and counted his money. There were only seventeen roubles, twenty kopeks left.

"Well," thinks he, "with this I'll never get across the sea. But Friend Efim will get to Jerusalem as he had

set out in the first place. As for me, I shall have to go back home. It looks as though I should never fulfill my vow in this life."

Elisha got up, lifted his sack upon his shoulders, and started for home. Only he went out of his way to pass around the village instead of going through it, so that the people might not see him and praise him again for what he had done. And Elisha reached home quickly. In coming, the way had often seemed hard to him, and it had been almost beyond his strength but he walked along gaily, swinging his staff, making his seventy versts a day, and knowing no fatigue.

When Elisha returned, the fields had already been harvested. The folks were delighted to see their old man. They began to ask him questions—how and what and why he had left his companion and come home. Elisha only answered, "I spent my money on the road and got behind Efim."

And he handed his old woman his remaning money. Then he inquired about the domestic affairs. Everything was just as it should be. There had been nothing left undone in the farm work and all were living in peace and harmony. On this very same day Efim's people heard that Elisha had returned, and came round to ask after their old man. Elisha told them the same thing.

"Your old man went on sturdily. I meant to catch up with him, but then I spent my money and, as I couldn't go on with what I had, I came back."

People wondered how such a sensible man could have done so foolishly—start out, only waste his money and come home. They wondered and forgot. And Elisha forgot, too. He began to do the chores again, helped his son chop wood against the winter, treshed the corn with the women, rethatched the shed, and arranged about the bees. Then he settled himself down for the winter to plat shoes of

bark and chisel out logs for bee-hives.

All that day while Elisha stopped behind in the sick people's hut, Efim waited for his companion. He went a little way and sat down. He waited, waited—went to sleep, woke up—still sat there—no companion! He looked around with all his eyes. Already the sun had sunk behind the trees. No Elisha!

"Perhaps he has passed me," thought Efim. "If I should go back, we might miss each other. I will go on. Without doubt we will meet at our lodging".

So he went on to the next village, and asked the village policeman to send such and such an old man if he came along to yonder hut where he intended to lodge. But Elisha did not come.

As Efim went further, he asked everybody if they had seen a little, bald old man. No one had. Efim wondered and went on alone. By-and-by he met a pilgrim who was going to Jerusalem for the second time. They got into conversation and went on together. Finally they reached Jerusalem. Here they established themselves as the Russian Hostelry. After dinner they went on a sightseeing trip.

Next morning they got up and went on another trip. A great crowd of pilgrims were collected in the square, Syrians, and all peoples. Efim bought candles that had been displayed there and he spent all his money except enough to get him home, and then started out on the return journey.

Efim walked alone over the same road as before. At evening, he reached the very village where the year before Elisha had stopped. From the doorstep a woman with a little boy also beckoned to him. "Come in please, grand sire—and take supper and spend the night with us."

The woman took Efim's sack, gave him a chance to wash, and set him at the table. She put on milk, curd-cakes, and porridge. Efim thanked and

praised her for being so hospitable to pilgrims. The woman shook her head.

"We have good reason to be hospitable to pilgrims," she said. "For we owe our lives to a pilgrim. Last summer things went so badly with us that we were all starving—had nothing to eat and should have died, but somebody sent such a nice old man to help us. He came in just at noon to get a drink. But when he saw us, he was sorry for us, and stayed on with us. He gave us something to drink, fed us and put us on our legs. And beside all that, he bought back our land and gave us a horse and telyega."

Here the old woman came into the hut and interrupted the younger one. "And we don't know at all," says she, "whether it was a man or what or who. He loved us all and pitied us all, and went away without even telling us his name."

At nightfall came the peasant himself on horseback. He also began to tell about Elisha and what he had done for them.

"If he had not come to us," says he, "we would all have died in misery. We were perishing in despair. We murmured against this and against men. But he set us on our feet. Through him we learned to believe that there is good in man. Before, we lived like cattle. He made us men."

The people fed Efim, and fixed him up for the night, then they themselves lay down to sleep. But Efim was unable to sleep.

Next morning Efim bade farewell to the people, they put some patties in his sack, and he continued his journey.

Efim had been away just a year, and it was spring when he reached home again. In the morning on the way to the village he passed Elisha's house. Elisha's old woman was standing on the doorstep. "How's your health, neighbor," says she. "Did you have a good pilgrimage?"



"Good morning," says Efim. "Yes, I have been to Jerusalem. I lost your old man, but I hear he got home safely."

"Yes, he got back," the old woman began to prattle. "And glad enough we were whatever brought him. And how glad our lad was to see him. 'Without father,' says he, 'is like being without sunlight.' We love him and we missed him so."

"Well, is he at home now?"

"Yes, friend, he's with the bees, hiving the new swarms. Such splendid swarms, he says."

Efim passed on to the apiary where Elisha was. There he stood in his gray kaftan, under a little birch tree, without a facenet or gloves to protect him looking upwards, his arms stretched out, and his bald head shining. And just as the bright fire had burned in Jerusalem, so now the sunlight came sifting down through the birch-tree and shone all over his head, the golden bees flew about like a halo, and never stung him, for they knew him.

Elisha's woman called to her husband. "Our neighbor's come!"

Elisha was delighted, and came to meet his comrade, calmly detaching the bees from his beard.

"How are you, comrade?" he cried. "Did you have a good journey? Did you get to Jerusalem safely?"

Efim was silent for a moment, then he answered:

"My feet walked there, and I have brought you back some water from the river Jordan and some candles. But why did you turn back instead of continuing with me as you have said you—"

"That is another affair, comrade, another affair," interrupted Elisha.

"On my way back I stopped also at the hut where you—"

Elisha became confused. He hastened to repeat:

"That's another affair, comrade, another affair. Come on into the house and I will give you some honey." So Elisha changed the conversation.

Efim sighed and did not again remind Elisha of the people in the hut. But he now understood that the best way to serve men is to have a heart full of love and to do good deeds.

(THE END)

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## Try These Riddles

What key in music is disliked by soldiers? *A sharp major.*

Why should people never whisper? *Because it is not aloud (allowed).*

Why is a brave soldier like good flannel? *Because he does not shrink.*

Why do sailors always know the time? *Because they are always going to sea (see).*

What lady is a bad dressmaker? *Miss Fit (misfit).*

Which could travel faster, a man with a sack of corn on his back, or a

man with two sacks? *The man with two sacks would travel faster, because they would be lighter than a sack of corn, wouldn't they?*

Why is a cruel man like a good cabbage? *Because he has a hard heart.*

Why is an Eastern perfume a wireless message? *Because it is "scent" from afar.*

Why did the milk pail? *Because it saw the cowslip.*

What bird is rude? *The mocking bird.*



# A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

Did you ever read stories that said: "One day Sir Merrick was walking through the forest, and all of a sudden he heard a rustling and crakling of leaves and branches. He looked about, and what do you suppose he saw? A beautiful princess with a crown of jewels on her head. She spoke to Sir Merrick and said, 'I am a fairy princess.'" Then the story went on to explain just what she said to the young man, and when you reached the finish of the story "the princess disappeared and vanished into the air."

I imagine you found the story interesting, and you probably read dozens and dozens like it. But you may have noticed one thing: that all of these stories began with "Once upon a time." In other words, they were to have happened some time in the past to people who must have lived years and years ago, but they never happened any more. I'll bet there was many a time when you said to yourself, "Now why can't a fairy godmother come to me or to my brother or to my friend Susan?"

Well, Edward, I hope you have found the real stories of life and the beginnings of life as interesting as the fairy tales. Actually, they are much, much more amazing and marvelous. And there is one nice thing about it: this story is going on all of the time—every day, every hour, every minute. It never stops. It makes you wonder more and more. It'll make you ask such questions of your father that he will bury his face in his paper and tell you to run along. That is because he may not know the answer, and maybe no one as yet will know the correct answer. And the only way to find out the true answer

is to go right to the books of life and study them. What are the books of life? Rocks, plants, animals.

You will remember that in the last letter we had a discussion about the simplest of living things—the amoeba, which is "one-celled." We also talked about how this single cell develops and becomes a group of cells. Every living thing is made of groups of cells! And then we had got to the point where we said that one kind of life is called plant and another animal. What is the difference?

In the very early forms of life it is very hard to tell any difference between plants and animals. Scientists who study these forms come across small creatures that seem to be partly plant and partly animal. In fact, there are many things which have life that do not seem to be either plants or animals. And so if this is true, it stands to reason that all living things belong to one family. The difference, as I have already told you, is that some of these creatures took to eating up their neighbors, and they developed into what we call animals. The others continued to live off of the soil, and for this they had to attach themselves to get food from it. As they developed they became plants.

Now I know your next question will be: But why did they develop and change? Did you ever ride along the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania or the Black Hills of South Dakota? You must have noticed how densely wooded they seemed. They looked just like one great mass of green trees and shrubs with no bare space in between. The thought that comes to your mind is: every seed must have sprouted and

grown up. That's why they are so thick—one beside the other.

But that is a mistaken idea, Edward. All of the time in Nature there is a terrible fight going on for life. For thousands of seeds that may fall, only a given number of each kind live; the others are swallowed up by other fishes that are bigger, and these, in turn, are swallowed by still bigger ones. Rabbits feed on grass, but there is, after all, just so much grass in any territory, and if more rabbits are born than is room for them, so many will have to die. Those which will live will be the strongest, the ones with the most push. They will develop certain qualities which they will pass on to the next generation, and this generation will be improved. Then they will continue to breed their kind until something comes up which will make them struggle for existence again, and then once more they will develop a quality that will be able to meet their new requirements.

Now to get back to the earliest forms where we left them off. How many years there were before these early creatures appeared at all! You will remember that the earth had to cool down, that for a long time the air was thick and full of a heavy vapor, that a lot of change had to go on while the gases were combining into different forms, and that the water finally stopped boiling and became cool enough for these jellylike forms of life to appear.

Now you must remember that even after these jellylike substances formed into what we called an amoeba, changes in the earth's surface were still going on. They still are today, for that matter. Without end, the form of everything is constantly changing, shifting, moving.

So you see we have the struggle for life because the nature of the place under which life can go on is always changing. When the land arose out of the water, you can see that the rivers flowed more rapidly. If the waters

were more swift, the life that was in the waters had to develop in order to keep itself alive, too. And so we have the beginnings of fishes in the waters—already very, very highly developed creatures from those very first ones that we talked about. At first they had no bones, just like the very low forms of fish today have no bones. Then came a trace of the backbone. But how long it took scientists to discover how this development took place!

In the shallow seas there is a transparent worm between one and two inches in length. It has no bones nor any backbone. But down the middle of it, there is something like a cord running from one end to the other. This animal is called the "Lancelet", and it is called the bridge between animals that have no backbone and those that have. This little cord seems to be the beginning of the backbone.

According to most people who have made a study of it, the fishes seem to have developed from worm-like creatures. There is one cue to this that shows why this may be the correct supposition. There is a worm which lives in the mud of the sea which has a head shaped like an acorn. This worm has slits through which it breathes. These slits are like the gills of a fish. It also has this cord, which seems to be the beginning of the backbone, along its back. So you see, the conclusion is that this is a kind of half way mark between worms and fishes.

I know, Edward, that you think we are making headway very, very slowly. But actually we are taking everything by enormous jumps. Do you remember what I told you about the supposed age of the earth? Take this into consideration and you will see what a story the earth really has.

But whether or not I make most of these things clear to your mind, Edward, I hope you will remember the most important thing about all these

letters. That is: **that there is a reason for everything and a logical explanation.** When you try to discover all the reasons and truths, you will have a story much more fascinating than any fairy tale or

superstition or belief that you can imagine. I hope you will put everything you hear to a test and see whether it sounds "logical" and as though it could have really occurred that way.

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## Oslo, Norway's Principal City

**A**BOUT a century ago the first Scandinavian immigrant workers reached the United States, and they've increased by further immigration and by natural growth until they and their children now form perhaps one-twentieth of our entire population.

Probably one reason for the attraction of America for these people lies in the fact that their native climate and country much resemble our own. The other reason was the economic problem and an opportunity which was offered in the "promised land" to these workers. Oslo, the principal city of Norway, is not radically unlike cities in the United States. The business buildings are very much like ours that were built previous to the skyscraper era, and the stores, with their tastefully trimmed windows, would be a credit to any average American retail establishment.

Indeed, you might imagine yourself back home when you see the wide variety of American goods on display. America furnishes most of the farming tools; and nearly all the motor cars, motorcycles and trucks come from the United States.

Oslo lies at the head of a wide and deep fiord which winds out and past Jutland in Denmark and on to the North sea. Thousands of ocean-going

vessels visit Oslo's excellent harbors every year.

The city is best seen from the Holmenkollen which towers above it. From this point we see the mighty fiord jeweled with its emerald-green islands, and with its many bays backed by forest-clad hills. The houses of Oslo begin near the water's edge, and standing forth out of the green verdure in summer, their white walls and red-tiled roofs form a picture of surpassing beauty.

But Oslo really comes into her own in the wintertime, becoming one of the liveliest and gayest spots in all Europe. Holmenkollen is the site of the skiing derby, that great Olympic meet of skiers and snowshoers to which flock sportsmen and the liesure class from all parts of the world.

The Holmenkollen ski-leaps start from a great and lofty ledge, and the skier jumps more than one hundred feet over the heads of the spectators—some thirty-five or forty thousand of them—and shoots at bewildering speed down the slope to the ice below.

Skiing and mountain-climbing, together with other out-door sports, have done much to make the Norwegian people among the hardest and healthiest on earth, and the fact they are democratic and the workers are organized. It

is they who seem to thrive best, along with their Swedish cousins, through the rigors of our northern winters here in the United States.

They're prosperous, too, in their native land where pauperism is almost nonexistent, although there is a certain amount of poverty in Oslo, but that city might well serve as a model in the way it handles its less fortunate for all the rest of the world to follow. The workers are wide-awake, organized politically and otherwise. The Socialist Party is a strong factor.

One of its famous institutions is its great Steam Kitchen which was established by working people more than seventy years ago to provide good food at low prices. It is located in a big building not far from the business section, and at its marble-topped tables some five hundred persons are fed at one time—men, women and children.

All are well dressed for laboring people, and each person waits on himself, taking his plate to a counter where it is generously filled with an appetizing variety of food. Some persons take all their food here at an expense of not more than 35 or 40 cents a day. From

10 a. m., until 6 p. m., more than two thousand persons are served.

Sometimes a man or woman is allowed to work for his or her meals, and many of the citizens employ the needy at odd jobs, paying them with the eagerly sought Steam Kitchen tickets instead of cash.

In the fruit season the management employs a large force of workers of both sexes in an immense canning department, the products of which are sold to the patrons of the Kitchen. A butcher shop sells meats, and a bakery distributes its goods at wholesale and retail to the general trade.

Norway, Sweden and Denmark are regarded with more or less envy by their European neighbors, because of the fact that among all the bickering and turmoil that besets the continent, these three peoples go serenely along attending to their own business, the workers are politically as well as co-operatively well organized, which is unquestionably one of the outstanding characteristics of the many thousands of Scandinavians here in their adopted America where they are known for their cooperative and labor movements.

(From "Otfra.")



*Would you have friends? Then smile and be pleasant. It costs nothing, encourages and develops good dispositions. Good dispositions pay large dividends—dividends such as all desire, and which can not be bought with gold.*





## TALKING IT OVER

DEAR READERS:—

*The clang of the school bell is constantly ringing in your ears. It is for ever reminding you that you must be in your classroom in your seat. And why should I harp on this and remind you of it on top of all your troubles connected with the clang of the school bell? Why!*

*This early autumn air reminds me of my own school days, of my own experiences, pleasant and otherwise. It makes me feel that something is happening around me. It carries me 'way back to the days when I was attending school and the clang of the school bell still echoes in my ears . . . It reminds me of the discipline executed by my teachers, of the promptness and order in the old schoolhouse. Our schoolroom was ever the place of work, attention and play. Yes, we had periods of joy and work too, both coupled together. At recess time we played. We were mischievous even as you are at times. Children are always the same everywhere the world over. They like fun in whatever country they may be; they are thinking the same thoughts, wishing and cherishing the same ideas—even in those countries where their young minds are being twisted and fed with propaganda harmful to the workers' democracy.*

*You've noticed with pleasure, of course, that the M. L. has been making its appearance more timely of late. This we aim to continue. And what about the JUVENILE CAMPAIGN of the SNPJ? Secure your friends for your lodge while the campaign is still in effect!*

—THE EDITOR.

### **Mildred Was Delighted**

Dear Editor:—I wrote a letter to this lovely magazine last month and was delighted to see that it had been published. (I hope I can say the same for this one.)

The weather (Aug. 31) is still as hot as ever here with no rain. I hope it will let up soon.

The Socialist Club held a picnic at Lake Springfield Aug. 9. Some of the children went swimming at the beach. We all had a grand time.

In two more weeks school will open and I'll go back as an eighth grade student. Mary Ocepok has the pleasure of going back as a 9th grade student. Well, in a year I'll have the same pleasure, I hope.

This summer I have written some letters to teachers from Iles school. One of the letters I received from Miss Jones brought the news that a four-legged chicken had been born on their farm. I wrote back and said I hoped more four-legged chickens were born, so she could send me one and I could eat all four

legs, because two legs are not enough in our family, although there are only five of us, counting my brother twice, because he likes "drum sticks."

Well, I guess I'll close with, "Will some boys and girls PLEASE write to me, for I will answer all letters?"

Best regards to all. **Mildred Ovca,**  
1841 So. 15th Street, Springfield, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the 8th grade; my brother Albert is in the 7th grade. Boys like to play cowboys with homemade rubber guns, and they have lots of fun.—Here's a Slovene poem: "Solnce čez hribček gre, luna pa za gore, zvezdice presvetle se potope. Drumla, drumla, drumla-la-la. Zvezdice presvetle se potope."—Best regards to all.

**Betty Tomsic,** Walsenburg, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Readers:—Good morning, boys and girls! This is my first letter in the M. L. this year. I will write more now because we get the M. L. This year we had very hot weather. One day it was 115°. We could not work all day.—There is no one from Willard that writes in the M. L. So I guess I will be first. Wake up and get busy. It is time now. Regards to all.

**Amelia Bergant,**  
R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I couldn't write before, because the M. L. was late. That is, the July number came in August. I was sad because it did not come. Well, after all, it finally came, and was I glad to read in it so many interesting things.—The weather out here was dry. It rained when it was too late to help the crops. No apples or plums, but we had plenty of hay; no corn or oats. We go on the mound and roll stones. I nearly rolled off the cliff but my friend prevented the accident. Good-by, everybody. Will write a story for the October M. L.

**John Bergant,**  
R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

\* \*

## Getting Ambitious

Dear Readers:—Knowing that this is my first letter in the Mladinski List, I don't know where to begin. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. I am the only one in the family with my parents. I have no brothers or sisters.

I enjoy reading the interesting jokes, letters and stories in this magazine very much. I am going on fifteen years of age and would be very glad if anyone who reads my letter would be kind enough to write to me. Often I get pretty lonely.

School began again and I am glad of it because now I am back with my school chums again. I will start or take up shorthand and typing in the Commercial Course which I am taking. I hope I will succeed in this course so that I will finally get the job I am hoping for. I enjoy reading Mary Jugg's articles she writes in the M. L.

Best regards to one and all.

**Darvina Glad,**  
16176 Inverness, Detroit, Mich.

\* \*

## Forest Fires

Dear Editor:—School days are here again. Vacation time is over. We sure had a dry summer. There was nothing in the garden, everything had dried up. Now we had a little rain, but it didn't help much, because there wasn't enough.

In August, we had terrible forest fires. There was so much smoke around us you couldn't see 100 feet away. People were scared to death, because in 1918 there was a forest fire and over 500 people lost their lives.

Last summer (1935) I picked over 100 quarts of blueberries and I got 12 dollars for them. I got some clothes and other school articles. But this summer I picked only 12 quarts and I got 3 dollars for them.

I had been a member of the SNPJ Lodge five years and I'd like to be a member again. February 5, I'll be 11 years old. I'm in the 5th grade in school.

If this letter won't find its way to the wastepaper basket, I'll write again. (I live 8 miles from Duluth.)

Best regards to all readers.

**Annie Folker,**  
R. 2, Box 373, Cloquet, Minn.

\* \*

## Flood and Heat

Dear Editor:—Here I am, writing to use up some time I would have to waste. I haven't seen any letters from Johnstown lately, so I thought I would write. I wish Johnstown would wake up so we would have more letters in M. L. Because vacation is over is no reason why we shouldn't write. When school opens up I think there will be more letters from everywhere.

We in Johnstown are having good and bad luck. March 17 was an unlucky day for most people. People living near the rivers got the worse of the flood. We have a lot of people to thank. My girl friend's father is one of them. He worked on his radio to get news to the nearby towns as the water kept raising.

In July we had some terribly hot weather. The time goes too slow to suit me. On Aug.

13, President Roosevelt visited our city to see the damage the flood had done. He had a grand welcome. Wherever he rode there were people to greet him. He looks exactly like his pictures, only he was in person. Some say he rode 30 miles. He rode out to see the Que-mohoning dam. I suppose it is the largest dam around Johnstown. It pleased everyone. Now a new dam is going to be built just outside of Johnstown; in case the big dam breaks the water will flow right into the new one. I think it is a grand idea.

The flood sure did a lot of damage. Johnstown was busy for about a month. All stores that were damaged were fixed up in no time. Why talk of it. I got tired of listening to people talking of it. I suppose most of you read about the flood in the papers.

Boy, heat is heat and it nearly kills you. When the heat wave was here I was just about roasted. I got so lazy I couldn't even feed the chickens. I guess this winter is going to be cold, too cold. Recently it rained almost every day for about two weeks. The rivers were rising again and some people thought another flood was coming.

School left out June 17 on account of the flood and opened September 9. I passed to eighth grade. I thought sure I wouldn't pass, but I did.

Friends of mine went on vacations. When they come back they will tell me things which they had seen.

I wish someone would write to me; I would gladly answer them. **Genevieve Logar,**  
768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

### **Familiar Acquaintances**

Dear Editor and Juveniles:—With this letter, I wish to greet you, one and all, after a brief period of silence.

Have you all enjoyed vacation time? Touring hither and thither, I have enjoyed the nature views of Pennsy without strenuous activity. What a grand time I had journeying to beautiful Idlewild park, near Liganier. After riding all amusements and welcoming the shade of trees on such a hot day, we were ready to journey homeward. We had departed but memories linger on.

July 25, our family was at Yukon, Pa. There we had to attend a funeral of a very dear kin, Mr. Frank Vodopivec, who passed away at the McKeesport hospital on July 23. The interment, held at 2. p. m. July 26, was made at Old Madison Protestant Cemetery. Funeral services were well attended by relatives, SNPJ and SSPZ lodge members, both of which he was a member, and friends. We express our deepest sympathy to his wife and family who survive him.

Aside from the sad occurrence, I have visited many old acquaintances, and met many new ones. Our family wishes to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Kaferle and to Mr. and Mrs. Baloh and families for the hospitality shown us during our stay there.

For a glimpse at the industrial view, the mine has been working two and three days a week, steadily. This affects the social well-being of the people of our community.

To **Ruby Kanyer** of Raslyn, Wash.:—Your letter brings a picturesque illustration of a wonderful tour. May you have many more of that nature.

As a reminder to **Frances Perseren** of Yukon, Pa.:—Let's see you in print again.

Out to the Wild West let us pick up many "old timers":—What do you say, **Clifford Cernick**, of Cle Elum, Wash.? Your letters have brought many a happy thought.

Saying "Hello" to all of my cousins; write a letter to the M. L.

Hot weather has taken affect;

Ink is evaporating  
It's time for departing,  
To all I give my respect.

A Proud Juvenile,

**DOROTHY M. FINK**, Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

(Editor's Note:—Your August letter failed to arrive. Sorry.)

\* \* \*  
Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I like to read the jokes and riddles in the M. L., and also the letters. August 15, Saturday, we had a picnic. I saw many of our schoolmates and others. I had lots of fun, and we listened to the WPA band. We had games and contests, and it started to rain, so we went in the car until it stopped. We stayed quite a while after that. We came home about eleven o'clock at night.

**Mary Culkar,**

RFD 1, Box 123, Brunswick, Ohio.

\* \* \*  
Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. We got out of school May 29, and I passed to the sixth grade. I am 12 years old. This summer I had a good time. We went to Chippewa Lake. My brothers took a ride on an airplane. We got home about 6 o'clock in the evening. My father and brothers went to the Cleveland Exposition. The first time they got home about 8 o'clock in the evening, then they went Sunday again to see more of the things. Saturday we went to a picnic and stayed till eleven o'clock. Best regards to all.

**Rose Culkar,**

RFD 3, Box 123, Brunswick, Ohio.

## The World's Rarest Stamp

**T**HE most valuable piece of paper in the world is the one cent stamp printed in black ink on magenta colored paper by British Guiana in 1856.

This odd-looking variety of postage stamp first came to light in 1872. It was found by a British Guiana boy among some old letters in his attic. He was so little impressed with his find that he sold it to another collector for \$1.20!

Shrewder than its original owner, the purchaser held onto the stamp until 1878, and then sold it to a dealer in London, England, for the sum of \$600.

This dealer disposed of it at a profit of \$25 to Count Ferrary, an Austrian stamp collector living in Paris, France; and it remained practically forgotten for thirty-seven years in Ferrary's great collection. In all that time no other copy appeared, and the value of the stamp increased enormously.

Count Ferrary died in 1917 during the World War. In his will he left his stamp collection to a museum in Berlin, Germany. It was confiscated by the French government as contraband of war. This magnificent stamp collection was sold in Paris in a series of fourteen great auctions. The proceeds, amounting to the staggering sum of \$1,632,524.00, were applied to the German War Indemnity Fund.

It was at the last of these auctions in 1922 that the British Guiana stamp came into the possession of Arthur

Hind. The story goes that the night before the auction, Hind and Griebert, his agent, made a tour of the cafes of Paris. By 4 o'clock in the morning the American millionaire was feeling in so genial a mood that he ordered Griebert to bid in the British Guiana stamp if it took \$65,000 to do it!

The actual price paid by Hind was \$32,500, but the agent's fee and the tax imposed by the French government brought the total up to \$38,025—the highest price ever paid for a single postage stamp in the history of stamp collecting.

When Hind acquired this famous stamp so many inquiries poured in from all over the country that he made up a large quantity of post cards illustrating the stamp to answer them.

After Hind's death in 1933, the United States section of his great collection was sold in New York City for \$244,810. The foreign section was sold in London, England, and brought \$669,084. This made a total of \$913,894, the greatest sum realized for a stamp collection since the Ferrary auctions in Paris.

The celebrated British Guiana stamp, however, was not included in this collection. Arthur Hind had presented it to his wife shortly before his death. The precious scrap of faded paper now rests in a bank vault in Utica, New York. It is honored by a catalog value of \$50,000.00! —Junior News.

