

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

ANA ZASPANA

ANA zaspana nič rada ne dela,
vendar pa vrtca si je poželega.
Prostor za vrtec je kmalu dobila.
Polno semena si je nakupila.

Teden za tednom je Ana čakala,
da se bo zemlja kar sama skopala,
da se bo zemlja kar sama zrahljala.
Seme, no, to bo že Ana vsejala.

Seme še zdaj na polici leži . . .
Z vrtca pa regrat se Ani smeji!
Ali to Ano prav nič ne boli;
Ana zaspana čez dan še meži. —

Anna P. Krasna:

STRTA PEROT

POMLAD in zelenje, vedre višave,
pesem preko polja,
vabeče dobrave —
neugnano hrepenenje
želeče na pot.

— — — — —
O! čemu ni stopil krepkeje,
kdor je strl perot . . .

V gozdu

MARKEC in Angelica sta šla vesela v gozd. Angelica ni bila še nikdar poprej v gozdu. Kaj čuda torej, da je zamaknjena strmela v lepo stvarstvo prirode! Kako ne bi? Pod nogami mehke, zelen mah, a okoli nje in nad njo zopet vse zeleno! Ponosna drevesa — oj, takih niti na domačem vrtu ni bilo — so se dvigala v nebo. Sklepajoč svoje košate veje, so delala hladno senčico. Vetrič je zibal veje, da so se globoko priklanjale.

“Vidiš, Angelica, vidiš?” je šepetal Markec. “Vidim, Markec, vidim,” je rekla Angelica. “Lej, to je smreka, to bukev, to gaber, to jelša . . .” je razkazoval bratec. “Smreka, bukev, gaber, jelša . . .” je ponavljala sestra. “In ti vse to veš, Markec? Oj, Markec, ti si učen!”

Kar je videla Angelica, to še ni bilo vse; kar je čula, to, to ji je polnilo srcece z radostjo. Ptički so žgoleli sladke pesmi med košatimi drevesnimi vejami. In le-ti, oj, le-ti lepo ubrani nežnomili glaski so segali deklici v globino duše.

Šla sta dalje. V ozadju tam je žu-

borel hladen potoček skozi dobrovo. A pred njima se je vrstilo kakor poprej drevo za drevesom, grm za grmom. Povsodi, povsodi so po drevesih pevale drobne ptice. In po tem ali onem deblu je spolznila zdaj pa zdaj vitka veverica. Oj, veverica! Take živalice Angelica še svoje žive dni ni videla.

Zdajci čuj: pik, pik, pik! . . .

Angelica je poslušala, da si še sopsti ni upala.

“Kaj pa je to, Markec?” je vprašala naposled bojzljivo.

“Lej, Angelica, tako pika žolna.”

Še marsikaj je videla Angelica, in Markec ji je povedal še to in ono. In deklica je bila vesela. Za tem pa se je nagnilo zlato, čisto solnce k zatonu. Večerni hlad je zavel po zemlji. Še enkrat je zlato solnce poljubilo najvišje vrhove gora, potem pa se je poslovilo.

Tudi Angelica in Markec sta se ločila od lepega gozda. Vesela sta hitela proti ljubemu domu. Markcu so krasile klobuk cvetlice, ki jih je v gozdu nabral, Angelica pa je nesla prelep šopek v rokah za drago mamico.—“V.”

Vrnitev pomladi

PO dolgi, mrzli zimi so zapihljale gorke južne sapice. Led se je raztajal in sneg je izginil. Tedaj se je pripravljala vsa narava na vrnitev pomladi.

Na močvirnatem svetu so vzkli beli zvončki, na prisojnih krajih pa rume ne trobentice, višnjeve vijolice in druge cvetlice. Drevje se je skitilo z novim, nežnim zelenjem. Vse je ozelelo.

Priletele so brze lastavice in druge ptice. Z glasnim čvrčanjem so naznanjale, da prihaja pomlad. Škrjanček

se je dvigal visoko v zrak, da bi jo prvi opazil.

Nekega jutra pa je v bukovju zaklicala kukavica: “Kuku, kuku! Pomlad je že tu!” In zvončki so zvonili, trobentice so trobentale in vijolice in druge cvetlice so razširjale prijeten vonj v čast pomladi.

Drevje se je blestelo v svatovski obleki. Ptičke so žvrgolele in prepevale, metuljčki so zaplesali po zraku in otroci so rajali in vriskali samega veselja.

—L. Č.

Katka Zupančič:

Janežkovi rusi

SKREBNO umit in za silo počesan, kakor se za prvi šolski dan spodobi, je stal pred mizo. Vsi drugi so bili že vpisani. Bil je na vrsti, pa je pričel nemirno cepetati.

"Janežek mi je ime. Vse drugo pa naj pove Pavel," je s komolcem sunil brata poleg sebe, "zakaj jaz bi se nemara kaj zmotil in . . ." suhljati obrazček mu je zardel — "in jutri bom bolan."

Po klopeh je zašumelo.

"Bolani? Kako to? Saj si videti zdrav?!"

Pavel (tudi še šolar) je potlačil smeh in je pojasnil: "Šole se boji."

"Bojiš se? Zakaj pa?"

"Zato, ker nič ne znam. Pavel me je učil sinoči in še daví, pa mi ni šlo v glavo in mi ni šlo! Čisto, čisto nič ne znam." Temnosive oči so se mu zalile. Kazalo je na dež.

"Pa bi rad znal?"

Živo je prikimal.

"Samo da bi rad znal, Janežek, to je dovolj! Več ti treba ni! Razumeš?"

Pomigal je z glavo, ali nihče ne bi mogel prisoditi, jeli pritrdil ali je zanimal. Treba si ga je bilo pridobiti na drugačen način.

"Kaj boš, Janežek, ko boš velik in močan?"

"Soldat!" V eni sami potezi si je obrisal nos in oči z rokavom "In bom streljal!"

Po šoli je hušknil smeh.

Ker nisem mogla vedeti, kaj vse je še v Janežkovih načrtih, sem se domislila, da je zunaj zelo lepo vreme in da pet minut odmora ne bo škodovalo. Tako smo se kaj hitro iznebili za take zapupne pogovore zelo dovzetnih ušes. Pavlu je vidno odleglo.

"Torej soldat boš, vojak, pa streljal boš. Kaj boš streljal?"

"Ruse!" Oči so mu zažarele.

"Ruse? Ljudi? Pojdi no!"

"Ne ljudi! Ruse! Pri nas jih imamo okrog peči vse vse polno. Pa ti so majhni. Naš stari oča pa so mi pravili, da so po svetu še vse drugačni rusi, veliki veliki in črn rep imajo. Tiste bom šel streljat."

Pavel, v strašni zadregi in rdeč ko kuhan rak, se je oglasil: "Stari oča so se samo šalili. In rusov imamo pri nas sam kakih par."

Janežek, ki ni opazil, kako ga je Pavel prevrtal z očmi, je kar zazijal: "Hjaaaj! kako se naš Pavel laže! Kadar se znoči in prižgemo luč, jih je milijon!" Z odločnim kimanjem je podprl svojo izjavo in se pripravil, da jo podpre še s kakimi novimi morda še bolj nevšečnimi dokazi. Ali že radi Pavla je bilo treba rusko vprašanje na vsak način končati, čeprav za Janežka še nikakor ni bilo rešeno.

"Ali pa veš, Janežek, koliko to je milijon?"

Vržen s tira ni vedel, kaj bi odgovoril.

"Pa bi rad vedel?" sem hitro dodala, da ne bi zapadel malodušnosti.

"Mhm, bi!"

"Pridi jutri v šolo. Govorili bomo samo o milijonih. Boš prišel?"

"Bom."

"Bo prišel, bo! Nagnali ga bomo s šibo, če ne pojde zlepa!" si je dal duška jezni Pavel.

"Kaj še!" sem se potegnila za malega, ki si je nehote pogladil zadnjo plat svojih hlač. "Janežku ne bo treba šibe, ne jutri, ne nobenkrat. Kaj ne, da ne?!"

"Nak!" je dejal na kratko, kakor bi odrezal, in se našobljen ter izpod čela ozrl na brata.

S tem je bila ta reč takorekoč urejena. Ali ko je bil za tisti dan pouk kon-

čan in so zadnji vihrali na prosto, se Pavlu ni nič kaj mudilo. Izpred vežnega praga se je vrnil.

"Kaj je?"

Sicer zelo pogumni dečko kar ni mogel najti prave besede.

"Pa ne, da bi ti Janžek in njegovi rusi povzročali skrbi?"

"Naših bo sram, ko bodo zvedeli. In morda jih je kakih dvajset — naj bo trideset, več jih pa res, res ni. Saj jih imajo tudi drugod, pa vendar se bodo smejali nam."

"Janžkovo pretiravanje sva slišala samo ti in jaz! Jaz imam za take stvari v glavi tunel, pa ga imej še ti. Pri enem ušesu noter, pri drugem ven — saj veš! Kar pozabi in ne pravi ter ne toži malega doma."

"Tunel" se je Pavlu dopadel in potolažen je odšel.

*

Tako smo Janžku na ljubo drugi dan, ki je bil pravzaprav prvi dan rednega poduka, začeli v prvem razredu kar z milijonom. Ali opredelili ga nismo. Kako tudi? Mušic v roju vendar ni mogoče prešteti, ko pa nočejo mirovati! Eden se je domislil, da bi šteli pikice, ki ostanejo od muh. Ali glej nesreče! — za časa počitnic so šolsko sobo prebelili, in pikic ni bilo.

Tako res ni bilo prilike, da bi se prvo-razredniki koj prvi dan naučili šteti do milijon. Bili smo baš na tem, da bi

milijon odložili in poskusili šteti do pet, ko se oglasi Janžek: "Kaj pa zvezde? Te bi lahko šteli!"

Bodi povedano, da se je bilo Janžka bati, zakaj zdaj zdaj bi utegnil poživeti vso šolo s svojimi rusi. In res, ko smo dognali in uganili, da je na nebu milijon in še nekaj več zvezd, in so se nekateri ponudili, da jih bodo ponoči šteli, je Janžek, ki se je bil za par hipov globoko zamislil, kar v sredo udaril: "Hja, pa sem se le nemara zmotil! Toliko jih ni, naših — —"

Vedoč, kam meri, sem ga naglo prekinila: "Seveda si se zmotil —"

"Ampak dosti manj jih pa tudi ni — nak!"

Celo s pestjo je udaril po klopi in s tem je bila zadeva tudi zanj rešena ter za vselej zapečatenata.

Oddahnila sem se. Še bolj se je oddahnil v zadnji klopi Pavel, ki je že napol zlezal pod klop in so mu ušesa gorela.

Na ostale, ki so zaman strigli z ušesi in vrteli vprašujoče oči, se pa ozirali nismo.

*

Janžek je zdaj že Janez in je pri požarni brambi. Strelja rdeče peteline na strehah.

(Iz zbirke "Drobiž.")

(Opomba: Ponekod pravijo neki vrsti ščurkov rusi; so manjši od pravih ščurkov in umazanorjave barve.)

Peška

MATI je kupila sliv in jih hotela dati otrokom po kosilu za priboljšek. Ležale so na krožniku. Milček ni še bil nikoli jedel sliv, zato je prežal neprenehoma nanje. Ves čas je hodil okrog njih kakor mačka okrog vrele kaše. Ker ni nikogar v sobi, se ne more več premagati: popade slivo in jo poje.

Pred kosilom prešteje mati slive in zapazi, da ene ni. Gre in pove to očetu.

Pri kosilu vpraša oče: "No, otroci, ali ni eden od vas pojedel slive?"

Vsi odgovore: "Ne!"

Nato reče oče: "Naj jo je pojedel kdorsibodi, lepo to sicer ni, ampak huj je je, ker so v slivah peške. Če kdo ne zna jesti sliv in pogoltne peško, lahko čez en dan umre. In ravno tega se bojim."

Milček pobledi in reče: "Ne, jaz sem vrgel peško skozi okno."

In vsi se zasmejejo. Milček pa se začne jokati.

Tolstoj.



BARGUE

MOLITEV K ALAHU

I. J.:

Ukročena strahovalka

DVELETNA Cilka, najmlajši donesek k družini tovarniškega delavca Johna Trpotca, se je v kratki dobi dveh let navzela zelo tiranskih razvad; vse od očeta in matere do bratov in sester je nemilo strahovala. Če ji niso vsi vedno posvečali vse svoje pozornosti — Cilka je hotela biti središče vsega v domačem krogu — se je začela emeriti in dreti kot za stavo; če ni brž dobila, kar je zahtevala, je bilo vekanja in solza na pretek in če to ni zaleglo, se je vrgla na tla ter začela biti z rokami in nogami po podu, kakor bi jo krivila božjast. In oče in mati in sestre in bratje so hiteli, da so se skoro prekopicovali drug preko drugega, da bi čim prej ustregli tiranski Cilki ter jo potolažili. Nakar se je Cilka po navadi nekaj časa muhasto smehljala, kakor bi hotela reči, pa jih je le ugnala — dokler se ji zopet ni zdelo kaj narobe.

Na kratko povedano: Cilka je bila velika pokora svojim staršem, bratom in sestram.

S strahovanjem je začela prav kmalu po svojem rojstvu, namreč čim se je zavedla, da njeno vekanje ne prija ušesom staršev, bratov in sester in da jim je mnogo do tega, da preneha s svojim neprijetnim "petjem". Čim pa se otrok zave, da z drenjem lahko nekaj doseže, začne postajati neusmiljen tiran, ki hoče s svojim vekanjem vse v hiši ustrahovati. Vsi se morajo vedno brigati zanj, vsi ga morajo zmerom videti, vsi mu morajo streči kot visokorodnemu princu, sicer je joj in vek. In to je z vsakim dnevom hujše. Otrok se bolj in bolj zaveda moči svojega orožja in prav kmalu ga začne hudo zlorabljati — če ga starši ne znajo pravočasno ukrotiti.

Cilka je imela dokaj prosto pot, da je lahko razvila svoj strahovalski dar skoro do popolnosti. Bila je najmlajša

v družini, "baby", oče je bil ves neumen nanjo in če je materi včasih pošla potrpežljivost, da je malo zavpila nad malim tiranom, je bil oče hud. "Ne smeš zameriti otroku," se je hudoval. "Otrok je otrok in ga ne smeš jemati v roke kot odraslega človeka!"

In mala Cilka, kot bi vedela, da oče zagovarja njene muhe, je prijazno pogledala očeta ter se mu na moč ljubeznivo nasmehnila.

Ko je shodila, je postala še hujša. Vse je oblezla, vse je hotela videti, vzeti v roke in če mogoče tudi pokvariti ali uničiti. Če jo je kdo skušal odvrniti od tega, se je začela dreti na vse pretege in če to ni zaleglo, se je začela metati po tleh, kakor bi bila epileptična. In njena je vselej obveljala.

Materi je dkeletce nazadnje začelo iti na živce. "Saj mi je znoreti pri tem otroku!" je tožila. "Toliko dela je z gospodinjstvom, pa ne utegnem opravičiti ne tega ne onega dela, ker mi to otroče vzame ves čas. Samo njo naj gledam vedno, pazim na njene muhe ter ji strežem kot kakšni princesi. In če mi kaj prevrne ali pobije, naj jo zato še božam in poljubljam, sicer se mi meče po tleh kot božjastna! Več muke mi prizadene kot vseh pet ostalih otrok skupaj, odkar so na svetu! Kaže, da bo treba vzeti v roke pa lico . . ."

Toda oče tega ni dovolil. Mala tiranka ga je s svojimi ljubeznivimi nasmehi popolnoma pridobila zase. No, pa lahko njemu. Čez dan je bil v tovarni, zvečer tudi ni bil vedno doma, tako, da ga Cilka ni baš preveč mučila s svojim vekanjem in drugimi strahovalnimi akrobacijami. Toda mati — ta jo je morala poslušati ter se jeziti nad njo noč in dan. Zato je umevno, da se je vsega naveličala.

"Ne vem, kaj bi storila?" je nekoč potožila bratu Mihi. "Otrok je postal

naravnost neznošen. Zmerom hoče nekaj in ker vsega takoj ne dobi, se vedno dere kot sraka ter se meče po tleh kot božjastna. Grozno!"

Miha se je mirno nasmehnil. "Sami ste krivi!" je dejal resno. "Ko ste videli, da se otrok dere, ne da bi imel pravi vzrok zato, bi ga bili morali pustiti, da bi se drl po mili volji, dokler se ne bi bil naveličal. Vi pa ste se gnetli okrog njega, mu ponujali vse mogoče, ga božali in milovati, samo da bi utihnil in otrok si je to zapomnil. Zavedel se je, da z jokom vse lahko doseže. In vas je začel strahovati. Ko jok ni več zadostoval, se je začel metati po tleh. Če bi ga bili pustili pri miru, se nič zmenili zanj, ko je to poskusil prvič, bi bil kmalu ozdravljen, tako pa . . . nu, saj vidiš. In sčasoma bo še slabše, če je ne boste znali ukrotiti . . ."

"Toda kako naj jo ukrotim?" je hotela vedeti Cilkina mati.

"Kakor smo pri nas ukrotili naše otroke," se je odrezal stric Miha. "Če vidiš, da je otrok zdrav in sit, pa se vseeno dere, ga kar pusti, naj se cmeri, dere ali magari po tleh meče; se bo že naveličal. In ko bo videl, da se ne daste ustrahovati, ga bo minilo vse veselje do takšnega počenjanja."

Baš tedaj pa je Cilka opazila, da ima stric Miha lepo zlato verižico preko televnika in takoj jo je hotela imeti. Ker je ni dobila, se je začela dreti na vse grlo in ko to ni zaleгло, se je vrgla na tla ter začela z vsemi štirimi besno biti po podu.

"Na, vidiš jo!" je trpko vzdihnila mati. "Pa jo ukroti! Našeškala jo bom, če bo kaj zaleгло."

"Ni treba," je menil stric Miha. "Tjale v spalnico jo nesi in zapri vrata, potem naj se pa dere in meče po tleh, dokler se ji bo ljubilo. Se bo že naveličala . . ."

Mati ga je ubogala. Pol ure se je Cilka drla, da je bila že vsa hripava, se valjala po tleh ter bila z vsemi štirimi ob pod. Potem je utihnila. Ko je šla mati pogledat v spalno sobo, da vidi,

kaj otrok počne, jo je našla na preprogi na tleh — spečo.

Stric Miha se je nasmehnil ter pokimal z glavo. "Tako, vidiš . . . In kadar jo bo zopet prijelo — kar ponovi današnjo kuro . . . To ji pomaga!"

"Toda Johnu ne bo všeč . . ." je vzdihnila mati.

"V roke ga vzemi in ušesa mu malo izpraši," ji je svetoval brat. "Mati si in tvoja dolžnost je, da gledaš, da se tvoj otrok razvija normalno. Zdaj je še čas, da ozdraviš Cilko, če boš pa še kaj časa čakala, utegne biti prepozno in otrok bo zaradi neuvidevnosti svojih staršev mogoče vse življenje nesrečen . . . Tole, kar Cilka počne, niso mačje solze, je preteto resna zadeva!"

Tisto noč sta imela Cilkin oče in mati dolgo konferenco, ki je bila precej vroča. Oče se je upiral zdravilni metodi svaka Mihe, češ, kako more biti človek tako krut, da bi molče gledal, kako se otrok zvija po tleh, ne da bi ga skušal potolažiti.

"To je prav lepo!" ga je zavrnila žena. "Lepo, da imaš toliko srca za otroka . . . Ampak še lepše bi bilo, če bi ti imel tudi malo srca za otrokovo mater . . . Seveda, tebi je lahko, podnevi v tovarni, zvečer pa kam v vas, jaz, reva, naj se pa sama ubijam s tem otrokom, ki mi ne da miru niti eno minuto in me tiranizira na vse mile viže! Seveda, otrok je otrok, kajne, in zato sme početi vse, kar se mu zljubi, magari tudi svojo mater spravi v grob!"

Ženini očitki so moža zadeli v živo. Ni vedel kaj odgovoriti. Otroka je imel rad, ženo tudi. In nazadnje se mu je posvetilo, da ima žena nemara vendarle prav. Podal se je ter zamrmral:

"Ti si njena mati . . . well, stori kar veš, da bo bolj koristno zanjo . . . Pomni pa, da si mi zanjo odgovor-na . . ."

Odtistihmal Cilka na svoj stari način ni mogla ničesar več doseči. Če je hotela strahovati z jokom ali metanjem po tleh, jo je mati poslala v spalnico ter se ni več zmenila zanjo, dokler se

ni naveličala dreti. Tudi oče, kakor ga je včasih mikalo, da bi otroka pocarkljal, tega ni smel storiti.

"Naj se dere, otroče!" je dejala mati. "Zdravo je, lačno tudi ni, torej se lahko zabava z vekanjem, dokler ga je volja."

Cilka, kakor je bila mlada, je kmalu uvidela, da so dnevi njene strahovlade šteti, da so njene solze brez haska, da ji metanje po tleh prinese kvečjemu bolečine v rokah in nogah. Njeni "bož-

jastni krči" so postajali čezdalje krajši in nekega dne, ko ni dobila, kar je zahtevala, je povsem pozabila na svoje stare strahovalne metode; ne zajokala ni niti se vrgla na tla, temveč zgolj napravila malo šobo ter se nekaj časa kujala v kotu kuhinje, nato pa je pozabila, da je sploh kaj zahtevala od matere.

Cilka je bila ozdravljena, mali divjak in tiran ukročen!

Danes je Cilka najbolj pridni in ubogljivi otrok v Trpotčevi družini.



DEGAS

PRI LIKANJU

Muha v palači

(Ruska pripovedka.)

PO široki ruski cesti je vozil lončar svojo robo. Ramtata, ramtata — je odskakoval njegov voziček po ostrem kamenju in zgodilo se je, da je padel velik lonec na tla. Lončar ni tega niti zapazil. Lonec pa je ugledala muha, se naselila v njem in živela udobno in zadovoljno.

Napočil je drugi dan — pa ti prileti od nekod droben komar in potrka na lonec:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz sem, muha Brbrnuha! Kdo si pa ti?”

“Sem komarček Zabodavček!”

“Bodi moj gost!”

Pa sta stanovala že dva v loncu.

Tedaj pa poskoči miška iz luknjice in potrka na lonec:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz sem, muha Brbrnuha in komarček Zabodavček. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Jaz sem miška Sladkosneda!”

“Bodi naš gost!”

Bili so že trije.

Kvak, kvak, je prikoral žaba in potrkala na lonec:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz, muha Brbrnuha, komarček Zabodavček in še miška Sladkosneda. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Jaz sem žaba Skokica, pevka iz bližnje mlake!”

“Bodi naš gost!”

Bili so že štirje.

Tedaj prisopiha zajček iz gozda in potrka na lonec:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz muha Brbrnuha, komarček Zabodavček, miška Sladkosneda in pa žaba Skokica. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Jaz sem zajček Dolgouhec!”

“Bodi naš gost!”

Bilo jih je že pet.

Kmalu za zajčkom prikrevlja lisica in potrka na lonec:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz muha Brbrnuha, komarček Zabodavček, miška Sladkosneda, žaba Skokica in še zajček Dolgouhec. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Lisička Zvitorepka sem!”

“Bodi naš gost!”

Bilo jih je že šest.

Približal se je pes in potrkal na lonec:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz muha Brbrnuha, komarček Zabodavček, miška Sladkosneda, žaba Skokica, zajček Dolgouhec in lisička Zvitorepka. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Jaz sem psiček Hovhovhov!”

“Bodi naš gost!”

Pes je zlezal v lonec in bilo jih je že sedem.

Ha, glej, kdo je pa zdajle zavil z velikimi koraki okoli ogla? Volk je bil. Potrkal je na lonec in vprašal:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz, muha Brbrnuha, komarček Zabodavček, miška Sladkosneda, žaba Skokica, zajček Dolgouhec, lisička Zvitorepka in pa psiček Hovhovhov. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Volk sem, Sivodlakec!”

“Bodi naš gost!”

Bilo jih je osem in živeli so zadovoljno in prijetno v loncu in so se imeli radi od vsega srca.

Pa je zvedel o palači in njenih prebivalcih medved; priplazil se je bil ponoči k loncu, potrkal nanj in vprašal z

globokim glasom, da se je tresel ves lonec in so stanovalci trepetali od groze in strahu:

“Kdo stanuje v palači, v prekrasnem gradu?”

“Jaz, muha Brbrnuha, komarček Zabodavček, miška Sladkosneda, žaba Skokica, zajček Dolgouhec, lisička Zvi-

torepka, psiček Hovhovhov in še naš volk Sivodlakec. Kdo si pa ti?”

“Jaz sem,” je rekel medved, “kruti medved Kosmatinec, vseh gozdov glavar!”

In sedel je na lonec, zdobil palačo v prah in zmečkal vse, ki so stanovali v njej. O jej! . . .

Sam se je ukanil

(Francoska pravljica.)

NEKI kmet je prodal isto kravo dvema kupcema in je tudi od vsakega prejel plačilo. Ko pa je uvidel, da bo moral enemu od obeh kupcev vrniti denar, ni vedel kako bi naredil, da bi obdržal ves denar, da pa kljub temu ne bi dobil tožbe nobeden izmed obeh kupcev. Naposled se je zatekel h kmetu, ki je veljal za najbolj brihtnega v vasi in ga je poprosil za svet. Kmet mu je dejal: “Če daš kravo meni, ti bom povedal, kaj moraš ukreniti!” Obtoženi kmet se je začudil: “Kako ti morem dati kravo, če jo že dolgujem drugemu, ki mi jo je plačal!” Ali prebrisani kmet je vztrajal in ko mu je zatrdil, da mu bo gotovo pomagal njegov nasvet, mu je oni obljubil kravo. Kmet pa mu je rekel: “Ko bo obravnava in te bodo izpraševali radi krave, ne odgovori nikomur, temveč mu zažvižgaj v obraz!”

Kmet je prišel na obravnavo. Sodnik ga je vprašal: “Ali si res obema kmetoma prodal isto kravo?” Kmet pa ni

nič odgovoril, temveč mu je zažvižgal v obraz. Sodnik se je začudil. Izpraševali so ga tudi drugi gospodje, a on je vsakomur mesto odgovora zažvižgal v obraz. Pa je rekel sodnik tožiteljema: “Saj vidita, da se mu je zmešalo, kar pustita mu kravo in denar — saj je itak dosti velik revež!” — Tedaj je obtoženi kmet zopet zažvižgal. Videli so, da je neumen, in so odšli domov. Kmet pa je obdržal kravo in njeno dvojno kupno ceno.

Po obravnavi pa je prišel k njemu oni premeteni kmet, ki mu je pomagal, da je dobil pravdo. Vstopil je v izbo in je zahteval obljubljeni kravo.

Kmetu pa to ni bilo po volji, zato se je meni nič tebi nič postavil predenj in mu — zažvižgal v obraz.

Oni je spoznal, da je samega sebe ukanil, ko je dal tožencu tako koristen nasvet, in je jezno odšel.

Kmet pa se je zasmel in si je vesele zažvižgal. — D. G.





ROŽNATA STRAN ŽIVLJENJA

DRAGI OTROCI!

Več ko par minut sem premišljal, kaj novega bi vam povedal v aprilski številki **MLADINSKEGA LISTA**. Novic je vsepolno, veselih in neveselih. Pomudili se bomo pri prvih!

Razveseljivo je to, da ste za marčno številko napisali kar **OSEMNAJST** dopisov! V njih je nič manj ko **DESET** lepih pesmic. Nekaj je zimskih, ostale pa pojejo prerobenju narode — pomladi.

Tudi ta številka se ponaša z lepim številom pisem in ljubkih pesmic, znanih vašim staršem iz mladih dni, ko so v domovini veselo rajali pod vaško lipo. Takrat še niso poznali resne strani življenja. Brezskrbno so se igrali. Tako je i z vami. Mladina si želi le rožnate strani življenja, kar je prav. Vendar bi bila taka vzgoja, brez spoznavanja resnice, precej zmotna. Kajti življenje v sedanji človeški družbi je le redkokdaj rožnato. Zato je treba, da mladina prične zgodaj spoznavati resnično stran življenja. Če bo pripravljena, ne bo razočarana ko doraste, temveč bo oborožena s potrebnim znanjem in bo stopila v areno življenja sposobna za naloge, ki jo čakajo.

—UREDNIK.

Olga goji cvetice

Dragi urednik!

Upam, da ne boste mislili, da sem zaspala v Scrantonu. Ne, res ne, pač pa sem bila precej zaposlena z mojimi glasbenimi nalogami, ki sem jih dovršila pred enim tednom ali sredi marca.

No, sedaj pa imam spet druge skrbi na moji mladi glavi. Sedaj se učim za igro, ki jo bomo uprizorili v naši šoli to pomlad. Kljub vsemu temu delu sem se odločila, da napišem par vrstic za *Mladinski List*.

Zadnje dni v marcu sem videla ptiča, ki se imenuje robin, ko je pel na naši češnji. To je dobro znamenje, da je konec zime. Kadar se pri nas prikaže kos, tedaj vemo, da pomlad ni več daleč. In res, pomlad se je že vrnila in kako je lepo! Od takih prilikah bi kar zapeli ono Vilharjevo:

NA GORO

Na goro, na goro,
na strme vrhe,
tja kliče in miče
in vabi srce.

Na gori cvetice
najzaljše cveto,
in ptice preljuje
najslajše pojo.

ali pa ono, ki jo je napisal Praprotnik:

MOJ DOM

V dolini prijetni je ljubi moj dom,
nikoli jaz njega ostavil ne bom;
pod lipo domačo najrajši sedim,
v domačem veselju zadovoljno živim.

Zadnjič sem že vse po vrtu pregledala, kaj že je vse prikukalo iz zemlje. Pa sem opazila, da je že mnogo lepega zrastle. Moje modre lilije so že lepo zrastle, pa tudi druge

vrtno cvetice so pomolele svoje glave ven in boječe pogledale v sonce. Veste, v jeseni sem jih skrbno pokrila s steljo, da niso pozeble čez zimo. Tudi peteršiljček, ki ga mama rada deva v juho in druge kuhinjske dobrote, je že ozelenel. Tudi tulipane imamo na našem vrtu; te je moj oče posadil v jeseni in sedaj so prišli na dan, da si ogledajo naravo in da se tudi kmalu razcvetejo.

Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje!

Olga Vogrin,
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

Rega, rega, huda je zadrega!

Dragi urednik!

Upam da se niste preveč začudili, ko sem Vam zadnjič pisal angleško pismo. To sem storil zato, ker nam je dala učiteljica v šoli nalogo, da vsak učenec napiše pismo komurkoli hoče. In jaz sem si izbral Vas! Upam, da ste ga dobili. Mislil sem si, da bo vsak pisal ali sestrični ali bratrancu, teti ali stricu, ali pa morda kakšnemu trgovcu.

Veste, kaj sem oni dan našel pod klopjo v šoli? Na moje veliko začudenje sem izlekel izpod klopi Prosveto. Pa me ni bilo sram, ker sem našel v klopi Prosveto, ampak to mi ni bilo prav, da je dotični součenec pustil na njej drobtine svojega lunča, saj vendar ve, da je strogo prepovedano v šoli jesti; za take stvari imamo vendar kafeterijo in v nji jedilnico.

Ker vsi tako radi pišejo v *Mladinski List* razne pesmice, kar je zelo lepo, bom tudi jaz povedal eno o žabah, ki jo je spisal Oton Župančič in ki je bila že enkrat priobčena v *Mladinskem Listu*:

ŽABE

Rega, rega, rega, rega,
vedno hujša je zadrega,
sonce že do dna nam sega,
jojmene, kaj bo iz tega!

Kum, kum,
le pogum:
slišal sem od juga šum!

Kvak, kvak,
glej oblak,
glej oblakov sivih vlak,
vedro vode nosi vsak,
kmalu bo vse polno mlak!

Rega, rega, rega, rega . . .

Prihodnjič bom napisal še kaj, do takrat pa ostanite zdravi in veseli vsi skupaj!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

Pomlad in mladost

Cenjeni urednik!

Da se navada ne opusti, hočem tudi tokrat napisati v "Kotiček" par vrstic.

Zima, ki je bila letos izredno mila, polagoma odhaja in tesno za petami ji sledi pomlad. Travniki in gozdovi se že odevajo z zeleno odejo in sadno drevje bolj zgodnih vrst kot breskve, marelice, češnje itd. so pričele cvesti že v sredi mārca, pač redka prikazen v naših krajih. Upati je, da se zima več ne povrne; če se bi vrnila, bi prav gotovo uničila ves letošnji sadni pridelek.

Kar se tiče delavskih razmer tu v Clintonu, so pa že zmirom pod ničlo, kot toplomer v najhujši zimi, pomladi ni še nikjer opaziti. Relifniki tavajo klavrno po ulicah, opirajoč se ob grablje in lopate, in debatirajo o depresiji, novem dealu in sanjajo o prosperiteti, ki ima vsak čas priti izza ogla.

Ker sem napisala vse, kar sem imela poročati, zato naj dodam, predno sklenem, še tole pesem:

POMLAD IN MLADOST

*Pomlad spet zelena prihaja,
polagoma zima beži,
veselje se v srcu poraja,
se upanje novo budi.*

*Mladina pojoč poskakuje
in starček drži se na smeh,
vsakdo se pomladi raduje,
kdo šteje človeku to v greh?*

*Še lepša kot Vesna zelena
pa nam je življenja pomlad,
mladost je najbolj dragocena,
le pride v življenju enkrat.*

*Pomlad gre in spet se povrne,
ko pride prinese nam maj,
mladost pa, ko hrbet obrne,
ne pride nikdar več nazaj.*

*Mladina, le uživaj življenje,
dokler je še v srcu mladost!
Ko pridejo leta, spoznanje,
vam mineta smeh in radost.*

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam! Prihodnjič se še kaj oglasim.

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

* *

O maskah in banketu

Cenjeni urednik M. L!

Jojmene, parkrat sem zamudila, da nisem nič napisala za *Mladinski list*! Veste, dne 2. marca smo šli gledat maske na maškeradno veselico na Holmes ave. v Collinwoodu z mr.

Sustaršičem in otroci, pa smo se imeli prav dobro. Videli smo dosti mask, ki so dobile nagrade.

Dne 24. februarja pa smo imeli velik banket. To je bilo ob priliki 25 letnice društva št. 126 in 129 SNPJ. V resnici smo se prav dobro zabavali. Škoda, da je prehitro minilo.

Pozdravljam prav vse, ki bodo to čitali! Rada bi videla, da bi tudi drugi otroci kaj napisali.

Josephine Cukyne,

7511 Cornelia ave., Cleveland, O.

Pomlad se je vrnila

Dragi čitatelji in urednik!

Hočem že zopet napisati mali dopisek za *Mladinski List* in upam, da bo priobčen v aprilski številki. Pa ne želim biti prepozna, kakor sem bila že dvakrat prej.

Spet se je vrnila ljuba pomlad, ki se je otroci najbolj veselimo, ker se spet lahko igramo na prostem, oblečeni v lahke obleke. Vsak letni čas nam prinaša nekaj veselega, a najbolj se razveselimo pomladi stari in mladi. Veselimo se, ker se nam ne bo treba greti pri gorki peči, grelji pa se bomo zastoj na soncu.

Prvi pomladanski dan ni bil preveč lep, preveč dežja je bilo, kar pa je pomagalo travi, da je hitreje ozelenela, tako tudi cvetice in regrat. Ata je rekel, da je regrat dober in zdrav. Pesem, v kateri pesnik Župančič poje o pomladi, se glasi:

DA MI BITI JE DREVO

*Da mi biti je drevo,
bil spomladi rad bi breza —
drugo drevje še golo,
nanjo sveti Juri pleza.*

Tole pesmico pa me je naučila moja stara mama, ki sem jo morala zapustiti:

*Spomladi vse se veseli,
drobna ptička žvrgoli;
srce moje je žalostno,
ker moram jemati slovo.*

Želim vsem bralcem in Vam mnogo sončnih in veselih dni ter obilo veselja pa pisanih pihov o velikinoči!

Mary Potisek, box 217, Rillton, Pa.

Tri šolske naloge

Naslednje tri šolske naloge so napisali učenci slovenske šole Slovenskega delavskega doma na Waterloo rd. v Collinwoodu, O., o predmetu "Pomlad." Prva, ki jo je napisala Audrey Maslo, stara 12 let, se glasi:

I

Spomladi se sneg stopi in solnce se prikaže čez hribček. Dež pomaga cveticam iz zemlje, ozeleni grmovje in trava začne

rasti. Rožice cvetejo, drevje se obleče v zeleno obleko in ves vrt je v cvetju.

Ptički prepevajo lepe pesmice in delajo gnezda. Čebelice nabirajo med. Kmet dela na polju, orje in seje, saj ve, da on dela, da bomo mi imeli dovolj hrane.

Človek se veseli pomladi; ve, da mora delati zase in svojo družino. Otroci nabirajo lepe rožice in jih postavijo na mizo. Njim se dobro zdi, ker je prišla pomlad. Ko pride poletje, bodo šli nabirat jagode, ko pa bo vroče, se bodo šli kopat v vodo. Pomlad tudi prinese velikonoč, ko se barvajo pirkhi. Zajec prinese slaščice. Potem imamo veliko kosilo, katerega se vsi veselimo.

Drugo pisemce oziroma opis pomladi je pripeval John Terlep, ki je 11 let star:

II

Izmed vseh letnih časov je najlepša pomlad. Zato jo vsi težko pričakujemo, posebno mi otroci, ki se radi igramo na toplem soncu. Spomladi se vse prebudi iz zimskega spanja, rastline in živali. Pomlad je res krasna, ko nam sije toplo sonce, da smo kar veseli. Drevje ozeleni in rože cveto, pa tudi trava zeleni in ptički pojo ter pletejo gnezda.

Spomladi imamo obilo dela na vrtu z zelenjavo. Zato zemljo lepo pognojimo z različnimi odpadki. In ljudje se radi sprehajajo spomladi po svežem zraku in čistih cestah. Vsak rad počisti svoj vrt.

Tretjo nalogo o pomladi je napisala učenka iste šole, Mildred Krasovec, stara 12 let, ki pravi:

III

Spomladi se sneg taja, v aprilu pa pride pomladansko deževje, ki počisti zimske smeti in pomaga rastlinam iz zemlje. V maju začnejo rasti cvetlice in ptice se zopet vrnejo nazaj z juga. Veselo nam pojo in delajo gnezda.

Spomladi postanejo ljudje bolj živahni in pripravljajo svoje vrtove. Treba je kopati, grabiti in sejati razno zelenjavo. Potem pa je treba pleti in zalivati ali škropiti. Drevje ozeleni in rože se razcvetejo. Vrtovi so polni lepega dišavega cvetja rož, češenj, jablan, hrušk it.

Otroci se veselimo pomladi. Zunaj bijemo žogo in skačemo čez vrvo, tako da imamo več veselja.

Prišla bo pomlad . . .

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moje drugo pismo za *Mladinski List*. Upam, da bo dovolj prostora v "Katičku."

Zadnjič sem napisala precej dolg dopis in v njem so bile tudi dve lepe pesmice. Kako

se mi je dopadlo, ker ste vse tako lepo uredili in popravili. V Mladinskem Listu sem brala tudi pesmico o pomladi:

Prišla bo pomlad,
učakal bi jo rad,
da bi zdrav vesel,
lepe pesmi pel. Itd.,

ki se mi je zlo dopadla. Zraven je bilo vsepolno drugih lepih pesmic. Mnogo jih je bilo. Lep pozdrav!

Elica Smrekar, box 442, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Pomladansko veselje

Dragi urednik!

Ker sem zadnjič obljubila, da bom spet kaj napisala, zato se sedaj oglašam, da izpolnem mojo obljubo Mladinskemu Listu, ki ga izdaja za nas naša SNPJ, h kateri spadam tudi jaz in moja oba brata. Tu je primerna popevka:

POMLADNO VESELJE

Štiri vaški smo fantiči,
brez skrbi smo kakor ptiči;
ko veselja s snegom ni,
radost druga se rodi.

Bliža praznik se vstajenja,
praznik novega življenja,
Sonce toplo že nas greje,
vetre mil nad poljem veje.

Pošiljam vsem čitateljem pomladne pozdrave!

Josephine Križak,
box 126, Frontenac, Wyo.

* *

Pismo iz Penne

Dragi urednik!

Iz države Washington so mi pisali, naj napišem slovenski dopis za "Kotiček" v Mladinskem Listu. Zato sem se odločila, da bom. Morda bo šlo.

Pennsylvania je lepa dežela, posebno spomladi, ko je vse zeleno in razcveteno, česar se vse veseli, tako tudi jaz.

V Penni so razne industrije in rovi ter farme. Saj je Pittsburgh z okolico znan po svolavnih. Sedaj pa je mnogo brezposelnih jih velikih jeklarnah in drugih podobnih delavcev, ker nimajo kaj delati, pa bi radi šli delat.

Naše mesto je rudarsko. Dela se bolj slabo, le par dni v tednu, pa že štiri leta tako. Zato je za delavce slabo, ker tukaj so vsi odvisni od premogorovov. Pa sedaj bo že še šlo, ker je regrat zrastel, potem pa bo solata na vrsti itd.

Dorothy M. Fink, Wendel, Pa.

Naj zadostuje. Prihodnjič kaj več. Pozdrav vsem!

Prva vijolica

Cenjeni urednik!

Zadnjič sem Vam pisal po angleško, danes pa po slovensko. Pa mi gre bolj slabo, ampak moja mama mi vselej rada pomaga. Ona mi je povedala, da v slovenščini se nič ne "spela," ampak se zapiše kakor se izgovori. To je pa res nekaj dobrega!

Tukaj so premogorovi ali kolmajne. Moj stric je šel kar sam na štrajk. Padel je pred hišo in si nogo zlomil. Ubogi stric! — V zadnjem M. L. je pa res bilo mnogo pesmic. Meni se je zelo dopadla ona o vijolici, ki se glasi:

Obšla sem vso okolico,
da našli bi vijolico —
Ha, tu je ena; oj, veselje!
Izpolnjene so moje želje.
Dovoli, oj cvetica, mi,
ti prva med sestricami,
izgrebla te bom z gručo celo,
skrbno, da te ne bo bolelo.
Itd. Itd. Itd.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Jennie Fik, R. R. 1, box 220, Paris, Ill.

* *

Drobna rožca, rožmarin

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo. Hodim v šolo in sem v 4. razredu. Se dobro učim, tako tudi moja dva brata in dve sestrici. Rada se učim slovensko, le da mi gre bolj težko. Tukaj ni nobene slovenske družine. Kako se poje ona o vrtec?

En vrtec bom skopala,
drobne rože bom sejala,
drobne rožce, rožmarin
da bom imela lep spomin.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem bralcem!

Tinnie Smrekar, box 442, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Slabe razmere

Cenjeni urednik!

Odločila sem se, da bom napisala tudi slovenski dopis. Sedaj mi gre še slabo, berem pa rada slovenske dopise in druge stvari.

Z delom je tukaj slabo. Moj atek malo dela, toliko zasluži, da je za hrano, za obleko pa nič. Upam, da se bodo razmere v kratkem izboljšale, ker so že zadosti dolgo slabe.

Prosim, da popravite moje pisemce in ga priobčite v M. L.

Carolyne Kutzter, box 203, Buhl, Minn.



JUVENILE



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April Weather

*OH, HUSH, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.*

*The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white—ay, white as my love's throat—
The dogwood boughs are growing.*

*The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.*

*And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win,
For here is April weather.*

—Lizette W. Reese.

HERE COMES APRIL

By M. MAY ROBINSON

APRIL'S piping on the hills
 To the golden daffodils;
 Bids them ere the year is old
 Haste to don their cloaks of gold;
 Bids the violets in the dell
 Purple sweetness to dispel.

Pussy willows all a-quiver,
 Hear her singing down the river,
 Hear her laughing as she goes—
 "Gone are all the winter snows
 Waken, O you sleepy heads,
 Drowsy in your winter beds."

April's singing on the hills,
 And with songs of joy she fills
 All the earth, the air, the sky,
 As the golden days go by,
 April's call rings full and free—
 Hark! she's calling you and me.

APRIL WINDS

By MICHAEL LEWIS

IN spring the day is early
 And wakes a rosy world,
 Where all the twigs are pearly
 And every bud's uncurled.
 The birds are up and singing
 Before they can be seen,—
 Their way to make earth green.

And April winds are winging
 In spring the sun grows pleasant
 To prove that he is fond,
 He scatters for a present
 Gold pieces in each pond.
 He sets the bell-flowers ringing
 With perfumed melodies,—
 And April winds run swinging
 Among the startled trees.

In spring the night is starry;
 Sleeps taps upon the door
 And not a heart is sorry
 Though daylight is no more;
 It knows the night is bringing
 Dreams for another day,—
 And April winds are singing
 The silent hours away.

ONE IDEAL BOY

HE GOT his lessons, obeyed his teacher,
 Obeyed his mother, and did his chores.
 Folks called Sammy an ideal boy;
 Until Sammy thought of Life as
 One long job of obeying, doing, and obeying.

He never questioned, never doubted;
 He got a diploma and a card of merit
 To show he had been an ideal boy.

He got a job in the biscuit factory
 Making cartons, wrapping biscuits day by day,
 Until he thought the world revolved on cartons—biscuits;
 Nor did he question why his wages were so low,
 But kept on folding, wrapping, folding, wrapping,
 Because the foreman told him to.

But Sammy's fellow-workers could not make the grade
 On eight a week, to their bosses' hundred eighty;
 And so they left the shops and beckoned Sammy
 To come along with them.

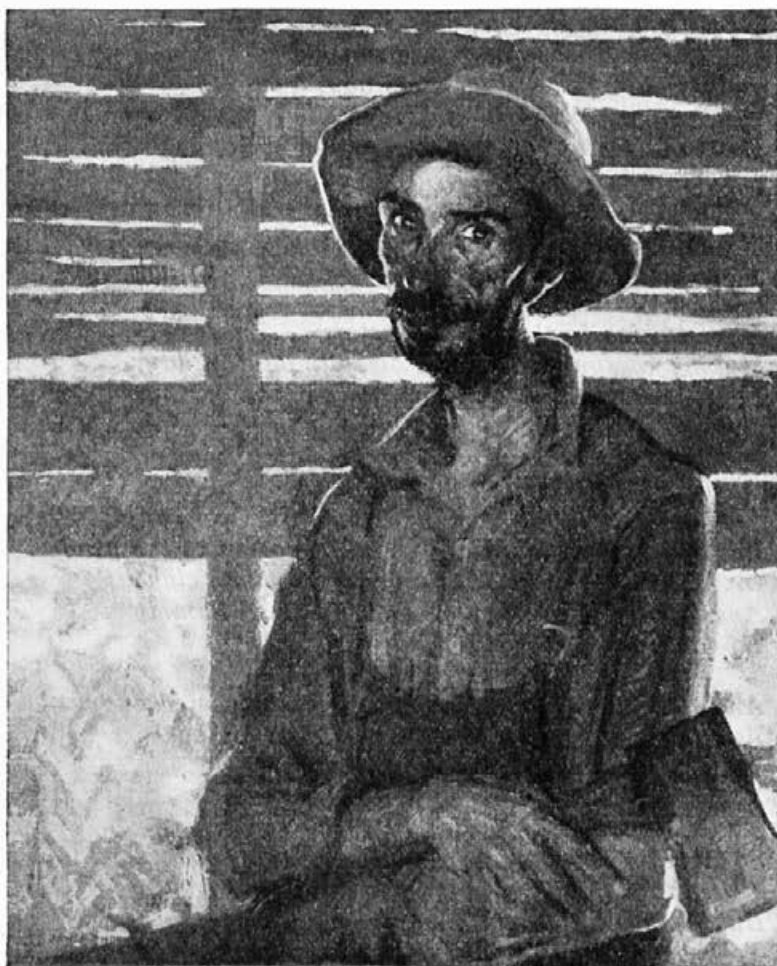
And Sammy saw the picket-line—the foremen angry—
 And having been an ideal boy, obeyed his boss
 To go among the strikers, use his force,
 If needs be, he must use his force.

So Sammy never questioned, never wondered,
 Never thought why there should be a picket line,
 But faithfully obeyed his foreman's order
 To fight against the strikers if he must.

The next day came and Sammy tried to walk
 Right through the picket line, and fully armed;
 He met resistance, fought, produced his gun,
 Shot once and twice and killed his fellow-worker.

For Sammy was an ideal boy,
 And never questioned, never thought,
 But obeyed always, always—his one long job in Life.

MARY JUGG



JAMES R. HOPKINS A KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

Old "Bad English"

By Grace L. Myers

"I HAVE gone—you have gone—he has gone," Tommy murmured sleepily. His English lesson was such a bore! Such a crazy story Miss Maida read to the class today, about an old witch called Bad English. Pshaw! readin' kid stories to boys almost ready for Junior High!

Tommy eyed the ice box longingly. He knew there was a big piece of mince pie left from dinner. Of course Mother would say, "No, it isn't good for boys to eat pie just before going to bed." But, shucks, if he had all that English lesson to do yet, he needed extra food to strengthen him. Besides, mothers don't know how hungry boys get anyway. So in a second the pie had disappeared.

Tommy went back to his English assignment. He began again, "I have gone—you have gone—he has gone." What nonsense! He scanned the page before him in disgust. "What good's all this stuff going to do anybody, any how?" he complained.

He closed the book with a bang.

"I'm goin, to bed, Ma—I'll finish this in the morning" he called on his way upstairs.

Tommy lay staring out of the window for a long time. Funny, he wasn't the least bit sleepy. He watched the clouds taking odd shapes as they flitted across the moon. There was a strange mystic atmosphere. He heard strange night noises and saw shadowy forms flitting outside beneath the trees.

"Come, set on my broomstick!" suddenly rasped a harsh voice in his ear.

Tommy turned over and rubbed his eyes. He must have been asleep—he hadn't seen anyone come in, but there by his bed was the ugliest old witch imaginable. She wore a tall, peaked hat and, sure enough, she was astride

a broomstick. It was saddled and bridled, and seemed a bit unruly.

Tommy was puzzled. Here it was April, so she couldn't be a Halloween witch—besides she had no black cat.

"Come, set on my broomstick," she repeated with an uninviting grin, which spread her great toothless mouth from ear to ear.

"You should say 'sit,'" corrected Tommy, hesitatingly. He didn't want to hurt her feelings, but he was quite surprised and bewildered. He wanted to stall a little for time.

"Nonsense!" cried his visitor sharply. "Are you coming or ain't you?"

Tommy climbed onto the broomstick behind her. He was too frightened to disobey. Whisk! They were out of the window and away up into the clouds, almost to the moon.

"What makes you use such bad English, Witch?" asked Tommy finally. He thought it might help a little if she would talk to him. He was frightened and uncomfortable. The broomstick kept bump-bumping along. Once it did a nose dive, and then it almost went into a tail spin.

"Because, that's my middle name!" she finally answered with a mocking chuckle.

"And what's your first name?" asked Tommy, doubtfully.

"Bad English," she snapped testily.

"How silly," said Tommy to himself. He thought his companion very disagreeable. It might be best to keep on the good side of her, however.

"I have a great deal of trouble with my English at school," ventured Tommy again.

"Uh-huh, an' there ain't no sense in it," commented the witch.

"But my teacher says that one

should learn to speak correctly," he explained.

"It ain't so, an' I have witnesses to prove," and the broomstick took another fearful nose dive.

They went down, down, down—Tommy tried to scream, but the wind took the sound right out of his mouth. They were getting close to the ground. They were going to crash!

"O-o-OH!" Tommy again tried to scream, but suddenly the broomstick righted itself and skimmed along smoothly quite close to the ground.

It eased gently to a landing and stopped short just before they plunged into a large pond.

Tommy looked around. A large bull-frog sat grinning broadly at them. Tommy thought he looked a little foolish with his pop eyes and vacant smile.

"Father Bull-Frog," the witch demanded imperiously, "What do you think of using poor English?"

"Ok'ey-doke by me," croaked the big frog, obligingly.

"Oh, yeah! What does a frog know about it?" thought Tommy, but he kept still.

"I told you so," said Bad English. "Mr. Bull Frog's very, very old and wise—are you convinced?"

"No," I think Miss Maida knows best," Tommy answered. Besides he was beginning to dislike the old witch very much.

"Well, get back on my broomstick." She gave him a rough jerk.

They were off again into the clouds. Tommy kept very quiet.

Soon they made another dive to earth. This time they landed in a barn lot.

A huge black pig was sleeping in a mud puddle by the fence.

They alighted from the broomstick and walked over to where he lay grunting lazily. Bad English gave his tail a twist, awakened him, and demanded, "Porky, it's right smart to use Poor English at all times, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh," was the lazy response.

"I told you so! Mr. Porky's opinion is highly respected in the barn lot," announced Bad English triumphantly.

"And in case you're not convinced, we have one more witness." She dragged him along by the arm, until they reached a tree nearby. Some chickens were roosting in it.

The witch picked up a stone and tossed it up into the branches. A speckled rooster pulled his head from under his wing, blinked and fluttered protestingly.

"Should boys be taught Good English?" queried Tommy's companion.

"It'll never doo-oo! It'll never doo-oo!" crowed the rooster noisily.

"I told you so," said Bad English again.

Then they mounted the broomstick and flew high up in the air again.

Tommy was dizzy and sick. "Aren't we going home soon?" he finally asked anxiously.

"Arent! Aren't!" screamed the old witch in a rage, "Say 'ain't! ain't!"

"I won't!" declared Tommy. "I won't because my teacher, Miss Maida, says that isn't proper, and my English book says so, too. Besides, I like them better than any old witch 'Bad English'."

"Then down you go!" she cried, giving him a shove.

Tommy lost his hold on the broomstick. He fell down, down, down—end over end, dizzily and swiftly; he fell past stars, the moon and nighthawks.

He landed with an awful bump.

He sat up, rubbed his eyes and wondered if he were still alive. He was surprised to see that he was back in his own bed again.

"Tommy—Tommy," his mother called. "It's time to get up."

"Yep, I'm a-comin'," he answered.

"I'm coming, Mother," he corrected himself, remembering the old witch.

The Valley of The Rio Grande

IF YOU'VE become a bit weary of the same old conventional world you've been looking upon all your life, there's another world only a few hours away in which everything is so radically different that you might well imagine yourself on another planet. Come with me a few minutes for a brief peep at some of the spots in that other world.

Down in the great upper valley of the Rio Grande lie many of those "other world" spots. Here stand the now inhabited Indian pueblos of Tesuque, Santa Clara, Santo Domingo and other places in that weird inland empire. Here, also, are the huge communal ruins of Puye—a cliff pueblo twenty centuries old.

For a visit to this ancient spot we leave Santa Fe in the morning and en route pass the inhabited Indian pueblos of Tesuque and Santa Clara where we see families of this old, old tribe living just as they did many centuries before Columbus sighted land in the new world far to the east-ward from them.

At Tesuque, nearest of all the inhabited Indian towns to Santa Fe, we see, for the first time, the characteristic features of pueblo life. Here we encounter the quaint church which marks the advent of man into the ancient life. Here, also the plaza and the 'dobe houses, each succeeding story of which shrinks back on the roof of the one below.

Tribal baking is done in mud ovens, shaped like gigantic beehives. There is a flash of color in dress and blanket, and the curious white moccasin boots of the women. Black, blue, red and white corn, woven into great ropes like giant firecrackers, hang within the houses. The crude corrals, roofed with cedar logs, are piled high with brown fodder.

Puye, remarkable for its great prehistoric ruins, lies to the northwest across the Rio Grande, high upon the Pajarito plateau. The way to it, after passing the river, is one of wild grandeur, climbing always, winding like a snake up the canyons. Everywhere on the open upland above are evidences of the forgotten people. Then grass gives way to the forest, and without warning we break out at the foot of the tall cliff at Puye.

To right and left as far as we can see, the base of the sheer wall is honey-combed with dark openings of every size and shape. Many are far above our reach, the rooms and granaries hollowed from the soft rock behind the upper stories of dwellings that have fallen in the slow march of the ages. High and low are rock pictures of curious symbols, strange birds, fish and animals.

It is possible to climb the cliff by ladders and footholds, hewn for moccasined feet long before the birth of Columbus. There, without preparation, we step into the midst of vast communal dwellings, partly excavated, that contain more than a thousand rooms. And whichever way we turn, we face a panorama of mountain, forest and valley that is fairly staggering in its apparently limitless immensity.

Our road back to the Rio Grande is much the same, yet reversed and in many respects utterly different. Near the mouth of the Santa Clara canyon we turn aside for a visit to the large inhabited pueblo of Santa Clara whose inhabitants probably are the descendants of those who once found their homes in the pitted cliffs of Puye. We are fortunate, indeed, if we arrive on one of those numerous days of fiesta and strange ceremonies that play a large part in pueblo life. The Tewa

name for this ancient pueblo means "Where the wild rose bushes grow near the river."

The return drive toward Santa Fe is one that always will remain in the memory. There is color everywhere and always. It is seen in the fawn and brown of the valley floor, and the bot-

tomless blue of the sky, the dark green of the cedars and pines; in the scarlet flame of the innumerable strings of chili pods drying in the sun; in the white snows of the mountains and in the flow of rose when the level lights play on the Sangre de Cristos.

—O. F. in M. W.

APRIL

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

FROM o'er the hill
 A whip-poor-will,
 Blends in a note with a mountain rill;
 And out at dawn in cheerful glee,
 The bluebird greets the honey bee;
 While hills and knolls, and space be-
 tween,
 Turn to a mottled mass of green;
 And everything
 With gentle ring,
 In rapture shouts, "'Tis spring, 'tis
 spring!"

WHAT OUR FINGERS SAY

Right Hand

FINGER one says, "Give me milk
 At least a pint a day."

Finger two says, "Cereal, too,
 And cook it well, I pray."

Finger three says, "Vegetable;
 Potato, if you please.
 And one like spinach, onions, squash,
 Or carrots, beans or peas."

Finger four says, "Apples, prunes,
 Or other fruit, I wish."

Finger five says, "Soft cooked egg,
 Or a piece of meat or fish."

This child's hand says, "Don't forget
 To give me these each day
 To help me grow up well and strong
 To run, and work, and play."

Left Hand

Finger six says, "Go to bed
 At seven every night."

Finger seven, "Windows up
 In dark as well as light."

Finger eight says, "Take a bath
 At least two times a week,
 And every day do not forget
 A restful nap to seek."

Finger nine says, "Do be sure
 To brush the teeth each day."

Finger ten says, "Eat three meals—
 Drink water thru the day."

My left hand says, "Outdoor play
 And living by this rule
 Is giving me the start I need
 To make me fit for school."

—Infant Welfare Society.

Unexpected Rewards

After children have made every possible effort to sidestep any little differences with their playmates they deserve commendation of parents.

THE Ross children had as their guests the children from across the way, and for an hour the side yard had been noisy. It was easy to see that the play had not been altogether pleasant, but Mrs. Ross, chatting with her mother, had sat calmly through it, not offering any suggestions nor correcting any of the players. Finally the guests became angry and with cross words departed to their own home while the Ross children came to rest on the porch, dispirited and tired.

Mrs. Ross slipped away and came back with a heaping plate of cookies and a pitcher of cold lemonade. "Help yourselves, children," she said pleasantly. "You have earned a little reward."

Joyfully they carried off the treat. They would have a picnic under the apple tree in the back yard. Then the grandmother laid down her sewing to exclaim over modern notions with regard to rearing boys and girls, particularly about giving rewards when children had been noisy and unable to keep their guests contented and happy.

Mrs. Ross only laughed and then asked her mother if she had noticed that the wrangling was almost all among the visitors, and that her children had made many concessions to keep peace, had given the guests the best of everything and had tried to hold their own tempers in check. Yes, the grandmother had observed all that, and thought the children had done remarkably well in dealing with the trouble-makers, but still she did not see why, after a morning of entire fail-

ure to make their guests have a pleasant time, a reward was in order.

"I think they deserved something for honest effort even though they failed," said the mother simply. "I've found that an unexpected reward, after children have tried hard and not wholly succeeded, helps in the next struggle."

All at once the grandmother saw the wisdom and justice of the treatment and said so frankly.

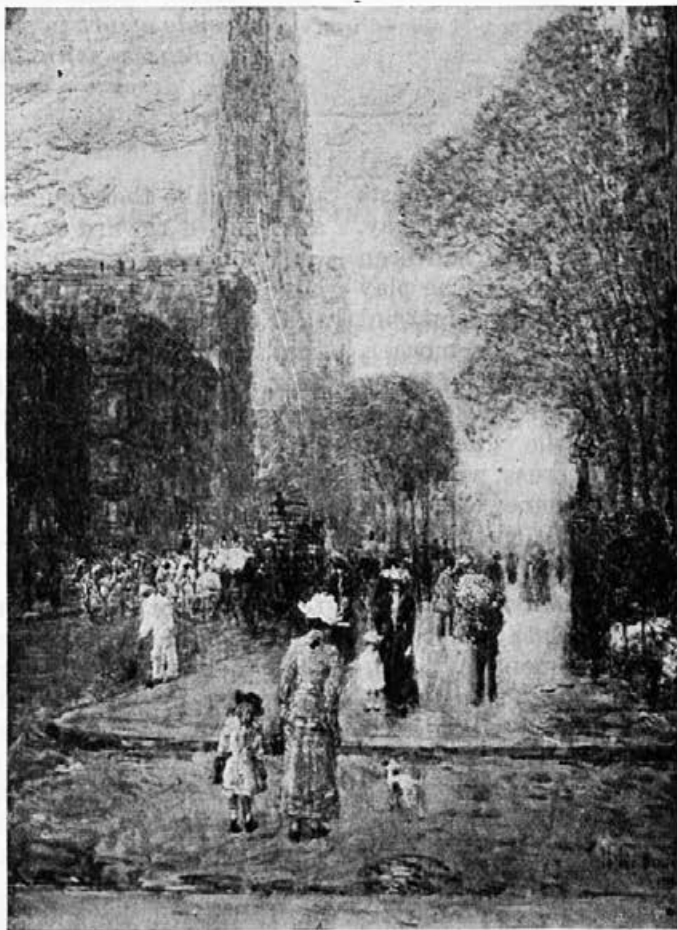
Out under the apple tree the children were playing happily. Their ruffled feelings were soothed, and they were dimly conscious of a sense of gratitude that their mother understood and appreciated their difficulties. They felt repaid for their efforts to remember that the troublesome children were their guests. They would try again another time. And their cheerfulness had its effect on the children across the way, too.

"If we will be good, may we come back?" called an eager voice.

And when permission was given, the neighbors actually did strive to play more fairly and better naturedly for a short time. When trouble threatened again, Mrs. Ross told her flock that it was time to do some errands. And so this time the visit ended happily.

"A child's character is greatly influenced by his environment and the impressions he receives in his tender years. Give him the environment and stimulation which a kindergarten provides and he will be a better pupil in the higher schools."—*Arthur H. Daniels, acting president, University of Illinois, Urbana.*

Unspoiled Rewards



CHILDE HARAM

**CATHEDRAL SPIRES
SPRING MORNING**

The Gift of Understanding Children

THE man or woman who has no association with youngsters is missing the greatest pleasure of adult life. All of the dream worlds we may devise, all of the flights of imagination and all of the desire of ambition are as nothing compared with the play world in which children live. Youth has a fancy creation of its own. Only through understanding and by building confidence are we permitted to share the vision.

An adult faces the realities of life. That is his work. Some few are gifted with imagination and are permitted a vision outside and beyond the workaday world. But the child lives entirely in fancy. Part of its world is beautiful and aesthetic, part adventurous and inhabited by hobgoblins.

Play World Opened

Close association with children opens this play world to us. At the same time we may implant in their minds some idea of the practical life ahead.

The writer of this article has just been interrupted by a neighbor boy at the door. The youngsters are upstairs, taking their afternoon nap.

He begins: "Are the kids—"

But he checks himself: "Are the children through with their sleep?"

That boy and I understand each other. I have never told him not to call his playmates "kids," yet in deference to what he knows to be my manner of speech, he is willing to correct his.

Inherited Instincts

Will Durant, in one of his famous articles, described a child as being "greedy at table, stingy with toys, quarrelsome in play, conceited in bearing, loudly loquacious, dishonest, moody, secretive and unattracted by soap and water." And Bertrand Russell calls attention to a child's inherent cruelty. This is illustrated by torture of animals.

Considering the history of mankind back through the generations—not so many generations, either—we must acknowledge that the child comes by these characteristics honestly. It is necessary only to go back to the time of Henry VIII to view civilized people roasting their neighbors over huge fires and enjoying the spectacle. Or the burning of witches in Salem not so many years ago.

Give and Take

Even if children associated only with children, these instincts would be overcome by the give and take of putting up with one another. They would soon learn the Golden Rule through the knocks received in childish scraps, the frank brutality of comment in which they indulge and the subduing effect of the rule of the gang.

Children love companionship. How they plead to be permitted to go out to play. "Out to play" means to seek and enjoy playmates. This is perfect fraternity.

Out of this fraternity comes a love of fair play. The most serious charge that one youngster may make against another is that he "is not playing fair." It is serious enough, and its damning effect is so well understood that it brings a hot denial.

The lonely child does not have his sense of fair play developed. If he has no brothers or sisters, or if he is kept away from playmates, he misses this fraternity. He is apt to grow up selfish and dishonest.

Born Fraternalists

Children are the natural born fraternalists. They want fellowship. They are wild about parties. That is why the juvenile fraternal movement is so great a success.

It is a gift to understand children. If you understand them, you are given

the priceless privilege of their confidence. With confidence established, you may enjoy their fellowship. And if you want to leave your impress on the world's progress, use this fellowship to help prepare the younger generation to meet the knocks and discipline of the world.

If the juvenile movement in the fraternal benefit system is to become the tremendous thing we think it will, we must first understand children. While they naturally adapt themselves to ceremony and pageantry, the most gorgeous pageants we may stage will be useless unless the youngsters feel that we are sincere. Youth is quick to see through things and does not want to be exploited.

Desire to Be Helpful

The most serious work is in the hands of the juvenile lodge supervisors, yet it must be a joyous undertaking. No supervisor should be given this responsibility unless he or she enjoys working with children. A rapacious supervisor, with dollars ever in mind, will soon be "found out" by the children.

Of course the purpose of the juvenile movement is to build a greater fraternal benefit system. The untold aid to mankind in this and past generation can be extended. But it must be based on a genuine desire to be helpful.

This helpfulness is best carried on by precept and guidance. With under-

standing, we are able to work with youngsters. With confidence established, we may lead them.

Responsibility Developed

First, they will learn from us the pleasure of fellowship and the value of organization. Then they will have their sense of responsibility developed by the insurance they carry. They will realize the meaning of thrift. They will have their talents for entertainment, for public speaking, for organizing, recognized and encouraged.

It is a feature of junior lodges always remarked that the young people conduct a meeting with better form and precision than do the adults. They have an instinct for orderly procedure, and it is disclosed when adults reveal to them the principles or parliamentary procedure and formal deliberation. They quickly sense the justice of majority rule. Out of this we see better citizens in the making.

One great privilege of the movement is to promote fraternalism; in material ways to the needy and in thoughts to the erring. This is a feature that should not be neglected.

The gift of understanding children is regeneration to all who have it. "The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart." Let us feel in this work that we are developing ourselves into better men and women. If it is true service to childhood, it is helpful to all.

—*The Junior Age.*

MOTHER

*(Honoring Mother's Day,
Sunday of May 12, 1935)*

IT'S you, sweet Mother,
I'm thinking of—
The smile on your face,
The cheer on your brow,

Your loving and tender way,
A mine of gold is not half so dear,
And you grow more precious
From year to year.

Good Games

Irish Tenpins

THE tenpins are cones of paper a foot in height and four inches across at the base. Medium sized, round potatoes are the balls, and they must be rolled toward the tenpins, not thrown. Each child has three trials. If he is successful the first time, he yields his place to the next in line, and if he is not able to knock over a pin with his first three trials, he may have another turn after all have tried in their turn. Just to move one of the tenpins does not constitute a "hit." They must be overturned. Each child who turns over a tenpin receives an appropriate favor.

Potato Carvings

Each child is given a potato and a small knife and is told to create a "potato favor." A small prize may be awarded to the child for the best carving in any of the following shapes:

Flower Pot: Cut off both ends of the potato to give it a flower-pot form, and hollow out the center, leaving an inch-thick layer at the bottom. Fasten artificial flowers to a stick, place it in the pot and fill the pot around the stick with shredded brown paper.

Hat: Cut off the top of the potato and make it any shape desired. Cut a brim of brown cardboard and fasten it to the crown with small, sharp tacks. Leave it to the ingenuity of the child as to how the hat shall be trimmed.

Heads: Use round potatoes for these and have the children carve features to suit their fancy.

Pipes: From small, oblong potatoes have the children cut pipes, hollowing out the bowl and affixing a stem. Some will doubtless carve the stem in one piece with the bowl.

Potato Dolls

Give each child a long, smooth potato, four small wooden sticks to be used for arms and legs, two paper napkins with fancy borders, and plenty of pins. Out of these materials they are to make and dress a doll. A prize may be given to the maker of the cleverest doll.

Potato Race

This is a familiar game, but one from which the children always derive much fun. Form two teams to compete against each other. Place four small round potatoes in each of two dishes at one end of the room and give each team a spoon with which to carry the potatoes to a dish at the other end of the room. Each potato must be picked up in the spoon, the spoon passed along the line, the potato placed in the other dish, the spoon passed back down the line, and the process repeated until all the potatoes have been transferred from one dish to the other. The side finishing first are the winners.

A FINE HELPER

A SUNNY heart is the best helper a boy can have. No other assistant can aid him in getting through more work in a shorter time. Whether it be weeding the garden, carrying the papers on a route, or writing a school essay, a sunny heart is always able to

make the most difficult job seem easy.

One with a sunny heart takes no account of disagreeable or discomforting things. For him everything is simply a part of the day's work. Waste no more time nor energy grumbling; let your heart be sunny.—Boy's World.



RESPECT FOR OLD PEOPLE



IT IS SAID that one of the marks of good breeding and good manners is to have the proper respect for old people. That is true. We must remember that they have borne the burdens of a lifetime; they have labored for their children; they have sacrificed to give their children an education, and they have earned the love and respect which is due them.

The story is told that in ancient times the Athenians and the Spartans were gathered in a great arena. An old man appeared before the Athenians seeking a seat; but they sat still and laughed and jeered at the old man. So, he went over where the Spartans were sitting. They arose as one man, gave the old man a seat, and showed him the respect that was due a man of his age. On seeing the good manner of the Spartans, the Athenians cheered. And the old man stood up and said, "The

Athenians know what is right but the Spartans do what is right."

That's it—do what is right. See that you do what is right also by your organization, the SNPJ, always. Write that next letter of yours, either in Slovene or English, and secure a new member for your Lodge.

—THE EDITOR.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Dear Editor:—

Will you please put this letter in the Mladinski List for me? This is my first letter for the Chatter Corner. I am 13 years of age and am in the 7th grade. I go to the Riverside school. I ride in the bus every day which is great fun. I have three teachers. My home-room teacher is Mr. English; my writing teacher is Miss Trevovrow, and my music teacher's name is Mrs. Doney.

There are 5 of us in the family, and we all belong to the SNPJ. We three children belong to Naša Sloga Lodge, No. 600, where my mother is a member, and my father belongs to Flood City Lodge.—We had a heavy snow storms and then it got terribly cold. Spring is here and everything is on a merry gallop. Flowers are popping their heads up and trees are sprouting their branches, and we are very happy that the cold wintry days are over for

another season.—I love to read the Mladinski List. The first thing I look, if some of the readers wrote that I know. I've seen in last month's issue new writers—Caroline Strell and Alfred Podboy. Only I wish Caroline would have written more. She is a wonderful pal.

Work seems to be picking up around here a little but it is still hard to get on. My dad works a little now.—I like my school work very much. My sister, Louise, is in the 4th grade and my brother, Anthony, won't start to school until next semester. I wish some of the readers and writers would write to me. I wish Anna Gasser from Vintondale would write to me, too. She seems to have stopped writing in the M. L.

Margaret M. Ukmar,

R. D. 3, Box 184, Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Just as I am growing older day by day, so is my brain getting older, which is natural. I am a member of the Lodge No. 628, SNPJ, and I have been for quite a while already. I meant to write you a letter long ago, but I was a little too shy; but now as I am getting older, my brain seemed to tell me to write.

My name is Goldie Hajdukovich and I was eight years old on the 2th of March. I am in the third grade, not so very big, and I am a blond. I go to school in Benwood, and I like this school a lot. I have a brother, Johnny, and do we get in the fights? I try to make him do the dishes and he tells me he is not a sissy. That sure makes me mad. So I chase him out of the house. My brother is 13 years old and he's a cute little fellow, but sometimes sassy.

Goldie Hajdukovich,

Rd. 2, Box 413, Wheeling, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am in the 5th grade in school, am 10 years old and this is my very first writing for the Mladinski List, our Juvenile Monthly Visitor, which we all like to read so much. My teacher's name is Miss Dieman and she is a real nice teacher. I have a little sister; her name is Violetta. She is 4 years old. Every day I take her to school; she is in kindergarten. We both go to public school. Here in Sheboygan, we have eight public schools, two high schools and about six parochial (church) schools. While our city is not so very big (about 38 thousand), it is very nice. In summer we can go swimming in Lake Michigan. We have two beaches. I wish some readers would write to me and I would gladly answer them. We belong to Lodge 344, SNPJ.—Florence Milostnik, 1216 Alabama ave., Sheboygan, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am 9 years of age and belong to the Pioneers Lodge, No. 559, SNPJ. While this is my first letter to the Mladinski List, I hope to write more letters in the future. I have been in bed two weeks and was very sorry to miss the Pioneer Juvenile Night" March 15. But my daddy was there and the next day he told me about it. First they had the meeting and then the Juvenile Program followed with ice cream, cake and cocoa. The lower SNPJ hall was jammed with people. I heard that it was a record-breaking meeting for the Pioneers. Best regards to all.—Elaine C. Turpin, 4844 W. 23rd st., Cicero, Ill.

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, but I expect to write more often. I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge, No. 53. I receive the Mladinski List every month and I enjoy reading it. I am 13 years old and in the ninth grade. I attend Collinwood high school which has about 5,000 boys and girls. I have been going to Slovene School for three years and am now going for the fourth year. My teacher's name is Mr. Siskovich.

I also go to the Slovene Singing Club which is taught by Mr. Seme. At this club we learn many Slovene songs, and we also have concerts. I am also sending "Best Regards" to our many friends in Flemming, Kansas. Hoping to hear from them.

Margaret Ann Linc,

16719 Grovewood ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

A group of boys in the neighborhood organized a Stamp Club and elected me as president. There are eight boys in our club, and the dues are four cents a week. With the money we buy stamps and divide them between the members. Whatever money is left over, we save until we have enough money to have a Stamp Club party. There is a lot of fun in store for you when you save stamps and have stamp club parties. Since my first letter didn't see the face of the waste paper basket, I hope this one won't either.

William Fantsko,

601 Brown ave., N. W. Canton, Ohio.

IS THERE A PLACE?

IS THERE a place, a place at all,
Where people grow just tiny small?
I mean a place where people grow
An inch above the ground or so.

I'd love to find a place like that!
I'd put a few inside my hat,
And take them home with me to play.
They'd be like fairies, wouldn't they?

They'd hide and seek inside my shoes
Or in my pockets if they choose.
They'd live inside my doll-house, too.
I think they'd like it there. Don't you?"

Oh, say, there's lots that we could do
If only we just had a few!
Is there a place where we could go
And look for some—or don't you know?

APRIL DAYS

Days of witchery, subtly sweet,
When every hill and tree finds heart,
When winter and spring like lovers
meet
In the midst of noon and part—
In the April days.

Nights when the wood-frogs faintly
peep
Once—twice—and then are still,
And the woodpeckers' martial voices
sweep
Like bugle notes from hill to hill—
Through the pulseless haze.

Days when the soil is warm with rain
And through the wood the shy wind
steals,
Rich with the pine and the poplar smell,
And the joyous earth like a dancer reels
Through April days.

—*Hamlin Garland.*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the *Mladinski List*. I am nine years old and in the third grade. There are six of us in the family and we all belong to the *SNPJ Lodge*, No. 262. In the city of Farrell they are going to open a library and I am going to join it as soon as it opens. I like to read very much. I enjoy reading the letters of the boys and girls in the *Mladinski List*. I will now close and hope to see my letter in the *Mladinski List*.

Louis Ziskar, 1106 Beechwood, Farrell, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

I again am writing if I want to keep my resolution. It seems to me like I am always writing. I would have written sooner but I had the measles. My brother Rudy had them, too, and boy, am I glad I'm over them! But I still can't go outdoors. School is again closed down, because there aren't any children to teach.

It snowed here Friday, March 17, but it is all melted now.—The mines don't work here now.

It is very nice to know how to write in Slovene. I am learning how to write in Slovene. Sometime I will write in Slovene to the *M. L.*

I can hardly wait until school starts again. I'm so lonesome.—Rudy had an accident a week ago. When he was going out of a store, he caught his finger. He came home crying. He said no more going alone to the store himself. My mother bandaged his hand, then we went for a ride. He was soon all right.

We can hardly wait until spring so we can work in the garden. I am going to give a riddle in Slovene. Here it is:

Šviga švaga čez dva praga, kaj je to?—
Metla.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Pershin.

Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

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Dear Editor and readers:—

It has been a long time since I wrote to the *M. L.* I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss McGill. In hard coal there are striking because the miners want to get their day's wages and better life. Where my father works, the mine is not working. Next time I will write more because now I have no time. We are going to have a play in school in April. We just had a moving picture show free in school, and a talkie at that.—Frank Gale, 216 E. Thomas st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the *M. L.* I am 8 years old and in third grade. My teacher is good to me; her name is Miss Wagner. All of us in the family are members of the *SNPJ Lodge No. 82*. We had lots of snow, but I was not allowed out because I was sick. I like to read the *M. L.* and that's how I learn to write.

Pauline Plesnicer,

Box 543, Woodland ave., Johnstown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—My age is seven years and I am in 2d grade in school. Miss Gogler, my teacher, is very good.—This is my first letter to the *Mladinski List*, and I like it. I have two cats, Tommy and Finey, I like them both.—Edward Gale, 216 E. Thomas st., Miners Mills, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the *Mladinski List*, but not the last. There are six in our family, four of us belonging to the *Lodge 386, SNPJ*. There was a big dance in Library. I wasn't there but Margaret Woods told me about it. I like school and also my teacher, Miss Roman. Spring is here and it is so nice outside. I wish Library boys and girls would write to this wonderful magazine.—Mary Strimlan, box 24, Library, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I have always intended to write to the Mladinski List before but always failed; too lazy, I suppose. So this is my first letter to the magazine. We are training for baseball. Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ. I hope this little letter will be published.—**Frederick Schluge**, R. 1, Virden, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—I like to read the poems, stories and jokes in the Mladinski List, and I wish more boys and girls would write. My father and I belong to Lodge 30, SNPJ. We are writing poems in school, and many other things, too. Best regards to one and all.—**Antonia Frances Gabrsek**, R. R. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Editor:—My age is 13 years, and this is my first letter in the Mladinski List. I am in the 7th grade. Miss Irene Rude, my teacher, is very nice to us. I have four other teachers. I have two sisters, both go to school. I am a member of Lodge 258, SNPJ.—**Margaret Kordish**, 50 Fifth st., Mc Mechen, W. Va.

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Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. This is my first letter. I am a member of Lodge 129, SNPJ. I joined the Lodge at the age of one and wish to be a member all my life. My sister, 13, also belongs to the Lodge; in fact, our whole family belongs to this Lodge. On Feb. 24, Lodges 129 and 126 had a banquet at the Slovene home on St. Clair ave. in honor of the 25th anniversary of the two lodges. A big audience was present.—**Elsie Hrovat**, 6411 St. Clair ave., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. Miss Kosala is my teacher in the 5th grade. My age is 10 years. We may move on the farm. I wish some Conneaut people (boys and girls) would wake up and write to this magazine. More next time.—**Theodora Sedmak**, 716 Broad st., Conneaut, O.

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Dear Editor:—I will try to tell lots of news this time. Spring is here and it is so nice outside. I like to go to school. We have to study hard if we want to pass in June. We like to play outside. Regardless of hard times there are parties to pass the time away. I wish some of the members would write to me. We all go to the Lakeview Library where there are many mystery books and other stories. Best regards to all the members.—**Anna Chavich**, 2254 Lewis st., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—My age is 7 and I am in the second grade, this being my first letter to the M. L. My teacher is Sister Lucy and I like her very much. She is the best Sister in the school. There are four in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 142. I like to read the M. L. very much. I also wish this city would wake up and write more letters to the M. L.—**Viola Norma Mihalich**, 698 E. 156th st., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—I am in fourth grade and have three good teachers: Miss Kaus, Miss Trozzo and Miss Klavora. They are all very good to me. I will be 10 years old in August. I am glad that school is going to be out soon. We all belong to the Lodge 87, SNPJ. I will write more next time.—**Anna Peterzell**, box 312, Herminie, Pa.

ARABESQUE

By Edith Lombard Squires

THE many-fingered sunlight stirs the
leaves,
And traces patterns on the flag-stone
walk.
Around the bright design, a pattern
weaves
Of mystery, like ghostly shapes that
stalk
Through darkened worlds of half-re-
membered dreams.
A fantasy of light and shadows stretch
Across the garden, etched by magic
beams
That paint great landscapes on the
smallest sketch.

The tawny summer pauses on her way
To lie in stealthy shadows on the sward,
And fiery autumn burns her heart
away—
Till winter's black and white masks
spring's green horde.
Each season, newly painted, brings
delight,
And moonlight copies pale pastels at
night.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the **M. L. this year.** My brother Frank is going to write in Slovene next month. There are many strikes in Cleveland. My mother told me that people strike for better wages and better working conditions. Nearby, a house was bombed the other day because the lady of that house went to work and got ten dollars a day. She was scabbing; she is afraid to go now.—My brother's leg is better and he is busy playing in the street with the bat and ball. He didn't go to school for three months.—Spring is here, as you all know, and it is so nice outside that one really enjoys it a lot. Next time I will write more.—**Joe Kranecvic, 1047 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.**

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MOVED AGAIN

Dear Editor:—

Well, we moved again from Lafayette to Louisville, March 2, 1935. We sure have a swell place out here, five acres of land, four-room house, and many of orchard trees. I can hardly wait until I see the apple, cherry, pear and plum trees in bloom.

We live three blocks from school. We have 10 subjects: sewing, English, mathematics, social science, nature study, art, music, spelling, hygiene and gym. I never had so many subjects.

I've gone to three schools this year. They were: **M o r l e y** school from Sept. 4 to Oct. 11, 1934; **Lafayette**, from Oct. 15, 1934, to March 1, 1935, and **L o u i s v i l l e** from March 4, to —. In Lafayette I passed and was on the Honor Roll for six weeks report card and semester, and I also got a card for not being absent or tardy for the first half year. I had student teachers in Lafayette. They come from Boulder University. And we had two new teachers every 12 weeks.

I never met so many people for eight years as I did out here in four months. No one can when they live in a camp like I did, and people moving out instead of in.

There wasn't much of a winter out here this year. Mostly hot and windy days.

Julia Slavec, Box 158, Louisville, Colo.

GOOD MORNING

GOOD morning, Brother Sunshine;
 Good morning, Sister Song.
 I beg your humble pardon,
 If you've waited very long.
 I thought I heard you rapping;
 To shut you out were sin.
 My heart is standing open;
 Won't you walk right in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
 Good morning, Sister Smile.
 They told me you were coming,
 So I waited on a while;
 I'm lonesome here without you;
 A weary while it's been.
 My heart is standing open;
 Won't you walk right in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness;
 Good morning, Sister Cheer.
 I heard you were out calling,
 So I waited for you here.
 Some way I keep forgetting
 I have to toil and spin
 When you are my companions;
 Won't you walk right in?

—*J. W. Foley.*