

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## NA PIKNIK

**V**EN, le ven iz mesta!  
Gladka vabi cesta.  
Mi hitimo,  
ven bežimo.  
Solnce vozi se nad nami,  
senca nam hiti ob strani.

Senca naša, stara znanka,  
brišeš cesto brez prestanka;  
z nami tečeš;  
vsa trepečeš.  
Saj bi k sebi v voz te djali,  
ko bi te pobrati znali.

Daleč, daleč je iz mesta;  
daleč, daleč pelje cesta.  
Nam daljava  
je zabava.  
Staro naše je vozilo,  
vendar teče še za silo.

Skrb in brigo odpodili,  
vse v mestu smo pustili.  
Vsak po svoje  
pesem poje.  
Mi otroci smo narave,  
pa smo tudi volje zdrave.

Gozd se kaže že z daljave:  
krenemo s ceste prave.  
Voz vse huje  
poskakuje,  
suje, psuje že hripavo;  
senca skače ko za stavo.

Ko bo solnce za gorami:  
Spet boš, voz, pehal se z nami;  
še boš cvilil,  
cesto pilil.  
Ti pa senca boš ostala;  
z gozdno senco noč prespala.



Rabindranath Tagore:

## Kaj dete more

**Č**E bi dete le hotelo,—bi ta hip v nebo poletelo.

Ni kar tako, da nas noče zapustiti.

Rado naslanja svojo glavico materi na prsa in ne more nikoli pogrešati njenega pogleda.

Dete pozna raznotere modre besede, dasiravno razume le malokdo na svetu njih pomen.

Ni kar tako, da ne želi nikoli govoriti.

Samo to hoče: učiti se materinih besed materi z ustnic. Zato gleda tako nedolžno.

Dete je imelo kup zlata in biserov, ali vendar je prišlo kakor prosjak na ta svet.

Ni kar tako, da je prišlo s takšno preobleko med nas.

Ta ljubi, mali, nagi prosjak se dela popolnoma onemoglega, da lahko prosjači za bogastvo materine ljubezni.

Dete je bilo tako svobodno vsakterih spon v deželi malega rastočega meseca.

Ni kar tako, da se je odreklo svoji svobodi.

Ve, da je v malem kotičku materinega srca prostora za neskončne radosti in da je dosti slajše od svobode, biti zajetemu in stiskanemu v njenem ljubem naročju.

Dete ni znalo še plakati. Bivalo je v deželi večne blaženosti.

Ni kar tako, da se mu je zahotelo pretakati solze.

Čeprav vleče z usmevom svojega milega obličja materino hrepeneče srce k sebi, vendar spleta njegovo dobro vekanje nad malimi nadlogami dvojno vez sočutja in ljubezni.



SLAVNI INDSKI PESNIK RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Anna P. Krasna:

## BELE SANJE

**I**ZPOD črne peroti temne noči,  
bele sanje so k Jurčiču priplule.  
Presrečen smehljalj na obrazku leži,  
po deželi sanj Jurček potuje.

Povsod so livade, gozdiči lepi,  
sred vrtov prelepih hišice bele;  
tu ptiček popeva, tam bučela brenči,  
iz sel lije pesem dece vesele.

In tu so tovariši iz črne aleje,  
vsi ob hišicah belih skakljajo.  
Na modrem oboku solnček se smeje—  
sapice mehke božajoče pihljajo.

A sreča najlepša! glej, mamica, tam,  
ob hišici beli prepeva;  
in atek gre z dela, oj, to je njih stan!  
V snu Jurčičov obraz zažareva—

Jurček stegne ročici, da mamu objame,  
se dvigne, da ateku steče nasproti—  
razočaran sred sobice revne obstane—  
bele sanje zletele so pod črne peroti. . .

Mile Klopčič:

## TRI OTROKOVE ŽELJE

**M**OJ oče ima na roki žulje tri.  
Moje srce si treh čudes želi:

Da bi prvi žulj postal cekin,  
da bi zanj kupili vrt,  
da bi hodil vanj počivat  
oče, kadar je od dela strt.

Da bi drugi žulj postal cvetica;  
posadili bi jo v vrt,  
da bi se je razveselil  
oče, kadar bil bi ves potrt.

Da bi tretji žulj postal nasmeh,  
da bi ga očetu dal.  
Rad bi videl vsaj enkrat,  
da bi oče se smehljal . . .

Ivan Jontez:

## Ne muči živali

DVANAJSTLETNI Pavel in njegova mlajša sестrica Francka sta počasi stopicala po prašnem poljskem potu proti bližnjemu gozdu, kamor sta šla nabirat rdečih jagod, ki jih je posebno mnogo na prostranih izsekanih gozdnih planotah, kjer solnce pripeka celi dan. Oba sta molčala. Francka je sanjala o sladkem užitku, ki jo čaka na najbližji gozdni izseklini, Pavel pa se je dolgočasil ter ugibal, s čim bi se malo pozabaval. Pavel je bil namreč precej poreden deček in ni bil zdrav, če ni bilo priložnosti za kakšno nagajivost. Tudi ta dan je iskal takšno priložnost, ki se mu je tudi kmalu ponudila.

Pot ju je nanesa mimo plitke mlake, v kateri so že kdo ve kako dolgo kraljevale žabe in deček je ugledal veliko zeleno žabo, ki se je solnčila na ploščatem kamnu kraj potoka. "F r a n c k a, vidiš žabo?" je pocukal sestrico za rokav in oči so mu živahno zagorele.

Francka, ki ji ni bilo všeč, ker jo je bratec zdramil iz njenih sladkih jagodnih sanj, se je ozrla vstran ter nevoljno zamrmrala: "Oh, ali še nikoli nisi videl žabe?!"

"Seveda, in tudi ujel sem že marsikatero," je odvrnil Pavel, ne meneč se za Franckino nejevoljo ter pristavil: "In tudi tista-le mi ne bo ušla, če kaj vem!"

"Pusti jo v miru in hitreje stopi, da bova preje na jagodah!" ga je zavrnila Francka, češ, kaj bi se obotavljal zaradi ene umazane žabe.

Toda Pavel je že ni več slišal. Uren kakor je bil, je planil naprej in skoro isti hip je žaba prestrašeno zavekala pod Pavlovim klobukom. Deček pa se ni nič zmenil za to, temveč je posegel pod klobuk, zagrabil prestrašeno žival v roko ter jo vrgel na cesto, kjer mu ni mogla tako kmalu uiti. "Si videla, kako naglo sem jo ujel?" je zmagoslavno

vzkliknil Pavel proti sestrici ter spet planil za žabo, ki je menda uvidela, da ji deček ne pripravlja nič dobrega in zato skušala pobegniti v varno zavetje umazane mlakuže. Napravila je velik skok, ki pa je ni rešil. Pavel je bil hitrejši in predno se je reva zavedla, je bila spet njegova ujetnica. In bila je tudi na slabšem, kakor popreje, kajti deček se je pri skoku za njo udaril na palec in to ga je ujezilo. "Presneta žaba!" se je razsrdil, "skačeš pred menoj in bežiš, ko ti vendar nisem mislil storiti nič hudega! Ampak zdaj ne bo šlo tako lepo! Ti bom že navil uro, da ne boš več bežala pred menoj!" Nato je izvlekel iz žepa dolgo tenko vrstico ter jo navezal živali na nogo. "Hajd, pošast zelena, zdaj boš šla pa z menoj!" je zakričal in cuknil z vrstico, da je žaba skočila naprej po prašni cesti.

"Nikar, Pavel!" je zavpila Francka. "Bom mami povedala, te bo nabila."

Pavel se je zarežal. "Le poskusi! Veš, kaj te čaka potem. Mama mene, jaz bom pa tebe pretepel."

Tedaj pa je stopil izza bližnjega grma vaški učitelj ter ostro zaklical: "Pavel!"

Deček se je naglo obrnil in uzrši svojega učitelja, otrdel na mestu, da se ni mogel ganiti. Pobegnil bi bil, a so mu noge kot prirasle k tlom. Učitelj pa mu je zažugal s prstom rekoč: "Pavel, to kar delaš, ni lepo! Kaj pa ti je uboga žival storila hudega? Čemu jo mučiš? Da te ni sram!"

Pavel je tedaj kot v zagovor vzdignil levo nogo ter pokazal učitelju krvaveči palec. "Žaba je kriva, da sem se udaril," se je opravičeval. "Zato sem jo hotel kaznovati."

Učitelj se je komaj vidno nasmehnil in stopil bližje. "Pavel, ali te je žaba udarila? Ne, kajneda? Sam si se udaril, ko si planil za njo, da jo spet ulo-

viš. Ali je torej reva kriva, če zdaj tvoj palec krvavi? Sam si kriv! Pustil bi bil žival v miru, pa bi imel zdrav palec."

Pavel je uvidel, da ima dobri učitelj prav in začel se je sramovati svojega dejanja. Ves rdeč v lica je zajecjal: "Gospod učitelj, nisem pomislil — in — in — ne, saj nisem iz hudobnosti . . . in žaba je navsezadnje le žaba —" mu je ušlo na koncu.

"Žaba je pač samo žival, si mislil reči, ali ne, Pavel?" je spet začel učitelj in njegov glas je postal ostrejši. "Ali nisi že slišal v šoli, da tudi žival čuti bolečine, da jo prav tako boli, kakor tebe in da je vsled tega ne smemo mučiti? Kolikokrat sem ti že to zabičil? Glej, kaj bi ti rekel, če bi tebe nekdo navezal na vrv ter te vlačil po cesti? Kajne, na pomoč bi klical? In drl bi se na vse pretege, ker bi te bolelo! In kako vesel bi bil, če bi kdo prišel ter te rešil trpljenja! Na to bi bil pomislil, potem bi gotovo ne trpinčil te uboge žabice, ki si ni mogla pomagati niti ni mogla pričakovati, da jo kaka njena tovaršica reši iz tvojih rok! Ti seveda misliš, da žival nič ne čuti, ker je žival, ampak se grdo motiš. Žival boli prav tako kot bi bolelo tebe in prav tako trpi kot bi ti trpel, če bi bil v njeni koži! To si zapomni in to imej pred očmi vselej, kadar te bo spet mikalo, da bi trpinčil uboge živali, ki ne morejo govoriti, povedati, da jih boli ter prositi, da jim prizanesi. Zdaj pa le hitro odveži žabo in

nazaj v vodo jo deni! Potem pa pojdi po svojih opravkih in ne pozabi, kar sem ti pravkar povedal."

A Pavel ni čakal, da mu kdo reče, naj spusti žabo nazaj v vodo. Medtem ko ga je učitelj karal, je naglo odvezal vrvico, ki je držala žabo v ujetništvu in ko je učitelj izgovoril zadnje besede, je že zaslišal glasen štrbunk: ujetnica je bila v varstvu kalne mlake.

Pavel pa je rdeč ko mak stopil pred učitelja. "Gospod učitelj, odpustite mi, saj ne bom nikdar več storil kaj takega. Saj zdaj vem, da tudi živali boli. Ne veste, kako lepo me je pogledala žaba, ko sem jo spustil! In meni je zdaj res žal, ker sem jo mučil. Nikoli več! To je bilo zadnjikrat."

Učitelj se je dobrohotno nasmehnil. "Vedel sem, da nisi storil tega iz hudobnosti, ampak ker nisi pomislil, da tudi živali čutijo bolečine, zato ti ne zamerim. Toda glej, da ne pozabiš svoje obljube! In na moje besede tudi! Živali čutijo bolečine prav tako kot ti ali jaz, zato jih ne smemo mučiti, kakor tudi ne smemo mučiti ali povzročati trpljenje drugim ljudem. Zdaj pa le pojdita nad jagode, saj Francka že jedva čaka, da se jih dokoplje. Priden bodi."

In učitelj je odšel dalje v polje, Pavel in Francka pa v gozd po jagode. Pavel pa od tistega dne dalje ni več mučil živali—tudi domači pes Čuvaj je imel mir pred njim—kajti učiteljevih besed in svoje obljube ni pozabil.



# Modra sova in njena šola

(Indska basen)

**Z**A najmodrejšo ptico velja na svetu sova. Ali si je to slavo pridobila s pravico ali z bahavostjo, tega res ljudje ne vemo. Vemo pa, da je v svoji častihlepnosti ustanovila šolo, ki so hodile vanjo razne ptice in živali, da se nauče sovine modrosti.

In sova je učila pod starim votlim gabrom, kjer je imela v duplini svoje gnezdo. Pod gabrom so se zbirali slavčki, psi, lisice, zajci — celo bele lilije z mestnih vrtov so se ukradle od doma ter prišle v gozd pod stari gaber. To je bilo lahko. Mestna gospoda je ogledovala lilije v vrtu samo podnevi, ponoči se nihče ni brigal zanje. Sova pa je učila samo ponoči, podnevi ni nihče mogel govoriti z njo. Tedaj se je zarila v svoje gnezdo ter razbirala modrosti iz velikih knjig. In teh modrosti je ponoči učila svoje učence.

Pa je neke noči hotela ugotoviti, koliko so se njeni poslušalci naučili, pa je vprašala kar takoj:

“Čemu sije ponoči mesec? Čemu nam je mesečina?”

Odgovoril je slavec: “Zato, da v njeni lepi svetlobi lahko ves zamaknjen pojem vso noč svoji lepi, prelepi roži, ki jo ljubim.”

Odgovoril je zajec: “Mesec sije zato, da je zjutraj čim več rose na travnikih, da se jaz lahko napijem za ves dan.”

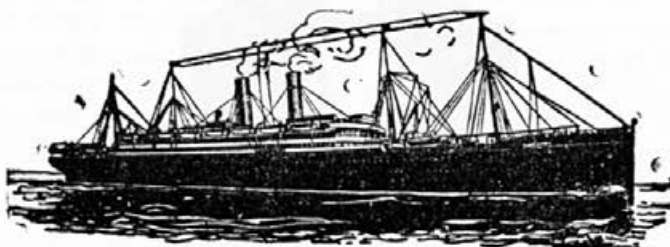
Odgovorile so lilije: “Zato sveti mesec, da se naši lepi cvetovi ponoči razcveto, da jih zjutraj lahko ogleduje siromašna deca, ki hodi mimo ograje našega gosposkega vrta.”

Odgovorila je lisica: “Mesec sveti zato, da vidim tudi ponoči, kje so skrite putke, da jih lahko napadem ter použijem.”

Odgovoril je pes: “Mesečina mi pomaga ponoči nadzorovati hišo. V mesečini takoj opazim vsakega tatu, ki bi hotel okrasti mojega gospodarja.”

“Dovolj je zdaj!” je zakričala modra sova. “Na nebu sveti samo en mesec in vi bi ga radi napravili za svojega sužnja, da bi svetil temu tako in drugemu drugače, kakor pač komu bolj prija in koristi. Samo vaše osebne zadeve so vam važne. Na svojega bližnjega ne mislite! **Sama sebičnost govori iz vas!** Poberite se!”

In sova je razpustila svojo visoko šolo modrosti.



Anna P. Krasna:

## V tujino

STIRI tedne je gledala mati, kako se je odpravljala Jerica v tujino, in je molčala kot je molčala, ko so se odpravljali drugi pred njo. V srcu jo je grizla bolečina, hujša kot kdaj prej. Jerica je bila najmlajša, zato je bilo to odpravljanje v tujino poslednje, ki ga je gledala.

Vsi so prišli domov, ko so si zaželeli v tujino. Vsak se je odpravljal pred njenimi očmi veselo, pričakujoče; nobeden ni žaloval za domovino. Zdelo se ji je, da jim ni bilo težko iti niti od nje; z vedrim obrazom so odšli in so kmalu pozabili nanjo. Tudi je ni nobeden vprašal, če ji je prav, da odhaja. Kot na povelje so odšli drug za drugim, polagoma kakor so doraščali. In ona jim ni branila, ni jih zadržavala, ker je vedela, da jim nima kaj dati in bodo si morali pomagati sami. Sicer jih je ljubila brezmejno in rada bi jih imela poleg sebe, vsaj enega, če že niso mogli drugi živeti na domači grudi. Toda bala se je očitanja, ako bi katerega prisilila s svojo ljubeznijo, da bi ostal pri njej. Vselej, kadar se je kateri poslovil, je skrila bolečino v sebi in se mu je nasmehnila vedro in veselo v slovo. Zjokala se je šele potem, ko so bili že daleč in je vedela, da jih njena bolest ne more več doseči, ne raniti . . . Tudi zdaj je zaprla bolečino v sebi in je z navideznim mirom čakala dneva, ko pojde z Jerico na postajo in jo odda tujini kot ji je oddala druge pred njo.

Koncem četrtega tedna je stopila Jerica k njej, ko je kuhala kavo na ognjišču, da ji z njo postreže pred odhodom; gledala jo je ne vedoč, kaj naj ji reče in končno dejala mehko in boječe:

“Mati, ni lepo, da vas pustimo tako samo, vsi bežimo od vas, kot da nas niste nikoli ljubila . . . Nič se ne zmenimo za vašo bolečino, ki vas bo mučila v tej zapuščeni koči. Ali mati, kaj

hočete, ko pa je domovina tako bedna, da nas ne more živeti — saj moramo stran, čeprav nas morda čaka tudi v tujini le trdo delo in revno življenje. Saj niste hudi, mati, ker odhajam? Pisala vam bom in denarja vam bom poslala, ko zaslužim.”

“Nič ne skrbi zame, Jerica. Jaz bom že kako živela in prenašala to zapuščenost in samoto. Ti le glej, da boš pametna in da boš pošteno živela. Ako boš mogla kaj prihraniti, obdrži zase, ker tujina je hladna in brezobzirna, ne bo te hotela poznati v boleznih in nesrečih — tujina hoče samo zdravje in mladost, za bolne in nadložne nima prostora in ne mnogo usmiljenja, pa če tudi so ji dali svojo mladost in svoje zdravje . . . Sedi, Jerica, in se malo pokrepčaj preden greš. Kmalu bova morali odriniti, uro in pol je do postaje.”

Jerica je sedla k nizki, rdeči mizi in molče pila belo kavo ter prigrizovala maslen kurh, ki ga je mati vzlic revščini in pomanjkanju spekla zanjo. Nihče ne ve, kako je spravila skupaj toliko denarja, še kovček ji je kupila in par belih robčkov za spomin.

Jerici je postalo tesno pri srcu; najraje bi že bila daleč proč, da bi se ji ne bilo treba posloviti od matere. Če bi mati jokala, bi ji bilo lažje; z njo vred bi se razjokala in bi izlila pekočo bolest, ki ji leži na srcu, v potok solza — potem bi pozabila na vse in bi šla v tujino z lahkim srcem. Tako pa bo nosila vse dni s seboj to hladno, na videz celo veselo sliko matere, ki izroča tujini svojega zadnjega otroka.

Jerica je spustila na mizo maslen kruh, porinila je skodelico s kavo od sebe in je vstala izza mize. Skoro je zbežala iz nizke, črne kuhinje. S tresočimi rokami je odprla vrata v majhno sobico, kjer je zadnje štiri tedne spala z materjo. Ob majhnem oknu je

stala mati in si zapenjala črno obleko, v kateri je bila spremila vse svoje otroke na postajo, ko so odhajali v tujino. Samo dve nedeljski obleki je imela mati in obe sta bili stari in obnošeni, pa je bila vendar tako lepa in praznična v njih. Jerica je videla gospe v mestu, toda zdelo se ji je, da niso bile prav nič praznične v svojih dragih, modnih oblekah, ne tako kot je praznična mati v tej stari, ponošeni, črni obleki.

“Mati, lepo obleko vam bom poslala, da se boste dali slikat v njej.”

“Pustiva zdaj to, Jerica. Čas beži, odriniti morava.”

Brez besedi sta zapustili koč. Šele, ko sta bili že napol pota, sta začeli govoriti. Toda besedam, izgovorjenim s težavo in prikrito boleščjo, je sledil mučen molk.

Na postajo sta dospeli zgodaj, nobenega človeka še ni bilo na peronu. Sedli sta na klop in opazovali železničarje pri delu. Okrog postaje so cvetele vrtnice in njih vonj je vel po zraku ter silil Jerico k joku. Obrnila se je v stran in si otrla solzo; ni hotela, da jo vidi mati, da joka, da ji je vseeno hudo, ker gre stran, v tuje, neznane ji kraje.

“Ti ne bo nič dolg čas, Jerica, ko ne boš več videla teh krajev? Veš, četudi je vse majhno in revno v domovini, je vendar življenje tudi tukaj včasih prijetno in lepo — vzlic vsej revščini . . .”

“Po vas mi bo dolgčas, mati, ne po drugem. Svet je lep tudi drugod in človek se povsod udomači, da le more živeti — mora se —”

“Da, mora se. — Vlak gre, Jerica. Hodi srečno, ne pozabi name v tujini! Piši mi, kako se ti bo godilo v tujih

krajih. Če ti bo dobro ali hudo, Jerica, piši materi, da bo delila vsaj s teboj bolesti in radosti — drugi so pozabili na mojo prošnjo, to edino prošnjo, ki sem jo imela do njih . . . Zdrava, Jerica!

“Zdrava mati! Ne bodite žalostni, kmalu bom pisala, ne bom vas pozabila kot ostali.”

Brez solz, s smehljajem na velem obrazu, je gledala mati za Jerico, ko je stopala proti vlaku in potem je iskala z očmi po vagonških okencih kot je iskala vsakikrat, ko je spremila do postaje doraslega sina ali hčer.

Polagoma so se jeli pomikati vagoni. Jerica je odprla okno in mahala materi z belim robčkom v slovo in mati se je smehljala in mahala z žuljavo desnico. Ko pa se je skrnil vlak za ovinikom, se je zmračil njen obraz in sključen hrbet je zlezal še nižje; iz oči so privrele solze, vse tiste zadržane, žgoče solze, ki niso smele na dan, dokler je bila Jerica pri njej — ker bi ji bile zagrenile pot v tujino.

V kotu vagonskega voza je sedela Jerica in jokala, ker ni hotela, da bi mati videla njene solze in ker ji je bilo hudo, da je njena domovina tako uboga, da mora ona v tuje kraje — najbolj pa še zato, ker je vedela, da stopa mati sedaj sključena in strta proti revni koči ter pretaka dolgo zadržane solze . . .

Vlak pa je drvel hitreje in hitreje kot bi se mu neznansko mudilo izročiti tujini svežo, mlado moč, ki so jo rodile domače gore in doline zato, da ponese v njih nabrano bogastvo mladosti v nenasitno zakladnico velikih, daljnih dežel — v tujino, ki da malo večji košček kruha v zameno za mladostno moč.





Katka Zupančič:

## Svobodni Henri

**BRIVEC** je pristopil bliže. "Hm," je dejal in položil nogo na stopnico, "včeraj popoldne, že pod noč sta se pred mojo brivnico ruvala dva dečka. Vašega sem poznal, onega ne, pa mislim, da je bil baš ta, ki je bil prejle tu. Hm, dečki se tepo za prazen nič, so kakor mladi petelinčki. Toda petelini ne polomijo drevesc, kakor sta to storila ta dva, in ko sem pohitel ven, sta jo že urezala nekam drugam. Kakor rečeno, vašega sem poznal, saj ste ga pošiljali doslej pod moje škarje in upam . . ."

"Pa koliko je škode?" ga je prekinila mati.

"Kupil bom nadomestilo in vam poslal račun. Dela in drugega vam ne bom računal, saj vem, da ste drugače skrbna mati. O, mi brivci vidimo več, ko drugi navadni ljudje! Toda, kaj se hoče, strah mora biti! Kam bi prišli, ako bi ne strahovali svojih otrok?"

"Da, da, strahovali svojih otrok," je ponovila mati mehanično.

"No, vidite! Saj sem vedel, da se bo dalo z vami v miru pogovoriti, vse brez policije. Ker, vidite, jaz sem tudi revež: ves čas pazim, pa nisem nikogar videl, da bi stopil v mojo brivnico. In v hišo sem vtaknil . . ." Nekdo je zavil v brivnico in brivec je oživel: "Zdaj pa moram hiteti! Pa brez zamere! In fanta pošiljajte le spet k meni, zaslužek je zaslužek!"

Mati je zaprla vrata in se naslonila nanje. Očitata si je lahkomišelnost. "Preveč pameti sem mu prisodila za njegova leta, v tem je vsa nesreča!" je dejala. "A vkljub temu ga je le prehudo lomil!" se je ujezila.

Naglo se je odpravila naravnost k Henrijevi postelji. Mali je pritegnil kolena skoraj pod brado ter poln sramu in strahu zrl izpod odeje.

"No, ti!" je dejala trdo. Pa ko si je natančneje ogledala ta kupček nesreče, je vprašala manj trdo: "Si slišal?"

Kupček nesreče je nalahno prikimal in ni vedel, kam bi gledal.

"Povej mi, kdo bo še prišel? Kakšna vesela iznenadenja me še čakajo?"

"Mislim, da ne bo nikogar več!" je odgovoril slabotno, in pogled mu je obtičal na zelo umazani obleki, položeni na stol. Materine oči so mu sledile in ugledale raztrgano hlačnico, ki je gledala izpod obleke. Prijela je zanjo in jo potegnila kvišku. "Oh, pa tako močna obleka in skoraj nova! Kaj za zlomka si delal?"

Kupček nesreče je molčal. Kako naj ji pove, da je jezdil po ograji in skakal preko nje, dokler si ni ranil noge?!

"Oh, ti moj nesrečni otrok!" je zartarnala mati. Obesila je obleko in se vsedla na stol. "Sinko moj, strašno mi je žal, da sem se tako motila v tebi! Ugodila sem bila tvoji želji, misleč, da si pameten, premišljen. Zdaj pa tako razočaranje!"

Kupček nesreče je imel solze v očeh. A mati je zrla predse, čelo naslonjeno ob dlan.

"Da, tudi tvoj oče bi se čutil hudo razočaranega. Slabo si se odrezal, sinko, slabo!" Pogledala ga je in videla, kako je požiral solze. Zasmilil se ji je, saj je vedela, da ni hudobije v njem in mu je pokora težka.

Pa je stopila k njemu in mu položila roko na čelo.

"Naj bo, vsaka šola nekaj stane! In je moj 'ne smeš' in 'moraš' vendarle na mestu, kaj praviš?"

Malce je prikimal, a tako nekam zgubljen, da je mati iskala besede, ki bi ga pomirila in opogumila.

Nova misel ji je šinila v glavo. Mati si je grizla in grizla spodnjo ustnico in ko je bila z mislijo na jasnem, se je pripognila k Henriju:

"Pravijo, da se klin s klinom izbije! Veš, kaj hočem reči s tem?"

Kupček nesreče je stegnil kolena in nastavlil oči in ušesa.

"Tako, ko odpravimo prehlad in ozdravimo želodec in nogo, bova poskusila še enkrat."

"Kako? Še enkrat . . .? Še za nekaj dni?" In boječ se, da morda ne sliši prav, se je dvignil na komolce in poln pričakovanja je gledal materi v obetajoče oči.

"Da, še ti dam priliko; še za toliko dni, kolikor si jih imel doslej."

Zdrgetal je od veselja, potem pa se je spustil nazaj na blazino. Razen njegovega globokega in naglega dihanja ni bilo za nekaj časa ničesar slišati.

"Glej no, na čaj sem pozabila!" se je domislila mati. "Čim prej ozdraviš, tem prej nastopiš svobodne dni!"

"O mama, ne bo ti žal! Zadovoljna boš z menoj, samo toliko ti rečem!" je dejal s tihim, a prepričevalnim glasom.

"In, ako bo šlo po sreči, bova raztegnila pogodbo na tedne." Odhitela je po čaj.

\*

Pol leta pozneje. Zunaj se tepo zimski vetrovi s pozno jesenskimi. V peči peclja in prijetna toplota se širi v kuhinji. Pri mizi sedi Henri. Čita. Tuintam se ozre na uro. Mati uravnava perilo in se ne more ubraniti smehu. Henri jo pogleda, pa gre še njemu na smeh.

"Nu, kaj je?" vpraša mater.

"O, spomnila sem se . . ."

"Na konjička, je li?!" Glasno se je zasmel. "Prvič po šestih mesecih govoriva zopet o njem."

"Da, na konjička mislim in še na marsikaj drugega."

"Ah, samo na one polomije pozabi!"

"Polomije ne kaže pozabiti. So včasih dobra šola!"

"Pa draga tudi! Koliko te je stala?"

"Zdravnik, obleka, drevesce, tri šipe . . ."

"Tri. A razbil sem samo eno."

"Kdor stori eno napako, naj bo pripravljen, da bo nosil krivdo še za napake drugih. S policijo so mi grozili; kaj sem hotela?"

"Vem. To je bilo Bertovo delo!"

"Si prepričan o tem?"

"Kdo drugi bi naj bil to naredil?"

"Tako so sodili o tebi, a so se zmotili za dve šipi! — In ali se še nisi pomiril glede Berta?"

"Ne! Nisem!" Čelo se mu je potemnilo.

"Hm!" je dejala mati, "ko bi se vsi ljudje merili s telesnimi močmi, bi bila najmanj polovico ljudi razpraskana, s polomljenimi zobmi, da ne govorim o izbitih očeh in poškodovanih udih."

Kratek molk.

"Prav imaš. Šel bom mimo njega."

"Ej, dečko moj, to je bila edina reč, ki me je ves čas skrbel!"

"Pa nisi doslej omenila tega!" se je zavzel Henri.

"Ker sem čakala, da se boš prej ali slej osvobodil te maščevalne misli."

"In si zdaj zadovoljna? Ako si, tedaj raztegniva pogodbo spet . . . No, za kako dolgo?" Napel je lica in stegnivši vrat je pogledal na uro. Nekoliko začudeno se je ozrl na mater, ki je čakala z odgovorm. "Nisi zadovoljna z menoj? Ako je kaj narobe, kar povej, pa bom popravil."

"Sem zadovoljna. In pogodba velja — za nedogleden čas."

"To se pravi, da bom prost tako dolgo, kakor dolgo bom prostosti vreden!"

"Da," je pritrdila mati, "in upam, da bo trajalo to dolgo, dolgo; najrajši bi videla, da bi bilo tako za zmirom. Lepše je zdaj meni in tebi, ko sta 'moraš' in 'ne smeš' postala med nama dvema nepotrebna!"

Henri ni vedel, kako bi se materi za njeno priznanje pokazal hvaležnega. Vedno jo je ljubil, saj mu je bila vedno dobra mati; a zdaj vidi v njej še svojo najboljšo prijateljico. Pa je dejal:

"Mama, veš, ko bi bile vse matere take, ko si ti . . ."

"In vsi sinovi ter hčere, ko si ti . . ."

Lep, dvoglasen smeh se je razlegnil po kuhinji.

(Konec.)

## Kamela in pesek

**L**ETA in leta je hodila kamela po puščavi, teptala s svojimi kopiti tisoče zrn puščavskega peska ter potovala iz kraja v kraj. Preko peščenih poti, vročih od solnca, je hodila po prostranih puščavah vsa ponosna. Dvigala je visoko svojo glavo in še s svojo grbo se je hotela bahati, dasi je nihče ni gledal. Pred njo je bil pesek, za njo pesek, na levo in desno nič drugega kot pesek, puščava. Dneve daleč je morala iti, da je prišla do vodice in nekaj drevesc. Tam se je nažrla, napila vode, potem pa je morala spet po pustinji.

Bedno kraljestvo je to, bedno in žalostno pod tem vročim solncem. Toda naša kamela se je nosila kot bi bila vladarica puščave. Stopala je s svojo dvignjeno glavo, teptala prezirljivo pesek pod seboj ter se posmehovala:

“Me vidiš, pesek, kakšna sila sem jaz? Me vidiš, kako trdo te teptam, ti pa si brez moči, pa čeprav vas je tisoče zrn? Moje kopito vas tre pod seboj kot mušice. Kaj se hoče? Jaz sem vladarica puščave, vi, peščena zrna, pa ste moji služabniki, sužnji. Teptam vas kot nič. Pa vas je na tisoče.”

Posmehovala se je kamela pesku in ga teptala.

Peščena zrna pa so poklicala silni puščavski vihar. Zažvižgalo je v zraku, prihrumelo je od vseh strani, vihar je dvignil pesek v zrak ter ga nosil v celih oblakih nad kamelo. Vihar je gnal oblak peska nad kamelo ter ga potem spustil nanjo. Toliko peska je deževalo z neba na kamelo, da jo je popolnoma zasulo. Mogočna vladarica puščave je utonila v tem silnem navalu tisočev in tisočev peščenih zrn. Kamela je bila pokopana.

Tedaj so izpregovorila peščena zrna:

“O, glej, kako si bedna in ponižana. Malo poprej si se režala nam in nas sramotila. Toda to je bilo poprej. A zdaj, ko smo se vsa zrna združila v močan vihar, ko smo se zrna zedinila, zdaj smo te premagala in poteptala! Zedinila smo se, dvignila z vetrom v zrak in te pokopala pod seboj. Zdaj vidiš, kaj zmore naša moč. O silna in mogočna kamela, kako brez moči ležiš pod nami! Naša sloga te je premagala.”

Katka Zupančič:

### KNJIGA

**K**O ljudje, tako i knjige so različne,  
tudi knjige niso vse odlične.  
Knjiga neka v smeh te draži,  
druga se cedi od laži.

Ena težka, jedrnata—  
druga lahka, pa plevnata.  
Ena svet v zvezde kuje;  
druga le o peklu snuje.

Dobra knjiga ne zavaja:  
kar je slabega, pograja;  
dobra knjiga se ne laže,  
vedno ti resnično kaže.

Za nevednega strupena vaba  
pa je knjiga, ki je slaba.  
Često v lepe stavke skrbno skrita  
je umazana vsebina, vsa nagnita.

Pa še neko knjigo vsi imamo,  
če se le v njej spoznamo;  
knjigo, ki je vsakemu odprta,  
od brezbriznih le prezrta.  
V nji resnica je, lepota in zabava!  
Knjigi je ime: NARAVA.

## Najdražja snov

**K**AJ mislite, katera je najdražja snov? Zlato, platina, dragulji, biseri?—Niste prav uganili; to so neznatne stvari proti radiju, katerega gotovo še niste videli.

Če vam bi mogla zdajle pokazati to dragoceno snov, bi bili gotovo zelo razočarani, zakaj ne sveti se tako kakor zlato in je sploh na oko prav neznatna. Skoro da je nekoliko podobna apnu. Vendar pa ima v sebi pravo čarodejno moč.

1 gr radija stane približno toliko kakor 133 kg zlata ali pa štirideset velikih novih avtomobilov. Ali ste že kdaj mislili na to, zakaj so nekatere stvari tako strašno drage?—Vsaka stvar, ki je redka, je draga. Čim redkejša je, tem dražja je. Poleg tega je radij v naravi zmerom zamešan med drugimi rudami. Lahko si mislite, koliko dela in koliko truda je treba, da ga izločijo. Da dobijo 1 gr. radija, morajo predelati po več tisoč kilogramov rude. Zato potrebujejo po več tisoč kilogramov premoega in raznih kemikalij. Mnogo kemikov in 150 delavcev mora skoro pol leta delati za gram radija.

Zdaj boste razumeli, zakaj je radij tako dragocen, in boste gotovo še hoteli vedeti, zakaj ga uporabljajo? Radij ima v sebi nenavadne lastnosti. Izžareva žarke. Gotovo ste že slišali, da so poleg solčnih in svetlobnih tudi električni, magnetični in drugi nevidni žarki. Vsako najmanjše zrnce radija izžareva tri vrste takih žarkov. Ti žarki najdejo kakor Roentgenovi žarki, pot skozi trda telesa. Radij se sveti sam v temi in lahko oddaja svetlobo drugim stvarem. Največje važnosti je radij za zdravilstvo. Z žarki radija se lahko zdravijo razne bolezni. Zato kupujejo velike bolnišnice po raznih mestih radij.

Kovina radij—ki kljub sorodnosti imena nima nikakega opravka z brezžično telegrafijo in telefonijo—je tako učinkovit, da ni potreba niti celega grama te dragocene snovi, zakaj že tisočinka tega zadošča za razne poizkuse. Zdaj se ukvarjajo kemiki z mislijo, kako bi pocenili pridobivanje radija; kemiku A. Burtonu se je v zadnjem času posrečilo, da je dosegel velik napredek na tem polju.

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## Človek in kača

**Z**A hišo nekega seljaka je živela v luknji pod skalo kača. Mnogokrat je prilezla pred svojo luknjo in se grela na solncu. Seljak je imel komaj par let starega sina. Nekega dne vzame deček sekuro in odseka kači, ki se je že tako udomačila, da se ga ni niti plašila—rep. Kača se razjezi in ugrizne dečka. Od tedaj se kača ni več prikazala na solnce.

Seljak pokoplje svojega sinčka v naj-

večji žalosti za hišo. Ko se sčasoma malo potolaži, se napoti nekoč k luknji, pokliče kačo in jo začne nagovarjati, da bi se z njim potolažila ter da živi kot prej zopet v prijateljstvu, ker se to, kar se je dogodilo, ne da več popraviti. Toda kača mu iz luknje odgovori: "Lahko se pomiriva, toda dokler bom jaz gledala svoj rep, a ti grob svojega sina, dotlej ne more biti med nama pravega prijateljstva."



Dragi čitatelji!

Majska številka Mladinskega lista vam je bila pozno dostavljena radi zamudnega dela v tiskarni. Junjska (pričujoča) pa bo v vaših rokah spet pravočasno, pred šolskimi počitnicami.

"Naš kotiček" je čedalje bolj zanimiv. Vanj pošiljajo prispevke številni mladi dopisovalci in vsi dopisi so zanimivi. Šolska mladina je že na počitnicah in ranjanja na prostem bo dovolj za vse. Nikakor pa ne smete v poletnem času pozabiti na "Naš kotiček". Pošljite kakšen dopis s počitnic in opišite svoje dogodljaje.

Vsi na noge za zanimivejši "Kotiček"!

—UREDNIK.

#### "KONJIČEK VRISKA—IHAHA, DOBRO BITI JE DOMA"

Dragi urednik!

Podpisani sem star že 15 let in Mladinski list vedno čitam, pa je to šele moje prvo pismo za "Naš kotiček."

Sedaj pohajam zadnje leto ljudsko šolo, prihodnje pa nameravam pričeti s prvim letom srednje šole. Kot sem že omenil, Mladinski list rad čitam, posebno povesti in pesmice. Naša mama nam včasih pomaga in nam razloži, česar mi ne razumemo, ker je veliko slovenskih besed, da jih še ne razumemo.

Prosim Vas, g. urednik, da mi priobčite to-le pesmico, ki se mi dopade:

##### Konjiček

Konjiček vriska ihaha,  
dobro biti je doma!  
Ovsu dosti, sena dosti,  
nič ne vemo kdo se postji.  
Ali ko potuje in cestuje,  
sedlo nosi, slame prosi,  
konjiček vriska ihaha,  
dobro biti je doma!

Iskreno pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje Mladinskega lista in jim želim obilo zabave in veselja čez počitnice, ki so že pričele!

Joseph Klopčar,  
118 Thompson st., Latrobe, Pa.

#### HERMAN ŽELI DOPISOVATI V SLOVENSKEM JEZIKU

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Že mnogokrat sem se bil namenil, da bom napisal kakšen slovenski dopis za Mladinski list v "Naš kotiček," pa sem vselej odlašal in odkladal na pozneje. Rekel sem: "Bom pa drugi mesec." Tako so potekali meseci, mojega dopisa pa ni bilo nikjer.

Mladinski list čitam že več let, pa sem dosedaj videl samo en slovenski dopis iz Yukona, Pa., v njem. To me je prisililo, da sem se končno odločil, da Vam pošljem kratek dopisek v "Kotiček".

Jaz sem v odraslem oddelku pri SNPJ že dve leti, pa vseeno se zanimam za Mladinski list. Sicer ne znam še dobro pisati po slovensko, ker nimam nobenega učitelja, ampak se moram vse sam naučiti. Zato bi rad videl, da bi mi kdo kaj pisal po slovensko. Jaz bom odgovoril na vsa slovenska pisma kakor hitro bom mogel — po slovensko seveda.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Herman Preseren, Yukon, Pa.

\* \*

#### MLADI "SPARTAK" PIŠE PRVO PISMO

Dragi urednik!

Vem, da bom napravil mnogo napak v tem dopisu, ki je moj prvi, pa Vas prosim, da mi jih popravite. Angleško bolje pišem, ker po-

hajam šolo in imam dobre učiteljice, slovensko pa se moram sam doma učiti s pomočjo moje mame.

Moja mam me je naučila slovensko pesmico, ki sem jo že deklamiral. Glasi se:

### Spartak

Sparta, staro mesto bilo,  
ki junakov je zredilo  
slavni broj.

Kakor skale v boju stali  
"radi" so življenje dali:  
"Brani dom in venec svoj!"

— — — — —  
Vidiš li Slovenka,  
kaj storila je Spartanka?

Kdor za svoj rod ne živi,  
nikdar dober Slovenec ni.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem mladim!

Felix Vogrin,  
2436 N. National ave., Scranton, Pa.

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### "UREDNIK JE POTRPEŽLJIV ČLOVEK"

Dragi urednik!

Odkar dopisujem v "Naš kotichek," sem spoznala, da je urednik potrpežljiv človek, ker tako lepo popravi in priobči moje dopise. Zato pa sem se spet namenila, da napišem kratek dopis za Mladinski list.

S slovenščino imam še vedno križ in slabo pišem, upam pa, da bo šlo vedno boljše naprej.

V Kansasu so delavske razmere še vedno slabe in veliko ljudi je brez dela. Skoro vsi delavci in njih družine občutimo sedanjo veliko krizo — v bogati Ameriki.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem, dopisovalcem in uredniku!

Julia M. Hudaj, Box 94, Gross, Kans.

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### MESEC MAJ JE ČAS VESELJA, RAJANJA —IN ŽALOVANJA

Cenjeni urednik!

Upam, da mi boste priobčili tale mali pripevek v "Našem koticčku," ki postaja vedno bolj zanimiv. Vsak mesec je vse polno lepih in zanimivih dopisov v njem. Iz tega se pač vidi, kako pridni so postali naši bratci in sestrice.

Prišel je prvi maj, ki je—ali bi vsaj moral biti—praznik delavstva celega oveta. Toda sedaj še ni. Mesec maj je mesec veselja in rajanja, bodisi za stare ali mlade ljudi. Posebno pa se ga veselijo oni šolarji, ki radi ne hodijo v šolo. Meseca maja se v nekaterih krajih pričnejo počitnice.

Mesec maj se prične z veseljem, konča se pa z žalostjo v srcu za one, ki imajo umrle svojce na pokopališčih, ker 30. maja je Spominski dan—praznik kinčanja grobov ali Decoration day, ki ga praznujejo po vsej Ameriki. Na ta dan razne patri tične organizacije prirejajo slavnostne sprevede in obdržavajo govore na pokopališčih v počast padlim vojakom, ki so dali svoje življenje za domovino. Kar je vse prav lepo, ali čudno se mi zdi, zakaj se omenjene organizacije ne spominjajo tudi onih delavcev, ki so umrli v boju za obstanek. Teh se spominjajo k večjem njih sorodniki.

Ker sem ravno pri tem, vam pošiljam v priobčitev to-le pesmico:

### Tolažba

Čemu je to življenje?  
Čemu živim na svet?  
Čemu vse to trpljenje,  
ko moram pa umret?

Ne vem sicer gotovo,  
kdaj pride smrt pome,  
kdaj zgrabi surovo  
in vzame s sabo me.

Le-to vem, da bo prišla;  
vsakdo to dobro ve.  
Se bati nima smisla,  
ker umreti mora vse.

Le eno me tolaži,  
da mora umreti vsak,  
naj bodo bogataši—  
ali reven siromak.

Ob zaključku tega dopisa se prav lepo zahvaljujem uredniku za popravke in priobčitev. Obenem pa pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice pri S.N.P.J.!

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



## "KORAJŽE JE TREBA, PA BO ŠLO"

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Tu sem spet! Zopet se oglašam v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Vidim, da so postali naši mladi dopisovalci zelo navdušeni za "Naš kotichek." Le tako naprej, dečki in deklice, pridno dopisujte v "Kotichek." Korajže je treba, pa bo šlo naprej.

Izgleda, da bo "Naš kotichek" kmalu prekosil vse ostale "koticke" v drugih mesečnikih, ki so pisani za mladino.

Vrnila se je ljuba pomlad in prišel je krasni maj, ki ga je že nasledil dolgodnevi junij. Junija navadno konča šola in nastopijo počitnice. Spet bo obilo veselja za šolarje in vse jih bo polno; največ bodo tam, kjer jih ni treba, pravijo odraščeni ljudje. Toda kaj bi pa bilo, ako bi ne bilo veselih otrok?

Pomlad je lepa, krasna, mesec maj pa je zlata krona zelene pomladi. Prosim vas, g. urednik, da mi priobčite to-le pesmico o maju, četudi je že za nami:

## Zlati maj

Zlati maj, tvoj sijaj  
nam v veselje je sedaj!

Hajd na plan, na ravan,  
tu je svet krasan!

Solnce sije vsepovsod,  
s cvetjem vsak posut je pot.

Ptic žgoli nebroj, rog doni,  
lepi cvet natrgaj spet.

S cvetjem si spet povij  
srce, cvetke lepe naj ga kraste.

Pozdrav Frances Batista, vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

\* \*

## NJENE VRSTNICE ŠE VEDNO DOPISUJEJO V MLADINSKI LIST

Dragi mi urednik!

Ko sem prečitala februarško in tudi marčvo ter aprilsko številko Mladinskega lista, sem videla, da še vse tiste moje vrstnice in sestrice kot prej pišejo v "Kotichek." In tako sem se odličila, da bom tudi jaz napisala par stavkov za Mladinski list.

Oprostite mi, ker nisem že tako dolgo pripevala nobenega dopisa za "Kotichek." Sedaj bom bolj pridna. Najprej pozdravljam Betty Pence in vse druge sestrice in bratce. Zelo bi me veselilo, ako bi mi katera pisala po slovensko.

Upam, da bom med počitnicami lahko kaj več napisala, ker bom imela tudi več prostega časa.

Pozdrav uredniku in vsem čitateljem!

Matilda Vehar, Box 316, Imperial, Pa.

## "KAJ ŽIVLJENJE JE, POVEDI, CVETKA V GREDE, GOZD V ZELENJU . . ."

Dragi urednik!

Pomlad se je že vrnila in prihaja poletje. Toda tudi spomladi smo tukaj imeli sneg in slano. V teh krajih je pomlad pozna, zima pa nam nadleguje dolgo, dolgo.

Šola je že končala in sedaj je nastopil čas počitnic. Počivamo pa ne veliko, ker delamo na farmi. Dela na farmi je vedno veliko.

Pesmico, ki Vam jo tukaj pošiljam, sem se naučila iz mesečnika "Čas," ki je svoječasnno izhajal v Clevelandu in ki ga je urejeval Frank Kerže. On je tudi to pesmico spisal.

## Življenje

"Kaj življenje je, povedi,  
moja lepa cvetka v gredi?"

"Pridi, ko bo mesec maj,  
pa povem kako in kaj."—

"Ti boš vedel, gozd v zelenju,  
nekaj menda o življenju?"

"Višje, višje vedno grem,  
kam, zakaj pa res ne vem."—

"Ti mi boš povedal pravo,  
oj škrjanček nad dobravo?"

"Petje nosim pod nebo,  
molk in tugo na zemljo."—

"Kaj pa meniš, ti moj malček  
na potoku, ljubi valček?"

"Bolj ko se borim za pot,  
lepši, zalši grem od tod."—

"Kaj pa mamica poveste,  
ki v večer življenja greste?"

"Šla sem nekam—kam? ne vem,  
zdaj pa spet od tamkaj grem."—

"Zvezde bele, vas je dosti,  
ve poznate vse skrivnosti—"

"Teorij ne išči sivk—  
v družbi nočnih lahkoživk."—

"Daj, srce, pa ti me spasi,  
o življenju se oglasi—"

"Sam začrtaj smer in vzor,  
sam si zgradi pot in dvor."—

Gornja pesmica je pomenljiva in vredna, da se jo ponatisne. Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje in urednika!

Agnes Ostanek, Box 4, Traunik, Mich.

### "PIRHI" V STEKLENICI IN PLESANJE "PO PRSTIH"

Dragi urednik!

Moj zadnji dopis je napravil v naši hiši mnogo veselja in zabave. Vsi smo bili veseli—in tudi stric Lojze, ki je že pet let bolan. Revež je in vsi mu želimo, da kmalu okreva.

O velikonočnem času so bili pri nas Škodovi iz Clairtona. Antonija Škoda je bila dobra, ker mi je dala "kendi" in Leo Škoda pa je igral poskočne. Mrs. Škoda me je povabila, naj grem z njo plesat, pa sem šel—in ji pohodil šolne! Pa me je dvignila, da sem z njo po zraku plesal. Tako me je vrtela, da je bilo veselje.

V gostih je bil tudi stric Vinko, ki je prinesel "nekaj finega," kar se dopade odraslim ljudem. On je prinesel tudi pirhe—in steklenici! Moj ata je rekel, da so bili dobri.

Na spomlad je bilo pri nas zelo lepo, ker je bilo vse v cvetju. In tudi sedaj je še lepo, ker cvetejo po travnikih cvetice in v gozdu pa ptički pojo.—No, sedaj pa je že konec šole in bomo imeli vsi šolarji mnogo časa—za skakanje in igranje. Za sedaj naj zadostuje, pisal pa bom spet in poslal Mladinskemu listu za "Naš kотиček."

Pozdravljam vse, ki bodo brali ta dopis!

Joško Marolt, Box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

\* \*

### PISMO ŠKODOVI TONČKI V CLAIRTONU, PA.

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Veš Tončka, videla sem v Mlad. listu v "Našem kottičku" dopis mojega brata Joškota in se mi je dopadel. Zato pa sem se namenila, da tudi jaz pošljem v "Kottiček" en kratek dopisek, ki sem ga naslovila nate.

Mi imamo spet eno majhno kravčko, ki je tako luškana, da jo imam zelo rada. Imamo pa tudi mlade račke. Ko boš prišla k nam, boš videla, da je res in se bomo vsi otroci z njimi igrali.

Tončka, tudi to moram povedati, da je naš Joško Tvoji mami na prste stopil ko je z njo "plesal" zadnjič, ko je bila pri nas. Tako je neroden naš Joško! No, pa je obljubil prav ponižno, da kaj takega ne bo več storil, ampak da se bo pazil, kadar bo plesal z odrašenimi ljudmi, ali pa da sploh plesal več ne bo. Tudi dobro, samo da ne bo delal sitnosti.

Draga Tončka, jaz sem šla skoro vsak dan regrad nabirat meseca aprila in maja. Bilo je mnogo veselja s tem. Rada bi izvedela, če Ti kaj piše Vida Grmškova iz Clevelanda. Meni ni še nič pisala. Ali si videla Angelin dopis v angleščini? Meni se je dopadel in upam, da bo še večkrat pisala.

Veš Tončka, jaz komaj čakam, da prinese poštar Mladinski list k nam.—Imej se dobro in vesela bodi. Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

A. Marolt, Box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

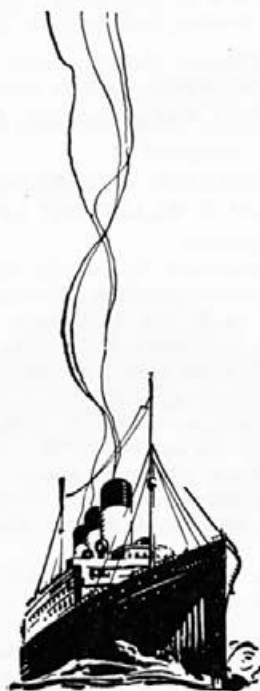
Ezop.—Fr. B.:

### MIŠI V ZBORU

(Basen.)

V zaprti izbi mišji rod zboruje, obrambo zoper vražjo mačko snuje; načrtov mnogo, zvitosti, modrosti, a tudi govorane neumnih dosti. Po dolgi borbi mlada miška vstane, pogleda zbrane, nosek si pomane: "Jaz mislim, ko bi mački dali zvonec, nevarnosti bi naše bilo konec. Naj še bolj skrbno bi na nas prežala, z zvonjenjem svojim brž bi se izdala!" Ponosno sede. Gromki rokoplosek—in zmagoslavno miška viha nosek . . .

Ponižno stara miška vstane v zboru: "To, kar je rekla sestra nam v govoru, lepo glasi se in se nam prileže, a kdo naj mački—zvon na vrat priveže?"







# JUVENILE



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## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

BY ROBERT BURNS

**I**S THERE, for honest poverty,  
 That kings his head, an' a' that?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
 The man's the gold for a' that.

Ye see yon youth, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a fool for a' that:  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His riband, star' an' that,  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden'gray, and' a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their  
 wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
 The honest man' tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' that;  
 But an honest man's above his might,  
 Guid faith he cannot fa' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o'  
 worth  
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it for a' that.  
 That sense and worth, o' e'er a' the  
 earth,  
 May bear the prize, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.



## SONNET—By Ferry Adams

LET us go where day begins and where,  
 Upon some hill, apart from every one,  
 We can again look on a world that's fair  
 And flooded with the splendor of the sun.  
 We have a need of that who thus have traveled  
 Into the darkness, groping far and wide,  
 Where what we knew and loved was torn and raveled  
 And all the simple truths were set aside.  
 So must we go like children, hand in hand,  
 To watch the curve of the red sun appear,  
 Where whirling winds that eddy and expand  
 Will be the only sound that we shall hear;  
 Where, strong and silent, we can re-create  
 Some wistful dream before it is too late.

## SOMETIMES—By Berton Braley

SOMETIMES I long for a lazy isle,  
 Ten thousand miles from home,  
 Where the warm sun shines and the blue skies smile  
 And the milk-white breakers foam—  
 A coral island, bravely set  
 In the midst of the Southern sea,  
 Away from the hurry and noise and fret  
 Forever surrounding me!

For I tire of labor and care and fight,  
 And I weary of plan and scheme,  
 And ever and ever my thoughts take flight  
 To the island of my dream;  
 And I fancy drowsing the whole day long  
 In a hammock that gently swings—  
 Away from the clamorous, toiling throng,  
 Away from the swirl of things!

And yet I know in a little while,  
 When the first glad hours were spent,  
 I'd sicken and tire of my lazy isle  
 And cease to be content!  
 I'd hear the call of the world's great game—  
 The battle with gold and men—  
 And I'd sail once more, with a heart of flame,  
 Back to the game again!

## The Real Robinson Crusoe

THE island of Mas-a-tierra is one of a group of three called Juan Fernandez after the Spanish navigator—Juan Fernandez—who chanced upon them in the year 1570. Craggy and wooded (12½ miles long by 3-2/3 across at its widest), it lies under the Southern Cross, 110 leagues from Valparaiso on the main. Its highest hill, El Yunque, rears itself 3,005 feet above the sea.

On the last day of January, 1709, Captain Woodes Rogers, commander of two privateers of Bristol, one of which was the *Duke*, sighted Juan Fernandez. The next evening lights were seen on shore and surmised to be those of French ships lying at anchor.

As a matter of fact, they were the watch fires of a sailor named Alexander Seleraig, or Selkirk, who on the following morning was brought off in the ship's pinnace amid a cargo of shell-fish. He was clothed in goatskins, and "looking wilder than the first owners of them. It was our first glimpse of one who was destined to become the prince and prototype of all castaways.

Like Hans Andersen and so many folk-tale heroes, he was the son—and the seventh son—of a cobbler. He was born at Largo, a sea-village in Fife. There today stands his effigy in stone, gazing on the haunts of his youth. When he was 18 he was cited for misbehavior in the kirk and ran away to sea. Six years afterwards he came home again, but quarreled with his brothers, once more decamped and in the spring of 1703 shipped as sailing master of the galley, the *Cinque Ports*. Having arrived, in a leaky ship, at Juan Fernandez, after a bitter altercation with his commander, and his own suggestion—of which he speedily repented—Selkirk was marooned on Mas-o-tierra in September, 1704.

He had a sea-chest, clothes, bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a bag of bullets, flint and steel, some tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, mathematical instruments, and so on, and on. Yet in spite of these luxuries, after four years and four months' solitude, Selkirk told Rogers his story in a Scots English so broken and rusty for want of use as to be hardly intelligible. "We could scarce understand him . . . he seemed to speak his words by halves."

For eight months Selkirk had lived in melancholy and horror, "scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence." Day after day, he had sat in watch, his face toward the sea, until his eyes and the light failed him and he could watch no more. By night he had lain shivering with terror at the howlings of sea-monsters on the shore, and the first show of dawn lighting up his great prison-house had roused him only to a sharper consciousness of his forlorn and miserable state. He spent his time for weeks together roaming, staring, listening, weeping, talking to himself.

As time went on, however, Selkirk's spirits began to revive, as human spirits are apt to revive even in the most adverse circumstances. He fed plentifully on turtle until he could no more stomach it except in jellies. He built himself two huts, thatched them with grass and lined them with goatskins; the one for a kitchen, the other wherein to sleep, to read, to sing Scot songs and chat.

For warmth, cheer, and candle he burned the fragrant allspice wood. He had no grain, physic, salt, ink, paper, or rum. He fed on crawfish, goat's flesh, turnips, and a small black plum, difficult of access on the island's rocky heights. Of living things, apart from goats, he had the company only of seals, which in November came

ashore to "whelp and engender," their bleating and howling so loud that the noise of them could be heard inland a mile from the shore.

So life went on. When his ammunition failed him, he came to run, bare-foot, with such celerity that he had chased down and killed, he said, no less than 500 goats. After ear-marking and laming their young kids, he had set free as many more—beast which Lord Anson was thus able to identify 30 years afterward. When his clothes fell of his back, Selkirk took to himself hairy breeches, and, unraveling the worsted of his worn-out stocking, hemmed himself shirts out of his scanty stock of linen, by means of a shred of goat sinew threaded thru a nail. When his knife was worn to the back, he made substitutes out of hoop-iron beaten thin and ground on the rocks.

Twice he narrowly ascpaped death, the first time by a fall of 100 feet—he lay unconscious for three days and nights, a period which he afterward computed by the appearance of the moon; and the second time from voyaging Spaniards, who, sighting his fire at sea, landed and pursued him. He hid himself in a tree-top and listened to them talking beneath. But rats were his worst enemy; they gnawed his cal-

loused feet and his clothes, until he had bred up cats to teach them manners. These would "lie about him in hundreds." Thus best we picture him, chatting aloud, singing and dancing with his kids and cats in the flames and smoke of his allspice wood, the whole world's moon taunting and enchanting him.

His feet restored to shoes, and his tongue to its original English, Alexander Selkirk sailed away in the *Duke*. He reached England, safe but weary, in October, 1711, and after the publication of Captain Woodes Rogers' book, *A Cruising Voyage Round the World*, in the following years, seems to have enjoyed, at any rate to have endured, a passing notoriety. He was interviewed by Prue's wayward and enchanting husband Richard Steele, and was made the subject of a paper in the *Englishman*.

Better still, but less certainly, Selkirk is said to have actually met in Bristol yet another and a more known journalist, Daniel Defoe. And rather more than two centuries ago—on April 1719—appeared *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner . . . Written by Himself*.



OPERA HOUSE IN LJUBLJANA.



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN LINCOLN PARK IN CHICAGO.

## TO A SKY-LARK

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**E** THERREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composer, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of sky and home!

## MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**M**Y HEART leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural me.

## MY TRUST

**A** PICTURE memory brings to me:  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.

—Whittier.



# Stories of The Shark, The Terror of The Deep

*By J. E. Williamson*

ONE mile deep, the tongue of the ocean between Andros and New Providence Islands of the Bahamas forms a popular hunting ground for sharks and game fish in this part of the West Indies. Here, during my last exploration, I descended beneath the sea thru the Williamson tube, determined to enter into the private life of the man-eating shark, for I had prepared a feast in anticipation of having him express his innermost thoughts and habits, good and bad. I seemed unwelcome at first, for as I cruised thru the coral fringing the depths, the absence of sharks caused me some concern; but after I had dumped overboard some fifty gallons of animal blood and drifted a while with this cloud of ooze above me, I was suddenly welcomed by the sea-wolves with an enthusiasm bordering on madness.

Out of the soft blue haze loomed a school of the largest sharks I have ever seen. Well in advance came a huge hammerhead, setting the pace to reach the bait. Looking up from below I could see that the animated cloud was descending, bringing closer and closer this company of frenzied demons which nothing human could withstand. Soon they were all around me, flashing hungry looks as they passed rapidly by.

I studied them eagerly. Crouching close to my five-foot window I watched in amazement, not realizing the attractive meal I must have presented, as the drive commenced. Singly and in pairs came the sharks head-on at me, bumping their snouts against the invisible barrier that kept up apart. Would my glass withstand a blow from the hammerhead? I could see it menacingly near, with its powerful 13-foot body

and a gleam in his wide-set eyes that startled me. Up to that moment I had known the eye of a shark to be the coldest of optics. Now, for the first time, I saw in the eyes of these sharks before me a glow of warmth, a passionate look, not of affection for me, I'm sure, but evidence of the killing urge that was driving them to attack.

In all my thrilling experiences among denizens of the deep I have never before felt so crowded. My three-ton observation chamber was actually being jostled about, and there, just inches away from me, one of the heaviest of the sharks had started to chew his way in. I drew back to watch the bulging eyes staring at me. A glance along the massive body revealed a heavy mottling or hunger blotches, putting meaning into the uncanny sound that was echoing thru my metal stronghold—the crunching of the shark's sawlike teeth around the edge of my window.

I had signaled to my crew above to lower a heavy, baited hook. Its entrance into the scene turned the tide of events, for the shark that took the hook was pounced upon by the others, who startled to cut it to pieces. The sting of teeth drove the captive to frenzy, and, ripping away from the hook, it dashed off badly, wounded with the pack close behind, and that was the last I saw of them.

The theory that, because of the position of its mouth, the shark must of necessity turn over to get it into action is erroneous. I saw a shark head straight for a diver without turning over, during my filming of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." Equipped with self-contained diving suit having no connection with the surface, this

diver was hunting with a companion in the coral forests along the ocean floor. Sharks were plentiful, for we were baiting them into our scenes, and it had been understood before the divers left the surface that if the beasts attacked, the men would stand back to back with their knives and guns in readiness and release from their compressed air tanks streams of air bubbles, a customary means of frightening off the enemy.

From my chamber below I sat observing the hunt in the mystic setting of coral and myriads of fish when a big bull shark swung into action by circling around the divers. Back to back, they crouched as the shark headed toward one of the men as if to bite at his head or shoulders. Impact with this huge onrushing body would easily bowl both divers over. I was witnessing a rare demonstration of an aqua-technique, for the threatened diver gripped the butt of his rifle to his side, set the barrel at an angle and met the under tip of the shark's nose as it rushed on him. Then, rising with all his strength, he shoved the head of the beast up, hurtling the gray body over his shoulder. Strangely, the diver with his back to the scene knew nothing about the thrill his quick-thinking companion had experienced, or how near he had been to the monster.

At the surface I have seen sharks repeatedly attack some object and go off with their prey, without turning over to bite. Once, with a slaughtered bull for bait, I watched a shark with dorsal fin upright cut away a huge hip steak and in sawing it loose gulp off the tail, which trailed like a brush from the side of the sea beast's mouth as it swam off.

Sharks will fight with unbounded fury for food. I recall two that thrust their heads over the gunwale of a boat to get at a chunk of meat that had been snatched away from them in the sea. Side by side they pressed forward, snapping their teeth as we beat them

with wood and iron. Finally, one of the men used an axe, chopping viciously at their head, and reluctantly they retreated.

Entering the reef area of Andros Island one evening in a 25-foot motor boat, I was seated near Dr. Roy W. Miner of the American Museum of Natural History when a tremendous thump under the stern of the boat seemed to indicate that we had struck a reef, the deep water surrounded us. We jumped to the stern to look and there in our wake we saw a full-grown shark rolling over and over and bleeding from a gash across its throat. Evidently the shark had taken the underside of our boat for a speeding fish and had risen from the depths in blind fury to drive its teeth in the planking near our propeller. Our engine was stopped by the impact, the shaft was bent, and the stuffing box broken, ending the usefulness of the motor boat for a time.

While the shark seems willing to bite into anything that looks like food, it can at times be particular. I recall one incident when the taste of a shark was displayed. A piece of cotton was drifting away with the current as a shark hungrily took it into its mouth, only to expel it at once. Apparently the lack of taste or smell must have been detected instantly by this particular shark.

Being a cannibal, there is nothing a shark likes much better than a chunk of another shark. With this choice bait I hooked a fighting terror one day, and after battling with him to the limit of strength in my 200-foot rope I brought his gray majesty alongside my diving boat. Then, bending over from the deck with two men behind me, our tremendous pull on the line lifted the shark's head clear of the water and a native boy reached down with a sheathknife and laced the hook loose to let the fish go. But as the knife did its work the shark's powerful tail lashed out at us, striking the men be-



hind me and pushing me overboard. I landed astride the back of the plunging devil below and found myself actually riding him down into the sea. Desperately I fought to get clear of the thrashing body. In the churned-up water I could not see where to go, but, striking out wildly, I reached the surface, looking into pairs of anxious eyes waiting for me to return. I was fortunate that the shark had not closed his teeth and pulled me down to my finish.

Once before I had felt the creepy sensation of the touch of a shark in the open water, for on my first expedition under West Indian seas ventured below, armed with a knife, and tested my powers against a monster. I had watched a native diver and learned the way of knifing a shark, and how I did it is the story of my greatest thrill.

From the surface vessel several sharks could be seen slowly circling a few fathoms below. Stripped for action and properly oiled, I gripped a keen knife in my teeth so that my hands would be free for swimming, and, timing my dive with the speed of an oncoming shark curving toward me, I flashed into the sea, swimming down hard to reach a point below the shark. Then turning up as it came to me, I swung alongside, grasping the stiff pectoral fin and, judging the spot on the white underbody, I drove in the knife to the hilt. After that I had but one objective—to reach the surface as fast as arms and legs would propel me. I made it, and helping hands were outstretched to pull should the shark follow me up. It didn't, for I had done my job well.

---

## AUCTION—By Hazel Harper Harris

I LIFTED up my eyes to winter hills  
 To seek for beauty when my heart seemed bare,  
 And found a loveliness which now distills  
 Its joy. Dawn raised the gray mist covering where  
 It lay on near-by ridges and they stood  
 Like counters in an antique shop heaped high  
 With treasures. Trees of old black walnut wood  
 Like candelabra lined the early sky,  
 White sycamores were ivory statuettes,  
 A thousand hickory leaves from frosty ways  
 Made old bronze coins, and matching sets  
 Of sweetgum leaves produced bright painted trays.

Then thru the air a yodel sweet and clear,  
 With sliding notes like some soft yawning bell,  
 Announced to me a mountain auctioneer  
 Who had a world of loveliness to sell.

A lifting of my eyes—this was the price  
 That brought me beauty from an alien land;  
 It costs but this to purchase paradise:  
 A lifting of the heart to understand.

## 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.

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.

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.

Even if children associated only with children, these instincts would be overcome by the give and take of putting up with each other. 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.

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.

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 generations 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.

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 of parliamentary procedure and formal deliberation. They quickly sense the justice of majority rule. Out of this we see better citizens in the making.

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.

—J. A.

## A Play to Give In the Spring

### "Rain, Rain, Go Away"

This play can be given by a large group.

The four principal girl characters are Queen Spring, Golden Wings, Merry Sunshine and Rainbow.

Other girl characters are: two Honey Bees, two Blossoms, and a group of fairies. The fairies are organized to dance.

The principal boy characters are Black Cloud and Chief-Rain-from-the-Sky. Both are in Indian costume. Other Indians may appear with the Chief.

#### Act 1

(Scene—a grassy meadow. A rustic throne has been erected and Merry Sunshine is seen trimming it. Golden Wings glides gracefully in and notices Merry.)

GOLDEN WINGS: Why, Merry Sunshine! I might have known you were about. Everything is so bright and cheerful.

MERRY: (advancing to greet her) My dear, how lovely you look! You have a new dress, haven't you?

GOLDEN WINGS: Do you like it, really? I'm wearing it for the first time today. But tell me, Merry, what is that seat thing you are working on? It isn't a throne is it?

MERRY: The very thing. And a queen's throne, too! I'm getting things in readiness for the wonderful celebration, singing, dancing, games, everything, you know Blossoms in their best dresses will be here any minute. Also the fairies are invited. And for Queen, who do you think we have chosen?

GOLDEN WINGS: Not the fairy queen?

MERRY: Oh, no—she couldn't come, you know.

GOLDEN WINGS: Well, I couldn't guess. You will have to tell me.

MERRY: SPRING, HERSELF!

GOLDEN WINGS: Oh, how wonderful! Oh, Merry Sunshine, do let me help, too, and my little cousins the honey bees who are just outside!

MERRY: They will do for the queen's pages. These two stones at the foot of the throne shall be their seats. You shall dance, Golden Wings! Where did you say your little cousins were?

GOLDEN WINGS: Over in the bushes: I'll get them.

(As Golden Wings starts for her two cousins, the honey bees, they come running out to her and cling to her skirts, frightened, while Merry, starting for the Blossoms, turns back.)

HONEY BEES: Oh, Golden Wings, cousin Golden Wings! Protect us!

MERRY: What is the matter?

(The Blossoms are running in from the other side and cling to her.)

BLOSSOMS: Merry, Merry! An Indian Boy—he is after us! There he is!

(They point to Black Cloud, who enters, standing silently, his blanket wrapped about him.)

MERRY: I will see what this is all about (To Black Cloud): Who are you and what do you mean frightening my Blossoms and Golden Wings' cousins?

BLACK CLOUD: My name Black Cloud. Big Chief send me here to clear meadow for big Indian picnic. All Indians come. Have war dance! Big time. He tell me come and tell you to go away.

MERRY: We go away so that Indians can have a picnic? Well, I like that! Look here, Mr. Black Cloud, Spring is to be our Queen and this meadow is where we are to hold our big Spring Festival. You tell your Big Chief he can go elsewhere for his picnic. We came here first and here we are going to stay!

BLACK CLOUD: All right I go. I tell Big Chief what you say.

MERRY: Well, he is gone. I only hope he stays away. Come, everybody—let us hasten and get ready, for very soon Spring will be here and we want this to be the loveliest party ever.

#### Act 2

(Scene—The same. Queen Spring is on the throne, Blossoms grouped about her, Honey Bees at her feet, Golden Wings is dancing, the festival is gay and under way.)

QUEEN SPRING: Thank you, Golden Wings. Everyone has been so kind to me today.

GOLDEN WINGS: 'Tis a pleasure to dance before you, your majesty.

MERRY: And now we will have dances by the fairies!

(Merry blows a tiny whistle and the fairies come dancing in. Everyone applauds and they begin a very pretty dance. When it is over, they bow before Queen Spring.)

FAIRIES: Greetings, Queen Spring! Our Queen has bid us guard you during this festival and protect you from all harm.

QUEEN SPRING: That is kind of you, indeed, but what could harm me and spoil a party such as this that Merry Sunshine has planned?

(Just then enters Black Cloud—Honey Bees scream.)

HONEY BEES: Oh, oh!

MERRY: Didn't I tell you to go away?

BLACK CLOUD: I come back. Have message from Big Chief. He say he coming right away to drive you off this ground. He bring his warriors.

QUEEN SPRING (rising): We must go! We must go!

(Enter Chief Rain-from-the-Sky.)

QUEEN SPRING: (to Big Chief) What does this mean?

BIG CHIEF: We here and we take possession if you no go peacefully we drive you away.

QUEEN SPRING: Oh, oh, whatever shall we do? Where are the fairies who said they would protect us?

MERRY SUNSHINE: (to Chief) Oh, please go away! Please go away!

CHIEF: I not go away. Come tribesmen—pull down the throne, destroy everything!

QUEEN SPRING: Oh, let us run!

(Enter fairies with Rainbow.)

FAIRIES: No, no, Queen Spring. Do not run. Here is Rainbow sent from the fairy queen herself.

RAINBOW: (to Chief) Chief Rain-from-the-Sky, STOP!

CHIEF (Surprised): Rainbow!

RAINBOW: Yes, you've met ME before, haven't you. I'm surprised at you coming here to destroy this lovely festival. What do you mean by it, what have you to say for yourself?

CHIEF: I'm sorry.

RAINBOW: Sorry? Is that all? Well, take your tribe and go away. And as a punishment stay away! Come again some other day. And you, too, Black Cloud. (They exit.) And now Queen Spring and all the rest, you can go on with your party.

(All dance as the curtain falls.)



Dear Readers:—

Beginning with this number of the Mladinski List we hope to be able again to issue our magazine regularly, on time, so that it will reach our subscribers soon after the first of each month.

The number of letters in the "Chatter Corner" in this issue is much smaller than usually. But that was due to the fact that the May number of the M. M. was late and most members wait for their copy before they write another letter.

Above all, ALWAYS write original letters!

—THE EDITOR.

#### THE PROCESS OF SHEARING SHEEP IN WYOMING

Dear Editor:—

Since the shearing season is here, I should like to mention something about the sheep which perhaps would interest the readers of the M. L.

One pleasant morning in April, a group of honor students from the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth grades were taken by the school bus to Opal, eighteen miles from here, to see the process of shearing sheep.

As we entered the old wooden building which looked like a cow barn, only several times larger, we were attracted by a row of men each holding a sheep between his knees in a tight grip. Our probing eyes amusingly watched the swift movement of the fingers which in a few moments left the victim without any wool.

The sheep were then led through a door into some sort of a path with a fence on either side. At the end of this narrow passage were two men. One of them would commence to count as the herd came to a certain place; the other would brand them and the shorn were allowed to graze on the mountain under the shepherd's ever mindful eye.

The wool was put into huge sacks, which I had never seen before, loaded on trucks and taken away.

I believe we were all very fortunate in having the opportunity to view this and I am certain that we all spent the day wisely.

Olga Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

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#### LITTLE ROSES, SO RED—HOW DID THEY COME HERE?

Dear Editor:—

I would like to see the following poem in print:

##### Little Roses

Little roses, so red,  
How did you come here?  
"We came from the earth,  
That's how we came here."

Little roses, so red,  
You are covering the earth,  
Just think how nice it would  
be to pick one,  
And pin it on my coat.

Audrey Maslo, 1241 E. 172nd st., Cleveland, O.

### A VISIT TO JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On April 19 we went to Johnstown, Pa. In the afternoon we attended the meeting of JSF No. 5. After the meeting we went to eat supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Langerholc. At 7 o'clock we attended the "Flood City" Lodge First Anniversary celebration. Bro. Vidrich, Supreme Vice President of the SNPJ, and Bro. John Kutch, gave short speeches. After speeches a play "At the Telephone" was produced. It was very fine and I liked it. Hurrah for the SNPJ!

A proud Member, Joe Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

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### CURFEW FOR BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER SIXTEEN IN PENNA

Dear Editor:—

I received several letters from the members. Our Lodge 570 held a dance on April 11. Our hometown organized a national relief association for the hungry people and it was functioning for about 3 months. It broke down because the business men did not contribute their share.

Our town has also made a special time (curfew) for the children to get into the house if they are not sixteen years old. And if the boy or girl who is not sixteen is caught on street, will be put in jail and parents have to pay fine. They have arranged this because before the boys would loaf around the streets and make fun of old women and men how they walk.

Best regards to all members including the Editor.

Frances Valencheck, Box 268, Masontown, Pa.  
P. S.—Our school will end June 8.

### SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Intimate friends and husbands and wives never have to make conversation unless they feel like it. Tennyson and Carlyle sat together one evening and never opened their mouths except to expel clouds of tobacco smoke. At the end of the evening they agreed it was the pleasantest time they had ever spent together. William Dean Howells left it on record that on one occasion he and Mark Twain traveled side by side in the train from Hartford to New York, three hours, that neither of them read anything, and neither said a word.

### Who's Discouraged?

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he ran for the legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent 17 years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful woman to whom he became engaged. Then she died.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856, he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency and was again defeated.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks.

In the face of all this, he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel small to become discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?



## JUNIOR JOTTINGS FROM MANY POINTS

**Sophie Wallencheck**, Box 55, Martin, Pa., likes her teacher, Miss Merryman, and is in the 3rd grade. She also likes the M. L.

**Julia Slavec**, Box 63, Morley, Colo., would like to learn Slovene. She has two brothers. The working conditions are poor. She is in the 3rd grade in school and she likes her teacher, Miss Brotton.

**Edward Yeglic**, Box 213, Adamson, Okla., reports that their whole family is in the SNPJ. He won 2nd prize in county penmanship contest and received a silver medal. He is a good pupil. The working conditions are poor there.

**Matilda Cesnik**, 232 W. R. R. ave., Verona, Pa., tells that their family of six belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 216. She likes the M. L. and the many letters in it.

**Tressa Tazely**, Krayn, Pa., is 8 years old and in the 3rd grade in school. Her teacher's name is Mrs. Pine. Little Tressa likes the M. L. very much.

**Stefania Saffron**, 828 S. 12th st., Milwaukee, Wis., sent her first letter to the M. L. Their family of four is in the SNPJ, Lodge No. 16. She is in the 5th grade and takes piano lessons.

**Dorothy Skraba**, Box 142, Library, Pa., announces that their whole family belongs to Lodge No. 386, SNPJ. She liked the story about the "Deserted Island," and hopes to see another like this one.

**Lillian Wallencheck**, Box 55, Martin, Pa., is 8 and in 3rd grade. There are two boys and four girls in their family. There are 47 pupils in their school room.

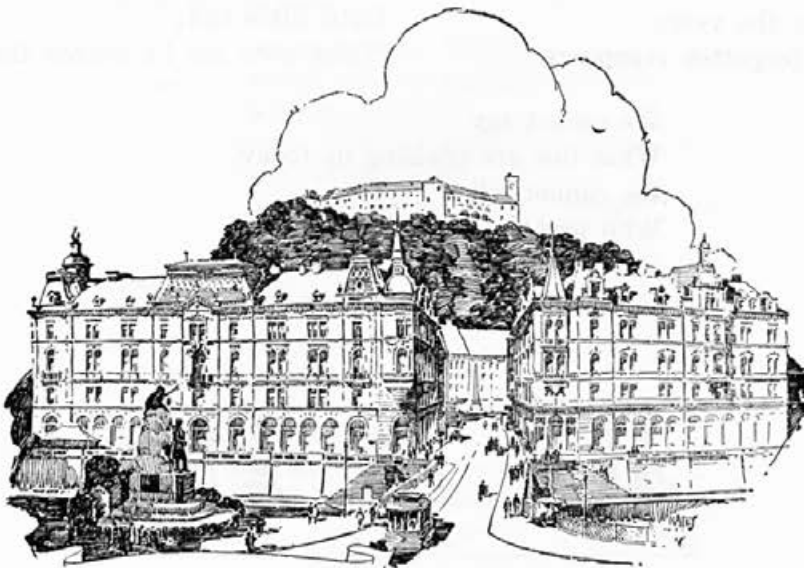
## SINGING FEAR AWAY

I HAVE closed the door on Fear.  
 He has lived with me too long.  
 If he were to break forth and reappear,  
 I should lift my eyes and look at  
 the sky,  
 And sing aloud, and run lightly  
 by—  
 He will never follow a song.

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

I HOLD that this is true—  
 From lads in love with their mothers  
 Our bravest heroes grew.  
 Earth's grandest hearts have been  
 loving hearts,  
 Since time and earth began;  
 And the boy who kissed his mother  
 Is every inch a man!

—Anonymous.



MARY'S SQUARE IN LJUBLJANA

## A BOY'S MOTHER

MY MOTHER she's so good to me,  
 Ef I was good as I could be,  
 I couldn't be as good—no, sir!  
 Can't any boy be good as her.

I don't like her to punish me—  
 That don't hurt—but it hurts to see  
 Her cryin'—Nen I cry; an' nen  
 We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;  
 She loves me when I'm good er bad;  
 An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
 She loves me when she punishes.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
 My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
 An', when my Pa comes home to tea,  
 She loves me most as much as he.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
 An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
 An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,  
 An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

—Riley.

## KINDNESS

ONE never knows  
 How far a word of kindness goes;  
 One never sees  
 How far a smile of friendship flees.  
 Down thru the years  
 The deed forgotten reappears.

One kindly word  
 The souls of many here has stirred.  
 Man goes his way  
 And tells with every passing day,  
 Until life's end;  
 "Once unto me he played the friend."

We cannot say  
 What lips are praising us today.  
 We cannot tell  
 Who protects us well.  
 But kindness lives  
 Beyond the memory of him who gives.

