

M MLADINSKI LIST



MARCH 1928

VSEBINA: Fr. Ločniškar: Razgovor ob luži. — Mirko Kunčič: Polž junak. — Albin Čebular: Na svetu lepe so Slovenke. — Nagota v umetnosti. — Pesem ga je rešila. — Kunčič: V zimski izbi. — Elica v deveti deželi. — (Dalje.) Tagore: Papirnate barčice. — P. Flere: živali. — Tagore: Pisateljevanje. — Borisov: Sladke želje. — Na Kunčič: Fej, pijanček, fej! — Čebular: Postanek premog

CONTENTS: William Blake: Song. Winter. — Slovene Authors; Josip Jurčič; Deklica in Pesoglavci. — Soothing the Savage Beauty. — Credity in Art. — Granny Remembers. — The Home of Jean Francois. — The New Party Frock. — A Little Garden of Good Things. — Chatter Corner. — Floor Games.

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slovene National Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO VII.—Št. 3.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARC, 1928.

VOL. VII.—No. 3.

Fr. Ločniškar:

RAZGOVOR OB LUŽI

Očka:

Kaj naložil si, moj Marko,
in kam pelješ svojo barko?

Marko:

Peska peljem poln čolniček.
To vesel ga bo naš striček—
tam v Ameriki, veš, tata,
so med peskom zrna zlata.

Očka:

Kdo je tebi to povedal?

Marko:

V knjigah to je brala teta.
Zdaj bom s čolnom tja pogledal,
če bi zlatega teleta
lahko k nam ljudem pripeljal.

Očka:

Kaj pa bi s teletom delal?

Marko:

E, ljudje bi ga molili
kot so včasih že storili. . .

Mirko Kunčič:

POLŽ JUNAK

Polž junak gre skozi hosto,
skozi hosto temno, gosto,
kjer doma so tolovaji,
krvoločni bolj kot zmaji.

V polžu hlabro srce bije.
Gozdni škratek iz grma vpije:
"Ne bojiš se, striček mili,
da bi v hišo ti vlomili?"

Polžek se zasmije,
škrateljčka ošteje:
"Kaj bi bal se, viš ga, viš,
ko sem reven bolj kot miš!

V moji hiši ni zlata,
v njej sta le rožička dva:
naj le pride tolovajček—
bežal bo odtod kot zajček!"

Albin Čebular:

NA SVETU LEPE SO SLOVENKE!

Očesca črna jim žarijo,
ko mak jim ličeca žarijo;

je žametna njih bela koža
in sapica jo nežno boža;

iz rok jim pridnost vedno sije,
za domovino srce bije!

Nagota v umetnosti

(Pojasnilo staršem.)

NEKA ČLANICA iz Minnesote se je pritožila radi slike Herakleja, ki pokončuje sedemglavo pošast, češ, da je slika radi nagote nespodobna in, nemoralna. Članica pravi:

“Ne da mi vest miru, dokler ji ne ugodim. V januarskem Mladinskem listu objavljate jako podučno sliko za mladino pri S. N. P. J. Pri tej sliki je vprašanje, kakšen sad pričakuje človek od slabega drevesa. Mladina se kar pogleduje ter se tihotno pogovarja, kakšne slike izdaja S. N. P. J. Kar je prav, je prav, kar ni prav, ni prav. Človek nikdar ne odobraval in ne podpiraj kaj takega. Jaz kot članica ne odobravam; pa tudi mislim, da marsikdo ne, kaj li še mladina. To ni izobrazba, temveč slab vzgled mladinskemu oddelku.”

Škoda, da članica iz Minnesote ni podpisala svojega imena, ker mati s toliko skrbjo za dobro vzgojo svoje mladine gotovo zasluži priznanje in javno pohvalo. Prav nič ne smatramo, da bi bilo članici na sramoto, če bi javnost čitala njeno ime, kajti taka kritika je vselej častna in je dokaz, da se tudi dandanes še najdejo matere, katerim je res pri srcu prava vzgoja otrok. Priporočljivo je, da bi mati imela posnemovalke, ki bi kritizirale nemoralne slike povsod. Veseli nas tudi, da se take matere najdejo med priprostimi slovenskimi priselniki in to v času, ko je ta stran vzgoje na splošno zanemarjena. Kolikor se torej tiče kritike, gre članici iz Minnesote vsa pohvala.

Predvsem je treba pojasniti, da kritika spada samo Mladinskemu listu in nikakor ne S. N. P. J. Kritika se tiče urednika mesečnika, ker je sliko priobčil, ne cele organizacije.

Vprašanje, ki nastane po objavljeni kritiki, ni enostavno in odpira pred nami obsežno polje za razpravo in presojanje o umetnosti ter o zlorabi umetnosti. Potrebna je torej resna beseda v odgovor na kritiko in tudi za razkrinkanje tistega, kar se pod imenom “umetnost” celo v nekaterih slovenskih publikacijah spravlja v javnost.

V prvi vrsti bi morali slovenski starši v Ameriki upoštevati, da ne živimo več v kaki zakotni, od sveta oddaljeni vasi, temveč, da smo med svetom, ki ima veliko dobrega in tudi veliko slabega. V starokrajski vasi se je svet okoli odraščajočega otroka stopnjema razvijal in otrok je navadno začel razumevati življenje sorazmerno s svojo starostjo. Tu je življenje čisto drugačno, veliko bolj zamotano in brezobzirno, kakor pač povsod v industrijsko razvitih deželah kapitalističnega materijalizma, zlasti pa v Ameriki. Dobra in oprezna vzgoja mladine je v taki deželi še bolj nujna, ali prilagoditi se mora razmeram tako, da je otrok nedotakljiv, ko izide iz ozkega družinskega kroga.

Mati se pritožuje, da se otroci spogledujejo pri pogledu na sliko. Naj nam mati oprost, če ji v pojasnilo povemo, da morajo biti otroci potemtakem že pokvarjeni ali vsaj na poti do pokvarjenosti. Potrebno bi torej bilo, da se mati še bolj resno zanima zanje, posebno pa za tovarišijo, s katero se njeni otroci družijo. Pameten oče ali mati storita tako, kajti kdo bi malega otroka podučil o najbolj resnih in najbolj važnih činjenicah življenja, če tega ne moreta starša? Človeška narava ne sme biti zanikana in starši so prvi poklicani, da svoje otroke podučijo o življenju. Starši, ki ne podučijo svojih otrok, zaslužijo ostro grajo, kajti oni so odgovorni za neizbežne posledice; otroci namreč prej ali slej izvejo. Žalostno pri tem je, da otroci izvejo ravno od slabih ljudi, torej tudi na najgrši način, tako da se sramujejo svojih lastnih staršev. Kake so posledice te zanikrnosti staršev, ni treba naglašati, saj vzgledov o pokvarjeni mladini je itak preveč.

Drugi del odgovora pa naj bo, kot že rečeno par besed o slikah po nekaterih slovenskih publikacijah, ki se poslužujejo besede "umetnost" zato, da lahko objavljajo kako prosto nagoto. Ti seveda zaslužijo vse graje. Po našem mnenju je umetnost nekaj najsvetejšega, kar povzdiguje človeka, blaži njegova čutila, kar človeka krepi v njegovi odločnosti in utrjuje njegov značaj. Taka umetnost je potrebna posamezniku in vsej človeški družbi: ona združuje vse človeštvo in vse veke. Kot taka bi umetnost ne smela biti zlorabljena, ne uničena in zanemarjena.

To je vzrok, da se postavljamo trdno na stališče, da je umetnost potrebna. Po tem smo se tudi ravnali in priobčali v Mladinskem listu kolikor mogoče le umetniške slike. Če bi imenovana ilustracija ne bila umetnina, bi je ne bili priobčili v Mladinskem listu.

Še enkrat pa naj ponovimo, da smo hvaležni članici, ki nam piše kritiko iz Minnesote. Samo spodobna mati, kateri je pri srcu prava vzgoja mladine, lahko piše tako kritiko. Pojasniti pa smo seveda morali, kako tolmačimo sliko. Prepričani smo tudi, da bo vsakdo, ki količkaj razume umetnost, odobril naše stališče. — **Urednik.**



Cossatt: Toaleta.

Pesem ga je rešila

Koroška.

PRAV BLIZU Krištofovega gradu, nekaj minut od Maistrovega mostu ob Krki, je bila svoj čas (v letih 1890.-1902.) majhna gostilna; "Pri Tolarju" se je reklo. Lastnik te hiše je bil tedaj Jožef Jeger, dobro znan od Podkrnosa, kjer je bil doma, pa tja do Velikovca.—Zdaj je tista hišica last nemškega barona G., kateremu se je po dolgem prigovarjanju—in ker mu je Jeger kot zaveden Slovenec bil na poti—vendarle posrečilo, da mu je prodal svoje posestvo, kar pa je Jeger pozneje hudo obžaloval. Zdaj pri Tolarju ni več gostilne.

Radi so zahajali ljudje k Jegru, ko je bil Jeger še gostilničar in reči se mora, da je znal privabiti si gostov v hišo.

Kratkočasil jih je s petjem, ali pa jim pripovedoval doživljaje izza vojaških let. Devet let je služil Joža (Jeger) v vojaški suknji, šel z Radeckijevimi vojaki na Laško in večidel svojih vojaških let preživel v laških mestih. Kajpada je poznal te kraje prav tako kakor domače Pokrče. Marsikatero resnično ali izmišljeno dogodbico je znal povedati in vse ga je zamaknjeno poslušalo, kadar je začel. Bil je Jeger velike in močne postave; s svojo postrežljivostjo in veselo naravo si je znal pridobiti srca vseh gostov. Daleč na okoli je bila tedaj znana Tolarjeva gostilna. Radi so ga tudi poslušali, kadar je svojim gostom "eno" zapel; najrajše so poslušali tisto:

"Jaz sem te lepi Lipš,"

pesem, ki je bila tudi njemu najljubša. Vselej pa, kadar je pesem končal, je moral povrhu še pripovedovati, kako ga je ta pesem svojčas rešila tolovajskega napada.

"To je bilo leta 1848," je začel, "tedaj sem služil za hlapca v Podkrnosu. Nekoč se vam peljem v Velikovec po štirinajst žakljev ovsu; v mestu, kakor je bila to že moja navada, sem se malo zakasnil. Bila je svetla noč in prijetna je bila vožnja proti domu. Pri Krajcarju sem konja napojil in se potem vsedel na voz. Ni manjkalo veliko, pa bi bil zadremal, da me nista konja še o pravem času opozorila, da nekaj ni v redu. Napenjal sem oči, napenjal ušesa, pregledal konja in ko le nič nisem našel, se vsedem zopet na voz. Že smo blizu kapelice v Dolini, konja sta pa še bolj nemirna kakor prej. Kar naenkrat skočijo iz gozda trije možje proti vozu. Sam angel varuh mi je dal tedaj mirno kri. Ker nisem ustavil konja, skočijo vsi trije na voz. Lahko si mislite, kako mi je bilo tedaj pri srcu. Jaz ne rečem nič, oni tudi nič, čutim samo divje poglede. Tako se nekaj časa vozimo. Bal sem se pa tako, da se še ganiti nisem upal. Veste, v tistih letih ni bilo kaj redkega, da so tolovaji napadli voznika in ga do cela oropali, še vesel je moral biti, da ni bilo kaj hujšega in da si je sploh rešil življenje.—Končno mi je vendar prišla srečna misel. Kaj, ko bi se delal neumnega in jim eno zapel. In res sem jo vrezal:

Jaz sem te lepi Lipš,
v Šmarjeti sem doma,
s strganim klobukom,
ki sedem lukenj 'ma.
Lepota moja je že preč,
pomagat si ne morem več.
Z revami sem jaz obdan,
žalujem noč in dan.

Ko izpojem, pogledam na levo, pogledam na desno in zdi se mi, da možje že gledajo manj divje; vrežem zdaj še drugo kitico:

Moj te stari atej
so bili cimperman,
so delali hiše, kajže
šmarješkim purgarjam;
narejali so žagam rez,
popravljali so mline vmes,
bili so pintar in kovač,
nazadnje pa berač.

Pesem mi je dala toliko korajže, da sem se ozrl po svojih spremljevalcih. Uh, to so vam izgledali! Hujše kakor cigani. Soseđa na desni, ki me je držal zadaj za jopič—vsaj zdelo se mi je tako—dregnem s komolcem:

“No, Luka, kaj poznaš Radeckija,” vprašam ga.

Nobenega odgovora.

Dregnem soseđa na levi: “Kaj pa s teboj Folt, ga ti poznaš?”

Tudi nobenega odgovora.

Nato sem začel praviti možakarjem staro basen, ki sem jo slišal v mladih letih od babice. Pa tudi to ni nič kaj zaleglo, sedeli so na žakljih kakor mačka pri peči. Zopet sem jo začel peti:

Jaz sem te lepi Lipš.

To pa jim je bilo preveč; še nisem izpel prve kitice, reče mož na levi:

“Pustimo trapa! Saj tako nič nima.”

“Prav 'maš,” se je odrezal oni, ki je čepel zadaj na vozu.

Ta na desni pa je potegnil iz svoje malhe pol hleba kruha in kos špeha in mi oboje ponudil:

“Tu 'maš,” je rekel.—Kakor na komando, so skočili z voza in izgini v temi.—Težek kamen mi je padel od srca. V zahvalo, da me je pesem rešila, sem jo zapel še v tretjič:

“Jaz sem te lepi Lipš.”

Mirko Kuncič:

V ZIMSKI IZBI.

TIKA, TAKA — vse glasneje
stenska ura dolgčas šteje.
Muc ji modro prigovarja:
“Za pečjo se sladko spava!”

Tika, taka, petkrat pet —
Kdor je mlad, naj gre na led!
Kaj če nos mu bo krvav —
jaz bom štela kot je prav.

Ded sanjari: mlad in hraber
lopne s sank ob stari gaber;
vrisk in smeh na vso bridkost —
Tika, taka . . . Ej, mladost!

Elica v deveti deželi

Jezerce solza

“ČUDO ČUDOVATO!” je dejala Elica. (Tako je bila prestrašena, da je za trenutek še pravilno slovenščino pozabila. Kar naenkrat se je začela raztezati na vse strani. Rekla si je: “Zdaj se pa odpiram kakor največji daljnogled. Zbogom noge!” Pogledala je doli nanje, a bile so že tako daleč, da jih je komaj videla. “Moje uboge nožice, kdo bo od zdaj naprej spletal za vas nogavice in vam delal čevlje? Saj se še obuti ne bom mogla, tako daleč sem od svojih nog. Mogoče pa noge tudi ne bodo več marale hoditi, kamor bom jaz hotela. Poizkusimo!”

V istem hipu je z glavo zadela ob strop, kajti zrastle je nič več in nič manj kot celih devet čevljev. Takoj je pobrala z mize zlati ključek in je odhitela k vratcam na vrt.

Uboga Elica! Naprej ni mogla. Vlegla se je na tla k vratcam in gledala je skozi nje z enim samim očesom. Zdaj je mogla še toliko manj misliti, da bi prišla skozi. Sedla je in začela milo jokati.

“Sram te bodi!” se je pokarala. “Tako velika si (lahko si je tako rekla), pa se tu cmeriš. Takoj prenehaj, tako ti rečem!” Ali solza ni hotelo biti ne konca ne kraja, na bokale jih je bilo in kmalu se jih je nateklo pred njo celo jezerce, nič manj kot štiri palce globoko in široko za pol dvorane.

Takrat pa je začula cepetanje nog. Obrisala si je nemudoma obe očesi in gledala, kaj bo prišlo. Vstopil je Zajček Belček, oblečen kakor za med svate z belimi rokavicami v levi in z lahko pahljačo v desni. Tudi sedaj se mu je mudilo, da je mrmral sam pri sebi. “Oh, kneginja, gospodinja, kako se bo jezila, ker mora name čakati.” Obupana kot je bila, je bila Elica pripravljena prositi pomoči, ali Zajček Belček se ji je sam približal. Spregovorila je komaj slišno: “Gospod, gospod . . .” Zajček se je srdito ozrl, izpustil iz rok bele usnjate rokavice in pahljačo in jo je popihal v temo, kolikor so ga nesle noge.

Elica je pobrala pahljačo in rokavice. Ker je bilo soparno, se je začela urno pihati, medtem pa je brez presledka stokala: “Jojmene, jojmene, kako je vse čudno danes. Včeraj je vse šlo tako lepo v redu in po vrsti. Kaj če sem se čez noč spremenila? Hm, ali sem bila ravnotaka zjutraj, ko sem vstala? Zdi se mi, da sem čisto drugačna. Pa če nisem več ista, kdo pa sem? To je pa res zamotana uganka.”

“Anica gotovo nisem,” si je rekla, “kajti njeni lasje gredo v dolge kodre, moji pa ne. Betica tudi nisem, ker jaz vem vse polno reči, ona pa skoraj ničesar. In ona je ona, jaz pa sem jaz! Ali vse to je tako čudno! Šteti že ne znam več. Kaj pa če se še kaj zastopim na zemljepis? Poizkusimo! London je glavno mesto Pariza. Pariz je glavno mesto Rima. Rim je . . .! Ne, vse mi gre narobe! Prav gotovo sem se morala spremeniti v Betico, ki je tako zabitá.” Poizkusila je še pesmice, katere je včasih znala na pamet, ali ni ji šlo. “Gotovo sem Betica,” je zaključila. “Zdaj bom pa morala stanovati v njih majhni bajti in ne bom imela nobenih igrač. Ne, če sem Betica, pa rajša ne grem več gori, bom kar v tej votlini ostala. Zastonj me bodo klicali, naj se povrnem. Samo gori bom pogledala in jih vprašala: “Kdo sem?” Tako je tuhtala, nazadnje pa se je zopet zjokala, ker ji je postalo dolgčas in trudna je bila.

Medtem se je ozrla po svojih rokah. Opazila je, da si je med premišljevanjem nataknila eno belih zajčevih rokavičic. “Kako sem le mogla to storiti?” je pomislila. “Pa ne, da bi zopet postajala majhna!” Vstala je in šla k mizi, da se pomeri. Spoznala je, da je že ni več kot dva čevlja in da se še taka prav hitro krči in gre skupaj.

Spoznala je tudi, da je temu kriva pahljača, zato pa jo je hitro izpustila iz rok, ravno v zadnjem hipu, ko bi bila kmalu tako šla skupaj, da bi je nič več ne bilo.

"Skoro bi me ne bilo več!" si je dejala. Nemalo jo je prestrašila ta nenadna sprememba, ali vseeno je bila vesela, da vsaj še živi. "Zdaj pa naravnost na vrt," si je rekla Elica; toda žal, vratca so bila še vedno zaprta, zlati ključek pa je ležal na stekleni mizi kot poprej. "Vedno slabše," si je rekla revica. "Tako majhna pa še nikoli nisem bila. Škoda, da sem se tako stisnila."

Ko si je deklica tako dejala, ji je zdrsnilo pod nogama in, štrbunček, kakor je bila kratka in ozka, je ležala v slani vodi. Menila je, da je padla v morje, ali ležala je v jezercu solza, katere je najokala. Pa ravno to jezerce, devet čevljev globoko, je bilo zanjo, majhno kot je bila, morje ali celo ocean.

"Zakaj sem tolikanj jokala!" je tožila Elica, medtem pa urno plavala in iskala suhega. "Zdaj bom pa gotovo kaznovana za jok, ker bom utonila v svojih lastnih solzah. Žalostno bo to, ali prerisnično."

V istem hipu je nekaj pošpricalo po jezercu, nedaleč od nje. Sprva je mislila, da se ji bliža povodnji konj; ali pozabila ni, kako majhna je postala, zato je kmalu uganila, da se v jezercu koplje miška, kateri je po nesreči zdrsnilo, kakor prej njej.

"Ali bi kaj pomagalo, če odgovorim miško?" je pomislila. "Ko je vse tako čudno tod, se ne bom nič čudila, če miška zna govoriti." Začela je: "Oj miška, ali znaš za izhod iz tega jezercu? Vsa trudna sem že od plavanja!" Zvedavo jo je pogledala miška, zdelo se je, kakor da ji je namežiknila z malim očescem, ali črhnila pa ni ne črne ne bele.

"Mogoče pa ne zastopi slovenskega," je pomislila Elica. "Mogoče je Angležinja?" Obgovorila jo je zopet: "Where is my cat?" To je bil namreč prvi stavek, ki se ga je Elica naučila v šoli . . . Miška je v istem trenutku odskočila iz vode in vsa v strahu se je tresla. "Odpusti mi," je prosila Elica, ker se je bala, da je mogoče užalila ubogo živalico. "Pozabila sem, da ti ne maraš za mačke."

"Če ne maram za mačke!" je kriknila miška vsa v grozi. "Ali bi imela ti rada mačke, če bi bila v moji koži?"

"No, najbrž ne!" je dejala Elica. "Ali nikar se ne jezi." Da bi jo potolažila, je pričela pripovedovati o domači mucu: "Neprestano čepi ob ognjišču, prede in si liže



Japonski vzorec: Veterni dan pod črešnjami.

tačice pa se umija po obrazu. Tako prijazna je ta muca in najbolj pridna pri lovenju miši . . . oj, oprost, miška," se je spomnila Elica, ko je zrla na potrto miško. "Nič več ne bova govorili o mačkah."

"Saj je res najboljša!" je pristavila miška, ki se je do konca svojega repka vsa tresla. "V naši družini so vedno imeli mačke, grde, odurne in krvoločne tatice. Nikar ne govoriva več o njih."

"Torej nič več o mačkah," je zaključila Elica, da zaokrene pogovor. "Ali imaš rada . . . pse?" Miška ni odgovorila. Elica pa: "Naš sosed ima lepega kužka Pinča, ki bi ti ga rada pokazala. Svetle oči ima in dolgo zaručeno dlako. Navadil se je vsako reč ujeti z gobčkom in tudi na zadnji nogi se postavi in prosi. Toliko stvari zna, da se jih še polovico ne spomnim. Njegov gospodar je kmet, ki vedno pravi, kako zelo je pes koristen, ker lovi podgane in . . . oh moja draga!" je vzdihnila Elica precej žalostno. Miška se je namreč začela od nje oddaljevati. Klicala je za njo: "Draga miška! Vrni se in nič več ne bova govorili ne o pseh ne o mačkah, če se tebi ne ljubi." Ko je miška to zaslišala, se je počasi obrnila in plavala nazaj k Elici. Dejala je s tresočim glasom: "Vrniva se na suho in povedala ti bom dogodbico, to se pravi, zgodovino mojega življenja, da boš vedela, zakaj tako črtim mačke in pse."

Bil je tudi zadnji čas, da odplujeta iz jezercera, kajti v njem se je nabralo vse polno živali, katerim je izpodrsnilo z brega. Po jezercu je kracala raca in za njo nerodni dodo, papiga in nemirni orliček ter še par drugih čudnih ptic. Elica je plavala naprej, vsa jata pa za njo naravnost proti bregu.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

R. Tagore:

Papirnate barčice

DAN ZA DNEM spuščam svoje papirnate barčice drugo za drugo, po drveči reki.

V velikih črnih črkah napišem na vsako svoje ime in ime sela, v katerem bivam.

Upam, da jih najde kdo v daljni deželi in da bo vedel, kdo sem.

V svoje male barčice nakladam cvetlice shiuli z našega vrta in upam, da bodo te jutranje rože srečno naplavljene ponoči na prod.

Spuščam svoje papirnate barčice in gledam v nebo in vidim, kako razvijajo mali oblački svoja bela, napeta jedra.

Ne vem, kateri mojih tovarišev na nebu jih pošilja po zraku, da tekmujejo z mojimi barčicami!

Kadar pride noč, si zagrebem obličje v dlani in sanjam, da plavajo moje papirnate barčice dalje in dalje pod polnočnimi zvezdami.

Vile spanca jadrajo v njih in tovor so njih koši, navrhani s sanjami.



I. Flere:

Kralj živali

VROČE AFRIŠKO solnce se je nagnilo v zaton. Pastir je zaprl svoje črede goved, ovac, koz in konj v ograjo. Ograja je meter debela, do treh metrov visoka in trdno spletena iz trnovih vej in čvrstega dračja. Krave, ovce in koze so pomolzene, pastir se umakne v svojo kolibo, spleteno sredi ograje iz trstja. Noč zagrinja stajo in vso okolico, vse se je umirilo, vse pospalo, le psi čujejo na straži, da odženejo tatu, ki bi oprezoval okrog ograje.

Kar pretrga tišino grmeč glas. Najprej je v daljavi čuti tri, štiri glasove kakor mogočno stokanje; za njimi se oglašajo hitrejši in hitrejši, pa zopet zategnjeni močnejši in močnejši glasovi.

Ko se razlegajo ti glasovi v nočno temo in jim v daljnih daljavah odgovarjajo enaki, ni na pristavi ostalo nobeno oko zaprto. Ovce se plašno stiskajo in zaletavajo v ograjo, da pobegnejo; goved hrope in stoji kakor vkopana, z glasnim stokanjem prosi pomoči ter bulji proti strani, odkoder prihaja strašni glas. Konji se vzpenjajo, prhajo skoz nozdrvi in se umikajo v ozadje, po navadi tako pogumni psi pa cvilijo in se stiskajo k pastirjevi koči. Pastir sam stoji splašen v kočici in trepetajoč gleda skozi okence v temno noč. Ne gane se, da bi čuval svojo čredo, ker ve, da je ne ubrani, sam pa lahko tvega pri tem življenje.

Vsi poznajo ta grmeči glas, glas leva, kralja živali. Rjoveč mu prihaja iz mogočnih prsi, kakor da jih hoče raznesti. Proti tlom govori lev z mogočnim klicem, kakor da hoče prisiliti zemljo, naj mu pove, proti kateri strani naj se obrne za plenom. Od tal se glas odbija ter se ogromen in silen raznaša po vsej planjavi.

V ozračju se od daleč valovi rjojenje, ki je naznanilo pričujočnost kralja živali, pomalem se izgublja ter umika splošni tišini. A kakor bi plula nad zemljo smrt, tako težek in strašen je ta mir. Tako ga v plašnem pričakovanju čuti pastir, tako njegova žival.

Zdajci z viška prileti v ograjo nekaj temnega, velikega. Za hipec obleži nepremično, le dve veliki, zelenkasti luči svetita in kažeta, kam je padlo. A že pade udarec po najbližji dveletni junici. Na njej leži lev, vanjo pa upira zelenkasti luči—svoje oči, polne roparske poželjivosti in zmagalskega veselja. Žival se ni utegnila braniti, močno levovo zobovje ji je v hipu pregrizlo vrat. Zamolklo rjoveči glas naznanja okolici, da je kralj živali našel svojo večerjo. Rep s trdim rogom v končnem čopu šviga po zraku in opozarja splašeno žival, naj se nihče ne bliža. Plen pod seboj lev malo izpusti, da se prepriča, ali je žrtev že končala, in vnovič zasadi vanje svoje zobe. Nato jo dvigne v gobcu in se v silnem skoku s plenom vred požene preko ograje. Izginil je, le globoka sled v pesku pred ograjo kaže, kam je skočil.

Pristava se je za nocoj oddahnila, pastir se je vdal v usodo. Vsi vedo, da je lev kralj in neomejen vladar na svojem ozemlju. Ljudem in živalim sam nalaga krvavi davek in ga sam pobira. Kralj in mogočnejš ne prosi pravice, sam si jemlje odločeni delež. Za nocoj si ga je vzel in zanesel v skrivališče, da se na samem pogosti z njim. A sam ni pri večerji. Njegovo rjojenje so hijene imele za vabilo na večerjo. Zdaj z iztegnjenim jezikom stoje okoli gostečega se leva in čakajo, kdaj jim njih kralj prepusti ostanke in odpadke. Ko se lev nasiti, se spravi druhal na plen ter se masti in žre, dokler more. Kar je še ostalo, oberejo za dne jastrebi, ki pospravljajo kraljevo mizo.

S koncem levove večerje se je pripeljalo na nebo solnce in razsvetlilo zemljo, kralj živali pa je legel k počitku. Skrivališče si je izbral v gostem bičevju in v veliki travi na obrežju reke, da si tudi čez dan lahko gasi žejo. Svoja skrivališča menjava le po potrebi. Len, kakor je, in vajen brezdelja se seli le, kadar se seli pastir s svojo čredo ali pa kadar menjajo svoj pašnik antilope ali zebre, kadar je baš tem napovedal svoj davek.

Ko se lev prespi, odide na nizek peščen griček, odkoder mirno ležeč pregleduje svoje lovišče. Čez dan navadno ne lovi; le kadar mu ne prva ne druga noč ni prinesla večerje, si poišče zalogaj tudi pri belem dnevu, vzame si ga sredi iz čred in ga shrani za večerjo. In te črede prihajajo včasih kar same k njemu, zakaj tudi antilope in zebre hodijo na vodo k reki, ne vedoč, da tamkaj oprezuje lev.

Lepe, ljubke in vesele živali so antilope, sorodnice divjih gorskih koz. Velike so kakor srne, rjavkaste, gladke. Imajo kratek, čopast rep, na glavici pa nosijo rahlo uvite rogove. Lepo jih je videti, ko z večernim hladom prihajajo v čredi na vodo. Vodnik pred čredo ne napravi nobenega koraka, preden se ne prepriča, da je vse varno in tiho. Da jih ne ovoha krvoločni kralj živali prej nego njega same, prihajajo od vetra. Glej, vodnik se je ustavil! Sedaj poslušaj, gleda, voha—še trenutek—in v hipu se obrne ter zbeži v največjem diru. Čreda gre za njim, hitro in lahno dvigajo živali tanke noge, na daleč se prestavljajo nežni parkeljci. A za njimi jo v velikanskih skokih ubira lev in danes je morala čreda antilop dati večerjo kralju živali, jutri čreda zeber, majhnih divjih konj, po vsem životu belih in z rjavimi ali črnimi progami poprek pisanih. Celih osem čevljev dolga in do deset čevljev visoka žirafa, ki nosi svojo, konjevi podobno glavico v višini 16—20 čevljev, mora dovoliti, da jo zajaše kralj živali. Zagriže se ji v rjavi, z belimi četverokoti porisani vrat in v divjem diru gre ježa v puščino. Seveda ne za dolgo. Pod jezdečevo težo in vsled izgube krvi omaga žival in močni ropar jo kmalu ustrahuje ter pobije. Morebiti edina žival, ki se je lev ne loti, je povodnji konj, ki živi v Nilu in po njegovih bregovih. A kaj bi tudi lev s tem orjakom! Dolg je 14 čevljev, velikanska glava mu je štirivoglata, v gobcu ima čvrste čekane, koža pa je debela, da je ne prebije krogla iz navadne puške. Kadar rjove povodnji konj, kar grmi prek puščine in voda, prek obširnih gozdov in goščav; tedaj utihne tudi lev in molče poslušaj.

Vsem drugim živalim je lev, njih kraj, predpisal krvavi davek, pri vseh si ga pobira. Tudi človek ima od njega napovedan boj, a človek ga sprejema.

(Konec prihodnjič.)



Rabindranath Tagore:

Pisateljevanje

PRAVIŠ, da piše ata čudo mnogo knjig, ali kaj piše, ne more razumeti.

Čital ti je ves večer, ali si pa zares mogla uganiti, kaj je mislil?

Kakšne lepe pravljice nam znaš ti pripovedovati, mamica! Zakaj ne zna ata pisati takšnih, bi rad vedel.

Ali ni slišal nikoli od svoje mamice pravljic o orjakih in vilah kraljičnah? Jih je vse pozabil?

Čestokrat, ko zakasni kopel, ga moraš iti stokrat klicat.

Čakaš in pogrevaš njegovo južino, on pa piše in piše in pozabi.

Ata se zmerom igra "pisati knjige."

Če grem kedaj jaz igrat v atovo sobo, prideš in me kličeš: "kakšen malo-priden otrok!"

Če le malo zaropočem, praviš: "Ali ne vidiš, da ata dela?"

Kakšna zabava naj bo to, venomer pisati in pisati?

Če vzamem atovo pero ali svinčnik in pišem po njegovi knjigi, prav kakor on a, b, c, č, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, zakaj si tedaj nejevoljna name mamica? Niti besede ne rečeš kadar piše ata.

Kadar trati ata takšne grmade papirja, mamica, da ti ni tega prav nič mar.

Če pa vzamem jaz samo eno polo, da bi si napravil čolniček iz nje, praviš: "Otrok, kako si nadležen!"

Kaj si pa misliš, če kazi ata polo za polo s črnimi znaki čez in čez na obeh straneh?

Borisov:

SLADKE ŽELJE.

Čebelice—brenčelice
lete na sladko pašo
in polnijo nam celice
za pridno deco našo.

Pšeničko v mlin poneseemo,
testa bo polna skleda,
z orehi ga potresemo,
dodamo lonec meda.

Pa strička k nam povabimo,
on pravljic zna obilo,
pri tem na vse pozabimo —
samo ne na kosilo . . .



Albin Čebular:

PA PRAV ZARES!

So rožice ob kravici
čebljale v mehki travici:

“Ej, lepo danes malčkom je—
ko mesec nov se prismeji,
z **MLADINSKIM LISTOM** prihiti,
in brž **MLADINSKI LIST** prebira—
tam gori pri jednoti
pa nov je že na poti!”

Dragi čitatelji!

Mogoče je kdo izmed čitateljev pogledal v Prosveto z dne 22. zadnjega meseca na deveto stran pod zapisnik, v katerem je upravitelj, brat Filip Godina, podal poročilo za Mladinski list. Gotovo vas zanima napredek, dragi čitatelji, zato ga tu ponatisnemo:

Naklada Mladinskega lista znaša sedaj 7800, kar znači, da smo napredovali v zadnjem polletju. V zadnji kampanji za nove člane se je zvišalo tudi število članov v mladinskem oddelku, torej tudi število naročnikov za Mladinski list. Naročnikov izven članov je pa majhno. Naročnina za Mladinski list znaša sedaj \$1.20.

To je brez dvoma napredek, toda ne napredek, kakoršnega bi si želeli. Pravi napredek bi imeli le tedaj, če bi lahko rekli, da je število naročnikov narastlo tudi izven narastka članstva. Kakor je bilo rečeno že v zadnji številki Mladinskega lista, se moramo pobrigati vsi, da Mladinski list razširimo vsepovsod, da dobimo naročnike v vsaki slovenski hiši, pa če so člani Slovenske narodne podpore jednote ali ne.

Ne pozabite, mladi čitatelji, da priznajte, ki vas čaka koncem leta, bo v veliki meri šlo ravno tistim, ki so pridobili največ naročnikov za Mladinski list. Koliko naročnikov ste že dobili? Pišite!

Urednik.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz bom pisala v Mladinski list. Stara sem 13 let in hodim v sedmi razred. Vsi v družini smo člani S. N. P. J. Mene je naučil moj oče slovensko brati in pisati. Jaz berem zelo rada Mladinski list, kakor tudi moje sestre.

Tu vam naštejem še nekoliko obrtnic: Tit, madam, rakar, ono, oko, bob, joj, iti, vrv, dohod, letel, volov, telet.

Tu je nova uganka: Farmar je peljal na trg perutnino, purane, gosi in kokoši. Prodal jih je ravno sto in ko prešteje denar, je dobil zanje tudi ravno sto dolarjev. Purane je prodajal po \$5, gosi po \$1, kokoši pa po 65c. Koliko je prodal kokoši, koliko gosi in koliko puranov?

Pozdrav!

Anna Sparenblek,

746 No. Haugh st., Indianapolis, Ind.

Cenjani urednik!

To je moje drugo pismo to leto, ker pišem kakor sem sam sebi obljubil, čeprav ni kaj posebnega napisati.

Ne hodim več v slovensko šolo, ker sem že prestar. Došel sem do devetega razreda. Slišal sem, da bodo imeli igro to leto, kakor vsako leto.

Jaz mislim, da bi ne škodovalo, če bi organizirali tudi v Chicagu slovensko šolo za mladino, ker bi jim dosti koristilo v starih letih.

Imam tudi smešnico:

Pri zdravniškem izpitu.

Profesor: "Vidite, ta mož šepa, ker ima kroglo v nogi. Kaj bi vi napravili v tem slučaju?"

Dijak: "Šepal bi." **Frank Somrak ml.,**
996 E. 74th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Jež in lisica.

Lisica pride k ježu in ga vpraša: "Oj, striček jež, kje pa dobiš tako lepe hruške, pa kako jih neki nabiraš, saj imaš menda košek?"

"Pojdi z menoj, tetka," pravi jež in jo pelje pod hruško, pod katero je bilo mnogo drobnic. Povalja se po hrbtu, nabode hruške na igle in jih nese domov.

Lisica to vidi in hoče tudi sama poizkusiti. Valja se po tleh, a drobnice se nočejo obesiti. Pač pa jo opečejo koprive in zbode trnje, ki raste pod hruško, tako da je zbežala z vso silo domov in se ji ni nikoli več zaželelo nabirati hruške.

To kaže, da vsak ne more narediti vsega, kar drugi lahko.

Poslal **Stanley Somrak,**
iz Clevelanda, O.

* * *

Frank Gerbec piše iz Cantona, Ohio:

Zelo mi je všeč ta koristen list. V njem se jaz in sestra vadiva slovenskega jezika pisati in čitati. Pomaga nama mama. Pozdravljeni vsi bratci in sestrice, ki čitate Mladinski list.

* * *

Cenjani urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo, ki ga pišem Mladinskemu listu. Jaz sem tudi prišel iz starega kraja in znam slovensko brati in pisati. Pišem slovensko zato, ker sem videl, da ni veliko članov pa članic, ki pišejo slovensko. Komaj čakam, da pride Mladinski list. Jaz pokažem Mladinski list v šoli in vsi hočejo videti, kaj pišejo člani in članice in hočejo vse povesti in uganke prebrati. Mi vsi v družini smo člani S. N. P. J.

Pozdrav!—**Frank Zalaznik,** R. R. 3, Box 758
Girard, Kansas.

* * *

Cenjani urednik!

Namenila sem vam pisati par vrstic, ker sem tudi jaz članica S. N. P. J. Jaz sem stara 14 let in imam 2 sestri in enega brata in sem v 8. razredu in se vsi dobro učimo. Mene veseli čitati M. L. in želim, da bi izhajal večkrat na mesec. Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice S.N.P.J.

Mary Tomazec, 9203 Prince Ave., Cleveland, O.

PTICE POZIMI.

Sneg pokriva plan, goro,
burja mrazi nas močno;
z nami zebe ptičice,
revce so brez strešice.

Oj, preljubi otrok moj,
glej, tam čivka ptiček tvoj;
zebe ga in lačen je,
od slabosti trese se.

V hišico naj gre s teboj,
da bo grel se za pečjo;
pa mu malo zrna daj,
da bo revšče jedlo kaj.

Saj spomladi ti vesel,
hvalo ti bo ptiček pel;
samo zdaj mu zrna daj,
da bo revšče jedlo kaj.

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

* * *

MUCA MACA.

Muca maca, bolna taca,
kje si bila, kaj si st'čila,
da te dolgo ni domov?
Dekle me je obtožila,
da sem ji vse mleko spila;
me k sosedu je spodila,
ker ji zvesta nisem bila,
da bi miši čuvala.
Dekla se je ujezila,
je za metlo pograbila,
vrgla name je pokrov.
Z metlo name omahnila,
zbežat nisem utegnila,
pa me je vso pobila.
V rebra mi je dala brc
in v stegno z metlo—štrc.

Jožef Valentinčič, Sharon, Pa.

* * *

SMEŠNICA.

V gozdu je živel star mož, ki je nabiral gob. Nekoč je našel pri svojem delu lepo skrinjico, ki je bila pa trdno zaklenjena. Šel je dalje in našel zlat ključek, s katerim je odprl skrinjico. Notri je bil lep kožušček, toda bil mu je prekratek.

Če bi bil kožušček daljši, bi bila tudi pravljica daljša.

UGANKE

1. Ima čisto človeškega očeta in čisto človeško mater, pa vendar ni sin. Kdo?
2. Zakaj imajo mlinarji v starem kraju bele klobuke, kovači pa črne?
3. Kdaj zajca po zimi zobje bole?
4. Kaj kmetom v Wisconsinu še najbolj nese?

* * *

REŠITEV

uganke Nade Madon, Glencoe, Ohio:

19 volov po \$5.00 je.....	\$ 95.00
1 krava po \$1.00 je.....	1.00
80 telet po 5c je.....	4.00

 100 kosov goveda.....\$100.00

Pravilno so rešili:

Sophia Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.
 Julia Blazich, Grand Junction, Colorado.
 Cecilia Jane Logar, Richwood, W. Va.
 Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
 Frank Gerbec, Canton, Ohio.
 Rosalyn Laykovich, Willard, Wis.
 Pauline Felz, Bryant, Ill.
 Anna Sparenblek, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Johnny Podboy Jr., Arma, Kansas.
 Josephine Kuder, Ringo, Kansas.
 Frank Slapshak, Frontenac, Kansas.
 Frank Sternisha Jr., Joliet, Ill.
 Arley Božičnik, Nokomis, Ill.
 Mary Tomazec, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Frank Tomazic, Forest City, Pa.
 Montanus Florjančič, Widen, W. Va.

* * *

REŠITEV UGANK IZ JANUARSKE
ŠTEVILKE.

1. Eno, ker potem ni bil več tešč.
2. Milni mehur.

Rešila: Anna Sparenblek, Indianapolis, Ind.

3. Netopir.

Rešili: Anna Sparenblek, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.; Arley Božičnik, Nokomis, Ill.

Mirko Kunčič:

FEJ, PIJANČEK, FEJ!

NOČ JE. Polž čez plano dirja,
 hrope kakor vlak.
 Pa zadere iz močvirja
 nanj se žaba: "Kvak!"

Lej ga, lej ga! Kam pa, striček?"
 Polžek vzdihne plah:
 "Veš, za mano gre beriček.
 On zdrobi me v prah! —

Šel k krčmarju sem brez cvenka,
 pil pri njem vso noč,
 in nazadnje brez plačila
 jo odkuril proč . . .

Hišico mi pride rubit
 Hudi mož nocoj.
 Zdaj bežim pred njim kot blazen . . .
 Joj, kaj bo z menoj!"

Žabica ga potolaži:
 "I no, kaj bo to! —
 Bajto ti prodajo in te
 v luknjico zapro!"

Žabica za njim se krega:
 "Fej, pijanček, fej!"
 Polžek se ustraši, zdirja
 kot vihar naprej.

* * *

Albin Čebular:

POSTANEK PREMOGA.

Kjer premogovi so rovi,
 stali nekdanj so gozdovi,
 zrušili so jih viharji—
 kot jih zrušijo drvarji.

Voda zemljo nanosila,
 obsežna debela zagrnila;
 debela pa so zoglenela,
 v črni kamen se sprijela.

So pretekla tisočletja
 ko so bila ta početja,
 danes to je premog črni,
 iz njega novci so srebrni. . .



Inness George: V zalivu.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume VII

MARCH, 1928.

Number 3.

SONG

Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,
Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among
There is love, I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

William Blake.

WINTER

WINTER! bar thine adamantine doors:
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep
Rides heavy; his storms are unchained, sheathed
In ribbed steel; I dare not lift mine eyes,
For he hath reared his sceptre o'er the world.

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings
To his bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks:
He withers all in silence, and in his hand
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs—the mariner
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal'st
With storms!—till heaven smiles, and the monster
Is driven yelling to his caves beneath Mount Hecla.

Blake.

The Leading Slovene Authors

Josip Jurčič

1844-1881

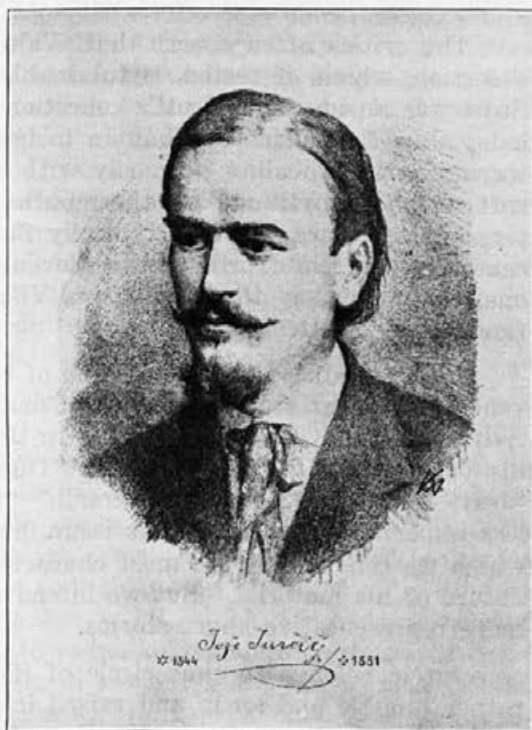
PERHAPS the most beloved of the Slovene classical writers is Josip Jurčič; for his expression is regarded as the most typical of the Slovene life. Stritar is the "nearest and dearest" friend of the Slovene youth; Erjavec is the interpreter of the beauty of nature; and Jurčič is the embodiment of the Slovene life, past and present, and, therefore, he is the most typical Slovene writer.

To understand the secret of his success three factors must be considered: his native ability in relation to his environment, the mode of his preparation, and, finally, the mode of his literary creation.

Jurčič came from a little village, Mu-ljava, Dolenjsko. He was the son of a poor peasant family, which he showed clearly in his later years, when he wrote many interesting stories describing the humble peasant life and his childhood. He was a simple village lad, too tender for the company of other boys; therefore, he preferred to stay with his grandfather and other elderly people from whom he learned hundreds of tales and stories which, in his later years, filled several volumes of his writings.

Even in his early school career the genius of Jurčič was already apparent; for he began to write in the second gymnasium, and was awarded a premium for the excellency of his novel "Jurij Kozjak" when he was in the seventh gymnasium, in Ljubljana. During the last year of his elementary education, he supported himself exclusively by writing; so that by the time he was graduating from the gymnasium, he was already a recognized Slovene author.

At the Vienna University, as well as at the gymnasium at Ljubljana, Jurčič studied in the German language, but his love for the Slovene language led him to study the Slovene literature at every spare moment. Thus he came across a treatise "On the Errors of the Slovene Writing" by Fran Levstik, which defined Jurčič's literary career. Although he was, at the time, but a young student, he grasped the significance of the paper better, perhaps, than any other Slovene writer; and, in the course of time, he translated it into an actuality. The content of the paper may roughly be stated thus: that the aim of the Slovene writers should be to give the expression to the Slovene material in the Slovene expression rather than to imitate the western writers, on the ground that what is borrowed is not ours, and that foreign material could be understood and ap-



Josip Jurčič.

preciated only by a small aristocratic minority; that the expression should be drawn from the peasant's speech, rather than coined or borrowed from foreign languages.

With this program in view Jurčič began to collect the stories and anecdotes, which circulated among the Slovene peasants; studied the ancient customs and traditions, the occupations and institutions of the Slovene people; and dipped, from time to time, into the ancient documents, from which he learned about the wars between Slovenes and Franks, about the ancient Slovene smugglers with salt from Adriatic, about the precarious struggles between Slovene peasants and Turks; and, finally, about the ancient Slovene lords, who defied the rulers of the world from behind their massive walls.

The highest merit in Jurčič's writings rests in the fusion of his wit with the ancient customs and traditions, the popular idiom and the entire vogue of the Slovene life. Ancient proverbs and tales, with all the local color, and "Ribnica" humor characterize his heroes, who slide imperceptibly from difficulty into difficulty.

The critics often assert that Walter Scott had a great influence upon Jurčič, an assertion, which, if tested, is intainable; for Jurčič was a realistic writer, whereas Scott was an idealist. Scott's collection of the ancient materials stops with the ballads; Jurčič's ballads are but an insignificant part of it; Scott is essentially an aristocratic writer, dealing primarily with the ideal lords and ladies, whose hands are too soft to touch anything, and the mouths too pure to express anything; the characters of Jurčič are realistic, typically Slovene, who, for instance, smuggled salt for centuries. Jurčič expresses the Slovene life as it is, not as he would have it. No one would ever say that "Zakrpana Višnja gora, raztrgan Žuženberk" was really influenced by Scott.

Jurčič produced a large volume of classical literature in which he embodied Slovene fables, war stories from the Turkish times, some popular ballads, peasant activities, and Slovene superstition. In this connection we can mention only a few of his outstanding works; such as: "Tugomer," "Deseti brat," "Domen," "Sosedov sin," "Jurij Kozjak," "Slovenski polharji," "Slovensko praznoverstvo," and many other no less important works. In this issue, however, we are limited to the "Pesoglavci," which we consider as the most characteristic of his general tone of expression and nature of his material. But we intend to include, from time to time, some of his more representative short stories.

Jurčič belongs to that circle of Slovene itnellects who have found our literature rather humble and lowly and raised it to its present position. He was personally acquainted with Simon Gregorčič, Fran Levstik, Levec, and a co-worker of Stritar. He shared the fate of other Slovene literary figures in poverty; for he was compelled to give up his study at the University of Vienna, because of financial difficulties, and remained poor till the end of his days. His writings, on the other hand, have been the most popular treasure house of the Slovene public even to the present time.



Deklica in Pesoglavci¹⁾

TA ČAS, ko so bili še Pesoglavci po teh krajih, je plela² neki dan lepa deklica sama na njivi. Kar zagleda, da jih gre veliko krdelo mimo. Ker je vedela, da so hudi in zavoljo svojih pasjih in kosmatih glav strašni videti, je zbežala s polja. Pesoglavci vidijo, da je mlada, in pravijo: "Dajmo jo ujeti!" Brž se spusti celo krdelo za njo v dir. Deklica je vedela, da ne uide urnim petam, zato spleza na gosto smreko in se skrije med vejami. Pesoglavci pa imajo pasjo glavo in v tla obrnjene oči, zato ne morejo pogledati navzgor. Tako niso mogli videti, na kateri smreki čepi deklica skrita. Bodli so torej s svojimi dolgimi sulicami ob deblih od smreke do smreke tako dolgo, da je pritekla po skorji nekega drevesa rdeča kri. Obstopili so tisto smreko in jo izruvali; tako da jim je prišla deklica v pest.

Potem so jo zaprli v visok grad, ki ni imel nič vrat. Tam notri ni videla žive duše, kakor včasih Pesoglavce, ki so prihajali na noč domov, podnevi pa zaklepali njo in eno mačko. Samo lino³ so ji puščali odprto, da je sijalo solnce skozi njo. Tam notri je neprestano jokala in prosila boga, da bi prišla še enkrat k očetu domov. Večkrat je mislila zlesti skozi odprto lino na streho in s strehe skočiti na tla. Pa vselej, kadar je vzdignila nogo, ie skočila mačka na lino in začela tako jezno renčati⁴ in brusiti kremplje, da je bilo deklice strah. Nekdaj posebno joka in prosi boga. Kar zagleda pred seboj starega dedca⁵.

"Kaj ti je, mlada?" jo nagovori dedec.

"K očetu bi šla rada," pravi deklica.

"Kako pojdeš, ali ne veš, da pesoglavski grad nima vrat?" reče dedec.

"Vem, ali jaz bi šla skozi lino, pa me ne pusti ta mačka žival," pravi ona.

"Zato te ne pusti ker ima mačka v repu devet peklenskih vragov, ki so vsi zmenjeni⁶ s Pesoglavci. Daj mački kos mesa, in kadar ga bo pobirala, ji odreži rep, ga vrži čez ramo devet komolcev⁷ daleč čez lino, in nič več ti ne bo branila."

Tako je dejal mož in izginil, da deklica ni vedela, ne kdaj ne kam. Storila je po njegovem svetu: dala mački mesa, v hipu ji je odrezala rep, ga vrgla devet komolcev daleč čez glavo in huda žival se je potuhnila tiho v kot. Deklica spleza takoj v mraku⁸ skozi lino na streho in ko ne ve, ne kod, ne kam dol ob zidu, vidi kosorepo mačko, kako leze počasi in klaverno po vrhu slemena⁹ na drugi konec poslopja. Leze za njo in pride do drevesa, ki se je s svojim vršičkom dotikalo strehe, in ko vidi, kako gre mačka po drevesu na zemljo, pleza še ona in srečno uteče.

Noč se je bila storila: Pesoglavci pridejo domov in zagledajo kosorepo mačko. Brž uganejo, kaj je to, in dvanajst jih poišče sled¹⁰ in teče za ubežno deklico. Medtem pa je bila ona pritekla že blizu očetovega doma. Oče njen je imel kovačnico pri vodi zidano¹¹. Tisto noč ga ni bilo doma, ker je bil šel iskat izgubljene hčerke. Zato vodno kolo, goneče po navadi kovaški meh, ni klopotalo, ampak vse tiho je bilo. Vrata so bila zaprta, okno z železno mrežo prepreženo, zato ni mogla noter. Dolgo je klicala ter klicala, pa očeta ni bilo. In

1) Pesoglavci—mythological characters having human forms and dog's head.

2) plela, pleti—to weed.

3) lina—chasm, gap.

4) renčati—to growl.

5) starega dedca means a very old gentleman.

6) so zmenjeni—they are agreed upon.

7) komolec—cubit. (A measure of length, being the distance from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger.)

8) v mraku—in the evening twilight.

9) slemena, sleme—ridge of the roof.

10) poišče sled—senting the traces.

11) kovačnico pri vodi zidano—smithy built on the bank of a river. (Smithies were usually built on the bank of some brook or river where the water operated the forge.)

že je mislila zaspati na klopi pred kovačnico. Kar ji pride na misel: morda bi me zasledili Pesoglavci in še hujše bi mi bilo. Zato premišlja, kako bi prišla noter. Nazadnje ji pride v glavo, da lahko sname vodno kolo in pride pri luknji v kovačnico. In res stori tako. Komaj se oddahne notri in naredi luč, kar zasliši zunaj govoriti Pesoglavce. Po sledu so bili prišli za njo. Brž podpre vrata še bolj z železom, zasloni okno, v roke pa vzame široko sekiro, ki jo je bil naredil oče ravno prejšnji dan, in še vstopi k lini, skozi katero je bila sama

prišla noter. Kmalu izvohajo Pesoglavci to luknjo, in eden prikaže svojo pasjo glavo v kovačnico. Deklica mahne in mu jo odbije. Potem potegne njegovo truplo popolnoma noter. Drugi so menili, da je sam zlezal v kovačnico. In kmalu se je prikazal še eden in zopet eden skozi luknjo. Vsakemu se je primerilo tako, kakor prvemu.

Ko je prišel drugo jutro oče kovač žalosten domov, je našel hčer in na kupu v kovačnici dvanajst Pesoglavcev, ki jih je bila pobila hčerka.

Soothing the Savage Beast

The most respected elephant of the Philadelphia Zoo was reposing after lunch when it perceived the approach of a brass band. Bands were not uncommon in the elephant's experience, and the sagacious animal merely lifted an ear. It may not have noticed that the band was accompanied by several gentlemen with horn-rimmed spectacles. It could not have guessed these were scientific investigators.

Their purpose was to ascertain the effect of music on the higher animals. They opened on the elephant with the jazz band.

The higher animal, unaware of the part it was taking in scientific research, walked away to his bath. Its purpose, like its feelings, remained hidden, but the band, refusing to take a hint, redoubled its efforts, whereupon the elephant squirted a large part of the bath water furiously down the saxophone. In the moderate language of the scientific report, "the experiment could not be continued."

The Philadelphia elephant expressed what many people feel in the presence

of jazz, but otherwise contributed nothing to the problem of the emotions raised in the higher animals when music is performed.

Cats will sometimes walk on the keys of a piano with every symptom of curiosity, and many dogs of right feeling will howl bitterly when the fiddle is played. But that is perhaps emulation, or it may be ambition; it may not be pain. Cats ought to be more sensitive than dogs to high notes because their hearing is so acute. On the other hand, dogs have been shown to be able to hear notes so high that human ears cannot detect them.

Snakes appear to like music, or, at any rate, rhythmic noise; and monkeys, which seem to be very like human beings in their organs of hearing, were found to like the violin, detest the trumpet, and take cover when the drummer did his best. In a general sort of way animals are like the famous Victorian philosopher who could only recognize God Save the Queen when people stood up and raised their hats, but "who rather liked the noise."



The Nudity in Art

(A Note to Parents.)

The illustration of the "Hercules Killing the Monster Hydra" in the January issue seemed indecent in the eyes of some of the readers. The nudity of the character impressed the critic as non-desirable, bad, immoral, and therefore injurious to the inexperienced youth. The critic is conscientious and in earnest; hence we, too, will treat the matter with some weight, especially since the criticism concerns the editor of the M. L. rather than the SNPJ.

Nothing could be more pleasing, more encouraging, and nobler than the intentions of the critic; for the criticism is a concrete evidence that there are still mothers, who are deeply concerned with the moral development of their children. We, therefore, regard the intentions of the critic as noble, and of great importance in the rearing of youth. Whether the illustration be good or bad we leave to the world to judge. But that the critic is sincere and well meaning, there cannot be the least doubt, and the purpose of the criticism is highly commendable. We fully appreciate this fact, and accredit it to the critic, because in criticising us, she performed one of the most important duties of any mother—she has taken upon herself to create a real, moral character, a useful member of society: a fact that is most neglected not only by the poor, ignorant immigrants like ourselves, but by the libertines, the "suffragettes," and the so-called modern reformers, as well. From this viewpoint all honor to the critic.

Regarding the program of the M. L. (Be it understood that the criticism is due to the M. L. and not to the SNPJ.) the question is somewhat more delicate and calls for a more critical analysis. In the modern world, and especially in America, all nudity parades under the term art. This dreadful distortion and abuse has gone so far, in some cases, that the term "art" has lost all its significance. And, sad to say, we have not escaped the corruption; for there are ample proofs circulating even in the Slovene publications. Indeed, we venture to say that most of what parades under the name "umetnost" in some of the Slovene publications, is anything but art. Nudity, not art, is often being marketed out for the commercial purposes, when the creative material fails to attract the vulgar and pathological characters. The real aim is not to inform, to educate, to create something better and nobler; it is a financial success even at the sacrifice of decency, character, and individuality. It is for this reason that we almost agree with the great masterminds, Tolstoy and Plato, that "Bad art is worse than no art at all."

We feel, however, that art is the most holy, the most divine of the human creations. It elevates, softens, inspires, and sways; it unites all ages and all peoples; it is self sufficient; and for these reasons alone, art should not be corrupted; least of all, destroyed or neglected. We feel, therefore, that the illustration is art, else it would never have appeared in the magazine.

May we add, in this connection, that many of our parents fail to recognize the fact that we are no longer in some small, remote, and uneventful country town, where the possibility of encountering the complexity of the good and the bad of the human creation is relatively insignificant. In the old situation things took care of themselves automatically. Here, the situation is very much different. Selection, direction, and supervision in this highly mechanical, materialistic sphere of life, are indispensable in rearing the youth. Even the very best supervision and instruction are not always a match to the circumstances; and the youth, especially that of for-

eign parentage, succumbs. The child that got a bad impression from the illustration is already on his downward road. It were well for the parents to look into the character of his playmates. Conscientious parents will do so; for who will take pains to instruct the youngsters in these most elemental factors of life, if parents fail to do so? Human nature must not be abused; and parents are the only logical agency through which their children should learn the facts of life. All educated people realize this fact and make use of it. If the parents fail to do their duty in this respect, they are responsible for the inevitable consequences, for the children learn anyhow. The tragedy is that they learn from very bad source and, therefore, in the most corrupt form. The results often are fatal to the ignorant child; but the fault is not his; it is of the parents.

Be this as it may, we are grateful to the critic for her criticism. Only a decent character, who is concerned with the morals of her posterity, could be the author of that criticism. We disagree, however, in the interpretation of the illustration, and are confident that, whoever understands art, will side with us. Moreover, whatever other merits or demerits the magazine may have, we feel that in this respect it cannot be reproached.

The Editor.

Granny Remembers.

Seventy-eight today!
 "Granny's asleep," they say,
 "Granny won't hear;
 Nods by the fireside there,
 Sitting in her armchair
 All through the year.

"Always asleep," they think.
 Granny's old eyelids blink,
 Open, and close.
 Granny sees what they do,
 Granny can hear them too
 Ah, Granny knows!

Granny was young once, though,
 Seventy years ago—
 Remembers it well.
 Seventy-eight today!
 Smiles in a dozy way—
 Granny won't tell.

PARTING.

We had met so joylessly,
 Sadly must we part,
 Happy were our hours together,
 Scenes that were works of art.

Happy were we when we met,
 Both hearts beat together,
 Many were our happy thoughts,
 As carefree as a velvet feather.

Now our hearts are sorrowful,
 Days will never end,
 Many will our memories be,
 When each other greetings send.

Days will forever drag along,
 To us they'll seem like years,
 Bound from us forever,
 When our eyes are full of tears.

We must not forget all others,
 Who have sorrows just as ours,
 Let us also try to soothe them,
 And our days will seem like hours.

Jennie Vrtovec, Canton, Ohio.

PANSIES ARE THOUGHTS.

Pansies are thoughts,
 Always happy and bright.
 Never sad or gloomy;
 Sunshine is their delight.
 In all kinds of weather
 Ever will you see
 Sunny little pansies, making revelry.

Sent by Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.



Millet: Wool Carder
(Drawing)

The Home of Jean Francois Millet

THE EVENING light was falling on the little village street of Barbizon when we passed along it, and the shutters were being closed over the studio window in the house where Millet the painter lived and died.

But the bar was unfastened again very kindly and the old green shutters reopened in order that two curious travellers might see the home of this famous man and the studio in which he worked for over a quarter of a century. The house is preserved as it used to be when he was painting those wonderful pictures of simple life and homely work so familiar to us all. His brushes are still in the old blue jug in which they used to stand.

The house itself is a peasant's cottage, for Millet was very poor. When the cholera raged in Paris he went with his family to the quiet village on the edge of the great forest of Fontainebleau, and there, with his wife and children, he lived, working as the peasants did and drawing studies of them for his pictures.

All the morning he worked in the field and garden, and in the afternoon he painted. A stone stair leads from the garden to the upper rooms of the cottage, and beside it stands still the fine elm tree he planted. What is now the village street was just a grass-grown track where cattle browsed when Millet went there.

Among the sketches and pictures hanging on the walls of a small room set aside for them is one representing a shepherdess, painted by Millet when he lived in Paris and before he came to Barbizon. It shows the conventional type of tripping figure, gaily clad, as are the girl shepherds depicted in the works of Watteau.

But Millet was a peasant, and he was sincere. He revolted from this false representation of the life of the fields, and set to work to paint those who worked in them in their rough clothes and their wooden shoes, proving that beauty of the most truthful, human, and appealing kind could thereby be achieved. But his paintings aroused fierce opposition. He had dared to paint truth and teach art by the portrayal of simple things: the sower of the seed, the gleaners at harvest time, the cattle going down to the water's edge to drink; the hardness of daily toil, its struggles and its disappointments sweetened by belief and prayer. All these things Millet faithfully portrayed in his pictures.

Perhaps his most familiar picture is *The Angelus*. When it was sold it fetched a thousand francs, but now it is valued at five millions.



Millet: The Sheep Shearer.

Millet was poor to the end in the things of this world, but in the possessions of the soul he was rich indeed. His great friend Rousseau, also an artist, lived near him, and when Millet was in poverty Rousseau used to help his family secretly. In the forest of Fontainebleau is a rock on which the heads of the two friends have been carved side by side.

There are a few well-worn books in Millet's room above his bed, his Bible, his Virgil, and the contemporary poets of his day. In the corner of the studio stands an old grandfather's clock; his palette and his knife lie near his easel, and above them hangs the model of a sailing ship.

Though the painter is gone his spirit lingers in the humble home he loved so well.



Millet: The Wood Splitter.

The New Party Frock

IT was the first real party frock that Betty had ever had. Of course, she had lots of other pretty frocks; but they were all white muslin or lace with large ribbon bows. This one was entirely different—all frills and tucks and flounces in the palest of pink silk, with little rosebuds encircling the neck and waist. When Betty's mother first showed it to her she clapped her hands with delight. Never had she seen such a pretty party frock.

"We must pack that away for the first party," said Mummy, wrapping it up carefully in sheets of tissue paper, and Betty stood by and watched her with wide, longing eyes.

"Oh, Mummy," she said, "I simply must find a party to go to! I do so want to wear it!"

Mummy laughed mysteriously.

"Don't be impatient, Betty," she said. "Perhaps you'll go to a party far sooner than you expect."

And with that she laid the frock in its brown cardboard box and put it high up on the topmost shelf of her wardrobe.

That afternoon Mummy had to go out, and Betty was left in the house all alone. All the time she kept thinking about that party frock and how she would look in it. Finally she could be patient no longer. She was all alone in the house, and no one need ever know! And then she did a very naughty thing. She went into Mummy's bedroom, drew up a big chair close to the wardrobe and, standing on tiptoe, reached down the brown cardboard box.

Very slowly and carefully Betty carried it over to the bed, took off the lid, and drew out the frock. For some minutes she was content just to look at it, and then, as quick as lightning, she drew off her little cotton frock and carefully wriggled into the pink silk party dress.

Betty drew a long breath as she saw her reflection in the mirror.

"I must just wear it for five minutes," she thought. "Oh, if only there was someone to see me in it!"

But there was no one except Peter, Betty's little black and white puppy.

"Anyway," thought Betty, "Peter is better than no one at all."

So off she ran to the kitchen, where Peter lay curled up before a blazing fire.

"Peter, Peter!" called Betty. "Wake up and look at my lovely party frock!"

Peter blinked his eyes wearily; then he opened them wide and saw Betty standing there in the new frock.

"Wouf! wouf!" he cried in delight, leaping up at Betty; an before Betty had time to escape there was an ominous ripping sound, and right in the middle of the beautiful new frock was an ugly hole.

Betty looked down at it with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Peter, Peter, you naughty dog!" she cried. "Just look what you've done!"

Crying bitterly and very, very frightened, Betty ran back to Mummy's bedroom and put the torn frock back in its box.

A quarter of an hour later M u m m y came home. First of all she saw Peter, looking very dejected, with his little stumpy tail between his legs, and then she saw Betty, with quivering mouth and tear-stained cheeks.

"Why, Betty, whatever has happened?" she cried.

And then out came the whole terrible story. But when Mummy had heard it she did not scold Betty at all; she simply said:

"I think you have punished yourself, Betty, for Auntie May is giving a party tomorrow and I was keeping it a secret. I bought the new frock because I did so want you to look nicest there."

Betty did go to Auntie May's party, and she had a lovely time; but she had to wear a white muslin frock with a blue bow. Later on Mummy managed to mend the pretty pink silk frock, and now no one would know how it had ever been torn, for right over the tear is a little wreath of rosebuds.

Betty has become the most patient and obedient little girl you could find anywhere.





A Little Garden of Good Things

Poor Jim Dick

When I was a small boy there was a black boy in the neighborhood by the name of Jim Dick. I and my playfellows tormented the poor black by calling him Negro, Blackamoor, and other names. The poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. Later on, skating in the neighborhood, I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. "Oh, yes, Robert, you may have them and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return them I told Jim I had returned his skates and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. With tears in his eyes he said, "Robert, don't ever call me a blackamoor again!" and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart and I burst into tears, and from that time I resolved never again to abuse a poor black.—Robert Southey.

Ninety in Hundred

I think we may assert that in a hundred men there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received.

John Locke.

Birthdays

Every birthday some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teasing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things. And longer story of time when you are happy, and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

John Ruskin to Kate Greenaway on her birthday.

Jump In

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that to do anything in the world worth doing we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sydney Smith.

The Way of Memory

Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate and frail; it is the first of our faculties that age invades. I

can repeat whole books that I have read.

It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat but cannot promise much. Whatsoever I pawned with it when I was a boy it offers me readily and without stops; but what I trust to it now it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses, so that I receive mine own, though frequently called for, as if it were new and borrowed.

Nor do I always find presently from it what I do seek; but while I am doing another thing what I labored for will come; and what I sought with trouble will offer itself when I am quiet. Ben Jonson.

They Never Fail

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their
gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their
limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though
years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping
thoughts
That overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom. Byron.

Busy Days.

From rosy dawn to set of sun
Doing, doing, never done!
Bath and breakfast, school and play:
Busy, busy, all the day!
Slides and snowballs, toast for tea;
Oh! how jolly life can be.
Fires and fairies, blanket bay:
Busy, busy, all the day!
Mother's kisses, slumber sound,
So the merry wheels go round.

PUZZLES

1. Changed Word

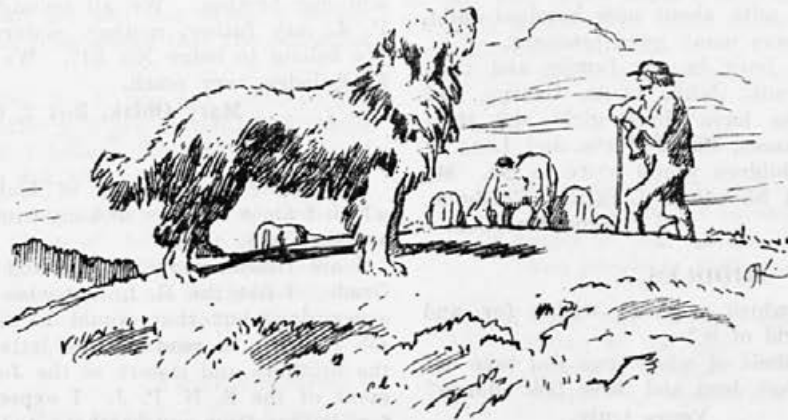
Change the word SING into TALK, altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having only three intervening links.

2. Enigma

I'm always found upon the earth
As well as in the sea,
I'm white, I'm red, I'm sometimes black,
Though very rare it be.
In many trades I'm often used,
Believe me more than one;
To use a term full oft applied,
You die when I am gone.

3. Word Diamond.

A third of six; consumed; resting; the tail; five times ten.



Sheep tenders.



Dear Editor:

My mother and father and brothers all read the Mladinski List. They all like it very much. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge. I did not intend to write, but my daddy said I should start writing to Mladinski List. I can speak Slovene a little, but I can not write or read. My mother said when I go through school I will go to Slovene school.

There are very hard times out our way. I feel sorry for the poor people who are starving. I hope the Union will win.

Here is a joke:

Johnny comes in late.

Teacher: "What's the excuse?"

Johnny: "I was running so fast that I couldn't think up one."

Theresa Rozanc,

McDonald, Pa., R. D. 3, Box 76.

* * *

Dear Editor:

There are ten members of the S. N. P. J. in our family. I am thirteen years old and go to the seventh grade of the Junior High School. It is a large building with about nine hundred children in it. We have many good teachers.

We have five boys in our family and their names are: Frank, John, Louis, George, and James. We also have three girls and their names are: Frances, Carol Marie, and Lena

I wish some children would write to me. My address is: 115 Shenango Location, Chisholm, Minn.

Lena Matetich.

* * *

RIDDLES.

What is that which everyone wishes for, and yet tries to get rid of it?

How many bushels of wheat can you take out of a hole three feet deep and three feet square?

Yours truly,

Sophie Klemen, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

Well, as I am the first one from Gilbert writing to you, let me tell you that it isn't much fun up here. It's always stormy, cold, and everywhere you go it's gloomy.

We all belong to this wonderful S. N. P. J. lodge, number 61. I am always waiting for this magazine to come in our box. I am the first one that reads it.

I can't read nor write very much Slovene, although I can talk, at least I talk so that the folks can understand me.

I would like Rose Crowley, from La Salle, Ill., to write me a letter.

Yours sincerely,

Jeanette Pirce, Gilbert, Minn., Box 392.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am 13 years old, in the seventh grade. Last year I went to school every day and I got a certificate. If I go to school every day this year, I will get a gold seal. This is because I have 30 minutes to go to school, through the woods. Sometimes I go by myself. I have three sisters and one brother. We all belong to the S. N. P. J.; my father, mother, sisters and brother. We belong to lodge No. 247. We like the S. N. P. J. lodge very much.

Mary Oblak, Box 2, Glasgow, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

My father is secretary of Lodge No. 96, of which I am a member and my brother and sister are members, also.

I am fifteen years of age and in the Eighth Grade. I like the M. L. and wish it would come every day; but that would be too much of a job for you to read all the letters, written by the brothers and sisters of the Juvenile Department of the S. N. P. J. I expect to receive a few letters from my brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J.

John Morsi, Livingston, Ill.

Dear Editor:

My father, brother, and I, all belong to the S. N. P. J. I joined this wonderful lodge when 8 years of age. We were then residing in Gallup, New Mexico.

I am continually reading the M. L., and find it very interesting. And I, same as the other members, wish that our "Chatter Corner" would grow very large. I also think, writing to boys and girls, whose letters are published in the M. L., is a very good idea of making many friendships in other sections of the country.

I am 12 years of age, and in the eighth grade, and I have hopes of graduating in May, because I am one of the best students in our room.

Albert Trebich, Bridgeville, Pa.

* * *

Mary Rogel, Barnesboro, Pa., writes:

"My father is dead ten years, and my uncle died on January 31, in Cresson, Pa. He was in America 33 years and his name was Frank Grebenc. He was buried in New Derry. My brother is on strike for ten months. We all thank the people for the money what they help the strikers."

* * *

Dear Editor:

Having been busy with my studies for school the last several months, I did not get time to write to the M. L. Since I last wrote we had moved twice and I have been kept very busy. I had forgotten about the M. L. for I did not read it any more.

The other day I met a friend of mine who writes to the M. L. He told me that someone had written to me through the M. L. I then went home, hunted up the magazine and read where Rose Crowley had asked me to write. That's my excuse, probably weak, but many say one excuse is better than none.

My birthday comes in March and I'll be sixteen. Then in April I shall be an adult in the S. N. P. J. I can tell you this much, I surely am glad when the time comes that the initiation is over.

Can someone tell me if you can write to the Chatter Corner after you are an adult? I would like to know and I believe that the Mlad. L. is the best place to ask about it.

I was asked for my address by Rose Crowley, and now, Rose, it is as follows: 107 S. Oak Street, Nokomis, Illinois. This address is not ment only for Rose, but for all the brothers and sisters of the Mlad. List. For I would like many to write.

Brother,

Victor Friscovec.

(Editor's Note: Most certainly, Bro. Friscovec, your contributions will always be welcome.)

Dear Editor:

I have always read the Mladinski List, but I never wrote to it before.

I am five feet two inches tall and I have dark brown hair and eyes and a dark complexion. I am fourteen years of age and in the eighth grade.

I can not read or write in Slovene very well, but I surely would like to learn how. I will try to write in Slovene next time.

I have five sisters and four brothers.

The weather around here is quite cold.

I must close now and write more next time. I wish some members would write to me.

Annie Knaus, Traunik, Mich., Box 27.

* * *

Dear Editor:

On the ninth of February we received sad news of the death of Mr. John Marn, a brother of the S. N. P. J. He was killed by a railroad train at Conneaut, Ohio, on Feb. 8, 1928. His family and the Slovene settlement of Conneaut will certainly miss him.

My father and I were to play in Conneaut on Feb. 11, 1928; but the dance for benefit of coal mine strikers was postponed on account of his death. We played in Conneaut on October 29, 1927, for a Halloween Dance. We had very good time.

I am 13 years old and have been playing the chromatic accordion for two years and a half at Slovene dances and parties in the halls of the Slovene National and Workingmen's home. We have also played in Collinwood High School, in which I am in the 9-B grade.

In April, 1927, my father and I went to Chicago and played for the Singing Club "Sava" at the Chicago headquarters of the S. N. P. J. We visited the offices of the Supreme Lodge, and the President, Mr. Cankar, showed us the departments and machines, in which I was especially interested in an electric adding machine. The officers were very nice to me. We stayed at Mr. and Mrs. Alesh's and their two sons, Vladimir and Bojan, with whom I played and walked around the city.

Frank Barbic,

16319 Arcade Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

VOICES.

O, there were lights and laughter.

And the motions to and fro.

Of people as they enter,

And people as they go.

And there were many voices

Vying at the feast,

But mostly I remember

Yours—who spoke the least.

Sent by Christine Sernel, 15, Chicago.

A JOKE.

"What party are you affiliated with?" asked the clerk of Mandy Jones who had come to register.

"Does Ah have to answer dat question?" asked Mandy.

"That is the law," replied the clerk.

"Den yo' kin jes' scratch my name offen dat book. Ah don't want to vote offen Ah has to tell his name. Why, he ain't even got his divohee yit."

Anna Hocevar,

543 Woodland Ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* * *

MIA CARLOTTA.

Giuseppe, da barber, ees freata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good clo'es an' good styła an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
Oh! many da heart of da seelly young girls

He gotta—

Yes, playnta he gotta—

But notta

Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' lookat Giuseppe weeth far-away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees somebody dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da bigga da blacka mustache,
He gotta da seelly young girls for da "mash,"

But notta,—

You bet my life, notta—

Carlotta.

I gotta!

Sent by Rudolph Sernel, age 12.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I like the joke Mae Prosenca put in the M. L. about the strikebreakers. And I like Anna Gorshin's letter. We used to live at Russellton.

I hope that the strikers win, although there is no strike here, because this is not a union mine.

Our lodge No. 17 helps the strikers nearly every meeting they have.

I wish that some of the girls of the S. N. P. J. would write to me. Your friend,

Lillian Flajs, Herminie, Pa., Box 437.

Dear Editor:

The conditions here are same as Anna Gorshin says: the mine operators are making the people move from the company houses and they have to live in barracks. The children in this town from 7 to 16 years of age have organized a club called "Young Pioneers of America." I wish other towns would do the same; by this we can help the striking miners. There are about 200 children in this organization and more will join later on. The women are also organized. By our being organized we can win this "Union" of ours. The men around here are not allowed to go on picket line so we boys and girls and women are going to do the picketing. The strikers receive relief from different places; but it is not distributed fairly. Some get hardly anything, while others have enough to start a "Second Hand Store." But we will fight on till victory comes.

A faithful member,

Robert Skerbetz, Box 678, Bentleyville, Pa.

* * *

Dear Eitor:

Keewatin, Minnesota, has a very good City team. They won all games with the exception of one, which was played against Superior.

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I can neither read nor write in Slovene. Yet, I think the Slovene stories are much more interesting than those in English.

I would like to have a letter from one of the boys or girls of the coal strikers in Penna. The children in Pa., I think, have been more active in sending letters than any state in the U. S. I feel quite sorry for the strikers; I hope they will win.

I wish I could ask Mildred Hochevar of Aurora if she knows Genevieve Baben, who is my cousin. I have taken her address out of the paper; but it has been lost.

Come, Minnesota, see if we can't write most of the letters from now on. I wish some of the girls and boys would write to me.—Sincerely,

Angela Babey, Keewatin, Minn., Box 24.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I have three sisters and one brother, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. for five years. We always get the M. L. and we all enjoy reading it. I am fourteen years old and in the seventh grade. We have our own house, and we don't get relief from the Union. We are having a great deal of trouble out here. We are on strike now for 10 months.

Yours truly,

Mary Bullich, Box 70, Russellton, Pa.

* * *

A JOKE.

A man: "Have you been to sea before?"
His friend: "How d'ye think I came from the old country? In a taxi?"

Dear Editor:

We have come back from Florida. I wish I was there now, because I could go swimming and go around walking barefooted while I am freezing up here. And watch so you don't get sick. It is so muddy, rainy, and damp here.

Arley Bozicnik, Nokomis, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I have recently completed my grade-school, and now I attend the Waukegan Township High School. A new gym has been built at school, and we play basketball and swim. Baseball season is pretty near here, so hook up your radios. I wish Frankie Matko from Penn. would write a letter to the Mladinski List.

Rudolph Lindich,

572 Market St., Waukegan, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I always try to come home from school the quickest in order to get the M. L. first.

I often look to see if there are any letters written by some of the members of the Eveleth Lodge. Finding none, I thought I would contribute one explaining some of the things occurring in Eveleth.

Although the weather is severe and cold at times, the children enjoy winter by playing marbles, going deep water fishing, hunting, and trapping.

One can often see children busy at work building snow-houses and snow men at the corners of the streets.

During the past five years, I have been a member of the S. N. P. J. lodge. I am fourteen years old.

Yours truly,

Tony Car, 307 Jackson St., Eveleth, Minn.

* * *

Dear Editor:

It is two years since I came to America. In Jugoslavia I was in the 5th grade and I was learning easily, but when I came to America, I was surprised when my mother told me that I would have to start kindergarten again. I learned English very soon, and am now in the sixth grade. I write letters to all my friends in Jugoslavia.

Come on, folks, of everywhere, make the Charter Corner bigger. Frank Koschak, 11 years, Sheboygan, Wis.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am fifteen years of age and I go to Slovene school in Cleveland on Saturdays. We had a play for Christmas in Slovene School and the people that came to see it, all enjoyed it very much. After the play Santa Claus came with a big bag of candy. He gave it to all the children who attend the Slovene School.

Lilly Cecilija Vehar,

1442 E. 55 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

LOST OR STOLEN.

A German farmer lost his horse and wanted to advertise it. The editor asked him what he wished to say. "You put vot I told you," replied the man. "One night the udder day about a week ago, last month, I heard me a noise by the front middle of the pack yard which did not used to be. So I jumps out and runs mit the door, and ven I see, I finds my pig gray mare he was tied loose and runnin' mit her stable off. Whoever prings her pack, shall pay five dollars revard."

Mary Setina, Ringo, Kansas.

* * *

A JOKY STORY.

Archie's mother said: "Now, Archie, be a good boy, because the preacher is coming over for supper and if he asks you what your name is, you must say, 'Archie.' If he asks you what your age is, say, 'five years old,' and when he asks you where bad boys go, you must say, 'to hell.'"

When the preacher came, it took long to make the supper. The little boy was left alone with the preacher. The little boy was hungry and he kept saying, "Ma, I want my supper." Then the preacher took the boy on his lap and asked him his name. Then Archie said, "Archie, 5 years, go to hell and I want my supper."

I wish some of the members of the S. N. P. J. lodge would write to me. I remain,

Frances Korenchan, Box 45, Willard, Wis.

* * *

Genevieve Palian from Canton, Ill., requests the readers to write to Anna Derganc, who is sick. Her address is: R. F. D. 1, La Salle, Ill.

*

Other letters were contributed by the following members:

Tony Grohovac, Thornton, Illinois.
 John Holevac, Anvil Location, Michigan.
 Ella Outsman, Broughton, Pa.
 Christina Knaus, Traunik, Michigan.
 Robert Furlan, Rockwood, Pa.
 Ralph Dolence, West Frankfort, Illinois.
 Milka Stepanovich, Delmont, Pa.
 Mary Gurney, Wendel, Pa.
 Mamie Krasovetz, Aurora, Minnesota.
 Mary Skerbetz, Broughton, Pa.
 Clarence Widmar, Presto, Pa.
 John Hren, Pueblo, Colorado.
 Stanley Medvesek, Slickville, Pa.
 Frank Skerbetz, Boughton, Pa.
 Pauline Macek, East Palestine, Ohio.
 Anna F. Konchar, Cooperstown, New York.
 Sadie Kocevar, Steelton, Pa.
 Frank Carr, Traunik, Michigan.
 Frank Tomazic, Forest City, Pa.

Indoor Games

Indian Store

The Indians used beads for money, you know. So if you have a box of beads you can use them for real money to buy things with in your Indian Store. Get a table, and gather together the things you have to sell—everything you can find; pencils, ribbons, pins, little dishes—all the things you have that a store would sell. One Indian is the storekeeper, and all the others put blankets over their shoulders and come to bargain. Only you have to talk Indian language, and ask for "Heap big lump of sugar for the papoose!"

Traveling on Foot

Have you heard about the people who have walked all the way across this continent? Perhaps you have seen pictures of some of them in the papers. Here is a game in which you travel through the United States without paying carfare!

Get a large piece of brown paper (just as large as you have space for in your room). Mark it out in forty-eight squares for the forty-eight states. Mark in the names of the states. The game is to hop on one foot through the forty-eight states (without touching the border lines, however) and call out the names of the states as you go!

You should have two or three pieces of candy, or two or three cookies or buns on a table. Each person that completes the forty-eight states perfectly gets a pin; and three pins wins a piece of candy or a cookie.

Some people take great pains to make a real map out of cheesecloth. This lasts for a long time, you see; and is very nice for a party game.

Modern Store

This is fun to play, too. Only now you must have a pad of paper to make out orders on, and give a receipt to your customers. If the customers want their things sent, you take the name and ad-

dress, wrap up the goods, and have a delivery boy bring them to the customer's home. Over in one corner of the room, which is your store, you can have a cashier's desk. This time you must make your own money (the nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and pennies you can make out of cardboard and color; and the dollar bills you must make out of paper). A string with a tiny box that will run along on it (by means of two little holes through the box) can be stretched between the Cashier's Desk and the Salesman's Counter. The Salesman puts his bills and the customer's money in the box and sends it over to the Cashier's Desk so that the Cashier may make change, and send it back. It is fun, sometimes, to have special sales too on certain articles, and mark down the prices.

Treasure Trove

Get a small box, and crayon or paint it brown or black like a pirate's chest. Into this box each person that is playing must put something to make up the treasure.

Select the Pirate. It is the Pirate's duty to hide the treasure, and to make a Pirate's map of where the treasure is hidden and how to get to it. The Pirate generally makes a map that leads the hunters to a certain spot where they will find a second map that sends them somewhere else. The maps must be in secret codes, of course. For instance a lamp is called "a golden sun" or a "lightning rod." Under the bed is generally marked "in huge cave" or "the bottom of a big hill." A door is called "a heavy rock" and a table is called "a big building."

Whoever gets to the treasure first wins the box and everything in it. Remember, that no one must steal a map. Whoever finds the map, reads it and goes on his way, leaving the map at the exact spot where he found it, for the others.

If no one finds the treasure, the Pirate wins it.

MLADINSKI LIST

**m e s e č n i k z a s l o v e n s k o m l a d i n o
v A m e r i k i.**

Izdaja Slovenska narodna podporna jednota.
Uredništvo in upravništvo: 2657 S. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Illinois. — Naročnina: Za celo leto \$1.20, za pol leta 60c. Izven Združenih držav za celo leto \$1.50. Posamezna številka 10c.

JUVENILE

**Monthly Magazine for Young Slovenes
in America.**

Published by Slovene National Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rates: Per year \$1.20, half year 60c. Foreign countries per year \$1.50. Single copy 10c.