

MLADINSKI LIST

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J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

PUSTI ME, MAMICA

PUSTI me, mamica, jaz sanjam o lepih dneh,
zate, zame, za vse;
na nesebičnem svetu hišice vrstim,
ker naš tu iz revnih domov pode.

Široka polja gledam—tam bo rastel naš kruh,
kruh za vse—
o, mamica, kako se teh polj veselim,
rad bi šel delat nanje.

S svojimi tovariši igrališča gradim,
za vse otroke sveta;
saj so res samo sanje—
mamica, ali oh! kako je sladko misliti nanje.

Prelep je svet mojih sanj,
svet za vse—
le pusti me, mamica, v njem,
ti živiš v grdem svetu,
ki ne da ti kruha zamé . . .



Ena in ena je ena

NE vem, kako se moreš igrati s to staro kmetijo, ko bi lahko imela kaj lepšega —recimo vlak, je rekel Janezek.

Na tleh je sedel in opazoval svoj vlak, ko je izginil v predoru, takoj nato je šel preko mostička, dokler se ni ustavil na postaji.

“Ne maram vlakov,” je rekla Metka. “Kmetija je edina lepa stvar, s katero se lahko igram.”

Tudi ona je sedela na tleh v drugem koncu sobe in se igrala z ovcami, pastirčkom in še drugimi stvarmi, ki jih imajo na deželi pri hiši.

“Nerodna si, da vlačiš to staro podrtijo, ki ji praviš voz, sem pa tja. In tudi ne moreš reči, da gredo tvoje vreče daleč, ker bi se sicer peljale z vlakom!”

Pokazal je sestrici hrbet in spet pognal lokomotivo. Čez čas se je naveličal gledati iste lutke, ki jih je prepeljeval z ene postaje na drugo.

“Rad bi imel nekaj novih potnikov,” je rekel.

Vprav tedaj se je Metka spomnila, da so njene vreče moke pretežke in je naprosila bratca, naj ji pomaga in prepelje tovor.

“Joj, na to se še spomnil nisem! Daj, pripelji voz sem! Tu bomo nalagali in nato bo vlak odpeljal vse skupaj daleč proč; potem se bo vrnil po krave. Pojdi in zberi jih skupaj!”

Po kravah so prišli na vrsto telički in prešički, nazadnje še piščanci. Ovece sta poslala, da so jih ostrigli in mleka sta prevozila zvrhan vlak. In nato sta morala peljati vse stvari zopet nazaj.

S tem sta se zamudila vse popoldne, mamica je bila pa seveda zelo zadovoljna, ker je imela mir.

—Po Herbertu Strangu.

Lisica pogrebec

ŽIVELA sta nekoč starec in starka. Ko je starka umrla, se je starec razžalostil in odšel iskat pogrebca. Gre in sreča medveda: “Kam greš, starec?”—“Pogrebca grem iskat, žena mi je umrla.”—“Vzemi mene!”—Starec ga vpraša: “Znaš plakati?”—Medved je zatulil: m—e! Starec pravi: “Ne znaš. Ni treba. Preslab glas imaš!” Šel je dalje: hodil je in hodil in srečal volka. Začel ga je izpraševati: pa tudi ta ni znal. Spet je šel in šel, nasproti mu pride lisica: “Kam si namenjen, starec?”—“Pogrebca iščem, žena mi je umrla.”—

“Vzemi mene!”—“Znaš plakati?”—Pa je zaplakala: “Kme-e-t je i-me-el že-e-no-o, ra-a-no-o je vsta-a-ja-a-l-a, ka-a-š-o ku-u-ha-a-la-a in sta-a-rca krmii-la-a.”—“Dobro,” pravi starec, “izvrstno znaš plakati!”—Pripeljal je lisico domov, posadil starki k nogam in ji ukazal plakati, sam pa je šel tesat krsto. Ko se je vrnil, ni bilo v hiši ne starke ne lisice: lisica je že davno pobegnila, od starke pa so ostale same kosti! Zajokal je starec in odslej živel sam.

A. N. Afanasjev.

Katka Zupančič:

STARI JAVOR

GLEJ na klancu mrtvo selo;
sredi sela samotari
javor hedni, javor stari—
sanja sanje prošlih dni.

Pride solnce izza gore:
žarke siplje skozi špranje,
da zbudilo bi ljudi nekdanje,—
a v kočah le praznota spi.

Pride vetrič prek prelaza:
boža kočice lesene,
trka na trohneče stene—
a iz koč odziva ni.

Vpraša javor: "Solnce, veter!
Kje ljudje so, ki so tu živeli?
Tu živeli: kleli, peli in spet kleli,
ker jim težke bile so skrbi!?"

Kje otroci so nekdanji,
ki se tukaj so igrali
in po svoje so čebeljali;
kje se sreča jim smeji?"

Pa se solnce za oblake skrije—;
veter mahne spet med koč—,
tam ropoče, vzdih, joče . . .
Javor stari veje vije in ihti . . .



Rabindranath Tagore:

Dom

ŠEL sem sam po stezi čez polje, ko je solnčni zahod skrival kakor skopuh svoje poslednje zlato.

Dnevni svit je tonil globlje v mrak in ovdovela zemlja, katere žetev je bila pospravljena, je ležala tihotna.

Nenadoma se požene rezek otroški glas do neba. Neviden je presekalo temo in pustil sled svoje pesmi v večerni tišini.

Dečkov dom je stal v vasi kraj planjave, onkraj sladkorjevega trsičja, skrit v sencah banan in vitkih arekovih palm, kokosovih in temno zelenih džakovih dreves.

Obstal sem za hip na svojem samotnem potu pod svetlobo zvezd in videl sem pred seboj razprostrto potemnelo zemljo, objemajočo v svojem naročju neštivilno domov z zibelkami in posteljami, maternimi srci in večernimi svetilkami in z mladimi življenji, radostnimi od radosti, ki ne ve nič, koliko je svetu vredna.

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 pravljič 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 malopriden otrok!"

Če je 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, 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 jaz vzamem 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?

Mile Klopčič:

Rudniška nesreča

VRUDARSKI hiši nad dolino so stanovali rudarji Poglajen in Drnovšek, Jere in Škrubej, Škrabar in Kocman in še drugi. Kadar so se vrnili po delu domov, so se po obedu sešli v poleg ležečem gozdu, metali karte in se pogovarjali. Pogovarjali so se predvsem o delu v rudniku: Poglajen je naletel na lepo premogovno žilo, dobro bo služil nekaj časa in laže bo živeti njegovi družini, Jere pa se je pritoževal, da dela pod zemljo na zelo mokrem mestu; s stropa da kaplja neprestano in da se ves moker vrača z dela. Še zbolel bo. Drugi so tarnali, se pritoževali ter zabavljali.

Njihovi otroci so se igrali in lovili po gozdu ali pa so poslušali očete, kako govorijo o rudniku, o delu pod zemljo in o trpljenju. Skrivnostno in strašno se jim je zdelo to delo. In zato so bili tudi radovedni. Saj približno so vedeli, kako je v rudniku: Po lestvah se spustiš, splezaš v globino, prideš do premoga, odložiš jopič in mogoče tudi srajco, pljuješ v roke, zgrabiš za kramp in koplješ, koplješ. Potem naložiš premog v vozičke, ki jih potem z dvigalom potegnejo na dan. Pa to že ni več tako zanimivo. Najbolj zanimivo je pač, biti pod zemljo, ne videti ne solnca in biti brez oken in kopati premog brez odmora, da ti znoj curkoma kaplja s čela. In potem v naglici sem pa tja izpiti požirek kave iz pločevinaste čutarice.

"O, ko dorastemo, bomo tudi mi rudarji!" so si mislili otroci. "In tedaj bomo vedeli, kako je tu spodaj."

*

Pa so se sešli v bregu nad hišo Poglajnov Rudi, Jeretov Tonče in Drnovškova Vika. Poglajnov Rudi je bil najstarejši. Njega bo najprej doletelo rudarsko delo. Zato se je domislil novega opravila:

"Vesta kaj," je dejal, "naredimo rudnik. Dovolj smo že stari."

Tonče je gledal in ni razumel. A rekel ni ničesar. Kaj bi se smešil. Toda radovedna Vika je takoj butnila z vprašanjem:

"Kako pa to misliš, Rudi, povej nam."

"Enostavno. Tukajle začnemo kopati v zemljo. Navpičen rov. Midva s Tončetom bova kopala, ti pa boš skrbel za naju. Kopali bomo tako kot naši očetje. Kramp že dobimo nekje in lopato, to bo za prvo silo dovolj. Ko bomo bolj globoko, bomo odprtino pokrili z deskami, dobili bomo nekje vrv in vedro, s katerim bomo zemljo dvigali na dan."

Ne, Vika ni bila zadovoljna, da bi samo gledala, kako bosta onadva delala. Tudi ona je hotela pomagati.

"Rudi, zame boš že moral najti kako delo, jaz ne bom držala križem rok."

Rudi, že v mislih rudarski paznik, pa je odločil: "Ko bomo po vrvi pošiljali zemljo na dan, boš ti za strojnika: vlekla boš vrv in sipala zemljo v stran. Ti, Tonče, pa boš moj pomočnik, učni kopač. Velja?"

Obveljalo je. Tončetu je bilo žal, da na tako lepo misel ni prišel on, marveč Rudi. A udal se je, premagal zavist in tako so se vsi trije sporazumeli.

Nekje so zmaknili kramp, Rudi je začrtal četverokotnik v ilovnato zemljo in začeli so z vso vnemo. Rudi in Tonček sta kopala in odmetavala zemljo. Prvi dan sta bila zelo pridna. Izkopala sta tako globoko, da sta stala do kolen v jami. Vika pa se je včasih na skrivaj splazila v domačo kuhinjo, skrivoma natočila v očetovo čutarico kave, ki je stala vedno na peči ter jo prinesla obema malima rudarjema. Tadvajsta pila v velikih požirkih. Rudarji pač vsi delajo tako. Še tobak bi žvečila, če bi ga dobila. To delo s tem rudnikom je bilo rudarsko delo.

Znojila sta se in pljuvala v roke in kopala.

Otroci v hiši so kmalu vsi zvedeli za rudnik pod gozdom. Že drugi dan so oblegali Rudija z vprašanji, kako je z rudnikom in doklej misli kopati.

“Da pridemo do premoga, se razume, sicer nima rudnik nobenega pomena,” je strokovnjaško odgovarjal Rudi, vtaknil vselej roke v žep, se vzravnaval in pljunil moško v stran. Tako je videl odrastle rudarje.

“Pa ne potrebuješ še kaj delavcev?” so plaho vpraševali mlajši Rudija. “In kako se imenuje rudnik?”

Rudi je pomislil. Odgovoril je, kakor se je domislil, da govore očetje: “Zdaj, ko pridemo do trde plasti, bi potreboval še enega, a več ne. Zglasi se jutri pri meni.” Govoril je kot pravi podjetniki. A na drugo vprašanje ni odgovoril.

Ko se je po šoli sešel pri rudniku s Tončetom in Viko, jima je dejal:

“Sklenil sem, da vzamem na delo še enega. Kocmanov Bine se je ponudil. Lahko ga bomo porabili in treba nam ga bo. Jutri pride. Pa še nekaj: vsak rov ima svoje ime, pa moramo tudi mi svojega krstiti. Imenujmo ga kratko malo ‘Vilhelmina’.”

Slišal je, da se tako imenuje neki rov v Trbovljah. Oba pomočnika sta se s sklepi strinjala.

Prihodnjega dne je prišel še Bine. Kopali so kot divji. Kmalu so bili tako globoko, da jih ni bilo videti iz zemlje. Tedaj so privlekli zvečer v temi od kurnikov poleg hiše nekaj desak ter jih položili preko jame. V sredi so pustili majhno odprtino. Bine je moral takoj doma vzeti nekaj metrov vrvi, ki jih je rabila njegova mati za obešanje perila na dvorišču, Tonče pa je prinesel od doma staro vedro. In Vika je postala strojnik: spuščala je vedro na vrvi v rudnik “Vilhelmina” in ga spet polnega dvigala na dan ter izpraznila in spet spustila vedro v šaht.

Delali so in se znojili. Pa ni nihče pomislil na plačo ali korist. To je bilo

pravo delo, delo iz veselja, ne delo iz sile. Očetje in matere so jih opazovali od hiše, nič niso rekli. Samo mislili so si: Ja, ja . . .

Potem pa se je zgodilo nekaj, kar bi jih kmalu ustavilo v delu.

*

Vsa dolina se je vznemirila: v rudniku globoko pod zemljo je zasulo rudarja Škrbca. Strop v rovu se je bil sesul, ko je Škrbec ves vnet kopal premog. Zasulo ga je. Pripovedovali so, da so ga šele čez tri ure izkopali izpod premoga. Mrtvega. Na rjavih nosilih so ga prenesli čez dolino v kolonijo rudarskih hiš. Groza je spet za nekaj dni legla na rudarje. Vsa dolina je bila nekam pokojna, mirna. Čez tri dni so nesli rudarjevo krsto po dolini, godba je svirala žalostinke in ob cestah so stali rudarji in starci povešenih glav ter opazovali sprevod. Tiho je bilo, samo godba je žalostno igrala.

Rudi, Tonče, Vika in Bine so stali v hribu in so gledali v dolino. Odkar se je pripetila nesreča, niso šli nič k svojemu rudniku pod gozdom. Bilo jih je groza. Nič si niso govorili, nič niso omenili svojega dela v rudniku, kar doma so ostali, kot bi se bili dogovorili. “Vilhelmina” pa je čakala delavcev.

Dež je lil, ko se je vršil pogreb ponesrečenega rudarja, in ko so na pokopališču položili njegovo krsto v jamo, se je kar potopila v vodo.

En rudar manj. Naslednjega dne se jih je javilo na njegovo mesto enajst. Sprejeli niso nobenega.

Rudi in njegovi delavci so ostali doma.

*

Ko so se dan po pogrebu ponesrečenega rudarja srečali na poti v šolo, je vsak imel svoj izgovor, zakaj ne gre delat v rudnik nad hišo. Rudi se je hotel napraviti najbolj pogumnega, pa je rekel:

“Kakor hitro preneha deževati, pojdemo spet. Jaz le zaradi dežja ne maram zdaj delati. Premokro je.”

Tudi Tonče je dejal tako, in Bine in Vika; samo zaradi dežja ne gredo. Kakor hitro pa se vreme zvedri, pojdejo spet. Da jih je groza, tega si niso hoteli priznati. Preponosni so bili na svoj rudarski poklic, ki jih čaka. Tudi očetje se niso prestrašili hoditi v rudnik, v pravi, globoki rudnik, pa se tudi oni ne smejo.

Ko pa so se vračali iz šole, je dejal Bine Rudiju: "Veš, jaz sem se v šoli domislil, da bi se prav za prav ne smeli bati dežja. Saj tudi moj oče prihaja včasih ves moker domov in toži, da mu teče s stropa v rovu. Mi bi kljub dežju morali delati."

Hotel se je pač Bine kot najmlajši izmed njih izkazati pogumnega. In je s svojim predlogom zmagal. Nihče ni hotel ostati plašljivec—in po kosilu so se spet sešli pri svoji jami nad hišo ob gozdu.

Ko so pogledali v jamo, ki so jo bili že precej globoko izkopali, so videli, da je v njej precej vode. Kar žalostno je bilo pogledati vanjo. Kmalu bi opustili delo, da se ni opogumil Rudi in ukazal strogo:

"Vodo je treba dvigniti iz jame. Vedro imamo, zajemali bomo vanj in Vika bo z Binetom dvigala vedro na vrvi iz jame ter odlivala po bregu."

Po slabotni lestvi, ki so jo bili sami zbili za silo skupaj, se je spustil Rudi v jamo. Do kolen je stal v vodi. Zajemal je z vedrom in Vika je z Binetom dvigala vedro iz jame. Deževalo je in vsi so bili kmalu premočeni do kože. O trdo je rudarsko delo, si je mislil Tonče, ki je stal na lestvi ter pazil, da se vedro ne bi prevrnilo in bi se voda ne izlila naravnost na Rudija.

Ko se je Tonček oziral po jami in njenih stenah, je opazil, da je ena izmed sten nekoliko popustila. Razpoka se je napravila v njej.

"Joj, Rudi," se je prestrašil Tonče, "v steni je razpoka, zemlja se je nekako izbočila."

"Ah, kaj," je deal Rudi kakor kak

veliki, "kaj bi to." In je zajel z vedrom vodo, ga obesil na vrv in zaklical:

"Potegnite!"

Potegnili so kvišku. Toda Tonče je strmel v steno in se bal, zelo bal.

"Poglej, mogoče potegne plaz, vsuje se zemlja in te zagrebe. Rudi, jaz se rajši umaknem, bojim se." Vika in Bine sta slišala in se tudi prestrašila. Najrajši bi pobegnila.

Zdaj je bil Rudi na vrsti, da se znova pokaže pogumnega. Nasmeljal se je Tončetu, ki jo je naglo pobrisal po lestvi na dan.

"Strahopetec! Saj sem vedel, kakšen si. Bom pa sam delal, ti pa zgoraj pomagaj ali pa beži materi v naročje!"

Tonče ni zbežal. Viki in Binetu je pomagal vleči vedro iz jame.

"Če se pa sesuje, kaj za to. Bomo videli, kakšna je taka nesreča," je z nasmehom dejal Rudi. Toda spreletel ga je mraz ob tej misli.

Ko so spravili iz jame vodo, je začel Rudi kopati. Mokro ilovnato zemljo je nalagal v vedro in zgoraj so se morali vsi trije potruditi, da so potegnili težko vedro iz jame. Ilovica je bila prepojena z vodo in silno težka.

Rudi je kopal, nalagal, ostali trije so vlekli vedro na dan. Ko so bili ti trije že trudni in so se morali že na vso moč upreti v zemljo, se je pod njimi sesul rob jame . . . Zakričali so, zakričal je Rudi v jami. Tonče, Bine in Vika so se pobrali s tal in se ozrli v jamo. Precej velika plast zemlje je ležala Rudiju na prsih. Ko so mu pogledali v obraz, so opazili, da se je Rudiju obraz silno spačil. Od bolečine. Viko je zgrabila groza in naglo je zbežala proti domu. Tonče in Bine pa naglo za njo, kar čez njive in domov. Trepotali so od strahu.

"Rudija je zasulo v Vilhelmini," so izjecljali. In pokazali proti gozdu. In v mislih so vsi trije že slišali, kako svira rudniška godba žalostinke po dolini in kako nesejo belo krsto, ki jo bodo na pokopališču položili v umazano vodo.

Dež je lil, ko so ljudje iz hiše izkopali Rudija izpod zemlje in ga prinesli domov. Nič ga ni poškodovalo, a od groze in strahu se je zavedel šele čez nekaj ur.

Prva beseda je bila: "Mama!" in potem, ko je zagledal, kako prestrašena je sedela mati ob postelji, je dodal: "Saj ni nič. Samo malo zasulo me je. Pa je že dobro."

*

Tonče, Bine in Vika so se izogibali tisti dan vsem. Doma so tičali. Hudo jim je bilo in sram jih je bilo, da so bili ob nesreči zapustili prijatelja in zbežali domov. Tudi naslednje dni so se izogibali Rudiju.

Ko se je potem srečal Tonče z Rudijem, mu je dejal:

"Si jezen name in na Bineta ter Viko?"

"Kaj bi bil jezen?" je rekel Rudi. "Saj si me opozarjal. Dobro, da ste povedali doma, da me je zasulo. A da bi bil jezen, to ne. Takšno je rudarsko življenje. Res ne veš, kdaj te doleti."

Svoj rudnik pod gozdom pa so opustili.

*

Zdaj so že vsi odrastli. Rudi je postal Rudolf, Bine je postal Albin, le Vika je ostala Vika.

Rudolf in Albin delata zdaj v pravem rudniku globoko pod zemljo.



Prebrisani sluga

JONATHAN SWIFT, ki vam je mnogim znan kot pisatelj "Gulliverjevih potovanj," je imel prijatelja, ki mu je večkrat pošiljal različna darila. A prijateljev sluga jih je z nejevoljo prinašal. Naš pisatelj je bil sicer dober in pameten človek, a nikoli mu ni prišlo na um, da bi dal prinašalcu napitnino. Niti ob novem letu se ni spomnil nanj. Zato je bil sluga nejevoljen in se je temu primerno tudi vedel napram pisatelju.

Ko mu je nekoč prinesel ribo, jo je položil kratkomalo na mizo in zamrmral: "Tu vam pošilja gospod ribo!" in je hotel meni nič, tebi nič skozi vrata in domov.

"Prosim!" se je oglasil tedaj J. Swift, —"stopi malo bližje. Ali je to dostojen način, če prineseš ribo? Tu, vzemi stol in sedi. Ti si sedaj Jonathan Swift, jaz pa sem sluga, ki ti prinašam ribo. Po-

kazal ti bom, kako se vede olikan človek!"

Sluga je sedel brez obotavljanja v naslanjač in Swift se mu je spoštljivo s poklonom približal: "Moj gospod vam pošilja udane pozdrave in vas prosi, da sprejmete od njega to malenkost."

"Lepo, lepo," je odvrnil dostojanstveno sluga v naslanjaču. "Sporoči mu mojo zahvalo in udane pozdrave." Nato je vstal, stopil do pisalne mize in dejal Swiftu: "Ti, pa, dečko, malo počakaj! Že tolikokrat si mi kaj prinesel, jaz pa sem vedno pozabil na napitnino. Zato dobiš danes obilnejšo."

Tedaj se je Swift od srca zasmel; segel je res v predal pisalne mize in dal prebrisancu dvojno napitnino. Prvič za mnoge poti, ki jih je opravil zanj in drugič za njegov nauk.

Fran Levstik:

Ribničan in Gorenjec

ORAL je Gorenjec pri nekakem mostu, a Ribničan je po cesti šel z vozom samih loncev. Kadar Ribničan blizu pride, tedaj Gorenjec jame vikati: "Od sebe, plavec! Tudi ti imaš pamet, a Ribničan je nima."

V tem Ribničan stopi na most in požene konje preko mosta, a sam začne klicati na pomaganje: "Jojmeni! Kaj hočem zdaj?"

A Gorenjec, kadar to čuje, mahoma ustavi vole ter steče k njemu: "Kaj ti je Ribničan? Presneto ne bodi?"

"Jojmeni, odšel je voz a jaz sem ostal takraj vode!"

"Pojdi, prikada, tudi ti za konji!"

"Ne smem, gospodar, za živo glavo ne!"

"Pojdi, neumen ne bodi! Zakaj ne smeš preiti mosta, koder hodi svet in živina?"

Ribničan noče nikakor, nego vedno kriči in toži.

Tedaj mu reče Gorenjec: "Kaj mi daš, da te prenesem jaz na hrbtu?"

"A kaj bi rad, gospodar?"

"Daj mi deset grošev."

"Dobro!"

Oprti Gorenjec Ribničana ter prenese preko mosta; a ko ga spusti na drugi strani, se jame Ribničan po vsem telesu tipati: "Nemam, irhovec, niti krajcarja, Bog ti pomagaj, da ne!"

A Gorenjec: "Kako nemaš, pasja dlaka! Zakaj lažeš? Pojdi spet na hrbet!"

Ribničan zopet zajezi Gorenjca, ki ga še enkrat prenese preko mosta nazaj in ga zopet vrže na zemljo, odkoder ga je bil pobral: "Pogini tu, kadar nemaš, da bi plačal!" in odide k svojemu plugu ter začne orat.

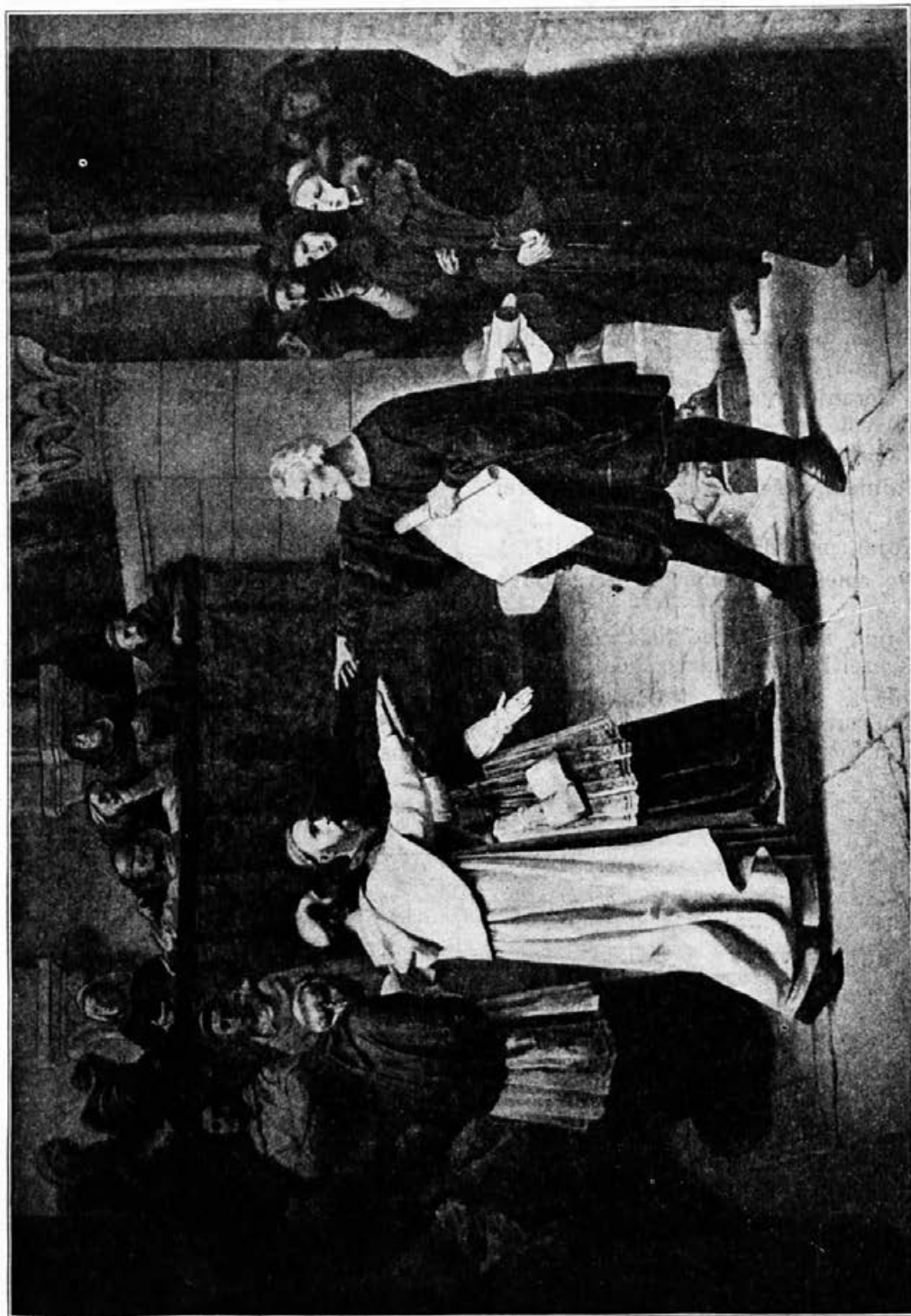
A Ribničan steče preko mosta in zavpije: "Gorenjec, primojdusevec! Ali vidiš, kako ima tudi tvoj plavec pamet, a Ribničan je nima; zato te je dvakrat po mostu prejezdil!"

Fran Levstik:

ČRNO KRAVO, MOLZO NAŠO

ČRNO kravo, molzo našo,
Gregor žene v log na pašo,
star pastir in pogonjič,
ne boji se volka nič;
leskovačo je prijel
Čadi zvonec sam pripel.
Zvonec poje prelepo,
Gregor gluhi je na uho,
Gregor gluhi je na obe,
kar najbolje sam on ve,
kravico za rep drži,
da je kam ne izgubi.

Pride krava do brvice,
do brvice do vodice,
napoji se ter napase,
tamkaj mlada trava rase.
Pasi, pasi, kravica!
Kjer je mehka travica;
mleka dosti nam podeli;
dve čeblici,
dve keblici,
drobno kašo z njim zabeli!
Mlečna kaša, mati naša
in otročja sladka paša!



KRIŠTOF KOLUMB PRED ŠPANSKIM TRIBUNALOM
(Kolumb dokazuje, da je zemlja okrogla, a katoliški menihi mu ugovarjajo.)

Zlatorog

PRIPOVEDUJEJO, da so nekaj na planinah ob Triglavu, ki je najvišja gora v Sloveniji, prebivale bele žene. Bile so dobrosrčne. Rade so se prikazovale v dolini in pomagale ubožnim ljudem v stiskah in nadlogah. Pastirje so učile spoznavati zdravilne moči raznih zelišč. Po golih skalah je rasla po njih volji slastna trava, da jo je mulila siromakova koza. Niso pa imele rade hvale. Nihče ni smel v kraje, kjer so prebivale; prepodile so ga s hudo nevihto.

Po solnčnih rebrih so se pasle njih divje koze, ki so bile bele kakor sneg. Te koze je vodil močan kozel. Ker je imel zlate rogove, so ga imenovali Zlatoroga. Njegova kri je imela čudno moč. Ako ga je zadela lovčeva krogla, je zrasla iz vsake kaplje krvi, najsi je padla tudi na skalo ali na sneg, čudovita triglavska roža, ki mu je takoj vrnila zdravje, ako je použil le en list. Še večjo moč pa so imeli njegovi zlati rogovi. Pravili so, da si, kdor dobi njegov rog, lahko pridobi velikanske zaklade zlata in srebra, ki jih je čuvala mnogoglava kača v gori Bogatinu.

Želja po tem bogastvu je nagnila nekega lovca, da se je odpravil ponoči v gore loviti Zlatoroga. Opoldne šele dobi Zlatoroga. Lovčeva krogla ga zadene prav v srce. Hudo ranjen se splazi kozel na ozko skalo, pod katero je bil strašen prepad. Lovec gre pogumno dalje po sledu krvavečega Zlatoroga. Pot so mu kazale čudne rože, ki so zrasle iz Zlatorogove krvi.

Zlatorog zaužije list čudotvorne rože in se z novo močjo obrne proti sovražniku. Rogovi se mu svetijo kakor solnce. Omamljen od tolike lepote, pogleda lovec podse v brezno—zvrtil se mu v glavi. Zlatorog pa skoči proti njemu in ga pahne v brezmejno globočino, kjer se ubije.

Bele žene so potem izginile iz tega kraja. Z njimi so odšle tudi bele koze. Zlatorog je z rogovi razril cvetoče livade—in sedaj so tamkaj skalnate puščave.

—Po Karlu Dežmanu.

Anna P. Krasna:

Tinček

DOLG molk je sledil tej kratki, a odločni izpovedi. Tinček bi bil najraje pobegnil, tako mučno mu je bilo stati pred očetom in čakati njegove besede, obsodbe. Slednjič je vendar spregovoril oče. "Tako torej! Saj sem vedel, da ne bo nikoli nič iz tebe. Ljudem, kot si ti, je razum v škodo. Poznal sem in upal sem, da te bom rešil pred tem, pa ni nič."

Spet molk; v kotu nizke sobe je tiho jokala mati.

"Ha, niti eden mi ne bo nikdar v pomoč, vse svoje žive dni bom moral trdo delati za svoj borni kruh. Preveč sem bil popustljiv s teboj, paglavec, naučil bi te bil pokorščine s šibo, pa bi bil enkrat pel novo mašo, tako pa si mi samo v sramoto.

Zgubi se kamor hočeš, jaz te ne bom redil, še sebe ne morem, ker sem se ves izmozgal za vas, a zdaj sem star in sam."

Trpka grenkost je zvenela iz očetovih besedi. Tinček ga je gledal in molčal,

nobena beseda mu ni hotela z jezika, četudi je poskušal odgovoriti očetu na njegove ostre besede, ki so se mu zadrle v dušo kot oster nož.

Nobene krivde ni čutil, zato je bil prepričan, da mu oče dela krivico. Mar je on kriv, da je oče ubog, da so mu vzeli sinove, ko bi mu bili lahko vsaj nekoliko v pomoč? Nikakor ne! Če bi bilo po njegovi volji, bi oče in mati živela v prijaznem domu in njegovi bratje in sestre bi se lepo imeli. Vsi ljudje bi živeli zadovoljno, če bi se mogle izpolniti njegove misli in želje, ki jih nosi v sebi. Nič bi ne bilo vojne, mir bi vladal; ljudje celega sveta bi živeli v prijateljstvu. Saj so vsi ljudje dobri, le to hujskanje napram drugim narodom jih dela krute, hudobne, krvoželjne. Kako ga je pred par tedni pretepel učitelj, ker je rekel, da se mu smilijo tudi sovražniki, ko čita kako jih prevrtajo z bajoneti in kako drže umirajoč slike svojih malih sinkov in hčerk v rokah in jih poljubljajo. Čuden je svet, namesto, da bi si ljudje ustvarili srečo in blagostanje, se pa sovražijo in koljejo med seboj. In ker on to sovraži, je moral iz šole—bo moral z očetovega doma. A jokal radi tega ne bo. Ne! Tudi on ima pravico, da misli kar hoče. V svet pojde—kamorkoli!

—

Svet je velik. Kot neznatna bilka sredi velikega travnika je človek v njem. Med svojo ozko okolico je včasih važen, poznan, tam za drugim plotom pa niti ne vedo, da živi. Včasih pa se dvigne kaka prav neznatna bilka na travniku človeštva tako visoko nad ostale bilke, da jo namah vsi poznajo, ker stopi preko vseh plotov na vidno mesto vsem.

Tinček je bil taka bilka. Pozabljen, osamljen in reven je taval po svetu in si služil kruh in gojil skrbno svoje misli, bistril svoj razum z opazovanjem, učenjem in iskušnjami, ki jih je dobil v svetu, kamor ga je pahnila zakrknjenost in hudobnost domoljubnih rodoljubov, ki so ljubili domovino zgolj radi svojih

službic in časti, katero so vživali zbog svoje velike ljubezni do domovine in vladarja. Njih kazni, ki so jo naložili mlademu Tinčetu, se je nenadno spremenila v Tinčku koristno potezo. V svetu je našel široka polja za razmah svojih misli in idej in jih je izrabil. Ni mu bilo žal, da je pred leti zatrl bolečino v sebi, ko mu je oče v svoji jezi in žalosti nad njegovo izključitvijo iz šole velel, naj se izgubi izpred njegovih oči. Če bi se bil ponižal in prosil odpuščanja, bi ne poznal sveta, kot ga pozna danes, bi ne mogel nikomur koristiti s svojimi nazori in idejami. Začrtali bi mu bili vse poti, po katerih naj bi hodil, če hoče sebi in svojim dobro. Kdor ima razum, ki nadkriljuje povprečnega, naj se okoristi z njim na račun tistih, ki imajo samo povprečnega, a še tega ne znajo rabiti v svoj lasten dobrobit—to je geslo tistih, ki so mu hoteli zatreti svobodno in človekoljubno misel. Ni jim uspelo!

Zmagal je on! Tisočem in tisočem je že vcepil svojo veliko in plemenito idejo, da je ves svet naša domovina, da imamo vsi pravico do življenja in do sadu dela svojih rok! Nihče nima pravice, da ljudstvo zavaja v svojo korist. Dolžnost vsakega razumnika je, da manj razumne uči, da nas sebičnost in ozkosrčnost ponižujeta in uničujeta in zato ju moramo zavreči, na njih mesto pa si vcepiti čut dolžnosti, da izboljšujemo človeški rod in s tem sami sebi ustvarimo življenje, ki nam bo res nudilo srečo splošnega blagostanja.

Zadovoljno je sijal Tinčku obraz, ko je pomislil na svoje velike uspehe. "Ha, to je življenje!" je vzkliknil, "živeti življenje, ki je res koristno, življenje, ki je prepojeno z eno samo veliko in lepo željo: živeti za vse, delati za vse, se veseliti sreče vseh. Ne, trnje, ki je posejano po poti takega življenja, ni tako bodeče, kot je bilo trnje, ki je bilo na gosto nasuto po poti življenja mojega revnega, toda kljub temu sebičnega očeta. . ."

(Konec.)



Dragi čitatelji!

Prošla, septembrska številka Mladinskega lista se je mnogim izredno dopadla, tako po vsebini kot po razpredelbi. Poslušajmo kakšnega mnenja je clevelandski slovenski zdravnik dr. F. J. Kern, ki piše:

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista! — Da ne pozabim, Vam takoj po prečitanju septembrske številke M. L. čestitam, na zanimivi vsebini. Črtica . . . "Moj oče" se mi zdi . . . kot nalašč za mlade.—Najprej sem hotel še omeniti zanimanje, katerega kažejo otroci za list, kot je razvidno iz dopisov v "Našem kotičku" in "Chatter Cornerju". Veliko se jih zanima za slovenščino . . . Še enkrat čestitam k dobremu urejevanju M. L. ter ostajam

!Vaš

DR. F. J. KERN.

Pač lepo priznanje našemu mesečniku, posebno pa še našim marljivim dopisovalcem, ki se tako čvrsto zanimajo za M. L.

Še z večjim zanimanjem: Naprej!

—UREDNIK.

ANICA RADA ČITA DOPISE

Cenjeni urednik!

Solske počitnice so že pri kraju in pričela je šola. Nekateri šolarji se veselimo šole, drugi bi pa radi videli, da bi se počitnice zopet iznova začele. Toda jaz mislim, da smo imeli dovolj počitnic, ali vsi nismo enega mišljenja.

Piknikov in izletov je bilo letos iz naše naselbine bolj malo, vzrok so seveda slabi časi.

Jaz najprvo prečitam vse dopise, ko pride Mladinski list. Opazila sem, da jih je vedno več, bolj zanimivih in vsak je drugačen. In to me jako veseli. Če bi bili vsi, recimo, samo o vremenu in pa o tem, da h kateremu društvu kdo spada, bi bilo tako pisanje preveč dolgočasno in preenolično.

V naši naselbini ni nič posebno novega, o delavskih razmerah pa ni vredno pisati, ker vsak sam ve kakšne so.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in čitateljicam Mladinskega lista.

Anna Traven,
11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

"NA FARM JE LUŠTNO!"

Dragi mi urednik!

Za počitnice sem šel na farmo in tam sem se zelo zabaval. Imel sem ves čas vesele čase. Hodil sem se kopat in plezal sem po češnjavih drevskih. Pa tudi konja sem jezdil in sem se na vozu vozil, kadar so peljali domov seno.

To je bilo veselja!

Bil sem tudi pri Carey jezeru, ki je drugo največje jezero v Pennsylvaniji.

Mestece Tunkhannack je malo farmersko mesto, ki je dobilo svoje ime po Indijancih, kar pomeni po indijansko v angleščini: "Meeting of waters," ali slovensko: "Stekanje voda." (Upam, da sem prav "zadel.")

Imel bi še mnogo, mnogo več za pisati o mojih počitnicah, pa se bojim, da bi šlo vse skupaj v uredniški koš, o katerem pravijo, da ima velikansko žrelo, česar pa ne verjamem. Morda pa bi Vi urednik imeli preveč dela z mojim dopisom, ako bi bil predolg. (Le kar piši, Felix, in jaz bom vse z veseljem priobčil in popravil.—Urednik.)

Za napake, katere boste v tem dopisu popravili, Vam se že vnaprej zahvaljujem.

Srčen pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam urednik!

Felix Vogrin,
2436 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

TONČKA JE ŠLA V GOSTE

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

To je moj prvi dopis v našem Mladinskem listu za "Naš kotichek," ki ga tako z veseljem prebiram. Gotovo se bo marsikdo začudil mojemu dopisu.

Naj vam povem tudi to, da smo se dne 12. sept. peljali na farmo k Maroltovim. Bilo je zelo lepo. Maroltova Anica nam je vse lepo razkazala. Oh, kako imajo lepo sadno dreveje, pa breskve so bile tako lepo rdeče-rumene, da je bilo veselje pogledati nanje — še lepše pa je bilo ko smo jih jedli. In pa toliko hrušk imajo! Meni so se najbolj dopadle hruške, ki so tako okusne in dobre.

Maroltova Anica mi je pravila, da tudi ona pohaja srednjo šolo in da se ji dopade. — V nedeljo popoldne smo pa šli domov. Moja mama me je vprašala, da kaj pišem, pa sem ji rekla, da šolsko nalogo, ker ona nič ne ve, da sem napisala ta dopisek v "Kotichek". In vem, da bo rekla, ko bo dobila M. L.: "Glej, naša Tončka je tudi napisala dopis za Mladinski list!" In tudi vem, da bo vesela tega.

Povem vam odkrito, da smo včasih poredne doma. Pa kdo neki bi bil vedno priden? Vsega mora biti: malo veselja in zabave, pa dela in pridnosti in pa včasih malo šale. — Stric Lojze me je vprašal, če pišem v Mladinski list, pa sem dejala, da pišem. Zapel je dve ruski pesmi:

Ribolovci ribe lovili,
ribolovci ščuko pojmalj . . .

In

Raz dva pajdjama na vruha,
za bačko Rasije na belogu carja.

Če se bo tukaj kaj posebnega zgodilo, bom takoj poročala v "Našem koticčku". Zato naj za danes zadostuje. Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Antonia Škoda, Clairton, Pa.

"O TI PRELJUBI AVGUŠTIN!"

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, dovolite mi spet malo prostora v Mladinskem listu, da prispevam par vrstic kot po navadi.

Poletje je minilo. Z njim so minile razne zabave na prostem: izleti, pikniki, igre in pred vsem pa — počitnice. Mladina se mora zdaj, rada ali nerada, posvetiti bolj resnemu problemu — šoli. Šola se je pričela tu v Clintonu 8. septembra.

Radi izseljevanja delavcev, ki so ga povzročile slabe delavske razmere, je število prebivalcev v Clintonu toliko nazadovalo, da je bilo šolsko vodstvo primorano zapreti eno šolo

(Columbia). Tudi mesto samo je bilo iz istega vzroka uvrščeno iz četrtega v peti razred.

Delavce v Clintonu, ki so povečini brez dela, čaka letos huda zima. Premogorovi so skoro vsi zaprti in znamenja nič ne kažejo, da bi jih sploh še kdaj odprli. Rdeči križ je ne-prestano na delu in je obljubil za to zimo štiri armadne kuhinje, ki bodo delile hrano stradajočim delavcem in njih družinam.

Veselega nimam kaj poročati, zato rajši končam. Dovolite mi samo še tole pesmico, ki se prav dobro sklada z gorajšnjim. Ime ji je "O, moj ljubi Avguštín!" Tukaj je:

O, moj ljubi Avguštín! S čim naj se preživim?

O, moj ljubi Avguštín, bedo trpim.

Dela nič, kruha nič, denarja nič, "pufa" nič.

O, moj ljubi Avguštín, s čim naj živim?!

H koncu še mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem tega lista in Vam, cenjeni urednik, in ostanem,

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

ŠIVANJE ZA NAGRADO

Dragi mi urednik!

Sedaj vam pišem po slovensko, ker sem se malo že naučila, z mamino pomočjo. Poleg tega pa se tudi učim šivanja in sem v "4-H" klubu.

Šli smo tudi na semenj ali "fair", da bomo videli kdo bo dobil nagrado v šivanju. Bilo nas je 8 deklic: dve Američanki, štiri Italijanke in dve Slovenki. Naša učiteljica je italijanske rodovine.

Upam, da ne bo to moje slabo pisemce "zlezlo" v koš, ki ga imate vedno v kotu pripravljenega. Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Mary Marinac, Box 37, El Moro, Colo.

Maksa Samsa:

OB SLOVESU POLETJA

ZE prvi akordi jeseni
zvenijo iz pesmi poletnih vetrov —
ne veš, kako je žalosten teh spevov
glas . . .

Požet na njivi je poslednji klas,
vsi logi, travniki so pokošeni,
sena vozovi s polja se domov
pomikajo visoko naloženi . . .

In kot človeku je prirodi veš,
ki prvi sivi las beli mu glavo,
ko v večne kraje mu mladost odhaja . . .

Ko v mislih žalostnih v samoto greš,
poslednjikrat pozdravi še dobrovo,
bogve, če vidiš še jo v dnevih maja . . .

F. Levstik:

PEDENJ ČLOVEK IN LAKET-BRADA

PEDENJ-ČLOVEK, laket-brada
izkusila bi se rada,
kdo močnejši je v rokah,
kdo trdnejši je v nogah.
Sprimeta se pretesno,
gledata se pregrdo.
Človek brado škuje, vije,
razkodrana milo vpije,
evili, joka, malo živa,
v kot pobegne in počiva.
Kadar tamkaj se oddahne,
na človeka zopet mahne,
in pred njim se razkorači,
v usta njemu sebe tlačí,
v oči zbada prekošata,
v nos ga dreza vsa kosmata:
zamaši mu hrkalo,
oslepi mu zrkalo;
izpodnese mu nožico,
položi ga na zemljico,
potlej skoči, smuk, na peč,
kamor hodi mačka leč;
gospodarja se boji,
ki za mizo trdno spi.

SLABE RAZMERE IN NESREČA

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet sem si vzela malo časa, da napišem par vrstic v naš priljubljeni Mladinski list.

V prošli številki sem čitala Vaše (urednikove) vrstice, kjer pravite, da bo marsikatera družina resno prizadeta pozimi, ker so očetje že po več mesecev brez dela. To je res. Kdaj bo bolje?

Pričela je šola in jaz pohajam srednjo šolo. Imam mnogo dela, pa vseeno bom še kaj napisala za M. L.

Dne 2. avg. se je ponesrečila moja teta. Padla je z voza in zadnje kolo ji je šlo čez trebuh in jo je vso zmečkalo, da je še isti večer umrla v bolnici v Novem mestu v Jugoslaviji. Zapušča 6 otrok in oče jim je pa umrl pred petimi leti. Tako so ostali sirote sami brez staršev. — Draga teda, odšla si od nas in se poslovila za vedno. Tvoj spomin ostane med nami. Pokojna teta je doma iz Velikih Brusnic.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

JOŠKO SPET MODRUJE

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Tukaj Vam hočem sporočiti, kako smo se imeli na naši veselici, ki jo je priredil stric Vinko, kateri živi tam na "Višarjih" v Camelsvillu, Pa. Ko smo končno dospeli do vrha, se nam je srce ohladilo.

Pri stricu Vinkotu je bilo lepo. Povedal nam je, da Škodatovi še niso prišli. Pokazal nam je, kako se je koštrun pekel: vrтел se je na nekakšnem vretenu. Tako vreteno imamo tudi pri nas, samo da je na njem nataknjen brus, ne pa koštrunček.

Končno so dospeli tudi Škodovi in nihče izmed nas ni smel iti spat, ker nam stric Vinko ni pustil. Pa da ste slišali kako so lepo naši ljudje peli slovenske pesmi! Med tem so nam pa kuharice pripravile okusen prigrizek. Imeli smo se res lepo na teh "Višarjih".

Vsekakor nam bo ta domača veselica pri stricu Vinku ostala še dolgo v spominu, kajti taki luštni dogodki se ne pozabijo kar tako. Stric Vinko mi je tudi dal lepo puško, da bom šel na lov. Če bom kaj ustrelil ali ujel, bom že sporočil.

Opazil sem, da se naše slovenske deklice zelo zanimajo za slovenske dopise, ki jih je vedno lepo število v Mladinskem listu. Le tako naprej, pa ne samo deklice, ampak tudi dečki bi morali bolj pridno dopisovati v Mladinski list, ki priobča toliko lepega in zanimivega v slovenskem in angleškem delu.

Zelo dosti pozdravov prav vsem!

Joško Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.

Josip Stritar:

NA POTI V ŠOLO

KAJ mudiš me, oj zeleni
in cvetoči travnik ti?

Lep si, ali v šolo meni,
ljubi travnik, se mudi!

Urne ribice v potoki,
rad bi vam tovariš bil.
Tekal, skakal bi po loki
in metulje bi lovil.

Ptiček, ti utegneš peti,
kar ti treba, znaš ti že,
v šolo moram jaz hiteti,
kjer se bistrijo glave.

Ali ko pa šola mine,
kakor ti bom ptiček prost.
Hej, čez jarke in krtine,
travniki ves bo moj in gozd!

PREBRISANEC

Dva moža sta hotela v mesto. Hodila sta že nekaj ur in oba sta bila že precej trudna. Sedla sta pod drevo, da se malo odpočijeta. Tedaj je prišel po cesti pismonoša. Eden izmed njiju ga je vprašal:

"Kako dolgo morava še hoditi, da prideva v mesto?"

"Še dve dobri uri," je odvrnil pismonoša.

"Potem pa ne prideva do večera," je rekel prvi.

"Kako to?" je vprašal drugi. "Če pojdeva skupaj, tedaj bo hodil vsak samo eno uro!"



Gustav Strniša:

STRIC HITRAČ

Ali poznate strica Hitrača?
Z vetrцем pride, z vetrćem gre,
urno se giblje, kozolce obrača,
švigne čez polje, zgine v gore!

Ali ste slišali strica Hitrača?
Piska ko vetre na svojo piščal,
prosi ko žalostna lajna berača,
da bi mu človek, kar vbogaime dal.

Ali ste videli strica Hitrača?
Bradica siva do tal mu visi,
kadar domov med oblake se vrača,
lahni mu dežek iz brade prši.

Ste ujezili kdaj strica Hitrača?
Mrko oko mu ko blisk zažari,
strele se vsakdo boji—korobača,
ki ga grmeč nad poljano vihti!

KRAŠKA NARODNA

Piha, piha burja,
išče fanta Jurja
ali mladi Juri,
poje, vriska, tuli
gori ob potoki
s hlebom kruha v roki . . .

Burja polna glada—
hleb njegov bi rada . . .

Manica:

ABECEDA

A, be ce,
pastir gre po ovce,
če, de, e, ef,
čuden ptič je šnef,
ge, ha, i,
snežec že kopni,
je, ka, el, em,
dobre volje sem,
o, pe, er,
daj mi toplomer,
se, še, te, u,
brž na plan—juhu,
ve, ze, že,
pa je konec že.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume X.

OCTOBER, 1931

Number 10.

WHERE DAISY SLEEPS

By Eugene V. Debs.

*To Mother!
Sweetest to us of all the earth.
We called her "Daisy."
Terre Haute, Ind., May, 1906.*

THE grass grows green
Where Daisy sleeps;
The Mulberry Tree its vigil keeps
Where Daisy Sleeps.

The wind blows soft
Where Daisy sleeps;
The modest, blue-eyed violet peeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

The birds sing sweet
Where Daisy sleeps;
The mournful willow bends and weeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

The sun shines bright
Where Daisy sleeps;
Each changing season sows and reaps
Where Daisy sleeps;

The flowers bloom fair
Where Daisy sleeps;
The evening shadow softly creeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

Our hearts beat true
Where Daisy sleeps;
And Love its match forever keeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

John Greenleaf Whitier:

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.



France Levstik

By S. Zele.

(At the hundredth anniversary of his birth.)

IT is most proper and fitting for the Mladinski List to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of birth of one of the most brilliant Slovene men of letters—France Levstik. Like Longfellow, France Levstik well deserves to be called a “children’s poet,” for never before him, and hardly ever after him, were the poems written in Slovene that would appeal to a child’s heart so forcibly as did and still do Levstik’s children poems. His “Children’s games in poems” are known to every Slovene child in Jugoslavia.

Levstik, however, is not famous for his juvenile poetry alone, but also for his great novels, satires, plays, and philological works. As a Slovene philologist he is second to none but to Miklosich and Kopitor whose fame is international.

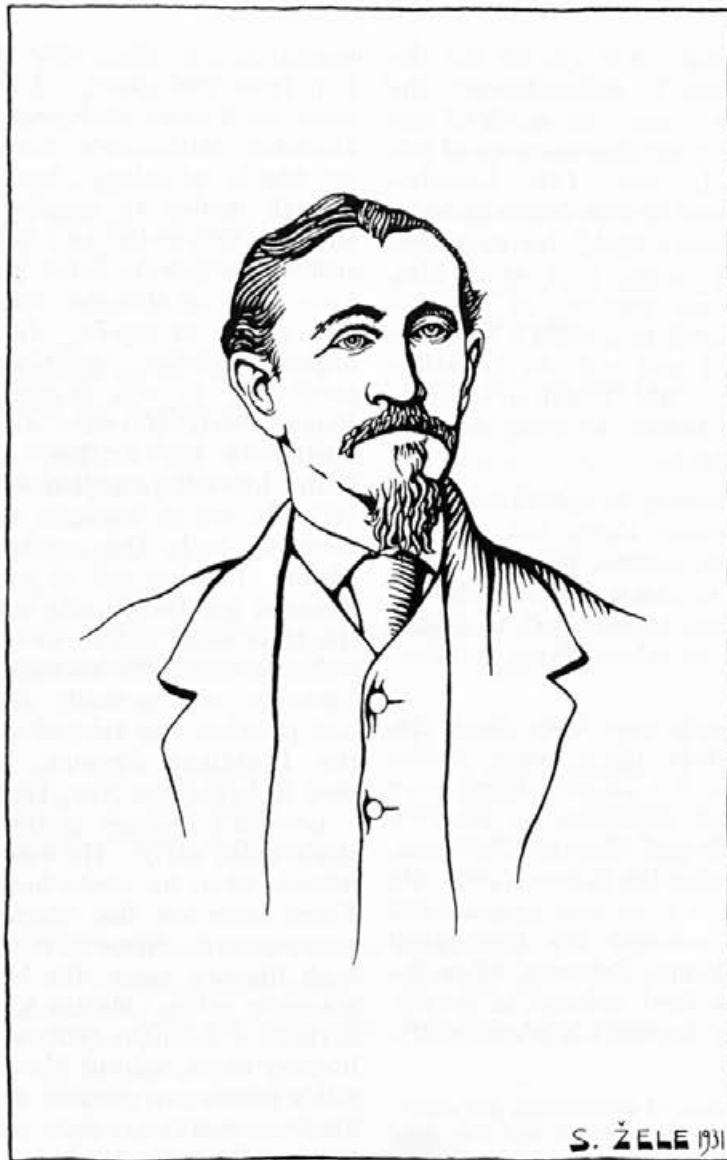
France Levstik was born Sept. 28, 1831, at Spodnje Retje, near Velike Lašče, Slovenia, his parents being poor peasants. First schooling he received at Velike Lašče and then in Ljubljana, where he attended the gymnasium.* He never graduated from the gymnasium, however, but entered the theological seminary at Olomuc, Bohemia, where he also wrote his first volume of poems. The professors deemed his poems detri-

* First four years of gymnasium are equivalent to American high school, and last four to American college.

mental and consequently they expelled him from the school. A year later he went to Vienna University, where he attended Miklosich’s famous lectures on Slavic philology, but having not enough money to support himself, he left the university and acquired a position as a private tutor, first by count Pace, then by Miroslav Vilhar who was also a poet of repute. In 1862 Vilhar began to publish a political paper “Najprej” and Levstik became its editor. Being straightforward and uncompromising in his writing, Levstik soon found himself in a jam with the state officials, which brought the imprisonment to both, the publisher and the editor. Coming out of prison Levstik changed positions quite often, most of the time being out of any, many times suffered incredible hardships and sometimes he was actually starving. His last position was that of a librarian at the Ljubljana Lyceum Library. He died in Ljubljana Nov. 16, 1887.

Levstik’s literary genius manifested itself quite early. He was still in high school, when he wrote his first poems. From then on his literary activities never ceased. Some of his works are of high literary value, the best being his masterly satire “Martin Krpan.” Josip Stritar, a brilliant Slovene writer and literary critic, said of his works: “Levstik’s poems are genuine diamonds, and his prose works are pure gold.” And so they really are.





Stanko Zele: FRANCE LEVSTIK

Venice, The First Republic

VENICE, that city so unlike other places, so rich in history, so unique in situation—why was it built on the shifting sands of the Mediterranean more than two miles from the mainland of Italy? The answer is that Venice, "The Eldest Child of Liberty," is such stuff as dreams are made of—and the dreams were those of freedom.

In the year of 452 the Roman Empire was falling to pieces and the fair land of Italy was in sore distress. It was in the days of Attila the Hun, who declared that he would cross over to Italy to hunt, and when asked what he would hunt, said, "Hunt? What should I hunt but Romans?" One city after another fell before him, but the city of Aquileia did not yield. For three months Attila and his army, unused to sieges and not knowing how to "fight against stone walls," camped before its gates until the army grew weary and impatient with waiting. But still the city did not yield.

The legend goes that one day Attila, gazing at the city walls, noticed that a flying stork alighted on the figure of a sentinel standing at one of the towers. "Surely a stork would not light on a man," said Attila, and ordering an attack on the city, found it empty. The sentinels who had been guarding the walls against him were blocks of wood cut in the forms of men. While they stood at their posts the inhabitants of Aquileia had been escaping nightly from the city till they came to the edge of the sea, to a bay which was almost land-locked by a group of low islands stretching across its mouth. Looking across at them the weary fugitives must have thought: "On those islands we would have water between us and the Huns; there, if anywhere, we would be safe." That was the beginning of Venice, this city so strange and so strong, which Shelley calls "Ocean's nursling"

—this city resting on a hundred tiny islands, and whose buildings lie on piles driven into soft mud.

From the first these people maintained a sort of autonomy, unlike anything that might be found in the dominions of the Caesars. The ancient Venetians virtually governed themselves. They elected their own consuls and tribunes, and managed the affairs of the city in what manner seemed most conducive to public interest. Rome was built of cities, of course, but the corporate town had no independent existence. It was part of the general structure, subject in all things and in all respects to the decrees of the Senate and the edicts of the Emperor. In this regard Rome presented a marked contrast to the free city of Venice.

So long as Venice was a simple community of fisher folk there had been no need of government. Each island brought its matters to the head of its noblest family to be settled, and each group lived to itself. But the mainland constantly threatened evil to the island people, while the sea was infested by pirates who attacked them from the water. No single settlement could defend itself from these dangers. First, the people of the lagoon called an assembly to elect an officer from each island, who should together manage their affairs. But even this did not prove sufficient for their protection, so the people chose for themselves a duke or "doge," who should manage their affairs of state, and their councils and assemblies were under his guidance.

The city of Venice had to meet the test of its freedom many times. If its foundation had not been strongly laid on the principles of liberty, it would have fallen prey to its enemies a score of times during the long centuries. At one time the mainland cities went to

the Roman general who ruled all Italy and said: "These people who live over there on the water came from the cities where we now live. If they had stayed where they belonged, they would have been under our control. Why should a few yards of water between us give them the right to be an independent state?" But the Venetians replied that they had made the islands inhabitable; **that the creator has a right to his creation; and that they intended to remain free.**

Fifty years later the western part of the Roman Empire had fallen to pieces, and the Emperor of Constantinople sent his minister, Longinus, to see this city of Venice. The Venetians were a trading people and desired to be on friendly relations to the eastern empire, but when urged to declare themselves Constantine's subjects with the rest of that part of Italy, they once more made their proud reply that no conqueror had ever stepped on their islands. And the Venetians signed no oath of allegiance or submission, but only a trade treaty which recognized Venice for the first time as an independent state.

Two hundred years passed, and the city on the lagoons had become fair and strong when a new power appeared in Italy. Charlemagne crossed the Alps, and was crowned in Rome. The Venetians saw their powerful neighbors on the mainland humbled, but the Emperor did not have time to cross over to Venice. Their hour came in the days of Charlemagne's son Pepin, who called himself king over Italy. He sent word to the people of this state which claimed its freedom at his very door, that they were part of his realm and were to furnish him troops and vessels. But the Venetians made good their claim of liberty; they could repel a foe. All thru the Middle Ages this little free state lay between the empires of the East and the West.

In the Middle Ages Venice was the most important city in the world. It

was the greatest shipping center of the world, and exchanged the products of Europe with those of Asia. It was a city of magnificence. Its palaces were the most splendid of the Middle Ages, its people the proudest of the proud, its spirit was cosmopolitan, its wealth was unlimited, its art superb. In Queen Elizabeth's time, to go on a voyage to Venice was to stamp oneself a traveler and a citizen of the world. "Farewell, Monsieur Traveler," says Rosaline; "look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide Nature for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

Venice reigned supreme in importance as a shipping center until 1453, when the Turks who took Constantinople shut off the caravans from the East, thus cutting off the trade of Venice. But for more than a thousand years, until the coming of Napoleon at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Venice remained an independent republic.

Today, one's first impression of Venice is that of an old, old city bowed beneath a burden of intolerable years, but Venice is still a city of personality and individual charm. With Byron we find ourselves saying:

". . . her structures rise
As from the stroke if the enchanter's wand . . .
I loved her from my childhood; she to me
Was a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's
art
Had stamp'd her image in me."

So strange and so strong is the power of fiction over truth, in Venice, that Portia and Emilia, Cassio, Antonio, and Iago, appear to have been more real here than are the women and men of real life. On the Rialto, that magnificent bridge, that arcade of small shops, which leaps the Grand Canal in a single

marble arch, we see Antonio and Shylock first—

“Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me.”

Later we see its history and its associations. The Council Chamber of the Palace of the Doges is chiefly interesting as being the scene of Othello's eloquent defense of himself; later we recollect that its marble stairways, colonnades, and arcades form one of the finest specimens of architecture of the world. Dickens wrote of Venice: “Nothing in the world that you have ever heard of is equal to the magnificent and stupendous reality; the wildest visions of the Arabian Nights are nothing to the Piazza of St. Mark, and the first impression of the inside of the church. The gorgeous and wonderful reality of Venice is beyond the fancy of the wildest dreamer. Opium couldn't build such a place, and enchantment couldn't shadow it forth in vision.” Perhaps the chief site of interest in Venice is the Church of St. Marks. It contains trophies from all parts of the world.

This city afloat, breathes the very essence of romance. The subtle depths and play of eternal light and shade upon its canals, recalls Longfellow's “White phantom city, whose untrodden streets are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting shadows of palaces and strips of sky.” Many houses open directly on the water, with seaweed clinging to the doorsteps. We listen and hear the splash of oars and the song of the gondolier. Mrs. Browning says “nothing is like it, nothing equal to it, not a second Venice in the world.” But some of those early adventurers who first sailed to the Americas, thought they had found at least a familiar resemblance. Along the northern coast of South America they discovered native Indians living in houses built on stilts

in the water—so they called this country “Little Venice,” or “Venizuela.”

No drama ever written is more dramatic than Venice itself—Venice that Queen of the Cities, with many lovers and no master. Because its foundations are laid so deep in romance, many of our greatest poets and men of letters have fallen under its sway. Here Wagner wrote “Tristan and Isolde;” here Browning, who said—

“Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it ‘Italy!’”

lived and died, and here after him in his palace long lived his artist son. There Lord Byron occupied a palace—Byron, who standing on that bridge which connects the palace with the prison said:

“I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand . . .
Where Venice sate in state, thon'd on her
hundred isles.”





THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK

Courage

By Anna P. Krasna

MY mother was on her deathbed when a wealthy village woman came to see her. I was astonished to see her come, for she never cared for my mother, and my mother always saw to it that their paths seldom met. That was all I knew about it.

As the woman entered the room, mother asked me to leave them alone. I obeyed and went out into the garden. An hour passed before the woman came out of the sick-room. I watched her coming down the stone steps. Her face was red as with shame and anger, but here eyes shone triumphantly, wildly. She spotted me instantly among the thick shrubbery in late autumn blooms. "Well, you might just as well be prepared for the worst, girl; your mother is as good as dead," she announced and left me standing there with the sharp blade of her cutting words thrusting in my heart.

But my own pain mattered little. I was anxious to see what she had done to mother. With fear in my heart I stepped to her bed: "Mother, had she hurt you? What was her mission, her purpose of visiting you?" Mother smiled faintly and said nothing.

"Mother, I am going after her and smack her face. She is a coward to come and torture you with her hypocrisy when you are so weak and can't give her the answer she deserves or defend yourself from her insulting tongue."

"No, you are not going. Stay here, obey me; it may be your last chance to obey your mother, and it may mean so much to you some day. . ."

"But Mother, do tell me, why has she come?"

"To revenge herself. She hated me as long as she has known me, and was always picking at me, but I steadily re-

fused to appear hurt, or answer her false accusations. I simply ignored her hatefulness and minded my own business. It was such a meaningless thing that made her my enemy—jealousy over a bit of luck that turned towards me when she was certain to have it come her way.

"That is just what has brought her here today. She never forgives when her vanity is hurt, and she knew that I cannot escape her meanness now—she wanted to see me suffer and show me how happy she is in this world in spite of that thing that happened years ago, and lowered her in the eyes of certain people whom she wanted to think well of her. But she was surprised—while she talked and enjoyed looking at my now ending suffering, I called back all the dear memories of my short life, and chatted with my departed girls and boys as though they were standing around my bed. Then when she was ready to leave I offered her my hand and thanked her for her visit—it was all I could do or say, for she has neither hurt me nor comforted me in any way; I remained peaceful in my soul and did not hear half of her words."

"Did she take your hand?"

"Yes; she did, and laughed as she remarked how deadly cold my hand is. . . I looked in her eyes and smiled understandingly; she knew that she could not hurt me with her meanness even now. Her eyes flashed a hateful look at me and then she was gone. I pity her, but I cannot help her. I hope that she will forgive me as I had forgiven her long, long ago. . ."

"You must not hate her for what she had done to me, for it will make you feel low. To seek revenge will only give you bitterness and it would also tend to mark your character in a way her character is marked by her uncon-

trolled selfishness. She is not really bad, she just can't help being mean, because she has no courage to master her bad deeds, and bring forth more of the good that's in her. Yes, you must always cultivate that courage, for it will kill in you that savage desire to strike back, to revenge when only your vanity has been hurt. True courage is not fist deep nor nerve deep, but soul deep. Do not learn to pity yourself when confronted with unjust sneering, but try to live uprightly and honestly and no false accusations will ever hurt your heart. Promise me that you will not hate this woman, that you will always try to forgive rather than revenge. Life is so short, only good deeds make it worth living, only self-control gives true value to our souls, only unselfishness makes us really happy beings."

"I promise, Mother. I'll try to remember your words, always," I mumbled tremblingly.

Few days after that mother died. People came from far and near to see her for the last time. They said so many fine things about her. How good she was to her husband, to her departed children, who were ill for a long time, and caused her much suffering, worry, heartaches; how she withstood hardships without much complaining and always remained cheerful and patient in spite of the martyr-like life she had lived. And on and on, no faults, only virtues.

I listened and watched the woman who only a few days back had so mercilessly tried to hurt my poor mother. She joined in saying kind things about my mother. She told of her visit to mother, and was wiping away tears as she described how pitiful the poor thing looked, and how she knew that the end was close. "She was very delirious, too, for she seemed to talk to her dead children," she said, and then stopped as she met my eyes.

There was a bitter torment in my heart. I fought with pride, hate, sor-

row and a wish to revenge, to strip this woman's soul bare, and show it to all the world. But there was mother's gentle face, calm, forgiving, a ray of her sweet smile left on it. My face grew red with shame; "I won't, Mother, I'll keep my word, always. . ."

Alas, always! What a promise to give to one's dying mother; to your mother who can guide you no more, who cannot place her gentle hand on your shoulder anymore when all the good that's in you refuses to conquer the evil that has been awakened by mean sneering and false accusations, or pointing to your faults that hurt no one but your own tortured conscience.

Mother is dust now, the woman who hated her so bitterly, too, is dead. Hated, however, is not dead. It is within all of us, forever trying to bring forth not what good may be in us, but that savage instinct that makes us enjoy hurting others with our unreasonable doings. And when we are hurt by it ourselves, how eager we are to revenge, to strike back. What a courage it takes to keep calm when the storms of hatefulness, jealousy and meanness are threatening to sweep away all the virtues that might be in us. Now I know that mother was a heroine, not because she suffered so much and complained so little, but because she possessed courage enough not to wish to strike back, to revenge.

And I still keep saying: "I won't, Mother. I'll keep my word always. . . ." But true courage is soul-deep, mother said, and I do not have my mother's soul. I live uprightly and honestly, and yet my vanity is hurt when false accusations are being thrown in my face. I wish you were here, Mother, so that I could discover that secret, which lived in your gentle, ever forgiving heart, the secret of having courage to withstand all the hateful blows with a cheerful smile on your lips, with kind words and understanding of human nature in return for sordidness.

By The Roadside

By Helen von Kolnitz Hyer

But the dogs had charged in a mob. And the cats—all wrapped up in their own prides, walking by their own selves in a long line—they had to shake themselves free before they could fight. So the seventeen dogs won!

They drove the cats away and then they began to eat—doggishly!

The cats, the poor, tired, hungry cats, with nothing but the tattered pieces of their own prides wrapped around them, fell down panting by the roadside. Seventeen cats, lying each by himself. So tired!

The seventeen dogs ate and ate and ATE doggishly—ate only what they had found by the roadside.

When they had eaten all that they could, Togo remembered that he was a gentleman at heart. There was something about the circus music that made him think of his early doghood. But that was so long ago that he could not remember. All that he knew was that he was a gentleman at heart.

"Bow-wow-wow!" His shrill yelps called the other dogs around him. "Bow-wow-wow—bow-wow-wow!" They all stood like soldiers behind him as he gave his orders. Then because they always obeyed without dispute, they followed him.

Seventeen dogs with hunks of food between their teeth! Seventeen dogs, with Togo leading, trotted across the crossroads in a long, thin line and came to the seventeen cats lying so tired, wrapped in the tattered pieces of their own prides.

"Woof!" barked the seventeen dogs, dropping hunks of food before seventeen hungry cats.

"Meow-meow-meow!" cried the seventeen cats, licking the hunks of food hungrily—cattishly.

"Well, did you ever!" shouted a deep voice, manishly. And there on the very edge of the roadside stood the circus manager. Seventeen dogs and seventeen cats—I'll put them in the circus, I will!"

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked Togo.

"Hey there!" cried the circus man. "It's Togo! My own lost Togo! After five years!"

That night a jolly crowd of seventeen dogs lay in a beautiful red and gold dog house. They wore red and gold collars around their necks. They were safe forever from the fear of the Dog-catcher. Seventeen cats lay in a beautiful green and gold cat house. They wore green ribbons with gold bells around their necks. They had found their fortunes without ever reaching the city. But still they lay, each by himself, wrapped in his own pride—purring.

In the circus tent the circus man was speaking.

"It's Togo," he said. "I should have known him anywhere by the scars on his head. Don't you remember the day when the leopard escaped and my little boy was right in her path? Togo fought the leopard, long enough to let the keepers catch her. He saved my boy's life, but the leopard left a scar you can still see. That night Togo disappeared and we never found him. I wonder if he remembers."

Out in the beautiful red and gold dog house Togo barked at the rest of the seventeen dogs. He was very happy, but he had not remembered. He knew only that he was a gentleman at heart. He barked at his puplets drowsily.

"It pays to be kind, you see, even to cats. Who knows what you may find by the roadside!"

(THE END.)

Pioneer Lodge 500 Strong



NO LONGER A MERE DREAM! The sun heralding the day when the PIONEER Lodge No. 559, SNPJ, shall stand forth ONE THOUSAND STRONG even now shines upon the horizon. Less than six short years—from TWENTY to FIVE HUNDRED! Match THAT if you can!

CO-OPERATION! The magic word—the “Open Sesame” to success. The greatest word ever coined—expressing the greatest trait man COULD possess. The attribute upon which our whole civilization rests.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR SHARE? Are YOU carrying forward the standard of SERVICE? Is this world better because YOU have lived in it? Or have you stagnated—become submerged in the mire of laziness—selfishness—inactivity?

COME ON, GANG—LET'S GO!

LEROY F. SKUBIC, Pioneer Member.



Dear Readers:—

The September number of the Mladinski List had a special appeal to many of our readers. They were pleased not only with its contents but also with its arrangement. Dr. F. J. Kern of Cleveland writes that he was very much pleased with the September number and hastenes to congratulate both our youthful correspondents and the editor. His letter, in part, is published in "Naš Kotiček" of this number.

Now that school days are here again and the autumn evenings are rather long, many of you young readers of this magazine can send in nice little letters to the M. L., either in Slovene or English. But don't wait until tomorrow. Write them now and mail them at once. Make them neat in appearance, easily discernible and worth-while in reading. And make them short.

Let's go—all of you!

—THE EDITOR.

"ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE"

Dear Editor:—

I think it's a pleasure to write to the Mladinski List, although I haven't written since last year.

The school was out May 8, which is very early if compared to other schools.

I am in the seventh grade; my younger sister who is next to me, is ten years old and in the eighth grade and she has gone only five years to school. Her name is Josephine and she wishes a few members would write to her.

Something wonderful has happened to Pinon. The girls at the age of ten and up have organized two clubs; one for the beginners and one for the second year club girls. I am in the second year club. We make certain articles and when the time has come when we exhibit our clothes, it is called "The Achievement Day." Prizes are given to persons who sewed the best.

Work is very scarce around in Pueblo county. The only occupation in Pinon is farming. Though we live on a farm, we get no profit, because we live on a dry farm, and still worse, there is no rain.

My dad has been out of work for almost two years, which means we must move away to a place where we could live better.

What I call this year is "hard times"; don't you?

Here is a joke:

School teacher: "John, where do we live, on the earth, or the ground?"

John: "On neither. I live on the Western Hemisphere."

I guess I better close, because someone else wants room for their letters, but please, don't let Mr. Wastepaper Basket eat my letter.

With best regards and wishes for all. (I wish one or two members to write to me.)

Katie Stonich,
R. R. 3, Box 54, Pinon, Colo.



"PEP UP AND WRITE!"

Dear Editor:—

Vacation time is over. School in Gowanda started September 8, and I am in the eighth grade.

I haven't seen any letters from Gowanda. I do hope some of the members will "pep up" and write. Won't you? Yes, I knew you would.

I visited my aunts and uncles in Ridgeway and had the most delightful time. But when I came to Gowanda everything seemed so quiet.

Now I must close, and I hope Mr. W. P. B. doesn't gobble up this letter.

With love,
Elizabeth Batchen,
51 Chapel street, Gowanda, N. Y.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. No one ever writes to M. L. from Conneaut, so I thought I would write.

I will be fourteen years old in November and am in the seventh grade. I have one brother and three sisters and we all belong to the Slovene Lodge SNPJ 237.

My oldest sister, Pauline, who now works, was transferred to the adult department a year ago; the rest of us all go to school. Working conditions here are poor, the same as they are everywhere.

The population of Conneaut is between 9 and 10,000. It is a small and quiet town, but a nice place to live in.

Best regards to all.

Antonia Kodolja, 403 Depot st., Conneaut, O.

"Here comes the parade, and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"
"She's upstairs waving her hair."
"Mercy! Can't she afford a flag?"

FROM LODGE 114, SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I always read the English letters. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. Everybody in our family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 114.

I have two brothers and no sisters. I enjoy reading the M. L. There aren't any letters from Roundup in the M. L.

I hope some of the members write to me.
Minnie Jancic, Box 712, Roundup, Mont.

* *

FROM LODGE 353 SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the M. L. This is my first letter to the M. L. I have three brothers and one sister. We all belong to Lodge 353 SNPJ and my father is the president of this lodge.

We go to the Windsor school and I am in the seventh grade. I am twelve years old.

There are only three of us going to school. One of my brothers started to work in the mine with my father. He will help us because there are many of us in the family, and the things are dear and the mine works three days a week only.

I am sending my snapshot.



If you don't like my letter, throw it away and I will write more next time.

Martin Kolenc,
Box 248, Windsor Heights, W. Va.

* *

IN MEMORY

Dear Editor:—

Just received the Mladinski List yesterday (Sept. 15). I sure like to read the nice stories, poems and letters from young members from different states. I also like to see the snapshots of boys and girls that write to this magazine.

Now, dear Editor, I'm going to ask you a favor if you will be kind enough to print my brother's picture (half brother as you will notice on names) in the M. L. This month (October) is his birth month and nothing

would please me more than to see his picture in the M. L. He died and left us May 16, 1931, at the age of 13 years and 7 months. He was a Juvenile member of SNPJ, Lodge No 9. This picture was taken when he was 8 years old. (He was sick for so long, over 8 years, and wasn't able to have another taken.)

I have many relatives in different states who belong to SNPJ and would be glad to see his picture in M. L. for I haven't enough pictures to send one to each.

In memory of my dear Brother, Frankie Us, who left us May 16, 1931, at the age of 13 years and 7 months.

Memories

The sun that shone so bright when you were here,

Is only making shadows now for me.
It seems like every star is just a tear,
And nothing now is like it used to be,
I know the bees are humming just the same,
I know the summer wind is singing, too,—
But always they are whispering your name—
I guess it's 'cause I'm lonesome, brother
dear, for you.

The honeysuckle's climbing 'round the door,
But seems like it had lost its sweet
perfume.

The morning glory blossoms as before,
But somehow there's a sorrow in its bloom.
The robin's kind o'sad-like in her song
It appears to me the sky ain't quite so
blue.

The days are, oh, so dreary and so long!
I'm lonesome, oh, so lonesome, brother
dear, for you!
Sadly missed by sister,—Marie Cuder.



Frankie Us

Best regard to you and all the members of
SNPJ,
Marie Cuder,
R. R. No. 5, Pittsburg, Kansas.

"RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY"

(A one act outdoor play produced by a group of jolly little members in Morgan, Pa.)

Dear Editor:—

I would like to let the Juvenile readers of the Mladinski List know how we spend our summer vacation. We helped to work at home; and we also studied and played, but the most important fact is that we had a little program.

We found a play in the June M. L. which was named, "Rain, Rain, Go Away". We thought that it would be nice to include that as a part of our program, and so we did. We also had some singing, poems, tap, and acrobatic and other plays. This is a snapshot of the children who took part in "Rain, Rain, Go Away".



In the front row, from left to right, are: Henry Ursits, "Black Cloud"; Joseph Dernovsek, "Big Chief"; second row: Rose Ursits, "Honey Bee"; Mary Rose Pustoverh, "Blossom"; Rose Dernovsek, "Honey Bee"; third row: Margaret Erzen, "Fairy"; Agnes Ursits, "Queen"; Dorothy Pustoverh, "Fairy"; Antonia O'Korn, "Merry Sunshine"; and the back row: Christina Dernovsek, "Rainbow."

My picture is also included on the back row. We held this program in our garage in the afternoon and evening. Many of the people thought that it was nice, so we had to have it over. We collected admission, but do not think that we are rich now—for we had expenses, too.

Although I have school work to do, I will try to write again.

Mary Ursits, Box 546, Morgan, Pa.



Apartment Owner (a stout young gentleman): "This, sir, is one of our finest kitchenette apartments".

Prospective Tenant: "Well, come out a minute and let me inside!"

THE MENACE OF INSECTS

By Sir Walter Morley Fletcher

Insects represent that rival race of animals that came out of the sea, as the vertebrate animals of which man is chief came to live and breathe in air. Happily, they have followed in their family descent a faulty engineering model, the converse of the vertebrate plan; they kept their soft parts inside and put their hard skeletons on the outside. This, from mechanical and chemical reasons, has imprisoned them within small limits of possible size. But for that the insects might now be the lords of creation and our own dim ancestors a series of forgotten fossil forms.

As it is, we have the better of them in size and brain, but they are still our most destructive enemies and rivals.

THE NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with quivering lip,
The lesson was done,
"Have you a new leaf for me, dear
Teacher?

I have spoiled this one!"
I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted,
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
Then into his tired heart I smiled:
"Do better now, my Child!"

I went to Mother, with trembling heart.
The year was done.
"Have you a New Year for me, dear
Mother?

I have spoiled this one!"
She took my year, all soiled and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
Then, into my tired heart she smiled:
"Do better now, my Child!"

Darkey Clerk: "Toofbrush? Yessah.
What size?"

Darkey Buyer: "De biggest and best-
est you got—dey's fo'teen in mah fam-
bly".

*

"Is this train ever on time?" growled
the grouchy passenger.

"Oh", replied the conductor, "we ne-
ver worry about it being on time. We're
satisfied if it's on the track."

