

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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A. P. Krasna:

## GAJU V JESENI

Kako si tih in nevesel,  
postal čez noč, ti gaj!  
In včeraj še si ves duhtel,  
izgledal si kot raj . . .

Razkošno lep si bil, vesel  
v pomladi in poletju.  
Gostije, svatbe si imel,  
zavit si ves bil v cvetju!

Ti pesmic sladkih je žgolel  
krilatih pevcev zbor.  
V nočeh te lune svit objel,  
iz sanj te dramil zor . . .

Pa dih jeseni je zavel,  
so listi zrumeneli;  
tvoj slednji cvet se je ospel,  
slovo so pevci vzeli . . .

Zato tako otožen si,  
postal čez noč, ti gaj!  
Izguba krasa, te boli,  
želiš si ga nazaj—.

O ne žaluj! Saj prišla spet  
v deželo bo pomlad.  
Vzbrstel ti lepši bode cvet,  
se vrnil zbor krilat.

Čemu tedaj bi tožen bil,  
ker čar ti je zvenel.  
Ti gaj, boš kras nazaj dobil,  
kot včeraj—boš vesel.

Kadar pa nadme bode se,  
žitja, jesen zgrnila,  
zaman vse bodejo želje—  
pomlad ne bo—se več vrnila . . .

Katka Zupančič:

## SPOMIN

Otroček majhen bil sem še takrat—  
Tedaj, ko mrak se širil je hladan,  
na delo šel je oče, mesto spat.  
In prišel z dela ves zgaran,  
ko jutro zlato je zorelo v dan.

In jaz tedaj sem prožil mu roke;  
pa voljno k meni je hitel:  
izpod odeje je gorke  
me rahlo je v naročje vzeli;  
na srce gorko me prižel.

Toda, nekoč, ko se poslavljal je noč,  
ga ni bilo več z dela k nam—,  
zastonj sem stezal ročke, "Pa" kličoč.  
Na delu, oh, je smrtno ga zadelo tam.  
Čez noč ostal sem brez očeta, sam—.

# Hallowe'en

VSAK narod, vsaka država ali večja skupina, ki tvori enoto narodnostne celote, ima svoje šege, navade ali tradicije. Večina teh sega nazaj v primitivno dobo in so nastale iz praznoverskih čustev, iz čaščenja bogov in malikov. Danes najdemo mnogo teh šeg med civiliziranimi narodi, ker se jih nočejo otresti radi njih privlačnosti, in postale so redne obletne slavnosti.

Med ameriškimi tradicijami je močno ukoreninjeno obletno slavlje "Hallowe'ena." V prvi vrsti je to "praznik" otroškega veselja in rajanja. Na večer praznika Hallowe'ena, dne 31. oktobra vsakega leta, ima ameriška šolska mladina posebno rajanje in izredno svobodo uganjati burke. Na ta večer so otroci takorekoč "gospodarji" na ulicah mest, trgov in vasi. Dovolijo si vse mogoče šale, ki imajo često resne posledice.

Na večer Hallowe'ena se ameriška deca obleče v fantastične obleke, si natakne maske, pleše po ulicah, prevrača predmete ter nagaja odraslim. Ponekod so lokalne oblasti to "svobodo" že precej omejile, oziroma so jo osredotočile v razne dvorane, da tam otroci pod nadzorstvom rediteljev rajajo in ne delajo od zunaj škode na tuji lastnini.

Praznovanje Hallowe'ena ni ameriška "iznajdba." Izvor mu je najti na Irskem in sega v pogansko dobo. Tam je ljudstvo še pred prihodom krščanstva na predvečer 1. novembra zažigalo kresove in našemljeno v groteskne figure "odganjalo strahove in zle duhove." V Ameriko je bil ta praznik prinešen iz Anglije. Danes ameriška mladina, tudi odrasla, letno "obhaja" Hallowe'en. Ameriški Hallowe'en pa je zadobil večje dimenzije v rajanju, kajti znano je, da ameriška deca je mnogo svobodnejša od evropske na splošnem, pa je tudi v tem pogledu dodala tej šegi svoje posebnosti in pomen. Tu se ne "odganja zlih duhovov," pač pa gre v prvi vrsti za veselje in nič drugega. In baš temu da ameriška mladina na Hallowe'en izraza v polni meri.

Često se dogaja, da na ta "praznik" otroci povzročijo resno škodo na tujem imetju. Vsako leto je izgubljenih več človeških življenj vsled lahkomišelnih šal. Da se nezgode preprečijo, je seveda precej ležeče na starših samih, da ne puste otrokom pregloboko v "svobodo" rajanja na Hallowe'en. Eno je gotovo: Otroci se lahko zabavajo, ne da bi delali škode sosedom ali pa da bi vsled tega sami trpeli posledice nepremišljene norosti.

Otroci naj imajo vselej svoje veselje. To je prav. Dolžnost staršev pa je, da oni določijo mejo takemu rajanju. Kadar ima rajanje škoditi staršem in otrokom samim, tedaj je umestno in potrebno, da starši vzamejo kontrolo nad situacijo ter da pravočasno preprečijo morebitne resne posledice.



Rudyard Kipling:

## Slonov mladič

V DAVNEM, pradavnem času, predragi moji, slon ni imel rilca. Imel je le črnkast, zabuhel nos, velik ko škorenj, ki je mogel ž njim mahati sem in tja; pobrati pa ni mogel z njim ničesar. Živel pa je slon—novinec—mladček—ki je bil poln nenasitne radovednosti, kar pomeni, da je venomer izpraševal kar-sibodi. Živel je v Afriki in napolnil vso Afriko s svojo nenasitno zvedavostjo. Vprašal je svojega visokega strica noja, zakaj da mu je perje v repu baš tako zraslo, in njegov visoki stric noj ga je oplazil s svojim trdim, trdim krempljem. Vprašal je svojo visoko tetko žirafa, kaj ji je napravilo kožo marogasto, in njegova visoka tetka žirafa ga je oplazila s svojim trdim, trdim kopitom. In še je bil poln nenasitne radovednosti! Vprašal je svojega zajetnega strica, povodnega konja, zakaj da ima rdeče oči, in njegov zajetni stric, povodni konj, ga je oplazil s svojim velikim, velikim kopitom; vprašal je svojo kosmato tetko opico, čemu imajo limone baš tak okus, in njegova kosmata tetka opica ga je oplazila s svojo kosmato, kosmato tacco. In še je bil poln radovednosti! Izpraševal je o vsem, karkoli je videl, slišal, čutil, vohal ali tipal, in vsi njegovi strici in tetke so ga topli. In še je bil poln nenasitne radovednosti.

Nekega lepega jutra sredi enakonočja je zadal ta nenasitni slonič novo, lepo vprašanje, ki ga dotlej še ni stavil. Vprašal je, kaj da ima krokodil za kosilo? In vsakdo mu je odvrnil: "Proč!" z glasnim, strašnim naglasom, na kar so se ga pri tej priči lotili in dolgo časa brez oddiha udrihali po njem.

Ko je bilo to končano, je prispel polagoma k ptiču Kolokolu, čepečemu in počivajočemu sredi robidja, rekoč: "Moj oče me je nabil in moja mati me je nabila; vsi strici in tetke so me nabili radi moje nenasitne radovednosti; in

vendarle bi rad vedel, kaj ima krokodil za kosilo!"

Tedaj mu pravi ptič Kolokolo, zahreščavši žalostno: "Odpravi se k bregovom velike, sivozelene, blatne reke Limpopo, vse obdane z mrzlikami, in boš zvedel!"

Takoj naslednje jutro, ko ni bilo več nikakega sledu za enakonočjem, kajti vse je poteklo naravno kakor vedno predtem, je vzel ta nenasitni slonič sto funtov banan (izmed drobnih rdečih), sto funtov sladkorne trstike (izmed dolgih, škrlatastih) in sedemnajst limon (izmed zeleno kožnatih) ter dejal vsem svojim dragim rodbinskim članom: "Zbogom. Odhajam k veliki, sivo-zeleni, blatni reki Limpopo, obdani krog in krog z mrzlikami, da zvem, kaj ima krokodil za kosilo." In vsi so ga še enkrat nabili za srečno pot, dasi jih je prav vljudno prosil, naj ga pustijo.

Nato je odrinil od doma, nekoliko razgret, a prav nič začuden. Spotoma je jedel limone in metal lupine okoli sebe, ker ni mogel pobirati.

Potoval je od mesta Graham do Kimberleya, od Kimberleya do dežele Kama, od dežele Kama je šel proti severovzhodu in neprestano jedel limone, dokler ni dospel naposled do bregov sivozelene, blatne reke Limpopo, obdane krog in krog z mrzlikami, natanko tako kakor mu je velel ptič Kolokolo.

Vedeti pa morate in razumeti, predragi moji, da ta nenasitni slonič vse do tistega tedna, dneva, ure in minute ni nikoli videl krokodila in ni vedel, kakšen je. To je bilo vse njegova nenasitna radovednost.

Prva žival, ki je naletel nanjo, je bila pisana, bajna kača klopotača, ovita okoli skale.

"Oprosti," je dejal slonič kar najvljudneje, "ali si videla v teh zašarjenih krajih neko žival z imenom krokodil?"

“Če sem videla krokodila?” je odvrnila pisana, bajna kača klopotača z glasom strašnega prezira. “Kaj me boš še vprašal?”

“Oprosti,” je rekel slonič, “ali bi mi izvolila povedati, kaj ima krokodil za kosilo?”

Tedaj se je pisana bajna kača klopotača sunkoma odmotala s skale in oplazila sloniča s svojim luskinastim, betičastim repom.

“Čudno,” je dejal slonič, “moj oče in moja mati, moj stric in moja tetka, da ne omenjam drugega strica, povodnega konja in svoje druge tetke opice, vsi so me topli zbog moje nenasitne radovednosti—in rekel bi, da je tu prav tako.”

In poslovil se je prav vljudno od pisane, bajne kače klopotače in ji pomagal, da se je spet omotala okoli skale. In je šel dalje, nekoliko razgret, a prav nič začuden, in jedel limone in metal lupine okoli sebe, ker jih ni mogel pobirati, dokler ni stopil na nekaj, kar je smatral za lesen hloed, tik ob bregu velike, sivozelene, blatne reke Limpopo, obdane krog in krog z mrzlikami.

V resnici pa je bil, predragi moji, to krokodil, in krokodil je pomežiknil—takole!

“Oprosti,” je dejal slonič prav vljudno, “ali si videl slučajno kedaj krokodila v teh zašarjenih krajih?”

Tedaj je pomežiknil krokodil z drugim očesom in privzdignil rep do polovice iz blata; slonič je prav vljudno odstopil, ker ni maral biti nanovo tepen.

“Pridi sem, dete,” je izpregovoril krokodil. “Čemu izprašuješ take stvari?”

“Oprosti,” je odvrnil slonič prav vljudno, “moj oče me je tepel in moja mati me je tepla, da ne omenjam svojega visokega strica noja in svoje visoke tetke žirafe, ki zna prav tako trdo brcati kakor moj zajetni stric, povodni konj in moja kosmata opica ter tudi pisana, bajna kača klopotača, z luskinastim, betičastim repom, tik tu na bregu, ki udriha krepkeje ko vsi drugi; če si torej ti prav tak kakor le-ta, ne bi rad, da bi me oplazil.”

“Pojdi semkaj, dete,” je dejal krokodil, “kajti jaz sem krokodil.” In potočil je krokodilove solze, da bi dokazal, da je istina.

To je sloniču zaprlo sapo, zatrepetalo mu je srce in pokleknil je na breg, rekoč: “Ti si baš tisto bitje, ki sem ga iskal vse te dolge dni. Ali bi mi izvolil povedati, kaj imaš za kosilo?”

“Pojdi semkaj, drago dete,” je odvrnil krokodil, “in povem ti na uho.”

Tedaj je sklonil slonič glavo vprav do krokodilovega zaudarjajočega, čekanastega žrela in krokodil ga je popadel za nosek, ki ni bil do tistega tedna, dneva, ure in minute večji od škornja, dasi dokaj koristnejši.

“Menim,” je govoril krokodil—drže ga nad zobmi, takole—“menim, da pričnem danes z mladim slonom!”

Sloniču, predragi moji, je to zelo presedalo in vzkliknil je, govoreč skozi nos, takole: “Pusti me! Menda si jezen!”

Tedaj se je pisana, bajna kača klopotača odtrgala od brega, rekoč: “Mladi moj prijateljček, ako ne potegneš takoj in pri tej priči, kar najkrepkeje moreš, te potegne po mojem mnenju tvoj znanec v velikem usnjatem površniku” (s tem je menila krokodila) “za sabo v svetlo strujo, preden boš mogel ziniti Jack Robinson.”

Na ta način govori zmeraj pisana, bajna kača klopotača.

Nato je počepnil slonič na svoje male kolke in vlekel, vlekel, da se mu je pričel nos raztezati. Krokodil je mlasikal po vodi, da se je vsa razpenila pod mahajočim repom, in vlekel, vlekel in vlekel.

Sloniču se je nos raztezal in raztezal; uprl se je z vsemi štirimi in vlekel, vlekel in vlekel a nos se mu je raztezal in raztezal; krokodil pa je vihtel svoj rep liki veslo in vlekel, vlekel in vlekel; kardarkoli je krokodil potegnil, se je sloniču nos znova podaljšal—kar ga je bolelo—joj mene!

In slonič je začutil, da mu noge polzijo in rekel je skozi nos, ki je bil že kakih pet čevljev dolg: “To je prehudo!”

Zdajci je prilezla pisana, bajna kača klopotača z nasipa in se omotala dvakrat sloniču okoli zadnjih nog, rekoč: "Neprevidni in neizkušeni potnik, zdaj se bova resno potrudila, da malo krepkeje potegneva, sicer ti bo po mojem mnenju tistile samokretni bojni čoln z okovanim krovom" (s tem, predragi moji, je menila krokodila) "za vselej pokvaril življensko pot."

Na ta način govorijo zmeraj pisane, bajne kače klopotače.

Nato je potegnila in tudi slonič je potegnil in krokodil tudi; ali slonič in pisana, bajna kača klopotača sta vlekla krepkeje, na zadnje je krokodil izpustil sloničev nos in pljusnil v vodo, da se je slišalo navzgor in navzdol Limpopa.

Potem se je slonič nagloma prav trdo zleknil po tleh; a naprej si je štel v dolžnost, zahvaliti se pisani, bajni kači klopotači; nato je začutil, da se mora pobrigati za svoj borni, nategnjeni nos; obložil je vsega s hladnim bananovim listjem in ga povetil v veliko, sivozelelo, blatno reko Limpopa, da bi se ohladil.

"Čemu počenjaš to?" je vprašala pisana, bajna kača klopotača.

"Oprosti," je odvrnil slonič, "ampak nos se mi je grdo izpačil in sedaj čakam, da se mi skrči."

"Tedaj boš moral čakati dolgo časa," je pripomnila pisana, bajna kača klopotača. "Marsikdo ne ve, kaj mu je v prid."

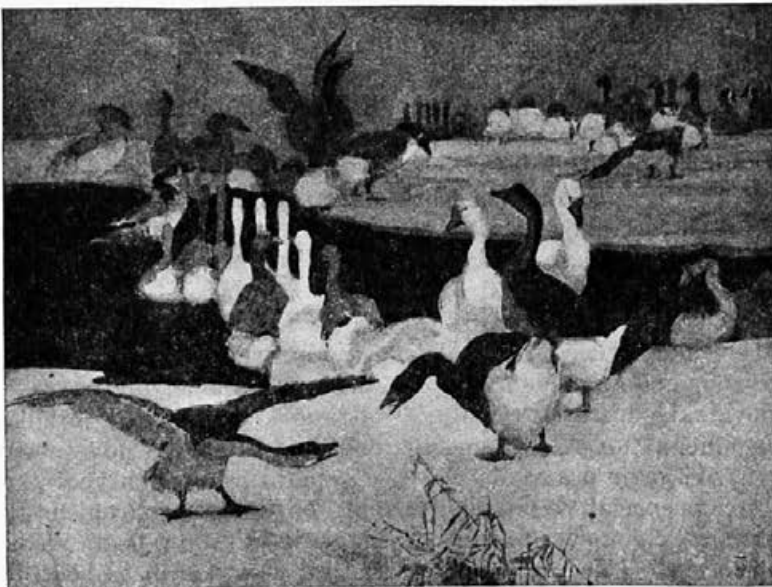
Slonič je sedel tam tri dni in čakal, da bi se mu nos skrčil. Ali prav nič se mu ni skrajšal in vrhu tega je zbog tega pričel navskriž gledati. Kajti, predragi moji, sprevideli in razumeli boste, da mu je krokodil pretegnil nos v pravi, pristni rilec, kakor ga imajo dandanes vsi sloni.

Koncem tretjega dne je priletela muha in ga pičila na pleče. Preden se je zavedel, kaj je storil, je slonič vzdignil rilec in ubil z njegovim koncem muho.

"Korist, številka ena!" je dejala pisana, bajna kača klopotača . . . Tega ne bi bil mogel storiti z golim smrčkom. Poskusi sedaj malo jesti!"

Preden je slonič pomislil, kaj dela, je iztegnil rilec in izpulil velik šop trave, jo izprašil ob sprednje noge in jo zatlačil v usta.

"Korist, številka dve!" je dejala pisana, bajna kača klopotača. "Tega ne bi



Ben Cable: Gosi ob potoku

bil mogel storiti z golim smrčkom . . . Ali se ti ne zdi, da solnce malo hudo pripeka?"

"Istina," je odvrnil slonič in preden se je domislil, kaj dela, je zajel perišče blata na nasipu velike, sivo zelene, blatne reke Limpopo in si ga natrsel na glavo, da mu je naredilo hladno, sluzasto blatno pokrivalo in mu je v curkih curljalo za ušesi.

"Korist, številka tri!" je dejala pisana, bajna kača klopotača. "Tega ne bi bil mogel storiti z golim smrčkom. A kako bi ti bilo sedaj pri srcu, če bi bil zopet tepen?"

"Oprosti!" je odvrnil slonič, "tega si nikakor ne bi želel."

"Mogoče bi pa rad ti namlatil koga?" je vprašala pisana, bajna kača klopotača.

"To pa zares prav rad," je odvrnil slonič.

"Dobro," je dejala pisana, bajna kača klopotača, "videl boš, da ti bo novi nos v velik prid pri pretepanju."

"Hvala lepa," je odvrnil slonič, "zapravnim si to; zdaj pa odrinem domov k svojim dragim rodbinskim tovarišem in poizkusim."

Nato je odšel slonič preko Afrike domov, vihteč in mlateč s svojim rilcem. Ako si je zaželel sadu, je odtrgal plod z drevesa, namesto da bi čakal, kdaj bo sam padel z drevesa kakor dotorej. Ako si je zaželel trave, jo je napulil na tleh, namesto da bi se plazil po kolenih kakor dotorej. Ako ga je pičila muha, je odkrehnul vejo z drevesa in jo imel za muhalnik; napravil si je lahko novo, hladno sluzasto pokrivalo iz blata, kadar je pripekalo solnce. Ako se je čutil osamelega med potovanjem po Afriki, je pel sam pri sebi skozi rilec in brundal glasneje nego zbor godb z medenimi godali. Prizadeval si je zlasti privabiti zajetnega povodnega konja (s tem ni bil v sorodstvu), ki ga je prav trdo premikastil, da bi se prepričal, če je pisana, bajna kača klopotača govorila resnico o njegovem novem rilcu. Med ostalim časom je pobiral limonove olupke, ki jih je metal po tleh, ko je potoval k Limpopo—

pu—kajti bil je snagoljuben debelokožec.

Nekega temotnega večera je prispel k svojim dragim rodbinskim tovarišem in rekel, zavihavši rilec:

"Kako se imate?" Zelo so se razveselili, ko so ga zagledali in odvrnili: "Pojdi sem in dobiš jih po hrbtu za svojo nenasitno radovednost."

"Ba," je odvrnil slonič. "Po mojem mnenju se kaj malo razumete na tepež; zato se pa razumem jaz in vam pokazem."

Tedaj je izprožil rilec in prekucnil dva draga bratca na hrbet.

"Oh, tako na banan!" so vzkliknili: "Kje si se naučil te umetniže in kaj si si napravil na nosu?"

"Dobil sem nov rilec od krokodila na nasipih velike, sivozelene, blatne reke Limpopo," je odvrnil slonič. "Vprašal sem ga, kaj ima za kosilo, pa mi je dal ta rilec."

"Silno je grd," je pripomnila kosmata tetka opica.

"Naj bo," je odvrnil slonič. "Ampak zelo je koristen." Pograbil je svojo kosmato tetko opico za kosmato tace in jo zadegal v sršenje gnezdo.

Nato je nabil ta malopridni slonič po vrsti vse svoje drage rodbinske tovariše, da so se silno razgrela in čudila. Svojemu visokemu stricu noju je izpulil perje iz repa; svojo visoko tetko žirafa je pograbil za zadnje noge in jo treščil v robidovje; kričal je v svojega zajetnega strica, povodnega konja, in mu puhhal mehurčke v ušesa, ko je ta spal po kosilu v vodi; ali nikoli ni dopustil, da bi se kdo dotaknil ptička Kolokola.

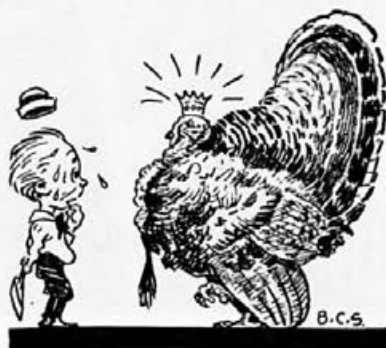
Na zadnje se je stvar tako zaostрила, da so njegovi dragi sorodniki nagloma odrinili drug za drugim k bregovom velike, sivo zelene, blatne reke Limpopo, obdane kroginkrog z mrzlikami, da bi dobili od krokodila nove nosove. Ko so se vrnili, ni nobeden več nikogar pretepal; odsihmal, predragi moji, imajo vsi sloni, karkoli jih boste kedaj videli, s tistimi vred, ki jih ne boste videli, prav take rilce, kakršnega je imel "nenasitni slonič."

A. P. Krasna:

## Tigrica

**K**LANČARJEV Zorko je dobil od svoje tetke lepo malo mačico. Bila je rujava progasta in mehka kot svilnata blazinica, pa lepe zvedave očke je imela. Male tačice so ji bile bele, da je izgledalo kot bi nosila bele čolničke. To lepo stvarico je Zorko imenoval "Tigrica." Tetka je Zorkotu zabičala, naj "Tigrico" lepo goji in vadi, da bo pridna muca, ko bo zrastle. Dala mu je več dobrih nasvetov za vzgojo lepe "Tigrice." Predvsem mora paziti, da je ne bo hranil z mesom, ker potem bo rada lovila tičke, ki so nam potrebni in koristni. Mala mucka se tudi kmalu priuči reda in snage, če se jo primerno kaznuje za prestopke. Nikdar ne sme Zorko "Tigrici" dovoliti, da bi se skobacala na njegovo posteljco, kajti kar se bo naučila mala mucka, bo delala tudi, ko bo modra stara muca. Ne sme se ji pustiti, da bi svoj mali nosek vtikala v omare, sklede itd. S tem bi se priučila škodljivosti in stikanja za jedmi. Ker je mačica sama na sebi prava igračka, je gotovo, da se bo Zorko često igral z njo, tetka pa nima nič proti temu, samo da je ne bo mučil s tem, da bi jo vlačil za tačice, ušesa ali repek.

Otroci, ki mučijo živali, pokažejo, da so neusmiljenega srca—kar ni baš lepo. Tudi pestovati ne sme Zorko "Tigrice" preveč, ker potem bi postala lena in grda. Pa še nekaj bi bila tetka skoro pozabila povedati Zorku glede "Tigrice," namreč to, da si vselej skrbno umije ročke, ko se bo igral s "Tigrico." Kajti četudi so male mucke nad vse ljubeznjive živalice, se njih tačice in dlakice drže otroškemu zdravju nevarni bacili. Tudi poljubljanje se mucike ne sme, ker nihče ne ve kot je znabiti vohala z malim gobčkom. Da bi Zorko bolj gotovo spolnoval vsa tetkina pravila glede "Tigrice," mu je rekla, da bo "Tigrico" vzela nazaj, ko hitro bo zaznala, da se ni ravnal po njenih nasvetih. Zorko pa bi lepe "Tigrice" ne dal nikomur za ves svet ne, zato je rajši gojil in navadil svojo mačico kot je ukazala tetka. In ko je prišla čez nekaj mesecev tetka na obisk, se je čudila lepi mehkodlačici, ki se je veselo in čvrsto skakaje igrala na vrtu z Zorkom. Zorko pa je ves ponosen kazal in pravil tetki, kako bistroumna je njegova lepa "Tigrica." Tetka ga je pohvalila za njegovo poslušnost, ter mu podarila čisto nov novec, "Tigrico" pa je mehko pogladila.







Gustav Strniša:

## Jesen

JANKO je bil jeseni najrajši v naravi. Bil je šibek fantiček in poletna vročina mu je škodovala, zakaj pogosto ga je zaradi nje mučila vročica.

Jesen je pa bila njegova ljubljenska. Kako lepo je bilo v gozdu, ko je zavladala jesen! Povsod so sijale dečku naproti tako pestre barve, da mu je srce kar vriskalo.

Kako zelo se je radoval jeseni. S svojim razkošjem ga je kar opajala. V objemu poslavlajoče se narave je opazoval ptice selivke in se tudi sam poslavljal od njih.

Ko je priroda umirala, je šele odkrivala ves svoj čar. Listje, ki je bilo preje zeleno, se je izpremenilo v rdeče, temnorubinasto, višnjevo in celo črno barvo. Nekateri listi so ostali lepo zeleni, mnogi so pa porumeneli.

Ko je Janko zamišljen sedel v gozdu in opazoval krasoto, mu je bilo, kakor da se je naselil v čudežni palači, sestavljeni iz samih pisanih kamnov. Kar vsrkaval je to lepoto.

Ko je nekega jesenskega dne spet hodil po gozdu, je došel do gostega grmičja. Na njem se je listje svetlikalo in migljalo kakor bi bilo živo.

"O, kako lepa si, jesen," je šepnil deček.

Tedaj se je grmičevje razdelilo in jelo vidno rasti pred začudenim Jankom. Grmičje se je razraslo in se izpremenilo v visok prestol, ki je segal preko vseh dreves. Listi so šepetali in pozvanjali, v bližini je zapel slavec.

Drevesa so nagnila svoje vrhove proti prestolu. Skozi veje je prodrla večerna zarja in se razlila po prestolu kakor zlatorožna preproga.

Listje je vztrepetalo in zašumelo. Zavel je vetrič. Že je sedela na prestolu kraljica bajne lepote, oblečena v cvetje in zelenje spreminjajoče se barve.

"Kdo si, lepotica?" je vprašal deček.

"Jesen sem, tvoja Jesen."

"Pozdravljena, o jesen," je šepnil deček.

Nasmehnila se je:

"Da, jaz sem jesen. V mojem objemu se poslavlja narava od življenja, zato me najbolj ljubi in krasi z najlepšimi barvami."

"Ostani vedno tukaj," je dejal deček.

"Ne morem! Prišla bo neusmiljena sestra zima in morala se ji bom umakniti. Nekaj časa se bo pač prepirala z menoj. Njena strupena, mrzla sapa me bo pa vendarle zmagala in prepodila. Zavladala bo zima. Pridi pa vsako leto semkaj! Vsako leto me boš videl in govoril z menoj! Razodevala se ti bom v vsej krasoti svojih barv, zmerom lepša, vselej spremenjena."

"Pridem, pridem," je obljubil Janko.

Jesen se mu je nasmehnila in zamahnila z belo roko. Završalo je listje, slika je zginila.

\*

"Ali ga vidite, meša se mu, vsako jesen se mu meša," so govorili zlobni ljudje in kazali na zamišljenega dečka, ki je hodil vsako jesen ves zamaknjen globoko v gozd in ostajal po mnogo ur v gozdni tišini.

Janko se pa ni zmenil za ljudi, ki niso poznali njegove tajne. Pohajal je jeseni v gozd in občudoval prelestno kraljico jesen, ki se mu je razodevala v naravi.

Ko je bila njegova duša polna tistega čara poslavlajoče se narave in vsa žalostna zaradi njenega slovesa, se je oglasila v njegovi duši pesem, njegova prva pesem, posvečena kraljici Jeseni.

Ivan Jontez:

## Strah je votel

**B**OBKOV Peterček je bil zelo dober fantek, mamico in ateka je imel rad in ju je vselej ubogul, v šolo je rad hodil in se pridno učil, tako, da so ga vsi radi imeli, imel pa je eno napako: noči se je bal. Kakor hitro je noč legla na vas, se je Peterček zatekel v hišo k mamici in za vse na svetu se ni dal pregovoriti, da bi šel ven v temno noč, ki je bila po njegovem mnenju polna pošastnih duhov, strahov, grdih čarovnic in krvososov, ki bi ga pograbili čim bi se prikazal na prostem in bi ga raztrgali na drobne koščke. Oče in mati sta mu zaman dopovedovala, da nočnih strahov sploh ni, da mrtvi ne vstajajo iz svojih grobov, da bi strašili ljudi, da je vsak strah na znotraj votel, na zunaj ga pa nič ni. Peterček jima ni hotel verjeti. Temrajše pa je verjel izmišljenim storijskim o mrtvecih, ki se vračajo, o starih, grbastih coprnica, ki jezdijo metle na Klek, o strašnih pošastih, ki ponoči preže na svoje žrtve in jih zmeljejo v solnčni prah, s katerimi sta ga strašila domači hlapec Urban in sosedov stric Tone. In ker jima je verjel, je ponoči v vsakem grmu videl strahove, vsaka senca se mu je zdela ostudna pošast in lasje so se mu ježili od groze ob sami misli, da bi moral sam ven v temno noč. Mimo vaškega pokopališča pa še podnevi ni šel rad, v mraku pa bi ne bil šel mimo za nobeno ceno, ker bil je prepričan, da bi ga duhovi ranjkih v najboljšem slučaju živega požrli.

Nekega popoldneva že proti večeru, ga je poslala mati v pol ure oddaljeno sosedno vas po očeta, ki se je tam mudil po opravkih. Oče je medtem že odšel proti domu po drugem potu in tako sta se izgrešila. Ko je Peterček zvedel, da je oče že na potu domov, je hitrih korakov ubral nazaj proti domu, ker mrak je že padal na polje in gozd in

v vaškem zvoniku je že zvonilo Ave Marijo.

Bližnjica, po kateri je Peterček ubiral, je vodila skozi zaraščen smrekov gozd, v katerem je vladala že precejšnja tema. Tam nekje v dalji je zaskovikala sova in njen neprijetni krik je šel Peterčku prav v kosti in prestrašen je pospešil korak, da čimprej dospe domov. Toda pota nikakor ni hotelo biti konec in deček, že napol mrtev od strahu, se je podal v divji tek. Kot brezumen je tekel skozi gozd, se spodtikal ob drevesne korenine, padal, vstajal in zopet bežal dalje. Ampak gozd se je vlekel v brezkončnost in Peterček ni mogel priti iz njega, ker revček je v temi izgrešil pravo pot in zabredel daleč notri v gozdno goščo.

Koliko strahu in groze skriva gozd v sebi—seveda le ponoči—za tiste, ki, kakor naš Peterček, verujejo v vse mogoče nočne strahove in prikazni, to ve le tisti, ki je sam skusil kaj podobnega. Posebno v jasnih zvezdnatih nočeh, kot Posebno v jasnih zvezdnatih nočeh, kot je v gozdu baš tolika tema, da vsako drevo, vsak grm dobi nekam pošastno obliko, ko se ti zdi, da strahovite pošasti stezajo svoje kremplje proti tebi, je takemu človeku silno neprijetno pri srcu, kurja polt ga oblije pri vsakem koraku, ob pogledu na fantastične oblike dreves in grmov, šum njegovih lastnih korakov ga navdaja z grozo in lasje se mu ježijo od strahu.

Kaki dve uri že je begal Peterček po gozdu in njemu se je zdelo, da je minula že cela večnost, odkar je zapustil sosednjo vas ter odšel proti domu. Nebo se je medtem pooblačilo in radovednim lunin krajec je zdajpazdaj pukal skozi odprtino v oblakih in napolnil gozd s pošastnimi sencami, ki so nalik pravljničnim zmajem stezale svoje dolge kremplje proti dečku, ki se jim je v ne-



Vinko Bitenc:

## Ugrabljeni zaklad

OGLARJU Elizeju je bilo že blizu sedemdeset let; prebival je v leseni kolibi sredi temnega gozda. Malokdaj je prišel v dolino med ljudi, a na kresni večer smo ga obiskali mi vaščani in smo blizu njegove kočje zažgali velik kres. Skoro vsa vas se je bila zbrala tam: možje, ženske, fantje, dekleta in otroci. Takrat je bil ogljar Elizej vedno zelo dobre volje. Ko je kres že veselo plapolal, smo posedli okrog ognja in oči vseh so bile uprte v ogljarja Elizeja. Znal je namreč pripovedovati imenitne zgodbe, vesele in žalostne, in pa pravljice—teh je znal brez števila. Letos ga žal ni več med živimi. Lani na kresni večer nam je med drugim povedal tudi zgodbo o ugrabljenem zakladu. Pripovedoval je takole:

Kakor ste gotovo že slišali, cveto na kresni večer zakladi. Toda vsakemu ni dano vedeti, kje je tisti kraj, kjer z modrikastim plamenčkom gori, to se pravi, cvete zaklad. Samo oni je tako srečen, ki nosi v žepu nevede praprotno seme. To seme pa mora biti od prejšnjega leta. Kdor mnogo hodi po gozdu med grmovjem, tistemu se prav lahko zgodi, da se mu vsuje v žep praprotovo seme in mu pomaga, da na kresni večer razume pomenkovanje gozdnih in domačih živali in tako lahko zve skrivnost o zakladu. Jaz sem bil že od svoje rane mladosti navajen gozda. Nekega kresnega večera—takrat mi je bilo osemnajst let—sem šel po gozdu proti domu. Ob parobku, kjer zavije pot v dolino, zagledam mahoma dve srni. Nista me zapazili. Obstoim in z veseljem gledam lepi živali. Sam svojim ušesom nisem verjel, ko sem zdajci zaslišal in popolnoma razumel pogovor med njima. Ena je dejala: "Če bi gozdar vedel, da bo nocoj opolnoči na Veliki Trati gorel zaklad, bi gotovo prihitel gori." Druga je odgovorila: "Saj bi mu privoščila, da dobi to bogastvo; mogoče bi nas potem

pustil pri miru in nas ne bi vedno zalezoval."

Jaz se nisem upal dihati. Zdelo se mi je, da sanjam. Hitel sem domov, brž povečerjal, vzel očetovo puško in hajdi nazaj proti Veliki Trati. Malo nerodno mi je vendarle bilo, hoditi sam tako pozno po gozdu. No, bila je mesečna noč in obenem me je tolažila misel na bogastvo, ki ga bom nocoj deležen. Že sem se bližal vrhu. In tedaj zapazim v razdalji kakih petdeset metrov več malih modrikastih plamenčkov. Groza me je obšla, obstal sem in se nisem upal dalje. Vse naokoli je bila mrtva tišina, le globoko doli iz nižine se je oglašala sova. Nehote sem prijel za puško. Polagoma sem vendar korakal naprej in se previdno oziral na okoli. Bolj in bolj sem se približeval mestu, kjer so trepetali plamenčki. Takrat se je v dolini nekaj sprožilo: ura v zvoniku je začela biti polnoči . . .

Mrzel pot me je spreletel. Ko je zadnji udarec izzvenel, se je zgodilo nekaj, česar ne bom nikoli pozabil. Tedajci je zapihal močan veter, da me je skoro izpodnesel. Vsi plamenčki so hkrati pojasnili, nekaj je neznansko počilo in v tistem hipu sem videl, kako je neka črna postava dvigala iz zemlje vrečico za vrečico, pobasala vse skupaj v večjo vrečo in jo po pobočju ubrala po drugi strani gozda v dolino. Škodoželjen grohot se je razlegal nekaj časa, kakor da se smeje sam bognasvaruj, potem pa je vse utihnilo.

Kako sem tisto noč prišel domov, še danes ne morem povedati. Tisti, ki me je prehitel in ugrabil zaklad pred menoj, je gotovo tudi nosil nevede praprotovo seme v žepu in je bil tako zvedel iz pogovora živali o zakladu. Ni mi bilo namenjeno, da bi postal kdaj bogat. Pa saj si tudi več ne želim. Zadovoljen sem s tem, kar imam.

Ivan Jontez:

## LJUBEZEN ZA LJUBEZEN

(Delavčevi materi)

Solnce je že zatonilo  
za gore; mrak pada na vas.  
Na nebu že zvezde žarijo,  
migljaje zro doli na vas.

V izbici kočee lesene  
kraj zibelke mati sedi,  
v oči zroč sinčku nedolžne,  
otroku tako govori:

Zaspančkaj le, dete predrago,  
in sanje mi snivaj sladke,  
da jutrišnje jutro bo našlo  
te čilega, dete moje.

In sinček poslušno očesa  
zatisne, a mati bedi  
ob zibelki; ljubav neskončna  
v očeh vanj vprtih žari.

O mati, kolike ti noči  
ob meni prebila bede  
si, ko sem jaz dete v raji  
sanj srečo užival smeje.

Noči neprespane in brige,  
ki si jih imela z menoj —  
s čim naj ti poplačam trpljenje  
dni težkih, oblačnih nebroj?

Zlata ali biserov nimam —  
delavec sem, ne bogatin.  
S čim torej ljubezen poplačam?  
S čim neki! Z ljubeznijo, sin!



Katka Zupančič:

## Leni Mihec

**M**INILA so leta in minila je vojna. Počasi so se urejale razmere. Vsak si je, kakor je mogel in znal, utiral pot in skušal premostiti vse ono, kar mu je vojna vihra hudega prizadjala. Le mrtvih, ki so za večno zaspali raztreseni po bojiščih, teh ni mogel in ne more priklicati nihče več nazaj.

Peter in Stanko, Mihec in Anica in Janko; vsi so odrastli. Peter, ki se uči kovaštva, prihaja vsako soboto zvečer domov. Komaj čaka, da se mu mišice še bolj zaokrožijo in okrepe, pa se bo potem z njimi postavljaj pred svojimi tovariši. Minka je služila v mestu celih štirinajst dni. Ker pa je bila tam baje več lačna ko sita, se je naenkrat znašla doma.

Janko dela nekje v tovarni in misli na Ameriko. Odkar so si Združene države postavile plot in so pustile za izvoljence le malo vrzel, ki se ji pravi kvota, so se Jankove misli oprijele Kanade.

Stanko, bodoči advokat, se pripeljava domov na počitnice. Oče šteje Stankove slabe rede, Stanko pa očetove novice; sinko je sicer zadovoljen, a oče pa čedalje manj. Anica hoče postati na vsak način šivilja. Ker je oče ne pusti v mesto, češ, da jo potrebuje doma za delo, obiskuje tupatam vaško šiviljo. Pridobila si je vzlic vsemu že toliko znanja, da si je naredila krilce, ki pa veščemu očesu potrjuje staro resnico, da je vsak začetek težak.

Metka je, na žalost, izgubila mater, pa so ji doma potisnili kuhalnico v roke in zdaj mora, kot najstarejša, kuhati in gospodinjiti doma. Nič preveč ni zadovoljna. Le komu gre vse po sreči?

In Mihec, leni Mihec? O, ta ima kaj pisano pot za seboj. Njegova prva, dva tedna trajajoča služba je bila na kmetiji. Nato ga je oče vzel v roke in ga posadil na čevljarsko stolico. Nerad je to storil, saj je, kot čevljar, vedel prav

dobro, da postaja kruh, ki se ga na ta način služi, čimdalje bornejši. Ljudje segajo po cenejših tovarniških izdelkih, ti so pa tudi tako slabi, da se jih niti ne izplača popravljati, ko postanejo enkrat pomanjkljivi. Vrhtega je pa še opazil, da Mihec to delo naravnost mrzi.

Oglasil se je vaščan. Prinesel je čevlj: "To, Rebrnik, ta šiv preštepaj, ki je popustil! Zlodej ga vedi, saj vendar ni sukanec tako drag, da tako varčujejo z njim!"

"Tako, vidiš, tako delajo v tovarni!" ga je nekoliko očitajoče poučil čevljar, "lepi so pa le, lepi, takile čevljčki, dokler jih seveda ne namoči prvi dež."

Vaščan, Suhodolnik so mu rekli, je začutil ost, pa je skomizgnil z rameni in dejal: "Ah, kaj boš onegavil! Živimo pač s časom! Rajši primi to reč v roke in popravi; bom počakal."

Ko si je poiskal prostor in prižgal pipo, je naredil kretljivo proti Mihcu in začel:

"Kaj pa tvoj Mihec? Saj še ti nimaš vselej dovolj dela, pa hočeš še tega vpreči? Meni ga daj! Za pastirja bi ga potreboval. Vsaj jesti bo imel dovolj. Pozneje, če se bo izkazal uporabnega, bo pa opravljal druga dela in si nekaj prislužil."

Oče je pogledal sina: "Nu, Mihec?"

Ta pa je mesto vsakega odgovora del roke lepo za tilnik in se pretegnil, pa zazdehal na vsa usta; delo je bil kajpada odložil že prej.

"Lej ga, lej! Pa si sredi dneva zapan, Mihec!" mu je pomežiknil možak. "Sicer se pa temu posebno ne čudim, saj je, kakor da bi varčevali še z dnevno lučjo!" je dejal, ko se je razgledal po tesni Rebernikovi delavnici, ki jo je razsvetljevalo eno samo okence.

Reberniku ni bila ljuba ta pripomba. Imel je grenak odgovor na jeziku, pa ga je prehitel Suhodolnik, ki je, obrnivši se zopet k fantiču, dejal:

“Ali bo kaj? Saj veš, pastirji vstajajo zgodaj!”

Mihec pa je v znak umevanja in privoljenja samo prikimal. Misli si pa je: “Hm, bom si pa vsakokrat pozneje na paši naplačal prikrajšani spanec.”

“Pri Zaliscu te pa ni zdržalo, kaj?” je mož nadaljeval; “hja, to že dolgo vem, da so otroci kajžarjev uporabni kvečjemu za pastirovanje. Za trdo, kmečko delo? nak! Za to so menda prenežni, “pregosposki!” se je porogal in iztrkaval pipo. “Naši, kmečki otroci, so vse drugačni!” je zaključil.

“Da, da, so drugačni,” je povzel besedo Rebernik. “H delu jih pritiskate, ko komaj shodijo.” Spomnil se je, da je posebno Suhodolnik v tem oziru na zlem glasu. Pravilo se je, da mu je troje otrok, izmed petih, baš radi prenapornega dela umrlo, ko so jedva dopolnili šolo. Ljudje radi pretiravajo, toda dejstvo je bilo, da je mož od tistih dob s svojimi ostalimi otroki ravnal dokaj milejše.

“I no, kaj pa hočemo?” se je kmetič navidezno razburil, “delavci so dragi in ni jih vedno pri roki.” Nekako v zadregi si je popravljal klobuk na glavi,—spomnil se je bil svojih umrlih otrok—.

“Na, saj si menda gotov s tistim škarpetom,” in je vstal. Naglo so se pomenili še glede Mihca, pa je odšel.

Mihec je bil pri Suhodolniku le malo časa. Ker si je na pašniku naplačeval prikrajšani spanec, se je zgodilo, da je nekega dopoldne na bližnjem sosedovem zelniku ostala samo še sled, da je nekoč rastle tam zelje. Tistega dne je Suhodolnikova živina sama posamič pricapljala domov. Mihec pa je ubral pot proti domu.

Suhodolnik se je kregal in klel. Rebernik je ošteval sina. Rebernikova si je pred pečjo brisala oči. Ostala dva člana te ubožne družine, Francek in Marica, sta se stiskala k materi in ugibala: dali se mama joče radi dima, ki ji sili v oči, ali radi Mihca, ki je “samo zato na svetu, da je in spi,” kakor pravi oče.

“Na, to imaš in delaj!” se je že slišal iz delavnice ogorčeni Rebernikov glas; potem je nastala tišina. Zamolklo je udarjalo kladivo ob podplat.

Mihcu je bilo res nekoliko nerodno. Ker je vkljub svoji zanikrnosti spoštoval očeta in ljubil mater, mu je bilo dokaj težko pri srcu. Zato se je, četudi nerad, nekoliko odločneje poprijel dela. A kmalu je zopet pozabil na vse prestano, pa se je zopet udajal lenobi.

Rebernik pa je premišljeval s tugo v srcu: “Le kam z njim? Da bi ga tiral nazaj, je nesmiselno, saj bi ga Suhodolnik ne hotel vnovič sprejeti. Kdo mara za takega zaspaneta?” Njegova skrb si



je iskala pot, pa se je domislil svojega starega znanca, krojača Staliča v mestu. "Kaj, ko bi se obrnil do tega?" je zmišljajal, "če bi le paglavec pokazal kaj veselja do krojaštva!"

Minul je teden, dva. Vročje je bilo v Rebernikovi delavnici. Zunaj se je pripravljalo na nevihto.

"Nak pa nak! S smolo se jaz družil ne bom!" je izjavil Mihec in zalučal napol zakrpani čevljev v kot.

"I, pa kaj hočeš biti?" ga je nestrpnopr vprašal njegov že od dela sključeni oče.

"Saj je vendar še drugih del na svetu, ki so lepša, nego je to čevljarstvo, recimo krojaško!" in je vstal s stolice.

"Dobro, Mihec!" je povzel oče. "Govoril bom s Staličem v mestu. Dober človek je, izboren krojač; toda lenih ljudi ne mara, da veš!"

Mihec je prišel v Staličevo delavnico. Pa kmalu se je naveličal, tako dela, kakor mojstra. Počel je pobešati obraz in kakor v sanjah je vlačil odvečne nitke iz napol dovršene suknje.

"Mihec, urno, le urno!" Ošinil ga je strogi pogled iznad mojstrovih naočnikov.

"Ne počutim se dobro," se je zlagal muhasti Mihec. "Ta mestni zrak mi ne prijaja!"

"Te bo že minilo; to je samo začetek," je bil mojstrov odgovor.

"Le kako bi se izvil iz krempljev tega Staliča?" je tuhtal Mihec in za spoznanje hitrje potegoval niti. "Že vem, očetu bom pisal in mu potožil."

Dva dni nato je že čital čevljar Rebernik pismo svojega sina. "Jej, jej, kaj bo še z našim fantom?" je vzdihnil in podal pismo svoji ženi, ki je, brisoč si svoje izdelane roke ob predpasnik, prišla v sobo. Videla je bila pismo, ki je bil krenil k njim, pa je takoj zasluhtila, da bo pismo od Mihca; saj se je sicer le redkokdaj pri njih zataknilo kako pisanje. Pa ko je razbrala iz pisma, zakaj gre, si je želela, da bi bil šel pismoša i to pot mimo njih.

". . . Čisto bolan bom, ako bom še nadalje priklenjen tu. Stalič je tako

strog, da si še dihati ne upam in nikdar se ne najem; kar naprej sem lačen," se je čitalo v pismu.

Oče, ne bodi len, se takoj drugega dne napoti v mesto. Hitel je, da bi prišel in opravil pri Staliču še pred kosilom. Res je dospel tja nekoliko pred poldnem, toda vsi Staličevi so z Mihcem vred, že sedeli okoli mize in pričeli kositi. Mihec je kar zazijal, ko je zagledal očeta. Ne, tega se ni bil nadejal, da bi oče kar tako, meni nič tebi nič, prišel v oddaljeno mesto; pa to še sedaj pod jesen, ko je navadno precej založen z delom. Od presenečenja in zadrege je pomencaval na stolu in skoraj pozabil na jed. Stalič pa ga je hudomušno pogledoval, saj je bil prepričan, da je Rebernik prišel radi Mihčeve "bolezni."

Obotavlja se je čevljar uklonil pri govarjanju Staličeve žene in prisedel. Kmalu se je prepričal, da jedila niso sicer izbrana, vendar okusno pripravljena in izdatna.

"Hm, kakor vidim, lačen nisi," je, napol šaljivo, napol zares, zbedel svojega sina, ki mu je sedel nasproti. Ta pa ni vedel, kaj bi odgovoril; zardel je in skrbno zasledoval črto, ki je obrobljala njegov krožnik in ki ni imela konca.

"Kako pa kaj drugače, ste vsi zdravi?" se je oglasil Stalič.

"Za silo že gre," je odvrnil Rebernik, "ona je res nekoliko slaba. Kaj hočemo: staramo se! Otroci: Marica in Francek, sta pa zdrava in"—oči so mu obstale na sinu—"Mihec tudi." Mihcu se je zaletelo.—

Po kosilu sta mojstra sedela v gostilni ob vrčku piva. Tedaj pove Rebernik, kaj ga je pravzaprav prineslo v mesto.

"Saj sem si mislil, da bo kaj takega," je rekel Stalič. "Rečem ti tole, Rebernik," je nadaljeval, "imaš še enega sina razen Mihca. Upam, da temu ni podobno. Pošlji mi ga, ko toliko doraste in izučim ti ga, da ga boš vesel ti in drugi! Toda, Mihec,—oprosti prijatelj!—iz tega ne bo nikoli bogve kaj prida. Imel sem že mnoge v svoji šoli in vem, kaj govorim." (Dalje prihodnjič.)



## Sestrična Barbka

**SLAVICA** in Vladko sta živela na kmetiji, ki je bila last njunega strica in njune tete. Vsako poletje sta prihajala k njima na počitnice.

Ko sta prišla, sta vselej tekla na okoli, da pozdravita svoje omiljene prostorčke: skedenj, kjer je stala mlatilnica, dvorišče, kjer so krulili in cvilili pujski, kadar so koga zagledali, in blatno mlako, kamor so prihajale vse domače živali ter pile, stoječ v vodi, ki jim je segala do kolen.

Stric in teta sta imela tudi majhno sestrično, ki pa do letos še ni bila dovolj velika, da bi bila mogla z njima hoditi okoli.

Letos pa je bilo drugače: kadar sta imela stric in teta veliko opravka, sta navadno prosila Slavico in Vladka, naj pazita na malo Barbko.

Izprva sta jo rada varovala; to se jima je zdelo nekakšna nova igra; toda kmalu jima je jelo presedati. Barbka ni mogla tekati z njima okoli, skakati in loviti se; morala sta jo še voditi za roko, da se ni spotaknila. Razen tega je hotela povsod voziti svojega jančka s seboj, kamorkoli je šla z njima. Časih sta bila Slavica in Vladko že vsa utrujena in nejevoljna, ker sta morala vlačiti igračko svoje male sestrične, posebno pa takrat, kadar je bila Barbka utrujena in sta morala prenašati tudi njo samo.

Nekega dne so ubrali novo smer in prišli do travnika, ograjenega s plotom. Skoro vsa polja okoli kmetije so bila žitna polja, le tukaj je bil travnik, poraščen z visoko travo in ves s cvetlicami posejan. Nikake živine ni bilo videti, da bi se pasla na njem.

"Tu je pravi kraj za našo malo! Če spraviva njo in jančka preko lese, jo lahko pustiva tukaj brez skrbi, med tem pa se greva igrat po mili volji," je rekla Slavica.

"Ali misliš, da bo hotela ostati tu brez naju dveh?" je vprašal Vladko.

"Mislim, da bo ostala," je rekla Slavica.

Barbki se je tako mudilo na travnik, kjer so rasle ljubke cvetličice, da niti ni zajokala, ko sta vlekla njo in njenega jančka preko lese; in komaj sta jo posadila v travo, si je že natrgala cvetlic, kolikor jih je le mogla držati v svojih drobčenih ročicah.

Slavica in Vladko sta bila vsa vesela, da sta tako našla varen kraj, kamor sta lahko shranila svojo malo sestrično.

Vselej, kadar sta se hotela igrati, sta jo peljala na cvetoči travnik, kjer ni bilo nobene nevarnosti, da bi se mali Barbki kaj zgodilo. Ptičke so ji prepevale, čebelice so brenčale okoli nje, pisani metuljčki so ji sedali na glavico, Slavica in Vladko pa sta tekala in rajala in se igrala, kolikor jima je poželelo srce.





Dragi čitatelji!

Priznati moram z veliko radostjo, da ste se za oktobersko številko Mladinskega lista odzvali stoddotno s slovenskimi dopisi. Prejel sem 14 slovenskih dopisov in vse priobčil. To je lep napredek, če pomislimo, da sta bila v septembski številki le dva dopisa v "Našem kotičku." Zelo sem bil vesel, da ste se v tako velikem številu odzvali mojemu vabilu, da pošljete več slovenskih prispevkov. Vsled tega vam izrekam odkrito zahvalo in želim, da ostanete še v bodoče tako pridni slovenski dopisniki za Mladinski list.

\* \* \*

V oktoberski številki sem priobčil sliko (snapshot) sestrice Josephine Sintich iz Clevelanda, O., ki mi jo je sama poslala ter prosila, naj jo objavim v M. L. To sem seveda z veseljem storil. Ostale dopisnike in čitatelje pa prosim, naj mi pošljejo svoje slike (snapshots), ki jih slučajno imajo o slavnostih ali piknikih od tega leta. Nikar ne pozabite na to vabilo. Priobčil bom vse, ako bodo dovolj čiste za list, ker če se slika ne da lepo odtisniti na papirju, potem je pač ni vredno objaviti, kajti s tem bi le naš mesečnik kvarila.

\* \* \*

Prepričan sem, da vam bosta mama in ata rada pomagala, ko pišete slovenske dopise, ako ju prosite. Vaja v slovenski pisavi je dobra in vam bo vedno koristila. Vem, da vam je lažje pisati angleško kot slovensko, toda mnogo

bolj sem vesel slovenskih dopisov, ker s tem mi daste zaupanje, da čitate tudi slovenski del M. L.

\* \* \*

Še enkrat: Ne pozabite poslati slik (snapshots), ki jih bom drage volje priobčil. S tem bo list bolj zanimiv in privlačen, po čemer stremimo vsi, čitatelji in urednik.

\* \* \*

Tej številki Mladinskega lista sledi samo še ena za tekoče leto, decemberska, potem pa pričnemo z novim letom 1930. Potrudite se, da storite vsak svojo dolžnost za decembsko številko.

**Urednik.**

\* \* \*

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu. Zadnjič, ker ni bil moj dopis priobčen v septembski številki, sem mislila, da ste ga vrgli v koš, pa je bil priobčen v oktoberski številki. Seveda me je užalostilo, ker ni bilo mojega dopisa v septembski, bila pa sem toliko bolj vesela, ko sem ga zagledala v oktoberski številki.

V septembski številki sta bila le dva slovenska dopisa in zgledalo je, da kmalu ne bo nobenega več. Toda ko sem prejela oktobersko številko sem v njej čitala kar 14 slovenskih dopisov. To me je zelo razveselilo. Med temi je bil tudi moj.

Moj brat in jaz pohajava sedmi razred ljudske šole, mlajša sestra pa šestega. Rada bi pisala po angleško, pa mi je mama rekla, da je boljše, če se učim tudi slovensko pisati, da se bom tako veliko lažje naučila.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

**Mary Krainik,**

231 E. Poplar street, Chisholm, Minn.

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj Vam pošiljam Simon Gregorčičevo pesem "Naša zvezda" in želim, da jo priobčite.

#### Naša zvezda.

Zvezda mila je migljala  
in naš rod vodila je;  
lepše nam ta zvezda zala,  
nego vse, svetila je.

Toda, oh, za goro vtone,  
skrije se za temni gaj;  
prašam svitile milijone:  
Vrne-li se še kedaj?

A molče zvezdice jasne,  
odgovora ne vedo,  
dol z neba višave krasne  
nemo na prašalca zro.

Pridi, zvezda maša, pridi,  
jasne v nas upri oči,  
naj moj dom te zopet vidi,  
zlata zvezda srečnih dni!

Mary Stroy,

924 Arnolda ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

Dragi urednik:

V septemberski številki Mladinskega lista sem čitala, da so samo dva slovenska dopisa. Zato sem se jaz odločila, da napišem par vrstic po slovensko. Brati znam slovensko dobro in sem se sama naučila iz Prosvete in Mladinskega lista, ampak pisati pa ne morem tako dobro.

Prosim Vas, da priobčite to-le S. Gregorčičevo pesmico, ki sem se jo sama naučila:

#### Lastovki v slovo.

Mrzli veter tebe žene,  
ljuba ptičica, od nas,  
ki znad lipice zelene  
si mi pela kratak čas.

Vsako jutro, ptička moja,  
rano si prepevala—  
vsako noč je pesem tvoja  
sladko me zazibala.

Kadarkoli si zletela  
v svoje malo gnezdice,  
vsakokrat si mi zapela  
milo pesem v srčice.

Zdaj pa iz zvonika line  
zadnjo pesem žvrgoliš,  
ker čez hribe in doline  
v tople kraje si želiš.

Tja, kjer toplo solnce sije,  
kjer nobene zime ni,  
tja naj veter te zavije,  
tam prijatelj moj živi:

O, povej mu, da ga ljubim,  
ljubim svoje kot oko—  
in za zvestobo mu obljubim,  
dokler srce živo bo.

Zleti tudi, ljubezniva,  
v ono malo mestice,  
mile solze kjer preliva  
srce moje sestrice:  
O, povej ji, ljubka mila,  
da vse dobro ji želim,  
da ljubezen ni minila,  
in ne bo, dokler živim.

Tak' pozdravljalj v tujem svetu  
moj'ga srca ljubčke,  
in o prvem mladem cvetu  
zopet k meni vrni se!

Amelia Uljan,

Star Route, Clarendon, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dragi uradnik!

Spet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu. Prečitala sem ves "Naš kotichek" in tudi "Chatter Corner," pa sem videla, da se mladi čitatelji zelo zanimajo za Mladinski list; eni dopisujejo po slovensko, drugi pa po angleško. V resnici je to razveseljivo.

Dne 15. septembra sem bila z mojo mamo v Dunlu, Pa. Tja sva šle na pogreb moje tete (moje mame sestra). Tako žalostnega pogreba nisem še nikoli videla, in ne želim da bi ga še katerikrat. Sem rekla, da tega dneva ne bom tako hitro pozabila. Pokojna moja teta je bila članica SNPJ dolgo vrsto let. Žalostinke ob njenem grobu je igrala Moxham godba v zadnje slovo.

Draga teta! Odšla si o dnas za vedno, mi pa ohranimo tebi trajen spomin v naših srcih!

Lep pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, Mladinskemu listu pa veliko uspeha!

Mary Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

\* \* \*

Dragi uradnik!

Namenila sem se, da se spet oglasim v pri-ljubljenem nam Mladinskem listu. V oktoberski številki je bilo kar 14 slovenskih dopisov, želim pa, da bi se v novemberski še celo podvojili!

Bratci in sestrice, le tako naprej, da se kaj naučimo ter da pridemo do našega cilja. Vesela sem bila, ko sem prečitala v oktoberski številki "Naš kotichek." Kajti prepričana sem, da je še veliko naših mladih slovenskih dopisovalcev, ki znajo slovensko pisati in čitati. Tudi meni gre bolj gladko po angleško kot po slovensko, pa vseeno se potrudim, da nekaj napišem. Saj vem da urednik Mladinskega lista rad popravi moje napake.

Drugič kaj več. Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega lista, M. L. pa mnogo novih naročnikov!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

Franka Lavrenčičeva:

## NAŠ PALČEK

Mali Palček, prvi v hiši  
smeje se in nič ne sliši  
če ga kara dedek, mama—  
Palčka je porednost sama.

Na sprehod ga mama vodi,  
v parku skače vsepovsodi  
vriska, pleše in se smeje,  
žogo meče gor na veje.

Včeraj pa zašel je v travo  
tam postavljal se na glavo,  
da bi videla ga Breda,  
ki pri mamici poseda.

“Le poglej, draga sestrična,  
kaj je telovadba mična!  
Če bi videl zdaj me dedek,  
kupil bi mi sladoledek!”

In lepo je stal na glavi  
med cveticami v travi.  
Paznik parka vse to gledal  
stopil k njemu in povedal:

“V nasadih in na trati  
mi ne smeš na glavi stati!  
Če boš pa še gazil travo,  
s pipcem ti odrežem glavo.”

K mamici je Palček zbežal  
in povedal, kako režal  
je nad njim možak postave:  
“Jaz mu že ne bom dal glave.”

\* \* \*

V šoli.

Učitelj: “France, povej mi, kaj je polž!”

France (ki se je med poukom igral s svinčniki): “Polž je gozdna zverina.”

Učitelj: “Tako—s čim se hrani?”

France (še vedno raztresen): “S tem, da lovi gozdne živali.”

Učitelj (komaj držeč smeh): “Kako jih napada?”

France (resno): “Skokoma.”

Učitelj (na ves glas smejoč): “Bravo, France! Dobro si ga pogodil!”

A. P. K.

Vera Albrechtova:

## PO METKO

Mucka mijavka, psiček laja,  
Metka nam nocoj nagaja,  
noč je že, a še ne spava,  
kar po kotih podremava.  
A nekdo gre že čez klanček,  
ga poznate, kaj? Zaspancek  
temu možu je ime:  
dolge on ima noge,  
mehke, žametne roke,  
a oči kar sam zaveže,  
tistemu, ki spat ne leže.

\* \* \*

Učiteljica: “Pepček, če boš poreden,  
te bom pa atu zatožila.”

Pepček: “Tisto pa ne smete, saj ste  
rekli, da ni lepo če se tožimo med sabo.”





# JUVENILE



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## HOW THE TINY ACORN GREW

"Little by little," the acorn said,  
 As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,  
 "I am improving every day,  
 Hidden deep in the earth away."  
 Little by little each day it grew;  
 Little by little it sipped the dew;  
 Downward it sent out a threadlike root,  
 Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.  
 Day after day, and year after year,  
 Little by little the leaves appear;  
 And the slender branches spread far  
 and wide,  
 Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,  
 "Moment by moment I'll well employ,  
 Learning a little every day,  
 And not misspending my time in play;  
 And still this rule in my mind shall  
 dwell:  
 'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'  
 Little by little I'll learn to know  
 The treasured wisdom of long ago;  
 And one of these days, perhaps, will see  
 That the world will be the better for  
 me."

## RESOLUTIONS

I'm going to try to live each day, each  
 hour,  
 With all the force and all the loving  
 power,  
 Which the Nature gave me to apply.  
 I'm going to try.

I'm going to try to live along life's way  
 To sing, to laugh, to work, to play and  
 sing,  
 To let all envy and all malice die.  
 I'm going to try.

I'm going to try to feel the life in me  
 Is but a trust which in my custody  
 Must be accounted for to mankind.  
 I'm going to try.

—Phil Osopher.

## SEE SAW MARGERY DAW

See, saw, Dorothy Shaw;  
 Giggles and fun and laughter.  
 Dorothy took  
 John Martin's book  
 And was happy ever after.

See, saw, Billy McGraw;  
 Happy boy?—Never doubt it.  
 He also took  
 John Martin's book;  
 He couldn't live without it.

## DUTCHIE AND WOG

Crossing the fields so peaceful and green with never a thought of danger, it happened that Wog's red cap was seen by the bull, who resented a stranger. Though Wog had been farming a month or more, he had never encountered this beast; nor, indeed, had he heard of a bull before—so he wasn't afraid in the least. But Dutchie cried: "Run!" when he heard the bull bellow. "I don't trust that fellow, he doesn't mean fun." So they ran, helter-skelter, to an old tree for shelter. Too late! From behind they were tossed in the air; and 'twas just by a chance Dutchie caught at a branch, or they'd both have been—goodness knows where!

As it was, he grabbed Wog by the hair, and helped him to safety 'way up in the tree. When they had recovered their breath, Wog said: "Gee! We should be with a circus instead of a farm—I don't mind looking funny if it brings me in money. What do you say? Let's join one today. It's not such hard work, and there's less chance of harm!" So they bade Farmer Giles and his creatures "Adieu," and fared forth in search of adventures new.

\* \* \*

"Pa, what's 'manipulation for a rise' mean?"

"When I pull the bedclothes off you in the morning."

\* \* \*

## A Little Twisted.

A professor attempted to teach a class of little negroes to memorize, "Be not afraid, it is I."

Professor (the following day): "Sam, what was the quotation I taught you yesterday?"

Sam (after thinking): "Don't get skeered, t'aint nobody but me."

## THE GRAMMARLOG BOY

The second month, we often hear  
Called "Feb-u-ary," and I fear  
That even you invite my blaming.  
Don't overlook the "r" which lies  
Before the "u." Now r u wise  
To Feb-ru-ary's proper naming?

In speaking of an "arid spot"  
The rhyme with "va-ried" suits it not,  
And on trained tongues is never  
carried.  
The word is "ar-id," and the rule,  
As taught in every well-kept school,  
Gives sound which makes it rhyme  
with "married."

In "area," however, we,  
Find that the sound does not agree  
With that for "ar-id" indicated.  
The proper sound for "area"  
Rhymes nicely with "ma-la-ria."  
(I think the point is quite well  
stated.)

\* \* \*

## THE MOO COW MOO

My Papa held me up to the Moo Cow  
Moo  
So close I could almost touch,  
And I fed him a couple of times or so,  
And I wasn't a fraid-cat, much.

But if my papa goes in the house,  
And my mamma she goes in too,  
I keep still like a little mouse  
For the Moo Cow Moo might Moo.

The Moo Cow's tail is a piece of rope  
All raveled out where it grows;  
And it's just like feeling a piece of soap  
All over the Moo Cow's nose.

And the Moo Cow Moo has lots of fun  
Just switching his tail about,  
But if he opens his mouth, why then  
I run,  
For that's where the Moo comes out.

# The Wind's Work

By Maud Lindsay

ONE morning Jan waked up very early, and the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was his great kite in the corner. His big brother had made it for him; and it had a smiling face, and a long tail that reached from the bed to the fireplace. It did not smile at Jan that morning though, but looked very sorrowful and seemed to say, "Why was I made? Not to stand in a corner, I hope," for it had been finished for two whole days and not a breeze had blown to carry it up like a bird in the air.

Jan jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and ran to the door to see if the windmill on the hill was at work; for he hoped that the wind had come in the night. But the mill was silent and its arms stood still. Not even a leaf turned over in the yard.

The windmill stood on a high hill where all the people could see it, and when its long arms went whirling around everyone knew there was no danger of being hungry, for then the miller was busy from morn to night grinding the grain that the farmers brought him.

When Jan looked out, however, the miller had nothing to do, and was standing in his doorway, watching the clouds, and saying to himself (though Jan could not hear him):

"Oh! how I wish the wind would blow  
So that my windmill's sails might go,  
To turn my heavy millstones round!  
For corn and wheat must both be  
ground,  
And how to grind I do not know  
Unless the merry wind will blow."

He sighed as he spoke, for he looked down in the village and saw the Baker in neat cap and apron, standing idle too.

The Baker's ovens were cold, and his trays were clean, and he, too, was watching the sky and saying:

"Oh! how I wish the wind would blow  
So that the Miller's mill might go,  
And grind me flour so fine, to make  
My good light bread and good sweet  
cake!

But how to bake I do not know  
Without the flour as white as snow."

Jan heard every word that the Baker said, for he lived next door to him; and he felt so sorry for his good neighbor that he wanted to tell him so. But before he had time to speak somebody else called out from across the street:

"Well, I'm sure I wish the wind would  
blow,  
For this is washing day, you know,  
I've scrubbed and rubbed with all my  
might,  
In tubs of foam from morning light,  
And now I want the wind to blow  
To dry my clothes as white as snow."

This was the Washerwoman who was hanging out her clothes. Jan could see his own Sunday shirt, with ruffles, hanging limp on her line, and it was as white as a snowflake, sure enough!

"Come over, little neighbor," cried the Washerwoman, when she saw Jan. "Come over, little neighbor, and help me work to day!" So, as soon as Jan had eaten his breakfast, he ran over to carry her basket for her. The basket was heavy, but he did not care; and as he worked he heard some one singing a song, with a voice almost as loud and strong as the wind.

"Oh, if the merry wind would blow,  
ho!

Yeo ho! lads, yeo ho! yeo ho!  
My gallant ship would gaily go,  
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

In freshening gales we'd loose our  
sails,  
And over the sea,  
Where blue waves dance, and sun-  
beams glance,  
We'd sail in glee,  
But winds must blow, before we go,  
Across the sea,  
Yeo ho! my lads, yeo ho!"

Jan and the Washerwoman and all the neighbors looked out to see who was singing so cheerily, and it was the Sea-captain whose white ship Jan had watched in the harbor. The ship was laden with linen and laces for fine ladies, but it could not go till the wind blew. The Captain was impatient to be off, and so he walked about town, singing his jolly song to keep himself happy.

Jan thought it was a beautiful song, and when he went home he tried to sing it himself. He did not know all the words but he put his hands in his pockets and swelled out his little chest and sang in as big a voice as he could: "Yeo ho! my lads, yeo ho!"

While he sang, something kissed him on the cheek; and when he turned to see what it was his hat spun off into the yard as if it were enchanted; and when he ran to pick his hat up he heard a whispering all through the town. He

looked up, and he looked down, and on every side, but saw nobody! At last the golden weather vane on the church tower called down:

"Foolish child, it is the wind from out of the east."

The trees had been the first to know of its coming, and they were bowing and bending to welcome it; while the leaves danced off the branches and down the hill, in a whirl of delight.

The windmill's arms whirled round, oh! so fast, and the wheat was ground into white flour for the Baker, who kindled his fires and beat his eggs in the twinkling of an eye; and he was not quicker than the Sea-captain, who loosed his sails in the fresh'ning gales, just as he had said he would, and sailed away to foreign lands.

Jan watched him go, and then ran in great haste to get his kite; for the petticoats on the Washerwoman's clothes line were puffed up like balloons, and all the world was astir.

"Now I'm in my proper place," said the kite as it sailed over the roofs of the houses, over the treetops, over the golden weather vane and even over the windmill itself. Higher, higher, higher it flew, as if it had wings; till it slipped away from the string, and Jan never saw it again, and only the wind knew where it landed at last.





## AN OLD DOGGEREL MODERNIZED

Author Unknown

ST. PETER stood guard at the golden gate,  
 With a solemn mein and air sedate,  
 When up to the top of the golden stair,  
 Maggie and Jiggs ascending there,  
 Applied for admission; they came and stood  
 Before St. Peter, so great and good;  
 In hope the city of peace to win,  
 And asked St. Peter to let them in.

Maggie was tall and dark and thin,  
 With a scraggly beardlet on her chin;  
 Jiggs was short and thick and stout,  
 And his stomach was built so it rounded out.  
 His face was pleasant and all the while  
 He wore a kindly and pleasant smile.  
 The choir in the distance the echoes woke,  
 And Jiggs kept still while Maggie spoke.

"Oh, thou, who guardest the gate," said she,  
 "We two come hither beseeching thee  
 To let us enter the heavenly land,  
 And play our harps with the angel band.  
 Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,  
 There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.  
 I've been to meetings three times a week,  
 And almost always I'd rise and speak.

I've told the sinners about the day  
 When they'd repent on their evil way;  
 I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all  
 'Bout Adam and Eve and the Primal fall.  
 I've shown them what they'd have to do  
 If they passed in with the chosen few.  
 I've marked their path of duty clear.  
 But Jiggs, here, I regret to say,  
 Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way—  
 He smokes and swears and grave faults he's  
 got.  
 So I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim  
 Or go to a revival or join in a hymn,  
 While I the sins of my neighbors bore,  
 He gaddled about with Dinty Moore.  
 He made a practice of staying out late,  
 Which is a sin all women hate;  
 But at last when he did come home

"I know him, St. Peter, know him well  
 To escape from me he'd go to hell.  
 But, St. Peter, I need him here,  
 And hope you can see your way clear.  
 On earth I bore a heavy cross;  
 Give me in heaven still Jiggs to boss.  
 I've brought my rolling pin, plates and jars  
 To keep him dodging among the stars.

"But, say, St. Peter, it seems to me  
 This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.  
 You ought to stand right by the opening there  
 And never sit down in that easy chair;  
 And, say, St. Peter, my eyes are dim  
 But I don't like the way your whiskers are  
 trimmed;  
 They're cut too wide with an outwards toss;  
 They'd look better narrow and straight across."  
 And said to the Imp who answered the bell:  
 "Escort this female around the hell!"

Slowly Jiggs turned, by habit bent,  
 To follow wherever Maggie went,  
 St. Peter, standing on duty there,  
 Saw that the top of his head was bare.  
 He called the old bock back and said:  
 "Jiggs, how long has't thou been wed?"  
 "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),  
 Then he thoughtfully added, "why?"

St. Peter was silent with head bent down,  
 He raised his head and scratched his crown;  
 As the choir in the distance the echoes woke  
 "Thirty years with that woman there!  
 Slowly half to himself he spoke:  
 No wonder the man hasn't any hair.  
 Swearing is wicked, smoking's not good;  
 He smoked and swore—I should think he  
 would.

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp—  
 Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp;  
 A jeweled harp with a golden string,  
 Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.  
 And Gabriel, give him a seat alone,  
 One with a cushion up near the throne.  
 Call up some angels to play their best,  
 For Jiggs has certainly earned a rest.

"See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;  
 He's had about all the hell he needs;  
 It isn't hardly the thing to do  
 To roast him on earth and in the future too."  
 They gave him a harp with golden strings,  
 A glittering robe and a pair of wings.  
 And Jiggs, looking down from the highest  
 level,  
 Thought of Maggie and pitied the devil."

## Outdoor Stunts

### Cross Tag

The selected player chases another player whom he will run after to catch. During the pursuit any other player may run between the pursuer and pursued and the pursuer must then run after the player who has just crossed. If two players cross together the pursuer must run after the one nearest to him.

### Twos and Threes

One player is selected to act as runner, the others all forming in a ring of pairs, one standing behind the other. In addition one three is formed. The runner must not pass inside the ring, but by running around he must touch the rear player in the three. To escape capture the latter may pass inside the ring and take up a new position in front of any two, thus putting another player in danger of capture as the rear player then becomes the rear player of three. As soon as the runner has effected a capture he may pass inside the ring and take up a position himself in front of any two, but the player he has just caught may recapture him by touching him before he reaches his new position. Otherwise the runner attempts to follow the same procedure as that of the former runner.

### The Dogs Still Wait

My grandpa notes the world's worn  
cogs,  
And says we're going to the dogs.  
His granddad in his house of logs  
Swore things were going to the dogs.  
His dad among the Flemish bogs  
Vowed things were going to the dogs.  
The cavemen in his queer skin togs  
Said things were going to the dogs.  
But this is what I wish to state—  
The dogs have had an awful wait!

\* \* \*

### Why They Waited

Caller—Won't you walk as far as the  
street car with me, Tommy?  
Tommy—I can't.  
Caller—Why not?  
Tommy—'Cause we're gonna have  
dinner as soon as you go.

### Ring Tag

The players form a circle, facing inside, with one player outside to act as runner. The runner in circling around the ring slaps a player on the back. From the place where this player was standing they race around the ring in opposite directions, back again to the same place. The runner continues in the direction in which he was originally travelling and the one who fills the gap first remains there. If the runner fails, he challenges some other player and they run again in the same way.

### Relievo

A prison is marked out by lines or by markers at each of the four corners and the players are formed into two sides. One side takes its stand in the prison and the other remains at a distance. As soon as the leader of the free side gives the signal the others come out of the prison and attempt to catch them. The object of the game is to place all the members of the free side in the prison. Any player who is free may relieve all of those in prison by running through the prison and shouting "Relievo." He may reach the prison and be caught by those on guard and he remains a prisoner himself, but one foot in the prison is enough to relieve the others. As soon as all of one side are caught they change places and resume the game.

### The Lady in Court

Judge—"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth?"

Fair Witness—"It will be just perfectly lovely if you really have the time to listen."





Dear Readers:

You can't imagine how glad I was to have so many Slovene letters in the October number of the Mladinski list in "Naš kotiček." There were exactly 14 letters and all of them quite interesting. Now I am sure that there are many of our readers and correspondents who can write in Slovene. A credit is due all of those who tried their hand in Slovene, for I am aware of the fact that it requires a great deal more time and energy to write in your mother's tongue than it does in the English. I admire your efforts and thank you sincerely for your many Slovene letters.

\* \* \*

To make the Mladinski List more interesting, I decided to invite you all to send in your snapshots or pictures of some recent event, as, for instance, snapshots of your local celebration of some importance to the Society, or merely showing some local lodge affair or picnic. Send them in and I will be glad to give them my attention and publish them in the Mladinski List in succession.

\* \* \*

Don't forget to write your next letter for Mladinski List in Slovene. I am sure your parents will gladly assist you in composing it, so that you will

be sure that your letter in Slovene will be presentable.

\* \* \*

There is but one more number of Mladinski List this year after this one, the December number. Help make it interesting and attractive. Send in your contribs early to enable us to have it off the press on time, before December 1.

The Editor.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I just made up my mind to again write to the M. L., although I have not written very many times.—I wonder what is the matter with Stella Barnick from Wyoming? The last time she wrote to me was July 2 and I received her letter July 5. On that same day she left for Lava Hot Springs in Idaho. Now she hasn't written to me since. I hope that she reads this letter in the M. L. Stella was the best correspondent girl I had, and I surely hate to break up the letter writing.

Another girl, Mollie Drabnic, hasn't written to me for about six months, either. I wonder what is the matter with her? I think Mollie is busy, and she really never wrote as often as Stella did, but when she did write, she wrote about 2½ to 3 pages.

I haven't anything else to say but that school started, and I have to study pretty hard. I will close with best regards to writers of the M. L.

Yours truly,

Mary Tibljas,

Box 103, Sugarite, New Mexico.

Dear Editor:

I am writing you a few lines to tell you that the last time I sent you jokes I didn't see them in the M. L., so I hope I will see them in the M. L. this time.

#### Old Rhyme Concerning the Wedding Day

Monday for health  
 Tuesday for wealth  
 Wednesday the best day of all  
 Thursday for losses  
 Friday for crosses  
 Saturday no luck at all.

#### Selfish

A selfish man was old black Joe,  
 Aunt Clara was even meaner;  
 They fed the baby hot-dogs, so  
 They wouldn't have to wiener.

Yours truly,

Mary Bruder,

2819 W. 10th street, Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I, too, am one of those who write for the first time in the Mladinski List, and I hope Mr. Wastepaper Basket won't eat this letter up. From now on I will try to write each month for the Mladinski List, because I enjoy reading it. I wish some members would write to me, as I would answer every letter.

Barbara Markovich,

721 E. Sheridan st., Ely, Minn.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Last month I wrote a letter to the M. L. in Slovene, so this month I thought I would write it in English.—The weather here is cold, and the leaves will soon be all gone.

Our school started Sept. 3. I like to walk to school very much. I wish the M. L. would come more often because I like to read it.

#### Winter Is Coming

Winter is coming  
 And won't it be fun,  
 Sliding and skiing  
 Up hill and down hill we go  
 Tumbling over the deepest snow.

Agnes Ostanek,

Box 4, Traunik, Mich.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Some time ago I received a letter from a girl by the name of Mary Strah. She is a very nice girl, and I answered her letter soon.—I think the Mladinski List is a very interesting magazine. We can hardly wait till it comes. Mary asked me if I go to school. I am in the sixth grade in the public school.

There is an English-speaking lodge in Johnstown, and my father said all the children could join.—I hope all the children enjoy school. I would like to see some more girls write to me.

Anna Bukovec,

R. D. No. 2, Box 111, Johnstown, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I am going to do my best with it. There are ten in our family and we all belong to the Lodge No. 607 SNPJ, of which my father is the president and my brother is secretary. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade in school. There are five of us who go to school at the present. I have two brothers and one sister who are married. My mother has from 200 to 300 chickens to take care of.

Now I will close my letter, wishing some of the girls and boys would write to me.

Ruth Turner,

Box 235, Byesville, Ohio.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. because it has so many good stories and jokes. My parents, my brother and I belong to the SNPJ. My brother is 16 years of age and in the 10th grade in school; I am 9 years old and in the 9th grade.

I wish that more members would write to me. I would gladly answer them back. I will now close wishing best regards to all brothers and sisters and readers of the M. L., remaining a member,

Anna Marnich,

Box 4, Frederick, Colo.

\*

Dear Editor:

I go to sixth grade in school, and this is my first letter to the M. L. My teacher's name is Mr. Patterson. He is a man teacher and I like him for a teacher. We talk all we want to, he doesn't say anything. We have lots of fun. I was 11 years old on October 26, 1929. At the present I am learning Slovene and maybe I will write a Slovene letter next time. Now I will give you a joke:

#### Smart Boy.

"I was the only boy who answered a question in school today that the teacher asked," said Harry.

"I am proud of you," said his mother. I am glad that you pay attention and learn so rapidly. What was the question?" asked the mother.

Harry: "Who broke the glass vindow?"

Yours truly,

Angeline Bartolich,

Midway, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I decided to write to the M. L. for I have promised at the beginning of the term that I would write every month. But I didn't do it, did I?—I have been in the SNPJ lodge for 12 years and I am 13 years old now. I am very very proud of the Lodge. Aren't you? Yes, of course.—Our school began the day after Labor day. I am in the 8th grade.—I am very sorry that Bro. Jože Zavertnik died. He has been so good to the Society and has done much for it.

Here I have two poems I thought up:

**The Robin's Lulaby**

On green branches swinging, swinging,  
The robin is singing,  
Singing a goodbye to all.

**The Little Patriot March**

Ready! Boys and girls, march away  
To the Juvenile Department gladly  
And eagerly we obey, never to depart.

Please brothers and sisters write to me.

**Rose Jane Beniger,**  
R. D. No. 1, Export, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am 16 years of age and this is the first time I have written to the M. L. There are two of us in our family and my parents, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 530, at Amherstdale, W. Va. Recently we have moved to Leslie, W. Va.—I wish some of the members would write to me. Yours truly,

**Matt. Rebitch**  
Box 192, Leslie, W. Va.

\*

Dear Editor:

I belong to the "Simon Gregorčič" Lodge No. 60, SNPJ, and this is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade in school. We are having good times with music in our hall twice a month. Here's a poem:

**When Pa Goes Fishing**

When Pa goes fishing,  
He feels the best;  
He gets some fish,  
And takes a rest.

He smokes his pipe,  
An' clears the fish;  
He tells us stories  
Of great, big fish.

Pa made some lunch,  
For it was a dish  
For the rest of the bunch  
To eat the fish.

**Matthew Hribar,**  
Box 3, Lloydell, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Our school started on Sept. 3, and I was very glad of it, for this will keep us children busy learning. I love school.—I wish that Mary Gregorin of Little Falls, N. Y., would write once in a while in the M. L. too, as I have never seen her name in it.

My best wishes to all the readers of the Mladinski List.

**Mary Mihelcic,**  
Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am sending a few lines to be published in the M. L. which I thought were all right.

**In Elmhurst**

What is the land?  
Bugs.  
What is the atmosphere?  
Fogs.  
What do you live on?  
Hogs.  
Any other animal?  
Dogs.  
Etc., etc.

**Josephine Pavlovich,** Bridgeport, Ohio.

\*

Dear Editor:

I like the M. L. and think it is a wonderful magazine. This is my first letter to the M. L. There are seven of us in our family and all belong to the SNPJ. Now I am in the fourth grade in school. I surely do like to read the stories, jokes and poems in our magazine.

I wish some of the girls would write to me.

**Pauline Klinc,** R. No. 1, Bonanza, Ark.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the M. L. I can read in Slovene, but not write. I have two brothers and one sister. On Sunday, September 15, my oldest brother, John Lach, almost got killed. He was riding on a motorcycle, while Glen Harries was riding in back. They were going 60 miles an hour. They were both thrown, by luck, in the sand, so they escaped serious injuries. All at once the motor stopped. John got burned on his feet, and Olen got his arm skinned. After the accident John decided to sell the "wheel," and sold it for \$5.00.

**Albin Lach,** Box 73, Beaver, Wis.

\*

Dear Editor:

I hope that you don't throw this letter in the wastebasket. I started school on September 16. Our school burned down and now we have to walk to school one mile distant. We have a new school built, but there are only four rooms. We have had a good time on September 14 when our club had a party.

I hope Collinsburgers would wake up, and I hope Jennie Peternel would write again, and John Shink, also Justine Pevec.

**Matilda J. Krizner,**

RDF No. 2, Box 117, West Newton, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

Our school started on September 3 and I was glad that it did start. Our club had a good time on Sept. 14. Our school burned down in February, but I forgot to write about it. John Shink of our town wrote about it.—Wake up, members, wake up. Make the M. L. bigger.

I hope some of the members would write to me.

**Emma Krizner,**

RFD No. 2, Box 117, West Newton, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

I have been reading the M. L. for over a year now, and will give my opinion of it.

Some thoughtful member previously mentioned that the M. L. would be much better if some persons would refrain from giving their life history and describing their facial appearance.

I would like some members to write about the working conditions in their vicinity, especially the conditions in the coal fields and the textile mills.

Now I will mention about the conditions in Sunny California. It is very sunny, but a little too sunny when we are picking the world famous Santa Clara Valley plums. The children do not have as much fun here as most persons think. At the age of four they start picking plums (prunes). They commence picking at four-thirty in the morning, and quit at seven-thirty. A person has to crawl over the ground all day when picking prunes. The worst part of it is that prune time comes when we are having our summer vacation.

Since this is the only letter from California, I think it should be published in the Mladinski List.

**Josephine Marcella,**

R. 1, Box 96-A, Mt'n. View, Cal.

\*

Dear Editor:

I didn't see any letters from Milwaukee, Wis., so I decided to write one. This is my first letter to the M. L. Come on people of Wisconsin, get busy and write. The M. L. is a monthly magazine now, but we'll make it a weekly. I like to read the magazine and I can hardly wait until it comes.

There are four in our family: father, mother, brother and I. We all belong to the Lodge No. 16 SNPJ. I am 11 years old and in the

7th grade. My brother is in the fifth grade. I know how to read and write in Slovene a little, but I can talk and understand it.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters.

**Stella A. Krainz,**

282 Madison street, Milwaukee, Wis.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am a new member of the SNPJ and this is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the magazine, and I think it is the "first and best" magazine ever published. I am 13 years of age and in the 8th grade in school. Here is a little verse:

Six little mice set down to spin,  
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.  
"What are you at, my little men?  
Making coats for gentlemen?  
Shall I come in and help you to spin?"  
"Oh, no, Mrs. Pussy, you'll bite off our heads."  
"No, I will not, I will help you to spin."  
"That may be so, but you don't come in!"

This is all I have to write this time. I wish to say that if every member would write a letter about this long, the M. L. would be much enlarged. If any members wish to write to me, my address is:

**Milka Dobrich, Box 9, Haywood, W. Va.**

\*

Dear Editor:

This is the second time I am writing to the M. L. I had a little time and so I thought I'd write a few lines. Of course, it only takes but a few minutes.

I certainly was glad to hear from Geo. Kezele and wish he'd keep it up.—Here are a few jokes:

Customer: Can't you shave the price a bit?

Clerk: This is a store not a barber shop.

Coroner: And what were your husband's last words, madam?—Widow: He said, "I don't see how they make much profit on this stuff at a dollar and quarter a quart."

**Andy Popish,**

3563 Chestnut street, Denver, Colo.

\*

Dear Editor:

I read the M. L. and am very much interested in it. I have not seen any letters from Broughton for a long time, so I thought I would write. I wish some of the girls and boys from Broughton would write. I have a few jokes for the readers of the M. L.:

**Both Loaded.**

Judge: "What brought you here?"

Culprit: "Those two policemen."

Judge: "Drunk, I suppose."

Culprit: "Yes, sir, both of them."

**All He Had.**

Wife: "What do you mean by dragging those muddy feet in here?"

Husband: "'Scuse me, m'dear (hic); didn't have any othersh t' bring. Had hard time gettin' theesh in."

**Lucille Faraone,**  
Box 351, Broughton, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

I have read the Mladinski List and I think it is very interesting. I have two sisters, Angella and Josephine, and four brothers, Tony, Johnnie, Albert and Ruddle. My mother died eight years ago. My father is living. Now I have five step-sisters and two step-brothers. I am now in the 8th grade in school and go to Stone City school, Dist. 105. We sure have a good time.

I am 14 years old. I wish the M. L. would come more often than it does. We had a big supper at the end of last month in our school. Next time I'll write more. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me. I belong to the Lodge No. 19 SNPJ.

**Lucy Potochnik,** Cherokee, Kansas.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am sending a few "puzzles" because I think they are interesting:

**Jumbled Words.**

1.	R	A	T	S
2.	T	I	E	R
3.	D	E	L	S
4.	L	I	A	R

The answers are: 1. Arts; 2. Tire; 3. Sled; 4. Rail.

There are the names of three colors in this sentence. See if you can find them? "Don't dare drop ink on her dress or Angela will be angry."—The answer is simple: red, pink and orange.

**Mary Stroy,**  
824 Arnolda ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I have written to this interesting magazine twice this year and I've decided to write again. I think this magazine is so interesting it should come every week instead of every month. I hope this letter escapes the waste basket.—Here is a poem:

**Halloween Night Tale**

I was coming home from a neighbor on Halloween.

I saw sights no one before had ever seen.  
Big, black cats, with eyes shining and round,  
Walking through the night, without making  
a sound.

Tall, bony figures, all flowing in white,  
And soft, feathery owls, hooting in the night.

I saw a black witch fly on a broom thru the air.

I made such a swish! it gave me a scare.  
I tripped on a jack-o-lantern, sitting in the road,

The candle went out, and off my shoulders was lifted a load.

The moon came out, bright and shining,  
And I came home with my face a-smiling.

**Josephine Cebull,**  
Box 29, Klein, Montana, Lodge No. 132.

P. S.—I hope some of the members would write to me.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

This time I am going to tell you about a trip to Colorado Springs on Sept. 1. My mother and father also went.

We saw the Seven Falls, which are close to 300 ft. high. There are steps provided by which one may go to the top of the Falls; so we went up.

When we got up on top we found a trail, and followed it. We soon saw a sign that said that the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson was nearby. We kept on going and soon came to a sign that said that the grave was an hour's round-trip off. Father didn't want to go any farther, so he went on top of a very large rock to wait for mother and me. We followed the trail and found that it was quite steep and rough. Finally we came to a place where the walking was easier.

In a short time we came upon an open space in the woods. There were widely spaced trees. The ground was bare. The grave was situated here.

The grave itself is only a pile of rocks. The pile is in the shape of a pyramid. It is covered with bits of paper, with the names of those who visited the grave.

The next thing we did was to walk up Williams' Canyon to the Cave of the Winds. The canyon is a slope all the way. When one first starts up, there are hills on both sides that come down in the form of a V. After going up the canyon farther, the walls rise almost straight up. In one place, overhanging rocks almost touch each other. There is a road for

cars going up. The walls are very beautiful. White, with green plants over it, hiding the bare face. Holes in it, black against the stark white. Red and pink tints all over. Overhanging rocks, making great holes in the sides of the cliffs. Little chipmunks dashing away, climbing almost straight up.

Looking at the sky it seems as if it was a stream, winding around, as it looks so narrow.

We came to about a fourth of a mile from the Cave of the Winds. We didn't go in because we were afraid of missing our train. So we went down. Cars are only allowed to go up William's Canyon, and down on another road. In other words, a circle route.

When we went down, we came to a sign that said that Serpentine drive was just ahead. And believe me, it was just like a serpent! Just exactly like gigantic steps. The road just zigzagged down the mountain. The scenery was beautiful. The whole town of Manitou could be seen. And it is a pretty good size town.

We finally got to Manitou and took a street-car to Colorado Springs. There we took the train for home. When we arrived we were tired after walking all that distance. But we were happy just the same, thinking that the day was well spent.

I think that your time is well spent to go out and see what nature has done.

Yours truly,

Joe Hochevar.

Dear Editor:

Whoopie! Soccer football season is here. Fitz-Henry soccer eleven opened their season, Sept. 15, playing a tie game with Jeanette Rovers. After 90 minutes of hard fight the game ended with the score: 1-1. On Sept. 22 our team beat Dunlenny 2 to 1; Sept. 29, Sunnyside Rovers, champ of last year, Pitt Press Monongahela league beat our team, after hard and fast game on muddy field. The score was 3 to 0. Fitz-Henry will play every Sunday; one Sunday home and one away. I think it is going to be a hard competition till the last game Dec. 15.

Five Slovene boys are playing on Fitz-Henry team, two of them are my brothers, all members of the SNPJ.

Your truly,

Henry Indof, Box 378, Smithton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Here is the continuation of the story "The Mystery of the Diamond Necklace" from last month:

### The Mystery of the Diamond Necklace.

"Could it be Nick?"

The search went on but no clue was to be found. Shirley wept over the loss of her valuable piece of jewelry. The members of the party departed with the thought in mind to capture the thief of the missing necklace.

The next morning it was broadcasted throughout the town that the person who captured the thief would receive \$3000 as a reward.

Meanwhile, Nick was called out of town to attend business matters in a neighboring city. Mr. Mason, Shirley's father, telephoned Nick's home but to his astonishment he was told by the butler that Nick left town that morning and would not return for several weeks.

Mr. Mason employed Don Dawson (the pretended detective) to go to the home of Nick Carr and searched his possessions.

On the arrival of Mr. Mason and Don, at Nick's home, they found his room very much in disorder. This led Mr. Mason to believe that Nick was the thief because of the position of his room. They searched the room but found no traces as to the disappearance of the valuable necklace and decided that Nick had taken it with him.

The next thing that flashed into the mind of Don, was to find Nick and take the case to court. In the morning paper a great deal of space was devoted to clues in reference to the necklace.

In the meantime Don, Nick's enemy, went to his gang of crooks and told them of the necklace. Among his gang was one, Harold Rodgers, who pretended to be on Don's side, but yet was doing everything in his power to get the necklace from Don and have him put in jail and serve punishment. Don took the necklace from the safe in the wall of his apartment and said to his gang, "It will be a pretty clever fellow who gets this from me."

Don went to Mr. Mason and told him the only thing he knew to do now was to go and get Nick and have him put in jail. Mr. Mason thought it was a clever plan so he made arrangements to go to the city in which Nick was.

Nick, not knowing anything about the necklace, returned one evening unexpected, to get something he had forgotten.

(To be continued.)

Best regards to all,

Carolina Krantz,

Franklin Boro, Conemaugh, Pa.