

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

RAZSVETLJENO OKNO

POVŠOD je tema, povšod je mir,
le muren še criča svoj glasni cri-cri.
Po temni poti, skoz pozni večer
samoten še človek hiti.

V vseh oknih tema, le v enem še luč gori,
le v eni sobi je še svetlo.
Mogoče očeta še z dela ni,
in mati ga čaka in luč gori—
in nagli koraki skoz noč gredo.

V vseh oknih tema, le v enem še luč gori.
Mogoče je zbolel otrok, pa materi je hudo,
mogoče že tri noči ob bolnem otroku bedi,
v skrbeh in trpljenju nad njim sloni in ihti
in čaka očeta, ki pride z nočjo.

V vseh oknih tema, le v enem še luč gori.
Mogoče otrok že umira—kdo vedel bi to—,
mogoče že mati nad mrtvim otrokom ihti,
očeta čaka, a njega še ni—
hitreje, glasneje koraki domov gredo.

Povšod je tema, že davno minil je večer.
Le oče, le oče domov hiti.
Samo njegov korak moti brezdanji mir,
in muren še plaho toži: kri-kri . . .

Gustav Strniša:

Živ-žav

ŽIVEL je mladi vrabec Živžav. Bil je zelo živahen in vesel. Vedno je letal okoli in kričal: "Živ-žav!" Zato se ga je prijelo to ime.

Na cesti je razsajala burja in se borila s snegom, ki je divje naletaval. Na mejici je čepel Živžav in opazoval snežene kosmiče. Zeblo ga je. Snežinke so mu pa bile tako po godu, da kar odleteti ni hotel.

Naposled se je vrabec vendar naveležal. Zletel je pod streho, kjer je gnezdila njegova družina.

"O, kako si lep! Čisto bel si!" je pozdravila vrabca njegova sestričina, vrabulja Čivka.

"Ali res? Da sem lep? Poglej no, poglej!" se je vzradostil Živžav. Že se je zbudila domišljavost v njegovem drobnem srcu.

"Poglej se!" mu je svetoval bratec Čivčič. Povabil ga je na sivo podstrešje, kjer je ležalo med staro šaro ubito zrcalo.

Vrabček se je v njem ogledal. Res je bil lepo bel.

"Rad bi vedno imel tak kožušček!" je dejal in zletel med svoje tovariše.

Sneg se je pa kmalu stajal na njegovem hrbtu. Ko je spet poletel k zrcalu, je videl, da je rjav kakor vsi njegovi bratci.

Živžav se je znova pognal v sneženi metež.

"Tako dolgo bom ostal na snegu, da se me popolnoma prime njegov beli plašček, saj sem tako lep v njem!" je čivkal vrabec in hotel sestiti na živo mejo.

"Poglej mene! Kako sem lepo snežno bel! Iz samega snega sem narejen. Kar k meni pridi in mi sedi na ramo! Snega je dovolj!" je začul vrabec sneženega moža, ki je stal za hišo.

"I, saj res!" je zakričal Živžav in zletel k snežencu.

"Kar pri meni ostani, bo krajši čas!" je dobrodušno menil beli mož in pomežiknil s svojimi ogljenimi očmi.

"Ali bom ostal vedno bel?" je poizvedoval vrabec.

"E, bel boš pač ostal, če boš dolgo na snegu. Bel ostal pa ne boš nikoli!" je začul odkritosrčni odgovor.

"Hm, hm! E, kaj bo vedel ta sneženi meh, ki samo tu za hišo stoji s staro metlo v roki in gleda predse kakor bi bil vso modrost iz rešeta popil! Mi vrabci smo modrejši! Mi letimo okoli in kaj vidimo! Ta starina pa tukaj čepi in čaka na smrt!" je modroval vrabčič.

Sneženi mož je molčal. Kar je vedel, je bil povedal. Zdaj se je mirno zagledal v zimsko pokrajino pred seboj. Zadovoljen je bil. Čez noč je padlo toliko snega, da je mož ne vede zrasel kar za pol pedi.

Vrabec je nekaj časa mirno čepel. Sneg mu je bil že popolnoma pobelil hrbet. Vse hujši in hujši mraz ga je stresal, vendar je vztrajal.

Še enkrat se je oglasil sneženi mož. Njegove oči so dobrohotno pogledale vrabca, ko je počasi izpregovoril:

"Trma ptičja! Ubogaj me! Bel ne boš ostal. Pač pa lahko zmrzneš tu na meni. Vidiš, meni mraz dobro de, a tebi škodi. Vrni se med svoje domače, še je čas!"

Živžav se je ujezil:

"Zdaj me pa še proč podiš? Dobro, pa pojem!" Zletel je na živo mejo.

Sneženec mu ni odgovoril. Vsak ima svojo pamet, je pomislil s svojimi mrzlimi možgani.

Trmasti ptiček je dolgo čepel na mejici. Mraz ga je kar stresal. Mislil pa je samo na lepo belo suknjico, ki jo bo nosil in vztrajal je.

Zazdelo se mu je, da je suknjica že tako debela, da ga kar teži.

Počasi mu je postalo toplo. Začutil je trudnost. Sklenil je nekoliko zadremati. Zaprl je oči.

Drugi dan pa je videl sneženi mož vrabca mrtvega na tleh. Imel je popolnoma belo suknjico, ki je bila primrznila nanj in ga je stala življenje.



Samuel Haepert: DELO V KUHINJI

Manfred Kyber:

Mati

(Prevedel Mile Klopčič)

V PEHARJU na podstrešju je ležala mačja mamica z dvema mačjima otrokoma. Otroka sta prišla na svet šele pred nekaj dnevi, pa sta bila še zelo nebogljenata—majhne tačke sta imela, ki jim je zmerom spodrsnilo, in nesorazmerno veliki glavi s slepimi očmi, ki so iskaje rile v trebušni kožuh mačke—mamice. Zelo čudna sta bila tadva otroka. Toda mački sta se zdela nad vse lepa, saj sta bila vendar njena otroka—prvi tigrovsko siv in črn kakor ona sama, torej lepota, kakor lahko brez hinavske skromnosti rečeno—drugi otrok pa cel papa, ki je bil pisan in je imel elegantne bele hlače, bele rokavice in piko na nosu, in ki je tako lepo prepeval. Kako sta obadva očarljivo prepevala v prvih marčnih večerih v vrtu, dvoglasno, in koliko genljivih pesmi . . . Popolnoma razumljivo je, da sta tadva otroka z majhnimi, spolzkimi tačicami in velikima glavama postala tako izredno lepa stvora, ne samo mačici, kar je že samo na sebi višek, kakor ve to vsak, ne, pač pa mačja otroka, kakršnih svet še ni videl! Ponosno se je mačka stegnila kvišku in opazovala, ljubeznivo mrmrajoč, oba mala čudeža njenega sveta.

Sicer pa je bilo to prijetno podstrešje v vsakem pogledu pravi kraj, ves tih in samoten. Mehak pehar, poln sena, topel in sploh pripraven za prve plezalne poizkušnje, mnogo razvlake krog in krog, polne napetosti in razkritij, prijazno razsvetljene od majske mesečine, ki je prežala skozi okence, prostrane ravni za igranje, in potem—kakšen znamenit mišji okraj, kako prostrano polje za strokovno izobrazbo poklicnih zmožnosti!

“Naj no grem kar sama pogledat za miši,” je rekla mačka. “Otroka spita in majhna sprememba mi bo dobro dela, vzgoja otrok je težavno delo. Zdi se mi pa tudi, da sem nekam lačna.”

Mačka je vstala s senenega ležišča, obliznila hitro še enkrat oba otroka in odšla ob zabojih in košarah po tihih podplatih ter vohala. Takole vohati in stikati za miši—to je še zmerom nekaj prijetno razburljivega, pa čeprav si že nekoliko v letih.

Iznenada pa—ali ni tu nekdo zašumel? Ali ni prijetno po miših zadišalo? Kaj ni bil to tisti imenitni vonj, ki ga mačji srnček nikoli ne zgreši? Še nekaj previdnih korakov v žametnih copatkah—tega ji nihče ni znal posnemati—in že je stala pred mišjim gnezdom, v katerem sta ležala dva gola mladiča.

“Samo mladiča?” je pomislila mačka; “potemtakem so bile pa žametne copatke kar odveč, tadva ne znata ne tekati ne videti. Jedva da je sploh vredno, dva majhna grizljaja, nič več. Pa kljub temu bi bilo dobro, za okrepitev tako rekoč . . .”

Hotela je pograbit. A nekaj v nji je izpregovorilo.

“Ne tekati ne videti ne znata, popolnoma tako kot tvoja dva otroka. Čisto brez pomoči sta in mati je najbrže mrtva. Tako nebogljenata sta kot tvoja dva otroka, kadar te ni pri njiju. Res, da sta miši, vendar sta majhni miši, zelo majhni, otroka sta pač—kaj ne, saj veš, kaj so otroci?”

Tako je govorila materinska ljubezen v nji in govorila je ljubezen do vsega, njen bodoči duh. Duh govori le v materinski ljubezni, ki je zelo velika, tako velika kakor materinska ljubezen mačke, zakaj ta je ena največjih.

“Kaj ne, saj ti veš, kaj so otroci?” je izpraševal glas.

Mačka se je sklonila h gnezdu, zgrabila previdno z zobmi eno miško ter jo odnesla v svoj pehar. Potem se je vrnila in prenesla še drugega mladiča. Oba je vzela na prsi in ju dojila, dojila skupaj s svojima dvema mačicama.

Mali miški sta bili že napol premrli, a kmalu sta se ogreli v trebušnem kožuščku matere mačke. Varni sta se čutili pri materi in nista slutili, da je ta mati mačja mati. Kako bi neki vedeli? Bili sta slepi in nebogljeni. Nad njima je varujoče ležala mehka, žametna mačja šapica.

Mačja otroka sta rasla in rasla sta mišja otroka; vsi so spregledali in prvo, kar so zagledali, je bila ista mati in ista velika materinska ljubezen.

Bili so otroci in so se skupaj igrali in majsko solnce je kukalo skozi okno ter se igralo z njimi. In solnce je spredlo zlat venec okrog glave mačje matere.

Ta dogodba je resnična dogodba. Samo da je majhna in vendar zelo velika. Nov svet je bil rojen v nji od neznatnega bitja in v siromašni podstrešni kamri. Tudi ne bo zmerom tako, še dolgo ne, in vendar je velik dogodek, da se je to pripetilo. Zakoni starega sveta so močni in težki, a premagani bodo stopnjo za stopnjo, zakaj vse-ljubezen je živa sila v duši te zemlje. Počasi, zelo počasi se poraja iz starega novi svet. In to se je po siromašnih podstrešnih kamrah že pogostokrat dogodilo, ne da bi ljudje kaj vedeli o tem. Ljudje tako malo vedo, najmanj pa vedo tisti, ki menijo, da vedo mnogo.

Majsko solnce pa je vedelo, česar ljudje ne vedo. Kajti spletlo je zlat venec okrog glave mačje matere.

Anton Fakin:

Kako sta Tonček in Jožek pekla veverico

KDO še ni z veseljem gledal lahkonoge veverice v tihem gozdu, kjer razkazuje svoje spretnosti in umetnosti bolje nego Strohschneider ali slovenski akrobati—fanti z Ježice. Vedno je vesela, živahna in razposajena; nikdar ne miruje, vsak hip je pripravljena na tek in skok. Na istem mestu ne more biti dolgo, vsak čas si najde novega opravila. Poglejmo jo, ko je pravkar priplezala po deblu navzdol! Objestno poskoči zdaj sem, zdaj tja, povoha to, povoha ono; a zraven se še plaho ozira na vse strani.

Ko pa najde lešnik, oreh ali češarek, sede na zadnje noge in privihne košati rep, a s prednjima nogama, kjer ima krnasta palca, drži lešnik in ga suka

na vse strani ter dolbe z dletastimi sekavci-glodači. Kmalu pa izpusti lešnik in se začne lizati in umivati; potem spet popade lešnik in zoblje sladko jedrce. Ko pa kaj zaškrkne, ga vrže proč in kakor misel šine v vrh drevesa, kjer bliskovo pleza zdaj od drevesa do drevesa—prav gotovo tako, če ne še boljše, kakor Tarzan v džungli.

To ljubko živalco, ki razveseljuje naš gozd in nas s svojim obnašanjem spominja nekoliko na opice, sta šla Tonček in Jožek v nedeljo popoldne lovit.

Dogovorila sta se, da Tonček poišče in ujame veverico, Jožek pa nabere suhljadi, zakuri ogenj in pripravi raženj.

Ko dospeta v gozd, se vsak loti svojega dela; Jožek prične nabirati suhljadi, a Tonček pa stikati po gozdu in iskati veverice.

Po kratkem stikanju zagleda Tonček krasno črnorjavo in spodaj belo veverico, ki pa je bila v tem hipu vrhu drevesa, kakor da bi bila uganila Tončkovo namero. Ker je stalo drevo precej osamljeno, je bil Tonček prepričan, da jo ujame na drevesu, zato spleza na drevo. Ko pripleza v bližino veverice, se ta, videč, da ji je Tonček zastavil



pot po deblu, spusti po zraku na tla. Pri tem se je opirala s svojim košatim repom na zrak in zaradi tega padala počasi tako, da se je na tleh nalahko ujela na noge. Vse to je Tonček čudeč se opazoval, a jezilo ga je, da mu je ušla na drugo drevo.

Tončku ni preostajalo zdaj drugega kakor spraviti se spet na tla in splezati na ono drevo. Veje sosednjih dreves so segale do vej tega drevesa. Nato spleza Tonček na to drevo, a veverica se je pognala na sosednje drevo in zvedavo opazovala Tončka. Tonček je bil uren in drzen fantek, zato si misli: "Če si ti, živalca, preskočila s tega drevesa na ono drevo, zakaj ne bi jaz, ki sem junak; saj segajo veje obeh dreves v krono drug drugemu!" In v tem hipu se prime za vejo dotičnega drevesa in zakoleba proti njemu; a veja je bila prešibka, zlomi se in Tonček pade na tla. Sreča, da so bile veje goste, ki so ga zadrževale pri padanju, a vendar je priletel na tla ves opraskan, posebno okrog ust je bil ves krvav.

To je Tončka tako preplašilo, da je sklenil pustiti veverico in poiskati prijatelja, ki je bil med tem že vse pripravil, kakor sta se bila dogovorila.

Ko je Jožek zagledal Tončka, ki je bil od strahu ves prepaden, ga vpraša: "Tonček, kje pa imaš veverico?" Ta se pa opogumi in odgovori: "Snedel sem jo, saj vidiš, da sem okoli ust ves krvav."

Nato pogasita ogenj, podereta raženj in se napotita domov. Med potjo je opisal Tonček ves dogodljaj. Veveric pa nista šla od tistega časa nikdar več lovit.

KOROŠKIM FANTOM

(Narodna)

H EJ fantje, zimzelen za klobuk,
pa hajd po kralja Matjaža.
Na vratih vas čaka orjaški hajduk,
on je Matjaževa straža.

Hajduk vršič zimzelenov ima,
Matjaževa vojska ima ga.
In zimzelen lepše vsak dan zeleni
in srd se množi na sovraga.

Hej fantje, zimzelen za klobuk,
le vas kralj Matjaž še čaka.
Na steni zdaj meč njegov ne visi,
v strup ga hajduk že namaka.

(M. K.)

Anna P. Krasna:

Uboge žabe

IMELE so tako prijetno in udobno lužo, da bi jim jo lahko zavidal ves žabji rod, če bi vedel zanjo. V miru in žabji sreči so uživale to posebno naklonjenost, ki jim jo je podarila dobra mati narava. Niti na misel jim ni nikdar prišlo, da bo znabiti kdaj drugače, da se bodo morale umakniti iz svoje naravne lastnine. In kako naj bi tudi slutile kaj takega, ko pa so bile samo žabe in niso čitale časopisov in ne hodile poslušat važnih razpravljanj, ki so bile v teku v velikem poslopju bližnjega mesta? Ako bi se bile za te stvari pobrigale, bi se mogoče znale zavaroovati pred razočaranji, ki so jih morale pozneje doživeti.

V velikem poslopju v mestu so namreč po daljših debatah in prerekanjih zaključili, da leži pod hribi okrog mesta zakopano neizmerno bogastvo in so sklenili, da prično to bogastvo izkopavati. Gospodje, ki so dognali vso to stvar, seveda niso mislili s tem, da bodo oni sami vihteli krampe in lopate, da spravijo zaklade na dan. Ko so rekli: "bomo kopali," so imeli v mislih črne premogarje, katere so tudi kmalu dobili in udinjali ter tako pričeli izvajati svoje načrte glede zakladov, ki so dolga stoletja mirno počivali pod zelenimi hribi.

Kakor krti so se zarili črni rudarji v hribe in bogastvo so vozili na dan v ogromnih kupih. Dolge vrste tovornih vlakov so prihajale in odhajale, lokomotive so puhale, vreščale in ropotale, da je bilo uboge žabe v udobni luži med dvema hriboma kar strah in groza. Spočetka so mislile, da je to kakšne nove vrste nevihta in so potrpežljivo in trepetajoč čakale, da se jezna narava spet umiri. Sčasoma pa so uvidele, da te čudne nevihte neče biti konec, da celo narašča in se ne ozira niti na solnce niti na dež. Vse dni je puhalo, tulilo

in škripalo mimo nekoč mirne žabje luže, tako da si revice skoro niso upale več na solnce.

Brez solnca pa tudi žabe ne morejo dolgo živeti, zato so se polagoma udale v nemilo usodo in so pričele skakati iz luže na kopno tudi med ropotajočo in piskajočo nevihto, ki je drvela mimo ob vseh mogočih urah, podnevi in ponoči. Bilo je res skrajno neprijetno življenje in mnogim so živci tako oslabei, da si niti regljati niso več upale. A koncem koncev je na svetu že tako urejeno, da se morajo celo žabe prilagoditi novemu tempu življenja okrog sebe, če niso bile pravočasno dovolj modre in podjetne, da bi branile svoje žabje pravice. In so žabe, prepozno sicer, a vendarle dodobra doumele vso stvar ter so sklenile, da se vzlic vsemu ne bodo umaknile iz svoje luže. Zbrale so vso svojo žabjo vztrajnost in pogumnost in so ostale v svojem starem bivališču. Na to svoje žabje junaštvo so bile nemalo ponosne, kajti vedele so, da niso vse žabe in vsi blatogazci tako neustrašeni.

Časi pa se, kakor vemo, vedno spreminjajo in žabam ni v tem oziru tudi nič prizanešenega. Komaj so se uboge reve nekoliko umirile in oddahnile od prvih grenkih razočaranj, že jih je presenetilo novo, docela nepričakovano razočaranje, ki je obetal biti najžalostnejše poglavje v zgodovini žabjega rodu, ki je prebival v udobni luži med dvema hriboma.

Lepega dne so miroljubne naše znanke dobile posetnike, ki niso bili navadnim žabam čisto nič podobni, a po luži so znali bloditi in mešati kakor prave pravcate žabe. Prihajali so čedalje bolj pogosto in v vedno večjem številu in uboge žabice so jim morale rade ali nerade odstopati čezdalje več in več prostora v luži. Stisnile so se v najbolj plitve in blatne kote upajoč, da bo teh

obiskov enkrat konec in bodo potem spet nemoteno uživale svojo preostalo žabjo srečo in zadovoljnost. Pa so se žal britko zmotile. Kričavi in razposajeni posetniki so bili prav tako vztrajni kot one same. Zdelo se je, da si hočejo lužo prilastiti in žabe pregnati. In pri tem poslu so bili nekateri naravnost kruti. Lovili so krotke in plašne žabe, jih mučili, metali v vodo in blato in sploh uganjali vsakojake burke z njimi.

Žabe so se čutile prešibke, da bi protestirale proti veliki krivici, ki se jim je godila in so sklenile, da se mirno umaknejo iz svoje priljubljene luže. In so tudi tako storile. Udobna žabja domovina pa je bila odslej kopališče rudarskih otrok—je to še danes in bo vse dotlej, da bo svet urejen tako, da ne bo treba otrokom črnih rudarjev kratiti ubogim žabam njih naravnih pravic . . .

IZPRAŠEVALNICA

(Narodna)

HEJ, pastirci, dam ženimo!
 Še pasimo, še pasimo!
 Kaj bomo delali?
 Lešnike tolkli.
 Kje je pa kladivo?
 Tam za grmom.
 Kje pa je tisti grm?
 Koza ga je snedla.
 Kje pa je koza?
 V vodo je skočila.
 Kje je pa voda?
 Golobčki so jo spili.
 Kje so pa golobčki?
 Gospoda jih je snedla.
 Kje je ta gospoda?
 Kje je ta gospoda?!

Vrh Grintovca je šla
 in doli je skočila,
 kosti si polomila,
 di-draj-la la la la

(M. K.)

Mile Klopčič:

V SPOMINSKO KNJIGO

PA naj življenje še tako trdo koraka,
 mladega človeka vendarle še vse na svetu čaka.
 Treba je samo—kljub vsemu!—dobre volje
 in v hudih urah misliti: "Bo že še bolje!"

Manfred Kyber:

Balduin Brumc

(Prevedel Mile Klopčič)

HROŠČ Balduin Brumc in njegova žena Zuzuma Brumčevka sta legla spat v čašo tulipana. Tulipan je bil rdeč, ker živci gospe Zuzume Brumčevke niso mogli prenesti tulipanov, ki bi bili drugačne barve. Posebno rumenih gospa Brumčevka ni marala. Samo na sebi je bilo to pač vseeno, zakaj stemnilo se je že in barv že ni bilo mogoče popolnoma razlikovati. Toda kar se tiče gospe Brumčevke, zanjo ni bila nobena stvar vseeno.

Balduin Brumc je potegnil svojih šest nožic pod svoje telesce ter sklenil, da zaspi.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčevka, "stemnilo se je, zelo stemnilo. Si res popolnoma prepričan, da je to rdeč tulipan, ki nočujeva v njem?"

"Sem, to je rdeč tulipan," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

"Saj vendar veš, da moji živci ne prenesejo tega, da bi spala v kakšnem rumenem tulipanu?" je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva.

"Vem, seveda vem," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

"Rumeni tulipani so zoprni, zakaj sploh rasto rumeni tulipani?" je vprašala gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva.

"Ne vem," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

Odmor. Balduin Brumc je skoroda že zaspal.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, "Balduin, si res prepričan, da se je tulipan zaprl in da lahko brez skrbi zaspiva?"

"Da, prepričan sem in vem," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, "ne bi mogoče še enkrat pogledal, ali se je tulipan res zaprl?"

Balduin Brumc je splezal navzgor in je splezal spet navzdol.

"Da, tulipan je zaprt," je rekel, zbral svojih šest nožic pod svoje telesce ter sklenil, da zaspi.

Odmor.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, "si opazil, da je imela čmrljevka Barbara Cvetobirčeva debel kožuh na sebi, čeprav je bil tako vroč, soparen dan?"

"Da, opazil sem," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

"Kaj ni res neumno, nositi takšen težak kožuh, kadar je tako vroč dan?" je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva in napravila pridigujočo kretnjo s tipalkami, "le zakaj nosi ta nora čmrljevka takšen težak kožuh?"

"Ne vem," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

"Balduin, kaj praviš, ali bi meni prištojal takšen težak kožuh?" je vprašala kospa Zuzuma Brumčeva.

"Mogoče, ne vem," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

Odmor.

Balduin Brumc je skoroda že zaspal.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, "kaj ne, da se je tulipan res zaprl?"

"Seveda, seveda se je," je rekel Balduin Brumc.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, "poglej rajši še enkrat, ali se je tulipan res zaprl."

Balduin Brumc je splezal navzgor in je splezal spet navzdol.

"Da, tulipan je zaprt," je rekel, zbral svojih šest nožic pod svoje telesce in sklenil, da zaspi.

Odmor.

"Balduin," je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, "si opazil, da je imela čebelica Melita Medobirčeva samo tenko jopico na sebi, čeprav je bil tako hladen dan?"

“Da, opazil sem,” je rekel Balduin Brumc, “toda—ali nisi pravkar rekla, da je bil zelo vroč, soparen dan?”

“Kako bi neki rekla, da je bil vroč dan, če je bil pa tako hladen dan,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva in napravila pridigujočo kretnjo s svojimi tipalkami. “Kaj ni res neumno, nositi samo takšno tenko jopico, kadar je tako hladen dan? Zakaj neki nosi ta nora čebela samo takšno tenko jopico?”

“Ne vem,” je rekel Balduin Brumc.

“Balduin, kaj praviš, ali bi meni pristojala takšna tenka jopica?” je vprašala gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva.

“Mogoče, ne vem,” je rekel Balduin Brumc.

Odmor.

Balduin Brumc je skoroda že zaspal.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, “menda se vendar tulipan nazadnje ni spet odprl?”

“Ni se ne,” je rekel Balduin Brumc.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, “poglej rajši še enkrat, ali se ni tulipan nazadnje vendarle odprl.”

Balduin je splezal navzgor in je splezal spet navzdol.

“Ne, tulipan se ni odprl,” je rekel, zbral svojih šest nožic pod svoje telesce in sklenil, da zaspi.

Odmor.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, “zakaj požre tvoj nečak, majski hrošč Caharija Požru, toliko zelenja na dan?”

“Ne vem, najbrže ima dober tek,” je rekel Balduin Brumc.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma

Brumčeva in napravila pridigujočo kretnjo s tipalkami, “ti moraš to vendar vedeti, Balduin, to je vendar družinska zadeva. In po mojem je pač za vsakega nerodno, imeti sorodnike, ki žro tako čez mero.”

Balduin Brumc je bil ves izmučen.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, “kaj praviš, ali bi meni dobro storilo, če bi žrla tako kakor tvoj nečak Caharija Požru?”

“Mogoče, ne vem,” je rekel Balduin Brumc.

Odmor.

Balduin Brumc je skoroda že zaspal.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, “saj nemara zatrdno veš, da se ni tulipan nazadnje spet odprl?”

“Da, vem,” je rekel Balduin Brumc.

“Balduin,” je rekla gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva, “poglej rajši še enkrat, ali se tulipan ni mogoče—”

“Ne, tega pa ne storim,” je zakričal Balduin Brumc, “natančno vem, da se tulipan ni spet odprl, ker se sploh še zaprl ni. Tudi ni tulipan rdeč, marveč popolnoma rumen. Težak kožuh in tenka jopica ti ne bi pristajala in če bi žrla tako čez mero, kakor Caharija Požru, bi izpraševala še več, kakor izprašuješ že zdaj!”

Balduin Brumc je spal to noč—prvič v svojem zakonu—nad vse imenitno. Gospa Zuzuma Brumčeva ni—prvič v svojem zakonu—zatisnila oči. Sicer je molčala, tudi prvič v svojem zakonu, toda vso noč je zdržema in brez vsakega odmora pridigujoče mahala s svojimi tipalkami.



Čarovnika Datja in Gugin

(Indijanska pravljica)

CAROVNIKA Datja in Gugin sta šla na sprehod. Datja pa je imel neznanško dolge korake. Po vsakem koraku je moral sestiti in počakati, da ga oni dohitijo. "Stopam prehitro, kaj ne, prijatelj moj," je dejal. "Malo si bom noge privezal." Privezal si je noge tesno drugo k drugi, da so mu postali koraki čisto majhni. "O," je dejal Gugin, "če je treba, stopim tudi jaz hitreje." Izvlekel je palico iz svoje cule, pokazal ž njo na oddaljen hrib in že je bil tam. Dolgo je trajalo, da je Datja prikorakal tja.

"Ne sopihaj tako močno," je dejal Gugin, "saj boš drevesa prevrnil." — "Misliš, da jih ne prevrnem?" je odgovoril Datja. Postavil se je ob neko smreko, zapihal na vso moč in smreka se je prekucnila. "Da, da, močan pihač si," je rekel Gugin. Postavil se je s hrbtom proti neki skali, napravil veter in skala se je zdrobila. Datja se je začudil: "Zakaj pa nosiš travo v nosnicah?" — "Zato, da omilim svoj dih." Gugin je potegnil dva debela šopa trave iz svojih nosnic — takoj je začel razsajati strahovit vihar.

Datji se je zahotelo domov. Odprl je svojo vrečo, zagrabil iz nje pest črne barve in jo stresel v zrak. Nastala je črna noč. "Pojdiva, greva domov," je dejal. "Noč je že." — "E, to nič ne de," je odvrnil Gugin. Izvlekel je nož in zarezal luknjo v temo.

Domov grede sta prispela nepričakovano do velikega jezera. "Predaleč bi bilo okrog jezera," je menil Datja. "Stopiva kar čezenj." Odpasal si je pas, ga zavihtel predse in pas je bil kakor trden most do nasprotnega brega. Ko sta dospela tja, je dejal Gugin: "To jezero naju prihodnjič ne bo več zadrževalo." Zavihtel je svojo odejo proti vodi — in jezero se je razteklo.

Prispela sta domov, do Datjeve kočice, in Datja se je pripravil, da postreže prijatelju z večerjo. Naložil je suhih polen, jih ostro pogledal — in so se vnela. "Počakaj malo, nabereš drv," je rekel. Toda Gugin ga je ustavil: "Nič se ne trudi, sem jih že prinesel s seboj." Položil je svoje noge v ogenj in pustil, da se spečejo.

Datja je snel s stene star jermen iz bivolge kože in izrezal iz njega dva lepa kosa mesa. Ko ju je položil v ogenj, se je oglasil Gugin: "Počakaj še to meso vzemi." In si je izrezal iz bokov dva kosa pečenke.

Sedla sta k večerji in Gugin je spregovoril: "Zdiš se mi malce upadel. Kdaj si zadnjič jedel?" — "Bilo je natanko pred mesecem dni, ko je bila luna tako visoko kakor danes." — "Prijatelj, ti pa živiš zelo razkošno. Jaz sem jedel zadnjič pred letom dni, ko je zapadel prvi sneg."

"Dajva, kadiva," je dejal Datja, "imaš pipo?" Gugin mu je dal pipo in Datja jo je napolnil s tobakom. Ko je Gugin potegnil prvi dim, se je pipa razletela, tako močan je bil tobak. "Kako ti ugaja moj tobak?" je vprašal Datja. "Ni slab. Pa jaz imam izvrstnega. Posodi pipo." Datja je prižgal Guginov tobak in pri prvem dimu se je koča zrušila.

Začela sta igro. "Za kaj igrava?" — "Igrava za najimi koži." Igrala sta. Končno je Datja izgubil in Gugin se je pripravil, da mu sname kožo. "Delaj previdno," je rekel Datja, "tu na koncu nosu me vedno boli." Kožo sta snela, samo na koncu nosu je obvisela in sta jo morala odrezati. "Počakaj malo," je dejal Datja, "poiščem si novo kožo." Šel je ven in ko se je vrnil, ga je pokrivala nova koža. Samo na nosu je je

bilo premalo in si videl rdeče meso. Gugin je vzel malo katrana in rano zamazal.

Datja je vzel svojo piščalko in zavisiral. Bilo je čudovito, kakor pesem vseh ptic. Ni dolgo trajalo, da se je splazila skozi vrata lepa mladenka, ki jo je bila privabila pesem. Tedaj je legel Gugin na tla. Izdolbel si je več lukenj v telo. Potem je zapiskal na svoje telo in s prsti je zakrival in odkrival luknje, kakor da je sam piščal. Pesem je bila še slajša nego Datjevina in vse polno lepih žensk je prifrčalo skozi vrata v kočo.

To je Datjo malo razjezilo. Sprla sta

se in se udarila s sekiramo. Kar na lepem sta odsekala drug drugemu glavo. Glavi sta se zakotalili po tleh, med tem ko sta se moža borila dalje. Videla sta pa slabo, zato sta sklenila, da si natakneti glavi. Gugin je svojo kmalu našel in si jo čvrsto privil. Datji pa ni šlo tako hitro izpod rok: "Pomagaj mi malo, tu je preveč temno." In Gugin mu je pomagal, dokler ni bila glava na pravem mestu.

Sedaj pa sta bila trudna. "Menim, da bi malo legla," je predlagal Datja. Zavila sta se vsak v svojo odejo in zaspala. Drugi dan po štirih letih sta se zbudila.

SREČNI PTIČKI

*Nič jih ne dirne, ko veter raznaša
listje na vse strani;
in nič jim ni mari, ker so megle že mrzle
in slana po poljih leži.*

*Nekje tam na jugu sije solnčece toplo
in cvetje se mu smeji;
ptički to znajo, pa so brezskrbni —
saj kdor ima peroti, lahko odleti.*

ANNA P. KRASNA.

TRI PURE

(Narodna)

TRI pure, tri race,
tri bele gosi
nocoj so čebljale
krog naše vasi.

□

Pi rade plesale,
pa godcev ni b'lo,
so godce najele,
prostora ni b'lo.

□

(M. K.)



Dragi čitatelji!

Nastopila je jesen in otroci pridno pohajajo šolo. Farmarji pospravljajo svoje pridelke in živina se pase po praznih njivah ter obira zadnje bilke zelenja. Listje na drevesu je mavrično pisano in bo kmalu odpadlo ter se posušilo. Na koruznem polju se kot zlato svetlikajo velike buče, iz katerih otroci radi delajo pošastne obraze, gospodinje pa pečejo iz bučinega mesa okusne paje. Tudi jesen ima svojo lepoto v naravi; kratki sprehodi v jesenski gozd osvežijo človeku duha in okrepijo telo.

Z nastopom jeseni pridejo mrzli dnevi, ki naznanjajo zimo. V mestih je na tisoče revnih družin in brezposelnih delavcev, katerim preti mraz in glad. Kdo se jih spomne? Kdo jim bo pomagal? V deželi "visoke" civilizacije bi ne smelo biti tega problema. Vlada sama bi morala poskrbeti, da se vse gorje odpravi. Saj je vsega dovolj! Le pridelke in izdelke je treba pravilno porazdeliti.

Dečki in deklice, od vas pa pričakujem mnogo, mnogo slovenskih dopisov za novembersko številko! Opišite vaše razmere!

—UREDNIK.

DEČKI IN DEKLICE SO SE RES POSTAVILI V SEPTEMBERSKI ŠTEVILKI

Dragi urednik!

Zopet Vas prosim za malo prostora v Mladinskem Listu za moj mali dopis.

Čeprav sem se malo zapoznila ta mesec z mojim prispevkom, upam, da mi boste oprostili. Saj pravijo, da je boljše enkrat kot nobenkrat. Tega čem se držala, pa sem napisala tele vrstice.

Najprej moram pohvaliti vse tiste, ki so napisali toliko slovenskih dopisov v "Kotiček." V septemberski številki Mladinskega Lista je bilo toliko slovenskih dopisov, ki so jih napisali dečki in deklice, da še nikdar prej ne toliko. To vsekakor dokazuje da se zelo

zanimajo vsi mladi dopisovalci za slovenščino in se ne sramujejo materinega jezika.

Od vsepovsod poročajo, da so slabe razmere in štrajki. Pa bi ne smelo biti tako, ker živimo v bogati deželi Ameriki, kjer je vsega dosti. Uravnano bi moralo biti tako, da bi imel vsak in vsi vsega zadosti, predvsem pa hrane in ostalih življenskih potrebščin. Ne vem kdaj se bo to zgodilo, tako da bodo vsi delavci in ostali prejemale pošteno plačo za svoje delo. Kot izgleda, ne do tega še tako hitro prišlo.

Časi se spreminjajo in morda se bo kmalu kaj spremenilo. In posebno sedaj, ko imamo v deželi volitve. Zato pa moramo gledati vsi, da bodo ljudje volili za prave delav-

ske kandidate. Pravijo, da ni Hoover dober. Pa on da delavcem dosti počitnic, tako da mnogi trpe glad in pomankanje. On se menda boji, če bi delavci vedno delali dan za dnem, da bi se "znucali."

Da ne bo moj dopis predolg, naj takoj končam, bom pa še prihodnjič kaj napisala. Obenem pa pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje tega lista in seveda tudi urednika!

Anna Matos, box 181, Blaine, O.

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SLOVENSKA ŠOLA SPET KMALU PRIČNE

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Prav veseli me, da se je spet pričela šola, ker nisem imela med počitnicami nič posebnega opravka. Če bi ne bili tako slabi časi, bi morda dobila kakšno delo, tako pa ni bilo nič, kajti mnogo ljudi je brez dela in zaslužka. Potrpeti moramo vsi, ker ni drugače. Da imamo le dovolj za jesti in da smo pod streho v teh slabih časih. Kdor ima to v tej krizi, ima dovolj. Pomislite, da je mnogo ljudi, ki nimajo ne doma ne hrane, pa hodijo po cestah lačni. Zato pa sem zadovoljna, da imamo vsaj streho in hrano.

Jaz sem stara štirinajst let. Lani sem hodila v slovensko šolo društva Pioneer št. 559 SNPJ. To je bilo ob sobotah popoldne. In sedaj se bo spet kmalu pričela. Prošlega maja sem nastopila v šolski igri "Krojač in škrtati." Slišala sem od mnogih, da se jim je ta igra zelo dopadla. Seveda sem bila tega vesela. In moram reči, da sta bila naša učiteljica in učitelj zelo dobra za nas, ker sta nas tako lepo naučila. Učiteljica je bila Mrs. Katka Zupančič, učitelj pa Mr. Louis Beniger. Želim, da bi oba prečitala te moje vrstice, da bi videla kako znam pisati slovensko.

Pri tem moram še dostaviti, in to po pravici, da sem resnično to pisemce popolnoma sama napisala, nihče mi ni pomagal. Če je kaj napačnega v njem, mi ne smete zameriti, ker še ne znam tako dobro pisati slovensko.

Želim tudi, da bi več slovenskih otrok hodilo v slovensko šolo, ki se bo v kratkem začela. Jaz bom še kar naprej hodila, tako tudi moja prijateljica in sosedica Gertrude Zorko.

Sedaj pa moram zaključiti moje pismo, s pozdravom vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista in tudi uredniku!

Frances Pintar,

2229 So. Irving ave., Chicago, Ill.

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VOJAŠKO LETALO TREŠČILO NA TLA

Cenjeni urednik!

Že spet sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski List, katere upam, da jih priobčite v "Našem koticu," tako da nas ne bodo dečki posekali.



Na 9. sept. ko smo bili še v šoli, pa kar nenkrat nekaj strahovito zaropče tam zunaj za šolo. Zelo smo se vsi prestrašili. Joj! Kaj je?! Aeroplan je dol padel! Jaz sem kar domov letela, tako sem se bala. Potem sta me mama in ata komaj pripravila, da sem šla z njima ga gledat. O, kako čudno ga je bilo videti! Tako velik je bil, pa ves polomljen in v zemljo zarit. Dva vojaka sta bila v njem. Eden je bil mrtev, drugi pa težko poškodovan, ki so ga takoj odpeljali v bolnišnico.

Naša šola je blizu Vermilion majne, kjer so spet začeli delati s skebi. In te skebe je čuval omenjeni aeroplan vsak dan, pod vojaško kontrolo. Jaz še ne vem veliko, pa slišim mojega ata, ki vzdihuje—"Kaj bo, kaj bo? Ko nas vse tako pritiska!" Vse drži z milijonarji, nihče z delavci. Le kdaj se bo uresničila tista pesmica, ki jo je zložila Josephine Mestek o rudarjih, katera je bila priobčena v zadnji številki Mladinskega Lista!

Jaz zelo rada čitam "Naš koticček" in si mislim, da bi M. L. prihajal vsak teden enkrat. Tako pa je precej dolgo predno pride—enkrat v mesecu.

V tukajšnji majni na Shirkevillu, Ind., v kateri delata moj ata in moj stric, se pripravljajo za obrat, kajti pod parnimi kotli so že pričeli kuriti. Delajo še ne in se ne ve kdaj bo kaj.

Prav rada hodim v šolo, sprva sem se pa zelo bala in sem se še celo malo jokala ko je bilo treba v šolo. Pa tudi nisem znala nič angleški. Zato pa mi je bilo težko.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in uredniku!

Jennie Fik, box 220, Paris, Ill.

* *

MILKA POJE SLOVENSKE IN HRVATSKE PESMI

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz hočem poskusiti z mojim prvim dopisom za "Naš koticček" v Mladinskem Listu. Upam, da se mi bo vsaj malo posrečil.

Najprej moram sporočiti, da sve z mojo sestrico že več let članice SNPJ in da že več

let čitamo Mladinski List, ki se nama dopade. Sedaj sem začela hoditi v šolo. Moja mama me je učila slovensko govoriti in peti še kot malo dete, zato pa se sedaj zanimam kot deklica za naš jezik, pa tudi za hrvatski jezik se zanimam, ker je moj oče hrvatske narodnosti.

V šolo grem zelo rada in me veseli, da je začela. Ko pridem domov, me sestra Ludvika čaka, da zapojeve ono lepo slovensko pesmico—"Sem slovenska deklica, Milka mi je ime! Sem obraza bistrega, pošteno imam srce." Itd.

Pa tudi hrvatsko pesmico znamo. "Čula jesam, da se dragi ženi. Nek se ženi, meni je drago i ja če mu u svatove doči i ja ču ga ljepo odarovati—"

Prosim Vas, dragi urednik Mladinskega Lista, da priobčite tale dopisek v oktoberski številki, zakar Vam bom hvaležna. Prejmite mnogo lepih pozdravov Vi in vsi čitatelji Mladinskega Lista!

Milka Kopriva,

bex 136, Stump Creek, Pa.

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HUDE ŠOLSKE NALOGE

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Vesela sem, da ste moj dopis priobčili v "Naš koticček" in popravili moje napake. Z mojo sestro hodive v Junior High School. Moja druga sestra in brat pa hodita v Roosevelt school. Ostali moji bratje pa so doma.

Zdaj, ko gremo v šolo, ne bom mogla pisati dosti. Imam dosti dela s šolskimi nalogami. Zdaj končam.

Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega Lista in tudi uredniku!

Frances Yamnik,

1101 So. 63rd st., West Allis, Wis.



"PAMET VEČ VREDNA KOT ŽAMET"

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet se oglašam z malim prispevkom za "Koticček," in Vas prosim, da bi to priobčili.

Jesen je tu in za njo pride zima. Zdaj, ko se je šola pričela, se mi zdi, da čas še hitreje poteka kot je med počitnicami. Menda zato, ker ni časa misliti nanj. Nam šolarjem se bo treba spet dobro oprijeti učenja, da tako pridobimo kar smo med počitnicami zamudili ali pozabili.

Tu v Clintonu je zaenkrat stavke konec. Zastopniki premogarjev in operatorjev so se po dolgotrajnem pogajanju zedinili za 25 odstotno znižanje mezd v vseh panogah dela v majnah. Pogodba je bila podpisana v soboto 10. septembra v Terre Hautu, in bo v veljavi do 31. marca 1933.

Če bo nova pogodba kaj prida in če bodo majne po novi pogodbi kaj bolj obratovale kakor po stari pogodbi, bo pokazala bodočnost. Želeti bi bilo, da bi obratovale, ker tukajšnji premogarji in njih družine so popolnoma izčrpani; zanje ni druge pomoči kot takojšnje delo.

Drugega novega zaenkrat nimam kaj poročati. Da pa se navada ne opusti, hočem tudi tokrat dodati malo pesmico, ki se imenuje:

Pamet in srce

Človeška je pamet res modra gospa,
ker vedno nas skuša očuvati zla.
Svari nas: "Premisli dejanje poprej
ko misliš storiti, a nikdar poznej!"
Je srečen, kdor s pametjo dobro je znan,
le škoda, da mnogi jo išče zaman.

Kljub temu, da pamet nas vedno uči,
pa dostikrat sama napako stori—
kar posledice hude časi ima,
katere se redko popraviti da.
Napaka je v tem: Ko srce govori,
takrat ponavadi nam pamet molči.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem tega lista in Vam! Želim, da bi bilo v prihodnji številki še več dopisov kot jih je bilo v septemskih!

Josephine Mestek,

638 N. 9th street, Clinton, Ind.

Røse Fyleman:

Petelin na strehi

(Pripoveduje veter)

TO JE povest, ki mi je je povedal veter o svojem prijatelju, strešnem petelinu, ki je živel vrhu kamenitega stolpa, razločno vidnega z okna moje hiše.

Nedavno tega so poslopje s tem stolpom podrli. Pogrešal sem strešnega petelina, ki sem ga dotorej dan na dan opazoval, ko se je veselo obračal po vetru. Nekega dne sem vprašal veter, kaj se je zgodilo petelinu, in veter mi je povedal tole:

Po vsem videzu: je bil petelin na strehi zelo nesrečen, ko je slišal, da bodo stolp porušili, ker ni vedel, kaj bo z njim.

Ura, ki je bila na drugi strani poslopja, ga ni niti malo potolažila glede tega. "Odstranili me bodo in me postavili kam drugam," je dejal.

"Izvrstno kolesje imam. Tebe bodo pa bržkone vrgli na smetišče z ostalo železno ropotijo."

To ni bilo posebno vljudno od ure. Ura in strešni petelin sta vedno živela v prijateljskih razmerah in sta kajkrat ponoči, ko je vse drugo spalo potihoma kramljala. Petelin je bil nesrečen kakor še nikoli ne. In kakor smo rekli, prišli so in prav skrbno odstranili uro. Niti z roko ni pomahala petelinu v slovo; očitna nevljudnost.

"Pogum, stari tovariš," mu je prigo-varjal. "Videli bomo, kaj moremo storiti zate. Le nikar ne obupaj.

Nekega dne je prišel mestni župan s prijateljem stavbenikom pogledat, kako gre delavcem delo izpod rok. S seboj je privedel tudi svojo malo vnukinjo. Ko so se baš odpravljali proč, je veter zgrabil stavbenikov klobuk in ga smuknil z glave. Klobuk se je valjal in plesal po tleh. Deklica je skočila za njim. Klobuk se je ustavil vrhu kupa, kjer je ležal strešni petelin. "Glejte, glejte," je vzkliknila deklica, ko se je pripognila, da bi pobrala klobuk, "kako srčkan ptič leži tukajle. Škoda, škoda!"

Stavbenik je pobral strešnega petelina.

"Kaj, gospod župan," je izpregovoril, "lep, star petelin. Ne dovolite, da bi ga vrgli proč. Dandanes ne dobimo tako krasnih petelinov. Sijajno se bo izkazal vrhu vaše mestne hiše."

Potem je župan ukazal, naj petelina spravijo, in nekaj mesecev nato so ga zasadili na streho nove, velike mestne hiše na trgu.

S svojega okna ga sicer ne vidim, ali vsakikrat, kadar grem na trg, se ozrem nanj.

Ne vem pa, kaj je bilo pozneje s tisto uro in mi je zanjo res kaj malo mar.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XI

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Number 10

STONE FACE

By LOLA RIDGE

THEY have carved you into a stone face, Tom Mooney,
You, there lifted high in California
Over the salt wash of the Pacific,
And your eyes . . . crying in many tongues,
Goading, innumerable
Eyes of the multitudes,
Holding in them all hopes, fears, persecutions . . .
Forever straining one way.
Even in the Sunday papers,
In your face, tight-bitten, like a pierced fist,
The eyes have a transfixed gleam
As they had glimpsed some vision and there hung
Impaled as on a bright lance.

Too much lip-foam has dripped on you, too many
And disparate signatures are scrawled under your crag face that all
Have set some finger on, to say who made you for the years
To mouth as waves mouth rock—you, a fighting grain
Cast up out of the dark Mass, terribly
Gestating, swarming without feature,
And raised with torsion to identity.

Now they—who wrote you plain, with Sacco and the fish-monger and Ella
Wiggins, on the scroll of the Republic—
Look up with a muddled irritation at your mass face—
It set up in full sight under the long
Gaze of the generations, to be there,
Haggard in the sunrise, when San Quentin
Prison shall be caved in and its steel ribs
Food for the ant rust . . . and Governor Rolph
A fleck of dust among the archives.

TO LET

HE sits daily on the bench
 And counts the cobbles in the walk
 From edge to edge, then back again.
 Sometimes, as feet appear, he looks askance
 And follows their retreating tread
 To count the steps to such and such a place.

Time was when he was reckoned in the walkers,
 Trudging endless streets and gazing slightly upward,
 Reading signs, anticipating this and that.
 He thought that from the legion of apartments
 Upon his every side, all marked "To Let,"
 He surely might accede to one of them.
 But when his hopes dissolved to merely counting matters
 That drove to naught his personal concern,
 He found escape in Central Park, to which he came.

He is a number in the endless counters—
 Vast armies of reserved energy "To Let"
 In an universe that cries for strength
 To house Redemption of itself.

He will shatter numbers, stop the counting,
 Crush the cobblestones upon the walk
 So that the frenzied steps will shove into the dust
 To lose their clack upon his mind.

A firm hand jerks up the crumbled heap of clothes,
 With "Steady there. You've got to keep on moving"
 Boosts him forward—duty done.
 And "To Let," vaunts the bench in Central Park.

MARY JUGG.



The Four Crickets from The Bakery

By P. J. Stahl

ONE day my friend Jacques entered a bakery in order to buy a small loaf of bread which had attracted his attention in passing. He intended this loaf for a child which had lost its appetite. It seemed to him that such a pretty loaf would tempt even one who was sick.

While he was waiting for his change, a little boy, six or seven years of age, poor but neatly clad, entered the shop.

"Madam," said he to the baker's wife, "Mamma sent me to get a loaf of bread."

The baker's wife took the finest loaf of bread which she could find and put it in the arms of the little boy. My friend noticed the thin and thoughtful figure of the little buyer. The large loaf seemed to have charge of the boy.

"Have you any money?" asked the lady.

The eyes of the little fellow grew sad. "No, Madam," he replied as he held his loaf closer to his blouse. "But mamma told me that she would come and speak with you tomorrow."

"All right," said the good woman. "Go take your bread."

"Thank you, madam," said the poor boy.

My friend Jacques received his change. He prepared to depart when he discovered behind him the child with the large loaf of bread.

"What are you doing there?" asked the baker's wife. "Are you not satisfied with this loaf?"

"Oh, yes, madam," said the boy. "It is very beautiful."

"Ah, well! Then go carry it to your mother. If you are late she will think that you played along the way and you will be scolded."

The child did not appear to have heard. Something seemed to attract

his attention. The lady approached him and gently patted him on the shoulder.

"Ah, what are you thinking about instead of leaving?"

"Madam," asked the little boy, "What is that which sings so?"

"Nobody is singing," said the gentlewoman.

"Why," said the little fellow, "Don't you hear?"

"Cuic. Cuic. Cuic. Cuic."

The lady and my friend Jacques listened intently and heard nothing unless it was the chirping of several crickets, the ordinary hosts of baker shops.

"It is a little bird," said the little man, "Or perhaps the bread which sings when baking as the apples do."

"No, no little noodle," said the lady, "They are crickets. They sing down in the bake oven, and when we light the oven they rejoice at the sight of the flames."

"Crickets," said the little boy. "Are they really crickets?"

"Yes," pleasantly replied the lady.

II

The face of the little boy was animated. "Madam," said he, blushing with his request, "I would be very happy if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket," said the baker's wife smiling. "What do you wish to do with a cricket, my dear little one? If I can give you all the crickets which run in the bakery it will soon be done."

"Oh Madam! give me one, just one, if you please," said the little boy clapping his little hands above the big loaf of bread. "I have been told that the crickets bring good luck to people, and perhaps if we had one at home mamma, who has so much sorrow, wouldn't cry any more."

My friend Jacques looked at the baker's wife. She was a pretty woman

with a sweet face. She was wiping her eyes with the reverse side of her apron. If my friend Jacques had had an apron, he would have done the same thing.

"And why does your poor mother cry?" inquired Jacques who could no longer keep out of the conversation.

"On account of our bills, Mister," said the little fellow. "My papa is dead and mamma works hard, and we cannot pay them all."

My friend Jacques took the child and with the child, the loaf, in his arms, and I believe that he hugged them both. Meanwhile, the lady went down to the oven. She dared not to touch the crickets herself, but her husband caught four, put them in a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. Then she gave the box to the little boy, who ran away joyously. When he had disappeared, the baker's wife and my friend Jacques exchanged looks.

"Poor little fellow," they said together.

The woman then took her account book. She opened it at the page which contained the account of the little boy's mother. She made a scratch across the

page, for the account was long, and wrote the word, "Paid." In the meantime my friend Jacques had put into an envelope all of the money which he had in his pockets, where happily he found a good deal this day, and asked the baker's wife to send it quickly to the child's mother. With her bill marked "Paid," and a note which read that she had a child which would one day be her joy and her consolation, the money and the papers were given to the delivery boy, who had long legs and who was ordered to run quickly.

The little boy with his large loaf of bread, and his four crickets, and his two little legs could not run as fast as the baker's boy; so that when he returned home he found his mother with her eyes dry for the first time in a long while, and a smile of joy resting upon her face. He believed that it was the arrival of his four black insects which had brought this luck, and my belief is that he was not far wrong. For isn't it true that with the crickets and his good heart this happy change came into the humble fortunes of his mother?

(Translated from the French.)

The Common Cold is Dangerous

ONE of the most active enemies of mankind is the common cold. So many of us have had one upon so many occasions that we are prone to treat a cold lightly, whereas it should be treated with a great deal of respect. "He merely has a little cold. He will be all right in a day or two," has filled more hospital beds than one cares to think of. Although a common cold is not likely to prove fatal, it has a habit of turning into any one of half a dozen serious illnesses.

There are so many types of colds that it is wise to see the family doctor whenever we contract a cold of any kind. Furthermore, if subject to colds we should learn as promptly as possible how to build up the body to offer greater resistance. The right kind of food, a little more sleep, daily exercise of some sort, and dressing so that we are comfortable, are the things which tend to keep colds away.



Olive Rush: DEER PATH

Health Hints

THE following daily health guide was compiled for the boys and girls of Wood County, Ohio, by Dr. H. J. Powell, county health officer:

MORNING:—Up smiling. Resolve to keep cheerful all day. Anger, fear and envy make poison in your blood.

A good wash, preferably a cold sponging of the entire body.

Hustle on the clothes.

Clean the teeth thoroughly and comb the hair.

Drink a glass of cold water.

Whistle while hurrying up the morning chores.

Take plenty of time for breakfast.

Attend to your daily habits of life.

OFF TO SCHOOL:—Start in time to avoid running.

Walk with shoulders back and head up.

Take ten or more deep breaths.

IN SCHOOL:—Insist on plenty of fresh air.

Sit straight at your desk.

Study hard.

Do not borrow your neighbor's pencil and put it in your mouth.

PLAY TIME:—Play hard and have a good time.

Do not sneeze or cough near another person. When sneezing or coughing use your handkerchief.

NOON:—Wash hands and face before eating. Use soap and your own towel. Use your own drinking cup. Do not trade gum.

EVENING:—Clean up every evening. Take a cleansing bath at least twice a week. Early to bed for eight to ten hours' sleep, with windows open at top and bottom.

Lost in The Woods

By Russell Beilfuss

WHILE visiting my aunt, my cousin and I decided to go traveling through the dark deep forest, which was not far from my aunt's home. We set off without anyone knowing of our plan.

It was a long and tiresome walk. The roads were winding; the trees were big, and older than any we had ever seen. It was a beautiful place for an adventure. We thought of wild animals, and wolves, and all sorts of different things. We walked until it was pitch dark.

Just as we were about to turn we heard a terrible noise. How we did shiver! But it was only thunder. Not long after, it began lightning and pouring "pitchforks." The only shelter we

had was to crawl under the thick bushes.

Going back, we crawled, sometimes climbed little hills, and crossed streams of water. Our clothes were all torn. Our thoughts were if we had only stayed at home.

My cousin forgot the way back, but I remembered the curves and marks on the trees which we had passed. We just dragged along. Soon we reached our home. We had to sneak in for fear of a licking. Next morning we mentioned about our adventure and you should have seen what we got—a good sound spanking. Believe me, we never went adventuring again in the wild forest.

When You Go Boating

IF you are thinking of going on the river, there are certain things you should do in order to make the trip safer and more enjoyable.

In the first place, it's most dangerous to take out a canoe unless you can swim. These frail craft are very easily upset unless one knows exactly how to manage them and how to sit still.

When paddling, be careful not to miss the water altogether or just skim the surface. If you do this, over you go backwards, which is both unpleasant and painful.

When you start out for your trip, go upstream. This means that, when you

return home, tired, you will be helped by the water instead of having to fight against it.

Other little points to remember are as follows:

Don't change places in the boat when in mid-stream.

Always cross the waves caused by the passage of a steamer or launch, stern on. Turn the stern of your craft to meet the wavelets and then you will avoid shipping a lot of water.

Finally, take care that you make your craft quite secure when tying up for a picnic on the bank. Secure her fore and aft—to use a nautical expression.

Pikes Peak and Seven Falls

IN 1805 Colonel Zebulon Pike discovered America's most famous mountain. "Nobody will ever get to its summit," he said. But we fooled the ghost of old colonel Pike about fifteen years ago. A delegation consisting of three families, men, women and children began the ascend about eight o'clock one night in July. We went by way of the cog railroad track. Much of the way was difficult climbing. Almost every hundred feet we found it necessary to rest.

By and by the women and the children fell by the wayside and prepared to spend the night in a cottage on the mountain side. To walk nine miles up and up a chilling mountain side isn't exactly child's play. When we arrived at the Half-Way my partner and I were the only ones willing to continue the journey. Fortunately we found several miles of almost level road. With our rods and staffs, cut from shrubs, we were able to travel more quickly and

conveniently. The trees grew smaller and smaller. Finally we passed the timber line and were exposed to the cool night winds.

The sky was clear; the stars were shining; the night was still. Here we were a thousand feet above sea level and farther to go,—we and this mighty mountain. Occasionally we met other climbers, some giving up and resting by the wayside, others coming down.

It was about three in the morning when we arrived at the printer's cabin and indulged in a cup of coffee. Like most tourists we wanted to see the sun rise over the Rockies. It seemed that we would never reach the top in time for that. My partner inquired about the cog train, which gets to the top at sunrise. Pretty soon he brought this piece of encouraging news, "Say, we can ride the train to the sunrise."

"I'm with you," said I. Within a half hour we heard the heavy chugging

of the train. Pretty soon she stopped and we were "All aboard." How that little engine puffed and chugged to get us to the mountain top! It seemed as though the last mile was almost straight up. We arrived to dispel the shades of night over the range.

Within a half hour we beheld the glorious sun. Such a scene can only be depicted by Nature's own colors and not by man's words. The sight was one never to be forgotten. Great blocks of red granite lay all about us. Before us stretched mountains in almost every direction. Here was the glory of the world.

We made the descent within three or four hours. It was almost as difficult as climbing up, for there was danger of slipping and falling. But we made much better time. We saw only one small pile of snow. As we descended my partner claimed he had found gold; there were numerous bright yellow particles in the sand. He wasn't the first one who was thus fooled. "Pikes Peak gold dust" had been collected by

numerous adventurers in the past. They learned to their sorrow that it was only worthless particles of mica. We reached camp about nine o'clock hungry, tired and with soleless shoes, ready for a day's sleep.

A few miles from the foot of Pikes Peak in the South Cheyenne Canyon are the Seven Falls. There are seven waterfalls to be sure. Steps lead from the bottom to the top. A path runs from the head of the falls to the summit of this small mountain where we found the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson, author of *Romona*. A great pile of stones marked the grave. Following the custom of tourists we carried two stones to the grave and removed one.

There are numerous beauty spots in the Colorado Springs region such as the Cave of the Winds, Ute Pass, the Garden of the Gods, Manitou and the North and South Cheyenne Canyons. It is doubtful if there is another place with so many enchanting scenes and natural formations on the face of the earth.

—J. News.

THE ENGLISH PARADE

By Velma Korb

First comes Mr. Capital,
Who is so tall and wide,
And then comes Mr. Period
A-walking by his side.

Next comes Mr. Comma,
A very small man is he.
And Mr. Colon says to Mr. Comma,
"Come on and march with me."

And next comes Mr. Semicolon
Who in red and gold is dressed,
And Mr. Semicolon thinks that he
Is better than the rest.

And next comes Mr. Question Mark
Beating a big bass drum,
A very happy man is he
For he is never glum.

And then comes Mr. Apostrophe,
And Mr. Hyphen, too.
I think that this parade
Is very important, don't you?

And if you line them up in a row,
They will help you with your work.
And you can always depend on them,
For they will never shirk.

SONG OF THE FROST

*ONE autumn morning, just at dawn,
I quietly tiptoed from my bed,
Looked out, and saw that our whole lawn
Was green no more, but white instead.*

*And then I stole outside, and gazed,
And breathless whispers rose around;
I stood so still, and was amazed
When Jack Frost's story here I found.*

*He told how night before, on high,
He watched a cloud to earthward creep,
And challenged her, there in the sky,
To overtake the earth in sleep.*

*He won the race, and happy yet,
He left her in an upper sphere,
While he descended, crept,
And softly lighted here.*

*Now resting there on blade of grass
He greets all those who come to view
The wonders of the dawn.
I think his murmur meant,*

*"'Tis I who invigored
Fully aroused you.
Soon I will vanish
For I am the Frost."*

MARY JUGG.



Do You Know?

Wool Comes from Sheep to Suit in 130 Minutes

Sheep were shorn and the wool woven into a man's suit, in 130 minutes in a speed trial held recently in a British clothing factory near Huddersfield. This is said to be a new record for the stunt.

*

Wired Radio May Print Newspaper in Homes

If plans for a New York radio firm are realized you may soon have a new piece of furniture in your home. It will resemble an ordinary radio cabinet with a glass-covered top where the end of a roll of paper comes out. The news will be broadcast from a central station over electric light wires. Pictures and news are printed upon the moving roll of paper in the top of the instrument.

*

Windiest Spot Gets Cable

Pali Pass, near Honolulu, where a motor road crosses a mountain ridge, is said to be one of the windiest places in

the civilized world. Trade winds blow constantly, often at a hundred miles an hour. Motor vehicles can round the corner only in low gear. After many accidents, authorities have now put a steel cable to aid pedestrians.

*

Sugar Products Made Into a Host of Things

Ordinary sugar is turned into a plastic substance by a newly-developed process about to be introduced commercially. The new product can be made into many articles, from artificial leather to combs, buttons, and electric insulators. If it proves successful the woman of the future will be clothed entirely in spun sugar. She will wear shoes of sugar leather, write with a sugar pen from a sugar mounted pocket-book which contains an unbreakable sugar looking glass, seat herself in a chair of sugar-plastic, and watch her favorite movie star projected on a screen by a sugar lens through a photographic film also made from sugar.—(From the Popular Science Monthly.)

OUR JUVENILES

(Tune: "Keep the Home Fires Burning")

Keep the school bells ringing,
 Keep the children singing,
 Keep a smile upon your face,
 Don't frown at all.
 Don't be sad and dreary,
 Just be bright and cheery,
 Be a Booster, be a Booster
 For our Juvenile.



Salvatore Pinto: GIRL WITH BOOK

A Baby Boy's Diary

First Day. Slept.

Second Day. I am one day old. I must start this diary so that I'll remember all about the thrills of my life.

I am in the hospital with fourteen other youngsters, some one or two days old, some ten or fourteen.

Fifth Day. Am still in the hospital ward. These little fellows won't let me sleep; some of them keep a chorus going most all day. Wonder what my name's going to be.

Sixth Day. Saw my mother six times today. I think she likes me, or maybe "love's" the word. I eat dinner every time I see Mother.

Seventh Day. Still here—Hospital. Get a bath every day. Don't like to have my ears and neck washed. The nurse said, "He's a real boy, all right."

Eighth Day. A man was in Mother's room today. She said, "Look at your Daddy." He is afraid to hold me. What do I want with a daddy anyway?

Ninth Day. A lot of folks came to see me and the little kids. They look through the glass door. We are in a sort of a zoo.

Thirteenth Day. Mother says Daddy will take us Home tomorrow. What's Home? Wonder if I'll like the place. I like the pretty nurses here a lot. Mother watched them give me a bath today. How I hate baths!

Fourteenth Day. They dressed me all up today. Daddy took us Home in a auto-rumble-bile, or something like that. I like to ride, I know that. Dad and Mother can't agree about my name.

Fifteenth Day. Last night was first night at home. We all stayed up until 3 a. m. by Daddy's watch. I wasn't used to the place, no wonder.

Twentieth Day. Cried the whole day, 8 hour day, you know. Some old ladies say I have COLIC,—the six weeks' kind or the three months' colic or maybe the six months.

Twenty-second Day. Dad calls me Jim. Mother says James. Big sister calls me Jimmie. What is my real name? Somebody tell me please.

Thirtieth Day. Am losing out in my diary, but have gained 6½ ounces in weight. Weigh almost 7 pounds. Pretty fat, eh?

Forty-fifth Day. The COLIC has still got me in its grip. Six weeks are passed,—I must have the 3 months' kind. Wow, but it hurts!

Forty-sixth Day. The doctor came today. He gave Mother a bottle with some nasty stuff in it for me. I hate it.

Fiftieth Day. Feeling better. Smiled at Mother from the corner of my mouth. Might as well laugh as cry all the time.
—Junior News.





Dear Readers:—

This is the October issue of the Mladinski List. Fall is on the way; it's here. The leaves are falling and after the first frost the nuts will be coming down one by one. If you are a careful observer you will see the squirrels carrying them and storing them away in the holes of big trees. Squirrels prepare for the future and are ready when winter comes.

Can we say the same of human beings? Sad but true—there are thousands and millions of poor people in cities who will go hungry this winter. For lack of food because the crops failed? No; because of the unjust system wherein a few control enormous riches and the majority of people haven't anything.

Send in your letter early and tell us your experiences.—EDITOR.

ROYAL GORGE AND DENVER

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad to see my letter in the M. L. I am feeling fine and hope all the members are the same.

In this letter I will tell you about two of my trips—to Royal Gorge and to Denver, Colorado.

Last summer we went to Royal Gorge. It is located near Canyon City, Colo. The highest bridge in the world is there. It is about 1,053 feet high. The canyon below the bridge is the deepest in the world.

It is penetrated by a railway and river. The walls rise to a height of one-half mile on either side and are almost perpendicular.

The canyon is ten miles in length. The Arkansas River flows through the Gorge; also a train goes through.

A small train is provided for people who care to go down into the Gorge. They also have an airplane so people can get an airview of the Gorge; or they may cross the bridge by car or foot.

Six square miles were put aside by Congress to Canyon City, Colorado, as a city park.

Now I will tell you about Denver. In the month of July my mother, father, sister and I went to Denver, Colo. Denver is the capital of Colorado and it is a large city. We have seen many high buildings, including the Denver Post building, May Co., Willys Knight, and the State Capitol building.

When you are going up the stairs on one, there is a sign. It reads, "You are now one mile above sea level."

The floor of the capitol is made of white rock. The top is gilded and always shines. I am running out of words, so I will close.

Frances Fatur,

2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 88

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope you will publish it. I hope to write many more.

We are all members of the SNPJ. Why don't some of my Slovene pals of Moon Run write to the M. L.? Come on, pals! How about writing a letter once in a while?

Last summer we had a good time at Portman's Picnic Grove. Every day we watched the men bowl. When they were thirsty we carried water for them. We also played many games every day. All in all we had a very nice vacation, but we are always glad to go back to school again.

I heard the Musketeers are going to hold a big dance Oct. 29 in the Slovene hall. They invite you all to attend. Tell your parents to attend. S-long! Steve Arch, box 184, Crafton Branch, R. D. 10, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

FROM JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. School started here Sept. 6. I am 10 years old and in fourth grade.

There are four in our family. My sister and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 82. My sister is 16 years old.

I like to read the M. L. My father works 3 or 4 days a week. We had a good time on vacation. I think this will be all for this time. Genevieve Logar, 768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* * *

FROM A "PROUD TORCH"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Bells, of course, have started ringing, and we sit day after day in school following the schedule which was given to us, and listening to the teacher giving us advice. It is with pleasure that I go to school as I got tired of those days when I sat idle, having nothing to do. Idle days are days which are wasted. Of course, when the day comes when the M. L. and Prosveta are received, it is more pleasant and because we want to know what the SNPJ lodges and young members are doing.

This year, since I am in seventh grade, I take cooking and sewing. We are going to make many things for ourselves in my sewing class.

On Sunday, Sept. 4, a great thing was accomplished in Latrobe. A Socialist Club was organized with twelve charter members. We have had one meeting so far. At this meeting we talked about having Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president, talk in Latrobe. We also will have street meetings.

In the M. L. there are many articles which say that they want the M. L. to come every week, etc. But my opinion about it is this: to have it come once a month, but in an enlarged form.

When I visited Library I saw and met many young SNPJ members who could also write to the M. L. They also know much about the SNPJ.

We had our grand "East Meets West" ball on Sept. 10. A nice crowd attended and all had a good time as far as I saw. We had a Popularity Contest at which Louis Drap, a Keystonean of Herminie, won for being the most popular boy, and Ann Radojcich, a Rambler of Harmarville, was the most popular girl. They each got a prize.

As in all other towns work is rare in Latrobe, too, but still at our Socialist meeting only twelve signed up, afraid of getting a poor reputation, I suppose. I surely wish that the people would realize that the only way of getting out of this depression is to vote the Socialist ticket.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

JULIA KEEPS HOUSE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. My father and I both belong to SNPJ lodge.

I keep house as my mother died when I was quite small. I graduated from 8th grade and received a diploma and certificate.

I went on a week's vacation to New York and saw many pleasant sights. I visited the statue of Liberty and I went through the Holland tunnel. I could write a book full of things I saw and places I visited.

I will write more the next time, as I must close with best regards to all the members including the Editor.

I hope some members would write to me, as I would gladly answer their letters.

Julia Keepich, Yukon, Pa.

—————

To kill a little time is to murder a big opportunity.—Brass Tacks.



SCHOOL HAS STARTED

Dear Editor:—

I was very happy when I looked in the M. L. last month and saw my letter.

Our school has now started and I am glad. We are now going to be busy with our lessons. We will not have much time to play out of doors.

They will soon build the Jr. high school here. They are calling it Washington Jr. School.

My sister is in the 6th grade and has to go a ½ mile further. They come up here and we go down there to school.

Some of the fathers are working at the school to earn money for taxes. The mine works one day in 2 weeks. We do not make enough to pay rent.

My papa does not work for he is still sick. Here is a little poem. If the Editor will print it for me:

Pals

When I was just a little tot
I had a dog, his name was Spot;
And we had lots of fun with him,
I and my friend, whose name was Slim.

We raced and chased Spot all around
And watched him dig for bones in the ground.
Old Spot knew lots and lots of tricks
And got me out of many a fix.

Best regards to the Editor and all!

Frank Fink Jr., box 1, Wendel, Pa.

“Dad,” said Johnnie, “the barometer has fallen.”

“Very much?” asked his father.

“Ye-es, about five feet,” said the son guiltily. “It’s broken.”

If you have a good suggestion,
SEND IT IN;

Or a joke without a question
SEND IT IN;

A story that is true,
An incident that’s new
We want to hear from you,
SEND IT IN;

If you have a tale of woe
SEND IT IN;

Or a bit of news that’s so,
SEND IT IN;

Do not try to look too wise,
Or stand and criticize.

Just what do you advise?
SEND IT IN!



“THIS WONDERFUL MAGAZINE”

Dear Editor:—

I have never written to this wonderful magazine before. It is a shame, I suppose, any one would call it laziness; in fact, I would.

I am 16 yrs. of age and in the 10th grade.

I have two sisters, both are married. My mother and father and I are the only ones home. My father and I belong to the SNPJ lodge, which, I think, is very wonderful.

I would like to see my letter published in the M. L.

Hoping to hear from some of the SNPJ members.

Best regards to all.

Evelyn Bister,

General Delivery, Bryant, Oklahoma.

* *

BETTY'S IN FOURTH GRADE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. The weather is very warm out here. School has started. We went to school on Aug. 29. I am eight years old and I am in fourth grade. We change rooms. My teachers' names are: Misses Green, Neal, McClain, and Trozzo.

The whole family belongs to the SNPJ lodge No. 87. I will write more next time.

Betty Flias, box 437, Herminie, Pa.

* *

“ČEVLJAR BARON”

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years old. There are four of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ.

My cousin, Pauline Vitigoy, is training for a nurse in Cleveland, and she was home on her vacation last summer.

We were at Library on Labor day. There were several speakers, the main being Joško Oven from Chicago. There was a play, “Čev-

ljar Baron." We saw this play three times already—two times at Library and once at West Newton. They had people from Pittsburgh to sing. We girls sang "America." They had something going on all afternoon, which we enjoyed very much. It was the tenth anniversary of the Slovenski Dom. Best regards to the Editor and readers of the M. L.

Dorothy Shink, West Newton, Pa.

* *

FLORENCE'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Times are very bad. I am in 4th grade.

I was swimming every day last summer. I and my brother are 10 years old; we are twins. There are six of us in the family.

This is all for this time. I will write more some other time. **Florence Nagode,**
909 Lincoln st., Waukegan, Ill.

A Sad Truth

"When water becomes ice," said the teacher, "what important change takes place?"

"Change in price, sir," said John.

□

"How many kinds of milk are there?"

"Why, there's condensed milk and evaporated milk and—but, why do you ask?"

"Well, I was drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many faucets to put on her."

□

They were moving to another house, when suddenly Mrs. Thomson wondered where little Eric was. She hadn't seen him for half an hour.

"Have you seen my little Eric?" she asked one of the removal men.

"No, mum," replied the man. "I ain't seen 'im since we rolled the carpet up."

FRESH AIR

Open one window at the top, the other at the bottom. Out goes the bad air, in comes the good. Moving air is better than motionless air. Sleep with windows open, summer and winter, wet or fine.

PUTTING YOUR INITIALS ON FRUIT

By Doris Sieweke

Putting your initials on fruit is a simple matter. In the early summer climb a tree and out of a piece of paper cut your or your friend's initials. Paste them on the fruit and be sure and put them on the side that will get red. In the fall pick your fruit, tear off the initials and you have initialed fruit. I am doing this for my friends and I am sure that in the fall when they see their initials on fruit they will be quite surprised.



AUTUMN'S LAST DAY

By Adelia Hester

OLD Autumn sits on a golden globe,
At the flap of a corn tepee,
Vainly clutching her tattered robe,
While before the winds there flee
Pitiful tatters from bush and tree.

She sits with her hands about her
knees,
Awaiting her call to go.
Sheltering her breast from the chilling
breeze,
While dreams of her Gypsy splendor's
glow
And the ache in her heart no man can
know.