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J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

OTROK PREMIŠLJUJE NOVOLETNO VOŠČILO

ki ga pa ni izrekel

OČE,
sinoči natih sem sklenila,
da ti za novo bom leto voščila.
Zdaj je prišlo—a jaz še ne vem,
kaj naj želim ti in kaj naj povem.

Jaz sem vsa majhna, vélik je svet,
na njem je vse polno stvari, ki jih ne razumem.
Vem samo to, da je enkrat pet zmerom—pet . . .
Da je to malo, to dobro pojmujem.

Vem pa še to:
pred davnimi leti si semkaj prišel,
pred davnimi leti našel si v rudniku delo.
Pred osmimi leti mamó za ženo si vzel,
in ko sem prišla tudi jaz, je bilo pri nas kar veselo.

Hodil si v rudnik osemnajst let,
osemnajst let si hodil pod zemljo trpet,
osemnajst let si s svojo rokó premog drobil,
osemnajst let . . .
Zdaj si upognjen in slab—preveč globoko si ril . . .

A zdaj je že leto dni, kar ne hodiš na delo,
leto dni, kar si nehal pod zemljo s trpljenjem,
leto dni, kar pri nas ni več kakor prej vse veselo,
kar mama vzdihuje, da dalje ne pojde s takim življenjem.

Vedno ponavlja: "Vse svoje sile neznanim gospodom si dal,
iz zemlje si dvignil premoga za cele planine.
Zdaj te neznaní gospod je na cesto pognal—
Zdaj nimamo kruha, premoga—pa smo sredi zime . . ."

Hodi iz hiše na cesto, s ceste spet v hišo se vrača . . .
Mene ne vidi, kot bi me sploh ne imela.
Včeraj spred vrat je nagnala starca-berača,
potlej je rekla čudne besede in—zaihtela . . .

Pa greš zjutraj zdóma dela iskat,
 proti večeru se vrneš . . . "Dela ni!"
 In mati: "Zima prešla bo, prišla bo pomlad,
 a dela ne najdeš . . ." in séde na stol in ihti.

In ko sem sinoči sklenila,
 da ti za novo bom leto voščila,
 mislila sem, da bom rekla tako:
 Oče, iz vsega srca ti želim, kot sam si želiš,
 da našel bi delo, da bi nam zopet bilo lepó;
 da bi hodil na delo, da lahko bi kruha nam dal,
 in da bi spet mamó in mene po licih trepljal . . .
 To ti želim, ker vidim, kako z mamó in z mano trpiš . . .

Tako sem mislila, da ti povem,
 čeprav dobro vem,
 da bi spet hodil v rudnik trpet,
 da bi s trpljenjem premogovne skale razbijal,
 kot si razbijal jih osemnajst let . . .

Katka Zupančič:

MED VRABCI

ŽIVI, živi: piče, piče! Piče!
 Živi vi ljudje, o glejte nas vrabiče!
 Živi, živi, joj, kako nam slaba prede!
 Živi, živi, od slabosti se nam blede—.

Živ sem živ, a suknjica pretenka;
 živ oh živ, da bi sit bil od pomenka!
 Živ ti, živ jaz: bliže k meni, toplo bo obema!
 Živ, živ: hrane išči, hrane, kmalu bode tema . . .
 Živ si živ, a te je sama kost presuha.
 Živ, o, živ—poglej ga, glej ga—kruha—!
 Živ si živ! Ne vidiš? To je zanka!
 Živi, živi, a meni kruha manjka!
 Živ sem še! Ljudem res ni do greha!
 Živ, živ, skušnjava ne odneha . . .
 —živ, da, živ, pa se bojite vsega!
 Živ gor živ dol, nič ni, kdor ne tvega!
 Živ, o živ, le spretnosti je treba — — —
 Resk!
 Žav, žav, o, žaaav—.

Živi, mi smo živi, ti pa ne—
 živi, živi, ti pa ne, hehe—.

Katka Zupančič:

Novo leto

ATEK, misli si, da smo se delavci končno le združili in si na skrivaj izbrali odločilni dan. Jaz, ki sem seveda velik in moder, sem pooblaščen, da določenega dne in določene ure prevzamem tukajšnjo tovarno. Drugi drugod.

Ti gledaš skozi okno. Ves nemiren si in poln skrbi.

Mamica šteje kose premoga, ki jih meče v peč. Žalostna je in skriva solze. Jaz pa gledam na uro—.

Tedaj pa vstanem in rečem: "Ne skrbita! Prišel je čas!"

Skočim do soseda, ki ima avtomobil.

Porečem mu: "Popelji me do tovarnarja!"

Sosed se zavzame: "Sam?—Ničesar ne opraviš!"

Jaz: "Ne zmiguj! Videl boš!"

Sosed me vozi in si misli: "Tovarnar ga bo nagnal. Ali ga sploh ne bo pustil predse. Morda ga bo celo dal zapreti."

Jaz pa se naslonim nazaj, kajti ven, da bo tovarnar pokoren.

Nemudoma me prijavijo. Pa jaz ne čakam. Hočem naprej.

Tovarnarjevi hlapci se zaletavajo vame. Posvarim jih: "Pazite, da ne bodo trpeli vaši hlapčevski hrbti!"

Vstopim in rečem tovarnarju: "Izroči mi knjige in ključe od tovarne in blagajne!"

On se mi posmeje: "Noriš?" In pokliče policijo.

Jaz pa zapovem policajem, kajti tudi policaji so delavci in naši, naj vklenejo tovarnarja.

Tovarnar rohni in grozi—a je brez moči.

Zunaj pa se gnete ljudstvo. Pošla mu je razsodnost radi prekomernega trpljenja preteklih let.

Zato krik: "Doli s tovarnarjem! Ubijmo ga ko psa!"

Jaz pa rečem: "Ne! Življenje je njegovo. In ako ne bo hotel poginiti, bo moral delati. Naj gleda, kako bo živel od dela **svojih** rok!"

Ljudstvo vpije: "Doli s tovarno! Razderimo stroje! Ti so zakrivili našo bedo!"

Jaz pa pravim: "Ne! Vse to smo ustvarili mi. Svojega dela ne bomo razdirali! Stroji so pokorni naši roki. Delali bodo za nas, kakor so poprej za izkoriščevalca."

Ljudstvo grmi: "Oplenimo blagajno!"

"Ne!" pravim, "kdo bo tako bedast, da bo oropal samega sebe? Preštelo in precenilo se bo vso imovino. Vzelo se bo od nje toliko, da se potrebni izkopljejo iz revščine. In delali bomo, delali zase. Izkoriščanju je odbilo!"

Ljudstvo preplašeno: "Vojaki! Vojaki prihajajo!"

Jaz: "Prav!"

Vojaki: "Revolucija! Doli z njo!"

Jaz: "Kdo ste vi?"

Vojaki: "Oborožena sila države smo!"

Jaz: "Vaša naloga?"

Vojaki: "Da ščitimo državo pred sovražniki, zunanji in notranji!"

Jaz: "Tako je! In mi, delovna sila države, ali smo mi njeni sovražniki? Mi, ki smo jo zgradili in podprli z našim umom in z našimi rokami, ali smo njeni sovražniki?"

Vojaki se začudijo. So nekoliko topoglavi.

Vprašajo: "In Washington?"

Poučim jih: "Naša sila je medtem posegla tudi v Washington."

Vojaki: "Počakajmo nadaljnjih odredb iz Washingtona."

Jaz: "Prav! A medtem čuvajte tovarno, če bi kateri med ljudstvom izgubili glave."

Pohitim domov k tebi, očka, pa zakličem: "Vse v redu! Veseli se! Novo leto, nova doba je tu! Pričnimo novo življenje, tako, ki bo vredno življenja!"

S tvojega čela, atek, izgine oblak; in mamica ima solze veselja v očeh.

Tako Novo leto bi želel tebi, mamici, sebi in vsem . . .



Anna P. Krasna:

KO MALI MISLIJO

SVEŽ in lep kakor divna pokrajina po blagodejnem dežju
je svet, kadar se vspenja nad njim pestra mavrica
velikih misli neskarjenih malčkov.

Svojim mamicam zidajo ljubke hišice,
svoje skromne očete pa preoblikujejo v ponosne možake.
Lastno bodočnost ovijajo v solnčne pramene,
da bi jo tako nikdar ne zatemnili temni oblaki gorja.
Žalost in puščobo revnih bajt in tovarniških predmestij
nadomestijo s smehljajočo se srečo in zadovoljstvom,
in se radujejo nad svetom, ki je njih lastnina.

Radujejo se, ker so jim misli polne solnca.
Potem pa pride oče domov in prekolne ves svet,
vse ljudi in življenje—ker ni dela zanj,
ne kruha za njegove male — —
Mamica se vzzalosti in njeni vzdih podirajo hišice,
ki so jih sezidale lepe, velike misli njenih malih.
Črni oblaki skrbi, nejevolje in tuge
pogoltnejo lepi solnčni svet,
in iz strmečih oči sije grenka bolečina razočaranja.



Jean McLane: MATERINSTVO

Ivan Jontez:

“Moja mati”

DVANAJSTLETNA Katka je pisala domačo šolsko nalogo o svoji materi. Svoje pametne rjave oči uprte v mater, ki je krpala raztrgano perilo, se je za čas zamislila, nato je pa začela:

“Moja mati.”

In se je spet zamislila. Treba je bilo celo stvar še enkrat premisliti in iz množice misli izluščiti najboljše ter vse strniti v trdno celoto. Kajti Katka je hotela narisati v svoji nalogi pravo, jasno podobo svoje matere, da bi jo vsakdo lahko spoznal; zato se je lotila svoje naloge vestno in premišljeno. Končno, ko je bila slika gotova v njenih mladih možganih, je krepkeje stisnila med prsti pero in pod peresom je nastala slika:

“Moja mati ni tako lepo oblečena kakor so mestne gospe, ki jih vsak dan srečavam na ulicah, kjer vodijo s seboj skodrane in parfimirane psičke; njen obraz ni tako lepo okrogel in brez gub, in njene roke niso tako mehke in gladke kakor so roke imenitnih bogatih dam. Slabo je blago, v katero je zavito njeno izgarano telo, njen obraz je izžet, stisnjen in koža na njem vsa zgrbančena, njenih las ne negujejo v dišečih lepotnih salonih, roke ima koščene in hrapave in hrbet se ji že krivi. Delo, ki je imenitnim damam tuje, jo je upognilo in izželo iz nje mladostno silo, trpljenje, pred katerim žlahtne gospe bežijo, je vtisnilo svoj težki pečat v njen obraz, in skrbi, katere gospe odganjajo od sebe liki nadležne muhe, so ostavile svoje neizbrisne sledove v razoranem čelu in v sivih laseh.

Če bi mojo mater postavili poleg kakšne take gospe — joj, kakšna razlika! Revščina, trpljenje in skrbi posebljene v moji materi, poleg site mehkužnosti, nečimernosti in lenobe posebljene v mestni gospe — kakor če bi postavil sestradanega in zanemarjenega kužeta

poleg zmerom sitega, lepo skodranega, počesanega in parfimiranega psička milostive gospe, ki je deležen udobnosti, ki se nam delavskim otrokom niti sanjati ne sme o njih!

In vendar je moja mati stokrat lepša od teh žensk, ki bi vihale nosove nad njo, če bi šla mimo njih, stokrat, tisočkrat lepša je zame! Res je, ni zavita v svilo — toda ali svila dela človeka lepega? Svila, ki je kupljena za krvave žulje in pekoče potne srage trpinov? O, če bi moja mati bila oblečena v tako svilo, bi je nikoli ne mogla tako ljubiti in spoštovati kakor jo ljubim in spoštujem, vedoč, da je njena skromna obleka sad njenega dela! In ali gladek, nenaguban in sit obraz dela človeka lepega? Obraz moje matere je stisnjen, shujšan in zgrbančen, pa vendar je zame tisočkrat lepši od obraza ravnateljve gospe, ki pravijo o njej, da je najlepša ženska v mestu. Saj vem, da so to le sledovi dela in trpljenja, težkega boja za obstanek, dočim lenoba ne dopusti, da bi taki sledovi prišli na obraz mehkužne gospe.

Otrok sem še bila, nebogljeno dete, ko je transmisija zgrabila mojega očeta ter sprešala iz njega življenje. Mati je ostala sama z menoj in dvema mojima bratcema in ni ga bilo, ki bi bil voljan priskočiti na pomoč siroti. Toda ona kljub temu ni obupala. Molče in brez jadikovanja je sprejela trdi udarec življenja ter se spustila v boj z njim sama. In ni omagala. Ona, ki nas je rodila, ki nas je dojila, je tudi dalje skrbela za nas, je nas preživljala in oblačila — roke so ji postale žuljave in hrapave od dela v tovarni, trpljenje ji je skrivilo hrbet, skrbi so se ji zajedle v čelo, prečute noči so ji kvarile vid, pa ona ni marila za to, ker šlo je za nas, za življenje njenih otrok. In njeno trpljenje, delo in garanje ni bilo zaman;

zmago ji je prineslo. Zdaj ji je lažje; moja brata že delata in kmalu bom tudi jaz zmožna zaslužiti si svoj kruh.

Res: ni v svilo zavita moja mati, nima gladkega obraza, skodranih las, mehkih rok in polikanih nohtov — pa je vendar tisočkrat lepša od vseh mestnih gospa! Delo in ljubezen jo delata lepo. Delo iz ljubezni, ki žari iz njenih trudnih oči, v katerih je toliko nepopisne

lepote, ki je ni najti v praznih očeh "žlahtnih" dam.

Taka je moja mati: Žena Dela. In ker je taka, jo ljubim in spoštujem. In če bi me v šoli vprašali za ime kakšnega velikega junaka, bi odgovorila: MATI, MOJA MATI. Tiste lene gospe, ki imajo srce samo zase in za svoje kužke, pa preziram in sem vesela, da ni nobena izmed njih — moja mati."

J. V.:

Smučar Branko

MATI se je večkrat prav zares hudovala na Branka in je pač že stokrat rekla, da mu bo vrgla nesrečne smučiče v ogenj. A oče se je smejal materi in ker se je oče smejal, se je smejal tudi Branko, seveda ne tako glasno kakor oče, ker se je matere vendarle bal. Mati je zlovoljna odšla v kuhinjo, Branko pa v vežo, kjer so stale njegove krasne smučiče, lepo očiščene in namazane. Branko jih je pobožal in se jim posmejal. In že so tičale na njegovih nogah in že je smuknil iz veže in že se je poganjal po razvoženi poti, ki se je vila med snegom daleč nekam, odkoder so pozdravljale gore, zasute s snegom in vkovane v iskrečo se ledeno plast.

"Med prazniki sem se počeno počil," je premišljal Branko, se prerival sunkoma po gladki poti. "A ker sem se počeno počil, pojdem danes resnično nekam daleč in visoko, da se nasmučam in popravim, kar sem z lenobo o praznikih zamudil. Hej, te moje smučiče! Lani mi jih je oče potisnil pod drevesce; a še letos so take, da jih ne bi zamenjal, niti za očetove ne."

Že se je prismukal po položnem klanecu do gozda, ki je bil ves pokrit s snegom in ivjem. Pot se je stisnila in ni bila več tako dobro izvožena; zato je krenil z nje in se smukal skozi gozd kar po celem. Naglo je šel naprej, ker ni bilo nobene zapreke in se bližal goram, ki so na koncu dolinice strmo in razkosano strmele proti nebu. Tik pod njimi se je Branko ustavil za nekaj tre-

nutkov in pomislil, kam bi krenil. A že se je spomnil in se spustil na strmino, ki se je vzpenjala ob skalnatem gorovju tja gor do grebena, kamor se je videlo tako lepo in jasno, kakor da je greben oddaljen samo dober streljaj.

Lahkotno je Branko prečkal strmino in v dobri volji žvižgal veselo pesem. A nebo se je oblačilo; jadrne megle so se poganjale ob skalovju in z grebena je pričel žvižgati rezek veter. Še preden je Branko utegnil pomisliti, so ga zajele bele, goste koprene, da ni videl niti dva koraka predse. Sneg mu je udaril v obraz tako silovito, da mu je skoro sapo zaprlo.

"Ovbe," je zatarnal Branko in se obrnil. "Tega pa nisem hotel. Čemu me strašita zdaj megla in sneg? Zato me srašita, da me pripravita ob vse veselje. Nazaj moram, a kako naj grem nazaj, ko pa zaradi snega in megle ničesar ne vidim? Hudo mi bo zdaj, prebito hudo."

In se je spustil na slepo srečo nizdol. Smučiči so brzele, da je kar škrtalo v prhkem snegu in Branko je potisnil gorko, volneno čepico skoro do oči in se krepko opiral na palice. Ker ni videl pred sabo ničesar in je v megli in snegu izgubil smer, je nevede zavil na desno; z vso silo je trčil ob skalovje in se prevrnil po snegu.

A ni zarobantil prav nič, ampak se je na glas posmejal. Pobral se je in se oprezno drsal ob skalovju. Že je došel do gostega rušja, ki je komaj z vrhovi

molelo iz snega, tedaj pa zagleda med skalovjem široko in prostorno lopo in se je razveseli na vso moč.—“Nu, glejte,” je rekel. “Kakor za nalašč se mi je prikazala. Lepo bom zdaj vedril in počakal, da se megla razvleče. A razvleče se kmalu, prehudo piska veter.”

In je stopil v lopo, a je obstal kakor prikovan. Zakaj hipoma je začul prita-jeno, žalostno zdihovanje, ki je prihajalo odnekod iz lope. Gledal je okrog sebe in zagledal tam v kotu nekaj silnega in rjavega, ki je ležalo na tleh in pretrgano hroplo. Branko se je zavzel in dosti ni manjkalo, pa bi se mu bili lasje naježili pod volneno čepico.

“Kdo si? Ali si nemara divjji mož?” je zavpil, da je čudno grmelo po votlini. “Branko sem in Branko se ne boji divjega moža, če si res divjji mož.”

Rjava pošast se je zganila in vzdignila rogato, bradato glavo. Dvoje oči se je prestrašeno ozrlo v Branka, a že je omahnila glava in čulo se je samo še žalostno hropenje. Branko je stopil bliže in glej—pošast ni bila pošast in niti ne divjji mož. Bil je samo star divjji kozel, ki se je bil zavlekel sem v lopo, da bi v miru poginil. Njegova dlaka je bila pokrita s strjeno krvjo in na tilniku mu je zevala dolga, široka rana, a kri ni več tekla iz nje.

Branko ga je gledal in žival se mu je smilila. Rad bi ji bil pomagal, pa ni vedel kako. Sklonil se je k umirajočemu divjemu kozlu in ga dvakrat pobožal po čelu pod rogovi. Žival ga je gledala z gasnečimi očmi, hotela se je vzdigniti, a se je hipoma zgrudila in se ni ganila več.

“Mrtev je,” je dejal Branko in hudo mu je bilo. “Kdo ga je neki ranil in premagal, ko je vendar tak velikan, da bi se ga človek na samem resnično ustrašil? Čudno, čudno . . .”

A hitro se je spomnil in je takoj vedel vse. Glej, kdo ve, koliko let je mrtvi divjji kozel vodil svojo čredo po skalnatih gorah, po stenah, po prepadih in med molčečim rušjem. Bil je vladar in gospodar v svojem visokem kraljestvu,

koder je pohajal iz kraja v kraj in strahoval sosednje črede. Poznal ni nepokorščine s strani svojih podložnih in s svojimi rogovi je kaznoval vse prestopke. Poznal je nad sabo samo jasno planinsko solnce, ki ga je ogrevalo. A glej—sredi med njegovo čredo je rasel mladič, krepak in ponosen kakor oče, uporen je bil in trmoglav, da ga je moral spoditi iz črede. A mladič je rasel in rasel in trmasto spremljal čredo. Staremu so se pričeli rogovi krhati in danes v jutru je nasilni mladič navalil na očeta in sta se borila za življenje in smrt. A stari je podlegel; mladič pa je ukrotil čredo in jo odvedel čez sleme tja dol, kjer se med rušjem še kaže nebogljena, napol uvela gorska travica. Na smrt ranjen se je stari zavlekel v lopo ter poginil od žalosti in zaradi smrtne rane.

“Škoda ga je, bil je krasen kozel,” je premišljal Branko in ogledoval mrtvo žival. “Strašno mu je moralo biti v srcu, ko ga je umoril njegov lastni sin. O, živali so čudne in neusmiljene. Da le morejo biti tako čudne in brez srca. Pa tudi ljudje so taki, saj bogatin tudi vrže starega imozganega delavca na cesto—.”

Žalost se mu je zganila v srcu in nič več ni mogel gledati mrtvega divjega kozla. Obrnil se je in je stopil iz lope. In se je začudil, ker ni videl nikjer več megle. Plazila se je samo še ob škrbastih vrhovih snežnikov in solnce se je smejalo po širnem gorskem svetu in sneg se je biserno lesketal, kamorkoli je pogledal. Branko je zasopel od veselja in se pognal po snegu. Vrh strmine je za trenutek postal in zavriskal, da je stoglasno odmevalo po gorski kotanji.

“Juhuhu!”—A že je kakor veter drevil po strmini in dalje, dalje v dolino in do samega doma. Mati ga je spet oštela, a Branko se je smejal in si gladil rdeča lica. Mati je odšla v kuhinjo in kaj si je hotela, Branku so prirasle pač smučki k nogam; kaj pa naj napravi, ko ve, da pri Branku vse skupaj nič ne zaleže?

Lev Tolstoj:

Odkod izvira zlo

NEKOČ je živel v gozdu puščavnik. Živali se ga niso bale, in kadar so ga ogovarjale, jih je lahko razumel in jim odgovarjal.

Nekega večera je legel puščavnik pod drevo in vrana, golob, jelen in kača so si v njegovi bližini poiskali prenočišče.

Tedaj je rekla vrana:

"Vse zlo na tem svetu izvira iz lakote. Če si sit, potem se zadovoljno usedeš na vejo in veselo pozdravljaš svet s svojim petjem. Vse je lepo in dobro, in z vsem si zadovoljen. Če pa si dan ali dva dni lačen, se ti vse studí, tako da bi najrajši za zmerom zapustil ta svet. Sem letaš, tja letaš, iz kraja v kraj, in nikjer ne najdeš miru. In če zagledaš v takem stanju drobtino mesa, takoj zgubiš glavo in se vržeš nanj. Tedaj se mnogokrat zgodi, da mečejo palice in kamenje za teboj, ali pa volkovi ali psi zagrabiyo meso in ti ga ne izpustiš, čeprav se ti potem slabo godi. Koliko mojih bratov je poginilo na ta način! Da, da, vse zlo na tem svetu izvira iz lakote!"

Tedaj se je oglasil golob:

"In če bi vprašali mene, kaj menim, kdo je kriv vsemu zlu na tem svetu, tedaj ne bi obdolžil lakoto, ampak ljubezen. Če bi vsi živeli vsaksebi, tedaj bi nam bilo mnogo gorja prihranjenega. Če imaš prijatelja, tedaj neprestano premišljuješ, ali je sit, ali je zdrav, ali mu je dovolj toplo? In če prijatelj odleti, potem takoj izgubiš glavo in neprestano te mori skrb, ali ga ni jastreb napadel, ali ga ni človek ujel in naposled odletiš za njim, da ga poiščeš, in potem navadno sam padeš v nesrečo, jastrebu v kremplje ali pa ljudem v mrežo. In če se ti prijatelj ponesreči, potem nima življenje zate nobenega smisla več. Nobena jed, nobena pijača ti ne tekne več, zmerom bi le iskal in jokal. Koliko izmed nas jih je že tako poginilo? Vse

zlo na tem svetu izvira od ljubezni, ne pa iz lakote!"

Kača je rekla:

"Ne, zlo ne izvira iz lakote in iz ljubezni, temveč iz nagle jeze. Če bi bile ponižne in se ne bi za vsako malenkost razburjale, potem bi se nam vsem dobro godilo. Če se nam pa zgodi le najmanjša nesreča, tedaj postanemo besne in ne vemo več, kaj naj storimo, da ohladimo svojo jezo. Plazimo se okoli in iščemo, koga bi ugriznile, vse eno koga. Nihče se nam več ne smili, še same nase smo jezne, dokler se popolnoma ne uničimo. Da, vse zlo na tem svetu izvira iz nagle jeze!"

In zdaj je začel jelen govoriti:

"Ne, zlo ne izvira iz nagle jeze, ljubezni in lakote, temveč iz strahu. Joj, da bi mogli živeti, ne da bi poznali občutek strahu. To bi bilo dobro. Hitre noge imamo in veliko moč. Lahko se branimo majhnih živali, velikim pa lahko ubežimo. Samo tega ne zmoremo, da se ne bi bali. Če se veja v vetru strese, če pade droben list z drevesa, se stresemo od strahu in srce nam hoče raznesti od groze in tedaj začnemo teči, kolikor nas nesejo noge in tako dolgo, dokler nam ne zmanjka sape. Drugič spet skoči zajec čez plot ali pa zleti ptiček na drevo, in že misliš, da se ti hoče približati kaka zver, in spet tečeš, dokler ne padeš res kaki zverí v kremplje. Ali pa tečeš pred kakim psom in pritečeš človeku v roke. Mnogokrat se prestrašiš in stečeš naravnost v prepad. Spiš samo z enim očesom in neprestano prisluškuješ in se bojiš. Nikoli nimaš miru! Da, vse zlo izvira iz strahu!"

Puščavnik pa je rekel:

"Zlo in boleť ne izvirata iz lakote, strahu, ljubezni in nagle jeze. Vsak nosi svoje slabosti v sebi. Pri enem je to, pri drugem drugo in vsak mora stremeti za tem, da premaga svoje slabosti!"

Prebrisani Miha

NEKOČ je živel mož, ki mu je bilo ime Pepe. Bil je zelo lakomen in obenem velik pijanec. Karkoli je zaslužil, je zapil in zapravlil.

Pepe je imel lepega sivega oslička. Zelo grdo je ravnal z njim, pretepal ga je in mu dal komaj toliko hrane, da ni poginil od gladu.

Pepetov sosed je bil mladi Miha. Miha je bil zelo dober človek in osliček se mu je zelo smilil. Nič več ni mogel gledati, kako ga je Pepe mučil.

In zdaj vam bom povedal, kaj je Miha napravil nekega dne:

Doma je imel staro oslovsko kožo. Oblekel se je v osla in skrtil Pepetovega oslička pri sosedovih, sam se je pa postavil v hlev in čakal, kaj bo.

Kmalu je prišel Pepe, pijan kakor klada. Pograbil je Miho in ga vlekel iz hleva, da bi ga vpregel pred voz. Voz je bil naložen z zelenjavo in krompirjem.

Ko sta prišla do voza, je Miha zgrabil Pepeta in ga vpregel pred voz, sam je pa vsedel na voz in zavihtil bič. Lahko si mislite, kako se je Pepe prestrašil, ko je zagledal osla na kozlu, ki je neusmiljeno udrihal z bičem po njem. Hočeš nočeš je moral vleči težko naloženi voziček po cesti. Ljudje so strmeli in se čudili, kako je osel gnal človeka in ga tepel, da je moral vleči voz. In še bolj so se čudili, ko so videli, kako je osel poleg tega ponujal zelenjavo, prodajal krompir in spravljaj denar. Pepe se je od samega strahu tako napil, da je na povratku domov obležal na cesti in zaspal.

Ko se je naposled vendar prebudil, je videl, da je bil njegov osliček vprežen v voz, in mislil je, da je vse to le sanjal. Ves srečen je skočil k osličku, ga objel okoli vratu in mu trdno obljubil, da ga odslej ne bo več trpinčil in da bo z njim lepo ravnal.—Mlaj.

Anna P. Krasna:

NOVOLETNI POGOVOR

Otroci: Novo leto je, mamica,
a pri nas je mraz,
kakor lani—
ti pa si rekla:
z novim letom bo boljše za nas.

Mamica: Seveda sem rekla, otroci,
ali zdaj že vem,
da samo novo leto ne prinaša
boljših časov nam revnim ljudem.

Otroci: Kdo pa nam prinese lepših dni?
Mar staro leto,
ki ga več ni?

Mamica: Ne, tega ne.
Le vsi malčki, ki po lepših dneh hrepenijo,
nam novo leto novih dni nekoč priborijo.

Žalostna zgodba z veselim koncem

Pravljica

MALI Franček je bil dober in ubogljivi otrok. Vendar, odkar mu je umrla dobra mamica, se je njegovo življenje izpremenilo. Nič več ni vedel, kaj je ljubezen, milovanje in nega! Oče je šel zgodaj zjutraj na delo in se je vračal pozno zvečer truden domov. Med tem je sedel mali Franček doma in s solzami v očeh mislil na svojo ljubo ranjko mamico.

Nekega dne pa je prišla v hišo huda žena. Malega Franka ni marala in tako je postalo njegovo življenje pravi pekel.

Mačeha Žefa je zapovedovala Frančku, da je moral opravljati najtežja dela. V gozdu je sekal drva in jih prinesel domov, smeti je moral odnesti na polje in čistiti svinjske hleve.

Nekega dne, ko se je Franček vračal s polja, ga je dohitela huda nevihta. Skril se je pod kozolec in čakal, da neha deževati. Ko se je zvečer vrnil domov, ga je mačeha sprejela z bičem v roki. Pretepla ga je, da je bil po vsem telesu rdeč, in naposled mu je dala hlebec črnega kruha in zavpila:

"Poberi se z doma! Za takega nepriprava ni v hiši več prostora. Pojdi, da te ne vidim!"

Ihteč in ves obupan se je podal mali Franček na pot. Težko je bilo živeti z mačeho Žefo, a še težje je bilo iti sam, brez vsake pomoči, v širni svet.

"Mamica, mamica!" je zaihtel Franček in gozd in gore so mu pomagale klicati: "Mamica, mamica!"

Naposled je prišel do tretje vasi. Ob robu gozda se je sesedel od utrujenosti. Noč je bila temna in nikjer na nebu ni bilo videti nobene zvezdice. In predno se je Franček zavedel kako in kaj, je stal pred njim prijazen starček.

"Revček Franček, poznam tvojo nesrečo. Pojdi nazaj domov! Tukaj ti podarim to kokoško, ki nese namestu jajec zlatnike. S kokoško boste lahko doma vsi zadovoljno živeli!"

Franček se je lepo zahvalil prijaznemu starčku in veselo krenil s putko proti domu. Toda pot je bila dolga in Franček je bil truden. Na koncu gozda je zagledal lučko. Ko je prišel tja, je stal pred lično gostilno. Boječe je potrkal na vrata.

Gostilničar je odprl in vprašal:

"Odkod in kam neseš to putko?"

Franček mu je povedal svoj doživljaj s prijaznim starčkom, in ker mu gostilničar ni hotel verjeti, je Franček zapovedal putki:

"Putka, znesi zlatnik!" in putka je znesla tri zlatnike.

Ponoči, ko je Franček trdno spal, se je splazil hudobni gostilničar v njegovo sobo in mu odnesel putko, namestu nje pa dal Frančku drugo putko k zglavju.

Zjutraj se je Franček lepo zahvalil gostilničarju za prenočišče in veselo odhitel dalje proti domu. Ko je prišel domov, je videl mačeho na dvorišču. Ker je bil dober otrok, je pozabil na vse, stekel k mačehi in rekel:

"Mati, ta putka nese zlatnike, zdaj bomo vsi bolje živeli!" In povedal ji je zgodbo o dobrem starčku. Mačeha Žefa mu ni hotela verjeti in nato je Franček hitro ukazal:

"Putka, znesi zlatnik!" A to pot je ostala putka gluha in se ni zmenila za Frančkove ukaze. Ni se zmenila, ker ni bila prava čarodejna putka! Mačeha je mislila, da se hoče Franček le norčevati iz nje, pograbila je palico in ga neusmiljeno pretepla. Spet ga je zapodila od hiše in ga s palico spremila do konca vasi.

Franček je milo jokal in vzdihoval, a ko je prišel na rob gozda se je nena doma pokazal pred njim prijazen starček.

"Vem, Franček, kakšen revček si. Gostilničar ti je bil zamenjal putko in zdaj nese tvoja putka gostilničarju lepe zlatnike. Tukaj ti podarim šibo. Če ji

zapoveš, naj udari, bo udrihala po tvojem sovražniku, da bo kaj! Zdaj pa pojdi svojo pot!

Franček se je lepo zahvalil in se napolnil k gostilničarju.

Gostilničar ga je prijazno sprejel, mencial roke in dejal:

“Nu, dobri deček, ali imaš spet kaj dobrega pri sebi?”

“Da, imam,” se je zasmel Franček in v naslednjem trenutku vzkliknil: “Palica, udari!”

Palica je skočila Frančku iz roke in udarjala po gostilničarjevemu hrbtu, kakor obsedena. Gostilničar je začel kričati in tarnati, češ, naj Franček pokliče palico nazaj. A Franček je rekel:

“Če mi vrneš mojo putko, pokličem palico nazaj. Prej ne!”

Gostilničar je hitro prinesel putko iz hleva in jo dal Frančku. Tedaj je rekel Franček: “Palica, nehaj!” in palica je priletela Frančku v roko.

Franček se je s palico in s putko vrnil domov. In ko je mačeha videla, da nese putka res prave zlatnike, je bila z njim dobra in prijazna. Morda se je tudi bala njegove palice. Tako so zadovoljno živeli vsi pod isto streho in Franček ni bil več tako žalosten. Seveda, materine ljubezni mu ni mogel nihče nadomestiti, zato pa tudi ni nikoli pozabil svoje ranjke mamice.

“M. J.”

Noč med levi

NEKI afriški raziskovalec pripoveduje: Solnce je že zahajalo; toda mi smo še vedno korakali dalje. Naposled smo vendar prispeli do Kapatske goščave, ki loči Bangweolsko jezero od Kompolombskega. Tu naj bi bili sloni. Ker je bil naš lov njim namenjen, smo si tu postavili lovski šotor. Črno so se risali obrisi črede antilop od večernega neba.

“Glej,” je rekel eden izmed naših, “kako strmijo v jezero, ki požira ogenj!” Mislil je solnce, ki je pravkar izginjalo v jezeru.

Utrujen od dolge hoje, sem se po večerji zleknil v šotoru. Moja psička Bobsi je legla k mojim nogam. Tišina je vladala v taboru; vsi so spali. Tedajci sem planil pokoncu. Pred šotorom je besno renčal moja Bobsi.

“Zakuri ogenj!” sem velel slugi. Zdrznil se je. “Simba” (lev), sem zašepetal. Prisluškoval je pasjemu renčanju in rekel: “Če gre pes iz šotora, tedaj je kvečjemu kaka hijena blizu.”

Ogenj je vzplamenel. Tisti mah smo slišali lahko renčanje in v svitu ognja smo zagledali velikega, mogočnega leva. Deček je kriknil, mahoma je bil ves ta-

bor na nogah. Bobsi, ki se je bila med tem vrnila, se je brez pomisleka zagnala v leva. Lev je dvignil šapo in zamahnil proti psički. Bobsi pa je bila urnejša. Poskočil sem in zgrabil pa puško, a v tistem trenutku je lev izginil. Sedel sem na nizek stolček, položil puško čez kolena in čakal, da se zdani.

Čeprav sem bil silno utrujen, vendar nisem mogel zaspati. Naposled sem vendarle zadremal in sanjalo se mi je, da se bojujem z divjimi levi. A tedaj me je prebudil krik; nekaj mehkega je ležalo na meni in v naslednjem trenutku sem padel na tla. Bobsi je lajala in videti je bilo, da se je bila v nekaj zagrizla. Kmalu mi je bilo vse jasno. Neka levinja se je bila priplazila po puščavi in se v skoku zagnala na moj šotor. Mreža, ki je bila razpeta nad šotorom, da nas je varovala moskitov, je levinjo ovirala pri skoku, tako da se je s prednjimi šapami ujela v mrežo. Bobsi, ki je bila tudi pod mrežo, se je pa zagrizla v njen trebuh. Pomeril sem in sprožil. Levinja je obležala mrtva na tleh. Bobsi si je pa lizala okrvavljeni smrček, zakaj levinja jo je bila vendarle malo opraskala.



Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Z veseljem prebiram vaše dopise, v katerih mi poveste marsikaj zanimivega in originalnega. V pričujoči številki je precejšnje število zanimivih dopisov, kar pač znači, da ste pričeli novo leto z vnemo in potrebnim navdušenjem.

Pišite slovenske dopise za "Kotiček", ki je v prvi vrsti namenjen vam, mladim članom in članicam S. N. P. J.! Potrudite se, da se bo vsaka številka letošnjega Mladinskega lista ponašala z lepim številom ljubkih dopisov izpod vašega peresa. Saj to ni težko, ako imate voljo za to pohvalno delo.

Mladinski list s svojim slovenskim delom v "Kotičku" nudi naši mladini izredno priliko, da se uri v slovenski pisavi, ki bo slehernemu nekoč prav prišla. Kmalu boste dorastli in se morda namenili na obisk v staro domovino. Tedaj vam bo znanje slovenskega jezika zelo prav prišlo. To je samo ena primera, je pa še nešteto drugih sličnih.

Zato pa veselo naprej!

—UREDNIK.

PRESTOPNO LETO

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila napisati par vrstic za naš preljubljeni M. L. Letos bom skušala bolj po gostoma pisati dopise kot pa lani. Lansko leto sta se "Naš kotiček" in "Chatter Corner" zelo povečala. Stari dopisovalci so pridno pisali in tudi veliko novih je bilo opaziti. Letos dajmo pa še bolj pridno pisati, da bo še več dopisov.

V decemberski številki sem zapazila dve novi dopisovalki iz Clevelanda, ki sta pisale v "Chatter Corner", toda upata v drugič pisati tudi v slovenskem. Le tako naprej, Rosie in Emma!

Letošnje leto je prestopno leto. Hude zime še ni bilo v Clevelandu. Z delom gre pa zmiraj enako, in to je seveda slabo.

Lansko leto 28. nov. je priredilo mladinsko društvo "Beacon" SNPJ plesno veselico, katera je bila zelo uspešna. Ljudi je bilo iz vseh krajev, prišla je tudi dobro poznana Jane Fradelova s starši iz Pennsilvanije. Zastopanih je bilo osemnajst društev SNPJ. To je zelo lepa skupina.

Najbolj se mi je dopadel komičen prizor o polnoči, "Poroka". Ta prizor se je dopadel vsakemu, kateri ga je videl, ker takega prizora še ni bilo nikjer predstavljenega na plesni veselici.

To, mislim, zaenkrat zadostuje, pa še prihodnjič kaj več. Najlepše pozdrave vsem, kateri čitajo preljubljeni Mladinski list!

Anna Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

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NOVOLETNE OBLJUBE

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, odmerite mi spet malo prostora. Želim namreč tudi letos od časa do časa po svoji moči prispevati kaj v Ml. list, ki je list nas mladih dopisovalcev, pa tudi odrasli večkrat prispevajo kaj dobrega in koristnega vanj. Tudi meni pomaga moj oče pri dopisih in pesmih, ki bi jih sama ne zmogla.

Ko bodo te vrstice zagledale beli dan, bomo že v letu 1932. Vkljub vsej mizeriji, ki prevladuje danes menda po vsem svetu, čas vendarle hitro poteka in že je božič za nami, tisti

lepi, po vsem svetu opevani krščanski božič, ki je najlepši praznik v letu — za cerkve in "biznismane", a ne za proletarce. Njih božič še pride!

Tudi novo leto je tu! Novo leto je po navadi tisti letni čas, v katerem človek dela razne resolucije ali zaobljube, da bo kako slabo stvar opustil, ali dobro stvar izvršil, pa teh obljub ponavadi ne izpolni.

Po več letih odmora je naše društvo "Skala" št. 50 v Clintonu, Ind., spet enkrat priročilo veselico dne 31. dec. 1931 v Pasaventovi dvorani na Sedmi ulici. S čistim dobičkom, če ga bo kaj, se bodo krpale luknje blagajne, ki so nastale vsled slabih delavskih razmer.

Ker nimam zaenkrat kaj razveseljivega napisati, zato sklenem ta dopis. Dovolite mi samo še tole pesmico, ki se imenuje "Novoletne obljube", katero je zložil moj oče:

Novoletne obljube

Novo leto nas pozdravlja,
staro vzelo je slovo,
čas se nič ne obotavlja,
leta hitro tečejo.

Človek včasih se raduje,
včasih v solzah se topi
pa napake obžaluje,
ki med letom jih stori.

Koncem leta obljubuje:
"Zle navade bom opustil,
v novem letu," zatrjuje,
"samo dobro bom vršil."

Ko pa pride novo leto
s trdno voljo res prične,
da spolni obljubo sveto,
pa pozabi kmalu vse.

Vsako leto to ponavlja;
stare sklepe ponovi.
Biti boljši zagotavlja,
pa obljube ne drži . . .

Novo leto nas pozdravlja,
staro vzelo je slovo,
stara pesem se ponavlja,
se je vedno in se bo.

H koncu tega dopisa želim vsem bratcem in sestricam širom Amerike in Vam, cenjeni urednik, vse najboljše v novem letu in se Vam obenem zahvalim za Vaš trud pri urejevanju mojih dopisov in pesmi in upam, da mi boste tudi v novem letu pomagali kot ste mi dozdaj!

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

TONČEK JE ROKODELEC

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, da mi odstopite malo prostora v M. L. kot članu Mladinskega oddelka SNPJ.

To je moj prvi dopis. Večkrat mislim, da bi napisal kakšno pisemce za naš mesečnik, ali pisava se mi vedno odlaga. Povem naj, da ima mama z menoj velik križ, ali, bi rekel, na koše potrpljenja, ker mi večkrat prigovarja: "Tonček, sedaj bom tvoja učiteljica, ti pa moj učenec za dve uri v slovenščini." Včasih ubogam, večkrat pa se izgovorim.

Naj vam povem na uho, da mene zelo veseli delati zrakoplove, čolne, konje, tigre, leve in tako dalje. To pa vse iz lesa. Domači mi mnogokrat pravijo, da sem pravi Ribničan z suho robo.

Lansko leto sem prav z veseljem hodil v šolo vsak dan dve uri učenja v mizarstvu. Napravil sem osemnajst različnih predmetov. Star sem trinajst let in hodim v osmi razred.

H koncu lep pozdrav vsem. Vas, urednik, pa prosim, da imate potrpljenje s tem dopisom, ker je v njem dosti napak.

Anfon Groznik.

Box 202, Diadmondville, Wyo.

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NOVOLETNO VOŠČILO

Cenjeni urednik!

Kadar bo ta dopis priobčen, bo nastopilo že leto 1932. Zato želim vsem čitateljem in čitalkam veselo novo leto, da bi bili vsi zdravi in da bi naši očetje imeli zaslužek vsaki dan.

V prošlem letu so mnogi pridno dopisovali v Mladinski list in želeli je, da bi se v bodoče še bolj zanimali, da bi M. L. dobil novih dopisovalcev v slovenskem in angleškem.

Zadnje čase so nekateri dopisi zelo zanimivi, to je dokaz, da napredujemo.

Povem vam, da pri društvu "Torch of Liberty" smo dobili okt. in nov. osem (8) članov v mladinski oddelk, kar ni tako slabo v teh kritičnih časih, ko delavci večina nimajo zaslužka; kjer ni zaslužka, ni denarja, kjer ni denarja je mizerija in glad doma.

Koncem dopisa pozdravim Vas, urednik in vse člane in članice v Mladinskem oddelku SNPJ.

Mary E. Fradel,

članica Torch of Liberty, Latrobe Pa.

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JOSEPHINE SE UČI SLOVENSKO

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz Vam pošiljam en dopis za Mladinski list. To je moj prvi dopis, zato Vas, urednik, prosim, da ga priobčite in napake popravite, ker še ne znam dobro slovensko pisati.

Mi vsi smo člani SNPJ. Jaz in moja sestra Elsie sva v mladinskem, mama in ata pa v odraslem oddelku. Stara sem deset let. Hodim v "fifth grade" ljudske šole. Učim se

rada angleško in slovensko. Tudi peti znam lepo po slovensko. Moja mama me je naučila več slovenskih pesmi. Tukaj vam pošiljam eno, da jo priobčite.

Dekle, kaj tak žalostna povešaš oči?
Vsahnil mi je rožmarin in nangelj se suši.
Dobiš za nangelj semena, vršič za rožmarin
in drugi ti pognal bo spet iz novih korenin.
Že drugi mi pognal bo spet tako lepo cveteč,
al' nikdar več tako lepo kot prvi je duhteč.

Dragi dopisovalci in dopisovalke! Tukaj vam stavim predlog. Ali bi ne bilo dobro, ako bi naš urednik Mladinskega lista letos priobčil svojo sliko v Mladinskem listu? Jaz bi prav rada, da bi urednika vsaj po sliki spoznali. Torej dragi dopisovalci in dopisovalke, pišite, ali ste tudi vi za ta predlog.

Vas, urednik, pa prosim, da priobčite ta moj dopis. Če boste priobčili, bom še pisala. Zdaj vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista želim srečno leto 1932 in vas pozdravljam,

Vaša članica društva številka 186, SNPJ,
Josephine Verbich,
Box 392, Granville, Illinois.

* *

JENNIE SE UČI SLOVENSKE PESMICE

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis v Mladinskem listu, katerega zelo rada čitam. Ker angleško že znam čitati, me mama sedaj uči vsak večer slovensko.

Stara sem 8 let. Učim se na violin. Pa me mama zmiraj nauči tudi kakšno slovensko pesmico, da igram in pojem. To le me je ravno nocoj učila:

Jaz sem deklica mlada,
na violin igram rada,
četudi dobro ne znam,
vam vsem pozdrave dam!

Jennie Fik, R. R. 1, Box 220, Paris, Ill.

(Opomba: — Posnetek slike bi se ne obnesel, ker je pretemna. Pošlji drugo.—Urednik.)

* *

OPIS POTOVANJA

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj vam opišem moje potovanje v Cleveland, Ohio, katero sem napravil za Labor day.

Vreme je bilo zelo lepo in solnčno. Začeli smo iz Scrantona o pol peti zjutraj, dospeli smo v Cleveland ob šesti uri zvečer. Med potjo smo se ustavili trikrat. Do Kane, Pa., je bil večinoma hriboviti svet, potem pa je bila bolj ravna zemlja in dosti olja, katerega je dosti v Pennsylvaniji.

V par krajih smo videli velike stroje in sesalke, katere so sesale olje iz zemlje in napol-

nile velike tanke. Mene je zelo zanimalo in bi bil šel rad gledati od blizu, ali moj oče ni hotel ustaviti avta, ker ni imel dosti časa.

Tako smo dospeli do Erie, Pa., potem pa od Erie do Clevelanda je bila lepa ravnina in dosti vinogradov. V Clevelandu smo bili dva dni pri stricu Mike Vraneža in smo imeli luštne čase. Tu bi bilo za mene dosti zanimivega, česar pa nisem videl, ker ni bilo časa, le jezero Erie sem videl, katero je zelo veliko.

Veselo in srečno Novo leto želim Vam, urednik in čitateljem!

F. Vogrin,

2436 N. Main Ave. Scranton, Pa.

* *

DOPIS Z ZAPADA

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker že nisem dolgo nič napisala v M. L., hočem malo popisati tukajšnje razmere. Kar se tiče dela, je slabo tako kot povsod po Ameriki. Zimo imamo lepo; je nekaj snega in mraza, pa ni ravno preveč.

Posebni zimski zabavi ni tukaj, posebno za dekleta ne. Včasih napravijo kako plesno veselico, pa se nisem nobene udeležila, ker se ne zanimam za ples.

To je moj zadnji dopis v M. L., zakaj letos v februarju bom stopila v članski oddelek SNPJ. (Vseeno bi lahko še prispevala kakšen dopisek v M. L.—Urednik.) Čitala bom pa še vseeno M. L. kakor sem ga dozdam.

Voščim vsem dopisovalcem M. L. srečno novo leto in velik napredek pri M. L.!

Mary A. Krivec,

Box 135, Klein, Montana.

Schönlank-Klopčič:

ENA O VRABCU

VRABČEK sivo suknjo ima,
drugo se ga ne tiče.

Prosi vrabčevka moža:
"Pazi na mladiče!"

Glej, na oknu tam cveto
rdeče nam cvetice.
Tam nasul je dober fant
krme za sirote ptice."

In oče vrabec je poslušal
ter odletel po drobtine,
da nasitil je mladiče.
S kruhom glad jih mine.

"KOT ATA IN MAMA"

Dragi urednik!

Oprostite, da tudi jaz nekaj naččekam za "Naš kotichek".

Najprej naj Vam povem, da sem stara sedem let in hodim v drugi razred ljudske šole. Rada bi znala slovensko pisati in brati, tako kot zna moj ata in moja mama. Če se bom pridno učila, sta rekla, da se bom počasi naučila. Upam!

Lep pozdrav vsem dopisovalcem!

Virginia Strajnar,
Box 88, Piney Fork, Ohio.

* *

KAJ NAM PRINESE NOVO LETO?

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, priobčite teh par vrstic v Mladinski list, katerega vsi tako radi čitamo. Ne vem kaj bo potem, ko ga ne bom več prejela, kadar bom stara 16 let. (Saj ga boš tudi potem lahko še nadalje prejela, ako boš želela. In tako bi tudi bilo prav in lepo! —Urednik.)

Ko bodo te vrstice v M. L., bo že novo leto. Kaj neki nam bo novo leto prineslo? V starem letu smo imeli mnogo slabega, doživeli smo obilo mizernih dni.

Zvedela sem, da se je na Onalindi, Pa., omožila moja sestrična s Slovencem. Mnogo sreče! Stric John Deželan je večletni tajnik društva SNPJ tam.

Lepa hvala Vam, urednik, ker ste vse prošlo leto popravljali moje dopise in jih priobčili. Želim, da jih boste tudi letos.

Vsem bratcem in sestricam želim mnogo veselja in sreče ter zdravja v novem letu! In tako seveda tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

* *

PRVI SNEG—OBILO VESELJA!

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Zopet Vas nadlegujem z mojo slabo pisavo in prosim, da popravite napake.

Na zahvalni dan so bili pri nas iz Clevelanda naši sorodniki: Bratranec Charlie Gorjup in Štefan, ki je vozil s svojim 8-letnim sinčkom. In k sreči je tudi prvi sneg zapadel. Bil je južen, ravno pripraven za kepanje. Sestro sva se kepale. Mali Štefan nas je vozil in smo starega Naceta tako nakepali, da je kar v hišo zbežal. To je bilo smeha!

Moj ata dela vsak dan v premogokopu, toda slabo zasluži.

Članski pozdrav vsem pri SNPJ!

Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

VESELO NOVO LETO VSEM!

Dragi mi urednik!

Jaz sem sestra Feliksa Vogrina, ki dopisuje v M. L. Tudi jaz bom večkrat pisala v M. L. Zato upam, da ne bo šlo to pisemce v uredniški koš. Veselila sem se, da pride Miklavž, pa je ata rekel, da ga letos ne bo, ker so slabi časi. Da bi mi prinesel vsaj malo orehov in bonbonov.

Srečno novo leto želim vsem skupaj!

Oli Vogrin, 2436 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

Pismo prijateljčkom!

Veselo novo leto, mali prijatelji in prijateljice!

Toliko sem vas srečala na svojih potovanjih po slovenskih naselbinah v preteklem letu in prej, da si štejem v dolžnost, vas pristrčno pozdraviti v skupnem pismu ob novem letu. Povsod ste raztreseni, po premogarskih naselbinah, po mestih in predmestjih širne Amerike, a meni ste vkljub temu kakor ena velika skupina malih ameriških Slovencev in Slovenk, ki so se mi močno priljubili. Slišala sem lepo slovensko pesem iz vaših grl, kramljala sem z vami in spoznala, da je vredno in prijetno si pridobiti vaše iskreno, neprisiljeno prijateljstvo. Visoko cenim to prijatelj-

stvo in če bi mogla, bi vas vse povabila v goste, da bi z vami praznovala lep, brezskrben dan. Pa smo tako daleč narazen, raztreseni vsepovsod in se znabititi ne snidemo več.

Res, z mnogimi se gotovo ne srečamo več, prepričana pa sem, da si ostanemo dobri prijatelji in še v bodoče pokramljamo drug z drugim v našem priljubljenem mesečniku, Mladinskem listu, na katerega ste tako ponosni in navezani.

S toplo željo, da ohranite svoje zares spodbudno zanimanje za svoj Mladinski list in organizacijo, ki vam ga oskrbuje, ostajam še v bodoče vaša iskrena prijateljica in sosestra,

Anna P. Krasna.



JUVENILE



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PROPHECY OF THE AEROPLANE AND FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

(From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall.")

I DIPT into the future, far as human
eye could see,

Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sail,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rain'd a gastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of
the south-wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples,
plunging thru the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum trobb'd no longer,
and the battle flags were furl'd.

In the Parliament of man, the Federa-
tion of the World.



EDWIN MARKHAM:

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried
 on,
 She left the Abode of Heroes and came
 down
 To make a man to meet the mighty
 need.
 She took the tried clay of the common
 road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heart of
 earth,
 Dashed thru it all a strain of prophecy,
 Tempered the lump with touch of
 mortal tears;
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious
 stuff.

 The color of the ground was in him, the
 red earth,
 The tang and odor of the primal
 things—
 The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes
 the corn;
 The courage of the bird that dares the
 sea;
 The justice of the rain that loves all
 leaves;
 The pity of the snow that hides all
 scars;
 The loving kindness of the wayside
 well;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking
 weed
 As to the great oak flaring to the
 wind

 To the grave's low hill as to the Matter-
 horn
 That shoulders out the sky.

 And so he came
 From prairie up to Capitol.
 One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
 Forevermore he burned to do his deed.
 With the fine stroke and gesture
 He built the rail pile as he built the
 state,
 Pouring his splendid strength thru
 every blow,
 The conscience of him testing every
 stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a
 man.
 So came the Captain with the mighty
 heart;
 And when the step of earthquake shook
 the house,
 Wresting the rafters from their ancient
 hold,
 He held the ridgepole up and spiked
 again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his
 place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing
 tree—
 Held on thru blame and faltered not at
 praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went
 down
 As when a kingly cedar, green with
 boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the
 hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against
 the sky,



THE WAY THAT HE SHOULD GO

By Marian Van Buren Cleveland

I WISH I had my neighbor's child for just six weeks or so;
 I'd like to try to teach him all the things he ought to know,
 To guide his little footsteps in the way that he should go.

I cannot try my theories out upon my own dear three,
 For deeply I regret to state that they are on to me;
 They know I'm never quite as fierce as I intend to be!

They know that they must go to sleep when they are tucked in tight;
 I tell them so, but still they know that I can never quite
 Resist the plea to sing them songs or tell them tales at night.

They understand that from our yard they're not allowed to stray,
 And yet they know I sympathize so deeply with their play—
 Tomorrow I'll be very firm, but let them go today.

They have been taught to be polite, that voices should be low,
 That little friends should not be teased, nor callers asked to go;
 But yet in front of strangers I can't punish them, they know.

I have such splendid theories and know quite all about
 The bringing up of children; I haven't any doubt
 I could have made them perfect, if they hadn't found me out!

I wish I had my neighbor's child for just six weeks or so;
 I'm certain I could teach him all the things he ought to know,
 And force his little footsteps in the way that he should go!

TONIGHT

By Helen L. Veatch

LOOK out beloved one, and see
 The poem in the sky.
 How calm, and clear, and quiet
 The placid waters lie.
 How soft the deepening shadows
 Upon the grasses fall,
 How sweet the summer twilight
 Tiptoes over all,

How good it is to be alive
 And see the whole world blush
 At evening, as the day retires
 With modesty a-flush.
 What balm to aching heart it is—
 That one clear star on high.
 Look out, beloved one, and learn
 The poem in the sky.

The Dead Sea

FROM time immemorial the Dead Sea has been connected in the minds of the Western races with everything that is abominable and unprofitable. Its name alone is sufficient to damn it, and its connection, or rather reputed connection, with the infamous cities of Sodom and Gomorrah has created an age-long prejudice against it. Never was there a greater fallacy, which now, fortunately for mankind, is being dispelled.

It is a significant fact that in the languages of the Romans, the Arabs, and the Jews, who presumably should know more about this lake than any other races, it has never been known as the Dead Sea.

From almost every point of view the expression "Dead" is the term least applicable to this wonderfully beautiful lake, for it contains vast quantities of potash—one of the primordial necessities of vegetable life, on which in turn depends animal life—and other valuable salts in practically illimitable quantities, so that it forms in itself, perhaps, the richest treasure house of the world, which is now beginning to be exploited for the ultimate benefit of agrimony and the arts and crafts thruout the world.

The great salinity of this vast body of water, about the same size as Lake Geneva, is fatal to germs and to the breeding of noxious insect pests, so that it may safely be called the most healthful body of water in the whole world for human beings to bathe in and to have habitations on its shores.

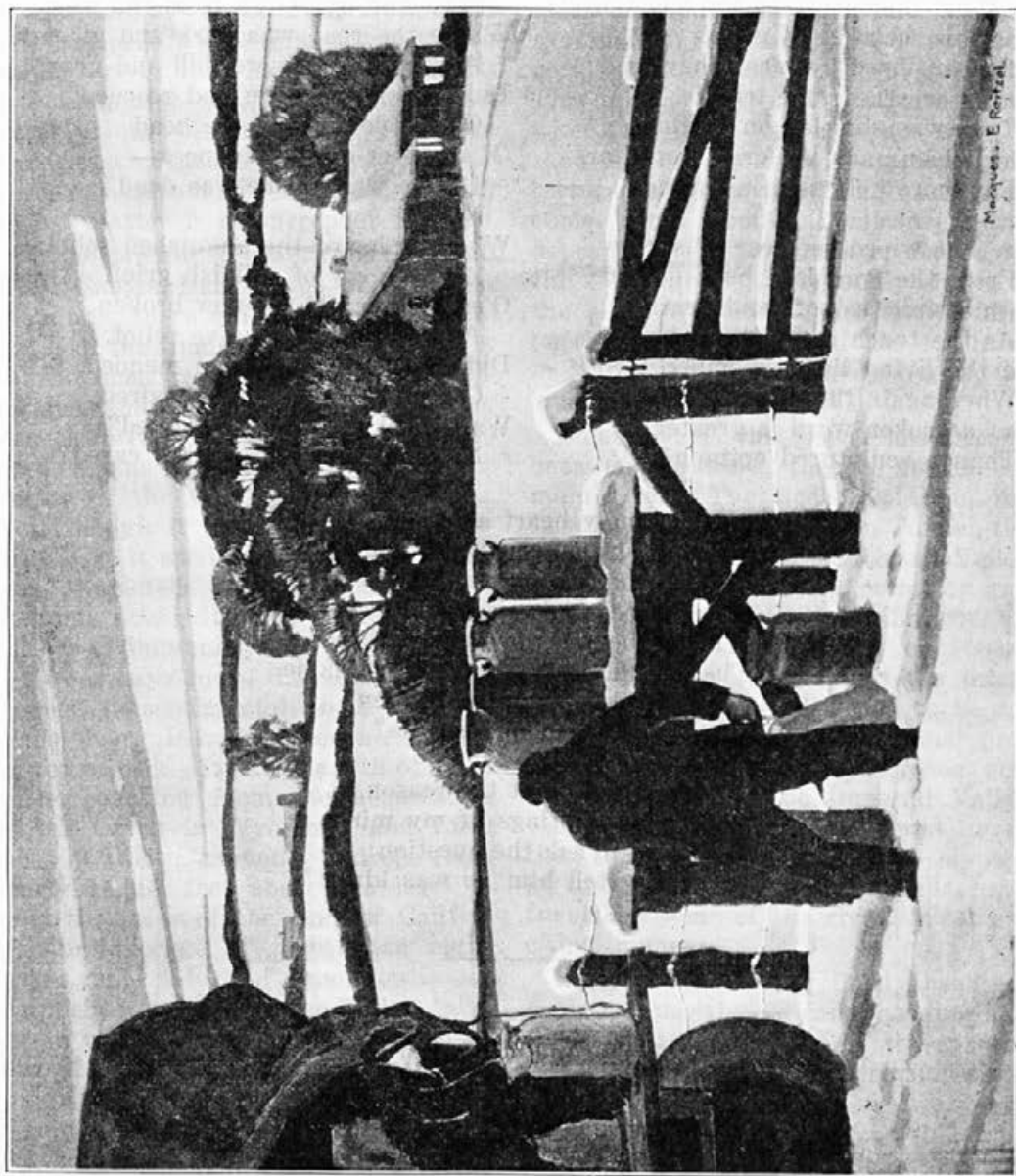
Lying as it does cradled 1,300 feet below main ocean level, between the towering mountains of Transjordan—the Moab Mountains on the east, and the mountains of Judea on the west—its scenic beauty and historical interest are unique, while the meteorological conditions set up by its physical geography make its climate, especially during the autumn, winter, and spring months, the most perfect imaginable.

No other spot has such a combination of favorable natural conditions, namely: almost continuous genial sunshine with a very dry atmosphere—there are only about two inches of rain per annum—and a temperature for months on end averaging about 70 degrees. The air is so clear, fog or mist being unknown, that often the snows of Mount Hermon, more than 100 miles away, are visible to the naked eye; it is very rare that the visibility does not extend to 60 miles.

But there are many other attractive features. Owing to the high barometric pressure, due to the depth below ocean level, those who suffer from weak hearts experience immediate relief on arriving there, while the effect upon everybody is one of extraordinary energy and rejuvenation of mental and physical powers.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this lake is the fact that stubborn cases of rheumatic troubles are cured by a short course of bathing in its waters.





Marques Reitzel: MILK MAN

Marques. E. Reitzel

DID THEY TELL HIM?

Author Unknown

DID they speak of him when living
 What they spoke of him when dead?
 Was this sacrifice of giving
 Recompensed by what they said?
 Did he ever hear the tribute
 That was chiseled on a stone,
 Which has made his grave an altar
 Far more holy than a throne?

When he wiped the tear of sorrow
 From the troubled cheek of care,
 With a smile as soft and gentle
 As the touch of balmy air,
 Did the living lips remember,
 When again they learned to laugh,
 That a spoken word is greater
 Than a sculptured epitaph?

When he helped a weaker brother
 Who had wandered from the way
 Where the road was dark and gloomy,
 And the skies were dull and gray,
 Did the one his love had rescued
 Call a blessing on the head
 Of the doer of the kindness—
 Did he wait till he was dead?

When he heard the anguished sobbing,
 And the cry of childish grief,
 O'er a treasured toy now broken,
 And was quick to give relief.
 Did the boy with wagon mended,
 Or the girl with doll repaired,
 Wait until the "dear departed"
 Neither knew and neither cared?

Was the kindly heart all spotless,
 Or had sin deformed and marred—
 As a piece of precious marble
 Oft is traced and veined and scarred—
 Ere he learned the love and patience
 That would spare the word of blame,
 As he helped to bear the burden
 Of another's sin and shame?

Ah, I know not what the reason,
 Yet the promptings of my mind
 Lead me on to ask the question:
 "Did they tell him he was kind?"

LULLABY TOWN

THERE'S a quaint little place they call
 Lullaby Town,
 It's just over those hills where the sun-
 sets go down,
 And its streets are of silver, its build-
 ings of gold,
 And its palaces dazzling things to
 behold.

Taming The Colorado River

NO ENGINEERING feat accomplished by man has been more difficult than the taming of the Colorado river at its tributaries will be. The power of this mighty river that has ravished nearly two thousand miles, and millions of acres of our western country, is to be harnessed. Another mighty, turbulent force of nature is to be subdued by puny man. Matter is to surrender to mind.

When preliminary work on the great Black Canyon Dam begins, about a year from now, there will be written the first pages of the final chapter in the history of the most romantic, the most mysterious, and the most ungovernable of American rivers. The story of the Colorado spans almost the whole of the career of the white man in America. Yet, though it was known four centuries ago, it was only yesterday that it was completely explored and charted, and only now is it being subdued to the service of humanity.

No one, says one of the men who know it best, is sentimental about the Colorado river. It is, however, a river one has to respect. It has a length of 1,700 miles, counting from the headwaters of the Green in Wyoming, and 1,000 miles of this is canyon. It drops from nearly 14,000 feet above sea level to meet the tides of the Gulf of California—an average of more than eight feet a mile. Most of this drop is accomplished, not in perpendicular falls, but in rapids. Had this not been the case, of course, no boat could ever have gone down the canyons. The current in some places runs as fast as twenty-five miles an hour through gloomy chasms more than a mile below the level of the surrounding country.

But the picture of the river is not complete when we think only of the main forks. The Virgin, the Kanab, the Paria, the Escalante, the Frémont, the San Rafael, the Uinta, the Yampa, the

San Juan, the Little Colorado, the Gila and many another turbulent stream, most of them with their own canyon systems gouged deeply out of the solid rock, go to make up the Colorado. Through a region of carven mesas, where marl lies soft as ashes and the sand is white, gold and vermilion, past terraced cliffs, lava beds and blackened cinder cones from dead volcanoes, over deposits of silt hundreds of feet deep, the Colorado bursts grandly down to the sea. What was pure snow water on the high backbone of the continent in March is a great muddy tide in the lower estuary a few weeks later.

Some of this vast power has already been put to work, though not in the main river. The Roosevelt Dam, the Laguna Dam, the Gunnison Tunnel, the Strawberry Dam and the Grand Valley Dam all derive water for power or irrigation or both from the tributaries of the Colorado. A diversion dam near Yuma sends water through the international canal, now destined to be replaced by the all-American canal provided for by the Swing-Johnson act. The irrigation of the Imperial Valley was first seriously considered more than thirty-five years ago, and this valley and its neighbor, the Coachella, have furnished some of the river's most exciting moments.

In 1905 a carelessly lined heading, made because the old canal heading had silted up, gave way and let the current break through into the depression since called the Salton Sea. For two years the Colorado flowed into this sink, cutting itself out an all but permanent channel. H. T. Corey, a Southern Pacific engineer, backed by all Harriman's resources and determination, put it back where it belonged. Now it again makes its way to the Gulf along a high embankment, far above the level of much of the surrounding country. Not until

the Black Canyon Dam begins to hold water will the danger of a new break be entirely removed. Meanwhile, whenever a flood is possible, trains loaded with rock wait along the lower river, and locomotives keep steam up ready to haul them to the threatened weak spot if the stream again grows restive.

The present generation is not likely to live to see the tremendous force of the Colorado fully utilized. To extract

every ounce of energy a dozen or more great dams will be necessary, each backing up water to the foot of the dam above. When that is done the ferocious Colorado will be a great canal, and tourists can drift in canoes where the explorers of a few decades ago risked and in some cases lost their lives. Down river the dry acres of mud and sand will blossom, and hundreds of miles away lights will shine out and motors whirr.

THE MINUET

Mary Mapes Dodge

GRANDMA told me about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it—
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling like a human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheek, too—oh, how funny!
Really, quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.)

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her smile so kind and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk,
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtsying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming
—Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did, my dear, in some such way,
Long ago."



Dear Readers and Correspondents:

It is with pleasure that I open your little letters in which I find your contributions for the "Chatter Corner." In this year's first number of the Mladinski List there are many interesting letters in both departments, "Naš kotiček" and "Chatter Corner." This is an ample proof that you've begun the new year with vigor and necessary enthusiasm.

I wish you'll continue so throughout this year. Write for the "Kotiček" or "Corner" for the Mladinski List. Both departments are conducted exclusively for your benefit, and it is up to you to take advantage of the opportunity.

Start the new year right. That means that you should do your little bit for the M. L. every month. Write either in Slovene or English, and mail your letter early. Your efforts will be awarded in the end.

—EDITOR.

THEY ARE MAKING PUPPETS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am fifteen years old and in the eighth grade. I am a little bit behind because we always move around.

It is very interesting in the eighth grade because the seventh and eighth grade girls have organized a club. We have our meetings every other Tuesday. We go on hikes and have parties. We invited the Kiel girls over on November 16, and we had a children party. We dressed up like children under six years of age. Everyone enjoyed the party.

We have names for Christmas and I happened to draw a boy's name. We are making puppets in school. My partner and I are making a puppet whose name is "Fezziwig." We are going to give it before the high school pupils. We have two new teachers.

The new teachers are the seventh and eighth grade teachers. The names of the teachers are Miss Dusold and Mr. Kellogg. Miss Dusold is my art, English, and reading teacher; Mr. Kellogg is my teacher for the rest of my studies. We have sewing and cooking in our school.

The work is sure scarce here in New Holstein. They will have to close the factory here pretty soon. They are behind with the wages. The working men have to get a lot of pay from them yet. They wrote a letter to the business men if they would sign a paper that they would sign a promise that they would pay about \$500 to help them out because they owe all of their working men for their wages. None of the business men want to pay because they haven't even got the money for themselves. I wish some members would write to me.—Matilda Toman, 2000 Wisconsin Ave., New Holstein, Wisconsin.

FROM A CLASS PRESIDENT

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am eleven years and in the sixth grade. We have very nice teachers. My teacher's name is Miss Untereker and my sister's teacher's name is Miss Tesler. We elected officers in our room and I was elected president. I play basket ball for the Jefferson school and we won the championship last year.

The miners only work three days a week. My father gets a small check a month. We belong to the SNPJ and that's all I got to say.

Good-bye to all the Mladinski List readers.—Glenn Gumlia, Star Route, Deerwood, Minn.

* *

"AFTER THAT THE SNOW FELL"

Dear Editor:—

The work in Trinidad is very scarce. It is awful hard to find a job anywhere. Almost all of the stores or mines are stopped and shut down.

The weather was very fine and warm until November 19. After that the snow fell and was very cold. As I am writing this letter it is snowing very hard outdoors.

I am getting along fine in school. I like my teacher very much. We got off Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26 and 27, for the Thanksgiving holiday.

I hope Mary Fradel would see this letter and write to me. I also hope other members would write to me.

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

Best regards to all.—Frances Fatur, 2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

* *

AUDREY IS TEACHING

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years of age and in the 4th grade. I love to read the M. L. I hope some one would write to me. I hope Elsie Zorko and Elsie Hayny would write to the M. L. I am teaching Angela Gregurinicich to write to the M. L. Olga Cicigoi is too lazy to write. I hope she would wake up and write. Best regards to all.—Audrey Maslo, 1241 East 172 Street, Cleveland, O.

* *

WHY I AM WRITING TO THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

I am writing to the M. L. because none from West Aliquippa is writing so I thought I would write to the M. L.

There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 122. I am in the fourth grade and I am 9 years old; my little

sister is in first grade and six years old, and my big sister is in the eighth and thirteen years old and we all attend the Washington school. My big brother is in eleven A and he goes to high school; he is fifteen years old.

Best regards to all.

Edward Lampich, West Aliquippa, Pa.

* *

OUR SCHOOL BOYS' PATROL

Dear Editor:—

This time I am going to write about our school boy patrol. They are boys who help you to cross the streets. There are three boys at our corner because it is so busy.

Once in a while the police comes up and gives the boys drills like a captain would give to his soldiers, and when we come home from school we have to march two-by-two like soldiers and crossing the street when the boys tell us.

I think I will close my letter now. Next time I am going to write about a trip I had to Cleveland, O.—Felix Vogrin, 2436 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 326

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the 4th grade. I am a Juvenile member 9 years already. We are all members of Lodge No. 326, except my little sister Gertrude Marjorie; she will join when work will get better.

I have two brothers and one sister. My Dad is the Secretary of our Lodge. And he has not worked since May. It is pretty tough around here for everybody.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I will write more often from now on. Wish you all a Happy New Year, especially the Editor.—Joseph B. Pavlovich, Box 41, Uniontown, Pa.

* *

A LETTER FROM MARLEY, COLO.

Dear Editor:—

I hope this letter would be in for Jan. The letter I wrote in the M. L. wasn't in for Nov. I looked at the M. L., to see if it was in, but it wasn't, but I hope it would be in for Jan. There are hard times now. They work one day a week. How could people pay for their needs? I don't know—could you tell me? Now they are closing down mines. They closed Valdez. They don't know how long it is going to be closed.

That's all for this time.—Happy New Year to all the boys and girls. I hope some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Julia Slavec, Box 63, Marley, Colo.

"LET HIM WALK DOWN"

Dear Editor:—

I have decided to write so many times, so I wrote. This is the second time I wrote. I am in 5th grade and I have four teachers and I like them all.

I wish some of the boys and girls of Library would write to this wonderful magazine. I have a joke and hope Mr. Waste Paper Basket won't see my letter and swallow it.

Here it goes:

The little boy said to his father: "Say, dad, that apple I just ate had a worm in it, and I ate that, too."

"What?" said his startled parent, "Here, drink this water and wash it down." But Junior shook his head. "Aw, let 'im walk down."

Dorothy M. Skraba,
Box 142, Library, Pa.

* *

LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I haven't seen any letter from Springfield, while reading the Mladinski List.

I am 14 years old and am a freshman in high school. I have one sister who is in the second grade. She is 7 years old.

I had the opportunity to hear Anna P. Krasna give talks in both Slovene and English. She talked about hard times and how they could be made better. I think that she gave an interesting speech. I hope that more of you will have the chance to hear her talk.

I would like to read more letters from Springfield in the Mladinski List.

Joe Ovca Jr.,
1841 So. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

* *

WOULD ANSWER ALL LETTERS

Dear Editors and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

There are 9 girls in our family; we all belong to the SNPJ. I am 16 years old. My last vacation was in Cleveland. Was visiting some of my cousins.

The work here is very slow. They only work 1 to 2 days a week.

Helen Haralovich,
Box 50, East Brady, Pa.

P. S.:—I wish some of the members would write to me. I would be glad to answer all of the letters I get.

* *

THE LITTLE ELF MAN

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am very glad to have a chance to write. I am in the fourth grade. I do very good work in school. My teacher's name is Miss Herman.

My daddy, mother and I all belong to the lodge No. 21 SNPJ. I am nine years of age. My sister is eight years old; her name is Rose. She is in the third grade.

Here's a poem:

The Little Elf Man

I met a little elf man once
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow?
He slightly frowned and with an eye
He looked me through and through.
I'm quite as big for me, said he,
As you are big for you.

Best regards to all. Elsie Pavlin,
1519 Orman Ave., Pueblo, Colo.

* *

INTRODUCING JUSTINE GIALUSI

Dear Editor:—

I am introducing myself—Justine Gialusi of St. Louis, Mo., to all the girls and boys who read the M. L.

I am eight years old and in the third grade. I have often read the M. L. and enjoyed it very much. Although it is the first time I am writing in the M. L., I want all the girls and boys to write in the M. L.

Justine Gialusi,
3418 S. Compton, St. Louis, Mo.

MOTHER

SOMETIMES in the hush of the evening hour

When the shadows creep from the west,
I think of the twilight songs you sang,
And the boy you lulled to rest,—

The wee little boy with tousled head
That so long ago was thine.

I wonder if sometimes you long for
that boy,

O little mother of mine.

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body, and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the
lad

Whom you lulled with your slumber
song.

The years have altered the form and
the life

But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only thy boy as of old,

O little mother of mine.

—Westleyan Literary Monthly.

FROM COLORADO SPRINGS

Dear Editor:—

I am sorry I did not get to write sooner. I'm in the 6th grade, and I have to study lots more. I skipped the 5th grade. Soon I'll be 10 years old. My birthday is Jan. 2. I have another sister, 8 weeks old. She was born Sept. 22, '31.

The Ute Pass road has already been started upon. Just clearing away brush where the road is going to run.

I wish some of the members would write to me. As I have nothing more to write, I will close.

John W. Mihelich,
60250 26 st., Colorado Springs, Colo.

* *

WALKS A MILE TO SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

This is the second time I have written to the M. L. I hope it will be published in Jan.

Our school has a football team, and D. Bench is our coach. I play quarterback. Bench teaches us a lot of tricks, and he gave us some signals to learn. We practice all the time. I guess we won't be able to play now, 'cause there is snow. We will have to play basketball.

My brother goes to Huntington high school. I guess I will go there next year. I have to walk a mile to school up here; in the winter I ride down to the tiple on my sleigh.

I guess I will close, 'cause there isn't any news around here. Best regards to all.

Tommy Majnik,
Box 84, Mohrland, Utah.

* *

"TOO MUCH COTTON AND WHEAT"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I wrote a Slovene article already, but I don't think it will do to just have it in, because in the December issue some one wrote and said, "I read all English articles."

The Editor has a piece in the M. L. every month, and I still remember the time when he wrote and said, "Write to "Naš kotiček." What is the use in writing to it, when the children do not read the Slovene articles? Is it right that they do not read them? (Of course not!—Editor.)

In our school there are some children who need food and clothing. Our principal bought some food and clothing and distributed it among the needy ones. It is nice that she did this. But it is not nice that they did not have these things when there is "too much cotton and not enough of clothes, too much wheat and not enough of bread."

I do agree with the Editor that there are more original articles than there used to be. This shows that the children read some of the original articles and then they write some-

thing of that sort. That shows that the M. L. is a "Little Helper", isn't it? (It is.)

Christmas has past and now the new year is here. I hope all of the M. L. readers will make a resolution to write a number of articles for the coming year. What a big magazine the M. L. would be if all of us, the M. L. readers, would write!

I wish the M. L. readers all a Happy New Year!

Mary Eliz. Fradel,
A "Proud Torch", Latrobe, Pa.

* *

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT

Dear Editor:—

As I was thinking what to write about, I thought it would be nice to write about Anna P. Krasna. It was on October 28 when she came to the Slovene National Home. She gave a speech about labor, she told about the Pennsylvania miners and about the starving people. She told many facts about working people and their conditions that they live in. I wish all the members of M. L. would hear her speech and take it to their hearts like I did.

I wish there would come more speakers and tell us about labor conditions.

Best regards to all readers of M. L.

Florence Zakovsek,
1016 Adams st., No. Chicago, Ill.

* *

SH—SH! I WON'T TELL

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 14 years of age. All of our family belong to the SNPJ.

I wish that Emma Gorsha would write to me.

Here is a joke: The other day I was riding in a street car, when a man came in with a monkey. The monkey was knocking everyone's hat off, then when it knocked mine off, I got angry and went to the conductor and said: "Do you allow monkeys to ride on street cars?" The conductor said: "Sh-sh. I won't tell anyone you are on."—Mary Spek, 1517 So. 2nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

A stranger applied at the police station for lodging, and when asked his name, replied that it was Smith.

"Give me your real name," he was ordered.

"Well," said the applicant, "put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," the officer told him. "You can't bluff me with that Smith stuff."—Tit-Bits.

THE VAGABOND SONG

Dear Editor:—

So far I have written one letter to the Mladinski List, and saw it was in. I didn't write more because I had to do night work, or it was something else. I promised that I would send a poem and that is what I am going to do. Also I did enjoy reading M. L.

The Vagabond Sing

By Bliss Carman

There is something in the autumn that
is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.
The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry.
Of bugles going by
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke
upon the hills.
There is something in October sets the
Gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Liberty Jakovac, 817—13th st., McKees
Rock, Pa.

THE CROW AND THE FOX

A CROW sat perched upon an oak,
And in his beak he held a cheese.
A Fox snuffed up the savory breeze,
And thus in honeyed accent spoke:

"O Prince of Crows, such grace of mein
Has never in these parts been seen.
If but your son be half as good,
You are the Phoenix of the wood!"
The Crow, beside himself with pleasure,
And eager to display his voice,
Opened his beak, and dropped his
treasure.

The Fox was on it in a trice.
"Learn, sir," said he, "that flatterers
live

On those who swallow what they say.
A cheese is not too much to give
For such a piece of sound advice."
The Crow, ashamed to have been such
easy prey
Swore, but too late, he shouldn't catch
him twice.

—Edward Marsh.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy man is red with
rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was
new
And the man was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little
Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go 'till I come, he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, a little song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are
long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they
stand,

Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long
years through,

In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them
there.

—Eugene Field.



Cesare: Humanity Striving to Lift Itself from the Mire of Ignorance to the Field of Civilization

The First Steamboat Passage

YEARS ago some gentleman, name now unknown, wrote the following: I chanced to be in Albany when Fulton arrived with his unheard-of craft, the *Claremont*, which everybody was so anxious to see. Being ready to leave, and hearing the strange-looking boat was about to return to New York, I went on board, and, inquiring for Mr. Fulton, was directed to the cabin, where I found a plain-looking but gentlemanly appearing man, wholly alone.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"How much is the passage money?"

After a moment's hesitation, he named the sum of \$6, and I laid the coins in his hand.

With his eyes fixed upon the money, he remained so long motionless that I concluded there was a miscount, and asked,

"Is that right, sir?"

The question aroused him; he looked up, tears brimming his eyes and his voice faltered as he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy, and this is the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation; I would order a dinner to commemorate the event, but, really, sir, I am too poor."

The voyage to New York was successful and terminated without accident or delay.

Four years later, when the *Claremont*, greatly improved and renamed the *North River*, and two sister boats, the *Car of Neptune* and the *Paragon*, were regularly plying between New York and Albany, I again took passage.

The cabin was below and well filled with passengers. As I paced to and fro, I observed a man watching me closely, and thought he might be Fulton, and as I passed his eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, eagerly extending his hand and exclaiming:

"I knew it must be you. I have never forgotten your features. Come, I can now afford that dinner."

As we discussed the nice lunch he ordered spread for us, Mr. Fulton ran rapidly and vividly over his experiences of the past few years. He spoke of the world's coldness and sneers, of the hopes, fears, disappointments, and difficulties which had followed him thru his whole career of discovery up to his final crowning triumph of success.

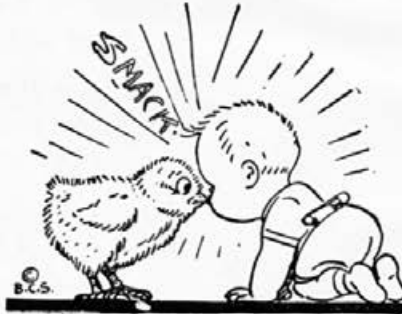
"I have again and again recalled our first meeting at Albany, and the vivid emotions caused by your paying me that first passage money. That, sir, seemed then, and still seems, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness—the first actual recognition of my usefulness from my fellow-men. Thank you, sir! That act of yours gave me the courage I needed."

LIFE'S MIRROR

By Mary Ainge De Vere

THERE are loyal hearts, there are
spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and
true;
Then give to the world the best you
have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will
show
Their faith in your word and deed.
Give truth, and your gift will be paid in
kind,
And honor will honor meet;

And a smile that is sweet will surely
find
A smile that is just as sweet.
Give sorrow and pity to those who
mourn,
You will gather in flowers again
The scattered seeds of your thought
outborne,
Tho the sowing seemed but vain.
For life is the mirror of king and
slave—
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you
have,
And the best will come back to you.



THE NEW BABY

By Rose O'Neill

I'M LONELY as a child can be!
It's weeks since you made fun with
me.
You sit and think, or take a nap,
With that new baby on your lap:
A lie-baby,
A cry-baby!

You used to laugh and jump and play
With your big baby all the day;
A run-mother,
A fun-mother!
And now I'm only in the way.

But oh, I dreamed a dream for hours;
And we were racing in the flowers;
That bran'-new baby racing, too,
As fast as big, real babies do,
And child-mothers,
Wild mothers.

And now I think we'll be all right,
We'll give him time, and he'll be quite
A run-baby,
A fun-baby,
Just as I dreamed the live-long night.