

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Ivan Jontez:

TONČEK NA ČREŠNJI

Prelep poletni popoldan.
Obraz je solnčni nasmejan.
Po žitih veje veterc lahen,
igra se z makom živordečim,
na vse strani se klanjajočim;
se poigrava z listi črešnje,
kraj pota ozkega rastoče
in v njenih vejah skriva se
mal deček, zoblje črešnjice,
ki niso, res, njegova last,
a vseeno gredo mu v slast,
oj črešnjice sladke!
Tedajci pride izza plota
starikav kmet, s psom se mota
in v roki trda drenovka:
"Aha, aha, boš črešnjico
obiral ti mojo! Čak, le čak,
ti bom že dal, ti mali spak!
Le brž se spravi s črešnje doli,
dobiš jih zdaj po plati goli!"
In pes: "Hav, hav, dol s črešnjice,
da ti pomerim hlačice!"
Ojoj, kaj bo!—Kaj se zgodi?
Pod črešnjo stric, to šala ni.
"Le brž, le urno s črešnje!
Hav, hav, še pes ga kliče.
Veš moker zleze Tonček
na tla: "Usmiljenje, stric in psiček!"
Ves v strahu tam trepeče,
sodnik stric pa mu reče:
"Tako si fant se ti učil,
to črešnjo kdaj si ti sadil?"

Ne veš li tega, da je tatvina,
če vzame tuja se lastnina?
Kar ti poseješ, tvoje je;
kar jaz posejem, moje je!
Vsak dela svojega sadove
uživa naj, človeške so postave.
Vsadil sem jaz to črešnjo, le zapomni si,
zato zobal bom jaz, ne ti!
Zagovor tvoj, no, kaj porečeš?
Zaman samo trepečeš."
Poslušal Tonček nauk lep,
umel ga je—saj ni bil slep.
'Oh, stric, lastnina vaša je presladka
in moja pamet, oh, kako je kratka!
Zato me je speljala v greh.
Saj vem: ne vodi to v uspeh.
Saj vem: lahko bi vas bil prosil,
pa revček sem pozabil.
Oh, stric, zamudo mojo oprostite
in prošnjo zdaj sprejmite,
da črešnjic vaših bi si nabral,
zahvalo lepo vam bom dal.
In ko bom velik, opravim delo,
za črešnje te plačilo."
Se stricu zjasnil je obraz
in nasmejal se je na glas.
Uslišal Tončkovo je prošnjo,
ker zlezel je na črešnjo,
da to mu odpuščeno je.
V bodoče naj pa prosi še
in še bo zobal Tonček,
da poln mu bo trebušček.



Dolžnosti staršev

V PROŠLIH dveh številkah Mladinskega lista smo uvodoma spregovorili par besed o neobhodno potrebnih stvareh, tikajočih se odnošajev in sodelovanja med stariši in otroci. Povdarjali smo bistveno potrebo medsebojnega umevanja in čutenja, da se dosežejo zaželjeni dobri rezultati v vzgojnem pomenu. Starši so tista sila, smo povdarjali, ki lahko največ vpliva na svoje otroke in jih navaja na pravo pot.

Potrebno je, da se nekoliko pomudimo tudi pri dolžnostih staršev. Prepričani smo, da bo našim zavednim materam in očetom koristilo pri vzgajanju otrok v tej komplicirani dobi civilizacije, ako spregovorimo par besed o dolžnostih, ki jih imajo do svojih otrok.

Mati in oče se morata predvsem zavedati dejstva, da sta moralno dolžna, dati otroku najboljšo vzgojo, katere bistvo je v napredni izobrazbi in v pravem vpogledu v življenje. Edino prava vzgoja more pomagati otroku na poti življenja, vzgoja, na katero se bo opiral v preizkušnjah vsakdanje borbe za obstanek. Treba mu je pravega spoznanja resnične strani življenja. To bodi dolžnost staršev do otrok: vzgojiti jih, da jih vabljuje pretveze ne bodo izvabile na napačna pota. Dobro vzgojeni otroci, ko dorastejo, se bodo znali usmeriti tako, da bodo vredni člani človeške družbe.

Stara domneva, da je otrok dolžan staršem to in ono, je že zdavna zavržena. Vaši otroci se bodo čutili dolžne napram vam šele takrat, ko bodo prejeli od vas trajne vrednote, ki jih bodo uverile, da so moralno obvezani vračati spoštovanje in pomoč. Baš spoštovanje vaših otrok do vas bo največje plačilo za vaš trud, na stara leta pa vam bodo vaši otroci v oporo. Starši se morajo zavedati dejstva, da so otroci posledica njihovih dejanj, da so jih oni poklicali v življenje. Ne z denarjem in ne v preobilici ne morete dati vašim otrokom tistega, kar jim bo ostalo ucepljeno kot trajna dedščina, plod vzgoje.

Naši mladini moramo "razodeti," da je mladina slovenskih staršev-delavcev. Otroci naj zvedo resnico. Po tem pravcu vzgajajte vaše otroke. Nikar zavajati otrok z iluzijami, da postanejo nekega lepega dne bogati in da jim ne bo treba delati. Delo je potrebno in vsakdo naj ga opravlja, duševno ali telesno. Vsakdo pa naj prejema za svoje delo tudi pošteno plačilo. In ravno v tem tiči "skrivnost," da starši pouče svoje otroke o resnični strani življenja, o borbi za delavske pravice, ki jih čaka. Varati otroke in jim pripovedovati o nečem, ki se ne more uresničiti, je nekaj nedopustnega.

Čemu torej iskati utehe v opiju varanja? Z resnico na dan v vseh ozirih. Nič ne skrivati otrokom, temveč polagoma in dostojno jim razložiti vse istinitosti življenskih problemov, pa vas bodo spoštovali. V vas bodo dobili zatočišče in zaupnost, zakar vam bodo hvaležni ter vam bodo pripravljene pomagati, ko dorastejo in boste morda potrebovali njihove pomoči.

Katka Zupančič:

SOLNČNICA

Z jasnega neba se solnčece smeje,
in žarke pošilja k solnčnici zlati.
A sem po dolini pa veter priveje,
s solnčnico on se želi poigrati.
Le-ta pa nevoljno z glavo zanika
in proč se odmika.

Razburi se veter, pa solncu požuga:
"K morju po megle takoj se odpravim
in brž jih priženem z daljnega juga;
predobro iz skušnje veš, kaj ti napravim!
A ti pa, cvetica, se bodeš zvijala,
se bodeš jokala!"—

"Pa vetrič, moj bratec!" mu pravi cvetica,
"zakaj se huduješ in nama kljubuješ?
Pokaži se zopet prijaznega lica;
če nežen si, ljubim i tebe, me čuješ?
Ej vetrič, moj dravec, le spet me obišči
in zlega ne išči!

Ne zabi, da solnce življenje mi dalo,—
zato sem poznala ga prej nego tebe.
Ne idi po megle za morsko obalo!
Postani spet dober, pomiri sam sebe."
Nagiba za vetrom zaman svojo glavo,
ne mara za spravo.—

A solnce poljublja solnčnico nežno;
tolažbo ji daje za uro, ki pride.
Le-ta pa ozira vanj se hvaležno.
A spomni se vetra, in strah jo obide—,
pa nagne k zemlji obrazek svoj zlati:
"Oj, zemljica, mati!"—

Od juga prispejo vodeni oblaki.
Dolino obširno vso polmrak pokrije;
zastrto je solnce; ugasli so žarki;
in veter zappleše; se ploha ulije.
Na pisanem polju se solnčnica maje
po tiho jokaje.

Možiček in njegov psiček

Nekoč je bil palček, ki mu je bilo ime Možiček.

Živel je v hišici, ki jo je imenoval Gradiček.

Imel je kužka, ki mu je bilo ime Psiček.

Možiček in Psiček sta živela v hišici, ki se je imenovala Gradiček.

Imela sta majhnega mačka, ki mu je bilo ime Miček.

Miček Psiček in Možiček so živeli v hišici, ki se je imenovala Gradiček.

Imeli so lepega vranca, ki mu je bilo ime Konjiček.

Konjiček, Miček, Psiček in Možiček so živeli v hišici, ki se je imenovala Gradiček.

Imeli so pridnega petelinčka, ki mu je bilo ime Kikiriček.

Petelinček, Konjiček, Miček in Psiček so živeli skupaj z Možičkom v hišici, ki se je imenovala Gradiček.

Nekega dne pa je prišel mimo hišice vojak, ki ni imel konja. Pa je rekel Možičku: "Sto zlatnikov ti dam, če mi daš lepega vranca Konjička."

"Kar vzemi si ga!" je rekel Možiček.

In vojak mu je naštel sto zlatnikov in je odhajal na lepem vrancu, ki mu je bilo ime Konjiček.

Potlej je nekega dne prišla mimo hišice čarovnica ki ni imela mačka. "Deset zlatnikov," je rekla možičku, "deset zlatnikov ti dam, če mi pustiš svojega majhnega mačka Mička."

"Dobro," je rekel Možiček, "kar vzemi si ga!"

In čarovnica je odštela deset zlatnikov, vzela mačka in odjahala z njim na metli.

Potem je nekega dne prišel mimo sosed, ki ni imel petelinčka. In je rekel Možičku: "Zlatnik ti dam," je rekel, "če mi daš svojega pridnega petelinčka Kikirička."

"Prav," je rekel Možiček, "kar vzemi si ga!"

Sosed je položil zlatnik in je vzel petelinčka pod pazduho. In tako sta samo še Možiček in Psiček ostala v hišici ki se je imenovala Gradiček.

In potem je nekega dne žvižgaje prišel mimo deček in je rekel: "Dober dan, Možiček," je rekel, "srebrnik ti dam za tvojega kužka Psička."

"Velja," je rekel Možiček, "kar vzemi si ga!"

Toda kužek ni bil za to. "Ne pojdem!" je zalajal.

"Nu, prav," je rekel Možiček, "če je tako, pa ne morem nič za to."

"Nič hudega," je rekel deček. "Saj mi res ni dosti zanj." In je veselo žvižgaje odšel.

Možičku se je Psiček s svojo zvestobo tako prikupil, da je od tistih dob vedno živel z njim skupaj v hišici ki se je imenovala Gradiček.



Gustav Strniša:

Miška in peharček

"MAMICA, daj mi peharček, lepo prosim! Poglej za mačico je že prevel k, zrasla je in ne more več v njej ležati," je mala Milenka poprosila mamičo in jo milo pogledala.

"Čemu ti vendar bo?" je vprašala mati.

Tedaj se je oglasil bratec Slavko:

"Ladjo napravimo iz njega in ga spustimo po vodi."

"Da, da, po vodi ga spustimo," so odvrnili tudi sosedovi otroci.

"Pa ga vzemite, samo delj ne smete iti kakor do potočka za hišo, da bom zmerom videla, kaj delate," je naročila skrbna mamica. Otroci so ji obljubili, da pojdejo samo k plitvemu potočku, in že so veselo odskakljali.

"Vzemite tudi mene, tudi jaz bi rada potovala, rajši kakor umrla sramotne smrti," je zacvilila mala miška v mišnici pod klopmo na dvorišču.

Otrokom se je miška zasmilila. Hudi stric Tine je bil ujel živalco v mišnico in jo je nameraval ubiti z metlo.

"Vzemite me, vzemite, rada grem po svetu," je spet zaprosila miška in dvignila sprednji nožici.

"Uboga miška," je dejala Milenka. "Kar vzemimo jo, pa naj zavesla v peharčku, morda se ji bo še dobro godilo!"

Slavko je odprl mišnico in miška je skočila v njegov nastavljeni žepek, kjer je mirno občepela.

Otroci so vzeli palico in jo vtaknili v luknjo sredi peharčka, pritrdili so na to palico še eno palico počez in prilepili nanjo polo belega papirja, da je imel peharček jadro.

Že so hoteli spustiti ladjico pa so se spomnili, da miška nima vesla. Slavko je poslal Milenko domov po staro leseno žlico, s katero so mešali blato, sam je pa vzel miško in jo postavil v peharček.

Drobni miški je solza zableščala v očesu, ko se je postavila v peharčku po-

koncu, prijela s svojima prednjima nožicama žlico in zaveslala po domačem potoku.

"Srečno vozi," so zavpili otroci. Milenka je glasno plakala in se jezila na strička, ki ni maral prijazne miške in jo je hotel umoriti, da je zdaj sirota prisiljena odpotovati po svetu.

Sijalo je ljubko solnce in poljubljalo drobne valove potoka, da so kar žareli. Malo miško, ki je bila vajena temine, je ščemelo, da je mežikala in na slepo veslala dalje.

Peharček je drzno skakljal na valovih tako se je veselil zlate prostosti.

Voda je postajala čedalje globlja. Otroci so nekaj časa spremljali svojo znanko po bregu, potem so odhiteli domov. Miška se je sama zibala v peharčku na vodi. Bregova na obeh straneh sta se bolj in bolj oddaljevala in miška je opazila, da se peharček preveč ziblje. Zbala se je, da ne bi bila zgubila ravnotežja, in je veslala na vso moč, zdaj po tej, zdaj po drugi strani, kamor se je pač peharček nagibal.

Tedaj je miška opazila pred seboj mlin. Voda je bučala, ropotala so kolesa in živalca je že mislila, da se ji bliža zadnja ura, ker zaradi deroče vode ni mogla zaveslati k bregu. Na srečo je miška naletela na kol, ki je štrlel tik mlina iz vode. Zaveslala je h kolu in zgrabila tenko vejico vrbe, ki se je z brega sklanjala nad vodo.

"Ostani tukaj v mlin pojdem, da si ga ogledam, lačna sem," je velela miška peharčku, ki je bil tudi radoveden, kakšen je mlin, pa je vendar moral potrpeti, saj peharček ni bil nikoli lačen in tudi govoriti ni znal, da bi bil ugovarjal.

Miška je splezala po vrbovi veji na suho in kmalu pogledala skozi okence v mlin. Smuknila je med vreče pšenice, se nasitila in se zadovoljna pognala nazaj ra okno. Še enkrat se je ozrla, pa

se je silno prestrašila, velik črn maček je stal pod njo in od samega strahu je skoro padla v njegovo žrelo. Urno je skočila na tla, se zaletela na vrbo, se spustila v peharček in že je plavala dalje. Muc je skočil za njo. Tudi on je zletel na vrbo, pa se je odlomila tenka vejica, ker je bil pretežak, in telebnil je v vodo. Jezno godrnjaje je splaval na suho, si pogladil zmočene brke in zažugal miški, ki je vsa veselo, da mu je srečno odpetala, visoko dvignila žlico ter brizgnila proti mačku curek vode v zadnji pozdrav.

Dolgo časa je plaval peharček po reki, preden si je miška spet upala zaveslati h kraju. Dospela je do ovinka in tam obstala na nizki skalici.

Tedaj se je oglasila poleg nje grda majhna zver. Miška jo je začudeno pogledala in vprašala:

"Kdo si pa ti, kaj delaš tu?"

"Kvak, kvak, kvak," se je oglasila neznana žival. "Jaz sem mlada krastača. Med žabicami sem se rodila živela sem med njimi, dokler nisem nekoliko dorasla. Pa so me jele sestre preganjati, češ da nisem prava žaba, ampak ostudna krastača. Preje niso mirovale, da so me zapodile od doma."

"Ali greš z menoj pogledat po sve-tu?" je miška povabila krastačo.

"Pa pojdem, prav rada, kvak, kvak, kvak," je odvrnila krastača in skočila v peharček.

Miško je bilo veslanje že utrudilo. Zdaj je imela pomočnico, tudi krastača je morala veslati, kar vrstili sta se.

Nekaj časa je plaval peharček po vodi, dospel je do jeza in le trudoma sta ga spravili k bregu.

Mirno in tiho je bilo vse naokoli. Bli-zu reke je bila globoka kotanja. Ker se je že mračilo, je miška sklenila, da v njej prenoči. Z gobčkom je potegnila peharček na breg in odhitela s tovarišico v globel.

Tudi peharček na bregu bi se bil rad skotalil v dolino k svoji ljubljeni miški, pa si ni mogel pomagati. Tedaj je prisopihal mimo vetre. Kakor bi bil vedel,

kaj teži peharček, se je uprl vanj, postavil ga je na rob in peharček se je zakotalil kakor kolo za miško in njeno tovarišico v kotanjo.

Mala krastača se je zelo razveselila, ko je prišla z miško v globel, kajti nala je tam veliko staro krastačo, katera ju je presenečena pozdravila:

"Tako ostudna sem in nihče me ne mara," je dejala starka. "Ostani ti pri meni, kakor hčerka mi boš," je nago-varjala mlado krastačo, ki je bila takoj zadovoljna.

Tedaj je priropotal v dolinico peharček in obstal pred družbo.

"Prav si imel peharček, zdaj smo pa vsi skupaj" se je vzradostila miška in vsi so sedli vanj ter se zadovoljno pomenkovali skoro do jutra.

Miška se je nekoliko odpočila, zjutraj je morala s peharčkom sama na pot. Tedaj jo je pa zaskrbelo, spoznala je, da se je peharček preveč oddaljil od reke. Kako naj ga spravi nazaj? Sem-kaj je vetre le redkokdaj prispel in miška ni vedela, kaj storiti. Peharček je pa mirno ležal pred njo, kakor bi ji hotel reči: "Me boš že spravila odtod, če boš hotela potovati z ladjico."

Tedaj se je oglasila stara krastača:

"Poglej jarek, ki vodi tod mimo, ta jarek se vleče prav do reke. Samo enkrat se oprimo v peharček, pa bo zdrknil v jarek, ti pa pazi, da boš pripravljena na koncu jarka, da skočiš v čol-niček!"

Z združeno močjo so potisnili peharček na rob jarka in kmalu se je zakotalil v vodo.

Peharček se je rjave umazane vode kar prestrašil tudi bolečino je začutil pri svojem padcu. Ko je pri izlivu vode v reko sedla v peharček miška, je ugotovila, da se je nalomilo jadro in hudo ji je bilo.

Reka se je kmalu cepila v ozke rokave. Po eni teh rečic je splaval peharček in zašel z miško v trsje med globoko blatno močvirje. Zaman se je ozirala miška okoli in iskala z očmi prostor, kjer bi bila pristala. Nikjer ni zagle-

dala niti pedi suhe zemlje. Že je mislila, da bo morala tu ostati in od lakote poginiti. Tedaj je pa opazila blizu sebe dolgonogo štorcljo, ki je stala na eni nogi v močvirju in sklenjene glave strmela zamišljena v trsje pod seboj.

Miška je vedela, da jo bo štorclja takoj požrla, če jo zagleda. Zaupala pa je svoji spretnosti in hotela je poskusiti svojo srečo. Skrila se je za papirnata jadra in jela cviliti. Štorcljo je to cvilenje takoj predramilo, dvignila je glavo, pogledala okoli in zazrla peharček. Zgrabila ga je s svojim dolgim kljunom in ga dvignila. Naslednji trenutek je že švignila iz peharčka miška in občepela na pernatem hrbtu dolgonoge tetke močvirja. Štorclja je hotela miško zgrabiti, zdelo se ji pa škoda peharčka, da bi odplaval po vodi, ker bi ga morala izpustiti iz kljuna. Zato je odkorakala skozi trsje h kraju. Postavila je peharček na tla prav tedaj ji je pa že miška izginila izpred oči.

Miška se je skrila pod hrastov list, ki ga je zanesel semkaj veter iz bližnjega gozda. Mati štorclja je ponosno odnesla peharček v kljuna in ga postavila tik miškinega skrivališča na tla.

Zavel je veter, se uprl v papirnato jadro in peharček se je dvignil. Štorclja ga ni hotela pustiti, zletela je za njim.

Miška je ostala sama. Zlezla je iz svojega skrivališča in jela tavati po travi. Dospela je v gozd. Kmalu je bila na koncu, kjer se je zelo začudila. Kraj kamor je dospela, se ji je dozdeval zelo znan, kar oči si je mela, sama ni vedela ali je resnica ali samo sanje. Pred seboj je zazrla domači potoček in znano hišico, kjer bivata v mali mišji luknjici njena roditelja in žalujeta za svojo izgubljenko.

"Torej me je voda prinesla v velikem loku nazaj domov," se je razveselila miška in počakala mraka. Ko se je zmračilo, je švignila v hišico, kjer sta jo v

luknjici radostno sprejela njena roditelja.

Naslednji dan so se otroci zelo čudili. Očka jim je povedal, da je radodarna mati štorclja prinesla ponoči v hišo malo živo dete. Z dolgim kljunom je postavila peharček skozi odprto okno, v peharčku pa je ležala ljubka novorojenka. Da niso otroci dvomili o tem, kar jim je oče povedal, jim je pokazal peharček in malo živo punčko v zibelki.

Pa tudi miško so otroci naslednji dan videli. Ko je bila Milena v sobi, je zaslišala, kako nekaj škrba, ozrla se je in zagledala svojo malo znanko.

"Kako vendar, da si se vrnila, saj si odšla na daljno potovanje in vsi smo mislili, da te ne bo nikdar več nazaj," se je začudila Milena.

Miška se je zasmejala z drobnim cvilečim glasom, da so se videli njeni šivankasti zobki in odvrnila:

"Saj sem potovala, pa še daleč sem bila. Zdaj sem se pa vrnila in nikoli več ne grem od doma. čeprav mi preti nevarnost, da me tvoj stric ubije!"

"Ogibaj se ga, da te ne vidi, potem ti ne bo več nastavljal pasti in varna boš pred njim!"

"Pasti se ne bojim, kajti me živali gremo pač samo enkrat na led, le človek, ki misli, da je modrejši, gre večkrat," je dejala miška. "Prosim te pa, ne pravi stricu, da sem se vrnila!"

Milena je hitela k ostalim otrokom in jim povedala, da je miška zopet doma.

Deca ji ni hotela verjeti. Vsi so odšli v sobico gledat svojo znanko. Miška je pomolila samo glavico iz luknjice in otrokom zacvilila v pozdrav.

"Pa bi si bila vendar izbrala boljše bivališče, ne pa našo hišo, kjer si v večni nevarnosti," je omenil Slavko.

"Kaj mi mar tuje bivališče, pa če je še tako lepo in udobno! Ljub je domek, čeprav ga je samo za en bobek," je odvrnila miška in izginila v luknjico.





Goethejev spomenik v Lincolnovem parku v Chicagu.

Čudež s punčko

MIHČEVA Anica je dobila novo punčko. Lepo punčko z velikimi višnjevimi očmi in zlatimi laski, z ustki na smeh, in kar Anici najbolj ugaja—če punčko položi, zapre le-ta svoje lepe očke in zaspi.

“Zdaj bo lahko spala z menoj, a kadar bom šla v šolo, bo tudi punčka vstala,” je mislila Anica. Kmalu so vse njene male sosede poznale lepo punčko, pestovale jo in božale in jo gledale kakor pravo čudo. Saj pa tudi nobena ni imela take lepe punčke. Le trgovčeva Danica jo je imela, še lepšo skoraj s svileno oblekco in lakastimi čevlji, toda pripeljala jo je na svojem vozičku le redkokdaj med otroke in še takrat se je ni smel nihče dotakniti. Zato je bila Aničina punčka predmet občega občudovanja.

V nedeljo popoldne so se otroci igrali na Mihčevem vrtu, seveda je bilo spet vse osredotočeno na punčko. In zdajci se pa spomni Brodnikova Francka:

“Ja, kako pa je punčki prav za prav ime?”

“Saj res!” se oglasio vsi hkrati. Vsem se je čudno zdelo, kako to, da niso že zdavnaj mislili na to.

“Veste kaj” pravi mežnarjev Tonček, ki je hodil že v drugi razred in se učil za ministranta, “če hočete vam jo pa krstim.”

Vsi radostno plosnejo z rokami tako jim je ugajala ta misel, in takoj prično ugibati, katero ime bi bilo najlepše. Po dolgem prerekanju so se končno zedinili za Ančin predlog, da naj bo punčka “Zorica,” kakor je ime sestrični v mestu, ki je punčko poklonila.

Nato se razletijo na svoje domove in kmalu se vrnejo vsak s svojim prispevkom za gostijo, zakaj po krstu mora biti tudi gostija. Anica je prinesla velik kos potice, Franca lepo jabolko, Tonček malo skodelico sode, zmešane z vodo Laznikov Tonček pa celo konec klobase. Tudi košček sladkorja je ble-

stel med ostalimi dobrinami, ki ga je bila prihranila Potočnikova Jelica pri kavi.

V svečanem sprevedu so krenili v drvarnico, kjer je mežnarjev Tonček krstil punčko za Zorico, nato pa so šli pod košato jablano, kjer je čakala gostija. Toda joj nesreče! Za stole so si bili pripravili velike kamne, a botrica se spotakne ob malo vejo in punčka pade z obrazom ravno na kamen in njena lepa glavica se je razbila na kosce.

Veselje se je spremenilo v vseobčo žalost in Anica je povrh še od strahu točila debele solze in obupovala:

“Le kaj bodo rekli mamica in sestrična? Nikoli več mi ne bosta ničesar dali.”

V tej občji žalosti šine Anici v glavo pametna misel:

“Kaj ko bi se zgodil s punčko čudež!? Babica toliko pripoveduje o čudežih!”

“Čudež,” so vzkliknili vsi hkrati in se oprijeli te misli kot zadnje rešilne bilke. Vsak je vedel povedati, da je slišal o kakem čudežu. Zlasti mežnarjev Tonček je vedel iz župnikovega pripovedanja marsikaj.

Sklenili so torej, da se mora tudi z Zorico zgoditi čudež.

Napočilo je zadnje usodepolno jutro. “Oh, da bi bilo šele jutro,” si je mislila Anica “mogoče je še kmalu in čudež še ni gotov.” In da niso silili drugi, bogve kako dolgo bi bila ona še odlašala.

Popoldne po šoli so se tiho splazili na podstrežje. Anica je stala ob strani in si z rokami zakrivala oči, da ne bi prehitro pogledala. Bala se je razočaranja. Mežnarjev Tonček je pa kar moči previdno odstranjeval knjige. Mogoče punčkin nosek še ni čisto zaceljen, pa bi se utegnil razbiti!

Nazadnje obstane pred poslednjo knjigo. Punčkine nožice so gledale izpod knjige. Tonček si obriše znoj s čela, Anica prične glasno ihteti, drugi sto-

je okrog, nemi od pričakovanja. Tedaj pa se Tonček oglasi:

“En, dva, tri” in pogumno dvigne knjigo.

Presunljiv krik iz šestero ust hkrati! Brezmejno razočaranje. Punčka je ležala z razbito glavo, kakor so jo bili položili, čudež se ni bil zgodil!

Ko so se nekoliko opomogli od prvega razočaranja, so sklenili, da punčko pokopljejo. Kaj bi tudi s punčko, ki nima glave! Pobero ostanke in gredo na vrt, iskat pripravnega mesta.

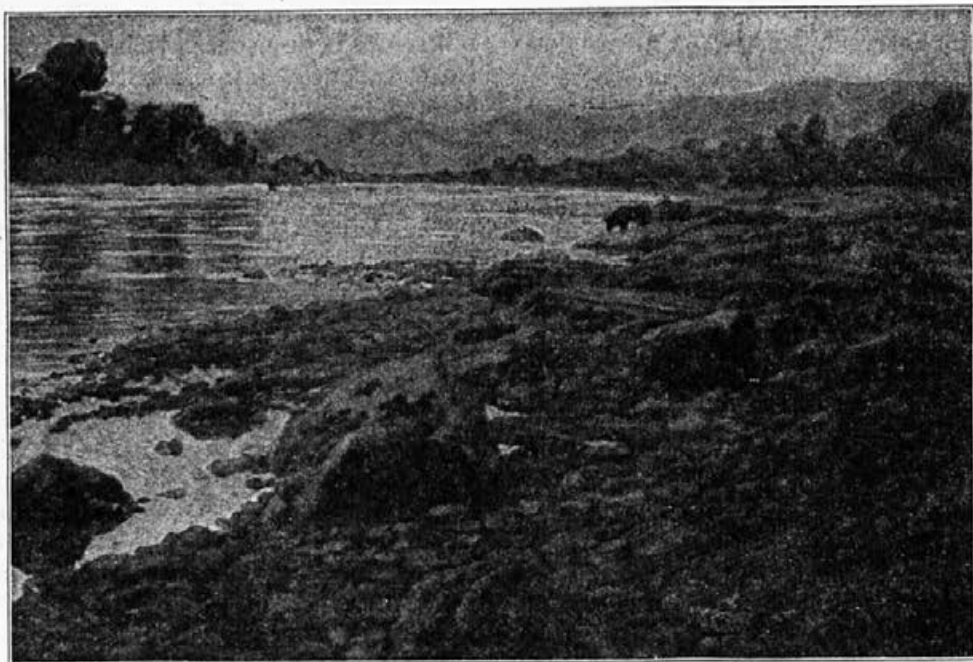
Ko pa so stali v gruči na vrtu, pride iz hiše Aničina mamica. Radovedna, kaj pomeni tako mnogoštevilna otroška družba, stopi bliže, Anica pa jo ubere, kar so jo nesle noge, in izza bližnjega ogla strahotno opazuje, kaj bo.

V Aničino največje začudenje pa jo mamica pokliče bliže, toda ne s tistim strogim obrazom, ki pomeni šibo, ampak dobrotno in prizanesljivo. Otroci so bili mamiči razložili vso nesrečo in tudi tisto o čudežu in prav tista velika otročja vera je mamico docela razorožila.

Anica jo je prosila odpuščanja in mamica ji je odpustila.

Čez dva dni je punčka že imela drugo glavo, do nadaljnega samo platneno s staro lasuljo, toda Anici je mamica obljubila da bo Zorici prvič ko pojde v mesto, kupila drugo glavico, prav tako lepo, kakor je bila ta.

In Anica ni nič več žalostna, le v čudeže več ne veruje . . .



Ob obrežju.

J. Z.:

Kače na vzhodu

KO sem bil deček, sem slišal čudne pogovore med odraslimi v stari domovini o strupenih kačah. O njih so pripovedovali ljudje strašne in neverjetne reči. O gadu so pripovedovali, da ima noge in da teče za človekom, ako je razdražen. O modrasu, ki je bil precej številan na Krasu, da žvižga in ima demant v glavi. Te pripovedke o strupenih kačah so v meni obudile željo, da več izvem o njih. Zato sem prav rad segel po spisih naravoslovca Erjavca. Ali kako sem bil razočaran, ko nisem tega našel o gadu in modrasu v njegovih spisih, kar so ljudje pripovedovali o njima. V meni se je naselil dvom, komu naj verjamem: ljudem, ki so trdili, da so vse sami doživeli, ali naravoslovca, ki je v poljudni besedi pripevdoval o strupenih kačah, ki žive na Slovenskem. Previdno sem poizvedoval pri ljudeh, ki so pripovedovali čudežne dogodke o strupenih kačah, kje je največ gadov in modrasov v ljubljanski okolici. Tako sem izvedel, da se modras drži na Krasu, gadov je pa veliko na solnčni strani Šmarne gore in pod Žalostno goro. Odločil sem se, da lovim gade v precep. Šmarna gora je blizu Ljubljane in odločil sem se zanjo, da bo moje lovišče. V začetku sem imel malo sreče. Če sem uzrl gada, ki se je grel na solncu, zvit v klopčič, je zbežal, preden sem svoj precep pripravil, da mu ga zasadiš za njegovo glavo. Tako sem se prepričal, da gad ne napada človeka, ampak da beži pred njim, ako ga zagleda, preden ga človek napade. Sklenil sem, da svojo lovsko srečo poizkusim na drug način. Z dolgo leskovo palico sem švrknil po gadu takoj, ko sem ga zakledal. Opazil sem, da je gad sicer skušal pobegniti po udarcu, a si ni mogel pomagati. Lahko sem mu nato zasadił precep za glavo, in ga s precepom obesil poleg steze ali pa katere skale. Kako se je to zgodilo? Z paličnim udarcem sem mu zlomil hrb-

tenico. Kasneje sem izvedel, da si gad ne more pomagati pri plezanju, ako mu je zlomljena hrbtenica in da mu že udarec s tanko šibico zlomi njegovo moč. Pripričal sem se, da so ljudje veliko pretiravali o gadu in mu pripisavali lastnosti, kakeršnih gad sploh nima in da je le to resnica, kar o njem in drugih strupenih kačah pripovedujejo naravoslovci. Navadno se ljudje ustrašijo tako gada ali celo belouške, da še bolj hitro beže kot on, v histerični domišljiji pa vidijo, kako se gad meče za njimi.

Amerika ima tudi strupene kače, kot jih ima stara domovina. Posebno zdaj, ko se delajo izleti v prsto naravo, ali ko otroci hodijo nabirat razne jagode, je dobro, da čitajo knjižico "Serpents of the Eastern States." Knjižico je izdala New York Zoological Society, spisal jo je dr. Raymond L. Ditmars in stane le 35 centov, kajti ljudje tudi v Ameriki pripovedujejo čudežne dogodke o strupenih kačah, izpuste pa radi to, kar bi vsakemu dečku ali izletniku koristilo, da ne postane žrtev kačjega pika. Ditmars naglašá v svoji knjižici, da sta v vzhodnih državah le dve strupeni kači: bakroglavka (copperhead) in klopotača (rattlesnake).

Obe ti dve kači ne napadata ljudi. Izjema je le tedaj, ako ju kdo moti. Dečki in deklice, ki hodijo nabirat jagode, ali izletniki, ki delajo izlete v solnčnat, skalnat ali peščen svet, o katerem naravoslovci soglašajo, da je kačje ozemlje, se lahko proti njih lastni volji srečajo s strupenimi kačami.

Bakroglavka je številnejša kot klopotača v vzhodnih državah. Toda bolj redko se vidi, ker jo barva njene kože ščiti pred odkritjem. Bakroglavka redkokdaj skuša pičiti človeka. Nevarna je le tedaj, ako se ji človek bliža ali pa napade. Njena strupena zoba sta krajša kot od klopotače, njen strup ni tako

učinkovit in količina strupa ni tako velika. Po izjavi dr. Ditmarsa je njen pik vseeno nevaren. Od bakroglavke je pičenih v vzhodnih državah več ljudi kot od klopotače. Kolpotača se izogiblje ljudi. Ta da navadno svarilo s svojimi roženimi obročki na repu. Njena strupena zoba sta večja in če piči, spusti tudi večjo količino strupa v rano. Njen pik je izredno nevaren.

Ljudje, ki hodijo veliko po kačjem ozemlju, imajo visoke čevlje, navadno golenice is usnja, ampak te niso zaščita za roke pred kačjim pikom, ampak varujejo le noge.

Dr. Ditmars tudi razpravlja v svojem spisu o prvi pomoči proti kačjemu piku. Nad rano in med srcem je treba napraviti trdo obvezo, ki ustavi dotok krvi k srcu. Rana se naj odpre do četrтинke palca ali malo več globoko. Dobro je, da se rana izsesa. Tako hitro kot je mogoče, naj se vbrizgne serum proti kačjemu piku. Obveza se naj vsakih deset minut popusti, da rana zopet krvavi. Rana naj se izpira z vodo, v kateri je razpuščenega malo kalija (permanganate of potash). Sploh se naj poišče zdravnika, ali pa išče pomoči v bolnišnici tako hitro, kot je mogoče.



Igra v prirodi.

ŠALE ZA MALE

Olgica: "Učitelj nam je danes rekel, da je naša dolžnost, da vsak dan napravimo komu kako veselje!"

Janko: "To sem jaz danes že storil!"

Olgica: "Kako si to napravil?"

Janko: "Šel sem k teti v posete in ko sem odšel, je bila zelo vesela!"

Jurče gre prvič v šolo.

Po pouku pusti zvezek, abecednik in torbico v klopi in jo hoče mahniti skozi vrata.

"Jurče," ga pokliče učitelj, "pa tvoje stvari?"

"Kar imejte jih, saj me ne bo nikoli več nazaj!"



Niagarski slapovi.

Kako se je godilo pozrešnemu prašičku

NA posestvu gospoda Dirindaja so živel trije mladi prašički: Rjavček, Sivček in Belček. Prašički so bili prav pridni, samo Belček je imel grdo lastnost; bil je namreč požrešen—na vso moč požrešen.

Podnevu so se prašički igrali na velikem dvorišču, lovili so in se valjali po tleh, a zvečer so pritekli v hlev k svoji materi in tam prespali noč.

Nekega dne, ko so se spet vsi trije igrali na dvorišču, je Belček začutil prijeten duh. Prav lepo mu je nekaj dišalo in gledal je na vse strani, odkod prihaja ta vonj.

Migal je z rilčkom in ugibal, kaj bi to utegnilo biti; tedajci pa se je zdrznil.

“Želod!” je zavriskal, zakaj vedeti morate, da so želodi prašičkom tako dragi, kakor nam slaščice. Ozrl se je na vse strani, češ, ali ni morda še kdo drugi začutil, da je nekje v bližini želod; a Rjavček in Sivček nista ničesar slutila.

“Sodim, da moja bratca sploh ne marata želoda,” je Belček tolažil svojo vest, zakaj bil je tako požrešen, da bi bil najrajši vse sam pohrustal.

Oprezno je pogledal na vse strani, kje neki leži želod, in glej, njemu nasproti je stal plot in v plotu je bila luknja. Belček je vtaknil glavo skozi luknjo in videl, da stoji onkraj plotu hrast—pod njim pa je ležalo vsaj sto želodov!

“Želod!” je zavriskal Belček in zlezel skozi luknjo. Takoj je legel na tla in pričel jesti in je hrustal tako dolgo, da

ni bilo nikjer več videti niti enega želoda.

Ko je bilo naporno delo končano, je globoko vzdihnil in sedel, da se malo odpočije.

Čez nekaj časa se mu je stožilo po materi in bratcih in hotel se je vrniti na dvorišče.

Počasi je stopil k odprtini v plotu in vtaknil glavo skozi luknjo. da bi zlezel na ono stran, toda joj, groza! Preveč se je bil najedel in njegovo telo se je bilo tako zdebelilo, da ni mogel več skozi luknjo. Lahko si mislite, v kakem obupnem položaju je bil ubogi Belček. Zdaj ni mogel ne naprej ne nazaj.

“Jaj, zakaj sem se tako namahal!” je zdihoval nesrečni požeruh in vroče solze so mu lile po licu.

Počasi se je zmračilo in Belčka je postalo strah in groza. Druge dni je bil ob tem času že pri materi v hlevu, a zdaj je bil tu, čisto sam in ponoči je za mladino bolje, da je na varnem.

Ko mu je bilo že kar umreti od žalosti, je začul znan glas:

“Kaj neki se je zgodilo Belčku, da ga ni od nikoder?” Bil je njegov gospodar, ki ga je iskal po dvorišču. Lahko si mislite, kako srečen je bil Belček, ko ga je gospodar zagledal in rešil iz mučnega položaja.

Od tistih dob ni bil Belček nikoli več požrešen. Kadar je našel želod, je vselej poklical Rjavčka in Sivčka, ker se je bal, da se mu ne bi spet zgodila nesreča, če bi vse sam pojedel.



Perunika:

Sedem divjih lovcev

NEKOČ je živel bogatin, ki je bil okusil že vse radosti življenja in mu je bilo zato dolgčas na svetu. Krmežljav je sedel na prestolu in niti dvorskemu norcu se ni posrečilo, da bi mu bil izvalil smehljaj.

Takole siten je šel nekoč na lov. A ves dan ni videl ne jelena, ne srne, ne zajca, še veverice ne. To se je bogatinu čudno zdelo, zakaj še nedavno tega je v gozdu kar mrgolelo divjačine. Divji lovci so bili na delu. Bogatin se je strašno razjezil in ukazal, naj preiščejo ves gozd. Preiskali so ga, iztaknili divje lovce in jih pripeljali pred bogatina. Bilo jih je sedem. Bogatin je že mislil na strašno kazen, a ko jih je zagledal, se je moral nasmehnuti. Bili so kakor kupček nesreče. Trepetajoči, v raztrganih suknjah, v preluknjanih klobukih. Bogatinu se je vrnila dobra volja. Zato je dejal:

“Zaslužili ste vešala. A biti hočem milostljiv in prizanesti onim, ki mi vedo povedati kaj čudnega in neverjetnega iz svojega življenja.”

Divji lovci so si oddahnili in si pomežiknili drug drugemu. Nato se je oglasil prvi:

“Najbolj čudovito in neverjetno v mojem življenju je to, da sem padel šest tisoč čevljev globoko, pa se mi ni niti noht odkrhnul. To se je takole zgodilo. Zasledoval sem divjega kozla do sten, pokritih z večnim ledom. A na ledenem polju nisem mogel ne naprej ne nazaj. Že sem mislil, da bom moral umreti od lakote, žeje in mraza. A tisto noč je zapadel v planinah nov sneg. Povaljal sem se v snegu, sneg se me je oprijel, zakotalil sem se po strmini, ogromna kepa, ki je rasla in rasla, postala plaz in zgrmela čez strmine v dolino. Meni pa je bilo v sredi mehko kakor v pernici. V dolini, kjer je bilo poletje, se je plaz hitro stajal, skobalcal sem se iz snega in šel večerjat.”

Bogatinu so se prikazale v licih jamiče, skoro bi se bil nasmehnil, in je možu odpustil.

Predenj je stopil drugi in pričel:

“Ko sem bil še majhen deček, sem nekoč zaspal na rovtu. Nenadoma me je zbudila silna bolečina. V svojem hrbtu sem začutil ostre kremplje. Ogromen orel me je bil najbrže zamenjal z jagnjetom. Dvignil se je z menoj visoko v zrak in me odnesel v svoje gnezdo v strmi skalnati steni. Četvero mladeničev mi je zevalo naproti. A ko sem začutil pod seboj trdna tla, sem zgrabil starega orla za vrat in si mislil, da ožemam mokro perilo. Bil sem močan za svoja leta. Kmalu sem pahnul ptiča mrtvega v prepad. Sedaj sem sedel v gnezdu med mladiči in tuhtal, kako bi prišel iz stene. Pod mano črn prepad, a na obeh straneh in nad mano siva stena. Pa zagledam drugega orla, ki se bliža gnezdu. To je bila mati mladeničev. Nu, sem si mislil, če te je prinesel on gori, te ona ponese doli. Potuhnil sem se, in ko je roparica sedla na rob gnezda, sem jo zahajal. Prestrašena je zaplahutala s perutmi in se naglo spuščala v nižave, zakaj bil sem precej težak. Kmalu sem ležal na kupu sena na istem rovtu, odkoder me je bil odnesel orel. Moja mati, ki je bila spravila že vso dolino na noge, me je objemala, se smejala in jokala, vse obenem, oče pa me je pohvalil: “Iz tebe bo še kaj!”—in ni se zmotil.”

Divji lovec je poškilil na bogatina, bogatin se je nasmehnil in mu odpustil.

Pred bogatina je stopil tretji, ki se mu je že po nosu poznalo, da ga rad pije. Pripovedoval je:

“Jaz sem vedno prežal na kraljico kač, da bi ji vzel zlato, z demanti posuto kronico. Soparnega poletnega dne sem jo vendar že zapazil, ko se je solčila na skali. Njeno žvižgajoče sikanje mi je šlo do mozga. A vendar sem se

splazil v njeno bližino in razgrnil belo ruto. Kraljica kač je tjakaj—kakor sem pričakoval—odložila svojo kronico, ki se je tako svetila, da je kar vid jemalo. Pripognil sem se, pobral kronico, a kača je bila opazila mojo senco in bliskoma šinila za njo. Na skali je ostala njena koža—od jeze je bila namreč skočila iz kože. Jaz pa sem vtaknil zlato kronico v žep.”

“Kje jo imaš?” ga je vprašal bogatin.

“Tukajle,” je pokazal pijanček na svoj nos. “A tekom let se je spremenila v baker,” in je zvito pomežiknil.

Bogatin mu je smeje vse odpustil.

Prišla je vrsta na četrtega. Ta je bil okrogel kakor sod, obraz se mu je svetil od tolšče, oči so gledale iz mastnih gub kakor dve miški iz moke. Kralj se je že naprej smejal, debeluhar pa je prišel:

“Nekoč sem hodil vrhu gorskega grebena. Pa je pribesnel grozen vihar, me zgrabil in v vrtincu odnesel čez gore in doline, gozdove, polja in mesta, čez tuje dežele—nad severno morje. Tam me je popustil in treščil iz grozanske višine s tako silo—naravnost na morskoga soma, da sem izvrtal v njegov hrbet luknjo in obtičal v ribji tolšči. Na srečo so bili v bližini ribiči, ki so soma ujeli in me rešili iz neprjetnega položaja. A tolšče z vsem milom in vsemi ščetkami tega sveta ne morem izmiti z obraza.”

Tudi temu je bogatin milostno prizanesel. Sedaj je stopil predenj peti; ta je bil izmed vseh najbolj raztrgan in skozi luknje v klobuku so mu štrčali lasje. Prišel je:

“Nekoč sem srečal medveda, pa sva se šla, kdo je močnejši. A medved me je polagoma potisnil v skalno duplino. Ždel sem v zagati in nisem mogel ne naprej ne nazaj. Medved pa je renče lomastil nadme, jaz pa brez orožja—zakaj kopito svoje puške sem bil že prej razbil na njegovi trdi butici. V hitrici sem pograbil razbite kose, ki so ležali

po tleh in jih metal v zverino. A medved odpre žrelo in jih pogoltno kos za kosom. Zgrabim svoj klobuk, ga vržem v medveda—nisem si še utegnil obrisati pota, ki mi je curljal po čelu—in že izgine klobuk v žrelo. Slečem suknjo, ham—in ni je več. Sledi torbica s svinčenkami—kakor bi grozdje jedel, smodnik—kakor bi lizal med. Ostalo mi ni drugega kakor moja čedra in golo življenje. Tudi čedra je izginila v medvedjem žrelu. Nato je medved strašansko zarjul, se zazibal, razširil prednji taci, jaz zatisnem oči—strašen pok! Pogledam in vidim—medved se je razletel na tisoč koscev. Čedra je bila v njegovem trebuhu zanetila smodnik. Oddahnil sem si, pobral suknjo, klobuk in si nanovo prižgal čedro. Medvedje tace, na ražnju pečene, so mi bila sočna večerja.”

“A luknje v suknji in klobuku so ostale od medvedjih zob, kaj?” se je zasmejal bogatin.

Šesti, ki je divjim lovcem le skrival in prodajal divjaično, majhen, suh možiček z zvitimi očmi, je dejal:

“Jaz ne vem nič čudovitih zgodb. V tihi kamrici živim in sanjarim, kakor egiptovski Jožef. Danes se mi je sanjalo, da me je mogočen mož poklical predse, me bogato obdaril s cekini in svojimi obnošenimi oblekami; še par čisto novih škornjev, ki so ga tiščali, mi je dal, in me nastavil za svojega tajnika.”

Bogatin se je zasmejal: “Za tajnika te ne bom nastavil, ker si mi preveč zvit in brihten. A dam ti par čisto novih škornjev, ki so mi pretesni, in še življenje povrhu.”

Ko je sedmi stopil pred bogatina, je položil roko na srce in važno dejal: “Gospod, kar so povedali moji tovariši, je gola, čista resnica!”

Bogatin je smeje se prizanesel še zadnjemu.

Nato so se vsi poklonili do tal in strašna sodba je bila končana.

Dva vrtnarčka

MIHEC in Branko sta bila vneti vrtnarja in sta imela lep vrtiček. Njun očka je bil tudi vrtnar, razlika med njimi je bila ta, da je bil oče velik mož, med tem ko sta bila Mihec in Branko še mala dečka.

Nekega dne, ko so sedeli vsi trije pri obedu, je očka dejal:

"Fižol, ki sem ga spomladi vsadil, je prav lepo zrasel in upam, da dobim na razstavi prvo nagrado."

"Midva sva nasadila cvetačo," sta rekla mala vrtnarčka, "in zelo lepo nama je uspela. Tudi naju bi veselilo, če bi dobila na razstavi kako nagrado."

Njihov sosed na levi hiše je bil stari Brundula, ki se je tudi ukvarjal z vrtnarijo, in sosed na desni je bil gospod Godrnjač. Oba soseda sta bila spomladi vsadila cvetačo in oba sta upala, da dobita prvo nagrado.

Mihec in Branko sta imela velikega psa, ki mu je bilo ime Sultan.

Sultan je imel sredi vrta hišico; tam je presedal vse dni in pazil na vrt, zakaj zelo rad je imel Mihca in Branka in tudi on je želel, da bi dobila na razstavi prvo nagrado. Poleg njegove hišice je stala velika jablana in v njenih vejah je stanoval ščinkavec; tudi on je pazil, da je bil na vrtu red.

Za ograjo vrta pa je bila votlina in tam je stanoval zajček Vohljaček. Ves božji dan ni delal drugega, samo z noskom in ušesi je migal in se oziral, kje bi našel kaj za pojediti. Tako je tudi nekega dne izvohal cvetačo, ki je rasla na vrtičku.

"To bo nekaj zame! Tako dolgo že nisem jedel cvetače; mislim, da mi bo prav dobro teknila!"

Vohljaček se je tiho priplazil k cvetači, a baš ko je hotel ugrizniti vanjo, se je pripodil Sultan in bevsnil na ves glas:

"Marš, grdoba, hov, hov, hov!
Hitro izgubi se domov!"

Lahko si mislite, kako se je Vohljaček ustrašil. Stekel je domov in ves dan se je še tresel od samega strahu.

Drugo jutro je prilezla mlada gosenica k cvetači in rekla:

"Kaj bi stanovala v travi, ko imam tu lahko mnogo lepše stanovanje. Še kuhati mi ne bo treba, ker bom lahko kar sproti oglodala vse liste cvetače!" Prihajala je bliže in bliže, a tisti mah je začula strašno pesem:

"Lačen sem in rad bi jedel,
ravno prav si mi prišla!
če ne izgineš, te bom snedel,
ti zelenkasta gospa!"

"Moj Bog, kako strašno!" je vzkliknila gosenica in se hitro zarila v zemljo, da je ne bi pohrustal ščinkavec, ki ji je bil zapel mrtvaško pesem.

Dnevi so minevali in cvetača je postajala vsak dan večja in lepša, zakaj Sultan in ščinkavec sta dobro pazila nanjo. In prišel je dan razstave.

Prostor za razstavo je bil okrašen z zastavami in cvetlicami. Prvi je prišel na razstavo stari Brundula in godrnja je vzel cvetačo iz košare. Bal se je, da ne bo dobil prve nagrade, zakaj Vohljaček je bil oglodal njegovi cvetači stebelce. Kmalu za njim je pristopil gospod Godrnjač in ponosno postavil cvetačo na mizo. A groza, zgornji listi cvetače so bili preluknjani in debela gosenica se je plazila po njih. Ravnatelj razstave si je ogledal obe cvetači in ni bil videti nič kaj zadovoljen.

Tisti mah so začuli s ceste peket kopit. A to niso bili konji, bila sta dva oslička, na enem je jahal Mihec in na drugem Branko. Za njima pa je tekkel Sultan in veselo lajal:

"S cvetačo v mesto, hov, hov, hov!
s prvo nagrado pa domov!"

In visoko v zraku je letal ščinkavec in žvrgolel:

"Ščink ščink, vrtnarčki veseli,
še danes bomo nagrado imeli!"

Ravnatelj razstave ju je prijazno pozdravil in vprašal, kaj sta prinesla. Mihec in Branko sta odvezala nahrbtnik in pokazala cvetačo. Ravnatelj jo je ogledoval z vseh strani in prijazen smehljaj mu je zaigral na licu:

“Ta pa ta! Ta je prava!” je rekel ravnatelj in podaril vrtnarčkoma lepo zlato kolajno.

Mihec in Branko sta zavriskala od samega veselja in radostna hitela do-

mov, povedat očku, da sta dobila prvo nagrado. Drugi dan sta povabila svoje prijatelje na obed in vsem je šla cvetača imenitno v slast. Tudi Sultan in ščinkavec sta dobila nekaj cvetače, a stebelce sta pohrustala oslička, ki sta bila nesla Miheca in Branka na razstavo.

Kakor sem slišala, sta zdaj spet vsadila novo cvetačo in drugo leto bomo tudi mi povabljeni na pojedino, če spet dobita prvo nagrado.



Pastirica.



Dragi čitatelji!

V tej številki prinaša Mladinski list samo dva slovenska dopisa, ki sta jih poslali sestrici Anna Matos in Mildred Ilovar. Kje so pa ostali dopisniki? V angleščini se sicer dopisi množe z vsako številko Mladinskega lista, slovenski se pa krčijo. Uredništvo bi zelo veselilo, da bi mladi člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote pošiljali več slovenskih dopisov. Ko pišete slovensko, prosite mamo ali ata, da vam pomagata, ker to je potrebno; slovenskih šol ni, pa naj bodo starši učitelji svojih otrok v slovenskem. Uredništvo pričakuje več slovenskih dopisov za prihodnjo oktobersko številko Mladinskega lista. Počitnice so minule in pričela je šola. Sedaj boste imeli več prilike dopisovati ob večerih, kot ste jo imeli v poletnem času. Zato pa veselo na delo! Učite se slovensko pisati in čitati, kar je prime-roma lahko, ker že govorite slovensko. Torej pridno na delo vsi!

Urednik.

Dragi urednik:

V julijski številki Mladinskega lista sem čitala, da uredništvo Prosvete prevzame urejevanje tega magazina. Zato pa ne vem, če bo urednik še v bodoče priobčal naše dopise, ali bodo romali v koš. Morda pa bodo samo tisti, ki bodo najlepše napisani, priobčeni v Mladinskem listu. Upam, da bo tudi moj dopis objavljen.

Samo še en mesec imamo počitnic (ko to pišem), pa bomo spet morali v šolo. In spet se bomo morali učiti in glave beliti. No, pa saj je prijetno v šolo hoditi, da se kaj koristnega naučimo.

Dragi urednik, če ne boste priobčili tega dopisa v Mladinskem listu, pa ne bom nič več pisala. Še sedaj nisem vedela, če bi poslala ta dopis na urednika ali kam drugam. Drugič bom napisala kaj več.

Anna Matos,

Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

Dragi urednik:

Prosim, da priobčite naslednjo pesmico v Mladinskem listu, ki ga tako rada čitam. Pesmico, ki jo je spisal Simon Jenko, sem se doma naučila in se mi dopade.

Naš maček.

Naš maček je ljub'co imel,
vasovat noč vsako je šel;
prišel je domu ves zaspan,
ko mežnar odzvonil je dan.

Zbolela je ljub'ca močno,
o joj, če več zdrava ne bo!
Naš maček je jokat' začel,
nobene več miši ni vjel.

In ko mu res vzame jo smrt,
okoli se plazi potrt,
življenje sovražit' začne,
v soboto obesil se je.

To žalost v eksemplj povem,
neskrbnim vam mladim ljudem:
Če dolgo živet' vam je mar,
zaljubit' se nikdar nikar.

Mildred Ilovar, Box 275, Blaine, Ohio.

Rose Fyleman:

Koprivji puh

NEKDAJ je živel ubožna stara ženica sama zase v koči. Enkrat na teden si je pekla kruh. Nekega dne je opazila, da nima niti trohice kvasa, da bi zamesila, niti beljča, da bi ga šla kupit.

"Kaj mi je storiti?" je tarnala v silni zadregi. Odšla je ven in se razgledovala po svojem vrtcu.

Nenadoma je puhnilo mimo nje prgišče koprivjega puha.

"Kakor nalašč," je rekla ženka. "Kaj bi moglo biti lažje od puha?" Ujela je dva, tri koščke puha, odšla v hišo in zamesila testo.

Testo je nepričakovano lepo shajalo in starka, ne bodi lena, je pristopila, da bi napravila kruh, in se veselila, videč, kako lahko je testo.

Ali ko so bili hlebčki v peči, so pričeli strašno shajati, in preden bi mogel človek naštetih deset, so se tako dvignili, da so se vrata peči razletela in se je kruh razvalil po sobi. A še vedno se je dvigal. Pahnil je starko na vrt, narastel do dimnika in se razlezel skozi okna; kmalu je dosegel streho in ni preteklo dolgo časa, pa se je streha odmaknila in kruh je došel na vrh hiše.

Še nikoli niste videli kaj takega.

Starka je tekla pravit svojim sosedam.

Svet je prihitel z vseh strani in gledal.

Bilo je zares čuda videti, dasi se je peč med tem ohladila in se je kruh nehajal dvigati.

Zdajci so pričeli ljudje lomiti koščke od kruha. "Kako je okusen," so zatrjevali; "tako je lahak."

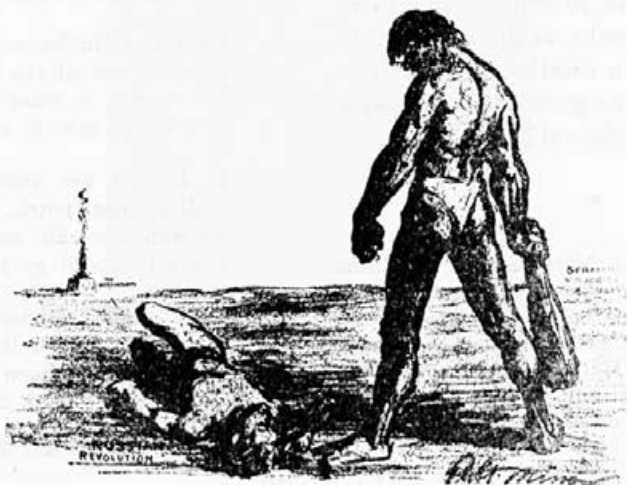
Tedaj je pristopil vaški stražnik. Bil je nečak tiste stare ženice in je kmalu ustavil ljudi, ki so kradli kruh. "Vsak košček cent," je velel. "Metajte cente v samokolnico."

Ljudje so bili tako željni, da bi dobili košček čudežnega kruha, da je kar deževalo centov v samokolnico. Vsakdo na vasi ga je pokusil. Starki bi se bilo skoro zmedlo, ali pogled na denar jo je osrčil.

Kruh je bil že davno pošel, ali ljudje so prihajali še dneve in dneve gledat h koči. Plačevali so po več centov za dovoljenje, da so smeli v hišo.

Na ta način je mogla stara ženica popraviti streho in spraviti dokaj čedno vrečico denarja.

Ali n koli več ni dala koprivjega puha v testo. Kaj še!





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THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the light of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—H. W. Longfellow.

A FRIEND

A friend that's true
A friend that's kind,
That is the one
You seldom find.

In time of war
Or time of peace,
This friend's kind deeds
Will never cease.

And when you're sick
And lonesome, too,
Your good friend's aid
Will comfort you.

—Wanda Marie Willis.

AUTUMN

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The rich, ripe tint of the cornfields,
And the wild goose sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod.
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it Nature.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.

—Longfellow.

A GREAT SPORT

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sports,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Games for Little Folk

Beefsteak

In the game of "Beefsteak" the one who is "it" shuts his eyes and counts twenty aloud, while the others run as fast as they can in different directions. At the word "twenty" they stop and stand still where they are. The one who is "it" is blindfolded and must find and identify some other player to become "it." If in his wanderings there is danger of his running into any obstacle the others shout "Beefsteak." This, of course, is apt to reveal the whereabouts of the players, but no one is entitled to move from the position he takes when the count of twenty is finished.

Popover

Two goals are selected and a child posted between them who is "it." All the players are ready at one of the goals to run to the other goal, but they cannot run till they hear the word "popover." The child who is "it" shouts in succession, "jonny-cake, graham gems, muffins, waffles, griddle cakes, rolls, biscuits, fritters," or any other breakfast bread, but not until he says "popover" can the players move. Then they run as fast as they can for the opposite goal and the child who is "it" tries to catch one. If successful, the two then set about catching the rest the next time, but the first leader is always the one to call the magic word "popover." So the game continues till all the players are caught. The first one captured is "it" for the next time.

Rocket Tag

Rocket Tag takes its name from Fourth of July fireworks, but the game itself is very simple and safe. It is played a good deal like ordinary tag. The one who is "it" chases some other child until he catches him or until a "rocket" goes up somewhere. That is, if some child makes a loud hissing noise and jumps up from the ground, he is called a rocket, and the one who is "it" chases him instead of the previous victim. If several rockets seem to be going up at the same time, the child who is "it" may take his choice in chasing.

Mr. Knock-off

An ordinary shoe box is set up on end on another box and a funny face is marked crudely on the box with a tin cup placed hatwise on the top of the box. The children are given three bean bags and each in turn has a try at knocking off the cup.

Flying Squirrel

In the game of flying squirrel the players stand in a double row, the one behind keeping his hands on the shoulders of the person in front, thus forming a double circle. The hunter and one player chosen for the squirrel stay outside the outer circle. The hunter tries to catch the squirrel. At any time the squirrel may stop directly behind or in front of any of the pairs; then the one put out of position must become the squirrel and run to escape the hunter. If the squirrel stops behind the one standing in the outer circle, he must put his hands on the shoulders of that one, who must take his hands off the one in front and order him to run. If the squirrel halts in front of the player on the inside, the one on the outside becomes the squirrel, and must hustle before the hunter gets him. If the hunter can get his hand on the one he is chasing before the change of position, that one is caught. If the one ousted from his position is not quick, he will be caught before he gets started.

Are You a Lion?

The players select one child to be "it" and form a circle around him. He asks each child in turn, "Are you a lion?" and the answer may be, "I am a tiger," or any other animal he may wish to name, unless he chooses to answer with a roar like a lion. In this case he must turn and run, for this is the signal for him to be chased by the child who is "it." When he is caught within one minute he becomes "it." Otherwise he is "safe" and the chaser remains "it" and must resume his questioning. One rule is that a child must not repeat the name of an animal which has been previously given.



The Great Stone Face

MANY readers have read Hawthorne's story of the "Great Stone Face" that appears high up on a mountain peak in New Hampshire. The mountain peak overlooks a valley. Hawthorne's beautiful story tells how the people of the valley, in the old days of superstition worshipped the stone face. This face has been considered one of the wonders of the world. It is much older than the pyramids and the Sphinx of Egypt.

In the fall of 1916 a north country preacher, who is also a great lover of the White and Franconia Mountains, succeeded in so interesting the Governor and Council of New Hampshire as to cause the State to proceed with the hazardous task of anchoring back to the ledge of which centuries ago it was a part, the large stone that forms the prominent part of the forehead of "the Old Man of the Mountain." This was done by the use of Lewis blocks and turnbuckles. Lewis blocks are much used by quarrymen in handling large stones. The block itself is somewhat fan-tail in shape and when keyed into the hole drilled for it provides a sure grip to the rock.

Three of these Lewis blocks and turnbuckle anchoring rods, weighing 450 pounds, were inserted at the time and have since remained in place, holding what was a dangerously slipping forehead stone securely back to the more solid ledge of the mountain.

Once every two years the clergyman climbs to the top of the head and repaints the anchoring rods in order to prevent corrosion. For this and other purposes he has made seventeen trips during the past twenty years.

When the actual work was done in 1916, it was found necessary to remove several large rocks back of the slipping stone in order to make room for the three large anchoring rods.

Only one of these stones was of any use in forming the profile. It closes the lower end of what would otherwise be an open cut or channel across the top of the head thus allowing light to shine through and producing a notch or gash in the head not put there by nature.

A small wall of loose stone about three feet long and three feet high was built across the lower end of this channel to restore the natural appearance of the profile. This served its purpose until the last few seasons.

The preacher, who has been styled "the valet of the Old Man of the Mountain," found on his last rod-painting trip that thoughtless visitors have sometimes taken a stone or two from this wall and thrown them into the valley 1,200 feet below, just for the fun of hearing them descend. This had lowered the wall to the extent of showing a notch in the head of the profile.

An article recently published in a local paper describing this condition elicited a response from an interested citizen of Bethlehem, N. H., offering to meet the expense of rebuilding the wall in cement, provided the valet would himself see to the matter. This he was only too glad to do, and promptly proceeded to obtain men and materials for the difficult task.

To rebuild a small stone wall in cement would be but the work of an hour were it on accessible earth, but considering the location of this one makes it far from an easy task.

As many people know, the profile is formed by certain pieces of ledge and jutting out rocks far up the side of the profile mountain. This visage is 1,200 feet above Profile Lake and some 1,000 feet from the summit of the mountain. The trail leading to the top of the mountain is almost impassable, from neglect, while from its upper end down to the

head there is no trail at all, the route being a wild scramble over ledges and rocks.

Men Carry Up Cement

All the materials needed for cementing the wall had to be carried up the mountain on the backs of men, as no horse or burrow could ever make the trip. Naturally, this was the most difficult part of the task, and only men of rugged physique could be considered. As it was five husky fellows from the hill town of Landaff, N. H., were engaged to transport sand, cement, water and equipment needed for the operation.

When the work of 1916 was done the hand of man had never in any way meddled with nature's work there. But it is all but certain that had this work not then been done, the most prominent stone in the forehead of the profile would have slipped off its scanty perch, taking the nose along with it. The stone in question is now anchored so

that cold or heat may move it slightly, as on hinges, but it cannot move in any other direction. Nearly if not more than half its length protrudes into the air, it being held in place by the overbalancing effect of the other heavier half, plus the pull of the anchoring rods. It is a wonder that either vandals or some slight earthquake shock had not long ago dislodged this most precariously located stone.

Campaign for Profile

The profile is much in the limelight at present because of the campaign now in progress to raise some \$90,000 (to complete the sum of \$400,000) needed to bring about State ownership of the entire nine-mile area known as Franconia Notch, including Echo Lake, Profile Lake, the Profile, the Pool, the Basin and the Flume, besides the splendid stands of soft and hard wood growths that now grace these majestic mountain sides.



K. M.: "Life in Garden."

Anniversary of the Children's Poet

IF James Whitcomb Riley had lived until the seventh day of October, 1929, he would have been seventy-six years old. His old friends and neighbors are arranging the regular annual celebration of his birthday. There was a great parade of hundreds of children and citizens, of all civic fraternal and social organizations, thru Rockaby Street, past the poet's old home, and on to Riley Park, where the day was spent in glorification of the greatest children's poet who ever put pen to paper. The decoration of store buildings was suggestive of Riley's poems, such as pumpkins and "fodder in the shock."

In the parade the Brandywine school children carried a banner announcing their identity. Willow Branch school children's banner bore the words, "Old Swimmin' Hole or Bust." On a float was old "Granny" telling stories to children. Another float carried "Nine Little Goblins" bobbing their heads and feet. Children from all schools of the country were in the parade with appropriate banners. The American Legion's banner was "Good-bye, Jim, take keer of yourself." Members of the "Old Band" rode in an old wagon, the replica of the one they used many years ago when Riley was a member and beat the bass drum. Six aged men, members of the Old Band, rode in the wagon.

What a world of joy these folk of Hancock county experience each year as they commemorate the natal day of their hero reading his verses, singing his songs, recalling his life among them.

The "Old Swimmin' Hole" is to be perpetuated. The little stream, Brandywine, has changed its course, and the swimming hole is now but a dry memory. However, it is to be perpetuated. Old-timers, who in their boyhood days went swimming there with Riley, will turn the course of the Brandywine back to its old channel thru the old

swimming hole. They will also build a mammoth replica of the old hole in the Riley Memorial Park, that will include the old spring-board, the "slippery slide" and the old sycamore stump.

Riley created a monument to his memory that is more enduring than all the monuments of stone and brass ever erected to crowned heads. His "Songs o' Cheer" will endure as long as the present civilization endures, for they are written in the hearts of men.

As we "turn the leaves of fancy" with James Whitcomb Riley, we catch a glimpse of his boundless vision. Only by his own words can we show the beauty of his character, and the clearness of his insight. All phases of life came within his view. His songs were sweetened by his comprehension of the singing, dancing, joyousness of youth. The children seemed to have taken him into their secret thoughts and made clear as day to him the thoughts and desires of childhood. Perhaps this is why he said:

I believe all children's good,
Ef they're only understood,—
Even bad ones, 'pear to me,
'S jes as good as they kin be!

Riley understood the pain and anguish of the sorrowing, and tried to "weed their hearts of weariness" by this comforting thought:

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!

For, we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And thru all the coming years
Just be glad!

His companionship with nature was unlimited. He liked to be at utter loaf, and "soak his hide full of the day," or glory with a farmer in his field, whose beauty he said was "only jes' wasted all on me and you." It was on a spring day that he wrote:

My soul soaks up the atmosphere,
And sings aloud where you can hear,
And all my being leans intent
To mark your smiling wonderment.

Riley had true "soulsight." His faith was boundless. He trusted all Nature, as shown in the following:

No matter, then, how all is mixed
In our near-sighted eyes,
All things is fer the best, and fixed
Out straight in Paradise.

Then take things as Nature sends 'em here,
And if we live er die,
Be more and more contenteder,
Without a-askin' why.

His rules for everyday living seemed to take hold of the heart-strings of the misguided, and set them aright. He says:

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.

And again:

"Whatever the weather may be," says he;
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere.
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smilin' face,
As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fire-place,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he;
"Whatever the weather may be!"

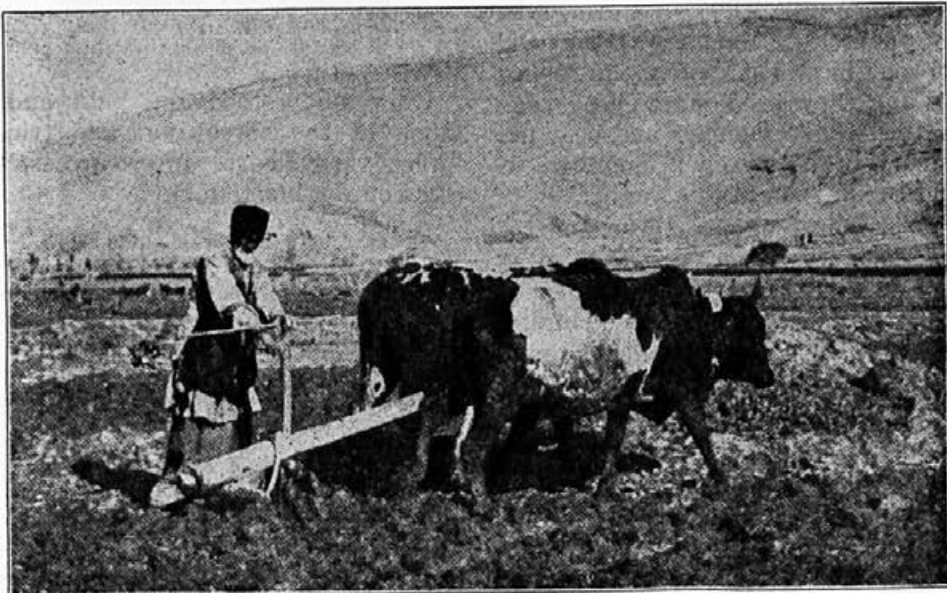
James Whitcomb Riley brought joy and comfort to his readers. No matter how heavy the burden, in his poems he suffered with you; no matter how delightful the joy, he was gladdened, too. Riley understood. And,

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—He is just away.

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!



A Russian Farmer.

Dutchie and Wog

Just because it was his "first night" Wog was seized with awful stagefright! When he entered the arena Dutchie thought he'd never seen a dazed or dizzy-looking pup. Nervously Dutchie held the hoop through which his pal must jump, and as Wog started with a "Whoop!" he felt his pulses thump. Then suddenly he realized—it struck his sense numb—that Wog had blindly headed for the circus clown's big drum! Crash! Through he flew, before he knew how dire had been his error—while Mr. Clown fell limply down, giving a yell of terror.

"I'm not to blame, it looked the same as Dutchie's paper hoop!" poor Wog sadly growled, while the audience howled with mirth at the comic group. So all was forgiven, because Wog had striven to make a success of his part—and our friends after all, took fresh heart!

Tight-rope walking was the next task which made Wog sore perplexed. "How to keep upright," he said, "with my parasol o'erhead is most difficult—the fact is, 'twill require a lot of practice!" So he told his pal to stand just below to lend a hand, so that he might safely land.

Presently Dutchie's attention wandered towards the lion's den. On the life of the lion tamer he pondered—bravest and boldest of men. Just as his hero advanced towards the cage.—Dutchie thought 'twas a lion (escaped in a rage) had sprung at him from behind. For the weight of a dog as hefty as Wog drove most of the sense from his mind. When he'd ceased counting stars (there were fifty in all!), Dutchie said: "Wog, my lad, the next time you fall I'll arrange for a cushion—a splendid solution!—for it hasn't the nerves of a doll!"—Answers.

When the Teacher Gets Cross

When the teacher gets cross, and her
blue eyes get black,
And the pencil comes down on the desk
with a whack,

We children all sit up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine,
And it's scary to cough, and it a'n't safe
to grin

When the teacher gets cross, and the
dimples go in.

When the teacher gets cross, the tables
get mixed,

The ones and the twos begins to play
tricks,

The pluses and minuses is just little
smears,

When the cry babies cry their slates
full of tears,

And the figgers won't add, but just
act up like sin.

When the teacher gets cross, and the
dimples go in.

When the teacher gets cross, the read-
ing gets bad,

The lines jingle round till the cillen is
sad.

And Billy boy puffs and gets red in
the face,

As if he and the lesson were running
a race,

Until she hollers out, "Next!" as sharp
as a pin,

When the teacher gets cross, and the
dimples go in.

When the teacher gets good, her smile
is so bright,

That the tables get straight, and the
reading gets right.

The pluses and minuses come trooping
along,

And the figgers add up and stop being
wrong

And we children would like, but we
dassent, to shout,

When the teacher gets good, and the
dimples come out.

—G. P. Morris.



Dear Editor:

This is my first letter for the M. L. I enjoy reading the magazine because there are so many interesting poems and stories in it. There are ten children in our family, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 254, of which my father is the Secretary. He is on the job for seven years. I would like to have an English-speaking lodge for the Juvenile members here. It would be nice to have our own lodge where we could take an active part in it.—All brothers and sisters stick together and help make the M. L. larger.—I wish some of the girls would write to me.

Anna Bukovec,

R.D. No. 2, Box 11, Johnstown (Bon Air), Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have read the M. L. and was interested in it. I read all the letters but there were none from New Mexico, so I thought I would help to keep the organization alive. I am a member of the SNPJ and I have a twin sister and brother; they are also members. My father was Secretary for quite a while. I surely am sorry that I never wrote for the M. L. before. I have a few riddles for the readers.

What island is near heaven?—The Isle of Skye (sky).

What three letters turn a girl into a woman?—A. J. E.

I'll have more next time.

Fanny Rodeghiest,
Van Hutten, New Mexico.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter for the M. L., and I hope that more members would write to the M. L.—I would like to have some members

write to me. There are eleven of us in our family and all belong to the SNPJ. Here I have a few jokes:

One day when I was walking along the street a cop stopped me and asked what I was doing. I told him I was helping my brother. He asked me what my brother was doing, and I told him "nothing." Then he said: "And what are you doing, helping him?"

B. G., Box 206, Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am writing my first letter to the Mladinski list. I am a member of lodge No. 242, SNPJ. I just can't wait till the M. L. comes; I surely like to read it.—I am 12 years old and I have passed to the last part of the eighth grade. I shall graduate in January.

Staunton, Ill., is a mining town. Miners don't work at all here.—I have three brothers and one sister, and we all belong to the Slovene National Benefit Society, and I certainly am proud of the fact. I think the SNPJ is one of the best fraternal organizations in existence. I had an experience when my father died. The organization paid us the money that was coming to us right away. I wish father was with us, for my father was worth more to me than all the money in the world.

Here is a root for the SNPJ: Ice-cream, soda, ginger ale and pop, SNPJ is always on top. Don't you think that's true, members?—I hope my letter escapes the waste basket. I remain a loyal member of the SNPJ,

Martha Lubich,
1124 W. 6th street, Staunton, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am 14 years old and I graduated from the eighth grade to Norwin high school. I have been sick for one week. I had my tonsils and adenoids removed. I am now well and I decided to write a letter to the M. L.—There are six in our family, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 78 at Westm'd City. I haven't seen a letter from Westm'd City in the M. L. since the last time I wrote one. I have received only one letter and that was from Chisholm, Minn. I wish that more members would write to me. I would gladly answer them back.

I will now close with best regards to the brothers and sisters of the M. L., remaining a member,

Anton Frank Zgonc,
Box 58, Westm'd City, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

I can hardly await the Mladinski list to come. I am always the first one in our family to read it. But I seldom see a letter from Homer City, Pa.—I have much fun when I go swimming.—Two years ago I was in Europe with my mother and sister. I went through England, Le Havre, Paris, Swetzerland and Rakek, Slovenia, Jugoslavia, where we visited our relatives. I liked it very much and hope that some day I will be able to go again.

I hope that some of the members would write to me.

Amelia Modic,
Box 227, Homer City, Pa.

*

A Joke.

Dear Editor:

All the people say that George Washington never told a lie.

Oh no, he didn't. Once he was eating an apple, and when he finished it, he said: "Gee, that was a peach!"

Eleanor Yasbec,
8041—42nd street, Lyons, Ill.

*

Dear Editor:

Will you please publish the following write-up taken from Paul W. Kearney?—The clergy keep me from their ease, and turn and wind me as they please. A new a wonderous art I show of rising spirits from below. A great chemist none than I who taught men to extract with skill more precious juice than from a still. Although I am often out of case, I'm not ashamed to show my face . . .

Mary Mihelcic, Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

*

Dear Editor:

I have not seen a letter in the Mladinski List from Yukon, Pa., for a long time. This is my first attempt to write. Now I will try to write every month.—There are seven in

our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, and I am very proud of it. I enjoy reading the M. L. because it is so interesting. When we get it from the postoffice I am always the first one to read it. I have received a few letters from Lillian Bettyas of Newark, N. J., and have not heard from her for quite a while now; hope she is not angree with me.

Well, young folks from Yukon, Pa., get on the job and write a few letters to the Mladinski List and help make it even more interesting.

Happy vacation to all. Mary Yemc,
Box 214, Yukon, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

I would like to say just a few words in regards to the Mladinski List and show my appreciation in writing this letter. I do not belong to the Juvenile department of the SNPJ any more, as I am now an adult member of Lodge No. 297 for over a year. But I consider the M. L. a very important magazine for our youngsters.

I have never realized until recently what I have lost by not knowing how to speak the Slovene language. Of course, I can understand it pretty well. I am a blond, blue-eyed girl, and am a junior in St. Patrick Academy. My only aim at the present is to be a nurse, and my chief interest is put in "astrology" (astronomy). There is nothing nicer than to put your mind and eyes, towards the sky and wonder and watch the sun, moon, clouds and all the stars.—I am a girl that understands the different types of people and can easily learn the different languages. I speak English only, but can understand German, Italian, Spanish, Polish and French, also a little Greek and Japanese, although I never associate with the latter two.

I must close. This letter is in behalf of all the members in the town who get the M. L. I am trying to induce the rest of the members here to write to the Mladinski List. Hoping to see the M. L. grow as fast as the Young SNPJ did in the English section of the Prosveta.

I remain for ever a member of the SNPJ,
Rose M. Krak, Box 235, Raton, New Mex.

*

Dear Editor:

I am writing you a few lines to tell you that I like the M. L. very much. I thought that if I send a few jokes to the M. L. it would be more interesting.

From Ireland.

"Any one could tell by looking at you that your parents came from Ireland."—"My parents did not come from Ireland," said Henry.

—"Come on, don't try to fool me. Your face shows your parents came from Ireland."—"They did not," said Henry, "they are in Ireland yet."

Uncle Moses.

"To what do you attribute your long life, Uncle Moses?"—"To the fact that I was born a great many years ago." Henry Fon,
740 No. Marmon, Indianapolis, Ind.

*

Dear Editor:

I have read some of your poems and riddles as well as jokes in the M. L. I enjoyed them very much, so I thought I could write some too.

The World.

The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending we lay our powers. Little we see in nature that is ours. The world is a wheel and it will come around, all right.

A Riddle.

What tree pinches the Jews?—The Jew-nipper.—Why is a kiss like a rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Mary Segotta, Van Houten, New Mex.

*

Dear Editor:

In June we took a trip up the northern part of our State of Penna. We saw only hills and dales, which is a very familiar sight here in our State. When we got to Butler, Pa., we began to see oil wells on each side of the highway, which is something I don't see every day. Near where I live there are a few gas wells, and here you can see real mountains; there are very many State Forest Preserves with a variety of animals.

When we got to Sharon, which was our destination, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Hribar and Mrs. Kramer. We also attended the Joe Godina and Josephine Valentinčić wedding.

I think that the July issue of the Mladinski List was the best and most interesting one I've read for the longest time. The Slovene stories read well, and enjoyed the section "Nuts to Crack."

On July 31 the Fireman and American Legion of Latrobe had a parade, and 50 towns took part in it. Naturally, the "Cossacks" had to be at the head of the parade (that's Pennsylvania style).

With best wishes to all readers,

Jane Fradel,
1004 Alexandria street, Latrobe, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

During this summer I've heard the following speakers: Frank Zaitz at White Valley; Jos. Zavertnik Sr., Oscar Godina, Anton Zor-

nik and Martin Urana at Yukon, Pa. All the speakers had nice things to say about our wonderful organization, the SNPJ.—I have forgotten to write in the M. L. for the last two months. But I believe the Editor will excuse me for this time.

With best regards to all readers of the M. L.
Mary Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

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Dear Editor:

I wish that you would print a few riddles or puzzles I am sending to you. The first one is:

Can you form a word square if I start it for you? The second line in the square below is part of a kitchen range, the third is something that is planted, and the fourth means "finish." You shouldn't have much trouble after all these hints.

NOSE
O
S
E

Well, the answer is simple.

NOSE
OVEN
SEED
ENDS

(Q.) Can you remove the middle letter from a word for steps and get a word for agitate?

(A.) Stair, stir.

Another one: The name of a common bird is hidden in the sentence below:

"If you see a spar, row at once toward it," said the shipwrecked sailor.—The answer is, of course: Sparrow.

Yours truly,

Mary Stroy,
924 Arnolda, Indianapolis, Ind.

*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Now I will write often. I like to read the M. L. because it has so many good stories, poems, riddles and some jokes. I am 12 years old and am going to be 13 years old in November. I graduated from the eighth grade this year. There are three of us in our family. My mother died when I was two years old. I have one sister and we all belong to the SNPJ.

I wish some members would write to me, for I would gladly answer their letters as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

Sylvia Jelercic,
R. 1, Box 115, Willard, Wis.

TELL ME A TALE OF AIRLY DAYS

Oh! Tell me a tale of the airy days—
Of the times as they used to be;
"Pillar of Fi-er" and "Shakespeare's
Plays"

Is a'most too deep fer me!
I want plane facts, and I want plane
words,
Of the good old-fashioned ways,
When speech run free as the songs of
birds
'Way back in the airy days.

Tell me a tale of the timber-lands—
Of the old-time pioneers;
Somepin' a pore man understands
With his feelin's well as ears.
Tell of the old log house,—about
The loft, and the puncheon flore—
The old fi-er-place, with the crane
swung out,
And the latch-string through the
door.

Tell of the things jest as they was—
They don't need no excuse!—
Don't tetch 'em up like the poets does,
Tel theyr all too fine fer use!—
Say they was 'leven in the fambily—
Two beds, and the chist, below,
And the trundle-beds that each helt
three,
And the clock and the old bureau.

Then blow the horn at the old back-
door
Tell the echoes all halloo,
And the children gethers home onc't
more,
Jest as they ust to do:
Blow fer Pap tel he hears and comes,
With Tomps and Elias, too,
A-marchin' home, with the fife and
drums
And the old Red White and Blue!

Blow and blow tel the sound draps low
As the moan of the whipperwill,
And wake up Mother, and Ruth and Jo,
All sleepin' at Bethel Hill:
Blow and call tel the faces all
Shine out in the back-log's blaze,
And the shadders dance on the old
hewed wall
As they did in the airy days.

—J. Whitcomb Riley.

Playing the Game

All games are played satisfactorily only under recognized rules. Even animals in their frolics rarely overstep the bounds set by instinct, as anyone can testify who has seen two or more dogs engaged in a mock battle.

Boys who will not keep within the rules should be made to play by themselves. It is astonishing how quickly the idea is absorbed, and what a strong influence it has on the forming character.

A boy who plays his youthful games in strict compliance with rules, will grow up to be a reliable, respected and responsible citizen. The boy who tries to win by unfair tactics carries that same trait through life, to the great detriment of himself and his business associates.

Play the game as hard as you may, but always within the rules, is a lesson that cannot be too often or too strongly emphasized in training youth.—Boy Ranger.

FLOWER PUZZLE

YANPS, ESART, PLUTI
ISYAD, XLOPH, SOCCRU

Six kinds of flowers are growing in this group but all the names are mixed and you will have to straighten them out. The name does not necessarily belong to the kind of flower upon which it is lettered.

Answer to Flower Puzzle: Pansy, Aster, Tulip, Daisy, Phlox, Crocus.

*

Answer to Dog Puzzle: Spaniel, Airdale, Terrier, Hound, Poodle, Chow.

* * *

TRY THESE RIDDLES

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the center (scenter).

What is it that has legs and only one foot? A bed.

If a man bumped his head against the top of a room what article of stationery would he be supplied with? Ceiling whacks (sealing wax).

What is the best thing to put into pies? Your teeth.

As round as a cup, as deep as a cup, yet the whole of Lake Michigan could not fill it up? A coffee strainer.

What is it that has five sharp corners? A star.

Why is a pianist like the warden of a prison? Because he fingers the keys.

What is a button? A small event that is always coming off.

*

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,

A pretty girl—however you dress her—

Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,

And the last one is always prettiest,

Bless her!

*

Womanliness means only motherhood; All love begins and ends there.

—Browning.

WILD GEESE

By Grace Noll Crowell.

I hold to my heart when the geese are flying

A wavering wedge on the high bright blue—

I tighten my lips to keep from crying: "Beautiful birds, let me go with you."

And at night when they honk and their wings are weaving

A pattern across a full gold moon— I hold to a heart that would be leaving

If it were freed to fly too soon.

I hold to a heart that would be going—

A comrade to wild birds in the air,

As wayward as they—and never knowing

Where it is going—and never care.

I hold to my heart—for here lies duty—

And here is the path where my feet must stay—

But O, that quivering line of beauty,

Beating its beautiful, bright-winged way!

*

"Tommy, isn't it rather extravagant to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"Oh, no, Mother. It's economy. You see the same piece of bread does for both."

*

THE ICE

Once when I was water,

I became so chilly

I began to catch cold,

Which really was quite silly,

For I began to stiffen

And swell, which wasn't nice.

Until I couldn't move at all,

And then I was—ice.

Now the brawny ice-man,

Taking but a minute,

Opens up the ice box,

And sets me there within it,

Or if it's electric,

You only pull a lever,

And there I am in little cubes—

Aren't we both clever?