

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO VIII.—Št. 8.

CHICAGO, ILL., AVGUST, 1929.

VOL. VIII.—No. 8.

Katka Zupančič:

PSIČKU

Ej, psiček, hav—hav,
po svoje mi zročáš pozdrav.
Glej, šole je konec, da veš,
a ti le zvedavo v me zreš.

Moj kužek hav—hav,
z deco mi bodi igrav!
Njej jeze ne kaži nikdar,
prijazen ji bodi vsikdar!

Počakaj, hav—hav,
to bode še s tabo zabav:
pričela za te bo šola se zdaj;
potreben si nauka, priznaj!

Prijatelj, hav—hav,
ne slišiš rad muckin mijav;
pa vedi, da muca, ko ti,
oba sta prijatelja mi.

Si priden, hav—hav,
a večkrat tvoj lajež ni prav:
ne lajaj v ljudi,
ki zlega v njih ni!

Le slušaj, hav—hav,
moj govor se zdi ti šegav;
toda, za prestopek prav vsak,
spomin boš dobival grenak.

Ivan Jontez:

KJE DOM, KDO BRAT JE MOJ?

Kje dom je moj?
Onkraj morja, kjer vrh
Triglava snežnega
dotika se neba?

In kdo mi brat je?
Mar oni vsak, ki tam
ko jaz se je rodil
in prvič se solzil?

O ne!—Moj dom je večji.
Svet širni dom je moj!
In brat? Moj brat je vsak tlačan,
ki muči se, trpi z menoj.

Beseda staršem

V JULIJSKI številki Mladinskega lista smo spregovorili par besed, ki so veljale predvsem naši mladini in staršem. Danes se hočemo omejiti na kratek pogovor s starši naše mladine, in sicer o predmetu, ki je neobhodno potreben, da se o njem razpravlja: o vezi med starši in mladino.

V omenjeni številki smo v naslovnem članku povdarjali važnost, ki leži v sodelovanju, v medsebojni pomoči in umevanju, ki naj dobi prostora med starši in mladino. Pravi temelj resničnega pojmovanja med starši in mladino je najti v čutenju in potrebi od strani staršev do prave vzgoje njih otrok. Čim prej starši spoznajo to potrebo in jo skušajo upotrebiti, tem prej bodo otroci dovzetni umevanju vaših teženj in stremljenj, ciljev in vsakdanjih težav. Predpogoj spoštovanja, ki naj se ucepi našemu naraščaju v njih mlada srca do svojih staršev, je vselej iskati v ljubavi medsebojnega delovanja.

Niti za trenutek ne smemo pozabiti, da starši so prvi učitelji svojih otrok. Ako temu ni tako, tedaj je iskati krivdo v vas samih. Vi sami se morate potruditi, da ustvarite med vašimi otroki in vami samimi tisto vez, ki vam bo garantirala v vaši mladini zaupnost do vas. Ta vez naj postaja tesnejša in tesnejša, tako, da bo resnično vezala našo mladino na naše življenje, na našo napredno kulturno vzgojo, katera vam bo glavna opora, da ostane naš naraščaj resnično naš.

Mladinski list je tisto sredstvo, tisti posredovalec in učitelj, ki naj vrši svojo misijo v tem pravcu. Slovenska narodna podporna jednota izdaja Mladinski list za našo mladino zato, da ostane čim dalje naša mladina med nami, da spozna našo stran življenja, da ohrani vsaj nekaj našega in da popolnoma ter predčasno ne izgine v morju amerikanizma. Naša mladina prihaja iz naroda, ki je vreden vsega spoštovanja. Zato pa bodi naša in vaša naloga in dolžnost, da jo o tem pravilno poučimo in vzgojimo. Pregovor pravi, da kdor sebe ponižuje, samega sebe zaničuje.

Staršem polagamo na srce tudi to koristno nalogo, da pomagajo svojim otrokom pri skladanju slovenskih pisem za Mladinski list, kajti s tem jim date veselje in zanimanje za našo besedo. Angleškega se itak nauče v šolah. Ali ne pravi pregovor, da kolikor jezikov človek zna, za toliko ljudi velja? In pomisliti je treba, da se vaši otroci s primeroma malim trudom lahko priučijo slovenščine v pisanju in branju. Le malo dobre volje je treba, pa gre. Vašim otrokom ne bo prav nič škodilo, ako bodo znali pogledati v naš časopis ali knjigo in bodo iz nje zajemali znanje svojih prednikov onstran Atlantika.

Zadnje čase, kakor je razvidno v "Chatter Cornerju," se je nakupičilo precej dopisov naših malih, veliko bolj bi pa bilo razveseljivo, če bi se pomnožili tudi slovenski dopisi, ki bi izenačili število angleških. Staršev naloga je, da jih v to uvajajo, uredništvo Mladinskega lista pa se bo drage volje potrudilo, da jih popravi in uredi za tisk.

Na delo, starši, za boljše medsebojno umevanje, za pravo vzgojo našega naraščaja in za boljšo vez med obema generacijama!

SLAVČKA SPEV

Vrsto let me v sladke sanje
je uspaval slavčkov spev.
Ah, danes še srce dviguje
spomin na sladki ta odmev . . .

V košatem hrastu je popeval,
v srebrnih luninih nočeh.
Sladko njegov je glas odmeval—
V nikdar zabljenih mi dneh . . .

Oh zdaj pa proč je slavca spev,
ne slišim ga nič več . . .
Tujine zvabil me je šev,
zato ne slišim slavčka več . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

SAPICE

Hčerke viharjev in pišev;
in vendar mehke tako . . .
vaš dih kot pozdrav mi je prišev,
oni dan čez morje širno . . .

Mi pravil stvari čudolepe,
o gajih o poljih iz dalj.
Razgrinjal mi slike prelepe,
prinesel mi sladkih je sanj . . .

Ne enkrat, že stokrat posetil
dih sapic me z naših poljan;
po morji, po suhem je krožil
in vselej je našel moj stan!

Zato jaz prisrčno pozdravljam
vas, sapice, hčerke vetrov!
Ko tuge po domu tu umiram,
vaš dih me ponaša domov . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

Šale za male

Mali navihanec.

“Mamica kaj je strašnejše: če si
zlomim nogo, ali če raztrgam hlačke?”

“Kako moraš tako vprašati, sinko?
Seveda je mnogo hujše, če si zlomiš
nogo!”

“Nu potem je dobro. Poprej sem pal
in sem si strgal hlačke!”

*

Mali Janezek, ki je pojedel že dva
kosa okusnega kolača, se zdajci za-
gleda v kolač, ki še stoji na mizi, in
milo zaplaka:

“Zakaj jočeš?” ga vpraša oče.

“Oh, zato, ker nisem več lačen, ko-
lača je pa še toliko!”

“Kakšen poklic si izbereš, Miloš, ka-
dar boš velik?”

“Dimnikar bom!”

“Zakaj pa dimnikar?”

“Dimnikarji se tako malokdaj umi-
vajo.”

*

Tončka je mamica pravkar oštela, ker
ni ubogal. Zdaj se ves objokan in potrt
opravičuje:

“Oh, saj bi tako rad ubogal!”

“Nu, zakaj pa ne ubogaš, če bi rad?”

“Ne morem!”

*

“Striček, ali pridejo dimnikarji tudi v
nebesa?”

“Seveda, če so bili pridni!”

“In postanejo potem črni angeli?”

Danilo Gorinšek:

Otroku, ki je zašel

SREDI ceste je jokal otrok. Zašel je bil. Mimo njego so švigali ljudje kot brez srca, brez duše . . . Otrok jih ni videl, niti slišal, samo temno kot strah mu je vstajalo iz duše in je vpilo po—materi. Zašel je bil.—

Bilo je to menda na pustni torek, zakaj tisti ljudje, ki so švigali mimo otroka brez srca in pogleda zanj, so ugledali že od daleč čudno oblečene in nališpane stvore. Mogoče so bili to ljudje. Saj je bilo na pustni torek.

Kaj bi otrok, zašel na cesti, kaj njegov jok!; ljudje so buljili samo v one čudno oblečene in nališpane stvore in so drveli za njimi.—Nikdo ni zapazil, da so—pohodili otroka. Tiho je umiral v trušču pustnih zijal . . .

Pa kaj pojde otrok na pustni torek na cesto! . . .



Ob obali

Katka Zupančič:

Johnnyjevo junijsko jutro

"JOHNNY, o Johnny!" kliče mati in polaga sveže nogavice ter sveže srajco na Johnnyjevo posteljno omaro. "Kako to," vprašuje, "da ti se danes kar noče s postelje? Saj druga jutra se navadno sam zbudiš o pol osmih, včasih še malo prej. Danes pa, ko te ni bilo v kuhinjo kakor običajno, sem šla, da te zbudim in pošljem po pecivo. Pa si tako lepo spal, da se mi je škoda zdelo, da bi te raditega budila. Toda sedaj ne pomaga nič: osma ura je in v šolo moraš! Mary se že odpravlja."

Johnny skoči z udobne postelje, se pretegne na desno in levo in poškili na uro: "Saj res dolgo sem spal. Hm, truden sem bil sinoči, ko smo pa bili žogo tako pozno v noč. Well, ob devetih se prične pouk, do tedaj bom se pa že kako spravil," je modroval dvigajoč zavese z okna.

Zunaj se je vse kopalo v solncu.

"Sicer smo se zmenili sinoči, da bomo šli danes malo prej z doma in vrgli žogo še pred šolo parkrat. Pa kar je, je!"

Na, zdi se mi, da je ta nogavica narobe, pa luknjo ima še povrh; i saj bo skrita v čevlju, kdo bo gledal na to!— Ampak Tom je včeraj fino igral; izvrsten odbijač je. Najbrž, da je i on danes naredil po moje in spal doslej."

Napol oblečen se odpravi v kopalnico umivat. "Halo, ma! Sem že na nogah," zakliče materi, ki mu v kuhinji pripravljaja zajtrk. "Prav, Johnny, zajtrk te že čaka."

Umit in počesan se vsede Johnny k mizi in poseže po pecivu.

"Hoho, Johnny zaspani!" zagostoli že za v šolo pripravljena Mary. "No, rad bi vedel, kaj si opravila ti medtem, ko sem jaz spal," se ji mrdavo odzove deček.

"Mesto tebe sem šla po pecivo, ali mar to ni nič?" se obregne Mary in se obrne

k materi: "Kajne, ma, danes mi boš dala denarja za v kino. Clara Bow bo igrala in tega ne smem zamuditi."

"Preveč centov se razmeče za kino! Ti Mary, ti bi menda hotela sedeti v kinu noč in dan, jeli?" jo pograja mati.

"I seveda," se škodoželjno oglasi Johnny, "ko je pa tako neumna. Mene pa kino ne vleče bogzna kako. Le, če je na platnu Tom Mix, to je potem druga pesem. Tega bi i jaz gledal noč in dan!"

"No vidiš," ga počegeta sestrice, "pa se postavljaš, da ti za kino ni nič."

"Saj mi tudi ni!" jo zavrne bratec. "Rajši bijem žogo, in denarja tudi ni treba za to, kakor ga je treba za kino," doda in vstane od mize.

"No, no, kaj pa čevlji?" ga pobara mati, ki zbira prazno posodo na mizi. "Saj jih razdereš čez leto skoraj pet parov."

"Hi, hii," se posmiha Mary, "in to je tudi denar!" dostavi hitro. "Ali naj potem punčko pestujem in zraven candy ližem, kakor ti?" se razhudi Johnny.

Toda Mary, ne bodi lena, mu hitro skrivaj, da ne bi videla mati, pokaže jezik, pograbi knjige, "Goodbye, ma!" in že je bila skozi vrata.

Tudi Johnny se je odpravljajal, pa ga prekine mati: "Skoraj sem pozabila: oče je je naročil zjutraj, predno je šel na delo, da naj popoldne po šoli pometeš garažo."

"Ha, papa ne ve, da smo se za danes zmenili, da pričnemo z igro takoj po šoli. Kaj bi rekel tovariš Tom, če bi mene ne bilo poleg?"

"Oče ti je in ti mora biti več, kakor ti je tovariš Tom!" ga resno posvari mati.

"All right! ma, saj ne pravim, da ne bom pometel garaže. Toda danes je ne bom; garaža lahko počaka do jutri.

Slednjič pa, saj bodo itak kmalu počitnice; bom jo pa takrat pometal. Well, good-bye!" in hitel je skozi vrata, še predno mu je mati mogla kaj odgovoriti. Pohitela je k oknu in vprašala za

njim: "Imaš robec?" "Yes," se je glasil odgovor.

Pred hišo ga je že pričakoval tovariš Tom. Smeje in pogovarjajoč se, sta lagodnih korakov odmahala v šolo.

Gustav Strniša:

Šmarnice

Pritlikavec-krojač je sedel v gozdu in pridno šival v svoji majhni hišici. Možek je krojil suknjico za samega kralja pritlikavcev. Zelo se mu je mudilo in kakor blisk je vbadal drobno šivanko.

Prišel je mimo njegov tovariš pritlikavec-vrtnar. Opazil je, kako mali mož šiva in meče ostanke nitk skozi svoje nizko okence.

"Zakaj mečeš kratke nitke skozi okno?" ga je vprašal vrtnar.

"Kaj bi z njimi, čemu mi bodo?" je odvrnil šivankar in urno šival dalje.

Vrtnar se je sklonil in jel pobirati nitke. Tedaj je prišel mimo pritlikavec-kipar:

"Kaj delaš, bratec?" je vprašal kipar tovariša vrtnarja.

"Vidiš! Krojač šiva suknjico za našega kralja, a ostanke nitk meče skozi okno na tla. Škoda se mi zdi teh koncev, zato jih pobiram," je rekel vrtnar.

"Pa naj bi krojač sešil iz teh nitk za nas kapice, za naša majcena pokrivala pač ne potrebuje dolgih niti," je modroval pritlikavi kipar.

"Pa kar ti delaj tiste kapice, če se ti more," je zavpil skozi okno šivankar, ki je vlekel šivanko in poslušal kiparjevo modrovanje.

Mali kipar se je zamislil. Spustil se je v travico, vzel kepico ilovice in pričel gnesti in delati majhne, drobne kapice. Ko je kapice naredil jih je spojil s tenkim stebelcem zelene travice.

Pritlikavec-vrtnar ga je gledal in vprašal:

"Kaj vendar nameravaš ustvariti?"

Kiparček se je nasmehnil:

"Ti si umetni vrtnar. Pritrdi tole bilko s kopicami na tiste ostanke nitk, ki jih je zavrgel krojač!"

Vrtnar je ubogal tovariša. Vtaknil je v zemljo pobrane nitke, a preje je še zvezal njih konce z bilko, katero mu je bil dal kipar, in nato odhitel z majhno srebrno kanglico k čudežnemu studencu, kjer je tekla dragocena voda življenja. Vrnil se je s polno kanglico in zalil drobni cvetki, ki jo je modeliral kipar. Ilovnata cvetica se je mahoma izpremenila, zaživela je in zacvela ter zadehtela. Drobne nitke, ki jih je bil zavrgel krojač, so zrastle v zemlji v nitkaste korenine, ki so kmalu pognale še novo cvetje.

"Kako naj imenujemo to cvetko?" so se vpraševali pritlikavci in se veselili njenih belih kopic.

Pa je prišel po gozdu star siv skopuh. Ko je zagledal prijazne šmarnice in jih povonjal, se je še njegovo trdo srce omehčalo. Razjasnilo se mu je oko odtrgal je šmarnico in si jo pripel na prsi ter dejal:

"Tako si mi draga, da te ne dam za šmarno petico!"

"Šmarnica ji pravi," so se vzradostili pritlikavci, ki so prisluškovali, in tudi sami krstili cvetko za šmarnico, kakor jo imenujemo še danes ta dan.

Vinko Bitenc:

V KRESNI NOČI

Nad travniki pokošenimi
se lučke bele iskrijo,
lučke, svetle kresnice
god veseli slavijo.

Zdaj tu zaiskre se, zdaj tam,
to vam je radosten ples!
V travi pa godci murni
poskočno godejo vmes.

Na hrastu ob poti sedi
sova gospa in se čudi
gleda in gleda, nazadnje
pa sama zapoje tudi.

V dalji tam žabji zbor
v glasih ubranih prepeva,
preko ravnine, preko gozdov
slavnostna pesem odmeva.

Skrivnostna, pravljичno lepa
je tiha kresna noč.
Ko lunini žarki drhtijo
nad strehami belih koč . . .



Oves

Ksenija Prunkova:

Otroška predstava

Čez pet minut se predstava prične. A pred okencem blagajne se gnete še cel otroški vrtec—mali ljudje ki imajo važno, imenitno opravilo: kupujejo listek za "Krojača junačka." O, to ni kar tako. Za to je bilo treba prosjačenja in moledovanja pri mami, tetki ali stričku. Siromak, komur mama ni mogla dati, kdor nima tet ne stricev! Ostalo mu je le eno upanje: šparovček. Hudo je bilo pri srcu, škoda lončenega prašička, gladek je bil in svetel, smešen in prijazen. Saj pravim, hudo je bilo. A ko je sosedov Slavko povedal, da je poleg "Krojačka junačka" videti še dva strašna razbojnika in "hecnega" kralja s pravo zlato krono, se je odločilo in lončeni prašiček se je razletel na kosce. Nato še težki trenutki—sešteti vse desetice in petdesetice—ali bo dovolj za vstopnico?

Ta denar, ki so ga dali mame tete, strici in šparovčki, tišče otroci v svojih potnih ročicah. Obrazi so razburjeni in rdeči kakor mak, telesca se prerivajo, vroče je, vmes pa stoji še policaj; res čudno—med pobiči, dekliči in mamici policaj, ko bi človek pričakoval kvečjemu kakšnega Miklavža.

Zvonec že prvič kliče, vabi, straši: le še minuto do začetka. Še hujša gneča. V svetlem blagajniškem okencu se mahoma prikaže beseda, neprijazna in trda: RAZPRODANO!—in okence se rezko, neusmiljeno zapre.

Trumica razočaranih, potrlih otrok stopica proti domu.

A v temno okence blagajne strmi pobič (eden tistih, ki so razbili šparovček). V pesti krčevito tišči pet vlažnih vročih dinarčkov. Oči so svetle, kakor z maslom namazane, lica rdeča in vroča; ko bi človek oslinil prst in se dotaknil lička, bi gotovo zacvrčalo. Poltema je v veži, zamolkla, daljna muzika in govorjenje; tam notri so že začeli, a deček še vedno stoji in strmi v okence.

Ej, krojaček-junaček, ta pobič te je danes posekal v junaštvu. Zakaj lažje je ugnati velikana, ujeti razbojnika, premagati orla, nego zatreti solze v mračni, prazni veži.

V dvorani pa je svetlo, toplota, šušljanje, brbljanje in pričakovanje. Otroci so srečni: Mamice tudi.

Vsaki mamici se zdi, da vse druge mame z občudovanjem gledajo njeno zdravo, rdečelično hčerko, krepkega sina, nove, zlikane, praznične obleke.

Kakor v pravljici je. Lože so lastavičja gnezda, v njih cvrči in plahuta. Parter njiva polna rož, a rože so otroške glavice. In vsi so si kakor znanci, pogovarjajo se, vsevprek, si mežikajo. kimajo, se vabijo s prstki v obiske, si delijo sladkosti, pokušajo vsevprek, šume s papirnatimi zavoji in hrustajo. Da, vsi so si kakor znanci. Tudi mame. Vsaka pripoveduje o svojem, o njegovi navihanosti, razumnosti, boleznih, praskah in šolskih uspehih.

Poleg mene sedi tetka, na vsakem kolenu paglavček štiri in pet let. Tetka je še mlada, najbrže hodi še v gimnazijo. Prepričana je, da vsi vedo, da je tetka. To se ji zdi imenitno, zraven pa se veseli na predstavo prav tako, kakor pobiča v njenem naročju.

Na njenem levem kolenu, tik mene sedi štiriletni; kuštrava glavica, nosek zafrknjen, usteca odprta, ušesca kakor dve majhni rožnati perotnici. Tih je in miren, gleda in opazuje. Ognjegasec na stojišču in lesteneč pod stropom sta mu najbolj po godu. Oba se leskečeta. Pogled mu roma od enega do drugega. Petletnega pa zanima le "kdaj pojde gor" in "kdaj bo tema."

Slednjič "gre gor." Na mah je bolj tiho kakor v šoli pri najstrožjem učitelju. Sto in sto otroških oči strmi na oder. Vse je lepo tam gori, čarobno in novo. Živa pravljica.

A živa pravljica tudi v dvorani. Nikjer kritika; saj ni premijera. In tako ni nikogar, ki bi se dolgočasno držal, hladno in pomilovalno nasmihal, pokašljeval in godrnjal. 'Kraljeva krona ni zlata, pločevinasta je, in še njegova ni, izposodil si jo je od pikovega kralja "Treh oranž."

Konec. Sto in sto otroških ročic ploska. Poseben zvok je to. Ne tak kakor ploskanje odraslih. Kakor da se je splašila jata vrabičev. In ko človek mi-

sli, da so že vsi ožfrleli, zleti še tukaj eden, eden tam, iz dobre volje in prešernosti. V dvorani pa diši tako, kakor v šoli: po otrocih.

Iz gledališča se usuje na vse strani v temo. Čeblja in pripoveduje se, se smeje in vprašuje. V stotera otroška srca so se vselili krojaček-junaček, kraljčina, kralj, norček in baron, celo razbojnika in velikan. Saj je otroško srce za vse dovolj široko.



Marija Grošljeva:

KUKAVICA TOŽI

Kukavička, plaha ptička,
skrivaš v gosto se grmovje,
li bojiš se za mladiče,
za mladiče in domovje?

Nimam doma, nimam gnezda,
pa me sram je pred sosedi,
mного tuge in bolesti
mi je v srcu, dete, vedi.

Nekdaj bilo je drugače:
gnezdo plela sem spomladi,
lepo, toplo, mehko gnezdo,
da imeli dom bi mladi.

Pa so zlegli se kričači,
nepokorni majki svoji,
ni bilo miru ne reda,
venomer le bratski boji.

Bratec bratu, sestra sestri,
s kljunom trgali so perje,
le ponoči, ko so spali,
bilo kratko je premirje.

Če je taka, jim porečem,
vas pa v rejo hočem dati,
kjer ljubezni ni med deco,
jih ne ljubi lastna mati.

V tuja gnezda sem jih nesla,
širog gozda raztrosila,
slaba deca, slaba mati,
vem, da nisem prav storila.

Zdaj ne znam več gnezda plesti,
to osveta je narave,
tujo srečo zrem zavidna,
plaha skrivam se v goščave.





Mladost

Dr. Boris Faehner:

Prva razlaga otroku

OTROK ima delež na življenju cvetic, živali in rastlin. Izprašuje po tisočero rečeh. Vidi, kako starost odhaja in kako novo nastaja. Nekega dne mora priti vprašanje:

Kako nastane človek?

S tem stopi vprašanje "pravljica ali resnica" zopet pred starše. Ali hočete svojemu otroku pripovedovati zgodbo o štoklji, ki prinaša otroke in zato mater vgrizne v nogo, da mora ležati? Ali mu boste povedali, da otrok, dokler je še čisto majčken in drobčkan in tako slab, da ne more vzdržati solnčne svetlobe, ne jesti najnavadnejše hrane, leži skrit v naročju matere? Da ga mati ljubi in čuva in varuje pred vsako nesrečo, dokler ni tako velik, da lahko v posteljici spi, svoje ude pregiblje in si na materinih prsih hrano poišče?

Kako je to, da se človek ne upa povedati najlepšega in nasvetejšega—nastanek novega človeka v materinem telesu—svojemu otroku? Velika zabloda naravnosti in preprostosti je to in trdo se maščuje nad nami in našimi otroki. S skrivnostjo, ki z njo pokrivamo rojstvo človeka, mečemo sami nečistost in pege na njegovo čisto in čudežno spočetje.

Kako se je moglo zgoditi, da se mati, ki v blaženem upanju pričakuje svojega otroka, ki s skrbečimi rokami pripravljala vse najmanjše za njegov prihod, ki z junaštvom prenaša vse trpljenje in bolečine in ki z veseljem in trepetom prvokrat objame otročička, otroku na njegovo vprašanje ne upa govoriti o njegovem nastanku? Kaj je vzelo ljudem prirodnost? Kaj jih je naredilo tako učene, da se mati odvrta od prirodnosti, da se sramuje tega, česar bi morala biti prepeljena od radosti in veselja?

In vendar je tako lahko ne pripovedovati pravljice in otroku odkrito odgovoriti. Ako je spoznal naravo iz naših rok, ve, da nastanejo iz semena, ki ga

položimo v zemljo, lepe, prelepe rastline, ki imajo cvetje in sadje, ki v njem zopet počiva klica novega življenja. On ve, kako spletajo ptice gnezda, da znesejo vanje svoja jajca; kako živi mladi, nežni ptiček v jajcu, dokler ni močan dovolj, da lupino prekljuje. On ve o mladih mačicah, ki leže pri materi in pijejo njeno mleko, o jagnjetih in teličkih, ki skačejo okrog matere. Ti lahko položiš roko otroka na telo živali, da čuti, kako se giblje nežno življenje v materi.

Ali ni torej čisto lahko, ako mu poveš, odkod je on sam? Saj te ljubi že sedaj z veliko ljubeznijo, ako ga prijazno in nežno zaguglješ v svojem naročju. In nekoč ti bo hvaležen, da si mu vse, kar je človeškega, razložil in mu razkril čisto in golo resnico.

Misliš, da otrok ne zapazi, ako se mu smeji zaradi njegove vere v štokljo in njenem naporu za naraščaj človeštva? Kako te gleda z vprašujočimi pogledi in pričakuje od tebe odkrite besede? Ali zares hočeš, da mu sirove roke in umazane besede razkrijejo skrivnost življenja?

Kdaj naj se pomenimo o vsem tem s svojim otrokom, je odvisno predvsem od njega samega. Starši, ki pravilno žive s svojimi otroki, zapazijo, kdaj je čas za to. Na vsak način pa mu je treba to povedati, preden začne hoditi v šolo. Mnogo tujih vplivov stopi s tem dnem v njegovo življenje; mnogo, pred čimer bi ga starši radi obvarovali, pa ne morejo. Zato skrbi dovolj zgodaj, da ostaneš otroku pribežališče, da se bo zatekal k tebi z vsemi dvomi in skrbmi, da se bo znal obvarovati pred vsemi skrivnostmi, v zavesti, da se ni nikdar zmotil v tebi.

Kako je on sam bil v tebi, kako je iz tvojih prsi prejemal prvo hrano, kakšen je razloček med dečkom in deklico, vse to mora vedeti tvoj otrok, ko je prišel njegov prvi šolski dan.

Naša starejša hčerka je imela komaj tri leta, ko sem ji na njeno vprašanje pripovedovala, kako majhen otročiček pije mleko iz materinih prsi. Ko je izpolnila tretje leto in osem mesecev, je zastavila prvo vprašanje, kako nastane človek. Neki večer sva šli skupaj v vas očetu naproti. Ko sva šli mimo pokopališča, je začel zvoniti večerni zvon in razvil se je tale razgovor:

“Ali pokopajo zopet koga?” je vprašal otrok.

“Ne,” odgovorim. “Večerni zvon zvoni.”

Otrok gre nekaj časa molče mimo prvih hiš v vasi, nato vpraša:

“Ako vsi ljudje pomrjejo, bo treba vse hiše podreti.”

“Nikakor ne,” odgovorim. “Veliki ljudje imajo otroke. Ko oni postanejo veliki, stanujejo v hišah.”

“Ali delajo veliki ljudje otroke?”

“Seveda.”

Čez nekaj mesecev vpraša:

“Ali si ti prej ustvarjena ali jaz?”

Po teh vprašanjih sem čutila in vedela, da bom morala kmalu otroku povedati o začetku našega življenja.

Neki poletni dan smo bili mi starši z našimi tremi otroki na vrtu. Marija priteče k očetu z zrelim semenskim popkom neke cvetlice in mu pokaže njegovo notranjost, ki je bila polna semena.

Oče je vedel, da mati komaj čaka trenutka, ko bo otroku lahko razložila čudež človeškega nastanka. Zato reče:

“Vidiš—tu leže vsi majhni otročički pri mami v trebuščku.”

Otrok je prinesel semenske popke materi in ji rekel:

“Poglej—tale veliki, to je mamica, in v trebuščku ima svoje otročičke.”

Tako je bila materi dana prilika, da si lepše ni mogla izbrati.

“Da—tako je kakor pri človeku,” je rekla. “Najprej, ko so otroci še majhni . . . tako — tako — majhni, ko še ne morejo prav gledati in še ne piti, so v mami, in mama pazi, da se jim nič ne zgodi. Ko so dovolj veliki, jih mama spusti ven. Otročiček se okoplje, dobi hlačke in plenice in ga polože v posteljico, da spi. Ko se zbudi, pije pri mami mleko.”

Tri dni pozneje mi reče otrok, ko ga položim v posteljo:

“Mama, kako je to, da imaš ti Maričko tako rada?”

Ali ni, kakor da je otrok v to vprašanje položil vse svoje razumevanje nežnosti med otrokom in materjo? Ali ni to vprašanje, ki prav za prav ni nobeno vprašanje, najlepša zahvala staršem za njih odkrito in resnično priznanje resnice?

Bodi resničen k svojemu otroku—vedno!



Jumbo in čarobni dežnik

Jumbo je bil mlad bel slon, ki je živel ob robu velikega pragozda. Imel je štiri dežnike; belega, višnjevca, rumenega—a njegov najljubši dežnik je bil škrlaten.

Kadar je deževalo, je vzel rumenega, če je sijalo sonce, je vzel belega in kadar je bilo vreme nestalno, je vzel višnjevca. Škrlatnega dežnika pa ni vzel nikoli s seboj, kadar je šel kam na izprehod. Kaj mislite, kaj je delal z njim? Skrbno ga je čuval, kakor da bi bil bog zna kako dragocen, in ko je šel zvečer v svojo sobo počivat, je vzel škrlatni dežnik s seboj, zjutraj pa ga je spet zaklenil v veliko belo omaro.

Belček, Rumenček in Višnjevček so zato postali ljubosumni; vsak večer so prosili slona, naj vzame tudi njih s seboj v svojo sobo, a slon jih ni maral in tudi ni hotel povedati, zakaj jih ne mara ponoči k sebi.

Tako so šli nekega dne vsi trije k prodajalcu dežnikov in so ga vprašali, ali on ve, zakaj je Jumbo škrlatni dežnik najljubši.

"To vam lahko povem," je odgovoril trgovec. "Vedeti morate, da ima škrlatni dežnik peruti. Kadar se zmračí, ga Jumbo zajaha in tedaj zletita visoko v zrak in obiščeta vse zvezde. Zato je Škrlatinček njegov najljubši dežnik!"

Rumenček, Belček in Višnjevček so se zahvalili za pojasnilo in veselo šli domov. Kmalu jih je spet obšla tesnoba, zakaj tudi oni so hoteli leteti z Jumbom do zvezd.

Drugo jutro so srečali vrabčka, ki je veselo čivkal na drevesu, in so ga vprašali:

"Dobro jutro, gospod vrabček! Prosimo vas, povejte nam, kaj ste storili, da so vam zrasle peruti?"

"Nu skakal sem in skakal, čivkal in spet čivkal in tako so mi zrasle peruti!" je veselo odgovoril vrabček.

Naslednjega dne so šli k prodajalcu balončkov in so ga vprašali: "Prosimo

vas, gospod prodajalec balončkov, ali nam lahko poveste, kako so se vaši balončki naučili leteti po zraku?"

"To vam lahko povem. Malce se zaženejo, zaletavajo se drug v drugega in če izpustim nitke, na katerih so privezani, zletijo v zrak, prav med zvezde!" je odgovoril prodajalec balončkov.

Nesrečni dežniki so hitro odšli domov in so se zaletavali drug v drugega in se zaganjali na vse načine; skoraj bi si bili razbili glave, a peruti jim niso zrasle in tudi v zrak niso zleteli. Joj, kako so bili žalostni!

Ker ni zdravo preveč razmišljati o stvareh, katerih nimamo, ki si jih pa vroče želimo, so pustili skrbi doma in odšli v gozd. Tam so srečali gozdno vilo, ki je imela velike zelene peruti. Tisti mah je Belček na ves glas zavpil: "Peruti ima! Bog zna, kje jih je dobila!"

Stopili so k vili in so jo vprašali: "Prosimo te, draga vila, povej nam, kaj naj storimo, da nam zrasto peruti. Radi bi znali leteti in naš gospodar, mladi beli slonček Jumbo bi nas potem mnogo rajši imel, a zdaj mu je Škrlatinček najljubši, zakaj samo on ima peruti in z njim leta ponoči od zvezde do zvezde!"

"Lahko vam pomagam z dobrim svetom" je dejala gozdna vila. "Počakajte polne lune in kadar bo najbolj sijala, tedaj si zaželite peruti in mislite samo na to!"

Višnjevček, Rumenček in Belček so se lepo priklonili in zahvalili. Od tistih dob so čakali vsak večer, kdaj se pokaže polna luna, in so jo naposled res dočkali. Vsi trije so si iskreno želeli, da bi jim zrasle peruti; celo uro so mislili samo na to. In glejte čudež! V hrbtih jih je zaščegetalo, raslo je in raslo, in ko so se spogledali, so videli, da imajo vsi peruti. Zagnali so se v zrak in zleteli. Čez nekaj časa so se vrnili domov in z veseljem čakali, kdaj pride Jumbo,

da se mu pokažejo. In res odprla so se vrata in prišel je Jumbo z namenom, da vzame Škrlatinčka. Kako veliko je bilo njegovo začudenje, ko je videl, da imajo tudi Belček, Rumenček in Višnjevček peruti! To mu ni bilo pogodu, zakaj zdaj mu je bil vsak izmed njih najljub-

ši dežnik in vsakega je rabil od tistih dob le za svoje nočne izlete, a če je pripekalo solnce in če se je ulil dež, ni imel nobenega dežnika, ki mu ga ne bi bilo žal rabiti.

Od tistih dob hodijo sloni brez dežnikov in solnčnikov po pragozdih.

Vinko Bitenc:

PESEM O MAJU

V zlatem vozu pripeljala
se je kneginja Pomlad,
ljudstvo jo je pozdravljalo
polno sreče, novih nad.

Poleg nje med samim cvetjem
mladi Maj, prežlahtni knez,
lica, kakor kri in mleko,
in oči kot žar nebes.

In Pomlad je govorila
sinu svojemu tedaj:
"Sinko dragi, čas je prišel,
ko postane zemlja raj.

Še nocoj zasnubi Črešnjo,
jutri pa se poročiš,
vsa drevesa mi povabi
v naš cvetoči paradiž."

Slušal sinko je, ubogal
svojo mamico lepo;
ko je solnce zatonilo,
je odhitel pod goro.

Tam ogrnil je nevesto
v snežnobeli pajčolan,
a naravo vso povabil
je na svoj poročni dan.



Steklarjeva hčerka in siromašni čevljarček

NEKOČ je živel čevljar, ki je z najboljšo pajčevino popravljaval vilam šolničke.

Sredi gozda je rasel star hrast in pod hrastom je bila velika votlina. V tisti votlini si je bil čevljarček uredil delavnico in stanovanje. Drugovali so mu bela podgana, črna muca in lepo pisana žolna. Dolgo so že živeli skupaj v votlini starega hrasta in prav dobro se jim je godilo. Toda izbruhnila je vojna, prišli so slabi časi in vile so se izselile v lepše kraje. Tako ni imel čevljarček več zaslužka. S čim naj si skuha kosilo? Črni mucu ni mogel več kupiti mleka, lepo pisani žolni ni mogel več kupiti semena in tudi bela podgana je morala trpeti lakoto.

Nu, nekega dne se je odločil čevljarček, da pojde v svet iskat dela. Spravil je svoje orodje v nahrbtnik, lepo pisano žolno si je posadil na ramo, belo podgano je vtaknil v žep in črni mucu je velel, naj gre za njim.

"Morda bomo imeli srečo!" je menil čevljarček in njegovi spremljevalci so vzkliknili:

"Seveda bomo imeli srečo! Kdor išče poštenega dela, tega Bog ne zapusti!"

Hodili so že dolgo in naposled so dospeli v mesto. Tu so šli od hiše do hiše in čevljarček je vprašal mlinarja, mesarja, orožnika, posestnika in krojača, ali mu lahko s pajčevino zakrpa čevlje. A vsi so se le smejali in rekli:

"Mi nosimo čevlje iz usnja in ne maramo tvojih pajčevin. Pajčevino bi takoj strgali. Pojdi k vilam, one nosijo šolničke iz pajčevine!"

Čevljarček pa ni vedel, kje so se bile naselile vile, in tako je žalosten nadaljeval svojo pot. Ko se je že zmračilo, je prišel do hišice, kjer je stanoval steklar. Potrkal je na vrata in steklarjeva hčerka mu je odprla.

Joj, da bi vedeli, kako je bila lepa! Čevljarček je kar ostrmel, še pozdraviti je pozabil.

"Kdo ste in česa želite?" ga je vprašala steklarjeva hčerka.

"Čevljarček sem. Ali vam lahko zakrparam čevlje s pajčevino?" jo je vprašal čevljarček. Tedaj je steklarjeva hčerka veselo plosnila z rokami in zapila:

"Joj, kaka sreča! Baš vas sem čakala. Stopite noter, gospod. Večerjali boste z menoj in potem se dogovoriva."

Po večerji mu je steklarjeva hčerka povedala, da hodi vsako noč na veliko zeleno trato in tam se sestaja z vilami. Dokler sveti mesec na nebu, plešejo po trati, a pri tem so se ji strgali šolnički. Po vsem mestu je iskala čevljarja, ki bi ji zakrpal čevlje s pajčevino, a ni ga mogla najti.

"Potrebovala bi vas vsak dan, da bi mi zakrпали šolničke, in za vsako popravilo bi vam plačala zlatnik," je dostavila steklarjeva hčerka.

"Zelo rad bi vam ustregel," je rekel čevljarček, "a žal stanujem tako daleč in ne bi mogel priti vsak dan v mesto po šolničke, jih nesti domov in zakrpati in potem spet vrniti!"

"Pa pojdem jaz ponje, gospod," se je oglasila lepo pisana žolna. "Ne bom se mnogo zamudila s tem."

"A kdo mi bo nosil jedi s trga, če bom imel ves dan posla?" je spet moledeval čevljarček. "Ne bom utegnul!"

"Nič naj vas ne skrbi, gospod!" se je oglasila črna muca, "hodila bom namestu vas na trg in gotovo se ne bom dolgo zamudila!"

"A kako si bom skuhal kosilo?" je dejal čevljarček. "Če vam bom vsak dan krpal šolničke, ne bom utegnul kuhati in pospravljati!"

“Oh, jaz bom delala to namestu vas,” je rekla bela podgana. “Kuhati znam prav dobro in tudi pospravljanje mi ne bo vzelo preveč časa.”

Naposled so se sporazumeli.

Odslej je čevljarček vsak dan zakrpal steklarjevi hčerki par šolničkov. Lepo pisana žolna mu je prinesla šolničke iz mesta in jih zvečer spet odnesla v steklarjevo hišo. In vsako jutro je tudi pri-

nesla zlatnik. Črna muca se je tudi prav izkazala in redno nosila mleko in meso s trga. Bela podgana je kuhala za vse in pospravljala po hiši.

Kadar se je zmračilo in je bilo vse delo opravljeno, so se vsedli k ognjišču in skupaj večerjali. Čevljarček je dobil svojo večerjo, črna muca toplega mleka, pisana žolna dobrih semen in bela podgana se je zadovoljila z ostanki.

Franka Lavrenčičeva:

PETERČEK IN BREDICA

Peter prišel je iz šole vesel,
k Bredi je sedel in pesem zapel.
Sestrica mala ga verno posluša,
sama že tiho peti poskuša.

Peterček dober posluh ima,
poje ko slavec, na gosli igra;
Bredica mala strmi nanj iz kota,
ko pa ustka odpre, je napačna nota.

Peter popravlja ji srebrni glas,
Breda pa kremži in kremži obraz,
žalostna vstane, še punčke več neče
k mamiči steče, takole ji reče:

“Nočem se več igrati doma,
zdaj naj bo Peterček punčki papa;
Bredica mala bo v šolo hodila,
lepše od Petra se peti učila!”



NA TRATI

Na trati raja trop otrok
cvetočih lic in bosig nog;
pojoč si "Kolo" plešejo,
mladost brezskrbno uživajo.

Z veseljem zrem na "Kolo" to,
ki v krogu suče se lahno;
njih spev spominov broj budi,
izza otroških zlatih dni . . .

In kot, da vrača se nazaj
mladosti srečne zlati raj;
se zdi mi ko od daleč zroč,
poslušam trop ta rajajoč.

Tako me mika trop glasan,
da k njim na trato se podam;
smejoč se, me pozdravijo,
me v "Kolo" svoje vabijo.

Ne, rajat z vami jaz ne grem,
to bi smešno zdelo se ljudem.
A če ustavite "Kolo,"
povedat čem vam zgodbico . . .

Ves trop obstopi v krogu me,
povem, da zgodbo vsi žele:
Otroci, daleč za vodo,
poznam deželo prelepo . . .

Tam trata lepa zeleni,
ob njej potočič žubori;
na trati tej nas trop nekoč
se v "Kolo" sukal je pojoč.

Nam rože v licih cvele so
in bosonogi bili smo,
smo mislili kot vi sedaj,
da vedno trajal bo naš raj . . .

Pa je minilo nekaj let
in trop naš se razšel je v svet;
so v vojsko nekateri šli,
vrnili niso se več vsi . . .

Nas nekaj šlo je čez morje
spet drugi v mirodvoru spe . . .
le malo jih živi še tam,
kjer je trata zelenela nam . . .

K njim ni mar več trata ta,
kjer trop naš pel je tra-la-la,
prav malokdaj se tja ozro
ko rod njih raja tam "Kolo"—.

Le ti, ki šli smo v daljni svet,
se spomnimo na trato spet;
ko pestro vidimo "Kolo"
kot je zdaj vaše "Kolo" to . . .

Za hip tedaj, tako se zdi,
se vrne sreča zlatih dni!
Z njo vrne se spomin na nje,
ki z nam' so peli pesmice . . .

Za danes več vam ne povem,
ker motit dolgo, vas ne smem,
saj hitro mine nekaj let—
in drug trop tu bo rajal spet . . .

A zdaj ko vigred cvete vam,
le uživajte vi srečni dan!
Saj itak prerano vam zašlo
mladosti zlato solnce bo

Anna Prachek Krasna.





Dragi urednik!

Zopet hočem napisati par vrstic v M. L. Bom pisala kar znam. Otroci v drugih krajih imajo slovensko šolo. Mene sta naučila slovensko brati in pisati moja mama in moj ata. Moja sestra ne zna dobro pisati po slovensko. Ona piše v "Chatter Corner."—Teško sem pričakovala M. L. Mislila sem že, da so ga ustavili, ker ga ni bilo toliko časa. Tukaj pošiljam eno pesmico, ki me jo je naučila moja mama, ako jo boste priobčili.

Ob zibelki.

Mati ziblje, lepo poje,
dete milo se smehlja,
še ne ve za tuge svoje,
ne za žalosti sveta.

Mati umrje, zlata mama,
milo joče deklica,
po širokem svetu sama
se ozira Milica.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

*

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo za Mladinski list. Stara sem 11 let in sem v petem razredu v šoli. Včasih se rada učim, ampak včasih sem pa lena. Tukaj imamo lepo vreme. Drugič bom kaj več napisala.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki pišejo v Mladinski list!

Mary Knaus,
Franklin, Kansas.

*

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo v slovenskem jeziku. Jaz ne znam slovensko pisati, pa se učim doma, ker tukaj nimamo slovenskih šol. Imam tri brate in eno sestro in vsi spadamo pod okrilje naše SNPJ. Tukaj, v "dolini solnčnih rož," imamo precej hudo vročino. Rada bi vi-

dela, da bi M. L. izhajal vsaki teden namesto vsaki mesec.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in čitateljice M. L.!

Anna Cerne,
R.F.D. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

*

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se hočem malo oglasiti in po slovensko napisati par vrstic. Res je težko pisati po slovensko, pa saj je tudi težko angleško pisati. Tukaj nimamo slovenskih šol, le kar nas starši naučijo, to znamo. Pravijo: "Če večkrat boste pisali slovensko, boljše in lepše boste znali."

Torej, bratci in sestrice, na delo za Mladinski list! Pol leta imamo še skoro pred nami, pa bo konec tekočega leta. Še je časa, da v tem letu kaj pokažemo.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki čitajo M. L.!

Anna Matos,
Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

*

Dragi urednik!

Že več kot polovica tekočega leta je minulo. Kar smo do sedaj zamudili, pa sedaj lahko pohitimo, bratci in sestrice, da se ne bomo kesaali ob koncu leta. Hej, bratci in sestrice, le vsi na delo, da v drugi polovici leta postanemo bolj pridni. Sedaj je čas! Ne pozabite, da vas čakajo o božiču lepe nagrade.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice SNPJ in čitatelje M. L. Prihodnjic bom skušala napisati kaj več. Želim, da bi Mladinski list izhajal dvakrat na mesec.

Mary Matos,
Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* * *

V trgovini.

"Ali je to prava slonova kost?"

"Če ni imel slon umetnih zob—tedaj je to prava slonova kost."

R. Tagore:

DEVETA DEŽELA

Če bi ljudje izvedeli, kje je mojega kralja palača, bi se razblinila v nič.

Zidovi so iz belega srebra in streha je iz bleščečega zlata.

Kraljica biva v palači s sedmimi dvori in nosi biser, vreden sedem kraljestev.

Ali daj mamica, da ti povem na uho, kje je mojega kralja palača.

Tam v kotu naše terase je, kjer stoji lonec s cvetlico tulsi.

Kraljična leži v snu na daljnem, daljnem bregu sedmero neprehodnih morij.

Ni ga človeka na svetu, ki bi jo mogel najti, razen mene.

Zapestnice ima na rokah in biserne jagode v ušesih; lasje ji valujejo do tal.

Prebudila se bo, ko se je dotaknem s svojo čarobno paličico, in biseri bodo padali z njenih ustnic, ko se bo smejala.

Ali daj, da ti povem na uho, mamica: ona je tu v kotu naše terase, kjer stoji lonec s cvetlico tulsi.

Kedar bo čas, da se pojdeš kopat v reko, stopi na teraso na strehi.

Jaz sedim v kotu, kjer se križajo sence zidov.

Samo mucika sme priti z menoj, zakaj ona ve, kje biva brivec iz pravljice.

V zoološkem vrtu.

"Paznik, ali je ta morska kača huda?"

"O ne, gospod, zelo krotka je. Lahko si jo ovijete okoli prsta."

*

Gluh je.

"Zakaj se tvoj sosed tako dere?"

"Sam s seboj govori in ker je gluh, mora kričati, da se sliši!"

*

Učitelj: "Janez, naštej mi šest divjih živali, ki žive v Afriki?"

Janezek: "Dva leva in štirje tigri!"

POJASNILO

Čitateljem Mladinskega lista, ki so opazili, da manjka nadaljevanje igre "Sakuntala," katero je prevajal br. Kobal, naj bo pojasnjeno, da br. Kobal ni skončal prevoda in opustil nadaljno prevajanje, sedanje uredništvo pa nima časa niti volje za to delo. Vsled tega se "Sakuntala" smatra zaključeni z junjsko številko Mladinskega lista.



Lincolnov spomenik v Lincolnovem parku v Chicagu



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume VIII.

AUGUST, 1929.

Number 8.

MY SHADOW

<p>I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of him is more than I can see. He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head; And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.</p>	<p>He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play, And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way. He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see; I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me!</p>
---	--

<p>The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow— Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow; For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball, And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.</p>	<p>One morning, very early, before the sun was up, I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup; But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead, Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.</p>
--	--

—R. L. Stevenson.

WERE THERE NO TREES

<p>Were there no trees upon the earth, 'Twould loose its chiefest charm for me, And like a desert it would be; Where life would be but little worth, Were there no trees upon the earth.</p>	<p>Were there no trees upon the earth, The birdies would not sing their song, As now they do all summer long— The world would miss their merry mirth, Were there no trees upon the earth.</p>
--	---

Were there no trees upon the earth,
Foul would the air become, and then
Extinct would grow each race of men,
And there would be of life a dearth,
Were there no trees upon the earth.

—Susie M. Best.

The Funniest Story Mark Twain Ever Wrote

SIMON WHEELER, a garrulous old loafer about the barrooms of the decaying mining camp of Angel's, was gentle, fat, bald-headed, and a good story teller. It was into his mouth that Mark Twain put the funniest story he ever wrote, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

Wheeler was telling about his cherished companion, Jim Smiley. Jim was always ready and laying for a chance; there was nothing mentioned but he would offer to bet on it; if there was a cat, dog or chicken fight he'd bet on it; if two birds were sitting on a fence he'd bet which one would fly first; he'd bet on how long it would take a straddle bug to get to a certain point. Once he asked the parson how his sick wife was coming on. The parson said he thought she was going to get well. "I'll lay you two-and-a-half she don't" said Jim.

Jim had a small bull pup that whipped all other neighboring dogs. Andrew Jackson, that was the pup's name, would always grab the other dog by the knee of a hind leg and freeze to it till the other side throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always came out winner on that pup, till he tackled a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and the dog made a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he lokked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no

hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't opportunities to speak of and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last night of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute, you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summer-set, or maybe a couple if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and

flop down on the floor ag'n as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never seen a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Any-

ways, I've got my opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—git!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l gave a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for

—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Jest set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller, one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.



The Reapers

Games for Little Folk

Come With Me

The children stand in a circle. One runs around the outside of the circle, and slaps somebody on the back. The one slapped runs in the opposite direction. When the two meet they bow and say "How do you do" three times then turn and run for the vacant place. The one who gets there first remains in the circle and the other begins the game again.

Cat and Mouse

The children form a circle, holding hands. The mouse is inside the circle and the cat is outside. The cat tries to catch the mouse and the children let the mouse run in or out but try to prevent the cat from doing so by holding their arms in front of her. When the mouse is caught she has to be cat and another mouse is chosen.

Flag Race

The children stand in line, each row facing a child who marks the end of the course. Each child has a flag, and at a given signal the children standing at the head of the lines run and place their flags in the hand of the child at the end of the course, returning as quickly as possible to touch the child standing next in line, which meantime advances one, so as to bring the child at the head of the line always at the same distance from the goal. The line which first deposits all its flags in the hand of the child who is to receive them wins.

Duck on the Rock

A box or other appropriate object will serve as the rock, and bean bags will represent the ducks. The one who is "it" places his duck on the rock. The others throw their bags from a given line in order to knock the catcher's duck off the rock. The catcher tries to tag any one who picks up his duck to run back for another throw. If he succeeds before the runner crosses the line the one tagged becomes "it" but the catcher must always replace his duck on the rock if it is knocked off before he can tag anyone.

Spring Snowballs

The snowballs should be made of white crepe paper covered with cheesecloth, and are of course prepared beforehand. Stretch a line and divide the players into two equal groups, giving each player a snowball. At the cry of "Play" each player throws his ball over the line and tries to toss back all the balls the other group has sent over to his side. The winning side is the one which has fewest balls when "Time" is called.

Chase-Your-Shadow

This is a game to be played in the sunshine or in a strong light. The player who is "it" tries to step on the shadows of the other players and if he succeeds in doing this the player whose shadow is stepped on becomes "it." When in great danger a player being chased may lie flat on the ground or floor, or dodge into the shade. Then he cannot be tagged.

Charlie Over the Water

This is a splendid game for younger children. One of the players is chosen to be "Charlie." He stands in the center of the circle while the others join hands and dance around him, repeating the rhyme

"Charlie over the water,
Charlie over the sea,
Charlie caught a blackbird
But he can't catch me!"

At the last word the players stoop and Charlie tries to tag them before they can stand up again. If he succeeds, the player tagged changes places with him.

Indians and Settlers

Two sides are chosen—one to be Indians and the other to be Settlers—and they take their places in parallel lines. At the opposite end of the room a little Indian doll leans against a wigwam and the little white baby-doll lies in a toy cradle. The Indian at the head of his line runs to the papoose and brings it back to the next in line, gives it to him and runs to the other end of the line which moves up one place each time. The Indian to whom the doll has been handed runs back and replaces it, and touches the next in line before he takes his place at the other end. This is repeated until all have run. In the meantime the Settlers are busy carrying the baby-doll back and forth, also, and the side which finishes first is declared winner.

The Pigeon-toed Race

A goal is set and two by two the children run pigeon-toed to the goal line. The winner is noted each time and the side who has the most winners among its numbers receives the honors.

Boiler Burst

All gather around the catcher who tells a simple story finally introducing the words, "the boiler burst." At these words all run to a given goal. Whoever is caught before reaching the goal must be the next catcher.

GEMS FROM LONGFELLOW

Longfellow was the most popular of American poets. His writings always idealized real life, embodied high moral sentiment in beautiful forms, and interwove the threads of spiritual being into the texture of earthly existence. He was born in Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807, and died in Cambridge, Mass., in 1882.

Longfellow's description of Hiawatha will apply to himself:

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men are softened
By the pathos of his music:
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love and longing;
Sang of death, a life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed.

Hih father was a congressman and gave him a college education, and he held several professorships in eminent schools of learning. He was a great friend of Charles Sumner, and when that gentleman died, he wrote of him:

Thou hast but taken the lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

SOME TIME

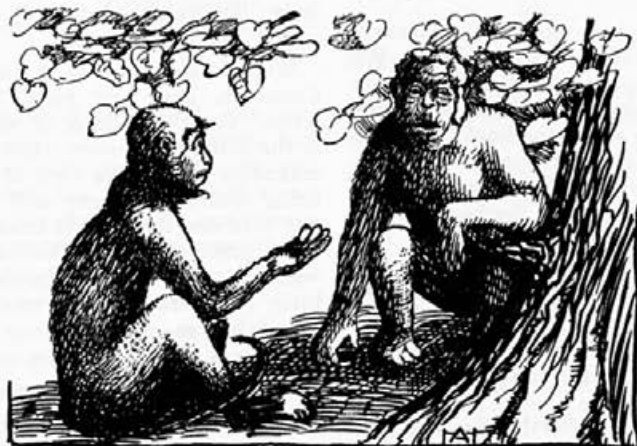
Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept
And watched apace thereby;
Then, bending down, I kissed your
brow—

For, oh! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time, when in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall see a weary face
Calm in eternal sleep.
The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night—
See, oh, darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now
But some time you shall know.

—Eugene Field.





Dear Editor:

I have not written to the M. L. for a long time, but since I do not see any letters from Arkansas, I decided to write again.—First I wish to tell you of our family: my Mother, Father, two half-sisters and me. My oldest sister is married and now lives in Canada, and my other sister, whose name is Augusta Alich (she used to write in the M. L.), is now spending her vacation with me. This year she graduated from high school in Illinois. She is going to college this fall. When school starts this fall I will be in the sixth grade, and I shall have a very sweet teacher, Miss Nance. Of all my studies I like spelling the best. I am 10 years old and wish that some girls of about the same age would write to me. My address is: Emilia Ravnika, R. No. 1, Box 207, Bonanza, Arkansas.

Emilia Ravnika, Bonanza, Arkansas.

Dear Editor:

I have joined a club in the Public Library, which is called "Vacation Travel Club." We must sign our name, age, school, and grade on a paper. We select ten places we want to go to, and we also select the books that are read to us; and we must read them, too. When we take the book to the Library again, we give a report, or review of the book. Then each takes his own map and draws a line from where we went to the place we are going. When ten tickets are punched, we have finished the "Vacation Travel Club."

Chisholm, wake up and write! If you are able to read the M. L., I think you are able to write, too.

Bertha Krainik,
Chisholm, Minnesota.

Dear Editor:

This is the second time I am writing to our wonderful little magazine. There are four in our family and we all belong to the S.N.P.J. My father is the secretary of our lodge this year, and my sister and I help him, at times. Our Lodge is No. 21 at Pueblo, Colo.

I am 14 years old, and am in the 9th-A grade. I like high school more than grade school, because there everything is in better and stricter order. I also have hopes of going to college.

Our lodge has about 140 members in the Juvenile department, and surely do wish that more of them would write for the M. L. Of course, there are some who can not write, but that shouldn't stop the bigger ones from writing.—The school vacation is about half over now, and by the time this letter reaches the Editor, or, I should say, is read in the M. L., the vacation will be about three-fourths over. I have one subject at school that I particularly like well, and that is algebra. Boy, it surely makes one work!

Well, I have got just one more thing to say. Come on, boys and girls, let's more of us write. Can't you think of what would happen if the Editor got more letters than a monthly magazine could take care of? Why, it would bring around a larger and better magazine, and also one that would come oftener! That's what most of those who have been writing wanted. So let's write more. Maybe it is a little more trouble, but won't the results be gratifying enough? Answer that question to yourselves, and see if it is worth while or not.

Sincerely yours,

Joe Hochevar,
2318 Cedar street, Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade in school. I like to read the M. L. and hope everyone else does.—There are eight in our family and all are members of the SNPJ. I have four sisters (counting myself) and two brothers.

Our Lodge, No. 73, SNPJ, will have a dance on October 19. All try to go and have a good time.

Nellie Valencheck,
Barberton, Ohio.

*

Dear Editor:

I didn't write to the M. L. for quite a while, but I never forgot about it. I wish the M. L. would enlarge and come out at least twice a month.—I received a few letters from Anna Matos and Julia Yugovich. I would like that they answer my letters again. Now I must close, but before I do so, I will give a few riddles:

Why is a watermelon filled with water?

Answer: Because it is planted in the spring.

What has its heart in the middle of its head?

A.: Cabbage.

What can you put in your right hand that you can't put in your left?

A.: Your left elbow. Anna Cerne,
R.F.D. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

*

Dear Editor:

Will you please publish this joke?—One day Mary went to see her aunt Helen. As she stood by the fence and watched the chickens she saw a peacock which her aunt Helen kept with the chickens. She ran in as fast as she could and said: "Oh, Aunt Helen, one of your chickens is in bloom!"

I wish some of the members of the SNPJ and readers of the M. L. would write to me.

Emma Gorshe,
Box 14, Universal, Indiana.

*

Dear Editor:

I am thirteen years of age and in the seventh grade in school. This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading letters and stories. I wish that the M. L. would come every week. I am the first one in our family to read it when we get it.—I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Here is a poem called "Spring."

Violets are flowers
Which bloom in the Spring.
They come in the evening hours,
Bright colors they bring.

Lena Pozum, Buena Vista, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am writing you a few lines to tell you that I am a new member of the SNPJ, and like to write a few jokes for the M. L. I want to tell you that I enjoy the magazine very much, so I thought I would contribute a few jokes as I know the children would like the M. L. stil more.

Department Store Proverbs: Lost children will be found in the toy department. There is always room for one more on the elevator. There are no one-way aisles, but there ought to be. Unpaid goods are always returnable. If you don't see the topcoat you want, the salesman will. Say it with flowers. Say it with sweets. Say it with eats. Say it with jewelry, and say it with drinks, but always be careful not to say it with ink.

To a possible soul mate: I long to know your views on life, on Freud, on Bergson, on Voltaire. I want to ask you questions but do not dare. Do you prefer a changing street, or windy quiet on a hill? I yearn to hear you answer but mustn't be still.

Mary Bruder,
2819 W. 10th street, Indianapolis, Ind.

*

Dear Editor:

I am ten years old and was promoted to sixth grade in school. I started to school when I was seven. Everybody seems to be sleepy around our district. You can call me sleepy head too, for I never wrote for the M. L. for two years. Through the school term I never thought of writing because I had so much work to do, although I had a very nice teacher. Her name was Sara Lachman. Next year I will have Mrs. Springer who is also very nice in some ways. I think my letter is long enough this time; next time I will write a longer one.

With best regards to all readers of the M. L.

Frances Abram,
R.F.D. No 9, South Hills Br., Pittsburgh, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

I am writing a few lines to ask you why you don't publish my riddles in the M. L. I send some every month and I don't see any in the M. L. Here's one:

Ten fish I caught without an eye,
And nine without a tail,
Six had no head and half of eight
I weighed upon the scale.
Now who can tell me as I ask it,
How many fish were in my basket?

Answer: Take away numbers 10, 9, 6 and 8, and remove the "I" eye and the answer will be "O."

Mary Mihelich,
Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I am sending you a joke which I would like to see appear in the M. L. Here it is: The other day I saw a fellow turning a hand organ with a sign on his hat that read: "Help me, I am blind."

I said to him: "How do I know you are blind? First you have to prove it and I will give you a quarter."

He said: "Let me see the quarter."

John Ursitz, Box 546, Morgan, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the M. L. I belong to the "Columbine" Lodge, No. 218, SNPJ, in Denver, Colo. I am 13 years of age and in the 7th grade in school. Next semester I will start at the Cole Junior high school.

It looks like the members of the English-speaking lodge "The Colorado Rockies," No. 645, SNPJ, have some good times every first Thursday of each month. I have noticed that my sister and two brothers can hardly wait for that day to come. Well, let's hope that some day we youngsters may join them and have just as good times as they have.

All right, Denver! Let's see how busy we can make our Editor reading the letters in next month's M. L. I hope that we are not all asleep for 20 years like Rip Van Winkle.—I have noticed one letter in last month's M. L. from the "Columbine" Lodge 218 SNPJ; it was a very interesting letter. I hope that George Kezele of Dawson, New Mexico, would write to me.

Andy Popish,

3563 Chestnut street, Denver, Colo.

*

Dear Editor:

Will you please publish my letter in the M. L., and don't let the waste basket eat it? Thank you.

Why We Belong to the SNPJ.

I think the SNPJ is the largest organization of its kind for our people. If we take the English fraternal organizations, for instance, and put them side by side with the SNPJ, we will find that ours can not be surpassed by any of them. The reason is to be found in the fact that SNPJ was organized not for the purpose of just a good time and profits but rather mainly for the purpose of helping the sick and disabled members.

Most of the English societies were organized primarily for the recreation only. If you happen to meet with an accident you received not even a penny during your sickness. But the SNPJ helps all of her members as long

as they are sick, and takes care of their beneficiaries.

Take my advice and make your Slovene friends join the SNPJ which pays thousands of dollars to the sick and disabled members. Our local SNPJ Lodge, No. 317, here in the city of Export, Pa., presently has about one hundred members in the adult class, and about 96 in the Juvenile department, and we expect it will increase soon.

I think it was nice of the older folks to publish such a magazine as the Mladinski List, for I think it is a very interesting one, not only for the young, but also for the older folks.—I hope that Josephine Ambres would write to me.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters.

Violet Beniger (age 14),
R.F.D. No. 1, Export, Pa.

*

FRADELS

I am a member of the adult department of the SNPJ. I am a young man now, but I do not think I am too big to read the M. L. Gee! It feels good to write for the M. L.

I was visiting the Fradels in Latrobe, Pa., and I enjoyed it very much. I was delighted to become acquainted with the four prominent M. L. writers of Latrobe.

My purpose in writing to the M. L. is to give you, reader, an idea as to who these young SNPJ members are. John and Joseph Fradel took me on hikes to Monastir, Pa., and the four corners of Latrobe. We saw a coal mine, an oil well, and iron foundry, a gas well, etc.

Mary Fradel is in high school, and last year she was the president of her class. She also knows how to play an organ.

John Fradel won for two years first prize in Latrobe's bird house contest. I think he should tell the readers of M. L. how he has made these two prize winning bird houses.

Joseph Fradel, too, knows how to make bird houses. He is also a very good and interesting conversationalist.

Sylvia Fradel is a very good singer; she knows very many Slovenian songs which she has learned from a song book which Mary Fradel had won in a contest from the M. L. She can play the organ, too.

The visit at Fradels was interesting so much so that whenever I shall get the opportunity to visit them again, I shall do so with great pleasure.

Fraternally yours,
Oscar Godina, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am sending a poem called "Our Parents" which I wish you would publish in the M. L.

OUR PARENTS

When Pa Is Sick.

When pa is sick,
He is scared to death;
And ma and us
Just hold our breath.

He crawls in bed
And puffs and grunts,
And does all kinds
Of crazy stunts.

He wants Doc Brown,
And mighty quick;
For when pa's ill
He's awful' sick.

He gasps and groans
An' sort o' sighs,
He talks queer.
And rolls his eyes.

Ma jumps and runs
An' all of us
And all the house
Is in a fuss.

An' peace and joy
Is mighty scarce—
When pa's sick,
It's something fierce.

When Ma Is Sick.

When ma's sick
She pags away,
She is quiet, though;
Not much to say.

She goes right on
Adoin' things,
An' sometimes laughs
Er—even sings.

She says she don't
Feel extra well,
But then it's just
A kind o' spell.

She'll be all right
Tomorrow, sure.
A good old sleep
Will be the cure.

An' pa he sniffs
An' makes no kick:
For women folks
Is always sick.

An' ma she smiles
Let's on—she is glad.
Wen ma's sick
It ain't so bad.

Anna Cukjati,
Box 133, Franklin, Kansas.

* * *

THE BUSY BEE

Coming down from Cloverdale
With your little honey pail,
Please do stop and have some tea,
Mr. Busy Bumble Bee.

Thank you, but you know,
From morning until night
I am on the go.
If I should stop
I would miss a lot
Of work and fun
In our busy beedom—
So good-bye;
Homeward I fly.

Minka.

*

Time Is Precious

If time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to a purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

—Ben Franklin.

*

Autumn

It closes over the land,
The mighty realm of Fall.
It catches the bird on the wing,
The grandest time of all.
It rustles the leaves as they drop;
It's the joy and fun of all.
It thrills the rich and the poor
In that wonderful time in Fall.

ANSWER TO THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

published in M. L. last month
and sent in by Frank Furar Jr., La Salle, Ill.

1	P	2	A	L	3	M	4	C	L	U	6	B
7	A	N	8	L	9	I	S	T	10	A	12	D
10	R	O	M	A	N	11	A	12	D	D		
13	T	T	14	S	A	N	D					
	15	H	16	O	I	S	T	17	S	Y		
18	S	E	E	N	19	A	20	I	R			
21	O	R	22	S	E	L	L	23	E			
	24	K	K	25	K	E	26	E	P			
27	T	O	28	I	E	29	S	E	A			

DOG PUZZLE

All of the dogs are away from their kennels, but upon each kennel is printed the kind of dog that belongs there. Now straighten out these jumbled letters and get the varieties of the six dogs.—Answer will be given next month.

R	R	R	E	E	T	I
O	O	L	P	E	D	
A	A	I	E	L	D	R

P	L	S	I	A	N	E
U	D	I	N	O	H	
O	C	W	H			

Mother: "No, Bobbie, absolutely no. For the third time I tell you that you can't have another chocolate."

Bobbie: "Oh, gee, I don't see where Dad gets the idea that you always are changing your mind."

Let's Play.

Advancing statues—The children stand on a line about thirty feet from the teacher or some older person who acts as leader. When the leader faces them they are to remain motionless as statues, but when his back is turned they may advance. By turning unexpectedly at irregular intervals the leader seeks to catch the children in motion. A child detected in motion must go back to the line and start over again. The child first crossing the line on which the teacher stands is the winner. The leader may count ten before turning if she wishes, counting fast, slow, regular, or irregular.

How Funny!

A match has a head but no face.
A watch has a face but no head.
A rooster has a comb but no hair.
A river has a mouth but no tongue.
A wagon has a tongue but no mouth.
An umbrella has ribs but no trunk.
A tree has a trunk but no ribs.
A clock has hands but no arms.
The sea has arms but no hands.

—The Arrow.

Not These Days.

A judge, not having enough evidence to convict a negro stealing a watch, said, "Rastus, you are acquitted."

Rastus: "Ah's what?"

Judge: "You are acquitted."

Rastus: "Does dat mean dat ah have tuh give de watch back?"

—Everybody's Magazine.

The Proof

Teacher: "Surely you know what the word 'mirror' means, Tommy. After you have washed what do you look at to see if your face is clean?"

Tommy: "The towel, sir."