

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

VEČER

ŽE spet zahaja solnce v zarji rdeči;
umira dan, ki v jutru se smehljal je
v sladki sreči . . .

Upognjen, beden z dela spet trpin prihaja,

misel na lepše dni se v duši mu poraja.

Trpin, ki dela išče vsepovsod zaman,
večer pozdravlja v nadi,

da skoro mu zasije lepši dan.

Zahajajoči dan pa mu šepetuje:

Prijatelj moj, zaman boš čakal take
sreče.

Vsi dnevi, ki me bodo nasledili,

nič več kot jaz ne bodo ti nudili.

Če sam ne boš priboril si lepših dni,

kot jaz zatoni bode slednji dan v trpljenju ti . . .

Jože Kovač:

SOLNCE PIJE

ZDAJ so zeleni že vsi gozdovi,
zdaj so vse trate polne cvetov.

Kamor pogledaš — sami vrtovi,
zdi se, da stopil na svet si nov.

Zjutraj umito od rose je drevje,
po polju in tratih kaplje bleste.
Lahno in rahlo trepete vejevje,
ko dviga se solnce izza gore.

Pa pride solnce, roso popije,
a žeje si silne ne pogasi.

Z vsem svojim žarom na zemljo posije,
pije in pije, kar dajo moči.

Travnik in drevje, njiva in polje,
vse je razgreto, vse že skrbi:
"Danes pa solnce vroče je volje!" —
Solnce pa pije prav do noči.

Doba počitnic

NASTOPILO je poletje in z njim tudi običajne šolske počitnice. Po devetmesečnem pohajanju šol, je spet mladina osvobodena šolskih tekstov—za dobo dveh mesecev. Večina otrok porabi ta prosti čas največ pri igranju na prostem, v sosesčini, ob potokih in rekah, na tratah in vrtovih ter pri jezerih. Dečki se vesele poletja, ker se radi kopajo, lovijo ribe in rake ter stikajo za ptičjimi gnezdi. Sploh ima naraščaj obilo veselja tekom počitnic, ker dobi v brezskrbnem rajanju zaželjeno prostost.

Kako porabi počitnice naša mladina?

Skrbna mati vselej izrabi ta čas na način, da ji njena hčerka pomaga pri hišnem delu. Seveda je ne upreže v težko delo, ki bi trajalo od zore do mraka. Tega posebno v mestih ni; na farmah je drugače. Pustila ji bo vsak dan dovolj prostega časa, da se igra in razvedri. Doraščajoči deklici bo dala vedno dovolj primerne dela. Poučila jo bo o tem in onem, kar ji bo koristilo ko doraste. Delo in razvedrilo je otrokom neobhodno potrebno. Samo rajanje in igranje postane preenolično, nezaželjeno in otrok pokaže znake lenobe. Zato je važno, da se počitniški čas razdeli v dve glavni panogi: v delo in razvedrilo. Oboje je osvežujoče, če ni delo prenaporno in predolgo ter razvedrilo pretirano.

Ukoreninjena navada je, da matere kaj rade dovoli dečkom več prostega časa kot deklicam. Zato pa se često dogaja, da večina dečkov porabi počitniški čas s pohajkovanjem in potepanjem z ostalimi okoliškimi dečki. Prepuščeni so samim sebi brez vsakega nadzorstva dan za dnevom skoz vse počitnice. Razvadijo se in slišijo škodljive anekdote, ki imajo često za posledico težke izkušnje in skrb staršem. Deška vzgoja je prav tako važna kakor dekliška. Treba je poskrbeti, da deček porabi počitniški čas sebi v korist. Za dečke velja isto pravilo kot za deklice: treba jim je primerne dela in razvedrila. Staršem naj po par ur pomagajo pri čedenju stanovanja, vrta itd. Na ta način bodo znali veliko bolj ceniti čas, ki jim bo odmerjen v razvedrilo in zabavo.

Skrbni starši bodo vselej vedeli kje in s kom se njihovi otroci igrajo. S tem seveda ni rečeno, da bi se imelo otroke pod neumestnim strogim nadzorstvom. Predvsem je treba dati otroku razumeti, da se mu zaupa, ako se želi tudi od njega imeti zaupanje. Vsak otrok potrebuje vodnika, ki sta mu najprva oče in mati, predvsem mati. Pri pravi vzgoji se pa ne sme ničesar pretiravati. Otroku naj se na poljuden način pojasni vse pojave življenja. To pa seveda polagoma in po letih, tako da otrok lahko pojmuje razlago staršev. Nikdar naj se ne skuša razlagati stvari z dvomljivimi opazkami in pritajenim nasmehom. Življenje ni smeh. Dostojno se lahko pove najintimnejše stvari—tudi otroku. Če se tega ne more, naj ta poskus izostane.

Često se sliši zmotno mnenje, da so otroci pač to, kar so se v šoli naučili. To je resnica le tedaj, če se starši za vzgojo svojih otrok ne zanimajo. Slehernemu otroku je prva šola: Dom. Starši so svojim otrokom prvi in najvplivnejši učitelji. Lahko jim ucepijo dobre lastnosti, dokler so njih otroci v porajajoči dobi. Vsak otrok bo rajše poslušal svojo mater, če bo uverjen, da ga ne vara, kakor pa koga drugega. Če ni tako, tedaj je iskati krivdo na materi, ker se ni začasno potrudila, da bi ga k temu naučila.

Učitelj in učiteljica sta otroku le mehanična vodnika, starši, predvsem mati pa uravnavajo otrokov značaj.

—L. B.

Katka Zupančič:

Prijateljstvo

(Konec.)

“DOBILA sem od sodnije nalog,” je nadaljevala učiteljica, “naj natančno preiščem, kdo izmed vas je predzadnjo nedeljo zažgal in tako uničil smrečji nasad. Ugotovljeno je namreč, da je nekdo iz tukajšne šole, bodisi nalašč, ali po nerodnosti, povzročil ono škodo. Toraj, kdor že je bil, naj se javi prostovoljno, da se izognemo mučni preiskavi!”

Šepet. Tine je pogledal Jožka, kakor da bi mu hotel reči: daj javiva se! Oni pa je zanikal z glavo. Šepetanje je ponehalo. “Še enkrat pozovem krivca, naj se oglasi sam! Če se boji sodnijske kazni, mu povem, da ga sodnija—kot šoloobveznega otroka—ne bo vtaknila v ječo, pač pa bo po sodnijskem naročilu kaznovan tukaj v šoli in sicer z zaprom skozi deset šolskih dni najmanj po eno uro in to, če je zažgal po bedariji. Upam, da je dotičnik toliko pošten in se bo javil!”

Glave so odmajevale, češ, jaz že nisem, jaz ne! Nihče se ni dvignil. Tine je slišal Jožka, ki se je nagnil k svojemu desnemu sosedu in mu zašepetal: “Kdo neki je to naredil? Jaz že nisem, nak!” In Tinetu je bilo silno hudo. Ves blede je strmel predse v klop. Slednjič je pa neopaženo sunil Jožka pod rebra: “Vzdigniva se!” Oni pa tiho, da ga ne bi še kdo drugi slišal: “Mar si neumen? Kaj pa naši doma?” Vedel je Tine, da bo doma pekel, toda kaj. . .

V tem se je zopet oglasila učiteljica: “Tako toraj!” Njen glas je bil poln razočaranja. “Prisiljena sem, da sama poiščem škodljivca in strahopetca ob enem.” In pričelo se je izpraševanje. Vrsta je prišla na Nacka, ki je opetovanokrat napravil kje kako malo škodo: če je bil on? Nacek pa, da ne! On da je res tiste nedelje nabiral jagode blizu

nasada, toda že predpoldnem, gorelo pa je popoldne. In udaril je v jok. V Jožku je pa strah rodil grdo željo: da bi le na Nacku obvisela krivda. A že prihodnji trenutek ga je bilo te želje sram. Jožek je bil na vrsti in imel je izgovor že pripravljen: pri domači luži je bil ves tisti dopoldne.

“In Tine? Si bil tudi ti pri luži?” se je učiteljica okrenila od Jožka h Tinetu.

“Ne, nisem bil pri luži,” je odvrnil Tine s tresočim se glasom.

“Kako? Nisi bil z Jožkom skupaj?”

Tine je zrl v klop in dejal nekoliko tišje in mirneje: “Jagode sem nabiral in z ognjem sem hotel pregnati ose, a veter je zanesel ogenj v nasad.”

“Zakaj nisi tega povedal takoj spočetka?”

“Doma bodo hudi.” Zopet je vztrepetal.

“In Jožek?” je vprašala učiteljica, ki je slutila pravo, “ali ne hodite več skupaj?”

Tine se je vzravnal, bil je blede in v očeh je imel solze, tiho, a odločno je odvrnil: “Ne! Zdaj nič več!” Stisnil je zobe in se ni niti ozrl na Jožka, ki je ob njegovi strani pogibal od sramu in bi se bil najrajši pogreznil.—

Tine je preстал kazni v šoli in doma je preстал hude čase. A najbolj ga je bolelo, da ga je Jožek tako grdo pustil na cedilu poleg tega, da je bil Jožek več kriv, nego on, Tine. Nič več ni maral zanj. Jožek se je skušal na vse načine prikupiti Tinetu, ni se mu posrečilo. Tineta je imel poprej samo rad, a zdaj ga je tudi spoštoval, zato ga je še bolj grizlo, ko je spoznal, da ga Tine nele mrzi, ampak naravnost zaničuje. Končno si Jožek več ni mogel kaj, pa se je v šoli zatožil sam.—

Zadnji šolski dan je bil in Jožkova kazen, to je zapor, pri kraju. Sam samcat je taval proti domu in premišljal o Tinetu. "Le kaj mi bodo počitnice," si je dejal, "ako mi Tine ne bo hotel spregledati grdega ravnanja. Če bi uvidel, da sem sedaj poravnal . . ." Ni prišel do konca, kajti sredi pota ga je prestregel Tine. V zadregi je bil Jožek in ni vedel, kaj bi dejal. Tudi Tine je molčal in ga postrani pogledaval. Tako sta nekaj časa tiho korakala eden poleg drugega. Nazadnje se pa Tine na ves glas zasmije in reče:

"Nak, Jožek, tega pa nisem vedel, da imaš ti svoj pogum privezan na tako dolgi vrvice; saj je treba celo vrsto dni, preden ga dobiš vase!"

Jožek ni odvrnil ničesar, ampak izvlekel je iz žepa lepe nove orglice in jih ponudil Tinetu. "Ni treba," je dejal ta, "sem tebe bolj vesel, ko orglic. Pa vendar daj, bom videl, kako piskajo!" In sta, zdaj eden, zdaj drugi, piskala in pripiskala domu vesela zopet oba in oba srečna. Od tistih dob sta si bila in ostala vedno dobra in zvesta.



Anna P. Krasna:

SIROTA

PLAŠNO strme oči otožne
v množico vrvečo,
v množico, kdo zna čemu
in kam tako hitečo.
Komu je mar pogled proseč
sirote zapuščene.
Kaj mar je množici bolest
kaj prošnje tihe, neme . . .

Ni dolgo še, ko sta nekje
v skromni, tihi sreči
živeli bitji mladi dve —
siroto to ljubeči . . .
A neki dan v topilnici —
je jeknil krik grozan — —
Čez leto dni pa je nekje
svež grob bil spet skopan . . .

Za srečo lastno vse drvi,
vsa množica vrveča — —
Ob hladnem zidu tam stoji
sirota zapuščena;
bolest ji lije iz oči,
ko v množico vrvečo
upira žalosten pogled
in gre bogastvo—sreča . . .

Zdaj tam ob hladnem zidu ždi,
sirota bedna, gladna;
v brezsrčno množico strmi,
ki je kot kameniti zid —
neusmiljena in hladna . . .

Kravelj in Bučarjev konj

(Iz romana "Deseti brat")

KO JE Krjavelj dokončal svoje pripovedovanje o kozi Dimki, ki ji je bil puščal slabo kri, kar so možaki okrog mize v Obrščakovi krčmi že nekaj kratki bili slišali, je nadaljeval: "Ali sem vam že pravil, kako sem Bučarjevemu konju "štatljivost" odpravil?"

"Nikoli nisi še pravil!" odgovore sosedje, čeprav je vsak izmed njih slišal tudi to pravljico že bogve kolikokrat.

"No, spomladi onega leta, ko je bil lan pozebel, je sejal Bučar oves po lanišču. Ker je bil hlapec—tisti Urh je tačas služil Bučarju—nekaj obolel in je ležal v stanici, ni mogel za brazdo hoditi. Bučar pride pome in pravi: "Pojdi, Krjavelj, pojdi, boš namesto Urha kake tri kraje povlekel." Jaz grem precej. Bučar mi vpreže tistega sirastega konja, ki ga je predlansko pomlad konjederec vzel, pred brano in jaz poženem: ti hotte! Dvakrat sva šla po razboru gori in doli. V tretje pa poženem: bistahor po sredi! Pa ni hotel iti po sredi, le v razor je silil, mrha. Vlečem za vajeti, vlečem, vpijem, pa nazadnje se mi pošast še ustavi in se ne gane. Ko bi bil imel nož, precej bi ga bil popravil, kakor sem kozo, kar porinil bi ga tja v tisto suhoreber. Čakaj me, čak! pravim in odpnem vago, pomerim in mu zviškoma tako prisolim, da se tri rebresa zlomijo."

"Kaj te ni Bučar nič oštel, ko si konja končal?"

"Kaj še, saj sem mu rebra spet zravnal."

"Kako?"

"Kar še enkrat sem loputnil, pa so kosti zopet nazaj stopile," odvrne možko Krjavelj, da so se možje grohotajoče zasmejali . . .

Josip Jurčič.



Cvetko Golar:

DEKLICAM

KOT čebelica marljiva
deklica je ljubeznjiva,
ko se mlado jutro smeje
z rosne njive, z rožne veje.

Kot čebelica je modra,
v hiši in na polju bodra,
bela, rdeča je kot ajda,
kadar vstane mlada Majda.

Lep, prelep čebelic glas je,
zlat in židan njihov stas je,
Ko lete na cvetje v zoro,
v pisano in sinjo goro.

Kaj povem vam zdaj dekleta,
ki cveto vam mlada leta,
da bi zmeraj pesmi pele,
le bodite kot čebele!

Tiger in lisica

Basen iz Turkeстана

KO je Alah ustvaril živali, je poslal mogočnega tigra v deželo Darvas v Pamirju, za kazen ondotnim grešnikom.

Tiger se je čutil v Darvasu kot edini vladar kmalu prav dobro. Nasičal se je z mesom krav in ovac, od časa do časa je popadel tudi kakšnega človeka, če mu je prišel na pot in prizadejal prebivalcem mnogo strahu ter napravil mnogo škode. Tedaj so začeli ljudje padati na kolena in so prosili Alaha pomoči pred pošastjo. Alah jih je uslišal in jim je poslal lisico.

Lisica je bila zvitá in je vedela, kaj ima storiti, da napravi tigra neškodljivega. S ponižno povešeno glavo in boječe stisnjenim repom se je približala tigru in rekla:

“Velemožni vladar dežele! Zelo se moraš truditi za svojo hrano, jaz pa, tvoja ponižna dekla, nimam nobenega opravila kakor služiti tebi. Dovolj mi torej, da bom skrbela za tvojo hrano!”

Tiger je bil vesel in je dal milostno znamenje s šapo. Poiskal si je miren kotiček v džunglah ob vodi, legel na tla in čakal, kaj mu prinese lisica.

Lisica je poiskala živeža, nanosila zajcev, kuretine, ovac, divjih koza in druge živali toliko, da tiger ni mogel vsega požreti.

Tako je šlo dokaj dni. Tiger je lisici popolnoma zaupal.

Nekega dne pa pride lisica brez plena k tigru.

“Zakaj mi nisi prinesla nič jesti?” jo je nadrl kralj džungle.

“Visoki gospod, pojavil se je brat iz tvojega rodu, raztrgal vso divjačino in zate ni ostalo nič.”

“Jaz sem edini gospodar v teh krajih in nimam bratov!”

“Pač, pač, velemožni, imaš ga, ki ti je na las podoben,” je rekla lisica s ponižnim glasom.

“Kje je?”

“Vstani in pojdi z menoj!”

Lisica je peljala že lepo rejenega in lenega tigra na breg reke.

“Tu notri živi!” je dejala in pokazala na vodo.

Tiger se je zvedavo ozrl v vodo, ugle dal svojo podobo in se pognal v domnevnega nasprotnika.

Visoko je brizgnila voda urne reke in pogoltnila tigra za vedno.

Naše petje

(Odlomek)

PETJA dar je poseben dar. Vesel ga bodi, kdor ga ima. Lepa pesem lepo peta, žalostna ali vesela, sega človeku globoko v srce; pesem, s katero zazibava mati dete v spanje, in pesem, ki navdušuje in osrčuje odrasle.

Kakor posamezni ljudje, tako tudi različni narodi niso v enaki meri prejeli tega daru. Slovenci, to smemo reči, radi in lepo pojo, kakor malokateri narod. Lepo in vse hvale vredno je, da se je v zadnjih letih ustanovilo toliko pevskih društev, tudi po kmetih. Tu se goji posebno umetno petje; lepo je res in vse hvale vredno. Ali poleg krasne rože ne prezirajmo skromne vijolice, ki je nekaterim še ljubša od one. Nič ni lepšega, kakor naše pesmi in naše narodno petje!

Josip Stritar.

Bolna Anica

ANICA je imela hudo vročino. Nihče ni smel k njej, samo oče in mati pa zdravnik. Tudi Lina, pestunja, ni smela k svoji ljubljenci, paziti je morala na Aničina bratca Miheca in Janezka, ki jih niso pustili v bližino bolne sestrice, da ne bi še onadva našla nevarne bolezni.

Mati je vse dni in noči bdela pri hčerki, ki je trpela hude bolečine. Dobro in mile besede dostikrat niso zalegle, da bi pomirile bolno dete. Globoko je Anica potiskala glavico v blazine in krčevito držala materino roko, kakor da išče pri njej varstva in pomoči.

Danes je bila vročina posebno huda. Mater je bila groza. V sobi je bilo tiho, slišalo se je le tiktakanje ure in neena-komerno dihanje bolnega otroka.

Tedaj so mahoma posijali solnčni žarki v sobo. Nešteto praznih drobcev se je gibalo v žarkih in ustvarjalo gibajoč se most čez Aničino posteljo. In zdelo se ji je, da hodi po tem mostu nešteto vilinjih bitij in da ji pojejo lepe pesmice o zdravju.

Blažen smehljaj je obletel Aničino lice in vzdignila se je v posteljici. "Mamica," je rekla, "pusti me ven na most k pojočim vilam."

Prestrašeno se je mati ozrla. Mislila je, da govori Anica v vročici, zakaj ona ni nič slišala; in z roko je stregla žarke, da bi ne slepili otroka.

Toda Anica je še vedno sanjala o pojočih vilah, ki so ji prinašale zdravilno pijačo in govorile: "To pij in boš zdrava."

Dolgo ni Anici nič tako dišalo kakor ta vilinja pijača. Potem so vile izginile, solnce se je umaknilo in mostu ni bilo več.

Anica pa je slišala, kako je mamica pela uspavanko.

Tedaj je rahlo potrskalo na vrata in zunaj je stal mali Mihec in pomoli mamicici šopek zvončkov, rekoč: "Daj te zvončke Anici, da bo vedela, da prihaja pomlad."

Mati je položila cvetlice na posteljo, se usedla v naslanjač in zadremala.

Zdajci pa je poskočila. Anica je bila zavriskala: "O lepi zvončki, te so mi prinesle vile!"

"Tvoj bratec Mihec ti jih je prinesel, da bi se veselila, in želi, da bi šla kmalu z njim pod milo nebo na prosto."

"O mama," je vzkliknila Anica, "kmalu bom zdrava. Sanjalo se mi je, da sem se igrala zunaj na travniku z vilinjimi otroci, ki so izkopali globoko jamo in rekli, da so vanjo zakopali vse moje bolečine. In da pojdem kmalu s svojima bratcema v gozd cvetlice nabirat, so mi rekli."

Kakor se je Anici sanjalo, tako se je zgodilo. Že čez malo časa je ozdravela in spet je z bratcem veselo skakljala po gozdu in livadi.

PEDENJ-ČLOVEK V GOSTE GRE

PEDENJ-ČLOVEK v goste gre
in napije se vode,
potlej sreča petelina,
ki mu brž ponudi vina.

Pedenj-človek, joj, hudo,
glava ga boli močno!
Ker ne zna nič več hoditi,
mora v gozdu odpočiti.

Komaj leže, že zaspi —
ali zdaj volk prileti —
Pedenj-človek preč je preč,
in nikdar ne bo ga več.

Ivan Albreht.

Gustav Strnša:

Božo

BOŽO je priden in delaven deček. Če ga očka kam pošlje, poskoči kakor veverica, tako urno uboga!

Pa kako rad postreže mami! Takoj opazi, če nima drv, in hiti ponje.

Nikoli ga ni treba priganjati k delu. Sam vse vidi.

Vendar ima Božo hudo napako, pa ne srčne, saj je zdrav ko mlada riba in rdeč kakor zrela črešnja.

Drugo napako ima. Učenje mu ne diši.

Za vse je vnet, za vsako delo pripravljen, samo za šolo ne. Kadar mora sedeti pri knjigah, ga srce boli. Ne more se poglobiti v učenje, pa se ne more!

Očka je opazil, da deček rad zahaja k lovskeemu čuvaju blizu naše hiše.

Ta čuvaj je že star mož. Ima pa svoje nazore, ki se čudovito ujemajo z nazori našega fantiča.

"Čemu šola? Če je človek priden, si sam pomaga! Toliko moraš znati, da bereš in pišeš pa kako malenkost zračunaš! Vse drugo je nepotrebno! Tudi naravno ni! Poglej, kako je v prirodi vse lepo urejeno! Kako pojo črički in ptički, pa brez kake šole!" razlaga stari čuvaj dečku in vleče svoj vivček.

"Jaz pa znam brati in pisati, pa tudi računati, da se kar bliska! Kaj ne, da mi ni treba več obiskovati šole?" poizveduje deček.

"Čemu neki? Morda te oče in mati silita v šolo? Ubogati ju je treba! Če jima pa lepo poveš, da te šola ne veseli in da že dovolj znaš, te bosta že dala kam v uk!" poučuje dečka čuvaj.

Božo hodi zamišljen domov.

Nekega dne pa razodene očetu, kaj ga teži:

"Očka! Lepo prosim! Vzemite me iz šole! Učenje me ne veseli! Rad bom delal, kar hočete! Poglejte, kako je v naravi vse lepo urejeno! A vendar živalice niso obiskovale šole!"

Očka je pa pameten gospod. Kar nič ni hud, ko mu deček razodene svoje težnje. Samo vpraša ga:

"Kdo ti je pa povedal, kako je v naravi? Kdo tako dobro ve, da se niso živalce nikoli učile?"

"Lovski čuvaj mi je povedal. Star mož je in mnogo ve!" odvrne Božo.

"Starčki res mnogo vedo. A ta čuvaj je bržkone že tako star, da je tudi že mnogo pozabil! Obleci se! Skupaj pojdeva v prirodo!" je ukazal očka.

Božo si ni dal dvakrat reči. Kmalu je bil oblečen. Že sta hitela po polju.

V cestnem prahu so se valjali vrabci.

Očka jih je takoj pokazal:

"Glej potepine! Ti so že brez vsake vzgoje in šole. Ali hočeš tudi ti postati tak?"

Vsako ptičko in živalco je hotela Narava naučiti govorjenja in petja in dostojnega življenja.

Pa so bile med njimi mnoge lenuške, ki se jim ni moglo poslušati jo. Odhitele so. Med prvimi je bil potepinski vrabec. Niti ene Naravine besede ni čul. Zato tudi ničesar ne ve in ne zna. Le potepanje ga veseli. Ne zna ne peti, ne dostojno živeti. Kakor pijanček se valja po prahu.

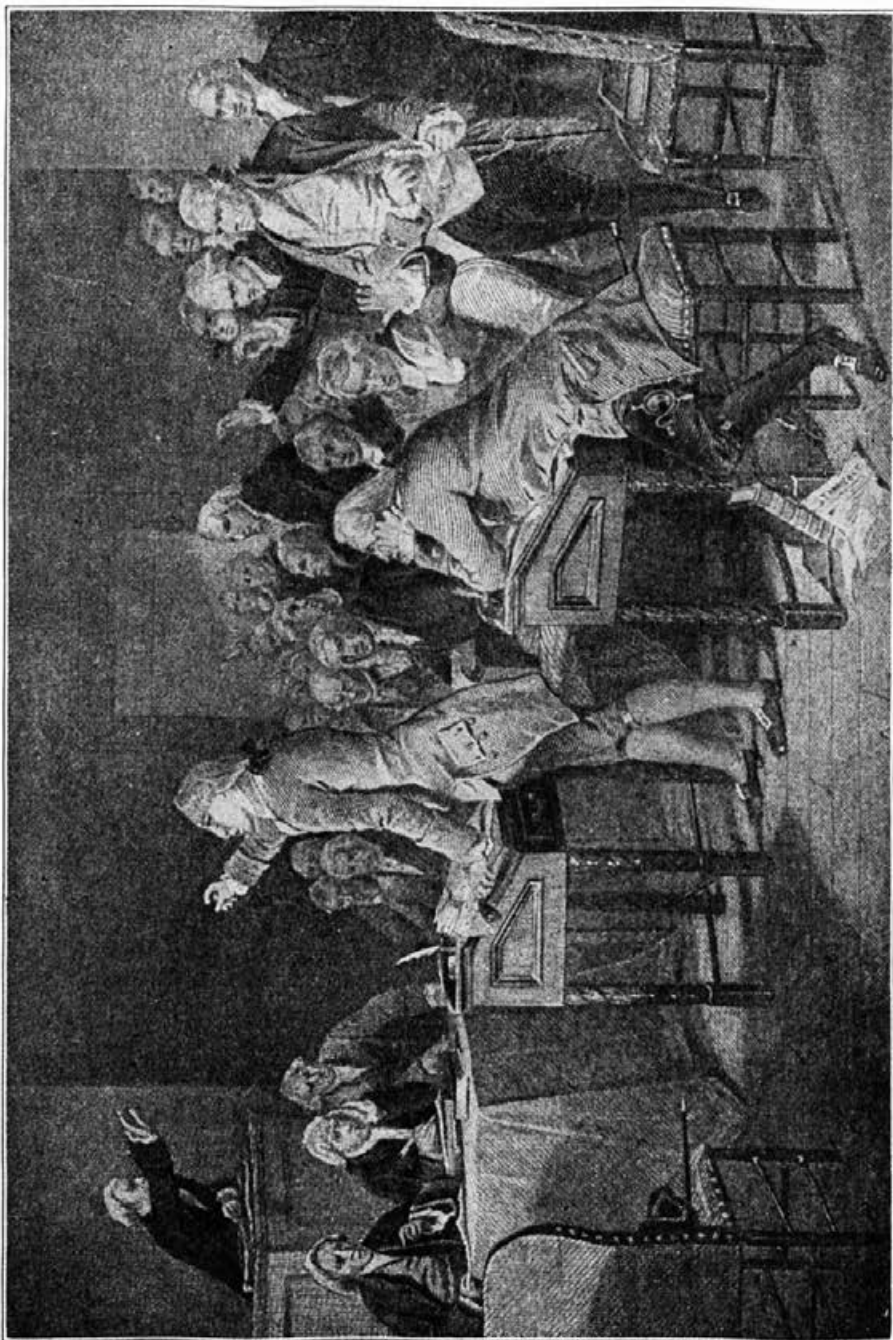
Pa tudi drugi ptički so, ki so zane-marjali Naravino šolo.

Pravkar se je oglasila kukavica. "Ali jo slišiš? Tudi ta je izmed onih! Preveč požrešna je. Ni mogla strpeti, da bi jo bila Narava česa naučila. Takoj je zletela. Ta beba ni niti toliko počakala, da bi ji bila povedala kako mora nesti jajčeca in skrbeti za svoj rod. Zato zdaj kar drugim ptičem podtika jajčeca, da morajo valiti mestu nje!"

A poglej slavčka! Kako skromen ptiček je! In vendar poje tako milo, da se ti kar oči zasolze!

Pa še ti tako zapoj brez šole in uka!"

Božo je spoznal, da ga očka prav uči. Še je hodil na polje in v gozd. A tudi učil se je. Polagoma so se mu knjige priljubile. On ni hotel postati vrabec ali kukavica med ljudmi. Zato je danes priden delavec.



]]]] "Tarkvin in Cezar sta našla vsak svojega Bruta."—Patrick Henry v zbornici Virginije (1765).

Anna P. Krasna:

MATI

KADAR na zemljo lega polumrak,
v pokojnem miru čujem znan korak.
Korak lahak in še mladostno prožen,
čeprav s trpljenjem in bridkostmi
preobložen . . .

Nato zaslišim iz polumraka sladki glas—
prihaja mati, mati k meni v vas!

Kako kramljava v tihem polumraku,
in ko odhaja, dolgo prisluškujem nje
koraku . . .

Potem se zgrne noč čez hrib in dol
in v duši se za hip pojavi tiha bol;
Oh, saj ni res, saj matere več ni,
že dolgo, dolgo ona v zemlji spi . . .

A ko se zopet zgrinja polumrak,
v pokojnem miru spet zaslišim znan
korak.

In glas srebrn zopet zazveni,
kot godba sladka mi dušo vradosti.
Pač vem, da mati več mi ne živi —
a nje ljubezen neizmerna v meni tli.

Na življenja plošči je ostavljen nje
korak,

in tam je živo vtisnjen glas sladak . . .
Zato prihaja mati v polumraku,
zato z veseljem prisluškujem nje
koraku . . .



D. Vargazon:

METULJČEK

SOLNČEK smeje se gorak,
z njim igra se rumenjaki:
srečen jadra čez vrtilček.
Ljubček ga uzre, fantiček,
urno teče v temno vežo,
vrne se z zeleno mrežo
in že misli ves vesel —
zdaj metuljčka bo ujel!

Po stezici poskakuje,
solnček se mu posmehuje —
z žarki kodre mu zlati;
rumenjaki z višine gleda,
splava k mreži, nanjo seda,
Ljubček se razveseli.

Tiho dvigne drobno roko,
žal, metuljček že visoko
je odjadral pod nebo —
Ljubčku v srcu je hudo.
Če z ograjo se steguje,
kliče ga, za njim vzdihuje,
pa zagleda v travi cvet,
skoči ponj — vesel je spet.

Iv. Vuk:

Praviljica o šahu

Veliki perzijski pesnik FRIDRUZI je živel okrog 1000 let pr. Kristom. Tedaj je bila igra šah znamenita igra kraljev. FRIDRUZI je napisal veliko delo, ki je nosilo naslov: "ŠAHNAME," kar pomeni: "KNJIGA KRALJEV." Poleg drugih pesnitev sta v "Knjigi kraljev" tudi dve pesnitvi-pravljici, kako je nastal šah.

Po eni iz teh pesmi-pravljici sem napisal to pravljico.

V ŠESTEM stoletju po rojstvu Kristovem je vladal perzijski kralj HOSROES I. Bil je dober in pravičen vladar. Dali so mu priimek: "NURŠIVAN," kar pomeni "PRAVIČNI."

Nekega dne svojega vladanja so prišli poslanci indijskega kralja z bogatimi darovi, ki jih je poslal pravičnemu perzijskemu kralju Hosroesu. Ko je Hosroes, imenovan Nuršivan, slišal, da so prišli poslanci od indijskega kralja, je velel, da jih pustijo k njemu.

Poslanci indijskega kralja so bili spuščeni h kralju perzijskemu Hosroesu, imenovanemu Nuršivan. Padli so pred njegovim obličjem na tla in se s čelom dotaknili tal, na katerih je stal njegov prestol. Vodja poslancev je položil pred njega bogate darove in rekel:

"Mogočni in slavni kralj! Moj gospod in kralj ti pošilja darove v znak, da ti je prijatelj. Poleg vseh teh darov ti poklanja še posebni dragoceni in nadvse znameniti dar. To lepo desko, na kateri so polja in figure, ki se postavljajo na ta polja."

Izrekši te besede, se je poslanstvo globoko priklonilo. Vodja poslanstva pa je nadaljeval:

"Tako govori moj gospod in kralj indijski: Pokaži to igro najmodrejšim tvojega kraljestva, o kralj perzijski. Ako tvoji modrijani izumijo pravila te igre, to je, kako se morajo postavljati figure in način, kako se morajo te figure po deski premikati, potem vedi, o kralj, da ni modrejših na svetu modrijanov. Jaz

pa, kralj indijski, prijatelj tvoj, o kralj perzijski, se obvežem, da ti bom plačeval davek in se smatral za tvojega podložnika . . ."

Zopet so se poklonili poslanci do tal. Vodja poslancev pa je nadaljeval:

"In še govori moj gospod in kralj indijski: Ni pa v tvojem kraljestvu, o kralj perzijski, modrijana, ki bi izumil pravila te igre, tedaj boš moral plačevati davek meni in biti podložen meni. Zakaj modrost je najvišja dobrota na svetu in nji se mora podvreči vsakdo."

Kralj Hosroes, imenovan Nuršivan, kar je toliko kakor: Pravični, je pogledal poslance kralja indijskega in se zamislil. Ko je pa zopet odprl oči, je rekel:

"Razmišljati hočem o tej skrivnosti indijskega kralja in mojega prijatelja. Čakajte sedem dni in bodite moji gostje. Sedmi dan vam sporočim moj odgovor."

Poslanci kralja indijskega so padli pred obličjem kralja perzijskega na tla in se s čelom dotaknili tal, na katerih je stal njegov prestol.

Kralj Hosroes, imenovan Nuršivan, je dal sklicati modrijane svoje države. Pokazal jim je desko s poljem in figuram, govoreč:

"Izumite pravila, kako se igra ta igra, ki mi jo je poklonil kralj indijski in moj prijatelj. Pokažite v kolikor ste upravičeni nositi ime: modrijan. Zakaj, ako ne izumite pravil te igre, sporoča kralj indijski in moj prijatelj, bo smatral mene in moje kraljestvo za svoje podložne in plačevati mu bomo morali davek. Ker modrost je najvišja dobrota na svetu in nji se mora podvreči vsakdo."

Modrijani so se poklonili pred svojim kraljem in se lotili dela. Od zore jutranje, ki se je pojavljala na vzhodu, do mraka, ko so ga začele razsvetljevati zvezde, so študirali. Od vzhoda lune,

do ure, ko se je na vzhodu nebo razsvetlilo, so ugibali. A vse brez uspeha.

Mrko je gledal kralj Hosroes, imenovan Nuršivan.

Pa je pristopil k njemu veliki vezir in rekel:

"Nisem modrijan, o kralj in gospod moj. Vendar mi dovoli, da poskušam izumiti pravila igre kralja indijskega."

Kralj je pogledal velikega vezirja. Pomislil je trenutek in rekel:

"Če uganeš, si modrijan, ki mu na svetu ne bo enakega."

Veliki vezir se je zaprl v svojo sobo. Postavil je figure na desko in se zagledal na polja na tisti deski. Bila so štiriogлата, vsa enake velikosti, a imela so dvojno barvo. Črna ena, druga rumena.

Čudne misli so švigale po glavi velikega vezirja.

"Ali ni morda to bojno polje? Ali niso te figure armada? Ali ni ta igra kralja indijskega igra bitk?"

Ustavljaj se je vedno pogosteje pri teh mislih in razstavljal figure.

In ob zori sedmega dne je rekel:

"Tako je!"

Stopil je h kralju Hosroesu, imenovanemu Nuršivan, in rekel:

"Gospod in kralj moj! Davek bo plačeval kralj indijski, zakaj izumil sem pravila njegove igre, ki ti jo je podaril."

Ko je kralj to slišal, se mu je razvedrilo čelo. In rekel je:

"Danes je sedmi dan, kakor sem rekel poslancem kralja indijskega in mojega prijatelja, ki mi bo podložen. Naj pridejo, da slišijo modrost kraljestva mojega."

Slavnostno je bila okrašena dvorana kralja perzijskega. Na prestolu je sedel in velikaši perzijskega kraljestva so bili okrog njega. Vstopili so poslanci kralja indijskega v slavnostnih oblačilih in z obrazi samozavestnimi. Poklonili so se globoko pred kraljem perzijskim.

"Kaj ne pokleknejo, kaj se ne dotaknejo s čelom tal, na katerih stoji prestol kralja našega," se je slišalo med velikaši. Kralj perzijski Hosroes, imenovan Nušivar, pa je rekel:

"Solnce se bliža na najvišjo točko neba. Ko bo stopilo na pot zapada, bo rešna uganka kralja indijskega!"

Obrnil se je k vezirju in rekel:

"Pokaži modrost mojega ljudstva poslancem kralja indijskega!"

Veliki vezir je stopil naprej pred poslance kralja indijskega. Postavil je desko in jel razstavljal figure. Ko jih je razstavil, je rekel:

"Tako morajo stati figure bojne igre, ki ti jo je podaril, o kralj in gospod moj, indijski kralj. Na sredi bojnega polja stoji figura kralja. Poleg kralja mora biti figura vezirja. Zakaj vezir je desna roka kralja. Na vsaki strani, ob vezirju in kralju morata stati dva bojna slona. Poleg obeh slonov stoji po en konj z vso bojno opremo. In naposled stojita trdnjavi . . . V drugi vrsti se postavi vrsta pehote. Zakaj, to polje in te figure je bojna igra."

Kralj je pogledal poslance kralja indijskega in videl je ves prebledel obraz njih vodje. Rekel je:

"Zakaj je tvoj obraz, vodja poslancev kralja indijskega, tako žalosten in brez življenja?"

Vodja poslancev je padel pred kraljem perzijskim na tla in se dotaknil s čelom tal, na katerem je stal kraljev prestol. In vse poslanstvo je storilo isto. In je rekel vodja poslancev:

"Velika je modrost v tvojem kraljestvu, o kralj perzijski. Zakaj, nikdo ni vedel za ta pravila. Nikomur jih nisem izdal in niti v Indiji jih nikdo ne pozna. Kako je bilo mogoče, da si jih iznašel?"

Veliki vezir je odgovoril:

"Ni modrosti, ki bi ne mogla biti še popolnejša."

Tako je zapisana pravljica o postanku kraljevske igre šaha.



Kako je človek spoznal vino

NA paši je zapazil Noe, da hodi kozel nekaj v skalovje zobat in da je vselej, kadar se je od tam vrnil, nēnavadno veselo poskakoval in se objestno šalil in bodel z drugo drobnico. Šel je gledat in našel med pečinami obilo sočnega grozdja. V zavetju je lahko dozorelo, ker dekleta niso vedela zanje. Noe se je nabal in neizrečno veselil, da je zasledil tako žlahten sad. Naredil je na prisojni gorici vinograd in zobal z rodovino grozdje; česar niso mogli pojesti, pa je stlačil in pridelal mošt, iz katerega se je naredilo vino. Ker mu še ni poznal moči, ga je premagalo in omamilo, da se je zvrnil. Tudi njegova žena ga je pokusila, ali zdelo se ji je tako kisló, da ga ni marala piti. Pijanemu očetu se je en sin glasno rogal in smejal. Tudi Noetovka je bila na moža nejevoljna, pa je vzela nož in mu porezala vse trte.

Drugo leto so trte odgnale še lepše in rodile mnogo boljše vino, katero je srkala vslast tudi ona sama. Pred smrtjo je dal Noe vinograd svojima dobrima sinovoma, ki sta ga vedno spoštovala; Kam, ki ga je zasramoval, ni dobil ne ene trte. To ga je silno razkačilo. Ko sta šla brata nekam od doma, jima je pognal v vinograd svoje prasce, da bi ga pokončali. Prasci so razrili in prerahljali vso zemljo okoli trt, kar jim je neizmerno koristilo. Gospodarja sta namečkala toliko vina, da nista vedela, kam bi ga spravila in bilo je sladko, da so se kar usta sprijemala.

Odtod prihaja, da se valjajo pijanci tako pogostoma po blatu in lužah, kakor da so svinje ne pa s pametjo obdarjeni ljudje. **Janez Trdina.**



LUNA

LUNA, luna lunica
raz nebo se mi smehlja.

Zdaj mi dolgi jezik kaže,
skrije se, se spet prikaže;

zdaj poredno mi mežika,
z nosom zemlje se dotika;

in se klanja, klanja klanja,
sove skozi noč preganja;

v vsako okence podreza,
tja na strehe drzno pleza . . .

Ko potem še više, više
vzdigne se nad vaške hiše,

pa ob dimnik se spotakne
in se jezna v noč umakne —

Janko Samec.



Dopisnikom in čitateljem:

Nastopile so šolske počitnice. Dečki in deklice so odložili šolske knjige in jih zamenjali z igračami ter z rajanjem na prostem. Poletje nudi obilo veselja v naravi. Otroci se vesele počitnic, ker jim ni treba v šolo. Šolske počitnice so mladini potrebne in koristne. Otroci si okrepe telo in duha, ker so večinoma tekom poletja zunaj. To je zanje pravi oddih, ker jim ni treba poslušati šolskega zvona, ki vselej točno ob določeni uri vabi otroke v šolo.

Med počitnicami pa se otroci lahko tudi kaj koristnega nauče. Lahko imajo mnogo veselja in razvedrila na prostem. Medtem pa je umestno, da jih starši vadijo v pisanju in čitanju. Tekom poletja se dečki in deklice lahko priučijo slovenščine toliko, da bodo za silo znali čitati in da bodo lahko s pomočjo staršev napisali kakšno pisemce za "Naš kotiček." Preveč rajanja na prostem tudi ni priporočljivo. Potrebno je, da se posveti vsak teden po par ur učenju.

Izrabite poletje v svojo korist in se vadite v čitanju in pisanju slovenske besede.

Dragi urednik!

V naslednjem hočem na kratko opisati nekoliko o zdravilni vodi.

Julija meseca (minulega leta) sem se peljala z mojimi starši v Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, ki je oddaljen od tukaj 46 milj.

Lava Hot Springs so toplice, kamor prihaja v poletnem času mnogo ljudi iz različnih krajev. Nekateri se pridejo zdraviti za revmatizem, drugi zato, da se naužijejo naravnih krasote.

Zanimivo je opazovati, kako voda vre iz zemlje. Vsak vrelec ima zraven napis, ki pove kakšna voda je v vrelec. Eden se imenuje Sulphur, par čevljev naprej je Iron in zopet malo naprej je Magnesium.

V bližini te vode se vidi lepo kamenje, ki je preluknjano na vse načine. Tu človek vidi ljudi, vsak ima svojo šalico, in pijejo to zdravilno vodo.

V Lava Hot Springsu je tudi dosti zabave

za mladino in za odraslene ljudi. Tiste, ki veseli plavanje, gredo lahko v vodo. Imajo lepo gugalnico ali drsalnico, s katere kar zdrči kot po sankah v vodo.

Slučajno sem slišala pogovor dveh Mormoncev iz Salt Lake Cityja, Utah. Prvi je dejal, da so to njegove enajste počitnice v Lava Hot Springsu, in da je hvaležen tej vodi, da je on tako trdnega zdravja. Drugi pa je rekel, da njegove so to že sedemnajste počitnice ter je na isti način hvalil vodo v teh toplicah.

Nazaj grede smo se ustavili v Soda Springsu, Idaho. Tam sem videla vrelec kako iz zemlje voda bruha. Pa ta voda ni bela; je lepa bledordeča in okus ima kakor sodavica. Vsled tega se tudi to mesto imenuje po tej vodi—Soda Springs.

Pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem, enako uredniku!

Olga Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v našem priljubljenem mesečniku Mladinskem listu. Sem mislila, da se bo kdo drugi oglasil v M. L., ker tukaj je veliko slovenskih družin, pa se le bolj malo zanimajo za slovenski jezik; govorijo rajši angleško.

V Mladinskem listu čitam, da kako je lepo v različnih krajih po Združenih državah. Tukaj je pa pusto. Ravno sedaj, ko to pišem, je mesec maj in bi moral biti najlepši v letu, pa je skoro najbolj neprijazen. Vedno veter piha in mrzlo je tako, da se cvetlice skrivajo, ker si ne upajo pokazati na dan svoj dišeči cvet.

Tudi jaz bi rada videla tiste lepe kraje, ki jih opisujejo naši dopisovalci. Zakaj jaz sem prišla v ta kraj ko sem bila stara komaj dve leti; od takrat sem vedno tukaj pri mojih starših.

Ko to pišem, se nagiba šolsko leto h koncu, in ko bo ta dopis priobčen, bomo imeli že počitnice.

Pozdrav vsem dopisovalcem M. L.!

Mary A. Krivec, Klein, Mont.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Zopet vas nadlegujem, pa le s par besedami za naš priljubljeni Mladinski list.

Pred kratkim mi je moja mama pravila, da se je Mezetovi družini v Glencoe, O., velika nesreča zgodila, ko sta bili sestrici Rozi in Eni na velikonočno nedeljo od vlaka povoženi. Jaz sem obe dobro poznala, kajti tudi jaz sem bila na Glencoe rojena, in s pokojno Eni sve bile rojene obe v enem tednu. Zato Mezetovi družini na Glencoe, O., z mojo sestrico Virginijo in mojimi starši izrekam naše globoko sožalje.

Za enkrat naj zadostuje, bom pa še prihodnjič kaj napisala.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Alice Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Že zopet sem si vzela malo časa, da spet malo napišem za Mladinski list. Sedaj sem zamudila že dvakrat, da se nisem oglasila v našem mesečniku. Žal mi je, ker se nisem potrudila, da bi napisala za vsako številko Mladinskega lista par vrstic po slovensko.

Ker se drugi otroci zanimajo za Mladinski list iz naše naselbine Chisholm, Minn., se moram tudi jaz, da ne bom za njimi zaostajala.— Naše društvo št. 322 SNPJ je priredilo dne 27. aprila lepo igro. Takrat so nas obiskali naši rojaki tudi iz bližnjih naselbin. Uspeh je bil sijajen. Igra je bila polna smeha, in imenuje se "Vdova Rošlinka."

Sedaj je konec šole in nastopile so počitnice. V tem času se bom pač lahko večkrat oglesi-

la, ako bo tako nanoslo, kajti v poletnem času se človek težje pripravi k pisavi kot pozimi.

Okrog 10. maja smo imeli tukaj slabo in mrzlo vreme. Upam pa, da se bo obrnilo na boljše predno bo ta dopis priobčen. Za enkrat naj zadostuje!

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

Mary Krainik,

23 E. Poplar st., Chisholm, Minn.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Vem, da vas nadlegujem z mojo neokretno pisavo, pa vseeno sem se spet odločila, da napišem kratek dopis za Mladinski list.

To pismo sem pisala dne 26. maja. Takrat je bilo vse lepo, ker je bila spomlad. No, sedaj pa je poletje in je tudi lepo, ker je vroče in se lahko zunaj igramo.

Moja mama mi vedno da kakšno delo. Pravi, da se moram učiti delati. Oh, to delo. Zakaj neki ni tako urejeno in ustvarjeno, da bi ne bilo treba delati in da bi bila vedno pomlad! Ljudje bi se samo igrali in se zabavali. Živež naj bi sam od sebe zrastle. Mama in ata se mi smilita. Ata pride ves črn z dela domov, tako črn kot zamorec, pa utrujen zelo, ker dela v premogorovu. Mama pa ves dan dela na vrtu in okrog hiše. Vedno je dovolj dela.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Alice Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.

(Ako bi ne bilo dela in bi vladala večna spomlad, draga Alice, tedaj bi postalo na svetu preenolično in dolgočasno. Ljudje bi se ne veselili spomladi in postali bi mehkužni, ako bi živeli brez dela. Delo je potrebno vsakemu poštemu človeku, treba pa bi preurediti sedanji način dela in življenja, da bi delali vsi in da bi vsi enako uživali sad svojega dela. Tega sedaj ni, ker bogatini izkoriščajo delavce in jim jemljejo pravice. Zato pa se moramo boriti, da bo delavec spoštovan kot ustvaritelj vseh dobrin, in da se ne bodo bogatini redili na račun delavcev. Za to je treba delavcu izobrazbe, da se otrese verskih spon ter da bo zaveden. Potem bo lahko zahteval svoje pravice. — Opomba urednika.)

* *

Dragi urednik!

Težko sem pričakovala junijske številke Mladinskega lista, ki se je malo zapoznala.

Prečitala sem urednikove vrstice, ki piše in vprašuje, da kaj se nam v slovenskem delu M. L. najbolj dopade in od katerih pisateljev.

Meni se najbolj dopadejo povesti in basni pa tudi pesmi so lepe. Katka Zupančič zna lepo napisati. Njena povest "Priateljstvo" se mi je dopadla. Anna P. Krasna zna tudi lepe pesmice skladati. Poleg tega pa se mi dopadejo tudi uredniški članki.

Pri našem društvu smo izgubili enega člana. Številka našega društva je 333 SNPJ, Blaine, O. Dne 15. maja je preminul br. Joseph Vovko. Podlegel je poškodbam, ki jih je dobil pri delu v jami. Pokojni je bil dober član SNPJ dolgo let. Tu zapušča ženo in pet otrok, kateri ga bodo težko pogrešali. Naj počiva v miru! (Pokojni je bil naš sosed.)

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj imamo lepo priložnost, da se večkrat oglasimo v Mladinskem listu, ker imamo počitnice.

Čitala sem v junijski številki M. L., da bi vi, dragi urednik, radi izvedeli od svojih čitateljev, da kakšne povesti se nam najbolj dopadejo.

Meni se zelo dopadejo basni, ker se tako lepo čitajo.

V junijski številki je bilo enajst slovenskih dopisov, želim pa, da bi jih bilo več prihodnji mesec. Mene veseli slovensko pisati in čitati.

Dragi bratec in sestrica! Glejmo, da bo vsaki mesec več slovenskih dopisov, kakor agnleških. Uredniku pa hvala, ker mi popravi napake.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

Dragi urednik!

Namenil sem se, da spet napišem v "Naš kotiček" par vrstic za julijsko številko Mladinskega lista. To je moj drugi slovenski dopis. Pišem bolj slabo, ker se šele učim. Upam pa, da mi boste vi urednik popravili moje napake.

Sedaj, ko je konec šole, se bom bolj pridno učil slovensko pisati in čitati.—Želim, da mi priobčite tole pesmico, "Hišica očetova," če ne vso, pa vsaj delno.

Oj hišica očetova,
ločiti sva se morala.
Al' tega nihče ne pove,
če še kedaj bom videl te.

Srce pa moje ti zvesto
do konca dni ostalo bo.
Skazala si mi milosti,
ki moč jih pozabiti ni.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

William Gruden, RFD 2, Bridgeville, Pa.

POPRAVEK

Slika "Pesem škrjančka," priobčena v junijski številki Mladinskega lista, je delo francoskega slikarja Julesa Bretona, ne Milleta. Dejstvo, da sta bila umetnika sodobnika, ki sta slikala isto snov in predmete v naravi, ju često istoveti z njiju slikarskimi umotvori.

Puta in petelinček

PUTA in petelinček gresta v leščevje lešnikov brat.

Puta reče: "Petelinček, glej tam gori tri v eni kepi!"

Petelinček zleti v vrh, puta mu pravi: "Vrzi mi doli kobljico!"

Petelinček vrže doli kobljico, zadene puto v očesce. Puta zaveka: "Čakaj, doma bom povedala!"

Petelinček pravi: "Nisem kriv, zakaj mi je grm hlače raztrgal!"

Grm pravi: "Zakaj me je koza objedla!"

Koza pravi: "Zakaj me je pastir premalo napasel!"

Pastir pravi: "Zakaj mi ni dekla južine skuhal!"

Dekla pravi: "Zakaj mi ni mlinar moke zmlel!"

Mlinar pravi: "Zakaj mi je volk vso vodo popil!"

Volk pravi: "Zakaj mi je solnce v golt sijalo!"

Solnce pravi: "Zakaj mi je Narava ukazala!"

Tnko je nazadnje kriva Narava, da se je putuici razlilo oko.

Fran Milčinski.



JUVENILE



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THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

(Editor's Note:—In the middle of the nineteenth century the conditions of industrial workers in England were as bad as they still are in many parts of the United States, particularly in the east and south, where child-labor is widely exploited. There were no laws regulating the employment of women and children, and child-labor was extensively exploited by manufacturers in all lines of industry. The following poem was suggested to Elizabeth B. Browning by a report on factory conditions written by Richard H. Horne, a friend who was himself a poet of real though intermittent genius.)

DO YE hear the children weepin, O my
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads
against their mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the
meadows:

The young birds are chirping in the
nest;

The young fawns are playing with the
shadows;

The young flowers are blowing
toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my
brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of
the others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in
their sorrow,

Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-mor-
row

Which is lost in Long Ago;

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost;

But the young, young children, O my
brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws
and presses

Down the cheeks of infancy;

"Your old earth," they say, "is very
dreary,

Our young feet," they say, "are very
weak!

Few steps have we taken, yet are
weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not

the children,

For the outside earth is cold,

And we young ones stand without, in
our bewildering,

And the graves are for the old:

"True," say the children, "it may hap-
pen

That we die before our time:

Little Alice died last year, her grave
is shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take
her:

Was no room for any work in the
close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none
will wake her
Crying 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and
shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never
cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we
should not know her,
For a smile has time for growing in
her eyes:
And merry go her moments, lulled and
stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.

It is good when it happens," say the
children,
"That we die before our time."

"How long," they say, "how long, O
cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world,
on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its pal-
pitation,
And tread onward to your throne
amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-
heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses
deeper
Than the strong man in the wrath."

Lela Sawyer:

THE SCHOOL BELL

RING out, school bell, across the hill
And up the valley wild,
And let me feel again the thrill
I felt when but a child.

Ring out those notes which called us in
To pencil, book and slate;
Ring out among the clashing din
Thou servant of a state.

Let pipers pipe, and buglers blow
And singers' bosoms swell;
But give a cheer that all may know
The glory of the bell.

A SMILE

THE thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least, and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from the heart,
That loves its fellow men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With manly kindness blent,
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

Short Talks

IN the June number of this magazine, we told our readers of the nearly **twenty thousand junior members enrolled in the local branches** of the Slovene National Benefit Society in various communities. We pointed out the significance and importance attached to the aggregate number, and we also mentioned the remarkable historic fact that **our Society was the first fraternal organization in America which initiated the juvenile class system**, in 1912, by adopting a resolution which went into practice in January the following year.

THESE facts, indeed, are something to be proud of, and particularly so when we realize that the great importance the junior membership will play in our Society in the immediate future, as it constitutes a body of youngsters who are maturing into that period of youthful life when they are admitted into the adult department. There are still many Slovene and Yugoslav children in our many settlements that are not yet insured in our juvenile department. The field opened to us is still great. The adult veteran members of the SNPJ, who sincerely and faithfully value its many benefits, can accomplish very much along this line, by bringing into their local lodges many of our youngsters.

THE Slovene National Benefit Society is the most progressive Yugoslav Fraternal organization. Its Free Thought principles warrant to its members personal freedom of religious, philosophical, ethical and political creeds. The magnetic power which attracted so many of our people to flock into the lodges of the SNPJ is in its liberal principles. The organizers of the Slovene National Benefit Society fully understood the great meaning and importance of such provisions in the Society's by-laws.

IN near future a junior membership campaign will open, and our adult members will be given an opportunity to secure new applicants. The Supreme board, at its yearly session in January, adopted a plan by which valuable prizes will be awarded to the members securing one or more new members during the designated period of time. The exact time for this campaign will be announced soon. We hope it will prove sufficiently interesting to our members, so that at the end of the junior membership campaign we may be able to record some very favorable results. The adult as well as the junior members can take part in the coming drive. Particulars will be announced in the Prosveta.

WE urge particularly all our English-speaking lodges to avail themselves of this opportunity the junior membership campaign is offering, by increasing their membership in bringing into their lodge as many new youngsters as possible. By doing so their junior department will form a constant organizational supply from which new members will automatically become adult members upon reaching the required age of 16. Who can venture to prophesy its developments and accomplishments if the local lodges as a whole take an active and enthusiastic interest in furthering its development? The possibilities of our Junior Movement are great.

L. Beniger.

YOUR HOME

DID you ever stop and ponder, to
figure out or wonder
If you'll ever have a home that's all
your own?
Have you ever had the urging and felt
desire surging,
And to wifie, have you made your
secret known?
She's your pal; Oh! don't forget it.
Make her glad, you won't regret it.
Learn of all the many things she'll do.
She will help you in your dealings and
you'll know each other's feelings—
Some day those dreams of yours will
all come true.

There'll be better understanding in your
saving and your planning
Both she and you will labor with a zest.
You will find your nest egg growing
and glad you'll be at knowing
Soon you'll be prepared to start your
little nest.
And Oh what joy in dreaming, what
fun there'll be in scheming
In planning out how everything shall
be.
Each room will be perfection, attuned
to your affection

The dream's no idle glamour when you
hear the saw and hammer
What pleasure of inspection as follow-
ing its erection
You notice each advancement day by
day.
And with completion nearing 'twill
seem much more endearing
You'll know and love each brick and
stick and stone.
You'll be praying for the minute when
you are living in it
Because the place is all your very own!

—Joseph Conrad.

RIDDLES

What plant is fatal to mice and birds?
—Catnip.

What turned road way into Broad-
way?—The letter b.

What is it which never uses its teeth
for eating purposes?—A comb.

How can you take one from 19 and
have 20 left?—XIX minus I equals XX.

What is the difference between a
barber and a mother of a large family?

—One shaves with the razor and the
other raises her shavers.

What animals attach themselves to
grape vines?—Grayapes (grapes).

What kind of an animal comes from
heaven?—Reindeer.

Who was created first, Adam or Eve?
—Eve was, for she was the first maid
(made).

When does the sun get the best of
the dew?—When it makes it dry up.

Health Talks

By Dr. C. L. Barnewald

The Mosquito

The blood-sucking mosquito is to be found almost everywhere but exhibits the extremes of virulence on the shores of the Arctic Ocean and in the tropics. The female is the offender, and, after sucking a portion of her victim's blood, replaces it with the poison that leads to the familiar itching, swelling and sometimes, to more violent inflammation. Besides the power of transferring the germ thought to be capable of giving rise to the malaria, the mosquito is also a medium for transference to human beings of yellow fever. The measures indicated for these bites or stings is ammonia water which reduces the suffering if applied with a little rag and left on for a few moments, and often proves effective. Menthol sometime affords considerable relief, the crystalline solid or camphor-ice substance being rubbed over the surface.

To prevent the development of mosquitoes in pools, permanganate of potassium has been recommended. Two and one-half hours are required for a mosquito to develop from its first stage to its active and venomous maturity. The insect in any of its phases may be instantly killed by contact with minute quantities of permanganate of potassium. One part of this substance in fifteen hundred of solution distributed in mosquito marshes will render the development of larvae impossible; a handful of permanganate will oxidize a ten acre swamp, kill its embryo insects, and keep it free from organic matter for thirty days. An effacious method is to scatter a few crystals widely apart. A single pinch of potassium permanganate has killed all the germs in a thousand-gallon tank. In foul, mosquito-infested pools, the water of which cannot be used, mosquito larvae,

and nymphae can be easily overcome by pouring into each sheet of water a quantity ranging from a few ounces to a pint of petroleum.

The Wood Tick

Blood-sucking ticks of various kinds are common in most countries. Wood-ticks are most frequently met with. They bury the whole head in the flesh, and distend their bodies with blood before they are discovered, and any ordinary attempt at removal only detaches the latter, leaving the head behind to create trouble. The head should be removed with needle or knife and the wound subsequently dressed antiseptically. Turpentine applied to the rear end of the insect sometimes causes it to loosen its hold. Any essential oil, or a drop of chloroform injected with a hypodermic syringe, frequently brings about the same results.

Spiders and Their Bite

In the north spiders have a worse reputation than they merit, the bites ascribed to them being inflicted by other insects. In southern California, which is a semi-tropical region, so-called spider-bites are ascribable to the pirate bug. In the tropics the majority of spiders are not to be classed as poisonous, but their bites seem especially prone to provoke ulcerations that are healed only with the greatest difficulty. The ground and trap-door spiders grow to great size, often the body alone is 2 or 2½ inches in length. They are hairy, most repulsive creatures, living in wells or tubes excavated in the soil, with a trap-door stop which is closed when the tenant is at home. The common trap-door spider is generally known as "tarantula" in Jamaica and Cuba, because of its close resemblance (but generally is of smaller size) to the

true tarantula, which is also found, but more sparingly. Both inflict wounds, when opportunity offers, but these wounds are not of the highly poisonous nature generally imagined. **Treatment**—Any of the preparations recommended, ammonia water or baking-soda. In severe cases the local injection of a 5 per cent solution of permanganate of potassium may prove advantageous, the patient's strength being simultaneously sustained by means of a stimulant. Strong coffee enjoys great confidence in this particular.

Bee, Wasp and Hornet Stings

The sting of a bee is barbed at the end, and is, consequently, always left in the wound; that of a wasp is pointed only, so that they can sting more than once. Swelling comes on very rapidly and spreads very quickly. The hornets sting is the most severe, and the bee's the least. The wasp, an insect allied to the hornet, is capable of stinging severely also. Several stings may cause serious constitutional disturbance. Under such circumstances a stimulant will be first required, after which the sting or stings should be removed with a fine-pointed forceps, or, if they are too deep to be laid hold of, the hollow tube of a small key may be placed over the injured part, so that the puncture shall be in the middle, and by pressing it firmly down the skin be caused to rise in the hollow, when the sting will probably start out, or a watery fluid will escape, carrying with it some of the venom. If a lens is at hand, it

will be well to examine each wound, when perhaps the sting may be seen, and it may be extracted with the forceps. Ammonia water applied to the injured part will produce immediate relief. Baking soda dissolved and the application of sweet oil or glycerin are useful.

Treatment of Insect Bites

While special measures are indicated in some instances, a general foundation for the remedies to be used lies in the fact that the poison introduced into a wound by any insect is strongly acid in nature, and that the local effect is primarily one tending to producing coagulation and agglutination of the corpuscular elements of the blood. Hence the well-known value of ammonia in such cases whether applied in weak solution over the skin, or in strong solution, or pure, into a wound. Permanganate of potassium in 1 to 5 per cent solution is also effective for the same reason. The properties of common salt in saturated solution are well known to every housewife. Common clay or clean mud applied over a wound are favorites among wayfarers.

The best treatment for the bites of insects: Saturate a rag with ammonia water, apply or hold on part bitten. Sometimes baking soda made into a paste can be used to advantage. Sometimes iodine is used. A handful of laurel-leaves boiled in a pint of lard makes an ointment which, applied over the hands and face in insect-infected districts, affords efficient protection.

CONUNDRUMS

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your photograph.

What does a ball do when it stops rolling?—It looks round.

What kind of servants are best for hotel?—The Inn-experienced.

At the time of the flood where did

Noah keep the bees?—In the Ark-hives (archives).

When a lady faints what figure should you bring her?—You must bring her two.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before using.



Carpenters' Hall in Philadelphia, Pa., Where the First Continental Congress Met, in 1774, in the Time of the Revolutionary War at the End of Which the American Colonies Declared Independence from British Rule, July 4. 1776.

Hogs and Human Beings

ONE TIME a little mother, who was twenty-five years old, began to feel tired all the time. Her appetite had failed her for weeks before the tired feeling came. Her three little girls, once a joy in her life, now became a burden to her. It was "mamma," "mamma," all day long. She never had noticed these appeals until the tired feeling came. The little mother also had red spots on her cheeks and a slight dry cough. One day, when dragging herself around, forcing her weary body to work, she felt a sharp but slight pain in her chest, her head grew dizzy, and suddenly her mouth filled with blood. The hemorrhage was not severe, but it left her very weak. The doctor she had consulted for her cough and tired feeling had said, "You are run down; you need a tonic." For a fee he prescribed bitters made of alcohol, water, and gentian. This gave her false strength for awhile, for it checked out her little reserve. When the hemorrhage occurred she and all her neighbors knew she had consumption and the doctor should have known it and told her months before.

Now she wrote to the state board of health and said: "I am told that consumption in its early stages can be cured by outdoor life, continued rest and plenty of plain, good food. I do not want to die. I want to live and raise my children to make them good citizens. Where can I go to get well?" The substance of the reply was, "The Christian state has not yet risen to the mighty economy of saving the lives of mothers from consumption. At present,

the only place where you can go is a grave. However, the state will care for your children in an orphans' asylum or the poor house after you are dead, and then in a few years will find a home for them. But save your life—never." "That is a cranky idea," for a member on the floor of the State assembly said so. Beside, he said, "It isn't business; the state can't afford it." So the little mother died of the preventable and curable disease, the home was broken up, and the children were taken to the orphans' asylum.

A big fat hog one morning found he had a pain in his belly. He squealed loudly and the farmer came out of his house to see what was the matter. "He's got the hog cholera," said the hired man. So the farmer telegraphed to the secretary of the United States Agriculture Department (who has 3,000 experts in animal and plant diseases), and the reply was—"Certainly, I'll send you a man right away." Sure enough, the man came. He had a government syringe and a bottle of government medicine in his handbag, and he went for the hog. It got well. It wasn't cranky for the government to do this, and it could afford the expense, for the hog could be turned into ham, sausage, lard and bacon.

Anybody, even a fool, can see it would be cranky for the state to save the life of a little mother, and it could not afford it either.

Moral: Be a hog and be worth saving.

(The Yeoman Shield.)



Shakespeare's Women

By Robert G. Ingersoll

WHAT a procession of men and women, statesmen and warriors, kings and clowns, issued from Shakespeare's brain. What women!

Isabella—in whose spotless life, love and reason blended into perfect truth.

Juliet—within whose heart, passion and purity met like white and red within the bosom of a rose.

Cordelia—who chose to suffer loss, rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded lies in hope of gain.

Hermoine—"tender as infancy and grace," who bore with perfect hope and faith the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart.

Desdemona—so innocent, so perfect, her love so pure that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and who with dying words sought to hide her lover's crime, and with her last faint breath uttered a loving lie that burst into a perfumed lily between her pallid lips.

Perdita—a violet dim, and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes—"The

sweetest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward."

Helena—who said:

"I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indianlike,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."

Miranda—who told her love as gladly as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun.

And Cordelia, whose kisses cured and whose tears restored. And stainless Imogen, who cried, "What is it to be false?"

And here is the description of the perfect woman:

"To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays."

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all the other dramatists of the world.

The Women of Sir Walter Scott

By John Hay

The morality of Scott appeals more strongly to many than even his enormous mental powers. His ideals are lofty and pure. His heroes are brave and strong; his heroines, whom he frankly asks you to admire, are beautiful and true. They walk in womanly dignity thru his pages, whether garbed as peasants or as princesses, with honest brows uplifted, with eyes gentle but

fearless, pure in heart and delicate in speech. Valor, purity and loyalty—these are the essential and undying elements of the charm with which this great magician has soothed and lulled the weariness of the world thru three tormented generations. For this he has received the uncritical, ungrudging love of grateful millions.

School Is Out

By Anne Golob

IT HAD been the last day of school. As Mary walked slowly home, her thoughts were of the events of the afternoon. What fun it had been to clear out the desks, and to stack the books into the cabinet. There had been all the exhibit papers and drawings to select from the table, and countless little things to look over and discard into the overflowing waste basket or tuck into the bulging note-book for safe-keeping. They had talked and laughed, and it had seemed like a party instead of a school day.

Then Miss Lowell had passed the report cards, and they had been very still. Only for a moment, and then they had been gayer than ever. Billy Owen and David Jordan had been the gayest of all, although everybody knew that they had not passed.

School had really been over then, but they were not to be dismissed for another half hour. So they had started to tell their vacation plans. Miss Lowell told of hers first. She was going to take a six weeks course at the University, and after that she would visit relatives in Boston and New York. Lucinda Holmes was going East, too. She would visit her grandmother, who was to take her to the sea shore in August. The girls had exclaimed at these plans and had looked at Lucinda enviously. Billy Owen had whispered quite loudly that of course, she could go, wasn't her father the president of the bank? Miss Lowell had frowned at Billy, but she hadn't asked him where he would spend his vacation. She knew that the Owens were too poor for such pleasures.

She had asked David, though. And David had surprised them all when he told them that he would go to stay with his uncle who lived in a house boat on Rock River. He had boats which he rented out, and a launch and speed boat, besides. The boys had asked

questions about the boats, and fishing and swimming, and then the bell had rung, and they had been dismissed. They had left the room and the building joyously, still talking vacations and trips and camping.

She would be home soon. Tomorrow she wouldn't have to come this way unless she wanted to. Not only tomorrow, but the day after, and the next. What would she do all summer? Help mother, run errands, and take care of baby sister, of course. But what of her vacation? It seemed that a vacation wasn't just not going to school, it was going some place away, where there were other people and other things. If your grandmother lived far away, you went to stay with her on your vacation. Or you went to visit our uncle or aunt, or cousins.

But suppose your grandmother was too far away, across the sea. You couldn't ever go to see her, not unless you were quite rich. Besides, you would have to be grown up to travel so far. And if your uncles and aunts, and cousins, were all across the sea, too, you simply had nobody at all. She had never thought of that before! They had nobody at all. They were alone here, and across the ocean in the Old World were others to whom they belonged and who were theirs.

That's what made them foreigners, she supposed. If her grandmother, and all her uncles and aunts and cousins were here, too, then they would be real Americans. Maybe they would even all live in the same town. No, it would be better if they lived in different places so they could visit each other. Her grandmother would live in the East, in Boston, and there would be an uncle in New York, and—

That wasn't the way it was at all, and it was nonsense to think such things. She'd have to wait until she

grew up, and then perhaps she could go to Europe for a vacation. Her brothers and sisters would be grown up also, and they would probably marry and move away, and she could visit them. They wouldn't be alone anymore. Why, that was it! They would grow and spread out, and it was only when one got too far away that one seemed alone. That's what father and mother had done. They had gone too far away.

She was nearly home. She could see her mother on the porch. There was a strange lady with her, and they were talking and laughing. Who could it be? Perhaps someone had come to visit

them, but who would surprise them this way? Now they were watching her, and she hastened her steps. Something pleasant was going to happen, she felt. Mother looked so happy.

"I passed, mother," she called. And then she was on the porch, and mother was introducing her to the jolliest little lady she had ever seen.

* * *

Mary was right. Something pleasant did happen, something that made her the happiest little girl in the world. You can read about it in next month's issue, and the issue after that, as it will be a long and exciting story.



Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Pa., in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776. It is now a Historical Museum.

Roller Skates

By Anna P. Krasna

ONE lovely spring day, when I was downtown waiting for a friend, I stepped into a big department store to see what they had on sale for the day. She told me not to come too early, yet I came way ahead of time. I remembered that a tiny friend of mine was to have a birthday party the next day, and I decided to buy her a little gift of some kind, a toy, a nice little toy to gladden my little friend's heart.

In a minute I was in the toy department. "Wish to buy anything particular, lady?" a pretty girl asked sweetly.

"No, nothing particular," I replied smiling, "just something to surprise a little friend on her birthday."

"Oh, I see," the clerk added laughingly. "You must be like me; I like to do that too, when I can, just to see their eyes brighten with joy and surprise."

She suggested some suitable toys, and finally we both picked out an appropriate little birthday gift.

At the end of the next counter I noticed a tall foreign looking man, with a troubled look on his prematurely old face. He interested me, for his face appeared weary and sad. He was standing there as if he was just sentenced to die. I noticed that he was not alone. A little boy of about eight years old was with him, who appeared just as sad as his father.

Nice roller skates were piled on the counter, and it was obvious that the little fellow wanted a pair. But his father refused to buy them and endeavored to lead the boy towards the elevator. The boy would not go, holding fast to the edge of the counter. He wanted the skates.

A young clerk came near, asking the man if he wished to buy the skates.—"No, no," the man muttered brokenly.

"Me got no money, mister." Again he tried to pull the boy away and this time he succeeded. Casting his eyes once more on the skates, the boy rushed back to the counter. Again the scene was repeated. The clerks and curious shoppers gathered around, and the poor man was pitifully embarrassed. The boy didn't care. At this instance he took a pair of roller skates and looked at them longingly and sadly. The onlookers mused at the sight.

The manager learning about the situation advised the man to buy a pair and take the advantage of the special price that was on for the day. The man was bewildered; he was twisting a small package in his hands nervously, and finally managed to answer tremblingly: "No, mister, me can no buy thees. Me poor, have big family; me got just twenty dollar pay for long time."

"All right, mister," said the manager, "when you get big pay, you'll buy him skates, won't you?"

"Sure, mebbe," said the man mumbly, and again attempted to lead the boy away. The little fellow put the skates back and looked pleadingly at his father. But of no avail. Soon they came to the elevator. The crowd dispersed, and the manager walked away through the aisles.

There was nothing more that I wanted to see in the toy department, so I, too, stepped into the elevator. The little fellow leaned back in the corner of the elevator, his hands dropped and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. His father wiped away his tears with a big blue handkerchief mumbling something soothingly. The boy tried to smile, but the smile died quickly and two more tears rolled down his cheeks—because his father was poor and could not buy him a pair of roller skates . . .



Dear Editor:—

I am writing this letter from the boat, and I didn't get sea sick. I am having lots of fun with the SNPJ Excursionists on the way to Europe. We are on the Cunard Line. I am so happy.—Elica Zupancic, 2627 S. Ridgeway ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I thought that the little story by Joseph Michic was very good. I sure did enjoy the books I received, and still enjoy reading them over again. Niles, O., sure is asleep, as I never see any letters from here. I have never written from here, as we have just recently moved here from Herminie No. 2, Pa. I like it here very much. Everything looks more prosperous than in the coal mines where we lived. I don't think I ever want to live in a coal mining town again.

I listened to the radio program from Cleveland every Sunday, and it was very entertaining for those who have radio. It means that we are progressing, to have our own language heard over the radio.

I like the poems, and have learned many that I like, by heart. I enjoy them so much, even more than stories.—Best wishes to all who write to the M. L. and to the Editor.

Angela Flere, RFD 1, Box 359 B, Niles O.

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Dear Editor:—

There are twelve in our family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge No. 275, of which my brother is Secretary. I am in the 7th grade now, and this is my first letter to the M. L. Our school was out April 25. I can read a little in Slovene but I can't write. I like the M. L. very much for its interesting stories, jokes, riddles and poems. I am sending a few jokes:

What chews but never swallows?—Scissors.
—Spell dry grass with three letters.—H-a-y.
—What word of five letters is never pronounced right?—Wrong.

I will close with best regards to all.

Mary Zlatoper, Box 22, Maynard, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ since I was one year old, and now I am 12 years old. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 365. I wish that some of the members would write to me, as I would answer them.—I am sending a few riddles with answers for M. L.

What kind of trees are there in the world?—Straight and curved. What has a hundred eyes and can't see?—Strainer. What has four eyes and can't see?—Mississippi.

Julia Kamada, Box 142, Russellton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

We all appreciate the M. L. very much, because it contains so many interesting stories and other reading matter. The children like the jokes which are found in the M. L.—I have two brothers and two sisters, and we are all members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 207.

I will write in Slovene the next time. Now I would like to correspond with some of the members.—Hurry, boys and girls, and make the M. L. a weekly.

Jean Widitz, 2217 Yew street, Butte, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:—

There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ; this being my first letter I wish to have it published in the M. L. which I enjoy reading very much. I go to Tucker school and am in the 7th grade. We moved

recently to Naylor, Mo. I wish some of the members would write to me, for I will gladly answer them.—Best regards to all the little members of the SNPJ.

Josephine Raukar, R. 1, Box 97, Naylor, Mo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am very sorry that I didn't write to the M. L. more often. This is my second letter. Now I shall write every month. Not very many letters are found in the M. L. from Willard, Wis., but I hope that more members from here would decide to write for the M. L. —I am 14 years old, and I graduated from the grade school last year. I do not go to high school.—There are eight in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 198.—I like to read the M. L. for its wonderful stories and poems. I also enjoyed the story about the diamond necklace.

I can read and write in Slovene for over two years and some day I will write a letter to the M. L. in Slovene. I like to read "Naš Kotiček" and Slovene stories and poems.—I would appreciate if some members would write to me, as I would answer them promptly. Best regards to all.

Anne Zager, Box 154, Willard, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years old and will be in the 5th grade next year. This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read. We are all members of the SNPJ, except my little brother.

Here is my snapshot.



Best regards to all.

Tony Bradley, Box 115, Blaine, O.

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Dear Editor:—

I am 15 years of age and I enjoy reading the M. L. This is my first letter to the M. L. When Mr. V. Cainkar, President of the SNPJ, visited Ely, he gave a wonderful speech about the SNPJ. I entertained him that evening by dancing at a banquet at White Iron Beach.

My brothers and sisters and I are members of the SNPJ.—I would like to get letters from members.

Best wishes to the readers and to the Editor.

Josephine Mavetz,

141 No. Central ave., Ely, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This being my first letter to the M. L. I want to tell you that I like the magazine very much. I am 15 years of age. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 111. There are 11 in our family, but two are away working. Working conditions are very poor here in Aurora. I will transfer into the adult department in July. I wish the M. L. would come out weekly as we all like to read it so much.

My biggest pal is my sister Nell, but now she went to Milwaukee, Wis., and I am very much lonesome without her.—On May 4 our Lodge No. 11 gave a dance and there was a big crowd. I would like to get letters from our members. Best wishes to all.

Mae J. Kocjancich, Box 604, Aurora, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—

This being my second letter to the M. L. I want to tell you that I like our magazine. Recently I passed from the 3rd to the 4th grade. Our school closed Monday, May 12. Our teacher was very good.

Best wishes to all the members.

Mary Babiak, Box 582, Barnesboro, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am very much interested in the M. L. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 33. This is my first letter to the M. L. No one from Ambridge has yet written to the M. L., so I thought I would start.—I wish some members would write to me.

Best regards to all. Margaret L. Peltz,

122 Maplewood ave., Ambridge, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I did not find time to write for the April issue. We went up in the mountains, after the school was out, June 6. There are many tourists here from all parts of the United States. In Cascade we have many tourists every summer. Pike's Peak auto highway goes through Cascade, and many cars go up every day to see the wonderful Peak which is snow covered all summer.

Our Lodge No. 94 had a dance May 10, the last one in last spring. Best regards.

John W. Mihelich,

602—26th st., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

Recently the census taker asked a man who came from Russia, why he left Russia. And the man answered: "Because I couldn't take it with me." The ne asked him if he will be able to support the United States. He answered: "How could I, when I have a wife and six children?"

Will write more next time.

Barbara Markovich,
721 E. Sheridan st., Ely, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. quite often and hope to continue. The weather here in Cleveland is nice and warm and hope it will last so. I am wishing Martin Novak a speedy recovery.

Herewith I am sending you my photo. I wish some members would write to me.



Tillie Klemen,
16119 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 21, except my little sister, but she soon will join also. I have five sisters and two brothers, and we live on a farm at Pinon, Colo. We have 320 acres of land, of which only 50 acres is cultivated field, the rest is for pasture.

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read from cover to cover. On March 1 I got burned very badly on my arms and legs, and now (as I write this letter, May 29) I am at the hospital at Pueblo, Colo. It is almost three months since I have been here, and my mother is sick at home now. We sure had a tough break, all right, but it may turn out better soon, I hope.

I wish every member good luck and best wishes to all.

Mary Stonich,
St. Marys Hospital, Pueblo, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 540. On May 3 we had a dance and had lots of fun. On May 16 our school had an exhibition at Warinaco Park. We had many drills and marches. Many schools were represented, and over 10,000 people attended. A band was playing during the drill. The school that

won was Cleveland school, and our school came next.

Soon we'll have examinations, and if I get promoted, I'll be in the 8th grade. I am 13 years old; my birthday comes in December. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Pasarich,
728 McKinley st., Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I did not write for a long time. We had Field Day on May 16 in Warinaco Park. All the schools in Elizabeth were there. They had races and exercises. The Jefferson high school played for us. Everybody was happy and had a good time.

Johnny Pasarich,
Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have just completed my term in grade school this spring. Next fall I will be a freshman in the Conemaugh high school. My sister who is fifteen years old is in the sophomore class in the Conemaugh high school. I will not give my age as it is of no importance.

The Park high school which I went to this winter, was out on the twenty third of April

I suppose that all or most of the members of the SNPJ have heard about the new English speaking lodge of the SNPJ organized in Johnstown, Pa. The number of this lodge is 684 and Friendly City is the name. It was organized last August with the help of Johnnie Lokar of Cleveland, Ohio. I am a Juvenile member of this lodge and enjoy myself being a member. I go to the monthly meetings. This lodge was the first English speaking lodge of the SNPJ ever organized in the Johnstown vicinity.

I wish that some of the brothers and sisters would write to me.

Best regards to all.

Ruth M. Zabrie, Park Hill, Pa.



RIDDLES

What is smaller than an ant's mouth?
—It's tongue, of course.

What does your mummie look for
and hope she will not find?—A hole in
your stocking.

Maurice Lesemann

BURGLARS

Did you ever know of a more noisy,
 more bunglesome pair of burglars
 Than wind and rain?
 Working all night to jimmy one door-
 lock, drawing diamond after diamond
 Down one pane?
 Then suddenly going wild and trying
 to throw the whole house
 Into a lane?
 They'll not get in, but when you walk
 around out of doors in the morning
 You'll find the loot
 They've scattered behind them because
 they weren't able to carry it:
 Cornhocks and fruit.
 Rain's a slow worker, but rain's more
 deadly in the long run;
 The wind's the brute.
 They'll not get in, not now. But every
 year some farmer's
 Roof is taken.
 And from the way they keep on coming,
 and the wild surly way
 Those doors are shaken,
 I'd not much wonder if they get us, too,
 when we're asleep sometime
 And fail to waken.

Edward Lear:

THE TABLE AND THE
CHAIR

Said the Table to the Chair,
 "You can hardly be aware
 How I suffer from the heat
 And from chilblains on my feet.
 If we took a little walk,
 We might have a little talk;
 Pray let us take the air,"
 Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
 "Now, you know we are not able;
 How foolishly you talk.
 When you know we cannot walk!"
 Said the Table with a sigh,
 "It can do no harm to try.
 I've as many legs as you:
 Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
 And walked about the town
 With a cheerful bumpy sound
 As they toddled round and round;
 And everybody cried,
 As they hastened to their side,
 "See! the Table and the Chair
 Have come out to take the air!"

