

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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## Naši mladini in staršem

S to številko prevzame novo uredništvo Prosvete v svoje direktno področje tudi urejevanje Mladinskega lista. Uredništvo se bo potrudilo predvsem, da bo nudilo mladini zanimivih povesti, basni in pesmi. Pazilo bo, da bo gradivo izbrano in lahko razumljivo, tako, da bo naš naraščaj z veseljem prečital sleherni prispevek. Upamo, da bomo s tem dali listu dovolj življenja, v naročnikih, v naši mladini in starših, pa vzbudili dovolj zanimanja za Mladinski list. Naša želja je, da bi list zahajal v sleherni slovensko hišo, kjer bijejo mlada slovenska srca, hrepeneča seznaniti se z našimi načeli in cilji.

Novo uredništvo si bo prizadevalo Mladinski list razširiti, privabiti večje število čitateljev in pridobiti mu več dopisovalcev v obeh jezikih. Gradivo bo vzgojevalno, poučljivo ter razvedrilno. Seznanjali bomo našo mladino tudi z domovino svojih staršev, da bo znala ceniti materin jezik in narod, iz katerega izhaja. Pri tem je potrebna napredno-kulturna vzgoja ter ucepitev delavske zavednosti, kajti naša mladina je mladina delavskih staršev.

Redno izdajanje lista je potrebno. Novo uredništvo si bo prizadevalo odpraviti zamudno delo v tiskarni, da bo list v rokah naročnikov vselej v prvi polovici meseca. V doglednem času se bo pa tudi skušalo izdajati list s prvim dnem v mesecu.

Na starših je veliko ležeče, da se Mladinski list razširi med našo mladino. Pri tem je potrebno sodelovanje. Starši naj pomagajo svojim otrokom pri čitanju: tolmačijo naj jim nerazumljive besede in pojme. S tem bo storjeno hvaležno delo. Vaši otroci bodo veliko pridobili, vi sami pa si boste šteli v zadovoljstvo in veselje, ko boste videli vaše otroke veselih obrazov listati strani Mladinskega lista.

Starši naše mladine, na delo za napredek vaših otrok in za boljše medsebojno umevanje!



Gustav Strniša:

## Tulipan

Na razkošnem vrtu je rasel na črni gredici lep bel tulipan. Ko se je razcvel, je bil tako krasen, da so mu vse sestrice-cvetke zavidale njegovo lepoto. Ptički pevci, ki so prihajali k rožicam vasovat, so pa pričeli o tulipanu peti pesem in raznašati njegovo slavo po svetu.

Tulipan se je prevzel, postal je ošaben. Ponosno je dvigal svojo prosojno glavico in kazal svoj čašasti cvet.

Priletel je gizdalinček, pisan metuljček, se laskavo zazibal okoli prelestnega tulipana in mu zašepetal:

“Dovoli mi, da se napijem tvoje medicine. Daleč po svetu bom zletel in povedal bratcem metuljem in sestricam cvetkam o tebi. Slaven postaneš!”

“Le pojdi po svetu, moje medicine pa ne dobiš,” je odvrnil tulipan in še bolj ošabno dvignil glavo.

Prihitela je vsa zasopla skromna devlavka čebela in zašumela:

“Daj mi medu, lepa cvetka! V svoj pisani panj ponesem med, ki bo sladak in dober. Iz satovja bo pa vlil svečar bele sveče, ki bodo lepo svetile.”

“Bodi zadovoljna z medom, ki ti ga dajejo druge cvetke, jaz ti ničesar ne dam,” je tulipan zapodel čebelico in dvignil svojo cvetno čašo še više.

Tedaj ga je zaprosila še biserna rosa:

Katka Zupančič:

## O muhi

Dečko bujne fantazije, ki je le malo pazil v šoli, je skoval skoraj vsako podano učno snov kar po svoje. O muhi n. pr. je povedal tole:

Muha. Muha je domača žival. Ima peroti, zato leti. Vseh skupaj ima šest nog: s prvimi si umiva obraz, z zadnjimi si briše peroti. Pa čeprav se umiva, vendar je nesnažna, ker nič ne gleda kod hodi. Najraje se vsede na nos, zato pravimo, da je nadležna. Mi se je ote-

“Biser-rosa sem. Naj kanem v tvojo prozorno čašo in zažarim na nji! Osvežila te bom. Tvoja glavica se bo zalesketala v solnčnem siju kakor blesteča kronica kraljice vil. Kdor te bo videl, te bo vesel. Ti boš pa zadovoljno zrl v solnčece, ki te ne bo moglo zmagati, zakaj jaz te bom ščitila pred njim. Ko bo solnce poslalo k tebi v posete svoje najbolj vroče žarke, da bi se poigrali s teboj in se napili tvoje krasote, te bom branila in se žrtvovala zate. Ti boš pa ostal cveteč in blesteč kakor dozđaj!”

“Braní sama sebe,” je odvrnil tulipan in še bolj visoko dvignil svoj cvet, da je kapljica kanila mimo njega na skromno mačeho, ki se je tako razveselila rosne kapljice, da je kar vztrepetala.

Jutro je minilo. Solnce je sijalo vse silneje in silneje. Cvetke so pobešale glavice in trpele, a tulipan je drzno gledal solncu v žareči obraz.

Ko je solnce zašlo, so se cvetke predramile iz vročične omotice. Vse so bile še žive. Ko so se pa ozrle po samotnem ošabnem tulipanu, ga ni bilo več. Le suho stebelce je ležalo na tleh. Poleg stebelca je pa ležal suh listič, ki je bil še zjutraj ponosen beli cvet.

“Sam je kriv,” je dejala skromna mačeha, ki je vedela, da ji je dobra rosna kapljica rešila nežno življenje.

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pamo z roko, živina pa z repom. Največji mušji sovražnik je s sladkim limom pomazan papir.

Majhnim muhicam pravimo mušice. Te se delajo iz vina, zato niso nesnažne.

Nekateri ljudje imajo svoje muhe, te so človeške muhe. Ljudem, ki imajo tako sorto muh, pravimo, da so muhasti. Teh muh nikdar ne vidimo, ker jih nosijo skrite v glavi.

Katka Zupančič:

## OČE SINU

Ko sem bil tvojih let—  
 sinko moj—  
 le malo vedel sem, da sem bil mlad;  
 le paša, šola, delo, večkrat glad—  
 hudo je bilo to zares.  
 Toda, i lepih dni sem imel vmes.

Za šolo bil sem vnet—  
 sinko moj—  
 pohajal sem jo rad, do nje toda  
 je bilo ure pol in več hoda.  
 A pot je krasna bila, hej!  
 me spremljal je živ-žav iz živih mej.

O ko bi slišal ti—  
 sinko moj—  
 ko je nad glavo mi škrjanček pel,  
 in videl travnik, ki je ves cvetel,  
 in potok čist—srebrno nit—  
 dolini blagoslov ter lep nakit.

In sela naša, ta—  
 sinko moj—  
 so skromna, a živahna so čez dan;  
 pa z drevjem, vrtom je vsak stan obdan.  
 Ljudje? Če prideš kdaj med nje,  
 boš našel več poštenja tam, ko kje.

Okrog doline te—  
 sinko moj—  
 se vzpenjajo gorice in gore,  
 ki večkrat se z nevihtami bore.  
 A v vznožju trte, žlahtni sad,  
 in hrami, kjer pozablja se na jad.

Ko bil sem tvojih let—  
 sinko moj—  
 le malo vedel sem, da sem bil mlad.  
 A iz spominov teh povedal bi ti rad,  
 da več lepot domači kraj  
 mi nudil je, ko vsa tujina kdaj!



*Poleti v parku.*

## Mukica in dolgouhec

Majda je imela prijeznega oslička, ki jo je imel zelo rad, da, rajši od vseh drugih človeških bitij. Njegov največji prijatelj pa je bila mlada kravica Mukica, ki si jo je lastil sosedov Milan. Dobil jo je bil, ko je bila še majhen teliček.

Tako sta živela kravica in osliček skupaj v istem hlevu, ki je stal ob koncu vrta. Jedla sta iz enega korita, pasla se na enem travniku in nikoli se nista sprla. Tako je minulo leto dni.

Spomladi je zbolel sosedov Milan in njegova roditelja sta ga poslala k tetki v mesto. Poprej je vedno Milan skrbel za Mukico in jo vodil na pašo, ker ni nihče drugi utegnil. Roditelja sta zdaj odvedla Mukico k Dobravčevim, ki so imeli posestvo onkraj gozda, kako uro hoda od Milanovega doma.

Dolgouhec je ostal sam v svojem hlevu in se oziral zdaj na desno, zdaj na levo, a Mukice ni bilo od nikoder. Ko je videl, da je ne bo dočakal, in je naposled razumel, da se Mukica sploh ne bo več vrnila, je žalostno pobesil glavo in solze so mu zalile oči. "Kaj bom delal sam?" si je mislil in vsako minuto se mu je bolj tožilo po Mukici. Zvečer je prišla Majda v hlev in mu prinesla jabolko, toda Dolgouhec danes ni ma-

ral zanj. Majda ga je pobožala po glavi in mu šepetala na uho nežne besede, a Dolgouhec se ni hotel razveseliti. Naposled so prišli v hlev tudi Majdina roditelja in hlapci in gledali oslička in niso mogli razumeti, kaj mu je. Mislili so, da je zbolel in da bo jutri morda boljši, ko se prespi. In tako so spet vsi odšli.

Drugo jutro je Majda zarana vstala in hitela v hlev, da vidi, kako se počuti Dolgouhec, a glej, o osličku ni bilo ne duha ne sluha. Vrata hleva in lesa na vrtu, vse je bilo odprto in Majda je bila prepričana, da je nekdo ukradel Dolgouhca.

Majda je hitro poklicala vso služinčad in vsi so jeli iskati oslička. Iskali so ga povsod ter ga klicali in vabili, a Dolgouhca ni bilo od nikoder. Tisti mah pa je prišel Dobravčev hlapec in povedal, da so našli zjutraj Dolgouhca v hlevu. Sam je bil našel pot do tja in se postavil k Mukici, ki se ga je silno razveselila. Tedaj so vsi razumeli, zakaj je bil Dolgouhec prejšnji večer tako žalosten in zakaj je pobegnil. Nu, Majda je pa prosila očeta in mater, da sta kupila od sosedovih Mukico in od tistih dob sta spet složno in zadovoljno živela v skupnem hlevu.



Katka Zupančič:

## Tonček in Johnny

**O**BA sta približno istih let. Živita pa: prvi tam, v domovini Sloveniji; a drugi tu, v deželi strica Sama. Oba sta šolarja, a Tonček je še razen šolarja pastir.

Ni vselej hudo biti pastir, kajti i pastirovanje ima svoje lepe strani, to je res; a dejstva, da se medtem, ko Tonček pase, Johnny lepo naspi in spočitega telesa ter spočitega duha dospe v šolo, tega dejstva ne smemo prezreti. Saj s tem je slednjemu dan prvi pogoj, da v šoli lahko napreduje, če le hoče in če je količkaj odprte glave.

Vse drugače pa je s Tončkom, ki je šolar in pastir, pastir jedva polovico svoje šolske dobe sploh, ne vštévši počitnic. Te so za Tončka le v toliko počitnice, kolikor se tiče šole.

Toliko uvoda k naslednjima sličicama, ki kažeta razliko med življenjem otrok kmetских staršev v Sloveniji—saj so naši tamošnji rojaki v pretežni večini kmetskega stanu—ter življenjem tu živečih otrok delavskega sloja, ki je tu najbolj zastopan.

### Tončkovo junijsko jutro.

Tonček! Hej, Tonček! Brž pokonci! Solnce bo vsak čas na nebu, ti pa si še pod odejo. Le hitro, mudi se na pašo!

Tonček se na pol dvigne, pa pade nazaj in sanja dalje: vstaja, se oblači —

Naenkrat začuti, da ga nekdo stresa za ramo. Tonček si pomane oči in se toliko predrami, da spozna očeta, ki stoji ob postelji, prigovarjajoč mu: "Kar hitro se spravi na noge; živina komaj čaka. Drugi so že zdavnaj zunaj; ti boš zadnji; ali te ne bo sram? Domov boš pa seveda hotel prvi; a če bo živina sita, zato se ne vpraša, kajne! Pred osmo uro ne smeš gnati živine domov, da veš!"

"Pa, oče, ob devetih moram biti v šoli in daleč je; zamuditi pa ne smem." potarna Tonček, ki je medtem že klecnil

na noge in si pripenjal oguljene platnene hlačice ob naramnice.

Molče se je oče zazrl v Tončkov klobuk, ki ga je bil pobral s tal in tuhtal: "Da, da, ta šola! Komaj čakam, da je bo enkrat konec. Živina bo imela potem več reda in"—ozrl se je na sina—"ta bo mi razen paše še kje kaj pomagal pri delu, dokler seveda ne doraste in ne odide za starejšima dvema v tujino—. To ima človek od otrok: prav, ko bi bili za rabo, pa gredo." Glasno pa doda: "Upam, da si se že lahko naučil toliko, kolikor ti je potreba znanja; za doktorja pa ne kaniš študirati, ali da? Peto leto že guliš šolske klopi; po mojem bi bilo to dovolj, če ne preveč. Škoda časa!"

Dečku so bile te besede že znane, saj jih ni slišal danes prvič. Povesil je glavo in išoč svoj poteptani klobuk, je štorkljal s svojimi nerodnimi, po bratu podedovanimi čevlji sem in tja. "Ah, saj vidim, da imaš še kurjo slepoto," je dejal oče, in mu precej na trdo potisnil klobuček na glavo. "Tako, zdaj pa hitro!" in zapustila sta hišo.

"Kje naj pasem danes, oče?" vpraša Tonček že blizu hleva, "ali na Tratah?"

"Za njivami boš pasel," je odredil oče. Tončku je kar zastalo—.

Za njivami, tam da bi pasel? In sam, brez pomoči? Tam, kjer bi moral imeti pet parov nog in prav toliko parov oči, pa bi bilo še težko obvladati živino, ki sili na letino; težko je bilo Tončku pri srcu. Dolg proseč pogled je uprl v očeta. Toda ta se razhudi: "Kaj cincaš še? Ali ne vidiš, da se mi mudi nazaj na delo, in živini na pašo?"

Deček se z besedo ni upal več ugovarjati ker res, solnce se je že zlatilo na obzorju.

Urno kolikor so mu pač dopuščale nespočite noge in preveliki čevlji, je korčil v hlev. Trenutek nato se je že komotala živina iz hleva, glava za gla-

vo. "Za Metko poprosim!" se je Tonček oprijel rešilne misli.

"Pa bi šla" — spodtaknil se je ob hlevni prag — "pa bi šla Metka z menoj, da bi pomagala, ker Liski sami bi bilo komaj dveh pastirjev," je glasneje poprosil očeta, ki je že odhajal na delo.

"Kaj še, Metka je z materjo na njivi. Grude tolčefa," je začul očetov odgovor že izza vogala.

S šibo oborožen je žalosten stopal za živino in premišljeval: rad hodi v šolo in rad je pastir, toda pasel bi rad samo popoldne, po šoli, ne pa zarana in ne na takih prostorih, ko je za Njivami. Pa ravno zjutraj ga pošiljajo na take pašnike, kjer je pastirju najtežje. Da bi ga poslali past, recimo, na Trate, je tuhtal dalje, tam bi vsaj lahko malo počival, ko je pa zjutraj navadno truden in zaspan. A boje se, da bi tam zaspal. O saj ne bi; samo enkrat se je bilo to zgodilo, pa je bil potem doma sodnji dan.

Oha, zaviti je treba na levo, se je spomnil. Hitro je pognal nekoliko zastala vola in obdržel naprej; obšel vodnico Lisko in njeno tekmovalko Belko ter ju napotil v pravo smer.

Mali Belček, te peteroglave rogate družine najmlajši član, je stopal mirno za vsemi. Tega je imel Tonček najrajši.

"Ko bi bila vsa živina taka, ko si ti. Belček moj, o da, potem bi lahko pasel kjerkoli, tudi za Njivami," je vzdihnil in jel zopet premišljevat, dokler ni dospel z živino za Njive.

Kažoč govedi dolgo šibo, je stopil hitro v odsprej, da bi mu ta tako lahko ne uhajala skozi pomanjkljivo živo mejo na škodo. Svareče je poklical Lisko, ki je že prihuljeno iskala ugodno pot. V tem se je že Belka oddaljila od ostale govedi in ker se za njegov klic ne zmenila, je moral tja, da jo zavrne.

Ubogi Tonček! Kako lepo je prav v tem kotastem zatišju, pa on nima danes ne volje še manj pa časa, da bi vse to videl. Do kolen moker od rose smrca zdaj sem, zdaj tja. Kaj je njemu do krasnega jutranjega ptičjega koncerta? Toliko, da obrne oči za skokonogim zaj-

cem, ki jo ubira prav mimo njega. Ne zmeni se za prepelice, ki si glasno do-povedujejo, da meri strn že pet pedi. Solčni žarki, ki ga božajo od strani, mu ne morejo izvabiti veselja.

Iz daljave sliši brušenje kos, a se ne zanima, kdo ima danes kosce in kje kose, pa, dali imajo šopke za klobuki.

Samo eno skrb ima Tonček in ta je večja od njega.

"Zaboga, Liska se je potajila, ne vidim je; a tam Sivec že gleda, kako bi se dalo priti v sosedovo korenje. Za Lisko moram pogledati. Nazaj, Sivec! Nazaj!" zakliče in odhiti iščoč z očmi kravjo porednico. Huduje se nad grmovjem, da menda samo zato raste, da služi živini za kritje, kadar se ji zahoče delati neprilike pastirju.

Kajpada je našel Lisko že v domači koruzi, in nemarnica, mesto da bi se hitro vrnila, odkoder je prišla, se je spustila le še globlje v polje in pri tem postrigla še par betev več; Tonček jo je pa rezal za njo, kar so ga nesle noge. Komaj jo prižene nazaj, že jo je moral ubrati za Sivcem, ki si je medtem že s sosedovim korenjem sladkal svoje volovsko življenje.

Toda Sivec je bil vsaj poštenjši od Liske. Urno je poiskal vrzel, skozi katero je bil prilezel prej na njivo, toda predno je zamogel spraviti svoje okorno telo skozi ožino, je že padalo po njegovi zadnji plati, da nikoli tega. Tončku pa je nekoliko odleglo. Ali Sivcu se je zdelo, da je bilo le preveč kazni za tistih par založajev še ne dorasle korenjevice. Stresal je z glavo in božal svoj križ z repom ter očitajoče gledal za Tončkom, ki je že spet odhajal, da še pravočasno prekriza Liskine zlobne načrte.

Sivec ni silil več na njive. Pač pa je poskusil srečo njegov tovariš Dvoran; a tudi ta jo je izkupil.

Ko je Belka ostrigla še nekaj koruz in si Liska določila še nekoliko krompirjevice, se je zdelo Tončku, da je solnce že toliko visoko, da sme proti domu. S precejšnjim trudom je spravil živino na pot.

Spotoma je še objel belega telička, ki mu vse jutro ni prizadjal nobenih skrbi. Vsa druga žival pa, zavedajoč se svoje krivde, je skušala priti iz območja njegove okrnjene šibe.

Bližajoč se domu, je Tončka glodala druga skrb: bal se je, da bo za dom prezgoden in bal se je, da bo za šolo pozen. Tolažil se je, da morda očeta topot ne bo doma, mati pa ne bo gledala za četrto ure.

Toda, bil je pozen. Mati ga je pričakovala na dvorišču. Hitro mu je vzela šibo iz rok in hitela: "Le brž, Tonček! Metka je že odšla; tričetrto na deveto je. Bom že jaz napojila in priklenila živino. Ti pa se hitro umij; preobleci si srajco in hlače! Zajtrk imaš pred pečjo. Hitro se obrni in teci v šolo, da ne zamudiš!"

Tonček ni počakal konca. Stekel je k vodnjaku; si tam kar iz korita vrgel prgišče vode v obraz in že je tekel proti hiši. Med potjo je slekel od potu vlažno srajco in se obrisal vanjo,—kdo bi mislil sedaj na brisačo! Vrgel je v veži čevlje z marogasto umazanih nog; hitro je nato zamenjal hlače, oblekel pripravljeno srajco in hitel pred peč. Pil je malo mleka in vtaknil pripravljeni

košček kruha v žep. Posegel je na polico po torbici; skočil še enkrat do vodnjaka, pljusnil si vode na noge in potegnul parkrat z roko po marogah. Nato se je pa spustil v tek proti šoli.

Ves zasopljen pridrvi Tonček pred šolsko poslopje. Pred vhodom postoji, pridržajoč težko sapo prisluhne. Zasllišavši učiteljev strogi glas iz šolske sobe, potegne z roko preko znojnega čela. "Toraj sem vendar zamudil!" žalostno ugotovi. Namah začuti težo v nogah, težo v glavi; še celo torbica ga teži.

Počasnih korakov se povspne po stopnicah in stoji pred vratmi šolske sobe. Obotavlja jih odpre in boječe stopi notri.

"Pa kje si bil, da si spet zamudil?"

"Pasel sem," je bil tihi odgovor.

"Boš pa popoldne po pouku sedel tukaj za pokoro," tako strogi učitelj. Strahoma pojasnjuje Tonček, da mora takoj po šoli iti zopet na pašo.

"Tebi mora biti šola prvo, potem šele pašo!" ga pouči učitelj in mu namigne, naj gre na svoj prostor. "Govoril bom z očetom," še dostavi.

"Da bi le kaj pomagalo," pomisli Tonček in potisne torbico v klop.



*Pri delu.*

Rose Fyleman:

## Vila, ki je padla v pisemski nabiralnik

Nekoč je živela pritlikava vila,<sup>1)</sup> ki je pomotoma zašla v pisemski nabiralnik. Ker je bila precej radovedna, je poskušala pogledati v nabiralnik, kar je nekdo potisnil skozi odprtino veliko pismo, ki je pahnilo vilo v notrino. Iz pisemskega nabiralnika se ni lahko rešiti, a vrh tega si je pri padcu raztrgala krilce.

Pisma niso bila nič kaj vljudna napram njej.

"Nič nimaš opraviti tukaj," je dejalo debelo modro pismo z rdečim pečatom. "To ni dovoljeno. Uradniki so zelo strogi."

"Prav žal mi je, gospod," je odvrnila vila, "a ne morem pomagati."

"Ne vem, kaj poreče poštar, ko te bo zagledal," je dostavilo močno dišeče pismo v bledem, nageljčkastordečem ovitku.<sup>2)</sup>

Pridi in sedi poleg mene, gospodična," jo je povabil debeluhast časnik.<sup>3)</sup> "Pazil bom nate, da te ne poškodujejo."

Vila je šla in sedla poleg njega in časnik jo je ščitil pred pismi, ki so frčala v nabiralnik.

Časnik je kmalu sprevidel, kak ljubek stvorček je vila in je na vse pretege izmišljal pripomočke, da bi jo spravil iz nabiralnika.

"Kaj je s tvojim poškodovanim krilcem?" je vprašal. "Ali se bo dalo popraviti?"

"Lahko si ga dam popraviti doma," je odgovorila vila. "Pajek zna krasno krpati. Ampak razparek je velik in težko, da bi mogla leteti s takim krilom."

Časnik se je globoko zamislil.

"Ena izmed mojih znamk<sup>4)</sup> je dokaj slabo prilepljena," je dejal. "Ali bi bila ta za to?"

"O seveda," je rekla vila. "Ali jo pa lahko pogrešiš?"

"Kot nalašč, prilepili so mi pol dinarsko znamko preveč," je odvrnil časnik. "Ali jo moreš odlepiti?"

To je rekel zgolj iz vljudnosti. Vedel je, da so njegove znamke v redu in vsakemu pismu je mrzko, če ni pravilno opremljeno z znamkami. To povzroča ljudem, ki sprejmejo pismo, veliko nejevoljo.

Ali časnik je imel rad majceno vilo in ji je hotel pomagati.

Vila je z njegovo pomočjo in nasvetom odlepila znamko in jo prilepila čez zev na svojem krilu. Bila mu je zelo hvaležna. Krilo je bilo sicer sedaj precej nenavadno, ali lahko je odletela, čim je poštar odprl nabiralnik. "Smešno," je dejal poštar ženi tisti večer. "Za trdno mislim, da je bil metulj danes v mojem nabiralniku."

"Dobro, jaz pa ne! Kaj se vse ne pripeti!" je odvrnila žena.

Ampak, če prejmete kako pismo, ki ni pravilno označeno, nikar se hudovati! Moglo bi biti baš tisto, ki je dalo svojo znamko vili.

1) vila, a fairy.

2) red carnation-like package.

3) časnik, newspaper.

4) znamka, a stamp.





Utva:

## PESEM O VETRU

Veter razgrajač,  
veter pometač,  
brez metle pometa,  
sproti spet razmeta.

V drevju završi,  
preko streh buči,  
v hišo butne,  
vrata zaloputne.

Na gredice plane,  
drobno cvetje zmane,  
preko polja gre,  
zlato klasje stre.

Veter rokovnjač  
veter razgrajač,  
čudni pometač . . .

Očka solnce gleda,  
ako mu preseda,  
kar grduh počne,  
za oblak se skrije,  
ploho nanj izlije  
in ga ukroti.

Vetra nič več ni,  
bogve kam zavije  
postopač?

Marija Grošljeva:

## UGANKE, ZVITE ZANKE

Dve tici.

1.

Jaz pa vem za čudno tico,  
ne spodi od nas je mraz,  
nima kljunčka, ne peroti,  
pa je pridnosti dokaz.

(pe-tica, -red)

2.

V vročem gnezdu se zvali,  
pesmi sladkih ne žgoli,  
saj je sama sladka.  
Glejta, Ljubče, Vladka,  
nič ne skače, ne frči,  
kar na mizici čepi,  
našopirjena od slasti;  
skoro, skoro vama bo  
gugala se bradka.

(po-tica)

Besedna igra.

1.

Prečitaj prav jo in narobe,  
beseda se ne spremeni  
in slišiš ga, če konj krdelo  
po cesti lahnih nog hiti.  
A če besedo razdeliš,  
besedi novi dve dobiš.  
Beseda druga—dva pomena,  
naporna je, boleznini znak,  
ali te vodi vsepovsodi,  
kamor nameriš svoj korak.

topot, to pot

2.

V mestu dosti običajno  
moško krstno je ime,  
če razstaviš ga na zloge,  
dve besedi ti pove.  
Druga—poljska je cvetica  
ki neguje jo kmetica,  
umna, dobra gospodinja,  
da se ji napolni skrinja.  
Vso besedo preokreni—  
zdaj k zaključku ti želim,  
da nikoli ne nasedel,  
nikdar ne bi šel — —

Milan, na him

3.

Pet črk ima in zloga dva,  
okreni črkam red,  
spremene ni, imaš kot prej  
besedo isto spet.  
V davnini bil nekoč—  
za greh je strašna kazen  
in skoro bi zgodilo se,  
da bil bi svet ves prazen.  
Le drugi zlog—grozotni glas  
rohni čez hrib in plan,  
njegovo žrelo je pekel,  
in nosi tisoč ran.

topot, topot

Kotka Zupančič:

## MILKA IN PTICA

Na vrtu pri hiši  
je ptičica pela;  
ob oknu pa Milka  
je bolna sedela.  
Poslušala ptičko  
sedmi že dan.

Je ptica zletela  
v gnezdece svoje,  
kjer čakalo nanjo  
mladičev je troje;  
povedala jim je  
Milkino bol.

— Kaj, Milka, je tebi? —  
je ptica žgolela.  
— Po volji sem svoji  
imeti hotela;  
zato pa pri oknu  
bolna sedim. —

— Otroki preljubi, —  
tako jim je djala,  
— ni deklica bedna  
ubogati znala,  
zato za pokoro  
bolna sedi.

Prevdarnosti nimaš,  
dokler si negoden;  
prestopok ti lahko  
postane usoden,  
če gluh si za modrih  
staršev nasvet. —

Albin Čebular:

## SLIŠITE!

V Mladinskem oddelku smo junaki,  
junaki, veste, taki,  
ki bistre imamo glavice,  
se učimo brez težavice.

Le v naše kroge brž stopite,  
le v naše kroge se strnite.

Kdorkoli prišel bo med nas,  
pozdravimo ga vsaki čas;  
le vkup, le vkup, juhej, juhej,  
pri nas ni krajev in ni mej.

## ŠALE ZA MALE

Maščevanje.

“Gospod učitelj, prosim vas, povejte  
mi, kdo je iznašel šolo?”

“Šolo je iznašel Karel Veliki, dragi  
sinko!”

“Ali je že umrl?”

“Da, že pred mnogimi stoletji!”

“Prav mu je, gospod učitelj!”

\*

Gospod vpraša šoferja: “Kdaj vozite  
z največjo brzino?”

Šofer: “Kadar sem koga povozil in  
se bojim policije!”

\*

Janezek je bil ves dan poreden, in  
oče, ko se je zvečer vrnil z dela, ga je  
položil čez koleno, da mu nameri zaslu-  
ženo kazen.

Tedajci pa se zadere Janezek na ves  
glas: “Prosim te, očka, danes bolj na-  
lahko, mamica mi je oblekla tenke po-  
letne hlačke!”

Gustav Strniša:

## SVATOVANJE

Jež<sup>1)</sup> gre v svate: na bodice  
je zelenje dal,  
za klobuček pa cvetlice  
in počasi odcapljal.

Črni kos<sup>2)</sup> se danes ženi,  
siromaček bos svatuje,  
vendar poje v dan megljeni,  
vabi v svate in piruje.

Iz želodovih že kopic  
čisto roso družba pije;  
bober,<sup>3)</sup> ded širokih šapic  
jo pijan razlije.

Tenkonoga pastirica<sup>4)</sup>  
jim veselo svira,  
a pomaga ji sinica,<sup>5)</sup>  
ki med svati par izbira.

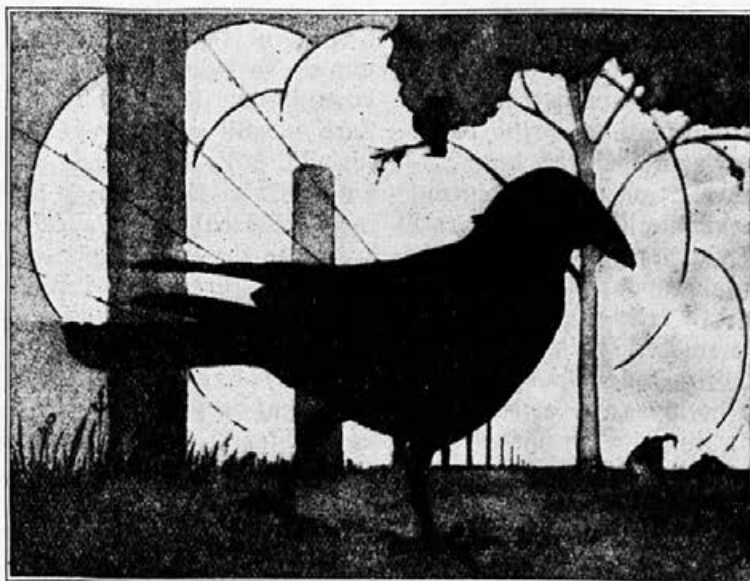
Brez skrbi se radostijo,  
skačejo po trati,  
vriskajo in žvrgolijo—  
juh—pomladni svati.

- 
- 1) jež, porcupine.  
2) črni kos, blackbird.  
3) bober, beaver.  
4) shepherd bird.  
5) sinica, European bird.

Marija Grošljeva:

## PRI PALČKIH

Deželo vso pokrije tvoja dlan,  
deset minut je ondi noč in dan,  
in palček ljubi svojo očetnjava,  
poseben red ima in svoje pravo:  
naprstnik zbral si palček je za hiško,  
za slona ceni in spoštuje miško.  
Pritlično drevje tenko je ko las,  
pet hišk—naprstnikov je cela vas.  
Svilena nitka je debela vrv  
in som orjaški nežna je postrv.  
Donebne gore poljske so krtine,  
peščena zrna—gruče in skaline.  
Požrešni jastreb je brenčča muha,  
drobtinica je palčku hlebec kruha.  
Je morje nedogledno žabja mlaka,  
mogočna vojska—palčka dva, vojaka.  
Šivanka ni, da vdevala bi nitko,  
ž njo palček se poda v krvavo bitko.  
Po travicah se milostivo huška,  
če tehta le en gram, je debeluška.  
Na travnih bilkah rosa je poplava,  
gorje, gorje, če vtone vsa država.  
Naprstnik zbral si palček je za hiško,  
pri igri brca mesto žoge—šiško.



Črni kos.

Julij Nardin:

## K reki

PEPČEK je prisopihal do križpota, kjer je Tonček že čakal. Ko se je ozrl, je videl, da jo tudi Jurček že maha. Nekaj vriskov in vzklikov v pozdrav in družba je krenila proti reki.

Pot je bila dolga, solnce je žgalo, sence nobene. Pepček je bil ves srečen, da se mu bo vendarle uresničila dolgo gojena želja. Zmenil se ni ne za vročino ne za prah, bil je vedno za nekaj korakov, pred tovarišema. Jurček se je bal solnčarice. Slekkel si je srajco in jo obesil na raklo, ki jo je našel v grmovju. Tako je imel solnčnik, s katerim je senčil vso družbo.

Ko so prišli do žitnega polja, je zapažil, da je to vse živo. S senčilom je zamahnil, nakar se je med močnim frfotanjem dvignil temen oblak samih vrabcev. Pepček je videl prvič toliko ptičev skupaj. Iznenadilo ga je in preplašilo. "Ko bi imel puško ali limanice ali mrežo, bi polovil vse te poljske tatonve," je rekel ogorčeno. "Vsuj vsakemu na rep nekaj zrn soli, in vrabci bodo tvoji," mu je hudomušno svetoval Tonček. "Dobro," ga je jezno zavrnil. "storil bom tako, če mi prepustiš nekaj zrn iz svoje obilne zaloge, ki jo imaš v betici, kakor se vedno sam hvališ." Tončka je zasrbelo v nos. Med prijateljema je nastala velika napetost, ki jo je hotel Jurček zmanjšati s pripovedko. "Poslušajta, kaj sem doživel s temi ptiči. Hodili so k nam na okno, kjer smo imeli kanarčke v kletki. Kar je mati nateknila med žice: piškote, bar, sladkor, vse so vrabci pobrali in odnesli. Ščasoma so postali tako predrzni, da so se izprehajali nemoteno celo po sobi in jo mazali s svojimi odpadki. Mati je bila zato jako huda nanje, a sam sem skoval načrt da jih polovim. Zaprl sem vsa okna razen enega, ki sem ga pustil priprtega. K temu oknu sem postavil mizo in nanjo kletko, sam sem se pa tam blizu skrbno skrtil. Kar priskaklja kri-lati sivec. Bil je lep samec, gizdalin s črno kravato. Gledal je sem, gledal

tja in se oprezno bližal sladkemu kruhu na kletki. Takrat pa jaz mahnem z roko, da se je okno zaprlo, in vrabec je bil ujet. Frčal je in se zaletaval na vse strani, dokler ga nisem spravil pod klo-buk. Ko sem ga imel v roki in sem čutil njegovo togoto in mu videl v oči, se mi je zasmilil in ga nisem mogel zadržati, kakor bi bil ta tat zaslužil. Iskal sem kletko, da bi ga vanjo zaprl, on pa me je tako uščipnil v roko, da sem ga nehote izpustil. "Čiv, živ, čiv, živ" je zakričal in odletel skozi okno, ki ga je bil veter medtem odprl. "Čiv, živ, čiv, živ" je kričal tudi zunaj, da so ga slišali njegovi sorodniki in odfrčali za njim. Dolgo časa po tem dogodku je imel naš kanarček mir pred njimi. Gotovo jim je moral ubežnik povedati vse, kar se je z njim pripetilo in so si morali to tudi dobro zapomniti."

Čivkanje vrabcev, ki so se spustili v dolgem loku na drugo oddaljeno polje, je postajalo šibkeje in šibkeje, a drugi glasovi posebne vrste so se pojavljali. "Kaj je to?" je vprašal Pepček nape-njajoč ušesa. "To je popoldanski koncert, ki ga prirejajo skržati na čast vročemu solncu." Pepček je že dosti slišal o njih, a jih ni še poznal. Pravili so mu, da so kakor velikanske muhe s čukovo glavo. Rad bi bil ulovil katerega. Zato je silil proti drevesu, odkoder se je čulo, kakor bi suvali po orehih. A ko je bil že blizu, ga je skržat zapazil in brenčeč odletel. Pepček je videl, da lov na te živali ni lahak, kar mu je pri-trdil tudi Jurček. Poizkusil je še dva-krat, trikrat lovsko srečo, toda vselej brez uspeha. Nenadoma se je ustavil in začel vohati zrak, kakor bi hotel spoznati, kaj je v njem. "Kako hladen je in prijeten." Nič čudnega ni," je pri-pomnil Jurček, saj smo že ob reki. Vi-diš to grmovje! To je ob enem bregu, ono tam daleč je pa ob drugem."

Še nekoliko korakov in odprl se jim je veličasten razgled. Globoko, globo-ko se je svetlikala in kot kača vila voda

med razmetanim skalovjem, ki je bilo deloma golo, deloma obraslo z grmovjem. Ponekod so visele pečine, kot bi hotele zdaj zdaj strmoglaviti v globino. Pepček je ostrmel. "Vidiš, kakšno strugo si je znala napraviti naša reka! Kako je razkosala skalovje! Izpodkopavala ga je, dokler se ni pretrgalo zaradi svoje teže. Kako se je moralo vse tresti, ko so se valili orjaki, ki molijo iz vode! Vidiš Kreto tam na sredi? Kako butajo valovi vanjo! Tja plavamo, če nas preganja stražnik. Više ob bregu štrli proti nebu Olimp. Na njem smo se pred kratkim bili belci s črnici. Še više, kjer se vrstijo v vodi tri skale zaporedoma, je naše kopališče." Nenadoma pa se je obrnila pozornost na velikega tiča, ki je krožil pod robom visečega brega. "Sokol nadzoruje svoj dom, ki ga ima na nedostopnem kraju."

Prišli so do hudo strme steze. Po njej so se spustili navzdol. Drčali so skozi grmovje, odmikajoč veje, ne meneč se ne za udare, ne za vbode. Bližina reke jih je popolnoma omamila. Zdajci se je zasvetlikalo izpod grmovja in Pepček je obstal. Med skalami se je voda lesketala v solncu. Menjajoča se živozelena in modra barva ga je očarala. Zdelo se mu je, da so v tej tekočini raztopljeni sami smaragdi, safiri in demanti, sami žlahtni kameni, kakršne je videl pri zlatarju. Jurček ga je potegnil naprej in kmalu so bili na prođu med visokimi skalami. Reka se jim je tu pokazala v vsej svoji širini. "To je morje!" je vzkliknil Pepček in se ni upal stopiti v vodo. Po zeleni barvi je sodil, da mora biti hudo globoka. "Ne," mu je odvrnil Jurček, "to je le naša bistra reka, krasna hči planin. Le stopi vanjo, saj nisi iz cukra!" Pepček se je opogumil, ko je videl, da sega Tončka le do kolen, in je previdno stopal, držeč se Jurčka za pas.

Prišli so na pesek, kjer so se solnčili že nekateri zgodnji plavači. Slekli so se in šli takoj v vodo. Pepčku so odkazali prostor, kjer je bila voda bolj plitva, a ni mu bilo prav, saj je na postelji imenitno plaval, tudi na pesku se

je izkazal mojster, in v sanjah se je celo v zraku dvigal, mahajoč z rokami. Ko je poizkušal svojo umetnost v vodi, je bil razočaran. Voda ga ni držala. Potapljal se je in pil in zopet pil, da ga je Jurček moral opozoriti, naj pusti nekaj tudi za plavače. Trdno je bil prepričan, da ga voda ne nosi, ker je preplitva, a v globoko se ni upal. Gledal je Tončka, ki se je sicer težko, a vendar srečno spustil po vodi, potem je opazoval Jurčka ki je plaval kot žaba, kot pes, kot zajec na trebuhu in hrbtu, celo stoje. Potapljanje se mu ni zdelo nič posebnega, ko se je on celo nehote "potunkal." Gledal je in premišljal. Medtem se mu je začel čelodec oglašati. Bil je lačen. Duh po krompirju, ki so ga pekli sosedje, ga je še bolj dražil. Jurček je videl, da mora Pepčka nasititi, sicer mu omaga na poti domov. Poslal je Tončka po krompir, ki so ga v kratkem času že pekli. Pepček še nikoli ni jedel tako dobrega. Nasičeni so se pripravljali na odhod. Težko in nerodno so se spenjali po strmini. Sedaj je Pepček šele spoznal, kako visok je breg.

Na vrhu so morali počivati, a ne dolgo. Tonček je opazil, da so se cigani utaborili poleg njive, na kateri je bil izkopal krompir. Od tistega kraja se je razlegal velik krik. Radovedni so šli tja in opazili, da zmerja kmet cigane s tatovi, ki kradejo kakor srake. Niti bornega krompirja ne morejo pustiti na miru. Cigani pa so se zaklinjali na Boga in na vse svetnike, da so nedolžni. Pepček se je nameraval potegniti zanje, kar je Jurček preprečil. "Ciganom nihče ne verjame. Kmet tudi tebi ne bi verjel. Mislil bi, da ga imaš za norca in bi te sunil. Škoda, ki jo trpi zaradi tvoje lakote, mu hočemo poravnati, da ne bo niti slutil zakaj. Za cigane pa ne skrbi: kmet je babjeveren in se jih boji."

Odpravili so se domov. Utrujeni so komaj vzdigovali noge. Domov so prišli vsi izmučeni in lačni. Pepček je zarana legel počivati, a duh mu je blodil vso noč ob divjem bregu krasne hčerke naših planin.

Rose Fyleman:

## Pevska tekma

V kuhinji kmečke hiše je bila velika pevska tekma. Bilo je toplo poletno popoldne in hiša je bila prazna. Vse je odšlo na travnike pomagat pri senu.

Toplomer je bil glavni presojevalec. Toplomeri so zmeraj silno modri stvorari. Vedo celo kakšno bo vreme. Zrcalo mu je pomagalo. Tudi to je bilo izkušeno; dobilo je izkustvo od čestega kazanja.

Kanarček je bil prvi tekmeč. Bil je prepričan da bo dobil prvo nagrado in nedvomno je imel lep, zvonek glas. "Nekoliko vrešči," so izjavili ocenjevalci. Kanarček je bil ogorčen do skrajnosti; bil je navajen odnesti prvo darilo.

Nato je prišel na vrsto šivalni stroj. Njegovo drdranje ni bilo sicer kaj zanimivo, a dobil je povsem dobre ocene in je bil na videz zadovoljen.

"Vsekakor sem koristen," je dejal. "Nimam dosti časa, da bi mislil na poklone."

Babica ura se je dobro odrezala. Prosila je, da bi ji dovolili odbiti ure, in jih je odbila s prav čistim zvokom. "Menim, da bi morala dobiti nagrado," je rekla. . . Tako točno kažem čas."

Čriček, ki je živel za ognjišnim kamenom, je bil tako boječ, da ni hotel

priiti iz skrivališča, temveč je začirikal lepo pesmico tam, kjer je tičal.

Mačka je prispevala lepo mirno melodijo, a pinja, ki je stala v mlekarnici poleg kuhinje, se je čisto razločno slišala skozi odprta vrata.

"Ne doni dobro," je sodil pihalnik in puhnil šepetaje v mačka. "Silno dolgočasno, silno dolgočasno."

Obračalo za meso je nastopilo zadnje. Imelo je prikupljiv glasek: krak, krak, krak je hitelo. Vsem je šlo na smeh. Ali toplomer je bil silno čemereren in ko so opazili, da se mu kazalec obrača na "viharno," je nakrat vse umolknilo.

A niti toplomer niti ogledalo na videz ni moglo podati odločilne izjave, kdo je najlepše pel, in skoro bi se vnel prepir med njimi, ko je stopil kmet z ženo v sobo in sedel na stol. "Umreti mi je brez čaja, mamica," je dejal; in mamica se je zavrtela in ko bi trenil je bil lonček na ognju.

In lonček je hipoma pričel šumeti.

"To je najlepša godba na svetu," je izpregovoril kmet. "Ni je muzike nad njo."

Toplomer je pogledal ogledalo in ogledalo je namignilo toplomeru.

Ni bilo treba dalje razpravljati.

Kmet je odločil.





*Mlado jutro.*

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Rudyard Kipling:

## Kako je dobil nosorog nagubano kožo

NA obljubljenem otoku ob obali Rdečega morja je živel nekoč Perzijec, od čigar klobuka so se odbijali solnčni žarki svetleje nego je jutranje zarje svit. In Perzijec ob Rdečem morju ni imel nič drugega ko klobuk, nož in peč tiste vrste, ki se je nikoli ne smete dotakniti. Nekega čne je nanesel moke, vode, ribeza, sliv, sladkorja in sličnih stvari ter si napravil kolač, ki je bil dva čevlja širok in tri čevlje visok. Bila je v resnici gosposka pogača (to je čarodejstvo), in devši jo na peč, ker mu je bilo dovoljeno peči na tisti peči, jo je pekel in pekel toliko časa, da je porumenela in kar najslastneje zadišala. A ko se je baš pripravil, da bi pojedel kolač, je prilomastil po obrežju iz povsem neobljudene sredine nosorog, z rogom na nosu, prašičjimi očmi in nedostojnimi navadami. V tistih časih se je nosorogu koža čisto tesno prilegala. Nikjer ni bila nagubančena. Nosorog je bil povsem sličen nosorogu v Noetovi barki, le da je bil, kajpada, mnogo večji. Pri vsem tem se pa ni vedel dostojno, ne tedaj kakor se dandanes ne in se nikoli ne bo. Zamukal je: "Kako!" in Perzijec je ostavil kolač in splezal na vrh palme. Imel ni na sebi nič drugega ko klobuk, od katerega so se odbijali solnčni žarki svetleje nego jutranje zarje svit. Nosorog je prevrnil z nosom oljnato peč, da se je kolač zakotalil po pesku; nasadil ga je na svoj rog in ga pojedel. Zavihavši rep je odbezljal v samotno, povsem neobljudeno sredino, meječo na otoke Mazanderan. Sokotro in predgorje Velikega enakonočja. Nato je zlezal Perzijec z drevesa in postavivši peč na noge, glasno izdrdral sledečo kitico, ki vam jo tukajle ponovim, ker je niste slišali:

Kdor krade nagajivo  
Perzijecu pecivo,  
dela zlo in krivo.

Bilo je pa to dokaj pomenljivejše nego si morda mislite.

Čez pet tednov je bil namreč v Rdečem morju vročinski val in vsakdo je slekel vse, karkoli je imel na sebi. Perzijec je snel z glave svoj klobuk, a nosorog je odložil svojo kožo in si jo ogrnil čez pleča, ko se je pričel k obali kopat. V tistih časih je imel kožo zapeto s tremi gumbi pod bokom in je bila na videz podobna dežnemu plašču. Niti z besedico ni omenil Perzijčevega kolača, ker ga je bil vsega pojedel; nikoli se ni dostojno vedel, ne tedaj, ne posihmal. Skobacal se je naravnost v vodo in puhhal mehurčke skozi nos, a kožo je ostavil na bregu.

Zdajci pride mimo Perzijec in najde kožo. Zasmeje se široko prav do ušes. Nato zapleše trikrat okoli kože in si pomane roke. Potem odhiti v svoj šotor in si napolni klobuk s kolačevimi mrvicami, kajti Perzijci ne jedo nič drugega ko kolače in ne pometajo nikoli svojih šotorov. In odnese kožo in jo potrese, jo zgane in zmane, tako da je bila polna starih suhih, prilepljivih, ščegetljivih kolačevih drobtin in ožganih ribezov, kolikor je pač imela prostora zanje. Nato se popne na vrh palme, čakaje, kdaj bo prišel nosorog iz vode in jo oblekel.

In nosorog pride in jo obleče. Zapne jo s tremi gumbi, a zaščegeče ga kakor kolačeve drobtine v postelji. Hotel se je popraskati, a to je bilo še huje; nato se je vlegel na pesek in se valjal, valjal in valjal, a kadarkoli se je prevalil, vselej so ga zaščegetale kolačeve drobtine huje, huje in huje. Nato je planil k palmi in se drgnil, drgnil in drgnil ob njo. Drgnil se je tako dolgo in trdo da se mu je od drgnjenja nagubila koža v veliko gubo nad bokom in v drugo gubo pod bokom, kjer je imel dotlej gumbe,



(gumbe si je oddrgnil) in si je napravil z drgnjenjem še več gub na nogah. To mu je pokvarilo нрав, ali kolačeve drobtinice se niso niti malo zmenile za to. Bile so na notranji strani kože in ga ščegetale. Nato je odšel domov silno razkačen, kajpada, in strahovito razpraskan. Od tistega dne ima še danes vsak nosorog na koži velike gube

in je silno zloben, čemur so krive zgolj kolačeve drobtine pod njegovo kožo.

A Perzijec je zlezal s klobukom na glavi, od katerega so se odbijali solnčni žarki svetleje nego jutranje zarje svit. Pobravši svojo peč, je odrinil v smeri Orotave, Amygdale, planinskih pašnikov v Anantarivu in So-naputskih močvar.

## Čebelica Rjavka

Nekoč sta živeli dve čebelici; velika zlata Brenčula in mala čebelica<sup>1)</sup> Rjavka. Nekega dne se je odločila Rjavka, da pojde na daljše potovanje v svet. Letala in brenčala je že nekaj ur, a nikjer si ni mogla najti primerne zavetja.

Solnce je bilo že zatonilo za gorami, in čebelico Rjavko je postajalo strah. Vsa zbegana je letala sem ter tja: "Bz-bz-bz, kdo mi pove, kje sem doma?"

Zletela je na visoko drevo in takoj se je oglasil droben ptiček in vprašal: "Neumna čebelica, česa iščeš tod?"

"Bz-bz-bz, pobegnila sem sestrici Brenčulji in zdaj ne vem, kje sem doma!"

Drobni ptiček ji je svetoval: "Zleti na cerkveni stolp,<sup>2)</sup> čebelica Rjavka, morda ti tam povedo, kam naj se obrneš."

Tako je odletela mala čebelica do cerkvenega stolpa, kjer so baš zvonili velikonočni zvonovi.

"Joj, kaj naj storim," je vzdihovala mala potepenka, "kaj naj storim?"

Čebelica se je splazila skozi luknjo v steni v stolp in tam zagledala sivega netopirja.<sup>3)</sup>

"Česa iščeš tu, neumna čebelica?"

"Bz-bz-bz, pobegnila sem sestrici Brenčulji in zdaj ne vem, kje sem doma!"

"Spravi se odtod!" je neprijazno velel netopir. "Zdi se mi pa, da si doma na cerkovnikovem vrtu."

"O, dragi netopir, povej mi, prosim te, kje je to?" je vprašala čebelica Rjavka, a netopir ji ni hotel odgovoriti.

Žalostno je odletela Rjavka, najrajša bi bila na glas zajokala, tako trudna so že bila njena krilca. Vsedla se je na zid, ki je obdajal pokopališče. Tam je sedela stara sova, joj, kako se je je prestrašila uboga Rjavka! Tedajci pa je začula znan glas: "Joj, kje je moja Rjavka, mala trmoglavka?"

"Tukaj sem," je skesano dejala Rjavka. "Zelo hvaležna ti bom, če me vza-meš s seboj, draga Brenčulja. Obljubim ti, da ne bom nikoli več brez tebe zletela z doma."

\* \* \*

R. Tagore:

### IZVOR

Spanec, ki prileti detetu na oči—ve-li kdo, odkod prihaja?

Da, pravijo, da biva v bajnem selu, tam med gozdnimi sencami, ki jih motno osvetlujejo kresnice in kjer visita dva plašna čarovita popka. Odondot prihaja poljubljat detetu oči.

Usmev, ki trepeče detetu na ustnicah, kadar spi—ve-li kdo, kje se je rodil? Da, pravijo, da se je mlad bled žarek rastočega meseca doteknil roba gubečega se jesenskega oblaka, in tedaj se je prvič rodil usmev v snu rosnega jutra—usmev, ki trepeče detetu na ustnicah, kadar spi.

Sladka, nežna svežost, cvetoča detetu na udih—ve-li kdo, kje je bila skrita tako dolgo? Da, ko je mamica bila še mlada devojka, je prepajala njeno srce z nežno in tiho tajnostjo ljubezni—sladka, nežna svežost, ki se je razcvela detetu na udih.

1) čebela, a bee. 2) church steeple. 3) a bat (bird).

## Lisjak—pastir

(Finska pravljica.)

Nekoč je živela kmetica, ki je potrebovala pastirja; šla je z doma, da ga poišče.

Hodi, hodi, pa sreča medveda.

“Kam pa, kam?” vpraša medved.

“Ej, pastirja si iščem,” odvrne žena.

“Mene vzemi v službo!”

“Zakaj ne, če le znaš čredo prijazno vabiti.”

“Huuui,” zapoje medved.

“Ne, ti nisi za to,” reče žena in gre dalje.

Hodi, hodi, pa sreča volka.

“Kam pa, kam?” vpraša volk.

“Ej, pastirja si iščem,” odvrne žena.

“Mene vzemi v službo!”

“Zakaj ne, če le znaš prijazno vabiti čredo.”

“Uuuu, uuuuu!” zapoje volk.

“Ne, ti nisi za to, reče kmetica in gre naprej.

Hodi, hodi, pa sreča lisjaka.<sup>1)</sup>

“Kam pa, kam?” vpraša lisjak.

“Ej, pastirja si iščem,” odvrne žena.

“Pa mene vzemi v službo!”

“Zakaj ne, če le znaš čredo prijazno vabiti.”

“Dil-dal-holom,” zapoje lisjak s tenkim, vabečim glasom.

“Da, ti si zame,” pravi kmetica in ga vzame v službo. Tako je postal lisjak pastir njene črede. Ko je prvič gnal na pašo, ji je požrl vse koze in kozličke, drugega dne ji je podavil ovce in koštrune, a tretjega pomoril krave in voliče. Ko se je na večer vrnil, ga je kmetica vprašala, kje je pustil čredo.

“Kože v hosti, a kosti v potoku,” se je odrezal lisjak.

Kmetica je baš medla<sup>2)</sup> maslo, a mislila je, da mora takoj pogledati. In ko je odšla, je zlezal lisjak v pinjo<sup>3)</sup> in polizal vso smetano. Ko se je kmetica vrnila, jo je to tako ujezilo, da je zgrabila pinjo z ostankom smetane in jo vrgla za lisjakom. A zadela je le rep, po katerem se je razlil ostanek smetane. Od tistih dob je konec lisjakovega repa bel.

1) lisjak, fox. 2) to churn. 3) pinja, churn.

## B. Vaschide:

## ROMUNSKA LEGENDA

Med zadnjimi, ki so še ostali živi Štefanu Velikemu, je bil hrabri kapeitan Dan. Le-ta je bil že star in si je želel mirnega življenja. Zato je odšel v hribe, kjer si je zgradil dom. Edino tega si je še želel, da bi pomagal dragi domovini, če bi bila v nevarnosti.

Prekmalu je prišel zaželjeni dan. Nekoč je prijezdil k njemu vojni tovariš Ursan. Naznanil mu je žalostno vest, da so prišli Tatari, ki plenijo, požigajo in more po deželi huje od samega vruga.

Zopet hitita dva junaka domovini na pomoč. Glej—v daljavi že vidita krvavo bitko. Divja drhal je udarila na mirno moldavsko vasico. Kmetje se branijo na žive in mrtve, saj vedo, da se bore zase. Tedaj planeta junaka na sovraga in Ursan s svojim kijem. Dan pa z mečem, razbijata plenilcem glave. Nena-

doma prodre smrtonosna strelica Ursanovo srce. Dan obleži ranjen na bojišču.

Čez nekaj dni ga pokliče predse. “Že dolgo poznam tvojo slavo. Poglej, krvnik je že pripravljen! Darujem ti življenje in bogastva, če prestopiš k nam.”

Dan mu odgovori: “Kakor trdno stoji Karpati, tako tudi mene ne boš uklonil! Kaj bi z bogastvi, ki mi jih ponujaš? Ako pa že hočeš, dovoli mi, da še poljubim domačo zemljo!”

Kan mu dovoli, še lastnega konja mu posodi. Stari Dan, dospel v svojo domovino, poljubi domačo zemljo, nato se, zvest dani besedi, vrne v tatarski ostrog. Toda še preden pride do kana, se zruši na tla in umre. Giraj-kan vzklikne ves ganjen: “Srečen oni, čigar življenje in smrt sta tako lepa kakor življenje in smrt tega junaka!”



Dragi urednik!

Minilo je že eno leto ko smo tukaj imeli predavanje v slovenskem in angleškem jeziku. Odraslih ni bilo veliko navzočih, bilo pa je mnogo otrok, in vsi smo se zabavali. Tega dogodka ne bomo tako kmalu pozabili.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice in brata urednika!  
Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dragi urednik!

Nekje sem čitala naslednjo pesmico in vas prosim, da jo priobčite:

#### ROŽI.

Kaj te čaka, divja roža,  
ko iz popja se vzbudiš,  
ko te solnčni žar poboža,  
kar zardiš in zadehtiš.

Kmalu morda z veje rosne,  
deklica odtrga te  
in na prsi te ponosno  
drag'mu svojemu pripne.

Ali s solzo te otožno  
mlada žena porosi,  
možu na gomilo tožno  
z blede roko položi.

Ali steblo ti prelomi  
silovit vihar na mah  
in odnese daleč v domi  
mehka perca v tuji prah.

Ali pa boš tiho cvela  
pozno še v jesenski čas,  
nepoznana, osamela  
in zvenela kakor jaz.

Mildred Ilovar, Blaine, Ohio.

Dragi urednik!

Prošli mesec se nisem nič oglasila v M. L. Šola je sedaj končala in jaz sem dokončala osmi razred. Sedaj imamo počitnice. Zjutraj in zvečer gremo na pašnik po krave, kar pa se nam prav nič ne dopade, ker na pašniku, pravijo, da se skoro vsaki teden vidi kakšnega medveda. Tega pa se bojimo. Tudi ribe hodimo lovit, ampak kolikor jih mi nalovimo, bi lahko skoro vse kosmate pojedli. (Ribe nimajo dlake, pač pa luskinge, in zato so luskinge, nikdar pa ne kosmate. Opom. urednika.)

Mary Ostanek,  
Box 4, Traunick, Mich.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Friends:

I have long been interested in the SNPJ, and have often asked my Mother to put me in the lodge. At present my sister is a member, but she never reads the M. L., but I do and thought you would print this letter in the M. L.—Never in all the seven years my sister has been getting the M. L. have I seen a letter from Gary, Ind.—I am 14 years old and am in the latter half of my second year of high school.—I thought Frank Cugovich's letter was rather interesting; I wish some of the members would write to me.

Sincerely yours,

Catherine Lozier,  
1956 W. 12th avenue, Gary, Ind.

\* \* \*

#### Olika.

Učitelj Šetina: "No, Jožek, recimo, da bi ti komu pripovedoval, koga vse si videl iti za pogrebom; kako bi djal?"

Jožek: "Za pogrebom je šel g. župan, g. glavar, g. sodnik, gg. policaji — — (učitelj pokaže nase) in naš Šetina."

J. Trojan:

## PALČKOVO POTOVANJE

Zarana odrine  
v širni svet  
palček od drznih  
nad prevzet.

Previdno stopica  
prek mahu.  
"O kolikšen zvonček  
raste tu!"

Pod strešico gobe  
se pomudi.  
Pred pajkom splašen  
najprej zbeži.

Ob kamenu smukne,  
trepečoč:  
martinček se sonči tu  
zehajoč.

Rdeče jagode  
dvanajsti del  
je za prigrizek  
h kosilu vzel.

Čašo mu rose  
ponudi mah,  
z njo žejo prežene si  
bled in plah.

Ko solnce zatone,  
se zmrači,  
v vresju visokem  
pot zgreši.

Ne pota, ne kota  
ne pozna—  
kar zlato-zeleno  
pred njim zamiglja.

"Kresčica je—  
"Kresnica, glej tu  
je človek pot zgrešil,  
posveti mu!"

Kresnica prijazno  
pred njim leti,  
mu pravo pot kaže  
prav h kočici.

Sred grčastih jelkovih  
korenin  
zre palčkova kočica  
iz duplin.

"Hvala ti!" reče  
in že je doma.  
Prav majhen je kajpak  
bil palček ta.





*Spomenik Karla Havlíček-Borovského, češkega revolucionarja in pesnika  
v Douglasovem Parku, Chicago, Ill.*



# JUVENILE



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## WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you;  
But when the leaves hang trembling  
The Wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I;  
But when the trees bow down their heads  
The Wind is passing by.

*Christina Rossetti.*

## MY HEART LEAPS UP

MY HEART leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old;  
Or let me die.  
The Child is father of the Man:  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

*William Wordsworth.*

## WISE MEN'S SAYINGS

Material civilization in itself is valueless. Only love and spiritual values will endure.

*Toyohiko Kagawa.*

Outward ceremonies are different in every country; true politeness is everywhere the same.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

*James Russell Lowell.*

## The Blessing of Friends

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful."

—Cicero.

**M**OST of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing better of them than to compare them to friends.

Socrates said that "all people have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friend than all these put together." And again, men know "the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them, they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion." What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice, moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom

our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts;" it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests:" in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation." . . . "But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this I cannot altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! and many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up—"Sir, we had a good talk."

It is no doubt true, as the Autocrat of Breakfast Table says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly ob-

serves that "unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves. Still I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that "men descend to meet." In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, "Almost all people descend to meet." Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. "All associations," he adds, "must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other." What a sad thought! Is it really so? Need it be so? And if it were so, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

Much certainly of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. Many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom one is thrown into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, "the idols and images of friendship." If our friends are badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well they will raise us up. To be friendly with every one is another matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever

really loved any one, will have some tenderness for all.

There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds  
With deeds unkind returning.  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning."

I cannot, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

Epictetus gives very good advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them;" but when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those



we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul.

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The affections should not be mere "tents of a night." Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the Mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

"But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent then are the wild love and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."

Death, indeed, cannot sever friendship. "Friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation? "To me, indeed, Scipio still lives, and will always live: for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death in the "amber of memory."



*C. B.: After Work.*

## Weather Wisdom

Haven't you often wondered just how the weather-man could tell what the weather was going to be tomorrow and the next day and the next? Well, so have we, and we've found something that we think is a key to his secret! Sh! Here it is.

When the dew is on the grass,  
Rain will never come to pass.

When the grass is dry at night,  
Look for rain before the light.

When grass is dry at morning light,  
Look for rain before the night.

Three days' rain will empty any sky.

A deep, clear sky of fleckless blue  
Breeds storms within a day or two.

When the wind is in the east,  
It's good for neither man nor beast.

When the wind is in the north,  
Old folk should not venture forth.

When the wind is in the south,  
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.

When the wind is in the west,  
It is of all the winds the best.

An opening and a shetting  
Is a sure sign of a wetting.

(Another version)  
Open and shet,  
Sure sign of wet.

(Still another)  
It's lightning up to see to rain.

Evening red and morning gray  
Sends the traveler on his way.

Evening gray and morning red  
Sends the traveler home to bed.

Red sky at morning, the shepherd takes  
warning;

Red sky at night is the shepherd's  
delight.

If the sun goes down cloudy on Friday,  
sure sign of a clear Sunday.

If a rooster crows standing on a fence  
or high place, it will clear.

If on the ground it doesn't count.  
Between eleven and two

You can tell what the weather is going  
to do.

Rain before seven, clear before eleven.

Fog in the morning, bright sunny day.

If it rains, and the sun is shining at the  
same time, the devil is whipping  
his wife and it will surely rain to-  
morrow.

If it clears off during the night, it will  
rain again shortly.

Sun drawing water, sure sign of rain.

A circle round the moon means "storm."  
As many stars as are in the circle,  
so many days before it will rain.

Sudden heat brings thunder.

A storm that comes against the wind is  
always a thunderstorm.

East wind brings rain.

West wind brings clear, bright, cool  
weather.

North wind brings cold.

South wind brings heat.

The rain-crow or cuckoo (both species) is supposed by all hunters to foretell rain, when its "Kow, kow, kow" is long and hard.

Swallows flying low is a sign of rain; high, of clearing weather.

So, also the tree-frog cries before rain.

The rain follows the wind, and the heavy blast is just before the shower.

## Nuts to Crack

What is the difference between a church bell and a church organ?

One rings in the congregation, and by the other the congregation is played out.

\*

Why is a good resolution like a fainting lady at a ball?

Because it ought to be carried out.

\*

Why are the up-to-date cities not going to have lamp posts any longer?

Because they are long enough.

\*

What is the difference between a man going up stairs and one looking up?

One is stepping up the stairs, and the other is staring up the steps.

\*

When is a schoolboy like a postage stamp?

When he is licked and put into a corner to make him stick to his letters.

When was beef the highest that it has ever been?

When the cow jumped over the moon.

\*

What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?

The multiplication table.

\*

What is the most difficult ship to conquer?

Hardship, to be sure.

\*

Why is a policeman like a rainbow? Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

\*

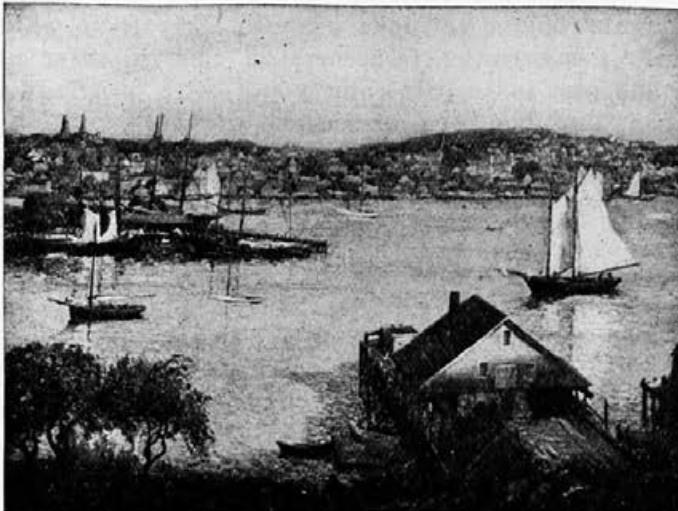
Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?

Because it is the farthest from the bark.

\*

At what time of the day was Adam born?

A little before Eve (eve).





## To Our Youth and Their Parents

With this issue the new editorial staff of the Prosveta is taking under its direct management also the Mladinski List. We shall endeavor to offer our Juvenile members interesting stories, poems and entertaining reading matter, so that every subscriber and reader will long for the coming of the next number of the M. L. We hope to instil life and interest in the magazine, thereby creating desire in our readers to write for it and enjoy it. It is our hope the M. L. would visit every Slovene home where there are throbbing young hearts of our Juvenile members desirous of learning the aims and principles of our Society.

The new editorial staff also aims to enlarge the number of readers of the M. L., to obtain more correspondents in both languages and to increase the number of subscribers. The reading matter of the magazine will be educational and entertaining. To inform our readers of the homeland of their parents, to appreciate their parents' tongue and take pride in our race to which they belong, shall be our aim. It is essential, to accomplish this, to offer progressive cultural education and also to acquaint our youth with progressive social ideas since they are sons and daughters of Slovene workers.

It is important to issue the magazine more regularly. Our object shall be to overcome obstacles as far as printing is concerned to enable prompt delivery of the M. L.

It is up to the parents now to get their children interested in the M. L. They must cooperate with their children if they are to see results. They should interpret difficult words to their children, and in this way help you, our young readers, to grasp the meaning. Your children will gain much, only to your own satisfaction. What could be more pleasant than to see your child interested in the Mladinski list!

Parents of our young members, cooperate with your children for their advancement and better mutual understanding.

Dear Editor:

I am glad our school was over May 27, so I can go to golf links.—The Bridgeport Cardinals of the SNPJ played on Decoration day, and they got \$200.

Albert Klemets,  
Box 348, Bridgeville, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading the Mladinski list because it is so interesting, and have decided to write a letter to show my appreciation towards it. I haven't seen a letter from Lodge 63 yet. I suppose the reason is because only a few Juvenile members belong to it, but I do wish more members would take interest in it and occasionally write a letter, so that we could enlarge the magazine.

There are seven in our family, and we all belong to the Society, which I am proud of.—Recently I have made a trip to Chicago on an excursion train to visit my aunt and uncle, and I was trying very hard to locate the SNPJ building, but failed as had not had much time. I enjoyed the trip to and from the Windy City; it was worth while.—I wish some of the girls and boys of the Juvenile department would write to me.

With fondest respect,  
Pauline L. Rope, Box 42, Rillton, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I have not seen a letter in the M. L. for a long time from Sygan, Pa., and this is my first attempt to write; after this I will write every month.—The local SNPJ Lodge celebrated its 25th anniversary on May 30 with a play and other fitting features for the occasion, also they had a twenty dollar cake with twenty-five candles to represent its 25th birthday.—I hope that Fred Okorn and other members of the local SNPJ branch will read my letter.

John Ursitz,  
Box 546, Morgan, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the SNPJ lodge at West Mineral, Kans., and this is my first letter to the M. L. I always enjoy reading the magazine.—I am attending the Mineral High school, which is a mile from where we live; I am a freshman. I wish that some of the members would write to me.

Rosie Tratnik,  
West Mineral, Kans.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I write to the M. L. There are five in our family, and we are all members of the SNPJ Lodge 65. On May 19 I was 8 years old, and I passed in the fourth grade. I have two brothers, Joe, 15, and John who is going to be 6 on August 6. I like to read the M. L., and I wish it would come

every week. At present I have plenty time to read and am trying to read Slovene. I wish some of the Juvenile members would write to me.

Mary Gracner,  
R. R. 2, Box 144, Mulberry, Kans.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

The following poem was written by Anne Campbell, and I think it could be reprinted in the M. L.

"EF I AINT GOT NOTHIN'"

I.

Ef I aint got nothin'  
That amounts to much,  
I kin still be happy  
Ef the birds and such  
Kin keep on singin'  
Thru the live long day,  
When their homes aint nothin'  
But a wisp of hay.

III.

Ef I aint got nothin'  
And swear I aint,  
Oh, I aint so yeller  
As to make complain.  
For the gloom don't tech me  
Ef the skies aint blue,  
I kin still find haven  
In the eyes o' you!

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am 13 years old and passed to the eighth grade at the end of the school year. As I was busy with my finals, I decided to write just a few lines. We will have a new teacher in fall, her name is Miss Cora Doty.—I wish that more of the Juvenile members would write for the M. L. I am also writing in Slovene for this issue of the M. L.

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I never saw a letter from Willard, Wis., in the M. L., so I decided to write a few lines. There are five of us in our family, and we all belong to SNPJ. I have one sister and one brother, and am now in the eighth grade. I am 12 years old. My hair is natural brown and my eyes are also brown. I always enjoy reading the M. L. I will learn to read and write the Slovene language also. This is my first letter to the M. L.

Yours truly,

Emma Jelercic,  
R. No. 1, Box 116, Willard, Wis.

P. S.: I wish some members would write to me and I would gladly answer their letters.

Dear Editor:

I would like to tell you how busy I am. We have one thousand chickens to take care of, and we have a 73 acre farm. There is plenty work on farm. My school is out and now I can help more at home. I am 8 years old. I can milk a cow; that helps some. I also helped to plant potatoes and to weed the garden. Sometimes I have to help with the house work, but I like to work out doors more. I always find time to read the M. L.; in fact, my grandparents and my aunt Barbara were surprised when reading the M. L. and saw my letter in it.

Get busy, Juvenile members, and make the M. L. a weekly. I would like to hear from some of you.

Betty Modic,

R. D. No. 1, Keister, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I, too, would like to write for the M. L. Our school is out and now I have more time. I am seven years old and next fall I am going to third grade. I have two little sisters and no brother. My parents and we belong to SNPJ. From now on I am going to write more often for the M. L. Am also going to write in the Slovene.

Frank Mramor,

Cuddy, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Our school ended June 7. Our examinations were rather easy; I had to take three, that in science being unnecessary because my mark was high. I passed to 8th grade. In two years I hope to graduate from the Washington Junior High school, and then I would like to go to the Kenosha high.—Our school took first place in the track meet held at Washington park bowl.—In our vicinity there is a beautiful spot, called "Petrified Springs."—I think next time I write to the M. L. it will be in Slovene. I wrote in Slovene once and I think I can improve if I keep on. I wish more Juvenile members would write for the M. L. to make it more interesting. I also wish some members would write to me.

Mary Moyl,

4822 17th Avenue, Kenosha, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I was very glad to find my letter in the M. L. Last time I made a mistake which I wish to correct now. I belong to the Lodge No. 170 and not to Lodge 456 as erroneously stated.—I've received a few letters from Mary Gregorin of Little Falls, N. Y., and wish that more of the Juvenile members would write to me.—Our school let out June 14, and I was promoted to the 8-A class.

Happy vacation to all. Anna Paul,

442 Willington ave., E. Akron, O.

Dear Editor:

I would like to let you know that all of our family belong to SNPJ, of which we are very proud. Two more years from now and I can be an adult members of the SNPJ. At the present I am learning the Slovene language. I like to read the M. L. and wish that more would write in it.

George Fortner,

Box 196, Bear Creek, Mont.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I wish to tell—in a nutshell—how two cities got their names, namely, the city of Havana and Miami.

In days of old when Cuba and Florida were Spanish possessions, a Spanish adventurer went to the native king and asked to marry one of his daughters. The king consented and asked which of his daughters he desired.

"I'll Havana," replied the Spaniard.

The beautiful Anna was brought into the presence of the Spaniard. He was overwhelmed with her beauty and exclaimed, "Anna, you are beautiful."

Anna blushed and answered: "O, Mi—am—i?"

Believe it or not, but Mimi and Havana received their names in this manner.

"I'll Havana" means "I'll have Anna." "O, Mi—am—i?" means "O my, am I?"

Mary Stroy,

924 Arnolda, Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

The SNPJ is a very good organization; it helps its members at all times. But there still are many of our people who do not yet belong to this organization. One never can tell when he'll get sick, or hurt, and at such a time he would be benefited if he is a member of SNPJ. In time of sickness your money goes fast for medicine, but there is no income. Why not prepare yourself for a rainy day? Why not join the SNPJ now while you are healthy and strong? There is no reason why all of our people should not belong to SNPJ, which is the best Slovene benefit organization in America. Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter this year. I am 14 years of age and in the third year high school. I am taking the commercial course. My studies are: English, geometry, typewriting, shorthand and bookkeeping.—I am enclosing a crossword puzzle, for only once did I see a puzzle of crosswords in the magazine, and as I know the members like them, I am sending one which I made up last April in school.

Frank Furar Jr.,

237 Lonti street, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:

It is a long time since I've written last and I am afraid you'll think I've forgotten the Mladinski List. But I have not. Until now I was busy with my school studies, and I must say that I passed successfully into the tenth grade. Hope every one else had the same luck.—Summer arrived late this year, but "Old Sol" is surely pressing on us—when he has the chance. We've had quite a few hot days, and during the sweltering weather I love to sit under a shady tree and read the Mladinski List.—I hope all members are enjoying their summer vacation.

Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### MY HOME TOWN.

Willock, Pa., was a mining town located in Mifflin and Baldwin townships.

There were three schools in Willock, one burned down recently in Baldwin Twp. and the one in Mifflin Twp., which was located on a part of the old Willock farm, commonly known as Red Town, was moved away. There is one school in Willock, now located in Baldwin Twp.

The mines were opened in 1887 by the First Pool Monongahela Gas Coal Company and were sold in 1902 to the Pittsburgh Coal Company. The mines were shut down about five years ago, and not opened since.

The population of Willock, especially Red Town, is never the same, due to the irregularity of working conditions.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad, established in 1828, is the oldest railroad in United States, a line running through Willock from Pittsburgh to Wheeling, and on to St. Louis.

The station was originally at the foot of Willock Hill on part of the Willock farm. Mr. Willock gave the ground for the station on condition it be named Willock. The station was later moved to its present location so it would be near the center of the town.

On July 29, 1919, the agent was removed from the station because the Pittsburgh Coal Company discontinued to ship coal on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. This caused such a decrease in the amount of work that an agent was deemed unnecessary.

Near the site of the old station there used to be a flour mill belonging to the Burkharts. This mill burned down and another mill was erected by Mr. Charles Gibbs. When Mr. Charles Gibbs died, the mill was sold, and the machinery was removed, and the building was gradually destroyed until all that remains now, is a column of stones.

Mrs. Charlotte Gibbs, wife of Israel Gibbs, had the first postoffice. She had a little store near the old station at the foot of Willock Hill. Mr. Perry Willock, and Robert

Rath asked her to have the postoffice in her store, and she complied with their request. The office was later removed to Federal Supply Company store and remained there for several years, and was recently moved to the store of Max Bress.

My home is located in the western corner of Willock and southern corner of Mifflin Twp. It was built in 1904, the time of the birth of the S. N. P. J.

Evelyn Miklaucic, Willock, Pa., Box 3.

\*

Vera Hribernik from Glencoe, Ohio, wants us to reprint Whittier's

### THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew, green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

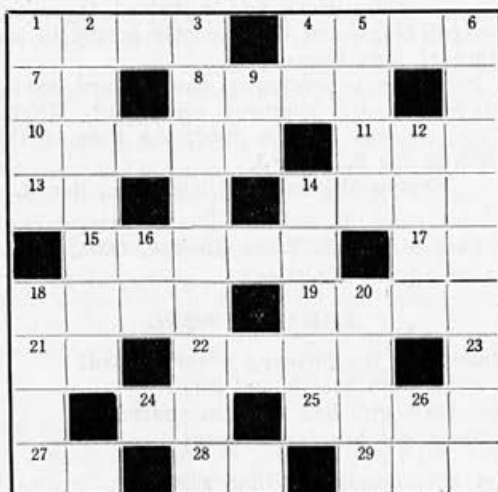
Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laugh to scorn,  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat field to the fly.

But let the old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us for our golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God.

## A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

by Frank Furar Jr., La Salle, Ill.



## Horizontal.

- 1—Kind of tree.  
 4—A playing card.  
 7—An article.  
 8—Last name of a magazine.  
 10—Ancient race.  
 11—Combine  
 13—Town talk (abb.)  
 14—A type of dirt.  
 15—Lift.  
 17—Man's name.  
 18—Part of sea.  
 19—Atmosphere  
 21—Either  
 22—Exchange for money.  
 24—King Kris (abb.)  
 25—Hold forever.  
 27—Preposition.  
 28—That is (abb.)  
 29—A body of water.

## Vertical.

- 1—Piece.  
 2—Some one else.  
 3—First name of a magazine.  
 4—A time (abb.)  
 5—Lieutenants' Athletic Ass. (abb.)  
 6—Comrade.  
 9—Within.  
 12—District Northern Service Regiment (abb.)  
 14—Walk stompingly  
 16—A bone.  
 18—Kind.  
 20—Illinois Light Eagle Society (abb.)  
 23—Man's name.  
 26—Eve's eden (abb.)

\* \* \*

## A CROOKED CROOK

There was a crooked man, and he went  
 a crooked mile,  
 He found a crooked penny against a  
 crooked stile;  
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught  
 a crooked mouse,  
 And they all lived together in a little  
 crooked house.

## A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A German man came to the French army. He did not know how to speak French. The king asked the soldiers some question in order. They were: How long have you been in my office? How old are you? Are you satisfied with your quarters and food? The German man knew how to say three weeks for being in the office, 30 years for his age, and for quarters and food, both.

One day the king said: "My man, I have never met you before. How old are you?" The German replied: "Three weeks." "How long have you been in my office?" The German said, "30 years." "Who do you think is crazy, you or I?" The German said, "Both."

Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

## OUR COW

I went on the hill with my mother to get the cow. I had my wagon and Little Brother along. Mother got there before I did and started the cow down. She told me to be quiet until the cow went on down the hill. I picked up a switch to keep the cow off if she happened to want to fight me. I waved the switch two times and yelled before the cow came to me. She did not try to fight me. She kicked up and ran down over the hill another way. Mother had to go clear down to an old barn where a house had burned. I got my wagon back before Mother came home with the cow. It took forty-five minutes to get through. Mother got stick-tights all over her dress. Little Brother said for Mother to whip me for scaring the cow. Mother did not whip me. She had me clean the mud off her slippers and pick the stick-tights off her dress.

Tonček.

\* \* \*

My little red hen  
 She counts up to ten.  
 When the other hens hear,  
 They cheer and cheer.