

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

## Teta piše

**D**RAGA, ali veš, da si mi obljubila pismo  
in sliko?

Koliko let je zdaj? Jaz ne vem več —  
vem le, da sem medtem pretrpela veliko.

Smrt mi je pobrala sina, hčer, moža —  
še živeče pa je razkropilo življenje,  
in tako osamela praznim grenko kupo gorja.

Močno čutim, kako me objemlje hlad poslednjih let  
in moje misli željno iščejo besede,  
ki bi segla vanje toplo, kakor žarek,  
ki tali zakasneli led.

— Teta piše še več . . . da me blagoslavlja  
in moli zame —  
življenje je težko, znabiti nasloni kdaj  
hudo tudi name . . .

— — — — —  
Teta zdaj čaka, da ji povem na dolgo, kako živim —  
na mojih mislih sloni svinčenost življenja,  
in tako strmim v nikdar več premostljivo razdaljo  
in molčim.—

Ivan Vuk:

## Ponesrečen ribolov

IN TAKO sta šla volk in lisica zvečer zopet na sprehod. Bilo je precej hladno.

Pa je spregovorila lisica:

"Dober kožuh imam. Ali vseeno me zebe."

Volk je pa rekel:

"Večkrat sem slišal, da je pri mladih dekletih toplo. Pojdiva torej k predicam."

Lisica je bila soglasna. Vstopila sta k predicam v toplo sobo. Volk je postal dobre volje in se je začel šaliti s predicami in jim poredno nagajati. Lisica pa se je vlegla na zapeček. Hotelo se ji je nekaj okusnega. Vohala je vseokrog, pa ni mogla ničesar najti. Tiho se je splazila iz sobe in hotela stopiti v čoln, ki je bil tam na ribniku. Tedaj pa so baš mimo pripeljali cel voz slanikov. Skočila je na voz in vrgla z voza cel kup slanikov. Nato je skočila z voza in se začela s slaniki gostiti. Pohrustala jih je že vse, samo eden, poslednji, je še ostal. Ko pa je hotela še tega pohrustati, je prišel volk in vprašal:

"Kaj pa ješ?"

"Ribe" je odgovorila lisica. "Pokusisi."

In dala mu je polovico slanika.

Izborno je teknil volku slanik. Vprašal je:

"Kje si vjela tako dobre slanike?"

Lisica je odgovorila:

"Tu, v tem ribniku."

Volk je rekel:

"Tudi jaz bi jih rad nalovil."

Lisica mu je rekla:

"Obesi svoj rep v vodo."

In volk jo je ubogal. Nastopila pa je

baš taka zima in mraz, da se je dih iz ust kar dimil v meglo. Čez nekaj časa je hotel volk potegniti rep iz vode. Ali lisica mu je rekla:

"Poskusi prej, če te kaj za rep vleče."

Volk je rekel:

"Nič ne čutim."

"Torej še se ni nič vjelo", je rekla lisica. "Počakaj še nekoliko."

Čez nekaj časa je zopet hotel volk potegniti iz vode rep. Ali lisica mu je rekla:

"Poskusi, če je dovolj težak."

Volk je poskušal in rekel:

"Zdi se mi, da je nekaj na njem."

Lisica ga je poučila:

"Še je prezgodaj. To so le prav majhne ribice. Le počakaj še".

Volkov rep je pa med tem že precej zamrznil. Čez nekaj časa je hotel volk potegniti rep. Pa lisica mu je rekla:

"Preizkusi težo."

Volk je potegnil.

"Zdi se mi, da sem ujel veliko ribo. Teško je."

Njegov rep je bil zelo primrznjen.

Lisica ga je vzpodbujala:

"Potegni, no, potegni."

Volk je vlekel in vlekel. Vendar repa ni mogel potegniti. Lisica pa ga je vzpodbujala:

"Upri se in vleči. Tudi jaz sem se tako trudila in vlekla, da sem skoraj padla v vodo."

Ko je to izrekla, je šla. Volk pa je vlekel in vlekel, trgal se in trgal, dokler se mu ni rep odtrgal.

Strašno ga je to razjezilo, ko je videl, da je bil potegnjen. In od tistega časa je smrten sovražnik lisice.

Anna P. Krasna:

## Zibka pod streho

LOJZKA je potegnila zaprašeno zibko iz nizkega kota pod streho, sedla na zavržen stol ob majhnem okencu ter jo pognala z nogo kakor v minulih letih.

“Hitro je minilo,” si je dejala. “Zdi se mi, kakor da sem včeraj zibala Janaka — zdaj se bo že zibal Jankov Jankec.”

Z globokim vzdihom se je osukala okrog in njena roka je poiskala cunjo, da bi otrla dolgoletni prah z zibke. V srcu so ji zaživel spomini življenja, ki je bilo tako polno zanosa in ciljev, zdaj pa je nenadno postalo tiho in umirjeno, kakor človek, ki sede v samotni kot k razmišljanju. Ozrla se je skozi okno na hišice in vrte po nizkih pobočjih hribov. Sklenila je roke v naročju in dejala z nasmehom:

“Kakor romarji k svojemu cilju smo prihajali, drug za drugim, in smo gradili naselbino: hišice, vrtove, pota, Dom . . . nov košček sveta.”

Zagledala se je v popoldanski mir dneva in v mislih preživljala bežno, kratko dobo pionirskega življenja. Bila je od najprvih in je vedela natančno kdaj je bila postavljena slednja skromna stavbica, kako globoko so bili zavrtani vodnjaki, kdo je postavljaval plove, sadil drevesa, čistil s krhkim kamenjem pomešano rujavo zemljo.

“O, takrat je bilo prijetno!” si je vzkljnila. “Melodično so zvene le lopate, da se je zdelo kakor odmev z domačih njiv tam preko. Takrat smo bili veseli. Med vse trpljenje in trdost življenja je bila vpletena pesem, harmonika, vriski, otroški smeh — pomladi na zvrhanih gredah. In otroci so bili takrat naši. Naš jezik so govorili, z nami so peli. Ali trajalo je le kratko dobo. Kakor so polzela leta, tako so se polagoma odmikali od nas, ki smo bili krepkovoljni, delovni in skrbni. Mlajši

so bili oddaljeni že pri prvi besedi, ki so jo spregovorili — materin jezik jim je zvenel tuje — raje so kramljali z bratci in sestricami, ki so drobili v velikem jeziku velike dežele . . .”

Ob tem se je domislila, kako so gledali na te mlajše. Kako so jim v mislih in načrtih utirali pota, ki so vodila vsa v prijetnejši obstanek. Tudi za starejše so imeli lepše cilje kot so bili njih lastni, toda štorcklja se je oglašala pogosto po hišicah vrh hribov, pa je bil mnogemu prvencu potisnjen “boket” pod pazduho, da ni malim manjkalo kruha. Mlajši so doraščali tako v že nekoliko spremenjenih okolščinah. Pohajali so šolo in se usposabljali za življenje, ki bi naj ne poznalo grobosti krampa in lopate.

“In ne poznajo je, ni jim dano, da bi jo poznali,” je pomislila Lojzka trpko. “Izšolali so se, dorasli so, Amerika pa nima zanje niti tega kar je radevolje nudila nam: trde prilike za gol obstanek.”

Bilo ji je, da bi zarobantila od nejevolje. Šest krepkih mladih ljudi je podarila Ameriki in na tihem je bila mnogokrat ponosna ob dejstvu, da so Američani. Zdaj pa so večjidel postajali okrog brez dela. In nič niso mislili na kake domčke, vrtove ali karkoli, kakor nekdanj oni. Celo avtomobilska manija je ponehala med njimi — svoj čas so hoteli vsak svoj avto, po nekaj letih krize so se zadovoljili z mislijo, da se bo nekje v Ameriki nekaj zaobrnilo in bo spet tu doba dobrih časov.

“Medtem brcajo žoge,” je siknila Lojzka, “in če si uredijo življenje, pade nam starim nova skrb na pleča.”

Prijela je zibel ter jo vlekla za seboj po stopnišču. Z mlado sta spodaj položili vanjo vnučka in Lojzki se je pri tem omeščalo srce.

“Mogoče se bo z njim prizibalo kaj boljšega,” je dejala mladi materi, “z

vami je bila smola, kakor testo vas gnete Amerika, in naj napravi še gršo spako iz vas, ne rečete nič—mi smo znali vsaj zastavkati, bili smo napredni in nazadnjaški, ali oboje je kazalo voljo do življenja. Zgradili smo naselbine . . . vi ne gradite nič . . . človek bi rad, da bi vsaj kaj podrl . . . da, podrl stolpe ilu-

zij, katere smo vam celo sami pomagali graditi . . .”

Sklonila se je k malemu v zibki in dejala cinično:

“Zate pa nikakih iluzij, ampak voljo in zavest, ki bo pomolila vsakemu blufu figo pod nos!”



NIKOLAJ PIRNAT

Don Kihot in njegov spremljevalec Sančo Pansa

Milan Medvešek:

## Misli o pomladi

SINOČI sem sklenil, da bom vstal zgodaj zjutraj in napisal kratko črtico za naš Mladinski List, ki mi že dolgo časa roji v glavi, ali sedaj, ko pišem te vrstice, mi prihaja vse kaj drugega na misel.

Pisalni strojček sem prenesel k odprtemu oknu. Rano solnce zlati rdečkasto-črna poslopja in nad vso ulico se razliva čista jasnina, v kateri so utonile vse tiste strupene meglice, ki so včasih kar vidne in bi jih lahko z roko otipal. Čez noč je deževalo in naše industrijsko mesto se je malo okopalo.

Prsti se mi ustavljajo na tipkah in pogled mi uhaja na ulico. Električna je pravkar mimo priropotala in mi za hip zamotala nit misli, in ko tako zamaknjeno poslušam oddaljajoče glasove, se nenadoma prikaže na pločniku deklica, stara okoli dvanajst let, ki se pelje na čisto novem kolesu. S telesom giblje z leve na desno in obratno, glavo drži pokonci kakor telovadec in njeni zlati lasje, na katerih se lesketajo prameni solčnih žarkov, veselo plavajo v zraku. Deklica pritiska na pedale kolesa s tisto lahkotno gibčnostjo, ki je tako svoje-svetna pri otrocih, obenem pa žvrgoli neko melodijo, ki se jo je najbrže naučila iz radia. Pesem sama na sebi ni nič posebnega, eden tistih napevov, ki danes izide, a jutri že zatone. Toda sedaj, ko jo poje srečen deklič, zveni iz nje samo zadovoljstvo, mladost in nedolžnost.

Mlado jutro, gorko solnce, srečna deklica — slika mladosti, slika pomladi!

Deklica poje, se gibko ziblje na kolesu in drhti od radosti, ker za njo je še vedno pomlad, njeno srce je še vedno čisto, njena duša še vedno plemenita, brez madežev in brez skrite zlobe. Toda, zakaj ne bi bila srečna in dobra? Saj njej še ni treba skrbeti, kako se prebiti naprej, njej se še ni treba pehati za živ-

ljenskimi potrebščinami, ki jih ima svet v toliki meri, a jih je vendar tako težko dobiti! Vesela je in zadovoljna, ker še ne sluti, koliko trpljenja je često vmesnega v koščku kruha, srečna je, ker ne ve, koliko znojnih srag je vpletenih v njenem živobarvnem jopiču, ki se ji tako mično poda in daje njenemu angelskemu obrazu še ljubkejši izraz. Vsega tega deklica danes še ne ve, toda kar ona ne ve, to dobro vesta njena starša.

Kdo ve, kako trdo je njena mati delala, varčevala in sebi pritrgovala, samo zato, da je hčerki kupila novo kolo. Hčerka jo je tako dolgo prosila in prosila, da se ji je mati končno vdala in ji ga kupila z veliko žrtvijo. In zakaj ne bi osrečila nedolžnega otroka, saj je bila tudi ona nekoč mlada, saj si je tudi ona želela mnogih stvari, ali na žalost, njeni starši so bili še bolj revni kakor je sedaj ona.

Hčerčina sreča je materina sreča in ko vidi svojega otroka vsega obžarjenega od jutranjega solca in mladostne brezskrbnosti, začuti tudi mati pomlad, kakor da bi se njene mladostne sanje po dolgih letih hrepenenja uresničile, sanje, ki prav za prav niso nikoli ugasnile.

Življenje teče hitreje kakor kolo, ki ga lepa deklica tako lahkotno vozi po pločniku. Še predno se bo zavedela, bo že razcvetela in zrasla in krenila na pot svoje matere. Pričela se bo borba za obstanek: skrb, delo, še več skrbi in še več dela. Njena pesem ne bo več pesem pomladi, pesem svobode, marveč samo popevanje, s katerim si bo olajševala vsakdanje delo in prilivala vsaj malo barve svojemu iz dneva v dan enoličnemu življenju. In potem, ko bo postala mati, bo zopet zapela, najbrže lepše, kakor kdaj poprej, navzlic temu pa pesem ne bo odmev njene svobode, marveč pe-

la bo svojemu malčku: "Aja-tuta-nina", da bo otrok s smehljajem sladko zaspal.

Prikradla so se skoro neopaženo srednja leta. Otroci rastejo ko gobe, pravijo odrasli ljudje. Družina je velika: lepi, srečni otroci! Najstarejša hčerka prosi za kolo, drugi sinček za puško, tretji za žogo, četrti za aeroplan itd. Težko je vsem ustreči, toda staršima ne kaže drugega, da storita isto, kar sta storila njuna starša: varčujeta in si pritrgujeta sama sebi, samo da bodo ujeli tudi njuni otroci vsaj malo solnca, da bodo imeli vsaj eno pomlad, da bodo tudi oni plavali veselega srca skozi mlado jutro

—enaka zgodba se ponavlja od roda do roda, seveda pri revnih ljudeh.

Življenje ima kratko pomlad in vendar bi lahko imelo dolgo, skozi vse življenje, če bi bil svet pravilneje uravnotežen, če bi bil človek svoboden ne samo v prvi mladosti, ko se svobode ne zaveda, marveč tudi potem ko koraka brez pomoči staršev v svet.

Na obzorju se svetlika zvezda in nanzanja, da bo prišel čas, ko se nam ne bo treba bati, kaj bomo jutri jedli in kaj oblekli in tedaj, ko bo ta zvezda razsvetila vso zemljo, tedaj bo človeštvo imelo resnično pomlad.

Ivan Vuk:

## Pepelka

(Po pravljici starih Vendov)

NEKI bogati grajščak je imel hčerko, ki je dobila pozneje ime Pepelka.

Bilo je to zelo lepo dekle, pa tudi zelo neposlušno in samovoljno. Zaman so se trudili starši, da jo spreobrnejo. Vsi opomini so bili bob v steno. Po dnevi je navadno odšla iz gradu in se potepala po gozdu. Končno je očeta zagrabila jeza in v tej jezi je proklel svojo hčer, govoreč:

"Nisi več moja hči. Od zdaj naprej boš morala delati v gradu najnižja dela in boš kakor služkinja. Ne prikaži se mi več pred oči."

Hčerka je brizgnila v jok. Ali naj je še tako jokala, nič ni pomagalo. Kazen je morala sprejeti. Postala je služkinja in delala kakor služkinja najtežja in najbolj umazana dela. Pred obličje staršev se ni smela prikazati.

Zgodilo pa se je nekoč, da je grajščaku zmanjkal zlati prstan. Iskali so ga in nikdo ni vedel, kje je in kam je zginil ali kdo bi ga bil vzela. Jezen je bil grajščak, žalostni so bili vsi. Zakaj prstan je bil dragocen.

Ko pa je po nekaj dnevih, kar se je izgubil prstan, sedel grajščak pri kosilu, je našel svoj zlati prstan v jedi. Takoj je poklical kuharico in jo vprašal, kje je imela zlati prstan, oziroma, kje ga je našla in zakaj ga ni že prej vrnila.

Kuharica je jokaje odgovorila:

"Nič ne vem o prstanu."

Tedaj je grajšak poklical Pepelko. O stro jo je pogledal in vprašal:

"Kaj je s prstanom? Kako je prišel v jed?"

Pepelka je odgovorila:

"Prstan sem našla v smetišnici."

"Zakaj ga nisi prinesla?"

"Prepovedano mi je stopiti pred tvoje oči. In zato sem dala prstan v kosilo in ti ga tako poslala."

In ko je to izrekla, je bridko zajokala in prosila:

"Opusti mi, oče, mojo neposlušnost."

Prošnja hčerke in zopet najdeni zlati prstan je razveselil očeta in odpustil je svoji hčerki. In hčerka je zopet srečno živela in bila poslušna in ubogljiva.

## Prav je imel

SADJA ni nihče tako rad jedel kakor Župljev Ivan. Posebno so mu uga-jala jabolka, tista rdeča s stare, krive jablane sredi vrta. Pa je imela tista jablana tudi res okusen sad. In kdo bi si to mislil? Saj je bila že na treh kra-jih podprta in stara, tako stara!

Mene je vsekakor vzradostil pogled na Ivanov obraz, kadar je pokazal tiste bele, zdrave zobe rdečemu sadu. Ej, da ste ga videli! Tekmovala sta takrat Ivanov obraz pa rdeča jabolka.

Pa kaj bi vam vse to pravil! Mogoče, da komu zbudim prezgodnje želje po jabolkih in hruškah, tistih rumenih, ki se tako prijetno smejejo po drevju ko priroma jesen.

O Ivanu pa moram povedati še ne-kaj, preden vam napišem zgodovino njegovega ptičjega gnezda. V šoli je bil čul, da so ptice največje prijateljice sadnega drevja, zato pa naprej po-vem, da zopet ni nihče ptic tako rad imel kot Ivan.

### I.

Zima je še bila. Drevje je molelo še gole veje v zrak — liki koščene roke. Ivan je sedel v gorki sobi in rezal, zbi-jal in žagal.

“I, kaj boš?”

“Boste že videli, ko bo gotovo,” se je odrezal in delal dalje.

Pet deščic si je pripravil, ličnih in gladkih. Zbil jih je skupaj, tako da je bilo vse podobno hišici. V prednji deš-čici je izvrtal s svedrom tako veliko luknjo, da bi bilo lahko vtaknilo vanjo dete, staro eno leto, svojo ročico. Pod to luknjo je napravil manjšo, v katero je vtaknil paličico.

“I, kaj boš pa vendar naredil?” ga je vprašala sestra Rezika.

“Boš že videla. To bo veselje! Ko bo gotovo, ti povem, kaj bo.”

Vzel je nato precej dolg drog in nanj trdno pribil leseno hišico. Zbežal je

nato pod streho, kjer so imele kokoši gnezda.

“Graha se mavsa,” je mrmral, ko je lezel po lestvi. “Gotovo dobim kaj per-ja.”

In ni se motil. Kmalu se je vrnil polno pestjo perja v sobo in ga lepo nastlal v izgotovljeno hišico.

“No, sedaj ti pa povem, Rezika, kaj je to! Ali veš, da vali v oni krivi jabla-ni sredi vrta vedno isti par spomladi mladiče?”

“Kaj potem?”

“Pozimi je sneg odkrehnul ravno ti-sto vejo, v kateri je bila luknja za gnezdo. Kako bi bila stara dva žalost-na, ko se vrneti in bi ne našla več pri-jetnega stanovanja! Napravil sem ji-ma gnezdo, da se bosta veselila vanj. Ah, še znašati jima ne bo nič treba, sem že jaz dejal v gnezdo perja.”

“Pojdi, pojdi, naselila se bosta — pa v tvojem gnezdu!”

“Bomo videli! Tako sta prijazna in domača, pa bi se ne!”

Boš že videl!”

“No, no!”

“Ah, to bo prijetno! Stara bosta iskala gosonic in črvov in jih nosila mladičem, jaz jih bom pa opazoval. Boš videla, Rezika, da bo tako!”

### II.

Tisto leto je bila gorka pomlad. Zgo-daj so prihajale selilke v naše kraje. Nenavadno kmalu je sililo cvetje iz zemlje. No, sušec in mali traven pa že tako morata malo ponagajati. — Ivan je že vse pripravil. Nesel je narejeno gnezdo na jablano in ga pritrdil tam, kjer je bila prej luknja.

Toda lepo pomladno solnce se je skrilo za oblake, in iz njih so pričele tihotapski padati zopet snežinke.

“Ah, koliko ga je zopet!” je vzdihoval Ivan. Hitel je na vrt in vzel gnezdo

z drevesa, da se ne zmoči v njem mehko perje.

"Zdaj bi bilo pa že dosti tega snega! Moža ne grem več delat."

Pa sneg ni slušal Ivana. Šel je s tako trdovratnostjo kot nikdar prej . . . Toda dnevi so mu bili šteti. Zasolzil se je kmalu v vse ogrevajočih solnčnih žarkih in ginil, ginil . . .

V deželo je romal vihroviti mali traven. No, saj sem že prej rekel! Svojo komedijo je moral prirediti. Veter se je zaganjal v vrhove golih dreves, pogledal malo po dimnikih, če so že iz njih izginile velikonočne klobase in slanina, če je še v njih kako pleče ali druga taka reč. A upehal se je kmalu, saj je prihajal oni vseoživljajoči čas, ko nas vzradošča prerrojena priroda s svojim živim čarom, saj je bila zima za nami, saj je prišel večnolepi maj!

### III.

Ivanovo gnezdo je bilo že zdavnaj zopet na jablani. Pa ni bilo niti jutra, da bi ne bil Ivan na vrtu. Nekega jutra pa ni vedel, naj bi li same radosti vriskal ali preobračal kozolce. Na palici pred njegovim gnezdom je sedela njegova stara znanka od lanskega leta. Zvedavo je pogledoval stari, stopicajoč po bližnji vejici, na to novo napravo, češ: "To-le bi pa ne bilo napačno! Stara, kar zleti noter! Ali ne, čakaj, da prej pogledam, kaj je to pravzaprav!"

In zletel je v gnezdo.

Ivan pa se je prekopicnil po vrtu.

"Ogledal sem si vse. Mehko je nastlano, dež ne bo prihajal noter. Prav prijetno! Stara, sedaj pa kar začni-va!"

"Misliš, naj bi ostala tu?"

"I kaj pa! Nobene nevarnosti ni!"

In zletela je samica v gnezdo, in poskočil je Ivan pod drevesom. Bil je nezrečeno vesel.

"Le čakaj, Rezika!" si je mislil. "Nič ji ne povem prej, dokler se ne naselita moja stara v gnezdu in dokler ne začno

v njem čivkati mladiči. Potem pa jo povedem na vrt in ji porečem: "Ali nisem pravil?"

### IV.

Lepo jutro je, kakršno si morete misliti samo spomladi. Rahlo dihajo pomladni vetrovi in božajo glavice pestrobojnih cvetlic. Po travi se leskeče jutranja rosa, ptiči se bude, cvetlice dvigajo glavice. Zlata zarja se razliva po jutranjem vzduhu. Solnce vzhaja.

Ob vrtni ograji stojita Ivan in Rezika. Slovesno se drži Ivan, pričakujoče gleda na staro jablano Rezika.

"Boš videla, kaj sem ti pravil! Ali čuješ cvrčanje v gnezdu?"

"Ali so res notri?"

"Res, res, saj sem naprej vedel!"

"Pa si jih že videl?"

"Na jablano nočem iti, ker bi se me ustrašili, a notri so!"

"Pazi! Stari prihaja."

Po zraku je švignil stari, iz gnezda pa se je prikazala gola glavica s široko odprtim kljukom.

"Ah, pa res! Vidiš, stari nese črva mladičem za zajtrek! Ne bila bi verjela!"

"Jaz sem pa vedel, saj sem poznal stara dva. Ej, kako sta krotka, prav nič se ne bojita!"

Iz hleva je poklical oče: "Ivan!"

"Kaj?"

"Na krave malo pazi, da ne napravijo škode na vrtu. Gnoj bomo vzeli iz hleva, da ga izvozimo na njive, in živino bom spustil ven!"

Švignil je Ivan z bičem po zraku, se naslonil veselo na ograjo pa gledal proti hlevu, od koder je veselo priskakala mlada telica in več druge rejene živine.

Na vežnem pragu se je pokazala mati.

"Ali nisem pravil?" je vzkliknil Ivan in kazal je gnezdo.

"Ptiči so se naselili v njem," je žvrgolela Rezika in dostavila: "Ah, Ivan je pa res imel prav!"

*Andrej Rape.*



## Pravljičnica o pravljичnem princu

**Z**IVELA je babica, ki je imela zlato srce. Otroci so jo ljubili in spoštovali, a v povračilo jim je babica pripovedovala vsakovrstne pravljice. Nekega dne je sedela sredi gruče otrok na pisani trati in poslušala njih kramljanje ter odgovarjala na njih vprašanja. Večer je bil in vel je lahen veter. Babica je govorila s spokojnim glasom; a nenadoma je utihnila in prisluhnila, oči so se ji zasvetile, dobrotni smehlaj ji je ožaril lice: in vendar ni bilo čuti drugega kot rahlo vršenje bližnjega gozda. Otroci so jo začudeno pogledali, ona pa jim je na njih nemo vprašanje odgovorila: "Za hip se mi je zdelo, kakor da so prav od daleč zadonele trobente." In je še vzdihnila: "Samo zdelo se mi je, kot že neštetokrat v mojem življenju. Pregoreče ga pričakujem!" — "Koga, babica?" — "Pričakujem pravljичnega princa iz devete dežele! Nejeverno me gledate? Motite se! Res ni več dandanes čas pravljic, zmajev, čarovnikov in zakletih gradov. A pravljичni princ živi, tako resnično, kot vi živite! Povedala vam bom njegovo zgodbo in tudi vam se bo potem včasih zazdelo, da slišite trobente raz stolpe njegovega gradu."

In babica je pričela pripovedovati: "Kakšen je pravljичni princ, me vprašate? Tak, kot ga opisuje pravljica iz davnine. Silnejši in krasnejši od vseh. Ves je odet v srebrn oklep, ob boku nosi meč, ki ga more vihteti le on. Glavo mu pokriva srebrn šlem z rdečo perjanico in raz ramena mu pada škrlatni plašč.

V neštetih bojih je zmagal s svojo močjo. Njegovi sovražniki so bili vsi, ki niso verovali v ljubezen. Neutrudno je vihral na svojem bojnem konju križem sveta in uničeval svoje sovražnike. Toda teh je bilo vedno več. In čujte, kaj se je zgodilo! Pred davnimi, davnimi časi, tisoče let je že preteklo od te-

daj, so se združili njegovi sovražniki, ga premagali, ujeli ter zaprli v njegov lastni grad v deveti deželi, njegovem kraljestvu. Postavili so v grad močno stražo in se veseli razšli.

Tisoče let je že preteklo odsihdob in pravljичni princ je še vedno zaprt v tesni celici v stolpu svojega gradu sredi devete dežele. Ali si morete predstavljati, kaj je ječa?! Samo tak silen junak, kot je pravljичni princ, lahko prenese njene strašne muke: že tisoče let stoji ob lini svoje celice, njegovi jekleni prsti se krčijo okoli njenih železnih drogov. Gleda na grajsko dvorišče, kjer korakajo njegovi pazniki. In tako stoji in gleda — tisoče pomladi, tisoče poleti, tisoče jeseni in zim. Tisoče pomladi igraje plahutajo v njegovi ozki lini dehteče sape z neskončnih ravnin devete dežele, da se mu iskrijo oči in obarvajo bleda lica. Tisoče pomladi vstane v njem pijano upanje, da se bliža konec njegovega trpljenja in da bo na svojem konju odvihral v ravnine. In z divjo silo stresa tedaj železje v lini. Pa pride poletje in vsi upi se zrušijo v nič. Pomladna opojnost se umakne trezni misli in princ spozna, da je vsako upanje brezumno. Oči ugasnejo, lica obledijo in okamenijo v nemi grozi. In ko mu tisoči pot izpod jesenskega neba priplahuta v lino uveli list, princ pritisne čelo na mrzlo železo in dolgo, vso jesen bridko joče. Ko pa pride zima, kakor da ni več v njem življenja, nepremično in brezizrazno strmi skozi zaledenelo lino."

Babica je za hip prenehala. Zlat solnčni žarek zahajajočega solнца se je bil prikradel skozi oblake in pozlatil babičin obraz. Otroci so se razveselili zlatega žarka v njenih očeh. Babica pa je nadaljevala:

"Pripovedovala sem vam, kako je, in sedaj vam hočem pripovedovati kako bo. — Ne vem, koliko časa bo pravljič-

ni princ še trpel v svoji ječi. Toda upam, da ne več dolgo, in tedaj bo napočila pomlad, ki bo grozna in vesela obenem.

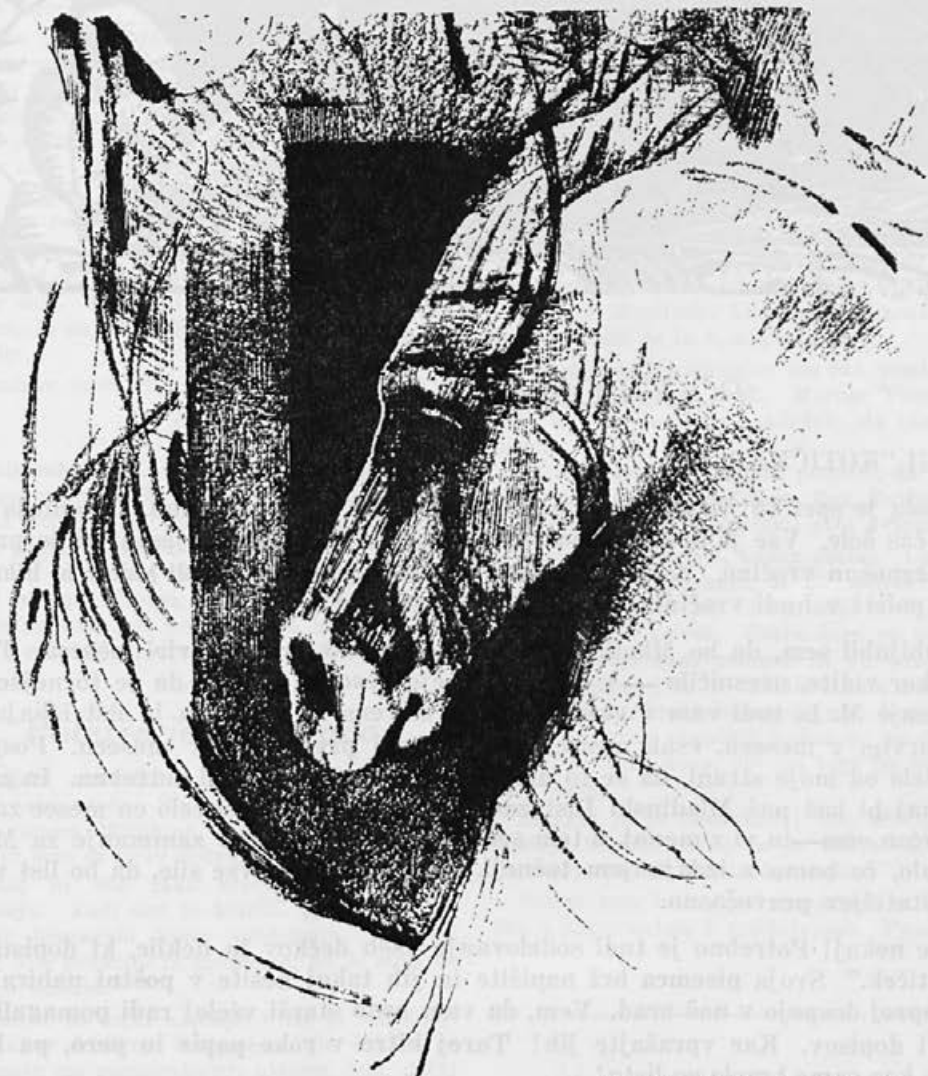
Prišla bo taka pomlad, ki je ne bodo naznanjale pravljicnemu princu dehteče pomladne sape. Veter mu bo prinašal dim gorečih mest in vasi, smrad smodnika in smrti in slišal bo grmenje bitk. Tedaj mu bodo zagorele oči v divjem ognju, železo v lini se bo treslo in popuščalo v njegovem prijemu in vojaki na grajskem dvorišču bodo trepetali groze ob pogledu na njegov obraz. In prišla bo odločilna noč. Z vseh obzorij bodo rasli preko neba odsevi goreče ravnine in zrak, vzvalovan po rohnenju bitk, ne bo prenašal več ubovega človeškega glasu. Tedaj bodo zapele fanfare raz grajske stolpe in nadglasile vse rjojenje sovraštva, skozi grajska vrata pa bo na konju privihral pravljčni princ, ves bleščeč se v srebrnem oklepu, z vihrajočim škrlatnim plaščem, z rdečo perjanico na svetlem šlemu in z mečem v roki. Svoboden, velikanski, silnejši kot kedaj se bo pognal po neskončni ravnini. Koder bo blisnil njegov meč, bodo ugasnili krvavi odsevi. Ludje bodo odvrgli orožje in, kar jih bo dobrih, mu bodo vzklikali kot rešitelju, kar pa bo zlih, bodo izginiti v črni, strahotni senci njegovega plašča za vedno. Pravljčni princ pa bo oddirjal proti obzorju, proti drugim kraljestvom, da tudi nje odreši. In kjer bo izginil izpred oči ljudstva, bo zaplaval nad deveto deželo solnce in ljudje bodo presrečni videli, da v njihovi deželi vse zopet zeleni, cveti in brsti."

Babica je zopet prenehala in zagnetno pogledala svoje male poslušalce. "Gotovo ne veste, kje so te ravnine devete dežele in kje prinčev grad?" je povzela skrivnostno. "Vaša mala srca so svobodne ravnine, pa tudi žalostni grad. V vašem srcu je celica, kjer je

zaprt pravljčni princ. — V otroškem srcu je vedno pomlad: in pravljčni princ stresa iskrečih se oči, poln upanja in moči mrežo v lini. — Ko boste dorasli in bo vaš razum dozorel, bo prevzel pravljčnega princa neutolažljiv obup, zakaj kakor boste vi tedaj nehali verovati v ljubezen, bo on nehali verovati v svoje osvobojenje. In ko boste v jeseni svojega življenja mislili, da ste spoznali ničevost vsega, kar je, bodo padale vaše grenke misli kot uvelo listje v prinčevu lino in princ se bo bridko jokal. Ko pa bodo v zimi vašega življenja vse radosti in bolesti vašega srca otrpnile pod ledeno skorjo brezčutnosti, tedaj bo tudi princ nepremično obstal in topo pričakoval smrti.

Toda, kdo ve, otroci," je veselo vztrepetal babici glas, "v vsakem človeškem srcu lahko napoči usodna pomlad, lahko zadoni zmagoslavni glas srebrnih trobent in se princ zadrevi preko ravnin devete dežele — srca: tedaj se nam srce širi in v njem polje nekaj velikega kot morje. Toda le prečesto se zberejo smrtni sovražniki princa, naše lastne grde strasti, in ga zopet pahnejo v ječo. Vi pa, otroci, prisluhnite srcu ob svojih dejanjih! Ko boste storili grdo dejanje, boste slišali jokati pravljčnega princa, a pri lepih, plemenitih dejanjih boste gotovo začuli glas srebrnih trobent. Moč njih glasu bo rasla, čim lepša bodo vaša dejanja, in če hočete sami biti pravljčni principi, ne poslušajte nikogar drugega nego pravljčnega princa v svojem srcu; jočite se, če se on joče, vriskajte, kadar zabučijo njegove trobente. In tako bo nekoč res prišel dan, ko bodo na svetu le pravljčni principi in bo svet blažena deveta dežela. Tedaj bo pravljčni princ res silni in veličastni zmagovalec, zakaj zmagal bo v vseh srcih, v milijardah src."

—Bondonus v Svobodi.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

**KONJSKA GLAVA**



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

### DRAGI "KOTIČKARJI"!

Šola je spet tu! Zvonec spet poje svojo pesem parkrat na dan. Opominja vas, da je čas šole. Vse je drugače, posebno okrog šole. Prišla je jesen, ki je prepodila neznosno vročino. Zato pa je sedaj prijetneje sedeti v šoli kakor bi bilo, recimo, poleti v hudi vročini. Veselite se šolskih dni!

Obljubil sem, da bo Mladinski List med vami v prvi polovici meseca. To se je, kakor vidite, uresničilo — v moje največje veselje. Upam, da je točnejše dostavljanje M. L. tudi vam v veselje. Moja iskrena želja je, da bi list izhajal že pred prvim v mesecu, vsak mesec. Ali pa vsaj prvi teden v mesecu. Pospešil bom delo od moje strani, da se to uresniči. Točnost je povsod potrebna. In zakaj neki naj bi baš naš Mladinski List zaostajal v tem!? Včasih celo en mesec zadaj. Prepričan sem—in vi z menoj, o tem sem uverjen—da se bo zanimanje za M. L. povečalo, če bomo z izdajanjem točnejši. Napeti moramo vse sile, da bo list v rokah čitateljev pravočasno.

Še nekaj! Potrebno je tudi sodelovanje vseh dečkov in deklic, ki dopisujejo v "Kotiček." Svoja pisemca brž napišite in jih takoj nesite v poštni nabiralnik, da čimprej dospejo v naš urad. Vem, da vam bodo starši vselej radi pomagali pri sestavi dopisov. Kar vprašajte jih! Torej hitro v roke papir in pero, pa bodo besede kar same brzele po listu! . . .

UREDNIK.

### *M. L., jesen in šola*

Dragi urednik M. L.! — Seveda se Vam moram najprej zahvaliti za popravke v mojem dopisu v julijski številki Mladinskega Lista. Bila je zelo pozna, namreč julijska številka M. L. Dobili smo jo šele v avgustu! No, pa saj ste nam pojasnili vzrok zamude. Zamuda je bila v tiskarni. Obljubili ste nam tudi, da bo Mladinski List za avgust prej izšel. To se je tudi uresničilo. Dostavljen nam je bil

malo čez polovico meseca avgusta. Pač lep napredek. Poleg tega pa nam obljubate, da bo septembrska številka M. L. še prej izšla. Uverjen sem, da se bo tako zgodilo. To bo brez dvoma dobro vplivalo na vse mlade čitatelje. Ali smemo upati, da bi oktobrška številka med nami že okrog 1. oktobra?

Sedaj pa par vrstic o prihajajoči jeseni in šoli.

Vročje poletje (bilo je izredno vroče!) se je začelo poslavljalati. Dnevi postajajo krajši in

noči daljše. V ozračju se čuti jesen. Vse se je predrugačilo. Prej neznozna vročina od jutra do večera, pa tudi ponoči nas je mučila. Sedaj pa nam dobro dene, ko nas zjutraj solnce ogreje.

Jesen prinaša človeku obilo veselja. Na vrtovih zori sadje, na polju razni pridelki. Povsod so odprti prirode zakladi. Na trgu se vidi zlato-rmenno sadje, sočivje, zelenjava in razni poljski pridelki. Vsega je v izobilici, kljub suši. Toda cene, te pa so poskočile, kajti bogati razpečevalci jih znajo navijati. To je za nas delavce težko.

Z nastopom jeseni je prišel čas šole. Obnovilo se je šolsko učenje. Spet je vse živo okrog šole. Prvič so šli v šolo mali dečki in deklice, ki so dopolnili šolsko starost pet ali šest let.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem tega lista!

Joe Rott, Cleveland, O.

(Pripomba ured.:—Tvoj gornji dopis je bil prepoznano za M. L. v avgustu. List je bil že ves dotiskan in tudi oddan na pšto. Dopis si poslal 17. avgusta, baš ko smo odpošljali M. L. na pšto. Zamuda je bila torej na Tvoji strani. Upam, da boš še mnogo napisal in zgodaj, jaz bom pa vse lepo priobčil. Bodi pozdravljen, dragi Joško!—Urednik.)

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## Poletje jemlje slovo

Cenjeni urednik! — Zadnji mesec je bilo tukaj jako vroče. Skoro vsak dan sem šel na obalo jezera Michigan. Navadil sem se plavati in sem se prav dobro zabaval.

Sedaj ni več tako vroče in je postalo hladneje. Tudi dež je končno prišel, kar bo seveda pomagalo vsem pridelkom. Žal, da ga je bilo premalo in prepoznano, ko je suša že mnogo uničila.

Zadnjič so dečki napisali v M. L. več dopisov kakor deklice. Razume se, da deklice se zanimajo ter pomagajo pri hišnem delu, dečki pa so bolj prosti. Zanimivo je čitati dopise v Mladinskem Listu, in tudi v Prosveti. Prvič zato, ker sta oba lista lastnina slovenskih delavcev in njih otrok. V teh dveh listih je gradivo podučljivo za slovensko ljudstvo v Ameriki.

Čital sem članek v lokalnem listu Obzor pod imenom "The Voice of Youth." Pisec članka (po imenu izgleda, da je Slovenec) je Chester J. Michalak. Vsebina člankov se nanaša na bodočnost ameriške slov. mladine. Ako bi pisec pisal v Prosveto ali Mladinski List, ki dosežeta na tisoče čitateljev, bi bil večji uspeh. Obzor je le lokalnega pomena, ima le par sto čitateljev in je gotovo, da pisec teh člankov ne more imeti velikega uspeha.

Poletje se bliža koncu, starši skrbijo, kako bodo preskrbeli živila, kurjavo in obleko za prihodnjo zimo. Mi mlajši pa gremo spet v šolo.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in dopisovalcem Mladinskega Lista!

John Poklar Jr., (društvo št. 16 SNPJ),  
609 W. Virginia street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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## O tekmi z avtomobilčki

Dragi urednik! — Hvala Vam, ker ste priobčili moje pismo v julijski številki M. L. Bal sem se, da ne bo zagledalo belega dne, ker se je Mladinski List tako zakasnil. Jaz sem ga dobil še le 4. avgusta.

Četudi sem bil zaposlen ves čas, vendar sem pogrešal Mladinski List. Moram Vam povedati, kaj me je največ zadržalo, da nisem nič pisal.

Že lani sem Vam enkrat povedal, da se bom letos udeležil tekme "Soap Box Derby." In v resnici sem tudi izgotovil svoj avtomobil.

Pa že zopet smola, kakor vselej. Če si reven in nimaš denarja, si ne moreš zlahka pomagati. Tudi jaz nisem imel sreče, da bi si kupil nova kolesa. Stara šara pa se mi ni obnesla, dasi sem zmagal in bil predzadnji dvakrat poprej le v "finals", sem bil pa le prepočasen. Stara kolesa se niso hotela tako dobro in urno obračati kakor so se drugim, kateri so imeli nova, povrhu tega pa še veliko bolj težja.

Zmagal je (v Scrantonu) Bob McCandrew. Zadnja tekma (race) se je vršila 31. julija. To me je zadržalo cela dva tedna.

Potem smo bili otroci zaposleni en celi teden s kupovanjem v prodajalnah. Prosili smo





starše, da nam naj kupijo dotični teden kolikor mogoče več stvari, bodisi grocerije, ali obleke, čevlje, karsibodi, samo da si kupil dotični teden. Potem si dobil v prodajalni za vsakih pet in dvajset centov vrednosti eden "ticket free," s katerem si lahko dobil v Rocky Glen parku prosto vožnjo na vseh mogočih stvareh: tumbling bug, mali železnici, aeroplane, caterpillar, merry-go-round, roller coaster, Tokyo Canal, The Whip, Fun House, in tako naprej. Tale prosta važnja nam je bila dana prvega avgusta.

Komaj je to potihnilo, že je nastalo novo razburjenje med irskimi naseljenci, ker so komaj pričakovali "fatra" Coughlina, ki je prišel v Scranton 9. avgusta. Potem zopet druga novica, veselje in razburjenje v Scrantonu, ker smo komaj pričakovali obiska predsednika Roosevelta. Že ves teden pred prihodom nisem nič drugega slišal med mojimi sovrstniki kakor da kako bomo šli gledat našega predsednika U. S. A.

Le dva dni pred prihodom nam je bilo naznanjeno, ob kateri uri bo tukaj: 15. avg. ob 12.45 p. m. In v resnici sem se podal na pot 3 milje v Central City, da sem videl našega prezidenta.

Sedaj zopet pomagam očetu hišo barvati. Kadar ni očeta doma, sem pa v svojem prostem času naredil za ptičke hišico in baš danes (25. avg.) jo bom postavil na vrt.

Pozdrav Vam, urednik, in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin,  
2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

## Hudournik

Dragi urednik! — V julijski številki M. L. ste pisali, da želite, da se bi dopisovalci slovenskih dopisov bolj pogosto oglašali. Zato sem se namenil, da tudi jaz nekaj spet napišem.

Dne 3. avgusta se je utrgal oblak med mestoma La Veta in Walsenburgom. Reka Cucharas je narasla v hudournik. Ker je že prej deževalo več dni, je bila zemlja razmočena in deroča voda je začela podirati mostove in ceste. Železniško proggo je razdrla na več krajih. Z nekaterih farm je odnesla zemljo, druge je pa zasula z blatom in kamenjem. V Walsenburgu se je razlila po štirih ulicah in nosila s seboj drva, stare avtomobile in razno nesnago s smetišč. Nekaterim družinam je udrila v stanovanja in jim naredila dosti škode.

Naslednji dan je več brezposelnih delavcev dobilo delo, da so čistili ulice in popravljali ceste.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Albert Tomsic,  
633 West Eighth street, Walsenburg, Colo.

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## Konec počitnic

Cenjeni urednik! — V prvem mojem dopisu v Mladinskem Listu sem obljubila, da se bom učila slovensko pisati in čitati. Se učim počasi — pa gotovo. Stara sem 10 let.

Šolske počitnice so pri kraju in zopet bo treba radi šole vstajati zgodaj.

Bila sem v Idora parku, na pikniku SNPJ 14. junija in sem se dobro zabavala. Upam, da so bili vsi navzoči zadovoljni. Želim, da bi še večkrat priredili velike piknike. V takih parkih je dosti zabave za stare in mlade.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega Lista!

Mary A. Ban (društvo 118),  
5149 Butler st., 2d floor, Pittsburgh, Pa.



## Pri Niagarskih slapovih

Cenjeni urednik! — Hvala Vam za popravke in priobčitev mojega dopisa. Zelo sem bila vesela, ko sem zagledala moj dopis v Mladinskem Listu.

Na 21. julija smo šli v Niagara Falls, New York. Tam sem videla kako lepo voda pada, namreč slavne slapove niagarske. Še poprej sem slišala, kako lepo je tam, pa zdaj sem se

prepričala, da je zares zelo lepo. Pa tudi veliko denarja sem videla v vodi.

Šli smo od doma ob petih zjutraj in domov smo prišli naslednji dan ob dveh zjutraj. Imeli smo se prav dobro.

Ostanite zdravi vsi dopisovalci in čitatelji Mladinskega Lista!

Justina Stopar (stara 14 let  
 in članica društva 142), 21250 Tracy  
 ave., Euclid, Ohio.

Jelka Vuk:

## Grofica Čikičara

BIL JE v tistem kraju velik in lep gozd. In v gozdu je bilo veliko suhega dračja.

Blizu tistega gozda pa je bila vasi. V njej so živeli ljudje, siromašni, a delovni in skromni. Majhne bajte so imeli in malo zemlje. Gozda pa nič. In tako jim je vedno primanjkovalo drv. Kajti lepi, veliki gozd ni bil vaščanov, temveč neke grofice Čikičara, ki je pa ni nihče videl in poznal. Govorili so, da je grofica Čikičara zelo hudobna, da vsakega kaznuje, kdor stopi v gozd po dračje. Ali videl je ni nihče. Govorili so tudi, da je začarana krastača, ki se včasih kje pokaže ali takoj izgine. Ali pravega ni vedel nihče.

Otroci iz tiste vasi so hodili nabirat dračje v tisti gozd. Zakaj doma so mamice morale kuhati kosilo in večerjo, česar brez dračja niso mogle. Tako se je za silo živelo. Ali dogodilo se je, da tega ali onega fantka, ki je šel po dračje, ni bilo domov. Iskali so ga, klicali, a ni ga bilo. Otroci so se bali hoditi po dračje, tudi mamice jih niso pustile, ali kuhati je bilo treba.

Tako je bilo, da je naposled Mirko, majhen deček, rekel sestrici Cvetki:

"Bom vseeno šel po dračje. Mamici nič ne pripoveduj, bom se že vrnil."

Cvetka ga je hotela pregovoriti, pa je ni poslušal. Šel je. Ali vrnil se ni.

Mati je jokala, Cvetka je jokala in klicali sta Mirka. Ko je Cvetka šla dalje v gozd in klicala Mirka, je nenadoma zagledala pred seboj veliko krastačo z vso nagrbano, grdo kožo. Ni se ustrašila, temveč jo je vprašala:

"Ali si videla kje mojega bratca Mirka?"

Krastača pa je odgovorila:

"Videla sem ga."

"Kje je?"

"Pojdi, pokazala ti bom."

Cvetka je šla za krastačo. Nič je ni bilo strah, samo mislila je, kako bo našla Mirka in ga odpeljala domov, da mama ne bo jokala.

Prišli sta do velike skale, ki je imela votlino.

"Vidiš, to je moj grad," je rekla krastača. Še noben človek ga ni videl. Ti si prva. Še noben človek ni prestopil njegovega praga. Ne vem, če ga boš ti."

Iz votline so pa se zdajci zaslišali glasovi:

“Cvetka, vzemi palico, ki leži na tvoji desni. Udari krastačo, da nas rešiš. Če ne udariš, bo udarila krastača in spremeniš se kakor mi, v žabe.”

Cvetka je videla palico. Videla je, kako je pristopila krastača, da jo zagrabi.

Iz jame pa je klicalo neprestano:

“Ne čakaj, požuri se, prehiti krastačo.”

Cvetka je skočila in zgrabila za palico. Samo za las je manjkalo, da ni prej zgrabila krastača. Ko je dvignila palico, je začutila, da je zelo težko. Zamahnila je in udarila krastačo.

Tedaj je zgrmelo. Zazibalo se je pod njenimi nogami, stemnilo vse okrog. In ko se je zopet zjasnilo, tiste skale in tiste votline ni bilo nikjer. Bil je tam lep vrt, na katerem so cvetele lepe cvetlice in otroci so stali pri njih in stopili zdaj k Cvetki. Med njimi je bil tudi njen brat Mirko.

Cvetka je gledala. Tedaj se je na vr-

tu pojavila senca nekakšne gospe, ki je spregovorila:

“Hvala ti, Cvetka, otrok, ki si zaupal v sebe in se nisi bal. To je rešilo tebe in osvobodilo otroke, ki so zdaj okrog tebe. Kajti zaupanje v sebe in stopanje nevarnosti nasproti brez strahu je moč, ki vse premaga. Mene, zakleto grofico Čikičaro, si rešila s tvojo korajžo. Bila sem zakleta radi mojih grehov, ker sem svoje bogatstvo neusmiljeno držala in nisem dovolila ubogim niti malo suhega dračja. In ko me je nek ubožec preklel, govoreč, da bom krastača, dokler me ne reši pogumen otrok, ki bo stopil z menoj in k meni brez strahu. Hvala ti, Cvetka. Zdaj bom mirno počivala. Vzamite dračja kolikor ga hočete in nosite ga svojim mamicam, da ne bodo jokale in da vi ne boste gladovali.”

Ko je to izrekla, je senca izginila.

Otroci so pa šli domov in s seboj vzeli cela naročja dračja, da so se mamice vse razveselile in od veselja jokale.







# JUVENILE



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## Mrs. Quinn

By MARY JUGG

*I'VE heard it said from many lips:  
"Her heart is quickly broken;  
She'll rush to aid a wayward dog  
Before a word is spoken.*

*"A lady worthy of the name  
Is Mrs. Quinn, the kind,  
The champion, defender, friend;  
No greater can you find."*

*I've seen her take a shabby dog  
Left on the street to roam,  
And take it in and give it food  
And place it in a home.*

*I saw her pass a hungry child  
Upon the street today;  
And Mrs. Quinn, the "champion,"  
Preferred to look the other way.*

*There are many urchins on our street  
Without a home, or mother;  
And better food is needed than  
One promise, then another.*

*But Mrs. Quinn will care for dogs;  
She'll will a fifteen grand;  
While hungry children must look on—  
A "champion" close at hand . . .*

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## Determination

By Ethel Cromer

**H**E was such a little fellow  
He didn't know what to do,  
And the schoolhouse looked so big and  
still  
It scared him thru and thru.

He knew he had to go inside,  
But behind the big, wide doors,  
Most anything might grab a boy  
And drag him on the floors!

But he set his teeth in earnest,  
For he hadn't a single doubt;  
He knew he had to learn the things  
His daddy talked about!

# Black Diamond

The Story of a Horse Who Lived Underground

SHE WAS a little black mare, black all over, with just a splash of white hair in the middle of her forehead. She had a black mane, a black tail, and black hoofs; but, because of the white splash on her brow, they called her Diamond.

She lived in Wales and her master was a grain merchant. She pulled his yellow cart with red wheels through green lanes and over mountain roads, carrying sacks of barley-meal from the mill to the shop, and sacks of grain from the shop to the farmers' houses. A great many people knew Diamond, and children in the neighborhood very often played at being Diamond. They would run with their heads bent down to their chests and their shoulders pressed forward, pulling at the toy reins which the driver held very tightly, while he said "Whoa, Diamond; steady, Diamond;" and then they would stand still, pretending that they were waiting while the cart was being filled, and would toss their heads up and down, just like Diamond.

But one day, one cold, bitter winter's day poor Diamond slipped on some ice as she came rattling downhill, and fell with a great thud on the road. The beautiful harness, with its red and white brow-band and its shining brass, split like strings; the shafts snapped like firewood; the driver was pitched on his head and lay unconscious in the road; poor Diamond, with her knees bleeding and her beautiful soft nose all scratched and dabbled with grit and blood, rolled and kicked and groaned on the hard road, while one of the broken shafts pressed its jagged edges into her heaving flanks. Diamond was so badly injured that it seemed best to put her out to grass.

"She shall live light for a couple of years," said the merchant. And Diamond was turned out to pasture. She

had lived in this way for two or three months, when her master and a stranger entered the field one day. They had a good look at her, stroked her, felt her legs, ran their hands over her sides, examined her feet, and then walked slowly away talking money.

Diamond wondered what was going to happen. She was not long kept waiting. The very next day the two returned, a bridle was pushed over her ears, a rope was fastened to it, and she was led out of the field. A cart was waiting in the road. The strange man got up in his cart and took the rope in his hand.

"She's a good mare," said Diamond's master, "and I'm sorry to lose her."

"She'll serve my purpose all right," said the other; and off went the cart with Diamond trotting behind.

They came presently to a black and ugly country, with freight cars and engines clanking over lines that stood up from the ground like furrows in a field, and then Diamond saw, in the open air, immense chimneys, and wheels with belting attached to them spinning round and round, and wooden huts, and piles of black coal and great banks of stones, and men with faces like negroes and clothes like chimney-sweeps, going constantly to and fro.

She was taken to what looked like a wooden shed, and there the man in the cart was joined by three or four others, who looked her over, stroked her and pulled her ears as they passed and one of them called out: "Take your last look at the sun, old girl!" Some of the others laughed; some looked sad and passed on without speaking.

A bandage was tied over the eyes of Diamond. She could see only a dim and obscure light through this heavy covering. Someone patted her. "Come on, old lady," said a voice. She was led for-

ward. She went nervously, feeling her way, and sniffing suspiciously. Someone was patting her side; the man who was leading her stroked her neck. Suddenly her feet struck a wood, instead of the ground, and she started to one side. "Steady, old girl," said two or three voices. The hand at the bridle pulled steadily forward. Diamond went on a step or two, sniffing and trembling, her flesh twitching with nervousness. "Whoa, there," said the voices. And she stood still. She heard a heavy door shot behind her and jumped to one side, crouching down with her hind-quarters, her tail pressed between her legs. The man holding her bridle spoke to her and stroked her. Then he called out: "All right. Let her go."

There was a pause; then the noise of a chain sounded, and Diamond felt herself falling through the earth. Down and down she went and in her fear she plunged to this side and that side, blowing great clouds of steam through her trembling nostrils, while a thick sweat broke out from her heaving flanks.

"It's all right, Diamond," said the voice of the man, and his hand passed quietly over her neck and under her muzzle. When the bandage was taken off Diamond's eyes she found herself in a perfectly black world, which was without grass or sky. She could see nothing. She could scarcely breathe. Then, as her eyes got used to this underworld, she saw that the place was a black tunnel, with walls, roof and floor and that, in the distance, a light was shining from a lamp.

She was led forward and soon the light of many lamps fell on her, and she saw men moving, and heard the sound of voices. Someone came forward, took the rope from the man who had brought her down and led her away.

Diamond felt less frightened when she saw another horse pulling a truck full of coal through one of the tunnels. She felt almost safe when she came to a stable where there were three other

horses. The stalls were clean. There was plenty of straw about. The horses were well groomed and looked fat. They neighed a welcome to Diamond, and Diamond answered them.

She was given some oats, but she was afraid of the manger and would not eat. The man brought some hay for her rack, but she started away from it. Then the man said: "Diamond, my dear lady, a man and a horse can get used to anything. You'll get as used to eating food under ground as above ground, see if you don't." He began to pass a haywisp over her, and while he did so he said: "Now, just listen to me, my pretty. I'm called William—that's the name you'll have to call if you want anything; just you say 'William,' and I'll be round in a second; my name's William, and I've been here for seven and thirty year, and I never yet handled a horse that didn't get to love me. You've got to love me. I'm going to change your name to begin with, and call you Black Diamond, because you'll be dealing in black diamond for the rest of your days.

"Now, it's a bit stuffy down here I admit; and the dark tries the eyes, and you can't help missing the birds and the trees, and the grass, and the skies, and the rivers, and the sight of children. But, lor' bless you Black Diamond, you'll come to like it here. Some sail ships across the sea, some go fighting, and others sell shoes. And, come to think of it, my lass, you're a deal better off down here with old William than you would be pulling a cab through the streets of London or standing for an hour at a time in the rain outside Cardiff Station.

"Now, isn't that true? Come taste these oats out of my hand, and see how good they are. You and I are going to be friends; we've got to be friends, Black Diamond. So let's begin at once, and enjoy ourselves.

Black Diamond learned that the love of the miner does make up in some measure, for the loss of sunlight and

heaven's sweet air. She grew to love her friend William. She pulled the coal trucks through the black mine, and scarcely noticed that she was going gradually, gradually blind. William brought her apples and carrots in his coat-pocket, and the other miners made a pet of her, and she was soon a favorite with the other horses in the stall. "A pit's a poor place to live in," reflected Black Diamond; "but it's wonderful what a little love will do."

She worked faithfully, ate heartily, and slept soundly. But in spite of all this she was going gradually blind.

Then her colt was born, and the miners called it Little Diamond, and Black Diamond grew very happy, telling this

black baby all about the wonderful world above the coal-mine. She had just sufficient sight to see her baby, and she would lick it for hours, with her poor, fading eyes full of great tears.

"I like to hear your stories," said Little Diamond; "but, of course, I don't believe they're true. They are only fairy stories, aren't they?"

And years afterwards, even Black Diamond herself came to think that the green earth, where she had spent so many delightful days, must be only a dream.

It is so difficult, when one is born in the dark, and lives in the dark to believe that just a little above there is a world bathed in light and sunshine.

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## SEPTEMBER

By *Helen Jackson*

THE goldenrod is yellow,  
The corn is turning brown,  
The trees in apple orchards,  
With fruit are bending down.

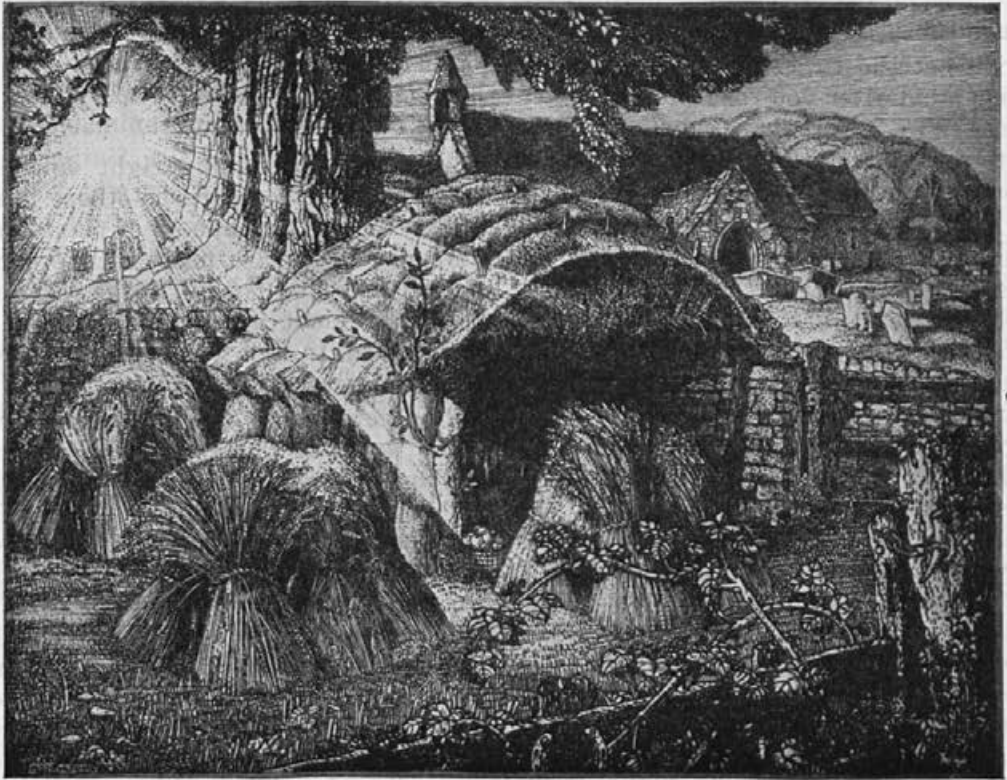
The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun,  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook,  
And asters by the brookside  
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning  
The grapes' sweet odors rise,  
At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens  
September days are here,  
With summer's best of weather  
And autumn's best of cheer.

# A Letter to Edward



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

**ROBIN TANNER**

**MARTIN'S HOVEL**

As I told you in the last letter, one of the most primitive kinds of animals that we know is called the "omnivore." It is one-celled. Sometimes the animals

that we speak of as "omnivores" really are omnivores. They eat both plants and animals. But this is taking the jump ahead, and you might like to go just a little way back. You can see that the plants that we eat are very different from the plants that we grow differently from

# A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

I'll bet the first thing that came to your mind after you read the last letter was: Why is it that we cannot be absolutely sure just what the very earliest forms were like?

Well, Edward, there are two good reasons. In the first place we must remember that even though Man is, at the very least, half a **million** years old, science is just about **two centuries** old. But it could have been different. The study of science could have begun hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Then why didn't it? Because scientists were persecuted—mostly by the Church. You can see why. Churches didn't want people to learn the truths. If people would have found out that things were not like the Church told them they were, the Churches would have died out long ago. It has been that way all the time. Even today it is very, very hard to bring out a new discovery and prove it to the people, because right away someone who doesn't like people to know about it will make all kinds of fun about it.

In the second place, as I have already told you, these early forms are lost. Since they had no bones—no skeletons—there was nothing that could remain as fossils in the rocks so that we may find any trace of them. We can only know that the first living things must have been much simpler than the lowest bacteria that we know. What we call "inorganic" or dead matter developed into "organic" or living matter after ages and ages.

All the way through, you must remember that everything we speak about as though it developed quickly really took years and years of time. Nature is very, very slow in changing forms.

Don't tell me: I can guess. The next

thing that will come to your mind is: "Life may have started that way, but how is it that we have two different kinds of life—plant and animal?"

Well, Edward, going right down to the very first comparison—there is no difference in the make-up of plants and animals. They are made of the same materials. That is why, in the very low forms of plant and animal life, it is very hard to tell the difference between a plant and an animal.

But here comes the interesting division: some of these very early forms fed on "inorganic" matter—upon the soil. The soil had enough of all that they needed to support their life. They didn't have to move. They simply had to cling to something to get life from it. What was there to cling to? Well, the soil in the bottom of the ocean. And sure enough, that's just where they clung, and in time there grew all kinds of plant forms, ragweeds, and such on the soil under the water.

Now, some of these very early forms developed another kind of habit. Instead of "taking root" to something so that they could live on it, they took to eating up their neighbors. And this kind of life, instead of being like plants, developed into another form, which we call—animal. You can see why this would have to grow differently from the plant form. If it lives on other things, it must move; it must stretch. Pretty soon it has to develop a mouth, a stomach. And then before long, it must get some kind of protection for itself. But this is taking big jumps ahead, and you might like to go just a bit slower.

As I told you in the last letter, one of the most primitive kinds of animals that we know is called the "amoeba." It is one-celled. Sometimes the amoeba

is called "the grandfather of all creation." You will easily see why.

When you look at this animal through a microscope, you would probably say, "Why, it's nothing but legs." Or you might say, "It's all arms." Well, it is all that. It is all legs and all arms and all mouth and all stomach—all in one. Whenever it wants to catch food, it pushes itself out and that's what makes it look like all legs. In that way it moves itself about. Any part of it can wiggle and be a leg. Then when it comes to something that is food, it takes it in at any part and it becomes all mouth or all stomach. I know you will study about it in your textbooks, and your teacher will tell you more about it.

Now there are some very interesting things about an amoeba. It "multiplies". Remember it is just one-celled. But, anyway, it forms other cells like itself. Here is the marvelous way in which we get numbers of amoebas! As the amoeba takes in food, it grows. After it gets so big it spreads out. As it spreads out each part keeps getting bigger, while the middle gets thinner and thinner all the time. Finally, the middle gets so thin that it breaks. And now—each part goes off by itself! The amoeba grew big, it split, and formed itself into two amoebas! Each of these amoebas can go off by itself and again grow and again split in the same way. Then there will be four of them, and when these four grow and break up again, there will be eight of them. And in this way, the one amoeba has a big family.

Now just suppose that these number of cells, instead of floating off by themselves, stick together. Then we would have a bundle of them. And that is just what we find—bundles of these cells, each one able to live by itself, sticking together. And now instead of calling these tiny animals "one-celled" we say they are "many-celled."

Now it is not hard for you to see how in time these "many-celled" bundles would begin to "specialize". That is, in-

stead of each one of them being all legs and all arms and all stomachs, they would divide these duties. You do the same thing in your home. You, your sister, your mother, your father—all do certain jobs that help each other along. Well, the cells developed like that—quite differently, of course. One part of the cells would develop only in one direction, that is,—they would be the mouth, another group of cells would be the skin—to protect the whole bundle, another part would be legs and so on.

If you think this seems hard, just look at your own body. It is the most-highly specialized machine you can find. Each group of cells has its own duty to perform for the whole body. When you are in school this fall, take a single hair from your head and place it under the microscope. You won't believe your eyes at what you see there. What do you suppose? Just groups of cells clinging together. Take a section of your skin and what do you find? The same thing—cells clinging together. Look at your nail under the microscope. You could go on like this with every part of your body, and always you would find the same thing—hundreds upon hundreds of cells grouped together, each group of these cells with its own kind of work to perform.

All of this you can trace to the very lowest kinds of animals. The larger the animals become, the more developed are their parts. And all of the time, they improve.

And now I have been telling you about one of the most miraculous things—the amoeba. But even though this is so primitive and it seems to be such an unbelievably small beginning of life forms, we have every reason to say that even this was not the first form. Why? Because remember: that everything grew. The amoeba then, couldn't come of itself just like that. It, too, had to grow out of some jelly mass that was more primitive than itself. And all these early forms left no "fossils". That is why we must study these forms today

—to get some clue as to what the earlier ones looked like.

All of this time, Edward, I have been telling you of the early form of life-plant and animal, and I am sure you have noticed one thing. It has all been about life in the water. The big question in your mind is: "But how does it happen that we have such highly-developed forms of life on the land? How did these animals and plants which grew in the water come on to the land?"

That is a most amazing story, Edward. I will tell you about it in the next letter. It is all very logical, and you will wonder, after you read it, how some people can accept all kinds of unreason-

able explanations without questioning them at all.

One thing comes to my mind now. Do you still remember that rule of always asking How? and Why? Maybe in the meantime someone has been talking to you and trying to make fun of what you tried to tell them. They thought they had a better explanation for you, and that you must believe **them**. Did you remember to hold on to that "How? and "Why?" If you don't, many people will be very glad to fool you about something that your common sense tells you could not be so. And so again, until the next time, I must leave off about some of these very interesting things.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

MILLET

THE SOWER



Leo N. Tolstoy:

## The Two Pilgrims

TWO OLD MEN once resolved to go on a pilgrimage to the far-off ancient Jerusalem. One was a rich peasant named E'fim Shev'e-lef. The other was not so well off—E-li'sha Bo'drof.

Efim was very sedate. He never drank vodka, never smoked tobacco, never took snuff. In all his life he had never used a bad word, and he was always strict and upright. His family was large—two sons and a married grandson—and all lived together. As for himself, he was hale, long-bearded, erect, and though he was nearly seventy, his beard was only beginning to grow gray.

Elisha was a little old man, neither rich nor poor. In former times he had gone about doing odd jobs in carpentry; but now as he grew older, he began to stay home and raise bees. One of his sons had gone away to work, the other was at home. Elisha was good-natured and jolly. It is true he sometimes drank vodka, he sometimes took snuff and he liked to sing songs; but he was a peaceable man and lived on the friendliest terms with his family and neighbors.

Now the old men had taken a vow long ago to go to Jerusalem together, but Efim had never found the leisure—his engagements had never come to an end. As soon as one was through with, another began. First he had to arrange his grandson's marriage; then to wait for his youngest son's return from the army; and then again, he planned to build a new out-building.

One holiday the old men met and were sitting in the sun. "Well," said Elisha, "when shall we set out to fulfil our vow?"

Efim knit his brows. "We must wait a while," says he. "This year it'll come hard for me. I am engaged in putting

up this building. You see that'll take till summer. In the summer, fate willing, we will go without fail."

"Eh, friend, we can never get through all we have to do. The other day the women-folk at home were washing and cleaning house, fixing up for Easter. Here something needed doing, there something else, and they could not get everything done. So my eldest daughter who's a sensible woman, says: 'We may be thankful the holiday comes without waiting for us, or, however hard we worked, we should never be ready for it.'"

So Elisha succeeded in persuading his comrade.

At the end of a week the old men had made their preparations. Efim had money enough at hand. He took a hundred roubles himself and left two hundred for his wife. Elisha too got ready. He sold ten hives to his neighbor, and received from him, all told, seventy roubles. The rest of the hundred roubles he scraped together from the members of his household, fairly cleaning them all out. His old woman and his daughter-in-law gave him all their savings. Efim gave his eldest son definite commands about everything — what meadows to rent out, where to put manure, and how to finish and roof in the out-building. He gave anxious thought to everything; he fore-ordered everything. But Elisha only directed his old woman to hive the young swarms of bees he had sold, and give them to his neighbor without trickery. About household affairs he did not have a word to say. "If anything comes up, you will know what to do when the time comes. You people at home do just as you think best."

The old men were now ready. Their

wives baked a lot of flat cakes, made them some traveling bags, and cut them new leg wrappers. Then the men put on new boots, took some extra shoes of platted bark, and set forth. The folks kept them company as far as the common pasture.

Five weeks the old men journeyed, till they came to the land of the Top-Knots (Little Russia). From the time that they left home they had been obliged to pay for lodging and meals, but now that they had come among the Top-Knots the people began to vie with each other in asking them into their huts. They gave them shelter and fed them and would not take money from them, but even put bread and flat cakes into their bags for them to eat on the journey. Thus the old men traveled nearly seven hundred versts. But when they passed through this province they came to a place where the harvest had failed. Here the people received them kindly and gave them free lodging at night but they could no longer feed them without pay. Sometimes the two pilgrims could not even get bread when they offered to pay for it, for there was none to be had. Those who were rich in the district had been ruined; those who lived in medium style had come down to nothing; but the poor had almost perished in their homes. All winter they had been living on husks and pig-weeds.

Soon they came to a great village. It had grown hot and Elisha was ready to drop with fatigue. He wanted to rest and have a drink, but Efim would not halt. Efim was the stronger in walking and it was hard for Elisha to keep up with him.

"I'd like a drink," says he.

"All right. Get a drink. I don't want any.

Elisha stopped.

"Don't wait," says he. "I'm only going to run in at this hut for a minute and get a drink. I'll overtake you in a jiffy."

So Efim proceeded on his way alone, and Elisha turned back.

The hut was small and plastered with mud, black below, whitewashed above. It was in bad condition, and apparently had not been kept up in a long time. In one place the thatch on the roof was quite broken through. Elisha went into the yard. There on a pile of earth, lay a thin, beardless man in shirt and drawers. Evidently he had lain down when it was cool, but now the sun beat straight upon him. Yet he lay there still, and was not asleep. Elisha shouted and asked him for a drink. The man made no reply.

"Can some misfortune have befallen these people?" he thought. "I must look and see."

And Elisha went into the dwelling room. To the left he saw a brick oven, in front against the wall, an ikon-stand with a table before it. By the table on a bench sat an old woman with dishevelled hair, wearing only a single shirt. She was resting her head on the table, and at her elbow stood an emaciated little boy, pale as wax, with distended belly. He was tugging at her sleeve, and screaming at the top of his voice begging for something.

In the hut the air was stifling. Elisha looked around and saw a woman lying on the floor behind the oven. She lay on her back and did not look up. Only sometimes she moaned. Evidently she could do nothing for herself and no one had been attending to her needs. The old woman raised her head.

"What do you want?" says she. "We hain't got nothing for you."

"I am a servant of Good," says Elisha. "I came to get a drink."

"Hain't got any. Hain't got nothing to fetch it in. Go away."

Elisha began to question her. "Tell me, isn't there any one of you well enough to take care of the woman?"

"No, no one. My son is dying outside and we are dying here."

The boy had ceased crying when he saw the stranger; but when the old woman spoke he began to tug again at her sleeve.

"Bread, granny, bread!" he screamed.

Elisha was going to ask more questions of the old woman, when the peasant came stumbling into the hut. He went along the wall and was going to sit on the bench but failed of it and fell into the corner at the threshold. He did not try to get up, but he did manage to speak. One word he speaks—then breaks off—is out of breath—speaks another:—

"Starving—" says he, "he—is—dying—starvation." He motioned toward the boy and burst into tears.

Elisha shook off his sack from his shoulders, then lifted it to the bench and began to undo it. He took out a loaf of bread, cut off a slice with his knife and gave it to the man. The peasant would not take it, but pointed to the boy and to a girl crouching behind the oven as much as to say, "Give it to them, please."

Elisha held the bread out to the boy. The boy smelt it, stretched himself up, sized the slice with both hands and buried his nose in it. Then the little girl came out from behind the oven, staring at the loaf. Elisha gave her some also, and still another chunk he cut for the old woman.

"Would you bring some water?" said the old woman, "their mouths are parched. I tried to get some, yesterday or today—I don't remember which—I fell, couldn't get there. The bucket is where I dropped it unless some one has stolen it."

Elisha went and found the bucket, brought water, and gave the people a drink. The children and the old woman ate the bread with the water, but the man would not eat.

"I can not eat," he said.

All this time the younger woman did not show any signs of consciousness but continued to toss about.

Elisha went to the village, bought at the shop some millet, salt, flour, butter. He found an axe, split some wood, and made a fire. The little girl began to help him. Then he boiled some soup and gave the starving people a meal.

The peasant and the old woman ate only a little, but the girl and boy licked the bowl clean, and lay down to sleep locked in each other's arms. Then the man and the old woman began to relate how all this had come upon them.

"We weren't rich even before this," said the peasant, "but when nothing grew we had to give all we had for food last autumn. Then we had to go begging among our neighbors and kind people. At first they gave to us, but then they sent us away because they had nothing. Yes, and we were ashamed to beg. We got in debt to everyone. I tried to get work, but there was no work to be had. The old woman and the little girl had to go a long way off begging. Not much was given them. No one had any bread to spare. And so we lived, hoping we'd get on somehow till new crops came. Then people stopped giving at all and we began to starve. We had nothing to eat but herbs. So my wife became sick and I haven't any strength left."

(To be continued.)





# CHATTER CORNER

EDITED BY JOYFUL MEMBERS  
*of the S.N.P.J.*

## TALKING IT OVER

DEAR CHILDREN:—

Most of you boys and girls are again schoolward bound, every day, except Saturday and Sunday. You have to get up at certain hour and depart on time. I know, you hate to be tardy at school; your mother wakes you up earlier.

I am happy that the August Mladinski List has been able to make its appearance earlier. It is my sincere wish that this progress will continue and even improve so that the M. L. will be issued around the first of each month. I am determined to do my share in promoting its regular and timely delivery. Are you willing to cooperate in this respect by sending your letters to this office a little sooner? That's swell! This will help to issue the M. L. on time.

I just read a Chinese proverb which states that "One evil thought may cause a lifelong regret." That is, for instance, if you climb a mountain, one misstep may cause you to fall headlong down a steep precipice, and you may lose your life. One step at the wrong time when you are playing out in the street may cause a serious injury to your body. Or one step down the wrong road may lead you astray. And a wrong thought will often lead to a bad result. Think right! Read good books! Talk with good boys and good girls! Help those children who think otherwise, by good example. Tell them of the good work the SNPJ is doing for its Adult and Juvenile members.

Help the SNPJ Juvenile Campaign!

—EDITOR.

### *Plenty of Homework*

Dear Editor:—Vacation is over. No more roaming around until next year. Now there'll be plenty of homework to do. Our school started after Labor day. Just luck, because my birthday was before school started, Sept. 2. I was fifteen years old on that date.

The Louisville legion team were the Colorado champions. So they got to play the New Mexico champions, who were from Al-

buquerque. They played three games. Louisville won the first game, 5 to 2, and the last game, 7 to 2. Albuquerque won the second game, 4 to 1. Then Louisville was the Colorado New Mex. champion. So they got to go to Bismarck, N. D., to play.

In the Prosveta I read that there were 14,000 juvenile members in the SNPJ. So if they all get the M. L. and know how to write, O, what an enormous magazine this would be. So why don't we all try to write.

I am sending in a "poem" in dialect:

I crank da car—  
 But shesa no run  
 These automobile  
 Shesa sonna of gun,  
 Shesa stop in da mid!  
 Of a street upatown  
 I watch carburette  
 But shesa no drown  
 I pusha da clutch  
 And shaka da brake  
 Da engine I ful  
 I looka the tank  
 Oh! what I see—yas!  
 Da sonna of gun  
 She auto da gas!

I wish some boy or girl would write to me.  
 Best regards to all.

Julia Slavec, Box 153, Louisville, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There isn't very much I can say. I haven't much good time because my father has been four years out of work. I play by myself. Our Lodge number is 47 of the SNPJ. I am 8 years of age and in the fourth grade. I have no sister and no brother. There are four in our family.

Frances Golob,

1904 So. 17th st., Springfield, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I think it is about time for me to write to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years of age and was promoted to the 7th grade. I have a brother who is older than I; he's in High School and he will be 15 in October. Now, our vacation days are nearly over, and by the time this letter is published, we'll be back in school. Best regards to one and all.

Bernice Turkovich,

Box 592, Shinnston, W. Va.

\* \*

## Helen Collects M. L. Pictures

Dear Editor and Fellow Members:—This being my first letter to the Mladinski List, I shall, no doubt, be classified as an amateur, by the member who makes it his duty to see that his or her letter appears regularly, every month in the M. L. This is, just as brushing teeth and washing your hands and face, a very good habit to form.

I am seventeen years of age and am completing my third year in the Joliet Township high school, which is, if you can recollect, one of the largest high schools in the USA.

I read the Mladinski List every month, and am particularly interested in the pictures taken from the *Chicago Art Institute*. I am interested in these pictures as *Art* is one of

my main subjects in my curriculum. I have, every month since 1927, cut out these pictures and now have a very nice scrap book, which I treasure highly. I have visited the Art Institute in the early part of August and I can truthfully say that it is one of Chicago's "places to be proud of."

I am hoping that when I have finished my courses in high school I will be able to enter one of my artistics into this interesting magazine.

I have been in SNPJ Lodge 115 ever since I was old enough to enter the Juvenile class. In June 1937 I shall leave the Juvenile class, but not Lodge 115, for I shall enlist my name with the many other members of the, shall I say, "grown-ups class." Altho this will be a change it will not stop me from reading the M. L.

There are five in our family. At the present time my father, mother and my oldest brother, Frank Jr., are in the Adult class of Lodge 115, and my younger brother, Ray, and I, are in the Juvenile class.

I have taken a trip through the SNPJ Headquarters with my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sternisha Sr. My mother is the secretary of Lodge 115, and my father is a very active member, and very interested in the welfare of the Juvenile class.

He has been leader of the Juvenile Campaign in our lodge and that is one reason for our coming out on the top and winning recognition as the lodge which produced the most new Juvenile members. But we are in no way satisfied and shall not be until we have tried with all our effort to secure all young Slovenes into one of the many branches of that great tree known as the SNPJ.

Best wishes from an amateur writer of the Mladinski List and a Juvenile member of Lodge 115.

Helen Sternisha,

1616 Wilcox st., Joliet, Ill.

P. S.:—I also wish to thank the SNPJ for the very nice badges they gave to the Juvenile class for our picnic which was held on August the sixteenth.

\* \*

## Picnics and More Picnics

Dear Readers and Editors:—I have again decided to write to this wonderful magazine. I am ashamed of myself for not writing to it for such a long time. I wrote to this most beloved juvenile magazine a few times before but all at once I seem to forget to write to it. Although I forgot to write I always read it, because it has many interesting subjects. I have much fun reading it and I also wish, as many others do, that it would come every week.

Here, in Clinton, the weather is hot. We haven't had any rain for a long time and everything in the small gardens is burning up.

I have been on four (4) picnics this summer given by different lodges, and the last one was on September 6. I like to go to picnics because I have a good time. In fact I think everyone has a good time. The lodge in which my mother and I are members had a picnic on July 26. My mother, who is the treasurer of Lodge 213, was selling tickets. The picnic begun Sunday after dinner and lasted until past midnight. We didn't get home until 1:30 in the morning and we sure were tired and sleepy. There was music at the picnic and the young and old all went to dance. Everyone wore a smile from ear to ear on their faces. The profits from this picnic were very good. I hope that the next picnic will be another good success as this one was.

Most of our vacation is gone and we can soon say good-bye to it. Schools will soon be opening and all the boys and girls will be carrying books in their hands. In the evening school work will have to be done, and this is when the trouble begins. Well, I guess this is all for this time, and I'll be seeing you again in October. Best regards to all the readers and editors.

Mary Potisek,

949 Bogart street, Clinton, Indiana.

### **Agrees with "Production for Use" Article**

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have put off writing to this wonderful magazine for such a long time that now I have decided that I could not possibly put it off for another minute.

By the letters written by *Mary Elizabeth Fradel*, I judge her to be a very pleasing person to talk with. I would like to have a personal letter from her. I also enjoy the letters from our "pupils" of SNPJ. I would like to have some "Pen Pals" and will gladly answer all letters.

I quite agree with *Mary Elizabeth Fradel's* last letter to the M. L. on "Production for Use—not for Profit," but, I am also afraid that that would be the "socialistic way out," which, so it seems, America cannot get the idea of having. In our Problems of Democracy Class one day, we had a talk on Problems of today and what step could be taken to get us out of "Depression" (such a big topic!). I stated that we should "produce for use and not for profit," (I didn't use these exact terms but they meant the same). A boy then contradicted my words and stated "that would be Socialism and we POSSIBLY

CAN'T have SOCIALISM in America." (I am afraid that some day this same boy will think and find out differently.) Therefore, I guess, if the majority feel that way we can just starve and go without clothing, while the food and clothes that are produced for profit can go to waste.

The Scientists are going too far ahead of the people's minds. The people are living away back in the dark ages in their minds, while Scientists are advancing ahead. We have to go forward with our surroundings or we will not last long on this earth. We will, as I have heard, notice a great change within the next 50 years. The young generation of today will perhaps see this change while the elders will be in the "Unknown Beyond." This change will be for better or worse (I am no "Seer" so I don't know). There just has to be a change, the people will have to "snap" out of it and go forward with everything around them.

Another interesting discussion in this magazine is Mary Jugg's A letter to Edward; all readers of M. L. should follow this article. A Proud Member of SNPJ,

Virginia Jane, Box 214, Star City, W. Va.

### **First Flood, Then Heat**

Dear Editor:—It has been quite some time since I have last written to this magazine. My last letter to the M. L. was when the big flood occurred in and around Pittsburgh.

Since then we have had a terrible heat wave and dry spell. The soil (in mid August) was dry which means the farmers will be unable to produce any crops on their farms. We hope that the government will come to the aid of the farmers who were affected by the drought. It seems as if we always have too much water or not enough.

Last year we had a very busy canning season, but due to the dry spell, this year we won't have much fruit or vegetables to put up.

It won't be long until we will be taking our pens and pencils in hand and begin taking commands from our teacher. I think I prefer going to school than staying at home. I shall be in the sixth grade this school term.

Best regards to all.

Frances Krally,  
Box 65, Moon Run, Pa.

### **My Trip to Cleveland**

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am a member of the Pioneer Juvenile Department, Lodge 580, SNPJ, of Washington county, the largest English speaking lodge in Pennsylvania. The lodge celebrated its Tenth Anniversary on

the 4th and 5th of July. The two days were very well spent. On Saturday, there was a Slovene program at which Pres. Vincent Cainkar was the main speaker. The Singing Society "Iliria", directed by Mr. Anthony Rozance Jr., rendered a few nice Slovene songs. A short play, "V Posredovalnici," under the direction of Mrs. Frances Novak, was presented by the members of Dramatic Club, and I was one of the characters. On Sunday afternoon they had a short English program which everyone enjoyed.

I see that the months are passing by very rapidly, that means vacation time is nearly over.

For my summer trip I with the family went to Cleveland, Ohio, visiting friends and to see the Great Lakes Expo. It was very interesting and also very exciting. The most interesting thing to me was the Streets of the World where I had seen our people dressed like they do in Ljubljana. I had seen their program which consisted of Slovene dancing and singing. We also went to see the Slovene home and the Enakopravnost printing office.

I wish to see this letter published in the M. L. because it is my first letter, and I will try to do better the next time.

Agnes Troha, Strabane, Canonsburg, Pa.

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### "Wish It Could Come Every Week"

Dear Editor:—This being one of my first letters to the Mladinski List I haven't much to say. I have always planned to write but never found spare time. Now I will write more often. I like to read the Mladinski List and wish it could come every week instead of every month.

The Gowanda Boosters and the Dawn of Liberty, both SNPJ Lodges, held a picnic Saturday and Sunday, July 25 and 26. Every one had a good time.

Will some members please pick up their pens and write to me? I would gladly answer all letters.

Best regards to all.

Olga Scrabec,

212 Miller st., Gowanda, N. Y.

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### Hurray, School's Here

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to our beloved magazine, the M. L. I always enjoy reading it, the letters, poems, and stories. I am 11 years old and in the 7th grade in school. Well, it looks like our vacation time will soon be over with, and school will start; I can hardly wait anyway. I suppose most boys and girls have had nice

vacations. I hope so! I didn't have a very nice one, though, because on July 27 I had my appendix taken out. The first two days I was very sick. Now I am feeling fine. I was in the hospital only 6 days, but I had to stay in bed 9 days.

Next time I will write more. Now I'm very busy; I have to practice my piano; I can play it good. I have to practice my horn; I play an Eb Alto Horn. I am in the Castle Gate School band.

Sometimes I have the scares of my life, because a lot of times we have little floods around here.—I wish my cousin, *Paul* and *Annie Sheper*, of Red Lodge, Montana, would write to this beloved magazine. Come on, wake up. I am sending my best regards to all the Juveniles of the M. L.

Angeline Yakopich,

Box 116, Castle Gate, Utah.

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### 4-H Club

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful Mladinski List. School is soon going to start. I always like to read the stories, poems and riddles in the M. L. I always wanted to write to the M. L.

My teacher is going to be Mr. Stuck. I go to a 4-H Club. I like to go to the Club very much. We have nice weather these days. I have a brother, Andy, who is going to take accordion lessons.

Sometimes we hold SNPJ picnics in the woods. We all have a good time. Sometimes we have dances in the hall.

This is all I have to write. I will write more next time.

Mary Urbas, Box 303, Jerome, Pa.

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### My First Trip to Chicago

Dear Editor and Readers:—In this letter I am going to tell you of my first trip to Chicago on July 3 and 4. I think that you would like to know what I've seen and heard, if I am not mistaken. I shall tell you from the beginning to end.

The Socialist Clubs 114 and 115 of Detroit were invited to come to Chicago and present a play "Kamnolom" (Stone Quarry). My father and mother both had a part in it and were counted in the group, and I went with them. We decided to leave Detroit at 2 in the morning. The night before, my mother made me go to bed at 7 o'clock, but I could not go to sleep. Once one got up, then the other, and we just could not go to sleep, because we were so excited.

We rode to Chicago with M. Česen and his son Frank Česen. I had a good time on the way there. I saw the fields of wheat, corn,

and oats. The hills were just beautiful. For the rest of the way it was just wonderful except in Chicago looking for the street Lawndale. We found Lawndale ave., but we were clear out of town on the farms.

I did not see much in Chicago, because I did not have much time. I saw the Slovene Labor Center and the SNPJ Building. I was very interested to see where the Mladinski List is printed. I was very glad to meet the Editor of the M. L. I would like to excuse myself for interrupting him during the JSF convention, but that was the only way I could have met him. I was hoping to meet many new friends, but most of them were at the convention.

While passing through So. Chicago, I saw the big gasoline tanks and I really feel sorry for the people who have to live near there and smell it day after day.

On Sunday, July 6, we started back for Detroit. We came home at 11 p. m. We had an enjoyable trip back and the sunset was lovely to look at.

Best regards to all.

**Olga Gorup,**  
17806 Wanda ave., Detroit, Mich.

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### **Billy's First Letter**

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am going to be ten years old. I belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 299. We have a new Federation of the SNPJ Lodges of southern Colorado, and my father is president of the Federation. The Federation had a big meeting and dance at Ludlow, May 31, and we all attended. I have one brother.

They had a cloudburst up above Walsenburg. The water just ran down the streets. The river ran over the bridge, tore down the railings, so no cars could cross to come to camp that night. Everyone that was in town had to leave their cars in Walsenburg and walk home, my dad included.

**Billy Tomsic, Box 121, Farr, Colo.**

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I belong to the Lodge 107, SNPJ. I will be 13 years of age on Oct. 26. I have blond darkish hair, brown speckled eyes, tan skin.

The M. L. is sure swell to read.

The weather was terribly hot in St. Louis, and everywhere, too. There were at least 100 heat victims in St. Louis. On Oct. 11, Lodge Planinski Raj, 107, SNPJ, and the Spirits of St. Louis, Lodge 659, are going to

give, with the Illinois SNPJ Federation, a dance.

St. Louis, wake up and write. I am a great fan for sports, especially baseball and my favorite in the National League is the St. Louis Club Cardinals which is fighting for first place with the New York Giants. My favorite in the American League are the good old Browns. I go swimming at Lemp's Pool.

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Wanda.

Wanda who?

Where's my wandering boy tonight?

I wish someone would write to me and I will gladly answer.

**Wanda Furlan,**  
2800 S. 13th st., St. Louis, Mo.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my third letter to this beloved magazine. Since several members have written to the M. L., the Chatter Corner has become quite full. But, as the new writers step in, you "old members" step out. Please, don't do that. Write and urge other members to write too.

Best regards to all.

**Mildred Stopar,**  
21250 Tracy ave., Euclid, Ohio.

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### **Plenty of Rain Now**

Dear Editor and Readers:—In the July issue of the Mladinski List, I said I would write every month if my letter was published. In order to keep my promise, I have to write.

The schools in Somerset county started on August 28 and on that date I became a "freshman". I am going to go to High school on a bus, because our nearest school is 4 miles from Jerome.

The weather isn't any too warm here, and there sure is plenty of rain now. There is no drinking water in the Jerome houses, therefore, water is usually carried in tanks by nearby farmers. Before the rainy spell started we got our water from Johnstown, a city which is fourteen miles from Jerome.

In my last letter I asked for penpals and I got them, but I still would like to have some more.

I have a little brother named Joe. He is nine years old and in the fifth grade.

I wish *Julia M. Bregant* would write to the Mladinski List. She is one of my penpals.

**Mary J. Tursich, Box 257, Jerome, Pa.**