

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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

LETO IX.—Št. 2.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUAR 1930.

VOL. IX.—No. 2.

Jože Kovač:

## VRABEC—SAMOMORILEC

**S**IVI vrabec-siromak  
sam sedi na strešnem žlebu.

Ves potrč mežika v zrak,  
čivka, čivka proti nebu:

“To ni prav,  
to ni prav,  
da trpim,  
da trpim  
glad in mraz.  
Kdo je kriv,  
kdo je kriv?  
Živ—živ . . .”

Sivi vrabec-siromak  
je poletel do palač.  
—Tu bogati so ljudje,  
tu bo vendar kaj za me!—

Okna vsa je preiskal,  
če drobtin so kaj nasuli.  
Niso . . . — Lačen je ostal.  
Mraz pritiska, burja tuli.

Sivi vrabec-siromak  
spet sedi na strešnem žlebu.

Ves potrč mežika v zrak,  
čivka, čivka proti nebu:

“Mi je žal,  
mi je žal,  
da sem živ,  
da sem živ.  
Ni mi prav,  
ni mi prav,  
da trpim  
glad in mraz.  
Ni mi prav,  
ni mi prav,  
da živim.  
Kdo je kriv,  
kdo je kriv?  
Svet je kriv!  
Jaz se kar  
usmrтім—  
živ—živ—”

In ker vrabec ni dobil za v kljun,  
se je vrgel v globok tolmun—živ, živ!

## V TEŽKIH DNEH

**V**ČASI breme težkih dni  
materi izvije vzdih.

A če gledam ji v oči,  
samo solnce vidim v njih.

Nekaj upa, nekaj čuti,  
nekaj sluti nje srce.  
Kaj pač drugega naj sluti,  
kakor lepše dni za me?

## Pogovor s čitatelji

V JANUARSKI številki Mladinskega lista smo priobčili nič manj kot enainšestdeset dopisov v "Našem kotičku" in "Chatter Cornerju". Od teh je bilo štirinajst slovenskih in sedeminštirideset angleških. Jasno je, če sodimo iz številnih pripevkov, da se mladi člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote zelo zanimajo za svoj mesečnik. Nekateri prečitajo vse od kraja do konca. Tega vsi seveda ne morejo, ker jim neznanje slovenščine ne dopušča. Razveseljivo dejstvo za uredništvo Mladinskega lista pa je, da so mladi prispevatelji vselej pripravljeni z nami sodelovati. Kadarkoli so pozvani, se odzovejo tej ali oni prošnji.

\* \* \*

APEL na starše, ki smo ga uvodoma pred par meseci naslovili na nje, da pomagajo svojim otrokom pri čitanju Mladinskega lista in pri sestavi slovenskih dopisov, je dobil razveseljiv odmev. Slovenski dopisi so se zadovoljivo pomnožili in upamo, da se bodo vzdržema tudi v bodoče. To je važno, koristno in potrebno. Važno in koristno je zato, da vaši otroci bolj spoznavajo delo, ki ga vrši naša podporna organizacija. Poleg tega pa je potrebno in važno, da nastanejo boljši odnošaji med vašimi otroci in vami samimi. Medsebojno razumevanje in spoznavanje je važen faktor, ki je vreden obojestranske nege. Čim bolj vas bodo vaši otroci razumeli v vašem jeziku, tem prijetnejše bo postajalo življenje na vašem domu.

\* \* \*

MNOGO, premnogo dopisov, tako angleških kot slovenskih, je pisanih na obeh straneh pisemskega papirja. Starši bodo storili dobro delo, ako opozore svoje otroke, naj se priuče pisati le na eno stran papirja. To jim bo pomagalo ne samo pri sestavi dopisov za Mladinski list, ampak pozneje pri osebnih pismih in tudi trgovskih. Tudi to je važno. Lepa navada in zahteva je, da se otrok že v zgodnji mladosti nauči pisati lična pisemca, nikdar na obeh straneh, besedilo ne preveč skupaj stisnjeno, da je lahko čitljivo. Poleg tega je treba pustiti dovolj prostora med vrsticami in ob robu za popravke. Starši naj otrokom to priporočajo, kar jim bo brez dvoma koristilo.

\* \* \*

Z JANUARSKO številko je Mladinski list dobil novo obleko v obliki novih črk v naslovu. Delo je izvršil mladi član Louis A. Grebenak iz Barbertona, O., ki je dobil v prošlem Prosvetinem nagradnem kontestu prvo nagrado za risbo "The Modern Atlas", katera je predstavljala veliko delo, ki ga vrši naša jednota. Obrisi nove glave Mladinskega lista je izdelan v modernističnem stilu in je kombinacija dveh predloženih osnutkov. Uredništvo upa, da bo naša mladina s to spremembo zadovoljna. V bodoče se bo skušalo spremeniti obris letno, kajti novost je od časa do časa potrebna, da se prekine enoličnost.



# Kako je pridigoval Nasradin-Hodža

**NEKOČ** je živel turški hodža (svečenik) z imenom Nasradin, ki je bil velik šaljivec.

Nekoč je hotel pridigovati, pa je vprašal najprej svoje kmete:

“Ali veste, o čem vam bom danes govoril?”

“Ne vemo!” so odgovorili kmetje.

“Če ne veste, vam pač ni treba vedeti.”

In ni pridigoval.

Prihodnji petek — ki ga smatrajo Turki za svojo nedeljo — je Nasradin-hodža spet vprašal svoje kmete:

“Ali veste, o čem vam bom danes govoril?”

Med tem pa so se že vsi kmetje v vasi dogovorili, kaj bodo odgovorili. In so zaklicali:

“Vemo, vemo!”

“No, če veste, ni treba, da bi vam še jaz pripovedoval.”

In spet ni pridigoval.

Za tretji petek pa so se kmetje dogovorili, da bodo odgovorili: nekateri z Ne vemo! — drugi pa z Vemo, vemo!

In tako se je zgodilo. Ko jih je vprašal hodža, ali vedo, o čem bo govoril, so nekateri zaklicali:

“Vemo, vemo!”

Drugi pa so zaklicali:

“Ne vemo!”

Nasradin pa jih prekine:

“No dobro, če je tako, pa naj oni, ki vedo, povedo onim, ki ne vedo.”

In ni pridigoval.

Katka Zupančič:

## TELOVADEC

**AJMO, ajmo, vsi v korak!**  
Telovadec, to ni vsak —  
Vzbočim prsa, kvišku glavo,  
da dosežem držo pravo!

Desno krenem, levo krenem,  
vedno pravo smer zadenem;  
nikdar leno, nikdar burno —  
vselej prožno in sigurno.

Točnost hoče naš spored:  
eden dva, korak navspred,  
eden dva, korak navzad,  
za povrh še poln obrat!

Duh, telo, oboje zdravo,  
to šele je žitje pravo!  
Ajmo, ajmo, vsi v korak!  
Telovadec, to ni vsak —



# O kmetu, ki je znal na vso moč lagati

Ruska narodna pravljica.

NEKOČ je živel car, ki je silno rad poslušal, da mu je kdo lagal. Postavil je ob taki priliki na mizo globok krožnik cekinov in položil poleg njega meč. In če je dejal car: "Lažeš, brat!" —je lažnjivec smel vzeti vse cekine; a če je car mirno poslušal in ni dejal niti besede—je šla glava.

Star kmet, ki se je bil dodobra napil, je sklenil iti k carju, ne da bi mu lagal, marveč da bi mu pripovedoval resnico, ter tako zaslužil zlato.



Ko je prišel na dvor, je bila pri carju baš velika gostija in vsi plemenitaši so bili zbrani na pojedini. Javili so takoj carju, da je prišel kmet, ki se bo lagal med obedom. Car se je silno razveselil. Ukazal je prnesti posodo s cekini in meč. Potem je sprejel starca, ki naj bi mu povedal svojo laž. Starec je začel:

"Davi sem šel na polje orat. Moj konj pa je žal za oranje preslaboten, pa



ga je kar na dvoje pretrgalo. Prva polovica je odhitela domov, zadnja polovica pa je ostala na polju in hrzala."

Rekli so tedaj plemenitaši:

"Kmet laže!"

A car jim je ugovarjal:

"Kmet je prebrisan. Vse to zmore."

"Prignal sem zadnji del do sprednjega, vzel vrbičja in sešil obe polovici. Potlej sem se ulegel počivat. Ko sem se prebudil, je bila zrasla vrba iz mojega konja visoko, prav do neba. Pa

sem si mislil: Zdajle lahko v nebo splezam."

Rekli so tedaj plemenitaši:

"Kmet laže!"

A car jim je ugovarjal:

"Kmet je prebrisan. Vse to zmore."

"In jaz sem splezal v nebo."

"Si videl Petra, kaj?" so vpraševali carski plemenitaši.

"Seveda sem ga videl."

"In kaj počne?"

"Kvartal je z ostalimi apostoli."

Vsi plemenitaši so trdili, da kmet laže, le car je dejal:

"Če vi lahko kvartate z mano, lahko tudi Peter kvarta z apostoli."

Plemenitaši se niso dali pregovoriti, a car je udaril po mizi:

"Kmet je prebrisan. Vse to zmore!"

In zato je kmet nadaljeval:

"Sprehajal sem se po nebu, pa sem se domislil, da moram orat. Hotel sem se spustiti na zemljo, a vrba, ki je bila zrastle iz mojega konja, se je že vsa posušila in padla na zemljo. Mojo večerjo, ki sem jo bil pustil na zemlji, je gotovo že kdo drugi pojedel. Taval sem po nebu ves obupan, kar zagledam, da neki bogat kmet veje ječmen. Ena izmed plev je priletela v nebo. Ujel sem jo ter začel iz nje plesti vrv."

Rekli so spet plemenitaši:

"Kmet laže! Kako je mogoče iz ene pleve splesti vrv?"

A car je ugovarjal:

"Kmet je prebrisan. Vse to zmore!"

"Pripel sem vrv na nebo ter se začel spuščati proti zemlji. A prišel sem le do 3000 sežnjev od zemlje, nič delj, ker je bila vrv prekratka. Odsekal sem jo tedaj zgoraj ter privezal na spodnji konec."



Tedaj so vsi plemenitaši hkrati vzkliknili:

"Kmet laže. Kako more človek odsekati zgoraj ter privezati spodaj?"

A car je ugovarjal:

"Kmet je prebrisan, vse to zmore!"

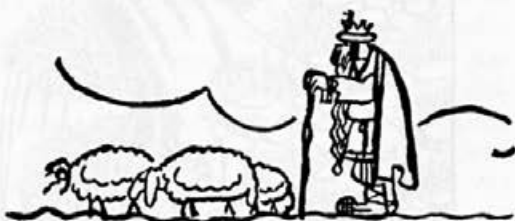
"Spuščal sem se dalje, a vrv je bila še vedno prekratka. Do zemlje je bilo še kakih tristo sežnjev. Mislil sem, da lahko skočim tako globoko, ker mi je bilo zoprno, da bi spet sekal vrv ter jo vezal. Skočil sem ter padel na sredo izoranega polja. Do vratu sem se pogreznil v zemljo in nikakor se nisem mogel izvleči iz nje. Odšel sem domov po lopato ter se izkopal."

Rekli so spet plemenitaši:

"Kmet laže. Kako je mogel iti domov po lopato, če je bil do vratu zakopan? Laže nam, laže."

A car je ugovarjal:

"Kmet je prebrisan. Vse to zmore."



"Stopil sem potem do reke ter se okopal. Nato sem potoval in prišel do velike doline, kjer je pasel pastir veliko čredo. Pozdravil sem ga: "Dober dan, pastir." A on mi je odgovoril: "Nisem pastir, marveč carjev oče."

Tedaj pa se je razjezil car:

"Lažeš, lopov! Moj oče ni pasel niti ovac niti svinj!"

In tako je kmet rešil svojo glavo ter dobil poln, poln krožnik zlatih cekinov.

Jaz pa hodim po svetu in iščem kmeta, da bi mi dal vsaj en cekin.

(M. K.)



Stanko Žele: Obsojenci

A. P. Krasna:

## Milka

**D**ROBNO, lepo, razposajeno malo dekletce je bila Milka Dolinarjeva. Že odkar je znala hoditi sta bili veliki prijateljici s sosedovo Anico, ki je bila sicer tri leta starejša od Milke pa je kljub temu smatrala Milko za svojo najboljšo prijateljico in tovarišico.

Aničina mati se je nemalokrat jezila nad njo zaradi Milke. Pravila ji je, da izgleda kot bi bila njena mati, ne pa tovarišica; to je bilo tudi res, posebno potem, ko je Anica odrastla, pa je vendar še vedno imela Milko za svojo najboljšo prijateljico. Tudi Milkina mati je skušala Milki dopovedati, da je premajhna in premlada, da bi hodila z Anico. Pa ni mnogo hasnilo.

Milka in Anica sta ostali prijateljici! Hodili sta skupaj po vodo k studencu in kamenčkali sta se, dokler se ni slišalo čez ograde: "Anica, domov!" Od druge strani pa: "Milka, nesi vodo!" Brž sta tedaj zadeli, vsaka svoj škafec vode na glavo ter hiteli domov.

Milki ni bilo mnogo do učenja, zato ji je Anica pisala domače vaje in naloge prav pogosto, medtem pa je Milka pazila na Aničino malo sestrico Minko — kar ji je bilo ljubše, kot pisati naloge. Kadar so bile zrele prve češnje na Aničinem drevesu, ki ji ga je bil cepil starejši brat, sta jih vselej delili z Milko, pa tudi če jih ni bilo več kot za pest. In če je Milka dobila v ogradi prvo sladko smokev, jo je razpolovila in dala polovico Anici.

Ko je prišla na obisk Aničina babica, je Milka vselej dobila piškotov in bonbonov. Kadar pa je Milka dobila bonbonov in kolačkov, jih je bila deležna tudi Anica. Da, celo kruh sta menjali. Milka je imela raje kruh, ki ga je pekla Aničina mama, Anici pa se je bolj dopadel kruh, ki ga je pekla Milkina mama, ker je bilo več bele moke v njem.

Če je šla Milka k potoku prat robce in brisače, je vselej klicala Anico, ki je brž poiskala kake cunje in perilni ploh in šla prat k potoku. Včasih sta čepeli pred skalo, kjer je izviral potok in dolgo opazovali vodne pajke in rake, dokler ni spet zadonelo čez ograde: "Milka!" "Anica!" Potem sta brž pobrali oprano perilo ter ga nesli sušit v ogrado. Včasih sta se igrali gospodične, za solničnike so jima služile jesenove veje, ki so bile zato najbolj pripravne. Oblekli sta si dolga, ozka krila Milkine sestre. Prijeli sta se pod pazduho in stopicali prav počasi po zelenih ogradah, češ, da se sprehajati. — Skupaj sta hodili trgat divjih rož, nabirat sladkih jagod, po bržinah ob vinogradih; v februarju sta stikali za zvončki in prvimi vijolicami.

Ko je bila Anica že petnajst let stara in ni več hodila v šolo, je Milko še vedno imela za svojo prijateljico, četudi so se ji doma smejali. Da celo kamenčkala je še včasih z Milko pri studencu, če ni bilo nikogar blizu. Sploh se Anica ni mogla ločiti od razposajene in vedre Milke, pa naj je bila tudi res že skoro dekle. Z Milko sta bili še vedno otročji, kadar sta prišli skupaj. Naenkrat pa je postala Milka bolj modra in gosposka; napram Anici se je vedla hladno, kot da nista bili tako pri srčni prijateljici skozi vsa otroška leta. Anico je to bolelo, vendar ni Milke obsojala; preveč jo je rada imela. Menila je, da so tega krivi njeni starši, ki hočejo iz nje napraviti gospodično.

Zgodilo se je, da je Anici zbolela in umrla mati! To je Anico silno potrlo, bridko je jokala ob materinem mrtvaškem odru. V nedeljo popoldan je prišla Milka z materjo kropit Aničino mater. Izgledala je gosposka in Anici nekam tuja. Zato se je odstranila Anica iz sobe, ter odšla v svojo sobico — jo-

kat. Milka pa je prišla za njo in začela glasno jokati.

"Kaj ti je, Milka, čemu jokaš?", jo je vprašala Anica sočutno.

"Oh, zato, ker je tebi umrla mama!"

Anici je bilo lažje pri srcu ko je vedela, da Milka žaluje z njo.

Dolgo sta govorili o dobri Aničini materi in o njunih otroških letih. Niso bila še daleč, Anici pa se je zdelo, da so že davno minila, četudi je bila Milka še skoro otrok.

Kmalu po smrti Aničine matere je Milka hudo zbolela; dobila je pljučnico. Anica bi jo bila rada obiskala, pa je prišla vselej ko je bil zdravnik pri njej. Četrty dan Milkine bolezni pa je prišla njena mati iskat Anico:

"Venomer te kliče, danes, ne vem kaj bi rada od tebe."

Takoj je hitela Anica k Milki. Sklonila se je, prav nad njen lep obrazek in jo klicala: "Milka, kaj bi rada, jaz sem pri tebi, Anica."

Milka je ležala nepremično z zaprtimi očmi, naenkrat pa je odprla motne oči in poklicala z medlim glasom, "Anica."

"Tukaj sem, Milka, kaj naj storim zate?" Milka jo je spoznala, v presled-

kih je rekla: "Anica . . . pojdive k studen . . . cu . . . kamenčkat —"

"Ko ozdraviš, pojdeve," je rekla Anica in solze so ji tekle po licih. Milkina mati je glasno zaihtela. Milka pa se je še enkrat ozrla po Anici in preko nje skozi odprto okno v jasen jesenski dan. Nasmehnila se je in zaspala za vedno.

Lepa je bila Milka na mrtvaškem odru, vsa bela kot lilija. Anica ji je prinesla zelenja in jesenskih rož, prinesla ji je zadnje vrtnice iz vrta, rudečih nageljnov in dišečega leviža. Gledala in gledala je Milko-tovarišico, da ne bi pozabila nikdar nje ljubeznivega obraza. Prišli so pogrebci in položili Milkino truplo v belo krsto, ter jo odnesli na pokopališče. Belo oblečena dekleta so nosila sveže vence pred krsto. Anica je šla za pogrebom in tiho jokala, tako samo in zapuščeno se je čutila, sedaj, ko ni bilo več matere in Milke . . . Na pokopališču se je hotela še enkrat posloyiti od Milke, preden jo zagrebejo v sveži grob. Zrila se je v bližino groba in pokropila še enkrat njeno krsto. Nemo je nato zrla nekaj časa v grob, na pokrov bele krste, kjer je bilo z zlatimi črkami zapisano ime:

"Milka . . ."





Ivan Jontez:

## Oče, ne tepi me!

ŠESTLETNI Vladko, sin tovarniškega delavca in sirota brez matere je sedel na hodniku pred neprijazno, zakajeno stanovanjsko hišo v zamazanem predmestju velikega mesta, v kateri sta stanovala deček in njegov oče ter s svojimi velikimi, modrimi očmi opazoval mimoidoče ljudi. Dečkov shujšani, blede obrazek je pričal, da se fantku ne godi najboljšje in njegove žalostne oči so nemo govorile, da otrok pogreša ne le dobre hrane, temveč tudi nekaj drugega, kar je otroku istotako potrebno kot kruh, namreč ljubezni. Vladkova mati je umrla, ko je bilo Vladku jedva štiri leta — postala je žrtev zahrbtnih predmestnih morilk sušice, ki baš v zamazanih predmestjih velikih mest najde največ žrtev — in fantkov oče, mrk, ves vase zatopljen delavec, ni bil baš preveč ljubeznjiv z otrokom; nasprotno, bil je zelo neprijazen in strog z njim, kar je fantka, ki je koprnel po ljubezni, zelo žalostilo.

Vladko je poznal samo senčne strani življenja; nekoč je poznal tudi solnčnejšo stran, ampak to je bilo nekoč in deček se jedva še spominja na tiste srečne dni, ko je bila mamica še živa, ko ga je ona rahlo božala s svojo velo roko ter upirala vanj pogled, ki je bil tako neizrekljivo mil in gorak, ki je fantkovo malo srce napolnjeval z milino in s sreče blaženstvom. Toda ona, ki ga je tako tople ljubila, že dve dolgi leti spi spanje nevzdramnih v hladu groba, in Vladko je tako sam in zapuščen; očeta res da ima še, ampak on se ne briga zanj, nima za njega prijaznega pogleda ne besede; ob večerih, ko je doma, ga mračno gleda in če fantek le malo poskoči, se že zadere nad njim: "Maraš v kot, paglavec," — in mnogokrat ga celo nabije, dasi je deček priden in ubogljiv. Kako bi torej Vladko mogel biti vesel, ko nima več dobre mame in oče ne mara zanj?

Zdaj pa zdaj je šel mimo dečka kak delavec ali delavka ter vrgel nanj kratak, bežen pogled. Tam na zamazanem dvorišču onstran ceste se je igrala skupina umazanih in raztrganih otrok, h katerim bi Vladko rad šel, a ni smel, ker mu je oče prepovedal zahajati med nje in zdaj pa zdaj je zaropotal kak težak voz, naložen s premogom ali drvimi, zakaj jesen se je že nagibala h koncu in zima že ni bila več daleč.

"Oh, zakaj nisem še jaz umrl takrat, ko je umrla moja dobra mamica, v grobu pri nji bi mi bilo lažje, "je vzdihnil deček in debela solza je spolzela po njegovem bledem licu.

Jesensko solnce, ki se je polagoma nagibalo proti zatonu, je zvedavo pogledalo na užaloščenega dečka, kot da ga hoče vprašati, kaj ga žalosti; in kot da je uganilo, kaj teži srce malega sirotka, ga je prijazno pobožalo s svojimi žarki ter mu smehljaje pogledalo v oči, kakor da bi mu hotelo reči: "Ne obupuj, malček moj, saj enkrat bo tudi tebi posijalo solnce sladke sreče, čemu bi žaloval."

Žalost je zdaj izginila iz Vladkovih modrih očesc in preko obrazka mu je zbežal radosten nasmešek; fantek je vstal ter veselejše pogledal okrog sebe.

Tisti hip je priropotal po cesti težak voz naložen s premogom, ki je imel od zadaj pripet še en, prazen voz. Vladko je stekel na cesto k vozovoma ter zajezdil oje praznega voza, meneč, da se malce popelje. Nesreča pa je hotela, da se je voznik, ki je bil brezsrčna sirovina, baš tedaj ozrl nazaj in uzrši našega malčka je pograbil težak bič ter z njim udaril po nič hudega slutečem dečku. Vladko je bolestno vzkliknil ter se zvrnil pod voz.

Vozova sta odrdrala dalje in fantek se je počasi pobral s prašnih tal; njegov obrazek je bil smrtnobled in prepaden,

raz čela pa se je ulil širok curek svetlo-rdeče krvi.

Otroci na nasprotnem dvorišču so zakričali: "Povozil ga je!" Stekli so na cesto k njemu ter ga vsi preplašeni ogledovali.

Vladko, ki mu je kri zalila obrazek, se ni zmenil za otročjo gručo, niti mu ni bila mari njegova rana, ki je bila boleča, ker deček je mislil na hudega očeta, ki ga bo zdaj gotovo pretepel zato, ker je padel pod voz. Otrok, ki je bil tolikokrat tepen od očeta in največkrat za prazen nič, vsled česar se ga je bal kot nekakšnega vraga, se je zdaj iz strahu pred njim zavlekel med deske, ki so bile nakopičene v kotu dvorišča, kjer je omedlel.

Pol ure pozneje je prišel dečkov oče domov. Komaj pa je stopil na prag svojega stanovanja, sta se od nekod pripodila dva dečka kričeča: "Vašega Vladka je povozilo!"

Mož je pobledel: "Kaj pravita? Mojega Vladka —"

"Da, vašega fantka je nekdo povozil," sta potrdila dečka.

"Kje pa je," se je prestrašil fantkov oče.

"Tamle med tistele deske se je skrila, ker se je bal, da bi ga vi tepli," sta mu povedala fanta ter mu pokazala Vladkovo skrivališče.

Ko je oče ugledal svojega otroka, nezavestnega in vsega okrvavljenega ležati med deskami, ga je prestrašen pograbil ter ga brž odnesel v hišo na posteljo in poslal nekoga po zdravnika.

"Nič hudega, samo malo kože mu je posnelo," je zdravnik potolažil prestrašenega očeta potem, ko je izmil otroku rano ter ga obvezal.

Čez nekaj časa se je deček zavedel, odprl je očesca ter se ozrl po polmračni sobi; opazivši kraj postelje sedečega očeta pa je vztrepetal liki drobna ptičica v jastrebovih krempljih, se prestrašen stisnil pod odejo, proseč:

"Oče, ne tepi me—"

Vladkov glas je bil tako poln groze, tako obupnoproseč, da je očeta zbolelo

v srcu. Zdaj šele je mož spoznal koliko krivico je dozdej delal svojemu otroku in solze kesanja so mu orosile oči.

"Ubogi moj otrok, ali mi boš kdaj mogel odpustiti krivico, ki sem jo zagrešil na tebi," je šepetal ter se sklonil k njemu, proseč:

"Vladko, moj ljubljeni otrok, odpusti mi, vsaj te ne bom nikdar več tepel."

Otrok je začudeno pogledal v očeta, kajti ta nenadna sprememba je bila zanj nekaj nepojmljivega; polagoma pa se je posvetilo v njegovi otroški glavi in zaslutil je, da se v očetovi notranjosti dogaja nekaj velikega in lepega; strah je izginil raz njegovega obrazka, krog usten mu je zatrepetal sladek nasmešek, v njegovih očeh je zažarel žarek sreče in stegnivši ročici proti očetu je z ljubeznijo v svojem mehkem, otroškem glasku dejal:

"Oče, saj nisem hud na tebe, saj te imam rad —"

"Tako dober otrok in jaz sem tako grdo ravnal z njim," si je očitil oče, se sklonil še nižje k Vladku, ga objel ter mu šepetaje obljubljal:

"Moj Vladko, odslej bom storil vse, kar bo v moji moči, da popravim, kar sem zagrešil na tebi in da te osrečim. Od sedaj dalje ti bom res pravi oče, kar dozdej nisem bil."

Zdaj se je Vladko z ročicami oklenil očeta okoli vratu ter presrečen zatrjeval:

"Oče jaz te imam rad tako zelo —"

"Moj dobri otrok," je zašepetal oče in solze sreče so mu jele vreti iz oči . . .

V njuno mračno sobico je posijalo solnce sreče in ljubezni. Oče in sin sta se našla in bila sta nepopisno srečna.



Katka Zupančič:

## Leni Mihec

(Nadaljevanje.)

MUČNE sanje je sanjal Mihec. Videl se je doma, kamor je pribežal; za njim pritiskajo policaji, on pa se skriva za materjo, medtem ko mu oče kaže neki napis. Le s težavo razbere z rdečo barvo natisnjene črke: "Prisilna delavnica." Zona ga obhaja.

"Ho, ho!" se zakrohočejo tovariši, ki jih je bilo nakrat polna hiša — starši in policija, vse je izginilo —. "Ne znaš, ne znaš," kriče malopridneži, "poglej nas!" in so vlekli iz žepov denar, ki pa je gorel.

"Joj, opekli se boste, zažgali boste naš dom!" je tarnal Mihec. Namah so se tovariši izpremenili v volkove, ki so režali vanj, in oči so jim gorele. "Oče, mati!" je zaklical in se zbudil. Trepetal je od groze.

Zbal se je sanj in zato odganjal spanec. Skušal je svoje misli odvrniti drugam, toda par minut pozneje ga je spanec zopet ulovil v svojo mrežo in ga povedel v trgovino. Blagajna je bila odprta in on, Mihec, je bil v trgovini sam.

"Kaj, ko bi zdajle" — se je vprašal. Še enkrat je skrbno pogledal okoli sebe: nikjer nikogar — in stegnil je roko . . . Zdajci pa zapazi visoko gori pod stropom velikansko oko, oko trgovčeve. Ustrašil se je tega očesa in opustil svojo namero. Oko pa se je nižalo in nižalo in zaeno manjšalo, pa je stal trgovec pred njim. S svojim dolgim, suhim kazalcem je pomiril na Mihčeve prsi in dejal:

"Ti hočeš postati tat? Tat? T-A-T?" Drhteč od sramote se je skušal Mihec izogniti trgovčevemu prstu, toda prst je silil vanj in nele to: v Mihčevo grozo se je prst podvojil, potrojil, podesoril, postoteril. Nazadnje je videl pred seboj same prste in vsi ti so kazali nanj in potiskali vanj. Tesno mu je že postajalo. V trenutku so prsti izginili,

pred njim je stal oče, skrušen in star. Gibal je z usti, kakor da bi govoril, a glasu ni bilo slišati.

"Kaj oče, ali si onemel?" Prestrašil se je Mihec. Pa je oče stegnil roko in s kazalcem, ki se je svetil od smole, je pokazal nanj.

"Nisem, oče, nisem še tat, in ne bom, oče, samo govori! reci besedo, prosim!" in hotel se je okleniti očetove roke, ta pa je izginila. In mesto pred očetom se je znašel na pogrebu . . . Zasnežena pokrajina. Nosilci se ustavijo, odlože rakev na sneg, izkopljejo v snegu jamo in položijo rakev vanjo. Zasujejo jo zopet s snegom. Predno se odpravijo, vpišejo vrh groba: Terezija Rebernik, ki jo je ubil Mihec.

"Ne, ni res, jaz nisem tega storil!" je klical med jokom in se zbudil.

"Uh, te sanje," je komaj slišno vzkliknil in se obrnil. Od prestane muke je bil ves prepoten. Oddahnil se je in bil je od srca vesel, da sanje niso bile resnične, bile so pač samo sanje. Vendar so pustile za seboj nekako sled in po tej sledi so sedaj ubirale Mihčeve misli, dokler niso zadele na točko, kateri se je doslej Mihec najrajši izogibal. Ta točka se je imenovala delo.

"Kaj, ali se bom res moral oprijeti dela?" ga je zaskrbelo. "Delo, brr! kako ga sovražim! In vendar vem, da so ljudje, ki ne delajo, ali vsaj tako malo, da se to, kar opravljajo, delo niti imenovati ne more. Pa vendar žive, pa kako žive! Stalič je dejal, da so to paraziti človeške družbe in oče jih je imenoval zajede, uši, ki pijejo kri delavnega ljudstva. Pa zakaj teh uši ne pobijejo? Zakaj teh ljudi ne vtaknejo v prisilno delavnico? Zakaj? Pa moji tovariši. Dolgin in drugi? Tudi ti ne delajo pa vendar žive. Oče je rekel, da so tudi te vrste ljudi zajede, manjše sicer, a vendar zelo škodljive, ker sku-

šajo ubogemu ljudstvu s silo ali zvijačo iztrgati še tisto malo, kar mu puste velike zajede. Tako je dejal moj oče. Taki so toraj moji tovariši? — Nak, ni prav, da se družim z njimi. In v sanjah — v volkove so se spremenili. Saj je res nekaj volčjega na njih, le čudno, da nisem tega opazil prej. Recimo sinoči, ko sem jim dejal, da se bojim poseči po tujem denarju, so prav po volčje režali vame. Ne, ne pojdem več tja, in če bi imel katerega srečati, se mu izognem." Tako in podobno je premišljeval Mihec in menda prvič v življenju delal dobre sklepe. Eden in glavni od teh je bil pač ta, da se bo posvetil delu, saj drugega izhoda ni, ako noče poginiti ali pa postati zajeda, uš, — fej! — Malce trpko se je nasmehnil, ko se je spomnil svojega očeta, ki mu je tolikokrat prigovarjal: "Stisni zobe, in poprimi se dela, sčasoma ga boš vzljubil!" Stisniti in stiskati zobe je lahko, a delati je pa drugo; da bi pa mogel delo in naj bo kakršnokoli, sploh kdaj vzljubiti, to mu ni šlo v glavo.

Nekoliko zaspan in truden je Mihec prišel tisto jutro v trgovino in je prvič, odkar je bil zaposlen tu, res od srca voščil gospodarju običajno "Dobro jutro." Lotil se je, kakor navadno, škrnicljev in jih pripravljaj za vporabo, pa ker je resneje nego druge krat prijel delo v roke, mu je šlo tudi urneje izpod rok.

"Najbrž, da je z vsakim opravilom tako, prav prijete ga je treba v roke, pa gre," in lahen usmev mu je legal na obraz.

"Nu, nu, pa si na vse zgodaj videti nekam dobre volje," ga je trgovec potrepljal po rami, "prav tako, ker danes je tržen dan i nbo dela čez glavo." Prekinila ga je stranka, ki je prišla po moko, sol, petrolej itd.

"Na, pojdi in natoči," pa je podal Mihcu kovinasto posodo. Brž je ta odhitel z njo v ozadje, kjer so imeli shranjen petrolej. Poleg je stala mizica, kamor

so polagali posodo in na tej mizici je Mihec ugledal — denar.

"Ha, trgovec ga je pozabil! Kaj, če bi ga zdajle pobral in spravil v žep—", se je oglasila skušnjava. Natakal je petrolej. "Tako lepa prilika je, da nikoli tega!" — Pogledal je na desno in na levo; hipoma se je spomnil sanj, pa je pogledal še gori pod strop — očesa ni bilo nikjer. Hitro je zaokrenil oči na posodo in petrolej — zlival je poleg. "Denar, denar!" — vroče mu je postalo.

"I kje pa si tako dolgo?" se je razlegnil trgovčev glas. Spomnil se je Mihec sanj, in njegovega dolgega in suhljatega prsta, tudi vseh drugih prstov se je spomnil, še posebej onega svojega očeta, zdelanega in vsega smolnatega. Pa se je dvignil, zmašil napolnjeno posodo, jo obrisal s cunjo, ki je visela tam poleg; naglo si je umil še roke in se vrnil.

"Hm, pa si dolgo točil!" je dejal trgovec, ko je odpravil stranko; vprašujoče je gledal Mihca.

"Ni mi šlo jako po sreči," je odvrnil ta, "še razlil sem ga nekoliko," se je zatožil.

"Pazen moraš biti," ga je poučil trgovec.

"Denarja pa le ne omenja," je možu šinilo v glavo. "Saj sem ga nastavil tako, da ga je moral videti. Je-li ga vzel, ali ga ni vzel? Mogoče si ga je prisvojil samo deloma. Brez skušnjav ni bil, dokaz: ni povedal, da leži tam denar, vrh tega je moral biti razburjen, da je razlival petrolej, ko je vendar dovolj svetlo v tistem kotu." Tako je razmišljal in stresal vrečo riža v predal.

Mihec pa je mlel skrbno oprazeno in pošteno odmerjeno kavo in jo stresal v pripravljene škrniclje.

"Ne bom vzel denarja, naj bo tam kjer je!" je sklenil in si obrisal z od kave zaprašeno roko.

(Dalje.)

# Nenasitna starka - *menor stuc*

Ruska narodna pravljica *JOZE*

ZIVELA sta nekoč starec in starka. Nekega dne je šel starec v gozd po drva. Pride do velikega drevesa in ga začne sekati. Drevo pa mu je reklo:

"Poslušaj me, kmet. Nikar me ne posekaj; vse ti storim, karkoli si sam poželiš."

"Dobro, dobro," pravi starec, "pa me naredi za bogataša!"

"Prav. Vrni se lepo domov. Tam boš našel vse, karkoli si želel."

Vrnil se je starec, vrnil domov. In glej, kočja njegova je bila popolnoma nova, v koči pa vsega v izobilju. Polno denarja, deset sežnjev visoki kupi pšenice, krav, konjev in ovac pa toliko, da je bilo sploh nemogoče prešteti.

"Ah, stari moj, odkod vse to?" je vprašala starka.

"Veš, žena, naletel sem na drevo, ki lahko stori vse, karkoli poželiš."

Tako sta živela v izobilju mesec dni. Starki je ugajalo tako življenje, pa je dejala nekega dne starcu:

"Vidiš, čeprav živiva bogato, kaj nama vse to, če pa naju ljudje ne spoštujejo? Župan naju lahko oba požene delat, kadarkoli se mu poljubi. V najhujšem slučaju naju lahko celo pretepe. Glej, stopi rajši k drevesu in ga poprosi, naj te postavi za župana."

Starec je vzel sekiro ter šel v gozd k drevesu. S sekiro je začel tolči po njegovih koreninah.

"Kaj naj storim?" vpraša drevo.

"Župan hočem biti!"

"Dobro. Bodi!"

In starec se vrne v vas kot župan. A če so ga čakali vojaki. Čim so ga opazili, so zakričali. "Kod se potepaš staro teslo? Brž nam pripravi lepo sobo za prenočišče!"

Starec je okleval.

"No — ali se boš ganil ali ne?" so začeli kričati vojaki. Celo tepsti so ga pričeli.

Videla je starka, da tudi župan ni bovekaj na svetu, pa je dejala svojemu starcu:

"Kakšna čast je zame, da sem županja? Če bi bil gospod, te vojaki gotovo ne bi pretepali. Nobena sreča ni, biti župan. Kaj je to? Nič. Pojdi k drevesu in naj naredi tebe za gospoda, a mene za gospo."

Starec je spet šel k drevesu v gozd in jedva je zamahnil s sekiro, že se je oglasilo drevo:

"Nehaj, ne seci! Kaj želiš od mene?"

"Hočem, da napraviš mene za gospoda, a mojo ženo za gospo!"

"Dobro. Vrni se domov in zgodilo se bo, kot želiš."

Živela je starka kot gospa, pa ji je tudi to presedalo. Zaželela si je, da bi bila nekaj več, pa je rekla starcu:

"Kaj mi koristi, če sem gospa? Če bi bil ti polkovnik, a jaz polkovnica, to bi že bilo nekaj!"

In je spet poslala starca k drevesu. Jedva je zamahnil s sekiro, že je spregovorilo drevo:

"Ti si spet tu? Kaj želiš zdaj?"

"Hočem, da me napraviš za polkovnika, a ženo za polkovnico!"

"Dobro, vrni se mirno domov. Tvoji želji je ustrezno."

Vrnil se je domov, kjer so ga že bili oklicali za polkovnika. Preteče nekaj dni, a starka spet:

"Tudi polkovnik ni bogvekaj. General te lahko vrže v temnico, čim ga je volja. Pojdi k drevesu in ga zaprosi, naj te napravi za generala, a mene za generalico."

Spet je šel starec k drevesu, da bi ga posekal, a drevo je vprašalo:

"Kaj želiš?"

"Napravi me za generala, a mojo starko za generalico."

Vrnil se je domov in oklicali so ga za generala.

Starki niti to ni ugajalo. Rekla je starcu:

"Tudi general ni nič. Car te lahko pošlje v Sibirijo, čim ga je volja. Zahtevaj od drevesa, naj te napravi za carja, a mene za carico, pa boš videl, kaj su pravi živeti."

Znova je šel k drevesu in zahteval od njega, da ga napravi za carja, a starko za carico. Čim se je vrnil domov, že so vzklikali ljudje:

"Car je umrl, ti nam boš odslej za carja."

Preteklo je nekaj časa, a starec in starka sta se nasitila čarovanja.

"Tudi car ni nič," je rekla starka. "Lahko te pokrije zemlja, čim se to za-  
hoče bogu! Bolje je, da stopiš k drevesu, naj naju napravi za bogove."

Starec je šel k drevesu v gozd. Ko pa je drevo zaslišalo njegovo zadnjo in brezzmiselno prošnjo, je zašumelo z listjem in vejami, starcu pa je reklo:

"Ti boš medved, a tvoja starka mačka."

V isti mah se je starec spremenil v medveda, a starka v mačko. Skupno sta pobegnila v gozd.

Stric Jože.



# Moji spomini

Po Nov. R. Petroviću.

(Dalje.)

## V.

### Zemeljski raj ali paradiz.

Poleg naše vasi je bil velik sadovnjak in vrt. Polno cvetje v vseh barvah je dajalo vrtu izraz lepote, kakršne nisem videl dotlej. Lahki veter, ki je pihal z vrta, je prinašal s sabo svež in blag vonj ter trosil na vse strani odpadle lističe, bele, pisane in rdeče.

Dolgo sem opazoval ta nasad in nazadnje sem odkril: "To je zemeljski raj, paradiz. O tem ni dvoma. Mama mi je pravila, da je raj lep vrt z lepim drevjem, cvetjem in z živalmi. Potem takem je vsekakor to zemeljski raj!"

Tega odkritja nisem zaupal nikomur. Bilo mi je ljubše, ker sem edinole jaz vedel zanj. Zdelo se mi je, da ne bo tako lepo, kakor hitro ga komu izdam.

A tudi s tem rajem sem doživel prevaro. Držec se matere za krilo sem šel nekega dne mimo tega nasada. Srce mi je utripalo hitreje. Radovedno, s široko odprtimi očmi sem gledal v vrt. Najprej sem se začudil ograji iz železne, bodeče žice. Spomnil pa sem se kaj kmalu, da je bog izgnal ljudi iz raja, pa ga je zdaj ogradil, da ne more nihče vanj. Naravnost iznenadil pa sem se, da ni bilo na vratih angela z gorečim mečem v roki. Kdorkoli je hotel, je smel vstopiti v vrt. In prav v tistem trenutku je prihajalo nekaj ljudi z lopatami na ramenih ter so povsem svobodno vstopili v vrt, ne da bi pogledali na levo ali na desno.

Nisem si upal vprašati matere, ker sem se bal njenega odgovora. A tudi brez tega se je moja tajnost o zemeljskem rajju razpršila, kakor mehur iz milnice.

## VI.

### Moje mišljenje o ljudeh

Večkrat sem posedal na oknu naše hiše ter gledal ljudi, ki so hodili mimo. Mislil sem si, da jih mora biti zelo ve-

liko, krog sto ali pa še več. Ljudje so se mi zdeli kakor igračke, a jaz na svojem oknu sem se zdel samemu sebi velikan, sedeč na visoki planini.

Včasih pa sem šel tudi malo dlje od hiše. Tako sem se nekega dne opogumil ter odšel sam po cesti do pete sosedne hiše. Majhen psiček je stal ob vratih. Gledal me je popolnoma mirno, dokler se mu nisem približal. Naenkrat pa je zalajal ter planil proti meni. Obrnil sem se in hotel zbežati, a mi je strah presekal noge, zajokal sem in se zgrudil sredi ceste. Nekdo je z dvorišča poklical psa, ki je takoj ubogal, stisnil rep ter se splazil nazaj k svojim vratom.

Od tistega dne sem imel drugačno mišljenje o ljudeh, a tudi sebe nisem več smatral za velikana. Čemu potem drže ljudje psa kot svojega varuha, in čemu sem se ga jaz — majhnega kakor je bil — prestrašil?

## VII.

### Igra življenja

Srečaval in gledal sem ljudi, prihajajo, odhajajo, nekateri gredo sem, drugi gredo tja. Mislil sem si in se izpraševal: Kaj delajo ti ljudje? Eden za drugim gredo sem ter tja, shajajo se in spet razhajajo vsak na svojo stran.

Nazadnje sem se domislil, da se ljudje igrajo neko igro. Zdaj bi bil moral zvedeti, kakšno igro? Po mojem mišljenju je bila to igra življenja. A nikakor je nisem mogel razumeti, zdela se mi je silno zapletena, a tudi zelo zabavna.

Nekega večera mi je pripovedoval oče, da je neko dekle iz vasi skočilo v vodnjak in se utopila. Starši so jo pri-ganjali, naj se omoži s fantom, ki ga ni marala. Rajši je šla v smrt. To je potrdilo moje mišljenje, da se ljudje igrajo življenje.

Drugič sem slišal, da se je neki so-sed ustrelil iz puške. Imel je — pravili so tako — sedem otrok, zadolžil se je, pa so mu posestvo prodali. In se je ubil. Tedaj sem spoznal, da je igra življenja res zelo zapletena, da pa ni niti malo zabavna.

Mnogo morajo ljudje pretrpeti.

#### Za konec:

#### V Ameriko gremo . . .

Oče ni mogel pozabiti onega svojega prijatelja, ki mu je bil pravil o Ameriki, kjer dobro služiš in krvavo delaš. Delati je bil moj oče vaju. Jaz sem ga videl le zvečer, podnevi je delal v tovarni. Čudil sem se, kako da so nekateri očetje ves dan doma ali pa se sprehajajo. Mama mi je potem razložila, da so ti ljudje bogati. Drugi delajo zanje. Tedaj nisem tega popolnoma razumel. Šele kasneje sem razumel.

Oče pa je vedel to. In vem, da je mnogo večerov ostal nekje v nekaki dvorani, kjer se je zbralo mnogo delavcev, ki so vsi vedeli to, kar je vedel moj oče in kar mi je povedala mama: da nekateri ljudje ne delajo, a lepo žive.

Ne vem, kako se je bilo vse to zgodilo. Vem le, da se je nekega jutra vrnil oče z dela in da sta potem z ma-

terjo dolgo govorila. Šepetala sta. Žalostna sta bila. Iz tega pogovarjanja sem ujel le besede očeta: "V Ameriko pojdemo."

Oče je razprodal vse pohištvo, celo mojo zibelko je prodal. In potem smo nekega dne sedli na vlak ter se peljali do morja. To je bilo zame nekaj novega. Bilo je poleti, polno ljudi je bilo ob morju. Prišli so se semkaj pod južno solnce gret! — mi je razlagala mama. Mi pa smo bili namenjeni s parnikom v Ameriko. Za kruhom . . . Saj bi sicer skoro gotovo nikoli ne videl morja. Govorili so mi vedno, da je morje zelo lepo. Mogoče je res, a mama in oče sta bla tako žalostna, da res ne vem več, kakšno je bilo morje.

Po dolgi vožnji smo prišli v Ameriko. Spoznal sem, da je svet zelo velik in da smo mi zelo majhni. Zdaj živimo tu in se spominjamo na domovino.

Še nekaj: nikoli ne morem pozabiti, da se je moj oče zjokal ob odhodu iz domovine. Oče je imel žuljave dlani, trde poteze v obrazu, malo se je smejal, preveč je trpel. Tudi jokati ga nisem videl nikoli. A tedaj ob slovesu so se mu zasolzile oči.

Tega ne morem pozabiti.

(Priredil Stric Jože.)

(Konec.)

#### ZVEZDE

**Z** MILIJONI zvezd je posejan  
vsemir brezmejni.  
Plašno nekoč je zrl zemljan  
na svod nebesni.

Neba skrivnosti človek ni poznal  
in mrl bojazni;  
nesrečo, srečo svojo v zvezdah bral  
je v veri prazni.

Miljon lučk na nebu — to milijon  
je solnc, planetov.  
V prejasni noči čitam zdaj zaton  
strahov, trepetov.

A. P. K.

#### Jože Kovač:

#### ZIMA

**Z**IMA v solnce je dahnila  
in oči mu zapahnila.  
Vrana kraka: Mraz je, mraz,  
sneg pokrtil bo gozd in laz.

Deževna kapljica zmrzuje,  
mraz kožušček ji daruje.  
In zavite v bel kožuh,  
letajo z neba kot puh.

Niso kaplje, so snežinke,  
so snežinke, so belinke.  
Kar sneži naj tri noči,  
da bo dosti za sani!





Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v Mladinskem listu, prvič v tekočem letu. V decemberski številki M. L. je bilo 15 slovenskih dopisov. Želim, da bi bilo v tekočem letu še mnogo več slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem listu kot jih je bilo v decemberski številki. Tako bo prav, in lepo, da ne bomo pozabili slovenskega jezika. Med počitnicami za novo leto in božič sem imela več časa učiti se pisati in čitati slovensko. Počitnice so trajale 16 dni. Tudi mojo mlajšo sestro bom učila, da bo tudi ona poslala slovenski dopis v "Naš kotiček."

Mnogo uspeha in mnogo slovenskih dopisov želim v tem letu Mladinskemu listu. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

**Pripomba urednika:** Žal, da se je zadnjič pripetila pomota. Pod pesmico "Pesem naj se glasi" bi moral biti podpis Mary Krainik, ne Mary Ostanek.

Dragi urednik!

Želim napisati le par vrstic v slovenskem, veliko ne morem, ker še ne znam. Drugič, ko bodo te vrstice priobčene, če bodo, pa bom poskusila kaj več napisati.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Olive Lekse, Thompsonville, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Veseli me, da bi se naučila slovensko. Mama mi vedno pravijo, da se naj učim. Sedaj sem se naučila neko pesem o zimi in upam, da jo boste priobčili:

Toplo v telescu,  
na licu smeh—  
Ej, to je veselo  
tu na saneh.

A če nezgoda  
tako želi,  
da v sneg  
se zaleti.

Lepo v dolino  
sani drče,  
brez vse težave,  
kar samo gre.

Iz snega vsak  
brž se dvigne  
in s hriba spet  
v dolino švigne.

Mildred Lekse, Thompsonville, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Spet želim napisati par vrstic v Mladinski list. To je moje tretje slovensko pismo. Jaz rad čitam in pišem po slovensko. Sedaj pohajam prvo leto high-school. Rad bi videl, da bi se v šoli tudi slovensko učili.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice in tudi urednika. Vsem skupaj pa voščim veselo novo leto in mnogo zdravja ter veselja!

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

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj vam pošiljam slovensko pesmico, ki sem se jo naučila pred kratkim. Glasi se:

Vsaki petek zjuter  
Neška dela puter,  
V soboto ga je prodala,  
pa za sladko vince dala.

V graben se je zvrnila,  
vse žabe ven spodila.

Tako se ti godi,  
preljuba Neška ti.

Edith J. Kurent, Mulberry, Kans.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj prvič pišem v Mladinski list v slovenskem jeziku. Moja mama me je opomnila, naj pišem, pa sem. Drugikrat bom boljše. Tukaj pošiljam pesem "Svetlo solnce."

#### Svetlo solnce

Svetlo solnce se je skrilo,  
vse na svetu potihnilo.  
Vse odeva tiha noč,  
da zaspati nam je moč.

Svetlo zvezdice gorijo,  
tam na nebu se bliščijo,  
kakor bi nas angelci  
doli z raja gledali.

Ptičice in vsa živina,  
gospodar in vsa družina.  
Vse počitka željno je,  
tiha noč zaziblje vse.

Moja glava je zaspana,  
moja posteljica postлана.  
Ljubi angelj varuh moj,  
mene varuj še nocoj.

Jutri hočem zgodaj vstati,  
nočem zarje zalečati.  
Narava dala mi bo pomoč,  
oče, mati, lahko noč.

Joan Markun, Box 1241, Elly, Minn.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo časa sem se pripravljala, da napišem slovenski dopis za Mladinski list, pa nisem mogla, ker je težko slovensko pisati, dokler se malo bolj ne naučim. Bala sem se, da bo urednik vrgel moj dopis v koš.

Ker smo sedaj ob nastopu novega leta, sem se odločila, da bom napisala vsak mesec eno pismo Mladinskemu listu, da ne bo naše mesto Calumet zaostajalo za drugimi.

V nedeljo, dne 8. decembra, smo imeli čast poslušati opernega pevca Rudolfa Banovca. Njegov koncert je ostal vsem v spominu, kdor ga je slišal. Želim, da bi še enkrat prišel sem in zapel. Kakor sem zvedela, priredi g. Banovec svoj drugi koncert v Calumetu dne 1. junija, ki se bo vršil v mestnem gledališču. To me zelo veseli. Prepričana sem, da bo dvorana še bolj natlačena kot je bila prvič.

Rada bi videla, da bi se še kateri izmed mladih članov oglasil v M. L., kajti tukaj nas je veliko mladih članov SNPJ in vsi radi čitajo Mladinski list. — Tukaj je že od oktobra meseca sneg in mrzlo vreme. V zimskem času pa je dovolj časa za čitati in pisati. Zato bi bilo lepo, da se bi večkrat oglasili iz tega mesta.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem in mnogo sreče v novem letu vsem!

Paulin Staudohar,

32—Sixth st. Sam, Calumet, Mich.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Prigibno vam pošiljam zimsko sliko, ki sem jo sama narisala. Če je mogoče, dragi urednik, vas prosim, da jo ponatisnete v Mladinskem listu. (Ker je slika narisana z navadnim svinčnikom, je ni mogoče ponatisniti.—Urednik.)

Mnogo pozdravov vsem mladim članom naše jednote!

Mildred Hovar, Box 275, Blaine, O.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sem stara enajst let in to je moje prvo pismo v Mladinski list. Tu vam pošiljam uganko:

Gola glavica, lesena nožica, kdo pozna tega množica? Primi ga za nožico, drgni ga ob glavico, pa te speče v ročico. A bojte se otroci vi, ker za otroke ta možiček ni!

Kdor ugane, naj pošlje odgovor v M. L.

Antonia Pogacar,

1205 E. 168. St., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj v začetku novega leta se bom trudila napisati par slovenskih vrstic vsaki mesec v Mladinski list, četudi imam mnogo šolskih nalog vsaki dan.

Dve leti nazaj, ko sem živela v Clevelandu, O., sem pohajala Slovensko mladinsko šolo v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clair ave., vsako soboto za eno leto. Rada bi videla, da bi tudi tukaj imeli slovensko šolo, pa ne moremo, ker ni dovolj slovenskih otrok. Pa vseeno čitam Prosveto, Enakopravnost in vsaki mesec Mladinski list.

Sedaj pohajam deveti razred ljudske šole in sem bila vsaki mesec do sedaj na častni listi (honor roll). Kadar imam čas se tudi učim igrati na malo harmoniko. Starši so mi obljubili, da mi bodo kupili novo in večjo harmoniko, ako se bom vedno in pridno učila.

Želim, da bi v tem novem letu bilo več slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem listu kot jih je bilo v prošlem od mladih bratcev in sestric.

Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista, enako urednika!

Olga Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenila to leto večkrat pisati v Mladinski list. Sedaj sem se naučila slovensko čitati in pisati, kar me zelo veseli. V novem letu želim mnogo uspeha Mladinskemu listu ter da bi vsi bratci in sestrice prav pridno dopisovali vanj.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem M. L. in tudi uredniku!

Mary Rasket, R. F. D. No. 2, Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenila pisati v slovenskem za naš priljubljeni Mladinski list, katerega tako rada čitam od kraja do konca.

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis. Ker je baš sedaj preteklo eno leto, odkar nas je zapustil naš nadvse priljubljeni ata (dne 12. jan. 1929), sem se odločila, da je najlepše, da mu v spomin napišem slovenski dopis v Mladinski list. Slovensko pisati in čitati nas uči naša mama.

Tebi, dragi atek, želimo, da mirno spavaš. Ko se med nas vrne pomlad, Ti bomo spet kinčali Tvoj grob s svežimi cveticami, slavček pa ti bo zapel sladko uspavanko.

V Mladinskem listu večkrat čitam slovenske pesmice, ki jih pošljejo dopisniki v priobčitev. Tudi jaz bi rada videla, da bi priobčili to-le pesmico, ki sem se jo naučila od moje mame in se mi zelo dopade. Glasi se:

Sprehajala tam po vrtu  
se v jeseni deklica.  
Žalovala ko vsahnila  
lepa ji je rožica.

“Kje si, ljuba rožca moja,  
ki cvetela si lepo?  
Ali me bodeš zapustila?”  
Vpraša dekle žalostno.

“Moji dnevi so minuli,  
nastopila je jesen.  
Cvetje mi bo zamorila  
položila v grob leden.”

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam ter uredniku! Voščim vsem obilo srečo v tekočem letu!

Jennie Polh, White Valley, Pa.

Tone Seliškar:

### OSKRUNJENA POMLAD

Iz petega nadstropja sem se zagledal v brezdnost  
sivih zidov, ki se je krčilo v temni senci  
navpičnih sten kakor žrelo predpotopne  
zveri —  
in na dnu sta živela dva divja kostanja.

Bogve, pred kolikimi leti sta bila  
usajena!

Nad njimi žari v majskem solneču nebo  
in ju vabi k sebi in ju kliče in lastavice  
hite v oblakih na vse strani in druge  
ptice  
pojo in oddaleč slišita krike pomladne  
ljubezni,  
jetnika v temnici vlažnih zidov.

Odžagali so jima krono, popačili ude,  
zmečkali naročje  
in zdaj zelenita iz nešteti ran in odsekane roke  
krvave v nebo.

Pod njima sede otroci in stare žene in  
jih zebe.

Katka Zupančič:

### SNEŽENI MOŽ

STOJIŠ oblastno, res —  
češ, to smo mi!  
Pa kaj, ko nimaš nič ušes,  
da slišal bi —  
možganov nič,  
da mislil bi —  
in srca nič,  
da čutil bi —  
in nimaš takih nog,  
da hodil bi —  
ne takih rok,  
da delal bi —.

Debela glava, to ni vse,  
če notri ni —  
kar treba je!  
Imaš oči,  
a vidiš ne,  
in usta ti ne govore.  
Si mrzla, mrtva reč!  
Ko solnce se povzpne —  
boš ti odveč.  
Tu! to se boš topil,  
se v lužo vode spremenil . . .  
Ubogi mož — sneženi mož!

Rad. Peterlin-Petruška:

### VES DAN SNEŽI.

Ves dan sneži. Brez konca, enomerno  
usipljejo snežinke se z neba  
in se vrte in plešejo stoterno  
in onemogle padajo na tla.

A ti stojiš pri oknu in v daljavo  
neskončno, snežno — ti oči strme,  
na zid si naslonila nežno glavo,  
na stol odprla bele si roke . . .

In bogve kje ti mišel zdaj potuje,  
in bogve kaj ti zdaj srce želi,  
ko zate vse okrog je mrtvo, tuje?—

Pač lepših se spominjaš, slajših dni,  
trenutke zaljše domišljija snuje,  
in zarja vesne že v očeh ti tli.—

## TOVARIŠA

(Sličica iz parka.)

MIMO mene v parku  
smuknila je drobna veverica.  
Za njo pogledam. Kam brzi?  
Glej, glej, do klopi tja,  
kjer parček star sedi.  
Iz roke žuljave, drhteče  
orehek vzame in naprej hiti.

I kaj pa to nad glavo mi plahuta?  
Poglej jih no: golobi k parčku staremu  
letijo,  
krog njiju in na nju se vsi spustijo.  
Se smeje starček, zrnja jim podaja,  
ženica pa drobi jim krušno skorjo.

Mimo hite ljudje. Komaj ozro se —  
na parček stari, ki golobe hrani.

Le jaz ju gledam  
in iz obrazov velih  
povest življenja berem.

Priseljenca? O, da, nedvomno.  
Trpina proletarska? To pač vidim.  
Tovariša si dobra tudi v dneh brez  
solnca?  
Ne dvomim. Pogled udan, ljubeč od nje  
do njega mi vse razkrije . . .

Opazila sta me  
— in nemir se ju je polotil.

Ženica kot dekcle je zardela . . .  
A jaz v prisrčen smeh  
in mimogredoč pogladila sem ji sivo  
glavo.

Začudena hvaležno zrla sta za mano,  
za tujko mlado — njima nepoznano.

Anna P. Krasna.



Gornja slika predstavlja štiri mlade člane naše jednote, dva dečka in dve deklici, otroke sobrata Rudolfa Mavzelja iz Gillespieja, Ill. Vsi štirje so člani društva št. 465 SNPJ. Na sliki od leve na desno so: Josephine, Lawrence, Anton in Helen Mavzelj. Sliko nam je poslal brat Karl Guma, tajnik društva št. 465.

Stric Jože:

## MIHEC SE UČI MNOŽITI

- 1x1=ena—trata je rumena.  
1x2=dve—z očko greva na gore.  
1x3=tri—drevje rumeni.  
1x4=štiri—glej, na bukvah žiri.  
1x5=pet—rad bi šel jih vzeti,  
1x6=šest—le za eno pest.  
1x7=sedem—očka ne pusti,  
1x8=osem—pa čeprav ga prosim.  
1x9=devet—le zakaj ne smem?

Očka, to-le naj ti še povem:  
1x10=deset—čuden je ta svet!



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume IX.

FEBRUARY, 1930.

Number 2.

Rickman Mark:

## SNOW IN TOWN

NOTHING is quite so quiet and clean  
As snow that falls in the night;  
And isn't it jolly to jump from bed  
And find the whole world white?

It lies on the window ledges,  
It lies on the boughs of the trees,  
While sparrows crowd at the kitchen  
door,  
With a pitiful "If you please?"  
It lies on the arm of the lamp-post,  
Where the lighter's ladder goes,  
And the policeman under; it beats his  
arms,  
And stamps—to feel his toes.

The butcher's boy is rolling a ball  
To throw at the man with coals,  
And old Mrs. Ingram has fastened a  
piece  
Of flannel under her soles.

No sound there is in the snowy road  
From the horses' cautious feet,  
And all is hushed but the postman's  
knock  
Rat-tatting down the street,

Till men come round with shovels  
To clear the snow away,—  
What a pity it is that when it falls  
They never let it stay!  
And while we are having breakfast  
Papa says, "Isn't it light?  
And all because of the thousands of  
geese  
The Old Woman plucked last night.

And if you are good," he tells us,  
"And attend to your A B C,  
You may go in the garden and make  
a snowman  
As big or bigger than me!"

E. Carpenter:

## FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY now is here  
With its store of winter cheer.  
Sports we love are now at hand,  
Skates and sleds are in demand.

Evening round the bright fireside  
Brings us joys that will abide.  
Memory should seize each hour,  
Make it part of childhood's dower.

Daylight often yields surprise,  
Lovely pictures greet the eyes,  
Done in white and all ablaze  
With sparkles from the sun's slant rays.

February comes and goes  
With its tale of ice and snows,  
But the freezing clears the air,  
Helps to make the spring more fair.



## Children of Today

**N**EVER once reprove a child, never punish a child and never, never demand implicit obedience!

This is the interesting advice of Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck of the State University of Iowa.

"I do not believe in demanding implicit obedience. I have never expected my children to obey and they have never done it," he declared.

Punishment is a crime against a child and destroys all the potentiality within him, he explained. It causes the child to build up complexes which result in resistance way beneath the surface. These bring about stubbornness, selfishness and emotional upheaval which come to the surface some time in life, he said.

The entire theory of punishments comes about from the idea of the parent being strong and the child weak. Therefore the strong one can beat the child, shut it in a closet, tie it up with rope or in darker ages even killed the child or exposed it on a hillside, he said.

"That awful brutality is gone now but its soul goes marching on," he told the parents. "The demanding of implicit obedience and punishment are the result of ignorance and tactlessness on the part of the parents."

"One should start at the very beginning with the child," he advised. "Don't say 'don't.' Don't forbid. Do no flogging and have no pretense between parent and child. Get on the same level and be a companion."

The old trait of the male wanting to dominate is responsible for much of the misunderstanding with children, the professor said. Now men can no longer dominate women so take it out on the children."

Parents, through their actions, provide the wrong copies for children, according to Dr. Starbuck. Discourtesy to a child breeds discourtesy from the child and brutality to the child is shown up in brutality to the sister, to the cat or dog or to someone else, he asserted.

The professor believes in budgets for every child and declared an allowance is a divine right of a child. Furthermore, it teaches economic prudence and brings about a more perfect understanding on economic problems of parents and children, he said.

He advised parents to observe animals in their treatment of their young and reminded the parents that the mother dog plays with her puppies and is tender. In like manner parents should unbend from their ego and from their seriousness and get on the same level with their children.

"We used to demand obedience and rule with an iron hand but it won't work any more," he said. "Now our children go to the movies and have seen the world too much. Now we must learn to put initiative into the child instead of controlling by brutal authority."



# Jack out of Doors

## A Jolly Health Tale

READY—set—go! Zip-p-p down the hill went the sled full of rosy cheeked children, laughing and shouting. Then up they climbed slowly on the slippery path and whizz—down they went in less time than it takes for me to tell you about it.

But eight-year-old Jack wasn't with them having fun. He sat indoor near the window reading. Someone rattled the window pane. It was the fresh south wind knocking. He whistled through the cracks—"Come out and play, this beautiful day—Jack-in-the-house, come, be Jack-out-of-doors."

But Jack answered, "Don't bother me South Wind. I'm reading a story about a girl who lost her slipper—glass slipper—and the prince found it and tried to find the one who owned it."

South Wind didn't wait to hear the end of the story but whirled down among the happy playing children. Then the sun winked his bright eye on Jack. (It was just a little cloud chased by the South Wind that brushed across the face of the sun just for one second, but it looked very much like a wink.) The Sun said, "Come out and play this beautiful day, Jack-in-the-house, come, be Jack-out-of-doors."

But Jack answered, "Don't bother me, Sun. I'm reading a story about some ducklings, one was very ugly and the rest were beautiful, and every one was mean to the poor little ugly one." The Sun said, "It's fine to like to read stories, Jack, but there are other times you can read. When I go down behind the hills in an hour you can sit with your back to the reading lamp and read until supper time—and after supper, too, there's time to read before you go to bed at nine. But when I shine, all of the boys and girls should be out of doors with me."

Jack said nothing but did not move to get his hat and coat and the Sun passed by his window and left the room dim and cold. By and by Jack heard a swish-swish-swish on the window pane. It was a branch of a pine tree that grew in front of his house. The pine needles whispered, "Come out and play this beautiful day, Jack-in-the-house, come, be Jack-out-of-door." But Jack answered, "I'm reading a story about a boy who killed a great many giants. I don't want to come out now, Pine Tree."

Presently there was a scratch, scratch, at the door and a "bow, wow, wow" and in ran Jack's very own dog, Peter. "Bow, wow," said Peter, "Come out and play this beautiful day. I do want so much to have some one take me out to play. I've been in the house all day and if I don't get out soon something is going to happen."

Then Jack did pay attention. "You good old Peter," he said, "I'll get my coat and hat and rubbers and leggins on right away—and we'll still have a little while to play before it gets dark."

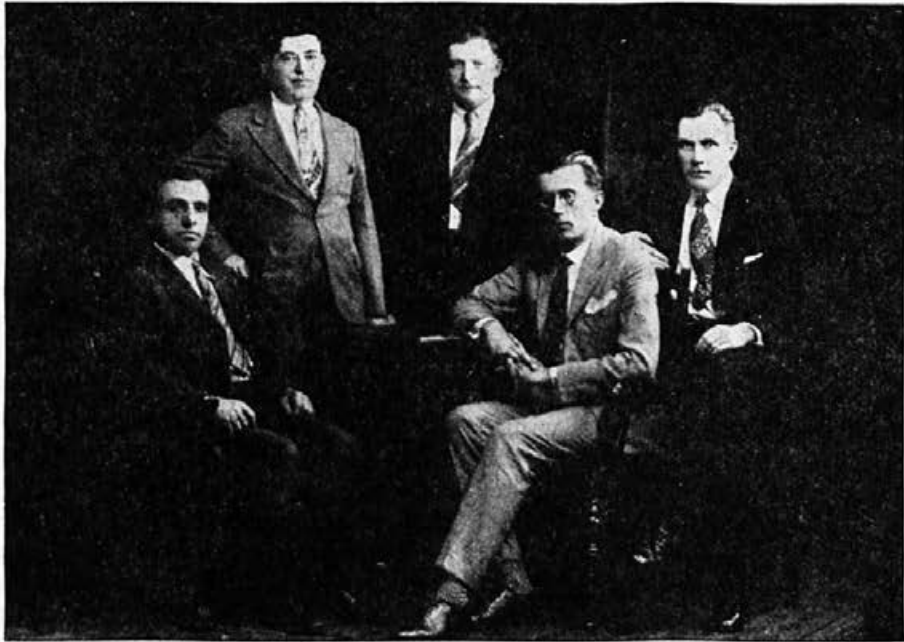
Out they ran, with a sled. Peter barking and running, and Jack running and sliding until they came to the little hill in the park where the children were sleigh riding. Up climbed Jack and Peter. Peter pulled the sled up the hill, and whizz—down they went with Jack steering and Peter on his back barking loudly. How good the cool fresh air felt after the warm, dry air of the house!

One time when they were half way down the hill Jack leaned too far over to one side and off he fell and rolled over in the snow. Peter jumped just in time to save himself from falling, and the sled went down the hill all by itself. Jack jumped up, brushed off

the snow, and ran laughing after the runaway sled. Then up they went and down again without falling off, and up and down, and up and down, until the sun had almost touched the hills. It was time to start for home. Jack made a snow ball and threw it far down the path. Peter, who thought it was a real ball, bounded after it, and when he found it was only a snow ball, "bow-wow" he barked, "you played a trick on me that time, Jack-o."

As they ran home, Jack said, "That

was great fun, we'll go out early tomorrow, Peter." "Aha," smiled the Sun just as he disappeared behind the hills, "good afternoon, Jack-out-o-doors." "Aha," said the wind as he whirled up to the tree tops, "Good afternoon, Jack-out-o-doors." "Aha," whispered the Pine Tree as Jack sat again in his room changing his snowy clothes for nice, warm dry one, "Good evening, "Jack-out-of-doors." "Bow-wow," barked Peter, "What fun we'll have tomorrow, Jack-o."



The above photo shows officers of the SNPJ Excursion Bureau which is sponsoring several trips to Jugoslavia this summer. Left to right, seated, are: Vincent Cainkar, Dr. Paul Brežnik and Jakob Zupančič. Standing, left to right: John Olip and Frank Alesh. The first excursion will be May 28, the second June 28, and the third July 7. Each group will be accompanied by a competent guide. The route of each itinerary will include many important cities and at each short stops will be made. To date many of our members have decided to make the trip with one of the three main excursion trips this year.



# Pig Tails

An Old Sailor's Story of China

By S. Southwold

**M**ANY, many years ago in China there were two neighboring countries over which ruled two kings. Now, the King of one country was very tall and thin, while the King of the other country was very short and stout.

For many years the kings and their peoples had been friends; and to celebrate the twentieth year of peace between the two countries the tall thin King (who was very fond of joking) had invited the stout King to pay him a visit, and to be entertained at the royal palace for a whole week.

The stout King very gladly accepted the invitation, and set off for the capital of his neighbor with servants and friends, numbering nearly three thousand. They were all gaily dressed, and rode upon coal-black horses decked with red and gold. At the head of the splendid procession rode the stout King, upon a milk-white horse of great beauty.

The King who was to be host waited upon the balcony of his palace with his own Prime Minister, so that he might be the first to wave a welcome to his guest.

As the stout King upon his beautiful horse drew near to the balcony, the waiting monarch turned to his Prime Minister and said with a laugh but, as he thought, very softly: "Here comes Piggy—let us go down to greet him."

But, alas! his stout visitor heard this most unkingly remark; and he shouted an order, and the whole party set off again at a furious gallop the way they had come. And when the royal joker and his Prime Minister reached the street there was nothing in sight but a great cloud of dust.

The enraged visitor and his friends did not draw rein until they were back again in their own country. And so

angry was the stout King at the stupid and unseemly jest of his former friend that he began to raise a great army with the purpose of making him pay dearly for his foolishness.

And so, before six months had passed, he set off once more for his neighbor's country. But this time he rode at the head of a vast army; and as soon as he had crossed the frontier he put his soldiers to burn and slay and destroy without mercy.

The thin King, in alarm, gathered together as large an army as he could, and led it against the invader.

A fierce and terrible battle took place. The invading army was victorious; and not only was the army of the thin King utterly defeated, but the King himself was slain.

But even then the rage of the visitor was not appeased. Marching on to the capital, he forced it to surrender. Then he called together the ministers of the late King and said to them: "Your King is dead. I will find you another. Send me a farmer."

And when the farmer stood before him, trembling with fear lest the conqueror should slay him, the stout King said: "Bring to me your fattest pig."

And the fattest pig being brought, the King dressed it in the robes of the dead monarch, sat the beast upon the royal throne, placed the crown upon its head, and said: "Here is a king. Meet the king as is fitting and proper for you—Behold him—King Piggy."

And he forced the ministers and all the great men of the beaten country to walk in a long procession before the throne, to bend the knee and cry: "Hail, King!"

A still greater shame he forced upon the wretched people. He ordered every

man of the country to shave his head, except for one small patch at the back. This patch of hair, he commanded, was to be allowed to grow, and when it was long enough it was to be plaited into the shape of a pig's tail. The penalty for refusal to carry out his commands was to be instant death.

Then and only then did his wrath abate. Leaving a general with ten thousand soldiers in charge of the beaten country, with instructions to enforce his orders with the utmost severity, he returned proud and satisfied, to his own land.

A whole year King Piggy sat upon the throne; and by this time the patch

of hair of all the men had grown to such a length that it was plaited into a pigtail, and hung down their backs.

Another year went by—and then a wonder came to pass. So becoming did every one think the new pigtail that the fashion spread to the country of the victor, and, farther still, into many neighboring countries. And indeed the stout King himself grew a pigtail, and was so pleased with his new appearance that he forgave his late enemies, and told them that he would send his eldest son to marry the dead King's daughter, Princess Plumblossom. And at the wedding feast the principal dish was poor King Piggy, browned and crackly and smelling deliciously.



## One of the Greatest Voyages

THE cape of Good Hope, at the southern extremity of South America, is perhaps the stormiest place in the world. It storms there nearly every day. That projection of land used to be called the Cape of Storms and for years every boat attempting to round the cape was lost. Finally one bold navigator constructed a stronger ship and went around in safety and at once the name was changed from the Cape of Storms to the Cape of Good Hope.

Magellan, the man who first circumnavigated the globe, was born in Portugal in 1480, and losing his father while but a boy, he enlisted in the service of the king. Fired by the discoveries of Columbus, it is not surprising that young Magellan joined a fleet bound for the East Indies, then controlled by the Portugese.

In the course of time a plot was laid by the king of Sumatra to kill the Portugese. Young Magellan was said to be largely responsible for frustrating this plot and in this and other ways distinguished himself. In the course of time Magellan and other Portugese became dissatisfied and joined the service of the king of Spain, who was then the grand monarch of the world.

It would take too long to tell the story of how a fleet of five small ships was fitted out and manned by Portugese, Spanish and at least one Italian, all suspicious, jealous and even treacherous. The combined tonnage of these five ships was but 480 tons.

These five small vessels were all well armed for their day and their cargo consisted of trading goods such as knives, combs, fishhooks, mirrors, brass bracelets, bells and such things as would appeal to natives of islands and countries that might be visited. Magellan was a young man highly educated in the science of his day, a skillful navigator, a man with an iron will and absolutely fearless.

It is said that in those days hardly a voyage of any importance was made that treachery and mutiny were not the order of the day. This fleet crossed to America, then down the coast to Brazil, finally stopping for two weeks to secure a supply of provisions and then on into the storms and cold of this southland.

As they went on the cold became severe and many became dissatisfied and matters grew from bad to worse. Finally the slights and insults heaped upon Magellan could not be ignored longer and some of the men causing the trouble were placed in irons. Magellan saw that the case was desperate and that he could trust no one.

To make a long story short the officers of three ships entered a conspiracy. In the terrible fight that followed several of the leaders were killed, one of the ships was wrecked but Magellan came out best and the fleet went on down the coast. As they went on to the south they saw fires burning which led to the name Tierra del Fuego—the land of fire. Later they passed into the straits which now bear the name of Magellan.

Soon after the crew of one of the remaning ships mutinied, placed the captain in arms and turned back to Spain. On reaching the homeland the ring leaders put up such a strong case that they were rewarded while those who had been loyal all the way along were imprisoned.

But the story of the 98 days spent crossing the Pacific and the experience encountered in these islands, the landing on the Phillipine Islands and naming them the St. Lazarus Islands because they were sighted on the day of that man, the fight on the island of Cebu, in which the great Magellan was killed, all this is too long to be told here.

To sum it all up, Magellan and his little fleet of five ships and 265 men started out from Spain on September 20, 1519. Of these, only one of the five ships and only 18 of the 265 men finally returned to Spain (except those who mutinied and went back) arriving September 6, 1522. As long as time, this will be accounted as one of the great voyages of the world, but the man Magellan who is generally spoken of as first to circumnavigate the globe never got around alive.

### QUIET GAME

Sometimes when the play has been strenuous it is well to know a few quiet games to entertain your friends with. This one may prove amusing. The players seat themselves in a circle and one player is counted it. This player begins the game by saying: "I have a treasure chest. In it is something that begins with an R." Of course the letter he says may not be R, but some other letter beginning the name of the article of which he is thinking that he has in his Treasure Chest. Then the other players take turn asking questions which may be answered only by Yes or No, as for example:

"Is your Treasure something to eat?"

"No."

"Is your Treasure something to wear?"

"Yes."

"Do you wear it on your head?"

"No."

"Do you wear it on your hand?"

"Yes."

And so it goes until someone has guessed that the treasure is a ring, and that person is it for the next round. Treasure Chest provides entertainment for a long time. There are so many odd things that may find their way into a Treasure Chest and that are difficult to be guessed out of it.

### WHAT OUR FINGERS SAY

#### Right Hand

Finger one says, "Give me milk,  
At least a pint a day."

Finger two says, "Cereal, too,  
And cook it well, I pray."

Finger three says, "Vegetable,  
Potato, if you please.

And one like spinach, onions, squash,  
Or carrots, beans, or peas."

Finger four says, "Apples, prunes,  
Or other fruit, I wish."

Finger five says, "Soft-cooked egg,  
Or a piece of meat or fish."

This child's hand says, "Don't forget  
To give me these each day  
To help me grow up well and strong.  
To run, and work, and play."

#### Left Hand

Finger six says, "Go to bed  
At seven every night."

Finger seven, "Windows up  
In dark as well as light."

Finger eight says, "Take a bath  
At least two times a week,

And every day do not forget  
A restful nap to seek."

Finger nine says, "Do be sure  
To brush the teeth each day."

Finger ten says, "Eat three meals,  
Drink water through the day."

My left hand says, "Outdoor play  
And living by this rule

Is giving me the start I need  
To make me fit for school."



Dear Editor:

I am seven years old and in the second grade in school. I like school. I had a merry Xmas. I got an electric iron and many other things. Here is a verse: "A little bird sat in the tree, and it sang and sang some pretty songs. But it flew away and said good-by." Best wishes to all.

Sylvia R. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa

Dear Editor:

I am sorry that I didn't write before, but I was busy over the holidays. I promised that I will write at least once a month. I would like if Jeannette Pierce from Gilbert, Minn., would write me a letter.

Sincerely yours,

Antoinette Ozanich, 309 Douglas ave., Eveleth, Minn.

Dear Editor:

As I have decided to write for the M. L. every month, here I am. Our school publishes a paper called "Echo," which we all enjoy reading, I am sure. We have a junior and a varsity basketball team, both girls' and boys'. I surely was surprised to receive letters from readers of the M. L., and I was more than glad to correspond with them.

What a relief! Snow at least. Much fun, much joy for us children.—Here we are planning to present an operetta in January. Hope it's a success. — Best regards to all.

Anne Ambrozich, Box 286, Moon Run, Pa.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the M. L. I am small and I can't write well yet. For Xmas my parents bought me some very nice things that are useful. Now I don't be-

lieve in Santa Claus any more, last year I did, and he brought me a whole lot more.

Jennie Beniger, age 7, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am 15 years of age and I am in the 8th grade at Stone City school. I have four brothers and three sisters. My father is a coal digger and a farmer. We all belong to the Lodge No. 19, SNPJ. My teacher's name is Miss Ried. We had a nice Xmas program in school Dec. 23, and we all enjoyed it very much. I wish some of the readers would write to me.

Lucy Potocnik, Box 108, Cherokee, Kans.

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the M. L. The working conditions here are poor. They work only three days a week. Now we are going to have a basketball team at Newcomer school. I have four brothers and two sisters, Andrew, Frank, Joe, Mike, Martin; Helen and Elizabeth.—Martin E. Zaksek, Uniontown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to M. L. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade in school. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

Elizabeth Batchen, 51 Chapel st., Gowanda, New York.

Dear Editor:

I am writing you a few lines to let you know that the M. L. is getting more interesting every month. The children like jokes and whenever they think of one, they think of the M. L., because they learn them from it. I am sending my best regards to all the readers.

Mary Bruder, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I am sending the remainder of the story of which the first part I mailed for the M. L. some time ago. I would like to see it appear in the magazine, if possible.

Best regards to all.

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

My new year's resolution is that I will write to the M. L. at least once a month. Not many people are writing from Minnesota. Our whole family belongs to the Jednota. I have a brother and a sister. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. I like the M. L. Now we have much snow here. Of all the stories in the M. L. I like the story "Mystery of the Diamond Necklace" the best. The story is being send in by Sister Caroline Kantz.

Albina Ozanich, Eveleth, Minn.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

We all appreciate the M. L. very much, because it has so many interesting stories and other reading matter. I think Caroline Kantz is kind for sending in that story. — I am going to be 14 years old on March 1. I have two sisters and two brothers, and we all are members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 31, except my 3-year-old brother, but he will also become a member very soon. We go to Russell school. I would like to correspond with some of the members.

Christine Lenarcic, 696 N. Water ave., Sharon, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

Herewith I am sending you a poem called "January," and would like to see it appear in the M. L., if it is not too late for the January number of the M. L.

Best wishes to all the members.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the SNPJ and this is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade in school. We live on a farm. My father died a year ago. Now we don't live happily any more. I am attending the South Side school.

Tony Meutz, Box 625, Oakadle, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

This is our first letter to the M. L. which we enjoy reading it very much. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 232.

Our beloved father belonged to this organization for 18 years. Now it is a year since he is dead. We are very sad and lonely without him.—Best regards to all.

Ursula and Mary Polh, Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

This being my first letter to the M. L. I must tell that I like the magazine very much. It has so many nice stories and poems in both languages.—Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ lodge 48. I am in the 7th grade in Oakdale school. I like my teachers. Here is my picture.



Best regards to all the readers and to the Editor.

Frank Valencich, 464 Franklin ave., Barberton, O.

Dear Editor:

I was very glad to see my letter in the M. L. I like the M. L. very much. I am 15 years old and am a freshman of Noewin high-school. There are five of us in the family, but only my father and I belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 78. I wish the M. L. would come more often.

Best regards to all the readers and members.

Anton F. Zgonc, Box 58, Fourth st., Westmoreland City, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

As long as I have been reading the M. L. I haven't seen a letter from here in it. This is my first letter. I am 16 years old and am attending the Junior South Union high-school. In the near future I hope to write a letter in Slovene. I like the M. L. very much. I would like to correspond with some of the members.

Martin Novak Jr., Box 82, Brownfield, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 232. I am 15 years old and do not go to school, because my mother is dead six years already and I have to attend to the house. I wish some members would write to me, as I would gladly answer their letters.

Mary Anna Dolence, Box 665, Export, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

There are three in our family, all members of the SNPJ, Lodge 65, at Breezy Hill, Kans. I am in the 6th grade and am 12 years old. This is my first letter. I wish the M. L. would come more often.

Frank Urankar, Mulberry, Kans.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

I was surprised to see my letter in the M. L. I wish the magazine would come every week. I received several letters from some of the members and was very glad. I hope some of the members would write to me again.

Anna Paul, 442 Wellington ave., E. Akron, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

I belong to lodge 14 of the SNPJ, am 12 years old and in the 7th grade in school. I like the M. L. and am sending a short story called "How a Lady from Europe Was Surprised?" I would like to see it in the M. L.

Mary Valentincic, 316 George ave., Waukegan, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you would think me selfish for writing to the M. L. again? I would like to have published a few recipies, if you have enough space for them, about lemon pie and good cooks. Here's my photo.



Frances Lillian Kukular, 3224 No. 32 st., Tacoma, Wash.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

Boys and girls, write more often in the M. L. This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to go to school. I will be 14 years old June 9.—Thomas Zordani, Mulberry, Kans.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

This being my second letter to the M. L., I wish to remind my readers that in my first letter I have told them about our school which burnt down. Now they are building a new brick school which has four rooms. We started Dec. 11, 1929, with the foundation. Each room has six lights. We have seven books. I am in the 5th grade.

John Shink, Box 85, West Newton, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the "Sunflower" Lodge No. 609 SNPJ. This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade in school. I can't read nor write in the Slovene, but I could speak and sing Slovene.

Edith Julia Kurent, Box 456, Mulberry, Kans.

\* \*

Dear Editor:

It has been a long time since I wrote last to the M. L. Now I decided to write every month. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 585, except my mother. I hope some of the members would write to me. Hurry up, boys and girls and make the M. L. a weekly.

Betty Modic, Keister, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I, too, am writing for the first time to the M. L. and am sending you my photo for the M. L. I am in the 6th grade in school. We all are members of the Jednota.



I like Mary Matos' letters in the M. L. But now she writes very seldom. My best wishes to all.

Tony Valencich, Barberton, O.

Dear Readers:—

Here is the story continued:

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

Meanwhile, Harold Rodgers, one of Don's gang of crooks heard about the fight and hurried to the hospital to free Nick (for he was really on Nick's side). But he was too late, the nurse told him the police had taken Nick to prison.

Harold went into Don's room and Don asked him if the necklace was safe in its hiding place. Harold said: "I haven't seen it since you put it in the pocket of your riding outfit this morning."

"Put it in my pocket?" cried Don. "Get my coat quickly, its in that closet down there." Harold got his coat and Don searched all the pockets and found that the necklace was gone.

"I didn't put it in my pocket," he said. "I put it in the safe!" Don sat up in bed and thought aloud. "Where can it be?" Maybe it fell out when I fell down the cliff." This was an idea. He told Harold to go to the highway and he told him about where he rolled down the cliff and then he said, "Bring it back with you or you are a dead one."

Harold left the hospital and went where Don and Shirley had fallen over the cliff and what did his eyes behold! On a twig of a tree hung the valuable necklace. He got a long limb and reached over the cliff and picked up the necklace on its end. He shouted with joy and ran all the way to the jail. He showed the necklace to Nick and the police. He told everything he knew about Don Dawson and he also related how he secretly put the necklace in Don's pocket and how he was one of Don's gang, but just trying to help Nick.

The police, Nick, and Harold went to the hospital and Don was now dying from a severe cut in his shoulder. He confessed to the police and Nick, how he had taken the necklace from Shirley and pretended to be a detective. After his confession he fell back in bed and was gone.

The police gave the necklace to Nick and left the hospital, for they knew he would give it to Shirley. Harold left, too.

Nick went in to Shirley's room and related the mystery of her necklace. She sat up in her bed and asked:

"Can you ever forgive me for blaming you, when you were not guilty?"

Nick answered, "Yes, Shirley, if you answer two questions I've always wanted to ask you. Do you love me and will we be happy in a home of our own?"

She put her arms around his neck and from her embrace he knew her answer.

(The End.)

Best regards to all,

CAROLINA KRAYTZ,

158 Main street, Franklin Boro, Conemaugh, Pa.

### WORDS THAT READ THE SAME BACKWARD or FORWARD

Try  
to solve  
this  
riddle

E	E	B	B	P	P
D	D	E	E	N	N
G	G	P	P	D	D
B	B	M	M	E	E
P	P	T	T	P	P

CAN YOU REPLACE THE MISSING  
MIDDLE LETTER OF EACH WORD



Send in  
your  
answer  
early