

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## VRABEC ŽIV-ŽAV

POZNATE živ-žava,  
ki v dimniku spava, ko zima prikima?  
On temu je vaje, da grd je, zakajen;  
zavetje le ima!

Živ - živ!

In krade kjer more.  
Od jutranje zore, pa skoz do večera  
se krega, prepira, in živež nabira.  
Kaj mar mu zamera!

Živ - živ!

Lastninskega prava  
on nič ne priznava: nevesto pripelje  
kar v gnezdece tuje, pa v tujem svatuje.  
Kaj mar mu postava!

Živ - živ!

Ne vživa veljave  
ciganček—vrabiček, od nekdam tatiček.  
Vseeno on poje in čivka po svoje.  
Ni njemu do slave!

Živ - živ!

V hrani ni spačen.  
A kadar je lačen, pa ni je drobtine,  
če vsako dvorišče natanko preišče,  
on lakote gine.—

Žav - žav!

Anna P. Krasna:

## VESELJE

NARAVA vsa mi je v veselje,  
ko bolečine v meni spe. . .  
Vsak cvetek radost vliva  
v razposajeno mi srce.  
Pozabljeni namah so dnevi tuge;  
preteklost vsa se zdi  
kot sanje. . .

Bodeče trnje žitja nič me zdaj ne moti.  
V višave jasne misel je zletela,  
kjer nič ni zla, kjer ni spotik. . .  
Da bi vsaj hip le bila res vesela!

Z. Reinbeimer:

## Stari naslanjač

ALI SI že bila kdaj na podstrešju? Vem za podstrešje, kjer je prav lepo in zanimivo. Tiho in temno je tam gori; skozi majhno okence se komaj prikrade solnčni žarek. Mnogo stvari stoji na podstrešju, mnogo nepotrebnih in potrebnih stvari in med njimi tudi stari naslanjač. Ta naslanjač je bil babičina last. Šele danes so ga postavili na podstrešje in ni se mogel navaditi nove okolice. Oh, in kako hudo ga je pekla zavest, da stoji zdaj doli v stanovanju nov, lepo vezen naslanjač. Tesno mu je postalo od hrapenenja po svojem starem prostoru v babičini sobi, kjer je stal toliko let. In kako rad bi bil pri babici!

No, da, ali ji ugaja novi naslanjač, ki so ji ga davi podarili za rojstni dan! Morda bi bila le rajši obdržala stari naslanjač, v katerem je presedela že toliko žalostnih in veselih ur? A kaj, če si je morda sama želela novega naslanjača?



Ubogi stari naslanjač je tuhtal in tuhtal in kar tesno mu je bilo v srcu. Nu, ni mu šlo v glavo, zakaj so ga postavili na zaprašeno podstrešje. Počasi je dvignil oči in pogledal po svoji oko-

lici. "Moram pogledati, kdo stoji poleg mene," si je mislil naposled in zapazil poleg sebe na desni strani staro zibelko. "O, zibelka, moja stara znanka!" je vzklknil. In spomnil se je tistih let, ko je stala zibelka še doli v stanovanju pri babici. V zibki je ležala Majdica, babičina hčerka, in kadar se je zmračilo, je jela babica zibati malo Majdo v sladki spanec. Zdaj je Majda že velika dama in sama ziba v novi zibki majhne otročičke.

Stari naslanjač je globoko vzdihnil in pogledal na levo stran, kjer je stala velika skrinja s knjigami. Čital je naslove knjig in vzviknil: "Joj, Snegulčica in Trnjulčica, moji dobri znanki! Kolikokrat sem poslušal babico, ko vaju je čitala. Majda je tedaj vselej mirno sedela pri babici in verno poslušala!"

Da, tak star naslanjač! Vsakdo je rad prihajal k njemu in vsak mu je bil dobro došel. In kaj vse so bili počeli z njim! Kolikokrat ga je bila Majda prevrnila in se z njim igrala. Privezala ga je na vrv in ga vlekla po sobi, ali pa mu je sedla na njegovo glavo in jahala po njem, kakor da bi bil konjiček.

Tu je moral stari naslanjač prekiniti svoje misli, zakaj veter je bil potegnil skozi okno in v kotu se je nekaj zganiilo. Pogledal je tja in zapazil nekaj nogavic, ki so visele na sušilni vrvi.

"Tudi me vemo marsikaj o babici!" so dejale nogavice. "Ali nas več ne poznaš? Babica nas je spletla. Mnogo vemo. Mnogo vemo. Mislim, da celo več od tebe. Vse babične misli vemo, ker jih je vpletla v nas, in nihče drugi jih ne ve. Toda me jih tudi ne bomo izdale!"

Morda bi bile nogavice le kaj izblebetale, če bi jih bil stari naslanjač lepo prosil; a ta je zdajci prisluhnil. Iz stopnišča je začul drsajoče korake.

Bog si ga vedi, kdo prihaja tako pozno zvečer! Na podstrešju je bilo že

skoro tema in stari naslanjač ni mogel razločiti postave. Zdajci pa je spoznal — bela čepica in — naočniki.

O joj, o joj, skoraj bi bil stari naslanjač sam potreboval naslanjača, da bi se bil vsedel, tako zelo se je bil prestrašil. Kakšno veselje!

Babica je bila prišla! Babica, po kateri je tako koprnel! Stopila je k njemu, pobožala ga po ramenih in sedla vanj.

“Oh, zakaj mi ga niso pustili! Skupaj sva postala stara, skupaj sva pre-

živela srečne in žalostne ure in tako lep je bil še!”

Tako so šepetale babičine vele ustnice; naslonila je glavo nazaj in dve veliki solzi sta ji zdrčali po zgrbančenem licu. Stari naslanjač je bil srečen, da nikoli tega. Teda je babici še vedno pogodu! In solze, ki so ji tekle po licu, so veljale njemu, staremu naslanjaču! Joj, kako srečen in ponosen je bil; ta večer je bil najlepši v njegovem življenju.

Jože Kovač:

## Stric Veter pripoveduje

ANICA je bila otrok gozda.

Njen oče je bil kočar, kočar pa je stala na pobočju, tik ob gozdu, ki je segal od kočarjeve prav do vrha. Močne bukve in smreke so se košatile s svojimi krošnjami, po tleh je rasel mehki mah, tu in tam so molele iz njega rujave glavice gob kakor majhni škratje. Ves gozd je bil kakor pravljicična palača, ki se razprostira v nedogled, mah je preproga, krošnje so obok.

Ob tem gozdu je stala kočar, v njej sta živela Aničina mati in oče. Če je hotela Anica v šolo, je morala v dolino in potem spet navkreber k cerkvi, poleg katere je stala šola. Pot je bila precej dolga, a Anici je bila vedno v veselje. Šla je preko travnikov in skozi gozd, trgala po livadi cvetlice za šopek učiteljici, odkrila spotoma marsikatero gnezdo z mladimi ptičkami, našla marsikaterokrat celo kopico gob, ki jih je nabrala in ponesla materi, se pogosto zamaknila v petje ptice, se je bližala rahlo po mašu, da je bila tik pod njo in jo videla. Tako je spoznala sčasoma skoro vse ptice svojega gozda, vsakega je poznala po petju in perju.

Tudi o prostem času je bila malo doma. Če se je bilo treba učiti, je šla na rob gozda ter se učila. Kakor hitro se je pripravila za drugi dan, je zanesla knjige v kočarjevo ter potem vsa razigrana stekla v gozd. Preletela je ves gozd ter se vsa zasopla vrnila domov, dišeča po svežem zraku, z gozdno lepoto v svojih očeh.

O—da, v šolskih knjigah je bilo toliko povesti o gorskih škrtih in gozdnih možicah, o dobrih in zlih palčkih, o prepadih in vilah. Človek bi se skoro bal iti v gozd. A Anica, otrok gozda, se ni bala ničesar. Nikdar še ni v gozdu zagledala kakih nečloveških bitij, nikdar ni naletela na strme prepade. Gozd je bil ves dober z njo.

Zakaj v gozdu se je pogovarjala z najboljšim stričkom. Bil je to stric Veter, ki je včasih rahlo šumel skozi gozd, včasih pa se razsrdil in besnel, lomil drevje in vejevje, lomastil skozi goščave, zaplesal prav do vrha gore ter se spustil onkraj spet v dolino.

Nekoč je prilomastil stric Veter ter prelomil kot bi presekal veliko drevo prav pred Anico, ki je letela skozi gozd. Malo je manjkalo, da ni drevo pokopalo Anico pod seboj. Tako zelo se je prestrašila, da se je morala nasloniti na mlado, belo brezo, sicer bi se bila zgrudila.

Tedaj pa se je veter spet polegel, rahlo je šumljal skozi gozd, njegova modra halja je vihrala ter stresala listje in rahle vejice breze, ob kateri je slonela Anica. Veter se je zapletel v veje breze in je začel govoriti.

Zakaj, deca, vse stvari znajo govoriti in vsak dober otrok jih razume. Veliki ne razumejo tega.

Veter je spregovoril z globokim glasom:

“Ne boj se, jaz sem stric Veter, ničesar ti ne storim.”

Anica je še vedno drhtela:

“In vendar se te tako bojim, kadar s svojo haljo vihraš preko planin in skozi gozdove.”

“Zakaj se bojiš?”

“Bojim se, da kdaj ne podereš kako močno drevo prav name in da me ubije. Moj oče in moja mati imata edinega otroka—Anico. In to sem jaz. Če bi mene vzelo, kaj bi onadva počela brez mene? Mati bi si izjokala oči, oče pa od žalosti ne bi našel besede tolažbe.”

Anica je pogledala v strica Vetra. Sedel je v brezi, halja je mirno visela z vej, njegove oči pa so se nasmehnille. Stric Veter se je nagnil prav do Aničinega obraza in ji pošepetal

“Bi rada slišala povest, ki ti jo pove stric Veter?”

“Bi, bi,” je vsa zaupna dejala Anica. “Pa splezaj z vej, sedeva skupaj na mah, pa mi boš pripovedoval.”

“Ko boš slišala mojo povest, se me ne boš bala več,” je govoril stric Veter ter splezal z drevesa, razgrnil svoj plašč po mahu, da je sedla Anica nanj, stric Veter je prisedel in začel svojo povest. Tako-le je pripovedoval:

“Bojiš se me radi moje moči, s katero podiram včasi drevesa, kakor sem malo poprej podrl to-le veliko smreko. Anica, ta smreka je zaslužila svojo smrt, zato sem jo pokončal. Ko boš razumela, mi ne boš štela več v zlo, da sem podrl tako mogočno drevo, ki si bila ti nanj mogoče celo ponosna.

Pravljica, ki ti jo povem, je resnična. Danes je doživela svoj žalostni konec:

Živel je pred leti gozdar. Star je že bil, glavo je imel sklonjeno k tlom, k zemlji. Slutil je, da bo kmalu umrl. Pogostokrat je hodil na ta kraj, kjer midva sediva. Tu takrat ni bilo dreves, bil je majhen travnik sredi gozda. Solnce je sijalo nanj in ogrevalo starčka, ki je vse svoje življenje posvetil gozdu in njegovi rasti. Ko je slutil, da se bliža smrt, je šel in zasadil tudi ta majhni travnik s smrekami, z majhnimi smrečicami, visokimi jedva eno ped. In je odšel domov s sklonjeno glavo k zemlji, ki ga je kmalu nato vzela vase.

Smrečice pa so kaj hitro rastle, tla so imela dovolj vlage in solnca je bilo več ko dovolj. V enem letu so zrastle za ped, drugo leto za dve pedi in čez nekaj let so bile že višje od tebe. Prostor jim je postajal tesen, one so rastle in se šopirile, prostor pa je ostal isti. Tesno jim je postalo. S svojimi vejami niso mogle več loviti tako ugodno solnca, a vendar so rastle in srkale iz zemlje vodo za svojo rast. Bale so se, da jim ne postane lepega dne pretesno, vzelo bi jim sapo, vzelo bi jim sokove iz zemlje in smrečice bi hirale ter počasi odmrle. Posušile bi se druga za drugo.

Prišel pa je božič in ljudje so iz tega gozdička izsekali mnogo smrečic. Hudo je bilo smrečicam, a prenesli so jih v kočice, kjer stanujejo revni otroci; ti so jih okrasili in so bili silno veseli božičnega drevesca. Smrečice so bile vesele prav tako: saj so s svojo smrtjo napravile veselje bednim otrokom.

Kar pa je ostalo smrečic v gozdu, so sklenile, da bodo rastle složno in si delile tako solnce kakor tudi vlago iz zemlje. Tako naj skupno rastejo in dorastejo v slogi. Tako bo vsem solnca in vlage dovolj.

In vse bi bilo lepo in dobro, če se ne bi polakomnila ena izmed njih solnca in vlage. Našla se je smrečica-izdajalka, ki je prelomila zaobljubo ter začela jemati zase več vlage in več solnca, kolikor ga ji je prisodilo. Tako se je zgodilo, da je ta edina smreka rastle mnogo hitreje kot vse ostale. V enem letu je zrastle za dve pedi, dočim so vse ostale zrastle le za eno ped. Drugo leto je zrastle za tri pedi, tretje za pet. Svoje korenine je razpredla široko na okoli pod zemljo, svoje veje je razmahnila preko okoli stoječih smrek in lovila v svoje široko vejevje solnca čez mero. Zapletla se je s svojimi koreninami celo v korenine svojih sester in iz teh korenin sesala sok. Tako je kradla hrano zase iz ust svojih sester.

Ostale smreke so radi tega stradale, niso dobivale ne soka ne solnca dovolj za svojo rast. In dočim je izdajalka-smreka zrastle tretje leto za pet pedi, so nje-zatirane sestre zrastle komaj za pol pedi. Zakaj primanjkovalo jim je soka, primanjkovalo jim je solnca.

Začele so hirati. Le svoje vršiče so še utegnile oživljati s sokovi in solncem, nižje veje pa so se začele sušiti, igle so porjavele in odmirale. Te smreke so si nadele ime: **zatiranke**. To edino smreko pa, ki jih je s svojo razšopirjenostjo ubijala, so v sovraštvu krstile z imenom: **zajedalec**.

Zatiranke so videle, da tu ne gre brez boja. Napovedale so boj zajedalcu, vsem malim smrekam pa so sporočili geslo:

**"Zatirane smreke vsega gozda, združite se!"**

Ta klic je šel od smreke do smreke ter povsod našel odmeva. Vse zatirane smreke so se združile. Čim so bile združene, so poslale v svet novo geslo:

**"Boj zajedalcu!"**

Zajedalec se je krohotal in prezirljivo gledal na te pritlikave zatiranke in se še bolj zapletal s svojimi koreninami in vejami vanje.

Še glasneje je šel klic skozi gozd:

**"Vse zatirane smreke vsega gozda, združite se in napovejte borbo zajedalcu!"**

Zajedalec se je porogljivo krohotal in se oklenil s svojimi koreninami korenin neke zatiranke s tako silo, da je smreka v nekaj dneh poginila. Vršiček se ji je posušil, življenje ji je usahnilo.

Zatirank se je polastila žalost, ki se je kaj hitro spremenila v mržnjo. Ko sem poprej s svojo haljo božal te zatiranke so me ihte prosile:

**"Pomagaj nam, stric Veter. Močan si, lahko maščuješ usahlo smreko in osvobodiš nas vse tega zajedalca. Zapleši svoj hrumeči ples, utelesi našo voljo in osvobodi nas zajedalca."**

In jaz, združena volja zatirank, jaz, hrumeči Veter, sem zavihral s svojo haljo, stopil sem na vrh gore ter zahrumel nazaj v gozd, se zakadil v zajedalca in ga prelomil kot prelomi tvoj očka tresko na svojem kolenu. Združena Moč je osvobodila zatiranke-smreke. Zajedalca ni več. S svojim krohotom se je zgrudil in zdaj leži poteptan na zemlji. Njegove igle se bodo posušile, odpadle bodo ter se v zemlji spremenile v sok, ki ga bodo črpale zatiranke-smreke, da se bo razbohotila njihova rast in bodo rastle v slogi in ljubezni med seboj.

Taka je ta povest. Res, življenje e velike smreke je bilo močno, in lepota sama je bila njena rast. A s to svojo rastjo je zatirala rast mnogih svojih sester—zato sem jo žrtvoval.

In kjer koli se bo glasil klic: Zatirani vsega sveta, združite se!—bom jaz, Združena Moč, jaz, Vihar, na njihovi strani.

Taka je povest strica Vetra, Anica, strica Vetra, ki je tudi tvoj stric in ki te bo varoval vsekdar.

In kaj praviš zdaj? Si razumela mojo povest?"

Anica, ki je pazno poslušala vso povest, je stopila k smrekam ter jih rahlo pobožala in dejala:

"Uboge smrečice, pozdravljene s svojo borbo!"

Stric Veter je dvignil svoj plašč, pihnil vanj, da se je napel kot dežnik ter ga dvignil s seboj ter ponesel preko gore v sosedno dolino. Osvobojene smreke pa so rastle v svobodi in slogi; še danes ni nikjer lepšega gozda, kot je ta gozd svobodnih smrek.

## Sladka kaša

V MAJHNI vasici je živela siromašna ženica s svojo hčerko-edinko. iBli sta lačni, a nista imeli kaj jesti. Tedaj je odšla deklica v gozd; tam je srečala staro ženico, ki je že vedela o njeni bedi. Podarila ji je lonček in velela:

"Kadar boš lačna, reci lončku: "Lonček kuhaj!" — in lonček se bo napolnil

s sladko kašo. In ko bosta z mamico siti, reci lončku: "Lonček nehaj!" — in lonček bo nehal kuhati."

Deklica je vzela lonček in se lepo zahvalila. Veselo je stekla domov in pokazala mami lonček. Odslej sta bili rešeni bede in sladko kašo sta jedli, kadar se jima je le zahotelo.

Zgodilo se je, da je nekoč odšla deklica z doma in je mati hotela jesti sladko kašo.

Vzela je čarobni lonček z omare in velela: "Lonček kuhaj!" In že je začel lonček kuhati in mamica je jedla, dokler ni bila sita. Zdajci pa je hotela zaklicati čarobno besedo, da bi lonček prestal kuhati — a ni se je mogla domisliti. Med tem je začela sladka kaša teči čez lonček na tla. Kmalu je bila vsa soba polna sladke kaše, potem vsa hiša — naposled vsa vas, a nihče ni vedel besede, da bi bil ustavil čarobni lonček. Ko je bila že vsa vas preplavljena s sladko kašo, je prišla deklica domov in zavpila: "Lonček nehaj!"

Takoj se je lonček ustavil, a vas je še danes polna sladke kaše in kdor hoče priti tja, si mora najprej izjesti pot —treba je delati.



Katka Zupančič:

## APRIL . . .

APRIL je solnca poln in poln vode,  
zato po svetu čuda se gode.  
In nekaj teh je tu za vas,  
če čital bo jih vsak od nas,  
tedaj učeni bomo mi dovolj,  
ko Edison učeni in še bolj.

\*

Ne veste še,  
da stari Rockefeller, milijonar,  
ne daje dajma več, ampak dolar?  
In sploh, da bo brezposelnim—je djal—  
razdelil ves svoj kapital?  
Pa komu dal bo le,  
ko delavcev brez posla ni,  
odkar nam Hoover križarke gradi.

\*

In Lindbergh, ki pozna ga zemlja vsa,  
s konjička (!) padel je na tla.  
Zdaj veste to, da bolj ko eroplan,  
nevaren konj je osedlan.

\*

Sklenili v Londonu so to:  
vojska nič več ne bo!  
Če vojske bodo še—  
za filme bodo le.

\*

Med Kitajci le še vedno vre.  
Za kite, kite svete se jim gre.  
—Le kito nosi, pa boš večno živ!—  
je djal Konfucij, vseh konfuzij kriv.

\*

V Rusiji je huda reč.  
Tam vrgli carja so in vero s pleč,  
pa zbrali in poslali milijon  
so v Afriko za misijon.

\*

In Mussolini sel je na Italijo  
ker bolan je za malarijo;  
mu grejeta podplate Etna in Vesuv,  
pod njim duše se Italjani, uf!

\*

In stara domovina naša, hej!  
April ničesar ne pove o njej,  
ker letos baš bo ta izlet,  
pa bi na laži bil ujet.

Gustav Strniša:

## RIBIČ

Tinček odnesel je cajnico  
k vodi zeleni pod gmajnico,  
ribe bi rad v svojo cajno lovil  
in se z njih sladko pečenko gostil.

Cajno privezal je na vrvico,  
stopil ponosno na ozko brvno,  
cajna je kmalu utonila v vodo,  
ribič ujel bo ribic pač sto!

Pa ne boje se, drzno skakljajo,  
plavajo v vodi, s plavutmi migljajo  
težka je cajnica, kvišku zdaj z njo,  
pa jo še enkrat bo spustil v vodo.

Tinček potegne, a cajnica bela  
mu je pri vrbi na dnu občepela,  
zdaj korenine je ne izpuste,  
krepko v objemu jo svojem drže.

Vrv se odtrga, a Tinček sam pade  
v vodo, že moker beži prek livade,  
cajnico pa povodnjaček je vzal,  
njegov sinko jo bo za kapo imel.

Vera Albrehtova:

## VEVERICI

Veverica na orehu,  
kakšnih si nabrala?  
Veverica, same prazne  
si mi nametala.  
Ej, grdoba, čakaj, čakaj,  
ko bo sneg in oreh prazen,  
jedrc že ne bom ti dala,  
samo pest lupinj za kazen!

## NARODNA UGANKA

OJ šilo bodilo  
po svetu hodilo;  
ni pilo ni jelo,  
a vendar živelo,  
prelepo nam pelo.

(Gosli.)

Gustav Strniša:

## Skopuh in veter

NA RAVNINI stoji mlin. Mimo teče voda. Mlin je star, streha vegasta, dimnik podrt.

Stari mlinar Martin sedi v spodnjici za mizo. Pred njim leži kup bankovcev. Starec jih prešteva in se zadovoljno smeje.

Svojo mladost je preživel v tem mlinu. Vedno se je moral boriti z vetrom, ki mu je nagajal tuleč okoli oglov. Pozimi je voda često zamrznila. Mlin je po več tednov počival.

Martin ni bil priljubljen. Kmetje ga niso marali. Skop je bil, neusmiljen, še svojemu sinu ni ničesar privoščil.

Odkar je zaropotal nov mlin pod klancem, ki je stal bliže vasi, so Martina opustili.

Pa je prišel gospodski človek, pregledal ravnino in se ustavil v mlinu. Pobaral je mlinarja, če mu proda mlin, da si postavi tvornico. Martin je zahteval visoko vsoto.

Dobil jo je.

"Zdaj se preselim bliže k mestu. V predmestju si kupim hišico. Brezskrbno da živim. Ej, bankovci, koliko vas je. Pa lepi ste, pisani, gladki kakor žamet!

In ti veter, vražji nagajivec! Zdaj ti kažem fige! Zmagal sem, zmagal! Kar nori, če hočeš!" mrmra starec.

Zunaj divja vihar, tuli hruje. Zaletava se v vrata in cvili. Mlinar se samo bahlja. Suhe roke mencajo tisočake, srce se raduje.

Na mizi stoji železna leščerba, plamen nemirno utriplje.

Ko starec prešteje denar, se nasloni na mizo. Siva glava mu zakima. Mlinar zasanja:

Še vedno sedi pri mizi in prešteva denar. Zunaj narašča vihar. Veter udari ob okno, šipe zazvone. Okno se sunkoma odpre.

V sobo skoči mladenič. Vitek je, tenkonog. Okoli ramen mu vihra lahek

plašč. V roki drži piščal. Zapiska ostro, cvileče.

Ko neha, se zasuče, zapleše okoli mize.

"Kdo si? Kaj hočeš? zahripa mlinar. Z rokami pokrije bankovce in preteče meri prišleca z očmi.

"I, ali me ne poznaš? Vse življenje si se boril z menoj? Nagajal sem ti. Prav sem imel. Sleparyl si uboge kmete, kolikor si jih le mogel. Vendar sem prihitel, da se posloviva. Veš, kdo sem? Veter!"

"Veter si, vražji, nagajivi, ki mi je delal take skrbi in težave? Hm, hm?"

"Da, veter sem. Odhajam. Poslavljam se. Pa bankovce ti odnesem. Kar sam mi jih daj!"

"Ali blazniš? Tebi bom dajal denar! Moj ljubljeni denar! Kam misliš?"

Mladenič se zasmije. Dvigne piščal. Divje zapiska.

Vihar buhne skozi okno. Starec začuti, da ga mrazi do kosti. Bankovci zaplešejo. Že sfrle v mrak.

"Pozdravljen, mlinar!" krikne piškač, se zareži, odplava za bankovci.





Starec se predrami. Res je veter odprl okno in ugasnil luč. S tresočo se roko seže mlinar po bankovcih na mizi. Izginili so.

"Veter, prekleti! Res mi je odnesel denarce!" zajavka. Kvišku skoči in oči-hiti v mrzlo zimsko noč.

"Denar, vrni mi denar!" kriči, žuga, se sklanja na tla, tiplje z rokama. Povsod samo sneg.

Pred njim zažvižga veter.

"Vrag! Denar! Vrni mi moje bankovce!" kriči in beži v vihar.

Sin je sam v zgornjici. Ker ni očeta k počitku, gre gledat, kje je. Soba je

prazna. V mrak hiti. Kliče starca. Nihče se ne oglasi. Pač, veter. Piskaje se smeje v poljani.

Mladenič se vrne v mlin. Zapre okno, prižge leščerbo in se začuden ozre po tleh. Povsod leže sami bankovci. Pobere jih in prešteje. Vsa kupnina za mlin je to, nobenega bankovca ne manjka.

Še ponoči hiti mladenič po daljne sosedu. Z bakljami gredo iskat mlinarja. Najdejo ga daleč na ravnici. Sključen, s stisnjenimi pestmi ždi ob grmovju, zmrzel.

Katka Zupančič:

## Leni Mihec

(Konec.)

**N**EDOLGO potem se je Mihec nekega lepega večera zglasil pri Staliču. Bilo je to prvič, odkar jo je bil odkuril in se tako na kratko odpovedal šivanki. Cela vrsta mesecev je bila potekla vmes.

"Kaj, ali vidim prav, ali ne?" se je zavzel Stalič, ko ga je zagledal pred seboj. "Nekako samozavestno stojiš pred menoj in kakor kaže, si se vendarle spametil; potepini nimajo takega nastopa," pa mu je veselo stisnil desnico.

"Ste še kaj hudi, ker. . ."

"Ah kaj boš tisto," mu je Stalič padel v besedo, "rajši povej, kje in kako te je pamet srečala," ga je vprašal smeje.

"I, to je kmalu povedano," je vendarle nekoliko v zadregi začel Mihec in pripovedoval vse po vrsti, le tisto o sanjah je zamolčal. "Ja pa moj gospodar vas pozdravlja," je pristavil h koncu.

"Hvala, Mihec, in vrni mu moj pozdrav! V srečo si lahko šteješ, da si se namahnil na takega človeka, ki je pravicata bela vrana med trgovskim svetom."

V tem je prinesla Staličeva par koškov potice na mizo. "Na, Mihec, vzemi, rad si jedel kaj takega, ko si bil še pri nas," mu je smehljaje ponudila. Ta pa se je nekoliko pobranil, češ, da ni lačen.

"Kaj? niti lačen nisi več?" se je zahehetal Stalič, "in pa, saj res, kako ti kaj prija mestni zrak?" ga je potrkal po hrbtu.

"Oh prosim vas, da preidete tisto stvar, saj veste, da komur ni do dela, najde sto izgovorov, če treba." Nazadnje se je veselo zasmejal i sam.

Poslej je Mihec redno prihajal k Staličevim in še njegov gospodar se mu je večkrat pridružil. Nekoč, ko sta se zopet napotila h Staličevim, sta zadela med potjo na čuden prizor: dva policaja sta vodila uklenjenega človeka. Za njimi je drla kopica glasnih otrok. Vse je stalo na ulici in gledalo. Ko je ta pozornost vzbujajoča trojica prišla bližje, je Mihec prebledel in toliko, da ni omahnil. Spoznal je Dolgina. Hotel je odvrniti svoj obraz, pa ni mogel, in tako ga je i Dolgin spoznal. Pokazal je zobe in dlesna, in zaklical: "Hej, Cvet! Srečne

oči, da te zopet enkrat vidijo!" Vse se je vprašujoče ozrlo v Mihca, tudi policaja. "Ko se vrnem s počitnic, bom..." dlje ga ni bilo več slišati, ker sta ga policaja s silo potisnila naprej in mu tako presekala besede. Mihcu je bilo, kakor da ga je nekdo lopnil po glavi. Od sramote bi se bil najrajši pogreznil. Toda njegovega mučnega položaja kakor da ni hotelo biti konca: ob svoji strani zapazi dobroznano policijsko uniformo in iz te uniforme ga je gledalo dvoje strogih oces, tako strogih, da se je Mihec nehote oklenil trgovčeve roke. Ta ga je mirno potrepil po rami, izmenjal z uniformo par besed, nakar je ta odšla in sta zopet lahko korakala svojo pot naprej. Mihec je iskal besed, da bi povedal kako in kaj, da bi se opravičil, pa mu je trgovec vse to prihranil, me-neč:

"Ni treba, Mihec, slutim, kako je bilo in vesel bodi, da si še pravočasno krenil na pravo pot" in obrnil je pogovor drugam. Mihec mu je bil od srca hvaležen, saj se je že bal, da ga bo kar na licu mesta napodil od sebe. In ko se trgovec niti pozneje ni dotaknil te stvari, kakor da bi je sploh ne bilo, mu je Mihec vračal to s pravo otroško vdanostjo.

Življenje je šlo gladko in Mihec ni imel povoda, da bi tožil.

In doma pri Rebernikovih? Samo razglednice so dobivali od Mihca. Pozdrave jim je pošiljal in naznačil, da je vse prav. Oče se je vsakokrat oddahnil, kadar je prejel poročilo od sina, pa če je bilo še tako kratko.

"Saj bi šel pogledat, kako je in kaj," je dejal, "pa sodim, da je bolje, če ga ne motim, naj sam s sabo uredi; povedati mu itak nimam ničesar novega, kar sem imel, sem mu že povedal."

"Pa bi ga enkrat povabil domov!" je dejala mati.

"Nič ga ne bom vabil. Ko bo začutil potrebo, da nas vidi, bo prišel sam, ne boj se!"

In zgodilo se je, kakor je napovedal oče.

Nekega spomladnega dne, ko se je vse kopal v solncu, je prikorakal lepo oblečen mladenič s kovčegom v roki do Rebernikove hišice. Postal je za trenotek pred vrati, ko je od znotraj zaslišal znani glas kladiva, ki mu je bil nekdanj tako zoper, a danes se mu je zdel kakor pesem, ki mu je zato ljuba, ker je tako domača.

Mati ga je prva ugledala in mesto, da bi se veselo nasmejala, je imela solze v očeh. "Drva niso suha, pa se kade," je dejala napol smeje napol jokaje in si je z eno roko brisala s predpasnikom "dim" z oči, z drugo je pa stisnila sina k sebi. Stopila sta do očeta v delavnico. Rebernik je imel med suhimi ustnicami celo vrsto žebličkov, ki jih je zabijal v podplat, pa ko je zagledal Mihca, je zazijal, da so mu žeblički vsi razen enega kar sami popadali v naročje. Počasi je snel naočnike, odstranil še preostali žebliček in vprašal bolj z očmi nego z besedo: "Nu?"

Mihec je takoj vedel, kaj je očeta zaskrbelo, pa se je nasmehnil: "Bodite brez skrbi, oče, vse je v redu! Do nedelje sem lahko doma, mi je dejal gospodar, ki vam po meni izroča svoje pozdrave."

Očetu, ki je doslej na Mihcu doživel samo razočaranja, se je odvalil kamen od srca. Počasi je vstal s stolice in prožeč sinu obe roki je dejal:

"Najmanj deset let, Mihec, si mi snel s pleč! Vendar ni bilo vse bob ob steno —kaj, mati?!" Pa mati je imela opravka z Marico, hitro ji je potegnila z njenim krilcem preko ne preveč suhega noska in jo potisnila k Mihcu. Dekelce je kmalu opravilo z Mihcem in že je odbrzelo ven po Franceljčka.

"Hajj, Francek, ti ne veš, kako je velik in gosposki, gosposki," je hitelo, ko se je Francek že mohotal skozi vrata.

Ves začuden je ta postal in je skoraj strahoma zrl na Mihca. Neprijetno mu je bilo, ko je opazil svoje umazane roke v čistih Mihčevih rokah, pokesal se je, da si jih ni prej opral. Ko se je pa spomnil še svojih razcefranih hlač, ni

imel več obstanka in se je ritenski izmuznil skozi vrata na prosto. Tam je naletel na domačega mačka.

“Dobro, da ne znaš govoriti,” mu je dejal, “sicer bi me zatožil, da sem te bil krstil za—lenega Mihca. No, vidiš, zanaprej boš spet samo muc, ker Mihec je postal cel gospod. Le pojdi ga pogledat še ti!” pa je potegnil mačka za rep. Nato se je odpravil zopet v hišo. “Samo do vrat, nič dlje!” je sklenil. Toda, opazil je, da je Mihec odprl svoj kovčeg in jemlje zdaj iz njega različne stvari; na mah so bile pozabljene razcefrane hlače in vse drugo. In ko je slednjič držal v roki knjigo in trobento, je bil teh, zaenkrat posebno trobente, bolj vesel, kakor če bi imel pol sveta. Nič manj ni bila vesela Marica, ki je dobila lepo pisano rutico in pa petelinčka, ki od zadaj piska.

Tisti večer so pri Rebernikovih čuli jako dolgo; saj je imel Mihec toliko novega povedati.

Še pred večerom sta pa trobenta in petelinček oznanjala in oznanila vsej vasi in če bi se bilo dalo, bi bila oznanila vsemu svetu, da je postal Mihec bogat, pa je za nekaj dni prišel domov na obisk in seboj je prinesel vsega dosti, kar svedočita trobenta in petelinček.

Dobro sta opravila svoj evangelij, kajti iz par hiš, kjer so imeli kakega večjega ali manjšega lenuha, se je pozno v noč razlegala pridiga.

Najhujša pridiga je veljala Bržanovemu Tomažu. Kakor roj čebel so brenčale besede skozi eno uho noter, skozi drugo pa ven. Slednjič se je Tomaž naveličal, češ, njegova glava ni nikakršen tunel in si je mašil ušesa. Ko ga je mati zato hudo okrcala po prstih, je v sveti jezi sklenil, da bo takoj drugega dne poiskal Mihca in ga preklestil do mehkega. Nato je globoko zazdehal in potem zaspal, še predno je bila pridiga končana.

Pa Mihca ni preklestil. Razlog: ljubilo se mu ni—.

Fran Levstik:

## Dva malopridneža

PRED nekaj leti sta živela v malem trgu na Dolenjskem dva paglavca, ki sta bila vsem ljudem napoti. Starejsi se je zval Jurij Pretepač, a mlajši Mikljevec Ruvač. Zaletavala sta se v vsakega lčoveka in nikdar nista mirovala. Roditelja sta ju pošiljala v učilnico, upaje, da se tam poboljšata. Često ju je učitelj opominjal ter si mnogo prizadeval, da bi ju popravil in speljal zopet na pravo pot. A zastonj je bilo vse. Paglavca sta ostala hudobna in vsem ljudem v zapreko, kakor sta bila poprej, preden sta prišla v učilnico. Pravi pekkel je imel učitelj z njima, dokler ni malopridnežev pognal za vselej iz učilnice. Med seboj sta si bila velika prijatelja, kar vendar ni branilo, da bi se ne bila često spoprijela in do krvavega ruvala.

Mikljevec Ruvač obišče neko popoldne tovariša Jurija Pretepača, da bi se malo poigrala na dvorišču. A prijaznost ni trajala dolgo. Kmalu se spopadeta ter jameta ruvati in trgati, da je bilo joj!

Nesreča ju nanese blizu hudega psa, ki je bil priklenjen k vratom na dvorišču. Ta ju spčetka mirno gleda, a videč, da se baš čvrsto bijeta, skoči ves srdit na Mikljeveca Ruvača, zgrabi ga z ostrimi zobmi tako nesrečno za trebuh, da mu vseka veliko rano. Mikljevec je ležal dolgo zelo ranjen na postelji in umrl bi bil, da mu ni pomogel učen zdravnik.

Otroci, bodite miroljubni in prijazni z vsakomur, posebno med seboj in ljubili vas bodo vsi ljudje.

Fran Levstik:

## Lisica, zajec in petelin

**Ž**IVELA sta lisica in zajec. Lisica je imela ledeno izbico, a zajček lubovo. Pride krasna pomlad in lisici se raztaja izbica, a zajčku ostane po starem. Lisica poprosi zajčka, da bi se pogrela pri njem v izbi, in potem ga spodi.

Zajček odide po poti in zaplače. Srečajo ga psički: "Hev, hev, hev! Zajček, kaj plakaš?"

Zajček odgovori: "Počakajte, psički! Kaj bi ne plakal? Imel sem lubovo izbico, a lisica ledeno. Prosila je k meni, a potlej me je pregnala."

"Ne plači, zajček!" reko psi, "mi jo izženemo."

"Ne, ne izženete je!"

"Da, hočemo jo!"

Gredo k izbici: "Hev, hev, hev! Lisica ven!"

A ona s peči: "Ako puhnem doli, če poskočim ven, razletite se v koscih po stezici!"

Psi se ustrašijo in zbeže.

Zajček odide ter plače. Sreča ga medved: "Zakaj plačeš, zajček?"

Zajček reče: "Stoj, medved! Kaj bi ne plakal? Imel sem lubovo izbico, a lisica ledeno; izprosi, da pride k meni, a potem me izžene."

"Ne plakaj, zajček!" tolaži ga medved, "jaz jo preženem."

"Ne izženeš je! Psi so jo izganjali, a niso je izgnali in tudi ti je ne preženeš."

"Da, hočem jo!"

Gresta h kočici: "Pojdi, lisica, ven!"

A ona s peči: "Ako puhnem, če poskočim ven, leteli bodo kosci po stezici!"

Medved se ustraši in zbeži.

Zopet odide zajček in plače.

Zdaj ga sreča bik: "Kaj plačeš, zajček?"

"Ostani, bik! Kako bi ne plakal? Imel sem lubovo izbico, a lisica ledeno; prosila me je, da sem jo vzel k sebi, a potlej me je zapodila."

"Grem ter jo izženem."

"Ne, bik, ne izženeš je! Psi so jo izganjali, a ne izgnali, medved izganjal, a ne izgnal in tudi ti je ne izženeš."

"Da, hočem jo!"

Gresta k izbici: "Lisica, pojdi ven!"

S peči se ona oglasi: "Ako puhnem, če poskočim ven, pojdejo kosci po stezici!"

Bik se prestraši in uide.

Zopet gre zajček in gorko, gorko plače. Sreča ga petelin s koso: "Krkelili! Kaj ti je, zajček, kaj plakaš?"

"Stoj, petelin! Kako bi ne plakal? Lubovo izbico sem imel, a lisica ledeno. Prosila me je, da sem jo vzel k sebi ter me je izgnala."

"Nič ne de; pojdeva, ter jo spodiva."

"Ne, ne spodiš je! Psi so jo izganjali—ne izgnali, medved izganjal—ne izgnal, bik izganjal—ne izgnal in tudi ti je ne izženeš."

"Poglejmo!"

Gresta k izbici: "Krkelili! Nesem koso na hrbtu, da lisico pokosim! Pojdi, lisica, ven!"

Ko ona to zasliši, se ustraši: "Počakaj, zdaj se oblačim."

Petelin zopet: "Krkelili! Nesem koso na hrbtu, da lisico pokosim! Pojdi, lisica, pojdi ven!"

Ona odgovori: "Kožuh oblačim."

Petelin v tretje reče: "Krkelili! Nesem koso na hrbtu, da lisico pokosim! Pojdi, lisica, ven!"

Lisica zbeži, a on jo mahne s koso ter jame potem z zajčkom složno in prijetno živeti v izbici.

Na pripovedko mi daj naprstek masla.



*Eduard Cabane: Naloga.*



Dragi urednik!

Zopet se hočem malo oglasiti v priljubljeni Mladinski list. Bližajo se nam šolske počitnice in bomo imeli dovolj časa za dopisovanje. Zima je že vzela slovo in nastopila je vesela pomlad, ki se je vse veseli. Vsa narava se odeva v krasno zelenje, rožice so začele cveteti in ptičke veselo žgoleti. Ah, kako lepo je spomladi na zelenih livadah, ob prijaznih potokih in studencih, ob rosnih stezicah in šuštečem grmovju. . .

Otroci imamo menda največ veselja spomladi, ker se tako radi zunaj igramo in skacemo.—Če sem naredila v tem dopisu kakšno napako, naj mi urednik oprostí in naj blagovoli moje napake popraviti. Prihodnjič pa bom spet kaj napisala.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem in tudi uredniku!  
Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

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Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se odločila, da napišem par vrstic v Mladinski list, katerega tako rada čitam. Vselej ga težko pričakujem, da čitam dopise od bratcev in sestic iz različnih krajev.

Jaz znam prav dobro pisati in čitati slovensko, pa tudi angleško znam že malo. Dne 3. junija tega leta bo tri leta odkar smo dospeli iz starega kraja v Ameriko v prijazno slovensko naselbino, v kateri smo našli skrbnega očeta in dobre sorodnike. Pridobili smo tudi mnogo dobrih in uljudnih prijateljev in prijateljic, s katerimi smo prav zadovoljni vsi, jaz, moja mama in moji dve sestrici.

Prihodnjič se bom še kaj oglasila v Mladinskem listu, kateremu želim mnogo uspeha, da bi imel še več slovenskih dopisov v tekočem letu kot jih je bilo v njem v prošlem letu.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem in tudi uredniku!

Sophia Pucel, Sygan, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Vesela sem bila, ko sem zagledala moj dopis in pesmico v M. L., samo to se mi ne vidi prav, ker je pod mojim dopisom izostal moj podpis. (Žal, da se je vrnila ta neljuba pomota pri tvojem dopisu. Pomoto drage volje popravim. Podpis je bil izpuščen pod tretjim dopisom v "Našem koticu" v marčevi številki M. L., ki končuje s pesmico: "Čujte, o čujte, oj mamica vi . . ."—Urednik.) Zato pa sem se še enkrat namenila napisati eno pesmico, ako ne bo šla v koš, upam, da ne.—Jaz imam dva brata in vsa naša družina spada k društvu št. 289 SNPJ.

#### Solnčice

1.

Solnčice svetlo,  
kaj jemlješ že slovo?  
Pri nas ostani,  
ne hodi še za goro.

2.

Ko skriješ se nam ti,  
povsod se nam zmračí  
in pride noč temna  
odide radost vsa.

3.

Malo še postoj,  
ti bomo me nocoj  
zapele pesmico,  
oj pesmico sladko.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!  
Mollie Rayc, Box 113, Tire Hill, Pa.

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Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz se sedaj učim slovensko pisati in brati, ker vidim, da se toliko otrok zanima za "Naš kotic" v Mladinskem listu. Vedno se veselim kadar prinese pismonoša Mladinski list.

Tukaj pošiljam pesem o "Stari devici". Prosim, da jo priobčite, ako bo prostor dopuščal. (Pesmico morda priobčim prihodnjič. — Urednik.)

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov pošiljam vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Mary Pogan, R. D. No. 1, Oakdale, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila napisati par besed v M. L. V zadnjem M. L. sem opazila moj dopis. To me je tako razveselilo, da se vam moram takoj zahvaliti. Še isti dan so prišle druge sestrice od SNPJ v našo hišo vprašat, če sem jaz pisala tisti dopis, pod katerim so videle moje ime. Sedaj pa želim, da priobčite to-le malo pesmico, ki je večkrat slišim od mojega ateta, namreč, "Slovenec sem," jaz pa jo bom tako zapela:

Slovenka sem,  
Slovenka hočem ostati.  
Rodila me je slovenska mati,  
po mojih žilah teče slovenska kri.

Rada bi videla, da bi imeli malo prostora za mojo sliko, da me bodo moje sestre po vseh slovenskih naselbinah poznale.



Frances Batista, Box 126, Strabane, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis. Star sem 11 let. Imam veliko dela. V šoli sem v šestem A razredu. Doma se učim slovensko čitati in pisati. Pri tem mi pomaga mama. Sedaj se učim tudi na piano; uči me sestra, ki je stara 12 let, pa tudi sama se še uči. Včasih se skupaj malo poigrava, ali pa greva v gledališče z

bratrancom Petrčkom Potočnikovim, ki je zgubil svojo mamo. Sedaj je star 9 let in je rad pri nas.

Zelo se mi dopade Mladinski list. Z mojo sestro hraniva vse številke od leta 1916. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem.

B. Lombar ml., 757 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Vedno rad čitam Mladinski list, pa sem opazil veliko slovenskih dopisov v njem. Zato sem se odločil, da bom tudi jaz po slovensko napisal par vrstic. Mama me zmiraj priganja, naj se učim slovensko brati in pisati. Res, trdo mi gre, ko pišem po slovensko, kakor lahko sami vidite iz mojega pisma, pa vseeno upam, da se bom še naučil. Mene veseli pisati za Mladinski list.

V naši družini smo štirje otroci: jaz, Stanley, Louise in Tony. Prihodnjič bom še pisal, kadar se bom kaj več naučil. Lepo pozdravljal vse bratce in sestrice po širni Ameriki!

Joe Dremely, Box 152, St. Michael, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj pošiljam odgovor na uganko, ki jo je poslala v Mladinski list Antonija Pogačar. Upam, da sem pravilno rešila. Odgovor na uganko se glasi *Matches*, ali po slovensko: *Vžigalice*.

V januarški številki Mladinskega lista je bila priobčena uganka, ki jo je poslala Frances Batista. Jaz sem jo rešila in ona mi je za nagrado poslala škatlo svinčnikov, za kar se ji lepo zahvaljujem.

Iskren pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki čitajo Mladinski list, in tudi uredniku! Prihodnjič pa bom spet kaj napisala, ako bo ta dopis zagledal beli dan. (Obe risbi sta prikladni za Mladinski list, toda njiju obrisi je pretemen in malo zapacan. Zato ju ne morem priobčiti. — Urednik.)

A. Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Na uganko o goli glavici, leseni nožici, ki speče otrokom rečice, če se drgne ob glavico, tega možica, je pravilni odgovor ta-le: *vžigalice*.

Jaz sem 14 let star in pohajam sedmi razred ljudske šole. Meni se dopade Mladinski list in ga zelo rad čitam. — Sedaj pa boni jaz zastavil eno uganko:

Oče in hči, brat in sestra, mož in žena pa nista bila poročena. Kaj je to?

Če nihče ne bo uganil, bom pa jaz poslal odgovor v Mladinski list pozneje. Upam, da se bo dobil kateri izmed toliko tisoč čitateljev M. L., da bo poslal pravilni odgovor. Odgovore je poslati Mladinskemu listu.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Frank Groseley, Box 82, Yukon, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

V naši družini nas je šest članov SNPJ pri društvu št. 500. Slovensko me uči moja druga mama; prva mi je umrla ko sem bila šela dve leti stara, zdaj pa sem 13 let stara in hodim v sedmi razred ljudske šole. To ja moje prvo slovensko pismo v Mladinski list. Zelo me veseli, da sem se naučila pisati v slovenskem jeziku.

Tukaj vam pošiljam v priobčitev eno lepo slovensko pesmico, ki se glasi:

#### Slovensko dekle

Venček na glavi se  
bliska ti 'z kitice  
rožic zelenih,  
slovensko dekle!

Lilija, vrtnica,  
mila ti šmarnica  
ličice krasi —  
slovensko dekle!

Svetla ko svit neba  
plamena vtrinjata  
v tvojih očeh se —  
slovensko dekle!

Zalo ko rožica,  
srca iskrenega,  
bistre glave je  
slovensko dekle!

Kakor vijolce cvet,  
razveseljuje svet  
modro, ponižno  
slovensko dekle!

Lepo ko angelji  
v cvetju nedolžnosti  
sladko prepeva  
slovensko dekle!

Žlathtno ko trtica,  
milo ko lunica,  
solnce deklet je  
slovenske dekle!

Dokler človeški rod  
biva, po zemlji hod,  
bode slovelo  
slovensko dekle!

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Anna Roncevich,

RFD No. 2, Box 56 A, Ashland, Wis.

Fran Levstik:

#### KADAR SE OTROK UČI DRŽATI ŽLICO

DETE moje, primi žlico  
z desno roko, ne z levico!

Desna roka—prava,  
leva—potoglava;  
desna roka—vzgodna,  
leva je nerodna:  
ali kdor oberoč dela,  
dosti ima pila, jela,  
zlate kaše, kruha, vina,  
on in njega vsa družina.



Učitelj: Janezek, kako pa da imaš vato v ušesih. Si bolan?

Janezek: O ne, gospod učitelj. A eno uho sem pustil odprto, drugo sem pa zamašil, da bi tisto, kar gre pri enem noter ne šlo pri drugem ven. Saj nam vedno pravite, da moramo dobro poslušati, a ne da gre pri enem ušesu noter, pri drugem pa ven.





# JUVENILE



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## THE CHILDREN

By Charles Dickens

WHEN the lessons all are ended,  
 And the school for the day is  
 dismissed,  
 And the little ones gather around me  
 To bid me good night and be kissed;  
 Oh! the little white arms that encircle  
 My neck in a tender embrace!  
 Oh! the smiles that are haloes of  
 pleasure  
 Shedding sunshine of joy on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
 Of my childhood, too lovely to last;  
 Of love that my heart well remembers  
 When it wakes to the pulse of the  
 past,  
 Ere the world and its wickedness made  
 me  
 A portion of sorrow and pain—  
 When the glory of good was about me,  
 And the glory of gladness within.

The twig is so easily bended,  
 I have banished the rule and the rod;  
 I have taught them the goodness of  
 knowledge,  
 They have taught me the goodness  
 of happiness.  
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness  
 When I shut them from breaking a  
 rule;  
 My frown is sufficient correction—  
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve'n,  
 Their songs in the school and the  
 street;  
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
 And the tramps of their delicate feet.  
 When the lessons and tasks are all  
 ended,  
 And death says, "The school is dis-  
 missed,"  
 May the little ones gather around me  
 To bid me good-night and be kissed.

## TOMMY'S MEDICINE

This horrid medicine I've got to take,  
 An really I can't see  
 Why some sweet mixture they will  
 never make  
 For little boys like me.

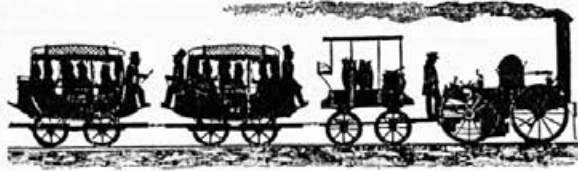
This grown-up medicine is awful stuff,  
 Which I cannot endure;  
 For little boys it would be well enough  
 To have a candy cure.

Then all my ills would up and fly away,  
 Like birds across the dell—  
 I'd take a whole box in a single day,  
 And then I'd soon be well.

R. K. M.

# The Steam Locomotive is 100 Years Old

IN a season, marked by centennial advertisements to the steam locomotive, it is recalled that 100 years ago Peter



One of the First Railroads in America

Cooper was perfecting the first built in America. He ran it out of his workshop in 1829, gave it a test, found it wanting and then ran it back again for another siege of several tiresome months of work. Though success did not crown his efforts until August of the following year, when he raced his iron steed against a horse, the American locomotive is none the less a century old.

The building of the Tom Thumb, as the diminutive engine, weighing less than a ton, was called, was only one incident in the life of Peter Cooper, whose name has gone down in American history as that of a great philanthropist, as well as of a great engineer. But it saved the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and blazed the trail for steam locomotion in America.

About thirteen miles of track had been built and over it ran horse-drawn trains. The age of steam had arrived, however. The first locomotive in the world had been built more than a quarter of a century earlier, and the Rainhill trials in Great Britain were soon to establish the locomotive as an increasingly important factor in the industrial world.

But steam locomotion at that time seemed to be impracticable on the Baltimore & Ohio. The nature of the country had forced the engineers to make curves with radii as low as 400 feet and grades of 18 feet to the mile, while English practice made 900 feet the minimum radius for a curve, and English engineers predicted failure in

the use of anything less. Failure threatened the whole Baltimore & Ohio project.

Then Peter Cooper came for-

ward with an offer to make a steam locomotive that would successfully run the curves and haul loads up the grades. The result was the Tom Thumb. It had a small brass cylinder with  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bore and a  $14\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stroke. The boiler was 20 inches in diameter and about 5 feet high, and half of that was fire-box. The boiler tubes were made out of old musket barrels. The engine was mounted on a vehicle roughly resembling a handcar of today.

The day at last came when Cooper was ready for a final trial of his invention, on a run from Baltimore to Ellicott City. The distance was thirteen miles and the speed of the engine, pushing a small open car loaded with eighteen passengers, varied from five to eighteen miles an hour. But for an accident the Tom Thumb would have beaten the old coach horse that pulled another car on the second track.

The trip out to the Mills seems to have been notable only for its success—it was a triumph of the new steam engine rather than a contest; but on the return journey came that race between locomotive and horse in which the new met and was overcome by the old.

Away went horse and engine, the snort of the one and the puff or the other keeping time and tune. At first the gray had the best of it, for his steam could be applied to the greatest advantage on the instant, while the engine had to wait until the rotation of the wheels set the blower to work. The horse was perhaps a quarter of a mile

ahead when the safety valve of the engine lifted, and the thin blue vapor issuing from it showed an excess of steam.

"The blower whistled, the steam blew off vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him, the race was neck and neck, nose and nose, then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time when the gray's master was about giving up, the band driving the pulley which drove the blower slipped from the drum, the safety valve ceased to scream, and the engine, for want of breath, began to wheeze and pant.

"In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineman and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band

upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with lightwood; the horse gained on the machine and passed it; and, although the band was presently replaced and steam again did its best, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken and came in the winner of the race."

But the real victory, as the account concludes, was with Mr. Cooper, for he had demonstrated that to the little railroad steam locomotion could be applied, and on the wave of enthusiasm that followed the trial of the Tom Thumb the company rode to success.

Mr. Cooper died in 1883 at the age of 92. Nine years before he had said: "Measured by achievements of the years I have seen, I am one of the oldest men who have ever lived." In 1876 he was the Greenback candidate for president of the United States.

## THE MAIN TROUBLE

THERE'S lots of things that children  
has to do 'most every day,  
Like never bein' impuhlite in what they  
do or say,  
An' never eatin' with a noise, or plagu-  
ing little girls,  
Or makin' faces at 'em, or a-pullin' at  
their curls—  
An' I could be as good as pie, an' most  
as good as you,  
If I could just remember to remember  
what to do.  
A boy he knows th' proper things, but  
when they're proper-est,  
W'y, like as not his memory is runnin'  
galley-west,  
An' so his folks they scold at him an'  
send him off to bed  
Buchause o' sompin' he has done or  
sompin' he has said.  
Why can't they understand that he  
would always be puhlite  
If he could just remember to remember  
what is right?

Rememberin' is easy, tho—just to re-  
member things!  
You know it's time to get right up right  
when th' call-bell rings,  
But who'd get up at all if nothin' said  
'twas time to wake?  
You see there's lots o' bothers—an' the  
difference they make!  
I'd be th' banner boy of all, do right th'  
whole day thru—  
If I could just remember to remember  
what to do.  
If I could just remember to remember  
what I should  
W'y then 'most any one can see I always  
would be good,  
But when I keep forgettin' to remem-  
ber how to act  
I don't think I need all the blame, an'  
that's a certain fact!  
I'd be as good as any boy on earth, no  
matter who,  
If I could just remember to remember  
what to do.

## The Spider as an Architect

THE bee and the spider are the only true architects. The honey-comb and the spider-web are the only perfect masterpieces, the only things that approach absolute perfection. They are the most perfect creation of the logic of life. Did you ever see pictures that more nearly approached your idea of a glimpse of fairy land than these webs woven by a black, repulsive insect? Man with all his skill, with all his intellect, has never made anything so complex, so beautiful. Did you ever watch this master-builder at his work? He has six pairs of legs. He uses one pair as weapon of defense and they contain poison glands; another pair is used for copulatory purposes, and four pairs for walking purposes. Then there are four pairs of spinnerets, and on each of these are sixty or seventy spinning spools from which flow the fluid which hardens into the silken threads that made the web. Among his internal workin's the spider has a powerful suction-pump, two tubes, three pairs of valves, numerous glands, and other equipment, all necessary to the perfection of the most complete silk manufactory known. In beginning the making of his web, with a liquid or paste he fastens one end of the thread that

comes from his spools against a fixed object; then he crawls or drops to the place he desires to fix the other end, unwinding the thread from his spools as he goes; he draws the thread taut and glues the end to the object; then by the same process he criss-crosses his threads, tearing loose broken threads and replacing them. This is the warp of the web; then he spins in the same manner, transversely fixing one end to the first web that was spun, this being the largest and strongest one, the other end to the wall. The threads are glutinous and therefore stick to each other wherever they cross.

Nature formed the spider for war. Its head and breast are covered with a strong, natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of all other insects, and its abdomen is covered with a tough skin which even the sting of a wasp cannot penetrate. It has strong claws on its walking legs which serve as spears; it cannot hear, but has several eyes protected by a horny substance; it has a forcep above the mouth which it closes on its prey. Its net is made to entangle its enemy, and the spider and man are the only things that live and breathe that imprison their enemies.

### HOW BALLOON WAS NAMED

The balloon got its name from a bottle. In 1783, when the Montgolfier brothers made their experiments with a bag filled with hot air, their invention was called a "balloon" because it resembled a large, round, short-necked bottle of that name then used in chemistry.—*Popular Science Monthly.*



J. W. Foley:

## SOMEBODY DID

SOMEBODY stood up right on top of a chair  
 An' reached in the cooky-jar, 'way up there,  
 W'en nobody's lookin' an' Mamams' asleep,  
 An' all of us chinnern wuz playin' bo-peep  
 Now'eres near the pantry; an' tryin' to get  
 Some cookies, an' someway the jar upset,  
 An' my! it ist busted all over the floor.  
 But John, he ain't scairt; an' he rapped on the door,  
 W'le all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid.  
 An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
 Cuz we don' know who done it—but Somebody did!

Somebody crawled up in the big leather chair  
 By the lib'ary table w'ats tood over there  
 W'en we wuz playin' now'eres near the ink  
 An' Mamma was sewin'—an' w'at do you think?  
 Somebody upset it an' knocked it, ist Chug!  
 Right off'n the table, an' down on the rug,  
 An' my! it ist busted an' runned everywhere,  
 But John, he ain't scairt; an' he runned right upstairs,  
 W'le all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
 An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
 Cuz we don' know who done it—but Somebody did!

An' wunst w'en the kitchen wuz all scrubbed so clean,  
 The floor wuz ist shiny as ever you seen,  
 An' we wuz all playin' outdoors in the street,  
 Somebody went in with muddies' feet  
 An' tracked it all over the floor ist a sight;  
 An' my! when we seen it we ist shook with fright,  
 Cuz none of us chinnern went near it all day,  
 But John, he ain't scairt, an' he went right away,  
 An' all of us chinnern runned off an' hid,  
 An' 'en he says "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
 Cuz we don' know who done it—but Somebody did!



## Goblins that Got Us

By Margaret Wildemer

THE PURITANS, when they came to the New World, were burdened with more spiritual fetters than they realized. Though they could be Dissenters if they wished, they could not free themselves from foolish beliefs and superstitions attributing supernatural powers to creatures of air, earth and sea.

Cotton Mather, spokesman for his time, is remembered always as the principal instigator of the Salem Village witchcraft trials. Now, a witch was a person who had sworn a compact with the devil to aid him in his activities against God and the church. The devil as a reward endowed witches with certain unearthly powers. A witch could "cause men and women to pine away," craze them, subject them to every sort of pain and disaster, even to death itself: She (or he—witches were sometimes male) could transform herself into the likeness of some animal, dog, cat, hog, mouse, toad, and especially that of a yellow bird. She could also act upon persons she wished to torment by means of puppets: a form of magic found all over the world.

The Salem trials seem to have begun with a West Indian negress named Tibuta, who belonged to the Rev. Mr. Parris of Salem Village, and who excited Mr. Parris' little daughters with her stories of voodoo practice. They and a few playmates met to study "palmistry, magic and necromancy," and, excited by their study, began to alarm the neighborhood by contortions and outcries. The village doctor declared them under an evil eye.

"Who is the devil's agent?" they were asked, and named Tibuta, a bedridden beggar woman named Sarah Good, and an aged mental deficient called Sarah Osborne. The women were tried; a

wave of hysteria and excitement grew; the whole courtroom was crowded with people telling the tales of spirits in the forms of yellow birds, of dogs, imps, cats and the rest. The children became the autocrats of the village, accusing whom they chose. They grew bold enough even to cast suspicion on Lady Phipps, the governor's wife, and on John Alden's son, who was brought to trial but escaped.

The terror lasted six months. Twenty people were put to death; eight swung in one day on Gallows Hill. Scores more lay in prisons all over New England. Suddenly the people came awake in a revulsion from their obsession and Governor Phipps ordered the release of all charged with witchcraft.

From the outset Quakers were accused of magic and sorcery. In the summer of 1656 there arrived at Boston a company of Quakers, among them Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, a married woman with five children. Both were thrust into prison, accused of being witches, and "stripped stark naked, not missing head nor feet, searching betwixt their toes and amongst their hair, tewing and abusing their bodies in such a manner as modesty will not admit to mention." This was done with the hope and expectation of discovering "the devil's mark" upon them.

Mary Dyer, a comely woman, mother of three children, was on her way to join her husband in Rhode Island when called before the Governor of Massachusetts and condemned to death, together with William Robinson and Maramaduke Stevenson. All three were hanged on Boston Common.

The recent "hexerei" trials in York, Pennsylvania, revealed the fundamental capacity of the folk mind for continuing to believe in witches. In 1929, as in

the 17th and 18th centuries, there are obstinate "pagan" minds which go in fear of witches, and which buy calmly (the book has gone through numberless printed editions) the "spook book," John George Hohman's "Long Lost Friend." This is a practical manual of "white" witchcraft. For instance: "To win every game engaged in, tie the heart of a bat with a red silken string to the right arm, and you will win every game you play."

This is going straight back—as, for the matter of that, do all superstitions—to the fetishism of the savage. The red color of the silk cord is because red is everywhere among savage religions a sacred color. Blood was life; blood was magic; the color of blood was magic—so ran the savage mind's argument.

And today enlightened nurses in modern hospitals, no less than mothers who have learned the custom from *their* mothers, carry newborn babies upstairs first to ensure their rise in the world, not only with money in their hands to bring wealth, but, in some parts of the country, with something scarlet on their heads to keep them from harm.

And how many of us pick up horse-shoes "for good luck?" Our reason for cherishing iron, though we may not know it, and neither did he, is older than George Washington by many thousand years. As late as 1769 Washington's diary mentions the arrival of Joshua Evans "to put an iron ring on Patsy" (his step-daughter, Martha Curtis) as a cure for illness. The iron ring, like the iron horseshoe, like the shears which, laid in the baby's cradle, kept him from being stolen by the fairies, as may still hapen in Wales, are helpful because they are of *iron*. When we "see a pin, pick it up, and all the day have good luck," we are going on the same principles—that iron keeps away malignant spirits.

Among the most persistent superstitions are those based on the habits of animal; many still affect the life of remote communities of the United States. The hair of a dog, the skin of a snake, the pelt of a black cat, the black tooth of a hog, the blood of a black hen, all were deemed potent among the Colonists. If a horse neighed, someone would die in the direction the horse's head was pointing. If a spider brushed your face when walking in the woods at night, a ghost was following; if in the daytime, a stranger was coming. Nutmeg was worn for boils. A horse chestnut was kept in the pocket for general protection, and is still so kept by people who would deny they were superstitious.

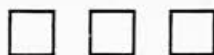
The Puritan believed that such ills as blasted wheat, molded beans, wormy peas and mildewed corn, drought, grasshoppers, caterpillars and other woes were sent by Heaven to punish such offenses as wig-wearing, dress ornamentation, sheltering Quakers and not paying ministers.

If you doubt that we still use magic formulas listen to children counting-out,

*Eena meena mina mo,  
Catch a nigger by the toe,*

or chanting "Hickory Dickory Dok, the mouse ran up the clock." They are using the "shepherd's score" or prehistoric numerals of the Celts counting "one, two, three, four." "Hickory Dickory Dok" is a corruption of "hocera, cocera, dik"—eight, nine, ten—and both are remembrances of the day when the Druids or their like "counted out" to find the will of the gods for human sacrifice.

In "Mind in the Making" James Harvey Robinson says the human race has lived in savagery practically the whole of its existence.





*B. Cable: Springtime.*



## Another Amazing Scientific Discovery

**E**MANCIPATION of farmers and growers of fruits and flowers from the vagaries of soil, season, and climate is promised by a discovery, of revolutionary importance in crop production, announced by the department of plant physiology of the University of California. Through the use of a chemical "plant pill," administered to plants grown in shallow tanks of water, cereal and vegetable crops now are made to thrive under desert conditions of heat, arid soil, and lack of humidity.

Production of wheat, barley, rice, and cotton is increased from 25 to 50 per cent. Beets, carrots, turnips, and other root crops are speeded to full development 20 to 30 days ahead of normal, their size augmented by 60 per cent, without loss of tenderness. Tomatoes, grown by the new method alongside those cared for in the standard manner, show quantity increase of as high as 40 per cent, with larger and heavier fruits.

Full blown roses are produced in 65 to 80 days in normal house temperature in midwinter. Pansies four and five inches in diameter are common. Sweet peas five feet high and laden with blossoms are brought to bloom from seed in 60 to 70 days, and in some instances much less.

Fully 5,000 experiments over a period of five years have resulted in this discovery, which Dr. W. F. Gericke, head of the department of plant physiology, calls "the greatest gift to agriculture since the science of fertilization of soils was worked out." In this opinion he is supported by the College of Agriculture at the University, and by scores of plant and soil experts.

In brief, the secret of this new method of speeding plant development consists in administering combination doses of the seven elements of plant food, in the exact quantity and quality

required by each different form of vegetable growth. These elements, combined in capsules, are dissolved in the soil or water where the plants are to grow. Bound together in a short tube by means of composition somewhat similar to plaster of Paris, the chemical combination contains nitrogen, phosphorus, magnesia, iron, potassium, sulphur and calcium.

Each variety of tree, cereal, vegetable, or flowering plant demands a different coordination of some or all of these seven elements. But experiments revealed that the chemical combinations could be cut down to about a score, each one being best adapted to a certain group of plants.

The discovery was then applied to commercial flower growing. Roses, pansies, sweet peas, dahlias, and other flowers produced in quantities during December and January by florists working under Dr. Gericke's direction. Cost of this midwinter production of summer flowers was no greater than production by ordinary methods in the warmer season.

The best medium in which to use the "plant pill" is water, though it has also been successfully applied in soil. The size of asparagus stalks was increased nearly 100 per cent, without impairing tenderness or decreasing the number of stalks to the hill. Potatoes were increased in size by half, without enlarging the plant or altering the average number of tubers to the hill.

This crop development was in soil. Further experiments showed that if the food plants were grown in water, instead of earth, the rate of growth was nearly doubled, the size of each vegetable increased, and many more of each vegetable could be grown on the same area. Cotton was brought to bearing of full bolls in 90 days. Wheat grown in water with the plant pill made twice

the growth of the same variety in water with the best commercial fertilizer, and more than 50 per cent greater growth than when planted in soil with the plant-pill solution.

From these results, Dr. Gericke and his assistants, with the backing of the University, started experiments with tank production of food crops, to determine costs of such production on a commercial scale. They found that a shallow concrete tank, covered with tarred paper, or with heavily galvanized wire netting of small mesh, over which burlap is laid, formed the best medium for the commercial production of vegetables and cereals. Seedling plants are set out in apertures close together, with their roots reaching the water in which has been suspended a number of the "pills." Separate jars are good for home use.

Going into costs, Dr. Gericke found that an acre of level land can be covered with concrete tankage, six to eight inches deep, divided into sections and laid flat on the surface of the earth, for a maximum of \$250—which is about three times the expenditure necessary to place such a tract in good condition each year for vegetable growing in the usual way. But once the tankage has been constructed, its life is about 50 years. No cultivation, irrigation, thinning, or weeding is necessary, beyond filling the tank with water and placing the new composition in it. The speed of growth tends to shut out insect pests, as does the separation of plants from soil.

Careful calculations, based on actual experiments with these tanks, indicate that in two or three seasons the vegetable grower would repay himself, from the extra production, for the original outlay for tankage. Cost of the "pills" for large area fertilization will run about one-half of that of the best commercial soil fertilizers.

Climate, absence or presence of humidity, richness or poverty of soil—

none of these formerly vital factors in agriculture, seems to affect results so far achieved by the Gericke discovery. Thus Dr. Gericke produced, in controlled areas, conditions of heat and aridity similar to those of the desert sections of Arizona, New Mexico, and southeastern California. On these miniature deserts, he set up tanks, in which were planted radishes, turnips, beets, lettuce, spinach, chard, tomatoes, egg plants, and other food crops. It was found that, compared with 5,000 tomato plants—a heavy cropping from one acre of soil—more than 20,000 plants of equal size and strength could be produced in one acre of tanks.

Dr. Gericke foresees the application of the tank principle of food production to the arid regions of the world. "A few gallons of water," he says, "thinly covering the bottom of a cheap tank, can be made to produce food in abundance, in the midst of the most barren desert. Few sections of the American desert have no rainfall, and on almost all sections artesian wells can be brought into flowing at comparatively shallow depths. One rainfall, properly caught and conserved, will supply enough water for a number of tanks for a year. The output of a small well, insufficient to irrigate one acre of soil, would provide an abundance of water for ten acres of tanks."

In his vision of the future, the plant physiologist foresees every desert spring surrounded with shallow tanks, each producing plants in numbers sufficient to feed large populations. He declares that the tank system will eventually replace the "furrowed field" as a source of the food for large centers of population. With it, for instance, even the roof of a skyscraper could be profitably turned into a garden, and the man with a city lot would add materially to the family income by the use of only a small part of his land.

—Scientific American.

## GOOD HEALTH HABITS

Face, neck, ears, hands and finger nails cleaned daily.

Teeth brushed daily.

One complete bath at least once a week.

Clothes clean and neat.

Clean handkerchief daily.

Good personal habits of cleanliness.

Child must sleep at least nine hours every night with open windows.

Drink at least one pint of milk a day.

Eat some vegetable daily such as carrots, beets, peas, onions, tomatoes, etc.

Eat some greens regularly, such as cabbage, spinach, lettuce, celery.

Eat some fruit daily.

Eat some cereal daily.

Obtain plenty of fresh air and exercise.

All extra garments, such as heavy coats and sweaters, rubbers, overshoes and boots removed while in classroom, provided the room temperature is 65 degrees or over.

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## FRIENDSHIP

I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself, and sure of his friend. It is a happiness which postpones all other gratifications, and makes politics, and commerce, and churches, cheap. For when men shall meet as they ought, each a benefactor, a shower of stars, clothed with thoughts, with deeds, with accomplishments, it should be the festival of a nature which all things announce.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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## A SONG OF FAITH

A song of faith that trusts the end  
To match the good begun;  
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend  
The hearts of men as one.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## TOOTHBRUSH SONG

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

A toothbrush is a useful thing,  
We always have ours handy,  
It makes our teeth so white and clean,  
And keeps us spick and spandy.

### Chorus—

Come, now, boys, and brush your teeth,  
Keep them fine and dandy,  
Brush them up and brush them down,  
And don't eat too much candy.  
A toothache is a dreadful thing,  
It's always lurking near you;  
Unless with care you clean your teeth  
'Twill cause much trouble for you.

---

Eugene Field:

## AN AWFUL WARNING

Though little William often heard,  
He would not heed his mother's word,  
And seemed to think it no disgrace  
To have such dirty hands and face;  
In vain his mother's stern commands—  
He would not wash his face and hands,  
And oft his mother wept to see  
Her William could so dirty be.  
One bright and genial autumn day,  
As little William was at play,  
A garbage wagon came that way.  
An awful man, with hoe and spade,  
Scraped up poor William where he  
played!

"I'm a boy," poor William cried—  
"Oh, no, you're not," the man replied,  
"You are a mass of dirt and mud"—  
So with a dull and sickening thud  
Into the cart he dumped the child,  
Despite his protestations wild;  
And William's dirty hands and face  
Were never after a disgrace  
To William's home and friends, I ween,  
For William never more was seen!

## Origin of Silk

**SPIDERS'** webs and nests are made of silk, but the fibers used for manufacturing purposes are exclusively produced by the mulberry silk moth of China, called *Bombix Mori*, and a few other moths closely allied to that insect. The silk industry originated in China more than two thousand years before Christ. It was the wife of famous Chinese emperor, Lady Si-ling, who first encouraged the cultivation of the mulberry tree, the rearing of the worms, the reeling of silk and the weaving of the thread into cloth. She is credited with the invention of the loom and was deified and worshipped as the Goddess of Silk. As long as the monarchy lasted in China, offerings were made to her each April by the reigning sovereign of China at a temple in the palace ground at Peking.

Naturally, as travelers began to find their way into the cradle of civilization, all that saw silk garments coveted them, and it was not long before China was selling silks to Persia. The Persians introduced silk to the rest of the world. But the Chinese were too crafty to reveal the process by which silk was obtained.

In the middle of the sixth century the Emperor Justinian sent two monks from Constantinople to China, instructing them to learn the true origin of silk and the process of its manufacture. After a long, wearisome journey they returned, carrying within their hollow bamboo canes the germs of an industry that was to enrich all Europe—the eggs of Oriental silkworms.

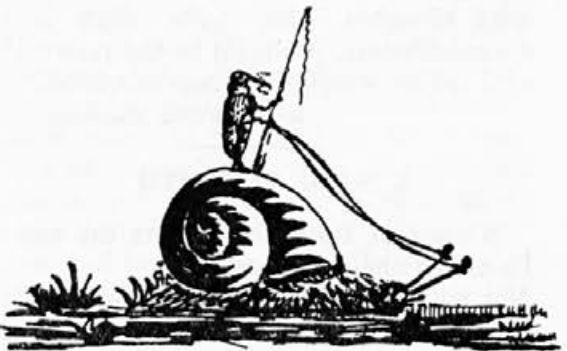
The industry even spread to America. James I, King of England, made valiant efforts to establish silk production in the American colonies, and even offered bounties to all who planted a certain number of mulberry trees. In Georgia a settler had to plant 100

mulberry trees to every ten acres of ground in order to validate his land grant.

But the work of caring for the silkworm is too tedious a process for the restless Anglo-Saxon, and has never been really successful among any but Oriental peoples and, to a degree, in Spain and Italy.

Queen Elizabeth was the first woman in history to wear a pair of knitted silk stockings. Previous to that time cloth stockings had been worn. Even the queen's silk stockings were crude products; but she was so pleased with the delightful feel that she declared she would never again be happy in cotton stockings.

Sixty years ago man began playing with the idea of producing silk artificially. French inventors noticed that the silkworm feeds on cellulose in mulberry and oak leaves. Now, man has perfected a process whereby he turns the cellulose from wood pulp, largely from spruce and cotton plants, into a brilliant, lustrous thread resembling silk, yet different. This new substance is responsible for most of the silk stockings on the market today, and much of the silk underwear.





Dear Editor:—

I want to tell you that I like the M. L. very much, and this is my first letter to the magazine. I am 9 years old and in the 5th grade in school. My sister and I are the only Slovenes in this school, as there are not many Slovene people living here, only about five families. There are five of us in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 505, at Monessen, Pa.—My best regards to the readers of the M. L.

Dorothy Podbevsek, R. No. 2, Belle Vernon, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Herewith I am sending you a little poem I would like to see published in the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade in school. My brothers and sisters and I are all members of the SNPJ. Best regards to all.

Tony Tomazin, Box 85, Meadowlands, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to tell you how much I enjoy the M. L. This is my first letter to the M. L. I think the M. L. is wonderful. I am going to be 17 and I want some members of my age to write to me, as I will answer them promptly.

Margie Bartel, 6128 Glass ave., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

I will try to write to the M. L. every month; this is my second letter. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade in school. I want to tell you that I like to read the M. L. very much. I enjoyed the story about the necklace, sent in by C. Kraytz, very much. There are four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ. Best regards to all.—John W. Mihelich, 602 So. 26th st., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

I haven't seen a letter in the M. L. from here yet, and this is my first one. I am 12 and in the 7th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Smith. I love the magazine, wish it would come every week; my brother and I always fight for it. Best regards to all.

Veronica Yanezich, 807 Otis ave., Rockdale, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I wish Frank and John Kostello would write to the M. L. My sister Steffie wrote too, and so did Agnes Flander. I wish some members would write to me, as I would answer them at once.

John Kaferle, Box 195, Yukon, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hamilton; she is very good to me. I have four sisters and one brother. I have to walk a mile to school.—I do not know how to write in Slovene, but I can speak and read a little.—The strike is still going on; my father is a coal digger. We all belong to the SNPJ.

Jennie Mauri, Box 441, Neffs, O.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ; I have five sisters and one brother and we all belong to SNPJ. I am 13 and this is my first letter to the M. L. I would like to get letters from members, as I would answer every one.

Albert Marchek, Box 197, Sublet, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge No. 524, SNPJ, and this is my first letter to the M. L., which I like very much. Now I am learning to read Slovene. I am 11 and in the 6th grade; in June I will graduate to Junior high.

Willie Bernick, 1163 Westmoreland ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see my letter in the M. L. I wish I'd get an answer from Goldie Suvada, Box 476, Oak Creek, Colo. I also wish that some members would write to me. Best wishes to all.

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

Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. several times. Now I am in the 7th grade and 12 years old. Last winter we had lots of snow. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 305. Wish some members would write to me.

Emma Gorshe, Box 14, Universal, Ind.

Dear Editor:—

I am 14 years old and in the 9th grade where my average was "B" in Hawthorne junior high school. I wish some members would write to me.

Angeline Simonich, 219 E. 26th street, Lorain, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

Am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I like our school and the many subjects that we study. Best regards to all.

Rose Grayzar, 1339 No. 10th st., Saginaw, Mich.

Dear Editor:—

I think I am pretty lazy, because in all the years that I have been a member of the SNPJ, this is the first letter that I am attempting to write to the M. L. Am 15 and in the tenth grade at Shore Central school. I like the M. L. for its many stories, poems and jokes. I can play a chromatic accordion. Since the M. L. cannot come oftener, I wish that the members would write oftener. I wish that some would drop me a line once in a while.

Anton Jagodnik, Jr., 20750 Tracy ave., Euclid, O.

Dear Editor:—

I received a great number of letters from sisters who belong to the SNPJ and read the M. L. I thank them one and all for writing to me and making pen pals. All the sisters asked me for my picture, but as I do not have enough to give each girl one, I decided to send my picture to the M. L. and they could all see it.



Best regards to all.—Carolyn Kraytz, 158 Main st., Franklin Boro, Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 168. My oldest brother is 15 years old and in the 8th grade. I am 13 and in the 8th grade. My father was seriously injured in the mine in 1924 and lost his left hand. The SNPJ helped us very much then, and now too, when my father or mother are sick. We are thankful to all the members who helped us. My mother gives thanks to all the members also. Best regards to all.

Max Fink, 494 First Court Alley, Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I appreciate the M. L. and wish it could come more often. My two brothers and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 297; we have been members since 1921. This is the first time that I am writing to the M. L. Best wishes to all the readers.

Edward Starkovich, Gardiner, New Mex.

Dear Editor:—

Every one in our family belongs to the SNPJ. This is my first letter. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. There are six in our family. I like the M. L. because it has so many interesting things to read. Best regard to all.

Agnes Flander, Box 140, Yukon, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. I have one sister and two brothers and we all are member of Lodge No. 477, SNPJ. I am now in the 6th grade and am 11 years old. This is my first letter to the M. L. Best wishes to all.

Rudolph Zeleznik, 8818 St. Catharine av., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge No. 360, SNPJ, am getting M. L. regularly, and this is the first time I am writing to the magazine. Every one in our family likes the M. L. I am 14 years old. Best regards to all.

Jennie Fabec, Coraopolis, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish that the M. L. would get bigger, so that all the letters would be published in it. I see that some of them were late two months.—The Slovene Home had a masquerade dance Feb. 22 here. We had a good time then.

John Shink, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am a boy of 16, and would be a sophomore this year if I didn't quit school. Now I am taking up a trade in the evenings at the Inter-State school of Commerce here in Cleveland.—Recently I received four nice letters from the members and I thank them very much. I play right forward on our basketball team, or sometimes left guard. I decided to make this my last letter to the M. L. since I transferred to the adult department of our SNPJ lodge here. Now I think I am getting too old to associate and correspond with the younger group. Hoping that the younger generation finds this magazine as interesting as the older one did. But I wish to add that I was surprised because there were no letters in the February number of the M. L. from Cleveland, in English. I urge all the young members here to write more often and be always active members of the Slovene National Benefit Society. From now on I will try to submit my letters to Prosveta for the English section, as I am an adult member now.

Edwin Wolfe, 1059 Galewood Drive, Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

Our whole family belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 11. This is my first letter to the M. L. which I enjoy reading. If some members would write to me, I will answer them gladly. I have two sisters, Elsie and Christina. Best regards to all.

Mary Reich, 1929 W. 22nd pl., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

This being my first letter, I wish to tell you that our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. I have three sisters and two brothers. I am 14 and am going to Peabody high school. I enjoy reading the M. L. and especially the story about the necklace by C. Kraytz.

Sylvia Fabec, 906—56th st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 and in the 7th grade in Girard junior high. I like the M. L. very much. Our whole family belongs to the Lodge No. 49, SNPJ. About five months ago we moved here from Conemaugh, Pa. If anyone wishes to write to me, my address will be found at the end of my letter. Best regards to all the Juvenile members.

William Skufca, Box 387, Girard, O.

Dear Editor:—

I would like to write in Slovene, but cannot as yet. Last year I went to Slovene school, but as it was too far I quit. I am 12 now and in the 6th grade. I am a member of the Struggler Lodge, and my 18 months old brother. I solved Antonia Pogacar's riddle which turns out to be A Match. Best wishes to all.

Wilma Franceskin, 13720 Chautauqua ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years old and in the third grade in school. We had a lot of snow up here last winter. I had a pair of six-foot skis. I had a lot of fun sliding down a hill. Best regards.

John F. Lakner, 416 S. Suffolk st., Ironwood, Mich.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge 232, SNPJ, and am 12 years old, in the sixth grade. I have two brothers and two sisters, they all belong to SNPJ; my father is a member of the SNPJ for 24 years. I wish I could write in Slovene. Regards to all the Juvenile members.

Cecelia Dolence, Box 665, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I hardly ever write to the M. L. in English, and every time I do write the Editor never publishes my letters. I was 15 in January and am in the 8th grade. Best regards to all the Juvenile members.

Mary Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see so many letters in the M. L. from Export. I wish it would keep it up, so that the M. L. would come weekly.—Why doesn't Frances Kochevar write to me any more; she lives in Diamondville, Wyo. I will close with best regards wishing that some members would write to me.

Rose Beniger, R. F. D. No. 1, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am in the 7th grade in school, and I enjoy reading the M. L. There are seven in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 317. I wish some members would write to me, as I would gladly answer them. Best regards to all the readers and also to the Editor.

Madeline Skerly, Box 666, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

There are four in our family and all are members of the Society. I am 13 years of age. We like the M. L. very much and can hardly await its delivery. Next time I shall write more.

William Knaus, Box 338, Harmarville, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish I could write in Slovene, but I can read a little. I am 12 and in the 8th grade. Wish some members would write to me, preferably from Chicago, as I intend to go there next summer. I was there last year and have visited the main office of the SNPJ where the Mladinski List and Prosveta are published. It was a lovely trip to Chicago. Best regards to all.

Sylvester Skrjanc, 722 Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:—

My parents and brothers and sisters are members of the SNPJ. I am 11 now in the 6th grade. The snow was very deep here last winter, and as we have very big hills here we went sleigh riding. We had lots of fun that way. Wish I'd get some letters. Best regards to all.

Annie Ozanich, Box 74, Frimountain, Mich.

Dear Editor:—

I think the M. L. is very interesting. I am 11 and in the 5th grade. This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ. Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Elizabeth Doris, Box 54, Republic, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I have three brothers and one sister, and the whole family belongs to the SNPJ. We have a large farm, 104 acres, and all enjoy farm life. I am 11 and in the 6th grade in school. I must tell you also that we all enjoy the M. L. for its good stories and riddles, etc. Will write again.

Mildred Stipanovich, Box 80, Willkville, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

In the evenings when the work is done for the day, my mother reads the Slovene stories in M. L. to daddy and me. I cannot read them myself, but I can understand them when someone else reads them to me.—There are four in our family and we all are members of the SNPJ. I am 8 and in the 3rd grade in school. My brother Frank is 12, but he doesn't go to school, for he has been sick over seven years. In Chicago I have three aunts and one uncle. I was in Chicago about four years ago, and believe me, Chicago is some city! Best regards to all.

Marie Cuder, R. R. No. 7, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(The answer to A. Pogacar's puzzle: Match.)

Dear Editor:—

I am 15 years old and am playing in the Marquette band; I play the clarinet. In school I am in the third grade. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 93. Herewith I am sending my snapshot.



Best regards to all the Juvenile members.

Sargi Jereh, Box 272, Oglesby, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I am very much interested in the M. L. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ lodge here. Four of us go to school, only one brother stays at home. There are 16 pupils in our class; 9 boys and 7 girls. Best regards to all.

Angie Stipanovich, Box 80, Wellsville, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—

I received several letters from members and was very glad. I wish I'd get some more as I will answer them all. Best regards to all the members and the Editor.

Mary A. Dolence, Box 665, Export, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

Now I am in the third grade in school, which I like, and am 8 years old. I read the M. L. every month and like it very much for its many stories and riddles and poems and puzzles, etc., and do wish we would get it oftener than only once a month.

Mary Bavetz, 1043 Stern ave., Brackenridge, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

My teachers' name is Miss Beacher and I like school, where I learn many good things. I am 8 years old. My sister had a baby boy. There are four in our family. Best wishes to all.

Mary Babnik, Box 582, Barnesboro, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I have received quite a number of letters from different members, and have answered them all. I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 23, as is the whole family. Sending my best regards to the members of the SNPJ, I remain, your friend,

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

P. S.: I would like to see this published in the M. I.: Sentences that read the same backward or forward:

WAS IT A CAT I SAW?  
ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA.



#### ANSWER TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE

ERE, DAD, GAG, BIB, PIP, BOB, EVE,  
PAP, MUM, TAT, PUP, NUN, DID, EYE,  
POP.

Correct answers were sent by the following members:

Anne Traven, Cleveland, O.  
Millie Bernick, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Anton Plute, Butte, Mont.  
Jennie Fabec, Carapopolis, Pa.  
Madeline Skerly, Export, Pa.  
Sylvia Fabec, Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### HONORABLE MENTION

Frank Koroshetz, Burgettstown, Pa.  
Dorothy Gartinger, W. Winfield, Pa.  
Mary Germ, Cleveland, O.  
Mary Bizjak, Johnstown, Pa.  
Wilma Franceskin, Cleveland, O.  
John F. Lakmer, Ironwood, Mich.  
Mary Matos, Blaine, O.  
Sylvester Skrjanc, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Elizabeth D. Rocan, Republic, Pa.  
Mary Staudohar, Girard, O.  
Mary Cuder, Pittsburg, Kans.  
Carl Franchic, St. Michael, Pa.

