

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

BEDNI MIKLAVŽ

KAJ Miklavžek pravi letos, očka, kaj?
Bo za božič radodaren, bo?
Nič ne kaži skozi okno, očka, nič —
sneg kopiči zunaj se hudo.

Ej, očka, kaj boš, kaj tajil!
Vem, Miklavž le ti si, ti
očka dragi! — a zakaj, zakaj
se čelo ti mrači?

Oh, da, saj mi oprostiš —!
Vem, ob delo si, ne moreš nič zato.
Nič ne maraj, očka moj:
ni mi do igrač tako zelo.

Vendar, očka, prosim te:
boš me na kolena vzel
in povedal, kaj vse kupil bi za me,
če dovolj denarja bi imel?



Anna P. Krasna:

USPAVANKA

SPANČKAJ, dete, sanje sanjaj
sredi mrzle bede te.
Raj le tebi znan uživaj,
s smeškom lajšaj mi srce.

Rada, ljubljencek moj mali,
negovala tebe bi skrbno;
rada ob zibelki tvoji
bi zapela ti uspravanko.

Toda, malček moj ubogi,
kje je pesem, ki uspava te
v bedi, zimi tej ledeni,
ko pošast gladu nam v kočo zre . . . ?



Jože Kovač:

SNEŽENI MOŽ

KAR nas je otrok, se na vrtu zberimo
ter svežega snega na kup nabерimo.
In bomo iz snega možica zgradili
ter slavno za Kapitalista krstili.

Imel bo velik trebuh naš možak,
in dvoje brad, da bo pravi tolščak.
Namesto cigare—mu klin v usta vteknimo,
na glavę mu lonec—klobuk posadimo.

Potem bomo solncu prošnjo poslali,
v prošnji tako-le ga bomo pozvali:

“Drago solnce,
hitro z neba pridi,
hitro z žarki izza gore vzidi,
da nam zimo mrzlo zapodiš,
da Kapitalista raztopiš.”

Pa prišlo bo solnce in žarke poslalo,
da v brozgo skopnel bo naš Kapitalist.
Prišla bo pomlad, pa bo cvetje pognalo,
škrjanček bo pel in še zrak bo bolj čist!

Ob koncu leta

Š PRİČUJOČO izdajo gre Mladinski list letos zadnjič pred svoje čitatelje. Prihodnja številka bo januaraska za leto 1931.

Decembersko kakor tudi vse ostale številke letošnjega Mladinskega lista smo skušali urediti tako, da z gradivom našo mladino zadovoljimo. Priobčali smo veliko število izvernih pesmi in povesti ter slovenske in angleške dopise, delo naših mladih prispevateljev. Mnogo dopisov je bilo ljubkih in razveseljivih. Ti odmevi našega naraščaja so živ dokaz, da Slovenska narodna podporna jednota s svojim mesečnikom za mladino v resnici vrši važno vzgojevalno delo.

Zanimanje za Mladinski list med mladimi člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote je veliko. Pa tudi odrasli in starejši člani jednote in čitatelji sploh dobe v Mladinskem listu mnogo koristnega in zanimivega štiva. Mične slovenske povesti, izvirno delo naših marljivih sotrudnikov, kakor tudi ljubke pesmice, so zdrava duševna hrana mladim in starejšim. V angleškem delu Mladinskega lista smo od časa do časa objavili kakšen znanstveno poljuben članek iz prirodoznanstva in življenjeznanstva. Prav ti članki so zainteresirali naše doraščajoče mladoletne člane, ki se že nagibajo k zrelostni dobi.

V prihodnjem letu bomo skrbeli, da ne bomo v nobeni številki priobčali predolgih povesti. Daljše povesti bomo nadaljevali v več številkah. To je potrebno, da se pretrga monotonost v tehničnem smislu. Pa tudi vsebinsko je bolj privlačno, ako je povest kratka in jedrnata, brez detajlov.

Mladinski list je sredstvo, posredovalec in učitelj, ki premošča vrzel med obema generacijama. In v tem pravcu vrši svojo misijo—v naprednem delavskem duhu in v skladu z jednotinimi načeli.

Ob koncu tekočega leta upamo, da bodo nastopne številke Mladinskega lista še bolj izpopolnjene v vseh ozirih. Skušali ga bomo izboljšati vsebinsko, z ilustracijami in vinjetami, da bo vsestransko napredovanje čim popolnejše.

Tri želje

(Francoska pravljica.)

NEKEGA večera sta sedela pri ognjišču mož in žena in govorila o sreči bogatega soseda.

"Oh!" je vzdihnil on, "da bi jaz imel denarja vsaj za prvo silo! Pridno bi se lotil dela in kmalu bi si kaj prištedila!"

"Jaz bi pa bila rada zelo, zelo bogata in bi živela v zlati palači . . . A kaj zidava gradove v oblake, saj ne živimo več v času dobrih vil. Če bi še po svetu hodile in bi jaz katero srečala, bi takoj vedela, kaj bi si želela."

V tem trenutku zagledata ob vratih prelepo deklico, ki z milim glasom spregovori: "Vila sem. Izpolnim vama tri želje. A premislita jih dobro, zakaj potem vama ne izpolnim ničesar več!" Nato je izginila, mož in žena pa sta z odprtimi ustmi strmela drug v drugega.

"Če bi jaz smela odločati," se napolned oglasi žena, "že vem, kaj bi si želela: za zdaj še nič ne rečem, a mislim, da bi bilo najboljšo, če bi bila lepa, bogata in ugledna.."

"Toda," ugovarja mož, "če bi imela vse to, bi bila pri tem lahko bolna, nesrečna, umrla bi morda še mlada. Pametneje bi bilo, da si želiš zdravja, dobre volje in dolgega življenja . . ."

"A kaj bi z dolgim življenjem, če si siromak!" ga prekine žena. "Če bi nama vila res hotela dobro, bi nama morala izpolniti več želja, ne samo treh."

"Res je," potrdi mož. "Zato morava dobro premisliti, preden izrečeva želje. Premišljujva nocoj, česa najbolj potrebujeva, a jutri jo poprosiva za to."

"Premišljujva," ponovi žena. Obenem popravi s krepelcem ogenj.—Ko vidi le-

po žerjavico, vzdihne: "Kako lepo tli! Da bi vsaj imela krvavico za večerjo, tako lepo bi jo spekla na žerjavici!"

Komaj izgovori te besede, že prileti krvavica skozi dimnik prednjo.

"Bes te plentaj, sladkosneda!" se ujezi mož. "Pa sva ob prvo željo! Le dve nama še ostaneta. Tako sem jezen, da bi ti privoščil, da ti tvoja klobasa priraste na nos!"

"Tedaj je spoznal, da je še bil neumnejši od žene, zakaj krvavica je takoj skočila ženi na nos in ta se ni mogla več odtrgati.

"Joj meni nesrečnici!" plane ona v jok. "Ti grdež hudobni, kaj si mi storil!"

"Prisegam ti, draga ženica, da nisem nič mislil," skesano zatrjuje mož. "Kaj nama je storiti? Želel ti bom velikega bogastva, da si lahko naročiš zlato skrinjico in vanjo skriješ nos."

"Ne, nočem več živeti s to pošastjo na nosu!" obupuje žena. "Še ena želja nama ostane, prepusti jo meni. Zaklinjam te! Če ne, skočim skozi okno;" In je hitela k oknu in ga na stežaj odprla. Mož se je ustrašil in ji dovolil, da si želi kar hoče. Ona si je seveda želela, naj ji krvavica odpade z nosu. To se je takoj zgodilo.

Najprej sta se oba oddahnila, nato pa je žena, ki je bila pametnejša, potolažila moža: "Zdi se mi, možiček, da se je vila ponorčevala iz naju. Prav je imela. Morda bi bila nesrečnejša. Najbolje bo, da si ne želiva nemogočih stvari in si lepo sama pomagava s poštenim delom. Med tem pa pojeva krvavico, ki nama je edina ostala od najinih želja."



A. P. Krasna:

Božična pesem

LEDEN mraz je rezal do kosti. Ljudje so brzeli po ulicah. Vsak je želel čimprej opraviti svoj posel. Božični večer . . .

Ob vhodu velike trgovine je slonel stisnjen v kot mlad deček in ponujal mimogredočim sveži mah in smrekove vejice. Skoro ves popoldan je zmrzoval ob dveh košarah mahu in smrečja. Ko je prodal zadnjo plast mahu iz košare in poslednjo butarico nežno zelenih smrečjih vejic, je skrbno preštel izkupiček in ga spravil v notranji žep ponošenega suknjiča. Opotekajoč se je stopil v prodajalno in se željno oziral po vablljivo naloženih mizah.

Tri dolarje je dobil za mah in smrečje. Zdaj hoče kupiti materi kak dar, da jo razvedri. Ali preveč ne sme porabiti, ker hoče, da bodo imeli jutri—na Božič—malo boljše kosilo. Koliko časa že jedo samo krompir, pa še tega ni dovolj, da bi se najedli do sitega . . . Dveletna Agnes pije čaj namesto mleka. Mati pravi, da bo morala umreti, če ne bo kmalu boljše. Malčki morajo imeti mleko, če hočejo zrasti v zdrave ljudi.

Pregledal je vsa razstavljen darila in premišljeval, kaj bi kupil materi v dar. Blizu vhodnih vrat je stala zvrhana miza toplih ženskih copat. Motril jih je: "Da, to bi bilo najboljše darilo. Mati vedno toži, da ima mrzle noge in pet centov mu bo še ostalo od dolarja." Kupil jih je in ves srečen hitel proti vratom, da čimprej razveseli mater z lepimi copati. Tik ob izhodu mu je zastavila pot mlada prodajalka in ponudila gramofonsko ploščo: "Samo deset centov, deček, za božično pesem. Nalašč za nocoj so jih pocenili. Kupi, mali!" Gledal je zdaj ploščo, zdaj dekle. "Deset centov," je pomislil, "morda bi bilo boljše, da kupim sestrici mleka ali nogavice. Vendar pa bi bilo lepo, če bi jutri navil stari gramofon ter položil nanj ploščo z božično pesmijo. Morda bi bil celo oče veselejši. Mati bi si obula nove copate in bi poslušala božično pesem. Mogoče bi še zapela kot nekoč, ko je še oče imel delo in niso bilo lačni . . ."

Kot ukovan je stal. Zatopil se je v svoje misli in pozabil, da je v prodajalni. Ljudje so se drenjali mimo njega, ga rinili sem ter tja, spodtikajoč se ob njegove strgane čevlje. Prodajalka plošč je ponujala "božično pesem" drugim, ki so se pehali proti izhodu. Deček pa je nekako podzavestno segel v žep in otipal mrzel drobiž, ki je pomenil en dan ali dva prehrane sedmeroglavi družini, katere oče je bil že skoro leto dni brez dela. S tresočo roko je privlekel na dan dva niklja in stopil k mizici, kjer so bile na prodaj plošče z božično pesmijo.

Mlada prodajalka se je nasmehnila, kot bi hotela reči: "Dolgo se nisi mogel odločiti, siromaček, za tistih borih deset centov." Zavila je ploščo v božični papir in mu jo smehljajoč se izročila.

* *

Lep je bil božični dan. Solnce je sijalo na belo pregrnjeno zemljo. Mlad deček, ki je kupil ploščo z božično pesmijo, je žalostno slonel pri oknu in gledal mimogredoče sošolce, hiteče s sanmi na osamljeno alejo ubožnega predmestja. Božična pesem mu je skvarila dan, od katerega je pričakoval vsaj malce veselja. Po kosilu je navil stari gramofon, ki že dolgo ni pel, in položil nanj božično pesem. Vsi so za hip pozabili na bedo, ki jih je trla. Cel oče ni bil tako mrk, kot navadno in mati je res zapela kot nekoč v lepih časih.

Potrkalno je na vrata in vstopil je lastnik hiše: "Ha, torej le ni res taka revščina kot ste mi hoteli natveziti. Kot grofje se gostite in godete ter prepevate. Jaz pa čakam že mesece na stanarino. Jutri se mi spravite odtod, če ne dobim še danes plačila za nekaj mesecev stanarine!"

Jezno je ošvignil s pogledom družinskega očeta in zaloputnil vrata s toliko silo, da so otroci prestrašeni kriknili. Dolg molk je sledil. Mati si je brisala solze. Oče je molče vzel novo ploščo z gramofona in jo zagnal z vso silo po malem dvorišču, da se je razletela na sto drobcev.

Mladi deček se je boječe ozrl v očeta, kot bi čutil krivdo vsega, kar se je pravkar odigralo. Toda oče ni bil hud nanj. Stopil je k njemu, ga pogladil po laseh in mu dejal: "Zapomni si sinko, da smejo biti veseli le tisti, ki imajo vsega dovolj in skrbi, ko boš dorastel, da boš deloval s tistimi svojimi vrstniki, ki bodo zapeli novo božično pesem, ki bo delila blagostanje in veselje v enaki meri vsem, ki grade in ustvarjajo vse bogastvo na svetu—a so kljub temu potisnjeni v bedo, v beraštvo . . ."

Otožen je poslušal sinko očetove besede in se na tihem vpraševal: "Čemu ni oče nikdar omenil kaj podobnega? Ko so bili boljši časi? Zroč na sovrstnike, hiteče s sanmi mimo okna, je skušal presoditi, kateri od njih bodo tisti, da bo z njimi enkrat brez strahu zapel božično pesem, ki bo veljala živim ljudem, ne lesenim detetom v jaslicah — — —"



R. Tagore:

Kadar in zakaj

KADAR ti prinašam pisanih igračk, dete moje, umem, zakaj igra toliko barv v oblakih in na vodi in zakaj so rože tako pestre—kadar ti prinašam igračk, dete moje.

Kadar ti popevam za ples, zakaj je godba v listju in zakaj pošiljajo valovi zbor svojih glasov k srcu prisluškujoče zemlje—kadar ti popevam za ples.

Kadar prinašam sladčice tvojim poželjivim rokam, vem, zakaj je med po cvetnih čašah in zakaj je ovočje tajno napolnjeno s sladkim sokom—kadar prinašam sladčice tvojim poželjivim rokam.

Kadar ti poljubljam lica, da bi se nasmeljalo, zlato moje, umem zares, kakšna slast lije iz neba v jutranji zarji in kakšno razkošje prinaša poletni veterc mojemu telesu—kadar te poljubljam, da bi se nasmeljalo.



B. P. Vonnoh: DEKLICA ČITA

Br. Grim:

Trije bratje

NEKOČ je živel mož, ki je imel tri sinove. Bogat ni bil, vse, kar je imel, je bila majhna hišica, v kateri je stanoval. Mnogokrat si je belil glavo, kaj naj stori, da bodo sinovi po njegovi smrti zadovoljni, zakaj vsak izmed njih je hotel imeti hišico. Seveda bi bilo najboljšje, da bi bil hišico prodal in denar razdelil na tri dele, a tega ni hotel storiti, ker jo je bil podedoval po svojih pradedih. Tedajci pa se je nečesa domislil: poklical je sinove v sobo in velel: "Poslušajte, dragi sinovi! Pojdite v širni svet in naučite se kakega pametnega rokodelstva. Čez tri leta se spet vrnite domov in kdor izmed vas mi bo znal dokazati, da je postal pravi mojster v svoji stroki, istemu bom zapustil hišo!"

Sinovi so bili zadovoljni; najstarejši se je odločil, da postane brivec, drugi, da bo kovač in najmlajši, da bo sabljač. Še tisti dan so se odpravili v širni svet. Imeli so srečo; vsak izmed njih je našel dobrega mojstra in po treh letih je bil vsak izučen. Kovaču se je posrečilo, da je smel podkovati kralju konja, in mislil si je: "Meni bo dal oče hišo!" Brivec, ki je imel same odlične stranke, je tudi z gotovostjo računal, da bo hiša njegova. Sabljač je skupil marsikateri udarec, a vendar ni izgubil poguma: "Če se bom bal udarcev, ne bo hiša nikoli moja!"

Tako so minula leta in sinovi so se vrnili v očetovo hišo. Premišljevali so, kako naj mu pokažejo svojo umetnost. Po obedu so sedeli z njim na vrtu za mizo in se posvetovali, kako naj store, da bo mogel oče pravično razsoditi, komu bo zapustil hišo. Tedajci pa je po

polju pridrvel zajec in brivec je zaklical:

"Glej, glej, prav nate sem čakal!" Hitro je vzel milo in skodelico in zdirjal za zajcem. Med letanjem je namazal zajčku lica in mu mojstrsko obril brke, ne da bi ga ranil.

"To mi ugaja," je rekel oče; "če se brata ne bosta še boljje izkazala, tedaj je hiša tvoja!"

Čez nekaj trenutkov se je pripeljal po cesti gospodski voz, pred katerega sta bila vprežena dva iskra vranca. "Nu, oče, zdaj boste videli, kaj znam!" je dejal kovač in stekel za vozom. Kmalu ga je dohitel, odtrgal enemu vrancu kopita in jih v nekaj minutah spet pribil.

"Vrl dečko si!" je dejal oče. "Res ne vem, kateremu naj dam hišo!"

Tedaj pa je začelo deževati in oče je vstal, da bi šel pod streho. Najmlajši sin ga je potegnil za rokav in dejal: "Dajte oče, da vam tudi jaz pokažem, česa sem se naučil!" Izdrl je meč in ga tako spretno sukalo nad očetovo glavo, da ni padla nanjo niti kapljica dežja. In ko je začelo močneje deževati, je sabljač čedalje hitreje vihtel svoj meč nad očetovo glavo in—oče je ostal popolnoma suh. To mu je tako ugajalo, da je zaklical:

"To je bilo mojstrsko delo, dragi sinok! Tebi zapustim hišo!"

Starejša brata se zaradi tega nista hudovala. In ker so bratje ljubili in spoštovali drug drugega, so ostali skupaj v očetovi hiši in vsak izmed njih je pridno delal od zore do mraka. Tako so živeli v bratstvu do konca svojih dni.

Popravek

V oktoberski številki v pesmi "Bratje le k solncu" v drugi kitici naj se tretji verz glasi:

"dokler se klana jim volja" . . .
ne "lena volja."

R. Tagore:

Dom

ŠEL sem sam po stezi čez polje, ko je solnčni zahod skrival kakor skopuh svoje poslednje zlato.

Dnevni svit je tonil globlje in globlje v mrak in ovdovela zemlja, katere žetev je bila pospravljen, je ležala tihotna.

Nenadoma se požene rezek otroški glas do neba. Neviden je presekalo temo in pustil sled svoje pesmi v večerni tišini.

Dečkov dom je stal v vasi kraj planjave, onkraj sladkorjevega trsičja, skrit v sencah banan in vitkih arekovih palm, kokosovih in temno zelenih džakovih dreves.

Obstal sem za hip na svojem samotnem potu pod svetlobo zvezd in videl sem pred seboj razprostrto potemnelo zemljo, objemajočo v svojem naročju neštivilno domov z zibelkami in posteljami, materinimi srci in večernimi svetilkami in z mladimi življenji, radostni mi od radosti, ki ne ve nič, koliko je na svetu vredna.

Vrabček v papigini kletki

PRED nekaj leti sem imela dve mali zeleni papigi. Sedeli sta v svoji kletki in prijetno ju je bilo gledati. Vratca kletke so bila vedno odprta in papigi sta šli včasih na izprehod po sobi. Vselej sta se spet sami vrnili v kletko.

Moji papigi nista bili navadni papigi: ne, bili sta olikani in zelo gosposki. Da, tega vam ne smem pozabiti povedati. Tudi zelo gizdavi sta bili. Po cele ure sta se česali druga drugo.

Nekega dne sta sedeli papigi kakor običajno na svojih paličicah v kletki. Skozi odprto okno je priletel v sobo mlad vrabček. Ujela sem vrabčka, ki je strašno kričal, in ga posadila v papigino kletko. Radovedna sem bila, kako se bosta vedli moji papigi.

Vrabček pa ni bil olikan in fin. Prav nedostojno se je vedel. Frfotal je po kletki na okoli, razmetaval pesek, prevrnil skodelico za vodo in kričal.

Papigi sta ostali skoro pet minut mirni na svojem mestu in ogledovali vrabčka. Bili sta vljudni kakor vedno. Po petih minutah pa je splezala ena izmed njiju počasi s paličice navzdol. Najprej se je oprijela paličice s kljunom, potem z nogo in tako je šlo dalje: Kljun—noga—kljun—noga. Zdajci jo je ubrala za njo še druga papiga.

Ko sta prispeli na dno kletke, sta z veliko nežnostjo prijeli vrabčka s kljunčkoma in splezali z njim na vrh paličice. Zelo previdno sta se splazili do odprtih vrat in ga dobesedno vrgli ven.

Odprla sem okno sobe in vrabček je sfrčal pod milo nebo.

Moji papigi pa sta si jeli čistiti kljunčka. Potem sta spet počesali druga drugo. Ko je bilo tudi to delo opravljeno, sta spet mirno sedeli druga poleg druge, kakor da se ni bilo nič zgodilo.

Skromni petelinček

(Prosto iz nemščine: K. Z.)

“**M**ATI, rad bi si šel ogledat svet,” poreče najmlajši petelinček koklji.

“Da, tudi jaz bi šel rad,” se mu pridruži njegov najstarejši bratec.

“Česa vsega si otroci dandanes ne pozele!” Kokoš je zmajala z glavo in malo pomislila. “No, pa pojdiva, če že nočeta drugače! Saj bosta itak kmalu zopet tu. In kaj sem vama hotela še naročiti: Bodita prav skromna! Nikjer ne silita v ospredje!”

Petelinčka se hitro odpravita ter hripavo in veselo odkukurikata v svet. Mati koklja je dolgo zrla za njima.

“Za starejšega se ne bojim,” je rekla petelinu, “a mlajši me nemalo skrbi . . .”

“V mladosti ni čednosti!” je pomodroval petelin in skočil na kup gnoja ter veselo zapel. Paglavca mu očividno nista povzročila skrbi. Še vesel je bil, da sta odšla.

Petelinčka sta se med tem že precej oddaljila in korakala baš preko nekega strnišča, ko se je spomnil mlajši, da je lačen.

“Imaš kaj hrane?” se obrne do svojega starejšega bratca.

“Ne,” odvrne starejši, “toda tu leze mastna gosonica.”

“Hvala!” reče mlajši in jo hitro pozoblje.

Starejši ostrmi. “Prav za prav je bila gosonica moja! Jaz sem jo ugledal prvi!”

“Toda jaz sem jo prvi pozobal, kaj češ!” mu odgovori mali popolnoma mirno.

“Čemu bi se sedaj pričkala, kar je, je!” si je mislil starejši; “v bodoče bom bolj pazil, da me ta zelenokljunec zopet ne potegne!”

Hitela sta dalje in dalje. Potekel je že marsikateri dan, a še vedno nista prišla do konca sveta, kakor je stalo v njunem načrtu. Slednjič sta se hoje po svetu naveličala. Čakala sta le, kateri izmed njiju bo prvi zinil. Končno je bilo starejšemu dovolj in je izjavil:

“Kaj maram, če vidim svet do konca ali ne! Doma bi bil rad pri materi!”

“Ha, to rada verjamem!” se zasmije lisica, ki se nenadoma pojavi pred njima. “Toda kateri izmed vas bi bil rad prvi požrt?”

“Prosim, gospa lisica, jaz prav rad počakam,” odvrne mali jako skromno.

Tedaj pograbi lisica starejšega in na mah je bilo po njem. Mlajši pa pot pod noge! Napel je vse moči in jo brisal čez drn in strn proti domu. Tekel je, letel in kričal, dokler ni došel na domače dvorišče in ugledal svoje matere.

“Mati!” ji je kriče pravil že od daleč, “oh, kako resnično je, kar si trdila: skromnost je jako lepa čednost!”

“Tako?!” pravi kokoš in nekako dvomljivo pogleduje petelinčka, “in kje imaš svojega starejšega bratca?”

“Lisica ga je požrla, mati. In če ne bi bil jaz poslušal tebe ter se vsiljeval v ospredje, tedaj bi bil točasno v lisičjem želodcu jaz in ne moj bratec.”

Jože Kovač:

KDO SO NAŠI OČETJE?

MOJ OČE v plavžu železo topi,
zvečer gre na delo, zjutraj se vrne.
Vso noč moj oče na delu trpi;
in z mamó sama
vso noč sva doma—
zjutraj se vrne, ko zadnja se zvezda
utrne.

Moj oče v mestu palače gradi,
ves dan sem z materjo sam, čisto sam.
Očeta ne vidim do pozne noči;
jaz takrat že spim
in se ne zbudim —
kaj veš, da prav malo očeta poznam!

Moj oče hodi na delo v urad
in vedno ponavlja, da dela za dva.
Ne ve ne za zimo, še manj za pomlad,
da solnce toplo
žge raz nebo —
ker vedno le piše, nikdar ne konča.

Moj oče hodi v rudnik trpet,
pod zemljo s trpljenjem premog drobi.
Ves črn, utrujen se vrača na svet . . .
In vendar trdi,
da veruje v dni,
ko delavski svet si zemljo osvoji!



Prizor iz Gorkijeve drame "Na dnu"

Valjhun:

Blaže Neroda

BLAŽEK Neroda — neroda nerodna,
negoda negodna . . . Nesrečni Nero-
dežev sine, kakšno ti zine, kakšno uga-
ne! Nekoč jo z očetom ubirata tja čez
poljane. Poldan je zvonilo in Blaže
pobara:

—Ate, povejte nemara koliko je ura,
ko poldan zvoní?

In gresta na cesto pa prideta v mesto.
V Ljubljano. Blažetu je vse tako straš-

no neznano. Si hiše ogleda in pravi—
nerodno seveda:

—Oh, ate! Se čudno mi zdi: hiše že
vidim, mesta pa ni!

Oče ne mari, z roko zamahne po na-
vadi stari: kaj s takim sinom le poče-
ti? . . . V uk ga je dal. Pri smoli, kneftri
in pri dreti čevljarček Blaže brihten bo
postal.



Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Namenila sem se, da se še enkrat letos oglasim v našem Mladinskem listu, ki je vedno tako zanimiv.

Ko bom napisala drugi dopis, bo namenjen že za prihodnje leto, ki se bo pisalo 1931. To bo novo leto, kakor pravimo.

Iskreno želim, da bi naš Mladinski list še nadalje vspodbujal naše bratce in sestrice v obeh jezikih ter da bi še bolj napredovali kot smo dosedaj.

Ako pogledamo v številke Mladinskega lista od leta 1924—tedaj vidimo, koliko dopisov je bilo takrat, in koliko jih je sedaj. Precej so se naši mladi prispevalci in prispevateljice pomnožile.

Lahko pa rečem, da če bi vsak član mladinskega oddelka Slovenske narodne podporne jednote tako rad dopisoval v Mladinski list kot dopisujem jaz (sem ponosna!), pa bi bilo lahko mnogo več slovenskih dopisov v njem kot jih je sedaj. Jaz tudi želim, da bi moji mali bratci in sestrice širne Amerike bolj pridno dopisovali v "Naš kotiček" v prihodnjem letu. Saj ni težko. Pomagali vam bodo starši, potem pa bo že urednik tako popravil in uredil, da bo za tisk.

Na delo torej! Pridno dopisujte in pošiljajte Mladinskemu listu več slovenskih dopisov, da bo veselje pogledati v "Naš kotiček."

Za sedaj naj zadostuje, se bom pa še prihodnje leto kaj oglasila in povedala svoje mnenje.

Vesele pozdrave vsem bratcem in sestricam, ki čitajo Mladinski list in "Naš kotiček." Ne smem pozabiti pozdraviti tudi urednika Mladinskega lista, ki se trudi z našimi dopisi, da jih uredi za javnost.

Vsem skupaj pa voščim vesele božične praznike in srečno ter veselo novo leto. Želim, da bi se gospod Miklavž oglasil z lepimi darili pri vsakem članu in članici mladinskega oddelka Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

Upam, da ta moj up ne bo splaval po vodi, temveč, da se bodo ysi bratci in sestrice dobro imeli čez praznike in za novo leto.

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

(Opomba urednika:—Tudi jaz upam, da se bodo naši malčki čez praznike zabavali in radostili različnih daril. Toda, kakor vse izgleda, bodo darila letos zelo skromna v mnogih delavskih hišah, kajti veliko ljudi ne dela, pa bi radi delali. Današnji sistem, ki sloni na izkoriščanju za velikimi profiti, je urejen tako, da morajo množice delavcev in njih družine stradati. Predvsem se bodo morali delavci sami osvoboditi jarma, ki jih danes tlačí.

Veseli me, ker se tako pogosto oglašáš v Mladinskem listu. Tvoj dopis je vspodbujevalen in zanimiv. Upam, da bo dobil veliko posnemalcev med bratci in sestricami, da bodo v resnici bolj pridno dopisovali v "Naš kotiček."—Hvala za pozdrave in voščila, Anna, obenem pa želim, da bi se imenitno zabavala čez praznike in v novem letu!)

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Po dolgem času, odkar sem zadnjič pisala v Mladinski list, ki je glasilo mladoletnih članov Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, tudi jaz prosim za malo prostora v našem priljubljenem mesečniku, da opišem malo naše šolske razmere.

Tukaj imamo dobre šole, ljudske namreč. Tukaj sta dve ljudski šoli in ena srednja šola (high school). Jaz sem izvršil srednjo šolo, a za delo pa sem še premlad, tako pravijo. Pa pohajam nadaljevalno srednjo šolo (post graduate course in high school), da tako ne zgubljam časa s postavljanjem in potepanjem po naselbini.

Glede šolske izobrazbe naj omenim še to, da bi šel rad v višjo šolo ali kolegij (college), pa mi je John Lewis preprečil. Mislim, da je še veliko drugim preprečil pot do nadaljne izobrazbe. Zato pa se mu moramo vsi delav-

ski otroci zahvaliti, ker nam je toliko kruha snedel!

Kljub temu pa še nisem obupal; nasprotno, še vedno se nadejam, da bom šel v kolegij, saj sem še mlad, da, skoro premlad za "kalič." Dne 5. decembra bom šele 16 let star. Torej je še veliko časa za učenje, če bo le prilika in pa denar za to. Čimprej se človek navadi in nauči, tem boljše je. Pa kaj se hoče, pravijo ljudje, razmere so take in delavci, namreč večina delavcev, si noče sama pomagati do boljših razmer. Zavedni delavci pa morajo z njimi trpeti posledice.

Zdaj pa prisrčno pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice, člane mladinskega oddelka Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, ki izdaja Mladinski list za nas vse, kar nas je še prav mladih, ki si še ne moremo sami kruha služiti.

Iskren pozdrav tudi bratcem in sestricam v okolici Broughtona. To je "deželica," kjer sem bil jaz rojen.

Silvester Gašperšič, Oakmont, Pa.

(Pripomba urednika:—Prav veseli me, Silvester, da si tako lepo in zanimivo pisemce napisal. Še bolj pa me bo veselilo, ako boš v novem letu še kaj zanimivega in podučnega povedal. Od srednješolskih dijakov, ki so že izdelali izpit, bi lahko dobili obilo lepega gradiva, pa ne samo za "Naš kotic," ampak tudi kakšne kratke članke itd. Upam, da se boš od časa do časa spomnil na Mladinski list in prispeval kakšen dopis ali članek v prihodnjem letu, pa čeprav greš študirat na kolegij ("kalič"). Mladinski list potrebuje več prispevkov od doraščajoče mladine, ki je že prekoračila štirinajsto leto in več. Nič ne de, tudi če naš član že spada v odrasli oddelek, zato vseeno lahko kaj napiše za Mladinski list. Takih prispevkov bomo vselej veseli.

Zato pa veselo na delo, Silvester, pa tudi vsi ostali mladi dijaki in dijakinje, ki pohajate srednje šole in ste prvi letniki v kolegijih. Vsak naš mlad član ali članica, ki je aktiven ali aktivna v dopisovanju za Mladinski list, lahko ostane naš sotrudnik vsaj do 20. leta starosti.

Gornje besede sem napisal v prvi vrsti Silvestru, v splošnem pa naj veljajo vsem ostalim bratcem in sestricam.)

* *

Čenjeni mi urednik!

Za mesec december, oziroma za decembersko številko Mladinskega lista, ki bo dvanajsta in zadnja v tem letu, sem se namenila napisati to-le:

To je moj drugi slovenski dopis v Mladinskem listu, katerega tako rad berem. Slovensko pisati in čitati me je naučila moja mamica, ki se vedno potruji, da bom znala vsaj za silo slovensko ne samo govoriti, ampak

tudi pisati in čitati. No, pa saj to ni tako težko, ako otroci znajo slovensko govoriti, se lahk kmalu in z malim trudom nauče tudi slovensko pisati in čitati.

Moja mamica me je tudi naučila lepo pesmico, ki se tako lepo sliši, ker ima krasno melodijo in pa lepo besedilo. Pesmica se glasi:

I.

Sem deklica mlada, vesela,
sem pravo slovensko dekle.
Kot slavček veselo bi pela,
da b' daleč odmevalo se.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la . . .

II.

Zakaj bi nek sladko ne pela,
zakaj bi vesela ne b'la!
Saj vsak dan krog mojega čela
mi sapca slovenska pihlja.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la . . .

III.

Še lepše mi pesmi donijo
ko ptički prepevajo vmes.
Če lačna sedim tu pri mizi,
mi petje diši bolj kot jed.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la . . .

Upam, da boste priobčili to pesmico, da jo bodo tudi drugi bratci in sestrice čitali. Napev pesmice ni težak, pa je vseeno melodija ljubka, ker so tudi besede v njej tako ubrane.

Vesele božične praznike vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in srečn onovo leto vsem, tudi uredniku!

Fannie Celigoj,

677 E. 160th street, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Prosim, da mi spet odstopite malo prostora v Mladinskem listu za december.

V naslednjih vrsticah bom na kratko opisala tukajšnjo zimo, ki navadno prične priti-skati že zgodaj jeseni.

V sredo, dne 15. oktobra, ko smo zjutraj vstali, smo opazili, da je bila vsa okolica pokrita s snegom. Pa sneg se ni dolgo veselil in dobro počutil med nami. Gotovo ga je bilo sram, kajti ko je solnce posijalo, je snežec beli hitro izginil.

Sedaj, ko to pišem (dne 24. oktobra) imamo že zopet lepe in solnčne dneve.

Nedavno tega sem slišala pogovor od tukajšnjih starih naseljencev. Pogovarjali so se, da so bile nekaj prave sibirske zime ter sedaj ni več tako hudih zim tukaj.

Prosim, ponatisnite sledečo pesmico:

Zbogom, lastovice!

Kam pa greste, lastovice,
kaj že jemljete slovo?
Ali greste morda gledat,
kam je zlato solnce šlo?

Prišla je jesen v deželo,
za jesenjo pride mraz.
Kjer smó lani zimovale,
tamkaj čakajo spet nas.

No, pa srečen pot in zbogom,
če tako je drago vam!
Toda ko bo zime konec,
povrnite spet se k nam!

Zbogom, zbogom, deca ljuba,
zdravi vsi ostanite,
čuvajte nam gnezda naša,
na pomlad—na svidenje!

Iskren pozdrav mladim čitateljem, enako
uredniku!

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

Dragi mi urednik!

Večkrat prebiram številke Mladinskega lista
od tega in prejšnjih let, pa se mi vse dopade-
jo. Tu pa tam naletim na kakšen ponatis pe-
smi znanega slovenskega pesnika Simona
Gregorčiča, pa sem si mislil, da Vam pošljem
tudi jaz eno pesmico, ki je času primerna,
predbožična.

Glasi se:

Na božični večer

Pod goro gre dekletce mlado,
ko svet obhaja sveto noč,
spoznalo bi v potku rado,
kaj višnja jej namenjena moč.

Na valovih lunin svit trepeče,
trepeče v deklici srce,
želeče pa in koprneče
očesci vpre na dno vode.

In, glej, iz dna valov pozdravi
jo znan, krasan in ljub obraz,
ki jej z nasmehom sladkim pravi,
da tu je njiju združbe čas!

K potoku vleče tudi mene,
ko sveto noč proslavlja svet,
tam morda tema se razžene,
ki v njo neba je sklep odet.

Prinagnil bodem se nad vodo,
prisluškal, kaj bo val šumljal;
ne svoje, naroda usodo
v poročnih valih bom iskal.

Kdaj srečno moje bo domovje?
Rešitve njemu le še ni?
Kaj mi razkrilo boš, valovje?
Nadja srce se in—boji!

Mnogo lepih pozdravom vsem članom SNPJ
in vesele praznike pa srečno novo leto!

J. S. A., Cleveland, O.

Čenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenila, da napišem
kratek slovenski dopis v Mladinski list, ker
vidim, da se toliko drugih mladih čitateljev
oglašá v "Našem kotičku." Malo težko je slo-
vensko pisati, pa bo že šlo. Sicer še slabo pi-
šem slovensko, pa upam, da boste potrpe-
li z menoj, ker vem, da ste že vajeni takemu sla-
bemu pisanju.

Tukaj, v tej okolici, je že delj časa mrzlo
vreme, dosedaj (10. nov.) pa še nismo imeli
skoro nič snega. Malo se je že pokazal in
boječe pobelil okolico, pa se je menda ustra-
šil in je izginil. Vsi smo namreč nanj godr-
njali, ker se nam je zdelo, da je letos prišel
malo prezgodaj.

V šolo moramo hoditi precej daleč. Moj
brat, ki več ne hodi v šolo, nas navadno pelje
v šolo, nazaj pa moramo hoditi. Ker sem re-
kla, da bom napisala kratek dopis, naj to za-
dostuje.

H koncu želim vsem sestricam in bratcem
vesele praznike in srečno novo leto; enako
uredniku!

Rose Pregel, Box 134, Base Line, Mich.

(Veselilo me bo, Rose, ako boš še kaj napi-
sala v "Naš kotiček." Vedi, da imam zelo rad
mlade dopisovalce, ki se trudijo, da napišejo
slovenski dopis. Zato pa nikar ne pozabi in v
kratkem spet kaj napiši, da bo priobčeno že
v januarski številki Mladinskega lista.—Ured.)

* *

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Sedaj sem se odločila, da bom začela po slo-
vensko dopisovati za Mladinski list v "Naš
kotiček."

Meni ne gre še dobro, kadar pišem po slo-
vensko, ker se moram sama od sebe učiti.
Upam pa, da bo že šlo počasi, saj počasi, pra-
vijo, se daleč pride.

V zadnji številki Mladinskega lista je pi-
sala Mary Knaus iz Traunika, Michigan, da
niso imeli tam vse leto nič dežja. Pri nas
v Wyomingu pa ga je bilo precej, in sicer
toliko, da še stari ljudje ne pomnijo, da bi
kdaj prej tako deževalo. Sedaj, na jesen, ima-
mo zelo lepo vreme.

Jaz pohajam osmi razred ljudske šole. Na-
ša ljudska šola je zelo lepo poslopje, posebno
še za tako malo kempo. Imamo tudi veliko
telovadnico (gymnasium), v kateri se večkrat
zabavamo.

Mislím, da ni bilo v Mladinskem listu iz
tega kraja še nobenega dopisa. Mene bi ve-
selilo, ako bi se še kdo drugi oglasil.

Tukaj se zelo dobro dela. Prihodnjič bom
kaj več napisala.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku in pa
vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto
vsem skupaj!

Frances Kauchich, Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume IX.

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Number 12.

OLD WINTER

OLD Winter sad, in snowy clad,
 Is making a doleful din,
 But let him howl till he cracks his jowl,
 We will not let him in.

Ay, let him lift from the billowy drift
 His hoary, haggard form,
 And scowling stand, with his wrinkled
 hand
 Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
 Stream loose upon the blast,
 And, rustling, chime to the tinkling
 rime
 From his bald head falling fast.

Let his baleful breath shed blight and
 death
 On herb and flower and tree;
 And brooks and ponds in crystal bonds
 Bind fast, but what care we?

Let him push at the door,—in the
 chimney roar,
 And rattle the window pane;
 Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
 But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his
 freezing tooth,
 On our roof-tiles, till he tire;
 But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
 Before our blazing fire.

Come, lads, let's sing, til the rafters
 ring;
 Come, push the can about;—
 From our snug fireside this Yuletide
 We'll keep old Winter out.

—T. Noel.



HERE'S HOPING SANTA CLAUS
 MAY BECOME UTTERLY RECKLESS
 WHEN HE GETS TO
YOU

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

O FOR one hour of youthful joy!
 Give back my twentieth spring!
 I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy
 Than reign, a graybeard king.

"Ah, truest soul of womankind,
 Without thee what were life?
 One bliss I cannot leave behind:
 I'll take my—precious—life."

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
 Away with learning's crown!
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
 And dash its trophies down.

The angel took a sapphire pen
 And wrote in rainbow dew,
 The man would be a baby again,
 And be a husband too!

One moment let my life-blood stream
 From boyhood's fount of flame!
 Give me one giddy ruling dream
 Of life all love and fame.

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
 Before the change appears?
 Remember all their gifts have fled
 With the dissolving years."

My imaginary angel heard the prayer
 And, calmly smiling, said,
 "If I but touch thy silvered hair
 Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"Why, yes," for memory would recall
 My fond paternal joys;
 "I could not bear to leave them all—
 I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

"But is there nothing in thy track,
 To bid thee fondly stay,
 Why the swift seasons hurry back
 To find the wished-for day?"

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
 "Why this will never do;
 The man would be a baby again,
 And be a father too!

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
 The household with its noise—
 And wrote my dream, when morning
 broke,
 To please the gray-haired boys.



To Our Juvenile Members

HELLO, girls and boys, members of our juvenile department! I have a little appeal for you about our Juvenile Campaign which I hope will not be in vain.

There are several hundred of you in our juvenile department at the age where you are able to agitate among your schoolmates who do not belong to our Society yet. Try to get them into your lodge. Explain to them that only the small amount of 20c is required as dues for insurance in the juvenile department, and that every member is entitled to a copy of the "Mladinski List," children's magazine, free of charge.

In one of the previous issues we published the prizes which will be awarded to those who will do their share in this CAMPAIGN. Why shouldn't you win a prize? There is a chance for you and for hundreds of others.

There are 19,000 of you in the Juvenile department of the Society. Let us increase this number to 20,000 before the end of March, 1931.

FRED A. VIDER, Supreme Secretary.



THE CANDY SANTA CLAUS

By John Farrar

I'M very proud of candles
 With their quaint coquetish way,
 But alas! I wooed too often,
 And now my life's to pay.

They knew I was important
 When they decked the Christmas
 tree,
 Yes, they hung me on the tip-top
 For all the world to see.

But, alas! A lady candle
 Has come with me to the top,
 And I'm melting with affection,
 I'm dying drop by drop.



WINTER SCENE

BUNDLES

By John Farrar

A BUNDLE is a funny thing,
 It always sets me wondering;
 For whether it is thin or wide
 You never know just what's inside.

Especially on Christmas week,
 Temptation is so great to peek!
 Now wouldn't it be much more fun
 If shoppers carried things undone?



Boiseau: DIOGENES

Laughter

By Everett Dean Martin

THERE is nothing that reveals the human spirit like laughter. Our souls are naked when we laugh. A mere smile, a subtle, unguarded flash of fun in the eyes tells everything.

We learn one another's secrets when we laugh. That is the way we know if we are congenial. People who are alike in their sense of humor just never can understand one another.

A certain man was recently asked: "What is the requirement for membership in your lodge?" He answered: "A sense of humor. People who haven't it can never be kindred spirits. They take themselves too seriously and no true fellowship is possible among them."

Someone has said, "I love you because you love the things I love." He might better have said, "If you love me grin." "Let me see you laugh and then I shall know if I can understand you. I shall know if you are my kind."

Sometimes I think that "the Recording Angel," or whoever it is that is supposed to look upon the heart of man and write down his rating in the record book, instead of recording his words and acts—for we can all lie in these things—might come nearer the truth of each person's character if he would record our laughter.

When we laugh, what kind a thing is it that makes us laugh the way in which we laugh, whether we laugh altogether or only in spots, whether we laugh guardedly or freely, even the things we fail to laugh at, either because we know too little to see the point, or know too much to think that a certain thing is funny; all this tells how civilized we are, what we are, what we have been and thought, what we would be if we could, and what we naturally enjoy or shrink from.

Most of the time everybody's real self is lived under a thick covering of social habits, conventions, and borrowed phrases. There are a thousand things about every one that we never put into words.

But when a man laughs the self breaks thru the covering and peeps out at you. You get a man's measure when he laughs.

You know instinctively how much life is in him, how much of a gentleman or hoodlum he is, how much of him is tolerant or bigoted, sensualist or prudish, sentimentalist or realist, calculating or spontaneous, genuine or hypocritical, devoted or abandoned.

Shakespeare was the greatest judge of men who ever lived. He shows the importance of laughter when he makes Julius Caesar say:

"I know not the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite thru the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous."

Origin of the Christmas Tree

THE Christmas festival, with its observances of feasting, its decorated home, its exchange of gifts, is in its present development a product of dim and remote antiquity. But the Christmas tree, perhaps the most essential feature of the season as we now observe it, is so recent a usage that many people are incredulous when told how modern it really is.

In England, where the festival of the Christmastide (described by Dickens as a time of feasting and plenty) has been celebrated ever since the Middle Ages, the Christmas tree was not generally known before the beginning of the nineteenth century. In fact, the use of the evergreen tree at Christmas was not widely introduced into England and France until about 1840.

To the German people is attributed the first use of the Christmas tree. That their tree was essentially the same as the one we know today is attested by the fact that Goethe, in 1774, described it as being decorated with candles, fruit and sweetmeats. Schiller, in 1789, called it the "green tree." Later it was given the distinctive names of Christbaum and Weihnachtsbaum.

In Germany the Christmas fir can be traced back, in approximately its present form, to the early seventeenth century; but its earlier use appears to have been local rather than national.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE

By John G. Whittier

<p>A dreary place would be this earth, Were there no little people in it; The song of life would lose its mirth, Were there no children to begin it.</p> <p>No little forms like buds to grow, And make the admiring heart surrender;</p> <p>No little hands on breast and brow, To keep the thrilling love chords tender.</p>	<p>The sterner souls would grow more stern, Unfeeling nature more inhuman, And man in stoic coldness turn, And woman would be less a woman.</p> <p>Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm, Were there no babies to begin it, A doleful place this world would be Were there no little people in it.</p>
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EXPECTATION

Prevent That Cold

IF you feel it coming on, or if everyone else in the house has one and you are quite sure that it will be your turn next, tear a leaf from grandmother's old notebook and prevent it.

When grandfather came home with a cold, grandmother rushed quickly for lemons and made a real big lemonade. She didn't know why lemons were good for colds, but she knew they were—and her old-fashioned remedy produced results.

Now the scientific reasons has been discovered. Doctors tell us that not only is it beneficial to take a hot lemonade before retiring to make one perspire and rid the body of toxic substances, but that lemonade should be taken several times during the day as well.

The reason this practice should be followed is that lemons have an alkaline reaction in the body. More and more is the fact becoming appreciated that lemons and oranges, though acid in taste have a final alkaline reaction which is most effective in helping to maintain the normal alkaline balance of the body.

Authorities claim that an acidosis

caused from the lowering of the alkaline balance is present with every common cold and that its correction is the quickest and most effective way of curing a cold. This means that we must eliminate or greatly reduce for a while our consumption of acid-forming foods such as bread, cereals, meat, eggs, fish and fowl, and use the alkaline-forming foods such as milk, fruits, fruit juices and vegetables in goodly quantity.

Do not by any means understand that one should entirely eliminate acid forming foods from the diet for a long period. Our most common and many very essential foods are acid-producers but absolutely necessary on account of their valuable protein and carbohydrate content. It merely means that when a cold is present or apparently due to arrive, we must make our body more alkaline as quickly as possible by eliminating or reducing these acid-producing foods for a brief period, and eating heavily of the alkaline producing foods.

Preventing a cold, however, is much easier than curing one—particularly one that is deep-seated and needs the attention of a skilled physician.



Frances Kralj: THE TILLERS



Dear Editor:—

Here is a timely story:

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Hans and Gretchen were left alone in the cottage one cold winter evening and were seated before the fire, telling each other stories of what they had seen in the forest. Suddenly there came a timid knock at the door. Though very much afraid they hastened to undo the door. They found standing before the door, in the cold and darkness, a little boy, having no shoes on his feet, very thinly clad and shivering with cold.

He asked in a timid voice if he might come in and warm himself. "Yes indeed," cried the children, and they gently drew him into the room. "Sit in this warm corner," they insisted, giving him their seat though that meant depriving themselves of their warm and cozy seats. They gave him to eat of their frugal supper, though that meant going hungry themselves. And then, as he was very tired, they gave him their bed, though that meant sleeping on rude benches, without sufficient covering themselves.

But sleep finally came to them. They were gently awakened by strains of sweet music; going to the window, they found that a band of children, clad in shining robes, were playing on golden harps before their cottage and a beautifully soft but pleasing light was all around them, while the air seemed balmy. Suddenly the strange child stood before them, no longer cold and ragged, but dressed in shining robes, and his soft voice was speaking to them:

"I was cold and you took me in. I was hungry and you fed me. I was tired and you gave me your bed."

So saying he broke a branch from a fir tree, planted it in the ground, and he and the shining children disappeared. But the branch grew into a beautiful tree, and every year bore a crop of toys and all things good for the children.

Best regards to all sisters and brothers and the editor. Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

Bessie J. Paulich, Box 193, Sugarite, N. Mex.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have five sisters and two brothers, and all belong to the SNPJ. I like to read the M. L. very much.—At school we sure have

lots of fun; we play baseball and tennis; and my teachers are very nice. I study the three "Rs," English, spelling and geography.—I have a young brother, learning accordion, seven years old, and is in the 2nd grade.—When the SNPJ Lodge gave a dance we had loads of fun.

Katherine Sparovic,
Box 472, Aspen, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Recently I was operated for appendix, but now I am well again. My parents are not working. I would like to receive some letters. I am 9 years old and in 4th grade.

Merry Xmas and happy New Year to all.

Mary Rupar,
547—38th ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I hope Santa will not forget us. I am 10 years of age and in 3rd grade in school. My best Xmas wishes and a happy New Year to all the readers and the Editor, especially.

John Mihelcic, Box 304, Blaine, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am in the sixth grade now. Christmas will soon be here, and Santa also, but I suppose he won't come to see us poor children. I sure did not forget yet about the last Christmas, what a good treat we had at our dear old SNPJ Lodge No. 13, at Bridgeport, Ohio. I hope we will get to see him this Christmas.

The work out here is bad, and the men don't make much. The reorganized U. M. W. of A. is getting strong. I think the times will be better if John L. gets out. He sure starved

a lot of families already. John L. broke the union.

Christmas wishes to all and to our editor.

Mary Mihelcic, Box 304, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am writing because I never see any letters from Rock Springs. I cannot tell how I appreciate the Mladinski List.

I am 15 years old and in the 10th grade. I'm the only one in the family and am lonely. My parents and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 10.

Merry Xmas and a very happy New Year.

Adeline Proy,

1216—10th st., Rock Springs, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 11 years of age and in the 7th grade. My teachers' names are: John F. Sasek and Della M. Nelson. I like them very much. We take exercises every week. I have two brothers going to high school; the oldest is in Junior high and the next is a freshman. I wish every M. L. correspondent a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Edward Cebull, Box 29, Klein, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I, too, am a member of the Slovene National Benefit Society, am 10 years of age and in the fifth grade in school. There are ten in our family.

I like to read the M. L., its jokes, riddles and stories.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Mary Tomazic,

Box 872, Forest City, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This being the first time that I am writing to the Mladinski List, I want to tell that I like it very much.—Our school started September 2; I am in the fourth grade in public school. I have two teachers. The name of one of them is Miss I. Rhodes. **Sylvia Thomas**,

427 Orange ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I was pleased to see my letter in the M. L. which I enjoy much. I like to read the stories and poems in the M. L. I hope some of the members would write to me.—**Tylda Krulyac**, Sugarite, New Mexico.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

To Bro. Martin Zaksek, R.F.D. No. 3, Uniontown, Pa.: You may send your picture and we'll publish it.

Dear Editor:—

I am now in the 8th grade in school and am 13 years old. I go to the Morgan school, which is a good bit away from where I live.—We have a wonderful football team here; it played Bridgeville Nov. 7. It was an interesting game. Bridgeville lost to South Fayette, 14 to 6. The best players were: G. Wessels, F. Bogatay, J. Donellie and A. Forintene.

We live on the farm, which is very small.

Here's my sister's picture. Her name is **Antonia Kos**.



Best wishes to all, and Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Frank Kos,

Box 227, Cudy, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I failed to see any letters from Salem, O., so I thought I would write one.—Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 476. I am 13 years old and am in the 7th grade.

I wish some of the members would write to me, as I would at once answer their letters.

Best regards to all the members.

Josephine Gabrich,

365 Sharp ave., Salem, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

On Sept. 26 we had frost here. It froze the tomato and chile plants. The 28th there was ice in the small lake we have. It is very cold these days.

I enjoy the magazine very much. I wish it would come every week. I like to read the riddles and jokes and stories. This is all for this time.—Yours truly,

Mary Marinae, Box 37, El Moro, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

School started September 8. I like school this year better than ever before. I suppose it's because we have a beautiful new school building. We also have a beautiful auditorium with a stage that has curtains, which are

orange and black, our school colors. The subjects I am most interested in, are English, art and home economics. Our home economics class went to Salt Lake City to see the large Purity Biscuit company. It sure is interesting to see how they make different kinds of pastries. Our art class is also very interesting because we go out and paint the mountains. I guess that most all of the members have heard of Utah's beautiful mountains and valleys.

I just can't imagine what is the matter with the members that live in Utah; I hardly ever see a letter from Utah. I sure wish that they would wake up and help the rest of the members to make our magazine better and larger. Although I have only written once before I'm going to write oftener.

I just had a birthday in October, and now I'm fifteen and a freshman in high school.

I've been wondering what had become of **Mary Hody**? I have never received her answer to my letter. I wish that other members would write to me and I will answer all letters. Regards to all!

Annie Vehar, Po. O. Box 7, Murray, Utah.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I like to write to the M. L. and I enjoy reading the jokes, letters, stories, etc. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I wish the M. L. would come once a week, instead of once a month.—I am in 7th grade; Miss Curran is my writing teacher, and Miss Kendall my music teacher. It is very cold out here in winter. I wish some girls would write to me.

Best regards to all. (Below is my picture.)



Anna Kaus,
Box 513, Harmarville, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish my letter doesn't go to Mr. Waste Paper Basket. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much and hope it would come more often. I wish Mary A. Dolence would write to me. I lost her address and couldn't find it.

Best regards to all members.

Here is my snapshot.



I wish some members would write to me; I would answer their letters.

Sincerely yours,

Lena Cvira, Box 44, Marianna, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad to see that you had published the bit I composed.

There are ten children in our family and every one belongs to the SNPJ.

I take lessons on the Hawaiian guitar and can play quite well already. I also know how to play a little on the organ.—If Mary Bouc should happen to read this letter I wish she would write, as I was unfortunate enough to lose her address.

I'm very sorry to know that **Mary Stonich** is in the hospital. If she sees this letter I wish she would write as I would like to put her among my pen pals.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the members!

Josephine Cebull, Box 29, Klein, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I wish Mr. Waste Basket don't get it. I'm in seventh grade and I like school.

I go to Bridgeport school; it is a large school. There are five in our family and all belong to the SNPJ. I would like some of the members to write to me.

Best wishes to all the members.

Henry Potnick, Box 81, Bridgeport, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

Although I am already 16 years of age, I felt I had to write at least once for the M. L.

My brother John, my parents and I, all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 194.

I wish some of the brothers and sisters would write to me—I will be glad to receive letters and answer them.

Here is my snapshot.



Best regards to all.

Ann Osojnicky, Box 28, Keewatin, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I wrote to the M. L. Now I think is a good time to turn over a new leaf and start out right, as one of my resolutions for the new year is to write to the M. L. every month.

Our school published a newspaper in October, 1930, and it is called the "Grammar School News." We sell it at 6c per copy. The High school of Washington also publishes a newspaper—and it is called "The Little President."

I wish some of the members would write to me as I would answer their letters promptly.

Josephine Mastnock,

1000 Summerlea Ave., Washington, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I do hope to write often for the M. L. I am 13 years of age and am in the 8th grade. My teacher's name is Miss M. Matoushek. Our school began September 2.

I have four sisters and two brothers.

There aren't many letters from Forest City. I do wish more would write from this place.

I wish some members would write to me. Regards to all. My address is:

Victoria Harvatin,

424 Main St., RD No. 2, Forest City, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is either the second or third time that I am writing to the M. L. I wish that the M. L. would come once a week instead of once a month. I like to read its interesting jokes, letters, stories, etc. I wish that Mr. Waste Paper Basket doesn't take my letter. I wish

every member a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Here is a joke:

Teacher trying to teach Johnny arithmetic: "Johnny, how many are 2 apples and 2 apples?"

Johnny: "Two apples and two apples is applesauce."

I wish that some members would write to me, for I will be glad to answer their letters.

Justine Pevc,

R. D. 2, Box 130, West Newton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in 8th grade. I enjoy reading the M. L. and I wish it came every week. We all belong to SNPJ. There are many Slovene people around where I live. I wish some members would write to me; I would gladly answer them. Best regards to all.

John Skofic,

805—8th street, Muskegon Heights, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I like the M. L. very much. I go to school in the fifth grade and am 11 years old. I would like some of the girls to write to me. Some of my girl friends also read the Mladinski List. Some of my friends have a playhouse in school, and play at every recess.

Hermene Yunetz, Box 54, Tire Hill, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am sixteen years old and a junior in the Hibbing high school. I sometimes feel rather proud of having an opportunity of attending such a beautiful school as that.

The working conditions around here are very poor. Just a few mines are in operation and the others are closing down gradually. It is rather hard for the people around here to make a living, because the parents are all miners and without work.

Last month I was transferred to the Adult department and it seems quite queer to leave the kiddies' department.

I am inclosing my snapshot.



Olga Kerze,

Box 95, Carson Lake, Hibbing Minnesota.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 192 of Milwaukee, Wis. There are four of us in the family. I am 16 year of age. I am at Muirdale Sanatorium in Wauwatosa, Wis.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Best regards to all the members.

My home address is: **Jennie Jager**, 2117 So. Kinnikinnic ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have not written for a long time, so I decided to write. I hope no one has forgotten I am a member of the SNPJ, because I am just proud to be a member of the SNPJ. I am going to write about our trip to Cleveland.

On Aug. 29 we went to Cleveland, Ohio. We left about 6:10 p. m. and that night we stopped at Sharon, Pa., at 11 p. m. We slept at our cousin's, Joe Godina. Next morning we went to Cleveland. When we arrived we went to Segulins, from there my father and mother went to see other people that they knew from the old country.

That evening we went to a concert in Colliwood at the S. Dom. We met Joe Lever, contributor of the M. List, and also many other friends. We heard many different singing societies, but I liked singing society "Cvet" best.

I liked the Sokols very much. I'd like to be among them.

We saw and heard many things that evening.

That night we slept at our friends', Segulins. The next morning my brother Joe went out to see our car. He usually looks at our tires. He wanted to look at our spare tire, but it was missing.

It would have been a better time if it had not rained. It rained all the three days we were away. It did not rain the whole summer here in Latrobe, I wished that it had rained in Latrobe instead of in Cleveland, because our water supplies are low.

Best regards to all and friends in Cleveland.

Mary Fradel.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have written before to the Mladinski List and I have been very lucky by not letting Mr. Waste Basket get my letter.—There are four children in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. As soon as I receive the M. L. I turn to the riddles.

I hope some of the members would wake up and write a letter to me. I would be glad

to get a letter from Joseph Tomezec, and I would gladly answer it.

Best regards to all M. L. readers and editor.

Rudolph Zeleznik,

8818 St. Catharine ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am very interested in the M. L. and our whole family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 174. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade in school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Pine and she is very good. I am going to try to write every month. I like to read jokes, riddles and letters in the M. L.

Best regards to all little brothers and sisters.—**Anton Usenicnik**, Box 125, Krayn, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. There are seven in our family and all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 174. I hope my letter will be published. My teacher's name is Mrs. Pine. I am nine year of age and in the fourth grade. There are three girls and one boy in the fourth grade. I can talk a little in Slovene. Maybe I will send my snapshot sometime. Violet Bavdek got her wrist broken on the right arm. I hope she will get well soon. She is my good friend. She got hurt on Oct. 8.

Best regards to all the members.

Maddaline Pecarie, Box 32, Krayn, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 12 years old, and there are five in our family. I am in seventh grade in school. There are three children in our family; I am the oldest. My brother is next; his name is Rudolph. My little sister's name is Betty. Our Lodge number is 115. We all belong to the SNPJ. Channahon is 12 miles S. W. of Joliet. I hope Miste Waste Basket does not get my letter.

Best regards to all. **Anna Marie More**,

Box 72, Freyer St., Channahon, Ill.

