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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Jürgen Brand:

MI SMO MLADI

SVET nas čaka, mi smo mladi—
o ti lepi, daljni svet!
Koprnenju, naši nadi
gre čez les, polje pogled.
Nič mi glave ne podpiraj,
nad teboj nebo je jasno.
Kvišku glej, naprej prodiraj!
Mi smo mladi — to je krasno!

Brat, za gozdom — ne leži tam
tuja, daljna nam dežela?
Glej livado — se nam ni tam
roža tuja razcvetela?
Pridite od vsepovsodi,
prek dolin pojdimo glasno.
Koderkoli pot nas vodi:
mi smo mladi — to je krasno!

Kvišku! Solnce bo vodilo
preko gor naš mladi voj;
ko bo solnce zatonilo,
svetil nam bo zvezdic soj!
Brat, nahrbtnik brž na ramo,
cilj naš daljna je daljina.
Veter? Dež? — Ga ne poznamo!
Mi smo mladi, smo mladina!

DRAGICA IN MUCIKA

PRIDNA naša Dragica
kvačkat se uči.
Ob nje strani mucika
modro se drži.

Pa vam lepa mucika
hoče pridna bit.
Mala bela tačica
prime belo nit—.

Oj, to vam kvačka mucika
z vsemi štirimi.
in čudi se, da Dragica
ne zna še kvačkati.

Pa, joj, ko naša Dragica
po klopčku se ozre!
Ni klopčka več — le mucika
očipkana v njo zre —.

Anna P. Krasna.

Ob novem letu.

Novoletne resolucije

MED civiliziranimi zemljami se je močno ukoreninila navada ali običaj, da ob nastopu novega leta delajo obljube in sklepe, ki jim pravijo novoletne resolucije. Nekateri so trdno prepričani, da se bodo ravnali po njih, večina pa si jih naniza celo vrsto le iz navade in pozabi nanje že, ko novo leto šteje šele par dni svojega življenja. Iz tega se da sklepati, da večina ljudi z novoletnimi obljubami vara sama sebe, ker le predobro ve, da bodo novoletni sklepi kmalu prelomljeni.

Stara navada je železna srajca, pravi znana prislovica. Le malokdo uspe, da ji odpove družbo, da se reši njenega objema. V tem oziru je povprečen zemljan slabič, ker nima dovolj odporne sile, dovolj odločnosti, da bi se odpovedal slabim navadam, ko ve, da mu resno škodujejo. Pogosto nam manjka tudi razsodnosti, da bi znali preceniti dobro od slabega.

Starši, ki imajo majhne otroke, radi katerih je ta članek natisnjen, so dolžni dati jim dobro vzgojo. Vsled tega bi se oni morali še posebno izogibati slabim navadam. Zavedati se morajo dejstva, da so otroci dobri posnemalci odraščanih, v prvi vrsti svojih staršev. Zato bodi njihova dolžnost, da že v kali zatro pri svojih otrokih slabe navade, ki bi jim škodovale z vsakim dnevom.

Vsak otrok prične z učenjem v zgodnji dobi svojega življenja. S tem učenjem nastajajo navade, ki so dobre ali slabe. Otrok doživlja spremembe čim shodi in prične govoriti. Te so važne v njegovem življenju, ko stopa med svoje tovariše, ko nehote prične spoznavati svet v svojem krogu. Navade ga oklepajo in učiti se mora kaj je slabo in kaj je dobro. Pri tem mu pridejo na pomoč v prvi vrsti starši, predvsem mati. Dober oče ali mati ne bo čakal novega leta, da šele takrat odvadi svojega otroka slabih navad. S tem bo pričel takoj, čim spozna, da se otrok udaja slabemu, v katerem vidi na prvi pogled le zabavo in smeh, a se pozneje pretvori v slabo navado, ki zna otroku škodovati.

Razsodna mati bo znala svojega otroka odvrniti od slabega na lep način, ne s silo. Znano je, da vsak otrok prav tisto rad stori, kar mu je strogo prepovedano. Zato je učinkovitejše, če se otroka odvrča od slabega na lep način kot pa s silo. Škodljive stvari se prezre, nanje se pozabi, kot da bi jih ne bilo, pa se posveča več pozornosti stvarim, ki so zaželjene in koristne. Na ta način se zainteresira otroka v stvari, ki jih mi smatramo dobrim. Lahko je umljivo, da potem otrok ne bo imel časa za slabo in tako se bo na lep način otresel slabih navad.

Važno je tudi, da starši uče svoje otroke, da spoštujejo druge ljudi. To je dobra lastnost. Pri tem se ucepi otroku v njegov sistem klico samospoštovanja, ki je neobhodno potrebno, da postane iz vašega otroka dober in dostojen človek, ki ga bodo drugi spoštovali ter jemali za vzgled.

S tem še nikakor ne skušamo povedati, da se da na ta način odpraviti vse človeške slabosti, ki so utelešene v posameznem bitju. Ne mislimo, da se bo na ta način dalo iz otroka napraviti svetnika, ker to bi bilo zmotno. Ljudje ne marajo za svetnike in podobne cmeravce. Skušamo le dokazati, da je človek lahko bolj človeški napram samemu sebi in svojih soljudem, če je odločen, spoštovanja vreden, iskren in pošten. Cmeravih in neznačajnih ljudi je več kot preveč, vzornih in kremenitih značajev, ki so koristni člani človeške družbe, pa bi si želeli veliko več, kajti teh ne preokrene vsaka sapica, ker znajo biti samostojni in lahko mislijo sami zase.

Katka Zupančič:

ZIMA BELA

ZIMA bela
privršela
sem od severne strani;
vsa ledena,
vsa snežena,
živim bitjem voljna ni —.

Burja brije,
veje vije,
drevo stoka — se šibi.
Kruta zima
čuta nima,
svoje žezlo le vihti.

Vsak si išče
zavetišče,
skriva se v topli hram.
A gorje jim
onim bednim,
ki se skriti ni jim kam —.

MALI PROLETARCI

HURA, hura, naša četa,
mi otroci smo proleta!
Krepko v vrsti stopamo,
simbol Svobode nosimo!

Hura, hura, naša četa,
sovragu bliža se osveta.
Naš vodja, četudi bos,
bo enkrat mnogim drugim kos!

Hura, hura, naša četa,
ker otroci smo proleta;
ni pestra uniforma naša,
noben se s sabljo ne ponaša!

Hura, hura, naša četa,
nam prostost čez vse je sveta!
Zato, ko mi porastemo,
svobodo pravo hočemo —!

Hura, hura, naša četa,
hitro minejo nam leta.
Mi pa se že pripravljamo,
da z uma mečem—v boj gremo!
Hura, hura, naša četa,
mi otroci smo proleta!

Anna P. Krasna.



Zima in pomlad

Odrska slika

ODER predstavlja nizko, siromašno sobo. Na levi siromašna postelja, nad posteljo okno, ki ima namesto šip papir. Okno je zaprto, a le rahlo; vsak veter ga utegne odpreti. Na desni vrata, ki se ne zapirajo tesno ter neprestano nihajo radi vetra. Veter jih pogosto odpira in siplje v sobo sneg. (Uporablja ali malo bombaža ali papirja). V sobi je še gola miza in preprost stol. V sobi nekje še mala klopica. Ob steni skrinja. Soba mora biti urejena in čista, da v isti mah predstavlja uboštvo in snaznost.

Zunaj je čuti žvižganje vetra. (Uporablja za to kos deščice aíl ravnila, ki ga privedi na motvoz ter vrti tako, kakor počno to otroci.)

Ko se dvigne zavesa, se dvigne deklica s postelje, kjer je bila poležavala, pokrita s staro odejo, ter sedi na postelji, ovija roke krog telesa: vsa je prezebla. Obležena je v raztrgano obleko, poleg postelje leže njeni slabi čevljički. V istem hipu, ko se zavesa dvigne, je čuti močan žvižg vetra zunaj.

OSEBE:

DEKLICA (od 10.—12. leta), oblečena siromašno, a čisto. Na nogah stare copate. Gologlava. Obleka lahka.

ZIMA (deklica od 10.—14. leta) zavita ali oblečena v belo, najboljše v belo suknjo z visokim ovratnikom. Na glavi bela kučma ali čepica. Na nogah dobro obuvalo, na katerem se lepi sneg. (Bombaž, prilepljen na čevlje.)

SOLČNI ŽARKI (otroci od 6. do 8. leta), oblečeni v belo, z rdečim pasom, ali—če so deklice—z rdečimi pentljami v laseh. Če mogoče, naj bo po obleki raztreseno več zlatih res. Solčnih žarkov je lahko od 4 do 10. Dvoje od njih naj bo lepše oblečenih. Ta dva govorita.

I. PRIZOR

Deklica (drhti od mraza, se ovija z rokami, potlej pogleda skozi okno, seže po nekem šalu ter se zavije vanj):

Uh, kako je mrzlo! Kje si topli zrak? Vse je tesno objeto v mrzli, hladni mrak. Vsepovsod je tema, temno je nebo . . . ne pojo nam ptice . . . vsepovsod pusto.

(Zapusti posteljo, gre preko sobe in gleda skozi priprta vrata ven.)

Nikjer ni mehke trave, nikjer ni rose nežne . . .

(Skoz vrata snežinke. Veter.)

Ni metuljev . . . mesto njih so burje snežne . . .

Strah me vso obhaja, ker vihar hrumi... ker me silno zebe . . . Srce mi zledeni!

(Močnejši žvižg vetra, ki nenadoma odpre vrata na stežaj in zapodi mnogo snega v sobo. V tem metežu stopi naglo v sobo ZIMA z ošabnim nastopom. Vsa je pokrita s snegom, zlasti še po nogah.)

II. PRIZOR

Deklica in Zima

Zima (obstoji, gleda s pretečim pogledom po sobi, a potem na deklico, ki se je prestrašena umaknila do postelje, od koder preko ramen gleda na Zimo):

Da, glej, tu sem! Zima se imenujem; z mrazom, ledom, snegom vedno k vam prihujem.

Burje me na svojih nosijo rokah, zdaj prišla sem semkaj, ničesar ni me strah!

Dekl.: Ti si torej zima, ti nam mraz deliš,

ti z ledeno burjo lica ledeniš.

Ti si torej zima, ki deliš temino,

ti nam torej kradeš solčno vso toplino?

Ti pokrivaš svet z ledenim pajčolanom,

a z odejo belo cesto in poljano.

S snegom si pokrila nam celo grmiče . . .

Kaj prihajaš semkaj, nikdo te ne kliče . . .

Zima: Hej, brbljavka mala, drzna si postala . . .

Čakaj, zatrepečeš, pa me boš spoznala . . .

(Mahne z rokami proti vratom in proti oknu, kakor da bi koga klicala.)

Hej, vetrovi hladni, razprostrite krila, naj spoznajo, kaj sem, kolikšna sem sila.

(Močan veter.)

Dekl.: Borbe se ti hoče, z mrazom mi pretiš,

groza me obhaja, kri mi zledeniš.

Zima.: Da, ledene burje in mrazove nosim,

da med reve, kot si ti, jih trosim.

Dekl.: Jaz ne maram zate, solnca bi želela.

Zima.: Solnčne žarke v temne oblake sem zajela.

Dekl.: Daj, preženi meglo, ki teži nam grudi,

ali pa vsaj sobo toplo nam ponudi.

Zima.: (se roga)

Ha, toplote nimam, ne poznam sirot.

Dekl.: (preteče)

Potlej ne pustim te nikdar več od tod.

Zima.: (prezirljivo, z zasmehom)

Ne oviraj me na poti, revna stvar, pomni: s sabo nosim mraz, vihar.

Dekl.: (bolj pogumno)

Komu nosiš, komu? Reci mi, povej!

Zima.: Misliš me ovirati na poti tej?

Dekl.: Ne, ne mislim tega več, samo povej!

Zima.: (ponosno, prezirljivo — ves čas zunaj veter)

Vsej bogati deci mnogo snega trosim, a zaradi mraza jim odeje nosim.

Radi me imajo, vedno me želijo.

Topli so jim čevlji, tople so jim roke, nikdar ne poznajo žalosti globoke.

Vesele se snega, sneg jim vsem je želja,

vesele se zime, polni so veselja,

vesele se mraza, radost jih preveva, in ledeni veter grudi jim ogreva.

Deklica (se čudi)

Vesele se zime, ktere megla šiva svod nebeški sinji s pusto tmo pokriva?

In pozdravljajo, kar vredno je prezira,

kar nam solnčne žarke brez srca zadržata.

O ljudje brezsrčni!

(Jezno.)

Srce se jim smeje radi mraza, ki še kamena ne greje.

Mraz in led in sneg jih z radostjo preveva,

mrka zima brez toplote jih razgreva!

To povej mi, kdo so ti ljudje,

da lahko se zime vesele?!

Zima.: (kakor prej, vihar zunaj se polagoma polega)

To ljudje so brez skrbi, bogati,

ni jim treba v takih bajtah stanovati.

Vi brez drv peči ne morete razgreti, a pri njih je toplo kakor vam poleti.

Deklica.: (ne more razumeti)

Dobro — a na polju, kaj jih tam ogreva?

Zima.: Saj obleka topla jih odeva . . .

Deklica.: Prav imaš, a glej, jaz sem sirota. (Pokaže nase)

Zima.: (skomigne z rameni, zasmehovalno)

Kdo pa vpraša zate, ti prismoda?

Deklica.: (nestrpno, uporno)

A kdo mara tebe, to povej, povej!

Zima.: Deca bogatašev — saj sem rekla prej.

A ljudje, ki jih trpinči mraz,

le v prevari najdejo za sebe spas.

Deklica.: (smelo in odločno)

A jaz, zima, nikdar s prevaro ne živim. —

Le nebeško solnce venomer častim

in pa solnčne žarke, ki nam jih pošilja z neba,

dajejo življenje nam in kar je treba.

Nočem tvojega snega — propadi!

Moje srce si želi samo Pomladi!

(Pogumno.)

Poberi se, sicer te bom izgnala!

Zima.: (še vedno malo prezirljivo)

O prismoda mala, drzna si postala.

Deklica.: (ponosna)

Solnčni žarki, na pomoč mi prihitite, in toplote, luči vsepovsod razlijte! . . .

(Žvižganja burje med zadnjim dvogovorom ni več slišati. Skozi vrata in okno je opaziti, da se je zunaj razsvetlilo. Ptice pojo, lahen vetrič odpre nenadoma okno in vrže skozenj nekaj zelenih drevesnih listov in cvetov. V istem času se začuje iz ozadja glas roga, kot bi javljal prihod nekoga. Zatem skočijo brzo skozi okno in skozi vrata Solnčni žarki — vesela deca, ki skače po sobi. Njihova rdečica, živo gibanje in živahnost pričajo o zdravju in sreči. Njihov vesel smeh prinaša veselost na oder. Deklica se čudi in je obenem srečna. Zima pa je vsa prestrašena. Drhti od strahu.)

III. PRIZOR

Deklica in Solnčni žarki

Eden solnčnih žarkov: (dekletce, lju-beznivo)

Zdravstvuj, prijateljica! Ugodimo radi! . . .

Nosimo Svetlobe, nosimo Pomladi.

Deklica: (veselo, vsa srečna, razširi ro-roke in ne ve, koga izmed žarkov bi prvega objela)

Zdravo mali bratje! Oh, kako lepo. . .

Moč se vame vrača, srce je krepko.

(Gleda žarke in skozi okno, kot bi koga še čakala)

Ali vas je mnogo? Pridejo še drugi? Dajte, da se bratsko porazveselimo, da z veseljem čistim v vesno pohitimo.

(Kakor da bi bila nekoga klicala skozi okno.—Med tem pa so Solnčni žarki počistili in uredili sobo. Pometajo, odpro vrata, prihajajo novi Solnčni žarki, veselo, razigrano.)

Deklica (gleda skozi okno)

Solnčni žarki moji, semkaj prihitite, čakamo vas željno, vsevprek se razlijte!

Prinesite vsem nam radosti, pomladi, naj ne bo jeseni, zima, ti propadi!

(Zima se je strahoma pritihotapila do vrat in smukne skozi.)

Srca nam ogrejte, grudi okrepite, zemljo zimske bede nam osvobodite.

Solnčni žarek:

Da! In ko odšli smo, solnce nam je reklo:

— Pojdite na zemljo, kjer je mnogo dece.

Srce ji krepite, jačajte telo, naj razsvetli znanje širono vso zemljo! Naj prežene ljudstvo vse laži sveta, naj na potu k cilju vse ovire potepta.

Deklica: (objeta od solnčnih žarkov.)

Vsi stopajo naprej, proti publiki.

Deklica govori:)

Pomnite nam bratje:

Silno še trpimo,

a bodočnost srečno si le priborimo!

Naj ogrevajo nam solnčni žarki grudi,

da bodočnost boljša deci se ponudi!

(Deklica in solnčni žarki zapoje:)

Bratje, le k solncu, k svobodi,

bratje, le k luči naprej!

Svetlo iz temne davnine

vzide bodočnost brez mej!

(Zastor pade.)

Priredil Stric Jože.

Mile Klopčič:

VELIKA MIŠ

(Kitajska narodna pešem)

Velika miš, največja od miši,
ne žri mi vendar prosa po hiši.

Tri leta že mi presedaš,
tri leta že me objedaš,
boš kmalu me še pogoltnila,
boš veliko zlo mi storila
in v tujo deželo spodila.
Jaz se bom kar preselila!

Velika miš, največja v hiši,
ne požri mi vsega v dvorišču in hiši!

Tri leta sem mački tožila,
a mačka je psu govorila.
tri leta že me podiš.
tri leta že me podiš.
Zato pa se v tujo deželo selim,
da velike miši se osvobodim.





Tine Kos: Delo.

Pomagajmo drug drugemu!

POTOVAL je nekoč nekdo po planinah. Pot se je iznenada zožila, preko poti pa je ležala velika stena, ki se je bila zrušila na pot ter jo zaprla. Potnik ni mogel ne na levo ne na desno, nazaj pa ni hotel.

Ko je potnik to spoznal, je poizkušal premakniti steno v stran, da bi lahko šel dalje. Dolgo se je mučil in trudil, a ves trud je bil zaman.

Ko je videl, da ne more ničesar storiti, se je usedel in govoril:

“Kaj bo z menoj, če me zateče noč v tem kraju, v samoti brez hrane in brez orožja, da bi se branil pred zvermi, ki bodo ponoči iskale plena zase?”

Ko je bil tako ves zamišljen, je prišel drugi potnik. Storil je isto kar je storil prvi potnik. A ko je videl, da ni pomoči, se je usedel in pobesil glavo.

Za njim so prišli še mnogi drugi, in nikomur izmed njih se ni posrečilo, odvaliti skalo. Vsi so bili v strahu. Nazadnje pa je po dolgem molku dejal nekdo izmed njih:

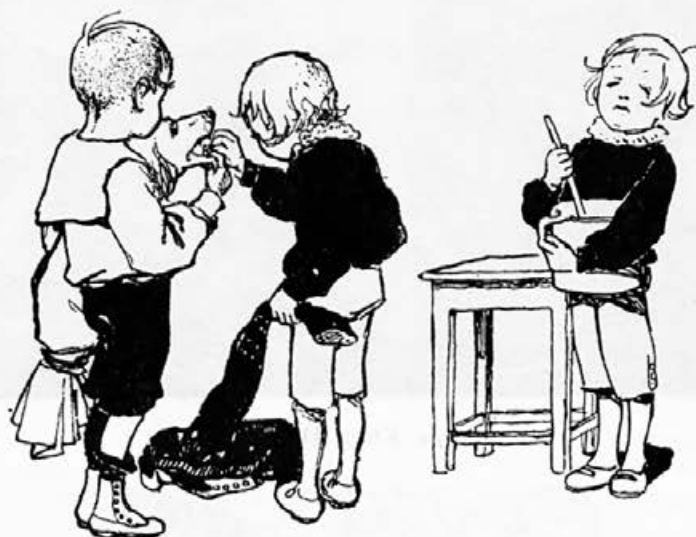
“Bratje, kar ne zmore nihče izmed nas, storimo lahko vsi skupaj z združenimi močmi. Poizkusimo!”

Vsi so se dvignili, uprli v skalo in jo odvalili. Vsi so lahko odšli dalje po poti, ovire ni bilo več. Sloga jo je odstranila.

Potnik je človek. Pot je življenje. Stena je ovira, kakor jih srečujemo ljudje v življenju na vsak korak. Zatorej: Potniki so ljudje, pot je življenje v skupnosti — družbi. Stena je skupno zlo.

Kako se bomo ljudje otresli vsega hudega, kar nas tepe?

Odgovorite sami, otroci!



ČEMU?

ČEMU živiš, trpin zemljan
 iz dneva v dan
 in upaš, sanjaš,
 nade kuješ zlate?
 Čemu molitve k nebu
 dan za dnem pošiljaš?
 Čemu pomoči čakaš od tam gori,
 ni domovina tvoja li tu doli?
 Kedo naj sliši glas molitve tvoje,
 v vesoljstvu širnem kdo naj ti pomore?
 Miljoni "lučic" res tam gor migljajo,
 a misliš li kedaj na njih daljavo?
 Čemu ne vprašaš, lahkovernež, se nikoli,
 kako molitve tvoje naj dospé tja gori?
 In če pomisliš, da so "lučke" te svetovi,
 enaki zemski domovini tvoji . . .
 In mnoge "lučke" mase so goreče,

orjaška solnca, v plinih plameneče!
 In slednja "lučic" teh, se suče v krog
 in trči z drugim se planet premnog . . .
 Skoz ves ta piš, skoz ta pogrom svetov,
 kako naj pride glas tvoj do bogov?
 Čemu tedaj, če to pomisliš, čakaš,
 čemu nad usodo svojo grenko plakaš?
 Tvoj Bog! Tvoj raj je tu na tem planetu,
 kaj mar so prošnje tvoje drugem svetu.
 Trpin nevedni! O nikar ne čakaj!
 Na delo pojdi! Nič več mi ne plakaj . . .
 Boga Svobode, Bratstva si ustvari!
 Tu, kjer živiš, nebesa si postavi!
 Čemu sanjariš o nebesih nad zvezdami,
 čemu ne ustvarimo, trpini, si nebes, na
 zemlji mi sami?! . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

NAŠA BABICA

POD težo let upognjena
 je bila naša babica.
 Imela palčico je drenovo,
 kadar kam na pot je šla.
 Ob palčici privezano
 pa belo potno culico.

Oj to smo se ozirali
 po znani poljski stezici,
 kdaj se prikaže babica
 in njena potna culica.
 Saj vedeli predobro smo,
 da Vigred jo privedla bo!

In ko smo jo ugledali
 na znani poljski stezici,
 tedaj spustili smo se v tek,
 veliki; mali kar vsi vprek.
 V hipu bili smo pri njej,
 na poljski stezi—kot vselej.

Pozdravila nas je lepo
 in sedla v hladno senčico.
 Mi pa posedli smo krog nje,
 misleč na imetje—culice.
 No, stara babica pač zna,
 s čim se vnukom prisladka—.

Odvezala je culico—
 oj, to vam bilo je lepo!
 Iz culice so gledali
 kolački vsi pocukrani . . .
 Ko vsak dobil enak je del,
 obraz je babičin žarel . . .

Pod senco drevja sadnega
 že dolgo sniva babica . . .
 A slednjo Vigred še sedaj
 se vrača k meni iz daljnih dalj
 spomin na našo babico
 in njeno potno culico . . .

Anna P. Krasna.



Ivan Jontez:

Neverni Jožek

(Dalje.)

“BODI no sitna,” jo je zdaj ustavil oče, nadaljujoč: “Čemu ga nazaj devlješ, mati? Ali ni boljše, če misli, da si ti njegova mati kot pa, da ga je štorclja prinesla od bogvekod?! Zakaj bi mu prikrivali resnico, posebno zdaj, ko jo je že sam uganil?!”

“Le kje je slišal to?” je še nadalje tarnala mati.

“Kje neki? Tam, kjer ga ni bilo nikoli, gotovo ne! Saj veš, da je soseda vedno hodila k nam vasovat in Jožek je najbrž slišal vajine pogovore, in ker ni neumen, je brž prišel do zaključka, da je tista o štorclji bosa. Veš, mati, takile možički so včasih bolj pametni kot izgledajo in imajo vedno odprta ušesa. Jožek pa še posebno. Njemu ne prikriješ ničesar! Bolj brihten je kot marsikateri odraščeni možak. In kako dobro ve, kaj je prav in kaj ni prav! O, mati, Jožek nama ne bo delal sivih las! Je predobrega srca in preveč nagnjen k dobremu. Če pa ne verjame takih stori, kot je na primer tista o štorclji, ali o Miklavžu, pa to nič ne škodi. Tudi kar se tiče Miklavža, je boljše, da ve, da so darovi od naju, kot pa da misli, da jih je prinesel nekak sivobrati Miklavž! Ali misliš, da nama ni za to hvaležen? In tudi bolj rad naju bo imel, če bo vedel, da sva midva tisti Miklavž, ki ga je obdaril za njegovo pridnost in ljubezen do starišev!”

“Zakaj pa potem drugi ljudje ne puste vedeti take stvari svojim otrokom?” se je mati upirala že skoro premagana.

“Zato, ker so neumni!” je odgovoril oče Potokar ter počasnih korakov odšel proti hlevu. Spotoma pa se je ustavil; zagledal je namreč Jožka, ki je takoj, ko sta se on in mati jela pregovarjati, stopil za sosedovo Anico ter se zdaj igral z njo. V očetovih očeh sta se zrcalila ljubezen in ponos hkrati, in obrnivši se k meni, je zadovoljno dejal:

“Priden otrok in brihtne glave, ne res, Miha?”

“Res je tako, oče,” sem mu potrdil v njegovo veliko zadovoljnost.

Z sosedovo Anico sta si bila velika prijateljca. Vedno sta tičala skupaj ter se igrala in se po svoje zabavala. Anica je bila sicer precej sitna in marsikrat bi se bila otroka sporekla, če bi Jožek ne bil pametnejši od nje. Tako pa je rajši popustil — če bi Anica rekla, da je črno belo in obratno, bi ji bil dal prav, že zaradi ljubelega miru. Zakaj Jožek ni ljubil prepiranja.

Nekoč, ko sem v drvarnici cepil drva, je Jožek prišel k meni ter mi zaupal, da ima Anico zelo rad, navzlic njeni sitnosti in drugim napakam.

“Ko bom velik, kakor si ti, Miha, se bom oženil z njo,” je izjavil na moč resno.

Zasmejal sem se.

“Kdaj pa si se domislil na to?” sem poizvedoval.

“O, že lani,” je zatrjeval. “Mami in ateku sem tudi povedal in sta se mi zelo smejala. Rekla pa nista nič. Anici sem tudi povedal in ji je bilo všeč. Ona je res včasih precej sitna in tudi malo trmasta, pa ko bo večja, se gotovo poboljša. Saj zdaj je še otrok, zato ji ni zameriti, če je malo sitna in trmasta. Veš, Miha, z otroci je res križ in težava, kot pravi sosedova mama.”

Presenečen sem se ozrl na malega možička, ki je modroval kot kak odraščeni človek, dasiravno še ni bil pet let star.

“Ti si pa preveč pameten za svoja leta,” mi je nehote ušlo z jezika.

“Človek ni nikoli preveč pameten,” mi je Jožek odgovoril smehljaje, nato pa je stekel proti hiši, ker mati ga je baš klicala k malici.

Jaz pa sem jel razbijati bukove kladce, v mislih občudujoč Jožkovo bistro-

umnost ter se pri tem zagotavljal, da bo Jožek nekega dne še učen gospod, nemara celo minister.

Ko je Jožek dopolnil šesto leto svoje starosti, je začel pohajati domačo ljudsko šolo. Brihten kot je bil se je hitro in z lahkoto učil ter je bil vedno med prvimi v razredu. Učil se je rad, edino s krščanskim naukom se nista razumela. Zgodbe iz svetega pisma so se mu zdele vse premalo verjetne, da bi bil mogel verjeti.

Bilo je proti koncu drugega šolskega leta. Nekega dne je Jožek prišel iz šole naravnost k meni, ko sem baš pokladal živini krmo ter mi začel pripovedovati:

“Veš, Miha, kaj so nam pripovedovali danes gospod župnik? O vesoljnem potopu. Ali se mi je zdelo neumno. Baš oni dan so gospod učitelj pripovedovali koliko tisoč in tisoč različnih živali je na svetu, zato sem si mislil, da je bila Noetova barka, kakršno nam je predočil gospod župnik, trikrat ali pa še večkrat premajhna, da bi mogla sprejeti vase po dve od vsake vrste živali. Potem pa pride še morska voda, ki je slana; če bi res voda pokrila vso zemeljsko površino, kot to slikajo v zgodbi o vesoljnem potopu, tedaj bi bila vsa ta voda slana in nepitna ter bi Noe in vse živali morale poginiti od žeje. Kajti še od današnjih ladij, proti katerim je bila Noetova barka igrača, bi nobena ne mogla vzeti s seboj dovolj pitne vode za toliko živali, da bi zadoščevalo za en sam mesec. Noetova barka pa je bila na vodi skoro leto dni, pravijo! Oh, jaz jim že ne verjamem. To je vse skup ena velika laž. Kakor tista o angeljcih, o nebesih, hudobcih, peklu in Miklavžu. To vse so si gospodje izmislili, da nas strašijo. Ampak mene ne bodo, ker jim prav nič ne verjamem!”

Umolknil je ter se s ponosom v očeh ozrl v mene, kot bi hotel reči, češ, ali nimam prav.

Jaz sem bil na moč presenečen. Takle fantek, pa toliko ve! Pametnejši je od mnogih odrastlih ljudi, ki slepo verjamejo take in podobne izmišljotine, ne da bi razmišljali, če je kaj takega sploh mogoče, kot dela ta otrok!

“Ti pa res mnogo veš, Jožek,” sem se mu na glas čudil, “in če boš še nadalje tako napredoval, potem boš nekega dne učen gospod.”

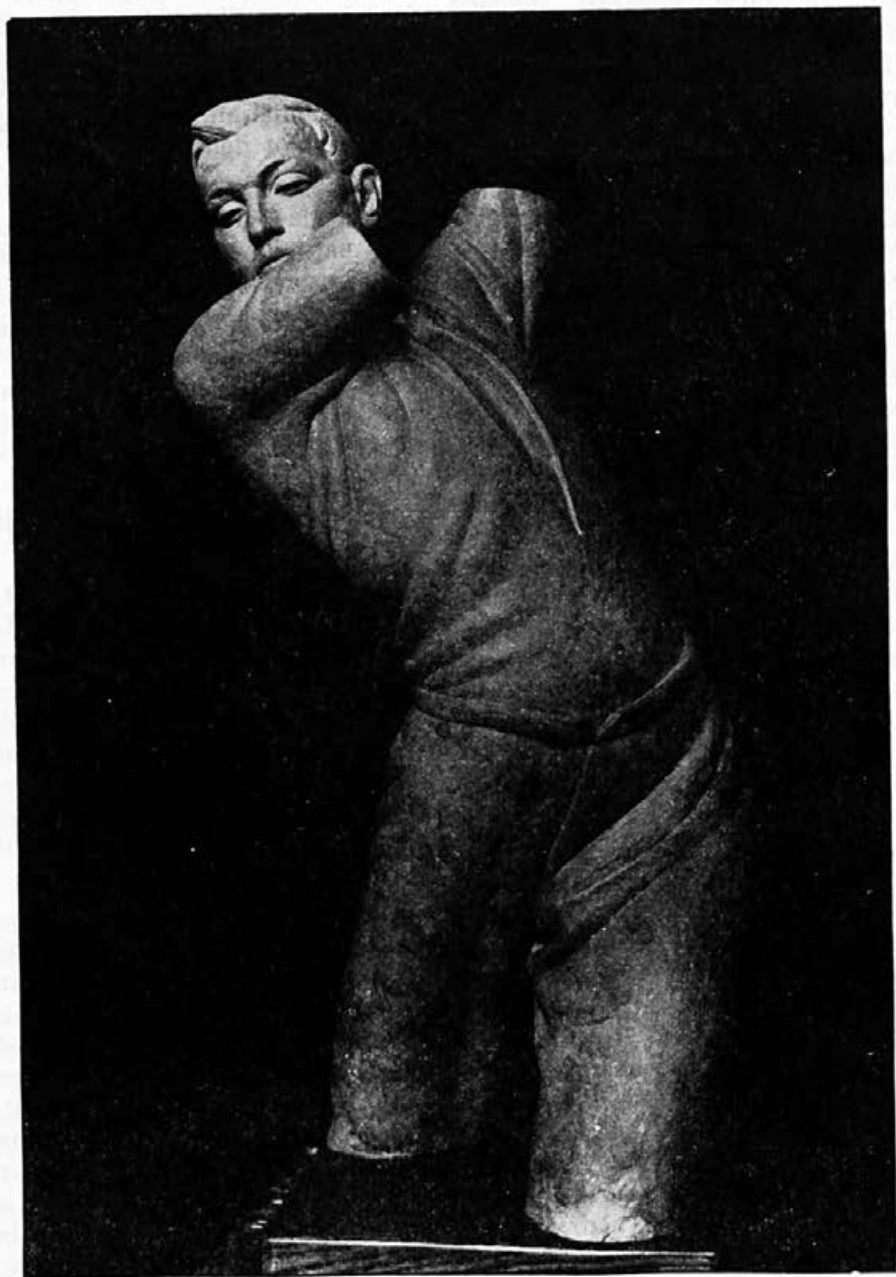
“Kadar bom velik, bom učitelj, Miha,” je dejal malček, češ, da je to najlepši poklic ter pristavil, da on ne bo učil laži kot to delajo mnogi drugi učitelji.

Tri leta pozneje sva se ločila. Jožek je šel v Ljubljano v višje šole, jaz pa v Ameriko.

Od takrat je minulo deset let. Jožek je v tem času postal to, kar je želel postati še kot otrok: učitelj. Njegov glavni delokrog pa ni šola za malčke, katerim ne sme odkrito povedati resnice, za kar gre hvala današnjemu družabnemu redu, ki tolerira laž in hinavščino, temveč zunaj šole, kjer zbira okrog sebe odraslo mladino in može ter jih uči spoznavati resnico in sovražiti laž.

In njegovo delo je že obrodilo prve sadove. Mnogi ljudje, ki so se preje klanjali raznim izmišljenim božanstvom ter trepetali od strahu pred njimi in njihovimi služabniki, so izpregledali, za kar gre hvala mojemu nekdanjemu prijatelju Jožku, ki jim je pokazal pot k solncu resnice. In učenci so svojemu učitelju tudi hvaležni, ker jih je rešil iz temnih globin laži in nevede, v katerih so ždeli preje; in hvaležni mu bodo še pozni potomci njegovih učencev in učenk. (Konec.)





Tine Kos: Mlatič.

Katka Zupančič:

Leni Mihec

(Nadaljevanje)

V RANA se pajdaši z vranami. Tako si je i Mihec o prostih večerih poiskal pajdašijo svoje vrste. Vendar se je kmalu izkazalo, da je sličil svojim tovarišem le v toliko, kolikor se tiče mržnje do dela, v ostalem pa je bil še nepokvarjen. Izprijenci so takoj spoznali, da bo treba Mihcu še posebne šole, predno se bo izvežbal za to ali ono panogo njihove capinske obrti. Čeprav se jim je zdel nekoliko le preneroden in zaspan, vendar so gojili upanje, da ga sčasoma usposobijo za svoje orodje; njegovo neizkušenost bodo znali že obrniti sebi v korist. In če si bo spočetka tuintam, kar je bilo pričakovati, opekeli prste, ko bo posezal za nje v žrjavico po kostanj in prišel znabiti še pod ključ, ga bo to le bolj zmodrilo, da bo znaprej previdnejši in spretnejši. Sebi bodo že zavarovali hrbet, saj imajo že izkušnje v tem. Tako so se za časa Mihčeve odsotnosti pogovorili in se dogovorili, da mu na noben način zaenkrat ne dovolijo natančnejega vpogleda v njih delovanje in nakane; le toliko, kolikor je skrajno potrebno in nič več. Kaj in kako bo Mihec občutil, ko se bo nekega dne nenadno znašel na krivi poti in prišel v roke pravice, to le-tem izvržkom seveda ni moglo biti mar. Saj je večina teh že sedela pred sodnikom in se seznanila z notranjostjo ječ. Skoraj na vseh pa je sumljivo vprašujoče počivalo oko postave, kjerkoli so mu prišli na vidik.

Mihcu je bilo, se razume, vse to neznano in vkljub Dolginu, ki jim je bil kolovodja — kar je Mihcu tudi ostalo skrito —, je rad zahajal v njihovo družbo. Dolgina pa zato ni maral, ker so ga njegove sivozelene oči vedno napravile nekam nesigurnega, da ne rečemo boječega, kadarkoli je pogledal vanje. Nekaj čisto posebnega so se mu

zdeli ti novi tovariši, le tega si ni znal obrazložiti, zakaj da se tako radi izogibljujejo ljudi in javnih prostorov ter se potikajo najrajši po kakih brlogih. Sploh se mu je zdelo vse nekako skrivnostno in ga je menda prav radi tega le še bolj vleklo k njim.

Pa se je nekega večera zasukal pogovor na prisilno delavnico. Povedal je Mihec, kako mu jo je oče naslikal kot strašilo ter ga s tem plašil in oplasil. Smejali so se mu.

“Da le moreš biti tako naiven,” so mu dejali, “seveda obstojajo prisilne delavnice, toda ne za tako brihtne glave, ko smo mi!”

“Hm, s čim se pa živite, ko pravite, da ne delate?” jih je zvedavo vprašal.

“S čim?” se je hripavo smeje oglašil Dolgin, “če nimam, — vzamem!”

“Uh, te oči!” se je naskrivaj razburil Mihec, “še ta njegov grozni smeh bi lažje prenesel, čeprav kaže zraven zob še dlesni, kar me vselej spominja na pasje rezanje!” Toda ker ga je stvar čez vse zanimala, se je opogumil in povesivši glavo, je vprl svoj pogled v Dolginova pajčje dolga bedra pa poizvedoval dalje:

“Pa kje vzamete?”

“I, tam kjer je!” je se iz splošnega krohota zaslišal Dolginov hrapavi a vseeno močni glas.

“Praviš, da si vposlen v trgovini,” ga je izkušal poučiti Jera — človek skoro žensko mehkega obraza, ki je zbog svojega nedolžnega videza že mnogokrat potegnil varnostne organe za nos in imel na vesti nešteto lumparij — “ali nisi še nikoli videl denarja? Vidiš in za denar se dobi vse. Nihče ne vpraša, če je prislužen ali ukraden” in naredil je občeznano kretnjo, ki pomeni izmikanje.

“Ja, ko se pa bojim” — je ušlo Mihcu. Drugi pa ponovno v krohót.

“Pa delaj, če ti je to ljubše!” so dejali.

“Zelen ko kreš!” je zmajal z glavo Trn.

“Dovolj za danes! Naj prebavi zaenkrat to, kar je slišal. Pozneje nam lahko koristi, a spočetka bi nam znal biti le v škodo,” je odločil Dolgin.

“Takole, Cvet, zdaj pojdi in na svidenje!” in Mihec je bil na cesti.

Radi varnosti so se izogibali svojih pravih imen in priimkov ter se klicali po pridevkih. Mihec ni bil zanje Mihec, niti Rebernik ne, ampak Cvet. Le to ime se ga je na prvi mah oprijelo najbrž zbog njegovega svežega obraza, s katerega se je še zrcalilo podeželsko solnce. Možno je pa tudi, da je imelo kako drugo osnovo. Dolgin je dobil svoj pridevek radi dolgih nog; Trn radi kratkih a tem ostrejših besed; Jera radi navidezno milega značaja; Šapa radi izvanredno velikih pa tudi močnih rok; Luks (iz luksus) pa radi tega, ker je bil sin zelo imovitih staršev. Temu zadnjemu pač ne bi bilo potreba tega potepuškega življenja, ker bi bil lahko pasel lenobo doma in sile mu tudi ni bilo nobene, saj je njegov oče kot to-

varnar dovolj stiskal in gulil delavstvo in si nagraabil ogromne vsote, toda njemu se je vprav zahotelo tolovajstva in tako se je družil z njimi. V slabih časih, ko niti zanje ni bilo “dela”, jim je bil on, Luks, v veliko dobro. Hodil je namreč domov v “posete” in prinašal, kar se je prejelo njegovih dolgih prstov. Nekoč je pridiral na očetovem avtomobilu, naložil tovariša Jero, pa sta oddirjala v oddaljeno mesto, kjer sta vozilo spravila v denar. Toda avtomobili niso jabolka in tako so jima kmalu prišli na sled. Jera se je izsvetohlinil, Luks pa je imel bogatega očeta in vsled očetove maže je pravica zopet enkrat posegla po robcu in si zavezala oči . . .

Pa da ne zaidemo i mi na stranpota, se podajmo rajši k Mihcu, ki si je medtem že poiskal svoje ležišče. Navadno se ga je kaj hitro polotil spanec, danes pa se mu je izumikal. Nikdar poprej se ni Mihec udajal premišljevanju, ta večer je začel misliti. Okoli tovarišev so se pletle njegove misli. Spoznal je, da so mu nevarni, pa se jih je zbal. Končno je sklenil, da pojde še k njim, saj menda vendar niso tako strašni, kakor se kažejo in morda so govorili tako iz zgolj norčije. Počasi je zadremal in zaspal. (Dalje.)



Moji spomini

Po Nov. R. Petroviću.

Mladina! Človek, ki je napisal sledeče kratke spomine iz svoje mladosti, je zdaj že odrasel človek. Petrovič se piše. Tudi on je bil nekoč otrok, majhen pritlikavček, kakršni ste vi. In ni živel prazne življenje, mislil je mnogo, mislil pač kakor mislijo otroci. In zdaj, ko je velik in pozna svet in ljudi, je napisal, kako je mislil, ko je bil še pritlikavček, takrat, ko je oblekel svoje prve hlačke. V kratkih povesticah vam bo povedal svoje doživljaje.

Tudi vi imate svoje misli. Berite te zgodbe in mogoče vam bodo dale pogum, da boste tudi vi kaj napisali.

I.

Ko mi je bilo šest let . . .

Povedal vam bom, kako sem mislil o svetu in o ljudeh, ko sem imel 6 let. A vi se mi nikar ne smejte! Niti veliki ljudje ne znajo vsega, a kaj sem mogel znati jaz kot majhen otrok?

Želel sem, da bi vedel mnogo mnogo. Vsak otrok bi rad vedel čim več. Izpraševal sem očeta, a največkrat mamico, o mnogih vidnih in nevidnih stvareh. Pogosto pa me niti poslušati niso marali. Mogoče je bilo tudi čisto odveč, da bi me poslušali. Oče in mama sta imela vedno toliko dela, a jaz sem imel vedno kopico vprašanj. Zato so rajši delali svoje, namestu da bi odgovarjali na moja vprašanja.

Samo včasih me je mama poljubila in kratko odgovorila na moje vprašanje.

Ko sem videl zahajati sonce, sem vprašal mamo:

“Kam je odšlo sonce?”

“Spat,” mi je odgovorila mama.

Jaz sem ji popolnoma verjel. Mislil sem pač, da gredo zvečer vse stvari spat kakor ljudje in otroci.

Grmenja sem se silno bal. Vprašal sem mamo: “Kaj je to? Kdo vali kamenje po nebu?”

“Bog se krega, sinko!” mi je odgovorila.

“A koga krega?” sem jo vprašal.

“Majhne otroke, ki ne ubogajo očeta ne matere,” je dejala mama.

Tudi to sem popolnoma verjel. Tudi oče je mnogo kričal, kadar se je razjezil. Pa sem mislil, da tudi bog kriči, kadar se razjezi, prav kakor moj oče.

Često, kadar je grmel, sem oprezoval skozi vrata, kje bi videl boga. A nikoli ga nisem zagledal. Jaz bi ga bil pa tako silno rad videl. Ta želja me je silila, da sem vprašal mamo:

“Kje je bog? Rad bi ga videl.”

A mama se je nasmehnila in dejala:

“Bog je na nebesih, sinko moj, visoko je in ne moreš ga videti.”

Temu se nisem čudil. Tudi jaz sem si bil mislil tako. Kje bi naj bil bog, če ne na nebesih? Tudi jaz sem prav tako želel, da se povzpnem visoko. A jaz bi hotel, da bi me otroci videli na tej višini.

II.

Kako sem sam premišljeval . . .

Največkrat sem sam premišljeval. Zakaj starši so mi odgovarjali kratko, ter se nisem mogel naučiti vsega od njih. Nekateri odgovori pa mi tudi niso ugajali; imel sem drugačno, svoje mišljenje o mnogih stvareh.

Tudi sem bil ponosen, da imam o mnogih stvareh svoje lastno mišljenje.

A redkokdaj sem komu razlagal svoje mišljenje. Prvič, nisem ga znal lepo povedati in razložiti; otroci v svojem šestem letu težko povedo, kar mislijo. Nekoliko pa so bili krivi tudi starejši: ti namreč zelo slabo razumejo otrokove besede.

Še radi nečesa nisem razlagal svojih misli. Če sem kaj dejal, so se mi starejši smejali. Čudil sem se, čemu neki se mi smejejo. Njihov smeh me ni nikoli prepričal, da mislim napačno. Nasprotno, jaz sem se silno čudil, kako to, da ne morejo razumeti mojih misli.

Zato sem sam zase premišljeval, sam sebe izpraševal in sam sebi odgovarjal.

III.

Svete zgodbe.

Rajši kot vse drugo sem poslušal svete zgodbe. Te zgodbe so bile zame pravi, resnični svet, a ti ljudje krog mene in stvari so se mi zdele kakor sanje.

Pripovedovali so mi o bogu, o prerokih, o apostolih, o Kristusu, o Jožefu. Zdelo se mi je, da je ves svet poln teh svetnikov. Verjel sem, da hodi Kristus od hiše do hiše in odpira oči slepcem, zdravi bolnike in obuja mrtve iz grobov.

Ko sem nekega dne videl slepca prosit od hiše do hiše, sem si mislil: Bržkone se ta-le slepec še ni srečal s Kristusom. Če bi se bil srečal z njim, bi danes že gledal in ne bi prosil od hiše do hiše.

Ko je umrl pri sosedovih otrok in je njegova mama zelo jokala, sem se čudil, kako da ne gredo sporočit o tem Kristusu, da bi prišel in obudil otroku življenje, kakor ga je bil Lazarju, Martinemu bratu.

Niti malo si nisem mogel misliti, da dandanes Kristus ne odpira oči slepcem, ne zdravi bolnikov in ne obuja mrtvih iz grobov. Če bi, bi mu bili ljudje zelo hvaležni za vse dobrote.

Še bolj sem se čudil, da nisem srečal niti enega teh svetnikov. Bržkone so nekje na koncu sveta.

IV.

Kako je z zemljo?

Zemljo sem si predstavljal kakor kolobar krog naše vasi. Lahko se smejete temu mojemu naziranju. Jaz pa vam rečem, da je dandanes mnogo celo odraslih ljudi, ki mislijo, da je zemlja podobna kolobarju.

Jaz sem prišel do tega naziranja po izkušnjah in opazovanju. Če sem se

ozrl naokrog, sem videl krog, kjer se zemlja dotika neba. Ta krog je bil po mojem mišljenju meja zemlje in konec sveta.

No — nekega dne je prišel nekdo k očetu in začel pripovedovati o svojih daljnih potovanjih. Ljudje tako radi pripovedujejo o sebi, zlasti še, če jih kdo posluša. Pripovedoval je, kako je romal celo v Ameriko. Takrat smo prvič slišali o Ameriki. Vsaj jaz do takrat nisem poznal te dežele niti po imenu. Pripovedoval je o Ameriki, kjer se dobro živi, če krvavo delaš. Pomnim še, da je že takrat oče sklenil, da pojdemo v Ameriko. A pretekla so leta, predno smo šli. Zdaj smo še vedno tu, oče trdo dela in kedar se vrača z dela, mu hitim naproti.

A to, o čemur pripovedujem, je bilo še doma. Tujec je pripovedoval, kako se je iz Amerike vozil dni in noči, predno je došel na to stran. Potem je moral v vojno.

Iz pripovedovanja tega človeka sem spoznal, da je svet mnogo večji, kakor pa sem bil do tedaj mislil jaz. Meje sveta, kakor sem jih bil jaz postavil, so bile meje le za moje oko. O tem sem se nekega dne sam prepričal.

Šel sem nekega dne z očetom na goro, kjer je bila do tedaj moja meja in kjer sem mislil, da se nebo naslanja na zemljo. Z gore sem videl nove vasi, reko z veliko dolino, a tam v daljavi se je po razgibanih bregovih spet naslanjalo nebo na zemljo. Moje meje sveta so se razširile do daljav, ki sem jih bil s svojim pogledom dosegel, do tistih razgibanih bregov, kjer se nebo naslanja na zemljo.

Tedaj pa sem pričel premišljati kakor učeni ljudje. In verjel sem: če bi odšel do onih razgibanih bregov, bi videl spet nove kraje, nove doline, nove reke, a za njimi spet nove bregove, nove planine. A moje noge so bile prešibke, da bi mogel tako daleč.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



Dragi urednik!

Spet se želim oglasiti v Mladinskem listu.

Decemberska številka se je še precej zakasnila, upam, da bo januaraska bolj hitra. Prečitala sem Chatter Corner in Naš koticček, pa sem si mislila, da so se res vsi slovenski dopisi podvojili, angleških pa je bilo toliko, da bi jih kmalu ne mogla prešteti.

Iz tega sklepam, da se mladi bratci in sestrice zelo zanimajo za Mladinski list. Tako je prav, mladi čitatelji. Le veselo vsi na delo! Ker se bomo v mladosti naučili, nam bo koristilo ko dorastemo. Če se človek več nauči, tudi več zna. Le vsi na plan in na delo v letu 1930!

Iskreno pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice in tudi urednika Mladinskega lista!

Mary Matos, Blaine, O., Box 181.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

V decemberski številki Mladinskega lista sem opazil kar 16 slovenskih dopisov. To je res prav lepo od naših dopisovalcev, da se tako zanimajo za list. Ampak velika večina je angleških dopisov, in to celih 52. Izgleda, če bo tako šlo naprej, da bo M. L. kmalu premajhen.

Le tako naprej, bratci in sestrice! Jaz mislim, da bom ostal reden dopisovalec v letu 1930.

Da bom tudi jaz v vaših vrstah, moji starši vedno pravijo: "Janez, piši dopise v Mladinski list." Toda meni se zdi to težko, ker v šoli se učimo 7 ur na dan, potem pa sledi doma domača naloga. Vedno nam dajo velike naloge, da se moramo zmiraj učiti. Potem pa pravi mama: "Janezek, si napisal dopis?"

V šoli sem v šestem razredu A. Meni se najbolj dopade zgodovina in slikanje. Naj vam povem, kako je bilo nekega dne v šoli: Ko se je nahajal v Ameriki Ramsay MacDonald, je naša učiteljica pravila o njem, da kako je dober za delavce itd., in je dostavila, da je republikanec. Meni se ni zdelo prav,

pa sem se oglasil. Ona je zarudela, pa je vseeno rekla: "Dovolj dobro, John. Ti imaš prav."

Pozdrav vsem dopisnikom in čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi Vam urednik!

Janez Janezov, sin Fradelov, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Odkar je začel Mladinski list izhajati, sem se naučila slovensko brati in pisati. Sedaj sem stara 13 let.

Večkrat sem videla mojo mamico smehljati se ko je čitala M. L. Pa sem bila radovedna, kaj neki je tako zanimivo v njem. Mama je odvrnila, da se moram naučiti brati slovensko, pa bom vedela, kaj je v Mladinskem listu. Od takrat naprej se učim in sem se že naučila pisati in brati slovensko. Za to pa se moram zahvaliti Mladinskemu listu, pa tudi mojemu atetu, kajti vsi se moramo doma učiti slovensko, v govorici še posebno.

V naši družini smo tri sestre in trije bratje ter ata in mama, pa vsi spadamo k SNPJ. Zelo rada bi videla, da priobčite moje pismo ali dopis v januarski številki, da ga bodo tudi drugi videli in čitali ter da se bodo zanimali za Mladinski list in jednoto še bolj kot se. Če je kaj nepravilnega, prosim, da mi popravite.

Sedaj pa bom povedala mojim bratcem in sestricam eno uganko. Kdor jo reši, bo dobil škatljico svinčnikov. Uganka: Kateri kongres ima največji klobuk?

Frances Batista, Box 126, Strabane, Pa.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo časa nisem pisala v Mladinski list, ampak čitala pa sem ga vsaki mesec v prošlem letu. Kakor izgleda, bo kmalu moral izhajati dvakrat na mesec, kajti vedno več dopisov je v njem, tako angleških kot slovenskih.

Drugič kaj več. Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Dorothy Rossa, 995 E. 141 st., Cleveland, O.

Dragi urednik!

Tu vam pošiljam moj prvi mali dopis. Ne znam še dobro slovensko brati in tudi ne pisati. Ko prinese pismonoša Mladinski list, mi ne pusti moja mama, da bi čitala angleški del, ampak slovenski. Jaz rada čitam slovensko.

Sedaj sem stara 11 let in sem v osmem razredu. Rada bi videla, da bi M. L. prihajal vsaj dvakrat na mesec. S tem končam moj dopis, pa bom prihodnjič kaj več napisala, ko bom več znala.

Srečno in veselo novo leto vsem bratcem in sestricam SNPJ!

Fanny Boston, Box 63, Homer Sity, Pa.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da se oglasim v nam priljubljenem mesečniku v Mladinskem listu. Mislim, da vas s tem ne bom preveč nadlegovala. Ker sem Vam že poslala eno pesmico za Mladinski list, upam, da mi boste tudi ta kratek dopis priobčili.

Tukaj imamo zelo lepo vreme (tako je bilo v novembru) in zgleđa, da nas letos ne obišče starka zima. Dobro bi bilo, da bi se nič pri nas ne ustavila. Le za nas otroke bi bilo slabo, ker bi se ne mogli drsati.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista, vam dragi urednik pa želim vesele praznike in srečno novo leto!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Z veseljem sem se pripravila, da napišem par vrstic v naš priljubljeni Mladinski list. V prošlem letu smo vse premalo pisali. Zato pa glejmo vsi, kateri smo zaostali, da bomo v tem letu bolj pridni.

Kaj bi bilo, ako bi ne imeli tukaj društva SNPJ? Kdo bi nam delal veselje? Naše društvo št. 344 nam večkrat priredi kakšno zabavo, pa naj bo poleti ali pozimi. Za dne 22. decembra smo bili vabljeni vsi, starši in mladina, pripadajoči k Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti v Sheboyganu, da se smo skupaj razveselili v prostorih rojaka Fludernika. Poslali so nam živega Miklavža, ki nas je obdaril z vsem dobrim. Razume se, da ne verjamemo v drugega Miklavža kot v našo dobro mater SNPJ in v ata pa mamó. Miklavž je samo misel.

Kličem vsem bratcem in sestricam, da bi v tem letu bolj pridno dopisovali v Mladinski list in želim, da bi izhajal vsak teden.

Mesečnik Mladinski list je zelo pripraven, da se lahko hrani vse številke. Jaz hranim že tri letnike, in zvečer, ko nimamo kaj delati, pa vsi čitamo Mladinski list.

H koncu tega dopisa in ob nastopu novega leta 1930 pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista! Vam, urednik, pa se iskreno zahva-

lim za vse, kar ste nam pomagali pri dopisih. Obljubljam, da bom prihodnjič boljše pisala.

Anna Lonchar,

607 N. Water street, Sheboygan, Wis.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila napisati par vrstic v Mladinski list. V tem pismu vam prilagam sliko "Thiller" v Chippewa Lake parku v Madini, O.

Ker rada pojem slovenske pesmi z mojo mamó, vam pošiljam v priobčitev te-le prijazne kitice:

I.

Kaj ne bila bi vesela,
svojih pomladanskih dni,
kaj bi pesmice ne pela;
enkrat le mladost živi.

II.

Sladke ure mi tečejo,
žalosti jaz ne poznam;
kalne misli iz glave vrejo,
kadar glas od sebe dam.

III.

Kaj ne bila bi vesela,
svojih pomladanskih dni,
kaj bi pesmice ne pela;
enkrat le mladost živi.

IV.

In kdor srečo vedno išče,
v daljnih krajih prek morja,
solze iz oči si briše
tam kjer sreča ni doma.

V.

In zato bom prepevala,
sreča meni le živi.
Kje drugje bi jo iskala,
kjer nikjer je najti ni.

VI.

Kaj ne bila bi vesela,
svojih pomladanskih dni,
kaj bi pesmice ne pela;
enkrat le mladost živi.

Iskren pozdrav uredniku in vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista ter obilo sreče in zdravja v novem letu!

Josephine Sintich,

956 E. 141 st., Cleveland, O.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se tudi jaz napisati dopis v Mladinski list, ker ga zelo rada čitam. Ker že znam čitati angleško, se sedaj pridno učim slovensko. Pri tem mi pomagajo moja mama in sestra. K mojemu pričetku Vam pošiljam malo pesmico, ki se imenuje "Materi."

I.

Ob večerih jasnih
rada gledam v nebo,
ker mi srce z vzdihom
govori tako.

II.

Kje so časi zlati
ko sem dete bila
in v naročju, mati,

III.

Ko poljubovala
mene si srčno
in mi šepetala
tiho na uho:

IV.

Jelenčka, pridna bodi,
ubogaj vedno rada,
da te sreča bo vodila
v krog najlepših nad.

V.

In nato obljubila
materi sem vse,
sem gorko jo poljubila
in pristavila sem še:

VI.

Tam na nebu, mati,
oh, tam je vse lepo.
Zdaj ne moram spati,
zvezde name zro.

Ob nastopu novega leta želim vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista obilo sreče in zdravja pa mnogo veselja!

Dorothy Vrtovec, Canton, Ohio.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Prosim Vas, cenjeni urednik, da mi priobčite te-le vrstice v "Naš kotiček." To je pesmica o predrznem zajčku.

ZAJEC

Zajec je hodil v zeljnik na zelje,
ni se bal praznika niti nedelje.
Kmetič ga nekda v zelju ugleda,
ravno ko mlado glavo objeda.
Hudega noče mu zdaj storiti,
le ga pokara: več ne hoditi!

Zajec ne sluša tega svarila,
škoda tem večja zmerom je bila.
Kmetič ga v zeljniku nekoč počaka,
zajec predrzno v zeljnik priskaka.
Poči zdaj puška, zajec naš pade,
ker ni opustil grešne navade.

Vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista želim obilo sreče in zdravja na koše ob pričetku novega leta 1930!

Stella Slabe, Box 43, Coverdale, Pa.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za Mladinski list. Slovensko znam malo pisati. Sedaj me mama uči. Dne 1. januarja je bil moj rojstni dan. Rojen sem bil leta 1918 v Kittaningu, Pa. Član sem društva št. 540 v mladinskem oddel-

ku v Elizabethu, N. J., odkar sem bil star eno leto.

Od mame sem se naučil to-le slovensko pesem:

Kje so moje rožice,
pisane in bele,
mojega srca ljubice,
žlahtno so cvetele.
A pomlad je šla od nas,
vzela jih je zima, mraz.

Lepo pozdravljam vse otroke, ki čitajo M. L. in jim voščim srečno novo leto!

Joe Pasarich.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Pošiljam Vam slovensko pesmico, ki me jo je naučila moja mama:

Sem slovenska deklica,
Mary mi je ime.
Sem obraza bistrega,
žlahtno imam srce.

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo in me veseli, da znam vsaj malo slovensko pisati. Pošiljam vam sliki mojih dveh bratov in svojo, da jih priobčite v Mladinskem listu.

Mary Pasarich,

710 McKinley st., Elizabeth, N. J.



The above comic sketch was drawn by Helen Ciganich, member of Lodge Pioneer No. 559 of Chicago. Helen is 14 years old and in Farragut Jr. High-school, first year.

Dragi urednik!

Pošiljam Vam moj prvi dopis v slovenskem jeziku in kratko pesmico:

*Otrok živim v veselju,
šaljivo se igram.
Vse gre po moji želji,
ker v srcu mir imam.*

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem M. L.!

John Pasarich.

* * *

Joe Pasarich,
član mladinskega
oddelka, ki je po-
slal svoje prvo
slovensko pismo.



Mary Pasarich,
njegova sestra, ki
ima tudi prvi slo-
venski prispevek v
tej številki.

John Pasarich,
ki pravi, da je o-
trok in da živi v
veselju, je mlajši
bratce prvih dveh.



Dragi urednik!

Zopet želim pisati v Mladinski list. Predvsem pozdravljam v novem letu Vas urednik, ker me zelo veseli, da ste tako lepo napisali o meni. Pozdravljam v tem novem letu tudi vse mlade čitatelje in čitateljice našega priljubljenega Mladinskega lista. Želim mnogo napredka vsem.

Josephine Sintich,

906 E. 141 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

ŠALE ZA MALE

Nаша Milena je pridno dekletce in tudi moliti že zna, samo "Oče naš" se ji ni zdel bogzna kako popoln, zato je nekega jutra jela moliti: "Daj nam danes naš vsakdanji kruh in nekaj mesa za prigrizek" . . .

"Zakaj pa tako moliš, Milena?" jo vpraša mamica.

"Oh, mamica, kdo se ne bi naveličal samega kruha?" je pojasnila Milena.

* * *

Bilo je pred božičem. Šolarji so jedva čakali, da pridejo božične počitnice. Preden jih je učitelj pustil iz šole, jim je zadnjo uro dejal:

"A zdaj pojdite in dobro se imejte. Želim, da bi bili prihodnje leto bolj mirni in poslušni, a zlasti še bolj razumni in pametni."

Učenci so zaklicali:

"Tudi mi vam enako želimo, gospod učitelj!"

* * *

POPRAVEK

Ivan Jontezova povest "Neverni Jozek" v decemberski številki M. L. pravilno prične z drugim odstavkom, ki se čita: "Priatelj Miha pripoveduje . . ." Prvi odstavek naj čitatelji blagovole izpustiti, ker ne spada v to povest.



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Gabriel Setoun:

JACK FROST

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the
lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and
fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining
shields.

Here's to woman, whose heart and
whose soul
Are the light and the life of each
spell we pursue;
Whether sunn'd at the tropics or chilled
at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness
too.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the
breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of
sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you
breathe,
And knows the things you think
about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam,
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

Teacher: "Now, Bobby, which would
you rather have—one apple or two
halves?"

Bobby: "Two halves."

Teacher: "Oh, Bobby! Why should
you prefer two halves?"

Bobby: "Because then I could see if
it was bad inside."



Wonders of the Insect World

CHETVERNİKOV, the Russian naturalist, describing the trends of early life, says that in geological times the vertebrates seemed bent on growing larger, defending themselves in the struggle for survival by accumulating strength. The insects chose another route to survival: by being small they could find a vast number of nooks where they could live in safety, thus filling the chinks and crannies of creation.

Insects lived on the earth long before man came to take his place of dominion, and many scientists predict that insects will remain after man has ceased to be a mundane tenant. Dr. W. J. Holland pictures the last living survivor upon earth as a melancholy "bug", seated upon a bit of lichen, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn-out sun. Literally true? Certainly not, but a powerful picture of the tenacity of insect life.

Before our primeval ancestors had dreamed of a better anesthetic than a club, the glowworm had evolved a sleeping potion so subtle that its victim could not perceive its administration, yet so powerful that nothing could disturb the profound sleep it induced.

Before our ancestors had domesticated even the dog, ants were keeping "cows" and growing "mushrooms."

Before man had learned to kindle a fire, the social bees were employing in hive ventilation the identical principles that industry now uses in keeping pure air in modern coal mines.

While man has progressed mainly through the development of the intellect, insects have progressed by physical adaptation to environment and the development of instinct. Thus dragonflies have come to possess eyes with as many as 30,000 faces, to furnish the intense vision required in capturing dart-

ing prey. Carpet beetles have lived two years in a corked bottle with nothing whatever to eat save the cast-off skins of their own transformations.

In evolving their social system, bees, ants, and wasps have developed their queens into marvels of efficiency as egg-laying machines. They mate but once in a lifetime, and therefore have developed a tiny internal pouch in which the male life germs are held. They can open or close at will the orifice of this pouch and thus determine whether each egg they lay shall produce females. Thus the queens have come to be masters of the art of sex control.

The sense of smell in some insects is unbelievably acute. The smelling organs are minute pits on the antennae. On a single antenna of an ordinary June beetle there are as many as 40,000 of these olfactory pits.

Fabre's classic experiments with moths show to what inconceivable lengths the sense of smell sometimes is developed.

A female of the great peacock moth emerged from her cocoon in Fabre's laboratory one May day. That night there came such a swarm of male moths that everybody was astounded. At least 40 lovers had come to pay their respects to the marriageable bride born that morning. In eight days at least 150 wooers came, some of which Fabre thought must have traveled at least a mile and a half, since the species was extraordinarily rare in that region.

Fabre surrounded the virgin with powerful scents and stenches in an effort to overpower her "call;" but still it went forth and still the lovers came. But when the virgin was shut up in an air-tight jar, not a single visitor arrived to pay court. When the antennae of a visitor were cut off—a painless operation—he became powerless to lo-

cate his affinity, though she was only a few feet away. Fabre repeated his experiments also with banded-monk moths.

When man's strength and achievements in engineering are measured by insects standards, many of our successes are overshadowed entirely. Were a human high jumper able to do as well proportionately as a flea, he could clear the Washington Monument at a single bound, with some 80 feet to spare. The Eiffel Tower, built with the aid of all sorts of machinery, is no higher proportionately, than the ant hill reared with claws and mandibles alone. If the modern baggageman could carry loads proportionately as heavy as the ants, he could lift a half-ton truck to the top of Washington Monument without apparent fatigue.

The development of instincts in the insects is a marvel greater even than their physical adaptations to environment. Look, for instance, at the Meloe beetle.

The female Meloe lays its eggs by the thousands near the burrows of certain mining-bees. Then she dies, and presently an innumerable host of small creatures come out of the eggs, and seek out the flowers frequented by the mining-bees. Then as the bees come, for nectar and pollen, the beetles hop onto the bees' backs.

For a long time these tiny beetles were believed to be a species of louse infesting the bees, until Newport proved them to be the babies of a Meloe beetle. Then Fabre made further discoveries about them. Safely ensconced on its animated airplane, the little beetle rides about till, at the moment the bee lays her egg on the pollen and honey, it makes a flying leap from her back and lands on the newly laid egg. It feasts upon the contents of the egg. Then it

goes to sleep. For several years it stays in the cell it stole from the bee, taking divers naps therein, each time waking up transformed, and finally emerges a full-fledged Meloe beetle, ready to start the cycle all over again.

Only once in its life did the tiny creature have occasion to seek out a plant in which to hide; only once, occasion to steal a ride, and to select an egg. Yet somewhere in the minute speck of protoplasm from which it grew, lurked those instincts which caused it to perform these actions with perfect order and sureness.

Yet, with what seems to be the wisdom of insects is sometimes combined the most abysmal stupidity. Tent caterpillars of a certain kind always march out to get food in single file, each caterpillar leaving behind it a trail of silk that acts like a life line to guide it home. One day Fabre succeeded in getting a procession to start around the rim of a big vase. He cut the line where it reached the rim, and the unwitting caterpillar marched around the rim all day long and far into the night. Morning dawned, finding them motionless and in a torpor, but still in formation. With the warmth of the sun they started again—and so continued, to make the story short, for eight days. Then, footsore and desperate with hunger, they broke ranks and before night each had found the nest once more.

One might wander indefinitely in the realm of insectdom, discovering a miracle at every step. Parasitism, in which members of one species lay their eggs upon the bodies of other species; parthenogenesis, in which as many as 94 generations have been produced without the birth of a single male; ability to hibernate, in which some individuals have been known to sleep more than 40 years and wake up—these are but a few of the marvels of the insect world.



Ephraim Peabody:

A SKATING SONG

Away! away! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river;
 And their arrowy sparkles of frosty
 light

On the forest branches quiver.
 Away! away! for the stars are forth,
 And on the pure snows of the valley,
 In a giddy trance, the moonbeams
 dance—

Come, let us our comrades rally!

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
 Away, away we go;
 On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
 As door o'er the Lapland snow.
 What though the sharp north winds are
 out,

The skater heeds them not—
 'Midst the laugh and shout of the
 jocund rout,
 Gray winter is forgot.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
 By the side of the winter hearth;
 Or 'neath the lamps of the festal halls,
 Seek for their share of mirth;
 But as for me, away, away!

Where the merry skaters be—
 Where the fresh wind blow and the
 smoth ice glows,
 There is the place for me.

R. W. E.:

Friendship

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us. How many we see in the street, or sit with in theater, whom they silently, we warmly, rejoice to be with. Read the language of these wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth.

Emerson:

DO YOU KNOW THESE?

Inside I'm white,
 Outside I'm brown,
 I have a shape that's round and
 round,

I grow on trees, but not in town,
 For little monkeys throw me down.
 A cocoanut.

It runs up, it runs down, but still it
 never moves? A stairway.

What kind of stones may one always
 find in the water? Wet ones.

Why is snow different from Sunday?
 Because it can fall on any day of the
 week.

High as a house, round as a ball, bit-
 ter as gall, sweet after all? A walnut.

What belongs to you and is used by
 your friends more than by you? Your
 name.

Where was Solomon's temple? On the
 side of his head.

What runs and has no feet? Water
 What goes over the water and makes
 no shadows? An echo.

If you raise wheat in dry weather,
 what do you raise in rainy weather?
 An umbrella.

Do you know why the onions and po-
 tatoes will not grow in the same row?
 Because the onions get in the potatoes
 eyes.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt toward others, are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will, they make the sweetness of life.

The Rough Gray Stone

By Pearl Forbes MacEwen

THE little girl made friends with all the things she could think of in the great rambling garden of her home, not only animals, birds and insects, but trees and sticks and stones, too.

There was a broad avenue from the wide sweep before the house, running up to the wrought-iron gates, shutting out the world; but another smaller and more secret path, grass-grown and forgotten, ran parallel with this avenue.

Of course, the little girl loved this path far more than the wide avenue where grown-up people went, and she knew all the wild flowers that grew unchecked here, by name, and the same robin hopped and chattered to her every time he heard her eager step come that way.

There were many large flat stones too, lying about on the path, and she played a kind of game with them.

She used to say, "Come on, stone, no wonder you look so dull and gray, lying there with nothing to do for years and years. But now I've come and I'll take you for a long walk right to the other end of the path and leave you there while I go to school." But when she returned, she always looked for the same one again, and took it back to where it first had been, for she thought it might be homesick by that time and was always quite sure that it was less dull and gray than it had been before its visit.

One lovely bright summer day, then, she saw lying all neglected and half buried in the earth one of those rough gray stones which men break at the side of a country road, and she thought, "Oh, poor dull stone, I don't believe you've moved for hundreds of years! Would you like to go for a long walk? Would you like to see shops full of won-

derful things, and meet all sorts of other stones and things along the road?"

The stone just looked sad and was too apathetic to answer, so she pulled it out and carefully wiped the earth on the grass, and off they went together, up the path.

O! It seemed so glad, poor thing, and went withersoever she led it, even taking upon itself to roll a little on its own. But this sort of thing runs away with time and when school was reached, behold, everybody was in and the playground empty. Oh, dear me! How could this little girl walk in bearing a great stone right before them all? Hastily she hid it at the pavement's edge and went in, and the stone lay safely in its corner and listened to the rumble of the traffic passing by.

Sometimes, too, it spoke a little timidly to the sophisticated-looking stones that made up the street, but they had been trampled and hampered and beaten so often, so often, and in their sluggish lives no trace of winds and suns and whispering trees remained, though once they had known of all these things away on some far-off hillside.

Much dust whirled along, not gay and light like the dust at home. This dust was thicker and bore along with it many odors never felt at home.

Every night at home, as the stone lay in a cool dream after all humans were shut away for the night, and the garden was given over to the wild life that stayed so secret during the day, there was a faint rustle among the fir-cones and brown leaves under the tree near by, and a tiny reddish-brown mouse stole out, jumped onto this stone and sat there for a while, twirling his whiskers and combing down his coat with his little claws; then he was off like a shot

until next night came round and the same process was repeated without fail.

But how long did the school last? What if the little girl forgot to take the stone home and it lay there lonely and forgotten. The mouse would look surprised to see the hole where the stone had been and perhaps would find another one. O, how the stone loved that little mouse!

In the midst of these disturbing imaginings, a loud ringing broke out, there was a rushing of feet and suddenly the stone found itself knocked hither and thither, and trampled upon by masses of loud-voiced boys and girls. Never had it seen or heard such crowds of people! Then amongst them appeared an anxious, searching little face. A sigh of relief, "O, there you are, poor stone; have you missed me?" And suddenly it was seized and thrust into a deep crumby pocket.

It lay in the darkness thankfully, for everything was all right now. The little girl must be running so glad was she

to be free again. A pause, "creak-creak," was that the great gate at home already? Even in the pocket the stone felt a faint familiar breath come to him.

The little girl stopped, plunged her hand into her pocket and brought it out. "O stone," said she, "you are all covered with crumbs, but you can eat them when I'm away getting my dinner. Did you feel lonely, poor stone? Well, here you are at home." And down she laid it in the very same spot, and ran away skipping and jumping to the company of humans. As for the stone, very gently it settled more securely into the cavity again, and the earth embraced it as though such a journey full of such wonders had never been.

The mouse came at evening uttering little squeals of delight at the crumbs he found there, and staying much longer than usual. All the garden life waked again, but the stone that had such an enormous adventure dreamed once again his slow, slow dreams.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME

A noun's the name of anything.
As "school" or "garden," "hop or
"swing;"
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand.
"His" book, "her" slate, "your" arm,
"my" hand;
Adjectives tell the kind of noun
As "great, small, pretty, white or
"brown;"
Verbs tell of something to be done,
To "read, count, sing, laugh, jump or
run;"
How things are done the adverbs tell
As "slowly, quickly, ill or well;"
Conjunctions join the words together
As man, woman, wind or weather;
A preposition stands before
As noun as "in" or "through" the door;
An interjection shows surprise
As "Oh, how pretty," "Ah, how wise."

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Little Rex had torn his pants and mother was provoked. "We'll all go to the poor house if you don't take better care of your clothes," Mother said. Rex was silent awhile, then said, "Mamma, is there a 'fat house'?"

* * *

MAKING IT HOT

Father—Say! What's this 70 on this paper?

Son—I don't know. I guess it's the temperature of the room."

* * *

REASON ENOUGH

"Now what ever made you forget the butter and lard, I asked you to get, Teddy," said mother.

"Please, mother, they were so greasy they slipped my memory!" said Teddy.

Dr. A. H. Kegel: **The Care of Children's Teeth**

TO build strong permanent teeth and to keep them healthy, parents must give the child food that contains minerals, such as lime, for tooth-building during the tooth-forming period of life; that is, from birth to 12 or 14 years of age. Good teeth cannot be built from poor material.

To accomplish this the parents and guardians of children should adopt the following six rules for building good teeth:

1. Proper diet.—Milk—a pint and a half to a quart each day. Whole grain cereals and bread. Vegetables—especially green leafy vegetables such as spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce. Fruits—either fresh or cooked, should be given for dessert instead of pies or pastry.

2. Sunlight and Fresh Air.—Children should receive as much sunlight and fresh air as possible. Sunlight helps

develop strong teeth. In the winter months cod-liver oil can be given to supplement sunlight.

3. Exercise.—Gums and teeth need exercise to make them strong and healthy. This is best accomplished by eating crusts and some fibrous vegetables each day.

4. Rest.—Every school child should sleep at least 10 hours every night. A child that is overtired and nervous cannot build strong teeth.

5. Cleanliness.—Teeth should be well brushed every morning upon arising and every night before retiring.

6. Regular dental attention.—Every child should be taken to the dentist at two and one-half years of age and at least every six months thereafter, so that the teeth can be inspected and small decayed spots removed and filled with a permanent filling before serious damage is done.



Helen Ciganich: Orient.



Margaret Oberlich of Ashley, Pa., 8 Wyoming st., is very interested in the M. L. and wishes it would come every week. She is 14, in 8th grade and this is her first letter to M. L. She likes school very much, has two sisters and two brothers, and all belong to SNPJ lodge there. She would like to get letters from some of the members as she will answer them all.

* * *

Sophie Klemen, Cleveland, O., 1619 Waterloo rd., thinks it is the right way to begin the New Year right by writing to the M. L. every month. She appreciates the many letters she received from some of the members; she likes stories in the M. L., also "The Mystery of the Diamond Necklace."

* * *

Janet Chervon of Isabella, Pa., Box 158, is 10 and was 1 when she joined the SNPJ. She has two brothers and one sister, and likes the M. L. very much. She would like to get some letters.—Her brother, Alvin Chervon, is 12 and says that the whole family belongs to Lodge 621 SNPJ.

* * *

Albert Klements of Bridgeville, Pa., Box 348, now 14, is in the 8-A grade in school. His brother Joseph plays fullback on their soccer team, and Albert plays too.

* * *

Elsie Yeme of Yukon, Pa., Box 214, is a member of lodge 117 and this is her first letter to the M. L. She would like to get letters.

* * *

Joseph Pogacar, Cleveland, O., 1205 E. 168 street, writes his first letter for the M. L. He has a twin sister; they are 11 years old. Their whole family belongs to the SNPJ.

Amelia Modic, Homer City, Pa., Box 227, after a long absence again writes for the M. L. which she likes very much. She sends a nice poem.

* * *

Dorothy and Rose Rossa of Cleveland, O., 995 E. 141 st., are contributing nice letters to this issue of the M. L. They both like it and enjoy its many stories and letters, also poems.

* * *

Frank and Tony Valencich of Barberton, O., 464 Franklin ave., each send a letter and their snapshots; both will be published next month.

* * *

Kathryn Bobeff of Madison, Ill., 1222 Madison ave., contributes her 1st letter. She is 12 and has a twin sister. They like the magazine.

* * *

Frank Povhe of Ely, Minn., 601 E. Chapmans st., is 11 and in the 6th grade in school. The whole family belongs to lodge 268 SNPJ. He wishes everybody a happy New Year.

* * *

Mary Bergant of Lisbon, O., Box 19, says that they live on the farm and writes her 1st letter. They have horses, cows, chickens, pigs, cats, a dog and lots of bees. They all like the honey. The whole family belongs to the SNPJ.

* * *

Otto Slabe, West Park, O., 4666 W. 130 st., promises that he will send us the February number of the M. L. for 1929, and he is glad that he can do us a favor. Otto is 13 and writes a neat letter. He goes to 8th grade, next year he will be promoted into high-school. Their whole family belongs to the SNPJ.

Silva Kodre, West Allis, 472—53rd ave., will try to write every month, both in English and in Slovene. She is 10 and in the 6th grade in school. She is wishing every member a very prosperous New Year.

* * *

Mary Pavlin, Muskegon Heights, Mich., Box 5, writes her first letter which certainly is very neatly written. Everyone in their family of four belongs to lodge 266, of which her father was secretary for over nine years. Mary is 16 and has a sister 13 years old. In December she was transferred into the adult department. She enjoys the M. L. She would appreciate it if some of the members would write to her. (Editor's Note: Members in the adult department may write for the M. L.)

* * *

Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, O., Box 304, is sending her picture, which cannot be published because it would not come out plain enough in the paper. It was taken from too far from the object.

* * *

Anna and William Laurich of Ruffsedale, Pa., R. D. No. 2, are contributing to this issue of the M. L. William is 10 and Anna 13. "Our whole family belongs to lodge 177 at Yukon, Pa.," writes Anna. Both would like to correspond with some of the members.

* * *

Betty Obel, Orient, Ill., Box 14, is 16 and goes to high-school. She likes the M. L. very much, but would like to get some letters from members.

* * *

Albert Gergovich, La Salle, Ill., writes his second letter. He is 13 and in the 7th grade in school, and would like to receive letters from members.

* * *

Rose Pregel, Base Line, Mich., Box 134, is 13 and contributes her second letter "to our beloved magazine." Her father moved from Kansas to Detroit due to bad labor conditions, and they live at Base Line.

* * *

Albina Dolance, Hays, Pa., 328 Baldwin street, is a member of lodge 307 SNPJ and so are the rest of the members of their family. She is 15 and will graduate in February from public school. She is very much interested in the M. L. "My sister Anna would like to know the address of Anna Dolance of Morgan, Pa. She had been receiving letters from her, but now she has lost her address." (Your picture will appear next month.—Editor.)

* * *

Josephine Sveton of Strabane, Pa., Box 216, says that she is in the 5th grade and 12 years

old. There are six in their family and all belong to SNPJ. She is wishing all the members a very happy New Year.

* * *

Josephine Chebull, Klein, Mont., Box 29, sends a story called "A New Year's Resolution." She wishes Mary Shuster would write to her.

* * *

Milly Stucin of Panama, Okla., Box 131, is 10 and in the 5th grade in school. She has been reading the Mladinski List for a long time and likes it very much, she says. This is her first letter to the M. L. She would be glad if some of the members would write to her.

* * *

Pauline Kavcich from Avella, Pa., Box 153, is 7 years old and a member of the SNPJ lodge No. 292; she is in the third grade in school. She likes the M. L. so much that she reads each number two or three times. Once before she tried to write for the M. L., but she thought the letter was not good enough. Next time she'll write in Slovene. Her mother is teaching her now to read and write the Slovene. "My mother often reads to me Slovene poems, and the best Slovene verse was by Katka Zupančič." Pauline will write some more, for this time she concludes in sending best regards to all "little members."

* * *

Mary Pogan from Oakdale, Pa., sends a poem:

Sweet flowers that we are wreathing, Our tribute shall pay, While tender songs are breathing, Our love and praise to-day. We love to hear their story, Their courage to tell. They share SNPJ's glory, who love and serve her well.

* * *

Dear Editor:

It has been quite a while since I've written to the M. L., so I decided to write again. I am going to school in my sophomore year and am taking up II English, commerce and industry, II Home economics and Business arithmetic. Our school days are made more pleasant by various assemblies, parties and rallies. —On Nov. 8 our school heard Philip Martendale, an U. S. Ranger from the Yellowstone National Park speak. He told us of the various animals and their habits, also other stories of the National Park. It was really a very interesting speech.

I must comment on the wonderful progress the M. L. is showing, especially during the last few months. I can hardly wait for it. I hope that more readers from Canton would write for it.

A loyal member,

Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.

Bro. B. Lombar's daughter of Brooklyn, N. Y., 757 Hart st., rewrote an interesting story "Life Is a Funny Proposition," which we probably will publish in one of the numbers of the M. L. later.

* * *

Frank Pirman of Slickville, Pa., Box 317, is 13 and in the 8th grade in school. He has 3 brothers and 2 sisters, all members of Lodge No. 379 SNPJ. He was very glad when their school started Sept. 3, 1929. They had a Christmas entertainment. In his school room there are 35 boys and girls. Frankie likes the M. L., he says, and sends best regards to all.

* * *

Violet Beniger of Export, Pa., sends a January poem and does not wish that the wastebasket would eat it. Here it goes:

"I am January, the first month in the year. I bring the little New Year with me; I am a cold, windy month, I make the boys and girls turn up their coat collars and pull their caps and hats down over their ears . . . There's a New Year coming out of some sphere. His baby eyes bring hope and delight. We welcome you, Happy New Year!"

Violet wishes that some of the members would write to her.

* * *

Edward J. Sodnikar of Bridgeport, O., Box 37, sends a cartoon similar to the one published in the Prosveta, drawn by Bro. Frank Rugel. Edward is a member of lodge No. 13, and is only 9 years old.

* * *

Helen Izance from Euclid, O., 824 E. 237 st., writes her second letter to the M. L. which she says she likes for its stories, poems and jokes. She has a brother, 16, a sister, 9, and she is 12 years old, and all with her parents belong to lodge No. 450 SNPJ. Helen would like to receive letters from some of the members, as she would soon answer them.

* * *

Dear readers:—

Here is the story continued from last month:

The Mystery of the Diamond Necklace.

Nick, seeing Shirley rolling down the cliff became thunderstruck, and looking down over the embankment he almost forgot to try to rescue her. When he regained his senses, he ran around to the other side of the cliff, which was not so steep and went to help Shirley. When he found her she was unconscious. He carried her to a nearby hospital on his horse.

In the meantime, a stranger passed at the bottom of the cliff and saw Don lying there all bruised and cut. He was unconscious also, and Mr. West carried him up the cliff and taking his horse rushed him to the same hospital where Nick had taken Shirley.

Shirley regained consciousness and the doctors found she was suffering more from shock than from actual injury. Nick stayed with Shirley and she told him about her necklace. After her story had been told Nick said:

"So that's the necklace he said I had, is it?" He then left the room and on his way out of the hospital he was stopped by a police.

Don had become conscious and related a false story about the necklace to the police and Mr. West. He told them, "I was riding along the highway when someone shouted, 'Hands up or I'll shoot.' I put my hands up but was knocked from my horse. I got up and we two began tussling with each other. I recognized my opponent to be Nick Carr. He told me he was after a necklace I stole from Shirley Mason. I knew he was the thief who had the necklace so I accused him of the theft. When I did this he gave me one hard unexpected push and I rolled down over the cliff with Shirley, who had come to rescue me."

They brought Nick into Don's room and he told his story just opposite to what Don had just related.

Mr. West asked Nick, "How can you prove that Miss Mason came to help you in your rescue?"

Nick replied quickly, "Come with me and I will prove it." The police, doctor and Mr. West followed Nick and he led them to the room of Shirley. They asked her about it and she said,

"I just got there when they began fighting and neither one of them saw me. I tried to get Don away from Nick but as he didn't see me he gave Don one hard push and Don and I both rolled down over the cliff. When Nick saw me he ran around to the other side of the cliff and rescued me. I was unconscious then but I'm all right now." The police took Nick with them and put him in jail.

(To be concluded.)

Best regards to all,

Carolina Kraytz, 158 Main St., Franklin Boro. Conemaugh, Pa.

* * *

Jennie Grosel from Durango, Colo., Box 127, likes the M. L. for its many interesting stories. This is her first letter. "The M. L. is a good school for little members of the SNPJ," Jennie writes. She is 9 and all her family belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 40. She goes to 5th grade. Her parents lived in Gallup, New Mexico, for 19 years. She was born there in 1920. They didn't like it there, for there are no trees and plenty of dust. Now they have a farm in Durango, Colo., where they are enjoying their work. Their father used to work in coal mines for 36 years. On the farm they have many fruit trees and plenty grass and also fresh air. That's why they like it there.

* * *

Molly Svecnik, Irwin, Pa., Box 106, is 12 years old and in the 6th grade in school. This is her first letter to the M. L. which she would like to get every week. Their SNPJ lodge No. is 200. She would like to get letters from some of the members.

* * *

Agnes Krisher from Bonanza, Ark., R. No. 1, sends her first letter to the M. L. which she likes very much, because "it is a wonderful magazine." She is 9 years of age and in the 4th grade in school. There are eight in their family, all members of SNPJ. She would appreciate very much if some of the members would write to her.

Mary Mikulich from Traunik, Mich., wrote a nice little poem for the M. L. "Mladinski List." The magazine we love so well, are just the words we love to spell, is the Mladinski List.

M is for the magazine I love to read.
 L is for the Lodge of SNPJ.
 A is for the answers we all give.
 D is for the dear members all.
 I is for the intelligence of the people.
 N is for the nation wide.
 S is for the society of the lodge.
 K is for the kindness to all.
 I is to dispell ignorance.

L is for the language we speak.
 I is for improvements.
 S is for Slovene songs we sing.
 T is for truthful thoughts we bring.
 This is Mladinski List.

* * *

Justine Pevc, West Newton, Pa., Box 130, writes her second letter to the M. L. and promises that she will write every month this year. She wishes that Annie Longerhole and Josephine Ogrin would write to her, also some other members.

* * *

Mary Tibljas of Sugarite, New Mexico, Box 103, would like to write in Slovene but she can't, although she speaks the language. "There were quite a few members writing to me, but recently they don't write any more. I would like to hear from them again. I was surprised to see a letter from Josie Marcella from California in the M. L.—Sugarite girls' basketball team recently defeated the Swastica team, 35 to 28. The boys also defeated their opponents, 18 to 8. I play guard on girls' team, but am not an expert at it."

* * *

Martha Tomatic of Walsenburg, Colo., 811 W. 7th st., says she has not written to the M. L. for a long time, but she likes the magazine for its many good stories and other interesting reading matter. She is sending also a few jokes.

* * *

Rose J. Beniger of Export, Pa., was surprised to receive so many letters from members, eight letters in one week. Naturally, Rose was very much pleased. She sends her best regards first to the Editor and then to all the young members of the SNPJ.

* * *

Agnes Ostanek from Traunik, Mich., reports that they had a Halloween party on Oct. 31 in their school, and did they have fun! She would like to get some letters from the members. Agnes sent in also a poem intended for the December number of the M. L.

Frank Dolinar of Klein, Mont., Box 92, sends a few jokes and wishes everybody a happy New Year.

* * *

Olga Matelich, Indianapolis, Ind., 943 N. Holmes ave., contributed a Christmas poem, and wishes each member a very happy New Year.

* * *

Mary Ostanek from Traunik, Mich., Box 4, writes a poem on SNPJ, of which the first few lines read: "Our SNPJ has a beautiful number of members, and we should always remember to join a lodge before it is too late. Jednota is sure to help you . . . When we grow older, and besides a little bolder, we'll be officers, too."

* * *

Anna Bukovec of Bon Air, Pa., Box 111, thinks that the M. L. is enjoyed by all the children very much, because "it is more interesting than any English library book to the Slovene children. There are many children who always read the M. L. and love the magazine that publishes each month so many interesting stories, poems and letters." If she could, she would write in Slovene also. At the present she is learning to speak in Slovene, later she will try to write in Slovene. She received many letters from members and will answer them as soon as possible. She wishes everyone a very happy New Year.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am 13 and in the 8th grade in school, and am taking violin lessons. Recently my brother Frank went to Chicago to play for the Victor Record Co. That was his fourth trip, the first one was to Sava's affair, the other two were excursion trips with local SNPJ English-speaking lodges. On Nov. 23 he went there with Joe Miklavic, a banjo player, and Paul Janz. The records made were "Springtime" and "Dreamland," also "Francka" (polka) and "Štajerski ponos" (waltz).

We are the fourth generation of musicians. My great grandfather played a zither and used goose feathers for plucking the strings. My grandfather and two granduncles were making accordions. My father, his three brothers and my brother Frank are all playing accordions. My brother Eugene is also learning to play one. My father and brother are playing by notes on "chromatic accordions." Frank was playing in cities around Cleveland in the shows, on parties and dances. He played at Slovene lodges in Lorain, Conneaut, Barber-ton and Warren, O. He is now 15 and in the 10th grade at Collinwood high-school. He is playing for four years.

We are all members of lodge "V Boj" No. 53, SNPJ.—I am sending you Frank's picture in Slovene national costume.

Edwin Barbic,
1216 E. 176 st., Cleveland, O.



Frank Barbic.

DIFFERENCE IN TIME

One loses an hour or so, or gains the same time, according as he travels west or east, the amount of time lost or gained depending on the length of the journey. It is puzzling, a bit, to know just where the change takes place. There are really four zones in the United States, and clock time is the same in any one zone, no matter how far north or how far south the place may be. Everything east of the city of Pittsburgh is called eastern time; between Pittsburgh and Chicago it is Central time; between Chicago and Denver Mountain time, and from Denver to the

Pacific coast Western time. The sun really rises an hour later in Pittsburgh than in New York, two hours later in Chicago, three hours later in Denver and four hours later on the Pacific, so when it is six in New York it is five in Pittsburgh, four in Denver and three in Los Angeles. The earth as a whole is divided into twenty-four zones, so if one were to travel around the globe in a westerly direction he would lose an entire day—of clock time—but would gain it back, when returning and traveling east.

* * *

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * *

Teacher: "Now, Willie, if James gave you a dog and David gave you a dog, how many dogs would you have?"

Willie: "Four."

Teacher: "Now, dear, think hard. Would you have four if James and David each gave you one?"

Willie: "Yep. You see, I got two dogs at home now."