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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER 1926.

ŠTEV. 12.

STARI BOŽIČ

Kaj se stiskaš v kožuh, Božič naš ledeni?
Kaj s kučmo si čelo in lica zakril?
Bojiš se, da mrzli veter sneženi
pregnal bi veselje, skrivnosti razkril?

S tvojih lic vsa dobrohotnost nam sije,
darove prinašaš in zbujaš radost.
Tvoja pot daleč v preteklost se vije;
povej nam, povej, odkod si, naš gost?

Zakaj se nam muzaš, stari bedaček,
saj vemo, da mnogo doživel si že;
povedal bi rajši, kdaj svoj kožušček
starinski in kučmo zavrgel boš že.

Poznamo te, starček
da dober si, blag;
da škornji in vivček
spomin so tvoj drag.

Še to dobro vemo,
da nisi iskren,
in če hočeš, povemo,
kar skrivaš ljudem.

Danes prihajaš
kot pristen kristjan,
včeraj pa bil si še
grobi pogan.

V mrazu in burji
z grobo kožo odet
si prihajal med divji
sirovi svet.

Na Grškem, v Rimu
so te poznali,
imeli te radi
stari Slovani.



Mesto da hliniš se
v stari obleki,
povej nam rajši,
kako bodo neki,
prihodnji vek
praznovali božič.
Ali boš tudi njim
muzal se skrivno
za prazen nič?



Božič je nastal iz poganskih praznikov

Krščanstvo ni nikaka izvirna vera, temveč se je razvilo na temelju starih ver in običajev. V krščanstvu je zelo veliko judovske vere, ostankov od ver babilonskih, egipčanskih, grških in rimskih. Gotova reč je, da so vse dogme, katere najdemo danes v krščanstvu, bile že v judovskem narodu še prej kot tedaj, ko pravijo, da se je Kristus rodil, živel in učil novo vero.

Kar velja za dogme in verske nazore, to velja tudi glede krščanskih praznikov, najbolj pa za krščanski praznik—božič.

jo dobro. Ker so v bogove verovali kot v dobrotnike, je umevno, da so jih začeli častiti, se jim zahvaljevati in prositi od njih milosti v slabih časih.

Tako so nastali prazniki. Praznike so vedno obhajali z molitvami in obredi.

Imeli so za več dni jedil in pijač, gostili so se in gostili so svoje sorodnike in prijatelje, ker so mislili, da je to bogovom ljubo. Posebne praznike posvečene bogu solнца so imeli Egipčani, Asirci, Babilonci, Kelti, Germani in kajpada tudi Slovani, kakor vsi



Sneg pokriva dol in breg.

Stari narodi so za izvor vsega dobrega na svetu smatrali—solnce. To je popolnoma razumljivo. Že po nagonu in s svojim razumom so vedeli, da brez solнца ni življenja, ni veselja, ne lepote. Ker si niso na drug način znali tolmačiti solnčne sile, so začeli verovati, da je solnce bog ali pa je za solncem kaka večja sila, katera solnce upravlja—v človeško korist in v korist vsega, kar živi na zemlji. Bog solнца zato spada med najstarejše bogove; ravnotako pa tudi solnčni prazniki spadajo med najstarejše.

Ljudje so med seboj in svojimi bogovi ustvarili posebne odnošaje. Bogove so si zamislili na ta način, da so zato, da jim dela-

drugi narodi in človeška plemena. Poganski narodi so zlasti praznovali najdaljše in najkrajše dni v letu, namreč dne 20. decembra in dne 20. junija. Indijci so slavili boga Višnu, ki je spal celo zimo. Prebudil pa se je šele v močnem poletnem solncu. Egipčani so praznovali dvanajst-dnevni praznik okoli 25. decembra, praznovali so namreč rojstvo boga Osirisa. Ob istem času so slavili Perzijci deset-dnevni praznik bogov Ormuzda in Mitre. Bogočastje Mitre je zašlo na Grško in v Rim 70. leta po Kristu. V delfijskem templju je stal kip boga Dioniza. Vsako leto so dne 20. decembra prinašali duhovniki žrtve temu bogu. Na dan (o božiču)

ko začnejo dnevi rasti, se je prebudil bog Dioniz, ki je do takrat spal, in v obliki malega deteta so ga nosili okoli ter peli: "On živi! Dioniz se je zopet rodil!"

Od 17. do 24. decembra so praznovali v Rimu saturnalijske, iz katerih izvira največ krščanskih božičnih običajev. Saturnalijske so se s časom nekoliko spremenile, ko so začeli proslavljati še Mitro. Največji praznik je bil končno dne 25. decembra, katerega so praznovali kot dan rojstva nepremagljivega boga solca (dies natalis dei Salis invicti). Dne 24. decembra pa so imeli praznik "dies brumalis", kar je bil najbrž praznik kipov in lutk. Bil je to pravi praznik otrok, ker so že teden dni naprej otroci kupovali kipe in lutke iz ilovice, voska ali testa. V stari domovini imajo božične sejme, na katerih prodajajo enake predmete.

Četrty praznik, ki so ga slavili Rimljani ob času kristjanskega božiča, se je imenoval "calendare januarie," kar je naš praznik novega leta. To je bil god njih boga Jana, enakega grškemu Apolonu—bogu solca.

V zvezi z navedenimi štirimi poganskimi prazniki, to je saturnalijske, brumalijske, sigilarijske in novo leto je nastal krščanski božič. Prva štiri stoletja svojega obstoja krščanska cerkev sploh ni obhajala božičnega praznika. Toda kristjani, ki so bili malo prej pogani in so pogrešali poganske praznike, so hoteli imeti nadomestek; ker niso imeli krščanskih praznikov, so kar svoje naprej praznovali. Cerkev tega ni mogla ravnodušno gledati, pa je namesto poganskih saturnalijskih uvrstila krščanski praznik rojstva boga—odrešenika. Tako je

postal dan rojstva solca—dan rojstva Kristusa. Prvič je bil krščanski božič praznovan leta 354, in sicer dne 25. decembra.

Od poganov pa so preostali mnogi drugi običaji, zlasti pa razdeljevanje darov. Rimljani so si na ta praznik podarjali lešnike in orehe ter male kruhke. Germani so si istotako darovali kruhke na dan solnčnega obrata. Slovani pa so pekli pogače in kolače za koledo ali badnjak, kakor so imenovali svoj poganski božič. Po mestih so Slovani na božični večer kurili kresove, katere so polivali z medom in vinom ter posipali z žitom. Tako so častili rojstvo boga—solca.

Stari Slovani so si zamišljali božanstvo Koleda ali božiča v obliki divje svinje ali kruha. Pa tudi v rimskem Saturnu je divja svinja vozila voz. Divja svinja je torej božiču mila žival. Poleg tega so Slovani bogu Koleda žrtvovali ptice, zaklali najboljšega ovna, kokoš ali mladega pujska, kar je še dandanes poznano pri Čehih pod imenom "zlatno prase".

Po tolmačenju slovanskih jezikoslovcev beseda "koleda" prihaja od rimske "calendae" ali grške "kalendai", kar pomeni prvi dan leta. Drugi tolmačijo, da je čisto slovanska beseda, ki pride od besede "kaulo" (kolo), ker solnce prične iznova s svojo potjo. Beseda "koleda" je tudi ostala pri vseh slovanskih narodih, zato je bržkone značila kako občno staro slovansko božanstvo.

Božično drevesce z darovi za otroke je prilično mlad cerkven običaj. Cerkev ga je izprva skušala zatreti kot poganstvo, pa se je vendar običaj razširil po vsem svetu in med vse ljudi, ne samo verske.



KOLEDNICI POJEJO:

Nikar ne dremajte,
zvesto poslušajte . . .!

Povesti strica Matica

Snežinke so se ustavljale pred oknom. Veter jih je pripodil iz sive megle, pa so se mu izmaknile in za hip zaplesale pod oknom, kakor bi hotele pogledati v izbo, če je notri zanje primeren prostor, da bi se rešile nasilnega vetra. Zatrepetale so, zaigrale še enkrat pred oknom in zopet jih je pobral veter ter jih izgubil v mrtvaškem snežnem prtu.

V sobi je bilo prijetno toplo. Strič Matic je nakladal na ognjišče, da so suha borovčeva drva živahno prasketala in je njih vonj napolnjeval vso sobo. Maček sivček pa je predel ob kaminu; tudi njemu je dobro dela gorkota. Da ga ne bo pekla gorkota iz kamina, si je umikal mehke tačice pod gosti kožušček, kjer se mu je zdelo ravno prav toplo. Samo včasih je sivček prenehal presti, takrat namreč, ko se je spomnil na taščico, ki jo je stric Matic rešil pred zimskim mrazom in pred požrešnim sivčkom ter jo zaprl v prostorno kletko. Taščica pa, kakor bi kljubovala sivčku, je neprestano čirikala in čebljala, saj vedela je, da ji sivček ne more do živega.

V krogu okoli kamina je na gladko odžaganih panjih in na trinožnih stolčkih sedela naša skupina. Prišli smo k stricu Maticu, ki nam je dal celo slamnico suhih hrušek. Rekel je:

“Te so sladke medice. Pojejte jih vsak nekaj, druge si pa razdelite in si jih denite v žepe. Potem vam bom povedal zgodnico, kako se mi je nekoč zgodilo na Laškem—v mestecu Belluno.”

“Kje pa je to, Belluno?” je vprašala zvedava Jelica, ne da bi čakala.

“Belluno je malo mesto v gornji Benečiji, v dolini reke Piave, ki teče med visokimi gorami Dolomiti.”

Tudi stric Matic ni čakal; še ko smo jedli sladke medice, nam je začel pripovedovati, kaj se mu je zgodilo o božiču v vojnem letu 1865 na Laškem.

*

Do pasu smo gazili sneg, ko smo stopali po dolgi, ob reki Piave vijoči se cesti iz trga Longarone proti Bellunu. Ker je bila dežela v vojnem stanju, je bilo jako malo prome-

ta, zato niso zorali snega in gaziti smo ga morali čisto na novo. Zdaj pa zdaj so bili premenjeni vojaki, ki so gazili prvi, kajti hoja je bila prenaporna, da bi ves čas gazili isti. Vsi utrujeni smo že bili, ko se je pred nami razširila piavska dolina in smo v daljavi zagledali sive stene mesteca Belluno.

Pot je bila še dolga, vendar smo jo zdaj lažje izdelovali. Ne samo da smo videli cilj svojega pota, tudi sneg je bil tu nekoliko nižji. Čimbolj smo se bližali v nižino proti mestu, toliko obsežnejše je izgledalo mesto in toliko višji se je zdel starodavni stolp stolne cerkve. Kakor da bi nam kdo odvezal težko breme z nog, se nam je zazdelo, ko smo stopili v zavite ulice, s katerih je bil odkidan sneg.

Today nekaj drugega je bilo, težjega kakor prejšnje breme. Spoznali smo, da nismo dobrodošli. Prebivalci so nas sovražno gledali in kakor bi se nas bali, so se odmikali od nas ter se zapirali v hiše. Nihče ni odgovoril na naše pozdrave in bežali so od nas, kakor da bi prinašali nesrečo v njih mesto.

Zavite ceste so postajale bolj ravne. Prišli smo v sredino mesta, kjer so stale starodavne palače in kjer je bil glavni vojaški stan v mogočnem poslopju Palazzo dei Rettori. Na vojaškem stanju so nam odkazali prenočišča ter nas poslali v zapuščene hiše ob pomolu, kjer skupaj udarjata deroči reki Ardo in Piave.

V zopernih in mrzlih sobah naših prenočišč smo takoj zakurili z drvmi, ki smo jih nasekali iz lesene ograje ob reki. Obed smo si pripravili po skupinah in ga prav hitro povžili, da smo si ogreli premražene ude. Nismo veliko govorili, samo delali smo hitro in še hitreje povžili topel obed. Nato pa so se razvezali jeziki. Prvi se je oglasil pešec Jaka Nagode, ki je bil radi svoje prijaznosti poznan kot najbolj zabaven dečko pri celi četi:

“Ali veste, fantje, da je nocoj božični večer?”

“Božični večer!?” smo vzklikali od začudenja. Še na misel ni padlo nikomur, da je božič. Ko je Jaka sprožil besedo, je navadno prišla zgovornost med nas, toda topot

smo molčali. Tesno nam je postalo pri srcu in nobenemu se ni ljubilo nadaljevati z razgovorom. Pa tudi mislil ni nikdo, kako bi proslavili božični večer, ker misli vseh so pobile domov k svojcem, poizvedovat, kako neki se imajo doma in če se kaj spomnijo na nas, ki smo daleč, daleč v tujini, v neznani deželi in med neprijaznimi ljudmi, katerim nismo ničesar storili, pa se vendar odmikajo od nas. Zakaj, le zakaj moramo tavati v hudi zimi po teh pustih krajih?

Ozirali smo se skozi visoka okna, katerih šipe so bile deloma razbite in smo jih zamašili s cunjami in slamo. Tam zunaj pa

ma pokazale iznad vode roke in potem glava. Takoj smo spoznali, kaj je, in planili na prosto k reki.

Brez obotavljanja in vzlic krutemu mrazu je Jaka Nagode vrgel s sebe suknjo ter skočil v valove. Zgodilo se je vse tako hitro, da ga ni mogel nihče ustaviti. Plaval je v smeri, kamor je voda nesla utopljenko in jo tudi kmalu dosegel ter jo dvignil nad vodo. Toda nazaj mu ni šlo tako gladko. Voda je bila silno deroča in vzeti je moral dolgo pot navzdol ter polagoma proti bregu. Hiteli smo ob bregu navzdol in ga z vzkliki navduševali, a pričel je omagovati z bremenom. V stra-



Skupina pri oranju snega.

je med ledenimi bregovi šumela temnozelena reka Ardo in hitela naproti svoji močnejši sestri Piavi, s katero se je spojila v nasilnem vrtincu. Govorili še vedno nismo ničesar, temveč stopili smo vsi k oknu in zrli na valovečo reko, nad katero se je kadil kot tančica lahek hlap.

Skupina, ki je stala na desni strani, kjer je bil razgled po gornjem teku Arda, je nenadoma vzkliknila. Iz sivega hlapu nad vodo se je prikazovalo nekaj temnomodrega in se z vodo bližalo. Na prvi pogled nismo slutili, da je kaj hudega, toda ko je voda prinašala oni plavi predmet bližje, so se nenado-

hu, da ne bi valovi odnesli obeh do vrtinca, kjer se stekata skupaj reki in kjer bi našla gotovo smrt, je skočil v vodo še Ivan Kovač. Takoj je bil pri nji in s par krepkimi sunki je pomagal obema k strani, kjer voda ni bila globoka in deroča. To je pa tudi bilo storjeno v zadnjem trenutku, ker drugače bi bili vsi skupaj našli smrt v vrtincu.

Stali smo ob strani in jih potegnili vse skupaj iz ledeno mrzle vode. Takoj smo jih odpeljali v hišo ter slekli z njih mokra oblačila. Naša tovariša sta bila kmalu dobra, toda deklica, katero sta rešila iz vode, je bila dolgo časa nezavestna. Vsa bleda je bila in

premražena in še takrat, ko je široko odprla oči, je izgledala bolj kakor mrlič kot pa živ človek.

"Kje sem?" je slabotno povprašala in vsa prestrašena zajokala, ko je videla okoli sebe samo tuje, bradate obraze vojakov. Dopovedali smo ji, da smo jo potegnili iz vode, in smo jo tolažili, da jo popeljemo domov. Ko smo omenili dom, je zaprosila:

"Peljite, peljite me domov, lepo prosim!"

"Čigava pa si?" smo povpraševali.

Deklica je povedala, da je iz gornjega dela mesta in da nam pokaže pot domov. Šli smo z njo.

Kakor so pri našem vkorakanju v mesto prebivalci hiteli proč od nas z neprijaznimi obrazi, tako so zdaj povpraševaje gledali s hišnih vhodov in skozi okna, ko so nas videli z mlado, dvanajstletno deklico v sredi, katero smo ogrnili v vojaško suknjo. Deklica pa nas je peljala mimo njih ob reki gori v lepo in visoko hišo s stolpčiči okrašeno in obdano z visoko ograjo.

"Pepina! Pepina!" smo slišali klicanje notri za ograjo. Deklica je radostno poskočila. "Tu sem, mama!" je zaklicala in skočila skozi vrata v zidani ograji na vrt domače hiše. Iz za ograje smo zaslišali jok veselja, nato pa nismo nič čakali ter se podali domov. Veseli smo bili, da je bila deklica rešena in zopet doma.

Ko smo se vrnili v svoje prenočišče, se je že delala tema. Radi nenavadnega dogodka, ki je prišel tako hitro in istotako takoj končal, smo nekoliko pozabili misliti na božič in na svojce, in ko sta Jaka Nagode in Ivan Kovač rekla, da smo ju že dovolj nahvalili za pogumno delo, se je razvil med nami vsakdanji vojaški pomenek.

Toda to ni trajalo dolgo. Nekdo je potrkal na vrata in ko sem skočil odpreti, sem videl pred seboj v temnem plašču zavito gospo, za njo pa veliko množico prebivalstva. Vsi vojaki so stopili za menoj k vratom in začudeno smo gledali prebivalce, katerih obrazi so bili ražsvetljeni od ognja, ki je živo plamenel na našem ognjišču.

"Ali ste vi tisti, ki je rešil mojo Pepino?" je vprašala gospa veselo razburjena.

Takoj smo vedeli, da je mati deklice in pokazali smo na Jakoba Nagodeta in Ivana Kovača, ki sta ostala pri ognjišču.

Gospa se je s solzami v očeh zahvaljevala, kar se je posebno Jakobu zdelo nerodno, da se je začel še sam zahvaljevati. Prebivalci zunaj pa so začeli veselo vzklikati: "Ev-viva gli soldati!" Kar načuditi se nismo mogli, kako so se od prej sovražnih ljudi hitro spremenili v prijazne prebivalce, ki so nas pozdravljali. Vstopali so v naš majhen stan, nam stiskali roke in dopovedovali, kdo je rešena deklica in kako jih veseli, da smo jo rešili. Gospa pa nas je povabila na svoj gradič, da bomo pri nji obhajali božični večer.

To se nam je zdelo še najlepše od vsega dogodka. Z radostjo smo sprejeli vabilo in šli na gradič, kjer smo imeli tako prijeten božič, kakor najbrž še nikoli nobena vojaška četa.

*

"Kajne, da se vam zdi čudna ta mala dogodbica," je zaključeval stric Matic in se oziral po nas, ki ga nismo niti enkrat prekinili med vsem pripovedovanjem.

"Meni zelo dopade," je rekel Cenček nenavadno zamišljeno.

"Zakaj ti dopade?" je vprašal stric Matic.

"Zato, ker ste rešili Pepino," je še pred Cenčkom rekla Jelica.

"Meni pa se dopade zato, ker so vam prebivalci postregli in ste imeli lep božični večer," je rekel Cenček.

"Tudi meni je to ugajalo, dragi Cenček," je rekel stric Matic, "ampak vidiš, koliko je bilo treba tvegati, da so postali prebivalci napram nam prijazni. Če bi Pepini ne bilo zdrsnilo z brega v vodo, bi nas bili še naprej pisano gledali, čeprav mi radi Pepinine nesreče nismo bili nič boljši."

Nasmešek se je pojavil na stric Maticovem obrazu in kakor vedno v takem slučaju smo se tudi topot vsi zasmeli. S polnimi žepi medic smo zopet odšli na sneg; strica Matica pa zadovoljnega pustili pri ognjišču, kjer mu je delal družbo leni maček sivček in pred njim zavarovana, zgovorna taščica.

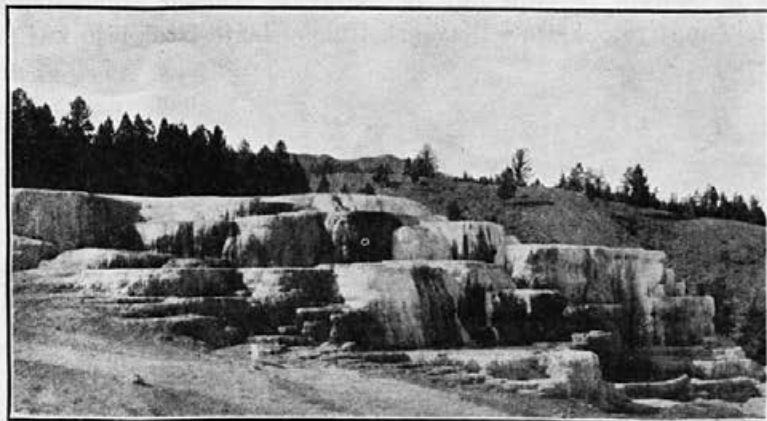


Fran Erjavec:

Taščica

Med vsemi pticami, ki nam s svojimi pesmimi oživljajo les in log, si ti, ljuba taščica, meni najmilejša, med vsemi si mi največ prirasla k srcu. Ne bom tajil, da je slavec in še marsikateri drug ptiček večji umetnik, ali kraj vsega vendar ostaneš moja ljubljenska. Prikupila si se mi menda posebno zato, ker si bila moja prva ptička, ker sem nekoč celo zimo opazoval tvoje živahno vedenje in ti dan za dnem potresal krušne in mesne drobtinice. Tudi pozneje se z nobeno ptico nisva tako dobro porazumela kakor s teboj in okoli tebe se mi vrti dokaj mladostnih spominov.

bica že zdavnaj preselila v večnost. Zunaj je metlo s snegom, mi trije smo pa sedeli v tihi izbi pri topli peči. Babica je odmeknila kolovrat od sebe, jaz sem sedel na nizkem stoličku in zvesto poslušal vesele in žalostne povesti iz babičinih ust. Ako mi je kaka beseda ušla, tega si kriva ti, ljuba taščica, ki si, zraven naju na kolovratu sedeč, po strani zvedavo pogledovala z rjavim očescem zdaj babico, zdaj mene. Zjutraj pa si me budila iz spanja, žvrgoleč na mojem zglavju. Tako smo preživeli dolgo zimo. In ko je prišla vigred, sem ti s težkim srcem odprl okno, ti pa si zletela na vrt na bezgov grm. Še se



Kristalne stopnice v Yellowstone Parku.

Okoli Vseh svetih, ko je prvokrat popihaval mrzel jesenski veter, sem te našel nekega jutra v veži. Ko si me spazila, si smuknila pod staro omaro, jaz pa sem hitro zaprl vežna vrata, duri od izbe pa odprl na stežaj. Kmalu si prhnila izpod omare, cincala si v hišo ter z veselim glasom pozdravila mojo babico, ki je sedela pri peči za kolovratom. Od tega dne se je med nama snovalo prijateljstvo. Verno sem te spremljal z očmi povsod, ko si po kotih polovila zadnje osamele muhe. Vsak dan sem ti premenil vodo in ti stregel, karkoli sem mogel. Še sedaj te živo vidim pred seboj, kako si, na uri sedeč, drobila tiho pesemco. Zdi se mi, kakor bi se vse to bilo godilo lani, dasi so od tistega časa pretekla leta in se je ljuba ba-

daj te vidim, kako je vzkipela v tebi takrat radost in morebiti tudi hvaležnost, kako je zažvrgolelo iz drobnih rdečih prsec.

Taščica je pa tudi res brhka in živa ptica. Zgoraj je sivkasto zelena, spodaj belkasta, na čelu, na grlu in na prsni pa rumeno-rdečkasta. Njen tenki in ravni, samo na koncu malo prikrivljeni kljun nam izpričuje, da se živi s črvički, pajki in vsakovrstnimi mehkiimi žužki, jeseni pa kavsne rada tudi v kako sočno jagodo po grmovju.

Taščica je ljubezniva, vesela in zgovorna ptičica, milo čvrčeč hitro smuče od grma do grma. Človeka se ne boji, še prav prijazno se ozira nanj, kakor bi vedela, da se ji ni nisesar bati. Med seboj se rade dražijo in kavsajo, toda na drugo plat so prav usmilje-

ne in dobrosrčne. Brehm pripoveduje o dveh zaprtih samcih, da sta se zmerom pulila za hrano; videti je bilo, da drug drugemu ne privoščita grižljaja. Zgodi se pa, da si eden ulomi nogo, in kakor bi odrezal, neha vsako sovraštvo med njima. Zdrava taščica je skrbela za bolno; prinašala ji je hrano in jo devala prednjo. Ko je noga ozdravela, sta tudi dalje živela v najlepšem miru. Drugi pa so opazovali, da je mehkosrčna taščica vzela v skrb zapuščene ptičke, jih pitala in stregla sirotam kakor svojim lastnim otrokom.

Taščica prebiva po vsej Evropi, povsod v grmovju in goščavi, zlasti blizu virov in potokov. Gnezda ne dela nikoli visoko od tal, najraje na tleh med razkremenimi koreninami ali pa v votlini kakega gnilega parobka. Spleteno je iz mehkih travnih bilk in tankih koreninic. Zunaj je pokrito z listjem

in mahovjem, znotraj je pretkano s perjem in dlakami. Konec aprila že znese samica 5—7 tankolupinastih, rjavopikčastih jajčec. V valjenju izmenjava samec samico in v 14 dneh se mladiči izvale. Mladina raste hitro in kmalu potem, ko more sama skrbeti zase, delajo stari pripravo za drugo zalego. Pod jesen mladiči slečejo otroško obleko in dobe pisano suknjico, kakršno imajo stari.

Že meseca avgusta se v mladičih zbudi nagon za potovanje. Iz lesov se pripode na vrtove in na polje, skrivaje se po mejah in sečeh; pozneje se jim pridružijo še stari z drugimi mladiči. Ko pa nastopa zima, se izgublajo počasi proti jugu. Spomladi se taščice med prvimi pticami spet vračajo in pozdravljajo z veselim petjem stara gnezdišča. Pozni mrazovi in snegovi jih včasih hudo stiskajo. Takrat rade pricincajo do povištev, kjer si lažje iztaknejo kaj za lačni kljunček.



SNEG

Odkod ste prišle, bele muhe?—
mrzle ste in brez življenja.
Ali vas nebo pošilja,
ki se skriva v sive megle?
Ali žrtve ste nasilja,
pred katerim ste pobegle?

Burja žene vas z višave,
onemogle ste pred njo.
Kaj res morate v nižave,
kjer se združite z zemljo?

Zakaj ste prišle, bele muhe?—
brez cilja ste, le padate.
Za hipec v zraku vzrojite,
na kljub povzpete se od tal,
kjer pohojene se stalite;
noben odpor vam ni izdal.

Andrej Kobal.

Basni

MRAVLJI.

(Iz Dragotin Kettejevih parabol.)

Zvečer sta se sestali mravlji, sosedi na mravljišču.

“Joj, kako sem izmučena,” je rekla prva. “Cel božji dan sem vlačila košček sladkorja, pa ga nisem mogla prinesti do doma: na sredi pota sem ga morala pustiti.”

“A tako, ti misliš one mrvice sladkorja, ki so odpadle neki deklici tam na cesti? Pa kako je to, saj je bilo tam še ravnokar polno malih koščkov . . .”

“Da, ali jaz sem vzela največjega.”

“Neumnica,” je rekla druga. “Vidiš, jaz sem pa nosila male koščke, pa poglej sem, koliko jih imam, cel kup! Kajpada, ti bi hotela vse naenkrat. No, zdaj imaš dosti! Boš vsaj vedela za drugikrat!”

ČEBELICA IN ČMRLJ.

Na dišeči cvetki sta se sešla čmrlj in čebela.

“Oj čebela,” pravi čmrlj, “kako si ti suha! Poglej mene, kako sem debel in rejen! I kaj pa delaš z medom, ki ga nabiraš po cvetju, kaj ga ne poješ sama?”

“O ne,” odgovori čebelica, “jaz ga dajem tudi drugim . . .”

“To si bedasta,” reče nato čmrlj, “jaz ga pa sam pojem. Čemu bi ga dajal drugim? Zato sem pa tudi telesen in rejen, hm, ti si pa kakor trska!”

“Naj bom kot trska, zato me pa tudi ljudje ljubijo bolj nego vse druge moje vrste, tebe pa se boje in te ne marajo,” odgovori čebelica in odleti proti ulnjaku.

LEV IN ŽABE.

Leva so zasačili lovci ter ga ostrelivši ranili. Komaj se priplazi domov. Ko žabe to zvedo, ga pridejo obiskat v celih tropah ter ga milovaje karajo: “Zakaj si se spustil na tisto stran, vedele smo poprej, da tam ni varno in da te zasačijo lovci.”

Umirajoči lev pa jim odgovori: “Če ste take modre in previdne, zakaj me niste že prej svarile?”

Po udarcu nesreče so svetovalci dober kup, pa nič več ne koristijo, torej so nadležni.



Dobri prijatelji.

KATERA PTICA JE NAJHITREJŠA.

Sokol je znan kot najhitrejša ptica. On je hitrejši kakor orel—kralj med pticami—in hitrejši je kakor katerakoli ptica. Sokol navadno preleti po 60 milj na uro, kar je naglica najbolj hitrih ameriških vlakov; toda v nekaterih slučajih, zlasti če je preganjan, sokol preleti tudi 120 milj na uro.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



JUGOSLAV PROVERBS.

They hang petty thieves and turn loose big criminals.

*

Better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest.

*

Youth without red cheeks is like spring without blossoms.

*

From hand to mouth is a long way.

*

The apple doesn't fall far from a tree.

*

Death is blind.

*

No bread without effort.

*

The foolish one builds the house; the wise one buys it when it is finished.

*

If you do not feed the cat, you must feed the mice.

*

Silent waters tear bridges down.

*

A wise man walks slowly, but reaches his goal quickly.

*

A hundred people, a hundred wonders.

JUGOSLOVANSKI PREGOVORI.

Male tatove obešajo, velike zločince izpuščajo.

*

Bolje je biti ubog in pošten kakor bogat in nepošten.

*

Mladost brez rdečih lic je kakor pomlad brez cvetja.

*

Od rok do ust je dolga pot.

*

Jabolko ne pade daleč od drevesa.

*

Smrt je slepa.

*

Brez truda ni kruha.

*

Norec gradi hišo, modrec pa jo kupi, ko je dograjena.

*

Če ne hraniš mačke, moraš hraniti miši.

*

Tihā voda mostove podira.

*

Moder človek počasi hodi, pa hitro dospe do cilja.

*

Sto ljudi, sto čudes.

SLEPEC IN MLEKO

Že od rojstva slep siromak vpraša svojega vodnika: "Kake barve je mleko?"

Vodnik mu odgovori: "Belo je kot papir."

Slepec se začudi: "Ta barva torej šumi pod rokami kakor papir?"

"Ne šumi," mu reče vodnik. "Glej, belo je mleko kakor pšenična moka."

"Torej se tudi praši kakor moka?" vpraša slepi siromak.

"To ne," se glasi odgovor, "pa prav takšno je kakor bel zajček."

"A, že vem!" vzklikne slepec. "Mehko je in gladko kakor zajček."

"Ne tako! Misli na sneg. Take barve je mleko."

Slepec pa reče: "Aha! Tako mrzlo je kakor sneg"

Tako je bila vsaka primera zaman. Slepec ni mogel nikakor umeti, kakšne barve je mleko.

Kolikor krajši je govor, toliko boljši je

Mnogo ljudi je napačnega mišljenja, da je govornik toliko boljši, kolikor daljši govor ima, ter da je govor zelo važen, ako je tako velik, da bi natiskan obsegal celo knjigo. Vendar so pravila dobrega govorništva drugačna.

Eno glavnih pravil za dobrega govornika je, da mora njegov govor predvsem odgovarjati resnici. Drugo pravilo je, da mora biti govor dosleden in umljiv, a tretje pravilo se glasi, da mora govor biti kratek.

Tudi najboljši govor utruja slušatelje, ako traja predolgo. Torej govor, ki je resničen, dosleden in umljiv ter obenem kratek, ima v sebi vsa dobra svojstva.

Lincoln je bil kratek v svojih govorih. Za njegov najboljši govor smatrajo tistega, katerega je govoril v Gettysburgu padlim

vojakom med državljansko vojno. No in ta govor je trajal samo par minut.

Nekoč so pozvali Lincolna, naj govori na banketu.

“Kako dolgo naj govorim?” je vprašal Lincoln.

“Deset minut,” je odgovoril predsednik kluba.

“To je pa jako težko!” je izjavil Lincoln.

“Težko? Pa zakaj?”

“Če bi hotel govoriti deset minut, bi se moral pripravljati za govor najmanj pet ur. Ali če bi hoteli od mene, da govorim pet ur, bi se lahko pripravil za govor v desetih minutah.”

To je dokaj podučno za tiste, ki bi radi postali večji govorniki.

BOŽIČ

Radost in veselje
Božič v srca trosi.
Kdor si jih zasluži,
mu darove nosi.
Sreče zanj največ ima,
kdor je dobrega srca!

Iz “Zvončka.”

OSEL IN PETELIN.

Na plotu stoji petelinček
in poje lepo in poje glasno.
In hvalijo njega občutke
vse cibke in čopke in putke:
Koko, kokodajsk, koko!

To sliši pa sivček osliček
in glavo privzdigne od tal:
Viž, da bi ti kukurical,
vse cibke bi k sebi priklical,
peteha v koš bi dejal . . .

Pa kaj vam je storil osliček?
I no, kukuricnil tako,
da putke je—splašil v dvorišču,
a mož mu je dal po hrbtišču
dve gorki in dve za uho.

D. Kette.

USPAVANKA

Kaj bo sinku sen prineslo?
Ptičje pero, tenko veslo
ali kita rožmarina,
aja, tuta, nana, nina!

Krilo se je utrudilo,
veslo se je polomilo,
suha kita rožmarina —
aja, tuta, nana, nina!

Kaj bo sinku sen prineslo?
Niti krilo, niti veslo,
niti kita rožmarina,
le popevka materina,
aja, tuta, nana, nina!

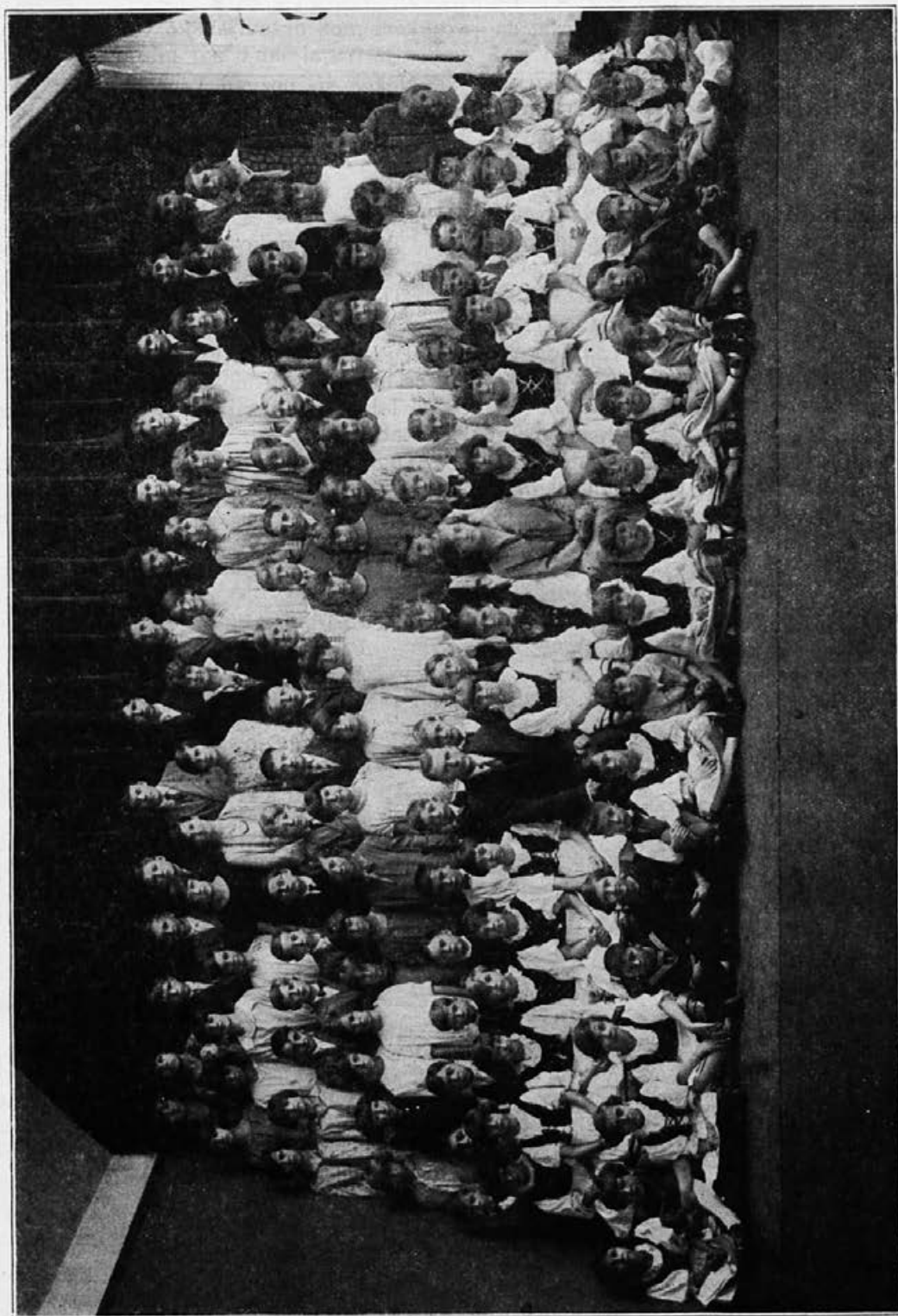
Oton Župančič.

BARČICA.

Barčica po morju plava,
drevesa se priklanjajo;
o le naprej, o le naprej,
dokler je še vetra kej!

Barčica po morju plava,
jadra se razpenjajo;
o le naprej, o le naprej,
dokler je še vetra kej!

Slovenska narodna.



Učenci slovenske mladinske šole v Clevelandu, Ohio.

Slovenska mladinska šola v Clevelandu

Iz številnih dopisov, ki jih prispevajo mladi čitatelji našega "Mladinskega lista" je prav dobro razvidno, kako radi bi se mnogi učili slovenščine, da bi znali vsaj pisati in čitati v materinem jeziku. Toda kdo naj bi jih učil! Staršem je čestokrat nemogoče, ker sami niso veliko zmožni ali so pa prezaposleni v borbi za vsakdanji kruh, da bi mogli žrtvovati nekoliko časa tudi za poduk svojega jezika svojim otrokom. Šol tudi nimajo, v katerih bi se učili slovenskega jezika in tako želja marsikaterega slovenskega dečka ali deklice ostane le želja, ker nikoli ne dobi prilike, da bi se naučil jezika svojih staršev tako, kakor se nauči angleškega jezika v šoli.

Malo mladih čitateljev "Mladinskega lista" je tako srečnih, kakor so bratci in sestrice, ki jih vidimo naslikane na nasprotni strani. To so učenci slovenske mladinske šole v Clevelandu, katerih je po številu 150, a na sliki jih je 115. Ker bi mogoče tudi po drugih slovenskih naselbinah radi ustanovili kako slovensko šolo, bo umestno tu navesti nekoliko podatkov o obstoju te vzorne šole.

Iz podatkov učitelja, g. Edwina Primošiča, ki je tudi na sliki, vidimo, da šola še ni dolgo ustanovljena. Prvi pouk v slovenščini so v Clevelandu začeli leta 1924 pod vodstvom slovenskega dramskega društva "Ivan Cankar". Šolo je vodila ga. Avgusta Danilova. Toda tedajna šola ni bila toliko v svrhu učenja slovenskega jezika, kot je bila za dramatiko, namreč da so dečki in deklice te šole nastopali na odru. V tem pogledu so tudi dosegli velike uspehe, in predstav, katere je nudila mladinska šola, se z veseljem spominja marsikateri Clevelandčan. Mladinska šola je takrat vprizorila tri velike igre, in sicer: "Janko in Metka", "Po-

slednje Peterčkove sanje" in "Čudežne gosli."

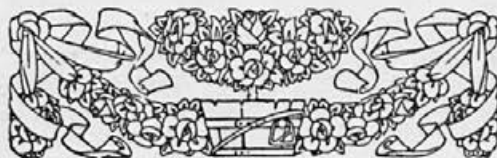
Poleti leta 1925 je bil sklican občni zbor clevelandskih rojakov, na katerem so ustanovili novo mladinsko šolo. Zbor je sklical direktorij Slovenskega narodnega doma, kateri je tudi izvolil šolski odbor. Za predsednika šolskega odbora je bil izvoljen dr. F. J. Kern, vrhovni zdravnik Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

Da bi ljudi kolikor mogoče pridobili za to dobro učno ustanovo, so priredili še istega poletja velik piknik. Slovenski starši so se zanimali in ko je prišla vpisovalna doba, so pripeljali mlade Slovence vpisat v to šolo. Za učitelja šole sta bila nastavljena že imenovani g. Edwin Primošič in ga. Antonijeta Simčič, ki je tudi na sliki med šolarji. Redna šola je pričela v jeseni leta 1925 in je bila obnovljena letos.

Lansko leto je hodilo v to šolo sto otrok. Razdeljeni so bili v štiri razrede, ki so imeli svoj redni poduk ob sobotah popoldne od dveh do petih. Letos hodi v to šolo 150 otrok, ki so pa razdeljeni v šest razredov ter se shajajo ob sobotah dopoldne in popoldne k rednemu poduku. Uče se slovenskega čitanja, pisanja in petja.

Ravno sedaj se mladina te šole pridno vadi za veliko mladinsko prireditev, ki jo bo imela o božiču. Kakor lansko leto, ko so vprizorili igri "V kraljestvu palčkov" ter "Kmečko svatbo," tako bodo namreč igrali tudi letos.

Reden poduk v slovenščini se vrši v Slovenskem narodnem domu. Upajmo, da bodo šolarji slovenske mladinske šole v Clevelandu, ki so v veliki meri člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, v svojih dopisih Mladinskemu listu, kaj poročali, kako jim kaj ugaja ta šola in koliko so se že naučili.





Dragi čitatelji!

V pismih za današnje številko sem čital pristrčna voščila, za katera sem mladim prispevateljem iz srca hvaležen. Enaka voščila izrekam vam vsem za božič in za novo leto. Naj razglašajo božični praznik za karkoli, nam je to praznik veselja, praznik prijetne zabave doma v krogu najbližjih, staršev, bratcev in sestic. Kot takega ga obhajajte vsi, posebno pa člani mladinskega oddelka in čitatelji Mladinskega lista, pa bodite na farmi, v rudarski naselbini ali pa v velikem mestu, na daljnem zapadu, v Minnesoti, v Pennsylvaniji ali kjerkoli.

*

Tekom zadnjega leta ste čitatelji Mladinskega lista pridno prispevali pisma, smešnice in deloma tudi pesmi. Gotovo vam je bilo to v zabavo, kakor je bilo v zabavo tudi odraslim, ki so čitali vaše prispevke. Najbolj pridni, ki ste prispevali največ "Našemu kotičku" ali pa v "Chatter Corner" seveda niste pozabili na obljubo, da boste dobili lepe knjige. Ta obljuba bo izpolnjena še meseca decembra.

Predno sem pisal ta odstavek, sem pregledal v Mladinske liste letošnjega leta, da se prepričam, kateri ste prispevali največ. Kot najpogostejše prispevatelje, reševalce ugank in dopisovatelje sem izbral sledeče:

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.
 Angelina Flere, Herminie, Pa.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Maksim Tekautz, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.
 Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.
 Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Pa.
 Silvester Gaspersich, Broughton, Pa.
 Frank Perenich, South View, Pa.
 Maks Traven, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Helen Ciganich, Chicago, Ill.
 Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.
 Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa.

Poleg teh je še nekaj drugih, kateri bodo tudi prejeli darila. Pisal bom vsakemu pismo, da mi sporoči nekaj podrobnosti, na kar bom takoj odposlal, kar je komu določeno. Mislim, da boste vsi zadovoljni, posebno pa tisti, ki prejmete večja darila. Vse po zaslugi!

* * *

V januarju, kakor vam je znano, pričnemo s kratkimi povestmi o Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti ali pa o društvih, pri katerih ste člani. To bo tekma za nedoločen čas, ki vam bo gotovo nudila veliko zabave in vam bo pomagala bolje razumeti, kaj je S. N. P. J., na katero so vaši starši tako ponosni.

Mogoče vam bo to delalo preglavice, kar pa je čisto nepotrebno. Napišite o svojem društvu, kar vam najbolj dopade ali pa to, kar bi najrajši videli, da bi imeli pri vašem društvu. Lahko napišete tudi, koliko vas je v društvu ali koliko vas je v Mladinskem oddelku. Pišete pa lahko v slovenščini ali v angleščini, kakor vam je ljubše. Če pišete v slovenščini, bo to najboljši način, da se naučite slovenskega jezika.

Spoštovani urednik!

Tudi jaz obiščem naš ljubljeni Mladinski list, ako ne bo šel moj dopis v nespoštovani koš. Hočem izraziti mojo željo s par vrsticami. Hotel sem se že oglasiti, ko sem pa čital da je urednik preveč za-

poslen z dopisi, sem malo počakal, da se zvrstimo. Sedaj gotovo ni toliko dopisov, kakor tudi opazujem v Mladinskem listu.

Jaz zelo rad čitam Mladinski list. V šoli povem povesti moji učiteljici. Jaz sem zelo vesel, da ga bom še cela štiri leta čital. Naučiti se hočem lepo slovensko pisati in čitati, govorim že sedaj lepo. Jaz mislim, da je bolj lepo pisati slovensko v slovenski list, kakor pa kak drug jezik.

Jaz tudi igram vijolin. Včasih tudi zapojem zraven. Moj učitelj pravi, da sem jaz najboljši vijolinist v njegovi šoli, radi tega sem dobil lep vijolin za darilo od moje mame in papa.

Obenem vam pošljem moje kitice od "Zadnje rožice."

Iskrem pozdrav vsem bratom in sestram S. N. P. J. in čitateljem Mladinskega lista, kakor tudi vam, mr. urednik.

Zadnja roža.

Zadnja roža v mojem vrtu,
jo veter ziblje sem in tja;
glavco žalostno poveša,
pred kruto slanco trepeta.

Pobožal rožico sem ljubeče,
priznal, da zanjo mi je žal.
Mi dala za sočutje moje
srce je, za spomin.

Biser v roki se posušil,
srce imel bom za spomin;
sjal, sadil bom potonco njene,
ko vrt bo spet ozelenel.

Fred Predikaka.

"Vrtec."

Cenjeni brat urednik!

Zadnja številka "Mladinskega lista" v tem letu je pred nami in kmalu zopet nastopi novo leto.

Upam, da bo v prihodnjem letu naš "Mladinski list" tako dober, ako ne še boljši kot je bil do sedaj. Tudi v prihodnjem letu se hočem večkrat oglasiti, ker "Mladinski list" je v resnici zanimiv in podučen in zasluži večjega zanimanja. Vsem bratcem in sestricam S. N. P. J. in vam, brat urednik, želim vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto, S. N. P. J. pa obilo uspeha in napredka v letu 1927.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

ZVEČER.

Solnce je že utonilo,
žarki vzeli so slovo.
Mrak in megla pogrnila
sta dolino in goro.

Tihe so premile ptice
skrile so se v perjice.
Tam vise do zlate zore,
zibljejo jih vejice.

Narodna.

PO ZIMI IZ ŠOLE.

Vse belo! Dol je bel in breg,
pod nogo škriplje trdi sneg.
Uboge ptičice zmrzujejo,
nožice gole privzdigujejo.

Zaspano, kakor da je v šoli,
iz neba gleda solnce doli.
Kam je gorkoto svojo delo?
Samo bi zdaj se rado grelo,
zato že skoro pojde spat
za morje v svoj kristalni grad.

Od mraza škriplje vse in poka;
mraz tudi vama je, otroka,
iz šole zdaj domu grede;
mraz vama je.

Le varno dvigajta pete,
iz šole zdaj domu grede.
Še mnogo vama bode teči,
da se doma pri gorki peči
ogreje mrzli ves životek,
kaj gorkega dobi želodček.

Oh, poln težav je in bridkosti
že sam začetek učenosti.

SLEPEC.

Le enkrat bi videl, kak' solnce gor gre,
bi videl, kje luna, kje zvezde blišče,
al' tema poskuša nad mano si moč;
ne vem nič od dneva, obdaja me noč.

Le enkrat bi videl višnjevo nebo,
zeleno planino in belo goro.

Le enkrat bi videl oblak nad menoj,
bi vprašal ga glasno: Se jočeš z menoj?

Le enkrat bi videl dolino in gaj,
oh, blagor, veselje, kdor vidi tu raj.
Le enkrat bi videl, kak' cvetke cveto,
med drugim, strup meni v prsih neso.

Le enkrat bi videl soseda oči,
bi vprašal v očesih, kar srce taji.
Svet zame ni stvarjen, le grob si želim,
le v grobu resnico in up zadobim.

Narodna.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume V.

DECEMBER 1926.

Number 12.

A WINTER'S DAY

Cold is the air and sweet with many a scent
 Of frosty earth—and moss—and briny sea:
 The wind sweeps down the hillside wild and free;
 Its laughter rings a bracing merriment.

To gold the sunshine turns the tawny moor.
 While filmy clouds drift softly o'er the blue;
 A song of bird with carolled gladness true
 Streams on and on above the wave-kissed shore.

Not every tree is bare and empty there
 Within the wood. Some stand in regal pride
 Where holly-berries splash their scarlet stain.
 The ivy climbs in beauty everywhere,
 Flinging glad life about on every side.
 In sovereign state King Winter reigns again!

Lillian Gard.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
 Filling the sky and the earth below;
 Over the house-tops, over the street,
 Over the heads of the people you meet;
 Dancing,
 Flirting,
 Skimming along,
 Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
 Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
 Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,
 It plays in its glee with everyone.

Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by,

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
 The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
 Hailing each other with humor and song!
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,

Ringling,
 Swinging,

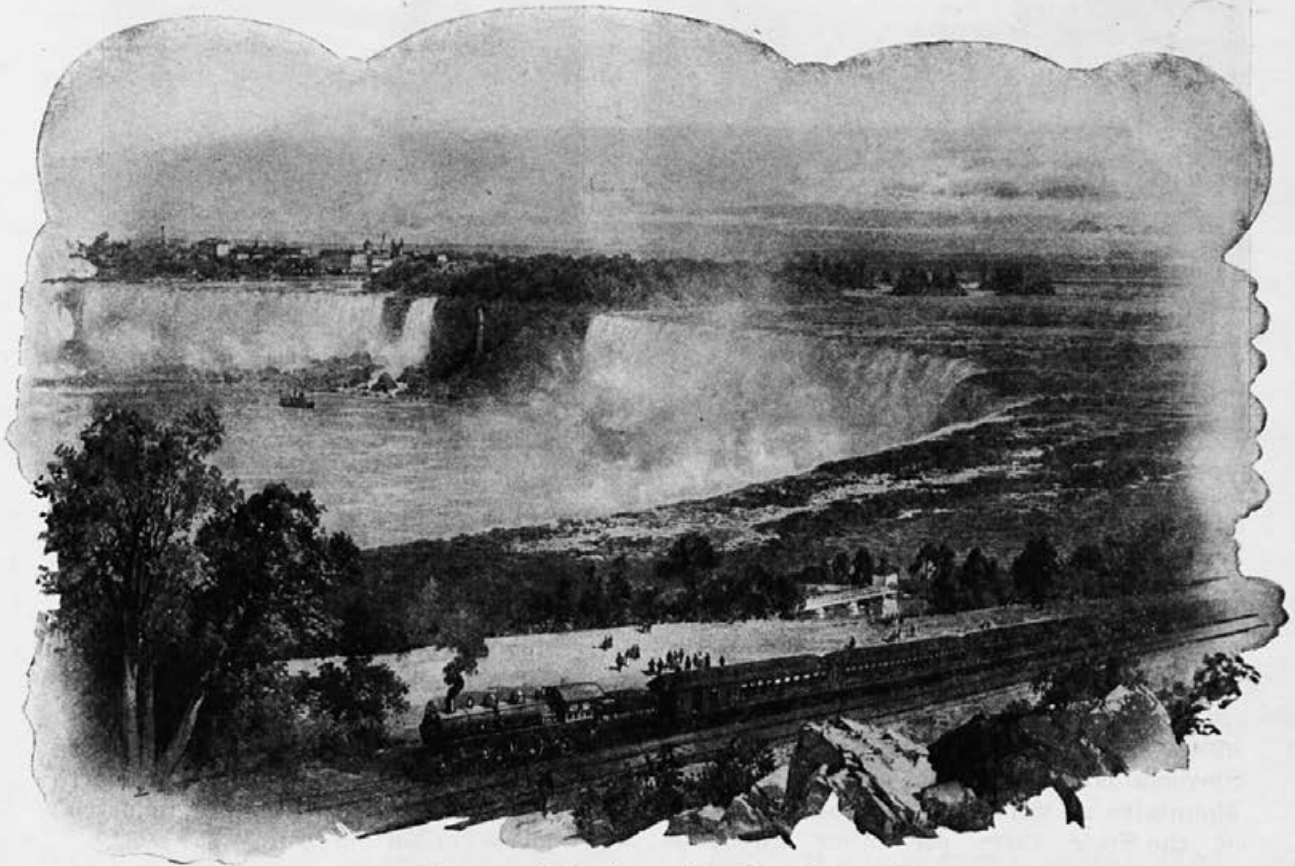
Dashing they go
 Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
 Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

The Greatest Waterfalls of the World

When, on the way toward its mouth, the river reaches a ridge or a sudden fall in the stream, the water overleaps from the brink, with its tremendous weight and force. The greatness of a waterfall depends on the height of the ridge as well as on the width and quantity of the river.

is 1125 feet wide, whereas on the Canadian it is 2100 feet. Across the waterfall a few bridges are built of which one is 190 feet above the river. Another one stands 245 feet above the water.

Another great waterfall is on Montgomery River, which flows into St. Lawrence



The Niagara Falls from the Canadian Side.

The greatest waterfall in the world is Niagara Falls. This waterfall divides Ontario (Canada) and the State of New York, and connects the Lakes Erie and Ontario. Niagara River is 33 and a half miles long, and from one to four miles wide. On this bank of the River the waterfall is 162 feet high, and on the Canadian side 149 feet. On the American side the waterfall

is 1125 feet wide, whereas on the Canadian it is 2100 feet. Across the waterfall a few bridges are built of which one is 190 feet above the river. Another one stands 245 feet above the water. Another great waterfall is on Montgomery River, which flows into St. Lawrence

ce River. This waterfall is 242 feet high. One of the greatest waterfalls is on Potaro River in British Guinea; it is 822 feet high and 369 feet wide. The highest, but not very large waterfall is on Yosemite River in California. Its height amounts to about 2100 feet.

Victoria Falls in Africa is one of the most magnificent waterfalls. It is 370 feet

high and 1850 yards wide. Grand Falls of Labrador—between Canada and Atlantic Ocean—is 2000 feet high. A waterfall of about the same size is called Rowanna. It is in Guinea.

There are large waterfalls in Europe, and the largest one of all is in Norway, on the little river of Mann. It is called Riukan-



Falls of Yellowstone River (308 ft.)

foss, and it is about 900 feet high. Of almost the same size is the waterfall of Staubach River in Switzerland. On the river Rhine there is a fall near Schaffhausen in Germany. It is 300 feet wide and about 100 feet high.

In Jugoslavia there is a large number of waterfalls of which the Savica Falls in Slovenia is the largest one. In Triglav Mountains as well as in the Southern parts of the State there are other waterfalls

which are not so well known for their size as for their beauty.

Many of the world most known waterfalls are utilized for the purposes of modern



**The Picturesque "Tower Falls."
(Yellowstone Park).**

industry. Inventors and technical engineers are working steadily on plans in order to utilize the great waterpowers for industrial and transportation purposes.



Three Cities of Jugoslavia

Ljubljana.

Ljubljana is the largest Slovenian city. It is situated on the banks of the Ljubljanica River, near its influx into the Sava River. In the last decades, several suburbs were added to the original city, which additions cover an area far greater than the Old Ljubljana.

Similar to many cities of Western Europe, Ljubljana is a city where the medieval and modern ages meet. Of course, the people and their customs do not bear any traits of the medieval age, but many of the ancient structures and the palaces of its old market



Ljubljana.

streets and squares are in pure Renaissance style of the fifteenth century. The town hall itself, which was built in the middle of the fifteenth century, is one of the most beautiful examples of the medieval architecture.

The most magnificent building, and probably the most interesting, is the Castle on the hill above Ljubljana, which eminently commands the town. From this castle, and from its peculiarly shaped tower, especially, there is the most delightful view upon the city streets, crowded with inhabitants, trolleys, and carriages, deep below the almost vertical side of the hill. The city spreads in all directions; large white houses with numerous windows are built along the Ljubljanica

ca River, which disappears far beyond the walls of industrial structures.

The western side of the city presents the most attractive view. Behind a strip of modern avenues with government palaces, commercial structures, and theatres, the city is hidden in a forest—Tivoli park. Along the park there are cottages of the wealthy inhabitants and of the well-to-do class, who live there in a peaceful and yet close-to-town neighborhood.

Ljubljana was always the principal center of Slovenian national movement. Consequently, it has some of the most known cultural institutions and several societies for the promotion of science and literature. Its educational institutions are of a high standing. The largest of its kind is the Technical College, the laboratories of which are wonderfully equipped with modern school appliances. Although the University of Ljubljana is one of the youngest educational institutions, it is already recognized as an able and refined school of high education.

As a complete educational center, Ljubljana also has its Museum of Natural History which is of considerable size; its art galleries and its art theatres, among which the National Opera is the most prominent. In Ljubljana there are also several public libraries which operate on a system as the American public libraries do.

If you ever visit Europe and the country of your parents, do not forget to spend a few days in Ljubljana. You'll never regret it.

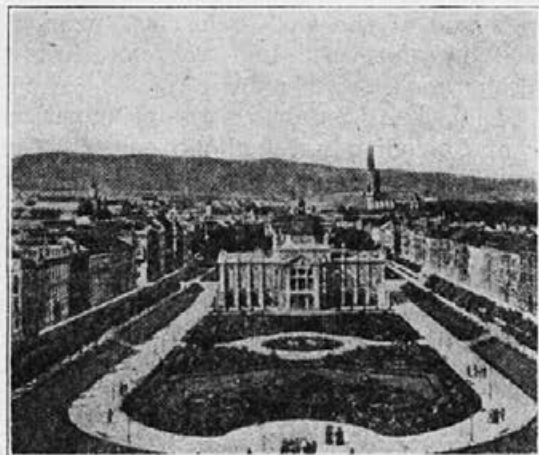
Zagreb.

Zagreb is not far from Ljubljana, about one hundred miles. It is the capital city of Croatia and Slavonia; a large city, pleasantly situated between the north bank of Sava River and the Mountains which culminate in Sljeme (3396 ft). Since 1890 its population grew very rapidly. In that year the city had not more than 38,740 inhabitants. In 1910 its population was more than doubled, and today there are about 150,000 people living in Zagreb.

Because the largest part of the city grew in modern times, it is clear that Za-

greb is a modern city. It is not at all provincial and is rather equal to the great capitals of the Western Europe. The old city of Zagreb is built mostly on hills, but the largest modern part is spread over the low grounds toward the Sava River.

The city is a cultural center of Croatia, and, after the World War, a center of Jugoslavia. It has a score of old buildings in



Zagreb.

medieval architecture, but the modern buildings are of most various and attractive styles. A rather curiously and finely built palace is the National Theatre (Opera House), which is situated in a garden square, and surrounded by other palaces of culture and commerce. The most prominent, however, is the Academy of Science. The University of Zagreb, which was founded in 1874 to teach law, philosophy, and theology, was lately completed by the addition of the colleges of medicine and commerce. It is the best educational institute of Jugoslavia.

Zagreb has a large city park, known as Maksimir, which appears to be like a region for itself. It has wide meadows and forests of high oak and linden trees, and in the middle of the park there is a large aquarium.

Belgrade.

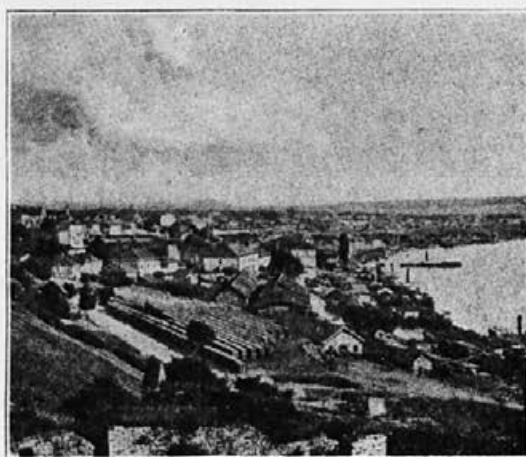
The principal city of Jugoslavia is Belgrade (or Beograd). Up to the 1912 this city was the capital of just a small kingdom, Serbia. After the Balkan War the original kingdom of Serbia was enlarged by the oc-

cupation of Southern Serbia, and, after the World War, Belgrade became what it is today.

Considering the rapid growth of the country, of which Belgrade was the capital, it is evident why the population grew so rapidly that even the American architects of who some were employed by building up the new Belgrade, could not build quick enough.

Belgrade occupies a triangular ridge, or foreland, washed on the northwest by Sava, and on the north-east by the Danube River. The sides of the triangle slope down abruptly towards the west and more gradually toward the east. At the base stands the cone of Avala Hill, the last outpost of Rudnik Mountains which extend far away to the south. At the tip of the mountains there is a cliff of about 200 feet which overlooks the confluence of the two rivers, the large, flat island of Veliki Vojn, and several smaller islets.

Belgrade more than doubled its population since the Balkan War. The city, which previously was more or less of oriental type



Belgrade.

with only one modern avenue, was largely destroyed during the World War, and in the place of it an entirely modern town is rising.

On the hilly sides behind the city, there is a well known district, called the Gardens of Kalimegdan, from which there is a famous view over the river. This part of

the city was always the best looking. Belgrade itself is a city of white houses, and was formerly divided into three parts, namely, the Old town, the Russian town, and the Turkish town. These parts were typical and rather distinct from each other. The great change, of course, abolished those differences, and the old Turkish houses, built of

plaster and red-tiled roofs, among the ill-paved and insanitary districts, are no more to be seen.

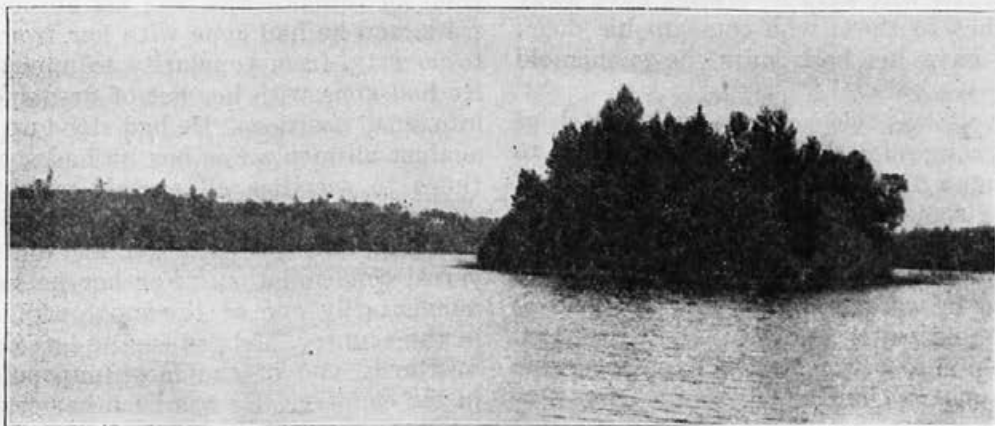
The modern Belgrade is a busy town. It has to build up everything anew: government palaces, legation houses, commercial buildings, new harbors and schools and new residences for the growing population.

OUR TWO COMPANIONS

The Earth is like the body; Earth grows old.
The flowers once ran riot down her lanes,
As fires of youth run riot in our veins,
Turn brown and rotten in the wintry cold.
The love songs die, the birds have winged
it south,

The brook is frozen like a dead man's mouth;
Frost crowns the hill where once the gorse
was gold.

I see in this gaunt Earth, these sunset skies,
A widow brooding o'er a fire that dies,
Once fair and gay, but beggared and grown
old.



The Sea is like the spirit, lord of Time.
No weariness, no fading, doth she know:
She is not whitened by the falling snow,
She is not silenced by the deathly rime.
To winter cliffs, or cliffs bedight with
flowers,

She comes rejoicing in her youthful powers,
A changeless splendour, ever in her prime.
O joy and might and glory of the Sea!
The Soul of Man shall shine and sing like
thee,
And conquer Death, and be the lord of Time.

Janet Begbie.

Robert Hunter:

A Companion to Truth

I remember as a little lad of eight or nine years, walking with my father in one of the streets of Terre Haute. A tall, slender, handsome young man stopped to talk with my father. At first I was fascinated by the way they grasped hands and looked into each other's eyes. I was then impressed by their animated conversation. But they talked on and on until it seemed to me hours in length; and finally I began to tug at my father's coat-tails, urging him to come on. After a while they parted, and my father said to me very seriously, "You should not interrupt me, Robert, when I am talking. That young man is one of the greatest souls on this earth, and you should have listened to what he said."

From time to time afterwards I heard of 'Gene, and many were the stories told of him. Everyone spoke of his friendship for the poor. He could never keep money in his pocket. His wife says he always gave away his clothes to those who came to his door; and he gave his best suits, never his old ones.

Once I was told he had a gold watch of considerable value which had been given to him, and a fireman who had been out of work for some time stopped him to say that he had a job offered on the railroad, but he would have to have a watch before he could go to work. Immediately 'Gene took out his gold watch and gave it to the man, telling him to return it when he was able to buy one for himself.

These and countless other stories are told by his fellow-citizens. Many of them did not understand Debs. His views and his work they could not comprehend, but every man, woman and child in that town loved him with a devotion quite extraordinary.

They say that a prophet is without honor in his own country, but in Terre Haute you will find that however much they misunderstood the work that 'Gene was doing there was not one who did not honor and love him.

Ask anyone. Go to the poor, the vagrant, the hobo. Go to the churches, to the

rich, to the banker, to the traction magnate. You will find that every single one will say that 'Gene had something which other men do not possess. Some will say he was rash, unwise, and too radical. Others will say that he was too good for this world, and that his visions and dreams were the fanciful outpourings of a generous but impractical soul. But ask them about his character, his honesty, his sincerity, and unciously many of them will remove their hats.

Some of these statements will seem an exaggeration. But one cannot avoid that in speaking of 'Gene. When one who knew him makes any statement, no matter how moderate, it will seem to others who did not know him an exaggeration.

'Gene has followed Truth wherever she has led. He did not ask what was politics, what was wise, what was expedient; he only asked what was truth. He loved Truth beyond all things. She was his absolute mistress, and he had gone with her from riches to poverty, from popularity to unpopularity. He had gone with her out of great positions into small positions. He had stood up for her against all men. For her he had seemed at times to sacrifice all earthly gain, and to accept without one pang of regret, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and almost universal condemnation. For her he has been momentarily one of the most popular men in the country, and for her he has been momentarily one of the most unpopular men in the country. He has been her companion when everyone believed in her, and he has been her companion when to believe in her meant to go into prison stripes, behind iron bars.

Sometimes I have differed with 'Gene. I have said to him that what he was doing was unwise, impolitic, dangerous. At such times, under such criticism, he was always kindly but undeterred; and it was his conscience that answered you back and asked, "But is it right? Is it true?"

Shortly after I left college I went to live in one of the most poverty-stricken districts of Chicago. One Sunday it was an-

nounced that Eugene would come there to speak. Thousands came to hear him, and overflowing the hall a multitude waited outside to hear him speak from a truck. After waiting for two hours perhaps, 'Gene came out and began to speak. Most of the audience were foreigners who could hardly understand a word of English, and as I heard his beautiful words and saw their wistful, earnest faces I felt that something more powerful, penetrating, and articulate than mere words was passing between the audience and the speaker. For a moment it seemed to me that a soul was speaking from the eyes and frame of 'Gene, and that, regardless of differences of language and all the traditional barriers that separated him from the multitude about him, they understood and believed all he said. I remember

how my heart beat, and how tears began to flow from my boyish eyes. I was ashamed for fear someone would see me. And it was not because of anything that 'Gene was saying. It was solely because of something back of the man, something greater than the man, something bigger, more powerful, and more moving than any words or expression. And after the thing was over I went to him, helped him on with his coat, and fondled him as I would my own father or brother. And as we went away together there kept coming into my heart the words of Ruth:

"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee. For whither thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

THE ELFIN HOST

By R. R. Greenwood.

I met a toadstool in the wood—
Right beside my path he stood,
Bulging loamy white and saffron yellow—
And I asked him what excuse
He had for being, and what use
Pan could make of such a swaggering fellow.

Then he whispered, "Ages since,
In the days of Peter Quince,
Right beneath my canopy there tarried
Oberon with all his band,
A gorgeous troop from fairyland,
Paused with all the retinue he carried.

"Then it was I played mine host
While each quaffed his dewy toast,
While no mortal came that way to pester,
Here beneath the emerald shade
Made they merry through the glade,
While Oberon took his noonday siesta.

"Later, when the shadows grew
And the golden sunlight flew,
Ere they left my caravanserie,
Then the King, through all his pages,
There proclaimed that through the ages
I the elfin publican should be.

"So beside each forest way
All my people night and day
Keep their fairy taverns open wide.
If you mortals were not blind
You might view the elves who find
The magic wine of fairyland inside."



A Little Girl Shows the Way to Happiness

A little girl wandered away from her mother in a crowded store and for two hours she was lost. When they found her, she was asleep in the midst of the toys. In each hand was gripped a drum stick, and her arms were about a drum. So maybe it was not she, but all the rest of the world, that was lost for those two hours. That is probably the way she looked at it. She was dreaming in a land of reality, where there were endless days of play, where the sunshine was bright and there was nothing but happiness.

And all about through our broad land and in other lands about the earth, there are thousands of little boys and little girls who are going to be lost in the dreams of Christmas toys, and who are going to hug drums and dolls and thousands of other things to their breasts.

That is what toys are for. They are not for price tags and calculating and com-

parisons and contrasts and coveting; they are for giving form to dream worlds, for symbolizing the inborn wonder and confidence of children. Bicycles and toy animals, doll carriages and candy canes, rag dolls and railway trains, steam engines and mittens and skates and magic lanterns and games and all the countless array that fill the stores and hang on Christmas trees and bulge the toes of stockings and lie in heaps on the breakfast table and cluster about the cribs and cots of children—these are the panoply of truth, which comes from fairy-land.

Nor are the children the only ones that slip away from humdrum days and nestle down in the heaps of dreams, and clutch treasures such as toy drums and dolls, and long-passed play days and memories. This is the season when any man and any woman, if he or she is wise and knows the truth about things, steps aside and gets "lost" amid the wonders of Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

By Pauline Kodelja, Conneaut, Pa.

Little fairy snowflakes dancing in the flue,
Old Mister Santa Claus, what is keeping you?
Twilligh and firelight, shadows come and go,
Merry chimes of sleigh, bells tinkling through the
snow.

Mother's knitting stockings; pussy's got the ball:
Don't you think that Winter's pleasanter than all?

Oh, holy branch and mistle toe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go.
And stocking pinned up in a row;
All the children dreaming in bed of Santa Claus.





Dear Readers: —

Once again, I wish a very happy Christmas to all readers of the Mladinski list, old and young, far and near. Whether you are skating in Minnesota or Montana, or taking a refreshing swim to temper the heat of California, or whether you are studying hard in the schools, I hope that you all will have plenty of fun and happiness through making others happy (as you have made me happy by extending the numerous wishes in your personal letters as well as in those written for publication.)

*

In the pile of letters which I received during the last month, there was one from one of the youngest presidents of the S. N. P. J. lodges, Bro. Donald J. Lotrich, President of Pioneer Lodge 559 in Chicago. He says this: "I was indeed pleased to see so many youngsters represented, especially so many from distant parts of the country. It is a pleasure to follow the movement of our Juveniles, through your magazine, and I hope the youngsters upon becoming adult members in the order will help to boost it.

"Your December issue will probably be printed just before Christmas. May I ask that you express my sincere wishes for a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to our Juveniles . . ."

We were pleased to receive this communication from one of the most outstanding presidents, who, through his activities, secured the greatest number of new mem-

bers for the first English-speaking Lodge, the Pioneers.

*

Concerning the rewards for your contributions I have made an announcement in Slovenian under "Naš koticék". Will you, please, read it and, also, try to understand? I did not think it was necessary to repeat all those announcements in English, since most of you write that you are learning how to read and write Slovene. If it is hard for you to understand, will you ask your parents to help you read it?

Now we are coming to the contests which were announced months ago. Let us all join them and make them as interesting as possible. We'll arouse the interest of the older folks, the adult members of the S. N. P. J. Let every member of the Juvenile department of the S. N. P. J. and every reader of the Mladinski list be a "Joygiver", and our large club a real "Joygivers' Club of the S. N. P. J."

We will start with a short story on the S. N. P. J. as a whole, or of your home lodge. Tell what you know about it. What improvements would please you. Do you think the English speaking lodges are necessary? Has your home town a sufficient number of S. N. P. J. members to have an English speaking lodge? In addition to this serious writing, you could tell jokes and things that will be interesting to all. Write in your next letter about the S. N. P. J., or your home lodge.

Dorothy Rossa from Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

This is my first letter to the Mladinski list. With New Year I shall start writing Slovene in the M. L. Every night I read Slovene stories to my father and mother. I am eleven years of age and in the sixth grade. My father, sister, and I all belong to the S. N. P. J.

In the Rhyming word puzzle I found the following rhyming words: Retail, nail, scale, male, female, tail, mail, veil, ale, Miss Dale, Miss Kale, pail, sale, hale, pale, stale, frail, bale, rail, ail, fail, tale, snail.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters.

Here is a sarcastic letter written by **Rosalie Kodric from Cleveland:**

"I guess I'd better scold myself for not writing before. But, oh! I am so busy these days! Busy, busier, busiest! I am sure, I do not wish I had more homework. Sometimes I did when I was in a lower grade; but now, I think the lower grades have more homework than we used to have.

I am dismissed from school at 4.00, and it is almost 4.30 when I get home; so you see, there is not much time before supper at 6.00. I am 13 years of age and in the 8-B 1. I think you know what the 1 after B means; for it has the same meaning as that which Anna Bogatay gave; I attend the same school, Wilson Junior High.

Anna Bogatay wrote a long, interesting letter about the M. L. not long ago. I am not very well acquainted with Anna, in fact, I think she does not even know who I am; but I know her brother, Henry, who is in my class.

In school I have geometry, English grammar, literature, history (which I do not like), sewing (in which I am now making a new dress), art, "type," music, vocational guidance and gym. Vocational guidance is something like hygiene, but harder. We learn about health and other things concerning our future life. Of these I like best "type," geometry, and gym. Next comes English and sewing. I might be a typist. I play piano and like it very much. I like to write poems and jokes. Now I am working on a poem "The Year Round," which tells of winter, spring, summer, and autumn, for the "Community News," a monthly paper of our school.

I enjoy the letters of the Mladinski List. In the November issue the "Evangelist of Art" was very interesting. I also like to read the poems. I think Theresa Smith's poems are good, and so is the "Traffic Cop," which Mary Bubnich wrote. I want to hear from some of you; I mean, all that wish to write to me. My address is: 1159 E. 61 Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Now remember, I want enough letters I could paper the wall with them. It would make a historical wall; don't you think? Best Christmas wishes.

I am going to try to write often. See what you can do. I guess I'd better save some for next time."

Jennie Schluge from Virden, Ill., says in her first letter: "I have three sisters and three brothers, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. We wish the Mladinski list would come sooner."

Dear Editor:

My name is Johnny Pozego. I read the Mladinski list every month and I am sorry it doesn't come every week. I live on a farm, three miles south from Willard, and am a member of the S. N. P. J. No. 198. Sometimes I go with my father to the big hall when they have the meeting, but I do not understand much of the Slovene language. Anyhow, I am trying to learn it. I go to school every day.

My father made a wooden sled for me and I am sorry we haven't very much snow. When I come from school, I have to carry corn to the pigs. We have three fat pigs and four small ones. We have two working horses and we call them Jack and Jill.

I would like to hear from other farm boys and girls. Best regards to brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J.—**Johnny Pozego**, Willard, Wis. R. R. 1.

Mildred Hochevar, 12 years old and in the seventh grade of the Junior High writes from **Aurora, Minn.:** "I love the stories and letters of the Mladinski list very much. The snow has fallen in Aurora already, but it has melted. It seems as if Spring would come soon again. But I don't think it will. Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. Those who wish to write to me: My address is, **Mildred Hochevar**, Box 408, Aurora, Minn.

Dear Editor:

I have received a letter from Christine Sernal. She has written quite a few times. I wish more members of the lodge would write to me. — **Mary Kozole**, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oglesby, Ill. **Sister Mary Uli** says:

"I wish the Mladinski List would come at least three times a month instead of once. I am glad winter has come; many times I get the sled and then enjoy going down the hill. I wish that my friends would write to me oftener than they do. Here's a joke:

Billy: Teacher, do you give anybody a strapping if he doesn't do anything?

Teacher: No, I don't. Why?

Billy: Because I didn't do anything in arithmetic."

Alfonso Uli from Oglesby writes in his first letter:

"I am glad the winter is here. I like to build snow forts and have a lot of fun throwing snow balls at the other side. I am eight years old and in the third grade. I am also a member of the S. N. P. J."

COLD WINTER HAS COME.

Cold Winter has come on,
 The singing birds are gone;
 The sun is barely seen,
 And the grass is no more green.
 The children all a'playing go,
 While down comes fast the fleecy snow.
 Summer is beautiful and so is fall,
 But winter is about the best of all.

By Olga Zebek, Roundup, Mont-

GEOGRAPHY.

Study of places with climate hot and cold,
 Study of cities, both new and old,
 Study of people, countries and the sea,
 All this is known as geography.

Venice with its hundreds of gondolas floating about,
 Resembling big birds very large and stout,
 Minus paved streets here or there,
 But water, water, everywhere.

London by the river Thames,
 Has people attending the baseball games,
 For baseball had originated there
 In the year when railroads were very rare.

Paris with its gay cafe's,
 Where idle people spend their days,
 With music, laughter and lots of fun,
 From afternoon to the rising of the Sun.

Hammerfast with its ice and snow,
 And climate so cold, that nothing green can grow,
 That of rich people, is visited by everyone.
 The land of the Midnight Sun.

Rome, a great city in the days of yore,
 But not so great any more,
 With its gladiators full of war
 And very bold even at the angry cry of the wild boar.

Leningrad in Russia on the Neva River,
 Where passing wind makes wheat sway and shiver,
 The city where bread earners work hard all day long,
 As is indicated in the "Pull Boys, Pull" song.

But of all the cities both great and small,
 I love Chicago best of all.
 No matter where I'll roam or where I'll be,
 Chicago will always be "Home Sweet Home" to me.

Theresa Smith.

Dear Editor:—

The letters in the Mladinski list are very interesting. I just love to read them; I also love to read the jokes, riddles, and stories. I can not read in Slovenian, but would like to. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I have a very good teacher.

Here are a few jokes:

Teacher: Johnny, name three proofs that the earth is round.

Johnny: Ma says so, Pa says so, and you say so.

Jennie Marvich, Yukon, Pa.



Japanese Christmas.

Anna Wolfe from Lafferty, Ohio, is 11 years old and in the sixth grade. She says in her first letter to the Mladinski:

"I have two brothers and two sisters. Pauline is sixteen years old and is out of school. She is now joining with the grown up members of the S. N. P. J. lodge. Pearl is my smallest sister. She talks like a little chatter box and is only two years old. My brothers' names are Edbin and Robert. Edbin is thirteen years old and in the sixth grade; Robert is fourteen years old and in the eighth grade. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge.

I go to the Lafferty Rural School, which has fifteen rooms and a different teacher for each study. The bigger boys play football and the smaller boys have manual training; the girls have sewing and cooking. We have a mile to walk to school."

Victor Friskovec, Nokomis, Ill., says:

This is the second time I am writing. I would not have wrote, if I had not received a letter from a sister, who saw my letter in one of the Mladinski list issues and wrote to me.

I am fourteen years old and am beginning my first year in high school which I like better than the grade school. I wrote that I was a cripple all but nine months of my life, although I could ramp around with other boys at our games.

The mine No. 10 in which my father is working, has had a working spell lately and has picked up.

Here is a joke:

"Tommy, isn't it rather extravagant to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"Oh no, mother! It's economy. You see, the same piece of bread does for both."

I also have a puzzle:

"Why is a hog the strangest animal in creation?"

Rudolph Molly, Broughton, Pa.:

"I would like to be a member of the S. N. P. J. Joygiver's Club. My brothers and sisters are in the S. N. P. J.; and my father and mother are in the S. N. P. J. Lodge from 1904, since it started.

I am eleven years of age and in the fourth grade.

Here I have a puzzle from arithmetic: 'If a chicken and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how much would it lay in a week?'"

Broughton, Pa. By Frank Molly:

"I am a reader of the Mladinski list and I wish to have many friends to read my letter. When my father came to Broughton, he joined the S. N. P. J., and he is now the president of the Lodge for 14 years. I am now 14 years of age and in the seventh grade. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Here is my puzzle: Do you know, what has four legs and can not walk?"



Feeding the Winter Birds

Among the many questions we have to answer is this one: "Is it natural to feed the birds; and if we do feed them, will it not spoil them for doing the work Nature intended?" Conditions are much changed in bird life. There was a time when it was not necessary to erect bird-houses; but now we must if we want to attract them around our homes, especially in thickly settled places.

The natural food of winter birds has been practically destroyed, and if we want to attract birds and keep them with us the year round, it is necessary to feed them throughout the winter.

As soon as the bugs appear in the springtime, the birds will desert your feeding stations. This has been noticed by all trained observers. Feeding the birds during the time that their natural food supply is at its lowest ebb, will help you draw the birds closer to your home, prevent many birds from starving, will keep some of our migratory birds with us throughout the year, will bring a better understanding between birds and mankind and, in addition,

have them ready for the bugs when they appear in the spring.

The food generally used are suet or other fat, pork rinds, bones with shreds of meat, cooked meats, meal-worms, bird-seed, nut meats of all kinds, buckwheat chaff, hay-seed, crackers, crumbs, cracked corn, hemp-seed, millet, whole or rolled oats, pop-corn, pumpkin, squash and sunflower seed, rolled or boiled rice, wheat, cut-up apples, lettuce, cabbage, carrots, etc.

Put out some fine gravel, sand, grit and siftings from coal ashes.

As to feeding-stations, birds are not particular. A food-tray or -shelf may be put on a tree or pole or fastened against the house. Wind plays havoc with the food on shelves, therefore boxes or houses built with a roof will protect the food and also the birds during stormy weather.

Quails must be fed on the ground, so a small lean-to should be build; the food can be placed under this.

See that the birds are fed regularly, and give a report of what you are doing for the winter birds.

THE FOXES HAVE A MELON PARTY

The farmer loved good melons,
And he had a tiny patch,
And the naughty little foxes
Bethought them of a catch.

The farmer'd gone to market,
And oh! it was a sin!
The garden gate was open
And they quickly tumbled in!

And such a lively frolic!
They almost had to shout,
The way they pushed and hustled
To roll the melons out!

Oh, dear! but they were luscious,
And sweet as one could find,
And mighty soon they vanished,
With nothing left but rind.

And just as they were wishing
That they could find some more,
They saw the angry farmer
Approaching with a roar.

And oh! but they were frightened!
But each one softly pleads,
"Oh! don't be cross, good farmer,
We'll give you all the seeds!"



ANSWER TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

PUZZLE NO. 27.

BEHEADED WORD

Chair—c—Hair.

Solved by Theresa Smith, Chicago.

PUZZLE NO. 28

Solved by Emma Podpechan, Franklin, Kansas.

S	A	N	D
A	L	O	E
N	O	T	E
D	E	E	D

RHIMING WORDS PUZZLE.

As mentioned in her letter Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, guessed 23 rhyming words in the picture of a village store. Theresa Smith got 17 words, and Olga Zobek from Roundup, Mont., 11.

PUZZLE NO. 30

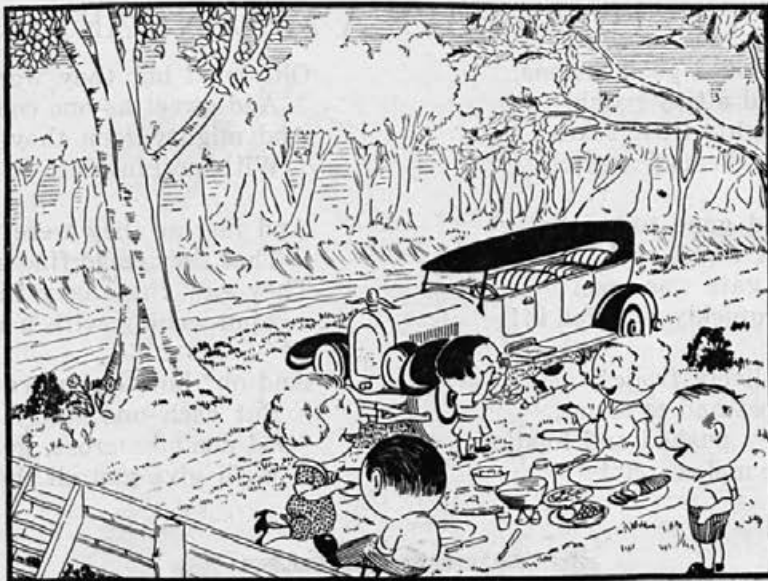
What's Your Guess?

Here's a problem: Are you a good guesser at figures? Try this one. Suppose, you make a contract with some one as follows: He shall pay you first day of the month one cent, second day two cents, third day four cents, fourth day eight cents and so on till the 31st. Every day the sum should be doubled. Now, how much would you have at the end of the month? Make a guess first. After you made your guess, which you think is approximately right, take the pencil and paper and figure it out. You'll be surprised. Who will make the first good guess?

Riddles No. 31.

- Why is a baker a most improvident person?
- Can you tell of what race Napoleon I. was?
- Why is a boaster like an India rubber ball?
- What is the difference between a box of shoe polish and a Negro sparring?
- What is it that you cannot hold for ten minutes although it is as light as a feather?
- What word is always pronounced wrong by the best scholars?

**How many rhyming words
does this picture suggest?**



The Key Word is CRY.

