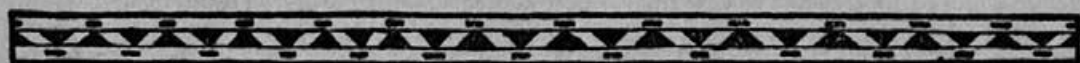


Mladinski List



JANUARY 1928

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J U V E N I L E

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CHICAGO, ILL., JANUAR, 1928.

VOL. VII.—No. 1.



Japonske lilije.

Mirko Kunčič:

JANEZEK

JANEZEK je žganje pil —
hu, da bi ga koklja!
Težka mu je glava zdaj
kot lesena coklja.

V prsih pa srce—tok, tok—
divje mu utriplje,
ko da v njem kovačev sto
kuje na vse kriplje.

A v želodcu — tam še le —
kakšen dirindaj!
Mar se je naselil v njem
strašni gorski zmaj?

Če bo Janezek še pil,
šlo bo z njim navzdolž . . .
s pametjo ne bo prišel
dalj kot boter polž . . .

Borisov:

GODEC

MI IMAMO godca v hiši,
gode, gode venomer,
mesto da lovil bi miši
gre v zapeček vsak večer.

Ali zjutraj mesto mleka
brco v rebra bo dobil,
ker ponoči svoje službe
ni pravilno izvršil.

Štiri mesece noči

Naslednji spis je posnet po delih J. L. Copeja, raziskovalca južnega tečaja, ki je preživel zimo v okrožju tečaja sam z raziskovalcem Shackletonom.

ŠTIRI MESECE dolga noč bi se nam zdela nekaj nenavadnega in skoro nemogočega, pa vendar je taka noč redno vsako leto v obeh polarnih delih naše zemlje. Na južnem tečaju vlada taka zimska noč od srede aprila pa do srede meseca avgusta.

Dolga noč pa vendar ni neprestano temna. Ko nastopi zima sredi aprila, je vedno bolj mračno nebo, a sonce še neprestano žari v plamenih barvah in precej časa prej kot se povrne zopet poletje, se nebo odene z rožno zarjo.

Zima nastopi po trudapolnih poletnih dneh. Ljudje in psi so podvizali s spravljanjem živil in so po pravici zaslužili dolgo trajen oddih; toda ko nastopa zima, ni časa za oddih. Poletni večer torej pomeni urno pripravlanje na mesece dolgo noč. Najbolj važno je, da je v shrambah dovolj tulenjevega mesa, kajti pomanjkanje svežega mesa pomeni, da bi prebivalci prej ali slej zboleli za kurdejem, katerega se boji vsak polarni raziskovalec.

Najti je treba tudi dovolj virov sveže vode. V to svrhu si izberejo najbližji lednik, katerega led je čist. Kadar je vreme ugodno, odkrhnejo od lednika primerne kose ledu, odpeljejo ga v zimske kolibe in ga stopo. Po navadi imajo kose ledu kar v hiši za par dni naprej, kajti preskrbeti se morajo za slučaj viharja, ki jih lahko zaloti. Led in tulenjevo meso, oboje mora biti torej spravljeno za slučaj slabega vremena.

Slabo vreme navadno nastopi ob luninih spremembah. Kadar je noč mirna med dobo polne lune, je samo odsev tako jasen, da je mogoče na prostem čitati knjigo, ali take mirne dobe so dokaj redke.

Neka druga znamenita luč je takozvana aurora australis, ki razsvetljuje vse nebo z velikanskimi svetlobnimi zastori plešoče luči. Luč valovi preko neba v ogromnih obokih in v skoro mavričnih barvah, ki se neprestano spreminjajo.

Ko je pisatelj posetil one kraje, ni bila taka luč nič navadnega, toda o prilikah, ko je nebo odsevalo v nepopisnih barvah, je razložil skoro vse barve, od jabolčno zelene pa do zlato rumene. Sijaj polarne zarje je skoro vedno zvezan s kakim magnetičnim vznemirjenjem v ozračju in zemlji, torej tudi v zvezi z viharji, katerih ledeni veter brije kakor bi rezal z nožem in sneg pada brez prestanka tako na gosto, da ni nikamor videti. Dežuje v teh krajih nikoli ne.

Poleg oskrbe za ljudi same je tekom štirimesečne noči treba preskrbeti za pse, da imajo hrano in stanovanje. Če so živali prav trdnega zdravja, prežive zimo tudi na planem, ako imajo le kje kak kotichek, da se stisnejo vanj v najhujši burji, ali skrbeti je vseeno treba zanje, da jih burja ne zamete, ker tako bi bili izgubljeni. Poleg tega morajo biti psi priklenjeni na dolgih verigah, tako da imajo dovolj prilike za hojo, ne pa preveč. Če bi ne bili privezani, se lahko izgube. Vrv je neprimerna, ker bi jo pes v hudi stiski pregrizel. Živali morajo biti privezane tudi zato, da se ne zgrižejo, kajti kadar se prično grizti, ne odnehajo do smrti. Tudi zato ni dobro puščati pse od kolib, ker bi lahko preplašili še tisto malo tulenjeve, ki potujejo po ledu ob obali. Nevarno je tudi, da bi psi padli skozi razpoke v ledu in utonili v prepadih med ledniki, če bi jih pustili. Pomniti moramo, kako nujno so psi potrebni ekspedicijam, da se ljudje ne izgubijo.

Takorekoč vse življenje zamre skozi zimo v polarnih krajih. Pingvini se vsi presele in ostane samo še takozvani imperijalni pingvin. Preselijo se na sever, kjer ob

obalah ni zmrzla voda, da se prežive na nekakih črvih v vodi. Sredi zime je ravno 22. junija. Vse je mrtvo in temno, ali vendar prebivalci v ledu praznujejo ta dan z vsemi svečanostmi, kolikor jim je le mogoče, kajti višek zime vendar pomeni, da bo zopet napočil dan. One 22. junija jim je nekak božič, kakoršnega imamo na severu.

Življenje v kolibi je dokaj priprosto. Kuhati je treba, čistiti, šivati, obenem pa tudi zapisovati vse pojave, ki bi lahko služili nadaljnim znanstvenim raziskovanjem. Proti koncu štirimesečne noči se vršijo priprave za polete na sankah. To je veliko in odgovorno podvzetje, kajti uspeh poletov vendar v največji meri odvisi od priprav samih.

Na poseben način stisnjen živež je skrbno pripravljen in stehtan; pečke najboljšega izdelka so vzete vsaksebi in spravljene tako, da jih je mogoče hitro odviti in kuhati z njimi; sanke, smuče, vse mora biti v prvovrstnem stanju. Celo vreče, v katerih je hrana, morajo biti vse trdne, kaj pa šele obleka popotnikov, vsa njih oprema, katere teža ne sme presegati dvanajst funtov na posameznika. V tem je vključena tudi vsa oprava za kajenje in tobak, ter vsi znanstveni aparati.

Poleg tega morajo biti še vse priprave za razvedrilo, tako da se družbe ne loti otožnost. Kvarte, domino, šah in druge igre vzamejo s seboj. Ko kvart ni bilo več, je pisatelj sam izdelal kvarte, da je partija lahko igrala "bridge." Čitanje in razpravljanje je nekaj vsakdanjega v svrhu zabave za družbo. Celo predavanja imajo na svojih trudapolnih potih, kar je tudi mogoče, če pomislimo, da je vsak raziskovalec svoje vrste specialist in obenem sposoben za vse.

Polarna zima je čisto temna, mrzla doba z mrtvaško otožnostjo, in le velikodušno obnašanje vse družbe, ki se z medsebojnim razvedrilom zabava, pomaga pregnati dolgo neprijetno dobo. To je v resnici komunalno življenje.

Ko se noč bliža proti koncu, se temperatura čisto zniža in je tak mraz, da človek vidi, kako zmrzuje voda, ko jo preliva iz enega lonca v drugega. Tak mraz je seveda opaziti samo na prostem; v kolibi pa je prijetno toplo, ker popotniki kurijo s premogom in z ribjim oljem. Za razsvetljava jim navadno služi plin.

Prvič posije solnce sredi avgusta in človeška koža izgleda v tej luči umazana in zelenkasto rumena. Dolga tema mučno vpliva na človeka in proti koncu zime živci vseh takorekoč odpovejo. Ali poletje, kakor je mrzlo, jih zopet poživi, še bolj pa jih poživi življenje na prostem. Kmalu jih mine vsaka otožnost.

Zrak je zvež in oster, včasih pa napolnjen z mirijadami ledenih kristalov, ki se odbijajo v solnčni luči. Solnce pa se dviga od dne do dne in njegova vztrajna luč znižuje debelo sneženo odejo.

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

1.

Važna stvar . . .
Kdo je pri putkah
poglavar?

2.

Rekli so striček:
"Rudeči sta vesli,
bel pa čolniček."

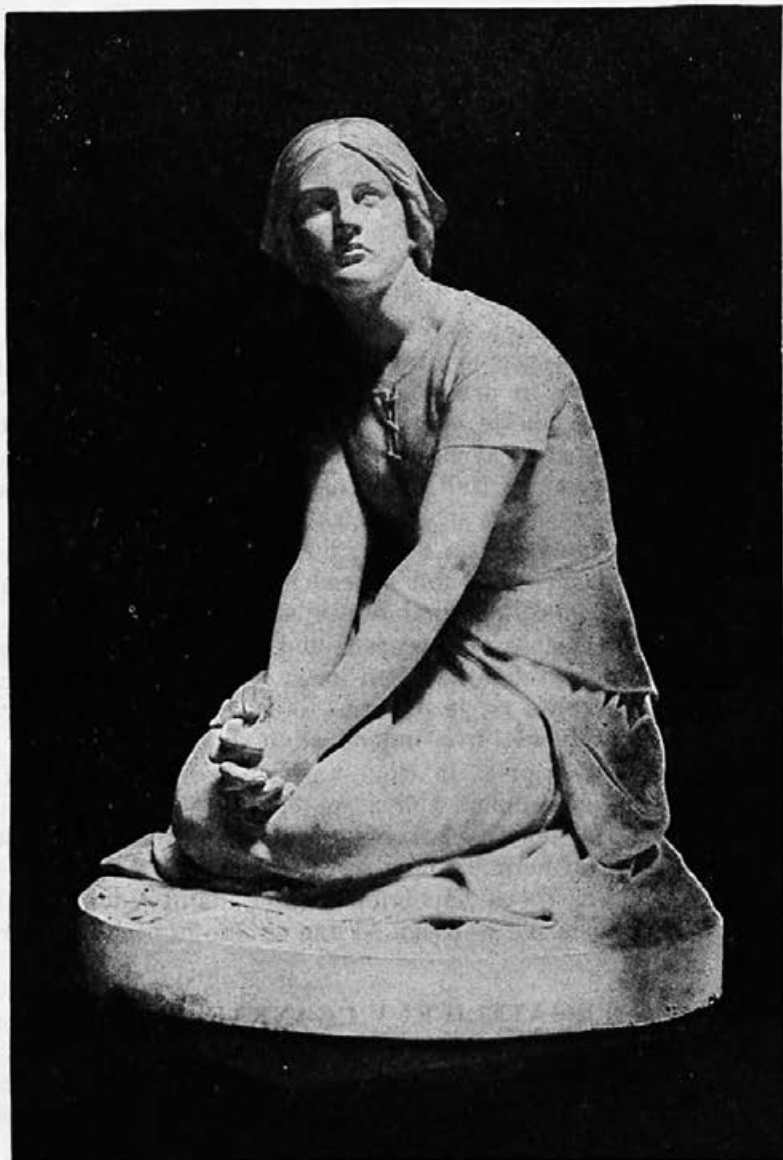
3.

Biserna vodica,
nad njo srebrna ptica.

4.

V šumi starka se norčuje,
kadar ptičji zbor nočuje.

Albin Čebular.



DEVICA ORLEANSKA.

Cvetko Golar:

BOJ DVEH PALČKOV.

Šop! za lase, lop! po plečih,
zdaj za nos, zdaj za brado!
Skuštrana dva palčka siva
tepeta se prehudo.

Zemlja trese se pod njima,
travica bolno ječi,
krešejo se iskre v zraku,
dosti jima le še ni.

Čof! po licih, hu, to šum je!
Kakšen jek je zdaj nastal!
Završalo je na plani —
piš je vrbo izruval.

Albin Čebular:

VESELJE.

**Holadrija, holadro,
miške pisemca neso!**

**Nesejo jih vrhan koš,
vrhan koš za počen groš . . .**

**daleč, daleč v mesto drago
ki imenuje se: Chicago.**

— — — — —
**Miškice že vriskajo—
pisemca se tiskajo . . .**

**Holadrija, holadro,
vse v koticu našem bo!**

Domovina

Slovenski pisatelj Martin Slomšek je napisal nekoč to-le zgodbo:

“Mogočni vojvoda Belizar je služil rimskemu cesarstvu na Jutrovem. Njegova roka je premagala vse sovražnike. Pred njim so trepetali divji Huni in pred njim so bežali hrabri Gotje; imenitni vitez je užugal Vandale in Perzijane. Na stare dni — pravijo — je sedel Belizar, steber vsega cesarstva, slep na kamnu za potom blizu morja zunaj glavnega mesta Carigrada in prosil ubogajme. Po krivem je bil zatožen in izteknili so mu oči. Sirota ni videl hoditi in deček ga je vodil ob palici, da si je prosil živeža.

Večerno solnce je gorko sijalo in slepi Belizar je vprašal mladeniča: ‘Ali sije solnce tudi po Carigradu?’

‘Vse strehe se svetijo od solnca,’ mu je odgovoril deček.

Belizar se je obrnil k Carigradu, se nasmejal in od veselja se mu je potočila debela solza po bledem licu v sivo brado.

‘Zakaj se obračate po nehvaležnem mestu, ki vam je vzelo ljubo luč?’ ga je vprašal fantič.

Belizar mu je odgovoril: ‘Jaz sem ljubil, ljubim in bom ljubil deželo materino.’

In ti mladi čitatelj? Ali tudi ti ljubiš svojo domovino in domovino svoje matere? Če jo v resnici ljubiš, živi pošteno in neomadeževano, da ne boš delal sramote deželi tvoje matere!



Colleoni na konju

V EČ KAKOR štiri sto let je Colleoni sedel na svojem konju sredi trga med cerkvama sv. Ivana in sv. Pavla v Benetkah. Nekako čudno se to sliši, kakor je čudno tudi to, da je ravno mesto, katero nima ulic, da bi po njih jezdili konjeniki, postavilo najlepši spomenik jezdeca, kar jih pozna svet. Veličastni so štirje konji, ki stoje nad vrati katedralke svetega Marka, toda malenkostni v primeri z ogromnim konjenikom Colleonijem, katerega so med vojno iz Benetk prepeljali v Rim. To je najkrasnejši kip konjenika, kakor je upravičeno zatrdilo že več pisateljev.

Colleoni na konju stoji na visokem podstavku in je bil postavljen med omenjenima cerkvama že pred štirimi stoletji. Bartolomeo Colleoni, kogar kip predstavlja, je bil pred davnimi stoletji pokopan v Bergamu ter je vse svoje ogromno premoženje zapustil beneški republiki, katera mu je v priznanje postavila veličasten spomenik na enem svojih nenavadnih trgov na vodi. Karkoli je Colleoni že mislil s svojo veliko zapuščino republiki, storil je Benetkam dobro delo, kajti potrebovale so njegove zlatnike. Poleg svojih posestev, draguljev in zlatnine je Colleoni zapustil Benetkam petsto tisoč dukatov, skoraj neverjetno premoženje za takrat. Benetke so se ravno bojevale s Turki in so brž porabile sto tisoč dukatov za novo vojsko.

Colleoni si je izbral mesto za svoj spomenik sam, in sicer trg svetega Marka, toda republika bi mu vzlic hvaležnosti tega najodličnejšega mesta ne bila dovolila.



Colleoni na konju.
(Razstavljen v čikaškem Art Institutu.)

Kip pa je izdelal Andrea Verrocchio, eden najimenitnejših kiparjev republike Firenze, kateremu so Benetke zaupale delo.

Ker so Benetke držale besedo, da postavijo dobrotniku spomenik, sta se ovekovečila dva moža: vojščak in kipar. Možje takega kova kot je bil Colleoni se ne rodijo vsaki dan. Bil je vojščak, kateremu je bila sreča mila in kateri je vsikdar prodal svoj meč tistemu, ki mu je najboljšje plačal; a še več kot to je bil: tudi zvest je bil tistemu, v katerega službi je bil.

Znamenito je zasledovati zgodovino takih mož kot je Colleoni. Ko rečeno, je prodal svoj meč (se proti odplačilu podal v vojaško službo) zdaj Milanu, zdaj Benetkam in potem zopet Milanu in zopet Benetkam. Zdajpa zdaj mu je začelo presedati tako prodajanje svojega vojaškega podaništva in odšel je na oddih, ali oddih ni bil trajen: kmalu je bil mož zopet v službi katerekoli republike. Ko je služil Benetkam, se je general Colleoni močno odlikoval in akoprav ni bil vrhovni poveljnik, je ravno on največ pripomogel do zmage Benečanov. Bil je mož hlepeč po slavi in najsrečnejši menda takrat, ko so ga Benetke leta 1455 odlikovale in povišale v vrhovnega generala vseh čet republike.

Ne samo v vojski, Colleoni je storil marsikaj dobrega za Benetke tudi v miru. Poverjeno mu je bilo nadzorovanje poljedelstva po republiki. Marsikaj je izboljšal doma in drugod in bil je vsesplošno priljubljen. Najbolj pa je bil priljubljen takrat, ko je pred smrtjo izrekel svojo plemenito željo, da vse njegovo premoženje dobi republika. Bogati Colleoni bi se bil gotovo prisrčno smejal, če bi vedel, kaki spori so v Benetkah napočili radi njegovega kipa. Verrocchio, zmožen kipar, ki se je zavedal svojih zmožnosti, je bil precej samozavesten in si ni dal dopovedovati. Bil je zlatar, kipar, slikar, kar ni karsibodi. Najmogočnejši plemiči v Firenzah so bili njegovi prijatelji. Glavna njegova učenca sta bila Leonardo da Vinci in Lorenzo Credi, oba slavna moža, ki sta se njemu zahvaljevala za svoje umetniške sposobnosti.

Ko je bilo Verrocchiju poverjeno veliko delo v Benetkah, je začutil, da je prišel trenutek, da se proslavi za vedno. Šel je v Benetke in začel z delom. Ali ko je ravno dodelal konja, je izvedel, da republikanska vlada namerava poveriti delo jezdecu nekemu drugemu kiparju. To ga je silno razjarilo: vzel je kladivo in razbil konju glavo na drobne kose, nato pa takoj odšel domov v Firenze. Za njim je šla odredba beneške vlade, da je za vekomaj izgnan z beneške zemlje in da zapade smrti, ako ga prime beneška oblast. Ampak nekaj čudnega je z umetniki: vedno se smejejo vladam, kajti njih moč je v nekaterih ozirih večja kakor moč politikašev. Verrocchio se je zasmejal, ko je čul o odredbi ponosne beneške republike in pisal je politikašem, da se nikoli ne bo zmotil tako grdo, da bi riskiral svojo glavo, kajti tudi sama beneška vlada bi mu je ne mogla več postaviti nazaj na pravo mesto, če bi mu jo odsekali; dočim on sam lahko napravi novo glavo konju. Beneška vlada se je skesala svoje naglice in je preklicala odredbo, Verrocchiju pa je pisala svojo željo, da se povrne in dovrši delo, pri čemur mu je zagotovila vso varnost.

Povrnil se je v Benetke in začel z delom, toda v resnici samo začel zlagati nazaj razbite kose konjeve glave. Ali Verrocchio je bil zares obsojen na smrt, ne od beneške republike, temveč od narave same; umrl je po kratki bolezni. Pred smrtjo je umetnik izrazil željo, da bi delo dovršil eden njegovih učencev, ali Benetke so izbrale za dogotovitelja Alessandra Leopardija, ki je dokončal veličastno delo.

Nov kip so občudovali vse Benečani in tujci, ki so posetili nenavadno mesto na vodi ter videli kip. General v oklepu na konju je nekaj mogočnega in samooblastnega, česar ne vidimo vsaki dan niti na sliki. Veliko posnetkov veličastnega kipa je bilo že izdelanih in čikaški Art Institute ima enega v originalni velikosti.

Marija Jana:

Jakec in Mikec

JAKEC in Mikec sta bila mestna otroka. Stanovala sta v mestu, po mestu se izprehajala, v mestu hodila v šolo. Zato sta malo znala za luže in mlake, za loge in hoste, za travnike in pašnike. Vendar sta bila s svojo okolico čisto zadovoljna, saj jima je nudila dovolj zabave in razvedrila.

Doma v kuhinji sta imela vlak, seveda brez stroja in tračnic, a imela sta ga le. Obrnjena klop in obrnjen stol—kdo se more z njima meriti! In kaj hočete potem še kaj večjega in lepšega! A na vlak sta vedno hitela. To je bilo še najlepše. Imela sta veliko množino zabojčkov in psička Miška, ki pa je bil seveda kuhinjskega klopca. Morala sta tedaj hitro na vlak. To je bila naglica, to je bilo ropotanja in kričanja, da se njiju mamica resnično bala za svoja ušesa. Toda vlak sta vendarle imela in za boječke tudi in psička tudi.

Pa se domisli nekega dne služkinja Ivanka, ki je že bila do grla sita Jakčevega in Mikčevega vlakovanja, da plešejo verne duše okrog narobe obrnjenih stolov in klopi, a ubogega Jakca in Mikca je bilo tega tako strah, da sta opustila vlak in Miška in zabojčke, tako da je zavladal v kuhinji red.

Tedaj pa sta se lotila nečesa drugega. Da bi bila bolj nemotena pri igri, sta se preselila v sobo. Tam je bil Mikec konjiček, Jakec kočijaš, a preprogi izpod očkove in mamine postelje sta bili njihova vozička. Lepo zglajena tla pa široka cesta, ki drži iz kraja v kraj. Vsekakor jako zabavno! Vendar je prodrlo to drsanje in ropotanje po sobi tudi do mamičinih ušes, tedaj pa zbogom lepi svet in tuji kraji. Jakec in Mikec sta se morala preseliti zopet v kuhinjo.

Zopet sta odkrila novo igro. Tam v tleh je bila precej velika jamica, a Jakec in Mikec sta imela lepe pisane kroglice, ki sta jih z veseljem nikala sem in tja. Čim več kroglic je eden ali drugi zanikal v jamico, tem večji je bil njegov dobiček.

Tako se je približal postni čas. Pek je bil njihov sosed. Pa pošljejo Jakca po preste. Ker je bilo blizu, je šel Jakec kar v domači obleki po nje. Zakaj Jakec je imel tudi domačo obleko: copate, čisto pristne copate in rdeč predpasnik, tudi pristen, saj mu ga je prinesel Božiček; na tem predpasniku pa so bile narisane vse velike in male zveri od miške po vrsti do kozice. Torej lepa in prikupna obleka. V tej obleki gre Jakec po preste. Jakec gre, Jakec hodi, a Jakca tudi ni in ni nazaj. Preteče četrte ure, preteče še polovica, toda Jakca še ni in ni. Mamico je začelo skrbeti, kam je izginil Jakec, morda se je preveč prest najedel, pa ne more nazaj. Mamica gre ponj. Vpraša peka, je li bil Jakec tu. Jakca ni bilo. Ko stopi mamica na prag, zagleda tam daleč na cesti rdečo piko, ki postaja vedno večja in večja in vedno podobnejša Jakcu. In resnično! Jakec je prišel s prestami. Šel jih je iskat k peku, kakor je mamica rekla. Pa mamica ni nič povedala, h kateremu, zato je pa šel rajši k oddaljenemu, da je lahko sam malo pogledal po svetu.

Mikec in Jakec pa sta se znala sankati. Ker nista imela svojih sank, sta prosila teto in ta jih je jima rada posodila, seveda pod pogojem, da jih ne zlomita. Tako sta se sankala nekoliko dni. Toda nekega dne je nesreča hotela in — resk — resk — sanke na dvoje. Bila sta modra dečka. Sanke sta doma postavila v kot, o nesreči nista nikomur povedala ničesar.

Tudi sta si znala v zgodnji mladosti služiti kruh. Med vojno, ko je bilo vse tako drago, in še posebno tedaj, ko je bil njihov očka pri vojakih, sta pobirala kostanj, stare steklenice, cunje in sta vse to prodajala. A denarja nista lahkomišelnost zapravila, pač sta ga dala mamici, da ga je lepo obrnil v Jakčevo in Mikčevo korist.

Seveda sta hodila v šolo. Čeprav sta delala mami in očku velike skrbi, sta bila v šoli vzorna učenca. Pisala, čitala in računala sta, da je bilo veselje. Najbolj sta se veselila počitnic, ki sta jih prebila zunaj mestnega hrupa, kjer sta prosta skakala po zelenih travnikih in se radostno veselila svobode. Ob vročih dneh pa sta se kopala v potočku, ki je tekel za hišico, kjer sta počitnikovala.

Zeleni travniki, temne loze, vesele ptičice, vonjajoče rožice, vse to jima je nudilo toliko zabave in oddiha, jačalo je njiju telesne moči, da sta se zopet zdrava in krepka vrnila v mestno življenje.

Danes sta že oba odrasla. Mikec že služi rumenjake, a Jakec študira tam in tisto, kjer se iz pravi kujejo rumenjaki, toda svojih mladih let se spominjata z veseljem in zadovoljnostjo.

Mirko Kunčič:

MIŠKA JE BOLNA.

MIŠKA v beli postelji
"joj, prejoj!" vzdihuje.

Bolna je že tri noči —
nihče je ne čuje.

Mi smo dobrega srca,
pojmo brž po padarja:
muc ozdravi jo tako —
hipla, hopla, ham —
da nikoli več ne bo
miš zbolela nam.



Veseli čolnar.



Dragi čitatelji!

“Ne, kaj takega pa še ne!” je stokal pismonoša na Kostnerjevi ulici v Chicagu. Njegova malha je bila polna samih pisemc.

Še bolj pa je gotovo zmajal z glavo naš Frank Zavertnik, kateremu je društvo “Pijonir”, ki je podarilo zvončke, poverilo nalogo, da odpošlje mala darilca vsem, ki pišejo ponj. Pisali so pa po zvončke tisti, ki so tekom leta 1927 kdaj pisali v Mladinski list.

Gotovo ste tudi čitatelji radovedni, koliko je bilo teh pisemc. Frank Zavertnik je že prve dni napravil nad tristo malih zavojčkov in vse odposlal, a pisma še vedno prihajajo. Res je, da je nemalo dela s to stvarjo, a vesel ga je gotovo vsak.

*

Lepa voščila ste nekateri pisali za božič in za novo leto. Prav lepa hvala vsem, posebno pa hvala za krasna mala darilca, rutice in slike. Tisti, kateri ste bili deležni, kakor je bilo naznanjeno v zadnji izdaji Mladinskega lista, ste gotovo dobili vsak svoje, ako prav ste nekateri morali čakati malo predolgo.

*

Kaj pa v tem letu? Nekateri letos prestopite v oddelek za odrasle. Nikar ne mislite, da potem ne smete več prispevati v Mladinski list. Še vedno ste dobrodošli vsi, posebno pa ako pišete, kako vam je v oddelku za odrasle, če hodite vsak mesec na seje in to in ono o društvu. Mladinski list bo vedno prinašal za vas dovolj zani-

mivega, tudi ko odrastete. Le pogledite v sedanjo številko, pa vidite, da je članek “The Leading Slovene Authors” spisan zlasti za vas, to se pravi, za vse odraščajoče Slovence v Ameriki. V tem članku, ki ga nameravamo nadaljevati skozi vse leto, se boste seznanili s slovensko književnostjo in z najboljšimi slovenskimi možmi; obenem boste malo bolj razumeli življenje in mišljenje vaših staršev, ki so ustanovili S. N. P. J., in v članku boste tudi našli veliko prilike, da se dodobra seznanite z materinim jezikom; to je, da tudi razumete vse slovensko, ko razumno čitate.

V uvodu k članku dobite vsa potrebna navodila v angleškem. Čitajte torej skrbno in redno, pa boste tekom leta dobili vsaj nekoliko vpogleda v slovensko književnost. Če se hočete seznaniti s kakim posebnim delom v slovenski literaturi ali če hočete čitati povesti ali pesmi kakega posebnega slovenskega pesnika ali pisatelja, katerega življenjepis boste čitali v angleškem, pišite kar Mladinskemu listu, pa dobite vsa navodila.

*

Precej pisem za Mladinski list je moralo izostati iz te številke in bodo vsa priobčena ali vsaj omenjena v prihodnji izdaji. Veste, tudi pri Mladinskem listu velja slovenski pregovor, ki pravi: Kdor prej pride, prej melje!

Urednik.

Dragi urednik:

Odločila sem se, da vam tudi jaz enkrat pišem. Ko sem prišla v to deželo, sem bila stara devet let; sedaj mi je petnajst. V starem kraju sem naredila tri razrede ljudske šole, ko sem prišla v to deželo, sem morala začeti zopet s prvim razredom in tako naprej; sedaj sem v osmem razredu ljudske šole.

Mi vsi v družini smo člani S. N. P. J. Večkrat sem se že namenila, da bi pisala v M. L., a vselej sem namero opustila.

Pozdrav!

Nada Madon,
Glencoe, Ohio, Box 66.

*

Cenjeni urednik:

Ker sem tudi jaz članica S. N. P. J., čitam Mladinski list in vidim, da se naša slovenska mladina zanima za naše časopise in dopisuje članke v njih. To je res lepo. Jaz sem stara enajst let in v 5. razredu. Nimam bratcev ne sestric, 3 bratje so mi umrli manj kot eno leto stari, torej sem edina v družini. Dostikrat mi pripoveduje moj oče, kako morajo delavci težko delati. V Pennsylvaniji in v Coloradu so pobili otročičkom očete in matere, ki so se borili za skorjico kruha. Vidite, dragi bratci in sestrice, tudi naša dolžnost je, da se že sedaj učimo spoznavati delavski položaj.

Voščim vsem bratcem in sestricam srečno novo leto.

Jennie Okorn,
929 Beechwood Ave., Sharon, Pa.

*

Matilda Vidmar (Chicago, Ill.) je po svoje napisala pesmico:

Po jezeru, bliz Triglava.
in istotako pesem:
Kiklico prodala bom—

Poizkus je dober, ali treba bo še vaj, radi katerih pa ni treba obupati.

*

Kate Podboy iz Arme, Kansas, je rešila uganke iz lanske novemberske številke, toda odgovor je došel prepozno.

*

Frank Strnisha iz Joliet, Ill., je tudi rešil uganke iz novemberske številke, in sicer uganko št. 4 tako dobro kakor nihče drugi, ali pisal je prepozno.

*

Leo Snidersich je pisal iz McKinleyja, Minn. Rešil je uganki št. 1 in 2 v novembarski številki.

*

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio, piše prvi slovenski dopis. Stara je enajst let in hodi v šestega. Slovensko jo uči mama. Vsi smo ji hvaležni za lepe pozdrave.

UGANKE.

1.

Saj si zgodovini večč:
Goljat, korenjak vseh hrustov,
bil je res prebito ješč.
A ne ugane mi nihče,
koliko jajec je pohrustal
junak ogromni na tešče.

2.

Okroglo, prosojno,
lahko, pestrobojno,
dih me porodi,
pih me zamori.

3.

Dan mrzim, saj sem mračnjak,
noč slavim, sem ponočnjak,
perja nimam nič,
a letam kakor ptič.

*

OBRTICE.

Tako recimo besedam, ki se naprej in nazaj enako čitajo, na primer: Ana, cep, topot, reber, ata, Oto, Čič, pop, tat. **Kdo jih našteje še kaj?**

Še težje vam bo najti stavke, ki se dajejo v dve smeri brati z istim ali drugim pomenom, na primer: "Tat? In ime ni ni tat!" "A ni teletina." "Matej je tam." "Lese ni nesel." "In vodovodov ni." "Itivol, a denes veliki lev se ne da loviti." (Itivol je kartaginsko ime.)

*

Uganka.

Neki trgovec je kupil goveje živine: vole, krave in teleta, vseh skupaj je bilo 100 kosov. Vole je plačal po \$5, krave po \$1 in teleta po 5c. Za vseh sto kosov živine je plačal \$100. Koliko je bilo volov, koliko krav in koliko telet?

Nada Madon, Glencoe, Ohio.



Mirko Kunčič:

MAJDKA SE KREGA.

OH, ta naš striček!
Vedno me draži:

“Majhen si, majhen si,
srček moj zlati;
murenček v luknjici,
ptička na trati
skoraj sta večja od tebe, ho, ho!”

Jaz pa mu žugam:
Striček ne laži!
To ni lepo.
Veš, da bi ptička
zlobnega strička
s kljunom kavs, kavs!
Jaz le za brke te
včasih pocukam,
lepše od murenčka
pojem in ukam . . .

Fr. Ločniškar:

SNEŽINKE

Drobijo, drobijo snežinke,
Strašno se jim k zemlji mudi;
od zemlje do neba pred nami
vse giblje se in mrgoli.

Nastavljajo roke otroci—
najmanjši jih nosi na peč;
snežinka mu v roki izgine—
kako naj razume to reč?

In malček gre mamicí tožit
prečudno novico to.
“Seveda,” dé mati, “kdo mara
za tako nesnažno roko!”—



PETRČKOVE SANJE.

Mrtvi grič

Spomin vojnih grozot.

V bližini Verduna na Francoskem so se vršili v svetovni vojni izredno ljuti boji. Neki grič, na katerem so bili boji še posebno hudi, imenujejo "Mrtvi grič." Ta grič je prešel okoli štiridesetkrat iz nemških rok v francoske in obratno. Kmalu po svetovni vojni so Francozi pričeli prekopavati pobočje tega griča, da bi si zemljišča zopet pripravili za obdelovanje. Pri tem delu se je zaposlenim delavcem nudil grozen prizor. V podzemskem hodniku, katerega vhodi so bili zasuti, so našli delavci četo nemških vojakov, ki so v polni vojni opremi spali večno spanje. Najbrž so se svoječasno pripravljali na napad, ko so jih iznenadili in zadušili francoski strupeni plini. Trupla vsled plina še niso začela razpadati in so še lahko ugotovili, odkod so bili vojaki. Ta grozni prizor so povzeli za kinematografe. Naj bi ga kazali po vseh gledališčih, posebno pa tistim zaslepljencem, ki ob vsaki malenkosti hujskajo na vojsko, ne da bi pomislili, kakšno strašno gorje je vsaka vojska, posebno moderna, kjer so čete opremljene z najmodernejšimi tehničnimi pripomočki.

Tone Sajovic:

DEČEK S CESTE.

VEČER JE, a brez zvezd na nebu.

Ob cesti, na kantonu

ubog deček sam sedi

in vsemu svetu o sebi

in o mnogih, podobnih njemu, govori:

Glejte, jaz sem deček s ceste,

s tiste velike, v daljavo vodeče;

ubog sem in marsikdo od vas mi reče:

"Ogni se mi s ceste!"

in greste mimo,

ne da bi me obdarili.

Ne vem, ali nisem vreden vaše družčine,

ne uganem, odkod izvira ta prezir,

samo bolešno slutim,

da ne ljubite trpinov;

kajti če bi jih,

bi dali svobodo in mir

in vsi bi se v sreči vzljubili.

Tako pa puščate,

da ubogi deček bega po veliki cesti

in se izgubi,

mesto da bi ga rešili zlega

in ga osrečili,

kajti tudi on je vreden ljubezni.

"Mladina."



JUVENILE



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The Leading Slovene Authors

Introduction

IN RESPONSE to the numerous requests from various parts of the Union, we propose to present to the readers of the *Juvenile* a series of biographical sketches of the leading Slovene authors, in order that the readers may have an opportunity to get acquainted with what we term as true Slovene spirit. It is one thing to be able to speak the language; it is quite another to be able to appreciate it, and to share the feelings with these master-minds, whose genius penetrates even into the very depth of human soul. It is our conviction that the readers will be more than grateful to share the love, sympathy, and friendliness of these men, who, after all, are the truest interpreters of Slovene culture.

When we say that we are Slovenes, and members of the "Slovenska narodna podporná jednota," we imply, though unwittingly, some of the most profound and interesting facts; namely, that we are an integral part of those traditions, which, together with our literary production, constitute Slovene culture, which, of course, is the product of our forefathers, hence typically our own. The importance of the role that our culture plays in our lives can never be overstated; for the fact is that any nation stripped of its customs, institutions, and literature, ceases to be a nation altogether, despite the fact that people as such still persist in the world; hence a nation, strictly speaking, consists of what is termed as culture of a given group of people. It is this culture that makes us to be proud of our nation; and it is the culture of a people that either elevates or degrades it. In the like manner, if we fail to appreciate the literary production of our intellects, which consists of the interpretation of the folkways in terms of the national ideals, we fail to appreciate our national ideals, hence we automatically cease to be Slovenes altogether.

During the past year a survey of the early South Slav history was presented; this year we hope to present to the readers a series of biographical sketches of the leading authors of Slovenia; for, after all, a culture consists of two general phases: history, including folkways and institutions, on the one hand; literature, the interpretation of these folkways and institutions in terms of the national ideals, on the other.

In planning the presentation it was aimed primarily to answer the needs of the young Slovenes of America, who are not as thoroughly familiar with the Slovene language and with the traditional places as the rest of us, who came from across, are. For this reason we shall first present a short biographical sketch, and then a typical literary selection, followed by foot-notes, explaining the idiomatic phrases and geographical names, in order that the reader may enjoy it as much as we do, who were brought up amidst those traditions and ideals.

There are many Slovenes in America, who labor under the impression that we, Slovenes, are merely an insignificant group of people, without anything that we

could truly regard as our own. To what extent these notions are spread is best illustrated by our newspapers themselves. There are but two possible ways of explaining this strange phenomenon, either by an examination of the factors that gave rise to such notions, or by presenting the material that we have at hand. It is true that we are but a small nation, comparatively speaking; but the fact is that we have produced more than some nations that are twenty to fifty times as large as our own. It is to our credit that men like Prešeren, Miklošič, and Cankar are the sons of our little nation, who belong not to us alone, but to humanity at large. Obviously, the difficulty lies in the fact that we do not know ourselves and our accomplishments. The problem before us is, therefore, "know thyself"; for "we, knowers, know ourselves the least." The reason that we often rather hesitate to say that we are Slovenes is obvious; for, being ignorant of the cultural attainments we have reached, we have nothing to fall back upon. We need no advertisement, no exaggeration, no boasting of whatever sort; but there is no reason why we should not know ourselves, for how could we ever expect anyone to respect us, when we ourselves fail to do so. He who wants to be respected by others must, first of all, respect himself; and seeing our accomplishments, we are justified to be proud of ourselves.

But there is another and by far more vital problem that may be dealt with from this viewpoint. Everyone knows the frequency that the younger generations come into conflict with their parents; yet, neither of the two actually feels to be the guilty party. The situation is so deeply rooted that most of ordinary folks never dream of its causes. To understand the difficulty means to solve one half of it. He who is a normal human being, respecting himself and others, will take the pains to understand these difficulties; for it is the more intelligent children that disagree with their parents oftener than the dull ones. Fundamentally, these difficulties arise from the frictions of the standards of good and bad, of right and wrong, of beautiful and ugly, which is determined by the different cultures. Parents are a part of the Slovene culture, transplanted into a world, which is utterly ignorant of its nature. Youngsters of these parents are born into this culture, where they spend their formative years. While their mind is still very plastic, these youngsters come in contact with the native culture, to which, of course, they react quite extensively. The result is that these youngsters are neither natives nor foreigners in so far as their culture is concerned; that is, culturally, they are incomplete in both fields; hence the in-



A Scene from Homer's poetry: Hercules killing a monster called Hydra.

evitable friction, vagrancy, disobedience, hatred, and disinterest, which are so common in American life. Herein, perhaps, we find the clue to the lack of respect for the parents on the part of American people. This cultural incompleteness, for no child can possibly escape the influence of his parents during his childhood, no matter how hard he may try to Americanize himself, and no matter how hard others may try to assimilate him to the new culture, produces wavering, split personality, restlessness, and the like. The only possible way out of this tragic situation, therefore, is to complete one of these cultures. Obviously, here, only one can truly be followed, namely, that of the parents; for to go beyond the childhood and the formative years is for ever impossible, unless the child and the mother are separated at the very birth, which, of course, is inconceivable to any rational being. The other way out is to study the culture of the parents.

It may be suggested that it is the parents' duty to inculcate their culture into the minds of their children while children's minds are plastic. We agree to such ideas; at the same time we know the limitation of such influences. In a homogeneous culture, traditions, social interaction, parental up-bringing, and educational institution cooperate and reenforce one another. In the new situation not only are all these factors absent; there are the factors of friction and disintegration that are constantly repelling one another. In a situation like this everything available can scarcely master the situation, unless we exert all our abilities to counteract it.

Moreover, culture can be explained to a certain degree only; the rest of it must be lived, lived mentally. In the circumstances that a Slovene parent finds himself in America, and in the environment of the child, it is for ever impossible to transplant our traditions, ideals, and standards of life into this situation. Herein, we call our master-minds to our assistance; and they, whose genius is not only of national, but international character, which analyzes the soul of humanity in terms of Slovene ideals and standards, will rehabilitate us in our lives by smoothening these frictions, which are the results of the short-comings in the interpretation of human intuition and longings on the part of unpolished, localized, narrowed-down individuals. It is for this reason that, while the great writers, like Shakespeare, Cervantes, Moliere, Goethe, Homer, Job, Dante, etc., differ in their languages in accordance with the nativity, they invariably present two aspects: first, the interpretation of their ideals to the world; that is, explaining that these customs and folkways that make nations are merely the results of the localized explanation of human nature—the culture of a people; and second, in these characters is the superb exposition of what the culture consists. In reading them we live the lives of those people that we read about. The sad thing is, however, that these giant expositors explain human nature to the world in terms of their own ideals only; thus in order to understand ourselves, it is of no avail to appeal either to Dante, Cervantes, or Shakespeare. We are forced to go to our Prešeren, Cankar, Trdina, and Stritar; for they are both universal in their scope and, at the same time, typically our own. There is no parent, no teacher, no preacher that could ever make us live the lives which are so far away from us, yet of which we are an inseparable part. Our salvation, in this respect, therefore, is buried in the works of these great writers of ours. It is this fact that led us to start that which has never been attempted among our people of America before; for we are confident that, if it be taken seriously, much good may come out of it.

But, whether we want it or not, our culture creeps into this remote mode of living all the while; and what is stranger, even unconsciously, if not against our own desires. "Slovenska narodna podpora jednota," indirectly, is a result of these cultural factors; and the only difference between it and American lodges is this that the "SNPJ." has taken upon itself to preserve some of those cultural traits that are typ-

ically our own. The reason that we segregate into definite area, organizations, clubs, singing societies, and the like, is due primarily to our common background—the same mode of enjoying ourselves, the same way of expressing our desires, the similarity of our temperaments, and the common standards of life—in short our culture. The cultural effects are, perhaps, even better appreciated in connection with the Catholic church and Socialist organization. Both of them are international in their aspects, and to that degree denying the importance of the cultural differences. In fact, they may be regarded, in a way, as enemies of these cultures (for by their international tendencies, they tend to do away—destroy—the cultural units); yet in practice even they themselves alike are forced to bow their international heads to the cultural dictations; hence the paradoxical names Slovene Catholic churches and South Slav Socialist Federation. By this remark we do not aim at minimizing the credit of these honorable institutions; but we do wish to emphasize the importance of the culture in our everyday lives.

In this article we tried to impress the readers with the fact that culture is the most fundamental phase of our life; that, owing to the transplantation of the people, certain cultural frictions, with a host of other difficulties, are inevitable, and the only possible way out of these difficulties is by an examination and understanding of the causes of these frictions; and that these causes may best be approached through the most representative literature. Because of our firm conviction that much good, both direct and indirect, may be derived through these means, we have taken in upon ourselves to start the bridging over of this gap, which, we hope, a more thorough and extensive work will eventually completely accomplish. In closing we would especially commend that both parents' and children's attention should be leaning, at least, toward the understanding of these masterly productions of our literary geniuses, and that our organizations should encourage the same by a more liberal supply of these works.

Josip Stritar

(1836—1924.)

OF ALL the Slovene authors, Stritar, perhaps, is the nearest and dearest friend of the young folks. There are but few, if any, Slovene school boys and girls that have not read his stories and poems, which he wrote purposely for them. If you wish to prove this point for yourself, read his "Pesmi za mladino," and then recite them to your parents; and you will be surprised how many of them they will recognize, although they may not know their author, or even when they read them.

Stritar was born in Podsmreka, Dolenjsko, in 1836, where he spent his childhood, attending elementary school in the neighboring town, Lašče, and tending his father's cattle in the beautiful meadows and pastures, in company of other town boys and girls. These early experiences impressed Stritar so deeply that, even in his old age, after living for many years among foreigners, far from his native country, he describes his experiences of the country life and his playmates so vividly that they become living companions of the reader of his works. In fact, these writings are the truest expression of the life of Slovene boys and girls.

But, being an excellent pupil in the elementary school, young Stritar was sent to a more advanced school in Ljubljana. This was his first step toward a real education. As all other Slovene students of that time, Stritar was now confronted with one of the most difficult problems, namely, hereafter he was forced to study in German language instead of in his native; for Austria prohibited the teaching in the

high school (gymnasiums) and universities in Slovene language. Stritar, however, kept his courage as well as his excellency in his scholarship in spite of all the difficulties. In fact, at fifteen he began to write poetry in Slovene.

There was an interesting group of Slovene students at that time in Ljubljana's Gymnasium, some of whom were destined to be the most prominent figures in the Slovene literary field, at the head of which were Levstik and Stritar. This group of students not only studied the prescribed courses; they were publishing a student organ "Daničica," studied Slovene literature, and even enacted Slovene dramas. During his school days at Ljubljana, Stritar acquired a taste for Slovene literature, and especially for Slovene poetry. With his lifelong friend, Fran Levstik, Stritar used to take long walks in order to discuss various literary qualities of this and that poet, and especially the literary problem of the Slovene poetry. Thus we see that Stritar

completed the second phase of his life during his school days at Ljubljana. In the first phase of his life he experienced the life of a truly Slovene boy, on his father's farm and in the charms of nature; the second phase of his life was the acquisition of a taste for Slovene literature during his school days in Ljubljana.

The third phase of Stritar's life consists of his withdrawal from the public activity, which he entered upon as a student, in order to devote his whole attention to his studies at the Vienna University. Stritar was preparing himself, during this period, for a more important work than might have then been expected. At Vienna he studied not only classical philology, but delved into the literature of the world. Thus we find him well versed in English, French, Spanish, German, Greek, and Latin literatures, not to mention Russian, Polish, and others. During this entire period of several years, Stritar had very little to do with his native country; hence, practically everyone forgot him. He, however, did not waste his time, for he applied himself



Josip Stritar.

most earnestly to his studies, acquiring the necessary background that a true critic and national educator, as he was, must possess.

After four years of his study at Vienna, Stritar graduated and became a private instructor of a nobleman's children in Vienna. Meanwhile a number of Slovene students, who were attending Vienna university, organized a Slovene Literary club. This was just the ideal place for Stritar. Here he used to come to these students, talk to them about literature, aesthetics, writing, qualities of poetry, and other educational things. The students flocked around him in order to listen to his discussion. The importance of these talks is best appreciated when we recall that from this group a number of noted Slovene authors developed. Everyone who knew Stritar admired his wisdom and proficiency. In fact, the students were so enthusiastic about him that his name was being heard even to his native country, despite the fact that he

did not participate in any public life. At this time, however, Stritar was ready to enter upon his great mission of refining Slovene literary language.

In the appropriate moment, Jurčič, another great Slovene author, appeared at Vienna University, who, with the assistance of other club members, persuaded Stritar not only to talk to them at the club, but to enter publicly upon the literary field. Stritar, who felt keenly the necessity of a thorough but constructive criticism, agreed to the proposal; and with a single stroke of his mighty pen, he not only brought to light the greatest Slovene poet, Prešeren, who was practically forgotten, and never, till then, truly appreciated; but he also gave a new form to the Slovene poetic expression. Moreover, in his critical analysis of poetic art and criticism, he pointed the way to the young Slovene poets, who were his strong supporters as well as followers.



Classic Exhibition Hall of the Chicago Art Institute.

In addition to his scholarly appraisal of the poetic value of the leading Slovene older poets, his education of the new school of Slovene literary men, and the embellishment of Slovene expression, Stritar is one of the foremost Slovene authors and poets. He wrote several novels, a drama, many literary and scientific essays; some plays, several volumes of poetry, both for the adults and the young folks. In the latter no other Slovene author has ever reached the height of beauty, sincerity, and simplicity that he has. In his poems for the young folks he puts into the reader the very life of these young Slovenes. Whether we read about the school life, or the playing of the children in the village square, or watching the cattle in the green meadows, or building the "kres" (bon-fire), he handles the material so masterly that the reader lives the entire scene through as if he were actually participating in it. It is not necessary to elaborate upon this point, since the reader may get a hunch from the two poems, "Mladi vojaki" and "Tolažba," of the nature of his poetry.

Often critics get so enthusiastic about their heroes that they forget why they admire them. But we hope that this is not the case in this connection; for he himself stated that all his works are a part of himself. The characteristic of all his writings is sincerity, love, purity, tenderness, sympathy, and loyalty both, in thought and expression, yet they are romantic, adventurous, and highly lyric. Rudeness, vulgarity, coarseness, brutality, are practically absent. In the like manner, he was a faithful father, good friend, pleasant companion, excellent teacher, and an accomplished personality.

Naše petje

Petja dar je poseben dar božji.¹⁾ Vesel ga bodi, kdor ga ima. Lepa pesem, lepo peta, žalostna ali vesela, sega človeku globoko v srce,²⁾ pesem, s katero zazibava mati dete v spanje, in pesem, ki navdušuje vojake, gredoče v boj.

Kakor posamezni ljudje tako tudi različni narodi niso enako mero³⁾ prejeli tega božjega daru. Slovenci, to smemo reči, radi in lepo pojo kakor malokateri narod. Lepo in vse hvale vredno je, da se je pri nas v zadnjih letih ustanovilo toliko pevskih društev,⁴⁾ tudi po kmetih. Tu še goji posebno umetno petje; lepo res in vse hvale vredno. Ali poleg krasne rože ne prezirajmo vijolice, ki je nekaterim še ljubša od rože. Nič lepšega nego naše narodne pesmi in naše narodno petje. Pa ti ženski glaski! Milo se mi stori⁵⁾ v tujem kraju vselej, kadar se spomnim, kako lepo pojo pri nas dekleta in žene skoro pri vsakem delu, zlasti na polju. Menda še zdaj, kakor so nekaj za moje mladosti. Kaj takega ni čuti tukaj med nemškimi kmeti.⁶⁾

Slovenec pa ne poje samo doma. Veselje do petja ga spremlja tudi v daljno

deželo. Med tujimi ljudmi mu je slovensko petje nekaka vez, ki ga veže z drago daljno domovino.

V začetku druge polovice minulega stoletja, ko sem jaz študiral na Dunaju,¹⁾ je to veliko mesto imelo eno samo pevsko društvo, in še to se je oglasilo le redkokdaj. Slovenci smo imeli, edini med dijaki, svoj pevski zbor, s katerim smo se lahko ponašali.

Na Vidnu,²⁾ proti Pavlanski cerkvi, je bila ali je pa menda še gostilnica,³⁾ kamor smo zahajali zvečer. V gostilnico mora hoditi slovenski dijak, ker nima svoje rodbine na Dunaju; to ni nikakršna zapravljenost. Po večerji, ki ni bila kaj imenitna, se je začelo pa petje. To petje nam je bilo nekaka božja služba. Peli smo, da so nas angelci poslušali. Ne, to je malo preveč. Angelci nas niso poslušali, poslušali pa so nas Dunajčanje, ki kaj takega niso bili vajeni. Naša gostilnica je bila kmalu pretesna za toliko hvaležnih poslušalcev.⁴⁾ Gostilničar je moral razširiti prostore. Nekaj let potem sem se sešel z njim v Badnu poleg Dunaja. Razveselil se je mož, ko me je zagledal, ter mi je rekel, da je že v pokoju in da je hvaležen Slovencem, ki so ga obogatili ne tolikanj s pitjem kakor s petjem.

1) — poseben dar božji: a special gift of God; a common Slovene expression, but not used in a religious sense.

2) — sega globoko v srce: touching.

3) — enaka mera: the same degree.

4) About the middle of the 19th century there began a nationwide cultural movement in Slovenia.

5) Milo se mi stori: In translation try to apply yearning, or longing after.

6) The author did not mean German peasants, but the city people.

1) Dunaj: Vienna, the capital city of Austria.

2) Viden: then a suburb, now a part of Vienna. Before the war most of the Slovene university students went to study in this great city.

3) Gostilnica: similar to English tavern, except that "gostilnica" is not a lodging house for travellers.

4) — hvaležnih poslušalcev: of the grateful listeners.

Med nami je bil takrat neki Jožef Šavs ali Joža, kakor smo mu sploh rekli. Bil je stare korenine Gorenjec¹⁾ pa poštena duša.²⁾ Dober pevec je bil pa vedno dobre volje. Vse³⁾ ga je rado imelo, vse ga je bilo veselo. Ali ne dolgo. Kakor je bil krepak korenjak,⁴⁾ lotila se ga je nesrečna sušica, ki je pred njim in za njim že v zgodnji grob⁵⁾ spravila več, le preveč slovenskih mladeničev na Dunaju. Naš Joža ni dolgo trpel; saj pravijo, da ravno krepke ljudi najprej zlomi ta potuhnjena bolezen. V bolnišnici, daleč od svoje matere, edine duše, ki jo je imel na svetu, je končal mlado življenje.⁶⁾ Ganljivo je bilo, kako se je vedel pred smrtjo. Ko se mu je bližala zadnja ura, začelo se mu je mešati v glavi. In to je bilo dobro; čutil ni nič bolečin. Toda najboljše bo, če kar sem postavim nekaj vrstic iz svoje pesmi "Bolnik." Tisti bolnik je bil naš Joža Šavs. Ko mu prijatelj podaja zdravilo, ki mu ga je zapisal zdravnik, pravi:

Zdravnik in pa vsi ste čudni ljudje,
ležati vam moram po sili.
Le prsi so mi še malo slabe,
krepki so udje in čili.

In nato ga obide močno hrepenenje⁷⁾ po domovini, po materi:

Pripravi mi, česar treba, na pot
in ne pozabi odeje,
da v hladni jesenski noči život
na daljni poti mi greje.

Nato se vidi na poti v belo Ljubljano,¹⁾ in ko v duhu zagleda mater, jo pozdravi:

O zlata mati, sprimi vas bog,
na prsi stisnite sina!
Oh tu je lepo, tu konec nadlog,
minila je vsa bolečina.

Te so bile njegove zadnje besede. Spremili smo ga—bil je lep, jasen večer—na zadnjem potu vsi Slovenci, kar nas je bilo na Dunaju. In na grobu smo mu pevci zapeli tisto lepo, otožno hrvaško pesem: "Oj talasi,"²⁾ ki smo jo pa takrat peli kakor svoje domače. Posebno pa jo je rad imel naš pokojni Joža. Kako primerne so se nam zdele besede, s katerimi se končava pesem:

Oj, oj, oj! Put je danes dalek moj.

Malo tako lepega pogreba!³⁾

Kaj pa po pogrebu? Šli smo, nobeden ni izpregovoril besede, v svojo navadno gostilnico. Tu pa smo se v pogovoru spominjali svojega pokojnega prijatelja. Vsak je vedel kaj lepega povedati o njem. In potem se je začelo peti⁴⁾ njemu v spomin. Pele so se posebno tiste pesmi, katere je on najrajši imel. Meni vsaj se je zdelo, da nisem še slišal takega petja. Zdelo se mi je, da pokojnikov duh plava nad nami in nas veselo poslušča.

Zbogom, ljubi Joža!

1) — stara korenina: stalwart; Gorenjec: a man from the most mountainous and also most beautiful part of Slovenia (Gorenjska).

2) — poštena duša: an honest man.

3) Vse: Everybody.

4) — krepak korenjak: Notice the Slovene way of expression in emphasizing.

5) — zgodnji grob: untimely death.

6) — končal življenje: died.

7) — močno hrepenenje: strong yearning.

1) Ljubljana: the capital city of Slovenia. Bela Ljubljana: a common Slovene expression having a tinge of endearment.

2) "Oj talasi": the name of a Croatian burial song.

3) Malo tako lepega pogreba: Again, note the emphatic and concise expression in Slovene. Try to translate.

4) — se je začelo peti: the expression not very common in Slovene. A Slovene usually says: Smo začeli peti.



Josip Stritar:

TOLAŽBA

Tiho, tiho, Tonček mali,
o ne jokaj se tako!
Mater so ti zakopali,
to je pač strašno hudo!

Kose našel sem v goščavi,
skoro bodo že godni.
Pa nikomur nič ne pravi,
vse imel boš, ljubček, ti.

Ta nožiček, ki so mati
dali mi za god ga, veš?
Na ga, tvoj je, le jokati,
ljubi Tonček, se ne smeš.

In pa tele desetice,
od očeta jih imam,
košek jagod, kos potice,
kar imam vse rad ti dam.

MLADI VOJAKI

Mi smo vojaki korenjaki!
Kako nas gledajo ljudje
pa pravijo: To so junaki,
ki se nikogar ne boje!

Velike delamo korake,
pred nami boben ropota,
papirnate so naše čake
in puške naše iz lesa.

Ko mi vihtimo bridke meče,
ni smrti ne krvavih ran;
če teče kri, iz nosa teče.
Kako je lep vojaški stan!

Ko bomo pa kedaj dorastli,
železo bo, kar zdaj je les;
ko bodo drugi krave pasli,
vojaki bomo mi zares.

Where Do We Want To Go?

WHEN we look at a motor-car in motion we feel that the speed of the engine conveys to us a distinct sense of direction.

The car is not only moving; it is moving with a purpose. It is not only in action; it is in action intelligently. We look at it and know, without thinking about it, that a man is in charge of the engine, deciding not only its speed but its destination. The speed is merely impressive; it is the direction which is romantic.

When we turn from looking at a mechanical toy, the creation of man's genius, to look at man himself, man the inventor, man the explorer, man the great traveler through Time, it is difficult for us to decide whether the movement of his life is intelligent, and whether he is making his way to a definite destination. The movement of human life seems to us much more like the aimless wheeling of gnats over a pool of stagnant water than like the flight of an aeroplane through the sky or the rush of a car along a road.

We ask ourselves, In what direction is human life moving? and we cannot answer. It is as if we asked in what direction a swarm of bees were moving. And yet, unlike those clustering bees, man is plainly moving from one point to another, changing his garments, and even his very speech, as he goes.

Let us look into this highly important matter. Let us refuse a hearing at the outset to two sorts of people: to those lighthearted people who would cheerfully persuade us that life is a steady progression toward perfection, and to those dismal people who would earnestly convince us that life is rushing headlong to destruction. Our position shall be that of a judge summing up all the evidence before the court.

The Great Mistake Civilization Has Made

WE will begin by considering the word Civilization. What does it mean? Put by us to a child of fifteen the question was answered, after considerable anxiety and many protestations of inability to deal with it, in these remarkable words: The cultivation of unnaturalness. This is an answer well worth a moment's reflection; but we will leave it for one which seems to us better to serve our purpose: Civilization, we will say, is Humanity trying to improve itself.

Humanity, never satisfied with itself, is impelled by its own inherent nature to seek improvement. It cannot rest with things as they are. It must for ever be moving from the less perfect to the more perfect. Once humanity trudged on its own feet; then it tamed the horse; then it invented the locomotive; now it goes about in motor-cars and aeroplanes.

No one is in any doubt that life moves, and that the movement of life has brought improvement. There can be no comparison between the mountainous home of the Cave Man and the modern hotel, with its electric light, its water-pipes, and its lifts. There have been movement, progress, and improvement. No man in his right senses would return to the life of the savage.

And yet, in spite of all the movement of the human race, and improvement of the human race, a man of science stands up and asserts that the savage in South Africa is a happier man (that is to say, a more successful human being) than the civilized American).

What does he mean? Does he mean that we should make a bonfire of all the proud inventions of civilization and return with gladness and relief to the simplicities and naturalness of the savage state? No; he is not so foolish as that; on the contrary, he is a wise, far-seeing, and deep-thinking man, and his criticism of civilization means just this—that we are creating more problems than we are solving. We are improving the tools of life, but not the worker with these tools. We are enormously improving the conditions of life, but not life itself. There is immense movement in civilization, but it is movement without an ascertained purpose.

Here is one convincing example of this aimless movement of civilized people. The world is still staggering under the terrific retribution of War, of a war which proved that the victors must suffer the same penalties as the vanquished. Millions of young men were killed in that war; many millions were wounded; thousands of millions of money were thrown into the consuming ovens of destruction. And yet can any of us say that the movement of the world is now decisively and vigorously away from War, and as decisively and vigorously toward Peace? Does not every one of us know that, however the myriads of dead succeeded, those who have managed the Peace have utterly and shamefully failed? The failure of the war to settle anything has not been plainer than the tragic failure of the Peace and the pitiful betrayal of the men who died.

We know with certainty that the good and great in every nation of the world look upon war as a thing of inexpressible horror, and that the ablest thinkers of the world are convinced that another war of nations would utterly destroy civilization. How is it, then, that no one can say with conviction, that the movement of human life is toward Peace and away from War? Why are we drifting in a matter of life and death to us all?

The only conceivable answer to this question brings us to the heart of the whole matter. We are not moving decisively toward Peace, and we may be drifting help-

lessly toward War, because the question Peace or War? is in the hands of a vast multitude of people, most of whom have other things to think about, and almost all of whom are entirely ignorant of the way in which Peace can be secured?

The theory of democracy supposed that everyone who voted would take a profound interest in all the questions which parliaments have to solve. It was supposed that no man would think of himself, that no class would consider its own interests, that all men would unselfishly vote for the good of the State and the salvation of the whole world.

But this tremendous experiment in government was tried before people were educated and, even more perilous, before humanity had decided in what direction it should travel. Not only were ignorant people, but people who had no definite moral ideas concerning the destination of the human race, entrusted with a vote. It was as if passengers by a train met on the platform and voted which of them should drive the engine. It was as if any man might set up as a surgeon or a banker without any proof of his skill or knowledge in either medicine or finance.

There was something so noble and exalting in the idea of democratic government that only a few people saw this peril. Despotism had been tried and condemned. Aristocratic government had failed to solve the problems of Civilization. Democratic government appeared to be, not only the one alternative, but a splendid and triumphant alternative. It swept the world off its feet.

To consider Civilization calmly is to see that its confusion and unhappiness are chiefly due to aimlessness and indecision. Democracy is failing because humanity in seeking to improve itself has not yet decided what it wants to do or where it wants to go. All the efforts of statesmen are bent on mending and patching, not on constructing. No one asks Where are we going? or Why are we going at all? It is enough to be moving, even though it be without a goal.

It seems that the confusion, the want of order and direction, must continue until humanity has made up its mind as to its destination. There must be an indisputable Moral Law in the midst of Civilization if the march of progress is not to end in a swamp or at the bottom of a precipice. We must decide, that is to say, what are the absolute conditions of human happiness, and must base our laws fearlessly on those conditions.

For example, we are all agreed that disease is an enemy of human happiness. There is no question about this. Everyone is agreed that he who spread disease is an enemy of the human race and should be punished for his crime. Why cannot we agree that war is also an enemy of human happiness? Why cannot we agree that selfishness is as great a crime as stealing, and betting as great an evil as smallpox?

If we decided that the conditions of human happiness are health, security, education, and obedience to the moral law it would simplify the work of destroying all those influences in Civilization which make for disease, poverty, ignorance, and moral evil.

Robert Browning:

SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES

THE YEAR'S at the spring
 And the day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillsides dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail on the thorn:
 God's in heaven
 All's right with the world.

THE CAT AND THE SNAKE

Long, long ago, before the cat took to living with man and enjoying herself by his warm fireside, a red man went out into the forest and, sitting in the shadow of a tree, fell asleep.

As he slept a rattlesnake spied him, and, coming quietly and stealthily toward the place where he lay, prepared to dart forward and bite him.

But just at that moment a cat that was resting on the bough of the tree under which the man lay saw what was happening, and determined to save the sleeper. She waited till the snake was on the point of darting forward to bite, and then, jumping from the bough, came swiftly on the snake's head with all her claws extended. The snake was too astonished to do anything, and it was not long before the brave little cat had killed the cowardly creature.

The great spirit who watches over men and animals was so pleased at the pluck of the cat that he declared that, as a reward, from that time onward she and her children and her children's children, whenever they fell, should always alight on their feet.

WHY WAS VENICE BUILT
ON THE SEA?

Venice is built on a large number of small islands in a lagoon formed through the deposit from the waters of several rivers being drifted by the tide into banks. The long, narrow islands outside the lagoon have four openings into the Adriatic. Inside the lagoon are muddy island deposits, and on these settlements were first made, it is supposed, by people fleeing before the Huns and Goths when they invaded Italy from the north.

On a cluster of these islets a permanent population settled for safety. It naturally became seafaring. When Venice began to get the carrying trade of the Eastern Mediterranean she was allied with wooded inland tracts extending to the Alpine valleys, and their timber was floated down the rivers and became the strong pile foundations on which Venice was rebuilt in times of prosperity.

It was founded as a refuge, and prospered as the port nearest to Central Europe. There is a plain road from it over the Brenner Pass into Germany, and it commands all Northern Italy across the plain of the Po.

Andrew Kobal:

A SONNET

GREEN long ago, now grey, with yellow stain
 Without a weight, without intended aim,
 The leaves are drifted by the wind that came
 To scream away the life; and causing pain
 To flowers, that so late have covered plain
 And meadow, the frost, as cruel as death proclaim,
 Has brought an end to all that Summer's fame,
 The fame of life, has caused to bloom in vain.

Since all is lost, and even birds of song
 Have flown away, I pray you, dear old friend,
 Come to my hearth, where rid of lifeless throng
 Which does not yearn for life, we'll try to spend
 Dull days, and try to think in evenings long
 Of tender flowers' smell, of birds, and song.

Wise Men's Sayings

- YOU CANNOT even if you would, separate your life from that of humanity; you live in it, by it, for it.
Joseph Mazzini.
- Peace has her victories no less renowned than war.
John Milton.
- Let one cultivate good will towards all the world, a mind illimitable, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity. This mode of living is the supreme good.
Sutta Nipata, Buddhism.
- Why do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for one another
George Eliot.
- Doing nothing for other is the undoing of one's self.
Horace Mann.
- Europe would soon have become one nation and anyone who travelled in it would always have been in a common fatherland. Sooner or later, this union will be brought about by the force of events. The only way in which this equilibrium can be achieved is through a league of nations.
Napoleon Bonaparte.
- Weapons, even though successful, are unblessed implements, detestable to every creature.
Thao Teh King, Chinese.
- Light is good in whatever lamp it is burning.
A rose is beautiful in whatever garden it may bloom. A star has the same radiance whether it shines from the East or the West.
Abdul Baha.
- Nothing that is worth having ever comes to one except as a result of hard work.
Booker T. Washington.
- I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the culture of all lands to be blown about as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any of them.
Mahatma Gandhi.
- SMALL men inquire, "belong this man To our own race, or creed, or clan?"
But larger-hearted men embrace
As brothers all the human race.
Hitopadesha.
- Do to others, as you would like them to do to you.
The Golden Rule.
- Within the four seas all are brothers.
Confucius.
- Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.
Johann von Goethe.

Notice Young Pioneers'

The Pioneer Lodge, No. 559, at Chicago, is giving four prizes, two for boys and two for girls. Only Pioneer juvenile members from Chicago, Ill., can participate in this contest. This is what you must do. Send names and addresses of boys and girls who do not belong to the S. N. P. J., to Oscar B. Godina, 3211 So. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you do not know the address, you may give the name only.

The contest began November 1, 1927, and will close February 29, 1928. The prizes are two five-dollar gold pieces as first prizes, one for the girl and the other for the boy from whose list the greatest number of members is secured; the second prizes are two two-dollar and a half goldpieces, one for the girls and the other for the boys. In case of a tie; that is, if an equal number of names is secured from the lists of two or more contestants, we will award each tying contestant the full amount.

Fraternally yours,

Oscar Godina.

Ralph Hodgson:

STUPIDITY STREET

I SAW with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops
Nothing for people to eat.
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule,
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 'twould be true
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things only I despise,
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would, too,
If I were you.

Nada Madon, Glencoe, Ohio.



The Banks of a River in Wisconsin.



To the readers:

Of course, the old year is gone, and with the coming of the new one, many greetings from our contributors came as well, and I thank you all heartily for them all.

During the past year, you were very active with the contributions. Indeed, I was greatly pleased with your activity. Now we are entering upon a new year, a year in which, I hope, you will not only keep up your old activity at the normal speed, but even improve upon it. You know you are a year older, which means, of course, that you should do a little more work than last year. I ask you to contribute as much as you can, in order that our Chatter Corner will become a real thing—the Joy-giver's club of the S. N. P. J.

* * *

I suppose you are wondering whence the presents that were distributed among the Juvenile cooperators as 'Xmas gifts. Well, I will tell you the secret, for I am sure that you could almost guess it, at least a part of it. The two gold coins given to the two best cooperators were given by two our presidents—Mr. Vincent Cainkar, president of the S. N. P. J., gave one; and Mr. Donald J. Lotrich gave the other. The rest of the gifts came from the S. N. P. J.

You will notice that I have started a new thing for you, too; namely, to tell you

something about the great Slovene writers. You can read not only how they lived, written in English, but you may read what these great men themselves wrote for you and other Slovenes. The hard Slovene words are explained at the bottom of the page, so that you can read the story and poems very nicely. If you will be active this year, you will win the prize that will be given for the year 1928.

Editor.

SEASONS.

On a hot summer afternoon,
When we all sit under the shade,
We really often wonder
How fast the summer will fade.

In the early days of autumn,
When the brown leaves fall,
We think of the long, dreary winter,
Which soon at our door will call.

When by the fireside we sit
In the long and dreary winter days,
We often rejoice at the thought
Of seeing again the Sun's rays.

When the world in blossom is,
And the winter days are gone,
We love to hear once more again
The bird sing his sweetest song.

Here we leave the seasons of each year,
Many a thought of them each one must bear,
But no matter whether the day is stormy or fair,
The Mladinski list and I are a very fine pair.

Jennie Vrtovec, Canton, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I want to learn to write in Slovene; though I can read a little, I can not make up poems like other boys and girls. I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade. Our family all belong to the S. N. P. J. and we like it very well. I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. My cousin and I take violin lessons at the school. I wish some boy or girl would write to me from the west, especially from Utah and Colorado. We are thinking of taking a trip out there in the spring on account of my brother's ill health. I would like to hear from some boy or girl in Pa., too, because my mother was born there and my mother says they are having great fun there now when there is any snow. But the poor miners are having a tough time. We all hope they will win.

I have a joke:

Question: What is blinder than a mole?

Answer: A strikebreaker, because he can not see he is stealing his own bread.

Your friend,

Mae Proseence, Gillespie, Ill., Box 162.

Dear Editor:

I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge for four years, and am 10 years old. I receive the M. L. every month. I love to read the jokes, stories, and riddles. I wish that the M. L. would come every day instead of every month. I receive letters from the S. N. P. J. members. I am busy writing them every day. Our magazine is the best magazine I have ever read. I wish to all the officers of the S. N. P. J. and the members a happy New Year.

Very truly yours,

Helen Barich, Bellaire, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I have two sisters and one brother and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge. We all enjoy reading the M. L. I am 14 years old and in 8th grade. The miners around here are on the strike for nine months already. We all have to move out of the company houses. But we do not care. We'll all stick to the union. People enjoy living in the barracks.

Anna Gorshin,

Russellton, Pa., Box 265.

Dear Editor:

I like the M. L. very much. I have them all saved for a whole year. My father will have them bound for me. I hope the M. L. will be much bigger than in 1927. I have a joke:

Mother: Billy, go to the butcher and get some pig's feet.

Billy (soon returns bringing no pig's feet): Mother, I couldn't see any because the butcher had shoes on.

Yours truly,

Mary Moyl.

A FLOWER FOR MOTHER'S DAY.

In a garden far away,
Everything is green,
There's a lady in the midst, she is gay
All's like a beautiful dream,
That's like a painting seen,
When the sun is all one beam.
The lady plucks a flower by the stem,
She wears it on her breast,
She prizes it like a gem—
Like a robin his red breast.
She's hurrying out to the gate,
Thinking of a flower,
Of something good and great,
A flower for her mother,
A flower for the mother's day,
When mother will be happy and gay,
On this mother's day.

Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I am so happy when the M. L. comes that I cannot help but praise it. No matter what I am doing, when the M. L. comes, I drop my work and rush to get it first. I start and read everything in English. I cannot read or write in Slovene nor speak it very well. I always try my best when speaking Slovene, though one thing I noticed particularly was that our "Chatter Corner" grew a lot bigger since October.

I surely am glad that boys and girls are waking up and writing to our "Corner." I would like to know what is the matter with Victor Friskovec, that he stopped writing so suddenly. I would like to know your new address, "Vic."

Much is not left for me to say.

Rose Crowley, La Salle, Ill., R. R. 3.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the Mladinski List. I like to read the M. L. I wish it would come more often. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. I am fourteen years old, and in the 8th grade. I go to Lincoln School. There are 1000 pupils and 50 teachers in our school. I have four brothers and two sisters. Here in Minnesota we have great sports and games in winter. We have cold weather here. I have not seen many letters come from Minnesota.

I had a good Christmas and many presents from all my friends. I will close now.

Here is a joke:

Johnny—"Say, Tommy, did de teacher give you a bad mark for staying away?"

Tommy—"No, but de old man did when I got home."

Mary Debelak,

North Hibbing, Minn., Box 402.

VERSES OF THE LETTERS.

THERE is a farmer who is Y's
 Enough to take his E's,
 And study nature with his I's,
 And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatters of the J's,
 As they each other T's,
 And C's that when a tree D. K's,
 It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's,
 With many haws and G's,
 And their mistakes he will X Q's,
 While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,
 And, therefore, little O's;
 And when he hoes his soil with spells,
 He also soils his hose.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I go to the Freshmen Class of the Delmont High School, and have a lot of home work to do after I come home. I have just finished reading what you have written in our magazine in Slovene. It seems as if we all rather write in the American language than in our own. I have seen that we are getting many new writers in our magazine. The boys must be sleeping, however, some of them are active, but not all, because there were only three boys that wrote in the November issue.

At the beginning of the school term juniors and seniors of our school invited us to their initiation party. We all knew what they were up to; so we went. A girl friend of mine and I were the only ones from our way that went out. It was 7 P. M. when we started. We were rather afraid, but had enough courage to go.

The first thing they did was to catch all of us "freshies" and put us in a "corn crib." Then some boys came in and smoked in our faces. After a while they came after us. Every one had a partner. First they blindfolded us and led us to a wagon. There they asked us questions and when you opened your mouth to answer, they gave you a dose of salt. The next thing they did was to blind-fold us again and this time lead us to a tub full of water, with some apples in it. They told us to kneel down and take one apple, and as you would try to get one, they stuck your head in the water. Then you had a hard time drying your hair. They gave us some hard buns and some wieners to eat and some pop to drink. We then had enough of everything and left.

Remaining a juvenile member,

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have already made my New Year's resolution, and that is, to write to the M. L. every month during the year of 1928, and, I think, every one else should do the same. By this we could enlarge our magazine. I hope all members of the S. N. P. J. had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I believe many of the families around here will have a poor Christmas, because they have been out on strike for a good while, but they will be helped by the different churches. The churches get food and clothing from people who can give any, and distribute it among the needful. We take our final "exams" sometime in January for the first semester of school.

Best regards to all.

Robert Skerbitz,
 Bentleyville, Pa., Box 678.

Dear Editor:

I'll tell you how happy I was to see my name on that list of sixteen. I read through the English part first, then I read the Slovenian part. Imagine my surprise when I came to my name.

I have tried my best to write interesting letters in English. I am going to start soon in the good old Slovene language. I can write to my aunt in Jugoslavia already.

In the December issue I liked the play "Razgaljeni Miklavž" very much.

About a month from now I am going to graduate from the Washington Jr. H. S. I will continue my studies at the Senior High.

Sincerely,

Helen Grabner, Kenosha, Wis.

Dear Editor:

I am a member of our lodge and my brothers and sisters are also. I have five sister and two brothers. I am fourteen years old and am in the seventh grade. I go to a country school "Brushville." I wish the M. L. would come twice a month instead of once. I wish some of the brothers and sisters of the S.N.P.J. would write to me. Yours truly,

Pauline Macek, East Palestine, O., R. F. D. 1.

Dear Editor:

I will join the young lodge next month and I don't think I can write to the M. L. Oh well, I'll keep on reading it just the same.

I wish some members from Pueblo would write to the M. L. once in a while. We would feel that we did our share. I was glad to see one member's letter in the M. L. which was written by Cecelia Stalick.

We should all make a New Year's resolution to write to the M. L. every month, and then our "Chatter Corner" would begin growing.

A faithful member,

Frances Hren, Pueblo, Colo.

Stanley Sustarsich, 9 years old, writes from Cleveland, Ohio, that his father is the secretary of the Lodge 142 S. N. P. J. We hope he will make a successful secretary as well.

Two poems about Christmas were written for December issue, by **Nellie Cvelbar**, Absher, Mont., and **Edward Medved**, Yukon, Pa. Unfortunately, the letters were sent too late for December issue.

Eva Vugrinovich, Finleyville, Pa., Box 46A. She wishes that some of the readers of the "Juvenile" would write to her.

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio. She sent us three riddles without answers; therefore, the riddles cannot be published.

Toffy was a Welshman,
Toffy came to grief,
Toffy came to our house
And stole a piece of beef.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

A Joke.

Mother: Oswald, you should never do anything which you would be ashamed for the whole world to see.

Oswald: Hooray! I wouldn't have to take any more baths!

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

Ralph Kuchan from Canton, Ohio, says that he likes the poems in our Magazine. He is 14 years old and has been in the lodge for 13 years. He also writes that he is getting along pretty well in school.

Dear Editor:

My father is a secretary of the Lodge No. 80. I was seven years old when I joined the Lodge, and now I am thirteen. I and my brother are twins, and my sister is ten years old. We are all members of the S. N. P. J.

I love to read the Mladinski List and I hope everybody does so.

I am going to tell you something that nobody knows, it's a different kind of joke: Every answer must be only one word and must end in sting.

What is the winter sport? Coasting.

Cleaning the room? Dusting.

Bread is in the oven? Toasting.

Tools were out in the rain? Rusting.

"Meet me at the fountain when the syrups are in bloom,

And the lollypops are blushing like roses in June,

And the fizzy soda water comes sparkling in the glass,

And the ice-cream cones are dancing like fairies in the grass."

Genevieve Palian, Canton, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I hope I can contribute a letter each month to the Mladinski List. If each member would write a letter to the Mladinski List each month, our magazine would certainly grow; so let's go to it.

I go to the McKinley High School and will soon be a junior. The school is one mile from where I live.

The weather here in Chicago isn't very pleasant. We sure had a lot of snow, too.

Here is a joke:

Maynard had stayed after school to learn to analyze sentences. He read from his book and started to recite: "Our country will smite the traitors to freedom."

"Country is the subject, will smite is the predicate—." Then he stopped.

"Very good," said the teacher, "what is traitors?"

"An adverb," Maynard answered, making a guess.

"No," said the teacher, "let me make an easier sentence. If I should say, 'I will hit you,' 'I' would be the subject and 'will hit' would be the predicate. Now, what would 'you' be?"

"I'd be hit," replied Maynard, looking anxious.

Riddles.

1) Complete, you wear me; behead, and you run me; behead again, you play me?—

2) Perfect with a head, perfect without a head, perfect with a tail, perfect with either, neither, or both.

3) The land was white, the seed was black, it will take a good scholar to riddle me that?

4) What is that by which losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A member,

Christina Sernel, Chicago.

Dear Editor:

I have two brothers and two sisters and my father and mother, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge No. 379 of Slickville, Pa.

I am fourteen years old and am in the eighth grade of Sloan's Public School. There are eight rooms in our school building and as there are too many children, we've got to use half of our basement for a school room. We have departmental work in our school from fifth to eighth grade.

I am very interested in reading the M. L., and wish that it would be published every week instead of every month.

I think, Editor, I'm the first one of Slickville, to put something in the M. L., but let us hope that in the future there will be more of us.

Yours truly,

Mary Kirn, R.F.D. 4, Box 101, Greensburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have not seen a letter from our town for a good while, so I decided to write. I like to read the M. L. and I wish it would come oftener. I belong to Lodge No. 280 for nine years already. I wish that other members of our lodge would write to the M. L. I love to read the letters and jokes in it.

Anna Chicka, Delmont, Pa., Box 316.

*
Truly.

A doctor fell in a well
And broke his collar-bone.
The doctor should attend the sick
And leave the well alone.

Thomas Martinsek, Maple Heights, O.

Dear Editor:

I like to read this magazine, but I think it would be better if it were a little larger and if it would come more often. I belong to the S. N. P. J. and my sister and brother also belong to it. I go to school every day. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. Anne Zager.

Box 154, Willard, Wis.

Mildred Hochevar, Box 408, Aurora, Minn.:

The weather in Aurora is very severe.

Our Christmas vacation lasted from December 22, 1927, to January 9, 1928. I go to the Junior High School in the eighth grade. I must state that Aurora has the best schools in the state of Minnesota.

Our school publishes a paper called "The Aurora Borealis."

Dear Editor:

I made my New Year's resolution that I would get busy and write more often to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this "List" very much, and am thanking you very much for the little gift I received from you. Now I will describe myself: I am 5'2" tall, I have dark brown hair and eyes. I am fourteen years of age, and in eighth grade.

I have seven sisters and two brothers.

We are in the year 1928, and we are all one year older; so we would now like to see more members write to Mladinski List and make it larger this year.

Well, I must now conclude and leave some room for the others. I am also wanting some of the members to write to me.

Christina Knaus, Box 38, Traunik, Mich.



Betty Anne is taking a walk.

MLADINSKI LIST

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