

MLADINSKI LIST



JANUAR 1927

VSEBINA

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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO VI.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUAR 1927.

ŠTEV. 1.

Albin Čebular:

BUDNICA

Čeravno sem mlad,
jednote sem član—
in tak je junak!

Očka so me zapisali,
mamica za njim prebrali.
Hej . . . ! Oddelek naš mladinski
z novim članom se ponaša.
Kdor pa dvomi—lahko vpraša!

Ej, bratec ti moj,
glej, jaz sem ti vzgled—
le brž za menoj!

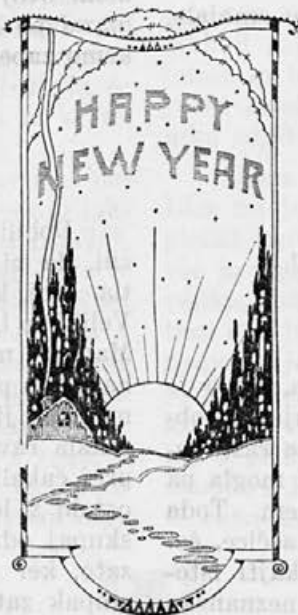
OB NOVEM LETU

Ko gremo spet v novo leto,
vam, dečica, vsakdo želi
zlatega solнца in sreče
in lepih, veselih oči.

In smeha in pesemc srebrnih,
kakor jih ptički pojo,
a v dušicah misli prejasnih,
da bo veselo nebo.

Anica Černejeva.

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Povesti strica Matica

Ko se je nekega mračnega zimskega popoldneva zopet zbrala naša družba k ognjišču strica Matica, je naš stari dobrotnik takoj vedel, po kaj smo prišli. Rekel je:

“Vem, dragi moji, da se vam danes ne ljubi sankati in da za kepanje ni primeren tako pust in mračen dan, zato mislim, da ste storili čisto prav, ko ste prišli k meni, kjer se bomo kaj pomenili. Ampak prej kot vam bom začel katero praviti in prej kot boste vi poslušali, vam bom dal nekaj, česar gotovo že dolgo ni jedel nikdo izmed vas.”

Ne da bi dalje govoril ali poslušal naša vprašanja, je stric Matic šel skozi vrata v kuhinjo, odkoder smo slišali, kako je komaj polglasno in skrivnostno teti Anci naročal nam tedaj še neznan naročilo. Tudi vrnil se ni takoj iz kuhinje, da je vzbudil med nami še večjo radovednost, kaj bo dobrega. Vedeli smo, da bo nekaj posebnega, zato smo komaj čakali in premagovali svojo radovednost. Končno pa sta se vendarle vrnila iz kuhinje stric Matic in teta Anca: stric Matic z okroglim, rdečim in z rumenimi krogi pisanim loncem, teta Anca pa z velikim hlebom ajdovega kruha.

Stricu Maticu se je kar samo smejalo, teta Anca pa nam je zapela:

Prišle so žanjice
so ajdico požele.
Fantiči so mlatili
so ajdico ven zbili.
Mlinar se je ves potil,
da merco večjo bi dobil.
Teta pa je spekla
sladki ajdov hleb.

Teta Anca je pela lepo in milo, kakor je bil lep in mil veseli smehljaj na njenem obrazu, katerega je menda opazila še razposajena taščica, ki po odpetju tete ni mogla pa ni mogla nehati z glasnim čirikanjem. Toda mi topot nismo poslušali drobne taščice, čeprav se je na vso moč trudila, kajti istčasno se je oglasil stric Matic z neznansko debelim, šaljivim glasom:

Čebele so nosile
za mali svoj zarod;
prišel je mrhast medved,
jim nesel dela plod.
Medvedu sem izmaknil,
kar malim vkradel je.
Zdaj pa le pokušajte,
kako to sladko je.

Vsi smo zaploskali z rokami in poskočili s sedežev: Cenček in Jožek sta se vzpenjala ob stricu Maticu, da bi videla v lonec, koliko je v njem medu; Jelica je po svoji stari navadi vtaknila prst v slinasta usta, drugi pa smo od veselja še vedno poskakovali okoli ognjišča. Dasi se za taščico ni nikdo zmenil, je tudi ona vsa iz sebe veselo skakala in čirikala; da je predramila celo lenega mačka sivčka.

Teta Anca je rezala kruh. Z velikim nožem je odrezala vsakemu dolg, ne predebel kos, tako da bo mogoče namazati nanj veliko medu.

“Joj, joj, kako se vam mudi! Počakajte no!” je rekla, ko smo nestrpno segali po kosu še prej kot je bil odrezan. Pa vendar ni bila huda, saj se je vsak lepo zahvalil in pomolil svoj kos stricu Maticu. Ko nam je mazal po kruhu zlato-prozorni med, je vsakemu zapel:

Buzarada, buzarona,
to bi jedla še Polona,
če bi ji kdo dal.

Dobili smo vsak svoj kos in skrbno pazili, da ni nobena kapljica medu kanila na tla. Joj, kako je bilo to sladko, kako dobro! Veliki so bili kosi, pa smo vse pojedli. Stric Matic je med tem časom pobral mrvice kruha, ki so padle na tla, jih namazal s kapljico medu in jih dal v kletko taščici, ki je na to čakala ravnotako nepotrpežljivo, kakor smo prej čakali mi. Teta Anca pa je vzela preostalo v loncu ter s hlebcom in nožem vse skupaj odnesla v kuhinjo. Tega ni storila zato, ker bi mogoče ne hotela dati še več, ampak zato, ker je vedela, koliko nam zadržuje. Bila je dobra in varčna gospodinja.

“Stric Matic, zakaj pa vi ne jeste kruha in medu?” je vprašala Jelica našega dobrega prijatelja in dobrotnika, ko je molčal in se je smehljaje oziral po nas.

“Veš, Jelica, tudi jaz sem včasih rad jedel tako sladke reči, ampak zdaj ne morem več. Take sladke reči so samo za mlade ljudi.”

Tedaj nam je stric Matic začel pripovedovati zgodbe iz davnih dni, ko je tudi on rad jedel sladke reči. Pravil je lepe in vesele zgodbe, tako da se nam je kratek zimski popoldan zdel še krajši, ter nam je s tem oni grdi zimski dan spremenil v par ur radosti in zabave. Pravil je:

“Lepega poletnega popoldneva sem s prijateljem Jožkom ogrebal čmrlje. Solnce je bilo še visoko, ko sva se s panjem približala kupčku sena, v katerega je kosec Martin zapičil zeleno vejico. Okoli vejice so brenčali debeli, kocinasti čmrlji in razglašali svojo nezadovoljnost, ker jim je kosec motil njih mirni dom. Bili so izredno veliki črnički z rumenimi obročki okoli pasu in s svetlo prozornimi krilci. Ker jih je bilo v zraku precejšnje število, je bilo njih šumljanje nepretrgano in glasno, da sva se bala približati kupčku. Čakala sva, da se bodo pomirili ali pa odleteli na pašo.

Po dolgem čakanju so se čmrlji vendar nekako umirili in nekateri odleteli po hrano. Tedaj sva se previdno približala kupčku in odmaknila seno. Par jih je zopet vzrojilo, da so se zagnali pokonci, toda midva sva se potuhnila, se umaknila od kupčka in se tiščala k tlom.

Panj sva imela skrbno pripravljen, nastlan z izbranim suhim senom, spodnjo luknjico zamašeno in pokrov podprt s paličico, tako da bodo znali črnički noter, ko bova iz njih gnezda preložila satovje v panj. Spet sva dolgo čakala in polagoma premikala v bližino satovja najin panj. Pa niti odločila se še nisva, da bi satovje prestavila in bila sva čisto mirna, ko se mi je zaletel v lice čmrlj. Prestrašen sem zamahnil z roko, a bilo je že prepozno; zdelo se mi je, kakor bi mi kdo zabodel v lice iglo in v istem hipu

z njo zavrtal po licu. Pa dasi je to neznanško bolelo, me je Jožek vendar pomiril, češ, da bo sam ogrebel in da se mi ni treba nič več bati.

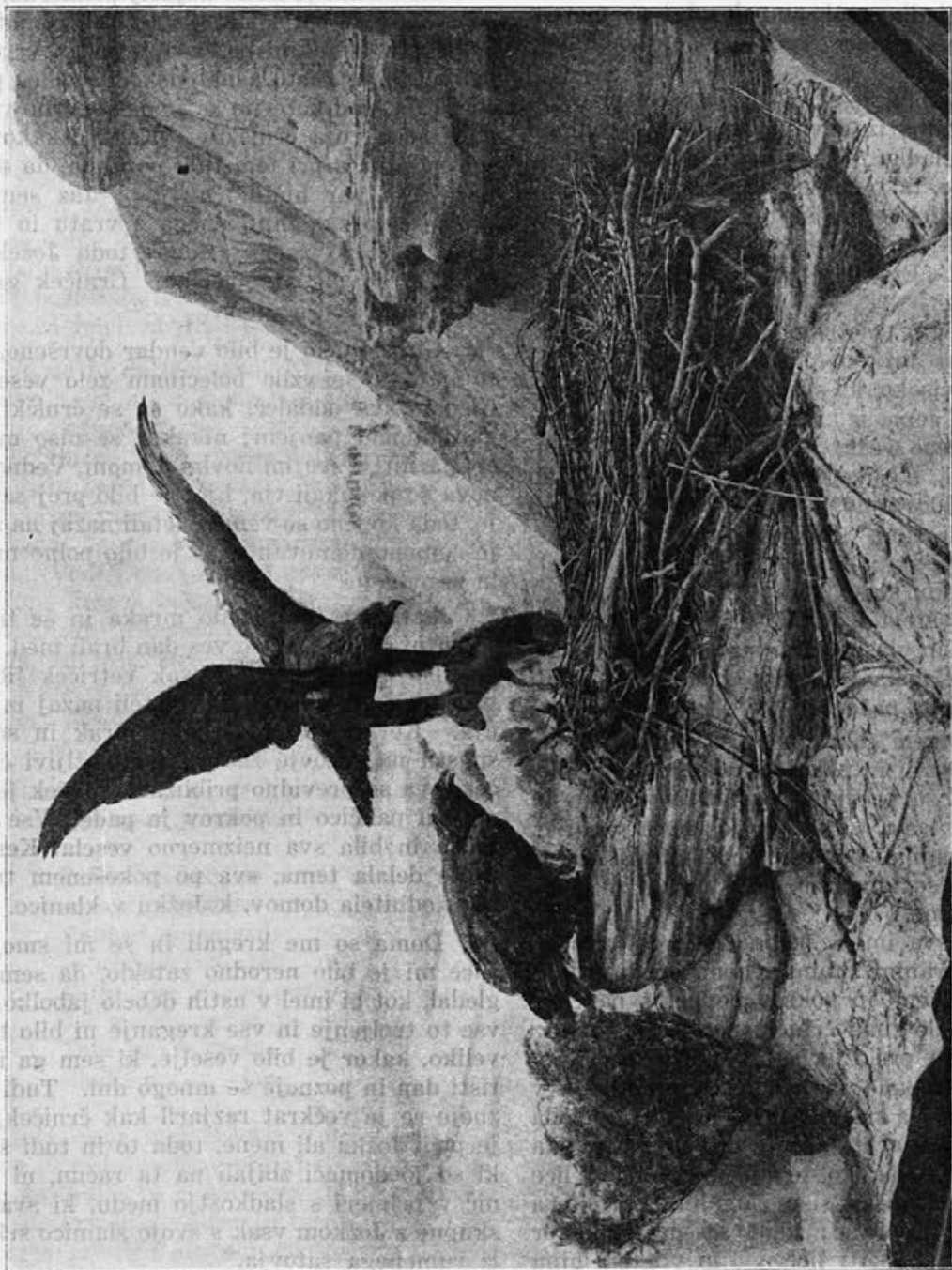
Ko se mu je zdelo najbolj primerno, ker so se čmrlji potolažili, je Jožek z omotano roko hitro smuknil po satovje in ga vrgel v panj. Oba sva istočasno odskočila daleč proč od panja, nad katerim se je delalo črno vsled številnega roja črničkov. Kar poskakovala sva veselja, a pri tem tudi pozabila, da okoli naju leta par hudih čmrljev. Jaz sem še pravočasno zamahnil enega z vratu in se s pokrito glavo zaril v seno; toda Jožek je medtem zavpil od bolečine. Črniček ga je pičil ravno pod očesom.

Glavno delo je bilo vendar dovršeno, zato pa sva se vzlic bolečinam zelo veselila. Gledala sva oddaleč, kako so se črnički zaganjali nad panjem; nikakor se niso mogli sprijazniti s svojim novim domom. Vedno iznova so pokukali tja, kjer je bilo prej satovje, toda končno so vendar letali nazaj na svoje rumeno domovanje, ki je bilo polno medu in zaroda.

Čakati sva morala do mraka in še tedaj se pozni črnički, ki so ves dan brali med, zlepa niso hoteli vsesti. Vsak vetriček jih je vznemiril, da so v roju odleteli nazaj iz panja. Ko pa je legel temni mrak in se je spustil na satovje zadnji neutolažljivi črniček, sva se previdno približala. Jožek je izmaknil paličico in pokrov je padel. Vse sva imela in bila sva neizmerno vesela. Ker se je že delala tema, sva po pokošnem travniku odhitela domov, k Jožku v klanico.

Doma so me kregali in se mi smejali. Lice mi je bilo nerodno zateklo, da sem izgledal, kot bi imel v ustih debelo jabolko. Pa vse to trpljenje in vse kreganje ni bilo tako veliko, kakor je bilo veselje, ki sem ga imel tisti dan in pozneje še mnogo dni. Tudi pozneje se je večkrat razjaril kak črniček, da je pičil Jožka ali mene, toda to in tudi šala, ki so jo domači zbijali na ta račun, ni bilo nič v primeri s sladkostjo medu, ki sva ga skupno z Jožkom vsak s svojo slamico srkala iz rumenega satovja.”





Planinski orel se vrača v plemom.
(Čítaj spis na 5. strani.)

(Chicago Field Museum.)

Dve ptici

PLANINSKI OREL.

Kar je lev med sesalci, to je planinski orel med pticami, najmočnejši, najpogumnejši ropar, ki se ga vse boji. On kraljuje v zraku, kjer mu ni tekmeča. Pri več narodih služi ta ptica kot prisposoba poguma, moči in sile; zato pa imajo mnogi narodi v svojih grbih podobe te živali.

Slika planinskega orla, samca in samice z gnezdrom visoko v skalovju, katero vidite na nasprotni strani, predstavlja skupino, ki je razstavljena v Fieldovem muzeju. S tega skalovja se nudi krasen razgled po skalni dolini, kjer teče večji dotok reke Missouri v Severni Dakoti. Tu sta bila namreč orla z gnezdrom in jajcem vred zajeta in na enak način sta sedaj s skalovjem vred reproducirana.

Planinski orel, katerega v Ameriki imenujejo tudi "zlati orel," ker ima na koncu repa in temno rujavih peruti male obrobke v svetlo rumeni barvi, se nahaja v največjem številu po Alaski. Drugod je večinoma preganjan. Najti ga je tudi še po Kaliforniji, po dolini Missourija in na vzhodu pa redko kje v gorovju Allegheny.

Vendar pa je planinski orel tudi evropska ptica, ki živi v nebosežnih Alpah in po drugih gorskih krajih, ter ga je najti tudi na Slovenskem.

Planinski orel se preživlja največ s sesalci in pticami. Najrajši ima mlada jagnjeta, veverice in lisice, toda ker je silno močan, odnese lahko v svojih železnih krempljih tudi večjo žival. Včasih s loteva tudi mrhovine, toda običajno ukrade žive živali.

Nekaj nenavadnega je, kako se da ta roparska žival privaditi in udomaćiti. Večkrat se je že pripetilo, da je lastnik planinskega orla, katerega je vjel še kot mladiča, naučil ropati in prinašati plen domov. S takimi orli delajo posebno kupčijo kirgiški Tartarji v Aziji, ki imenujejo planinskega orla "bergut." Naučijo ga, da zanje ropa lisice, volkove in antilope. Ko gredo lovci na konjih na lov, nesejo orla s seboj, katerega izpustijo takoj, ko ugledajo žrtev. Orel

se zakadi za žrtvijo in v kratkem času jo prinese v krempljih. Ako je orel dobro naučen takega posla, pravijo domačini v onih krajih, da je vreden cene dveh kamel.

FLAMINGO.

Flamingo je čudna ptica, ki ji po slovensko pravimo tudi ognjena čaplja. Živi ob obali Atlantskega oceana od Floride v Združenih državah pa doli do Brazilije. Največ teh čapelj je torej po Mehiki in po zapadnoindijskih otokih. Na sliki je večja skupina teh nenavadnih ptic, kakor jih vidimo po naravi razstavljene v Fieldovem naravoslovnem muzeju v Chicagu.

Flamingo živi v velikih kolonijah ob morju; blatni in močvirni kraji mu najbolj ugajajo. Včasih pa se z divje obali zateče tudi med sadne vrtove, ki jih negujejo ljudje. Kolonije so zlasti ob divjih obalah zelo velike ter je po 1000 do 2000 gnezd skupaj. Gnezda so iz blata in brez vsake stelje; njih višina je dva čevlja. Na vrhu nekoliko vzbočenega gnezda flamingo zleže eno jajce, katerega potem valita samec in samica. Po krajih, kjer živi flamingo, je v ljudski govorici pregovor, da je samec nevoščljiv samici, ker počiva, ko vali; zato da jo je prepodil z gnezda. V resnici ni tako, kajti tudi samec se naveliča valiti ter rad stopi s trdega gnezda, ko ga nadomesti samica.

Flamingo je po svoji barvi in postavi najbolj čudna ptica. Njegovo perje je ognjeno in se tupatam spreminja v živo rumeno. Samec ima na koncu peruti svileni črno perje, da izgleda, kakor bi vihralo celo morje ognjenih in črnih zastavic, ko se vznemiri jata flamingov.

Dasi truplo flaminga ni dosti večje kot puranovo, vendar spada ta ptica med največje. Na dolgih, rdečih ali temnorjavih nogah in s stegnjenim gadjim vratom dosega včasih celo velikost človeka. Kljun mu je črn in neroden, kakoršnega pač rabi pri iskanju hrane v blatu in pri grajenju blatnih gnezd.

Najbolj čudna navada pri flamingu je njegovo pitanje mladičev. Ko se flamingo izvali, ni sposoben, da bi si šel sam iskat hra-

no, kakor je to na primer pri mnogih drugih pticah. Stara dva ga pitata na ta način, da mu prežvečita vso hrano in jo potem iz svojega kljuna dasta mladiču. Šele po treh tednih je mladi flamingo sposoben sam capljati po blatu in si iskati živeža. Njegova hrana od tedaj naprej skozi vse življenje sestojajo iz samih krastač, morskih gob, želv in drugih sličnih živali.

Evropski flamingo se nekoliko razlikuje od ameriškega, toda navade ima ravno take: živi ob morju, gradi gnezda iz blata in cmoka po močvirju v neprestanem lovu za hrano. Nekoliko manjša od njega je srebrna čaplja, ki pa živi po južni Evropi, zlasti pa po močvirnatih krajih ob Donavi. Ta ima prekrasno, snežnobelo perje, katero se drago prodaja na trgu.



Jata flamingov.

(Chicago Field Museum.)

Albin Čebular:

POD ZEMLJO

Pod zemljo so jamice,
kot vtaknil bi slamice,
v njih so vozički
in strički-konjički.

Lučke trepečejo,
senčice mečejo —
kakor kresnice,
ki spejo v gorice.

Basni

MIŠI V SKRBEH.

Nekoč so se zbrale miši, da bi se pogovorile o skupnih skrbeh. Marsikaj so imele na srcu. Najbolj jih je skrbelo, kako bi se varovale sovražnikov. Vse so rekle, da je njih najhujša sovražnica hudobna mačka. Zato so ugibale in se posvetovale, kako bi se najboljše obvarovale mačke. Več glav več ve, in kdor je starejši, ima več izkušenj. Vendar tokrat niti najstarejše miši niso vedele svetovati. Končno se postavi najmlajša miška na zadnji nožici in reče: "Jaz vem, kaj nam je storiti. Zvonec obesimo mački na vrat! Potem jo bomo slišale že od daleč in lahko v pravem času smuknemo v luknje."

Ves mišji zbor je odobral to krasno misel. Veselje je bilo veliko, pa le za trenutek. Kajti vzdignila se je stara miška in prosila besede. Nato je govorila: "Nasvet mlade tovarišice je vseč tudi meni. Lepo je govorila za našo blaginjo. Samo en pomislek imam: kdo neki bo mačkam obešal zvonce na vrat?"

Na to vprašanje so molčale vse miši, mlade in stare, ter zapustile druga za drugo zbirališče. Prva je izginila svetovalka sama.

Po Ezopu.

SOLNCE IN VETER.

Solnce in veter sta se izkušala, kateri bi bil močnejši. Dogovorila sta se, naj zmagata, ki prisili popotnika, da sleče plašč.

Veter je začel hudo pihati. Zdolec in krivec sta se stepla ter napravila dež in točo, da bi popotnika prisilila, naj sleče plašč. Popotnik je ves moker od mraza trepetal, trdno držal za plašč in se še bolj zavijal vanj.

Veter je potihnil, vreme se je zvedrilo in solnce se je prikazalo. Sijalo je prav prijazno in upiralo žarke popotniku v hrbet. Toplota je rasla, sapa pa je postajala bolj in bolj gorka. Plašč mu je bil že pregorek. Vrgel ga je z rame in razgrnil na tla ter legel v senco počivat.

Tedaj je veter pripoznal, da je premagan.

Anton Janežič.

VEVERICA.

In veverica
s smreke tam
se norca dela:
"Kumek, kam?
Če moreš, pa
ujemi me
in v torbi s sabo
vzemi me!"
A če potekel
si za njo —
ho, ho, ho, ho! —
po deblu gor
je šinila,
med vejami
izginila;
in zdaj je tu
in zdaj je tam,
a ti ne veš
ne kod, ne kam!

Oton Zupančič.

NASREDIN JE DELIL OVNE.

Devet gorskih razbojnikov je uplenilo s paše deset ovnov. Gnali so jih v gozd. Sredi gozda so se ustavili, da si jih razdele. Dele in dele, pa kakor se trudijo z delitvijo, da bi bila pravična in enaka, na vsakega pride po eden, na enega pa dva.

Vnel se jim je prepir. Že so sezali po orožje, ko privede srečno naključje mednje Nasredina. Spoznali so ga, vedeli o njegovi modrosti, pa so ga pozvali: "Učeni mož, daj, da bo konec našemu prepiru, ti nam razdeli ovne, da bo šlo enako in po pravici!"

Nasredin je dejal: "Ako je res, da vam bo veljala moja beseda in da mi ne bo nihče zameril, tedaj naj bo in vam bom razdelil plen enako in po pravici."

Vsi razbojniki so se zakleli, da bodo slušali njegovo besedo, pa je Nasredin razdelil ovne tako: "Vas devet in en oven je deset; jaz eden in devet ovnov je zopet deset. Na obe strani deset, to je enako in po pravici!"

Izpregovoril je in je razbojnikom pustil enega ovna, s seboj pa jih je odgnal devet.

Narodna šala iz Bosne.

Napačna sramežljivost

(Iz ruskega "Ložnij stid.")

— Zdravstvuj Liza!
 — Zdravstvijte, Ivan Petrovič!
 — Zaradi česa se nisi hotela včeraj ustavit, ko sem te poklical?
 — Ah, ker sta z vami šli dve ženski.
 — No kaj zato? Ali se mar bojiš ljudi?
 — O ne! . . . Meni se je mudilo.
 — Pa za eno minuto bi se že lahko ustavila.
 — Da . . . Ali nesla sem vrč z vodo in zato me je bilo sram.
 — No, poglej jo! Ti se sramuješ? Po tvojem je torej sramotno nositi vodo?
 — Da, — nesti jo po ulici.
 — Pa zakaj imamo potem roke? Delati vendar ni sramotno, pač pa je sramotno, da se mnoga dekleta sramujejo delati!
 — Ali nositi vodo je vendar bolj prikladno za služkinje.

— Kaj . . . Ali ti mogoče ni znano, kako je srečal hlapec Abrahamov Rebeko?
 — Da! Vem zelo dobro: Srečal jo je, ko je nesla na rami vrč z vodo.
 — Ona je nesla na rami vrč in spustila ga je v naročje ter dala piti hlapcu Abrahamovemu.
 — In tudi njegovim spremljevalcem.
 — Vidiš torej! A njen oče je bil zelo bogat človek, kateremu je služilo sto hlapcev; da in Rebeka sama je imela mnogo služabnic. — Kdo potem, če ne ona, bi lahko ostala brez dela in bi si pustila izkazovati usluge od drugih?
 — Da, imate prav, Ivan Petrovič, ne bom se zaradi dela več sramovala.
 — In dobro storiš, ker je to le napačna sramežljivost, ki prikazuje človeka nedostojnega in pomore pripeljati še do tega, da nazadnje hčerka ne bo hotela podati kozarca vode bolni materi.

Albin Čebular:

TAKO JE PRAV!

Jaz sem Amerikanček,
 a kri mi je slovenska,
 zato bom ljubil govoričko —
 prav got golobček golobičko!

A ko denarcev bom prislužil,
 med potnike se bom pridružil
 in šel pogledat v stari kraj,
 potem se vrnil spet nazaj.

Albin Čebular:

S. N. P. J.

Slovenska je naša duša
 in

Narodna naša misel.

Podporna so naša stremljenja,
 zato je

Jednota zdrava in granitna!

Albin Čebular:

STRIČEK PRIŠEL JE OD DELA . . .

Striček prišel je od dela,
 muca je kraj njega sela,
 Tonček pa v strašanski jok,
 kot bi cvrl šest otrok.

Striček so se nasmejali,
 brž so iz zapečka vstali:
 — Veš, saj prvi ti si moj —
 mucek šele za teboj . . .!



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



NIMAM ČASA.

Andrej je rad sam. Vedno se pritoži, da ga ljudje motijo. Če ga na primer njegov oče vpraša, naj gre in mu prinese časopis, Andrej odgovori: "Jaz nimam časa." Njegova mati ga pošlje po opravilu k groceristu ali peku, Andrej pa odgovori: "Nimam časa."

Ker je pokvarjen deček, njegovi starši nikoli ne vztrajajo. Njegova mati pravi: "Ubogi dravec! Brez dvoma ima izvršiti svojo šolsko nalogo." Njegov oče zmaja z rameni in gre ven, da si prinese časopis sam. Po mojem mnenju nimajo prav, kajti Andrej ni nič drugega kot len deček; to je vse.

V šoli pa je druga reč. Andrej je poskušal svojo navado na svojih šolskih tovariših, a učinek ni bil zadovoljiv. Takrat so njegovi tovariši spoznali njegov pravi značaj boljše kakor njegovi lastni starši.

Ko so ga vprašali, naj pride in jim pomaga sestaviti stran pri nogometni igri, je odvrnil Andrej čemerno: "Nimam časa." Njegovi drugovi so ga presenečeni gledali, kajti prav dobro so vedeli, da Andrej nima nobenega drugega opravila. Strogo so ga kaznovali. Dobili so star konjski koc in v sredo istega so po sili položili Andreja, ter ga brez usmiljenja nabili. Radoveden sem, če bo to zanj dober nauk.

I HAVEN'T TIME.

Andrew likes to be alone. He always complains that people disturb him. If his father asks him to go and get him the newspaper, for example, Andrew replies: "I haven't got time." His mother sends him out on an errand to the grocer's or the baker's, but Andrew replies: "I haven't got time."

As he is a spoiled child his parents never insist. His mother says: "Poor darling! Doubtless he has his homework to do." His father shrugs his shoulders and goes out to get the newspaper himself. In my opinion they are wrong, for Andrew is nothing but a lazy boy; that's all.

At school, though, it is another matter. Andrew tried his habit upon his schoolfellows but the effect was not satisfactory. Then his comrades knew his true character better than his own parents.

When they asked him to come and help make up a side at football game, Andrew replied surlily: "I haven't got time." His companions looked at him in surprise, for they knew very well that Andrew had nothing else to do. They punished him severely. They got an old horse blanket, and in the middle of it they laid Andrew by force and tossed him mercilessly. I wonder if that will be a lesson to him.

JUGOSLAV PROVERBS

As the master—so the servant.

*

He who weeps over the world will cry his eyes out.

*

Man is learning all his life and yet he dies ignorant.

*

Money—master of the world.

*

Hunger has no eyes.

JUGOSLOVANSKI PREGOVORI

Kakor gospodar, tako sluga.

*

Kdor svet objokuje, si bo izjokal oči.

*

Človek se uči vse življenje in vendar umre neveden.

*

Denar—sveta vladar.

*

Glad nima oči.

Izreki modrih mož

Ljudem ne manjka moči, temveč volje.

Viktor Hugo.

Vsako sladko ima svojo grenkost in vsako dobro svoje zlo.

Emerson.

Samo prazne glave mislijo, da vse razumejo in da si znajo vse raztolmačiti.

Simode.

Predvsem spoštuj samega sebe!

Pitagora.

Tudi najslabotnejši more kaj doseči, ako vso svojo silo usmeri proti vrednemu cilju.

Carlyle.

Mnogo ljudi krepi svoje telo z vežbanjem, ne brigajo pa se, da bi pojačili svojo dušo s krepostjo.

Diogen.

Ali more bogastvo osrečiti človeka? Poglej okoli sebe in videl boš mnogo sijajne nevolje in nališpano muko.

Young.

Človek ne vidi rad srečnejšega kakor je sam.

Shamport.

Mir pride za bojem, kdor torej hoče imeti trajen mir, se mora prej bojevati.

Epaminonda.



“Old Faithful” geizer v parku Yellowstone.

Zelena žaba

I.

Učitelj je prišel na izletu z otroki do mlake. Zelene žabe, ki so se solnčile na suhem, so poskakale prestrašene v vodo. Učitelj pa je ukazal otrokom, naj popolnoma mirno opazujejo površino vode. Druga za drugo so zopet priplavale žabe kvišku in, moleč glave iz vode, so dihale sveži zrak.

Učitelj je poiskal rogovilasto suho vejo in je spretno vrgel z njo najbližjo žabo na travnik, rekoč: "No, pa si jo malce ogledjmo!"

Otroci, ki so se bili v začetku razpršili, so obstopili žabo, da ni mogla nikamor. "Zelena je!" je zaklical prvi, drugi je pristavil, da ima črne lise, tretji pa je opozoril na rumene proge ob hrbtu. "Pa belkast predpasnik ima," je pristavil učitelj, ko je obrnil žabo na hrbet. Otroci so umeli, da se taka barva dobro strinja z okolico in varuje žabo sovražnikov, a da se z okolico tudi izpreminja v sivkasto ali rjavkasto, to se jim je zdelo kaj čudno.

Eden izmed dečkov je obrnil zopet žabo, ki se je bila potajila, z roko in rekel, da je gola koža hladna in mastna. Učitelj pa je popravil, da je sluzasta, in sicer zato, da žaba laže plava in da se na suhem prehitro ne posuši. Pojasnil je tudi, da se ravna toplina krvi takih živali, ki žive v vodi, po toplini vode, da imajo te živali torej nestalno toplo kri.

Da ima žaba neokretno, ploščato truplo, široko glavo in da nima ne vratu ne repa, so dognali otroci. Videli so tudi, da ima med prsti na zadnjih daljših nogah plovno kožico in da sta sprednji nogi precej šibki in brez plovne kožice. Učitelj jim je razložil, da imajo vse živali, ki skačejo, daljši zadnji nogi. Opozoril jih je tudi, kako se žaba pri skakanju na kopnem na sprednji nogi samo lovi, a pri plavanju ju stisne k truplu, da ji

nista napoti. S spredaj priraslim jezikom lovi razne žužke, pajke, polže in celo mlade ribice.

Da vidi žaba z zlatoobrobljenimi očmi samo to, kar se giblje, se je zdelo otrokom kaj čudno, a da izvrstno sliši, so se bili sami prepričali.

Ko so si tako ogledali žabo, so jo izpustili, da je z brzimi, dolgimi skoki zbežala v mlako.

II.

Učitelj je zajel s črepinjo v mlaki nekaj žabjih jajčec s sluzavo kožico. Drugi dan so opazili otroci ta jajčeca v šoli v steklenem koritcu, ki je bilo napolnjeno z vodo. Čez nekoliko dni so izlezele iz jajčec čudne živalce, ki niso bile prav nič podobne žabi. Bilo jih je samo debela glava in dolg, od strani stisnjen rep. Ob vratu pa so opazili drobne resice. Učitelj jim je povedal, da so to škrge, s katerimi živalce — paglavci — dihajo. Usteca so bila podobna roženemu kljunčku. Nekaj dni so se hranili paglavci z zdrizasto lupinico, potem pa jim je prinašal učitelj mehkih vodnih rastlin.

Po približno treh tednih so se začele škrge krčiti in pred repom sta prirasli zadnji nogi in pozneje sprednji dve. Repek, ki bi bil žabi pri skakanju napoti, se je posušil, roženi kljunček je odpadel in namesto njega se je prikazal širok gobček, ki ga je pomolila mlada žabica večkrat iz vode, znamenje da je že dihala s pljuči.

Tako se je preobrazil paglavec v žabo.

Vse to so otroci veseli in radovedni opazovali. Naposled je naročil učitelj dečku, naj ponese žabice — tri so bile, a štirje paglavci so se ponesrečili — v mlako.

Otroci so prosili: "Naj bodo tako dolgo v šoli, da bodo velike!" Učitelj pa jim je pojasnil, da bi trajalo to malce predolgo — kakih pet let.



LENKA

Lenka se šeta—
metla pometa;
Lenka počiva—
igla ji šiva;
Lenka pred duri—
peč se zakuri,
a kokotiček
skoči v lončiček,
leže v ponvico,
dvigne glavico:
"Lenčica, Lenka,
kikiriki!
Sem že pečenka,
jest se mudi!"

Oton Župančič.

MAČICE

Mačice, vsaki dam ime
po tem, kar vsaka zna in ve:

"Ti si Mehkodlačka,
ona je Tihotačka,
ti si Miškojedka,
ona pa Sladkosnedka."

Lepo je dorasla sleherna mačka,
V naročju igrala se Mehkodlačka,
pod streho je Miškojedka hodila,
po skednju se Tihotačka plazila,
iztikala v kuhinji Sladkosnedka,
jezila dekle brez presledka.

Hey-A. Funtek.

PAPIRNATE BARČICE.

Dan za dnem spuščam svoje papirnate
barčice drugo za drugo po dreveči reki.

Z velikimi črkami napišem na vsako svo-
je ime in ime sela, v katerem bivam.

Upam, da jih najde kdo v daljni deželi
in da bo vedel, kdo sem.

V svoje male barčice nakladam cvetice
z našega vrta.

Spuščam svoje papirnate barčice in gle-
dam v nebo in vidim, kako razvijajo mali
oblački svoja bela, napeta jadra.

Ne vem, kateri mojih tovarišev na ne-
bu jih pošilja po zraku, da tekmujejo z mo-
jimi barčicami.

Kadar pride noč, zatisnem oči in sanjam,
da plavajo moje papirnate barčice dalje in
dalje pod svetlimi zvezdami.

Vila spenja jadra v njih in tovor so koši,
navrhani s sanjami. Rabindranath Tagore.

MAMICI.

Če bi bil jaz ptička, bi ti prinašal naj-
lepše pozdrave iz daljnih dalj, bi pel najslajše
pesmi tebi, draga mamica moja!

Če bi bil jaz vetre, bi ti božal čelo, ti
hladil vročo glavo, ko moraš ob pekočem soln-
cu težko delati, da mi pripraviš kruha, ma-
mica moja!

Če bi bil jaz solnčni žarek, bi ti grel
roke, kadar pereš moje srajčice ob hudem
mrazu v ledeni vodi, mamica moja!

In če bi bil jaz kralj, bi ti rekel: Vzemi
to zlato krono ti, mamica moja! In vse kra-
ljestvo vzemi, zakaj najbolje bo meni in dru-
gim, če vladaš ti, mamica moja premila . . .

Ksaver Meško.

VERZA IZ HRVAŠKIH PESMI

O STALNOSTI.

SUNCE ŽARKO SJEDA,
I SKORO ĆE SJEST;
STALNA NA TOM SVIJETU
SAMO MIJENA JEST.

Petar Preradović.

KOLO.

KOLO MLINSKO U OKOLI
VRTEĆI SE NE PRESTAJE.
ŠTO JE GORI IDE DOLI,
A ŠTO JE DOLI, GORI USTAJE.

Gundulić.



Albin Č.:

NAŠ KOTIČEK

Iz luknjice
brez suknjice
je prišel dolgohrad možic,
ko zvezdice so posijale
ter neugnanke vse pospale,
jim MLADINSKI LIST izmaknil,
v njem pa NAŠ KOTIČEK iztaknil,
čital v njemu poročilca—
mi pa smo stopili bliže,
se sklonili mali niže,
splazili čez žito, rž,
ter narisali ga brž.

Dragi čitatelji!

Toliko pisem še nisem nikoli dobil kakor ta mesec. Vesel sem tega, a še toliko bolj pa prisrčnih novoletnih voščil. Ne morem se zahvaliti drugače, kakor da vam istotako voščim največ zadovoljnosti in veselja.

S prijateljskimi pismi, v katerih naznanjate svojo zadovoljnost z Mladinskim listom, ste me trdno prepričali, da vam je list res pri srcu in da želite, da bi se še povečal in izboljšal. No, deloma je ustrezeno vaši želji že s sedanjo številko. "Mladinski list" bo od sedaj naprej izhajal v platnicah, radi česar bo za spoznanje večji in njegova oblika vam bo nedvomno bolj ugajala. Tako bomo stopnjema šli naprej, da boste v vseh ozirih zadovoljni in boste ponosni na vaš magazin.

*

Precej bratcev in sestic me vprašuje, kako naj se udeležijo tekmovanja. Radi bi

sodelovali. No, upam, da ne bo tako težko, kot se vam vidi na prvi pogled. Sestrici Angelini Flere sem svetoval, naj piše, kako bi ona vodila društvo. Vsakemu posebej bi svetoval, ampak boljše bo, da si čisto sami izberete predmet in potem napišete tako, da bo vse čisto vaše. To bo najboljša šola ne samo v slovenščini, temveč tudi o poznavanju naše jednote, kar vam je gotovo potrebno, ker le nekaj let bo treba, pa bo ta velika in dobra organizacija v vaših rokah. Svojim staršem, ki so vas vpisali v to organizacijo, boste najbolj ustregli in še rajši vas bodo imeli, ko bodo videli, kako se zanimате za to, kar je njim pri srcu. Urednik.

PRI DRUŠTVU "LUČ SVOBODE."

Na Baggaleyju, Pa., imamo društvo "Luč Svobode," v katerem je cela naša družina. To društvo ima okoli trideset članov v Mladinskem oddelku. Za leto 1927 so bili izvoljeni v odbor mr. Judeš, pred-

sednik, mr. Žabkar, tajnik in mr. Vincenc Resnik, blagajnik.

Veselic tukajšnje društvo ne prireja dosti. Leta 1926 so imeli samo eno; za nas otroke naše društvo ne priredi nobene zabave, kakor imajo po nekaterih naselbinah. Miklavž tudi nič ne deli. Če bi ne imela ata in mame, bi jaz nič ne dobila. Saj ne verjamem v namišljenega Miklavža, ampak v takega že, kot so ga imeli naši bratci in sestrice v Chicagu.

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

MNENJE O SLOVENSKI NARODNI PODPORNJI JEDNOTI.

Po mojem mišljenju je S. N. P. J. najboljša organizacija, ker nam nudi priložnost, da se učimo slovenskega jezika. Daje nam poduk s članki in povestmi. Moja želja je, da bi vsi slovenski otroci spadali pod S. N. P. J. in pisali v našem Mladinskem listu slovensko. Oživite se torej, bratci in sestrice in pišite slovensko v naš ljubljeni Mladinski list.

(Dragi urednik, vas pa prosim, da ne postanete nervozni, ker bom od zdaj naprej pisala slovensko. Veselo novo leto!)

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

OD UČENCA SLOVENSKE MLADINSKE ŠOLE V CLEVELANDU.

Jaz sem šolar v slovenski mladinski šoli. Tam sem se naučil tako dobro pisati in brati. Moj brat je tudi učenec te šole. On je imel največjo nalogo v naši božični predstavi "Povodnji mož." Moj brat in jaz sva hodila v slovensko mladinsko šolo, odkar je bila ustanovljena pod vodstvom društva "Ivan Cankar" in sva igrala v prvi mladinski igri v naši dvorani. Tudi učila sva se pridno, samo moj brat ne zna tako dobro čitati. On je enajst let star, jaz pa sem trinajst. Naš učitelj je gospod Edwin Primožič. On je dijak na zdravniški univerzi Western Reserve, ki je največja šola v Clevelandu. G. Primožič uči starejše otroke, gospa Simčič pa uči mlajše. Otroci, ki hodijo v slovensko šolo, so od pet do štirinajst let stari.

Jaz se tudi učim igrati na harmoniko. V angleški šoli sem v sedmem razredu.

Frank Somrak ml., Cleveland, O.

Oglasilo se je veliko število naših mladih dopisovateljev v slovenskem jeziku, zlasti pa tisti bratci in sestrice, kateri so dobili nagrado za svoje pridno prispevanje lansko leto. William Fifolt iz Ravenne v Michiganu vošči srečno novo leto in piše: "Star sem trinajst let in hodim v osmi razred. Če bo šlo tako dobro kakor sedaj, bom šel drugo leto v višjo šolo. Tu smo na farmi, pa imamo vseeno dosti raz-

vedrila. Poleti se igramo z balo, pozimi pa se drsamo. Posebno letos je dosti ledu."

Louis Likar, znani naš prispevatelj iz Claridga, Pa., piše med drugim:

"Igram malo na harmoniko in imam veselje do risanja in slikanja. Kontestom se bom pridružil, če ne bo pretežko. Sledeče knjige sem že dobil za nagrado: "Martin Krpan," "Kaj si je izmislil doktor Oks," Fran Milčinski: "Pravljice," "Za srečo," "Zakon biogeneze" "Deček brez imena." Prav z veseljem čitam "Povesti strica Matica," kakor tudi druge, ampak najprej pogledam v "Naš kotiček."

Iz Herminie, Pa., piše sestra Angeline Flere veselo voščilo vsem pri S. N. P. J. Pravi, da bo še pisala v slovenskem jeziku in posebno pa, da se je odločila za konteste v letu 1927, ampak skrbi je malo, ker ne ve, kakšne prispevke poslati. Ker je stara 14 let, nam bo nedvomno lahko malo napisala, kako bi ona vodila društvo S. N. P. J., če bi bila predsednica.

Iz Philadelphije, Pa., mi piše Mary Kozole in pošilja lepo svojo sliko. Ona že hodi na trgovski tečaj v Kensington High School, dasiravno je šele 14 let stara. Mary obljublja, da bo pisala več prihodnjič. Tedaj bom dal v list tudi njeno sliko, za katero sem ji zelo hvaležen.

Lepe pozdrave vsem pošiljata: Frances Kochevar iz West Frankforta, Ill., in Justina Paulich iz Delmonta, Pa. — Hvala!

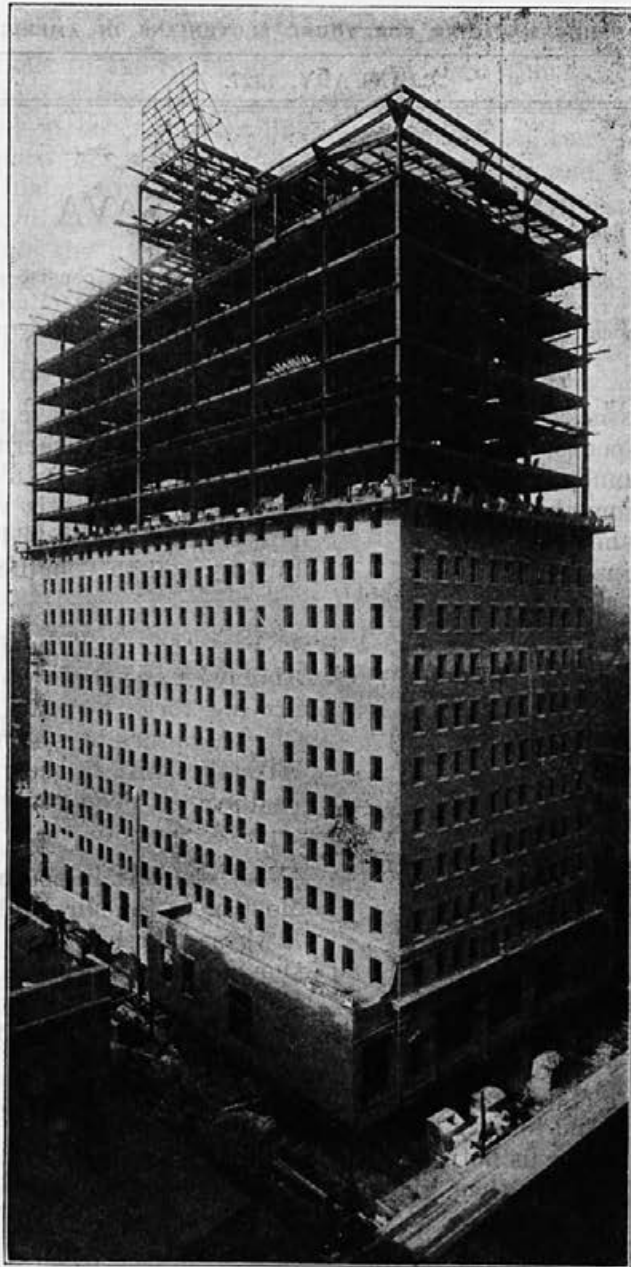
Fred Predikaka iz Stauntona, Ill., piše sledeče: "Za kontest sem se seveda odločil, ker rad prispevam, če morem kaj koristnega. Za drugo številko se bom pripravil in se pridno učil slovenščine, da bom boljše napisal. V slovenskem se vedno motim, ker naše šole so bolj male: le tisto znamo, kar nas ob večerih nauči mama. Po delu nas uči trikrat na teden, namreč ob ponedeljkih, sredah in petkih. Učiti se moramo tudi glasbe."

Pozdrave pošilja Sylvester Gaspersich iz Broughtona, Pa. On hodi v "high school," pa je šele dvanajst let star.

ZAMENJANA BESEDA.

Spremeni besedo moja v peti na ta način, da spremeniš vsakokrat samo eno črko in dobiš pri vsaki spremembi drugo besedo. Pri spreminjanju iz moja v peti dobiš tri druge slovenske besede.





Vsakdanja slika iz Chicaga.—To bo nov, partisočsobni hotel.



JUVENILE



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Anton Aškerc:

THE FERRYMAN ON SAVA

(By Anton Aškerc* (1846-1912), a Slovene poet, whose best works consist of ballads and romances in which he contrives to write pleasant and effective verse. In Slovene literature his poetry finds a place midway between the classical diction of France Prešeren and the more modern achievements of Oton Župančič.)

The Sava 'mid fastnessness roars,
In billows it mightily pours,
To its clutches the Danube it harries.
A skiff scuds away from the side,
With naught but a fisher as guide,
At the oar he in weariness tarries . . .

"Old man, ho, the oars to thy hand,
And swift to yon opposite land
Shalt thou steer us through Sava's dark
thunder!
Lo, glittering gold of the Turk
Shall richly requite thee thy work . . .
An thou wilt not,—thy head we will sunder!"

"Now silent are woodland and plain,
The Slavs in yon stronghold have lain,
Serene amid slumber abiding,
Enwrapped in the mantle of night,
We are sent to lay bare to our sight
Whereabouts here our foes are in hiding . . ."

"For your gold I have never a thought!
Doth it profit a fisherman aught?
Unbribed will I steer o'er the river!
My head, though 'tis verily grey,
This night I'll not yield to your sway,
But my will to your hests I deliver!"

Now streamward the ferryman fares,
And swift the three watchers he bears . . .
Rowing forth he with grimness then gazes
On the waters to whom it were joy
With the skiff in their eddies to toy
And suck it deep down in their mazes . . .

"Yea, stalwart in sooth, is thy heart,
Most meet for our guidance thou art;
In these marches there dwelleth none rarer!
Our chieftain's acclaim we shall earn,
Fair bounty awaits our return,
Ne'er yet was vouchsafed us a fairer!"

"Make ready!" the fisherman cried,
And his oar he flung forth on the tide . . .
"For us both here the payment is tendered!"
"Curse thee, giaur!" came a shriek from the
wave,
From the Sava, their watery grave,
Then all to the stillness surrendered . . .

* Pronounce: Ashkerts.

The Earlier History of Southern Slavs

In spite of their pacific disposition, which was more obvious in the Slavic than in any other race, the Southern Slavs (Yugoslavs) were obliged to become a warlike people in order to assure their existence and to accomplish their historic mission of defending European civilization against barbarous invaders. Thus the name of Yugoslav nations has always been connected with wars and military deeds which throughout centuries have re-echoed from the Balkan countries which for the past thirteen centuries have been the home of the Southern Slav people. The Slavic nations have been obliged to spend centuries of their existence in fighting Avars and Bulgars and, later on, their cousins, the Turks and Magyars. Furthermore, they had to struggle against the counts, dukes, and kings of Austria-Hungary, because under their domain the Slavs were not a free people. Gradually the Southern Slavic nations became more free and overthrew the system of serfdom which has been forced upon them. On account of their centuries long struggle for freedom they actually became rather military people in the eyes of outsiders.

An American writer who has been intimately acquainted with the Yugoslav soldiers, having followed them through the many campaigns of the Balkan wars, says that the nature of these peasant-soldiers is not warlike; they cherish no dreams of conquest or aggression. From time to time they would sing some of those official war songs learned in barracks, but ever as they marched through the fertile fields of their country, as they climbed the steep, snow

clad crests of Albanian mountains, or pushed on through the narrow gorges of rushing rivers, their hearts were with their parents and children at home; they dreamed only of their orchards and vineyards on the hills surrounding their native towns, and of the maizefields in the valleys.

In the thousands of letters they sent home, these soldiers who beat the armies of more than one military state, never mentioned their military achievements, but were always interested in the health of their dear ones at home, in the prospects of the forthcoming harvest, in the condition of their cattle, dwelling with special tenderness upon questions concerning the cows and young calves left at their farms. These letters, perhaps more than their victories, bore testimony to the pure simplicity of their minds and to the unconscious bravery of their hearts. The eastern Yugoslavs, who during long centuries have sung all the events of their history, have made no song to celebrate the fortunate wars of their kings and tzars. They have sung the heroes of Kossovo because they were martyrs. They have never understood a war of conquest as all their wars have been wars of selfdefense, to stem the tide of foreign invasion.

Like all other Slav peoples, the Yugoslavs are peaceful and confiding; they look upon war as a terrible calamity and are very glad if they can escape it. This is easily understood. The character of the Southern Slavs was formed during long centuries of prehistoric life. The old prehistoric home of the Southern Slavs was in the woodlands



Subotica,

a city of over 100,000 people, in the center of the Jugoslavlic wheat belt.

of the Carpathian mountains and the vast plains of Russia stretching from the Black Sea to the Baltic. Mingling with other Slav tribes, they dwelt there peacefully during long centuries. They had no history, and therefore we may presume that they were happy and content, ignorant of war and without any ambition for conquest.

The Carpathian woods supplied them with rich hunting grounds; the rivers running north and south abounded in fish, and the vast steppes of southern Russia, with their rich black soil, were a splendid granary then, as they are today. They lived without history, but it does not imply that they lived like savages, without any material civilization. Far from that, they had long since passed from the state of nomadic tribes to the civilization of settled agricultural peoples. They lived in large families—Zadruga—the parish land commune; and they possessed a developed religious system upon the worship of natural forces and the cult of ancestors. They had formed no state, but lived in a friendly alliance of tribes, governed by elders. They had no slaves or bondmen among them.

The old Slavic language, which gave birth to the modern Slovene, Russian, Polish, Croatian, and Bohemian, was already so highly developed that even to-day, after many centuries of separate political and national life, the Slavic languages represent a strong bond of union among different Slav nations. The Slavs were so proud of their language that they called every foreigner "nemec" (nemetz), a mute man, which even today is the name of Germans among all the Slav nations.

It was these thousands of years that moulded the Yugoslav character. The Southern Slav is sincere, peaceable, easily roused, but also very easily appeased, never gloomy, having always something childlike about him. These traits are the same even today, notwithstanding the long centuries of struggle and foreign oppression. The prehistoric home of the Southern Slav people is always mentioned in national folklore with love, and a dim feeling of longing, as all of us remember the happy days of childhood in our father's house. Neither did the Yugoslavs abandon their old home because they were moved by warlike ambitions of by desire of conquest.

(To be continued.)



Snow Covered Rockies of Slovenia.

David Livingstone

Explorer of Africa.

Africa is the Dark Continent. That was the name that was given it early in the nineteenth century because so little of it was known. Many men had sailed around its entire coast but few had ever made their way into its heart.

David Livingstone was born on March 19th, 1813, in the village of Blantyre Works, in Scotland. His parents were poor and at the age of ten the boy found it necessary to leave school and go to work in the cotton-mill.

A desire for learning, however, was a constant spur, and despite all handicaps, the youth, at the age of twenty-three, was able to enter college. He studied medicine and theology for two years, when his application as a candidate for missionary was accepted by the London Missionary Society. Livingstone had hopes of being sent to China and was at first greatly disappointed when he found that Africa was his destination.

In 1840, he took his medical degree and was immediately assigned to Kuruman, Bechuanaland. He arrived at the station in July, 1841. For two years, the young man traveled about, anxious to find a suitable outpost for settlement.

In these two years, Livingstone arrived at a great truth. He became convinced that the success of the missionary movement was not in the number of doubtful conversions. He felt sure that success was not to be counted by stories of how many natives had been converted but by pioneering, opening new fields and leaving it to the natives to work it out in details.

His first station was in the valley of Mabotsa, on the Limpoo River, two hundred miles north east from Kuruman. It was while he was at this station that he was attacked by a lion and his left arm was crushed. It was never thoroughly healed thereafter. His wife joined him here, and he labored among the natives for the next five years. By that time, he felt that he could leave his work to the natives, and he

departed for Chonuane, forty miles north, and began his work anew. Two years later, he made his way to Kolobeng.

The next five years found Livingstone exploring the heart of Africa as far as the Zambezi. From there he worked his way south to Capetown where he arrived in 1852. His work had been extremely successful, for he had left behind him, earnest, simple souls who were able to teach what he had taught them, and, who loving the "great master," were anxious to please him.

His wife and family now returned to England, and Livingstone made plans for a real exploration. He spent the next five years in exploring the country about the Zambezi, and there is no doubt that his careful notes and research made it possible to understand Africa geographically. In 1857, the man returned to England, after an absence of sixteen years.

He met the welcome of a hero, for England honored the man who had done so much in the Dark Continent. His reports written with great simplicity were read eagerly and he received large returns from his writings.

The Government gave him an official position and he returned to Africa, arriving at the mouth of the Zambezi, May 14th, 1858. The next seven years were spent in exploration. Livingstone had occasion to make close observations of the slave traffic and his pity for the natives and their lot made him resolve to do his utmost to help put down this horrible business. He had reason to believe that the traffic was due largely to the Portuguese settlements on the western coast which encouraged and profited by it.

In 1865, he returned to England, in very poor health, and greatly discouraged because of the loss of his wife. But friends arranged for his return to Africa and the temptation to go could not be overcome. The man's health, however, was gone, he suffered from many fevers.

But he would not give in. He spent the next five years in the heart of Africa with the natives as his only companions. The black men were devoted to him, they owed him many kindnesses, and they tried to repay him in all that time. None knew whether he was still among the living. The Herald, a newspaper in New York City, had been moved to send H. M. Stanley, one of its men, to find him and after a year and more of search, Stanley found his man. He was helped a good deal by the natives everywhere, who knew Livingstone and were anxious to help find him.

The finding of Livingstone by Stanley was extremely dramatic. The former was helpless and discouraged, it seemed impossible, to get back his health and strength. Supplies had run low, it is even probable that he had grown homesick and weary of the heat and monotony of Africa. Stanley revived the discouraged man, gave him new courage, and the two began to explore further. So changed was Livingstone's con-

dition that he would not return with Stanley when the American finally made plans for his return.

He stayed on. He continued his work among the natives, he explored further and further. But he began to feel that his end was not far away.

In May of 1873, death came. The natives who knew him as Bwana mourned their great loss. It speaks volumes for his labor among the Africans when we find that it was the natives who carried the dead man thousands of miles to the coast so that his body could be sent to his beloved England, and that all his papers and valuables were saved by these selfsame natives.

Livingstone's work gave much to science and geography. But greater even than that was the inspiration for others, for with his death, numbers of men volunteered and went forth on exploring missions. His condemnation of the slave traffic was so strong that the feeling aroused because of this gave it its death blow.



Miss Africa.

Learning to Skate

By Sid. G. Hedges.

There are few, if any, sports that can give more thrill and enjoyment than skating. Unfortunately, the spells of suitably cold weather occur irregularly and are of uncertain duration, so that when the few days or few weeks do come most boys are unprepared for them.

Anyone can learn to feel at ease on skates in a single day if he knows exactly how to set about it. So, then, every boy should have the skates and the knowledge all ready to take advantage of the first opportunity—which may occur any time before Easter. To understand clearly what has to be done and how to do it means that the task of learning is already half accomplished.

Of course, before you can begin skating you must be sure that the ice is fit. It should certainly not be less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. The best way to test its strength is by ramming the tip of a strong stick down on to it. If only a star-shaped scar results it is a good sign; if the stick goes through, then you must wait another day.

But even when one part of a pond bears the whole surface may not be similarly reliable. Avoid places where trees may have shielded the water from the cold wind. Rushes and weeds may also be the cause of weak places in the ice.

You should use, to begin, straight-bottomed skates; those with curved blades are especially for figure skating, and so belong to the more experienced person. Boots must be worn, not shoes, for it is of very great importance to keep the insteps and ankles rigid, and tightly-laced boots help a good deal.

The skate should not be fixed along the middle of the boot, but so that the rear is squarely under the heel, and the front under the big toe. It is scarcely necessary to say that the skate must be fastened to the shoe very securely.

Before actually beginning there is one thing that it is helpful to understand clear-

ly; that is, the right way to fall. As it is fairly inevitable that you will have a few tumbles, you should try to arrange that they give as little inconvenience and pain as possible. The surest way to hurt yourself when you fall is to stiffen your muscles and make frantic efforts to retain your balance; but if, when you feel yourself going, you simply relax and double yourself up into something of a ball, you will merely topple over without any hurt.

The first sensation when you stand up on skates is that your ankles are extraordinarily weak and wobbly. But you must get them under control and keep them stiff. For the first hour or so they may get painfully tired, chiefly through their frequent collapses to one side or the other, but the tiredness will wear off as you get more used to keeping them rigid.

You will discover, as soon as you step on to the ice, that it is quite impossible to progress by an ordinary walking action, for any attempt to push a foot forward is negated by the other foot sliding back. It is well to understand this clearly at the outset—in skating you do not push a foot forward; rather, you push yourself forward, balanced on one foot, by pressing downward and backward against the ice with the other skate. It is the shove from the rear foot that makes you glide forward.

For early attempts it is advisable to have a friend on either side of you to whom you can cling. An alternative plan is to grip the seat of a chair, which you may push across the ice in front of you—the chair, of course, standing normally on its four feet. This chair method is probably best of all, for your progress is not assisted by the chair, and you are compelled from the start to discover how to force yourself along. Besides this, the leaning forward to grip the chair brings over the body into the ideal position for the learner. You are far more likely to hurt yourself if you fall backwards than if you just drop forward on to hands and knees.

As confidence is gained you may leave the chair-seat and stand more upright, grasping the back spars.

It will soon be discovered that in order to get a good thrust with the rear foot the skate will have to be nearly at right angles to the front foot. This is a fairly general rule—the thrusting or striking-out foot must always be turned sideways so that the edge of the whole length of the skate can be pressed against the ice. If only the prow or heel of the blade is on the ice obviously the thrust will not be so powerful.

Your aim must always be to make a long powerful strokes, so that you glide a long way on each foot—the feet, of course, working alternately. Yet the glide must not be prolonged until all impetus has been lost, for progress is much easier if it is even and continuous.

It is bad to look down at the feet, though an occasional glance needs to be taken at the ice.

The feet should, between thrusts, be kept fairly near to each other. After the thrust has been made the whole weight is allowed to go over on to the gliding foot, while the rear foot is lifted from the ice—not high—and carried forward to be placed alongside the other. Then, for an instant or two, you glide along evenly on both skates until the opposite foot is ready for its thrust.

The arms and shoulders have much to do with good skating. They should swing vigorously forward, away from the striking-out foot. It is this rhythmic swing of the body which preserves balance and gives that grace which is such a noticeable feature of good skating. Rhythm is perhaps the keyword to perfect style.

Later, when some skill has been gained, the hands may be clasped behind the back. This opens the chest and in no way impedes the action of the shoulders.

The "rule of the ice" is "Keep to the right." Collisions need rarely happen if it is observed.

In order to turn it is of no use to try twisting the feet round. It is the body that guides the skates by changing the balance. Supposing, then, you wish to make a complete turn to the left, do not wrench the feet

about—this will be fairly certain to upset you. Instead, try to get the body into the position it will have after you have turned. If this is done, the skates will adjust themselves to this position by gliding round. To put it in a different way, always lean inwards when you are turning.

Keep your body bent low as you turn. Turning should be much practised, to both the right and the left, and at varying speeds. It is naturally more difficult to turn when you are going fast than when you are going slowly, and at first you should always slacken your speed for the turn.

To stop is not an easy matter in your early skating days, for skates have no brakes like a bicycle. There are three ways in which you may halt—by throwing all your weight back on to the heels of your skates, providing that the ends of the blades are not rounded, and so bite into the ice; by turning both prows inward so that they run along sideways on their inside edge, instead of gliding straight; and by lifting one skate and putting it down at right angles across the front of the other. The simplest method of stopping is the second.

Ice should be kept clear for skating. Stones should never be thrown on, and any snow should be cleared off. The ideal skating surface is ice that is perfectly smooth and tough.

You will, if you are wise, always be prepared to assist at an accident. There are several ways in which to help a person who has fallen through the ice. The best of all is to slide a ladder across towards him. A rope may be slid over to him, or, being held at either end, may be dragged across the hole. Another plan is to form a human chain, by getting a number of persons to lie flat on the ice, clasping each other's hands, and so reach the one in danger. On no account should you try to approach a hole by walking towards it; if you do go near lie down, so that your weight is distributed over the largest possible surface.

Should you fall in yourself, keep your head above the surface by treading water; that is, by working your legs up and down alternately, just as if you were running upstairs. You may support yourself, too, by

spreading your arms over the edge of the ice and so waiting till help arrives; of you may, with your arms similarly over the edge, constantly break the ice in front of you and so approach the banks. Should you come to a very strong piece of ice you may then be able to scramble on to it.

As soon as you are out of the water get rid of your skates and sprint for home. Keep running at all costs. Then, having reached home or school, strip off your clothes and get into a hot bath. Drink a glass of hot milk or cocoa, and spend a few hours, or the rest of the day, in bed. By taking these precautions you will probably not suffer from your immersion; if you are less careful, a very serious illness may result.

Take care of your skates. When you take them off dry them carefully and grease the blades with vaseline or oil. Dry the

straps, but do not bake them, for that will be almost as bad as leaving them wet. To carry your skates, fasten the heel-straps together and loop them over the forearm. Should you have the pattern that screw into the heel of the boot, see that you plug the screw-hole with paper or wool, or something of the kind, when the skate is taken off, else you may find an impenetrable bit of stone jammed in when next you try to twist in the screw.

It is quite a good idea to have your skates already attached to a spare pair of boots, so that when you reach the ice, instead of having to fix on the skates, you have merely to change boots.

So get your skates ready; study just what you have to do on the ice, and then you may learn to skate at the first opportunity.

THE WIND IS A PURPLE GIANT

By Miriam Heideman Krarup.

The wind is a purple giant:
The birche's heads he has bowed.
His voice is a shriek defiant;
His shield is a large black cloud.

He has frightened the aspens who shiver,
Their backs to his blows they have turned.
He has made black-browed the river,
And to foam the waters churned.

I laugh as I swim and invite him!
My heroic ancestry
Were elate and eager to fight him
On the waves of the wild North Sea!



COAL-DIGGERS

By STANLEY KIMMEL.

Over the fields of snow, into the black pit,
 Down under the roots of trees,
 Pass the coal-diggers,
 Their lamps splashing the night with fire,
 Splitting the darkness of eternity
 That men may dig their way to death.
 Listen! The heavy picks of the coal-diggers roar beneath the soil!
 Boom! boom!
 Boom! boom!

Fortissimo!

Once a hundred men were sealed up in a tunnel.
 Once a hundred men were blown apart by an explosion.
 Once a hundred men were drowned in a flood.
 Once a hundred men were crushed under a great rock.
 Boom! boom!
 Boom! boom!

Fortissimo!

During the white months the coal-diggers never see the light of day
 In a distant city there is a little man drawing figures in a book:

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It is dark when the coal-diggers go to their digging,
 It is dark when the coal-diggers return from their digging,
 Listen! The heavy picks of the coal-diggers roar beneath the soil!
 Boom! boom!
 Boom! boom!

Fortissimo!

Once a hundred men came up out of a tunnel.
 Once a hundred men put their heads together.
 Once a hundred men came up out of a flood.
 Once a hundred men lifted a great rock from their bodies.
 Boom! boom!
 Boom! boom!

Fortissimo!

Listen! The heavy picks of the coal-diggers roar beneath the soil!
 Boom! boom!
 Boom! boom!

Fortissimo!



How Plants Fight the Cold

Winter, with its keen frosts and bitter winds, is a difficult time for all forms of vegetation. Plants, no less than animals, must conserve their vital warmth if they are to continue to live. Even in the summer many plants, such as clover and wood-sorrel, draw their leaflets together in order to guard against loss of moisture during the night. In freezing weather the task of keeping warm is still more formidable. Most of our big trees shed their leaves at the approach of winter and retire into a semi-dormant condition, whilst large numbers of annual plants disappear altogether. Still, there remains much growing vegetation which has to face the full rigors of the season.

When an animal wants to keep warm it huddles itself up, and in a very similar manner plants fight the cold. In frosty weather the leaves of even the hardiest weeds are drawn closely together so that the surface from which heat can radiate is reduced to a minimum. Even more striking is the appearance of evergreen shrubs, such as laurels and rhododendrons, which, in their mode of responding to temperature, are almost as reliable as thermometers. In mild conditions the leaves of the rhododendron, for instance, are held well above the horizontal. As the temperature sinks each leaf drops, until by

the time freezing point is reached it will be standing out at a right angle from the stem. Should the frost increase the leaf drops lower still, until, with a great degree of cold, the foliage hangs so that the tips are almost pointing to the ground. Moreover, the edges of the leaves tend to curl inwards, and the whole shrub seems to be drawing itself together in order to keep warm.

Quite apart from the frost there is another danger to plant life during extremely cold weather. This is the excessive evaporation of moisture which takes place. A lump of ice suspended in the open will steadily become smaller through loss of moisture even if the frost does not relax for a single moment. In the same way every part of the plant that is above ground is continually giving up water in the form of vapor. The process is one which is full of menace to the plant, for, owing to the chilled state of the soil, root activity is restricted and the lost moisture is not readily made good. During severe weather it is likely that quite as many plants die from an undue loss of moisture as from extreme cold. Excessive transpiration in evergreens is largely prevented by a hard glossy layer on the upper surface of the leaf, which is so well seen in the case of the holly.

TREE TALK

Shiver my timbers! said the Oak.
He firmly stood and he proudly spoke,
He proudly spoke and he firmly stood,
As the wind came racketing through the
wood.

Clink my keys! said the Maple Trees,
Rattle my keys, if you please, oh, please!
I live to hear them jingle and clash,
And so does my cousin, the Mountain Ash.

Light me up! said the Chestnut Tree.
Oh, set me afire that all may see
My candles pink and my candles white
Far over the meadowlands burning bright.

Fragments too Precious to be Forgotten

THE BATTLEFIELD WITHIN A MAN.

The mental eye can nowhere find greater brilliancy or greater darkness than within man; it cannot dwell on anything which is more formidable, complicated, mysterious, or infinite. There is a spectacle grander than the ocean, and that is the sky; there is a spectacle grander than the sky, and it is the interior of the soul.

To write the poem of the human conscience, were the subject only one man, and he the lowest of men, would be reducing all epic poems into one supreme and final epic. Conscience is the chaos of chimeras, envies, and attempts, the furnace of dreams, the lurking-place of ideas we are ashamed of; it is the pandemonium of sophistry, the battlefield of the passions. At certain hours look through the livid face of a reflecting man, look into his soul, peer into the darkness. Beneath the external silence combats of giants are going on there, such as we read of in Homer; struggles with dragons and hydras and clouds of phantoms, such as we find in Milton; and visions such as Dante introduces us to.

A glorious thing is the infinitude which every man bears within him, and by which he desperately measures the volitions of his brain and the actions of his life.

Victor Hugo.

* *

A SCHOOLBOY'S LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

Theonas to his father Theon: Greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to town. If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter or speak to you. Mother said to Archelaus: "He upsets me. Take him away!" So send for me, I implore you. If you won't send I won't eat, I won't drink. There now. Farewell. Deliver to Theon from his son Theonas.

Written on papyrus, during the second or third century, at Oxyrhynchus, Egypt.

MAN MUST TURN HIMSELF TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

Man's greatest treasure is man himself. In order to turn the Earth to good account man himself must be turned to good account. In order to make proper use of the soil, of the mines, of water power, of every substance and every latent force in our planet, we need mankind as a whole.

If the entire globe is to be made the most of, white, yellow, and black all must work together. By decreasing, by reducing, by weakening a part of mankind we are working against ourselves. It is our advantage that the yellow and black man be powerful, rich, and free. Our prosperity, our wealth, depend on their prosperity and their wealth. The more they produce, the more they will consume. The more they profit by us the more we will profit by them.

Let them enjoy freely the fruits of our toil, and we shall enjoy freely the fruits of theirs.

Anatole France.

* *

WHAT ROME DID WITH AN EMPEROR.

A Roman raised by his vices to the throne, Vitellius feasted four or five times a day. The deserts of Libya, the shores of Spain, and the waters of the Carpathian Sea were searched to supply the table of the Emperor.

The most celebrated of his feasts was that with which he was treated by his brother Lucius. The table, among other meats, was covered with 2000 dishes of fish and 7000 fowls, and so expensive was he in everything that above thirty-five millions dollars was spent in maintaining his table in the space of four months. Josephus has properly observed that if Vitellius had reigned long the great opulence of all the Roman Empire would have been found insufficient to defray the expenses of his banquets.

The extravagance which delighted the favorites soon raised the indignation of the people. Vespasian was proclaimed Emperor

by the army, and his minister, Primus, was sent to destroy the imperial glutton. Vitellius concealed himself under the bed of the porter of his palace, but this obscure retreat betrayed him. He was dragged naked through the streets, his hands were tied behind his back, and a drawn sword was placed

under his chin to make him lift his head. After suffering the greatest insults from the populace he was carried to the place of execution and put to death with repeated blows. His head was fixed to a pole, and his body thrown into the Tiber. **Dr. Lempriere:**

In Passing

Practically all of our Juveniles have taken part in Christmas festivities and celebrations in some form or other. At this time you can only revert your memory and hope that the next Christmas will soon come again, much bigger and greater than heretofore.

Such a large gathering of children and parents as took place at the S. N. P. J. Auditorium on December 19, 1926, is seldom witnessed. We can easily say that four hundred and fifty youngsters were there, all with cheerful, smiling faces and greatest enthusiasm.

To return to the event itself, let us say that there were two short talks after which followed several musical and vocal selections. Judging by the applause, the piano and saxophone number took well with the audience as a whole and exceptionally well with the younger generation. Little time was lost during and between numbers. It would be necessary to reprint the entire program, but for lack of space that is impossible. Nevertheless, favorable comment must be passed upon the last number presented by brother John Kovach and sister Anne Turk entitled "Od železne ceste." The older people thought it presented a very nice picture.

After the program, the children were grouped accord-

ing to ages, and games were played. However, the hall was entirely too small for our plans, and we had to be content with what was possible under the circumstances.

Announcement had been made that Santa would come. And you can just figure what excitement prevailed when he did finally appear. The youngsters listened as never before. The hall was in dead silence. Not a sound was heard other than the voice of Santa who related the tale of the S. N. P. J. He told how grateful the juvenile must be for the protection afforded them by this great organization. At the close of his remarks, three cheers for the S. N. P. J. resounded throughout the hall. Then the gifts were distributed and supper was served to the children.

The purpose of this Christmas Party was two-fold: to entertain the juveniles, and to spread the message of the S. N. P. J. All of which we did, and a great deal more. Not only were the youngsters satisfied, but complimentary remarks could be heard on all sides, especially from the parents for the presentation of gifts. This is an annual event with the Chicago lodges and one which lingers long in the memories of all those who attend.

Donald J. Lotrich.





Dear Readers:—

First of all I have to thank you for your numerous, interesting contributions and for your jolly New Year's greetings. Let me extend you the same wishes for a happy and joyful year—1927.

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How do you like the latest improvement in your Magazine? I am quite sure you will appreciate it, because the new form will not only be more pleasing to the eye, but it will also yield a little more reading material. I think this is a good start for 1927. It may also help you when you go out for new subscribers for the "Mladinski."

*

Our "S. N. P. J. Joygivers' Club" is now open to all of you. Secure as many new members as possible by getting new subscribers for the "Juvenile." You will find pleasure in this Club, which will not be so serious all the time as it probably seems to you now. You see, we have to start with what is most necessary—discussion of the S. N. P. J. Give your suggestions. How would you manage your S. N. P. J. lodge if you were to become its president? I should like to know your solution of this question.

The contest is now open and it will last until April. Then we shall start another contest which will be just as interesting, but not so serious. Let us show our older folks that we are interested in the organization which was built by them for us. This

is the reason why our first contest is about the S. N. P. J.

I do not want to mention the rewards for the winners of this contest at present, but, to be sure, every winner will have reason to be proud. Therefore, do not wait with your contribution, mail it to me for the next issue.

The Editor.

*

WHAT WILL THE BOYS OF THE S.N.P.J. SAY?

I am sure there is no better organization than the S. N. P. J. I wish the boys would take more interest in it and also in the M. L., which, I think, is a wonderful paper. The boys should write as many, or more, letters than the girls do. Are the Slovenian boys lazy? Answer it, boys.

I am quite sure our Club will be a great success, because it helps to teach so many children their native tongue. Also many other educational things we might find in it. I am proud of it. I never could stop writing the good things of the Club.

I have started to write Slovenian in the M. L. and I hope that I will be able to continue. I like this as well as I like to read in Slovenian. Sometimes, when I read Slovenian to my father or mother, they laugh because I pronounce some words in English. That way of pronouncing actually sounds funny and it makes me angry; but I hope I will learn soon.

Dorothy Rosa, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

I am a member of the S. N. P. J. and I like to be in this organization, because its Lodge in Limestone is a good one. Of course, I like our Mladinski list, but I also enjoy reading the paper called "Prosveta." I should like that there were more people to take part in this organization.

Next time I will try to write a letter in Slovenian. I want to learn from my parents to read and

write in our tongue. I wish some of the brothers and sisters would write to me.

Mary Ostanek, Limestone, Michigan.

John Fradel Jr., from Latrobe, Pa., writes:

"I am nine years old and in the third grade. I started to go to school when I was six years old. I was not promoted the first year because I could not speak English well. At school I learn the English language, and at home my mother teaches me in Slovenian. Next time I will try to write in Slovenian."

Dorothy Rupnik, Library, Pa.:

"I have two brothers and one sister. Her name is Bessie. My oldest brother is Floyd, and my other brother William. Bessie is six years old and is in the second grade, William is eleven and in the fifth grade; Floyd is thirteen and in the sixth grade. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Best wishes to juvenile members of the S. N. P. J."

Mary Kozole's (Philadelphia, Pa.) letter was too late for December issue. She found twelve rhyming words in the picture of November issue. She writes that she received a few letters from Christine Sernel of Chicago.

Frank Tomazin, Cleveland, Ohio, writes the following questions:

1. Which is taller? A man or a boy? A tree or a bush; a cow or a calf?
 2. Which is sweeter? An orange or a lemon? Cake or bread? Clover or grass?
 3. Which is harder? Wood or iron? An apple or a stone? Clay or chalk?
- You guess it.

Mary F. Tomazin from Cleveland is giving a book review:

Name and Author. The name of the book is, "Dandelion Cottage." It is written by Rankin, and illustrated by Florence S. Shinn and Elizabeth R. Finley.

Characters. The main persons in the story are: Bettie, Jean, Mabel, Marjory, and Mr. Black.

Plot. One day the four girls were playing. They all wished to have a cottage for a playhouse. Bettie said, wherever she puts her dolls the baby would poke their eyes out. Jean said, her Aunt would not let her make paper dolls. They were looking in the parlor window when Mr. Black came by and asked the girls what they were looking in for. Bettie said that they would like to have the cottage for a playhouse. Mr. Black asked them how would they pay the rent. After a long silence Mr. Black thought of an idea.

If you want to know what the idea was, you may read the book.

Josephine Klobuchar, Hendersonville, Pa., is eleven years old and in the sixth grade A. She writes that she would like to have the Mladinski list once a week.

Dear Editor:

Although I am a member of the S. N. P. J. at this town, I have never written a letter. I am sorry I didn't, because I am interested in your magazine. Theresa Smith uses a good language in her poem "Geography." I was also interested in the letter written by Rosalie Kodric of Cleveland.

I go to school and I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade, in which I have a good teacher. My studies are: literature, arithmetic, geography, history, reading, grammar, and spelling. I like grammar very well.

You must tell other members of the S. N. P. J. to write to me. My address is: Maynard, Ohio, Box 82.

Yours truly,
Olga Poff.

Joe Grum writes from Detroit:

"I am 13 years old and I go to Henry Ford Trade School, 10th grade. I have three sisters and one brother. I always read the Mladinski list.

Here is a joke:

Teacher: Johnny, spell "frog."

Johnny: F - r - - -

(Another boy pinches Johnny with a pin.)

Johnny: Oh, gee!

Teacher: Correct.

Johnstown, Pa.—By Sophia Kamnikar:

"I belong to the S. N. P. J. My sister and brothers belong to it also. I wish the Mladinski List would come weekly, because I like to read it.

I am 12 years old and in the fifth grade and I go to Village School every day. I do my work daily and play daily. I got a certificate in school for good writing. I like to write. My father and mother want me to learn to read in Slovenian. Best regards to all."

Dear Editor:

I like to read the stories and look at the pictures in the M. L. I am nine years old and in the third grade. I read a little in Slovenian, but cannot write. My mother will teach me. I have five sisters and one brother. We are all in the S. N. P. J. Only my little sister is not; she is too little. I love all the sisters and brothers.

Emma Knaus, Limestone, Michigan.

Dear Editor:

The Detroit boys and girls don't seem much interested in this Magazine. I haven't yet seen a letter from Detroit, except mine.

In the rhyming words picture there are many words which we can guess.

For those who wish to write to me, my address is: **Katie Klarich, 6340 Floyd Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

Dear Editor:

I am twelve years old and am the brother of a twin; I have four brothers and two sisters. I go to the St. Rocks sisters school and am in the sixth grade. I love the Mladinski list; I wish it would come every two weeks. I like the stories that you put in; some are interesting to read.

I have a joke to tell you:

Teacher asked Willie: How many bones have you in your body?

Willie: Nine hundred.

Teacher: That's a great many more than I have.

Willie: But, teacher, I had sardines for lunch.

Sincerely yours,

William Gergovich, La Salle, Ill.

Frank Omerzo, Eaton, N. Y., writes:

"I am 13 years old and in the 6th grade. I came from Europe when I was 7 years old. School was very difficult for me then, because I had to learn to speak English first.

I like the Mladinski List very much and I wish it would come oftener than once a month. I can not read very well in Slovenian, because I never went to school in Europe, but I am learning fast. I wish other boys and girls of the S. N. P. J. would write to me.

This is all I have to write this time, but next time I expect to write more.

Here is a joke:

Teacher: John, give me a sentence with the words defence, defeat, detail.

John: When a dog jumps our de fence, de feat go over, before de tail.

Dear Editor:

I am nine years old and in the fourth grade in which I am getting along pretty well. We have our own orchestra. My father plays the trombone and big drum and I play solo cornet. My sister Mary plays the little drum and my sister Josephine plays the violin. We have been playing for the dance of the J. S. Z. Club No. 9, and also for "Pie Social" at our school. About one year ago one gentleman, his name is Charles Pogorelec, from Chicago, was out here on our farm. I wish he'd come out now. We could play him some good music. Sometimes we gather all the instruments in big Dodge sedan and we go to Grange to play. My father belongs to Grange, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. We live on a farm nine years. We have plenty to work and plenty to eat.

Frances Bergant, Lisbon, Ohio.

Stella Germovshek, Broughton, Pa.:

I would like to join the "Joygivers' Club." I have a brother, whose name is Louis; he is in the

fourth grade, and I am in the fourth grade, too. My brother is 10 years old and I am 11.

My mother and father are interested in the Mladinski list also. We are all in the S. N. P. J.

Rudolph Medly, from Broughton, Pa.:

I enjoy this Club. I like to read the riddles, jokes and stories.

Here is a joke:

Teacher: Everyone in the room that is dumb, stand.

Johnnie stands.

Teacher: Johnnie, are you dumb?

Johnnie: Not exactly, teacher, but I hate to see you standing by yourself.

My dear friends:

I would like to be a member of the "Joygivers' Club." I have one sister. Her name is Stella. Everyone of our family is in the S. N. P. J. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. This is all I have to say.

Louis Germovshek, Broughton, Pa.

In her first letter, **Antonia Bubnick, from Trinidad, Colo.,** writes:

"I wish the M. L. would come once a week instead of once a month. I am twelve years old and in the 7th grade. I am the only girl in the family, and I have two brothers. We are all members of the S. N. P. J. I think I shall have more to write next time."

Mary Pasarich, Elizabeth, N. J., says:

"I have three brothers; their names are, Joseph, John, and Frank. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge number 540. I am ten years old. My birthday was on December 26, after Christmas day. I am in room 7, grade 4-B. I read the Mladinski list everytime it comes, and I like it very much."

Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa., writes:

"The weather out here isn't the right kind as it should be. There was snow a few times, but it was not enough to cover the ground. Then there was mud four or five days.

I go to Kirwan Heights school. It is a red brick school house. We have 8 rooms, but we use just 6 rooms. I am in the 5th grade and am 10 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Weise.

I cannot read in Slovenian, but I try to read the Proverbs that are in the M. L. I can read some of them if I try hard enough.

Santa Claus treated us nice, and I hope he treated so everyone. I thought he couldn't come around here because on Christmas eve there was nothing else but mud.

I think Theresa Smith works hard in the Mladinski List. She writes good poems and good jokes and riddles."

Joe E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa., is eight years old. He says that they had a Christmas party in school. His mother teaches him to read and write in Slovenian language.

Angela Boben writes from Keewatin, Minnesota:

"All of our family belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge, and I am expecting that my youngest sister Louise will be a member soon. I am very interested in the M. L., and so is my mother.

Christmas has gone by. I received many presents, but I also sent out many.

Here is a joke:—Boycott.

Teacher: "William, give a sentence with the word boycott."

William: "The boy caught on a barb wire fence."

Dear Editor:—

I have written several letters to the Mladinski List. I wish more members would write and send jokes and riddles. I am writing a letter to Clara Downes, so she will not be disappointed. I have not yet heard from Elsie Zdravec and I wish she would write to me. I have received letters from Rose Crowley, Josephine Jeriva, Rose Yanko and Tillie Dolenc. I wish Mary Kozole would send me her right address, because I wrote her a letter and it came back to me. I would like to hear from more members of the S. N. P. J.

I have two jokes:

"What kind of sandwiches do you have?"

Soda Clerk: "Ham bread, ham roll, cheese on bread, chicken salad on bread, tongue roll, tongue on bread, egg salad on bread, tomato on bread, combination salad roll, hot dogs—"

"All right, bring me in a dish of chocolate ice cream."

The Tobacco Cure.

"I wish I could make my husband quit smoking in the house."

"Why don't you buy him a smoking jacket?"

My address is:

Sophie Klemen,

20681 E. Miller Ave., Euclid, Ohio.

I have seen other brothers' and sisters' letters in the M. L., which I enjoy reading; therefore I thought I would write also. I go to the Aurora High School and I am in 8th grade. I am 13 years old. I have one brother and one sister. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge. I cannot read in Slovenian, but I can speak it.

Those who wish to write to me, my address it: Katherine Drasler, Aurora, Minn., Box 117.

I have a joke:

Teacher: Can anyone tell me how a stove pipe is made?

Johnny: First you take a big, long hole, and then you wrap some tin around it.

This is a letter from Oregon, contributed by Helen Kmetec:

"I belong to the S. N. P. J., so do my brother, my sister, and father; all except my mother. I like to read the M. L. Its poems, jokes, and stories are very interesting.

In winter, here it is raining nearly all the time. We had snow only once. Since there was no snow for Christmas, it did not look very much like Christmas.

I am eleven years old and in sixth B grade. We have a large school with all sorts of rings and swings which we can amuse with. I am learning the Slovene language and I can read some. I have a joke:

What he had?

Diner: "My bill, waiter?"

Waiter: "What did you have?"

Diner: "I don't know."

Waiter: "Hash is forty cents."

IN JANUARY

The wind whistles his song,
Either right or wrong,
While people are passing by
Looking at the gloomy sky,
In January.

The snow flakes slowly drift
Now and then the wind gives a shift.
In fur dressed from head to toes
People pass by in uneven rows,
In January.

Boys dressed with their sleds speed,
Into street, bush, or weed;
The biting frost makes them look red
As along they sped,
In January.

Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

MANDY

Mandy is a Negro cook,
Who cooks and bakes
Without a look
On any "tested recipe" book.

She is hired by a millionaire
Who got very rich by inventing false hair.
She gets food, board, and a little pay,
And does nothing but cook all the day.

Mandy bakes biscuits, tarts, and pies,
And tasty gingerbread men with juicy raisin eyes,
And delicious cakes with strawberry ice
Which I am sure look and taste very nice.

When I run on an errand for Mandy,
I am rewarded with some fudge candy;
For Mandy is as good a candy maker
As she is a cook or a baker.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

A. WAS AN ARCHER

- A. was an Archer and shot at a frog.
 B. was a Butcher and had a great dog.
 C. was a Captain all covered with lace.
 D. was a Drunkard and had a red face.
 E. was an Esquire with pride on his brow.
 F. was a Farmer and followed the plough.
 G. was a Gamester who had but ill luck.
 H. was a Hunter and hunted buck.
 I. was an Inn-keeper who loved to carouse.
 J. was a Joiner and built up a house.
 K. was King William once governed this land.
 L. was a Lady who had a white hand.
 M. was a Miser who hoarded up gold.
 N. was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
 O. was an Oyster-wench and went about town.
 P. was a Parson and wore a black gown.
 Q. was a Queen who was fond of good flip.
 R. was a Robber and wanted a whip.
 S. was a Sailor and spent all he got.
 T. was a Tinker and mended a pot.
 U. was an Usurer, a miserable elf.
 V. was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
 W. was a Watchman and guarded the door.
 X was eXpensive and so became poor.
 Y. was a Youth that did not love school.
 Z was Zany a poor harmless fool.

Viola Beniger.

RHYMING WORD PUZZLE OF DECEMBER.

Honorable mention:

- Jennie Krizmancic, West Park, Ohio.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Olga Poff, Maynard, Ohio.
 Dorothy Rosa, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mary Martz, Buhl, Minnesota.
 Frank Somrak Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF DECEMBER ISSUE.

Puzzle No. 30.—\$31,464,606.47.

PUZZLE NO. 31

- A.—Because he is constantly selling what he needs (kneads) himself;
 b.—a Corsican;
 c.—because he is empty and full of bounce;

d.—one is a box of blacking and the other a Black a-boxing;

e.—your breath;

f.—wrong.

Partly solved by Maxim Tekautz, Cleveland, O.

Puzzle by Rudolph Molly X:

SEVEN EGGS.

Solved by Theresa Smith, Chicago, and Rudolph Medley, Broughton, Pa.

THE PUZZLES

1. Riddle-Me-See

My first is in ripple but not in stream,
 My second's in crystal but not in gleam,
 My third is in lemon but not in fruit,
 My fourth is in clothing but not in suit,
 My fifth is in apple but not in pie,
 My sixth is in ribbon but not in tie,
 My seventh's in Scotland but not in Forth,
 My whole is an island in the North.

2. Changed Word

Change the word RISE into FALL, and, altering only one letter at a time, make a common dictionary word at each change, using only three intervening links.

RIDDLES.

(Written by Our Contributors.)

It has a stone in its throat and a stick in its hand; what is it?

(Mary Ostanek, Limestone, Michigan.)

What has four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?

(John Fradel Jr., Latrobe, Pa.)



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