

# MILADINSKI LIST



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# MLADINSKI LIST

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JUVENILE

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## BOŽIČNO VOŠČILO DRUŠTVU S. N. P. J.

MLADINSKI ODDELEK—

bratov in sester jednote pridelek—  
poje koledo veselo,  
voščilo modro in smelo:

Modri ati, mame naše,  
kam ste dali društvo vaše?  
Ni ga na božično sejo.

Prišlo je na zadnjo sejo,  
kot bi dekle šle na prejo  
prest pritožbe in prizive.

Danes je mladine dan,  
dan veselja celi dan,  
kje tiči odrasli član?

Bi predsedniku zapeli,  
dar—kladivce—v roko deli.

Tajnika bi poprosili,  
se mu v igri prikupili.

Srčno hvalo bi skazali  
članu, ki blagajno šteje.

Še zapisnikarju dali  
bi pero z božične veje.

Veliki, mali, bratje, sestre!  
Pod drevescem se zberimo,  
zlo neslogo pozabimo,  
oglejmo si darove pestre.

Če darovi so ubožni,  
večja je ljubav med nami,  
vi ste naši, mi smo z vami;  
v društvu, z vami, smo premožni.

A. Kobal.



# Ameriška stolica

(Konec.)

**A**MERIŠKIH mest najlepše mesto je stolno mesto—bogati Washington. Ni čudno! Tu sem se sicer ne steka največ bogastva, kajti denarna stolica Amerike je New York, toda vlada je tu, ki zastopa poleg vse dežele tudi denarno stolico. Znanost in umetnost dežele imata tu glavno središče.

Od vseh palač v Washingtonu najveličastnejša in najiminitnejša je nedvomno palača kongresne knjižnice, katera je v neposredni bližini kapitola. To še ni staro poslopje, je pa že precej staro, kolikor se tiče sloga, ki je italijansko-renesančni, torej par stoletij star. Poslopje je trinadstropno ter postavljeno na treh akrih in pol zemlje. Razsvetljeno je izborno, kajti iz njega je na vse strani obrnjenih nič manj kot dva tisoč oken. Poslopje je zunaj iz ameriškega granita in znotraj iz emajlirane opeke.

V sredi poslopja je ogromna rotunda, katera služi kot čitalnica. Odtod vodijo na vse strani hodniki k galerijam, omaram za knjižne kataloge in policam za knjige.

Tako bogate knjižnice je ni v Združenih državah kot je kongresna. V nji je okoli dva milijona knjig in približno še za toliko knjig je prostora. Dalje je nešteto zemljevidov, dragocenih rokopisov ter zgodovinsko vrednih knjig in spisov. Po stenah so najrazličnejše slike iz grške in druge starodavne mitologije, slike iz zgodovine in alegorije iz književnosti in umetnosti. Milijoni so bili izdani samo za stenske slike in za marmorne kipe, ki krasijo sleherni kot poslopja. Toliškega razkošja in bogastva si skoraj ni mogoče misliti, dokler ga človek ne vidi.

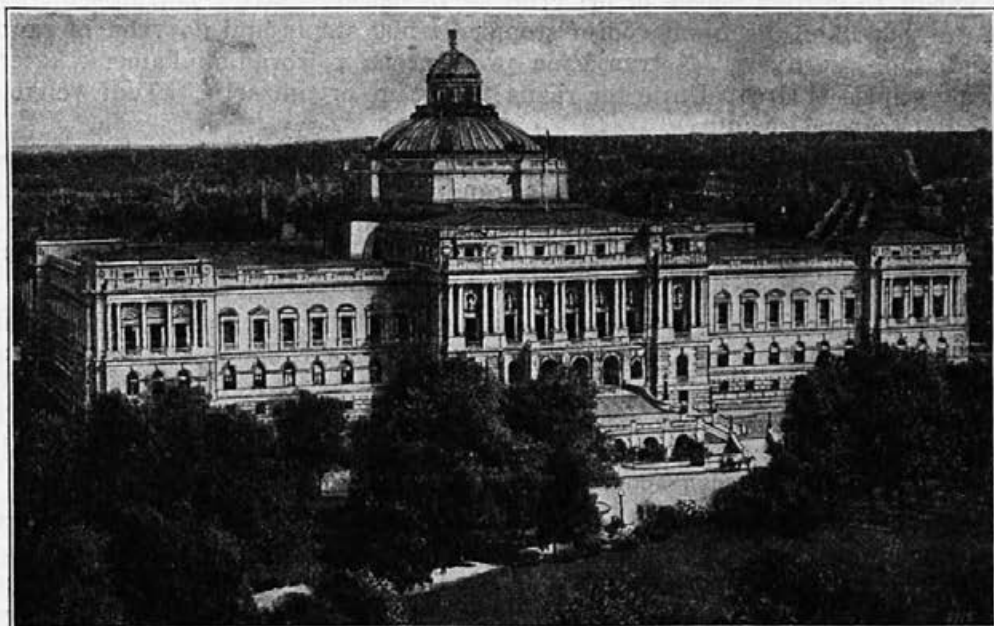
V vhodnem paviljonu stoji na visokem vznožju boginja modrosti, Minerva, nad katero nebo je v 22-karatnem zlatu. Marmor pa, ki krasi to vhodno dvorano, je bil naročen iz Italije. S paviljona vodijo v osrednjo marmorno dvorano široke stopnice, okrašene od vseh strani z razkošnimi korintskimi stebri, zvezanimi s palmovimi oboji. Višina vhodne dvorane je dvainsedemdeset čevljev.

Iz osrednje vhodne dvorane vodijo hodniki proti centralni čitalnici ali rotundi ter stopnice k galerijam in na desno in levo v neštete oddelke, čitalnice in druge dvorane. Ta hodnik je okrašen s prizori iz poezije, oni s slikami iz zgodovine, tretji z alegorijami dobre in slabe vlade; ta paviljon ima skupino slik predstavljajočih razvoj knjige in književnosti, ono dvorano krasijo slike družinskega življenja. Skupina muz, predstavljajočih dramo, je razvrščena po steni koridora; cela procesija muz zastopa človeške kreposti in znanosti, letne čase, vojno in mir. Dalje je na stotine kipov, največ simboličnih in predstavljajočih približno iste ideale. Dvanajst dob in dvanajst človeških družb, od Egipta, skozi Grčijo, Rim, Arabijo, pa do današnje znanstvene Amerike, vse po vrsti je zastopano in vsaka dežela in vsaka doba z drugo alegorijo. Tako na pr. Grke zastopa umetniška figura, Arabce matematik, Amerikance pa električni inženir s knjigo in dinamom. Obraz so pa dali inženirju Lincolnov.

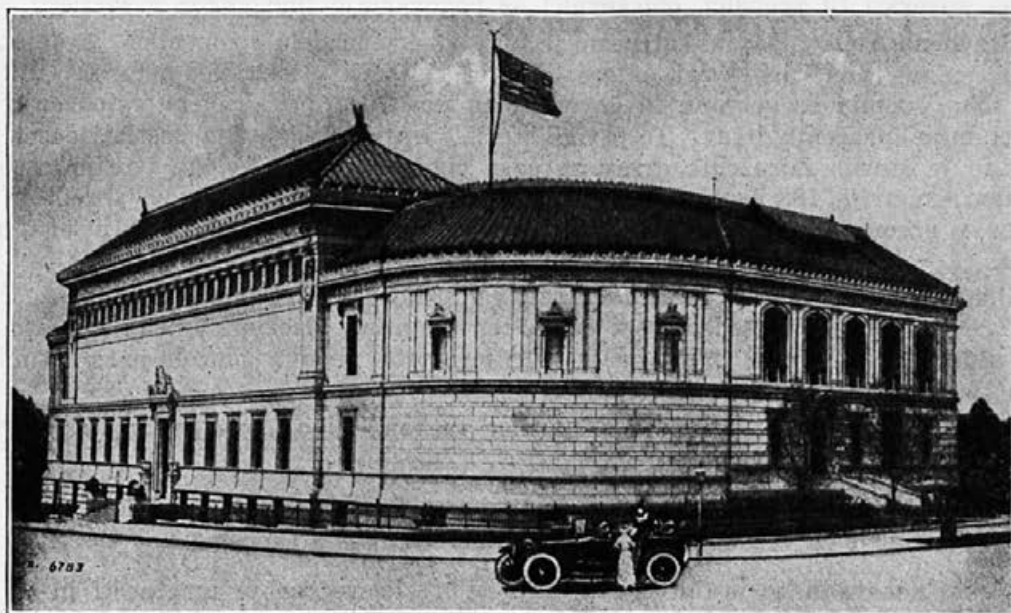
Poleg okrasov je po stenah tudi nešteto napisov modrih izrekov iz različnih časov in od različnih pisateljev. Veliki napis iz pregovorov se glasi:

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom;  
and with all thy getting get understanding.

Veliko je število vladnih poslopij v Washingtonu, ki bi vsa zaslužila daljše popise, toda predvsem je potrebno, opisati par veličastnih spomenikov, ki dičijo stolno mesto. Od spomenikov najizrazitejši je nedvomno Washingtonov obelisk, katerega špica se vidi od vseh strani mesta in celo daleč iz okolice stolice. Obelisk je iz sivega ameriškega marmorja in njega višina je 555 čevljev. To je najvišji zidani spomenik



Kongresna knjižnica v Washingtonu.



Umetniška galerija Corcoran v Washingtonu.

na svetu, v pritličju meri 55 čevljev ter je v kvadratu, na vrhu pa 34 čevljev. Stene so pri vходу 15 čevljev debele in pri vrhu še 18 palcev. Šaft v notranjščini je razsvetljen z električno. Po njem vodijo stopnice z 900 stopinjami do vrha in skoro do vrha vodi tudi vzpenjača. Notranjščina je okrašena z izbranimi kamni, katere je prispevalo štirideset držav Unije ter razna mesta in organizacije. Tudi veliko inozemskih držav je zastopanih.

Umevno je, da mora biti s tega obeliska imeniten razgled. V višini 504 čevljev gleda iz sten osem oken, po dve na vsaki strani. Tik spodaj so travniki in za njimi Bela hiša, severno se za parki razodeva stolica z vladnimi palačami. Vse polno znamenitih poslopij je videti, široka in zavita vodna cesta Potomaca pa sega milje in milje daleč. V jasnih dneh se vidi celo do viržinskega gorovja Blue Ridge.

Obelisk je nedvomno najogromnejši spomenik v Ameriki. Dasi ni videti drugega kakor ogromno špičasto steno, vendar je veličasten. Nič čudno ni, saj priprave so bile dovolj dolge zanj in sodelovale so skoraj vse države. Že leta 1783 je kongres sklenil postaviti primeren spomenik, a pravo delo za postavitev se je začelo šele leta 1833. Večkrat so morali prenehati z gradnjo, ker je zmanjkalo kapitala, a leta 1885 je bil obelisk dokončan in posvečen spominu Washingtona ter ameriške revolucije.

Kakor se značaj Abrahama Lincolna razlikuje od značaja Georga Washingtona, tako se razlikujeta tudi njuna spomenika v Washingtonu. Lincolnov spomenik ni tako pompoznen, je skromen, tih hram, podoben svetišču. Človek pozabi na veličastno špico, ko se mimo vodnjakov s kristalno-čisto vodo bliža snežno-belemu Lincolnovemu templju. Veliko bolj prikupen je ta; želja, da bi bil že zraven, da bi stopal po stopnicah nad vodnjakom, da bi poromal k Lincolnu, sili posetnika, da pospeši korake ob miljo dolgem, štirivoglatem vodnjaku, iz katerega med drevoredom sije odsev bele kolonade.

Lincolnov spomenik je osamljen, v tišini, na nekolikem vzvišenem prostoru ob reki Potomac. Čimbolj se mu bližamo, veličastnejši je; ni več skromno svetišče, temveč mogočen tempelj nepopisne lepote. Priprost je, a učinkovit, da vpliva na duha. Glasna govorica tu preneha, obiskovalci se pogovarjajo tiho kakor v svetišču.

Stavbenik Henry Bacon, kateremu je bilo poverjeno delo spomenika, je dejal, da je ves čas mislil na štiri stvari, katere je hotel vključiti v svetišče, namreč: Lincolnovo soho, spomin na getisburški govor in na poslanico pri drugem vstoličenju ter simbol unije Združenih držav. To je tudi storil. Unijo predstavlja šestintrideset stebrov, to je število Združenih držav za časa civilne vojne. Kolone tvorijo poslopje v krasni simetriji, 188 čevljev dolgo in 118 široko. Stebri merijo po sedem in pol čevljev v premeru in so po štiriinštirideset čevljev visoki. Vsi so iz belega marmorja.

Čim stopimo skozi dve vrsti kolon, smo v polmračni Lincolnovi sobi, ki je šestdeset čevljev široka in sedemdeset dolga ter šestdeset visoka. V nji je marmorna soha sedečega Lincolna. Ogromna je, obrnjena proti vходу. Lincoln je tu kot mislec z vso idealizirano milino na licih.

Na obeh straneh svetišča sta v marmor vsekana Lincolnova govora, a nad velikansko soho je vklesan napis:

V tem svetišču, kakor v srcih ljudstva, katerega Unijo je rešil,  
je za večno ohranjen spomin na Abrahama Lincolna.

Nekaj nenavadnega je Corcoranova galerija. Posvečena je umetnosti in je bila ustanovljena leta 1869, ko je bogataš Corcoran zapustil precejšen sklad denarja v to svrhu in so se začeli zbirati prispevki za to velikansko hišo umetnosti. Nedvomno je to eden najbogatejših umetniških muzejev v Ameriki, ako ni prvi; ima zbirko,

kakoršnih je malo v tej deželi in poleg tega tudi nudi eno napopolnejših umetniških akademij.

Od klasičnih del res ni veliko originalnih, toda vsa znamenitejša so predstavljena v vlitkih. Več originalnih predmetov predstavlja srednjeveško in renesančno umetnost; posebno veliko je prinesenega iz Florence v Italiji in iz Pariza ter drugih laških in francoskih mest. Še več kot kipov iz teh dob pa je slik, kajti tu je najpopolnejša ameriška zbirka del iz dobe, ko se je začel probujati zapadni svet in je vzcvetela renesančna doba.

Izpustiti moramo celo vrsto najzanimivejših palač, ker ni prostora za opis. Palača ameriškega Rdečega križa je sosedna Corcoranovi galeriji. To je ogromno belo poslopje, ki so ga postavile največ ženske organizacije. Nedaleč je sloviti Smithsonian Institution, katerega z muzejem tvorijo štiri palače.

Med znanstvenimi zavodi je ta eden najslovitejših v Ameriki. Ustanovljen je bil leta 1846 iz zaklada, katerega je zapustil James Smithson (neki Anglež) leta 1829 v svrhu, da Združene države postavijo v Washingtonu zavod za pospeševanje znanosti. Sklad je takrat znašal \$515,000, ki se je pa sedaj zelo povišal. Zavod je v resnici za pospeševanje znanosti. V zvezi je z univerzami vsega sveta ter vodi najrazličnejše raziskave v svrhu novih iznajdb. Njega knjižnica vsebuje 280,000 znanstvenih knjig, med katerimi se najde tudi precejšnje število slovenskih. Poslopje samo je nekaj privlačnega. Zgrajeno je kakor kakšna katedrala in je iz rdečega kamena, s stolpi in stolpiči ter v zapadno-evropskem slogu zadnjih stoletij. Ima tudi stari in novi muzej, poslopje za tehniko in zgodovinske zbirke in starinoslovje. Najbolj pa je popolna naravoslovska zbirka Amerike.

Pravcate čudeže nudi Akademija znanosti. To palačo so postavili z odobritvijo kongresa leta 1863, torej pod predsedovanjem Lincolna. Postavljena je za raziskovanje v tehnični vedi. V palači je najiminenitnejša knjižnica, a za tistega, ki rad ogleduje čudesa moderne tehnike, elektrike, magnetizma itd., je najprimernejši muzej, opremljen z nešteto stroji.

Med najlepše palače v Washingtonu spada poslopje Panameriške unije, katero vzdržuje enaindvajset ameriških republik. Te so organizirane v prosep trgovine in prijateljskih odnošajev na tej strani zemeljske oble. Poslopje je zidano v modernem španskem slogu. Na vsaki strani vhoda sta sohi, predstavljajoči Severno in Južno Ameriko. V sredi notranjščine diči stavbo tipični južno-ameriški vrt, v katerem rastejo najrazličnejša južna drevesa. Poslopje je znamenito, ker je samo na sebi nekak splošno-ameriški muzej: zidano iz dragega kamenja iz skoro vseh republik ameriških in z dekoracijami indijanskih kakor belopoltnih ameriških rodov. Najiminenitnejša pa je zborovalna dvorana in posvetovalnica za ožji odbor. Okras je finejši kot kje drugje in celo po dolgih letih še nedokončan.

Iz opisa je seveda izpuščenih veliko zanimivih poslopij, kot na primer Bela hiša, palače ministerstev, katedrale, spomeniki, radio-postaje in velikanska vojaška pokopališča. Teh slednjih je skoro toliko kot parkov. Vse te naprave dajejo Washingtonu neko posebnost, toda najbolj ga še dviga nad drugimi ameriški mesti to, da nima nikakih tovaren. Mesto je skoraj brez dima in tudi podnebje ima ugodno.



# Elica v deveti deželi

## Elica dokazuje

“Tukaj!” se je odzvala Elica, čisto pozabivša, kako zelo je zrastle v par minutah. Poskočila je tako urno, da se je z robom svojega krila zapletla ob porotniške sedeže, kar je porotnike nemalo razburilo, ker so se vsi prekuenili po tleh.

“Nikar ne zamerite!” je vzkliknila oblastno in jih pobirala s tal, kolikor hitro se je dalo. Spomnila se je neprilike, ko je v enaki naglici nekoč prevrnila okroglo stekleno posodo z zlatimi ribami in kako urno je metala ribe nazaj v posodo, da ne poginejo; pa je mislila, da mora porotnike ravnotako hitro pobrati, ker drugače bi pomrli.

“Porote ne bo, dokler ne bodo vsi porotniki zopet v svojih sedežih!” je odredil kralj s posebnim naglasom. Elica se je skrbno ozrla po poroti v sedežih in je opazila, da je močerada z glavo navzdol stavila v sedež in uboga stvarca je žalostno majala z repkom. Kmalu je zopet izvlekla močerada in ga postavila kakor se spodobi. Ni sicer storila tega radi močeradove važnosti, kot si je rekla sama pri sebi, ker navsezadnje ta tudi toliko ne pomeni.

Kakorhitro je porota prišla k sebi in pričela opisovati ravno minuli dogodek, se je sodba nadaljevala. “Kaj pa ti veš o stvari?” vpraša Elico kralj.

“Nič,” odgovori Elica.

“Prav nič?” vztraja kralj.

“Prav nič!”

“To je pa zelo važno,” se kralj obrne napram poroti. Ravno so porotniki začeli trditev zapisovati, ko jih spoštljivo prekine zajček Belček: “Veličanstvo seveda misli, da ni važno!”

“Nevažno, seveda,” ponovi za njim kralj. “Važno—nevažno—nevažno—važno!” kakor bi hotel pronajti, katera beseda se lepše glasi. Nekateri porotniki so pri tem zapisali “važno,” drugi pa “nevažno.” Elica je vse to dobro videla, a si je mislila, da itak vse skupaj nič ne pomeni. V tem trenutku pa kralj, ki je pravkar nekaj zapisoval v notes, pozove zopet k miru: “V smislu pravil . . . točke dvainštiridesete . . . vse osebe, ki so več kakor miljo visoke, morajo nemudoma zapustiti sodni dvor.”

Vsi se ozrejo na Elico. “Jaz nisem miljo visoka,” pravi.

“Pa si!” je zapreti kralj.

“Skoro dve milj meri,” mu je pritrdi kraljica.

“Grem pa vendar ne,” jima odvrne Elica. “Poleg tega pa tista točka v pravilih ni redna; šele zdaj so si jo izmislili.”

“To je najstarejša točka pravil,” de kralj.

“Potem pa bi morala biti točka številka ena,” se postavi Elica.

Kralj pobledi. S tresočim glasom pozove poroto, naj razsoja obtožnico.

“Še več dokazov mora priti na dan,” se oglasi zajček Belček, ki urno skoči na noge. “Ravno smo pobrali s tal ta-le papir.”

“Kaj stoji na njem?” vpraša kraljica.

“Še nisem prebral,” odvrne zajček Belček. “Pismo je. Pisati ga je moral jetnik nekomu—”

“Kakopak!” reče kralj, “če ni bilo pisano nikomur, je moralo biti pisano nekomu.”

“Na koga je naslovljeno?” vprašujejo porotniki, zajček Belček pa pojasni, da ni naslova in da na zunaj sploh ni nobene pisave. Razvil je papir in videl, da sploh ni pismo, temveč je na njem napisana pesem.



“Ali je jetniška pisava?” vpraša porotnik.

Zajček Belček ugotovi, da ni, kar je še najbolj čudna reč, mislijo porotniki. Šele tedaj se jim razjasnijo obrazi, ko kralj pripomni, da je pisava mogoče potvorjena.

“Prosim vas, Veličanstvo,” se zdajci oglasi srčni fant. “Jaz nisem pisal in tudi dokazati mi ne morejo: ker na koncu ni podpisal.”

“Toliko slabše,” pravi kralj. “Toliko slabše! Gotovo nisi imel dobrega namena, če se nisi podpisal.”

Izbruhnilo je vesplošno ploskanje. To je bila v resnici prva pametna, ki jo je danes zinil kralj. Kraljica pa, saj že vemo, je ugotovila: “Kriv je! Takoj mu odsekajte . . .”

“Saj ni nobenega dokaza,” pomisli Elica. “Niti tega ne vedo, za kaj tu gre.”

“Čitaj!” veli kralj. Zajček Belček si natakne očala. “Kje naj počnem?” vpraša.

“Začni od začetka!” pristavi kralj resno. “Nadaljuj do konca, potem se pa ustavi.”

Nastane grobna tišina, zajček Belček čita:

Praviti sem slišal,  
kako je govorila,  
da sta se dva menila.

Mislil sem povedat,  
kar je ona rekla,  
da je dekla spekla.

Meni je dejala,  
da mu ne zaupa,  
ker ne mara hrupa.

“To je najboljši dokaz, kar smo jih še slišali,” vzklika kralj, mencaje si roke. “Zdaj naj pa porota odloči . . .”

“Kaj naj odloči porota?” ga prekine Elica. (Zrastla je že tako, da se ni bala nikogar več.) “Takoj dam groš tistemu, ki mi more pojasniti, kaj besedičenje sploh pomeni. Jaz tudi pikice ne verjamem.”

Porota zapiše vse od kraja. “Tudi pikice ne verjame,” so zapisali in nihče si ne upa razjasniti, kaj pomeni pisava.

“Če pisava nič ne pomeni,” začne iznova kralj, “je toliko boljše. Kaj nam sploh treba znati, kaj pomeni, vendar ne vem,” nadaljuje, ko pomakne kitice čisto k desnemu očesu, da vse do pike vidi. “Zakaj bi vse to ničesar ne pomenilo. Dekla je vendar nekaj spekla in gotovo nič drugega kot potico. Kdo je snedel potico? To naj porota razpravlja.” Ta zadnji ukaz izreče kralj že dvajsetič.

“Ne! Ne!” se dere kraljica. “Prvo obsodba, potem sodna razprava.”

“Neumnost!” jo glasno prekine Elica. “Kdaj ste že slišali, da bi se izvršila obsodba pred razpravo.”

“Jezik daj za zobe!” ukaže kraljica in pri ti priči od jeze zarudi.

“Ne dam ga!” se zoperstavi Elica.

“Odsekajte ji glavo!” veli kraljica z vsem glasom. Nihče se ne gane.

“Kdo se briga zate?” zasmehljivo pravi Elica (zrastla je do svoje naravne velikosti). “Saj nisi drugega kot kvartna kraljica!”

V tem hipu pa vse kvarte zletijo v zrak in se vsujejo na Elico. Napol iz strahu, napol iz jeze, krikne in se otepa kvart, končno pa se znajde na bregu z glavo na sestrih kolenih in brisoča si par listov z obraza, kamor jih je pihnil veter.

“Zbudi se vendar, draga Elica!” ji prigovarja sestra. “Joj, kako dolgo si spala!”

“Ti ne veš, kako čudne sanje sem imela!” ji začne praviti Elica in ji pove vse, kar se more spomniti, namreč vse, kar ste čitali z njenega potovanja po deveti deželi. In ko skonča, jo sestra poljubi in pravi: “Čudne sanje so bile, res, ali sedaj urno teci, ker pozno je že in mama čaka s kavo.” Elica vstane in steče v kuhinjo k mami, pri tem pa misli na čudovite sanje.

\* \* \*

Sestra je ostala na travnem bregu, si naslonila roki v dlani in se zagledala v zahajajoče solnce. Mislila je na malo Elico in njeno čudovito romanje v deveto deželo, dokler ni tudi sama začela sanjati:

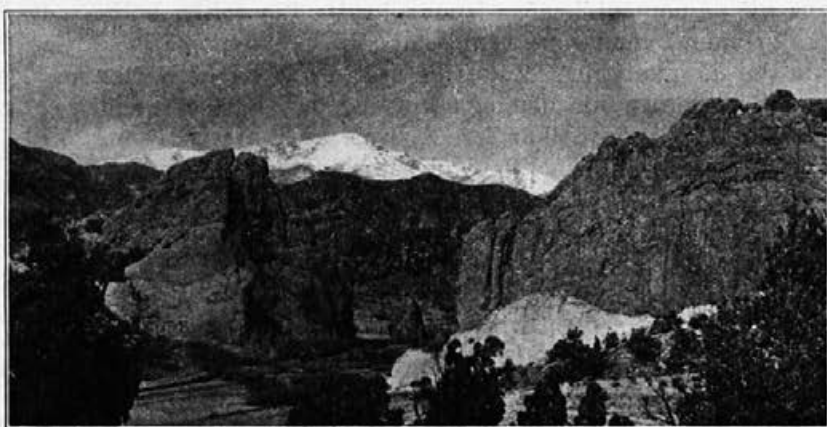
Sanjala je, da je sama mala Elica. Njene roke so bile zopet male in drobne, tesno stisnjene okoli kolen, in jasne, zvedave oči so zrle v njene. Dobro je razločila njen glas in videla zmajanje z glavico, da spravi nazaj nagajive kodre, ki ji silijo v očesi. Slušala je dalje in zdelo se ji je, da sliši šumenje okoli sebe. Vse je oživel, čudne stvari iz sanj njene male sestre so se zbrale okoli nje.

Visoka trava ji je šumljala ob nogah, ko je podvzival mimo nje zajček Belček, prestrašena miška je skočila čez pot in štrbunknila v sosednjo mlako. Čula je žvenket skodelic s čajanke marčnega zajca in njega prijateljev, ki se nikoli ne najejo do sitega; na uho ji je udarilo kričanje togotne kraljice, ukazujoče obglavljenje nesrečnih gostov. Čutila je, kako vrešči mali pujsek ob kolenih kneginje-gospodinje in ponve in lonci bučijo po zraku. Začula je tuljenje zmajača in škripanje peresa, katerega močerad vodi po protokolu, stokanje tlačnih morskih prašičkov in vzdihovanje glavinje želve.

Tako je sedela z zaprtimi očmi in verjela, da je sama v deveti deželi, akoprav je vedela, da je treba samo odpreti oči, pa bo zopet videla vsakdanje življenje: kjer trva šumi radi vetra, se iz mlake sliši prasketanje suhega ličja, kjer je žvenketanje skodelic le zvok ovčarskih zvoncev in kraljičino vzklikanje glas mladega pastirja ter vsi drugi čudoviti glasovi vsakdanje razleganje šundra na kmečkem dvorišču, sopenje oddaljenega goveda pa težko vzdihovanje glavinje želve.

Končno si je domislila, kako bo tudi njena mala sestrica čez čas odrastla in se bo spominjala srečnih dni mladosti, se mudila z malimi otroci ter jim pripovedovala čudovite pravljice, mogoče ravno te iz sanj o čudežni deveti deželi. Čutila bo z njimi in se spominjala detinskih let in srečnih poletnih dni.

(KONEC.)



Vhod v “Nebeški vrt” (Garden of Gods) v Koloradu z goro Pike’s Peak v ozadju.

R. Tagore:

## Dvanajsta ura

**MAMICA**, rad bi zdaj nehal učiti se. Presedel se nad knjigo vse jutro.

Praviš, da je še le dvanajst ura. Recimo, da ni več; ali si vendar ne moreš misliti, da je že popoldne, kadar je šele poldne.

Jaz si zdaj prav lahko mislim, da je solnce doseglo rob onega riževega polja in da si stara ribičevka nabira onstran ribnika zelenjave za večerjo.

Lahko zaprem oči in si mislim, da sence pod madarovim drevesom vedno bolj temnijo in da je voda v ribniku bliščečerna.

Če pride lahko dvanajsta ura po noči, zakaj bi ne mogla priti noč, kedar je dvanajsta ura?

Lenau:

### MEGLA

(Iz nemščine.)

ZAKRIVAŠ megla siva mi  
dolino z reko njeno,  
ovijaš hrib in gozd, se zdi,  
in solncece rumeno.

Le skrij v to tvojo temno noč  
vso zemljo kroginkrog,  
in mojo žalost vzemi proč  
preteklost mi odrok.

## Deset sledi

Indijanski dogodek.

ŽIVELA sta Indijanca, ki sta se podala skupaj na lov. Hapeda je bil zelo močan, urnih nog in izboren strelec. Šatun je bil veliko šibkejši in je imel slabši lok, toda bil je zelo potrpežljiv.

Ko sta stopala čez griče, sta dospela do sveže sledi za malim jelenom. Šatun je dejal: "Brat moj, jaz se podam za to sledjo."

Toda Hapeda je odgovoril: "Lahko, če ti je drago, ampak lovec, kot sem jaz, se podaja samo za večjo divjačino."

Tako sta se razšla.

Hapeda je stopal kako uro hoda in naletel na sledi desetih velikih jelenov, katere pa so držale na razne strani. Lotil se je sledi največjega jelena in dolgo šel za njo, toda ker ni mogel do kraja, si je dejal: "Ta je najbrž sled popotnega jelena. Vzeti bi bil moral katero drugo."

Šel je torej nazaj na prostor, kjer je odkril sledi in začel stopati za drugo sledjo. Po več kot uro dolgem lovu, na katerem mu ni prišla nobena stvar pod strel, si je rekel: "Spet sem na sledi potujoče divjačine. Šel bom nazaj in našel sled pasoče se živali."

Ampak zdaj spet je po kratki poti opustil sled in poizkusil drugo, katera se mu je zdela bolj gotova. Tako je napravil ves dan s poskuševanjem raznih sledi in zvečer se je povrnil v šotorišče brez plena. V šotorišču pa je videl, da je Šatun, vzlic temu, da je bil slabši v vseh ozirih, vendar bolj pameten. Oni se je namreč držal sledi malega jelena in zdaj ga lepo odira v šotoru.

Indijanski nauk pravi: Plačilo te čaka šele na koncu sledi.

# Navihanec

MLADI NAVIHANEC je iskal službe. V časopisih je bral, da podjetje Truskavec in co. išče sla. "Krepkega mladeniča potrebujem," mu je rekel podjetnik Truskavec, ko je navihanec vprašal za delo. "No, boš pa poizkusil."

"Mislim, da vam bom po volji," ga je zagotovil navihanec. "Vse druge, ki so hoteli vprašati za službo pri vas, sem nabil."

"Ali rad delaš?" ga vpraša Truskavec. "Ne!" pove navihanec.

"Dobro!" se razveseli Truskavec. "Ti dobiš službo, kajti ti si prvi deček, da si mi povedal resnico."

\* \* \*

Navihanec je nekega dne šel v tobakarno vprašat, če sme govoriti na telefon. Dovolili so mu, on pa je poklical: "Centrala 1093. Je to podjetje Truskavec in co.? Gospod Truskavec, slišal sem, da iščete sla . . . Ali ga že imate? . . . Ste z njim zadovoljni? . . . Da? No, potem je pa dobro. Hvala lepa. Srečno!"

"Kaj bi rad za sla?" ga vpraša tobakarnar. "Ravno pri nas imamo tako službo."

"Ne, hvala," odgovori navihanec. "Jaz sem v službi pri Truskavcu, pa sem hotel izvedeti, če izgleda, da bi mi dali kaj večjo plačo."

\* \* \*

Bilo je takrat, ko je navihanec raznašal po mestu reklamne oglase za Truskavčevotvrdko. V poštne predale po stanovanjih je imel zmetati kakih 50,000 letakov. Mlinarica, sosedka navihančevih staršev, je povprašala Kovačico: "Sosedov navihanec pa neprestano žge papir na dvorišču. Zakaj neki?"

"Oh, kaj ne veste?" odvrne Kovačica.

"Gotovo so ga nastavili za raznašalca letakov."

\* \* \*

Poslali so ga na pošto, naj odda neka nujna pisma po ekspresu.

"Kako da neseš denar za znamke nazaj?" ga vpraša bližnji knjigarnar, ko se navihanec kmalu na to vrača.

"Uradnika za ekspresna pisma ravno ni bilo pri oknu," odgovori modro navihanec, "pa sem pisma kar vrgel v predal, ker se je mudilo."

\* \* \*

Na nasprotni strani ceste je stanoval slavni profesor Pintar, ki je ravno obhajal sedemdesetletnico svojega rojstva. Tudi Truskavec ni smel biti izvzet iz te slovesnosti, zato je o priliki poslal mestno brzojavko, da se velikemu možu pokloni, kot se spodobi.

Naročil je navihancu, naj nese brzojavko na pošto. Glasilo brzojavke mu je naglas prečital, tako da bi navihanec lahko raztolmačil uradniku, ako bi ne mogel čitati Truskavčevega čečkanja. Podal mu je deset mark za pristojbino. Na poti pa je navihanec začel misliti drugače. Podal se je na stanovanje jubilanta, se preril skozi vrste čestilcev, prečital na glas brzojavko in učenjaku odštel na mizo deset mark.

\* \* \*

V pisarno Truskavčevega podjetja je nekega dne prihrumel razjarjeni odjemalec, ker mu niso poslali pravega blaga in o pravem času. Prvi, ki je jeznemu možu hitel naproti, je bil seveda navihanec. "Kdo je odgovoren za poslovanje tega podjetja?" je hitel odjemalec. "Kdo je odgovoren, sicer ne vem," pove navihanec, "klofute pa navadno prejmem jaz."

(Iz Arbeiter Jugend prevel A. K.)





Dragi čitatelji!

Dolgočasni in pusti zimi odpustimo marsikaj, ker se nam približa z veselimi dnevi, ki nudijo mladini vse polno zabave in veselja. Kako bi si mogli misliti zimo brez božiča in pa prijateljstva, katerega o božiču obnovimo in utrdimo. To je čas, ko svojci pridejo na posete, da drug drugega razvesele ter si pomagajo pregnati dolge zimske večere. Prav iz tega prijateljstva se je tudi razvila navada darovati spominke o božiču, samo zato, da razveselimo druge ljudi in s tem se veselimo tudi sami. Na ta način je človek namreč srečen in zadovoljen, ko vidi druge srečne in zadovoljne.

Da utrdimo prijateljsko vez med čitatelji in Mladinskim listom, bi prav radi vsem mladim bratcem in sestricam tudi letos poklonili darilce, toda topot se moramo omejiti na izbrane, namreč tiste, ki so se za Mladinski list tekom preteklega leta najbolj zanimali ter največkrat ali pa najboljše stvari prispevali v priobčitev. V tem slučaju se torej ne gre toliko za darila kakor za nagrado, do katere je vsak, ki je izbran, upravičen.

Tudi letos je število srečnih šestnajst. Prav dobro se zavedamo, da je še veliko drugih bratcev in sestric, ki so s svojim dopisovanjem zaslužili priznanja, in tega jim kar nič ne odrekamo, toda daril nimamo na razpolago dovolj, da bi dobil vsak, temveč le ti, ki so tekom leta najbolj zaslužili. Tu so razvrščeni po vrsti:

Prvo nagrado dobita:

**Jennie Fradel**, Latrobe, Pa.

**Frank Somrak**, Cleveland, Ohio.

Drugo nagrado imamo za sledeče:

**Anna Matos**, Blaine, Ohio.

**Frances Kocevar**, West Frankfort, Ill.

**Tony Lekse**, Lawrence, Pa.

**Mary Kushlan**, Lloydell, Pa.

Tretjo nagrado pa dobijo:

**Violet Beniger**, Export, Pa.

**Joe Lever**, Cleveland, Ohio.

**Rudolph Sernel**, Chicago, Ill.

**Mary Matos**, Blaine, Ohio.

**Jennie Vitovec**, Canton, Ohio.

**Robert Skerbetz**, Broughton, Pa.

**Joe Marinac**, El Moro, Colorado.

**Mary Krainik**, Chisholm, Minn.

**Mary Stroy**, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Henry Indof**, Smithton, Pa.

Darila so izbrana, zato upamo, da boste vsi zadovoljni z njimi. Tisti, ki ste letos izostali, pa ne obupajte. Vsak lahko doseže darilo, ako se potrudi; le neumorno prispevajte za Mladinski list ter tudi skušajte pridobiti kaj novih naročnikov za naš mesečnik. Ne pozabite, da je ravno pred novim letom najbolj primeren čas, da pridobite nove naročnike, tako da bodo imeli ves Mladinski list za celo prihodnje leto. Recite še svojim staršem, da vam pomagajo delovati za večje število naročnikov Mladinskega lista.

Cenjeni urednik in čitatelji!

V decembru izide zadnja številka Mladinskega lista za to leto, zato vam v teh vrsticah želim vselej praznike in srečno novo leto. Povem vam tudi, da je moja sestra Slavica Rožica bila bolna, je imela škrlatico pet dni. Ona je začela hoditi v šolo to leto septembra v prvi razred in 13. oktobra je zbolela. Smo morali biti doma trideset dni. Sedaj pa imamo toliko težje v šoli, da nadomestimo, kar smo zamudili. Imela bi še pisati, ali nimam časa, zmerom imam domače naloge.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista.

Jennie J. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

### PRIŠEL JE

jesenski čas, kmalu bodo šli ptički od nas. Prišla bo zima in mraz, ki tako sumljivo gleda nas. (Nisem dobro napisala, ker se šele učim slovensko pisati.)

Anna Svetick, R. R. 2, Box 12, Henryetta, Okla.

Anna Matos nam pošilja iz Blaina, Ohio, pesmico od sirote Anice, ki pa je že znana. Ana tudi vse pozdravlja in želi najboljše o praznikih. Enako mi nji.

Dragi urednik!

Želim, da bi bilo v Mladinskem listu več slovenskega kakor angleškega. Jaz rada pišem slovensko, ali težko je, ker tukaj nimamo slovenske šole. Učita me ata in mama. Vreme imamo jako ugodno; novembra smo bili ves čas brez snega; da bi le bilo vsaj do božiča tako. Sedaj, ko je zim-

ski čas, želim, da bi se vsi bratci in sestrice oglašali v Mladinskem listu, kateremu želim mnogo uspeha. Moja pesmica se glasi:

Pojdi, moj sinko na pot, na življenja pot. Čuvaj, moj sinko se zmot, življenja zmot.

Glej, in sedaj sem nazaj. Sinko tvoj često je pal, ali vselej je vstal.

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

Dragi urednik!

V novemberski številki je bil majhen kotiček. Želim, da bo v decemberski večji. Vsi bratci in sestrice bi se požurili, posebno zadnji mesec v letu. Želim, da bi v novem letu še bolj napredovali kot v starem ter voščim vsem vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto. Mladinskemu listu pa mnogo novih naročnikov.

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio, Box 181.

Annie Grum, Bannock, Ohio, Box 366, nam piše, da zna še malo po slovensko, zato ne prispeva to pot veliko. Mama jo uči. Pravi: "Moj brat Frank, sestra Kristina, oče, mama in jaz, vsi smo člani S.N.P.J. Rada bi pisala vsaki mesec, pa sem zelo zaposlena z učenjem. Pozdravim vse čitatelje."

Annie prispeva tudi nekaj ugank, katerih pa ne moremo priobčiti, ker jim ni dodala odgovora.

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., prispeva to uganko:

Kdaj kmet repo seje?

Nikdar. Seje le seme repe.



**Mladi muzikant.** Na sliki je Robert Zakovšek, naš osem let star član mladinskega oddelka v Waukeganu. Pravi godec je in že nad dve leti igra. Še na odru v Chicagu smo ga že videli in igral je, radi priznamo, v veliko zadovoljnost vseh. Kaj pa znaš ti, mladi čitatelj?

Dragi urednik!

Pri našem društvu "Orel" št. 21 S. N. P. J. je bila veselica, kakoršna je bila še samo enkrat v Pueblu. Bila je vinska trgatav. Med viničarji in viničarkami smo bili tudi štirje člani mladinskega oddelka: jaz, Agnes Knafelc, Zora Kiren in Caroline Šabec. Viničarji in viničarke so zapeli ter šli po dvorani. Potem so začeli trgati grozdje, ki je viselo od stropa. Med grozdem je viselo tudi dosti smrekovih vejic ter dvorana je izgledala kakor kaka loza. Tudi sodnika smo imeli. Kdor je utrgal grozd, je bil kaznovan, in kdor ni plačal, je šel v "jail," samo da je bila zabava.

Naš "Columbine Lodge" je tudi dobil več življenja kot ga je imel prej. Več prireditev imajo kot so jih imeli poprej. Prihodnja štiri leta bom še čakala, predno bom prestopila k njim.

Rada bi videla, da bi tudi drugi otroci v Pueblu pisali v Mladinski list po slovensko in po angleško. Želim, da bi vsak član in članica mla-

dinskega oddelka v Pueblu začela pisati po novem letu. Vsaj vsak mesec naj bi bilo kaj iz Puebla v Mladinskem listu.

Vsem članom mladinskega oddelka in tudi uredniku želim vesele praznike in veliko daril.

Evelyn May Hochevar, Pueblo, Colo.

\*

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo pismo, katerega pišem v Mladinski list. Imam sestro in brata. Stara sem enajst let in v šestem razredu. Igram piano, brat igra gosli. S šolo imam veliko dela, pa vendar hočem pisati par vrstic v naš priljubljeni list. Videla sem, da se nikdo ne oglasi iz Sheboygana, torej tukaj sem. Želela bi, da se še vi bratci in sestricice oglasite v našem listu. V drugič bom pisala boljše.

Anna Lonchar, 607 N. Water St.,  
Sheboygan, Wis.

## Ezopovi basni

### ZAJEC S ŠTEVILNIMI PRIJATELJI.

ZAJEC je bil zelo priljubljen med drugimi živalmi, ki so vse pravile, da so nje prijateljice. Nekega dne pa se je zgodilo, da so ga začeli slediti lovski psi. Zajec se je zatekel h konju, proseč ga, da bi ga odnesel na hrbtu pred preganjalci. Konj je odklonil, češ, da ima veliko drugega važnega opravila. Prav gotovo pa se je zdelo konju, da bi zajcu lahko pomagale druge živali. Zajec je nato prosil vola, da bi z rogovi odbil preganjalce. "Zelo žal mi je," se je opravičil vol, "toda pozvan sem drugam. Gotovo bi ti pomagal kozel." Pa tudi kozel se je izgovoril in poslal zajca k ovnu. Ta pa topot časa ni imel. Zajec je končno prosil teleta, ki pa ni moglo pomagati, ker ni hotelo jemati nase odgovornosti. Psi so bili že čisto blizu, da je zajec res moral brusiti pete, pa še jo je komaj unesel.

Kdor ima veliko prijateljev, sploh nima prijateljev.

\* \* \*

### LEV, LISICA IN ZVERI.

LEV je objavil svetu, da je na smrt bolan. Povabil je živali k sebi, da čujejo njegovo poslednjo voljo. Prišla je koza, stopila v njegov brlog in dolgo poslušala.

Sledila je ovca in predno se je vrnila, je vstopilo tele, da sliši testament kralja živali. Lev je kmalu ozdravil in prišel k vhodu v svoj brlog. Zunaj je stala lisica, opazovaje vhod. "Zakaj ne vstopiš?" jo je vprašal lev.

"Oprostí, kralj," je rekla lisica. "Toliko stopinj živali, ki so vstopile, vidim, toda nobene stopinje ni, ki bi kazala, da se je katera vrnila. Dokler se tvoji obiskovalci ne vrnejo iz brloga, se mi zdi bolj umestno, da počakam na prostem."

Lažje je priti v nasprotnikov tabor, kakor iz njega.

\* \* \*

Gregorčič:

### SLUTNJA

Natrgal sem zadnji si šop  
v megljeni podzimski jeseni;  
na trati, prej živozeleni,  
sedaj pa sahnóči, rumeni,  
to zadnji cvetlični je rop.  
Komu pa je vbran za prokop?  
Prirodi mrjóči? Li menj?  
Vsaj meni se zdi,  
da glasno mi sleherni cvet govori:  
Jesenski ta šop  
povit obema za—grob!



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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## WINTER

(By Kalidasa, the greatest Hindu poet, who lived  
1500 years ago.)

The bloom of tenderer flowers is past  
And lilies droop forlorn,  
For winter-time is come at last,  
Rich with its ripened corn;  
Yet for the wealth of blossoms lost  
Some hardier flowers appear  
That bid defiance to the frost  
Of sterner days, my dear.

The vines, remembering summer, shiver  
In frosty winds, and gain  
A fuller life from mere endeavor  
To live through all that pain;  
Yet in the struggle and acquit  
They turn as pale and wan  
As lonely girls who have missed  
Known friends, now lost and gone.

Then may these winter days show forth  
To you each known delight,  
Bring all that people count as worth  
Pure happiness and bright;  
While villages, with bustling cry,  
Bring home the ripened corn,  
And herons wheel through wintry sky,  
Forget sad thoughts forlorn.



*Merry Christmas*



## The Star that Fell Down

SEN lived in a country many miles from England. Sen was six years old. He had a yellowish face, and eyes that seemed to disappear altogether when he laughed; his head was shaved very close, except for a tuft of black hair which lay in the middle of his forehead.

He lived in a quiet kind of a bungalow, which had a flight of steps leading up to the front door. It was built upon stakes of strong wood, for Sen lived in a land where snakes slid hidden among the long, wet grass, and where rain fell in such quantities that houses had to be raised from the ground which at times became flooded.

All day monkeys screeched and quarrelled in the trees overhead, and swung themselves from the branches; and below the sound of mosquitoes and frogs kept up a continuous song.

And always it was hot. Heat like a tide swept across each day, while more often than not low thunder growled in the distance. On the river banks, not far from where Sen lived, crocodiles lay on the mud and grinned there as they slept in the sun.

All this did not seem strange to Sen, for it was the only world he had ever known. For Sen's father was a clerk at a rubber factory, and though he was a Chinese he had never seen China, for he had been born in this foreign country of Malaya.

One day a strange thing happened to Sen. While wandering among the rubber trees Sen saw a tiny round thing shining and beautiful. He picked it up and saw that it had a pin at the back of it that shut into a little case. When he turned it over again it flashed and glinted in the sunshine like a tiny baby star.

Now, inside the wide sash which Sen wore round his Chinese dress was a little pocket, and into this Sen slipped his treasure. And there he kept it, taking it out now and again when no one was watching to play with it, turning it over and over in the sun till it flashed like the fireflies that Sen so often watched in the evenings. Sen thought it was a present from the stars, little bits of them made into a shining toy.

Not far from the little bungalow in which Sen lived with his parents was the manager's house, where an Englishman named Hart lived.

Sometimes when the Sun was spreading great wings of heat across the land and when most of the English ladies stayed indoors, Mrs. Hart would put on a topi and take a large parasol and stroll through the rubber trees to another bungalow a few miles away. One day when she had paid this visit and returned to her house she missed a diamond brooch which she had been wearing.

It could only have been lost in the rubber field through which she had passed, and as the paths among the rubber trees are kept well weeded it should have been easily found. But though she retraced her steps and hunted carefully for it no trace of the missing brooch was to be seen.

So notices were written out and word went forth that whoever returned the brooch should have a reward of twenty dollars.

As nothing came of this threats were used, and finally the coolies were searched, and their houses too. Still nothing was found. It seemed very strange.

And then one morning Sen had a sharp attack of fever. For two days he lay tossing and turning on his little bed with a burning head and wandering mind.

When, after the first restless day, he at last slept, his mother took up his little Chinese gown to see if it needed mending. Something hard was in the pocket. She put in two fingers, and drew out—a brooch!

Sen's mother caught her breath. It was the lost brooch belonging to Mrs. Hart.

With trembling haste she ran to find her husband. But she could see him nowhere. So through the trees she sped until she came to the great bungalow where the big white Tuan and his lady lived.

Mrs. Hart met her and took the brooch from the excited woman's hand. It was as clean and as unhurt as on the day she had dropped it. Where could it have been stored away so carefully all this time?

"My child, Sen, he found it. He has a fever now and cannot speak, but I took it from his clothes tucked in here," the mother explained, pointing to the sash around her own waist. "I am very glad you have it again, lady, and that my Sen found it."

Mrs. Hart thanked her, smiling.

"You shall have the reward. I will send it to you," she added.

Sen's mother walked back to her bungalow glowing with happiness at having been able to help the big white Tuan's wife, for the Tuan was a good master to those who worked for him.

But alas! that happiness was not to last long, for next morning an alarming thing happened.

When the time came for her husband to come home for his mid-day meal he did not appear, and Sen's mother set off to the factory to see what had happened.

A crowd of coolies were gesticulating and chattering outside the doors; and Tuan Hart was there—and standing close beside him was her husband. A clerk was holding his arms, and the white Tuan was just beginning to address the crowd in Tamil.

A few of the words she caught were enough to tell her that her husband was under arrest. What for? And then in a few minutes she understood.

On the very morning on which the brooch had been recovered a notice had been pasted up in the factory to say that anyone giving information which led to the discovery of the brooch should receive a reward of two hundred dollars. Her husband had been accused of keeping the brooch until a higher reward was offered.

As Mr. Hart finished his address the crowd was suddenly pushed aside and Sen's mother fell on her knees before him, imploring him for a hearing.

"I do not know where he found it, my child. He has a fever and cannot say. I found it in his clothes. If the Tuan will come when the fever has abated he shall hear what the child has to say."

And Mr. Hart, looking down at the woman, and disliking to believe the worst about anyone, hesitated. "Very well," he said, "I will come to see your child tomorrow. Until then release this man."

Next day, as Sen was sitting up feeling very much better, the big white Tuan walked into the bungalow and sat down on a stool beside him. Then he began to question Sen.

A brooch? Sen didn't know what that was. Something bright that shone.

Sen, feeling shy, said he had seen the stars and the fireflies. Had he picked up something? If he had Sen for the moment had forgotten.

Doubts crept across Mr. Hart's mind. The whole thing was probably a put-up affair. The people were thieves, and stupid thieves at that to give up the brooch at such a time.

And then a sudden idea struck Mr. Hart. He would give them one more chance.

So, going back to his bungalow, he soon reappeared with a tiny box in his hand. Opening it, he took out the brooch and put it sparkling in the palm of his hand.

Sen stared at it, and suddenly made a dart forward.

"My toy, my toy!" he cried. "That's mine! I found it! I keep it in my pocket. Give it to me! I found it under the big trees. The stars sent it to me."

But Sen had said enough.

"I beg your pardon for my mistake." Mr. Hart turned to Sen's father who was standing near, and held out his hand. . . .

And one day for Sen a beautiful toy, past all the wild dreams of his little mind, arrived to take the place of the toy the stars had sent.

### THE FAMILY NEEDS

You'll find when'er the new year come,  
The kitchen god will want a plum;  
The girl will want some flowers new,  
The boy will want some crackers, too;  
A new felt cap will please papa,  
A sugar cake will please mama.



Chinese Art: A Pine Tree.

## SOPHOCLES SPEAKS OF LIFE

In some things be not anxious to inquire;  
Far better is it oft to leave them hid.

\*

It brings some pain, I know, but one must try,  
As best one may, to bear the ills of life.

\*

No good ever comes of leisure purposeless;  
And Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

\*

'Tis better not to be than vilely live.

\*

None but the gods may live untouched by ill.

\*

'Tis hope that feeds the larger half of men.

\*

Life, O my son, is sweetest boon of all:  
It is not given to men to taste death twice.

\*

Sophocles' last words on life: "Look, and wonder, and think!"

# Where Love Is, There God Is Also

By Count Leo Tolstoi.

(Conclusion.)

TWO soldiers passed by the window, one in military boots and the other in civilian. Next there came a neighboring householder, in polished goloshes; then a baker with a basket. All of them passed on. Presently a woman in woollen stockings and rough country shoes approached the window, and halted in the corner of a buttress. Avdejič peered up at her from under the lintel of his window, and could see that she was a plain-looking, poorly-dressed woman and had a child in her arms. It was in order to muffle the child up more closely—little though she had to do it with!—that she had stopped near the buttress and was now standing there with the back to the wind. Her clothing was ragged and fit only for summer, and even from behind his window-panes Avdejič could hear the child crying miserably and its mother vainly trying to soothe it. Avdejič rose, went to the door, climbed the steps, and cried out: "My good woman, my good woman!"

She heard him and turned round.

"Why need you stay there in the cold with your baby?" he went on. "Come into my room where it is warm, and there you will be able to wrap the baby up more comfortably than you can do here. Yes, come in with you."

The woman was surprised to see an old man in a leather apron and with spectacles upon his nose calling out to her, yet she followed him down the steps, and they entered his room. The old man led her to the bedstead.

"Sit down here, my good woman," he said. "You will be near the stove, and can warm yourself and feed your baby."

"Ah," she replied, "I had nothing to eat this morning." Nevertheless, she put the child to her breast.

Avdejič nodded his head approvingly, went to the table for some bread and a basin, and opened the stove door. From the stove he took and poured some soup into the basin, and drew out also a bowl of porridge. The latter, however, was not yet boiling, so he set out only the soup, after first laying the table with a cloth.

"Sit down and eat, my good woman," he said, "while I hold your baby. I have had little ones of my own and know how to nurse them."

The woman crossed herself and sat down, while Avdejič seated himself upon the bedstead with the baby. He smacked his lips at it once or twice, but made a poor show of it, for he had no teeth left. Consequently, the baby went on crying. Then he bethought him of his finger, which he wriggled to and fro towards the baby's mouth and back again—without, however, actually touching the little one's lips, since the finger was blackened with work and sticky with shoemaker's wax. The baby contemplated the finger and grew quiet—then actually smiled. Avdejič was delighted. Meanwhile the woman was eating her meal, and now she told him, unasked, who she was and whither she was going.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said, "but my husband was sent to a distant station eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. At first I got a place as cook, but when the baby came they said they could not do with it and they dismissed me. That was three months ago, and I have got nothing since, and have spent all my savings. I tried to get taken as a nurse, but no one would have me, for they said I was too thin. I had just been to see a tradesman's wife where our grandmother is in service. She had promised to take me on, and I quite thought that she

would, but when I arrived today she told me to come again next week. She lives a long way from here, and I am quite worn out and have tired my baby for nothing. Thank Heaven, however, my landlady is good to me, and gives me shelter for Christ's sake. Otherwise I would not have known how to bear it all.'

Avdejič sighed and said: "But have you nothing warm to wear?"

"Nothing," replied the woman, "although it is the time for warm clothes I had to pawn my last shawl yesterday for two nickels."

The woman returned to the bedstead to take her baby, while Avdejič rose and went to a cupboard. There he rummaged about, and presently returned with an old jacket.

"Here," he said. "It is a poor old thing, but it will serve to cover you."

The woman looked at the jacket, and then at the old man. She took the jacket and burst into tears. Avdejič turned away and went creeping under the bedstead, whence he pulled a box and pretended to rummage about in it for a few moments, after which he sat down again before the woman.

Then the woman said to him: "I thank you in Christ's name, good grandfather. Surely it was He Himself who sent me to your window. Otherwise I would have seen my baby perish with the cold. When I first came out the day was warm, but now it has begun to freeze. But He, Our Father, had placed you in your window, that you might see me in my bitter plight and have compassion upon me."

Avdejič smiled and said, "He did indeed place me there; yet, my poor woman, it was for a special purpose that I was looking out."

Now he told his guest, the soldier's wife, of his vision, and how he had heard a voice foretelling that today the Lord Himself would come to visit him.

"That may very well be," said the woman as she rose, took the jacket, and wrapped her baby in it.

"Also, take this in Christ's name," said Avdejič, and gave her a two nickel piece with which to buy herself a shawl. The woman crossed herself and he did likewise. Then he led her to the door and dismissed her.

When she had gone Avdejič ate a little soup, washed up the crockery again, and resumed his work. All the time though, he kept his eye upon the window, and as soon as a shadow fell across it he would look up to see who was passing. Acquaintances of his came past, and people whom he did not know, yet never anyone very particular.

Then suddenly he saw something. Opposite his window there had stopped an old peddler-woman, with a basket of apples. Only a few of the apples, however, remained, so that it was clear that she was almost sold out. Over her shoulder was slung a sack of shavings, which she must have gathered near some new building as she was going home. Apparently her shoulder had begun to ache under their weight, and she therefore wished to shift them to the other one. To do this she balanced her basket of apples on the top of a post, lowered the sack to the pavement, and began shaking up its contents. As she was doing this, a boy in a ragged cap appeared from somewhere, seized an apple from the basket, and tried to make off. But the old woman who had been on the guard, managed to turn and seize the boy by the sleeve, and although he struggled and tried to break away, she clung to him with both hands, snatched his cap off, and finally grasped him by the hair. Thereupon the youngster began to shout and abuse her. Avdejič did not stop to make fast his awl, but threw his work down upon the floor, ran to the door, and went stumbling up the steps—losing his spectacles as he did so. Out into the street he ran, where the old woman was still clutching the boy by the hair and threatening to take him to the police, while the boy, for his part, was struggling to free himself.

"I never took it," he was saying. "What are you beating me for? Let me go!" Avdejič tried to part them as he took the boy by the hand and said: "Let him go, my good woman. Pardon him for Christ's sake."

"Yes, I will pardon him," she retorted, "but not until he has tasted a new birch-rod. I mean to take the young rascal to the police."

But Avdejič still insisted: "Let him go, my good woman," he said. "He will never do it again. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman released the boy, who was for making off at once had not Avdejič stopped him.

"You must beg the old woman's pardon," he said, "and never do such a thing again. I saw you take the apple."

The boy burst out crying and begged the old woman's pardon as Avdejič commanded.

"There, there," said Avdejič. "Now I will give you one. Here you are," and he took an apple from the basket and handed it to the boy. "I will pay you for it, my good woman," he added.

"Yes, but you spoil the young rascal by doing that," she objected. "He ought to have received a reward that would have made him glad to stand for a week."

"Ah, my good dame, my good dame," exclaimed Avdejič. "That may be our way of rewarding, but it is not God's. If this boy ought to have been whipped for taking the apple, ought not we also to receive something for our sins?"

The old woman was silent. Then Avdejič related to her the parable of the master who absolved his servant from the great debt which he owed him, whereupon the servant departed and took his own debtor by the throat. The old woman listened and the boy also.

"We have to pardon one another," went on Avdejič, "or He will not pardon us. We ought to pardon all men, and especially the thoughtless."

The old woman shook her head and sighed. "Yes, that may be so," she said, "but these young rascals are so spoiled already!"

"Then it is for us, their elders, to teach them better," he replied.

"That is what I say myself at times," rejoined the old woman. "I had seven of them once at home, but have only one daughter now." And she went on to tell Avdejič where she and her daughter lived, and how they lived, and how many grandchildren she had.

"I have only such strength as you see," she said, "yet I work hard, for my heart goes out to my children, the bonny little things that they are! No children could run to meet me as they do. Aksintka, for instance, will go to no one else. 'Grandmother,' she cries, 'dear grandmother, you are tired'"—and the old woman became thoroughly softened. "Everyone knows what boys are," she added presently, referring to the culprit. "May God go with him!"

She was raising the sack to her shoulders again when the boy darted forward and said: "Nay, let me carry it, grandmother. It will be all on my way home."

The old woman nodded assent, gave up the sack to the boy, and went away with him down the street. She had quite forgotten to ask Avdejič for the money for the apple. He stood looking after them, and observing how they were talking together as they went.

Having seen them go, he returned to his room, finding his spectacles—unbroken—on the steps as he descended them. Once more he took up his awl and fell to work, but had done little before he found it difficult to distinguish the stitches, and the lamplighter had passed on his rounds. "I too, must light up," he thought to himself. So he trimmed the lamp, hung it up, and resumed the work. He finished one

boot completely, and then turned it over to look at it. It was all good work. Then he laid aside his tools, swept up the cuttings, rounded off the stitches and loose ends, and cleaned his awl. Next he lifted the lamp down, placed it on the table, and took his Testament from the shelf. He had intended opening the book at the place which he had marked last night with a strip of leather, but it opened itself at another instead. The instant it did so, his vision of last night came back to his memory, and, as instantly, he thought he heard a movement behind him as of someone moving towards him. He looked round and saw in the shadow of a dark corner what appeared to be figures—figures of persons standing there, yet could not distinguish them clearly. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

“Martin, Martin, dost thou know me?”

“Who art Thou?” said Avdejič.

“Even I!” whispered the voice again. “Lo, it is I!”—and there stepped from the dark corner Stepanič. He smiled, and then, like the fading of a little cloud, was gone.

“It is I!” whispered the voice again—and there stepped from the same corner the woman with her baby. She smiled, and the baby smiled, and they were gone.

“And it is I!” whispered the voice again—and there stepped forth the old woman and the boy with the apple. They smiled and were gone.

Joy filled the soul of Martin Avdejič as he crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and set himself to read the Testament at the place where it had opened. At the top of the page he read:

“For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.”

And further down the page he read:

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me.”

Then Avdejič understood that the vision had come true, and that his Savior had in very truth visited him that day, and that he had received him.

## How Paper Came to Europe

**A**FTER stepping over some of the first stones in the stream of Time which led to the great art of printing, beginning with those printed (or impressed) by Nature herself, and passing to the seals and stamps of the Babylonians and ancient Egyptians, the invention of printing in Europe was really dependent on a plentiful supply of paper, which was not made possible before about the end of the 14th century.

Paper was one of China's most complete inventions. Nearly a thousand years before it set out on its progress to the West paper-making was a fully-developed art in China. The date of the invention is carefully recorded as A. D. 105 and Ts'ai Lun is generally regarded as the inventor.

Papers of every kind, made of rags, fishing nets, hemp, as well as plant and cotton fibre, were used in China for a thousand years before we knew anything about it in the Western world, and the invention of rag paper has been pushed back to the second century in China.

The great secret of paper-making was kept inside the Chinese Wall for six centuries; then the Arabs at Samarkand got hold of it.

War broke out between two Turkish chieftains, one of whom appealed to China for help, the other appealing to the Arabs. The Chinese were defeated, and among the prisoners were some paper-makers, who revealed the secret to their Arab cap-

tors. A factory was set up in Samarkand about the year 751, and the making of paper became an important trade. In 793 a rival factory was opened at Bagdad, where the famous Haroun al Raschid introduced Chinese workmen. Thence the secret spread to Damascus, which supplied Europe for several centuries with what is known as Charta Damascena. For five hundred years paper-making was an Arab monopoly in the West.

It would have been quite easy, for the secret to pass directly from Damascus into Europe, but it took quite another route. It passed along North Africa and through Egypt in the 8th century, where it steadily displaced papyrus, which had been the common writing material in that continent for at least 3000 years. From Egypt the secret passed to Morocco, about 1100, and then to Spain, which was its first appearance in Europe.

For a century the manufacture of paper remained in the hands of the Saracens, but as the conquests under the Crusades advanced it was passed on to France, where the first recorded paper-mill was set up at Hérault in the Pyrenees, in 1189, although for still another century Europe's needs were largely supplied from the Saracen mills of Damascus and Spain.

About 1276 the secret spread to Italy, which became Europe's chief source of supply in the 14th century. In 1391 the first paper-mill in Germany was set up at Nuremberg; while England obtained her supplies from Italy, France and Germany down to 1494.

It was this coming of paper into Europe that made printing possible, and it was the invention of printing which made the use of paper general.

## The X-Ray Looks at the Atom

**I**S there anything that the X-ray, which is the most wonderful pair of spectacles men have ever found to search for invisible, cannot see through?

It can see through a crystal. Sir William Bragg and the German X-ray man Professor Lane found that out some years ago. We can all see through crystals without spectacles, but when Sir William Bragg puts his X-ray glasses on he sees something in the crystal that no human eye ever could see. Even with his best microscope it could not detect, as the X-ray does, the way the atoms in the crystal arrange themselves.

Sir William Bragg was experimenting with X-rays before the twentieth century began, when his son Professor W. L. Bragg, of Manchester University, was only a small boy. In those days nobody knew what the X-rays were, or what they would do beyond the wondrous feat of showing up the bones of a hand or metal in a wooden box.

But father and son have been working at the X-rays for twenty years now, and their latest triumph has been to make the rays show up the arrangement of atoms in a drop of oil.

In a crystal, which we all know to be regular in shape, we should expect to find the atoms arrange themselves in a regular shape. The X-ray shows that they do. But, though oil will arrange itself in a liquid crystal, a pure crystal of oil is hard to find. The Braggs have found one. They have turned the X-rays on it and shown the arrangement of atoms in the oil; and this very curious experiment in pure science will presently have very valuable and practical results for us.

By showing up the arrangements of atoms it will reveal whether the oil is well suited for lubricating purposes or for other uses. The X-rays will soon be sorting oils for motor-cars and aeroplanes.





### To the Readers:

In the year that we are concluding with this issue the number of the cooperators of the Mladinski list has remained at the high standard as ever before, and, as the great volume of letters sent for the last two issues indicates, we are going to have even greater interest and a greater cooperation of the young brothers and sisters. The call for cooperation which we issued a year ago has turned out successfully, and now we are again awarding the members who have contributed the most and the best. We are aware of the fact that there are several others who have worked diligently and who deserve at least a small Christmas gift as a recognition; but our number of gifts this year is limited and we have to send it only to the selected few whom we thought to be the best and the most appropriate. The number of those who get the rewards is again sixteen, and we have printed the list in the Slovene Department, "Naš kotiček."

We hope that the holidays will bring joy and happiness to all of you. We would wish to extend this wish with some gift, but this time we have to limit ourselves only to the number of the contributors that were chosen. Each one of you will have the same chance next year; so do not miss it. Do not forget, as it was explained last time, that: You must work in order to get recognition, and that the S.N.P.J., which is sponsoring all these rewards, never forgets those who do not forget the S.N.P.J., or, as in this case—the Mladinski list.

**The Editor.**

Herminia Zora, Panama, Ill., Box 606, writes that her daddy is the secretary of their lodge. Of her jokes we select for publication this one: A blind man and a deaf man were walking by a monument. The blind man said to the deaf man:

Pat, can you see that fly walking on top of that monument? And the deaf man said: No, but I can hear it walking.

### A DIAMOND OR A COAL

(This poem by Christina Rossetti was sent by Olga Matelich.)

A diamond or a coal?

A diamond, if you please,  
Who cares about a clumsy coal  
Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?

A coal, sir, if you please;  
One comes to care about the coal  
At times when waters freeze.

Regarding his school, Bro. Edwin Wolfe, Ulrichsville, Ohio, Box 895, says: "I am pulling through the Eighth Grade fine. We just moved here last year from Lafferty, Ohio; we live near Tuscarawas River. My brother and I have done much fishing and trapping. There is a pipe and tile plant near our house in which my father and brother work. The wages out here are low."

Edwin sends us seven different jokes of which, we believe, this one is significant:

Teacher was once explaining about banks. Then she says: "Johnny, when your Daddy gets his pay, where does he give it to?"

Johnny: "Papa always gives his to the saloon."

Catherine Androna, Blaine, Ohio: The poem "Thanksgiving" came in too late for the November issue.—(Editor.)

Helen Zevnik, La Salle, 644 Lincoln ave., Ill., has sent some interesting riddles which will be published in January. Here we include one of her jokes. It's an Irish one:

**Hard Luck.**

Mrs. Casey: "Isn't your husband better yet?"

Mrs. Murphy: "Oh, sure, he's all right, but he can't go back to work yet, because there is some medicine left and he has to finish it."

Helen Zevnik wishes that Mary Tegel would write to her.

\*

Among other interesting items **Mary Brozovich**, Dawson, New Mexico, Camp No. 1, House 2267, says that her girl friend enjoys reading the M. L. Dawson is a mining camp, and Mary would like some girls from the cities write to her.

\*

**He Knew All about It.**

"Come at once, our baby has just swallowed a dime," said an excited Scotchman over the telephone.

"How old is it?" asked the doctor.

"Made in 1894."

**Emma Gorsha**, Universal, Indiana.

\*

**Anna Klobchar**, Finleyville, Pa.—Due to the lack of space, the story cannot be published this time.—(Editor.)

\*

**Frances Kochevar**, 13 years old, writes from West Frankfort, Ill. (Box 273):

"I do not see any letters in the M. L. from West Frankfort lately. Wake up."

She sends this joke on Pat and Mike:

Once they were on the ocean coming to America. The ship was sinking. Pat said: "Oh, Lord, save me and I will give you all my gold."

Mike: "Pat, shut up, you haven't any gold."

Pat: "Sh, sh! keep still. I'm just fooling him."

\*

**John Holecac**, Box 168, Anvil Location, Mich. In the seventh grade he prefers English and mathematics out of five subjects. Geography, reading, and hygiene are the other three. John's father is the secretary of the Lodge 236 SNPJ.

\*

**Mary Pasarich**, 710 McKinley Str., Elizabeth, N. J., relates: Last October 30, our school room had a play, with singing and dancing. The play was about Europe; that is, a trip back from Europe. A little girl was supposed to be unable to go to Europe. Some of the children were to bring back things from different European countries and cities, and some were to tell stories. I told a story about Birmingham, England. Others told about Moscow, Russia, London, Paris, Germany, Austria. And some of the children brought things back from Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Hungary, Poland, Ukraina, and Jugoslavia. It was a very nice play.

\*

The end of the story sent by **Violet Beniger**, Export, Pa., came to our office too late for the November issue. Here it is:

When the lady saw the beggar boy standing besides the road with the brown bag in his arms, she told her coachman to stop. The beggar boy was ashamed to go near her when she called him.—"Come here, little boy," she said again. I want to see what you have in your bag."—"I have a little red squirrel," said the beggar lad. Coming near he untied the string around the end of the bag and took the little animal out in his hand. "I want to sell it so someone who will be kind to it, and with the money I get I will buy my mother some food. She is hungry and sick and there is no one to care for her but I."

"Let me touch the little squirrel," said the lady. The beggar boy reached over and put the little thing in her lap. The squirrel looked right into the lady's face, as much as to say, "I am not afraid of anyone so lovely as you are."

"How much must I pay you for the little squirrel?" asked the lady.

"Enough to buy my mother a nice lamb chop and a mess of beans and a kerchief to keep her warm," answered the boy.

"Take this to your mother," said the lady. She took from her neck a necklace made from pure gold and gave it to the lad. "She can buy what she needs with this," she said. "And take this for yourself," she said again, handing the boy a purse that was heavy with money.

"Dear lady," said the boy quite overcome with his good fortune, "I cannot take all this from you. The little squirrel is not worth it."

"This squirrel shall be worth that much to me," said the beautiful lady, smiling at the beggar boy. "I am lonesome in my big house and I shall enjoy watching it play."

So the rich lady took the little red squirrel home with her. She put it in a silver cage and hung it up high in front of a big window. There the little creature played all day with plenty of apples to eat and nuts to crack. It had a little feather bed on which to sleep at night. Whenever the wind would blow and the snow would fly in front of the window, the little red squirrel would think about all the nuts that it had gathered. It would wonder if friends who had lived in the woods with it had found out where the nuts were. "If I could only find some one to tell them for me that the nuts are in the second hollow in the big oak tree," the little squirrel would say to itself. One day, when the wind was blowing harder than any other day before that winter, the little squirrel heard a funny noise at the window-pane. It looked out and saw that a bird had been blown against the window by the wind. It looked again and then nearly jumped out of its cage for joy. "Cheepie," it called scratching at the window. "Cheepie, cheepie. Look here, look here." At first the bird did not hear the little squirrel, but when she did, she fluttered about almost beside herself with

happiness. She came up close so that she could hear what her friend, the squirrel, had to say.

"Tell them that I am very happy in this big house," said the squirrel when it could finally talk. It was so happy to see its woodland friend that it could hardly speak at first. Then it told the whole story of how it came to the house of the rich lady.

"We have wondered so often where you were. And we have felt sad because we thought that perhaps something dreadful had happened to you."

"When you fly back to the woods, tell the other squirrels that the nuts I gathered are in the big oak, in the second hollow from the ground. I have wanted to tell them about it all winter."

"I will, I will," said the bird, "and we will come and see you, all of us. In the summer time, too, we will come to see you."

"That would be wonderful," said the squirrel, hopping about in delight.

The following riddles were contributed by Rose Gabriel, 13620 Crossburn Ave., Cleveland, Ohio:

Three heads, three backs, eight feet and one tail, what is it?

Two men on one horse.

How many sticks go into a crow's nest?

None, they were all carried.

Ray Louis Krecic, 3452 Independence Road, Cleveland, Ohio, contributes this:

#### The Snow Slide.

See all the little rabbits. They have warm fur coats. They have warm fur mittens. The rabbits like to play in the snow.

Josephine Pavlovich, Bridgeport, Ohio, is sending a rather long poem entitled "The child and the Dog," which cannot be printed this time. We wish Josephine would try something shorter and make a good poem out of it.

Valeria Koss, 17457 So. Aubin, Detroit, Mich., writes:

"I have not seen any letters from Detroit for a long time. I wish that more of the Detroit Slovene children would write. I am learning to write and read in Slovene and I hope to be able to write a letter in Slovene in a short time."

Anton Zgonc, Westmoreland City, Pa., Box 58, wants to be the first one from his town to write to the M. L. Anton reads Slovene, but he cannot write it. He is 14 and in the 8th grade. He wishes that other members would write him.

Jeanette Pierce writes from Gilbert, Minn:

"School has started in Gilbert and I am a freshy. I take these subjects: algebra, general science, "gym" and swimming, civics, and English. They are all easy, and in general science I am the most interested. I would like some boys and girls of the M. L. to write to me."

Mary Moyl reports from Kenosha, Wis.:

"We have lost one of our very best members of the Iliria society No. 38. He was the founder of the lodge and he named it and he was the oldest member. His name was John Sustersic."

Wilma Kuder from Ringo, Kansas, wishes that some member of the S.N.P.J. would write to her. She is ten this year.

Joe Marinac, Elmoro, Colorado, says: "We got our play books for Christmas. Our teacher read it to us and we all liked it. Snow has fallen and the hunters are hunting. They can see the tracks of animals on the snow."

#### A Problem in Fractions.

One night I came home from school with some arithmetic problems. I asked my Dad if he would help me. He said: "Yes, bring a knife, saucer and an apple." I sat down. "Now," he said, "if I cut the apple in two, what shall we have?" "Halves," I answered. "If I cut each half in two, what have we?" "Fourths," I said. He cut again and again until he had sixteen pieces. "Now, what have we?" he asked. As I did not answer promptly, he said: "Applesauce."

Angela Zupan, Hazel Park, Mich.

Matilda Krizner from West Newton, Pa., R.F.D. No. 2, Box 117, announces her twelfth birthday on Christmas day. Well, we all wish her merry Christmas and a happy birthday.

Martha Tomatich attends the sixth grade of the public school in Walsenburg, Colo. Her favorite subject is geography. She wants the M. L. to become bigger.

John Kobi writes from Duluth, Minn:

"Sunday, November 25, Anton Šubelj of the National Opera Company at Ljubljana, Jugoslavia, gave a concert of Slovene folk songs at the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium, which was nearly filled by the people. He was able to bring out the most wonderful expression with his pleasing gesture and masterful baritone voice. I shall never forget this occasion and when he comes again, I will hear him again.

## OBEY AND SMILE

Obeys and smile is now the rule  
For all the children of the school;  
Traffic officers well obey  
At the crossing every day.

Obeys and smile is now our game,  
In the streets we will not play,  
Abiding by each safety rule;  
For our slogan is, "Obey."

Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, Ind.

\*

Mary Lacey from East Helena, Mont., tells us that she is an orphan. Her father died two years ago and she has no mother, she says. She stays with her grandparents. She likes the Mladinski list and wishes that some of the readers would write to her. She tells us a little joke about the spelling of Tennessee. She does it this way: 1a see, 2a see, 3a see, 4a see, 5a see, 6a see, 7a see, 8a see, 9a see, 10A SEE.

\*

## A JOKE

Pat was talking to Mike: "I bet I can see three words that you can't."

Mike: "All right! Shoot."

Pat: "Table."

Mike: "Table."

Pat: "Dog."

Mike: "Dog."

Pat: "Wrong."

Mike: "Dog."

Pat keeps on saying "wrong" and Mike thinks it means that he is wrong, and gives up.

John Tomatch, Walsenburg, Colo.

\*

Henry Indof writes from Fitz Henry, Pa., Box 378:

"It snows here almost every day. It is nice to kick soccer and sled-ride. Fitz Henry has a soccer football team which wins all the time. They defeated Library on the 25th of November 2 to 1. Half of the players are young Slovenes. Two of my brothers play for Fitz Henry and the oldest brother is the manager. Two Kolence's boys play; the youngest one is a real star. All Slovene boys are good players. They would like to get games from other Slovene teams. If there are any such teams, write to me."

\*

Anna Marinich, Norris, Ill., Box 44, says that she will look eagerly for the mailman, because she expects some of the young brothers and sisters of the S.N.P.J. will be kind enough to write to her. Agnes Marinich, her sister, wishes the same thing.

Dear Editor:

I am learning Slovene now. I go to Lincoln School, 6th grade. There are twelve teachers and about 400 pupils. My brother Frank is in the 7th grade. I wish the brothers and sisters would write to me.

Mary Gregorin,

9 Douglas St., Little Falls, N. Y.

\*

Anton Novshek, Port Washington, Wis. He describes his high school: "I am a freshman now. Our high school has a large library and a good football team. Most of the players are seniors and next year the coach will have to try some of the younger boys. Our basketball team is good, too."

\*

Anton's brother Frank describes their home: "We live on a small farm on a hill from where we can see the roofs of all houses below. For pets I have seven guinea pigs and six rabbits. They are all very tame."

\*

John Holevac, Anvil Location, Mich.: "It takes too long to wait for the monthly Mladinski list; so I wish it would come weekly."

\*

Matilda Widmar, Chicago, Ill.: "I cannot read Slovene, but my mother is teaching me. I belong to the S.N.P.J., and so do my father and mother. My address is: 2622 So. Harding Ave."

\*

Mary Derner, Madison, Ill. She has several riddles, but we cannot publish them because she does not write what she thinks would be the proper answers.

\*

## AN OLD STORY

Once there were two boys who cleared leaves from a woman's yard, and she gave them a basket of walnuts. The boys thought they should divide the basket of walnuts in a quiet place. One said: "Let's go into the graveyard." So they did. The way they divided the walnuts was: one boy said, "I'll take this one, you take that one." A colored man happened to pass by when he heard a voice saying, "I'll take this one, you take that one." The man thought that two devils were dividing people. The colored man ran down the road till he met a white man. The colored man said, "There are two devils dividing people in the graveyard." The white man said, "Show me where they are." They waited on the other side of a fence and listened. Soon they heard the same voice say, "Let's get the other two nuts on the other side of the fence." The two men thought the devils were going to get them, so they ran and never came back to the graveyard again. Mary Zupancic, Library, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am in the 8th grade of the John Simpson Junior High School. I am a toe dancer and I will dance in our school for a Christmas program. I enjoy winter sports very much, sleigh riding and skiing. We have a club called the "John Simpson Jr. High School Club." (Our colors are orange and white.) The club is very interesting.

Mary Sabolich, Mansfield, Ohio.

**Gold changed to Dandelion.**

There was a selfish man who had a bag of gold. One night he said to himself: This gold is mine and I am going to keep it for myself; so he hid the bag of gold and went to bed. A robber was looking through the window and saw him hide the bag of gold. When the old man went to bed, he stole the bag of gold and ran away. There was a hole in the bag and when the robber ran, the gold fell out. In the morning a fairy came along. She saw the gold by the roadside and said: This is the old man's gold; I will not give it back to him. She changed the gold into dandelion which makes the children happy.

Anna Shaffer, Cuddy, Pa.

Mary Tiblajs reports from Sugarite, N. Mex., I was sick for about a week and had to stay home from school. I was very sorry because I had to miss the school. We had some basket ball games and I won most of them. I would be glad to play in some camp. I have to cook supper; so I close this letter with: Everybody, a merry Christmas.

Dear Editor:

From the Mladinski list I learn many things in Slovene. I read the stories, jokes, and riddles. I was glad to see a few letters from Library, Pa., written by Frank Sadler, Dorothy Rupnik, and Stella Ambrozich. I wish all the members would write; the boys also.

Emily Kralj, Library, Pa.

**MEMORIES.**

The orchard trees are all in bloom,"  
My mother wrote to me;  
"And fragrance comes into my room  
From your favorite cherry tree."

Across the plains she waits for me,  
My mother all alone.  
She often writes and tells me  
That she wishes for me home.

Then I do not see the fields between  
With harvest rich or bare,  
I can only see my mother waiting  
She is waiting for me there.

Sometimes I picture her at home  
Amid the flowers and trees  
And feel she sings and dreams with me  
Of poignant memories.

It is then I see the little home  
With blooming shrub and tree  
Oh, Mother, you alone can home  
How memories comfort me.

Sent by Johanna Kozel, Blaine, Ohio.

Other letters were written by the following young members:

Joe Marimac, El Moro, Box 37, Colo.  
Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio, Box 181.  
Pauline Anna Stefanic, De Pue, Ill.  
Dorothy Matelich, Indianapolis, Ind.  
John Zupancic, Library, Pa.  
Joseph Michcic, West Aliquippa, Pa.  
Emma Krizner, West Newton, Pa.  
John Stipetich, Cuddy, Pa.  
Josephine M. Indof, Smithton, Pa.  
Lucille Faraone, Broughton, Pa.  
Mary Kočevar, Ellwood City, Pa.  
Robert Furlan, Rockwood, Pa.  
Elizabeth Mirt, Willock, Pa.  
Agnes Sheroshik, Forest City, Pa.  
Frank Sheroshik, Forest City, Pa.  
Mary Kus, Greensboro, Pa.  
Albert Simonich, Lorain, Ohio.  
Mary Simonich, Lorain, Ohio.  
Jennie Kočevar, Ellwood, Pa.  
Joe Marinac, El Moro, Colo.  
Anna Dobrenic, Midland, Pa.



## Aesop's Fables

### THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A WOLF had been gorging on an animal he had killed, when suddenly a small bone in the meat stuck in his throat and he could not swallow it. He soon felt terrible pain in his throat, and ran up and down groaning and groaning and seeking for something to relieve the pain. He tried to induce every one he met to remove the bone. "I would give anything," said he, "if you would take it out." At last the Crane agreed to try, and told the Wolf to lie on his side and open his jaws as wide as he could. Then the Crane put its long neck down the Wolf's throat, and with its beak loosened the bone, till at last it got it out.

"Will you kindly give me the reward you promised?" said the Crane.

The Wolf grinned and showed his teeth and said: "Be content. You have put your head inside a Wolf's mouth and taken it out again in safety; that ought to be reward enough for you."

**Gratitude and greed go not together.**

\* \* \*

### THE HART AND THE HUNTER.

THE Hart was once drinking from a pool and admiring the noble figure he made there. "Ah," said he, "where can you see such noble horns as those, such antlers! I wish I had legs more worthy to bear such a noble crown; it is a pity they are so slim and slight." At that moment a Hunter approached and sent an arrow whistling after him. Away bounded the Hart, and soon by the aid of his nimble legs, was nearly out of sight of the Hunter; but not noticing where he was going, he passed under some trees with branches growing low down in which his antlers were caught, so that the Hunter had time to come up. "Alas! Alas!" cried the Hart:

"We often despise what is most useful to us."

### THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

ONCE upon a time a Wolf was lapping at a spring on a hillside, when, looking up, what should he see but a Lamb just beginning to drink a little lower down. "There's my supper," thought he, "if only I can find some excuse to seize it." Then he called out to the Lamb, "How dare you muddle the water from which I am drinking?"

"Nay, master, nay," said Lambikin; "if the water be muddy up there, I cannot be the cause of it, for it runs down from you to me."

"Well, then," said the Wolf, "why did you call me bad names this time last year?"

"That cannot be," said the Lamb: "I am only six months old."

"I don't care," snarled the Wolf; "if it was not you, it was your father!" and with that he rushed upon poor little lamb and —

Warra, warra, warra, warra, warra — ate her all up. But before she died she gasped out:

"Any excuse will serve a tyrant."

\*

### THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

IT happened that a dog had gotten a piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it in peace. Now on his way home he had crossed a plank lying across a running brook. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own shadow reflected in the water beneath. Thinking it was another dog with a piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water and was never seen again.

**Beware lest you lose the substance by grasping the shadow.**