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VSEBINA—CONTENTS

stran—page

| | |
|--|----|
| Brodnik. <i>Anton Aškerc</i> | 3 |
| Premagan. <i>Ivo Trošt</i> | 4 |
| Pastir in njegov pes. <i>René Duverne</i> | 6 |
| Kaj je doživela ribica..... | 8 |
| Neznano čuvstvo. <i>Ivo Trošt</i> | 9 |
| Opice — čuvaji nasadov. <i>Jos. Suchy</i> | 12 |
| Pravljica o treh bratih. <i>Marica Bartolova</i> | 13 |
| Kako moramo jesti sadje | 15 |
| Naš kotiček | 15 |

* * *

| | |
|---|----|
| The Flower-Magician. <i>Mary H. Wade</i> | 16 |
| Kelly's Dummy. <i>C. T. Jackson</i> | 19 |
| Little Billy and His Teacher. (Cont.) <i>E. Daanson</i> | 27 |
| 'Juvenile' Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc. | 30 |
| Practical Slovenian Grammar. (Continued.).... | 32 |

* * *

Slike—Pictures:

| | |
|---|----|
| Dva prijatelja | 7 |
| Gorski kot pozimi. <i>J. W. Trachtman</i> | 11 |

* * *

| | |
|--|----|
| Dragon Valley. <i>Elliott Daingerfield</i> | 21 |
| When Santa Comes | 26 |



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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

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ŠTEV. 1.

Anton Aškerc:

Brodnik.

Med skalami Sava šumi,
valove mogočne valí,
v naročaj jih Dunavu tira.
Čoln ziblje ob bregu se tam,
a ribič mi v njem sedi sam,
na veslo se truden opira . . .

"Hoj, starec, kar veslo zdaj v dlan
pa hitro na drugo tam stran
črez šumno prepelji nas Savo!
Čuj, turško rumeno zlató
plačilo bogato ti bó . . .
Če nočeš — ti vzamemo glavo!"

Molčita že polje in log,
tam ónkraj slavonski ostrog
v neskrbnem že spanju počiva.
Zaviti v plašč temne noči
ogledat poslani smo mí,
kod zdaj naš sovražnik se skriva..."

"Ne maram za vaše zlató!
Čemu mi pač ribiču bo?
Zastonj vas črez reko prepeljem!
Res, sivo že glavo imam,
a vam je nocoj še ne dam!
Rad vašim ustrezam poveljem!" "

Že čolnič ob brega leti
in nese oglednike tri . . .
Veslaja pa ribič ozira
srepó se v vrtenje voda,
ki rado se s čolni igra
in slastno na dno jih požira . . .

"Pač, hrabro srcé ti imaš,
izvrsten prevoznik si naš;
ni takega blizu okoli!
A nas tam pohvali glavar,
prekrasen pač čaka nas dar,
krasnejši nas ní še nikoli!"

"Na mestu!" — dé ribič krepko—
a veslo zažene v vodó . . .
"Tu vaše in moje plačilo!"
"Bes, djaur!" še krik iz valóv,
iz mokrih je Save grobóv —
potem pa vse tiho je bilo . . .



IVO TROŠT:

Premagan.

Povest.

Časih se je deklicam zares smilil, časih so se mu pa kar z dečki nerodno režale, tako je bil nepripraven in nespameten Guštinov Juro. Tudi doma se mu ni sreča obračala bolje kot v šoli. Vsak dan je naku-ril kako okroglo ali oglato, da so se mu morali smeјati. No, Juro je bil temu nava-jen, saj ni poznal drugačnega življenja. Celo sam se je največkrat pomagal režati lastni nerodnosti in nesreči. Menil je, da že mora biti tako, ko pa ni bolje. Zloben ni bil, zameril ni in tudi maščeval se ni v hip-ni nevolji. Zato mu ljudje niso zamerili njegove okornosti ne nerodnosti, ki so se mu vsipale na pot življenja malone vsak dan, da niso mogli razločevati, če je res vse po nesreči, slučajno ali nalašč.

Staršev ni poznal. Pri Guštinovih ga je še v plenicih pustila neznana ženska in joka-la sama dalje po svetu. Materi Guštinki se je smilil ubogi črvček. Ni ga hotela posla-ti k županu, orožnikom ali na sodišče; kar poleg domačih drobljancev se je zredil — eden več. Ta napol otrok je pomagal pasti živino in opravljal lažja dela pri hiši, ka-kor je že mogel in umel. Od Guštinove hiše je tudi hodil v šolo, in sicer prav točno in redno vedno v isto klop, na isto mesto in zmerom v isti prvi oddelek. Kakor on, tako je ostal tudi njegov napredek vedno na is-tem mestu, namreč prav blizu številke ni-čle, ki so se ji drugi redno odmikali vsak dan, vsak mesec, vsako leto. Juro jih v tem na svojo veliko žalost ni mogel posnemati. V štirih debelih letih je srečno izlezel iz Abecednika s tujo pomočjo in proti last-nemu prepričanju. Abecednik je namreč znal že prvo leto na pamet od prve do zad-nje črke, a črke ni poznal druge kot samo i. Vse ostalo je ropotal kakor očenaš, ali pa kakor bi Guštinova mati razstresala leš-nike Miklavžu na pot. V računstvu je bil nespravlјiv sovražnik vseh števil in števil-k. Poznal jih je le po imenu do 20 po vrsti. Če mu jih je kdo zmešal, pa nič; še manj, če bi jih moral primerjati, kar zaplesale bi mu pred očmi jugoslovansko kolo — kolo-kolovrat. V drugem oddelku je dosledno zamenjaval 35 in 53, 12 in 21 ... Ko so pa

tako podobne! Sto je napisal 9010 v naj-boljši veri, da ne more biti drugače prav. Ko je bil Juro vprašan računstvo, ni v šoli nihče računal: vsi so se smejali — tudi go-spodična učiteljica z njimi. Znal je Juro vse račune prav gotovo po svoje, a nobene-ga prav.

Prav nič bolje se mu ni godilo pri vero-nauku. Ako je hotel katehet vedeti, kdo je ustvaril prvega človeka je vedel Juro: "Hudobni duh; potem mu je dal jabolko." — Zakaj je bog ustvaril človeka? — "Za-to, da mu je zastoj delal v raju." — Koli-ko je tujih grehov? — "Nič, jaz naredim vse sam!"

Tretje šolsko leto je bil ob koncu dolo-čen Juro, da se pomakne iz Abecednikove-ga oddelka za stopnjo naprej že zaradi sta-rosti in napote, če bo znal vsaj za skrajno silo. Nič. Tudi skrajna sila ga ni zrinila. A kdo bi se bil rajši rešil tistih brbljavih Abecedarjev nego Juro, ki je računal že z enajsto pomladjo življenja. Danes še sa-mosrajcniki pricaplјajo s hlačami od za-daj na prekolj v šolo, ob koncu leta zupu-ste Jura v razredu svojim naslednikom. Odkod naj Juro vzame potrebno znanje? Odkod ga jemljejo drugi?

Pisava bi morda še ne bila zadnja, a bila je polna napak. Spisno nalogo je Juro zaokrožil in končal tako-le: V Lupoglavi, dene 32. junca 1919. Juro grešnik. (Pisal se je Grdešič.) — Gospodična učiteljica mu je vrnila popravljeno nalogo, a se ni mo-gla zdržati smeha. Prečitala je spričo vse-ga razreda samo konec, in Juro je slišal, da je ni polomil tako debele že davno.

"Kaj bi imel najrajši, Juro, ko boš ve-lik?" je bil vprašan še tisto popoldne. — "Orglice!" je odvrnil odkritosrčno in se veselo zasmel na glas, kakor da jih že drži v roki. V šoli smeh.

"Orglice ti kupi Guštinova mama, če le-tos izdelaa, Grdešič."

"Ne bodo jih ne!" — "Zakaj ne?" — "Ker — ker ne izdelam." — V šoli zopet smeh. — Nesreča se je zanj končala z računstvom: "Za tvoje orglice da mati 6 desetic, za Iva-na Guština 12 desetic. Koliko za oboje?"

"Nič, ker ne bodo šli jutri na sejem."

"Kako veš?" — "Ker — ker bodo šli oče, ki ne marajo orglic."

"Grdešič, ti paseš 10 krav, domači Ivan pa dve manj, koliko jih paseta oba?"

"Vse pasem zmerom jaz sam, ker sva prijatelja."

"Sedaj si star 11 let. Koliko boš star za osem let?"

"Toliko, da bom lahko služil za hlapca in sam si bom kupil orglice, pa k vojakom me bodo poklicali, če bo zopet vojna. K vojakom si pa kupim harmoniko. Tam bom muziciral."

"Letos ne boš izdelal, Juro."

"Dajte mi orglice, bom drugo leto prav gotovo."

Gospodična se mu nasmehne, razred buši v grohot, Juro je šlo na jok.

"O, naprej ne da nobeden orglic, tudi Guštinovi ne."

"Ali če pa izdelam drugo leto?"

"Jih dobiš pri Guštinovih, verjemi."

Juro je dvomil. Odkod naj vzame znanje?"

Tudi součenci se mu niso več smejali. Deklicam se je smilil, dečki bi mu radi pomagali. Domov grede so ga vsi obsuli in mu pripovedovali, kako bi moral rešiti račune ter se izogniti pogreškom. Deček se jim je zasmel na glas skozi solze: "Ko pa precej pozabim! Preveč je tega! Ne morem si zapomniti."

"Moral bi začeti polagoma vse od kraja!" so uganili učenci.

"Od kraja, da, od kraja, pa paziti bi moral; jaz pa mislim kdovekam," potrdi Juro in pogleda vsakega posebej, kakor da ga prosi pomoči.

"Letos je prepozno!" so mu odgovorili in se razšli.

"Pa drugo leto zaslužim orglice," zavriška veselo in drvi za veselimi otroki. Doma je pripovedoval svojo nesrečo. Guštinova mama se mu je smejala in obljubila orglice za prihodnje leto, če izdela.

Tisto leto ni izdelal. Želja po napredku ga je vendar popolnoma prevzela. Jokal se je, ko je videl šolsko naznanilo brez pravičice za višji razred. Še tisti dan pokliče domačega Ivana in mu reče: "Tebi dam orglice drugo leto, ko dovršim razred, če mi boš vse od kraja pokazal med letom."

Ivanu se je smilil premalo razviti, a dobrobrčni sirotek. Potrdil je pogodbo.

Še med počitnicami sta ponavljala zamujene nauke na paši. Juro je pa vračal za oba. Počasi se mu je omehčala tudi glava in odprla, da je za silo mogel vendar nekaj stlačiti noter. Sam je trdil naslednje leto, kadar je odgovarjal v šoli dobro in prav dobro, da je tudi on odprte glave: ne samo, kadar zija, marveč tudi, kadar je in pije. Vedno sta bila skupaj z Ivanom. Do konca leta je znal do malega vsega dovolj za prestop v višji razred.

Guštinova mama ga ni preživela. Umrla je nekaj tednov pred koncem leta na nepopisno žalost Ivanu in ostalim otrokom, tudi Juru. Najbolj ga je seveda žalostilo, da ne dobi orglic in jih ne bo mogel dati Ivanu, kakor sta domenjena. Noč in dan je mislil, pa ni izmodroval nič pametnega. Zadrego potoži Ivanu. "E, kaj boš tisto? Samo, da znaš, Juro. Mene ni nič stalo, če sem ti pokazal."

Juro je umel stvar drugače in tudi ukrenil drugače: "Odriniti mu orglic ne morem, torej tudi znati ne smem, česar me je naučil." — In res! Proti koncu šolskega leta je odgovarjal prav tako kakor lani. Vsi so se čudili, se mu smejali in režali. Gospodična ga vpraša: "Kako da si doslej odgovarjal tako dobro, a sedaj ne znaš?"

"Ker, ker nimam orglic za Ivana. Mama so jih obljubili, a ne dali — so umrli; jaz sem jih pa obljubil Ivanu, da me bo učil."

Ivan Guštinov je nekako sramežljivo pojasnil pogodbo zastran orglic in prijavil, da jih je nazadnje odklonil. Gospica učiteljica seže v žep in da Juru 6 svetlih desetih za orglice. Juro je bil premagan. Sedaj je odgovarjal povsem dobro. V tem času so pa součenci in součenke, sledeč zgledu svoje učiteljice, skladali za nove orglice na mesto, kjer je sedel Juro, po novčiču in po desetici, kakor je kdo mogel. Z vidnim zadovoljstvom je opazoval Juro izpred mize med sitno preizkušnjo rastoči kupček na klopi. Ko je dovršil, je bolj zletel kakor skočil v klop, pograbil denar in ga nesel Ivanu. Ta se je branil in odrival denar prijatelju.

Vsa šola se je čudila njihovi ljubezni in poštenosti.

René Duverne:

Pastir in njegov pes.

Saj veste, kaj je antipatija med ljudmi? Ali ste pa čuli tudi že o antipatiji med človekom in živaljo?

Silna je bila antipatija, ki je vladala med pastirjem in psom.

On je pasel čredo v Alpah. Najeli so ga sredi leta, ker je stari pastir umrl na vročici in mrzlici. Pes je bil pri čredi že več let in je poznal vsako ovco posebej. Svojemu prejšnjemu gospodarju je bil zelo vdan, in mogoče je baš vsled tega sovražil novega pastirja.

Že pri prvem srečanju sta se spogledala. Pes je zarenčal in pastir je zagodrnjal. Od takrat sta se gledala po strani. Pašnja je ležala na veliki rebri med gorskimi vrhovi. Nihče ni poznal razmerja, ki je vladalo med človekom in živaljo, nihče razen male pastirice z rožnimi lici, ki jima je vsako nedeljo na otovorjeni muli prinesla živeža za ves teden. Toda mala pastirica se je bore malo menila za sovraštvo med psom in pastirjem. Ovce so mulile sočno travo in drugega jim ni bilo mar. Morda so podzavestno tudi one slutile, da nekaj ni v redu. Skrito in tiho je bilo sovraštvo, ki je tlelo brez določnega vzroka, nikdar ni izbruhnilo na plan, živelo je v dušah, a zdelo se je, da bo vsak hip planilo na dan kakor zver, ki preži za grmom. Pastir je pretil z gorjačo, a udaril ni. Pes je kazal zobe, a ni ugriznil. Občevala sta med seboj na kratko, pastir s trdimi besedami, pes s presekanim lajanjem. Nič več. A v njunem glasu se je skrivalo besno sovraštvo, ki je vzbujalo grozo.

Zvečer sta oba legla v lesenj koči, pokriti s slamo — pastir ob desni steni, pes ob levi, med njima pa je ležal širok, prazen prostor.

Zdela sta se kakor dva roparja, ki so ju zaprli v skupno ječo, in ki prežita na vsako priliko, da bi se pobila. Toda vedela sta, da sta drug drugemu potrebna, in zato sta se priložnosti izogibala — istočasno, ko sta jo iskala.

Nekega večera se začuje bolešno cviljenje, in takoj nato prišepa pes izza granitnih skal proti koči, se zlekne na tla in

jame otožno ječe lizati svojo taco, ki vidno oteka. Morala ga je pičiti kaka kača. Pastir se mu približa in ga opazuje. Gad, morda? V hrastovi omari se je nahajalo vse orodje, ki je bilo potrebno za injekcije seruma ovcam, ki jih je pičila strupena žival. Pastir si ogleda vbrizgalno cevko, iglo in stekleničico. Nato se vrne k psu, ki leži nepremično, težko sopeč, iz gobca mu visi jezik, polodprte oči pa se vročično leskečejo. Medtem mu je oteklo tudi stegno, in vse telo se trese v mrzličnih sunkih. Okrog njega brenče muhe, on pa nima niti toliko moči, da bi jih odgnal. Pastir ga dolgo časa motri in na ustnicah mu igra zločest nasmehek. Noč postaja vedno temnejša. Ovce žalostno mekečejo, čuteč, da ni psa za njimi, vse zbegane kakor vojaki brez poveljnika. Končno pa se le zberejo v gosti gruč pri pastirski koči in vohajo za vlažnim vetrom.

Pastir pljune psu v gobec in se vrne v koč, da si pripravi juho.

Pes je ozdravel. Živali sploh hitreje ozdravijo brez človeške pomoči.

Nekaj tednov za tem pa se je pastir med skalami spodtaknil in si zlomil nogo. Poskušal je vstati: nemogoče, kaj šele, da bi se privlekel do koč. Kost se je zlomila sredi stegna in bolečine so mu onemogčale vsako tudi najmanjše gibanje.

Ležal je na travi pod strmo granitno skalo, spodaj pod njim pa se je razprostiralo pobočje in na vznožju se je vila dolina, skrita za mecesnovim gozdičem. V teh krajih se je redko pojavil kak lovec. Včasih ni bilo žive duše po cel teden. Nesreča se je zgodila v torek in mala pastirica ne bo prišla s svojo mulo nič prej kakor v nedeljo.

Pastir je v duhu že gledal brezkončne samotne ure, polne trpljenja, lakote, žeje, mraza, vročice. Čutil je sklenje na ranjeni nogi in zgrozil se je, ko je pomislil, da ga čaka strašna smrt. Solnce ga bo žgalo neusmiljeno, ponoči pa ga bo tresel hlad in zvezde na nebu ga bodo le zasmehovale. Spodaj v vasi bo šlo življenje svojo pot in

nihče ne bo čul njegovih prošernih klicev in tožb.

Tedaj se je spomnil na psa.

Pes je stal pred njim in ga gledal, kakor ga je gledal zadnjič pastir. Gledal ga je, v njegovih očeh pa je sijal zasmeh, pomešan z začudenjem, kakor da ne ve prav, da-li je šala ali resnica.

Pastir zaječi. Pes privzdigne ušesa: še nikdar ni čul ječati človeka. Poloti se ga nemir in celo strah, kakor da je zavohal v zraku nedoločno grožnjo.

S silnim naporom se skuša pastir dvigniti in ječe naznačiti psu, da je ranjen, brez moči in v nevarnosti. Poskus je bil opasen, kajti pes bi mogel planiti nanj in na njem utešiti vse svoje neizmerno sovraštvo. Toda to mu je bil edini up, da prikličje pomoč.

Pastir upre svoje oči v psa in iztegne

roko proti dolini ter zaječi proseče, s solzavim, mehkim glasom, kakor ga še ni čul:

— Idi . . . Hiti po gospodarja . . . hiti po gospodarja . . . privedi ga . . .

Pes se ne zgane. Dobro je razumel, kaj hoče pastir. Težak boj se vrši v njem. Za hip odpre rdeče čeljusti in pokaže svoje bele, močne čekane. Rep mu nervozno opleta ob trup.

Nato zbeži. Trikrat obkroži horizont, kakor da išče v prostoru odgovora na vprašanje, ki tli v njegovi notranjosti. Potem obstane pri pastirju in ga ogleduje, se zazre v dolino, njegove pasje čeljusti pa se spačijo v ironičnem usmevu.

In nato odhiti s trebuhom ob zemlji po pobočju navzdol naznanit ljudem, da je človek, ki ga on sovraži, potreben pomoči.



Dva prijatelja.

Veter.

Veter sem, veter,
naglo letim,
drevje podiram,
strašno bučim.
Ceste pometam
listja, prahu,
deci narejam
dosti strahu.

Z glave klobuke
mečem po tleh,
hodim ter piham
kakor star meh.
Vrata zaprite,
okna in hram,
da ne pripiham
v hišo še k vam!

Iz Gabršek-Razingerjevega berila.

Kaj je doživela ribica.

V bistrem gorskem potočku se je porodila ribica. Ko je bila malo odrasla, se ji je zdela struga preozka, in sklenila je potovati z valčki naprej in naprej. Kako lepo se ji je zdelo, ko je plavala med jelšami in vrbami. Kalužnice, perunike in spominčice so se ji priklanjale. Hipoma je začela zastajati voda in prihajati bolj globoka. Bil je jez pred žago. Ko si je ogledovala ta novi svet, so priplavale tri račke širokotačke in jo hotele ujeti. Komaj jim je ušla v ozki žleb. Po žlebu pa je voda silno drla. Preden se je ribica prav zavedela, se je zavrtila po velikem mlinškem kolesu v globočino, da se ji je kar zmotilo v glavi.

Ko se je malce odpočila, je nadaljevala svojo pot. Priplavala je do vasi. Šolarji, ki so šli ravno čez brv v šolo, so jo opazili ter klicali: "Riba! Riba!" Ribica pa je hitro smuknila naprej do tolmuna. Razveselila se je tolstega črvička, ki je plaval po vodi. Bila je že lačna in hlastnila je po njem. V tistem trenutku jo je vzdignil ribič nad vodo. Na srečo se ji ni bil trnek dovolj zapičil, in ko je mahnila z repno plavutjo, je zdrknila nazaj v vodo. To jo je izučilo in bila je odslej previdnejša.

Kmalu je priplavala do iztoka potoka v reko. Ej, to je bilo veselje! Plavala je dalje in dalje. Ob reki je držala lepa, široka cesta. Ob cesti pa so stali visoki drogi, med katerimi so bile napeljane žice. Ribica se je prestrašila, da je morda zopet kaka past. Ko pa je videla, da posedajo lastovice mirno po žicah, se je pomirila.

Po cesti so drdrali vozovi, a ribica jih je pustila kmalu za seboj. Samo kolesar se je vozil nekaj časa vstric nje. Ko pa je pridrdral nasproti avtomobil, je hitro šinila proti drugemu bregu.

Plavala je mimo vasi in trgov in prišla končno do mesta. Občudujoč njegovo krajso, ni opazila dečkov, ki so se kopali v vodi. Zaletela se je enemu v nogo. Hitela je mimo peric in dospela do velikega železniškega mostu, čez katerega se je baš pripeljal dolg vlak. Drdranja in žvižga lokomotive se je tako prestrašila, da je prekinila svoje potovanje in sklenila tamkaj prenočiti. Našla je v vodi dovolj živeža in se ni zmenila za moža, ki ji je iz čolna ponujal mrežo.

Drugo jutro je nadaljevala svojo pot. Švignila je mimo velikega broda, na katerem se je peljalo nekaj ljudi in živine čez reko. Dohitela je plav, ki je plaval mirno po gladini.

Reka je bila vsled mnogih dotokov že precej narasla, vendar je bila še pravo dete proti orjaku veletoku, ki se je izlivala vanj. Ribici je postajalo tesno pri srcu, zlasti ko je pribučal po vodi parnik. Plavala pa je naprej in naprej. Voda je postajala vedno bolj mirna. Kako živahno je skakljajl potoček, kako hitro je drla reka, a veletok se je valil vedno bolj leno. Jedva je opazila, ko se je izlival v širono morje.

Slana voda ni ribici prav nič ugajala, in ko je hlastnila po njej velikanska morska riba, ji je bilo dosti. Hitro je smuknila nazaj v veletok. Polastilo se je je tako domotožje, da bi bila najrajši zaprosila zrakoplovca, ki je jadral visoko v zraku, da bi jo vzel s seboj.

Po mnogih nevarnostih in težavah je dospela ribica po veletoku zopet v reko in iz reke končno v potoček. Videla je mnogo sveta, a štela se je srečno, ko je bila zopet doma.



Ivo Trošt:

Neznano čuvstvo.

Pri Dolinarjevih je bilo vse v neredu. Mlajši otroci so se boječe spogledovali, kaj se splete iz teh zmešnjav v hiši. Oče Dolinar je postajal zamišljen ob vsakdanjem opravilu, kakor da ne ve, kaj bi, kako bi. Mati je navadno sedela ob zglavju najstarejšega sinka Zorka in v prevelikih skrbah za njegovo zdravje pozabila često skuhati ostali družinici prepotrebne hrane, pospraviti po hiši in pogledati, kako se vedejo drugi otroci. Zorko se je bil prehladil takoj ob prvem hujšem mrazu začetkom zime, zbolel je in sedaj leži, zdihuje, kliče, mamico in ata, a ne pozna, ne sliši, ne vidi nikogar — ječi večinoma v nezvesti. Bolest ga je zgrabila za vrat in mu zaprla kmalu tudi besedo, da govori samo prav potihem, zagrljeno, pridušeno. Tako hudo ga davi zavratna bolest in tako silno. Zlobna je ta bolezen in neusmiljena. Nihče ne ve, odkod se je utihotala v vas. Začela je daviti otroke po hišah, pred njo se pomika strah, za njo žalost in jok. Najbolj veselega in pridnega otroka zadavi, pa ga nesejo v jamico, ki jo izkoplje stric grobar na pokopališču. Tam je zato toliko križev in poleti cvetic, da imajo malčki lepše posteljice. Stric grobar tako majhnega mrlička v majhni, sinje popleskani krsti tudi zakoplje v jamico globoko pod zemljo. Mrliček spi in nič ne sliši, ko ga pokopavajo in jočejo za njim mamica, sestra in bratci, tete in sosede. Samo stric grobar ne joče, ko ga pokopava. Mamica ne more ustaviti solz za svojim ljubljencem. Bratci in sestre ihto in zaman kličejo dragega iz lesene hišice, iz globoke jamice. Zaman! Nič več ne more k njim in oni ne morejo k njemu.

Kaj bi ne bilo vsem hudo! Predobro se spominjajo, kako se je še pred nekoliko dnevi zdrav, čvrst in vesel igral z njimi, skakal, prepeval, vriskal. Oče si na skrivaj obriše solzo, mamica pa sama ne ve, kam bi se dela v neizmerni boli, ki ji stiska srce. Najrajša bi se na pokopališču kar še sama pogreznila v jamico in tam objela svojega ljubljénčka mrtvo telesce, ga pritiskala na srce in pritiskala, pritiskala na vseh vekov veke.

Toda mamica ve, da bi bilo to brez vsakršne koristi za ubogega sirotka, ki jo je moral ostaviti doma v morju bolesti med svojimi bratci in sestricami. Ona mora tudi za te skrbeti, jih učiti, negovati, opominjati, svariti, snažiti, hraniti. Kaj naj počno brez mamice bedni črvički! Kakor nekdanj oni, ki mirno spančka v hladni jamici, imajo tudi ostali prostorček v maminem sreću.

Nekaj podobnega je nepovabljen bolezen zasnovala tudi za Dolinarjevo družino.

Dolinarjev Zorko je bil materin prvi ljubljénček. Med vsemi drobljanci najstarejši je imel v hiši največjo veljavo, ko je bil še zdrav. Njegova želja se je premenila prav gotovo v ukaz, pa če bi se imela zaradi tega hiša obrniti narobe. "Dajte mi, če ne, bom pa jokal!" je zagrozil mali tiran mamici. In če se mu ni izpolnila želja, je pa jokal, ne samo jokal, marveč rjul, tulil in vpil kot črednik na vasi po cele ure, kričal in se drl do hripavosti. Po materini dobroti in obzirnosti je tudi navadno dosegel, kar je zahteval. Mlajši bratci so spoznali, da je to način, ki jim gotovo prinese dobiček, če kaj zahtevajo, pa so ga izkušali posnemati z neprijetno godbo, če jim mamica ni ugodila. Ali menite, da je bilo to Zorku prav? A! Še dražil jih je, da je taka godba nelepá: "Dreja, drugo, Dreja, le drugo! To že poznamo, po njej se ne ravnamo, Dreja, drugo!" Ako to ni dovolj zaleglo, je začel kar s silo uveljavljati svojo voljo. In mali samodržec je znal biti krut gospodar, brezsrčen poveljnik.

Oče in mati sta ga često opozarjala na to razliko; sam dela prav narobe od tega kar zahteva od drugih. — "Kaj pa, kadar ti počneš?" — "Jaz, hm, jaz sem pa — jaz," se je režal mladi neugnanec in nadaljeval svoj nelepí posel. Zato ga mlajši otroci niso klicali nič kaj radi za posredovalca. Ako se je vnel prepír za kos kruha, za hruško, jabolko ali piškot, je ukrenil razsodbo tako, da je njemu ostala stvar, ki se je zanjo začel prepír, ali si jo je kar

samovoljno prilastil. Zato sta ga roditelja svarila neprenehoma izlepa in izgrda. Opozarjala sta ga, da začne kmalu obiskovati šolo, kjer bo moral rad ali nerad ostaviti to razvado: v šoli velja vsekdar in za vsakega pravica, a nikoli samovolja. Ako kdo hoče v šoli siloma ugoditi svoji volji, je kaznovan. Enako je v družbi in državi. Zorko se je široko režal in ponavljal svoje prazne izgovore, kako in kaj počne, da bo uveljavil povsod svojo trmico. Roditelja sta svarila vedno ostreje, osorno in tako ostro, da so se mlajši otroci že stresli v strahu, kaj se zgodi, če se mamici in očetu ne poleže upravičena jeza. Kar zdrznili so se ob tem, kako je grdo, če sta oče in mati huda na tako neposlušnega otroka, kakor je Zorko, za zlo tako zreli Zorko. Mama je vpričo vseh zajokala na glas, in obupno vprašala dečka: "Samo kaj bo še s teboj, Zorko, Zorko — neposlušni, trmaisti otrok! Tak človek ni za šolo, ne bo za družbo, niti sam zase ne bo nič prida. Saj ne mara nobeden lakomnika, sebičnika. Oh!" — In otroci so vsi zajekali z mamico, samo v Zorkovih očeh ni bilo solze, ne znaka kesanja. Najraši bi se bil zarežal kakor obično: "Dreja, drugo! Dreja, le drugo! To že poznamo! Po njej se ne ravnamo! Dreja, drugo! . . ."

Tisto jesen je začel s šolo.

No, v šoli je bila drugačna godba nego Dolinarjevega Zorka "Dreja, drugo." Zato ni mogel še tako kmalu z njo na vrsto, doma pa ni bil nič boljši. Tisto popoldne, ko se je Zorko, mali navihanček, poslednjič vračal iz šole, je bil prvi zmrzli sneg. Dognati je bilo treba, če je že dovolj trd in pripraven za drsalnico, kjerkoli je steza visela navzdol ali se je ponujala strma reber s hriba ob poti. Zorko je pridrvel domov gologlav, zasopel, razpet in ves razgret. Solnce se je že nagibalo za obzorje, Zorko bi moral z doma šele iskat čepico, ki ga je zapustila nekje na snegu. Šolsko torbo je kar vlekel za seboj, kakor da vozi sani z drsališča. Doma se je zaletel naravnost na škaf, kjer se je napil mrzle vode. Potem je šele pripovedoval v mnogih presledkih, kako je zunaj mrzlo, pa njega nič, prav nič ne zebe, ker se ne boji mraza kakor tisti paglavci, ki hodijo z njim ali

so pa danes ostali kar doma, ker jih je zeblo. Mama je bila silno žalostna njegovega junaštva. Oče je od nekod izdrl šibo ter zapodil širokoustnega bahača po čepico na drsalnico. Nekaj je ugovarjal, da ni on kriv, ker nima čepice, marveč čepica sama, ki je prav brez njegove dovolitve ostala v snegu. Zakaj mu je pa zletela z glave? Nič ni pomagalo! Zbal se je šibe in odšel jokaje, kakor da se mu godi največja krivica. Pozno zvečer se je vrnil objokan in brez čepice, ki se mu ni hotela oglasiti v snegu. Oče je vedel, da bi jo ponoči iskal zaman.

Zorko zleze na peč in strmi predse. Niti večerje se ni lotil. Domači so menili, da zopet užaljen kakor po navadi kuha onemoglo jezo v stari trmi. Tako je počenjal doslej še vselej, ko ni obveljala njegova. Po večerji je takoj poiskal ležišče in na tistem legel rdeč kot kuhan rak. Ko se mu je približala mamica, je potožil, da ga boli glava. — "Kaj pa, ko te živ krst ne užene ves dan," de mati nevoljno in odide.

Zorko ta večer ni mogel zaspiti. Vročina ga je kuhala in mraz ga je stresal. Pred seboj je natančno videl očetovo šibo in izgubljeno čepico, ki ga ni iskala, marveč se mu je grozno grdo režala izpod snega, mu kazala jezik in rožičke in navzkriž v obeh pesteh — fige. Očetov obraz je ves jezen, čepica ga pa draži: "Na, tu gori sedi, pa boš videl Benetke!"

Drugi dan je ležal v nezavesti, govoril nerazumne besede vedno bolj hripavo, tiše in tiše, slednjič je samo šepetal kdovekaj.

Tiste dni je bil pri Dolinarju res velik nered, ko je ležal Zorko bolan. Mlajši otroci so morali mamico klicati od njegove posteljice, da jim je skuhalo najpotrebnejše hrane, pa še so bili lačni, kakor da so po ves dan tešči. Saj se jim je zdelo, da je ni, pa je ni več mamice, ki bi se ji tiščali za predpasnikom vedni lačni, vedno nemirni in vendar tako srečni. Sedaj je mamica samo pri Zorku, pri tistem Zorku, ki ga nima in ne more imeti rada; tako je povedala že stokrat sama. Kako? Ali ga ni zmerjala: "Ti grdi otrok! Neposlušni trmoglavec!" — Otroci so se spominjali še prav dobro, da je mama čestokrat segla

tudi po šibo, a deček se ni bal mame ne šibe. Ta neposlušni deček! Smejal se je in dražil ubogo mamico, se ji režal in jo oponašal. A danes, kakor da je mama pozabila na vse njegove žalitve, kakor da ima samo še njega na širnem božjem svetu.

Noč in dan bdi, sloni, sedi, dremlje in spi ob njegovem ležišču, kakor da ni drugih otrok in drugih opravil v hiši. Ali mora tako? Kdo je ukazal? Kako je mogoče kaj takega slišati!

(Nadaljevanje.)

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Gorski kot pozimi.

John W. Trachtman.

ZVITI FRANCEK.

Mati je dala Francku jabolko, da ga razdeli in najboljši del izroči svojemu mlajšemu bratcu Pepčku. Čez čas vpraša mati:

“Francek, si razdelil jabolko?”

“Sem.”

“Si odstopil najboljši del Pepčku?”

“Da, dal sem mu peške.”

Mati se na to zelo razhudi, Francek pa svoj čin razloži takole:

“Pepček je še zelo majhen in ne more

pošteno požirati koščkov jabolka, dočim jih jaz z lahkoto pogoltnem. Če pa zasadi peške, ki sem mu jih dal, bo vzrastlo drevo in čez leta bo Pepček imel cele škafe jabolk.”

Mati teh zatrdil svojega zvitega sinka Francka res ni mogla zavriniti, huda je pa nekaj časa še vseeno bila, ker muhasti Francek pri razdeljevanju jabolka pač gotovo ni mislil na bodoče koristi majhnega Pepčka.

Jos. Suchy:

Opice — čuvaji nasadov.

(Indijska pripovedka.)

Za časa kraljevanja Brahmadatte v Benaresu so ob priliki ugodnega zvezdnega stanja oznanili ljudstvu, da se bo v mestu vršilo veliko slavlje. Odkar je prebivalstvo čulo prvi udarec na boben, je vsakdo mislil le na to slavlje.

Takrat je v kraljevem parku živelo mnogo opic. Čuvaj nasadov v parku si je mislil: "V mestu so razglasili, da se bo vršilo veliko slavlje; zaukazal bom opicam, naj pridno zalivajo nasade, sam pa se udeležim praznovanja."

Stopil je h glavarju opic ter dejal: "Dragi glavar! Ve opice imate vendar toliko koristi od parka, obirate cvetje, sadje in brstje. V mestu so razbobnali veliko slavlje, katerega bi se jaz rad udeležil. Ali bi ve med tem časom zalivale mlada drevesca?" — "Dobro, dobro, bomo že storile." — "Pa izvršite nalogo dobro!" je priporočal čuvaj ter jim izročil usnjate cevi in čebre za zalivanje sadik.

Opice so zalivale drevesa z usnjatimi cevmi in čebri. Opičji glavar pa jim je rekel: "Čujte, opice! Varčujte z vodo. Predno vlijete vodo na drevesa, jih izrujte

ter si oglejte korenine. Če koreninijo globoko, morate več vode doliti, drugače pa manj. Pozneje bomo morebiti težko dobile vode."

Opice so tako storile.

Moder mož pa je opazoval, kako so opice pustošile po kraljevem parku ter jih ogorčil: "Opice, zakaj izdirate mlada drevesa ter jih oblivaste po dolžini korenin?" — "Tako nam je priporočal naš glavar," so odgovorile. Ko je modrec to slišal, si je mislil: "To moram reči, če hočejo neumnosti storiti kaj koristnega, napravijo le zlo." In dostavil je: "Kdor je zgolj za škodo sposoben, ne prinaša sreče, tudi če hoče koristiti. Norec dobro le razruši. Tako delajo opice v parku."

Vsak po svoje pameten.

Na dvorišču neke norišnice je hodil človek ter vlekel za seboj obrnjeno samokolnico.

"Zakaj pa imaš obrnjeno samokolnico?" ga vpraša zdravnik.

"Če bi je ne obrnil, bi mi gotovo naložili opeke vanjo."

Cvetinomirski:

DEHOR IN LISICA.

Basen.

Gostočega se s kokošjo zapazi nekoč lisica iz bližnjega grmovja dehorja. Pocede se ji sline, za hip postoji — in že se ji veselo posvetijo oči; skokoma se požene iz grmovja naravnost mimo dehorja in kakor da ga je bila samo mimovihraje opazila, zakriči s sopihajočim glasom: "Beži, stričko, beži, če ti je življenje drago! Volkovi so mi za petami!"

"Volkovi? Jojo!"

In dehor, ves prestrašen, takoj izpusti načeto kokoš ter jo ubere za lisico. V treh širokih skokih jo dojde in v svojem begu je tako nagel, da jo kmalu tudi pusti za seboj, drveč bliskoma čez drn in strn.

Lisica teče še nekaj časa, ko pa vidi, da je izginil dehor že kdovekam pred njo v daljavo, se zasuče in se urno povrne k ostavljeni kokoši.

"Dober tek, zvitoropka!" si smeje vošči sama sebi ter se zadovoljno spravi nad kokoš. "Na prav lahek način sem si pripravila večerjo . . . Zakaj bi se tudi trudila, ko je pa toliko neumnost na svetu! Saj mi sami nosijo jedi pred nos . . . Še skubsti mi ni treba putke, vse to delo je že opravil stričko dehor . . . O, dehor — ne samo od svojega telesa tudi od neumnosti smrdiš, da je jo!" —

Marica Bartolova:

Pravljica o treh bratih.

Bili so nekdanj trije bratje: Siniša, Hrvoj in Slavko. Ko so odrasli, so živeli nekaj časa lepo složno pod eno streho. Njihov dom je bil tako bogat in čarobno lep, da so bratom bili sosede jako zavidni. Poizkusili so na razne načine, kako bi si osvojili krasno in bogato bivališče, toda ker so bili bratje čuječi in složni, se sosedom niso posrečile njihove nakane.

Tedaj si je sosed izmislil drugo zvijačo. Začel je Siniši šepetati, da hoče Hrvoj sam biti na domu gospodar, Hrvoju pa, da si hoče Slavko sam zase osvojiti lepi dom. Izprva niso bratje verjeli prekanjenemu sosеду, ker je pa ta jel metati zdaj enemu, zdaj drugemu bratu drobno, zlato jabolko, so se bratje naposled res sprli in zasovražili. Sosed si je zadovoljno mel roke, se škodoželjno smehljaj ter vabil brate vsakega posebe pod svoje okrilje. Hrvoj in Slavko sta se kmalu dala pregovoriti, da sta sosedu izročila vsak svoj del prekrasne imetje ter sta z imetjem pribežala tudi sama pod zaščito zvitega soseda.

Siniša, ki je bil trdnější in značajnejši je ostal sam. Žal mu je bilo sicer, da sta se mu brata izneverila, toda mislil si je: vajina glava — vajin svet.

Delal, trudil se je ter boril s pohlepniimi sosedi na levo in desno, da si je ohranil samostojen dom in svojo svobodo.

Hrvoj in Slavko, ki sta mislila, da bosta lepo živela pod sosedovo zaščito, sta kmalu spoznala, da ju sosed izkorišča prav grdo. Očitata sta sosedu izkoriščanje najprej nalahno, potem glasneje, naposled sta se pa pritožila na ves glas.

Sosed se je pa razkoračil, pokazal svoje ostre zobe, vzel bič ter udaril po nezadovoljnih bratih. Vedno češče in češče je padal bič po hrbtu ubogih bratov, da sta se jima hrbta skrivila in da udarcev že skoro nista čutila več. Kakor hitro sta se zganila, kakor hitro sta odprla usta, da bi terjala v svojem jeziku svoje pravice, je udrihal bič. Kmalu sta spoznala, da sta nova pravcata sužnja in da jima vse pritožbe ne pomagajo več.

Ko je mogočni sosed videl, da je ukrotil brata popolnoma, ko je videl, da je njegova moč velika, se mu je zahotelo še Siniše in njegovega doma.

Napovedal mu je vojno. Vojno je napovedal lev — mali miški. Toda Siniša, dasi majhen, se je boril po levje; odbijal je svojega sovražnika z nadčloveškimi močmi.

Brata Hrvoj in Slavko, ki sta v robstvu še komaj dihal, sta pomagala bratu sprva skrivaj, ko sta pa videla, da omaguje njiju gospodar, pa bolj očitno. Siniša se je boril z nadprirodno močjo, in nekega dne je bil mogočni sosed premagan in uničen.

Bratje so se veselo objeli in zaukali v veliki sreči, da se je razlegalo do nebes. Napravili so pojedino, ki je trajala več dni in noči, jedli so in pili, peli in plesali.

Naposled so se le iztreznili ter šli vsak po svojih opravkih. Hrvoj in Slavko, ki nista mogla verjeti, da sta osvobodjena, sta se veselila še nadalje in pela slavo svojemu bratu Siniši . . .

Bratje so združili svoje imetje ter začeli živeti skupno pod eno streho. Nekaj časa so si bili dobri in složni. Nenadna svoboda je pa Hrvoja in Slavka tako prevzela, da sta se začela trkati na prsi ter kričati Siniši: "Kaj boš ti! Naju glej, ki sva se navzela šeg in navad ter omike svojega mogočnega gospodarja! Midva znava vse, ti nič!"

Siniša je sprva molčal ter dovolil bratoma, da se nabahata in nakričita v osvobojenem domu.

Brata pa sta čedalje bolj dražila Sinišo ter ga grdo obrčala in opljuvala, kadar sta prihajala v njegov del skupnega domovja. Zdaj je pa bilo Siniši dovolj. Zarjul je z levjim glasom: "Vzemita si zopet vsak svoj del, jaz vaju ne potrebujem več!"

V svoji prevzetnosti sta šla in rekla, da hočeta živeti neodvisno od brata Siniše ter neodvisno tudi drug od drugega. Toda komaj sta storila to, sta ju naskočila dva mogočna soseda, ju pobila ter si osvojila njihovo lepo imetje.

Kako moramo jesti sadje.

Milan je od sile rad jedel sadje. Najsi je našel jabolko v cestnem prahu, ni ga ovi-ralo, da ga ne bi pobral — in v usta ž njim. Nekoč pa je obolel za nalezljivo boleznijo. Nakopal si jo je, ker je jedel nesnažno sadje. Dolgo ga ni bilo v šolo. Ko pa je slednjič ozdravel in prišel, je porabil učitelj priliko ter razložil, kako moramo jesti sadje. Takole je pravil:

“Ko opazujemo, kako jedo nekateri sadje, vidimo takoj, da bi se marsikaj ne smelo dogajati. Marsikdo vzame jabolko, hruško, češpljo i. t. d. v roko in, ne da bi natančneje pogledal sad, ga dene v usta. To priča o nečednosti. Na sadju je navadno mnogo prahu, cestnega in vrtnega gnoja, črvov, sploh stvari, ki lahko jako škodujejo. Poleg tega potuje sadje navadno skozi marsikatero roko, ki ni ravno temeljito umita in čista, večkrat imajo pa tudi lastniki teh rok kako nalezljivo bolezen.

Priporočam vam, učenci, da ne uživate neočiščenega sadja. S tem pa še ni rečeno, da morate sadje oprati v vodi, kar dela večina tistih, ki jedo sadje. Oprano jabol-

ko nima več tistega dobrega okusa kot neoprano. Še manj pa smete lupiti sadje, in sicer iz dveh vzrokov ne. Prvič mora vsak, ki je večkrat sadje, pritrditi, da tiči to, kar daje jabolku n. pr. prijeten duh, svež okus, edino le v olupku in da se z olupkom vzame jabolku tudi njegov pristni in dobri okus. Na drugi strani je pa olupek eno najboljših sredstev za pravilno prebavo hrane in čiščenje želodca in črev.

Da sadje lahko zauživaš, da mu ne jemlješ ne okusa in ne odvajajoče lastnosti, zadostuje, da ga dobro obrišeš s čistim robcem, morda poprej še obdrgneš z nožem po koži, da odstraniš nesnago, ki se trdo drži olupka, potem ga pa še obrišeš z robcem. S tem si popolnoma zadostil zdravstvenim zahtevam pri uživanju slehernega sadja.”

Milan še nikoli ni tako pazljivo poslušal v šoli, pa si je besede učiteljeve tudi zapomnil. Sadje je rad kakor pred boleznijo, ali vedno ga prej osnaži po učiteljevem navodilu.

Deklica in mačka.

Štiriletna kmečka deklica in dobra domača mačka sta gojili med seboj veliko prijateljstvo. Deklica ni mogla živeti brez mačke in mačka ne brez deklice. Hodila je spat k deklici v posteljo. Ko je mačka dobila mladiče, jih je imela samo par dni na skednju, potem pa jih je z velikim ponosom prinesla v posteljo k deklici, ki jih je

bila zelo vesela, in je odslej mačka tam s svojim zarodom prenočevala. Hišna gospodinja je napravila tej idili konec in poglala mačjo družino v kravji hlev, spalnico deklice pa je trdo zaklenila in okno zaprla. Nekoč pa je bilo okno odprto in drugo jutro je našla gospodinja v postelji pri hčerki zopet vso mačjo družino . . .



Naš kotic.

Uganke.

1.

Mladinka — planinka,
 ženka — dolinka,
 starka — primorka. *reka*
 (Oton Župančič.)

2.

Očetov otrok, materin otrok, pa nobene-
 ga človeka sin? *hči*

Rešitve ugank.

23.

Redkev.

24.

Rak.

Rešilci.

Po eno uganko so rešili:

Mike Machek, Carlinville, Ill.
 Mary Kosenina, Ramsey, Ohio.
 Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Frank Medle, Wauwatosa, Wis.
 Ljudmila Zdolšek, Collinwood, O.
 Mary Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.
 Julia Manhard, Sheboygan, Wis.
 Angelina Krowley, La Salle, Ill.
 Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.
 Mary Vogrinc, La Salle, Ill.

Angela Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill., je pravilno rešila uganki št. 21 in 22; Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa., je rešil uganko št. 22 in Angelina Krowley, LaSalle, Ill., je rešila pravilno uganko št. 21, toda njih rešitve so prišle prepozno za zadnjo številko.

V prihodnji številki bodo navedena imena tistih, ki so rešili največ ugank v zadnjem pol letu ter dobijo nagrade in pohvale.

Dopisi.

Dragi urednik! — Že precej časa nisem poslala nobenega dopisa v naš priljubljeni Ml. l. in vidim, da tudi moje sestre in sobratci niso več tako marljivi kot so bili, ker je malo dopisov. Minili so nam božični prazniki in nastopilo je novo leto 1925. Dragi tovariši in tovarišice, poprimimo se zopet dopisovanja v Naš kotic, da se tako bolj seznanimo kar nas je mladih čla-

nov S. N. P. J. in čitateljev Ml. lista, ki smo razkropljeni po celi Ameriki.

Še enkrat priporočam vsem čitateljem Ml. Lista, da se bolj vneto poprimejo dopisovanja, Tebe, dragi urednik, pa prosim, da nam greš na roko ter urediš naše dopise kar najlepše moreš. Pozdrav vsem mladim kakor tudi odraslim članom S. N. P. J.!

Angela Butcher, East Moline, Ill.

POZOR!

Ta številka je tiskana še v 'Narodni tiskarni', kjer je bil tiskan 'Mladinski list' od svojega začetka dalje. Prihodnja številka pa bo tiskana v novi, moderno opremljeni tiskarni S. N. P. J. — v naši lastni tiskarni. 'Prosveta' že par tednov prihaja iz lastne tiskarne, 'Mladinski list' pa bo od sedaj naprej tudi tiskan tam. Stroj, na katerem bo tiskan 'Mladinski list', baš te dni postavlja. Tiskarna S. N. P. J. ima namreč dva tiskalna stroja, in sicer velik rotacijski stroj za tiskanje 'Prosvete' in manjši navaden tiskalni stroj za 'Mladinski list' in za tiskanje knjig, letakov in dr. — Ker je bilo potrebno v tej številki priobčiti ves material, tako da ne bo nič ostalo v stari tiskarni oziroma, da ne bi bilo treba prenašati stavljenih stvari, je moralo izostati mnogo dopisov, zlasti v angleškem delu. Dopisovatelji naj torej ne bodo vznemirjeni, če ne najdejo svojih dopisov v tej številki. — Prihodnja številka bo izšla že sredi februarja meseca, a marčeva številka pa že začetkom marca. Od marca meseca naprej bo torej 'Mladinski list' izhajal vedno takoj prve dni v mesecu, ne pa koncem meseca, kakor sedaj. Vem, da boste vsi zadovoljni s to spremembo. Požurite se z rešitvami danes priobčenih ugank in z dopisi, kajti — kakor prej rečeno — bo prihodnja številka izšla že okrog 15. februarja!

Hvala vsem malim bratcem in sestricam za voščila k novemu letu in pozdrave! To novo leto je že četrto leto, odkar prihaja 'Mladinski list' k vam. V teh kratkih letih se vam je priljubil, a v bodoče ga boste še rajši imeli, ker bo kolikor najbolj mogoče izboljššan tako po vsebini, kakor po obliki.

Bratski pozdrav vsem! Urednik.



JUVENILE



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The Flower-Magician.

By Mary H. Wade.

What has been most interesting to you in the fairy stories that you have read? Was it not the magic wand by means of which common stones were turned into gold, and rags into silk garments?

It was very wonderful, and no doubt you wished for such a wand yourself, but believed it was quite impossible to possess one, even if you hunted the world over.

Now there is a quiet man in the western part of the United States who has found a magic wand and uses it for the good of others. If he were selfish and thought only of what he could gain for himself, it might become useless.

The name of this man is Luther Burbank, and the wand which he possesses was given him by no fairy godmother. It is his own patient, observing mind which has knocked so persistently at Dame Nature's door, that she has been forced to open and reveal her secrets.

This great magician is generally spoken of as the most successful breeder of plants in the world, which he has not only made richer by giving us new fruits and vegetables, but more beautiful with new and lovelier flowers.

Luther Burbank was born in the little town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, on the seventh of March, 1849. The boy's father was a great lover of books; his mother cared most for the beautiful things in the world around her. As Luther grew up he showed a love for both beautiful thoughts and beautiful objects. He had the nature of both parents.

Even when he was a baby he was not like other children. Sometimes, as he lay in his cradle, his mother or one of his

sisters would bring a flower and place it in his tiny hands. He would not crush or drop it, as other babies would have done, but would hold it tenderly until it drooped and faded. It seemed as though he felt in some dim way that it was a living thing. One day something happened to one of the flowers which Luther's sister had brought him. A petal fell off while the baby was holding it. This seemed to trouble him very much. He picked up the petal and tried to put it back in its place. He worked very patiently to make it perfect once more, but the tiny fingers could not do what the busy mind wished so much.

As the baby grew older and could trot about from place to place, he did not care for pet animals, like most children. Instead of these he chose plants for his friends. One of the plants which he loved very dearly was a lobster-cactus. It grew in a pot and, with this in his arms, the little fellow would toddle about, indoors and out.

One day a sad thing happened. Luther fell down, and the plant which he was carrying so tenderly was broken from its stem. He could not be comforted; he felt that he had lost a dear friend.

As he grew up, he was sent to school. All his teachers were pleased with him, for they quickly noticed his fondness for study. It was not only what he found in the books of the schoolroom, however, that interested him. A very great book was spread out for him to read in the world round him. It was the book of Nature. The pages were so many that there was no end to the treasures to be found there. The birds and the insects, the flowers and

the trees — there was so much to learn about them! Luther never grew tired of his studies.

He enjoyed boys' sports, too. He played games; he fished and hunted; but after all he was happiest when in the company of Nature herself. His eyes were so bright that they saw many things which others passed by.

One day he was standing near some men who were putting together the parts of a mower. There was one piece for which they could not find the proper place. The boy watched them quietly, but did not speak until they were about to stop trying. Then he stepped up to one of them and pointed to a place on the machine where he thought the bit of iron should be put. The man did as the boy suggested, and lo! the mower was complete and ready for use.

"But how did you know that was the place for the piece of iron?" somebody asked him.

"Because you couldn't put it anywhere else," Luther answered.

One of the dearest of his friends was a young cousin, the son of a minister. This boy was also fond of Nature, but particularly of rocks and stones, the study of which we call geology. He was much older than Luther, and was a close friend of Agassiz, the great scientist. No doubt this young man helped to keep his cousin interested in the wonders of the world around him.

When Luther was old enough, he studied in the academy of his home town in the winter. Then, when summer came, he worked in a factory in Worcester. The days in the factory were long and the work was hard, while the wages were small. Luther received three dollars a week, and it cost him at least three dollars and a half a week to feed and clothe himself.

Though he worked so hard, he was not supporting himself. But the boy was not discouraged. He set his mind to work and invented a machine which would do the work of six men. The people who employed him were so pleased that they raised his pay.

"That boy will be a great inventor yet," many a person thought in those days. He might have become one, without doubt, but when the time came for him to decide upon his life-work, he chose something which no one else could have done, and he has never been sorry.

Summer after summer he worked in the factory, but never for one day did he forget the work which he knew he loved best in the world. He wished to help Nature by making old things better than they were, and new things better than the old.

At last the time arrived when Luther left the factory for good, and began to raise seeds and vegetables in a little market-garden. A great day came—it was a red letter day in the young man's life and could never be forgotten. He found himself greater than an inventor; he was a creator.

Some time before this he had been watching the potatoes in his garden very closely. The green tops were not all alike, and one of them had something not found in any of the others. It was a seed-ball.

Luther said to himself: "If I plant this seed-ball, quite different potatoes will grow from it than from the other plants."

He watched the seed-ball carefully. One day, when he went to look at it, it was gone. He was greatly disappointed. What could have become of it? He began to look around, and at last found it upon the ground, where a stray dog had possibly knocked it down as he ran past.

From this very seed-ball came the delicious Burbank potato. No doubt your father has heard of it, but perhaps he did not think of the man who developed it. At the very time when Mr. Burbank first raised it in his little market-garden, many people feared that there would soon be a potato famine, because these vegetables were becoming poorer every year.

It is now said that this country has gained twenty millions of dollars through Mr. Burbank's discovery. He himself sold the seed which he had raised for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Soon afterward he had a slight sunstroke from working in his garden on a hot summer's day. When he got better, he thought

of California, where he felt he could live out-of-doors without any fear of the sun. Then he could work to his heart's content among his plants.

Not long afterwards he started for California, taking with him ten of his new potatoes. He was now twenty-one years old and had saved only a small sum of money. He reached San Francisco and then traveled northward till he came to a valley among the Coast Range mountains.

When he arrived there he tried to find work, but it was not so easy to get as he had hoped. He went from one place to another and failed each time. His money was going fast, and he was almost discouraged. Then he heard that help was needed on a new building in a town not far away. He went to the place and asked for work.

"But you have no tools," he was told. "Get a shingling hatchet and you may have the job."

He went away and spent nearly all the money he had left for a new hatchet. He came back quite sure that he could now

get work; but, sad to say, some one else had been given the job while he was gone.

He did not stop to think of his bad fortune, but set out once more, and this time he got a chance to clean coops on a chicken ranch. For months afterwards he slept in one of the coops every night because he did not receive pay enough to hire a room. Sometimes this work on the chicken farm failed and the young man did not have money to buy enough food to keep him alive. Then he was obliged to go to the meat market in the village, where he was given the bones which had been laid aside for dogs. He gnawed away the meat from these and thus satisfied his hunger.

After a while he got work in the nursery of a hothouse. The job was a steady one, but the pay was so small that even now Mr. Burbank did not have money enough to hire a good lodging. His employer allowed him to sleep in a bare room over the hothouse. It was so damp there that the young man's clothing was wet all the time.

(To be continued.)

RIDDLES.

What is that which occurs twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years?

The letter M.

When is a very angry man like a clock fifty-nine minutes past twelve?

When he is just going to strike one.

What question is that to which you must always answer 'yes'?

What does y-e-s spell?

What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a thief?

O I C U (Oh, I see you!)

Which is the gayest letter in the alphabet?

U, because it is always in fun.

Why is a very discontented man easily satisfied?

Because nothing satisfies him.

What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter?

Herein: he, her, here, ere, rein, in.

How does the postage stamp have the advantage of the small boy?

It can never be licked but once.

My first is a vehicle, my second is a preposition, and my whole is part of a ship.

Cab-in.

What is it that is a cat and not a cat, and yet is a cat?

A kitten.

Kelly's Dummy.

By Charles Tenney Jackson.

Young Kelly, the fire guard, set out for the deepest fastnesses of the Mt. Pisgah forest reserve with instructions from the chief which, at least, were unusual for a forest ranger to obey. He was to hike off alone, lose himself in the wilderness of wooded ridges and valleys, as far as the men of the station were concerned, and then start a fire.

"You see, Kelly," concluded Chief Glenn, at Station One: "The service is going to give a demonstration of the aerial fire patrol which the Government is thinking of adopting. They left it to us to get up a test that'll show whether the air scouts can spot a little smoke quicker than our boys on the lookouts. So you are to get back in the hills and make a little dummy blaze tomorrow, and we give 'em four hours to discover it. These are all your orders—hide yourself out and let 'em find you—only don't start anything you can't take care of!"

"Yes, sir," grinned Kelly. "I can lose myself all right! And gettin' a little smoke above the trees won't be hard."

"The observer will signal you when he spots your dummy—then he'll beat it for Station One, and we'll see if we can send the force in to the locality on his report in record time. It'll be easy for you, Kelly—it's the boys who go on the emergency call that'll get the rough work."

Fire Guard Kelly saw the gray wings of the plane resting on the open space before the main station building as he started off on his jaunt. Jim Atwell, the pilot and observer, yelled commiseratingly at him.

"Say, Kelly, your legs'll get tired before mine will chasing you! But don't you go to sleep out there and let me come back reporting that there's nothing to discover. Get me something I can see."

"Must be some smoke where there's some fire—and I got to keep warm, anyhow," retorted Kelly, swinging his blanket roll higher. "So long, Jim!"

Then he hit the trail joyously out over

the shoulder of the Blue Ridge, and in half an hour was climbing up a creek bed among the boulders by a way known to the foresters but which became worse and worse going among the laurel thickets as the afternoon shadows lengthened.

All the time Kelly was thinking out his problem of making the job harder for Jim Atwell of the aerial patrol.

"Of course he ought to spot any considerable smoke much better than the fellows on the lookout towers," ruminated Kelly. "If I put the dummy out on a ridge anywhere where the boys on Little Bald or Chunky Peak can locate it easy, it won't be fair to Jim; and if I hunt a hole where it isn't in reasonable range of a lookout it won't be treatin' 'em right. The weather is fine for good visibility for the lookouts, but I don't know just how much of a smudge to send up to give the air observer a decent chance at it."

By five o'clock he had crossed two smaller ridges of the autumn-clad hills, and thought it was about time to make his lonely camp. Sleeping out and going "on his own" was a joy to young Kelly, and not nearly so monotonous a job as standing day after day at one of the isolated hill stations of the foresters' fire patrol.

Sitting on a weather-smooth crag of one of the unnamed spurs which offered a great vista of the labyrinth of blue valleys and forested ridges, wave after wave of them as far as he could see, Kelly tried to think out how he would play the game tomorrow. Never having been in the air he wondered just how much of a smoke he would have to raise so that the aerial scout, looking down upon the thousands and thousands of acres of dense woods—hills, gorges and cliffs—could spot the dummy. It must be small, for the theory of the air forest patrol was that an observer above could discover a tiny wisp of smoke that might smoulder for days and days before it grew to an intensity which would betray itself to the distant hill stations on look-

out. Air currents might drift the smoke along deep gorges under the forest covering and dissipate it so slowly into the general and ever-hazy atmosphere of the Blue Ridge, that often the lookouts, miles away, could not be sure that a fire had started until it had grown to destructive volume.

"Instructions are to have the dummy in to visibility at eight to-morrow morning," said the fire guard to himself. "Raise a fair little smoke and then get off on the ridge and watch Jim Atwell come whoofing around these parts looking for it. As Jim's got to locate and map down this smoke on about a hundred square miles of woods, he'll be searchin' low and careful—and of course, if he don't find anything he'll blame it on me for not givin' him a chance! Anyhow, I'll be givin' the boys back at the station a sweet hike to follow me in here."

Kelly had struck off the last faint trail four hours ago and made his way by creek bed and ridge to his present bearing, but with his compass and wood sense he had no fear about finding his way out easily.

From his feet the slope fell away steeply down for some four hundred feet, a giant scar of split and ragged rock with young pines growing in its crevices and the patches where soil could find lodgment. The crown of the peak was a round rock dome, a "Bald," as the Carolina natives called these features, and the great rock slide ended in a primitive forest below. Kelly knew from the darker streak of laurel in the oak and pine forest there that there was a "branch" where he would find water and good camping out of the keen winds that struck the "Bald" after night-fall.

So he shouldered his pack and began to slide and scramble down the irregular, up-tilted strata. Halfway down to the woods he slowly thought that this would be as good a camouflage as any to start his elusive "dummy" to-morrow.

"A little smoke risin' up out of that timber and trailin' against the rocks won't be too easy to locate," grinned Kelly. "I ain't goin' to have these air fellows think it's just pie findin' trouble that'd take us boys

on the stations a couple of days to turn up."

He looked critically at the lay of the land as he reached the heavy timber line. Although everything was dry, and a runaway fire would have a great chance for immense damage if it went beyond control, the weather was fair and calm; and Kelly had no fear of his dummy's breaking bounds.

"I'll make camp right under the end of this rock slide out of the damp, turn in and have a good little smoke going in that green laurel to-morrow. Then when Jim's through with his scouting, I'll put it out and wait for the gang. There'll be a sore lot of 'em when they know how far I led 'em and into such a mess. They got nothing to go by but the observer's report and the topographic map—and a little horse sense. The lookout tower men'd never find a blaze here until it got up the mountain a bit, sure!"

So Fire Guard Kelly cooked his bacon and made his coffee, and spread his blankets under a jutting end of the rock slide. It was a great hole for sleeping out, and though he made a careful search of the cavern lest some rattlesnake, not yet housed for the cold weather, might be already a tenant, he was disappointed. Even a rattler might have enlivened things a bit.

Then young Guard Kelly rolled in his blankets, feet to the embers of his carefully raked-up fire, and fell into healthy slumber to dream that he had been appointed Chief Forester, and had had a big raise in salary.

A couple of times in the night he was awakened to realize sleepily that the wind was singing through the great pines of the gorge and that a scattering autumn leaf or two was swept over his blanketed ears. But he pulled the covers closer and dropped off again. The mountain winter was subject to sudden drops in temperature and keen gales'sweeping up the gorges, but Kelly, housed under his rock, minded it not at all.

At dawn he was out, shivering as he laced his boots, and then raked back the

ashes of his fire to find an ember in the little pit he had made and protected by a few rocks. The wooded valley below him was a sea of waving pines and brown oaks, and Kelly began to doubt the feasibility of a dummy fire until the wind went down. After breakfast, when he hoped for this lessening, there seemed no chance.

"Jim'll never get off the ground anyway,

the accumulation of other years as well as the present season. And the gale was sweeping more up and across the rocks to the bare round top of the "Bald."

"Never do in the world!" cried Forester Kelly. "Be crazy to take any chance on it to-day! I'll just take a pleasant hike back this afternoon after the time limit has expired for Jim to be smoke hunting."

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Dragon Valley.

Elliott Daingerfield.

I don't believe. If he did he couldn't find a smoke, for it would take a big one to get out of the timber and make a showing in this breeze. Don't believe I'll take a chance."

He raked up his fire again and covered it while he went off on an inspection up the big rock slide. The cracks and crevices were filled with leaves and blown pine needles, in some places many feet deep,

He sat on an outlying spur facing the other way from his camp and watched the wooded valley. The sun was high and the sky as blue as the famous sapphire country of the Blue Ridge range would ever see it. Great visibility, thought Forester Kelly, and he went to picking up, with his field glasses, familiar peaks in the distant mountain line.

Then he started, dropped his glass and

began to search the green slopes with his own keen eyes. Something unusual had caught his vision. Presently he jumped up and yelled.

"Well, that boy's come out in his old bus after all! Say, they have a nerve, thinkin' I'm goin' to set out a smoke in this weather!"

He stared again at the distant airplane which he could just make out far over one of the lower ridges against the sky line. After a while it was plainly to be seen, careening and dipping as it breasted the gale, and when he had passed the ridge it sank lower against the wall of forest and continued eastward.

Kelly watched it doubtfully. "Goin' down to that altitude which doesn't look much more than a thousand feet to me, I guess Jim really thinks the dummy'll be out. Seems to me the chief should have told him I'd have more sense than to do it! Well, I'll just let him spend a cool mornin' huntin' around. I'd hand in a resignation before I'd start anything to-day. Any ranger would know better."

But determined to keep the scout plane in sight, more out of curiosity than any other motive, young Kelly climbed around on the slide again and began to ascend the "Bald". On this side the wind hit him hard and cold, and a hundred feet up he rolled down in a crevice filled with brown leaves and concluded to blow a bit and think about Jim's foolishness. Even against orders the forester resolved to let the airman search in vain for the dummy. Orders were orders, but commonsense was better in this case.

From here he could look down to his little camp site under the foot of the slide, easily marked by the few dead oak and gum trees where some long-forgotten forest fire had stopped, finding nothing on the rocky "Bald" to feed its progress. Everything below this was fine young woods and glade.

"If Jim's really making a fire scout he'll turn up this side of the valley after awhile," mused Forester Kelly. "But maybe he'll go home when he sees how the weather is here. I reckon Station number One isn't

getting the breeze I am over the main range, or the Chief wouldn't have sent him."

Not seeing the airplane any longer he was lazily watching down the rock slide when, above the tugging of the wind, he heard a sharper noise—a splitting sound that grew to a heavy explosive roar and ceased.

Kelly knew what it was. Some old tree on the mountain side had given up its fight against the everlasting winds, lost its root-hold and gone down among the younger growth. He didn't even give it another thought until he happened to look down the rock slide. Then he sat up and stared. Against the young pine green he saw a faint blur of blue. And his experienced eye noticed a change in the timber line there. He leaped to his feet.

"The big old oak that was just below camp has gone out! But—that's smoke, sure as shootin'!"

Instantly he was on a rapid, careful dash down the rock slide, dodging young pines and jumping ancient cracks and washouts. A hundred feet away he redoubled his efforts—there was a faint film of smoke drifting towards him. Kelly was astonished and enraged at the thought that he had left any fire unguarded even for half an hour. It was an unpardonable sin in a forester's code—the one thing that the service taught and warned about to all the careless, ignorant public—campers, fishing parties, lumbermen and squatters around the National reserve.

Young Kelly gave a yell of amazement when he cleared the last splintered boulder and saw his recent camp. His fire had broken bounds!

Not that he could help it. Such a thing as a great dry, hollow oak hulk, filled with leaves that were like tinder, coming down with a sweeping blow across his blanket-roll, cooking kit and the carefully chinked in ashes he had left, and erupting leaves and splinters over them, was an accident that no man could have foreseen.

But as he raced to the spot and noted how the few embers had been scattered and then leaf-strewn, and that a tiny line

of fire was eating up the rock slide with a whirl of oak leaves above it, Kelly knew that his job was ready for him. Instantly he realized that he couldn't stamp it out. He would have to fight the back fire from the timber below and confine it on the sides, which providentially the wind would assist him to do, but every man in the stations could not have checked that blaze now shooting up the slide to the top of the "Bald."

"Let her go!" yelled Kelly, and dragging his blankets from under the oak top, he ran to the spring a few feet along the slope, wet them and began to beat out the slow but eager back-fire. He couldn't hurry the fight either lest the flying leaves scatter it further, and where the dry stuff was too thick, he kicked and cleared a space, parting the fire line from the other. Clear to the foot of the rock slide he wormed this out and then turned back to see that no points escaped him. This was the danger side, for opposite, the flame spreading from the oak top had roared for a few minutes to a spur of bare rock, licked off the creepers and died away. But Forester Kelly went encircling the blazing area time and again watching for unseen starts of back-fire. Then he stopped and looked gaspingly up the rock slide.

"Well, if that ain't a regular volcano! Gone two hundred feet already and still shootin'! Not much there but a few scrub pines and laurels, and they're scattered—but I can't have this blaze workin' around the side."

After another thorough inspection of the forested space below, he went clambering the rocks fifty feet away from the streak of blazing hill. Five hundred feet up there he saw the white bald cap of the mountain glistening in the cold sunshine. And suddenly young Forester Kelly laughed shortly.

"There's a father of smoke bowling up a hundred feet above old Bald, and if Jim Atwell can't see that he better take something for his eyes!"

But as he panted up the rocks Kelly knew that great danger still lurked. Leaf-filled crevices and clumps of grass and

bushes in the spots where soil existed were feeding the runaway fire now, but with the wind whipping it over on the right flank, up which he was clambering, it might find fiercer fuel around the shoulder of the mountain. Kelly couldn't stop its forays but he might desperately check it from danger spots if they were not too big for a one-man battle.

When he came to a debris-filled crack leading away from the fire area, he cleared it out as best he could, throwing the twigs and leaves out where the wind whipped them over the smooth rock. He couldn't be certain that trouble would come this way, but he would take no chances.

The fire guard was surprised that the blaze found so much to grow on up the rocky slope of the "Bald." The little pine islets were roaring furnaces and the wash-outs were spouting flame and smoke. He looked over other possible danger points, and then climbed on towards the round dome of rock. To his left was the fire area with its van far above him, and to his right a straggling laurel thicket which he did not wish to ignite, for its other side spread the dome cap of the little mountain.

"You never can tell where a fire'll jump to," he reflected as he pushed through the thickets on a detour. "I want to see what's ahead and down the other side of the dome. If it gets in the valley there'll be chances of a million dollars' worth of big timber goin' up the spout."

Axe in hand he was twisting through the laurel clumps, when he felt a sting on his hand. A tiny burning wisp had struck it.

"Bad doings!" muttered Kelly, and redoubled his fight. If the fire reached the thickets it was no use to fight it, but he wanted to see if this was to be. Somewhere out on the rocky space to his left and above, he might check it at one spot which would save the day—just a bare and lucky chance, he reasoned, but it was his duty to look for it.

Breaking through the laurel he plunged over the rocks again. The cap of Bald mountain had a great streamer of smoke pouring westward, and he saw tongues of flame against the boulders below it. The

fire would die out there, but this flank with the thickets was the danger point. Forester Kelly went on to meet the enemy out on the slope. Once he thought of Jim Atwell and his airplane. Jim must have discovered the smoke and put out for Station Number One long ago, unless he was up there admiring this mountain-size dummy.

"Half a dozen lookouts have seen it, too," laughed Kelly. "There'll be a grand rush here this afternoon, and maybe they won't bless me!"

But it was no laughing matter when he saw that burning leaves and grass were skimming over the smooth rock slope up and towards the laurel. Little fire invasions were spreading below his point also, but they did not worry Forester Kelly. He could get through the thickets and below to the open rocks ere he could be cut off. But while he was climbing slowly, "marking down" points on the ragged spear-point of flames where they seemed to be fiercer than in others, he heard a sudden humming through the smoke clouds.

"Well, James!" he yelled. Looking up he saw the airplane scout against the blue, circling around the valley. He was too far off to signal, but Kelly waved his arm and laughed. Jimmy Atwell must be wondering what it was all about down on Bald mountain. Kelly spread his blanket and waved it vigorously, turning his neck to see if the fire patrol scout would indicate that he saw him here against the gray rock. Back a step in the leaves of the shallow crevice leading into the laurel stepped Forester Kelly, waving his olive drab blanket—and then he felt himself vanishing from any lookout of the skies.

In fact, with a yell, Forester Kelly vanished off the earth. He went feet first, crashing through thorns and vines, making a vain grab for a smooth rocky rim, and passing that in a cloud of leaves and dust, he landed on mossy crumbling rock cobbles and sat staring up at a dim rift of sky.

"Well, I'm into a pothole for fair!"

And he got up quickly, threshed the vines off his arms and looked about. The

semi-light showed the under cut sides of an oval cavern thirty feet long, perhaps, by fifteen wide. And fifteen feet above, Kelly saw plainly the ragged hole, concealed with dotted brush and green growth above that, into which he had plunged. He went scrambling with alacrity around the little pyramid of rock on which he fell, unhurt save for skinned elbows, thanks to his slow descent with the vines and brush.

"I got to get out!" muttered Kelly. "This is no place for a white man!"

But he didn't see a visible chance. The thicket creepers reached far down at one end of the hole but when he pulled on them they came down on his feverish head and hurled dust in his eyes. He backed off and stared up. Then he pulled on another bunch. This time something fell stingingly on his neck.

"Fire," yelled Kelly and backed further away. "I never thought of it! It sure was shooting over this way up the big crack in the rocks that was a regular powder train into the thickets!"

And looking up again he saw the eddying smoke of the Bald mountain fire sweeping against the blue sky. Under it flew wisps of flame, and presently a blazing leaf came fluttering into his dungeon. Forester Kelly blinked at it for a moment—and then another smouldering fragment fell.

"It's comin' up the crack to the thickets, and there's plenty to feed on all along." Staring up again he saw the first tongues of flame before the wind leaping across the ten-foot hole through which he had tumbled. Soon this was a lurid sheet against a curtain of smoke. The thickets overhanging the "pothole" were catching fire as they tugged in the gale; then they began breaking down before the fiercer flame of the heavy laurel growth. The whole space, where sky and bushes had been a moment before, was now a canopy of twisting fire, and through this fell showers of burning twigs, leaves and roots upon the amazed Kelly.

At first the forester was not alarmed. He had been too busy to reflect on how he was to get out of the rock-enclosed basin.

But when the burning brush came down with a crash that sent a long tongue of flame upward from the bottom of the cavern, Kelly let out a cry of dismay. The smoke eddied about in his prison, and the season-old leaves, matted among the rock fragments, began to ignite. Kelly dashed at them and made one frantic effort to beat the blaze out; and then a deluge of fiery brush came down upon him, compelling an instant retreat. Back against the curving wall of the basin dashed Kelly again, beating the hot ashes from his coat.

"Well," he gasped. "Who'd have thought it? Chased into a hole by a little brush fire!"

But as he watched the tangle of vines and creepers about the edges of the circular hole burn away and drop, it was not the flame but the smoke which the forester feared. The cavern's floor of leaves would hardly furnish enough fuel to roast him except in one corner where it seemed the debris was banked a foot or so deep. However it was when this accumulation began to ignite that Kelly began to realize what his fate would be.

Dense clouds of smoke began to roll up and striking the concave top of the rock they slowly filled the space above him. The forester dropped on his knees staring at the thickening haze. Through it he could see the fiery area that marked the opening. The fire here was lessening, as the stuff burned away and dropped, while the main rush of the flames sped on through the thickets.

But young Kelly stared fascinated at the patches of burning leaves all about him. The smoke was getting bad, and when he coughed it out he but drew more of the acrid leaves' aroma into his nostrils.

"I guess it's a finish," he muttered, "for I couldn't get out of this hole if there wasn't any fire—starve, that's what would happen to me!"

Back in the untouched corner of his prison, close against the wall, which here narrowed down to a boulder-choked crack, he crouched and debated how long he would last against the suffocating fumes.

"Doesn't seem much worse," he gasped, at last, "and I believe it's goin' out up the hole." Again he stared at the smoke billows. It was true—the smoke, while it pressed lower to the floor, was beginning to draw up through the aperture. And the forester suddenly dashed out from his refuge. If the smoke went up, surely it was the result of a draught of air entering the cavern!

"Where is it?" yelled Kelly. "I looked for just that when I landed here! Must be——" he looked closely along the wall, then at the place where the floor fire burned most fiercely in the leaves. "There must be a washout leading from here—and it'll be down the slope — choked with leaves!"

He scrambled over the cobbles and burning spaces to the spot where the debris was thickest. If there was an opening it must be here, and Kelly realized that the rainfall, pouring down the crevice in the mountain slide on the surface and dropping into the "pothole," had deposited the dam of leaves at its exit.

Kicking the burning leaves right and left, he struck the damper layers and began digging into them. The smoke was thicker, and he coughed and choked. Then he thrust an arm down along the stone.

"There she is!" cried Kelly, joyfully. "Now, how big is that outlet?"

In the damp, smouldering leaves, and with the whole cavern floor now blazing beyond him, he wormed and butted, digging with eager fingers into the stuff. Some was damp, and some old tough mats of twigs, but he felt open space beyond. And into this Kelly rooted again like an eager terrier pup after a rabbit. He jammed his heels into the rock and shoved his body blindly. Then he reached ahead, found a niche and pulled along with his fingers.

"Air's good, anyhow," gasped Kelly, "and there's no fire except what's on my clothes! Great place for snakes, but they'll have to get out of my way!"

On and downward he worked and fought. Dried thorns and briars scratched him, and the rocks wore the skin off his fingers, but suddenly Kelly knew that his

head was not touching the crevice top and he jammed his shoulders up.

"Ouch!" he yelled, and kicked about, for he struck his cheek into the embers of a smouldering log. But above was the blue sky—a narrow, smoky streak of it, margined with blackness. "The fire's gone over this crack, all right," he muttered. "Now, for a climb!"

The crack was hardly wider than his body at first and he had to worm and twist, but at last he drew himself up eight feet and flopped over tiredly into grassy gray ash and black burned laurel limbs.

"Out anyhow," gasped young Kelly, and then he gasped again—with amazement, this time, followed by wrathful envy.

Right above his head a few hundred feet above the smoke-wreathed top of Bald mountain was Jim Atwell's airplane! It was swooping on rapidly in a great beautiful curve, and Kelly could see the observer looking down.

"Well, of all the nerve!" growled Kelly. "Look at me—clothes burned off, and blacker than any bear in the Blue Ridge—tryin' to amuse and instruct Jim Atwell in findin' forest fires! Why ain't he decent enough to go back to the station and lemme alone with my shame and burned ears?"

He crawled slowly on up the rock slope,

sat down and picked stickers out of his legs and arms. The laurel was burning swiftly in the gale, but he saw that the fire would end around the rock dome of the mountain. That would be about all there was to it.

"But the gang'll be here," reflected Kelly. "It doesn't need Jim Atwell makin' a report that he saw a little smoke! Any forester that didn't see this smoke must be in the hospital! I'm goin' to camp right here by a big warm log out of the wind and wait for 'em."

Which young Forester Kelly proceeded to do. Chief Glenn and a dozen rangers, hurried from the stations, reached Bald mountain late that evening. They were all prepared for a big battle with a fire out of control, but all they found was young Kelly, shivering and blackened and ragged, roosting by a nice heap of embers under the lee of the hill.

"Say, Kelly," burst out the chief, "what were you trying to do? We didn't want you to start a fire that any fool could see a hundred miles off! Atwell came back and says you ruined his demonstration!"

"Next time he comes huntin' any dummy I put out, Chief," said Kelly, "you better send him in a submarine or something. He'd have to be a woodchuck to follow me on a fire patrol!"



When Santa Comes.

Little Billy and His Teacher.

By Edouard Daanson.

(Continued.)

"Then, when a saint tells fibs, are they the truth?"

L'Abbé. "Yes, because saints never lie."

Billy. "Did that saint work other miracles?"

"Yes, he cured several possessed."

"What's the meaning of 'possessed,' Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"They are people in whom the devil has entered."

"Entered how; in their bodies?"

"Yes; and who give forth cries like madmen."

"Are they crazy, then?"

L'Abbé: "No, they are possessed."

Billy. "Are there still persons possessed, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"Certainly, my dear; and many make a mistake when they think, as you, that they are crazy, hysterical or epileptics, which are precisely the errors made by Science. This proves plainly that Science, contrary to that which is generally believed, is not infallible."

"Do those people eat the devil so that he may enter into them?" asks Billy.

"No," replies his teacher, "the devil enters into them invisibly."

"At what place does he enter into them, Monsieur l'Abbé; through the mouth or the other way?"

"I can't answer that, my dear; he may enter both sides at once."

"And how does he go out?"

"He goes out generally uttering a great cry."

"And what does he cry?"

"That I do not know."

"Now, tell me another tale, Monsieur l'Abbé."

The teacher continues:

"One day, a knowing bird that had been taught to speak, being pursued by a sparrow hawk, cried out: 'St. Thomas, come to my aid!' And immediately the sparrow-hawk fell dead."

Billy. "From shock?"

L'Abbé. "No, by a miracle. St. Nicholas revived, one day, three little children who

had been cut in pieces and put in pickle to be eaten; and everyone of the three came out safe and sound from the pot. St. Sylvester brought a bull to life one day; and at another time he descended into a ditch where was a dragon, whose jaws he bound with a thread and hid him."

"Do dragons still exist, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"No, my dear, but they existed in former times, according to the teaching of religion."

"Continue, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"The devil appeared one day to St. Benedict in the form of a blackbird. St. Benedict—who recognized him—when he had made the sign of the cross, the blackbird immediately disappeared. St. Mark one day replaced a soldier's hand that had been cut off, and the hand regained its life and did not fall away. A man who was working on the Campanile of St. Mark, Venice, fell from it; and as he fell, he offered up a prayer to St. Mark, and immediately he succeeded in hanging on to a beam; and thus he was saved."

"What is a 'campanile,' Monsiuer l'Abbé?"

"The campanile of Venice, my dear, is a tower which fell down some years ago."

Billy. "And did not St. Mark prevent it?"

L'Abbé. "No, probably because he wanted a new one."

"Was it beautiful?"

"Certainly."

"And did they want to build a new one?"

"Yes."

"Will the new one be as beautiful as the other?"

"Oh! no."

"Then St. Mark was a simpleton, Monsieur l'Abbé, to throw down his campanile like that, in order that another one, less beautiful, might be built."

The Abbé straightened himself up:

"Have you already forgotten what I said to you the last time?"

Billy appeared not to understand.

"Do miracles then happen today?" says he.

"Yes, at Lourdes," replies the Abbé; "I have told you that already, by the way."

"And what miracles occur there?"

"Healings."

"And when a doctor cures someone, is not that a miracle, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"No, my dear; a miracle is wrought only as the result of prayer."

"Which do you believe better for healing purposes, Monsieur l'Abbé, prayer or medicine?"

"My dear, medicine helps the work of prayer, and prayer helps also the work of medicine. Medicine and prayer ought to be on an equal footing."

"And when one speaks through a telephone or a phonograph, Monsieur l'Abbé, is that also a miracle?"

"No."

"But, Monsieur l'Abbé, when a doctor cures you, it is nevertheless, because he cures you."

"No, my dear, it is because God wishes it."

"May I make an experiment?"

"What experiment?"

"A laughable one."

"Yes, go on!"

Billy pinches the arm of his teacher as hard as he can.

"Come rogue, have you finished?" exclaims the latter.

Billy. "Did that hurt you, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

L'Abbé (rubbing his arm). "I should think so!"

"Well, Monsieur l'Abbé," says Billy, "it is the good God who wished me to hurt you, for I, on my part, wanted to do you good, but the good God was not so disposed."

"Oh, my dear, that is not the way in which a miracle takes place. A miracle is an extraordinary thing. For example: a holy Mitre or a holy Denis, whose head has been cut off, puts it back in its place and walks off with it."

"Did St. Denis do that?"

"Yes."

"Well, I believe, Monsieur l'Abbé, that if someone should cut off my head, I should have, in the first place, much trouble in finding it."

L'Abbé. "Why?"

Billy. "Because without a head, I should have no eyes to see where it was to be found and no longer a mind with which to think of it."

19.

"God, my dear," says the Abbé, "after having created baptism for the blotting out of original sin, instituted the sacrament of penance which consoles man when he has sinned and restores to him the grace which he lost. The sacrament of penance is confession. When man sins, he betakes himself to a priest, lays before him all the wrong that he has done, and the priest, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is infinitely good, grants forgiveness in connection with a penance. When you go to confession, my dear boy, you must tell the priest everything and hide nothing from him. You must make at first an examination of your conscience, and when you have recalled all the evil which you have committed, you enter into the confessional and make to the confessor an acknowledgement of all your sins. Tell me, now what is confession."

Billy. "Well, it is when one goes to confession."

L'Abbé. "Is that all? And when one goes to confession, what does he say?"

Billy. "He tells his sins, of course!"

L'Abbé. "What sins?"

Billy. "Well, his sins—the sins which he has committed."

L'Abbé. "Right."

Billy. "It is not hard to go to confession. One does not need to be clever to do that."

L'Abbé. "No, but one must be a Christian."

Billy. "That is evident, for those who are not Christians are not simpletons as to go to confession."

L'Abbé (looks at Billy with a disdainful air, but says nothing).

Billy. "Possibly that isn't true?"

L'Abbé. "Keep quiet, you make me feel indignant."

Billy. "But on the whole do you not think that ridiculous?"

L'Abbé. "What now?"

Billy. "To tell his sins like that. It would be much better not to commit them."

L'Abbé. "Assuredly! I am entirely of

your opinion. But while the will may be good, the flesh is sometimes weak."

Billy. "What does that mean?"

L'Abbé. "That means that people speak as you have done and commit sin nevertheless."

Billy. "And do you believe that because people recount their sins to a priest, they are therefore pardoned?"

"Certainly," replies his teacher.

"Why," asks Billy, "are they not forgiven when they tell them to their mother, their father, or to themselves?"

"Because all these persons have not been given the right to pardon one who has personally offended God."

"And why has an abbé who does not know you, that right?"

"Precisely because he does not know you at first, and then because he is a priest."

"But after your confession, he knows you."

"Yes, he knows you; but he is forbidden to reveal your sins, for whatever is told to a confessor is held secret."

"Then why tell them to him if they are secrets?"

"Because it is necessary, my dear, in order to judge you, to know your conscience?"

Billy. "And why must he know my conscience?"

L'Abbé. "So that he may be able to forgive. For to be able to forgive sin, there must have been a sin committed and known."

Billy. "Then it is necessary to do wrong in order to obtain pardon in confession?"

L'Abbé. "You do not understand."

Billy. "And if I do not tell him everything?"

L'Abbé. "Then he does not forgive."

Billy. "But he doesn't know that."

L'Abbé. "God knows everything."

Billy. "God, yes, but not the priest."

L'Abbé. "The priest, in the confessional, is God's substitute. Now, God knows everything, so that if you hide something from God, he knows it all the same."

Billy. "Then why tell him that which he knows? That is equally ridiculous. It would be to cause him to lose his time uselessly, don't you think?"

L'Abbé. "Not the least in the world. You make me laugh. How would you want him to act otherwise?"

Billy. "For example: to give legs to those who haven't any, to rid the earth of law-breakers, to heal the sick, to pour money into the houses of the poor—or to stop the pope from telling fibs."

L'Abbé. "My dear, I have already told you that the pope does not tell fibs."

Billy. "We read about them in the paper, however."

L'Abbé. "What fibs?"

Billy. "Don't you know about them yet?"

L'Abbé. "No."

Billy: "Well, papa says that all the priests will now be required to swear to remain fools all their life."

L'Abbé (puffing with rage). "And do you believe that?"

Billy. "Why yes, since papa said it. Papa does not tell nonsensical tales like you, Monsieur l'Abbé."

L'Abbé. "Be still. You will tell that in confession."

Billy. "What?"

L'Abbé. "That you have been reading bad newspapers."

Billy. "But it is not I, but papa."

L'Abbé. "That makes no difference; you listened and you believed. That is the same thing. Are you not ashamed? Fie! you miserable scapegrace? And to think that it is only two months before your reception of the good God in your heart!"

Billy. "In my heart?"

L'Abbé. "What something more?"

Billy. "In my stomach."

L'Abbé. "You shall write for me twenty times: 'Almighty God, forgive me my sins.' Take some paper. Write."

Billy takes a blank book, opens it and writes: 'Allmity God, foregiv mee mi sens.' "Show me," says teacher.

"What is that supposed to mean?" says the Abbé. "Cannot you spell any better than that: one, two, three, four, five mistakes?"

"Oh! that's of no consequence," answers Billy. "God pardons them just the same since now I have no more time to learn spelling, and must study my catechism."

(To be continued.)

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 1.

What is that, which though black itself, enlightens the world?

Answer to Puzzle No. 12.

A river.

Honorable Mention:

Olga Furlan, Muddy, Ill.
Anna Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mary Vogrinc, La Salle, Ill.
Helen Mehlin, Denver, Colo.
Andrew Lenarsic, Waukegan, Ill.
Angelina Krowley, La Salle, Ill.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:—I tried hard to solve puzzle No. 10 in last month's *ML*. I have also tried to solve puzzle No. 11. But I should say that they are hard nuts for me to crack. As soon as I receive the *Mladinski List* I try hard to solve the puzzles. When the next month's *Mladinski List* comes I'll say, why couldn't I solve the puzzles? They are easy. I have seen that only two boys solved puzzle No. 10. Wonder what's wrong with some of the girls. Wake up, girls! I think the boys have better brains than the girls, at least some of them. I have also seen that there are some new readers in the *Mladinski List*. I hope that they like this magazine as well as everybody else. I have written many letters to unknown friends. I also have many unknown friends which I write to. Frances Strah, Kitzmiller, Md., has not answered my letter for over a month. I suppose that she has forgotten me already. Maybe she will see her name here and will answer.

I like the story about "The Devoted Friend." I think it is very interesting.

I have not got very much to write this month, for I'm busy getting my lessons. I sure have to use my brains in High School. I love to play basket ball. We play basket ball on Monday's, Wednesday's and Friday's. We usually play football with dif-

ferent High Schools. Our High School mostly beats other schools.

The weather here in West Virginia is cold. It had been raining for a few days, but it is getting cold again.

I have also a few jokes and riddles:

*

Gentleman to Newsboy: "Say, haven't you any manners?"

Newsboy: "Yes sir, how many do you want?"

*

Mike: "That's an awful cold you have. You should take care of it."

Pat: "Take care of it? Why man, I'm doing my best to get rid of it."

*

"How are you getting on at school, Mac?"

"Fine! We're learning words of four cylinder's now."

*

1) If there were three doves on a house and I shot one, how many were left?

2) Round as a biscuit, busy as a bee, it's the prettiest thing you ever did see.

3) Why does a chicken cross the street?

*

Wishing all readers of the *Mladinski List* "A Happy New Year," I remain,

Mary Matos, Elm Grove, W. Va.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I wish you and all the boys and girls of the S. N. P. J. a very happy New Year. I wish all the children of the S. N. P. J. would make up their minds for this coming year 1925 to write a letter every month, especially these winter months, which have such long evenings, so that the "*Mladinski List*" will become as thick as a dictionary.

Dear Editor, I hope you had as merry Christmas as I had. The weather here in Milwaukee was regular Christmas weather, we had a little snow and just cold enough to make it merry.

February 22, 1925, the children members of the lodge Bratoljublje, No. 243, S.

N. P. J. are going to have an entertainment at which the children will sing and play on the stage in Slovenian. Our parents are teaching us how to read our parts in Slovenian at home. I hope it will be a success.

We had a Xmass entertainment at school and had a good time. I like my teacher very well but I think I will have to leave her if I will be promoted into the eight grade.

We are having a two weeks vacation which I am enjoying very much.

Yours truly

Angeline Lepej, Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

Dear Editor:

As I am having my vacation now I thought I would write to you. This is about the second or third time I have written. This time I want to tell you about the Christmas entertainment the S. N. P. J. lodge gave for the children belonging to it. There are about 40 of us in the Juvenile Department here in Gross. We had a Christmas tree that was loaded from top to toe with presents for us children. We had a few dialogues, recitations, songs and music, both in the American and Slovenian languages. We had speeches on "Why We Belong to This Lodge" by older folks. This is the first entertainment the lodge has had for the children but I sincerely hope it will not be the last, and I think the rest of the children hope the same. It was also hinted that probably the S. N. P. J. lodge would arrange for a picnic in the woods this summer for the special benefit of children. This program made the children realize that they belong to a lodge and also to the kind of lodge to which they belong.

I will now close hoping that the "Mladinski List" will have a prosperous New Year and that it will continue to be as interesting as it is now or perhaps more so.

Mary Shular, Gross, Kansas.

* * *

Dear Editor:

As this is the beginning of a new year I intend to start it out right and not neglect writing to the "Mladinski List."

I especially wanted to write to you to tell you what I think of A. Krowley's letter. It was a very nice one. I like the idea of suggesting the different topics to write on. And I know every one of us will enjoy "clipping" out Angeline's picture, to keep as a remembrance of one of the girls who helped a great deal to make our little magazine "big".

I will write on one of these topics: "Why I like this magazine."

First of all I like the letters. And second the puzzles, jokes, stories, and poetry. The third, I like it because on the very last page it teaches the young members how to read and write in Slovenian. I just named a few things but they mean a great deal. So let us all write and tell how much we think of this precious magazine.

Through you, Editor and young readers, I know we can accomplish enough to make this List a success. So let us all work hard.

To Mary Matos: Mary, did you receive my letter? Please answer it.

If anyone wishes to write me, please, do so, you will find my address below.

Your Friend,

Julia F. Chesnik, R. 3, Box 30, Warrensville, Ohio.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the second time I am writing for our magazine. I solved puzzle No. 12 — a river. When I come home from school every day I say, "Mother, did the Ml. L. come yet?" The same words come from my mouth every day until my mother says "Yes."

I had two far-away friends through the Ml. L. till one day I wrote a letter to my friend Mary and never received an answer. I thought I have lost her.

As the long winter nights are coming on, I think a good pass-time would be a crossword puzzle, as these mind ticklers keep you busy. I think it would be good if the boys and girls would send some in if they can make them up.

Hoping to see my letter in the Ml. L.,

I am your friend,

Anna Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

EXERCISES.

(Continued.)

10.

Translate:

An old five-finger saying.

(For very little ones.)

The big pig said, "I want some corn!"

The next pig said, "Where are you going to get it?"

The third pig said, "In Gran'pa's barn."

The fourth pig said, "Ah! I'll tell!"

And the last little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee, wee! You can't get over the barndoor sill!"

(Touch the little fingers in turn, beginning with the thumb.)

11.

Pick out and write down in Slovenian all adjectives in the above story.

12.

Write out the declension of: *velik, star, zadnji*.

Solution of exercises in last number.

7.

Mačka in opica.

Mačka in opica sta sedeli nekega dne pred ognjem in čuvali kostanj, katerega je njun gospodar položil tja, da se speče. Kostanji so začeli pokati od vročine, in opica pravi mački: "Kako krasne šapice imaš! Ustvarjene so baš za vleči kostanj iz ognja."

Mačka je bila vesela in je potegnila en kosstanj iz ognja. Toda šapico si je hudo opekla. Potem je izbrskala drugega in na to še tretjega, toda vsaki ji je opekel šapico, kakor je prvi to storil.

Ozrla se je okoli sebe in videla, da opica je kostanj ter se ji posmehuje. Vlekla je kostanj iz ognja, da ga je nekdo drugi jedel.

8.

sedim, sediš, itd.; sedel sem, sedel si, itd.; sedel bom, sedel boš, itd.; — jem, ješ, itd.; jedel sem, jedel si, itd.; jedel bom, jedel boš, itd.; — pečem, pečeš, itd.; pekel sem, pekel si, itd.; pekel bom, pekel boš, itd.

9.

katerega, njun, se, vsaki, ji, sebe, nekdo.

(To be continued.)