

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Albin Čebular:

SREČNA DRUŽINICA

KAJ so nam mar bogastva
in kaj gradovi beli?!
Če vse bi to imeli,
nikoli ne bi peli!

Saj vsega je obilo!
Ko ribice smo zdravi,
nič očka ne zapravi —
v domači smo zabavi.

Ker vsak veselo dela,
se skupaj pogostimo,
še pesmico zložimo,
na peti zavrtimo.

Albin Čebular:

POZIMI

SNEŽEC pada, pada, pada . . .
bela je že vsa livada,
bele so že temne smreke,
kakor tudi zlate beke.

Pod odejo vse počiva,
sanja sanje, sladko sniva;
še zadremala je nada —
sneg pa dalje pada, pada . . .

Mirko Kunčič:

MRAZEK

MRAZEK je prilezel v izbo:
"Oj, Marička, dober dan!
Veš, prišel sem ti povedat:
solnček je hudo bolan.

Zdaj bom jaz, Marička moja,
hodil k tebi vasovat,
rož ledenih ti bom nosil.
Veš, kako te imam rad!"

Nič Marička ni dejala:
mamica je naskrivaj
zakurila peč . . . in mrazek
zbežal brž je spet nazaj!



Ivan Molek:

Razgaljeni Miklavž

Božična slika za mladinske prireditve S. N. P. J.

OSEBE:

Sirota Žanček.

Sirota Milica.

Teta.

Miklavž.

Jednota.

Prijazen vrtič z ograjo v ozadju; na levi od gledalca vratica v ograji. V sredi ospredja pletena klopica in poleg platnen stol. Grmiči in rože.—Ko se dvigne zastor, sedi na klopici teta, postarna, skromno oblečena ženska, in krpa žensko nogavico. Žanček v skromni srajčici in hlačicah, bos in gologlav, sedi na stolu in opazuje tetino delo.

Žanček. Zakaj krpaš to nogavico, teta?

Teta (pomežikne, smehlja se). Zato, da bo cela in dobro držala, kadar pride Miklavž in ti prinese kaj lepega, Žanček. Saj veš, da Miklavž ne more tlačiti daril v raztrgano nogavico, ki visi nad kamnikom.

Žanček. Res? Kaj pa misliš, da prinese? Ali spet samo pet piškavih orehov kakor lani, predlanskim in vsako leto odkar pomnim?

Teta. Hm, ti si poreden, Žani. Morda prinese kaj boljšega.

Žanček. Morda... (Resignirano.) Ne verjamem. Meni ni še nikoli prinesel nič dobrega. Pet piškavih orehov—to je vse.

Teta. Oh, kako si poreden, Žanček!

Žanček (povesi glavo in premišluje). Teta!

Teta. Kaj?

Žanček. Povej ti meni, teta, kako je to, da Miklavž prinaša meni le piškave orehe, sosedovemu Tončku pa vsako leto prinese vsega, kar sam hoče.

Teta (nepremišljeno). O! Sosedov Tonček ima bogatega očeta...

Žanček (tleskne z rokami). Tako? Zdaj šele razumem! Kjer so torej bogati očete, tam je tudi Miklavž bogat in radodaren!... Ali ni tako?

Teta (vstane in ga plašno gleda). Ne, ne, Miklavž ne pozna razlike! Ne sme je poznati! Tonček je vsekakor pridnejši...

(Zase.) Oh, ti otroci, kaj jim vse ne pade v glavo!

Žanček (poredno). Ne, ne, teta! Ne boš me več vlekla... Zdaj vem... Tonček ni nič pridnejši od mene, ima pa bogatega papana. (Žalostno.) Jaz pa nimam ateka ne mamice... Zato je tako.

Teta (ginjena ga stisne k sebi). Ne govori tako, dete! (Sede na prejšnje mesto.) Povej mi, Žani, kaj pa bi rad, da ti prinese Miklavž. Morda te usliši.

Žanček (veselo). Kaj bi rad? Ha, rad bi imel toplo suknjico, kapico, lep zelen sviter, čeveljčke —

Teta. Oooo!

Žanček. Da, potem pa lep avtomobilček, rdeč in črn, tak, ki ga poženem pa pojde uuuuj! — po cesti, jaz pa v njem.

Teta. Tega ti že ne prinese!

Žanček (se namrdne in pokima). Saj vem... Tončku pa prinese. (Pokaže na nogavico.) Ta tvoja nogavica mi pove, kaj mi prinese... Ta nima prostora za več kot pet piškavih orehov... (Skoči s sedeža.) Pa še tega ne maram! Naj jih ima sam!

Teta (zase). Ježeš, kakšni so ti otroci dandanes! — Žani, ne smeš biti tak! Ako ujeziš Miklavža, ti še orehov ne prinese; z njim se ni šaliti.

Žanček (udari z nogo ob tla). Saj sem rekel, da jih ne maram! Orehe naj pohrusta Miklavž sam! Še lupine naj pohrusta!

Teta. Žani, Žani, ali ne veš, da kdor ni z malim zadovoljen, tudi velikega ni vreden?

Žanček. Kaj bi bila ti vse svoje življenje zadovoljna z malim?

Teta (ostro). Kaj? — Zdaj mi je pa že zadosti! (Urno odhiti na desno.)

Žanček (gleda nekaj hipov za teto, nato skomigne z ramami in sede na klopico).

Milica (revno oblečena, bosa in gologlava, pride z leve, obstane zunaj pri vratih

ograje, se nasloni na vrata, pokrivajoč si oči z roko in ihti).

Žanček (jo gleda nekaj trenutkov). Milica, Milica, kaj ti je? (Skoči s klopice in gre k njej.) Pojdi sem, Milica, k nam na vrt. (Odpri vrata, jo prime za roko in jo pelje h klopici, kjer jo posadi poleg sebe.) Zdaj pa nehaj jokati. (Odmakne ji roko z obraza.) Tako. Zdaj mi povej, zakaj si jokala.

Milica (pretrgano). Moja sta-ra ma-ma je re-rekla, da Miklavž letos nič ne prinese, prav-prav nič . . .

Žanček. O, tako! No, le potolaži se, Milica. Vidiš, z mano ni nič boljše. Jaz pa nekaj vem, Milica; danes sem izvedel. Ali veš, zakaj naju nima stari Miklavž nič kaj rad? Čuj! Ti nimaš papana ne mamice kakor jaz ne — zato se ne zmeni dosti za naju . . . Moj papa je umrl v tovarni . . .

Milica. Moj papa je tudi umrl.

Žanček. Zato je tako. Kaj pa ti je prinesel Miklavž zadnjič?

Milica. Meni? Prinesel je takšnole punčko, drobno stvarco za pet centov iz žagovine.

Žanček. To je vse? Meni pa pet piškavih orehov. Takega Miklavža naj pes povoha . . . Sosedovega Tončka in druge, ki imajo vsega dosti, dobro vidi, nas pa noče pogledati. Veš, jaz bi rad imel takle avtomobilček pa suknjico, lep, zelen sviter in kapo —

Milica (tleskne). O! Jaz bi tudi rada lepo, toplo suknjico in pa punčko, veliko, lepo oblečeno, tisto, ki ima rdeča ličica in črne očke, ki mežikajo, o!

Žanček (vzdihne). Pa ne bova nič dobila . . . Meni je teta že povedala, da ne dobim avtomobilčka ne drugega.

Milica. In meni je stara mama povedala, da ne dobim lepe punčke niti tople suknjice.

Žanček. Torej dvakrat nič.

Oba strmita predse in kimata.

Žanček. Milica, midva morava biti prijatelja, da lažje preneseva Miklavževo skopost. (Zazdeha.) Miklavž je skopuh!

Milica (zazdeha). Da, skopuh! Pa bo diva prijatelja . . .

Žanček (spet zdeha). Ali si že videla Miklavža, Milica?

Milica (zdeha). Da — od daleč, ne od blizu . . .

Žanček (zdeha). Rad bi ga videl od blizu . . . V obraz bi mu rad pogledal . . . Kaj se neki skriva pod tisto sivo brado . . . (Glava mu leze navzdol.)

Milica. Zakaj ima sivo brado? (Tudi ona začne kimati.)

Žanček (se zdrzne). Moja teta je enkrat rekla, da imajo stari židovski sleparji sive brade . . .

Milica (kima). Res?

Žanček (kima, napol glasno). Res! Vsi — ki so kruki — si natikajo — sive brade —

Oba stakneta glavi skupaj, molčita nekaj časa in zaspita.

Miklavž (pride z leve v običajnem kostumu in z veliko culo na hrbtu, obstane ob ograji, položi breme na tla, sname kapo in lasuljo, iztakne brado, potegne robec izpod kamižole in se briše; ko se dobro obriše, si natakne brado in lasuljo, pokrije se s kapo, naloži culo na hrbet in odide na desno).

Žanček (sune v spanju z nogama, se zdrami in gleda debelo okoli sebe, nato pocuka Milico). Milica, Milica, čuj! Ali veš, kaj se mi je sanjalo ravno zdajle?

Milica (se zgane in si menca oči).

Žanček. Miklavža sem videl!

Milica (ga debelo pogleda).

Žanček. Res! Prišel je od tam in prav tam je odložil darila na tla, potem si je snel kapo in brado in se obrisal . . . In tedaj sem ga spoznal. Ali veš, kdo je Miklavž? Tončkov papa! —

Milica. Ni mogoče!

Žanček. Da, Tončkov papa! Zdaj vemo, zakaj Tončku vse prinese, nama pa nič.

Milica (zdeha). Pa naj nosi Tončku!

Žanček. Prav imaš. Le naj nosi. Od takega Miklavža sploh nočem ničesar . . . Zdaj lahko brez skrbi spiva, Milica. Oj kak Miklavž!

Milica (kimaje). Oj kak Miklavž!

Oba spet zaspita, naslonjena drug na drugega.

Jednota (velika, stasita žena v narodnih barvah in z rdečo jakobinko na glavi pride z desne, obstane dva koraka od klovice in opazuje speči siroti).

Žanček in Milica (odpreta oči, vstaneta in plašno gledata neznanko).

Žanček. Kdo si?

Jednota (prijazno). Jaz sem Slovenska narodna podpora jednota, mati vseh sirot. Jaz sem vaš pravi Miklavž.

Žanček (veselo). Res? Ti mi prineseš suknjico, kapico, sviter in lep avtomobilček?

Jednota. Da, jaz ti prinesem toplo suknjico in kapico, zelen sviter in lep čno-rdeč avtomobilček.

Milica. In meni suknjico ter veliko punčko?

Jednota. Da, tebi pa suknjico in veliko, zalo, lepo oblečeno punčko, ki ima rde-

ča ličeca in mežikajoče črne očke. Glejta! (Odide za hip na desno in se vrne z darili.)

Žanček in Milica (zaplešeta, ko jima Jednota izroči obleko, avtomobil in punčko). Oj, vse je tako, vse je prav!

Žanček. Tisti stari Miklavž se naj gre solit!

Milica. In žabam gost!

Jednota. Ali bosta pridna?

Oba. Bova, bova.

Jednota. Ali bosta moja dobra in zvesta člana, kadar odrasteta?

Oba. Da, dobra in zvesta člana.

Jednota. Dobro. Zdaj pa pojdita in obvestita vse ostale vajine bratce in sestrice. Tudi zanje imam nekaj lepih daril.

Žanček in Milica odideta z darili na desno.

Jednota ostane na odru in razdeli darila ostalim otrokom.



Božična pravljica.

Josip Stritar:

Janko Božé

(Konec.)

Kako so gledali zvečer njegovi tovariši, ko jim je Janko pokazal, kaj je našel, ali pravzaprav, kaj je našla Pika. Bila sta dva prejšnja tovariša, eden pa je bil nov.

"Veš kaj, Janko? Ko bi bil jaz ti, kar v žep bi vtaknil prstanček pa nikomur ne žugnil besedice. Veš, mi te tudi ne bomo izdali. Kakšna krivica pa bi bila to? Mož, ki ga je izgubil, si kupi lahko drugega, če hoče, še lepšega, živi pa tudi lahko brez njega. Tebi pa je to celo premoženje. Pаметen bodi, Janko!"

Janko ga je hotel zavrniti takoj pri prvih besedah, vendar ga je pustil govoriti do konca. Saj je bilo mogoče, da govori samo v šali ali pa da ga izkuša. Ko je pa slednjič videl, da govori, kakor misli, mu reče ostro:

"Veš, Martinek, ko bi bil jaz ti, pa bi tudi storil tako, ker pa nisem, hvala Bogu, pa že vem, kaj mi je storiti."

Sram je bilo Martinka. Izgovarjal se je, da se je le šalil, ali nobeden mu ni hotel tega prav verjeti. Vsi so bili nekako poparjeni in dobre volje je bilo konec. Kar jim pride Pika na pomoč. Ko je med pogovorom Janko v roki držal prstan, kar prileti od zadi iz svojega kota tiho kakor sova ponoči pa mu ga odnese, veselo kričeč. Oni pa vsi za njo. Bali so se, posebno Janko, da bi ga kako ne poškodovala s kljunom, ker je tako rada kljuvala in pritrkavala kakor žolna na deblo. Janku se je posrečilo, da jo je hitro prestregel in ji vzel prstan, ki ji potem ni več prišel pred oči. Janko ga je dobro spravil.

Zastonj je Janko čakal naslednjega dne; gospoda ni bilo. Drugi dan čakati se mu ni zdelo prav. Šel je torej s prstanom, pa brez Pike, na redarstveni urad. Redarstvo ali policija je tista gosposka, ki po mestih skrbi za red in varnost. Kdor torej kaj izgubi ali najde, se oglasi pri redarstvu. Ono stori, kar more, da dobi vsak, kar mu gre. To je bilo Janku znano; vedel je torej, kam se mu je obrniti.

Po sreči je bil v tistem uradu, kjer se je oglasil Janko, neki slovenski gospod za uradnika. Ko je ta gospod zagledal Janka, je vedel takoj, koga ima pred sabo. Nagovoril ga je po domače:

"Kaj pa ti, mladi kostanjar?"

To je kaj dobro delo Janku. Res se je bil že naučil toliko nemščine, da so ga ljudje razumeli za silo; ali s takim gospodom govoriti, pa o taki stvari, ki se človeku ne pripeti vsak dan, to je vendar malo sitno.

Janko je razložil vse, kako in kaj. Nič se ni bal prijaznega gospoda; gladko mu je tekla beseda. Nato je bil gospod še prijaznejši. Zapisal je vse, kar mu je povedal Janko, vzel prstan ter mu izročil potrdilo, da ga je res prejel od njega. Janko mu je moral povedati svoje ime in kje stanuje. To je gospod zapisal. Slednjič mu reče:

"Zdaj pa pojdi mirno domov pa pošten ostani, kakor si bil doslej. Če ti bo kdaj česa treba, le k meni pridi! Vse drugo, kar še pride, se ti bo sporočilo pismeno. Z Bogom!"

In podal mu je roko. Vesel in z lahko vestjo je šel Janko. Z lahko vestjo, pravim; dokler je imel tuje blago pri sebi, ni našel pravega miru. Ko bi ga izgubil! To bi bilo skoro hujše, kakor ko bi bil prstan njegov. Zdaj je zopet lahko mirno spal. Tudi kavke se mu ni bilo treba bati, ki ni mogla hitro pozabiti lepega prstana. Bila je silno trmasta, in kar si je enkrat vtepla v glavo, je mislila, da mora biti. Olajšanega torej se je čutil naš Janko, ali da je storil kaj posebno lepega in hvale vrednega, to mu ni prišlo na misel. Kako bi pa človek mogel ravnati drugače?

Mislil je, da je že stvar pri kraju. Kar najde neki večer, ko pride domov, veliko pismo na mizi. Bilo je zanj od redarstva. Poklican je bil, naj pride drugi dan ob deveti uri v tisti urad, kjer je bil oddal najdeni prstan. Kaj bo pa to?

Nič hudega ni bilo. Gospod ga je sprejel še prijazneje nego prej. Povedal mu je, da je izgubljeni prstan našel svojega lastnika. Pokaže mu pismeno potrdilo. Nato mu pa pove še nekaj, česar Janko prej ni vedel. Za najdeno in pošteno oddano stvar se dobi deset odstotkov vrednosti najdenine. To je, če je najdena stvar vredna sto kron, gre njemu, ki jo je našel, po postavi deset kron. To je pravično in obema prav, njemu, ki je izgubljeno stvar našel, in onemu, ki je zopet prejel najdeno blago, če ni kak poseben stisnjenec in skopuh. Prstan, kakor je rekel sam mož, ki ga je izgubil, je bil vreden tisoč kron, torej gre njemu, ki ga je našel, sto kron najdenine. Gospod uradnik je izročil Janku, ki je stal kakor v sanjah, lep nov kronski stotak.



Čebular: Kmečki dom na Slovenskem.

Janko je moral podpisati potrdilo, da je res prejel najdenino. Tako je bila stvar pri kraju. Ne še! Prijazni gospod mu izroči listič, na katerem je bilo zapisano ime tistega gospoda, čigar je bil prstan, in pa kje stanuje. Mož je bil tako vesel in zadovoljen, da je prosil uradnika, naj mu pošlje na dom tistega poštenega dečka, ki ga ni v pregreho zapeljal blesk zlata in dragega kamenja.

Prihodnjo nedeljo je šel Janko, kolikor moči lepo in snažno opravljen, k tistemu gospodu. Starček ga prijazno pozdravi, ga posadi za mizo ter ukaže prinesiti mu

jedi in pijače. Nato sede sam za mizo, svojemu mlademu gostu nasproti, ter se začne razgovarjati z njim: Odkod? Kako doma? Kako kupčija? Janko mu je odgovarjal, kakor je vedel in znal v okorni mu nemščini, vendar je gospod vse razumel. Nazadnje mu reče:

“Po postavi ti gre sto kron najdenine, ki si jih že prejel. Ali prstana, ki je cenjen na tisoč kron, jaz ne dam za dvakrat toliko, ker mi je drag spomin; toliko je meni vreden. Gre ti torej še sto kron in še več; toda za zdaj ti dam samo toliko, drugo ti ostanem dolžan, da boš imel tudi ti dolžnika. Pa še nekaj malega za spomin.”

Nato mu izroči najprej lično listnico s kronskim stotakom in potem še srebrno uro z lepo, drobno verižico. Nekaj časa je moral mož držati oboje. Janko je bil res v zadregi, ali iz te zadrege mu je pomagal prijazni gospod. V žep mu vtakne na eno stran listnico, na drugo pa uro ter mu reče:

“Zdaj pa pojdi z Bogom! Pozdravi mi mater, kadar ji boš pisal! Ostani priden in pošten kakor doslej in Bog ti daj srečo! Ko bi kdaj kaj želel od mene, saj veš, kje stanujem. Želel, pravim; reči bi moral: terjaj, saj sem tvoj dolžnik, kakor sem rekel. Torej le pridi! Samo predolgo ne odlašaj, da ti ne odidem in odpotujem v deželo, kjer ni moči terjati ali tožiti dolžnika. Z Bogom!”

Janko se prikloni in se začne zahvaljevati; ali nič ni mogel prav najti prave besede. Premagovati se je moral, da ga niso posilile solze, čeprav po pameti ni imel za kaj se jokati. Poljubiti mu je hotel roko, ali starček mu ni pustil. Poslovil se je torej precej nerodno in šel. Z eno roko je pritiskal na prsi tistega ptiča, ki mu je bil priletel kakor v sanjah, da bi mu ne odletel zopet, drugo pa je imel na uri, ki je tiktakala tako prijetno. Da jo je pogostoma potegnil iz žepa ter pogledal nanjo, koliko je ura, vsak lahko ugane. Samo škoda, da ga ni hotel noben otrok vprašati,

koliko je ura, kakor je večkrat sam vprašal kakega gospoda, ki je kupoval kostanj, da bi vedel, kdaj iti domov. Zdaj pa tega ne bo več treba.

* * *

Tako so Janku na Dunaju med kostanjem in pomarančami brez kakih posebno imenitnih dogodkov pretekla štiri leta. Sreča mu je bila zvesta in premoženje njegovo je raslo in vzhajalo kakor dober kvas. Z veseljem je vsako nedeljo ogledoval knjižico poštne hranilnice, v kateri je bilo čitati tako lepe, okrogle številke, da je bilo veselje. Kolikšno pa je njegovo premoženje, tega ni povedal nikomur, še svoji materi ne.

Tudi doma je šlo vse po sreči. Dom je bil že prvo leto prodan in še precej dobro; za to je skrbel varuh njegov, tako da je nekaj malega še ostalo, ko je bilo vse poplačano in poravnano. Materi se je dobro godilo kakor nikdar poprej. Živela je brez skrbi in brez težkega dela; zato je bila tudi zopet zdrava in krepka in tudi dobre volje je bila. Seveda ko bi imela še svojega Janka pri sebi! Ali upala je, da ji Bog da doživeti tudi to srečo. Samo malo potrpljenja! Saj se mu ne godi slabo na Dunaju. Pa kako lepo ji piše vsako nedeljo, da se mora kar jokati včasih, ko čita pismo. Zdi se ji, kakor da bi sam govoril z njo, samo da ga ne vidi. Pa za vsak božič ji pošlje kaj lepega in dobrega. Še eno leto pa pride; to bo veselje! Tako se je tolažila in upala žena! Sin pa ji je tisti čas ležal hudo bolan v bolnici v daljnem mestu dunajskem. Mislila je uboga ženica, da je tako blizu svoje sreče, pa je bila tako daleč od nje, kakor nikdar poprej.



Čebular: Belokranjski kozolec.

Janko se je bil prehladil zadnjo zimo, ki je bila posebno huda. To ni nič čudnega; še čuditi se moramo, da si ni že poprej nakopal kake bolezni. Moral je v posteljo. Gospodinja njegova je poslala po zdravnika, da se bo vedelo, kako in kaj. Ležal je v hudih vročinah. Zdravnik ga ogleda pa reče gospodinji: "V bolnico!" In nato pristavi bolj potihoma, da bi ne slišal bolnik: "Pljuča vnela."—To je huda bolezen, konča se lahko s smrtjo. Bolniku je treba zdravnika pa skrbne strežbe. To je pa mogel imeti samo v bolnici. Janko je v svoji hudi vročini jedva prav vedel, kaj se godi z njim. Ena sama skrb mu je šla po glavi: mati in pa tista knjižica; deti so mu jo morali pod zglavje.

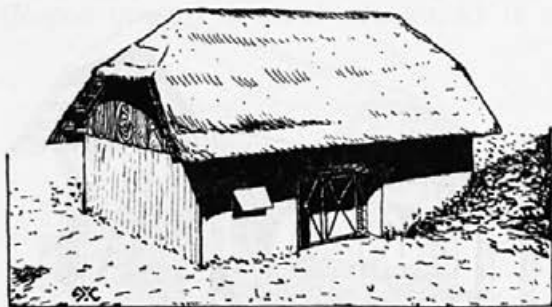
Ko je bila nevarnost že velika in se je bilo bati najhujšega, ko je čutil, da se mu bliža konec, je imel še edino željo, da bi videl mater. Sporočili so ji. Niti ene ure ni zamudila mati, pa je bila na Dunaju—sama ni prav vedela, kako je prišla—pri svojem sinu. Jokala ni in javkala, ko ga je zagledala v postelji pred seboj. Poljubila mu je čelo, kakor more le mati poljubiti svojega otroka. On jo je pogledal pa nasmehljaj se: "Mati!" Od tistega časa mu je odleglo. Ves dan je bila pri njem ter mu je stregla. Ponoči pa, ker ji ni dovoljeno, da bi ostala pri njem, je spala v njegovem stanovanju, ki je bilo zdaj prazno; Jankovi tovariši so bili že odrinili domov.

Materino oko, materina roka najboljše zdravilo za bolnega otroka. Čudovito hitro je Janko okrevaj. Čez nekaj časa že je smel zapustiti tisto veliko hišo, kjer leži in trpi leto in dan toliko ljudi. Srečen, kdor jo zapusti kakor on živ in zdrav ter gleda zopet čez toliko časa modro nebo nad seboj! Koliko pa jih odneso iz hiše, da ne vidijo nikdar več belega dne!

Z veselim kričanjem ga je pozdravila Pika, ko je prišel z materjo na svoje staro stanovanje. Uboga Pika je morala toliko časa biti sama doma in to ji ni bilo po volji.

Zdaj mu pa mati ni dala miru. Moral ji je obljubiti, da pojde, kakor hitro se dovolj pokrepča, z njo domov. Ko bi ji zopet zbolel in—! Ne, ne pusti ga in ne pusti! Tudi tega ne, da bi ostala nekaj časa pri njem na Dunaju. Brez truda in dela mora biti več časa, da okreva do dobrega. To se pa da najbolje v domačem kraju, tako sodijo tudi zdravniki.

Kdo se bo upiral materi? Pet let res ni še na Dunaju, kakor je bil sklenil, ali če pogleda v svojo ljubo knjižico, pa mora reči, da bi kaj takega ne bil upal v sanjah. Imel je, kolikor je potreboval za svoj namen, in morda še malo več. Človek



Čebular: Zidanica.

ne sme biti lakomen. Samo eno ga je skrbelo, kako bo doma. Pa tudi to skrb je izročil Bogu. Bo že! Prihodnje dni je porabil v to, da je v red spravil vse svoje reči. Pa tistega prijaznega gospoda s prstanom je moral tudi obiskati pred odhodom pa mu pokazati svojo mater, čeprav ni kaka bogata, imenitna gospa, ali mati je njegova. To je še posebno ugajalo gospodu. Lepo ju je pogostil in pri slovesu je ženici stisnil nekaj v roko, da je bilo za vožnjo in še malo čez. Drugi dan potem

pa sta po južni železnici med drugimi potniki drdrala dva srečna človeka, mati in sin, proti svojemu domu.

* * *

Kaj pa Pika? Prej se je toliko govorilo o njej, zdaj pa ne besede več. Ali je bila morda zopet ukradena ali se je kam zaletela, da je ni bilo več nazaj, ali pa še kaj hujšega? Nič takega. Ali svoje domovine Pika res ni več videla. Ostala je na Dunaju, kjer se ji je dobro godilo in se ji še godi. Prodal je pa menda vendar ni! To bi ne bilo lepo. Ne, prodal je tudi ni. To je pa bilo tako. Seznanil sem se bil tudi jaz z Jankom, ko sem šel mimo njega pa si kupil kostanja. Deček mi je bil posebno všeč, ko sem se pogovarjal z njim, pa Pika je bila z menoj nekako posebno prijazna. Povabil sem ga, naj me obišče kako nedeljo, s svojo kavko seveda. Prišla sta in se tako prikupila nam vsem, da sta morala zopet priti. Posebno pa Pika je delala mnogo veselja mojim ljudem. Pred odhodom se je bil prišel posloviti tudi k nam, s Piko seveda. Videl je, kako težko je mojim ljudem ločiti se od prijaznega ptiča, ki ga ne bodo videli več. Nekaj časa stoji in premišlja, potem pa reče: "Gospod, tako prijazni ste bili z menoj, vi in vaša družina. Kako bi se vam zahvalil? Veste kaj? Vzemite mojo kavko za spomin, jaz je tako zdaj nič več ne potrebujem." Kaj sem hotel? Razžalil bi ga bil, ko bi se bil branil. In tako je zdaj Jankova Pika naša Pika. Nekaj časa je res kričala po Janku, potem se je pa kmalu privadila novega doma, novih ljudi, ki jo imajo tako radi in ji tudi marsikaj izpregledajo. Razvajena je zdaj še bolj nego prej ter poredna in nagajiva pa krade in uzma, kjer more. Tu ne pomagajo ne dobri nauki ne svarjenje ne kazni. Pa ne samo doma, tudi pri sosedovih krade, kar je posebno neprijetno; zato je zadnje dni navadno v zaporu. Kaj se pa hoče s tatovom? Pa nagaja, komur more, posebno kokošim na dvorišču. Koplje se najrajša v njih posodi z vodo, potem jo pa prevrne. Psi, ko leži, vleče zdaj za rep, zdaj za uho, tako da ne more spati revež, kakor bi rad, pa ker je pameten, vse voljno potrpi. Meni je nekdanj, ko sem pisal na vrtu, prevrnila črnilo, tako da je bila vsa miza črna, potem je pa kričala od samega veselja. Ko sem potlej naredil tako,

da ga ni mogla prevrniti, mi pa vzame pero iz roke in ga nese na sosedov vrt. Res velik križ je z njo, vendar imamo potrpljenje; morda se pa še poboljša sčasoma. Če pa tudi ne, radi jo bomo vendar vedno imeli.

Procesija za dež

“SUŠA JE, suša, dežja bo treba!” tako so tožili kmetje pod vaško lipo v neki gorski fari na Dolenjskem. “Vse je ovelo in nič ne raste. Kako se bomo preživel pozimi, če nam Bog ne da malo dežja?” Kmetje so tarnali in jokali; premišljevali so, kako je mogoče, da jih Bog tako hudo tepe, ko pa vendar pobožno molijo in pridno hodijo k maši.

“Za mašo bo treba dati,” se je oglasila ženica, ki je poslušala pogovor; druga priletna pa je pripomnila, da je treba plačati za procesijo, v kateri bi skupno vsa fara na glas molila litanije, zlasti pa litanije vseh svetnikov, ki bi lahko še največ pomagali s priprošnjami.

Ker so kmetje vedeli, da bodo morali dati za mašo, procesijo in litanije, so še tistega večera zložili skupaj precej drobiža in drugi dan nesli župniku, naj naznani mašo, procesijo in litanije za dež.

Župnik jih je bil zelo vesel, ko so mu izročili nabrani drobiž in jim je vse obljubil, da bo naznanil, kadar bo pripraven čas. Čas za procesijo pa se je nato precej zavlekel, a nekega dne, ko je barometer začel kazati nenadno spremembo, je župnik oznanil procesijo in druge priprošnje za dež. Takoj je razglasil po fari, da bo drugi dan procesija za dež in zapovedal, naj zagotovo pridejo vsi k maši, po kateri se bo vršila procesija. In drugega dne je res prišlo vse staro in mlado skupaj, da poprosi za dež. Častiti je vse opravil, da je bilo po volji kmetom in plačali smo mu vse do zadnjega groša. Še večje zadovoljstvo pa je zavladovalo, ko so se farani vračali iz cerkve.

Čim so po lavretanskih litanijah in po priprošnjah k svetnikom šli iz cerkve, so nenadoma zaslišali silno bobnenje v zraku. Oblaki so se kopičili drug vrh drugega in debele kaplje so začele padati, tako da so se nekateri vrnili mokri domov.

Vsi so se veselili, da jih je uslišal Bog, le zaskrbelo jih je malo, ko so zapazili, da nalive divja čimdalje bolj in da rastejo hudourniki v mogočne reke. Ponekod je voda podrla bregove in nasipe, povsod pa povzročila veliko škode.

Ko so se modri vaški možje zbrali pod lipo, so po povodnji tožili, da jim je nalive povzročil preveč škode. Modrovali so, da je moralo biti preveč priprošenj do svetnikov, ki so gotovo vsi pritiskali na Boga, da je odprl preveč vodnih zatvornic. Ugotovili so, da bi bila samo maša s procesijo zadostovala in sklenili so, da prihodnjic ne plačajo več za litanije vseh svetnikov.

Po povodnji je župnik šel v cerkev pogledat, če je voda napravila kaj škode tudi v hiši božji ter če ni mogoče voda lila skozi streho. V klopi je našel mirno spečega, pobožnega moža, ki je v globoki molitvi zaspal v cerkvi. To je bil oni očanec, ki mu je izročil drobiž, katerega so bili nabrali za plačilo župniku, ki je molil za dež. Ta mož je bil najbolj zgovoren pod lipo. Župnik mu je dejal:

“No, očka, vi se pa niste premaknili prej, dokler vas ni uslišal ljubi Bog. No, zdaj pa le pojdite. Dobrotnik nam je poslal obilo dežja. Ravno vaše pobožne molitve so povzročile, da je bilo dežja še malo preveč.

Pobožnega kmeta so župljani na priporočilo župnika izvolili za župana. Takega pobožnega moža je župnik hotel za voditelja občine, zato je tudi njega priporočal z lece. Sploh pa je navada, da se povsod izvolijo take zaspane moše, ki ne zaspijo samo v cerkvi, temveč povsod. Zaspani smo pravzaprav še vsi in nič ne vidimo; ali upamo pa, da bo bolj čuječ naš novi rod.

N. Žlemberger.



Albin Čebular:

PISMONOŠA

Gospod urednik, dober dan!
Za Vas spet pisemce imam.

Spisala
ga je
Anka
mala,

po meni Vam ga je poslala,
poslala ga je in dejala,
da uvrstite ga v NAŠ KOTIČEK,
da čital ga bo še Matiček,
pa tudi mamica in striček!

Dragi čitatelji!

Z radostnim srcem pričakujemo praznikov, veselimo se jih, ker so kakor cvetoča poljana v mrzli zimi. Čeprav marsikdo izmed nas ne bo dobil božičnega darila, kakršnega bi si želel, in čeprav bo vedel, da mu njegovi starši ne morejo pokloniti darila, kakršnega dobi mogoče njegov prijatelj, ki ima premožnejše starše, vendar vsled tega ne bo zlovoljen, na nikogar se ne bo jezil. Zadovoljen bo sprejel darila in bo svoje starše ljubil še bolj, če so siromašni. In starši bodo dobili v ljubezni otroka neprecenljivo nadomestilo v siromaštvu.

Za božičem pride zadnji dan v letu. Tedaj se zahvalimo staršem za vse dobrote, trud in žrtve, za vso skrb in ljubezen! Kako žalostna bi bila naša mladost brez očeta, brez matere! Veselje in ljubezen do svojih staršev pa izkažemo na ta način, da jih ljubimo in spoštujemo.

Napisal sem, da se ne sme nihče jeziti, če ne dobi tako lepega darila kakor njegov tovariš. Pri darilih za kontestante, ki so zmagali s prispevki zadnje leto, pa ni tako. Kdor je zmagal, je deloma zaslužil in ni treba, da bi ga kdo drugi zavidal. Vsakdo je imel priliko in kdor je bil najbolj priden in dobre volje, ta naj pa največ dobi. Škoda pa, da so mnogi med prispevatelji, ki bi tudi zaslužili lepa darila, pa jih ni dovolj na razpolago, da bi vsakdo dobil, kdor je zaslužil. Na razpolago je sicer nekaj za vse, ali posebne nagrade gredo samo šestnajstim, ki so se s prispevki najbolj postavili. Darila so razdeljena v štiri skupine. in sicer:

Prvo darilo dobita:

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio, in
Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

Drugo darilo dobijo štirje:

Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa.,
Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.
 Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Tretje darilo dobijo tudi štirje, namreč:
 Frank Somrak, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.
 Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.
 Agnes Jurečič, Chicago, Ill.
 Četrto darilo pa dobijo sledeči:
 Fred Predikaka, Staunton, Ill.
 Helen Grabner, Kenosha, Wis.
 Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.
 Louise Fanny Chernagoy, Eveleth, Minn.
 Jennie Krizmancic, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Mary Skerbetz, Broughton, Pa.

Poleg teh je še veliko število drugih, katerim bi tudi rad poklonil darilo, in mislim, da se bo tako tudi zgodilo. Letos je zaslužila nagrade veliko večja skupina mladih čitateljev, kajti še nikoli ni bilo tako veliko število prispevkov od vas kakor letos.

Prihodnje leto čaka mlade čitatelje Mladinskega lista še veliko več zanimivosti kakor do sedaj, zato pa je potrebno, da še to leto vsakdo malo poagitira, da dobi kakega novega naročnika za Mladinski list. Mladi člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote bi morali vedno pokazati, da smo za organizacijo S. N. P. J. in celo sedaj o božiču ne sme nikdo pozabiti nanjo. Kjer se vam zdi umestno, pa povejte, da je jako primerno božično darilo, ako kdo naroči za eno leto Mladinski list. Ko ste koga nagovorili, da tako stori, pa pišite Mladinskemu listu.

Še nekaj drugega pišite: kako ste kaj zadovoljni z darili. Želim Vam jih obilo in tako tudi srečo in zadovoljstvo o božiču in vse leto.

Urednik.

Cenjeni urednik in čitatelji!

Povem vam, da na Halloween smo imeli kakor vsako leto tudi letos veliki pohod dve milji dolg. Bile so vsakovrstne maske in raznovrstne godbe. Prvi sneg je padel na tretjega novembra. Otroci smo veseli snega; vsak dan ga malo pade.

Na devetega in desetega novembra so bile odprte šole za obiskovalce, da vidijo, kako se učimo.

Naj omenim, kako je bilo neki dan v šoli. Učiteljica je vprašala otroke, če bi bilo prav, da ne bi smeli inozemci kuhati in se nositi kakor v starem kraju. Več otrok je reklo, da ne bi smeli nositi in kuhati v Ameriki kakor v starem kraju. Učiteljica pa je rekla: "Zakaj tako?"

Ona je rekla, da še ona rada je golaš. Jaz sem pa mislila, kaj pa bi mi slovenski otroci delali brez starokrajskih štrukljev in klobas! M-m-m-m!

Ker je to zadnji dopis v tem letu, obenem želim vsem bratcem in sestricam S. N. P. J. in čitateljem ter uredniku ML lista vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto 1928.

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Ne zamerite, ako bom napravil kako napako, ker to je moj prvi slovenski dopis. Slovenski Mladinski list mi je jako priljubljen; rad bi, da bi izhajal vsaj enkrat na teden. Jaz sem v devetem razredu in zelo rad hodim v šolo. Moja mama pravi, naj se pridno učim čitati in pisati po slovensko, da ne bom pozabil, da sem od slovenskih staršev. Poskušam, kar je v moji moči. Mama pravi, da bo vsakokrat boljše.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

John Glavich, Vandling, Pa.

Dragi čitatelji!

Da, res se miška lahko zjoče,
 ker naš kotichek prazen je.
 Ali sedaj nas bo zima obiskala in
 v naš kotichek vse potisnila.
 Hej, sestrice in bratci, ali
 bomo pustili miško solziti se?

Pozdrav vsem dopisovalcem našega lista.

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

REŠITEV UGANK IZ NOVEMBERSKE ŠTEVILKE.

1. Sanjke.
2. Tri zajce so ujeli stari oče, oče in sin. To sta dva očeta in dva sina.
 Mildred Brence, Lloydell, Pa.
 Mary Tomazec, Cleveland, Ohio.

3. 21 sodov so si razdelili takole: dva sina sta dobila po dva polna soda, po tri do polovice napolnjene sode in po dva prazna, tretji sin je dobil tri polne sode, enega do polovice napolnjene in tri prazne.

Mary Tomazec, Cleveland, Ohio, je zastavico rešila nekoliko drugače, vendar pa pravilno: 2 sina sta dobila po tri polne sode, enega po polovico in po tri prazne, tretji pa je dobil enega polnega, pet po polovico in enega praznega.

4. Ker krav niso smeli pobiti, so si pri sosedu izposodili še eno kravo, tako da so jih imeli 18. Zdaj so jih lahko delili. Najstarejši sin jih je dobil polovico, to je 9, srednji tretjino, to je 6 in najmlajši devetino, to je dve. Ko so krave tako razdelili, je ostala še sosedova krava, ki so jo sosedu vrnili.

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

1. PASTIRIČKA.
2. STRŽEK.
3. KOS.

Albin Čebular:

RASTI LOZICA!

Lozica, rasti,
se urno košati,
da dalje med brati
jim pelo bo čelo,

saj debelca vaša
tam v jamah stojijo
ter strop jim držijo,
da kar ni nesreče.

Albin Čebular:

LUČKE SVETIJO —

Lučke prežive
v jamici svetijo,
lučke so zlate —
zlate lopate.

Svedri se vrtajo,
v svitu se bliskajo,
krampi pa črni
od lučk so — srebrni . . .

IZREKI MODRIH MOŽ.

Človek, ki vedno dela, je dober. Radi tega sem prepričan, da edina vera, ki nas more rešiti, je vera v uspešnost izvršenega napora. Brez dvoma je lepo sanjati o večnosti, toda čast zasluži le dotični, ki dela.

Emil Zola.

Ni ga večjega zla kakor ne storiti tega, kar je dolžnost, ker po tem človek izgubi svoj pravi značaj dostojnosti in spoštovanja.

Epiktet.

SLOVENSKI PREGOVORI.

Dolga bolezen, gotova smrt.

*

Kar je dobrega se samo hvali.

*

Devet igralcev ne more enega samega
petelina rediti.

SLOVENE PROVERBS.

Long illness, certain death.

*

What is good needs no praise.

*

Nine gamblers cannot feed even a single
rooster.



STRAH

V noči Ivan se zbudi,
sam ne ve, od česa;
šum je slišal, se mu zdi,
pa napne ušesa.

Zopet isti, čuj, šumot,
škrtnila je šipa;
Ivana oblije pot,
srce mu utripa.

Proti oknu vpre oči
in temo prebada:
čudna senca tam leži
kakor moška brada.

Je ta senca živa mar?
Giblje, glej, se . . . dviga . . .
Ropar tam stoji, glavav
in pajdašem miga!

Čuj, kot nož bi brisal kdo —
sapa mu zastane,
v strahu krikne v noč temno
in k očetu plane . . .

Z okna pa — čofot! — na tla
senca se prevrne:
ni bila od roparja,
le od — mačke črne!

Janko Glaser.

OREH.

Dva dečka, Ivan in Milan, sta se nekega dne podala skozi gozd. V travi kraj pota je ležal oreh. Ivan ga zagleda, ali njegov brat Milan je bil hitrejši, pa je skočil ponj, da ga pobere.

"Oreh je moj," reče Ivan, "jaz sem ga prvi videl."

"Ni tvoj, moj je," ga zavrne Milan. "Jaz sem ga pobral."

In le malo je manjkalo, da se nista stopla. V tem hipu je prišel njun prijatelj Peter. Dejal je:

"Čul sem vajin prepir, zato vaju hočem pomiriti."

Strl je oreh in dejal:

"Tu-le bratca, sta dve lupini. Ena je tvoja, Ivan, ker si ti prvi videl oreh v travi, druga je tvoja, Milan, ker ti si pobral oreh. Ono pa, kar je notri, in to je jedro, ostane meni."

Tako je jima dejal Peter, pojedel je jedro, a prepirljivca sta ostala z dolgim nosom.

ANGLIJA NIMA MNOGO SOLNČNIH DNI.

Anglija spada med one zemlje, v katerih ni veliko solnčnih dni. V Londonu samem je navadno polno megle in dima, solnce pa zelo redkokrat prodre skozi gosto meglo, da bi obsijalo hiše in ljudi. Po vsem Angleškem je poleti kakor pozimi malo solnčnih dni in solnce sije povprečno le štiri ure.

*

KOROŠKI PREGOVORI.

Hudournik večkrat drevesa podira,
travi pa le bilke izpira.

Pozno v postelj, pa zgodaj na viš,
hišo zanemarjeno spet poživiš.

Kar te ne grize, kar te ne je,
pusti, naj spraskajo drugi ljudje.

Brez muje se ne obuje.
V vsaki ulici je enkrat semenj.





JUVENILE



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CALM IS THE MORN

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high world,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main!

Tennyson.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas will be here,
The children are saving money;
For toys they want
On Christmas Eve.

Santa is busy filling his bags,
For Christmas will be here;
His reindeers are ready to start
On Christmas Eve.

The children are busy looking
For stockings that will be hung up;
Without torn holes and large enough
For toys that will be put in them
On Christmas Eve.

Santa will make many trips,
His reindeers will go as fast as lightning,
Will reach the chimneys in few seconds.
Santa will be dressed good,
For it will be cold and windy
On Christmas Eve.

Charles Starman, Cleveland, Ohio.



The President of the S. N. P. J.

MANY OF US, THE JUVENILES as well as the older members of the S. N. P. J., are well acquainted with our president, Vincent Cainkar; yet we can never know him too well. And those that are not as happy as we are, will have an opportunity to know him a little better through reading this article.

Our president, like most of the older Slovenes of America, is a son of an ordinary, hardworking, and by no means rich peasant of Slovenia. Consequently, Vincent was obliged to assist his parents in supporting their rather large family. Even in his tender age, when his father was working in the Croatian, Hungarian, or Slavonian forests, and earning the means by which he hoped to improve his little farm as well as making their life more pleasing, Vincent assisted his mother in tilling the soil and taking care of other farm work. During the summer his father was at home, cultivating his farm; in the winter he left the domestic affairs in care of his wife and Vincent, and returned to the forest, where, at times, he spent half-a-year, or even longer. By this mutual cooperation and frugality they were able not only to improve their living conditions, but they actually added considerably to their farm by gradual purchasing.

Cainkar's father was a strong, kindhearted man, with a sort of melancholy disposition. This was a result, it seems, of his long absences from his beloved family. His children, on the other hand, longed for his return, for he was always good to them, and because of that they loved him very dearly. Later on, when Cainkar became a youth, strong enough to manage hard manual labor, he often accompanied his father to the forests, for he always loved to work with him.

Brother Cainkar was a clever young boy. He liked to study and read many good books; for his ambition was to get an education. But his father was poor, and could not afford to send him to a regular college, for the advance education was very expensive; at any rate, it was beyond the means of an average peasant; hence Vincent went to an agricultural college at Maribor, which was not as expensive. In the school he proved himself an excellent student. The teachers liked him very much, and he was very popular among the students.

When Vincent returned home on his vacations, he soon discovered that the land of his father as well as that of his neighbors yielded very little per acre, in spite of the diligent cultivation. He observed that there was much waste of energy and land, because the people were ignorant of the scientific methods in cultivation; so he began to improve this by applying his information to the practical purposes, as well as to teaching others how to select proper plants to suit the soil and the climate. Thus not only his father profited by his education, but the entire community followed his instructions and enjoyed the fruits of his accomplishment.

Besides farming and wandering with his father as a timberman and his educational training, Vincent was accumulating his experiences as a soldier. That gave



Vincent Cainkar,
President of the S. N. P. J.

him an opportunity to meet various kinds of people. In the like manner, when he came to the United States, he travelled a good deal and worked at different trades. Obviously, Mr. Cainkar is widely experienced man, and especially in the conditions of the workingman. It was this experience and the activity in the Slovene affairs of America that made him very popular among Slovenes, which finally culminated in electing him president of the S. N. P. J. in Springfield, in 1918. Since then he was re-elected three times. There are but few that have been as active in the Slovene affairs of America as Mr. Vincent Cainkar, and it is for this reason that this article is written.

*

We are happy to have a man at the head of the organization of so wide an experience as our president. But this is not all: we should remember that as our president climbed from a simple, and lowly place step by step until he came to be the leader of the Slovenes of America, with little opportunity, but with hard and perseverent labor; so we, who are still young, and whose whole future is before us, should remember that what was possible for our president to accomplish is possible for us as well. But we see that he was a good student, that he liked to study; and, secondly, we observe, that he was very active in the Slovene affairs long before he was elected president. If we follow his example, brothers and sisters, we will be on the right track. Moreover, our president is very interested in those who are active in cooperating with the M. L.; for this is what he said the other day about the activities of the young cooperators of the M. L.: "I am very much pleased to see so many of our young Slovenes of America interested in the Mladinski List. Indeed, nothing could be more encouraging than to watch the activity of these young brothers and sisters. I did not expect such response, for I know that the youngsters are not sufficiently acquainted with the S. N. P. J. organization and its ideals and purposes. This is a clear evidence that these members will some day form an integral portion of the important body of the S. N. P. J."

Moreover, our president is not satisfied with mere words of praise; he promised to give a present to the best contributor of M. L. for the year 1927. It might as well be admitted that our president's hope for the future success of the organization is based upon the young workers whose interest and activity in the organization began in their early life. It is hoped that there will be more of us who are willing to follow the example of our president, remembering that education and labor are the key to success.—X.



The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

The Southern Slavs United

(Conclusion.)

AFTER we have followed the history of various parts of the Southern Slavs, it is proper that, to conclude our story, we look at the present Yugoslavia as it is composed of various groups of the Southern Slavs. It is true that the present Yugoslavia does not include all the Southern Slavs; but, with the exception of the Bulgarians, who have not yet been described in our articles, it includes all nations whose history has been given.

Yugoslavia came into being in the closing months of 1918. After the destruction of Austria-Hungary, the deputies of Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs met at Belgrade, and voluntarily formed a union under the leadership of a Serbian Prince-Regent Alexander. The intention of the Slovene and Croatian delegates was to create a republic; but in order to secure a strong political union, they agreed with the Serbian deputies, who already had their king; the result was that they formed a constitutional monarchy similar to that of the Great Britain or several other countries of Europe. Yugoslavia was thus founded on the first day of December, 1918, and it was composed of: the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, of Croatia, Southern part of Hungary, Dalmatia, and about two-thirds of Slovenia. One third of Slovenia still remained outside its boundaries and it belongs now to Italy. The population of this new country is not as numerous as, for instance, of Italy, which is not much bigger than Yugoslavia. It has only 12,000,000 inhabitants; but these are almost purely Yugoslavs.

It is interesting to know that the movement for a free national state of the Yugoslavs was a long struggle. Although there were different traditions in the culture of various groups of the Southern Slavs, the differences due to the rival church influence of Rome and Byzantium, a sense of kinship and national brotherhood had



A Yugoslav Village.

survived throughout centuries of separation, and was strengthened by continual migration.

In a little Yugoslav republic, Ragusa, which remained the only independent state of the Southern Slavs, many centuries after the Turkish invasions, there began a movement for a national unity of the Southern Slavs. Ivan Gundulić and the brilliant group of poets that gathered around him at Ragusa in the early 17th century, reflected in their writings intimate connection with other Southern Slavs. The first advocate of the all-Slav idea in Russia was Krizanić, a Croat from Dalmatia; and early writers in favor of racial and literary unity were the Slovene school master Bohorič and the Dalmatian Croat Orbini.

The first active impulse toward political unity of the Southern Slavs was given by Napoleon, when he erected the Slovene districts and most of Croatia and Dalmatia into a separate Illyrian (Southern Slav) state, having its administrative capital at Ljubljana. This short experiment was the cause of the so-called Illyrian movement among the Croats in Zagreb, the Croatian capital. The leader of the movement was Ljudevit Gaj, who in his newspapers provided material for the rising generation. The modern Serbian and Croatian literature also helped to produce a stronger movement for a political union. It is the result of this nationalistic movement that there are no differences in the written languages of the Serbs and Croats, whose only difference is that the former use the Cirylic and the latter the Latin alphabet.

Without hesitation we may call Gaj the prophet of the united Yugoslavia. When he propagated for a strong state of the Southern Slavs, he spoke of Carinthia, Gorica, Istria (Slovene countries that today belong to Italy), Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Ragusa, Bosnia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Lower Hungary.

The movement of the Southern Slavs, which thus began, met immediately a strong opposition. The Germans on one side and the Hungarians on the other, suppressed every attempt of the Southern Slavs; many leaders have been imprisoned and the nationalistic organizations destroyed. The result was not at all a desired one for the enemies of a union of the Southern Slavs: as the people became more educated, their demand was more common. Yugoslav students at home as well as in other countries were always in politics; to a large degree they worked out a widespread unrest and excitement which followed upon the Balkan war. The students were the most idealistic group of people demanding a national freedom, and they had, before the Great War broke out, six newspapers of their own in which they wrote propagandistic articles and essays for a free union of the Southern Slavs. From these groups of Yugoslav unionists came the young Bosnian Serb students Princip and Čabrinović, Grabež, and others, who shot the Austrian archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, and thus lit the spark in the European powder magazine, which exploded into the World War.

During the World War the suppression of the Yugoslavs was more cruel than ever before. Thousands of Southern Slavs were killed merely because of their nationality. Many leaders were arrested and the Slovene and Croatian nationalistic newspapers and magazines were not allowed to be published. But the suppression was fruitless and out of the great and generations long struggle came Yugoslavia, the country of the Southern Slavs.





Twenty Five Questions about Wireless

(Of all the changes taking place before our eyes nothing equals Wireless. The wonders of it never cease. Pictures are coming by wireless across the Atlantic; men talk by wireless over the sea. Soon we shall be talking from anywhere to anywhere.)

What is tuning?

In the reception of a message, tuning means altering the amount of inductance or capacity in the receiver so that it will respond best to the waves sent out by a particular station. It is generally done "by ear," the adjustments of the apparatus being made until the signals are of maximum strength. It is a process of making the receiver sympathetic to waves of a particular frequency.

What is jamming?

Interference from other stations. In ordinary circumstances waves from a number of stations pass over a receiving aerial at the same time, with the result that if they are all of similar wave length the messages are jumbled together, so that it is difficult to read any one of them. Fine tuning is resorted to in such a case.

What is an X in wireless?

Interference caused by lightning and other natural occurrences. As X's are caused by atmospheric electricity their proper term is atmospherics. They are very troublesome, and their elimination is an ever-present problem, though much has recently been done to effect it.

What is a crystal receiver?

One which makes use of the power of certain minerals to turn the received oscillating current in the aerial into pulses or bursts of current flowing in one direction, so that the telephones used by the operator will work. We need unidirectional pulses of current because the telephone cannot respond in the required way to the high-frequency oscillating currents picked up by the aerial.

How do ships get news by wireless?

At various times the operators on the ships alter their apparatus so that it will receive the long waves sent out from different high-power stations. The operators on ships which pay for the news service take down these Press messages.

What is done when a ship is too far off to receive a message?

Ships nearer the coast station will take the message and pass it on. Messages have thus been flung from ship to ship for hundreds of miles, until the vessel to which they were addressed finally receive them.

Does weather affect wireless?

Not very much. Thundery weather may cause atmospherics, but fog, rain, frost, or snow make no great difference to wireless signalling, except in the case of low-power, short-wave work.

What is a rotary gap?

A spark-gap formed between one terminal of a spark discharger and a number of projecting teeth or studs on a rapidly revolving disc. Each stud in turn forms the other side of the gap, and the result is that the signals made by such a discharge have a musical note. Transmitters employing a fixed gap produce a non-musical signal, which sounds something like the noise made by quickly tearing calico.

What is coupling in wireless?

The proximity of two coils of wire in a wireless circuit. They are arranged in such a way that when electricity flows through one of them some of it is transferred to the other. The degree of coup-

ling is stated as a percentage, 100 per cent coupling being considered to exist when the coils are so arranged that the theoretical maximum transference takes place.

What is an automatic call device?

This is the apparatus which can be connected to the wireless receiver on board ships carrying only one operator, so that when the operator is asleep, or absent from his chair, a bell will ring if a distress call comes through.

How does an aeroplane get electricity for its wireless?

From a little dynamo fastened on the outside of the aeroplane and driven by the wind created by the plane's movement through the air.

How does the wireless carry the human voice?

The telephone transmitter sends out wireless waves which reproduce the variations of the sound waves created by the voice. These, in turn, affect the receiver in such a way that the electric variations are again reproduced in the sound waves made by the headgear telephones.

Can a wireless telephone message travel as far as a wireless telegram?

Yes; it is simply a question of sending-power and the sensitiveness of the receiver.

Can the voice be heard plainly over a great distance?

Yes; the speech is equally plain at all distances—much more so than in the ordinary wire telephone.

Can a wireless telephone be fitted wherever a wireless telegraph can be installed?

Yes; the apparatus is adapted to ships, carts, aeroplanes, and pack-animals.

What is duplex working?

Sending and receiving messages at the same time. This allows us to do twice the amount of work in a given time.

Could any number join in the talking?

Yes, provided they did not break in upon a conversation.

Can wireless telephony be made secret?

Scientists believe that, to a great extent, this will one day be possible.

Could a man speak to all the world at once by wireless?

Theoretically, yes. The long-distance wireless telephone has not been developed to the fullest extent, but the time is not far off when it will be possible to transmit voice-carrying waves over the whole globe.

If Mars had a telephone receiver could music made on Earth be heard there?

Yes, provided sufficient electrical power could be employed, and efficient modulation of the waves effected—and provided also that wireless waves can pass entirely out of the Earth's atmosphere, which is not yet proved and which is unlikely.

Could a man use a bedstead as an aerial?

Yes, or a fender, or a dustbin. Any metallic object of fair bulk can pick up sufficient electrical energy from wireless waves to operate the sensitive receivers now in use. The amount they pick up is exceedingly tiny, but by means of waves this energy is augmented until it is sufficient to produce readable signals.

Are signals stronger by day or by night?

By nights, because the light of day absorbs some of the energy of wireless waves.

What is a freak in wireless?

It is an abnormal range of transmission. Often a ship at sea will hear a few signals from a station hundreds of miles farther off than those from which it usually receives signals; then these signals die away and are not heard again.

Must every ship have wireless telegraphy?

Every ship above a certain size must carry wireless apparatus. The size is spoken of in seafaring terms as "1600 tons displacement."

Is it possible for one station to break in on another which is sending to it?

Yes. If the receiving station fails to receive a word during a message it can stop the sender and ask for the word to be repeated.

A Word From Mother

WHEN I was ten I was very horrid little schoolboy. I was unaccountably lazy. All my teachers failed in their efforts to help me. The year 1870 came along. Things were taking a disastrous turn.

Paris was besieged.

My mother, a teacher at the Conservatoire, used to earn our living by giving piano lessons, and so far had been unable to attend to my studies. But very little music was played in besieged Paris, and one evening she opened one of my copy-books and read a Latin translation, I had just written.

"What do you mean by this?" she said; "there is no sense in it."

"Of course," I replied; "it is translated from the Latin."

She slightly shrugged her shoulders, took the Latin text I had treated with so little consideration, looked up the words in the dictionary, and, though she knew nothing of Cicero's vernacular, made sense out of it.

It was a revelation to me. All sorts of undreamed of things were suggested; there was some sense in learning, then; some use in working.

I took my Latin books and my copy books and set to work. I have never left off since.

Rene Doumic, member of the French Academy.



A Bohemian Minstrel.

Attention, Young Pioneers!

THE PIONEER lodge is giving four prizes, two for boys and two for girls. Only Pioneer juvenile members can participate in this contest. This is what you must do. Send names and addresses of boys and girls who do not belong to the S. N. P. J., to Oscar B. Godina, 3211 So. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. It is all right if you know only the name of the boy or girl.

The contest began November 1, 1927, and will close February 29, 1928. The prizes are two five-dollar first prizes, one for the girls and the other for the boys, the second prizes are two two-dollar and a half, one for the girls and the other for boys. In case of a tie, that is, if two contestants get equal numbers of names and addresses, we will split the five dollars between them. The same follows for the two dollar and a half prize.

This contest is given by the lodge only for the boys and girls of the Pioneer lodge in Chicago.

Therefore, to all the boys and girls who sent names and addresses to me; namely, Mary Karlin, 332 I. St., Rock Springs, Wyo.; Frank Bartakovic, Lemont, Pa., Box 172; Helen Schmuck, Pawnee, Ill., Box 95; Jacob Drobne, Morgan, Pa., Box 436; Nick Munas, Glencoe, Ohio, Box 43; Sophie Klemen, 20681 E. Miller Ave., Euclid, Ohio; and Julia Andler, Roslyn, Wash., Box 90, we cannot award for your hard labor. At any rate, we are glad that you take such interest in the work, and we wish to thank you for your letters.

Fraternaly yours,

Oscar Godina.

THE DISGRACE OF THE FAMILY

WHEN I left the school I was for my age neither high nor low in it, and I believe I was considered by my masters and by my father a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect.

To my deep mortification my father once said to me: "You care for nothing, but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and to all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Charles Darwin.

THE BAG OF PEARLS

I SAW an Arab sitting in a circle of jewellers of Basra, and relating as follows:

"Once on a time, having missed my way in the desert and having no provisions left, I gave myself up for lost, when I happened to find a bag full of something. I shall never forget the relish and delight that I felt on supposing it to be fried wheat; nor the bitterness and despair which I suffered on discovering that the bag contained pearls."

A Persian writer of the 12th century.

You Should Know That

Every child should always carry a clean handkerchief,
Because a handkerchief is a regular part of one's clothing.
A handkerchief should be used frequently and regularly,
Because by blowing the nose, you keep the nose clean and open so that you can
breath through it easily.

Breathing through the nose is important,
Because the little hairs just inside the nostrils filter out a lot of dirt and dust
in the air and help to let only clean air down into the lungs; and because
the air is warmed as it passes through the nose and so doesn't chill the
lungs.

Keeping the nose clear and clean also helps the eyes,
Because there are "tears" that are flowing over the eyes all the time, bathing
them and keeping the eyeballs clean. The tears run down, in the corners
of the eyes, through a little canal into the nose. If the nose is kept clear,
it helps to keep the tear ducts clear and running freely, and this is very
important.

A handkerchief prevents disease,
Because if you have a cold, you should always cover your mouth and nose when
sneezing or coughing. The reason for this is that when coughing or
sneezing you may be scattering germs. It is your duty to prevent spread-
ing diseases as well as to avoid catching it. So many boys and girls seem
to forget this.

A clean handkerchief is a sign of personal cleanliness,
Because it means you are careful, thoughtful, and tidy about your appearance.

Briefs from Herman N. Bundessen, M. D., Health Advises.



A Sleepy Head.



To the readers:

The "Xmas" holidays are almost here, and we are hoping that they will bring us many presents and lots of joy. But after all, there are things that we must keep in mind at all times, and especially at such occasions; for it is then that we prove ourselves to be really good. When you see your wealthier friends loaded with all sorts of presents, while yours may not be the kind that you would want to have, and even those few in number; think not of the presents themselves, but rather show to your parents that you do appreciate them, perhaps, even better than the others; for remember that the dearest thing you will ever have is the love of your parents. But you should remember that no one can love you, if you do not love him. The presents last but a short time; whereas the other last life long. See to it while it is yet time that you shall never regret for your conduct. There is no one so poor and so young that cannot love, respect, and obey his parents, and whoever does that he shall never regret it. If you can prove that to your parents, you will please them more than all the presents that you can think of.

*

But of course, it cannot be said the same regarding the presents that Mladinski list is sponsoring, for at this connec-

tion there is but one thing that is considered—THE INTEREST AND COOPERATION WITH THE MLADINSKI LIST during the past year; for this was an unrestricted competition which was open to all of you alike. Those whose interests and industry were the best may read their names under NAŠ KOTÍČEK and will receive special award for their cooperation. They are SIXTEEN in all, and are graded, in accordance with their merits, into four different groups. These are not really presents; they are well earned rewards. It was their own industry that secured them for the lucky ones. No one should envy them; rather we should congratulate them for having been true cooperators of ML. LIST and S. N. P. J. There are others, too, that we would like to reward, for they deserved it, but we are unable to do so this year. There is, however, a small recognition for all co-operators.

*

I am pleased to say that the number of the cooperators increased greatly during the last year. At the same time the future is more promising than ever before. In the next year there shall be more excitement, more presents, therefore, much more interest and joy for our readers and co-operators. Of course, we must work together—COOPERATION IS THE SE-

CRET OF SUCCESS—in order that our paper as well as the S. N. P. J. may be more successful. By the way, now is the time to work. One of the finest things that you could do would be to surprise your friends with a subscription for the "Juvenile." Such presents last for a whole year, hence they are by far more pleasant than many others. And if you get any new subscribers, write to us, and we shall publish your success in the M. L.; and this, of course, will be the beginning for your success in the competition of 1928. At the same time we would like to know how you liked the presents; for only in this way we can please every one in the future. Let us start at the beginning.

THE EDITOR.

MLADINSKI LIST.

Mailed to the members of S. N. P. J.
Lovingly read by night and by day.
Attributing cheerfulness to one and to all,
Dauntlessly received in winter and fall.
Into young hearts it casts happiness,
Never corrupting ambitious success.
Standard in tales and humorous jokes,
Kindness it spells to hard-working folks.
Idoled by many in East and far West,

Lordly regarded the truest and best.
It's stories are wholesome, faultlessly clean,
So
Take off your bonnet to "OUR MAGAZINE!"

By

Joseph Staudohar, 123 Montrose Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—

I would like all boys, when writing a letter, to write their addresses; so I could write a letter to them. I am 12 years old and in sixth grade. Our whole family belongs to the lodge 236, and my father is the secretary of the lodge.

Your friend,

John Holevac, Box 168, Anvil Location, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I am 9 years old and in the 4-B in Standard school. I belong to the S. N. P. J. since I was 1 year old. I solved a puzzle in the M. L. There were four i's, four s's, two p's and an m; that spelled: Mississippi. I like the school, library, playgrounds, and the children to play with.

Yours truly,

Frank Seseke, Cleveland, O.

SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus will soon be here;
With his sleigh and six reindeer.
Down the chimney he will go
And fill the stockings from top to toe.
Then up the chimney he will spring,
Sh! Hear the sleigh bells ring.
He then goes from house to house,
He is heard by not even a mouse.
At the last house he will leave a doll and pen;
This last house has been reached, and then
Crack goes the whip and away he goes
To dreamland, I suppose.

Yours truly,

Sophie Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

I have not written for some time to the M. L., so I will write now. In the magazine of the last months there were not many letters from Pueblo, Colo. I do not belong to the young lodge yet; but I will belong in three years.

I will be in High School pretty soon and I think I will enjoy the schooling there more than I do in grade school.

I am very disappointed in the boys and girls of Pueblo, Colo., because we do not have half of them that are writing to the M. L.

There is a big strike going on in Walsenburg and I think the miners will win this time.

Yours truly,

John Hren, 2717 Spruce St., Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Editor:

I like the "Mladinski List" very much. I got all of them saved for a whole year and a few others. We moved from Sedro Woolley to Ronald, Washington.

Yours truly,

John Gasparach.

Dear Editor:

I haven't written to the M. L. since last Spring, so I thought I would write.

Our school started Sep. 6th. I made 86 in average for the month. I have four teachers, they all are good to me.

We have an entertainment at our school every Friday. Some girls play on the piano, violin, and one on a banjo. We also have plays and readings given by the children.

I have a joke to tell:

Actor—Boss, may I go to the railroad to learn to dance?

Boss—To the railroad—what are you going to do there?

Actor—There are a couple of trains going to Charleston.

From

Jennie Widmar.

WHAT DO WE DO IN CLEVELAND?

What do we do in Cleveland?
Sing and dance and play.
Why do we sing and dance and play?
Because this is a free land.
Hurrah!

What do we eat in Cleveland?
Everything that is good:
Apples, potatoes, and all that is good,
In this new free land.
Hurrah!

What do we read in Cleveland?
We read the Mladinski List.
To me it's better than a feast
In this new free land.
Hurrah!
Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

WINGED WORDS.

If words were birds,
And swiftly flew
From tips to lips
Owned, dear, by you,
Would they, to-day,
Be hawks and crows?
Or blue and true
And sweet? Who knows?
Let's play to-day,
We choose the best;
Birds blue and true,
With dove-like breast!
'Tis queer, my dear,
We never knew, that words,
Like birds, had wings and flew!

Justina Yancar.
633 Washington Ave., Girard, Ohio.

Rose Marie Mihelcic, from Blaine, Ohio, says:
"I was eight years old in May and I am in the fourth grade in school. I belong to the S. N. P. J. for seven and a half year, and my mother for eleven years, and my father for seven years. I have one brother and two sisters and they all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 333 in Blaine, Ohio. I will write more next time."

Dear Editor:

I surely like to read this magazine; so I have written this letter. I also belong to the S. N. P. J. and so do my brothers and sisters. I wish the M. L. would become larger. I am attending school every day and am 13 years of age and in the eighth grade.

The weather here is getting cold. We are having a lot of fun, such as skating, sleighing and skiing. I hope other members would write to me. My address is: Rosalyn Laykovich, Willard, Wis., R. R. 1, Box 44.

INDIANS.

Here we go dancing for joy,
Men, women, girl, and boy.
We have here the Sun dance,
Jump up and all around prance.

We are Indians, great and strong,
Men and women are all the same:
Working, fighting for their fame,
That is why we are so strong.

We have wigwams roomy and small,
Some are big and some are tall,
In them we sleep and drink
And in the streams we our fishhooks sink.

We hang the papoose in the tree,
Where he sings and is free.
We will let him grow in peace,
On his birthday we will feast.

Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the Mladinski List.

There are many members of the S. N. P. J. Lodge in Montana, that do not want to write, except Olga Zobek. So I thought I would write. The members like to read the magazine, but they are too lazy to write.

The children from Scotch Coulee have a very far way to walk to Washoe or Bearcreek School. When winter comes, we have a hard time; but, anyway, we have good times, sleigh-riding and skiing.

Christmas will soon be here. I wish the Women's Lodge No. 324 would write to Santa Claus to come the same way as last Christmas. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Fannie Widitz, Washoe, Mont.

Dear Editor:

I like to read the M. L. and I wish it would come oftener. We all belong to the S. N. P. J.; I have three brothers and five sisters. I will be 16 years old on Dec. 20, when I am quitting school and going to work. I have a good set of drums, on which I am taking lessons now. The teacher comes every Sunday afternoon to teach me. My oldest brother Joe plays banjo. He is pretty busy with his banjo; he has about two or three dances a week to play at, and he is also in a good orchestra in which there are seven together. They surely make it "hot" when they play together. My two oldest sisters work at "Pitney Glass" about two years already and they like their jobs. We come from Penna and live in Cleveland now two years. I like this place very well.

Edward T. Miklavcic,
295 E. 164th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I have sent to M. L. one poem a good while ago, and I am sorry I did not write any more since then. All of our family, except my mother, are members of the S. N. P. J.

I am always very anxious to get the M. L. I enjoy reading the stories, letters, jokes, and I like to work out the riddles.

I have succeeded in working out two of them in this month's issue.

Here I have a joke:

"Why," said the disgusted teacher to a small boy, who did not know his geography lesson: "I'm surprised at you, Jimmie. When Washington was your size he was a surveyor."

"Please, teacher," spoke up the boy, "When he was your size he was president."

Yours truly,

Rose Kravanya, Glencoe, O.

Dear Editor:

Well, Santa Claus is going to visit us soon. So, if you haven't been very good yet, you better start right away.

If we were to look back and compare our 1926 M. L. with the 1927 one, we would find very many good improvements. I do hope that our M. L. will keep on improving.

I am kept very busy with my school work. When I first came up to Collinwood High School, I could not find my way around this big building, but now I am well acquainted with it.

In the November issue of the M. L. it was published that our school has 120 rooms; but that was a mistake. It has 400 rooms and 120 teachers. During the football season this year the Junior Collinwood High School Football Team has played with many other high schools and it won the Junior Football Championship of Cleveland.

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I've written several letters to the Mladinski List, and next year I expect to have a letter every month for the magazine.

I have been receiving many letters from the members of the S. N. P. J. I also have been busy answering them.

I am glad to say that Euclid High School has won the cup which was given for the conference football games. We will be holding this cup for the second year.

Here is a joke:

Customer—"I want a Christmas present for my child. He'd like something that blows."

Clerk—"How about a handkerchief?"

I wish all members of the S. N. P. J. a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Sophie Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong!
Sounds the nearby gong,
Rejoice the people far and wide,
Here and there on every side.

We leap from an old year into a new,
Unhappy people there should be few.
Firm resolutions we should make,
Not only for ours, but for everybody's sake.

Stefanja Dolinar—Age 13,
843 Willow Way, Braddock, Pa.

Dear Editor:

In my town of Renton, Pa., conditions are not very good, for the Coal Company has started to break the union. There are children of the strike breakers who go to school with the union children, and there never is peace among the children in school.

In our town there are many policemen known as deputy sheriffs and state police to guard and keep peace in the town. But the police are only hired gunmen from the city. They came to beat the men, women, and even the innocent children. They have no pity on them; for they are a cruel class of people.

In school the teacher tells us that this country is the land of liberty, freedom, and justice; but there is no freedom, justice, or liberty in the striking camps of Pennsylvania. The conditions are worse than in the days of slavery.

The other day our teacher told us to memorize the Constitution of the United States of America, and I remember in it was a paragraph which guaranteed free speech, free press, and free assemblage in this country. There are no such laws for the citizens of Renton; for even the children are put indoors at seven o'clock in the evening, by the deputy sheriff.

The children of the union parents are going through hardships. We have no decent clothes to wear for school, our parents are eight months on strike already. They will stay on strike until they win for the good old U. M. W. of A.

Hilda Jerich, Renton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge for eight years and I read the M. L. all the time. I wish it would come every week. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I have a brother in S. N. P. J. lodge. My brother is in Lincoln school and I go to Central school. We had a little snowfall already, but the snow was not thick enough so I could slide. I don't like so much sliding as I like reading the M. L.

Lucy Markovich,
695 N. 3rd St., Barberton, Ohio.

