

Mladinski List

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI
MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 12

Izdaja

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

	Za člane	Za nečlane
Zdr. Države za celo leto....	30c	60c
" " za pol leta....	15c	30c
Druge države: za leto.....		75c

“JUVENILE”

Published Monthly by the

SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

	Non- Members	Mem.
United States per year....	30c	60c
" " half year....	15c	30c
Other Countries per year...		75c

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

138

UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO
(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Jeraj Joseph
14811 Thames Ave.
(68)

VSEBINA—CONTENTS

	stran—page
Božičnica drvarjeve družine. (S. Franič).....	355
Bum-bum. (Iz francoščine.).....	356
Ob gorskem vznožju. (K. Z.).....	358
Nova knjiga. (Iz nemščine K. Z.).....	360
Železniški čuvaj. (F. K.—A. V.).....	362
Slovenci. (Nadaljevanje.).....	364
Naš kotichek.....	368

* * *

The Moving Force. (J. J. M.).....	370
In the Storm.....	370
The Story of the Year. (H. C. Andersen.).....	371
The New New Year. (E. L. Skinner & A. M. Skinner)	373
The Legend of Yellowstone Canyon.....	380
"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.....	382
Practical Slovenian Grammar. (Continued.).....	384

* * *

Slike—Pictures:

Ob gorskem vznožju. (Zimska slika iz Alp.).....	359
V samoti. (Cazin.).....	363
Ob Jadranu.....	367

* * *

Love of Winter. (George Bellows.).....	372
Ice Bound. (Metcalf.).....	381



MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER 1925.

ŠTEV. 12

S. Franič:

Božičnica drvarjeve družine.

(Slička iz starega kraja.)

Mati je kuhala in pripravljala skromno božičnico. Otroci—pet po številu—so od veselja in radosti skakali okrog nje, ji pomagali čistiti stanovanje in neprenehoma povpraševali, kdaj se prižgejo svečice na okrašenem drevescu. Revna delavska deca je težko pričakovala mrak, da doživi skoraj edino veselje, ki ji ga ubogi starši enkrat v letu nudijo. Mala smrečica, na katero se obesi par sladkorčkov in nekoliko sveč, je v očeh mladih otroških glavic veselje in radost, ki se ne da popisati.

Mož in oče omenjenih je bil drvar. Delal je v bližnji gori, v družbi treh tovarišev, ki so podirali drevesa. Bil je to mož in oče, kakršnega se le težko najde. Ljubil in oboževal je svojo družino nad vse, ter se s prekomurnim delom trudil, da jo je lažje preživeljal in vzdrževal. Kot sin viničarja je postal drvar in, kakor njegovi roditelji, tako je tudi on bil skozi in skozi siromašen. Ako danes ne delaš, nimaš jutri kaj jesti—so besede, ki kratko popišejo bilanco njegovega gmotnega položaja.

Njegova družica je bila ravno tako vzor-mati, kakor vzor-žena. Od ranega jutra do pozno v noč je garala i delala, da je družina—kolikor je seveda siromaštvo dovolilo—imela svoj hišni red. Ljubila in cenila je svojega moža, bila mu je vedno in povsod dobra opora v borbi siromašnega življenja.

Bilo je okrog pete ure zvečer. Drvarje-

va ženka in otroci so opravili vse domače delo, ter čakali na ateka, ki je obljubil, da pride danes radi slavnosti še pred mrakom domov. Mali, ki so komaj čakali, da se jim želja izpolni, so prosili mamo, da naj gre po njega, gledali so skozi okno, ga klicali. Žena jih je pa mirila in čakala na možovo vrnitev. Ko pa družinskega očeta do šeste ure ni bilo, začne žena skrbeti in se vznemirjati. Ali se mu ni morda zgodila kakšna nesreča? je bilo vprašanje, ki se ji je vsiljevalo. V takšnem premišljevanju in strahu, ter med godrnjanjem nemirnih otrok, ki so silili, da se prižge sveče, je postala ura sedem. Kmalu nato se pa sliši nenavaden ropot in korake okrog bajte. Preplašena žena prižge svetilko in ko s tresočo roko odpre vrata, zakriči in pade v omedlevo. Okrog nosilke, na kateri so prinesli drvarja, so pa obupano čivkali prestrašeni otročiči. Mož je namreč pri podiranju hrasta padel pod deblo, ki mu je zdrobilo obe nogi in prizadelo težke notranje poškodbe

V času, ko so pri farni cerkvi zvonili polnočnico, se je ponesrečeni drvar na rokah svoje žene in obkrožen od svojih jokajočih otrok mirno poslovil ter jih za vedno zapustil.

Svečice, ki so bile določene za božično drevo, so pa čez praznike brlele in svetile pri mrtvi glavi ponesrečenega moža in očeta, katerega usoda in tragika je njegovo družino kmalu nato spravila na beraško palico.—



Bum -- bum.

I.

Dete je ležalo blede v svoji beli posteljici in zrlo z očmi, razširjenimi od vročice, pred se z ono nenavadno otopelostjo bolnika, ki že vidi ono, kar živi ljudje ne vidijo.

Mati si je ob postelji grizla prste, da bi ne plakala, in je z grozo spremljala potek bolezni na bednem, mršavem detetovem licu, oče pa se je trudil, da bi v svojih pordečelih očeh zadržal solze, ki so mu grizle oči.

Dan se je javljal in napolnjeval sobico, v kateri je umiral mali Francois, sin Jacquesa Legranda in njegove žene Magdalene.

Detetu je sedem let. Še pred tremi tedni je bil mali rdeč, živahen in vesel kakor vrabček!... Toda polotila se ga je vročica. Nekega večera so ga privedli iz šole; glava mu je bila težka in roke kakor ogenj. Od tistega dne je ležal neprestano v postelji, včasih pa govoril v silni vročici, gledajoč svoje očiščene čevlje, ki jih je bila mati položila na polico:

"Sedaj lahko mirno shranite čevlje malega Francoisa! Mali Francois jih ne bo več obul! Mali Francois ne bo šel več v šolo... nikoli, nikoli!"

Oče je nato navadno obupno zaklical: "Molči, dete moje!", mati pa je zakopala svojo blede glavo v zglavje, da bi mali Francois ne čul njenega plakanja.

To noč se detetu ni bledlo, a že pred dvema dnevoma je pričela skrbeti zdravnika neka čudna pobitost, ki je spominjala na obup. Mali bolnik je bil truden, molčeč, otožen, premetaval je svojo glavico po blazini, ničesar ni maral poskusiti, na njegovih iztanjšanih ustnicah ni bilo več nasmeha, njegov pogled pa je blodil nekam daleč...

"Mogoče tja gori!" je mislila trepetaje Magdalena.

Če so mu skušali dati čaja, sirupa ali malo juhe, je vsako hrano odklanjal.

"Želiš-li česa, Francois?"

"Ničesar ne maram!"

"Treba ga bo na kak način rešiti te apatije," je dejal zdravnik. "Ta pobitost me vznemirja!... Vi ste starši, vi dobro poznate svoje dete. Poiščite nekaj, kar bi moglo oživiti to malo telo in vrniti zemlji njegov duh, ki lebdi v oblakih!..."

In zdravnik je odšel.

Da, dobro sta poznala svojega malega Francoisa, vedela sta, kaj ga zabava, toda sedaj je bilo vse zaman. Dete je vse odbijalo in nič ga ni zanimalo, na vsako njuno ponudbo je odgovarjalo: "Nočem, nočem, nočem!"

"Kaj torej želiš, moj sinko?" ga je nežno vprašala mati. "Želiš-li česa? Kar povej svoji mami!"

Stiskala je svoj obraz k otrokovemu zglavju in mu šepetala te besede na uho kakor kakšno tajnost.

Dete se na posteljici nenadoma malo zravna, proži željno svojo roko nečemu nevidnemu in odgovori strastno koprneče:

"Hočem Bum—buma."

II.

Bum—buma!

Uboga Magdalena pogleda vprašujoče svojega moža. Kaj naj to pomeni? Mali menda vendar ni zopet zapal v blodenje?

Dete ponovi:

"Da. Bum—buma! Hočem Bum—buma!"

Magdalena zgrabi nervozno Jacquesa za roko in reče tiho, drgetaje od groze:

"Dete je izgubljeno! Ni mu več pomoči!"

Na očetovem licu pa je zaigral nasmeh. Spomnil se je, da je peljal pred dvema mesecema Francoisa v cirkus. V ušesih mu je še zvenel otrokov veseli smeh in vzkliknil radosti, ko se je pojavil v areni klovna, ves posut z zlatimi zvončki, v širokem, pestrem oblačilu, ko je brcal jahača z noge v hrbet, stal na glavi, metal svojo šiljasto čepico v zrak in jo prestrezal z glavo in med slehernim nastopom, med vsako šalo vzklikal: Bum—bum!"

Tega klovna Bum—buma je hotel mali Francois videti, imeti, a ga ni mogel videti niti imeti, ker je ležal bolan v svoji beli posteljici!

Zvečer je prinesel Jacques Legrand sinčku pisanega klovna, ki ga je bil drago kupil v neki prodajalni. Dal je zanj štiri svoje dnevne zaslužke. A rad bi bil dal ves svoj letni zaslužek, samo da bi videl nasmeh na blelih bolnikovih ustnicah.

Dete pogleda igračko, ki je blestela na beli odeji in reče otožno:

"To ni Bum—bum... Jaz hočem videti Bum—buma!"

Ah, da bi ga oče mogel zaviti v odejo in ponesti v cirkus, da mu pokaže klovna, kako igra v osvetljenem krogu!"

Jacques Legrand se končno odloči k poslednjemu koraku. Napoti se v cirkus, zaprosi za klovnov naslov in stopa plaho, drhteč od razburjenosti po stopnicah, ki vodijo do umetnikovega stanovanja na Montmartru.

Vedel je, da nekateri umetniki igrajo in pojo po salonih. Morda bo tudi klovn pripravljen obiskati malega bolnika.

Toda to sedaj ni bil Bum—bum, nego gospod Moreno, ki je sprejel Jacquesa v svojem elegantnem stanovanju, v katerem je bilo polno knjig, slik in drugih umetniških predmetov.

Jacques ga je gledal in ker ni spoznal v njem klovna, je zmedeno vrtel v rokah svoj mehki klobuk. Gospod Moreno je čakal. Oče se prične opravičevati. Bilo je neprilичno, da je prišel nadlegovat... Toda dete je težko bolno... Divno dete, gospod! Tako pametno! Vedno je bil prvi v šoli, razen v računu, ki mu nikakor ni hotel v glavo... Mali je sanjač! Da sanjač... In dokaz temu... Jacques se slednjič vendar ojunači:

"Dokaz temu je, da Vas hoče videti, da misli samo na Vas in da ste Vi zanj zvezda, ki jo vedno gleda in ki bi jo rad objel..."

Ko oče konča, si z onemoglo gesto briše znojne kaplje s čela. Ne upa si pogledati klovna, ki ni odmaknil pogleda z delavca.

"Kje stanujete?" vpraša Bum—bum.

"Tu blizu, v tretji ulici."

"Pojdimo", reče klovn. Če že Vaš mali želi videti Bum—buma, naj ga vidi."

III.

Ko se vrata pred klovnom odpro, zakliče Jacques Legrand radostno svojemu sinu: "Francois, veseli se. Evo Bum—buma!"

Detetu zažari lice od radosti. Vzpne se, naslanjajoč se na materino roko, pogleda k vratom in vidi človeka v črni suknji, kojega lice se mu široko nasmiha. Toda tega človeka ne pozna. In ko mu reče oče: "Evo Bum—buma", nasloni deček počasi, otožno svoje čelo na materino roko in zašepeče obupano:

"To ni Bum—bum!"

Klovn se približa postelji in se ozre na malega bolnika z globokim, resnim, milim pogledom. Nato pogleda očeta vsega v skrbeh in obupano mater, odkima z glavo in se nasmehe: "Dete ima prav; to ni Bum—bum!" in odide.

"Ne bom ga več videl, nikoli ne bom videl Bum—buma!" je tožilo dete obupano.

Toda po preteku pol ure se vrata naglo odpro in med njimi se pojavi v pisanem oblačilu, posutem z zlatimi zvončki, s šiljasto čepico na glavi, z zlatim metuljem na prsih in hrbtu, z nasmeškom na obeljenem licu in pordečelimi ustnicami — pravi Bum—bum iz cirkusa. Bum—bum, ki so se mu divili vsi cirkuški posetniki, po katerem je tako silno koprnal mali Francois. A na beli posteljici prične mali bolnik z življenskim veseljem v očeh, smeje se, plakajoč, srečen, rešen tapšati s svojimi malimi suhimi ročicami in klicati:

"To je Bum—bum! To je moj Bum—bum! Evo Bum—buma! Živel Bum—bum! Dober dan, Bum—bum!"

IV.

Ko je prišel zdravnik, je našel kraj Francoisove postelje belo okinčanega klovna, ki je spravljal dete neprestano v smeh, mu dajal zdravilo in govoril:

"Ako ne vzameš tega, Bum—bum ne bo več prišel!" Nato je ogovoril zdravnika:

"Gospod doktor, ne bodite ljubosumni... Zdi se mi, da pomaga moje spakovanje malemu istotako, kakor Vaša zdravila."

Oče in mati sta plakala vesolja.

Dokler si mali Francois ni povsem opomogel, je prihajal vsak dan pred hišo voz, iz katerega je izstopal moški v visokem jopiču in ovit v čudno ogrinjalo, iz katerega je zrlo samo belo oličeno veselo lice.

"Koliko sem Vam dolžan, gospod?" vpraša Jacques klovna, ko je dete zopet prvokrat zapustilo hišo.

"Priateljski stisk roke," odgovori klovn. Nato poljubi dečku lici, ki sta zopet žareli v rdečici, in pristavi:

"... In dovoljenje, da smem na svojih posetnicah zapisati: Bum—bum, zdravnik-akrobat, osebni zdravnik malega Francoisa."

— rp —

K. Z.:

Ob gorskem vznožju.

BIL hrast je sosed smreči vitki.
Zvesto sta stala si ob strani
v trenutkih lepih, uri bridki.

In veter z daljne tam dobrane
prihajal na obisk je k njima;
prinašal lepe jim pozdrave.
Z njim veselo sta kramljala—
tedaj se čul šelest je hrastov,
tedaj je smreka šepetala.

Toda v vročih dnevih in soparnih
vsa nema sta pričakovala
trenotkov strašnih in nevarnih.
Tedaj pa vetra sta se zbala,
ko dirjal je čez drn in strn k njima;
za njim nevihta je divjala.—

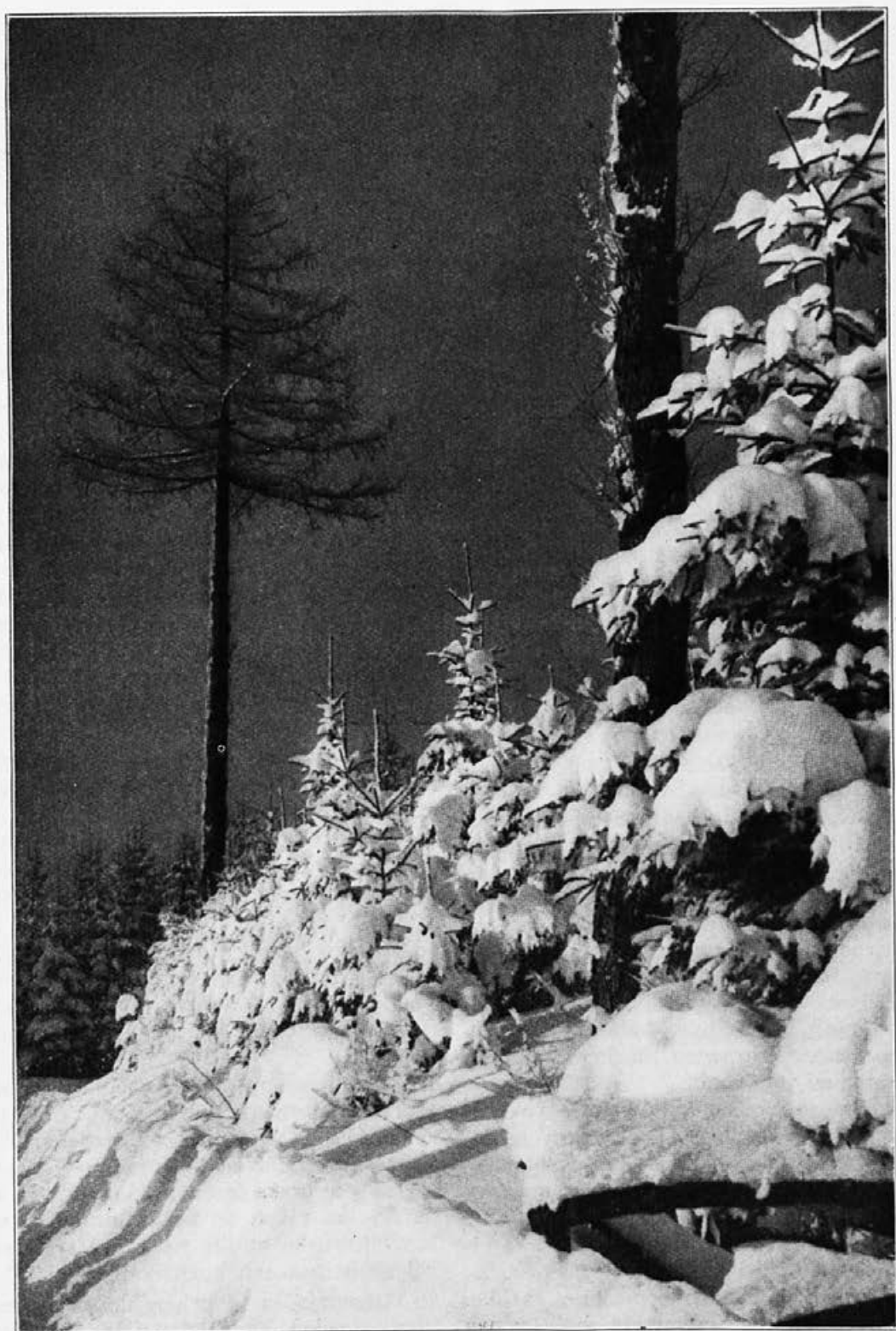
Minila je pomlad, poletje,
jesen, z njo cvetje in zelenje.
Šli ptiči v južno so zavetje.

In zima z mrazom nastopila.
Posedla goro je, nato dolino;
s preprogo belo vse pokrila.

Pod težko snežno zdaj odejo
pa dremlje mala smreka trudno;
naslanja vejo si na vejo.
In poleg hrast; jesen mu vzela
je plašč zeleni; tožno ječal je,
dokler ga zima znova ni odela.

Vse gluho. Mirna, kakor mrtva
narava vsa je krog in krog,
postala res je zime prava žrtva.
Le včasih kje se sproži veja,
hvaležno se drevo oddahne,
ker že pretežka bila je odeja.

Tišina. Kakor brez življenja
spi vse in sanja pod kristali
pa čaka svojega vstajenja.



Ob gorskem vznožju.
(Zimska slika iz Alp.)

Nova knjiga.

Skovir je bil že star in nadložen. Na lov ni mogel več; rediti so ga morali njegovi sinovi. Pa je sklenil, da spiše knjigo, v kateri razloži, kakšen izgleda svet in kako se na njem godi. Knjigo bo potem dal v tisk ter jo posvetil šolski mladini.

Povabil je svoje tri prijatelje: Krta, Petelina in Lastovico; ti bi mu naj poročali o svetu, kolikor jim je znanega.

Bili so to ljudje, ki so veliko izkusili, vrh tega so bili vsi trije zelo resnicoljubni. Skovirju je bilo pa še posebno važno, da pride v knjigo res samo gola resnica.

Podali so se vsi skupaj na rob gozda, kjer lahko nemoteno zborujejo. Skovir je sedel v votlem hrastovem deblu, Petelin je ošabno korakal gori in doli. Krt si je izril luknjico, iz katere je stezal samo glavo. Lastovica je pa zletela na najnižjo vejico drevesa, pod katerim se naj zborovanje vrši.

Skovir si pripravi svojo beležnico, si priostri svoj svinčnik in poprosi Krta, naj poroča. Krt se postavi v primerno pozituro ter prične:

"Svet je teman."

"Kaj, teman?" se začudi Lastovka.

"Da, teman", ostro odvrne Krt. "Teman je in ozek. Preprežen je z dolgimi ozkimi rovi, po katerih se lahko kretamo in hodimo. Rove si naredimo sami, kar stane veliko truda in dela. Živeža je v izobilju. Ljudje imajo črne baržunaste kožuhe".

"Črne kožuhe"! vpije Petelin. "Kakšna nesmisel!"

"Kajpak črne kožuhe, da! Dobe se tudi Krti, ki imajo bele kožuhe, toda teh je k sreči silno malo. Preziramo jih, ker niso taki, kakor smo mi vsi drugi".

Skovir je zapisal vse, kar je povedal Krt, v svojo beležnico. Tu pa tam je dodal še kako pripombo. Rekel pa ni ničesar, le vljudno je vprašal Krta, če ima svojemu poročilu še kaj dodati.

"O da", pravi Krt, "glavne stvari še nisem povedal! Na svetu je zelo dolgočasno. Dan za dnem poteka enolično, brez razlike. Samo dve prijetni spremembi sta, ki nas raztreseta. Prva je jed; druga pa, če nam je dana prilika, da pokažemo vsem drugim

bitjem, kako jih preziramo. Preziramo jih pa edino zato, ker ne živijo tako, kakor mi krti. Če so pri svojem načinu življenja tudi pošteni, za to se ne brigamo. Preziranje, to je največja radost za krtu".

Skovir je zabeležil vse. Nato poprosi Petelina, naj poroča.

"Svet," prične Petelin, "je večinoma ena vesela stvar. Dovolj jesti, dovolj piti in kokaši, kolikor jih kdo hoče!..."

"Kolikor jih kdo hoče!" zaječi Krt.

"Kajpa! Kolikor kdo hoče! Svet je četverokotast in na okoli je obdan z žično ograjo. Svet ima na nebu luč, in takrat je gorko. Včasih pa padajo izpod neba beli kosmiči, in takrat je mrzlo."

"Beli kosmiči?" vpraša začudeno Lastovka.

"Da, in kadar ti padajo, pobelijo ves svet. Nobena žival ne leže takrat jajec. Je pa na svetu nekdo, ki prinaša vsak dan hrane. Prebivalci nosijo perje in greben."

"Greben?" zakličeta Krt in Lastovka. "To pa ni res."

"Tako! Ni res!" zakukurika Petelin. "Vendar ga imam jaz, pa ga imajo naši piščančki, moje kokoši nosijo tudi greben, in potem: kajne! Vsaka beseda, ki jo izgovorim jaz, je resnična. Vse sem sam opazoval, saj živim sredi v svetu in ga motrim od jutra do večera."

Skovir spoštljivo poprosi Petelina, naj se ne razburja. Nihče vendar ne dvomi o resničnosti njegovih trditev, le stališča so seveda različna. In to ustvarja različna mnenja.

"Najlepše na svetu", nadaljuje pomirjeni Petelin, "je pa kup gnoja. To je prava zakladnica. Črvov, hroščev, zrnja, sploh vsega, česar poželiš, dobiš tu notri. To je veselo, ko vse brska in razkapa, kljuje in kokodajska, in nikoli se ne čutim toliko moza, kot takrat, ko stojim na gnoju sredi svojih kokoši in ponosno kukurikam v svet."

Skovirja je to pripovedovanje prevzelo in navdušilo. Zadnji Petelinov odstavek je še posebej zaznamoval z velikim križem, da ga pozneje tem bolj skrbno izdela.

Nato poprosi Lastovko, naj tudi ona pri-poveduje o svojih doživljajih.

"Svet," prične Lastovka, "je neskončno velik. Sestoji iz morij in zemlja, iz hribov in dolin. Najlepše na svetu je, kakor pušica premeriti zrak, iz ene dežele v drugo, preleteti morja ter izpostaviti svoja prsa viharjem."

"Grozna zabava!" zacvili Krt. Skovir in Petelin pa majeta glavi. Skovir ni povpraševal dalje. Zdelo se mu je prefantastično, neverjetno in pretirano, kar je povedala Lastovka. Na vsak način bo izpovedi onih dveh bolj uvaževal, ko bo urejeval knjigo.

Skovir se je zahvalil vsem trem za koristna poročila ter obljubil vsakemu eno knjigo, ko izide. Rekel je, dasi so si v nazorih jako različni, vendar ne dvomi o resničnosti njihovih pripovedovanj, ko so vendar vsi trije časti vredne osebe.

"Preštudiral bom vse natančno in iz vseh podatkov sestavil čtivo, ki bo mladini najprikladnejše," je končal.

Dolgo časa je Skovir premišljal, kako bi uvrstil nazore svojih prijateljev, ki niso prav nič skladni. Nobenega izmed prijateljev bi ne bil rad užalil s tem, da bi pri izbiranju snovi kaj izpustil, obenem pa mu je bilo tudi vse enako dragoceno in se mu je zdelo, da so vsi podatki za knjigo neprecenljive vrednosti.

Nazadnje je pa le našel izhod. Na-pravil si je listke. Na vsak listek je napisal posamezne podatke prijatelja Krta, Petelina in Lastovke. Vrgel je potem vse te popisane listke v skledo, jih dobro zmešal in potem jemal posamezne listke ven. Prvega, katerega je potegnil, je uporabil za knjigo,

drugega ne, tretjega zopet, četrtega ne, in tako je šlo, dokler ni potegnil zadnjega.

To se mu je zdelo pravično, nepristransko in enostavno, in ni moglo imeti zlih posledic. In tako je bila vsebina knjige zbrana in izbrana.

*

Po par mesecih je ta knjiga za šolsko mladež izšla. Učiteljica Štorklja je čitala iz nje svojim šolarjem. Čitala je:

Svet je teman. Večkrat je solnce, ki pa vedno ne sije. In kadar sije, ga vendar vsi ne vidijo. Prebivalci nosijo greben, včasih pa črn kozuh. Svet je neskončno velik, in ves je obdan s plotom. Obliko ima četvero-kotasto.

Najlepše na svetu je kup gnoja. Eni lete preko njega ter izpostavljajo svoja prsa viharjem, večina pa kukurika na njem ter išče črvov.

V svetu so ozki, temni rovi, in tam se prezirajo bitja med seboj. Na svetu je zelo dolgočasno, včasih pa tudi veselo, posebno če se ima kokoši, kolikor se komu hoče, in dovolj jesti.

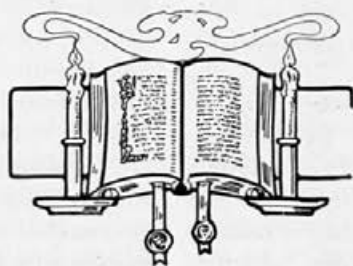
Mnoga bitja vidijo kosmiče, ki padajo izpod neba, druga nikoli ne vidijo teh kosmičev.

Na svetu prinaša nekdo lačnim hrane itd..... itd.....

Ko je Štorklja končala s čitanjem, so morali otroci čtivo glaskovati in se ga nazadnje naučiti na pamet.

Štorklja je obiskala Skovirja. Navdušeno se mu je zahvaljevala v imenu doraščajoče mladine za to prezanimivo njegovo knjigo.

Iz nemščine prevedla K. Z.



F. K.—A. V.

Železniški čuvaj.

Božična povest.

Vladimir Lesnicki je prižigal svečice na malem drevescu, počasi drugo za drugo. Nestrpno pogleda na uro. Štiri že in Marica se še vedno ni vrnila! Tako dolgo ne! Pot v vas je danes slaba, ker je zasnežena; vendar bi morala biti Marica že davno doma, tudi če bi se malo začebljala s prijateljico—kar se sicer do sedaj še ni pripetilo. Pot se vleče eno uro, toda od dveh do sedaj sta pretekli že dve uri—Marica bi morala biti že tu. Danes pač nekaj ni prav. Sneži in sneži nepretrgoma in težko se hodi, zelo težko.

Hitro se polasti Lesnickega tesnoba, nepopisna, grozna tesnoba. Stopi k oknu, pogleda v daljavo—sneg pada in pada v velikih kosmičih. Zopet pogleda na uro. V dobri uri pride brzovlak—dosti časa mu ne preostaja. Urno si ogrne kožuh in hiti na prosto. Od male čuvajnice vodi ozka steza navzdol in črez hrib v vas. Ko Lesnicki stoji ob poti, vidi, kako se je zavalil s hriba zamet, zdaj se pač ne da priti krišku in Marica ne more dol. Hiti nazaj v hišico po lopato. Z veliko naglico dela ozek prehod. Le počasi delo napreduje. Naenkrat se domisli, da, ako je tukaj zamet, je lahko tudi višje zgoraj, na poti, po kateri mora priti Marica. Sem in tja je kak laz tik poti, po katerem lahko zdrči sneženi plaz in Marica ne more preko. Lahko ostane v snegu, zaide s poti, zdrkne in pade v globino. Vedno bolj ga strah pretresa—njegov otrok, njegova edinka, njegova oboževanka, odkar je pred letom dni umrla mati—njegova želja, upanje, cilj njegovega življenja! Da se ji le ni kaj pripetilo! V take misli zatopljen je z divjo naglico odmetaval sneg. Velike kepe snega lete na vse strani, pot se nadaljuje, a tudi čas beži. Pogleda kvišku—še kos. Sopihač nadaljuje delo, pot mu teče curkoma po obrazu—naprej, naprej! Semintja se vzravna in počije, sapa mu pojema. To ga zadržuje—pred kratkim je bila ura v vaškem zvoniku že pol petih. Končno dospe do gozdnih dreves, ki obrobajo stezo. Z lopato na rami beži po mehki snežni odeji, skače čez sneg, včasih se mu vdere do kolena. Ko pride do mesta, ko lahko pregleda stezo pred seboj, se ustavi, ozira se na

vse strani. Marice ni bilo nikjer! In tam, ni li tam kos pota zasnežen? Da, tam je veliko snega nakopičenega in lahko je tam zaiti. Marica, za božjo voljo, Marica! Če je morda do tja prišla in zgrešila pot, da, tam je strma pečina in morda je zdrknila v globino. Bliskoma hiti naprej in dospe do nakopičenega snega. Zopet zasadi lopato v sneg, ko vrže prvo kepo snega, obstoji in zakliče iz vsega grla: "Marica! Marica!"

Zopet kliče in zasliši slaboten klic. Zdi se mu, kakor da prihaja iz globine. Moj Bog, ali je Marica zdrknila res v prepad? Morda si je zlomila celo roko ali noge? Naprej mora skozi sneg! Toda moj Bog, to traja predolgo predno dospe tja. Hiti med drevesi naprej—toda čuj, v zvoniku bije ura enkrat—še enkrat—in še enkrat! Tričetr na pet. Sedem minut čez pet se pripelje brzovlak. Mož se prime za glavo—dolžnost, moj Bog, dolžnost! Pri čuvajnici bi moral stati, tam je njegovo mesto, kadar vozi vlak mimo. Potem šele, ko oddrda vlak, potem šele sme iskati svojega otroka. Toda če otrok medtem umrje? zmrzne? Že hoče naprej, a dolžnost mu kliče:—....Nazaj na mesto, kjer moraš v nekaj minutah stati. Velika nesreča se lahko pripeti, ako nisi tam, ker ni nikogar, ki bi pazil na znamenje, nesreča za mnogo, mnogo ljudi! Toda edini človek tam je vendar njegov otrok, ki mu je bližji kakor tuji ljudje.—Omahuje, kaj bi storil. Kakor velikan stoji dolžnost pred njim. "Vrni se!" Že se obrne, naredi dva koraka nazaj, ko zasliši klic: "Oče, oče!"

Marica! Glas njegovega otroka je. Klic zveni hripavo in obupno. In zopet: "Oče!" Pronikavo in odpovedujoče klicanje je to. Zdolaj mora biti, zdolaj. Pozabil je, kaka sila ga je klicala od tod—njegov otrok, njegovo edino, ljubljeno dete. Ne, ne, nikogar nima razun nje.—Kaj ga brigajo tuji ljudje. Bog mu odpusti, toda njegov otrok je, ki ga kliče. Skoči na rob prepada in pogleda doli. Spodaj zagleda Marico nejasno, na snegu pol čepečo, pol ležečo. "Marica, tukaj sem," zakliče in hiti skokoma v globino.

“Oče!” kliče otrok, glas je slaboten, ker je utrujena od kričanja. Bolj in bolj se bliža, večkrat mu zdrkne, pade, urno se pobere, končno je pri otroku. “Marica,” pripogne se in dvigne otroka, ga objame in položi ledeno mrzli, solzni obraz na svoje lice—uboga stvarca je že napol otrpla. “Te-li kaj boli?” vpraša oče.

“Noga—noga!” jeclja dete. Po sledi, ki jo je napravil, stopa kvišku. Že je na vrhu,

pot—ali je brzovlak? Ne, ne, kako se je zgodilo, zopet hiti po poti k čuvajnici.

Tam je njegova hišica! Toda brzovlak je že drvel mimo, ni ga več slišati. Obupne misli mu rojijo po glavi, ko se bliža hišici. Opotekaje se, dospe do klopice ob čuvajnici. Tu spusti otroka, sam pa se sesede brez sape, z groznimi bolečinami v prsih. Pa čuj—ali se ne vara? Zvoni, da zvoni! Že je na mestu, veliki Bog, ali je mogoče? Šele vlak?

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



V samoti.

Cazin.

obide sneženo maso ter začne urno teči. Mor-da vendar še pride do vlaka. Ko drži otroka v naročju, se mu zdi, da se je njegova moč podvojila. Vedno silneje hrope, v prsih čuti bodljaje, ki mu silijo v grlo. Zopet se slišijo udarci ure—ena, dve, tri, štiri, pet! Ne upa si pogledati do hišice—v sedmih minutah—do vlaka ne pride tja. Trenutek postoji, kolena se mu šibe, omahne in pade. Zdi se mu, da sliši bližajoči se bobneči in udarjajoči ro-

Brzovlak? Kmalu je na jasnem, snežni zameti so zadržali brzovlak. Zamuda, zelo velika zamuda! Izmučeni mož se vzravna, elastično se postavi ob progi, oči se mu iskrijo.

Ko je vlak oddrdral, gre, opotekaje se, k otroku, ki je izmučen in utrujen sedel na klopici, dvigne ga kvišku ter ga nese v malo, mrzlo hišico, ki jo napolnjuje vonj smrečja in napol zgorelih svečic.

Slovenci.

(Dalje.)

S tem je bila slovenska pot začrtana. Tudi trezni politični razum jim je sedaj pokazal pot tja, kjer so bila že davno poprej njih srca, namreč v smer vseh slovenskih rek. S tem se je pa tudi začelo ono, izprva tako tiho, toda pozneje vedno glasnejše, od vsega početka pa sistematično delo in gibanje, ki ostane vedno eno najlepših poglavij slovenske politične zgodovine. Inicijativo in vodstvo tega gibanja je prevzel od početka dr. J. E. Krek.

Dr. Krek je začel torej že l. 1915. in 1916. zbirati okrog sebe zaupnike in obravnavati z njimi novo orijentacijo. Začel je iskati tesnejših stikov tudi z ostalimi jugoslovanskimi politiki (hrvaškimi in primorskimi) in l. 1916. je potoval tudi na Češko, da obiše nekatere tamošnje politike ter se posvetuje z njimi o nastalem položaju. Ko si je bil na jasnem s svojimi ožjimi somišljeniki, je stopil v svrhu enotnega nastopa tudi v stik s predstavitelji ostalih slovenskih strank, kjer se je vršil med tem tudi že podobni pokret. Tako so bila tla pripravljena. Delalo se je neslišno in nevidno povsod po vsej Sloveniji, na Dunaju so pa s pomočjo dr. Iv. Prijatelja pridno korespondirali z emigranti v inozemstvo preko — dunajske dvorne biblioteke.

Dne 21. oktobra l. 1916 je Friderik Adler ustrelil ministrskega predsednika Stuergha, mesec dni nato je umrl cesar Franc Jožef I. in vlado je prevzel mladi, slabotni in neizkušeni cesar Karol. Vse je instinktivno čutilo, da se pripravlja preokret. Avstrijska notranjepolitična atmosfera je postala polagoma tako prenasršena in napeta in povsod se je kazal tako sumljiv zastoj, da so čutili celo merodajni dunajski krogi potrebo po ventilu, zlasti ker je k temu silil tudi vedno opasnejši zunanjepolitični položaj. In ta ventil je mogel biti edinole — parlament, ki ga je sklicala vlada za dan 30. maja 1917.

Kakor smo videli, so bili Slovenci in deloma tudi ostali avstrijski južni Slovani na to zasedanje že pripravljeni. Hiteli so na Dunaj z jasnim političnim konceptom in osnovali takoj enoten klub vseh avstrijskih

jugoslovanskih poslancev pod predsedstvom dr. A. Korošca in dr. M. Laginje. Svojo enotno voljo in svoj enotni program so hoteli seveda dokumentirati tudi s primerno izjavo, saj so se zavedali, da gleda v tem trenutku nanje vsa Evropa. Formalno je sestavil izjavo poseben odsek "Jugoslovanskega kluba" neposredno pred zasedanjem. Izjava, ki jo je nato prebral pri otvoritvi parlamenta predsednik dr. Korošec, se glasi:

"Podpisani poslanci, ki so združeni v "Jugoslovanskem klubu", izjavljamo, da zahtevamo na temelju narodnega načela in hrvaškega državnega prava, naj se vsa ozemlja monarhije, v katerih prebivajo Slovenci, Hrvati in Srbi združijo pod žezlom habsburško-lotarinške dinastije v samostojno državno telo, ki bodi prosto vsakega narodnega gospodstva tujcev in osnovano na demokratični podlagi. Za uresničenje te zahteve enotnega naroda bodo zastavili vse moči.

S tem pridržkom se bodo podpisani udeleževali parlamentarnega dela."

(Slede podpisi.)

To je bila tako zvana "majniška deklaracija", ki je postala na mah nekakšna "magna charta" politike avstrijskih in deloma tudi hrvaških, ogrskih in bosenskih južnih Slovanov.

Nemci se iz početka niso resno zavedali dalekosežnosti te deklaracije. Časopisje je sicer viharno protestiralo, a posledic, ki jih bo imela, si niso bili v svesti, uvideli so jih šele tedaj, ko se je začel v njenem znamenju gibati ves narod. Za njo so se začele izrekati v masah politične organizacije, vaške in mestne občine, razna društva, duhovniki in posvetnjaki, moški in ženske, bodisi posamezno, bodisi skupno. Da bi jo še bolj podkrepili, so sestavili še tisto jesen podobno deklaracijo tudi v domovini. Te dve izjavi sta bili odslej zastava, pod katero je vodil slovenski narod svoj boj do zadnjega, do popolne odločitve od Avstrije in do popolnega združenja s Hrvati in Srbi v eno suvereno državo. Obe deklaraciji govorita sicer še o "habsburškem žezlu", a več ali manj je bilo takoj od početka jasno vsakemu, da se je

morala sprejeti v deklaracijo ta točka že iz taktičnih razlogov, da se je moglo varovati vsaj kolikor toliko legalno obeležje vsega gibanja, sicer bi bilo zadušeno z brahijalno silo. Da je to res, nam jasno dokazuje dejstvo, da so dosledno odklanjali vsak sporazum in odbijali vse ponudbe vlade in dvora, ki sta hotela pogosto pridobiti "Jugoslovanski klub" za popustljivost. Z vso energijo so neizprosno nadaljevali svoj boj, tako, da ga je čula vsa Evropa. Edini cilj slovenske parlamentarne delegacije (iz katere je izhajala v mnogem oziru tudi inicijativa za nastopanje češke parlamentarne delegacije) je bil, da pospešuje notranji razkroj podonavske monarhije ter tako privede narod v Jugoslavijo, ki se je snovala na bojnih poljanah. Zgodovinsko dejstvo je, da so baš avstrijski Slovani, zlasti Slovenci in Čehi s svojim bojem mnogo pripomogli k razbitju Avstrije in k svoji osvoboditvi, kajti le pod vplivom svoje inozemske propagande in veličastnega gibanja doma je končno tudi ententa pristala na razkosanje avstro-ogrske monarhije, čemur se je tako dolgo upirala.

Izza proklamacije obeh deklaracij in iz za krfskega pakta, za katerega se je kmalu izvedelo, je prešlo vse gibanje iz tajnih in skrivnih krožkov v široke narodne mase.

Tedaj so pa začele doživljati armade centralnih velesil tudi vedno občutnejše poraze na vseh bojiščih. Zlasti avstrijske fronte so se vsled popolne sabotaže slovanskih polkov vedno bolj rušile. Onemogla dunajska vlada je poskušala še enkrat zatreti ogromno gibanje, grozila je z internacijami, prepovedala je nastopati na javnih taborih, ustavili so zopet nekaj listov, a bilo je že prepozno.

Sredi avgusta l. 1918. so si ustanovili Slovenci v Ljubljani že "Narodni svet", nekak slovenski parlament, ki naj bi vodil vse priprave za prevrat, ki ga je bilo pričakovati v najbližnji prihodnosti.

Septembra se je zrušila solunska fronta, oktobra so položili češki in jugoslovanski polki orožje na italijanskem bojišču in 16. oktobra je izdal cesar Karel manifest, po katerem naj bi postala Avstrija zvezna država, a slovenska javnost ga je odklonila soglasno. Stoletna avstrijska zgradba je gorela na vseh koncih in krajih, v Zagrebu je bilo že osnovano narodno viječe z dr. A. Korošcem na če-

lu, ki je tudi že odpotoval v inozemstvo v svrhu razgovorov s predstavniki entente, zlasti pa srbske vlade. Dne 28. oktobra je Avstrija kapitulirala in dne 29. oktobra so proglasili Slovenci v Ljubljani med nepopisnim navdušenjem v prisotnosti ogromnih ljudskih množic svojo državno samostojnost. Predsedništvo "Narodnega Viječa" v Zagrebu je postalo najvišja izvršujoča oblast na ozemlju bivših avstro-ogrskih južnih Slovanov in naznanilo dne 31. oktobra ententnim vladam, da se je na ozemlju avstro-ogrskih južnih Slovanov ustanovila Jugoslavija, država Slovencev, Hrvatov in Srbov, ki se hoče združiti s Srbijo in Črno goro v skupno državo in ni v vojnem stanju z ententnimi državami. Istega dne se je sestavila v Ljubljani prva Narodna vlada za Slovenijo pod predsedstvom Jos. Pogačnika. S tem je bil boj dobojevan in slovenski narod osvobojen.

To je torej pot, ki so jo prehodili Slovenci tekom svetovne vojne in zgodovina njihovega osvobojenja. Stopili so v vojno po večini kot prepričani Avstrijci, čeprav so bila njih srca po veliki večini na strani bratov Srbov in Rusov. Politika in postopanje Avstrije sta jih pa uverila, kar so prvič zaslutili že med balkansko vojno, da Avstrija ne bo rešila jugoslovanskega vprašanja, ker ga ni več zmožna rešiti, zato so se odločili, da naj se reši brez Avstrije in proti Avstriji. S to odločitvijo v srcu so se zagnali z vso silo v boj in gotovo mnogo pripomogli k njenemu razbitju. **V osvoboditvi slovenskega naroda je torej poleg zavezniških zmag, ki so mu ustvarile za to potrebne pogoje, važna komponenta tudi njegova lastna volja in sila.**

Slovenci po osvobojenju.

(1918—1922.)

Dne 31. oktobra 1918 je sporočil predsednik prve Narodne vlade za Slovenijo, Jos. Pogačnik, avstrijskemu ministrskemu predsedniku Lammaschu, da so pretrgane od tega dne vse vezi Slovenije s prejšnjo monarhijo in da prevzema vse vladne posle na Kranjskem, Primorskem ter v slovenskem delu Koroške in Štajerske. Istega dne se je razglasila pri ljubljanskem deželnem sodišču tudi že prva razsodba "v imenu zakona". Zaprošili so ententne vlade, da priznajo Narodno Viječe v Zagrebu za zakonito vlado Jugosla-

vije, države Slovencev, Hrvatov in Srbov, ki se hoče združiti s Srbijo in s Črno goro v eno državo, in diplomatično zastopstvo Narodnega Vijeća so poverili predsedniku "Jugoslovanskega odbora" dr. Trumbiću.

Koncem novembra 1918 je razpravljalo Narodno Vijeće v Zagrebu že o združitvi s Srbijo in s Črno goro in dne 27. novembra se je odpeljalo v smislu dotičnih sklepov v Belgrad 28 zastopnikov Narodnega Vijeća (za Slovence dr. Korošec, dr. Cankar, dr. Kramar in A. Kristan), kjer so se dne 29. novembra začeli dogovori s srbsko vlado. Dne 1. decembra je nato v smislu teh sklepov prečitalo zastopstvo Narodnega Vijeća tedanjemu srbskemu prestolonasledniku in regentu Aleksandru adresu, v kateri je proglasilo združnje države SHS s Srbijo in Črno goro v enotno državo Srbov, Hrvatov in Slovencev, ki ji vlada kralj Peter I. Karadjordjević, oziroma njegov namestnik regent Aleksander. Na to adresu je odgovoril regent Aleksander, da v imenu kralja Petra objavlja združenje Srbije s pokrajinami neodvisne države SHS v enotno kraljevino Srbov, Hrvatov in Slovencev. S tem je bila nova država ustanovljena in glede na to je dne 3. decembra naznanilo predsedstvo Narodnega Vijeća, da je s tem prenehala njegova funkcija kot vrhovne suverene oblasti države SHS. Dne 20. decembra je bilo imenovano prvo ministrstvo države Srbov, Hrvatov in Slovencev pod predstvom Stojana M. Protića, dne 29. decembra se je vršila zadnja seja srbske narodne skupščine, ki je ratificirala državnopravni akt z dne 1. decembra in dne 6. januarja 1919 je izšel regentov manifest narodu Srbov, Hrvatov in Slovencev. Prvega marca se je sešlo prvo narodno predstavništvo, v katero so delegirale posamezne politične stranke svoje zastopnike (Slovencev je bilo v njem 28) in ki je deloma izvrševalo funkcije rednega parlamenta, dne 12. decembra l. 1920. se je pa sešla po splošni in enaki volilni pravici s proporcionalnim sistemom izvoljena konstituenta (izmed 419 članov je štela Slovencev 38), ki je na Vidovo (28. junija) l. 1921. sprejela ustavo nove države. S tem je bilo končno dovršeno zedinjenje Slovencev s Hrvati in Srbi in s tem so stopili Slovenci po dolgih stoletjih prvič zopet v krog političnih narodov.

V slovenskih deželah, ki so se združile takoj po prevratu v eno upravno edinico Slovenijo, je vodila po prevratu vse vladne posle Narodna vlada, sestavljena iz zastopnikov vseh vodilnih slovenskih političnih strank, predsedoval ji je pa Josip Pogačnik. Ta Narodna vlada, ki jo je dne 31. oktobra priznalo in potrdilo tudi zagrebško Narodno Vijeće, se je morala takoj od prvega početka boriti z velikimi težkočami. Preko slovenskih dežel so hrumele nepregledne množice lačnih in bosih vojakov z razpadle italijanske fronte, za njimi je pritiskala redna italijanska armada, ki je začela zasedati slovensko zemljo. Tudi na Koroškem in ob slovensko-nemški jezikovni meji na Štajerskem je prišlo takoj do nasprotstev z Nemško Avstrijo, ki je hotela obdržati čim več že germaniziranega in celo še popolnoma slovenskega ozemlja.

V tej burni dobi so pokazali Slovenci najočitneje vse svoje vrline in vse svoje napake, gotovo pa je, da spadajo tedanji meseci med najlepša poglavja slovenske zgodovine. V najtežjih okoliščinah so bili navezani izključno le na svojo silo in na svoje sposobnosti in priznati je treba, da so se izkazali v tej težki preizkušnji za izrazito državotvoren faktor, pred vsem pa za sijajne organizatorje. To je bil učinek prirojene pridnosti in poštenosti ter stoletne nemške šole. Vse se je takoj oprijelo z veliko energijo in nesebičnostjo dela za narod in državo in kronika doslej še ni mogla zabeležiti niti enega slučaja upravne ali vladne korupcije ali nepoštenosti iz one dobe. Člani tedanje Narodne vlade si niso določili niti plače za svoje ne lahko in odgovorno delo, temveč jim jo je določilo šele Narodno Vijeće v Zagrebu. Med člani vlade je vladalo vzorno prijateljstvo in vsi sklepi so bili storjeni soglasno. Delalo je vse in iz srca delalo, vsak na svojem mestu.

Najaktualnejši problem je izprva bil, da odpravijo s slovenskega ozemlja ogromne mase demobilizirane armade, ki so se valile z italijanskih bojišč proti severu in vzhodu. V to svrhu so organizirali lokalni "Narodni sveti" povsod posebne narodne straže, ki so po možnosti pazile na red in mir ter razoroževale tuje polke, železničarji so pa z veliko požrtvovalnostjo zvozili te nepregledne množice dalje (samo po eni progi nad 70.000 mož

v enem tednu) ter tako preprečili neizogibne nemire in ropanje. Kmalu nato je bil vzpostavljen povsod red, kakršnega ni bilo tedaj na vsem teritoriju prejšnje monarhije. Ves upravni aparat je delal, ljudstvo se je pomirilo in cene vseh življenskih potrebščin so začele rapidno padati. Med tem so se vrnili iz avstrijskih taborišč tudi prvi srbski vojni ujetniki, ki so jih sprejeli z velikim navdušenjem, jih takoj oborožili in jih formirali pod poveljstvom podpolkovnika Švabiča v samostojno vojaško edinico in ta četa je potem tudi ustavila pri Logatcu nadaljnje italijansko

zatorično, da je hitel vsak domov, pod orožjem je pa ostala le nezrela mladina, med katero niso imeli častniki nobene avtoritete več.

Takoj po prvih zmedah in viharjih se je poprijela Narodna vlada urejevanja hudo omajane uprave. Pod avstrijsko vlado je bila večina vodilnega uradništva nemška, ki je po prevratu deloma zbežala ali je bila pa odslovljena. Na izpraznjena mesta je bilo treba postaviti novo in to se je brez odloga posvetilo z vso ljubeznijo svojim poslom, ta-

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Ob Jadranu.

zasedanje slovenskega ozemlja. Edino, kar se je precej ponesrečilo, je bila takojšnja organizacija lastne narodne vojske, kar je pa tudi lahko razumljivo, kajti Slovenci niso bili nikdar vojaški narod, niso imeli nobene vojaške tradicije in zato tudi nobenega smisla za militarizem (v avstrijski armadi je bil slovenski aktivni častnik najredkejša prikažen). Poleg tega je dolgoletna krvava vojna ljudstvo preveč utrudila, popolno razsulo avstrijske armade pa vplivalo tako desorgani-

ko da je začel ves upravni aparat že par tednov po prevratu zopet poslovati skoro normalno in izvrševati ukrepe Narodne vlade, ki se je preosnovala meseca februarja l. 1919. v "Deželno vlado za Slovenijo." Narodna vlada je bila pa med tem pridno na delu, da to upravo uredi, reorganizira in deloma organizira tudi popolnoma na novo. In baš to delo je najjasneje pokazalo vse slovenske upravne in organizatorične zmožnosti.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

22.

Sprehod.

lo	se	ve	Vsem
no	le	na	cam
vo	šim	to	stri
brat	cem	in	se

Sestavi te zloge v stavek, ki velja Tebi. (Začni z enim gotovim zlogom ter pojdi nato od zloga do zloga, ne da bi katerega preskočil. Lahko greš vodoravno ali navpično ali diagonalno.)

*

23.

Računska uganke.

Ivanu in Marici je Miklavž med drugimi lepimi stvarmi prinesel tudi gotovo število jabolk, in sicer Marici—ker je starejša—več kot Ivančku. Če bi dala Marica Ivančku eno od svojih jabolk, bi imela obadva enako število jabolk. Če bi pa dal Ivanček Marici eno svojih jabolk, bi jih imela Marica dvakrat toliko kot Ivan. Koliko jabolk ima Ivanček in koliko jih ima Marica?

* * *

Rešitve ugank.

20.

C	H	I	C	A	G	O
	V	R	A	N	A	
	J	A	N	E	Z	
	R	O	K	A	V	
	V	R	A	T	A	
O	S	T	R	I	G	A

*

21.

Na prvem polju je 48, na drugem 36 in na tretjem 12 ovac.

Rešilci.

Obe uganki so rešili:

Hedvika Skerly, Export, Pa.

Mike A. Krulc, Willard, Wis.

Elizabeth Abram, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mammie Perko, McKinley, Minn.

* * *

Poenouganko so rešile:

Catherine Tauchar, Power Point, Ohio.

Aurelia in Gloria Mahnich, Philadelphia,

Pa.

Mary Widitz, Washoe, Mont.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Fannie Langerholz, West Newton, Pa.

Mary A. Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa., je pravilno rešila uganki št. 17 in 18, a je prišla njena rešitev prepozno za zadnjo številko.

* * *

DOPISI.

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za "Mladinski List". Čeprav nisem še tako dobro izučena v slovenskem pisanju, vendar bom poskušala se oglašati v našem "Mladinskem Listu", pa če Vam bo to prav ali ne. "Mladinski List" dobivam redno in ga jako rada berem. Vzajem ga tudi seboj v šolo. Naša učiteljica nam je dala dialog "Wigwam or the Little Girl from Town." Jaz bom predstavljala "Fenni".

Tudi uganke iz zadnje številke sem rešila, katere pošiljam v prilogi. Upam, da so prav rešene.

Hodim v ljudsko šolo v Exportu, in sicer v 7 A razred. Starša sem trinajst let.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice Slovenske narodne podporne jednote in želim vsem vesele božične praznike in srečno Novo leto. Želim, da povečate naš "Mladinski List" po Novem letu, tako da ga bom dobivala vsak teden enkrat.

Hedvika Skerly, Export, Pa.

*

Cenjeni urednik!

Tu Vam pošiljam rešitev uganke št. 20, katero sem, kakor upam, prav rešila.

Jaz bi rada napisala en dopis v slovenščini, pa ne znam dobro. Mama se mi smeje,

in pravi, da tako pišem kakor Kočevarji. Bom pa rajši po angleško.

S pozdravom,
Mary Widitz, Washoe, Mont.

Cenjeni urednik!

Tukaj Vam pošiljam rešitev dveh ugank. Mislim, da sem jih prav rešila. Želim, da bi "Mladinski List" izhajal naprej kakor dosedaj. Želim tudi, da bi ne šlo moje prvo slovensko pisanje v Vaš koš, ker v šoli se učimo samo angleško. — Stara sem deset let in hodim v peti razred.

S pozdravom do prihodnje številke!

Mammie Perko, McKinley, Minn.

PROTEST.

Mi, člani in članice Mladinskega oddelka društva Sloga št. 284 S. N. P. J., kar najodločnejše protestiramo proti nakani, da bi se nam naš "Mladinski List" ustavilo in mesto tega da bi začel izhajati neki angleški list. Nimamo nič proti izdaji angleškega lista. Mi smo popolnoma ločeni od odraslih članov, zato želimo, da imamo tudi svoje glasilo. Bratci in sestre S. N. P. J., dvignite tudi vi svoje glasove ter se pridružite temu protestu, naj se čuje od Atlantika do Pacifika en ogromni klic: Ne! Pustite nam naš "Mladinski List," kakršen je, ako ga ne marate povečati. Vi, g. urednik, pa tudi storite svojo dolžnost in natisnite ta protest, da ne bo prepozno.

Za člane Mladinskega oddelka dr. Sloga št. 284 S. N. P. J.:

Mary A. Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!

Pošiljam Vam rešitev ugank. Obenem odločno protestiram, da bi nam vzeli "Ml. List", ker iz njega se učimo slovensko čitati, kar je velikega pomena za nas ta mlade. Jaz sem 13 let star in sem v 8. razredu.

Tukaj je že sneg zapadel in najbrž ne bo več skopnel pred spomladjo. Pa sneg nas ne moti, samo da bi ne pritisnil prehud mraz.

Tu okoli so same farme, ki so po večini s Slovenci naseljene.

Naj zadostuje za danes. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje "Ml. Lista", posebno pa Sylvio Homec, v Auburn, Ill.

Mike A. Krulc, Willard, Wis.

Cenjeni urednik!

Pošiljam Vam rešitev uganke št. 20. Upam, da sem jo dobro pogodila, sicer mi je tudi malo moja sestra Gloria pomogla k rešitvi. To je prva, ki sem jo rešila, vdrugič upam, da jih bom več, ker tudi jaz bi želela dobiti nagrado. Imam samo eno željo, da bi nam ostal naš "Mladinski List", ker me zelo zanima. Čitam slovensko in angleško.

Spoštovanjem,

Aurelia in Gloria Mahnich, Philadelphia, Pa.

H koncu leta.

Ker se leto 1925 poslavlja, je umestno, da se poravnajo stari računi. Med take račune spadajo tudi tiste nagrade, ki jih imajo nekateri vestni reševalci ugank še dobiti od prej. Prevelika zaposlenost urednika je bila kriva, da se je stvar tako zavlekla. Najbrže je ta ali oni izmed upravičencev do nagrade že obupal, da jo sploh dobi. Toda njegova bojazen ni na mestu. Začetkom prihodnjega leta namreč dobe nagrade tisti, ki so rešili največ ugank v tem letu, in obenem z njimi dobe pa tudi zaostale nagrade Louis Likar, Frank Virant, Angela Dobrovolc in Mike Machek. Da pa imenovani štirje ne bodo godrnjali, ker so morali toliko časa čakati, dobi vsak po eno knjigo več. Vse nagrade, tako stare kot nove, bodo odposlane istočasno s prihodnjo številko "Mladinskega Lista".

Požurite se z reševanjem ugank v tej številki, kajti prihodnja številka izide v prvi polovici januarja in je torej le malo časa na razpolago.

Za svoj "Mladinski List" ste se v resnici prav izborna potegnili, kar je seveda popolnoma prav. Urednikovo skromno mnenje je, da svojega glasila ne bode zgubili, kajti odrasli člani, ki imajo odločilno besedo, se pač morajo ozirati na Vaše zahteve in želje, kajti ravno Vi, mladi bratci in sestre, ste bodočnost naše mogočne jednote.

Za to številko je prišlo toliko dopisov in voščil, da jih ni mogoče vseh objaviti. Urednik se tem potom iskreno zahvaljuje vsem skupaj za Vašo naklonjenost ter Vas poziva, da ostanete tudi zanaprej zvesti svojemu "Mladinskemu Listu."

Srečno novo leto vsem skupaj!

Urednik.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

DECEMBER 1925.

Number 12

THE MOVING FORCE.

The teacher read the other day
about a boy named Watt,
Who sat and watched the water
boilin' in a pot.
An' just kept settin' round there
till he figured out a scheme
To have all kinds of labor done
by using this here steam.
And there was Robert Fulton
loafin' round by New York Bay,
And watchin' barges rowed along
about a mile a day.
An' while he sat there on the
dock, a-swingin' of his heels,
He planned hisself a boat that
run by steam an' paddle wheels.

The telephones and telegraphs,
an' locomotives, too,
Was all got up to save the work
That people used to do.
The folks that hated work like
sin invented all them things
So they could loaf around all day
like dogs and tramps and kings.
But teacher says a little boy is
nothin' but a shirk
Who spends his time inventin'
ways for gettin' out of work.
An' yet no matter what she says,
I know I've always found
That it ain't work, but laziness,
that makes the world go 'round.

—J. J. M.

IN THE STORM.

I was hast'ning one day, through the snow
and the sleet,
When I saw an old horse standing near, on
the street.
He looked at me sadly, with gentle brown
eye,
And it seemed that he whispered, as I passed
him by:
"Kind friend, I am cold. In your great
overcoat
And your muffler that's fastened so snug
'round your throat,
You never could guess, since you are so
warm,
How chilly I am, standing here in the storm.
"The grocer's boy drove me,—and how I did
dash
Down the street, up the hill, at the sting of
his lash!
While he shouted, and urged me the faster
to go
On my poor, weary legs, through the ice and
the snow.
Kind friends, if you watch, I am sure you
will see
A great many other old horses like me,
Who, for somebody's pleasure, are urged to
a run;
Then left, unprotected, in storm or in sun.
"I am just an old horse, and I can't speak
my mind,
But if I could talk, I would say 'Please be
kind.
For though I am only a horse, it is true,
In feelings I'm almost as human as you.'"
I found an old blanket I surely could spare.
I threw it across him, and fastened it there.
And I'm sure I felt better, that day of the
storm,
Because I had helped an old horse to keep
warm.
—Selected.

Hans Christian Andersen:

The Story of the Year.

It was the first day of January. A heavy snow was falling. It drifted against the windows and piled up in the areas. The sparrows twittered and chirped and hunted noisily for corners under the eaves out of the way of the storm. At evening it stopped snowing, but it grew very, very cold.

"A pretty kind of New Year this is," chirped a little sparrow. "For my part I wish we might have kept the old year. This new one is far colder and stormier than the old. When I heard the bells ringing last night I thought, 'Now the New Year has come and we shall have some fine warm weather,' but it is colder than ever. I cannot see why people make such a fuss."

"People are stupid. They follow a calendar," answered the white-headed sparrow, who was very old and so of course very wise. "The New Year begins when Spring comes."

"That's all very well to say, but when will Spring come?" twittered a young sparrow.

"Spring will come when the storks fly back. It always has—therefore it always will."

"Let us fly into the country and meet the storks," chirped the sparrow.

But in the country it was even colder than in the city. There were no friendly eaves where one might fly for warmth and shelter. Bitter winds swept over the snow-covered meadows. The trees were gaunt and bare, and ice covered the streams. "Tweet, tweet," cried the sparrows. "This is dreadful. Why is Spring so slow in coming?"

On a hilltop near by was a throne of glittering snow. Here sat an old man, robed in white. He had white hair and a flowing white beard. A raven hopped about near him.

"Who is the old man on the snow throne?" asked a young sparrow.

"He is King Winter," answered the raven. "He is the old man of last year. Day and night he watches and waits for the coming of Prince Spring."

"Well, we can't wait with him," an-

swered the sparrows. "It is too cold here"—and they flew back to town.

Several weeks passed by. The sunshine grew warmer. The snow melted and ran away in gurgling streams down the gutters. The sparrows flew back to the fields. "Cheep! cheep! Is Spring coming now?" they cried.

"Can you not see for yourselves?" answered the raven. Sure enough, over the hills two storks came flying. A little girl sat on the back of one stork and a little boy upon the other.

The storks alighted just in front of King Winter's throne. The children sprang down and ran toward King Winter. Little flowers sprang up in their footsteps. Up to the throne ran the children and threw their arms about King Winter; but suddenly he vanished, and the little ones sat on his throne instead.

"The storks are here! This is Spring at last," cried the sparrows. "The King and Queen of the Year have come."

Then the little maiden ran about the meadows scattering blossoms from her apron till the world looked like a flower garden. The hedgerows burst forth into green, and everywhere was heard the sound of singing birds. Children played in the fields. Old people crept out of doors. "Ah, how sweet the Spring is," they said. "It makes us young."

The days passed by until the children grew to be man and woman. Then came the fierce heat of summer. The fields lay blazing in the noontide sun. The grain yellowed and ripened. Children came with pails to gather berries from the roadside bushes. Spring was now a strong man whose name was Summer. He and his beautiful wife walked in the fields rejoicing in the glowing heat and the refreshing showers.

By and by the days grew cooler. The fields that were covered with waving wheat were quite bare, for the grain had been gathered in. Golden pumpkins gleamed in the corn fields; great red apples fell thudding

in the orchards, and children laughed as they gathered them up.

But the wife of Summer was sad. "It is not like our beautiful home in the sunny South. Do you remember how bright the world was when we first came? Then we brought flowers and green leaves and singing birds. Now we grow old. I heard some one call you Autumn."

"Yes," answered the King. "I am Autumn now. But what matter! I cannot bear to see you so sorrowful. I will make the

fell from the trees and the winds blew colder and colder.

Autumn was now King Winter, and his hair and beard were white as the snow that covered the hills. Then the church bells rang for Christmas.

"Ah," said King Winter, "the new king and queen will soon come. Then I may go to find my dear wife."

"There is still work for you to do," said the Christmas Angel. "You must cover the

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Love of Winter.

George Bellows.

leaves more beautiful than ever!" he cried. "They shall be golden and scarlet and tawny orange." He waved his hand, and the forests burst into a glow of color.

But the Queen of the Year only shivered. "Ah," she said, "I am cold—I long for the home land. Dearest husband, I must go."

The next day the storks flew southward, and the Queen of the Year went with them.

Autumn was alone. Then indeed the days seemed dark and dreary. The leaves

seeds with snow. You must guard the world till Prince Spring shall come."

"Yes, I will wait for the coming of the little Prince," answered King Winter, "but I long to be gone."

"Be patient," whispered the Christmas Angel. "When the storks return then the spring will come."

So old King Winter sat upon his throne looking toward the south.

"Who is the old man on the throne?" chirped the sparrows.

"He is King Winter, the old man of last year," answered the wise raven.

"When will Spring come?" asked the sparrows. "We long for some warm, bright days. The old year was no good at all."

Old Winter heard them and his thoughts

were sad, but he waited patiently for the coming of the little Prince.

At last the sun shone bright and warm again. The South Wind came hurrying by, and with her came the two storks with the little boy and girl. The little ones leaped down, kissed the earth and ran to King Winter. They threw their arms about him, but as they kissed him he was gone.

This is the end of the story of the Year.

Eleanor L. Skinner and A. M. Skinner:

The New New Year.

Time: NEW YEAR'S EVE

Place: Scenes I and III. OLD YEAR'S OFFICE
Scene II. TOM AND MARY'S HOME

Characters:

OLD YEAR	MARY
NEW YEAR	PEGGY
TWELVE MONTHS	JACK
GRANDMOTHER	TOM

Plot of the Play

The New Year decides to be entirely different from all preceding New Years. He is going to please the children by giving them all kinds of weather at once. Then they may choose the kind of weather they like best. The New Year calls in all the months and tells them to begin work at once and all together. They do so and the result is that the weather changes many, many times in a day. The children are very much disappointed and the New Year is obliged to change his plan to the natural order of things.

Scene I

The business office of New Year. A large desk, with many pigeonholes filled with papers, faces front, a chair stands before it; and a clock, and large calendar bearing the word December, hang on the wall. Old Year busy getting things in order—general confusion of papers as telephone rings.

OLD YEAR. Hello! No, not New Year yet—I'm still here. Yes, just trying to get things in shape for him. Oh, tell HIM when he comes; you know he takes my place. Yes (looks up at clock), in a few minutes. Good-bye and good luck to you. (Sound of sleigh-bells is heard outside—then a knock on the door.) Oh, there he is! Well, the little fellows had a cold journey. (Old Year shuffles to the door and opens it.) Come in!

NEW YEAR. Here I am (clapping his cold hands to warm them). I didn't keep you

waiting, did I? January wouldn't drive faster.

OLD YEAR. No, no! Sit down, Master New Year. You're here soon enough—too soon, I was going to say. I meant to have all things in readiness for you—such a busy year as it has been (goes on with his task). There was plenty to do—not half time enough. But I must soon be off, so I'd better tell you some things you ought to know. See (lifting up a roll of paper), here are only a few of the things I planned to do. Dear me, and none are finished! But you'll see to them.

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes, don't bother; I'll see to everything. I mean to do great things while I'm here. I shall be a real New Year—like nothing there has been before.

(New Year walks up and down. Old Year stops his work a moment to look at him.)

OLD YEAR. Humph! I thought so, too, when I was your age. But you won't be able to do much with the weather, youngster (shaking his head). You know you have that to attend to, don't you? No small matter, either. The months are a troublesome lot—the twelve of them—always treading on each other's toes. I had no end of work to keep March in his place. But I did very well, indeed!

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes, I am sure you did.

OLD YEAR. It's a task to please the people. They're quite as troublesome as the months are—quite. (New Year stops to listen.) When it's wet they want it dry, and when it's cold they want it warm.

NEW YEAR. Dear me!

OLD YEAR. The children are a little easier to please. Still, once when I sent a warm spring day some little boys wanted to go nutting and were quite cross about it; and I heard a little boy (lowering his voice) not far from here wish, one fine summer day, that the ground was covered with snow so that he could take his sled out; and his little sister said she wished it was Christmas every day. There's no pleasing all of them. But I did my best to give them what they wanted (looks at the clock). Well, well, it's nearly time for me to take myself off, and I haven't told you half enough.

(Old Year begins to put on his cloak and move toward the door.)

NEW YEAR. Oh, I understand—I'll give them exactly what they want. Good-bye.

OLD YEAR. (Turns back.) That reminds me, I almost forgot about those new promises the people made when I came. I wrote them down carefully (goes back to desk and seems to be hunting something). Here they are—right in the same place (takes them out and dusts them). Don't see much change here. Well, good night. Oh, I declare! there's my calendar still on the wall. (Old Year goes to get it. New Year runs to take it down, but he can't reach it.) Thank you just the same, my little fellow. There's a new one on the desk for you. (Old Year bows. New Year walks toward desk and thumbs calendar pad hurriedly.) Give the months their proper time and all will be well.

NEW YEAR (impatiently). Yes, yes, Old Year. I'll give them their time—I'll look after everything.

OLD YEAR. (Starts—puts head back in door.) Try to please the children—give them all the good weather you can. Don't bother much about the grown-ups. Good night, my little Master New Year; good night. Remember the children.

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes—good night—good night. This shall be the happiest New Year the children have ever had. (Sound of sleigh-bells is heard as Old Year leaves. New Year sits thinking.) "Try to please

the children—" Of course I shall, but dear me! One likes it hot and the other likes it cold; I never can please them all unless (telephone rings)—Hello! Yes, yes, I am New Year—good luck to you! Oh, new promises—yes—just tell them to me and I'll remember them. Yes—people are not going to be careless, or cross this year—they are not going to complain—and the children are not going to break their toys—they're going to school every day—and get their lessons—and they are never going to quarrel. That's wonderful! Yes—oh, I'll remember them all; good-bye! (New Year sits down.) Dear me! All the world was waiting for me to come, and what a wonderful year this will be. The children are not going to break any rules this year, I'm sure. They deserve to have all the good weather I can give them. They shall have the weather they like best. How can that be unless I give them all kinds of weather at the same time and let them choose for themselves? (Thinking.) That's the way! If each month could do his work now—instead of—I wonder how they have been doing it! Never mind—if all the months could do their work together, the children could choose for themselves—they needn't wait for their fun. It would be a whole year just the same—twelve times one is the same as one times twelve, no matter how the months come; and they'd far better be at work. That would be a different year—it would be a real New Year; why, it would be a NEW New Year. I'll call January in and tell him my plan. (He goes to the door.) Come in, January.

JANUARY. Good luck to you (bows). Well, Old Year's gone, is he, Master New Year?

NEW YEAR. I am the new New Year, January. I mean to make this the very happiest year for the children. They deserve it. January, the children are not going to be careless this year or cross; they are not going to quarrel or break their toys, and—well, I can't think of half the things they said they were going to do and not going to do. Did you ever hear of anything so wonderful, January?

JANUARY. Yes. (Slowly.) I think I have heard something that sounds much like that.

NEW YEAR. It's wonderful! So I've thought of a plan to please them. I'm going to let all the months do their work together—now, at once. Then each little boy and girl may choose the weather he or she likes best.

JANUARY (shaking his head). Better not, better not—you know we've never done it that way before.

NEW YEAR. Of course not! This is to be a new New Year.

JANUARY. It is, indeed! But I don't mind the change, I think I rather like it; provided, of course, that I may send all the snow and ice I wish and that I shall always be honored as the first month of them all.

NEW YEAR. Quite right, January, that can be easily managed. (New Year starts toward the door and turns back.) Oh, do tell me the names of the other months, January.

JANUARY. I haven't the slightest idea. I know I'm always waiting for December to get out of the way, and I hear people talking about February long before I am gone. But I have little to do with the others.

NEW YEAR (walking up and down). Old Year spoke about March.

JANUARY. Oh, yes, I've heard his name. Whenever I've given a particularly good blow, people say I am as mad as a March day.

NEW YEAR. Be so kind as to call the ones you know, January.

JANUARY (goes to the door). December went down the road with Old Year. He may not be back yet. But I'll call him, too. (Calls) February! March! December!

NEW YEAR (repeating and counting on his fingers). February, March, December, and January—that's four; there are eight more! (A bluster is heard, and the three months enter. December looks sleepy and tired.) Oh, there you are! Come in, and greetings to you, my months.

FEBRUARY and MARCH (in one breath).

What does this mean? Am I late? Why am I called?

NEW YEAR. No, oh no! we are to have a new New Year. You see, I have thought of a plan to please all the children while I am here. They are to have exactly the weather they like best. You, February, and December, and March, are to do your work now instead of coming—well, coming as you have always come before.

MARCH (whirling around the room). Ho! ho! That's jolly!

DECEMBER (waking up). Nonsense! the children have just had their Christmas trees. Some are still enjoying the Christmas fun. They won't wish to see me so soon again, I'm sure.

NEW YEAR. Oh, yes, they will, December! I heard about a little girl who said she wanted Christmas every day.

FEBRUARY. It's all right if I am not hurried off. I have less time than any of the others.

NEW YEAR. Take as much time as you like, February. Old Year told me to give each month his time, and I shall!

MARCH. A jolly plan, say I again. But where are the others?

NEW YEAR. That's exactly what I want to know. Can you tell me who they are?

MARCH (skipping). There are April, May, June, July, August, September, October, and November. (All watch March anxiously.) Ho! Ho! You see I know them all.

NEW YEAR. So you do. It's wonderful! How did you learn them, March?

MARCH. Oh, I go skipping about everywhere, so I have a blowing acquaintance with them all. You see, I'm off for a mad-cap galloping chase—to make a commotion in every place. And there was a time when I was the first month (bowing elaborately to January) in every New Year. (All look at January.)

JANUARY (indignantly). It must have been long ago!

MARCH. All the other months will like to come. April will cry, perhaps, for being awakened so soon, and May and some of the

others will shiver a little from the cold. But what of that! They'll all like the sport. **NEW YEAR.** Very well—call them in, March. (March calls at the door. New Year tries to keep count of them on his fingers. December, January, and February stand together and talk. A murmur is heard and the months file in. April is crying, May, June, July and August shiver. All look cheerful, but confused. They group themselves in seasons, but do not seem to know those out of their season.) Greetings, my months! (All bow.) Now that we are all here together, I'll tell you why I have called you. We are to have a new New Year. Each one of you is to do his work now—at once—for I want to give the children a chance to choose just the weather they like best. One likes it hot, you know, and another likes it cold. My new plan will let them choose what they wish—snow—flowers—nuts—birds—anything!

MARCH (breaking in). Hurrah! Hurrah! a jolly plan, say I again.

(All chatter among themselves.)

JANUARY. Of course, I shall send plenty of snow and ice—all I wish.

MAY. But can't get ready in time—I shall have to wear last year's dress.

NEW YEAR. That will do quite as well, April—quite as well.

MAY. I'm May, if you please, sir. I was planning so much for the children—birds and buds and flowers. Dear me! But I'll do my best.

OCTOBER. Ha! Ha! That reminds me of the nuttings I was planning for them. I once heard a little boy say, "Hurrah for nuts! October's the month for me!"

NEW YEAR. Won't it be jolly! And now (to November) what can you do?

NOVEMBER. Not much, I fear. You know what they say about November:

"No sun—no moon,

No morn—no noon,

No shade—no butterflies—no bees—

No—vember."

But if September will have the fruit ready—

NEW YEAR (turning to September). Yes, yes, September.

SEPTEMBER. Have the fruit ready! Never fear. Oh, yes, and the children may have their starting to school over again. How often I have heard them say: "Hurrah for September—school has begun!"

JUNE. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You'd never say that if you knew what I hear them say, "Hurrah for June—school's out!" I'll cover the trees with plenty of leaves, and give the children fine woods and meadows and fields to play in—and plenty of holidays.

NEW YEAR. Fine! Fine! But dear me, they promised to go to school every day this year. No matter. Perhaps I ought to have known more about your plans for the children this year, but the time is short—now go at once and begin your work. Remember, plenty of flowers and snow and birds and ice and nuts—and Christmas every day—whatever they wish!

ALL (going out helter-skelter). Good luck to our new New Year! Good night! Good night!

(New Year sits alone, thinking.)

SCENE II.

A few days later. Room in a home. A Christmas tree is in one corner. Tom is mending his sled.

MARY (running in). Tom! Tom! It's bright again out doors. You'll have your sled mended in time for the coasting, won't you? Grandmother says she's sure they can come now. It will be like having a Christmas party all over again, won't it?

TOM. It's no Christmas party—we're going to coast. Besides, this is January, and you don't have Christmas parties in January. You want Christmas every day!

MARY. But we haven't taken down our tree yet, and it's a Christmas party if you have a Christmas tree—grandmother said so. (Grandmother enters.) Tom says it isn't like a Christmas party, grandmother. He says you can't have a Christmas party in January.

GRANDMOTHER (going toward the window). Well, it looks to me as though the weatherman had mixed things up so badly these days that one can have almost anything he wishes and call it whatever

he pleases. January seems to have a dozen minds at once (looks out window). There's no telling, at times, whether it's winter or summer, Christmas or May-day. But it looks clear now. I believe I see Peggy coming down the road.

MARY (looking out). Yes, it's Peggy, and she has her new sled, Tom!

GRANDMOTHER. Run and open the door, Mary.

(Mary opens the door and Peggy enters).

MARY. Oh, Peggy! the hill is covered with snow and we may take our sleds out.

GRANDMOTHER. How do you do, Peggy? Come to the fire and warm yourself. You look perished.

PEGGY. Oh, I'm shivering! It was so warm when I started. I didn't want to wear my coat. Mother made me take it. But I was glad I had it, for the wind began to blow bitterly in no time.

GRANDMOTHER. Dear me, I do hope you didn't take cold! Such weather! As soon as Tom finishes his sled you may all go coasting.

TOM. Jack isn't here yet.

MARY (runs to the window). Oh, here he comes, and with his sled, too! He's running. Look, Peggy!

GRANDMOTHER. Then come, children, get ready. Now for coats and caps—don't forget your overshoes. There's no telling any minute when the weather-man will change his mind. Mary, I'll help Peggy while you find your wraps. Tom, let Jack in.

TOM (opens door). Come in, Jack.

MARY. Oh, is it snowing? Good! Good!

JACK. Hurrah for the snow!

GRANDMOTHER. Then hurry, children! you may get a sleigh-ride this time.

PEGGY (who is ready, runs to the window). Oh, dear, look outdoors, Mary! It's raining! Why, it's raining hard—we can't go!

MARY (running to the same window). Can't go, Peggy!

JACK (runs to opposite window). Nothing of the sort—it's snowing!

TOM (joins Jack). Ha! you girls don't know snow from rain.

MARY. It's raining, pouring! Grandmother,

come here and see if we are not right! Oh, dear!

(Grandmother rushes to Mary's window.)

TOM. Come here, grandmother, and see the snow!

(Grandmother rushes to Tom and Jack's window.)

GRANDMOTHER. Dear, dear! I do declare, I can't tell what it is doing! But I am sure something's coming down fearfully. No coasting to-day, children. I'm afraid this will melt all the snow. Take off your wraps, for the sky looks ready to drench everything.

MARY. We can't go! (Cries.)

PEGGY. Mother said she didn't know what it would do next, but I wanted to come, anyway.

GRANDMOTHER (helping them take off wraps). It's of no use. I thought it was as mild as a summer day a short time ago, but look at it now! (Children look out again.)

PEGGY. Why, there's the sun, and out of doors it's bright again!

MARY (clapping her hands). Oh, good! good!

GRANDMOTHER. Well, well, well! What a turn again! I wonder if it's fooling us this time. To make sure, I'll go right outdoors myself and see.

(Grandmother leaves the room. Children hurry into their wraps.)

TOM. We'll have our coasting yet, see if we don't.

GRANDMOTHER (comes back). Bless me, it is like a summer day again. If I didn't think it sounded foolish, I'd say there was a look of green on the trees and I thought I heard a bird sing. (A gust of wind rattles the windows as the children are ready to start.) Hark! That's the wind, Tom, look out.

(Children rush to windows.)

JACK. Look at that big black cloud!

MARY. And it's raining—oh, dear, dear! (Cries.)

GRANDMOTHER. There it is again! The wind's getting up now.

TOM. It's enough to blow you off your feet.

PEGGY. See those children run with their sleds!

GRANDMOTHER. It seems to me that all the months have gone mad together. (Goes from window to window.) January wasn't like this when I was a girl. We had snow, snow, snow—and no fooling about it. You must stay at home, children, so take off your wraps again and have as much fun indoors as you can. There's the Christmas tree — play it's a Christmas party.

PEGGY. I've had my Christmas tree.

MARY. I don't want a Christmas party.

TOM and JACK. Neither do we, and we haven't had a sleigh-ride since Christmas.

GRANDMOTHER. Well, we must make the best of bad weather, I suppose. I'll go round and see that all the windows are fastened. They rattle as if they were out of their wits. It sounds like a mad March day.

(Grandmother leaves the room. Mary cries—the other children stand looking out of the windows disgusted.)

SCENE III.

New Year's office. New Year is walking up and down looking puzzled and worried. Telephone rings.

NEW YEAR. Hello! Yes, November, any trouble? Lots of grumbling! Nothing to do! That's strange. Didn't September get the fruit ready? (Knock is heard.) Wait a moment till I see who's knocking. (Lays down receiver; goes to door, January enters.) Oh, it's you, January. Come in, and good luck to you!

JANUARY (crossly). Good luck! Don't call this good luck, do you?

NEW YEAR. Why, what's the trouble, January?

JANUARY. Trouble! It's all a fearful mix-up.

NEW YEAR. Dear me! and November has just told me he has nothing to do. What am I to think?

JANUARY. Nothing to do? There's plenty to do if one got a chance to do anything. You can't tell who you are or what you're doing these days. No matter how much snow I send, it's soon melted. Why, the

children haven't had one sleigh-ride since I arrived.

NEW YEAR. That's too bad!

JANUARY. And they're all sneezing and coughing.

NEW YEAR. Why, that's really shocking! What do you mean to do about it, January?

JANUARY. What do I mean to do? It wasn't my plan.

NEW YEAR. You said you wouldn't mind the change. You were quite willing.

JANUARY. But I told you we had never done it that way before—that you'd better not. You wouldn't let us go on in the old way.

NEW YEAR. The old way? I didn't know the old way. March said he liked it, too. Where is he?

JANUARY. Everywhere, as usual.

NEW YEAR. I'll see if I can get him in. (Calls. March comes in.)

MARCH. Oh, ho, I've had a blustering good time! What's up now?

NEW YEAR. Everything, March. There's a good deal of grumbling, and January says things are so mixed up that no one knows who he is or what he is doing. We must do something. Perhaps you'd better call them all in and see if we find out what is the trouble.

MARCH. Oh, I'll bring them in—never fear! (March goes to the door, calls months. New Year steps up to calendar and thumbs pad interestedly. Months come in helter-skelter—cross and out of sorts.)

NEW YEAR. Greetings, my months! (All bow.) You must tell me what is the trouble.

CHORUS OF MONTHS. Couldn't send flowers—don't know what we're doing—not a bud—or nut!

NEW YEAR. Silence, silence! Please.

JANUARY (to months). It's all a mistake.

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes, of course it is! Please speak one at a time—that's always the best way.

MARCH. Jolly plan. (Skipping.)

DECEMBER (to March). No one had even a bit of a chance with you blustering around.

NEW YEAR. Come, come! I see I must call on you by name and give each one of

- you his turn to speak. October, did you give the children a chance to go nutting?
- OCTOBER.** To go nutting? There wasn't a nut on the trees to ripen. There were no leaves to color—in fact, there wasn't even one leaf—the trees were bare.
- NEW YEAR** (turning to June). This is shocking. June, you were to attend to the leaves.
- JUNE.** No sooner had my leaves and grass begun to have a look of green than January's and February's snow nipped them. The children had no meadows, no fields, no woods to play in. They might just as well have been in school.
- SEPTEMBER.** But they didn't go to school. They said they couldn't tell whether it was vacation or not. And there wasn't a bit of fruit to get ready. I had nothing whatever to do!
- NOVEMBER.** Nor did I!
- NEW YEAR.** But didn't April plant the seeds, and didn't May call out the buds on the trees and bring back the birds? Where's April?
- MAY.** She's crying again. She did try to do her part, but January's cold was too sharp for the seeds; and February scared away my buds and birds; and bits of December's Christmas-trees were scattered all over my gardens. No one ever had such a dreadful time before. I didn't even feel welcome!
- NEW YEAR.** December, what have you to say about that?
- DECEMBER.** It was all March's fault. There was no doing anything with him.
- CHORUS OF MONTHS.** He tore off the buds and branches—he scattered the seeds—
- MARCH.** Oh, I just caught the trees by the branches and shook them a rough, friendly greeting.
- NEW YEAR.** Well, well, we must get things back in the right order somehow! Advise me, January, you are the first month and know best.
- JANUARY.** Let the months take their turn, one at a time, as they have always done.
- I shall come first, of course. I'm first on every calendar.
- NEW YEAR** (looking at calendar closely). So you are, January, but they are all here—altogether!
- JANUARY.** Of course they are (thumbing the calendar), but look—they're one at a time—one after the other.
- NEW YEAR** (turning the pages). So this is the old way. Here's January's name first. It says:
- January, thirty-one days, snow and ice.
February, twenty-eight days, snow and ice.
March, thirty-one days, month of winds.
- MARCH** (skipping). And after me come April and May.
- NEW YEAR.** Silence, March! I see we shall have to go back to the old order of things, that is the only way to set it all right. Yes, I have decided, my months, that you are to do your work one at a time. (Aside) I wonder I didn't think of that before. Hang up the calendar, January; I can't reach up—yet. (January hangs up the calendar.) Now call out the names in order, January, one at a time; and you, my months, take your places in line.
- JANUARY** (turning calendar leaves). February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.
- NEW YEAR.** Take your place first, January. Do your work now, at once. The others may go and wait their time. Be ready to come one at a time. Good luck to you, and remember the children!
- (Months pass out calling, "Good-bye" and "Good luck." New Year stands watching them go, waving his hand. After they have left he sits thinking. Soon the sound of sleigh-bells is heard outside, then shouts of children's voices.)
- NEW YEAR** (starting up). There are the children! (Runs to window.) Ha! ha! See the snow! Good for you, January! Now for a happy time, children—ice and skating and snow, snow everywhere, and a greeting to you all from a happy New Year!



The Legend of Yellowstone Canyon.

Many years ago, when the Tetons were young—the lordly Tetons that thrust their snow-clad peaks, like giant, jagged saw-teeth, into the ever-changing blue of the sky—a mighty herd of bison roamed the plains and mountain slopes of that land of lakes and streams and forests that is now the State of Wyoming. Elk, antelope and moose, bear, deer and mountain sheep made their homes in the peaceful valleys or amid the romantic majesty of the granite walls. And in this sanctuary wilderness there lived a mighty Indian people, the Nez Perce, direct descendants of Kalowalo, God of the Sun.

Shinumo, the greatest chieftain, the strongest hunter, and the bravest warrior, ruled his tribe with unerring wisdom, led them to the best hunting grounds, gave just counsel in their differences, and watched them increase and prosper. And Shinumo, in turn, was ruled and counseled by the happiness in his heart; for had he not, but two moons ago, brought Lan-a-lol, the Little Moon Flower, to live with him, the Little Moon Flower whose unrivaled beauty was a source of never-ending joy? The softly sighing swish of the pine branches swaying in the breeze was music to the ears of Shinumo until there came a time, in the Season of the Rains, when the wind of Darkness blew down from the mountain tops and scattered before it the smile of Lan-a-lol.

Day after day the sun came up, making the peaks shift and glow, crags take fire, walls darken, and gray-green mesas, dimly seen, take on the gleam of opalescent lakes, but all was darkness in the sight of Shinumo. No longer would he lead the hunt for buffalo or mountain sheep, the care of his people was gone from his mind, and he thought only of the absent Little Moon Flower. The mighty Nez Perce, deprived of their leader, were drifting slowly toward dissolution when there came, one day, Ta-vwoats, the God of Life. Ta-vwoats sought out Shinumo and questioned him on the matter of his changed attitude and, upon learning the cause of his grief, offered to prove to him that the Little Moon Flower was in a hap-

pier land and that Shinumo mourned uselessly. Ta-vwoats would take the mighty chieftain over the road to heaven and let him look upon her there in her happiness.

That evening they started. In the west the day was dying in a pageantry of color. Above the range lay a fleet of flame-winged clouds, like treasure argosies borne on the crystal waves of a sea deeply, infinitely blue. The hush of early evening rested like a brooding veil above the mountains.

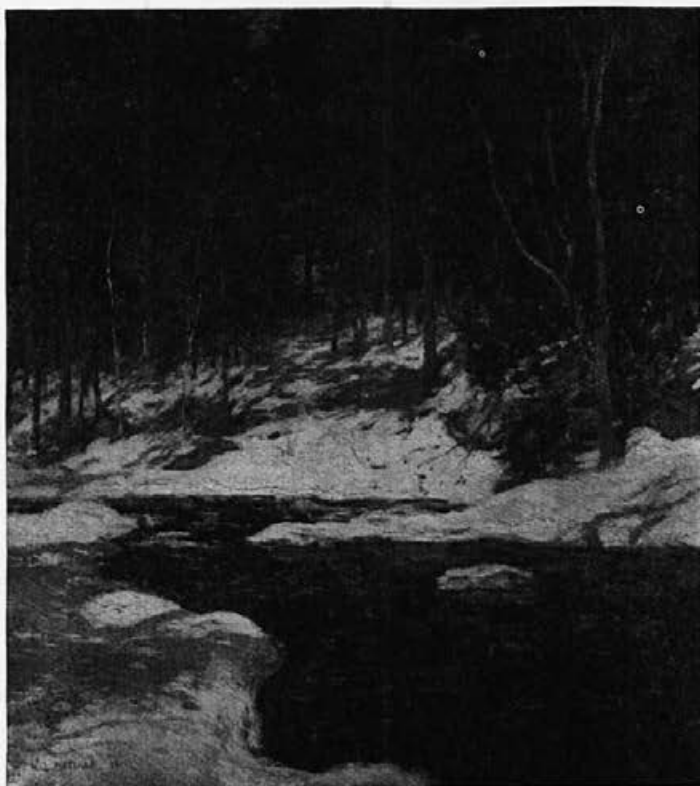
Ta-vwoats and Shinumo walked on, while above them the scarlet glory began to fade into a fainter saffron. Soon, in the west, the clouds had faded to a somber gray. There remained but a delicate line of purest white, where all color had fled, against which the trees stood in phantom tracery. All night they went on and when morning came Ta-vwoats made a trail to lead the chief to the happy land.

A great, twisting gash was cut through the protecting mountains and its sides were painted in heterogeneous array with every color of the universe—with living, rejoicing colors that seemed to chant in chorus. As Shinumo watched the work of Ta-vwoats he saw the whole vista transformed as if the life and light of centuries of sunshine stored up in the rocks were now being poured forth as from one glorious fountain, flooding both earth and sky. When the road was made complete they traveled on and came at last to a spot from which Shinumo might look in upon his Little Moon Flower. He saw that the words of Ta-vwoats were true, that she was in a happier land and did not care to return to the slopes and valleys of the Tetons. Shinumo was at last content and willingly he followed Ta-vwoats on the return journey. When they had again passed through the gorgeous gateway, Ta-vwoats, lest the unworthy should find this happy land, rolled through the trail a wild surging river of roaring gray that foamed in the crooked, rugged gorges only to sweep out free and unencumbered farther on where the waters make miniature lakes that merged, shining, sparkling, calm as stars.

Today the tourist visits Wyoming's wonderland—the Yellowstone National Park. He sees the giant geyser basins, affording a sensation never to be forgotten, the scenic wilderness and its incomparable wealth of wild-animal life, Dunraven Pass, Tower Falls, Yellowstone Lake, Sylvan Pass, and at last he comes to stand upon the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River. From Artist's Point he looks a thousand feet almost vertically down upon the foaming Yellowstone River, and southward three miles to the Great Falls where

prominences. Sometimes they seem carved from the side walls. Here and there jagged, rocky needles rise perpendicularly like groups of Gothic spires. The whole is colored more brokenly and vividly than the field of human imagination can conceive.

The canyon, with its foaming falls dissolving into mists, its calm forests hiding the singing river, its enormous granites peaked and domed against the sky, its inspiring silence haunted by distant water, suggests a dream.



Copyright by the
Art Institute
of Chicago.

Ice Bound.

Metcalf.

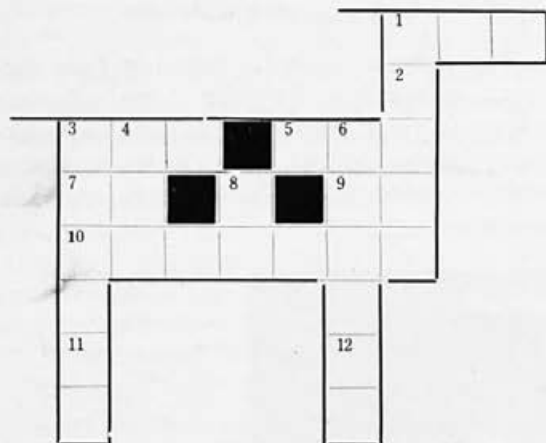
an onrushing mass of white and purple leaps out into magnificent silver plumes, dashes and foams in wheel-like whirls, displays glorious enthusiasm as it tosses from side to side, rolling, glinting, and singing in exuberance of mountain energy. The hushed observer sees spread before him the most glorious kaleidoscope of color he will ever see in nature. The steep slopes are inconceivably carved. Sometimes they lie in straight lines at easy angles, from which jut high, rocky

The tourist goes on. Perhaps he visits the petrified forest, or stops to see the carved and fretted terraces at the Mammoth Hot Springs, but always he carries the memory of the canyon. To him it was a wonderful sight, a beautiful manifestation of the powers of erosion; but to some it is far more than that: it is the gateway—the road to heaven—made so many years ago by Ta-vwoats and traveled by Shinumo in his search for the Little Moon Flower and happiness.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 12.

A Horse Puzzle.



Across:

- 1=A covering for the head.
 2=An exclamation.
 3=A rodent.
 5=Child's dress protector.
 7=Near to.
 8=First letter of the alphabet.
 9=Pair of letters meaning take notice.
 10=Attest.
 11=North (abbr.)
 12=Opposite of wrong (abbr.)

Down:

- 1=An imitation horse.
 3=A sport of horses.
 4=To have taken food.
 6=To tell.
 8=Near to.

* * *

Answer to Puzzle No. 11.

Raccoon, Porcupine, Gopher, Badger, Weasel, Rabbit, Squirrel, Opossum, Beaver, and Coyote.

* * *

Honorable Mention.

Louise Podpechan, Franklin, Kansas.
 Jennie Miklavich, Somerset, Pa.
 Joseph Mozina, Greensburg, Pa.
 Catherine Tauchar, Power Point, Ohio.
 Frank Bolte and Joseph Barbich, Library, Pa.
 Mike A. Krulc, Willard, Wis.
 Mary Widitz, Washoe, Mont.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Frances L. Jenko, Ely, Minn.

Frances Mesec, North Chicago, Ill.
 Joe Kren, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mary Omerza, Geneva, Ohio.
 Frank Podpregar, Witt, Ill.
 Slovie Klune, Chisholm, Minn.
 Frank Groser, Nokomis, Ill.
 Mary, John and Cyril Kutzler, Buhl, Minn.

*

Mary Widitz, Washoe, Mont., solved correctly Puzzle No. 10 and Rosie Yellen's riddle. — Mary A. Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa., sent the correct solution of Puzzles No. 9 and 10. Both letters came too late to be mentioned in the last issue.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

PROTEST.

We, members of the Junior Number 284, of the S. N. P. J., who are most energetic, protest against changing our paper, the "Mladinski List" to an American paper. Our wishes were not consulted in this matter, although we are not so much against the American edition, we are so much apart from the big members that we certainly would like to keep up this "Mladinski List". We feel as though it belongs to us and is really our paper.

We are sure all the children will agree with us when we say that we ought to know something of our mother tongue. How will we be able to know it, if they take away this splendid opportunity of learning it through this paper? Isn't it also easier to interest children in their mother tongue, if they have their own paper to learn from? Will not the children of other lodges help protest against this transgression upon our rights?

We also call upon you, Mr. Editor, to do your duty by publishing this before it is too late.

We thank you!

From the children of Lodge 284, S. N. P. J.

By Mary Omerza, Geneva, Ohio.

*

Dear Editor and Friends:

For the past few years, I have been reading the "Mladinski List," ever since I have been able to read. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I have missed about 1½ years of school.

I am now at the hospital in Pittsburgh, for my leg. I have been crippled for all my life. My hip bone was out of place since I was a baby. So last month mother brought the "Ml. List" to the hospital for me to read, so I thought, since I didn't have anything else to do, I could write a few lines. I really hate to stay at the hospital although the nurses and doctors treat me very nice.

In the Nov. issue I read a letter written by Antonia Mautz, Library, Pa. If she reads this month's issue and sees this letter, I suppose she will know me. She used to live at Carbon, right below our place and we were very good friends. I send

my best wishes to her two sisters, mother and father and herself.

There are 8 in our family and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. Everyone is well but me, and I sure do hope I will be able to walk like the rest soon.

There are a good many boys and girls who belong to the S. N. P. J. from this vicinity, who could write nice long letters.

Christmas is also coming. I hope that Santa Claus visits all the girls and boys belonging to the S. N. P. J. and tell them all to write letters to our paper.

I feel bad, when I look around the room in which I stay as I don't see anything but sick and crippled children. I am sending a riddle for the children and older people to solve.

What opens like a barn door and shuts like a gate?

A very merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all, who read this.

Yours,
Rose Shume, Greensburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have read your article in the "Mladinski List." I wish the "Mladinski List" would stay the way it is. I have been with the other girls and we talked about the "Mladinski List" and they also wish the "Mladinski List" would stay the way it is now.

I wish the members of some other states would write to the "Mladinski List." And I also wish, they would wish for the "Mladinski List" to stay the way it is now.

I do wish the paper would stay like this or become larger.

Yours truly,
Mary Widitz, Washoe, Mont.

Dear Editor:

I want to thank the editor very much for publishing my last letter. I thought that maybe he would not publish it, because I am sixteen years old already.

I received a few letters from unknown friends—I mean Slovenian friends—and I want to extend my thanks to them. I received one from A. R. from Uniontown, Pa., and I appreciated it very much. But I sure would be glad to have her name. And another one from Gertrude Stranimer. I think that is how she spelled it and I have to tell everybody that I appreciated that one very much. I am going to write to her and when I go home for Christmas, I shall try to have my picture taken and I will send her one. Well, I will have to close now, hoping to hear from more Slovenian girls and boys, and remain,

A Member,
Theresa Mahnich, Highland San., Ottawa, Ill.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter that I have written to the "Mladinski List."

I am 13 years of age and I am in 7th grade.

I like the "Mladinski List" and read with much interest the stories. I like the story, "A Serbian Bethrothal."

At Delmont Lodge No. 280, there are 40 members in the "Mladinski oddelek."

I wish the boys and girls who did not write a letter in the "Mladinski List," would write one.

I know I did not write very well for the first time, but I will try to do better the next time. I will try my hand in Slovenian the next time.

I can read and write in Slovenian and will try the best I can, to write a letter the next time. I have started out pretty late for my age.

I will close, hoping to see more letters in the next issue.

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa., Box 292.

Dear Editor:

I did not write to you for a great length of time. In this month's "Mladinski List" I noticed that there was a question whether it should be published in Slovenian or in the English. We think it is best to leave both languages in it. Not all of our parents are able to read the English, so what else could they read but the Slovenian? They are also interested in some of the stories in it. The only thing I wish is: that "Mlad. List" would be larger, that it would have more jokes and riddles, and more letters from the children.

I am having a wonderful time in school. Soon we will be having our Christmas vacation. We are reading the classic "Ivanhoe."

I am taking the Commercial Course; we have the following lessons: Religion, Typing, Commercial Law, Shorthand, Algebra, English and Book-keeping. I like these all pretty well especially typing, because almost every few days while typing, we have the victrola playing and we keep time to the music.

Now I will write a few riddles for the young or old readers to solve:

1. Why is a pancake like an umbrella?
2. Why do knapsacks resemble handcuffs?
3. Why are strawberries like the letter "n"?
4. Why is a wall like a fish?
5. What is a button?

And here are a few jokes:

Mother: "Is daddy asleep?"

Betty: "Yes, mother, all but his nose."

Teacher: "How many senses are there?"

Pupil: "Six."

Teacher: "How is that? I only have five."

Pupil: "I know it; the other is common sense."

From now on we will see to it that every month one of our family will have a letter in this magazine. This will be all for this time. Hoping that many will solve my riddles,

I remain, Your reader,
Albina C. Gabrenya, Cleveland, Ohio.



PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

December.

Mraz postaja vedno bolj občuten.	The cold begins to make itself felt.
Sneži.	It snows.
Ali zmrzuje?	Does it freeze?
Preteklo noč je zelo zamrznilo.	It froze hard last night.
Mislil sem si; zadnje dni je bilo jako mrzlo.	I thought so; it has been very cold for the last few days.
Reka Chicago je zamrznila.	The Chicago River is frozen over.
Pojdi, greva se malo drsat.	Come, let us slide a little.
Kmalu bodeva mogla rabiti drsalke.	We shall soon be able to skate.
Ali se rad drsaš z drsalkami?	Do you like skating?
Da, prav rad.	Yes, I like it very much.
Si si pripravil drsalke?	Have you prepared your skates?
Ne, upam pa, da dobim par novih.	No, I hope to get a pair of new ones.
Vzemiva med tem moje sanke.	Let us in the meantime take my sled.
Moji prsti so čisto otrpnili.	My fingers are benumbed with cold.
Prav, pa delajva snežne kepe, to naju bo zopet ugrelo.	Well, let us make snowballs; that will warm us again.
Dnevi so kratki, noči dolge.	The days are short, the nights are long.
Sobe so dobro zakurjene.	The rooms are well warmed.
Zvečer bomo čitali naš "Mladinski List" in dobre knjige.	In the evening we shall read our "Mladinski List" and some good books.
Stara mati nam bo pripovedovala pripovedke.	Grandmother will tell us stories.
Pripravljali se bomo tudi za šolo.	We will also work for school.

The End.