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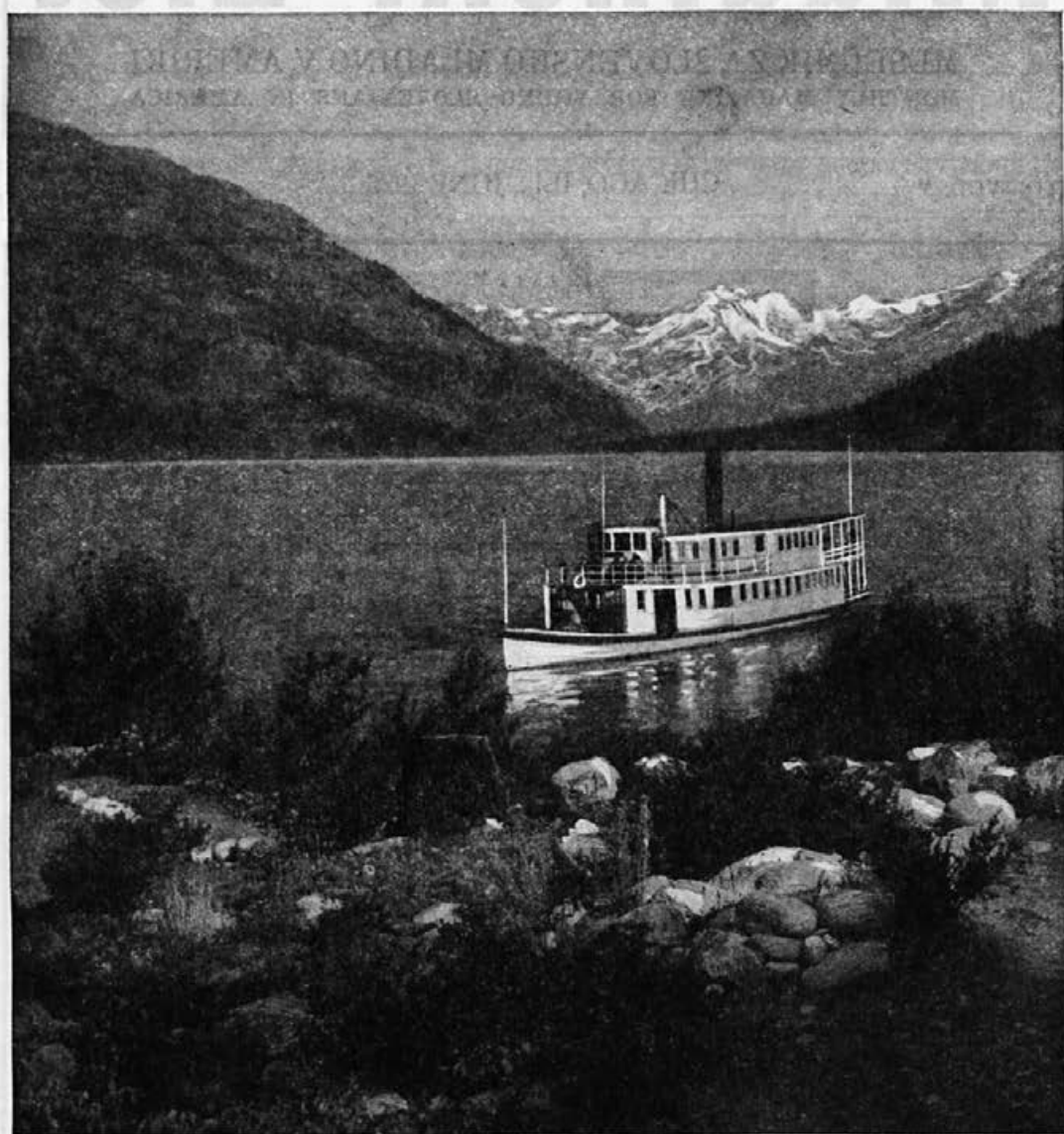
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Mali John in njegov oče.

Rudar Tine je prišel od dela truden domov. Odšel je v kuhinjo in se umil. Nato se je preoblekel in sedel pred hišo v senco košatega jesena, kjer je čakal, da ga žena pokliče k večerji. Od vrta sem je priskakljajal mali John in sedel na klop poleg njega.

"Oče, ali moraš vsak dan delati?" je vprašal zvedavo mali John.

"Vsak dan, če ne, pa nimamo kaj jesti," mu je odgovoril oče.

"Ali dobiš jed za tvoje delo," ga je naivno zopet vprašal sinček.

"Jedi ne dobim, ampak denar," ga je podučil oče. "Za denar kupim živež, pijačo, obleko, plačam stanarino in kupim še druge stvari."

"Bogati ljudje imajo več denarja, kakor ga imamo mi, torej morajo tudi več delati," mu je zvedavi sinček segel v besedo.

"Oni delajo manj, ali pa nič," je dejal oče in pogledal sina.

"Od kje pa imajo denar?" se je oglasil John in uprl svoje oči v očeta.

"Ah, od kje," je hitel oče. "Drugi ljudje delajo zanje. Na primer, jaz delam zanje, moji tovariši, tamle sosed Jaka, sploh vsi delavci delajo zanje."

"Zato te plačajo," se je odrezal sinček.

"Da, plačajo, plačajo, pa ne dosti. Za tonno premoga dobimo rudarji nekaj čez en dolar, če pa kupim tonno premoga, ki sem ga sam nakopal, pa moram zanje plačati sedem dolarjev. Vidiš, od premoga, ki sem ga sam nakopal in nato od njih kupil, sem jim moral pustiti lep dobiček."

"Zakaj jim pa pustiš ta dobiček?" je hotel izvedeti sinček.

"Ker moram. Ako tega ne storim, me podjetnik odslovi. Potem nimam dela in mi nimamo kaj jesti in s čim se oblačiti," je rekel oče resno.

"Kaj pa če bi šel delat k drugemu podjetniku?" se je oglasil zopet sinček.

"Bilo bi ravno tako," je odgovoril oče osorno. Sinček je malo pomislil, nato pa je rekel: "Oče, tedaj so pa bogati ljudje tatovi, če ti vzamejo, kar ni njihovo?" in uprl je svoje oči zvedavo v očeta, kakor da že komaj čaka na njegov odgovor.

"Lahko bi jih tako imenoval," je oče pričel podučevati sina, "ampak to ne bi odgovarjalo popolnoma resnici. Kajti kar vzamejo, je njihovo, dasiravno si tega niso zaslužili s svojim delom."

"Tega pa ne razumem," je odgovoril mali John in je zopet gledal očetu v obraz, čakajoč njegovega odgovora, ki mu pojasni, kar on ne razume.

"Danes je svet tako urejen," je pričel oče—in ko je govoril svojemu sinu, je tehtal vsako besedo, da ne reče kaj nepremišljene,—"da se lahko za denar kupi delavno moč drugega človeka. Kdor tako dela, tega je vse, kar delavna moč ustvari. Tako gre podjetniku vrednost mojega dela in tudi to, kar on več dobi za moje delo."

"To bi pa bilo treba odpraviti, oče," je rekel bistrourni sinček.

"Zato se pa organiziramo delavci v svojih delavskih organizacijah, da to veliko krivico odpravimo. Ampak večina delavcev še spi duševno in še ni zapopadla te vnebovpijoče krivice. Zopet drugi pa nimajo poguma, da se pridružijo delavski organizaciji ter se bojujejo za odpravo krivice — — —"

"Tine!" se je oglasila žena na pragu, "pojdiva večerjat, večerja je že na mizi in se hladi."

Tine je počasi vstal, vtaknil je svojo pipo v žep in prijel malega Johna za roko. Umerjenih korakov je odšel proti hiši in pri tem ljubeznivo gledal svojega sinčka.

Franjo Rupnik:

Kralj Matjaž.

Predgovor k istoimenski dramatični sliki, ki bo priobčena v prihodnji številki.

Ob razsulu mačehe Avstrije leta 1918 so se osamosvojili avstrijski Slovani in nastale so nove slovanske države, kakor Čehoslovaška, Poljska in Jugoslavija.

630-letni avstroogrski jarem je bil razrušen.

Slovenske dežele: bivša Kranjska, Štajerska, Primorska, Goriška in Koroška so postale svobodne in zagospodovati bi moral nad njimi le slovanski narod.

Slovenci so se tedaj združili s Srbi in Hrvati v eno državo, to je: Jugoslavijo.

Na podlagi mirovnega dogovora v Londonu pa se je vršil na Koroškem dne 10. oktobra 1920 plebiscit (ljudsko glasovanje), na katerem so Nemci s silo primorali naše ljudi, da so glasovali proti svojim rodnim bratom, to je proti Jugoslaviji; le okoli 10,000 se jih kljub nasiljem ni vdalo in je tega dne jasno izpričalo, da so in ostanejo Slovenci do zadnjega dihljaja. Vsled tega ponesrečenega glasovanja je prišla Koroška, to je del vse slovenske zemlje, zopet pod nemško gospodstvo.

Vsled pogodbe v Rapalu, dne 12. novembra 1920, pa je Slovincem ugrabil Italijan slovensko Goriško, Primorsko, Istro in velik del Kranjske. Ti od Italijanov ugrabljeni deli slovenske zemlje se sedaj imenujejo Julijska Benečija.

Vsled opisanega dogodka na Koroškem in nastopa Italijanov je prišlo nad pol milijona—to je dobra tretjina celokupnih Slovincem—pod tujca: Nemca in Italijana.

Dneva 10. oktober in 12. november 1920 sta v zgodovini Slovenstva dneva, ko se je od mladega jugoslovanskega telesa odrezalo dva uda, brez katerih ne more in noče biti mlada Jugoslavija.

To ugrabljeno slovensko ozemlje imenujemo tudi neodrešeno domovino. Poglejmo, kako se godi našim bratom tam preko Karavank in Julijskih Alp.

Zelena Koroška je zgodovinsko najvažnejša slovenska dežela. V njej so še dandanes vidni znaki slovenske samostojnosti. (Vojvodski kameniti prestol na Gosposvet-

skem polju v bližini glavnega mesta Celovca.) Raz vojvodski kameniti prestol se je glasila pred stoletji slovenska beseda slovenskega vojvode, dokler niso nad to slovensko zemljo zagospodovali Germani. Vedno bolj in bolj se je zatiral na domačih tleh slovenski živelj. Posebno mojstrski so bili v tem pogledu kasnejši avstrijski Nemci, ki so par let pred razpadom avstrijskega cesarstva z vsemi sredstvi—postavnimi ali nepostavnimi—zatirali slovensko govorico. Z mnogoštevilnimi nemškimi šolami v čisto slovenskih krajih so pred svetovno vojno ponemčili na tisoče slovenske dece, iz katere so vzrasli najzagrizenejši nemčurji (Nemci nenemškega pokolenja). Ti odpadniki so zasmehovali in pljuvali rodne brate, ki niso hoteli zatajiti slovenskega jezika.

Če se je že vse to godilo s koroškimi Slovenci takrat, ko je bilo v državi okoli dva milijona Slovencev, in več milijonov Slovanov sploh, si lahko mislimo, kako se godi tem našim bratom sedaj, ko so ostali popolnoma osamljeni med tujerodci, ki so njih gospodarji—tlačitelji. (Današnja republika Avstrija ima razen koroških Slovencev za prebivalce le Nemce.)

Sedanja avstrijska vlada je zaprla Slovincem na Koroškem vse slovenske šole in pregnala slovensko učiteljstvo čez mejo. Kar pa je ostalo slovenskega razumništva še na rodnih tleh, te trpinčijo Nemci na sto in sto načinov. Pa tudi ostalemu slovenskemu prebivalstvu se ne godi bolje. Krivice, ki se gode vsepovsod Slovincem, so ogromne.

Kakor zaničujejo in trpinčijo Nemci naše rojake na Koroškem, tako, ali pa še huje, se godi Slovincem pod Italijani v Julijski Benečiji. Šole so samo italijanske in niti največji slovenski kraji nimajo več slovenske šole. Beseda "sciavi" (ščavi=sužnji)—oni predstavljajo besedo Slovani s Sciavi!—leti vsepovsod na Slovence. Ječe v Trstu, slovenski Gorici in globlje v Italiji se dan na dan polnijo s Slovenci, ki neustrašeno nastopajo pred italijanskimi fašisti (nacijonalisti) kot sinovi slovenske matere. Veliko število slo-

venskih družin je moralo enostavno zapustiti svoje domove in iti čez mejo, in to zato, ker so se odkrito priznavali za Slovence. Italijani so tudi požgali pred par leti slovenski Narodni dom v Trstu, kjer so se zbirali Slovenci k gledališkim predstavam, koncertom in drugim izključno slovenskim prireditvam.

Slovenski otroci se morajo na izust učiti italijanske pesmi, ki zasramujejo in blate slovenski jezik. Tudi morajo defilirati pred italijansko zastavo in ji prisegati zvestobo.

oškropljeno zemljo tujcu, zahrbtnemu Lahu.

Slovansko srce in slovanski ponos morata privedi do končne zmage pravice nad krivico!

Bombe, bajoneti in drugo morilno orožje niso sredstvo za osvoboditev naših zasužnjenih bratov v staroslavnem, zelenem Korotanu in sedanji Julijski Benečiji. Tudi mirno zanašanje na pravicoljubnost drugih velikih narodov ne bo pripomoglo, da zasije solnce svobode bratom v zasužnjeni zemlji.



Ustoličenje slovenskega vojvode na Gosposvetskem polju.

Na ta način hočejo Italijani čimpreje vcepiti otrokom mržnjo do materinega jezika.

S takim postopanjem streme Italijani za tem, da čim preje poitalijančijo tamošnje Slovence ali pa jih prisilijo, da se izselijo in naredo prostor Italijanom, ki se naseljujejo iz Italije na njihova mesta.

Pod nikakim pogojem pa ne bodo Slovenci prepustili to našo, s krvjo naših bratov

Le srčna medsebojna ljubezen in požrtvovalnost bode dovedla do popolne osvoboditve vseh Slovencev, ki morajo biti združeni z ostalimi jugoslovanskimi brati.

“Na svoji zemlji svoj gospod!” je geslo Slovencev in vseh Slovanov, za katerega uresničenje je potrebna medsebojna ljubezen in sloga.



Albin Čebular:

Metulj na obisku.

Kolikokrat sem že videla: črne, rumene, bele in pisane, ko so se podili po širni poljani, pa nisem pristopila bliže in jih povprašala, kako so ustvarjeni, kdo jim peče medene kolačke, kje imajo hišico, da se preoblačijo.

Opoldne, ko je bila vročina največja, je priletel metulj v hlad mojega okna.

“Prav, prav,” sem mu rekla, “vendar si izvršil obljubo. Ko si mi zadnjič napovedal obisk, tako mimogrede, nisem bila na jasnem.”

“Ne obljubo,—dolg, dolg sem prišel poplačat! Minuli teden me je pocukala perunika in mi dejala: ‘Vedno se potikaš okoli. Sapice mi vijejo lističe. Ali te res ni, da bi jih poravnal? Nedelja stoji pred durmi!’ . . .

“Veš, v mislih sem te imel vsak dan, samo že v jutru me je kdo izpeljal. Tako pa ne bo, sem si dejal. Tudi jaz se moram naučiti na svoje strune! No, in šlo je! Zato pa prihajam k tebi, Danica!”

“Ali bi mi hotel kaj več povedati o tvojem domovanju?”

“Seveda, zakaj ne! Predno pa pričneva, poglej najprej mene: glavico, trup in zadek.

Glavico, hm!, nikamor ne morem okreniti. Že večkrat so mi očitali, da se ne priklonim, kadar pozdravim, ne ozrem, kadar me pokličejo. No—vse moram preslišati! Stokrat in stokrat sem jim že povedal, pa pri njih ravnotako zaleže kakor pri meni.

V opaznosti me ne bo nikdo prevaril, to znam! Očesca imam velika, mrežasta. Dedek mi je pravil, da obstoji oko iz 1600 delov. Smejati se moram zato bedačkom, ki se prithotapijo zadaj, meneč, sedaj bova prišla enkrat skupaj—a vedno me opeharijo.

Druge živali imajo velika usta. Joj-me! Še spomniti se ne smem. In zobe—strah! Nežnejši se mi vidi rilček. Poglej: Spodnja čeljust se mi podaljšuje v cevko, ki je kakor slamica, skozi katero srkaš med iz skledic, v katere so ga nanosili čmrlji. Tudi jaz tako delam pri cvetkah. Da mi pa med poletom ni

v napotje, ga lepo zvijem in spravim v torbico. Skoraj ne opaziš ga.”

“Zakaj imaš za klobukom peresca?”

“Kako neumno uganeš?! To so tipalnice! Nič posebnega ni opaziti na njih. Kar za šalo poglej v knjigo, kaj pravijo ljudje?”

“ . . . Z njimi tiplje, najbrže tudi sliši in voha . . . ”

“Skoraj da so uganili.

Čuj dalje! Oprsje sestavljajo trije obročki. Na prvemu je prednji par nog, na drugemu srednji in gornja krila, na tretjemu zadnji par nog in spodnja krila.”

“Da bi jaz imela tako oblačilce!”

“Krila so res lepo pisana. Naša lepota je v njih. Obstojte iz svilene tenčice, na katero so položene kakor prah drobne luskinice. Skrbno se moram varovati, da me kdo ne prime, ker potem mi jih oropa. Nikdo se ne bi hotel ozreti potem več na mene.”

Metuljček je sklopil krila, razganil in jih zopet sklopil.

“Kam že nameravaš? Ti je dolgočasno?”

“Tebi!”

“Zakaj?”

“Ker vprašuješ. Pokazati sem ti le hotel zgornjo in spodnjo barvo kril. Različna so, kajne?”

“Skoraj bi prezrla. Ali imaš toliko barvic?”

“Samo toliko, kolikor jih potrebujem! Ako bi imel spodnjo stran kril tudi kričeče pobarvano, bi me, kadar spim, vsak hitro opazil in—po meni bi bilo!”

“Tega tudi ne vem: dihaš skozi rilček?”

“O, tisto že ne! Zadek mi je sestavljen iz obročkov, med katerimi prihaja zrak v dušnice, s katerimi diham. Vi, ki dihate s pljuči, vam je dalje usojeno živeti. Nekatero moje tovariše pobere že dan, drugi ne dočakajo tedna ali meseca. Najbolj so srečni oni, ki se stisnejo v kotiček in prespe zimo. Večkrat jih vidiš razmršene in zamazane v zgodnji pomladi.”

“Ali si že katerikrat srečal tiste grde gosenice, ki lazijo po listih, da se bojim še cvetice utrgati?”

“Mhm! Ne poznaš? Poslušaj, kar mi je pravilo jajčece, ki je čepelo na listu koprive:

Dan je bil jasen, ko so me položili na to posteljico. Drugi bi jokali na nji, jaz sem se pa smehljalo. Več nas je bilo. Tako sem ležalo in kmalu se je obudilo v meni življenje: nevidno drobna pičica se je začela večati in izpreminjati, dokler ni bila podobna črvičku. Ko je postalo ogrinjalce preveč tesno, si je prevrtal luknjo skozenj in pogledal kakor skozi



Lov za metuljčkom.

okence v svet. Topli žarki so ga izvabili. Že je bil na zelenini. Reklo se mu je pa sedaj: gosenica.

Od tedaj se ni več vrnila v lupinico. Zakaj neki! Kar je bilo hrane v njej, je itak pojedla. Tu ima dovolj zelenjave — nežne lističe kopriv. Hitro je gosenica rasla. Oblačilce ji je postalo večkrat pretesno. Nikdar ni pomišljala dolgo.

Slekla je starega — spodaj jo je čakalo lepo, novo. Kmalu je prišla gosenica do svoje velikosti. Takrat je postala čudno nemirna. Tekala je, kakor bi se ji mudilo na vlak, nečesa iskala, jedi pa ni okusila nobene več. Spravila se je v kot, da ne bi bila komu v napotje, se skrila v ogrinjalce, katerega si je sproti spletala. Ko je bilo dovršeno, ga je bilo veselje pogledati: rudečkastorujavo, z zlatimi pičicami posuto. Takrat se je izvršila velika preosnova, kajti skozi tenčico je bilo opaziti oči, rilček, krila, noge; vse, vse, kar razodeva metuljčka.

Ko je bila ta buba godna, ji je počilo teme in skozi špranjo je pokukala glavica, nožice tudi kmalu, ki so krcale na vse kriplje, dokler se niso osvobodila še krila.

Metulj je sedel poleg zibelke. Pa kakšen! Ves povit je bil. Krila so mu bila podobna zaprtemu solnčniku, in so se šele po preteku več ur lepo zravnila. Takrat pa je odletel k prvi cvetici in se nasrkal medu . . .”

“Potem se je godilo s teboj ravnotako?”
“Gotovo!”

“Sedaj pa vem, da si se domislil tudi ti . . . Na kapljico, katera je trud čebelic.”
Kmalu jo je pobral metuljček k počitku.

Danica je pa hotela preizkusiti, ako je ni nalagal. Vzela je gosenice — nič več se jih ni bala — jih položila na oknu na rastlino, na kateri jih je našla. Večkrat jim je prenavljala hrano, da je bila vedno sveža. Ko so gosenice dorasle, so se zabubile in iz bub so prilezli metuljčki, s katerimi je imela največje veselje. Večkrat se je spomnila na svojega tovariša, ki ji je pokazal pota, da ji ni bilo treba vedno odpirati knjige.

Ko smo se učili v šoli o metulju, je imela Danica vedno prvo besedo. Nikdo je ne bi ugnal v kozji rok!



Zrno.

Pravljica.

Bil je ubog deček. Po materi je pododal zrno pšenice; to je bila vsa njegova dedščina. Sam je bil, brez očeta in brez matere; zato sklene iti po svetu, sreče iskat. Zrno vzame s seboj na pot. Na potu sreča starega moža, sivih las, s klobukom širokih okrajkov, prijaznega obličja. — "Želim vam zdravje, očka!" pozdravi deček starega moža.

"Tudi jaz tebi, in pa lepo srečo," odzdravlja stari dečku. — "Kam pa si namenjen?"

"Po svetu," odgovori deček, "in seboj nesem vse svoje imetje, tole zrno. Ali mi ga ne bodo vzeli?"

Stari mož je bil ginjen, pa mu reče: "Nič se ne boj, dobri dečko; zrno boš sicer izgubil, ali zanj boš vedno več dobival."

Zvečer pride deček v vas. Pri kmetu se oglasi in prosi prenočišča. Ko lega spat, dene zrno na okno in reče gospodarju:

"To je vse moje imetje; ali mi ga ne bodo vzeli?"

"Mirno spi, sinko moj," odvrta gospodar, "v moji hiši ti ne bode škode."

Zjutraj posveti solnce na zrno. Petelin pride zraven, pa ga vesel pozoblje. Deček se prebudi, pa vidi petelina, kakor bi čakal še drugih zrn. Deček zajoka, ker je izgubil vse svoje imetje. Gospodar pride, in reče:

"Petelin je tvoj, ker ti je pozobal zrno."

Deček je bil tega vesel. Vzame petelina, pa gre dalje. Zvečer pride do druge vasi, tudi h kmetu, prosi prenočišča in reče:

"Petelin ta je vse moje imetje; ali mi ga ne bodo vzeli?"

"Moreš mirno spati, sinko moj," odgovarja gospodar; "pri meni se ne godi kaj takega."

Deček leže počivat in zaspi. Zjutraj mu hodi petelin po dvorišču, iskaje zrna. Res pozoblje nekoliko zrn. V tem priskače gospodarjevo prase. Ko vidi tujca petelina, se razjezi, pa ga okolje, da petelinu kri odteče.

Ko se deček zjutraj vzdrami in vidi svojega petelina mrtvega, jame jokati. Kmet pristopi, ter mu dene:

"Ker ti je prase umorilo petelina, pa vzemi praseta."

Deček je bil s tem zadovoljen, pa žene praseta na vrvi po poti pred seboj. Zvečer prispe do mične vasice. Tu prosi pri kmetovalcu in dobi prenočišča.

"To prase je vse moje imetje; ali mi ga ne bodo vzeli?" govori deček.

Poljedelec odgovarja: "Le mirno spi, moj otrok; pri meni je vse varno."

Prase je šetalo po dvorišču; vidi ga domača krava, zakadi se srdita vanj, pa ga prebode z rogmi.

Deček vstane, stopi ven iz hiše, pa vidi ponesrečenega praseta. Jok posili dečka. To vidi poljedelec, približa se žalostnemu dečku, pa mu reče:

"Ker je krava umorila tebi praseta, pa njo vzemi."

Take povračitve je bil deček prav vesel. Kravi dene vrv okoli vratu, pa jo tira pred seboj. Tako pride do graščine. Tu prosi gospoda, da bi smel prespati pod njegovo streho. Gospod mu dovoli. Nazadnje pravi deček:

"Ta krava je vse moje imetje; ali mi je ne bodo vzeli?"

"Le mirno spi, deček; kaj takega pri meni ni mogoče," zatrjuje graščak.

Drugega jutra so gonili hlapci konje napajat. Tu ugleda tujo kravo gospodov žrebec. Hipoma plane nanjo, osuje jo s kopiti, da krava mrtva obleži. Deček najde kravo mrtvo. Silno mu je zanjo žal. To vidi gospod, pa ga potolaži in pravi:

"Ker ti je moj žrebec kravo ubil, pa ga vzemi."

Deček vesel zajaha iskrega konjiča, dirja po svetu, opravlja junaška dela.

Naposled pride v Carigrad, kjer ga povzdignejo v cesarja; izkazal se je bil namreč tam dolu na Balkanu kot nedosežnega junaka in nepodkupno pravičnega moža.

Vladal je slavno pod imenom Pravda.



Od kuharja do admirala.

Svoječasno je bilo veliko pisanja o japonskem admiralu, ki mu je ime Kato. Njegovo ime je znano vsemu svetu. To so učinila dela, ki jih je Kato izvršil v svojem življenju. Mi ne jemljemo za vzgled vojaškega poveljnika Katona radi njegove vojne izvežbanosti, temveč nas veliko bolj zanima njegova osebnost, njegovo življenje in razvoj. Admiral Kato nas kakor mnogi drugi znameniti ljudje uči, kaj vse lahko doseže jaka in odločna volja, katera omogoči človeku, da se dvigne in svoje naravne darove posveti vzvišenemu cilju. Tu je najboljši dokaz, kaj lahko stori človek, ki ima voljo, začeto delo dokončati in ki za svoj cilj vztrajno dela.

Admiral Kato je bil nekoč čisto navaden kuhar. Pravzaprav je opravljal posel, ki je bil v resnici celo manj zanimiv kot kuharski. Kakor se čestokrat pripeti na Japonskem je bil tudi on varuh pri bogati družini. Bilo mu je šestnajst let, ko je čuval otroke pri bogatašu, vodil jih je na sprehod, jih zabaval doma in jim služil. Kar drugod navadno opravljajo deklice, je na Japonskem opravljal mladi Kato, pozneje najbolj odličen japonski general in najbolj priznan vojni strateg.

Toda njegovo opravilo ni bilo samo pri otrocih. Gospodinja mu je nalagala mnogo drugih del, gonila ga je in izkoriščala malega dečka, ki je bil spreten in delaven. Rada se ga je posluževala tudi za opravila v kuhinji, tako da se je Kato naučil kuhanja. Ko je znal kuhati, mu je bilo lahko zamenjati gospodinjo, katera mu je nalagala pretežka dela. Šel je drugam delat in se v drugih službah loteval vseh različnih opravil. Delal je tudi kot rudar pod zemljo, kjer je večkrat našel bogato kovino, ki jo je potem doma žgal in talil. Pri vsakem poslu je pokazal veliko zanimanje, pa naj je bilo to radi dela samega, ki ga je opravljal, ali pa radi sebe. Nič ga ni odbilo, njegov duh je povsod našel dovolj materiala, s katerim se je bavil in ga preučeval. Tako se je mladenič naučil delati in misliti. Od začetka se je loteval najslabših poslov, ker je tako moral delati, da se preživi, pozneje pa je iskal boljših služb, ki jih je že njegov delujoči duh zahteval.

Izvežban kot kuhar z dobrimi spričevali

in priporočili od gospodinje je Kato našel službo kuharja na ameriški bojni ladji, ki se je ravno nahajala v japonskem pristanišču. Kapitan ladje Evans se je hitro zadovoljil z novim kuharjem, o katerem se je tudi kmalu prepričal, da je japonski dečko izvanredno nadarjen in izobražen ter se je mogoče z njim pametno razgovarjati. Zato ga pa ni imel samo za kuharja, temveč za inteligentnega človeka, ki dostojno opravlja svojo službo in tudi misli kaj drugega kot samo o kuhinji.

Ko je kapitan Evans videl, da se njegov mladi kuhar zanima za številne njegove odredbe na ladji glede službe na morju, se je z njim čestokrat podal v razgovor; tolmačil mu je vse in ga poučeval o mnogih težkih pojavih na morju ter o vojni tehniki. Čeprav se je med njima poznalo, da je eden gospodar in drugi le sluga, sta se oba v vsej duši spoštovala in zaupala drug drugemu.

Ameriška bojna ladja je plula po raznih morjih. Upravljal jo je kapitan Evans, za dobro hrano njenih mornarjev pa je skrbel kuhar Kato, ki je pri kuhanju mislil na morje, vojno službo in na svojo domovino. Vsi mornarji so ga radi imeli in rad je bil Kato med njimi, toda ko so se oddaljili v daljna morja, mesece proč od njegove domovine, se je dečka lotilo domotožje, poslovil se je od kapitana in moštva in se povrnil na Japonsko.

Od tega razstanka je preteklo deset let. Kapitan Evans je še dalje potoval po morjih s svojo bojno ladjo. Medtem je kajpada pozabil na simpatičnega in pametnega kuharja Katona. Ko se je po dolgih vožnjah nekoč ustavil v pristanišču mesta Marseilla, se je zopet nenadno sestal s Katonom. V pristanu je bil namreč usidran tudi japonski bojni brod. S te ladje so nekoč oficirji posetili ameriško bojno ladjo, ki ji je načeloval Evans. Ko so odšli z ladje, so, kakor zahteva mornarski običaj, povabili s seboj še ameriške častnike, naj posetijo zvečer japonsko ladjo. Evans se je odzval. Ko je bil na japonski ladji pripeljan pred kapitana, je bil neizmerno začuden, ko je zagledal pred seboj svojega nekdanjega kuharja Katona. Pri srčno sta se pozdravila nekdanji gospodar in

kuhar — vendar prijatelja — sedaj pa oba kapitana.

Kakor hitro se je namreč Kato vrnil z ameriške bojne ladje, je nastopil mornarsko službo na japonski ladji. Tam je šele lahko

razvijal svoj talent in voljo ter stopal višje in višje. Kapitan Kato, kakor znano, je postal admiral japonske mornarice, a kapitan Evans, njegov prijatelj, je sčasoma dosegel isti čin v ameriški bojni službi.

Tone Gaspari:

PESMI INVALIDOV.

Brez noge.

Trkam ob tlak,
a kamen je trd —
kdo omehča ga?

Plah je korak,
v njem žalost in srd —
kdo ju premaga?

Črn je oblak
kot žalobni prt —
kdo ga prežene?

Mrzel je mrak,
v mraku je smrt —
življenje v njem vene . . .

Slepici

Koliko je temnih cest,
ki beže kot ptice v tuje —
pa se vrnejo v pomlad
bele, da se svet raduje . . .

Koliko je mračnih mest,
misel grenka v njih potuje —
pa prisveti žarek zlat,
pesmi sladkih v svet nasuje . . .

Kje pa naša je povest,
da vstajenje oznanjuje? —
Črna, silna je bolešt,
ki nam v srcih kljuje, kljuje . . .

Hiralec.

Mati moja, v življenju poletje
si mi brezskrbno prerokovala:
lice prezdravo,
krepko postavo,
v srcu pa svežih, svobodnih sil . . .

Mati moja, skrbna ko ptička,
goro zeleno si mi darovala:
gozd v njej šumeči,
vir v njem kipeči,
v viru pa leka in v gozdu zdravil . . .

Mati moja — o, da si znala,
kaj tvojemu sinu prinese pomlad:
solz bi jezero
naplakala z vero —
sam bi se z žalostjo v njih potopil . . .

Miran Jarc:

O, TO SVETLO JUTRO . . .

O, to svetlo jutro . . .
radost vse povsod razliva . . .
samo zdravje, vse sinjina . . .
Kje se neki žalost skriva?

Žalost? Kdo bi mislil nanjo,
ki v nočeh samo skovika,
kadar v srcu ni več zdravja,
kadar temna misel sika . . .

Bodi svetel, čist kot solnce,
kot potoček bister bodi,
zdrav kot zemlja v zore svitu . . .
srečen, srečen boš povsodi!

Izgubljeno dokazilo.

V starodavnih časih so prebivali na zemlji velikani. Ti velikani so se menili kaj malo za ljudi, ki so bili proti njim kakor muha proti jastrebu.

Zarod psov in maček pa je opazil, da je velikanov manj, a ljudi zmeraj več, in da bodo sčasoma ljudje gospodarji na zemlji. Pasji rod in mačji rod izprevidita, da bode najbolje, če se združita s človeškim rodom.

Pes je hodil s človekom na lov, varoval mu je gospodarstvo ponoči. Kadar je pes količkaj sumljivega zapazil in če je bila samo veverica ali podlasica, vpil je: lev, lev!

Mačka je oprezovala po kuhinji in polju, in tam je preganjala človeku škodljive živali. Ljudje so jima bili zato hvaležni; prijazno so ju vzprejemali; radi so jima nosili potrebnega živeža, svojima štirinožnima služabnikoma in prijateljema. Ljudi pa je bilo dan na dan več; dan na dan so si težavneje pridobivali hrano. V takih okoliščinah so ljudje vedno bolj pozabljali na zvesta čuvaja, na njune dobre službe. Poprej so jima dajali mesa, a zdaj so jima kosti metal.

Ker sta bila zvesta strežaja tako odrivana, prezirana, odganjana, izpoznala sta pes in mačka, da se jima godi krivica, da morata na sodbo, da morata pravice iskati pred sodnikom.

Sodnik si ni sam upal razločiti te pravde, pa jo pošlje v razsodbo visoko in globoko učenemu gospodu Majmundu. Ta vsestranski učenjak gleda zdaj človeka, zdaj psa in mačko.

Učenjak Majmund razsodi tako: "Pes in mačka sta ustvarjena za meso bolj ko človek; človek ima jesti tudi zelišča; psu in mački mora pa dajati človek redno dosti mesa, da bosta sita."

Ta razsodba se je zapisala na pergament, in potem izročila psu in mački, naj jo lepo spravita in hranita, ter pokažeta, kadar bi jima človek ne hotel verjeti.

Z razsodbo se napotita — pes in mačka

— domov. Zavoljo varnosti si dene razsodbo pes na rep, ter jo nese ponosno. Mački to ni bilo všeč, ker se je razsodba tikala tudi nje; pa je hodila tako nespretno, da se obregne ob tovariša, in da razsodba pade na tla v blato. Pes se vzpostavi, ter hoče mačko prijeti z zobmi, ta pa se mu protivi, puha, kaže zobe in kremlje. To je bil prvi razpor med obema; pa kmalu se podasta in spoprijaznita. Pogovorita se, da poneseta razsodbo obadva v zobeh domov. Tako storita. Domov prišedši, ugibljeta, kako in kje bi kazalo spraviti razsodbo. Pes svetuje razsodbo shraniti pod kamen. Mačka ugovarja, da bi jo tam našel človek, in ko bi jo ne, bi pa od vlage sprhnela; da je toraj boljše nesti jo pod streho, kjer bo na suhem in varna pred človekom. Pes je bil zadovoljen s temi dokazi. Mačka nese razsodbo pod streho na tram.

Ljudje so se držali po učeni razsodbi — nekaj let; nekaj let so dajali živalima kosove mesa, ki so ga imeli sami. Postajali pa so čimdalje bolj zanikerni in nepazljivi, in na posled so pozabili na razsodbo.

Mačka spleza na streho, da poišče razsodbo izza trama. Ali tu razsodbe ni bilo. Miši so jo bile tako razglodale, da ni bilo skupaj spraviti nekoliko črk. Po takem nista mogla človeku ničesar dokazati; in po takem sta morala biti zadovoljna z golimi kostmi.

Odslej je bil pes še bolj jezen na mačko, ker ni prav svetovala ter je po njeni krivdi zašel v nesrečo, kar ji ni mogel nikakor odpustiti, in od tega časa ji je ostal velik sovražnik do današnjega dne. Mačka pa je sklenila maščevanje vsem mišim, ker so ji razgrizle dokazno listino, ter jih neusmiljeno preganja do današnjega dne.

Kaj nista mogla zopet pred učenega sodnika? Ta bi jima bil napravil drugo in novo razsodbo! — Šla bi gotovo, ali ta preučeni mož in sodnik je bil med tem — tudi šel s tega sveta. In tako se pravica ne dobi, kadar bi kdo hotel.



Albin Čebular:

Vode, vode, vode . . .

1. Zemlja.

Solnce je prižgalo zemljo, da je trepetala nad poljano.

Metuljčki, ki so prepeljevali svoje jadernice od cveta do cveta, so se zapeljali v senčna pristanišča—široke liste; zlati hroščki so se zgubili pod kamenje, drugi so se pa potopili v zemljo; čebelica je ostala doma, v svojem labirintu—rumenem satovju.

Bela cesta, kakor da bi se po njej premikala jagnjeta, je slonela ob pobočju in se pričila še bolj v njega.

Zemlja se je zaprašila. Kakor razpeta in pribita na križ je ležala in solnčna vročina ji je črtala brazgotine, ki so se odpirale; postajale so vedno daljše, vedno širje, in se spreminjale v globoke rane, zevajoče proti oblakom. Rane so prosile hladne vode, vode, vode . . .

Oblaki so nagnili svoje kanglice in zemlja je srkala blagodejno vodo, katera ji je zalečila rane, jo poživila in ji vrnila zopet sladke počitek.

2. Roža.

Sredi poljane je rasla roža: steblo ji je kipelo, prepolno soka, listi so šumeli s svojo svilo in nežni cvet se je razcvel v baržunu ter se okopal v dišavah.

Solnce je pristopilo k roži in položilo svojo vročino na zemljo, tik nad njenimi koreninami . . .

Vztrepetala je roža . . . in žalostna razpustila svoje liste. Priklenjena je bila. Žeja jo je mučila, a ona je zdihujoče sklonila glavico, proseč: "Vode, vode, vode!"

Prispela je rosa, hladna kakor hlad vilinske jame, lepa kakor kristal, svetla kakor da bi se pretakalo skozi njo srebro, objela venečo rožo, in roža je pila, pila . . .

Dasi je bila rosa drobna kakor solza, je vseeno poživila rožo, katera je vstala zopet lepa in mlada, se potopila v svoje vonjave, kajti če ne bi prihitela rosa, bi morala rožica umreti.

POLŽJA HIŠICA.

Polžek gre.

Hitro, hitro s poti,
voz hiti nasproti!
Polž ga s sabo vleče,
kakor vihra teče,
z vozom teče skozi les,
voz pa nima nič koles,
nič na vozu ni blaga,
nič voziček ne drdra.—
Hitro, hitro s poti,
polž hiti nasproti!

Polžek—čarodejec.

Kdo, oj kdo prečudne
te ima nožice,
da po gozdu dela
srébrne stezice?
Tale čarodejec—
polžek je rogati:
koderkoli teče,
s srebrom vse prevleče.

Tole srebrnino,
polževo skomino,
v vrečico natresi,
meni jo prinesi:
dam ti pet cekinov,
sedem petelinov.

Polžek orje . . .

Polžek orje,
miška seje.
Vzrasla bo pšenica,
polžek jo opleje;
polžek jo opleje;
miška jo požanje;
miška jo požanje;
polžek v mlin odpelje;
polžek v mlin odpelje,
miška v mlinu zmelje.

Karel Širok:

Rakova svatba.

Zajec je prišel k ribniku pit. Po vodi je plaval suhi list, na njem pa je bil polž.

"Kam plavate, oče?" mu kriči zajec.

"Na ono stran, dragec, k raku na svatbo."

"No, dobro, le naprej."

Teče po vodi dolgokraki pajk, se ustavi, udari z veslom in leti naprej.

"Kam pa ti?"

Pajk zagleda dolga zajčeva ušesa in se prestraši:

"Pusti me, jaz sem vedež, hitim na rakovo svatbo."

Glavač moli gobec iz vode, premika usta.

"Kam pa glavač?"

"Saj vidiš, da diham, sedaj se bom prelevil v žabo, skakljaj bom na rakovo svatbo."

Zeleni kačji pastir drdra, leti nad vodo.

"Kam pa ti, kačji pastir?"

"Plesati letim, zajček, na rakovo svatbo."

"Glej no, kaj je to," misli zajec, "vsi hitijo tja." Kmalu zabrenči čebela.

"Tudi ti letiš k raku, čebela?"

"K raku!" brenči čebela, "pila bom vince in medico."

Priplavala je raca z belimi perotmi in zajec jo milo prosi:

"Vzemi me k raku, beloperka, ne znam plavati, vzemi me na hrbet."

"Saj te niso vabili, bedak."

"Nič ne de, bom samo gledal."

"No, naj bo," je rekla raca, pomolila iz vode vbočeni hrbet, da je zajček skočil gori, pa sta plavala.

Na onem bregu je praznoval stari rak svatbo v mahu. Raca in raciki so bulili z debelimi očmi in šklepetali s kleščami kakor s škarjami.

Polž je lezel po močvirnatem nabrežju in šepetal vsakomur novico.

Pajk se je zabaval in kosil z nožicami seno. Kačji pastir je brenčal s perotmi, se veselil, da je tako lep in da ga vsi ljubijo. Žaba je napihnila trebuh ter kvakala. Trije kapeljni in belice so plesali.

Rak-ženin je držal nevesto za dolge brke, ponujal ji je muho: "Jej no," je govoril.

"Ne smem," je odgovarjala nevesta, "čakam na raco, mojo teto."

Kačji pastir je zakričal: "Raca, raca pride. Joj, kako je strašna, ušesa ima."

Gostje so se obrnili.

Po zeleni vodi je letela na vso moč raca, na njej pa je sedelo strašilo, siva žival z zelenimi očmi in dolgimi ušesi.

Kaj se je zgodilo? . . . Ženin je pustil nevesto in smuk v vodo, za njim so utekli vsi raki, kapeljni, žabe. Pajk se je onesvestil in padel vznak. Kačji pastir je zabrenčal, a vendar vzletel.

Raca je priplavala, na mahu je bilo nenkrat vse prazno, samo pajk je ležal kakor mrtev.

Raca je vrgla zajca kar v vodo in ga pričela kregati: "No, kaj si napravil, bedak. Ni bilo zaman, da te niso hoteli pcvabiti na svatbo . . ."

Ubogi zajček je molčal saj je bil ves moker. Prilezel je iz vode na spolzki breg in utekel, ves nesrečen, po suhem v hosto.

JUNAK.

"Kje pa si bil?" vpraša Ničipon Stepana "da te tako dolgo ni bilo na izpregled?" — "No, kje, pri Turkih vendar!" — "Pri Turkih? Kaj pa si delal?" — "Bil sem v vojni!" — "Ali si posekal vsaj enega Turka?" — "Menda sem." — "Kako pa si ga posekal?" — "Tako-le. Grem po polju in rožljam s sabljo, pa glej! Pod vrbo leži velikanski Turek.

Roke je vrgel od sebe. Prikradem se blizu, pa mu odsečem s sabljo izza vrbe eno roko; on pa še vedno leži. Odsečem mu torej še drugo roko, a on še vedno leži." — "No, bil si res bedast Stepan," mu reče Ničipon. "Najprej bi mu moral odsekati glavo." — "Seveda, saj sem tudi tako mislil, a glave sploh ni imel." A. J. Afonasjer.

Katka Zupančičeva:

MISLI OB LINCOLNOVEM SPOMENIKU.

Svoboda!

Naj robstvo za vselej
preneha med brati—
saj vseh nas rodila
človeška je mati.

Ko klicali eni:
Ideja pravična!
in sikali drugi:
Ideja krivična—



Fotografiral Jakob Zupančič.

Lincolnov spomenik v Lincoln parku, Chicago.

Bodočnost

—to vedel je Lincoln—
ta prav bo sodila
in ne nazadnjaška
sodobna sila.

Prežet od ljubezni
do bratov trpinov—
jih rešil s silo
iz spon bogatinov.





Uganke.

9.

Kadar je pes majhen, je psiček; mačka je muca. Kaj pa je: metulj, žaba, konj, ovca, krava, kozel, raca in kokoš?

10.

Slovenska narodna podporna jednota šteje sedaj 58,000 članov. Če vsako leto izstopi ali je črtanih oziroma umre 500 članov, a vsako leto pridobi vsakih 10 članov po enega novega člana, koliko bo štela leta 1932, to je, čez šest let?

* * *

Rešitve ugank.

7.

Močvirje.

(Te uganke ni nobeden rešil.)

8.

Kampanja! Vsi na delo za našo veliko jednoto!

*

Rešilci.

Uganko št. 8 so rešili:

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Maxim Tekautz, Cleveland, O.

Silvester Gaspersich, Broughton, Pa.

Mary Kosenina, Ramsey, Ohio.

Mary Kocevar, McDonald, Pa., je rešila uganki št. 5 in 6, Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa., pa uganko št. 6. Njuni rešitvi sta prišli prepozno za zadnjo številko.

Oglasili so se.

Cenjeni!—

Priloženo pošiljam rešitvi zadnjih dveh ugank.—Pri nas je šolsko leto končalo in z

njim tudi jaz ljudsko šolo. Star sem enajst let in pol, ter za delo še nezmožen.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice naše velike jednote!

Silvester Gaspersich, Broughton, Pa.

*

Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa., piše, da pride v 5. razred. Stara je deset let. Pravi, da vsakdo želi, da bi bil MLADINSKI LIST povečan in pristavlja, da je isto njena želja.

Helen Ciganich iz Chicaga, Ill., se je prvič oglasila s par rešitvami ugank. Stara je enajst let in hodi v 5. razred. Pravi, da se ji povesti in članki v našem listu zelo dopadejo. Poslala je tudi par ugank, ki mogoče pozneje kedaj pridejo na vrsto.

Mildred Vogrich, Bessemer, Pa., poroča, da ima enega brata in dve sestri, in da so vsi člani naše jednote. Želi, da bi več bratcev in sestic iz Bessemerja pisalo v Našem koticu.

Lukas Groszer, Nokomis, Ill., poroča, da so vsi njegovi ožji sorodniki člani jednote in sicer pri društvu št. 209. Izjavlja, da zelo rad čita dopise in da želi, da bi jih bilo še več kakor sedaj.

Jennie Munich, Pittsburgh, Pa., je stara 13 let ter je v 7. razredu. Obiskuje trgovski tečaj; uči se pisati na pisalni stroj ter stenografije.

Maxim Tekautz, Cleveland, O., je bil rojen v West Newtonu, Pa. Rad pa biva v Clevelandu, ker nudi to mesto dovolj prilik za učenje in izučenje kake obrti. Rad bi kaj slišal od bratcev in sestic v West Newtonu, Pa.



JUVENILE



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Ivan Cankar:

Her Picture.

(Freely translated from the Slovenian by Louis Adamic.)

The more bitter and painful the memory is, the oftener it provokes disturbing sensations in your heart.

My mother had never had her picture taken. And as she laid dead, it occurred to me that they will bury her, piling up a high

I wanted to draw her face as it was then, peaceful in death; and found a sheet of paper and a pencil. I began with difficulty, for my hand shook and my eyes pained in that stifling atmosphere. Under the dark-green ferns shone her face as if it were sculptured

IVAN CANKAR.

ON the tenth of May many public schools were closed in Slovenia, and the school children were celebrating the fiftieth birthday of Ivan Cankar, with singing, recitations, and other entertainments. The best theatres all over Jugoslavia—and Czechoslovakia also—gave special performances in order to commemorate the birth of one of the best Slovene playwrights, novelists, and poets.

Ivan Cankar wrote so many stories and poems that the collection of his works represents a library by itself. His writings were translated into several European languages, and the literary critics of different nations expressed their highest praise regarding Cankar's writings.

Ivan Cankar was born at Vrhnika, near Ljubljana. He studied in Ljubljana and Vienna in order to become a technical engineer, but he devoted himself to writing. Most of his stories he wrote in Vienna. The last ten years of his life he spent traveling over Slovenia and was sentenced to prison by Austrian police on account of his patriotic expressions for the liberty of Slovene and Jugoslav nation. The gloomy prison weakened the life of our innocent Cankar, and he died a few years later, on December eleventh, 1918.



mound of earth over the casket, and that I will never see her face again.

I was alone in the death-room. So deep was the quiet about me that I heard my own thoughts. Once in a while a candle flickered, its flame leaping higher, illumining her pallid face and hands.

in white stone. In her last breath a lovely smile had spread itself over her features, and that smile remained.

I had read once how a "saintly" old man died.—The room was filled with weeping relatives, friends and admirers. But in the moment as he expired, the people fled in ter-

ror from the room. His face had suddenly screwed itself into an expression entirely different from the usual, as though the mask had fallen off. In the last moment the sinful soul was revealed, for death knows neither lie nor hypocrisy.—That is a true story. When the doors of life are closed, conscience tells the tale, and the tale is plainly written on the brow, cheeks and lips. If I would ever attempt to paint the soul and the secret thought of man, I would prefer my subject dead. I have seen people spring from their sleep when they have felt the stare of questioning eyes on their foreheads. In the same way, the sinner is terrified when he suddenly stands facing the Judge.

Mother's smile told me that she was enjoying a rest after a long, long journey; it was a rich reward for all her terrible toil, unrecognized to her last moment; it was a thousandfold payment for her suffering. All her goodness and her purity, unaffected by the grievous days, sleepless nights, worry and bitterness, were now reflected on those lips.

The restless light of the candles was poor, the paper unfit for drawing, the pencil too hard. But it seemed to me that I had done fairly well; I had succeeded in putting into the drawing a ray of that beauty, nobleness and faithfulness at which I looked more with the love of my heart than with my aching eyes. Out of the heavy shadows shone her smiling countenance, like hope and faith in a life of struggle.

When I departed for Vienna, I took the picture with me. I placed it among books and papers and left it there for years.

But it happened once that I was tired to death from wanderings, worries and self-torture. For at times a man suddenly stops as in front of a mirror, looks at himself, reviews his past years, from his first to that day, and his cheeks pale, his heart quivers. "Where have I wandered? Why go further into the desert?"

That morning I searched among my books and papers for that drawing of my mother's face, so I could again see the only face that I still loved at the moment. I

searched long. The papers were dusty and yellowish; on some of them the writing was barely legible. There were poems, some of which were the products of my childhood, and there were stories in which there was no bitterness that marks my later writings.

As I found the paper, a cold terror spread over me. Once there had been the drawing of my mother on that sheet; now it was gone. I could barely discern a few shadowy lines—a faint light behind thick curtains.

Now her grave was far away, neglected by all, as the graves of the strange, homeless wanderers! We have all forgotten her—we, who without her have in the course of years aimlessly scattered over the world, as a brood of pigeons scatters when the bird of prey—Death—dives upon them. Like her grave and like herself, strange and distant was now the picture to my eyes, because it was strange and distant to my soul!

I stepped to the window to see whether the power of love and memory would be enough to recall the vision of that pale, lovely face from under the dust and mar upon the sheet. With my eyes I could not see it, but as I covered them with my palms, then it appeared before me as pure and clear as I had seen it years before by the light of candles. There was the Smile, peaceful, wonderful.

As if mists were breaking up before the sun, before new life, peace filled my heart and indifference vanished.

Never again have I tried to draw on paper what was already impressed in the depth of my being.

In every man and woman is a secret word, which the person cannot and must not utter and which shall perhaps appear on the lips after death. In every human being lives a picture, which not even a Leonardo could paint and which shall be painted on his face in its last earthly instant.

I do not know where I have put or where that sheet of paper is now, but here in my heart is my mother's picture—beauty and repose, such as my eyes have never, before or since, witnessed anywhere.

Just for the Fun of the Thing.

By G. C. C.

"Well, floods or no floods, I'm going to the river!"

Tony flung down his book as he spoke and made for the door.

"And what d'you expect to do when you get there?" laughed Eric. "You can't walk along it, for the tow-path is mostly under water. You can't fish for the same reason, and as to boating——"

"That's just what I intend to do!" Tony chipped in. "I'd ask some of you fellows to join me for the fun of the thing, only I know you'd funk it!"

A howl from the four "fellows" greeted his words.

"There's no question of funk in that," cried Eric. "Where does the fun of the thing come in? S'pose you did get your boat out, where d'you think you could go? You'd only be swept down by the current as far as the lock and have to leave the boat there, for you'd never be able to row a yard back against that rush of water."

"That shows how little you know," declared Tony. "I'd guarantee to do it any time. But even so it'll be sport running down to the lock and having a look at the weir."

"Oh, it must look grand!" cried Norah. "I should love to see it too! I'll come with you, Tony, and do the steering."

"Good for you!" laughed Tony. "I thought you would rise to it. Get into some old duds in case we get a ducking, and we'll leave the children to read their story-books in peace!"

He got outside the doorway just in time to escape the shower of story-books hurled after him by Eric and the other three boys, whilst Norah rushed upstairs to prepare for the adventure.

"He's a mad-brained ass!" laughed Tom. "But we can't sit here and let them crow over us. Come along, Eric! We can't stop him going of course, but I'm hanged if he's going to carry my little sister over the weir in that new skiff of his."

"You'll find she's harder to stop than Tony is!" cried Frank, her other brother. "Once the idea has got into her head to do any mad thing she'll go through with it. And, after all, Tony's a good waterman, and there's not much danger if they keep well over to the right bank."

He and the others were not so sure of that last remark when the party reached the boat-house. The rains of the past few weeks had swelled the river into a raging torrent. The bank and tow-path were submerged in most places and the low-lying fields on either side transformed into lakes. Debris of various kinds torn from the banks swept along on the central current, and swirled round the buttresses of the old bridge which crossed the river a hundred yards below the boat-houses. But the look of it only excited Tony more than ever.

"Fine, I call it!" he shouted, as he unlocked the boat-house door. "The water is over the duckboards in here. Tuck up your trousers, boys, and help me get the skiff afloat."

His enthusiasm was catching. Eric and the others weaved in, and in less than no time the skiff was afloat, the oars ready placed and the rudder fixed.

Tom, in fact, not only forgot to dissuade his sister from venturing, but helped her in, and then jumped in behind Tony and seized the second pair of sculls.

"That's the time o' day!" laughed Tony. "Now, boys, shove her out, and away she is!"

Under the hefty thrust of three pairs of hands the skiff shot out on to the flood-water, the ready sculls dropped into the rowlocks, and away she was!

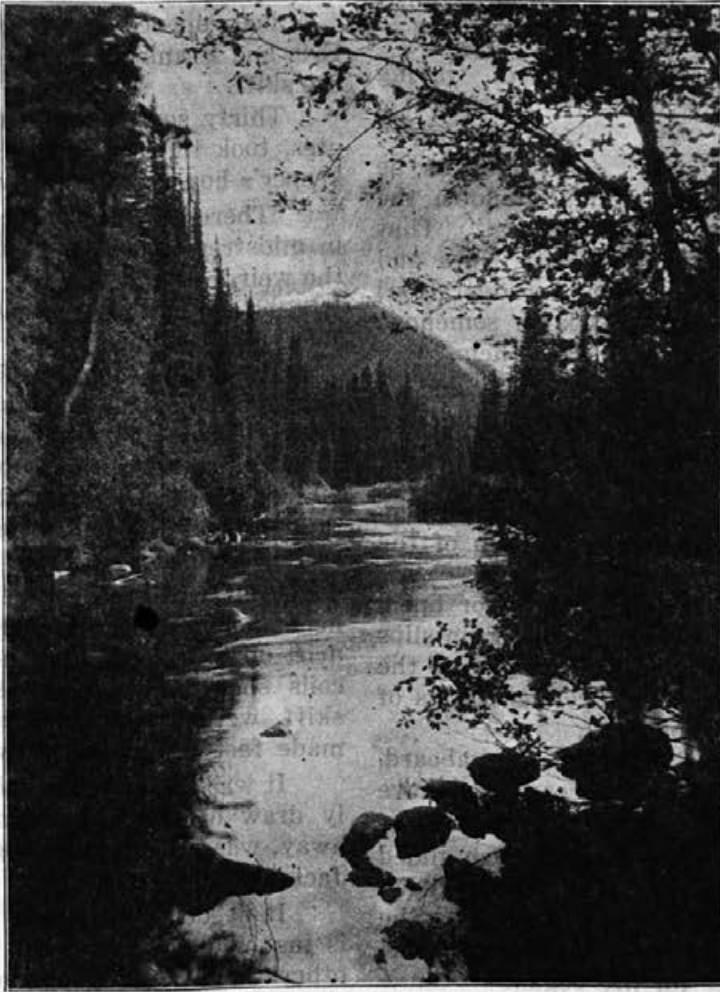
And that is where the trouble began. Neither Tony nor Tom had been quite prepared for the tremendous force of the current. Tony, good waterman as he undoubtedly was, felt his sculls nearly dragged away before they could turn the skiff's nose downstream. Tom dipped too deep and one scull

was torn from his grasp, leaving him struggling to save the other.

The skiff, gathering way every moment, swept down towards the bridge nearly broadside on, apparently uncontrolled by the rudder. Tony, by a miracle of backwatering, straightened her out a little, but even then

and raced for the bridge, Frank and the others following him with two more.

On swept the skiff, Tony and Tom, with his single scull, working like Trojans to get her clear of the buttress. They almost succeeded, but not quite. The water under the archway was running like a mill-race, into



A Mountain Scene from the Pacific Northwest

she scarcely answered her helm at all, moving on in the relentless grip of the water.

"She'll go right broadside on to the bridge!" cried Eric, watching them from the boat-house, aghast at the sight. "Get hold of a life-buoy quick!"

He tore one from the place where they were hanging, darted out of the boat-house,

which she was sucked with such tremendous force that, before the boys could ship their starboard sculls, they were dashed out of their hands against the brickwork, leaving the crew with only one scull to fight the unequal battle.

As they swept into view from under the arch their comrades on the bridge gave a

shout of joy, which quickly died away as they realized their plight.

"Only one oar!" cried Eric. "And, see, the rudder is smashed too! What on earth can we do? For unless help comes they must go over the weir."

"Can't we get another boat somewhere?" began Frank, when Eric gave a shout and pointed down the road, where a motor cyclist was seen rapidly nearing the bridge.

"It's Jack Ryan!" he cried, waving frantically to the river. "He'll help them if anybody can."

"What's up, boys?" cried Jack as he reached them, and then glanced down the river. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "That mad-brained Tony, isn't it, with Nora and Tom Norton! Oars gone and rudder, too! Here, look alive, boys. Pack on somehow. There's just one chance to save them."

Eric and the others packed into and on the combination, and away they raced across the bridge and along the road to a large house standing near the river, dashed through the open gateway and the garden, down to a boat-house at the bottom of the sloping lawns.

In a moment Jack had the door open, disclosing two motor launches lying on slips running down into the water. He ran to the largest and examined it, threw two coils of rope aboard and a boathook.

"She's all ready!" he cried. "Get aboard, Eric and Frank. The others can help shove her down the slip. Sharp's the word!"

A moment later the motor-launch glided out on to the open river, and with a touch Jack set her powerful motor working. She leaped forward under the impetus of the screw, and the race for life began.

And what a race that was. As Jack opened her out, the launch seemed rather to fly over the water than on it. Her bows lifted higher and higher, the water sweeping away in rounded banks on either side, to break in foaming lines behind her, ever widening out to smash against the opposing banks. They took the central arch of the bridge in a flash, scarcely noting half a dozen people waving them on from the parapet.

Their thoughts were only occupied with one object, the boat was carrying those helpless youngsters towards the dreaded weir.

It was nowhere in sight. Had it capsize, or would they see it beyond the bend?

The weir was but a quarter of a mile below that bend. Was it possible to reach them in time?

Jack opened out to full power, whilst Eric and Frank strained for a first sight of the skiff.

Thirty seconds, which seemed like minutes, took them round the bend. The lock-keeper's house came into view.

"There they are!" shouted Eric. "Right in midstream, not two hundred yards from the weir."

"Stand by to throw the rope!" yelled Jack.

The others each seized a coil of rope and quickly made one end fast to the launch. They heard Jack yell, and an answering chorus of shouts, looked up and saw the skiff already close on the starboard side, whilst the speed of the launch suddenly slackened as it passed her.

"Out with the ropes!" yelled Jack, as he maneuvered the launch to let the other drift on to him, and in another moment the coils shot out true and straight over the skiff, were caught by Tom and Tony, and made fast round the forward thwart.

It was not a second too soon. The deadly draw of the weir, scarcely forty yards away, was already gripping them. And still Jack had to turn.

It needed a cool head to do it, but that is just what he possessed. Breathlessly the others sat watching as the launch, answering the helm, swung round, yet all the time still drifting nearer that terrible still line of water which marked the edge of the weir.

And as she came round the motor throbbed more rapidly, the screws worked more and more powerfully until her bows at last were pointing dead up stream, and the fight against the current commenced.

The skiff had drifted down now till the ropes tautened out, and she, too, came round in safe tow. Safe? Well, hardly that yet.

That all depended on the strength of the tow ropes and the power of the launch's motor.

The skiff's stern was now barely ten feet from the edge of the weir. Dobson the lock-keeper had only become aware of what was happening by hearing the roar of the launch's motor as it raced down the river. Seizing a coil of rope and a heavy boat-hook, he had rushed to the narrow footbridge which crossed over the weir, and stood ready to do his utmost to save the occupants of the skiff. He gave a shout of applause as he saw the two ropes safely fixed and the skiff brought under control.

"Take it careful, Mister Jack," he roared. "Steady does it! Them ropes'll snap like bits o' string if they gets anything of a jerk."

That was the one thing Jack feared and was bent on preventing, tempted though he was to throw in the full power of the engine the moment the ropes were fast. Tony, Tom and Nora sat white-faced, listening to the throb of the engine, watching the water churning up over the revolving screw, yet realizing that they were held stationary by the mighty rush of the flood water. Would they ever move, or would the engine prove too weak to force its way against that terrible pressure?

Eric and Frank, too, were filled with the same awful doubts as they saw that no headway was being made, till a look at Jack's face reassured them.

"Will she do it, Jack?" Eric asked.

"Do it? Of course she will!" Jack smiled back. "She's moving now, as you'll see if you watch the bank. But it's no use to hurry matters. 'Slow and steady does it,' as Dobson said. All the same, I wish we had brought another rope along. Then I shouldn't have been afraid to open right out. That skiff is dragging like a coal barge!"

With infinite caution he increased the speed of the motor until the launch trembled and throbbed under the pressure of the screw.

"Yes, we're moving now!" yelled Eric, as he waved his cap to Tony and old Dobson, who waved his own in return and bellowed an answer which was drowned in the com-

bined roar of the weir and the engine. For all that, he did not attempt to leave the footbridge yet, in case those ropes might give beneath the strain, leaving the skiff once more in the power of the flood.

Suddenly Jack Ryan swung round with a shout to Eric.

"See that baulk of timber coming straight down on us? Get forward with the boathook and fend it off or it will smash us up!"

Eric and Frank sprang forward, seized the long boathook, and stood watching the oncoming log with every nerve and muscle tense and ready; whilst Jack altered his course as much as he dared in an endeavor to avoid this new danger. To have steered off suddenly would have increased the strain on the ropes enormously. It was better to risk the encounter with the log than court the certain disaster that must follow the breaking of the tow ropes.

On came the long baulk, twisting and turning under the influence of the current, straight for them as it seemed, when a sudden swirl in the water caught it and swung it half round and away from the line of the launch's course, but yet so near that if it had not been for Eric's prompt and plucky effort with the boathook one end of it must have stove in the side of the launch.

As it was, he succeeded in fending it off, and with a mighty thrust drove it clear of launch and boat. A few moments later it shot over the weir and was lost to sight.

"Good for you, Eric!" cried Jack. "It's lucky I spotted it in time. We're over the worst now. Just look how we're moving! Another two minutes and we'll be safe in the quiet water above the lock."

And so it proved, for the farther they got from the weir the less became the drag of the water. The speed of the launch increased, and at last they drew round the head of the lock and were free from the horror of the flood.

Dobson and half a dozen other folk were there to greet them and join in the rousing cheers which Tony and the others gave for Jack Ryan's timely rescue. And no one had

the heart to say a word of blame to Tony, the cause of all the trouble. They guessed well what he was thinking in his heart, and reckoned that what he had gone through

during those awful minutes would be punishment enough for his rashness, and a warning to him never to drag others into unnecessary danger "just for the fun of the thing."

Francis Loring Payne:

One of the Georgian Portrait Painters.

They are called "Georgian painters" because they lived and painted during the reigns of George II and George III of England, but the master painters of that group—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, and

those that are little informed in matters of art.

Measured in terms of money their works to-day have a value that would have seemed impossible to them. Gainsborough's



Henry Raeburn

A Boy and Rabbit

This picture is a portrait of the artist's favorite stepgrandson, Henry Raeburn Inglis, a handsome child, who was born deaf and dumb. Raeburn sent the study—perhaps the most popular of all his paintings—to the Royal Academy as his "diploma picture."

others—seem to be as much alive to-day as in their own time, and even more famous than then. As the world has grown, their fame has grown with it, until now, in all civilized countries, their names are familiar even to

least work, for which he would have thought the equivalent of \$500 a good price, can hardly be touched now for less than \$15,000, and his "Blue Boy" (perhaps the same picture that is mentioned as bringing \$185 in 1796,

eight years after his death) is to-day the highest priced painting in the world, having been bought in 1922 by a firm of art dealers for \$730,000 and resold by them to Henry E. Huntington to add to the collection which had already cost him \$5,000,000. To a large degree the big prices brought by the Georgian painters are due to the bidding of American collectors. In its day the "Blue Boy" was the talk of England: it has now become the talk of the world.

One of the best Georgian painters was Sir Henry Raeburn.

Raeburn, whose work to-day shows a modern quality in arrangement and in the handling of paint, was a Scotsman. He was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, on March 4, 1756. His father was a fairly prosperous manufacturer, but the boy, left an orphan, was apprenticed to a goldsmith, who encouraged him in his taste for miniature painting and assisted him still further when he tried his hand at oils. It was at Edinburgh he worked, and there he was knighted when George IV visited Scotland. Later in his career Sir Henry Raeburn was appointed royal painter for Scotland.

In his twenty-second year Raeburn married a woman of property, and before long was in the full tide of success. His qualities won recognition in England as well as at home. For virility and directness, and par-

ticularly as a painter of men and elderly women, he was unsurpassed among the Georgians.

There is a collection of his work in Edinburgh, of which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "The visitor beheld, looking down upon him from the walls of the room, a whole army of wise, grave, humorous, capable, or beautiful countenances, painted simply and strongly by a man of genuine instinct. . . . A whole generation of good society was resuscitated, and the Scotsman of to-day walked among the generation of Scotsmen of two generations ago. Raeburn was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their faces, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their character before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception. His portraits are not only a piece of history but a piece of biography into the bargain. The portraits are both signed and countersigned. For you have, first, the authority of the artist, whom you recognize as no mean critic of the looks and manners of men; and next you have the tacit acquiescence of the subject, who sits looking out upon you with inimitable innocence, apparently under the impression that he is in a room by himself."

Selling Timothy Titus.

"Dear me," said mother, "I can't think of having four cats in the house all winter."

"I should say you couldn't," laughed father; "you will have to give them away."

But there was the old kitty—father himself couldn't think of giving her away. She had been in the house ever since it was built, and there was not a better mouser anywhere. Then there were Toots and Jingle—it did seem a pity to part them, mother could but admit to herself.

They were black and white, and so near alike that you couldn't tell them apart unless you looked at their noses. Toots's nose was black, and Jingle's nose was white.

And then there was Timothy Titus. He was black and white, too, but a good deal more white than black.

"He is an odd one," laughed mother. "We might give him away first."

But Caroline made a grieved lip, and caught up Timothy Titus. "O-oh," said she, cuddling him close to her neck; "he is so cunning and sweet, mother, I can't bear to part with him."

By and by, when the kittens were taking their after-dinner nap by the fire, in came Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis lived on the other side of the river and peddled apples. He looked down at the little furry heap, and

laughed. "Seems to me you have more than your share of cats," said he. "We haven't got any."

"Caroline may give you one of hers," said mother.

Caroline looked down at her shoes. Mr. Davis could tell which way the wind blew.

"Suppose we make a trade," he said to Caroline. "I'll give you a peck of sweet apples for one of these," and he picked up Timothy Titus.

Caroline looked up. A peck of sweet apples did not grow on every bush. Besides, maybe four cats were too many.

"I—I will, if mother will let me keep Toots and Jingle," she said.

Mother laughed; she did not like to promise. "We will see about it," she said; "three cats are less than four, anyway."

So Mr. Davis measured out a peck of sweet apples, and gave them to Caroline. And Caroline hugged and kissed and cried over Timothy Titus, and gave him to Mr. Davis, who put him in a basket and tied a bag over him.

"I guess he'll be all right," said Mr. Davis. "Good day," and away rumbled the apple cart.

But as soon as the apple cart was out of sight, Caroline began to mourn. She stood at the window with a very doleful face, looking across the river at Mr. Davis's big, white house. The sky had all at once grown cloudy, and the wind began to blow. And, as if to make a bad matter worse, Toots woke up and flew around the room in a fit.

"It is all because he knows that Timothy Titus is gone," sobbed Caroline, running to hide her head in her mother's lap. "How would I feel if Teddy were given away, where I'd never see him any more? And the apples are bitterish, too, and I don't like them. Oh, dear!"

But mother said that perhaps Timothy Titus would come home again. "I've heard of such things," she said. And then she told Caroline a story about a cat who traveled forty miles back to her old home.

"But I don't believe Timothy Titus can," sighed Caroline, but brightening up a little, "because he's over the river, and there isn't any bridge—only the ferry-boat. I 'most know he can't."

"Oh, stranger things than that have happened," said mother, hopefully.

But she was as surprised as Caroline was the next morning. When the kitchen door was opened—what do you think? In walked Timothy Titus, as large as life, if he were a little bit draggled as to his fur and muddy around his paws!

"Hello!" said father.

"Well, well!" said mother. "Why, Timothy Titus!"

Just at that minute Caroline came running out in her nightgown. She gave one look, and then she snatched Timothy Titus up in her arms.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed, too full of joy to do anything else for a minute. "Oh, you darling cat! How did he get here, mother?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said mother.

Neither could any one else, unless it was the ferry-man, who, when father questioned him, said he did think he remembered seeing a little black and white cat sitting under the seat the night before. But he wasn't sure of it, and so Caroline couldn't be.

"Well, Timothy Titus has come back," she said, "and he is going to stay, isn't he, mother? We can give Mr. Davis back his apples."

But Mr. Davis said a trade was a trade, and he wasn't going to take back the apples. And Timothy Titus stayed!



Capt. C. H. Robinson:

The Girl and the Evil Spirit.

Before the Indians had much contact with the whites, there was in all the tribes a firm belief in evil spirits which were enemies of the red men and were continually working them evil by making their hunting unsuccessful, by giving their war parties defeats instead of victories, by bringing accidents and sickness to individuals, and working injury upon them in other ways.

It was believed that these evil spirits could appear in the form of a man or an animal, and could change from one to the other instantaneously.

One of these myths or legends is to this effect:

One day a Choctaw girl was walking near her village when she met a very handsome young man whom she had never before seen. He was neatly dressed, had a fine bow and arrows and other arms, and a distinguished appearance. She thought he must be a chief or noted warrior of his tribe. He walked along with her and began a conversation, and soon he asked her to go with him to his lodge and be his wife. He told her he had a beautiful winter lodge well provisioned, that he was a good hunter, and would give her every care and comfort.

At first the girl refused, saying she did not know him, and asked who he was. He told her he was a chief and a renowned warrior and hunter of a neighboring tribe; that he had no wife and was lonely in his fine house. He said she was the prettiest girl he had ever met, and he had fallen in love with her on sight. He assured her that if she would only go with him and see his fine lodge and the nice things he would give her and then did not want to marry him, he would bring her right back to her own tribe. So, she finally consented to go with him.

They travelled a long way through the woods and over the hills until she was very tired, but at last came to his lodge. Around it were many animals and birds tied to trees. She thought this very strange and asked him what it meant. He said he would tell her all about it as soon as she was rested, and

they entered the lodge. It was built of logs and had a heavy door of hewed planks. The man left her and went out, but he fastened the door on the outside with a heavy wooden bar. After he had been gone a long time the girl became much frightened and thought she would escape and return to her own village; but when she found the door fastened, she was nearly frantic.

Just then a large frog hopped out of a corner of the room. The frog was really a good spirit, and had assumed the form of a frog that he might crawl under the bottom logs of the lodge and aid her. The frog told her that the man was an evil spirit who enticed girls to come to his lodge and then killed and ate them; and that he was now sharpening his knife to kill her. The girl said: "Oh! what shall I do? Why did I come with a stranger?" The frog said, "If you do just as I tell you, I will help you to escape." The girl said: "Oh, I will do anything to escape and return to my home." Then the frog said, "I have a hole under the logs of the house out of which I can creep, I will go out and unbar the door and then you must run out quickly and take the wide path toward the setting sun. Soon you will reach a path branching off to the left, but do not take this, but keep straight on in the broad path; then you will come to a place where the trail has three branches; take the center one and you will reach a river; there will be a canoe there with a paddle in it; jump in and paddle away as fast as you can. Do not then be afraid of the man, if he shall come after you, for he cannot swim."

So the frog went out through the hole and unfastened the door and the girl ran out and went down the broad path toward the setting sun, as fast as she could. She was a swift runner and kept to the paths as the frog had directed, but she had not reached the river when on looking back she saw the man coming, but she ran all the faster and when she came to the river there was the canoe. She jumped in and picked up the paddle just in time for the man had almost

caught her. She was but a little way from the shore when the man reached the spot, and called to her to stop and let him talk to her, and said, "Bring the boat close to the shore and I will get in and explain everything to you." The girl was still afraid, but she remembered the frog had told her the man could not swim, and she formed a plan to make sure her escape. She brought the boat near the shore but too far for him to jump. She laid one end of the paddle on shore and the other on the edge of the boat and told him to step in the middle of it and then into the boat, but as he made the step, she pulled

the paddle away and he fell into the swift water and not being able to swim, was swept away and drowned.

The girl then paddled the canoe until near her village, which she reached safely, much relieved to know that she was safely at home.

The Indian story tellers, when they related this story, always said, "This story is to warn Indian girls that they should never listen to strange men who tempt them to go with them. They are likely to be evil spirits." This is good advice to white girls, also.

Murray Fisher:

The Finding of Carlo.

Now it happened that Busty McWhiggle was a little boy, and he lived in a house called The Laburnums, with nothing but may trees all round it. And the house was in a seaside town called Tinpots-on-Sea, and it had lawns with thrushes running across them and raspberry canes all covered over with fish-nets. And Busty McWhiggle's father and mother lived in India, where the colonels come from. Therefore Busty's aunt used to look after him. But Busty's aunt used to go away for weeks and weeks and weeks because she was so fond of dancing with her feet in the great bright ballrooms. Then was Busty looked after by Claribel the nurse and Bluebell Simpkins the cook. And it chanced that in the very middle of one night Busty awoke because of the noise of the thunder. So he left his bed, and, lifting his window blind, he peered out into the darkness. He could hear the booming of the great waves on the beach below, and the uneasy rustling of the great trees outside, who were afraid of the storm. But Busty wasn't afraid. He just stood there watching, while the thunder crashed above and the lightning lit up fitfully the wind-swayed trees. And as the rain began to hiss down on the window-panes Busty smiled to himself.

"There will be things washed up on the shore to-morrow," he thought. "Things and things and things!"

He rubbed his hands together because he was pleased, and crept back into his warm bed.

"Yellow not being my favorite color, I don't know overmuch about these here canaries," said Claribel the nurse next morning, as she received into her charge the flat white shape of a sixth cuttlefish retrieved from a mass of tangled seaweed on the beach, "but I do think that bird of Bluebell the cook's won't much fancy this here swordfish. Let's get along to them rocks, Master Busty, and bring back the bird a nice piece of fresh seaweed—something more tempting like."

"Canaries don't eat seaweed," said Busty. "If they did they'd die, which is probably the reason that they don't. You ought to know all that, Claribel."

"Miss Hopkins, my auntie what lives in Liverpool," remarked Claribel, mounting the first rock and dropping three cuttlefish in doing so, "used to keep goldfinches—which is like canaries, only different. She——"

"What was that?" interrupted Busty, pointing to a small pool in some rocks beyond them.

Claribel turned sharply, skidded on the wet seaweed, and sat down with a bump.

"Don't talk so sudden, Master Busty," she said, "it upsets me."

But Busty was peering into the pool, shrimp-net in hand.

A vivid streak of green had flashed behind a floating screen of seaweed. The shrimp-net followed under the seaweed, was poked about for a moment, then withdrawn.

"Got it, Claribel!" Busty shouted, as he emptied a small fishy-looking creature into his bucketful of sea water. "It's a fish! A green fish with a pink tail, with five black spots on it!"

Claribel gazed anxiously.

"I don't like the looks of him," she said. "Pink tails aren't natural in a fish. He's got cruellish eyes like that there red bull in the field. I tell you, Master Busty, if that thing were to grow up, fish or no fish, he'd be ravening after people like a roaring lion! Bury him up into the sand, Master Busty, or give him to the policeman in our road to be exterminated!"

Busty gazed thoughtfully at the small darting creature in his bucket. Its eyes certainly were funny. It kept opening and shutting its tiny mouth, and it seemed as though a faint noise filtered up through the water each time it did so. Anyhow, it was a great deal too interesting and exciting to give to a policeman.

"I shall take it home," said Busty decidedly, "and keep it in the bowl with the goldfish! When it has grown large I shall take it out into the field and let it bite the red bull!"

Claribel wriggled with agitation.

"I shall never sleep at nights with that thing in the goldfish bowl," she said. "Never!"

"I think," said Busty, as they set out for home, "I shall call him Carlo!"

"Call him Carlo or Marmajukes—it won't make no difference," said Claribel sadly. "No good will come of finding that there fish—I know it! Besides, Master Busty, you can believe me or believe me not, but the creature is growing larger and bigger under our very noses!"

"Now, don't get unsensible, Claribel," said Busty, tucking the bucket under his arm. "You ought to know that you can't actually see anything grow. You can only

see the grownness when it's grown! You ought to know all that, Claribel. Let's talk about your aunt, Miss Hopkins, who feeds all her goldfinches on seaweed in Liverpool!"

But although Claribel smiled and discussed goldfinches and seaweed with her mouth, she was thinking about small squirmy fishes with pink tails.

Now it happened that as the days went by, however much Busty might tell Claribel the nurse and himself that Carlo the fish didn't grow bigger, yet it was quite plain that if Carlo was not becoming any bigger, then most certainly the goldfish and their bowl were becoming smaller! And Busty used to thrust his fingers through his hair and wonder about it. But however much Busty might wonder quietly about the growing of Carlo, Claribel wondered a great deal more. And when Claribel the nurse started wondering about anything everybody knew about it! For she wondered to the milkman, she wondered to Bluebell the fat cook, she wondered to the man who called for the monthly payments towards her new gramophone, and she wondered to the moon and the stars when she went to bed at nights.

But the cook only said: "Don't talk silly!" And the milkman only said: "You've caught a caterpillar what's aturning into a butterfly, miss."

And the gramophone man said he could sell her a very good book in twenty-five monthly installments on "The Growth of Fishes," and the stars and the great white moon just said nothing but looked clever! So Claribel the nurse shivered with her body every time she looked at the goldfish bowl, and thought very desperately with her mind.

Day by day the little fish with the pink tail grew bigger and bigger and its mouth opened and shut, and tiny noises came from the goldfish bowl that made people think that someone was talking outside the window. Busty was very excited and pleased indeed, but Claribel the nurse shivered to herself every time she looked at the goldfish bowl, and she thought very cleverly in her head.

One evening when Busty had gone to bed she crept carefully into the nursery, wrapped

the bowl of goldfish in a very beautiful red flannel petticoat which her aunt who kept the goldfinches had given her six years ago as a Christmas present, and she stole out of the back door on to the smooth, red-gravelled road, where she knew that Mr. Shuttlenose the policeman was just going to pass.

And she smiled kindly at Herbert the policeman with her face, and asked him if he would care to take home a bowl of goldfish for his mother. And Herbert the policeman said that his mother was very partial to goldfish, and he would take them along to her right away. So Claribel the nurse was very pleased, and she told Busty that wild rabbits had broken into the house during the night and eaten all the goldfish—tails and all!

But Busty was a clever boy, and he said:

"Wild rabbits don't eat fish, Claribel! You ought to know that, even if you have lived in the bottom of London all your life; and in any case they wouldn't care about eating glass goldfish bowls!"

And Busty began very carefully and thoroughly to search for the lost fish.

And all the time the bowl with the goldfish and Carlo was on the table in the sitting-room of Mrs. Shuttlenose's cottage by the edge of the seashore. And old Mrs. Shuttlenose used to put on her spectacles and sit in a chair and knit, and sing songs to the goldfish. But every day she used to notice that the odd-looking one with the pink tail was getting larger and larger! One morning it was so big that there really wasn't any room for it in the bowl.

"Drat that fish!" she said. "Best have him pickled!"

So after she had had breakfast she got all the pans and vinegar and salt and choppers and things ready to start pickling. And she sang to herself as she made things ready, and she sharpened the prongs of the fork with which she was going to spear Carlo to get him out of the glass bowl.

When Carlo saw all these preparations he was very agitated because he knew that he was too young to be pickled. And he opened and shut his mouth, and flashed with his eyes, and made gurgling noises with his

throat. But Mrs. Shuttlenose still went on sharpening the prongs of her fork and singing a song called "I Want to be Happy!" with her mouth.

Now it happened that Busty, who was returning from looking for Carlo at the local fishmonger's, heard Mrs. Shuttlenose singing. And he stopped outside the cottage door, because of all the different kinds of songs in the whole world he liked the "I Want to be Happy!" one best. So very carefully he poked his head round the doorway of the cottage to see who was singing.

When he saw Mrs. Shuttlenose sharpening the long prongs of the fork, and the pickling salt, and Carlo blowing bubbles in the goldfish bowl because he was so afraid, Busty just stood still for a minute sort of petrified.

"But I—can't be—happy," sang Mrs. Shuttlenose, waving the pickling fork, "till I make you—you happy—too-oo."

"Happy!" called out Busty very suddenly. "You can't make Carlo happy with a pickling fork. You ought to know that, Mrs. Shuttlenose! Does he look happy? Besides, he is mine—give him to me!"

Mrs. Shuttlenose stopped singing and gazed at Busty through her spectacles.

"Go away, little boy!" she said. "Go away or I'll pickle you too!"

But Busty was very quick and agile, and he pounced on the goldfish bowl, thrust in his hand, clutched Carlo firmly, and was out of the cottage with him before Mrs. Shuttlenose could get her spectacles properly focused again.

For a while Busty ran and ran along the shore towards his home. Suddenly it seemed to him that Carlo was getting very heavy. He stopped and gazed thoughtfully at the creature. Whether it was the fresh air, or the exercise, or whatever it might be, Carlo was certainly growing at a simply amazing pace. His tail was touching the ground behind already. If he continued growing at this rate it would be impossible to carry him much farther.

Busty scratched his head.

"Well I'm dashed!" he said.

Carlo rolled his eyes and opened and shut his mouth.

Then he spoke quite distinctly in a rather seaweedy voice.

"It's the excitement!" he said. "Excitement always makes me grow!"

Busty was so surprised that he dropped Carlo with a thud on the sand.

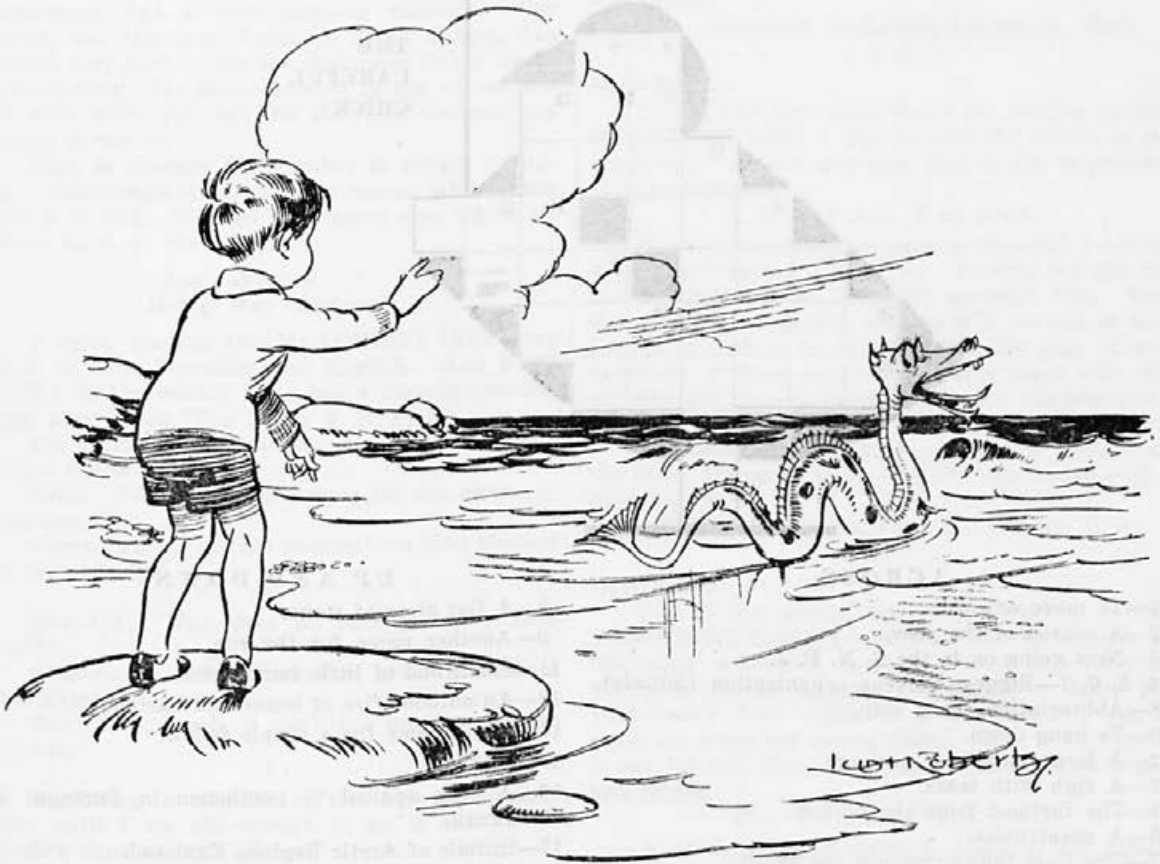
"Ow!" he said. "Whatever kind of thing are you, Carlo?"

"Thank you, little boy," it said. "You saved me most nobly. Good-bye!"

"Here," said Busty, "you've got to come back with me! I'll keep you in the rainwater tank!"

"I don't like rain water," said Carlo, putting on a sprint and reaching the sea. "It's too insipid. I'm a sea-serpent, I am, not a silly tadpole! But I'll come back!"

"Sea-serpent!" whispered Busty to him-



"I'm a sea-serpent, I am," said Carlo.

The great creature with pink tail was beginning to slide slowly over the sands toward the sea. As it slid it shivered.

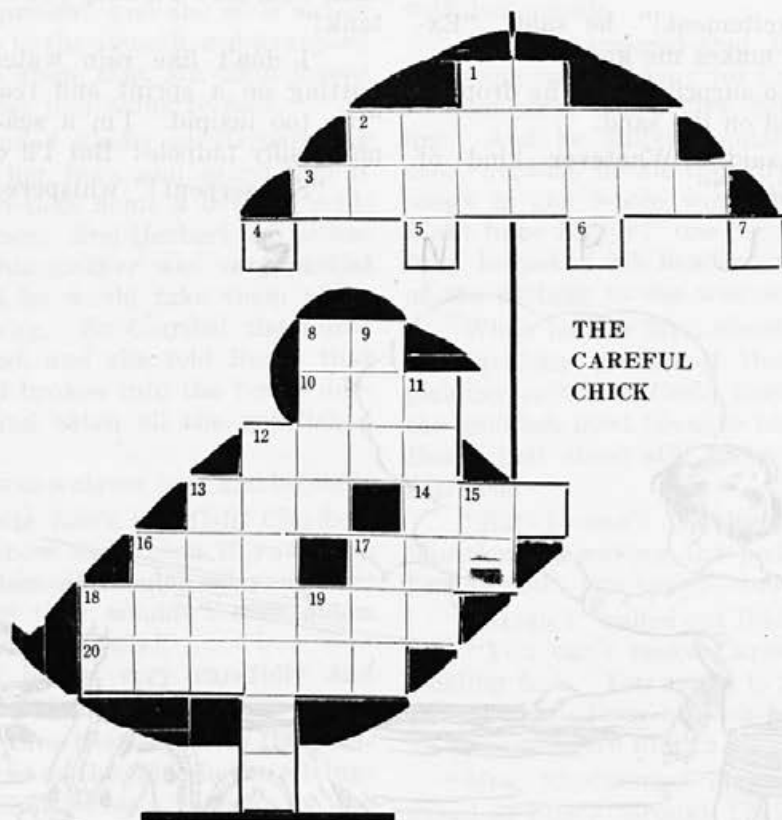
"What a dreadful woman!" it muttered. "Me! Pickled for a policeman's lunch!"

It turned its head for a moment and looked at Busty.

self, as he watched a large flat head disappear through the incoming waves, moving rapidly and more rapidly out towards the open sea. "A sea-serpent with a pink tail! No wonder the wild rabbits didn't eat him. But, anyway, he did say he would come back!"

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 7.



ACROSS

- 1—To move onward.
 2—A season of the year.
 3—Now going on in the S. N. P. J.
 4, 5, 6, 7—Biggest Slovene organization (initials).
 8—Abbreviation for a ship.
 10—To hang down.
 12—A large bundle or package.
 13—A sigh with tears.
 14—The farthest from the bottom.
 16—A great noise.
 17—The fluid that surrounds the earth.
 18—A state of quiet enjoyment.
 20—A country ruled by an emperor.

UP AND DOWN

- 8—A flat piece of stone.
 9—Another name for the sun.
 11—Small and of little importance.
 12—An outdoor fire of boxes and barrels.
 13—A nickname for a simple fellow.
 15—Either.
 16—A title applied to gentlemen in Portugal or Brazil.
 17—Initials of Arctic Regions Explored.
 18—Initials for Community Entertainment.
 19—Abbreviation for Oriental.

Answer to the Puzzle No. 6.

A boy who lived down in Key West,
 Climbed into a hammock to rest,
 But a nut, falling down,
 Hit him straight in the crown,
 Thus putting his temper to test.

*

(Nobody sent correct solution to this puzzle.)

Answers to Riddles of Our Readers.

John Skarya's: An egg.—Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill., solved it.

Andrew Bucklich's 1st: Ice.—Solved by:

Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa.
 Jennie Munich, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Albina Pecnik, Fontana, Cal.

Josephine Osnick, Washoe, Mont.

Andrew Bucklich's 2nd: Sunday.—
Solved by:

Helen Ciganich, Chicago, Ill.
Jennie Munich, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mary J. Stich, Denver, Colo.
Albina Pecnik, Fontana, Cal.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

There are hardly any letters from our city, Chicago, in the MLADINSKI LIST, so I thought I better get next to myself and write one.

I hope that all the members of the Juvenile department had a nice clean-up vacation. Our school, the Harrison Technical High School, has worked very hard to win the first prize in the clean-up-campaign. The announcement of the winner has not been made yet, but the Harrison students are hoping to win it.

Here in Chicago the weather is always changing. Some days it is nice and warm, while other days it is cold. We also have some rain, which we should have, as the saying is:

"April showers
Bring May flowers."

I enjoy reading the MLADINSKI LIST very much in both Slovenian and English. And PRO-SVETA in the weekly issue has a very interesting page, also, called "The Young S. N. P. J."

For a little enjoyment there are a few jokes and riddles following:

Eddie: "What have you done for the clean-up-campaign?"

Harry (pulling out his pockets): "I have cleaned out my pockets."

Boy (8): "Why does no hair grow on your head?"

Grandfather (80): "Well, does grass grow on a busy street?"

Boy: "Oh, I see, it can't get up through the concrete."

Remaining a member of the Juvenile department until I am old enough to go in the grown people's department, I am,

Agnis Jurecic,
2226 Blue Island Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I'm writing to the MLADINSKI LIST.

I am fourteen years of age and am in seventh grade. I can read in Slovenian as well as in English, but I can't write very plain in Slovenian, although I will soon learn to write.

I came from Europe five years ago with my mother and brother. My father was here before.

I have one big brother and no sisters. Now I

live on an 80 acre farm. We have had a long cold winter, but the snow is almost gone by now.

I like stories and riddles in the MLADINSKI LIST and I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month.

I have a few riddles. See if any of you young people can guess the answer.

Why does rabbit go over the hill?

Where does rabbit go when he finishes one year?

What has ears but can't hear?

I am closing with best regards to brothers and sisters.

Elizabeth Puskarich, Limestone, Mich.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time that I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. I like to read the letters in it. I will write a story, and hope that it will be printed in our magazine.

A N A R R O W E S C A P E

Running softly on the edge of the cliff, I espied a panther creeping toward me. Putting my gun to the shoulder I fired, but only wounded him. The gun was not a repeater, and the wild cat ran at me. Grappling with it we rolled toward the edge of the mountain. I clung on to the furious beast with all my strength. In a moment we fell over the precipice, and landed with a thump.

Awakening with a start — I beheld myself on the floor, trying to choke the life out of my shepherd dog, Ted.

Stanley Ravnahrib, (age 15), Gilbert, Minn.

Dear Editor:

This is my second time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. I surely do like it, because it has many wonderful stories. I only hope that it will soon become larger. The answer to Mary M. Verhovsek's first riddle is a wheelbarrow, but I could not guess her second riddle. That is all I have to say for this time. I am also sending a few jokes and riddles:

H E D I D N ' T K N O W

A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell and asked the pretty woman who opened the door, if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would give away.

"I'm the doctor," said the young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

Why does a chicken cross over the street in the mud?

When does a man weigh the most?

Why do we buy clothes?

Josephine Klemen, Euclid, O.

SPOMLAD JE TU!

IN Z NJO VELIKA KAMPANJA ZA S. N. P. J.!

Spomlad je prišla v deželo, narava se je začela prebujati. Cvetke odpirajo svoje čašice, drevesa so se odela v zeleno, z raznobarnim cvetjem posuto oblačilo. Vse je oživele.

Tudi v Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti je vse živahno. Naša jednota — to smo mi, odrasli in mladi člani — ni spala po zimi, kakor je spala narava. Ona je vedno pokoncu, vedno na straži, vedno boreč se za svoje članstvo. Toda sedaj, ko je narava vstala, je sklenila tudi naša Slovenska narodna podporna jednota, pomnožiti svoje moči, povečati svoje vrste. In v to svrhu je razpisala

veliko kampanjo za Slovensko narodno podporno jednoto.

Posamezni brati in sestre in cela društva se udeležujejo te kampanje z največjo vnemo in navdušenjem. Ustanavljajo se nova društva, zlasti angleško poslujoča, pridobivajo se novi dobri člani.

Tudi vi, bratci in sestrice v mladinskem oddelku, lahko pomagate svojim staršem in odraslim sorodnikom in prijateljem pri tej kampanji za najboljšo in največjo slovensko podporno organizacijo na svetu.

Ti, mali čitatelj ali čitateljica, si li član ali članica Slovenske narodne podporne jednote? Če nisi, prosi takoj očeta ali mater, da te vpišejo!

In Ti, ki si že v naših vrstah, imaš gotovo male prijatelje in prijateljice, ki še niso člani, pa bi lahko postali. Brez posebne težave jih lahko pridobiš za našo jednoto. — In mogoče kateri odrasli sorodnik ali znanec še ni član, pa je sposoben biti član. Vprašaj ga, zakaj še ni član, in pozovi ga, da naj čimprej pristopi.

Pod okriljem Slovenske narodne podporne jednote je prostora za vse otroke slovanskih staršev. Biti njen član je vsakemu v čast in ponos!

Vsi na delo, mladi in stari, za

VELIKO SLOVENSKO NARODNO PODPORNO JEDNOTO!

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