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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

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ŠTEV. 9.

Uspavanka.

Spanček, zaspanček
črn možic,
hodj ponoči,
nima nožic.

Tiho se duri,
okna odpro,
v zibelko leže,
zatisne oko.

Lunica ziblje,
aja, aj, aj,
spanček se smeje,
aja, aj, aj!

Vida Jerajeva.

Vrabček.

Vrabček, mlad lenuh,
vrabček, potepuh,
culico je nosil,
milostinje prosil:
"Vrabček, revež jaz,
prosim, prosim vas!"

Lastovka, gospa,
mimo je prišla
in se posmejala,
vrabčeku nič dala:
"Zdrav in čvrst in mlad,
služil bi enkrat!"

Nič se ni kesal,
dalje se podal.
Šel za plotom krast je,
toda vjel se v past je.
Vrabček, revež ti,
kak se ti godi?

Vida Jerajeva.

Roparski grad.

Nima oken, nima vrat,
to vam roparski je grad.
Ropar žejen je krvi,
spleta dolge si vrvi.

Okrog nog in okrog pleč,
če te vjame, lepa reč!
Tesno te z vrvjo ovije
in ti vročo kri izpije . . .

Dosti teh ugank in bajk!
Hudi ropar: v mreži pajk.
Oj, sirotica ti, muha,
boj se tega požeruha!

Vida Jerajeva.

V temi.

Ivan Cankar.

Mračilo se je. Bilo je še zgodaj, ali na zahodu so se vzdigali oblaki, gosta, siva megla brez oblik, in tako je izginilo solnce. Vročje je bilo še zmirom in soparno; okna so bila odprta in prašilo je v sobo.

Soba pa je bila majhna in skoro brez pohištva; durim nasproti je bilo dvoje oken z razbitimi šipami; tudi ogledalo, ki je viselo med okni v nekdanjem pozlačenem okviru, je bilo na sredi ubito; ob eni steni zofa, pred njo miza in dvoje stolov; na drugi strani postelja in nad njo stara podoba.

Troje otrok je bilo v sobi. Ana, dvanajstletno dekle, je sedela na nizkem stolcu in je krpala. Ozrla se je časih na sestro Tončko in na brata, ki sta sedela za mizo in igrala domino. Ana je imela resen, skoro starikav obraz; dolg je bil in koščen, nelep, samo oči so bile lepe in velike, čudno mirne, kakor jih imajo ljudje, ki so doživeli mnogo. Njeno telo je bilo dolgo in neokretno, hodila je z moškimi koraki. Bolj vesel in otročji je bil obraz njene mlajše sestre; živo so se svetile oči in ustnice so bile rdeče in polne. Brat, najmlajši izmed njih, je bil podoben Ani; tudi njegov obraz je bil resen, bolj širok, toda iste sive, nezdrave barve.

Oblaki so se vzdigali višje, v sobo je legel mrak. Ana je vstala in se je naslonila ob okno; gledala je po cesti navzdol, kakor da bi koga pričakovala. Čas bi bil, da bi prišla mati; šest je že morda.

Prisedla je k mizi, da bi igrala s sestro in bratom. Toda premislila se je; ležalo ji je na srcu nekaj neprijetnega in sama ni razumela, kaj je bilo. Žalostni so tisti večeri, ko leži v izbi prezgodnji mrak in se vzdigajo zunaj oblaki.

In tedaj se tudi Tinetu ni hotelo več. Naslonil se je s komolci na mizo in v tistem hipu je bil njegov obraz zelo star. Tončka se je vzdignila, da bi šla v kuhinjo in iskala po omari.

Zabobnelo je nekje v daljni daljavi; že so plezali oblaki proti mestu, bili so že skoro nad strehami. Zapihal je veter preko ceste in vzdignil se je prah.

Tine je prašal: "Čigav je bil tisti voz, Ana, ki se je peljal zjutraj mimo?"

Prašal je in ni pričakoval odgovora. Lep je bil voz, pozlačen, in voznik je imel zlate porte. Švignil je mimo in nikjer ga ni bilo; kakor cesarjev voz. In Tinetu je bilo, kakor da je bil tisti voz vse, o čemer je sanjal — vse, velik praznik, cesarski Dunaj, pomaranče in kolači . . . "Hi-i!" in nikjer ga ni bilo več.

Tončka je zajokala v kuhinji.

"Kaj ni nič kruha, Ana?"

"Počakaj, da pridejo mati!"

"Zakaj ne pridejo mati?"

Tončkin obraz ni bil nič več vesel, tudi v njenih očeh se je prikazala skrb.

"Kaj pač prinesejo mati?" je sanjal Tine in ni pričakoval odgovora.

Vsi trije so se zamislili. Govorili bi bili živahno in veselo o lepih stvareh, ki jih pač prinesejo mati, ali ležalo jim je na srcih nekaj neprijetnega. Zakaj žalostni so večeri, ko leži v izbi prezgodnji mrak in se vzdigajo zunaj oblaki.

Ana se je vrnila k oknu in ko se je sklonila, so ji vihrali lasje v vetru. Gledala je po ulici navzgor, navzdol — zdaj se morda prikaže mati z belim zavojem pod pazduho, prinese dela, prinese kruha. Ali ni se prikazala. Pogledala je Ana proti nebu, in glej, vsega so bili že pokrili oblaki, sivi in težki, do vrha polni vode.

"Napravi luč, Ana; tema je!"

Ana je šla v kuhinjo po svetilko; ali svetilka je bila skoro prazna, komaj za pol ure je bilo še olja. A do tedaj pride pač mati, pride morda še prej. Napravila je luč.

Luč pa je bila čudna tisti večer, ni mogla pregnati teme. Sence, ki so bile zunaj in so segale v izbo, niso hotele izginiti. Velik rumen kolobar je bil na mizi, ali v izbi je bilo vse temno in vse temno je bilo zunaj.

"Kam so šli, mati?" je prašala Tončka.

Ana ni vedela odgovora. Napotila se je bila mati kakor mnogokdaj — morda brez cilja, nihče ni vedel kam. Samo to so vedeli, da se vrne z belim zavojem pod pazduho.

Pomislila je Ana in v prsih jo je zabolelo; spreletelo jo je kakor bojazen.

Tudi Tineta je bilo spreletelo ob istem času. "Igrajmo!" je dejal in posedli so okoli svetilke. Igrali so na dolg, ker niso imeli ne krajcarjev, ne orehov. Ali ko so doigrali prvo pot, so nehali. Težko jim je bilo, kakor da se snuje nekje nekaj nelepega, neprijaznega, in zato so bile težke tudi roke, kakor lesene; ležale so mirno v naročju, naslanjale so se na mizo.

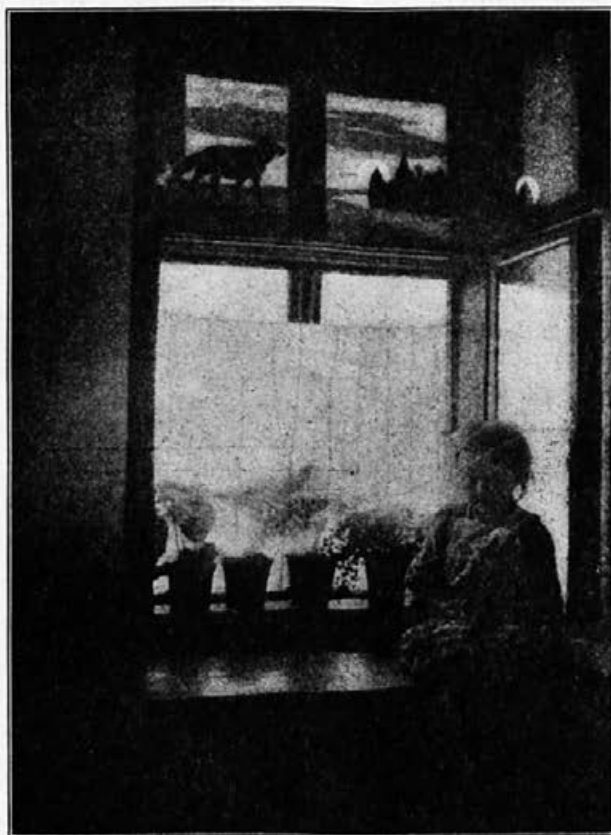
"Nič več ga ni."

"Tudi jabolka nobenega?"

"Počakaj, da pridejo mati!"

Zdaj se je domislila Ana, kako se je bila mati napotila. In spomnila se je tudi na reči, ki bi jih drugače ne opazila. Zdaj jih je opazila in sama se je prestrašila nerazumljive bojazni, ki se je plazila polagoma v srce in je rasla zmirom bolj.

Mati je hodila vse popoldne po izbi, zmirom od duri do okna, glavo sklonjeno, ro-



Pri oknu.

Ali je ugašala luč, ali pa so rasle sence ter pile svetlobo. Bilo je zmirom temnejše; na obrazih, ki so se sklanjali k svetilki, je bila rumena luč. Take obraze imajo mrličiči, kadar se tresejo ob odru plameni sveč.

Ozrla se je Ana na cesto; še se je svetilo medlo, morda samo od svetilke, ki je gorela ob oglu; debele kaplje so padale v prah.

"Poglej, Ana, še ti, če ni več kruha v omari!"

ke prekrizane na prsih. Vsi so bili spodaj, Tine in Tončka, in tudi Ana je pogledala v izbo samo časih in se je vrnila pred hišo na prag. In kadar je pogledala v izbo, je hodila mati molče, s težkimi okraki, in se ni ozrla nanjo. Ko se je že skoro mračilo, je ogrnila mati ruto in je šla. Nikogar ni pogledala in nič ni naročila; Tine je šel za njo, ali ko se ni ozrla nanj, je postal ob oglu in se je vrnil.

Ana je čutila bojazen, toda ni je razumela. Tako je odhajala mati zmirom in tudi zmirom je tako hodila po izbi, od duri do okna, glavo sklonjeno, roke prekrizane na prsih, srepro skrb na obrazu . . . Samo zdaj bi ne smelo biti tako, zakaj žalostni so taki večeri.

"Luč umira!" je vzkliknil Tine, in ves prestrašen je bil, kakor da bi se bližalo nekaj neveselega.

Ana je stopila k svetilki in jo je privila; zasvetilo se je, toda spet je temnel rumeni kolobar na mizi, nižal se je plamen. Vsi so strmeli v ta plamen, ki je pojemał tako hitro; že so se prikazovale rdeče iskre, prasketalo je, umiralo, čudno je rdela in trepetala poslednja svetloba, trepetela je tudi na plašnih obrazih, ki so se sklanjali globoko. Ana je privila, odvila, in v tistem hipu je bila tema vsenaokoli; oči so strmele in niso videle ničesar.

Tončka je zajokala.

"Mati!"

Zajokala je, ali prestrašila se je in umolknila. Tudi jok je bil prevesel in preglasen za to čudno temo, ki je bila napolnila vso izbo in tam zunaj vso cesto in ves svet.

Deževalo je in časih je udarila kaplja ob okno, kakor da bi potrkala nevidna roka.

"Pozno je že!" je izpregovoril Tine; glas mu je bil tih in boječ; strah ga je bilo tišine in ni se je upal žaliti.

Komaj je Tine izpregovoril, se je oglasila v odgovor ura v sosednjem stanovanju; zid je bil tenak in slišali so čisto natanko hreščee, ubite udarce, ki so rezali v tišino kakor s skrhanim nožem. Ura je bila pokvarjena; bilo je in bilo neprestano, našteli so trinajst udarcev; nato je zahreščalo, kakor da bi se vrtilo s čudovito naglostjo veliko število drobnih kolesc; in vse je bilo tiho.

Bojazen je utripala v srcih in iz bojazni so se porajale čudne misli, kakoršnih ni ob belem dnevu in ki čakajo tam v sencah. Vesele so morda časih, ali tisto veselje je bolestno; ne frfotá prijetno, kakor metulj v solncu, in tudi ni glasno, kakor pesem; molči in leži pod težko mislijo, živ človek v rakvi.

Pride morda mati, vsa obložena, z veselimi nasmehom v obrazu. "Glejte, otroci, kaj sem vam prinesla. Ali ste že težko ča-

kali? Skoči, Tine, po olja! Očedi svetilko, Ana!" In stopi k mizi, odvija številne zavoje . . . Morda stopa že po stopnicah . . . Upanje je utihnilo, da bi ne motilo prijetnih korakov. Ali so bili koraki? Glasilo se je in je utihnilo, oddaljilo se je; samo v mislih so bili koraki, in ko so se misli razžalostile, so koraki utihnili.

Od veselega upanja pa je ostala v srcu kal, klilo je neprestano in je raslo in je vzcvetelo.

Morda se spremeni življenje nenadoma — konec vseh skrbi in konec teme. Gode se čudeži na svetu, veliko število jih pripovedujejo knjige in vsi so resnični, ker so napisani. "Šel je nekoč fant po cesti, ves žalosten in lačen. Pa pride gospod in ga potrká po rami . . ." In nekoč je bil pastir . . . "Nekoč je bil pastir, ki je pasel ovce svojega gospodarja in si je želel v svet, bogve kam. Pa se pripelje mimo lepa kočija in iz kočije stopi gospod . . ." Zmirom se gode čudeži na svetu in zato se zgodi čudež tudi zdaj. Kaj bi ne bil greh, da bi bilo zastonj vse to upanje? Kaj bi ne bila pregrešna misel, da bog ne sliši tega upanja? . . . V svetlobo, v deveto deželo so se izgubile misli . . .

Zapihal je veter in kakor da bi stresel in udaril z močno roko, se je odprlo okno na stežaj. Duri so se stresle v tečajih.

Ana je šla zapirat okno. Vsa je trepetala, bojazen se je spremenila v grozo.

Tončka je zaklicala: "Strah me je, Ana; luči!"

Hodili so po izbi in so iskali, če bi bil kje ostanek sveče. Po prstih so hodili, oprezno, in prestrašili so se, če se je zadel kdo ob stol, ob posteljo. Gosta tema je bila zunaj, deževalo je in pljusknil je časih ob okno močen val.

Ana je vztrepotala, zadela se je bila ob nekaj mrzlega, ob neznano roko.

"Kdo je tukaj? Ali si ti pri meni, Tončka?"

"Jaz sem tukaj, ob postelji."

"Kdo je pri meni?"

"Jaz sem ob oknu," je zaklical Tine.

"Nekdo je bil zraven mene in se me je dotaknil z mrzlo roko. Sedimo za mizo in se stisnimo skupaj."

Sedli so na zofo vsi trije. Držali so se za

roke in so se tiščali tesno drug k drugemu.

Ali ko je sedela Ana mirno, je pričela misliti — tiste čudne misli, ki so čakale v sencah že dolgo in so stopale zdaj razločno pred njene prestrašene oči.

Mahoma je vstala, tresla se je po vsem životu in zobje so šklepetali.

Misel je bila, ki je ni bilo mogoče ne jasno misliti in ne izreči. Umrl bi človek, če bi ji pogledal naravnost v obraz. Ana se je

“Pridi kmalu, pa z materjo pridi!” sta prosila s tihim in plašnim glasom, da bi ne dramila zle tišine, ki je bila v temi.

Ana je odprla duri, v tistem trenutku pa se je prestrašila in sta se prestrašila onadva.

“Ne pojdi, ostani tu!”

V kuhinji je bila tema in vendar se je zazdelo Ani, kakor da ji je bil stopil iz teme nekdo naproti. Umaknila se je strahoma in se je vrnila v izbo. Ko je bila odprla

Chicago Art Institute.



Mlin.

Hobbema.

branila trepetaje; toda ni mogla vzdigniti rok, da bi si zakrila lica — tam je vstajala misel, silna, brezoblična, rasla je neizmer-no.

Omahovaje je šla Ana preko izbe, v kot ob postelji; poiskala je veliko ruto in jo je ovila okoli glave in ram.

Tončka in Tine sta videla, kako se je premikalo nekaj črnega po izbi.

“Kam greš, Ana?” sta prašala prestrašena.

“Pogledat pojdem, kje so mati.”

Stisnila sta se tesneje drug k drugemu.

duri, sta čutila Tončka in Tine, kako se je nenadoma tema zgostila; in bilo jima je, kakor da nista v izbi, temveč daleč nekje v gozdu, sama in ponoči: dež bije tam visoko ob črno listje in za deblom čaka smrt.

“Ne pojdi, ostani tu!”

Sedla je k njima, roke so se upirale ob kolena, glava je klonila in se je skoro dotikala mize.

“Zakaj ne pridejo mati?” je prašala Tončka.

“Morda . . .”

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Naš osliček.

Nikar se ne smejte, ljubi moji, imeli smo res lepega pohlevnega sivčka, le malo neumen je bil, kakor so dandanes pač vsi osli. Ne vem, zakaj nam ga je bil oče kupil, najbrže za zabavo in veselje. Takrat sem bil še otrok. Rad sem imel oslička in sem še igral ž njim napol otročje, napol neumno. Pa nam je padlo v glavo, da bi mu kupili voziček, v katerem bi se potem vozili okrog. Imeli smo sicer tudi lepega, mladega in iskrega konjička, toda kdo bi se vozil s konjem, če ima tako lepo in pohlevno živatico, ki ji je treba reči le: "Hej, osliček, povleci!" pa potegne. Kupili smo mu res krasen voziček. Ne vem, več kako ga je osliček sprejel. Le tega se še spominjam, da ga je dolgo gledal, dolgo in začudeno — gotovo ga je voziček razveselil. Ko smo ga vpregli, se je malo branil, a to gotovo le radi tega, ker se je čutil nevrrednega voziti tako lep voziček.

Pa smo ga potolažili, in vdal se je. Zavpili smo: "Hej, osliček, potegni!" Res se je potegnil; malo omahovaje sicer, a vendar. Včasih se nam je zazdelo, da nerad. Pa ni bilo res. Le zato je potegnil malo bolj počasi in previdno, da bi se voziček ne pretresel preveč, in mi v njem. O, tudi osli imajo včasih pamet!

Veliko veselje smo imeli ž njim, morda še večje, kot on z vozičkom. Ves dan je bil vprežen in kadar se nam je zahotelo, smo zaklicali: "Hej, osliček, potegni!" In vozili smo se okrog vsi srečni.

Včasih smo se tudi pošalili ž njim. Nasuli smo mu sladkega ovsa, in ko ga je ravno okusil, smo zavpili; kaj je hotel revež!

Pogledal nas je — in potegnil. Bil je že toliko pameten, da je razumel.

Enkrat smo sklenili, da ga izučimo za cirkus. Postavljal se bo na zadnje noge in plesal, morda celo po eni sami. Eden je celo rekel, da ga bo naučil postavljati se na glavo in iztegati noge in rep kvišku. Takrat sem se spomnil na tistega Ižanca, ki je hotel svojega oslička naučiti, da bi živel brez jedi. Prvi teden mu je dal le malo in vsak dan manj krme, drugi teden že nič — osel pa je le živel. In se je pohvalil brihtni Ižanec: "Pa sem ga, mrcino! Zdaj bo živel brez jedi!" Drugi dan mu je osel poginil. Pa se je razjezil Ižanec: "Glej ga, spaka! Komaj ga izučim, pa mi gre poginiti, ta mrcina!"

Ne vem, ali so osla izučili za cirkus ali ne. Šel sem v tujino in le prve tedne sem še nekaj mislil nanj. Potem nisem slišal ničesar več o njem. Šele pred kratkim sem se spet spomnil nanj, pa povprašal, kako mu gre. "Nimamo ga več!" so rekli. Mimogrede sem tudi izvedel, kako je bilo. Neumen je bil naš osliček, a ne tako hudo, kakor je izgledal. Ko je po dolgem času v svoji žalosti spoznal, kako stvar stoji, je lepo pobral svoja šila in kopita in šel.

Jezili so se in mu hudo zamerili. Vsi razen mene, ki se nisem hotel vtikati v take stvari. Najbolj pa so mu zamerili radi tega, ker ni rekel adijo, ko je šel.

Zdaj, ko vem vse, se ga včasih spominjam, posebno ko sem v kakem velikem mestu, ko imam priliko in srečam večkrat kakšnega njegovega bratca.

Volk in pes.

Volk se priplazi k hiši in oprezuje, kje bi bilo kaj zanj. Zapazi ga pa mlad, čvrst pes in začne lajati. Volk plane nanj, a pes se zapodi in skoči na visok hlev, kamor volk ni mogel za njim. Volk se ustavi pred hlevom in vpraša mirno: "Ljubi prijatelj! Kako to, da si ti skočil na hlev in jaz ne

morem? Prosim, pokaži, pokaži!" — "Pokazati ti ne maram," odgovori pes modro na hlevu, "ker bi ti mene na tleh zgrabil in raztrgal. Zaradi skoka ti pa povem takole: Ko bi imel še ti tako nevarnega priganjača, kakor sem ga imel jaz, bi bil že davno pri meni na strehi."

Franc Erjavec:

Črtice iz življenja in delovanja učenjaka Schnakschnepperleina.

(Nadaljevanje.)

V.

Učenjaška ekspedicija v podzemeljsko jamo.

Drugo jutro vstanem zarana in ob polsedmih sem bil že pri Schnakschnepperleinu. Gospod in sluga sta bila že opravljena. Gospod je pregledoval razno lovsko pripravo, ki je bila razpostavljena na dolgi mizi, Boštjan pa se je pri merici žganja krepčal za dolgi pot; poleg sebe je imel mastno kračo, nekaj klobas in kup dobro zapečenih regelj.

Ko me Schnakschnepperlein opazi, mi poda prijazno roko ter me meri od nog do glave.

“Kaj, v tej suknji hočete iti v jamo? Vidi se vam takoj, da niste še mnogo hodili po jamah. V tej suknji ne smete iti, škoda bi je bilo. A časa ni, da bi se hodili domov preoblačiti. — Boštjan! Stopi v kaščo in prinesi mojo staro suknjo!”

Mene je kar streslo, ko sem čul o stari suknji. Branil sem se na vse kriplje. No, nič ni pomagalo. Boštjan je bil nevoljen, da ga motimo pri jedi, a šel je vendar in skoro prinesel staro suknjo. Schnakschnepperleinov ded jo je dobil po svojem stricu in kdo ve, če ni imel prav Boštjan, ki je trdil, da je Metuzalem zanjo tkal sukno.

Schnakschnepperlein ploska z rokami in me ogleduje zdaj od spredaj, zdaj od zadaj. Boštjan pa, ki je imel ravno kos klobase v ustih, bi se bil kmalu zadavil od smeha.

“Tri sto zelenih rogačev! Kot nalašč malo predolga, pa to nič ne de. Rokave tudi lahko zavihate. Bo že!”

“Gospod, jaz se ne morem geniti. Pustite mi mojo suknjo!” prosim Schnakschnepperleina.

“Pa bi je bilo vendar škoda!”

“Gotovo ne bolj kot vaše, in saj jo v jami lahko narobe oblečem.”

“Verjemite mi, da vam pristoji moja suknja prav dobro, ali če le nočete, siliti vas ne morem. Zdaj je pa čas, da odrinemo.”

Boštjan, ki je v tem kračo, klobase in reglje potlačil v veliko torbo in vtaknil v malho čutarico žganjčka, stopi zdaj pred Schnakschnepperleina, ki mu kot tovarnemu živinčetu začne nakladati torbe, vrečice, škatlje, lesene in kositrne, steklenice, mreže in še veliko drugega orodja, ki ga zdaj še imenovati ne vem. Uбоgi Boštjan je komaj dihal.

Schnakschnepperlein gre sedaj še v svoj kabinet, pa kmalu se vrne z dolgim firnežastim dežnikom pod pazduho.

S Schnakschnepperleinom greva naprej, za nama pa krevsa Boštjan pod težo svoje bremena, in gotovo bi bil obležal na poti, ko bi se ne bil časih pokrepčal s kako klobaso ali regljo in s požirkom žganjčka ne poživil medlih moči svojega života.

Vrabci so že na streljaj daleč bežali pred nami na bližnja drevesa in nas pozdravljali z glasnim “živživživ”. Pa kdo bi strahopetnim vrabičem zameril ta strah pred Schnakschnepperleinovo podobo, saj je skoraj mene bilo groza hoditi poleg njega. Ko ne bi vedel, da so strašila za vrabce na polju toliko stara kot poljedelstvo, bi lahko mislil, da je bil Schnakschnepperlein zgled za vsa strašila. Le pomislite si dolgega in tenkega moža v ozkih petelinčkovih hlačicah, ki so sicer segale le do kolen, a do petá dolga siva suknja je to ozko napako ljubeznivo skrivala. Na glavi je imel bel slamnik s širokimi krajniki, na nosu zelene naočnike in pod pazduho dolg firnežast dežnik. Mislite si vse to in Schnakschnepperlein stoji pred vami z dušo in telesom, s krvjo in mesom.

Brez ovir pridemo iz mesta, le časih bi se bil kak pes rad prepričal, če je kaj trdna Schnakschnepperleinoва suknja, a Schnakschnepperlein, takih napadov že

navajen, ga je vedel vselej potolažiti s koščkom kruha, katerega je nosil v ta namen vedno pri sebi.

Ko pridemo do vojašnice, reče Schnakschnepperlein: "Počakajte tukaj en hipec, imam nekaj opraviti!" Potem gre proti gnojišču, ki se razprostira za vojašnico. Prebrskuje z rokami, pobira stare cunje in škrpete in jih zvesto spravlja v škatljo. Boštjan je pa poravnal v tem svojo izgubo na regljah pri šepasti Lizi, ki da svojemu staremu znancu še po vrhu en požirek "grenkega". Boštjan je bil vojak pri domačem polku, štirinajst let in osem tednov je služil zvesto vladarju. Časti ni bil lakomen, že dvakrat so ga hoteli postaviti za desetnika, pa Boštjan se je branil z vsemi štirimi. "Gospod stotnik," je vselej odgovoril, "pustite me prostaka, saj komaj sam sebe opravljam, kako bom še na druge pazil!" In stotnik ga je uslišal dvakrat, ali tretjič so ga hoteli imeti po vsej sili za desetnika. Zdaj ni pomagala nobena prošnja. To je bilo Boštjanu preveč, odpovedal se je vojaškemu stanu in vzel slovo od njega. Sicer pa je bil vojak od nog do glave, in ko so njegovi tovariši veseli prepevali "Soldaško," je renčal tudi on vselej z zamolklim glasom bolj po tihem z njimi; le pri vrsticah:

"Soldat živi vesel v en dan,
saj cesar da pol hleba in kar je treba"

je zmajeval z glavo, ker Boštjan ni mogel razumeti, kako more biti odrastel mož zadovoljen s pol hlebom. Zatorej se je tudi Boštjan že drugi teden, ko je stopil v ta stan, pritožil pri stotniku zoper pol heba — in pritožba je pomagala. Boštjan je dobival odslej po cel hleb na dan in nikoli se mu ni staral. Njegovi tovariši so ga imeli celo na sumu, da je on z njih hlebi v bližnji in ljubeznivi dotiki, cesar pa jaz o poštenem Boštjanu ne morem verjeti.

Zdaj pride Schnakschnepperlein z gnojišča in jaz ga povprašam, kaj je imel ondi opraviti. Schnakschnepperlein odpre škatljo, ki je bila polna smrdljivih cunj in druge gnusobe, in mi reče: "Že več nego dvajset let nabiram gradivo za veliko delo, katero mislim izdati pod naslovom: "Obširen popis živalic, ki se zarejajo v umazanih

cunjah, smrdljivih škrpetih in starih kožuh; njih šege in navade."

"Takega dela nima še noben narod, in s tem delom si mislim pridobiti največje zasluge za človeštvo, seveda jih bo menda šele poznejši rod prav spoznal in cenil. Nabral sem teh živalic celo armado in to vojašnično gnojišče je dalo največji del. Zato hočem v svojem delu raztrositi njegovo slavo po vsem svetu in v duhu že vidim prirodopisce vseh narodov, kako romajo od vseh vetrov k temu gnojišču. O gnojišče v vojašnici, jaz ti zakrožim visoko pesem, jaz hočem biti tvoj Homer*! Poleg mojega imena bo slovelo tudi tvoje ime na veke."

Razni zanimivi pogovori so nam krajšali dolgo pot. Schnakschnepperlein je pa sanjaril vedno o Adelopsu in o slavi svoji, le časih, ko je videl frkati kako mešico po zraku, je obmolknil, vzel Boštjanu mrežo in kot blisk jo udere za njo. Ker je bil dolgonog, sta bila z mešico kmalu skupaj, le malokatera mu je ušla. Po hroščih danes ni veliko gledal, ker mu je bil vedno le ljubljencek Adelops pred očmi; tudi bi nas bilo iskanje preveč mudilo, zato smo šli hitro dalje; le ko smo prišli do kakega presnega kravjaka, Schnakschnepperlein ni mogel premagati izkušnjave, da bi ga ne bil vsaj hitro in bolj povrhu prebrskal. Da bi bil tebi nič, meni nič šel mimo njega, tega mu ni pripustila rahla njegova vest. Boštjan je pa hodil vedno k regljam v vas in večkrat je prešteval ljubice svoje. Marsikatera je že zmanjkalo!

Zdaj pridemo do vasi, blizu katere je jama. "Počakajte nekoliko tukaj," reče Schnakschnepperlein. "Stopim do Češnjavarja, da bo vedel, da smo tukaj in da nam pripravi kaj jedila, ko pridemo iz jame."

Boštjan se pri teh besedah zaničljivo nasmehlja in še enkrat prešteje svoje reglje in klobase. Moj želodec se je tudi že oglašal in jaz bi mu bil najrajši precej postregel, pa sem si mislil: saj v jami ne ostane dolgo in Schnakschnepperlein, ki stripi tudi brez vse jedi, ta te ne sme osramotiti; ti pa pojde pozneje bolje v slast.

Ravno sem hotel vprašati Boštjana, za-

* Homer je grški pevec, ki je opeval čine starih Grkov.

kaj se je pri Schnakschnepperleinovih besedah smehljal, pa že nisem utegnil, ker gospod je prišel nazaj. Urno odrinemo k jami, ki je bila le za streljaj od vasi.

“No, zdaj smo tu!” vzdihne Schnakschnepperlein.

skozi katero bi se mogla splaziti komaj lisica.

“Kaj? To je vhod? To ni mogoče! Človek tu ne more noter.”

“Da je mogoče,” me zavrne Schnakschnepperlein, “hočem vam kmalu pokaza-



Na kmetih.

Jaz gledam in se oziram po pečevju, kje je vhod v jamo, pa ga le ne zapazim. Ko Schnakschnepperlein vidi, česa iščem, se mi nasmehne in reče: “Vi iščete vhoda, ali ste mar slepi? Ali ne vidite te luknje tukaj?” in mi pokaže pred nami ozko luknjo,

ti. Le storite, kar bom storil jaz. Vi greste za mano in za vami gre Boštjan.”

Boštjan je odložil zdaj svoj tovor in se je kislo držal, pogledujoč zdaj ozko luknjo, zdaj svoj trebušček.

(Nadaljevanje prihodnjič.)

Iz ruskih knjig.

Sirota.

V večjem mestu je bil semenj. Nekoč je v tem času nepričakovano hitro izbruhnila kužna bolezen. Mnogo ljudi je pomrlo. V tem mestu je živel ubožen trgovec, ki se je šele nastanil z ženo in sedemletno hčerko Marijo. Oče in mati sta zbolela; bolnika so takoj odvedli v bolnišnico, da bi ne lezli boleznici še drugi, a na Marijo so pozabili. Marija je ostala sama doma. Jokala je ubožica in klicala mater ter očeta. Dolgo je jokala in naposled se je odločila, da poišče očeta in mater. Tavalala je ves dan po ulicah; bila je ubožica izstradana in izmučena. Naposled, ko je že povpraševala tega in onega človeka, je dospela do bolnice. V bolnišnico je pa niso pustili; gonili so jo proč, a ona ni hotela iti. Jokala je in kričala: "K mami me pustite!" Mimo se je pripeljal kupec Čepurin. Ko je opazil objokano deklico, se je ustavil in jo je izpraševal. Smilila se mu je deklica; šel je v bolnišnico, da povpraša po Marijinih stariših, a oni so že umrli. Kupcu se je deklica še bolj smilila. Odločil se je, da vzame sirotico s seboj in ji nadomesti rodnega očeta. Kakor se je odločil, tako je tudi storil. Privedel je Marijo k svoji družini in rekel ženi ter hčerkama: "Žena, glej, sedaj imaš tretjo hčerko in ve, hčerki, imata sestrico!"

Marija je živela v tuji družini kakor doma. Čepurinovi so jo imeli kot za rodno hčer. Dajali so ji hrane, jo oblačili, učili, pa tudi ji obljubili dote, a hčerki sta jo zvali za sestrico in jo močno ljubili. Marija je zrasla v razumno, a kar je glavno, v pridno, preprično deklico. Ni zabila svojega siromaštva in jako je bila vdana siromakom. "Dobro je, da imam drugega očeta in mater," je večkrat mislila, "a vsem sirotam se ne godi tako. Kako morejo živeti te? Koliko pomanjkanja in gorja prebijejo siromaki!" Čepurinovi so Marijo omožili z bogatim človekom. Dali so ji tudi toliko dote kakor rodnim hčerkam. A Marija je do konca svojega življenja skrbela in se brigala za sirote, ki so jo zvale le za svojo mater.

Bogastvo.

Ubožen mladenič je srečal svojega nekdanjega učitelja in mu je žalostno tožil, kako slabo se mu godi. Izmed njegovih šolskih tovarišev so mnogi že bogatini in sloveči možje, dočim pa je on pretrpel mnogo pomanjkanja.

"Menda pa vendar nisi tako ubog kakor govoriš," mu odgovori učitelj. "Kakor vidim, si popolnoma zdrav — in glej, ta roka je močna in sposobna za delo," je pristavil učitelj ter kazal na desno roko svojega bivšega učenca.

"Ali bi jo dal odrezati za tisoč rubljev?" ga vpraša.

"O, tega ne! Tudi za desetisoč ne," je odgovoril mladi človek.

"A za koliko bi pa dal svoje bistre oči, ki tako jasno gledajo solnčni svet, ali pa svoj tanki sluh in svoje krepke noge?" vpraša učitelj dalje.

"Za nobeno ceno," je odgovoril mladenič.

"No, kako vendar moreš tožiti sedaj, da si ubog, ko imaš toliko bogastva!"

Veverica in volk.

Veverica je skakala od veje do veje in je padla na spečega volka. Volk je skočil in jo hotel požreti. Veverica je prosila: "Pusti me!" Volk je rekel: "Dobro, pustim te, samo povej mi, zakaj ste veverice tako vesele. Meni je vedno dolgočasno, kadar pa zagledam vas, se vselej tam gori v vrhu igrate in skačete."

Veverica je rekla: "Pusti me poprej na drevo, odtam ti povem, a tu se te bojim." Volk jo je izpustil, veverica je zbežala na drevo in odtam rekla: "Tebi je zato dolgočas, ker si hudoben, tvoja hudobija žge srce. A me smo vesele zato, ker smo dobre in nikomur ne želimo zla."

Boječnost.

Ivan je slišal mnogo bajk o prikaznih in zato je bil jako boječ. Nikoli ni legel brez luči in se je bal, če bi moral biti sam v spalnici brez starejšega brata. Nekoč se je prigodilo, da je odšel starejši brat v mesto.

Mati se ni ozirala na solze Ivanove, ampak ga je položila spat samega. Ko se je poslovila od njega, je ugasnila svečo, da se ne bi pripetila kaka nesreča z ognjem. Od strahu se je Ivan skrtil pod odejo in zavil z njo. Skoraj bi se bil zadušil pod odejo. Ko je le nekoliko pomolil glavo izpod odeje, da bi se nadihal svežega zraka, je zagledal na

steni tanko belo podobo. Od strahu je začel Ivan silno kričati. Ko je prišla mati in zvedela, kaj se je zgodilo, se je pokazalo, da ni bila bela podoba nič drugega nego obrisača, ki je nanjo padal lunin svit. Ko je Ivan spoznal pravi vzrok svojemu strahu, ga je bilo sram in od tega časa ni več veroval na prikazni.

I. Strel:

Popotnikova pesen.

Popotnik pridem črez goró,
od doma vzel sem že slovó,
in kamor se okó ozré,
povsod se mi nov svet odpré.

Tud' tu cveto cvetičice,
po njih šume bučelice;
pa naših rož je lepši cvet,
bučelic naših slajši med.

Dežela ljuba, kje ležiš,
ki jezik moj mi govoriš?
Kjer znanci moji še živé,
prijatli moji v grobih spé?

Tud' tukaj solnce gre okrog,
dolino vidim, hrib in log;
pa solnce naše bolj blišči,
in hrib naš lepše zeleni.

Skoz mesta hodim in vasi,
povsod drugač se govori;
jaz tujc nikogar ne poznam,
in sred ljudi povsod sem sam.

Zdihujem, prašam vedno: kje?
Prijatli! k vam želi srcé;
perót imeti si želim,
da k vam domu kot tič zletim.

O vandrovcih.

(Po narodovem ustnem izročilu.)

Hodim po vesoljnem svetu. Ne grem po manjših mestih, nego le tja, kjer cesarji in kralji stanujejo. Pridem v Pariz. Zajdem v gostilno. Notri stopi bogat gospod s tremi sinovi, zalimi dečki. Najstarejšemu je bilo ime Šak, drugemu Šakšaverak, najmlajšemu Šakšaverakšakonimini.

Nekaj dni pozneje dospem v London. Pridem v krčmo, kjer zagledam mater, lepo gospo, bogato. Imela je tri krasne hčere. Poizvem po imenih dekličev. V odgovor dobim: prva je Sipa, srednja Sipsivelipa, tretja Sipsivelipiminka. — Gospe se začudim, kako da ni bila pred 8 dnevi v

Parizu, kjer se je mudila lepa prilika za možitev deklet; toda mati obmolkne, nakar se razideva.

Slednjič pridem v Turin. Tam pride v gostilno taisti gospod, ki je bil pred štirinajstimi dnevi v Parizu in taista gospa, ki je bila v Londonu pred osmimi dnevi. Hitro se dvignem in rečem: Gospod in gospa! Rad bi dobil kaj za jed in pijačo; zato posredujem zakon med vašimi sinovi in hčerami! — Sklenjeno je bilo takoj in tako: Šak je dobil Sipo, Šakšaverak Sipsivelipo, Šakšaverakšakonimini pa Sipsivelipiminko.

Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

17.

Neki farmar je imel verigo, ki je bila sestavljena iz 15 sklepov. Nekoč se mu je ta veriga raztrgala na pet enakih delov. Farmar jo je nesel h kovaču, ki je rekel, da bo verigo popravil ter da zahteva za vsako zvaritev 50c. Ko je prinesel farmarju verigo, mu je dal tudi račun. Računal je za štiri zvaritve \$2.00. Farmar pa je protestiral ter izjavil, da bi lahko popravil verigo samo s tremi spojitvami. Kako bi kovač lahko to naredil?

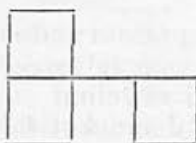
18.

Združi naslednje zloge v besede, tako, da dobiš lep slovenski pregovor:

č i g a g a s l o s l o t l a j a n e.

Rešitve ugank.

15.



16.

Osem mačk.

Rešilci.

Obe uganki sta rešili:

Mary Yancher, Girard, O.
 Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.

Po eno uganko so rešili:

Frank Mack, Cleveland, O.
 Jennie Bohinc, Export, Pa.
 Mary Dobrovolec, Waukegan, Ill.
 Dorie Turk, Sublet, Wyo.
 Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.
 James Kuzhnik, Chicago, Ill.
 Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.
 Sylvia Homez, Auburn, Ill.
 Mary Prince, Large, Pa.
 Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.
 Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.
 John Bečan, Golvanda, Pa.

Joe Zlatoper, Maynard, O.
 Stephanie Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.
 John Kopach, Johnston City, Ill.
 Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.
 Emil Gregorina, Bellingham, Wash.

Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik! To pismo je precej zakašnjeno, to pa radi tega, ker sem pričakoval nagrade. Zadnji teden sem res prejel nagrado, ki mi je napravila silno veselje. Dve jako zanimivi knjigi sta, posebno pa ona o Martinu Krpanu, v kateri so tako lepe slike. Pa kako močan je bil Martin Krpan! Mislil, da je bil še bolj močan kakor je champion Jack Dempsey.

Želim, da bi še kateri brat ali sestra iz Imperial kaj dopisoval in reševal uganke ter si kako nagrado pridobil. Saj ni posebno težko, samo poskusite, pa boste videli. Ako se ravno vsakokrat ne posreči, nič ne škodi, saj vas ne bo urednik potegnil za ušesa, ker je predaleč.

Prav lepa hvala za nagrado in bratski pozdrav!

Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

Odgovori malim bratem in sestricam.

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa. Znamko za 2 centa sem prejel in Ti odposlal kuverte z natisnjenim naslovom. V predzadnjem pismu praviš, da si že poslal znamko, toda jaz je nisem dobil. Najbrže se je zamešala med pismi in se izgubila, kajti na uredništvo pride včasih cel kup pisem naenkrat.

* * *

Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O. Uganko, ki si jo že prej enkrat poslala, nisem imel še priložnosti priobčiti, ker jih imam toliko, da res ne vem kam z njimi. Pač pa tu priobčujem uganko, ki si jo priložila svojemu zadnjemu pismu, da si bodo mali brateci in sestrice malo belili glave. Evo je:

Vzemi si žveplenk 7 in 10,
 zloži jih v tak prekanjen red,
 da bo rekel vsak —
 vsak, ki ni bedak —
 čele brati zna,

da uganko to pozna.
Če jo pa povem,
pa praviš ti: ne vem.

Anna Slobko, Oak Creek, Colo. Prav
lepa hvala za krasno coloradsko rožo 'ko-

lumbinko'. Ohranil jo bom v albumu, kjer
imam že precej slik in drugih lepih spo-
minov mladih sestic in bratcev. Oglasi se
kmalu s kakim dopisom. Pozdrav!

Urednik.



Moj dom.

(Naslikala mlada učenka.)

Ubogljiv hlapec.

Nemški pisatelj Rosegger, ki je vedno pohajal po gornještajerskih pašnikih, je nekoč ležal na sveže pokošeni livadi, pušil cigaro in se zamišljeno razgledaval po lepi selski pokrajini pred seboj.

Naenkrat se iz bližnje kmečke hiše pojavijo star hlapec in že izdaleka mrmra proti pisatelju: "Hej, prijatelj, na naši livadi ni dovoljeno polegati!"

"Čemu ne?" ga vpraša pisatelj. "Tako lepo je tukaj, pusti me vendar, da se malo razgledam, saj ne bom ničesar pomadral."

"Kaj morem jaz zato!" odvrne hlapec. "Gospodar mi je zapovedal, da vas požene z livade."

"Čakaj malo, prisedi tu, pa zapuši!" In pisatelj mu ponudi fino cigaro.

"Oho, cigaro pa že," pravi hlapec, "vaše mestne cigare niso baš napačne."

In se mogočno postavi, zažge cigaro in parkrat puhne prav gosposko. Nato reče: "Dobra je! Toda, gospod — zdaj se pa le hitro poberite odtod. Gospodar mi je namreč naročil, naj vas nabijem . . ."

In Rosegger se je končno zaradi resnosti položaja le pobral, še vesel, da je ravno ob pravem času s cigaro ukrotil bojevitost ubogljivega hlapca.



JUVENILE



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"Look Back at Times".



ACH morn, along the dewy street,
 As cityward I went,
 "Part way" with me her eager feet
 My little daughter bent.

Yea, oft, my child, I backward look,—
 Again those years are mine;
 Their pages are my Golden Book
 With legends all divine.

Then, as I hastened from her side,
 And fast the distance grew,
 "Look back, look back at times!" she cried,
 "I'll wave my hand to you!"

Within its leaves, as in a dream,
 Dear visions come and go.
 Like walks in Fairyland they seem,
 And ever sweeter grow.

Look back? Ah, little did we think
 Her phrase of childhood love
 In after years my food and drink—
 My soul's delight—would prove.

Your baby hand still clasps my own,
 Your kiss is on my cheek.
 Though more than twenty years have flown
 Their blessing grows not weak.

Unmeasuredly I now rejoice
 In that blest earlier day;
 Nor need I now to hear her voice
 Her summons to obey.

O vanished darling!—still my pride!—
 Where roam your feet today?
 Forever young your years abide,
 Though mine are flecked with gray.

Forever young abide her years—
 Yea, all immortal she!
 And still—the balm for all my fears—
 She waves her hand to me.

J. H. West.

The New Evangel.

*Come to the cradle, and bow:
 Knowledge is Savior now.
 And the airs that blow
 And the waters that flow—
 The Forces of Nature*

*Increasing Man's stature—
 Are the modern Angels
 That murmur Evangels.
 Seize on them while you may!
 Be blessed in the life of Today!*

—James Harcourt.

Oliver Twist.

Charles Dickens.

Oliver Twist was the child of an unknown woman who died in the workhouse of an English village, almost as soon as her babe drew his first breath. The mother's name being unknown, the workhouse officials called the child Oliver Twist, under which title he grew up. For nine years he was farmed out at a branch poorhouse, where with twenty or thirty other children he bore all the miseries consequent on neglect, abuse, and starvation. He was then removed to the workhouse proper to be taught a useful trade.

His ninth birthday found him a pale thin child, diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference, but possessed of a good sturdy spirit, which was not broken by the policy of the officials who tried to get as much work out of the paupers as possible, and to keep them on as scant a supply of food as would sustain life.

The boys were fed in a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the gruel was ladled at meal-times. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation, they would sit staring at the copper, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; sucking their fingers, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon.

Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months; at last they got so voracious and wild that one boy hinted darkly that unless he had another basin of gruel a day, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly be-

lieved him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master, and ask for more, and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The gruel was served out. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:

"Please, sir, I want some more!"

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

"What?" said master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arms; and shrieked for the beadle, and when that gentleman appeared, an animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning posted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to any body who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of parish. In other words, five pounds, and Oliver Twist was offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

Mr. Sowerberry, the parish undertaker, finally applied for the prize, and carried Oliver away with him, which, for the poor boy, was a matter of falling from the frying pan into the fire, and in his short career as undertaker's assistant he even sighed for the workhouse,—miserable as his life there had been. At the undertaker's, Oliver's bed was in the shop. The atmosphere

seemed tainted with the smell of coffins. The recess behind the counter in which his mattress was thrust, looked like a grave. His food was broken bits left from the meals of others, and his constant companion was an older boy, Noah Claypole, who, although a charity boy himself, was not a workhouse orphan, and therefore considered himself in a position above Oliver. He made Oliver's days hideous with his abuse, which the younger boy bore as quietly as he could, until the day when Noah made a sneering remark about Oliver's dead mother. That was too much. Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, seized Noah by the throat, shook him till his teeth chattered, and then with one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.

This brought about a violent scene, for Noah accused Oliver of attempting to murder him, and Mrs. Sowerberry, the maid, and the beadle, — who had been hastily summoned, — agreed that Oliver was a hardened wretch, only fit for confinement, and he was accordingly placed in the cellar, till the undertaker came in, when he was dragged out again to have the story retold. To do Mr. Sowerberry justice, he would have been kindly disposed toward Oliver, but for the prejudice of his wife against the boy. However, to satisfy her, he gave Oliver a sound beating, and shut him up in the back kitchen until night, when, amidst the jeers and pointings of Noah and Mrs. Sowerberry, he was ordered up-stairs to his dismal bed.

It was then, alone, in the silence of the gloomy workshop, that Oliver gave away to his feelings, wept bitterly, and resolved no longer to bear such treatment. Softly he undid the fastenings of the door, and looked abroad. It was a cold night. The stars seemed, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind; and the sombre shadows looked sepulchral and death-like, from being so still. He softly reclosed the door, and having availed himself of the expiring light of the candle to tie up in a handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, sat himself down to wait for morning.

With the first ray of light, Oliver arose, and again unbarred the door. One timid look around, — one minute's pause of hesitation, — he had closed it behind him.

He looked to the right, and to the left, uncertain whither to fly. He remembered to have seen the waggons, as they went out, toiling up the hill, so he took the same route; and arriving at a footpath which he knew led out into the road, struck into it, and walked quickly on.

For seven days he tramped in the direction of London, tasting nothing but such scraps of meals as he could beg from the occasional cottages by the roadside. On the seventh morning he limped slowly into the little town of Barnet, and as he was resting for a few moments on the steps of a public-house, a boy crossed over, and walking close to him, said,

"Hullo! my covey! What's the row?"

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer, was about his own age: but one of the queerest looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short, with bow-legs, and little, sharp, ugly, eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head, and he wore a man's coat that reached nearly to his heels.

"Hullo, my covey! What's the row?" said this strange young gentleman to Oliver.

"I am very hungry and tired," replied Oliver; the tears standing in his eyes as he spoke. "I have walked a long way. I have been walking these seven days."

"Going to London?" inquired the strange boy.

"Yes."

"Got any lodgings?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

The strange boy whistled; and put his arms into his pockets.

"Do you live in London?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes, I do when I'm at home," replied the boy. "I suppose you want some place to sleep in to-night, don't you?"

Upon Oliver answering in the affirmative, the strange boy, whose name was Jack Dawkins, said, "I've got to be in London to-night; and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothing, and never ask for the

and having the other firmly grasped by his companion, ascended with much difficulty the dark and broken stairs, which his conductor mounted with an expedition that showed he was well acquainted with them. He threw open the door of a back-room and drew Oliver in after him.

The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and dirt. There

Chicago Art Institute.



The Dunes.

Roy Brown.

change — that is, if any gentleman he knows interduces you."

This offer of shelter was too tempting to be resisted, and Oliver trudged off with his new friend. Into the city they passed, and through the worst and darkest streets, the sight of which filled Oliver with alarm. At length they reached the door of a house, which Jack entered, drawing Oliver after him, into its dark passage-way, and closing the door after them.

Oliver, groping his way with one hand,

was a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging; and a meal table before the fire, upon which were a candle, stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, two or three pewter pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying pan, which was on the fire, some sausages were cooking, and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villanous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair.

Several rough beds, made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor. Seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than Jack Dawkins, familiarly called the Dodger. The boys all crowded about their associate, as he whispered a few words to the Jew; and then they turned round and grinned at Oliver. So did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend Oliver Twist."

The Jew, making a low bow to Oliver, took him by the hand, and hoped he should have the honor of his intimate acquaintance. Upon this the young gentlemen came round him, and shook his hand very hard, especially the one in which he held his little bundle.

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very," said the Jew. "Dodger take off the sausages; and draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you're a-staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs! eh, my dear? There are a good many of 'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out ready for the wash; that's all, Oliver, that's all. Ha! ha! ha!"

The latter part of this speech was hailed by a boisterous shout from the boys, who, Oliver found, were all pupils of the merry old gentleman. In the midst of which they went to supper.

Oliver ate his share, and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin and water, telling him he must drink it off directly because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. Oliver did as he was desired. Immediately afterwards, he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks; and then he sunk into a deep sleep.

It was late next morning when Oliver awoke, from a sound, long sleep. There was no other person in the room but the old Jew, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast, and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it. He would stop every now and then to listen when there was the least noise below; and, when he had satisfied himself, he would go on, whistling and stirring again, as before.

When the coffee was done, the Jew drew saucepan to the hob, then he turned and

looked at Oliver, and called him by name, but the boy did not answer, and was to all appearances asleep. After satisfying himself upon this head, the Jew stepped gently to the door, which he fastened. He then drew forth, as it seemed to Oliver, from some trap in the floor a small box, which he placed carefully on the table. His eyes glistened as he raised the lid, and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down, and took from it a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels.

At least half a dozen more were severally drawn forth from the same box, besides rings, brooches, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, of such magnificent materials, and costly workmanship, that Oliver had no idea, even of their names.

At length the bright, dark eyes of the Jew, which had been staring vacantly before him, fell on Oliver's face; the boy's eyes were fixed on his in mute curiosity; and, although the recognition was only for an instant, — it was enough to show the man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash; and, laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, started furiously up.

"What's that?" said the Jew. "What do you watch me for? Why are you awake? What have you seen? Speak out, boy! Quick — quick!! for your life!"

"I wasn't able to sleep any longer, sir," replied Oliver meekly. "I am very sorry if I have disturbed you, sir."

"You were not awake an hour ago?" said the Jew, scowling fiercely.

"No! No indeed!" replied Oliver.

"Are you sure?" cried the Jew, with a still fiercer look than before, and a threatening attitude.

"Upon my word I was not," replied Oliver, earnestly. "I was not, indeed, sir."

"Tush, tush, my dear!" said the Jew, abruptly resuming his old manner. "Of course I know that, my dear, I only tried to frighten you. You're a brave boy. Ha! ha! you're a brave boy, Oliver!"

The Jew rubbed his hands with a chuckle, but glanced uneasily at the box, notwithstanding.

(To be continued.)

A Horse Story.

A certain weekly newspaper in a certain farm village contained an item recently to the effect that Henry Helmer, who had suffered a severe cut on the foot from a mowing machine, was progressing favorably towards recovery. That was all; not a word as to the means by which Henry Helmer was saved from bleeding to death in the field a half-mile from the house.

It is a good little story, too, and the newswriter of the certain weekly newspaper might have had the credit for it had he taken the trouble to ask a question or two. Old Dr. Rawson would have been glad to supply the information.

The doctor was standing in front of the bank, his hat in one hand, his white hair stirring gently in the wind, his other hand rubbing the nose of an old horse tied to the railing, when Dorsey Fuller, the village merchant, happened along on his way to the post office.

"'Lo, Doc," sang out Dorsey. "Hank Helmer's horse, ain't it? See in the paper Hank had an accident. Getting along all right?"

"Fine," replied the doctor. "But, Dorsey, if it hadn't been for this old fellow he'd have been dead and buried by this time. This is old 'Mischief'; been called that ever since he was a colt, because he was always up to some devilment or other; opening gates, taking down bars, turning on water, doing most anything a horse isn't supposed to do, but never doing any special harm and always taking his share of the work cheerfully.

"He was hitched with a colt to the machine the day Hank was hurt. The colt tried to run away, but Mischief wouldn't have it; still, the youngster made two or three leaps, and the mower caught Hank's foot. Mighty bad cut; a bit more and 'twould have been an amputation. Hank cried when he told me about it, not from the pain either. 'Doc,' said he, 'I didn't know what to do; I just sat there watching the blood spurt, and things went black by spells, and the world was turning topsyturvy. Then I heard a whinner, and I looked up and old Mischief was stepping around excitedly and twisting his neck to look at me. His eyes seemed to tell me what to do. I managed to get the traces unhooked, and then, after a long time of trying, I got myself onto his back like a bag of meal. And he got me home. He had to open two gates on the way, and he had to step pretty carefully to keep me from sliding off, but he done it.' And that's why, Dorsey, I'm paying my respects to the old horse."

The doctor drew a handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose. Then, a twinkle coming into his eyes, he made a sweeping bow.

"Mr. Fuller," he said, "meet Mr. Mischief."

"Dee-lighted," said the merchant gravely. He patted the glossy neck, and the old horse half-closed his eyes and yawned.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Obstructing the Traffic.

Mr. Filkins was the father of fourteen children. He agreed one spring holiday to take them to the seashore for the weekend. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to board the train when Mr. Filkins was touched on the shoulder by a policeman.

"What have you been doin'?" the policeman growled fiercely.

"Me? Why, nothing," stammered the surprised Filkins.

The policeman waved his arm toward the Filkins family. "Then why," he asked, "is this here crowd a-followin' of you?"

Rather a Prig.

CHARACTERS:

Eleanor.

Walter.

Eleanor.—(*Calling outside.*) Walter! Walter! (*Running in.*) Here you are, at last! Do come and play in the garden!

Walter.—(*Who is walking about with a book.*) Certainly not! Don't you see I am deep in study?

E.—But it's play-time.

W.—I dislike play-time.

W.—What a dull creature! Do you mean to say that you never play?

W.—As seldom as possible.

E.—What a pity! I have just got some new reins, and I wanted to play at horses. I do love being a horse.

W.—That is a natural preference. The horse has ever been a favoured companion of man. It is even on record that the Roman Emperor, Caligula—

E.—I will not talk about Roman Emperors during play-time. Come along, I will drag the cart and you shall drive standing up, if you like, as they do at the circus.

W.—That is a custom which dates from the most remote antiquity. Pictorial representations of standing charioteers are found on the Assyrian friezes and the Egyptian tombs—

E.—(*Stopping her ears.*) I will not talk about the Egyptians during play time. Come, will you drive the cart?

W.—Certainly not.

E.—Then shall we skip? Look, I have a new skipping-rope, which my father gave me last week.

W.—The hemp from which that rope was made was doubtless derived from the flax grown in the province of Ulster, in Ireland, especially in the county of Antrim, of which the principal towns are Belfast, Lisbon, and Carrickfergus.

E.—Oh, bother the county of Antrim and the province of Ulster! I don't care to know where the skipping-rope grew. I want to skip with it.

W.—That is quite a savage instinct; the

remarkable agility of the South Sea Islanders—

E.—I won't talk of the South Sea Islanders during play-time. You won't skip, then?

W.—Certainly not.

E.—Then let's be soldiers. I love playing at soldiers.

W.—That is somewhat of an unfeminine instinct, although it is justified by more than one example in history. Thus, Boadicea —

E.—Oh, shut up, or I will run you through with my sword! It's just like a real one. It's made of the most beautiful steel.

W.—Then the blade probably came from the district of Cleveland in Yorkshire, where the iron and steel industries may be seen in their greatest development. You have, doubtless, heard of the steel works of Eston, and the blast furnaces of Middlesborough?

E.—I don't know what a blast furnace is.

W.—Allow me to describe that ingenious construction to you.

E.—No, thank you, not in my play-time. I am going to get some daisies to make a daisy-chain.

W.—You doubtless have a herbarium?

E.—No. I don't believe they grow in this garden.

W.—Oh, too ignorant girl! A herbarium is not a flower, it is a collection of dried flowers and plants.

E.—Ah, well! I haven't one then.

W.—That is a mistake. You should carefully dry the plants and stick them in a book, with a minute description of each specimen written on the opposite page.

E.—I can't stick anything in a book, because Mamma doesn't like me to use her gum, and I have only fish-gum.

W.—Fish-gum is, for certain purposes, a most valuable substance. It has even been known to cure cecity or blindness. Thus, Tobit—

E.—Don't talk about Tobit. Are you coming to make a daisy-chain?

W.—Never.

E.—Shall we play at battledore? I have a heavy shuttlecock and a light one, whichever you like best.

W.—That is because the density of cork varies in a very marked manner. That brought from the West Indies—

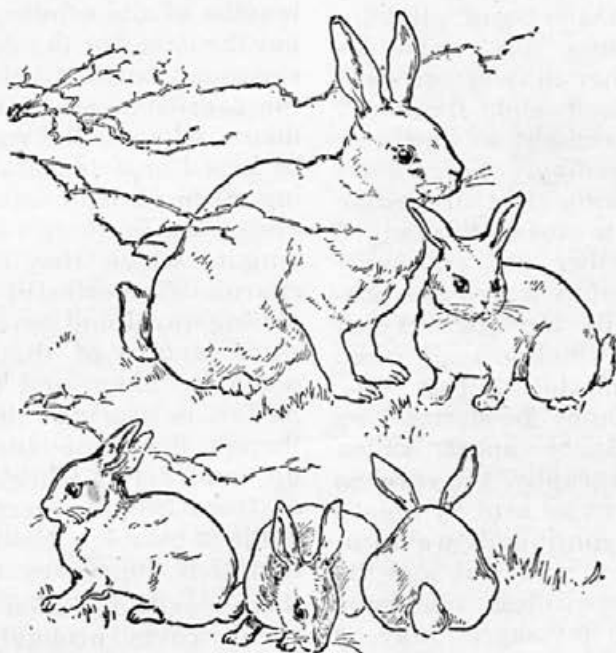
E.—Don't talk about the West Indies during play-time. Are you coming to play at battledore?

W.—On no account.

E.—Very well, then, you may stay with your Egyptians, your South Sea Islanders, and your West Indies, while I go and play in the garden. I think you are rather a prig. *(Exit.)*

W.—*(Looking after her, surprised.)* A prig! How odd! I wonder what makes her say that? *Rather a prig!*

Lady Bell.



Rabbits.

Troublesome.

The road was rising from the foothills into the Tennessee Mountains. The motorist had borrowed a bucket of water for his radiator and stood talking with the old resident. "Nice country you have around here," he began. "Pretty fair, pretty fair, stranger," returned the old farmer, looking into the distance. "Many snakes?" was the next inquiry. "Well, my wife killed twenty-four rattlesnakes down in the pasture," said the old man. "Why, that was a fearful experience," gasped the motorist. "Yes, it was kind of annoying," replied the farmer. "You see, she wasn't out after rattlesnakes—she was after persimmons."

A Cool Old Lady.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, by way of showing that people do not resist the attack of time and the various forces of nature as steadfastly as they might, tells this incident of his aunt, Mrs. Abram Van Wyck, who was 101 years old when she died:

Mrs. Van Wyck was the widow of General Abram Van Wyck of the war of 1812. When she was past 95 she sat in the dining room of her house during a great storm. Lightning struck her chair and threw her nearly fifteen feet across the room. When she got up and looked around she adjusted her smoking cap, picked up her old pipe and remarked, "My, that was sudden."

Radio.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

(Continued.)

But to return to the subject of wireless and sound waves. As such high frequency continuous waves are not essential where messages are transmitted by dots and dashes only, a wireless telegraph sender can produce waves which answer every purpose by means of a spark-gap. But for radio telephone messages this would be impossible and so other devices are used to produce the required high frequency waves. Formerly, an arclight was utilized, but nowadays an exceedingly delicate device known as a *vacuum tube* or *audion bulb* is employed. By means of this, which will be described farther on, extremely high frequency continuous waves are produced and it was really the discovery or invention of this device which brought radio telephony to its present status. But while wireless telephony cannot be carried on by means of the ordinary spark which serves for wireless telegraphy, yet wireless telegraphy messages can be sent by means of the high frequency continuous waves of the vacuum tube, so that with one and the same instrument both wireless telephone and wireless telegraph messages may be sent through the ether merely by making certain adjustments and adding a few instruments to the equipment. And without any alteration whatever a wireless telephone receiver will pick up both wireless telegraph and wireless telephone messages. In fact, one great complaint on the part of amateurs using small or inexpensive receiving sets is that while the dots and dashes of radio telegraph messages can be plainly heard, no music, singing or similar sounds are audible, while very often, the wireless telegraph messages so interrupt or interfere with the music and voices as to be exceedingly annoying. In order to eliminate or cut out all the sounds and signals, with the exception of those desired, devices have been made for the purpose of "tuning", as it is called. As the various sending stations create electrical waves of

different lengths (expressed usually in meters) it is necessary to adjust the receiving instruments to receive or record sounds or vibrations of certain definite wave lengths. Many people think that the distance at which they can hear by their radio telephone sets is dependent upon the wave lengths of the sending stations, but this is not the case, for the distance at which messages can be heard depends entirely upon the sensitiveness of the receiving instruments, whereas the wave lengths which can be heard or detected depend upon the tuning of the instruments. Most receiving sets are rather limited in the variation of wave lengths which they can receive and the enormously powerful currents sent out by the big naval and government stations with wave lengths of thousands of meters do not affect them and might be nonexistent as far as hearing them is concerned, although the same instruments will "pick up" and detect vibrations of wave lengths of from 200 to several hundred meters without trouble. Neither does the distance to which the waves travel depend upon their length, for even the smallest of electrical waves probably travel completely around the earth; but such a wave, at a great distance from its origin, would be so weak that no present day instrument could record it. In order to create waves which are recordable at great distances, a high power must be used, just as throwing a large stone into the water would create larger and more powerful waves than a small stone. It must be borne in mind, however, that for transmission over great distance long wave lengths, or, in other words, lower frequency currents, penetrate the ether far better than the shorter and higher frequency currents, but until the invention of the Audion bulb or vacuum tube these waves of extreme length could not be picked up by any instruments. With the invention of the tube it became possible to send messages of extreme wave length which could be recorded and thus messages

may now be sent almost around the earth. And just as tuning devices are required to tune or adjust your receiving instruments to certain wave lengths, so similar devices must be provided for sending sets in order to send out or start waves of the desired length. Moreover, by properly tuning the transmitting instruments, the waves may be sent in harmony or resonance. To make this simpler, we may compare it to striking a weight or pendulum suspended from the end of a cord. If this weight is struck, it will swing away and if, on its return swing, it is struck again at the same point or before the full swing is accomplished, a large amount of the force of the blow is wasted in overcoming the momentum of the moving weight. But if we wait until the pendulum swings back to its limit before we strike it, a very slight blow will serve to drive it back, as there is no momentum to be overcome. Thus, by adjusting the length of the cord and the space between blows so that each blow strikes the weight just as the latter comes to the end of its swing, a continual motion may be maintained with the exertion of very little force. Any one who has ever pushed a person in a swing knows of this and has found how much easier it is to drive the swing higher and higher by exerting the push as the swing reaches the limit of its backward motion. In almost the same way, but substituting electrical for mechanical energy, it is possible, by lengthening or shortening the period of an electrical circuit, to reach a point of adjustment where each succeeding wave or vibration will occur at just the right time to aid the one preceding it and thus the waves are sent far greater distances with the same energy than would be possible if a wave died down before it was boosted along by the one following,—a condition which is known as being “damped”. With the old type spark-gap as the wave producer, really continuous waves were not however, possible, for each spark, as it leaps the gap, sets up a separate wave, whereas with the arc-light or vacuum-tube transmitter, the stream of waves is continuous. The spark-gap’s waves are really intermittent and they vary in strength or “amplitude”

as it is called, or, in other words, gradually become smaller. This decrease is known as “*decrement*” and in the continuous wave of the tube or arc transmitter this “*decrement*” is so slight as to be negligible. So you will see that not only has the discovery of the vacuum tube and its continuous waves made radio telephony possible, but it has also vastly improved wireless telegraphy, and save for experimental work or where code messages only are sent by amateurs, the old type of spark-gap transmission has been practically abandoned. However, as the principles of wireless transmission are the same in each case and as the spark-gap is the simplest form it will be easier to master the operation of the various parts of a sending set by first studying the older and very simple form of sending apparatus. Even if you never use or see one of these transmitters, still a knowledge of its principles is very important and will be a very great help to you in mastering the principles and operation of more up-to-date outfits. Wireless apparatus may seem very complicated and confusing at first sight, yet one of radio’s greatest advantages is its extreme simplicity. Indeed, there are few electrical devices so simple as those used in radio communication, and moreover, no deep study or profound knowledge of electricity is required to enable a person to construct and operate radio apparatus. Fundamentally there are but nine distinct instruments used in wireless, and, if we confine ourselves to the modern tube sets, there are even less. The nine mentioned are: *Induction-coils. Tuning-coils. Condensers. Spark-gaps. Crystal-detectors. Vacuum tubes. Rheostats. Phones. Ammeters.*

In addition, there are, of course, accessories, such as wires, batteries, switches, terminals, binding-posts, keys, etc. But if you once learn the principles and operation, the functions, construction and need of the nine instruments named, you can understand any radio set, for either sending or receiving, no matter how complicated or involved it may appear, for every instrument and device used in radio telegraphy and telephony is a variation, modification or combination of these. When

you once understand this and bear it in mind, you will no longer be confused and frightened at the interminable lists of instruments and devices sent out by dealers and manufacturers, or mentioned in articles and descriptions. You will recognize an induction-coil as an induction-coil,—no matter what it may be called. You will know that a tuning-coil operates on the same principles, regardless as to whether it is called a "loose-coupler," a "vario-coupler" and so on, and you will find that condensers, despite variations in construction and design, are all alike in principle and operation. Indeed, radio communication may be successfully carried on with very few and simple instruments and a receiving set may be made using but three of them:— a *tuning-coil, detector and phones*. But as it is much easier to learn and understand the principles of the various instruments by studying them in connection with one another than if taken separately, we will begin by studying a simple spark-gap wireless telegraph sender.

Simple Wireless Telegraph Instruments For Sending by Spark.

It is possible to send radio telegraph messages by exceedingly simple instruments and once you thoroughly master the principles and operation of these you will find it very easy to understand the most elaborate and complicated sending instruments, for there is every gradation from one to the other and the principles involved are the same in all. For the simplest form of wireless sending stations only four instruments are required. These are the

spark coil or inductance coil, the spark-gap, the helix or tuning device, and the key. But in addition to these there must be certain wires and batteries for producing the electricity. The wires lead from the *Aerial or Antennae*, to the instruments and also from the instruments to a *ground*. In order to send a message it is only necessary to open and close the *key*, causing sparks to leap across the *gap*, and thus send forth the oscillations of waves from the aerial. But before describing how to use a sending set let us take each of the various instruments of which it is composed and learn what they are for, how they are made and the principles upon which they operate. Probably the most important and perhaps the least understood of these is the *induction coil or transformer*, and whether the true induction coil or transformer is used depends upon the current or form of electrical energy the set uses. Although an induction coil may be operated either by *alternating or direct current*,—the former being a current that flows back and forth, whereas the latter flows in one direction only,—a transformer can only be used on an *alternating current* and when the *induction coil* is used on an *alternating current* it serves really as a *transformer*. The flow back and forth, or oscillation, is repeated over and over again a certain definite number of times each second and each time that the current swings from its lowest point to its highest and returns to its lowest point it is said to have covered a "*cycle*".

(To be continued).

Something Wrong.

The telephone in a well known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired: "Who is this?"

The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-years old son. Although an exceedingly busy man he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied:

"The smartest man in the world."

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number."

Those Abbreviations.

A teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Teacher: Please excuse tommy for not being to schule yesterday. He got wet in the A. M. and I dried him in the P. M."

Serviceable Dog.

"That's a nice dog you've got there, boy."
"Yes, sir. He's bit over forty people."

"The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals".

Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, has written a book with the above title, which is very interestingly reviewed by Donald Adams in the New York Herald. The review makes a long article, but it is worth the space. Mr. Adams says:

There is one great advantage in writing a book about wild animals. The author, if he has any claim at all to authority, is reasonably sure that nine out of ten of his

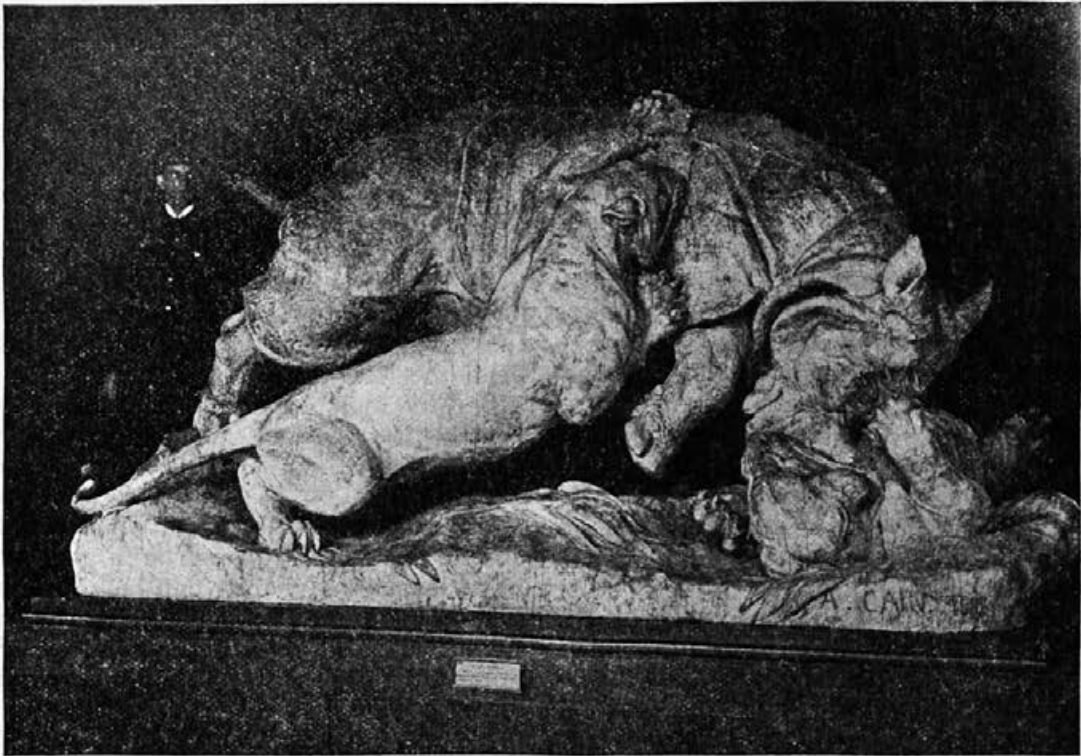
what these animals are really like is limited to a parcel of time-worn half-truths and untruths. The stock of these possessed by the average person is made up about as follows:

Elephants have marvelous memories, and are so vindictive they will nurse a hate for twenty years.

Lions are really cowards.

Bears are playful, have very tender noses, and will climb after men.

Chicago Art Institute.



Rhinoceros Attacked by Tigers.

Mercie.

readers are going to accept what he has written as the truth. His assailants will be found only among the small group who possess special knowledge. Very few of us pretend to any first-hand knowledge of the beasts of the jungle.

We are all familiar, of course, with the appearance of the better-known wild animals, but with the exception of the few who have hunted big game our conception of

Monkeys are great mimics, and some chimpanzees and orang-utans have even learned to sit at a table and eat like men.

Deer are invariably timid and gentle.

If you can look any wild beast steadily in the eye he will not harm you.

So far as we know, Dr. Hornaday's new book is the only one which deals at all adequately with the mental life of beasts. When you have finished it we predict that you

will find yourself thinking of wild animals in a new way. The book bears the fruits of forty years of personal observation. Dr. Hornaday spent long periods on the plains and in the jungle, and for more than twenty years he has watched animals in captivity at the New York Zoo. There is probably no man living better qualified to draw conclusions.

There are chapters in this book of his which discuss thoroughly questions in connection with animal life that have heretofore had but the scantiest consideration. He considers, for instance, the morals of wild animals; the evidence of crime among them; the laws of the flocks and herds. He draws together all that is known of language among animals, and he presents an astonishing mass of material bearing upon their intelligence.

Dr. Hornaday's book must not be confused with the studies in animal psychology which have made their appearance in recent years. As a naturalist he has little patience with professors who write always of "animal behavior" and never of "animal intelligence."

Neither does Dr. Hornaday like the customary reference to "lower animals." He is of the opinion that some animals have more intelligence than some men and that some of them have far better morals. He finds that they display the same fundamental passions and emotions that animate the human race.

He points out that the Baltimore oriole, the weaver bird and the cacique show more common sense and far greater skill in the construction of their homes than certain savage tribes. The weaver birds of South Africa build communal houses, the nesting chambers in which are warmly lined with feathers. Dr. Hornaday compares them with the "canoe Indians" of Tierra del Fuego, who, he says, probably represent the lowest rung of the human ladder.

"These people are lower in the scale of intelligence than any wild animal species known to me, for they are mentally too dull and low to maintain themselves on a continuing basis. Their hundred years of contact with man has taught them little, and numerically they are decreasing so rapidly

that the world will soon see the absolute finish of their tribe."

He mentions also the Poonans of central Borneo, who build no houses of any kind, not even huts of green branches, although they live in a country where it rains most of the time. Their "home" is a five-foot grass mat, which they spread on the ground when at rest. He believes the vocabulary of these "men" does not exceed 200 words, and that the stock of ideas possessed by them is no greater than that of the highly endowed birds.

The subject of wild animal language, one of the most interesting which comes within the scope of the book, has so far yielded little of definite knowledge. Dr. Hornaday recalls that in 1891 there was much talk on "the speech of monkeys," which went on until about 1904. Nothing has been proved beyond what has been known for a long time—that primates of a given species understand the meaning of the few sounds and cries employed by their kind.

He contends that wild animal speech has been kept in abeyance by the experience of the jungle that the noisiest animals have been the first ones to be sought out and killed by their enemies. Dr. Hornaday is certain that beasts have means of communication which are beyond our understanding.

Those animals which have been in association with man through long generations have learned that they can be safe in giving voice, that often an outcry may help them. He instances the vocabulary of the domestic chicken, and gives these examples of its speech:

"Beware the hawk!"—"Coor, Coor!"

"Murder! Help!"—Kee-owk! Kee-owk! Kee-owk!"

"Come on!"—"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

"Food here! Food!"—"Cook-cook-cook-cook!"

The wild jungle fowl, on the other hand, the ancestor of the domestic chicken, has no corresponding language.

During months in the jungle, when his hut was surrounded by them, Dr. Hornaday reports, the only vocal sound he heard from their throats was the crow of the cock.

Morally, Dr. Hornaday finds the wild

animal superior to man. To begin with, he says, he knows of only two wild animal species which devour their own kind—wolves and crocodiles—while many of the races of man have been cannibals, and some are so today. He finds wild beasts free from infanticide and the murder of the aged and helpless, with very rare exceptions.

"Among *free* animals, it is against the moral and ethical codes of all species of vertebrates for the strong to bully and oppress the weak; but it is almost everywhere a common rule of action with about 10 per cent. of the human race. The members of a wild animals species are in honor bound not to rob one another, but with 25 per cent. of the men of all civilized races, robbery and the desire to get something for nothing are ruling passions. No wild animals thus far known and described practice sex crimes; but the less said of the races of men on this subject, the better for our feeling."

As for murder and war, Dr. Hornaday points out that aside from the necessary hunt for food, the first law of the jungle is: "Live and let live." The knowledge that peace promotes happiness, prosperity and long life governs not only the wild animal individual, but also the tribe, the species, and contiguous species.

Among the wild animals there are but few degenerates and unmoral species. In some very upright species there are occasionally individual lapses from virtue. A famous case in point is the rogue elephant, who goes from meanness to meanness until he becomes unbearable. Then he is driven out of the herd; he becomes an outcast and a bandit, and he upsets carts, maims bullocks, tears down huts and finally murders natives until the nearest local sabih gets after him and ends his career with a bullet through his wicked brain.

In the chapter on "Wild Animal Criminals and Crime" Dr. Hornaday produces a mass of evidence to show that it is only in captivity, with its loss of freedom, exemption from the daily fear and death, and food without work, that the latent criminal instincts of wild animals come to the surface. Under these conditions crimes have

been committed which are remarkable in their cunning.

Dr. Hornaday tells the story of Lopez, a big jaguar, whose murder of his mate is the only murder among lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars and pumas in the history of the New York Zoological Park.

Dr. Hornaday rates the chimpanzee as the most intelligent of all animals below man. He is convinced that the chimpanzee can learn more by training, and learn more easily, than any other animal. He places the orang-utan next to the chimpanzee, and the Indian elephant as third in mental capacity. The domestic dog is given a rating equal with the orang-utan, but he does not come within the scope of the book and receives only passing mention. The high class dog, Dr. Hornaday observes, is the animal that is in closest touch with the mind, the feelings and the impulses of man, and is the only one that can read a man's feeling from his eyes and facial expression.

The most remarkable instance of wild animal intelligence recorded in the book is the story of a gorilla whose personal history was written out for Dr. Hornaday by Miss Alyse Cunningham, of London, who with her nephew, Major Rupert Penny, kept animal under observation in a London apartment. The report goes into detail concerning John's use of tools, his games, table manners, sense of order, and other matters. To quote only what Miss Cunningham has to say about John's capacity for original thought:

"One day we were going out, for which I was sitting ready dressed, when John wished to sit in my lap. My sister, Mrs. Penny, said: 'Don't let him. He will spoil your dress.' As my dress happened to be a light one I pushed him away, and said 'No!' He at once lay on the floor and cried just like a child for about a minute. Then he rose, looked around the room, found a newspaper, went and picked it up, spread it on my lap and climbed up. This was quite the cleverest thing I ever saw him do. Even those who saw it said they would not have believed it had they not seen it themselves."

Dr. Hornaday adds that he believes Miss Cunningham's story in its entirety.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 9.

We are very little creatures,
Each have different forms and features;
One of us in glass is set,
Another you will find in yet;

A third, less bright, is set in tin,
A fourth a shining box within;

And the fifth, if you pursue,
It will never fly from you.

Answer to Puzzle No. 8.

$22+2=24$.

Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 8.

Mary Yancher, Girard, O.
Mary Zagorc, Fairpoint, O.
Mary Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.
Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.
Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.
Sylvia Homez, Auburn, Ill.
Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.
Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.
Joe Zlatoper, Maynard, O.
Elizabeth Dolinar, Library, Pa.
Stephania Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

I am glad that I'm a member of S. N. P. J. and a reader of Mladinski List. I love to read the stories and poems in Ml. L. Just lately I was very busy and forgot about the Ml. L. My sister went to the post office and brought it home and I was very glad it came. 'The History of Dick Whittington and His Cat' is a very sad story.

I wish I could read the Slovenian stories. They seem to be very interesting. My father and mother always read Slovenian stories.

I live on a farm and have a brother and sister. My sister writes quite often to the Ml. L.

Mary Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I received The Ml. L. today and I am very happy. I read all the stories as soon as I came home from school. I like to read the letters my little brothers and sisters send from all parts of the U. S. But I believe there are still some boys and girls who did not send any letters yet. So I ask all of them to try and wake up. The more of us will try to answer the puzzles and publish letters, the more interesting the Ml. L. will be. I think it is interesting for all of us already.

All the children know, that school started again in full swing. Every boy and girl should be glad and proud to go to school again and gather more education. The old proverb 'Time is money' is without doubt true, as one day lost is some gold lost. What can make a girl or boy happier than come from school richer than going to school in the morning?

And I would like to tell all the children who read the Mladinski List, and live in the cities, how nice it is to live out in the country where I live. There is no end of the bird's songs around the house; not long ago they finished nesting. I wish to tell you of the beautiful fruit that hangs from the trees. And, oh!, the sweet grapes that hang from the vines. And the countless number of beautiful white chickens on the green grass. Oh, that pleases my eyes. And many other beautiful things that are too numerous to mention at this time, make me happy.

Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to you. I am a member of S. N. P. J. since I was seven years old. I am 16 years old now. I work every day, except Sunday. I have also a brother, who is a member of S. N. P. J.

I have also a puzzle for you: What is it that lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its roots upwards?

Pauline Lourence, Eckhart, Md.

Dear Editor:

I am writing you for the second time. I am now in Arkansas because I am going to school. I think every girl and boy could write a good story and send it to the Editor, and the best story will be published in the Ml. L. Here I am sending you a little story. — Will pop in again.

Augusta Alich, Bonanza, Ark.

* * *

The Poor Little Bird.

I was wandering through the woods one day and saw a poor little birdie by my

Dear Editor:

My sister Eleanor and I nearly had a fight yesterday over our Ml. L., because we like it so much. My sister is only seven years old, but I am past nine years.

Alice Pogachnik, Rentchler, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing a letter to the Mladinski List. I am eleven years old and in the 6th grade. My sister is thirteen and in the eighth grade.

My sister Mary, who was attending the State Teachers College of Durant, Okla.,



A Busy Man.

side. It was a cold day. I was wondering where it had fallen from, but by no means could I discover the little birdie's nest. I sat on a log for an hour or two to think how could I find his home. But at last I took it home to my home and kept him as a pet for over a year. It was a poor little canary bird. But my story must end because my poor little birdie had died.

Augusta Alich.

came home July 27. She surely is glad that we are reading the Mladinski List so we can speak correctly our mother language.

I am sending a puzzle to you for the boys and girls to solve:

As I was going to London I met a scholar; he tipped his hat and drew his cane.

In this puzzle I told his name.

Mollie Raunika, Hartshorne, Okla.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

VI.

THE VERB.

(Continued.)

Principal Parts.

Certain forms of the verb, which show its stems, are called **PRINCIPAL PARTS**. In Slovenian there are two principal parts: present infinitive active and first person singular present indicative active:

pis-a-ti, piš-em (to write, I write);
kup-ova-ti, kupuj-em (to buy, I buy).

The **INFINITIVE STEM** may be found by dropping *-ti* (and the suffix) from the present infinitive active; *zna-ti* (to know), *zna*; *pis-a-ti*, *pis*.

By adding certain endings to the infinitive stem are formed: 1) infinitive: *nes-ti* (to carry); 2) supine*: *nest* (to carry); 3) participles: *na-pis-a-vši* (having written); *pis-al* (written), *pis-an* (written); 4) gerund**: *pis-anje* (writing).

The **PRESENT STEM** may be found by dropping the ending *-em* from the present indicative active first person singular: *piš-em* (I write), *piš*; *kupuj-em* (I buy), *kupuj*.

By adding certain endings to the present stem are formed: 1) present: *piš-em, piš-eš, piš-e*, etc.; 2) imperative: *piši, pišiva, pišimo* (write!); 3) present participle active: *pišoč* (writing).

I. CONJUGATION.

ACTIVE VOICE

PRESENT

INDICATIVE		SUBJUNCTIVE		POTENTIAL	
<i>nesem</i>	I carry	<i>jaz bi nesel</i>	(if) I carry	<i>naj nesem</i>	I may carry
<i>neseš</i>	you carry	<i>ti bi nesel</i>	you carry	<i>nesi</i>	you may carry
<i>nese</i>	he carries	<i>on bi nesel</i>	he carry	<i>naj nese</i>	he may carry
<i>nesemo</i>	we carry	<i>mi bi nesli</i>	we carry	<i>naj nesemo</i>	we may carry
<i>nesete</i>	you carry	<i>vi bi nesli</i>	you carry	<i>nesite</i>	you may carry
<i>nesejo</i>	they carry	<i>oni bi nesli</i>	they carry	<i>naj nesejo</i>	they may carry
		IMPERATIVE:	<i>nesi! nesite!</i> (carry!)		
		INFINITIVE:	<i>nesti</i> (to carry)		
		PARTICIPLE:	<i>noseč</i> (carrying)		

PERFECT

INDICATIVE		SUBJUNCTIVE		POTENTIAL	
<i>nesel sem</i>	I carried	<i>jaz bi bil nesel</i>	(if) I have carried	<i>jaz bi naj bil nesel</i>	I may have carried
<i>nesel si</i>	(or I have carried)	<i>ti bi bil nesel</i>	etc.	<i>ti bi naj bil nesel</i>	etc.
<i>nesel je</i>	carried)	<i>on bi bil nesel</i>		<i>on bi naj bil nesel</i>	
<i>nesli smo</i>	etc.	<i>mi bi bili nesli</i>		<i>mi bi naj bili nesli</i>	
<i>nesli ste</i>		<i>vi bi bili nesli</i>		<i>vi bi naj bili nesli</i>	
<i>nesli so</i>		<i>oni bi bili nesli</i>		<i>oni bi naj bili nesli</i>	
		PARTICIPLE:	<i>nesel</i> (carried)		

*) The SUPINE is a verbal form and is used only by such imperfective verbs that assert some moving: *grem spat* (I am going to sleep).

**) The GERUND is a neuter verbal noun, corresponding in meaning to the English verbal noun in -ing: *pisanje* (writing).

(To be continued.)